

H O P E.

doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.

VIRG. EN. 6.

ASK what is human life—the sage replies
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.—

The

The poor, inur'd to drudgery and distress,
 Act without aim, think little and feel less,
 And no where but in feign'd Arcadian scenes,
 Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.
 Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand,
 As fortune, vice or folly may command ;
 As in a dance the pair that take the lead
 Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
 So shifting and so various is the plan
 By which Heav'n rules the mixt affairs of man,
 Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
 The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud :
 Bus'ness is labour, and man's weakness such,
 Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much,
 The very sense of it foregoes its use,
 By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse.
 Youth lost in dissipation, we deplore
 Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore,
 Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
 Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

Dangling

Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,
 Lothario cries, what philosophic stuff.
 Oh querulous and weak! whose useless brain
 Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain,
 Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,
 Whose prospect shows thee a disheartning waste,
 Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,
 And youth invigorate that frame again,
 Renew'd desire would grace with other speech
 Joys always priz'd, when plac'd within our reach.

For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
 That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,
 See nature gay as when she first began,
 With smiles alluring her admirer, man,
 She spreads the morning over eastern hills,
 Earth glitters with the drops the night distils,
 The sun obedient, at her call appears
 To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears,
 Banks cloath'd with flow'rs, groves fill'd with
 sprightly sounds,
 The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,

Streams edg'd with osiers, fatt'ning ev'ry field
 Where'er they flow, now seen and now conceal'd,
 From the blue rim where skies and mountains meet,
 Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
 Ten thousand charms that only fools despise,
 Or pride can look at with indiff'rent eyes,
 All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
 Cry to her universal realm, rejoice.
 Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
 And she gives largely more than he requires,
 Not that his hours devoted all to care,
 Hollow-ey'd abstinence and lean despair,
 The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,
 She holds a Paradise of rich delight,
 But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,
 To prove that what she gives, she gives sincere,
 To banish hesitation, and proclaim
 His happiness, her dear, her only aim.
 'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
 That Heav'n's intentions are not what they seem,
 That

'That only shadows are dispens'd below,
And earth has no reality but woe.

Thus things terrestrial wear a diff'rent hue,
As youth or age persuades, and neither true ;
So Flora's wreath through colour'd chrystal seen,
The rose or lily appears blue or green,
But still th' imputed tints are those alone
The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, sit slipshod and undress'd,
To read the news or fiddle as seems best,
'Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
To fill the dull vacuity 'till four,
And just when evening turns the blue vault grey,
To spend two hours in dressing for the day,
To make the sun a bauble without use,
Save for the fruits his heav'nly beams produce,
Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not,
Through mere necessity to close his eyes
Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise,

Is such a life, so tediously the same,
 So void of all utility or aim,
 That poor JONQUIL, with almost ev'ry breath
 Sighs for his exit, vulgarly call'd, death:
 For he, with all his follies, has a mind
 Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,
 But now and then perhaps a feeble ray
 Of distant wisdom shoots across his way,
 By which he reads, that life without a plan,
 As useless as the moment it began,
 Serves merely as a foil for discontent
 To thrive in, an incumbrance, e'er half spent.
 Oh weariness beyond what asses feel,
 That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel,
 A dull rotation never at a stay,
 Yesterday's face twin image of to-day,
 While conversation, an exhausted stock,
 Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
 No need, he cries, of gravity stuff'd out
 With academic dignity devout,

To

To read wise lectures, vanity the text;
 Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next,
 For truth self-evident with pomp impress'd,
 Is vanity surpassing all the rest.

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,
 Yet seldom sought, where only to be found,
 While passion turns aside from its due scope
 Th' enquirer's aim, that remedy, is hope.
 Life is his gift, from whom whate'er life needs,
 And ev'ry good and perfect gift proceeds,
 Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,
 Royally, freely, for his bounty sake.
 Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
 And yet the seed of an immortal flow'r,
 Design'd in honour of his endless love,
 To fill with fragrance his abode above.
 No trifle, howsoever short it seem,
 And howsoever shadowy, no dream,
 Its value, what no thought can ascertain,
 Nor all an angel's eloquence explain.

