

No more in galling fetters strive to bind.—
 —To cast earth's chains in the engulfing sea,
 And lead it onward; is a work for thee,
 To lead to sunrise, bright America
 The churches progress to the rising day,
 To hold thine own, kind nature's pristine trust.
 Nor be her gifts enshrined in antique dust.—
 —The beams of Sacred truth are shed abroad
 From Heavens Throne—the christians God and Lord,
 The blest assurance of his sacred word
 Far distant kingdoms have both seen and heard,
 Streams of the rising Glory pierce the cloud,
 Which deamon magic surely did enshroud,
 But coming time shall open paths of bliss,
 We know not, think not, dream not, of in this,—
 —But little lower than the angel's man
 Is not a brute creation, measuring a span,
 The rending veil. The grief that all might see
 And none could share the grief of Deity!!
 This purchased thee a place on high.
 This bids thee not to droop and die.
 A bird but rests a moment, trims its plume,
 The golden cloud receives it from the gloom—
 But that the time of glory soon arrive,
 All must by precept and example strive
 Let their soul float above sublunar things
 And seek the favour of the king of kings,
 —Then gloom and ignorance shall have passed away.
 As clouds disperse them at the dawning day,
 Then heavens day star clearly seen awhile
 Shall call the drooping earth to look and smile,—
 Great God, preserve us from the dark old times,
 When men built Castles to conceal their crimes—
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 —Long have men ceased them to invoke the care
 Of Spirits of, the earth, and middle air.
 The Greeks mythology will ne'er be ours,
 Who rest each thought on higher, holier powers,
 On Pagan worship do we look with scorn,
 Thankful that we in christian days are born.
 But other deamons still contest the prize,
 Restraining good,—that in the pathway lies,—
 —Each phaze of pervert intellect at length,
 Shall mark creations weakness and its strength,
 Admit us to a glimpse of Spirit glory
 Whence emanates our life; and marks its story,
 And lead us to the era, whence shall rise:
 Such earth—meet preparation for such skies,
 Discord, division, and Religious strife
 Shall no more dim the page of social life
 No more contention for pre-eminence
 Shall steel our souls; and drive religion thence.
 Prejudice and Error, then, no longer mar,
 The cause of God by strange unhallowed war,
 One pure unsullied worship shall there be,
 One humble prayer then breathe but Unity.