

of William Smith

THE  
**HAPPY  
MAN.**

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To which is added, the  
**Life of Faith,**

Being an answer to that Question How  
to live in this world so as to live in  
Heaven.

By the Revd Mr JOHN BELCHES.

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A POEM on the DEATH of a  
**PROFLIGATE.**

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AND  
RESIGNATION  
OR  
*Christian Philosophy.*

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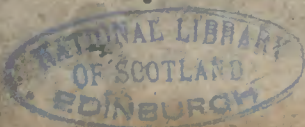
ALSO  
*A Glimpse of Glory*

or a  
Gospel Discovery of Emmanell's Land.

By the Rev.  
Mr JAMES FISHER.

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Mr. John Smith

HAPPY  
MAY

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THE

## Life of Faith.

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Dear Brother,

Yours I received, and thought on that question, being How to live in this World, so as to live in Heaven? It is one of the common pleas of my heart, which I have often occasion to study and therefore takes me not unprovided.

It is hard to keep the helm up against so many cross winds as we meet withal,

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upon this sea of fire and glass. The man knoweth not his own heart, that finds it not difficult to break through the entanglements of the world: creature smiles stop and entice away the affections from Jesus Christ; creature-frowns encompass and tempestuate the Spirit, that it thinks it doeth well to be angry. Both ways Grace is a loser. We have all need to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. The greatest of y<sup>our</sup> conflicts and causes of complaints, seem to have their original here: temptations follow tempters. As there are two predominant qualities in the temper of every body, so there are two predominant sins in the temper of every heart. Pride is one in all men in the world.

I will tell you familiarly what God hath done for my soul: and in what state my soul keeps towards himself.

I am come to a conclusion to look after no great matters in the world, but to know Christ and him crucified. I make best way in a low gale; a high spirit and a high sail together will be dangerous, and therefore I prepare to live low. I desire not much; I pray against it. my study is my calling; so much as to tend

that without distraction, I am bound to plead for, and more I desire not. By my secluded retirements, I have the advantage to observe how every day's occasions insensibly wear off the heart from God, and bury it in itself, which they who live in care and slumber cannot be sensible of.

I have come to see a need of every thing God gives me, and to want nothing that he denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but either in it, or after it. I find I could not be without it; whether it be taken from me or not given to me, sooner or later God quiets me in himself without it. I cast all my concerns on the Lord, and live securely on the care and wisdom of my heavenly Father.

My ways, you know, are, in some sense, hedged up with thorns; and grow darker and darker daily: But yet I distrust not my God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all by faith, than I should do, (I am persuaded) if I possessed them.

I think the Lord deals kindly with me, to make me believe for all my mer-

clos, before I have them; they will then  
 be Isaacs, sons of laughter. He less  
 Reason hath to work upon, the more  
 freely Faith casts itself upon the faith-  
 fulness of God. I find that whilst faith  
 is steady nothing can disquiet me; and  
 when faith totters, nothing can establish  
 me. If I trouble out amongst means &  
 creatures, I am presently lost, and can  
 come to no end; but if I stay myself up-  
 on God, and leave him to work in his  
 own way and time I am at rest, and can  
 sit down and sleep in a promise, when a  
 thousand rise up against me: Therefore  
 my way is not cast beforehand, but to  
 work with God by the day Sufficient  
 to the day is the evil thereof. I find so  
 much to do continually with my calling  
 and my heart, that I have no time to  
 puzzle myself with peradventures and  
 futurities,

As for the state of the times they are  
 very gloomy and tempestuous. But why  
 do the heathen rage? Faith lies at an-  
 chor in the midst of the waves, and be-  
 lieves the accomplishment of the Prom-  
 ise, though all those overturnings, con-  
 fusions and seeming impossibilities. On  
 this God do I live, who is our God for  
 ever, and will guide us to the death.

Methinks I live becalm'd in his bosom as Luther, in such a case. I am not much concerned, let Christ see to it, I know prophecies are now dark, and the books are sealed, and men have all been deceived, and every cistern fails, yet God doth continue faithful, and faithful is he that promised, who will do it. I believe these dark times are the womb of a bright morning. Many things more I might have said, but enough for the present.

Oh ! Brother, keep close to God, and then you need fear nothing. Maintain secret and intimate communion with God and then a little of the creature will go a great way. Take time for private duties, crowd not religion into a corner of the day. There is a Dutch proverb, Nothing is got by thieving, nor lost by praying. Lay up all your good in God, so as to overbalance the sweetness and bitterness of all creatures — Spend no time anxiously in forehand contrivances for the world, they never succeed ; God will run his dispensations another way : Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief. I can speak from experience. Would men spend those hours they run in plots and devises, in com-

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munion with God, and leave all on him  
by venture some believing, they would  
have more peace and comfort.

