

The Poetry of John Danforth

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INTRODUCTION

WITH THE PUBLICATION IN 1944 of Harold Jantz's *The First Century of New England Verse*,¹ attention was called to some of the minor, little-known poets of Colonial times. Little work has been done in this field since that time, despite the fact that Jantz's study was hardly exhaustive and, in general, tended to dismiss the poetry too quickly: much of it is not so narrowly Puritan and so uninteresting as Jantz claimed.

Among the poets whom he mentions are three members of the Danforth family, Samuel Danforth I and his two sons, John and Samuel II. The poems of the elder Danforth have been reprinted and discussed by Kenneth Murdock in his collection of early Puritan elegiac verse, *Handkerchiefs from Paul*.² The younger Samuel Danforth, perhaps through confusion with his father, has a much higher poetic reputation than he would seem to have deserved. Like his father, he was primarily an almanac poet, but he lacked much of his father's proficiency. Jantz characterizes his later, single elegy, justly, as 'completely pedestrian.'³ One of John Danforth's elegies, the 'Pindarick' on Samuel Willard, had been erroneously attributed to the younger Samuel by Oscar Wegelin.⁴

The least famous member of the Danforth clan of poets is John Danforth, who has, as I shall try to show, the strongest

¹ Harold Jantz, *The First Century of New England Verse* (Worcester, Massachusetts, 1944, reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the American Antiquarian Society for 1943).

² Kenneth Murdock, *Handkerchiefs from Paul* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1927).

³ Jantz, *First Century*, p. 97.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 200. Also see Oscar Wegelin, *Early American Poetry* (New York, 1903), p. 27. (The poem is typographically signed 'John Danforth.')

claim for recognition. Hitherto John Danforth's verses have not been printed in any collection. Most of his poems are elegies, and, fortunately, the elegy is the form in which the poet seems most at home. He made his poetic debut with almanac verse, as did his father and brother, in the *Almanac* for 1679, and wrote some rather entertaining didactic poems and a strange, but interesting, lyric, these in addition to his elegies.

John Danforth was born to Samuel and Mary (Wilson) Danforth in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on November 8, 1660.⁵ His father was co-pastor in that town along with the renowned Apostle to the Indians, John Eliot. Danforth was educated at Harvard College, graduated, and became a Fellow in 1677. When Josiah Flint, the pastor of the Church at Dorchester, died, the people of that town voted to invite Danforth to be their new pastor. He accepted and took up residence there in June of 1682.⁶ Later in that year, on November 21, he married Elizabeth Minot, daughter of James and Hannah (Stoughton) Minot. From all indications, the marriage was a happy one; at any rate, eleven children were born to the couple.⁷ In the first year of his pastorate, Danforth was paid fifty pounds in money and another fifty pounds in produce, leather, and other varieties of 'country pay.' The town also supplied him with a house which he later voluntarily gave up.⁸ In 1699, he was sick for several weeks and unable to preach.⁹ When Lieutenant Governor Stoughton died in 1701, he left a bequest of twenty pounds a year to enable Danforth's son Elijah to attend Harvard.¹⁰ On July 6, 1722, Elizabeth Minot Danforth died, and eight years later, on May 26, 1730, John Danforth followed her.¹¹ John Danforth seems to have been a

⁵ John Langdon Sibley, *Harvard Graduates* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1873-1968), III, 507.

⁶ *History of the Town of Dorchester* (Boston, 1859), p. 246.

⁷ John May, *Danforth Genealogy* (Boston, 1902), p. 31.

⁸ James Blake, *Annals of the Town of Dorchester* (Boston, 1846), p. 31.

⁹ *History of the Town of Dorchester*, p. 270.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 246.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 290; p. 297.

man of great refinement and gentleness, so much so that his sermon after the Great New England Earthquake of 1727 gained in effectiveness for its being totally uncharacteristic of him. It began, 'Rejoice not for joy, O New England! as other people; for thou hast gone a whoring from thy God.'¹² Danforth also made much of the Earthquake in his double elegy on Peter Thacher and his brother Samuel Danforth. In his *Annals of the Town of Dorchester*, James Blake gives this summation of Danforth's life:

He was Sd to be a man of great Learning, he understood the Mathematicks beyond most men of his Function. He was exceeding Charitable, & of a very peacefull temper. He took much pains to Eternize the Names of many of the good Christians of his own Flock; and yet the World is so ungratefull, that he has not a Line Written to preserve his memory, no not so much as upon his Tomb; he being buried in Lt. Govr. Stoughton's Tomb that was covered with writing before. And there also lyeth his Consort Mrs. Elizabeth Danforth.¹³

The obscurity that Blake complains of has lasted down to our own time. The space devoted to John Danforth by Jantz in *The First Century of New England Verse* is not at all sufficient, and three items in the bibliography need comment. The poem 'What if a day or a month or a year' (No. 2 in the bibliography) was not written by John Danforth, at least the first three stanzas are not Danforth's. The first two stanzas were written by either Thomas Campion or Philip Rosseter, and are contained in many songbooks and hymnals with various additional stanzas, both sacred and profane. The third stanza which Danforth employs was a Scotch addition found in manuscript form at Cambridge University.¹⁴ I have not found where it was printed, if indeed it was printed at all. Neither have I found any reference to the fourth stanza, and since the manu-

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 294-295.

¹³ James Blake, *Annals*, p. 47. This is included in Blake's entry for 1730.

¹⁴ A. E. H. Swaen, "The Authorship of "What If a Day,"" *Modern Philology*, IV (1907), 403. Although this article does not mention Danforth, it cites thirty different appearances of the poem.

form was also employed by the British Jesuit poet Robert Southwell. Danforth manages this form very well, and the poem is particularly melodious:

She's satisfy'd, her Relatives
can never be Undone,
By the departure of a star,
while they enjoy the Sun.
Good is the Country she has left;
it is IMMANUEL'S.
But HEAVEN the Better Country is;
and there her SPIRIT dwells.
 'Profit and Loss...
 Mrs. Mary Gerrish.'

Also notable in this poem is the rather open allusion to George Herbert's 'Anagram of the Virgin Marie' in the opening lines:

MARY, the Blessed VIRGINS Name,
EXALTED, Signifies:
ARMY, was once the Anagram,
a Poet did devise.
 'Profit and Loss...
 Mrs. Mary Gerrish.'

This again shows that the Puritans had no qualms about reading or even quoting such Anglican poets of the time as Herbert or Quarles.

One of the most interesting of John Danforth's poems is the 'Pindarick' elegy on Samuel Willard. Although Danforth relies too heavily on couplet rhymes for the Pindaric form, the stuttering movement of the verse has a powerful effect. Like many of the other poems, this one contains an avowal of the impotence of poetry to pay true homage to the deceased:

His Virtue's Roll's so large, Th' Ocean's so Deep;
My Verse could do no more, but only creep
And Spy, and Speak a little on the Brink:
And thus much he must say who will speak least:

But of the Rest,
Bright Angels may, and such as They
with Just Amazement Think.

'A Pindarick Elegy...
Samuel Willard.'

Danforth also elegized John Eliot, co-pastor with his father at Roxbury and one of the ministers who participated in Danforth's ordination.¹⁶ The elegy stresses Eliot's work with the Indians, and in this connection contains an interesting reference to the Catholic Saint, Francis Xavier:

Great XAVIER brings the Crucifix & Libel,
To Indian Souls, of Masses; Ours, the Bible.
Sanctius, for this, owns Him a Tutelary:
Calls on him & him joyns with GOD & MARY:
Eliot before such cursed Adoration,
Would chuse much rather, an Annihilation.
'To the Blessed Memory...
John Eliot.'

Although Xavier is suitably chastised for his 'heresy,' the mere comparison itself shows that the educated New England Puritan was much better informed and more widely read than has been generally believed.¹⁷ A catalog of used books for sale at the bookshop of Samuel Gerrish lists a life of St. Francis Xavier among its titles.¹⁸

This poem also contains Danforth's only extant English anagram:

On Golden Letters of His Name I mused;
JOHN, distill'd HONY; ELIOT, TOILE produced:
Pains bring in gains; for sweets, he sweats: thus frau't
With richest Lading, To His Port, He's brought.
'To the Blessed Memory...
John Eliot.'

¹⁶ *History of the Town of Dorchester*, p. 246.

¹⁷ See Samuel Eliot Morison's *Puritan Pronaos* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1936). This too-much neglected book does much to place the Puritan era in its true perspective.

¹⁸ George Curwin, *A Catalog of Curious and Valuable Books . . . shewn by Samuel Gerrish. 1718* (Boston, 1939). (Curwin had been the owner of most of the books.)

Although this is indeed clever, and has perhaps a homely beauty of its own, it also illustrates Danforth's major poetical fault. At times his ingenuity and cleverness verge on the grotesque. In his poetry one can note the provincial lack of aesthetic discipline which would later mark the work of such 'typical' American poets as Edward Taylor, Emerson, Whitman, and W. C. Williams.

Apart from his elegies and epitaphs, Danforth's poetic remains are slight: the already noted Almanac verse (good for what they are); the long didactic 'Love and Unity Encouraged, And Contention and Division Disswaded, in a Poem'; a poem of thanksgiving and instruction, 'The Mercies of the Year, Commemorated: A Song for Little Children in New England. December 13, 1720'; and the strange religious lyric, 'A Few Lines to Fill Up a Vacant Page.'

'Love and Unity Encouraged' is in the same metrical form as the elegy on Mary Gerrish, the quasi-stanzaic form with the alternating long and short lines. The poem is remarkable for its versification of aphoristic expressions of good advice:

Be deaf to Tatling Tale-bearers;
Credit not all Reports;
Avoid the Charms of whisperers;
Forbear all sharp Retorts;
. . . .
Would you not have your Glass-house broke,
Then throwing stones forbear;
Would you prevent a Powder blast,
Then let no Coals come near;
 'Love and Unity Encouraged....'

But the most interesting poem in this group is undoubtedly 'A Few Lines to Fill Up a Vacant Page.' The poem expresses a period of doubt in the life of a Puritan:

WO worth the Days! The Days I spent
I' th' Regions of Discontent;

Where I nought rightly understood,
 But thought Good, Evil; Evil, Good;
 'A Few Lines....'

As the poem develops, Danforth uses a metaphor of a sea voyage in an extended fashion:

God was no God, Christ was no Christ to me,
 While thus I Drave in Discontentments Sea:

. . .

Thus being Lost, wrong Course I Steerd
 While neither Sun, nor Stars appear'd
 Instead of Heav'n's Land, I made Hell,
 I knew't by its Sulphureous Smell:

'A Few Lines....'

Then Christ appears to him, whom he at first mistakes for the devil, but Christ speaks, and then:

The Ruffling Winds, and Waves were still'd;
 By what Time, Faith and Hope my Sailes could hoise,
 I got safe and firm Anch'rage in a trice,
 Within the very inmost Bays of blissfull Paradiſe.

'A Few Lines....'

As an illustration of the fact, not often recognized, that such a poem was not unique among the Puritans, I shall quote a few lines from one of John Danforth's father's poems:

Four years twice tould i dwell in darkest Cell,
 In cruell bonds of mellancholy bound.
 I surely thought I was in lowest hell;
 Much pain and grief, but no releif, i found.

. . .

And now I dwell at home with Christ, my Lord,
 With robes of righteousness most Richly Clad;
 With rarest pleasures the highest heaven aford,
 Feasted, refresh:d, beyond exprienc glad.¹⁹

John Danforth's poetry, as can be seen even from the lines I have cited in this introduction, is uneven in its merit. Yet it

¹⁹ Kenneth Murdock, *Handkerchiefs*, pp. 19-20. The poem is the second anagram on William Tompson.

seems clear that Jantz underrates him when he calls him 'one of the steadiest plodders on the nether slopes of the Puritan Parnassus,'²⁰ or a 'faithful, pedestrian versifier who could be relied upon to produce a good copy of verses whenever the occasion demanded it.'²¹ John Danforth deserves much more than this faint praise, if only because his verse reflects how far the Puritans had managed to come in a generation. Writing about the authors and the audience of the poems in Tompson's journal (including Danforth's father among the authors), Kenneth Murdock could characterize these earlier Puritans as:

men of little formal education, blind to progress because out of touch with new ideas, but making amends for much by steadfast service based on the belief that a useful life, as nearly as might be in accord with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, sufficed in the eyes of God.²²

John Danforth's verse, then, has, as one of its effects, that of persuading us that there were exceptions to Murdock's statement. By this time, some, at least, of the Puritans had attained sufficient leisure to reach back into the world they had left behind in Europe and interest themselves once again in the literature, science, philosophy, and theology of their time.²³ They read George Herbert, made at least one significant contribution to astronomy, and renewed their polemical religious activities, which required a knowledge of the theology of their opponents.

