

- I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
6. Then, O my soul, why thus depress'd,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favors fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.
7. Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

COTTON.

SECTION XIX.

The Christian Race.

1. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye :
4. That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.
5. My soul, with sacred ardor fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet with joy the high command,
'To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE.

SECTION XX.

The dying Christian to his soul.

1. VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
2. Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away."—
What is this absorbs me quite ;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight