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SACRED POEMS.

LAMENTING THE LOSS OF FIRST LOVE.

O THAT my soul was now as fair
As it has sometimes been,
Devoid of that distracting care
Without, and guilt within!

There was a time when I could tread
No circle but of love;
That joyous morning now is fled,
How heavily I move!

Unhappy soul, that thou should'st force
Thy Saviour to depart,
When He was pleased with so coarse
A lodging in thy heart!

How sweetly I enjoy'd my God!
With how divine a frame!
I thought on every plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's name!

O might those days return again,
How welcome they should be!
Shall my petition be in vain
Since grace is ever free?