In his elegies, John Danforth did not simply 'do honor to the dead and . . . console the living,' as Murdock has said of the earlier writers.²⁴ The poet viewed each death as part of the plan of a personal omnipresent God. He honored the dead by showing their integral cooperation in God's plan, and consoled the living by demonstrating that their bereavement was

²⁰ Harold Jantz, 'A Funeral Elegy for Thomas Danforth, Treasurer of Harvard,' *Harvard Library Bulletin*, I (1947), 113.

²¹ Jantz, *First Century*, p. 110.

²² Kenneth Murdock, *Handkerchiefs*, p. xvii.

²³ See Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Puritan Pronaos*.

²⁴ Murdock, *Handkerchiefs*, p. xvi.

only temporary, that soon all would be re-united in Christ. Moreover, he turned to the lessons taught by the dead in order to instruct the living. In recounting the virtuous and beneficent life of the deceased, he indicated that a vacuum of goodness was brought about by the saint's departure, and that this vacuum must be filled by those left behind. At times, too, he interpreted the death itself as a sign from God. In the double elegy on his brother and Peter Thacher, Danforth suggests that their deaths, coupled with the earthquake and the death of George I, was a portentous warning from God to a New England that was straying from the paths of righteousness.

Apart from their more general historic interest, John Danforth's poems give the modern reader an insight into the human affairs of our Puritan ancestors. His elegies, particularly, are valuable in this respect. In his elegies Danforth provides touching biographies of his subjects, relating their everyday obligations and tasks and their willing and cheerful fulfilment of them. Often short anecdotes are included. One of the most sympathetic of Danforth's elegies is the one on Mary Gerrish, who died at the age of '19. Years & 20. Days.' Also notable in this context is the manner in which Danforth employs very homely and quaint imagery and allusions from the Bible side by side with classical allusions and references to modern science.

All things considered I think it must be admitted that John Danforth was one of the most happy and interesting poetic voices in early New England.

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NOTE ON THE TEXTS

IN PRESENTING THE POEMS of John Danforth to the modern reader several problems must be confronted. When the poems were first published during Danforth's lifetime in the late-seventeenth and early-eighteenth centuries, it was customary to employ a variety of type styles in order to increase the poet's range of emphasis. Nowadays such use of variant type-styles is, except in extraordinary circumstances, out of date and rare, and tends only to annoy and distract the reader. The same of course is true, in an even more striking fashion, of the long-s, which is also employed in the contemporary editions of Danforth's poems. Other problems are punctuation, a rather whimsical use of capital letters, and archaic spellings. In dealing with these problems I have tried to be at least consistent. I have eliminated the italics and other typographical variations, except in a few instances in the case of foreign words or phrases where they are still commonly employed according to the demands of good English usage. I have retained the original spellings and punctuation, and have followed the poet's use of capital letters. In some of the poems, particularly the fragments, where contemporary editions no longer exist or can be found, I have, of course, been bound to follow the previous editor's conventions; thus some of the fragments appear to be more thoroughly regularized.

In arranging the poems, I thought it best to keep the elegies and the various miscellaneous poems separate. Within these two divisions, however, I have observed chronological order as well as it can be determined.

The poems in their original contemporary editions can be found scattered throughout several libraries and historical societies in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York. In the following table of contents to the poems, I have indicated their specific locations. Although this list will, I trust, be reliable, it may not be exclusive: that is, there may perhaps be other copies of the poems in places additional to those which I mention, and most are available in the American Antiquarian Society-Readex Microprint *Early American Imprints, 1639-1800*.

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ELEGIES

*Upon the Triumphant TRANSLATION
of a Mother in Our ISRAEL, Viz.*

MRS. ANNE ELIOT

From This Life to a Better.

on March 24th. 1687. Aetatis Suae. 84.

ALL Hallelujahs, Oh ye Heav'nly Quires,
Ye Powers, ye Winged & Immortal Fires!
Redouble to the Highest ONE:
Here's Joy, to your Eternal Jubile
Advanc'd, by th' New come welcome Company 5
Of a Bright Soul, but lately flown.
Congratulate
Eternally,
With Sacred Symphony,
Her happy State. 10
Haile! Happy Soul! In Luster excellent
Transcending far the Starry Firmament,

Which is thy Footstool now become:
With all the World, America shall Vye,
For to Produce thy Peer: Now cast thine Eye 15
 All round about that Spacious Room,
 None shalt thou see
 Of Blest Women,
 Much more Triumphant than
 Thy self to be. 20

Haile! Thou Sagacious & Advent'rous Soul!
Haile, Amazon! Created to Controll
 Weak Nature's Foes, & t' take her part,
The King of Terrours, Thou, ('till the Command
Irrevocable came to Stay thy Hand,) 25
 Didst oft Repel, by thy Choice Art:
 By High Decree,
 Long didst thou stand
 An Atlas, in Heav'n's Hand
 To th' World to be. 30

All Hallelujahs to His bounteous Care,
That such a Peerless Consort did Prepare
 For HIM, whom Sacred Things with-held
From Seculars; Who was to Gospelize,
And Preach Redemption to GODS Enemys 35
 Beyond all Memory, Rebell'd:
 For his sake, sure,
 Thine Aged Life
 It did with Death in Strife
 So long endure. 40

Heav'n's Richest Spices, Choicest Graces were
(Queen Esther like,) allotted to Thy Share,
 For to Prepare Thee for thy KING:
Thee, to Pay Able,* for Full Recompence,
With Interest, for all thy Vast Expense, 45
 Angels, on Wings of Grace, strait, bring:
 As Phaltiel,
 Thy CONSORT Dear
 Mourning, Thee follow'th near,
 To bid FAREWEL. 50

J. D.

*44: *Able* emended from *Table*.

To the Blessed MEMORY of the Venerable

Mr. JOHN ELIOT,

TEACHER *to the Church of CHRIST in Roxbury,*
and a PROPAGATOR *of the Gospel*
to the Indians in N-England.

Who rested from his Labours, May, 20. Anno Dom. 1690.

Aetatis Suae. 86.

SHall ELIOT slip away? & not his Sons
 Spy & Regret it, with Athletick Groans?
 None Cry Alarm, when Horse & Chariots taken?
 None Feel, when Israel's weal's Foundation's shaken?
 Lately, a stately Stone pluckt out; none 'spy it? 5
 Nor run to stop the woful Breach made by it?
 Where's sweet Tongue'd David, sad Song'd Jeremiah,
 Jon'than to 'wail, to Elegize Josiah?
 Where's matchless Moses's Muse? Had I his Staff,
 I'd find one Grave, and 'Grave one Epitaph. 10
 English and Indian Work, he did so well,
 Define we cannot, which did which excell.
 Pagans, This Paul converts; Peter doth use
 His Talents chiefly to confirm the Jews.
 Paul to Barbarians, own's Himself a Debtor;
 Our John, a brave Divine, T' Himself, no better
 Dares supererrogate, in the vast Cost
 And Pains, expended to Reduce the lost.
 A brave Divine, said I? I had not mist,
 Sure, had I Stil'd Him an Evangelist. 20
 To Trace their Pagan Genealogies
 Was not his Task, yet would his curious Eyes
 Maugre oblivions Dust, 'venture to scan
 At least by guess, These hideous Wrecks of Man:
 And thought, he trackt, to Palestina's Strand: 25
 How e're; He was resolv'd, to th' Holy Land
 Them to reduce; (might Heav'n a Moses make him)
 Nor did their barb'rous Heathenism shake him.
 Th' Eternal Mind in Mortal Airs, nev'r blew
 Unformed Blast; His Sov'reign Shalms yet flew 30

On Syriac Wings; His Gentleness equips
His Sacred Chariot with Chaldean Chips:
Three Other, His own Mother-Tongue beside,
Upon His Pascal Cross, He Sanctify'd.
His Tharsian-bred Apostle don't refuse 35
To sharp his Tools with Philistines, to use
Greek Poets, cited to the Sacred Bar,
T' wait on Effata's more Oracular.
Like Hercules toils ELIOT, lest that He
Should to Barbarians, a Barbarian be. 40
Since Babel's Trait'rous Tower was Thundersmit,
By Heav'ns Inraged Ire, & fell, & split
One Tongue into a Thousand Shivers, none
Can tell the Wounds, which this one Wo alone,
Hath more than scarr'd the World with; next th' Expulsion 45
At first from Paradise, & th' next Convulsion
In Grandsire Japheth's Time, no Storm before,
The Universal World e're delug'd more:
But now, thro' matchless Grace, to Eliot's given
The Key t' expel what lockt men out of Heaven. 50
His Tongue sails right, with Indian Tempest tost;
Puts in for Peter's Plea, at Pentecost.
The Ambassadour unto Them dares preferr
Offers of CHRIST, without Interpreter.
Th' Incarnate Furys, straitway from the Pit 55
Of Darkness worse than Egypts, Rise, & Spit
On all their Daemons, whilst their Breast & Brow
They to the LORD, & to His Baptist vow.
One Testament Seventy Interpreters
Translate to Greek, Antiquity avers; 60
Both Testaments, yet ELIOT alone
Converts into the Indian Tongue & Tone;
Abel, tho' dead, yet speaks, in one Tongue more;
Isay's, Apollo's Eloquence, before,
Ne're Rode in such a Chariot: Luke Physician, 65
(Tho' skill'd in Pulse,) would scarce tell the Condition
Of His own Gospel: Paul, with his much Learning
Would here be Posed:—
For 'though to many Regions He did pass,
Yet no West-Indian Antiquary was. 70

Sir Thomas Eliot was Great Brittain's Glory:
 Our Saint shall have a Chronicle in Ages Story:
 Great XAVIER brings the Crucifix & Libel,
 To Indian Souls, of Masses; Ours, the Bible.
 Sanctius, for this, owns Him a Tutelary: 75
 Calls on him & him joyns with GOD & MARY:
 Eliot before such cursed Adoration,
 Would chuse much rather, an Annihilation.
 Yet made His Works before mens Eyes to shine,
 That they might Glorifie the Name Divine. 80
 The Indian-Work lay greatly on his Heart;
 Until the Last, when He and That must part.
 They parted not without most solemn Blessing,
 While Clouds thereon were to his Soul-Distressing.
 He dyes; His Work, when Time Dyes shall survive;
 'Tho' Dead, yet speaks, that th' Indian Work may Live, } 85
 And to 's Successors doth good Counsel give:*
 'Address (I pray) our Senate for good Orders,
 'To Civilize the Heathen in our Borders.
 'Vertue must turn into Necessity; 90
 'Or this brave Work, will in its Urn still lye.
 'Till Agriculture, and Cohabitation,
 'Come under full Constraint and Regulation,
 'Much you would do, you'l find Impracticable,
 'And much you do will prove Unprofitable. 95
 'In common Lands that lie unfenc'd you know
 'The Husbandman, in vain doth plow & sow:
 'We hope in vain, the Plant of Grace shall thrive
 'In Forrests, where Civility can't Live.
 'In English Towns, when they their Months do spend, 100
 'Make Them, Gods Worship with us, to attend.
 'Whilst I us'd (as you must) sharp Discipline,
 'The saving Gains were Theirs, the Pains were mine.
 'Their Tender Sons to Sacred Learnings Throne
 'None can advance, but such Divines alone, 105
 'As are most Expert in their Dialect,
 'If Teaching in their own Tongue we respect:
 'Such Youths, (if GOD vouchsafe to Sanctify
 'Their studious minds) the sacred Oars may Ply,

*87: Colon supplied.

