

291.—EVIL

Evil is nought, yet in God's hands a means
The ugly portent to unveil of law:
Filling all creatures with such fear and awe;
They Him applaud with Boanerges' pæons.

It is privation; and e'en kings and queens
When they lack honor,—a most little law,
That their precedence and blown pride both gnaw;—
Must learn adversity, the conscience cleans.

E'en hell is but the absence of His face,
His smile, His charm, His love; Who first made men
And angels, heaven and His court, to grace.
Bright Lucifer will ne'er see God again:
Of his gemmed throne on high there is no trace;
This is essential fire down in his pen.