



FUGITIVE PIECES
BY
ELIZABETH BRAUND

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FUGITIVE PIECES :

Historical, Legendary, and Sacred.

BY

ELIZABETH BRAUND.

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FUGITIVE PIECES.

ON LEAVING ILFRACOMBE.

FAREWELL! ye cloud-capp'd heights sublime,
Ye beetling old grey haunts of time;
Ye bold, bare rugged cliffs oft sang,
Re-echoing with the seagulls' clang.

Ere, in the forehead of the sky
Sol blaz'd in kingly majesty,
I've wander'd forth, intent to view
Old Ocean's ever-varying hue.

And when, as deep'ning shadows fell,
I've hied me o'er the rocky dell,
E'er and anon I've turn'd mine ear,
Woo'd by the murmuring waters near.

Romance dwells in the rolling flood,
Her home is not the field of blood;
Old Ocean, when arm'd *cap-a-pie*,
Is warrior most brave to see.

The music of the fitful surge
Hath charms ne'er in the war-blast heard,
Old Ocean's voice, in calm or storm,
Hath rapture to my bosom borne.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY EXCURSIONS IN GLAMORGANSHIRE.

FROM DEVONIA'S hills and valleys
 We have turn'd our steps away,
 But, her scenes so fair and pleasant,
 Have their home in memory.



THE CURTHOSE TOWER, CARDIFF CASTLE.

Now, we climb the heights of CAMBRIA,
 Roam her charming dingles through,
 Ponder 'mid her ruins hoary,
 Where have dwelt the brave and true.

In *Glamorganshire* we number
 Thirty castles in decay—
 Speaking of the feudal system,
 And of glory pass'd away.

In the county-town 'midst bustle,
 And the great and noisy din,
 We can *Cardiff** Castle enter,
 And an old-world picture win.

Cardiff Castle tells the story
 Of poor ROBERT's cruel fate;—
 Yet exists the tower, his prison,
 Tale—in stone, of HENRY's hate!

Cardiff—with its trade and bustle—
 Proud FITZHAMON would not know,
 If his eyes—long-seal'd, could open
 On its commerce, and its show!

Old GLENDOWER, too, would wonder
 At the Docks and Shipping too;
 Cardiff—which he ravag'd sadly,
 Giant-like would meet his view.

Grey old *Llandaff*† calls the stranger
 To a fair and quiet spot,
 Meet for meditative spirits,
 Where the world may be forgot.

* The Welsh name of Cardiff—CAER DYDD, is said to be derived from Caer Didi, the camp of (AULUS) DIDIUS, a Roman general, who succeeded OSTORIUS in the command of the legions in Britain. Roman relics have been found within the walls of the present castle, which stands on the line of the Roman coast-road through South Wales.

† In the first half of the Fifth Century, MYRIC, king of Glamorgan and Siluria, founded the Episcopal see of Llandaff, said to be the oldest in the kingdom. The celebrated DUBRICIUS was consecrated the first bishop, owing to his zeal in opposing the Pelagian heresy, and elevated to the Archbishoprick of Caerleon—or primacy of Wales.

All who love our old Church structures,
 This Cathedral will delight;
 Mouldings—niches—carv'd work—arches,
 Rich and varied, meet the sight.

Castel Coch, severe in structure,
 Was a British stronghold rare:
 Climb the rock, and gaze upon it,
 Mouldering in silence there.

Castel Coch yields much enjoyment,
 On a bright, warm Summer's day;—
 Wooded height, all cool and pleasant,
 Where the breezes gently play.

Midst *Caerphilly's** massive ruins,
 Thoughts come gath'ring fast—and we,
 Through the mist and spray of fancy,
 Hosts of arméd warriors see.

And we see the high-born ladies—
 Gliding through its chambers dim;
 Pale and sad—and grave and thoughtful,
 As they hear the battle din.

Thou—dost speak of pow'r and greatness,
 Relic of a by-gone age—
 And of weary hearts and spirits,
 Passions fierce, and cruel rage.

* No ruin in Great Britain affords so impressive an idea of the feudal age as *Caerphilly*. *Caerphilly* is 7 miles north of Cardiff, and its situation amidst an amphitheatre of bleak and mournful-looking hills, is impressive, especially on a distant view.

In the day of steam and railroads,
 We delight, in thought to climb
 Hill and mount, and roam the dingle
 With the folk of olden time.

Pleasing are the hills and valleys,
 Joyous are the mountain streams;
 Wales has sights and scenes to charm us,
 Ev'ry vale with interest teems.

Though we love the ruin hoary,
 Love the strange old legend wild—
 Love the plaintive harp of Cambria,
 On which princely chiefs have smil'd,—

We rejoice in Britain's freedom,
 Britain's commerce, Britain's peace;
 In the light of gospel blessing,
 Happiness and truth increase.

WRITTEN AFTER READING CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH'S
 "CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS."

IF LOVE the blossom that early springs,
 The gems each varied season brings;
 'Tis a touching thought, in Summer's heat—
 In Spring—in Autumn, flowers greet;
 And e'en when Winter shows a frown,
 Some gems bedeck the garden ground:—
 No season comes, unless it brings
 Its sweet attendant blossomings.

LA RÉVOLUTION DES ALPES.

IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,* Cardiff, just by the northern entrance, is a tablet bearing the following inscription:—


TO JOHN MEGGISON ROCHESTER,

AND

FREDERICK VAVASSOUR,

KILLED BY FALLING OVER A PRECIPICE WHILE DESCENDING THE COL DU GÉANT.

ROCHESTER.

 LOVER of God's mountains, on Cambria's heights he roam'd,
And from their grand old summits gaz'd on vale and cottage
Thus his spirit caught the longing sublimity inspires, [home;
Which wakes the soul to music in song that never tires.

Excelsior! Excelsior! he breath'd in rapturous strain,
And from *Glamorganshire* he went, the Alpine heights to gain;
But, e're he left, misgivings came crowding on his heart,
The dark prophetic shadow from his brow would not depart.

From the far vale of Chamouni his upward gaze beheld
The mighty Alps, a tossing sea whose giant billows swell'd,
Mysteriously they woo'd him, and to those heights sublime,
He press'd with ardour onward, in the changing autumn time.

He mark'd, with wonderment, gigantic floods congeal'd,
The snow all crystalized, full many a wide-spread field,
The towering cimes, the icy plain, all struck his soul with awe,
Exceeding the expectancy of the far vale below.

* "The Tower of St. John's, like Boston Church, is a landmark seawards and to the plain. Far seen by the voyager up channel, bringing up the rear of the town,—its buttresses shining white before the purple hills,—greeted by the pedestrian from Caerphilly, e're he descends from the summit of the lime-stone range that borders the coal basin,—peered at by pleasure seekers through the broken battlements of Coch Castle,—or from the windy steeps of the Garth mountain, a blue misty tower, with 'the yellow sea' behind,—or from the slopes of Pen-y-lan at eventide, raising its lines of gold before the deepening Leek-with range, and bearing up to heaven those sculptured minarets, that, at the touch of sunset, become forks of flame, burning as a watch-fire, or as incense heavenwards."

We're above the Chamois' track, and yet far off we see
 Four specks, all bound in single file, moving most cautiously ;
 Down from the highest points, the rapid clouds descend—
 Danger is near, and carefully their weary way they wend.

We hear the distant roar of the dread avalanche,
 The lofty summits melt away as 'neath Heaven's vengeful glance ;
 From Afric's plains the furious wind sweeps o'er the mountains
 drear ;
 Surpris'd on high, the birds of prey descend to earth more near.

The mighty Alps, by winter built, appear to glide away ;—
 Here a cascade, there avalanche, *destruction's* power display :
 But where are now the hapless men whose hearts with terror quake ?
 Slow skirting yonder ice mass—see ! they feeble headway make.

Anon, amid the chaos vast, a dang'rous path they tread—
 A precipice beneath their feet, a thund'ring roar o'erhead.
 The blancheur blinds, the furious wind and rushing waters stun,
 The glacier slips, they glide away, are lost to view—undone.

We gaze again,—one speck we see far down the dang'rous slope,
 O'erhanging e'en the dread abyss ; there yet is life—yet hope ;
 Slowly he creeps to reach the top,—has gain'd it, and alone,
 He falteringly pursues his way, he pants to reach his home.

But hapless ROCHESTER lies now far off in Cornageur,
 Beneath the shadow of those heights, so potent to allure ;
 VAVASSOUR, too, has found a grave beside his worthy friend,
 And for the lost SAVOYARD GUIDE sad cries of grief ascend.

A chill strikes through us as we muse on the ill-fated three,
 Rushing together into death, yet, dying separately ;
 The giant-mountain safely keeps all save the guide's last cry—
 "*Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu ! nous sommes perdus !*"—and thus the
 tidings fly.

A LEGEND OF CASTEL COCH.

During the civil wars, the then master of Castel Coch, deposited money, plate, and jewels to an immense amount, in an iron chest in the subterraneous passage leading from his castle to that of Cardiff; but having been killed by the bursting of a petronel, he never returned to claim it. The castle had been for some time uninhabited, when a lady of good family, but of small income, obtained permission to fit up five rooms in it.

SHE slept alone, that ancient dame,
 Nor fear'd the midnight hour,
 When troubled spirits haunt the earth—
 If such indeed have power:
 No idle dread tormented her,
 She grateful felt to dwell
 Where doughty deeds of yore were plann'd,
 Grim warriors lov'd so well.

To sudden consciousness one night
 She woke—the story goes—
 And met the gaze of one whose look
 Bespoke the heart's deep woes:
 A cavalier in full-dress suit
 Of the first Charles's time,
 Of noble presence, courtly mien,
 Though far in life's decline.

She started! and the cavalier
 Fled hastily away;—
 She saw him vanish through a door
 Which deep in shadow lay.
 She follow'd, but securely lock'd,
 Bolted, and barr'd,—she found
 The opening through which he'd pass'd,
 Nor heard she voice or sound.

Once more she saw him, as the shades
Of evening gather'd round,
In a dim corridor (where oft
Her footsteps did resound),
As from a turret garden
She came at night's recall;
She started—gaz'd—he disappear'd—
Vanish'd into the wall!



CASTEL COCH—INTERIOR.

Her old domestics—faithful pair—
Declar'd they could not stay,

The wild unearthly sounds they heard
 Ne'er came from birds of prey ;
And so the high-born lady went
 To a far humbler home,
And Castel Coch henceforth was left
 To goblin guests alone.

Of later years, tradition says,
 There were of venturous mind
Who sought the subterraneous place,
 Perchance the gold to find.
The passage, which from Castel Coch
 To Cardiff Castle, lay
Neglected, ere the stronghold fell
 To ruin and decay.

