

\* \* \* \* \*

"But should I sing  
Of all the trifling race, my time, thy faith  
Would fail."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Of him who taught the ravenous bird to fly  
This way or that, thereby supremely blest;  
Or rode in fury with the howling pack,  
Affronting much the noble animal,  
He spurred into such company; of him  
Who down into the bowels of the earth  
Descended deeply, to bring up the wreck  
Of some old earthen ware, which having stowed,  
With every proper care, he home returned  
O'er many a sea and many a league of land,  
Triumphantly to show the marvellous prize.  
And him that vexed his brain, and theories built  
Of gossamer upon the brittle winds,  
Perplexed exceedingly why shells were found  
Upon the mountain tops, but wondering not  
Why shells were found at all, more wondrous still."

\* \* \* \* \*

"These, had they not possessed immortal souls,  
And being accountable, might have been passed  
With laughter, and forgot; but, as it was,  
And is, their folly asks a serious tear."

Having treated of pride, gold, pleasure and fame—our author proceeds to treat of another delusion.

"So strange, that common fools looked on amazed;  
And wise and sober men together drew,  
And trembling stood; and angels in the heavens  
Grew pale, and talked of vengeance as at hand."

Infidelity is here alluded to, and with great force, beauty and pathos, the efforts of the infidel are thus described: He

"Rushed  
Deliriously upon the bossy shield  
Of the Omnipotent; and in his heart  
Purposed to deify the idol chance;  
And laboured hard,—oh, labour worse than naught!—  
And toiled with dark and crooked reasoning,  
To make the fair and lovely earth, which dwelt  
In sight of heaven, a cold and fatherless,  
Forsaken thing, that wandered on, forlorn,  
Undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld;  
A vapour eddying in the whirl of chance,  
And soon to vanish everlastingly."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Most desperate effort of extremest sin!  
Others pre-occupied, ne'er saw true Hope: