



FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
2177

Division

Section

Monthly Preparations

FOR THE

Holy Communion,

By Richard Baxter.

To which is added,

Suitable Meditations before,
in, and after Receiving.

WITH

Divine Hymns;

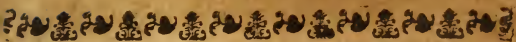
In Common Tunes.

Fitted for Publick Congregations,
or Private Families.

The Third Edition Corrected.

B O S T O N : Printed for D. Henchman, at
the Corner Shop over against the Brick Meet-
ing-House in Cornhill. 1728.

D. C. (Colesworth).



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

Sacramental Work is solemn Work indeed : And all those helps are valuable & desirable, whereby the Furniture of our Minds, the temper of our Hearts, and the conduct of our Lives may be answerable to the solemnity of a Sacramental Table. A Mind that is barren or perplext; an Heart that is false or stupid; and the Conscience of a disordered Conversation, are bad Companions to attend us to the Holy Supper of our Lord. The Lord's Body is to be discerned, his Death shewed forth, his tender'd Self & Benefits received, and his next Coming seriously thought on, and throughly prepared for, and joyfully expected by us; and all this is to be influenced and actuated by this Memorial which Christ hath left with us:

The P R E F A C E

Such helps as these, are the more useful by being brief, if brevity do not render them defective and obscure, as here I think they will not. No Directory can be better than the Institution, if well discerned & attended to.

I. *The Memorable Person* is the *Lord Jesus*, in his Perfections, Relations, and Designs. Here therefore let him be considered,

1. As *Man*, to render him capable of Sufferings, Service, and Contending with that Enemy of God & Man, who once deceived and enslaved us.

2. As the *Son of Man*, the chief of Humane Race, for Tryals, Faithfulness and Advancement.

3. As the *Son of God*, as essentially and most intimately one with God; as Lord of the Universe, Head over all Things to His Church, and of the Church itself. The brightness of his Fathers Glory, the one Mediator; and so God's way to Man, and Man's way to God, and one deputed to undertake and perfect our Conduct, Government, and Salvation.

II. His

II. His *Sufferings* are the things here next to be commemorated. Great were his Trials from *God*, from *Hell*, & from *this World*. With great composedness and magnanimity, did he endure them, and work his passage through them to that exalted state, wherein he had so much to do with God for us : In all these, and in his Preparations for them, doth he appear most exemplary to us, claiming and urging our Conformity to his obedient, submissive, and resolute self. And in his Meritorious Sufferings and Expiatory Death, must we discern and think intently on, what there and thence was evident; viz. God's Wisdom, Majesty, Holiness, and his Governing Justice, and Prerogatives; the sinfulness of Sin, the Misery of revolted Man, the Equity & Power of Gods violated Law, and the eminence of the *Divine* above the *Animal* Life, Nature, & Concerns.

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

1. How glorious a God we have to do with.

The PREFACE

2. What wise and righteous Constitutions we had violated.

3. What dreadful Evils we had brought upon our selves.

4. What Spirit, strength and reach there is in Divine Threatnings.

5. How hard it is to be recovered, when we are fallen from God, and so what an Enemy Satan is to Man; and how unwilling to let his Captives go.

6. To shew us the riches of God's Grace in him, and his own Dignity; in that his Sufferings could, and did, merit and obtain of God our Pardon, Adoption, Acceptance, & Eternal Bliss thro' him.

7. To raise and cherish holy endeavours to return to God in hope.

8. To make us dread the Thoughts of ever falling off from God again.

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

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

To the R E A D E R.

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

12. To put us into, & to keep us in a Covenant-state & frame, that thus we may deal & walk with God, as Children, as interested in his Son, as inhabited and actuated by his Spirit, & as united with all the Family of God and Christ, in the same Principles, Practices, Concerns, and Hopes, in order to the Exercises of all the sympathies and services of mutually Christian Love, Eph. iv. 1, 6.

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

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

2. The Remembrance contains,

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

2. *Heart work*, in forming the temper, purposes, hopes, and comforts of our
Hearts.

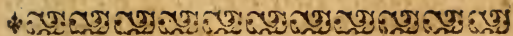
The P R E F A C E, &c.

Hearts unto what this Supper imports,
and our acceptance of what is rendered
here; and our obliging our selves to do
and be as Christ would have us.

3. *Life work* ; in keeping up our
Christian Practice and Profession as we
are here directed and obliged to ; for
a more full Account whereof, and
greater fitness for it, thou art commend-
ed to this helpful Treatise, by Thine
to his poor Power for Christ.

Matthew Sylvester.

Feb. 3. 1695, 6.



A Monthly Preparation for
our Holy Communion with
CHRIST and His Church,
in the Lord's Supper.

THIS is a holy Feast that is purposely provided by the King of Saints, for the Entertainment of his Family; for the refreshing of the weary, and the making glad the mournful Soul. The Night before his bitter Death, he instituted this Sacramental Feast; He caused his *Disciples to sit down with him*, and when they had partaked of the Passover, the *Sacrament of Promise*, and had their taste of the *old Wine*, he giveth them the *new*, even the *Sacrament of the better Covenant*, and of the *fuller Gospel Grace*: He teacheth them that his Death is *Life to them*: And that which is his *bittiereſt ſuffering*, is their *Feaſt*: And his *ſorrows* are their *Joys*; as our *ſinful pleaſures* were his *ſorrows*. The *ſlain Lamb of God our paſſover* that was *Sacrificed for us,*

2 *A Monthly Preparation for us, that taketh away the sins of the World, was the pleasant food; which Sacramentally he himself then delivered to them, and substantially the next day offered for them. The Bread of God is he which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth Life unto the world, Joh. 6. 33. He is the living Bread which came down from Heaven: If any Man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever: And the Bread which he giveth is his flesh which he hath given for the Life of the World. Ver. 50, 51. Except we eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his Blood, we have no Life in us: Whoso eateth his flesh & drinketh his Blood, hath eternal Life, & he will raise him up at the last day: For his Flesh is meat indeed, & his Blood is drink indeed: He that eateth his flesh, and drinking his Blood, dwelleth in Christ, and Christ in him: As the living Father hath sent the Son, & he liveth by the Father. So he that eateth him, shall live by him: This is that Bread that came down from Heaven: Not as the Fathers did eat Manna & are dead: He that eateth this Bread shall live for ever.*

I shall here only give you some brief
Directions for your private duty herein.
Direct.

Direct. 1. Understand well the proper ends, to which this Sacrament was instituted by Christ, & take heed that you use it not to ends, for which it never was appointed. The true ends are these, 1. To be a solemn Commemoration of the Death and Passion of Jesus Christ, Mat. 26. 28. Mar. 14. 24. Luk. 22. 20. To keep it, as it were, in the Eye of the Church, in his bodily absence 'till he come, 1 Cor. 11. 24, 25, 26. 2. To be a solemn renewing of the Holy Covenant which was first entered in Baptism, between Christ and the Receiver; and in that Covenant it is on Christ's part, a solemn delivery of himself first, and with himself the benefits of Pardon, Reconciliation, Adoption, & right to Life Eternal. Heb. 9. 15, 16, 17, 18. 1 Cor. 10. 16, 24. And on Man's part, it is our solemn acceptance of Christ, with his Benefits, upon his terms, & a delivering up ourselves to him, as his Redeemed ones, even to the Father as our reconciled Father, and to the Son as our Lord & Saviour, and to the Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier, with Professed Thankfulness for so great a benefit. 3. It is appointed to be a lively objective means, by which the Spi-

ercise

4 *A Monthly Preparation for*
exit of Christ should work to stir up & ex-
ercise, & increase *the Repentance, Faith,*
Desire, Love, Hope, Joy, Thankfulness, and
New Obedience of Believers; by a lively
Representation of the evil of sin, the infi-
nite Love of God in Christ, the firmness of
the Covenant or Promise, the greatness
and sureness of the Mercy given, & the
Blessedness purchased & promised to us,
and the great Obligations that are laid
upon us. And that herein Believers might
be solemnly called out to the most se-
rious exercise of all these Graces, 1 Cor.
11. 27, 28, 29, 31. 1 Cor. 10. 16, 17, 21. 1
Cor. 11. 25, 26. 2 Cor. 6. 4. And might be
provoked & assisted to stir up themselves
to this Communion with God in Christ,
and to pray for more as through a sacri-
ficed Christ. 4. It is appointed to be
the solemn Profession of Believers, of
their Faith, & Love, & Gratitude, and O-
bedience to God the Father, Son and Holy
Ghost, and of continuing firm in the
Christian Religion. And a Badge of the
Church before the World. Acts 2. 42,
46. & 20. 7. 5. And it is appointed to
be a sign & means of the Unity, Love, and
Communion of Saints, & their readiness to
Communicate to each other. The

The false mistaken ends, which you must avoid, are these, 1. You must not with the *Papists* think that the end of it is to turn Bread into noBread, & Wine into noWine, & to make them really the true *Body & Blood* of *Jesus Christ*. For if sense (which telleth all Men that it is still *Bread & Wine*) be not to be believed, then we cannot believe that ever there was a *Gospel*, or an *Apostle*, or a *Pope*, or a *Man*, or any thing in the *World*. And the *Apostle* expressly calleth it *Bread three times*, in 3 Verses together, after the *Consecration*, 1 Cor. 11. 26, 27, 28. And he telleth us, that the use of it is (not to make the *Lord's Body* really present but) to shew the *Lord's Death* till he come; that is, as a visible representing and commemorating sign, to be instead of the *Bodily presence* till he come.

2. Nor must you with the *Papists* use this *Sacrament* to sacrifice *Christ* again really unto the *Father*, to propitiate him for the quick & dead, and ease Souls in *Purgatory*, & deliver them out of it. For *Christ* having died once dieth no more, and without killing him, there is no sacrificing him: By once offering up himself;

A Monthly Preparation for
 he hath perfected for ever them that are
sanctified; & now there remaineth no more
sacrifice for sin : Having finished the
 sacrificing work on Earth, he is now
 passed into the *Heavens*, to appear before
 God for his *Redeemed ones*. Rom. 6. 9. 1 Cor.
 15. 3. 2 Cor. 5. 14, 15. Heb. 9. 26. and 10.
 12, 26. and 9. 24.

3. Nor is it any better than odious
 impiety to receive the *Sacrament*, to con-
 firm some Confederacies or Oaths of *Secre-*
sie, for rebellions or other unlawful de-
 signs; as the *Powder Plotters* in England did.

4. Nor is it any other than impious
 prophanation of these sacred *Misteries*
 for the Priest to *constrain* or *suffer* noto-
 riously ignorant, & ungodly Persons, to
 receive them, either to make themselves
 believe that they are indeed the Chil-
 dren of God, or to be a means which
 ungodly Men should use to make them
 godly ; or, which Infidels or Impenitent
 Persons must use to help them to Repen-
 tance & Faith in *Christ*. For tho' there
 is that in it which may become a means
 of their Conversion, (as a Thief that steal-
 eth a *Bible* or *Sermon Book*, may be convert-
 ed by it.) Yet it is not to be used by the
 Receiver

Receiver to that end. For that were to tell God a lie, as the means of their Conversion; for whosoever cometh to receive a settled pardon, doth thereby profess Repentance, as also by the words adjoyned he must do; and whosoever *taketh, & eateth, & drinketh* the *Bread and Wine*, doth actually profess thereby, that he taketh & applieth *Christ* himself by Faith: And therefore, if he do neither of these, he lieth openly to God; and lies & false Covenants are not the appointed means of Conversion. Not that the *Minister* is a liar in his delivery of it: For he doth but conditionally seal and deliver *God's Covenant & Benefits* to the Receiver, to be his, if he *truly Repent and Believe*: But the Receiver himself lieth, if he do not *actually Repent & Believe*, as he there professeth to do.

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

8 *A Monthly Preparation for*

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

7. And it is a dangerous abuse of it, to receive it, that you may be pardoned, or sanctified, or saved, barely by the work done, or by the outward exercise alone. As if God were there obliged to give you Grace, while you strive not with your own Hearts, to stir them up to love, or desire, or faith, or obedience, by the means that are before you; or as if God would pardon & save you for eating so much Bread and drinking so much Wine when the Canon biddeth you; or, as if the Sacrament conveyed Grace, like as Charms are supposed to work, by saying over so many words.

8. Lastly, It is no appointed end of this Sacrament, that the Receiver thereby profess himself certain of the *sincerity* of his own *Repentance & Faith*: (For it is not managed on the ground of such certainty only by the Receiver; much less

less by the Minister that delivereth it.) But only he professeth that as far as he can discern by observing his own Heart, he is truly willing to have Christ, & his benefits on the terms that they are offered; & that he doth consent to the Covenant which he is there to renew. Think not therefore, that the Sacrament is instituted for any of these (mistaken) ends.

Direct. 2. Distinctly understand the parts of the Sacrament, that you may distinctly use them, & not do, you know not what. This Sacrament containeth these three parts, 1. The Consecration of the Bread & Wine, which maketh it the Representative Body & Blood of Christ. 2 The Representation & Commemoration of the Sacrifice of Christ. 3. The Communion: Or, Communication by Christ, and Reception by the People.

1. In the *Consecration*, the Church doth first offer the *Creatures* of Bread & Wine, to be accepted of God, to this Sacred use: And God accepteth them, and blesteth them to this use; which he signifieth both by the words of his own Institution, and by the Action of his Ministers, and their *Benediction*. They being the

10 *A Monthly Preparation for*
Agents of God to the People, in this Ac-
cepting & Blessing, as they are the Agents
of the People to God, in offering or dedi-
cating the Creatures to this use.

2. This *Consecration* having a special
respect to *God the Father*, in it we ac-
knowledge his three grand Relations.
1. That he is the *Creator*, & so the *Owner*
of all the *Creatures*; for we offer them
to him as his own. 2. That he is *our*
Righteous Governour, whose Law it was,
that *Adam* & we have broken, and who
required satisfaction, and hath received
the sacrifice and atonement, & hath dis-
pensed with the strict & proper execu-
tion of that Law; and will rule us
hereafter by the Law of Grace. 3. That
he is our *Father or Benefactor* who hath
freely given us a Redeemer, and the
Covenant of Grace, whose Love & Favour
we have forfeited by sin, but desire and
hope to be reconciled by Christ.

3. As Christ himself was *Incarnate* &
true Christ, before he was *sacrificed to*
God, and was *sacrificed to God*, before that
sacrifice be communicated for life and
nourishment to Souls: So in the Sacra-
ment, *Consecration* must first make the
Creature

Creature to be the *Flesh & Blood of Christ representative*; & then the sacrificing of that *Flesh & Blood* must be represented and commemorated; & then the sacrificed flesh and blood communicated to the Receivers for their spiritual life.

II. The *Commemoration* chiefly (but not only) respecteth God the Son: For he hath ordained, that these *consecrated Representations* should in their manner and measure, supply the room of his bodily presence, while his body is in Heaven: And that thus as it were *in effigy in representation*, he might be still Crucified before the Churches eyes; and they might be affected, as if they had seen him on the Cross. And that by *Faith & Prayers*, they might as it were, offer him up to God, that is, Might shew the Father that sacrifice once made for sin, in which they trust; and for which it is, that they expect all the acceptance of their persons with God, and hope for audience when they beg for mercy, and offer up prayer or praise to him.

III. In the *Communication*, though the Sacrament have respect to the *Father*, as the principal Giver; & to the *Son* as both

both the *Gift & Giver*; yet hath it a special respect to the *Holy Ghost*, as being that *Spirit* given in the *Flesh and Blood*, which quickeneth Souls; without which the *Flesh* will profit nothing: And whose operations must convey & apply Christ's saving benefits to us. *John 6.63. & 7.39.*

These three being the parts of the Sacrament in whole, as comprehending that sacred *Action*, & participation which is essential to it. The *Material parts*, called the *Relate & Correlate*, are, 1 Substantial & Qualitative. 2 *Active & Passive*.
 1. The first are the *Bread and Wine* as signs, and the *Body and Blood of Christ*, with his *Graces and Benefits*, as the things signified and given. The second are the *Actions of Breaking, Pouring out, and Delivering* on the Ministers part, (after the Consecration) and the *Taking, Eating, and Drinking*, by the Receivers, as the sign: And the signified is, the *Crucifying or Sacrificing of Christ*, & the *Delivering himself with his Benefits to the Believer* and the Receivers thankful *accepting*, and using the said gift. To these add the *Relative Form*, & the *Ends*, and you have the definition of this Sacrament.

Direct.

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

Direct. 4. In your preparation before-hand, take heed of these two extreams, 1. That you come not prophanely & carelessly, with common hearts, as to a common work: For God will be sanctified in them that draw near to him, Lev. 10. 3. And they that eat and Drink unworthily, not discerning the Lords Body from common Bread; but eating as if it were a common meal, do eat Death to themselves, instead of Life. 2. Take heed lest your mistakes of the nature of this Sacrament, should posses you with such fears of unworthy receiving, & the following dangers, as may quite discompose & unfit your Souls for the joyful exercises of Faith, & Love, & Praise, & Thanksgiving, to which you are invited.

invited. Many that are scrupulous of receiving it in any, save a *feasting gesture*, are too little careful & scrupulous of receiving it in any, save a *feasting frame of mind*. The first extream is caused by profaneness and negligence, or by gross ignorance of the nature of the Sacramental work. The latter extream is frequently caused as followeth; 1. By *setting this Sacrament* at a greater distance from other parts of *God's worship*, then there is cause: So that the excess of Reverence doth overwhelm the minds of some with terrors. 2. By studying more the terrible words of *eating and drinking damnation to themselves*, if they do it *unworthily*, than all the expressions of Love & Mercy, which that Blessed Feast is furnished with. So that when the views of infinite Love should ravish them, they are studying wrath and vengeance to terrify them, as if they came to *Moses*, and not to *Christ*. 3. By not understanding what maketh a *Receiver* worthy or *unworthy*, but taking their unwilling infirmities for condemning unworthiness. 4. By receiving it so seldom, as to make it *strange*

strange to them, and increase their fear, whereas, if it were administred every Lord's day, as it was in the Primitive Churches, it would better acquaint them with it, and cure that fear that cometh from strangeness. 5. By imagining, that none that want assurance of their own sincerity, can receive in Faith. 6. By contracting an ill habit of mistaken Religiousness, placing it all in poring on themselves, and mourning for their corruptions, and not in studying the Love of God in Christ, and living in the daily praises of his Name, and joyful thanksgiving for his exceeding Mercies. 7. And if besides all these the Body contract a weak or timorous melancholy distemper, it will leave the mind capable of almost nothing, but fear and trouble, even in the sweetest works. From many such causes it cometh to pass, that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is become more terrible, and uncomfortable to abundance of such distempered Christians, than any other Ordinance of God; and that which should most comfort them doth trouble them most.

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

Ans. For the degree indeed, it should have very careful preparation: And we cannot well compare it with other parts of worship; as Praise, Thanksgiving, Covenanting with God, Prayer, &c. Because that all these other parts are here comprised and performed. But doubtless, God must also be sanctified in all his other worship, and his Name must not be taken in vain. And when this Sacrament was received every Lord's-day, and often in the Week besides, Christians were supposed to live continually in a state of *general preparation*, and not to be so far from a *due particular preparation*, as many poor Christians think they are.

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

Ans. Ordinarily in well Disciplined Churches it should be still every Lord's-day. For, 1. We have no reason to prove, that the Apostles example & ap-
pointment

pointment in this case, was proper to those times, any more than that praise and thanksgiving daily is proper to them: And we may as well deny the obligation of other Institutions or Apostolical Orders as that. 2. It is a part of the settled order for the Lord's Days worship; and omitting it, *maimeth and altereth the worship for the day*; and occasioned the omission of the thanksgiving and praise, and lively commemorations of Christ, which should be then most performed: And so Christians by use, grow habited to sadness, and a mourning melancholy Religion, and grow unacquainted with much of the Worship and Spirit of the Gospel. 3. Hereby the *Papists* lamentable corruptions of this Ordinance have grown up, even by an excess of reverence and fear, which seldom receiving doth increase; till they are come to worship *Bread* as their God. 4. By seldom communicating, Men are seduced to think all proper Communion of Churches lieth in that *Sacrament*, and to be more prophanely bold in abusing many other parts of worship. 5. There are better means

18 *A Monthly Preparation for*
(by Teaching and Discipline) to keep
the *Sacrament* from contempt, than the
omitting or displacing of it. 6. Every
Lord's-Day is no oftner than Christians
need it. 7. The frequency will teach
them to *live prepared*, and not only to
make much ado once a Month or Quar-
ter, when the same work is neglected
all the Year beside; even as one that
liveth in continual expectation of death,
will live in continual preparation:
When he that expecteth it but in some
grievous sickness, will then be frightened
into some seeming preparations, which
are not the habit of his Soul, but laid
by again when the disease is over.

3. But yet I must add, that in some
undisciplined Churches, and upon some
occasions it may be longer omitted, or
seldomer used; no duty is a duty at
all times: And therefore extraordinary
cases may raise such impediments, as
may hinder us a long time from this,
and many other Priviledges. But the
ordinary faultiness of our imperfect
hearts, that are apt to grow customary
and dull, is no good reason why it
should be seldom; any more than why
other

Other special duties of Worship and Church Communion should be seldom. Read well the Epistle of *Paul* to the *Corinthians*, and you will find that they were then as bad as the true Christians are now, and that even in this Sacrament they were very culpable, and yet *Paul* seeketh not to cure them by their seldomer communicating.

Q. 3. *Are all the Members of the visible Church to be admitted to this Sacrament ? Or Communicate.*

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

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

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

Quest. 5. May an ungodly Man receive this Sacrament, who knoweth not himself to be ungodly?

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

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

Ans. Two preparations are necessary to this Sacrament; the *general preparation*, which is a state of Grace, and this the doubting Christian hath; and the *particular Preparation*, which consisteth in his present actual fitness: And all the Question is of this. And to know this, you must further distinguish, between *immediate duty* and *more remote*; and

and between the degrees of doubtfulness in Christians. I. The *nearest immediate Duty* of the doubting Christian is, to use the means to have his doubts resolved, till he know his Case ; and then his next duty is, to receive the **Sacrament** ; and both these still remain his Duty, to be performed in this order. And if he say, *I cannot be resolved, when I have done my best.* Yet certainly it is some Sin of his own, that keepeth him in the dark, and hindereth his Assurance; and therefore *duty* ceaseth not to be *duty* : The Law of *Christ* still obligeth him, both to get Assurance, and to receive ; and the want both of the Knowledge of his State, and of the *Receiving* the **Sacrament**, are his continual Sin, if he lie in it never so long thro' these scruples, though it be an infirmity that God will not condemn him for. (For he is supposed to be in a state of Grace.) But you will say, *What if still he cannot be resolved whether he has true Faith & Repentance, or not ? What should he do while he is in doubt ?* I answer, It is one thing to ask, what is his duty in this case ? And another thing

22 *A Monthly Preparation for*
think to ask, *Which is the smaller or less*
dangerous Sin? Still his duty is both
to get the Knowledge of his Heart, and
to communicate: But while he sinneth
(through infirmity) *in the failing of the*
first, were he better also omit the other, or
not? To be well resolved of that, you
must discern, 1. Whether his Judgment
of himself, do rather incline to think
and hope that *he is sincere in his Repen-*
tance & Faith, or, that he is not? 2. And
whether the *consequents* are like to be
good or bad to him. If his hopes that
he is sincere, be as great or greater *than*
his fears of the contrary, then there is no
such ill consequent to be feared as may
hinder his communicating; but it is his
best way to do it, and wait on God in
the use of his Ordinance. But if the
Perswasion of his gracelesness be greater
than the hopes of his sincerity, then
he must observe how he is like to be
affected, if he do communicate. If he
find that he is like to clear up his
mind, and increase his hopes by the
actuall of his Grace, he had ye
best to go: But if he find that his
Heart is like to be overwhelmed with
horro

horror & sunk into despair, by running into the supposed guilt of unworthy receiving, then it will be worse to do it, than to omit it. Many such fearful Christians I have known, that are faine many years to absent themselves from the Sacrament; because if they should receive it while they are perswaded of their utter unworthiness, they would be swallowed up of desperation, and think that they had taken their own damnation (as the Twenty Fifth Article of the Church of *England* saith, the *unworthy Receivers* do.) So that the chief Sin of such a *doubting Receiver*, is not that he *receiveth though he doubt*; for doubting will not excuse us for the sinful omission of a duty (no more of this than of Prayer or Thanksgiving :) But only *Prudence* requireth such a one to forbear that, which through his own Distemper would be a means of his despair and ruine: As that Phyfick or Food (how good soever) is not to be taken which would kill the taker: God's Ordinances are not appointed for our destruction, but for our edification; and so must be used as tendeth there-
unto.

unto. Yet to those Christians, who are in this case, and dare not communicate, I must put this Question, How dare you so long refuse it? He that consenteth to the Covenant, may boldly come and signify his consent, and receive the sealed Covenant of God; for *consent* is your Preparation, or the necessary Condition of your Right: If you *consent* not, you refuse all the Mercy of the Covenant. And dare you live in such a state? Suppose a Pardon be offered to a condemned Thief, but so, that if he after cast it into the dirt, or turn Traytor, he shall die a sorer Death; will he rather chuse to die than take it, and say, I am afraid I shall abuse it? To refuse God's Covenant is certain Death; but to *consent* is your Preparation and your Life.

Quest. 7. *Wherein lieth the Sin of an Hypocrite, and ungodly Person, if he do receive?*

Ans. His Sin is, 1. In *Lying & Hypocrisie*; in that he professeth to *repent unfeignedly of his Sin, and to be resolved for a holy Life, and to believe in Christ, and to accept him on his Covenant-*
terms,

terms, and to give up himself to God, as his Father, his Saviour, & his Sanctifier, and to forsake the *Flesh*, the *World*, and the *Devil*; when indeed, he never did any of this, but secretly abhorreth it at his Heart, and will not be perswaded to it: And so all this *Profession*, and his very *Covenanting* itself, and his *Receiving*, as it is a *Professing*, *covenanting-sign*, is nothing but a very lie. And what it is to lie to the *Holy Ghost*, the case of *Ananias* and *Sapphira* telleth us. 2. It is Usurpation to come and lay claim to those Benefits, which he hath no Title to. 3. It is a Prophanation of these holy Mysteries, to be thus used; and it is a taking of God's Name in vain, who is a jealous God, and will be sanctified of all that draw near unto him. 4. And it is a wrong to the Church of God, and the Communion of Saints, and the honour of the Christian Religion, that such ungodly Hypocrites intrude as Members: As it is to the Kings Army, when the Enemies Spies creep in amongst them; or to his Marriage feast to have a Guest in rags, *Mat.* 22. 11, 12.

Object.

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

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

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

Ans. There are three sorts of unworthiness (or unfitness) and three sorts of Judgment answerably to be feared. 1. There is the utter unworthiness of an Infidel, or impenitent, ungodly Hypocrite. And damnation to Hell-fire, is the punishment that such must expect, if Conversion prevent it not. 2. There is an unworthiness through some great and scandalous crime, which a regenerate Person falleth into; and this should stop him from the Sacrament for a time, till he have repented and cast away his Sin. And if he come before he rise from his fall by a particular Repentance, (as the *Corinthian* tha

that sinned in the very use of the Sacrament it self) they may expect some notable temporal Judgment at the present; (and if Repentance did not prevent it, they might fear Eternal Punishment.) 3. There is that measure of unworthiness which consisteth in the ordinary infirmities of a Saint; and this should not at all deter them from the Sacrament, because it is accompanied with a greater worthiness; yea, though their weakness appear in the time and manner of their receiving: But yet ordinary Corrections may follow these ordinary infirmities. (*The grosser abuse of the Sacrament it self, I join under the second rank.*)

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

Ans. This bringeth me up to the next Direction.

5. *Let your Preparation to this Sacrament consist of these particulars following,*

1. *In your Duty with your own Consciences and Hearts.* 2. *In your duty towards God.* 3. *And in your duty towards your Neighbour.*

1. Your duty with your hearts con-

sisteth in these Particulars. 1. That

you do your best in the close Examination of your Hearts about your States, and the sincerity of your *Faith, Repen-*
tance, and Obedience : To know whether your Hearts are true to God, in the Covenant which you are to renew and seal. Which may be done by these Inquiries, and discerned by these Signs.

1. Whether you truly loath your selves for all the Sins of your Hearts & Lives, and are a greater offence and burden to your selves, because of your Imperfections and Corruptions, than all the World besides is ? *Ezek. 6. 9 & 20. 43.*

& 36. 31. Rom. 7. 24. 2. Whether you have no Sin but what you are truly desirous to know ; and no known sins but what you are truly desirous to be rid of ; and so desirous, as that you had rather be perfectly freed from Sin, than from any Affliction in the World ? *Rom. 7. 22, 23, 24 & 8. 18.*

3. Whether you love the searching and reforming Light, even the most searching parts of the Word of God, and the most searching Books, and searching Sermons, that by them you may be brought

brought to know your selves, in order to your settled Peace and Reformation? *Joh. 3. 19, 20, 21.* 4. Whether you truly love that degree of Holiness in others which you have not yet attained your selves; and love Christ in his Children; with such an unfeigned love, as will cause you to relieve them according to your abilities, and suffer for their sakes, when it is your Duty? *1 Joh. 3. 14, 16. 1 Pet. 1. 22 & 3. 8. Jam. 2. 12, 13, 14, 15. Mat. 25. 40, &c.* 5. Whether you can truly say, that there is no degree of Holiness so high, but you desire it, and had rather be perfect in the love of God, and the Obedience of his Will, than have all the riches and pleasures of this World, *Rom. 7. 18, 21, 24. Psal. 119. 5. Mat. 5. 6.* And had rather be one of the holiest Saints, than of the most renowned prosperous Princes upon Earth? *Psal. 15. 4. & 16. 2. Psal. 84. 10 & 65. 4.* 6. Whether you have so far laid up your treasure, and your hopes in Heaven, as that you are resolved to take that only for your Portion; and that the hopes of Heaven, and interest of your Souls, hath the preheminance in
D your

50 *A Monthly Preparation for*
your Hearts against all that stands in
Competition with it? *Col 3.1,3,4. Mat.6.*
20,21. 7. Whether the chiefest care
of your Hearts, and endeavour of your
Lives, be to serve and please God, and
to enjoy him for ever rather than for
any worldly thing? *Mat.6.23. Job.5.26.*
2 Cor. 5. 1,6,7,8,9. 8. Whether it be
your daily desire and endeavour to
mortifie the flesh, and master its rebel-
lious Opposition to the Spirit; and you
so far prevail, as not to live, and walk,
and be led by the flesh, but that the
course & drift of your life is spiritual?
Rom. 8. 1,6,7,8,9,10,13. Gal.5.17,21,22.
9. Whether the World, and all its
Honour, Wealth, and Pleasures, appear
to you so small and contemptible a
thing, as that you esteem it as dung,
and nothing in comparison of Christ, and
the Love of God and Glory? And are
resolved, that you will rather let go
all, than your part in Christ? And,
which useth to carry it in the time of
Trial, in your deliberate Choice? *Phil.*
3.7,8,9,13,14,18,19,20. 1 Job 2.15. Luk.
14.26,30,33. Mat 13.19,21.10 Whether
you are resolved upon a course of Ho-
linefs

linefs & Obedience, and to use thofe means which God doth make known to you, to be the way to please him, and to fubdue your corruption ; and yet feeling the frailties of your Hearts, and the burden of your Sins, do truft in *Chrift* as your Righteoufnefs before God, and in the *Holy Ghoft*, whose Grace alone can illuminate, fanctifie, and confirm you? *Aft.* 11. 23. *Pfal.* 119. 57, 63, 69, 106. *1 Cor.* 1. 30. *Rom.* 8. 9. *John* 15. 5. *2 Cor.* 12. 9. By thefe Signs you may fafely try your ftates.

2. When this is done you are alfo to try the ftrength and meafure of your Grace ; that you may perceive your weaknefs, and know for what help you fhould feek to *Chrift*. And to find out what inward *Corruptions* and finful *Inclinations* are yet ftroongeft in you, that you may know what to lament, and to ask forgivenefs of, and help againft. My Book called *Directions for weak Chriftians*, will give you fuller advice in this.

3. You are alfo to take a ftrict account of your *Lives*, and to look over your dealings with God and Men, in fe-

32 *A Monthly Preparation for*
cret and publick, especially of late, since
the last renewal of your Covenant with
God, and to hear what God and Consci-
ence have to say about your sins and all
their aggravations, *Psal. 139. 23. 1 Cor.*
11. 28.

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

5. *Lastly*, You must consider of all the
work that you have to do, and all the
mercies which you are going to receive,
and what Graces are necessary to all
this, and how they must be used; and
accordingly lock up all those Graces,
and prepare them for the exercise to
which they are to be called out. I shall
name you the particulars anon.

II. Your duty towards God in your
preparation for this Sacrament is, 1. To
cast down your selves before him in
humble penitent Confession, and Lamen-
tation of all the Sins which you disco-
ver; and to beg his pardon in secret,
before you come to have it publickly
sealed

sealed and delivered. 2. To look up to him with thankfulness, Love; and Joy, as becomes one that is going to receive so great a Mercy from him; and humbly to beg that Grace which may prepare you, & quicken you to, and in the work.

III. Your duty towards others in this your preparation, is, 1. To forgive those that have done you wrong, and to confess your fault to those whom you have wronged, and ask them forgiveness, and make them amends and restitution so far as it is in his power; & be reconciled to those with whom you are fallen out; and to see, that you love your Neighbours as your selves, *Mat. 5. 23, 24, 25, 26, 44. Jam. 5. 16.* 2. That you seek advice of your Pastors, or some fit Persons, in cases that are too hard for your selves to resolve, and where you need their special help. 3. That you lovingly admonish them that you know do intend to communicate unworthily, and to come thither in their ungodliness, and gross Sin unrepented of: That you shew not such hatred of your Brother, as to suffer Sin upon him, *Lev. 19. 17.* But tell him his faults, as Christ hath

34 *A Monthly Preparation for*
directed you, *Mat. 18. 15, 16, 17.* And do
your parts to promote Christ's Discipline,
and keep pure the Church. See *1 Cor.*
5. throughout.

Direct. 6. When you come to the holy
Communion, let not the over-scrupulous
regard of the Person of the Minister, or
the company, or the imperfections of the
ministration, disturb your meditations, nor
call away your minds from the high and
serious employment of the day. Hypo-
crites who place their Religion in bodily
exercises, have taught many weak
Christians to take up unnecessary scrup-
les, and to turn their eyes & observa-
tion too much to things without them.