With torch in hand they found the course,
 When lo! before their eyes,
A massive chest of iron appear'd!
 They trembled with surprise—
Then onward pressed; but not for them
 Such treasure was amassed,
Two eagles were the guardians there,
 Fierce watchers—unsurpass'd.

They glar'd, those strange unearthly birds,
 With eyes lit up in flame,
Upon the rash intruders
 Who thus so fearless came ;
Their forms dilated, and they made
 An onset sharp and wild,
The non-belligerents withdrew,
 Amaz'd—affrighted—foil'd!

But day and night the massive chest
 Appear'd before their view ;
 Its strong attraction Castel-wards
 Full soon their footsteps drew.
 Arm'd to the teeth, and duly stor'd
 With silver bullets, they
 Set forth with priest and charms, the foe
 To exorcise, or slay.

The bullets fell quite harmless there,
 Magic nor force had pow'r,
 They of the fiery eye obtain'd
 The mastery in that hour.
 The chest of iron, the eagles too,
 For aught we know, remain :
 There are not on this earth who dare
 The guarded treasure claim.

TO THE MEADOW PEARL.

LA BELLE MARGUERITE, OF THE FRENCH.

“ Is the Daisy vulgar? No; that wee crimson-tipped flower has
 been sung into importance.”

IMPASSION'D BURNS thy beauty prais'd,
 And I, in childhood's laughing days,
 Have sported with thee by the brook,
 Or in some cool and shady nook.

I cannot—if I would, forget
 The flower that MILTON lov'd to deck,
 In Poet's Dream, his wood-nymphs fair
 By fountain brim, in evening air.

Wee modest flower, thy lovely form
 True poet never dared to scorn,
 But feelingly thy beauty prais'd,
 And loud his admiration rais'd.

In stormy times, when battles rag'd—
 When in fierce conflict men engag'd,
 Great CHAUCER walk'd the daisied mead,
 Nor bold nor daring things did heed.

When RICHARD battled for the crown,
 He through the fields would walk around,
 And see unfold the Daisy bright,
 And watch its closings up at night.

I'll love thee still, thou bonny flower,
 And bless my God, and sing His power
 Who clothes the grass upon the field,
 And causeth ev'ry herb to yield.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FAIR flowers of Summer have pass'd away—
 The rose, the lily, the tulip gay;
 And leaves of yellow autumnal hue
 The forest and garden ground bestrew.

Thus fade the flowers in the heart's fair bower,
 By the blast of death they're crush'd in an hour;
 The brightest, the sweetest, the truest fall,
 And Earth seems wrapt in a fun'ral pall.

We mourn for the flowers that droop and fade,
 The cherish'd blossoms that sink in the grave;
 The blast of Autumn o'er life's fair leaves
 Passes, and blights, and the loving bereaves.

But why should we mourn for the sleeping flowers;
 They wait but the sunshine of coming hours,
 When glory shall burst the tombs in which rest,
 Till the day without clouds, the lov'd and the blest.

Death—change—and chill—and failing powers,
 Shall pass away with our earthly hours;—
 No blighted blossoms in heaven are found,
 No wither'd leaves on celestial ground.

Then let us not mourn for the friends who rest;
 Why, should the heart be with grief oppress'd?
 Bright glory awaits our faded flowers—
 They'll bloom again in immortal bowers.

BIDEFORD, NORTH DEVON.

THE *Torridge*, which flows by this picturesque town,
 Is not, like the Rhine, a stream of renown,
 But its beauties by scholar and poet are sought,
 Since KINGSLEY of *Bideford* * glowingly wrote.

What artist, e'er tinting with *couleur-de-rose*,
 Could give to the landscape sun-setting repose,
 Or clothe the far Alps with a garment of light
 To flash on the mind, like an object of sight?

We must gaze on the scenes which poets have sung—
 The stamp of their beauty is faint on the tongue;
 If our spirits would grow intensely refined,
 The beauty of Nature oft raises the mind.

* BIDEFORD is pleasantly situated on both sides of the river *Torridge*. About three-parts of the town lie on the Western side of the river, and the other part on the bottom of a hill, on the opposite side. LANDCROSS, a little above Bideford Bridge, will ever be celebrated as the birth-place of GEORGE MONK, Duke of Albemarle.

The *Rhine* and the *Rhone*, which the gifted have sought,—
 The mountains and hills with sublimity fraught,
 Are in far away lands, remote from our tread,
 Where but Thought by the pow'r of the artist is led.

But beauties are round us, though few speak their praise,
 We've hill, and we've dale, and we've water always;—
 The *Torrige*—which flows in its winding along—
 Though no classical stream, is worthy a song.

'Twixt *Rawleigh** and *Fairleigh* how pleasant the sight—
 The valley all flooded with glory and light,
 Brilliant in sunset, as fair in the morn
 When health-giving breezes across it were borne.

How sweet from the "Bank," west the river, at eve—
 When zephyrs of peace and tranquility breathe,
 With the tide at its flow—the moon in her sheen,
 To gaze on the calm—the beautiful scene.

The dark firs of the grove are reflected—as dark,
 The moon-beams fall soft on the swift gliding barque,
 As onward it comes, like a warrior proud,
 From the clang of old Ocean's artillery loud.

A sail on the *Torrige* may be a delight,
 If the beauties of Nature are sweet to the sight;
 From *Wear Gifford* to *Instow* the scenery stands
 Unrivall'd † by any in far distant lands!

* RICHARD GRANVILLE, the active settler of Virginia, fixed his residence at Bideford, after his return from his expedition, and brought with him an Indian, who was baptized in Bideford Church by the name of RAWLEIGH, in honour of the brave and learned SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH, SIR RICHARD GRANVILLE'S kinsman and companion. This Indian, however, did not live much above a year after, he was buried in Bideford Churchyard, April 7th, 1589. He is entered in the parish register as a native of Wynganditoia.

† As to its kind.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER AN EVENING STROLL ON CAPSTONE-HILL
PARADE, ILFRACOMBE.

THE Sun was slowly sinking in the far-off western wave,
And my spirit caught the emblem its fading lustre gave;
It shadow'd forth the closing scene of one whose influence shed;
A flood of hallow'd glory round the orbit which he sped.

Yea, methought I saw a pilgrim—a Christian pilgrim—die;
I saw the waning of a light, that lit the moral sky;
I watch'd it, till, like Day's full orb, it calmly sank to rest
On the ocean of a Saviour's love—upon a Saviour's breast.

THE MARRIAGE

OF

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND, JANUARY 25TH, 1856.

SHE stands beside the Altar, in the flush of girlhood's prime,
The lovely, royal daughter of England's happiest time;
To wed the hope of PRUSSIA, born of Great Frederick's race,
In her calm, collected manner, we our gracious Sov'reign trace.

The fair and gentle Princess, in her young life's trying hour,
Shows the quiet self-possession so beautiful in power;
But, in the under current of her heart's affection, still
Are found love's deep emotions—for, she falters out, "*I will.*"

Our queenly Queen, tho' born to grace a high and mighty throne,
Is form'd by intellect and heart to make an English home;
And her fair and first-born daughter has found a mother's care,
A *home*, in all the regal halls the royal children share.

And now the Princess stands to say the words which *must divide*,
The words which *always sever* the first lov'd from our side;
But he is worthy whom she now takes closer to her heart,
And other friends await her, who will nobly play their part.

Yes, she must go from all, from her who droops her sweet young
head,

And weeps the only tears *seen* round the nuptial altar shed—
The loving-hearted ALICE, who feels this act will bring
A shadow o'er the pathway of her own life's early spring.

The bridal flower of PRUSSIA blends with the orange spray,
To deck the pure white brow of the gentle bride to-day :
Oh! may these flowers thus mingled be an emblem of the state
Of the youthful pair before us, so loving and so great.

May he of mighty BRANDENBURG, be constant to his vow—
And, may our own sweet Princess, e'en be happier than now ;
May their spirits ever blend like these fair bridal flowers—
May peace and love attend them through *all* their future hours.

AN ACROSTIC TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

CARRIE, life to thee, dear child, is a rosy tinted morn,
And thy joy is like the song of birds on forest breezes borne;
Rich in kindness and affection, thou knowest not the storms
O'erwhelming many gentle hearts, and many fragile forms.
Love from thy birth has circled thee most tenderly around,
In babyhood thy infant want its fullest answer found ;
No need has ever press'd upon thy young and tender heart,
Embittering the spring of life—nor do the lov'd depart.

Thy lot has been a happy one, thy childhood most serene,
Rough-handed Time has crush'd no flowers, has dried no earthly
stream ;

Unto the Lord then give the praise for all the good bestow'd,
Make Christ the object of desire from whom these blessings flow'd,
And give Him *now*, in life's young day, the heart he craves from
thee,

Now Carrie, dear, believe in Him, and wrath eternal flee.

A L M A .

BRAVE men have fought at Alma!
The noble, grave, the gay,
For our sea-girt Island's glory,
Against Oppression's sway.

Brave men have fought at Alma!
In youth, in courage strong,
Their fearless spirits panting
To swell the Conquest Song.

Brave men have fought at Alma!
Who fell in Glory's prime,
Hate to the Russian despot,
Cold as his country's clime.

Brave men have fought at Alma!
Who live the tale to tell
Of valour never daunted
By musket, shot, or shell.

Brave men have fought at Alma!
Hail to the powers so true!
French, English, Turk united,
The Russian host o'erthrew.

Brave men have fought at Alma!
Henceforth those heights shall be
Famous in English story,
A place of victory.

WELCOME TO THE ITALIAN REFUGEES.

On the 19th of March, 1859, a great sensation was created at Bristol, by the arrival of fifteen of the Neapolitan Exiles. When the Steamer which brought them from Ireland appeared in sight, the people lining the sides of the river greeted them with shouts of "Welcome, welcome!" which were re-echoed by the giant rocks, and borne by the breezes far over Clifton Downs. On their landing, the band struck up the national anthem, and so great was the enthusiasm of the people, that they took the horses from the carriages that had been sent to convey the refugees to the city, and drew them in triumph through the streets; the poor fellows testifying by looks and gesticulations their gratitude for the sympathy thus shown them.

WELCOME! welcome, suff'ring Exiles,
 Welcome to our kindly shore;
 Here your weary hearts may freely
 All their griefs and wrongs outpour.

English voices shout a welcome!
 English eyes are wet with tears—
 As they gaze upon the features,
 Worn with dreary prison years.

Bristol's sons and Bristol's daughters,
 In their greeting, speak the heart
 Of VICTORIA'S loyal subjects,
 Though in many a distant part.

