

That may be felt, yet cannot be defin'd :
 That, brief and brilliant as the lightning's ray,
 Flash o'er the raptur'd soul, then fade away,
 And yet for years of care and grief repay.
 Witness the patriot's : on the blood-stain'd field
 His country's cause prevails, the foemen yield :
 Faintly he joins in her exulting cry,
 Then, more than happy, bows his head to die.
 Yet rapture more refin'd than even this,
 The Christian proves, a purer, holier bliss.
 When holiest thought his kindling bosom fires,
 When borne on eagle wings his soul aspires,
 Spurns for a time earth's transitory ties,
 Pierces in thought to realms beyond the skies,
 And, Heaven's own glories dazzling on the view,
 (Oh, bless'd illusion !) bids this world adieu.

Go, mingle in the scenes of pomp or mirth :
 Go, seek with care the treasures of the earth :
 Bid conscience rest, and let thine only aim
 Be appetite, ambition, wealth, or fame !
 Are they not noble, pure, and unalloy'd,
 Much to be priz'd, and long to be enjoy'd ?

Child of mortality, to sorrow born,
 Thou art but dust : to dust thou shalt return !
 And though the chiefest of the sons of pride,
 Yet to the charnel worm more near allied !
 And yet thou doatest on these toys, so vain,
 So born of folly, so alloyed with pain,
 That scarce we know, or more to weep or smile,
 That such pursuits thy little span beguile.
 Time hastens on ! The moments as they fly
 Should whisper to thine heart, prepare to die ;
 Even now a portion of thy life hath fled,
 Its close must come—its days are numbered
 Time hastens on : but thou perhaps art young,
 Thy frame with health, thy nerves with vigor strung.
 So once were millions, they whose shrieks of woe,
 Even now blaspheming fill the shades below ;
 So once did they, ere death had seal'd their lot,
 Resolve repentance, yet repented not.
 Time hastens on ! That hour thou canst not shun
 Is now more near—the sand yet further run.
 Eternity ! Eternity ! that word
 With such reluctance used, so seldom heard !
 Eternity draws nigh ; oh, there is more
 In that dread word, than reason can explore ;
 Though thou should'st meditate thereon from day
 Till days return, till reason should give way,
 And too intensely strain'd, perception reel,
 Thou could'st but little of its import feel.
 Yet, must thou, through Eternity, abide
 The doom this life was given to decide.
 Yes idoll'd earth shall be despised at last,
 When thou shalt wake (death's gloomy river pass'd)