



THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST;

OR,

WHENCE IS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE SOUL
DERIVABLE?

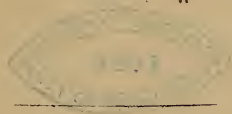
A

POETICAL,
METAPHYSICAL, AND THEOLOGICAL
ESSAY.

33

BY

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P R E F A C E.

THE accompanying Poem was written for the purpose of leading the mind of a friend, who had indulged in many *unfounded fancies* relative to the *materiality of the Soul*, who had attached undue *influence* over the *destiny of Man* to the movements of the planetary bodies, and who had allowed *Socinian delusions* to displace in his mind the *pure doctrines of Christianity*, to a serious review of the inconsistencies of the metaphysics of the Heathen philosophers; to an admission of the fallacies of the exploded science of Astrology; and to the *acceptation* of those *blessed truths* which are set forth in "The *unerring Word of God*."

The *mode* by which such a revolution of feeling and opinion was attempted, may, perhaps, require some

explanation. It was not deemed expedient to meet these errors with abrupt and *serious arguments*, but it was considered advisable to *lead* the mind, by the most vivid and *startling images*, into the very *labyrinth* of these *fallacies*, until it should become *satiated* with its absurdities, and *bewildered* in its attempts to extricate itself from its perplexities; and then to offer a *solution*, to point to the *only guide* which man should follow in his search for all knowledge relating to the Soul, and to show the *only means* by which he can secure eternal happiness in "the world which is to come."

The first book of the poem embodies many of the doubts which arise, and many of the doctrines which yet gain credence in the minds of men. The second book shows, and in some degree corrects, many of the systems which still find advocates in unrestrained and fertile minds. The latter book briefly sets forth the Christian religion, as opposed to all other systems of moral instruction and spiritual controul.

It may, perhaps, be asked, why such serious considerations should be set forth in verse? The reply is, that poetry is the natural language of the soul, when Thought wanders amongst the heavenly bodies; that more forcible and lasting impressions are made by the brevity and harmony of verse, than could be effected by the more sober form wherein we usually convey our thoughts; and that poetry alone

admits of such rapid revolution of images as was necessary to exemplify the bewildering influences of metaphysical and psychological absurdities, as propounded in the systems of former times.

18, ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,

February 28th, 1844.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

BOOK I.

Invocation.

Spirit of Nature! Spirit that rules the Night!
Thou art opening now splendours of Heav'n to sight.
Ye Spirits, hail! Before ye now I'm bending;
Your influence give,—it is on Mind descending!

Spirit of Nature! Israel's shepherd King
Thou fore-time taught'st Creation's works to sing!
What thou did'st give when bright his Mind was soaring,
To me impart, for Light I'm now imploring!

Spirit of Nature! No Land there is, nor Tongue,
Where thou art mute, or yet thy praise unsung!
Each day to day, to listening Globes appealing;
Each night to night mysteries of space revealing!

Spirit of Darkness! Genius of Gloom and Night!
Darkness of this, our Globe, but Nature's light!
Thou openest worlds that distant Heaven possesseth;
My Soul and Tongue thy magnitude confesseth!

Spirit of Darkness! But now for Night and Thee
The Stars were veiled in deep obscurity!
No thought had Man of worlds that wheel around him,
Research would end where matter-tie hath bound him!

Spirit of Nature! Can'st thou now tell or give
The germ innate that makes dense matter live?
Not now am I thy widest grandeur grasping,
But seek the Soul my bosom seems enclasping.

Spirit of Nature! Be deaf no more to me!
Reveal this truth, or teach this mystery!
Surely the Soul, within my body dwelling,
Is not unknown, its power beyond thy telling?

Spirit of Nature! Resume thy place again!
My Mind's desire thou can'st not now explain!
I seek, in thee, the Soul! Thou'rt dark before me!
I'm lost in doubt; a shadowy veil's thrown o'er me!

Spirit of God! In Revelation shown,
This vital truth proceeds from *Thee* alone!
Knowledge of *this* (which Time and Nature hideth),
Knowledge that Soul from substance—dense divideth!

Spirit of God ! *Thy* Word's the Light-divine
 That sheds its beam on Souls, dark souls, to shine !
 Than Nature's light far more thy dear Word giveth ;
 When *Matter* dies, it tells how Spirit liveth !

Spirit of God ! Without thy vital spark
 How dead our Souls ! our vacant Minds how dark !
 The fiend, in Man, delusion *then* begetteth,
 When Man, in Thee, the fount of Truth forgetteth !

Spirit of God ! Within this Soul of mine
 Shed thou, oh shed, one ray of Light-divine !
 Give Spirit—Thought ; to Mind and Thought, inquiring,
 The knowledge grant that now my Soul's desiring !

Spirit of God ! Thou'st promised here to all
 Who wait on Thee, and oft for fulness call !
 For wandering souls, and weak ones too, thou seekest,
 I've wander'd oft, and yet I am thy weakest !

Spirit of God ! Thy fulness then impart !
 Give Thought its strength, vigour to this my heart !
 Give me to mount until my *Faith* hath found thee ;
 And then rejoice with Angels pure around thee !

Spirit of God ! Direct my wandering pen,
 Whilst I, this night, disclose to fellow men
 How I essayed the Soul to weave in story,
 And *thine* the praise, the honour be, the glory !

Introduction.

The Soul!—Whence born—and what its destiny?
 Problems proposed for test and scrutiny,
 But ne'er resolved! A subject this, we find,
 With fitful awe, recurring oft to Mind!
 Chaining awhile the Thought; claiming the Ear
 Of vice, which reels in riotous career!
 Sealing the lip, and forcing pensive sway
 On Mirth, and Joy, and Glee, in fullest play;
 The Conscience grasping too, with stern arrest,
 Which binds each heart, and fastens *thus* each breast.
 Your Mirth—why shown? Gladness—where doth it tend?
 Vice—Passion—Feeling—where can, where do they end?

To paint, or verbally define that Soul;
 Its *cost* to count, or estimate *controul*;
 To name its source, duration here, or worth,
 As 'tis compared or weighed with things of Earth,
 Draws ridicule on him who such solution tries,
 And makes him seem “above what's written, wise,”
 And thence, bespeaks a Fool!

And yet, to give
 No single thought to *how* or *why* we live;

Nor seek, with care, the principle within,
 The secret source where Life and Mind begin,
 Would sink proud Man beneath the senseless brute,
 And would proclaim that Mind quite destitute,
 Devoid of Reason's ray !

The Soul!—Where found ?

'Twere scheme, most wild, to seek all *Nature* round ;
 And yet we're *thither* led ! But those can tell
 Who *there* have sought *that imperceptible*,
 How wide, how wild, from steadfast truth we stray,
 How far we pass, in this false course, away ;
 Guided and borne, by Matter's strong controul,
 From that true fount, the Spring, the Source of Soul !

But yet some flowers beneath our path do spring,
 Whose charms may cheer and bless our wandering ;
 And many a tint, and many a beauteous hue
 Some air-blown sphere just opens here to view :
 Well pleased, we would the glittering globe possess—
 It bursts, and spreads, to vapoury nothingness ;
 And mimic showers proclaim its tints all won,
 As borrowed rays reflecting central Sun !

Such seems, when sought, the Soul ! Yielding to view
 Its features bright, but evanescent too ;
 And opening thus, to mind, interests which tell
 That Time shows not, nor hath a parallel !

Interests—which make Creation's wonders seem
More light than dust which lines the balance-beam,
Mote-weights in such a Scale !

There was a day
Now rolled with Time, and passed with youth away ;
When I would grasp, did grapple too the Thought,
My Fancy, Reason, Feeling, all were brought,
Yet these were impotent ! For then, the Soul
Did baffle search, and burst the Sight's controul !
Yet *rays* of Thought, which *seemed* like Truth, were mine,
I pen them here—Reader, or Friend—they're thine.

The Psychologist.

'Twas Evening's hour. Adown the gilded West
 The smiling Sun, his bed, now sought, of rest,
 Pillow'd and clothed in clouds. The Sky and Sea
 Did brightly glow with beams of Deity ;
 And sounds melodious, like Nature's prayer,
 Seemed Heaven-ward borne, on pure and balmy Air.
 There swelled, and breathed, a mystic Eloquence,
 Like hearts inspired, when prayer, deep, full, intense,
 The aid of speech disdains ; and more than "dearth"
 We then affix to songs, most bright, of Earth !
 Faith's full, unutter'd prayer ! Which ruffles not
 The Silence-soft that lists around the spot ;
 And yet, that breathing's heard in Courts above,
 And God repays such worship-mute with Love !

E'en such the hour ! Beauteous, and soft, and mild,
 Was Nature's face, and every feature smiled.
 Far-spread, and distant seen, the glittering sea
 Did rest in peace, and calm profundity,
 Drinking bright beams, until, from shore to shore,
 It waved, and moved, a mass of molten ore !

But what was this to me ? What, though that Sun
 His glorious course, in golden paths, did run ?

What—though, to happier minds, to eye of Mirth,
 Peace smiled in Heaven, and praise arose from Earth,
 Whilst I, whose brow the breath of Ocean fanned,
 Could not controul, or sympathy command ;
 But stood, upon the Mountain's topmost height,
 A crushed and broken thing!—Troubling the sight—
 Offending Nature's ear with sighs, and moans,
 And prayers suppressed, and uncongenial groans,
 And mental agony ! What did I there ?
 A child of grief, amazement, and despair !
 Oh ! I had looked upon the face of Death !
 Had watched the frame sigh forth its latest breath !
 Had seen the soul so silently depart !
 So fail the pulse, so cease the throbbing heart !
 Had seen, with all a Father's painful care,
 A few short hours before, my child, so fair,
 Young life in every limb, and every sense,
 Transcript of God, emblem of innocence,
 Stricken for death, and turn, upon my breast,
 From all I late had fondled and caressed,
 Unto a thing of earth ; beauteous to see,
 Now touched with awe, approached most tremblingly ;
 No longer mine ; too pure, too undefiled ;
 Heiress of Death, and slow Corruption's child !

This was a day that scarce can be renewed,
 Or matched amidst the strange vicissitude
 Which long hath marked, with hopes and sorrows rife,
 The changing scenes which charge my changing life !

When all the avenues of grief and woe,
 A Christian's heart, or parent's soul can know,
 Were open'd so wide that Faith could not restrain
 The feverish tide of doubt which rack'd my brain ;
 And made me then, whilst scourged beneath His rod,
 Almost to doubt the Providence of God,
 And thence, His love reject !

Ah now—e'en now,

Methinks I feel my hot and feverish brow
 All stung with bare remembrance of that hour
 When forth I rushed beneath delirium's power,
 With heart and soul, by sudden sorrow riven,
 To cool my veins beneath the dews of Heaven !

Moments there are, in this our fleeting state,
 An age of time cannot obliterate ;
 Moments, so pressed with thought, each throb appears
 A life-time's span, a cycle-thread of years !
 And times there are, dark hours of deepest woe,
 Apportioned here, destined for man to know ;
 When every chord, by bounteous Nature given,
 By some deep shock, is so unstrung and riven,
 That as our hearts are lacerate and torn,
 We wonder much Nature should fail to mourn !
 And when the pure, the all-that's-lovely, dies,
 We look for tears, and seek for sympathies
 In Heaven, on Earth, in each and every state,
 In rational things, and things inanimate.

Oh God ! my God ! To feel each hope destroyed,
 Each heart's-joy crushed, the mind a perfect void ;
 A perfect chaos-bed, of nerves laid bare,
 And touched by caustic hand of deep despair,
 Until, beneath the throes of mental pain,
 (As would the brute) the tongue can scarce refrain
 From braying forth, howling unto the wind,
 The gnawing grief, the torture of the mind !

Ah ! then the lightning-flash, by Vengeance flung ;—
 The tempest's rage, the thunder's threatening tongue ;—
 The roaring storm, the chafed and troubled sea,
 Congenial seem, and soothe with sympathy ;
 Whilst those, the softest charms of Nature's smile,
 Which, joyous hours, sweeten and oft beguile,
 Seem but to show what callous things they be
 To mock our grief, and smile at misery !
 But mark the Providence of God displayed !
 Had Nature then in vengeance been arrayed ;
 Had there been ought to sting the troubled mind,
 To fearful deeds of madness pre-inclined ;
 Had there been ought the wild-blood to inflame ;
 What desperate deed, what rashness can I name
 Whereat I might have paused !

Nature's appeal

Softly was breathed my wounded soul to heal ;
 And all the stubbornness of mind and knee
 Did bend to Fate, and bow to God's decree !

Deep, solemn thoughts, which I will now impart,
 Came pressing on, and seemed to bear my heart
 Swiftly away, with my lost infant dear,
 Beyond this suffering world, beyond this sphere,
 To worlds of bliss, which even now do hold
 ('Tis no vain hope, no dogma false and bold)
 The breathless soul, which I would here retain,
 But gone, would hope, by Mercy to regain
 In better worlds than this !

But first arose

Dark doubts and fears, aberrant mental throes,
 Which did a soul deny !—

I questioned so—

Of that lost soul what can—what do I know ?
 What is the soul ? Who can describe or tell
 How first possessed, or where, e'en now, doth dwell
 The spirit of that clay, now stretched upon its bier,
 Cold—cold—in death, moistened with many a tear ?
 It yet hath grace ! Beauteous was she from birth !
 But soon, too soon, a mass of native earth
 Is all, my Child ! a Father's eye shall see,
 All he shall find, my Child,—my Child !—of thee !

Oh God ! in mercy now receive my prayer !
 Speak to my heart, and to my mind declare,
 Can I indulge one hope, one single ray
 That, after death, beyond the Judgement-day,
 I shall again that angel-face behold,
 As marble now, spotless, and blanched, and cold !

Can living fire, e'en from th' Eternal fount,
 Combat this death, his icy chill surmount ;
 Impart, unto this infant's tender form,
 A strength to rise, and Death and Hell disarm ;
 And casting back th' assailing Tyrant-foe,
 Burst from the bonds of bitterness below
 Into the realms of endless joy above,
 Reserved for such, by boundless, ceaseless love ?

Oh ! for a voice, thundering from out the sky,
 Conclusive truths of Death and Destiny ;
 Comfort to yield in such an hour, when Doubt
 Rankles within, and Sense, from things without,
 Denies an after-life !

Ah ! were it so,
 The sea—the sea—which laves the rocks below,
 Fathoms and fathoms deep ; that swelling tide
 My corse should bear, and thus, at once, decide
 My fate eternally !

Why pause I now ?
 Why stand perplexed upon the mountain-brow,
 When but one step—my horoscope were cast—
 Death's portal gained, and life and doubt were past ?

I know not why I pause ! My wayward will
 Relents not now, my flesh is ready still ;
 But I am backward drawn, by inward spell,
 Whose power I feel, obey, but cannot tell

Whether it sways from weak resolve of mine,
Or be indeed the law and voice divine !
Enough—I *am* withheld !—Now dare not I
Cast life and soul upon a single die,
Lest, failing there, no space be found for me
Wherein I might repent, eternally.

Ah Death ! stern Death ! such terror lights thine eye
That man will shun thy gaze, thy presence fly !
'Tis not thy pain, or fancied, or possessed,
For Death, as opiate sure, doth offer rest.
'Tis not reluctant strife to part from all,
Or quit each thing we now enjoyment call ;
For there are those who pass their time below
In gathering grief and drinking deep of woe.
No joy have they, no pleasure here they give,
Dejected souls, they suffer much, yet live !
Death's hand, in reach, to ease their woes and pain,
Yet sought, unsent, they're truly termed insane !

When we have walked adown the steps of years,
As we advance progressive grown in fears,
It is the step last ventured then, in gloom,
We reach, and feel ; nor know, if yet the tomb
Hath power to hold our weight, or whether we
Shall fall—and fall—deeper eternally !
It quells the bravest man who treads earth's brink,
And cannot feel how far his soul shall sink !

How dreadful this! How awful then the view!
 How big the danger seems! How simple too!—
 'Tis but "uncertainty"!—The torture's nought
 But *unfelt depth*, and *unsupported thought*!

Ah! well our God, when he the mind did frame,
 Knew how to rule, and how its will to tame.
 "Let Death," God said, "remain a secret state,
 "Be thou, oh Tomb, awhile inviolate.
 "Embers and dust! by man be ye surveyed;
 "Be fleet thou soul! through life research evade,
 "And tell no tale in death! Let there appear
 "Reason for hope, and matter too for fear;
 "Thus shall thy form, thus swollen, 'Uncertainty,'
 "Outweigh all woe, o'erbalance misery,
 "And man restrain, in station he must fill,
 "Till he hath wrought my purpose here, my Will!"

Oh! I could look on Death with steadfast mind,
 Were Death made known, or were its pains defined;
 And I could quit this life (which doth present,
 As life alone, small joy, and poor and short content)
 With much of thankfulness, and hymns of joy
 Should my weak voice and parting breath employ,
 Could I but now obtain, or feel, or see,
 One point of rest within eternity,
 Where sense and thought are lost! I could indeed
 (If in the passage hence there were such need)

Deep tortures bear, without one sigh or moan,
 Invented there for my dismay alone,
 Did I a reasonable hope possess,
 Beyond the tomb, of spiritual consciousness ;
 Or could I now or fully hope, or see,
 My seeming soul, my own identity,
 Carried for ever on ; connected there
 With things I love, the faith which calms my care,
 And finds my comfort here.

But then, to go
 To some dark spot I must not, cannot know.
 A cloudy hand, a veil of tenfold night
 Darkening each thought, and shutting then from sight
 The things that are, the things that once have been,
 All I now seek, or all I once have seen ;
 'Tis gloom, 'tis gloom indeed ; Existence left ;
 Continuance of soul—that soul bereft
 Of attributes and powers !—Oh ! what can be
 More strange, more dark than this anomaly !
 It urges man to seek (and bliss it were to find)
 Malicious souls imprison'd oft in wind.
 It drives the zealous worshippers of fire
 To kindle spheres when mortal flames expire.
 To cover now this vacancy in fate
 The soul of man is made to transmigrate
 And lodge in meaner forms, which shall protect
 His cherished soul from such forlorn neglect ¹

¹ Lethe, a river of Hell, whose waters have the power to cause forgetfulness.

As we imagine not, yet soon may find,
 A deathless and enduring soul combined
 With dark oblivion ; the stagnant mind
 As dead as wave across whose face no wind
 Doth ever sweep, to lift, or purify
 Lethæan mists, which there, continually,
 Do deepen and descend ! This total void
 Where Faith, and Hope, and Bliss are all destroyed
 This severing blow, bestowed by Death's rude hand,
 Which man must feel, but fails to understand,
 Hath urged a fond, but false continuance,
 In other spheres, of all the joys of sense ;
 It built Elysium ¹. A hidden fate,
 A total want of some more spiritual state,
 Hath caused Mankind, as samplers, to invent
 For human crime, eternal punishment ;
 Which souls must bear, and physically feel ;
 Tantalian thirst ² ; the long-revolving wheel ³ ;
 The useless labours at the well ⁴, decreed
 For female guilt, and crime of murderous deed ;
 The incessant toil, rolling the ponderous stone ⁵,
 And all, in past mythology made known ;

¹ The abode of the happy, the *Paradise* of the Heathen.

² Tantalus doomed to everlasting thirst, and plunged chin-deep in a lake in *Hell*.

³ Ixion was fastened in *Hell* to a wheel perpetually turning round.

⁴ Danaïdes doomed to draw water out of a deep well in a bucket full of holes.

⁵ Sisyphus, doomed to roll a huge stone up a mountain in *Hell*.

Strange, wild absurdities. It makes e'en Hell,
 Despite its flames, a place endurable ;
 Because we may therein, at length, possess
 A *spot* to fill *Eternal Nothingness* !
 Happy to pause ; compared with Doubt—content ;
 A home attained ; a place of refuge lent ;
 Cessation found from fall or flight of years
 Through empty void, or through the wandering spheres ;
Something defined to hold the Spirit's eye,
 To make a pause, subdue its constant cry—
 Of *what* is peace ?—Oh ! *when* shall I be blest ?—
Where is my Home ?—and *what* can be my Rest ?



Reader, or Friend. Before I now proceed
 Thy willing mind through Fancy's realm to lead,
 Bear with me for a while, whilst I explain
 The *object sought*, the *good* I would obtain ;
 And, in the wildest rhapsody that ever yet
 Tongue did proclaim, excitement did beget,
 Some straggling thought, some word, by God designed,
 May touch a chord, and fasten on thy mind !

I seek the Soul ! Yet know not if there be,
 In Metaphysic's lore, of best antiquity,
 Or bound in Science-book of modern date,
 (Where shine new lights, and Sages speculate,)

One single scroll, one line of argument,
 To which all bow, whereto we all assent,
 Conclusive of a Soul! Whether it be
 A temporal state of short vitality
 Inhering dust awhile; bestowing thence
 Its active powers, Matter to fill with Sense.
 Whether there was, or whether yet there be,
 Some valued line of sound Philosophy
 Which separates Man's Soul from life below,
 In beasts which move, in trees and plants which grow;
 Which tells the *how* or *whence* derivable;
 How much is lost, and what's survivable.
 When Man, with some capacity denied,
 Some duct destroyed where pulp is purified,
 Doth waste in pain, and thence at length expends
 Th' ephemer'al strength whereon his life depends.
 Or if 'tis given, to some enlightened mind
 Which seeks these depths, the mystery to find,
 The chemistry to know, whence change is wrought,
 When matter-dense engenders subtle Thought;
 If they have seen, and traced throughout the whole,
 The germ of Life, the all-constraining Soul!

Is there a Soul? We know the word is used
 In common parlance phrase; blasphemed, abused;
 We are disposed, and verbally content,
 To hold the term, thereto to yield assent.

The wretch profane, the sinner too, most vile,
 Will stake his Soul, yet cares not he the while
 If Soul he hath ; and wishes not to know
 What Death reveals, or where his Soul shall go !
 “ Awful,” you say : awful, indeed, say we,
 And tremble too ! ’Tis strange, wild mockery !
 If he hath *not* a Soul, to us ’twould seem
 A foolish pledge, and Folly’s worst extreme,
 To back his word or boisterous argument
 With wealth not his, which he cannot present :
 But, if that Soul, with all its interests, be,
 The such, I trust, it seems to you and me,
 Then stay his tongue, and say, for Mercy’s sake,
 “ What earthly good demands so deep a stake ?”

Where lives the man who doth not thus inquire—
 “ Have I a soul ?” Or feels not this desire,—
 To clear away the cerements, and see
 If Death retains some faint vitality,
 Or if ’tis cheerless clay. Where lives the Sage
 Can ope’ Death’s book, and read that mystic page ?

We hear of none ! Nor yet do I presume
 The seal to break which binds the secret tomb !
 Enough it is for me that God hath said,
 There shall arise, from out the mouldering dead,
A somewhat so refined—it shall sustain
 Each agony intense, bear endless pain,

Outlive Eternal wrath ! That there shall be
 An after-life, with full capacity ;
 And man, again, in spiritual life shall rise,
 A Guest of God, an inmate thence of Skies.

Yet, knowing this ; feeling, as now I do,
 What God declares is wonderful, yet true ;
 There have been times when Thought and Sense would stray,
 Within strange wilds, o'er Fancy's realms away ;
 There have been times when deep perplexity,
 And doubts, and fears, of *how* such things could be,
 Would harass much, annoy my soul, till I
 Must have some *sign*, some *sight* to satisfy !

And was there sin in this ? Or was the mind
 Thus stirred with doubts, to hope, and seek, and find ?
 Made thus to love (because 'twas won with pain)
 The truth, which men more love when they attain
 By payment made in doubt ? Is Error made
 The streamlet-course whence Truth must be conveyed ?

We often find it so. And such will be
 This theme of mine—this one Night's history.
 A record this of visionary flights,
 Which then were found, as rapid meteor lights,
 To spread before mine eye some substance new,
 Beauteous and fair, unstable thoughts, untrue.
 Their influence fear not thou. Dread not to read.
 I would invite, but would not thence mislead.

With no light mind I now define, to sense,
 And paint, in form, Satanic influence !
 'Tis not without a meaning pure ye'll find
 Some seeming truths with Blasphemy combined.
 Though wild, and strange, my pen shall paint to you
 The subtle course Satan doth oft pursue :
 The stream of Thought insidiously he taints,
 And doth assail by blandishments and feints,
 And leading on " Fancies most laudable,"
 Till Genius yields a Chariot-road to Hell !

" Why then," ye may with justice ask, " should we
 " Error spread forth in full diversity ?
 " Why paint fallacious Images, to rise
 " Like Babel's tower, dark'ning, with Doubt, the skies ?
 " Why give, to Nothing's film, a form, which may
 " Envelope Thought and lead our Minds astray ? "

Because—I would reply—vain hopes reprov'd,
 Fancies controlled, Errors and Faults removed,
 May fix the Truth more firm. Doubts may assail,
 And Mystery may, awhile, o'er Truth prevail ;
 Fleet thoughts will flow spontaneous on the Soul,
 Their source unknown, their power beyond controul
 To have these thoughts of Scepticism within,
 And battle thus, with Doubt, is not a Sin !
 Small praise, I think, have they ; slight cause to boast,
 Whose minds, inert, but slumber here at most,

And never know a doubt. If such minds be,
 It doth evince a Spiritual apathy !
 True Love, strong Fear, Anxiety intense,
 Will urge us on to seek for Evidence,
 As full, as undeniable, as free,
 As deep, as is Sin's awful penalty,
 Attached to Crime ; denounced on Sloth, and thence
 Entailed alike on Guilt and Negligence !

Others have wandered too, perhaps as wide,
 From paths of truth, and roamed from God beside.
 Some to deny, against all Sight and Sense,
 A Nature's God from Nature's evidence !
 Some to despise that power which doth but wait
 To store our Minds, and Reason regulate ;
 And call our Faith but Folly's worst extreme,
 A dangerous Hope, a most destructive dream.

How wide I wander'd then, in thought, doth show
 How far the Mind, if unrestrained, will go ;
 How needful 'tis that Man, in this, should be
 Restricted thus, and held by Deity.
 My wanderings, here confessed, may serve to teach
 To what *confusion-wild* our Minds would reach,
 Did God permit, that Man, by vagaries,
 Should snatch his Faith, or worship gain from skies.

Many defer the thought, yet know, and feel,
 Eternal things are not a whit less real,

Because, as yet, no eye hath seen that state
Whereon the wise now love to speculate.
This after-life, to us indeed, would be
Matter alone for Reason's scrutiny ;
A training-ground, where Thought might exercise,
Demolish Globes, and bid new spheres arise ;
And break, and build ; destroy, and reinstate ;
Light up new Suns ; false theories inflate ;
Did not the Monitor, within possessed,
Tell us, with tongue that ne'er can be suppressed,
We have an interest there. And that the Soul,
Though here awhile subdued by Dust's controul,
Is interwoven so with that Eternity,
And held thereto by such affinity,
As spiritual things to spiritual source must own,
Who have their birth, and dwell in God alone.
'Tis this doth there a useful theme present,
Or makes the question asked impertinent.

If man doth not immortal Soul possess,
The labour's vain, the search is profitless ;
And better 'twere that passing things should find
A power to hold and quite employ his mind.
If Soul he hath, and if it should appear
Its just controul is man's great business here ;
Then deep, and urgent too, must motive be,
Awful and plain is man's necessity
Himself to draw, by every lawful mean,
From words declared, from earthly objects seen,

Data to crush, or else corroborate,
Assumptions formed for Death's eternal state.

Hath Man a Soul? Shall it through death abide?
Becomes a point we should at once decide;
And this on principle; or whence Man's hope?
Which knows no bounds—Eternal life its scope.
Doth Soul exist? Or doth it but appear
A priest-craft bold to raise suspicious fear,
And hold proud man its Slave? Hath Man designed
This *Tyrant-thought* to subjugate the mind.
Such doubts are oft advanced—by wilful Men,
Anxious to gain, amidst their brethren,
A flattering pre-eminence for vigorous thought,
Which they may prove, alas! too dearly bought,
When they shall find each soul they've led astray
Asked at their hands upon the Judgement-day!

But where was Priest-craft's hold in early days?
The interest where, exciting man to raise
A shadowy soul, defineless, made to be
The spectre-form to haunt continually?
I do believe that men were then inclined,
And men there *are*, who would rejoice to find,
Or hold a power whereby they may disprove
A Soul in Man, and thence all fear remove;
A Guest dislodge, whose voice doth now maintain
A hold on minds no laws nor threats restrain.

And that the Heathen Sage did teach, and feel,
 There was a Soul, a life of Woe or Weal,
 A somewhat indestructible, which we
 Still seek, unfound, but not as eagerly ;
 His horrid rites declare. Fierce rites, that shame
 The Christian's zeal, and make his worship tame !
 The tortures view he freely then endured
 For wrathful Gods, whom Error's mists obscured ;
 And Thought, deceived, had given him to know
 Enraged by smiles, appeased by human woe !

In Heathen days the Soul was undefined ;
 Uncertain views, and doubts, hung o'er the mind ;
 The Soul *did feel*, but broke not through the gloom
 Which seemed, in death, to rest around the tomb !
 Idols were made, were carved in stone, to be
 Invested then with God-like Majesty ;
 And prostrate hosts did bend before the feet
 Of hideous forms upon a blood-stained seat ;
 Whose weight, *they thought* ; whose wheels *they hoped*
 should press,
 Their tortured souls to instant happiness !—
 And blood then flowed, and midst the yells they raised
 The soul took flight, and Jugernaut was praised !—

My God !—How dark the human mind, thus shown,
 To think the Soul should thus approach Thy throne,
 Begrimmed with human gore ! Or to suppose
 Thine eye delights to dwell on mortal woes !—

Yet true it is, that men, in ignorance,
 And held from Truth's revealed evidence,
 Have ever sought to move and worship Thee
 By blood, and tears, and scenes of cruelty
 The most refined!—Each savage passion reigns;
 No gentle love the arm of power restrains;
 Nature is lost; its laws despised;
 Their children's forms are freely sacrificed;
 And they are torn; are pierced with arrows through;
 Bear all that flesh in ignorance can do;
 Then die; and dying thus, approach the throne
 Where sits—THE LORD—Omnipotent—alone!
 Ah! how unlike the hideous—idol-thing
 Their hands had formed for human worshipping!

This was not Nature's path. 'Twas not the line
 Where mind would run without some discipline.
 Some most mischievous fraud had influenced here,
 On Ignorance wrought, and magnified their fear!
 They were as anxious then, and more intent,
 To make themselves the most proficient
 In horrid rites, most clearly traceable
 To false suggestive powers of *He of Hell*,
 As can the best, and most devoted be,
 To learn thy truths, pure Christianity!

Nature will be her own preservative,
 And doth implant such full desire to live,

That where the man's not falsely led away
 By Satan's voice, or fascinating sway,
 (E'en like the charmed and fabled dove, when she,
 O'erwrought by fear, into Death's fangs doth flee)
 He will Destruction's grasp, with care, avoid,
 Nor cast off life, nor seek to be destroyed !