The Poetry of John Danforth

147

- 'Each Sabbath too, through Starry Arches bring, 110
'Their Common Homage to our Mighty King.
'Look well to the Uprising Nursery:
'You know full well, none more for Schools than I.
'To drown their Woes, some drown their Wits, and All
'Their Common Grace: Correct that Fault you shall. 115
'If you be Instant, only out of Season,
'Your Hope soars out of sight of all my Reason,
'If you expect, (while Lords Days hold their Station)
'To Lecture them, on Week-Days, to Salvation.
'Is it impossible to make a Purse, 120
'T' Invite a Lecturer, in Turns, to Nurse
'Your English Flocks, That those may have good Dressing
'That have most need, upon the Day of Blessing?
'Their Indian Teachers are but Weak; I Wiss;
'Their Preaching, by their Hearers, slighted is: 125
'Take then this Way, to readvance the Standard
'*Of Holiness, by late backslidings Slander'd.
'Let fire-hot Zeal, boile in your thirsty Veins,
'To save poor Caitiffs from Eternal Pains.
'Our Antient Heroes, with their English Prayers 130
'Did edify Their Souls; yet then, such Ayres
'Were Unintelligible, more by far,
'Than now adays, (since long Converse) they are.
'Call many English Suppliants: Let them Kneel,
'With Them & for Them; for their saving Weale, 135
'Joyn hand in hand: Help up the Weak, Heav'ns Stairs:
'Salvation, serves in pay of Joyned Prayers.
'The Friends of Christ, & Souls, Let none be mute
'In any Tongue, that can GODS Throne salute:
'FAST with and for Them also twice a Year, 140
'Twill shew, and bring their Resurrection near.
'May GOD in Heav'n, & may poor Heathens see
'That much affected, & concern'd All be:
'Christs Intercessions may they have redound,
'Echo'd from hence, 'Twill to their Weal rebound 145
'(Grand Usurer) I, nev'r gave Heav'n a Mite
'But gain'd, & gather'd, Thousand Millions by 't.
'Never Regret (Brave Hearts!) your vast Expence

*127: Quotation mark supplied.

- 'Of Time & Pains: Mark well the Difference
 "Twixt Indian Traders & their Teachers made; 150
 'What Blessings These, what Blastings Those Invade
 'Those often are annoy'd with mischiefs, whiles
 'These doe enjoy most sweet Cœlestial smiles.
 His Counsels, we have done with; And return,
 To close the Ashes of his Sacred Urn. 155
 When Pious Grandson* lately came to visit
 This Saint, then at Heav'n's Gate, And said, How is it?
 Such was his sense, he sagely made reply,
 I am Afraid: But not afraid to Dy:
 Sir! Thankfull Joy, My Motto is, (Quoth He) 160
 Unto Another; And I Joy to see
 What Lights Christ sets in's Churches, & that still
 GOD hath His Folk, that doe His Temples fill.
 How solemnly He Blest 'em, some can tell;
 Like Paul; Begging, mean while; their Pray'rs as well: 165
 And may they Blessed be! May they inherit,
 A Double Portion of Elijah's Spirit.
 On Golden Letters of His Name I mused;
 JOHN, distill'd HONY; ELIOT, TOILE produced:
 Pains bring in gains; for sweets, he sweats: thus frau't 170
 With richest Lading, To His Port, He's brought.
 This Vessel yet of Honour, had not been
 So soon seen under Saile, Had not our Sin
 Deserved & Provoked such a sign
 Of Woe descending from the Wrath Divine. 175
 This blurs the Trophys of our New Elections,
 With Interlinements of sad Interjections.
 Indians! Your Hearts are Marble, if Distress
 Seize you not, for Unprofitableness.
 Fear you not Wrath poor Souls! will you not grieve 180
 Th' Ambassador of Peace has tak'n his Leave.
 He Lov'd your Nation dearly; did He not?
 (Adding your Language to the Polyglott;)
 In ways unparell'd, his strange Compassion
 Drew Soul & Substance out, for your Salvation. 185
 Heav'ns Fiery Balls, Flames, Smoke & Thundring Shot
 And Bloody Drops, (late Prodigies) are not
 More signal than this Death, at such a season,

*156: *grandson* emended from *grandsir* [?].

Such was Methuselah's: and we have Reason,
May we have Grace, t' repent the Provocation, 190
With speed, that cries aloud for Desolation.
Yet Muse! Don't overgroan: thy Fathers Glee
In 's reimbraced Colleague should with Thee,
Advance new Sonnets to His Jubilee
Indulcify'd, sweet ELIOT by Thee. J. D. 195

A FUNERAL ELEGY

*Humbly Dedicated to the Renowned Memory
of the HONORABLE,*

THOMAS DANFORTH, Esq.

*Of Cambridge, Sometimes Deputy GOVERNOUR
in the Colony of the Massachusetts-Bay,
and President of the Province of Maine;*

and One of His Majesties Honourable COUNCIL,

*Judge of the Superior Court in the Province of
the Massachusetts-Bay in New England;*

*where (after He had long Served His Generation
by the Will of GOD in several High Stations)*

*Did to our Inconceivable Loss, but His Unparalle'd Gain,
Rest from all His Labours, on the Sacred Day of Rest,
the Memorable 5th. of November: Anno Domini. 1699.*

Aetatis Suae, 77. Honos, Onus: Mors, Pax.

JUDGE of the Quick and Dead I am not, Yet
HIM and my self should very much forget
If that I should decline the Bench to take
Nor give my sence and sentence of this Fate.
Pardon me, Sir; 'Twere better first to Die 5
Than prove Disloyal to your Memorie
'Tis Conscience gives Commission not t' be Mute
Justice and Gratitude shall Execute.

The Isle which (Alfred sings) no Help desires,
Yet all the World supply from Her requires 10
Able to Glut King Solomon with Pleasures
And Surfeit Great Augustus with Her Treasures:

Whence the First Christian Emperour did spring
 And since that, Many a Heroe, Many a King
 Rich in all Merchandize: More Rich in Men: 15
 (Scarce such an Island is the World agen)
 And whence New England sprang. It did produce
 Him, to this Land who was of Glorious Use.
 He, Nature drew from Him whom Grace Divine,
 Rather than Worldly Grandieure, made to Shine. 20
 Who urg'd to Knight Him, Him, He follow'd not
 Follow'd a Greater King, to Desert Lot;
 Like Marsaeus, when He saw Saints to Goe
 Would fain be Knight of their Wing'd Order too.
 { Such was His Father: and poor Framingham 25
 { Lost a Choice Lecture when He hither came
 { By Prophets Preach'd; But He procur'd the fame.
 After His Father's Death This Son was bless'd,
 Rudeness and Lewdness much He did Detest;
 Fear'd God from's Youth, like good Prince Obadiah 30
 An Early Convert, like Renown'd Josiah.
 Glowing His Love; most Veh'ment His Desire
 Like Coals of Juniper and Flames of Fire,
 To Jacob's Portion: Angels, Powers, Life, Death
 Heights, Depths, could not put either out of breath 35
 Harnass'd and Rigg'd with th' Christian Panoplie;
 Well under girt with sound Sincerity:
 In every State, undelug'd, could Sail Right;
 His Anchor held, on something out of Sight.
 Left not his Sweets, when He Promotion wan 40
 His Wine still Cheer'd the Heart of God and Man
 His Speech well Season'd both for Time and Grace
 For in His Soul, most Sav'ry Salt had Place.
 He had an Art, He practis'd to the last,
 What e're was Talk'd, in Spiritual mould to Cast. 45
 God's Samuel He; 'Mongst those that on Him call
 'Mongst Thundring Hosts, an Expert General:
 Nobly Seraphick, and most Rapturous,
 In Prayer; A Secon'd Theodosius.
 What's Parent came Three Thousand Miles, to Win 50
 That, to neglect, He dare'd not Count no Sin.

God's Temple had Him, A Professor Press'd
God's Table found Him Young, a Worthy Guest.
'Twas Time, a Vine Grew up on His House side:
Withington's Halls afford this Saint a Bride. 55
Precious as Gold Their Faith, yet as Behov'd
'Twas by both Fining Pot and Furnace Prov'd;
Them Ten Rare Pledges, early fledg'd, forsook
And the Directest way to Heaven Took:
'Mongst whom count Chief the Famous Samuel 60
Whose Excellencies Englands both can Tell.
During that Wondrous Term of Seven times Seven,
Co-heirs They Lived, of the Grace of Heaven.
Just in the Fiftieth year of Jubilee
His Aged Virtuous Consort went out free, 65
Yet not so Free, as He to Follow was,
And to o're take Her, Mends His Heavenly Pace.
'Twas His High Care when first He saw that Comet
Of Earthly Wealth arise, to cut off from it
Its Dreadful Fiery Tail; th' Intailment even 70
Of Difficulty in the way to Heaven;
That Sin bred Fate, can't course of Law out-root
A Gospel Course, He found might greatly doe 't.
Saw on His Hand that Viper Venimous:
To Alms it temper'd, Made a Treacle thus 75
Honours to seek or shun H' was never buisy.
His Head could bear Great Height & not be Dizzy.
Bless'd by Bless'd Wilson first on Bench when sat
Regal'd with th' Anagram, Handsom for that.
Edicts, Examples, and Sharp Punishment 80
States, warping from their Standard ought prevent.
Sagacious He betimes to Meet and Mate
Ill Humours, threatning to subvert the State.
Flat fell They who would ' laid New-England flat;
Thank GOD & th' MAN with Little Band, for That. 85
Him, and His Country, who would Wast, in Hast
He made Repent, Their Rents came in so fast.
I've* sometimes heard Him say that He had ever
As lieve dy by the Ax as by the Feaver;

*88: *I've* from *Iv'e*.

- In a Good cause, and with a Conscience Good; 90
 For Church & State, so Truth's Great Champion stood.
 Like Samuel Rode the Circuit, Judg'd each Tribe,
 And like Brave Samuel, never took a Bribe.
 So Good, Great, Wise, Just, Steady, Trusty, Free;
 We'll ne're want Men, while we have Such as Thee. 95
 His Thoughts Pure Spirits were, He therefore us'd
 Physician like, to give them, well infus'd
 In some sweet proper Vehicle of Wit,
 Some Proverb, Story, Simile, most fit.
 When Men of Sense adres'd Him, 'twas His fashion 100
 Reasons to shew, and leave the Application:
 And when some nimble Case out ran His *Vicit*,
 Still Gave forth Sentence, in a *Nihil Dicit*.
 Dangers, as soon as meant, He oft Suspected
 Forgers, He oft Sagaciously Detected: 105
 At Helm in Tempests, yet His Courage Stout
 'Though Dangers were Extream, would nev'r* give out.
 Of Them, like Nicodemus He was One,
 And stood like Him, stout Protestant alone
 'Gainst a Committee, whose blind Indignation 110
 Condemn'd the Best Men of that Generation.
 I know not where to stop; His Course was thus
 To make New Englands Journal Glorious:
 Hath stood our Churches Pillar ever since,
 Not without Envy, for His Recompence. 115
 Harvard! For Honourable, Thou must goe;
 Who was thy Steward, Treasurer, was soe.
 Charg'd and Discharg'd were the Quarter Bills,
 Drain'd not thy Stock, but with large Hundreds fills
 A Bounteous Patron unto many a Plant, 120
 In thy fair Nursery, whose Means were scant.
 Resolves so to continue, 'Spite of Death,
 By Lands and Rents, His last Will witnesseth.
 Bring Tribute to thy Benefactors Dust
 To be Ungrateful is to be Unjust. 125
 Church Messengers CHRIST'S Glory are, so He
 (In that Relation,) oft was seen to be;

*107: *nev'r* from *ne'ver*, with second *e* crossed out: *ne'ver*.

Nor was 't a Shame for a Profess'd Divine,
To be beholden to His Golden Mine.
So well-read in all Points, Men of best fashion, 130
Unto His Judgment pay'd a Veneration
When Church Disturbances requir'd His Best
He signally with great Success was Bless'd.
In 's Family as exact Order's seen,
As if that it a Sovereign State had been: 135
Reading, Instruction, Prayer, and Repetition
So constant were, You'd envy their Condition.
{ From Families would Spring New Englands Bliss
Might all be taught and Govern'd as was His.
Great is the Loss of such a Man as This! 140
Full of Good Works, not therefore void of Fears;
No Works so Good but call for Fasts and Tears;
Justification through His Saviours Blood,
And Righteousness, (His Aged Souls last Food,)*
His Readings, Meditations, there, were spent 145
So Views His Title, and Receives Content.
Like Solomon, All Gainful Arts He tries
To Dye in Christ, Best Gain He finds; so Dies.
His Arms: On Gold, the single opened Eye,
(Man's Noble Part) imports Sincerity, 150
And Wisdom too: That Gemm, the Di'mond dwells
Invulnerable' though it cutts all things else.
He left with's Children Dear a Num'rous Race,
Lord! Give 'em Portions of their Grandsire's Grace
Thousands up springing so, in His rich Heap 155
Shall Love Thy Name, & Thy Commandments keep.

Amen.

JOHN DANFORTH.

*144: End of parentheses supplied.

