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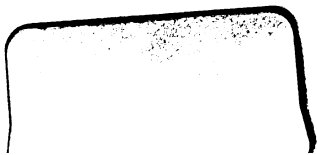
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REVIEW
OF
VARIOUS SCHEMES OF
HAPPINESS.

A POEM.



Charlotte Rhodes
from her aff. & sincere
Lth. 10th 1853



REVIEW

OR

VARIOUS SCHEMES OF

HAPPINESS.

Presented

BY THOMAS COOK.

H. O. Rhodes Esq.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

ISA. LV. 2.

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear:
On its sharp point Peace bleeds and hope expires."

YOUNG.

LEEDS:

JAMES Y. KNIGHT, 39, BRIGGATE.

MDCCCXVI.





TO
JOHN NEWSOM BRIGG, ESQUIRE,
THIS POEM
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY FAVORS,
WHICH,
THOUGH NAMELESS HERE, AND PERHAPS
FORGOTTEN BY HIM,
ARE INSCRIBED
IN SECRET BUT LIVING CHARACTERS,
IN THE BREAST OF
THE AUTHOR.



Charles Colley - Leeds

PREFACE.

No observations, introductory to the following poem, seem to be requisite, except in explanation of the cause of its existence.


The Writer, being exercised by a complication of trials, and having no disposition for such recreations as are too often resorted to in such circumstances, thought that the use of the pen, with its attendant mental exercise, would be preferable, in moments of leisure, to the alternative of having the mind too much depressed by painful thoughts, which, in seasons of affliction, are apt to be most vivid when it is otherwise disengaged.

Being struck with the scripture on which these verses are founded, he adopted it as the motto for such reflections as he might be enabled to make in the form they now assume.

It was remarked by Dean Swift, in reference to Young's Satires, that "if he had been more merry or severe, they would have been more generally pleasing ; because mankind are more apt to be pleased with ill-nature and mirth than with solid sense and instruction." If this be universally true, this publication will not prove acceptable, as it contains neither what is calculated to excite mirth, nor to gratify ill-nature.

The Writer trusts, however, it will be found in accordance with holy scripture, and therefore not only adapted to minister, in some degree, to the innocent gratification, but, so far as divine truth is honored, to the spiritual edification of the reader. If any pleasure and profit should thus accrue to others from what has yielded solace to himself, it will afford him the highest satisfaction, and amply recompense his labor.

P.S. The profits of this poem, if any, will be equally divided betwixt the "Wesleyan Methodist," and the "London" Missionary Societies.




R E V I E W .



The tender Infant leaves his mother's knee,
To gain the gaudy toy, with childish glee ;
And shows, by constant eagerness for change,
How vain and empty all within his range.
The glittering toy amuses while 'tis new,
Its broken fragments next dispersed we view ;
Or marred, and cast away, the bauble lies,
And for some fresh delight the infant cries.

Ye School-boys next, whose more expanded powers
Require more scope, pursue delight in flowers,
In shady lanes, in fields, by murmuring streams,
On towering hills bright with the solar beams,
In sweet sequestered vales, or gloomy woods,
Or plunge, when warm, beneath the sparkling floods,
In streets,* or in the well frequented ground,
Where every sport is in its season found.

* Zech., viii. 5.



When gelid winter, borne on stormy wings,
 The scene transforms, and active pleasures brings ;
 The pool congealed supports your swifter feet,
 That shod with steel glide o'er the icy sheet.
 But when fatigued ye seek luxurious ease,
 And stretch your limbs, and seek your taste to please
 With fruits and sweets until the sense is cloyed,
 Then books peruse, to fill the mental void,
 Where wit and vagrant fancy scorn the reins ;
 Or where, without his perils and his pains,
 Ye share the traveller's joys, and with him view,
 Entranced, the grand, the beautiful, the new.
 Ye love to roam o'er fiction's boundless waste,
 Or at the springs of truth delighted taste.

But soon the joy is past : the active soul
 Has not attained its rest, its destined goal !
 The butterfly ye chase from flower to flower,
 Eludes your grasp, or but survives an hour :
 In vain ye seek unmingled bliss below ;
 Some thought occurs that tinges all with woe !

For scenes of business next, and manly care,
 Ye rising Youth with anxious thought prepare.
 Aspiring hopes your ardent breasts pervade,
 Of homage to your shining talents paid ;
 Of rising to superior rank, admired ;
 Of pleasure tasted, and of wealth acquired ;

Of some fair maiden's heart and hand possessed,
 With education, rank, and fortune blest,
 Whose love and converse may inspire delight,
 And ennui dissipate, and mirth incite;
 Of lovely babes the plenteous board around,
 Like plants upspringing from well watered ground.

Your end proposed of sublunary good,
 Is with assiduous energy pursued.—
 Ah! little does your inexperience dream
 That Disappointment lurks in every scheme!
 The good yields not the' expected bliss if gained;
 But peace results from earthly hopes restrained.


When man his pristine innocence possessed,
 And ceaseless rills of pleasure ever blest,
 Through every sense poured in upon his soul,
 As silver streams into the ocean roll;
 When thousand flowers their fragrance sent on high,
 And every sound he heard was melody;—
 No note of discord mingled to destroy
 The harmony of universal joy;—
 And all was beauty to his gladdened sight;
 And all he tasted gave him new delight;
 When knowledge opened wide her charming page,
 Worthy his clear and vigorous mind to' engage;
 And high communion was enjoyed with God,
 And angels with loved man the garden trod;
 And when the beauteous realm was all his own;
 "It was not good for him to be alone!"

He who created his majestic frame,
 And breathed within the intellectual flame,
 Whence all the powers and tendencies began,
 And all the passions that distinguish man,
 One mighty impulse planted in his breast,
 Whose object gained he was completely blest.
 The smile of God is the prime source of bliss,
 And converse with his species next to this ;
 See the poor wretch secluded from mankind,
 A morbid gloom afflicts his pensive mind :
 In incoherent musings lost, no voice
 Salutes his ear and bids his heart rejoice ;
 But conscious of the void he sighs to prove
 The cheering interchange of thought and love.
 How oft does melancholy seize the reins,
 And scared with fancied dangers, woes, and pains,
 Drive headlong o'er the barriers of despair,
 And plunge the soul in death and ruin there !
 But most does man a prudent Friend* desire,
 Whose heart reciprocates the sacred fire,
 Who may with him hold daily converse sweet,
 And prove as God designed "a helper meet,"
 And share his griefs with sympathetic pain,
 And catch the pleasure when he smiles again !
 Did man want "help" before he disobeyed ?
 Much more he needs a tender partner's aid
 Midst thorny cares, infirmities, and woes,
 Cold-hearted friends, and known or secret foes ;

* Prov. xxxi. 26. Mal. ii. 14.

But man, estranged from God his Good Supreme,
In creatures seeks what only dwells in Him ;
But Disappointment mocks the vain pursuit,
From earthly trees to pluck celestial fruit :
The fruits they yield, though tempting to the eye,
Too oft when tasted cause a grievous sigh !
At best the cup that rites hymeneal fill
Contains a mingled draught of good and ill ;
But grace infused corrects its bitterness,
And prelibation yields of heavenly bliss !.

Ye fairest Flowers in this terrestrial vale,
Ye Virgins, who in gentle arts excel,
In these pursue the' enchanting forms of joy,
And skill, and taste, and precious time employ.
Accomplished artists, pleased, your landscapes view,
Your pencilled nosegays rivalling the true ;
Your lily fingers ply the brilliant steel
Till fair designs the homely ground conceal ;
The' adorning art of dress ye make your care,
And Fashion's ever varying costume wear ;
Melodious instruments, with charming tone,
Corroding cares from hearts oppressed dethrone,
Beneath your practised touch, and glancing eye.—
But soon for some unknown delight ye sigh ;
Your youthful hearts the tender passions move :
How warmly glows the secret flame of love !



Romantic visions of connubial joy,
More prompt than those of heaven, the mind employ.

No lasting happiness in these ye find :

No earthly good* can suit the' immortal mind :

'Tis by man's Maker righteously decreed,

"The heart that leans on earthly reeds† shall bleed !"

"She who" by Folly's thoughtless train is led,

And "lives in pleasure, while she lives is dead !"

But see in nobler paths the virtuous fair,

Whose hearts supernal grace and gifts prepare

For deeds of high utility and love,

The precious fruits that heavenly culture prove.

Obedient to the tender Shepherd's word,‡

Their hearts with mild compassion inly stirred,

They seek and feed the lambs in pastures fair,

And all the' approving smile of Jesus share ;

With truth divine imbue the youthful heart,

And heavenly lore in simple phrase impart.

Their feeble steps they gladly aid and guide

To verdant meads, the limpid rills beside :

There by His care they are preserved and blest,

Till in His fold, beneath His eye they rest.

As angels bent on ministering relief,

They visit the abodes of want and grief ;

Supply, like Dorcas, garments to the poor,

When white-robed Winter whistles at the door.

* John, iv. 13.

† Isaiah, xxxvi. 6.

‡ John, xxi. 15.

The hungry feed, the sick and mournful cheer
 With gracious words that banish painful fear.

