

Too many victims—I have known some well,  
 But, they are gone, and others yet will be,  
 I fear, engulfed in the calamity;  
 Fanatic's tongues like 'poisonous adder's hiss,'  
 Smile to betray, to kill, like Judas, kiss.  
 Beware O youth! the vortex is at hand,  
 Then still be sure to keep a self-command;  
 The prating creature of delusion's school  
 You'll then with pity see to be a fool.  
 As such regard her, then you need not go 'stray,  
 But still keep on the true—the 'good old way,'  
 Your exit peace, your life an endless day.  
 Another subject now could occupy  
 My time indeed, it is theology,  
 A most momentuous subject, 'sacred theme,'  
 No visionary, wild, delusive dream.  
 O dear religion! which alone imparts  
 Substantial joys to men of virtuous hearts:  
 Consoling boon, be ever with this friend  
 Of mine, comfort and shield him to the end."  
 So spake the Hermit, and again he said,  
 "Have you not in the holy scriptures read  
 That there are those commissioned to proclaim  
 Salvation to mankind thro' Jesus' name;  
 And all so vile that would not credit those,  
 Would disregard a saint if one arose  
 From the dark grave! so tell mankind  
 To seek a gospel guide of pious mind,  
 And cherish him, the preacher wise and good  
 Who feeds your souls with Heaven's refreshing food.  
 Have you not felt delighted as you've heard  
 The sacred sound and treasured every word?  
 When sorrow chafes, then peaceful, quiet, feel  
 And own that 'he who wounds, alone can heal,'  
 The perturbed spirit calm, the anguished mind  
 Relieve, and be, tho' sore chastised, resign'd.