

Patiently waiting till life journey is o'er,
 Guiding and following on to the end,
 Then hastening away to the beautiful shore,
 Where Spirits of light, and purity trend.

The Setting of the Sun.—A Simile.

The evening shadows now are falling o'er the landscape gray,
 The ending day in splendor fades away,
 The sun has set, his destined course is o'er, his day is done,
 He goes to other scenes, new glories just begun ;
 And so with man, when his brief day is o'er, life's course has run,
 Its trials ended, and its battles won.

The Superstitious Dread.

(Instilled into the Mind.)

There once was a man, as I have heard tell,
 Who had such a dread of *death* and of *hell*,
 That he worried and fretted by night and by day,
 Till at last he grew sick and faded away.

He suffered poor mortal, while here upon earth
 He carried the yoke from the day of his birth,
 Was taught when young, how the world did begin,
 And of Adam and Eve, and the original sin.

He was taught that the Devil an Angel of light
 Did make war in heaven and lose in the fight,
 That the Almighty this sentence on him did inflict,
 He was bound and cast into the bottomless pit.

He was taught that the Devil did make his escape,
 That in the form of the serpent he entered the gate,
 Of the Garden of Eden, as fair as could be,
 Where knowledge and wisdom, did grow on a tree.

He was taught that the Devil, Eve did beguile,
 And that when he had spoken to her for a while,
 She did take of the fruit of the tree, and did eat,
 And that she then tempted Adam to practice deceit.

He was taught that by eating the fruit of the tree,
 They where at once made aware of their own nudity,
 That they were too simple to know that before,
 And that aprons of leaves they immediately wore.