



THE
CREATION,

OR,

A MORNING WALK WITH ANNA

BY THE AUTHOR OF

JESUS, THE CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

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CREATION,
OR,
A MORNING WALK WITH ANNA

PART THE FIRST.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

ANNA! awake, the morning-star
Has faded in the East afar:
It came to usher in the day,
And now it melts in light away.
A few short hours have passed us by
Since stars bespangled all the sky;
Then rose the moon, like some fair queen,
Shedding new beauty o'er the scene:
In brightness, as she moved along,
Her lustre dimmed the twinkling throng;

And, now, *she* veils her silver face,
And to the sun resigns her place.

How sweet, my Anna, is the light!
The sun, how pleasant to the sight!
But sweeter—fairer—brighter far,
JESUS, the glorious Morning-Star,
The Sun of Righteousness, who brings
Light, life, and healing on his wings.
Gladly our opening eyes survey
The beauties of returning day;
Oh! let not then our hearts forget
That Sun which rose no more to set.
Once to our guilty world He came
To bear our sorrow, sin, and shame;
Left his eternal glorious throne,
That rebels, by themselves undone,
Might have their many sins forgiven,
And learn the way to peace and heaven.

Then did the clouds of anguish roll,
Like shades of evening, round his soul,
Till death came on, like starless night,
And for a season quenched his light.
But, see! He rises from the tomb,
As breaks the morn on nature's gloom,
And sends his glorious truth abroad,
To lead our wandering souls to God.

Anna! God did not make the day
That we might waste its hours away
In needless slumbering on our bed,
Till morning's precious hours are fled.
See how the dreamy sluggard lies
Upon his couch, and hates to rise;
He folds his hands upon his breast,
And begs a little longer rest:
The sunbeams meet his eyes in vain,
He turns away, and sleeps again.

I passed beside a field, and found
Its fence was broken to the ground :
With weeds and thorns 'twas overgrown ;
The sluggard called that field his own.

But never let the sluggard's shame
Be joined, dear Anna, with your name.
Arise ! Arise ! and come away ;
Enjoy the lovely light of day :
Come, for this mild, refreshing hour
Invites us forth. The opening flower
Looks fairest in its morning dress ;
And all the scene is loveliness.
The winter of the year has past,
No longer howls the stormy blast :
The clouds their snowy showers restrain,
The trees put forth their leaves again.
Hark ! 'tis the ringdove's plaintive sound
The birds are singing gayly round :

The distant cuckoo's note I hear
The thrush and redbreast wa ble near :
All seem with general voice to say,
"Arise! Arise! and come away."

Upon the distant mountain's head
The morning mist is thinly spread
Soon the ascending sun shall chase
That lingering mist from nature's face.
But see! just where the hill and sky
Appear to meet, you may descry
A brilliant belt—red, yellow, blue,
With every other blended hue :
It is the rainbow—peaceful sign,
Seal of a covenant divine.

When once God's righteous anger hurled
Destruction on a guilty world,
And bade a flood of waters roll
O'er the wide earth, from pole to pole ;

Noah alone, of all his race,
In the Creator's eyes found grace,
While millions perished in their sin,
He and his family, within
The sacred ark, by God enclosed,
Beneath his tender care reposed,
And floated safely on the tide
That came with death to all beside.
Then, when again the ground was dry,
And bloomed beneath a sunny sky,
Noah, at God's command, went forth,
Lord of the solitary earth:
And while he bade to heaven arise
The flame of grateful sacrifice,
God bent a condescending ear,
His servant's prayer and praise to hear
 He set that graceful arch we see
Within the teeming cloud, to be

From him a sure and lasting token
Of promise never to be broken :
That He would not command again
A flood to punish guilty men :
That, while the earth should still abide,
Its seed-time, and its harvest-tide,
And summer, with its golden glow,
And winter, with its fields of snow,
And day, when man to labour hies,
And night, when slumber seals his eyes,
In ceaseless courses should appear,
To mark and bless the circling year.
O! let us praise our God above ;
His name is Truth, as well as Love ;
One single word has never failed
Of all that early promise sealed.
Still does the rainbow's radiant form
Shine bright upon the passing storm ;

