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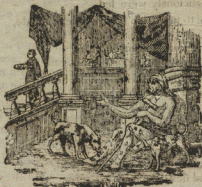
IN VERSE.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS:

THE BARREN FIG-TREE:

AND

THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.



See page 2.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

(Luke xvi. 19—31.)

IN JUDAH's land there dwelt a man
Exceeding rich and great;
He cloth'd himself in purple robes,
And liv'd in regal state.

His festive table every day
Most sumptuously was spread,
And there his favor'd friends and guests
Deliciously were fed.

Close to this Rich Man's splendid gate,
To wretchedness a prey,
Poor Lazarus in mean attire
And suppliant posture lay.

There, faint with hunger, he desir'd
But of the crumbs to eat,
That from the Rich Man's table fell,
At ev'ry festive treat.

And to increase his wretchedness,
With wounds all cover'd o'er,
Obtrusive dogs beset him round,
And lick'd each naked sore.

But soon from pain and poverty
Death gave the sufferer rest;
And angels lodg'd his happy soul
Safely in Abram's breast.

The Rich Man also died;—for here
Is no continued stay;—
And, lo! his pompous funeral
“Quite blackens all the way.”

But his tormented spirit lives;
In hell he lifts his eyes;
And sees, far off, that Lazarus
In Abr'am's bosom lies.

And now his loud and bitter cry
Bespeaks his pungent grief;
"O, father Abr'am, soothe my woe,
" And send me quick relief!

Let Lazarus his finger dip
In yonder wat'ry pool,
And the refreshing drops apply,
My parched tongue to cool.

For I'm tormented in this flame
Of ever burning fire;
And in my bosom knows a worm
That never will expire."

He ceas'd—And Abr'am thus replied,
"O son, remember well,
'Twas thine in life t' enjoy the good,
While evil him befel.

But now each state's for ever chang'd;
He shall in joy remain;
Whilst thou must feel the dreadful curse
Of everlasting pain.

Besides—a gulf, impassable,
Rolls in black waves below,
Forbids that any one from hence
To your relief should go;

And bars for ever your approach
To this fair world of light;
And round your prison strews the gloom
Of hell's eternal night."

Hopeless himself now all his thoughts
 Toward his kindred tend;
 "O Abr'am to my father's house,
 In pity Lazarus send:
 And let him of eternal truths
 To all my brethren tell;
 Lest living as I did on earth,
 They live with me in hell."

But Abr'am said, "Thy brethren now
 Have Moses for their guide,
 And all the prophets preach to them:
 What can they want beside?"

"Nay, father," spake the tortur'd man,
 "Let Lazarus be sent;
 For at his message from the dead,
 My brethren will repent."

"If Moses and the prophets preach
 In vain," the Patriarch said,
 "Thy harden'd brethren will reject
 A message from the dead."

REFLECTIONS.

Nor love nor hatred can be known
 By what our eyes behold:
 Who would have judg'd the Rich Man, dross!
 The Poor Man precious gold!

While in the Rich Man's lap God pour'd
 A most enlarg'd supply,
 Who would have thought these blessings sent
 Unto his enemy!

And while to Lazarus scarce a gift
 Did heavenly bounty send,
 Superior blessings were his lot,
 And God his constant friend.

What then avails man's outward state?

'Tis an inferior part!

All real and eternal good

Must centre in his *heart*.

That chang'd and sanctified by grace,

(From God the blessing's given,

Both rich and poor will happy make,

And both prepare for heaven.

O Reader, humbly bend thy knee,

And grace and mercy crave:

Ask in the Savior's name, and then

These blessings thou shalt have.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

(Luke xiii. 6—9.)

A CERTAIN man with affluence crown'd,

Planted in his well cultur'd ground

A Fig-tree; and from year to year

He came to seek what fruit was there.

But vain the visits that he made,—

All he beheld was empty shade;

With constant disappointments cross'd,

And vex'd to see his hopes were lost:

At length he to his dresser spoke,

“What patience must not this provoke?

I came for three successive years,

To see what fruit this Fig-tree bears,

But never more than leaves could trace:—

Tear up the nuisance from its place.”

To whom the dresser: “Lord, forbear,

And let it stand another year,

Till I have dug its roots around,
 And with manure enrich'd the ground;
 And if, when Autumn's rain appears,
 The tree its purple honors wears,
 Thou shalt be recompenc'd: if not,
 Cut down and cast it from the spot;
 My judgment will approve the deed,
 No more will I for favor plead.
 And dost thou not, O Sinner, see
 Thyself in this unfruitful tree?
 How many years have you been found
 A worthless cumber of the ground?
 To holy faith, to holy fear,
 To truth, to piety sincere,
 To zeal to glorify thy God,
 To do his will, and bear his rod,
 To justice, to benevolence.
 Thou never once hast made pretence;
 But, of all virtues destitute,
 Of devil part, and part a brute,
 Thou hast unprofitably spent
 The time thy God to thee hath lent.
 And think how righteous it would be,
 If he should hurl his wrath on thee;
 Consume, destroy thee from thy place,
 And rid the ground of thy disgrace,
 Then to the Mediator fly,
 Whose ear is open'd to thy cry;
 Humbly his advocacy plead,
 On thy behalf to intercede,
 That heaven would grant thee longer space,
 Another year or month of grace,
 Till thou hast to thy God return'd,
 Before him kneel'd, before him mourn'd,

And thro' his Son, his best-belov'd,
 Hast been accepted and approv'd, —
 No more of hell and black despair,
 But heaven and endless bliss the heir.

Happy, supremely happy he,
 Who, purg'd from his iniquity,
 Is now a saint of God become,
 And, like a tree enrich'd with bloom,
 Stands in his nursery here below
 In every heavenly grace to grow,
 Till he in holiness improv'd,
 Is to a better clime remov'd,
 A Paradise divinely fair,
 'Midst skies serene, and balmy air;
 In perfect beauty there to shine,
 The praise of Power and Love divine.

THE

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

(Luke xviii. 9-14.)

TWO men of different stamp and name,
 For prayer into the temple came,
 The one a solemn Pharisee,
 Esteem'd a saint of high degree :
 The other of an odious clan,
 A reprobated Publican.

The Pharisee with lifted head,
 Stood, and within himself thus said :
 " To thee, O God, my praise I owe,
 That I live not as others do :
 I'm no oppressor of the poor,
 Nor by extortion swell my store ;

I never plunder, never cheat
 I hate the practice of deceit;
 Never, by guilty passions led,
 Have I defil'd my neighbor's bed;
 In fine, I thank thee, I'm a man
 So much beyond that Publican;
 Twice in the week's short course I fast,
 And not one drop or morsel taste;
 And the full tith of my estate
 I to thy service consecrate.

Not such the Publican; afar,
 He stood a culprit at the bar;
 Nor would to the offended skies
 So much as lift his weeping eyes;
 But, smiting on his pensive breast,
 With conscious guilt and pain oppress'd,
 "Be gracious, Lord," he cried, "to me,
 A sinner of the first degree!"

"This penitent, (proceeds our LORD),
 Who mercy from his God implor'd,
 Went to his house approv'd by heaven,
 All his iniquities forgiven:
 While the self-righteous Pharisee,
 Proud of his outward sanctity,
 Return'd unpardon'd, and unblest'd,
 No sin bewail'd, no sin confess'd."
 He, who before his Maker lies
 In dust, shall into glory rise,
 He who before him swells with pride,
 His anger in the dust shall hide.

FINIS.

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