

Or dignify'd with appellations meet,
 To neutralize those of a milder caste,
 As accident, misfortune, or mistake
 That stir the temper, or distract the mind,
 And oft auxiliar circumstances gave
 Significance more savage to the shaft,
 That found a passage to the Poet's heart.

O do not deem his lengthen'd lease of life,
 Tho' far extended and extending still,
 Has been undisciplined in sorrow's school,
 Nor grudge exemption now from want and woe,
 That Heaven by special favour has bestow'd
 On nature's nurseling in declining years,
 But rev'rently and with profound respect
 Acknowledging the giver and the gift,
 Yet would this world and all that it contains
 Be utterly found wanting as a bribe,
 To have life's drama acted o'er again.

Start'ling this clause adopted in our Creed,
 To worldlings and the men of wealth may seem,
 Anxious to live at least a thousand years,
 No matter what affliction they endure
 In all the term embittering their choice,
 Even if their souls should be the premium paid,
 And scarcely less surprizing it will sound
 Unto the righteous over-much and those
 Who only use religion as a mask,
 And when convenient put it off and on,
 Subservient to accomplishing their ends,
 Consisting less of a profession made
 Than what to them costs nothing—sighs and groans
 Adding, perhaps, upon the Sabbath days
 Observances to catch some careless eye
 Or to be more effective; length of face,
 A thin device but for distinction kept
 Between them and the openly profane.

The purse has been the best criterion found
 In measuring the souls of saints like these,
 Unerring, that thermometer can tell
 The tone and temper of the human heart,
 With all the variations high and low,