I leave you with your God and mine.  
The Lord Jesus be with your Spirit.  
Pray for your own soul, pray for Je-  
rusalem, and pray hard for your poor  
Brother. Amen.

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A FEW  
VERSES

By the late Revd.

Mr Killingshall,

Upon Reading the foregoing Letter.

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I.  
IN all my troubles, sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies ;



My anchor-hold is firm in him,  
When swelling billows rise.

## II.

His comforts bear my spirits up ;  
I trust a faithful God :  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in a Saviour's blood.

## III.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,  
To thy Redeemer's name !  
In joy and sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

GLIMPSE OF GLORY,

or, a

GOSPEL DISCOVERY OF

*Emmanuel's Land,*

By the Reverend

MR J O N E S FISHER,

Who dissented from the Errors of the  
Kirk of Scotland, along with the great  
Erskine, &c. He was the Minister at  
Kincleven, and removed to Glasgow,  
where he served his great Master above  
39 years, and died in September, 1775.

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What speak we, men and angels, of the  
limits of divine power? What talk we  
of his manifesting his excellency in one  
or many, or innumerable worlds? Is it  
not manifested to the uttermost? The  
protection of ever so many armies of  
creatures can add nothing thereto, since  
the manifestation of God in the flesh is

the principal design of eternity ; and all other manifestations are in order to this. There stands one among us all who is the first born of every creature exultant, or possible : Here is that man, in whom is visibly to be seen such glory, majesty, loveliness, sweetness, compassion, mercy, justice, wisdom, and all treasures of overflowing fulness of excellency, in such an incomprehensible transcendent, eminent, and super-bundant manner, as all the believers are overwhelmed in a sea of delightful ravishment for evermore.

Couldst thou, O my God, manifest thyself more clearly, familiarly sweetly condescending? Away with other worlds, though they were ; This is the only one, since all my lovely Well-beloved dwells here Thy beauty, my fair one, darts round about thee, and fills this world with passing glory : yea, were this world millions of millions of stages, and ever so many times greater than it is, one ray of thy countenance, one glance of thine eye, would lighten and adorn it all. What though we could view and comprehend at once thousands of thousands of created paradises of beauty. one sight of thy God-like visage would swallow up all angels,

had you such a sweet manifestation of divine beauty in the beginning as now, Is not our heaven now two heavens? Since the essential image of God standeth here clothed with the human nature, as our 'everlasting King, Priest,' and the great Lord, 'Mediator of the New Covenant' the boundless treasure of all fullness out of which we shall all be filled and satiated for evermore. Are we not, as it were, constrained betwixt standing back and drawing near? These who behold thee, what can they think of themselves? Yet who can see and rake rest, until they be folded in thy ravishing embrace? Verily thou art both the shame and glory of creatures. Created excellency is exalted in thee to the highest pitch; and all created excellency is beautified, and obscured before thee. This is the MAN, men and angels by whom all things in heaven and earth do flourish and bloom. This is the Tree of Life, the great Vine of Glory into which we are all ingrafted, as so many boughs and twigs: All the glory of his father's house hangs upon him, the Offspring and Issue, as so many chips and pieces, darting out from him. This is he, in whom we have been ordained to this blessedness from eternity; This is he,

who was promised to the people under  
 the first dispensation of the gospel ; who  
 who was held forth by types and shadows  
 unto them. This is he, by whom the car-  
 nal and beggarly elements of the world  
 were destroyed, the clear evident Gospel-  
 dispensation was brought in ; the hand-  
 writing of the law cancelled, the veil bet-  
 wixt Jew and Gentile was rent asunder ;  
 the nations were ingrafted into the old  
 stock of the peculiar people, the abstruse  
 secrets of eternity were opened, the  
 kingdoms were shaken, the princes of  
 the earth were set up, and pulled down,  
 the church was preserved, and flourish-  
 ed in despite of all the world. This is,  
 the MAN who ' wounded the heads' o-  
 ver many countries ; who ' trode the  
 wine press alone,' and trampled the peo-  
 ple in his fury ; until all his raiment was  
 stained with blood. This is He, whose  
 name is called ' Wonderful, Counsellor,  
 the Almighty God, the everlasting Fa-  
 ther, the Prince of Peace, of the increase  
 of his government and peace there is  
 no end.' This is the ' STONE cut out  
 without hands' which smote all the pow-  
 er, strength and might of kingdoms,  
 nations and languages: and lo, all prin-  
 cipalities, and thrones, and powers, and  
 dominions are broken to pieces together,

and become like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, that the wind hath carried away, and behold the Stone which hath smitten to nothing all transitory glory, is become exceeding great, and filleth all in all. This is he whom nothing would overcome; he entered the lists with Death and Hell, and gave them an eternal foil; so that they lie under his feet, and the feet of the chosen, for ever and ever.

Could ten thousand deaths overcome him? Were not devils and wicked men fools that imagined to bind him with any ties? What would chains greater than many worlds, what would infinite numbers of mountains of brass be to hold him down, that he rise not again? 'How did this Lion of the tribe of Judah rouse himself from the sleep of death like a mighty man after wine?' and made heaven, and earth, and all to quake? Who but he the Standard-bearer among ten thousand, Who but the Prince of the Kings of the earth, Who but the Mighty Captain of the Lord's hosts could have done so valiantly? Thou only hast done heroically, O Well beloved. You little heroes of time, your magnanimity and heroic acts

evanish here; even although you had  
 done all you did in your own strength,  
 and not in his. What though you sub-  
 dued kingdoms, wrought righteousness,  
 stopped the mouths of lions, quenched  
 the violence of fire, through weakness  
 was made strong, put to flight the ar-  
 mies of the aliens? All these were  
 done ter-<sup>o</sup> faith in-<sup>o</sup> n. Yet what  
 have we done? Could you have trode  
 the wine press alone? And drunk the  
 cup of the wrath of the Almighty from  
 brim to bottom? Could you have stood  
 in the gap when infinite eternal ven-  
 geance like a mighty flood, was crushing  
 in upon rebellious mankind? Who else  
 could have turned back the mighty cur-  
 rent of such floods of wrath and pacifi-  
 ed offended Majesty, bringing rebels to  
 stoop, and be received into mercy and  
 favour again? Who else could have  
 given hell such a blow as it shall never  
 be able to rise again, and raise men to  
 such a pitch, as that they shall never  
 fall! Who other could have led capti-  
 vity captive, and purchased gifts for  
 men, even for the rebellious? Who o-  
 ther could opened the gates of this ce-  
 lestial paradise, shut upon base ungrate-  
 ful man, and exalted him, by thousands  
 of stages, to more glory and excellency

than he fell from ! Thou art all in all,  
 thou art marrowless, O Well-Beloved,  
 no more comparisons between thee and  
 creatures. Hide yourselves, and be con-  
 founded, all lower excellencies; be ye  
 silent all creatures when he begins to  
 speak, cover your faces, all you little  
 glories and beauties, when he doth shew  
 his face; you are vaine compared to  
 him. He is all things. Verily, in him  
 dwells all fullness. Thou art not. O  
 heaven of heavens, worthy to be a foot-  
 stool for his glorious feet. Infinite  
 worlds, erected above one another, were  
 low for him to tread upon. What are  
 you men and angels, that you should  
 thus stand beside him? That you should  
 set your head within that world, he is  
 pleased to dwell in? Did he not won-  
 dertully condescend, you might run to  
 the very end of the creation. What is  
 our strength and beauty? On whose  
 legs do we stand? Are we able for one  
 moment to preserve in our integrity  
 without him? Should we not all be-  
 come deformed in sin? Can he draw  
 into himself what he darts forth? How  
 is the paradise of God planted with  
 goodly trees, blossoming and flourishing  
 with an eternal verdure? but did they  
 not receive sap and life, and all from



this golden Branch of the stem of Jesse, how in a moment should their golden blossoms wither, their fruit fall off, their leaves decay and their root dry up? It is ten heavens of joy, O Well beloved, to know that thy love is unchangeable, and these that are united to thee by faith, in time and immediate beholding, in eternity, shall never be disjoined from thee; but shall ever remain close locked in the arms of eternal love,

No worlds to this world! no happiness, or this happiness is the flower, and top of all this dispensations: Here is a confluence of innumerable providences, that shall never becomprehended. Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us ward, they cannot be reckoned up in order to thee, How evidently do I now see, that thy ways are innumerable; and thy thoughts unsearchable? My eyes are eternally fixed upon thee, O flower of all beauty, and loveliness? thou art the centre whereunto all desireableness and excellency betakes itself. In beholding thee I behold all things. Art thou not love discovered to the full? Mercy manifested to the highest perfection? Judgement and righteousness visibly, in its full

splendor; what have we which is not in thee? And what can a creature want, which is not in thee? Shall we not, O enjoyers be satiated, beautified, ravished blessed for evermore, with what infinite fullness of all the excellencies which dwells in him? We behold to the full the glory as the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth: And of thy grace we have all received, and grace for grace. We have received thy testimony, have set to our seal that God is true: that thou whom he sent into the world, speakest the things of God; for he giveth not the Spirit by measure unto thee. O how great is the mystery of godliness? God manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels preached unto the Gentiles believed on in the world, received up into glory. If this was wonderful in time, is it not ten thousand times more so now, When the bright day of eternity hath broken up. If a sign of this by faith, was ravishing, and am I not now passed all the limits of such motions? O this frame! O glory! thou art maisie indeed.

