

Sure the hand of desolation
 Will impel the subjugation
 Of the sordid population,
 Who proclaim—

That death is no transition,
 It but ends our lowly mission—
 To no higher acquisition
 Should we aim.

'Tis thus in history's pages,
 Through the current of the ages,
 Lands in brightest stages
 Have declined,
 Their maidens' honor faded,
 Their sons became degraded,
 In depths of vice they waded
 And reclined.

The ship of state is stable
 When 'tis moored by heaven's cable,
 And the pilot is thus able
 To repose ;
 But reject God's erudition,
 Hunt the pastor from the mission
 What a demon ebullition
 Will disclose !

Carnage, blood and plunder,
 Would tear the world asunder,
 The hosts of Hades could wonder
 At the sight,