

I sipped from fountains of immortal light,
And straight new beauties charmed my dazzled sight ;
Hope still stood by me, but her smile subdued,
Told of a heart, at last, by grace renewed ;
And Faith, with many a sweet and cheering strain,
Beguiled the pilgrimage of half its pain.
And now, to-day, as on this mount I stand,
And mark how gently Thy protecting hand
Hath led me on, from childhood's thoughtless years,
Cheered my sad heart, and wiped away my tears ;
From snares and quicksands, often, set me free,
And bid me nothing fear, but follow Thee : —
I would, this day, with grateful heart, upraise
A monument, recording here thy praise ;
But oh, Archangel's loftiest song could ne'er
Praise Thee enough, for love beyond compare.
Then what am I, or what my feeble strain ;
But, if the poorest offering be not vain,
When prompted by a heart, whose one desire
Is, that Thyself my song of praise inspire ;
For mercies past, my grateful thanks I pour,
For mercies Thou hast yet for me in store ;
For all the joys that make my pathway bright,
Days of contentment, slumbers calm and light ;