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

Ans. Yes: You should have so much
regard to them, 1. As to see that no-
thing be amiss through your default,
which is in your power to amend. 2.
And that you join not in the commit-
ting any known sin. But, 1. Take not
every sin of another for your sin, and
think not that you are guilty of that
in

in others, which you cannot amend; or, that you must forsake the Church and Worship of God, for these corruptions which you are not guilty of; or deny your own Mercies, because others usurp them or abuse them. 2. If you suspect any thing imposed upon you to be sinful to you, try it before you come thither; and leave not your minds open to disturbance, when they should be wholly imployed with Christ.

Quest. But what if my Conscience be not satisfied, but I am still in doubt, must I not forbear? Seeing he that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not in Faith; for whatsoever is not of Faith is Sin.

Ans. The Apostle there speaketh not of eating in the Sacrament, but of eating meats, which he doubteth of whether they are lawful, but is sure, that it is lawful to forbear them. And in case of doubting about things indifferent, the safer side is to forbear them, because there may be Sin in doing; but there can be none on the other side in forbearing. *But in case of Duties, your doubting will not disoblige you; else Men might give over praying, and hearing God's Word,*

36 *A Monthly Preparation for*
Word, and believing, and obeying their
Rulers, and maintaining their Families,
when they are but blind enough to doubt of
it. 2. Your erring Conscience is not a
Law-maker, and cannot make it your
duty to obey it. For God is your King,
and the Office of your Conscience is to
discern his Law; and urge you to obedi-
ence, and not to *make you Laws* of its
own: So that if it speak falsely, it doth
not oblige you, but deceive you. It
doth only *ligare*, or insnare you, but not
obligare, or make a sin a duty. It casteth
you into necessity of sinning more or
less till you relinquish the error: But
in case of such duties as these, it is a
sin to do them with a doubting Consci-
ence, but (ordinarily) it is a greater
sin to forbear.

Object. *But some Divines write, that*
Conscience being God's Officer; when it
erreth, God himself doth bind me by it to
follow that error, & the evil which it re-
quireth becometh my duty.

Ans. A dangerous error tending to
subversion of Souls and Kingdoms, and
highly dishonourable to God. God hath
made it your duty to know his Will, and
do

do it, And if you ignorantly mistake him, will you lay the blame on him, and drawn him into participation of your sin, when he forbiddeth you both the error and the sin? And doth he at once forbid and command the same thing? At that very moment, God is so far from obliging you to follow your error, that he still obligeth you to lay it by, and do the contrary. If you say, *You cannot*; I answer, Your impotency is a sinful impotency; and you can use the means, in which his Grace can help you: And he will not change his Law, nor make you Kings and Rulers of your selves instead of him, because you are ignorant or impotent.

Direct. 7. *In the time of administration go along with the Minister throughout the work, and keep your hearts close to Jesus Christ, in the exercise of all those Graces, which are suited to the several parts of the administration.* Think not that all the work must be the Ministers. It should be a busie day with you, & your Hearts should be taken up with as much diligence, as your hands be in your common labour; but not in a
toilsome

38 *A Monthly Preparation for*
toilſome weary diligence, but in ſuch
delightful buſineſs as becometh the
gueſts of the God of Heaven, at ſo ſweet
a feaſt, and in the receiving ſuch in-
valuable gifts.

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

I. The Graces to be exerciſed are
theſe (beſides that holy fear & reverence
common to all worſhip) 1. A humble
ſenſe of the odiousneſs of *ſin*, and of our
undone condition as in our ſelves, and
a diſpleaſure againſt our ſelves, and
loathing of our ſelves, and melting Re-
pentance for the ſins we have commit-
ted; as againſt our *Creator*, and as a-
gainſt the Love & Mercy of a *Redeemer*,
and as againſt the holy *Spirit* of Grace.
2. A *hungring and thirſting deſire* after
the Lord Jeſus, and his Grace, and the
favour of God and communion with
him, which are there repreſented and
offered

offered to the Soul. 3. A lively Faith in our Redeemer, his Death, Resurrection, and Intercession; and a *trusting* our miserable Souls upon him, as our sufficient Saviour and help; and a *heartly acceptance* of him and his benefits upon his offered terms. 4. A *joy and gladness* in the sense of that unspeakable Mercy which is here offered us. 5. A *thankful Heart* towards him, from whom we do receive it. 6. A *servent Love* to him that by such Love doth seek our Love. 7. A *Triumphant Hope of Life Eternal*, which is purchased for us, and sealed to us. 8. A *willingness and resolution* to deny our selves, and all this World, and suffer for him that hath suffered for our Redemption. 9. A Love to our Brethren, our Neighbours and our Enemies, with a readiness to relieve them, and to forgive them when they do us wrong, - 10. And a firm *Resolution* for future Obedience, to our Creator, and Redeemer, and Sanctifier, according to our Covenant.

II. In the naming of these Graces, I have named their objects: Which you should observe as distinctly as you can,
that

40 *A Monthly Preparation for*
that they may be operative. 1. To
help your Humiliation and Repentance,
you bring thither a loaden miserable
Soul, to receive a pardon and relief.
And you see before you the Sacrificed
Son of God, who made his Soul an of-
fering for Sin, and became a Curse for
us to save us who were accursed. 2. To
draw out your desires, you have the most
excellent gifts and the most needful
Mercies presented to you that this
World is capable of: Even the pardon
of sin, the Love of God, the Spirit of
Grace, and the hopes of Glory, and
Christ himself with whom all this is
given. 3. To exercise your Faith you
have Christ here first represented as
Crucified before your Eyes: And then
with his benefits, freely given you, and
offered to your Acceptance, with a
Command that you refuse him not.
4. To exercise your delight and glad-
ness, you have this Saviour and this Sal-
vation tendered to you; and all that
your Souls can well desire set before
you. 5. To exercise your Thankfulness
what could do more than so great a
Gift, so dearly purchased, so surely
yours

sealed, and so freely offered ? 6. To exercise your Love to God in Christ, you have the fullest manifestation of his attractive Love, even offered to your eyes, and taste, and heart, that a Soul on Earth can reasonably expect : in such wonderful condescension, that the greatness and strangeness of it surpasseth a natural Man's belief. 7. To exercise your hopes of Life Eternal, you have the prize of it here set before you ; you have the Gift of it here sealed to you ; and you have that Saviour represented to you in his suffering, who is now there reigning, that you may remember him, as *expectants* of his glorious coming to judge the World, and glorify you with himself. 8. To exercise yourself-denial and resolution for suffering, contempt of the World and fleshly Pleasures, you have before you both the greatest example & obligation, that ever could be offered to the World ; when you see and receive a crucified Christ, that so strangely denied himself for you ; and set so little by the World & flesh. 9. To exercise your love to Brethren, yea, and Enemies, you have his example before

42 *A Monthly Preparation for*
your eyes, that loved you to the Death
when you were Enemies: And you have
his holy servants before your eyes, who
are amiable in him through the work-
ings of his Spirit, and on whom he will
have you shew your love to himself.
30. And to excite your Resolution for
future Obedience, you see his double
Title to the Government of you, as Crea-
tor and as Redeemer; and you feel
the Obligations of Mercy & Gratitude;
and you are to renew a Covenant with
him to that end; even openly where
all the Churches are witnesses. So that
you see here are Powerful objects before
you to draw out all these Graces, and
that they are all but such as the work
requireth you then to exercise.

III. But that you may be the readier
when it cometh to practice, I shall as it
were lead you by the hand through all
the parts of the Administration, and tell
you when and how to exercise every
Grace, and those that are to be joyned
together I shall take together, that need-
less distinctness do not trouble you.

I. When you are called up and going
to

to the Table of the Lord, exercise your Humility, Desire and Thankfulness, and say in your Hearts, *What Lord, dost thou call such a wretch as I? What? Me that have so oft despised thy Mercy? And wilfully offended thee, and preferred the filth of this World, and the pleasure of the flesh before thee? Alas, it is thy wrath in Hell that is my due: But if Love will choose such an unworthy guest, and Mercy will be honoured upon such sin and misery, I come Lord at thy call: I gladly come, Let thy will be done; and let that Mercy which inviteth me, make me acceptable, & graciously entertain me, and let me not come without the wedding Garment, nor unreverently rush on holy things, nor turn thy Mercies to my bane!*

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

44 *A Monthly Preparation for*
the secret sins which he omitteth.

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

4. When the words of the Institution are read, and the Bread & Wine are solemnly consecrated, by separating them to that sacred use, and the acceptance and blessing of God is desired, admire the mercy that prepared us a Redeemer, and say, *O God how wonderful is thy Wisdom and thy Love? How strangely dost thou glorify thy Mercy over sin that gave advantage to glorify thy justice? Even thou our God whom we have offended, hast out of thy own Treasury, satisfied thy own justice, and given us a Saviour by such a Miracle of Wisdom, Love, & Condescension,*

as Men or Angels shall never be able fully to comprehend : So didst thou love the sinful world, as to give thy Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting Life. O that thou hast prepared us so full a remedy, and so precious a gift, sanctifie these Creatures to be the Representative Body & Blood of Christ, and prepare my Heart for so great a gift, and so high and holy & honourable a work.

5. When you behold the Consecrated Bread & Wine, discern the Lord's Body, and reverence it as the Representative Body and Blood of Jesus Christ ; and take heed of Prophaning it, by looking on it as common Bread & Wine ; Though it be not Transubstantiate, but still is very Bread and Wine in its Natural being, yet it is Christ's Body and Blood in representation and effect. Look on it as the consecrated Bread of Life, which with the quickning Spirit must nourish you to Life Eternal.

6. When you see the Breaking of the Bread, and the Pouring out of the Wine, let Repentance, and Love, and Desire, and Thankfulness, thus work within you. O wondrous Love ! O hateful Sin ! How merciful, Lord, hast thou been to sinners ?

And how cruel have we been to our selves and ibes? Could Love stoop lower? Could God be merciful at a dearer rate? Could my sin have done a more horrid deed, than put to Death the Son of God? How small a matter hath tempted me to that, which I might have avoided at a cheap rate? At how low a price have I valued his Blood, when I have sinned and sinned again for nothing! This is my doing! My sins were the Thorns, the Nails, the Spear! Can a murderer of Christ be a small offender? O dreadful justice! It was I and such other sinners that deserved to bear the punishment who were guilty of the sin; and to have been fuel for the unquenchable flames forever. O precious Sacrifice! O hateful sin! O gracious Saviour! How can mans dull & narrow heart, be duly affected with such transcendent Things? Or Heaven make its due impression upon an inch of flesh! Shall I ever again have a dull Apprehension of such Love? Or ever have a favourable thought of sin? Or ever have a fearless thought of justice? O break or melt this hardened heart, that it may be somewhat conformed to my crucified Lord! The wars of Love and true

Repentance are easier than the flames from which I am redeemed. O hide me in these wounds, & wash me in this precious Blood! This is the Sacrifice in which I trust: this is the Righteousness by which I must be justified, and saved from the Curse of thy violated Law! As thou hast accepted this, O Father, for the World, upon the Cross, behold it still on the behalf of sinners; and hear his Blood that cryeth unto thee for mercy to the miserable, and Pardon us, and accept us as thy reconciled Children, for the sake of this Crucified Christ alone. We can offer thee no other Sacrifice for sin; and we need no other.

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

8. When the Minister delivereth you the consecrated Bread & Wine, look upon him as the messenger of Christ, and hear him as if Christ by him said to you,

48 *A Monably Preparation for*
you, *Take this my broken Body & Blood,*
and feed on it to everlasting Life. And
take with it my sealed Covenant, & therein
the sealed testimony of my love, and the
sealed Pardon of your sins, and a sealed
gift of Life Eternal; so be it, you un-
feignedly consent unto my Covenant, and
give up your selves to me as my redeemed
ones. Even as in delivering the posselli-
on of House or Lands, the deliverer giv-
eth a Key, &c. and saith, *I deliver you*
this House, and I deliver you this Land:
So doth the Minister by Christ's Autho-
rity deliver you Christ and Pardon and
Title to Eternal Life. Here is an Image
of a sacrificed Christ of God's own ap-
pointing, which you may lawfully use:
and more than an Image; even an in-
vesting Instrument, by which these
highest Mercies are solemnly delivered
to you in the name of Christ. Let your
hearts therefore say with Joy & Thank-
fulness, with Faith and Love, *O matchless*
bounty of the Eternal God! What a gift
is this! And unto what unworthy sin-
ners! And will God stoop so low to man!
And come so near him? And thus recon-
cile his worthless enemies? Will he freely
Pardon

Pardon all that I have done? And take me into his Family and Love, and feed me with the Flesh and Blood of Christ? I believe; Lord help mine unbelief. I humbly and thankfully accept thy gifts! Open thou my heart, that I may yet more joyfully & thankfully accept them: Seeing God will glorify his love & mercy by such incomprehensible gifts as these, behold, Lord, a wretch that needeth all this mercy! And seeing it is the offer of thy Grace & Covenant, my Soul doth gladly take thee for my God & Father, for my Saviour & my Sanctifier. And here I give up my self unto thee, as thy Created, Redeemed, & (I hope) Regenerate one; as thy Own, thy Subject and thy Child, to be saved & sanctified by thee, to be beloved by thee, and to Love thee Everlasting: O seal up this Covenant and Pardon, by the Spirit, which thou sealest & deliverest to me in thy Sacrament: That, without reserve, I may be entirely and for ever thine!

9 When you see the Communicants receiving with you, let your very hearts be united to the Saints in Love, & say, How goodly are thy Tents, O Jacob! How amiable is the Family of the Lord! How good

50 A Monthly Preparation for
good & pleasant is the unity of Brethren?
How dear to me are the precious members
of my Lord! Though they have yet all
their spots & weaknesses, which he par-
doneth, & so must we. My goodness O
Lord extendeth not unto thee; but unto
thy Saints, the excellent ones on Earth, in
whom is my delight. What portion of my
estate thou requirest I willingly give unto
the Poor, & if I have wronged any man, I
am willing to restore it: And seeing thou
hast loved me as an enemy, and forgiven
me so great a debt, I heartily forgive those
that have done me wrong, & love my ene-
mies. O keep me in thy Family all my
days, for a day in thy Court is better than
a thousand, & the door-keepers in thy
house are happier than the most prosperous
of the wicked, Numb. 24. 5. Psal. 133.
and 15. 4. and 16. 2, 3. Luk. 19. 18.
Psal. 84. 10.

10. When the Minister returneth
Thanks and Praise to God, stir up your
Souls to the greatest alacrity; and sup-
pose you saw the Heavenly Hosts of
Saints and Angels praising the same
God in the presence of his Glory; and
think with your selves, that you belong

to the same Family & Society as they,
and are Learning their Work, and must
shortly arrive at their Perfection: Strive
therefore to imitate them in Love and
Joy; and let your very Souls be pour-
ed out in Praises & Thanksgiving: And
when you have the next leisure for
your private thoughts (as when the Mi-
nister is exhorting you to your duty)
exercise your love & thanks and Faith
and Hope and self-denial & resolution
for future obedience, in some such
breathings of your Souls as these:
'O my gracious God, thou hast sur-
'passed all humane comprehension in
'thy Love! Is this thy usage of un-
'worthy Prodigals! I feared lest thy
'wrath as a consuming Fire would have
'devoured such a guilty Soul; & thou
'wouldest have charged upon me all
'my folly: But while I condemned
'my self, thou hast forgiven & justified
'me; and surprized me with the
'sweetest embracements of thy Love!
'I see now that thy thoughts are above
'our thoughts, and thy ways above our
'ways, and thy Love excelleth the love
'of Man, even more than the Heavens
'are

52 *A Monthly Preparation for*

' are above the Earth. With how dear
 ' a price hast thou redeemed a wretch,
 ' that deserved thy everlasting Ven-
 ' geance ! With how precious
 ' and sweet a Feast hast thou
 ' entertained me, who deserved to be
 ' cast out with the workers of Iniquity !
 ' Shall I ever more slight such Love
 ' as this ? Shall it not overcome my
 ' Rebelliousness ; and melt down my
 ' cold and hardened heart ? Shall I be
 ' saved from Hell and not be thankful ?
 ' Angels are admiring these Miracles
 ' of Love ? And shall not I admire them ?
 ' Their Love to us doth cause them to
 ' rejoyce, while they stand by and see
 ' our Heavenly Feast ? And should it
 ' not be sweeter to us that are the guests
 ' that feed upon it ? My God how dearly
 ' hast thou purchased my Love ? How
 ' strangely hast thou deserved & sought
 ' it ? Nothing is so much my grief and
 ' shame, as that I can answer such Love,
 ' with no more fervent fruitful Love.
 ' O what an addition would it be to all
 ' this precious Mercy, if thou wouldst
 ' give me a heart to answer these thine
 ' Invitations, that thy Love thus poured
 ' out

out, might draw forth mine, and my Soul might flame by its approaching unto these thy flames? And that Love draw out by the sense of Love, might be all my Life? O that I could Love thee as as I would Love thee? Yea as much as thou wouldst have me Love thee? But this is too great a Happiness for Earth! But thou hast shewed me the place where I may attain it! My Lord is here, in full possession: Who hath left me these pledges, till he come and fetch us to himself, & feast us there in our Masters Joy; O blessed Place! O happy Company that see his Glory, and are filled with the streams of those Rivers of consolation! Yea happy we whom thou hast called from our dark and miserable state, and made us Heirs of that Felicity, and passengers to it, and expectants of it, under the conduct of so sure a guide! O then we shall Love thee without these sinful pauses and defects! In another measure, and another manner than now we do: When thou shalt reveal and communicate thy attractive Love, in another mea-

54 *A Monthly Preparation for*

' sure and manner than now! Till then,
 ' my God, I am devoted to thee; by right
 ' and Covenant I am thine! My Soul
 ' here beareth witness against my self,
 ' that my defects of Love have no ex-
 ' cuse; Thou deservest all, if I had the
 ' Love of all the Saints in Heaven and
 ' Earth to give thee. What hath this
 ' World to do with my affections? And
 ' what is this fordid corruptible Flesh,
 ' that its Desires and Pleasures should
 ' call down my Soul, and tempt it to
 ' neglect my God? What is there in all the
 ' sufferings that man can lay upon me,
 ' that I should not joyfully accept them
 ' for his sake, that hath Redeemed me
 ' from Hell, by such unmatched volun-
 ' tary sufferings? Lord, seeing thou re-
 ' gardest, & so regardest, so vile a worm,
 ' my heart, my tongue, my hand confess,
 ' that I am wholly thine. O let me
 ' live to none but thee, and to thy ser-
 ' vice, and thy Saints on Earth! And O
 ' let me no more return unto iniquity!
 ' nor venture on that sin that killed my
 ' Lord! And now thou hast chosen so
 ' low a dwelling, O be not strange to
 ' the Heart that thou hast so freely cho-
 ' sen!

