

Is there inserib'd in characters so plain,
That all, who will, may read, and understand.

But stop, my Muse, nor heedlessly descend
Down to the deep, dark, desolate, domain
Of cheerless controversy! where loud winds,
With endless fury, rave 'mong briers and thorns,
Where every reptile venomous slow crawls;
And where the blessed light of heaven shines not,
But fitful meteors cast a lurid gleam
On the bewilder'd travellers's irksome way!

Though sometimes needful in the cause of truth,
Oft controversy blights the noblest powers
That grace the human soul; and, after years
Of rancorous dispute, the matter leaves
Unsettled as before! While stormy winds,
And beating rains, destroy the tender flowers,
Which beautify the earth; the gentle gales,
And softly falling dews, make the grass spring,
Unfold the bud, and nurse the mellowing fruit;
Ev'n so the mind, in all its faculties,