

4. Bibliographie der Schriften

Pietas Hallensis: Being an Historical Narration Of the wonderful FOOT-STEPS OF Divine Providence In Erecting, Carrying on, and Building the ...

Francke, August Hermann

London, 1705

A DISCOURSE OF JESUS CHRIST With The Reprobates Out of MATT. XXV v. 41, 46.

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DISCOURSE
OF
JESUS CHRIST

With
The Reprobates

Out of MATT. XXV v. 41, 46.

JESUS.

Hasten, ye Goats to my left make your flight,
Take for Repasting
Pain Everlasting.

Your Sins you from God and his Kingdom out-
cast,
To shame turns your Glory, to Anguish Delight,
Hasten ye Goats to the left make your Flight.

The Reprobates.

Deserve we O King, such a Lot to be given?

Proves our Faith Lying?

False Coin in Trying?

While with such hopes we've on heav'n been relying?

Judge O how Judgest thou th' earth and the heavens?

Deserve we O King, such a Lot to be given?

JESUS.

Hence, for Damnation's in Justice your Due,

Goatish Defendants,

Belial's Descendants,

Savans vile Members and Vassal Attendants.

*The Blessing o'th' Father's appointed for you.
Come, come, my Friends, you are worthy and true.*

The Righteous.

*For Joy we e'en weep, O our Jesu most Kind,
Grace how transcending!*

Low condescending!

*Should not for this our Love flames be Ascending?
Pleasure Eternal, for short Pain we find.*

For Joy we e'en weep, O our Jesu most kind.

JESUS.

My Father Appoints you to Heirship with me:

Take now as due t' ye;

Who 'ave done your Duty,

What I've Recover'd of Spoil and of Booty,

For you laid up from all Eternity:

My Father appoints you to Heirship with me.

The Righteous.

Bountiful Jesu all this is mere Grace,

Thy Death and Passion

Proves our Salvation,

From Ruin keeps us and Gains this blest Station;

Where black Despair is allotted no Place.

Bountiful Jesu all this is meer Grace.

JESUS.

Rightly your Faith hath my Mercy applied,

And your Love Burning

From the World turning,

Has made you over to my Fold Adjourning.

Tho' Dust and Ashes you seem'd vilified;

Rightly your Faith has my Mercy Applied.

The Righteous.

Faith is of Grace, Love alone thy Good Will.

Our Works we Hiss 'em,

Wholly dismiss 'em.

Cling to thy Feet for thy free Grace, and kiss 'em.

With smoke and shadow our Works us but fill.

Faith

The Burning of Tophet prepar'd is for you.
Hence, for Damnation's in Justice your due.

The Reprobates.

We mourn our hard Fate O thou Saviour unkind,
No Bowels sounding?
No Grace surrounding?

All tending to thy poor Creatures confounding,
Wo without ending for short Joys we find.
We mourn our hard Fate, O thou Saviour unkind.

JESUS.

You with your Father the Devil Inherit.
Instead of Giving
I'm now Retrieving.

The Booty and spoil you from me have been thieving
The world you've enjoy'd, and the products your merit
You with your Father the Devil Inherit.

The Reprobates.

Jesus, O Jesus, thy Mercy we pray,
Let us Inherit
Grace thro' thy Spirit,

And from this Ruin keep us by thy Merit:
Chace black Despair by thy Passion away,
Jesus, O Jesus, thy Mercy we pray.

JESUS.

Grace is of Faith as sound working by Love,
All your Believing
's without this Deceiving:

Think then its Portion in Hell of receiving.
You Dust and Ashes, your Works Stubble prove.
Grace is of Faith, as sound working by Love.

The Reprobates.

Faith brings forth Grace and works into God's love
Can we die calling,
At thy Feet falling,

Our hopes not on Works but thy Merits installing,
Faith from thy Mercy Lord cannot remove.

Faith is of Grace, Love alone thy Good Will.

JESUS.

You've been most kind unto me my Belov'd;

Your Bowels never

From me did sever,

Gave Food and Comfort, when I wanted ever,

Nor hid your Talent, but wisely Improv'd.

You've been most kind unto me, my Belov'd.

The Righteous.

Pardon, our Weakness, Lord: we cannot find

How Thee we've served

Or least deserved,

Our own Ingratitude well we've observed:

We're Nought if Works to regard thou'rt inclin'd.

Pardon our Weakness Lord, we cannot find.

JESUS.

Oft has your Charity supply'd my Want,

I in poor Station

Made Application

To you, and from you found due Consolation:

My Thirst and Hunger your Alms did supplant.

Oft has your Charity supply'd my Want.

The Righteous.

Tell us, Great Saviour, this Knowledge we want,

When in poor Station

Thy Application

To us, did from us find due Consolation?

When we thy Hunger and Thirst did supplant?

Tell us, Great Saviour, this Knowledge we want.

JESUS.

