

## Poetry.

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### THE DOOMED MAN.

"Ephraim is joined to his idols, *let him alone.*"—HOSEA.

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THERE is a time, we know not when,  
A point we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,  
To die as if by stealth;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirits light and gay;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set  
Indelibly a mark,  
Unseen by man, for man as yet  
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below,  
Like Eden, may have bloomed;  
He did not, does not, will not know,  
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,  
And every fear is calmed;  
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,  
Not only doomed, but damned.

O where is this mysterious bourn,  
By which our path is crossed;  
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn  
That he who goes is lost!