‘*sen! O make it the daily residence of*
‘*thy spirit! Quicken it by thy grace;*
‘*adorn it with thy gifts; employ it in*
‘*thy Love, delight in its attendance*
‘*on thee; refresh it with thy joys and*
‘*the light of thy countenance; and de-*
‘*stroy this carnality, selfishness and un-*
‘*belief; And let the World see that God*
‘*will make a Palace of the lowest heart,*
‘*when he chooseth it for the place of*
‘*his own abode.*

Direct. 8. When you come home, review
the Mercy which you have received, and
the duty which you have done, and the Co-
venant you have made: And, 1. Betake
your selves to God in Praise and Prayer
for the perfecting of his work: And, 2.
Take heed to your hearts that they grow
not cold, and that worldly things or
diverting trifles, do not blot out the sacred
impressions, which Christ hath made, and
that they cool not quick'y into their former
dull and slepy frame. 3. And see that
your Lives be actuated by the grace that
you have here received, that even they that
you converse with may perceive that you
have been with God. Especially when
Temptations would draw you again to

fin; and when the injuries of Friends or Enemies would provoke you, & when you are called to testify your love to Christ, by any costly work or suffering; remember then what was so lately before your eyes, and upon your heart; and what you resolved on, and what a Covenant you made with God. Yet judge not of the fruit of your Receiving. so much by feeling, as by Faith: For more is promised than you yet possess.

Here follows the Authors Solemn Resignation of Himself to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

“ **O** My God, I look to Thee, I come
 “ to Thee, to Thee alone! No Man,
 “ no worldly Creature made me; none
 “ of them did redeem me; none of them
 “ did renew my Soul, none of them will
 “ justify me at thy Bar, nor forgive my
 “ Sin, nor save me from the penal Jus-
 “ tice: None of them will be a full or
 “ a perpetual felicity or portion for my
 “ Soul. I am not a stranger to their
 “ Promises and Performances: I have
 “ trusted

• trusted them too far, and followed
 • them too long! O that it had been
 • less, (though I must thankfully ac-
 • knowledge, that Mercy did early shew
 • me their deceit, and turn my enquir-
 • ing thoughts to thee:) To thee I *re-*
 • *sign* my self, for I am *thine own*! To
 • thee I *subject* all Powers of my Soul
 • and Body, for thou art my rightful
 • sovereign Governour: From thee I
 • *thankfully* accept of all the Benefits
 • and Comforts of my Life: In thee I
 • expect my true Felicity and Content:
 • To know thee, and love thee, and de-
 • light in thee, must be my blessedness,
 • or I must have none. The little tastes
 • of this sweetness which my thirsty
 • Soul hath had, do tell me that there
 • is no other real Joy. I feel that thou
 • hast *made* my mind to *know thee*, and
 • I feel thou hast made my heart to love
 • thee, my tongue to praise thee, and
 • all that I am and have to serve thee!
 • And even in the panting languishing
 • desires and motions of my Soul, I find
 • that thou, and only thou, art its rest-
 • ing place: And though I *ve* do now
 • but *search*, and *pray*, and *cry*, and *weep*,

and in reaching upward, but cannot
 reach, the glorious light, the blessed
 knowledge, the perfect love, for which
 it longeth: yet by its eye, its aim, its
 motions, its moans, its groans, I know
 its meaning, where it would be, and
 I know its end. My displaced Soul
 will never be *well*, till it come near
 to thee, till it know thee better, till
 it love thee more. It loves it self,
 and justifieth that self-love, when it
 can love thee: It loaths it self, and is
 weary of it self as a lifeless burden,
 when it feels no pantings after thee.
 Wert thou to be found in the most so-
 litary desert, it would seek thee; or
 in the uttermost parts of the earth, it
 would make after thee: Thy presence
 makes a croud, a Church: Thy con-
 verse maketh a cloister, or solitary wood
 or field, to be kin to the Angelical
 Choe. The Creature were dead, if
 thou wert not its Life; and ugly, if
 thou wert not its beauty; and insigni-
 ficant, if thou wert not its sense.
 The Soul is deformed, which is with-
 out thine Image; and lifeless, which
 liveth not in love to thee, if love be

not its pulse, and prayer, and praise,
 its constant breath: The Mind is un-
 learned which readeth not thy Name
 on all the World, and seeth not HO-
 LINESS TO THE LORD engraved up-
 on the Face of every Creature. He
 doteth that doubteth of thy Being or
 Perfections, and he dreameth who doth
 not live to thee. O let me have no
 other Portion; No reason, no love,
 no life, but what is devoted to thee,
 employed *on* thee, and *for* thee here,
 and shall be perfected in thee, the on-
 ly perfect final object, for evermore.
 Upon the holy Altar erected by thy
 Son, and by his hands, and his Medi-
 tation, I humbly devote and offer
 thee *THIS HEART*: O that I could
 say with greater feeling, *This flaming,*
loving, longing Heart! But the sacred
 fire which must kindle on my sacrifice,
 must come from thee; it will not else
 ascend unto thee: Let it consume this
 dross, so the nobler part may know its
 home. All that I can say to commend
 it to thine acceptance, is, that I hope
 it's wash'd in precious Blood, that
there is something in it that is thine
 own;

' own; it still looketh towards thee;
 ' and groaneth to thee, and followeth
 ' after thee, and will be content with
 ' Gold, and Mirth, and Honour, and
 ' such inferiour Fooleries no more: It
 ' lieth at thy doors, and will be enter-
 ' tain'd or perish. Though alas, it loves
 ' thee not as it would, I holdly say, it
 ' longs to love thee, it loves to love
 ' thee; it seeks, it craves no greater
 ' blessedness than perfect endless mutu-
 ' al love: It is vowed to thee, even to
 ' thee alone; and will never take up
 ' with shadows more; but is resolved
 ' to lye down in sorrow and despair, if
 ' thou wilt not be its *REST* and *JOY*.
 ' It hateth it self for loving thee no
 ' more; accounting no want, deformity,
 ' shame or pain so great and grievous
 ' a calamity.

' For thee the glorious blessed GOD,
 ' it is that I come to *Jesus Christ*. If he
 ' did not reconcile my guilty Soul to
 ' thee, and did not teach it the heaven-
 ' ly Art and work of Love, by the sweet
 ' Communications of thy Love, he could
 ' be no Saviour for me. Thou art my
 ' only ultimate end, it is only a guide
 ' and

• and way to thee that my anxious Soul
 • hath so much studied: And none can
 • *teach* me rightly to know thee, and to
 • love thee, and to live to thee, but thy
 • self: It must be a Teacher sent from
 • thee, that must conduct me to thee.
 • I have long looked round about me in
 • the World, to see if there were a more
 • lucid Region, from whence thy Will
 • and Glory might be better seen, than
 • that in which my Lot is fallen: But
 • no Traveller that I can speak with,
 • no Book which I have turn'd over, no
 • Creature which I can see, doth tell
 • me more than Jesus Christ. I can find
 • no way so suitable to my Soul, no me-
 • dicine so fitted to my Misery, no bel-
 • lows so fit to kindle Love, as Faith in
 • Christ, the Glass and Messenger of
 • thy love. I see no Doctrine so Divine
 • and Heavenly, as bearing the Image
 • and Supercription of God; nor any
 • fully confirmed and delivered by the
 • Attestation of thy own Omnipotency;
 • nor any which so purely pleads thy
 • Cause, & calls the Soul from *Self* and
 • *Vanity*, and condemns its Sin and pu-
 • rifieth it, and leadeth it directly unto
 • thee;

‘ thee; and though my former Ignorance disabled me to look back to the
‘ Ages past, and to see the Methods of
‘ thy Providence, and when I look into
‘ thy Word, disabled me from seeing
‘ the beauteous Methods of thy Truth;
‘ thou hast given me a glimpse of clearer
‘ light, which hath discovered the
‘ Reasons and Methods of Grace, which
‘ I then discerned not: And in the midst
‘ of my most hideous Temptations and
‘ perplexed Thoughts, thou kept alive
‘ the root of Faith, and kept alive
‘ the Love to thee and unto Holiness
‘ which it had kindled. Thou hast mercifully
‘ given me the *Witness*, in my
‘ self; not an *unreasonable Persuasion* in
‘ my *Mind*, but that *renewed Nature*,
‘ those Holy and Heavenly Desires and
‘ Delights, which sure can come from
‘ none but thee. And O how much more
‘ have I perceived in many of thy Servants,
‘ than in my self! Thou hast cast
‘ my lot among the *Souls* whom *Christ*
‘ hath healed. I have daily conversed
‘ with those whom he hath raised from
‘ the dead. I have seen the Power of
‘ thy Gospel upon Sinners: All the love
‘ that

' that ever I perceived kindred towards
 ' thee, and all the true Obedience that
 ' ever I saw performed to thee, hath
 ' been effected by the Word of Jesus
 ' Christ: How oft hath his Spirit help-
 ' ed me to pray! And how often hast
 ' thou heard those Prayers! What
 ' Pledges hast thou given to my stag-
 ' gering Faith, in the works which
 ' Prayer hath procured, both for my
 ' self and many others? And if Confi-
 ' dence in Christ be yet deceit, must I
 ' not say that thou hast deceived me?
 ' Who I know canst neither be deceiv-
 ' ed, or by any falshood or seduction
 ' deceive.

' On thee therefore, O my dear Re-
 ' decmer, do I cast and trust this sinful
 ' Soul! With *Thee* and with thy *Holy*
 ' *Spirit* I renew my Covenant; I *know*
 ' no other; I *have* no other; I *can* have
 ' no other Saviour but thyself: To thee
 ' I deliver up this Soul which thou hast
 ' redeemed, not to be advanced to the
 ' wealth, and honours, and pleasures of
 ' this World; but to be delivered from
 ' them, and to be healed of Sin, and
 ' brought to God; and to be saved
 ' from

‘ from this present evil World, which
‘ is the Portion of the Ungodly and
‘ Unbelievers : To be washed in thy
‘ Blood, and illuminated, quickned and
‘ confirmed by thy *SPIRIT* ; and con-
‘ ducted in the ways of Holiness and
‘ Love : And at last to be presented
‘ justified and spotless to the Father of
‘ Spirits, and possessed of the Glory
‘ which thou hast promised. O thou
‘ that hast prepared so dear a Medicine
‘ for the cleansing of polluted guilty
‘ Souls, leave not this unworthy Soul in
‘ guilt, or in its Pollution ! O thou
‘ that knowest the Father, and his Will,
‘ and art nearest to him, & most beloved
‘ of him, cause me in my degree to know
‘ the Father ; acquaint me with so much
‘ of his Will, as concerneth my Duty, or
‘ my just Encouragement : Leave not my
‘ Soul to grope in Darkness, seeing thou
‘ art the Sun and Lord of Light. O
‘ heal my estranged Thoughts of God !
‘ Is he my Light, and Life, and all my
‘ hope ? And must I dwell with him
‘ for ever ? And yet shall I know him
‘ no better than thus ? Shall I learn no
‘ more that have such a Teacher ? And
‘ shall

‘ shall I get no nearer him, while I have
 ‘ a Saviour and a Head so near ? O give
 ‘ my Faith a clearer prospect into that
 ‘ better World ! And let me not be so
 ‘ much unacquainted with the Place in
 ‘ which I must abide for ever ! And as
 ‘ thou hast prepared Heaven for Holy
 ‘ Souls, prepare this too unprepared
 ‘ Soul for Heaven, which hath not long
 ‘ to stay on Earth. And when at Death
 ‘ I resign it into thy Hands, receive it as
 ‘ thine own, and finish the Work which
 ‘ thou hast begun, in placing it among
 ‘ the blessed Spirits, who are filled with
 ‘ the sight & love of God. I trust thee
 ‘ living ; let me trust thee dying, and
 ‘ never be ashamed of my trust.

‘ And unto Thee, the Eternal Holy
 ‘ Spirit, proceeding from the Father and
 ‘ the Son, the Communicative LOVE
 ‘ who condescendest to make *Perfect* the
 ‘ Elect of God, do I deliver up this dark
 ‘ imperfect Soul, to be further renewed,
 ‘ confirmed and perfected, according to
 ‘ the holy Covenant. Refuse not to bless
 ‘ it with thine indwelling & operations,
 ‘ quicken it with thy Life ; irradiate it
 ‘ by thy light ; sanctifie it by thy love ;
 ‘ G actuate

‘a^{ct}uate it purely, powerfully and con-
‘stantly by thy holy motions. And
‘though the way of this thy sacred
‘influx be beyond the reach of humane
‘Apprehension ; yet let me know the
‘reality and saving Power of it, by the
‘happy Effects. Thou art more to
‘Souls, than Souls to Bodies, than Light
‘to the Eyes. O leave not my Soul as
‘a Carrion destitute of thy Life ; nor
‘its Eyes as useless, destitute of thy
‘Light ; nor leave it as a senseless
‘block without thy Motion. The re-
‘membrance of what I was without
‘thee, doth make me fear lest thou
‘shouldest with-hold thy Grace. Alas,
‘I feel, I daily feel that I am dead to all
‘good, and all that’s good is dead to me,
‘if thou be not the Life of all. Teach-
‘ings and Reproofs, Mercies & Correcti-
‘ons, yea, the Gospel it self, and all the
‘liveliest Books and Sermons, are dead
‘to me, because I am dead to them: Yea,
‘God is as no God to me, and Heaven as
‘no Heaven, and Christ as no Christ, and
‘the clearest evidences of Scripture-
‘verity as no Proofs at all, if thou re-
‘present them not with Light & Power

' to my Soul: Even as all the Glory of
 ' the World is as nothing to me with-
 ' out the Light by which it's seen. O
 ' thou that hast begun, and given me
 ' those heavenly *Intimations & Desires*,
 ' which Flesh and Blood could never
 ' give me, suffer not my Folly to quench
 ' these sparks, nor this brutish Flesh to
 ' prevail against thee, nor the Powers
 ' of Hell to stifle and kill such a hea-
 ' venly Seed. O pardon that Folly and
 ' Wilfulness, which hath too often, too
 ' obdurately, and too unthankfully
 ' striven against thy Grace; and depart
 ' not from an unkind and sinful Soul!
 ' I remember with grief & shame, how
 ' I wilfully bore down thy Motions;
 ' punish it not with Desertion, and give
 ' me not over to myself. Art thou not
 ' in Covenant with me, as my *Sanctifier*,
 ' and *Confirmer*, and *Comforter*? I never
 ' undertook to do these things for my
 ' self; but I consent that thou shouldst
 ' work them on me. As thou art the
 ' Agent and Advocate of Jesus my Lord,
 ' O plead his cause effectually in my
 ' Soul, against the Suggestions of Satan
 ' and my Unbelief; and finish his heal-

ing saving work; & let not the Flesh e
World prevail. Be in me the residen
witness of my Lord, the Author of m
Prayers, the Spirit of Adoption, th
Seal of God, and the earnest of min
Inheritance. Let not my Nights be
so long, and my Days so short, nor
Sin eclipse those beams, which have
often illuminated my Soul. Without
thee, Books are senseless Scrawls,
Studies are Dreams, Learning is a
Glow-Worm, and Wit is but wanton-
ness, impertinency & folly. Transcribe
those sacred Precepts on my Heart,
which by thy dictates and Inspiration
are recorded in thy Holy Word. I re-
fuse not thy help for tears & groans :
But O shed abroad that love upon my
Heart, which may keep it in a conti-
nual Life of Love. And teach me the
work which I must do in Heaven :
Refresh my Soul with the delights of
holiness, and the Joys which arise
from the believing Hopes of the ever-
lasting Joys : Exercise my Heart and
Tongue in the holy Praises of my Lord.
Strengthen me in Sufferings; and
conquer the terrors of Death and Hell.
Make

• Make me the more heavenly, by how
• much the faster I am hastning to Hea-
• ven: And let my last Thoughts, Words
• and Works on Earth, be likest to those
• which shall be my first in the state of
• glorious Immortality ; where the
• Kingdom is delivered up to the Father,
• and GOD will for ever be *All*, and *In*
• *all*: Of whom, and through whom,
• and to whom are all Things, To whom
• be Glory for ever. *Amen.*

*A Pathetical Meditation on the Passion of
Christ ; to be read by Communicants be-
fore they partake of the Sacrament of the
Lord's Supper. By another Hand.*

Quest. **W**hat is the Sacrament of the
Lord's Supper ?

