

An ADDRESS to the DEITY.

Deus est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

LUCAN.

GOD of my life! and author of my days!
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
 And trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.
 Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.

All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, thro' all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul ;
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide :
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind, as just,

Knowing

Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd ;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoaking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still every wish that centers not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,

When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the scepter or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;

Nor

Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on every tree ;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk,
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate

I stand and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.