*The*  
*Happy Man,*

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**W**AS born in the city of Regeneration, brought up in the Parish of Repentance unto life, educated at the School of Obedience; he works at the Trade of Diligence notwithstanding he has a large Estate in the Country of Christian Contentment, and many times does Jobs of Self Denial, He wears the Plain Garment of Humility, but has a better to put on when he goes to Court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the Valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the delectable Mountain of Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has Meat to Eat the World knows not off; his Drink is the sincere Milk of the Word: thus the Happy Man lives and dies.

When the Spirit opens up by his breathings the silver vein of the Promise to the delectable Mountain, ( or Mount

tain of Myrrh and Hill of Frankincense.)  
 Christ says come, well does Faith know  
 his voice, the smell of his Garment  
 makes them fly with good will to see the  
 King in his beauty, wherefore Red in  
 in their a apparel that you may know the  
 costly purchase I made of you, my dyed  
 Garments proclaim what a dear bought  
 Spouse thou hast been to me; But its  
 over and gone, the Baptism no more  
 straitens me, the deccale is accomplished  
 at Jerusalem. I see of the travil of my  
 Soul and I am satisfied, ye are my wit-  
 nels, I am God by giving you living Bread  
 and living Water, and making the soli-  
 tary desert to blossom as the Rose; be-  
 hold it is I, behold it is your God; no-  
 thing to be seen here but wonderful God-  
 Man. Faith has neither will or time to  
 watte a look off Him. I am your Holy  
 One, the Creator of Israel your [King;  
 your Creator is God, your Saviour is  
 God, your Redeemer is God, and God-  
 like things shall be done for you, that  
 none shall pluck out of the Father hand,  
 I and my Futher are One, the very same.

Here Faith stretches her wings in the  
 immensity of a Three One GOD! the  
 Happy Man sees the Happy Day, when  
 the lotty looks of man is low and the  
 Lord alone exalted.

## RESIGNATION ;

OR

*Christian Philosophy.*

“ Tho’ he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

ALMIGHTY POWER! whose potent arm  
 sustains this vast abode ;  
 Whose love directs, whose care protects,  
 Us pilgrims on life’s road.

Since pray’rs with imperfection mix’d,  
 Can reach Perfection’s ear ;  
 Since sinful man, contritely can,  
 Unto his God draw near.

Permit me, Lord ! a child of earth,  
 Thy goodness to implore,  
 T’ approach thy throne, my wants make  
 KNOWN,  
 And while I pray—ADORE.

Thou know’st the dubious path I tread.  
 The conduct I pursue :  
 Nay more, my heart (that secret part,)  
 Is open to thy view.

Wherein I'm right, do thou confirm  
 Me therein to abide ;  
 From what is wrong, with thine arm strong  
 Do me conduct and guide.

Let all my wand'rings bring me back  
 Unto the path that's right.  
 Use love or fear ; means calm, severe ;  
 As suits best in thy sight.

For num'rous ills I humbly crave,  
 Thy pardon, God of Love !  
 My crimes throughout past time, blot out  
 From thy record above.

What of this life's good things I need  
 Thou knowest, and wilt impart ;  
 My wants, supply, remote or nigh.  
 For, ever, good thou art.

Then let me through life's vale, with joy,  
 Walk cheerfully each day ;  
 Nor be perplex'd nor with cares vex'd,  
 For thou'rt my rock and stay.

If fortune's smiles my efforts crown,  
 And prosp'rous times betide,  
 Let me then be, from pride kept free,  
 And in thy love abide.

Should adverse gales my course impede,  
 Should sickness waste my form,  
 Give me a mind, calm and resign'd,  
 To meet affliction's storm.

In every state that peace be mine,  
 Which doth from conscience flow;  
 That cordial sweet, that blis'd treat,  
 That antidote of woe.

And when my days I've number'd here,  
 And reach'd my last abode,  
 In that dread day, give me to say,  
 Blest'd be the name of God.

“ I know that my redeemer lives.”

His praise I'll ever sing :  
 He's pav'd the way to endless day,—  
 “ O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 “ O Death ! where is thy sting ?”

*of a Profligate,*

My thoughts on woeful subjects roll,  
 Damnation and the dead,  
 What horrors seize a guilty soul,  
 Upon a dying bed.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
 He makes a long delay  
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,  
 Death sweeps the wretche away.

Then, swift, and dreadful she descends,  
 Down to the fiery coast,  
 Amongst abominable friends,  
 Herself a frightful ghost.

There endless crowds of Sinners lie,  
 And darkness makes their chains :  
 Tortur'd with Keen despair they cry,  
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood,  
 For their old guilt atones,  
 Nor the Compassion of a God,  
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Oh ! may thy grace prevent my breath  
 Nor bid my soul remove.  
 Till I have learn'd my Saviours death,  
 And well insur'd his love.

FINIS.