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RL

Monthly Preparations
FOR THE
Holy Communion,
By R. B. *ayler*

To which is added
Suitable Meditations be-
fore, in, and after Re-
ceiving.

WITH
Divine Hymns,
In Common Tunes;
Fitted for Publick Congregati-
ons, or Private Families.

LONDON; Printed for *Tho. Park-*
hurst, at the *Bible & Three Crowns*,
the lower end of *Cheapside*. 1696.



THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
READER.

S*acramental work is solemn work indeed: And all those helps are valuable and desirable, whereby the furniture of our minds, the temper of our hearts, and the conduct of our lives may be answerable to the solemnity of a Sacramental Table. A mind that is barren or perplexed; an heart that is false or stupid; and the conscience of a disordered conversation, are bad*

The Preface

passage through them to that exalted state, wherein he had so much to do with God for us : In all these, and in his preparations for them, doth he appear most exemplary to us, claiming and urging our Conformity to his obedient, submissive, and resolved self. And in his Meritorious Sufferings and Expiatory Death, must we discern and think severely on, what there and thence was evident ; viz. God's Wisdom, Majesty, Holiness, and his Governing Justice, and Prerogatives ; the sinfulness of sin, the misery of Revolted Man, the equity and power of God's Violated Law, and the eminence of the Divine above the Animal Life, Nature, and Concerns.

III. Our Interest in, and Benefit by these his Sufferings, are next to exercise our thoughts. He died to let us see,

1. How

to the Reader:

1. *How glorious a God we have to do with.*
2. *What wise and righteous Constitutions we had violated.*
3. *What dreadful evils we had brought upon our selves.*
4. *What spirit, strength and reach there is in Divine Threatnings.*
5. *How hard it is to be recovered, when we are faln from God, and so what an Enemy Satan is to Man; and how unwilling to let his Captives go.*
6. *To shew us the riches of God's Grace in him, and his own Dignity; in that his Sufferings could, and did, merit and obtain of God our Pardon, Adoption, Acceptance, and Eternal Bliss through him.*
7. *To raise and cherish holy endeavours to return to God in hope.*
8. *To make us dread the thoughts of ever falling off from God again.*
9. *To*

The Preface

9. To justify our claims to all the Benefits of our Gospel-state and day.

10. To obtain of God for us the Spirit and Means of Grace, thereby to fit us for our present Work and Trials in this our Probationary state, and to suit and bring us to his Father and himself in Glory, and that with universul Satisfaction, and Advantage, and Applause.

11. To put himself into a capacity of interceding for us in Heaven, and blessing us from Heaven as our High-Priest upon his Throne.

12. To put us into, and to keep us in a Covenant-state and frame, that thus we may deal and walk with God, as Children, as interested in his Son, as inhabited and actuated by his Spirit, and as united with all the Family of God and Christ, in the same Principles, Practices, Concerns, and Hopes, in order to the exercises

of

to the Reader.

of all the sympathies and services of mutually Christian Love, Ephes. iv. v. 1--6:

IV. Our Commemoration of Christ thus represented to us, as upon the Cross, and as determining to come again, is our next work.

1. The Sacramental Elements, and the Observed Institution, is the Memorial.

2. The Remembrance contains,

1. Head-work, in discerning, remembering and believing the Sacramental Doctrine of this Supper to be true, and of great consequence to us: Christ Crucified, and determining to come again.

2. Heart-work, in forming the temper, purposes, hopes and comforts of our hearts unto what this Supper imports, and our acceptance of what is tendered here ; and our obliging our selves

The Preface, &c.

selves to do and be as Christ would have us.

3. Life-work ; in keeping up our Christian practice and profession as we are here directed and obliged to ; for a more full account whereof , and greater fitness for it, thou art commended to this helpful Treatise, by Thine to his poor power for Christ,

Matthew Sylvester.

Feb. 3. 169^s.

A

A Monthly Preparatton for our
 Holy Communion with Christ
 and his Church, in the Lord's
 Supper.

THIS is a holy Feast that is purposely provided by the King of Saints, for the Entertainment of his Family ; for the refreshing of the weary, and the making glad the mournful Soul. The night before his bitter Death, he instituted this Sacramental Feast ; He caused his Disciples to sit down with him, and when they had partaked of the Passover, the Sacrament of Promise, and had their taste of the old wine, he giveth them the new, even the Sacrament of the better Covenant, and of the fuller Gospel-Grace: He teacheth them that his Death is Life to them : and that which is his bitterest suffering, is their Feast : and his sorrows are their Foyes ; as

our sinful pleasures were his sorrows. The slain Lamb of God our passover that was Sacrificed for us, that taketh away the sins of the world, was the pleasant food; which Sacramentally he himself then delivered to them, and substantially the next day offered for them. The bread of God is he which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world, John 6. 33. He is the living bread which came down from Heaven: If any man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever: and the Bread which he giveth is his flesh which he hath given for the life of the world. verse 50, 51. Except we eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, we have no life in us: Whoso eateth his flesh and drinketh his blood, hath eternal life, and he will raise him up at the last day: For his flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed: He that eateth his flesh, and drinketh his blood, dwelleth in Christ, and Christ in him: As the living Father hath sent the Son, and he liveth by the Father, so he that eateth him, shall live by him. This is that bread that came down from Heaven: not as the Fathers did eat Manna and are dead: he that eateth this bread shall live for ever. I

I shall here only give you some brief *Directions* for your private duty herein!

Direct. 1. *Understand well the proper ends, to which this Sacrament was instituted by Christ; and take heed that you use it not to ends, for which it never was appointed.* The true ends are these, 1. To be a solemn Commemoration of the *Death and passion of Jesus Christ*, Mat. 26. 28. Mar. 14. 24. Luke 22. 20. to keep it, as it were, in the eye of the Church, in his bodily absence till he come, 1 Cor. 11. 24, 25, 26. 2. To be a solemn renewing of the *Holy Covenant* which was first entred in *Baptism*, between *Christ* and the *Receiver*; and in that Covenant it is on *Christ's* part, a solemn delivery of himself first, and with himself the benefits of *Pardon, Reconciliation, Adoption*, and right to *Life eternal*. Hab. 9. 15, 16, 17, 18. 1 Cor. 10. 16, 24. And on *mans* part, it is our solemn acceptance of *Christ* with his *Benefits*, upon his terms, and a delivering up our selves to him, as his *Redeemed ones*, even to the *Father* as our *reconciled Father*, and to the *Son* as our *Lord and Saviour*, and to the *Holy Spirit* as our *Sanctifier*, with

Professed Thankfulness for so great a benefit. 3. It is appointed to be a lively *objective means*, by which the *Spirit of Christ* should work to stir up and exercise, and increase the *Repentance, Faith, Desire, Love, Hope, Joy, Thankfulness, and New-Obedience* of Believers; by a lively *Representation* of the *evil of sin, the infinite love of God in Christ, the firmness of the Covenant or Promise, the greatness and sureness of the Mercy given, and the Blessedness purchased and promised to us, and the great obligations that are laid upon us.* And that hereina *believers* might be solemnly called out to the most serious exercise of all these Graces, 1 Cor. 11. 27, 28, 29, 31. 1 Cor. 10. 16, 17, 21. 1 Cor. 11. 25, 26. 2 Cor. 6. 4. and might be provoked and assisted to stir up themselves to this Communion with *God in Christ,* & to pray for more as through a sacrificed *Christ.* 4. It is appointed to be the solemn Profession of Believers, of their Faith, and Love, and Gratitude, and Obedience to *God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,* and of continuing firm in the *Christian Religion.* And a Badge of the Church

Church before the World. Acts 2: 42, 46. & 20. 7. 5. And it is appointed to be a *sign and means* of the *Unity, Love, and Communion of Saints*, and their readiness to Communicate to each other.

The false mistaken ends, which you must avoid, are these. 1. You must not with the Papists, think that the end of it is to turn Bread into no Bread, and Wine into no Wine, and to make them really the true *Body and Blood of Jesus Christ*. For if sense (which telleth all Men that it is still *Bread and Wine*) be not to be believed, then we cannot believe that ever there was a *Gospel*, or an *Apostle*, or a *Pope*, or a *Man*, or any thing in the *World*. And the *Apostle* expressly calleth it *Bread threetimes*, in three Verses together, after the *Consecration*, 1 Cor. 11. 26, 27, 28. and he telleth us, that the use of it is (not to make the *Lords Body really present*, but) to *shew the Lords Death till he come*; that is, As a visible representing and commemorating sign, to be *instead of the Bodily presence till he come*.

2. Nor must you with the Papists use this *Sacrament* to *sacrifice Christ again*

really unto the Father, to propitiate him for the quick and dead, and ease Souls in Purgatory, and deliver them out of it. For *Christ* having died once dieth no more, and without killing him, there is no sacrificing him : By *once offering up himself*, he hath perfected for ever *them that are sanctified* ; and now there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin : Having finished the sacrificing work on Earth, he is now passed into the *Heavens*, to appear before God for his *Redeemed ones*. Ro. 6. 9. 1 Cor. 15. 3. 2 Cor. 5. 14, 15. Heb. 9. 26. and 10. 12, 26. and 9. 24.

3. Nor is it any better than odious impiety to receive the *Sacrament*, to confirm some Confederacies or Oaths of *Secrecie*, for rebellions or other unlawful designs ; as the *Powder-Plotters* in *England* did.

4. Nor is it any other than impious prophanation of these sacred Mysteries for the Priest to *constrain* or *suffer* notoriously ignorant, and ungodly persons, to receive them, either to make themselves believe that they are indeed the *Children of God*,

or

or to be a means which ungodly men should use to make them godly ; or, which Infidels or Impenitent persons must use to help them to Repentance and Faith in *Christ*. For though there is that, in it which may become a means of their Conversion, (as a Thief that stealeth a *Bible* or *Sermon Book*, may be converted by it,) yet is it not to be used by the Receiver to that end. For that were to tell God a lie, as the means of their Conversion ; for whosoever cometh to receive a settled pardon, doth thereby profess repentance, as also by the words adjoynd he must do ; And whosoever *taketh*, and *eateth*, and *drinketh* the *Bread* and *Wine*, doth actually profess thereby, that he taketh and applieth *Christ* himself by Faith : And therefore, if he do neither of these, he lieth openly to God ; and lies and false Covenants are not the appointed means of Conversion. Not that the *Minister* is a liar in his delivery of it : For he doth but conditionally seal and deliver *Gods Covenant* and *Benefits* to the Receiver, to be his, if he *truly Repent* and *Believe* : But the *Receiver* himself lieth, if he do not

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actually Repent and Believe, as he there
professeth to do.

5. Also it is an impious prophanation of the Sacrament, if any Priest for the love of filthy lucre, shall give it to those that ought not to receive it, that he may have his Fees or Offerings ; or, that the Priest may have so much money that is bequeathed for the saying a Mass for such or such a Soul.

6. And it is odious prophanation of the Sacrament, to use it as a League or Bond of Faction, to gather persons in to the *party*, and tie them fast to it, that they may depend upon the Priest, and his Faction and Interest may thereby be strengthened, and he may seem to have many followers.

7. And it is a dangerous abuse of it, to receive it, that you may be pardoned, or sanctified, or saved, barely by the work done, or by the outward exercise alone. As if God were there obliged to give you Grace, while you strive not with your own hearts, to stir them up to love, or desire, or faith, or obedience, by the means that are before you ; or as if God would
pardon

pardon and save you for eating so much Bread and drinking so much Wine, when the Canon biddeth you; or, as if the Sacrament conveyed Grace, like as Charms are supposed to work, by saying over so many words.

8. Lastly, It is no appointed end of this Sacrament, that the Receiver thereby profess himself certain of the *sincerity* of his own *Repentance* and *Faith*: (For it is not managed on the ground of such certainty only by the Receiver; much less by the minister that delivereth it.) But only he professeth that as far as he can discern by observing his own heart, he is truly willing to have Christ, and his benefits on the terms that they are offered; and that he doth consent to the Covenant which he is there to renew. Think not therefore, that the Sacrament is instituted for any of these (mistaken) ends.

Direct. 2. *Distinctly understand the parts of the Sacrament, that you may distinctly use them, and not do, you know not what.* This Sacrament containeth these three parts. 1. The *Consecration* of the *Bread and Wine*, which maketh it the *Representative*

tative Body and Blood of Christ. 2. *The Representation and Commemoration of the Sacrifice of Christ.* 3. *The Communion: Or, Communication by Christ, and Reception by the people.*

1. In the *Consecration*, the Church doth first offer the *Creatures of Bread and Wine*, to be accepted of God, to this Sacred use: And God accepteth them, and blesteth them to this use; which he signifieth both by the words of his own Institution, and by the Action of his Ministers, and their *Benidiction*. They being the *Agents of God* to the People, in this *Accepting and Blessing*, as they are the *Agents* of the People to God, in *offering or dedicating* the *Creatures* to this use.

2. This *Consecration* having a special respect to *God the Father*, in it we acknowledge his three grand Relations. 1: That he is the *Creator*, and so the *Owner* of all the *Creatures*; for we offer them to him as his own. 2: That he is *our Righteous Governor*, whose *Law* it was, that *Adam* and we have broken, and who required satisfaction, and hath received the *Sacrifice and atonement*, and hath dispensed

sed with the strict and proper execution of that Law ; and will rule us hereafter by the Law of Grace. 3. That he is our Father or Benefactor who hath freely given us a Redeemer, and the Covenant of Grace, whose Love and Favor we have forfeited by sin, but desire & hope to be reconciled by Christ.

3. As Christ himself was *Incaruate* and true Christ, before he was *sacrificed to God*, and was *sacrificed to God*, before that *sacrifice* be communicated for life and nourishment to Souls : So in the Sacrament, *Consecration* must first make the Creature to be *the Flesh and Blood of Christ representative* ; and then the sacrificing of that *flesh and blood* must be represented and commemorated ; and then the sacrificed flesh and blood communicated to the Receivers for their spiritual life.

II. The *Commemoration* chiefly (but not only) respecteth *God the Son* ; For he hath ordained, that these *consecrated Representations* should in their manner and measure, supply the room of his bodily presence, while his body is in Heaven : And that thus as it were *in effigy, in representation,*

sentation, he might be still Crucified before the Churches eyes; and they might be affected, as if they had seen him on the Cross. And that by *Faith* and *Prayer*, they might, as it were, offer him up to God, that is, Might shew the Father that sacrifice once made for sin, in which they trust; and for which it is, that they expect all the acceptance of their persons with God, and hope for audience when they beg for mercy, and offer up prayer or praise to him.

III. In the *Communication*, though the Sacrament have respect to the *Father*, as the principal *Giver*; and to the *Son* as both the *Gift* and *Giver*; yet hath it a special respect to the *Holy Ghost*, as being that *spirit* given in the *flesh* and *Blood*, which quickeneth Souls; without which, the *Flesh* will profit nothing: And whose operations must convey and apply Christs saving benefits to us. *John* 6. 63. & 7.

39.

These three being the parts of the Sacrament in whole, as comprehending that sacred *Action* and participation which is essential to it. The *Material parts*, called the

the *Relate* and *Correlate*, are. 1. *Substantial* and *Qualitative*. 2. *Active* and *Passive*. 1. The first are the *Bread* and *Wine* as signs, and the *Body* and *Blood* of *Christ*, with his *Graces* and *Benefits*, as the things signified and given. The second are the *Actions* of *Breaking*, *Pouring out*, and *Delivering* on the *Ministers* part, (after the *Consecration*) and the *Taking*, *Eating*, and *Drinking*, by the *Receivers*, as the sign: And the signified is, the *Crucifying* or *Sacrificing* of *Christ*, and the *Delivering* himself with his *Benefits* to the *Believer*, and the *Receivers* thankful *Accepting*, and using the said gift. To these add the *Relative Form*, and the *Ends*, and you have the definition of this *Sacrament*.

Direct. 3. Look upon the minister as the Agent or Officer of Christ, who is Commissioned by him to seal and deliver to you the Covenant and its benefits: And take the Bread and Wine, as if you heard Christ himself saying to you, Take my Body and Blood, and the Pardon, and Grace which is thereby purchased. It is a great help in the Application, to have mercy and pardon

pardon brought us by the hand of a Commissioned Officer of Christ.

Direct. 4. *In your preparation beforehand, take heed of these two extreams. 1. That you come not prophanely and carelesly, with common hearts, as to a common work: For God will be sanctified in them that draw near to him, Levit. 10. 3. And they that eat and drink unworthily, not discerning the Lords Body from common Bread; but eating as if it were a common meal, do eat death to themselves, instead of life. 2. Take heed lest your mistakes of the nature of this Sacrament, should possess you with such fears of unworthy receiving, and the following dangers, as may quite discompose, and unfit your Souls for the joyful exercises of Faith, and Love, and Praise, and Thanksgiving, to which you are invited. Many that are scrupulous of receiving it in any, save a feasting gesture, are too little careful and scrupulous of receiving it in any, save a feasting frame of mind.*

The first extream is caused by prophanelness and negligence, or by gross ignorance of the nature of the Sacramental work.

The

The latter extream is frequently caused as followeth ; 1. *By setting this Sacrament at a greater distance from other parts of God's worship;* than there is cause : So that the excess of Reverence doth overwhelm the minds of some with terrors. 2. *By studying more the terrible words of eating and drinking damnation to themselves,* if they do it *unworthily*, than all the expressions of Love and Mercy, which that Blessed Feast is furnished with. So that when the views of infinite Love should ravish them, they are studying wrath and vengeance to terrifie them, as if they came to *Moses*, and not to *Christ*. 3. *By not understanding what maketh a Receiver worthy or unworthy,* but taking their unwilling infirmities for condemning unworthiness. 4. *By receiving it so seldom,* as to make it strange to them, and increase their fear, whereas, if it were administred every Lords day, as it was in the Primitive Churches, it would better acquaint them with it, and cure that fear that cometh from strangeness. 5. *By imagining,* that none that want assurance of their own sincerity, can receive in Faith. 6. *By contracting an ill habit*

habit of mistaken Religiousness, placing it all in poring on themselves, and mourning for their corruptions, and not in studying the Love of God in Christ, and living in the daily praises of his Name, and joyful thanksgiving for his exceeding Mercies. 7. And if besides all these the Body contract a weak or timorous melancholly distemper, it will leave the mind capable of almost nothing, but fear and trouble, even in the sweetest works. From many such causes it cometh to pass, that the Sacrament of the Lords Supper is become more terrible, and uncomfortable to abundance of such distempered Christians, than any other Ordinance of God; & that which should most comfort them doth trouble them most.

Quest. 1. But is not this Sacrament more holy and dreadful, and should it not have more preparation, than other parts of worship?

Ans. For the degree indeed, it should have very careful preparation: And we cannot well compare it with other parts of worship; as Praise, Thanksgiving, Covenanting with God, Prayer, &c. Because that

that all these other parts are here comprised and performed. But doubtless, God must also be sanctified in all his other worship, and his Name must not be taken in vain. And when this Sacrament was received every Lords day, and often in the week besides, Christians were supposed to live continually in a state of *general preparation*, and not to be so far from a due *particular preparation*, as many poor Christians think they are.

