



The
GODQUEST
AND TRIUMPH
OF
DIVINE
WISDOM
AND LOVE



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THE
CONQUEST AND TRIUMPH
OF
DIVINE WISDOM AND LOVE
IN
PREDESTINATION

BY

JOHN HUMBERGER, M. A.

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AD MEMORIAM.

To the Blessed Memory of our Sainted Professors
of Theology, the two greatest Lights of
Divinity in our Age,

CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D.D. LL.D.

a most Revered and Profound Christian Scholar;

AND MY INSTRUCTOR,

WILLIAM FREDERICK LEHMANN,

a Prodigy of Divinity,

and Master of the English Language,

THIS POEM IS AFFECTIONATELY OFFERED,

by his Most Unworthy Student,

THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENTS.

BOOK I.

Invocation. Creation the Result of God's Decrees. The Fall.

BOOK II.

Man's Arraignment before the Throne of God. The Personified Attributes Pleading for Man's Excommunication from Heaven and Eternal Punishment.

BOOK III.

The friendly Powers Plead for Man's Pardon and find a Ransom, on whom all Decrees of Election and Salvation are Based.

BOOK IV.

The New Jerusalem.

BOOK V.

The Church Militant, through which God Executes His Eternal Decrees of Predestination in Time. The Romish Hierarchy Overthrown; a Nest of Abominations and Hypocrisies.

BOOK VI.

Struggles and Sufferings of the Reformation. Calvinism Appears. True Predestination a Comfort in Distress. Conversion Effected through External Means of Grace, the Word and the Sacraments, which is not Irresistable. Man can do nothing to Convert himself. Persevering Malicious Resistance the cause of Reprobation. The Grace of Election is no other than the Free and Universal Grace of the Gospel.

BOOK VII.

Calvinism Overthrown. Election in the Wide and Narrow Sense. In the Wide Sense it is the Cause of Faith and Salvation. The Certainty of Election is the Certainty of Faith.

BOOK VIII.

The Unfruitful Hearers of the Word the Cause why they are not Elected.

BOOK IX.

Election According to the Foreknowledge of God, and Connected with the Means of Grace. Crypto-Calvinism in the Lutheran Church. Expelled by the Form of Concord. Universal Election Overthrown. Foresight Necessary to Election, is not its Effective but Occasional Cause; it is not Synergism, but may be Forced or Lead to it.

BOOK X.

America, the new Battle Ground for the Last Controversy on Predestination. The Appearance of the Enemy. Endeavors to Smuggle Calvinism into the Lutheran Confessions and into the Expressions and Writings of the Lutheran Fathers. Their Dotage and Exalted Fanaticism.

BOOK XI.

General Astonishment and Disgust at the First Appearance of the Calvinistic Leaven. The Doctrine Opposed. The Opposition Feared. The Opponents Umbeset with Trickery. Meantime the Doctrine is Smuggled into the church. It brings Dissensions and Divisions in Congregations and Synods. Its New Champion's claim to Infallibility. The Opponents Excommunicated at Large.

BOOK XII.

The Answer of the New Achilles to his Excommunication. *His Wrath.* He Exposes their False Doctrine, False Accusations and Trickery.

BOOK XIII.

The Practical Demonstration of the Doctrine Results in *nothing* but Despair and Death.

BOOK XIV.

The Ode of Triumph.

BOOK I.

The Conquest great, the Triumph erst unfurl'd,
Which Love divine and Wisdom gave the world,
In man's Predestination by *free grace*;
Election to Eternal Life I trace;
The great stupendous thought and deep designs,
Transcending all man's beggarly confines;
That once were framed upon God's throne above,
Decreed and sworn by Wisdom, Grace and Love,
And all the heav'nly Pow'rs, ere Time had sprung
His course, or morning stars His praise had sung,
Or angel touched His golden lyre, or earth's
Foundations ere were laid in blazen girths,
That fold celestial orbs; sing Master Muse,
That didst inspire the sacred page with news,
With tidings of great joy. Release the mind
Enthralled in darkness, where the heart's inclined.
Give faith to trust Thy Word alone, and tune
Thy humble instrument this song to croon,
In bounds of what's revealed. The causes sing,
Of all that's good, and how that good takes wing,
And flies along the course of God's decrees,
Which firmly stand like pillars in the seas,
On solid rock, and crowned with light to shine
Amid the darkness, in the soul's confine,
To light a path throughout the gloom of all
This weary pilgrimage. They ne'er can fall.
The gates of hell cannot prevail in storms
Against them. Bounds they set infernal forms,
To evil, saying: "Here shall thy proud waves
Be stayed." Thus God His name alone engraves,
On all that's good, and goodness His reward,
In whom the creature finds a faithful guard.

Then praise Him for His goodness, first decreed,
And executed in creation's deed,
Thou Master of all Muses; teach the song
To write, creation's music to prolong,

To distant hills and vales and sunny vines,
 From lands of tow'ring derricks and of pines;
 Where nature's harmonies are gushing wild;
 There waft thy native transports undefiled:

“O Great First Cause! from whence creation
 sprung,
 The universe; full well Thy praise was sung,
 Amid the sphere's, when infant nature, free
 From swaddling clothes did wanton in a sea,
 In one eternal Summer sea, to grow
 In beauty, basking in its sunny glow,
 And Thy sweet favor. Then the world's sweet lay
 Was happy, merry as the month of May.
 'Twas then the day first dawned with rosy light,
 From out the east, and chased away the night.
 And as it first streamed in upon the world,
 In raptures of delight creation whirled;
 It danced in jubilee's transporting song,
 As bursts of heav'nly music swelled the throng.
 The cherubim and seraphim all fly
 Adown the avenues of light on high.
 The soft green fields of Eden, velvet sleek,
 And face of God in man, they smiling seek.
 They beat their harps of gold and shout for joy;
 In sweet Jerusalem their songs employ.
 O hills of bliss! O homes not made with hands
 Eternal in the heavens! Happy bands!
 Seraphic spirits in Elysium!
 Blaze all ye tow'rs of New Jerusalem!
 All crowned and decked with fiery wings of bright
 And heav'nly spirits, clothed in robes of white!
 Hail happy day! Let all take up the theme,
 Lift up their voice and sing the loud acclaim:
 'Glory to God!' The earth is full of song;
 Heav'ns burdened, bend as t'echoing notes prolong.
 The birds on every spray carol their lays
 Of love to their Almighty Maker's praise.
 Flow'rs bloom like gems of beauty, robed in hues,
 Beyond earth's glitt'ring thrones and pageant views.
 And dews of morn, with fragrance pregnant, waft
 Their odors forth; the honeyed sweets you quaff,

And kiss the laden breeze. The purling rills
 Did laugh, the brooks did sing from tow'ring hills,
 That crown'd all, worshiping; past which they slink
 Through ev'ry lake, by ev'ry streamlet's brink;
 With ocean's wave to join that vast sublime,
 The rolling flood, beneath that upper clime;
 Where the proud heavens spritely stoop to kiss,
 And starlit seas leap up for joy and bliss,
 To crown the heighth, the depth, and all the world
 Profound; and thus creation's praise unfurled."

The echoing song went forth from hight to hight,
 Ringing its changes on the Morn of light.

Say when, Thou Muse of heav'n, that uidest forth
 The singers twelve, to go from South to North,
 From East to West, to tell and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb; O happy throng!
 When ceased that perfect note and native lay
 Throughout all nature's works, and chid the day,
 Till it threw off its charms, and blushed the work
 Of heav'n's High King to own; in darkness lurk?
 Since He is good and merciful, from whom
 Goodness alone can come; the soul's sweet home.
 O Truth's Recorder undefiled, what cause
 Has plunged the world in darkness' thickest jaws?
 O, tell us whence this life of sin and guilt,
 Despair and woe, on which our hopes are built?
 Why best intentions of the human breast
 Into disaster fall, and are not blest?
 The heart is wracked and tossed in fiendish sport
 By mad-wild winds, that know no safe, sweet port,
 Nor rest or peace within this vale of tears,
 Where all is striving, toiling through the years;
 Yet minds distracted, hearts desponding, souls
 Forever lost, enslaved in fate's dark doles;
 The body cast away upon these shores
 Of time, to rot mid fool's superfl'ous stores,
 And there, a prey to rav'nous beast of lust,
 Devouring worms and reptiles of the dust?

"Twas Satan, Adversary first of God
 And angels; chief and prince in heav'n he trod;
 In domains of Almighty Pow'r and light,
 Fast by the throne, he held his stately right.

Now he, contriving to usurp begins,
 Filch pow'rs and principalities of kings.
 Amid the heav'nly potentates he frowns,
 With proud and envious heart upon their crowns.
 With craft he seeks Omnipotence, invents,
 Contriving, ruminating his intents.
 With pow'rful genius, judgment, knowledge, list,
 In pride assays Almighty Pow'r t' resist.
 Disposing all his wicked pow'rs around
 In solid ranks; then gives the battle sound.
 With unconstrained ambition, envious pride,
 His brow knit fast, he wields his scepter wide.
 Disdainful now his captains he installs,
 Commands to charge against the King. He calls!
 From utmost bounds of His dominion run
 The wicked foe; in serried ranks begun;
 They dash against the throne, from which they fell,
 Careering downward to the pit of hell.

And thus Thy first estate didst abdicate,
 Thou prince of angels fall'n! Archfiend of hate!
 Thou cherished this, whereas Thou once didst love,
 For Thou wast made a font of joy above,
 A source of peace, a vessel full of bliss,
 All which Thou didst o'erthrow, and now dost miss;
 By that same pow'r with which Thou heldst it fast;
 Enforced to neither; thus Thy die didst cast.
 Thy own free will Thou didst abuse. Charge not
 This gift to Him as sin, or wicked plot."

Then Satan thus replied: "Aha, He knew
 This when He made me; had this all in view.
 He made me to rebel; and hence 'tis fair,
 He only has Himself the blame to bear.
 He saw fulwell my sins with open eyes;
 To this, creates me there above the skies,
 That I should sin, that He might cast me down
 To endless pain, and at my torment frown.
 'Tis His disgrace and shame. He willed it thus,
 Himself 's the cause of all this fire and fuss."

"Stop Satan!" Thus the Muse upbraids the fiend:
 Stop, essence of all meanness overweened!
 Hiss not at me! Glibtongue! my wrath to taunt,
 Thou monster of the muddy deep! Avaunt!

Make haste to leave these regions of the skies,
Thou author and embodiment of lies!
Thou liest! Thou 'bod'st not steadfast in the truth;
A liar thou art, and vill'n with bloody tooth.
I say thou liest; for the day that looked
On thy creation, saw thee stand well booked;
And chronicles of time shall witness be,
That all was good, and thou thyself wast free;
Hadst no taint. For thus it was decreed,
O'er thee and o'er thy own malignant seed:
Though He *foresaw* the angel's fall through pride,
And fall of man, which He did not decide;
Resolved decrees demanded Him to do
The good alone; create the good and true;
Such glorious beings who should worship Him
With free-will service, vie with seraphim;
To know what's right and wrong, with pow'r to choose
The one or other, or this pow'r to loose.
Thou didst not keep it. Thus endowed with will
Intelligent and free, wast happy still;
In highest office of created things,
Whose work the Master's highest honor brings.
Such noble creatures of the heav'nly sphere,
As beings quite responsible appear;
Require the possibility to sin,
Joined with permission freely to begin.
Most certainly, pure reason e'er will say,
These are the brightest of the heav'nly day.
They chant His praises through creation's sphere;
Are far the noblest work of God, most dear.
As precious crown and climax of His work,
Thou freely turn'st these duties all to shirk.
True, God knows all things absolutely well;
He knows Himself, as angel tongues can tell.
But all things good among created things,
Result from the decrees His Goodness brings.
Not these, but wicked things are the defects
You creatures brought about, by your vile ^{and}sects;
By pow'r you had from God to keep you pure,
As chief of all created good endure;
Continue by this pow'r to live replete
With praises it doth yield so near His seat.

In kindness Great Jehovah did create
 This possibility to sin, this state;
 And yet forbade th' creature's thought to sin.
 In spite of this, rebellion you begin.
 All perfect stood on basis of this grant.
 Your reason 's vile, and hypocritic cant.
 Within eternal ages yet to be,
 God knows all future things, and acts doth see.
 The only source from whence this knowledge flows,
 Depends on what will be, which foresight knows,
 And so, whatever is or what will be,
 Foreknowledge knows, and constitutes the key.
 Yet mere cognition 'tis, and pow'r doth lack
 To bend God's will, or force Him to take back,
 What He foresees. But Goodness 'tis that bends
 The will of God, and all His works attends.
 Although He knew thy sin, He yet, in spite
 Of this created those that fell from light,
 To darkness vile. Thus Goodness is the norm
 That moved Him to create and to perform;
 For He is good, and Goodness His defense;
 Although He knows the universe immense:
 Both good and bad; the bad comes not from Him,
 Because He saw what you'd abuse and nim;
 Conditions He created, such as fill
 Requirements of the freedom of the will.

Satan, there's no excuse, thou didst disgrace
 In thee this greatest gift of God,—His face.
 And still, in hell this is thy chief delight,
 From whence on ebon clouds thou tak'st thy flight,
 In murd'rous haste to Paradise, and there,
 In serpent form thou coil'st within thy lair,
 Of cooling shades, close by a murmur'ing brook.
 With roses fringed, and lillies in a nook,
 Where birds did warble forth melodious songs,
 To spit thy venom from thy forked tongues;
 T' enslave the fair, and spoil the face of God
 In man; to blot out his free-will and rob,
 This image of God's glory, which thou lost
 Past all redemption; lost at thy own cost,
 As by volition free thou tak'st to rule
 In hell, rather than serve at His footstool."

BOOK II.

Thus Satan, he, self-banished from all good,
Became the cause of evil. 'Tis his food.
On this he lives and triumphs o'er the world
With spirits like himself, from heav'n once hurl'd.
In outer darkness, penal fire and chains,
Despair and death, with woe he entertains.
He wields dominion o'er the world and hell,
In galling bonds he drags them down pell-mell.
With jaws of death they tear their living prey,
They feast like roaring lions 'mid their fray.
'Tis thus he seeks his captives to devour,
Rejoicing in their torments ev'ry hour.

O heav'n, is there deliv'rance none, no nook,
To flee for refuge from this galling yoke?
No pow'r to heal the wounds that eat to kill,
And damn the soul 'neath fires eternal still?

“Know this, thou hast deserved no better fate,
By sin to love the tempter, God to hate.
From God the good thou freely turn'st thy face,
To love unrighteousness, and live disgrace.
Yet, hearken to my voice. Before the throne
Of Great Jehovah thou must stand alone,
Arraigned to answer for thy sins. O man;
At awful distance bow and fear the ban.
Possess thy heart with humble, god-like fear;
With rev'rence see the heav'nly pow'rs appear.”

He spoke. I stood in presence of the crowns,
The throned dominions and celestial frowns.
There circling glories flashed their living light,
From sardine stone and sapphire dazzling bright.
The rainbow glowed like em'rald all around,
O'erarched the four and twenty elders crowned;
That sat all clothed in raiment white, and gold
And jeweled brows, whence sounds so fearful rolled;
And rumbling thunders issued forth, where blazed
The seven lamps of God, and sea all glazed,

Now flashing crowns and robes of light appear.
Behold, I see the heav'nly pow'rs draw near!
They beam upon the throne with burning rays
Of glory, and defend His righteous ways.
They justify His character divine
Against the sinner; and all Pow'rs combine.

Life first submits His plea before the throne;
With grave serenity His count'nance shone.
He said: "Where Death sets up his tyrant sway,
There Life is vanquished, spoiled of His array.
I must deny the sinner's right to live
In heav'n, and unto Death his life I give,
To whom he sold it, eating of that fruit
Forbidden; hence my plea: dismiss this suit.
Where's man's authority for Life to sue?
The gates of Life he's freely broken through?
He's chosen sin, and in transgression Death,
There let him lay and breathe his cursed breath.
I fly from Death that I may live in bliss,
Lest fangs of Death me tear, where serpents hiss.
Should I be caught as subject to his pow'r,
No songs shall ever gladden yonder bow'r;
My voice shall then no more be heard above,
In sweet Jerusalem, the home I love.
No happy fields with fragrant flow'rs be found,
No river flow with Life, nor joys abound;
But Death would reign supremely here in heav'n!
Eternal Pow'rs! shall we to Death be giv'n?
I plea that we forthwith this suit dismiss.
I'll never deign his putrid lips to kiss,
In welcome to these regions, bless'd abodes;
To brotherhood's eternal cov'nant codes."

Benign and gentle Peace in robes of down
And ermine, wearing on His brow a crown
Of brilliants, next arose; stood near the throne
And said: "My name is Peace. To all I'm known.
I rest in quiet stillness in the heart
Of Great Jehovah, free from ev'ry smart.
But now the tug of war has entered there,
Life's calm serenity it did not spare,
Disturbing my repose. For man who fell
To dire rebellion with the hosts of hell;

Arrayed him 'gainst tranquility and rest
 That sweetly dwelt in Peace's lovely breast.
 And hence, I irrevocably demand
 His absolute expulsion from this land
 Of my delights. Or else the cruel lash
 Of war will scourge these regions with its crash
 Of thundering battalions, and a train
 Of fiery demons, foisting in their reign
 Infernal."

Then 'amid the heav'nly host,
 The Law stood forth and thus began to boast:
 "No leav'n unclean shall soil my robes. I'm pure;
 All my demands are steadfast and most sure.
 My statues are eternal; and my due
 Is full obedience, honor bright and true.
 But foul dishonor you have raised; my voice
 Thou hast despised, and sin's, alas, thy choice.
 And it has filled thy heart with evil lust,
 Concupiscence; so now thy heart's unjust;
 From youth up it imagines evil things,
 And in my face its vile transgressions flings.
 Ye throned compeers! The Law is but a dream,
 Without a punishment to enforce its claim.
 Inflict no pain, no punishment is there;
 The vilest piece of mock'ry 'tis, I swear.
 Shall man escape in peace, impunity,
 Reduce God's government to mutiny?
 Shall vile contempt, abuse, which man begins,
 Thus harden ev'ry rebel in his sins?
 Hence I demand the death the Law requires,
 Without a grain of mercy hope inspires."

Next Knowledge, tow'ring forth arose and spoke:
 "I knew the wrath of God man would provoke.
 From all eternity I saw results
 'Gainst God's decrees, where Satan now exults.
 The will of God decreed the good alone,
 But sin results from spite against God's throne.
 For God's decrees embrace the good, with room
 For opposition. Pride, here writes its doom.
 This opportunity I saw employed,
 How soon some creatures thus would be destroyed.

Yet opposition never was decreed,
 Nor was its dire results, or evil deed.
 All this I did foresee, and made it known
 Unto you all. These are the pow'rs I own.
 I have no pow'r myself t' assist the good,
 Or to prevent the evil if I wou'd;
 Although I hate the evil I foresaw,
 And much desire obedience to the Law.
 Hence I can plead, set bounds to evil pow'rs,
 Or else they'll shrivel all our cherished flow'rs."

Majestic Truth with gravity arose,
 Confirmed the Law's appeal with this depose:
 "The soul that sins shall die, and feel the curse,
 They had it better, let them take the worse.
 For ev'ry one that 'bides not in what 's writ,
 By all things in the Law, the curse is fit.
 Offend one point, you guilty are of all.
 The wicked shall be turned to hell that fall.
 For surely thou shalt die within the day
 Thou eat'st thereof; 'tis thus the Scriptures say.
 These sayings came from Truth who cannot lie,
 Hence Truth is pledged to see the sinner die;
 Lest man grow bold in sin and turn his ire
 To mischief, anarchy in God's empire."

