VI.

- " Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
- "I blest the Path and drew it plain:
- "But you would chuse the crooked Road,
- " And it leads down t' Eternal Pain.

Doubts and Fears

SUPPRES'D.

PSALM III.

The Later Town of the Later of

OOK, Gracious God, how numerous they
Whose envious Power and Rage

Conspiring my Eternal Death Against my Soul engage.

II.

The lying Tempter would perswade There's no Relief in Heaven;

And

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and floater bak.

And all my fwelling Sins appear will subte Infined Too big to be forgiven.

But God my Glory and my Strength Shall tread the Tempter down, And drown my Sins beneath the Blood Of his Dear Dying Son.

IV.

I cry'd, and from his Sacred Hill He bow'd a list'ning Ear; I call'd my Father and my God, And he dispers'd my Fear.

V.

He threw foft Slumbers on mine Eyes In fight of all my Foes, I'woke, and wondred at the Grace That guarded my Repose.

VI.

What, tho' the Hosts of Death and Hell All arm'd against me stood, Terrors no more shall shake my Soul, Nor Tremblings chill my Blood.

VII.

Lord, I adore thy Wondrous Love, And thy Salvation sing:

My God hath broke the Serpents Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

VIII.

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That counted my his bits

THE SOURCE OF THE PARTY E COURSE

Salvation to the Lord belongs,

The Lord alone can fave;

Bleffings attend thy People here,

And reach beyond the Grave.

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