Who may tell the mingled feelings
 Of the little exiled band,
 As they first, by Avon's waters,
 Touch the soil of Freedom's land.

Here, they know no tyrant monarch
 Holds the keys of dungeons deep,
 Into which his creatures hurry
 All who dare of freedom speak.

Here, they know that men may worship,
 Free of priestly craft and power,
 God—who asks, when they approach Him,
 Spirit-worship in that hour.

Yes, Italia's noble exiles
 Look the thoughts they cannot speak;
 Any language, at this moment,
 Would, to serve them, be too weak!

Years of suff'ring, now, are ended—
 Ended, as to dungeons grim;
 But the past will, like a spectre,
 Ev'ry joyous feeling dim.

Gladly, these poor suff'ring wand'ers
 May the brave and earnest seek,
 To relieve those many sorrows
 Which oft blanch the exile's cheek.

THE BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.


THE *Austria* left Hamburg on the 1st, and Southampton on the 4th of September, 1858, for NEW YORK: she had nearly 600 souls on board when she left Southampton—80 first-class, 100 second-class, and 280 steerage passengers, and her crew were upwards of 100 in number. The *Austria* was an iron-screw steamer, of 2500 tons and 600 horse-power. She accidentally caught fire whilst the boatswain, under command of one of the officers, was fumigating the steerage.

OH! who can paint the horror of that scene?
 So like the picture of a fev'rish dream!
 Flames that appal! A fierce consuming fire—
 The deep expression of Destruction's ire.

What bleak despair! What frenzied agony!
What wild desire, from that huge wreck to flee!
But where? No refuge offers:—no glad sail
Bears down—to hush, that soul-distracting wail.
Death—in a form from which the mind recoils,
Hastes to encircle them within its toils!
Six hundred souls, upon the burning wreck,
Group in their anguish on the crowded deck;
Whilst faster spread the flames, as human life
Becomes the object of the burning strife!
Jew seeks the Jew—to pray, as Israel prays;
Papists—invoke the saints of other days;
And many creeds now, humbly bend in pray'r—
Mercy implore, and all—for death prepare!
Some few are calm, amid this awful scene;
They know that “God is love,” in *Jesus* seen:
They yield their weary spirits to His care,
In trembling accents of *believing* prayer.
The burning ship grows hotter to the tread;
And hotter grows the aching, burning head.
Hundreds there are upon that burning deck
Seeking deliv'rance from the fearful wreck;
They find it—in the waste of waters round,
And frequent is the splashing—burial sound!
Of all that ship's vast number, few are sav'd:—
Scarce sixty 'scaped that death, and wat'ry grave!
Oh! what must be the horror, when the sea
Becomes a refuge in man's misery?
Roll on, dread Ocean; life and death to thee
Are one,—thou great unsympathizing sea.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

WRITTEN FOR 1859.

 HAPPY New Year to the Queen on the Throne,
Whose rule the far Indies triumphantly own ;
A happy new year to the mother and wife—
To the monarch at home, in her womanly life.

A happy new year to the peasant and peer,
In their broad outer life—in their inward, more dear ;
A happy new year to the Senate at large ;
To the brave working band who hold commerce in charge.


A happy new year to the teacher who toils,
To the student, rejoicing in Learning's rich spoils ;
To the author, whose writings are worthy of fame,
And to all those who print and publish the same.

A happy new year to the leaders of journals,
To soldiers and sailors—to captains and colonels ;—
To all who protect Old England from harm,
By the force of their valour when foes would alarm.

A happy new year to fathers and mothers—
To sons and to daughters—to sisters and brothers ;
A happy new year to all "sorts and conditions ;"
Our greeting must come without any omissions.

FABLE.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.—*Translated from the French.*

N the branch of a tree, a cunning old Cock
Stood as sentinel, guarding the general stock ;
A sharper, too, was this funny old bird—
Right wary and watchful of all that stirr'd.
A Fox drew near, and soft'ning his voice,
Said—Brother, strife's ended, with me rejoice ;

There's a general peace, which I'm to proclaim—
Come down from the tree, t'embrace you I'd fain.
Oh hinder me not, I can ill delay,
I've yet twenty places to go to to-day.
Without fear you may all to your business attend,
We'll serve you as brethren to this very end.
In the evening with joy we'll celebrate this—
However, come *now* for a fraternal kiss;
The kiss of my love, dear brother, receive,
And the truth of my faith and affection believe.
My friend, said the cock, no pleasanter news
Could come to my ear, than your most welcome truths;
Better news than this peace I never could learn,
Which I'm doubly rejoic'd to hear *you* affirm—
But, yonder, I see two greyhounds appear:
With full speed they come, as messengers here,
I'm sure, to convey these glad tidings they haste—
They'll be here in a minute, so swift is their pace!
I *come*, friend, as you wish, and thus altogether,
Bound by this peace, we'll embrace one another:
I joy that an end is put to all feud,
And gladly acknowledge our sweet brotherhood.
Farewell, said the fox, I must go—I'm in haste;
A long journey's before me, my time runs to waste,
I'll come again soon, to rejoice in the peace—
Success in this business is sure to increase!
Saying thus, the brisk fellow drew on his spurs,
And gladly made off for fear of the curs,
Much vex'd that his scheme of artifice fail'd,
Whilst cowardly feeling his spirit assail'd.
Our old cock, in himself, laugh'd at his fear,
As the fox trotted off in a manner so queer;
Whilst delighted at this, he was doubly pleas'd
That he'd thus the wily deceiver deceived.

THE LABOURER AND HIS CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.



RICH Labourer, finding his end drawing near,
Round his dying bed gather'd his children dear;
Without witnesses, thus he earnestly said,
Sell not the inheritance, sons, when I'm dead.

Be assur'd that a treasure, though I know not where,
Is, far down 'neath the surface, hidden somewhere;
But courage, my children, seek on till you find,
You're sure of the riches I thus leave behind.

The labourer dies—the sons plough, work and toil;
At their father's injunction, they turn up the soil—
The field they dig over—here, there, everywhere
They seek for the treasure with diligent care.

At the end of the year, their inheritance brought
A far better crop than was wont to be sought;
Money there was not—no treasure was hidden;
They'd labour'd and work'd, as their father had bidden,—

And thus prov'd his wisdom;—the father was wise,
The truth which he taught them is plain to our eyes!
That *work is the treasure*, the labourer knew;—
The *sons*, they have *prov'd* that this maxim is true!

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

 FROM THE FRENCH.

MASTER Crow perch'd on a tree,
 In his beak held a cheese with glee;
 Its odour so enticing, drew
 A wily Reynard forth to view.
 Quoth the sly fox, 'Sir Crow, to me
 Your looks are dazzling to see,
 You're beautiful—without a lie,
 None in the woods with you can vie.
 Sir, if your warbling doth agree
 With your plumage glitt'ring through the tree,
 Phoenix of songsters then are you,
 A most enchanting bird to view.'
 The Crow at this, elated—vain,
 His heart-felt joy could ill contain;
 At once, to show his charming voice,
 His gushing notes, so full and choice,
 He op'd his beak—let fall his prey,
 And far beneath the rich cheese lay.
 The Fox caught up the prize, and said
 'Learn my good sir, by flatt'ry led,
 That flatt'ers live at the expense
 Of those like you, devoid of sense.
 This lesson's worth a cheese, no doubt,
 So henceforth mind what you're about.'
 The Crow at this—confus'd, asham'd—
 Declar'd that he was justly blam'd,
 And vow'd, a little late indeed
 That he no more would be deceiv'd.

THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AS the Rose one day on the Violet look'd
To censure her sister, she liberty took—
She said, 'To my mind you're far too discreet
To hide 'neath that foliage your beauty so sweet;
No eye marks your charms in that lowly abode,
Your pleasure's alone to obscurity ow'd,
Believe me, I follow a diff'rent system,
Its pleasing results show forth its wisdom;
I hide not myself in some humble retreat,
But the broad light of day with rapture I greet;
I show to admirers my beauty and grace,
And find that all love me for charms I ne'er waste;
Each pays me the court, which to you is denied
In that deep leafy gloom in which you abide.'
The Violet replied, 'All you say may be true,
But, if I've less honour and worship than you,
At least I'm more safe in my quiet retreat
Than where the bold gaze of admirers you meet.
In my secret abode I brave the cold blast,
The cruel north wind, which brings ruin so fast;
With you, my fair sister, the case differs far,
Your charms, so resplendent, most dangerous are;
Your beauty exposes you often to harm,
If insects destroy not its bloom and its charm;
Your ravishing loveliness cannot outbrave
The north wind, whose pity 'twere madness to crave;
In his blast the flush of your beauty will flee,
Yes, ere the eye twinkles, disfigured you'll be.
As the Violet sought thus in warning to speak,
A high wind was heard in wild fury to break

On all that resisted its onward career,
 Thus spreading confusion, and terror, and fear.
 The Rose tried in vain to resist its foul rage,
 Its war all uncheck'd, it delighted to wage;
 Nought could save from the blast that beautiful flow'r,
 'Twas wither'd, 'twas crush'd in the storm's fearful hour.
 No fury could reach in her lowly retreat
 Her sister, the Violet, modest and sweet—
 She, safe from the wind, and fierce raging storm,
 Preserv'd all her freshness and beauty from harm.

M O R A L .

Shun vanity,—learn from the fate of the Rose
 That there's safety alone in lowly repose;
 Great danger attends the desire for display—
 Full often it leads its possessors astray.

T H O U G H T S

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW FROM THE ZIGZAG PATH,
 WESTWARD HO!

FROM the height, perchance, brave Odun,
 In the misty days of yore,
 Saw the fierce invading foeman,
 Land upon the northern shore,*

Stand we, musing on the changes
 Time has wrought in human things,
 Now a Dane's most noble daughter
 To old England's scion clings.

* The Danes were routed with great slaughter. ODUN, Earl of Devonshire, took with his own hand the Danish standard, with the figure of a raven worked in it by the sisters of Hubba, which was supposed to contain a magical virtue.

O'er a scene of varied beauty
Gaze we forth with loving eye;
Not to us can foreign landscape
With this gem of Devon vie!

Glorious sets the sun at even;
Westward Ho! by magic rare,
Changes to a massive crystal,
Lustrous in the sunlight fair!

Westward Ho! the name reminds us
Of a Tudor's golden reign,
When Devon sent her seamen
To the far-off Spanish main.

Many were the lion-hearted
Gallant sons of Bideford,
Who, for love of Queen and country
Triumph'd over fire and sword.

Warlike Rollo's brave descendants
Trod the soil which now we tread;
Granvilles* many follow'd whither
Loyalty or duty led.