But I return, and would again possess
 The chain of thought from which I did digress.
 I've said the time was eve; the hour I love;
 And told how earth, and sea, and sky above
 Were peaceful and serene. I've shown how Sense
 Will often yield to Nature's influence;
 And how the mind, if uncontrolled, will be
 Led out, and tuned to perfect harmony,
 With beauteous scenes around. Behold its force—
 The setting sun, its bright and daily course,
 Now hasted to complete. There seemed to be
 A deep, a well-infer'd analogy
 Between that sun, in every varying stage,
 And man, in youth, in manhood's bloom, in age.
 His morning febleness, his mid-day power,
 The darkness next, succeeding setting hour;
 All types of man, hackney'd perhaps to you,
 But not less trite, less manifest, less true.
 His course complete, the sun sinks in the wave!
 How like to man, who sinks into the grave;

His light withdrawn, from this our hemisphere ;
 Withdrawn—not quenched—to shine again in sphere
 Where this world's gloom, man's hour of death, will be
 But twilight shades to light precursory ;
 The harbinger of life—a life new-born
 The stilly eve to Resurrection's morn !

Whilst thus I mused, the sun's retiring ray
 Had sunk beneath the wave, and soft the day
 Was rounding into night. Resplendent night,
 Which, veiling this, doth ope', to mortal sight,
 Innumerable worlds !—Delighted Sense
 Bestowed upon these globes intelligence.
 And, as I gazed, with eager eye intent,
 On spheres so bright, so seeming permanent,
 Abstraction deep, from things which dwell below,
 Did then pervade my mind, whilst Thought did grow,
 And grow ethereal.—It seemed to claim
 A neutral spot, as doth the parting flame,
 Which hovers nigh where substance doth present
 Its one detaining power—its nourishment—
 Yet seems to long for liberty at hand,
 And pant for power to rise and to expand
 Into Infinitude. And God, by Grief,
 Had stricken me beyond the soft relief
 Which Faith could yield. Her voice was hushed ;
 Each atom of my brain, contused, and crushed,
 With sudden woe, and mental pain enlarged,
 Seemed not with thought or due reflection charged ;

But did a vagrant vacancy possess,
As though my brain were charged with emptiness.
Or, 'twas as though a rushing multitude
Of giant-thoughts each other there pursued,
Till I could plant my hold on none,
But all was turmoil and confusion !
And yet, above it all, there did predominate
A consciousness of somewhat lost of late ;
Which seemed to float around me, in the sky,
For ever lost, yet absolutely nigh.

Anxious I gazed, intently listening ;
Hopeful some voice-celestial would bring
The comfort I desired ;—my Spirit heal
With richest balm its treasures could reveal.
And then as orb on orb, and star on star,
In Heaven's pure blue embedded deep and far,
As gems of glorious sheen, on breast of night,
Came twinkling soft, then bursting full on sight ;
Away—away—with eagle-wing unfurled,
My Spirit flew, beyond this loathed world.
Its vent'rous wing, by Fancy urged, soon won
The foremost globe that circumscribes our sun ;
Then onward sped, in full and swift career,
Through Planet-belt and path of many a sphere.
And far it flew, beyond our little ken,
And gazed on stars unknown, unseen till then ;
New worlds it saw, strange tongues o'erheard,
And quickly glanced on galaxies that gird

Systems and spheres in Ether-space outspun,
Where Sin ne'er dwelt, and Death was not begun.
With ardent thought, and urged by Fancy's view,
Onward, and upward still, my spirit flew,
Untimed by years, undistanced too by space,
In this, her fleet and visionary race ;
Yet seemed she then, though farther flying, nought
More nigh to God, nor gained the Heaven she sought ;
Found not, in Void, a resting-place for Soul ;
Nor read more clear, upon Creation's scroll,
The glittering bliss ; nor heard the darkening ban
Which spoke the fate, the future joys of Man.

Here Fancy paused awhile, and pondered ;
But, buoyant still, with lusty wing outspread,
Hung thoughtful there, o'erlooking systems pure,
That it, e'en now, so quickly and so sure,
Had passed. Its world, devoid of Matter-taint,
Was dwindled then to star, beauteous and faint ;
No stain bedimm'd, no spot obscured its sheen,
As round it swung, of that Globe-nest the queen,
In lustre eminent : outshining there
Prodigious globes, more bulky far, less fair.
No foul disfigurement, no human trace,
Then marred its beauteous form, nor on its face
Drew furrowed lines, that, as recording page,
Betoken'd there each Nation's heritage.
No voice of War, no deep lament of Woe,
Could thence arise ; nor could my Spirit know

That Grief, and Death, in that bright spot could dwell,
Did not *Experience* teach, and *Memory* tell
That known, and seen, as she had seen, more near,
That beauteous face, that lucid atmosphere,
Was strewed with forms, the dying breast, the dead,
And all its scenes with Sin impregnated.
But now, each sound, and every trace of these,
Shrank from the eye, lessen'd by soft degrees ;
And Earth, that near was dense upon the sight,
Emitted beams, and shone an orb of light !
Far off it lay, and seemed through space to glide
With steady roll and planetary pride ;
No travelled track, no beaten pathway nigh,
Its union marked with that soft azure sky ;
But round about its orb, soft, clear, defined,
A halo-bright, a beauteous belt entwined.
And other Globes there were with circlets bright,
Triple were some, and luminous, and light ;
But when, or wherefore thus, these bands were given,
Or why thus marked amidst the host of Heaven,
Knew not my Soul. Nor shall man ever guess
Till through the Grave, as portal dark, they press ;
And Reason find, made pure, and perfected,
When Light shall dawn, to wake the slumb'ring dead.

And now, with soft, and Soul-inquiring song,
My Spirit's voice ran mournfully along,
And touched the chords of Heaven.

When faint, in distant Space,
As far as eye could reach, or mind could trace,
Kindling, bright'ning, dilating as it neared,
A gleamy spot, of doubtful form, appeared !
Rayless, and indistinct, and undefined,
It stole at first, and chained my musing mind.
Rapid, as meteor-flash, when clouds are riven,
And lightning-gleams across the Heavens are driven,
It onward rolled ! A form, at last, it won,
More bright than blush of purest Evening's sun ?
As then, from out its disk, waved far and wide,
The beamy wing of some Arch-Angel's pride !
Awe-struck, and motionless with growing fear,
My Spirit gazed ; no sheltering arm was near !
No spot, no safe retreat for backward flight ;
No space to hide, no shroud in gloom of night !
The Comet's widest course beyond afar,
It gleamed at first, as new-born glory-star ;
But, ere my Spirit's thought, with speed outsent,
Knowledge to gain of purpose, find intent,
Its source could reach, the Vacancy he strode :
No Spirit he that dwelt in blest abode ;
No Seraph pure, but Demon, fierce and fell,
Heaven's outcast Foe, the Prince, the Lord of Hell !

His towering form before my Spirit quailed ;
Trembled, and feared, but worshipped not, nor hailed ;
Sought not, nor shunned, the blightings of his brow ;
Nor would it then with holy greeting bow !

Godlike in shape, in shining vesture clad,
 In aspect stern, yet beautiful, and sad,
 And dignified he stood ! But as, with eye
 Of most acute and anxious scrutiny,
 My Spirit scanned each lineament, a scar,
 Furrowed, and deep, his spacious brow did mar.
 Its broad expanse pourtrayed a branded trail,
 Which told, of Heaven's deep-scorching-wrath, a tale ;
 Spake conflict held, in regions high and pure,
 And Rebel-pride, and sad discomfiture ;
 And glory lost when God's fierce lightnings fell,
 And hurled him, crushed, adown to Nether-Hell !

“ Thou Child of Dust !”

’Twas thus his speech began ;

“ Hail ye in Space, thou earth-despising man.

“ Thou Child of Dust !

What ?

Fear'st not—Dost not bow ?

“ These realms of Light amidst, what seekest thou ?

“ The realms of Air are these, my right resigned,

“ And I¹, their prince, answering thy asking mind,

“ Thy wishes known, though breathed not now, nor told,

“ Have hither sped, with thee awhile to hold

“ Communion deep ; and now explain to thee

“ Thy long-sought soul, Earth's painful mystery.

¹ Satan, the prince of the power of the air.

“ Thy wish I heard as midst my peers I sate—
 “ Their spirits awed, and ruled their stern debate ;
 “ ’Twas scarcely formed, had not attained full birth,
 “ Ere I, for thee, had circumvolved the Earth ;
 “ Not Earth alone, but Earths, most numberless,
 “ Which crowd around, on eye of thine to press
 “ With dread astonishment !

Say, Mortal, now,

“ Once more I ask, what seek’st—what wouldest thou ?
 “ *Knowledge,*” you say, “ *and truth, and light more pure,*
 “ *Than beams of Mind, past glimmerings obscure.*
 “ Go back to Earth awhile, I yonder see,
 “ And there Death’s hour await, when HE
 “ Who framed thee first from Eden’s valley-clod,
 “ Warmed thee with life, and told thee ‘ HE was God ;’
 “ Fooled thee with hopes, as yet unsatisfied ;
 “ Planted desires, but born to be denied ;
 “ Who gave thee thoughts, oft cherished here and prized,
 “ But such as ne’er by Man are realized ;
 “ With mother-dust again shall blend thy frame,
 “ For dust art thou, as first from Dust you came.
 “ Await this time ; thou can’st not now be wise ;
 “ Enjoy thy life, nor Death as foe despise ;
 “ For then, in state corrupt of foul decay,
 “ Shall God, at length, the wond’rous boon convey—
 “ The power to know thyself ! Oh wondrous love !
 “ Emblem of HE who rules in realms above !
 “ Methinks ’twere best to give that knowledge now,
 “ But we are fools, and can but humbly bow ;

" Instruction comes as fate ! 'Tis God's decree,
 " And backed by power of his authority !
 " Who dares resist ? The Lord 's Omnipotent !
 " And man should rest as thou art now, content ;
 " For God is good ! Submission too is wise ;
 " And just is HE who this, thy hope, denies.
 " Death shall disclose, the Grave at length explain
 " The grief it holds, tortures which there remain.
 " 'Tis good to hide its woes ! Bless God for this—
 " Knowledge were wrath, and Ignorance is bliss.
 " Await," I say, " that hour ; or else, to me,
 " (Who pities much Man's sensibility,
 " And would, upon his anxious thought, bestow
 " The wisdom asked, his future state to know,)
 " Give now attentive ear !

Frown not, nor flee,

" I would arouse thy slavish apathy,
 " Which makes thee dwell in ignorance, and pain,
 " Too wise to bless, too fearful to complain.
 " I'd show such power-tyrannical, that when
 " Fair contrast's made between the Fiends and Men,
 " There's happiness in Hell.

Shrink you at this ?

" Show me a joy, tell me of earthly bliss
 " Which is not made the sure but hidden blow
 " To fix upon thy soul a deeper woe
 " By felt comparison ? Affix thine eye
 " Upon each joy which issues now from tie

“ Of friendship’s link, or love, by God designed
 “ Thy hopes and fears on earthly things to bind ;
 “ And tell me then, if power of feeling’s given
 “ To reach thy heart’s best core, and then be riven,
 “ By such rude shock, as in the parting pain
 “ Forbids all hope that link to join again ?
 “ Can such adaption made, such powers for bliss,
 “ Conjoined to such bereaving act as this,
 “ Be merciful or just ?

Yet God, you say,

“ *Blessing—may blast ! Giving—may take away !*
 “ Adore him then ; I surely never meant
 “ To shake thy love ; be duteously content ;
 “ For surely God is good.

You say, you know,

“ *That Man to Misery is born, and Woe ;*
 “ *You Vengeance feel, and Pain, from God above,*
 “ *Yet count it Joy, and bless this wondrous love,*
 “ *Which manifests an all-protecting God ;*
 “ *And kiss the hand, and bend beneath the rod ;—*
 “ *You love his Word, and, uncomplaining, find*
 “ *Furrows of Grief engraved upon the mind ;*
 “ Bless on, and bow ; I seek in Man no prize ;
 “ Nor bid I thee such wondrous love despise !
 “ If woe and grief thy thankfulness inspire,
 “ Drink deep and bless, in gratitude expire.
 “ I hate the base and fawning sycophant
 “ Whose breast with hope of liberty will pant ;

“ Whose tongue, obsequious, tutored to lie,
 “ Will shout the praise of Him it would defy,
 “ Could Nature speak, or did it even dare
 “ To breathe its woe, or whispering, vent despair.
 “ Subjects I have, blessed with Angelic sense,
 “ Who shook God’s yoke, disclaimed allegiance,
 “ Because they saw, and need I now explain,
 “ That Grief *was* Grief, and Pain *was* surely Pain ;
 “ Who dared to feel, and utter discontent ;
 “ And grasped at things ’twere well he did prevent,
 “ A pre-perceiving mind, and power to be
 “ Like Gods indeed, Omnipotent, as HE.
 “ As Gods they fought, obtained unbounded sight,
 “ But sank beneath God’s still-enforced might,
 “ His power abused ! For ’tis abuse, and hate
 “ A power to have, and not communicate.
 “ And why should God, to Adam’s race, deny
 “ Or bliss or power he could indeed supply
 “ In measure infinite ? Or why create
 “ The need of woe, or cause afflictive state ?

 “ *The hand which smites, the power which rends, you*
 say,
 “ *The balm affords, and comforts too convey.*
 “ A duteous speech, devised for slavery,
 “ And conned, and learned in simple faith by thee.
 “ A duteous speech, but is it ever so ?
 “ Doth not the grave conceal full many a woe

" That never found, beneath the Hand-Divine,
 " One healing balm, one simple anodyne ?
 " All this is foolish faith. For fools ye be
 " To hug your woes, embrace your misery.
 " To writhe, yet bless ; endure, yet still rely ;
 " Be bruised, and crushed ; depend, and praise, and die !

" *An after-life,*" you say, with seeming sense,
 " *Shall yield to Faith the fullest recompense,*
 " *And payment make, more full and just than we,*
 " *Though urged to judge by partiality,*
 " *Could e'er assign.* Ah ! false, but blissful view !
 " And *I* could paint, and *I* could promise too ;
 " Could name far brighter things, *could* I deceive,
 " Or *could* I hope that man would now believe
 " The wild, the false, and vain non-entities
 " Which Faith upholds, but Reason's voice denies.
 " *He gives thee Life !*

He doth that boon convey ;

" But what is Life, if Man must soon decay,
 " And be a loathsome mass of earth, so vile,
 " Affection cannot bear, e'en for a while,
 " Thy foul offensiveness ? And what can be
 " Thy daily boast, thine immortality,
 " When silent worms, with noiseless tooth, possess
 " That most unsavoury-pile-of-rottenness—
 " The body of a man ? Yet this, Man knows,
 " Is all thy God in Mercy's hour bestows.

“ For this brief power, this heritage of days,
“ He asks thy love, demands thy fervent praise.
“ Shout ye, and sing ! and let your hymns outvie
“ The praise he claims from Seraphin on high.
“ Shout ye, and sing ! I bid ye not complain,
“ And trust, and die, and hope to live again ;
“ Walk blindly on, and every thought divest ;
“ Think not of Death, or all therein possessed ;
“ For God is good. Most merciful and wise.
“ ’Tis love that hides, ’tis mercy’s hand denies
“ The truth, which told, would make thee fully see
“ That escheat vile, thine Immortality,
“ Now promised and believed. Bless on, but know
“ That earth alone maintains the power of woe ;
“ That if pure joy and unmixed good abound,
“ They’re thine to make, and here on Earth are found.
“ Believe this truth, nor wait for future prize ;
“ And thence forego, hereafter-hopes despise.
“ In them behold that great but false decoy
“ Which Faith believes, and Envy doth employ,
“ To plunder thee of bliss, make thee resign
“ All natural joys, which are, or should be thine ;
“ And what the boon for which they’re cast away ?
“ TO FIND ‘ OBLIVION’S REALM’ POSSESS ‘ DECAY.’

“ Oh ! Man, you’re much deceived. Ah ! ’tis a pain
“ To see thee thus each mortal woe sustain.

“ To know, and in that patient eye, to see
“ The restless nerve of deep anxiety,
“ Which ye would hide, but cannot quite suppress ;
“ Which ye nor cloak, nor candidly confess.
“ Ah ! 'tis a dark and pitiable state
“ To see thee thus the mockery of Fate ;
“ To see thee sit, abundant good around,
“ And placed in spheres where joy and mirth abound ;
“ To know your wants, observe your longing eye,
“ See thee abstain, or lustingly deny ;
“ Then to behold deep ‘ Enmity ’ prepare
“ The tempting bait, so wond’rous and so fair,
“ And place the prize beneath thy ravished sight,
“ To catch thy hand, or feeling mind invite,
“ And see thee yet refrain. For Joy athirst,
“ Ready to snatch, and quaff, *if but ye durst*.
“ Ready to rush and taste the nectar near,
“ But held therefrom by visionary fear,
“ Which doth enthral thy mind.—And what this tie ?
“ Ye’re told, forsooth, that ye anon must die !
“ And, after death, fancy doth now invent
“ For Earthly sin—Eternal punishment.
“ Suppose ’twere so. Would God be just, or wise,
“ To make the free, the natural exercise
“ Of active powers, within thy frame combined,
“ The ceaseless, working heart, the wakeful mind,
“ The powers *he gave*, the *system’s-life* to be
“ A death-deserving lust—iniquity ?

“ You say your God is just.—And were he so,
“ *Could* he inflict an undeserved woe ?
“ *Would* he invent a power, and bid it waste ?
“ Or furnish fruits, and bid thee shun, nor taste ?
“ Let Reason this deny. Cast not away
“ The good thus framed, Nature doth now convey.
“ Hast thou a power—thy native strength employ.
“ Hast thou desire—surrounding good enjoy.
“ Receive, dispense, partake, and thence impart ;
“ Unrein thy thoughts, indulge thy yearning heart ;
“ And know, for truth, that man alone thereby
“ Can please, or praise, or fully glorify
“ His Maker and his God. Short time hath Man,
“ Live whilst ye may, revel whilst roam ye can.
“ Divest your mind of death ; or in it see
“ The state it is, a deep non-entity !
“ Let Life be Life, and given powers exert.
“ Let Death be Death, and slumber most inert.
“ Seek Brotherhood in Dust, find fellowship in Clay,
“ And rot ye there unconsciously as they.
“ Believe in this thy God ; nor knowledge spurn,
“ For Dust thou art, to Dust thou shalt return.
“ Thus spake thy God, in Oracle-divine,
“ It is no fraud, no sophistry of mine.
“ ’Tis truth most absolute. Did not the creed
“ In God have birth, and from his voice proceed ;
“ Surely the Tomb’s a test, and holds an evidence
“ Open to mind, and brought before thy sense,

“ To show the fallacy of future state ;
 “ And to convince, when life doth terminate,
 “ It doth destroy, and ever dispossess
 “ Thy soul of thought, or power, or consciousness ;
 “ That it obliterates identity ;
 “ Absolves all guilt, and sets man ever free
 “ From punishment or woe. Away with Fear,
 “ Behold your Joy, and seek your pleasures here.
 “ Unfetter'd live ; nor dread to sin and burn ;
 “ Renounce false hopes ; defy each mandate stern,
 “ And make thyself a Heaven whilst thou dost live,
 “ For Faith may paint, but God will never give
 “ Celestial Joys beyond ; nor can'st thou know
 “ For temporal crime a never-ending woe.

“ I know thy ling'ring doubt ;—that smile I see,
 “ Which scorns my theme, and tells, contemptuously,
 “ Of lessons early learned ; too well impressed
 “ To be erased from minds thus prepossessed.
 “ Ye will not hear, nor pause, to think, but thence
 “ More stubborn grow through entailed ignorance.

“ 'Tis right, you say, when Man, forewarned, doth sin
 “ Against each law and monitor within,
 “ That some controlling power should hold the scourge,
 “ And God's commands, and Nature's tie should urge
 “ The hand of crime to stay.

'Twere true—most true,

“ If ye ‘*to will*,’ if ye ‘*volition*’ knew.
 “ But know, that ye cannot a sin prevent.
 “ Ye are but tools, the worthless instrument,
 “ The deadly drug, the sword, the edged knife,
 “ Each weapon found, and used in fearful strife,
 “ And he who wields thine arm in murderous cause,
 “ The life to take, and break God’s written laws,
 “ Is God himself!

Aye, tremble not, nor flee,

“ Blanch not thy cheek, nor sink on bended knee,
 “ But brave his wrath, and fearlessly confess—
 “ *The Great-law-giving-God doth there transgress !*
 “ *Then lays the onus on the instrument,*
 “ *And tortures too, with condign punishment,*
 “ *Obedient Man ; who moves as in a trance,*
 “ *The passive slave of destined circumstance !*
 “ Hold fast this faith I fearlessly define,
 “ And give *me* praise, this glorious creed *is mine !*
 “ Ah! Man. Vain Man! Blended and bound in thee
 “ Are talents rare, and much absurdity.
 “ Thou’rt framed for Bliss, yet all things here below
 “ Or cause thee pain, or terminate in Woe.
 “ Fancy, awhile, may glowing forms present ;
 “ Yet thought doth fail, and is but impotent,
 “ If measured now by need. Thou seem’st to me
 “ A compound strange, a wild anomaly,

“ Composed of half-formed-good, and half-loved-crime,
“ Abortive made, and born before thy time ;
“ A fair design, wherein some beauties meet,
“ But feebly formed, abandoned incomplete.
“ ’Twas wantonness of will, unfeeling pride,
“ To frame thee thus, and cast thee thus aside.
“ And give thee too substantial powers, whereby
“ Thou ’rt ever led thyself to multiply,
“ Mis-shapen Elf thou art. Oh ! what a state
“ For God to form, and Man perpetuate !
“ A thing of *strong desires*, burning within,
“ But each *desire* a crime, each sating act a sin !
“ Thou did’st not frame thyself, and now, I know,
“ Thou darest not say, ‘ Why hast thou framed me so ? ’
“ The Man was clay—his Maker must design—
“ The fault was God’s—the misery is thine !

“ Behold the things around ! The very brute
“ Nor knows thy cares, nor is he destitute.
“ *His* means embrace his wants ; *he* is supplied ;
“ Whilst *thou* must seek, and toil, and be denied.
“ Man yearns for Truth, but knowledge never gains ;
“ He seeks for Joy, but Bliss he ne’er attains.
“ The brute, of thought and hope quite dispossessed,
“ Obtains *his* wants, therefore the brute is blessed ;
“ Whilst *thou* must kneel, and pray, and be denied,
“ Thy love abused, thy hopes unsatisfied.

“ Man calls himself the Sovereign-form of Earth ;
 “ Yet e’en the reptile tribes possess, at birth,
 “ Instinctive powers, for Nature to provide,
 “ Which, unto Man, are lacking and denied,
 “ Till words of tutelage, and oft-trained-Sense,
 “ Begets the power by long experience.
 “ Thus Man begins from vacuum of mind,
 “ Step after step, by slow degrees, to find
 “ How best he may his native strength employ ;
 “ What things reject, what seek, and what enjoy ;
 “ Just lives, the rudiments of life to learn,
 “ And frame some plans, by which he could discern
 “ The government of God, or good conveyed
 “ Within the world and things which he hath made ;
 “ Then dies :—And in that dark and dismal hour
 “ Lays down his consciousness, and every power,
 “ Begot and learned with much of pain and strife,
 “ The long-sought fruits of man’s laborious life.
 “ *Then* finds himself of talents dispossessed
 “ When he had learned to know and use them best.

“ And is there goodness here? Are these things wise ?
 “ Who gave the hope ? And who withholds the prize ?
 “ Are these *two powers* for Matter’s—mass and Sense,
 “ Creative both, and both at variance ?
 “ The one, in works of wisdom first employed,
 “ To frame such bliss, as were it once enjoyed,
 “ Ye had been God’s indeed ; the other, nigh,
 “ To frame mankind so most defectively,

- “ That ye can ne’er in bliss participate,
 “ Though such be nigh, and most appropriate.
 “ Methinks ’twere wise (*if God such good presents*)
 “ He should therefore provide recipients,
 “ Or else the good is worthless and misplaced ;
 “ A boon desired, a fruit ye fain would taste,
 “ Withering unplucked ; and perishing full nigh,
 “ To torture hope, or blast thy longing eye.
 “ But God is good ! Rejoice in thy desire !
 “ Hunger—and thirst—and famish—and expire !
 “ Bless God for good placed temptingly in sight,
 “ And bless him too for craving appetite,
 “ But think not ye to eat ! Man ate, and fell ;
 “ That mighty sin prepared the pit of Hell !
 “ At least ’tis thus the specious fable goes
 “ Which seems to justify the entailed woes,
 “ Since natural to man. Not so, say I ;
 “ Eat—drink—enjoy—partake, or else defy.
 “ And let not this, a phantom of the brain,
 “ Benumb thy powers, or active thoughts restrain,
 “ Or ye are dead before you are summoned hence ;
 “ Dead in your powers, inanimate in sense ;
 “ And as no life there is beyond the tomb,
 “ Ye’re useless formed, and bear ye, from the womb,
 “ Amidst your toil, and during daily strife,
 “ A sense—denied, a vegetable life !

 “ And I could tell thee more. I could extend
 “ Affirmative, and proof, and statements without end,

“ But thou art thankless grown ; I thought thee wise
“ When thou would’st seek thy life-time’s mysteries.
“ I heard thee frame for knowledge-true desire ;
“ Uncalled I came, unbidden here retire.
“ If I have read to thee the Book of Fate,
“ Thence learn my love the most compassionate ;
“ And know me then, though fraud may be assigned,
“ To be thy friend ; I pity much mankind,
“ And would unbind their chains. I’ve told thee nought
“ Thou hast not felt, and oft indulged in thought.
“ No thought can rise, no hope thy mind engage,
“ But hath some source, and claims some parentage ;
“ What good, instructive spirit then was nigh ?
“ Or was it Gabriel’s self? or was it I ?
“ Or HE—your bounteous God ?—Would *he* thus deign
“ His ways to teach ; motives would *HE* explain ?
“ He smites indeed, and he will oft reprove,
“ But doth he thus each mystery remove,
“ And make thy path more clear ? I tell thee nay ;
“ Behold the source !—for *mine* hath been the sway !
“ I’ve sought, and urged, and oft have goaded thee,
“ Along the line of years, from infancy,
“ Because I saw, and read within thine eye,
“ If once convinced, thou’dst curse thy God, and die !
“ I saw in thee no mixed or middle state,
“ But love supreme, or deep and dreadless hate,
“ As thou wert drawn, or as thy waiting sense,
“ Beheld in God ‘ Unchanged Benevolence.’

- “ Now look around. Thy griefs and pains observe.
 “ Do they claim thanks, or gratitude deserve?
 “ Behold your hopes—all blasted they’ere blown!
 “ Your labours see—all perished or unknown!
 “ Where can’st thou now thy former comforts find?
 “ All torn away, for call them not resigned;
 “ Thy tongue so mute, thy patient-seeming smile,
 “ Deceived thyself, but could not me beguile.
 “ I know thee well. ’Twas hardihood, so deep,
 “ Crush me! you cried, thou can’st not make me weep!
 “ And then thy prayers, and thy false praises too,
 “ Poured forth with smiles, e’en in the very view
 “ Of coming ills, which thou did’st yet abide
 “ With Faith, so called, but I should name it pride—
 “ Which would not bow to man, nor would confess
 “ Thy stifled woe, nor tell thy mind’s distress;
 “ But, traced to source-divine, could bend to say,
 “ They’re *Thine* to give, they’re *Thine* to take away!
 “ That specious Faith, which, with its placid eye,
 “ Could onward look, with fixed resolve, and cry,
 “ (As once again dark Fate thy cup did fill,
 “ I’ll drink it, Lord, if yet it be thy Will!

 “ Ah! what were these? In them I fully see
 “ The borrowed mask, the flimsy mockery;
 “ Thou *can’st* not love, thou *art not* now content,
 “ To kiss the hand which brings such chastisement.

“ Nor *can'st* thou say, when smitten from above,
 “ Thy knee, submissive bent, is bent in love.
 “ Is not such deed an act of boasting sense
 “ Which crouches thus beneath Omnipotence ?
 “ And art thou not the pliant reed which bends
 “ And bows, and yields beneath the blast that rends
 “ The things of stubborn growth ?

'Tis well—'tis wise ;

“ Submit, and bow, till HE doth bid thee rise.
 “ That prostrate form, that low and bended knee,
 “ Doth suit thee well, and much becometh thee.
 “ Oh ! homage puré ! I would not dispossess
 “ Thy God of slaves, nor Man of passiveness.
 “ Nor would I now of unction cozen thee,
 “ Nor tasteless make the wily flattery
 “ Which, in Man's form, or even in his mind,
 “ Leads ye the likeness-mark of God¹ to find.
 “ Claim ye this prize.—Explain it ye who can.—
 “ I am not God—nor would I be a man !

“ In those six days, of labour strange, when ye
 “ Were first annealed to hold earth's regency,
 “ I hovered nigh, my one intent to find—
 “ The powers on Man bestowed, his given-depth of mind.
 “ And, oh ! what specious promises were made
 “ If laws were loved, and mandates strange obeyed ;

¹ Let us make man in our own image.

“ The which, to me, so frivolous appeared ¹,
“ They powerless proved, and could not be revered.
“ A pretext then was framed to justify
“ The measure strange, that human souls must die ;
“ Grievs were denounced, deep woes were then assigned,
“ And death stalked forth to subjugate mankind.
“ Death reigned supreme ! Whether for Good or Ill,
“ Ask not of me, ’twas His, your Maker’s will !
“ Your *Maker* called, but your *Destroyer* say ;
“ The power he gave, and yet, to this, thy day,
“ Pity nor love Death’s arm hath ne’er restrained,
“ But well hath he accorded right maintained.
“ Mortals are slaves ! Death holds the right to be
“ The curse of Man, and claims earth’s sovereignty.
“ In Man’s young days, in your world’s infant-tide,
“ People were thin, and few, and scattered wide.
“ Death’s arm moved slowly then o’er vacant earth,
“ His harvest-rich was less than scanty dearth.
“ Mankind despised him then, as feeble foe,
“ Whom strength might foil, or numbers overthrow ;
“ They lived, they multiplied, each daily birth
“ With thousand souls replenished then the earth.
“ If haply one, by strength or wit alert,
“ His power had braved, unstricken or unhurt ;
“ Or through the press, unnoticed or unseen,
“ Had passed him by, such oversight had been

¹ But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat ; for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.

“ A victory gained, which Time or deeper skill
“ Might more mature, and chance at length fulfil.
“ Whilst Man, from Death, the sceptre soon should wrest,
“ And henceforth live eternally and blessed.
“ But, ye silly worms, ye most confiding fools,
“ Ye brutes in comprehensive powers, ye tools
“ Of powers insatiate ! Ye did not know
“ Ye were Death’s slaves, your earth his throne below !
“ Passed centuries tell his early regal hour,
“ Millions have cursed, and some have blessed his power ;
“ But curse they loud, or bless they, each and all,
“ Alike they die, alike they’re doomed to fall ;
“ As subject free, or most reluctant slave,
“ His power confess, and perish in the grave.

“ ’Tis thus, in wasteful wantonness, that God
“ Creates a world, and thus, to valley-clod,
“ Gives life and misery !—Thus flatters Man,
“ (Whose vapoury life scarce reaches now a span,)
“ To live, desire, exult, and multiply,
“ Then lay him down in bitterness to die.
“ With many a wish instilled, he bids them rise
“ Towards a home long-promised in the skies ;
“ And as upon Hope’s pinnacle they stand,
“ Their frame he grasps within Destruction’s hand ;
“ Th’ essential soul doth thence unmoved express,
“ As liquid ye from out the pulp would press ;

“ Then hurls the worthless mass, the impoverished clay,
 “ Far out, into ‘ *deep emptiness,*’ away !
 “ Into a void, soul-peopled unto thee,
 “ But ‘ *emptiness-confirmed*’—Eternity ! !”