Ans. It consists of two visible Signs,
Bread and Wine, which by the Lords ap-
pointment was to represent to the Re-
ceiver his bloody Death, that so his
Disciples may keep it fresh in their
Memories.

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

Ans. Experience tell us, that such a bare remembrance as that, doth little move upon the Heart and upon the Affections, and so will do little or no good. It is not the remembrance of any Mans Death that doth of it self affect me, but as I consider him as *Father*, or as a *Husband*, or as a *Friend*, with many other Expressions of his love to me when living, this will exceedingly Work upon the Heart, so as to cause Sorrow and Grief, and the like.

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

Ans. 1. The cruel and bloody nature of his Death; here you may consider the whole story of his Arraignment, his being betrayed by his own Apostle, his being spit upon and crowned with thorns, his being mocked and jeered by putting a reed into his Hand instead of a Scepter, afterwards his bearing of a Cross, and his being nailed to it in his Hands and Feet; after that, his being pierced through with a Spear; this *Mat. 27.* will fully acquaint you with.
2. The Causes of his Death; it was no
natural

natural Disease, neither was it for any evil done of his own, but for us. *He bore our iniquities upon the Cross.* 3. The *Effects* of his Death, which was to obtain Power of his Father to conquer the Devil, and pull us out of his Hands; to break our Hearts, and to conquer us to himself, to pardon our Sins, and to give unto us Eternal Life with himself in Glory, and this upon our Faith and sincere Repentance. Now from all these Things are your Meditations to be raised, before you come to this Sacrament, and when you are receiving of it.

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

Away these wanton wandering worldly *Thoughts*, you are clogs to my Soul. Away all trifling worldly *Business*, I cannot now attend your call, my Heart hath now something else to do. Adieu my *Friends*, farewell my *Husband*, *Wife* and *Child*, I must go see my *bleeding Lord*, that's dearer to me than you all. Come now my Soul, thou art alone, thou knowest the way, make haste and speed; lookt yonder, see how the People flock; cross
but

but this *vale*, & climb but up this *mount*;
thou wilt soon arrive at bloody *Golgotha*,
where thou shalt see thy bleeding and
dying Saviour to sigh and linger out a
dying Life on the Cross in love for thee.
This, this might, *Oh my Soul*, have been
thy Day, that thou might'st have been
the Prisoner; this I say *might have been*
the Day in which thou might'st have
drunk the bitter cup of the fierce anger
of God. But look yonder! There he
goes that must drink up the dregs, and
all for *thee*. Look again! There he
goes that must lay down his Life that
thou maist be reprieved. But come, *my*
Soul, draw up a little nearer, thou canst
not see him well at so great a distance;
stand here & thou wilt see him passing;
look, there he goes with a train of Vir-
gins following. But see how cruelly
these barbarous *Jews* do use him, they
make him bear his Cross himself, and
press his wearied fainting Limbs above
his strength; see how they laugh and
scoff, and wag their Heads as if he were
their *May game*. Methinks my Heart
boils up with rage to see these cruelties
revenged: Oh! How could the blessed
God

God forbear to see his blessed Son thus wronged? Why did he not send twelve Legions of Angels for his rescue? Why doth he not send down fire from Heaven upon the Heads of these his Sons enemies, and so consume them? But stay *my foolish Heart, thou knowest not what Spirit thou art of*; this debt was owing, and it must be paid; God requires *so much*, and it must be given, or thou canst not be saved. Thy Lord did know this well enough, for this he came from Heaven, and committed himself to the rage of Men; he knew he must endure all these revilings, and doth it grieve thy Soul to see him thus abused? Stay but a while, and thou shalt see him more; look up, *my Soul*, come, tell me what thou seest? Oh I cannot, sorrow ties my Tongue, I cannot speak; I see and hear those things that I want a Power to utter. I see a *troop of Virgins* following him, their *weeping Eyes*; their *blubbering Lips*, their *sighs* and *throbbings* speak them mourners. I see my Lord looks towards them, and kindly chides their loving sorrow, *Why weep ye, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem? Weep not for me.*

me. My Lord ! What need was there for that Question ? Should not they weep when thou must *bleed* ? Would not their Eyes have been flints, if that *then* they should not drop *Tears* for thee, when as thou wert about to pour out thy *Life* and *Blood* for them ? Ah ! Could they chuse, or do less than weep to see thine innocent self among a herd of *Tigers* ! What should a *Lamb* do there ? They saw thee in their ravenous Jaws about to tear thy Heart, to suck out all thy Blood, & leave thee dead. Have I not sat and read, and read and wept viewing over the story ; and could they forbear that with their watry Eyes saw this scene then *affet* ? But whither, O whither, O ye blinded *Jews*, are ye dragging this my Lord ? My Spirit begins to faint, I now can look no longer, my Heart now begins to swell with grief, it must now break, or I must vent it at mine Eyes in streams ! Look ! See the Hammer and Nails, the Hammer lift up to strike. Bloody Man ! Thou durst not sure ; surely thou dost not know *whose* Hands and Feet thou art now piercing ; it is the *Prince* and *Saviour*
of

of the *World.* Foolish Heart ! See how thou art mistaken ; look, see it's done, the Nails are driven to the Head ! See how the *crimson Tears* run trickling down his hands and Feet, and see how hardened Hearts be-laughing at it ! Oh silly foolish blinded Men ! What laugh you at ? This very *Christ* whom now you mock, shall be your *Judge* ; this very Man *Jesus* whom you have *thus abused* shall come attended with thousands of Angels, with the sound of Trumpets, and shall sit upon your *Life & Death.* Him whom you now have nailed to a Cross, *both God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.* What then will you do when that great and terrible day of the Lord shall come ? How will you look him in the Face whom you have *spit on* ? How will you dare to speak a word for your selves to him whom you have *nailed to a Tree* and *crucified* ? His wounds in *Hands, Side* and *Feet* shall all bear witness against you, and his *innocent Blood* that you have spilt shall cry aloud about the Throne for vengeance against you ; your *Flouts* shall then be turned into *Tears,* and your *Taunts* into *Lamentations.* And
how

how will you then look and cry when God passeth sentence on you, & thrusts you down to Hell to bear the punishment of your Sins? This is the Lord that came to spare your Lives, yet your wickedness spared not his; and how at length can you think to escape with yours.

But once again, look up *my Soul*, and see what is become of thy *nailed and crucified Lord*: Ah me! He is not *quite dead*, look how he gasps and pants for Life! Oh how his Looks are changed! How pale and wan do I see his Cheeks! The Blood and all the Spirits are quite drawn from them. Methinks he should be dead, for see how weak his Neck is grown, that it is not able to support his Head that lies a dying on his *bleeding Breast*. What yet not *dead*! See how he shakes and stirs his dying Limbs! What *gasps and groans* do I hear him fetch, as if his Soul were struggling to get out? Hark, hark, he *speaks*! Oh let me catch the least breath of my dying Saviour. What saith my Lord? Hark, what dost thou not hear! What? *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*

I am amazed to hear these Words. How couldst thou suspect thy Fathers Love? How could he be *far from thee*, who was *one with thy self*? But Oh! This is but the voice of his *Manhood*, and not of his *Godhead*. It was the voice of the dying and bleeding *Man Jesus*, not the voice of the *God Jesus*.

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

The Causes of his Death.

And must the *Son of God* be humbled thus? Must he that was from everlasting, raised and advanced *above every Man in Heaven and Earth*; he that lay in the arms and breast of *God*, loved by

the Father, and his *only Son*; honoured, adored, admired and beloved of ten thousand times ten thousands of Angels; but must *this God* leave all this Glory, and change that sweet Heavenly and delightful *Palace* for so mean, so low, so dirty a *cottage*, as to be born a *Man*. And must his entertainment at first be no better than a *Stable* or a *Manger* could give him? No sooner must he begin to live, but must an enemy assault his Life? Must he travel up and down the Earth, and spend his time & strength in preaching *glad tidings* to miserable undone Men, and fill the World with *signs and wonders*, & not deserve so much of Men as a house to dwell in, or a hole to put his head in? And after all this humble, holy, long-suffering Life, must he be thought of by this unthankful and unbelieving World as one not worthy to live, and not have a breathing in that Air which he both made & gave them to breathe in? But must he at length be laid hold of by a traiterous *Judas* that he had once taken for one of his Apostles; and must he suffer all this? But ah! Alas! What is this? Must he
be

be also crowned with thorns, and must he sweat and bleed? Oh far more than Tongue can utter! Oh astonishing Condescension! Thus did the Son become a *Servant*, and learn'd Obedience by his sufferings, and served a *three and thirty years apprenticeship* in the pain and travel of his soul here on earth, a longer time than *Jacob* served for his beloved *Rachel*, and that because he loved us better, and therefore gave a better dowry for us. But had I lived to have seen this *Prince of Glory* thus disguis'd, this *Eastern Sun* thus benighted in a Cloud, this glorious God thus wrapped up in rags of flesh, should I have known him, or not? my sensual heart, I doubt thee much; wouldst thou have cleaved to him & loved him better than thy life, and have said, *Though all leave thee, I will not*; and with *Paul*, *I am willing & ready not only to be bound, but to die for thee*. What thinkst thou, Oh my soul! couldst thou have left Husband, Wife, Father and Mother, and all the rest of thy friends, and have fold all that thou hast, and followed him? what him whom the Prophet foretold, *Isai. 53. 23. He hath no*

form or comeliness in him, that you should desire him : he is despised & rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs. Tell me, tell me, couldst thou have divorced thy self, from all, and have taken this seemingly uncomely person for thy *Lord, and only Husband?* Ah me! I do not know my heart; but surely had I known him as I do now know him, I should not have stuck at any thing for him. For what if his *Face* did want *comeliness*, seeing it came so with tears and grief for thee? and wilt thou love thy friend the worse because he shares in sorrow with thee? for thou canst not but know that he came from Heaven to take to himself a Spouse on Earth; and if I was one that he loved, and grieved for to see my stubborn heart so hard to yield, was this the cause he wanted beauty? Oh such a want as this is lovely, and methinks my heart could have cleaved the closer to him: *There was no beauty or comeliness in him;* and what of that? my ugly and deformed soul deserves more loathing; my *righteousness*, the comliest part about me is but *rags, or a menstruous cloth;*

cloth; if there were no more desirableness in him than in me, Oh had I loved him then, and left all for him, it were no wonder: but that he should love me, I rather stand amazed! There was no *beauty* in him, it may be so; but could it be otherwise expected from him who came to work in *fire & smoke*, who came to quench the flames of Hell, and to satisfy Gods wrath and justice? to pull out filthy souls from the jaws of lustful sensual flesh and blood? it was not *beauty* but *strength* that was here needful. A glance of an *amorous eye* would not have wounded *Satan*, and made him fall from Heaven like a flash of Lightning. A *comely countenance* could not have enchanted and unbar'd *Hell-gates*, and made them fall, & break before him into shatters. What need a *fair hand* to touch our filthy *rotten souls*, and take them up in menstrous blood, and wash them clean; or what need such clean hands to clasp about the *rusty iron gates* wherein I and all the World lay bound in chains, and to pull them down, to take our cankered bolts and knock them off; to take us by the

hand to help us up, and lead us out ?
 Alas ! there needs no such *eye, face, or*
hand for such a work. It is powerful,
 all-conquering strength that is here re-
 quired. It was a powerful victorious
 arm that here was needed, and such a
 one he had. But what should he do with
 a *beauteous body* that must be so abased
 & abused as his was ? an uncomely face
 will serve where it must be *spit on*.
 What must he do with a *fair soft deli-*
cate tender hand, which must be *pierced* ?
 another kind of hand is good enough to
knock a nail into. And whar needs his
 body be of a clear, white, thin transpa-
 rent skin ? will not any serve that body
 that must be bruised and wounded as
 his was ; nay, as it was necessary his
 should be ? But why thus necessary ?
 either he must be thus dealt with, or
 else my sin cannot be pardoned. Either
 he must be despised of men, or I *must*
be of God. Oh he must drink up this
 bitter cup with all its dregs, or else I
 must have drunk it up my self. It was
 I that sinned, and I must have suffered :
 this cursed, proud and earthly heart of
 mine rebelled and broke the Laws, and
 should

should have suffered and born the punishment; had not he slept in and born the stroke off from me, I had been now burning in everlasting flames, and have been lingering out this time in torment, which I am now spending in the sweet thoughts of my escape. And is not all true? speak out, *my soul*; hath not the *Prophet* said as much? Surely (saith he) he hath born our griefs, and carried our sorrows: he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace lay upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep are gone astray, we are every one turned to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all. He was oppressed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before the shearers was dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison & judgment, and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living. And for the transgression of my people was he smitten? Thou see'st thy debt, and thy Saviours payment of it; these are no fictions; thou

thou hast just now read a *sure word of Prophecy* that hath confirmed it. Those wounds, those stripes, those bruises which thou readest of, he bore for thee, and which were due to thee. It was thou that shouldst have been led *from prison to judgment*, from prison to the Judgment-seat of the great God, who should have sat as Judge ; he should have arraigned thee, sentenced thee, and have sent thee to the *slaughter house of Hell*, where thou shouldst have been weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of thy teeth. But Oh amazing love and grace ! the Son of God that loved me better than his life, stept off his Throne and took my nature on him, and became a man like to me (only sin excepted) he came and bid me comfort my trembling heart, he would put himself into my condition, and become the prisoner ; and if my sin would cost his *life*, he would freely part with it. Methinks I feel my bowels turn, my spirits melt within me ; was ever love like to his love ? He was as a stranger to me : why did he not let me die ? It was his Father I did wrong, why did he not let me suffer ? What if

if my punishment was as great as Hell? surely I did deserve it. What if my pains and screeches were eternal? Ah! I was a creature, a worm, a fly, a nothing to him, and what need he have cared? but he loved me; and could he love a prisoner at the Bar? I was a *sinner*, a *vile polluted one*, methinks he should have loathed me; but he did *wash* thee, & make thee clean again. I, but I was his Father's enemy, and so no friend to him; or would he love an enemy? or did he not know so much? but how could that be, when he saw my heart, and the enmity that was in it? yes, he did, and yet he loved thee; *even while we were enemies he died for us*. But why did he love an enemy? or how could he do it? I know not why, it is past my reason to imagine it: *Oh inexpressible Love! Oh love past thought!* I cannot fathom thee with my reason, thy ways are unaccountable; *he loves because he will love*. And though his love displeased us, yet it pleased him to love us. What ails my heart? I cannot find it stir, What, dead under the reviving thoughts of thy dearest Redeemer! I just now said, he loved thee

thee though an enemy, and when thou lovedst not him; I see the enmity is not quite remov'd, thou canst not love him yet: Arise, shake up thy self, and look about thee, thou dost not sure see thy mercy; surely thou understandest not what thou oughtest to understand. Come away, Oh come away, lift up thy drowsie head, I will make thee look and love, while I set thee all on burning, and make thee ere I leave thee confess thou lovest him. Think, think, *O my soul*, that thou hadst just now sinned and broke that law which threatned death, and upon the breach doth find thee guilty. Think that thou sawest a flaming Cherubim, a messenger of the Court of Heaven flit in at that door and arrest thee for High treason, and give thee a summons to rise from the seat thou sittest on, to make a sudden answer for thy life. Look then, my soul, Ah! I lookt just now, I see that door wide open: What's this! a *spirit*? Ah me, I am undone, for I have sinned! I think the room shakes under me, or else 'tis my heart that's trembling. What's this I hear! I must now answer
for

for my life : Oh what shall I say ! I know not what ; I have sinned, my Conscience tells me that I have sinned, the witness within will cast me, I see the Inditement writ with blood on my heart ; the pride, sensuality, and the earthliness of which I am charged with, I am not able to deny one tittle. Oh for a mountain to cover me : Oh whither shall I go, whither shall I fly ? That Bed, these Curtains, this Closet cannot hide me. My Mother, Father, Wife or Child cannot help me : O who then shall ? I run whither know not ; vengeance will find me out where ever I go. Oh cursed and subtil Satan ! are all thy fair promises and inticements come to this ! O my wicked cursed foolish heart ! that ever I should believe him before my Creator, that told me, *the day I sinned I should surely die.* Oh that for a little simple transient pleasure I should so madly hazard my eternal life ! And now I must be cast to Hell to bear the punishment of my folly. Think once again, think that this were the day, this the very place in which God should come and sit in Judgment on thee. Me-
thinks

thinks I see the Heavens bow themselves:
Oh what a crackling do I hear in the
Clouds; look yonder! See who comes!
It is *my Judge*; his countenance is as a
flame of fire, he utters his voice like
Thunder, the mountains skip, or rather
shake, or rather tremble. Now, now, is
the time of my utter destruction near
at hand. Oh how shall I look him in
the face! His looks do already affright
me! I shall not say one word, and I have
not one Friend that will say one word
for me. It's true, I see a terrible glori-
ous Troop of Angels that do attend
him, but they are all his friends, and
therefore all my enemies: I dare not
speak a word to them; and alas! if I
should, they are all but his servants,
and fellow-Creatures with my self;
Alas! They cannot, yea they will not
help me. It's true, there is *one*, that
one that seems *as one with God*, the beams
of whose countenance are far brighter
than all the Host of Heaven: Besides,
if God have a Son, it may be it is he;
methinks he is a *mirrour* of his Fathers
Glory; but this I know not; be what
he will, he cannot pity me a sinner, the
doors

doors of hope are all shut up, and now as a miserable wretch I must prepare to hear my sentence; the *Judge* is set, and with trembling heart and joints I stand a *prisoner* at the Bar for my Life, and now I must attend his call.

