

THE YOUTHFUL PENITENT'S PRAYER.

God of my fathers, listen to my prayer,
 Receive the sighings of a contrite heart ;—
 Great God ! with mercy, hear what I declare,
 While I assume a self-accuser's part.

Thou who declarest, that the heavens rejoice,
 When from his crimes the sinner turns away—
 Inspire with heavenly strains my trembling voice,
 And listen, while with grief sincere, I pray.

Wayward and petulant to youth I grew,
 Laugh'd at instruction, and defy'd control ;
 From virtuous counsels early I withdrew,
 And with the scorners did myself enrol.

Travelling towards manhood as my strength increas'd,
 Unruly passions o'er my mind held sway—
 I wish'd from discipline to be releas'd,
 And pride of reason led my steps astray.

Now, though inmers'd in sin, though deep in guilt,
 Sometimes I feel a transient spark of shame—
 Oh ! by that blood that for mankind was spilt,
 Fan the dull embers to a saving flame.

Spirit of God ! thy choicest influence shed,
 Sooth my wild passions into peaceful rest—
 May I despise the former life I led,
 And purer feelings occupy my breast.

Oh ! may that Holy Spirit gently pour
 His gifts of grace upon my alter'd heart,
 May they fall o'er me like a fertile shower,
 And pious, righteous sentiments impart.

For thou hast said, "that those who do thy will
 " Shall live in peace, enjoying length of days ;"—
 Then, Lord ! my mind with holy raptures fill,
 And from his ruin'd state the prostrate sinner raise !