Quest. 2. *How often should the Sacrament be now administred, that it neither grow into contempt nor strangeness?*

Ans. Ordinarily in well Displined Churches it should be still every Lord's day. For, 1. We have no reason to prove, that the Apostles example and appointment in this case, was proper to those times, any more than that praise and thanksgiving daily is proper to them: And we may as well deny the obligation of other Institutions or Apostolical Orders as that. 2. It is a part of the settled order for the Lords day's worship; and omitting it, *maimeth and altereth the worship for the day*; and occasioneth the omission of the thanksgiving

ing and praise, and lively commemorations of Christ, which should be then most performed: And so Christians by use, grow habited to sadness, and a mourning melancholly Religion, and grow unacquainted with much of the Worship and Spirit of the Gospel. 3. Hereby the Papists lamentable corruptions of this Ordinance have grown up, even by an excess of reverence and fear, which seldom receiving doth increase; till they are come to worship *Bread* as their God. 4. By seldom communicating, Men are seduced to think all proper *Communion of Churches* lieth in that *Sacrament*, and to be more prophanely bold in abusing many other parts of worship. 5. There are better means (by Teaching and Discipline) to keep the *Sacrament* from contempt, than the omitting or displacing of it. 6. Every Lord's day is no oftener than Christians need it. 7. The frequency will teach them to *live prepared*, and not only to make much ado once a Month or Quarter, when the same work is neglected all the year beside; even as one that liveth in continual expectation of death, will live in continual preparation:

ration: When he that expecteth it but in some grievous sickness, will then be frightened into some seeming preparations, which are not the habit of his Soul, but laid by again when the disease is over.

2. But yet I must add, that in some undisciplined Churches, and upon some occasions it may be longer omitted, or seldomer used; no duty is a duty at all times: And therefore extraordinary cases may raise such impediments, as may hinder us a long time from this, and many other Priviledges. But the ordinary faultiness of our imperfect hearts, that are apt to grow customary and dull, is no good reason why it should be seldom; any more than why other special duties of Worship and Church-Communion should be seldom. Read well the Epistle of *Paul* to the *Corinthians*, and you will find that they were then as bad as the true Christians are now, and that even in this Sacrament they were very culpable; and yet *Paul* seeketh not to cure them by their seldomer communicating.

Q 3. Are all the Members of the visible
ble

ble Church to be admitted to this Sacrament ? or Communicate ?

Ans. All are not to seek it, or to take it, because many may know their own unfitness, when the Church or Pastors know it not : But all that come and seek it, are to be admitted by the Pastors, except such *Children, Idiots, ignorant persons, or Heriticks,* as know not what they are to receive and do ; and such as are notoriously wicked or scandalous, and have not manifested their repentance. But then it is presupposed, that none should be numbr'd with the adult members of the Church, but those that have personally owned their Baptismal Covenant, by a *Credible Profession of true Christianity.*

Quest. 4. May a Man that hath knowledge, and civility, and common gifts, come and take this Sacrament, if he know that he is yet void of true repentance, and other saving Grace ?

Ans. No; for he then knoweth himself to be one that is incapable of it in his present state.

Quest. 5. May an ungodly Man receive this

this Sacrament, who knoweth not himself to be ungodly?

Ans. No; For he ought to know it; and his sinful ignorance of his own condition, will not make his sin to be his duty; nor excuse his other faults before God.

Quest. 6. Must a sincere Christian receive, that is uncertain of his sincerity, and in continual doubting?

Ans. Two preparations are necessary to this Sacrament; the *general preparation*, which is a state of Grace, and this the doubting Christian hath; and the *particular preparation*, which consisteth in his present actual fitness: And all the question is of this. And to know this, you must further distinguish, between *immediate duty* and *more remote*; and between the degrees of doubtfulness in Christians. I. The *nearest immediate duty* of the doubting Christian is, to use the means to have his doubts resolved, till he know his case; and then his next duty is, to receive the Sacrament; and both these still remain his duty, to be performed in this order: And if he say, *I cannot be resolved,*
when

when I have done my best. Yet certainly it is some sin of his own, that keepeth him in the dark, and hindereth his assurance; and therefore *duty* ceaseth not to be *duty*: The Law of *Christ* still obligeth him, both to get assurance, and to receive; and the want both of the knowledge of his state, and of *Receiving* the *Sacrament*, are his continual sin, if he lie in it never so long through these scruples, though it be an infirmity that God will not condemn him for. (For he is supposed to be in a state of Grace.) But you will say, *What if still he cannot be resolved whether he have true Faith and Repentance, or not? What should he do while he is in doubt?* I answer, It is one thing to ask, what is his duty in this case? and another thing to ask, *Which is the smaller or less dangerous sin?* Still his duty is both to get the *knowledge* of his heart, and to *communicate*: But while he *sinneth* (through infirmity) in the failing of the first, were he better also omit the other, or not? To be well resolved of that, you must discern, 1. Whether his judgment of himself, do rather incline to think and hope that *he is sincere in his repentance*
and

and Faith, or, that he is not? 2. And whether the *consequents* are like to be good or bad to him. If his hopes that *he is sincere*, be as great or greater *than his fears* of the contrary, then there is no such ill consequent to be feared as may hinder his communicating; but it is his best way to do it, and wait on God in the use of his Ordinance. But if the persuasion of his gracelessness be greater than the hopes of his sincerity, then he must observe how he is like to be affected, if he do communicate. If he find that he is like to clear up his mind, and increase his hopes by the actuating of his Grace, he is yet best to go: But if he find that his heart is like to be overwhelmed with horror and sunk into despair, by running into the supposed guilt of unworthy receiving, then it will be worse to do it, than to omit it. Many such fearful Christians I have known, that are fain many years to absent themselves from the Sacrament; because if they should receive it while they are persuaded of their utter unworthiness, they would be swallowed up of desperation, and think that they had taken their own damnation,
(as

(as the Twenty fifth Article of the Church of England saith, the *unworthy receivers do.*) So that the chief sin of such a *doubting receiver*, is not that he *receiveth though he doubt*; for doubting will not excuse us for the sinful omission of a duty (no more of this than of Prayer or Thanksgiving:) But only *Prudence* requireth such a one to forbear that, which through his own distemper would be a means of his despair and ruine: As that Phyfick or Food (how good soever) is not to be taken which would kill the taker: Gods Ordinances are not appointed for our destruction, but for our edification; and so must be used as tendeth thereunto. Yet to those Christians, who are in this case, and dare not communicate, I must put this Question, How dare you so long refuse it? He that consenteth to the Covenant, may boldly come and signifie his consent, and receive the sealed Covenant of God; for *consent* is your preparation, or the necessary condition of your Right: If you *consent* not, you refuse all the Mercy of the Covenant. And dare you live in such a state? Suppose a Pardon be offered to

a condemned Thief, but so, that if he after
cast it in the dirt, or turn Traytor, he shall
die a sorer death; will he rather chuse to
die than take it, and say, I am afraid I
shall abuse it? To refuse *Gods Covenant*
is certain death; but to *consent* is your
preparation and your life.

Quest. 7. *Wherein lieth the sin of an
Hypocrite, and ungodly person, if he do re-
ceive?*

Ans^w. His sin is, I. In *lying* and *hypo-
cristie*; in that he professeth to *repent un-
feignedly of his sin, and to be resolved* for a
holy life, and to believe in *Christ*, and
to accept him on his *Covenant-terms*, and
to give up himself to God, as his *Father*,
his *Saviour*, and his *Sanctifier*, and to for-
sake the *Flesh*, the *World*, and the *Devil*;
when indeed, he never did any of this,
but secretly abhorreth it at his heart, and
will not be perswaded to it: And so all
this *Profession*, and his very *Covenanting*
it self, and his *Receiving*, as it is a *Professing-
covenanting-sign*, is nothing but a very lie.
And what it is to lie to the *Holy Ghost*, the
case of *Ananias* and *Sapphira* telleth us.

2. It is usurpation to come and lay claim

to those Benefits, which he hath no title to. 3. It is a prophanation of these holy Mysteries, to be thus used; and it is a taking of Gods Name in vain, who is a jealous God, and will be sanctified of all that draw near unto him. 4. And it is a wrong to the Church of God, & the Communion of Saints, & the honour of the Christian Religion, that such ungodly Hypocrites intrude as Members: As it is to the Kings Army, when the Enemies Spies creep in amongst them; or to his Marriage-feast to have a guest in rags. *Mat. 22. 11, 12.*

Object. But it is no lie, because they think they say true in their Profession.

Ans. That is through their sinful negligence and self-deceit: And he is a liar that speaks a falshood, which he may and ought to know to be a falshood, though he do not know it. There is a liar in rashness and negligence, as well as of set purpose.

Quest. 8: doth all unworthy receiving make a man liable to damnation? Or, what unworthiness is it that is so threatned?

Ans. There are three sorts of unworthiness

thiness (or unfitness) and three sorts of Judgment answerably to be feared. 1. There is the utter unworthiness of an Infidel, or impenitent, ungodly Hypocrite: And damnation to Hell fire, is the punishment that such must expect, if Conversion prevent it not. 2. There is an unworthiness through some great and scandalous crime, which a regenerate person falleth into; and this should stop him from the Sacrament for a time, till he have repented and cast away his sin: And if he come before he rise from his fall by a particular *repentance*, (as the *Corinthians* that sinned in the very use of the Sacrament it self) they may expect some notable temporal judgment at the present; (and if Repentance did not prevent it, they might fear Eternal punishment.) 3. There is that measure of unworthiness which consisteth in the ordinary infirmities of a Saint; and this should not at all deter them from the Sacrament, because it is accompanied with a greater worthiness; yea, though their weakness appear in the time and manner of their receiving: But yet ordinary corrections may follow these ordinary infir-

mities. (*The grosser abuse of the Sacrament it self, I joyn under the second rank.*)

Quest. 9. *What is the particular preparation needful to a fit Communicant?*

Ans^w. This bringeth me up to the next Direction.

5. *Let your preparation to this Sacrament consist of these particulars following,*
 1. *In your duty with your own consciences and hearts.* 2. *In your duty towards God.*
 3. *And in your duty towards your Neighbour.*

I. Your duty with your hearts consisteth in these particulars. 1. That you do your best in the close examination of your hearts about your States, and the sincerity of your Faith, Repentance, and Obedience: To know whether your hearts are true to God, in the Covenant which you are to renew and seal. Which may be done by these inquiries, and discerned by these Signs. 1. Whether you truly loath your selves for all the sins of your hearts and lives, and are a greater offence and burden to your selves, because of your imperfections and corruptions, than all the World besides is? *Ex. 6. 9. & 20.*

43. & 36. 31. Rom. 7. 24. 2. Whether you have no sin but what you are truly desirous to know; and no known sin, but what you are truly desirous to be rid of; and so desirous, as that you had rather be perfectly freed from sin, than from any affliction in the world? Rom. 7. 22, 18, 24. & 8. 18. 3. Whether you love the searching and reforming Light, even the most searching parts of the Word of God, and the most searching Books, and searching Sermons, that by them you may be brought to know yourselves, in order to your settled peace and reformation? Job 3. 19, 20, 21. 4. Whether you truly love that degree of holiness in others which you have not yet attained your selves, and love Christ in his Children, with such an unfeigned love, as will cause you to relieve them according to your abilities, and suffer for their sakes, when it is your duty? 1 John 3. 14, 16. 1 Pet. I. 22. & 3. 8. Jam. 2. 12, 13, 14, 15. Mat. 25. 40. &c. 5. Whether you can truly say, that there is no degree of holiness so high, but you desire it, and had rather be perfect in the

love of God, and the obedience of his will, than have all the riches and pleasures of this World, *Rom.* 7. 18, 21, 24. *Psal.* 119. 5. *Mat.* 5. 6. And had rather be one of the holiest Saints, than of the most renowned prosperous Princes upon Earth? *Psal.* 15. 4. & 16. 2. *Psal.* 84. 10. & 65. 4. 6. Whether you have so far laid up your treasure, and your hopes in Heaven, as that you are resolved to take that only for your portion; and that the hopes of Heaven, and interest of your Souls, hath the prebeminence in your hearts against all that stands in competition with it? *Col.* 3. 1, 3, 4. *Mat.* 6. 20, 21. 7. Whether the chiefest care of your hearts, and indeavor of your lives, be to serve and please God, and to enjoy him for ever rather than for any wordly thing? *Mat.* 6. 23. *Job.* 5. 26. *2 Cor.* 5. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9. 8. Whether it be your daily desire and indeavor to mortifie the flesh, and master its rebellious opposition to the Spirit; and you so far prevail, as not to live, and walk, and be led by the flesh, but that the course and drift of your life is spiritual? *Rom.* 8. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13. *Gal.* 5.

17, 21, 22. 9. Whether the world, and all its honour, wealth, and pleasures appear to you so small and contemptible a thing, as that you esteem it as dung, and nothing in comparison of Christ, and the love of God and Glory? and are resolved, that you will rather let go all, than your part in Christ? And, which useth to carry it in the time of trial, in your deliberate choice? *Phil.* 3. 7, 8, 9, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20. *I John* 2. 15. *Luke* 14. 26, 30, 33. *Matth.* 13. 19, 21. 10. Whether you are resolved upon a course of holiness and obedience, and to use those means which God doth make known to you, to be the way to please him, and to subdue your corruption; and yet feeling the frailties of your hearts, and the burden of your sins, do trust in *Christ* as your Righteousness before God, and in the *Holy Ghost*, whose Grace, alone can illuminate, sanctifie, and confirm you? *Acts* 11. 23. *Psal.* 119. 57, 63, 69, 106. *I Cor.* 1. 30. *Rom.* 8. 9. *John* 15. 5. *2 Cor.* 12. 9. By these Signs you may safely try your states.

2. When this is done you are also to

try the strength and measure of your Grace ; that you may perceive your weakness, and know for what help you should seek to Christ. And to find out what inward *corruptions* and *sinful inclinations* are yet strongest in you, that you may know what to lament, and to ask forgiveness of, and help against. My Book called *Directions for weak Christians*, will give you fuller advice in this.

3. You are also to take a strict account of your *lives*; and to look over your dealings with God and Men, in secret and publick, especially of late, since the last renewal of your Covenant with God, and to hear what God and Conscience have to say about your sins and all their aggravations, *Psal.* 139. 23. *1 Cor.* 11. 28.

4. And you must labour to get your hearts affected with your condition, as you do discover it. To be humbled for what is sinful, and to be desirous of help against your weakness, and thankful for the Grace which you discern.

5. Lastly, you must consider of all the work that you have to do, & all the mercies which you are going to receive, and
what

what Graces are necessary to all this, and how they must be used; and accordingly lock up all those Graces, and prepare them for the exercise to which they are to be called out. I shall name you the particulars anon.

I I. Your duty towards God in your preparation for this Sacrament, is, 1. To cast down your selves before him in humble penitent confession, and lamentation of all the Sins which you discover; and to beg his pardon in secret, before you come to have it publicly sealed and delivered. 2. To look up to him with thankfulness, Love, and Joy, as becomes one that is going to receive so great a mercy from him; and humbly to beg that Grace which may prepare you, and quicken you to, and in the work.

III. Your duty towards others in this your preparation, is, 1. To forgive those that have done you wrong, and to confess your fault to these whom you have wronged, and ask them forgiveness, and make them amends and restitution so far as is in your power; and be reconciled to those with whom you are fallen out; and

to see, that you love your neighbours as your selves, *Mat.* 5. 23, 24, 25, 26, 44. *James* 5. 16. 2. That you seek advice of your Pastors, or some fit persons, in cases that are too hard for your selves to resolve, and where you need their special help. 3. That you lovingly admonish them that you know do intend to communicate unworthily, and to come thither in their ungodliness, and gross sin unrepented of: That you shew not such hatred of your Brother, as to suffer sin upon him, *Lev.* 19. 17. But tell him his faults, as Christ hath directed you, *Mat.* 18. 15, 16, 17. And do your parts to promote Christs Discipline, and keep pure the Church. See *I Cor.* 5. throughout.

Direct. 6. *When you come to the holy Communion, let not the over-scrupulous regard of the person of the Minister, or the company, or the imperfections of the ministration, disturb your meditations, nor call away your minds from the high and serious employment of the day.* Hypocrites who place their Religion in bodily exercises, have taught many weak Christians to take up unnecessary scruples, and to turn their
eye

eye and observation too much to things without them.

Quest. *But should we have no regard to the due celebration of these sacred Mysteries, and to the Minister, and communicants, and manner of Administration?*

Ans. Yes: You should have so much regard to them, 1. As to see that nothing be amiss through your default, which is in your power to amend. 2. And that you joyn not in the committing of any known sin. But, 1. Take not every sin of another for your sin, and think not that you are guilty of that in others, which you cannot amend; or, that you must forsake the Church and worship of God, for these corruptions which you are not guilty of; or deny your own mercies, because others usurp them or abuse them. 2. If you suspect any thing imposed upon you to be sinful to you, try it before you come thither; and leave not your minds open to disturbance, when they should be wholly employed with Christ.

Quest. *But what if my conscience be not satisfied, but I am still in doubt, must I not forbear? Seeing he that doubteth is condemned*

condemned if he eat, because he eateth not in Faith; for whatsoever is not of Faith is sin?

Answer: The Apostle there speaketh not of eating in the *Sacrament*, but of eating meats, which he doubteth of whether they are lawful, but is sure, that it is lawful to forbear them. And in case of doubting about things indifferent, the surer side is to forbear them, because there may be sin in doing; but there can be none on the other side in forbearing. But in case of *Duties*, your doubting will not disoblige you; else men might give over praying, and hearing Gods Word, and believing, and obeying their Rulers, and maintaining their Families, when they are but blind enough to doubt of it. 2. Your erring Conscience is not a Law-maker, and cannot make it your duty to obey it. For God is your King, and the Office of your Conscience is to *discern his Law*; and urge you to obedience, and not to *make you Laws* of its own: So that if it speak falsely, it doth not oblige you, but deceive you. It doth only *ligare*, or insnare you, but not *ob'igare*, or make

a sin a duty. It casteth you into necessity of sinning more or less till you relinquish the error: But in case of such duties as these, it is a sin to do them with a doubting Conscience, but (ordinarily) it is a greater sin to forbear.

Object. But some Divines write, that Conscience being Gods Officer; when it err-eth, God himself doth bind me by it to follow that error, and the evil which it requir-eth becometh my duty.

Ans. A dangerous error tending to subversion of Souls and Kingdoms, and highly dishonourable to God. God hath made it your duty to know his Will, and do it. And if you ignorantly mistake him, will you lay the blame on him, and draw him into participation of your sin, when he forbiddeth you both the error and the sin? And doth he at once forbid and command the same thing? At that very moment, God is so far from obliging you to follow your error, that he still obligeth you to lay it by, and do the contrary. If you say; *You cannot.* I answer, Your impotency, is a sinful impotency; and you can use the means, in which his Grace can

can help you: and he will not change his Law, nor make you Kings and Rulers of your selves instead of him, because you are ignorant or impotent.

Direct. 7. In the time of administration go along with the Minister throughout the work, and keep your hearts close to Jesus Christ, in the exercise of all those Graces, which are suited to the several parts of the administration. Think not that all the work must be the Minister's. It should be a busie day with you, and your hearts should be taken up with as much diligence, as your hands be in your common labor; but not in a toilsome weary diligence, but in such delightful business as becometh the guests of the God of Heaven, at so sweet a feast, and in the receiving of such unvaluable gifts.

Here I should distinctly shew you, I. What Graces they be that you must there exercise. II. What there is obiectively presented before you in the Sacrament, to exercise all these Graces. III. At what seasons in the administration each of these inward works are to be done.