Then Justice, grave and tall, with piercing eyes
 That glowed like fiery darts in ebon skies;
 His tongue was scorching and His words like fire;
 He rose to make His plea all hot with ire:
 "My name may grit upon the ear, and sound
 Discordant, and with terror doth abound,
 For all the guilty. Yet, what 's just is right.
 The least departure thence, is sinful quite.
 'Tis wrong; and hence I plead for that that 's just.
 The rebel man I will no longer trust.
 He sinned with open eyes and knew full well
 The penalty. Prepare his doom, O hell!
 Take life and blood. For guilt must stain the dome
 Of heav'n, till Vengeance thrusts the traitor home."

Then Holiness addressed the Judge of heav'n
 And earth: "My name can't bear the least of leav'n;

Can't bear the sinner, here in God's empire ;
He's full of wounds, and sores and base desire.
From head to foot unsound, defiled, impure,
He's so depraved in sin, in flesh secure.
Since we can't walk together, or agree,
Or holiness, or man unclean, must flee ;
Must quit these regions."

Vengeance then arose,
And o'er the stage the lofty Monarch goes.
His eyes were geared-lightning, their flash the train
That drives the thunderbolt through hurricane.
He looked upon the sinner in his woe,
Then rushed in wild deliriums to and fro.
With great contempt and fiercest wrath He burned,
The sinner from the throne indignant spurned.
With faces veiled the angels kneeling crouched,
Their robes upon the ground in sadness slouched.
When Vengeance, filled with indignation, spoke,
The thunders volleyed and the lightnings broke.
I trembled, as they crashed around the world,
Like aspen leaves in raging storms unfurled.
All hell's vile furies quailed before His ire ;
The earth did rock uneasy at His fire :
"My name is Vengeance ; sprung a child of awe,
From Justice, Holiness, from Truth and Law.
Hence punishment, retribution, send fire
Upon the sinner, is my work, my tire.
Vengeance is mine, I will repay ! I'll burn
To lowest hell, and toss that fiery churn.
In my hot anger I will tread them down,
And trample them in fury as I frown.
I'll crush their hearts, make fly their blood, and dash
And sprinkle, smear my garments as I splash ;
Fill up the wine-press of His fierceness, stain
My raiment, there I'll tread and smash the slain.
I'll come in rage upon a path of fire,
With chariots like a whirlwind in desire ;
And laugh at their calamity that sinned,
Nor shall I spare the leprous brood that grinned.
I'll mock them in their misery, the kings
Of earth, great men, rich men, destroy all things ;

Chief captains, mighty men, and ev'ry man
 Both bound and free, shall not escape my ban.
 Although they hide themselves in crowding flocks
 In mountains, crying loud to hills and rocks :
 ' Fall on us, hide us from the face of Him
 That sitteth on the throne, and from His vim.
 The Lord's great day of judgment comes apace,
 And who shall be able to stand in grace ?
 His rod is raised to strike in hottest ire,
 And madly hurl us in His lake of fire.'

I'll still consume their worm that never dies
 With fire unquenched ! I will not hear their cries.
 They'll cry with a loud voice mine ear to rend ;
 I will not hear. I'll not in mercy bend ;
 I will not send relief. I will not spare
 Them in my fury. Let them suffer there.
 I'll not have pity. Dogs in hell's dark cave
 Do lick their paws, and like the tigers rave ;
 They are enraged and panting for their prey,
 Like wolves they bite each other in the fray.
 T' infernal pit of hell opes wide its mouth.
 The old and scaly Serpent 's parched with drouth,
 He gapes his thin and thirsty jaws to drink
 His blood and tear his flesh on yonder brink.
 Now sink to bottomless perdition ; hell
 Prepare to feast and loud thy triumphs swell."

Then Life and Peace cried out : "Let wrath
 rebound!
 Wrath, brimstone, fire, why cumb'reth he the
 ground?"
 Here Justice cried : "My bow of wrath shall wing
 The fatal arrow ready on the string ;
 And hie it onward to its destined mart,
 To drink his blood and revel in his heart.
 I whet my glitt'ring sword that thirsts for blood,
 To hue the rebel to a crimson flood.
 Set on ! Strike !"

Then these Powers all cried loud :
 "Omnipotence ! rain down Thy fiery cloud !

And lick him up; fire and everlasting death!
Let him not live to draw another breath!
On! On! Omnipotence! Strike at his head!
Let not the traitor live, on treason fed!
And let him die the death, and bleed his blood,
And stretch him out upon the fiery flood!
In torments evermore his pain bemoan,
Amid hell's furies! On! Omnipotence! On!"

To dash His foes to pieces with His hand,
 And crush them like a potter's work of sand.
 He stands, one foot on earth and one on sea,
 And lifts His hand to heav'n to strike at me.
 With awful Majesty His face did shine,
 His voice the rumbling thunders did confine.
 As in a cloud of puzzling thoughts He stood,
 Whether to strike the blow that vengeance wou'd,
 Or spare the traitor. Thus at length He spoke,
 As yet He spared upraised the dreadful stroke:

“My name's Omnipotence. I can destroy
 And make alive. Thy sins my pow'r annoy,
 When nothing was, the worlds I did create;
 And still preserve them all and laugh at fate.
 Yet I possess no will or choice my own.
 And yield my full obedience to the throne.
 First then, let all contending parts agree,
 My service thus, to all your hearts shall be.
 The case at present calls on me to smite.
 Yet, if the pleas, o'erthrown by greater light,
 And these withdrawn, the last results you've found
 In your agreements, show me where to wound.
 The works are therefore right which I perform,
 Because I'm ruled by all perfections norm;
 When these perfections in the Deity,
 In concert join and blessed harmony.

Then WISDOM, purple robed, thus gave his plea:
 “Why should the King make haste with His decree?
 In this there is no waste of time to wait;
 To weigh our thoughts and balance things of state.
 We estimate t' importance of one soul
 'Bove all the world contains from pole to pole.
 And yet the pending case affects them all,
 The whole of human kind, both great and small.
 I, Wisdom, with the soul of Prudence dwell;
 Lead Knowledge by the crown; all things can tell,
 And find out Wit's inventions. I object,
 To see the crim'nal led thus basely wrecked,
 In haste to execution, Satan's shrines;
 Let Law, Truth, Justice have their own confines.
 But let us wait and see, if there is no friend
 Of man at court, who will his case defend;

Who is WISE, good and powerful enough
To help him; so that Law be not too rough,
And Truth and Justice satisfied."

Then LOVE

Advanced and stood before the throne above.
His heart, in all His winning charms He held,
With human kindness all His bosom swelled.
His beaming eyes awoke the slumb'ring fires
Of hope forlorn, and strengthened my desires.
He spoke. No angel ever spoke so well,
No seraph's tongue a sweeter note can swell:

"My name is Love. No lords in heav'n can claim
A higher rank, or virtue in a name;
FOR GOD IS LOVE. This name it will be seen,
Among the ruling Pow'rs denotes the Queen.
My plea must then be heard before the rest,
Or else what they have cursed, can ne'er be blest.
'Tis true, my Love to man of yore endures,
From everlasting, and the pow'r secures,
That neither death nor life, nor angel throng,
Nor principalities or creature strong,
Nor height nor depth, nor pow'r, or present things,
Or things to come, nor pain, bliss, nothing brings
The pow'r to separate my Love from man,
From rebels, hurled in haste beneath the ban,
With all their kindred. Grant this one request,
And let the sinner live our ransomed guest.
Else Love, unto eternal mourning fall,
And all the heav'ns for man in sorrow pall."

Grace also came to plead with ancient lore:
"Rewards bestowed on works, is Grace no more.
'Tis debt. But favors giv'n without a claim
Upon the donor, this just fits my name.
When guilt is added, and the subject hates
The donor, Grace forgives and reinstates.
This favor thus bestowed 's so wondrous great,
We call it Grace *indeed*. This is my state.
My name shall through the ages here make known,
And render good for evil from God's throne.
I make my plea therefore in this: Let man
Be pardoned, and delivered from the ban,

His sins all blotted out, and cast behind
 The back of God and banished from His mind
 And sunk into the depths of ocean's wave,
 And man himself be raised to place more grave,
 And higher far than e'er he was before
 He sinned. For this I shall the throne implore.
 Do this, else Grace must be an empty sound,
 And no benevolence in Jehovah found."

Mercy, agreed with Love and Grace came forth
 To plead for man: "I cannot claim such worth,
 Or rank among the Pow'rs of God as Truth,
 Or Justice, Goodness, Wisdom, Pow'r, forsooth,
 I am myself a child of Love, whose deeds
 Displayed to those in want, oppressed in needs,
 We call Mercy. My name 's in heav'n above,
 And far above the heav'ns, as God is Love.
 I'm rich in Mercy, gracious, kind and good;
 I plead the sinner's live and brotherhood."

In contemplation o'er the weighty pleas,
 The Pow'rs revolved them o'er, all hearts to please.
 Profound and awful silence filled the throne;
 After the solemn pause, arose alone,
 The Ancient Monarch, Sov'reign Judge of all
 And spoke: "The arguments and pleas are tall:
 Majestically great, strongly confirmed
 And well supported 'gainst man, traitor termed:
 Now criminal at the bar, as well of Law,
 Truth, Justice, all these stand without a flaw.
 Love, Grace and Mercy, have discovered sweets
 Abundant, both of goodness and sweet-meats
 Of ev'ry kind, good will and loving smiles;
 But have not balanced Law in all its files,
 Shown how it is upheld, the Truth sustained,
 And Justice satisfied by pleas you've gained.
 Entire forgiveness for the traitor man
 You plea; but you must show some way, some plan,
 How this can be accomplished and yet please
 The heav'nly Pow'rs. Hence search; look to your keys.
 Else man without a grain of Mercy dies,
 And banished from these regions of the skies.
 Then solve the problem and your efforts crown
 With good success, and yours the great renown,

Among the angels or the heav'nly host,
 Create or uncreate, the honor boast.
 The sinner lost shall then be found, and rest
 Forever in the regions of the blest.
 If not, his sin demands his death; he dies,
 In torments numberless eternal lies."

Now silence reigned in heav'n. The Monarch
 ceased.

At length, from dreadful stillness soon released;
 With great concern the friendly Pow'rs once more
 Revolved in thought and searched in heav'nly lore,
 To find the wond'rous plan. Angels that stood,
 Elect of God and crowned, confirmed in good,
 Who ne'er can fall, could tell how heav'nly Love
 The inn'cent creature could confirm above
 In holy innocence; but could conceive
 No thought, idea, plan, that would relieve,
 Or pardon guilty rebels. Then again,
 That eye did pierce, and scorche that tongue of bane.
 Approached the sinner Justice, filled with wrath,
 Burst forth in words that dashed along His path,
 Like melting furnace bolts, and cried: "Strike, smite,
 Strike, strike the rebel dead with all thy might!
 Remove reproach from heav'ns high throne."

Up rose
 Omnip'tence, like a lion from repose;
 Terrific in His wrath He stood, and bare
 He made His thund'ring arm, high raised in air
 His brandished sword and waved His iron rod;
 The Pow'rs of heav'n all trembled, as He trod.
 He comes in haste to strike the rebel down;
 Who helpless crouched beneath His dreadful frown.
 Then Love cried out while all the rest did stare:
 "I can't endure the sight! O heav'ns, forbear!"
 The Law replied: "The soul that sins shall die.
 Let curses burn and crackling caldrons fry.
 For cursed is he that 'bides not by the Law,
 In all things writ therein, by hair, or straw."
 Then Grace exclaimed: "Where sin abounds, much
 more
 Shall Grace abound with all my heav'nly lore."

Then Truth replied: "Thou shalt most surely die,
 The day thou eat'st thereof. I cannot lie."
 The blow was falling. Mercy now came forth,
 With all her loving smiles and words were worth.
 And interceding stood beneath the stroke,
 And plead the Pow'rs this judgment to revoke,
 Declaring: "Mercy aye rejoiceth 'gainst
 Judgment. Behold, Thy cov'nant, Thou that
 reign'st!"

Then Justice keenly urged His stern command:
 "Defend the right, Omnipotence! Show Thy hand
 And strike! I say, strike! strike the rebel dead!
 And o'er his carcass let the lightnings tread!"

Dismay now seized celestial minds, and all
 The angels drooped their wings, their faces fall
 Upon their breasts, and all the harps of gold
 Played mournful odes throughout the heav'nly fold.
 The flaming sword had blazed so near his face,
 The iron rod was falling down apace
 And blazed with vengeful fire about his head;
 The sinner almost numbered with the dead.

When lo, a voice like distant peals was heard,
 A loud and startling sound, that death deferred.
 Louder and yet more loud it roared and rung,
 Like mighty thunders roll, it crashed and swung,
 Until the arch of heav'n reeled to and fro,
 Echoing loud like swelling thunders go.
 'Twas Wisdom's voice. He called aloud: "STOP!
 QUIT!"

DELIVER HIM FROM GOING DOWN TO T' PIT,
 FOR I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM!"

Then appeared
 One like unto the Son of God revered.
 With golden girdle round His paps engirt.
 The long and flowing robes, His name assert.
 Him holy angels worshiped as their Lord,
 And all seraphic fires of heav'n adored.
 Jehovah e'en did own Him for His Son,
 On His right hand, before the world begun.
 He saw man guilty, gone, forever lost.
 Amazing grace, He loved him, terror tossed!

With pity filled, His face was streamed with tears,
 And blood had mingled there eternal years.
 All hark! He speaks: "From everlasting hail!
 Of old was I set up, the sinner's bail.
 With men and sons of men are my delights.
 My task is, heav'ns and earth to set to rights.
 And lo, to do Thy will, O God, I come,
 To reinstate a rebel now in doom."

The Law in awful righteousness replied:
 "Can my demands on man be thus denied?
 I'm holy, just and good, and verily,
 The rebel's crimes deserve my penalty."

The Son declared: "'Tis true indeed. But still
 Observe; I'm come the Law but to fulfill;
 Not to destroy it. Not a jot shall fall
 Or perish. Earth and heav'ns to witness call!
 They'll pass away, but not a tittle past
 From all the Law, till all's fulfilled at last."

The Truth then spoke in haste: "My lips
 have said,
 That never erred, what we have often read;
 That, into hell the wicked shall be turned.
 And my veracity 's in heav'n discerned.
 Now, pledged to see this word fulfilled, I am,
 Else truthfulness is but a solemn sham."

"And verily," the Son replied, "my blood
 Shall wash him clean, in an atoning flood.
 From all his sins I'll purify his soul,
 If he'll repent and stay in my control.
 I have no pleasure in his death, I swear;
 O may he turn from death's deceitful snare."

Then Holiness grew sad, thus to complain:
 "In heav'n with sinners, I cannot remain.
 I am so pure, that nothing that's unclean,
 Or that maketh a lie, or that is mean,
 Can ever enter there."

The Son responds:
 "For all his sins and crimes I give my bonds.
 My blood doth cleanse from ev'ry stain and blot,
 Before the throne he'll stand without a spot.
 No wrinkle there shall ever dim his brow,
 When he before Jehovah's seat shall bow."

Now Justice, cold and stern and hardest won,
 Cried out: "Strike!" "Not the sinner," cried the
 Son,
 "But strike the Surety." Justice brow did low'r,
 He plead: "Can heav'n admit vicarious pow'r?
 Make one to suffer punishment and pay
 Another's debts? The just for unjust slay?"

The Son replied: "'Tis done, what man to man
 Will not, should not admit; the glorious plan,
 Which will astonish all the hosts of light,
 And those on earth enthralled in darkest night.
 For they shall profit by the old decree
 That man in Satan's thralldom, must be free.
 In fulness of the time I must be born
 Of woman, made under the Law forlorn,
 And yield a *full obedience* unto it,
 And thus the Law's demands on man acquit;
 The penalty for sinners and their clan
 In excommunication's wretched ban,
 Expelled from out the bliss of heav'nly ports,
 For which Justice contends in all His courts,
 I then shall *suffer*, thoroughly *remove*,
 Which God will sure accept, Justice approve,
 And angel's adore. I *shall die*; surprise
 The *pow'rs of death*, and bear away the prize
 Of *victory* o'er it. I shall *descend*
To hell, and preach till Gospel triumphs rend
 The ebon vault of darkness, *rise again*
 From *death*, for forty days will prove this plain,
 With wond'rous words and deeds before the world;
Ascend to heav'n where glory is unfurl'd,
 All enemies beneath my feet I'll tread,
 The day of days will come, that day of dread;
 That awful day for which all days were made,
 When in their quiet beds, the dead once laid
 In peaceful rest, shall then be raised to life,
 And they that live on earth for judgment rife,
 Shall all be changed; and thus before the throne
 Of judgment to be judged each stand alone,
 For all their sins. Those goats among the sheep,
 Unclean and vile, among the saints they sleep,

And love darkness much more than light because
 Their deeds are evil, sunk to vile applause,
 Who wanted with atoning blood. *opposed*
His Spirit, to whose *grace* their heart *foreclosed*,
 And *flung God's Word away* in hateful scorn,
 Will *banished be the kingdom*, all forlorn,
 And *cast in outer darkness*, and like straw
 And stubble be consumed, and they shall gnaw
 Their galling bonds forever. Those *who die*
Believing shall ascend above the sky,
 In beams of light, and walk the golden streets
 Of new Jerusalem, that home of sweets;
 My loved disciples there shall e'er enjoy
 My own right hand, and crowns without alloy,
 With fullest joy and pleasure evermore,
 To drink the bliss that seraph hands shall pour.
 Hence, this the plan, by which I undertake
 Deliverance for the captive; peace to make,
 An everlasting peace, and reconcile
 The things in heav'n and things on earth mean-
 while."

Law, Truth and Justice cried with voices strong:
 "That's all we want, just so what's right 's not
 wrong."

And now the heav'ns with hallelujahs thrilled,
 With notes of glee by flaming seraphs trilled.
 Love, Grace and Mercy cried with shouts of joy:
 "Thou didst not come the creature to destroy,
 That man might live. The blessed theme admire,
 The minds' delight, and all our hearts' desire,
 The pleasure of our souls."

Wisdom the plan
 Resolved: "'Tis finished! O! deliver man,
 Deliver him from going neath the ground,
 Into the pit, A RANSOM HAS BEEN FOUND!"

The throng of gold in sorrow long withdrawn,
 In deep concern did wait this wished for dawn;
 The dawn of this glad day. Now all the choirs
 Of heav'n did sing and sweep their golden lyres:

I will divide a portion with the great
To Thee. Thou shalt divide the spoils of state,
With all the strong. For Thee I will provide
The heathen for inheritance, and divide
The utt'rmost parts of earth to Thy control,
For Thy possession. Thee I will extol.
And with myself, with glory there before
The world began Thou hadst, I'll Thee adore."

BOOK IV.

In heav'nly raptures ravished thus, I saw
The regal Pow'rs to God's right hand withdraw.
They yield obeisance to the Prince of Peace,
And their resounding echoes loud increase.
Then louder than ten thousand thunders shock ;
They made the universal spheres to rock,
In transports 'mid a bill'way sea-white foam
Of queenly splendor, lapt in a starry dome.
A burst of hallelujahs from the Pow'rs
Of heav'n went forth, and shook the massive tow'rs ;
While the eternal city did resound
To praise His name through heaven's remotest
bound.

The temple of the new Jerusalem,
Whose King, crowned with harmonious diadem,
The Key-note of all music, source of song
And singing, wafts the perfect notes along,
On myriad multitudes of heav'nly strings,
Till all the universe with music rings ;
More loud than proud Niagara's fearful roar,
Or ocean's tempest beats its rocky shore.
Its far reverberations planets roll,
And things inanimate endows with soul.
And yet can float in breath so soft and creep,
It whispers to the dying spirit—sleep.
It softly creeps and fading steals, like dreams
Of half-forgotten childhood mem'ries seems.
At length in stillness, dying out of sound,
In loads of liquid odors floats around.
These tiny breezes seek their sweet repose
Within the lily's breast or heart of rose,
That grow upon the islands of the blest,
Whose boundless sweetness far transcends the best,
Of all perfumes the dews of morn have shed
On Eden's flow'rs, ere all her glories fled.