With patient toil the seeds* of truth they sow,
 Though which shall germinate they may not know ;
 But of divine vitality, a part
 May fall on ground prepared by heavenly art.
 They sow in prayerful hope that genial rays
 And dews may soon the hopeful blade upraise.

When home or foreign calls for help are heard,
 In the wide vineyard of their gracious Lord,
 Who, like the Fair,† with never-tiring zeal,
 Can urge the irresistible appeal ?
 Persuasion on their looks and words attends,
 Till slow Reluctance glad assistance lends.

But see them in the' appointed vestry meet,
 And ask why thither moved their cautious feet ;
 Not to discuss the gossip of the day,
 Or spend the time in vanity or play.
 Mark how the labors of their skilful hands
 Subserve the cause that moves celestial bands.
 With looks intent, and fingers quickly moved,
 They form the articles by taste approved ;
 With kindly words and hymns the time beguile,
 Exalt their thoughts, and speed their happy toil.

The' anticipated festival await,
 Then see the crowds that enter Zion's gate,

* Religious Tracts. † Collectors.

Attracted by some bright and burning* star ;
 Then view the spacious and well-filled bazaar.—
 What fairy wand, by its enchanting power,
 The scene created for a festive hour?—
 Who undelighted can behold the' array
 Of living beauty, and its products gay?—
 What pencil can portray the lovely scene,
 Or muse describe the objects to be seen?—
 Lo! goodly evergreens adorn the place,
 And mottoes that predict the reign of grace ;
 The Fair await, in elegant attire,
 Whose winning looks and beauteous works conspire
 To lighten purses of superfluous gold,
 In willing barter for productions sold
 For use or ornament, for age or youth,
 To gather funds to' advance the cause of truth.
 The shining heaps, by gentle hands, at last
 Into the treasury of God are cast.

Midst infants' toys, and linen snowy-white,
 And rich embroidery, pleasing to the sight,
 A few attractive, well-selected books
 Are found, though with demure and humbled looks,
 Or graceful "jeux d'esprit,"† in charming verse,
 Or more pathetic odes,‡ refined and terse ;
 But whence these libels on the female taste,
 These mawkish trifles|| on the tables placed ?

* John, v. 35. † See Note a. ‡ See Note b. | See Note c.

Ye *Boys*, whose larger growth, and firmer hand,
 More costly play-things, and more room demand ;
 Whom horses, dogs, and scarlet coats delight,
 And deadly guns, that game destroy or fright !
 Ye men of pleasure view the goaded horse
 With bleeding sides fly o'er the appointed course ;
 Or, mounted well, enjoy the' ignoble chase,
 O'erleaping all that would obstruct the race.
 The fox pursue till, gasping for his breath,
 Ye glory in your helpless victim's death.
 With tempting baits ye lure the finny race,
 Draw sport from pain, and thus your skill disgrace.
 In scenes of revelry ye next are found,
 Where songs obscene and boisterous mirth abound.
 Luxurious viands are consumed with zest,
 And wine excites* bad passions in the breast.
 The theatre, the ball-room ye frequent,
 In their *congenial* air your nights are spent ;
 Or when fatigued with the exciting dance,
 Hazard your property in games of chance.
 From scene to scene of vanity ye haste,
 And talents, health, and life's probation waste !
 The cup of sensual joy so deeply drained,
 Ye nauseate, and remorse alone is gained.—
 Who "sow unto the flesh" at length must weep,
 Bewail their folly, and "corruption reap !"

* Isa. v. 11, 12.

Ye Virtuosi, who in the antique
 And rare, a much superior pleasure seek ;
 Who scorn the sensualists' degrading choice,
 And boast refined and intellectual joys.
 His low pursuits ye earnestly decry,
 And substitute the pleasures of the eye :*
 For this ye spare no pains, and grudge no cost,
 And think him blest who can indulge it most.
 The works of artists trumpeted by fame,
 That most remote antiquity can claim,
 Ye prize supremely, possibly adore,
 Grasp what ye can, and restless long for more.
 Your spacious rooms, into museums turned,
 Admit your friends, the curious, and the learned :
 There marble statues stand along your halls,
 And venerable pictures grace the walls.
 Here, what "the wisdom from above" conceals,†
 The taste and wisdom of the world reveals :
 In naked majesty, or postures mean,
 The human form offensively is seen :‡
 Ye little heed the delicate, the chaste,
 Content if men admire your classic taste !
 Stuffed reptiles, birds, and beasts, in order stand,
 And prove the skill of the' Almighty's hand ;
 And splendid butterflies and moths appear,
 From every land and clime collected here.

* 1 John, ii. 16. † Gen. iii. 21. ‡ See Note d.

Here fossils are arranged, and sparkling ores,
 Dug from earth's ample subterranean stores ;
 Old coins and rusty armour, dearly bought,
 Illustrate history, and waken thought ;
 Egyptian mummies are exposed to view,
 Defrauding earth for ages of its due ;
 Rude arms from southern islands have their place,
 And hideous gods proclaim man's deep disgrace ;
 Fragments and models of old fanes attest
 What skill the ancient architects possessed :—
 But who the' obscene and bloody* rites can tell,
 That made their precincts avenues to hell ?
 There demons were adored,† and men, debased,
 Were "captive led" deceitful joys to taste.—
 All false religions swell the streams of sin :
 The true restrains, and dries its fount within.—
 "The god of this world"‡ wrapt the earth in night,
 To hide the' Almighty from his creatures' sight.
 To human wisdom He remained unknown,||
 And was revealed in Zion's courts alone.§
 The Gentiles had renounced the truth, and sought
 A substitute in lies by Satan taught ;
 But God o'erlooked¶ the times in darkness spent,
 Till his loud call should bid all men repent.—
 Old books and manuscripts the eye command,
 Row above row the precious volumes stand,

* Ps. xvi. 4. † Lev. xvii. 7 ; Deut. xxxii. 17 ; 2 Chron. xi. 15 ; Ps. cvi. 37 ;
 1 Cor. x. 20 ; Rev. ix. 20. ‡ 2 Cor. iv. 4. § 1 Cor. i. 21.

¶ Ps. lxxvi. 1, 2. ¶ Acts, xvii. 30.

In every language, and on every theme ;
The mind bewildering* as an airy dream.—

Can these procure the' applauded owner peace?
Or make the pangs of guilty conscience cease?
Or shield from Death's inevitable blow?—
The oracle immutable says—"no!"†

Ye who disdain a soft inglorious ease,
Forsake your homes, and cross the roaring seas,
Travel earth's vast terraqueous surface o'er,
And Nile's or Niger's sources would explore.
Ye shun no toil, urge onward your career,
And dangers brave without unmanly fear.
The mountain billows speed you on your way ;
Pestiferous coasts awaken no dismay ;
Wild beasts ye meet, and, to be dreaded more,
Ferocious hordes, with weapons stained with gore.
Ye climb the Alps, Vesuvius' crater dare,
Though smoke and ashes load the sulphurous air ;
Though loud explosions in the threatening deep
Delay your steps, and rend the trembling steep !
Terrific caverns ye descend to trace
The hidden beauties of the wondrous place,‡
Where Nature's plastic hand, in seeming play,
The marble moulds as man the yielding clay !
The fretted roof on snowy columns stands,
And much transcends the work of human hands :

* Eccl. xii. 12. † Isa. xlvi. 22; Heb. ix. 27. ‡ The Grotto of Antiparos.

By torch-light numerous sparkling crystals shine,
Like precious gems from oriental mine!

Near dread Niagara's deafening roar ye stand ;
Perceive the raging waters shake the land ;
And see the iris stretched across the spray,
A lovely arch, formed by the orb of day.
To' explore the' interior of the Indian west,
Majestic rivers bear you on their breast.
The prairies' solitary scenes extend,
And mountains, woods, and lakes, their beauties lend
To form the landscape in the' admiring eye,
That fain to stay the fleeting charms would try.
Ye pace the meads, ascend the craggy steep,
Or through the lonely woodland softly creep,
In search of nests built by the charming race
That plumes adorn and bear from place to place ;
From eyries built on high by birds of prey,
To nests of humming-birds,—so swift* and gay,
That flit from flower to flower with wings unseen,
And sip like bees the honey found within.—
Their structure and position† ye explain,
And mark the eggs or young ones they contain.
The pleasing habits of the feathered race,
And wondrous instincts, ye minutely trace ;
But chiefly their assiduous, tender care
Their eggs to cherish, and their young to rear.

* See Note e. † See Note f.

Their beauty, liveliness, and music sweet,
 Adorn and animate the calm retreat,
 Where heaven-born Nature seems to emulate
 The scenes far lovelier of her first estate !

Ye visit the degraded Esquimaux,
 Midst icy mountains, and perpetual snows ;
 A passage seek from Labrador's shore
 Through polar regions unexplored before ;
 Or steer from isle to isle in tropic seas,
 Where grow the cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees ;
 And risk the coral rocks, the tempest's power,
 And fiend-like men that human flesh devour ;
 Or savages, whose fickle friendship turns
 To hatred, that with deadly malice burns !