God speaks,] *Sinner, where art thou?*

The Sinner answers] Lord here am I.

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

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

God speaks] Had I not told thee that sin would cost thee thy Life, then thou hadst had some excuse: Have I said it, and will the great God change? Sinner, thou must die; I told thee so before, and now I tell thee again, the God of Heaven cannot lie. Get thee gone thou cursed wretch into eternal flames, and keep that Devil company in chains and torments, with whom thou hast rebelled against me, and go see what pleasures thou hast in sinning.

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

God speaks] What! Stays he longer to trouble my patience! I say, begone thou

thou cursed ; though thou art my creature, know that my wrath hath kindled on better creatures than thou art ; get thee to Hell, and the howling Devils will tell thee as much.

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

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

But think again, that the Devil did take hold of thee, and drag thee from the place thou sittest on, to Hell ; suppose

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and shackels, and chains, which should have fettered me ! Yet more than this, Doth he know it is impossible to get a reprieve from his Father and judge ; And that he must most assuredly drink the bitterest dregs of Death, more bitter than Devils or damned Souls in Hell has yet ever tasted of ? For it is impossible the Cup should pass : And can he, will he, dare he venture ? But stay, I must be a Spouse ! To be exalted from this dunghill to be a *Princess* to the Son & Heir of Glory ! Hold, hold, here's enough, it is a dream, an idle fancy of a distempered brain ; I shall never find a heart to believe one Syllable. But yet, methinks, if it be a dream, 'tis a Golden one. Is it possible that such a damned wretch as I, could harbour such filken gilded Thoughts of such Love, Grace, Mercy & Tendernefs of the Son of God ? Oh my Heart ! If they were not true, how came they into my mind, or how came they to stay ? Or could they, if but meer Fictions, make such a change in my Heart ? Could they so victoriously conquer all my Fear, silence all my Doubts, allay

the

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

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

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

Ans.

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

been wading downward these five Thousands of Years, do ye feel a bottom? Or are ye near one? Away, away, my foolish Heart; if this be all thou hast to plead, he may redeem thee, & take thee for his Spouse, and betroth thee to himself, notwithstanding all this.

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

Ans. Cease fool, thy reasonings; he cannot love an enemy, because thou canst not; he cannot die, because thy cowardly heart will not suffer thee! Why should he fear the Grave, that had Power over it? And what though thou art unworthy of his love, if he will have thee and make thee worthy? Thy Heart is base, and what of that, if he will mend it? Thy filthy rotten and polluted Soul he intends to wash
and

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

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

Ans. Away these silly simple childish Thoughts ; how like an Inhabitant of this earthly sensual World dost thou reason ? Thou wilt not under-match, and therefore will not God his Son ? Thou Fool, thou wilt not because thou canst find another equal. But dost thou not know that God can find none equal to his Son ; he must stoop, or else go without. It's true, he might have gone without, but what if he would not, why should not Heaven have its will as well as thou ? Thou hast no dowry, and he doth need none, and yet thou arguest

as if Heaven would make Traffick with his Son and his love, as we silly Worms do here; but we are Beggars, and so are Angels, and all the glorious Host above, they are his Creatures, hang and depend upon him, and cannot subsist one moment happy without supplies and helps of his Grace; and why may he not bring a beggarly Man as near to himself, as a beggarly Angel, if so it pleaseth him?

Object. But doth it so please him?

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

If he had not told as much from his own mouth, his eyes and looks bespeak his love and favour loud and clear enough to thee. But doth he not tell thee, to put thee out of all doubt, this is my well beloved Son, hear him, hear him: What's that? Believe him whatsoever he says, why, what faith he? O dull and stupid Heart! Hast thou forgot already! He said he will pay his Life for thine; and doth not his Father bid thee hear him? He said he would reconcile thee, love thee, & make thee Friends again; and is it not Comfort when the Father bids thee believe him. He said he will pardon, wash & cleanse thee, and take thee to himself, & betroth thee to him for ever, and after all will give thee to see his Glory, even the same Glory which he had before the World. And the Father is willing to all this, for he tells thee his Son, is his well-beloved Son, and bids thee believe him, and misdoubt not one Syllable. And canst thou after all this doubt that the Father is not willing? But do not his Angels likewise, who are ministering Spirits, with voice and look proclaim

proclaim as much, that Heaven is well-pleased with the Son, and with his Death and Passion, and so with thee in him? Do not the Angels admire the Mystery of redeeming Grace, that makes them so desirous to peep into it? Why did they proclaim his coming into the World, and sing for joy that there was good-will in Heaven to Men on Earth? Or why do they so diligently attend thee by night and day? Thou seest them not keep guard about thy Chamber-door, and round about the Curtains of thy Bed. Why do they attend thee from room to room, and follow thee down-stairs, & out of doors, if it were not but that thou art some great Princess, nearly allied to their Lord and Master? Thou dost not see this, blame then thine Eyes, and the infidelity of thy Heart; shall it be less true, because thy base infidelity cannot digest it? Thou might doubt God, Heaven, and every thing else on that score; but hast thou not it from his own Mouth that the Angels are ministring Spirits for the heirs of Glory? Come, tell me, I say, tell me quickly, I must have an

answer, can this, and all this be true, and Heaven yet not be pleased? If God with his Son and Angels be all content that thou shouldst be restored, and so exalted to such dignities as to be heir unto the Crown of Heaven; if these be pleased, who is there in Heaven that can else be displeased? What saith my Heart? What not yet one Word? Oh how long shall I be troubled & pestered with my unbelief! Oh my God, strike, chide, and break this flint, reprove this stubborn & unbelieving Heart, I cannot perswade it that thou lovest me, or art willing to love me: I urge thy Word, and my best reason to prove it, but I cannot make it yield. Oh break, I pray thee, this *Flint* or *Adamant* upon the *downy Breast* of Love; strike, and one blow of thine will make it fall in pieces, and confess at length that thou art well pleased with thy Son, & fully satisfied that he should bleed and die for me. But let me try thee once again, if thou hast lost thine Ears and Eyes; I'll see if thou hast lost thy feeling too. Thou sayst thou canst not believe that God is willing to accept the Son for thee,

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

Soul speaks] O blessed God ! I feel thou hast overcome ; I yield, I yield, I have not left a word to speak against thy love ; thy Son hath offered Satisfaction, and thou hast accepted it ; thou hast laid down, O my Saviour, thy Life for mine ; and thy Father, and my Father is well pleased with it : Blood

is paid, Justice is satisfied, Heavens doors are widened, thine arms open to receive me; nothing is wanting but my *Heart*; make it such as thou wilt have it, and then take it to thy self. Come up, my Soul, thou hast an Heart, and there is a Christ; the Father thou seest is willing, and the Son is willing, give but thy consent, and he is thine forever. Fear not thy hardness, blindness, deadness, loathsomeness, all these cannot hinder, if thou be but willing. He hath been in the world to ask the worlds consent already, and also thine; thou canst not doubt of his Good-will; speak but the word, and he hath thine too. What stickest thou at? Surely thou art a sluggish Spirit; what dost thou ail? Half of this ado would find a Heart for a little mire or dirt, or something else that is worse, and is not Christ better? But ah! yet I feel a piece of unbelief still working in thy very Bowels, as if that Jesus that died at *Jerusalem* were not the *Son of God*, and the Redeemer of the World. And is this all? O were I certain thou wouldst ne'er doubt more, how freely should

ould I make Satisfaction? But Oh! I faint and tire with the trips & stumblings of my unbelief. But mount, my Soul, thou must resolve to tire and put to silence all thy unbelieving babblings, or they will thee; which, if they do, never expect an hours peace or quiet more; thou must resolve to conquer thy unbelief, or to be conquered; thou knowest her tyranny too well to let her go away the victorefs. He was not the Christ, thou sayest, but tell me why?

Object. His Parentage was too low and mean! what the Saviour of the World a Carpenters Son! How can it be!

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

Object. His Birth but mean & beggarly; no sooner born, but cradled in a Manger; but could Heaven suffer this?

Ans. It consists. But yet it was as glorious: For did not a Star proclaim him

him born? And did not a whole Host of Angels sing, and shout it up for Joy And did not wise Men, yea and Kings bring Incense, Myrrh, and Frankincense being but as so much Tribute, unto the new-born King, and heir of all things, as if by instinct they knew they held their Crowns of him? A greater Honour than ever any new-born Prince hath yet received before him, or ever shall or will do after him.

Methinks, my unbelieving Heart, I could dare to tell thee, that room was no Stable, it was a palace; and did not the cost, presents, and glorious Presence of Kings speak as much?

Object. *But his Days were spent in Poverty, Meanness and Disgrace; and can I, dare I, trust my Soul with such a one, and take him to be the Son of God?*

Ans. And now I wonder at thee. It's true what thou sayest, if thou lookest upon him one way; his life was such as thou tellest me of; but 'tis a strong argument against thy self; for just such a one was the Christ to be according to the Prophets; the 53d

Chapter

Chapter of *Isaiah* shews as much. But yet if you truly understandest what true Pomp and Glory means, even to an Eye of Sense as well as to that of Faith, *Solomon's* Life imbroidered with all his glorious Acts, was not comparable to this Life of his. Was it not filled with Miracles and Wonders? Was he not proclaimed the Son of God with Voices from Heaven? Did he not conquer Devils, and therefore the Kingdom of Hell? Was ever Prince on Earth honoured with so great a Conquest? Were not his miraculous Feasts more splendid than those of Princes? The fare was but poor and mean, but the miracles made it rich and glorious. Had I been present, should I not have wondered and gazed more at the Master of this *Feast*, and have taken more Pleasure to have seen him sit down with these five Thousands, than with a Table full of Princes and great Men? Alas, it were a trifling sight to this. Methinks my unbelief that pleads so much for sense, sense it self pleads too strongly against thee, for thou canst not argue one Syllable.

Object. *But would the Son of God be banged*

hanged and crucified? Could Heaven have suffered this? Could not the Saviour of the World save himself? How could he then save me?

Ans. Hadst thou not the blindness of the *Jews*, thou couldst not reason thus like them; but was it not necessary it should be so? Did not the Prophets foretel his Death, and such a Death? Had he not died, and died as he did, I might then have had some ground to doubt him whether he were the *Messias* or not, for it was needful that the Prophecies should be fulfilled, *Dan. 9.* But yet as wretched and as contemptible a going out of the world as he had, and his manner of dying on the Cross, how vile soever it seemed to be, yet was there not enough to silence all the doubts that could possibly from thence arise, and much for the Confirmation of my Faith, in the wonderful Eclipse of the Sun, the rending of the Veil of the Temple, the opening of the Graves, raising of the Dead, and afterwards his own rising the third day, and ascending up to Heaven in a Cloud? If my Faith might have staggered in seeing him on
the

cross dying, it could not when it saw
him risen, and in the Clouds ascending.
Object. *But were those wonders true
and certain ?*

Ans^w. But hast thou any ground to
doubt them ? Are they not written in
thy Bible ? And art thou not certain
that it is the Word of God ? Or hast
thou not sufficient Reason to believe it
to be so ? But hast thou not a whole
Creation, yea Nations that do believe the
same ? And before this age, did not
our Fathers, and Grandfathers, and great
Grandfathers, and so continued a testi-
mony of Ages from the time that they
were done, to this day, witness to the
truth of them, and that so unanimously
and resolutely that ten thousands have
rather chosen to lose their *lives*, than
the Truth of them. Now put all these
together, and tell me, canst thou doubt ?
Nay, I see thou dost but trifle ; con-
fess the truth, or I am resolved to heed
thee no longer. Come, take & embrace
that crucified Jesus, account all things
else but as loss, and dross, and dung in
comparison with him ; stick not at his
outward meanness, scruple not at his
ignominious

ignominious dying, it is the very Christ
the Saviour of the World. Oh why
shouldest thou thus torment me? Do
thou not see all thy fellow Christians
to Glory in that Cross, and in that Christ
that died on it? Do they not bear it as
a badge of honour, & shall it be to thee
as shame? Do not all the Christian World
eat and drink as often as they can the
Symbols of this their dying Lord? And
do they not all sing, and joy, & triumph
in it? And wilt thou the while lie
vexing thy self over a company of
needless fears and scruples? Farewell
all needless doubts and tormenting
Questions, I see my *Faith* is built on a
Rock, blow winds, beat waves, you
cannot now move me. Blessed God
I thank thee, for thy Son, thou hast
given his Life for the spoiler, thou hast
bowed his back to the enemies, long
furrows have they plowed upon it, and
the day of his calamity they laughed
at. Lord: Thou hast wounded him
for my sins, and bruised him for my ini-
quities. These speak the depth of thy
counsels, and the ways of thy mercy
past finding out, and the tenderness of
thy

thy bowels. Thou hast made him my Rock, and my shield, and my strong Tower, and in the day of my sorrow through him thou wilt hear me. To thee, O God, will I make my vows, and to thee will I pay them; I will humble my self before thee. I will always lie at the feet of my Redeemer. Lord! His Cross and his shame shall be no more a stumbling-block to me, I will take it up and follow him; it shall be my Crown, my Song, and the glory of my rejoycing. I will enter into thy Courts with joy, and in the Congregations of thy Saints shall be my delight; I will remember thy loving kindneses of old, & the days in which thou didst afflict thy only Son for the sins of my Soul. I will call to mind the Covenant of thy Grace; and my heart shall praise thee, when I see it founded on blood. Then will I betroth my self to thy Son; join thou, Lord, both our hands and hearts, and we will strike up a march forever. Praise thou the Lord, Oh my soul, and all you that love and fear him, praise his holy name.

L

The

The SACRAMENT.*The Dress.*

Lord, where am I! What! All the Children of the Bride-chamber up and drest, and I flumbering in my bed! Tell me ye fairest, what make you up so early? Alas our Lord was up before us all. He called us up by break of day and wondered that we were not trimming our lamps, knowing with whom we are to feast this day. Oh well then I will rise up too. Oh what a shew do these bright and glittering Saints make in mine eyes? What a brightness do these pearls and diamonds cast in mine eyes! They do strike me into amazement. Oh what a lovely humble look doth crown their brow? And what a comely Countenance hath joy and Heavenly delight cast on their cheeks. Surely they did not thus dress themselves, it was my Father that made them thus prepar'd to entertain his Son. But where are my Cloaths? Now for the fairest, sweetest robe of thoughts and wishes

wishes that can be found, or that the wardrobe of my Father can afford me. Oh how naked am I? But where are my *silken golden twists of Faith to hang the jewels of joy and love, and humility upon?* I am never drest till they be on. Oh where, where are they? I saw them by me but just now. I laid them by my heart before I went to bed. Oh what was I so long a reasoning about? Oh what long and many threds did my reason spin even now, but to make these twines to tye up my joy, and to raise up my love, and to hang my heavenly delight upon? But ah! I fear this envious world hath with her vanities stolen them away, or hid them from me; or the envious Devil, or unbelief have been ravelling or snarling of them, that now I am as far to seek as ever. Whither, O whither shall I go to find them out? Now, will the Bridegroom come, and I am not ready? I cannot, dare not go to day. Now will my Lord be angry, and ask me why I came not, and I have no answer to make him. And if I go undrest, he will ask me, where is my Wedding garment, and

then I shall be speechless. Ah foolish simple heart ! that thou shouldest take no more care but to let these thoughts of earth so entangle themselves with thy so pure and heavenly contemplations ! Now how to get them loose again, thou knowest not ; this thou mightest by heed & care have prevented ; but now what help ? Lord, I have sinned ; O holy Father pardon this time, and I will take more heed. O come and untie my thoughts from this earth, and come and dress me up as becometh thee. Come, be not discouraged, Oh my Soul ! Let but thy attire of Grace be whole, that is, sincere, thy God, and so thy Saviour will accept thee. Though thy garments are not so much *perfumed with Heaven*, as thy brethrens are, but yet if they are but white and free from the spots of flesh and spirit, thou wilt be looked on and liked of well enough. Thy Lord doth know that all have not Talents alike, and where he gives but little, he expects but little. A faith that is *richly imbroidered over with love and delight*, is not given to all ; and is not expected from

from any but from those to whom it is given. Thou hast an honest, willing, serious heart, that thinks it doth despise and trample under feet, the nearest, dearest pleasures, profits & glories in the world, in compare with him that gave himself to death for thee ; and hadst rather anger flesh and blood, the dearest friends, and all than him, by sinning against him in the least. If this be true, fear not, thou hast thy wedding-garment on, thou art well clad ; as mean soever as it is, it is such a one as Heaven gave thee, and such a one as thy dear Redeemer can, and will embrace thee in.

The Presence-Chamber.