Still do the seasons roll away,
And still the night gives place to day;
Our bread from him is still secure,
And water, from his hand, is sure;
Yea and amen, in Christ the Lord,
Is every promise of His word;
Not those alone to Noah given,
But, better far, laid up in heaven.
The rainbow, round about the throne
Of God, the Great Eternal One,
Shows forth the covenant of grace,
Which Jesus sealed for Adam's race:
There justice, mercy, truth unite
Like variegated rays of light:
A sign that shall forever last,
That God's avenging wrath is past
From all who humbly trust His word,
And seek Him through their dying Lord

Christ did that fearful flood control,
That else had swept the sinner's soul
To realms of never-ending pain,
Where mercy ne'er shall speak again.
His blessed gospel now supplies
The ark in which our safety lies ;
His everlasting love and care
Will a new heaven and earth prepare,
Where full, unceasing joy shall bless
The chosen heirs of righteousness.

Now, forth we speed through pathways
wild,
O'er rocks in rude disorder piled,
By sheep-walks, where the yellow
thorn
Gives out its perfume to the morn.
See! how the spider here has plied
His busy task on every side,

Until the gossamer is spread
Across the very path we tread ;
What skill and industry combine
These slender threads to inter-twine !
Perhaps even here the youthful mind
Instruction for itself may find ;
Learn to redeem the passing time,
And feel that idleness is crime.

Before the dawn the insect spreads
On every bush his shining threads,
Unwearied, hour by hour, toils on,
Nor ceases till his task is done.
But, ah ! how often do we find
The work that God to man assigned
Forgotten by the young and gay,
Till life's fair morn has passed away
He promises eternal peace
To those who early seek his face :

But they, unheeding, seek their joys
In pleasures vain as childhood's toys,
And will not leave the path of sin,
Eternal blessedness to win.

O, let your heart, submissive, learn,
Nor even an insect's teaching spurn;
He whispers wisdom in your ear:

Hear, Anna! You have ears to hear.

Remember your Creator now,

While youth is smiling on your brow,

To Jesus, your Redeemer, bring

Your heart, an early offering:

He gives you all that you enjoy;

For him your time, your thoughts employ,

His love your future way shall guide,

And every blessing shall provide.

Come, now! another path we'll take,

And wander through this hawthorn brake

Where dew-drops on each spray appear,
Like scattered diamonds, bright and clear
What beauties does the morn display,
What health the early breeze convey ;
How fresh the country air, how sweet
Primrose and cowslip at our feet ;
How clear the skylark's swelling song,
That greets us as we roam along !
On gladsome wing he seems to rise
With earth's thank-offering to the skies
And shall not we, dear Anna, raise
Our voices too, in songs of praise ?
We laid us down and slept—we rose ;
The Lord has watched our calm repose ,
His eye, that slumbered not, nor slept,
Our helpless hours in safety kept,
His hand sustained our feeble frame ;
Let thankful praise address his name.

O! 'tis a good and pleasant thing
With grateful hearts his praise to sing
At morn, his kindness to declare ;
By night, to rest beneath his care :
Yet man from his rebellious heart
Desires his Maker to depart ;
Enjoys the bounty he bestows,
Forgets the hand from which it flows ;
And lives and dies a stranger still
To God, and his most holy will.
And, could regret or pain be known
To saints, before the Saviour's throne,
Even they would find sad thoughts arise,
Till tears of grief would fill their eyes,
To think that while he spared them here
They knew so little of his fear ;
So little loved to speak his praise,
So quick to wander from his ways ;

So oft with thankless hearts were found,
While showers of blessings fell around.

O'er ours, as o'er a favoured land,
The Lord has stretched his bounteous hand,
And scattered mercies far and wide,
With every moment multiplied.