I. The Graces to be exercised are these
(besides

(besides that holy fear and reverence common to all worship) 1. A humble sense of the odiousness of *sin*, and of our *undone condition* as in our selves, and a displeasure against our selves, & loathing of our selves, and melting Repentance for the sins we have committed; as against our *Creator*, and as against the Love and Mercy of a *Redeemer*, and as against the holy Spirit of Grace. 2. A *hungring and thirsting desire* after the Lord Jesus, and his Grace, and the favour of God and communion with him, which are there represented and offered to the Soul. 3. A *lively Faith* in our Redeemer, his death, resurrection and intercession; and a *trusting* our miserable souls upon him, as our sufficient Saviour and help; And a *heartly acceptance* of him and his benefits upon his offered terms. 4. A *joy and gladness* in the sense of that unspeakable mercy which is here offered us. 5. A *thankful heart* towards him, from whom we do receive it. 6. A *fervent Love* to him that by such Love doth seek our Love. 7. A *triumphant Hope* of life eternal, which is purchased for us, and sealed to us. 8. A *willingness and resolu-*

tion to deny our selves, and all this world, and suffer for him that hath suffered for our Redemption. 9. A Love to our Brethren, our Neighbours and our Enemies, with a readiness to relieve them, and to forgive them when they do us wrong. 10. And a firm *Resolution* for future obedience, to our Creator, and Redeemer, and Sanctifier, according to our Covenant.

II. In the naming of these Graces, I have named their objects : which you should observe as distinctly as you can, that they may be operative. 1. To help your Humiliation and Repentance, you bring thither a loaden miserable Soul, to receive a pardon and relief: And you see before you the Sacrificed Son of God, who made his soul an offering for sin, and became a Curse for us to save us who were accursed. 2. To draw out your desires, you have the most excellent gifts and the most needful mercies presented to you that this world is capable of: Even the pardon of sin, the Love of God, the Spirit of Grace, and the hopes of Glory, and Christ himself with whom all this is given. 3. To exercise your Faith you have Christ here
first

first represented as crucified before your eyes: and then with his benefits, freely given you, and offered to your acceptance, with a Command that you refuse him not.

4. To exercise your delight and gladness, you have this Saviour and this Salvation tendered to you; and all that your souls can well desire set before you.

5. To exercise your Thankfulness, what could do more than so great a Gift, so dearly purchased, so surely sealed, and so freely offered?

6. To exercise your Love to God in Christ, you have the fullest manifestation of his attractive Love, even offered to your eyes, and taste, and heart, that a soul on earth can reasonably expect; in such wonderful condescension, that the greatness and strangeness of it surpasseth a natural mans belief.

7. To exercise your hopes of life eternal, you have the price of it here set before you; you have the Gift of it here sealed to you; and you have that Saviour represented to you in his suffering, who is now there reigning, that you may remember him, as *expectants* of his Glorious coming to judge the world, and glorifie you with himself.

8. To exercise

ercise your self-denyal and resolution for suffering, and contempt of the world and fleshly pleasures, you have before you both the greatest example and obligation, that ever could be offered to the world; when you see and receive a Crucified Christ, that so strangely denied himself for you; and sat so little by the world and flesh. 9. To exercise your love to Brethren, yea, and Enemies, you have his example before your eyes, that loved you to the death when you were Enemies: And you have his holy servants before your eyes, who are amiable in him through the workings of his Spirit, and on whom he will have you shew your love to himself. 10. And to excite your Resolution for future obedience, you see his double Title to the Government of you, as Creator and as Redeemer; and you feel the obligations of Mercy and Gratitude; and you are to renew a Covenant with him to that end; even openly where all the Churches are witnesses. So that you see here are powerful object before you to draw out all these Graces, and that they are all but such as the work requireth you then to exercise.

III. But that you may be the readier when it cometh to practice, I shall as it were lead you by the hand through all the parts of the administration, & tell you when and how to exercise every grace, and those that are to be joynd together shall take together, that needless distinctness do not trouble you.

I. When you are called up and going to the Table of the Lord, exercise your Humility, Desire and Thankfulness, and cry in your hearts, *What Lord, dost thou call such a wretch as I? What! me that have so oft despised thy mercy? and wilfully offended thee, and preferred the fith of this world and the pleasures of the flesh before thee? Alas, it is thy wrath in Hell that is my due: But if love will choose such an unworthy guest, and Mercy will be honoured upon such sin and misery, I come Lord at thy call: I gladly come: Let thy will be done; and let that mercy which awaiteth me, make me acceptable, and graciously entertain me; and let me not come without the wedding Garment, nor unreverently*

unreverently rush on holy things, nor turn thy mercies to my bane!

2. When the Minister is confessing sin, prostrate your very souls in the sense of your unworthiness, and let your particular sins be in your eye, with their hainous aggravations; The whole need not the Physician, but the sick. But here I need not put words into your mouths or minds, because the Minister goeth before you, and your hearts must concurr with his Confessions, and put in also the secret sins which he omitteth.

3. When you look on the Bread and Wine which is provided and offered for this holy use, remember that it is the Creator of all things, on whom you live, whose Laws you did offend; and say in your hearts, *O Lord, how great is my offence? who have broken the Laws of him that made me, and on whom the whole Creation doth depend? I had my Being from thee, and my daily Bread; and should I have requited thee with disobedience? Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son.*

4. When

When the words of the Institution
 read, and the Bread and Wine are so-
 ly consecrated, by separating them to
 sacred use, and the acceptance and
 ing of God is desired, admire the mer-
 hat prepared us a Redeemer, and say,
*God how wonderful is thy wisdom and
 love? How strangely dost thou glorifie thy
 cy over sin that gave advantage to glo-
 thy justice? Even thou our God whom we
 ve offended, hast out of thy own Treasury
 ished thy own justice, and given us a
 viour by such a Miracle of Wisdom, Love,
 d Condescension, as men or Angels shall
 ver be able fully to comprehend: so didst
 ou love the sinful world, as to give thy
 n, that whosoever believeth in him,
 ould not perish, but have everlasting life.
 thou that hast prepared us so full a reme-
 y, and so pretious a gift, sanctifie these
 reatures to be the Representative Body
 nd Blood of Christ, and prepare my heart
 r so great a gift, and so high and holy and
 onourable a work.*

5. When you behold the Consecrated
 Bread and Wine, discern the Lords Body,
 nd reverence it as the Representative Body
 and

and Blood of Jesus Christ; and take heed of Prophaneing it, by looking on it as common Bread and Wine; Though it be not Transubstantiate, but still is very Bread and Wine in its Natural being, yet it is Christs Body and Blood in representation and effect. Look on it as the consecrated Bread of life, which with the quickning Spirit must nourish you to life eternal.

6. When you see the *Breaking* of the Bread, and the *Pouring* out of the Wine, let *Repentance*, and *Love*, and *Desire*, and *Thankfulness*, thus work within you. O wondrous Love! O hateful sin! How merciful, Lord, hast thou been to sinners? & how cruel have we been to our selves & thee? Could Love stoop lower? Could God be merciful at a dearer rate? Could my sin have done a more horrid deed, than put to death the Son of God? How small a matter hath tempted me to that, which must cost so dear before it was forgiven? How dear payed my Saviour for that, which I might have avoided at a very cheap rate? Ah how low a price have I valued his Blood when I have sinned and sinned again for nothing

otbing ! This is my doing ! My sins were
the Thorns, the Nails, the Spear ! Can a
Murderer of Christ be a small offender ?
O dreadful justice ! It was I and such other
sinners that deserved to bear the punishment
who were guilty of the sin ; and to have
been fuel for the unquenchable flames for
ever. O pretious Sacrifice ! O hateful sin !
O gracious Saviour ! how can mans dull
and narrow heart, be duly affected with
such transcendent things ? or Heaven make
its due impression upon an inch of flesh !
Shall I ever again have a dull apprehensi-
on of such Love ? Or ever have a favour-
able thought of sin ? Or ever have a fear-
less thought of justice ? O break or melt
this hardened heart, that it may be some-
what conformed to my crucified Lord ! The
tears of Love and true Repentance are easi-
er than the flames from which I am redeem-
ed. O hide me in these wounds, and wash
me in this pretious blood ! This is the Sacri-
fice in which I trust : This is the Righteous-
ness by which I must be justified, and saved
from the Curse of thy violated Law ! As
thou hast accepted this, O Father, for the
world, upon the Cross, Behold it (till on

the behalf of sinners; and bear his Blood that cryeth unto thee for mercy to the miserable, and pardon us, and accept us as thy Reconciled Children, for the sake of this Crucified Christ alone. We can offer thee no other Sacrifice for sin; and we need no other.

7. When the Minister applyeth himself to God by prayer, for the efficacy of this Sacrament, that in it he will give us Christ and his benefits, and pardon, and justify us, and accept us as his reconciled Children; joyne heartily and earnestly in these requests, as one that knoweth the need and worth of such a mercy.

8. When the Minister delivereth you the consecrated Bread and Wine, look upon him as the messenger of Christ, and hear him as if Christ by him said to you, *Take this my broken body and blood, and feed on it to everlasting life: and take with it my sealed Covenant, and therein the sealed testimony of my love, and the sealed pardon of your sins, and a sealed gift of life eternal; so be it, you unfeignedly consent unto my Covenant, and give up your selves to me as my redeemed ones.* Even as in deliver-
ing

ing the possession of House or Lands, the deliverer giveth a Key, and a Twig and a Turf, and saith, *I deliver you this house, and I deliver you this Land*: So doth the Minister by Christ's Authority deliver you Christ and pardon and title to eternal life. Here is an Image of a sacrificed Christ of Gods own appointing, which you may lawfully use: And more than an Image; even an investing Instrument, by which these highest mercies are solemnly delivered to you in the name of Christ. Let your hearts therefore say with Joy and Thankfulness, with Faith and Love, O matchless bounty of the eternal God! what a gift is this! and unto what unworthy sinners! and will God stoop so low to man? and come so near him? and thus reconcile his worthless enemies? Will he freely pardon all that I have done? and take me into his family and love, and feed me with the flesh and blood of Christ? I believe; Lord help mine unbelief. I humbly and thankfully accept thy gifts! Open thou my heart, that I may yet more joyfully and thankfully accept them: Seeing God will glorifie his love and mercy by such incomprehensible

gifts as these, behold, Lord, a wretch that needeth all this mercy! And seeing it is the offer of thy Grace and Covenant, my Soul doth gladly take thee for my God and Father, for my Saviour and my Sanctifier: And here I give my up self unto thee, as thy Created, Redeemed and (I hope) Regenerate one; as thy Own, thy Subject and thy Child, to be saved and Sanctified by thee, to be beloved by thee and to Love thee to everlasting: O seal up this Covenant and pardon, by the Spirit, which thou sealest and deliverest to me in thy Sacrament: that, without reserve, I may be entirely and for ever thine!

9. When you see the Communicants receiving with you, let your very hearts be united to the Saints in love, and say, *How goodly are thy Tents, O Jacob! How amiable is the Family of the Lord! How good and pleasant is the unity of Brethren? How dear to me are the pretious numbers of my Lord! though they have yet all their spots and weaknesses, which he pardoneth, and so must we. My goodness O Lord extendeth not unto thee; but unto thy Saints, the excellent ones on earth, in whom*

is my delight. What portion of my estate thou requirest I willingly give unto the poor, and if I have wronged any man, I am willing to restore it: And seeing thou hast loved me an enemy, and forgiven me so great a debt, I heartily forgive those that have done me wrong, and love my enemies. O keep me in thy Family all my days, for a day in thy Court is better than a Thousand, and the door-keepers in thy house are happier than the most prosperous of the wicked, Numb. 24. 5. Psal. 133. & 15. 4. & 16. 2, 3. Luke 19. 8. Psal. 84. 10.

10. When the Minister returneth Thanks and Praise to God, stir up your souls to the greatest alacrity; and suppose you saw the Heavenly Hosts of Saints and Angels praising the same God in the presence of his Glory; and think with your selves, that you belong to the same family and society as they, and are learning their work, and must shortly arrive at their perfection: Strive therefore to imitate them in Love and Joy; and let your very souls be poured out in Praises and Thanksgiving: And when you have the next measure for your private thoughts (as when

the Minister is exhorting you to your duty) exercise your love and thanks and Faith and hope and self-denial and Resolution for future obedience, in some such breathings of your Souls as these : O my gracious God, thou hast surpassed all humane comprehension in thy Love ! Is this thy usage of unworthy prodigals ! I feared lest thy wrath as a consuming fire would have devoured such a guilty Soul ; and thou wouldest have charged upon me all my folly : But while I condemned myself, thou hast forgiven & justified me ; and surprized me with the sweetest embracements of thy love ! I see now that thy thoughts are above our thoughts, and thy ways above our ways, and thy love excelleth the love of man, even more than the Heavens are above the earth. With how dear a price hast thou Redeemed a wretch, that deserved thy everlasting vengeance ! with how pretious and sweet a Feast hast thou entertained me, who deserved to be cast out with the workers of iniquity ! shall I ever more slight such Love as this ? shall it not overcome my Rebelliousness ; and melt down my cold and hardened heart ? shall I be saved from Hell and

not be thankful? Angels are admiring these miracles of Love? and shall not I admire them? Their love to us doth cause them to rejoyce, while they stand by and see our Heavenly feast? And should it not be sweeter to us that are the guests that feed upon it? My God how dearly hast thou purchased my Love? How strangely hast thou deserved and sought it? Nothing is so much my grief and shame, as that I can answer such Love, with no more fervent fruitful Love. O what an addition would it be to all this pretious mercy, if thou wouldst give me a Heart to answer these thine invitations, That thy Love thus poured out, might draw forth mine, and my Soul might flame by its approaching unto these thy flames? And that Love draw out by the sense of Love, might be all my life? O that I could Love thee as much as I would Love thee? Yea as much as thou wouldst have me Love thee? But this is too great a happiness for earth! But thou hast shewed me the place where I may attain it! My Lord is here, in full possession: who hath left me these pledges, till he come and fetch us to himself, and feast us there in our Ma-

sters Joy ; O blessed place ! O happy company that see his Glory, and are filled with the streams of those Rivers of consolation ! yea happy we whom thou hast called from our dark and miserable state, and made us Heirs of that felicity, and passengers to it, and expectants of it, under the conduct of so sure a guide ! O then we shall Love thee without these sinful pauses and defects ! in another measure, and another manner than now we do : when thou shalt reveal and communicate thy attractive Love, in another measure and manner than now ! Till then, my God, I am devoted to thee ; By right and Covenant I am thine ! My soul here beareth witness against myself, that my defects of Love have no excuse ; Thou dost deserve all, if I had the Love of all the Saints in Heaven and Earth to give thee. What hath this world to do with my affections ? And what is this sordid corruptible flesh, that its desires and pleasures should call down my Soul, and tempt it to neglect my God ? What is there in all the sufferings that man can lay upon me, that I should not joyfully accept them for his sake, that hath Redeemed me from Hell, by such unmatched

unmatched voluntary sufferings? Lord, seeing thou regardest, and so regardest, so vile a worm, my heart, my tongue, my hand confess, that I am wholly thine. O let me live to none but thee, and to thy service, and thy Saints on earth! And O let me no more return unto iniquity! nor venture on that sin that killed my Lord! And now thou hast chosen so low a dwelling, O be not strange to the Heart that thou hast so freely chosen! O make it the daily residence of thy spirit! Quicken it by thy grace; adorn it with thy gifts; employ it in thy Love, delight in its attendance on thee; refresh it with thy joys and the light of thy countenance; and destroy this carnality, selfishness and unbelief; And let the World see that God will make a Palace of the lowest heart, when he chooseth it for the place of his own abode.

Direct. 8. When you come home, review the mercy which you have received, and the duty which you have done, and the Covenant you have made: And, 1. Betake your selves to God in Praise and Prayer for the perfecting of his work: And, 2. Take heed to your hearts that they grow

not cold, and that worldly things or diver-
ting trifles, do not blot out the sacred im-
pressions, which Christ hath made, and
that they cool not quickly into their former
dull and sleepy frame. 3. And see that
your Lives be actuated by the grace that
you have here received, that even they that
you converse with may perceive that you
have been with God. Especially when
Temptations would draw you again to
sin; and when the injuries of Friends or E-
nemies would provoke you, and when you
are called to testify your Love to Christ, by
any costly work or suffering; remember
then what was so lately before your eyes,
and upon your heart; and what you resol-
ved on, and what a Covenant you made
with God. Yet judge not of the fruit of
your Receiving, so much by feeling, as by
faith: for more is promised than you yet
possess.

Here

solemn

Here follows the Authors
 Resignation of himself to Fa-
 ther, Son and Holy Ghost.

O My God, I look to Thee, I come
 to Thee, to thee alone! No man, no
 worldly creature made me; none of
 them did redeem me; none of them did
 renew my soul, none of them will justi-
 fie me at thy Bar, nor forgive my sin,
 nor save me from the penal Justice:
 none of them will be a full or a perpe-
 tual felicity or portion for my soul. I
 am not a stranger to their promises and
 performances: I have trusted them too
 far, and followed them too long! O that
 it had been less, (though I must thank-
 fully acknowledge, that Mercy did ear-
 ly shew me their deceit, and turn my en-
 quiring thoughts to thee :) to thee I re-
 sign my self, for I am *thine own!* to thee
 I *subject* all powers of my Soul and body,

for

'for thou art my Rightful Sovereign
 'Governour: from thee I *thankfully* ac-
 'cept of all the benefits and comforts of
 'my life: in thee I expect my true felici-
 'ty and content: to know thee, and love
 'thee, and delight in thee, must be my
 'blessedness, or I must have none. The
 'little tastes of this sweetness which my
 'thirsty soul hath had, do tell me that
 'there is no other real joy. I feel that
 'thou hast *made* my mind to *know thee*,
 'and I feel thou hast made my heart to
 'love thee, my tongue to praise thee, and
 'all that I am and have to serve thee!
 'And even in the panting languishing de-
 'sires and motions of my soul, I find that
 'thou, and only thou, art its resting place:
 'and though Love do now but *search*, and
 'pray, and cry, and weep, and in reaching
 'upward, but cannot reach, the glorious
 'light, the blessed knowledge, the perfect
 'love, for which it longeth; yet by its eye,
 'its aim, its motions, its moans, its groans,
 'I know its meaning, where it would be,
 'and I know its end. My displaced soul will
 'never be *well*, till it come near to thee,
 'till it know thee better, till it love thee
 'more

‘more. It loves it self, and justifieth
‘that self-love, when it can love thee:
‘it loaths it self, and is weary of it self as a
‘lifeless burden, when it feels no pant-
‘ings after thee. Wert thou to be found
‘in the most solitary desert, it would seek
‘thee; or in the uttermost parts of the
‘earth, it would make after thee: thy
‘presence makes a croud, a Church: thy
‘converse maketh a closet, or solitary
‘wood or field, to be kin to the Angelical
‘Chore. The creature were dead, if
‘thou wert not its life; and ugly, if thou
‘wert not its beauty; and insignificant,
‘if thou wert not its sense. The soul
‘is deformed, which is without thine Im-
‘age; and lifeless, which liveth not in
‘love to thee, if love be not its pulse,
‘and prayer, and praise, its constant breath:
‘the Mind is unlearned which readeth
‘not thy Name on all the World, and
‘seeth not HOLINESS TO THE
‘LORD engraven upon the face of every
‘creature. He doteth that doubteth of
‘thy Being or Perfection, and he dream-
‘eth who doth not live to thee. O let
‘me have no other portion! no reason, no
‘love

' love, no life, but what is devoted to thee,
 ' employed on thee, and for thee here, and
 ' shall be perfected in thee, the only per-
 ' fect final object, for evermore. Upon
 ' the holy Altar erected by thy Son, and
 ' by his hands, and his mediation, I hum-
 ' bly devote and offer thee *THIS HEART*:
 ' O that I could say with greater feeling,
 ' *This flaming, loving, longing Heart!*
 ' But the sacred fire which must kindle
 ' on my sacrifice, must come from thee;
 ' it will not else ascend unto thee: let
 ' it consume this dross, so the nobler part
 ' may know its home. All that I can say
 ' to commend it to thine acceptance, is,
 ' that I hope it's wash'd in precious blood,
 ' that there is something in it that is thine
 ' own; it still looketh towards thee, & groan-
 ' eth to thee, & followeth after thee, and
 ' will be content with gold, and mirth,
 ' and honour, and such inferiour fooleries
 ' no more: it lieth at thy doors, and will
 ' be entertain'd or perish. Though alas,
 ' it loves thee not as it would, I boldly say,
 ' it longs to love thee, it loves to love
 ' thee; it seeks, it craves no greater blef-
 ' sedness than perfect endless mutual love:

‘ it is vowed to thee, even to thee alone ;
‘ and will never take up with shadows
‘ more ; but is resolved to lie down in
‘ sorrow and despair, if thou wilt not be
‘ its *REST* and *JOY*. It hateth it self
‘ for loving thee no more ; accounting no
‘ want, deformity, shame or pain so great
‘ and grievous a calamity.

