

Breathe, breathe conviction on his boastful brow,
And check the frenzied ardour of his gaze.

Whisper in pity that he look on Him
Who died, that he might live, a death of shame ;
That saint nor angel ; higher seraphim ;
Can save him, wretched, from eternal flame !
If warn'd by thee, Beneficent, he scorn
Thy promises and threat'nings, wear the *Crown*;
Better for him that he had ne'er been born :
He cumbereth thy garden—cut him down !

THE SECOND ADVENT.—2.

The Lord of Creation in judgment returns,
To purify gold from the dross ;
Submits to disgrace, and in agony burns,
A second defeat of the cross.

Accus'd of a league with the demons of Hell,
In perfect submission he lies ;
Assur'd that a light on the villainous spell
Is about to descend from the skies.