No beasts of prey are prowling here ;
No earthquake shakes our hearts with fea ;
No Siroc's pestilential breath
Sends o'er our fields the cry of death ;
No wild volcano, flaming high,
Glares red upon the midnight sky.

Ours is a healthful clime—a soil
That well repays our care and toil :
True, there are regions far away,
Where summer makes a longer stay ;
And clearer suns are shining there ;
And softer floats the balmy air ,

And fruits more rich and flowers more
bright
In varied ways the sense delight.
Well, let them keep their skies of blue;
They have their wants and trials too;
Their fruits, their flowers we covet not,
But bless the land that fixed our
lot.

Contentment, Anna, is a feast
The poorest in the land may taste:
And well may they, to whom the Lord
Has given the blessing of his word;
Who in its sacred pages read,
God will supply their utmost need,
That He his best Beloved gave
Their souls from misery to save:
And sends his Spirit to the heart,
A holy nature to impart:

O! well may they contented rest
On such a tender Father's breast,
Assured that He will freely grant
All other blessings that they want.
They ask not to be richly fed,
But thank him for their daily bread;
And sweet a meal of herbs will prove,
When Christ unites their hearts in love
But, ah! what vile returns we give
To him in whom we move and live!
When to the land's remotest bound
Shall songs of holy mirth resound?
When shall our mountain-glens rejoice
To hear the Saviour's gracious voice:
And when our vales, with verdure clad,
List to the gospel and be glad?
That time shall come—nor distant far,
Perhaps, those days of blessing are,—

When superstition's sable night
Shall yield to truth's convincing light:
The blind no longer lead the blind,
Till both one dreadful ruin find:
The Bible, freely spread abroad,
Shall tell the wondrous love of God:
Praise and salvation, hand in hand,
Shall walk the borders of our land.

We'll mount this rugged pathway now,
To yonder cliff, with beetling brow;
And, from the objects we discern,
Perhaps some lessons we may learn.
Tis toilsome work to climb a hill;
Yet it is pleasant toiling still,—
Seeing at every step we tread
The prospect wide and wider spread.
How easy downward now to go,
And reach the level plain below;

But swamps and pits beneath us lie,
And heedless if we rush, we die.
So, Anna, shrinks the awakened mind,
When bent a heavenly home to find.
By nature all are gone astray,
They choose and love the downward way
Until the Holy Spirit's power
Arrests their steps in danger's hour,
And bids them turn, and fly the path
That ends in everlasting wrath.
Then, when the Lord has led their feet
To wisdom's ways, the toil is sweet.
Sometimes, perhaps, they strive with pain
The longed-for resting-place to gain ;
But, in themselves, though weak and blind
Hope, strength, and light in Christ they find
At every rising step they see
More plain a blessed eternity.

Shuddering they turn, and mark beneath
The pit of misery and death,
Near which their heedless steps had trod,
Till mercy brought them back to God.
Then, upward as they lift their eyes,
They see their mansion in the skies,
And press the more, with eager feet,
The Saviour's coming day to meet,
When sin its tyranny shall cease,
And all be purity and peace.

Now, from the summit, see how wide
The view extends on every side;
Beneath us lies a sunny vale,
Protected from the winter's gale
By lofty hills, encircling round
That little spot of quiet ground.
So does the Lord surrounding stand,
To guard his people with his hand;

Under his shadow safe they rest,
No storms their happy souls molest.

Far off the river winds its way,
And dances in the light of day,
While on its banks the trees are seen,
Clad in a dress of cheerful green.

