

As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

THE wind blows chill across those gloomy waves ;
Oh ! how unlike the green and dancing main !
The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves :
Stranger, here lie the cities of the plain.

Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now,
Rose palace once and sparkling pinnacle ;
On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury ;
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and, taunting, spoke
Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne :
It came ! The thunder on her slumber broke :
God spake the word of wrath !—Her dream was done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man ; but she was quite imbued,
Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven !

'Twas done ! down poured at once the sulphurous shower,
Down stooped, in flame, the heaven's red canopy,
Oh ! for the arm of God, in that fierce hour !
'Twas vain ; nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin ;
Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze ;
The earthquake heaved ! Then sank the hideous din :
Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.