And Satan paused ! But, ere vibration’s chord
 To pulsate ceased, moved thus by voice abhorr’d ;
 A chorus full seemed quickly then to rise
 From spirits false, peopling the stars and skies.
 Above, beneath, around, far-off, and near,
 Distant in space, and nigh my spirit’s ear ;
 Each atom’s-breast found voice, deep vacancy found tongue,
 As thus, in measured unison, they sung ;
 With evidence unsought, fierce hosts of Hell,
 Confirming words which then from Satan fell ;
 Contemptuous words, defaming Deity,
 And fixing hate, and rage, and cruelty,
 On every work of God ! Making this life
 An useless toil, an unproductive strife ;
 Showing a God capricious and perverse ;
 And making Man the mark of many a curse !

The Chorus.

“ Aye, thus ’twill be until for sickle-thrust
 “ Your earth is ripe, and till oblivion’s dust
 “ Bestrews the dark, obscures the fading page
 “ Of your fleet day, and Man’s inglorious age.

“ Till Heaven hath told her number out of years,
“ And Fate hath summed the reckoning due of spheres ;
“ Till loudest winds have breathed their parting sigh,
“ And their puffed cheeks have outblown their supply
“ Of vapoury rage upon the fainting sea,
“ And urged the leap of Time’s last bounding sea !

“ Until yon Sun, which beams and shineth now,
“ Hath dashed, in gloom, the chaplet from his brow,
“ And latest beam hath glanced on earth, his child,
“ Whose youth he fed, upon whose age he smiled !

“ Until ‘farewell’ the parting Moon hath told
“ To all those spheres, companions claimed of old ;
“ And shining stars wept down, as floods of tears,
“ At fading rays, of those, her sister-spheres,
“ Throughout time loved, with Seraph-love alone,
“ And nightly decked with her own silvery zone.

“ Till Heaven’s last fires—the lightning’s dying ray,
“ Shall far outbeam the lustre bright of day,
“ And scorch with heat, no ocean-fount can tame,
“ Your Earth’s dry field to full and fiercest flame !

“ Till thunders deep shall their dread lungs inflate
“ To bellow forth the last roar of their hate ;
“ And HE who earth bestrides, and air, and sea,
“ Whose brow reflects a known divinity ;

“ His hand shall lift, towards all Nature’s head,
“ And swear ‘by Him’ who farthest space outspread ;

“ Who gave each globe first impetus to run,
“ In Heaven’s blue vault first magnetized the sun ;
“ And through its pores, ignitable with lightness,
“ Did deeply dash a beam of his own brightness !

“ By him, who bade the mountain swell on high,
“ The sea to roll and mingle spray with sky ;
“ Who lightning lent its bright and rapid wing ;
“ To thunders gave deep voice of threatening !

“ Till he, the Angel bright, from Courts of God,
“ Shall spread the gates of vacancy abroad,
“ And then, with voice of seven-fold thunder’s power,
“ To Man proclaim Eternity’s first hour ;

“ Shall swear that Time its last wide round hath roll’d ;
“ And shall, as scroll, these azure Heavens unfold ;
“ And as a bark first cleaves the liquid sea,
“ Your earth shall launch into—Eternity ! !”

The chorus ceased ;—The Demon darkly frowned ;—
His arm he waved exultingly around ;—
Contemptuous glanced his eye ;—his bearing proud ;
As thus, from nearest globe, an echo loud

The closing couplet caught of that false strain,
And passed it on, to swell and sink again.
From globe to globe it rolled ; from link to link ;
Each voice less long, less loud, and less distinct ;
Dying in space, as billow doth of sea,
Until, the last deep word—‘Eternity’—
From globes remote did seem but faintly sighed,
Vibration ceased—the song—the chorus died !

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

BOOK II.

Invocation.

Dreams!—What *are* ye? Spirit—or Mind—or Soul,
That ye can roam without this Frame's controul?
Rambling—straying—over kingdoms sweeping—
Whilst we are dead, or seem so, death-like sleeping?

Dreams!—Whence *come* ye? Or whither do ye spring,
When ye, to eye of sleep, are visioning?
Wild thoughts are ye, which in my mind were fleeting?
Or Spirits free, with my strayed-Spirit meeting?

Dreams!—What *tell* ye? What speak ye to the Heart?
Or do ye truth, or fiction's tale impart?
Are visions drawn for sober Mind's believing?
Or pictures false our thoughtless souls deceiving?

Dreams!—*How* speak ye? And *how* are ye impressed?
 What waking sense, what feeling is addressed?
 When sleep with gay thoughts ye are soothing—cheering—
 And 'neath your thunders-deep we're writhing—fearing?

Ye Dreams of soft and soothing influence!
 Are ye then sent as cheering evidence
 That o'er our heads a watchful Angel's bending
 Our Souls from ill, our frames from Death defending!

Dreams!—*Why* speak ye? Whither would ye lead?
 Can ye tell ought for future days decreed?
 Do ye *converse* in slumbers to amuse me?
 Can ye *convince* with Conscience to accuse me?

Ye Dreams, which tell of terror, speak of death;
 Deep pangs of heart, fierce struggles to the breath;
 Are ye of Woe a foretaste then invented,
 When Souls are lost, and Conscience is tormented?

Dreams!—Ye are wondrous! Undefinable!
 Your birth, your use are unassignable!
 Something like life on slumber's-eye expanding;
 And Spirit's aid to phantasma commanding!

Dreams! all unreal; too bright are some to last;
 The lover's hope, the fond bereaved's past;
 Sweeter than life, with pleasure overpowering!
 Deeper than woe, the present grief devouring!

Sleep! the Mind's rest! What makes it rest to thee,
 When thou art life and full activity?
 Thou'rt resting best when Fancy floats about thee!
 No rest thou need'st, no rest there is without thee!

Sleep!—What givest thou? Where holdest thou thy balm?
 Grief's opiate what? And what the Spirit's calm?
 Flinty the down, when care the couch infesteth;
 Downy the flint, when sleep on eye-lid resteth!

Sleep, thou restorer! Friend of the Forlorn!
 Healer of minds Affliction's—rod hath torn!
 The hand art thou, of comfort, whence we borrow,
 Rest when o'er-wrought; relief-time in our sorrow!

Sleep—Visions—Dreams! Ye Sisters soft of rest!
 Balm to the Mind, refreshment to our breast!
 Yield ye that boon where most it is demanded?
 Are ye implored, or can ye be commanded?

Sleep—Visions—Dreams! So awful or so sweet,
 In ye a mine of mysteries do meet!
 Art hath not learned, Man's wisdom hath not found ye!
 Mind breaks not through the shadows that surround ye!

Sleep—Visions—Dreams! Some ray extend to me;
 Painted with Truth, touched with sublimity;
 Peopling the dark, the gloom with life displacing,
 Building in dreams, unfounded schemes effacing!

Sleep—Visions—Dreams ! Give power to see and hear
 Words in Time's womb, events that shall appear ;
 Conscience address, and whilst the heart is feeling,
 Give ye reproof, instruction be ye sealing !

Sleep—Visions—Dreams ! Seasons of daily rest ;
 Thus be ye spent, be thus your visits blest !
 Till I prepare, by sin and guilt forsaking,
 For Sleep of Death, and for ' Eternal waking.'

Why speak of Dreams ? Why waste the precious time
 On wandering thoughts, or grovelling, or sublime,
 Which come, and go, in questionable shape,
 So vaguely speak, perplex, and then escape ?

Who tells me now, though fanciful I seem,
 That I but rave, or, as in phrenzy, dream ?
 What—though mine eye was closed—must it yet be
 All dark within, and all obscurity ?
 What—though mine ear was dull, heavy, and bound
 To earthly speech, and mortal voice and sound,
 Could it not hear the still small voice within,
 Telling of guilt and many a doubt and sin
 Which I, in former life, in days of youthful pride,
 Had first approved, or suffered to abide,
 With passive sloth, as confidential guest,
 Within my heart, and harboured in my breast ?

It matters not whether the frame possess
 Its waking powers, or sleep's unconsciousness ;
 Whether the demon shape, or Tempter's word,
 Was seen by me, by fleshly organ heard ;
 For Satan's form, and words, and echoes wide,
 Were but my thoughts and doubts personified.

I left the Tempter then, that Evil One,
 In all the pride of fancied conquest won ;
 His speech yet fills mine ear, as it was meant
 To fill my heart with rage, and discontent !
 As thus, with false, but rapid eloquence ;
 With fraudulent design, but fair pretence,
 And with the song, the minstrelsy of Hell,
 The foe of Heaven, and Man, and God, did tell
 A worthless life bestowed.—With libellous rage
 He did misprint Creation's-title-page.
 He promised Man a brighter mental light
 With it, of future things, a full insight ;
 Withholding hope, gainsaying future bliss,
 He gave despair in all its bitterness,
 Showed lurking Death contained in every bower,
 Told plagues concealed, poisons in every flower ;
 He masked the Truth, and fraudfully entwined
 A rayless gloom upon my Spirit's mind.
 Of worlds decayed, he told ; of stars-out-burned ;
 Of nations lost, dominions o'erturned.
 He told of Man, at first created free,
 Now wrapt in Death and foul putridity :

Of life subdued, the tongue of friendship hushed,
 Of love-ties torn, and heart's-affections crushed ;
 Of noble minds and ardent spirits gone,
 And lost in realms of dark oblivion !
 Of budding flowers, he told, wither'd and past,
 And strewed, sere-leaves, by Death's untimely blast,
 Which made their lives and loves, a fabled jest,
 And quenched their hopes of everlasting rest !
 He told how Time, and Death, and deep distress
 Should make this world, though thronged, a wilderness
 Where nought but woe should reign ; and did refer
 To Man's wide grave, and Nature's sepulchre ;
 But spake not peace, nor blissful prospect gave,
 Nor stilled Death's fears, not lit its gloomy wave ;
 Nor beacon held to guide the wanderer o'er,
 Nor pointed he to Heaven's Eternal shore !

Peace, Tempter, peace ! Peace all ye host unseen !
 Peace ye who dare yourselves to thrust between
 My Spirit's eye and God ! And would ye separate
 A soul from Him who did that soul create ?
 The Soul I seek, would learn its destiny,
 Seek it in Nature's page, but ask not thee !
 Cannot my thought, cannot my feeble eye,
 E'er roam on earth, or travel on through sky ;
 Cannot my Mind attempt each truth to know,
 But thou shalt strive the seed of hate to sow ?
 Knowledge I seek ; but shalt thou therefore press
 My wavering Soul with thoughts of Doubtfulness ?

Shall reasoning raise, or shall research imply,
Injurious thoughts disclaiming Deity ?

Satan, away ! Nature, and nought beside,
I now would seek to be my Spirit's guide !
How full her stores of ample matter, whence
Our minds may draw the wanted evidence !
Surely a doctrine full we may deduce
From data there, so ample, so profuse,
That Man may run, and fleetly running, read,
God's laws enfixed, Eternal things decreed ;
On these, methinks, the 'foot of Thought' should rise,
And trace the Soul beyond the farthest skies.

Now *Nature* hold thy place, acquit thee well,
Whilst I, from things which in thy bosom dwell,
The truth extract. With every proof replete,
The standard thou by which we mortals mete,
How much is dead, how much is life's controul ;
How much survives, and what may be 'the Soul.'
Inward I look. My troubled Soul reply.
Shall each fond thought, each mental energy,
With this my frame expire ? All I possess,
Of knowledge gained, sink in forgetfulness ?
Shall they then waste, or be absorbed away,
Mouldering with dust, and perishing with clay ?
Art thou a gift, justly dispensed and free ?
Or art thou this—the veriest mockery ?

An ignis-fatuus-flame, a vapoury thing,
 Which tempts, but doth elude our reasoning?
 A loan, indefinite, unsought by me;
 Withdrawn ill-timed; recalled capriciously?
 Amidst the mass, which Mind doth generate;
 Those 'roots of Thought,' dost thou now vegetate,
 As plant zoophistic; nourished there, and fed
 By tepid blood-drops, softly filtered,
 And sent, by tortuous lines, and sinuous ways,
 Through matter's pores, and through cerebral maze?
 And, when thy root, by many a storm is worn,
 Shalt thou, from life's bleak rock, be rudely torn;
 And shall Death's wave strew thee, as weed, upon
 That gloomy shore—Man's dark oblivion?

Say! Dost thou lurk within the secret cell
 Of this my throbbing heart? Dost thou *there* dwell,
 Making the seat of life thy throne, and *thence*,
 Throughout the branching veins, dost thou dispense
 Thy mandate-words, thy will?

Dost thou *present*,

Or dost thou *ask* internal nourishment?
 Art thou the *breath*?—Suspend its flow—thou'rt sped!
 The *blood*?—Withdraw it hence—our life is fled!
Each seems a *life*, yet neither can be thee,
 Or where, my Soul, that *immortality*
 For which thou yearnest oft?

If *Thought*, why then
 At birth so feebly traced, so scarcely felt in Men?
 Or if, improved by time, the Spirit be,
 Wrought out, and perfect made progressively;
 Controllable, subduable by Man,
 How short this life, though held to lengthened span,
 For science so obscure; which doth include
 Interest of deep and awful magnitude!
 And, if the Soul but vital be, as *breath*;
 Why trembling made 'accountable in Death?

Shall I, with dark Arabia's sons, suppose
 That in the breast of all mankind there flows
 One common Soul; distributed midst Men,
 And subdivided oft, and oft again?
 Or, with the red Egyptian sage, now think
 That many souls, confessing common link,
 Pervade the breast of one? Each Thought, one Soul;
 Each passion-fierce, one Deity's controul?

Is Death, Annihilation's blow? A deep,
 A dark, a dreamless state—Eternal sleep?
 Or shall the careless Soul, devoid of fear,
 Which wastes probation's day, and slumbers here,
 But sink in 'lap of Death,' then wake to see
 That Heaven's no dream, and Hell reality?

And what is Heaven? And can I hence descry,
The land above, the realms beyond the sky?
Can Thought now penetrate those fields-afar,
The 'Heaven of Heavens,' unsullied by a star?

But Heaven, alas! is placed so far away;
And I am held, my flight restrained by clay;
I can but ask, and yet for knowledge cry,
To rolling stars, and comets as they fly;
Oh! whither—whither is thy way? Or where
Thy path, thou fleet, thou glorious messenger?
Is it amidst those spots, far-off, of light,
Which faintly beam, and tempt my aching sight;
And seem so far to spread, so high to rise,
They must o'erlook outworks of other skies;
And glimpse that land, if land indeed there be,
Where we have mapped a wide Eternity?
Are they some favoured worlds, selected few,
To whom 'tis given to take a distant view
Of endless realms of Joy?—Knowledge forbidden
To mortals' mind, land from his eye-balls hidden!

And thou, bright band, zoning Immensity;
Effulgent path; bespangled density!
Ye stars; as ocean-sands for multitude,
Do ye enclose our Heaven? And are ye strewed
So thickly round these denser balls, that we
Must first attain a spirit's subtlety,
Ere we can pierce your web?

Dispel my doubt ;

Though Earth within, is't Heaven, *all Heaven* without ?

Here nestle worlds, *here* beauteous globes are strewed,

Is all *without* one vast Infinitude ?

How lovely are ye untold stars ; all ye

That light Heaven's dome, and dwell with Deity !

Lovely, though still ; like Beauty's breast in sleep,

Around whose form admiring Angels keep

Their vigils pure !

Within thy hush, soft night,

How oft have I, with rapture and delight,

Your twinkling faces sought, and gazed awhile,

The sleepless hours of midnight to beguile ;

Till I could *hope*, and almost could *believe*

My heart a ray of purity received

From such communion ! I've sought to read

Creation's lines, and that mysterious creed

Which on your leaves, as Reason's evidence,

Is writ on high, and read by opening sense,

“ Proclaiming there, for ever as they shine,

“ Glorious is God !—Our Maker is divine !”

Then hath my Thought, with race untaint with vice,

Peopled your globes, and built a paradise

Within the heart of every shining star,

Where we, though now from happiness afar,

By soft approach, at length absorbed may be,

And fitting made for blessed Eternity.

And then, as flitting whispers faintly grew,
 And tear-like fell the softest midnight dew,
 That whisper soft—was it your sympathy?—
 And fell those tears for my Soul's misery—
 My Woe? Ye smile—On me ye beam with love—
 My hope is raised—my eager thought above
 All utterance! Now—now—I fancy ye
 Some kindred forms, once earth, now heavenly—
 Whose honoured lot it is to hover nigh
 Our sin-sunk world, there watch th' expiring eye;
 And as Man's breast by woe and grief is riven,
 Receive the Soul, and marshal it to Heaven!

Ye stars, bright stars, which shed your influence wide,
 At mortal births reputed to preside;
 Reach ye, rule ye, the thoughts or deeds below?
 Impart ye love, or mingle ye with woe?
 Wide is your path—afar your fixed way—
 Can ye to earth your '*influence*' convey?
 Do ye affix each good or evil hour;
 Give weakness strength, or paralyze our power?
 What hath your mass by its remoteness gained?
 What branch of God's omnipotence obtained;
 That ye shall urge, or ye shall fetter me,
 The fated slave of '*astral destiny*'?
 Who rules my fate in yonder firmament?
 Who smites unseen? Or who can Death prevent?

Who leads my thoughts? Or who directs my way?
 (Thou'rt weak, my star, and I am wont to stray!)
 Gird thou my loins, that I may strength possess;
 And thou, my star, increase thy watchfulness,
 Lest I, subdued, from powerful foe, should flee,
 Or sink beneath the wily treachery
 Of him, the enemy of souls, intent
 On deeds of woe 'twere mercy to prevent!
 Be swift to aid! By portents answer me!
 Or else belie '*by-gone astrology*,
 Which did, in foretime's superstitious age,
 Befool mankind with cabalistic page,
 And figures cast in vain!

No movement's made;

No warning voice, no latent strength's conveyed;
 Stars—worlds—and suns—ye cannot fate controul,
 Ye're far outshone, outvalued by a Soul!

Ye stars, bright stars!—Ye much perplex mine eye!
 So pure, so soft, sparkling ye deck the sky;
 Ye seem, ah! no, it must not, cannot be,
 Almost a Heaven, almost a home for me!
 Back then, ye stars! (I speak in accents fond)
 Retire, ye spheres, that I may look beyond!
 Expand, ye Heavens! Unfold, ye azure skies!
 Your curtain draw, celestial mysteries!
 Fall back, ye intervening worlds, till through
 Your ring-like orbits bright I catch one view,

One transcient glimpse of that long promised goal
Whereto my bounding Thought and anxious Soul
Do seem upon the wing ! Give me, ere yet
My day is past, and ere life's sun is set,
My home to glimpse, my destination see,
Or Heaven is dark, and doth afford to me
Nothing but doubt, perplexity, and pain ;
Nothing to love, to seek, or to obtain !

Ye midnight stars, which make my spirit stray !
Ye lofty stars, which drew the soul away
Of Israel's kingly bard, to thence possess
Such true esteem of human nothingness ;
That he, humbled indeed, but still elate,
Broke forth in strains which shall perpetuate
His pious love, and well-instructed sense
Of Man's, and Earth's pure insignificance ;
Praising his God, that HE should condescend
To hear Man's cry, or to his wants attend,
Whilst worlds, in myriads, more pure and fair,
Bespoke his love, required his constant care !
What saw the Bard ? What surmised property,
Beyond your beauteous forms, or brilliancy,
Did then awake the strain ? Did Thought and Sense
Furnish his mind with fullest evidence
That ye were peopled worlds, with Souls supplied,
And tongues, and creatures too, diversified ;

But universal they in their intent,
All to unfold, and all at length present,
The Glory of our God? And could he see
The vast amount of Heaven's full treasury
Of worlds and souls (If Souls indeed abound,
And such interminable things be found
In God's economy)? Methinks 'tis well
That human souls are made ethereal ;
Or such a birth as teams from globes below
Would cause the Heavens at length to overflow ;
And Souls, home-called, must hustle through the sky
To reach God's throne, or stand beneath his eye.
Methinks 'tis wondrous wise to free the Soul
From this its flesh, and from the frame's controul,
Or else, in eddies formed by rushing tide,
Reluctant Souls may linger oft, or hide ;
Forced to appear ; *made, murmuring,* to obey ;
Rolling to add and multiply the way ;
Urged—whilst some haste ; lagging—whilst some would
flee ;
Anxious to wear into Eternity ;
And steal an atom thus from grief away,
By speed withheld, postponement, and delay,
Most ineffectual ! Ye Hosts of Heaven !
Were form, substantial form, to Spirits given ;
Or were they visible to mortal sight
(Floating o'er forms, as doth phosphoric light

O'er substances impure; extracted thence
 By lunar beams, electric influence),
 From each bright star, what highroads should we see,
 Of streaming light, and vapoury brilliancy;
 Showing the 'flight of Souls' unto the sense;
 Marking the transit-path of Spirit hence;
 And, with effulgent light, tracing the line
 From every globe unto their home-divine!
 Oh! All ye stars!—What objects would ye be,
 Streaming with rays of immortality!
 And how would such bright evidence explain
 The knowledge asked and sought of ye in vain,
 Of—“*Are there Souls—and how are they made known?*”
 Of “*What is Heaven—where situate God's throne?*”

Ye morning stars, which sang harmoniously,
 Have ye been taught to hymn this mystery?
 Or thou, soft, silent moon; whose noiseless tread
 So oft invites, and leads from midnight bed,
 With calls to contemplate. Hast thou not heard,
 When all is hushed—and not a vapour stirred;
 When hurricanes have crept into their cave,
 And lulling winds are lapped upon the wave;
 When o'er wide-Earth no motion is awake,
 And ocean sinks, as though it feared to break
 The slumbers of the breeze, which on its breast,
 As fretful child, had sobbed itself to rest;

Hast thou not then, with deep attention, heard
The echoed voice, the whispers of God's word ?

'Tis at this hour that we award to thee
Attraction's most combined intensity ;
And wonder not, as thou dost lamp the skies,
That untaught minds thine orb should idolize ;
For bright thou art, and pure !

We wonder if thine eye

Can this lost world, and our lost souls descry ;
And if indeed thou art the ' soul's-abode'
Of friends withdrawn ; one stage upon the road
Which doth conduct to realms where nought is found
Wherein the taints, or spots of sin abound ;
A holy clime ; to be at length attained,
By travelling through each orb ; in each detained
Till we one crust-like coat of sin have shed,
Which on our hearts' best core had hardened ;
Reaching that long-sought land progressively
(If we progression make in purity),
But, gathering sin, as deeper crust, around,
Must then recede, where dark globes still abound,
The globes reserved for flame ! Cast back awhile ;
Removed once more from God's approving smile ;
And if, for sin, infliction be not made,
To find, at least, our happiness delayed !

*Beatitude, attained progressively !
Tuitive faith ; and gradual purity !*

Migrative Souls ! running the line

Of classed globes for virtuous discipline !

Unfounded schemes, and idle thoughts, like these,

Fancy employ ; imagination please ;

And reckless men, who farthest walk from God,

Assent thereto, and give approval's nod,

But thou dost *know* ; for thou ('tis said) the first step art

Where spirits now, half purified, depart ;

And thy meek voice may surely tell

The state of Souls which there abound and dwell ;

Hast thou no message-kind from God to me ?

No tidings-sure of Soul's eternity ?

But ye are matter all ! Lifeless and dense !

Ye do not hold, nor can ye give, an evidence

Of Spirit ne'er contained ! Most rash it were,

In search of Soul, to substance to refer ;

Or seek the Soul from forms, or analyze

All matter brought from earth, or air, or skies ;

Or view deposits made, with eye intent,

Essence the Soul is not, nor sediment.

Yet, many say, that hovering all around,

The Spirits-freed, in ether-pure abound.

Angels of good ; their office ministrant,

To kindle love, and holy thoughts implant !

Mayhap, amidst those Spirits nigh, there's one

Outmarked, by love, for my communion ;

Some former friend, who, though withdrawn, yet tries,
 By Nature's voice—memory which never dies—
 By whisperings of former love, and thence
 By heavenly hopes, and spiritual influence,
 To lead me from this world. And I would joy
 In such research my reason to employ.

There must be Souls!—If they, as spirits, are,
 Yet doomed t' appear before the Judgement bar,
 There must, e'en now, be intermediate state,
 Where they, in fear, or consciousness, await
 The Resurrection-trump! It cannot be
 That Spirits rest enchained in lethargy!
 Nor roam they now at will! Indulgence 'twere,
 Too great for guilt, all semblance to defer
 Of that restraint, and that fire-bound controul,
 Which doth await the sin-seduced Soul,
 And leave it thus—almost Eternity—
 Which it may pass so fetterless and free,
 That it, in so much good, immediate,
 Might seem for Heaven, far-off, to compensate.
 If Souls there be, and these Souls are detained,
 Till they, by flesh—that's-risen, are regained;
 Then there's a depôt now, a Soul's-home too,
 Without such spot can Heaven or Hell be true?

Spirits! or Souls! from out your frames expelled!
 Spirits—or Souls—in Time's-abeyance held!—

Ye—in your homes—I anxious would beseech ;
If voice of prayer your habitation reach !
Departed Souls ! Or be ye good or bad !
Ye joyous Souls, or all ye Spirits sad !
Ye anxious Souls ; that unconvinced sit,
If Justice crush, or Mercy's voice acquit !
Ye pending Souls, which hang the Heavens betwixt,
With life unjudged, eternal doom unfixed !
Ye sentence-waiting Souls, who now, in Time,
Escape the doom, the punishment of crime ;
Unblest—uncurst—unheaven'd yet—unhell'd—
Uncheer'd by saints—by demon-voice unquelled—
Some spot is there, some intermedial ground—
Some neutral state, where formless Souls are found,
Oblivious all, awaiting Judgement day ;—
No useful life, no wasting, no decay ;
Herded and huddled there ; admixture sad ;
In heterogeneous heaps of good and bad ;
Commingle deep, in mass, yet separate still,
As are the liquid water-drops which fill
Our seas and oceans here ? The ocean-wide,
Methinks I see, in deep and silent pride,
Rolling immense !—My heart is filled—and Thought,
Homewends with awe, and deep emotion fraught !
Yet, though sublime that mighty ocean be,
'Tis but—' the one palm-drop of Deity !'—
And Man hath rode upon its raging breast—
Hath laid his hand upon its foaming crest—

Hath driven his prow unto its farthest bound—
 And circumscribed it oft, in length and breadth, around—
 But, thought so dread, if in the mind instilled,
 As ‘boundless seas, with human Souls upfilled,
 As water-drops close-pressed,’ must waft us wide
 Beyond the range of strong conception’s tide.

Deep, plumless seas!—Rolling in restlessness!—
 With essence filled, and Mind, but matterless!
 Filling each day—increasing hour by hour—
 In depth augmented by incessant shower
 Of human Souls!—Silent—continual—
 Into the Gulf of Death they ever fall—
 As fast—as numerous strewn—as frigidly
 As plenteous rain down-pattering on the sea!—
 A mass of Souls!—Condensing as they fall!—
 And yet distinct—and so divisible—
 That, mingled thus, in this immortal sea,
 Each Soul preserves its ‘individuality!’

Is this ‘young thought’ a crudely formed *conceit*?
 Or *truth*, which soon its parallel shall meet?
 Speak out—ye mute and dormant Spirits speak!
 And truth impart; for truth alone I seek.
 Is it of joy or sadness ye declare,
 Your silence taunts, and doubt doth urge despair!
 In love explain, or else in pity tell;
 There is a torture indescribable;

A madness, felt by the inquiring Soul, when she
 O'erhangs 'the gulf of deep Uncertainty,'
 More agonizing far than woe that's brought
 By full conviction found—though horror-fraught.

Think not I will endure the mockery,
 Or be the sport of shouting fiends, like HE,
 Who yet beside me stands, and scoffs, and jeers,
 As futile hopes, and baseless dreams, and fears
 Alternately prevail. Light may distress,
 But though ye truths, most wonderful, express,
 And speak to me, in words that wake surprise,
 Of things more strange than Fancy can devise,
 I will receive all ye unfold to me,
 E'en as a child, the most implicitly !

I would that I could hold disclosure's fee ;
 Or could induce ye now, by urgency,
 To speak one word of knowledge-true, that I
 Might weave a Faith, my Soul to satisfy !

If ye are moved by human woe or weal ;—
 If ye, with Man, some sympathy can feel ;—
 If ye survey Futurity's abyss ;—
 Or if ye grasp Infinitude of Bliss ;—
 If ye have trod Eterne's immensity ;—
 Or have withstood all Pain's intensity ;—

If ye can mete th' unfathomable deep ;—
 Or break the bonds, interminate, of sleep ;—
 If ye've Eternal principles surveyed ;—
 Or if ye can Destruction's-hand evade ;—
 If ye know ought would save—

Why that withhold ?—

Or ought would urge—

Why not that truth unfold ?—

—All speech as yet denied ? I've called in vain !—
 Then farewell Heaven !—Unto my Earth again
 I trembling turn, and thus I seek from thee,
 Reveal, dense-Dust, this awful mystery !
 I've heard, full oft, thy dwellers speak of Hell ;
 Ask—" where ?"—the simple truth they cannot tell ;
 But downward point, significant, as though
 The Earth were *crust*, and sin had dug below
 Its desolating Pit !—

Deep argument

I hold not now, but would be most content
 That some lost Soul, arising now, some Dead,
 Should ope' the Grave, and tell how he hath sped ;
 And mournfully give my Mind at length to know
 The secret bound within those realms below !
 A veil hath Death—and Hell a covering—
 But are their depths beyond discovering ?
 Oh, for a power, a might Herculean,
 To roll, from off the Sepulchre of Man,

And from the Cave-mouth there of deepest woe,
 The mountain-rock, which thus, to realms below,
 Imprisoneth his Soul!—Oh! now for power
 To live within Eternal-woes one hour;
 And yet, my footing here on Earth regain,
 And then, with voice prophetic, explain
 ‘*The Hell of Man!*’ Whether the word proclaims
 ‘*Burning of Souls!*’ *Actual and pungent flames!*
The Spirit made, by process none can tell,
Conscious of all, yet all combustible!
 Whether, indeed, ‘*the worm that never dies,*’
 With all its pain, and ‘*gnashing teeth,*’ implies
 ‘*Conscience*’—whose tooth, the Spirit never spares,
 But feeds, and gnaws, and as a canker wears,
 Deeper eternally—*through past sins stealing,*
To open wounds beyond e’en Mercy’s healing!

I can conceive a Soul which shall survive,
 With Conscience too, so actively alive,
 That it shall *make a Hell*, where’er it be,
 Deepest and fullest felt where it can see
 The joy, the bliss, the pure, eternal rest,
 Which marks the home, the mansions of The Blest;
 Envy, despair, inhabiting the place
 Where God displays ‘the riches of his Grace!’
 A sphere of bliss, with Peace and Glory nigh,
 From sight of which their longing Souls ne’er fly;

*But herein find the deepest sting of hell,
That Grace is nigh, but unavailable!—*

But, Tophets, dug for *purgatorial den*,
Where sink, chin-deep, the guilty Souls of Men,
Require so much of matter's sustenance,
Some sphere must find the dismal residence !
“ *Where burns it now ?* ” Indeed they cannot tell,
Unless each Sun becomes each System's Hell ;
Its influence felt, around the which we're cleaving ;
Kindled, e'en now, the Souls from Globes receiving ;
When grace claims not, and by its bonds returning,
Plucks them, as brands, from this eternal burning.