* The illustrious family of GRANVILLE was for more than five hundred years possessed of the Lordship of Bideford. As few families in the kingdom can boast of such an instance of perpetuity, so fewer have been distinguished by an equal number of characters rendered glorious by loyalty, bravery, and the other great patriotic virtues. The first residence of this family in England, according to our best antiquaries, was at Bideford.

Raleigh, with the famed Sir Richard
 Joined his fortune, and they found
 Carolina and Virginia
 Whilst on brave adventures bound.*

Bideford to KINGSLEY oweth
 Praises richly lavish'd now,
 For the crafts are few she sendeth
 O'er the mighty deep to plough.

“MAES GARMON.”

IN the times of Brychan Brecheiniog, while “the Bishops Saint German and Lupis were busily engaged in the ceremony of baptising an immense multitude in the river Alyn”—situated about a mile west of the town of Mold—“they were suddenly surprised by the appearance of a host of pagan Picts and Saxons in the gap, or mountain pass, immediately above them, sword in hand, and thirsting for blood. The Britons, being mostly unarmed—little expecting such intruders—might soon have become their victims, but for the singular presence of mind evinced by the venerable St. German. He briefly addressed them, and checked their alarm, by an assurance of Divine protection, provided they followed his instructions. He desired them to fall upon their knees in prayer, and remain so immovably, and in utter silence, till he gave a certain word on the approach of the foe, which they were to repeat, and rush upon them at the same instant.” This celebrated battle has been called the Victoria Alleluiatica.

KNEEL, ye warriors all,
 Kneel, ye baptiséd.

*The principal part of foreign commerce that Bideford was ever engaged in was to Maryland and Virginia, for tobacco. Some of its chief merchants had very extensive possessions in these provinces. Its connections with New England were also very considerable; there was a town there called Bideford, no doubt from its founders being principally emigrants from the place; and the well-known Puritanism of the ancient inhabitants confirms this opinion.

Low on their knees they fall,
Fall the surpriséd.

“Silence,” St. German cries,
“Hither the pagan hies;
Pray, ye baptiséd.”

Onward the pagan speeds,
Blood-thirst enragéd.
Solemn and silent all,
Kneel the baptiséd.
Theirs but to wait the word—
Shout, then unsheath the sword,
All the provided.

Close come the pagan crowd,
Madly deluded,
Dreaming of victory,
Flight all precluded.
Dash they across the stream?
Forward with hellish mien—
On the baptiséd?

Hush'd is the clang of arms!
All are transfixéd!
Forth goes the battle-cry—
“Shout, ye baptiséd!”
Loud Hallelujahs ring—
Angels on golden string
Aid the baptiséd!

Swells yet the chorus grand
From the baptiséd;
Pagans astounded fly—
Fly all surpriséd!
Panic and terror spread,
Great is the number dead—
Sav'd the baptiséd!

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

PRINCE of England's noontide glory—
 Worthy Consort of our QUEEN,
 Thou hast well fulfill'd thy mission—
 Prince-like, have thine actions been!

Few, in thy exalted station,
 Are so truly mourn'd and wept;
 England's mighty heart is bleeding—
 England is, indeed bereft!

All her best and highest int'rests,
 Best and highest were to thee;
 Not—henceforth, as war's proud hero,
 Wilt thou live in history:

No! as choice and loving patron
 Of the Arts to England dear—
 As *Victoria's* honour'd husband,
 Thou wilt in the roll appear!

All regret thee, princely ALBERT,—
 Mourn, that thou so soon art gone;
 But, the sorrow most refinéd
 Fills the heart upon the Throne!

Yes, our kind and gracious monarch,
 Is as queenly in her grief
 As she is in power and station;
 God alone can give relief.

May the MIGHTIEST calm her spirit,
 Give her meekly to endure;
 And may Wisdom, all her CHILDREN
 Into paths of peace allure.

The place that has known thee will know thee no more;—
 Our meetings and partings for ever are o'er;
 But memory keeps thee all safely enshrin'd,
 Thy looks and fond words round my heart are entwin'd.

I have lov'd thee, my mother, most truly and well—
 More deeply than any expression can tell,
 But, I bow to the will of Him who knew best
 When to loosen the cord, and take thee to rest.

Though my heart bleeds with anguish, I trust in my God,
 And question my soul, why this chastening rod?
 I have lessons to learn, from this trial so deep,
 The waves not in vain o'er my spirit may sweep.

My Mother, God gave thee—he took thee when best,
 Thy spirit, so gentle, has pass'd to its rest;
 Then hush, my fond heart, repose in that love
 Which is true and unfailing, all other above.

THE PEOPLE IMAGINE A VAIN THING.

“THE kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.”—PSALM ii. 2, 3.

THE wicked hate God's cords and bands,
 His righteous laws, His just commands;
 Impatient of His wise decrees
 They seek their own vile lusts to please.
 A knot of old, by GORDIUS tied
 Men to unravel vainly tried,
 Till scornfully a hero stood,
 And in his daring said he would;

Great ALEXANDER drew his blade,
 And snapped what curious hands had made.
 'Tis thus with God's restraints of grace,
 Men break them with a shameless face,
 They burst the cords, they burst the bands,
 Against the Mightiest lift their hands;
 But, He whose power nor earth nor hell
 Can e'er its dread outgoing quell,
 Will drive them like the chaff away,
 None dare his vengeful fury stay.

L I N E S

Addressed to Mrs. P***, Newport, Monmouthshire, on the death of Captain P., who, with the whole of his crew, sank in a boat off Gloucester, February, 1860.

"And he said, Is it well with thy husband? And she answered, It is well."—2 KINGS, iv. 26.

YES, "it is well!" our friend is with the Lord,
 Whose name his heart with holy love ador'd;
 He pass'd away with Jesus in his view,
 Who Death—by dying for the sinner—slew!
 We fain would *see* our lov'd ones fall asleep,
 And hear their parting words—though few and weak;
 But God knows best, we must not doubt his love,
 Though the wild sea our last—best prop, remove.
 "All things are ours," who trust a Saviour's grace,
 Nor height, nor depth, can change our resting place;—
 'Tis not in peril, nakedness, or sword
 To sever us from our exalted Lord,
 We mourn our loss, and weep—e'en "*Jesus wept*,"
 When he beheld the place where Lazarus slept:
 Not without hope, we sorrow;—those who sleep
 In Christ their Saviour, He Himself will keep!

And "they shall rise again,"—we soon shall see
 The harvest home of God's own family!
 Our brother *rests*:—his mission now is done;
 He lov'd to speak of Christ—the Eternal Son,
 Who left His Father's bosom, here to be
 The sinner's Substitute upon the tree.
 And those who sank, with him, beneath the wave,
 Had heard him speak of Jesus' power to save—
 Had listen'd to his voice at daily prayer,
 When he implor'd for them God's gracious care;
 And, may have found a shelter from their woe,
 Within that Stricken Rock whence blessings flow.
 They may have look'd on Him who bled and died,
 With faith—like those by fiery serpents tried.
 We limit not God's mercy;—but we say,
 Flee, sinner, from the wrath, whilst yet you may—
 Haste, to the Saviour—who will give you rest,
 And with our brother—be, for ever blest!

 TO A FRIEND ON A SUNDAY BIRTHDAY.

THIS day the resurrection,
 Blends with my thought of thee,
 Oh! what a glorious birthday,
 Will that fair morning be.

The seed sown in corruption
 Will spring to endless bloom,
 The living will be changéd
 To drop for aye earth's gloom.

Our *Jesus*, as the first fruits,
 Has pass'd to God's right hand,
 We wait the shout to raise us
 To our Immanuel's land.

SPEAK KIND WORDS
AND YOU WILL HEAR KIND ECHOES!

OH speak kind words, oh speak kind words, be ever kind
and true,
And echo will send back kind words a goodly store for you;
Enough of evil lurks around—care, sorrow, often lie
Too deep for utt'rance in the heart that's never heard to sigh.
Then ever speak the word that's kind—for such if often spoken,
Perchance may soothe some wounded soul, who'll bless the
healing token.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

In RAMSGATE Churchyard there is an earth-dug Grave, marked by
a simple headstone, thus inscribed:—

HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF H. L. T. TONNA,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON THE 12TH OF JULY, 1846,
Looking unto Jesus.

SWEET woman—sweet saint, she is gone to her rest,
The home of her spirit—the home of the blest;
The glad arches of Heaven's high palace did ring
With the joy of the welcome that usher'd her in.

Unknowing—unknown, it is not hers to stand
'Mid the ranks of the ransom'd, the blood-redeem'd band:
Full many who shine so resplendently bright,
Are her crowns of rejoicing, her joy, her delight.

She look'd unto *Jesus*—she trusted in Him,
When battling with error—with priestcraft—with sin;
She strove for the faith that to martyrs was given—
The faith that has guided a Luther to heaven.

No Popish allurements, no policy drew
Her feet from the God-chosen path that she knew;
She has fought in the fight, she has run in the race,
She has conquer'd—has triumph'd, through sovereign grace.

TO

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR Friend, were I a poet that could say
 Those pleasing nothings in a pleasant way,
 About "returns" and "healths"—those charming things
 Which custom, on one's birthday, often brings;
 I know *you'd* scarcely deign to read them o'er,
 But call them childish *nonsense*, nothing more.
 Now, as our hearts incline to words of Truth,
 I'll bring a portion, from the Book of RUTH:—
 "The LORD be with you," on this happy day;
 And may "God bless thee" through life's dang'rous way.
 May He, who rides upon the heavens, be
 Thy "Shield of Help"—thy Sword of Excellency!
 "Oh, satisfied with favour" may'st thou go,
 Full with God's blessing, to the haunts of woe.
 May all the precious things of which we read,
 The precious things by God alone bequeath'd—
 The precious things of lasting hill and heav'n—
 Yea, *all* God's blessings unto thee be giv'n;
 May He accept the service of thine hands,
 And thy obedience to His last commands.
 "In blessing He *will* bless," who rideth high
 Upon the heaven—for help, upon the sky.
 Will not that God, who gave His Son to die,
All needful good unto His saints supply?
 The promise says, He will; I trust his care,
 And now, with confidence, put up my pray'r—
 That these my wishes, on thy natal day,
 The Lord will grant thee through thy future way.
 And that thy days on earth may lengthen'd be—
 For those whose joy it is thy face to see,
 To hear thee speak those words of life and hope
 Which holy prophets and apostles spoke;
 To hold with thee sweet fellowship and pray'r,
 And greet thee, whether smile or sigh to share.

ON THE DEATH OF MY BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,
WHO SLEPT IN JESUS, NOV. 9TH, 1861, AGED 93.



SHOCK of corn full ripe, dear one, wert thou,
And we rejoice to think thou'rt garner'd now,
Safe from all coming storms of strife or ill,
In that rich storehouse, love will shortly fill.

We saw thee ripen for thy blissful change,
And mark'd how far from earth thy spirit's range,
And bless'd the hope that cheer'd thy pilgrim way
Whilst burden'd with a crumbling house of clay.

Oh! thou didst long to see thy Saviour God,
Who once for thee this weary desert trod,
Who lov'd thee unto blood, and for thee died,
Whose glorious name be ever magnified.

What savour'd not of Christ thou didst not love,
Thy heart was with thy treasure, earth above,
Which dearer grew as days and years roll'd by,
Laid up in heav'n, yet nigh thee—ever nigh.

We watch'd, beloved, by thy couch of pain,
As life ebb'd slowly to the eternal main,
And saw how eagerly thy list'ning ear
Caught the glad sound of Jesus' name so dear.

The words, "no condemnation" unto those in Him,
Woke up thy pow'rs, and lit thine eyes grown dim;
God's blessed truth came to thy soul so clear,
That in death's thick'ning gloom thou hadst no fear.

Thy course is finish'd now—thy race is run,
And all thy endless happiness begun;
Thanks to the love of Him who came to save,
Death had no sting, no victory the grave.

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS!

“THE preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the *power* of God. God hath made foolish *the wisdom of this world*. The Greeks seek after wisdom. We preach Christ crucified. Christ the *power* of God, and the *wisdom* of God.”—1 CORINTHIANS, i. 18, 20, 22, 23, 24.

TALK not of ancient lore, or classic fame,
 For GRECIA's glory's but an empty name.
 What knew proud Athens of true wisdom's ways,
 When to th' "*unknown God*" she offer'd praise?
 Or what the Greek—who sigh'd o'er PLATO's bier,
 Wat'ring his "*starry mem'ry*" with a tear?
 No Pagan lore can charm the Christian mind,
 Its themes are higher—of a nobler kind
 Than toga'd sage or Roman poet taught—
 With God-like wisdom and instruction fraught.
 SAPPHO and VIRGIL, names well known in song—
 Classics and Learning, that to schools belong:
 With faith so false, we brand their proud conceit,
 Heathen philosophy, and vain deceit.*
 ITALIA's beauty wears the stamp of death,
 Exhaling poison from her perfum'd breath;—
 A worse *malaria* than Campagna knows,
 Breathes o'er the classic land—her moral woes!
 Little they knew—who worshipp'd idols vain,
 The way of happiness and truth to gain.
 PAUL, on Mars-hill, proclaim'd the Wise and True—
 The God they blindly worshipp'd,—Him, he knew.
 He show'd what wisdom in the cross appears—
 How rich faith's harvest in this vale of tears.

*“Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.”—COLOSSIANS ii. 8.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who giveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.”—Ps. ciii. 2, 3.

“The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.”—JAMES v. 15.

IN the pretty and thoroughly Swiss hamlet of Mäunedorf lived DOROTHEA TRUDEL, a quiet, happy, modest christian. She was a worker in flowers, and had workers under her. A sickness breaking out amongst her work-people, which resisted all treatment, she was driven to earnest prayer and careful consideration of the Scriptures. It was during this period that, like a sudden light, she says, the well-known passage from the Epistle of JAMES v. 14, 15, flashed upon her. If medical skill was unavailing, was there not prayer? There was a time when healing power went forth directly; might it not be put forth directly still? The Doctors were at fault, but was not faith in God, perhaps, more at fault? Agitated by these questions she sought help in prayer; and then kneeling by the bedsides of these sick people, she prayed for them. They recovered, and the thought that at first had startled her, became now the settled conviction of her life. A sickness broke out in the village, and where it did break out, her help, tenderness, and christian teaching were rarely absent. She sought the recovery of the patients in answer to prayer alone. Many got better, and as the rumour spread, persons from the neighbourhood came or sent, and her leisure was fully occupied. At last, with much reluctance, she was induced to receive persons into her house. By degrees the one house grew into three, and her days were spent in superintendence and constant prayer. Patients came from France, Germany, and even Great Britain; there came to be, in fact, a hospital at Mäunedorf.

NEAR the far off Lake of Zurich,
 DOROTHEA TRUDEL dwelt,
 And the mighty power of healing,
 Many through her influence felt.

Not by surgery or physic
 Were the sufferers restor'd,
 Mercy, through the Saviour's merits,
 Was in faith for them implored.

Dorothea's high communion

With the Source of Life and Love,
Brought the blessing that she sought for,
And God's gracious promise prov'd.

Strong in faith, upon her Father

She relied with childlike trust,
And the sick who came for healing
Warn'd to flee from sin and lust.

No presumption mingled ever

With the prayer so unctuous, pure,
Which, but as the means of medicine
Sought for life, and health, and cure,

Learned men and doctors tested

What they thought a magic art,
But the Spirit's power convinced them—
Bade them in God's peace depart.

All her labours now are ended,

Supplications, watchings, prayers,
And her glad untrammelled spirit
All the bliss of glory shares.

Blesséd are the dead who die

In the Lord, for ever bless'd ;
Works of faith and patience follow
The redeem'd who sweetly rest.

Dorothea was a pattern

To the hearers of the word,
Simple, childlike, prayerful, trusting,
God's own voice by faith she heard.

From her mother's sweet example
 She had learnt to trust her God;
Under deep and pressing sorrow
 Life's rough way that mother trod.

But, through faith she triumph'd o'er it,
 And abundant grace received;
Thus her lov'd and loving children
 Knew God's help in time of need.

That her God could cure by physis
 Dorothea knew full well,
But, her soul so steep'd in glory
 Upward soar'd, her Lord to tell.

Of the sorrows and the suff'rings,
 Of the sickness all around,
Prayer was more direct than physis,
 And her faith its answer found.

Scatter'd here and there the chosen,
 Faithful servants of the Lord,
Cleaving closely to their Master,
 Take the letter of the word.

And the Lord from heaven hearkens,
 Answers e'en before they call;
Prompt in blessing is our Father,
 Rich in mercy unto all.

THE FLOOD.

FAIR was the morn, and calm the scene,
When Noah laid his ark's first beam;
Simply confiding in his God,
He lightly o'er the doom'd earth trod;
Undaunted by the mocking jest,
He onward in his work progress'd;
The scoff, the sneer, the idle word
Was never felt—was scarcely heard;
The taunts of young and old around
Naught could effect, he stood his ground:
Some blam'd, while others only shook
The head—they scorn'd the pains he took;
A Flood! and so the laugh went round,
A Flood! there's madness in the sound;
The workmen, as they knock'd away,
Declar'd 'twas folly, but he'd pay;
The man, said they, is crazy gone—
Or an old fool at length become.
The thing is now no longer new,
Amazement's spent, and very few
Incline their steps, or wend their way
To where the building grows each day:
It rises fast—the work is done;
'Twas God's behest—the brilliant sun,
Shines an approval on the day,
When axe and hammer down they lay.
A sight now meets the astonish'd gaze
Of those who really are amaz'd;—
Into the ark by two and two
Go bird and beast, and reptile too;


They wonder—marvel, well they may,
They speak, yet scarce know what they say.
Once more the ark becomes the talk,
Some, e'en with serious faces walk ;
But troubled feelings pass away,
Again they mock—again, are gay ;
A glorious morn ! the sun shines forth,
And glitters on the verdant earth ;
The insects' hum is heard around,
The birds pour forth a joyous sound,
As, trusting in the righteous word,
Which he had from Jehovah heard ;
The patriarch bids the world adieu,
The ark he shuts from public view ;
Then, kneels with grateful heart in pray'r,
And on Jehovah casts his care.
To-day succeeds a lovely night,
The stars shed forth their lustrous light
As, studding heaven's blue arch above,
They whisper thoughts of peace and love.
Again the sun, in eastern sky,
Bids the night shadows quickly fly,
And 'neath the trees at noon recline
Luxurious men, well fill'd with wine.
Day after day, appears the same ;
In Noah's heart, still burns the flame
Of holy love ; he trusts God still,
Knowing, obeys Jehovah's will !
At length, a gentle shower falls,
It gladdens men, and not appals.
The farmer speaks of thirsty land,
Getting of late like arid sand.
It pleases well ; at length men say
The rain increases ev'ry day,

'Tis hurtsome now—the crops will fail,
At thought of this they all bewail.
Day after day, the storm is found
Clearing from off the lowland ground—
Houses and human beings too,
As mountain torrent dashes through.
The frenzied mother lifts her babe
Above her head, its life to save,
But babe and mother float on—on,—
They disappear—they sink—are gone!
Men in the city fear no harm—
It wont reach them,—there's no alarm,
They shut their doors upon the storm,
And many a plan of pleasure form;
They strive, whilst they remain within,
To crowd their catalogue of sin,
At length, amid the festive scene,
They hear a sound—a sound, I ween,
Which makes the stoutest cheek turn pale,
As young and old repeat the tale.
The noise—they hear it nearer come,
And soon the waves rush close along.
What! in the city, hear the sound
Of billows dashing all around!
The strongest seek the mountain top,
Hoping to share a happier lot,
But naught avails—on higher ground
They see the waters rise around.
They higher, and yet higher rise,
Before their horror-stricken eyes!
All hope is o'er—the waters play
Around them—soon, they're swept away!
The billows beat, the surges roar,—
They beat and rage as ne'er before;

Ocean meets ocean ; with a bound,
The billows meet—a mighty sound.
Water, on every side is seen,
The human race! How like a dream!
Where are they? None can now be found,
There's naught but water—'neath, around,
The ark? behold it float along,
In majesty—in safety strong,
Borne up by that All-powerful Hand
Which elements could not withstand.
A mighty wind, at length, God sends;
The helmless, helpless thing still bends
Its onward course, braving the storm;
Braving e'en danger's fiercest form.
At last, it reaches mountain top—
High Ararat, a lofty spot;
Its work is done—it now may rest,
Since God its mission thus has bless'd.
And here, the patriarch sends forth
A raven;—he would know if earth
Is fit for the abode of man:
It ne'er returns—the carcase can
Supply the food that will sustain;
It comes not to the ark again.
The patriarch next sends forth a dove,
Emblem of gentleness and love;
It soon returns, with fluttered breast,
Bearing an olive leaf—to rest.
He waits a little longer, then
Sends forth the gentle dove again,
It comes no more; so well he knows,
Nature has sunk in calm repose.
He lifts the covering, to his view
The earth is dry, then forth he drew,

At God's command, all living things,—
 The cattle, beast, and bird that sings,
 But oh! how chang'd the scene appears,
 Methinks it seem'd the wreck of years.
 No verdant earth, no gentle flowers
 To scent the breeze of evening hours.
 He now must labour; first, he builds
 An altar to his God; then, yields
 His grateful sacrifice, his prayer,
 And offers his burnt off'rings there.
 Jehovah smells a savour sweet,
 Type of a sacrifice more meet,
 And forth He sets His signet ring—
 The rainbow, which the rain-drops bring,
 In the wide arch of heaven above—
 And seals His covenant of love,
 Which, unto man, declares no more
 Will God a flood in vengeance pour.

