

With thoughts that I, too, might attain  
To all these glories, free from spot,  
That suffering sinners, I forgot;  
But when they back to memory came,  
Filled with remorse was I, and shame,  
For in fancy could I hear that wail.  
The bird relates another tale:  
"On Venus many years ago  
There dwelt a reckless, wayward boy,  
And loved to roam he to and fro;  
But still his parents' pride and joy.  
Oft wandered he to mountain top  
' Mid glacier, crag, and wild snow-slide.  
Thence to the ocean would he drop,  
Where came and went the briny tide.  
O'er plain, thro' woods he rambled on,  
And feared he not the beasts then wild:  
The parents sought their much-loved son,  
But never found that willful child:  
For he grew tired of his sport  
And longed his spirit, to be free,  
Hark! was not that a gun's report?  
What could it mean? What could it be?  
The truth was that the soul had flown  
To far beyond the shining sun,  
But oft he rued, and had he known,  
Such hasty act would ne'er been done—  
Tho' loving arms would round him twine,  
And he be placed on glorious throne,  
But, spotted, he would there repine,  
So fled from heavenly joys alone.