

be excluded out of the meeting. Let faith and repentance meet together; let love and new obedience kiss each other: Let knowledge and practice meet together, and prayer and praises embrace each other. Yea, let opposite-like graces meet harmoniously in you. Let humility and boldness meet together: Let godly sorrow and holy joy embrace each other. Here is the gospel-holiness we call you to, in a suitableness to these harmonious attributes of God in Christ. If the world call you Antinomians, know it is the will of God, &c. 1 Pet. ii 15, Let the mouth that reproaches the gospel, be stopped by the power of it in your walk. The world will surely reckon you the greatest stars that give the greatest light; therefore let your light so shine before men, that others seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven; by shewing, out of a pure conscience, the works of mercy, truth, righteousness and peace, hand in hand together. And thus, for the sake of the glory of God, the honour of Christ, and the credit of the gospel, let the world know, that you have seen the glory and felt the virtue of these perfections of God, harmoniously meeting and embracing each other in Christ.

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## POETRY.

### THE MOSLEM.

*From the Earl of Carlisle's second vision of Daniel.*

The lab'ring centuries in long career  
Weave their dark web of wonder and of fear:  
The days of Rome's long glories wax and wane,  
The vex'd earth moans beneath her guilty reign:  
E'en at that hour, in Mecca's rocky cell,  
The Warrior-Prophet frames his wizard spell,  
Cons the dark sentence, and the mystic lore,  
Then bids the nations tremble, and adore.  
O'er all the slumb'ring myriads burst afar  
The flashes of the Moslem scymetar;  
The turban'd hordes of Araby advance,  
Urge the fleet barb, and hurl th' unerring lance.  
'Mid Egypt's temples, and o'er Barca's sands,  
Copt, Moor, and Goth, uplift submissive hands:  
On Xeres' bank, and Andalusia's plain,  
Covers all the recreant chivalry of Spain:  
Wealth sits enthron'd 'mid Cordova's high towers,  
And Science dwells in soft Granada's bowers.

Damascus, loveliest scene on mortal soil!  
Where perfum'd gales from Lebanon descend.  
And Pharpar's streams with clear Abana blend.  
Thou, too, fair Zion's consecrated hill,  
Kedron's scant brook, and lone Siloam's rill,  
Haunts of my Saviour, footsteps of my God,  
Down to the dust by new Blasphemers trod!  
Where Bethlehem nursed Creation's lowly Lord,  
Hark! the fierce shout, "The Koran or the Sword!"  
In warlike pomp the haughty Emirs ride  
By the still hamlets on Gennesereth's tide,  
And crafty seers proclaim a heav'n of guilt,  
Where the pure blood of Calvary was spilt.