A Pindarick ELEGY Upon the Renowned,

MR. SAMUEL WILLARD,

*Late Reverend Teacher of the South Church in Boston, and
Vice-President of Harvard College in Cambridge;
Who Deceased September the 12th. 1707. Aetatis Anno 68.*

ENdited by an Heart with Grief repleat,
 My Verse doth Homage at his Mourners Feet:
 Is a Just Mourner too: It's Grief is Loud:
 Louder the Cause: Invading ills so crowd.
 In trembling Airs, its feather'd Arrow flies; 5
 But not so High, nor half so Swift, as doe our Destinys.
 It spies, big with Portentousness and Dread,
 Amazing Signs advance their Lofty Head:
 Views, how fierce Lightnings doe our Steeples strike
 And Temples Batter, 10
 And their most Sacred Riches Scatter.
 Victims, and Priests in flames ascend alike,
 Most wondrously; such horrid Carnage make
 Heav'ns fiery Bombs, when they so fall & break.

It views our choicest Treasures made a Prey; 15
 Death Triumphs them away:
 But so much for to lose, altho' no more,
 Would Beggar Nations, make Rich Empires Poor,
 The High & Mighty States a Begging send,
 Or Borrowing at least; But where are they can lend? 20
 It sees, (and Sighs,) Hereby we were Undone,
 Hereby Alone;
 So much choice Gold is Buried in this Grave;
 But that it sees our Mines no Bottom have;
 Mines that for Proselyted Rebels, lie 25
 Within the Treasury
 Of Grace Ador'd,
 Of our Dear Saviour and Ascended Lord.
 'Twill yet, to Gain so much, take a long Day,
 For choicest Pioneers to dig, and Pray; 30
 And Get again what we have forfeited away.

- In Crimson Flood, wade Thousands to his Tomb,
Swell'd Big with Heroe's Blood, like Trojane Womb:
Troy were forgot,
But for our Parallel Lott; 35
Ah! Woful Day! One Conquering Horse of Fate
Severe & Just, Enter'd our Opened Gate;
Nay 'Twas a Troop,
Enough to Seize, and swallow up
Long horded Stores that made Us Rich, & Proud, 40
That many Scores of Plenteous years had bounte-
ously bestow'd.
Such Losing Bankrupts We; 'Twould break Heaven too
But that it's Wealth is Infinite, to Set us up Anew.
- Let all New-England, and let Boston know, 45
How much they do to CHRIST for Willard owe;
Christ's Precious Blood produc'd this Copious Good,
(In all Its worth) not fully understood.
Harvard! I'le call thy Head (for tis no Treason)
Master of Reason; 50
Master of all the Wisdom of the Sages,
That's handed down to later Ages:
Master of Tongues; Master of Policy's
So much Admir'd; And in Theology's
Doctrines & Truths, which most Mysterious Are, 55
His Learned Mind might safely take the Chair.
He Liv'd and Wrought in the Oraculous Flame,
'Till he an Oracle became;
Whereat when many did Enquire,
They had the mind of Christ, to their Desire 60
So strong in Christ his Pen, Thousands do know
And stoutest foes have found it so,
That when he pleas'd to Conquer, he was able,
Chastiz'd the Rash, and settled the Unstable.
- One of the King of Israel's Mightys he, 65
Of the First Three
Full of the Holy Ghost: (Wou'd so were we.)
His Virtue's Roll's so large, Th' Ocean's so Deep;
My Verse could do no more, but only creep
And Spy, and Speak a little on the Brink: 70

And thus much he must say who will speak least:
 But of the Rest,
 Bright Angels may, and such as They
 with Just Amazement Think.

JOHN DANFORTH

PROFIT AND LOSS:
 AN ELEGY *Upon the Decease of*
 MRS. MARY GERRISH,

Late Vertuous Wife of Mr. Samuel Gerrish, and Daughter of the Honourable Judge SEWALL. Who on Novemb. 17. 1710. the Night after Publick Thanksgiving, Entred on the Celebration of Triumphant Hallelujahs, to her Profit, and our Loss. Aged 19. Years & 20. Days.

MARY, the Blessed VIRGINS Name,
 EXALTED, Signifies:
 ARMY, was once the Anagram,
 a Poet did devise.
 Behold! How her Exaltedness 5
 an Army justly Boasts:
 Because within her, HE Incamp'd,
 who was the LORD OF HOSTS.
 To many a Precious MARY, since,
 great Exaltation's Given; 10
 Fill'd with the Spiritual Presence of
 the Eternal LORD of Heav'n.
 Our beauteous MARY too, She was
 (Of Honourable Race;)
 Besides all other Brightnesses, 15
 enobled most by Grace.
 By Grace she chose the better Part;
 ne're to be taken from her;
 Her Heart, Rabboni, cry'd to Christ
 whose Love did overcome her. 20
 WHO 'twas that pitch'd His Tabernacle

within her sacred heart,
Her Letters, Carriage, and Discourse,
unto her Friends impart.
Her PARENTS dear, will nev'r Repent 25
her Pious Education:
Or wish their Prayers unpray'd, that sped
so well, in her Salvation.
They'l Joy, Because Eternal Life,
(the Crown of Righteousness,) 30
She Carries, notwithstanding Death's
Hereditariness:
Armies of Merits, All her LORD's,
(while she her own deny'd;)
Prevailing for her, and all Such, 35
as in whose stead He Dy'd.
By Faith she dy'd, depending still
upon the Grace Divine,
That thro' the Mediator, would
in her Salvation shine. 40
She has Attaind now, with Advance,
what she desir'd below;
(Joyn'd to the Church in Heav'n,) She doth
to Full Communion go.
Her Place is Empty; bear 't you must, 45
She's on a Visit gone,
To better Friends, than any here;
and will Return anon.
The Raising-Day hastens apace;
her Second Coming too; 50
Twill dazzle all such Eyes as ours,
her Beauty then to view.
Now, for her Absence, and her Stay,
She need no Pardon ask;
Commanded hence; but not before 55
She first had done her task.
Onely she craves, by Friends here left
for to be Visited;
And would Rejoyce to see them all
at th' Heav'nly Table fed: 60

Yet is content they stay a while;
 while 'tis for th' Churches gain:
 For which; we, (with Submission,) Pray
 they here may long Remain.

She's satisfy'd, her Relatives 65
 can never be Undone,
 By the departure of a star,
 while they enjoy the Sun.
 Good is the Country she has left;
 it is IMMANUEL'S. 70
 But HEAVEN the Better Country is;
 and there her SPIRIT dwells.
 The more of Excellence in her
 your ravish'd Eyes did fill;
 Your Resignation shines the more 75
 to Heav'ns Remanding Will.
 You grieve, the Time's so short; but yet
 had you Enjoy'd her longer,
 The Bands of Love had Faster grown,
 and Bands of Grief much stronger. 80
 You'd but short warning of her Death,
 its suddenness is Trying;
 Yet ben't surpriz'd to see that Dead,
 you always knew was Dying.
 Your sweetest Terrene Hopes are cross'd 85
 by disappointment sad:
 That your Eternal Hope's secure,
 your Souls may yet be glad.
 Who Gave her, He has Taken her;
 this is beyond Dispute: 90
 Indisputable Sov'raignty
 then binds you to be Mute.
 Partings are Grief: Happy the Hearts
 here, made Bereavement-Proof;
 In Times of need, you know WHERE there 95
 is Grace and Help enough.
 A Daughter, Sister, Spouse, is tak'n;
 whom dear Relations miss;
 Much of their Worldly Comfort's gone,

now she is gone to Bliss. 100
Stop your Pursuing Griefs for her,
your Hue-en-crys forbear;
You want her Much: SEEK HER IN CHRIST
AND YOU WILL FIND HER THERE.

Maestus Composuit J. D.

HONOUR AND VERTUE
ELEGIZED
IN A
POEM

Upon an Honourable, Aged, and Gracious Mother in our Israel,

MADAM ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON,

*Late Vertuous Consort of our Hon. JUDGE,
Col. ELISHA HUTCHINSON, Esqr., in Boston.*

*She Entred into the Joyes of Paradise,
Feb. 3. 1712, 13. Aetatis Suae 71.*

Not Artful Verse, but Hearty Goodness gives,
That Fame, in Earth & Heav'n, that ever Lives;
Verse only gives the Eccho, and Attest:
And Saints, who need it Least, Deserve it best.
Remembrance, GOD hath Promis'd to the Just: 5
Long Years then, spent in Vertue have it must.
Full long, this Abram's Daughter did appear
Like Polisht Sapphire, and like Rubies, rare;
Full of all Goodness: Grace Abounded so;
Light from Above, thus made Her Shine below. 10
May Trees be known by Fruits; Not many be
So Fit to Live, and Fit to Die, as She.
Her Life was Speaking, and Her Death not Dumb;
She gives Instruction from the very Tomb;
She calls aloud; 'LADIES, BE READY; Mind Me; 15
'I'm Gone before; But Leave the WAY Behind Me.
'LADIES! Be Lesson'd, by My Silver Hairs,

'To Banish from your youth all Carnal Fears
 'Of Dying soon, if You are Early Pious;
 'With Aged Years, See Heav'n doth Gratify Us. 20
 'Did I (think you) One Day the sooner Die,
 'Because in CHRIST so SOON, in Grace so HIGH?
 'The ALTAR may Renounce your SACRIFICE,
 'If you to Age Prorogue your fervent Cries.'*
 Her SAMPLAR, needle-wrought, with threads of Gold 25
 And Stars, doth Useful PARABLES Unfold;
 Namely; THAT Heav'n's-Way's in the Temple; where
 She kept Her Heart; and Her Resort was there:
 THAT, They DO most and best, who feel and know
 That they themselves can nothing WILL or DO: 30
 THAT, th' Word, Pray'r, Faith are th' best Viaticum,
 For Travellers, that would to Heaven Come.
 Her FURNACE also with Instruction Shines:
 There She Refines, Weeps, Prays, Submits, Resigns:
 And when Exempted from Calamity 35
 She Pays the Vows of Her Adversity.
 And, long e're Age had founded a Retreat
 To Worldly Pleasure, Her Recess was Great:
 She kept an Undegenerated Soul,
 Which Times could not corrupt, nor Blasts controul. 40
 In Her, the Meekness, which the most do Want,
 It was both Radical and Radiant.
 Sweet Lowliness, in Greatness, most men Slight;
 Sure, They are Wrong if CHRIST was in the Right;
 She was, (so Richest Mines do Lowest lie,) 45
 Low in HUMILITY; in HONOUR High.
 Her Mind was Generously Elemented;
 And with Her Noble Heart, Her Hand Consented;
 Some lose no little by their Costiveness;
 Her Lib'ral Hand the Poor did often Bless: 50
 Heav'n would give Interest, She did not fear;
 There was Her Treasure, & Her Heart was There.
 Yet One Thing more; She brought on Honour's Stage,
 (Almost Unpresented in Our Age,)
 Most Pious Talk; for such Distill'd from HER; 55
 Sweeter than Hybla's Drops, and Richer far.

*24: Ending quotation mark supplied.

New-England's VERTUOSO this Espied;
 And Chose and Made this Noble Vine His BRIDE.
 Bereav'd before; They saw, (and wip'd their Tears,)
 Their Breaches well made up, for Many Years. 60
 With Honour They sustain'd their Worthy Station,*
 Maintain'd 'by Correspondent Inclination.
 Happy in one another; Happy too
 In Lovely Branches, that do Heav'n-woo.**
 O Happy Family! Like Heav'n above 65
 For Order, Vertue, Piety, and Love.
 SHE the Bright Vertues of Good Wives & Mothers***
 Practis'd Her Self, and Cherished in others.†
 The Greatest Ladies well might Emulate
 Her Gracious Life, and now Her Glorious State.†† 70
 SHE's Run Her Race, The Glorious Prize is won†††
 (Painful to Do; and Pleasing to be Done.)
 T' Her Joyful Soul, the MERCY comes at Last
 On High, Her Longing Soul Desir'd to Tast:
 No Darts can Fly so High; No Violence 75
 Of Foes can Reach Her there, or force Her thence.
 This Saint's Removal unto Consolation
 Yet causeth Anguish, and deep Lamentation.
 Be Comforted: Time's Short; And GOD Lives still,
 He Wills your Good; 'Tis fit He have His Will; 80
 He's not Inconstant, Feeble, or Unkind;
 Nor to His Saints shews a Forgetfull Mind.
 Excessive Grief's an EVIL manifold;
 To Cure it, you must have CHRIST'S Touch and Gold;
 He gives it, ev'n for Alms; Keep it you must; 85
 Th' EVIL Returns if th' Royal Gold be Lost.
 The HEROE'S sorely wounded by this fate,
 Whose Shoulders long have help'd t' Uphold our State;
 His Children too; O! May th' Almighty LORD
 Strong Consolations to Their Souls afford; 90
 Dissolve Their Grievs: Prolong Their Useful Years;
 And turn into Eternal Joyes their Tears. Amen.

Ita humillime Precatur, J. Danforth,
 V. D. M., Dorchest.

