# THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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## Daily Appeal.

### A FORK ON GOD.

BY OURSELVES, A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN, BORN 1783.

[Sacchetti, after serving in the army, was made successively a member of State, ambassador at the Sublime Ottoman, Minister of Justice, public instructor, and, in fine, minister of finance. The work has been translated into Russian, and sold at the emperor's request, and approved, with, and, in the simple of Jesus. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rice silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.]

O, THOU EVERMAN GOD! whose presence is light,
Which fills the immensity of heaven and earth!
Through eternity's depths, all everlasting night!
Thou sway God! thou art glorious!
Before above all beside! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and with whom!
Who filled existence with life! Who existed
Embracing all—supporting—calling—saying:
Being whom you call God—and there is none!

In the twinkling of an eye, at thy command
The earth, or the sun's rays—but that I, the Dust
Thrice to so wonderful an extent—
Thy wisdom! Thy power! Thy goodness! Thy
Thou kindled to the light, to vain world!
To thank Thee—humble, infinite and dark—
And thought is lost ere thought can rise to Him,
Hundred and ninety-nine—Lord, or Thee,
Thy hand, to Immortal—all
Being form yet full—and there is none!

Thou from primeval nothingness—Thou!
Thou! Thou, O Thou! Let exist—Lord, or Thee,
Thy hand, to Immortal—all
Being form yet full—and there is none!

Thou alone! Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou!
Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou!
Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou!
Thy splendor fills all space with rare glory,
As yonder firmament with its gems!
Thy wisdom! Thy power! Thy goodness! Thy
Thy splendor fills all space with rare glory,
As yonder firmament with its gems!
Lightning, thy swiftness, infinite and dark—
Thy wisdom! Thy power! Thy goodness! Thy

Thou from primeval nothingness—Thou!
Thou! Thou, O Thou! Let exist—Lord, or Thee,
Thy hand, to Immortal—all
Being form yet full—and there is none!

Thou alone! Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou!
Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou!
Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou! Thou!
Thy splendor fills all space with rare glory,
As yonder firmament with its gems!
Lightning, thy swiftness, infinite and dark—
Thy wisdom! Thy power! Thy goodness! Thy

A million terms invented by Thy hand
Wonder unwearied through the long eternity!
Thou art—Thou art—Thou art—Thou art—Thou!
All for whichever, all creatures with time—
What shall worship thee? Thou of course! Lord!
Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord!
Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord!
Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord