

For patience only can fulfil,
 However love may dare ;—
 Then, let the pow'r attend the will,
 Thou Answerer of Pray'r.

Thou know'st that humbly I implor'd,
 A portion of thy grace ;
 Before I knew thee for my Lord,
 Or blest thy smiling face ;
 And know'st, that from my inmost soul,
 I from the world withdrew ;
 And bow'd submit to thy controul,
 As in that grace I grew.

What, then, was my ambition, God !—
 O ! Father ! and O ! Son !
 As I *beseech'd* thee for the rod,
 Against "Thy will be done ?"
 Was it for riches, honors, or
 The pageantry of Fame ?
 Or was it to be fitted for
 The preaching of thy Name ?

Did I not in my early day
 Of penitence, implore