So the bright streams of grace and love
Flow from the throne of God above,
To cheer his children as they go
Along their pilgrimage below;
Till, all their cares and trials past,
They reach their Father's house at last

Thus, Anna, every thing we see
A lesson reads to you and me:
So David, Judah's pious king,
Jehovah's praises learned to sing;
And when, in youth, he kept his flock
At noon beneath the sheltering rock;

Or led them forth to tender grass,
Where quiet streams of water pass;
Or sought them when they went astray,
Or chased the threatening beast of prey:
He thought of that redeeming God
Who led him with his staff and rod;
And learned to trust the love and power
That kept him every passing hour.
Thus may we learn to fix our trust
On him who made us of the dust,
Who never will his promise break,
Nor his own purchased flock forsake.
O! why should earthly cares distress
Those whom the Lord has deigned to bless?
Behold the birds that mount in air,
No winter store-house they prepare;
But God himself stoops down to give
The needful food by which they live.

Behold the lilies of the field :
Mark well the lesson which they yield :
They spin not, neither toil with pain
A splendid garment to obtain ;
Yet, with the glorious robes they wear
E'en Solomon's could not compare.
If God bestows such bright array
On flowers that wither in a day ;
If, from his dwelling-place on high,
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
Can He look down on us, and yet
Our food and raiment quite forget ?

Our Father knows what things we need,
Ere from our lips our prayers proceed :
More than an earthly father's heart
Delights a blessing to impart
To the dear children of his care,
Does God regard his people's prayer,

If first his Spirit's power they seek,
To make them loving, pure and meek.
Ask Him his kingdom to extend
Far as the earth's remotest end;
He will fulfil our heart's desire,
And add all else our wants require.
O! who is like the God of grace,
Filling the high and holy place,
Yet looking from his throne of bliss
Upon a world so low as this?
The hand that spread the starry sky
Preserves the sparrows as they fly:
And He, who spans the earth we tread,
Counts every hair that clothes the head.

CREATION.

PART THE SECOND.

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

BEFORE this world in air was hung,
Or morning stars its birth-day sung,
Or angels' tongues were formed to raise
The everlasting song of praise ;
The God whose wondrous works we see
Filled his own vast immensity.
He needed none to make him blest,
Who all things, in himself, possessed :
Infinite power, and wisdom too ;
And goodness, which no limit knew ;

And knowledge, boundless as the space
That forms his lasting dwelling-place.
Such was our God, ere time began ;
Such when He first created man ;
And, thanks to his most holy name,
Our God forever is the same.
By passing seasons unconfined,
All time is present to his mind :
A thousand years before his sight
Are as a day in speedy flight :
A single day to him appears
As vast as does a thousand years.
Far plainer than the human eye
This vast creation can descry,
Does He behold the thoughts that rest
Within the silence of the breast.
In vain we seek from him to hide ;
He walks our every path beside :

Our rising up, our lying down,
Our secret ways to him are known:
We cannot find that lonely spot,
In heaven or earth, where he is not.
But what created tongue can tell
The glories that around him dwell?
Who, asking, needing help from none,
Speaks but the word—and it is done:
Commands a universe to be,
And worlds arise at his decree.
The angels that surround his throne
While his creating hand they own,
While his good pleasure they obey,
And love his wonders to survey,—
See but a portion of his ways,
And veil their faces while they praise.
How then should man, a worm of earth,
Frail as an insect from his birth,

Pretend with sinful lips to show
What angel-minds but darkly know?

Yet in his handywork we trace,
Faintly, our Maker's power and grace.
This spacious world he called from nought,
And into form and beauty wrought,
When first, by light and life uncheered,
A shapeless mass the earth appeared:
Then, moving o'er the waters' face,
God's Spirit bade confusion cease:
He spake the mighty word, and said,
"Let there be light,"—and darkness fled:
And evening, with its softened ray,
And brighter morning, marked the day.
He spread the firmament on high,
And tinged with blue the circling sky
He bade the wide-spread waters flow
In ocean's bed—"and it was so;"

While from the deep, at his command,
Arose the dry and fruitful land.
Then o'er the new-born earth was seen
A robe of bright, refreshing green ;
And herbs and flowers adorned the ground,
And blushing fruits were ripening round,
Each bearing deep within its breast
A seed distinct from all the rest,
Which future seasons might behold
In many a waving tree unfold.

