

Short is my stay on earth, but, ere I go,  
 I must fulfil my business here below;  
 What long's been lock'd up in my memory,  
 I am required to tell in part, to thee.  
 In part, I say, for only part is given—  
 The rest is chronicled in Heaven!  
 And, Heav'n alone will all the rest reveal  
 On that great day when nothing can conceal  
 The deeds of earth, (to man a 'sealed book,')  
 Yes, when the voice that once 'Mount Sinai shook'  
 Will then proclaim the deeds and destiny  
 Of mortals then with awful majesty!"  
 So spake the sage while his uplifted eye  
 Seem'd lit with hope and holy ecstasy!  
 As some poor traveller absent from his home  
 Will homeward gaze and wish the hour to come—  
 The happy hour that there will give him rest  
 Where *home's* sweet joys conspire to make him blest,  
 Where all his ardent wishes, cherish'd, priz'd,  
 Are far—far more than amply realiz'd.  
 So gaz'd the aged *Hermit of Point Lepreaux*,  
 And look'd away from things of earth below  
 Towards the skies, "unutterable things"  
 Seem'd his, of whom my muse astonish'd sings;  
 Again he spake, and thus spake he to me—  
 "My time is short—my time is short with thee,  
 Attention give; but thrice revolv'd yon sun  
 Since that methought I saw a 'shining one'  
 Cloth'd with the robes of Heaven's most pure array,  
 Approach my cell just at the close of day,  
 And as he nearer came methought he smil'd  
 And said, 'be of good cheer, Heaven's favour'd child!  
 I'm sent to tell you that to you is giv'n  
 A work to do and then come home to Heav'n!  
 Within this week,' (so said Heaven's messenger,)  
 'Will come this way' a weary traveller;