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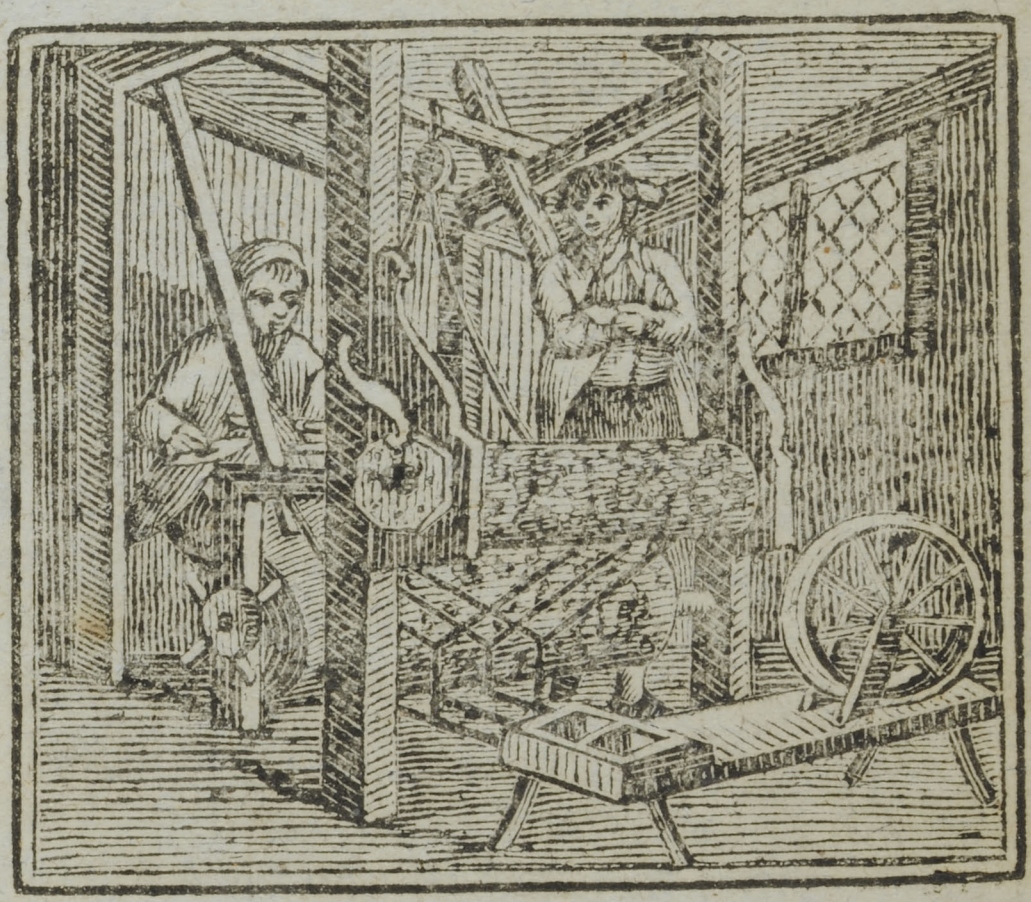
TURN THE CARPET:

A new Christmas Hymn:

THE

NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS:

AND, THE PLOW BOY'S DREAM.



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TURN THE CARPET;

OR

THE TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG,

In a Dialogue between DICK *and* JOHN.

AS at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high a Weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tir'd of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust you must agree;
Why all to him, why none to me?

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the Parson preaches,
This world indeed (I've thought so long)
Is rul'd, methinks extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, "our ign'rance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare!

A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border,
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that *Carpet's inside out.*"

Says John, "thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view these things of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *Carpet shall be turn'd.*"

"Thou'rt right (quoth Dick) no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet sets me right."

Z.

A NEW

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O HOW wond'rous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth!
See the mighty Lord of Glory
Leaves his heaven to visit earth!

Hear with transport, every creature,
Hear the Gospel's joyful sound;
Christ appears in human nature,
In our sinful world is found;

Comes to pardon our transgression,
Like a cloud our sins to blot,
Comes to his own favour'd nation,
But his own receive him not.

If the angels who atttended
To declare the declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heaven with songs descended
To proclaim good-will on earth;

If, in pity to our blindness,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wond'rous kindness
Had our warmest hopes exceeded;

If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard that blest event
Could their warmest love refuse?

But 'twas He to whom in Heaven
Hallelujah's never cease;
He, the mighty God, was given,
Given to us a Prince of Peace.

None but he who did create us,
Could redeem from sin and hell;
None but he could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come the glorious stranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great,
Had he liv'd in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal state;

Still our tongues with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love could dwell,
Still our hearts with rapture glowing,
Speaks what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise
Thus our lower state to borrow!
O the high mysterious ways,
God's own Son a child of sorrow!

