

Ye few that have cherish'd him, walking in gloom,  
 The hour of your triumph is come ;  
 Your Captain exults over Death in the tomb ;—  
 The arch-Desolator is dumb !

The gold of the wicked shall melt in their hands,  
 The idols of brass and of clay,  
 With all the refuse of their pride, as the sands,  
 Shall be cast in the furnace to-day.

Be bold in his might, and rely on his word,  
 The spirit of truth is abroad ;  
 And the with'ring contempt of a crucifi'd Lord,  
 Shall appear in the glance of the God !

### A CHRISTIAN ADVICE.

" Do this and live."

Would, dearest Father, I could shew—  
 What words, alas ! shall never—  
 How great a share of bliss they know,  
 That, rising from a night of wo,  
*Feel* they are thine forever !