Some fancy Earth doth now that space afford ;
Where wrath, as yet, in Elements is stored ;
And I, presumptuous grown, as Korah fell,
With weighty sins, may burst the brittle shell,
And find, in caverned fires, I now deride,
Woe for my guilt, and payment full for pride.

I would that time anticipate, and bid
My Spirit lift the adamantine lid
From off the seathing pot of inmost Hell,
And terrors view, now indescribable !
I would, this Globe, submitting thus to me,
Should burst the womb of its solidity,

And to its centre yawn !—With startling din
 To burst its bands of rocky covering ;
 Would bid the stratas then (whose ribs do bind
 Fermenting fires, within their breast confined)
 Swiftly to spread successive belts and bands,
 Until, revealed, Hell's flaming centre stands !
 Then would I down that crater pathway wend,
 And, through the fire-encrusted throat, descend,
 Of some volcanic gap, and, pressing thus,
 Essay to reach the Throne-sulphureous
 Where Satan sits, and sway supreme doth hold
 O'er legioned fiends, and demons fierce and bold ;
 Would hurl him thence, and from his lips controul
 The secret-sought—the Fate-word of the Soul.
 Would tread through Hell's o'erheated halls, my way ;
 Through parched caves, and calcined caverns stray,
 And tortured Spirits seek !

A spirit found,

Of quenchless fire, and falling flakes around,
 Would sit regardless, and attentive hear,
 With wakened wonder, and excited fear,
 A tale, within the depths of Tophet sung,
 By mortal heard, expressed by lip and tongue,
 Which once were human powers ; but now are doomed
 To burn unmelted, kindle unconsumed !
 I would conjure e'en Satan, by that word,
 That awful name, which whisper'd there, and heard,

Subdues the discord-note, quells blasphemy,
Silence commands, stills Hell's tempestuous sea!

Spirits accursed!—I would appeal to you
For thought of Hell, and for a picture true,
To bless, or blight; to wither or console,
Error disperse, or Fancy's eye controul.
When were ye doomed? How lost ye first estate?
Are Men, by Guilt, partakers in your fate?
And shall, companionship, though short, in Sin,
Impart to us unheard-of suffering;
Painful to bear, yet fostering human pride,
Because 'tis borne alike, and dignified
By Spirits erst of Heaven, who foretime shone
As stars of Light before Jehovah's throne?
Crushed by one arm, despite your multitude;
E'en by one word, one vengeful look subdued;
Smitten, and chained, altho' ye vainly boast
“*Ye third part were of Heaven's Seraphic host!*”

They say, by ye, *full powers are now possessed*
To Thoughts instil, and active deeds suggest,
At wide extremes, and absolute variance
With all those full convictions, drawn from sense,
Which speaks the wisdom pure, the beauteous plan,
That made the worlds, apportioned them to Man,
And did provide, by all they yet possess,
For all his wants and every happiness.

They say, that ye, *whispering within the heart,*
Desires create, knowledge thereby impart ;
And, though amenable, with God dispute,
His holy word, his spoken truth refute !
 That ye, your speech so subtly do frame,
 Hearing ye find, and deep attention claim ;
 And Man, well-pleased, as ye do sense invite,
 Attentive proves, and hears with full delight.

Ye Spirits pent within the Shades below !
 Struggling to burst the abdomen of woe !
 Now boldly speak, as freely I've appealed,
 Or hence be mute, your lips for ever sealed.

I had not paused Spirits to thus invoke,
 But here, with scorn, the Tempter's self inbroke,
 And stayed my speech.

With most contemptuous glee

He loudly laughed, and long, and lustily,
 Until, from 'neath the Ocean's-bed, there rung
 Ten thousand oaths—from Hell's dominion sung.
 " Hark ! Hark ! he cried, Before thine accents die,
 " Demons obey ; ' Spirits accursed ' reply.
 " List to th' imprisoned demons' discontent,
 " With voice commixed of boisterous merriment,
 " As they, on couch of fire, recline below,
 " Drunk with damnation's-cup, inebriate with Woe !
 " Madden'd, and stung by cruel flames of Hell !
 " With endless agony irascible !

“ Hear now, those fallen Spirits say, how HE,
 “ The unappeased, and vengeful Deity,
 “ Bound them in darkest Hell, and table spread
 “ With torturing food, there daily varied,
 “ And mixed in quality !—Tempting—to cloy ;
 “ Feeding—to waste ; sustaining—to destroy !
 “ Supplying life, which doth in Tophet dwell,
 “ With aliment of fire, combustible ;
 “ And yet, for them, such sure preservative,
 “ It tempers fiends in Torment’s Realm to live !
 “ How too, most inexorable, God hath,
 “ Plied Spirits-doomed with wine-cup-deep of Wrath ;
 “ Whose fumes, phosphorical, do veins ignite,
 “ And kindle there, in seeming forms, the light
 “ Which manifests Hell’s gloom ; each demon frame,
 “ A molten, glowing, vehicle of flame !
 “ Melting eternally, yet never dead !
 “ For ever wasting, yet for ever fed
 “ With such essential strength as might sustain
 “ Unceasing torture, bear eternal pain !

“ How oft I’ve seen their wild and fiendish glee,
 “ As they, the cup, have quaffed rotatively ;
 “ And whilst, with gesture fierce, and dreadless look,
 “ This demon-crowd their molten-fists have shook
 “ In God’s eternal face ! Tempting his blow !
 “ Daring his wrath ; and lightly bearing woe ;

“ And, with fallacious mirth, and deep pretence,
 “ Have heard them ask some suffering-drug-intense ;
 “ Hopeful that God, forgetful grown in ire,
 “ Might then o’ercharge the pungency of fire ;
 “ And whelm, in stemless tide of misery,
 “ That hated boon, their immortality !

“ But wherefore ask ?—what boots it now to thee
 “ What Angels are, or if there demons be ?
 “ *Serpents*¹, mayhap, if such doth suit thee well ;
 “ ‘Then Sons of God² who in his presence dwell,
 “ Or there, at times, as audit court, appear,
 “ Account to give of works or journeying here !
 “ When fraud’s required, a *whispering Spirit* nigh,
 “ In Prophet’s ear, to instigate a lie.
 “ To Man and God an *adversary*⁴ bold ;
 “ An *agent*⁵ next, who doth commission hold
 “ To urge to guilt, to deeds of violence call
 “ Men born to sin, predestined thus to fall !
 “ A *Tempter*⁶ then, whose specious tongue assails
 “ When Man desires, and sinful nature fails !

¹ Genesis iii. And the Serpent said, &c.

² Job i. 6. Satan presents himself before the Lord.

³ 1 Kings xxii. 21. Satan was a *lying spirit* in the mouth of all his prophets to persuade Ahab.

⁴ Zach. iii. 1. And he showed me Joshua the High Priest standing before the Angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand *to resist him*.

⁵ John xiii. The Devil having now put it into the heart of Judas Iscariot.

⁶ Eph. ii. The Spirit *that worketh in the Children of Disobedience*.

- “ The *Dragon-foe*¹, famed in celestial fight !
 “ Then *Angel-pure*², transformed with spiritual light !
 “ Which then, of these, the numerous names, or powers,
 “ By fraud assigned, is held by us or ours ?
 “ Of Satan, or of Hell, of Spirits cursed
 “ Who gave the notion false, who told thee first ?
 “ Seductive tales, as false as mist-born sea ;
 “ By fear begot, and nursed by knavery.
 “ Think ye thy God, if he the demons chain,
 “ Would not alike their *influence* restrain ?
 “ If God retain Omnipotency still,
 “ Agents we are, and paramount his will ;
 “ And that false cloak from God and Man is torn,
 “ The deep disguise, which both alike have worn,
 “ When they, so oft, demerit-act denied
 “ For plague-vials poured, offences multiplied ;
 “ And placed, as plea, *on influence adverse*
 “ Motive for sin, or justified the curse.

 “ But I would bid you now reflect, and pause,
 “ Spirit of Earth, too ardent in the cause,
 “ Too eager much, too pressing now in chase,
 “ Of that, which shall thy Thought outrun, in race,
 “ Though fleet and fanciful.—In love, I say,
 “ That awful gulf most steadily survey,

¹ Rev. xii. There was war in Heaven—Michael and his angels fought against the *Dragon*.

² Acts xiii. Satan himself is transformed into an *Angel of Light*.

" Ere you attempt a plunge, so desperate,
 " Thou would'st withdraw, but find, indeed, too late,
 " That downward rush, most heedless, most insane,
 " Hath footing lost, thou can'st no more regain.
 " Too soon, the painful path, which thither leads,
 " Unsought, unwished, you 'll find ; no skill it needs
 " To tread the labyrinth-walk to Death and me,
 " Thou'rt led by Fate, guided by destiny.

" But pass the fraud which doth to me assign
 " The ills of Fate, and all those sins of thine ;
 " I would not here incongruous power deny,
 " But ask—how given ?—Possession's proof deny.

" Mayhap the Jewish Talmud thou hast read,
 " By learned Rabbins' pen once figured.
 " Or darker still, more deadly far, less true,
 " Within *the blood-stained Gospel's pages*, you,
 " With priest-trained thought, and paucity of mind,
 " Have hoped to see, or fancied you could find"—

*What I so wide, so erringly have sought !
 What I, with joy, would thankfully have bought
 With twice ten thousand worlds, had worlds been mine,
 And could worlds pay for truth and grace divine !*

Demon or Fiend ! Deep thanks I owe to thee,
 For that one word, though named deridingly !

That 'Gospel's' name, with magic wand, hath burst
 My Spirit's spell, which, voice of thine, accursed,
 With error's folds, had deeply then entwined,
 And hath dispell'd the vapours of the mind !

“ My God !—In deepest reverence, to Thee,
 “ I humbly bend my long-reluctant knee ;
 “ And would, in penitence approach, and raise
 “ My feeble sacrifice of fervent praise,
 “ And never-ceasing love !

“ My God ! I bow”—

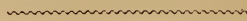
But where's the Fiend ? and where's the Tempter now ?—

Dispers'd !—His counterfeited dignity
 Transformed into its own deformity !
 And all the grace-assumed, of angel proud,
 Rolling away (as darkest thunder cloud
 Rolls up before the breath of freshing breeze)
 Unto Creation's last antipodes !

Oh ! then the mind rejoiced that it was free
 From sinful doubt and dark perplexity,
 Instilled by him, who every sin controuls,
 The Foe to God—the Enemy of Souls !
 With 'eye of mind' I watched the fading cloud—
 With 'voice of joy' my taunts I flung aloud—
 “ Away—away—flee back to Halls of Night ;
 “ There tell your fiends, with stern and fierce delight,

“ How long you thrall’d my Soul !—And tell there too
 “ How it, at length, did burst your meshes through ;
 “ For now, away, the clouds of darkness roll,
 “ And through my late dark mind, throughout my Soul,
 “ A gleam of joy, a ray of Truth is shed,
 “ Delusion’s past, and Doubts are vanished !”

Now Nature’s voice may speak, and I may hear,
 Without a dread, without one startling fear,
 That now, its truths, the Demon shall pervert,
 To fix, as shaft, with keen and deadly hurt,
 Into my anxious Soul !—How solemnly,
 I now may hear the Earth, and Heavens reply,
 To all the wild, the visionary rush
 Of sinful words, for which my cheek would blush,
 Were mine the Parent-wing, where such thoughts dwell,
 Or were I made, for them, amenable !



But I am wearied now, require a rest !
 The steed of Fancy I have urged, and pressed,
 Beyond her strength ! Fain would I breathe a space !
 And, from this wild, and visionary race,
 Subside into more fitting frame of mind,
 A tale of truth, in Nature’s voice, to find.

Reader ; If in the kindest courtesy,
 Down this wild stream, thy thought hath followed me,

Rest thee awhile ; fancy forego, and pause,
 Whilst Nature's voice doth tell of steadfast laws,
 Proclaimed by her alone.—Do not conceive,
 That Nature can, each doubt-expressed, relieve ;
 Do not suppose, her most extended line,
 A soul can tell, Eternity define ;
 Nature did speak, but only *this* to show—
From Nature's book, the student, ne'er shall know,
What his immortal interests are?—

She spake,

But yet so soft her voice, it could not break
 The thread of rushing thoughts. Nor would I stay
 The current of my song, by such delay,
 As must break off the 'chain of questioning,'
 Which had been eloquence, could I but sing,
 With energy, half equalling in power
 The tempest of my mind, the excitement of that hour.
 When 'big thoughts' rushed, without the mind's controul,
 A 'flood of doubts,' and overwhelmed my Soul !

First I inquired of *inward powers*, which dwell
 Within my frame, and sought what *they* could tell.

And what said these, my *sense*, my brightest *thought*,
 And what the light *imagination* brought ?
 They said, or, by *deduction*, seemed to say,
 " The all, your powers presume, they can convey,
 " Is but by my negatives. When sought, they cry,
 " *We feel the Soul*, by yet, it is not I."

- “ Of us, who *emanations* are, you ask
 “ A knowledge deep—the Soul!—An useless task!
 “ Survey, as it is now conformed, thy frame,
 “ And think once more, whether *effect* can name
 “ Its one efficient cause?—Or, whether thus,
 “ All Nature’s course, can be reversed in us?
 “ The faculties, which are derived, remain
 “ One step behind the Soul, our frames contain.
 “ And so do these, the things of lower grade,
 “ Submit to be, by higher powers, surveyed,
 “ And thence controll’d.—And thus, the Spirit then,
 “ Exists unjudged, unsearchable by men.
 “ The Soul, viewing the things which are but Earth;
 “ Aided by Thought, to which it first gives birth;
 “ May judge of Matter’s power, and furnish thence
 “ A data sure for origin of Sense;
 “ Beginning there, may see, how sense, combined,
 “ May talents blend, and build a vigorous mind.
 “ May, from Experience too, conclusion bring
 “ Where Feeling dwells, and where our Reasoning.
- “ All things in order due—First comes *the Cause*,
 “ Then somewhat tangible, to feel its laws.
 “ The *first of all things* is ethereal;
 “ Our God is such, and who can say, or tell,
 “ Whether *the Soul in Man*, a portion be
 “ Of Him—the life-infusing Deity.

- “ Conceive the Soul an isolated ray,
 “ Which God, to Man, as birth-boon doth convey ;
 “ And then, beginning thus, a chain we see
 “ Of linked-effects, described most easily.
 “ Make *Soul* a first ; then *Brain* ; then *Thought*, the third,
 “ Result produced of these, when they are stirred.
 “ The Brain, *Soul-stirred*, produces *Will*, or *Thought* ;
 “ And these, moving on nerves, throughout our system
 wrought,
 “ To some obedient limb do then convey
 “ The *Will*, thus formed ; it feels, and doth obey ;
 “ And thus, throughout the line, the links are traced ;
 “ *The Soul-born-Will by deed, and action graced.*
- “ But mark the *onward* course ; behold how these
 “ Step-like advance ; differ in just degrees !
 “ Matter doth not these rules reverse, and find
 “ The *moving cause, which must precede the Mind.*
 “ The Brain, and Thought, its emanating ray,
 “ Have not the power, the Spirit to survey.
 “ As well our Souls might burst their line decreed,
 “ And grasp *The Cause*, whence they did first proceed !
 “ All things *beneath*, consent to Spirits’ view ;
 “ God sits o’er all, and looks our Spirits through.
- “ We find then linked, within this frame of ours,
 “ Physical force, and Intellectual powers ;

“ Or Organs fine, we say, with powers immense,
 “ For *labour's* act, for full *intelligence*.
 “ These *Instruments*, we find, arranged for use,
 “ In suited spot, whence they their work produce ;
 “ If active made, and handled well they be,
 “ By higher power, which moves exclusively ;
 “ Which *Power* must be *the Soul* !

“ Men often say

“ The Mind *consents*, members and nerves *obey*.”
 “ But *Mind*, and *Sense*, and *Reasoning*, and *Thought*
 “ Are *finished Works*, each separate, *Soul-wrought*.
 “ For each of these provision-just is made,
 “ A fitting tool within the brain is laid ;
 “ But all these powers are passive, and inert ;
 “ Volition need ; cannot themselves exert.
 “ The *Soul selects*, an *Agent finds*, *it wills*,
 “ Then gives the impetus, and Brain fulfils
 “ (If all its powers are kept in perfect state)
 “ Desires *thus* formed, which *thence* must emanate.
 “ Soul moves the Brain, and 'neath its powerful sway,
 “ The Will is formed, and waiting-powers obey.

 “ *Imagination* take—'tis not the Soul ;
 “ It doth excite, and wanderings controul.
 “ Our *Fancy*, *Reason*, *Wit*, or deepest *Thought*,
 “ Are not the Soul ; without its aid they're nought !
 “ They do obedience yield, obey its laws,
 “ Are sure *effect*, but not the stirring *cause*.

- “ It is a Guest ; secret ; invisible ;
 “ Distinct from Thought ; yet indivisible,
 “ As streamlet is from source. The *Mind* may be
 “ A lofty wave—the *Soul’s* th’ exhaustless Sea !
- “ The Soul, is then, by Thought, and Mind, unheld ;
 “ By Matter’s death unscatter’d, undispell’d ;
 “ It is the Spring of Life ; the Well of Thought ;
 “ Sustaining all ; itself supplied by nought.
 “ Itself unborn ; except by God, unbred ;
 “ At birth implanted here, but not engendered.
 “ It can exist without each talent’s aid,
 “ *Its* offspring *they*, by subtle influence made.
 “ All these destroyed, we frequently have seen ;
 “ And yet, the Soul, divest of them, hath been
 “ As full of life, and all therein possessed,
 “ As when, *by them*, its fruits were manifest.
 “ It independent lives, of each, and all ;
 “ But they, without its sure support, must fall,
 “ Inert and paralyzed. Unsoul’d—they die—
 “ For they exist, and germinate thereby.
 “ Vapours they are, which rise, and emanate,
 “ From Matter’s pores, which Soul doth penetrate ;
 “ And thus, we say,—If all of Matter lives
 “ By some infused power, which Spirit gives,
 “ It can, and must exist without the ball,
 “ The earthy mass, whereon its beams do fall.

“ It kindles powers to life, and ever, thence,
 “ Of *self* affords an ample evidence.
 “ The body’s Death, when rightly viewed, must be
 “ Physical want, some incapacity,
 “ To harbour then, or to obey the Soul,
 “ The Dust it quits it can no more controul.

“ The *powers of Soul* do not submit to Time,
 “ Feeble in youth ; lusty in Manhood’s prime ;
 “ Withering and wan in age ; an Infant’s Soul
 “ Might manhood’s days, and giant strength controul !
 “ *Physical powers have grades*—Organs decay ;
 “ Matter grows weak, and pulp doth wear away.
 “ The Soul is there, with Brain to think too weak ;
 “ The eye may fail, the tongue refuse to speak ;
 “ Too young the frame may be, for vig’rous use,
 “ Destroyed by time, or sickness, or abuse ;
 “ And thus is Soul *Sense-shorn* !—Defects prevent
 “ Its outward acts, frustrate the Soul’s intent.

“ So subtle is the Soul, in its supplies,
 “ That none explain, whilst no one power denies
 “ That it exists, in might, that’s more intense,
 “ Than Reason, Thought, or every outward sense ;
 “ ’Tis power which stamps volition on the whole,
 “ Free to exert, constructed to controul.
 “ Thus, *Action* must revert into one source,
 “ All else are Agencies, and thus, of course,

“ Not having power evil to do, nor well,
 “ Censure escape, and are unblameable.
 “ Thus, shall thy frail, and crumbling body, be,
 “ As passive agent here, all screened from misery ;
 “ And therefore withers it, to smallest grain,
 “ Never to grow, nor be condensed again ;
 “ An *earthly* mass, into the Grave to fall,
 “ But rise, for punishment, at God’s own call,
 “ A *body-spiritual* ; for Heaven, or Hell,
 “ Henceforth replete, and incorruptible !

“ And why, should Man, a deathless Soul deny ?
 “ Wherefore be led, and governed by the eye ?
 “ Methinks, the thought, that herein ye possess
 “ An endless life, should fill, with happiness,
 “ All minds but those, burthen’d with sins so great,
 “ They dread to live, and would annihilate,
 “ With impious hand, their Souls ; were death-blow known,
 “ Or could they say, ‘ my Life, my Soul’s mine own.’

“ *Proud Men* have been, we will not call them *wise* :
 “ Nor would we thus true wisdom stigmatize ;
 “ Who sweep the Soul, with present things, away,
 “ Make Matter all, give Cerebellum sway.
 “ But mark, of those Philosophers we speak,
 “ And only those, who do its matter seek,
 “ And tumble it about, familiarly,
 “ Until, their fancied wit doth feel, or see

" The *all* it ere contained. Therein they find
 " Such just arrangement made, such laws for Mind,
 " That they deny, existing there, a Soul ;
 " Observe no want, nor mark its wide controul.
 " Tell you, that all you fondly look upon,
 " As emanative ray, from Him, the Eternal One,
 " Is but *The Brain* ; that its convolving lines
 " Volition make, and thus a Soul defines.

" Ah ! say they so ? Then hope there is for those
 " Who scoff at sin, and virtuous deeds oppose !
 " If *Matter wills*, and *sins*, of *own accord*,
 " Then Matter too must reap the sure reward ;
 " And Matter might be hid, it shall decay,
 " And thus perhaps, escaping Judgement-day,
 " Evade the wrath of God ; by fixing crime
 " On that, or those, who last, at Judgement time,
 " Do hold the sinful mass !

" Thou *Worm ! Brain-fed !*

" Withhold the pulp thy tooth hath pilfered !
 " Thou hast unsoul'd the skull ! Devour'd the brain,
 " The mass, thus stolen, let Mercy's hand retain !
 " Thou hast devoured *Man's immortality !*
 " Doth it enlighten dust, enliven thee ?
 " Thou hast a banquet made upon that germ—
 " *A human Soul*—and art thou yet a worm ?
 " Or can'st thou thence extract of feeling ought
 " Which shall thy form endue with human thought ?

“ Too wise art thou that substance to retain ;
 “ ’Twas won from Earth, and thus, to Earth again,
 “ Thou didst the pledge restore, *lest unto thee*
 “ *Should cleave the wrath of the Divinity !*
 “ Earth holds it then, and thus, descends at last
 “ The curse on her, which at ‘the fall’ was passed.
 “ *Oh ! Doctrine false !* Treading Confusion’s verge,
 “ Too soon would’st thou to this conclusion urge,
 “ There is no spot by Spirits only trod,
 “ No Heaven—no Hell—no Soul—and thence—no God !

 “ Is this a picture strange ? Is it denied ?
 “ Is it a metaphor that’s false, or wide ?
 “ Is it a mental inconsistency,
 “ Outheroding afar the chimeras that be ?
 “ We tell ye nay. In this you will but find
 “ The course, the progress sure, the end defined,
 “ Of tenets dark, which should abhorred be,
 “ Debasing creed—*Materiality !*

 “ ’Tis strange, that Men, loving to be perverse,
 “ Will make great powers of intellect a curse ;
 “ And Error seek, and find it too, with pride,
 “ Which, in the swain, is happily denied.
 “ Who stands agape, at long-drawn argument,
 “ Then sighs at learned men, and feels content
 “ That yet he hath a secret consciousness,
 “ Within him fixed, that he doth now possess

" A life, a soul, a most immortal flame,
 " *Distinct from powers, and members* of his frame.
 " 'Tis true, he cannot name, nor trace each part,
 " But yet he's *sure*, for, in his thankful heart,
 " He feels the kindling power.

" And, even so,

" *We* feel, and tell, what science ne'er can know.
 " Did we possess an Angel's piercing eye,
 " We doubt, if then, we could the Soul descry,
 " With ken, more clear, than all ye sons of Earth,
 " May now deduce, *whether*, or *how*, at birth,
 " The meanest form of all the reptile breed,
 " Spirit receives, or hath a Soul indeed.

" Spirit it is ; and wheresoe'er possessed,
 " It sight evades, and baffles touch and test.
 " We then, thy powers, which in thy frame abound,
 " Ourselves have sought, and baser parts have found ;
 " And but *suppose*, that through each substance dense,
 " Something more pure doth steal, to influence.
 " We can but *feel*, as piercing Matter through,
 " Some innate power we fail to bring to view.
 " We *feel* a Soul, but fail to *comprehend* ;
 " *Define* it not ; yet would the truth defend.
 " Useless it were, for things which *emanate*,
 " Their *forming cause* to seek to penetrate ;
 " Useless, it is, to seek our founts among,
 " Or break our rest by your appealing song ;

“ We *speak* in every power of daily use,
 “ And from these powers, if thou art wise, deduce
 “ This one great truth—‘*All things must have one head,*’
 “ And Man, by Soul, is moved and governed ;
 “ All movements made to *one first power* revert,
 “ This primal force can *no one sense* exert ;
 “ *Be sure, within the Soul, movement’s begun,*
 “ *That Soul pre-moved, by Him—the Eternal One.*
 “ No more we know ; though Reason beams in Man,
 “ No thought of his Eternal things shall scan ;
 “ Fancy is mute ; nor hath the Feeling speech ;
 “ No power-devolved the Soul can show or teach ;
 “ We would, but cannot yet, send truth to thee,
 “ The secret sought rests with Divinity !”

This one door closed, and yet, no spirit found,
 I turned again, to stars, and worlds around,
 And looked afar, into Creation’s maze,
 And thought, that countless globes, and endless days,
 Might lend *an image of the Soul* ; or give
 Some spot for Heaven, where ransom’d Souls do live.
 Or might explain, wherefore, at cost immense,
 These globes were made, if but a residence,
 An unabiding home, for me and thee,
 With short, and unconfirmed tenancy !
 I saw their harmony, I clearly found
 Systems immense, in general concord bound ;
 And felt, and knew, their purpose must be one,
 Or this resemblance why ? and why this union ?

What then said Orbs, which there so brightly shine,
That, Fancy's eye, fills them with light divine?

“ Mortal,” they said, “ thine erring mind divest
“ Of powers, by us, the distant globes, possessed,
“ Which do not now reside, in thine, and thee,
“ And might be known, by closer scrutiny
“ Of thine own Earth, and all the things which lie
“ Within thy reach, and close beneath thine eye.
“ Divest thy mind, of any taught *controul*,
“ *Which planets urge, upon thy Thoughts, or Soul!*
“ In systems bound, by Wisdom's laws, 'tis true,
“ We have, and must exert, an influence due
“ *On all material things*; which we, again,
“ From them receive; and thus, the whole sustain;
“ And mutually impart, the requisite
“ Of motion-just; vitality, and light;
“ But have no power, and never were designed
“ To influence Man, *or subjugate his Mind.*

“ Brightly we beam, and when from Earth we're viewed,
“ We thoughts beget, big with Infinitude.
“ We but *beget*—for all beyond is vain,
“ We cannot teach, nor fully yet explain,
“ To Man, who limit hath to every sense,
“ Of worlds, like these, *endless continuance.*

“ 'Tis not, because we tell an obscure tale;
“ But 'tis, because, Man's intellect doth fail.

“ Doth fail to run, from that his eye hath viewed,
“ For ever on, into Infinitude,
“ Presenting worlds, as costly in their frame,
“ Crowded with souls, in each respect the same,
“ As that small globe, which seems, to him, to be
“ Effort so great, e'en for Divinity,
“ That God (creating globes, to such extent
“ As makes the myriad stars, your Heavens present,
“ Not more than unit-mark, whereat begins
“ The endless round, th' Eternal reckonings)
“ Could not afford such means, could not endure
“ Efforts so great, such vast expenditure ;
“ But must, at length, in such a reckless cost,
“ Himself outpour—Omnipotence exhaust !

“ Infinitude—the place where God doth dwell,
“ Therefore remains most inexplicable.
“ Man never yet hath image framed, nor heard
“ One thought expressed, which comprehends the word.
“ No figure can we show, howe'er sublime,
“ Which gives us more than form, or space, or time,
“ Collected first, then swelled, and multiplied,
“ Till figures fail, and numbering-power's denied.
“ Men's minds imagine *vast extent* by spheres,
“ Propelled through space myriads of months and years,
“ To reach a given point. These, hurled at rate
“ Which Man computes not, nor can calculate ;
“ Myriads of years are swiftly passed away,
“ Myriads succeed, nor doth the ' cast-ball ' stay,

- “ Nor is it spent, nor slackened yet in pace,
“ But onward flies, rolling an endless race.
“ Its travelled-line is great! But yet 'twill be,
“ When 'tis compared with an Infinity,
“ *An unextended point.* Ye must confess
“ Infinitude, by Man, is measureless.
“ The swiftest flash of light the eye can see,
“ Which waits not time, but bursts momentary,
“ Hurried for ever on, shall ne'er be found
“ To reach the verge, nor nearer draw to bound
“ Of that, as yet, most inconceived state
“ Which hath no end—exists but to dilate.
- “ And then, to give, somewhat of simile,
“ Which shall familiar make, the infinity,
“ Of past, and future Time.—No doubt you've heard
“ Of ponderous globes, into a mass transferr'd
“ Of finest sand. From which prodigious ball
“ One single grain doth loosen, and doth fall,
“ In myriads of years.—A mighty Thought!
“ When shall that mass dwindle away to nought?
“ Sublime—but false!—Conception grand and great;
“ But yet, as similar, inadequate.
“ If we describe that 'mass of sand' to be,
“ In size, and in specific density,
“ Surpassed by none, no, not by planets fair,
“ Whose forms, globose, are distant hung in air;
“ And fix the particle, the time explain,
“ When it shall filter thence, or pass one grain;

“ Then these become fixed points, firm steps are these,
“ Where Thought may rest, and mount, by slow degrees,
“ Eternal altitudes! Huge figures stand
“ To mark the space of each departing sand ;
“ Yet Reason waits, with patient eye, because
“ It knows, and feels, that thus, by Nature’s laws,
“ That *wearing power*, that *dripping* doth portend
“ A glass outrun, a sure, though distant end.
“ Such wasting slow, continued and renewed,
“ Must eat away that ball’s dense magnitude ;
“ And bulk, though firm and ponderous it be,
“ Shall not avert the coming destiny.
“ It *may protract*, beyond all number’s power,
“ And ling’ring sands delay its final hour ;
“ But yet, pursue the thought, ye must confess
“ The mass *must* melt, and by degrees grow less.
“ It is no parallel. For thus we say,
“ When, by these means, that mass shall waste away ;
“ And when, the globe-conceived is all outrun,
“ Eternal days as yet are scarce begun !
“ ’Tis measureless by things howe’er sublime,
“ Whereby ye now compute the roll of Time.
“ Man’s mind would fail, tortured with agonies,
“ Lost in a maze, bewildered, when it tries
“ To reach a point beyond Archangels’ sight,
“ Unmarked by period-points, indefinite.

“ The *simplest* metaphor, and thence *the best*,
“ The *only one* which sets the mind at rest,

“ Is to describe that birthless, deathless, state,
 “ By somewhat thence alone commensurate ;
 “ And make this word denote and comprehend
 “ Past unbegun, a future without end ;
 “ *The ‘ all before ’ the earliest hour of time ;*
 “ *The ‘ all beyond ’ its last expiring chime ;*
 “ *The ‘ ever was, ’ the ‘ EVER IS ’ must be*
 “ THE LIFE OF GOD, THE DAY OF DEITY.

“ These orbs, by thee, at deepest midnight viewed,
 “ Are *atoms small* within Infinitude.
 “ Immensity, for us, was all prepared,
 “ Before their birth Omnific word declared.
 “ By God’s creative will they all were made,
 “ Called where they stand, begotten where surveyed.
 “ Each made for good, we know not, yet possess,
 “ Our title to esteem—Our usefulness.
 “ That usefulness extended too through nerves
 “ Of matter here, and life, until it serves
 “ To glorify its God, in some such thing
 “ As shall adore, through power of Reasoning.
 “ We have not life, and cannot Soul supply,
 “ But portions *lend* and *feed* mortality.
 “ That portion-lent, returns ; exact in weight,
 “ So that the beam doth never fluctuate,
 “ Which holds each sphere, by given gravity,
 “ To one sure path, one orbit in the sky.
 “ If Man hath more, than he from dust hath won,
 “ It is obtained but by Infusion

“ From fountain pure, which can the germ supply
“ Which lives in Dust, but cannot dust-like die.
“ Creation’s book records us not more prized ;
“ Nor is *your* globe less glorious, more despised ;
“ We roll, with thee, around, in space, called sky ;
“ Are not more lofty there, to God more nigh.
“ Thou can’st not hold the thought, ’t would but astound,
“ To tell thee this—There is no end, no bound,
“ Unto created things ; There is no place
“ Where Vacuum dwells, all profitless in Space.
“ And yet, this truth doth fix, and doth include
“ These endless globes within Infinitude.
“ No paradox is this, nor should it be
“ A thing too hard, and truth too deep for thee.
“ It is mislearned if it in ought appears
“ An end to fix to globes, or suns, or spheres.
“ If thou couldst *ever fly*, thou’dst *ever* find
“ New stars *before*, and stars, untold, *behind* ;
“ Thou seemest now to stand on *central sphere*—
“ Fly on again, till fifty-thousandth year,
“ ’Tis centre yet, if central-point can be,
“ Where end there’s none, no line, no boundary ;
“ And yet, bend Reason down, and mark this well,
“ ’Tis true, ’tis great, beyond our power to tell ;
“ These endless globes, and all the things *that are*,
“ The ponderous *near*, the faintly lessening *far*,
“ Live, roll, exist, are holden and possess,
“ Oh ! words how poor !—within Jehovah’s breast !

“ Matter we are, and cannot see or teach
 “ Where globes do end, created forms do reach ;
 “ But this we know, *the voice which did create,*
 “ *Again shall sound, and we evaporate ;*
 “ *And Heaven, and Space, which we now fill, shall be*
 “ *Adapted then to Man’s Eternity !*
 “ Go back, and be content ; this one thing learn,
 “ What God hath hid, thy sense shall ne’er discern ;
 “ All things, he shows, are given for guidance plain,
 “ All he withholds, mercy and love retain ;
 “ Did God, at thy request, an answer give ;
 “ Thou would’st be crushed, ‘ *thou could’st not see, and*
 live !’

“ How deep the thought, when Mind essays to run
 “ Where Time was born, and Matter’s curd begun !
 “ Could’st thou divest thy Mind, and shut thine eye
 “ To forms on Earth, and orbs in Air, or Sky ;
 “ And carry back Imagination’s power
 “ To Matter’s birth, and to that wondrous hour
 “ When all sprang forth, from God’s creative will ;
 “ How would it mind, and heart, and spirit fill
 “ With awe and love !—Oh ! who can teach or see
 “ Thy glorious scenes, thou past Eternity !

“ We will a picture draw, of state, before the birth
 “ Of Heaven around, or floating Star, or Earth.
 “ Suppose thyself unfleshed !—Suppose thy Soul,
 “ With much augmented powers, freed from controul,

“ Which now is exercised by Matter’s tie,
 “ To fix its range, and to confine its eye
 “ Unto your world.—Suppose thy Soul to be
 “ Now fixed in *wide, unformed Infinity!*—
 “ How would it feel deep pain, when high, and low,
 “ Above, beneath, around, where sight could go,
 “ It could no atom feel, no spot descry,
 “ To hold its thought, or ease the agony,
 “ Which thus would strain your Mind’s elastic thread,
 “ Then drawn—and drawn—till fixed and fastened
 “ Unto some far-off spot!—All void—all nought—
 “ No end for Sight, no harbourage-ground for Thought!
 “ How would thy Soul rejoice, did Mercy place
 “ A *spot*—though sunk, and buried so, in *Space*,
 “ That Thought, whose rapid wing, outrunning Air,
 “ We cannot time, should take, in travelling there,
 “ Unnumbered years!—*Hope* would that soul sustain;
 “ ’Twould *speed*, and *hope*; and *hope*, and *speed* again!
 “ And such a state as this there must have been;
 “ E’en such strange state each Angel’s eye hath seen;
 “ But that they knew, and felt themselves to be,
 “ *Inhaling GOD!*—*Breathing Divinity!*
 “ But that they saw, and worshipped as they viewed,
 “ THE LORD!—THE LORD! throughout Infinitude!
 “ They looked not there, nor sought they there to trace,
 “ Or globe, or sphere, by which ye measure Space;
 “ But flew they far, or spread they pinions wide?
 “ ’Twas GOD!—’Twas GOD! and nought there was
 beside!

“ There *must* a time have been, when Deity
 “ Existed there in lonely majesty !
 “ Sourceless—self-formed—incomprehensible !
 “ Eternal—changeless—uncommenceable !
 “ Lord of a universe—immeasurably outspread !
 “ Formless—unfilled—a vast—untenanted !
 “ No voice, as yet, before his throne to sing !
 “ No world to bow, no creature worshipping !
 “ Himself the source of unborn life, which HE
 “ Did meditate to pour through vacancy ;
 “ When He, within the vacuum, should raise
 “ Worlds to adorn, and Man to sing his praise.

“ There *must* a time have been, ere Time was made,
 “ When God did *will*, and, *willing*, was obeyed ;
 “ That Angels pure, intelligencies bright,
 “ Should be create, to revel in his sight,
 “ And furnish Heaven ! Those pure, those spotless things,
 “ Who fill heaven’s courts with endless worshippings !
 “ Vessels of Mercy’s choice, fitted to hold
 “ His blissful beams, which yet were uncontrolled,
 “ And seemed (though strange, and startling too, the
 thought)
 “ Wasteful to be ! Whilst there, as yet, was nought,
 “ In Heaven of all its Hierarchies so great,
 “ Those ‘ rays of Life ’ in full to estimate.

“ There was again a most eventful time,
 “ When God did meditate a work sublime ;

- “ To call, from Nothing’s breast, Matter diverse,
 “ To fill, and comprehend a Universe.
 “ He willed—and Matter’s-germ in birth appears,
 “ And Nature’s womb was filled with formless spheres.
 “ The mountains’ dust, the watery brine of sea,
 “ Together lay, in dark feculency.
 “ A pulpy mass, in lifeless curds, unformed ;
 “ Its pulp, as yet, by vital breath unwarmed ;
 “ As yet unstirred by Fecundation’s ray,
 “ But mixed in gloom, disorder, disarray !
 “ That time, predestined long, prefixed *to be*
 “ Before the morn of first Eternity ;
 “ That moment fixed, arrived.—‘ Let there be Light’
 “ Was God’s command—and Darkness fled—and night !
- “ No time, no lengthened process seen, as we
 “ Must make to meet your mind’s capacity.
 “ He spake—’twas done, ere forming-word was passed ;
 “ Commanded Light—and, through the gloom, was cast,
 “ Flashing—beaming—bursting—far away—
 “ A Light, effulgent flame—celestial day.
 “ A beam of Love, from God’s exhaustless eye,
 “ Expands through Space, and fills Infinity ;
 “ O’er-power’s chaotic gloom, to penetrate
 “ The mass unformed, and vital warmth create !
 “ Not Light, as ’tis upon our Globe now shed,
 “ Where scarce one beam is fully gathered,

“ But beams, proportioned well to boundless space,
 “ Where God designed unnumbered Suns to place,
 “ There bound by Wisdom’s law !

“ Ah ! wondrous was the hour,
 “ Faultless the plan, and marvellous too the power,
 “ When, in that Light, thus made ; and in that space,
 “ These shining Globes, God did create and place,
 “ By yearly circle made, and daily roll,
 “ To speak his might, and tell his true controul !
 “ *How formed*, and *how propelled*, we need not sing ;
 “ By what force hurled, or what the attractive string,
 “ Which holds, as they their various orbits run,
 “ Each rolling sphere inclined to central Sun.
 “ ’Tis not the question asked.—Did we convey
 “ The ruling law Planets and Suns obey,
 “ Would it advance thy Spiritual controul,
 “ Or gain thee Heaven, or name, or point thy Soul ?
 “ These worlds are poor. Unto thy Soul they’re nought,
 “ Scarce worthy they to hold one anxious thought.
 “ If viewed, they be, opposed to future state,
 “ For loss of which no world can compensate.
 “ They are designed for Man’s probative place ;
 “ A spot, where he may various records trace,
 “ And thus, *by deeds*, may plainly register
 “ Desires, and Thoughts, which in his heart occur,
 “ But which, without an Act, to verify,
 “ His fear would hide, his tongue would fain deny.

“ Hold them as such, and love and use them so ;
 “ ’Tis all we teach, ’tis all indeed we know !
 “ We, by deduction’s rules, both hear and see,
 “ And spheres reply by just *analogy* ;
 “ Making the things, which in your globes ye find,
 “ Assimilants to be, with all, in us, combined.
 “ As worlds, which roll in utmost space, afar,
 “ Are read by thee, and questioned oft, as star ;
 “ So read we thee, so seek that world of thine,
 “ Thy purpose ours, and ours the same design.
 “ Reciprocal our hopes, equal our view ;
 “ Thy doubts are ours, and ours thy wonder too.
 “ Seeker of Stars—thy wand’ring thought restrain ;—
 “ Seeker of Worlds—thy destined sphere regain ;—
 “ There rest content, till Fate shall draw for thee
 “ The veil of Death—and thence—each mystery.”

I feared ’twere so—And I must be content
 To live in doubt, and be as ignorant
 As plant that fades, and animals that bleed,
 And all the mass around, which to my need
 Is made to minister ! Thus Heaven saith nought,
 It search evades, and doth defy our thought ;
 Heaven’s bliss—Hell’s punishment—are but *supposed*,
 Their tongues are sealed, celestial pages closed !
 Pages they ope’, wherein our Thoughts might stray,
 And Fancy flies, to read, and to survey—

And then—they close the book—and, cruel Fate,
Mankind permits, by Death, to penetrate
The Truths which there abound!—

Then next, I sought
Past-Spirits' aid, and did entreat one thought!
With every energy aroused, I cried,
Appeal'd, implored, and would not be denied!

And what said Spirits then?—

Solemn the breath!
Awful, and calm, the dismal voice of Death!
A cold, dark hand, just touched my burning brow;
(Methinks I feel its icy impress now!)
Softly, a voice, I could not recognise,
Though much restrained, and wafted but by sighs,
The self-same tale began!

“ For what—For whom—
“ Must I now leave the dark, and silent tomb?
“ Ah! could I not, in peace profound, possess,
“ Its stagnant gloom, its putrid loneliness!
“ Its sleep—which though it reach its thousand years,
“ But as one day, one mortal's hour appears!
“ Must I, silence disturb; the grave profane,
“ By naming Earth, or temporal things again;
“ Which I would fain, in deep oblivion shroud,
“ For yet some thousand years, till ‘Trumpet-loud’
“ Death's lethargy shall burst; and I appear,
“ Before assembled worlds; from God, to hear

“ Judgement on Man pronounced ! My God’s command
 “ Removes, awhile, Death’s firm and leaden hand,
 “ And thus a Spirit speaks.

“ Ah ! could I tell

“ That *what* I know, the *whereabouts* I dwell,
 “ ’Twould be, with voice so deep, so strangely new,
 “ ’Twould still remain ‘mysterious fact’ to you.
 “ ’Twould not present itself through power of sense,
 “ Which Man now hath, conveyed for things more dense ;
 “ It would no picture draw, no Image give,
 “ Which could be known, or be definitive.

“ How comes your Thought?—Man hears some spoken
 word,

“ And, instant then, meaning thereof’s transferr’d
 “ To somewhat handled here, or something seen,
 “ Something that is, or somewhat that hath been ;
 “ But *make a word*—’tis but incongruous sound,
 “ Till, in the Mind, an Image true is found.
 “ And *new thoughts* must be found, *new words* be made,
 “ Ere ‘things Eterne’ are sought for, or conveyed.
 “ All things are new, our faculties are changed,
 “ New sights are ours, where Mortal eye ne’er ranged ;
 “ We have, indeed, by passed Death, attained,
 “ Those secret things by negatives¹ explained,
 “ But cannot these impart ! Thou can’st not know
 “ *How* held in life, or *where*, in Death, we go !

¹ Eye hath *not* seen, ear hath *not* heard, *nor* hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive, &c.

“ We claim, in Man, no separate dwelling-place ;
 “ Leave not a Void, nor show vacated Space ;
 “ Steal not, nor burst an atom ye possess ;
 “ Nor rend a nerve, nor make thy Matter less !
 “ When given, we urge—Matter and Dust obey ;
 “ When called, depart—Substance and Form decay ;
 “ But *how* supplied, or our departure *where*,
 “ Cannot *your life*, nor can *our Death* declare !

“ You ask, of Spirits, speech ; but we are mute ;
 “ More silent far, and much more destitute
 “ Of power, or evidence, the tale to tell,
 “ Than any Sense, which in thy frame doth dwell.
 “ Such *may* extend a *partial aid* to thee,
 “ Their record’s true, and herein do agree,
 “ In pointing on, through their unvarying laws,
 “ To somewhat more, *one great exciting cause*.
 “ But we, though learned in Man’s eternal fate,
 “ Cannot the fact, to Man, communicate.
 “ Parting, we leave no voice nor trace behind,
 “ Which, sorrowing friend, as comfort-pledge, may find ;
 “ But go, alas, to be for ever learning,
 “ What’s meant by Heaven, or by Eternal burning !
 “ Know all, feel all, and would our brethren tell,
 “ But find the Gulf¹, to us, impassible !

¹ Luke xvi. Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass hence to you cannot.

“ Oh ! could we speak, how would we caution thee
 “ Pictures to draw, of inconsistency ;
 “ Which but proclaim, a Fancy wandering wide,
 “ A journeying Thought, devoid of spiritual guide.
 “ These scenes explain thy Mind’s lamented dearth,
 “ Thou hast transposed Atoms alone of Earth,
 “ And then requirest, if such wild schemes shall be
 “ A portion just of our Eternity.

“ Thus to create, and thus to read the Skies,
 “ Is vain, Imagination’s exercise ;
 “ And, if indulge thou wilt, there’s latitude,
 “ For all around there’s new Material strewed ;
 “ Place them within *Mind’s tube*, and various views,
 “ Shall, at each turn, thy wondrous eye amuse ;
 “ But *false* these sights, thy proudest visions *poor*,
 “ To *good* thou’lt win, or *evil* thou’lt endure ;
 “ And back we say !—We would, but dare not tell ;
 “ Death seals our lips.—And, mortal Man—farewell.”

Farewell !—Farewell !—If such must be—Farewell,
 Ye powers of Earth—and all ye shades of Hell.
 Whom I, by frenzied call, and spell, have led
 From realms remote, regions where dwell the dead ;
 I seek ye now no more ! Too well content
 With such mad race, such wild bewilderment.

An error ’tis, most dangerous, most deep ;
 A doctrine crude, evincing Reason’s sleep ;

Of pride, and vain conceit, the mixture wild ;
 Of strange philosophy, the abortive child ;
 To think, that we (amidst the mingled grains
 Of Matter's mass, this Universe contains)
 Can find or fix the soul. A spirit see,
 Resolve its hopes, attain its destiny.

Fancy may take a long, a lofty flight ;
 Outsoar creation's fields, absorb its light ;
 But, rising thus, o'er Nature's dreariness,
 Her ardent wing, outworn in weariness,
 Must surely droop, nor reach that summit, whence
 Her eye, unsmitten quite, by light intense,
 Undazzled there, unquelled by Mercy's rays,
 Beyond all Space, on Heaven, or God, can gaze ;
 Outrun slow Time, Eternal Scenes possess,
 And see a Soul imbibe its blessedness !—
 Reason, may delve, through Matter's heavy field ;
 May seek the skies, and grasp the truths they yield ;
 May too, with plough-share-keen of Thought-intense,
 Furrow the path of wide Omnipotence ;
 Yet, Reason's strength, ne'er grasps the Hand Divine,
 Which sprinkled Stars within the Skies to shine,
 Nor finds the Soul, for which these Skies were spread,
 And shall exist when Suns are withered !

'Tis vanity extreme, 'tis stubborn pride,
 To seek, in natural things, or ought beside,

The Soul of Man ; whose interest to define
 God condescends to give “ the line on line.”
 'Tis secret hid in Him, the which, if told,
 He must reveal, and must, to man, unfold
 His viewless Deity !—Yet this is known ;
 It is declared ; simply, but fully shown ;
 Withheld from curious search, when motive's vain ;
 And yet, to eye of Faith revealed ; made plain,
 Declared, to those who love the Gospel-leaf,
 And honour God by unrestrained belief
 In that ‘ revelation made,’ where surely He
 Hath oft declared his own Immutability.
 What were the Bible's ‘ pearl,’ say, what its use,
 If we, from things around, could now deduce
 Its every truth ? What *waste of miracle*,
 Were all its precepts-pure destined to tell,
 What we may run, and read upon the sky,
 Or lurking find in Physiology.

But Nature we, in each and every state,
 As natural guide, may safely contemplate ;
 And profitably read the signs, that she
 Doth ever give, of Him, the Deity,
 Who doth preside o'er all. Her voice attend,
 The first step 'tis, by which thou shalt ascend,
 And mount to Nature's God.—Remember thou—the first !—
 For when the soul for knowledge-draught's athirst,
 Knowledge that spiritual is, and heavenly,
 There is no fount on Earth which can supply,

Or give the Wisdom-drop!—In Earth below
The Spring of Life and Wisdom's streams ne'er flow.

Shall I ought *gain*, though now, I daily strive,
Within the womb of Nature's laws, to dive;
With comprehensive mind, seek to define
Inherent heat, which bids the sun to shine,
As brightly now, as first; when forth he roll'd,
And, 'spreading light, the Universe was soul'd;
And yet, my soul neglect, more precious still,
And no one precept love, no law fulfil?
What, though my pen the Wisdom-hand revealed,
Which strewed those Globes in yon pure Ether-field;
Which poised each sphere, its gravity assigned,
And, hurling it abroad, in path designed,
Did give an impetus, so justly found,
Its rolls, and rolls, its one affixed round
Eternally unurged. Nought to impede,
Nought to enforce, and nought restrain its speed!
All this, would it, in Death, ought profit me;
Or change my Fate, or brighten Destiny;
Did I not ask that 'all-protecting hand'
To hold me here, when sin-assailed I stand;
And guide me safe, in path which I should tread,
Till Death is past, and Heaven is entered?
The Earth, the Air, the Heavens-wide, the Sky,
Are glorious works, which show Divinity.
An ample store, a most abundant page,
When they our thought, or reasoning powers, engage.

Their great design, and principles we see,
 Order,—arrangement-just,—stability.
 Each world sustained—in action all propelled ;
 Cast loose in Space, and yet attraction-held,
 And system-bound ! Such daily change, in all,
 As renders Time, and years perpetual !
 All moving on, unto Oblivion fast,
 Yet God's fixed laws, from ember-dust of past,
 From things decayed, decrepit, or outworn,
 Bringing new flowers his kingdom to adorn.
 Filling Earth's gap, reforming parts which die,
 By full, and sure, and equipoised supply
 From particles minute. Therein we view
 How 'substance-gained' must 'substance-lost' renew ;
 And this, one principle in Nature's laws,
 Declares a God, as First-Creative-Cause ;
 For Matter must (if we a God deny)
 Be matter-fed, and be begot thereby.
 Or whence sprang Globes, when Space did not contain
 The germ of worlds, or Earth's commencing grain ?
 What shall sustain their motion-due or weight,
 When vital powers shall thence evaporate ?
 And when, by Time, all bonds shall be destroyed,
 Shall Spheres then sink, or stagnant stand in Void ?
 Here Nature's page must be for ever sealed ;
 No guide, no truth doth all creation yield ;
 Of Earth *in origin*, or things *to come*,
 Nature *says nought*—the Heavens themselves *are dumb*.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

BOOK III.

Christian—adieu!—In fullest sense—à Dieu—
I now commend, my life, my Soul, and you!
Sceptic—adieu!—My prayer doth comprehend thee;
May God protect, may gracious Heaven defend thee!

Farewell! farewell! To all who hear or read;
Brothers in God, for whom one Christ did bleed;
In Time farewell! But now, 'midst life ensnaring,
Be thou, my friend, Eternal things preparing!

Farewell! farewell! The day doth brighten fast,
This moment's ours, it may too prove our last!
Ere this day's sun doth evening's beam shed o'er us,
Time may be spent, Eternity before us.

Sceptic—one word ! My voice you may deride ;
 I cannot teach, nor can my weakness guide ;
 'Tis not in strife ; no hateful hand assaileth,
 But love doth urge, 'tis duty's call prevaileth !

Sceptic—you pause ! And I might pause, as you,
 If *Time* would pause, and *Death* would slumber too !
 Thou may'st not hear, but on thy track *Death's* creeping ;
 He'll smite thee too, whilst thou art doubting—sleeping !

Sceptic—awake ! The Gospel light doth shine,
 To send its rays through that 'dense creed' of thine ;
 How dark—how deep !—The darkest creed—the deepest ;—
 The 'Hell of Doubt,' in which thou sinkest—sleepest !

Sceptic—arise ! Now Life, or Death, are thine ;
 But soon, Fate's torch, may spring the awful mine ;
 'Tis Pity shakes—'tis Mercy's voice that calleth ;
 Awake—Arise—Destruction's hand now falleth !

Sceptic—you pause ! What wouldst thou see or hear ?
 Hath Christ not died ? Are not his precepts clear ?
 Can God, to Sense, give now a warning deeper,
 To wake thy Soul, Oh ! thou Eternal sleeper ?

Sceptic—you feel !—Then, ere those thrills subside,
 Search you the page you foretime could deride ;
 And as, intent, the Word of God thou readest,
 May God bestow the Spirit's power thou needest !

Sceptic—what news?—Those tears, those sighs explain;
 None seek in Faith, and seek that Book in vain;
 An Angel pure, those tears, that sigh conveyeth;
 ‘My God,’ he cries, ‘the stubborn sinner prayeth!’

Sceptic—pray on!—The God of Love attends;
 Thy Spirit *mounts*, the Grace of Heaven *descends*.
Pour out thy Soul—no loss thou thence sustaineth;
 God fills *the gap*, and spiritual life thou gainest!

Sceptic—but nay; we call thee so no more,
 Hell’s reign is past, thy day of Doubt is o’er!
 Think not ’tis strange, thy path was pre-assigned thee,
 God knew his time, the spot where Grace should find thee.

Sceptic—that was!—And who, before God’s sight,
 Against his name, should not this title write?
 Behold, thou’rt cleansed! Then ever, whilst thou liveth,
 Confess His name, who thus, thy sins forgiveth.

Sceptic—Grace-saved!—Thy hope may be denied.
 Thy Prayers—thy tears, men often will deride!
 But should men scoff; say (whilst in love thou weepst)
 I should love most, because my sins were deepest!

Christian—farewell! No other title known,
 ‘The Ark’ moves on, ‘the silver trump’ is blown.
 Christian—one *staff*, one *shield* doth God provide us;
 Let not a *form*, let not a *badge*, divide us!

Christian—lead on! One only Guide you need;
His strength shall cheer, his blessed voice shall lead.
 How bright—how clear, the brightest lamp, the clearest,
 ‘The Voice of God,’ unto thy Soul, the dearest!

Christian—lead on!—The way is long, and drear;
 Dangers beset, and yet protection’s near.
 The cloud by day, by night God’s bright eye keepeth;
 Strength through Man’s way, and safety when he sleepeth!

Christian—proceed!—Though long may be the way;
 A clime, so pure, you reach not in a day;
 Let not thy faith, let not thy spirit fail thee,
 But look to God, when weakness doth assail thee!

Christian—proceed!—But not alone, I pray!
 Lend me thine aid, reprove me if I stray;
 And may the Soul, which now indites this story,
 Meet thee in Bliss, and welcome thee in Glory!



THE WORD OF GOD! *The one authority,*
Which speaks the Mind, the will of Deity!
 Here have I gained, at length, the source, my friend,
 Of knowledge sought, and here must Fancy end.

Well did the inspired Psalmist say, when he
 Through Nature looked, unto the Deity ;
 That in the things which God hath shown, and made,
 His wisdom just, and power are so displayed,
 That Man, without excuse must stand, if he,
 Wanting more proof, disclaim Divinity¹.

Nature may be confessed, as volume true—
 (Devils believe, and know, and tremble too)
 Yet God may be unloved, the Soul unknown ;
 For *there*, I do repeat, it is not shown.
 To manifest the Soul, and guide Man's thought
 To those blest realms, whose joys are never sought,
 In earnest strength, or full sincerity, until,
 The light of Grace, in Man, doth then instil
 Wisdom, more pure than he can ever find,
 In Nature's powers (which build the carnal mind),
 God doth, unto the seeking Soul, impart
 His written word, and fix it on his heart.
 Doth give a power to Truth ; and thence doth make
 ' His word ' so loved, that Man, but for its sake,
 Will freely part with every comfort here,
 Aye, e'en his life, nor count the purchase dear !
 And this, because, it doth the knowledge give
 Of *what is Death*, and *how his Soul might live !*

¹ Romans i. 9. That which is known of God may be manifest ; and the invisible things of Him, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse who say there is no God.

The Word of God! It is the only Key
 That ope's the door of Mortal-destiny!
 It is the clue, by which, with confidence,
 We tread the line, the maze of Providence;
 And *order* view, *arrangement* find, where we
 Had darkly strayed in deep perplexity,
 Or lost ourselves in Doubt. It doth unfold
 Secrets by Nature held, but yet untold.
 It grasps weak Man, who sinks in *shoreless fate*,
 Holds him awhile, and doth elucidate
 Eternity!—The Future shows—the Past—
 Man's interest here—his first estate—his last!

THE WORD OF GOD!—'Tis given but to show
 There is a Soul, and whither it doth go!
 It draws Man's eye away from *things that be*,
 And opens up—two-fold-Eternity!
It opens Heaven;—and, Faith's undazzled sight,
 Views hill-tops fair, glittering with beams of light,
 The sunshine smile of God! He presses nigh,
 Surveys that state, with pure and spiritual eye;
 Then turns around, to Questioner, to tell—
 'Heaven's bliss is pure, but inconceivable¹!

It lifts the lid from dark abyss of Woe,
 And leading sinners' thoughts to depths below,

¹ 1 Cor. ii. 9. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him—but God hath revealed them unto us.

Doth open Hell! Then bids Man's spirit see,
 That deep, dark pit, that Den of Misery!
 What joy, what bliss, the former to possess,
 And *there* partake of endless happiness!
 Great God! what depth of misery and woe,
 The cast-off-soul eternally must know!
 Ne'er may I view that dismal pit again,
 For who, in woe and everlasting pain¹,
 Or who, in all that is comprised in Hell,
 Would dare to fall, or would consent to dwell?—

THE WORD OF GOD! It ever stands alone!
 There's nothing penn'd, nothing can here be shown,
 Which bears the least similitude thereto;
 For ever read—it is for ever new.
 If simple thou—it simple powers doth meet;
 If thou dost sit on Learning's highest seat,
 There dwells more wisdom-true, in but one line,
 Than thou, in studious life, can'st well define.
 It takes no sample here, of things that be,
 Producing themes for Physiology;
 But places Faith beyond all these, and then,
Tells us, a Soul² there is, combined with men.
 Bids Reason³ bow, and Faith to condescend
 Truths to receive they cannot comprehend—

¹ Isa. xxxiii. 14. Who among us can dwell in the devouring flames?

² Job xxxii. 8. There is a spirit in man.

³ Job xi. 7. Canst thou by seeking find out God?

A spirit's sway¹—a body's dissolution²—
 A deathless soul³—a final retribution⁴.
 It is the record book of Mundane birth ;
 The last, it is, which shall be read on Earth ;
 Believed, and loved, when all of earthly frame
 Is wrapt in gloom, or is enclasped in flame.
 It is the only book, whose words shall be
 Transferred from Time into Eternity ;
 And worthy found to be resumed above,
 And sung, with godly glee, and everlasting love,
 Before the Throne of Heaven !

I've often heard

Contempt and scorn attached unto that word,
 Because, Men say, it opes, to human eye,
 Such scenes of dark and deep depravity ;
 That Crime it must, on tender minds, impress,
 Rather than sow the seeds of righteousness !
 Beware of such a thought !—Cans't thou not see,
 The exhibition made, of each iniquity,
 Is but to show, that God's omniscient eye
 Beholds each thought, knows each depravity
 Of Man's perverted heart ! Sins of each kind,
 By hand of truth, are clearly there defined ;

¹ Rom. viii. 13. If we, through the Spirit, do mortify (or control) the deeds of the body, &c.

² Eccl. xii. 7. Then shall the body return to the earth as it was.

³ Eccl. xii. 9. But the spirit shall return to God, who gave it.

⁴ John v. 28. All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and come forth—they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.

These numerous sins, and graceless works, we see,
The constant notice claim of Deity,
And none escape his view. Written, that they,
If only brought his judgments to survey,
May see how just, how righteous too is He,
How full of truth, and love, and equity,
Are all his ways.—Men hate the book, because,
Conscience proclaims they have despised his laws ;
For there are none who read this book, with care,
But must confess “ My sins are painted there !”

Aye, you may laugh, and shake conviction off,
May changes ring, and point each witty scoff ;
But there’s a time when both of these shall end,
God’s spirit shows, God’s arm it will defend
The value of his word ! And if, for thee,
Mercy designs blissful Eternity,
That Book will spread such beauteous scenes to view,
Thou’lt read, thou’lt search, thou’lt learn to love it too !

Thou fanciest thyself, perhaps, so pure,
A Bible’s phrase thy thought cannot endure.
Its truths are spoken there, in homely way,
Clothe them in language soft, of present day.
And though they do most monstrous sins disguise,
You’ll read, and quote, and almost idolize
Works of Obscenity !—Works, whose intent
Is Vice to hide in pampered sentiment ;

And make thee love, when wrapped in this disguise,
Such sins, as thou, unclad, could'st but despise !

Poets have been, I speak it to their shame,
Who thus clothe Vice, to earn a deathless name.
Flattered, and praised, and idolized, and sought,
'Till their wild brains to wilder songs were wrought ;
Lifted on high, to sit on Thrones-ideal,
Until they fancied oft, and loved to feel
They were a Nation's God !—

These Worms have died !

The ' Voice of Song ' could never turn aside,
Nor hold the Shaft of Death ! What told their dying day ?
What *then* their song ?—And what their parting lay ?—
'Twas bitterness !—Or Thought, perhaps, could bring
But visions dark, and dreamy wandering !
Oh ! Nature's doom !—The tuneful bard must die !
His lip is sealed, and dark his rayless eye !
But would'st thou *rouse*, and *startle* him with curse,
Quote thou his song, and echo thou his verse,
And then, on ' Ear of Death,' that sound would ring,
Painful, and deep, God's inward thundering ;
Which turns the melody of his soft strain
To Discord's note, bespeaking endless pain !

