

Upon Eternity, and all shall seem  
That binds, or charms, or lures thee now,—a dream.

Oh ! that my voice like Israel's shepherd king  
In sweeter tones redeeming love could sing ;  
Oh ! that my soul were like the prophets fir'd  
To loftier strains by heaven itself inspired !  
Thou wouldst not then with scornful eye survey  
My warning verse, or careless cast away.  
Cease vain desire ! why, why should I repine,  
That not by me is wak'd a chord divine :  
That not to me, unknown of fame belong  
The fire of genius, and the gift of song :  
Thoughts that can now the dreariest gloom impart,  
Now sooth to holy rest the wounded heart ?  
Such they might be, yet vain their magic tone,  
For man's obdurate heart is chang'd by God alone.

But man must aid ; if now an hour there be,  
In which salvation shall be known to thee :  
And this should be that hour, in mercy given  
To find thy God, and make thy peace with heaven :—  
Oh ! harden not thine heart, but in this hour,  
Even this, obey His Holy Spirit's power :  
Quit the gay, busy scenes of life : repair  
To some lone spot, to breathe thy soul in prayer :  
There let thy tears uncheck'd, repentant flow :  
There of thy Father seek to heal thy woe.  
So may He grant 'een all thou shalt implore,  
So teach, so guide, so aid thee evermore,  
That here on earth observant of his ways,  
Thy life may be devoted to his praise,  
Till, having run the race, and fought the fight,  
Thou mayest rejoice, accepted in his sight :  
And in the ethereal mansions of the bless'd,  
Forever and forever find a rest.

EMPOROS.

#### NUNC DIMITTIS, OR THE SONG OF SIMEON.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people—To be a light to  
lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

#### METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Since now the promised hour has come,  
Should'st thou, O Lord, decree,  
Peaceful I'd seek the welcome tomb,  
And leave my soul to thee.

For lo ! before this longing sight,  
Within these arms embrace,  
I've held the Lord of life and light  
The Saviour of our race.

That light that o'er the Gentile world  
Its rays shall shed abroad,  
And (idols from their altars hurled)  
Reveal the living God.

But chiefly Israel shall rejoice  
And songs of triumph sing  
To hear their own Messiah's voice  
Their Prophet, Priest and King.

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