

And blesses it, and calls it very good !
 This is indeed to dwell with the Most High !
 The cherubs and the trembling seraphim
 Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's throne.
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
 Haply for this some younger angel now
 Looks down on human nature : and, behold !
 A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad
 Embattling interests on each other rush
 With unhelmed rage !

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
 Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !
 This fraternizes man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
 Diffused thro' all, that doth make all one whole ;
 This the worst superstition,* him except
 Aught to desire, supreme reality !
 The plenitude and permanence of bliss !
 O fiends of superstition ! not that oft
 The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
 Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
 Thunder against you from the Holy One !
 But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
 Peopled with death ; or where more hideous trade
 Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish ;
 I will raise up a mourning, O ye fiends !
 And curse your spells, that film the eye of faith,
 Hiding the present God ; whose presence lost,
 The moral world's cohesion, we become
 An anarchy of spirits ! Toy-bewitched,
 Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
 No common centre, man no common sire

* If to make aught but the supreme reality the object of final pursuit, be superstition ; if the attributing of sublime properties to things or persons, which those things or persons neither do or can possess, be superstition ; then avarice and ambition are superstitions : and he, who wishes to estimate the evils of superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple of the Mexican deities, but to the plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa.—Such is the sentiment conveyed in this and the subsequent lines.