

with a prophetic forecast of the future history of the "Holy Church throughout all the world," into which, according to the author, all the elect shall be brought, ending with the general judgment, and a sight of the eternal felicity of the saved in the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The poem contains some three or four thousand lines, all of them, with the exception of the introduction, in uniform deka-syllabic metre, and suitably divided into fourteen cantos or parts. It is possible that an objection might lie from the Catholic reader against some of the peculiar theological views to be found in it, such as personal election and the application of the gracious promises of God individually rather than corporately, yet the work is so faithful as a narrative, and sufficiently Catholic as to be free from any serious exception. We must remember that her views are the views of the system in which she had found peace and the love of God. And albeit that we may choose the cup from which she drank, yet can we not deny that she drank the vine of the Gospel.

To those who love mercy and walk humbly, mercy supplies the defect of a legitimate connection with the "Vino." And *saving*, if not Christian, is found outside of the ordinary channels. Let us quote some of the majestic words from the introduction to this poem :

"Thou uncreated One ! who wast from everlasting God,
Who makest time, space and eternity, thine own abode ;
Thou all creating One ! who out of chaos' deepest night
Called suns, and worlds on worlds, and from the blackest darkness, light ;
Who uttereth thine awful voice, and all creation quakes ;
Who stretcheth forth thy mighty arm, and every atom shakes
That forms the universe, while planets are on planets hurled
At the omnipotent command, and world dashes with world ;

Thou King of Kings, Almighty One ! bend unto me the ear
That listens to the music of every rolling sphere,
And guide, O guide my feeble hand to strike my slumbering lyre
To strains harmonious and divine, and every thought inspire.
Withdraw the clouds that shade my mortal sight, and let me sing
In tones not jarring to an angel's ear, and let me bring
Unto thy name, Almighty God, no unmeet offering."

In this quotation culled here and there from the invocation, for want of space to give the whole, who is not awakened by the beautiful and sublime contrast exhibited in the natural fear of omnipotent, and in the holy confidence of God's adopted children ?

Throughout the whole, the style is elevated and well sustained, rising at times into uncommon grandeur, as in the opening lines of the second canto, in which the call of Abraham is described, occurs the following passage :

"Age never dims God's everlasting brow ;
Creation's dawn found him the same as now ;
Eternity, through its eternal reign,
Will look for changes in that God in vain.