

To this eternity. The child of Time  
Is the beginning of the future man,  
And his acquirements but the preface are,—  
The introduction to an endless theme.  
Eternity shall take this future man,  
This child of Time,—and carry forward what  
Is now but just begun in him, and train  
Him for itself. No more an heir of death,  
Clogged with the countless 'cumbrances of Time,—  
But freed from these, him shall Eternity  
Receive, and fashion to his new estate,  
And build him up in everlasting life  
With every needful increment, and fill  
With healthful pabulum, capacities,  
That, growing, shall enlarge as they are fed,  
And feeding, shall grow up as trees of God;  
To fulness in their measure grow, and be  
Forever beautiful in leaves and fruit,  
And in their fruitfulness and beauty good.  
The Man himself shall be a spreading tree,  
And every faculty a fruitful bough,  
Largely outbranching from the parent stem,  
As branches grace the vine: and Man shall fill  
The destiny pronounced at his creation,  
And fill it to the glory of his God.

## IV.

Bright sets the sun. Thus when the good man quits  
This world of travail, life's poor journey o'er,  
His sun descends serene. The sting of death  
Is plucked for those who die the good man's death;  
And they can part with friends as those who part  
In sure and certain hope to meet again,  
And meet in life. Life is not life unless  
'Tis passed forever o'er the bound of death.  
'Tis resurrection-power that gives this life,  
And then confirms it. Up through death this power  
Ascended, conquering Satan, death and hell;  
Conquering for man. The dying Christian knows  
That death is but a transient sleep, the while  
His weary members rest, and rest in hope.  
The glorious morn of immortality  
Is near; and He, the Sun of Righteousness,  
'The Resurrection and the Life,' shall call  
The dead, and they shall answer with their presence  
Where, in the light, the living meet their Head.  
And then they come with Him in open sight,  
To take dominion o'er that world which erst  
Cast out their names as evil from its presence.  
And what is their revenge? 'Tis that of God,  
Who sends them forth the angels of His peace,  
To rule the world in righteousness forever.

## V.

Now lingers twilight on the verge of Heaven,  
Vested in sober grey. The feathered tribes  
Have sung their latest song, and hid themselves  
In their night coverts deep. The peeping stars  
Shine out and gem the azure firmament  
With lamps minute, profusely scattered round  
The ambient Heavens, each with its ruddy flame,  
Its tiny twinkling light. Clear is the sky,  
Nor cloud, nor vapour rests upon its face,  
To intercept the ray that passes down,  
Unhindered, through the deep blue crystal vault—  
The seeming vault of space o'erarching all:  
Emblem of heavenly-mindedness, where naught  
Of error lingers to withstand the truth,  
Where naught of passion unsubdued remains  
Antagonistic to the light divine,  
Descending from the source profound of light,

For the instruction of the sons of Truth,  
O! for that light, which shines to lighten all,  
To rise, increasing to the perfect day,  
The day of glory, when the Sun Himself  
Of Righteousness, with healing in His wings,  
Comes forth to scatter all the gloom of night,  
And drive the prowling beasts to seek their dens;  
And there abide, troublers of earth no more!  
O! for that light to lighten every man!  
O! for that truth upon the inward parts  
To write its living law, and fill the world  
With righteousness, and happiness, and peace.

## VI.

But evening sighs its latest breeze, and wafts  
On silenced wing, the roaring of the surge—  
That, restless, beats on Erie's rugged rocks,  
Roused by the gale of noon; or tumbles rough  
Round the projecting point where Huron's shores,  
Winding away, stretch with indentures deep,  
And long protrusions, far into the land;  
Or where Ontario spreads his blue expanse  
Begirt with rugged stones, or forests dark  
That overhang the flood. The listening ear  
Pays willing homage to the soothing sound  
That breaks at intervals the solemn pause  
Of sober evening; first abrupt, then low,  
Retreating, dying, till succeeding waves  
Waken afresh the melancholy dirge,  
Half slumbering on the bosom of the night.  
And the hoarse bull-frog from his stagnant pool  
Chimes to its murmur, solemn, deep and grave.  
And with his note acute the whip-poor-will  
Begins his night song 'neath the spreading bush,  
And rouses echo from the neighbouring wood  
To whistle back his music, sharp and shrill,  
That ceases not till morn. The fire-fly starts  
Out from the sedge covert where he lay  
Secure and hidden while the glowing sun  
His bright effulgence poured upon the earth,  
And dies abroad, and lights his tiny lamp,  
Ambitious to be seen. Along the stream  
Smoothly meandering 'twixt its banks, he shows  
His little ray; or where the marshy soil,  
Luxuriant shoots its reedy burthen up.

## VII.

Brilliant with clustering stars deep night comes on,  
And calm and placid all; and undisturbed,  
I fain would wend my solitary way  
Beside the river's brink, or by the shore  
O'erlooking far the broad expanse of some  
Of our huge inland seas. The surface smooth  
And mirror-faced, reflects the empyrean vault,  
And seems a heaven beneath, the counterpart  
Of that above, with all its starry hosts:  
For now the waters are at rest and peace.  
Perhaps Niagara in the distance breaks,  
With voice suppressed, the deep repose of night—  
Voices of thunder rolling far away,  
Subdued and sad, in long continuous peal,  
Unbroken as the stream that rushes down  
The rocky steep. That everlasting voice!  
That noise of many waters, ceaseless roar,  
That broke forth with creation! still pours forth  
Its thunder in its undiminished strength!  
And still the mighty river rushes down  
The rocky steep, and boils, and foams, and lifts  
Aloft its cloudy banner to the sky.  
What is the symbol that huge banner bears?  
It is the Bow of Promise and of Peace,