Lamented Cook ! whose still illustrious name
 Is blazoned on the' historic rolls of fame :—
 Intrepid, resolute, in dangers cool,
 Expert in science, and well skilled to rule ;
 Intelligent, humane, pacific, shrewd
 To deal with new-found tribes, untaught and rude ;
 Exact in observations,* and minute ;
 The truth of whose narrations none dispute ;
 "Of Navigators" justly styled "the prince"
 By those who southern seas have traversed since ;
 Unconscious pioneer of gospel light
 To nations lost in sin's terrific night ;

* See Note g.

Where lust and cruelty* their victims seize,
 And men are sacrificed their gods to' appease!—
 Ah! why cut off, the pinnacle just gained†
 Of human glory, with such toil attained?
 Ah! why on shores of friendly Owhyee,
 Thy brightest trophy in that mighty sea?
 Why forced, reluctant, to retrace thy way
 To that sad spot Karakakoa bay,
 Where men so lately were in worship bowed‡
 To thee, a mortal! and, alas!—allowed?—
 Where hymns were chanted to thy lauded name,
 The horrid "tocsins" thy disgrace proclaim!
 And where,—distressing scene!—thou wast adored!
 Thy life is forfeited, thy blood is poured!—
 The Lord's great name is to be praised alone:
 His glorious honor he transfers to none.||

Lamented Williams! dear and honored name!
 Whose generous heart enshrined the heavenly flame
 Of love to Christ, and all for whom he bled!
 By this constrained, o'er ocean waves he sped,
 The' Apostle to benighted heathen tribes,
 As those the Apostolic pen describes.§
 O'er loveliest isles that stud the ocean's breast,
 With constant summer's rich profusion blest,
 But shrouded by the mists of moral night,
 He long dispersed the beams of gospel light.

* Eph. iv. 17-19; Ps. lxxiv. 20. † See Note h. ‡ See Note i.

|| Isa. xlii. 8; see Acts, xii. 21-23; xiv. 11-15. § Rom. i.

Dark demons trembled at the Saviour's name,
 And idols fell where'er his servant came ;
 Benighted savages emerged to day,
 Sat the great news to hear, or kneeled to pray ;
 Strange sounds of praise ascended to the sky,
 And trees appeared to "clap their hands"* for joy ;
 Marae no more the bleeding corpse received ;
 Their priests' delusions were no more believed ;
 Demolished temples, spears once stained with blood,
 Became materials for the house of God !
 Where "sitting, clothed, and in their proper mind,"
 They waited on the Lord, his grace to find !
 Infanticide no more their babes destroyed,
 Who now their tenderest sympathies enjoyed !
 By sanctified and fervent zeal inspired,
 He, like his Lord, in "doing good" untired,
 New isles discovered, where the blessed news
 Of heavenly pity, like refreshing dew†
 On tender herbs; revived the drooping scene,
 And clad the wilderness with living green !
 Whilst on his god-like enterprise intent,
 And on the gospel's wider triumphs bent,
 He lands on Erromanga's fatal shore,
 Expecting there to find an "open door"
 For missionary zeal, and saving truth,
 To bless the old, and train the rising youth.—

* Isa. lv. 12. † Deut. xxxii. 2.

He sees the hostile savages, in crowds,
 With aspect menacing as lowering clouds ;
 As tigers fierce they rush to seize their prey,
 And follow dashing through the ocean spray.—
 He suffers from their clubs a martyr's death,
 And in the briny wave resigns his breath !
 Mysterious issue of a life of love !
 How savage, men in pagan darkness prove !
 But his reward was treasured in the sky,
 And to obtain his crown the saint must die !

Earth's wondrous structure ye as freely scan,
 As products of the genius of man.
 Ye strive to learn its venerable age
 From Nature's ancient and mysterious page.
 Man's insect life ephemeral appears
 Beside your myriad times ten thousand years !
 Its parts constituent are your study made,
 And their arrangement, as in strata laid ;
 Its fissures and its "faults ;" its various rocks,
 Its fossil store, that man's grave wisdom mocks ;
 Plants, shells, and birds, and creatures huge, unknown,
 Enclosed, from ages far remote, in stone !—
 Amazing sight ! when came ye there, and how ?
 What food sustained you ? does earth yield it now ?
 Why were ye made ? had ye extinct become,
 Ere Eden's bowers were man's delightful home ?—
 Thy works are great and manifold,* O Lord !
 All made in wisdom by thy powerful word ;

*1 Ps. civ. 24 ; cxi. 2.

With awe and praise inspiring the devout,
 By whom God's works are joyfully "sought out."
 But ye, who "live without Him in the earth,"
 Forget to whom all Nature owes her birth!

Returning from your long and wide survey,
 Ye thirst for praise that may your toil repay.
 Choice plants ye bring, from more luxuriant shores,
 To' enrich your native land's botanic stores;
 Insects, strange reptiles, serpents, splendid birds,
 And beasts that lurk in dens, or graze in herds;
 Shells, of surpassing colors, form, and size;
 And minerals, that men of science prize.
 Your plans and drawings vividly portray
 The wondrous scenes that distant lands display;
 Majestic ruins, pyramids, and towers,
 Extensive cities, and secluded bowers;
 Or Nature's more august and pleasing sights,
 Her spreading trees, sweet vales, and mountain heights.
 These, with unwonted zeal, at first ye show;
 But human honors soon insipid grow:
 Not food, but air, ye find the' expected feast,
 And where most pleasure hoped enjoy the least!

Ye who by deeds of warlike enterprise,
 To martial glory's proudest rank would rise;
 And whose high sense of honor dreads a slight,
 Beyond the danger when great armies fight:—

Blood only can remove the hated stain,
 Or life endangered on the hostile plain,
 Where he who took the' offence, and he who gave,
 With equal risk approach the' untimely grave!

Ye, 'midst loud clangour, and the' artillery's roar,
 Dishonored limbs, and dying men ride o'er ;
 Confront the cannon's mouth, the glittering spear ;
 And 'midst the shafts of death disdain to fear ;
 Encompass cities ; o'er their ramparts throw
 Exploding shells, that scatter death and woe !
 Or thunder at their gates and solid walls,
 Till both are shattered by your ponderous balls.
 The strife ensues who first the breach shall try,
 And plant the ensign of the conqueror high.

Or, on some gallant ship's ensanguined decks,
 Ye steer a dangerous course 'midst burning wrecks ;
 Admire the flames ascending to the sky ;
 And foes pursue with adverse flags on high.
 Those flags ye vow shall soon dishonored droop,
 And proudest foes beneath your prowess stoop.
 Your awful broad-sides rapidly are fired,
 As if with fury from beneath inspired !
 What mangled limbs ! what streams of human gore
 Flow o'er the decks ! what groans the wounded pour !
 But no cessation must the carnage know,
 Until ye triumph o'er the vanquished foe ;
 Secure the glorious prize 'midst loud huzzas,
 Or see her slowly sink, or brightly blaze ;

Till, by her magazine's tremendous burst,
In myriad fragments o'er the main dispersed !

The public voice proclaims your gallant deeds ;
A nation's plaudit your ambition feeds ;
Proud monuments perpetuate your name,
And to succeeding years extol your fame.

But what is man's applause to deathless minds :
He who obtains it, a mere phantom finds :
His soul's best energies were misapplied,
He hears the sound, but is not satisfied !

Ye whose expanded intellects embrace
The Universe, and all its laws would trace ;
Who prune your more than eagle wings by night,
And through the depths of space pursue your flight ;
From world to world, from sun to sun proceed,
With thought's swift glance, as with angelic speed !
"The moon, in brightness walking," ye survey ;
Her mountains, and her vales, invite your stay ;
The planets draw your much admiring gaze,
In grandeur moving round the solar blaze.
Themselves opaque, the sun with fire replete,
They borrow thence their light and vital heat ;
And, turning on their axes in his light,
Enjoy vicissitude of day and night.

First, Mercury, so near the central heat,
That Earth if there would dire destruction meet !

So rarely visible, in twilight shown,
 His daily revolution is unknown.—
 Where man would be consumed do creatures live?
 And can the sun, so fierce, enjoyment give?
 Why then does he, so seldom seen, exist?
 If cancelled, by mankind he'd scarce be missed!

Next, Venus, in surpassing beauty bright,
 Within Earth's orbit takes her warmer* flight.
 She, like the moon, a changing face displays;
 And much her seasons vary,† and her days.

Beyond Earth's orbit, ruddy Mars appears:
 In feebler light revolve his longer years.‡
 A well-marked spot upon his surface, proves
 That he in due rotation daily moves.

Four minor orbs|| the naked eye elude:
 Their course by optic glasses is pursued.
 Next, brilliant Jupiter his circuit runs,
 The largest planet, with four circling moons.
 These aid his feeble light, adorn his sky,
 And round the giant sphere incessant fly.
 His rapid whirl contracts his days and nights;§
 His dreary poles perpetual winter blights;
 Whilst constant summer¶ his equator cheers:
 No charm of changing seasons know his years.

Then pale and dusky Saturn, next in size,
 Whose moons and rings attract men's peering eyes.

* See Note j. † See Note k. ‡ See Note l. § See Note m.
 § See Note n. ¶ See Note o.