‘ For thee the Glorious blessed *GOD*,
‘ it is that I come to *Jesus Christ*. If he
‘ did not reconcile my guilty soul to thee,
‘ and did not teach it the heavenly art and
‘ work of Love, by the sweet communi-
‘ cations of thy love, he could be no Sa-
‘ viour for me. Thou art my only ul-
‘ timate end ; it is only a guide and way to
‘ thee that my anxious soul hath so much
‘ studied, and none can teach me rightly to
‘ know thee, & to love thee, and to live to
‘ thee, but thy self : it must be a Teacher
‘ sent from thee, that must conduct me to
‘ thee, I have long looked round about me
‘ in the world, to see if there were a more
‘ lucid Region, from whence thy will
‘ and glory might be better seen, than
‘ that in which my lot is fallen : But no
‘ Traveller that I can speak with, no Book
‘ which

‘ which I have turn’d over, no Creature
‘ which I can see, doth tell me more than
‘ Jesus Christ. I can find no way so suit-
‘ able to my soul, no medicine so fitted to
‘ my misery, no bellows so fit to kindle
‘ love, as faith in Christ, the Glass and
‘ Messenger of thy love. I see no doctrine
‘ so divine and heavenly, as bearing the
‘ image and superscription of God; nor
‘ any so fully confirmed and delivered by
‘ the attestation of thy own Omnipotency;
‘ nor any which so purely pleads thy
‘ cause, and calls the Soul from *self* and
‘ *vanity*, and condemns its sin and puri-
‘ fieth it, and leadeth it directly unto thee;
‘ and though my former ignorance dis-
‘ abled me to look back to the Ages past,
‘ and to see the methods of thy provi-
‘ dence, and when I look into thy Word,
‘ disabled me from seeing the beauteous
‘ methods of thy Truth; thou hast given
‘ me a glimpse of clearer light, which hath
‘ discovered the reasons and methods of
‘ grace, which I then discerned not: and
‘ in the midst of my most hideous tempta-
‘ tions and perplexed thoughts, thou
‘ keptst alive the root of faith, and keptst
‘ alive

alive the love to thee and unto holiness which it had kindled. Thou hast mercifully given me the *witness* in my self; not an *unreasonable persuasion* in my *mind*, but that *renewed nature*, those holy and heavenly desires and delights, which sure can come from none but thee. And O how much more have I perceived in many of thy servants, than in my self! thou hast cast my lot among the Souls whom Christ hath healed. I have daily conversed with those whom he hath raised from the dead. I have seen the power of thy Gospel upon sinners: All the love that ever I perceived kindled towards thee, and all the true obedience that ever I saw performed to thee, hath been effected by the word of Jesus Christ: how oft hath his spirit helped me to pray! and how often hast thou heard those prayers! what pledges hast thou given to my staggering faith, in the works which prayer hath procured, both for my self and many others? And if Confidence in Christ be yet deceit, must I not say that thou hast deceived me?

‘ me ? who I know canst neither be de-
 ‘ ceived, or by any falshood or seduction
 ‘ deceive.

‘ On thee therefore, O my dear Re-
 ‘ deemer, do I cast and trust this sinful
 ‘ soul ! with *Thee* and with thy *holy Spirit*
 ‘ I renew my Covenant ; I *know* no o-
 ‘ ther ; I *have* no other ; I *can* have no
 ‘ other Saviour but thy self : To thee I
 ‘ deliver up this soul which thou hast re-
 ‘ deemed , not to be advanced to the
 ‘ wealth, and honours, and pleasures of this
 ‘ world ; but to be delivered from them,
 ‘ and to be healed of sin, and brought
 ‘ to God ; and to be saved from this
 ‘ present evil world, which is the portion
 ‘ of the ungodly and unbelievers :
 ‘ to be washed in thy Blood, and illum-
 ‘ inated, quickened and confirmed by thy
 ‘ SPIRIT ; and conducted in the ways
 ‘ of holiness and love : and at last to
 ‘ be presented justified and spotless to the
 ‘ Father of spirits, and possessed of the
 ‘ glory which thou hast promised. O
 ‘ thou that hast prepared so dear a medi-
 ‘ cine for the cleansing of polluted guilty
 ‘ souls, leave not this unworthy soul in its
 ‘ guilt,

guilt, or in its pollution! O thou that knowest the Father, and his Will, and art nearest to him, and most beloved of him, cause me in my degree to know the Father; acquaint me with so much of his will, as concerneth my duty, or my just encouragement: leave not my soul to grope in darkness, seeing thou art the Sun and Lord of Light. O heal my estranged thoughts of God! is he my light, and life, and all my hope? and must I dwell with him for ever? and yet shall I know him no better than thus? shall I learn no more that have such a Teacher? and shall I get no nearer him, while I have a Saviour and a Head so near? O give my faith a clearer prospect into that better world! and let me not be so much unacquainted with the place in which I must abide for ever! And as thou hast prepared a Heaven for holy souls, prepare this too-unprepared soul for Heaven, which hath not long to stay on earth. And when at death I resign it into thy hands, receive it as thine own, and finish the Work which thou hast begun, in placing it
among

‘ among the blessed Spirits, who are filled
 ‘ with the sight and love of God. I trust
 ‘ thee living; let me trust thee dying,
 ‘ and never be ashamed of my trust.

‘ And unto Thee, the Eternal Holy
 ‘ Spirit, proceeding from the Father and
 ‘ the Son, the Communicative LOVE,
 ‘ who condescendest to make *Perfect* the
 ‘ Elect of God, do I deliver up this dark
 ‘ imperfect soul, to be further renewed,
 ‘ confirmed and perfected, according to
 ‘ the holy Covenant. Refuse not to bless
 ‘ it with thine indwelling and operations;
 ‘ quicken it with thy life; irradiate it by
 ‘ thy light; sanctifie it by thy love; actuate
 ‘ it purely, powerfully and constantly by
 ‘ thy holy motions. And though the way
 ‘ of this thy sacred influx be beyond
 ‘ the reach of humane apprehension; yet
 ‘ let me know the reality and saving pow-
 ‘ er of it, by the happy effects. Thou
 ‘ art more to souls, than souls to bodies,
 ‘ than light to the eyes. O leave not
 ‘ my soul as a carrion destitute of thy
 ‘ life; nor its eyes as useless, destitute of
 ‘ thy light; nor leave it as a senseless
 ‘ block without thy motion. The re-
 ‘ membrance

‘membeance of what I was without
‘thee, doth make me fear lest thou
‘shouldest with-hold thy grace. Alas,
‘I feel, I daily feel that I am dead to all
‘good, and all that’s good is dead to me,
‘if thou be not the life of all. Teachings
‘and reproofs, mercies and corrections, yea,
‘the Gospel it self, and all the liveliest
‘Books and Sermons, are dead to me, be-
‘cause I am dead to them: yea, God is as
‘no God to me, and Heaven as no Hea-
‘ven, and Christ as no Christ, and the
‘clearest evidences of Scripture verity are
‘as no proofs at all, if thou represent
‘them not with light and power to my
‘soul: Even as all the glory of the world
‘is as nothing to me without the light by
‘which it’s seen. O thou that hast be-
‘gun, and given me those heavenly *inti-*
‘*mations* and *desires*, which flesh and
‘blood could never give me, suffer not
‘my folly to quench these sparks, nor
‘this brutish flesh to prevail against thee,
‘nor the powers of hell to stifle and kill
‘such a heavenly seed. O pardon that
‘folly and wilfulness, which hath too
‘often, too obdurately and too unthank-
‘fully

‘ fully striven against thy grace; and de-
‘ part not from an unkind and sinful soul !
‘ I remember with grief and shame, how
‘ I wilfully bore down thy motions ; pun-
‘ ish it not with desertion, and give me
‘ not over to my self. Art thou not in
‘ Covenant with me, as my *Sanctifier*, and
‘ *Confirmer*, and *Comforter* ? I never un-
‘ dertook to do these things for my self ;
‘ but I consent that thou shouldest work
‘ them on me. As thou art the Agent and
‘ Advocate of Jesus my Lord, O plead his
‘ cause effectually in my soul, against the
‘ suggestions of Satan and my unbelief ;
‘ and finish his healing saving work ; and
‘ let not the flesh or world prevail. Be
‘ in me the resident witness of my Lord,
‘ the Author of my prayers, the Spirit of
‘ Adoption, the Seal of God, and the ear-
‘ nest of mine inheritance. Let not my
‘ nights be so long, and my days so short,
‘ nor sin eclipse those beams, which have
‘ often illuminated my soul. Without thee,
‘ Books are senseless scrawls, studies are
‘ dreams, learning is a Glow-Worm, and
‘ wit is but wantonness, impertinency and
‘ folly. Transcribe those sacred precepts
‘ on

' on my heart, which by thy dictates and
 ' inspiration are recorded in thy holy
 ' word. I refuse not thy help for tears
 ' and groans: but O shed abroad that love
 ' upon my heart, which may keep it in a
 ' continual life of love. And teach me
 ' the work which I must do in Heaven:
 ' refresh my soul with the delights of holi-
 ' ness, & the joys which arise from the belie-
 ' ving hopes of the everlasting joys: Exer-
 ' cise my heart and tongue in the holy
 ' praises of my Lord. Strengthen me in
 ' sufferings; and conquer the terrors of
 ' Death and Hell. Make me the more
 ' heavenly, by how much the faster I am
 ' hastening to Heaven: and let my last
 ' thoughts, words and works on earth,
 ' be likest to those which shall be my first
 ' in the state of glorious immortality;
 ' where the Kingdom is delivered up to
 ' the Father, and GOD will for ever be
 ' *All*, and *In all*: of whom, and through
 ' whom, and to whom are all things, To
 ' whom be glory for ever. *Amen.*

A Pathetical Meditation on the Passion of Christ ; to be read by Communicants before their reception of the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper.

Quest.

What is the Sacrament of the Lords-Supper?

Answ. It consists of two visible signs, *Bread and Wine*, which by the Lords appointment was to represent to the receiver his bloody death, that so his Disciples may keep it fresh in their memories.

Q. But is it only to remember that there was a Christ, and that he was crucified, and no more ?

Answ. Experience tells us that such a bare remembrance as that, doth little move upon the heart and upon the affections, and so will do little or no good. It is not the remembrance of any mans death that doth of it self affect me, but as I consider him as a *Father*, or as a *Husband*, or as a *Friend*,

Friend, with many other expressions of his love to me when living, this will exceedingly work upon the heart, so as to cause sorrow and grief, and the like.

Quest. *What is it then that I must call to mind when I think upon a bleeding and dying Christ, so as to affect my heart?*

Ans^w. The cruel and bloody nature of his Death; here you may consider the whole story of his Arraignment, his being betrayed by his own Apostle, his being spit upon and crowned with thorns, his being mocked and jeered by putting a reed into his hand instead of a scepter, afterwards his bearing of a Cross, and his being nailed to it in his hands and feet; after that, his being pierced through with a spear; this *Mat. 27.* will fully acquaint you with. Secondly, the causes of his Death; it was no natural disease, neither was it for any evil done of his own, but for us, *He bore our iniquities upon the cross.* Thirdly, the effects of his death, which was to obtain power of his Father to conquer the Devil, and pull us out of his hands; to break our hearts, and to conquer us to himself, to pardon our sins,
and

and to give unto us eternal life with himself in glory, and this upon our faith and sincere repentance. Now from all these things are your Meditations to be raised, before you come to this Sacrament, and when you are receiving of it.

An *Example of Meditation* I have here set you down as followeth.

Away these wanton wandering wordly *thoughts*, you are clogs to my soul. Away all trifling worldly *business*, I cannot now attend your call, my heart hath now something else to do. Adieu my *Friends*, farewell my *Husband, Wife and Child*, I must go see my *bleeding Lord*, that's dearer to me than you all. Come now my soul, thou art alone, thou knowest the way make hast and speed; look yonder, see how the people flock; cross but this *vale*, and climb but up this *mount*, thou wilt soon arrive at bloody *Golgotha*, where thou shalt see thy *bleeding and dying Saviour* to sigh and linger out a dying life on the *Cross* in love for thee. This, this might, *Oh my Soul*, have been thy day,

day, and thou might'st have been the prisoner; this I say *might have been* the day in which thou might'st have drunk the bitter cup of the fierce anger of God. But look yonder! there *he* goes that must drink up the dregs, and all for *thee*. Look again! there he goes that must lay down his life that thou maist be reprieved. But come, *my soul*, draw up a little nearer, thou canst not see him well at so great a distance; stand here and thou wilt see him passing; look, there he goes with a train of Virgins following. But see how cruelly these barbarous *Jews* do use him, they make him bear his Cross himself, and press his wearied fainting limbs above his strength; see how they laugh and scoff, and wag their heads as if he were their *May-game*. Methinks my heart boils up with rage to see these cruelties revenged. Oh! how could the blessed God forbear to see his blessed Son thus wronged? Why did he not send twelve Legions of Angels for his rescue? Why doth he not send down fire from Heaven upon the heads of these his Sons enemies, and so consume them? But stay *my foolish heart*,

thou knowest not what spirit thou art of ;
 this debt was owing, and it must be paid;
 God requires *so much*, and it must be giv-
 en, or thou canst not be saved. Thy
 Lord did know this well enough, for this
 he came from Heaven, and committed
 himself to the rage of men; he knew he
 must endure all these revilings, and doth it
 grieve thy soul to see him thus abased ?
 Stay but a while, and thou shalt see him
 more ; look up, *my soul*, come, tell me
 what thou seest ? Oh I cannot, sorrow tyes
 my tongue, I cannot speak; I see and hear
 those things that I want a power to utter. I
 see a *troop of Virgins* following him, their
weeping Eyes, their *blubbering lips*, their
sighs and *throbbings* speak them mourners.
 I see my Lord looks towards them, and
 kindly chides their loving sorrow, *Why*
weep ye, Oh ye Daughters of Jerusalem?
weep not for me. My Lord ! what need
 was there for that question ? Should not
 they *weep* when thou must *bleed* ? Would
 not their eyes have been flints if that *then*
 they should not drop *tears* for thee, when
 as thou wert about to pour out thy *life*
 and *blood* for them ? Ah ! could they
 chuse,

chuse, or do less than weep to see thine
 innocent self among a herd of *Tygers* !
 what should a *Lamb* do there ? they saw
 thee in their ravenous jaws about to tear
 thy heart, to suck out all thy blood, and
 leave thee dead. Have I not sat and read,
 and read and wept viewing over the
 story ; and could they forbear that with
 their watry eyes saw this scene then *acted* ?
 But whither, O whither, O ye blinded
Jews, are ye dragging this my Lord ?
 My spirit begins to faint, I now can look
 no longer, my heart now begins to swell
 with grief, it must now break, or I must
 vent it at mine eyes in streams ! Look !
 see the Hammer and Nails, the Hammer
 lift up to strike. Bloody man ! thou durst
 not sure ; surely thou dost not know *whose*
 hands and feet thou art now piercing ; it
 is the *Prince and Saviour of the World*
 Foolish heart ! see how thou art mistaken ;
 look, see it's done, the nails are driven to
 the head ! see how the *crimson tears* run
 trickling down his hands and feet, and
 see how hardened hearts be laughing at
 it ! Oh silly foolish blinded men ! what
 laugh you at ? This very *Christ* whom

now you mock, shall be your Judge; this very man *Jesus* whom you have *thus abused* shall come attended with thousands of Angels, with the sound of Trumpets, and shall sit upon your *life* and *death*. Him whom you now have nailed to a Cross, *but* God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour. What then will you do when that great and terrible day of the Lord shall come? How will you look him in the face whom you have *spit on*? How will you dare to speak a word for your selves to him whom you have *nailed to a tree* and *crucified*? His wounds in *hands*, *side* and *feet* shall all bear witness against you, and his *innocent blood* that you have spilt shall cry aloud about the throne for vengeance against you; your *flouts* shall then be turned into *tears*, and your *taunts* into *lamentations*. And how will you then look and cry when God passeth sentence on you, and thrusts you down to Hell to bear the punishment of your sins? this is the Lord that came to spare your lives, yet your wickedness spared not his; and how at length can you think to escape with yours?

But

But once again, look up *my soul*, and see what is become of thy *nailed and crucified Lord* : Ah me ! he is not *quite* dead, look how he gasps and pants for life ! Oh how his looks are changed ! How pale and wan do I see his cheeks ! the blood and all the spirits are quite drawn from them. Methinks he should be dead, for see how weak his *neck* is grown, that it is not able to support his *head* that lyés a dying on his *bleeding breast*. What yet not *dead* ! see how he shakes and stirs his dying limbs ! what *gasps* and *groans* do I hear him fetch, as if his soul were struggling to get out ? Hark, hark, he *speaks* ! Oh let me catch the least breath of my dying Saviour. What saith my Lord ? Hark, what dost thou not hear ! What ? *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?* I am amazed to hear these words. How couldst thou suspect thy Fathers love ? How could he be *far from thee*, who was *one with thyself* ? But Oh ! this is but the voice of his *Manhood*, and not of his *Godhead*. It was the voice of the dying and bleeding *Man Jesus*, not the voice of the *God Jesus*.

But, *Oh my Lord*, what are those pains and gripes thou feelest, that brings forth these complainings? But why do I ask this question? hath he not been all this while a drinking up the cup his Father gave him, the bitter, and sour, and poysonous cup of his Fathers wrath, which I and all the world had else drunk of? he just now swallowed down the last mouthful of the dregs, whose *bitter noisom taste* hath sent forth these *doleful lamentations*; for mark, he had no sooner spoke these words, but he gasped his last.

The causes of his Death.

