

LINES BY REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN OF YARMOUTH, MASSA-
CHUSETTS, WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY THREE.

The human mind, by God design'd,
For pleasing contemplation,
Can never fail, in him, to find
A lasting safe foundation.

The constant flow of shifting scenes,
Which earthly things present,
Can only operate as means,
And fail to give content.

In vain we seek a lasting good,
From what the world can give ;
It cannot yield substantial food,
On which the soul may live.

From God alone this spark divine,
At first, received its birth,
Which he can fill with joy sublime,
When nothing can on earth.

Divine perfections all conspire,
To make the persons bless'd,
Who seek to him, with full desire,
To taste his promis'd rest.

Relinquish then all vain attempts,
To satisfy the mind,
With what the flattering world presents,
To captivate the blind.

Since God can every want supply,
And fill the soul with peace ;
On his kind mercy firm rely,
And let all doubting cease.

His presence ever bear in mind,
And his kind promise given,
That all who truly are inclin'd,
Shall find the way to heaven.

When rigid justice speaks despair,
To sinful rebel man ;
Then, smiling mercy doth declare
The gospel's healing plan.

These attributes of different sway,
In concord sweet unite ;
Sweet mercy pleads the gospel way,
And justice owns 'tis right.

The sinner's debt by Christ discharg'd,
Stern justice quits his claim ;
The debtor feels his soul enlarg'd,
And sounds his Saviour's name.

Souls immortal here may find
A theme for endless praise,
While all creation leaves the mind
Unskill'd in wisdom's ways.

The active mind may ever dwell
On wisdom's boundless store,
Imbibe therefrom, as from a well,
Which leaves no thirst for more.

Here power omnipotent protects
The soul, that trusts his grace,
And wisdom infinite directs,
With joy, to seek his face.

He's ever merciful and kind,
To those of upright heart ;
With cords of love he binds the mind,
Too strong for death to part.

All ye, who thirst for joys sublime,
Which shall forever last,
To his kind GRACE yourselves resign,
And mourn your follies pass'd.

[18xx Poem; printed broadside:]

LINES BY REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN OF YARMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS,
WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY THREE.

The human mind, by God design'd,
For pleasing contemplation,
Can never fail, in him, to find
A lasting safe foundation.

The contrast flow of shifting scenes,
Which earthly things present,
Can only operate as means,
And fail to give content.

In vain we seek a lasting good,
From what the world can give;
It cannot yield substantial food,
On which the soul may live.

From God alone this spark divine,
At first, received its birth,
Which he can fill with joy sublime,
When nothing can on earth.

Divine perfections all conspire,
To make the persons bless'd
Who seek to him, with full desire,
To taste his promis'd rest.

Relinquish them all vain attempts,
To satisfy the mind,
With what the flattering world
presents,
To captivate the blind.

Since God can every want supply,
And fill the soul with peace;
On his kind mercy firm rely,
And let all doubting cease.

His presence ever bear in mind,
And his kind promise given,
That all who truly are inclin'd,
Shall find the way to heaven.

When rigid justice speaks despair,
To sinful rebel man;
Then, smiling mercy doth declare
The gospel's hearling plan.

These attributes of different sway,
In concord sweet unite;
Sweet mercy pleads the gospel way,
And justice owns 'tis right.

The sinner's debt by Christ dischar'd,
Stern justice quits his claim;
The debtor feels his soul enlarg'd,
And sounds his Saviour's name.

Souls immortal here may find
A theme for endless praise,
While all creation leaves the mind
Unskill'd in wisdom's ways.

The active mind may ever dwell
On wisdom's boundless store,
Imbibe therefrom, as from a well,
Which leaves no thirst for more.

Here power omnipotent protects
The soul, that trusts his grace,
And wisdom infinite directs,
With joy, to seek his face.

He's ever merciful and kind,
To those of upright heart;
With cords of love he binds the mind,
Too strong for death to part.

All ye, who thirst for joys sublime,
Which shall forever last,
To his kind GRACE yourselves resign,
And mourn your follies pass'd.



These collections are protected by United States and International copyright laws. Personal non-commercial use of these materials is allowed. Any other use is strictly prohibited without the express written permission of the Dennis Historical Society.