

lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand ! I not only felt a happy change within, a hope of heaven, and a deliverance from the fear of future punishment, but there appeared to be a change in everything beside. The word of God, which appeared a dead letter, now became a source of light, comfort, and food to my soul. Things in nature, which previously wore a dreary aspect, now became agreeable and lovely ; even thunder and lightning.

The following lines of the poet, expressive of my feelings, were grateful to my mind.

My soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell ;  
Base as the dust beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.

No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more ;  
The happiness which I approve,  
Lies not within your power.

There's nothing round this spacious earth,  
Which suits my large desire :  
To boundless joy and solid mirth,  
My nobler thoughts aspire.

Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
From sin and dross refined ;  
Still springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.

I send the joys of earth away,  
Away ye tempters of the mind ;  
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.