Men deal with life, as children with their play,
 Who first misuse, then cast their toys away;
 Live to no sober purpose, and contend
 That their creator had no serious end.
 When God and man stand opposite in view,
 Man's disappointment must of course ensue.
 The just Creator condescends to write
 In beams of inextinguishable light,
 His names of wisdom, goodness, pow'r and love,
 On all that blooms below or shines above,
 To catch the wand'ring notice of mankind,
 And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
 His gracious attributes, and prove the share
 His offspring hold in his paternal care.
 If led from earthly things to things divine,
 His creature thwart not his august design,
 Then praise is heard instead of reas'ning pride,
 And captious cavil and complaint subside.
 Nature employ'd in her allotted place,
 Is hand-maid to the purposes of grace,

By

By good vouchsaf'd makes known superior good,
 And blifs not seen by blessings understood.
 That blifs reveal'd in scripture with a glow
 Bright as the covenant-insuring bow,
 Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
 Of sensual evil, and thus hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
 That men have deem'd substantial since the fall,
 Yet has the wond'rous virtue to educe
 From emptiness itself a real use,
 And while she takes as at a father's hand
 What health and sober appetite demand,
 From fading good derives with chymic art
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
 Hope with uplifted foot set free from earth,
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
 On steady wing sails through th' immense abyss,
 Plucks amaranthin joys from bow'rs of blifs,
 And crowns the soul while yet a mourner here,
 With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.

Hope as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
 The Christian vessel, and defies the blast ;
 Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
 His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure ;
 Hope ! let the wretch once conscious of the joy,
 Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
 Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
 What treasures center, what delights in thee.
 Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
 That boasts the treasure, all at his command,
 The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
 Were light when weigh'd against one smile of thine.

Though clasp'd and cradl'd in his nurse's arms,
 He shine with all a cherub's artless charms,
 Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
 Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt ;
 His passions like the wat'ry stores that sleep
 Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
 Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm,
 To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form.

From

From infancy through childhood's giddy maze,
 Forward at school, and fretful in his plays,
 The puny tyrant burns to subjugate
 The free republic of the whip-gig state.
 If one, his equal in athletic frame,
 Or more provoking still, of nobler name,
 Dares step across his arbitrary views,
 An Iliad, only not in verse, ensues.
 The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,
 'Till the best tongue or heaviest hand prevails.

Now see him launched into the world at large ;
 If priest, supinely droning o'er his charge,
 Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,
 Though short, too long, the price he pays for all ;
 If lawyer, loud whatever cause he plead,
 But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.
 Perhaps a grave physician, gath'ring fees,
 Punctually paid for length'ning out disease,
 No Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays
 That make superior skill his second praise.

If arms engage him, he devotes to sport
 His date of life, so likely to be short,
 A foldier may be any thing, if brave,
 So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave.
 Such stuff the world is made of; and mankind
 To passion, int'rest, pleasure, whim resign'd,
 Insist on, as if each were his own pope,
 Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope;
 But conscience in some awful silent hour,
 When captivating lusts have lost their pow'r,
 Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream
 Reminds him of religion, hated theme!
 Starts from the down on which she lately slept,
 And tells of laws despis'd, at least not kept;
 Shows with a pointing finger and no noise,
 A pale procession of past sinful joys,
 All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,
 And life abus'd—and not to be suborn'd.
 Mark these, she says, these summoned from afar,
 Begin their march to meet thee at the bar;

There

There find a Judge, inexorably just,
And perish there, as all presumption must.

Peace be to those (such peace as earth can give)
Who live in pleasure, dead ev'n while they live,
Born capable indeed of heav'nly truth,
But down to latest age from earliest youth
Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there.
Peace (if insensibility may claim

A right to the meek honours of her name)

To men of pedigree, their noble race

Emulous always of the nearest place

To any throne, except the throne of grace. }

Let cottagers and unenlightened swains

Revere the laws they dream that heav'n ordains,

Resort on Sundays to the house of pray'r,

And ask, and fancy they find blessings there ;

Themselves perhaps when weary they retreat

T' enjoy cool nature in a country seat,

T' exchange the center of a thousand trades,

For clumps and lawns and temples and cascades,

May now and then their velvet cushions take,
 And seem to pray for good example sake;
 Judging, in charity no doubt, the town
 Pious enough, and having need of none.
 Kind souls ! to teach their tenantry to prize
 What they themselves without remorse despise ;
 Nor hope have they nor fear of aught to come,
 As well for them had prophecy been dumb ;
 They could have held the conduct they pursue,
 Had Paul of Tarsus lived and died a Jew ;
 And truth propos'd to reas'ners wise as they,
 Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.

