

[Original Poetry.]

IS THERE A GOD?

By W. H. M., FICTIOU ACADEMY.

Is there a God? Nay look not so surprised
 Until you learn the reason why I ask,
 I have not doubts within my heart surmised,
 But would from careless eyes tear a deceitful mask.
 You say there is a God, you spreading heaven
 With earth and stars and sun repeat thy voice;
 The many forms to which He life hath given,
 The mighty woods, the flowers that in the field rejoice.

There is a God. Creation starts with awe
 To think that any doubt could be expressed
 Of this, the truest, grandest, natural law
 That ever God, Most High, on human heart impressed.
 And as there is a God, is there a Hell,
 Or do we live from danger wholly free?
 What need was there for Christ on earth to dwell
 If men before were sure of blest eternity?

Many profess the Bible to believe,
 That 'tis a wondrous Book, by God inspired,
 One moment pause! do not your hearts deceive,
 You've read? Can then, of hell, be farther proof devised?
 There is a God, there is a Hell, you say
 With not a single quaver in your voice;
 Truly, when such a courage you display,
 You must be sure of Heaven, and how you must rejoice.

For earth, during threescore years and ten, is naught
 Compared to an eternal Heaven or Hell;
 We must rejoice that you, through danger brought,
 Of Heaven are sure and can in perfect safety dwell.
 You must be safe, for none, with any fear,
 Could live in careless pleasure as you do,
 Ne'er trembling when of Heaven or Hell you hear,
 As certainly you would if you of danger knew.

Sleeper, awake! With soul believe the truth
 That Hell's prepared for such as you who sleep;
 Satan his thousands slays, he knows not ruth;
 Wake! e'er the dreadful day consign you to the deep.
 Wake! there's a Christ who shed His blood to save;
 Wake! there's a God who for Christ's sake will bend;
 Lift a repentant voice, and pardon crave;
 He'll hear, and grant you Heaven and an eternal Friend.