So far removed* from day's resplendent source,
 How dark would be his cold and cheerless course ;
 But He, whose wisdom planned the heavenly frame,
 That Nature might declare his glorious name, †
 His bright attendants ‡ gave, whose added light,
 Augments the lustre of his cheerless night.

Uranus last, the' unaided vision shuns,
 But his appointed course remotely runs.
 Twice Saturn's distance from the sun apart,
 Six moons their beams upon his surface dart.
 His single year || exceeds the life of man,
 Unless protracted to its utmost span !
 Can sentient beings cheerfully reside
 Where scanty light, and shivering cold abide ? §
 Does vegetation there the scene adorn,
 And feed the tribes in that bleak region born ?
 He, who Uranus launched, and marked his course,
 And still impels him with resistless force,
 Exerts no wanton power ; supremely wise
 In all his ways, he wheels him round the skies.

But who the Comets' awful course can trace,
 And with their swift ¶ eccentric flight keep pace ?
 In long ellipses through the' abyss they dart,
 But of the solar system form a part ;
 Now glowing** near the sun with fiercest heat,
 Then lost to man †† in their unknown retreat !

* See Note p. † Ps. xix. 1. ‡ See Note q. † See Note r. § See Note s.

¶ See Note t. ** See Note u. †† See Note v.

Their vapoury tails' prodigious length affright
 The vulgar mind, and gloomy thoughts excite
 Of tumults, famines, dreadful pestilence,
 And horrid wars, with waste of blood immense!
 Exposed by turns to heat and cold extreme,
 For living creatures undesigned they seem;
 Then why more numerous* than the planets found?
 What good dispense they in their trackless round?

How is man's feeble understanding foiled!†
 How sinks the sage into the' astonished child,
 Amidst Creation's mysteries profound!—
 Who then *Redemption's* sacred depths can sound,
 But He whose Mind devised the glorious plan,
 From his deep fall to rescue lapsed man,
 And place him near the Source of heavenly light,
 In highest bliss, above an angel's flight?
 O depth‡ of wisdom and of richest grace!
 His judgments how profound, unknown his ways!

Ye weigh these giant orbs, and say how dense,
 And take their girth, and track their flight immense,
 Their orbits measure with an endless line,
 And their respective courses well define;
 Across the gulf of space the line is hurled,
 To show the mighty reach from world to world.
 The laws which guide their motions, and sustain
 Each in its destined orbit, ye explain;

* See Note w. † See Note x. ‡ Rom. xi. 33.

The gravitating impulse toward the Sun,
 The centrifugal, in right lines to run :
 By this, the worlds would fly through boundless space ;
 By that, the solar fire would end their race !
 But both, by heaven's wise Architect, combined,
 They err not from the path by him assigned.

Ye reckon the velocity of light,
 The beauteous emblem of a spirit's flight ;
 The subtle fluid intercept, and part,
 By prisms fashioned by the optician's art,
 Its several component lovely tints ;
 And hence ingeniously discover hints
 To theorize on colors, and on light,
 The radiant parent of an offspring bright :
 To its transmitted or reflected rays,
 All nature owes the hues its face displays,
 Its living tokens, else, like gloomy lead,
 The' unvaried scene would be obscure and dead.

Leaving the solar system far behind,
 Ye fly into infinity, and find
 Bright stars in clusters, doubtless each a sun,
 Burning 'midst other worlds that round him run.
 These glow intense with native splendour bright ;
 Unlike the spheres that borrow solar light.
 Their light, too feeble else to reach mankind ;
 Would ne'er, to his abode, a passage find
 Through distances that human thought confound :
 Man's weak conception in those depths is drowned.

These, by their twinkling, strike the' admiring eye,
 Like diamonds glittering in the azure sky.
 They "differ in their glory,"* and their hues ;
 But all a lovely radiance diffuse.
 Some first in magnitude, and lustre clear ;
 Some, more remote, as lucid points appear.
 Unnumbered suns, besides, that shun the eye,
 Ye, by your wondrous instruments, descry.
 But, far beyond their utmost compass, shine
 Innumerable works of power divine,
 In heights, and depths, to finite minds unknown,
 In circling myriads round the' Eternal Throne !

But, who can reach Creation's utmost bound ?
 And look amazed on the abyss profound,
 Where dread impenetrable night remains,
 And nothing lives, and solemn silence reigns ?
 And say, "Thus far the works of God extend ;
 But here Creation's glories have an end :
 Beyond this spot, his voice was never heard
 Piercing the void by his creative word ?"

How fails man's mind to comprehend the whole !
 What blank amazement seizes on the soul,
 'Midst infinite in number, and in space,
 And speed that but the Infinite can trace !
 His Omnipresent and Omniscient eye
 Pervades the countless worlds that deck the sky.

* 1 Cor. xv. 41.

His creatures all* enjoy his ceaseless care,
Where'er their dwelling, and his bounties share.

When man some work of genius would construct,
Experiments must teach, and time instruct ;
By tedious process the design proceeds,
And oft repair, and alteration needs.—
The' Almighty *spoke* :†— the Universe sprang forth !
Perfection stamped Creation at her birth !
The mighty fabric, ere all time designed,
The great idea of the' Eternal Mind,
Existing there, with all its riches stored,
Came forth imbodyed by the' Omnific Word !
Her movements her Creator's skill proclaim,
No rude collision shocks her mighty frame,
But harmony prevails through all her parts,††
And each "sweet influence"‡ round its orbit darts.
He strictly numbers|| his celestial hosts,
Records their names, and designates their posts :
From age to age immovable they stand§
Where he assigns, and shine at his command.

What glorious works the' Almighty's hands produce !
His wisdom infinite prescribes their use :
His understanding¶ is a deep, no bound
Can compass, and no creature's plummet sound !
When he arises,** none can stay his hand ;
Or question his Omnipotent command !

* Ps. cxlv. 9. † Ps. xxxiii. 9. ‡ Job, xxxviii. 31. § Ps. cxlvii. 4.

¶ The fixed stars. ¶ Ps. cxlvii. 5; Isa. xl. 28. ** Dan. iv. 35

†† See Note y.

When Earth's foundations were securely laid,
 And favored man's fair residence was made ;
 "The morning stars" beheld, and sweetly "sang,"
 And with their joyous shouts the ether rang.
 The earth, and the material heavens,* surveyed,
 Reveal their mighty Maker as arrayed
 In attributes stupendous and benign ;—
 ("His power, and Godhead,"† there, conspicuous shine ;
 Wisdom divine in all his works appears,
 And boundless goodness crowns the circling years ;
 Though foul transgression's proofs, alas ! are found
 In Nature's harmonies disturbed around ;—)
 But cannot to the' enquiring mind declare
 If mercy and unbending justice share
 The Sacred Throne, to chase a sinner's gloom,
 Procure his ransom, and reverse his doom !

But, far more noble works his power has wrought :
 Inert is matter, void of life and thought ;
 And soon shall vanish‡ from its wonted place,
 Before the' approaching Judge's cloudless face !
 But bright intelligences can commune
 With their Creator, and his precious boon
 Of blissful being they rejoice to own
 In grateful songs, assembled round his throne.
 No end their pleasures, nor decline shall know,
 Perpetual as the Throne from whence they flow.

* Ps. xix. 1. † Rom. i 20. ‡ Rev. xx. 11.

The heavens* he measures with his span, and draws
 The starry curtain† round its glorious Cause!
 Or, as a tent, for transient residence,
 He spreads them out a canopy immense!
 But where's the' eternal empyrean Throne?
 What lens its light, its altitude hath shewn?—
 No mortal eye‡ can view the' effulgent light:
 "Above all heavens"|| is its transcendent height!
 In his pure temple§ he assumes his seat,
 Where immaterial perfections meet:
 His throne in Righteousness and Judgment¶ stands;
 And Mercy mild, and Truth,** unite their hands;
 Honor and Glory†† stand before his face;
 And Strength and Beauty grace the holy place.
 Though clouds and darkness may his glory shade,
 In uncreated light he sits arrayed!—
 "Who," then, "is like the Lord, who dwells on high;"
 But still regards, with condescending eye,
 "The things in heaven, and in the earth" contained;
 And even to visit‡‡ man in mercy deigned?
 O ye who slight that mercy, and beneath
 Your soaring contemplations think the Death
 That bought salvation for a guilty race!
 And shun the study of redeeming grace;
 Unlike your brethren, who accounted loss|||
 All science but the knowledge of the Cross!

* Isa. xl. 12. † Ps. civ. 2; Isa. xl. 22. ‡ 1 Tim. vi. 16. † Ps. viii. 1;
 cviii. 13; Eph. i. 21. § Ps. xl. 4. ¶ Ps. xcvi. 2. ** Ps. lxxxix. 14;
 lxxxv. 10. †† Ps. xcvi. 6. ‡‡ Heb. ii. 6. †† Phil. iii. 8.

