

Seek to portray the dread all-seeing eye,
Which at a momentary glance can read
The inmost secrets of all hearts, and pierce
The dark and fathomless abyss of night ?
Oh, drop the pencil !—Angels cannot gaze
On Him who sits upon the jasper throne,
Robed in the splendour of immortal light ;
But cast their crowns before him whilst they veil
The brow in rapt devotion and adore !—

Nature will furnish subjects far beyond
The grasp of human genius. Didst thou e'er,
On mossy bank or grassy plot reclined,
Watch the effect of sunlight on the boughs
Of some tall graceful ash, or maple tree ?
Each leaf illumin'd by the noon-tide beam
Transparent shines.—Anon a heavy cloud
Floats for a moment o'er the car of day,
And gloom descends upon the forest bowers ;
A ray steals forth—and on the topmost twig