What I affirm is most Solemn and True:

When Sick, Refreshment;

Naked, Investment;

Visit in Prison or timely Releasement:

Stranger I found entertainment from you.

What I affirm is most solemn and True.

The

Faith brings forth Grace and works into God's love

JESUS.

Go wicked Servants to me most unkind;

Your Bowels ever

From me did sever,

Gave Food and Comfort, when I wanted, never.

Why Bury'd useless my Talent d' I find?

Go wicked Servants to me most unkind.

The Reprobates.

Pardon our Weakness, Lord, humbly we pray:

We've not observed

Thee thus deserved,

Th' Blessing for Faith not for works is reserved,

This gives new courage amidst our Dismay.

Pardon our Weakness Lord humbly we pray.

JESUS.

When did your Charity supply my Wants?

I in poor Station

Made application

To you, but from you found no Consolation,

Ev'n tho' in Hunger and Thirst I did pant:

When did your Charity supply my Want?

The Reprobates.

Tell us great Lord, for the Knowledge we Want,

When in poor Station,

Thy Application

To us, did from us find no Consolation?

Nor did thy Thirst or thy Hunger Supplant.

Tell us great Lord for this Knowledge we Want.

JESUS.

What I affirm is most Solemn and True:

Sick, no Refreshment;

Naked, no Vestment:

Visit in Prison nor care of Releasement,

Stranger I'd no Entertainment from you.

What I affirm is most Solemn and True.

The

The Righteous.

*Highly surprising is, Lord, what thou say'st:**With all our thought on't,**We can make nought on't,**All past Idea is wholly forgot on't;**Yet thou may'st know the Time, Manner and Place.**Highly surprising is Lord, what thou say'st*

JESUS.

*What to the least of my Brethren you've done,**For me you've done it,**Freely I own it:**Love to me, as to my Members you've shown it:**Faithfully this I reward as my own,**What for the least of my Members you've done.*

The Righteous.

*Mercy of Heav'n! ah how dear is this Grace.**Life first Inspiring,**All our desiring**Thou gives, and bids in thee higher b' aspiring;**We stand astonish'd at this blisful Place.**Mercy of Heav'n! ah how dear is this Grace.*

JESUS.

*Welcome Beloved mount up to the Throne,**For you prepared**Cause me you've Heared,**In Faith and Charity to my Endear'd,**Sway now your Scepter, and put on your Crown.**Well-come Beloved mount up to the Throne.*

The Righteous.

*Amen we take the Crown humbly thou'st given:**At thy Feet throw it**To whom we owe it,**Thy Brethren call'd and what Grace to bestow it!**Thy Name be ever Prais'd in Earth and Heaven:**Amen, we take the Crown humbly thou'st given.*

The Reprobates.

Highly Surprising is Lord what thou say'st:

With all our thought on't,

We can make nought on't,

All past Idea is wholly forgot on't;

We don't Remember Time, Manner or Place.

Highly Surprising is, Lord, what thou say'st.

JESUS.

What to the Poorest of these you denied,

In them Refused,

Me you Misused,

Therefore on my Account you're thus accused:

For this your hope of reward's nullified.

What to the Poorest of these you denied.

The Reprobates.

Judge, O our Judge! ah how small is thy Grace:

Lord hast thou even

Life to us given,

From thy blest Presence to Hell to be driven?

Lord we're astonish'd at that dreadful Place.

Judge O our Judge! ah how small is thy Grace.

JESUS.

Take your Lov'd Master's Lot now for your own,

For you prepared

'Cause you've not Heard,

In Faith or Charity to my Indeared,

The rod of Iron and hot burning Crown,

Take your Lov'd Master's Lot now for your own.

The Reprobates.

Wo wo unto us, how dreadful's that Crown!

O Hills Descending

O Rocks now Rending

Fall on us, Bruise us, and give our Life ending,

That from our Doom a Reprieve may be known,

Wo wo unto us, how dreadful's that Crown!

Chap.

C H A P. III.

Of the many hard Trials, under
which the Work through the mighty
Protection and Blessing of God,
hath been carried on.

Objections answered.

BEcause many, for want of sufficient Information, have conceived wrong notions of the whole Affair, and so missed of the Truth; and others, out of what hath been said concerning the manifold admirable proof's of God's Providence, might perhaps find themselves prompted to think, that forasmuch as we had obtained every thing we wanted, after an hearty application to the Lord, the enterprise has been carried on without any Trials and Difficulties; I think it necessary to set the business in its full light, and to subjoin here a short Account of several hard, and (to flesh and Blood) almost insupportable Circumstances, under which the work has layn ever since its first beginning.

Some have been very liberal of their Reflections, saying: *That at first this was a Work of faith indeed but a now it hath lost that Character, their being a sufficient Stock provided to carry it on.* Others, *That it was no great Business for any one to set up an Hospital that had wherewithal to do it.* But such Men have been
absolute