

near,
Grace;
us here,
ather's Face!
onvey

I.

h below,
k Abode;
blind Woe

n my God:
lils,
me His.

I sigh,
after Home;
ning Eye,
groom come:
y own receive,
and live.

I.

xil'd Soul
geon groans;
urkness roll,
eaks my Moans:
hy Face display,
nto Day.

VI.

h are o'er
reature's Doom;
ofs no more,
e Saviour come: Of

Of Thee possest, in Thee we prove
The Light, the Life, the Heav'n of Love.

After considering some of his Friends.

I.

WHY do the Deeds of happier Men
Into a Mind return,
Which can, oppress'd by Bands of Sloth,
With no such Ardors burn?

II.

God of my Life and all my Pow'rs,
The Everlasting Friend!
Shall Life so favour'd in its Dawn,
Be fruitless in its End?

III.

To Thee, O Lord, my tender Years
A trembling Duty paid,
With Glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.

IV.

From Parents' Eye, and Paths of Men,
Thy Touch I ran to meet;
It swell'd the Hymn, and seal'd the Pray'r,
'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!

V.

Oft when beneath the Work of Sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the Edge of eager Thought,
And felt the kindling Blood;

D 5

Thy

58 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

VI.

Thy Dew came down—my Heart was Thine,
It knew nor Doubt nor Strife;
Cool now and peaceful as the Grave,
And strong to Second Life.

VII.

Full of Myself I oft forsook
The Now, the Truth, and Thee,
For sanguine Hope, or sensual Gust,
Or Earth-born Sophistry:

VIII.

The Folly thriv'd, and came in Sight
Too gross for Life to bear;
I smote the Breaſt for Man too baſe,
I smote—and God was there!

IX.

Still will I hope for Voice and Strength
To glorify thy Name;
Tho' I must die to all that's Mine,
And suffer All my Shame.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE.

TO speak for God, to sound Religion's Praise,
Of sacred Passions the wise Warmth to raise;
T'infuse the Contrite wish to Conquest nigh,
And point the Steps mysterious as they lie;
To seize the Wretch in full Career of Lust,
And sooth the silent Sorrows of the Just:

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Nor add
'Tis Go
Speak, o
To Love
And kind