There sigh their willows still for Judah's girls
 Who learned to weep where yonder river twirls
 Still onward to the sea, as when of yore
 Victorious Darius filled its tide with gore.
 I saw old Thebes a building, ancient Troy
 And sweet Jerusalem, our life and joy.
 I saw old Greece and Rome their empires raise,
 With all the huge proportions of their blaze;
 Their cities, spread like met'ors on the sky,
 And then, 'mid their triumphal pageants die.

I looked about the fane on which I stood,
 And saw the homes of all the blest and good;
 Spread out beneath, on high, and quite around
 The golden city to its utmost bound;
 Jerusalem the lovely, all ablaze
 With tow'rs of brilliants set in golden stays.
 Their beams would blind the sight of mortal eye;
 To me, all was transparent as the sky;
 The streets, the walls, the tow'rs, which did not raise
 Obstruction 'gainst the passage or the ways
 Of bright and glitt'ring trains of seraphs sweet
 And lovely cherubs, or the saints that meet
 Within that city of eternal day;
 For there no shadows pass upon the way.
 No night or sleep, no heat of welt'ring sun,
 No cold or storm their bounding coursers run.
 No seasons, days, weeks, months or rolling years;
 No seed or harvest time, or gloomy fears;
 But one eternal round of pleasures sweet,
 Those blessed spirits here forever greet.
 A self-productive, inexhaust'ble shore,
 Where everlasting joy 's laid up in store.
 Grove nods to grove with gold and purple fruits,
 With vines in clusters loaded to the roots.
 Delicious fragrance here the air perfumes,
 Consummate bliss its royal grace assumes.
 Here spouting fountains laugh at fountains still,
 Where little cherubs sport and bathe at will.
 Down to the waters edge the slopes among,
 The rills of milk and honey flow along.
 Here see the river flow with life; serene
 And living waters, like a lovely queen,

Once sister, brother, father, mother dear?

"No. They are these no more. None such are here.
For all the blessed dead that leave earth's shores
Are one in Jesus here, whom heav'n adores."

O blessed news! Beyond compare! They're here!
All here! We lose them not that die in fear,
Believing. But, pray tell, that we be sure;
Who'll die in faith and to the end endure?

"The Book of Life contains the person's names,
To open it, but one the pow'r reclaims.
'Tis He who wrote them there and blots them out.
Walk they in faith, or go some other route.
No creature knows until the act's complete,
If he shall win, or suffer in defeat.
That you're elect, you simply must believe,
And trust His promise, who will not deceive.
'Tis not the certainty that reason gives;
The Christian walks by faith, by faith he lives.
This knowledge grows in certainty in time,
Ne'er absolute, until you reach this clime,
Where all perfections reign, election's goal,
The home and habitation of the soul.
For what you know, 'tis true, you know as well
As mortal tongue or sweeter strains can tell.
So here you know, that Wisdom made the plan,
On which God built, to save us from the ban,
All His decrees, and made them center here,
Outside which, there are no decrees to fear.
This plan was e'er the chief essential part,
Embraced in His election from the start."

Then o'er the bright enameled lawn he hies,
Down where the river fringed with lilies lies.
Where amaranth and milk-white roses blow,
That neither toil nor spin, yet brilliant grow.
No royal garments e'er were known so fair,
No regal throne on earth e'er dressed so rare.
Here daffodils in bloom and harebells hide,
And nod in sport to kiss the dancing tide;
Whose flow'ry banks swell out embroidered fine,
With hyacinths, whose tossing tresses shine,

Where bright translucent waves reflect the strand,
 And mingle hues of flow'rs with glitt'ring sand,
 Of agate, azure, em'rald, ruby red,
 Refulgent from its golden-paven bed,
 Sweet breathes the balmy air where cassia buds
 Are blooming, nard and tuberose and shrubs ;
 Where gorgeous loveliness enthroned doth rise,
 Where no carnations fade or fragrance dies.

To yonder blooming vessel now he turns.
 All burnished like a throne the vessel burns.
 Instinct with life it plows the am'rous tide,
 Where love-sick winds its flow'rs kissed and sigh'd,
 Enamored of their sweetness ; and the gale,
 Plucked off the kisses, poured them through the vale,
 Where weeping willows form luxuriant bow'rs,
 From which the pine and palm shoot up like tow'rs,
 'Neath which angelic converse sweet abounds ;
 And melting songs that swell their tuneful rounds,
 Through broad'ning gall'ries where the saints repose,
 Where heav'nly music's soothing charm arose.
 He sails upon that river, where the song
 Of singing birds are heard and angel throng ;
 Whose waters lave the shores of blessed isles,
 That rest embosomed in its golden smiles.
 And now he joins that choir and sings the song
 The multitudes of heav'nly hosts prolong.
 From ev'ry nation, kindred, people, tongue,
 Before the throne of God and Lamb they sung.
 The hosts innumerable sing their psalms,
 And clothed in white, they all are bearing palms.
 They cry aloud : " Salvation to our God
 And to the Lamb, who sits with iron rod,
 Upon the throne. Worthy art Thou the book
 To take and break its seals. To Thee we look.
 For Thou wast slain, us to redeem from sin,
 By blood of Thine, to God, our souls to win,
 As kings and priests."

The angels caught the strain
 And sent it echoing o'er that lovely main :

“The Lamb is worthy that was slain, the pow’r,
And riches, wisdom, strength, and honor pure,
And glory, blessing to receive.”

And all

In heav’n, on earth, in sea, aloud did call:
“To Him, the Lamb, that sits upon the throne,
All blessing, honor, glory, pow’r we own.”

And those arrayed in robes of white are they,
Come out of tribulations great; sin’s way.
And they have washed their robes and made them
white

In Jesus’ blood, the Lamb who gives them light,
And hence in glitt’ring sheen arrayed they stand,
And serve Him day and night with worship grand,
And praise Him in His temple, who shall dwell
Always among them, all their fears to quell.
They shall not hunger more, nor sun, nor heat,
Oppress them more, in this most hallowed seat.
For here the Lamb amidst the throne shall keep
And feed them, like a shepherd guards his sheep.
He’ll let them lie in pastures green that grow
On yonder hills, whence living fountains flow;
Or lead them by still waters through that vale,
Where floods of fragrant odors there exhale.
’Tis here that God will wipe away all tears,
And His elect triumphant guard from fears.

And these are they who once did live on earth,
Were children of the world with sinful birth.
Elect they were, as Christ the Son was slain,
Ere earth’s foundations lay, He groaned in pain.
God knew them then, and by His fixed resolves,
Made them His children His decree involves.
For His decrees are based on Christ, and fixed
In faith on His dear name, with mercy mixed.
And are not absolute, for then why claim,
The Gospel should be preached in Jesus’ name?
Believe unto the end and thou shalt wear
A crown of life, the Gospel doth declare.
But by the other rule it matters not,
A Christian true, or unbelieving sot.

The Christian lost; the unbeliever gained,
Then heav'n not Christ, but infidels has rained.

Then turn, decrees fulfilled within the church,
The true predestination there to search.
The church of Christ we'll seek, and bide that high
And lofty wonder world above the sky.
Since now the seraph Muse with rustling wing
Directs our flight where other muses sing.

BOOK V.

“Disciples go,” said Christ, “go forth like sheep
Among the wolves, and thus my harvests reap.”
’Twas thus Christ built His church amid His foes,
Who bring on it innumerable woes.
To root it out, the blood must freely flow,
And fires consume and conflagrations glow ;
The cross, the prison, stake and guillotine,
And instruments of cruel torture seen.
Until they surfeit in the blood of saints,
The heart being overcharged grows sick and faints.
’Twas thus the hate of Cain and Esau raged
Against the chosen seed, yet unassuaged.
It fired the hearts of Joseph’s brethren wild,
With murderous thoughts against the promised child.
In envy now they sold him far from home,
In cold Egyptian bondage there to roam.
Their cruelty proud Pharaoh repays,
He makes them slaves, their children now he slays.
For forty years they wander through the waste
And howling wilderness, begun in haste.
They were so helpless, Edom danced for prey,
Philistia did hop, and Canaan bray ;
Exulting o’er the host which they defied,
While dogs of Babel licked their chops and cried,
Then Nineveh prepared to gorge and glut
Her vengeance, full of envy, ’gan to strut ;
They tossed their heads with beauty’s plumes in
pride,
With peacock’s tails they boast their glories wide.
And worse than all, the unbelieving Jews,
Chief foes unto themselves, reject the news ;
The news that bring deliv’rance, seek to kill
The Child of Promise, crafty in their skill.
The guilty Herod trembled on his throne,
And feared his glory in the star that shone.
The tyrant slaughters Rachel’s infant sons.
In madness wild the butch’ring fury runs.

No one dare preach the Gospel's blessed news,
 Its voice they smothered in their filthy stews.
 When lust and crime raised up against the voice,
 The Pope did temporize and make his choice,
 In ceremonies cherished long and dear,
 He clothed his new made lords with holy fear.
 The world obeys the voice and will of Rome,
 To practice Antichrist's decrees they come.
 Wrapped up in bundles of their old traditions,
 It feeds them on its heathen superstitions ;
 Idolatry and ignorance, instead
 Of Christ the Word, the true and living bread.

That man of sin, the Pope thus came to light,
 The son of all perdition, devil's wight.
 Opposing and exalting himself 'bove
 All that is God or worshiped, like a Jove.
 As God he sits within His temple bold,
 Pretending he is God, but Satan's hold.
 In works of Satan comes, with pow'r and signs
 And lying wonders, hatched in darkest mines,
 With all deceivableness of his square
 Unrighteousness in them that perish there.
 He leads them down to pits eternal, cause
 They will not love the truth, obey its laws,
 And thus be saved ; and hence delusions strong
 God sends them, to believe a lie, do wrong ;
 That all who'll not believe the truth proclaimed,
 But pleasure in unrighteousness, be damned.

Aloof upon his papal throne he sate,
 A human fiend, all crowned in royal state ;
 His triple crown 's the emblematic tow'r
 Of stolen royalty usurped with pow'r.
 O'er kingdoms of this world he raised his chair,
 And stifled conscience 's voice with Satan's snare.
 His councils he entrapped by his decree,
 Enslaved the nations 'neath his papal see.

His vassal kings and potentates now fawned.
 While cringing priests and bishops honor pawned.
 They servilely adored and kissed his feet,
 And bowed before the tyrant's haughty seat.
 Thrones trembled, kings and monarchs stood in awe,
 His nod was empire and his footfall law.

The mouth-piece of the Lord of hosts he claimed,
 And yet the Word of Lord of hosts defamed.
 He sent forth legates, set up thrones, dethroned
 Kings, queens, till all the world in travail groaned.
 Empow'rd his votaries by hook and crook,
 To root out friends of that detested Book.
 His legate ruled all councils like a sire,
 At Constance, sent a Huss into the fire.

Behold, a pompous train of murd'ers vile,
 Cut-throats in white linen, marched forth in file!
 With crimson cross and streamers red, with torch
 And crackling fagots. Now his flesh they scorch.
 Now burn and roast him in ferocity,
 Bloodthirstiness, all grinning brutishly.
 Depraved they strode, with papal badges girt,
 In morals quite putrescent, steeped in dirt.

The crowd that feast on Huss his blood to drain,
 Consists in priests of swagg'ring, ign'rant brain;
 Effrontry, bluster, blist'ring words of gall,
 Intol'rant in religion, cowards all;
 Of cross-breeds, bastards, hybrids, and a row
 Of mental malformations, sluggish, slow,
 Of uninventive, unprogressive brain,
 Of cold unpity'ng villains, ruthless, vain.

But soon the Word came forth to life and light,
 God sent forth servants batt'ling for the right.
 Though fire and sword their wretched lives con-
 sumed,

The more the Word its former pow'er resumed,
 The Pope and papists then were sore distrest,
 Because our Luther sang his Lord's behest.
 Now all were choked with wrath and latent fires
 Of envious pride. Impatience cracked like briars.
 They snarled and snapped and foamed, and grum-
 bling growled,

No brute in madness thus e'er raved or howled.

The church, o'erhung with low'ring clouds did
 wait;

It sat in ashes in a dreadful state.
 Still thicker grew the clouds o'er Zion's hill,
 With pent-up lightnings all their bowels fill.

Around their sable corner's bursting cheek,
 The little fire-darts play at hide and seek.
 Still higher scowls the darkness bristling fire;
 Trees fall; earth breathless, waits the tempest's ier.
 A cry of lamentation in the air
 Was heard, presaging desolation there.
 But onward, upward loomed the lurid blast,
 And shoves its sulph'rous burden skyward fast.
 The thunder growled impatient of its fire,
 To hurl cloud-bussing turrets in the mire;
 And havoc in their stony cities free,
 In madness, riot there in liberty.

Thus rumbled noises, and the temple shook,
 The panic-stricken crowd the blast o'ertook.
 Disorder reigned, in volumes rolled the smoke,
 Its way in living, seething fire it broke.
 While cloud on cloud was hurled aloft like sheaves;
 The fiery billows roll, the temple heaves;
 The crowd is tossed; destruction's flinders fly;
 And friends and foes in common ruins lie.

As when the earth in dire convulsions torn,
 Vesuvius vomits forth in vengeful scorn,
 His fiery entrails o'er the woful land,
 Then thieves and robbers rush with murd'rous hand,
 From out their mountain caves, to take their spoils
 From suff'ring victims, struggling in their coils;
 The traps of villains. Cruelty is bold,
 It enters homes and villages for gold.
 Remorseless in its greed, it thirsts for blood
 And plunder, riots in the purple flood;
 Performs the will of demons hot from hell,
 In desolations track they bound and yell.
 See, spattered with the brains of infants fair
 And parent's blood, the floor, the wall and chair;
 And there, on Moloch's fire their kindred bones
 Lie roasting side by side upon the stones.

It is the hour of darkness! Satan's fry
 Raised up blaspheming tow'rs of vict'ry high.
 With doctrine false they prejudice the mind,
 To trust in works and leave their faith behind.
 "Where money jingles faith may dwindle. Frown,
 We'll eat and drink, for Peter wears the crown."

How impudent is hell! deceiving, false!
 His vices smile; iniquity can waltz!
 What tongue can tell his works? He laughs at sin,
 Then all the crowd with splitting sides join in.
 Enrobed in panoply divine he comes,
 With cunning smiles his face like roses blooms.
 His livery is heav'n! His chapel fine!
 Fast by the church he builds the cutest shrine.
 The church, whose corner stone is Christ, and based
 On prophets and apostles, here is graced.
 He often joins the outer worship grand,
 To hear the Word or at the altar stand.
 To sing and pray, all service he commends;
 Himself, the spiritual service well attends.
 To serve the Lord with half the soul he binds,
 Commends his follow'rs thus: half souls, half
 minds.

Their course half-way to heav'n by spir'tual pow'rs
 They turn, and give to Christ just half the hours.
 Thus cunningly he makes the crowd believe,
 That he 's a gentleman, as all conceive.
 So great his knowledge is, I must confess,
 All fathers of the church have written less.
 Makes vice a virtue, truth to falsehood turns,
 And panders to the taste that hottest burns.
 Such is his bounty, full and overflown;
 Consults with Peter how to make it known.
 The souls of men, he keeps them in supplies,
 He gives his comments and the rest denies.
 He changes truth from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it papal lore.
 Truth, passed through him, makes transubstantia-
 tion,

As things digested, change their appellation.
 To his advantage thus allures the soul,
 They can't serve two, and thus he gains the whole.
 Thus asking only half, he seems to show
 His charity, but drags them all below.
 He knows the sheep that feed on pastures grown
 In other fields, are fatter than his own.
 And hence he turns out hypocrites full-fledged,
 All these he owns, the Pope himself alledged.

Then serve both God and Mammon he commends;
 The wily hypocrite his will attends.
 On both his shoulders bears he waters still,
 His buckets here, there, ev'rywhere to fill.
 How much to make a hypocrite, to stare
 Barefaced and whine and cry to heav'n so fair?
 In long grandil'quent pray'rs the song to sing:
 "Lord! Lord! where is that happy land you bring?
 We've prophesied and cast out devils; sure
 Thou canst not ask that we should more endure?"
 Requires demoniac pow'rs combined in all
 Their list that wrought in heav'n the angel's fall.

Until hell's castle falls within the heart,
 And Christ o'erpow'rs and robs it of its dart,
 And all its pow'ful armor takes away,
 Wherein it trusts, divides the spoils so gay;
 Your conduct 's good, but not before. For God
 Did lead you here in ev'ry step you trod.
 The heav'nly way you walk by Him alone,
 'Tis not thy will or works that you have done;
 'Tis not by borrowed pow'rs of heav'n and grace,
 The road to heav'nly glory you can trace.
 As man, before your own conversion true,
 In all your works you nothing good can do.
 For one alone is good, beside Him, none
 Do good, not one. 'Tis Christ alone hath won.
 To Him the vict'ry be and all the praise
 For our salvation, all our years and days.
 'Tis true, conversion gives the will, subdues
 The rising pow'rs of evil thoughts and views;
 But gives no pow'r for us to man about
 At our disposal, lest we lose the route.
 The works of penitence and all deserts
 Of faith are God's; 'tis He alone converts.
 He brings the sinner dead to faith, and gives
 New birth unto the child; 'tis then it lives.
 It lives a child of God and does His work,
 'Neath all its life its Master's praise doth lurk.
 'Tis true, his thoughts and words and all he wou'd
 Accomplish as a child of God are good,
 But only relatively, just so far
 As they relate to God they pleasing are;

For our own person's sake that pardoned be,
 Though sinners still remain, His favor see.

This leaven of the Pharisees subverts
 The truth of Christ, and all our souls perverts.
 O wretched man that I am, who shall here
 Deliver me from this vile body-gear?
 O child of God disturbed, think not 'tis strange,
 That you are called these joys of earth to change,
 All human boasting and the pride of life,
 Change worldly wealth and grandeur for the strife,
 To enter in the narrow gate and live:
 For thee, this strength and courage He will give.
 But not to thee as man in all his sin
 And wild desire, but as His child to win.

To domineer is Antichrist's great feat;
 Sends forth his orders from his papal seat.
 Commanding all his dupes to seek and slay,
 To kill and burn at stake, alive to flay,
 And massacre them all who hold the Word,
 Not owning him for voice of God ador'd.
 Thus Antichrist, the Pope and Satan's spouse,
 Here get their timber for to build their house.
 With their escutcheon raised on high unfurl'd,
 Combine against the truth; enlist the world.

But Judah's Lion now is wide awake,
 The Pope bewails his dismal beggar's sake.
 With woes innumerable now he groans,
 And stalks amid Rome's sepulchres and bones.
 He fears the Lion's tread that shakes the ground,
 Who holds the Pope and hell in thrall'dom bound.

In secret hall the darkest schemes they plot,
 To stain all virtue and the truth to blot.
 There, couns'ling war'iors meet with dark designs,
 And swear allegiance to the Pope's confines.
 They sow the wind, the whirlwind they shall reap,
 And scattered lie within the sulph'rous deep.

BOOK VI.

Thus slowly grind the mills of God but sure ;
Their fire and flood no elements endure.
They crush to finest earth and smould'ring dust,
The proudest boast of human pride and lust.
For proud Capern'an tow'rs must kiss the earth,
Until these throes renew the temple's birth.
It rises like the phenix from her nest,
And folds immortal garments 'round the blest.
It stands the wonder of all wonders grand,
The miracle of time that ne'er can strand.
Because her builder and her Maker 's God ;
The Lord did build the house in which they trod.
They labor all in vain that build it here,
Except the Lord shall keep the city dear.
The watchman waketh but in vain, in vain
You rise up early, sit up late in pain.
And thus you fain may eat the bread of tears
And sorrows, and to weep through all the years.
For so He giveth His beloved sleep,
Where angels their untiring vigils keep.