Fear not, O my soul, I charge thee do not faint. Let not thy weakness, and the poverty of thy grace, discourage thee : See how thy Lord draws nigh. Fear not, I say, he will not ask thee, Friend, how camest thou hither not having on thy Wedding-garment ? He sees thy heart, and sees thou hast it on. Oh he comes ! And it is but to whisper thee

a welcome in thine ear; it is but to fall
about thy neck and kiss thy be-tear'd
cheeks, and bid thee a kind welcome
to thy bleeding Lord.

Soul. Oh did I think to be thus much
made of! I thought he would not
have minded me; but I did no sooner
appear & set my feet within the doors,
but he ran to meet me; he took me in
his arms, he brought me hither, and
set me here. Is this a house, or is it a
Palace? Is this a Court for Princes, or
for Angels? Never did place more
ravish me into amazement than this
place! *Beautiful are thy gates, O Zion!*
O how pleasant is the habitation of the most
high! Is it the place or the company
that strikes me into astonishment! Now
I can say, most feelingly say with David,
My delights are with the Saints of the most
high, and the most excellent of the Earth.
Their poverty, their disgrace, their con-
tempt amongst whom they live; do not
puzzle my quick ey'd Faith; these are
the Kings Daughters that are all glorious
within, their garments are of needle work,
embroidered over with pure gold, fine spun

mean soever they are, or may seem to be, these shall set with Christ to Judge the World. Oh! How my Soul is ravished with delight, to see and look on those with whom I shall live for ever! If they are so lovely now, what will they be hereafter, when our God shall take them, and scowr off their rust, and wash their *Garments bright* in the *Sunshine of his countenance*, & change those mortal and corruptible bodies into immortal and glorious ones; and set them upon thrones, about himself, and lade their heads with crowns of massy gold; and when I shall hear them warbling out the everlasting Praises of the Lamb, whose Body and Blood we shall sit down to feed on!

Communion Plate.

*Never was Gold or Silver graced thus before;
To bring this Body & this Blood to us, is more
than to Crown Kings,
or be made Rings*

For Star-like Diamonds to glitter in.

The Bread.

Welcome Fairest, *take and eat* ; 'tis
the sweetest dainties, dearest morsel
Heaven can afford thee. Welcome my
Dear, to the Table of my Lord. Wel-
come a thousand times, I bid thee ; yea,
welcomer than thine own heart can
wish. Take, eat this morsel, it cost my
life ; it's a portion thy Father sent unto
thee by me, and bid me remem-
ber thee of his love to thee. He bids
thee remember a Fathers love, Ay, a
Saviours. He hath a heart to give thee,
and so have I. Take this in earnest of
them both in one. Take freely ; if
thou wert not welcome, I would have
told thee ; I would have asked thee
for thy Wedding garment, knew I not
thy heart ; or if I were uncertain of
thy love, I would have scorn'd thee as
unworthy of my presence ; did I know
thou lovest any thing above me, I would
have hid my face, and never have spoke
thee a welcome so feelingly & kindly
to thy Soul. Tell me, O tell me, dost
thou not love me ? I know thou dost ;
more

more than Father or Mother, Wife or Child, Lands or Living, or Credit; I know thou dost. And wilt thou not take the Cross and follow me? I know thou wilt, I see and know the labour of thy love; I remember the pains and travel of thy Soul; I saw thee follow me on thy knees in tears, and begged my life rather than thy life. I know thy heart, I saw it bleeding before my Throne; I took it in my arms and bound it up, and in that breast I remember I put it up again; I saw thee when no eye saw thee; I heard thee, and had compassion on thy groanings, whilst thou wert complaining that I had shut out thy prayers; I well remember since thy heart did first fall sick with love, since the time thy flesh began to die, and since thou laidst thy self in the grave down by me, and wert willing to die to all this vain empty glory of the world, because I died and left it. I know thee well enough, *Thou art mine, and I am thine.* Take it, I charge thee; eat it as thou lovest me; and whilst thou feedest, remember the love of thy dearest Redeemer.

Soul,

Soul. Oh 'tis the sweetest meat that ever tongue did tast; it sends a relish to my very heart; I find it digests as it descends, I feel my nerves and sinews strengthen: I never knew that bread was the *stuff of life* till now; Oh how fit is my soul now for Christ? How easie do I now find his yoke; how light his burden! Methinks I could watch or pray, or read more earnestly, resolvedly, believingly, than ever. Oh! Methinks I can take his Cross and bear it strongly, and take the shame and despise it fully. Oh 'tis a feast of fat things! The richest banquet of Love that ever I was at; it was but a little that I took, and it fills me full, my hungry stomach now cries, 'tis enough, I find it now verified to my Soul and Spirit, that he that eats of this bread shall never hunger more. Well, I need not starve when there is such bread in my Fathers house. I need not, I will not, I cannot feed any longer on husks with the swine of the world. I fed on air and smoke before; I never tasted substantial Bread till I tasted of this. This is the *stuff of my life*, and upon this will I support myself to my very Grave. *The*

The Wine.

Christ. Come my Dearest, I have drunk, and thou shalt pledge me: I have broached my side, and drew it on purpose for thee. This is a Wine of mine own making, when I trod the Winepress of my Fathers wrath. It is my blood; but take and drink it; it was the cause of my wounding, but to thy Soul it shall prove healing. I died and bled, it was but to make this Banquet for thee. I have brought thee into my Wine-Cellar, and my Banner over thee shall be love. Fear not, take and drink, thou hast an *ulcer* in thy heart, and this shall cure it; spots and stains of guilt on thy Soul, and this shall purge them away; thy Spirits are faint, this shall revive thee, thou art afraid to see thy Fathers face, this shall make thee to draw near the Throne of Grace with boldness. Drink, I charge thee; drink on thy love and loyalty to me. I command thee as thou wilt have thy heart to mend, thy wounds to cure, thy Soul to love and obey.

obey me, take, O take this cup into thy hand, tast it, and praise my love.

Soul. Lord! I have taken, I have drunk as thou hast bid me, I neither could, or dare deny thee. Can I refuse thy blood when I have accepted thy self; Or can I accept my pardon at thy hands, and refuse the Seal thereof? I know I am vile, I am vile, but thou hast pardoned me. Lord, I have abused thy love, a thousand times refused thy offered self and withstood the teneers of thy Grace; but thou hast covered all my sins, thou hast freely justified me by thy Grace, and made a full attonement for me by thy blood; this is that thou freely biddest me take, and I have freely drunk it. Never was Wine so full as this is. Never was Bowl so full of pleasure as this. I have swallowed down my life and pardon at one draught: took it from my Saviours hand, it was a cup of his own preparing. If ever drink was sugared, this was! I never tasted better relisht Wine in all my life!

The richest Cordials cannot match this
 (draught Divine,
 Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
 (this Wine.
 Oh when my hopes but kist the purple dews,
 (they hung and cleaved so,
 As if they were loth to let thee go.
 They strove & struggled to get near my heart,
 As if intending there to take a part.
 I dare not say them nay; blood from that
 (Bowl
 May the best room command within my Soul.

What a sudden strange, yet happy
 alteration do I find within! My lan-
 guid spirits are revived; my winter is
 over. Methinks I feel my life and joy
 to spring again. My Aaron's Rod (a
 dry stick but now) doth bloom and
 flourish. My newly ingrafted Soul is
 full of Infant-clusters.

Blood at the root of Vines

They say produce the richest Wines.

Oh! If my Lord will, undertake to
 dress this Vine, and trickle down his
 blood into my root, then draw it up in-
 to each branch of Grace by the warm-

M

ing

ing beam of his reviving love; then I
 my Dearest come, let him come as I
 hath promised, and bring my Father
 and his Father with him, and supbo
 with me and in me. Let them come
 and I will did them a welcome, I sha
 have a fruit to present them with, whic
 they themselves shall say is pleasant
 I shall not send my Father away no
 so oft complaining, *I come to seek for*
grapes and fruit, but behold wild ones.

The Conclusion.

Oh! How unwillingly do I rise! Mo
 thinks I could sit here and feast m
 heart and eyes for ever. What run
 ing Banquets doth my Lord afford m
 here! Surely he should not need to fee
 I should surfeit on himself. But alas
 I must be gone, what shall I do in yo
 der hungry soul starving world again?
 have been feeding on my Paschal Lam
 and now I must go and eat my fow
 herbs; but if it be so, I must arise
 know thou hast prepared the endle
 feast above, where I shall ever sit: an
 enjoy thy Love, and glut my hungy
 eye and heart on the Banquet of th
 everlasting self. As yet I am now
 east.

irth, my toil and work lies heavy on
 y hands, I have yet an afternoon to
 hour out, God knows my work is hard;
 o hard for me my self to perform. I
 arcely should have lasted out so long,
 ut that sometimes at such seasons as
 his is, he repaired my sinking spirits
 y pouring in the Cordials of his Blood.
 ow I must go and perhaps find as
 arp conflicts with my self as ever. I
 now the World and Hell have been
 ying the snares and gins to catch my
 ew fledg'd Soul; and all conspire against
 y welfare. Now it is well if I escape
 fall, a bruise, a breaking of my bones,
 which sad plight I have so often
 in, that my Lord might have took
 e for dead, but that my groanings
 ld him loudly I lived. Lord! Must
 leave this feast? Must I go? Take me
 en by the hand, and lead me; if I
 ust walk, let me see thee by me, that
 may know I walk with my God. Lead
 e away, and I will go with thee;
 d let me not go till thou bringest me
 ither again; I cannot, will not live
 ithout thee. And do thou Lord, say
 must not, shall not.

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

A Meditation on the Death of Christ, Preparative to the Sacrament: Pen'd for his private use.

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

mourn! Methinks if thou didst love, the heart should rather sympathize with his: He is singing, and shalt thou be sighing? He is joying that his Work is done, and now is welcomed into Heaven by God his Father, and shouting up by Angels Voices, as the great Conqueror of the Hearts of Men on Earth, and that now in triumph he is returned. And will a mournful weed, a wet eye, and a cloudy brow, become thee at these times of Festivals? Shall the Heavenly Angels be joyful, and thou sad? How strangely will this be construed? Will it not be said, Thou dost not love him? Or thou dost envy his recovered Glory that he had left, and now again hath taken? Or that thou canst not endure to see him wear his Princes Crown in Heaven, that for a time he had laid aside to come down to the earth to fetch thee thence to Heaven? But ah! My Lord, thou wilt not sure interpret sorrow thus; thou hast not sure forgot to give a meaning unto tears, to teach sigh to speak, and then to know its language! Hath my Lord forgot so suddenly that he was on earth, & that he

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

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

any love I bare him ! Oh ! What needle-pointed words are those ! Methinks they have pierc'd mine heart in every part, and from each prick hath started forth a drop, that hath set it o're with a bloody dew ! But how can it once be thought that envy should get a room in an heart that's full of love, with which it swells, it bubbles up, and runs all over ? It cannot be. Bear witness heavens ! I do not grieve that you contain him, but that I on earth have lost him ! Oh my God ! I am not sorry that thy Son hath past his sufferings, and is arriv'd to rest, and got again into thy bosom, his ancient nest of love and pleasure. Oh you blessed Orders of Seraphim & Cherubims, and you *innumerable company of the spirits of the just men made perfect* ! I do not envy that you have my Lord with you, that you see his face, and live and walk, and joy in the light of his countenance : Alas ! We your poor Brethren could not make him so welcome here on earth, as you can there : We lov'd him as sincerely as you, and believ'd in him, and took delight in him too ; but yet no-
thing

thing near so much as you. You know him better than we do ; for you know him as you are known, and therefore know better how to prize him. We know him but in part, and the value, price, and love could but be in the like proportion. He is therefore far much better there than here ; and how shall I then either envy him or you ! And what, my Soul ! Should I wish him back again ? What if I thought I could prize and love him more, and could promise the like for all his beloved disciples ? I could not alike engage for the wicked, envious, malicious, unbelieving world ; I could not promise he should meet with no other *Herod* to seek his Life, or that the hard-hearted *Jews* would give him better entertainment, whom they dare yet curse with the name of Conjuror, though *Moses* and their Prophets bore witness to him, and though they received a seal from Heaven in voices, thunders, signs, and an innumerable company of real Miracles. Oh no ! my Lord ! Though I could wish to see thy face again on earth, yet not in such a state of misery in the midst of a den

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

Earth. I will repine at nothing that shall advance thy Glory. But Oh ! Thou cruel bloody unbelieving World ! You wicked murtherous bloody *Jews* ! Though I rejoyce my Lord is safe arrived home, and quietly landed within his Haven ; yet from you I cannot hold mine anger, that made his Sea a Sea of Blood, and drain'd his Heart, to make it *deep*, and fill'd his *Sails* with sighs and groans, that caus'd his Voyage to be so doleful. What good got you to stand and laugh to see him sorrowful ? To scoff & jeer to hear his Lamentations ? What cursed rage was that to make such haste to fetch him vinegar and gall to prolong his life, to lengthen out his dolours ? How could you find such barbarous hearts to triumph over a bleeding dying Lamb, that was so innocent ? How could you taunt at him when you heard him praying for you, *Father forgive them* ! And so tenderly excusing you, for *they know not what they do* ! Methinks that kindly harmless carriage should have pierced your Hearts ; those melting Words should have dissolv'd them ; and instead of piercing him, I should

should have thought you pierced. And
 ah! But that I know an unbelieving
 Heart my self, and understand what
 hardness means, I should stand and won-
 der! Oh! It's too hard an Adament for
 downy words, and doleful sounds, and
 tender carriages to break and shatter!
 How often have I out-stood all those my
 self! And when I served my flesh, how
 little did I mind them! And when
 they have been presented to me in the
 Gospel, or in a Sermon told that all
 these Tortures he endur'd for me, and
 I in part believed it too, yet, was I not
 as a man bereft of my senses, and I was
 no more mov'd in mine Heart, as if I had
 not heard or understood, and were
 quite bereav'd of Sense and Reason. But
 had I thus continued in my senseless
 unbelieving State, and as I liv'd so died;
 yet how deservedly should I have born
 the wrath of God, and have been sent
 to Hell as a recompence of mine unbe-
 lief? And yet, you careless secure *Jews*
 can you think to escape when God
 comes to make Inquisition for Blood
 how will you do if this Sin should find
 you out? If God requires Blood for Blood
 what

what will become of yours? If he had been no more than a common Man, the Law would then have required your lives for payment. But how if in the end he prove a *Prophet*? Nay more than that, the Son of the most high God, the Prince and Saviour whom God had promised to raise, the *Messiah* whom *Moses* and the *Prophets* bare witness to, and him that you so long'd & wisht to see! How will you look! What will you say! What answer will you make when all these Truths are cleared? Where will you hide your selves for shame? And what will you do when Confusion shall thus take hold upon you? What! Will you then confess the Fact, or will you deny it? With what face can you do the first? And if you do the latter, the curse you and your Fathers drew upon your selves, *Let his Blood be upon us, and our Children!* It stand still in record against you, and will cry you guilty. Will you excuse it with your unbelieving ignorance? But how will you be able to rub your brows into so much confidence? How dare you say you were ignorant of him, when you

N

say

say you know both *Moses* and the *Prophets*, and they bear witness of him? You askt a sign, and did he not give you both signs and wonders? How often did he cure your *Lame*? How wonderfully did he heal your *Lepers*, and those sick of the *Palsie*, yea of all manner of *Diseases*? How did he open the *Eyes* of the blind! And give light to them that was born blind! Yea, restore the withered *Hand*, and make the *Crooked* straight, and open the *Ears* of the deaf, and cast out *Devils*, and raise the *Dead*! Therefore let all the *House of Israel* know assuredly, that *God* hath made that same *Jesus* whom ye have crucified, both *Lord* and *Christ*.

A Prayer before the Receiving the Holy Communion.

MOST Holy God, I am as stubble before thee, the consuming Fire. How shall I stand before thy Holiness, for I am a sinful Creature, laden with Iniquity, that have gone backward, and provoked the Holy One of Israel; when I was lost, thy Son did seek and save me; when I was dead in Sin, thou madest me alive. Then sawest me polluted in my Blood, & saidst unto me live. In that time of love thou coveredst my nakedness, and enteredst into a Covenant with me, and I became thine own. Thou didst deliver me from the Power of Darkness, and translate me into the Kingdom of thy dear Son; and gavest me remission of Sin, through his Blood. But I am a grievous Revolter, I have forgotten the Covenant of the Lord my God, I was engaged to love thee with all my Heart, and to hate iniquity, and serve thee diligently, and thankfully to set forth thy praise. But I have departed from thee, and corrupted myself by self love, and by loving the World, & the things that are in the World,

and have fulfilled the desires of the Flesh, which I should have crucified. I have neglected my Duty to thee, and to my Neighbour, and the necessary care of my own Salvation. I have been an unprofitable Servant, and have hid thy Talents, and have dishonoured thee, whom in all things I should have pleased and glorified. I have been negligent in hearing and reading thy Holy Word, and in meditating and conferring of it, in Publick and Private Prayer and Thanksgiving, and in my Preparation to this Holy Sacrament, in the examining of my self, and repenting of my Sins, and stirring up my Heart to a believing and thankful receiving of thy Grace, and to love & joyfulness, in my Communion with thee, and with one another of thy People. I have not duly discerned the Lord's Body, but have prophaned thy Holy Name and Ordinance, as if the Table of the Lord had been contemptible. And when thou hast spoken Peace to me, I returned again to Folly; have deserved, O Lord, to be cast out of thy Presence, and to be forsaken, as I have forsaken thee, and to bear to my Confusion, Depart from me, I know thee not, thou worker of Iniquity. Thou mayest

est justly tell me, thou hast no Pleasure in me, nor wilt receive an offering at my hand. But with thee there is abundant Mercy. And my Advocate Jesus Christ the Righteous, is the Propitiation for my Sins; who bare them in his body on the Cross, and made himself an Offering for them, that he might put them away by the Sacrifice of himself; have Mercy upon me, and wash me in his Blood; cloath me with his Righteousness; take away my Iniquities, and let them not be my ruine; forgive them, and remember them no more: O thou that delightest not in the Death of Sinners, heal my backslidings, love me freely, & say unto my Soul, that thou art my Salvation. Thou wilt in no wise cast out them that come unto thee, receive me graciously to the Feast thou hast prepared for me; cause me to hunger & thirst after Christ, and his Righteousness, that I may be satisfied: Let his Flesh & Blood be to me meat and drink indeed, and his Spirit be in me a well of living Water, springing up to everlasting Life. Give me to know thy Love in Christ, which passeth Knowledge. Though I have not seen him, let me love him. And though now I see him not,

142 A Prayer before the Receiving
yet believing let me rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of Glory; though I am unworthy of the Crumbs that fall from thy Table, yet feed me with the Bread of Life, and speak and seal up Peace to my sinful wounded Soul. Soften my Heart that is hardened by the deceitfulness of Sin; mortifie the Flesh, and strengthen me with might in the inward Man; that I may live & glorifie thy Grace, through Jesus Christ our only Saviour.