Then God lit up the azure sky,
And set those glorious orbs on high :
The sun he bade to rule the day ;
The moon by night to point the way ;
And bright, unnumbered stars to glow
O'er the wide heaven—"and it was so."
For signs, for seasons, days and years,
Each in the firmament appears ;

To rule the day, or rule the night,
And darkness to divide from light.

Now through the deep and crystal tide
He bade the finny tribes to glide :
Great whales upon that day He made,
And lesser creatures round them played :
And feathered fowls of every kind
Spread forth their pinions on the wind.

Five times the gentle evening ray,
And morning dawn, had marked the day,
And we may think how angel eyes
Looked from their glory in the skies,
While they admired the power and skill
That wrought the great Creator's will ;
And waited till the Hand Divine
Had finished all his vast design.
But, see ! another morning spread
Like gold upon the mountain's head ;

Tae birds, uprising on the wing,
Seemed the Creator's praise to sing.
The first of earthly things that found
A voice, to tell his goodness round.

Now, God commanded, and the earth
Gave other living creatures birth:
Cattle, and beast, and creeping things;
And insects with their painted wings;
The lion gently shook his mane;
The tiger peaceful walked the plain;
The horse, with arched and glossy neck
That felt not yet the rider's check,
Beside them pranced, devoid of fear;
And kid and lambkin gambolled near:
The cow and bear, in peace agreed,
Lay down to rest, or rose to feed;
While, near them, in the shady brake,
Uncoiled his length the harmless snake;

The hum of bees was on the air ;
The butterfly was sporting there :
And all, with one united voice,
Seemed in existence to rejoice.
And yet, one voice was wanting still,
The song of general joy to fill.
'Tis true, the very earth we tread,
The shining heavens above our head,
The clouds, the sea, the hills, the air,
All, all their Maker's name declare ;
But lifeless things can never know
The wondrous wisdom which they show ;
And birds and beasts, though on his power
They hang for life from hour to hour,
Possess not minds to think or feel,
Nor speech, their feelings to reveal.
They know they live, their life enjoy ;
The powers God gave them they employ ;

Their Maker's pleasure they fulfil,
Unconscious of his love and skill :
Then, without hope or fear, they die,
And in the dust forgotten lie.

But now his noblest work began :
Jehovah said, " Let us make man :"
And God created man to be
An image of the Deity ;
In body upright, and in mind
To no one evil thing inclined.
He planted reason in his breast ;
With holiness his soul impressed ;
Gave him a heart his God to love.
A will to seek the things above ;
Poured on his path the richest grace,
The shinings of his Maker's face ;
And bade his noblest powers unite
To praise the Lord of life and light.

Thus, perfect from the form'g hand,
God bade him have supreme command
O'er all the tribes of fish that glide
Within their home of waters wide:
O'er every fowl of every wing;
O'er cattle, and o'er creeping thing:
O'er the whole earth, with one accord,
He bade all creatures own him lord.

As yet, no cloud upon the plain
Had poured its soft, refreshing rain;
But from the earth a silent dew
Arose, and watered all that grew;
No hand of man had yet been found
To dress the plants, or till the ground,
God asked no creature's power to aid,
When He this world of beauty made;
When boundless skill and love combined
To make a dwelling for mankind.

Eastward in Eden's pleasant land
A garden sprang beneath his hand :
All things that to the sight are fair,
Or good for food, God planted there :
There rose the tree of life to view ;
And there the tree of knowledge grew
The weeds, which now our grounds deface,
In Eden's garden had no place ,
No thistle reared its purple head,
Usurper o'er the lilies' bed ;
Nor tangling thorn might interpose
To hide the bright and blushing rose ;
No blighting wind poured forth its breath,
And chilled the early buds to death :
Nor scorching sun, in noon-tide power,
Killed with its beams the opening flower.
A broad, majestic river wound
Its way through Eden's fertile ground ;

From thence it parted, and became
Four streams, distinct in course and name.
Directed by their Maker's hand,
They watered many a fruitful land.
And one its mighty current rolled
O'er hidden heaps of yellow gold,
By men in after years dug forth
From the deep bowels of the earth,—
Bringing that shining dust to view
Which thousands with such haste pursue:
They will not pause to count the cost,
Till their immortal souls are lost.