God's works with penetrating minds they viewed ;
 Admired their grandeur ; and their laws pursued ;
 But, while the book of Nature they perused,
 Adored its Author, and devoutly mused ;
 The brighter revelations of his word
 The deep affections of their spirits stirred !
 And angel minds, of vast capacity,
 Into those depths profound "desire to see !"*
 Of various knowledge minor streams ye heed,
 But not the' Eternal Source whence they proceed !
 For you, the oracle divine may cease :
 "Acquaint thyself with Him and be at peace !"
 And, while the heavenly bodies ye survey,
 From self-inspection, lo ! ye turn away !
 The planetary motions ye discern ;
 But more momentous motions fail to learn ;
 The deep internal movements of the soul,
 Where thoughts revolve, and deathless passions roll !
 On yon majestic scenes, so little known,
 What scanty light is by your science thrown !
 For years on their magnificence intent,
 To what small purpose is the treasure spent :
 Some general facts your labour ascertains,
 The rest in vague conjecture still remains !—
 What balm for "wounded spirits" do they yield ?
 Is pardoning love on their wide page revealed ?

* 1 Pet. I. 12.

Distil they holiness on hearts impure ?
 Or to the Saviour grovelling souls allure ?
 When dissolution seizes on the heart,
 Can they bright hopes of endless life impart ?
 Incarnate Wisdom might have rent the veil
 From Nature's mysteries, where sages fail ;
 But op'd to man the heaven-endited scroll,
 To teach the science of the deathless soul !

Ye who the art of mingling colors try,
 Extend the canvass, and with practised eye
 The various forms of nature imitate ;
 Intently copy works of ancient date ;
 Eventful history in charms array ;
 Or revelation's sacred scenes portray ;
 Or recent incidents delineate,
 Battles, and wrecks, and gorgeous scenes of state ;
 Your utmost genius summon while ye trace
 The noble features of the human face,
 The varying index of the' immortal mind,
 Whose chief affections there expression find :—
 But man's base heart has learned to publish lies,
 Unfelt emotions feigning by his eyes !

Luxuriant grass may poisonous snakes conceal !
 And charming pictures may the source reveal
 Whence favors to the skilful painter flow ;
 And doctrines teach suggested from below !

Lo! superstition paints the heavenly scene,
 With *men in priestly vestments!* and a *queen!*
 On earth, the Virgin clasps her holy Child,
 Who holds the *rosary* of his mother mild!

Creations of your fancy ye depict:
 Few scenes, *well-drawn*, the world will interdict:
 Its charity the artist's faults will hide,
 If to a Master's dexterous touch allied!
 The' events of rural, and domestic life,
 And scenes in towns and crowded cities rife,
 And far-fetched monuments of ancient skill
 That claim your highest admiration still,
 Afford materials for pictorial art,
 And captivate the' aspiring painter's heart:
 For, in the finer arts, and works of taste,
 Enthusiastic minds their ardours waste;
 Like him* who boasted that his final breath
 Should shout the Elgin marbles' praise in death!

Your pictures finished with the nicest care,
 To public exhibitions ye repair;
 Suspend them to attract the curious eye,
 Where some will criticise, and others buy.—
 The fame and wealth ye earnestly pursue,
 Ye may attain, since granted to a few;
 But disappointment may reward your pains,
 For many fall while one the summit gains.—

* Haydon.

Your pictures, slighted, may unsold remain,
 And your ambitious minds depress and pain.—
 But, if ye safely climb the giddy height,
 Unless your spirits learn a heavenward flight,
 They agitate their restless wings in vain :
 Souls linked to earth endure a galling chain !

Ye, who prefer the sweet enchanting art,
 And in the general concert take your part,
 With melody would satiate the ear,
 And give to music each devoted year ;
 In the refined pursuit luxuriate,
 Inferior harmony as discord hate,
 The vocal powers assiduously improve,
 And “stringed instruments” with ardour love,
 And those inspired by breath, or stronger wind,
 As organs, suited to the solemn mind.

Who is insensible to music’s charms ?
 Ferocious beasts its mystic power disarms ;
 Serpents forget to’ inflict their deadly bite,
 Forsake their holes, and listen with delight !
 Less noxious creatures pleasure testify
 By fixed attention, and attracted eye,
 Or gambol strangely in unceasing rounds,
 And spoil the music by discordant sounds !
 The’ uncultivated mind its influence owns,
 And solace seeks in music’s ruder tones ;

But chiefly those in polished circles bred,
 Who pleasure's fascinating regions tread,
 Drawn by harmonious sounds, in crowds appear,
 Where they may gratify the longing ear :
 The touching song, with moving tones, imparts
 A thrill that melts to tears marmorean hearts !
 From lips profane, and careless bosoms, lo !
 The solemn truths of revelation flow !
 The final Judgment the unclean proclaim !
 And unbelievers chant Messiah's name ?—
 Sad thought ! how many, who employed their breath
 In anthems here, will loudly wail beneath !

"The LORD is great, and greatly to be praised ;"
 Above all praise* and blessing he is raised ;
 But condescends celestial songs to hear
 From spirits pure who round his throne appear.
 Screened by their wings from overpowering light,
 (Too pure, and dazzling for angelic sight,)
 They tune their voices, and their harps of gold,
 To utter adoration yet untold !
 Who offer praises † glorify his name :
 Embodied saints present the trembling flame
 From hearts renewed, in Zion's courts below,
 Where hymns await, || till He in pity bow,
 Who pleases to "inhabit Israel's praise,"
 Though not the haughty heart that Satan sways.

* Neh. ix. 5, 6. † Isa. vi. 2. ‡ Ps. l. 23. § Ps. lxxv. 1.

The royal bard of Israel's chosen race,
 To make God's worship in the holy place
 More glorious, various instruments* ordained,
 That, in the tabernacle's courts retained,
 With solemn sound the hallowed choir might aid,
 To laud his name whose mercies never fade.

But senseless instruments can ne'er supply
 The sacrifice approved by the Most High,
 The grateful melody of hearts sincere,
 Presenting thanks with reverential fear.†
 Nor can they yield the spirit true repose :
 Restless amidst their melodies it grows !—
 The charms of vision can't suffice‡ the eye,
 Nor pleasing sounds the hearing satisfy !


In the first fratricide's degenerate race
 Music began, the substitute for grace,
 To cheer the soul, by wakeful conscience stung !
 Of that base lineage tuneful Jubal|| sprung,
 The first musician that on earth arose
 By "harp or organ" to assuage man's woes !
 So, when the evil spirit troubled Saul,
 And reminiscence of his grievous fall
 His gloomy mind disturbed, and roused his grief,
 The' enchanting harp of David gave relief :
 The monarch was refreshed, the spirit fled,
 A transient calm his stormy soul o'erspread.

* Ps. lxxvi. 2 ; 1 Chron. xvi. 41, 42 ; Neh. xii. 36. † Ps. li. 11.

‡ Eccl. i. 8. | Gen. iv. 21.

Ye who a charm in flowing numbers find,
 The higher music of the conscious mind ;
 Whose elevated genius scorns all bound,
 And through Creation takes its ample round,
 O'er land and ocean speeds with lightning wings,
 From earth and heaven its inspirations brings,
 And nature under contribution lays!—
 The vegetable world its stores displays ;
 And animated tribes, that wing the air,
 Through water glide, or on earth's surface fare,
 Present their natures, forms, and habitudes,
 O'er which the comprehensive fancy broods.
 Man's manifold pursuits, and various ways,
 Whilst wandering, purblind, in the mortal maze,
 Ye ponder patiently, and thence deduce
 Great truths and maxims of essential use.
 The spiritual and moral worlds ye scan ;
 Unseen existence ; and interior man ;
 His hopes, his fears, his destinies survey ;
 His fallen state ; on earth his transient stay ;
 The law that dooms him ; and the scheme of grace
 That cancels guilt, and shews the' Almighty's face
 In mildest aspect, and a power applies
 That fits the human spirit for the skies !

Materials gathered suited to your theme,
 An edifice proportioned to your scheme
 Ye raise, and well adapted thoughts select,
 And weigh and measure, and the rest reject.



Appropriate words,* harmonious, and strong,
Ye seek to' adorn the subject of your song.

Who can resist the energy of truth
In graceful diction, vehement or smooth?
Itself commending to the readers' hearts,
It rouses thought, and moral power imparts!—
The holy prophets, by the Spirit's aid,
In strains of richest poetry conveyed
His sacred inspirations to mankind,
That soothe, instruct, or agitate the mind!
Their numbers, like a gently flowing stream,
Compose the soul as an elysian dream;
Or awe, like torrents swelled with copious rain,
That tear their banks, and inundate the plain!

Some basely desecrate the sacred art,
To sweeten poison for the' unconscious heart;
And in the charms of verse would fain disguise
Misleading creeds, impurity, or lies!

But, though with highest eloquence† endowed,
That charms and captivates the listening crowd;
Though gifted with discernment, that can trace
The mysteries of providence and grace;
Though knowledge of divine and human things
Pervades the mind, and all its treasures brings;
Though all combine to form the' instructive verse,
That men applaud, and with delight rehearse;

* Eccl. xii. 10. † 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2.

Unless incited by the law of love,*
 Your varied gifts as "tinkling cymbals" prove,
 Or hollow "brass," that yields a powerful sound,
 Whilst ye yourselves unprofitd are found!

