

Here we determine our eternal fate,
Death but transmits us to the future state.
 Slow seems the march of truth, thick darkness
 reigns,
While millions lie fast bound in error's chains ;
Yet God's grand purpose to restore our race,
And make earth beauteous as in pristine days,
No force beneath His throne can thwart or spoil,
Nor mortal hate nor demon malice foil.
But soon the Gospel will reverse all wrong,
And saints and angels form one gen'ral throng,
And not a trace be left by which to tell,
That e'er the world was curs'd, or Adam fell.
The waking nations soon shall hail the dawn,—
E'en now they ask, When will the night be gone ?
The orient brightens ! Soon the King of Day
Shall mount the sky, and night shall flee away.
Ye weeping Sowers ! let your hands be strong,—
The fields are white, and ye shall reap e're long :
Then let the Church, all lovely, chaste, and fair,
Put on her robes, and beautiful appear.
Worthy of Him who gave Himself, that He
Might make her all glorious, pure, and free ;
Then ev'ry tongue in earth and heaven shall sing,
All honor to the Universal King !

FINIS.