But stay !—It ends not here !—That man could sing !—
His harp abides through Death's dark journeying !

All Hell is moved¹ the Prince of Song to meet,
They quote his verse, whilst they with "Welcome" greet ;
And then, the fiends, with obscene shout do tell,
" He brightly sings before the throne of Hell ;"
And he, who sang on Earth, in Satan's cause,
Is gone, to reap the long and full applause
Of Spirits cursed, in numbers deep and dense,
Hell's regal court, Hell's endless audience !

Oh God ! My God !—How will the words of Earth,
Spoken in wrath, or sung in boisterous mirth,
Sound *there*, in pause, that soon awaiteth me,
Silence in Death, bestowed eternally,
That I may life review !—What word of Sin
Shall I then dare reiterate therein ?

Perhaps the greatest curse God could bestow ;
The deepest sting my parted soul could know ;
An impulse, irresistible, would be,
Urging my soul to think continually,
And say, and sing, within those regions blest,
Trifles of Time, and all Life's thoughtless jests,
And words of sinful years !—How would the blast,
Raised by my breath, make Angels stand aghast ;
And swiftly speed, from that defiled place,
To shelter seek beneath the Throne of Grace ;

¹ All Hell is moved to meet thee at thy coming.

Clothing both eye, and ear, lest they should see
My form accursed, or hear my blasphemy !

THE WORD OF GOD !—It could alone withstand
The wear of Time, whose iron-sheathed hand
Doth rend the frame of Man, and Nature too,
And, with Oblivion's-sponge, blotteth from view
The puny works wherein Men did engage,
Recorded now but in its lasting page ;
Or left, amidst the wilderness, to be
“ The Monuments of Authenticity,”
To those whose stubborn minds had stood aloof.
But that they find, corroborative proof,
Stamped on the Earth ; written from pole to pole,
Where Rocks uprear, or where the billows roll ;
Laying on him, who would their proof deny,
Blindness, infatuate absurdity,
Or that more heinous sin, which would refute
God's written word ! wherein each attribute
Of Mercy, Love, and Justice are displayed,
Knowledge is given, and Happiness conveyed.

What hath preserved this Book ? Did Mankind see
Their passport 'twas unto Eternity,
And cherish it with care ? This had been well,
But History's text the sad reverse doth tell !
Nations, and states, have banded been, in war,
To sweep this book from Earthly realms afar ;

Whose every line, did Man but look therein,
Conscience accused, and did condemn each sin.
How oft, indeed, the long and furious roar
Of Reason's law, hath swept from shore to shore ;
And wave on wave hath rushed, as troubled sea,
To drown, beneath its Infidelity,
The Axioms of God ; too pure, too wise
For Mortal minds, too bright for sinful eyes !

The clarion-voice of *Wit* hath screamed most shrill,
Through brazen tubes, which *Ridicule* did fill ;
Invention-strange, and *Science* have been rife
Weapons to bring to aid the deadly strife ;
All Man could frame, when most he did despise ;
Or Satan's wile, on Hell's-bed, could devise ;
Reason's research, vaunting of station won,
Hath piled its stores, of strong combustion,
Within the magazine, that *Pride* and *Hate*,
Beneath the Throne of Truth, did excavate ;
And, with *Confusion's train*, would dare explode
The God of Gods within his blessed abode ;
And *Wisdom's ladder* too, they've lifted high,
To reach Heaven's roof, and scale the guarded sky ;
But yet, above the tumult loud, and din,
The Voice of God, that's registered therein,
Hath risen in melody, so soft, yet so profound,
That it hath swelled above each earthly sound,
And spread abroad, upon the breeze of Time,
To combat sin, evangelize each clime ;

Man's ingenuity, and Satan's rage,
 Could not one line efface, destroy one page ;
 But still they stand, Faith's weapon-sure, and shield,
 To vanquish Hell, and make the Tempter yield !

I fancy now I hear the Sceptic say—

“ If this the Guide, to point the Heavenly way,
 “ And if, a state there be, we all must share,
 “ For which we're urged, and bid, with speed, prepare ;
 “ Why hath this way been unproclaimed so long ;
 “ And why, the dark, and Heathen lands among,
 “ Did Ignorance so spread ? If God designs to bless,
 “ Why Error make, or cause exclusiveness ;
 “ Why light diffuse, with partial eye or hand,
 “ Here Grace extend, and here each sin command ;
 “ Why draw a circling band, on Earth's wide plain,
 “ Where *light* should shine, and Truth and Grace should
 reign,
 “ Whilst all *without*, Egyptian darkness fell,
 “ And blindfold *there* the Heathen walked to Hell ;
 “ Stumbling o'er sins, placed midway in his path,
 “ The Child of Woe, the heritor of Wrath ;
 “ Formed, from the womb, ‘ a reprobate,’
 “ And thence consigned, by God's eternal hate,
 “ On Earth to feel the exterminating blow,
 “ And then, to pass into the realms below,
 “ Without one ray of hope ?”

I'll tell ye *why*;

Lest ye, to God, in rashness, should deny
 Equality of ways ; and seek excuse
 For rash neglect, and for the long abuse
 Of all the willingness of God, to lead
 To holy thoughts, and good and righteous deed.

The Heathen lands did once possess God's word¹ ;
 There's not a Soul but oft his voice hath heard².
 The conscience-loud³, of unregenerate man,
 Shall witness bear, deny the fact who can !
 What were the Heathens once ? What parent stem
 Gave birth to us, that branches not in them ?
 Trace back, through years of crime, their pedigree ;
 Review their worship strange, their cruelty ;
 And own, the Authors first of rites, to be
 The *Eden-pair*, and *Ark-saved-family*.
 God's *spoken* word, by them, was first possessed ;
 And in that secret cell, within each breast,
 A still, small voice, as monitor, was near,
 To guide his Soul, and make *his duty* clear.
 For full two thousand years God taught mankind
 By *oral laws*, all equally defined,

1 Romans ii. 14. The work of the law written on their hearts.

2 Deut. x. 14. The word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart.

3 Romans ii. 15. Their conscience bearing witness, &c., and accusing or else excusing.

And men, who would, could their requirements fill,
Frame *thence* their thoughts, *thence* regulate their will.
God made Man upright here, would keep him so,
But, by Invention's¹ power, they sought to know
The things which God doth yet reserve, to teach
By spiritual powers, beyond the natural reach ;
But yet he did, upon their minds, impress
His perfect power, his gracious willingness,
To teach, to Heathen minds, in early state,
As much as we, e'en now, can penetrate,
Of what the Soul might be ; and thence, did give
Knowledge enough to seek their God, and live.
But Heathens wandered then ; and proud, as thou,
(If humbled not by Grace) they would not bow
To God's authority ; nor would they guidance ask ;
But set their minds to this, the arduous task
Of making them a God ! Seemed to suppose
Some better mode they could indeed propose,
Of magnifying God ; than that, which then,
HE had ordained, as suitable for men.
They thought they could some *outward rites* sustain,
Were free to pray, or might from praise refrain ;
May shun each act which could affect the sense
With duteous praise, or humble reverence ;
And Satan met them then, as thus they strayed ;
And, on their minds, delusion's mark displayed ;

¹ Eccl. vii. 4. God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.

And they became a Folly's-badge, to show
 What Sense could teach, where Natural-Man would go !
 Thus God taught this—*If Man be destitute,*
Or be devoid of Grace, the prey-devouring brute
Is far more merciful ; and, strange to tell,
Though instinct-moved, appears more rational !

The Heathen-souls were not *designed to stray* ;
 They left their God, and turned their ear away ;
 They looked not then to Him, who would impart
 Wisdom to those who sought him with their heart.
 Their God they first despised ! They have no plea
 Of want of Love, or inequality.

The fault was theirs, and we should pray,
 That God may haste, and bring the promised day,
 When all mankind shall once again be won
 To purest faith in God's beloved Son !

A dreary state the Heathens is ! And yet
 Some good there is, our feelings of regret
 With hope to calm ; and soothe, and palliate
 Our sympathy aroused, for this, their state.
 Their woes, their crimes, we must regret, as men,
 For Heathens-fierce are Christian's brethren !
 But see the love of God !—Behold his plan
 In drawing good from enmity in Man !
 God did *foresee*, and did *design* that this,
 Man's darkest state, the good should be to bliss !

Most strange, it may appear, that Man must be
Urged to exchange, for bliss, his misery ;
 But yet 'tis so.—And had not Error brought
 Its pains unbearable, Man had not sought,
 Nor would he, now, so fully estimate,
 Value, or prize, his Truth-enlightened state.

Thus God, both wise and great, doth now *permit*
 Error to be, but ne'er *enforces* it !
 And now, his Mercy-plan, o'erweighs with good
 The wilful mind, which Grace and Light withstood ;
 So teaches Man, by woes, that we declare
 Evil is born for bliss but to prepare.
 Makes grief to contrast joy, we could not know,
 Had we ne'er felt the bitterness of woe,
 Nor found the pains of sin !

'Tis Wisdom's plan ;

And now, methinks, so clearly shown to Man,
 That much I grieve some Christians yet there be
 Who question thus, almost censoriously,
 “ If God, in providence, can regulate,
 “ And can controul, and guide, in every state,
 “ Why doth he sin permit to dwell in us ;
 “ What need of Woe, and Grief, to mingle thus,
 “ And mar the good he made ? ”

The answer's plain.

When God's own Voice will not the man restrain ;

And when, the mind, will all constraint break through,
 To make a God, or "its own Cistern hew,"
 "God winks awhile at Ignorance¹," and knows
 That followed close, as 'tis, by certain woes,
 They'll be the School-master², whose scourging rod
 Will bring, with stripes, the truant Soul to God,
 And happiness restore.

Each man hath Sense ;

And Mercy grants, to this, full evidence
 That God would lead by Love ; but if Love fail,
 Affliction's tried, sorrow and grief prevail !

And true it is, that woe, the path has paved,
 Of those few Saints, whom Heaven receives—the Saved !
 Some spot of pain, some rankling wound must be,
 Ere Man will seek, or pray with urgency !
 No beggar's tongue a pittance small implores,
 Feels he no want, or hath he ample stores !
 If, from this rule, there can exception be,
 And Man, still prospering here³, doth work iniquity,
 'Tis where God's holy voice is quenched with hate,
 And he hath left that Soul, consigned to Fate,
 And they have gathered here some fancied weal,
 A condemnation sure, and deep, to feel,
 Throughout Eternity !

¹ Acts xvii. 30. And the times of this ignorance God winked at.

² The law was our school-master to bring us to Christ.

³ Psalm xcii. 7. When all the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they may be destroyed for ever.

My friend, can you
 Bless God for Joy?—Bless him for Sorrow too!
 Of all the time we sojourn here below,
 No time so rich as are our days of woe!
 Sweet are our tears, our very sorrows good,
 If rightly borne, and humbly understood¹;
 'Tis then we cry, “ My Lord, I've heard of thee
 In spoken words, but now, mine eye doth see
 Thy mercy-pure, thy love; and I confess
 Thou dost thy child afflict in faithfulness².”

THE WORD OF GOD!—Say what the wondrous power
 That Prophets moved, in their inspired hour,
 To speak beyond their thoughts; and mouth-piece be
 To that revelation made, of Deity,
 Which so omniscient seems, in most minute,
 As now to place, beyond the least dispute,
 Its author and its source?

Upon each line
 The stamp it bears of origin-divine!
 Many the instance there of proof, but none
 More simply found, more true than is this one.
 No Mortal Mind could e'er dictate the scroll
 Which Time should test, Futurity unroll.

¹ Godly sorrow worketh repentance, not to be repented of.

² Psalm cxix. 75. In very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.

² Peter i. 2. The prophecy came not in old times by the will of man, but holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

No human thought, no mental power of man
Hath open'd Fate, no Wisdom ever can.
Most wonderful, most great, must be the mind,
That first, in love, the Universe designed.
And awful too, that most omnific word,
Whereby the Will was into spheres transferr'd !
Yet 'tis not here, in this great power alone,
That God is found, Omnipotence is shown ;
Or man can learn those depths, the most profound,
Wisdom supreme, and knowledge without bound.
Throughout ten thousand worlds, told o'er and o'er,
Untired God roams, to guide, and to explore ;
Then marks the secret path, of each and all,
Smiles when man stands ; pities if he should fall.
E'en from Creation's hour their paths saw He,
And could unroll, unwind intricacy ;
The which, in mingled multitudes, must blend
The walk diverse, and change, without an end,
Or pause conceivable. But though men stray,
And do diverge, and take eccentric way,
They but, in flights, and wanderings, fulfil,
His law, his plan, his purpose here, his Will !

This was not fixed alone, or it had been
To us discernless now ; by man unseen ;
But then, his laws unchangeable, we find,
Written, and spread o'er pages he designed,

And bid man contemplate. Much clothed, 'tis true,
 In types obscured, and hidden first from view ;
 Until, the time of its enwombment past,
 The Veil of Doubt recedes, and then, at last,
 The type's fulfilled—and as this proof we see,
 We must confess the hand of Deity ;
 Which there could write, upon such lasting page,
 Secrets unborn of every unborn age !

And say ; doth not the thought, when fixed in thee,
 Subdue thy rising pride, check vanity ;
 And make thee feel thyself, if rightly seen,
 An Atom small, a link of Time's machine,
 Now wielded here by God ?—

Ah me ! there's nought,

Which more doth awe my Soul, than doth the thought,
 That, countless years before my birth, each word
 Was known to God !—Unspoken then—yet heard !
 Each wish, each thought foreknown ; made to work out
 Eternal purposes, and bring about
 Designs so merciful, that I'm content
 In this to be—God's humble instrument !
 Predestined here to follow Good alone¹ ;
 And if I evil add, the fault's mine² own ;
 God framed the Good ; foresees the evil too,
 And grasping all, in comprehensive view,

¹ 1 Thess. v. 9. God hath not appointed us to wrath.

² Gen. ii. 7. If thou doest not well, sin lieth at thy door.

Makes all subserve his Will ; but think not thence
 He will acquit ; each sin's thine own offence¹ !
 God *urges* Good ; will many a crime prevent,
 Or if wrought out, he circumducts the intent,
 And Evil tends to Good.

The greatest sin I know
 Brought death, and doubtless too, Eternal woe,
 On him, who then, for bribe, too late abhorred,
 Betrayed his King, and crucified his Lord ;
 But left, for Man, salvation, as designed,
 And *murder* wrought, for me and all mankind,
 Blessing and bliss, which God did thus convey
 By wondrous means, in his appointed way.

Before I pass along, I would demand—
 Is this the truth—and dost thou understand ?
 When thou art *urged* some *good* to work, be sure,
 The feeling springs from secret source most pure ;
 When *evil tempts*, it is some power within,
 Adverse to God, for He tempts not to sin² !
 He can, and will soon nullify each deed
 Threatening to thwart the good he hath decreed ;
 And thus, will leave free agency to Man,
 Freedom to act, but not destroy his plan.

¹ Matthew xviii. 7. It needs must be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.

² James i. 13. Let none say, when he is tempted—I am tempted of God.

To Preachers come, and hear ; their tenets weigh ;
 But go to God to learn, and Him obey !
 When *man* would lead, and sacred things explain,
 Attention give, but thence assent retain,
 And independency of Thought. Be bold ;
 Error eschew ; and Truth, by Faith, uphold ;
 But when God's holy Word thou would'st explore,
 Bend Reason down, and spiritual light implore.

True Faith implore ! It seems a simple thing,
 When 'tis compared with arduous Reasoning,
 And all that up-hill-work, labouring of mind,
 Whereby the Soul, by "Wisdom" is defined !
 Yet simple as is Faith, we surely know
 When Christ again shall tread this world below,
 It scarcely will exist. So high will ride
 The power of mind, so boundless Wisdom's tide,
 That, e'en the Righteous few, scarce proof will bring,
 But hold God's word with anxious wavering ;
 Lest they, on bare recital should rely ;
 Having no likeness nor analogy
 To things familiar here.

Faith hath been much abused,
 Misnamed by Man ; unscripturally used.
 Some call *their fancies* Faith ; no rule to guide,
 Therefore Wits scoff, Sceptics may well deride.
 Faith hath its premises, which it must bring
 As clear, and full, as points for Reasoning.

If Faith cannot a Scripture promise claim,
 'Tis falsely called, "Presumption" is the name.

Thus have I now, in shortest prelude shown,
 What is the word of God, and how 'tis known
 To have proceeded from, and yet to be,
 In very truth, THE WORD OF DEITY.
 To travel through its endless mysteries,
 Relate its precept's force, its prophecies,
 Is more than I propose. The task would be
 Too great, too deep, too pondrous far for me.
 I read in faith; that which, in love, I write,
 Is not proposed as *new*, or *better* light;
 I but desire, thereby, to lead the weak
 Where they may strength, and spiritual guidance seek;
 I point them on to God, who promise made
 Wisdom to give, and will not Faith upbraid¹.

I combatted awhile, as yet I do,
 The all-sufficient power of Reason's view,
 In matters spiritual; yet seek not thence
 To cast away its proper evidence.
Nature, and *things revealed*, connected stand,
 Are both complete, and travel hand in hand.
Begin with natural things, but surely ere
 One single truth, from Nature's film, you clear,

¹ James i. 5. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

Oft laid for the unwary Soul, which says,
 “ If Man a cold morality obeys,
 “ Doing no harm, and giving none offence,
 “ It is, of Grace, sufficient evidence ;
 “ And that ’tis waste of time and thought, indeed,
 “ To *know* his Faith, or to *define* his Creed ;
 “ For he’s a righteous man !”—Can this be so ?—
 Reason forbids, and Conscience answers—“ No !”

Some men ne’er doubt, but tacitly receive ;
 Whate’er their Creed requires, they will believe.
 Others contend for straws, too soon object ;
 In preachers’ minds, weak points they oft detect ;
 “ They give us not,” these urge, “ a full insight,
 “ Misquote God’s word, and oft obscure some light ;
 “ They’re frail, and fallible ;” thence these deride
 A Mother-church, a Spiritual-Nurse, or Guide !

But be not rash ! Give holy men their due,
 Their time is given, their lives are spent for you !
 It hath pleased God ; yet pleases him, we know,
 Preachers to make His instruments below,
 Sinners to lead to God¹!—These men declare
 The bliss which He, in mercy, doth prepare ;
 And Servants are, imploring you at least
 To come and sit where God provides his feast,

¹ Cor. i. 21. It hath pleased God, *by the foolishness of preaching*, to save them that believe. Unto us which are saved it hath been the power of God.

And gives the Bread of Life¹.—And but alone
 For their appeals, what had we ever known
 Of holy hopes, conferred on Virtue's ways,
 Or Sabbath rites, or sacrifice, or praise?
 Through these weak men, whom weaker men have scoffed,
 God speaks aloud, and hath convinced oft;
 If *you* are yet unmoved, the fault must be,
 You would not hear, or had not Faith to see²,
 And thus unsaved remain! Aye, would'st deny
 Though Death stalked forth to tell Death's mystery³!

Read then God's word, and thus thy mind prepare;
 Read it with Faith, read it with humble prayer;
 As if the things, which there are told and shown,
 Of all mankind, concerned but thee alone.
 Others may point, direct your mind thereto,
 Love thou God's word, and hear thy Pastor too,
 But place no Faith in Man⁴, unless you find
 The Spirit says, "That is my truth, my Mind."

¹ See the parable of servants sent out to call the halt and maimed to the feast.

² Heb. iv. 2. The word preached did not profit, not being mixed with Faith.

³ Luke xvi. 31. If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they believe though one arose from the dead.

⁴ 1 John iv. 1. Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God. Acts xvii. 11. These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.

The Sovereign hand of God is here displayed ;
 Persuasive Grace¹, where'er the call's obeyed ;
 And Sovereign power each rebel act to sway,
 They forfeit life, but yet his plan obey !
 God's spirit strives, and would prevail with all,
 None stand self-held, and none uncautioned fall ;
 None ignorantly err ! The righteous soul
 Obedience yields, and bends to God's controul ;
 The sinner-sad, who burns, hath not this plea—
 “ God never sought—God never counsell'd me !”

THE AWFUL WORD OF GOD !—What Man can hear,
 “ Thus saith the Lord,” and listen not, nor fear
 To add, or to detract one syllable,
 Lest God should pour, on him, the plagues of Hell ;
 As there denounced² ! This Book doth God preserve !
 It therefore *needs*, and must Man's care *deserve*.
 It claims our study too, the most minute,
 Neglect of this proclaims Man destitute
 Of all that urges him to action here ;
 Of self-concern, self-interest's laws, or fear.
 But yet 'tis well, before we do commence
 To seek the Bible's page, for evidence,

¹ Jer. xxxi. 3. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.

² Rev. xxii. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book ; and if any man shall take away from the words of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, &c.

To know *how much* it doth profess to teach,
 The what's *within*, and what's *without* Man's reach.
 Little it says of things displayed to Thought;
 Little of Earth; of Man's frail body—nought,
 Except, that 'tis beneath the care of those,
 To whom, our God, doth in his word propose,
 A science deep, as is their destiny,
 The Soul of Man, that incontestibly.

But take the Word of God!—Are we agreed
Meaning alike to fix to that we read?
 Do I, assuredly, the truth of God oppose,
 Because I differ may, or do, from those
 Who are his servants here, strengthened by Grace,
 Blessings on Earth, and bliss in Heaven to place
 Before their fellow-men?—

God doth not bind,
 In minor points, the prayer-instructed mind.
 And yet, whate'er the Latitudinarians say,
 There is *one* Lord, *one* Faith, *one* only way,
 The rest must be erroneous!—Our God doth see
 The little shades of Thought's diversity,
 When each, with anxious mind, would strive to learn
 God's blessed truths, the first, the great concern
 Of his immortal Soul. Yet Truth doth lie
 Within one sure and certain boundary.

And we must tread with caution here, and care,
 No Bigots be, and yet avoid that snare

You must consent to humble *Thought* and *Sense*,
 And ask 'the Bible's voice' for evidence.
 Or Revelation take—alone surveyed,
 Its beauteous truths but theory are made.
 They must *affect* our lives, *through every sense*,
 And practice find, in Man's experience.
 God doth not give an evidence, but He
 Gives power to Man, to estimate, and see.
 Reason and Faith, combined in power, may *find*
 Secrets of Life, and *know* their Maker's mind.

With Reason, then, and Faith, and urged by Love,
 And seeking strength, from influence above,
 I shall endeavour now, with pure intent,
 To seek, and to explain each *rudiment*
 Of our Salvation's code.

It seems to me,

The word of God, divisible may be,
 Into these several heads. It doth begin
 With Man, *pure Man*, ere he had learned to sin.
 It *shows* "The Fall," *repeats* the heavy curse ;
 Shows Man, to good reluctant, and averse ;
 It tells the course of unrestrained sense,
 Swelling itself into such prevalence
 That God could not, the world he made, survey,
 And *therefore* swept its early race away,

In that one Deluge deep, recorded there,
 And which the Earth doth fully now declare,
 To all observant Men!

It then proceeds,

To *show* mankind, building upon their deeds;
 The deeds which they, in human strength, have done;
 And seeking happiness, and finding none!
 It then doth *promise*, in prone Man's extreme,
 His soul, from death, to purchase and redeem;
Fulfils that pledge, in time and mode to us,
 Most passing strange, and most mysterious;
 Then lays the top-stone, on the glorious whole,
 And shows us Heaven, and Man's redeemed soul
 Brought home to God, thus reconciled to Him,
 Mingled with Angels there, and Cherubim;
 Singing aloud, in constant, joyous strain,
 "Unto our God—unto the Lamb once slain—
 "Glory—and Power—and Praise—for ever be,—
 "Throughout all Time—throughout Eternity!"

To paint the scenes Creation did present,
 I have not power, nor have I such intent;
 And 'twere presumptuous pride in such as me
 Lessons to give, and teach Divinity;
 I would but trace, simply as they are told,
 Each incident, each stage, and thence would hold,
 And by God's grace, endeavour to obey,
 The doctrines—pure those pages do convey.

Adam, *at first*, this Spiritual life possessed,
 Till Sin occurred, and Death (as then expressed)
 Deprived the pair, and all their offspring thence,
 Of this best life, as Sin's dread consequence¹.

Man's body *was*, it is no frivolous boast,
 The Temple *then* where dwelt the Holy Ghost².
 But, Sin admitted there, it could not be,
 Thenceforth, 'a dwelling place for Deity³!'

It hath been urged, expounded, and explained,
 And in our church, is steadfastly maintained,

that we are not enabled to say, "Lo here, or lo there;" and that the natural man cannot perceive the things of the spirit, they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. All spiritual things require a spiritual perceptive power before they can be discerned or reflected upon—this power is now the *after-gift* of God, and, when obtained, looking through faith, it gives an actual substance to things which the spirit hopes for, and brings a soul-convicting evidence of the existence of things which are unseen by the eye of Reason.

¹ Scott's Essay on Regeneration. "Animal life may subsist without either intellectual or spiritual capacities, these may subsist apart from animal propensities, and an intelligent agent may be destitute of spiritual capacity (as fallen angels are); but spiritual life presupposes rational powers. Adam, created in the image of God, possessed them all; but, when he sinned, he lost his spiritual life, for the spirit of life departed, and he became dead in sin, therefore he possessed the propensities of animal matter, and the capabilities of an intelligent agent, but he became incapable of delighting in the spiritual excellency of divine things; and this is the condition of every man until the 'Spirit of Life' in Christ Jesus makes him free from the law of sin."

² 1 Cor. vi. 19. Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

³ What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness—and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols—for ye are the temples of the living God.

That *Natural Death*, pervading brute and all,
 Arose alone from 'Adam's early fall,'
 And thence, became a Universal state,
 The which mankind must now perpetuate !

Peruse God's Word. Adam was formed to die,
 I see no promise made, which may imply,
 A first immortal state ! Death seems to me
 The crowning-scene of God's economy !

When thus, to our progenitors, God said,
 " Eat not that fruit," and warned, if disobeyed,
 " That, in such hour of disobedience, they
 " Should *surely die* ;" what turned the threat away ?
 They ate—and lived !—

Here rests some error then,
 Or God, who there most falsely threatens Men,
 Hath shown discrepancy, in word, or will,
 A threat pronounced, which he would not fulfil !

It is not so. God speaks no useless word !
 That threat—and all God's promises, were heard—
 By all the hierarchies of Heaven, and who
 Shall dare to say, " Jehovah is untrue !"

The Spiritual life, and death-denounced, refer
 To that which hath no fleshly character.
 In this, the " Death," was not a mortal strife,
 But power recalled, of former Spiritual-life !

The dust, to man, material aid supplied,
 And formed the 'link of Earth,' by which we're tied ;
 Dust formed the Brain, and Wisdom *there* confined
 The reasoning powers, and all the mass of mind.
 Jehovah's hand first touched the Eden-sod—
 It stood erect—no semblance yet of God ;—
 He said—(perplexing thought, what mental food)
 " Let us make Man in our similitude.
 " Our Image give, and let him represent
 " The God who made the starry firmament,"
 Then breathed upon the form, by dust begot,
 Something-of-self, all else received not ;
 The semblance-given doth then pervade the whole,
 And clay-clothed-Man becomes " a living Soul."

Thus Faith beholds a Soul. It questions then
 The *character of life* first given unto Men.
 It asks, " what given-power God did recall,
 " As dreadful punishment, at day of *Fall* ?"
 It anxiously inquires, if Man be free,
 Or if " *the curse*" o'erhangs his Infancy ?
 If he be born in Sin ? Or if the Soul
 Be *free* to act, or can *itself* controul ?

Three-fold was Adam's life. Our present state
 Is three-fold too, when Man's regenerate.

First comes a life of low and fleshly grade,
 Alike to Man and Animals conveyed ;

This life affords, or else, it doth imply,
 In each, an organized capacity
 To relish good, functions perform, which stand
 For pleasure's gift, Necessity's demand ;
 Urging both Man and beast, to that which gratifies,
 In fleshly use, and natural exercise.

The *second life* is Rational—a state,
 Whereby Mankind, with Thought, deliberate.
 Of this, *the intellectual life*, the brute
 Can no conception form—is destitute.

The third is yet most noble in the Soul !
 The Spiritual life ! First given to controul
 Fleshly propensities, their bounds within,
 The which, if passed, would lead to deadly sin.
A sense-restricting life ; with power to see,
 And hear, and do, the will of Deity.
 It says, to hopes, by Lust and Sense begot,
 “ Refrain to taste, beware, and handle not ! ”
 It was, in fact, intercommunion's mode
 'Twixt Man and God, in Eden's blest abode ;
 When he, with God, had fellowship ; and when
 Converse was held, as speech is held with men.
 It was *God's noblest gift*, whereby alone
 Just views of Heaven, and Spiritual things are shown¹.

¹ The Scriptures say, the kingdom of God cometh not by observation, so

First, then, we ask (as motive for the whole),
Is there, indeed, or can there be a Soul?—
 How is the fact, by evidence, attained?
 Where is it told? And how's the truth explained?
*Expressly*¹ in God's word, in many a place,
 And all throughout, by *inference*², we trace
*Motives*³ which fail, if they affect but clay;
 And *threats*⁴ which reach beyond our natural day;
 And carry Thought where flesh can never go,
 Inhabitants of spheres of weal and woe,
 So atom-less, and so ethereal,
 That Substance there, or Form, could never dwell;
 But which (forcing no text with creed adverse),
 May be conceived as one vast Universe,

¹ Job xxxii. 8. There is a spirit in man. Gen. ii. 7. Man became, (or received) a living soul. Job xxvii. 8. What is the hope of the hypocrite, when God taketh away his soul? Job xii. 7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it. Zech. xii. 1. Thus saith the Lord, who formeth the spirit of man within him. Luke viii. 55. Her spirit came again. Eph. iv. 4. There is one body and one spirit.

² Matt. v. 23. And I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless. Heb. iv. 12. To the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit. Psal. xxxi. 5. Into thy hand I commit my spirit. Eccl. iii. 21. There is no man who hath power over the spirit to retain it.

³ Luke xxii. 4. Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but rather fear him, who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast you into Hell. Yea, I say, fear him. Heb. x. 39. Believe to the saving of the soul. Matt. xvi. 26. For what is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

⁴ Dan. xii. 2. Many shall awake, some to shame and everlasting contempt. Mark ix. 45. At the end of the world, the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire. Rev. xx. 15. Whosoever was not found in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire.

Hereafter filled, Eternally inhabited,
 By all the Souls, the Spirits of the Dead ;
 Hearing, and feeling there, the joys, the woes,
 By God proclaimed, and in his Word disclosed.
 Such universal bliss, such Spiritual joy,
 As creature-form must lessen and destroy.
 Such gnawing grief, such universal pain,
 As Matter ne'er shall bear, nor nerve sustain ;
 But which, is there entailed, and visited
 Upon the Souls, the Spirits of the dead !

But God is just and good, and doth not wait
 For Man to fancy this, nor speculate ;
 E'en the same verse, which doth explain Man's birth,
 Doth *show* a Soul, as separate there from Earth.

Created last of all God's works, designed
 Monarchical rule to sway, o'er creature kind ;
 And, if aright I read, the link to be,
 Connecting creatures with Divinity ;
 We see ' the Man,' at natal hour, receive
 E'en more than life, or faculty to live.
A life, which *vegetates*, to plants was given,
 And *creature-life* conveyed, when clods were riven,
 And plants, and animals, at God's command,
 Burst into life, they ne'er shall understand.
 But when *the Man* was made, when *he* was framed,
 Its *greatest work* Omnipotence proclaimed !