A Prayer after the Receiving of the Holy Communion.

MOST Glorious God, how wonderful is thy Power, and Wisdom, thy Holiness and Justice, thy Love and Mercy in this Work of our Redemption, by the Incarnation, Life, Death, Resurrection, Intercession, and Dominion of thy Son! No Power or Wisdom in Heaven or Earth could have delivered me but thine. The Angel desire to pry into this Mystery, the Heavenly Hosts celebrate it with Praises, saying, Glory be to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace Good will towards Men. The whole Creation shall proclaim thy Praises, Blessing, Honour, Glory and Power be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Power, and Honour, and Glory; for he hath redeemed us to God by his Blood, and made

us Kings and Priests unto our God. Where Sin abounded, Grace hath abounded much more. And hast thou indeed forgiven me so great a debt, by so precious a Ransom? Wilt thou indeed give me to reign with Christ in Glory, and see thy Face, and love thee, and be beloved of thee for ever? Yea Lord, thou hast forgiven me, and thou wilt glorifie me, for thou art faithful that hast promised. With the Blood of thy Son, with the Sacrament, and with thy Spirit, thou hast sealed up to me these precious Promises. And shall I not love thee, that hast thus loved me? Shall I not love thy Servants, and forgive my Neighbours their little debt? After all this shall I again forsake thee, and deal falsely in thy Covenant? God forbid, O! Set my Affections on the things above, where Christ sitteth at thy right hand. Let me no more mind earthly Things, but let my Conversation be in Heaven, from whence I expect my Saviour to come and change me into the likeness of his Glory. Teach me to do thy will, O God! And to follow him, who is the Author of Eternal Salvation, to all them that do obey him. Order my steps by thy Word, and let not any Iniquity have Dominion over me. Let me not henceforth live unto my self, but unto him who died for me and rose again. Let me have no fellowship with the unfruitful Works of Darkness, but reprove them. And let my light so shine before Men, that they may glorify thee. In simplicity and godly sincerity, & not in fleshly Wisdom, let me have my Conversation in the World. O that my Ways were so directed, that I might keep thy Statutes! Though Satan will be desirous again to sift me, and seek as a

roaring

roaring Lion to devour, strengthen me to stand against his Wiles, and shortly bruise him under my Feet. Accept me, O Lord, who resign myself unto thee as thine own; and with my Thank and Praise, present my self a living Sacrifice to be acceptable thro' Christ Useful for thine Honour. Being made free from Sin, and become thy Servant, let me have my Fruit unto Holiness and the End Everlasting Life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

A Divine Soliloquy.

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

thee, what Pledges of Love thou hast received. Remember daily, especially when Flesh, and Devil, and World, would draw thy Heart again from God; and Temptations to Sin are laid before thee, what Bonds God and thy own Consent have laid upon thee. Remember, O my Soul! If thou art a Penitent Beleever, thou art now forgiven, and washed in the Blood of Christ. O! Go your way, and Sin no more; no more thro' wilfulness, and strive against your Sins of weakness, Wallow no more in the Mire, and return not to thy Vomit. Let the exceeding Love of Christ constrain thee, having such Promises, 2. Cor. 6. 17, 18 O cleanse thy self from all filthiness of Flesh and Spirit, perfecting Holiness in the Fear of God. Amen.

HYMNS suited to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

To be Sung in common Tunes.

H Y M N I.

I.

A New and well composed Song,
With raptures fill'd of Love,
And extasie's of Joy; lets Tune
Unto our Lord above.
Awake my drowsie sleepy Soul,
Awake dull heavy Heart,

And

And all my Faculties and Powers,
Join, in and bear a part.

II.

Let Judgment weigh the Argument,
Let Fancy it adorn,
Let Memory bring forth its store,
Thoughts, offer your first-born.
God did assume the shape of Man,
With Flesh his Glory vail'd,
Himself he humbled unto Death,
He to the Cross was nail'd.

III.

Made Sin, us to acquit from Sin;
Accursed, us to bless.
Of Righteousness he wrought a Robe
To hide our Nakedness.
Darling of Heaven he was and is,
The Father's chief Delight:
Angels wonder, the Saints above
Are ravish'd at his sight.

IV.

Array'd he is with Majesty,
Angels do him attend;
All Pow'r is his in Heaven and Earth,
All to his Scepter bend.
A glorious Crown is on his Head,
Most lovely is his Face,
Treasures of Wisdom are with him,
For us he's stor'd with Grace.

V.

His Love doth pass Dimensions,
His Love exceeds all thought,
Stronger than Death, this Love to us
Salvation hath brought.
Hence all the Clouds away, away,
Darken no more mine Eye,
Fain would I see this lovely One,
Whose dwelling is on high.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

VIII.

Thy kind looks have me overcome,
 The glances of thine Eye,
 Sweetly my Soul transported have,
 I feel an Extasie.

Unutterable Joys I feel,
 How sweet ! How sweet ! How sw
 Is this taste of thy Love, whilst I
 And my beloved meet !

IX.

Sure this the Gate of Heaven is,
 Methinks I'm entring in,
 Where I shall always see thy Face,
 And no more grieve or sin.
 Ten Thousand Praises let us give
 unto our Lord on high ;
 Let Heart, and Lip, and Life comb
 To make the Melody.

H Y M N II.

I.

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

II. Go

II.

God's Love the lofty Heav'ns above,
In height doth far transcend :
Its depth, the Sea; its breadth and length
Is without bound or end.
God's Love to us is wonderful :
To us who Rebels were,
God gave his only Son to die,
That Rebels he might spare.

III.

From guilt and reigning power of sin,
And Satan's slavery ;
From fire of Hell us to redeem,
God gave his Son to die.
Christ suffer'd in our stead, he was
More harmless than the Dove:
That God should lay our sins on him;
This, this indeed is Love.

IV.

O come let us give God our Loves,
Let every heart take fire ;
Let flames come forth and join in one,
And unto Heaven aspire.
Sweet Spirit come, like Southern Gales,
Within us breathe and move ;
Blow up our spark into a flame,
That we may burn with love.

OV.That

V.

That we with all our hearts may love,
 Our hearts Lord circumsise:
 Of Love perfum'd with sweet Incense,
 Accept the Sacrifice.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

HYMN III.

I.

GOD hath us brought into his Courts
 And Chambers of his Love,
 That he might feed and feast us here,
 With dainties from above.
 Heav'n open'd is before our Eye,
 The Vail is rent, that we

May

May upward look, and his dear Son
Crowned with Glory see.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

V.

Here is the heavenly Manna, which
 Our God to us doth give :
 Who eateth other bread shall die ;
 In eating this we live.
 A hidden life of Grace we have,
 Breathing desires and love ;
 Christ is our Life, the Author, Spring,
 By whom our Graces move.

VI.

Come let us look unto our Lord ;
 This Glass will show his face,
 Not veiled over with dark Types,
 As heretofore it was.
 God-man, that name is wonderful ;
 So is his beauty ; so
 His love is full of wonders, both
 Beyond our reach to go.

VII.

Yet where we cannot comprehend,
 Looking, let us admire,
 Admiring love, loving rejoyce,
 And to enjoy aspire.
 Our Lord is present at this Feast ;
 He looks, let's meet his Eye,
 With ours ; sweet glances, looks of love,
 It may be we shall spy.

VIII. Come

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

HYMN IV.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Thy bright back parts, O God of Grace,
 I humbly here adore ;
 Shew me thy glory and thy face,
 That I may praise thee more.
 Mysterious depths of endless love
 Our admirations raise.
 My God, thy Name exalted is
 Far above all our praise.

H Y M N V.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's Eternal Love,
This is my heavenly Feast.
This makes me *Abba* Father cry,
With confidence of Soul!
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that, without controul.

IV. Thou

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

H Y M N VI.

I.

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

II.

All they that sit down with thee must
Be decked with thy Grace ;
Thou smil'st on such Communicants,
And they behold thy face.
Come holy Spirit, come and take,
My filthy Garments hence,
The guilt, the stain, the love of sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

III.

Let nothing that is not divine,
Within thy presence move,

What

What e're would cause thee not to shine
In tokens of thy Love.
Awake Repentance, Faith and Love,
Awake O every Grace!
Come, come attend this glorious King;
And bow before his face.

IV.

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

HYMN VII.

I.

WE to our heavenly Father give
The tribute praise we owe,
Who by his purifying Grace
Prepares us here below.
Lo here's the most amazing proof
Of great and matchless Love!
Not that our Early love to God
Did his prevent and move.

II.

His motives all to pity us
From his own bowels flow;
Thence came the richest gift of Heav'n
To guilty Men below.
That to his glorious grace all praise
Might be intirely paid:

Who,

Who, that he might forgive our sins,
Christ's Blood our Ransom made ;

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

HYMN VIII.

I.

Come let's adore the King of Love;
 The King of sufferings too,
 For love it was that brought him down,
 And set him here below.
 Love drew him from his Paradise,
 Where Flowers that fade not grow,
 And planted him in our poor dust,
 Among us, Weeds below.

II.

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

III. To

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

One undivided Three,

All highest praise, all humblest thanks

Now and for ever be.

HYMN. IX.

To the Tune of the 100 Psalm.

I.

(high,

TUNE now yourselves my heart strings

Let us aloft our voices raise,

That our loud song may reach the Sky,

And there present to thee our praise.

To thee, blest Jesus, who cam'st down

From those bright Spheres of Joy above,

To purchase us a dear bought Crown,

And woe our Souls t'espouse thy Love.

Long had the World in darkness sat,

Till thou with thy all glorious light

Began to dawn from Heav'ns fair Gate,

And with thy beam dispell their night.

We to, Alas! Still here had stood

As common slaves in this same shade

But Jesus came, and with his Blood

Our general Ransom freely paid,

And now, my Lord, my God, my All,

What shall I most in thee admire,

That

That Pow'r which made the World & shall
The World again dissolve with Fire!

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

Hymns on the Intercession of Christ.

H Y M N X.

I.

THE Mighty Jesus, fill'd with Love
Did these dark Regions leave:
The heav'nly Hosts all wondring stood
King Jesus to receive.

The great Jehovah sets a Throne,
Instals our glorious King;
Both Heaven and Earth must him adore,
And loud *Hosannab's* sing.

II.

There sits the King of Peace and Love,
A Saviour is his Name,
Mercy his Nature and Delight,
And ever so the same.

Come all that fear, come all that want,
And speedy succour find;

P

He

He ne're denies a praying Soul;
He is so good and kind.

III.

Behold and wonder at his Love;
We are his daily care,
His ear, his heart, is always fixt
To hear and answer Prayer.
Be not afraid to bring your Suit;
Come with a chearful Heart :
Weak cries, mixt Prayers cannot bag
A grant to his own part.

IV.

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

HYMN XI.

As the 67th Psalm.

I.

O This ungrateful World !
To kill so kind a Friend;
That made the Lord of Glory die;
What might this a^d portend ?

But

But wonder, holy Souls,
God's thoughts all tho'ts transcend;
Christ murder'd by a Rebel World,
And yet he is our Friend.

II.

'T's true, Christ left the Earth;
But is enthron'd above,
Not to revenge this cruel Act,
But lives and reigns in Love.
Sweet is his work on high,
Peace is the charming Voice;
Let but a Soul-embrace his Call,
The heavenly Host rejoice.

III.

Behold he stands and calls;
Come Sinners, come to me,
My Love, my Kingdom shall be yours
To all Eternity.
Believe my faithful Word,
All my designs are Grace,
Take now the Earnest of my Love
Before you see my Face.

IV.

Never be strange to me,
I wait to hear your cry;
Let me but know your pressing wants;
And you shall have supply.
Never distrust my Love,
I am, this is my Name;

Sin

Sin makes me hide my Face a while;
 When yet my Love's the same.
 Never regard your Foes,
 They are no match for me;
 Plead still my Conquests with your God
 And you shall Victors be.

HYMN XII.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

The Book of Life, your Name is there
 And ever there shall be,

To all Eternity.

Ask what you will, I have God's Ear,
He never me deny'd :
Come with your fears, come with your
And you shall be supply'd. (wants,

IV.

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

Another.

I.

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

P 3

II. God

God saw this sad tremendous Fall,
His Truth said, might thy Word
Justice requir'd, the Sinner's Blood
No pity him afford;
But Love, that charming Attribute
Prepar'd a kind reply,
The Pleas of Justice I'll adjust,
My only Son shall die.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

My Christ did lovingly invite
Me to his charming Feast ;
He added to his wondrous Love,
Made me a willing Guest.
I came and found a Banquet rare,
He brought me Angels food,
He bid me take and eat my fill,
For my Eternal good.

VI.

He spoke such cheering Words of Grace,
What do you want, my Friend ?
What, can you doubt my kind design ?
Consider, and attend.
Sin cannot now defeat my Love,
Since Pardons I will give :
Sin seems an unresisted Foe,
It shall not always live.

VII.

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

VIII.

VIII.

Never distrust my wond'rous Love;
 The best is yet behind,
 No Tongue nor Thought can represent
 How good I'll be, and kind;
 Refresh your Souls with what I give,
 Wait till you come on high:
 I long till all my Members see
 What's in Eternity.

Another.

I.

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

II.

The Death of Christ no vengeance cries
 It is a sign of Peace;
 It pardons Sins, and pays our Debts,
 And gives our Souls release;
 Let Law & Conscience bring their charge
 Let Justice plead our guilt:

The

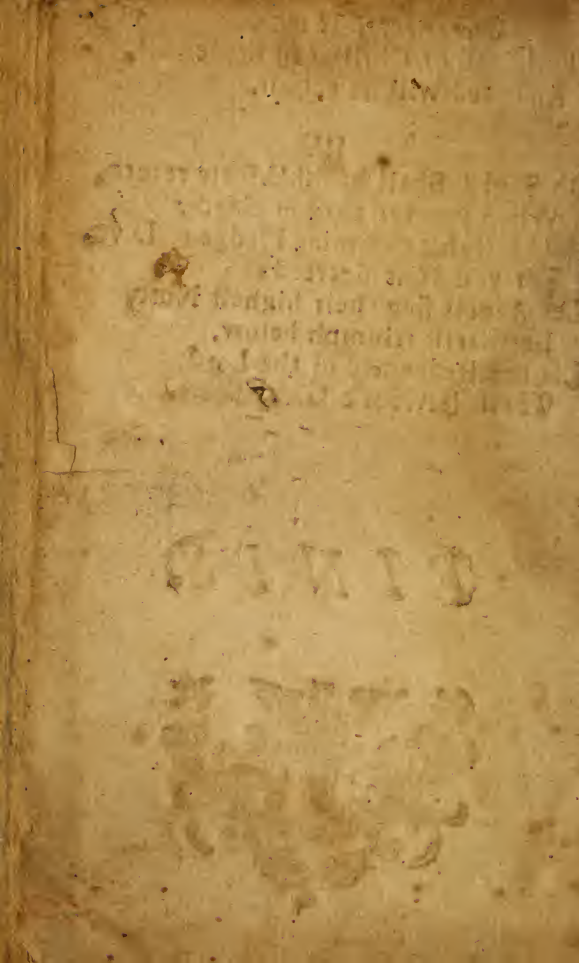
The Death of Christ can silence all,
And God will us acquit.

III.

Oh Soul ! Shall banish'd fears return,
When you can pardon plead :
Hold fast this charming Pledge of Love,
For you it is decreed ;
Let Angels sing their highest Note,
Let Earth triumph below,
Let the Redeemed of the Lord
Their Saviour's Glory show.

FINIS.





Baxter died in 1691.
Matt. Sylvester brought out The
+ Reliquiae Baxterianae 1696 (Orme)

Title read "by R. B" (Orme +
Brit Mus Cat) + yet he dont
mention Baxter in preface.

Orme thinks the Preparations
may have been compiled from
a hearer's notes. The hymns
are not Baxter's + are evidently
a collection added by M. S.
The 2nd ed. was 1706 (Brit
Mus.)

See slip for identification