Once more they gathered, gathered from the main,
They gathered from the hills and rolling plain
That loved her—Zion. Long their harps were hung
Upon the willows ; golden strings were strung
To mournful odes as they remembered days
So lovely, harvest homes and heav'nly ways.
Once they were happy, happy as the Spring
With birds and flow'rs, when heart's old love did sing.
That Spring that once had smiled in ether blue,
And friends that Spring had brought, were sleeping
too.

The bird whose warbling note had cheered the grove,
Had ceased sweet music in its little cove.
The flow'rs that once had bloomed with rosy hues,
No more shed forth their fragrance to the dews.

Religious wars long years enduring sped,
 And now those friends are numbered with the dead.
 All dead! How calmly there all nature weeps,
 How softly slow the silent shadow creeps,
 The golden sun looks out through crimson seas
 Of dawn, and sheds his dazzling sheen on trees,
 Till bathed and drooped in tears like ori'nt gems,
 They rear their weeping tops and pearly stems.
 Death's finger points the way of all the world,
 The with'ring blast had singed them as it whirl'd.
 Death rings the parting knell to all our joys,
 And lures our hearts true love with earthly toys,
 That mount on wings and soar from our desires,
 To look on eyes where burned their cherished fires.

In those old Reformation days were tried
 The souls of men. Then strong men weeping cried.
 They brooked the fire's ordeal with broken hearts,
 Where death his quiver empties of its darts.
 In Zion's walls was heard a cry of woe,
 A wail of bitterness went up, a throe
 Of anguish like despair; their cup was gall,
 And joys remaining mixed with wormwood all.
 The days of old were fled, and in their track
 Rushed havoc, toil and universal wrack.
 See friends amid the throng that seek for friends,
 While hope and fear the breast alternate rends.
 Their welcome song was lamentation's cry,
 No shout like harvest-bursts did rend the sky.
 Along the main the people gath'ring moaned,
 The earth they trod so heavily, it groaned,
 In tears and sorrows now they eat their bread;
 They ever nearer come, with tramp, tramp, tread.
 The children of the kingdom gathered round
 The temple new, that rose on sacred ground;
 All washed and consecrated with the blood
 Of saints, the church's seed and purple flood,
 Whose river flows into the courts of God.
 Where now their slaughtered friends His glory laud.
 And yet not all that gathered there were true,
 As tares among the good grain always grew.
 For where o'er blood and spoils the demons rave,
 The rocks a refuge yield unto the brave;

When caves disgorged, they, covered by the night,
 Then journeyed, trav'ling in the moon's pale light.
 The false there joined the fair, like thorns the rose.
 Or vipers in the bosom oft repose.

This life on earth with all its sweetest cups,
 Has bitter draughts for ev'ry lip that sups.
 Amid the gath'ring hosts thus Absolute
 Came forth, his poisoned arrows there to shoot.

The Muses, gathered in the temple, raise
 Their voice to heav'n in songs and hymns of praise.
 Their words of praise harmonious strains adorn,
 And waft it forth on silent breeze of morn :

“As hart doth pant for water brooks, so pants
 My soul for Thee, O God! Thy little plants
 Which Thou hast planted, love Thee, thirst for Thee,
 The living God! To Thee our Rock we flee.
 Thy water-spouts were calling, deep to deep,
 And yet amidst the noise Thy children sleep.
 O'er us Thy waves and billows rolled; our tears
 Have been our meat by day and night for years.
 When all the live-long day they said: where's God?
 One thing have I desired of Thee, my rod,
 My staff; that I might dwell within Thy house
 The days of all my life, with Thee, my Spouse.
 That I might see Thy beauty, hear Thy Word,
 Where Thou Thy love to me didst once record.
 When trouble, terrors rise, in time of woe,
 In Thy pavilion hide me from the foe.
 Hide me from them that seek to do me hurt,
 Within the secret places of Thy court.
 In Thy great tabernacle hide me safe,
 My God, from the great fiend, secure this waif.
 I shall not fear when me Thou 'llt hide above,
 Around, beneath, and cover me with love;
 Where neither fears shall start, nor hinds or roes
 Of t' field shall e'er awake me from repose.

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised,
 Within the city of our God, high raised.
 In all the mountain of His holiness,
 How beautiful is Zion: her we bless.
 Let all be glad, let Zion now rejoice,
 Let Judah's daughter sing with a loud voice.

Of her great palaces and tow'rs we 'll talk,
 We 'll go round Zion, round about her walk.
 We 'll mark her bulwarks well, and sing her praise,
 Where His great honor dwells our voices raise.

Adore His name, whose favor ever guides
 His own elect, whate'er distress betides.
 For He decreed before the world was made,
 Whate'er afflictions or temptations shade,
 Their path throughout this vale of woe and tears,
 To be close at their side and calm their fears ;
 To grant them patience, consolation sweet,
 Awaken hope from His eternal seat ;
 Ordained and fixed by what peculiar cross
 Or sore distress He'd purge away their dross ;
 And thus conform each one of His elect,
 Unto the image of His Son direct.
 And that the crosses of each one must tend
 Together for our good, whate'er impend.
 Because we 're called according to His will
 And purpose. Surely He'll this word fulfill.
 And thus His Church forever must abide,
 Resist all pow'rs of hell, whate'er betide.
 This is the side His Church is found ; here stand
 And walk securely, guided by His hand.
 You ne'er shall fall or stumble at the pow'r,
 The false Church yields in triumph ev'ry hour.
 For now she boasts and taunts with grand display,
 And with her haughty threats would us dismay.
 But now the child of God is safe, and knows
 Where his salvation great must e'er repose.
 In His almighty hand it rests secure,
 From which no one shall pluck us or allure.
 Life, death, or tribulation, or distress,
 Shall never break His love or heart digress.
 For what could we accomplish with the care
 Of our salvation and its treasures rare ?
 For all our strength is weakness, and our foes
 Are strong and well equipped that us oppose.
 The great-fiend would soon pluck it from our hands,
 The world would force its loss by vile demands."

Thus through the ages God's elect endure,
 Triumphant heroes o'er their foes secure.

Thou brought'st these news to man, who blind in
sins

And darkness total, with his idols grins.
 He, void of knowledge spir't'al, hugs his chain,
 And seeks in prison-walls his peace to gain.
 Nor yet knows he the things that make for peace,
 For in his evil thoughts he'll never cease.
 As sparks fly upward, prone to sin he lies,
 Assays with them to mount into the skies.
 His troubled spirit to reclaim he springs,
 Like flies in paste would mount upon their wings.
 The human spirit thus oppressed and bound,
 A thrall in filthy duds he skulks aground.
 With gorgeous beauties oft adorns his mind,
 But builds mere castles of the airy kind.
 For fancy gilds these mansions of the clay
 With tinsel wealth, like dreams that fly away.
 Within this mold of clay the mind is stamped
 With only earthly forms, and left thus cramped;
 Abandoned of his God, cut off and toss'd
 Away from His communion, man is lost.
 That food can ne'er give life unto the soul,
 Wrapped up within the sphere of mental scroll.
 Here too, the heathen idol-altars raise,
 Where many slaughtered human victims blaze.
 Here see the man of nature and his gods,
 How meanly all his idol worship plods.
 The darkened mind entombed within this cell,
 But crawls the ruts of sin to death and hell.
 Beyond the sphere of worldly objects' brink,
 The mind of man can neither move nor think.
 To transitory forms of thought the Lord
 Descends, to offer us His rich reward.
 All forms of thought on creature objects based,
 Though they shall perish once and be erased,
 Are still the means He chose to grant us grace,
 To wash us from our filth and see His face.
 He clothed His thoughts and will in human words,
 And makes them chime in tune with heav'nly
chords.
 Though human languages, man's works and fame,
 Philosophy, and greatness of his name,

Pride, wisdom, learning, creature things and all,
 Rites, faith and hope, the Scriptures too must fall,
 All tumble in common combustion down
 In fire and smoke, when scowls that wrathful frown.
 Yet God's essential Word, His thoughts and will,
 His soul-sown seed, His promise to fulfill,
 Clothed in these vile habiliments of earth,
 Substantial virtue and enduring worth,
 Escape unscathed the wreck of worlds and clash
 Of elements, God's mill-wheel's grinding crash.
 The letters of the Word, the sound of voice,
 The bread and wine, our dying Savior's choice,
 And water used in Baptism, all these three,
 Selected in eternity's decree,
 Were fixed the only proper means of grace,
 The only plan for all the human race,
 Through which He'd offer them His heav'nly gifts;
 All else are human subterfuges, shifts.
 Through these the Spirit makes repentant hearts,
 Converts the sinner and His love imparts.

External proper use of means of grace,
 'Tis true, the unbeliever can embrace.
 That the external proper use can screen
 A dev'l as well as saint, is easy seen.
 To exercise this use of means of grace
 Within the sphere of human pow'r we trace.
 Man goes to church, he reads and hears the Word,
 He eats and drinks, he sings and prays abhorr'd;
 Because from faith the work does not proceed,
 For what is not of faith is sin indeed.
 And hence it is not pleasing to the Lord,
 Who once complained of those whose lips ador'd;
 And yet their hearts and minds were far away,
 In fields of earthly vanities astray:
 "Away from me with all thy noise and songs,
 Your lifeless viols grate to tell your wrongs.
 I hate your melodies and your feast-days,
 Your sol'mn assemblies and your wicked ways."
 'Tis not all gold that glitters, we confess,
 Yet pride would always wear a golden dress.
 And where does master wolf his coat obtain?
 This woolly coat the wolves all love to gain.

So heav'nly virtues which the law requires,
 Must serve to clothe designs of men, like squires.
 And hence, as man to man the wide world o'er
 A devil is by nature's burning sore,
 He makes such paltry pelf to current coin,
 Cementing this, a brotherhood to join.
 Fine unions! Built on hate and envious lust,
 That levels all unto its kindred dust.
 From man to man the coin will current pass,
 But there 's the devil laughing in a glass.
 The proud world-unions take the price he pays,
 'Tis his initiation fee for days,
 He passes in the universal fold
 Of brotherhood! What dreams! sweet dreams of gold!
 Yet gold 's a butter-fly with colored wings;
 Its chase is hard, and death possession brings.
 These unions say: "Bring gold, we're based on gold,"
 Their virtue 's golden but their hearts all cold.

O. who 'll unfold the crimes, infernal scenes,
 And secret vice this golden virtue screens?
 'Tis true, "they steal the livery of heav'n
 To serve the devil in." This is their leav'n.
 With this they catch, are caught, and think to gain
 The Lord with their temptations vile and vain.
 O infamy! No blush? But blush at last,
 When thou 'llt deceive no more, but stand aghast;
 When God in wrath shall brush away thy snare,
 Thy filthy spider's rotten web and wear.
 And when in robes of their own dirt they stand
 And cry: "Lord, Lord, where is that happy land?
 For we've done many wond'rous works and cast
 Out devils." Forth, the Lord will cry at last,
 "I never knew you! Ye that work the works
 Of all iniquity, where evil lurks!
 Depart!" Thus vice beneath the outer form
 Of virtue doth its ugliness decharm.
 Beneath the proper use of means, we trace
 In their external form, hides this disgrace.
 Let all be warned, with characters so loose,
 Abuse of means does not destroy their use.

Who 'll blame the Giver? For these means were
 To save all men and bring them all to heav'n.^{giv'n,}

The proper *saving* use is in the pow'rs
 Of God alone. His works can save, not ours.
 His works to save through outward means of grace,
 Are wrought within the heart, true faith embrace.
 Through saving faith which he begins and ends,
 We're born again; on this true life depends.
 And here 's Christ's kingdom, in the hearts of men;
 Not of this world, its mortal reach or ken.

Not visible to men, but in the heart,
 In outward observation has no part.
 Outside this kingdom, Christ cannot be found,
 For King and kingdom, both in one abound.
 Show me the kingdom, and I'll show the King;
 But Christ is in you, quite a spir'tu'l thing.
 Outside this church or kingdom all are lost,
 Outsiders stay without, at their own cost.

But why does not the outward call of grace,
 Convert them all, and in the church embrace;
 Since all alike the call of course can hear,
 And comes with equal force to all, seems queer?
 Of those converted, why so few endure,
 Hold out till death and make election sure?

To law and testimony you must go,
 There search to know whether these things be so.
 And speak according to this Word alone,
 Which Word and counsel shall surround God's
 throne.

This Word we take and point the way to life:
 The outward hearing of the Word's a strife,
 'Tween Christ and Satan. Man is drawn one way,
 And then another, knows not where to stay.
 In dire conflicting doubts and fears he roves;
 Now serves them both; now holds them both as foes.
 He toils and sweats, and hears and prays in vain,
 He still is lost, and sin 's his only gain.
 The outward call has hurled the tempter down,
 When man believes, then Christ has won the crown,
 Until in trust to Christ he yields his heart,
 His soul, his mind; in heav'n he has no part.

And thus the work of grace proceeds in all,
 Where wilful man does not resist the call.
 For God's decree is fixed, which He'll fulfill,
 By force to save no one against his will.
 The call of grace imparts the pow'r of choice,
 And freedom of the will, for which rejoice.
 In spir'tu'l things now free, while yet the pow'r
 T' resist remains in man as Satan's dow'r.

Now why so many lost and few are saved,
 Because the many have the Spirit braved.
 He works the willingness t' accept the light
 In all; some cast this gift away for spite.
 They will not yield their willingness to sin
 For willingness to live, their life to win.
 The reason why not all believe is man,
 His vile resistance leaves him in the ban.
 Election comes to sinners who 're contrite,
 And places all on equal footing quite.
 Henceforth, whoever will, can freely will
 To come and drink; life's water 's flowing still.

Thus, as the hoary deep the brine doth shake
 From his gray locks, when rousing storms awake,
 The church puissant, roused from sleep, now shook
 Her locks invinc'ble, washed in martyr's brook;
 As eagles mew their mighty youth, and dye
 Their pinions golden in a sunny sky,
 And kindle their undazzled eyes in blaze
 Of noon-day suns, and scale away their haze,
 Where golden-haired Day-king shakes off his beams,
 Into the font, where morning's radiance streams.

By grace decreed alone to save the few,
 Whom He elected from the rebel crew,
 In justice He decreed the rest to spurn,
 And tramp beneath His feet, in hell to burn.
 This is His will, good pleasure He revealed,
 And hence the fate of ev'ry man is sealed.
 He calls them all to grace, that they repent,
 For those He chose, this grace is truly meant.
 'Tis irresistible to His elect,
 As sure as God is God, those He'll protect.
 Decrees He fixed in an eternal state,
 On His good-pleasure stand inviolate.
 His firm resolves must absolutely stride
 Untrammelled, and all order override.
 For they 're supreme, have no regard to all
 Your faith or unbelief. Like fate they fall.
 Thus you 're predestinated unto life,
 Or death eternal and unending strife."

While speaking, misty clouds, like chilly fog
 And dampness rose about him, like some bog
 Of putrid, rotten matter, croaking frogs
 And hissing reptiles, which exhales its fogs
 Unto the humid air amid the clang
 Of piping trumpeters and squeaking gang;
 Fit music, mixed with incense to his god;
 Where deep-mouthed mighty monsters bell'wing
 plod.

His foggy thoughts sent chillness through their
 bones;
 Some yawned in stupor and some hummed like
 drones.

Like icicles, their thoughts stood still in space,
 Their minds left vacant, robbed of hope and grace.
 And downward now the soul did bate her wings,
 With pinions broke and flagging; wounded, swings;
 Her dull and droiling carcass in the fumes.
 A drudging trade and hobbling gate assumes.

Then rose a Counselor, puissant muse,
 Of quick discernment in detecting news.
 He trode across the hall with earnest look.
 His firm and giant tread the temple shook.

He spoke: "This ground recedes; some treach'rous
dearth

Or cavern pit conceals this shaky earth.
Who comes encompassed with these clouds of mist,
Where doubt and dullness all our hopes resist?
Where night's dread empire and its host of prey,
Are girt with proud despair and flout dismay?
The Prince of darkness with impet'ous flight,
Veers round these regions here to proselyte;
With ratt'ling gewgaws varnished he belies
His perjured rascals and the truth denies.
And all the tim'rous birds of twilight flock,
And flutter round his head his pride to rock;
Whose envious gabble doth prognosticate
A world of sects and schisms interminate.
Impaled by fate, whose iron bars inclose
A different god from ours, and bitter foes;
This vilest monster only could conceive
The harr'wing thought our hopeful souls to grieve,
That from our cradles some of us were made
Hell-brands; who, with eternal serenade,
In fiery caldron's smoky incense beat
And batter heaven's gates, its King a treat;
Whose chief delight are these our painful woes,
And hence the gates shall ne'er to us disclose.
The soul, stretched out and wound upon this rack,
Recoils on self; its creaking tensions crack,
And leave behind extremely poignant pangs,
Foretastes of crushings, 'tween those jaws and fangs.
Hence, leave him there in all his wanton pride,
T' enjoy his music, and his incense guide."

Around the vault the ech'ing plaudits soared,
And now enraged his monsters growled and roared.
He lives within the miry bog of doubt,
Where clouds of night and dullness rove about.
His foll'wers to this day delight to view
His movements, watching still for something new.
Afraid to tread his ground they gather near
His iron bars with sympathetic fear.
So Absolute in pride his mind did fix,
And swore that black is white, and would commix;

These parts unite to constitute a chain,
 Faith wreathes the links, to which they all pertain.
 The link of glory too as promised bliss,
 Like all the other links that promise this,
 A living faith enwreathes; for faith is quite
 Pursuit, on promise built and not on sight.
 We're done with means when death our journey
 ends;

Hence glory comes when faith no more commends.
 But faith 's the reel on which this chain is wound,
 Connecting all the links securely bound.
 And glory's end, ineffible and sweet,
 The crowning link that makes our faith complete.
 The faith that wreathes these links about the brow,
 Our souls with sparkling jewels doth endow.
 Thus faith 's a lamp unto our feet, a link
 Connecting all the rest unto the brink,
 Where life's dim taper flickers at its close,
 Where faith 's absorbed in glory's sweet repose.
 Election by its promises and grace
 Procures and brings us faith to run the race,
 And causes, works, promotes, facilitates
 Salvation, and its parts accommodates.
 On this foundation sure and firm God built
 Our hopes for heav'n, and takes away our guilt
 The gates of hell must here exhaust their pow'rs,
 And turn away their triumphs from our doors.
 And hence, complete election doth pertain,
 Alone unto God's children who shall reign,
 Where trials come not, nor the burning tears,
 Where crosses press no more through endless years.

Be diligent in love, and seek to grow
 In strength of faith, the seeds of knowledge sow;
 Thus make thy calling and election sure,
 Hold to the Word and keep its promise pure.
 The certainty of faith is nothing more,
 Than certainty which your election bore.
 For as by fruits of faith you know the tree,
 In faith the fruit of your election see.
 And there's no other tree this fruit can yield,
 Except the tree within that lovely field,

Where grow the rose of Sharon and the vine
 Of Eschol, strung with goodly clusters fine,
 Where blooms the virgin lily of the vale;
 And trees of life their fragrance here exhale;
 Where milk and honey flow through verdant meads,
 And charming scenes, with cooling springs and
 shades,

Through gentle homes of peacefulness and rest
 Where brethren dwell together and are blest,
 And sing their cheerful chorus ech'ing loud;
 With songs of freedom, love and home e'erflow'd.
 Reclining oft beneath the tree of life,
 They now forget their toil and weary strife,
 O'ershadowed by those leaves of evergreen,
 That yield a balm in ev'ry nation seen.
 A balm for ev'ry wound sits on the tree
 That God has chos'n, elected thus for thee,
 That here thou should'st behold with faithful eye,
 Where thy election and salvation lie.
 In Christ's the wreath of love election binds
 That can't be broke, but firmly holds our minds.
 Election thus remains forever whole,
 Though man may change to hate his envious soul.
 The unbelief of men can not make void
 The truth of God, which men thus misemployed.
 This wilful, base resistance thus takes place
 In light of Gospel knowledge and of grace,
 Which overcomes orig'nal sin, of birth
 Impure, unclean, in children brought to earth.
 They can't resist, and hence the Gospel light
 Expels their darkness and their ign'rance right.
 The Gospel thus unfurled approaches all,
 And round the rattling world is heard its call.
 It enters minds with pow'r and grace to save;
 But Pharisees against the truth did rave;
 As well as Scribes, who had and knew the light;
 But now is added base resistance's might,
 And wilful enmity against the Word,
 Because they loved their sins, the truth abhorr'd.

The Word affords occasion, doth devise
 Conditions, where resistance can arise,

Yet does not cause resistance's willful fire,
 Which man developes from his coarse desire.
 For God has spiced election with resolves,
 To draw by grace, His Word alone involves;
 To drown the flesh, the world and Satan's pow'r,
 To flee for refuge in salvation's tow'r;
 To give man freedom of the will, to choose
 Eternal life, which he again can lose;
 For self-consistency and wisdom too
 Allows no force this freedom to pursue.
 As liberty implies the pow'r t' resist,
 Or from resistance 'gainst His grace desist.
 Infallible decrees within their range
 And proper sphere, this freedom cannot change.
 And hence, election is not absolute,
 Nor pending on relations of repute;
 But brings its own conditions with it, fraught
 With faith, in faith, eternal life in-wrought.
 And hence it is that it depends on faith,
 Its state, its tire; elsewhere it meets with death,
 Cannot exist but in its proper soil,
 As seeds are sown where farmers sweat and toil.
 For thus it was infallibly decreed,
 The Word that 's sown, contains election's seed.

BOOK VIII.

For thus the Master of the learned tongue,
In saddest words with heart so sorely wrung,
Himself complained, that scarce the one in four,
The fruits of hearing or election bore.
Because their hearts are filled with sin, all sorts
Of superstition, vain desires and sports.
Their erring minds stand open night and day,
Prepared for something strange from far away.
The practice quite a second nature grows:
The hardened heart with sin and vice o'erflows.
They triumph in their shame; to church they stray,
To hear the Word in their peculiar way;
To hide their folly or to boast their train;
They hear without their wits and nothing gain.
To hearken to the Word, and ply their mind
To learn, they think is worthless to mankind.
They loathe it too, because the Word restrains
Their carnal hearts, their stubborn will arraigns.
So vile their thoughts, accursed they leave the place
As they came in, and hold it in disgrace.
Those are humane refinements, of those days
Of modern fashions and bombastic ways.
They hate the Word, with all their thoughts
immersed
In fleshly lusts, and drowned in bowls accursed.
They laugh insane and crack their jokes in sport,
They spew and tramp the Word into the dirt,
Like swine beneath their feet the costly pearl;
In pools of their own filth they roll and whirl.
With great delight they plunge along their course,
Jests, jokes and old wives' fables, swear and curse.
They grin and gaze like fiends deranged and wild;
The Word they lose, in low contempt revild.

By hearing, they receive with outward ear,
Which is in them path-trodden, hard and bare;

The road where caravans of ev'ry lust
 And passions of the world kick up the dust.
 There earth's ambitions march in giddy stride,
 In wanton revelry and bloated pride.
 There lewd-debauching drunkenness, all puffed
 Waddles forth, with vile blasphemy full-stuffed ;
 And belches forth with jeering, leering eyes,
 His pent-up curses to the fretful skies.
 The bloody monsters of infanticide
 Pursue him aft, in frantic temp'rance hide.
 They rush like dumb and driven cattle hoarse
 With bellowing, all eager in their course ;
 Into the slaughter pen and pit of hell,
 Where knives are clashing and the furies yell.
 The blessed Word of life is trodden down,
 Where birds of ev'ry feather trail their gown.
 Vile stinking carrion, angels from beneath,
 In rottenness encased their filth bequeath.
 With nastiness and teeming full of worms
 And kicking maggots fat, the carrion squirms ;
 He mounts his wings, and from his sable flight
 He slings contagion o'er the world like night,
 With his pestif'rous crew of carrion fowls
 Environed, croaking songs and gabbling howls.
 A dirge of death from Satan's choristers,
 Suggestions from his murky flatterers ;
 In boist'rous fallacy against the truth,
 Communications like the adder's tooth.
 The scorner sits and hurls his vile tirade,
 And all the scoffers join the fusillade :
 " Shall we believe all what the preacher says ?
 What will this babbler say ? O, he 's a craze ! "
 Enraged they grind their teeth, they thirst for blood,
 The Word is borne away upon the flood ;
 In which the heart is drowned and overcharged,
 Until no thoughts remain the Word enlarged.
 All hopes of life, faith, piety and fruits
 Of godliness, their vileness thus uproots.
 Those on the rock are they with flinty hearts,
 So dull, so hard and cold in all their parts.
 The grain peeks through the soil more green and fair
 At first, than all the rest, so debonair.

And grows so smiling sweet by early rains,
Like weeping queens bedecked with pearly chains ;
It boasts of nothing else but promise high,
Of harvests mountain almost to the sky.
As boulders rear their haughty tops in air,
The little moisture 's soon exhausted there.
So when the latter rains are falling fast
On gold'ning grain with heat and with'ring blast,
They long since shriveled Rocky's laughing cheeks.
Now solemn, sore and sad he pines and peaks!
The pelting, pitiless rain, gushing pours
His torrents down upon his head in show'rs.
From darkling clouds the lurid brows do frown,
From thunder's black and rumbling chariot down.
He once did quake with joy, and gladly hear
The promised bliss of heav'n with many a tear.
He was the first to hear and sing the news
And joyful tidings ; now his lot he rues ;
Because the law is preached, affliction's cross,
And trials sore and sad with many a loss,
To purge his darling sins, desires of earth
Away, for true desires of heav'nly birth,
In broken hearts and contrite spirits fair,
To guide them on through faith to glory there.
These on the rock expect in Christ to find
Good days, sweet-dallying, time out of mind ;
Expect to live on sugar ev'ry day,
And honey dew, on banks of posies lay,
Whose dew-drenched petals vernal blooms bedeck,
And quaff their fragrance at the laughing beck.
'Tis then with greedy ears they gladly hear,
When words reprove their neighbors sad career.
They love to hear the news when preached in words
Of human wisdom by their mocking birds ;
Their preachers cater to the public taste,
And sweeten o'er their words with sticking paste ;
'Tis human eloquence they love to hear,
All salted down with love and murder gear ;
The murd'ress bold a heroine becomes,
The murd'rer a notorious hero booms.
And hereby hang a tale to kill the hours ;
Such truck the poor erratic moonling dures.

The stony heart's too proud, the Word they hear
 Rests superficially upon the ear.
 Besides, affliction's cross they can't endure,
 For then they fall away, the faith abjure;
 The Word despise and source of life deny,
 Their Lord forsake, the church they vilify.
 For loaves and fishes, follow for the fruit,
 Then fly away for want of healthy root.
 While Summer drops its gold they sweetly sing,
 In Winter weather cold, complaints they bring.
 Their faith and courage blooms while fortune smiles
 But falls away when fortune changes styles.
 They have more faith in bread and kitchen store,
 In corn and wine, than fruits of heav'nly lore.
 No zeal for godliness and doctrine pure,
 Where trade and fashion to the church allure.
 'Tis then they boast of zeal, of faith and love,
 Look wise as serpents, harmless as the dove.
 The dove at length a dragon proves, the lamb
 Whitewashed with innocence, a blath'ring sham.
 Wrapped up in self, they blab, they brag and
 blow,

They think their virtues whiter than the snow.
 Convert the Word into a stumbling stone,
 At which they take offense and sickly groan.
 In silks and satins, paltry gewgaws dight,
 They roll in comforts soft and white samite;
 Or lull the hours to creep along the streams
 Of pleasure-pleasing, sweet and quiet dreams;
 Where soft-flushed cheeks and raven-ringlets charm,
 Black-browed ivory on a snow-white arm;
 Or wreaths of auburn tresses gently droop,
 Where parting lips disclose a pearly group,
 Embalmed in breath's young fragrance, wrapt in
 sleep,

Neath snow-white curtains of the upper deep.
 Thus rocked in joys that ravish sweet repose,
 In self-security they snooze and doze.
 They sleep, while loud the Li'n of Judah roars,
 And all the forests fear and trembling moors.
 God's voice thunders! The mighty hills do shake!
 The lamb doth leap and start from out the brake!

Or send them forth to wander on the tide,
 Of human vanities and passion's pride.
 To follow Christ that youth indeed desired,
 But first to sell his goods the Lord required,
 And give them to the poor should be his task ;
 Too hard for him who loved his coin to cask,
 To kiss and hug it, turn it o'er and o'er,
 A slave to dust and ashes evermore.
 The thorns entice the wanderer to rest,
 'Neath their cool shades and boughs to bare his
 breast ;

To cool his brow and quaff the fragrant rose,
 Where thorns will pierce and deathly ivy grows.
 So riches charm the heart, enslave the mind,
 Endanger souls enticed and make them blind.
 The brows of tyrants brilliant beams unfold,
 Of jewels rare and gems of glitt'ring gold.
 And yet what gay distress, what splendid woe.
 Sits mocking there amid their tinsel show !
 They mock the soul. There evil conscience dwells,
 Whose torments blow in ev'ry sail that swells.
 It rides on ev'ry breeze that bears the light
 And frailest gossamer's wee, tiny weight.
 The walls have ears, and airy voices talk,
 And darkness seems to stand, to sit and walk ;
 And bear about ill-gotten gain and wealth,
 Like thieves at night that get their gold by
 stealth.

Thorns deeply wound and oft with many wounds,
 So wordly care in wounds full sore abounds.
 The love of gold that urges on by force.
 The root of evil is, its very source ;
 The foster-mother of all sins and crimes,
 Which tempted Judas to disgrace his times,
 Deny his Master and despairing fall
 To drink the dregs of bitterness and gall.
 Such are the homes of thorny avarice,
 Where pois'nous worms and reptiles live in vice.
 They strutt in lewd profanity and pride,
 Despising God, His Word, exalted rite.
 For wealth gives courage, courage insolence,
 The tyrant's club of haughty arrogance.

There, av'rice dwells, and hell sets up its throne,
And Satan reigns supremely and alone.
He chokes the living Word, lest it should save
The soul from burning passion's sinful wave.
In sensu'l lust he leads the sow to roll,
The unclean spirit in the unclean soul.

BOOK IX.

To all these came the Word with prospects fair,
With mercy full and providential care;
With pow'r and willingness to save; that same
Election full of grace and mercy came;
Took hold of men, but not by force which man
Could not resist, or thoughts he could not span.
But by its state, condition, faith it stood,
To faith it offered all its treasures good.

The contrite souls, way down within the vale,
Watered with tears of penitence, prevail;
In faith accept election with its trust,
Grow hale and hearty fruit from forth the dust.
In penitence receive the Word and hear,
They cultivate the precious seed in fear,
Display His virtues both in word and deed,
By edifying hearts and souls in need.
Before the crown, the child elect well knows,
The cross with sore afflictions always goes.

“A great and obvious error must obtain,
Election's doctrine blindly thus t' explain:
Its cause is not alone God's mercy great,
With Christ's most sacred merits animate;
In man there's something too which is a cause,
Effecting man's election and its laws.”

If man before his mighty Maker turn,
No virtues hath, but sinful fires that burn.
And hence possessed of naught that him commends,
On which election unto life depends.

A Christian though, has something more than man,
Who's dead in sins and in transgression's ban.
The Christian has in faith, Christ's righteousness,
His conduct pleases God in holiness.
Elect to faith, to faith election holds,
Through faith election all its gifts unfolds.
Election then with faith is ever joined,
In faith election's gifts are all combined.

Election brings us faith by saving grace,
 Which Baptism and the Word alone embrace.
 Infallible election has this sign,
 Of saving faith, since its the gift divine,
 Which God unerringly doth give to all,
 Who 'll not maliciously refuse the call.
 Elect to life believers all are found,
 Elect to glory final faith is bound.

Infallible election God imparts,
 Infallible its faith in human hearts.
 This sweet assurance of election then,
 Gives this security to faithful men.
 But human hearts are fallible entire,
 And faith alone will hopes for heav'n inspire.
 And hence by faith we make election sure,
 Which proves its loss if faith does not endure ;
 And that election unto glory rests
 On final faith, complete election's tests.
 Yet man's unfaithfulness cannot make void,
 The faithfulness of God he once enjoyed.
 What God still offers all while time endures,
 He gave from all eternity assures.
 A measured portion of eternity
 Is time ; with God, they both in one agree.

Election's causes we distinguish thus :
 First sin, that gives occasion for its use ;
 Then love, internal motor in God's breast,
 With Jesus' merits, outer motor blest ;
 These two effective are, and operate
 By grace through faith, the Spirit's mediate.
 And as effective causes have their means,
 They work effectu'l 'neath no other screens.
 Election's saving chariot rolls away
 Upon its course, 'tis Christ the Star of day,
 Who sheds His beams inviting all to ride,
 And on His broad Almighty Wings confide ;
 And fly to habitations of the blest,
 To ports of safety in the heav'nly rest.
 Upon this saving car your Savior rides,
 The richly laden vessel safely guides.
 He 'll never cast you out this car of grace ;
 Saves all who run with Him this glorious race.

It cannot run itself; Christ runs the car,
 Apart from Him the means but lifeless are.

Nothing exists but what may not be seen,
 In parts, or as entire, a truth cut clean;
 Opposed to winds that gulls will puff and blow,
 Whose thoughts with great obstruction thinly flow.
 Now there's a part embracing all the rest,
 Determines who's elect, and is the test.
 This proves who's finally elect to bide
 In glory evermore whate'er betide.
 'Tis final faith, the poor man's passport there,
 Where raven-curtained night doth watch the fair.
 From all eternity this is the key.
 God's foresight must unlock, that God may see.
 It opes to God the heart in which the test
 Will show where judgment's long decreed doth rest.
 For judgments of His grace are made our own,
 And those of wrath are shunned by grace alone.
 Foreknowledge simply is the eye that shows
 In whom these judgments rest when life doth close.
 For judgment is begun at house of God,
 Where those believing to the end shall trod.

Yet foresight ne'er influ'nced the parts divine,
 To form, or execute this great design.
 Election still would gar its task be done,
 Were final faith in them to God unknown,
 Were 't possible in God to lay aside
 The exercise of foresight and provide.

Election and foresight in one agree,
 Infallibility, the same great tree;
 Whose branches spread o'er both, and proudly wave
 Their mighty tops in sunshine yond the grave
 And hence frail mortals now the one forsake
 And hold to it for t'other by mistake.
 Thus prescience, often used to designate
 A wrong predestination based on fate.
 If God foresees all things that come to pass,
 They say, that settles matters in a mass;
 All things must please Him then; both good and
 bad
 Are fixed effects His great decrees doth add.

To His decrees no such defects adhere ;
 From Goodness only good effects appear ;
 Which only He decreed, the evil not,
 To this prescribed its bounds and certain lot.
 Infallibly foreknowledge takes in all,
 Counts up thy hairs and sees the sparrow fall.
 Election and foreknowledge here agree,
 Infallible are both, as God must be,
 For both are acts of God, and He is known
 To be infallible, and so His throne.
 Who'll circumvent foreknowledge then, impart
 Some news to foresight, or before it start ?
 Outwit election by your unbelief,
 You only reap a harvest full of grief.
 For God's not mocked, as He means all things well,
 So His election, if we don't rebel,
 Will do its perfect work, bring us to know
 God's will, believe His Word, His seed to sow,
 And day by day the seeds of knowledge bring
 With patience on life's weary way to sing ;
 Amid afflictions trials all endure,
 Preserved within His faithful hand secure.

And hence the myst'ry of election 's found,
 Where these peculiar simple means abound.
 Not in the bare decree that I or you
 Should be elected from the mass untrue.
 If He that's good had 'stablished this alone,
 As all the essence of election known,
 'T would then be easy understood and plain.
 No myst'ry to our minds would it contain.
 But this is arbitrary, absolute
 Election, which is easy to refute.
 The blessed Word of life itself 's a proof,
 That God ne'er wove such lawless despot's woof,
 That doth ascribe to Him the tyrant's deed,
 That He such arbitrary things decreed.
 The myst'ry 's in the Word, or means employed,
 The depth of Wisdom found and man enjoyed,
 But could not comprehend, and yet besides
 His knowledge, or Foreknowledge here abides ;
 With Wisdom it points out the persons sure,
 Who hold out faithful, to the end endure.

'Twas Wisdom found the plan, which is the grand
 And only myst'ry in election's hand,
 Embracing all the myst'ries once revealed,
 Combined in Christ, to which St. Paul appealed ;
 He saw the depth of Wisdom, Knowledge too,
 For Wisdom's ways and means are always true ;
 Consistent with God's judgments ; future things
 To presence, good and bad this Knowledge brings.
 His Wisdom, Knowledge, riches of His grace,
 The depth of depth which none can wade or trace !
 Upon these depths we're tossed like little boys
 That safely swim on bladders mid their joys,
 On tumbling Summer seas of glory roll,
 In depths a plunging, tossed unto the pole,
 So faith protects from dangers ev'ry hour,
 Because it trusts in that mysterious pow'r.

The rustling Muse now paused His words sincere.
 Some listened to this lore with godlike fear.
 They wondered ; wondered at the depth profound,
 Of heav'nly Wisdom and its teachings sound ;
 In solid riches of His knowledge rapt,
 In thoughts that swept the universe were lapt ;
 And stood in all profundity amazed,
 When 'twas not theirs to understand, they praised.
 They sang : " O, how unsearchable are all
 God's judgments, deep as hell ; than heav'n tall !
 His ways and works are all past finding out !
 For who hath known the mind of God devout ?
 And who hath been His counsellor before ?
 For of, to, through Him all things are of yore."

Now, scarce the Counsellor with earthly strife,
 Four hundred years ago had ceased this life ;
 Rose filthy Absolute, who worked and toiled,
 Election's doctrine badly tore and soiled ;
 Within his miry bog of fear and doubt,
 With slimy ropes of reason long drawn out,
 With which he thought to build himself a scale,
 To clime upon that fence and iron rail,
 And mount above the bulwarks of God's throne,
 Reject His Word and INSTITUTE his own.

The temple of Predestination shook,
 And trembled in heroic muses' look.

They girded on their armor for the fight,
The clan of Absolute to rout outright.
But these had hurled a show'r of arrows straight
Into the camp of Truth, then lay in wait;
They sent forth spies, who gained admittance there;
Pretending to be friends they spoke them fair;
Corrupted them with doctrines false, base views
On Sacraments deducted from their stews,
Their false predestination, and with list
And dev'lish cunning filled, their poison hissed;
It singed the minds of friends to doctrines pure,
Until great numbers flocked into their lure.
And even some who bravely stood their ground,
Against these innovations quite unsound,
Mistook the darts with which the ground lay strewn,
Which false predestinarians had hewn,
They put them in their quiver, simply hearts,
As though no poison lurked within these darts.

To rout the clan and set to rights their own,
On Bergen's Heights the chiefs began alone,
To build their mighty fort on solid rock,
Amidst the pealing thunder's wrathful shock.
They reared their bastion cloud-ward to the sky;
Its brazen girders all the world defy.
Intruders and deluders they assailed,
Till all the birds of twilight moaned and wailed.
The Form of Concord pure they raised in love,
In truth and righteousness from heav'n above.
Then high, Concordia, their banner waved;
With shouts of triumph ev'ry foe they braved.
Now onward, onward still they moved to storm
Their foul embattlements of ev'ry form;
Emboveled the intrenchments of the foe,
Like sea-waves burst their dykes and overflow.
They turned the villains out and sent them gone,
For they were false, real bastards to the bone.