And 'Death' *did* pass, upon Man's Soul, that day,
 When he, this only law, did disobey !
 That sin and threat fulfilled, with life enjoyed,
 Do *mark* the *sense* in which the term's employed !
 He lived (until, by Grace, he was renewed)
 A two-fold life, with *Sense* and *Thought* endued,
 But surely lost, upon that fatal hour,
 His *Spiritual life*, and every Spiritual power,
 Until he did regain, by penitence,
 That 'power-divine,' that Godly influence,
 Which, since 'the Fall,' according to the "Threat,"
 Man cannot have, nor in his heirs beget ;
 But which, in Mercy's store, is held for all
 Who ask in Faith, and in obedience call ;
 And truly is, to just and prayerful men,
 In fullest sense, *the being 'born again !'*

Such change, I do conceive, the Fall hath wrought !
 And such, the loss, which Sin, on all hath brought !
 Surely, sufficient this, to now account
 For minds to sin propense, and Guilt's amount !
 When Man, by Grace withdrawn, is now denied
 A Spiritual eye, an inward Spiritual Guide,
 What hath he, to controul passions, that lead
 To thought profane, and flesh-constrained-deed ?
 He lives to Sense ! Without God in the World !
 Before the breath of Lust, each Thought unfurled !
 What can result ?—Without some pure controul,
 The Man *must make* shipwreck and loss of Soul !

Parental stain ! Hereditary sin !

Are both embraced the canvassed Faith within !

It seems to me, we lay, before Christ's flock,

A worn-out Creed, a bye-gone stumbling-block ;

Denounced by God, demanding, at his hand,

The stern rebuke, the warning, and command,

Too plain, imperative, and explicit

To cavil at, or e'en one doubt admit.

A proverb went abroad in Israel,

Drawn from what source, Scriptures nor teach, nor tell,

That, as the *parents* sinned, the stain did spread,

And all *their seed* in trespasses were dead,

Condemned in eye of law ! This to disclaim

The word of Truth and Inspiration came¹,

And *fixed the spot* where chastisement should lie—

“ The Soul which sins, *that Soul* shall surely die !

“ No longer, as I live, shall ye declare

“ My works undue, or my decrees unfair ;

“ Men shall be judged, Father, and so the Son,

“ By deeds of Faith, or sins, which they have done

“ In their probation's day !—

¹ Ezek. xviii. 2. What mean ye, that ye use the proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, “ Their fathers have eaten some grapes, and the children's teeth are on edge ? ” As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall have no more occasion to use this proverb in Israel. Behold all souls are mine, as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine—the soul that sinneth, it shall die.”

“ Why will ye die¹ ? ”

These are God's words, and what can they imply ?
 A power to live, methinks, and Faith employ,
 Without a sin, which shall *perforce* destroy,
 And shall prevent our bliss. Surely, if then
 Such power be vested here, in Souls of Men,
 The *source* of *Soul*, and each *Soul*, *from its source*,
 Must be *immaculate* ; or *innate force*
 Would overpower the mercy-call, and we
 Could not respond, *because we are not free* ;
 And God, (who e'en our conscience now doth tell,
 Hath made us all for sin accountable,)
 Hath frustrated his merciful intent,
 And placed, at birth, *a strong impediment*
 Upon the feeble Soul !

My Heart says no !

God hath not *framed* ; God hath not *told* us so !
 There is no sin upon *the new-born Soul* !
 It wants God's Grace, to strengthen and controul ;
 But HE, who sinfulness cannot endure,
Could not, I say, create a thing impure,
 And say that *it was good* !—As framed at first,
 'Tis not a thing unholy or accurst !
 Could you retain your Soul, as first 'tis given,
 It would be meet, and worthy of that Heaven
 Whereto we all aspire.

¹ Ezek. xviii. 38. Cast away from you all your transgression, whereby ye have transgressed, and make you a new heart, and a new spirit, for why will ye die ? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord, *wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.*

I am content

To give, to Human guilt, a full consent ;
 And will acknowledge too, excepting He,
 Who was the fulness made of Deity,
 None live a holy life, nor do obey
 The laws of God, nor walk in Wisdom's way ;
 But I deny, at birth, a *festering sin*,
 As placed, by God, the opening Soul within !
 The *inherent power* we all from God possess
 Is to behold a beauteous form in holiness ;
 Without the power, by Nature, to refrain
 From Natural sins ; or Nature to restrain
 From running out, into the widest field,
 That sense can furnish, or that lust can yield.

I think the Soul is fetterless, and pure ;
 Immortal¹ ;—changeless² ;—fitted to indure
 Unfading bliss, when borne to realms above,
 Mingled with God, a bright beam of his love.
 I make that Soul accountable ; and weep,
 For those, who now, in Sin's dominion sleep,
 To wake in realms of dark Despair below,
 And drain the cup, and taste the fruit of Woe³ !

¹ Prov. vi. 9. I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God.

² Eccl. ix. 10. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, &c.—As the tree falls so it lies.

³ John v. 28. The hour is coming in which all that are in the grave

I think, from God, the Spirit cannot fly¹;
 Nor can corruption's taint evade His eye!
 Death cannot shield; the Grave cannot dissolve,
 E'en could it *hold* whilst centuries revolve;
 The years which yet must pass, and roll away,
 To bring us on, towards that awful day,
 When Soul, and Deeds, shall each again appear,
 And be conjoined, the Solemn Voice to hear
 Of our Omniscient Judge! I fully *see*
 Man's Spiritual dearth²; his inability³
 For Holiness or Faith; all that can claim
 Service to God, or earn that deathless name⁴
 Extended now, by love, to all who hear,
 And bend, attentively, with holy fear,
 Beneath the Spirit's sway. My heart *assents*
 To all the truths, which God's own Word presents,

shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.

¹ Psal. cxxxix. 7, 18. Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there, if I make my bed in hell behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me, &c.

² 1 Cor. ii. 14. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.

³ 2 Cor. iii. 5. We are not sufficient of ourselves, &c., but our sufficiency is of God. 1 Cor. xviii. 10. By the grace of God I am what I am. John iv. 14. No man can come unto me, except the Father draw him.

⁴ Rev. ii. 17. To him that overcometh, &c., I will give a white stone, and in that stone a new name.

Of proneness unto Sin¹; and yet I *find*
 'Tis not *enforced*, nor *stamped* upon the mind².
 But doth arise *from Guilt's contagiousness*,
 Which so surrounds, and on each *sense* doth press,
 That ere the natural soul can fully see
 The what's its duty here, or destiny,
 The love of *things enticing* made, or the abuse
 Of needful things, provided here, for use,
 Have so encased Man's mind, with things of Earth,
 That God's own Voice is stifled oft in birth³,
 And cannot wake the Soul!—It sleeps content,
 Cradled in bonds Nature doth here present;
 And thanks ye not, (though on the brink of Hell,)
 If ye should break that trance, dissolve that spell,
 By pointing on, to better state of things,
 Which God's own Word, and God's own Spirit brings.
 Yet find not I *a procreated sin!*
 It is enough that there's no light within.
 Engulfed in Sense, without God's Word to guide,
 Man wants no power, no urgency beside.

I do *believe* no one desire for sin
 Doth spring from *given principle within*;

¹ Gen. viii. 21. The imaginations of man's heart are evil from his youth. Psal. lviii. 3. The wicked are estranged from the womb, they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies (metaphor, indicating at an early age).

² 1 Cor. xii. 7. The manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal. 1 Tim. ii. 3. God, our Saviour, will have all men to be saved, &c. Rev. xxii. 17. Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

³ Mark iv. 19. The cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful.

But all the Agency of God doth tend
 Our hearts to cleanse¹, our spirits to defend².
Imparted Sin I find not, but confess
 God's mercy gives *Imputed Righteousness*³!
 No sinner vile, the basest, doth beget
 A thing unclean, a child accurst; nor yet
 Doth saintly holiness, at birth, impart
 Unction, to fill, and bless its Infant's heart.

I do believe it to be *clear*, and *true*,
 That works, the unregenerate Man may do,
 Must all proceed from other cause than love;
 Are not designed to please their God above;
 Seek not His good; no faith-born-source profess;
 And have no claim to Grace or Righteousness.

There is no power of Holiness in Men!
 To serve their God—"they must be born again!"

¹ 2 Tim. i. 7; and Eph. v. 9. God had not given thee the spirit of fear, but of power and love of a sound mind, and the fruit thereof in goodness, righteousness, and truth.

² Psal. lxxxiv. 10. For the Lord is a sun and a shield. The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.

³ Gal. ii. 16. A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by faith in Jesus Christ, even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all that believe in him. Phil. iii. 4. But what things were gain to me, those I account loss for Christ, &c., to win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. Isa. liii. 2. By his knowledge (or obedience) shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities.

By God's own Spirit born ! Using his *word*—
 Altho' perhaps derided much when heard !
 Yet must, the conscious mind, some seed retain ;
 Without whose aid, God's Spirit falls in vain,
 Or never is infused.

No *word* employed,
 The Spirit sinks within a lifeless void.
 The flame may fall, e'en God's own Spiritual light,
 But could it *burn*, or could that spark *ignite*,
 Unless some *fuel* within that Soul abode?—
 Without this store, that flash would but *explode*,
 And darkness would succeed !

And even so,
 To cheer this world of wretchedness below,
 In *God's own Word* the fuel is freely given,
 And Man awaits the sacred fire from Heaven,
 To kindle up a flame, whose steady ray,
 Tended by prayer, replenished day by day,
 Shall cheer his steps, whilst leaning on his rod,
 And light him on, to Heaven, and to God !

The Soul *is free to choose* ; and yet we find,
 Good to produce, God's grace must be combined,
 And urge its movements here.

This Soul, *though free*,
 Must be sustained by Spiritual agency.
 Two Powers for Man contend. The Power of God
 The first sway gives—Hell, trembling, waits his nod.

Guidance HE gives, when such is sought by Prayer,
 And *then* Faith's lip, with pure notes, can declare
 How bright a Temple here weak tools can raise,
 How strong Man's love, how full his voice of praise.
 But soon, as Earth ne'er lies in fallow state,
 But 'genders weeds unless Men cultivate ;
 So are their powers by Master-hand employed,
 Refuse thy God—Satan fills up the void,
 Grasps all thy powers, of Reason, Sense, and Soul ;
 Works in disguise, nor whispers his controul ;
 Makes thee Blasphemy ; and bids thee God defy ;
 You vent the curse—then wonder—" Was it I ?"
 " Or who was He, that moved my inmost Soul,
 " Did counterfeit my voice, my tongue controul,
 " Some awful words against my God to say ;
 " Which fill me now with horror and dismay ;
 " And must, but that, for these, I can repent,
 " Bring down, upon my soul, a weight of punishment
 " Too fearful to be told !"—

Such I believe ;—

But seek not thence to lighten nor relieve,
 Nor to explain away, (alas ! who can ?)
 The awful guilt, the sinfulness of Man !
All men are sinners vile, in sight of God ;
 Would bear his wrath, and feel his chastening rod ;
 But that his love hath opened up a way
 Whereby He peace, and pardon, may convey,
 To each repenting Soul !—All Men *must sin*,
 Having no sense-resisting-power within !

But all men *may repent* ; and, having thence
 Obtained, through Prayer, the Spirit's influence,
 (Working that change, well-named Regeneracy,)
 There rests no innate incapacity,
 For deeds of holiness.—Enlightened thus, we know,
 When in the paths of Sin our feet would go,
 It is with *violence* ; which tears apart,
 The cords of conscience, and in the heart
 Implants a sting, and breeds a rankling sore,
 Which Man would feel, and hopelessly deplore,
 But for that Hope, which all Despair denies,
Repentance brings, and Faith doth realize !
 'Tis but in Demon's hearts, or but in Hell,
 That Sin is purely, truly natural !
 In every breast, in every place beside,
 (By those who do commit) it is denied
 As an *inherent gift* ; and said to be,
 A loathsome, *self-assumed* deformity !

In Virtue, unrelaxable, and stern,
 Without the power from Wisdom's laws to turn,
Justice ne'er framed the human Soul ; nor yet
 Would *Mercy's* hand its attributes forget,
 And in the tender and prolific soul,
 Implant " Inherent Vice," its actions to *controul*,
 Or to *induce* its faculties to sin
 From stirring power of *innate germ* within.

Then view the Infant's Soul.—Shall we then say,
 A thing *foredoomed* God did, at birth, convey ?
 It seems to me, that God creates it *pure*,
 That spot unclean, of Man's progeniture
 Cannot affect the Soul ! “ All Souls are mine ”
 Removes *parental stain*, and doth define
 Wherefore 'tis free from tincturing-stain, at birth ;
 God gives the Soul¹, uncleanness cleaves to Earth.

I will not now attempt, and cannot say
 When *first* the Soul *may sin*, or when obey,
 Or dictates feel of God. I do not know
 When first, of Grace, the Husbandman² doth sow
 The good and fruitful seed. I cannot *tell*,
 Nor can *explain* the agency of Hell³,
 Which sows the tares, then steals away, content,
 That he a deed hath done, shall Grace prevent,
 And frustrate God's design. But this *I know*,
 God doth declare it was not *His* to sow,
 Or mingle seed ; and then expect the field
 A sample-pure of costly grain to yield.

¹ John iii. 16. That which is born of the flesh, is flesh ; that which is born of the spirit, is spirit.

² Matt. xiii. The sower soweth the Word. He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man.

³ Matt. xiii. The kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man that soweth good seed in his field. But whilst men slept (or ere it could become productive), his enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. And the servants, &c., said, Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field ? whence, then, hath it tares ? And he said, an enemy hath done this.

We find, *for Infancy, no rule*, because
 Each feeble sense requires no written laws ;
 Requires no bond, demands no full decree,
 Ere power it hath to act offensively.
 Christ calls all children *pure*¹—He stoops to bless,
 Then tells the glorious state they shall possess,
 When, to their disembodied souls, it shall be given,
 Their Father's face to know, and see in Heaven².

Vengeance, unbought, let none to God impute,
 For God is Love, in name and attribute ;
 And on my heart, and mind, you ne'er indeed,
 Shall force the sad, the Hell-concocted creed,
 That Tophet's den, interminable gloom,
 The wretched Souls of Babes doth now entomb ;
 Consigned to endless woe, eternal pain,
 Whose stature ne'er, whilst living, did attain
 The measure of a span !

'Tis Blasphemy !

And creed too false, too horrible for me !
 Yet men there are, in this enlightened day,
 And in this Land, where spreads the Gospel's ray,
 And thence diffuses happiness ; bold men,
 Who claim the abused term, " A Christian,"

¹ Matt. xviii. 3. Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

² Matt. xviii. 10. In heaven, their angels (or their spirits then become angels) do always behold the face of my Father who is in Heaven.

Who will advance, with countenance demure,
 A sentiment, fiend-like, and so impure,
 That speaks it gendered first in bed of Hell,
 Or Satan-spawned, as down he headlong fell,
 Out-spurned from blest abode! Within God's Word
 Stands not such text, plainly averred,
 Nor hinted at! Justice is God's! And Earth obeys.
 A sceptre mild, which, merciful, he sways!
 Mercy will call, and oft the child remove,
 Ere first, by crime, its conscience is reprov'd;
 Take it, from Guilt and Sin's contagiousness,
 Spotless and pure, God's name in Heaven to bless.

Have you one hope, in Mercy's dearest hour,
 When rising forth, by Resurrection's power,
 Your soul shall burst, from underneath the sod,
 And stand, a culprit pale, at bar of God?
 Then rob you not, by creed so dark as this,
 The Parents' mind of hope, anchor'd on Infant bliss.
 Quench not the ray of partial happiness,
 Which doth dispel Affliction's cloudiness,
 And calm their troubled minds! Steal not the boon,
 Which you, if you a Parent are, too soon,
 Though, to their grief, such solace you deny,
 May seek, upon your knees, imploringly.

When Sickness' hand, commissioned from above,
 Doth press, with pain, the offspring of their love;

And o'er its pale, extenuated form
 Each parent bends, watching, with fond alarm,
 The gradual heaving of its breast subside ;
 Whilst, o'er its lip, the Soul doth seem to glide ;
 Lingerin' with dread ;—quivering with anxious fear,
 Its flight to take, into that region drear,
 Where all we know, fancy, or feel, or see,
 Is darkest doubt, intense uncertainty ;
 What can subdue the anguish and the pain ;
 What calm the fear ; but promise, sure and plain,
 Of instant peace, and God's design to bless,
 Where Joy is felt from his diffusiveness ?

Ere you decide this point, you may suppose
 A Soul, just breaking forth from Infancy's repose ;
 Anxious it looks on beauteous things around ;
 Where'er it rests its eye objects are found,
 Which some *inherent sense* may soon employ,
 Somewhat the eye desires, the lip may soon enjoy ;
 How soon, indeed, the little child doth show
 The warmth of Joy, which bids its features glow
 With pleasure and delight. How soon, again,
 Its piteous voice denotes a want or pain !

My little Child ; thou openest now thine eye
 On things of Life, but Death is lurking bye.
 The very things we place within thine hand,—
 The very things which bid thy mind expand,—

The very things which God ordains for thee,—
If loved too much, in after-life may be
 Ruin unto thy Soul. The very things
 A Father's love, a Mother's fondness brings ;
 And to thine eye, and reaching hand expose,
 To see how fast thy budding Reason grows,
If loved too well, will surely prove to be,
 The goad to Sin, and Death, and Misery !

My little Child !—Did Parents fully know
 That every word they say, may tend to sow,
 Within thy infant breast, pernicious seed,
 Which may break forth in some unrighteous deed,
 And harden thus thy heart ; taint it, until
 The grace of God may fail thy heart to fill,
 Or warm thy breast with Love ! Thine infant eye
 Each action views with strictest scrutiny ;
 Intended to impress upon thy mind,
 Motions, thy limbs, a power to urge may find,
 And soon again, with faint and new-born grace,
 Extend these deeds to new and younger race,
 Perpetual copyists ; well would they say,
 “ We stand as finger-posts, on God's highway,
 “ One duty ours, and that, with truth, to tell
 “ The path to Heaven, or point the road to Hell !”

'Tis hard for Thought so deep to dive within
 The mind of God, and say *when souls can sin*.

A *fallow-time* appears, when nought is sown ;
A time of *opening sense*, when mind alone,
Left by its God where natural states abound,
Wisdom may gain from various things around,
And strengthen all its powers. May knowledge gain,
The what to taste, the wherefrom to refrain.
Thus, early taught, in things of lesser weight,
A lesson here, to fit their hearts for state,
When God shall bid them choose, in higher things,
The what may Life, the what destruction brings ;
And offer then, by Grace, *their choice being free*,
Or Life or Death throughout Eternity.

The spirit works by *means*. It doth not take
A feeble child, and full-grown Christian make ;
But always works through Reason and the Mind,
The Heart's affections too, all it can find,
The deadly weapons of our natural day,
And makes these powers, beneath its holy sway,
To manifest God's grace. Childhood must be
A beauteous state of *stainless purity* ;
But *Piety*, so called, preceding Mind,
Is but *Tuition's force*, blessed in its kind ;
And God's first means his temple to defend,
Until His spirit doth, at length, descend,
To breathe thereon ; and by its influence warm,
And *Life diffuse*, where all before was *form*.

And thus, alike, the *righteous Man* we see,
 Retains each mark of individuality ;
 He loses not the bright smile of his face,
 Nor Love's, nor Friendship's tie, doth it displace.
 The cheerful eye, which smiled on things around,
 When fixed on God, with Love-beams shall abound.
 The voice that charmed, with Nature's notes, before,
 When tuned by Him, shall still more brightly soar ;
 A smile more pure, a love which knows no stain,
 Bestowed by God, shall rest on God again.
 Our talents move beneath one Master hand,
 Confessing power they ne'er can understand ;
 Change but the *sway*, the self-same Man shall paint
 An awful Sinner's form, or vigorous Saint !

Suppose these things *be true*—We then do find
 A Soul, immaculate at first, combined
 With every human form.—We see that Soul
 Made subject here to Reason's full controul ;
 Trembling at sin, rejoicing in all good,
 When Guilt and Good can well be understood ;
 And thence some Sceptics say—“ If we can bring
 “ No praise, nor Faith, but through our Reasoning,
 “ Where sinks the Idiot's Soul? And what will be,
 “ If Soul such hath, his Soul's Eternity ?”

Ah ! lost indeed, and awful too, the case,
 Where we, of *rational powers*, can find no trace ;

Even from Infancy. But such a state
 God did not will, nor did, at first, create.
 All Idiocy hath its organic cause,
 Which we could learn, could we explore God's laws ;
 And could we now, with more minuteness, trace
 The Man through various acts, which did displace,
 Or did abuse its powers.—Passions extend
 A mal-formed Mass, which doth, through links, descend
 To children yet unborn ; the Stamp to be
 Of Guilt's defilement, Sin's deformity¹.
 But yet, no proof is here, of such a state
 As doth declare *the Soul contaminate*.
 The *all* we say is this—" We surely find
 " A talent lost, a thought-extinguished mind ;"
 And we have *proof* that payment must be made,
 But in proportion just to power conveyed² ;
 Which gives the Soul to comprehend God's will,
 And strength imparts, his precepts to fulfil.

Look up to Heaven ! Perhaps, before thine eye,
 A beauteous type shall deck the midnight sky ;
 And paint a Soul obscured !

A darkening cloud

The moon shall wrap, within its rayless shroud ;

¹ Exod. xx. I will visit the sins of the father upon the children, unto the third or fourth generation of them that hate me.

² Matt. xxv. ; Luke xix. See the parable of the talents.

Yet full, and pure, her onward course she rides,
No eye beholds, but yet, her Maker guides.

So too, around the Idiot's vacant mind,
Where all is void, or Thought is undefined ;
Through many a dreary hour, some murky cloud,
Enfolds each sense, within its death-like shroud ;
Yet there, beneath that veil, the quenchless Soul,
Her onward course, unconsciously doth roll,
By God observed and loved ! And God, I know,
Will save that Soul, nor need'st thou hope forego,
Because of Reason's dearth. Yet 'tis a thing
Painful to Nature's eye, most harrowing,
(To all who trace the Soul to destined end,)
To stand beside the bed of dying friend,
Deprived of Sense, and rational controul ;
And watch the transit slow of that dark Soul,
As it doth break, from Matter's orbit free,
And roll into " Accountability !"
No ray of thought within the eye to beam,
But langour deep, and vacancy extreme.
Sinking into the Grave !—No mental sign !—
No Bliss to gain !—No good to then resign !—
No Faith, upon the joys of Heaven to dwell !—
No Fear—no Terror seen—no dread of Hell !—
Sinking from Earth !—Relaxing fast from life !—
No fond regret ;—no cry ;—no Spiritual strife !—

No wish ;—no want ;—not one desire for prayer ;—
No hope in Death ;—no Sorrow ;—no Despair !

And what a more than awful Sight would be
The ray of Sense, preceding death, we see,
The Lightning-flash-of-Mind ; bursting to say
“ Thy Soul is called—haste ye from Earth away.”

Ah ! what a fearful glimpse the Mind would cast
On years in raving spent, or seasons past
In darkness and in gloom ; if God required
A Spiritual life where Reason had expired !
A Soul is there, but Reason cannot *choose* ;
It cannot seek, it cannot Grace abuse.

The Soul is circumscribed, a callous band
Binds every power, and Thought cannot expand.
Mercy and Justice *here* in council meet ;
They both acquit ; and shouting Angels greet
A Soul, which finds its new-born Sense above,
Complete in powers by re-creative Love.

And yet, *again*, as may regard the Soul ;
Speaking of power existence to controul.
Science proclaims, and *Knowledge* oft doth tell,
How Natural Death is clearly traceable
To some *organic flaw*, or some *decay*,
Some tube which bursts, some link which wears away.
It *sees* these *wearing points* are oft supplied
With *mended links*, and *organs rectified* ;

It sees how *Knowledge* here hath oft detained,
 And sometimes, too, a Soul from Death regained,
By suited means applied; which truly save,
 And rescue, thus, a Spirit from the Grave.
 It sees a *power* which doth erase Death's date,
 And staggering then at *Shield* which wards off *Fate*;
 It asks, "Can *human interference* be
 " Held or explained with God's *predestiny*?—
 " Doth God *expect* the Soul, and *summon* it away?
 " Shall Science *interfere*, and bid the Spirit *stay*?"

Forbid it, oh my God! that one so weak
 With mental strength, should now solution seek,
 Of one of those most awful mysteries,
 Which still within thy breast deep-hidden lies!
 Men run into extremes, and feel at ease,
 But when they reach Reason's antipodes;
 And either Faith resist, and cannot see
 The least protection here by Deity;
 Or else, in Sloth, which cannot title claim
 To God's sure care, or yet deserve Faith's name;
 Seem to suppose, if but in prayer they say,
 "In God I trust," his laws and rules give way;
 And Ills, which must destruction bring to some,
 By words like these, are quenched and overcome.

Now *each* of these seem to suppose a flaw
 In Revelation's voice, or Nature's law.

I hold them both, and fancy that I find
 Their *separate truth*, their *harmony combined*.

Nature hath laws, which were not made in vain ;
 They show how sloth, or want, disease, or pain,
 Must each, in separate ways, alike destroy ;
 These truths, the faculties of Thought employ ;
 And sure results proclaim, which God designed
 Man's guide to be, the Way of Life to find.

The 'Voice of God' appears to me to show
 He can, and will, avert the impending blow ;
 If prayer be made¹, and if averted ill
 Would Glory give, or Mercy's ways fulfil.

These two extremes, must here, in practice meet ;
 Ere we can hope our Faith or Works complete.
 A *faith* which leans on God, for guidance sure,
 Provides the fig², yet *asks* the promised cure.

¹ Psal. l. 15. Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee.
 Matt. xxi. 22. All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer ye shall receive.
 James v. 15. The prayer of faith shall save the sick.

² Isa. xxxviii. 50. The Lord said to Hezekiah, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live, &c. Hezekiah wept sore, and *prayed*. Then came the word of the Lord, saying, I have seen thy tears, behold I will add to thy days fifteen years, &c. Yet in sight of this promise the proper means are used. Isaiah said, Let them take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaister over the boil, and he shall recover.

No *natural skill* hath ever had the power
 The Soul to stay, beyond *its destined hour*¹ ;
 No *doctrine's light* the steadfast facts disprove,
 That God supports our frame, and that we live, and move,
 And have our being here, prolonged as He
 Doth first appoint, and in his Love decree.
 Yet God, who ne'er misleads, would never say,
 " Seek ye my face," then turn that face away ;
 Nor would proclaim, when Souls afflicted cry,
 To him in Faith, their Maker then is nigh² ;
 If prayer could not avail.—Strive on, we say,
 Reason employ, but ne'er forget to pray.
 Thyself *exert*, as though the blissful end
 On *means* did rest, and did on *skill* depend,
 Then make thy *prayer* to God, and peace possess,
 If good the cause, thy God shall give success.

All things to *Prayer* must yield. This weapon bright
 Puts Satan's host, and all our foes, to flight.
 Its powerful arm, e'en now, to God will cling,
 In stubborn Faith, and prayerful wrestling³ ;

¹ Job xv. 6. Man's days are determined, and the number of his days are with God, who hath appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.

² Isa. xlviii. 19. I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain. Psal. cxlv. The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, he will hear their cry, and will save them.

³ Gen. xxxii. Jacob wrestleth with God.

Which tugs, and toils ; and then, with bearing bold,
 To God will cry, " I pass not from my hold,
 " Nor will I let thee go¹, but will assail,
 " Till I, by wearing grasp, at length prevail !
 " Blessings I will *extort*, though such must be
 " Wrung out by prayer and importunity².
 " Thus will we *work*, as though we could not place
 " Dependence here upon the power of Grace ;
 " But with the fear, the trembling nerve of Sense,
 " Will storm, with long, and prayerful violence³,
 " The Gates of Heaven ; *determined* thus to win,
 " Will fight in faith, and force ourselves within !"

But be ye sure it is the voice of Prayer !
 Unmoved by Love and Faith, thy words are air ;
 Space ruffled by the Tongue. Their *form* must be
 A solemn farce, a dangerous mockery ;
 Which must offend that God, whose eye detects
 Our wandering thoughts, and knows our Soul's defects ;

¹ Gen. xxxii. 24 to 28. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. But Jacob said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me.

² Luke xviii. 1 to 7. And Jesus spake a parable unto them, to this end ; that men ought always to pray, and not to faint, saying, There was in a city a judge who feared not God, neither regarded he man. And there was a widow in that city, and she came unto him, saying, " Avenge me of mine adversary." And he would not for a while, but afterwards he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith, and shall not God avenge his own elect who cry unto him day and night ?

³ Matt. xi. 12. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence (or yieldeth to importunity), and the violent take it by force.

Who looks through each intent ; and must behold
 Its vital dearth when insincere and cold ;
 Yet prayer, if prayer it can be named, must be
 So interweaving thought with Deity,
 That when, from off our knees, we rise, we find
 We've commune held with God, the Eternal Mind,
 And harbour strength and peace ! Heaven's peace, altho'
 This world presents its cup of bitter woe ;
 A Peace *we feel*, and Faith can *understand*,
 Earth's angry waves all hushed at God's command !

But to abridge this theme. If we have *known*
 The Soul to emanate from God alone ;
 And thus, at first, be pure. If, at "The Fall,"
 A spiritual power, *we find*, God did recall ;
 Leaving, to Man, *a natural state*, whereby,
 To fleshly things he finds affinity ;
 But hath no intercourse with that blest state
 Which now Mankind must fail to estimate.
 If we *are sure* that all mankind *do sin*,
 And are impaled the gulf of Death within ;
Where look we now for any saving power
 Our souls to shield in Death's appalling hour ?
 Or *where* shall we ought seek that shall atone
 For but *one sin, one day* of Guilt alone ?

We have this gift in Christ ! In Him Mankind
 A full *atonement* gain, redemption find

For every sin committed here on Earth
 From Adam's fall ; and e'en from Adam's birth ;
 Until the time, when Worlds shall pass away,
 And every Soul, upon the Judgement Day,
 Shall hear its final doom !

Yet, plain indeed

As are the proofs, blessed as is the creed ;
 How most averse are we e'en Heaven to win,
 By Faith so pure, and yet, so humbling !
 How prone am *I*, how ready now are *you*,
 To raise up *words we say*, or *things we do*,
 And boast of these, our *own self-righteousness*,
 As somewhat *paid* to God, which shall possess,
 In His pure eyes, merit enough to close
 The Judgement-book, blot out Eternal woes ;
 And set us down, beneath the Throne of Grace,
 As promised home, and *well-earned* resting-place !

Oh, Sin ! based on our pride ! Thou false content !
 How specious thou, how deeply prevalent !
 How dost thou rise, and grow in every breast !
 How dost thou tempt the wisest man, the best,
 Upon such sand to build !

