

But one vast, boundless, terrible expanse
Dismal and dark to which he must advance.
And while the bed beneath him seemed to quake
'Twas thus with stammering lips the old man spake.
"Eternity! eternity? Oh! Oh!
What shall I do and whither shall I go,
Eternity! eternity!. Ah woe is me,
How awful, dreadful is eternity."
In vain I spoke to him of Christ the Lord,
In vain I quoted from the Holy Word,
With wonted deference he held his peace,
But then alas! no sooner did I cease,
Than once again the miserable man
With stammering lips the same sad strain began;
"What shall I do and whither shall I flee
Ah! me, how dreadful is eternity."
Stam'ring and stuttering 'bout that solemn word
But not a syllable of Christ the Lord.
Thanks to my God I ne'er again have been
Witness to such another painful scene.
What does our story teach? Duty is well,
But it will never save the soul from hell.
Religion too is good; 'tis good to care *
For widows and for orphans, and beware
Of this vile world, but think not that will save
Thy soul from hell, thy body from the grave.
'Tis Jesus, the Redeemer who alone
In heaven or earth can for thy sins atone,
Ah! when the thunders of God's judgments roll
How dread the lot of the poor Christless soul.

* James i. 27.