

But Time is but Eternity on Earth,
 An exhalation of the Deity,
 And like the soul when it has serv'd its years,
 Returns at length to the eternal sphere,
 Yet time moves not:—it is Life's Theatre,—
 Earth's stationary Element of Space,
 Thro' which terrestrial Nature circulates
 In one continued, ever-varying round,
 Like ideas in a train, close following each;
 Or waters moving in their channel'd course;
 Or some vast army ever marching past.
 The soul, imprison'd in its walls of clay,
 Peeps thro' the grated windows, and beholds
 The passing objects of the outer world;
 But when the Spirit leaves its prison-cell,
 It walks from time into eternity,
 And there beholds the universal worlds,
 The boundless realms of the omniscient God,
 With PRESENT, PAST, and FUTURE all as one.
 'Tis our contracted view which measures time,
 Altho' 'tis dotted as a sea with isles,
 Or universal space with stellar orbs,
 'Tis but a part of the eternal whole.
 The *Present* is but ours—that past is *Time*.
 The *Past* and *Future* form ETERNITY—
 The ever PRESENT of the ETERNAL GOD.

Earth's revolutions also measure time,
 And every day is but a pulsive throb
 Of the GREAT SOUL—the center'd Source of All,
 Whose life is but the animating breath
 Which moves the nerves of the *Great Universe*,
 Producing nature's universal change.

But should th' Almighty for a season chose
 To close His channels to the SOLAR REALMS,
 The life of our united orbs would cease,
 And every atom from its planet fly,
 To fill again the intervening space,
 And TIME become ETERNITY again.