

The fervid breathing of a "still small voice,"  
 Imbued his nature with unbounded love,  
 The flame in which angelic hosts rejoice,  
 Great Magna Charta of the worlds above.  
 And there were souls redeemed throughout the nation  
 In multitudes, from Satan's deadly snares—  
 Grace broke the spell of sin's infatuation,  
 And dignified their state to christian heirs;  
 For where he taught the presence of the Lord,  
 Quickened the dead and brought the blind to see—  
 Lepers were cleansed by truth's life-giving word,  
 While Greeks and Rabi's cried, Can such things be?  
 Yet these were they who dared denounce his deeds—  
 Men like himself, who to their GOD had swore  
 On Christ's own altar, where the emblems bled,  
 To preach His gospel round Britannia's shore.  
 With him, which of your ranks can you compare?  
 Though you have names your zeal has canonized,  
 Some of whom now time's guilty annals bear,  
 Floating like scum and froth down record's tide.  
 He heard his master's voice—obeyed the call,  
 Nor stopped to reason once with flesh and blood—  
 A chosen vessel, like another Paul,  
 Seeking no other bliss but doing good.  
 His highest wish to be approved of GOD—  
 And in his garden walk 'midst stones of fire,  
 There from life's tree dispense immortal food,  
 To feed the longings of each pure desire.  
 And signs and wonders marked his long career  
 Of zealous labor in the cause of love;