

No! these can but his majesty record,
 Whose pow'r they own as universal Lord.
 Then where is heaven? must echo answer where?
 Where God and Christ is—there 'tis—Heaven there;
 Where endless day, where endless beauty reigns;
 And purchas'd pilgrims swell a Saviour's train;
 Where angels' hymns their great Creator laud,
 In loud hosannas to the Son of God;
 Where endless life to all the guests is given,
 This is the place where Christians make their heav'n.
 Then why refuse this home, thou weary soul,
 That's hasting forward to destruction's goal?
 Say, what's the charm that earth holds forth to thee,
 That you dislike so from her courts to flee?
 Hast thou sought treasure? hast thou gather'd gold?
 Or dost thou fame within thine arms enfold?
 Hast thou built castles in thy pride of heart?
 Hast thou rear'd fabrics to display thy art?
 Doth pleasure court thee with her syren voice,
 Or was ambition thy unbiassed choice?
 Wast thou by vice with phantoms led astray;
 Or didst thou yield to vanity's display?
 Has Moloch been thy god, or at his shrine
 Hast thou paid honours, human or divine?
 At folly's altar didst thou sacrifice,
 Or woo false pleasure in the courts of vice?
 Say, hast thou been by vanity betrayed,
 Or sought thy fortune that deceitful jade?
 Hast thou seen Time, that fleet-foot monarch pass,
 Or pour the sand from his eternal glass?
 Or dost thou see with what untiring speed,
 With his long scythe he mows the human mead?
 Aged porter at the charnel house of death,
 How oft he warns us ere he stops our breath;
 But, ah! how little is his chide revered,
 How oft his warnings are by man unheard?
 First, on bright beauty his chill breath he blows,
 She pines, and dies, like summer's fading rose,
 Next on full manhood's manly blooming face,
 His warning wrinkles, legibly we trace,
 More full maturity his warning shares,
 His frost breath whitens on old age's hairs,
 Sure type is this to tell the life eaned name,
 A crown of honor or a brand of shame;
 Pain and infirmity their pinions wave,
 He bends, he stoops, he totters round the grave.
 Yet fain he'd wait, tho' frailty marks his way,
 He seeks a staff his trembling limbs to stay,
 And full as feeble as when life began,
 He now beholds the waning years of man;
 Yet how tenacious will he grasp at life,
 And battle death in the momentous strife;
 All pleasures fled, all joys to which he clung,
 Yet now he cries—death—still! oh still! I'm young;
 I still must live, I've many things to do,
 My will to make all my affairs to view;
 My soul to save, my peace with God to make,
 My debts to pay, my friends' farewell to take;
 But death replies, this hour must be thy last,
 God's edict's seal'd, the changeless fiat's pass'd;
 Thou the dark slumber in the tomb must sleep,
 Corruption's worms for thee a vigil keep;
 Thou sought'st not heav'n, while life for thee was staid,
 But now thou seek'st when at my frown afraid;
 Its purchase (slighted whilst thou'lt store of breath)
 Would not be valued in the hour of death;
 That heav'n neglected, ere death interposed,
 Is lost forever, and forever closed;
 And less the loss, if from eternity,
 Thou man who lost it wast forever free;
 Or that a haven g'en oblivion gave
 To save thy soul from torment's burning wave;
 Oh, wretch! thou victim of thy passions' lust,

Well, as thy body, had thy soul been dust;
 Each vice that lured thee to its yawning hell,
 With fiendish laughter sounds thy sinking knell;
 Those lusts whose puppets thou at first was made,
 Now spurn the victim that they have betray'd;
 Where's now those visions thy blind fancy raised,
 Those phantom pleasures that too long thou prais'd;
 Where's folly now, ambition, pride, or vice?
 False pleasure? wealth? all vanish'd in a trice;
 Or, if not vanish'd, on life's brink they brood,
 To mock thy misery on death's gloomy flood;
 And now too late, thou thinkest and would tell,
 They're but the demons of an earthly hell;
 The source whence springs each blight, each curse of life,
 Revenge, pride, envy, wrath, deceit, and strife;
 They are the Alpha where our woes begin,
 For they are agents in the courts of sin;
 Imperceptibly their pow'r o'er man is gain'd,
 Till he awakes a victim by them chain'd;
 Awak'd, perhaps not till it be too late,
 And death's shrill voice has told the wretches' fate;
 Awak'd not, tho' truth's warning voice he hears,
 Till hell's loud shrieks are ringing in his ears;
 But, oh! too late, his blinded senses tell
 The dreadful depth to which his soul has fell;
 Now fell despair her tort'ring rack would stretch,
 To pour more misery on the writhing wretch;
 And, too, remorse would heap the measure up,
 With misery swell the overflowing cup;
 And retrospection all her wrongs will urge,
 And conscience lash him with her fiery scourge;
 Oh! for some place where he might now retreat,
 Where horror's frown he would not fear to meet;
 Where fell despair her robes would lay aside,
 Where he'd escape the sneering taunts of pride;
 For him no more will dawn the smiling day,
 No more for him will cheerful sunbeams play;
 No more for him eve's fanning breeze shall blow,
 No more for him the crystal waters flow;
 Each breath in horror, now he thinks he hears
 A demon's voice loud ringing in his ears;
 And since mortality has claimed her debt,
 His star of hope is now forever set;—
 But cast a veil o'er this distressful scene,
 'Tis painful o'er the grave of vice to lean;
 Not so with virtue, for around her tomb
 Remembrance hovers like a sweet perfume;
 Thought may transport us to youth's by-gone day,
 Then hope and mirth make childhood's moments gay;
 It may remind us of some friend beloved,
 Whom pale death's summons long ago removed;
 Or one recall, whom we may say, forsooth,
 Was cheerful comrade on the sports of youth;
 Or should our partner of each joy and woe,
 On death's damp breast be pillow'd cold and low,
 And oh! should man to sorrow be exposed,
 Beside her tomb in whom his hopes reposed;
 Yet still if virtue holds the sable pall,
 He blushes not their memories to recall;
 Whom she entombs he need not blush indeed,
 The motto on their modest slab to read;
 Pomp here shall tell not what was once their pride,
 Nor splendour strive their weaknesses to hide;
 No gold shall glitter round their humble bed,
 To change to *saint* the *sinner*, until dead;
 Tho' labor'd lines the hypocrite may paint,
 Tell after years he lived a very saint;
 Not such, shall to posterity disclose,
 The grave where christians' sacred bones repose,
 But one short line to all his tomb shall serve,
 His deeds, his mem'ry, and his name preserve;
 Sacred to virtue, and religion too,
 This humble stone a christian's grave doth show;
 And should rude strangers read, and dare to laugh,