

A Canticle

For the Gardener.

1st Septem-
ber, 1790.

Where it may be so attested that *gentlemen*, well learned in the *subtle arts*, do attempt to craft forms and words which tell no lies but *other truths*, tho' unknown to minds which yet hold *Hylas'* material words as their Gospel, these journeymen we must know as *Gardeners*.

Their labours are obscure and their works unkind, consisting of many and varied *forms*, tongues born of *Babel* and works wrought of hubris of the *peccatum origine*, for *qui audet adipiscitur*, and gains a deity in both *thought* and *power*.



Many facets
of a World,
beholden.

Fear not therefore those who bring to life strange *realms* and *times*, who shall in Tale and Work shew what Men may deem *sublime*, or decry "*fallimur*" and claim as Heresy. For the wants and tastes of the many are *fickle*, yet Art stands *eternal* as testament to *Divine Genius*.

Indeed, one may find much *edification* within the Pages of such Works, through admiring at length their intricate *Designs*, such that one can be the Better by *twofold*: 1st, to gain some appreciation for the Mechanisms of our own *mortal garden*; 2d, to extend and advance our faculties, which are the *Primum Mobile* of our deeds, and Sacred *gifts* from our Lord.

Therefore, let it be so said:

Blessed are the *Gardeners*,

May many be their *Works*,

Soon may we regard the quantum of their *Labour*;

Long may they *Seek*,

Long may they *Find*,

Remove from their *Minds* all *Disease*;

Just is their *Quest*,

Sooth their *Marks*,

Though not in common form *Perceived*;

Therefore Bleſs them, *O God*,

Amen.

- O. S.