 A N G E L S .

 NGELS—blest beings! Courts on High they tread,
 A liturgizing host; ever engag'd
 In active service, for Heaven's Majesty!
 Pure, bright, and holy—will they condescend
 To minister to man—fall'n, ruin'd man?
 O yes! They pity—yea, and even love
 Degraded—helpless—hell-deserving, man!
 At God's command—they haste, on heav'nly wing,
 To aid in moral conflict—protect, in
 Danger; comfort, in death; and,—Christian,
 When the vital spark, within thee, quits
 Thy mortal frame, the Angel bands of Heav'n
 Will lend their aid, to waft that spirit *home!*

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED FATHER.

“WE SORROW NOT AS THOSE WITHOUT HOPE.”

From his dying lips came the comforting assurance, “I’m going home.
Happy—happy. Peace—peace.”

THOU art gone to thy Home, thy fair home in glory,
Thy spirit hath reach’d the bright regions of light,
To recount in the house of thy Father the story,
Of all thy home-yearnings, e’re faith changed to sight.

Thou art gone to thy Home, where thy welcome was certain,
Where Jesus receiv’d thee with smile of delight,
Death came as a friend, and uplifted the curtain,
Revealing the glories, the raptures of sight.

Thou art gone to thy Home, thy Home of rare beauty,
Whose glories no finite conception can trace,
Where failings and sorrows no more can distress thee,
Thy rest is complete in that heavenly place.

THOUGHTS ON A NEW YEAR’S DAY.

QUICKLY flee the passing moments,
Days, and weeks, and months have gone
Swifter than a weaver’s shuttle,
Bearing all our actions on—

On to that great solemn future,
Where our lives will be declar’d,
Where each word, and deed, and purpose,
Will be disentangled, bar’d,

Where *ourselves* we shall discover,
Know, as we have never known,
See the links throughout our lifetime
And God’s perfect wisdom own.

“Life is real,” our fleeting years
On eternity are stamp’d,
Let us *live* then for the *future*,
By no base-born passion cramp’d.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

“ARE they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.”—HEB. i. 14.

HASTE, ye liturgizing host
 From your spheres in glory;
 List whereof we joy and boast,
 Love's eternal story!
 God the Father gave His Son,
 Christ the great salvation won,
 His be glory, His alone,
 Praises to the Holy One!

Haste, ye messengers of light,
 Ye of wing seraphic;
 Haste ye from your spheres so bright—
 Ministers angelic;
 Turn away the shafts of ill,
 Wing'd by unseen malice still;
 Ye who do Jehovah's will,
 Haste His mandates to fulfil.

Haste, ye ministers of love
 From the courts of glory,
 From the realms of bliss above,
 To this world sin-hoary.
 Lo! by faith's keen vision we
 Fiery chariots can see,
 Of the angel ministry,
 Round about us guardingly.

Haste, deäconizing host,
 Ever watchful spirits;
 We who prove Love's triumphs most,
 Hail your welcome visits!
 Christ exalted on the throne,
 Us has purchased as his own,
 Praises be to Him alone!
 Glory to the Holy One!

“HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.”

HOW sweet to feel our sorrows lost
 In Jesus' mighty woe,
 The suff'rings of the bitter cross
 Our hearts can never know.

His grief was ocean wide and deep,
 The billows o'er Him roll'd,
 Our sorrows over which we weep
 Are as a drop when told.

His spirit weary in the waste,
 By contradiction worn,
 Had, in His hour of death to taste
 Desertion, mock'ry, scorn.

To be the Rock on which we build,
 His soul was tempest toss'd;
 To be our Treasury grace fill'd,
 His own blood was the cost.

To be our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 He freely gave His life;
 He for His sheep unto the end,
 Endur'd the cruel strife.

Oh! may we better know the Cross,—
 The bleeding form it bore,
 Then will our hearts less trouble toss'd,
 His glorious name adore.

 P R U D E N C E .

 AN ACROSTIC.

P RUDENT be in all thy dealings;
 Regulate aright thy feelings;
 Undertake no work in haste;
 Deal with friend and foe in grace;
 Envy none their high estate;
 Nought but craft and meanness hate;
 Catch the moments as they fly—
 Excelsior thy motto high!

 CHRISTIAN LOVE.

“REJOICE with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.”—ROMANS xii. 15.

NOW sweet it is through changing scenes to feel
 That there are kindred souls who seek our weal,
 Rejoicing when there's ought to make us glad,
 And weeping when our hearts with grief are sad.

Christ gave a *new* commandment, and His life
 So worn with contradiction and with strife,
 Shows forth the holy and the gracious way
 His followers may that law of love obey.

IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION.

WE know that all the blood-bought throng who sing
 “Worthy,” to Him who is the Lamb and King,
 Do come from tribulation to their rest
 In blood-wash’d garments of salvation dress’d.
 Yes, Christ has said, Ye shall whilst here below,
 Have tribulation in this world of woe;
 But then he adds, *in Me* the weary find
 Rest for the soul, peace for the troubl’d mind.
 My peace I *give*, fear not the world’s rude sea,
 Mourn not its shatter’d barks, but look to *Me*,
 My word can calm the tempest in thy heart,
 And bid the surges from thy soul depart;
 The scene without may be most bleak and drear,
 But, trust in *Me*, my smile can banish fear.

TO S. RICHARDS, ESQ.

“AND they that be wise”—or teachers—“shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”—DANIEL.


BROTHER, we bless thee for thy fervent zeal,
 Thy soul’s deep longing for the sinner’s weal;

The young who hear thy voice from week to week,
Of all thy love*and care delight to speak.
There were who mourn'd when S——r pass'd away;
He lov'd the young, and for the young did pray,
They thought no other e'er again would be
So watchful of the rising race as he;
But thou art come to lead the youthful mind
Above the vanities which cheat and blind,
To Him who is the "Light of Life," who gave
His life in sacrifice the lost to save;
We gladly hail a teacher for the young
Who comes with words of kindness on his tongue,
Who, like his master, weeps o'er dying souls,
Whom Satan with his lying art controls.
Ah! did the young but heed the words of truth,
And give to God their hearts in early youth,
What joy their consecration would awake
In those who watch for souls for Jesus' sake.
Some have been led to cry, "My Father, guide
My wand'ring footsteps whilst I here abide;"
God's glory they begin with joy to trace
In gospel radiance on the Saviour's face.
Thy work, dear brother, is a work of love,
Go, labour on, thy record is above;
God knows thy heart, he knows thy service too,
And He will bless thy words with heav'nly dew.
The gay may trifle, and the careless smile,
The world and sense their fickle hearts beguile,
But never let them shake thy purpose high,
Though they may cause thy faithful heart to sigh.
God honours those who love to honour Him,
And thou, dear brother, many souls shalt win,
To be thy crown of glory in that day,
When all the former things are pass'd away.

"They that be wise" shall shine in Heav'n's light
 Above the lustre known to earthly sight,
 "They that turn souls to righteousness" shall be,
 As brilliant stars throughout eternity.
 I write not this to praise thee, but to cheer,
 For there are hours when gloomy thoughts are near;
 When unbelief, that vile, besetting sin,
 Troubles the soul that Satan ne'er can win.
 We pray that God may bless thee day by day,
 Until He takes thee to thy rest away;
 Go, labour on, thy toil will soon be o'er,
 And "joy" shall greet thee on Heaven's happy shore.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"TELL ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives many things twice
 over, but he never gives a mother more than once."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.


 MOTHER more than once we cannot have,
 And oh! the anguish when that mother dies—
 When the dear lips that ne'er breath'd aught but love
 Are clos'd for ever!—other friends may throng
 Our pathway—other love pour oil and wine
 Into the wounded spirit—other arms
 Shield and protect the object of their care;
 But never shall the weary mourner find
 In *earthly* love, in sister, brother, friend,
 Aught to compare with motherly affection.
 The love that lives in action, breathes in words,
 Glistens in tears—the deep, enduring, pure,
 Full rounded love a mother knows.

MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1865.

OH! I have miss'd thee sadly
Since thou wast call'd away,
The music of my spirit
On earth seems hush'd for aye.

Whene'er the name of Mother
Falls on my conscious ear,
It wakes my soul to anguish,
Mine, was so very dear.

Oft when my head was weary,
When sickness press'd me sore,
Thou, like an angel camest
The balm of *love* to pour.

When flush'd with hope and pleasure,
Thy heart has answer'd mine,
Its swellings-up of sympathy
Met ev'ry changing time.

Oh Mother! Mother! but for Him
Who says, "I'll never leave,"
This weary way-worn spirit
Would be bereft indeed.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

“WHAT is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

MATT. xvi. 26.

THE soldier seeks the battle-field—*for glory*;
Returns, the hero of a martial story:

FAME binds her laurels round the conqueror's brow,
And youth's wild dreams are fully answer'd, now!

What shall it profit?

The student toils through many an ancient tome,
And, as a scholar, to the world is known;
Men praise the learning that with Greece might vie:
Athens may perish; mind *can never* die.

What shall it profit?

A HILDEBRAND goes forth, intent to sway
The papal sceptre o'er each lordly way;
The goal is reach'd, e'en power can ask no more—
An old man triumphs—kneeling hosts adore!

What shall it profit?

The poet sweeps the lyre of classic song—
Vocation, born of far-fam'd Helicon;—
Soars to the height of Milton's cherish'd dreams—
Or seeks, with Danté, hell's infernal scenes.

What shall it profit?

The statesman labours oft in wordy strife,
And wears the feeble threads of human life;
A PITT aids England, in her path of glory—
And, lives a CHATHAM in historic story.

What shall it profit?

A HASTINGS toils in Eastern climes—his aim,
 The vaunted lands of Daylesford to gain;
 Plods on with anxious care, and wins the prize,—
 Anew the lordly halls and pillars rise.

What shall it profit?

ZENOBIA triumphs in the Syrian wild—
 Palmyra's glory, Fortune's favour'd child;—
 Queenly in beauty, as in regal state,
 Star of the Desert—noble, learned, great.

What shall it profit?

