

THE MORNING STAR.

The night is wearing fast away,
 A streak of light is dawning,—
 Sweet harbinger of that bright day,
 The fair Millennial morning.

Gloomy and dark the night has been,
 And long the way, and dreary;
 And sad the weeping saints are seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.

Ye mourning pilgrims! cease your tears,
 And hush each sigh of sorrow;
 'The light of that bright morn' appears,—
 The long Sabbathic morrow.

Lift up your heads—behold from far,
 A flood of splendour streaming!—
 It is the bright and Morning-Star,
 In living lustre beaming.

And see that star-like host around
 Of angel bands, attending;
 Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning sound,
 'Mid shouts triumphant blending.

He comes—the Bridegroom promis'd long—
 Go forth with joy to meet him;
 And raise the new and nuptial song,
 In cheerful strains to greet him.

Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
 While bridal strains are swelling;
 He comes, with thee all joys to share,
 And make this earth His dwelling.

Nothing can be proposed so wild or so absurd, as not to find a party—and often a very large party—ready to espouse it. It is a sad reflection on human nature, but it is too true. Every day's experience and history confirm it. It would have argued gross ignorance of mankind to expect, even Swedenborgianism, to be rejected at once by the common sense of men. He, who laid the snare, knew that if a few characters of some learning and respectability could be brought to espouse it, there would be soon a silly multitude ready to follow.—CECIL.