As the following Pattoral Hymn, wrote by the excellent Addition, seems adapted to the foregoing remarkable Providence, it was thought it would not be amiss to add it to fill a vacant page.

THE Lord my Pasture doth prepare,
And seed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Presence doth my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he doth attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours desend.

When in the fultry Glebe I faint, Or on the thirfty Mountain pant; To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads, My weary wand'ring Steps he leads; Where peaceful Rivers, foft and flow, Amidit the verdant Land-skip flow.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread, With gloomy Horrors overfpread, My stedfast Heart doth sear no Ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy sriendly Crook doth give me Aid, And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty doth my pains beguile:
The barren Wilderness doth smile,
With sudden Greens, and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams doth murmur all around.

FINIS.

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profecuted the t he thought, obtaining my o means prein another part vas) and given ry her in time, could to effect nd fometimes Frenchmen in-, enticing my r freedom, by by the French, nong them, the r to keep them iled upon, for , and the was rchman.

m my memory, nal) I have givor the remarkes, which I neope thereby the God may be provoked with n righteousness dend and purE. H.