*61-71: Broadside torn, *61: S[tation]. **64: Heav'n-w[oo]. ***67: [& Mothers]. †68: o[thers]. ††70: [State]. †††71: [is won].

GREATNESS & GOODNESS ELEGIZED,
*In a POEM, Upon the much Lamented Decease
of the Honourable & Vertuous*

MADAM HANNAH SEWALL,

*Late Consort of the Honourable Judge SEWALL,
in Boston, in NEW-ENGLAND.*

*She Exchanged this Life for a Better,
October, 19th. Anno Dom. 1717. Aetatis Suae. 60.*

A Mind Serene is only fit for Verse,
Deserved by this Honourable Herse:
Our Ruffled Mind can scarcely Think, for Tears;
Trembling Our Pen, at This Great Death, appears.
The PATRIOT, now in Sorrow almost Drown'd, 5
Merits Condoleance from the Country round.
Shall We adventure these Unpolish'd Lines?
Lucina's Dust deserves far Richer Shrines.

To Name Her Father first We'll not think much;
We knew Him well, & Wish there were More Such. 10
Choice HULL the fifth Command observ'd so well,
His Carriage to His Parent did Excell;
Wilson Pronounc'd the Promis'd Blessing then;
The LORD of Providence too said AMEN.
The Hull, soon Built upon, became an Argo; 15
Deep fraughted with Terrene & Heav'nly Cargo:
Immortal Vertue gave Immortal Name;
Long Life, Power, Honour, Added to His Fame.
Stretching his Course, Refresh'd with Prosperous Gales,
Quitting New-England's Coasts, to Heav'n He Sails. 20

This Precious Fragrant Flower was, when he went,
Heir of's Vertues, Left in's Heavenly Tent:
A Paragon, upon New-England's Stage;
Her Piety advancing with her Age.
Her Radiant Graces, of so Rich a Worth, 25
Pencils of Angels scarce can Paint 'em forth.

She was too Sparkling for Plebeian Eyes,
 Heaven Bless'd SEWALL with this Noble Prize;
 Plac'd in the Chrystal Sphere of Chastest Love,
 She Flow'r'd a Race, Devote to Heav'n above. 30
 Full of Contentment and Devoid of Strife,
 In Golden Characters She wrote her Life.
 Her Mind, Bright & Serene: A Charming Sight:
 No Sapphire or Rich Ruby Shone so Bright.

Such was her Course, & Choice, & Disposition; 35
 The Greatest Queens may Envy her Condition.
 Observing-Ladys must keep down their Vail,
 'Till They're as Full of Grace, & Free from Gall,
 As Void of Pride, as High in Vertue Rare,
 As much in Reading, and as much in Prayer. 40
 Wisdom, with an Inheritance, She had:
 Her Charities did make her Neighbours Glad.
 When Darkned with Afflictions, in her Day,
 Th' Bright Cloudy Pillar Guided still her Way:
 The Skie O'recast; Yet in her Cittadel 45
 The COMFORTER Vouchsaf'd to Shine, & Dwell.
 Her Faith, Hope, Patience, Holiness, and Love
 (Thank Heav'ns Free Grace,) did All, most-stedfast prove.
 Up to the Blessed-Seats, Kind Angels bear
 Her 'Parted-Soul; With Hallelujahs there: 50
 To CHRIST, in Youth, drawn by His Saving charms,
 Is now Incircled with His Blessed Arms.

The Cares of State & Courts are Burdens Great;
 Grief for her Death is a more Pressing Weight.
 Behold! Our Samuel to the Utmost Try'd: 55
 CHRIST's Alsufficient Grace, Ne're yet Deny'd.
 Poor Borrowed Greatness dares not to Demur;
 Th' ALMIGHTY well Accepts your Offerings, SIR.
 Whole Hecatombs you offer now in ONE;
 JESUS Remains; You cannot be Undone; } 60
 Excessive Grief, Saints well may Blush to own. }
 Long may You Stay, to Bless the Church & State!
 Kind Heav'n, We Hope, will large Years longer Wait.
 Strong Consolations from th' OMNIPOTENT,
 Let Fill your Heart, in your thus Emptied Tent! 65

And may your Progeny, still Left you, Stand
Sacred to GOD, and Blessings in the Land!

Ita humillime Precatur
JOHN DANFORTH, V. D. M. Dorcestriae.

A FUNERAL POEM IN MEMORY OF
MR. HOPESTILL CLAP,

*Who was for many Years a prudent and faithful Representative
of the Town, and one of the Ruling Elders of the Church
of Dorchester, who went to his Everlasting rest in the
General Assembly of the first born in Heaven, Sept. 2, 1719,
Etatis sui Anno 72. To our Great Loss, and his Great Gain.*

Inroll'd i' th' Number of Christs Witnesses,
To Follow Him into a Wilderness;
A Blessed Number of This Precious Name,
Elect by Heaven, into this Patmos Came.
This Saints choice Parents, Pliant to Heavens Call; 5
Grace early Sanctify'd Their Children all.
Such a Bright Family, How rarely seen!
No Ishmael, Esau, Dinah, found therein.
O! Happy Family! O! Glorious sight!
Who Do & Bear, for CHRIST, lose nothing by 't. 10
This Family did God vouchsafe to Bless
With Copious, and Extensive Usefulness.
The Father Held Our Castle without Fear,
And was Chief, Pious, Valiant, Bulwark there.
Vertuous in Heart, and Useful in their lives 15
Were also his Collateral Relatives.
For his Descendants, View the Assembly's List:
Long Years, Three Sons in General Court Assist;
And in the Ruling Eldership, No less:
In whom their Pastors Heart could acquiesce. 20
Our Hopestill, with the food of Angels Fed,
His Name, and Fathers Hope well Answered:
Converting Mercy and Restraining Grace
With their sweet Fruits within his Soul had Place.

The Chasma's Closed; The Rec'ning is made even: 25
The Gates of Hell held not his Heart from Heaven.
The Hopes of Hypocrites he durst not Cherish;
Nor Durst he Rest in Works, where many perish.
He did (and so should we, when sin doth seize us)
Lose-hold, on all, But GOD's free Grace in JESUS: 30
GOD in Man's Nature; That most Blessed One:
On Him he Liv'd, as his High Priest, alone.
So while he Liv'd, and when he came to die,
CHRISTS Glorious Riches gave him full supply.
Such Lives as his, deserve all Observation, 35
Lasting Remembrance, Constant Imitation;
Adorned with Goodness, Sweetness, Self Denial,
Meekness of Wisdom under every Trial,
With Fear of GOD; and Hate of Sinful Strife
'Gainst Strangers, Neighbors, Brethren, Children, Wife. 40
None could Repine; He was so Debonair,
So True, so Just, so Kind, so Calm, so Fair;
So Valuable (tho' no Son of Thunder),
The Church Rejoyc'd when such an Elder Crowned her.
While Prayers went up, the Life of CHRIST Descended. 45
Winged with the Dove, his Ravish'd Soul Ascended.
Light for th' Upright in Publick Meetings Sown
And Private too, He wisely made his own.
His House, Feasts of Devotion did afford;
Resolv'd, his Family Should Serve the LORD. 50
Thro' Pride his Talents, he would not decline
To Use, altho' he could not see them shine:
Trusting in GOD; was not reduced to be
Unuseful thro' excess of Modestie.
No Laws he Brake, altho' he voted many: 55
Fewds he Compos'd, altho' he Raised not any:
His Greatness Goodness was; His Victory
His Faith; his Honour, his Humility,
With Wisdom, Trustiness, Sincerity.
His Vertues let us duely Imitate. 60
Our Loss of such a Peace-full Man is Great.
Mourn we aright. And may kind Heav'n Afford
Widow, and Children, Comfort in the LORD.

Amen.

An ELEGY upon the much Lamented Decease of
 MRS. ELISABETH FOXCROFT
of Cambridge in New England
(late Excellent Consort to the Worshipful
*Col. Francis Foxcroft, Esq; and Daughter to the Honourable,**
our late Judge & Deputy-Governour,
 THOMAS DANFORTH Esq;
of blessed Memory,)
Whose Funeral was Attended, with great Honour,
on the 6th Day of July, 1721.
Her Immortal Spirit having been Translated
to the Paradise of GOD some Days before.

EMINENT Honour, and Esteem,
 And Goodness too shall be my Theme.
 The Beauties of the Character
 No Panegyricks can Declare.
 Attempts are Vain: Yet Grief will speak; 5
 And Duty too must silence break.
 Most Shining was the Piety
 Of that Renowned Family,
 From which (To Heav'n be all the Praise;) 10
 This Heroine Extracted was.
 This Branch Rear'd up Her Graceful Head
 From th' Chast and Sacred Marriage-Bed:
 Exciting in Dear Parents Breast,
 A Thankful Joy, and happy Rest.
 The main Concern was to obtain 15
 Her Clearance from the Guilt and Stain,
 Of Adam's Sin which reaches All;
 With new Formation of Her Soul.
 The MEDIATOR They address;
 In Prayers of Faith Their Wish Express, 20
 A Miracle might Change Her State,
 Her tender Soul Regenerate,

*: Honourable emended from Honorable.

- Furnish Her well with Every Grace,
And Fix Her in the Heav'nly Race.
At Heaven's High Throne of Grace, Their Pray'r 25
And Pious Vows Accepted were;
And Love and Power Immense so wrought,
She's from a State of Nature brought;
Her Parent's Darling's Sanctify'd;
Kept Spotless; and now Glorify'd. 30
No Care, no Pains, no Cost were spar'd
She might be Polish'd and Prepar'd;
Instructions, Counsels were not Waste;
Her Orient Soul Implem'd so fast.
Unto Dear FOXCROFT She is Given; 35
To Help Him in the Way to Heaven;
A Partner of His Joys, and Cares;
Which, with His Griefs, She freely Shares:
But O! the Blessing, in a Wife!
While She Continu'd in this Life! 40
Deceas'd, She leaves this Legacy,
A dear and Fragrant Memory.
Rare Virtues, in a Rare Degree,
Thou Precious Soul! did Shine in Thee:
Good Prudence, humble Industry, 45
With undissembled Piety;
Amidst Domestick Pains and Care,
Thy Tradings still for Heav'n appear.
Thy Ripe'ning Time, didst well Employ
For Blessed Immortality. 50
Abundantly didst Thou Inherit
That Ornament, the Quiet Spirit.
Thy Willing Hand took up the Cross;
And Every Furnace Purg'd the Dross.
In Meekness, Patience, Charity, 55
Thou didst excel most gloriously.
From Thee, the Splendours, that did flow,
To Heaven's Refulgent Grace we owe.
Thy Children do Thee Blessed Call;
Thy Husband Praises Thee; And All 60
Lament the Loss our Land Sustains:
Compensate' only by Thy Gains.

But, Gracious Soul! What? Must Thou goe?
 And leave Us, in a World of Woe?
 Thou Radiant Gem! Thou Glorious Star! 65
 Than Rubies Richer, and more Rare!
 While in the Body, much Desir'd!
 Most Faithful, Useful, and Admir'd!
 What? Go so soon? Why? Is this Fair
 So soon to Leave Thy Children Dear, 70
 And let thine Honour'd Head sit down,
 Deprived of His Joy and Crown?
 A Crown more Bright than th' Galaxy!
 Fit to be Worn by Majesty!
 How could'st, with such a willing Mind, 75
 Thy Ransom'd DUST leave here behind!
 Earth's Magnet lost its Influence,
 E're Thy Translation did Commence:
 And many Items of Remove,
 Fix'd Thine Affections more above. 80
 Peace of Dependence held Thee fast:
 Peace of Rejoycing shone at Last.
 All Perilous Encounter's o'er;
 Thou'rt Landed on the Halcyon-shoar;
 Where Just Men's Spirits Perfect are, 85
 And bid Adieu to Pain and Fear.
 There Meet Thee now Ten Thousand Quires,
 To Greet Thee with Their Heav'nly Lyres:
 How sweetly all their Sonnets flow!
 Far sweeter Melody than here below! 90
 Thou Gain'st, But We the Losers are;
 Thy Work is Praise, still Ours is Prayer;
 'Thy Worthy CONSORT, now in Tears,
 'GOD lengthen out His Useful Years!
 'Conduct His Soul to th' Highest Shore, 95
 'To meet Thee there and Part no more!
 'As Thou Thy Parents Piety
 'Partook'st, so may Thy Progeny
 'Share Thine! CHRIST's Church Acknowledge will,
 'The Cov'nant-keeping GOD lives still.'* 100

*100: Ending quotation mark supplied.

