

Perhaps—perhaps ; that word perhaps,
Belts the grey vision of earth's illapse.
Conjectures that spurn God's holy Book,
Out on a region of blackness look.
Abyes of phantoms, there doomed duresse,
Dreams midst the visions of emptiness.

What ? dare to doubt God's Book of truth !
That volume of perenial youth.
The wondrous Book of the wondrous God,
Who spoke and the heaven was stretched abroad.

Creation and Providence are terms
Under which the infidel squirms.
At what have the devotees arrived,
What the creation they have contrived ?
Ridiculous genesis of mist,
One of the somethings that pre-exist
Radiant in the noddles of fools
Famous and resonant in their schools.
Scrawney chicks of pent up coops,
Such bushels of nonsense fed by dopes !

But now their theories ? Let us see.
They dream they boast of things that be.