And must the *Son of God* be humbled thus? must he that was from everlasting, raised and advanced *above every man in heaven and earth*; he that lay in the arms and breast of God, loved by the Father, and his *only Son*; honoured, adored, admired and beloved of ten thousand times ten thousands of Angels; But must *this God* leave all this glory, and change that sweet Heavenly and delightful *Palace* for so mean, so low, so dirty a *cottage*, as to be born a *man*. And must his entertain-
ment

ment at first be no better than a *stable* or a *manger* could give him? No sooner must he begin to live, but must an enemy assault his life? Must he travel up and down the earth, and spend his time and strength in preaching *glad tidings* to miserable undone men, and fill the world with *signs and wonders*, and not deserve so much of men as a house to dwell in, or a hole to put his head in? and after all this humble, holy, long-suffering life, must he be thought of by this unthankful and unbelieving world as one not worthy to live, and not have a breathing in that air which he both made and gave them to breath in? but must he at length be laid hold of by a traitorous *Judas* that he had once taken for one of his Apostles; & must he suffer all this? But ah! alas! what is this? must he be also *crowned with thorns*, and must he *sweat and bleed*? Oh far more than tongue can utter! Oh astonishing condescension! thus did the Son become a *servant*, and learn'd obedience by his sufferings, and served *three and thirty years apprenticeship* in the pain and travel of his soul here on earth, a longer time than *Jacob* served for his

beloved *Rachel*, & that because he loved us better, and therefore gave a better dowry for us. But had I lived to have seen this *Prince of Glory* thus disguis'd, this *Eastern Sun* thus benighted in a cloud, this Glorious God thus wraped up in rags of flesh, should I have known him, or not? my sensual heart, I doubt thee much; wouldest thou have cleaved to him and loved him better than thy life, and have said, *Though all leave thee, I will not*; and with *Paul*, *I am willing and ready not only to be bound, but to die for thee*. What thinkest thou, *Oh my soul*! couldst thou have left Husband, Wife, Father and Mother, and all the rest of thy Friends, and have sold all that thou hast, and followed him, what him whom the Prophet foretold? *Isa. 53. 23. He hath no form or comeliness in him, that you should desire him: he is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs*. Tell me, tell me, couldst thou have divorced thy self from all, and have taken this seemingly uncomely person for thy Lord, and only Husband? Ah me! I do not know my heart; but surely, had

I known him as I do now know him, I should not have stuck at any thing for him. For what if his Face did want *comliness*, seeing it came so with tears and grief for thee? and wilt thou love thy friend the worse, because he shares in sorrow with thee? for thou canst not but know that he came from Heaven to take to himself a Spouse on Earth; and if I was one that he loved, and grieved for to see my stubborn heart so hard to yield, was this the cause he wanted beauty? On such a want as this is lovely, and methinks my heart could have cleaved the closer to him, *There was no beauty or comliness in him*, and what of that? my ugly and deformed soul deserves more loathing; my *righteousness*, the comeliest part about me is but *rags*, or a *menstruous cloth*; if there were no more desirableness in him than in me, Oh had I loved him then, and left all for him, it were no wonder: but that he should love me, I rather stand amazed! There was no *beauty* in him, it may be so; but could it be otherwise expected from him who came to work in *fire and smoke*, who came to quench the Flames of Hell, and

to satisfy Gods wrath and justice? to pull out filthy souls from the jaws of lustful sensual flesh and blood? it was not *beauty* but *strength* that was here needful. A glance of an *amorous* eye would not have wounded *Satan*, and made him fall from Heaven like a flash of Lightning. A *comely countenance* could not have enchanted and unbar'd *Hell gates*, and made them fall, and break before him into shatters. What need a *fair hand* to touch our filthy *rotten souls*, and take them up in menstruous blood, and wash them clean; or what need such clean hands to clasp about the *rusty iron gates* wherein I and all the world lay bound in chains, and to pull them down, to take our cankered bolts and knock them off; to take us by the hand to help us up, and lead us out? Alas! there needs no such *eye, face, or hand* for such a work. It is powerful, all-conquering strength that is here required. It was a powerful victorious arm that here was needed, and such a one he had. But what should he do with a *beautious body* that must be so abused and *abused* as his was? an uncomely face will serve where it must be *spit on*.

What

What must he do with a *fair soft delicate hand*, which must be *pierced*; another kind of hand is good enough to *knock a nail into*. And what needs his body be of a clear, white, thin, transparent skin? will not any serve that body that must be bruised and wounded as his was; nay, as it was necessary his should be? But why thus necessary? either he must be thus dealt with, or else my sin cannot be pardoned. Either he must be despised of men, or I *must be of God*. Oh! he must drink up this bitter cup with all its dregs, or else I must have drunk it up myself. It was I that sinned, and I must have suffered: this cursed, proud and earthly heart of mine rebelled and broke the Laws, and should have suffered and born the punishment; had not he stepped in and born the stroke off from me, I had been now burning in everlasting flames, and have been lingering out this time in torment, which I am now spending in the sweet thoughts of my escape. And is not this all true? speak out, *my Soul*; hath not the *Prophet* said as much? *Surely* (saith he) *he hath born our griefs, and carried our sorrows:*
he

he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace lay upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep are gone astray, we are every one turned to his one way, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all. He was oppressed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before the shearers was dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and judgment, and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living. And for the transgression of my people was he smitten. Thou seest thy debt, and thy Saviours payment of it; these are no fictions; thou hast just now read a sure word of Prophecy that hath confirmed it. Those wounds, those stripes, those bruises which thou readest of, he bore for thee, and which were due to thee. It was thou that shouldst have been led from prison to judgment, from prison to the Judgment-seat of the great God, who should have sat as Judge; he should have arraigned thee, sentenced thee, and have
sent

sent thee to the slaughter-house of Hell, where thou shouldest have been weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of thy teeth. But Oh amazing love and grace ! the Son of God that loved me better than his life, stept off his Throne and took my nature on him, and became a man like to me (only sin excepted) he came and bid me comfort my trembling heart, he would put himself in my condition, and become the prisoner ; and if my sin would cost his *life*, he would freely part with it. Methinks I feel my bowels turn, my spirits melt within me ; was ever love like to his love ? he was a stranger to me : why did he not let me die ? It was his Father I did wrong, why did he not let me suffer ? What if my punishment was as great as Hell ? surely I did deserve it. What if my pains and screeches were eternal ? Ah ! I was a creature, a worm, a fly, a nothing to him, and what need he have cared ? but he loved me ; and could he love a prisoner at the Bar ? I was a *sinner*, a *vile polluted* one, methinks he should have *loathed* me ; but he did *wash* thee, and make thee clean again. Ay, but I was
his

his Fathers *enemy*, and so no friend to him; or would he love an enemy? or did he not know so much? but how could that be when he saw my heart, and the enmity that was in it? yes, he did, and yet he loved thee; *even while we were enemies he died for us.* But why did he love an enemy? or how could he do it? I know not why, it is past my reason to imagine it: *Oh inexpressible love!* Oh love past thought! I cannot fathom thee with my reason, thy ways are unaccountable; *he loves because he will love.* And though his love displeaseth us, yet it pleaseth him to love us. What ails my heart? I cannot find it stir? What, dead under the reviving thoughts of thy dearest Redeemer! I just now said, he loved thee though an enemy, and when thou lovedst not him; I see the enmity is not quite remov'd, thou canst not love him yet: Arise, shake up thy self, and look about thee, thou dost not sure see thy mercy; surely thou understandest not what thou oughtest to understand. Come away, Oh come away, lift up thy drowsie head, I will make thee look and love, while I set thee all on burning, and make

make thee ere I leave thee confess thou lovest him. Think, think, *Oh my soul*, that thou hadst just now sinned and broke that law which threatned death, and upon the breach doth find thee guilty. Think that thou sawest a flaming Cherubim, a messenger of the Court of Heaven flit in at that door and arrest thee for High treason and give thee a summons to rise from the seat thou sittest on, to make a sudden answer for thy life. Look then, my soul, Ah ! I lookt just now, I see that door wide open : What's this a *spirit*? Ah me, I am undone, for I have sinned ! I think the room shakes under me, or else 'tis my heart that's trembling. What's this I hear ! I must now answer for my life : O what shall I say ! I know not what ; I have sinned, my Conscience tells me that I have sinned, the witness within will cast me, I see the Inditement writ with blood on my heart ; the pride, sensuality, and the earthliness of which I am charged with, I am not able to deny one tittle. Oh for a mountain to cover me : Oh whither shall I go, wither shall I flie ? That Bed, these Curtains, this closet cannot hide me.

My

My Mother, Father, Wife or Child, can not help me : O who then shall ? I run, whither, I know not ; vengeance will find me out where ever I go. Oh cursed and subtil *Satan* ! are all thy fair promises and inticements come to this ! O my wicked cursed foolish *heart* ! that ever I should believe him before my Creator, that told me, *the day I sinned I should surely die*. Oh that for a little simple transient pleasure I should so madly hazard my eternal life ! and now I must be cast to Hell to bear the punishment of my folly. Think once again, think that this were the day, and this the very place in which God should come and sit in Judgement on thee. - Methinks I see the Heavens bow themselves : Oh what a crackling do I hear in the Clouds ; look yonder ! see who comes ! it is *my Judge* ; his countenance is as a flame of fire, he utters his voice like Thunder, the mountains skip, or rather shake, or rather tremble. Now, now, is the time of my utter destruction near at hand. Oh how shall I look him in the face ! his looks do already affright me ! I shall not say one word, and I have not one Friend
that

that will say one word for me. It's true, I see a terrible glorious Troop of Angels that do attend him, but they are all his friends, and therefore all my enemies: I dare not speak a word to them; and alas! if I should, they are all but his servants, and fellow-creatures with my self; alas! they cannot, yea they will not help me. It's true, there is *one*, that *one* that seems *as one with God*, the beams of whose countenance are far brighter than all the Host of Heaven: Besides, if God have a Son, it may be it is he; methinks he is a *mirrour* of his Fathers Glory; but this I know not; be what he will, he cannot pity me a sinner, the doors of hope are all shut up, and now as a miserable wretch I must prepare to hear my sentence; the *Judge* is set, and with trembling heart and joints I stand a *prisoner* at the Bar for my life, and now I must attend his call.

God speaks,] Sinner, where art thou?

The Sinner answers] Lord, here am I.

God speaks] How dar'st thou thus abuse

buse my Grace, and kindle up my zeal against thee that now as stubble it will consume thee? Is this the thanks that thou hast returned for all the love that I have shewed to thee? Must I make a whole world and give it to thee, and as if that was too little, I bid thee freely take myself and all, and would not this content thee? Was I not as a Father to thee, the time thou lovedst me, and didst obey me? Did I not make thy seat a Paradise, and strewed thy paths with pleasure? Did I not rejoyce over thee as a young man over his bride? What evil hast thou found in me, that thou shouldst thus rebelliously revolt and break *my* Laws, and for a trifle sell my favour, and hazard my Eternal pleasures? Speak sinner, was it not so?

The sinner answers] My God, these weeping eyes and bended knees confess so much.

God speaks] Had I not told thee that sin would cost thee thy life, then thou hadst had some excuse: have I said it, and will the great God change? sinner, thou must die; I told thee so before, and now I
tell

tell thee again, the God of Heaven cannot lye. Get thee gone thou cursed wretch into eternal flames, and keep that Devil company in chains and torments, with whom thou hast rebelled against me, and go see what pleasures thou hast in sinning.

The Sinner answereth] Thou great God and terrible Judge; I do confess thy sentence just; but if there be any bowels of mercy in thee, pity me, or I die for ever. Mercy, mercy, Lord! for I am thy creature, the workmanship of thy hands. If there be any thing in the trembling heart and hands, and knees of this thy sentenced prisoner, that will move compassion, O pity, pity a condemned sinner.

God speaks] What! stays he longer to trouble my patience! I say, be gone thou cursed; though thou art my creature, know that my wrath hath kindled on better creatures than thou art; get thee to Hell, and the howling Devils will tell thee as much.

The sinner speaks] Ah, wo, wo, wo to me, for ever cursed I am, and cursed must I go for ever, My righteous Judge, and ye Glorious Angels adieu for ever: Live, live for ever blessed and happy in his love; I might have lived, and joyed, and gloried in that God that made both ye and me; but like a wretch that I am, wo that ever I was born, I sold his favour, and so my eternal life, for a thing of nought, a vain lust, a sinful pleasure that lasted but for a season, and I go, I go into eternal flames. What says my heart to this? Methinks the very thoughts of it do make my heart to quiver, and my flesh to shake all round about me; I feel no strength in all my joints.

God speaks] So, so, I am glad something moves thee.

But think again, that the Devil did take hold of thee, and drag thee from the place thou sittest on, to Hell; suppose the Father frowning on thee, and all the Angels shouting thee down to Hell, and glorying in thy damnation; but think
again

again thou sawest when all were joying to see thee sentenced to Hell, that he that sat just by the Judge, whom thou thoughtest even now to be his Son, but knewest it not. Look ! look ! methinks I see him rise off his Throne ; see, see, how the Angels fall to adore him, methinks he is a coming near thee. Oh how my heart doth tremble : Oh what will he torment me before my time ! Ah me ! my doom is great enough already.

Sinner speaks] Thou wilt not send me to a worser place than Hell ; my Judge hath passed my sentence, thou canst not send me into worser than flames, or punish me longer than everlastingly.

Christ answers.] Oh how my bowels turn ! this sinner knows not what is in my heart ; he thinks I am his enemy. Sinner, shake off thy tears, and wipe thine eyes, thou shalt not die.

The sinner speaks again.] Oh thou glorious God or Angel, or I know not what to call thee, do not delude or deride

a poor Caitiff wretch in the midst of misery: Why wilt thou raise me to such a pinnacle of hope, to cast me down, and make my fall the greater? My Judge hath passed the sentence, *I* must die; and who can reverse the doom? Ah! *I* must go; see my prison-door wide open; the smoke and flashes come to meet my despairing soul half way.

Christ speaks] And now my heart begins to break, my love can keep no longer in; how causelessly doth this wretch torment his heart! he knows not who *I* am: *I* must reveal my self. Sinner, *I love thee*; *I* say thou shalt not die: Come, feel my heart and pulse how they beat, and tell how strong my love within doth act them; Dost thou not see *I* have left my Throne, and am come down to the Bar where thou standest condemned? But why dost thou weep? Come, let me wipe thine eyes, and bind up thy bleeding and despairing heart: *I* tell thee thou shalt not die: If Heaven will have blood, it shall have mine, so it will but spare thine. Sinner, if thou knewest who *I* am, thou wouldst

wouldest not doubt one tittle: I tell thee I am his Son, his *only Son*, that but now condemned thee: *I* know he is just, and justice must be satisfied. But do not thou fear, if one of us must die, it shall be *I*: *I* will pour out my blood a sacrifice for sin, and appease his wrath, and make you friends again. Ye innumerable company of Angels, (yet servants at my Father will) why do ye rejoyce to see my prisoner sent to Hell? this cursed soul over whom in glory you do now triumph, *I* do resolve to die for, and to buy her to my self a Spouse, and to make her blessed with your selves, and give her a *Princes's* place on a Throne that is by my self.

Sinner speaks] Is this a dream! or am I waking? the goodness, greatness, glory of this sudden unexpected blessed change, tempts me to doubt whether it be true, or whether it be some unruly fancy that doth delude this wretched heart of mine? What for the Son of God to debase himself so low as to take my nature, & so my cause, and become the prisoner! What! and though he knows he shall be

be cast ! Will he hear the sentence, and quietly bear bolts, and shackles, and chains, which should have fettered me ? Yet more than this, Doth he know it is impossible to get a reprieve from his Father and judge ? and that he must most assuredly drink the bitterest dreg of Death, more bitter than Devils or damned Souls in Hell has yet ever tasted of ? For it is impossible the Cup should pass : And can he, will he, dare he venture ? But stay, I must be a Spouse ! to be exalted from this Dung-hill to be a *Princess* to the Son and Heir of Glory ! Hold, hold, here's enough, it is a dream, an idle fancy of a distempered brain ; I shall never find a heart to believe one Syllable. But yet, methinks, if it be a dream, 'tis a Golden one. Is it possible that such a damned wretch as I, could harbour such silken gilded thoughts of such love, grace, mercy and tenderness of the Son of God ? Oh my heart ! if they were not true, how came they into my mind, or how came they to stay ? or could they, if but meer fictions, make such a change in my heart ? Could they so victoriously conquer all my fear, silence

all my doubts, allay the heats of a scorched and be-helled Conscience? But why a dream, poor wretched heart? Didst thou not see him step off his Throne? Was it a time to dream or sleep in, when thou wert before the judgment-seat, while God was frowning, and the Devils dragging thee to and fro to get thee away to Hell? O then, just then, he stepped down, drew near and took thee by the hand, and spoke these reviving words to thee: Doubt this, and doubt thy judgment. But why a dream? I am not now in Hells torments, whither I was just now sentenced: My heart is now at ease and quiet; surely something must be the reason why the Devil that but now had hold of me, hath left me. Where is the Conscience that but now was burning in me; But Oh, cannot the presence of the Lord put me out of doubt? Do not his words that were so kind, his tender dealing with me, doth not his stooping to me, taking me by the arm, and the gentle lifts that he gives to my drooping soul, speak him present? Oh! do not my head, eyes, arms, heart, breast, and the ease of every joint

and limb about me, witness the same? Away my unbelieving heart, what a stir is here to make thee believe a thing so evident? Doubt my mind, and freely doubt, I'll give thee leave, when thou hast any occasion or reason for it. But why should I doubt that which is past all doubt? May I not believe my senses? I both saw and heard him speak the words; or shall I misdoubt his faithfulness? I know he is the Son of God he cannot lye, but it is true? yet, my God, I pray thee be not angry with my scrupulous heart; thou seest in tears I make the doubt, let it be an argument to me of sincerity: I do not ask that question as one that would be fain perswaded it's true: Canst thou think, my Lord, that I would not be reconciled, and cheerfully accept of Grace when thou so freely offeredst it? O but Lord, speak these words to my heart which thou hast already spoke to my ear, and thou wilt melt it into love and thankfulness, and I shall never doubt it more.

Object. But yet, but what can Heaven love so much?

Answ.

Ans/w. Thou silly worm! how idly dost thou question? must Heaven, and so its love, be bound up to so narrow and contracted thoughts as thine are? What, can God love no more than thou canst? Love is a perfection, and God is infinitely perfect, so must be infinitely and incomprehensively loving. Thou fool, go sound the Sea, and tell me its greatest depths; give me the height of yonder Stars, this possibly thou maist do; for the Seas are not so deep but they have a bottom, nor the Stars so high, but they may by art be known. But, Oh the heights, and depths, and breadths, and lengths of the love of our Redeemer! He is God, and his breasts are so full of love, that they flow and overflow with love; they have *no bottom*. Do but try, my soul, cast thy self into this bottomless lovely *Ocean*, into this endless *Bosom*; and when thou hast been sinking millions of millions of years, tell me whether you come to ground. Ye glorious Angels, and ye blessed Spirits of just men made perfect, that live above, you that have been *wading downward* these five thousands of years;

100 *A Parnellian Meditation*
do ye feel a bottom ? or are ye near one ?
Away, away, my foolish heart ; if this
be all thou hast to plead, he may redeem
thee, and take thee for his Spouse, and
betroth thee to himself, notwithstanding
all this.

Object. But Oh this filthy loathsome
fleshy self, this base unthankful earthly
heart, that can prefer a dunghill, dross,
and dirt, before him that can freely lay out
his love to a creature like my self : But
Oh how hard, and stiff, and unrelenting am
I to my God. But Oh he will slight me,
because I have often put him off, and slighted
him ; he cannot love and die for such a one
as I am:

Ans. Cease, fool, thy reasonings ; he
cannot love an enemy, because thou canst
not ; he cannot die, because thy cowardly
heart will not suffer thee ! Why should he
fear the grave, that had power over it ?
And what though thou art unworthy of
his love, if he will have thee and make
thee worthy ? Thy heart is base, and
what of that, if he will mend it ? thy fil-
thy

thy rotten and polluted soul he intends to wash and cleanse it till it is without spot and wrinkle, or any such thing. Thy stubborn proud earthly and lustful heart, he can make humble, tender, soft and yielding. And when he hath made thee as he would, why may not he take thee to himself, and lay thee next his heart, and delight over thee everlastingly ?

Obj-ct. But will his Father yield to this? I am too poor a match for the Son and heir of all things: But will he, can he suffer his Son to die to buy such a beggarly thing to himself as I am ?