Thy Reverend Son thy Grace Partakes,
 Heav'n's Herald, He in Duty makes
 Thy Virtues, from the Pulpit, Known:
 By Telling Thine, He shews His Own:
 May Heav'n His Pious Years & Labours Crown! } 105
 AMEN.

Maestus Composuit, J. Danforth,
 V. D. M., Dorcestriae.

AN
 ELEGY

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED DECEASE
 OF THE REVEREND AND EXCELLENT

MR. JOSEPH BELCHER,

*Late Faithful Pastor of the Church of Christ in Dedham, N. E.
 Qui Obiit, April 27, Anno Dom. 1723. Aetat. Suae 53.*

THE Name of BELCHER long has Bless'd the State
 With Heroes in Succession Good and Great:
 And Bless'd the Church too, with a Radiant Star,
 A Man of GOD, an Angel-Tutelar.

The Sin, we must Arraign, and not the Doom, 5
 That brings our Saints and Heroes to the Tomb;
 Adore the Sovereign Grace, (when they Remove,)
 That takes their Souls to the blest Seats above.

Darker than Midnight, is this Day's Eclipse:
 We flow in tears upon the Dying Lips; 10
 The Lips, that did with heavenly Nectar flow,
 And every Sabbath Bless the Church below.

Such as GOD Honours, we should Honour too;
 And view their Death as a Presage of woe:
 May Heav'n Avert it! Such may be Distressed, 15
 Whom th' shines for 30 Years have not Impressed.

Yet bless we CHRIST, that we may not complain
 And say, His Faithful Labours were in vain:
 By this bless'd Instrument, this Heavenly Guide,
 Many Converted, many Edify'd. 20

Bred in the Eagle's Nest and taught to fly,
 Travers'd the Circle of Philosophy;
 Thirsty of Arts, He many an Helicon
 Drank up, as thirsty Stars drink up the Sun.
 Made noblest Flights up to the upper Region, 25
 Feasted best at the Banquets of Religion.
 His Learning vast, like Moses and like Paul,
 To GOD in CHRIST He sacrific'd it all.
 His Rule and Conduct, Prudent, Steady, Mild,
 Honour'd the House of GOD and th' Chair he fill'd. 30
 His 'Scutcheon, Glorious Vertues; and His Crest
 Humility, the Crown of all the Rest.
 By Breath of Heav'n this saving Trumpet blown,
 The Walls of Jericho came tumbling down.
 A Friend unto New-England's first-best-ways; 35
 To th' Constitution that the Scripture lays.
 The Teacher Dextrous and Laborious;
 The Word he Taught, Divinely-Glorious;
 He liv'd it all: To walk the way He trod,
 (Prove it who will,) will bring a man to GOD. 40
 Stopt is the Conduit-Pipe that did Supply
 GOD's Holy Church, and many a Family,
 Abundantly, and that for many a Year:
 Then Run to the Fount', and take Refreshment there.
 This Loss so Public of such vast Extent, 45
 Christ's Ministers throughout the Land, Lament.
 Heav'ns Balm we need; for Bitter is the Cup;
 Great is the Breach: JEHOVAH make it up.
 Thine Alsufficient Blessing, Gracious LORD!
 To Consort, Children, and the Church afford! 50
 May they in their Distress Depend on THEE;
 And thy great Goodness now and ever see!
 The Heavenly Temple, and the Earthly Tomb
 Have each a part, till th' Resurrection come.
 Our Part were humbling to the last Degree 55
 But that his Dust united is with THEE,
 Blest JESUS! waiting till the Jubilee,
 And that there's left us, His Immortal Memorie.

Sic Condoluit, J. DANFORTH

The DIVINE NAME Humbly Celebrated,
On Occasion of the Translation to Heaven of the Bright Soul
of the Pious and Vertuous,

MADAM SUSANNA THACHER

Late Consort of the Reverend Mr. PETER THACHER,
Pastor of the Church of CHRIST in Milton.

September 4. Anno Domini 1724. *Ætatis Suae* 59.

O SUN of Righteousness! Inspire our Tongue!
Sacred to Heav'n shall be Our Funeral Song.
Th' ALMIGHTY, Not our Broken-Selves, Our Theme,
HIM will we Sing, and we will Sing TO HIM. 5
We'll Sing to HIM, who MAKER is of All;
But is Himself without Original:
To HIM alone whose All-Creating Turn
Drew Real Substance out of Nothing's Urn:
To HIM alone whose Wondrous Word and Art
Made Flames Leap out and Glorious Spirits start; 10
Adorning those Sublime Vitalities
With Rare Abilities and Qualities.
We'll Sing to HIM, the Word who did but say, }
A Spacious, Numerous World did Him Obey, }
Come into Being, and their Homage Pay: 15
Made Thinking SOULS, in DUST polite and terse,
To View His Glories on the Universe,
(Oncè very Good;) and in His Glorious SON,
Who Saves th' Elect, who had Themselves Undone.
We'll Sing His Grace, who made Two Stars Combine 20
And in One Wedlock-Constellation Shine,
In Bright Conjunction, to Irradiate
The Darked Times of the Domestick State:
Vile Antichrist alone forbad the Band;
Not HE, who holds the Stars in His Right Hand. 25
We'll Sing HIS Praise, who made the Star we see
Just now Ascending to her Apoge,
A Practick Transcript of the Heav'nly Volume;
Each Line and Letter Bright, in every Column;

Loyal to Heaven; True to her Earthly Guide; 30
 In THACHER's Halls, Six Lustres do* Abide
 A Blessing Rare; And near One Lustre more
 Unto Another MAN OF GOD before.

We'll Sing HIS Thanks who Sanctify'd Her Youth;
 And Fill'd Her Soul with Grace, Her Mind with Truth; 35
 The Law of Kindness at her Lips, Sent forth,
 Than Worlds of Shining Gold and Pearls more worth;
 Made Her not Trust in Duties, but yet Love 'em;
 Be much in Duties, and yet much above 'em;
 Trusting the Merits of Her Glorious HEAD; 40
 With the Wise Virgins Oil Replenished,
 Most inexhaustibly to Her Supply'd,
 Death to Outlive, and Endlesly Abide:
 Makes Momus Swoon at mention of Her Name,
 Th' Infernal Fangs not Fastning on Her Fame. 45

We'll Sing HIS Praise, who to an Orb much Higher
 Removes this Saint, this Gem of Our Desire;
 Can We or She Her Taking hence Repine?
 We see the Cause presents an Anodyne.

We'll Sing HIS Care Paternal and Dear Love; 50
 He doth not Both Bright Stars at once Remove;
 Still Abram stays us to Irradiate,
 Tho' 'tis His Pleasure Sarah to Translate.

We'll Sing the Power that makes Him bear the Smart
 Of Joynts divuls'd, with an Undaunted Heart: 55
 One Partner's gone, yet He's not left alone:
 His GOD is with Him; CHRIST and He make One.
 H' Works in Bright Flames of Mysteries Divine,
 To Enlighten Souls; CHRIST makes Him strongly shine.
 We'll Sing, by Heavens Good Leave, 'Shine may He long! 60
 And Late, the Cherubims be Plac'd among.*

But, ah polluted Lips, and Songs, and Layes! }
 We must Go Higher, to Sing JEHOVAH's Praise. }
 May HE our Souls, and His own Sion Raise. Amen. }

Humilime Offert. J. D.

*31: *do* emended from *to*.

*61: Ending quotation mark supplied.

Two vast Enjoyments commemorated, and two great Bereavements lamented, in two excellent Persons, viz. the Reverend Mr. PETER THACHER Pastor of the Church of CHRIST in Milton, who was born into this World July 18. Anno Dom. 1651. and ascended to a better World, December 17. Anno Dom. 1727. Aetatis 77. and in the 47th of his Pastorate.*

And the Reverend Mr. SAMUEL DANFORTH, Pastor of the Church of CHRIST in Taunton, whose Nativity was December 18. Anno Dom. 1666. and his Translation to the heavenly Paradise, November 14. Anno Dom. 1727. Fifteen Days after the first Shock of the great Earthquake in New-England.

WHAT! Without Feeling? Don't we make Pretense,
In some Degree, unto that vital Sense?
Dumb too! and would be press'd to Death as Mutes?
Angels use speaking Arts: but rarely Brutes.

Lisp we no Ecchoes to the dismal Sound, 5
From Caverns and Convulsions under Ground?
To th' Peals from the charg'd Chambers of the Skies?
To th' Voice from Temples of the LORD most High?

To th' Shrieks from the bereav'd BRITANNICK THRONE,
And Realms; Great GEORGE's Death that loudly groan? 10
When Warning-Pieces great are fired and shot;
When shook, and struck, and call'd, answer we not?

Blind Eyes, deaf Ears, hard Hearts, bind fast the Tongue:
What frightful Maladies upon us throng?
O SON of David Mercy on us shew! 15
Restore our Souls! Our spiritual Sense renew!
From Blindness, Deafness, Hardness, instantly
LORD! If thou wilt, Thou can'st our Souls set free.

We'll then with Thanks review Enjoyments past,
For poor Improvements we will be abas'd. 20
Our late Bereavements we will lay to Heartt;
But most of all, GOD's Wrath, and our Desert.

We long enjoy'd a Sky, that did refrain;
An Earth, that *Terra Firma* did remain;

*: *and* appears twice, one *and* deleted.

And not *Infirma*, but a quiet Seat; 25
Groan'd not so loud, to make our Hearts to beat.

Long were we bless'd with GEORGE's Influence,
By whom GOD gave us great Deliverance.
Th' ascended LORD long favour'd us with Lights
To Shine vile Rebels into Favourites. 30
The Council-Board, the Bench, the sacred Desk
Long shone with Heroes, who are now at Rest.
CHRIST's two last aged Shepherds tarried long,
His dear, (but now bereaved) Flocks among.

View their paternal and maternal Lines, 35
Both of them sprang from many great Divines,
Honour'd in England, and New-England too,
For Service they for CHRIST, and's Church did do.

Angels, *per Saltum*, took their high Degree,
Commencing Spirits, from Non-Entity, 40
These Angels of our Churches, Babes first were;
How excellent the Mothers that them bare?
Again they both were New-Born of the SPIRIT:
And both great double-Portions did inherit,
Of the rare Spirit of the bless'd ELIJAHS, 45
Whose Mantles fell to these good young ABIJAHS.

What Man (since Miracles are ceas'd) e're gains,
Without the Teachers, and the Learners Pains,
And th' Blessing upon both, from GOD most High,
Sufficient Knowledge in the Mystery 50
Of Arts, of Languages, and of Religion
To qualify for the Prophetick-Vision?

GOD bless'd the Pains, (bless'd be His glorious Name!)
To both of these, that quickly they became
(Like well-taught Pegasuss) thorow-pac'd; 55
Before they were with College-Laurels grac'd.

Their Temper far from Injucundity;
Their Tongues and Pens from Infacundity.

Solid and Grave, yet pleasant they were each;
Lest any should of Starch'dness them impeach. 60

In Med'cine, and in civil Laws, well read
Were Luke and Zenas; for their Neighbours Need.
Each, on Occasion, might few Minutes lend,
To Advise a Sick or an exposed Friend:
Both these our Pastors very Skilful were, 65
Like Luke the one, th' other like Zenas rare.
Their Usefulness thence flowing, by the by,
How full of Piety and Charity!

All to their Office-Work subordinated;
A Work unrivall'd, not to be check-mated. 70

A Work, upon the Wheels forever going;
A Work (whatever else was done) still doing.
A Work for which they left no Stone unturn'd;
A Work for which the Indian-Tongue they learn'd,
Th' Indians in their own Language had their Lectures, 75
All full of CHRIST, and Grace, and Heav'nly Nectars.

But th' English mainly had their Pains and Care,
To th' English they were Angels Tutelar.
High in Employments, but not high in Pride,
Their HIGH-EMPLOYER was their Guard and Guide. 80

To batter Sin they mighty were: For Zeal
Chariots and Horsemen of our Israel.
Their Churches were by them (as Bulwarks strong)
From Vice (thank the MOST HIGH) defended long:
While the Resistless Sword was in their Hand, 85
Agags were hewn to Pieces in their Land.
'Gainst Sin did Lions in GOD's Cause appear,
But in their own, they Lambs for Meekness were.

They left a sacred Stamp, where e're they trod;
Their Lives-Right-Steps shew'd Men the Way to GOD: 90
They both were to their Flocks unblotted Paterns;
And of all Godliness and Virtue Patrons.

Shepherds they were, the Sheep who right did guide;
And who seducing Wolves could not abide.
Both wrought with GOD, and wrought by Faith and Prayer, 95
Both wrought for GOD, and were His tender Care.

Both many thousand sacred Sermons preach'd,
 That th' Ears and Hearts of many Hundreds reach'd.
 Most bounteously GOD answered their Desire,
 Hard Hearts would melt by their seraphick Fire. 100

Their Prayers and Prophecyings (by Heav'ns Might)
 Rais'd up dead Souls, restor'd the Blind to sight.
 Right noble Wisdom thus each of 'em had;
 Wise to win Souls, to make their SAVIOUR glad.

Careful they were CHRIST's Sheep should never feed 105
 On Arian, Popish or Arminian Weed.
 Careful lest worldly Lusts should hot pursue 'em,
 Bad Company and Pleasures should undo 'em.
 Careful to bring 'em from destructive Things,
 To the safe Shelter of bless'd JESUS's Wings. 110

For Foresight and good Forecast, few their Match:
 Were ever on their Guard, and on their Watch.
 Both Men and Things they studied well, and knew;
 Their Bow they seldom at Adventure drew. 115
 In Councils frequent and in Travels oft;
 Success (like joyful Streamers) seen aloft.
 But I omit whole Volumes yet behind;
 So great Enjoyments tell us GOD is kind.

Lustres of Years (though fit for Heaven) they stood,
 By CHRIST continued, for His Churches good. 120
 Their precious useful Memory remains,
 For wise Improvers everlasting Gains.

Who gain'd no Gold by these Aurifick-Stones,
 Have Reason now to make their doleful Moans. 125
 Our Loss in their Remove is far from finall,
 Who were such copious Blessings unto all.

May Heaven, that takes our Treasures, make Retrievements!
 Else Bankrupts are undone by such Bereavements.
 Levi'thans they who do not (for their Part)
 The wounding-Warnings duely lay to heart. 130
 Portended Ills prevent! most gracious GOD!
 Make all take Warning, by thy speaking Rod!
 Bereaved Families, and Flocks with Tears,
 Ask tender Sympathy, and fervent Prayers:

May Heav'ns kind Ears receive their Lamentations! 135
Give, LORD! Their weakned Hearts strong Consolations.

Amen.

Ita humillime precatur
J. D.

TWO FRAGMENTS OF ELEGIES

*Upon the decease of the pious Mr. Thomas Bromfield,
aged twelve years, the second son
of the Honourable Edward Bromfield, Esq.
Feb. 8, 1709/10.*

Bright and sweet soul! just long enough in sight
To charm affection, and attract delight;
How soon ascended to the Heavenly Sphere!
So angels quickly vanish, that appear.

His early death, doctrine and use afford, 5
And reason too for turning to the Lord.
Profit by this! we'll Heavenly Grace adore,
Although he never preach a sermon more.

Nature and Grace are mourners at this sight,
But 'tis religion gives to mourn aright. 10
Charming the musick in the Heavenly ears,
While Christ is bottling of your trickling tears.

*Elegy on the Death of Captain Jonathan Danforth.
d. Billerica, Sept. 7, 1712, a. 84.*

He rode the circuit, chain'd great towns and farms,
To good behavior; and by well marked stations,
He fixed their bounds for many generations.
His art ne'er failed him, though the loadstone failed,
When oft by mines and streams it was assailed. 5
All this is charming, but there's something higher,
Gave him the lustre which we most admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ALMANAC VERSE

(1679)

March

TH' Imperial Prince of Light shall now arise,
And banish darkness from the Cloudy Skyes,
And having won and worn the Golden Fleece
Will promise unexhausted Springs of Peace:
 But yet in's HORNED forehead you may read 5
 That now the Queen of heav'n is Queen indeed,
 Who's Face shall screen the Earth fro's scorching Ray,
 And so this Equal moneth shall March away.

April

NOW such as all their food to Labour owe
The rugged Earth and Surging Sea must plow: 10
The Farmer joye's when he (his Labour ended)
With Showrs of Blessing, see's his toile attended,
 Fair Winds on Seamen, work the same effect
 When to the Hav'n, their course clear Heav'ns direct.
 But first i' th' Cloded Earth the Seed must dy, 15
 Or 'twill not to the Ploughman multiply.

May

THE subtil Chymists now begin to act,
Who Quintessential virtues will extract
That so from bitter weeds Sweet may proceed
To serve the Rich mans pleasure, Poor mans need. 20
 Now Freemen in their Liberty rejoyce
 Of Choisest men to make a Worthy choice;
 The which, who e're are wise or otherwise
 This moneth agree with joy to Solemnize.

June

OUR Lights one Phenix now doth lightly fall 25
Into the bosome of his Cardinall:
The Cattled Earth he doth compassionate:
And to her speeds apace in Pompous state:
 But seing Saturns Chariot very neer
 He cryes adue! and Posts away for fear. 30
 Solsticial Heat's and Cold's each in their time,
 Do much distemper this our Temp'rate Clime.

July

THE noble Ships, which the vast Ocean try,
And nothing neer them see, but Sea and Sky,
Now homeward with their Wings advance apace, 35
And having periodiz'd their restless race:
 The Merchants house will fill with plenteous Store,
 But Silver Angels onely ope' the dore:
 The Sun from th' Lyon now will make retreat
 In truth 'twould joy a blind man much to se it. 40

August

BY Planet's Vote this sound surrounds the Sky,
The Garland giv'n must be to Mercury:
When to the Peerless Sun (who scorners scorn's)
The Dog shalt shew his heels, the Moon her horns:
 To all (but Doctours now) the seeds of Woe 45
 May quick be sown, by such sweet fruits as doe
 First give th' Inamour'd eye a pleasant taste
 And then between the watering teeth are plac't.

September

THE Starry Ballance now doth poized stay,
The Golden Talent of our time to weigh; 50
Whereof each moments value far surmounts
All Finite numbers and conceiv'd accounts;
 He may expect no fruitfull harvest now,
 His Springing Seed who did neglect to sowe,
 Wheras the Prudent Farmers constant care 55
 Provides enough to spend and some to spare.

October

DIana's dwelling Saturn doth possess,
 And Jove to Citharea doth no less:
 Apollo joynes with Hermes to destroy
 And rob poor Venus of her house and joy: 60
 VVhilest that Lucina's Courses do decide
 VWhat Changes shall both Winds & Tides betide,
 Her head and horns unto the Earth she'l show,
 That thirteen Moons unto the doz'n may go.

November

NOW Sol and Venus take their sweet repast 65
 And blust'ring Boreas storm's the world: At last
 Joynd with Appolo's foll'wer Mercury
 His Edicts Echoe round the spangled sky:
 Whose thundring voyse ('though all ye world withstand it)
 Will never Court attention, But Command it. 70
 Whose thunder-threats you need not fear or flee,
 If Winter-tite your Woollen brestplates bee.

December

NOW he that time's our Time & rules the Light
 Doth make our Shortest Day & longest Night,
 And in his Antique Mode, his Chariot turn's, 75
 And to our Artick world with Cold return's.
 The Fal is fal'n & Winter holds his throne.
 Doom's idle hands to Cold: when Such alone
 Who Sowe the Seed of Diligence in Time,
 Shall Reap Heats harvest in the Coldest Clime. 80

January

WHite Winter now our loss of heat repairs
 With th' New years Guift of clear & healthy Aires.
 A cleanly Dish Indeed! (and so 't had need)
 Whereon each minute every man must feed.
 And now the Potent Blasts of Mercury, 85
 Will chain the Northern Seas and Surges high,
 And each confine unto his proper seat
 While living Springs retaine their native heat.

February

SOL ended hath this YEAR: But not his Race,
But thither whence he came, He speeds apace. 90
Seed time and Harvest shall with Cold and Heat
(While th' Earth endures) retain their proper seat;
So neither Winter nor shall Summer miss
Their wonted Courses: And a Time there is
All Sublunary Labours to begin, 95
Except (which every day we do) to Sin.
O' th' large Extent of Time this Year hath shown,
The Instant only can we call Our own.

EPITAPH ON JOSIAH FLINT

A man of God he was, so great, so good,*
His highest worth was hardly understood
So much of God & Christ in him did dwell.
In grace & holyness he did excell.
An honor & an ornament thereby 5
Both to ye Church and ye Ministry.
Most zealous in ye work of reformation
To save this selfdestroying generation
With courage strove gainst all this peoples sin
He spent his strength his life his soul therein 10
Consumd with* holy zeal for God for Whome
He livd & dy.d a kind of martyrdome
If men will not lament their hearts not breake
No wonder this lamenting stone doth speake
His tomb stone crys Repent & souls to save 15
Doth prach repentance from his very grave
Gainst sinners doth as lasting record lye
This monument to his blesd memory.

Psal IIX Prov. 10. 7.

*1-18: In the original form, only capital letters are used. *11: *with* emended from *wth*.

POEMS FOR COTTON MATHER'S

MAGNALIA

Cottonus Matherus

Anagr.

Tu tantum Cohors es.

Epigramma.

Ipse, vales Tantum, Tu, mi memorande MATHERE,
Fortis pro Christo Miles, es ipse cohors.

A Pindaric.

Art thou Heavens Trumpet? sure by the Archangel blown;
Tombs Crack, Dead Start, Saints Rise, are seen and known,
And Shine in Constellation;
From ancient Flames here's a New Phoenix flown,
To shew the World, when Christ Returns, he'll not Return 5
alone.

A FEW LINES TO FILL UP A VACANT PAGE

WO worth the Days! The Days I spent
I' th' Regions of Discontent;
Where I nought rightly understood,
But thought Good, Evil; Evil, Good;
Friends I deem'd Foes; Wrong I conceiv'd was done me; 5
I Swell'd & Rage'd, whole Heaven could not Atone me:
My Soul ('tis known) was not my Own, so far it had undone me.

Health, Fame, and Wealth were full of Stings;
Children, and Friends were no such Things;
My wholesome food was Poison'd all, 10
And Hony did but Swell my Gall;
God was no God, Christ was no Christ to me,
While thus I Drave in Discontentments Sea:
Thank this first Vice, that Adam e're lost Paradiice, and me.

Thus being Lost, wrong Course I Steerd 15
While neither Sun, nor Stars appear'd

Instead of Heav'n's Land, I made Hell,
I knew't by its Sulphureous Smell:
Coming on Waters, strait my LORD spy'd I;
Avaunt, Foul Fiend! Avoid, fell Foe! Cry'd I; 20
So vilely I mistook, and therefore spake foul Blasphemy.

'Tis I, quoth He, Be not Afraid.
Which Words He had no sooner said,
But all my Discontents resil'd;
The Ruffling Winds, and Waves were still'd; 25
By what Time, Faith and Hope my Sailes could hoise,
I got safe and firm Anch'rage in a trice,
Within the very inmost Bays of Blissfull Paradice.

EPITAPH ON MIRIAM WOOD

A Woman well beloved of all
her neighbours, from her care of small
Folks education, their number being great,
that when she dy'd she scarsely left her mate.
So Wise, Discreet,* was her behaviors 5
that she was well esteemed by neighbours.
She liv'd in love with all to dy
So let her rest eternally.**

LOVE *and* UNITY
ENCOURAGED,
AND
CONTENTION *and* DIVISION
DISSWADED,
in a POEM.

The Costly Nard, on Jesus Feet,
Was dutifully Plac'd:
Light finger'd Judas vilely Cry'd,
What meaneth all this Waste?
His Discontent at mild Reproof, 5
Shot forth in Wrath and Strife,

*5: *Discreet* emended from *Discre*; *her* appears twice consecutively in line in original.