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure,
He our suffering nature bore,
'Twas to give us endless treasure
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable
Where your infant Savior lies;
From your full o'erflowing table
Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations,
Boast not that you're highly fed;
Jesus, hear it all ye nations,
Had not where to lay his head.

Learn of me, thus cries the Savior,
If my kingdom you'd inherit,
Sinner, quit your proud behavior,
Learn my meek and lowly spirit.

Come, ye servants, see your station,
Freed from all reproach and shame;
He who purchas'd your salvation
Bore a servant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, some comfort gather,
Faint not in the race you run,
Hard the lot your gracious Father
Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think, that if your humbler stations,
Less of wordly good bestow,
You escape those strong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See your Savior is ascended!
See he looks with pity down!
Trust him all will soon be mended,
Bear his cross, you'll share his crown.

THE

TRUE HEROES;

OR,

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

YOU who love a tale of glory,
Listen to the song I sing;
Heroes of the Christian story,
Are the heroes whom I bring.

Warriors of the world, avaunt!
Other heroes me engage;
'Tis not such as you I want,
Saints and Martyrs grace my page.

Warriors who the world subdue,
Were but vain and selfish elves;
While my heroes good and true,
Greater far, subdu'd themselves.

Fearful Christian! hear with wonder
Of the saints of whom I tell,
Some were burnt, some sawn asunder,
Some by fire or torture fell.

Some to savage beast were hurl'd,
Some surviv'd the lion's den;
Was a persecuting world
Worthy of these wond'rous men?

Some in fiery furnace thrown,
Yet escap'd unsing'd their hair;
There Almighty power was shown,
For the Son of God was there.

Now we crown with deathless fame,
Those who scorn'd and hated fell;
Worldlings fear contempt and shame,
Martyrs fear but sin and hell.

How the shower of stones descended,
Holy Stephen on thy head!
While thy tongue the truth defended,
How the glorious Martyr bled!

See his fierce reviler Saul,
How he rails with impious breath!
Then observe converted Paul,
Oft in perils, oft in death.

God alone, whose sov'reign power,
Did the lion's fury swage,
Could alone in one short hour,
Still the persecutor's rage.

Ev'n a woman—women hear,
Read in Maccabees the story!
Conquer'd nature, love, and fear,
To obtain a Crown of glory.

Seven stout sons she saw expire,
(How the mother's soul was pain'd?)
Some by sword, and some by fire,
How the Martyr was sustain'd!

Even in death's accutest anguish,
Each the tyrant still defy'd;
Each she saw in torture languish,
Last of all the mother dy'd.

Martyrs who were thus arrested,
In their short but bright career,
By their blood the truth attested,
Prov'd their faith and love sincere.

Tho' their lot was hard and lowly,
Tho' they perish'd at the stake!
Now they live with God in glory,
Since they suffer'd for his sake.

Fierce and unbelieving foes,
But their bodies could destroy;
Short, tho' bitter were their woes,
Everlasting is their joy.

Z.

THE

PLOW-BOY's DREAM.

I AM a plow-boy stout and strong,
As ever drove a team;
And three years since asleep in bed,
I had a dreadful dream:
And as that dream has done me good,
I've got it put in rhyme;
That other boys may read and sing
My dream, when they have time.

Methought I drove my master's team
With Dobbin, Ball, and Star,
Before a stiff and handy plow,
As all my master's are;
But found the ground was bak'd so hard,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beasts obey.

The more I whipt, and lash'd, and swore
The less my cattle stirr'd;
Dobbin laid down, and Ball and Star
They kick'd and snorted hard:
When lo! above me a bright youth
Did seem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As angels painted are.

"Give over, cruel wretch," he cry'd,
"Nor thus thy beasts abuse;
Think if the ground were not too hard,
Would they their work refuse?
Besides, I heard thee curse and swear,
As if dumb beasts could know
What all thy oaths and curses meant,
Or better for them go.

But tho' they know not, there is One,
Who knows thy sins full well,
And what shall be thy after doom,
Another shall thee tell."
No more he said but light as air,
He vanish'd from my sight,
And with him went the sun's bright beams,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar'd from under ground,
The earth it seem'd to gape;
Blue flames broke forth, and in those flames
A dire gigantic shape:
"Soon shall I call thee mine," it cry'd,
With voice so dread and deep,
That quiv'ring like an aspin leaf,
I waken'd from my sleep.

And tho' I found it but a dream,
It left upon my mind
That dread of sin, that fear of God,
Which all should wish to find;
For since that hour I've never dar'd
To use my cattle ill,
And ever fear'd to curse and swear,
And hope to do so still.

Now ponder well ye plowboys all,
The dream that I have told;
And if it works such change in you,
'Tis worth it's weight in gold.
For should you think it false or true,
It matters not one pin,
If you but deeds of mercy shew,
And keep your souls from sin.

M.

FINIS.

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