Answ. Away these silly simple childish thoughts; how like an inhabitant of this earthly sensual world dost thou reason? thou wilt not under-match, and therefore will not God his Son? Thou fool, thou wilt not because thou canst find another equal. But dost thou not know that God can find none equal to his Son; he must stoop, or else go without. It's true, he might have gone without, but what if he would not, why should not

Heaven have its will as well as thou ? Thou hast no dowry, and he doth need none, and yet thou arguest as if Heaven would make traffick with his Son and his love, as we silly worms do here ; but we are beggars, and so are Angels, and all the glorious Hosts above, they are his Creatures, hang and depend upon him, and cannot subsist one moment happy without supplies and helps of his Grace ; and why may he not bring a beggarly man as near to himself, as a beggarly Angel, if so it pleaseth him ?

Object. *But doth it so please him ?*

Answer. How often have I told thee it doth please him and hast thou not believed ? Come, if thy *hearing* will will not satisfy, let thy *seeing* do it. Look, if thou hast eyes. Come tell me, doth not Heaven look as though it was pleased with the offer of his Son ? What cloud or darkness dost thou see about the Throne ? What sign or token of displeasure canst thou at all discover ? Open thine eyes, view the God of Glory. Do his looks bespeak him to be thy Father or
thy

thy Judge? And canst thou not be read both Husband, Father and Lord, and all in his countenance? What not see it! surely thou art blind: If he had not told as much from his own mouth, his eyes and looks bespeak his love and favour loud and clear enough to thee. But doth he not tell thee, to put thee out of all doubt, this is my well-beloved Son, hear him, hear him: What's that? believe him whatsoever he says, why, what saith he? O dull and stupid heart! hast thou forgot already! He said he will pay his life for thine; and doth not his Father bid thee hear him? He said he would reconcile thee, love thee, and make thee friends again; And is it not comfort when the Father bids thee believe him: he said, he will pardon, wash and cleanse thee, and take thee to himself, & betroth thee to him for ever, and after all will give thee to see his Glory, even the same Glory which he had before the World. And the Father is willing to all this, for he tells thee his Son, is his well-beloved Son, and bids thee believe him, and misdoubt not one syllable. And canst thou after all this

doubt that the Father is not willing? But do not his Angels likewise, who are ministering spirits, with voice and looks proclaim as much, that Heaven is well pleased with the Son, and with his Death and Passion, and so with thee in him? Do not the Angels admire the mystery of Redeeming Grace, that makes them so desirous to peep into it? Why did they proclaim his coming into the World, and sing for joy that there was good will in Heaven to men on earth? or why do they so diligently attend thee by night and day? Thou seest them not keep guard about thy Chamber-door, and round about the Curtains of thy bed. Why do they attend thee from room to room, and follow thee down stairs, and out of doors, if it were not but that thou art some great Princess, nearly allied to their Lord and Master? Thou dost not see this, blame then thine eyes, and the infidelity of thy heart; shall it be less true, because thy base infidelity cannot digest it? Thou might doubt God, Heaven, and every thing else on that score; but hast thou not it from his own mouth, that the Angels

gels are ministring spirits for the heirs of Glory ? Come, tell me, I say, tell me quickly, I must have an answer, Can this, and all this be true, and Heaven yet not be pleased ? If God with his Son and Angels be all content that thou shouldst be restored, and so exalted to such dignities as to be heir unto the Crown of Heaven; if these be pleased, who is there in Heaven that can else be displeased ? What saith my heart ? what not yet one word ? Oh how long shall I be troubled and pestered with my unbelief ! Oh my God, strike, chide, and break this flint, reprove this stubborn and unbelieving heart, I cannot perswade it that thou lovest me, or art willing to love me : I urge thy word, and my best reason to prove it, but I cannot make it yield. Oh break, I pray thee, this *Flint* or *Adamant* upon thy *downy breast* of love ; strike, and one blow of thine will make it fall in pieces, and confess at length that thou art well pleased with thy Son, and fully satisfied that he should bleed and die for me. But let me try thee once again, if thou hast lost thine ears and eyes ; I'll see if thou

hast lost thy feeling too. Thou sayst thou canst not believe that God is willing to accept the Son for thee, or that thou so vile a wretch canst be accepted of by the Father through the merits of his Death and sufferings. Come, tell me, is not this thy language? I know thou darest not to speak so much in words. But ah! my *Heart*, I find thou hast got a *Tongue*, as well as my *Mouth*, that often mutters and speaks a different language. But tell me if thy unbelief hath any ground for it? What makes it then that thy self is so free from fears and terrours, when thou shouldest believe the Almighty, of thy Bodies Death, Resurrection, and coming to Judgment, if thou thoughtest him not thy friend, and reconciled to thee in his Son? if not, methinks thy fears should fright thee, and trembling seize on every joynt; and yet thou wilt foolishly mutter against thine own feeling.

Soul Speaks] O blessed God! I feel thou hast overcome; I yield, I yield, I have not left a word to speak against thy love; thy Son hath offered satisfaction,
and

and thou hast accepted it ; thou hast laid down, O my Saviour, thy life for mine ; and thy Father and my Father is well pleased with it : Blood is paid, Justice is satisfied, Heavens doors are widened, thine arms opened to receive me ; nothing is wanting but by *heart* ; make it such as thou wilt have it, and then take it to thy self. Come up, my soul, thou hast an heart, and there is a Christ ; the Father thou seest is willing, and the Son is willing, give but thy consent, and he is thine for ever. Fear not thy hardness, blindness, deadness, loathsomness, all these cannot hinder, if thou be but willing. He hath been in the world to ask the world's consent already, and also thine ; thou canst not doubt of his good-will ; speak but the word, and he hath thine too. What stickest thou at ? surely thou art a sluggish spirit ; what dost thou ail ? Half of this ado would find a heart for a little mire or dirt, or something else that is worse, and is not Christ better ? But ah ! yet I feel a piece of unbelief still working in thy very bowels, as if that Jesus that died at Jerusalem were not the Son of
God,

God, and the Redeemer of the World. And is this all? O were I certain thou wouldst ne're doubt more, how freely should I make satisfaction? But Oh! I faint and tire with the trips and stumblings of my unbelief. - But mount, my Soul, thou must resolve to tire and put to silence all thy unbelieving babblings, or they will thee; which, if they do, never expect an hours peace or quiet more; thou must resolve to conquer thy unbelief, or to be conquered; thou knowest her tyranny too well to let her go away the victorefs. He was not the Christ, thou sayest, but tell me why?;

Object. His Parentage was too low and mean; what the Saviour of the world a Carpenters Sen! how can it be!

Ans. My unbelief, in the first place thou lyest, his Mother was a Virgin, and her Conception knew no Father but the Almighty power of the overshadowing Holy Ghost; he was more truly the Son of God than Joseph's Son. And was his birth, thinkest thou, so mean, whose Parentage was so glorious? *Object.*

Object. His birth but mean and beggarly; no sooner born, but cradled in a manger; and could Heaven suffer this?

Answer. It consists. But yet it was as glorious: for did not a Star proclaim him born? and did not a whole Host of Angels sing and shout it up for joy? and did not wise men, yea and Kings, bring Incense, Myrrh, and Frankincense, being but as so much tribute, unto the new-born King and heir of all things, as if by instinct they knew they held their Crowns of him? a greater honour than ever any new born Prince hath yet received before him, or ever shall or will do after him.

Methinks, my unbelieving heart, I could dare to tell thee, that room was no stable, it was a Palace; and did not the cost, presents, and glorious presence of Kings speak as much?

Object. But his days were spent in poverty, meanness and disgrace; and can I, dare I, trust my soul with such a one,
and

and take him to be the Son of God?

Answ. And now I wonder at thee! it's true what thou sayest, if thou lookest upon him one way; his life was such as thou tellest me of; but 'tis a strong argument against thy self; for just such a one was the Christ to be, according to the Prophets; the 53 *Chap.* of *Isa.* shews as much. But yet if thou truly understandest what true pomp and glory means, even to an eye of sense as well as to that of faith, *Solomon's* life imbroidered with all his glorious acts, was not comparable to this life of his. Was it not filled with miracles and wonders? was he not proclaimed the Son of God with voices from Heaven? did he not conquer Devils, and therefore the Kingdom of Hell? Was ever Prince on Earth honoured with so great a Conquest? Were not his miraculous Feasts more splendid than those of Princes? the fare was but poor and mean, but the miracles made it rich and glorious. Had I been present, should I not have wondered and gazed more at the Master of this Feast, and have taken more pleasure to have seen him sit down with these

these five thousands, than with a Table full of Princes and great men? Alas, it were a trifling sight to this. Methinks my unbelief that pleads so much for sense, sense it self pleads too strongly against thee, for thou canst not argue one Syllable.

Object. But would the Son of God be hanged and crucified? could Heaven have suffered this? could not the Saviour of the World save himself? how could he then save me?

Answer. Hadst thou not the blindness of the Jews, thou couldest not reason thus like them; but was it not necessary it should be so? Did not the Prophets foretell his death, and such a death? Had he not died, and died as he did, I might then have had some ground to doubt him whether he were the Messias or not, for it was needful that the Prophecies should be fulfilled, Dan. 9. But yet as wretched and as contemptible a going out of the world as he had, and his manner of dying on the Cross, how vile soever it seemed

to be, yet was there not enough to silence all the doubts that could possibly from thence arise, and much for the confirmation of my faith in the wonderful Eclipse of the Sun, the rending of the veil of the Temple, the opening of the Graves, the raising of the dead, and afterwards his own rising the third day, and ascending up to Heaven in a Cloud? If my faith might have staggered in seeing him on the Cross dying, it could not when it saw him risen, and in the Clouds ascending.

Obj. et. But were those wonders true and certain?

Ans. But hast thou any ground to doubt them? are they not written in thy Bible? and art thou not certain that it is the word of God? or hast thou not sufficient reason to believe it to be so? But hast thou not a whole Nation, yea Nations that do believe the same? and before this age, did not our Fathers, and Grandfathers, and great Grandfathers, and so continued a testimony of ages from the time that they were done, to this day, witness to the truth of them, and that

so.

so unanimously & resolutely that ten thousands have rather chosen to lose their lives, than the truth of them. Now put all these together, and tell me, canst thou doubt? Away, I see thou dost but trifle; confess the truth, or I am resolved to heed thee no longer. Come, take and embrace that crucified Jesus, account all things else but as loss, and dross, and dung in comparison with him; stick not at his outward meanness, scruple not at his ignominious dying, it is the very Christ the Saviour of the world. Oh why shouldest thou thus torment me? Dost thou not see all thy fellow-Christians to glory in that Cross, and in that Christ that died on it? Do they not bear it as a badge of honour, and shall it be to thee as shame? Do not all the Christian World eat and drink as often as they can the Symbols of this their dying Lord? And do they not all sing, and joy, and triumph in it? and wilt thou the while lye vexing thy self over a company of needless fears and scruples? Farewell all needless doubts and tormenting questions, I see my *faith* is built on a Rock, blow winds, beat waves,
you

you cannot now move me. Blessed God! I thank thee, for thy Son, thou hast given his life for the spoiler, thou hast bowed his back to the enemies, long furrows have they plowed upon it, and the day of his calamity they laughed at. Lord: thou hast wounded him for my sins, and bruised him for my iniquities. These speak the depth of thy counsels, and the ways of thy mercy past finding out, and the tenderness of thy bowels. Thou hast made him my Rock, and my shield, and my strong tower, and in the day of my sorrow through him thou wilt hear me. To thee, O God, will I make my vows, and to thee will I pay them; I will humble my self before thee. I will always lye at the feet of my Redeemer. Lord! his Cross and his shame shall be no more a stumbling-block to me, I will take it up and follow him, it shall be my Crown, my Song, and the glory of my rejoicing. I will enter into thy Courts with joy, and in the Congregations of thy Saints shall be my delight; I will remember thy loving-kindnesses of old, and the days in which thou didst afflict thy only Son for
the

the sins of my Soul. I will call to mind the Covenant of thy Grace; and my heart shall praise thee, when I see it founded on blood. Then will I betroth my self to thy Son; join thou, Lord, both our hands and hearts, and we will strike up a match for ever. Praise thou the Lord, Oh my soul, and all you that love and fear him, praise his holy name.

The SACRAMENT.

The Dress.

Lord, where am I! What! all the Children of the Bride-chamber up and drest, and I slumbring in my bed! Tell me ye fairest, what make you up so early? Alas our Lord was up before us all. He called us up by break of day, and wondered that we were not trimming our lamps, knowing with whom we were to feast this day. Oh well then I will rise up too. Oh what a shew do these bright and glittering Saints make in mine eyes? What a brightness do these pearls and diamonds cast in mine eyes! they do strike
me

me into amazement. Oh what a lovely
humble look doth crown their brow?
and what a comly countenance hath joy
and Heavenly delight cast on their cheeks?
surely they did not thus dress themselves,
it was my Father that made them thus
prepar'd to entertain his Son. But where
are my Clothes? Now for the fairest,
sweetest robe of thoughts and wishes that
can be found, or that the wardrobe of my
Father can afford me. Oh how naked
am I! But where are my *silken golden
twists of Faith to hang the jewels of joy, and
love, and humility upon?* I am never drest
till they be on. Oh where, where are
they? I saw them by me but just now.
I laid them by my heart before I went to
bed. Oh what was I so long a reason-
ing about? Oh what long and many
threads did my reason spin even now, but to
make these twines to tye up my joy, and
to raise up my love, and to hang my
Heavenly delight upon? But ah! I fear
this envious world hath with her vanities
stollen them away, or hid them from me;
or the envious Devil, or unbelief have
been ravelling or snarling of them, that
now

now I am as far to seek as ever. Whither, O whither shall I go to find them out? Now, will the Bridegroom come, and I am not ready? I cannot, dare not go to day. Now will my Lord be angry, and ask me why I came not, and I have no answer to make him. And if I go undrest, he will ask me, where is my Wedding-garment, and then I shall be speechless. Ah foolish simple heart! that thou shouldst take no more care but to let these thoughts of earth so intangle themselves with thy so pure and heavenly contemplations! Now how to get them loose again, thou knowest not; this thou mightest by heed and care have prevented; but now what help? Lord, I have sinned; O holy Father pardon this time, and I will take more heed. Oh come and unty my thoughts from this earth, and come and dress me up as best pleaseth thee. Come, be not discouraged, Oh my Soul! Let but thy attire of Grace be whole, that is, sincere, thy God, and so thy Saviour will accept thee. Though thy garments are not so much *perfumed with Heaven*, as thy brethrens are, but yet

yet if they are but white and free from the spots of flesh and spirit, thou wilt be looked on and liked of well enough. Thy Lord doth know that all have not Talents alike ; and where he gives but a little, he expects but little. A faith that is *richly embroidered over with love and delight*, is not given to all ; and is not expected from any but from those to whom it is given. Thou hast an honest, willing, serious heart, that thinks it doth despise and trample under feet the nearest, dearest pleasures, profits and glories in the world, in compare with him that gave himself to death for thee ; and hadst rather anger flesh and blood, the dearest friends, and all the world than him, by sinning against him in the least. If this be true, fear not, thou hast thy Wedding-garment on, thou art well clad ; as mean so ever as it is, it is such a one as Heaven gave thee, and such a one as thy dear Redeemer can, and will embrace thee in.

The Presence-Chamber.

Fear not, O my soul, I charge thee do
not

not faint. Let not thy weakness, and the poverty of thy grace, discourage thee: see how thy Lord draws nigh. Fear not, I say, he will not ask thee, *Friend, how camest thou hither not having on thy Wedding garment?* He sees thy heart, and sees thou hast it on. Oh he comes! and it is but to whisper thee a welcome in thine ear; it is but to fall about thy neck and kiss thy be-tear'd cheeks, and bid thee a kind welcome to thy bleeding Lord.

Soul. Oh did I think to be thus much made of! I thought he would not have minded me; but I did no sooner appear and set my feet within the doors, but he ran to meet me; he took mee in his arms, he brought me hither, and set me here. Is this a house, or is it a Palace? Is this a Court for Princes, or for Angels? Never did place more ravish me into amazement than this place! *Beautiful are thy gates, O Zion! O how pleasant is the habitation of the most high!* Is it the place or the company that strikes me into astonishment! Now I can say, most feelingly say with David, *My delights are with the*
the

the Saints of the most high, and the most excellent of the earth. Their poverty, their disgrace, their contempt amongst whom they live, do not puzzle my quicken'd Faith; these are the Kings Daughters that are all glorious within, their garments are of needle work, imbroidered over with pure gold, fine-spun gold. These! O these! how poor and mean soever they are, or may seem to be, these shall sit with Christ to Judge the World. Oh! how my soul is ravished with delight, to see and look on those with whom I shall live for ever! If they are so lovely now, what will they be hereafter, when our God shall take them, and scowr off their rust, and wash their Garments bright in the Sun-shine of his countenance, and change those mortal and corruptible bodies into immortal and glorious ones; and set them upon Thrones, about himself, and lade their heads with Crowns of massy gold; and when I shall hear them warbling out the everlasting Praises of the Lamb, whose Body and Blood we shall sit down to feed on!

Communion-Plate.

Never was Gold or Silver graced
 thus before,
 To bring this Body and this Blood
 to us, is more
 than to Crown Kings,
 or be made Rings
 For Star-like Diamonds to glitter in.

The Bread.

Welcome Fairest, *take and eat*; 'tis
 the sweetest dainties, dearest morsel Hea-
 ven can afford thee. Welcome, my Dear,
 to the Table of my Lord. Welcome a
 thousand times, I bid thee; yea, welcom-
 er than thine own heart can wish. Take,
 eat this morsel, it cost my life; it's a por-
 tion thy Father sent unto thee by me, and
 bid me remember thee of his love to thee.
 He bids thee remember a Fathers love,
 Ay, a Saviours. He hath a heart to give
 thee, and so have I. Take this in earnest
 of them both in one. Take freely; if
 thou wert not welcome, I would have
 G told

told thee; I would have asked thee for thy Wedding-Garment, knew I not thy heart; or if I were uncertain of thy love, I would have scorn'd thee as unworthy of my presence; did I know thou lovest any thing above me, I would have hid my face, and never have spoke thee a welcome so feelingly and kindly to thy soul. Tell me, O tell me! dost thou not love me? I know thou dost; and above Father or Mother, Wife or Child, Lands or Living, or Credit; I know thou dost. And wilt thou not take the Cross and follow me? I know thou wilt, I see and know the labour of thy love; I remember the pains and travel of thy soul; I saw thee follow me on thy knees in tears, and begged my life rather than thy life. I know thy heart, I saw it bleeding before my Throne; I took it in my arms and bound it up, and in that breast I remember I put it up again; I saw thee when no eye saw thee; I heard thee, and had compassion on thy groanings, whilst thou wert complaining that I had shut out thy prayers; I will remember since thy heart did first fall sick with love, since the time

that he that eats of this bread shall never hunger more. Well, I need not starve when there is such bread in my Fathers house. I need not, I will not, I cannot feed any longer on husks with the swine of the world. I fed on air and smoke before; I never tasted substantial bread till I tasted of this. This is the staff of my life, and upon this will I support my self to my very grave.