When now the church was purified from foes,
Another muse with stubborn mien arose.
Contending like a crank he bolted out,
Without support from friends or foes, so stout,
He held that all must join his ranks of course,
That their predestination 's a divorce,

Does not embrace near all the human race,
 The universal world, elect by grace.
 Still, Universal made but little strife,
 With his predestination unto life;
 A little ripple on the sea of peace;
 He blowed and fanned his wavelet to increase.
 Election universal, wide and free,
 Will swiftly join the riffraff of the sea.
 For all must know election 's firmly fixed,
 That here the good and bad shall not be mixed.
 But if through all resistance it would lead,
 'Twould then be absolute and need no creed;
 'Twould ridicule the Lord, His grace and cross,
 His blood and suff'rings all a total loss,
 His doctrine false, when He declares that he
 Believing not is damned eternally.
 With scrapings in perdition be the blot,
 Where Universal's ugly claims must rot.

Now as the older lights did sink and fade,
 The lesser lights grew bold to shine ahead,
 The light of sweet Concordia alone,
 With them did not suffice without their own.
 So Universal chiefly they did treat,
 With their *Intuitu Fidei* complete.

A foxy light, much like the one we know,
 As Will o' the Wisp, or Jack a lantern's glow,
 A gass yeleft the *Ignis Fatui* gass,
 A sneaking like a spook between the grass,
 Or raising 'bove the graves, or from some pool,
 From Absolute and his corrupted school.
 This light would lead them on, then flicker out,
 And leave them in that marsh to wade about,
 To sink or swim, to stick, to pull and jerk,
 For all their pains they have the same old work.

At length arrived, with toiling all fagged down,
 They see the end that doth such journey crown.
 Before them lay the lake of boiling pitch,
 Illimitable, vast, with monsters rich,
 Of myriad multitudes of dragons, snakes,
 All kinds of creatures teeming full it quakes,
 Where league-long monsters through the surges tear,
 Oft looming up a mile their heads in air,

Not equal to that noble roll and form
 Of sound and solid words and guiding norm ;
 But as a key by which God doth unlock
 The future, showing His elected flock.
 This does not prove in God partiality,
 In Him there 's no respect of persons nigh.
 Election in its nature constitutes
 The possibility that in its fruits,
 All men might be included ; if they're not,
 'Tis their own fault, and not election's blot.
 True, God desires election for all men,
 Gives them His Word and grace this will to ken.
 This part is universal, gives all pow'r,
 Yet so, that they can spurn it ev'ry hour,
 In vile contempt and scorn beneath their feet,
 As choicest diamond-pebbles in the street.
 Foreknowledge true, infallibly foresees,
 Who'll reach election's goal as fruitful trees.
 It looks along election to its end,
 Then to its source whence its conclusions tend.
 Sees vile resistance to the close, will brave
 Election's pow'rs ; hence these God cannot save.
 It does not cause the unbelieving fry,
 That they in base resistance blindly die.
 Nor does it cause our faith unto the end ;
 To this our reason's vain conclusions tend.
 Resist it, for Concordia doth warn,
 'Gainst all conclusions from foreknowledge drawn.
 Because foreknowledge 's absolute, the way
 Where Calvinistic swamps and regions lay.
 'Tis true, that this conclusion is divine,
 To wit : Those who believe till death are mine ;
 I then foresaw all such believing men,
 Who die in faith ; John, Henry, Wash and Ben ;
 And hence ; but stop. This faith is but a gift,
 By virtue of election's gen'ral drift,
 Which drift 's the same to all ; and hence we see,
 Not by a strict particular decree,
 Established on effects which God had seen,
 Did God conclude these certain men to screen,
 Protect and save just these, and give them pow'r,
 Alone to live in faith until death's hour.

This absolutely must exclude the rest,
 From any hope to be among the blest.
 And hence decrees established on effects,
 Effects do not produce in all respects,
 Save as the cause *for which* they're made, 'tis plain,
 Decrees without effects must all be vain.
 This is a sense in which faith is a cause
 Of the decrees by which election draws,
 But not election's cause, which is God's love,
 Or mercy, with Christ's merits interwove.
 These in election constitute its grace,
 Which gives us faith to run the Christian race.
 Thus faith 's a cause, yet not the final cause,
For which a man's elect by heaven's laws ;
 Which is God's glory, honor of His name,
 And man to share it in that great acclaim.

In final faith foreseen, election's o'er,
 Completed in God's mind in time of yore.
 Yet faith foreseen dare not be placed in front,
 As moving cause or as election's font ;
 The cause why God elected just these few,
 For that would make election partial too.
 Place that partiality to God's account,
 Election 's absolute right at its fount.
 For since in foresight this election 's o'er,
 Completed, why begin the task once more?

Foreknowledge gave *occasion* to God's love,
 To write us in the Book of Life above.
 And yet unfaithfulness is why these names
 He blots from out that book, the Scripture claims.
 'Tis thus the names of all believers stand,
 Within the claims of God's election grand.
 Thus by *synechdoche* election's put
 For faith, believers for elect to suit.

Foreknowledge has alone no binding force,
 Demanding God election to endorse.
 But found occasion such decrees to form,
 Which constitute election and its norm.
 Had God not known from all eternity
 That man would fall, where would election be?
 He could have seen no use for such a thing ;
 In Him, what's useless, cannot have its spring.

According to foreknowledge was conceived,
 The whole occasion why this was achieved:
 Redemption, the foundation of decrees,
 Election owns in all its great degrees;
 The gen'ral plan to save the lost and yield
 A free salvation, sent to all and sealed.

Foresight of faith must stand beside the great
 Concordia, the mountain light sedate,
 A glorious queen, as sign and shibboleth,
 Declaring those believing unto death,
 Were known to God, elect eternally,
 On whose account God plies His sov'reignty,
 And saves all who believe till death, no more;
 And safely brings them to the destined shore.

'Twas thus within the church the contest raged.
 O'er man's predestination war was waged.
 But old Concordia, that glorious light
 Of truth, still waved triumphant in the fight,
 O'er conq'ring braves who stood in its defense,
 Against their stubborn foes in squadrons dense.
 Anon they rallied, dashing on the foe,
 In heav'nly armor clad with blow on blow.
 They charged then once again, and once again
 They routed them and drove them off the plain;
 Till truth triumphant waved o'er salient braves,
 Who stormed the forts where now their banner
 waves.

So thorough was their triumph, gentle Peace
 His horn of plenty filled with his increase,
 And joined long golden years unto his reign;
 And poured his blessings down on ev'ry plain.

Conquer'd, yet not submitting, skulked the foe,
 And chafed in angry pride and bit their woe;
 Sought strength for future wars, but all in vain,
 Their minions lay exhausted on the plain.

BOOK X.

Time leaped the gulf of years; whose sable bourne
O'erhangs that dark recess and buried urn,
That guards the ling'ring ashes and the dust
Of slumb'ring heroes from the angry gust,
Of raging winds and storms, and wafts the sheen
Of mantling glories o'er their graves in green;
With tufted turf upon the battle ground,
Where waved their banners to the trumpet's sound.
Thus rest in sweet repose ye warriors all,
And sleep; and wait that awful trumpet's call;
Then wake and resurrect your sleeping fires,
To burn amid your fathers and your sires,
On holier ground, where battles all are o'er,
In yonder blissful realm and radiant shore.
Ye fought the fight of faith. Your brows are
crowned,

With crowns your heav'nly Hero's valor found.

Then turn where fair Columbia's shores unfold,
Luxuriant plains and beds of glitt'ring gold;
Where mighty rivers flowing o'er the land,
Send down their bounties to the ocean's strand.
Majestic lakes embosomed in her hills,
Fed by her cooling streams and mountain rills;
The nursing cradle of the modern world,
Where first its arts and progress were unfurled;
Where Liberty awoke enrapt in types,
And waved the banner of her stars and stripes.
O land of freedom, liberty's retreat!
Where peace and plenty find a quiet seat!
Invention's nurse! Defense of human rights!
The mother of the arts! Parnassus heights,
Old Greece o'ertopping, here the mind imbues,
Castalian springs and temples of the muse!
O sweet endearing realms, that stoop to please,
Declining age 'mid blandishments and ease!

Still through thy shady lawns, O let me stray,
 Or in the forest wild and hear the lay,
 Where nature's harmonies their transports yield,
 And fragrant flow'rs are strewing ev'ry field.

See wand'ring pilgrims leave a foreign shore,
 To groan beneath the tyrants yoke no more;
 To build them homes, their altars and their fires,
 To worship God as did their father's sires,
 According to the wants of souls untold,
 Enlighten'd by the Word, their safe strong-hold;
 To pour their hearts libations forth in peace,
 And souls from spir'itua'l bondage to release.

Now clans and tribes from ev'ry nation pour
 Through raging floods to seek the promised shore.
 Dispersed and scattered far throughout the land,
 They cultivate the soil with careful hand,
 Where soon the desert bloomed and gardens smiled,
 Where beasts once roamed the pathless forests wild;
 And savage demons thirsting for their blood,
 To nip their prosp'ring glories in the bud.
 With tomahawk and scalping knife equipped,
 The white the red in equal combat whipped.
 They drove them deeper still into the woods,
 Their secret haunts and tangled solitudes.

The pilgrims soon become a living stream,
 Who pant for liberty where harvests teem,
 Where brighter suns shall burn with trembling
 flame,

And o'er new glories waft their shiv'ring gleam,
 Where cities raise their tow'rs of glitt'ring beam,
 The Eldorado of the poor man's dream.

The whistling engine plows the briny deeps,
 Or whirling o'er his iron track he sweeps
 Adown the valleys and around the hills;
 He climbs the mountain steep and booming thrills
 Along the rocky heights and tow'ring wall,
 He plunges down where roaring waters fall,
 Till thund'ring gulches howl and mountains rear,
 Like some young earthquake out upon a tare.
 The courser's headlight glares into the brake,
 The rocks are tumbling, hills a rumbling shake.

But while the red man groaned his last farewell,
 And soft its echoes o'er the bald hills fell ;
 Ere yet the iron horse on thund'ring rail
 Had gall'ped the hills or snorted in the vale,
 Or plunged into the deep to swim the tide ;
 Behold, a noble fleet, old Dresden's pride,
 Forsake their native shores without just cause.
 Misguided dupes obey their tyrant's laws.
 Instead of serving God, they serve his turn,
 Who loved to slake his lust, in passions burn.

High beat their hearts while sailing up the tide,
 And shouts went up as swelled the pilgrim's pride,
 To press their feet upon the promised shore.
 The tribes rejoice that now their wand'ring 's o'er.
 Alas poor souls ! that seek for rest in vain !
 Who follow proud and haughty guides for gain !
 Now soon they reap its bitter fruits, where toil
 And pain, disease and death their prospects spoil.
 Despair with his tormenting skill disclosed
 Their Moses, lying in the flags embossed,
 A bull in rushes, daubed with pitch and slime,
 In filthy nastiness and stinking crime.
 For him they left their fatherland and crossed
 The wild resounding sea, all tumble tossed.
 Deluded mortals still their guide revere,
 Forsake their homes for heavy burdens here.
 They cheerfully excuse his grossest crimes,
 His life and doctrines false and ugly grimes.
 O poor wanchancie, weird and wand'ring tribe ;
 Give o'er the overcrafty creed-wright scribe !
 When will thy wand'ring cease from error's night ?
 For still ye traik along mere streaks of light.
 The crimes your ancient leader swelled were gross.
 But now a spider weaves ; your modern boss.
 His web so loose and thin, no light contains,
 And still in woeful plight the tribe remains.
 Your ancient leader unsuccessful quite,
 So gross his deeds, his cunning failed to right.
 Arraigned and tried, convicted now he stood ;
 Was envy plaintiff, glad to join the feud ?
 Expelled, condemned to exile he must roam.
 They tow him o'er the river's tossing foam.

Down where the Devil's Bake-ov'n threat'ning
stands,
A dang'rous river-pass, with washing sands;
Where boatmen struggle with the treach'rous tide;
Where vessels stranded lie and sailors died.
Now banished from his tribe the leader groaned,
In fires of fiercest scorn he heaved and moaned.
He bade farewell, and sought a stranger's berth,
To lay him down amid the dust and earth.

Thus left without a guide they sought to find
Among the wand'ring tribes a leading mind;
To set to rights distracted souls, and found
The wasting fragments on a surer ground.

A chrysalis was found among old tomes,
Worm-eaten, soiled, imported from their homes.
While now the chiefs in sadness long consult,
In council for a guide without result,
Behold! the chrysalis gave signs of life!
It moved! The Saxons now in plans were rife.
They smote their temples peeping at the charm;
Rejoiced to find within a live book-worm.
They cried: "Good news! Now hope 's revived
again!

Feed him on royal honey, finest grain!
Give him to eat the finest bread of wheat,
Unmixed with cockle or the grains of cheat."

Thus nourished, soon full-fledged the bird appears,
He spreads his party-colored wings and rears
His crested head as born to rule the tribe.
The wand'ring heroes gape; they look and gibe.
They lout to get acquainted with the bird.
One said with voice suppressed which others heard:
"His beak is bent. A bird of prey! Beware,
Beware, else he'll devour us all fair-square."

Assembled thus, the rest consult to give
The bird a name, a name that long shall live.
They dubbed him RARA AVIS. And this name
Was well applied as equal to his fame,
Of bearing truth and light upon his wings,
Dispersing darkness where the light begins;
And shines through truths our fathers taught of old;
He toiled with his untiring zeal to hold.

He kept a steady flight, and waved the wand
 Of braves of olden days with pow'rful hand.
 In all his church he taught the truth to ply,
 In regions of intelligence to fly;
 The torch of heav'nly wisdom held with skill,
 Rekindling zeal and love in heart and will;
 That pastors young can search what fathers wrote;
 And now like book-worms all us can quote.

But still, behold a man of flesh and blood;
 Too zealous for a name for which he stood.
 An oracle he was that would not yield,
 In questions dark to him the tribes appealed.
 A dang'rous ground, that has been known before,
 To yield both popes and tyrants by the score.
 Here vipers crawl around, temptations grow
 Like weeds, as man on man will here bestow,
 The trust he owes to God; and surely think,
 This human head is filled with golden chink;
 And crammed with so much learning, has the pow'r
 To forge an answer ev'ry day and hour,
 To all who seek his counsel, whose reply
 Is held decisive, and esteemed sky-high.
 They search no longer what the Scriptures say,
 Or other learned and pious men convey.
 Although they err, they risk their being right,
 On his reply they cast their die and fight.
 They show they're right, although convinced they're
 wrong;
 Through thick and thin they'll follow him with
 song,

And sing with variations to his list,
 With flatt'ry foster pride till he persist.
 At length he feeds his itching ear on stuff
 The vulgar crowd in nauseous praises rough,
 Delight to slobber forth on ev'ry hand,
 Received as arguments of native brand.

Thus guides direct too much attention vain
 Unto themselves, whom not a blush will stain.
 They proudly boast how oft they went to sup
 With Wisdom, eaten all His dainties up.
 They toss their heads and wear their bellies high,
 'T were hard to tell where all their goodies lie.

They care much more positions rich to hold,
 Than sacrifice for truth like heroes bold.
 Like fawning sychophants they whince and grind,
 Enlisting sympathy from other's mind.

Now see a host in arms on Western plains,
 Whose aged heroes once composed the trains,
 That Rara Avis marshaled forth to stand,
 Like walls and tow'rs, and wield a pow'ful hand.
 Their faithful arms then crushed the lagging foe,
 And truth's victorious triumph they bestow.
 Now when his comrades urged their hero forth,
 Just see him fight and show his sterling worth!
 Thus while this hero beat the trodden path,
 Where braves of old suppressed the viper's wrath,
 He walked a king, and gained adherents fast;
 Great hosts assembled at his call at last.
 They formed a league of vast proportions grand,
 On truth confessed in creeds of old to stand.
 Around those banners of our fathers fast,
 The slogan rose, the pibroch pierced the blast.

At length, emboldened by success, he plunged,
 Like a leviathan he struck and lunged;
 In seas untried, as 't were to test his grit,
 Or flourish strokes of his peculiar wit.
 And now when dotage claimed him for her own,
 When perched upon the tree whose top had grown
 The sallow leaf, the bird begins to spread
 His gaudy wings and rear his crested head.
 He cuts the upper deep and strikes straight home
 For glory, skims along the azure dome.
 His gaping comrades gazed with longing eye,
 As though a queen for drones had flown too high;
 When first he plunged upon his wild career;
 Then urged him on with many a lusty cheer.
 'Mid thund'ring gusts and clouds of thickest night,
 By fits and starts they see him on his flight.
 With winged oars he strikes the purple sheet,
 Then whips the bristling clouds of scorching heat;
 Now bends his course through sleety clouds of mist,
 To icy regions where his hopes desist.
 Then home returning from his sad career,
 He now relates his flight 'mid gallant cheer:

"Ye heroes hark! The fields anew explored,
 Long left uncultivated and unscored,
 Are scored and measured now exactly true;
 The oldest fields again are changed to new.
 The fields on which our Luther, Chemnitz won
 The day, and in election's triumphs run.
 Our later heroes left the tried old ground,
 And held to forms of doctrine quite unsound.
 In scoring through that tried old field once more,
 I found these doctrines true of ancient lore:

In God there 's no conditions ever fall!
 Elect in view of faith I here recall!
 For faith would be the cause to move the will
 Of God, and place conditions in Him still.
 But God elects just whom He will or please,
 Without regard to faith which He foresees.
 Election is the drawing out of few,
 To make them children, heirs of glory too;
 Brings them to faith, through faith to life above,
By special grace elective, out of love.
 Those shall and must be saved, and not one more
 Besides; as sure as God is God of yore.
 Before our birth, or ere decrees were made
 To build this mighty world of light and shade,
 Or send a Savior filled with love to die
 For sinners, there my name He wrote on high;
 Ere yet He did His Son, or means ordain
 To save mankind from sins accursed bane.
 Election long before determined all,
 Spite all that 's done on this terrest'ral ball.
 Alone it gives the persevering grace,
 And here is where I see revealed God's face.
 Of this great boon the Gospel ne'er assures,
 Election final faith alone secures.
 Unless election 's added to the Lord,
 And pushes us along besides the Word,
 We'll ne'er be saved, but left in hopeless doom.
 Then heav'n has unprovided us a room.
 As elect, long before they realized
 Their childhood, God His sons had recognized.
 In spite of them election brings the gift,
 Along this course they soon or late must drift.

Whom God elected, they *must* get to heav'n,
 Although like Pharisees they roll in leav'n,
 And wantonly contend 'gainst Gospel grace,
 Election predetermines ev'ry case.
 It bends the stubborn will, resistance all,
 Malicious, wilful, must before it fall.
 'Tis quite distinct from what 's the gen'ral way,
 Or order of salvation's grand display.
This follows that, subservient to His will,
 And thus election's work must all fulfill.
 For by election God has willed but few,
 But by the gen'ral way His will is new,
 Embracing all the race for whom Christ died.
 The first partic'lar is, and so applied.
 But this is universal, and the two,
 Particular election of the few,
 And universal grace, cannot be brought
 In harmony by reason or by ought,
 The light of grace affords; and e'er remains
 The myst'ry, contradict'ry to our brains.
 And yet we must believe them both and wait,
 Until the light of glory sets them straight.
 Thus God Himself 's the cause why few are saved,
 And man is lost because he ill behaved.
 This is the form of words that first was giv'n
 Election, made confess'nal, void of leav'n.

Then let us anchor to this golden sheet,
 And stay where all our Luth'ran fathers meet.
 Come now, my darlings all, enjoy the feast
 Spread out for you, these tender sweets to taste.
 O, glorious myst'ry! Come bow, kiss the rod!
 Behold! and see the very face of God!
 And thus be sure without the least mistake,
 Infallible election has no break;
 The crown is yours:

E'en though you walk through sleet
 With bleeding feet,
 You'll walk that golden street
 Where angels meet;

Preserved by mighty pow'r
 Within His hand,
Until you reach that bow'r
 And lovely land;

There bliss forever dwells!
 Thrice lovely dells!
It seems I hear thy bells,
 And golden shells!

