

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A VERSE MAY FIND HIM WHO A SERMON FLIES,
AND TURN DELIGHT INTO A SACRIFICE. —HERBERT.

[The following Hymn was never in print. It was written many years since by a venerable and venerated relative,* when blind, and on the verge of fourscore years. He greatly admired and evidently imitated the peculiar style of "good old Herbert." "*Being dead he yet speaketh*," and we doubt not that the devout Prayer contained in the last stanza was realized to him in his death, as the petitions in the former stanzas had been granted to him during life.]

"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, "where art thou?"
GENESIS III. 9.

Moved with compassion, thou O Lord!
To see fall'n man the heavens did bow;
With voice of pity, mercy, love,
Calling to Adam—"Where art thou?"

To till the ground of my hard heart,
I set my hand to gospel plough;
If I look back, with friendly call,
Say wav'ring Christian! "where art thou?"

Within thy temple, gracious Lord!
Whene'er my knees in prayer I bow;
If my thoughts wander, O! awake
My careless soul with—"where art thou?"

When I before thy altar kneel,
My soul with every grace endow;
If I forget thy bleeding love,
My dulness rouse, with—"where art thou?"

When nature fails at my last hour,
And death's cold hand o'er shades my brow;
O cheer my 'maz'd and mounting soul,
With, Child of Heaven!—Lo! where art thou?"

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