

- Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
 3. The world recedes; it disappears;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! My ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

SECTION XXI.

Epitaph on a poor and virtuous man.

1. Stop, reader, here, and deign to look
 On one without a name;
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
 Of fortune or of fame.
 2. Studious of peace, he hated strife;
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
 His coat of arms, "a spotless life;"
 "An honest heart," his crest.
 3. Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
 And thus his motto ran;
 "A conscience void of all offence,
 Before both God and man."
 4. In the great day of wrath, though pride
 Now scorns his pedigree,
 Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
 To this great family.

SECTION XXII.

Love to enemies.

1. WHEN Christ, among the sons of men,
 In humble form was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 He was encompass'd round.
 2. The woes of men, his pity mov'd;
 Their peace he still pursu'd;
 They render'd hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
 3. Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet, with his dying breath,
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
 4. From the rich fountain of his love
 What streams of mercy flow!
 "Father, forgive them," Jesus cries,
 "They know not what they do."