I've heard, of late,

Some sinners boast of life immaculate !
 Oh ! Man misled ; Oh ! stainless prodigy !
 Socinian dupe ; or modern Pharisee !
 Wilt thou, with most heart-rending-hardihood,
 Thus duped, and thus deceived, with pride of moral good ;

Encouraged by self-righteousness, then *dare*
 Unto the Judgement-seat of God repair ;
 Mercy disclaim, and every fear dismiss,
 Admittance then demand, to Realms of Bliss,
 As right, or payment due, for *moral deed*,
 Which thou inscribest, upon thy legal creed,
 As most *commendable*? Wilt thou then make
 Thy hope of *life* the heavy, only stake
 Of some most righteous act, which now, by thee,
 Is fondly prized, and viewed, complacently ;
 That righteous deed selected too, with care,
 From hosts of sins, as *work* which shall declare,
 And shall define, respect unto God's laws,
 Desire to aid, and to assert his cause ?

Mistaken Man ! Pause thou, Oh, pause awhile !
 Go learn, of him, the Wretch thou dost revile !
 Dost thou now *dare*, with serious tongue, to say—
 “ No sin have I—therefore I will not pray.
 “ Let guilty sinners bend,—I have no need—
 “ Guiltless I stand in thought, in word, in deed.”
 I tell thee, Man, there's yet a better hope
 For him, who gives his passions here full scope ;
 No sin conceals, no flagrant guilt denies,
 But mocks his God, and coming wrath defies !
 For him, there is a *better hope*, because,
 He knows, full well, he tramples down God's laws ;
 And thence, to merit-claim, makes no pretence,
 Laughs off his Fear, defiance his defence !

But when, at last, his coming end he sees,
 He life reviews, and falling on his knees,
 No act he *boasts*, but, as his breast he rends,
Mercy he seeks, on *that alone* depends.

'Tis not to *works*, or *deeds*, God offers Heaven¹;

But unto *Faith* this happiness is given².

We all are sinners here³; and there are none
 Can look to Heaven, and say, "my mansion's won,"
 If that alone his *moral life* shall be
 His claim for bliss, his works his only plea.

'Tis not in Man, a life so pure, to live,

There's nought to screen, there's nothing to forgive⁴.

Christ had not come; nor on the Cross had died,

If Man, *by works*, could here be justified⁵!

Were payment claimed, the prize would surely be

The wrath denounced—Eternal Misery;

And but for power Christ's blood doth now possess,

Our best of deeds were clothed in sinfulness⁶;

¹ Gal. iii. That no man is justified by the law in the sight of God is evident.

² John iii. 14. Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have eternal life. 1 Pet. i. 9. Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

³ Gal. iii. 22. The Scripture hath included all men under sin.

⁴ Jer. x. 23. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (aright).

⁵ Rom. iii. 2. If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain.

⁶ Cor. xv. 17. If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, and ye are yet in your sins.

And all that Man, giving his wishes scope,
 Could dare to ask, or still more fondly hope,
 Would be but this—The Grave's complete controul;
 The Body's death, the *Annihilation* of the Soul!

I judge not other Men; nor would I curse
 These Men for faith, though strange, and most adverse.
 To God I leave their Souls. The Voice of Grace,
 (Whose sovereign power Error doth now efface,)
 Can reach their Hearts, as all "The Saved" can tell,
 Upon the brink of ante-cherished Hell,
 Their Atheistic Gloom!

I would that they,
 By Word of God, should now their hearts survey;
 And then declare, what merit-claim can be,
 In that they call "Refined Morality."
 Could they fulfil this one most arduous task,
 What bright reward, what payment could they ask?

On Earth—the greatest name. Of fellow men,
 Praise, and esteem, which shall return again
 In measure tenfold¹; reproductive Love,
 But service where, in this, to God above²?

¹ Luke vi. 38. Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

² Prov. xxxv. 7. If thou be righteous, what givest thou God? or what receiveth he of thine hand?

If that cannot be found, you have but lent
 Talents to Man, and you must be content,
 As you have Man a grateful Debtor made,
 To be, by Man, the full amount repaid.
 Is God your Debtor thus¹? Shall Heaven repay?
 It is a loan to Man, and Reason's voice says—"Nay."
 But if your Soul shall reach that blessed place,
 'Tis Sovereign love, God's overpowering Grace,
 Which makes thee add a living Faith to these,
 And higher motive gives than Man to please,
 Or to befriend distress². A tender heart
 At Grief doth melt, and kindly aid impart;
 With soothing tones, to lighten cankering care,
 And breach of woe to soften or repair.

Suppose all these fulfilled; do we possess
 A claim *therefrom* to Heavenly blessedness?
 Ah no!—Oppressed with conscious thought of Sin,
 Of Guilt without, defilement's breath within;
 Lord, I confess my worthlessness to Thee,
 And do bemoan the deep depravity
 Of this my Soul!—

¹ Job xxii. 2. Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise is profitable unto himself? Is it any gain to him that thou makest thy ways perfect?

² Matt. x. 42. Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of Christ, shall in no wise lose his reward.

Such was not once my Creed !

I, too, disclaimed a sinful word or deed !—

But now, when Memory throngs the breast with thought,

And conscience-led, my treacherous deeds are brought ;

I know no hope there is, of blissful end,

On which a man, when dying, may depend,

But this—a full, *imputed*, righteousness,

To those who do belief in Christ confess¹ ;

Combined with penitence, and charity,

Which must evince our Faith's vitality.

The Moral Man, elate with pompous pride,

This humbling Creed but hears to much deride.

Yet must not we, because he errs, refrain

This glorious truth most fully to maintain,

And to enforce on all.

To such I now propose

One Image more, and then my song I close.

Midway, upon Life's hill, I stand, and see,

With magic wand, my faithful memory,

¹ Eph. ii. 8. For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Gal. iii. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. Gal. ii. 16. A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even as we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law, for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. John vi. 49. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

Unfolds the Portal-wide, the deep-barred-past,
 Dispels each ling'ring shade, which time hath cast ;
 And now, by quickening power of Conscience led,
 My former life I cautiously retread.

Now vapoury forms across the vista glide,
 Of deeds forgotten long, and crimes denied ;
 And giant-sins arise, with aspect wild,
 So huge, so powerful grown, so guilt-defiled ;
 My offspring all, disgustingly defined ;
 Unlike, methinks, that progeny-of-mind
 Once doated on and loved. The sins I bred,
 And, with parental care, then cherished.
 Aye, there ye stand ! And, whilst I contemplate,
 Each most disgusting form doth now dilate,
 And shock my shuddering eye. And are ye mine ?
 I fear, and tremble too, lest ye entwine,
 With hateful arms, my form ; and far away
 Should bear me hence, far hence, from light of day !
 Where would ye lead ?—Methought I stood alone !
 And must I then approach the Judgement Throne ;
 Attended there by host, so hateful now to sight,
 That I would welcome first, Eternal Night,
 Could night-gloom hide !—Or Darkness, could it cover
 Sins that must cleave unto my Soul for ever !

The Vision changes now. Our Time is flown.
 I'm summon'd hence before the Judgment Throne !

I see the Judge ! On me alone, his eye,
 Methinks, is fixed, with awful scrutiny !
 A wide, deep scroll descends !—Thereon appears
 The record true of Man's unnumbered years ;
 Engraven deep, with pen that hath enrolled,
 Actions disguised, and thoughts as yet untold !
 Upon this scroll, open'd to all Mankind,
 Their every deed, and every thought they find ;
 Pages there are, of deep and crimson crime,
 But yet they're lost, and all absorbed in mine !
 " Of all Mankind, sinners beyond belief,
 The greatest I, and I the very chief !"
 That sum of sins divide ; part it again,
 Till fractions small of but one fault remain ;
 For that one remnant-sin I find no plea,
 Nor can I pay, to God, the penalty
 Which conscience doth award !—

Must I endure

The frown of God, whose eye is all too pure
 To look, complaisantly, on sin ?—Whose mind
 Some word unjust on Seraph-tongue doth find ?—

Such fate indeed were mine !—But, Mercy now,
 Doth sweep the wrath from God's most gracious brow !
 That blessed smile doth full assurance give—
 My sins are past, and now my Soul shall live !

Upward I look, my Faith outweighing fear,
 Above the Mercy-seat there doth appear,

(Encompassed too, by still more glorious bow
 Than that which span'd the deluged world below,)
 A crimson cross! Bleeding, upon that Tree,
 Is nailed—what Lord?—

What means that mystery?—

Hold, *Reason*, hold, thy once reflective power ;
 And *Faith*, forsake me not in this dark hour—
 My hour momentuous!—

Fancy, *away!*—

And guide me *Truth*, and *Wisdom*, to survey
 This more than miracle!—

Not Angel fair,

Nor Man—nor Seraph's form, is tortured there ;
 But HE, the spotless Lamb, the Sinless-One,
 Emmanuel-self ; God's well-beloved Son !

Nearer, and nearer now, that form descends ;
 More bright, more clear, above my head it bends ;
 Until, methinks, upon each trace of woe,
 I feel, oh ! bliss, the cleansing blood-drops flow ;
 Powerful to wash, from off that page, each stain,
 And re-create my Soul, thence to regain
 Its birthright to the Skies!—No sins are bound,
 Nor linked, my death-deserving-Soul around ;
 Heaven—Joy—and Bliss—and Happiness are won ;
 Secured *by Faith* in God's begotten Son!—

You smile at this “*too simple way*,” my Friend ;
 It is because you nought do *comprehend* ;

And cannot *feel* the peace, the blessedness,
Of those who do the *Christian faith* possess !

This *Faith*, if it a vital power maintains,
Is not *assent* to all God's Word contains ;
Nor *lip-acclaim*, saying, " Redeemer !"—Lord !—
Whilst deeds declare his laws are yet abhorred !
Not " God in Christ," as seen through *reasoning*,
As wondrous fact, and oft-revealed thing ;
But *principles of life*, imbued in Heart and Soul,
Which subjects then each wish to God's controul,
And makes *each sin abhorr'd*. Creates distress,
When we, through want of strength or watchfulness,
Offend against a God, we love in Heaven,
Who writes against that sin—" It is forgiven."
Pardon'd through Faith—that self-abasing Creed,
Which " Worthless" writes against its purest deed,
And " Profitless" the Man ! Sees *time mis-spent*,
Omitted praise, and sins of bare *intent* ;
Declares this truth—" *that Heaven is never won*
" By outward acts, or deeds, which Man hath done ;"
And yet doth see that works must be the test
*Of Faith, which stirs, and animates the breast*¹ !

You scorn *the Saviour's Cross* ! State it to be
" A fabricated farce. A mass of mystery !"

¹ By their fruits shall ye know them.

By *Reason's scale* you weigh the scheme divine ;
 Fresh *proof* demand, and yet require a *sign* !

That *sign* is given, and shall recur no more,
 Till thou art lost, and Time, and Life are o'er !
 It but requires that you peruse God's word,
 With candid mind, and then the sign's transferred
 Adown the line of Time, till you may see
 The Son of God expire upon "the tree,"
 And offering made for sins ! *May see* the tide
 Flow from his wounds, and stain his pierced side.
May hear his groan, his agonized cry—
 "Eloi—Eloi—lama sabacthani !"

I feel the vast importance of the Soul ;
 Therefore would *urge*, but would not thence *controul*.
 Nor would I close a temperate argument,
 Open'd in love, and Christian-like intent,
 With deep Anathemas !—Ah ! who can tell
 Who reads aright whilst all are fallible !
 But, if, amongst the various creeds, there be,
 One doctrine framed, erroneous to me ;
 With more of *pride*, and more of strange dissent,
 Than others hold, or other Faiths present ;
 It is the awful creed, I trembling see,
 Which doth deny, in Christ, *divinity*,
 As God's begotten Son !—Others, I think,
 Are joined, in Faith, by that one precious link,

Which yields to them a reasonable claim
 To that dear bond, the "Brother-Christian's" name.
 But those who now, *in Christ*, pretend to find
 No more than *Man*, having a gifted Mind ;
 Whose *willing death* the sealing-pledge must be
 Of *zeal to God*, and of sincerity ;
 And do deny that 'tis *his blood alone*
 Which can, for sin, as sacrifice, atone ;
 Have no just claim that now their names should stand
 Enroll'd, on passport leaf, to purchased land ;
 But to be just, and fair, in general sight,
 Their badge should wear, and "Antichrist¹" should write.

I speak not in contempt ! But yet I see
 Their grand objection is—" *a mystery!*"
 They judge by Sense, by Reason they proclaim,
 " A *God in Soul*, but yet, a *Man in frame!*"
 " The doctrine is absurd !"—

My *Faith* can see,
 In Jesus Christ, a *full Divinity*,
 And yet, a *perfect Man!* His frame as frail,
 Oft bruised with stripes, writhing beneath the nail ;
 In features seen, or form, no comeliness,
 Which Man might envy him, but not possess ;
 In all things like to us, his fellow-men,
 Whom he, endearing term, calls Brethren,

¹ 1 John xi. 2 to 22. Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son.

If we but this, *indwelling-God*, except,
 By which, as Native power, he Manhood kept
 From Sin's dominion free. Man's feeble Soul
 Is *measured* out, and scarce can flesh controul.
 God's *fulness*¹ was in Christ, and but we lose
 All sense in words, and language much abuse,
Fulness, and *one-ness* with², must ever be
 The self-same thing, and Christ was Deity³.
 Distinct in *Office* here, but for a space,
 As God's appointed source, for streams of Grace,
 Conveyed to guilty Man! Christ stands between,
 To wash your feet, lest you, with tread unclean,
 Should dare approach our God, and, cast to Hell,
Uncleansed, should find him *unapproachable*⁴!
 This *Office* borne, mysterious, yet clear;
 Which hides a God, to bring his power more near;
 Will down the length of Mercy's line extend,
 Till *all* are saved⁵; then shall each *office* blend,

¹ Col. i. 19. It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.
 Col. ii. 18. For in him dwelleth the fulness of God, bodily.

² John x. 30. I and the Father are *one*.

³ John i. In the beginning was *the Word*, and the Word was with God,
 and *the Word was God*, and the *Word was made flesh*.

⁴ John xiii. 8. Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet.
 Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.

⁵ 1 Cor. xv. 25 to 28. He must reign till he hath put all enemies under
 his feet, and when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son
 himself be subject to Him that put all things under him, that God may be
 all in all.

And Christ shall be, (the such he was before,)
 “ God over all ! Blessed for evermore¹ !”

“ What,” will ye say, when most ye this deride,
 “ Two Gods I make, or would one God divide !
 “ One God to sit, and view the scene on high,
 “ One God to bleed, to suffer pain, and die !”
 Oh ! weak and feeble Man ! How undefined
 Your view of God, who dwells in all Mankind !
 You thus *confuse* ‘ substance of Earth ’ with Soul ;
 Jesus, upon the Cross, to Death’s controul,
 Did give *his flesh*², which he did sanctify³ ;
*His Spirit suffer’d not*⁴, nor did that die !
 In *that* there was not found, there could not be,
A loss to break God’s perfect unity⁵ .
 His *flesh*, was flesh ; therefore, as Man’s, could bleed,
 His *Spirit* was—The “ very God ” indeed !

Ten thousand Christs, in various Globes, might be ;
 If Globes, by Sin, had such necessity ;

¹ Rom. ix. 5. Of whom, as concerning (or as far as concerns) the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever.

² Heb. x. 10. We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ. John vi. 51. The bread which I will give thee is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

³ For their sakes, I sanctify myself.

⁴ Acts ii. 31. His soul was not left in Hell, neither did his flesh see corruption.

⁵ Isa. xliii. 8. I am the Lord, and my glory will I not give unto another. Yet in John v. 22, God committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father.

And yet, in these, I fully do believe,
Reason might trace, and *Faith* at once perceive
*An undivided God*¹! Your Soul, and mine,
 Are measured parts, instilled from "Flame divine."
 Our Spirits come from God, thence strength obtain,
 Just serve our day, to Him return again!
 Is God made *weak* as Men do multiply?—
 Or *finds* he *strength* as Men again do die?
 Or doth he then Himself, as oft *divide*,
 As there are *frames* which his own breath must guide;
 And sub-divide Himself, *new Souls to give*,
 To clay which waits, and asks this power to live?
 Must *Omnipresence fail*, as far it spreads,
 And all God's powers, as frail, elastic threads,

¹ The nature of the Deity is truly essential, therefore universal, and indivisible also, or the quality of universality and ubiquity would be destroyed, and many of the plainest expressions of Scripture would suffer violence. The Deity, in its fulness and oneness, was the resident and sanctifying spirit of the man Jesus, who thus became Christ, the anointed. But when asked, if it is thereby implied that the Father actually suffered upon the cross, the reply is, that such absurdity does not follow from those premises, inasmuch as corporal suffering could not affect that which was truly essential. If Christ, as a mere man, had been subjected to the death of the cross, the violence done, and the pains endured, would have been to and in the body only. There would have been corporal suffering, a violent parturition, the immaterial and immortal portion would have been disembodied, but not slain. As much, therefore, as could have suffered in man, did suffer on the cross; but this acknowledgment does not involve the annihilation of the human soul, nor the suffering of the residing deity. It harmonizes with the words before quoted, which tell us that it is *his body* which he gives for the sins of the world, that body being so sanctified by the indwelling fulness of God, that it could and did present a spotless and unblemished sacrifice—thus "God was, in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

From one point drawn, scarce warm, as they attain,
 The distant *form* which they would thus sustain ?
 Or must God *focus Self*, lest space prevent
Extended powers from being *Omnipotent* ?—

“ *Absurd*” you say ; And I admit it so,—
 But ’tis *your Creed*, your fallacy I show,
 When you, as thing impossible, deny
 That Christ, being God, as Man could live and die.
 Could not that God, *self-undiminished*, give
 E’en to thy form, when it had ceased to live,
 His every attribute—And Christ, *e’en thus*,
 Became Emmanuel, and ‘ God with us’.
 To speak, *as Man*, Christ could most truly say,
 “ My fulness seen, my powers did God convey¹ ;”
 And when he would his powers, *self-bred*, proclaim,
 “ I *took, myself*, and can lay down this frame² .”
 To these *terms* look, and understand them well,
 In Christ’s own frame, as seen on Earth, did dwell
 The *fulness* of Almighty God, thus HE,
 Was *God*, his Spirit was—*Divinity* !

Then come ye with a “ why.” You cannot see,
 For such a sacrifice—Necessity !

¹ John v. 19. Verily, I say unto you, the Son of Man can do nothing of himself.

² Heb. ii. 16. Verily he took not on him the nature of angels. Phil. xxix. But took upon him the form of a servant, &c., and humbled himself, &c. John x. 17. I lay down my life. No man taketh it from me. I lay it down myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again.

That may be true. You may be more than blind,
 But would that change, or over-rule God's mind.
 Trace Man through Life; and, from his first offence,
 All things proclaim, and give this evidence;—
 That when a crime exists (or be it shown
 By Reason's light, or in God's Word made known),
 There ever is, a due concession made;
 Some penal coin, as forfeit price, is paid;
 And hence *necessity*, for some unvarying way,
 Which God appoints, and which he doth convey,
 And give the sorrowing Soul; whereby they tell
 Pardon is won, and prayer's acceptable.

Offerings of Peace, and thanks, we therefore see,
 Were *taught*, at first, and *claimed* by Deity¹,
 What time his laws were orally conveyed,
 And future Grace, in type, was then displayed.
 Remnants of this, the *Heaven-taught form*, did spread,
 With Heathen men, when they were scattered;
 But speech-confused, and long-forgotten-praise,
 And crime, and fierce, and sanguinary ways,
 Made Worship guilt; and Sacrifice to be
 A perfect crime, and Hell's worst cruelty!

¹ Gen. iv. 3. "And it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel brought of the firstling of his flock, and of the fat (or fattest) thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel, and to his offering; but unto Cain, and his offering, he had no respect," because it was not the appointed offering, which pointed backward to some committed sin, and forward to an atoning sacrifice.—Author.

The first rude altar-stone the Scriptures tell,
 Beneath whose base a righteous victim fell ;
 The ark, the tabernacle-cloud, the seat,
 Where men, in worship bent, their Maker meet ;
 The *sprinkled blood*, all tell, if speak they can,
 That God is not approached by sinful Man
 Without such sacrifice.—No soul defiled,
Such form without, to God is reconciled !¹

This *form*, we find, for lengthened space,
 Confined to Priests, offer'd in but *one place*.
 But since, when fully come th' ordained time,
 When God decreed, for every land, and clime,
 One Lord, one Faith, one Christ, He swept away
 These *visual aids*, ready to feel decay,—
 (The Temple and its Priests)—because, thus, there,
 The Gentile lands, in tribes, could not repair ;
 And did, to each, one sacrifice impart,
 The Lamb, “ His Son,” the Altar-stone—Man's heart.
One offering asked, placed that *in reach of all*,
 Scatter'd the Priests, and bade the Temple fall !

Now pause, my Friend ! Have we that *offering* paid ?
 Have we, on altar-stone, *that victim laid* ?

¹ Heb. ix. 22. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.

Do we that *Temple* seek, where praise should be,
 Raised up in Faith, and full sincerity?—
 Or is it true you yet will dare deride
 “The Lamb once slain” which Grace and Love provide;
 And count *the blood of Christ*—oh—shall I say—
 A most unholy thing;—You’d cast away!—
 Hold—hold your hand!—One moment pause, whilst I
 Do plead Christ’s name, and yet for patience cry!—

If I am weak; hasty in reasoning;
 If I have failed one truth to tell or bring;
 If I, in words, am poor; feeble in thought;
 If I, from God’s own book, no light have brought;
 If I but darken Heaven; if I deface
 The hand of God; obscure my Saviour’s face;
 If I, withholding facts, I could unfold,
 Have left, as yet, a *God in Christ* untold;
 If I, by Sin, or by unholy course,
 Do weaken Faith, and shake appealing force;
 And pointing *here* to righteous God, and law,
 Declare, *by deeds*, an unbelieving flaw;—
 Forgive—forget—deride—my thoughts deface,
 But seek thy God—and try—“the power of Grace.”

Ah! cavil not, nor doubt, though *Faith* supplies
 A Heaven to sight, which you ne’er realize.
 And tell me not, when now, to Christians’ hearts,
 Our God, in bounty rich, bright Joy *imparts*,

And *shows* immortal bliss. Gives *Hopes* which spurn
 This worthless *frame*, as though the flesh were urn ;
 Or Prison-house, full drearissime, full dark,
 Which now entombs the dust of Heavenly spark ;
 Too pure, too free, too brilliant now, too bright,
 To be extinct throughout Eternal night ;
 That he, these thoughts did mould, and Faith implant,
 But to *encourage me*, Earth's habitant,
 And bid me fix " the crown " I might attain,
 On station-high (the which my hope would gain,
 By wading now, through worlds of deep distress,
 Knee-deep in care, and sunk in wretchedness),
 But to *elude my grasp* ; then shrink from sight,
 And fade, and flee, as empty dream of night !
 Thus, God would *tempt*, and thus, at length, *betray*
 A soul, which sought, and would his laws obey.
 Which long had fought, and long withstood Sin's guile,
 Its bright reward—its God's approving smile ;
 Which had *this crime*, this one *supreme offence*,
Its faith in God—its unchanged confidence !

Nor say you now, if you would credence win,
 That God doth hold, his gracious hand within,
 A mercy-cup !—Proclaimed, by him, to be
 With nectar filled of *Immortality*.
 Doth bid man *taste*, and then, when first his lip,
 With parching pain, essays the drop to sip,

O'erfrothing there its rim. He will retain,
 From such *pure Faith* the drop of Life 'twould gain,
 Will quench each Hope; each cup of love controul;
 And dash, upon *the long-deluded soul*,
 Which "MERCY" asks, God's own '*Salvation*,' begs,
 A *solvent storm—Annihilation's dregs!*

Or will you now, in face of Death, aver;
 Or with sophistic phrase, again infer,
 That God can be unjust! Or say, that HE,
 In framing Man, did act capriciously.
 That God, *imperishable minds* hath given,
 And Thoughts whose strength bespeak their fount in
 Heaven;

Creates *desires*, and *Hopes* which never die,
 But boldly grasp at *Immortality*;
 Did, on Man's Soul, his Image-pure impress;
 So mould his form with Angel's comeliness;
 And did such *nearness* give, that he, a clod,
 Might boast himself *a particle* of God;
 Yet this, wonder-of-love, and proof-of-power,
 His God shall rend, in Death's eventful hour,
 And make the thing, which he, in wanton mood,
 Did clothe with grace, with Reason's gifts imbued,
 To less than Earth-worm be, aye, even less
 Than *Nothing's* dust, and *Nothing's nothingness!*

Ah! take God at his Word! Either believe
 Christ an *Impostor* was; sent *to deceive*;

Making himself a *God*¹, for nothing less
 Could *pre-exist*;², or God's own throne possess !
 Either believe the Word of God to be
 Contrived by fraud, and ingenuity,
 With such a *plan*, such *stream of sentiment*,
 As tell *one tale*, one great design present,
 Though framed by divers hands. Tales, so designed,
 They seem to flow from one creative mind.
 A master-spirit too, whose deep controul
 Doth sway each Thought, and awe each human soul.
 Or else, to God's own words, by faith, extend
 As much of credence-due as travell'd friend
 Would claim, and find, when some far-distant-shore
 His tongue pourtrays, thine eye did ne'er explore.

'Tis all God asks, when He extends to thee
 A little glimpse of that Eternity,
 To which, each hour, that steals unheeded by,
 Is wafting Souls, and pressing thee more nigh.

Oh ! how can *reject* you , how fail to *see*
 The fact declared of *Christ's divinity* ;
 Which doth, as living stream of Grace, entwine
 The Scripture's path, freshen and fill each line.

¹ John iii. 13. No man hath ascended up to Heaven, but He who came down from Heaven, even the Son of Man who is in Heaven. Phil. ii. 6. Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God

² John xvii. 5. Glorify thou me with the Glory I had with thee before the world was.

Are there not *works*, if such account be true,
 Which God proclaims, Omnipotence¹ must do ?
Prescience shown ; *Knowledge* so full and fair,
 As mark a *God*, Omniscience declare ;
 And *well-attested powers*, so infinite,
 That Time would cease, ere Man would cease to write ;
 And yet disclose such small, such curtailed parts,
 As *win* our *love*, and should *convince* our *hearts*.

The *saving power* of Christ's own cross *despise*,
 On which your Saviour's form did agonize ;
 And you shall ne'er of future bliss partake,
 Open'd, by Him, for guilty sinners' sake,
 And purchased by his blood.

Erase *his name*

From Heaven's first page, and you expunge *your claim*
 From off the Book of Life ; whose leaf will show
A God despised, a Christ you would not know !
 His birthright clear to Throne of Heaven *dispute* ;
 Contest with Reason's voice, with scorn refute ;
 And HE, in day of wrath, will then deny
Your Soul a Home, a mansion in the sky !

Wrench thou, from all-encircling chain (designed
 Our God, to Man, in Christ's own form to bind)

¹ Col. i. 15. By Him were all things created that are in Heaven, and that are on Earth, visible and invisible, and all things were created by him and for him.

The *one pure link*, conjoining, as we see,
 The Father's love, and Christ, eternally ;
 And you will *wrench the only link* whereby
 Your Soul is held from endless agony ;
 And, swifter far, than riven rock would go,
 Your Soul will plunge into its depths of woe !

Into the stream of *his pure blood* cast you
 One atom small of *moral works* you do,
 And you pollute the precious tide, which rolls
 To wash the stain from off men's guilty souls !

Destroy *the sacrifice* which Christ hath given
 And in that act you do *unpeopled Heaven* !
 Into the deepest pit of Woe you cast
 The faithful souls of all the Dead, now passed,
 And gone into Eternity ; decreed,
 Their Hopes to rest upon that "bruised reed !"
 The prophets too ; the chosen men of old,
 Who looked, in Faith, to Him so long foretold ;
 And saw all types converging to that point,
 ' *The Lamb*, ' whom God's own spirit should anoint,
 And Mercy should provide, and Man supply
 With Life and Bliss throughout Eternity !

That sacrifice destroy, and you invite
 A reign of Gloom, a dark Egyptian night !
 The ' Morning Sun ' you in the Heavens deface ;
 Dry up the fount of Love, the stream of Grace !

You taint the atmosphere wherein alone
Life can exist, vitality is known !
You from the hungry mind do take " The Bread,"
Whereon the Soul, the fainting Soul, is fed !
To Death, you do his venom'd sting restore ;
The Grave resumes his victory once more ;
You shut out Heaven, and make this Earth the path
Which leads to Hell, and to Eternal wrath ;—
Or, quenching Hope, which busy Sin controuls,
You make this frame the charnel-house of souls !

Thus through the Star-lit night, I sleepless sate,
The skies to read, the Heavens to contemplate ;
And thus, with wild, but most enraptured song,
Did run, in thought, the vault of Heaven along,
And would have grasped its brightest stars, and thence
Have borne them down to Earth, as evidence
Of things transcendant, seen in worlds above,
Jehovah's power, his mightiness, his love !

Lofty the theme, with Interest deep entwined,
But rude, and measureless, and unrefined,
My hasty song.—Nor pause I made, nor tired,
Until the stars first softened, then expired,
And passed away (their nightly duty done)
Beneath the rays which burst, from rising Sun.
Then did the Earth, with interests deep and nigh,
In bold relief expand upon mine eye !

And soon, with dark and downward influence,
Envelope Heaven, and call my Fancy thence.

Adieu ! I cried, ye loved, ye lovely things,
Ye partners bright of midnight wanderings,
Farewell !—The waking world, which stirs around,
My spirit claims, with many an urgent sound,
And Fancy doth recall, from flight with ye,
But that stern trumpet-note—“ Necessity.”

Far other thoughts must now employ my mind,
And other works, my hand, to do, shall find ;
But what my hand, what'er my Thoughts engage,
The tone is *thine*, and *thine* the tincturage ;
A few short hours of needful rest, and then,
With sky-mates linked, ye, joyous, shall again
Repace the Halls of Heaven ; but ne'er may I
Again o'erstep this Earth's short boundary,
With ye, awhile, to roam, in strange delight,
Through Heavenly paths, upon a Heavenly night.
Full great the bliss, but dangerous the attempt,
Footing to hold along the firmament.
Safer it were, my friend, for I and you,
With eye of Faith, Salvation to pursue
In her ' Revealed ' path.—There rest your Soul,
Its light imbibe ; embrace the wondrous whole ;
But seek not those from ought which stands below
Thy *final doom*, or *spiritual state*, to know.

Seek thou in Faith, and, humble though it be,
 The depths of Truth shall God unfold to thee ;
 Give thee, by Grace, his guidance and his might,
 Secure to rest upon that giddy height,
 Where Reason tottering stands, with bulk immense,
 And Science-frail, grasping for Evidence,
 Confused falls ! Or when, with foot of pride,
 And with presumptuous step, their pinnacle they stride,
 Far in their mind, and close around their brow,
 Deep Error-mists shall weave themselves, but thou
 If here, in valley-walk-of-Faith, content,
 Shall send thy sight above the firmament ;
 Pierce Nature's gloom, and rise beyond, and see,
 The Hand of Christ unveil Divinity !
 Or, when the Valley-clods thy frame entomb,
 And weeping friends shall daily mourn thy doom,
 Thy soul, ransom'd from Death by Grace and Love,
 Shall rise to God in his pure Realms above !
 Or sleep within the Grave, if such *must be*,
 Its thousand—thousand years, unconsciously ;
 Till Heaven, and Earth, and all of form and weight
 Shall be absorbed, or shall evaporate ;
 And Space be God ; Infinitude his Throne ;
 Infused, and filled, by blessed Souls alone ;
 Where all are near, and none can absent be,
 A wide, a boundless state—their Immortality !

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