

Hear ye vindictive! be no longer proud,
The high decree is past, gone forth the word;
No vain illusion——'tis the voice of God!
“ Who use the sword must perish by the sword;”

Perish from that divine ennobling sense
Of heavenly good, which evil overcomes;
That light, whose energetic influence,
With piercing ray dispels bewildering glooms.

From whence come mortal jarrings! come they not
From lust, from pride, from selfish arrogance?
In which, from peace and freedom far remote,
The blind goad on the blind, a slavish dance.

What! cries the zealot, shall not Christian faith
O'er heathen infidelity prevail?
——Yes——but the means is not thy will, thy wrath;
Means which confederate with death and hell.

Did ever tyger-hearted Spanish Chief,
By those dire massacres in story told,
Vanquish Peruvia's stubborn unbelief,
Or add one convert to the Christian fold?

Vindictive man will still retaliate,
Evil for evil, and still rack his brains,
For arguments the cause to vindicate;
Nor knows what spirit in his bosom reigns,

Messiah is the love of God to man!
Reveal'd on earth, not to destroy, but save;
By wisdom's peaceful influence to maintain,
Dominion over death, hell and the grave.

But why for Christian purity contend?
Who hath, alas! believ'd the glad report?
How many boast the name, the name defend;
Yet, make the virtual life their scoff and sport?

Deal forth their censures with unsparing zeal,
'Gainst savage violence and cruel wrong;
Nor dream the real essential infidel
Holds o'er their spirits his dominion strong.