Thus Beor's son, who viewed the tented plains
 Where Israel sojourned, pour'd prophetic strains,
 Sublime and elegant, and richly fraught
 With splendid images, by nature taught,
 And glorious truths, in vision high inspired,
 And in the charms of poesy attired;
 Whilst covetousness† ruled the fallen seer,
 And disobedience marked his mad career!
 Miraculously by his ass reprov'd,
 He still pursued the lucre that he lov'd;
 But, foiled in grasping the unrighteous bait,
 Employed his talents, with malicious hate,
 To plan the downfall of the favored race.—
 Allured by female charms, and passions base,
 To Midianitish gods they vilely bowed,
 Till deadly plague the' Almighty's anger showed!—
 But justice soon o'erwhelmed the treacherous foes,
 And him whose fiendish counsel‡ caused their woes:
 He, who the peaceful death|| of saints implored,
 Fell on the field§ beneath the vengeful sword!

* Luke, x. 26, 27. † 2 Pet. ii. 15, 16; Jude, 11. ‡ Num. xxxi. 16.

§ Num. xxiii. 10. ¶ Num. xxxi. 8.

The scenes of Business, (grating theme!) require
 Some notice, and distressing thoughts inspire
 Of human vileness, and of human woe;—
 Of base intentions under specious show;—
 Of over-reaching, and of crafty lies;
 And artless victims of the worldly wise;
 And flatterers base who their confiding dupes despise!—
 Of showy goods of base materials made;
 And “tricks” proverbially “in every trade;”
 The “arts and mysteries” of iniquity,
 That shrink from light, necessity their plea!—
 Dishonest men, deceiving and deceived,
 Proud when successful, and when cheated grieved;—
 Beneath a splendid show distress concealed,
 Till by some great catastrophe revealed;—
 Of speculations wild, whence surely flow
 Wide-felt disasters, and domestic woe!—
 And knaves of plausible address, who buy
 From those who must for payment vainly sigh;—
 Of bribes from men of sinister design,
 That servants oft to perfidy incline;—
 Of drafts, that men in desperation forge,
 Till visited by law’s vindictive scourge;—
 And perjury, tremendous crime of fools
 In whom the’ insatiate lust of mammon rules;—
 Of law proceedings, thrashing out the wheat,
 Leaving litigious clients chaff to eat!

Of bankruptcies, assignments, and the gaol
 That cancels debts for those whose purses fail :—
 (When clamorous creditors' demands have ceased,
 How few, from Law's coercive power released*
 By partial payment or imprisonment,
 On Right's eternal claims remain intent,
 And feel the promptings of true honesty,
 Till from the *moral obligation*† free !—)
 Of prospects blighted, as a withered plant,
 And men reduced from competence to want ;
 And those who labour hard, but little gain ;
 And others who employment seek in vain !
 Hence, deep distress, and wretched home and bed,
 And "raiment vile," and children wanting bread !

When tempted man in evil hour rebelled,
 From blooming paradise he was expelled,
 Where happiness with plenitude was crowned,
 And pleasing exercise was daily found.
 Disrobed of every excellence, he stood,
 As Nature stripped by blasts of winter rude !
 And thus the trembling culprit's sentence ran :
 "Thou, who of dust wast made exalted man,
 Henceforth shalt earn in wasting toil thy bread ;
 On soil less fertile, sighing, shalt thou tread ;
 The ground, accursed for thy sake, shall bear
 Harsh thorns and thistles to increase thy care ;

* See Note 2. † Rom. xiii. 8.

In daily grief its produce shalt thou eat,
 Till 'dust to dust' thy mourning friends repeat !"
 Hence all the labours that beneath the sun,
 Encumber man till his last work is done.
 Some with their hands in arduous toil engage ;
 And some peruse or write the laboured page
 With studious thought, exhausting to the frame,
 Invoking smiles of Fortune and of Fame ;
 Or, seized by anxious and absorbing care,
 Nor time, nor health, nor mind, nor body spare,
 To' impel and guide the movements of their trade,
 Secure the greatest gain, and loss evade.

But, wise is this demand on human toil :
 As air or water without motion spoil,
 So man, in soft repose, would soon recline
 In sin and ignorance, a wallowing swine !
 His noble powers, devoid of exercise,
 Above the senseless brutes' would scarcely rise.
 But, roused by want into activity,
 In which his mind and frame are formed to be,
 They amplify, and much improve, and hence
 Inventions that promote convenience ;
 And arts that health and comfort add to life.
 Else, unemployed for good, malignant strife
 Would fill the world with violence and wrong, [throng.
 As that which brought the flood to' o'erwhelm the guilty
 And sensuality would soon prevail,
 Till Nature's joys to satisfy would fail ;

And crime increase, as when the fiery rain
Consumed the lawless cities of the plain!*

Ye who by trade would sordid wealth amass,
To "spend it on your lusts," or to surpass
Your fellows in distinction, show, and power,
And diligently spend each wakeful hour†
In the intense pursuit, remember this :
No weight of gold‡ can guarantee your bliss ;
But they that covet riches|| are ensnared
By "ruinous and foolish lusts," prepared
By hellish art, to "drown" the human soul,
Where dire perdition's burning torrents roll !
But riches oft the eagle's wings§ assume,
And leave their pining lover to his doom,
No more to hear the chiming chink of gold,
So oft with secret admiration told !

Ye who would lay all worldly cares aside,
And in the calm retreat content abide,
Far from the smoke and turmoil of a town,
And where in peace the weary may sit down.
In tasteful style the charming villa stands,
And lovely prospects all around commands,
Encircled by an earthly paradise,
Where noble trees on grassy uplands rise ;

* Ezek. xvi. 49, 50. † Ps. cxxvii. 2. ‡ Luke, xii. 15; Prov. xi. 4.

§ 1 Tim. vi. 9. § Prov. xxiii. 5.



The sparkling stream through verdant meadows roves,
 And murmurs to the music of the groves ;
 The cattle graze, or tranquilly repose
 In ruminating bliss, unmixed with woes ;*
 Whilst cawing rooks their ebon wings display,
 And roam at pleasure through the live-long day.

Felicity must surely here reside,
 And banish all that would her sway divide !—
 Ah, no ! the heart has long received its mould,
 Yielding no more, but petrified and cold !
 To more familiar scenes the absent mind
 Reverts, its wonted exercise to find.—
 In vain does Earth display her charms around,
 If no sweet spring of joy *within*† is found !
 True Bliss resides not in external things :‡
 Within the hallowed heart she sits and sings !

But ah ! the haunting thought of ghastly death !—
 And must *the rich* resign the loan of breath ?
 And must *he* leave|| whate'er he holds most dear,
 And naked in an unknown world appear ?
 No rich inheritance§ secured above !
 Nor meetness¶ for the land of holy love !
 Nor robes of righteousness** obtained below !
 Nought but “a fearful looking for” of woe !

* “They find a paradise in every field.”—YOUNG. † John, iv. 14.

‡ Luke, xii. 15. | Ps. xxxix. 6 ; Luke, xii. 20 ; Job, i. 21.

§ 1 Pet. i. 4. ¶ Col. i. 12. ** Isa. lxi. 10 ; Rev.

· iii. 18 ; vii. 13, 14.

When man the thorny maze of life has trod,
 In quest of happiness without his God ;
 In all his futile efforts foiled, he cries,
 With *him* by gifts and long experience wise,
 "Alas ! with all my labour and my pain,
 My vexed soul's disquieted in vain !"*

To death exposed, by miseries oppressed,
 Compelled to' admit that earth is not his rest,
 Is man abandoned to infixed despair ?
 Can't Happiness respire sublunar air ?
 Whilst all around the' awakened soul is dark,
 Does heaven above emit no cheering spark ?
 And whilst all human oracles are dumb,
 Did no kind voice from Deity e'er come ?—
 Hear words of love from lips of truth proceed :
 "Ye Mortals to my voice give earnest heed.
 Why labour ye for that which is not bread,
 And why on husks are famished spirits fed,
 Whilst I a rich repast for all provide,
 That starving wanderers may be satisfied ?
 Come all who will,† and eat substantial food,
 And let your soul delight itself with good !"

Here, pardon by the guilty is received,
 Who first deplored their want, and then believed
 The invitations of atoning love,
 And humbly sued the benefit to prove.

* Eccl. i. 14. † Rev. xxii. 17.



The pangs of conscience in the breast, allayed,
 No more God's terrors make the soul afraid ;
 His love diffused in the believer's breast,
 Peace safely builds therein her dove-like nest ;
 And if pollution still afflicts his soul,
 A fountain flows that can remove the whole.

Is man the' Almighty's most rebellious child ?
 His bliss depends on being reconciled.
 How wretched he whom his best Friend disowns !
 How sad his state on whom his Maker frowns !—
 Is he far off, on mountains dark and high ?
 The erring fugitive should be brought nigh :
 The smitten* Shepherd still pursues his sheep,
 And bears them homeward with emotion deep !—
 Is man unbounded in capacity ?
 Unlimited his source of bliss should be !—
 If men survive the earth on which they tread,
 Their spirits should partake immortal bread !—†
 Does man infinity of good require,
 To fill the greatness of his soul's desire ?
 For knowledge was he made, and holy love,
 In these his endless, god-like bliss to prove ?
 How vain to seek it in the things below,
 'Midst fluctuation, error, sin, and woe !—
 Do man's necessities his life o'ershade,
 Too deep, too urgent for his fellows' aid ?‡

* Isa. liii. 4 ; Zech. xiii. 7. † John, vi. 51. ‡ Ps. ix. 11.

