

UPON READING SOME VERSES UPON A SCULL

AND are we thus transformed by fate?
Is this the shape each face must wear?
Well might'st thou paint that final state,
Thy purity can never fear.

Yet let my soul survey the grace,
The fashion of her fair abode,
There thro' the wond'rous fabrick trace
The finger of unerring God,

Who bade the blood in equal round
It's vital warmth throughout dispense?
Who tun'd the ear for every sound?
Who lent the hand its ready sense?

Whence

Whence had the eye its subtle force,
The visual and enlight'ning ray ?
Who tun'd the lips with prompt discourse,
And whence the soft and honey'd lay ?

Yes, thy Creator's image there
In each expressive part is seen,
But thine immortal part doth bear
That image pictur'd best within.

Else what availed the enraptured strain,
Did not the mind her aid impart ?
The melting eye might speak in vain,
Flow'd not it's language from the heart.

The blood in staid pace had crept
Along the dull and sluggish veins,
The ear insensibly had slept,
Tho' angels sung in choicest strains.

No

No victor laurel had been seen
 Upon the brow of glorious war,
 The regulated fight had been
 A casual, blind, tumultuous jar.

Know, 'tis the soul, the work of heaven,
 That sets the proper stamp on all;
 According to the freedom given,
 The man, when judg'd, shall stand or fall,

Nor shall this habitation frail
 The active spirit content alone,
 Wond'ring it scans the mighty scale,
 Which links the whole creation one,

Strong and extensive in it's view,
 It launches midst the boundless sky,
 Sees planets other orbs pursue,
 Whose systems other suns supply,

Blush then, if thou hast sense of shame,
Inglorious, ignorant, impious slave,
Who think't this heaven-created frame
Shall basely perish in the grave!

False as thou art, dar'st thou suggest
That the Almighty is unjust?
Wilt thou the truth with him contest,
Whose wisdom form'd thee from the dust?

Say, dotard, hath he idly wrought,
Or are his works to be believed?
Speak! is the whole creation nought?
Mortal! is God, or thou, deceived?

Thy harden'd spirit convict at last
It's damned error shall perceive,
Speechless shall hear it's sentence pass'd,
Condemn'd to tremble and believe.

But

But thou, in Reason's sober light,
Death clad with terrors canst survey
And from that foul and ghastly fight
Derive the pure and moral ray.

Go on, sweet nymph, in virtue's course,
So shall the tomb corrupt and vile,
The shades of darkness lose their force,
The distant frown become a smile.

And when the necessary day
Shall call thee to thy saving God,
Secure, thou'lt chuse that better way,
Which none but faints like thee have trod.

Thus shall thy soul at length forsake
The sweetest form e'er soul receiv'd,
Of those rich blessings to partake
Which eye ne'er saw, nor heart conceiv'd.

There, midst the full angelic throng,
Praise him who those rich blessings gave ;
There shall resume the grateful song,
' A joyful victor o'er the grave.'

W. H. W.