They die—Death lends them, pleas'd and as in sport,
 All the grim honours of his ghastly court ;
 Far other paintings grace the chamber now,
 Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow ;
 The busy heralds hang the fable scene
 With mournful 'scutcheons and dim lamps between,
 Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,
 But they that wore them, move not at the sound ;

The

The coronet placed idly at their head,
 Adds nothing now to the degraded dead,
 And ev'n the star that glitters on the bier,
 Can only say, nobility lies here.
 Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend
 By useless censure whom we cannot mend,
 Life without hope can close but in despair,
 'Twas there we found them and must leave them there.

As when two pilgrims in a forest stray,
 Both may be lost, yet each in his own way,
 So fares it with the multitudes beguil'd
 In vain opinion's waste and dang'rous wild;
 Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among,
 Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong:
 But here, alas! the fatal diff'rence lies,
 Each man's belief is right in his own eyes;
 And he that blames what they have blindly chose,
 Incurs resentment for the love he shows.

Say botanist! within whose province fall
 The cedar and the hyssop on the wall,

Of

Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bow'rs,
 What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flow'rs ?
 Sweet scent, or lovely form, or both combin'd,
 Distinguish ev'ry cultivated kind,
 The want of both denotes a meaner breed,
 And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.
 Thus hopes of every sort, whatever sect
 Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect ;
 If wild in nature, and not duly found
 Gethsemane ! in thy dear, hallowed ground,
 That cannot bear the blaze of scripture light,
 Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,
 Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds,
 Oh cast them from thee ! are weeds, arrant weeds.

Ethelred's house, the center of six ways,
 Diverging each from each, like equal rays,
 Himself as bountiful as April rains,
 Lord paramount of the surrounding plains,
 Would give relief of bed and board to none,
 But guests that sought it in th' appointed, ONE.

And

And they might enter at his open door,
 Ev'n till his spacious hall would hold no more:
 He sent a servant forth by ev'ry road,
 To sound his horn and publish it abroad,
 That all might mark, knight, ^{man}, high and low,
 An ord'nance it concern'd them much to know.
 If after all, some headstrong, hardy lowt,
 Would disobey, though sure to be shut out,
 Could he with reason murmur at his case,
 Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
 No! the decree was just and without flaw,
 And he that made, had right to make the law;
 His sov'reign pow'r and pleasure unrestrain'd,
 The wrong was his, who wrongfully complain'd.

Yet half mankind maintain a churlish strife
 With him, the donor of eternal life,
 Because the deed by which his love confirms
 The largesse he bestows, prescribes the terms.
 Compliance with his will your lot insures,
 Accept it only, and the boon is yours;

And

And fure it is as kind to smile and give,
 As with a frown to fay, do this and live.
 Love is not pedlars trump'ry, bought and fold,
 He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold,
 His foul abhors a mercenary thought,
 And him as deeply who abhors it not;
 He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
 That man will freely take an unbought blifs,
 Will trust him for a faithful gen'rous part,
 Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
 Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
 To place you where his faints his prefence share,
 This only can—for this plain caufe, exprefs'd
 In terms as plain; himfelf has fhut the reft.
 But oh the strife, the bick'ring and debate,
 The tidings of unpurchas'd heav'n create!
 The flirtd fan, the bridle and the tofs,
 All fpeakers, yet all language at a lofs.
 From ftucco'd walls fmart arguments rebound,
 And beaus, adepts in ev'ry thing profound,
 Die of difdain, or whistle off the found.

Such

Such is the clamor of rooks, daws, and kites,
 Th' explosion of the levell'd tube excites,
 Where mould'ring abbey-walls o'erhang the glade,
 And oaks coœval spread a mournful shade.
 The screaming nations hov'ring in mid air,
 Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,
 And seem to warn him never to repeat
 His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.

