

4. A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what, its cure.
5. Author of good ! to thee I turn :
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern ;
 Thy hand alone supply.
6. O let thy fear within me dwell ;
 Thy love my footsteps guide
 That love shall all vain loves expel ;
 That fear, all fears beside.
7. And oh ! by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;
8. Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant ;
 What ill, though ask'd, deny.

MERRICK.

SECTION XVI.

The happy choice.

1. BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Father Divine! diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
2. Engage this frail, and wav'ring heart,
 Wisely to choose the better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.
3. Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies:
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear ;
 But all my treasures with me bear.
4. If thou, my Father ! still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and peaceful die :
 Secure when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

SECTION XVII.

The fall of the leaf.

1. SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground ;