

He was mortal too like us,
 Ah! when we like him shall die,
 May our souls translated thus,
 Triumph, reign and shine on high."

His brother very sadly mourns
 How lonely he will be
 Now that the smiles of him he loved
 No more on earth he'll see.

He has met his fond parent
 Whom on earth he loved so well
 They have met, and now forever
 In heaven they shall dwell.

A.

THE UNIVERSAL LOVE OF GOD

All, all may reach the realms of bliss above,
 For heaven is kind to all, and God is Love;
 Does not his light on all impartial shine,
 His sun mature alike the corn and wine?
 On all our fields does he not pour the rain,
 Soften the earth, and swell the bearded grain?
 Do not the seasons at his great command,
 Their genial influence shed on every land?
 And for the general good, each day, each hour,
 Does not his mighty hand exert its power?
 Wide as the world the love of heaven extends,
 Embracing adverse empire—foes and friends,
 The wise, unlearned, the humble, and the great,
 Of every clime, religion, colour, state;
 Mountains, that cleave the sky, or seas that roar,
 May sever states and make a foreign shore;
 But like the bow that spans this earthly ball,
 God's Universal Love embraces all.
 Ye who are bent with sorrow—worn with care,
 In his unbounded mercy largely share;
 Tried, not rejected—punished, yet forgiven,—
 The good, the bad, are both the care of heaven;
 Affliction's shade is but the moral night,
 That ushers in the dawn of peace and light.
 Deep it may thicken—wide around may spread
 The darkest gloom o'er human prospects shed;
 But soon the morn shall break, the gloom depart,
 And bliss eternal beam upon the heart.
 Thou orphan child that knowest no father's care,
 Look up to heaven and see a Father there:
 Thou weeping widow—dry thy falling tear,
 God is thy helper—hush thy every fear: