

All things have each their own peculiar life,
 From nature's workings to the free-will action,
 Yet life is always in perpetual strife,
 With kindred death, its negative attraction.

All action, therefore, is external life,
 Even light and heat are but effects in motion,
 Oft bursting forth in elemental strife,
 And shake the earth, the atmosphere, and ocean.

Life whispers in the genial breath of Spring,
 And starts exulting from the vernal sod,
 Breathes in the flowers, and sails upon the wing,
 And smiles in beauty on the works of God.

But man's the microcosm of the whole,
 The representative of Earth's creation,
 Composed of body, spirit, mind, and soul,
 With transient life, yet endless in duration.

Man is a strange compound of good and ill,
 A wheel within a wheel in revolution,
 A free-will-agent, yet, responsible,
 A problem working out its own solution.

Eternity and Time.

Eternity's the boundless Atmosphere
 That circles the celestial Universe,
 A life-etherial element, in which
 The sinless-born inhabitants of Heaven
 And disembodied souls live, move and breathe.
 'Tis co-existent with Creative Power,
 The Spirit-Breath of universal Life,
 Which like the Sun's regenerating rays,
 Is ever radiating from its source
 The universal all-sustaining GOD.