

A Dialogue between Justice and Mercy,

COMPOSED BY A TEACHER OF THE TODPOOL
SABBATH SCHOOL, KENWYN, CORNWALL,
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JUSTICE.

Good morning, mercy, to the air is sweet,
Thee in this place I now rejoice to meet:
I was alone and wish'd thy face to see,
I've long been waiting to converse with thee.

MERCY.

Well, since we're met in this delightful place,
And here with joy behold each other's face,
Here we'll converse within this favour'd spot,
And consecrate the hour to solemn thought.

JUSTICE.

Hark how the little birds delight the air,
We may converse with satisfaction here,
And as the sun dispenses light and heat
Within this shady bower we'll take our seat.

MERCY.

'Tis deck'd with flowers of almost every kind,
And here, methinks, we shall true pleasures find;
This charming music and those pleasing sights
Remind me of those pleasures and delights
Which Adam once in paradise possess'd,
When with his great Creator's image blest.

JUSTICE.

'Tis true, when God did man at first create,
He plac'd him in a high and happy state:
But man from God did wickedly depart,
And Satan took possession of his heart.

MERCY.

Thy words are true, I own without dispute,
That man did eat of the forbidden fruit;
He sinn'd, he fell in ruin and disgrace,
And brought destruction on the human race.

JUSTICE.

Then, mercy, can he still my favour gain,
Since he has merited eternal pain,
Is he not doom'd, beneath my frown to dwell,
And what can save him from a burning hell?

MERCY.

O justice! hearken to my earnest prayer,
And let not man be left in sad despair:
For, lo! I will in his behalf appear,
Though he has sinn'd, yet be thou not severe.

JUSTICE.

Can'st thou prevail my anger to withdraw,
Since man has broke his Maker's righteous law?
O hold thy peace—no fruit in him is found—
I'll cut him down: why cumber he the ground.

MERCY.

O, stay thy hand in such a case as this,
Though man has forfeited all claims to bliss,
O be thy heart to pity still inclined,
And grant lost man may yet compassion find.

JUSTICE.

Compassion, didst thou say? how can it be?
Is sinful man regarded still by thee?
Or canst thou here his fallen state restore?
Be silent now and plead his cause no more.

MERCY.

Nay, but I will my utmost kindness show,
And strive to save him from eternal woe;
I long have griev'd, my eyes have flow'd with tears,
But now at length a glimpse of hope appears.

JUSTICE.

A glimpse of hope! from whence can it arise
While clouds and darkness spread along the skies?

Behold the glittering sword is lifted high—
Man is condemned, and man must surely die.

MERCY.

Nay—Stop! methinks I can devise a plan
Whereby we may restore rebellious man.

JUSTICE.

Well, if thou canst, he may his freedom get;
But canst thou e'er discharge the o'erwhelming
debt?

Or canst thou wash his sinful stains away,
Can love itself the mighty ransom pay.

MERCY.

It almost seems impossible; 'tis true
None less than infinite the work can do,
For man through sin receiv'd a mortal wound,
Yet still for him there is a ransom found.

Even now, behold! the mighty thing is found!
Lo! God for him has given His only Son.
Behold, behold, he quits his lofty throne,
He stoops to earth to make salvation known;
He leaves a while the ranks of angels bright,
Who dwell above in starry realms of light.

O love divine—see him as coming now,
Sweet pity dwells on his majestic brow;
I view him now with rapturous amaze,
I'm lost in wonder while on him I gaze;
See how he smiles while coming from above,
His countenance proclaims that God is love,
Behold he leads a suffering life below,
To save mankind from everlasting woe;

See to a garden he does oft resort,
And with his followers hold a private court.
Now view him there while sin doth him surround;
See drops of blood fall trickling to the ground;
Hark! how he cries to God in earnest prayer—
Remove this cup if thou the world canst spare—
If so the pains of death I'll gladly shun,
Yet not my will, O God, but thine be done.

JUSTICE.

But prayers and tears can these his pardon buy?
Man is condemned, and man must surely die.

MERCY.

O look around, and now lift up thine eyes,
On yonder tree behold he bleeds—he dies;
For all mankind he does the winepress tread,
He suffers death to bruise the serpent's head.

JUSTICE.

On mourning man I now no longer frown,
But lay the dreadful sword of vengeance down!
I'm satisfied; the threat'ning wrath is o'er—
The debt is paid—I may lost man restore.

Yes—once for all the sacrifice is given;
The way is open: peace is made with heaven;
'Tis finish'd—the atoning work is done,
And mercy has the glorious victory won.

MERCY.

Yes! man's redeem'd. Angels in triumph see
Salvation purchas'd on the accursed tree;
The offer'd mercy man may now embrace,
And shout the triumphs of redeeming grace.

“THERE IS MY CLOSET.”

A young girl was showing her friend the comforts of her pretty room. By the window was a rocking-chair. On a table stood a convenient writing-desk. Her books were arranged on hanging shelves. A wicker-work basket filled a corner; and through the braided cover gleamed a bright thimble and scarlet pin-cushion. She opened her bureau drawers for