Mount! O my soul away!
 Unto those shores!
O, why should I yet stay?
 My spirit soars!

Then sing the glad refrain,
 That yet remain!
My chariot soon will gain,
 That sumptu'us main!"

BOOK XI.

Now silence filled the hall,
And deep concern and sadness reigned o'er all.
Their faces drooped, turned pale, then crimson spread
Its burning sheet of angry fire instead.
In council now each hero drew apart,
And poured in words suppressed his wounded heart.
All wondered at this change as something new,
They ne'er had known before; now plain to view.
Some testified against this scoring out
Anew the field with quite a diff'rent route,
Unknown to Scriptures and to faith confessed
In Symbols of the church our fathers dressed
In truth, with forms of words both sound and good,
That many a fiery tri'l had oft withstood.
They thought the route anew scored out appeals
To reason, follows close to Calvin's heels,
And leads into the miry bog of doubt,
Where Calvin's slimy ropes are coiled about,
Entangling fiends in madness and despair,
Where flesh securely boasts its rotten ware.
This very speech doth end in rolling tides,
With run-and-hop-and-step-and-jumpen strides,
Of romping, roaring Methodist gush,
White-hot fanaticism that lost its blush.
And thus they're made secure that they're elect,
That God will ne'er such favorite sons reject!

Then Rara Avis scorned his bold compeers,
Who rose to doubt his word with hateful jeers.
Said he: "All such are traitors. They're not friends,
That call us Calvinists, and us offend.
They say it tends to Calvinism to teach
Election's uncondition'l, as we preach.
And thus they show their littleness, betray
Their silly hearts in traitorous array.
Let those who say such things forthwith depart,
We can't endure them in our camp or heart."

Achilles like, with firm and earnest look,
 Appealing steadfast to that noble Book,
 His bold compeer arose, whose words resound
 In silver tones that ring in echoes round :

“I am the friend of truth! Here I'll abide;
 And here defend my good old Luth'ran hide.
 We have long since revolved the matter o'er;
 The doctrine 's false, doubt not upon that score.
 The faith of old we hold, and to the world,
 We'll prove our banner, as our faith's unfurl'd.”

He spoke, and then unto his tent repaired,
 Patroclus at his side, the shrewd fair-haired.

Like Priam now who stood upon his walls,
 Old Avis leads his cronies to his halls.
 All those of nearest kin he did prefer,
 The ship of state into their hands transfer.
 Embittered now with hate and passion rife,
 With list prepared their long and sullen strife.
 They 'gan to build embattlements of mud,
 Raked up from stews of pitch, old Calvin's flood.
 And yet they say they plucked this fruit from trees
 Our father's planted in truth's pedigrees.
 Yet crowd what Calvin wrote right down their
 throat,

And force them all to say the same by rote.
 Then add: *Si duo faciunt idem,*
Non est idem! we must apply to them!
 But hold! Just hear a motto we propose,
 Will serve your turn and fit your very toes.
 Read: *Si unus ait duo inter se*
Opposita sunt, non est idem, say?
 Such contradictions they themselves sent forth,
 In words our fathers wrote of sterling worth,
 Which words with Argus eyes their points assail,
 In bundles thick and strong by ev'ry mail,
 And tell them plain that's not the sense they meant.
 They still keep on to build their battlement.

Assembled oft to find the best advice,
 How they'd bestow their pow'rs in best disguise;
 At length resolved, to wit: “That face to face
 To stand before the foe they'd lose all grace;

They'd build around themselves a wall of brass,
 Surrounded by a ditch in black morass,
 Decoy their victim thither in these walls,
 And beat him soundly there until he falls;
 Then take him captive fast, and drag him down
 Into that ditch, to flay him there and drown."

In high-church council there in halls sedate,
 The chief haranged his darlings to the bate.
 Complaining that true friends were scarce to find:
 "Go, each of you," quoth he, "to all be kind,
 And speak to all our tribe, and tell them true,
 For they're confused; tell them our foes are few,
 That we are strong; we'll hold the field by force
 Of numbers. Tell them so. This is our course.
 We'll rally all our pow'rs, and charge the foe
 At weakest point, all enemies o'erthrow."

Those darling officers appoint a day,
 T' enlist recruits and make a great display.
 Assembled were plumed troops and pioneers,
 With pride and pomp and crafty engineers;
 Who stir their blood with thoughts of glorious wars,
 With trumpets clamor and with martial airs,
 With wind-splitting fife and the rolling drum,
 To the big wars with prancing steeds they come.
 Confused, demoralized they found the camp,
 Some all on fire with rage their feet would stamp.
 They cried: "'Tis Calvinism! 'T will never do!
 Search our Confessions and the Scriptures through;
 Show us this folly! Where 's the doctrine found,
 That only such election doth abound
 With grace that really saves without the Word,
 And Sacraments, we Luth'rans always heard,
 And used as Luther taught, the only means
 Of grace the Lord for heav'n sufficient deems?
 But when we teach this doctrine now you say,
 'Tis false; that we are saved some other way;
 If I do not belong to His elect,
 To final faith the Word has no effect;
 Although with honest heart I search and hear
 With diligence, and am absolved, and fear;
 Approach the table of the Lord, all 's vain!
 Election 's an addition to the same!

Why, know the truth; the diff'rence all can be,
But 'twixt a tweedledum and tweedledee."

"Cut is the tree that sometime grew so tall,"
The people cried; "the learned may note his fall.
Errores, professores! Thus they rise,
Whose insolence may well exhort the wise,
Not to attempt to grasp unlawful things,
Whose headlong flight to gulfs of ruin brings.
Such high-flown pride decoys these forward wits,
To mount more thrones than heav'nly pow'r permits.
He profits richly in divinity,
In churchly matters of theology;
The tempting gift of votaries, a claim
He shortly got, and dubbed in D. D.'s name.
In controversy and in knowledge rife,
His sweet delight is to excel in strife.
Now swoln full-thick with cunning self-conceit,
He sometimes casts an eye upon God's seat.
He waxed his wings and soared above his reach;
These melting, heav'n conspired his fall to teach.
For, falling to a dev'lish exercise,
He gluts himself with falsehood's tempting lies.
He surfeits on his Calvinistic whim,
Nothing's so sweet as Calvin is to him;
Whom he prefers before his choicest bliss,
Whose reason sweet has ravished him in this.
While still he feigns the name he doth abhor,
He chuckles 'neath his blinding mazes for."

The Avian darlings gathered to their chief;
Once more they met in councils haste and brief.
"If possible," said they, "abate a bit,
Or change expressions but retain the wit.
Take back what's dang'rous, hard to understand,
For many daily now forsake our band;
They join our adversaries, and they send
To them, their counsel in this strife to lend.
And from our hated Synod and its schemes,
Their hearts oppressed do pant for milder streams.
Assembled oft, with elevated hands
The people pray through all our hopeful bands:
'Eternal King! High heav'n's supernal Lord,
On lofty Zion's holy hill ador'd!

Who'er has plunged us in this mad debate,
 Oh lead such author of this strife to wait
 And well consider; may dissensions cease,
 And joyful brethren join in bonds of peace."

Said he: "Soon front to front approaching nigh,
 The armies come. Soon hear the battle cry.
 The time for peace has gone, and war begun,
 To try our faith and prove the crown we've won."

A *piping Chippy* near the drumly pool
 And fatal waters of the Avian school,
 Chipped in: "See! how this new Achilles works,
 In sullen gloom against our cause he lurks!
 In all forbidden paths to steal away
 Our flocks he sneaks, equipped in wolf's array."

An Avian *Swan*, who sings his madrigals,
 And swims the stormy surge and boist'rous falls,
 Upon the silver lake ('Tis not the Swan
 Of Avon though), at bright and early dawn,
 Harmonious to the waking bugle call
 And clarion note of war begun to brawl:
 "He'll fall into our hands. Against him charge
 His wrongs: The stealing of our sheep at large;
 With his blasphemous slander of our name.
 Thus held at bay, we'll crush and make him tame."

"My *little piping Chippy*, damp with fog,
 Come let me stroke thee. Set upon this log.
 There firmly sit and pipe away. Fear not.
 The guns that aim at thee o'erreach their spot.

And thou, sweet sailor 'mid the warlike gale,
 Spread forth thy snowy plumage for a sail!
 Now arch thy proud defiant neck and guard
 Our fleet; our shores against incursions ward.
 Come paddler, let me kiss thy charming bill,
 And pluck thy downy feathers for a quill.

And my sweet *Echo* here; fall in my train,
 Send forth my words re-echoing o'er the main.

My *Favorite* there, my minion, pet and dove,
 Bear me this olive branch of hope and love.

Let *Long* bring up the order of our fight,
 That all may hold their ground both day and night.

And last, upon our right our *Cipher* stands,
 So large, a thousand-fold enrich our bands.

Now show the mettle of thy pasture field,
 To *no-man* else the palm of vict'ry yield.
 My own sweet bird; guard this my littleness,
 Proud pelican of the lone wilderness!"

Thus spoke the warlike hero to his chiefs,
 Harangued them there to stand to his beliefs.

The young Achilles soon their movements
 learned;
 That from their grace by force he'd soon be spurned.
 For day by day unto his tents they sped,
 With painful hearts distressed and aching head.
 All gave him equal rights upon the field,
 To all his foes, both authorized and sealed;
 Which all regarded valid in their law,
 They now contended 'twas not worth a straw.
 For when their marsh'ling hosts prepared to fight,
 To stand opposed, Achilles claimed his right.
 Then in their council presently he rose,
 Their wily schemes and doctrines to oppose.
 Then loud awoke the barb'rous tumult's roar,
 Like cataracts their tumbling torrents pour.
 The baser passions ruled the boist'rous crowd,
 His rights in council nor a word allowed.
 Like cowards base they would not toe the scratch,
 E'en honest Indians made a better match.
 No heathen law has e'er contained a shard,
 That one accused condemns before he's heard.
 With shifts and subterfuges sought to hurt
 The force of argument; at truth to blurt.
 In this procedure vile they now assayed
 False accusations 'gainst him thus arrayed.
 Demanded him to answer *yes* or *no*,
 To questions they would put so he'd not know.
 They held, he must confess to mutiny
 And treason, slander base and blasphemy.
 When he refused, they thought they had him fast,
 Entrapped within the artifice they cast.
 And hence, proceeding on the ground they won,
 They claimed a duty yet remained undone;
 Love's admonition! So that one by one
 Took up the theme and twanged their nazal tone:

. . . . "As I'm the person he attacked, 'tis plain,
I'm not the proper one his love to gain.
In all my life I never passed an hour,
More terrible than this enormous stour.
. . . . I've not the pow'r to say what's needed now,
That he's dishonest, we already know.
His mind 's perverted and to us he's lost ;
I proved that up long since at his own cost.
He's killed his conscience quite. This I deplore.
God's judgment's on him, which we must adore.
Our admonitions done to him are vain,
In self-conceit his pride his soul hath slain.
As David once his friend lamented dead,
So I lament him now whose soul hath fled.
He's dead. Disgraced by Satan now he stands,
Who once was instrument in God's own hands.
. . . . Of course, he's led by evil motives quite,
Our churches to destroy and seek a fight ;
To cause offense against the doctrine pure
He's learned of us. Of this we're very sure.
We know the God of Jacob 's on our side,
This is our comfort great. Here we'll abide.
Our whilom friend deserves our pity deep.
May God abide with him, his soul to keep.
This is your very nick of time. Beware,
And use it well. If you have tears to spare.
O come and shed them now ! This day once past,
You 're past redemption. Gone to hell full-fast.
. . . . O, I confess my heart is sorely grieved.
I came here to tend this fun'ral bereaved.
But O, the pity of it ; O the pity !
That such a soul is lost, so learned and witty !
Oh ! Here we bury him in spirit ! Oh !
Would God he lay within his coffin now !
How terrible to think, he'll not confess
His sland'rous words for sheer, base stubbornness ;
Or shrink from his abuse of Calvinism.
Still worse his mut'ny is and Synergism.
This strife, this mutiny, this woeful curse,
This shame, he conjured up and now doth nurse.
. . . . Before God's seat of judgment now he stands,
I there accuse him with the vilest brands.

He may excuse himself and say: 'In fact,
 The love of souls compelled me thus to act.'
 In this, 'tis Satan holds him blindly fast,
 In base fanaticism he'll die at last.
 He oft has cast it up, and me accused,
 That I have oft unjustly him abused.
 So I have thought I might have said too much.
 Now, if in ought I've wronged him, e'en in touch:
 All witness here; I take it back entire.
 And pray God's mercy may his soul aspire.
 I trust whate'er I say he'll take well meant.
 Dear knows, I've many an hour with him well spent.
 Let him consider well with whom he holds.
 In better days he thought them erring folds;
 Deserving not the Luth'ran name. He knows
 'Tis so. His heart may well these words impose.
 His answer *no*, to me 's an awful bane.
 Thereby he says he'll mutiny again.
 The simple he misleads, who'll once be bold,
 To stand against him; spurn what they now hold;
 Accuse him, 'cause he led them from their home.
 Woe be to him through whom offenses come.
 As I'm his friend of old, just let me say
 One word. It seems he smiles at this affray.
 That he can bend his fingers here to write
 In these orations, this is wilful quite;
 And terrifies my soul, against us here
 To gather weapons only, as I fear.
 Our great forefighter you reviled and spurned,
 The church and office 'neath your feet o'erturned.
 You gave offense. Are you not terrified
 At this disturbance you have spread so wide?
 The people cried in wild excitement loud:
 'We'll hear of no election in this crowd.'
 Denying this right here before us all,
 Is wormwood to my soul, and bitter gall.
 All church hist'ry you may examine well,
 All truth 's with us, the heretics will tell.
 How sad it is that you in this find comfort.
 'Tis wicked, should you think of other effort,
 But this: How if I still have erred? Then bow
 Your knees, in tears to God renew your vow;

There mend your broken faith. This is the way,
The only course left you. Repent and pray.
In vain may you demand I should admit
I might have erred, and errors may have writ.
And then to add to this great impudence,
I should confess you right, without offense!
A nice requirement for a Christian, sure!
'Tis an advice no Christian can endure!"

BOOK XII.



To these petitions, admonitions blind,
They granted him reply ; to speak his mind.
He then arose and fished his maiden sword,
So long denied his right and his good word :
... " For well-meant admonitions, thanks to friends.
From old Missouri's host, the truth me trends.
I'll not defend my person, for I'm thrice
Unworthy here to speak in your advice.
Yet, all these admonitions I would hold
Much higher, were the conduct not so bold,
And greatly unbecoming to the hour
And great occasion of this godly stour.
I fain desired you should make known your grounds,
And prove them too to their extremest bounds ;
And thus convince me of the heinous crimes
Which you have laid unto my charge betimes.
When I arose to speak a little word,
Your bursting yells and tumult I incur'd.
With cold unfeeling howls you put me down,
Expelled me then with jeers and mock'ry's frown.
You would not let me speak in my defense,
Condemned me on report and mere pretence.
Before this body here by one import,
I stand before the highest churchly court,
Of my own Synod, which alone has pow'r
Of discipline o'er me unto this hour.
Yet has not done this, knowing what I hold
And teach, and what I've done ; all this you're told.
Wisconsin has a diff'rent grace from you,
It knows these accusations are not true.
And hence has sent me here its delegate,
With rights and good credentials to debate.
But here, in this *high court* I'm first accused,
Without defense expelled, condemned, abused.
And all for what ? You say that I ignored
The office, and in other flocks have bored ;

With mut'ny there, division and offense,
 To steal away your flocks was my pretence.
 Cry mutineer! Sectar'an! Where 's the proof?
 Grave accusations; yarns make up your woof.
 Three cases; first in Stillwater, referred
 To Minnesota, 'gainst me is preferred;
 Then Oshkosh to Wisconsin, and the Heights
 Of Washington, the fame of these great lights,
 Of great Missouri, chief accuser here,
 And judge. Let facts show up your foul career.

Stillwater had withdrawn from Synod quite,
 Which sent committees promising the right.
 By resolution first the church required,
 To treat with them through men which it desired;
 Resolved both sides should have an equal right,
 And sent for me to come and help them fight.
 Where 's here your nest of accusations found,
 Of interfering where I had no ground?
 Show, why you charge 'gainst me the villainy,
 Of causing in this church base mutiny?

The church at Oshkosh took position square
 In favor of the truth which we declare.
 Arrayed itself against the doctrine vain.
 Its pastor and its Synod would maintain.
 Their pastor then proposed a good debate.
 On doctrines in dispute deliberate.
 He'd send for good debaters from abroad,
 To help him guard against suspected fraud.
 The church consents, but claimed the native right,
 And pow'r the church's defenders to invite.
 They sent for me to help defend their part,
 To come to this discussion in good heart.
 I came prepared, to which the other side
 Protested; as intruder me decried.
 The church resolved I should defend my name
 Against this accusation, and this claim.
 I proved the pastor stood with all his wights
 In doctrines false on congregation'l rights.
 And this the issue of the grand debate;
 These nidings turned their challenge into prate.

Now for these lofty Heights of Washington,
 Missouri hazards all her honor on.

Around these Heights doth blow a dreadful sough,
 Exposing them like ninnies in a row.
 Hark! hark! the doleful news from Heights so great:
 "We never yet were loud Missouri's mate!
 And now, because of late her doctrine 's false,
 Our pastor left her as she went to waltz."
 All this took place before I knew such Heights
 Existed. Truth, new unions thus creates.
 They all with pastor called me to explain
 The doctrine in their church which they maintain.
 Now where 's the mut'ny here and villainy,
 Where have I done so great enormity?

The proof and witness you have not produced,
 Why you have me with calumny traduced.
 You knew you had none, so you cast this net,
 This trick, to bring me to disgrace, you set;
 By ugly condemnation and the game
 Of this mock trial, which you here inflame,
 That you might thus the stench somewhat abate,
 That hangs upon your deeply rotten state.
 Like silly rogues desire to equalize
 Your own disgrace, you thought I'd temporize.

Now as to doctrine taught I testify,
 A man with truth may be in heresy.
 When he believes a thing simply because
 His teacher says so, for his own applause.
 So then the very truth he holds becomes
 His heresy, by which he errs and roams.
 The native soil of human hearts incline
 Unto this god, devoted to its shrine.
 The wealthy merchant who his profit seeks,
 Or chases pleasure o'er its lofty peaks,
 A traffic holds religion; so confused,
 With many piddling things his mind 's abused,
 So many myst'ries, rites and laws obtain,
 To keep a stock upon the trade is vain.
 And so the rest, whate'er their trade may be,
 Just so regard religion in this key.
 And hence resolve to give all toiling o'er,
 To some divine of note and pond'rous lore;
 To whom they now submit the management,
 The care, the credit and the tenement,

The warehouse of their soul's affairs in trust ;
 Give him its locks and keys with all their rust.
 Adhere, resign their all to him, and make
 His person their religion, is their freak.
 With him, their own religion comes and goes ;
 In him, they entertain it with their shows.
 They give it gifts, they feast it, lodge it well,
 Comes home at night and helps to pray a spell.
 'Tis liberally supp'd, then laid to bed ;
 In sumptu'us robes it drops its rev'rend head.
 Next morning their religion will arise ;
 Saluting it, they treat it with supplies.
 Walks out with them at eight, and drinks some beer ;
 Then leaves them in their shops their work to steer.
 Without their sweet religion have their toils,
 From morn till night alone within the coils.
 Now take this picture, fit it to your case,
 It fadges to you, like sweet lady's dress.
 One is our Master, even Christ, we hold ;
 With you, papistic heresies are bold.

