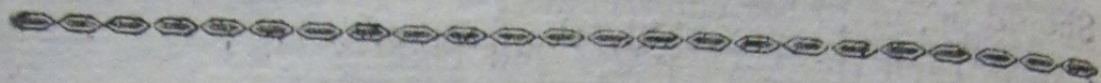


To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.



ON THE
POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

“ TREMBLE, thou Earth! th’ anointed poet said,
“ At God’s bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains,
“ And all ye hillocks on the surface bound.”
Then once again, ye glorious thunders roll,
The Muse with transport hears ye, once again
Convulse the solid continent, and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles.
’Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,
’Tis thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it
Awaken’d and alarm’d; she feels its force,
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine, behold! recoils

Athos,

And faints and falls and dies;—while He supreme
Stands stedfast in the center of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial space
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention; Who! O Who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths

Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
 Before th' astonish'd Sun's all-seeing eye,
 That Faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
 The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
 Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
 That melted to their fluid state again?
 Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm
 With more than mortal nerves was strung t' o'erthrow
 Idolatrous Philistia? shall I tell
 How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
 —But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
 O love unequal'd, mystery immense,
 Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption
 That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
 Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
 When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
 Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
 And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
 Let there be peace (he said) and all was calm
 Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea,
 When O be still, ye boisterous Winds, he cried,
 And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
 His was a life of miracles and might,
 And charity and love, e'er yet he taste
 The bitter draught of death, e'er yet he rise
 Victorious o'er the universal foe,
 And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.
 His by the right of conquest is mankind,
 And in sweet servitude and golden bonds

Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy
 Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
 'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
 His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life
 And shades that tend to Day-spring from on high;
 And as the radiant roses after fading
 In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
 Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
 With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
 And all eternity shall be their spring.
 Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
 At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,
 Be to the Saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure
 Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
 Is certainty, and grief-attended love
 Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
 With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,
 And in immortal prowess King of Kings,
 Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.



ON THE
GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

ORPHEUS, for ^e so the Gentiles call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake
Th' inanimate to motion ; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew ;
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious !—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature ; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel :—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish ; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify ;—so shall the muse

^e See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his *Life of David*.

Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal Being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossily glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee
Those panfies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream.
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their tripled boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,