VI.

For Love is ſwift of Foot,
Love is a Man of War;
Love can reſiſtleſs Arrows ſhoot,
And hit the Mark from far.

VII.

Who can eſcape his Bow?
That which hath wrought on Thee,
Which brought the King of Glory low,
Muſt ſurely work on me.

VIII.

O throw away thy Rod;
What tho' Man Frailties hath?
Thou art my Saviour and my GOD!
O throw away thy Wrath!

---

## DIVINE LOVE. *From the* German.

I.

THOU hidden Love of GOD, whoſe Height,
Whoſe Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I ſigh for thy Repoſe.
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Reſt, till it find Reſt in Thee.

II.

Thy ſecret Voice invites me ſtill
The Sweetneſs of thy Yoke to prove;
And fain I would: but tho' my Will
Be fixt, yet wide my Paſſions rove,
Yet Hindrances ſtrew all the Way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee ſtray.

'Tis

III.

'Tis Mercy all, that Thou haſt brought
My Mind to ſeek her Peace in Thee!
Yet while I ſeek, but find Thee not,
No Peace my wandring Soul ſhall ſee.
O when ſhall all my Wandrings end,
And all my Steps to Thee-ward tend?

IV.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That ſtrives with Thee my Heart to ſhare?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry Motion there:
Then ſhall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repoſe in Thee.

V.

O hide this SELF from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Luſt ſurvive.
In all things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek but Thee!

VI.

O LOVE, thy Sov'reign Aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted Care:
Chaſe this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
Thro' all its latent Mazes there.
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may Abba Father cry.

VII.

Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!

Thrice happy He, who views with Scorn
  Earth's Toys for Thee his conſtant Flame.
O help, that I may never move
From the bleſt Footſteps of thy Love!

VIII.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
  My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call:
Speak to my inmoſt Soul, and ſay
  I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taſte thy Love is all my Choice!

---

## *Written in the Beginning of a Recovery from Sickneſs.*

I.

PEACE, flutt'ring Soul! the Storm is o'er,
  Ended at laſt the doubtleſs Striſe:
Reſpiring now, the Cauſe explore
  That bound thee to a wretched Life.

II.

When on the Margin of the Grave,
  Why did I doubt my Saviour's Art?
Ah! why miſtruſt his Will to ſave?
  What meant that Fault'ring of my Heart?

III.

'Twas not the ſearching Pain within
  That fill'd my coward Fleſh with Fear;
Nor Conſcience of uncancel'd Sin;
  Nor Senſe of Diſſolution near.

Of