

He, seeing, aimed to stab her to the heart,
 And with infernal chymistry to wring
 The last sweet drop from sorrow's cup of gall ;
 To quench the only ray that cheered the earth,
 And leave mankind in night which had no star.
 Others the streams of Pleasure troubled ; he
 Toiled much to dry her very fountain head.
 Unpardonable man ! sold under sin !
 He was the devil's pioneer, who cut
 The fences down of Virtue, sapped her walls,
 And opened a smooth and easy way to death."

* * * * *

" Hell's mad-houses are full of such, too fierce,
 Too furiously insane, and desperate,
 To rage unbound 'mong evil spirits damned."

The voice of Wisdom, calling on man to reform his ways, is next poetically described as being heard in all the works of Nature.

" The gentle Flowers
 Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
 Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
 The Dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
 And silently their bounties shed, to teach
 Mankind unostentatious charity."

* * * * *

" Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
 Essential love ; and, from her glorious bow,
 Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
 With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
 Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
 She whispered to Revenge—Forgive, forgive.
 The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
 Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
 The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
 Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
 And with her virgin Stars walked in the heavens,
 Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
 Of purity, and holiness, and God."

* * * * *

" Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
 Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue ; the grave,
 The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
 A tongue, that ever said, Man ! think of God !"

In the above our readers will perceive, that the flowers, the dews, the rainbow and the moon, are, though brief, very beautiful and expressive sketches, full of the spirit of nature and of poetry.

In describing the effects of disappointment, our author, if we mistake not, draws a sweet portrait of himself. He says—alluding to the helpless langour which disappointment produces—

" One of this mood I do remember well.
 We name him not,—what now are earthly names?—