

O! how delusion has the power to bind  
 In chains of darkness the misguided mind;  
 Defrauding reason with a vain pretence,  
 And robbing man of even *common* sense!

Pass we this scene:—there came another day,  
 And with it, vengeance that would not delay:  
 A day of darkness, fire, and stormy wind,  
 Commingling wrath, and left no trace behind,  
 No trace, no vestige of the guilty scene;  
 Scarce what might tell where such display had been.  
 The gather'd wrath of the All-seeing God  
 Fell in the scourge of his avenging rod;  
 So much had men against the truth presumed  
 Their pride and pomp must be at once consumed.

Lo! from yon crackling roof the flames aspire;  
 The rapid bell proclaims the alarm of fire.  
 Yet 'twas a flickering flame, scarce heeded then,  
 Such oft occur, will oft occur again:  
 So thought the common mind; but ne'ertheless  
 As man must pity fellow-man's distress,  
 Some gather round to quench the rising blaze,  
 While others listless stand, and heedless gaze.  
 Alas! how man can look on other's grief,  
 And scarcely pity, and give no relief.  
 Calmly survey his fellow creature's woe  
 So he himself can but escape the blow:—  
 But general judgments all are doom'd to share,  
 And each his part, at least, of ill must bear.—

Few who beheld that morn the rising sun  
 His daily glorious course commence to run,

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