

To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear."

"If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals feeble will,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet with fortitude resigned.
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals."

These beautiful lines revealed the deeper undercurrent of the poet's thoughts, his better self, in marked contrast to the erratic but uncertain aspects of his character. Our judgment on such a complex being should, after all, be given in a sigh or written in sand. The critics, who have been at pains to pick faults in his work and condemn him for his vices, real or imagined, have been compared by some to owls "mangling a poor dead nightingale." They seem certainly to have forgotten that but for his one irreparable act, a heinous crime if committed in his senses, one so young and gifted might have lived to redeem all the faults of which they have accused him.

When his pen had failed him, he wrote his Bristol acquaintances, Dr. Barrett and Mr. Burgum, for the influence in obtaining a place as an assistant surgeon on board an African trader, and when he had waited in vain for an answer, it seems that his