

But there is one whose name
I dare not utter save: in holy reverence
Before whose glory even Gabriel lifts his fan
And bows in trembling adoration
He whom God the Father calls the
His own begotten Son, He left his home
On high, and entering mortal flesh
Made his home here, His home no more his
Others had limply domes and pinnacles high
But he had not a spot to lay his head.
And where were suffering, like to his God send
The anals of oppression through,
Mild persecution millions, and the
Minor ^{very} sufferings akin to his, the sufferings
The ^{many} rabble crowd the suffering
And blaspheming of unblest lips to
The midnight screams and weeps,
The awful agony beneath Gethsemane
Dark shade, falsely betrayed by our
Suffering love, given up to those who
Glands no more from, the crown of
Thorns, in mockery of heavenly diadem,
The last dark act on which the son
Refused to shrink and earth from
Center to circumference shook, the ^{strong} ~~strong~~
Gath of ^{up to} ~~up to~~ Mount Calvary.

Upon the person of the Son of God present
poured out the full vessel of his wrath. And
what pencil can portray ^{the agony} that swelled the
bosom of that sinless one, but it was met
that he should suffer it - was met
that he should die, and who shall say
that ~~the greatest~~ no good has come from it.
The greatest good the world ever knew or ever
will know resulted from it. Doing the will of
his father on earth he at last triumphed
over suffering and affliction agony and death
and now stands before the throne
a blessed mediator between God and man.

And reasoning from these facts, and from analogy we come to the same conclusion with the poet
All discord is harmony not understood
All partial evil universal good and not only do these are we found to believe it from these truths, but every thing in nature and every created work of God confirm the truth. And we see a governing God over all. At his command the seasons come forth each in its order and ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{will of its} Master. At his bidding the earth ^{turns} ~~revolves~~ upon its axis daily and annually traverses its prescribed circle around the sun. At his command each created planet revolves around its created sun and all around one central point - perchance the throne of God. Think ye the brightest script in the realm of heaven whose eye can gaze on every created thing, and who is permitted to bring his way at will among the starry throng, can find in the blue unbounded space a world not in obedience to the laws of him whose is heaven and whose footstool earth. Think ye he could find a spot ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ any world where chaos could find a foothold. And shall man, the creature of a day whose birth is in his nostrils, who springs up like the flower of the field which to day is and to morrow is not, shall his weak arms bring discord and confusion and destruction upon the law and designs of God. If plagues and earthquakes speak not heaven's designs, then there is a Power and a Father. But however discordant human affairs appear to us here, we must bear in mind that we see thro a glass darkly, the ~~positive~~ ^{positive} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~cannot~~ ^{cannot}