Does not unwearied industry prevail?
 Does every hope, like broken cisterns,* fail?
 He needs an All-sufficient, Ever-present Friend;
 A Fountain whose supplies can never end!—
 Incurable by man is the disease,
 That taints the vital flood and robs of ease?
 The Good Physician knows his desperate case,
 And can restore him with a *word*† of grace!—
 Does man, propelled by a resistless gale,
 Ne'er to return, to coasts eternal sail?
 His bark should bear the costly merchandize,
 The dwellers in that blessed region prize!—
 Do Sorrow's darts transfix his bleeding heart,
 Whilst sad Depression aggravates the smart?
 • By those confided in is he deceived?‡
 Of dearest objects of his love bereaved?
 To paths more sunny are his steps allured,
 The vista fair by sudden storms obscured?
 A Heart there is by tender pity|| moved,
 Touched with the sorrows of the race beloved;
 A gracious Ear to mournful prayer inclined;§
 A Hand the lacerated heart to bind,¶
 To make all things subservient to his good,
 When reconciled to God through covenant blood.**

Each creature lives in its own element,
 In which alone it can enjoy content:

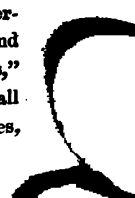
* Jer. ii. 13. † Ps. cvii. 20. ‡ Ps. lv. 11-14, 20. | Jam. v. 11.
 Heb. iv. 15. § Ps. l. 15; lv. 16, 17. ¶ Ps. cxlvii. 3; Isa. lxi. 1.
 ** Rom. v. 10; viii. 29; Heb. xiii. 20.

Fishes in air, in water beasts expire,
 And neither can survive the force of fire.
 The soul of man was made in God to' abide,
 And leaving him committed suicide :
 Cut off from life's Great Spring she drooped and diéd!*
 The severed branch, when to its parent Vine
 Afresh united by the Hand divine,
 The vital energy anew receives,
 And brings forth cheering fruit, and beauteous leaves.
 By living faith conjoined to Christ, the soul
 Enjoys repose† in his benign control ;
 And cries : "Whom have I in the heavens but Thee :
 I none besides desire on earth to see!
 And when this low and dark abode I leave,
 Fulness of peace and joy I shall receive
 At thy right hand, where sighs and tears are o'er,
 And where unsullied pleasures flow for ever-more!"

* Gen. ii. 17. † Mat xi. 28-30.

NOTES.

- a As "The Garden of Eden," by J. N. B. page 14
- b As "The Stranger and his Friend," by Montgomery; and
"The Widow's Offering," by J. N. B..... page 14
- c As "The Old Maid's Progress;" and the ludicrous asso-
ciation of the names of Ministers. page 14
- d "When she (*Jerusalem*) saw men pourtrayed upon the
wall, the images of the Chaldeans pourtrayed with vermillion."—
Ezek. xxiii. 14. "The princes and gods of Chaldea, painted with
warm and glowing tints, seduced and corrupted her eyes and her
heart. The pencil goes as far in the style of nudity as the public
can possibly bear, and often so far as puts modesty to the blush.
Better destroy the picture, than that the picture should destroy
the soul."—Sutcliffe in loc..... page 16
- e "It flies so swiftly as almost to elude the sight. Its wings
when it is balancing over the flower, produce a humming sound,
which gives name to the bird."—Parley's Tales, p. 241... page 19
- f "The Architecture of Birds" is indeed worthy of obser-
vation; and it may well excite admiration of the wisdom and
goodness of Him whose "tender mercies are over all his works,"
to observe the evidences of the wonderful faculty we call
"instinct," which He has implanted in these his lovely creatures,



and which are displayed in the construction of a nest, so well adapted to the comfort and preservation of a brood of the species to which it may belong.

“Mark it well within, without!

No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
 No glue to join: his little beak was all:
 And yet how neatly finished! what nice hand,
 With every implement and means of art,
 Could compass such another?”

page 19

g See Williams' comparison between Capt. Cook, and the French Navigators.—Narrative, ch. 28. page 20

k “This discovery though the last, seemed in many respects, to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans, throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean.”—Capt. Cook's Last Voy. 6th edit. p. 293. “After a life of so much distinguished and successful enterprize, his death, as far as regards himself, cannot be reckoned premature; since he lived to finish the great work for which he seems to have been designed; and was rather removed from the enjoyment, than cut off from the acquisition of glory.”—Ibid. p. 320. page 21

i Ibid. p. 296-299..... page 21

j The light and heat of Venus being double those of the Earth. page 27

k In consequence of the inclination of her axis being much greater than that of the Earth's, there is a much greater variety in her seasons, and in the length of her days and nights.. page 27

l His light and heat being less than half those of the Earth, and his years nearly twice as long as ours. page 27

m Vesta, Juno, Pallas, and Ceres. page 27

n Invariably five hours each. page 27

o His axis being perpendicular to his orbit. page 27

p Above Nine Hundred Millions of Miles. page 28

- q* Having seven Satellites, and two vast concentric rings. The latter are said to revolve around Saturn, and to cast a shadow on him, being solid. *page 28*
- r* Equal to eighty-four of ours. *page 28*
- s* The light and heat on this planet being less by three hundred and sixty-one times than what we enjoy.... *page 28*
- t* The comet of 1680, flying at the rate of eight hundred and eighty thousand miles per hour, when nearest the sun. ... *page 28*
- u* The heat of this comet being estimated by Sir I. Newton to be two thousand times greater than that of red hot iron, being computed to be only one third of the sun's diameter from his surface. . . . *page 28*
- v* The greatest distance of the same comet from the sun being supposed to be eleven thousand two hundred millions of miles..... *page 28*
- w* There are said to be upwards of eighty known... *page 29*

x Thomson strangely says, the use of the comet's train, is

“Perhaps to shake

Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs

Through which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps

To lend new fuel to declining suns,

To light up worlds, and feed the' eternal fire.”—

“Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?

Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds

On gazing nations from his fiery train,

Of leath enormous, takes his ample round

Through depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds

Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide

Heaven's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,

From the long travel of a thousand years.”—YOUNG.