I hurl the vile opprob'r'um in your teeth,
 The sword of argument I here unsheath !
 That you are Crypto-Calvinists is true ;
 What you in this confess is doctrine new.
 'Tis Calvinism, I say, to teach that God
 Elected only few His name to laud ;
 Before He e'er had thought on Christ, to send
 Him to our world our broken souls to mend.
 That first of all, from all eternity,
 Resolved to crush all stubborn enmity ;
 Their opposition wilful take away,
 As sure as God is God to heav'n defray.
 This is your doctrine ; which takes out but few,
 For heavenly predestination true.
 This is the ult'mate ground, foundation sure,
 Of our salvation, oldest good and pure.
 Yea, older than the Son of man, and makes
 The means of grace effective for their sakes.
 And hence elect are drawn by greater force
 Than non-elect upon election's course.
 You teach that we must have this special grace,
 By which we persevere and see God's face.

By this alone will heav'n its treasures yield;
 In Gospel grace alone, we have no field.
 And now we must entirely certain be,
 That we're elect by such a dark decree.
 'Tis utterly impossible to doubt,
 But be entirely sure we're taken out,
 From all the mass to have that special grace,
 Which gives us final faith to see His face.
 Which common Gospel grace alone does not;
 'Tis void, without this grace election 's got.
 Election rests upon God's purpose sure,
 That can't be overthrown and must endure.
 But faith upon the simple Word alone;
 Which no assurance gives that I am one,
 Your *comfort dripping* doctrine will commend
 To heav'n, preserve me firmly to the end.

Despair! Despair is doubly written there!
 For where 's the voice, or face, or favor rare!
 Who hears, or feels, or sees it? To this hour
 This doctrine is a great tormenting pow'r.
 It haunts and troubles Christians everywhere,
 And leads them to the gulf of great despair.
 There is no comfort there which we must seek,
 Beyond the Word and Sacraments to take.

Your leader holds he 's right and I am wrong,
 But that's a stick as short as it is long.
 He says it is impossible to think
 That he could err; in Calvin's bogs to sink.
 And hence his judgment o'er my soul he hurl'd
 In fiendish glee and sport before the world;
 The curse of excommunication o'er
 My wounded soul, to hell forevermore!
 All this he does without a show of proof,
 Or hear defense; and still so proud and rough.
 Who doubts his great infallibility,
 He will reject with great antipathy.
 He will incur his hate, who tries to root
 Out errors he has planted, with their fruit.
 What hangs like fate o'er all your fruitful tents,
 Will strike your Synod and reveal its rents.
 There error quakes, and threatened long to drive
 Your ranks to hostile atoms fugitive.

While now they sit, contrive to bide the time,
 And wrack their patience where it cannot chime.
 He knows these facts and said: 'The aim was right
 To have State Synods; but don't suit me quite.
 For while the light still glows within my eye,
 My life's great work I still shall magnify;
 As long as life endures I hope to see,
 Missouri still remain but one great tree,
 That I have planted; and while life doth waste,
 Beneath her spreading limbs to breathe my last.'
 He claims she is the glory of his life,
 For whom he toiled and plunged in ev'ry strife.
 With him 'tis very plain, except his own,
 No other glory e'er so glorious shone.
 Within his ears let ring in thunder peals
 His Savior's voice that all his sins reveals.
 The voice cries: 'Verily I say to you,
 They have *all* their reward,' repent and rue.
 Scorn, laugh, do what you may, these are the wounds,
 A faithful friend condemned, in love propounds.

I came not here in my own name to speak,
 But have been sent, our Zion's peace to seek.
 Who has come here a chosen delegate,
 With rights and sealed credentials adequate,
 In value estimated 'bove my own?
 Then, whence this arbitrary pow'r and tone?
 I ask to represent my Synod here,
 With full permission in her name appear?"
 . . . "Officially, I say, our action stands,
 Until you both repent and wash your hands;
 We cannot recognize your right to claim
 A seat and voice with us in any name."

Thus umbeset and snared, he kindly rose,
 And smiling, nods farewell unto his foes.

BOOK XIII.

They now proceed unto their labors great,
To fortify their walls and save their state.
While all absorbed in thought upon their theme,
Their *comfort-dripping* doctrine seemed to stream
In show'rs, till all their faces wore a smile,
As pleasant as a marriage bell the while.
Then all at once they heard a cry. One falls!
While others bear him from the sacred halls!
A death-like silence reigned and all was changed.
They stared upon each other quite estranged.
They looked as white as chalk. The heart now
throbs
Against their ribs. They breathed with heavy sobs.
As thunders strike the clouds and hurl their fire
Beneath, and threat to build a fun'ral pyre
Of this big world; as when in reverie,
The wicked taken in their revelry;
They, seized with fright, now tremble in dismay,
Their conscience preaches of the judgment day.
In groups all huddled up they drew aside,
While each in mute debate discussed and sighed.
Their chief then rose, addressed these words of balm,
To cheer their frightened hearts and fears to calm;
And now their former *comfort-drippings* fell,
Like warm rain drops on meads of asphodel:
"Dear brethren! All our hearts in pity melt.
We know how our dear brother's fate is felt.
There was a dagger pierced my soul, to hear
That dreadful cry, I oft have heard and fear.
It is the cry of some who can't obtain,
The comfort which they seek, and try in vain.
Because this comfort 's only for the few,
Who are elect to faith and glory too.
Our brother, true and faithful, sorely tried,
Has ever been my bosom friend beside.

In learning ripe and sound, was highly held
 Among us all for his rare gifts, now felled.
 Was honest, pure and upright in his heart,
 All loved him well; so young, and yet so smart.
 Was filled with pity unconstrained for all;
 He'd never cause a pain though e'er so small,
 But what he felt its pang's redoubled force;
 And now of late his mind is growing worse.
 He thinks deranged he sees his sainted wife,
 Among the stars all queened with crowns of life.
 I hoped for him, that soon he too might find,
 That special comfort to a royal mind."

A messenger with tidings now appears;
 He came in haste, and thus expressed his fears:
 "I bring thee word from our dear friend distressed,
 To come and visit him, is his request.
 I fear his struggles soon will all be o'er,
 His spirit wafted to the other shore."

"Come on," quoth he, "let's go and see our friend.
 In dark despair he now doth for us send.
 The thoughts of his election doth oppress
 His soul. We'll comfort him in his distress.
 These thoughts but lead him to uncertainty,
 Tormenting pangs of all adversity."

Now soon unto his lodging they repair,
 To hear his dying groan 'mid foul despair.
 Where time, the unreturning river floats,
 And fleeting, bears away his dying notes.
 "Here by this window lay me down to die,
 That I may wait some herald from the sky.
 So. Thus disposed I'll rest me here awhile,
 And wait the Father's beaming face and smile.

Like this fair boy, I saw a rosy child,
 Whose honest face with hearty laughter smiled,
 Whose eyes were sparkling fair, translucent bright,
 His parent's joy, his sister's sole delight;
 Enjoyment's edge he oft had whetted keen,
 While playing with his sister on the green,
 By ruthless vagrants stol'n from home and sold,
 To strangers more inhuman still and bold.
 He never learned to know his parent's name,
 A mother's love, or pathos of its flame.

O, the great inhumanity of man,
 Whose sordid hearts with hearts will traffic pain.
 Whole fam'lies thus in bondage scattered, driv'n
 To lands unknown like dust by winds of heav'n.
 Two little heads with golden-curly crowns,
 I leave to this rough world and its dark frowns.
 Sweet blue-eyed radiance all diffused in tears!
 Let rapt and burning Seraphs guard your years!
 My little girl! Sweet boy! What pictures here!
 Sweet offspring, sprung from out that heav'nly
 sphere!

O, royal faces! Emblems of a King!
 Fit images of deity you bring!
 By your great Prototype ordained to walk
 In paths where destiny's dark terrors stalk.
 'To travel, whither? One to heav'n? To hell
 The other? Shall we meet again? Who'll tell!
 Where, O, where, shall our sev'ral journeys end?
 But cruel destiny doth never lend,
 The keys that will unlock her temple's door,
 Where her great oracles, laid up in store,
 Consign the one to slav'ry's galling chain,
 Or both, 'neath hell's despotic tyrant reign.
 O fool! With this insatiable desire
 Some one has filled me, thus my lot t' enquire;
 Foresee, control, what cannot be foreseen,
 Controlled—the destinies that will convene,
 An hour hence; or to-morrow; or next day!
 O, worthless life, exhausted in this way!
 Farewell, my little ones, and trust in God;
 The Bible read, whate'er the way you trod.
 Farewell! O, that my eyes were oceans now,
 I'd flood the world till mountains overflow.
 My heart is torn to shreds. I cannot weep.
 'Tis overloaded, buried mountain deep.
 And all that 's left me is the tiger-mind,
 And Stoic 's resolution to be blind.
 By sheer necessity 'tis thus I go,
 For all my ardent hope 's inscribed with woe."
 "Cheer up dear brother, cheer! This is God's
 will!
 Why not accept it then, and hope fulfill?"

. . . . "Make hope despair. Tell it to hope in turn.
 Put straw to fire and tell it not to burn.
 Turn rivers back till all the monstrous sea
 Is stacked upon the mountains by decree.
 Enrich that disemboweled fertile vale,
 Besides its benison with golden weal.
 Tell me to put up patience and to borrow,
 Then pay it all to grief upon the morrow.
 Your cures and remedies, too late, are past.
 They end in sorrow and despair at last.
 And hence I'll drink the cup and eat the woe,
 Accept the worst, since good I must forego;
 And with a tiger's resolution prey
 On rank despair; despair with grief repay.
 For all the nasty syr'p stewed up by quacks,
 Can never med'cine me from sorrow's wracks."
 "You know the doctrine of election well;
 Then trust in it, 'twill all your sorrows quell."
 "I know the great majority of men
 Are reprobate; my chance is one in ten.
 These crim'nals ere their birth were so decreed;
 God simply willed their ruin should succeed;
 From all eternity He has designed
 Their punishment, to which their sins inclined.
 Elective grace alone can save the few;
 For whom it was designed He'll give it too.
 Plague-stricken, children of wrath, from their birth
 Condemned, ere we beheld this sin-cursed earth.
 I oft and long with painful thoughts subdued,
 Have pondered o'er this monstrous multitude.
 I sought a refuge from that host condemned;
 Experience tried, so oft you recommend.
 But found no special grace to comfort me,
 And hence conclude 'twas thus designed to be.
 And yet, as best, I sought for it with tears,
 But no one knew I bore such groans and fears.
 I hardly ever slept, but thought I saw
 And felt some mighty hand, or monstrous claw.
 I felt this wrack and torture infinite,
 And waited for my sentence with affright.
 I knew full well I had a chance among
 A thousand, or a hundred thousand strong:

In ev'ry nook the heav'ns were flashing fire,
 And brandished o'er me thunderbolts of ire.
 The sun did not warn me, I felt all cold.
 The azure heav'ns shone not for me in gold.
 All things have lost their sweetness and their beauty,
 I care for no attractions but my duty.
 My wont of gayety and laughter 's gone,
 I'm pale with anguish, all my hopes are flown.
 I probe my heart, alone it can reply,
 And make me certain if my pardon's nigh."
 "What He requires of His elect, so do,
 And doing that, conclude you'll never rue.
 Then take the Word and see His cheerful face,
 And hear His voice that speaks elective grace."
 "I've looked and waited long to see that face
 Of God; to know I had that special grace.
 I looked to see the door of heaven ope
 Its golden store of love to me in hope.
 But all these years no voice or smiling face;
 The heav'ns are turned to brass without a trace;
 There 's no election there, no voice to tell,
 I am not destined to the doom of hell.

O thou, thou vengeful Pow'r! whose name is
 writ

In yonder purple dome, so neatly knit.
 Whose glowing comets prewarn thy advents;
 Whose breath the mountain girder circumvents,
 And blows the teeming Ceres' foison down,
 And rides thy whirling chariots' thund'ring throne,
 And hurls or plucks the masoned turrets forth,
 Or breaks the proudest monuments of earth,
 And crushes sculptured gods and kings to atoms,
 Whose havoc battle fields reveal in fathoms,
 Of human skulls unearthed. Thy vengeance shakes
 O'errank cities; it checks the crimes of rakes,
 Sets dusty records even; purges times
 Of their enormities and lessens crimes.
 By thinning out the guilty cleanses states
 From anarchy and treason with their mates.
 O, turn Thy sovereign pow'r unto its source,
 Where mercy tempers justice—stop Thy course!

Show Thy good pleasure unto me—heart broken!
 Let some star glisten new in heav'n as token.
 Give Thy assurance 'gainst death's pow'r to harm
 Or hurt me; hold me, neath Thy mighty arm.
 O, guard me; let me not be too audacious!
 O, Thou, that reign'st in mortal bosoms gracious!
 Rule Thou my sighs and groans! Take Thou my
 tears!

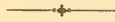
They are my last, seasoned with holy fears.
 O, were I bride-habited now; endowed
 With hope to see that Bridegroom in His cloud,
 Where heav'nly hosts do sing His highest praise;
 And harps of thousand strings entune His lays.
 But now I know not his own will to me,
 Anent election; or His bounties free.
 Unclasp the sentence! O, Thy myst'ry great!
 I'm waiting still in doubt, unplucked by fate."
 "Let us retire apart. 'Tis all in vain;
 Although he strive that comfort now to gain.
 'Tis manifest, God leaves him now in doubt.
 Lost! Lost! Poor soul! See how he stretches out!
*This proves our doctrine plainly. If God choose
 Not thee, thou heav'n and life and all must lose.*"
 "Ye heav'nly luminaries, kindle all
 Your wanton fires of light on heav'ns high wall.
 Roll up thy firmament a fiery scroll,
 And ope the galaxy from pole to pole,
 With dazzling brilliancy of all your bright
 And glowing constellations' pow'rful light;
 O, burst the doors of heav'n to see that face,
 And hear that voicè call out my name to grace!

Ye luckless heav'ns, have I deserved this wrack?
 Ye partial stars, will you my comfort take?
 You make me desp'rate in this agony!
 My soul is lost past all recovery!
 The soul, despairing of its heav'nly wealth,
 Runs me to madness. I'll go hang by stealth."
 "Just watch him, servant, lest, before he die,
 Thus raving wild, he'll fall two stories high,
 Adown that window there. Let us away,
 Our comfort 's all in vain, e'en though we stay.

O, help me leap into the firmament;
And flee from everlasting discontent!
O, death! look not so fierce on me, away!
O, horrid serpents! Help! O, let me stay!
I cannot breathe! My breath grows quick and short!
O, ugly hell! It comes! I've reached my port!"

When ling'ring day the east did luminate,
The whisp'ring friends in clusters congregate.
They hear a neighbor's trembling voice relate,
The dying horrors of the poor man's fate.
. . . . "O, such a fearful night was never known,
Since first the world began in sin to groan.
Such fearful travail. O, such shrieks and cries
Were never heard. He looked out on the skies,
They said, and 'twixt the hours of twelve and one,
He called aloud for help, then almost gone.
I heard him shriek with terror, and then cry:
'O, ugly hell! O, death!' Then fetch a sigh.
He sought and hoped in his strong heart to find,
The grace election brings the human mind.
To this devoted all his strength and soul.
And hence 'tis plain; we 're not to play that role.
He, thus despairing, like a drowning man
Will catch at straws, his fight with death began.
He hoped to find some hole for his escape,
From this big universe, a yawning gape,
Some star that stood to see his dying doom,
He thought to find, to light him to his home.
Such doctrine can't be true. God's Word was giv'n
For comfort, hope, upon our way to heav'n."

BOOK XIV.



I.

Mount on thy Phlegon Muse, and soar
To yonder world's celestial shore;
And view the gath'ring hosts above,
All ransomed by redeeming Love.

What scenes arise,
On ravished eyes,
In sweet Jerusalem!
Wisdom and Love,
Triumph above,
And wear the diadem!

Where mountains
Of flowers,
And fountains
With showers,
Forever shall gladden that plain,
Where forests of green,
Refulgent are seen,
In rivers that flow through that main;
And cherubims warble,
The songs of the conquest;
While seraphims garble,
The sheaves in the contest,
Whom worldly-wise ninnies rejected as lost,
And left them despairing in sorrows all tossed.
The saints are triumphant; the trumpets all blow;
Michael the arch-angel treads on the foe.

II.

That Triumph afar,
Shall be a pole star
To my soul.
The conquest to share,
The cross we will bear
To the goal.

We will fight and contend,
And hold fast to our crown ;
For on this will depend,
If election 's our own.

Let fools be tormented with gods of their own,
Who teach an election to Scriptures unknown ;
That rests not on grace that is common to all,
But in the mere pleasure of God it must fall ;

And this mere pleasure,
Is not in harmony,
With the great treasure,
Of common sympathy.

Ailing,
Wailing,
Whining,
Pining,
Lying,
Crying,

All tumble tossed,
In doubt and fear,
Alternate crossed,
By doctrine smear ;
By their own arts,
They break their hearts,
With error confounded,
And shame all surrounded.

III.

We will sing like the birds and be merry,
Though they find neither grub nor a cherry,
 Though they have no supplies in their barns.
We will banish all care like the flowers,
We'll not toil, neither spin, yet have bowers,
 And our robes shall be free from the thorns.
 Where beauty lies breathing,
 The breath of those flowers,
 In sweet fragrant bowers,
Where garlands are wreathing,
 By cherubs sweet,
 With golden feet,
From the willows that grow,
Where the sweet waters flow,
 In that Aidenn;
For no Solomon's throne,
With such beauty e'er shone,
 Or was laden.
Wisdom provides,
 We need not to care;
Love she presides,
 She 's Queen of our fare.
Take the sweet bird from its mate and its tree,
 Wherever 'tis caged it sings to be free;
Take the bright flow'rs from the light of the sun,
 However they're nursed their race is soon run;
Take the fair shell from its home on the lea,
 Wherever it goes it moans for the sea;
Take the great eagle from mewing its young,
 Away from its hills its soul is unstrung;
Take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
 It talks of its loved ones through the whole earth;

Suff'ers in beds of pain,
 Martyrs in flames of fire,
 Toilers that worked for hire,
 Slaves as they tugged their chain,
 Kings that once ruled the world,
 Paupers that starve for food,
 Wise and the rich and good,
 All who the truth unfurl'd,
 Go up on wings of flame,
 Ascend in Jesus' name.
 They fought the good fight,
 And now they shall ride,
 On horses all white,
 With Jesus their guide.
 See riding there,
 Elect and fair,
 Those who never knew,
 They were of the few,
 Or that an election was made;
 Whom sophists had wracked with their trade;
 That it was not enough,
 To believe in the rough,
 We'd have to believe in the fine,
 And hang on the threads of their twine,
 Or else doubt and despair,
 Be the dish of our fare;
 Unless we were certain and sure of one thing,
 That we were elected by heaven's high King,
 Erst from eternity,
 Without Christ,
 Unto Christ,
 By God's great sov'reignty.

VII.

I flung my harp upon my shoulders quick,
 And hurried then its tuneful chords to pick.
 • The Master of all Muses,
 Touched me with His hand;
 And so this pow'r diffuses,
 Through me with His wand;
 To emulate the seraphim,
 And vie with rustling cherubim,
 In strength of passion and the pitch of thought,
 Until the crown was won, the battle fought.
 Hark! the march of Majesty!
 Hark! the tramp of cavalry!
 They come! They come! They come!
 O, welcome, welcome home!
 Lift up your everlasting doors Jerusalem!
 Be lifted up, and let the King of glory in!
 Lift up your heads ye gates, and blaze your ev'ry gem!
 Receive the Strong in battle! Triumph, empyre'n!
 See cavalcade on cavalcade,
 With plumes and horses white;
 Hosannas' bursting cannonade,
 Peals forth the Hero's might.
 Ascend His holy hill,
 Stand in His holy place,
 All ye whose heart and will,
 Delight to seek His face.
 Now heroes' arms resounding,
 On horses shod with flight,
 The hills of bliss are bounding,
 And rivers of delight.
 Good Tidings go, and sweep the chords of true
 Predestination with those songs anew,
 Adown the length'ning gall'ries in a spell
 Of transports through the ages;
 In melodies of music thund'ring swell,
 And shake their ratt'ling stages.

DEO SOLI GLORIA!



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