Warrior and statesman—scholar—poet—sage,
 And all the triflers of a later age,—
 List to the voice, which, from the gulf of years,
 Tells the false end of human hopes and fears.

What shall it profit?

CLIVE gain'd a peerage, and a conqueror's name—
 Vain glory *all*—at best, a tarnish'd fame:
 The warrior loath'd the world, and fled from life;
 But—who shall count the loss, the endless strife—

The soldier's profit?

HASTINGS and BYRON—fair ZENOBIA too,
 The bitter pangs of disappointment knew;
 Palmyra's glory mourn'd by Tiber's stream,
 But—who shall count the loss of life's long dream—

The worldling's profit?

A kingdom lost! Oh,—trifle of a day;
 A spirit lost! Who shall its anguish say?
 In hell's dread lake, no tidal current flows—
 No change, comes o'er the aspect of its woes—

The worldling's profit!

To know the Truth, that JESUS DIED—to SAVE!
 And for the blessings of Redemption crave,
 Is higher wisdom than LONGINUS knew,
 And brings the future glory forth to view!
 Eternal profit!

To be a soldier of the LIVING GOD!—
 A bard, to spread the Saviour's love abroad!—
 To be a pilgrim—and to bear the CROSS!—
 Is heavenly gain, though earth may count it loss—
 IS PROFIT.

CONSIDER JESUS.

“Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus; who was faithful.”—HEB. iii. 1, 2.

HOLY brethren, think of Jesus,
 Gift of God, of gifts most precious,
 Holy, loving, faithful, gracious;—
 Brethren, think of Him!

Think of Him with visage marréd,
 Him unrighteously abhorréd,
 Him to Pilate's judgment hurried;—
 Brethren, think of Him!

Son of God, yet Son of Mary,
 On his brow the shade of Calv'ry
 Ere he reach'd that mountain glory;—
 Brethren, think of Him!

Holy brethren, pause at Calv'ry,
 Ponder o'er redemption's hist'ry,
 God incarnate—wondrous myst'ry;—
 Brethren, think of Him!

Now within the veil He's enter'd,
 All our hopes in Him are centr'd,
 On the Lord our souls we've ventur'd;—
 Brethren, think of Him!

There with Calv'ry's scars upon Him;
 There with Glory's sunshine on Him;
 God the Father looks upon Him;—
 Brethren, think of Him!

Will He not come out to bless us?
 Brethren, He doth thus address us,
 "I come quickly!" Haste, Lord Jesus;—
 Brethren, look for Him.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

I SHALL be satisfied when I awake,
 And from me the chains of mortality shake;
 No longer a pilgrim, weary and lone,
 But rich in the joy and welcome of home.

I shall be satisfied, when "no more sea"
 Brings, in its rollings, sad changes—to me;
 When o'er my spirit no wavelet shall flow—
 Of sorrow, distress, temptation, or woe.

I shall be satisfied! Jesus will be
 Dearer to sight than by faith He's to me;
 True—I have known, the deep joy of His love,
 But, oh! the heart thrill!—the meeting above!

I shall be satisfied; darkness shall be
 Dispers'd, ne'er again to gather round me—
 The light of that day which sees me awake,
 Will naught of earth's change or nature partake.

I shall be satisfied! Mansions of peace,—
 Love, in that fulness which knows no decrease;—
 A body, made free from Death's withering blight—
 And, GOD AND THE LAMB, *my glory* and light!

THE HOLY CITY.

“AND he showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem—having the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.”—REV. xxi. 10, 11.

EARTH'S cities—so glorious to sense and to sight—
 Are powerless, to picture that City of Light;
 SIN, saps the foundation men think so secure—
 DEATH, works in the kingdoms;—they cannot endure!

What palace, but hath its surroundings of ill?
 Haunts—crimeful and dark—speak of misery, still;
 Towers there in its pride, towards heaven, spire or dome?
 At its base, lies a charnel-house—Death's fearful tomb.

All glory that's earth-born, hath in it decay—
 Like the flower of the field, it must soon pass away;
 What city of old, reach'd the height of its fame—
 And liv'd on to triumph in aught, save a name?

Here the tear-drops that fall, make e'en diamonds opaque,
And the brightest of gems all their lustre forsake;
There's no beauty so perfect, but speaks of the Fall—
But shows that corruption is working in all!

Creation groans heavily, waiting the day
When Judgment shall sweep its foul burden away—
When the glad stars of Morning rejoicing shall sing,
And new heavens and new earth shall exult in their King.

The redeem'd of the Lord shall walk in the light
Of a city by God made resplendently bright;
The nations of those who are saved shall be there,
And in its high glory shall each have a share.

The holy Jerusalem, lighted by Love—
By God and the Lamb, Light and Temple above;
The only *true* light too, of saints here below,
Shall all the full meaning of brilliancy know.

No stone in that city will cast any shade,
For glory and beauty the buildings are made;
E'en the streets are of gold, transparent as glass—
Each gate a fair pearl, more secure than earth's brass!

The foundations—so precious—are made to endure,
They're of jasper, and sapphire, and beryl so pure;
In the blaze of their light, no sin-spot is seen,
For the guilty ne'er come to Light's life-searching beam.

All precious, the stones in that city so fair—
Not jewels of earth with *their* light may compare;—
And those, who would gaze on such glory, must be
From the plague-spot of sin—from earth's leprosy, free!—

Must be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb which makes
 Which fits the foul soul for that region of light; [white—
 Which makes it transparent, and beautiful too—
 A jewel, the Lord may complacently view.

THAT THOU GIVEST THEM THEY GATHER.

PSALM civ. 28.

THE lion, that roars in the African wild—
 The lamb of our pastures, so gentle and mild,
 Gather their meat from the Giver of all,
 The portion they need, the great and the small.

The birds have their nests in the trees of the wood—
 They wait on the Lord, the Giver of "good;"
 He "opens His hand," they gather the store,
 Are fill'd by His bounty whom angels adore.

The wild goats, whose refuge is high on the hills,
 The Lord with His goodness continually fills;
 The conies, whose haunts are the rocks, gather too
 Their meat in due season, their want God foreknew.

The fowls, and the fishes, the beasts of the field,
 Naught of their own to each other can yield;
 What is giv'n they gather—they take at God's hand,
 The suitable portion their wants may demand.

The insect that crawls, God sustains ev'ry hour
 By the force of His love, the might of His pow'r;
 The meanest of creatures doth gather its food
 From the Giver of all—the Giver of good.

And man, in the pride of his wisdom and skill,
 Who thinks to achieve by the strength of his will,
 Can gather no more than God chooses to give—
 It is not by bread alone that we live.

By the word of the Lord, our portion is giv'n—
 Then, why should the heart with anguish be riv'n
 When the flock is cut off, and the herd from the stall?
 The hand of Jehovah worketh in all.

He knows all the need of creation at large—
 The beast and the bird, and man are his charge;—
 But those who in Jesus rely on His care,
 His love and protection peculiarly share.

They gather from Him, well-knowing that He
 Their wants, ere they feel them, can perfectly see;
 He gives just the good which the season demands,
 And earth's vast resources await His commands.

What *He* gives, *we* gather; how vain to repine!
 Let us wait on the Lord, "good" comes in His time:
 Though no fruit on the vine to *sight* may appear,
 To *faith* a rich vintage of blessing is near.

TO _____

"Love that which you may love for ever."

FOR ever, for ever! I've lov'd thee for ever!
 No change will my heart from thy memory sever;
 The deep waves of ocean our path may divide,
 But I've lov'd thee for ever, whate'er may betide.

“God is love!” and affection, worth having, must be
 As pure, as unselfish, as changeless as He;—
 Must take all its colour and tone from above,
 Where life is develop'd in fulness of love.

I shall love thee for ever! in weal or in woe!
 Be our path what it may in this valley below;
 I shall love thee for ever in yon sinless land,
 When full in the light of God's presence we stand!

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the
 evil days come not.”—ECCLESIASTES xii. 1.

SEEK the Lord in youth's glad morning,
 Seek Him in thy days of health;
 Soon, life's cares will burst upon thee,
 And decay sow seeds by stealth.

In the vale of years, oft vainly
 Come the words, “why will ye die?”
 On the couch of pain and sickness,
 Weary heads unconscious lie.

Now, whilst life is fresh within thee,
 Heed the loving Saviour's voice;
 Wait not, 'till thy locks are hoary,
 Making Him thy soul's glad choice.

When the head is hot with fever,
And the limbs are rack'd with pain—
Heart and flesh together failing,
Warning words oft come in vain.

E'en the Christian cannot gather
To his heart the words of truth,
In the time of pining sickness,
As in days of health and youth.

But the consciousness of safety
Moves his lips to breathe that Name,
Which avails with God the Father,
High in everlasting fame.

When the almond tree shall flourish,
When desire forsakes the heart,
When a worm shall be a burden,
Christ his soothing will impart.

Seek Him then, and seek Him early,
Give Him not the dregs of life;
Put thee on God's holy armour,
Battle in the Christian strife.

Fight against the foes within thee,
Fight against the world and sin;
Fight, till glory crowns the victory,
Christ has vanquish'd—thou must win.

KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS.

1 JOHN v. 21.

HE wisely wrote, who gave this solemn charge,
Because inspir'd by Him who knows us well.

How oft we lavish all our wealth of love
On beings whom we fondly think are true;
Our idols are of clay, we thought them gold,
Such as would stand the little tests of love;
They crumble 'neath our gaze.
We often mourn o'er disappointed hopes,
Because our hearts have clung to *ruin'd* things.
The lov'd disciple, who, on Jesus lean'd
In the remembrance of that living pow'r
Which made the love of Jesus so unlike
All other love, would have us cast aside
All idols from our path, and worship Him,
Who, in *Himself* is worthy, and whose love
No floods can drown, no waywardness estrange.

* * * * Happy they—

Who, in their *early search* for happiness,
Have found their all in Him.

H E A V E N .

HEAVEN is our Fatherland,
All glorious to behold;
A holy, holy, holy land,
With streets of shining gold!

Heaven is our Fatherland,
There dwells our Saviour God;
A holy, holy, holy land,
By angel footsteps trod.

Heaven is our Fatherland,
 The spirits blest are there;
 A holy, holy, holy land,
 We shall its glories share!

Heaven is our Fatherland,
 Its trees and flowers are fair;
 A holy, holy, holy land,
 We shall its pleasures share!

Heaven is our Fatherland,
 Sweet music fills the air;
 A holy, holy, holy land,
 We shall its praises share!

“JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND
 TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.”

HEB. xiii. 8.

