

Valiant against a troop to fight
 The battles of the Lord ;
 I scorned the multitudes to dread,
 Rushed on with full career,
 And aimed at each opposer's head,
 And smote off many an ear"—

and we are reminded of impulsive Peter and unfortunate Malchus. In a composition in which he celebrates the successes of primitive Methodism, our poet skilfully weaves into his verse Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones:

"Soon as we prophesied in Jesus' name,
 The noise, the shaking, and the Spirit came;
 The bones spontaneous to each other cleaved,
 The dead in sin His powerful word received,
 And felt the quickening breath of God and lived."

In a time of national distress, in 1744, he wrote a tract in which he pours forth his loyalty and patriotism and devotion to the Protestant Church. One of its thirty-three hymns is a most ingenious effusion; in it he represents the State as a ship in a storm, and every individual sinner as a Jonah on whose account the storm is sent:

"I am the man, the Jonas I ;
 For me the working waves run high ;
 For me the curse takes place ;
 I have increased the nation's load,
 I have called down the wrath of God
 On all our helpless race. . . .

I know the tempest roars for me ;
 Till I am cast into the sea
 Its rage can never cease ;
 Here, then, I to my doom submit,
 Do with me as Thy will sees fit,
 But give Thy people peace."

A more elaborate instance still occurs in an extended poem on the Church of England. Referring in this poem to some who had left her communion, our author has the following improvement of Paul's shipwreck :

"They saw the ship by many a tempest tossed,
 Her rudder broken and her tackling lost ;
 Left her to sink without their helping hand,
 Looked to themselves and basely 'scaped to land.