But Eden's blessedness and peace
No golden treasures could increase;
The smile of Heaven was on the spot;
What misers love it needed not.

O! would our senseless hearts but know
The joy God's presence can bestow,—

The pleasures that are kept in store,
At his right hand for evermore,
For those who walk before him here
In faith, and love, and holy fear;
Who, by his power and grace renewed,
Have had their stubborn hearts subdued
Washed in the blood that frees from sin
And Christ's pure image stamped within,
Who, glorying in the Saviour's cross,
Count all beside but worthless dross;
With strong, unshaken faith rely
On him to save and justify;
Trust in his righteousness alone,
And plead it at the Father's throne.
Would we but know the peace and rest
With which the child of God is blest,
Not gold, nor all the splendid things
That glitter in the courts of kings,

Could win our longing souls to stay
Without his love a single day.

'Twas in this garden of delight,
Where all was blooming, all was bright,
By His own hand so richly graced,
His noblest work Jehovah placed ;
To dress it, and to keep the soil,
For sweet employment, not for toil.
The day in which his life began,
God called him "Adam," or, "the Man."
The earth, with all that it contained,
Was his, entire and unrestrained ;
All that his wants could e'er require,
All that his heart could e'er desire,
God gave him with a liberal hand,
And only added one command :—
Through all the garden he was free
To eat the fruit of every tree :

That tree within the midst alone,
By which were good and evil known,—
Untasted he must pass it by ;
For, if he ate it, he should die.

Behold! the first of human race,
Rich in his Maker's love and grace,
Created lord of all he saw,
And all things subject to his law :
The beasts, the birds, their master knew,
And fearless to his presence drew ;
Led by the hand of God, they came,
And Adam called them each by name.
But, in the various tribes around,
For him was no companion found ;
One that might aid his voice to bless
The Author of his happiness :
And ev'n the father of mankind
Might feel some loneliness of mind,

As round the earth he gazed, and there
Saw none who could his feelings share
The faithful dog, that runs to meet
His master's steps, and licks his feet,
May love him with a love as true
As earthly creature ever knew ;
But cannot help his soul to rise
And hold communion with the skies,
Or join the strain his lips would sing
Of praise to heaven's Eternal King.

I need not to my Anna tell,—
Because I'm sure she knows it well,
How all our pleasures sweeter prove
When they are shared with those we love ;
When some dear friend is by our side,
To whom we may our thoughts confide
And to whose listening ear reveal
The gladness that our spirits feel.

How often, on some lovely day,
Your heart has seemed to spring away,
As if 'twould borrow wings to fly,
Mount with the birds that warbled nigh,
And sing with them your pleasant song,
While floating on the air along.
The sky has never seemed to you
To wear so pure, so soft a blue ;
So bright the sun has never been ;
The fields were never half so green ;
All nature seemed in beauty clad,
As if attired to make you glad :
Yet, 'twas not sky, nor sun, nor flower,
That made so bright the passing hour ;
'Twas some kind voice, or smile as kind,
That poured such gladness o'er your mind,
And bade your lively feelings draw
Delight from every thing you saw

But, if no loved Mamma were near,
The story of your joy to hear ;
No dear Papa beside you walked,
And listened while his Anna talked ;
No young companion with you played,
Or through the groves and meadows strayed ;
No friend beheld your harmless glee
With sweet affection's sympathy ;
As fair might be the summer day,
And nature dressed in hues as gay,
Yet, with a sigh, your lips would own
'Twas very sad to be alone.