The Wine:

Christ. Come my Dearest, I have drunk, and thou shalt pledge me: I have broached my side, and drew it on purpose for thee. This is a Wine of mine own making, when I trod the Winepress of my Fathers wrath. It is my blood; but take and drink it; it was the cause of my wounding, but to thy soul it shall prove healing. I died and bled, it was but to make this Banquet for thee. I have brought thee into my Wine-cellar, and my Banner over thee shall be love. Fear not, take and drink, thou hast an *ulcer* in thy heart, and this shall cure it; spots and stains of guilt on thy soul, and this shall purge them away; thy spirits
are

are faint, this shall revive thee, thou art afraid to see thy Fathers face, this shall make thee to draw near the Throne of Grace with boldness. Drink, I charge thee; drink on thy love and loyalty to me. I command thee as thou wilt have thy heart to mend, thy wounds to cure, thy spirits to revive, thy fears to scatter, thy soul to love and obey me, take, O take this cup into thy hand, taste it, and praise my love.

Soul. Lord! I have taken, I have drunk as thou hast bid me, I neither could, or dare deny thee. Can I refuse thy blood when I have accepted thy self? Or can I accept my pardon at thy hands, and refuse the Seal thereof? I know I am vile, I am vile, but thou hast pardoned me. Lord, I have abused thy love, a thousand times refused thy offered self, and withstood the tenders of thy Grace; but thou hast covered all my sins, thou hast freely justified me by thy Grace, and made a full atonement for me by thy blood; this is that thou freely biddest me take, and I have freely drunk it. Never was Wine so full as this is. Never was Bowl so full

of pleasure as this. I have swallowed down my life and pardon at one draught: I took it from my Saviours hand, it was a cup of his own preparing. If ever drink was sugared, this was! I never tasted better relisht Wine in all my life!

The richest Cordials cannot match this
(draught Divine,
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
(this Wine.

Oh when my hopes but kist the purple dew,
(they hung and cleaved so,
As if they were loth to let thee go.

They strove and struggled to get near my
(heart,
As if intending there to take a part.

I dare not say them nay; blood from that
(Bowl
May the best room command within my
(soul.

What a sudden, strange, yet happy alteration do I find within! my languid spirits are revived; my winter is over. Methinks I feel my life and joy to spring amain. My *Aarons Rod* (a dry stick but
 now)

now) doth bloom and flourish. My newly ingrafted soul is full of Infant-clusters.

*Blood at the root of Vines
They say produce the richest Wines.*

Oh ! if my Lord will undertake to dress this Vine, and trickle down his blood into my root, then draw it up into each branch of Grace by the warming beam of his reviving love ; then let my Dears est come, let him come as he hath promised, and bring my Father and his Father with him, and sup both with me and in me. Let them come, and I will bid them a welcome, I shall have a fruit to present them with, which they themselves shall say is pleasant ; I shall not send my Father away now so oft complaining, I came to seek for grapes and fruit, but behold wild ones.

The Conclusion.

Oh ! how unwillingly do I rise ! methinks I could sit here and feast my heart and eyes for ever. What running-Banquets doth my Lord afford me here ! surely he should not need to fear that I should surfeit on himself. But alas ! I must be gone, what shall I do in yonder hungry soul-starving world again ? I have been feeding on my Paschal Lamb, and now I must go and eat my sowre herbs ; but if it be his will, I must obey ; if it be so, I must arise : I know thou hast prepared the endless feast above, where I shall ever sit and enjoy thy love, and glut my hungry eye and heart on the Banquet of thy everlasting self. As yet I am now on earth, my toil and work lyes heavy on my hands, I have yet an afternoon to labour out, God knows my work is hard, too hard for me my self to perform. I scarcely should have lasted out so long, but that ometimes at such seasons as this is, he repaired my sinking spirits by pouring in the Cordials of his Blood. Now I must go
and

and perhaps find as sharp conflicts with my self as ever. I know the World and Hell have been laying their snares and gins to catch my *new-fledg'd soul*; and all conspire against my welfare. Now it is well if I escape a fall, a bruise, a breaking of my bones, in which sad plight I have so often lain, that my Lord might have took me for dead, but that my groanings told him loudly I lived. Lord! must I leave this feast? must I go? Take me then by the hand, and lead me; if I must walk, let me see thee by me, that I may know I walk with my God. Lead me away, and I will go with thee; and let me not go till thou bringest me hither again; I cannot, will not live without thee. And do thou Lord, say, I must not, shall not.

*If both our hearts in love so well agree,
What then shall separate my Christ from
me?*

*A Meditation on the Death
of Christ, Preparative to the
Sacrament: Pen'd for his pri-
vate use.*

BUT is he dead? Oh sad! yet joyful news! how strangely is my soul amazed, and diversly mov'd and troubl'd by these contrary passions! methinks I could pull up the floodgates of my sorrow, and vent it out in tears; but something bids me hold. Shall I mourn for him that's just now past his state of mourning? He's dead! and what of that? And so are all his griefs, his bloody sweats, his sighs and groans concluded, *He hath drunk on the brook in the way*; bitter while they were in his mouth, and he was living; but sweet now they have sunk into his belly, and he in Heaven. Sweet to him, because it was his work, & he hath finish'd it; and sweet to me, be-
cause

cause it was the portion of sorrow, death, hell, that *I* must have taken. And canst thou mourn! methinks if thou didst love, thine heart should rather sympathize with his: He is singing, and shalt thou be sighing? He is joying that his work is done, and now is welcomed into Heaven by God his Father, and shouting up by Angels voices, as the great Conquerour of the hearts of men on earth, and that now in triumph he is returned. And will a mournful weed, a wet eye, and a cloudy brow, become thee at these times of Festivals? Shall the Heavenly Angels be joyful, and thou sad? How strangely will this be construed! Will it not be said, thou dost not love him? or thou dost envy his recovered glory that he had left, and now again hath taken? Or that thou canst not endure to see him wear his Princes Crown in Heaven, that for a time he had laid aside to come down to the earth to fetch thee thence to Heaven? But ah! my Lord, thou wilt not sure interpret sorrow thus; thou hast not sure forgot to give a meaning unto tears, to teach a sigh to speak, and then to know its language!

Hath

132 *A Meditation on Christ's Death,*
Hath my Lord forgot so suddenly that
he was on earth, and that he sweat, and
groan'd, and wept, and bled, as well as I
do now? What though now all tears,
and sorrow, and sighing is done away, and
he ceaseth to be any longer subject to our
infirmities? yet sure he knows it is not
thus with us. I am not yet in Heaven, nor
am I yet quite past the vale of sorrow; and
it cannot then be strange to him, if he
sees sometimes our faces look of a sadder
hue than those that are in Heaven. But
why should thus my tears be check'd, and
my throbbing heart be chidden; were it
for a thing of nought I might be counted
fool or child; but shall my Saviour die,
and vent his Soul in a stream of blood, and
all in love to me? and shall he thus for-
sake the world, and die and then be laid
in the grave, and I be denied the liberty
of following him thither as a mourner?
Shall it be said of the Prince of Glory,
that he died and had the burial of an *Ass*?
because there was none to sorrow forth
those words of, *Ah my Lord!* What!
shall it be granted to a Wife to mourn for
the death of a beloved Husband? and to

a Child at the burial of a beloved Father? Shall not such be blamed, but rather pitied? And shall their friends come in and confess the loss and the ground of their sorrow just, and rather sit them down and bear them company in their grief? And must I of all be thus censur'd? Away with an Husband, Wife, or Child to me: *Is* he not more to me than ten Husbands? Might I not have had an hundred that would have never done half so much for me as he hath done? That first left his glory for my sake, and then laid down his life, and took the stroke upon himself that I my self deserved, and all because he lov'd me? Was ever friend like this friend! and ever love, like this love! Many waters cannot quench love; but neither waters, blood, death, nor many deaths could quench his love to me. But shall he love, and die in love, and thus be forc'd to leave me, because he lov'd me, and I not mourn the absence of my best Beloved? How unreasonable may any this deny me! But ah! what a bitter-worded check did I even now receive; as if my sorrow would arise from the en-

vying

vying of his now glorious state, and not from any love I bare him! Oh! what needle-pointed words are those! methinks they have pierc'd mine heart in every part and from each prick hath started forth a drop, that hath set it o're with a bloody dew! But how can it once be thought that envy should get a room in an heart that's full of love, with which it swells, it bubbles up, and runs all over? it cannot be. Bear witness heavens! I do not grieve that you contain him, but that I on earth have lost him! Oh my God! I am not sorry that thy Son hath past his sufferings, and is arriv'd to rest, and got again into thy bosom, his ancient nest of love and pleasure. Oh you blessed Orders of *Seraphim & Cherubims*, and you *innumerable company of the spirits of the just men made perfect*! I do not envy that you have my Lord with you, that you see his face, and live and walk, and joy in the light of his countenance: Alas! we your poor Brethren could not make him so welcome here on earth, as you can there: we lov'd him as sincerely as you, and believ'd in him, and took delight too in him;

but

but yet nothing near so much as you. You know him better than we do ; for you know him as you are known, and therefore know better how to prize him. We know him but in part, and the value, price, & love could but be in the like proportion. He is therefore far much better there than here ; and how shall I then either envy him or you ! And what, my soul ! should I wish him back again ? what if I thought I could prize and love him more, and could promise the like for all his beloved disciples ? I could not alike engage for the wicked, envious, malicious, unbelieving world ; I could not promise he should meet with no other *Herod* to seek his life, or that the hard-hearted *Jews* would give him better entertainment, whom they dare yet curse with the name of Conjuror, though *Moses* and their Prophets bore witness to him, and though they received a seal from Heaven in voices, thunders, signs, and an innumerable company of real Miracles. Oh no ! my Lord ! though I could wish to see thy face again on earth, yet not in such a state of misery in the midst of a den of

Bears

136 *A Meditation on Christ's Death,*
Bears, and Lions, as not long since thou
wast. Ah ! thou knowest I took no
delight to hear that traiterous news of
thine own *Apostle* that had betray'd thee; &
that it fill'd mine heart with anguish to
hear how shamefully and scornfully thou
wast abused. Thou sawest me blush
when I heard thy face was spit on; my
head did ache when thine was crown'd
with thorns. Anguish and indignation
did loose my nerves, and with a palse
shook mine hands, when thine had a
Mock-Scepter put into them, a reed,
and a scoff, *Hail Jesus King of the Jews.*
And did not mine heart break and bleed
to hear that thine was pierced ! Ah my
Lord ! and shall I yet find an heart to
wish thee here again ! No, no, I am glad
thou hast escap'd their bloody hands, and
now got quite without their reach. I am
glad thou hast got to perfect ease and rest;
and know'st no pains, nor griefs, nor sor-
rows. Oh ! take a full possession of thy
Fathers breast, and sit thee down upon
his Throne, *Thou art a King for ever.*
And take delight in these thy soul did
travel, die and bleed for on earth. I

will

will repine at nothing that shall advance thy glory. But Oh! thou cruel bloody unbelieving world! you wicked murderous bloody *Jews*! though I rejoice my Lord is safe arrived home, and quietly landed within his Haven; yet from you I cannot hold mine anger, that made his Sea a Sea of blood, and drain'd his heart, to make it deep, & fill'd his sails with sighs and groans, that caus'd his voyage to be so doleful. What good got you to stand and laugh to see him sorrowful? to scoff and jeer to hear his lamentations? what cursed rage was that to make such haste to fetch him vinegar and gall to prolong his life, to lengthen out his dolours? How could you find such barbarous hearts to triumph over a bleeding dying lamb, that was so innocent? How could you taunt at him when you heard him praying for you, *Father forgive them!* and so tenderly excusing you, for *they know not what they do!* Methinks that kindly harmless carriage should have pierced your hearts; those melting words should have dissolv'd them; and instead of piercing him, I should have thought you pierced. And
ah!

ah ! but that I know an unbelieving heart my self, and understand what hardness means, I should stand and wonder ! Oh ! it's too hard an Adament for downy words, and doleful sounds, and tender carriages to break and shatter ! How often have I outstood all those my self ! And when I served my flesh, how little did I mind them ! And when they have been presented to me in the Gospel, or in a Sermon told that all these tortures he endur'd for me, and I in part believed it too, yet, was I not as a man bereft of my senses, and I was no more mov'd in mine heart, as if I had not heard or understood, and were quite bereav'd of sense and reason. But had I thus continued in my senseless unbelieving state, and as I liv'd so died ; yet how deservedly should I have born the wrath of God, and have been sent to Hell as a recompence of mine unbelief ? And yet, you careless secure *Jews*, can you think to escape when God comes to make inquisition for blood ? How will you do if this sin shall find you out ? *I* God requires blood for blood, what will become of yours ? If he had
been

been no more than a common man, the Law would then have required your lives for payment. But how if in the end he prove a *Prophet*? nay more than that, the Son of the most high God, the Prince and Saviour whom God had promised to raise, the *Messiah* whom *Moses* and the *Prophets* bare witness to, and him that you so long'd and wish'd to see! How will you look! what will you say! what answer will you make when all these truths are cleared? where will you hide your selves for shame? and what will you do when confusion shall thus take hold upon you? What! will you then confess the fact, or will you deny it? with what face can you do the first? And if you do the latter, the curse you and your Fathers drew upon your selves, *Let his blood be upon us and our children!* stand still on record against you, and will cry you guilty. Will you excuse it with your unbelieving ignorance? But how will you be able to rub your brows into so much confidence? How dare you say you were ignorant of him, when you say you know both *Moses* and the *Prophets*, and they bear witness of him?

You

You askt a sign, and did he not give you both signs and wonders? How often did he cure your Lame? How wonderfully did he heal your Lepers, and those sick of the Palsie, yea of all manner of diseases? How did he open the eyes of the blind! & give light to them that was born blind! yea, restore the withered hand, & make the crooked straight, and open the ears of the deaf, and cast out Devils, and raise the dead! *Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.*

A Prayer before the Receiving the Holy Communion:

MOST Holy God, I am as stubble before thee, the consuming Fire. How shall I stand before thy Holiness, for I am a sinful Creature, laden with Iniquity, that have gone backward, and provoked the Holy One of Israel; when I was lost, thy Son did seek and save me; when I was
dead

A Prayer before the Receiving &c. 141
dead in sin, thou madest me alive. Thou sawest me polluted in my blood, and saidst unto me live. In that time of love thou coveredst my nakedness, and enteredst into a Covenant with me, and I became thine own. Thou didst deliver me from the power of Darkness, and translate me into the Kingdom of thy dear Son; and gavest me remission of sin, through his blood. But I am a grievous Revolter, I have forgotten the Covenant of the Lord my God, I was engaged to love thee with all my heart, and to hate iniquity, and serve thee diligently, and thankfully to set forth thy praise. But I have departed from thee, and corrupted myself by self-love, and by loving the world, and the things that are in the world, and have fulfilled the desires of the flesh, which I should have crucified. I have neglected my duty to thee, and to my neighbour, and the necessary care of my own Salvation. I have been an unprofitable Servant, and have hid thy Talents, and have dishonoured thee, whom in all things I should have pleased and glorified. I have been negligent in hearing and reading thy holy Word, and in meditating and con-
ferring

142 *A Prayer before the Receiving
ferring of it, in publick and private
Prayer and Thanksgiving, and in my
preparation to this holy Sacrament, in the
examining of myself, and repenting of my
sins, and stirring up my heart to a belie-
ving and thankful receiving of thy grace,
and to love and joyfulness, in my Commu-
nion with thee, and with one another of
thy People. I have not duly discerned the
Lord's Body, but have prophaned thy holy
Name and Ordinance, as if the Table of
the Lord had been contemptible. And when
thou hast spoken peace to me, I returned
again to folly; I have deserved, O Lord,
to be cast out of thy presence, and to be for-
saken, as I have forsaken thee, and to hear
to my confusion, Depart from me, I know
thee not, thou worker of iniquity. Thou
mayest justly tell me, thou hast no pleasure
in me, nor wilt receive an Offering at
my hand. But with thee there is abundant
mercy. And my Advocate Jesus Christ
the Righteous, is the Propitiation for my
sins; who bare them in his Body on the
Cross, and made himself an Offering for
them, that he might put them away by the
Sacrifice of himself; have mercy upon me,
and*

and wash me in his blood; cloath me with his Righteousness; take away my iniquities, and let them not be my ruine; forgive them, and remember them no more: O thou that delightest not in the death of sinners, heal my back-slidings, love me freely, and say unto my soul, that thou art my salvation. Thou wilt in no wise cast out them that come unto thee, receive me graciously to the Feast thou hast prepared for me; cause me to hunger and thirst after Christ, and his Righteousness, that I may be satisfied: Let his flesh and blood be to me meat and drink indeed, and his Spirit be in me a well of living water, springing up to everlasting life. Give me to know thy Love in Christ, which passeth knowledge. Though I have not seen him, let me love him. And though now I see him not, yet believing let me rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory; though I am unworthy of the crumbs that fall from thy Table, yet feed me with the Bread of Life; and speak and seal up Peace to my sinful wounded soul. Soften my heart that is hardened by the deceitfulness of sin; mortifie the flesh, and strengthen

strengthen me with might in the inward man; that I may live and glorifie thy Grace, through Jesus Christ our only Saviour. In whose words I conclude, saying, Our Father, &c.

A Prayer after the Receiving of the Holy Communion.

MOST Glorious God, how wonderful is thy Power, and Wisdom, thy Holiness and Justice, thy Love and Mercy in this work of our Redemption, by the Incarnation, Life, Death, Resurrection, Intercession, and Dominion of thy Son! No power or wisdom in Heaven or Earth, could have delivered me but thine. The Angels desire to pry into this Mystery, the Heavenly Host do celebrate it with praises, saying, Glory be to God in the Highest; on Earth peace; good will towards men. The who'e Creation shall proclaim thy praises, blessing, honour, glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and honour, and glory; for he
hath

hath redeemed us to God by his blood, and made us Kings and Priests unto our God. Where sin abounded, grace hath abounded much more. And hast thou indeed forgiven me so great a debt, by so precious a Ransom? Wilt thou indeed give me to reign with Christ in Glory, and see thy face, and love thee, and be beloved of thee for ever? Yea Lord, thou hast forgiven me, and thou wilt glorifie me, for thou art faithful that hast promised. With the blood of thy Son, with the Sacrament, and with thy Spirit, thou hast sealed up to me these precious promises. And shall I not love thee, that hast thus loved me? Shall I not love thy Servants, and forgive my Neighbours their little debt? After all this shall I again forsake thee, and deal falsely in thy Covenant? God forbid, O! set my affections on the things above, where Christ sitteth at thy right hand. Let me no more mind earthly things, but let my Conversation be in Heaven, from whence I expect my Saviour to come and change me into the likeness of his glory. Teach me to do thy will, O God! and to follow him, who is the Author of Eternal Salvation, to all

them that do obey him. Order my steps by thy Word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me. Let me not henceforth live unto my self, but unto him who died for me and rose again. Let me have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but reprove them. And let my light so shine before men, that they may glorifie thee. In simplicity and godly sincerity, and not in fleshly wisdom, let me have my Conversation in the world. O that my ways were so directed, that I might keep thy Statutes! Though Satan will be desirous again to sift me, and seek as a roaring Lion to devour, strengthen me to stand against his Wiles, and shortly bruise him under my feet. Accept me, O Lord, who resign my self unto thee, as thine own; and with my thanks and praise, present my self a living Sacrifice to be acceptable through Christ. Useful for thine honour. Being made free from sin, and become thy Servant, let me have my fruit unto holiness, and the End Everlasting Life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. In whose words I farther pray, Our Father, &c.

A Divine Soliloquy.