**8: *eternally* emended from *eternaty*.

And Consultations of Revenge
 Against the Lord of Life.
 By Giving of the Pascal Sop,
 The Traitor was detected, 10
 The Supper of the Lord came on;
 He being first Ejected.
 Christ's Sufferings hastened on apace,
 And He Prepar'd to Die,
 His Will and Testament Declar'd, 15
 And His last Legacie:
 And thus Began; The Son of Man
 Is Glorify'd Hereby;
 And in Him, God is Glorify'd,
 And shall Him Glorify. 20
 My Children Dear! Saith He, I go
 Where yet you cannot Come,
 (By Whom much Work is to be done,
 Before your Martyrdome.)
 Know All Men, Ye are Mine: Let All 25
 My NEW Commandment View,
 That Ye must One Another Love,
 As I have Loved you.
 This New Command is Mine; This Test
 If you Endure, when Try'd, 30
 And keep my Law, you in my Love,
 And Favour shall Abide.
 This Precept I'll Repeat, and say
 My Love, that's wondrous Great
 Unto you all, you labor shall 35
 By Love, to Imitate.
 Yea to my Friends, I'll say't again,
 (Lest you Forgetful prove;)
 I strictly do Command, That you
 Shall One Another Love. 40
 My Loves sweet Fruits, the Comforter
 Shall then to you Impart,
 A Life of Fruitfulness shall shew
 Your Heav'nly Joyful Heart.
 Abundantly when you shall Ask 45
 The Father in My Name,

By all Our Truth, and Love, and Power,
We will Perform the same.
Much more He Spake, Ending at length,
His Farewel Exhortation; 50
Then to His Father turn'd, and made
His Fervent Supplication.
O FATHER! Glorify thy SON;
WHO Glorifys Thee still,
And Gives to Men Eternal Life 55
According to Thy Will.
My Taught-Apostles Sanctify;
From Evil keep them Free:
As Holy FATHER! We are ONE!*
ONE also Let Them be. 60
Not for the World, But Them I Pray,
And Such as shall Believe
On Me, by vertue of the Word,
They shall of Them receive,
As Thou'rt in Me, & I in Thee, 65
In Glorious Unitie,
One in the Father and the Son,
That They may also be;
In Truth & Faith & Amitie
That every Christian Brother 70
Be Joyned unto Me and Thee,
And All to One Another.
The World doth Hate 'em, & will Strive
To Rob their outward Rest;
With God, with Conscience, & with Saints 75
My Peace shall make them Bless'd.
My Peace to them I therefore give;
My Peace I with them leave;
May they Enjoy 't, till I shall them
Unto My Self Receive. 80
To Purchase Love and Unity,
Dear Saviour! Thou hast bled,
And to pursue 'em, all thy Saints
Under strong bands hast laid.
That these thy precious Legacies, 85
They surely may Inherit,

*59: *As Holy FATHER!* emended from *As Holy, FATHER!*

Inherent and Assisting Grace
 Are offer'd, by Thy Spirit.
 How is it then (since Thou has made
 Such plentiful Provision, 90
 For Love and Unity) we find
 Contention and Division!
 Those Blessings, if we don't enjoy,
 The Fault and Blame's our own:
 We've shut up Heav'n, if they descend 95
 Not from that Glorious Throne.
 The Means and End lie close Conjoyn'd
 In the Divine Decree:
 Thou wait'st but till we use the means,
 And well prepared be: 100
 Thy Laws neglected, lose their Force;
 Thy Promise is not Heeded;
 Judgment on Murmurers takes Place;
 So Grace is Superseded;
 Our Meribahs are Multiply'd, 105
 As if we were Possess'd;
 Our Loose Affections soon Divide;
 For Trifles, we Contest.
 Our Honour's trampled under foot;
 Our Crown is made Profane; 110
 To many Souls, while Strife is rife,
 The Means of Grace are vain.
 The Storms grow long, the hopeful seeds
 Under the Clods grow rotten;
 The Blasted Years of strife do make 115
 The plenteous years forgotten;
 By Hot Contention's Thunderbolts
 Are Temples rent in twain;
 Armies of Abels too, Advance,
 Arm'd with the Clubs of Cain. 120
 Batter'd and Shatter'd by such Storms,
 Are best mens Reputations;
 In vain they talk, while strife is loud,
 of working Reformatiions.
 And by strife's means, much Pray'r is stop'd 125
 And much is turn'd to Sin:

- It breaks all Dams; so Hells black Waves
Amain come tumbling in.
Setting aside the Fear of God,
And violently mov'd 130
By Instigation of the Devil,
Thousands of times (it's prov'd)
This wicked strife has broke the Peace
In Christian Families,
In Kingdoms, Provinces and Towns, 135
Churches and Colonies;
It has Eclips'd, to great Degree,
Each Radiant Quality,
That gave 'em greatest likeness to
Th' Eternal Deity. 140
Their Wisdom, Justice, Holiness,
Long suffering, Clemency,
Their Meekness and Indulgence too,
Love and Benignity,
God's Great and Glorious Name also 145
Strife vilely doth Despise,
And what God's Soul Abominates
Doth to Him Sacrifice.
The Halt and Sick and Mutilated
(Which God doth not desire) 150
It doth upon His Altar burn,
All with Unhallowed Fire.
An Enemy to the Vitals 'tis;
Seizing both Heart and Head;
Many that seem'd Alive before, 155
It's Poysonous Breath strikes Dead.
To flay this fiery Dragon strife,
Where's the Effectual Dart?
O Saints! God's Word's the pow'rful sword
That Stabs it to the Heart: 160
Let Faith God's Promises improve,
And Fear His Threatnings Weild,
And Conscience stand by His Command,
And Strife will soon be Kill'd.
And is't a Plague, then call for Pray'r; 165
Our Churches often prove it;

- No Hand but what inflicted it
 Is able to Remove it.
 Then set His Hand on work by Pray'r,
 Add Faith and Fasting to it; 170
 If 't's possible to cast it out,
 This Heav'nly Course will do it.
 Cutting Rebukes for to forbear
 No such Forbearance is
 As Christ will own, when milder means 175
 Encourage the Disease.
 Yet when Constrain'd to Cut and Lance,
 Be sure you mourn and weep,
 And tremble, lest by any means,
 Your Lancet pierce too deep. 180
 For things, in Notion, Disputable,
 Not inconsistent with
 Faith, Love, and New Obedience,
 Do not Strifes Sword Unsheath.
 If you must needs come to Debate, 185
 You greatly ought to fear it:
 And for such Trial of Self-denial,
 Bring a submitting Spirit,
 Knowing your weakness, come (I say)
 With some degree of terrour, 190
 Lest truth and right you would assert,
 Should suffer by your Errour.
 Be not of Evil Overcome:
 Be good invincibly;
 That ill men by your goodness great, 195
 At length may vanquish't be.
 Do Churlish Neighbors not deserve,
 Your Pardons Peace and Kindness,
 Yet Christ deserves; if you can't see't
 'Tis owing to your Blindness. 200
 Whoso desires that He himself,
 And others live at Rest,
 Must Hear and See, with Charity,
 And wisely Say the best.
 Be deaf to Tatling Tale-bearers; 205
 Credit not all Reports;

- Avoid the Charms of Whisperers;
Forbear all sharp Retorts;
Would you not have the Sun seem Red,
Put by the Heliotrope; 210
If you'd not hear the Clapper strike,
Then do not pull the Rope;
If you'd not have the Blood burst forth,
The nose then do not wring;
Do not disturb the wasps or bees, 215
If you'd avoid their sting;
Would you not have your Glass-house broke,
Then throwing stones forbear;
Would you prevent a Powder blast,
Then let no Coals come near; 220
Remove the Leaven you see laid
Before it be fermented;
Occasions of Disturbance, let
Be Carefully Prevented;
Forbear when Censures you receive, 225
Like Censures to return;
Of Fire-balls make no Foot balls, lest
You Towns and Churches burn.
Are Spirits roil'd and blood inflam'd
With Feavour to Convulsion; 230
Purge sharp and peccant humours well,
And make a quick Revulsion.
From the hot Caldron pluck the brands,
If you'd not have it boil;
VVould you not have the swelling burst, 235
Then supple it with Oyl.
Although for outward quietness,
POWERS are and LOTS ordain'd,
Yet Lotts, and Law-suits rarely use,
Lest they and Peace be stain'd. 240
Common Received Customs Good
Resolve, not to oppose;
Nor violently to impose
Whate're you shall propose.
In Doubtful Things and Difficult, 245
Be not too Peremptory;

Suspect, suspend your judgment then,
 And be not Refractory.
 Would you've good Peace and Unity
 And Friendship with a Brother, 250
 In Lawful Things let ev'ry one
 Both serve and please each other.
 Offences neither give nor take;
 Pray God to make you Wise;
 Let Patience have its perfect work; 255
 Meekness it's Exercise;
 All Envy and Vexatious Wrath,
 Well mortify you must;
 Contention comes by Pride, this Pride
 It must be ground to Dust; 260
 Lastly, break not your Peace with God;
 His Laws keep as your Life,
 If you'l secure your mutual Peace
 And not be plagu'd with Strife.

Prov, 16. 7.

EPITAPH ON HOPESTILL CLAP

His Dust Waits Till The Jubile
 Shall Then Shine Brighter Than ye Skie
 Shall meet & joine (to Part no more)
 His Soul That's Glorify'd Before
 Pastors & Churches Happy Be 5
 With Ruling Elders Such As He
 Present Usefull Absent Wanted
 Liv'd Desired Died Lamented

THE
MERCIES
of the YEAR
COMMEMORATED:
A SONG *for*
Little CHILDREN
in
NEW-ENGLAND.
December 13th 1720.

(1)

Heaven's MERCY shines, Wonders & Glorys meet;
Angels are left in sweet surprise to see 't.
The Circle of the Year is well near Run
Earth's-Conflagration is not yet begun.

(2)

Heavens spares the Bulwark of our Peace, King GEORGE; 5
Our CHARTER holds; and Privileges large.
Our GOVERNOUR and SENATORS can meet;
And Greet, and Join in Consultations sweet.

(3)

Though Great our Loss in GREENWOOD's bless'd Translation
Yet well fill'd Pulpits bless the Little Nation. 10
New Churches Gather'd; Th' Eastern Peace not lost;
And Satan's overthrown with all his Host.

(4)

Sickness from Distant Lands Arrives, and Fears;
JEHOVAH in the Mount as oft Appears.
Contagion stops with Precious Captain GORE; 15
How Great our Loss? but Heav'n will draw no more.

(5)

Tho' ripening HEAT came late, yet Frost held off,
We Reap the Harvest, and have Bread enough.

Provision's dear, Goods high, Bills low, Cash none;
And yet the Suffering Tribe is not Undone. 20

(6)

A Miracle! The Ocean-Seas of Sin,
Have not prevail'd to let a Deluge in!
That Earth's upheld to bear the heavy Load!
Adore the Grace of a Long suffering GOD!

(7)

Some Vices in the Church not yet subdu'd; 25
Old Barren Vines and Trees not yet down hew'd.
Sinners, not sent to their Deserved Place;
A YEAR is added to their DAY of Grace.

(8)

The Fugitive may be returned home;
The Foe to GOD, a Favourite become. 30
Who have no shelter from Thy Jealous Eye,
JESUS! for shelter to thy Wounds may Fly.

(9)

The whole Years Space for Faith, Repentance, Prayer;
The Most have not improved well, I Fear:
Look then, with broken Hearts, upon your ways; 35
And see, your Future Lives, JEHOVAH Praise.

THE VANITY
OF THE WORLD,
A POEM.

I

WHAT if a Day, or a Month, or a Year,
Crown thy Delights with a Thousand sweet contentings,
May not the Chance of a Night or an Hour,
Cross thy Delights with as many sad lamentings.

Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth, are but Blossoms dying; 5
 Wanton Pleasures, doating Love, are but shadows flying:
 All our Joys are but Toys, idle Thoughts deceiving;
 None has Power of an Hour, to his Life retrieving.

II

The Earth's but a Point of the World; and a Man
 Is but a Point to the Earth's compared Center:— 10
 Shall then a Point of a Point be so vain,
 As to triumph in a silly Points adventure.—
 All is hazard that we have, there is nothing 'biding,
 Days of Pleasure are like Streams, thro' fair Meadows gliding;
 Weal or Woe, Time doth go; Time hath no returning;— 15
 Secret Fates guide our* States, both in Mirth and mourning.

III

What hast thou then, silly Man, for to boast,
 But of a sad, and a sorrowful Life perplexed,
 When Heart and Hope, and the Fancy at best,
 Then Grief and Fear with despair are annexed. 20
 Blossoms, Ashes, Earth and Bell, doth thy State resemble;
 Fear of Sickness, Death and Hell, should make thee to tremble.
 Every Thing that doth spring, soon is ripe, soon rotten!
 Pomp and Pride, soon doth slide, soon they are forgotten. **

IV

So soon as Death shall have ended thy Race, 25
 And cut the Thread of thy Life,—thy Soul is ascending, ***
 Into it's Rest, 'foredeemed the Place,
 Whither† thy Thoughts, Words and Works, were ever 'tending.
 Death doth hasten, and the Grave, waiteth for thy coming;
 Neither Friends nor Foes can save, thou art thither running. 30
 Every Day taketh away part of thy Time flying;
 Therefore strive, whilst alive, to be fit for dying.

*16: *our* emended from *or*.

**24: These first three stanzas were not written by Danforth. For the fourth stanza I have been unable to locate a previous source, and it is possible that it was written by Danforth. See 'Introduction,' pp. 131-132.

***26: *ascending* emended from *as ascending*.

†28: *Whither* emended from *Whether*.

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