

In our first extract from the manuscript before us, the most pleasing characteristics of sacred poetry are visible. 'The Second Advent' at times rises to a loftiness of diction not unworthy the sublime event it essays to depict. It is altogether a picture of the *Christian's* joy at his master's coming, and though a lofty strain has nothing of the terrors with which the subject is usually invested. He only shows us a purified earth and a glorious heaven; sin and dismay cloud not the rejoicing scene. We think this fine poem has not been given to the public before, and we present it now to our readers as a gem in our provincial literature :

## THE SECOND ADVENT.

*"I will make the place of my feet glorious."*--ISAIAH.

The morning dawns! the cloudless morning of  
Eternal day, breaks on the lasting hills!  
The banner's move of the Millennial march  
And radiate the horizon! the Creator comes;  
With love refulgent and Omnipotent!  
He comes to break creation's yoke, and close  
The struggle of humanity—to stamp  
Afresh the image of his God-head on  
His works, and\* on the bells of horses trace  
His hallow'd name, for all his works that at  
The dawn of being, sprang to life in the  
Full bloom of gladness, and possessed the beam,  
The vital beam of his Omnific smile—  
Belied his image, and forgot his love.

Behold the mountains with their lofty tops  
Painted with glory, by the living light  
Of the resplendant dayspring, as when the  
Golden sky casts a soft blush upon the  
Face of morn—they of the summit catch the  
Gladening beam and shout beneath the ray.  
While vales to vales the vocal joy convey!  
Wake then, Oh Captive Judah! from the den  
Of dark obscurity awake! cast off the  
Mantle of thy shame, that hath  
So long enwrapt thee, and with lively joy,  
Bright as the ray that dissipates thy night  
Of desolation, snatch, Oh snatch the harp  
That on the weeping willow hath in silence  
Slept, rocked by the dreary winds of passing  
Generations! tune, Oh tune the harp and  
Let the melody of ancient days live  
On the hallowed string—for thy Messiah comes!  
He comes, with mighty gifts  
He gained for thee! upon that doleful day,  
When God's supporting presence passed away:  
"When we remembered Babylon we wept!"  
And ye shall weep again--for the deep scars  
Emanuel wears, the wounds they gave him  
When confiding all to friendship with his friends  
He lived—those sacred trophies of undying love,  
Bespeak more cause for tears than e'er possessed them  
Yet they are tears no more of anguish or  
Of wan despair, but hallowed dew drops of  
A grief divine; distilled beneath the sunshine of  
Eternal love! buds ambrosial springing  
From the sky, and fragrant there! gems of glory  
Formed and owned in Heaven.

And ye who being burthened groan, and tread  
The vale of life, as exiles going home!

\*Zechariah x. 20.