

That all the burning gates of Hell,
Should not prevail to shock.

Thy promise I exist upon;
Review me from on high:
Wilt thou deceive a trusting son,
And hold him up, a LIE?
If any fault in him thou see,
Let it be straight out-riv'n;
On Earth he will not second be,
Nor less than that in Heav'n!

THE SECOND ADVENT.—1.

The Lord of glory sheds his rays abroad;
The mighty and magnificent to save;
Bathes in effulgence all that heav'nward plod,
And wakes the ling'ring sleepers in the grave.
Come, ye forgetful, ye ungrateful brood,
Bask in the shadow of my radiant wing:
Can ye forget the shelter that withstood
The wrathful tempest of your sorrowing?