Adieu, Vinoso cries, e'er yet he sips,
 The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
 Adieu to all morality! if grace
 Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
 The Christian hope is—waiter, draw the cork—
 If I mistake not—blockhead! with a fork!
 Without good works, whatever some may boast,
 Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
 My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
 That heav'n will weigh man's virtues and his crimes,
 With nice attention in a righteous scale,
 And save or damn as these or those prevail.

I plant

I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
 And silence every fear with—God is just;
 But if perchance on some dull drizzling day,
 A thought intrude that says, or seems to say,
 If thus th' important cause is to be tried,
 Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side,
 I soon recover from these needless frights,
 And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
 Thus between justice, as my prime support,
 And mercy fled to, as the last resort,
 I glide and steal along with heav'n in view,
 And—pardon me, the bottle stands with you.
 I never will believe, the col'nel cries,
 The sanguinary schemes that some devise,
 Who make the good Creator, on their plan,
 A being of less equity than man.
 If appetite, or what divines call lust,
 Which men comply with, e'en because they must,
 Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure?
 Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.

If sentence of eternal pain belong
 To ev'ry sudden slip and transient wrong,
 Then heav'n enjoins the fallible and frail,
 An hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
 My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
 By Athanasian nonsense or Nicene)
 My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
 And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right, says an ensign, and for aught I see,
 Your faith and mine substantially agree:
 The best of ev'ry man's performance here,
 Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
 A lawyer's dealing should be just and fair,
 Honesty shines with great advantage there;
 Fasting and pray'r fit well upon a priest,
 A decent caution and reserve at least.
 A soldier's best is courage in the field,
 With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd,
 Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay,
 An hand as lib'ral as the light of day;

The writer well remarks, an heart that knows
 To take with gratitude what heav'n bestows,
 With prudence always ready at our call,
 To guide our use of it, is all in all.
 Doubtless it is—to which of my own store
 I superadd a few essentials more;
 But these, excuse the liberty I take,
 I wave just now, for conversation sake.—
 Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
 And add Right Rev'rend to Smug's honour'd name,
 And yet our lot is giv'n us in a land
 Where busy arts are never at a stand,
 Where science points her telescopic eye,
 Familiar with the wonders of the sky,
 Where bold enquiry diving out of sight,
 Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light,
 Where nought eludes the persevering quest,
 That fashion, taste, or luxury suggest.
 But above all, in her own light array'd,
 See mercy's grand apocalypse display'd!

The sacred book no longer suffers wrong;
 Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue,
 But speaks with plainness art could never mend,
 What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
 God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
 Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound:
 That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
 The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
 And in the gulphs of her Cornubian mines.

And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her * sons to pour it on the farthest north:
 Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy
 The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose,
 On icy plains and in eternal snows.

Oh blest within th' inclosure of your rocks,
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks,
 No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
 That show revers'd the villas on their side,

No

* The Moravian missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

No groves have ye ; no cheerful sound of bird,
 Or voice of turtle in your land is heard,
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
 Of those that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell—
 But winter arm'd with terrors, here unknown,
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
 Piles up his stores amid't the frozen waste,
 And bids the mountains he has built, stand fast,
 Beckons the legions of his storms away
 From happier scenes, to make your land a prey,
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
 And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
 —Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle,
 And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile,
 The pride of letter'd ignorance that binds
 In chains of error, our accomplish'd minds,
 That decks with all the splendor of the true
 A false religion, is unknown to you.
 Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night,

Soft airs and genial moisture, feed and cheer
 Field, fruit and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here,
 But brighter beams than his who fires the skies,
 Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day
 From which our nicer optics turn away.

Here see th' encouragement grace gives to vice,
 The dire effect of mercy without price!
 What were they?—what some fools are made by art:
 They were by nature, atheists, head and heart.
 The gross idolatry blind heathens teach
 Was too refin'd for them, beyond their reach;
 Not ev'n the glorious sun, though men revere
 The monarch most that seldom will appear,
 And though his beams that quicken where they shine,
 May claim some right to be esteem'd divine,
 Not ev'n the sun, desirable as rare,
 Could bend one knee, engage one vot'ry there;
 They were what base credulity believes
 True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves.

