

How like a cloud, not dark at first as now,
 But gathering blackness as it journey'd on,
 Didst thou disperse thy gloom above, below,
 Till those fair beams of light and peace were gone,
 Which on our fallen world in healing rays had shone !

O Antichrist, then art a fearful thing !
 What desolation in thy track appears !
 What records foul and stain'd can memory bring,—
 Of blood, and death, and wounds, and groans, and tears,
 Wrought by thy ruthless sway through slow-revolving years !

Man's deathless soul, born to expand on high,
 When ages infinite have gone their round,
 Thou sought'st to fetter down,—didst vainly try,
 With impious zeal, to throw thy chains around
 That to whose lofty range no limits can be found.

And when it spurn'd thy rule, what torture dire
 The quivering flesh with vengeful malice tore !
 The deadly rack, and slow-consuming fire,
 With many a hellish art untried before,
 Were all for them who scorn'd thy idols to adore.

The martyrs' bones lie bleach'd on many a plain ;
 By mountain-torrents and the Alpine flood
 Nobly they fell, nor shrunk from death nor pain ;
 But all thy rage with dauntless zeal withstood,
 Deeming the truth they loved bought cheaply with their blood.

O who could love thee, when thy treacherous hand
 Snatch'd from the hungry soul what God had given
 To feed its cravings in this barren land,
 And lead it on through toil and woe to heaven,
 From whose bless'd fields of joy all hurtful things are driven ?

Who would not wish the time foretold to come
 When thy long reign of falsehood will be o'er ;
 When thou wilt hasten to thy destined doom,
 Nor with thy arts deceive the nations more,
 But all our God will love, and God alone adore ?

Merciful God, send out thy light and truth ;
 Unsheath the Spirit's sword ; thy banners wave !
 Restore thy Zion to her pristine youth,
 And conquer all who would the soul enslave :—
 The long-doom'd system crush ; but them that hold it, save !

CAROLINE.