

HON. MR. CHURCH.

The whirlgig of time rolls round,
 And with it brings most strange reversions. Here
 I stand, a Minister, in room of one,
 Who doubtless recent thought himself secure
 Of many years of office yet to come.
 The contrast is most marked, and clearly proves
 The vanity of human expectations,
 Springing forth from mother earth, like mushrooms,
 Seen for a brief space, and known no more ;
 Like lusty creepers round a healthful tree,
 Which, sudden blasted by the lightning's crash,
 Do shrink and wither prematurely at
 The touch. Wise fools, come teach the foolish wise
 The poverty of hope, the uselessness
 Of confidence in things of earthly state,
 And origin ; impress the wholesome truth
 That danger greatest lies when it does seem
 Most distant, and that when we are most sure
 Of reaching to the object which we seek,
 We needs should apprehend a galling check.
 I fill this place to-day ; who follows next ?
 But toss the rattling dice, and read the tale.
 Depend on nothing human, for, like sand
 That careless shifts upon the changing beach,
 Strewn on the strand by the resistless sea,
 Humanity does waver, changing oft,
 As oft returning to its former love.
 The cabinet is formed, but breakers rage
 Beneath our good ship's bows, and shipwreck may
 At any moment overtake our crew
 Of unskilled mariners, too apt to err.
 Deceived through sailing on an unknown sea.
 The craft, though old, and leaking at some points,
 Is firm and staunch, and properly manned, will stem
 The wildest hurricane th' opposing gods