The

The full-gorged savage at his nauseous feast
 Spent half the darkness, and snor'd out the rest,
 Was one, whom justice on an equal plan
 Denouncing death upon the sins of man,
 Might almost have indulg'd with an escape,
 Chargeable only with an human shape.

What are they now?—morality may spare
 Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there.
 The wretch that once sang wildly, danc'd and laugh'd,
 And suck'd in dizzy madness with his draught,
 Has wept a silent flood, revers'd his ways,
 Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays;
 Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,
 Abhors the craft he boasted of before,
 And he that stole has learn'd to steal no more. }
 Well spake the prophet, let the desert sing,
 Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,
 And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,
 Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand
 On what foundation virtue is to stand,

If self-exalting claims be turn'd adrift,
 And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift;
 The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes
 Glist'ning at once with pity and surprise,
 Amaz'd that shadows should obscure the sight
 Of one whose birth was in a land of light,
 Shall answer, Hope, sweet Hope, has set me free,
 And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.

These amidst scenes as waste as if denied
 The common care that waits on all beside,
 Wild as if nature there, void of all good,
 Play'd only gambols in a frantic mood;
 Yet charge not heav'nly skill with having plann'd
 A play-thing world unworthy of his hand,
 Can see his love, though secret evil lurks
 In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on his works,
 Deem life a blessing with its num'rous woes,
 Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.

Hard task indeed, o'er arctic seas to roam!
 Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?

Yes,

Yes, but an object bright as orient morn,
 May press the eye too closely to be borne,
 A distant virtue we can all confess,
 It hurts our pride and moves our envy less.

Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
 I slur a name a poet must not speak)
 Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
 And bore the pelting scorn of half an age,
 The very butt of slander, and the blot
 For ev'ry dart that malice ever shot.
 The man that mentioned *him*, at once dismiss'd
 All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd;
 His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
 And perjury stood up to swear all true;
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
 His speech rebellion against common sense,
 A knave when tried on honesty's plain rule,
 And when by that of reason, a mere fool,
 The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
 Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.

Now

Now truth perform thine office, waft aside
 The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,
 Reveal (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes,
 This more than monster in his proper guise.

He lov'd the world that hated him: the tear
 That dropped upon his Bible was sincere,
 Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life,
 And he that forged and he that threw the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbrib'd,
 Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd;
 He followed Paul: his zeal a kindred flame,
 His apostolic charity the same,
 Like him cross'd chearfully tempestuous seas,
 Forfaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
 Like him he labour'd, and like him, content
 To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.

Blush calumny! and write upon his tomb,
 If honest eulogy can spare thee room,

Thy

Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies,
 And say, blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd,
 Against thine image in thy saint, oh Lord!

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,
 Than he that must have pleasure, come what will;
 He laughs, whatever weapon truth may draw,
 And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
 Scripture indeed is plain, but God and he
 On scripture-ground, are sure to disagree;
 Some wiser rule must teach him how to live,
 Than that his Maker has seen fit to give,
 Supple and flexible as Indian cane,
 To take the bend his appetites ordain,
 Contriv'd to suit frail nature's crazy case,
 And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.
 By this, with nice precision of design,
 He draws upon life's map a zig-zag line,
 That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,
 And where his danger and God's wrath begin.

By

By this he forms, as pleas'd he sports along,
 His well pois'd estimate of right and wrong,
 And finds the modish manners of the day,
 Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.

Build by whatever plan caprice decrees,
 With what materials, on what ground you please,
 Your hope shall stand unblam'd, perhaps admir'd,
 If not that hope the scripture has requir'd :
 The strange conceits, vain projects and wild dreams,
 With which hypocrisy for ever teems,
 (Though other follies strike the public eye,
 And raise a laugh) pass unmolested by ;
 But if unblameable in word and thought,
 A *man* arise, a man whom God has taught,
 With all Elijah's dignity of tone,
 And all the love of the beloved John,
 To storm the citadels they build in air,
 And smite th' untemper'd wall, 'tis death to spare.
 To sweep away all refuges of lies,
 And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,
 LAMA SABACTHANI, before their eyes,

To prove that without Christ, all gain is loss,
 All hope, despair, that stands not on his cross,
 Except the few his God may have impress'd,
 A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.

Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,
 There dwells a consciousness in ev'ry breast,
 That folly ends where genuine hope begins,
 And he that finds his heav'n must lose his sins:
 Nature opposes with her utmost force,
 This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce,
 And while religion seems to be her view,
 Hates with a deep sincerity, *the true*;
 For this of all that ever influenced man,
 Since Abel worshipp'd, or the world began,
 This only spares no lust, admits no plea,
 But makes him, if at all, completely free,
 Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car,
 Of an eternal, universal war,
 Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles,
 Scorns with the same indiff'rence frowns and smiles,
 Drives

Drives through the realms of sin, where riot reels,
 And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels !
 Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
 Powr's of the mind, and feelings of the heart,
 Insensible of truth's almighty charms,
 Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms !
 While bigotry with well-diffembled fears,
 His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
 Mighty to parry, and push by God's word
 With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
 Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
 And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.

Parent of hope, immortal truth, make known
 Thy deathless wreaths, and triumphs all thine own :
 The silent progress of thy pow'r is such,
 Thy means so feeble, and despis'd so much,
 That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And none can teach them but whom thou hast taught.
 Oh see me sworn to serve thee, and command
 A painter's skill into a poet's hand,

That

That while I trembling trace a work divine,
 Fancy may stand aloof from the design,
 And light and shade and ev'ry stroke be thine. }

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
 If ever when he sigh'd, hast sigh'd again,
 If ever on thine eye-lid stood the tear
 That pity had engender'd, drop one here.
 This man was happy—had the world's good word,
 And with it ev'ry joy it can afford;
 Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
 Which most should sweeten his untroubl'd life;
 Politely learn'd, and of a gentle race,
 Good-breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
 And whether at the toilette of the fair
 He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there;
 Or, if in masculine debate he shar'd,
 Insur'd him mute attention and regard.
 Alas how chang'd! expressive of his mind,
 His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclind,
 Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
 Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within,

That conscience there performs her proper part;
 And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart;
 Forfaking, and forsaken of all friends,
 He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends,
 Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
 And harder still as learnt beneath despair:
 His hours no longer pass unmark'd away,
 A dark importance saddens every day,
 He hears the notice of the clock, perplex'd,
 And cries, perhaps eternity strikes next:
 Sweet music is no longer music here,
 And laughter sounds like madness in his ear,
 His grief the world of all her pow'r disarms,
 Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms:
 God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
 Now by the voice of his experience, true,
 Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
 Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.

Now let the bright reverse be known abroad,
 Say, man's a worm, and pow'r belongs to God.

As

As when a felon whom his country's laws
 Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,
 Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
 The shameful close of all his mispent years,
 If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
 A tempest usher in the dreaded morn,
 Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
 The thunder seems to summon him away,
 The warder at the door his key applies,
 Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies :
 If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
 When Hope, long ling'ring, at last yields the ghost,
 The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
 He drops at once his fetters and his fear,
 A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
 And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
 Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
 The comfort of a few poor added days,
 Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
 Of him whom hope has with a touch made whole :

'Tis heav'n, all heav'n descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of Kings ;

'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through ev'ry part,

'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.

Oh welcome now, the sun's once hated light,

His noon-day beams were never half so bright,

Not kindred minds alone are call'd t' employ

Their hours, their days in list'ning to his joy,

Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,

Rocks, groves and streams must join him in his
praise.

These are thy glorious works, eternal truth,

The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth,

These move the censure and illib'ral grin

Of fools that hate thee and delight in sin :

But these shall last when night has quench'd the pole,

And heav'n is all departed as a scroll :

And when, as justice has long since decreed,

This earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,

Then these thy glorious works, and they that share

That Hope which can alone exclude despair,

Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, (if that fair name belong
To him that blends no fable with his song)
Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitors and poets part,
Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And while they captivate, inform the mind.
Still happier, if he till a thankful soil,
And fruit reward his honorable toil :
But happier far who comfort those that wait
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallow'd gate ;
Their language simple as their manners meek,
No shining ornaments have they to seek,
Nor labour they, nor time nor talents waste
In fortifying flowers to suit a fickle taste ;
But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
Which art can only darken and disguise,
Th' abundant harvest, recompence divine,
Repays their work—the gleanings only, mine.