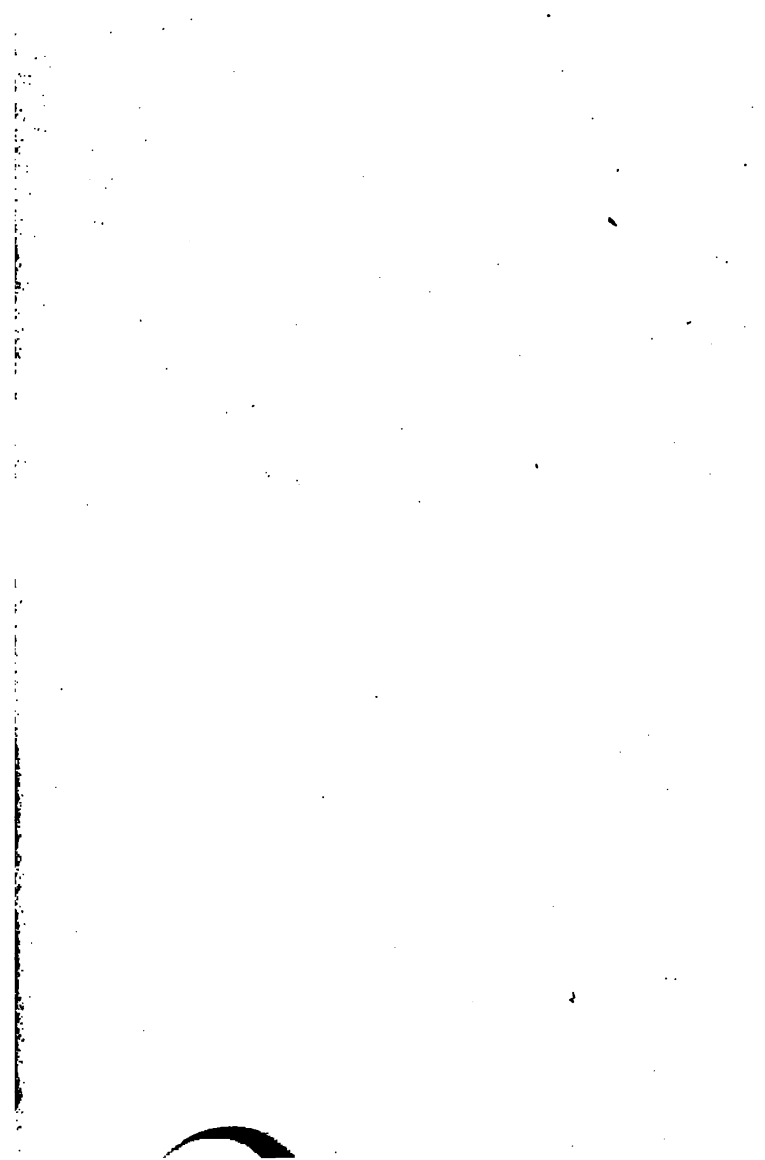
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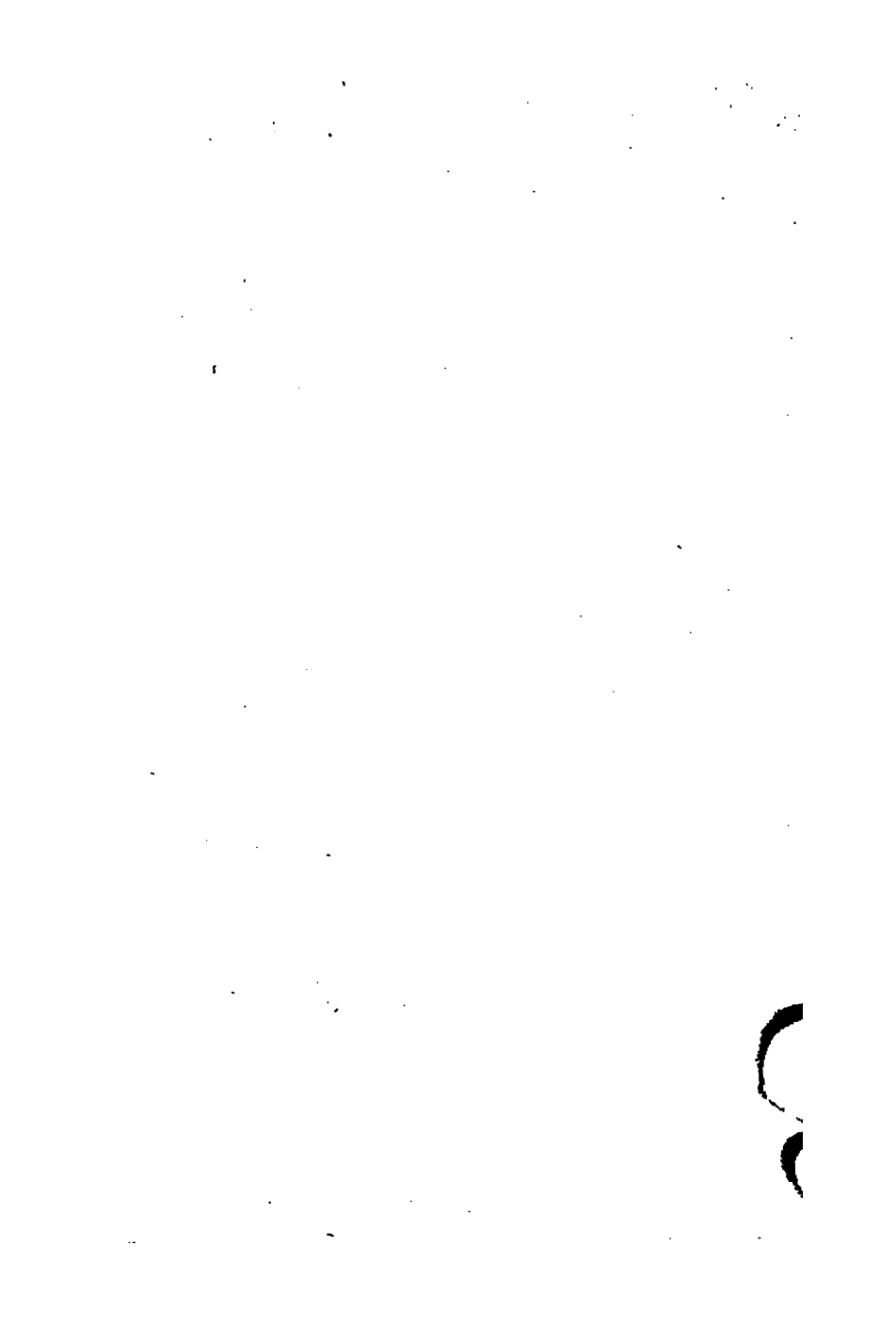


y That is, viewing the Creation as a vast aggregate of worlds and systems, and without reference to the evils introduced by sin. These are alluded to in page 33. page 32

z "There are more people ruined in England by over-trading, than for want of trade ; and I would, from my own unhappy experience, advise all men in trade to set a due compass to their ambition. Credit is a gulph which is easy to fall into, hard to get out of."—De Foe: *Memoirs of his Life and Times*, p. 214. "In the midst of his misfortunes, De Foe found the value of personal character ; for, so high a sense of his honor was entertained by his creditors, that they agreed to take his own personal security for the amount of composition upon his debts. The confidence thus reposed in him he more than justified, returning to most, if not all his creditors, the full amount of their original demand. This was a fine illustration of the effect of moral principle, and an exemplification of the advice he gave to others : 'Never think yourselves discharged in conscience,' says he, 'though you may be discharged in law. The obligation of an honest mind can never die. No title of honor, no recorded merit, no mark of distinction can exceed that lasting appellation, an 'honest man.' He that lies buried under such an epitaph, has more said of him than volumes of history can contain. The payment of debts, after fair discharges, is the clearest title to such a character that I know ; and how any man can begin again, and hope for a blessing from heaven, or favor from man, without such a resolution, I know not.....He that cannot pay his debts may be an honest man ; he that can and will not must be a knave.'"—*Ibid*, p. 219, 220..... page 45



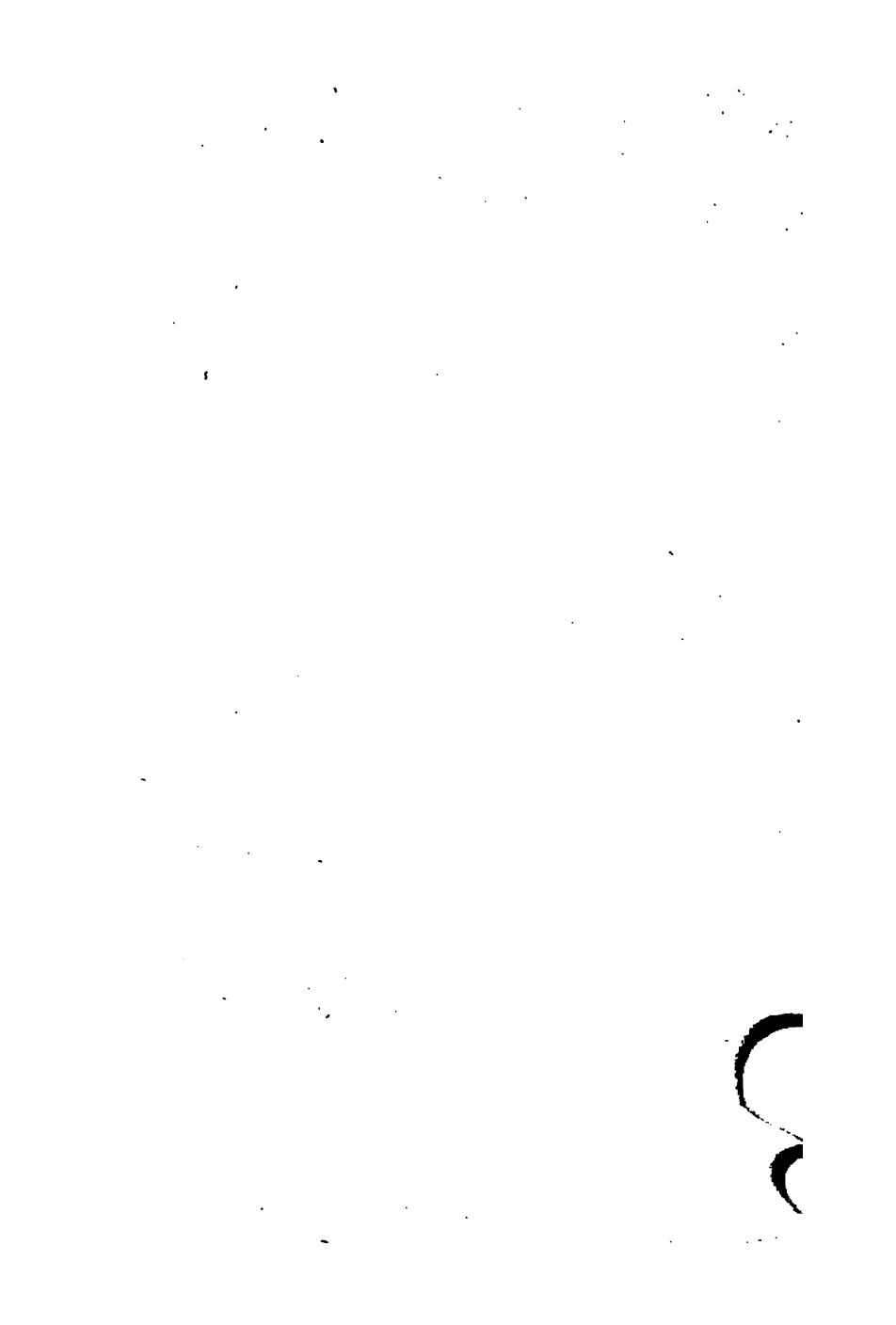












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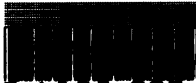
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