

Thus from th' elect, regenerate thro' faith,  
Pass the dark passions \* and what thirsty cares  
Drink up the spirit and the dim regards  
Self-centre. Lo, they vanish ! or acquire  
New names, new features—by supernal grace  
Enrobed with light, and naturalized in heaven.  
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn  
Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,  
Darkling with earnest eyes he traces out  
Th' immediate road, all else of fairest kind  
Hid or deform'd. But lo ! the burning sun !  
Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam  
Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes  
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree ;  
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs ;  
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,  
And wide around the landscape streams with glory !

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,  
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.  
Truth of subliming import ! with the which  
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,  
He from his small particular orbit flies  
With blest outstarting ! from himself he flies,  
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze  
Views all creation ; and he loves it all,

\* Our evil passions under the influence of religion become innocent, and may be made to animate our virtue—in the same manner as the thick mist, melted by the sun, increases the light which it had before excluded. In the preceding paragraph, agreeably to this truth, we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of fear into holy awe.