O My Soul! thou hast been feasted with the Son of God, at his Table, upon his Flesh and Blood, in preparation for the Feast of Endless Glory; thou hast seen there represented, what sin deserveth, what Christ suffered, what wonderful Love, the God of infinite goodness hath expressed to thee. Thou hast had Communion with the Saints; thou hast renewed thy Covenant of Faith, and thankful Obedience, unto Christ. Thou hast received his renewed Covenant of Pardon, Grace and Glory to thee; O carry hence the lively sense of these great and excellent things upon thy heart. Remember, O my Soul! thou camest not (to that holy Table) only to enjoy the mercy of an hour, but that which may spring up to endless Joy. Thou camest not only to do the duty of an hour, but to promise that which thou must perform while thou livest on Earth. Remember daily, especially when Temptations to unbelief, and sinful heaviness assault thee,

what pledges of Love thou hast received. Remember daily, especially when Flesh, and Devil, and World, would draw thy heart again from God; and temptations to sin are laid before thee, what Bonds God and thy own Consent have laid upon thee. Remember, O my Soul! if thou art a Penitent Believer, thou art now forgiven, and washed in the Blood of Christ. O! go your way, and sin no more; no more thro' wilfulness, and strive against your sins of weakness. Wallow no more in the Mire, and return not to thy Vomit. Let the exceeding Love of Christ constrain thee, having such Promises, as 2 Cor. 6. 17, 18. O cleanse thy self from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Amen.

Hymns

*Hymns suited to the Sacrament of
the Lord's Supper. To be sung
in the common Tunes.*

A Hymn for the Sacrament.

H Y M N I.

I.

A New and well composed Song,
With raptures fill'd of Love,
And extasies of Joy, let's tune
Unto our Lord above.

Awake my drowsie sleepy Soul,
Awake dull heavy heart,
And all my faculties and powers,
Joyn, in and bear a part.

II.

Let judgment weigh the argument,
Let fancy it adorn,
Let memory bring forth its store,
Thoughts, offer your first-born.
God did assume the shape of Man,
With flesh his glory vail'd,

H 3.

Himself :

Himself he humbled unto death.

He to the Cross was nail'd.

III.

Made sin, us to acquit from sin;

Accursed, us to bless,

Of Righteousness he wrought a Robe

To hide our nakedness.

Darling of Heaven he was and is,

The Father's chief delight :

Angels wonder, the Saints above

Are ravish'd at his sight.

IV.

Array'd he is with Majesty,

Angels do him attend;

All pow'r is his in Heaven and Earth,

All to his Scepter bend.

A glorious Crown is on his head.

Most lovely is his face,

Treasures of wisdom are with him,

For us he's stor'd with grace.

V.

His Love doth pass dimensions,

His Love exceeds all thought,

Stronger than death, this Love to us

Salvation hath brought.

Hence all the Clouds away, away,

Darken no more mine eye,

Fain would I see this lovely one,
Whose dwelling is on high.

VI.

Open thine Eye, here Jesus stands,
He looks, he breathes, he moves :
By Faith thou may'st discern him plain,
In this sweet Feast of Loves.
And art thou here indeed, my Lord!
Draw nearer yet to me,
And nearer, nearer, my dear Lord ;
Too near thou canst not be.

VII.

Come my Beloved, let me view
Thy beauteous lovely face ;
Thee I would fold in arms of love,
Fain I would thee embrace.
I feel, I feel a flame within,
Dear Lord, I thee admire ;
Thy sparkling beauty which I see,
Hath set me all on fire.

VIII.

Thy kind looks have me overcome,
The glances of thine Eye,
Sweetly my Soul transported have,
I feel an extasie.
Unutterable Joys I feel,
How sweet ! how sweet ! how sweet

Is this taste of thy Love, whilst I
And my Beloved meet!

IX.

Sure this the Gate of Heaven is,
Methinks I'm entring in,
Where I shall always see thy face,
And no more grieve or sin.
Ten thousand praises let us give
Unto our Lord on high;
Let heart, and lip, and life combine
To make the melody.

HYMN II.

I.

O Come let us joyn all like one,
The Lord to magnifie;
Let us together lift his name
In sweet sounds to the Sky.
Sweet Hymns of Love come let us sing,
Let Love us act and move;
Let Love our voices tune to praise
Our God, for God is Love.

II.

God's Love the lofty Heav'ns above,
In height doth far transcend:
Its depth, the Sea; its breadth and length
Is without bound or end.

God's

God's Love to us is wonderful :

To us who Rebels were,
God gave his only Son to die,
That Rebels he might spare.

III.

From guilt and reigning power of sin,
And Satan's slavery ;

From fire of Hell us to redeem,
God gave his Son to die.

Christ suffer'd in our stead, he was
More harmless than the Dove :

That God should lay our sins on him ;
This, this indeed is Love.

IV.

O come let us give God our Loves,
Let every heart take fire ;

Let flames come forth and joyn in one,
And unto Heav'n aspire.

Sweet Spirit come, like Southern Gales,
Within us breathe and move ;

Blow up our spark into a flame,
That we may burn with love.

V.

That we with all our hearts may love,
Our hearts Lord circumcise :

Of Love perfum'd with sweet Incense,
Accept the Sacrifice.

V I.

Draw near, O God, unvail thy self,
 Our cloudiness remove ;
 O shine! and smile on us, that we
 may see thy face and love.

V I I.

Dear Jesus, come and visit us,
 A stranger do not prove ;
 Heal wounds of sin, speak peace that we
 Thy voice may hear and love.

V I I I.

Our selves we offer with our hearts,
 Our whole selves we resign
 To thee who art the God of Love,
 We are and will be thine.

H Y M N I I I.

I.

GOD hath us brought into his Courts,
 And Chambers of his Love,
 That he might feed and feast us here,
 With dainties from above.
 Heav'n opened is before our Eye,
 The Vail is rent, that we
 May upward look, and his dear Son
 Crowned with Glory see.

This

II.

This Jesus crowned was with Thorns,
Scourged with cruel hands,
His flesh was torn, when to the Cross
He tyed was with Bands.
Tears trickled from his mournful eyes,
Sweat dropped from his face,
Blood flowed from his hands and feet,
And side, in streams apace.

III.

His groans were strong, his crys were loud,
Pressures of wrath did lye
Upon his Soul, with sense of which
In anguish he did dye.
He harmless was, and innocent ;
No guilt upon him lay,
But as our Surety he our debts
Did by his sufferings pay.

IV.

Thus did he Justice satisfy,
By dying in our room,
That we might justified be
By Faith, that to him come.
The Bread we eat at this great Feast,
Christ's flesh is, and his blood
Is represented by the Wine ;
This, this indeed is food,

Here

V.

Here is the heavenly Manna, which
 Our God to us doth give :
 Who eateth other bread shall die ;
 In eating this we live.

A hidden life of Grace we have,
 Breathing desires and love ;
 Christ is our Life, the Author, Spring,
 By whom our Graces move.

VI.

Come let us look unto our Lord ;
 This Glas will show his face,
 Not veiled over with dark Types,
 As heretofore it was.

God-man, that name is wonderful ;
 So is his beauty ; so
 His love is full of wonders, both
 Beyond our reach to go.

VII.

Yet where we cannot comprehend,
 Looking, let us admire,
 Admiring love, loving rejoyce,
 And to enjoy aspire.

Our Lord is present at this Feast ;
 He looks, let's meet his Eye
 With ours ; sweet glances, looks of love :
 It may be we shall spy.

Come

VIII.

Come Lord draw near, we long, we long
 Thy face to see, thy love
 To taste, thy voice to hear, within
 To feel thy Spirit move.
 Thou art all fair, thou hast no spot,
 Thy beauty is divine:
 Thou art all love, embrace us Lord
 In those sweet Arms of thine.

IX.

We look, we wait, we hope, we trust,
 We long, we love, we burn.
 Ravish thou dost our hearts, whilst thou
 To us thine Eye dost turn.
 With all the powers of our Souls
 Dear Jesus we thee praise,
 In songs of joy and thankfulness,
 Our voices we do raise.

X.

Hosanna's we, *Hosanna's* we
 Do sing with one accord
 In *Hallelujah's* of triumph
 We joyn to praise the Lord.
 Ye Angels and triumphant Saints,
 Praise ye our Lord above,
 Whilst we his Servants here below
 Do sing his praise with love.

HYMN IV.

I.

THousands of thousands stand around
 Thy Throne, O God, most high ;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise, but who am I ?
 Thine arm of might, most mighty King
 Both Rocks and hearts doth break ;
 My God, thou canst do every thing
 But what would show thee weak.

II.

Most pure and holy are thine Eyes,
 Most holy is thy Name ;
 Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
 Thy holiness proclaim.
 Mercy is God's Memorial,
 And in all Ages prais'd ;
 My God, thine only Son did fall,
 That Mercy might be rais'd.

III.

Thy bright back-parts, O God of Grace,
 I humbly here adore ;
 Shew me thy glory and thy face,
 That I may praise thee more.
 Mysterious depths of endless love
 Our admirations raise.

My

My God, thy Name exalted is
Far above all our praise:

H Y M N V.

I.

TO whom, Lord, should I sing, but thee,
The maker of my Tongue ?
Lo, other Lords would seize on me,
But I to thee belong.
As thou Lord, an immortal Soul
Hast breathed into me,
So let my Soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee.

II.

Sing and triumph in boundless grace,
Which thus hath set thee free ;
Extol with shouts my saved Soul
Thy Saviour's love to thee.
Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls
With thine abundant grace,
For which we magnifie thy Name,
Longing to see thy face.

III.

Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's Eternal Love,
This is my heavenly Feast.

This

This makes me *Abba* Father cry,
With confidence of Soul !

It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that, without controul.

IV.

Thou art all power, thou art all love,
And so thou art to me ;
Blest be, my God now and henceforth,
And to Eternity.

HYMN VI.

I.

LORD give me a believing heart,
Advance it more and more ;
Rebuke those doubts and scruples that
Are crowding at my door.
Lord let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy way ;
May I walk closely with my God,
And run no more astray.

III.

All they that sit down with thee must
Be decked with thy Grace ;
Thou smil'st on such Communicants,
And they behold thy face.
Come holy Spirit, come and take
My filthy Garments hence,

The guilt, the stain, the love of sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

III.

Let nothing that is not divine,
Within thy presence move,
What e're would cause thee not to shine
In tokens of thy Love.

Awake Repentance, Faith and Love,
Awake O every Grace!

Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his face.

IV.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
And hide himself from me ;
O cause thy face to shine upon
The Soul that longs for thee.

*H Y M N VII.**I.*

WE to our heavenly Father give
The tribute praise we owe,
Wh oby his purifying Grace
Prepares us here below.

Lo here's the most amazing proof
Of great and matchless Love !:
Not that our Early love to God
Did his prevent and move.

II.

His motives all to pity us
 From his own bowels flow ;
 Thence came the richest gift of Heav'n
 To Guilty Men below.
 That to his glorious grace all praise
 Might be intirely paid :
 Who, that he might forgive our sins,
 Christ's Blood our Ransom made ;

III.

Let then this glorious gift of God
 Yet more our Souls refine,
 That his pure Image may in us
 With greater glory shine.
 Draw us, dear Lord, and towards thee
 We with swift wings will move,
 Thou Object of our highest hopes,
 And of our dearest Love.

IV.

Thanksgiving is an heav'nly work,
 It's all in Heav'n they do,
 To thank and praise the Lord most high
 On Earth is sweet work too.
 O ! blessed are the Saints above,
 How active is your state !
 You ever bless the Lord our God,
 Not at our broken rate.

V I.

But, O! how weak are crawling Worms?
 How short our Sabbath-days?
 We die more hours by far in sleep,
 Than we do live in praise.
 O glorious God! accept our wills,
 And weaknesses forgive;
 We wish our Souls were like the Saints,
 Unlike them as we live.

V.

But, O my God! reach down thy hand,
 And take us up to thee,
 That we about thy Throne may stand,
 And all thy Glory see.
 All glory to the sacred Three,
 One Everlasting Lord,
 As at the first, still may he be
 Belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

H Y M N V I I I.

I.

C Ome let's adore the King of Love,
 The King of suff'rings too,
 For love it was that brought him down,
 And set him here below.
 Love drew him from his Paradise,
 Where Flowers that fade not grow,

And

And planted him in our poor dust,
Among us, Weeds below.

II.

O narrow thoughts, and narrow speech!
Here your defects confess.
The life of God, the death of Christ,
How faintly you express.
O thou! who from a Virgin root
Made'st this fair Flower to spring,
Help us to raise both heart and voice,
And with more spirit sing,

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One undivided Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks;
Now and for ever be.

H Y M N IX.

To the Tune of the 100 Psalm.

I.

(high,

Tune now your selves my heart strings
Let us aloft our voices raise,
That our loud song may reach the Sky,
And there present to thee our praise.

To

To thee, blest Jesus, who came'st down
From those bright Spheres of Joy above,
To purchase us a dear bought Crown,
And woe our Souls t'espouse thy Love.

Long had the World in darkness sat,
Till thou with thy all-glorious light
Began to dawn from Heav'ns fair Gate,
And with thy beam dispell'd their night.

We too, alas! still here had stood
As common slaves in this same shade,
But Jesus came, and with his Blood
Our general Ransom freely paid.

And now, my Lord, my God, my All,
What shall I most in thee admire,
That pow'r which made the world, & shall
The world again dissolve with Fire!

Oh no! thy strange humility,
Thy wounds, thy pains, thy Cross, thy death
These shall alone my wonder be,
My health, my joy, my staff, my breath,
To thee, great God, to thee alone,
Three Persons in One Deity,
As former Ages still have done,
All Glory now and ever be.

HYMN X.

I.

TH E Mighty Jesus, fill'd with love
 Did these dark Regions leave :
 The heav'nly Hosts all wandring stood
 King Jesus to receive.
 The great Jehovah sets a Throne,
 Installs our glorious King ;
 Both Heav'n and Earth must him adore,
 And loud *Hosannab's* sing.

I I.

There sits the King of Peace and Love,
 A Saviour is his name,
 Mercy his Nature and delight,
 And ever so the same.
 Come all that fear, come all that want,
 And speedy succour find ;
 He n're denies a praying Soul,
 He is soo good and kind.

I I I.

Behold and wonder at his Love,
 We are his daily care,
 His ear, his heart, is always fixt
 To hear and answer prayer.
 Be not afraid to bring your Suit,
 Come with a chearful heart.
 Weak crys, mixt prayers cannot bar
 A grant to his own part. Satan

IV.

Satan, it's true, presents his Plea,
 And Justice brings its claim ;
 But all are silent when he pleads,
 His Blood, his Love, his Name !
 Let holy Souls then daily go
 To Jesus on his Throne,
 And love that all-prevailing Friend
 Who says we are his own.

H Y M N XI.

As the 67th Psalm.

I.

O This ungrateful World !
 To kill so kind a Friend,
 That made the Lord of Glory die,
 What might this act portend ?
 But wonder, holy Souls,
 God's thoughts all thoughts transcend :
 Christ murder'd by a Rebel World,
 And yet he is our Friend.

II.

It's true, Christ left the Earth,
 But is enthron'd above,
 Not to revenge this cruel act,
 But lives and reigns in love,

Sweet

II.

Sweet is his work on high,
 Peace is the charming voice ;
 Let but a Soul embrace his Call,
 The heav'nly Host rejoyce.
 Behold he stands and calls,
 Come Sinners, come to me,
 My Love, my Kingdom shall be yours
 To all Eternity.

III.

Believe my faithful Word,
 All my designs are Grace,
 Take now the Earnest of my Love
 Before you see my face.
 Never be strange to me,
 I wait to hear your cry,
 Let me but know your pressing wants,
 And you shall have supply.

IV.

Never distrust my Love,
 I *Am*, this is my Name ;
 Sin makes me hide my face a while,
 When yet my Love's the same.
 Never regard your Foes,
 They are no match for me ;
 Plead still my Conquests with your Go
 And you shall Victors be.

H Y M N X I I.

I.

Fill'd with the sense of sin and wrath,
And black despair drew nigh,
To Christ I fled for succ'ring Grace,
He heard my mournful cry :
Under his pleasant shade I sat,
Sweet notes of Love I heard ;
My welcome was above my thought,
How was I lov'd and chear'd !

II.

He came to me, but not alone,
Divine fruits were my fair ;
I waited what he first would say,
Your sins now pardon'd are :
Peace with Jehovah is my gift,
No frowns appear above ;
Go boldly to my Father's Throne,
Love waits your Soul to love.

III.

The Book of Life, your Name is there,
And ever there shall be,
Love wrote it there, Love keeps it there
To all Eternity.
Ask what you will, I have God's Ear,
He never me deny'd :

I

Come

Come with your fears, come with your
And you shall be supply'd. (wants,

I V.

I give my Angels for your Guard,
You are their daily care,
Let Satan tempt and shoot his Darts,
They can prevent the snare:
O Lord! what can I now reply,
What, love at such a rate!
But this I'll pray, O let my Love
Bear an Eternal Date.

Another.

I.

The time is past when humane Race
Became God's Enemy:
The World ne'er saw so black a Night,
When *Adam* eat the Tree,
Vast gulf of Woes became his due,
Which had no bounds nor end;
What e're he did, what e're he thought,
Still guilt did him attend.

II.

God saw this sad tremendous Fall,
His Truth said, might thy Word
Justice requir'd, the Sinner's Blood
No pity him afford;

But Love, that charming Attribute
 Prepar'd a kind Reply,
 The Pleas of Justice I'll adjust,
 My only Son shall die.

III.

Blest was the day when *Adam* heard
 That cheering word of Grace,
 I'll send the Lord of Glory here,
 And hide my angry face.
 Hear what he says, he knows my heart,
 My Mercy shall rejoice,
 Peace he'll proclaim, the War will cease,
 If you obey his voice.

IV.

Go trembling Sinner, go to him,
 Fear not your former guilt,
 His Death has answer'd my demands,
 And I will you acquit.
 Come take the Pledge, believe my Son,
 I am your own, your All,
 I have a Father's hand and heart,
 To hear you when you call.

V.

My Christ did lovingly invite
 Me to his charming Feast;
 He added to his wond'rous Love,
 Made me a willing Guest.

I came and found a Banquet rare,
 He brought me Angels food,
 He bid me take and eat my fill,
 For my Eternal good.

V I.

He spoke such chearing words of Grace,
 What do you want, my Friend?
 What, can you doubt my kind design?
 Consider and attend.

Sin cannot now defeat my Love,
 Since pardons I will give.
 Sin seems an unresisted Foe,
 It shall not always live.

V I I.

You feel a dreadful War within,
 Lusts claim a rightless Throne,
 But this united force I'll break,
 Since now you are my own.
 Satan with all his Darts and Snares
 Shall prove a fruitless Foe;
 You are design'd for Heaven's Bliss,
 He, to Eternal Woe.

V I I I.

Never distrust my wond'rous Love,
 The best is yet behind,
 No Tongue nor Thought can represent
 How good I'll be, and kind;

Refresh

Refresh your Souls with what I give,
 Wait till you come on high :
 I long till all my Members see
 What's in Eternity.

Another.

I.

What made the Lord of Glory die ?
 Shall God the answer make ?
 Our guilty Souls may trembling stand
 To hear *Jehovah* speak :
 But God has spoke, he sent his Son,
 But stay dejected heart,
 Not to condemn a Rebel World,
 But to regain his part.

II.

The Death of Christ no vengeance cries,
 It is a sign of Peace ;
 It pardons sins, and pays our debts,
 And gives our Souls release ;
 Let Law & Conscience bring their charge,
 Let Justice plead our guilt :
 The Death of Christ can silence all,
 And God will us acquit.

III.

Oh Soul! shall banisht fears return,
 When you can pardon plead.

Hold fast this charming Pledge of Love,
 For you it is decreed ;
 Let Angels sing their highest Note,
 Let Earth triumph below,
 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
 Their Saviour's Glory show.

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