Our God is love ; our God is wise ;
Our wants lie open to his eyes ;
More than our feeble tongues express
He knows, and kindly waits to bless.
No weariness had Adam known,
When first in sleep he laid him down

But God had caused his eyes to close
In quiet and in deep repose,
And, while in peaceful rest he lay,
Unfelt, he took from him away
A rib—and of the rib he wrought
A woman, and to Adam brought.
Adam beheld, with glad surprise,
This precious gift before his eyes;
Woman shall be her name, he said,
Because from man she has been made;
Father and mother man shall leave
For her, and to his wife shall cleave;
They, two, shall still be one in heart,
And never from each other part.

Then God looked from his heavenly seat
And saw his beauteous work complete,
Declared it good before his sight
Who always speaks and judges right.

And evening's mild and softened ray
Closed in the sixth creating day.

Another morning rose to bless
The earth in perfect loveliness ;
Beheld the new-created pair
The bounties of a Father share,
Yet in his love rejoicing more
Than in the world's abundant store.
The seventh day God named and blessed,
To be a day of sacred rest ;
That, as he ceased his work to do,
So man might rest from labour too,
And, laying earthly things aside,
With him might spend the Sabbath-tide.
Age after age has passed since first
That hallowed morn on Eden burst,
And still we hail one day in seven,
Season of rest, in mercy given ;

Sign of our Maker's early love,
And foretaste of a rest above.

And pleasant is the hope of rest
To weary souls, by sin oppressed ;
And freely is it given to all
Who Jesus their Redeemer call.
When on the Lord's returning day
To Zion's courts they bend their way
With his assembled saints to meet,
And join in worship at his feet,—
Then faith looks back to Joseph's cave,
To see the Saviour burst the grave ;
An earnest that they too shall rise,
And meet him glorious in the skies :
This blessed hope sustains their souls,
When wave on wave of trouble rolls ;
And keeps their minds in patience here,
Till their Beloved shall appear.

But where is Eden now? and where
The heavenly peace that rested there?
Her fruits, indeed, and flowers remain,
But raised with weariness and pain;
While thorns and thistles fill the soil,
And seem to mock the labourer's toil.
Man eats his daily bread with tears,
And wastes his life with cares and fears.
O'er countless ills his spirit mourns,
Until his dust to dust returns.
No longer now with joy we see
All creatures live in harmony;
Even man lifts up the hand to slay,
And takes his brother's life away.
In earthly things he seeks delight,
Shuts the Creator from his sight,
And bows the head and bends the knee
To carved stone or stock of tree.

Yes, Anna, yes; the curse of sin
To God's fair world has entered in;
An enemy has sown the seeds
From whence have sprung those deadly
weeds:
That holy image now is gone,
In which our father Adam shone,
Before the subtle tempter's art
From God had turned away his
heart.

Now from the cradle to the grave
Man yields himself as Satan's slave.
And toiling, earns, with every breath,
Sin's bitter fruit, eternal death.

But, see, the hours are hastening by;
The sun is mounting up the sky,—
Like a strong man he runs his race,
And none can stay his onward pace;

From east to west he takes his way,
While all things feel his warming ray —
So shall the name of Christ be spread
Where'er the light of day is shed.
He conquered in his dying hour,
And triumphed over Satan's power;
And now he lives to conquer still
The sinner's proud, rebellious will.
He shall the tempter's works destroy,
Bring back a more than Eden's joy,
God's image to our race restore,
And bid them turn from him no more.
His word shall make the simple wise;
Open the blinded sinner's eyes;
Convert his soul from folly's ways,
And fill his heart with joyful praise.

Then men in love and peace shall meet,
Swords into ploughshares they shall beat,

Spears into pruning-hooks shall turn,
And arts of war shall cease to learn.
Their vows no longer shall be paid
To idols which their hands have made
Man o'er the world shall look abroad,
Behold the handywork of God,
And give no more to senseless things
The glory of the KING OF KINGS.

THE END.

