

FATAL

BY REV. CHAS.

How fast the chains of  
Our poor degenerate  
What darkness clouds  
If unshewn by grace  
As sworn to take the  
They faithfully employ  
Their utmost power  
Their offspring to

By Satan's subtilty be  
To Satan's school th  
And each delights the  
To humor and com  
The proud with rank  
Heighten their w  
And fondly soothe th  
To tenfold stubborn

With lust of pleasure  
Their children the  
And every vain desire  
And every passion  
They wish them good  
Religious, but gen  
Pious, yet fond of pe  
As heaven would

Adorned in pearl and  
You see the murder  
As, crowned with flo  
Are led to sacrific  
Down a broad, eas  
To endless misery  
And curse their do  
To all eternity.

Others, who  
The fo  
And rush with  
The merciless ex  
They vent their pas  
In stern, tyrannic  
Their children as th  
And force the slav

With notions fragl  
Pursue their rigi  
In weakness look fo  
In babes the stren  
The wisdom ripe of  
From children th  
Till time their ache  
And all in smoke

Harrassed by long d  
With scarce a tru  
Their children's te  
The Egyptian di  
They quite throw  
O'er nature's wil  
And hate the obje  
Whom they coul

CHRISTIA

"We need a better ac  
reasoning, of pure"

Our

There is no pl  
ing and delightful  
ever far removed  
ged our circumst  
sunshine of pros  
misfortune and p  
a fondness peculi  
forgetting the pr  
to live over their  
amusements. T  
which we have s  
whose boughs w  
song of the birds  
wind; yonder is  
have passed, cu  
wreaths, and the  
in the heats of st  
our thirst; there  
ranged; and, fu  
upon whose bos  
in the calm of th  
the house in whi  
love, and a pare  
the room in, whic  
ther or sister, w  
grown still, wh  
form now rests i  
the grave. Wh  
or vicissitudes th  
difficulties we a  
whatever the see  
world, there is,  
the waste of our