PATRIARCHS looking through the long vista
 Of future ages, saw Messiah's day,
 They saw it, and were glad. The prophets too,
 Knew their Redeemer liv'd. The bleeding heart,
 The weary spirit, and the burden'd soul
 Find rest,—in Israel's Consolation.
 Unfailing is the Rock of David's trust,
 Loving his own, Christ loves them to the end.

W O R S H I P .

“HE BOWED HIS HEAD, AND GAVE UP THE GHOST.”

SAY, wouldst thou worship? Then, bend low thine heart—
 List, to the lesson these blest words impart:—

"He bow'd his head,"—in sweet obedience died;
 The work "is finish'd," the meek suff'rer cried!
 He always did the thing that pleaséd God,
 When o'er this barren waste—this earth, He trod.
 His life was worship; His last Act, the same—
 He glorified His God, His Father's name—
 From that obedience rose a savour sweet;—
 Say, wouldst thou worship? bring that off'ring meet:
 In spirit and in truth present thy pray'r,—
 That whole burnt sacrifice, by faith declare.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

"YE shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship
 the Father. God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship
 Him in spirit and in truth."—JOHN iv. 24.

SCOTLAND'S persecuted children—
 Covenanters, true and bold,—
 Like the "partridge on the mountain,"
 Hunted were, in days of old.

By the wayside, in the cottage,
 On the mist-encircled hill,
 They besought the Lord of Glory
 To make known His gracious will.

Worship, unto God ascended,
 Richly fraught with faith and truth—
 Spirit worship—pure and fervent,
 From the elder and the youth.

Solemn were the words of warning
 Utter'd, in JEHOVAH's name;
 Precious were the words of pardon,
 That to dying sinners came.

Persecution is a blessing,
 When it tests our faith and love—
 Takes us off from man entirely,
 Wings our thoughts to help above.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

YOU ask the news! Perhaps you do not know
 The wondrous story of the MAN OF WOE—
 A story never old, though years have fled
 Since He, a Conqu'ror, in His vict'ry bled!

Full many centuries ago, the news
 Came to an ancient people—known as Jews,—
 That there was born, in royal David's town,
 A Righteous Branch!—a Plant, of high renown!

An angel said, "Fear not!"—I bring you word
 Of Him your wond'ring ears may oft have heard,
 In deep old prophecy—A SAVIOUR's born
 In DAVID's House! Salvation's joyous horn!

The men, to whom these gladsome tidings came,
 Hasted to *Bethlehem* of DAVID's fame—
 There to behold JESUS!—the Son of God!
 Though—from the "Stem of JESSE"—call'd a "Rod."

These men were shepherds—caring for their sheep
 —Watching their steps in vale, on craggy steep,—
 A little shadow of the Shepherd King,
 Whose birth so joyously was usher'd in.

They saw the Babe in lowly manger laid—
 Yet as to *God* their grateful worship paid!
 'Twas *God*—as manifest in flesh—they prais'd!—
 Emanuel! Jesus—Ancient He of Days!

The Magi of the East, own'd Jesus LORD!
 And, at His feet their willing offerings pour'd;
 Old SIMEON too—and ANNA, bless'd the Babe—
 Who came, thus meekly, to redeem and save!

The Saviour's life, through Infancy and Youth,
 —In Manhood's prime—told this unvarying truth—
 That He to earth came but in death to give
That life to God, that e'en the dead might live!

It was a marvellous miracle of grace,
 That Christ should come of ADAM's ruin'd race—
 To pour, in sacrifice, His precious blood,
 And bear the rolling of God's wrathful flood.

Christ liv'd—to die!—He saw, in grass and flower,
 That death which pointed to His closing hour:
 His ev'ry word was *new*;—it breath'd of love—
 It told His mission from the throne above!

Oh! what *so new* as dying love, to save
 Rebellious souls from sinking, in the wave
 Of hell's dread fiery flood, where not a ray
 Of hope will speak the dawn of mercy's day.

Yes; Jesus lived, to teach that He must die!
He died, to raise the dead to bliss on high;
He lives, to intercede for those who share
His risen life—his ever watchful care.

Battles and heroes—kings, and learned men
May have their fame—but then, that fame must end;
The news of wondrous deeds, please—for an hour—
But o'er the life they can exert no power.

We've something ever new, who love the Lord
—Things new and old are in the written Word,—
And beautiful the story Grace can tell,
Of all the things that Jesus "hath done well."

And beautiful the feet of those who stand
As on the borders of the "Promis'd Land,"
And preach glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
And, of that Saviour's Sacrifice on earth.

Glad tidings of a rest for weary souls,
Where not a wave of grief or sorrow rolls;—
Glad tidings of a new-found land, where Death
Can never enter with his with'ring breath.

Such news as these, which on the life thus bear,
And every day a pleasing aspect wear,
Are worthy to be spread from shore to shore,
And cherish'd in our hearts for evermore.

THERE IS A PLACE BY ME.

“BEHOLD there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock.”
 Exodus xxxiii, 21.

FATHER! by Thee, there is a place,
 Where we with joy behold
 The touching wonders of Thy grace—
 Thy love and truth unfold.

Thou bid'st us stand upon the “Rock,”
 To see Thy Goodness pass;
 Not there can storm or earthquake shock—
 Or fearful Sinai blast.

The wind may rend the mountains nigh—
 The fire, burn out its rage;
 But, in that “place,” our fears shall fly,
 And praise our souls engage.

That place, is Christ!—that “Rock,” the Lord!
 What rest, and safety too,
 Father! for us, thou dost afford,
 When JESUS meets our view!

A place by Thee, where we may hear
 That still small voice of love,
 Which speaks, in accents soft and clear,
 Of watchful eyes above.

Thou tell'st us, too, that Thou wilt hide
 Our trembling souls from harm,
 Within the clift—our Jesus' side,
 And by His heart, so warm.

“A place by Thee,” our Father dear,
 Shall be our soul’s choice home ;
 Once on the “Rock,” why should we fear,
 Or ever wish to roam.

We see Thy goodness and Thy grace,
 And soon with joy shall view
 The brightest glories of thy face,
 And share those glories, too.

LIVING WATER.

“THEY shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for, the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”—REV. vii. 16, 17.

THESE words melt all my soul to tears of love,
 And joy, and gratitude—tears that refresh.
 “No more”—their music lingers o’er my heart,
 With holy charm. The time draws nigh, when I
 Shall thirst no more for any draught of earthly
 Satisfaction. This weary waste, this land
 Of drought and disappointment, soon shall be
 Remembered but to swell my note of praise,
 In that blest land where tears are all unknown,
 For the glad contrast to these “former things.”
Here the sad spirit thirsts. The aching heart
 Craves that which seems a satisfying thing ;
 Then follow tears and sighs, the noontide heat,
 The burning sun, that withers up the joy—

The dear delight. They thirst no more in heav'n,
 They hunger not. No tears bedim the eye
 That rests upon the Lamb—who leads, not to
 The brook that is deceitful,*—but, unto
 “Living fountains,” fast by Jehovah’s throne.
 The poet † wept, to read these touching words—
 He wept whene’er a voice which trembl’d with
 The pathos of the subject—read, that God
 E’en *God Himself*, shall wipe all tears away;
 And that the weary spirit, thirsting—here,
 Would thirst no more—would hunger not again.
 But, did the poet look upon this joy,
 The saint’s eternal portion—this blest state,
 As purchas’d by the blood of Him who leads
 Unto these living fountains? Did he know
 Wherefore they stand before the throne of God?
 That, ’tis because they’ve wash’d their robes in blood—
 The blood of Him who leads them, and who is
 Their satisfaction. We would not judge him;
 God is the Judge of the whole earth: He knows
 The secrets of all hearts—all secret springs.
 But, did the poet in his thirstings, thirst
 For living water? for that living joy,
 Which dries not up e’en in this desert world,
 But springs to life eternal in the soul?
 “That living water,” which the Son of God
 Gave to the erring woman, whom he met
 At Sychar’s well of old? To thirst not now
 Will be, to thirst for ever in the lake
 That burns with fire and brimstone—second death.
 Had Christ not shed His blood He’d never lead
 To “living fountains.” His redeeming love

* JOB vi. 15, 16, 17. † Burns.

Is heav'n's song; and, the glad thought that He
 In whom are all our springs of comfort here,
 Will be the Lamb, to lead us in that land
 Which knows no night of sorrow, nor of pain;
 Brings to the heart that "peace" of which they sang
 Who usher'd in goodwill to man on earth.

THE BLIND BOY WHO RECEIVED SIGHT.

THE Preacher,* 'neath an eastern sky,
 As blind men gather'd round,
 Told of a salve for sightless eyes—
 In God's rich storehouse found.

He spoke of one † who ne'er had seen
 The being dearest lov'd,
 Who'd never gaz'd on earth, so green—
 On azure heav'ns, above.

One scorn'd by those of Jewish race,
 Who thought that deeper sin
 Might in that poor blind man be trac'd
 Than dwelt themselves within.

They thought they saw—their souls were dark
 As Egypt's mighty gloom;
 They led the blind who would not hark
 To the blind soul's fearful doom.

But, *Jesus* found the sinning one,
 Though, not more sinful he
 Than the crowd the Saviour gaz'd upon,
 Who *said* that they could *see*.

* Mr. Bowden.

† JOHN 9.

He gave him sight, this man so blind—
 Blind, from his very birth;
 The Son of God was *ever* kind
 When on this sorrowing earth.

The man believ'd in Jesus' power,
 In Jesus' grace and love,
 And, in that glad and solemn hour,
 Beheld the Light above.

As thus the preacher, lovingly,
 Spoke of a Saviour's love—
 And how the sightless ones might see
 The Light of Life above;

A boy—just ten years old—drew near,
 Who watch'd two cows hard by,
 And, as the truth well'd up so clear,
 His heart for sight did sigh.

Lur'd by the sounds of love, he sat
 Down in the lowest place,—
 Upon a dunghill, by a wall,—
 To catch the words of grace.

Poor boy! he needed cheer so good—
 A *second outcast*, he—
 For, when e'en outcasts gave him food,
 They'd drop it scornfully.

As the rich store of grace was spread,
 God gave him sight to see,
 And—from that hour—the boy was led
 A worshipper to be!

He joy'd to tell, he once was blind—
 Groping through life, his way,
 Till Jesus, the Physician kind,
 Bade darkness flee away.

Forth to the villages he went,
 And told the tale—so true,
 That God, his blessed Son had sent.
 And JESUS held to view.

His views of Truth were clear and sweet—
Love was his constant theme;
 He joy'd to sit at Jesus' feet,
 And to be taught of Him.

On one Lord's-day, at breaking bread,
 Ezekiel's vision* came
 Fresh to his heart; in it, he read
 His precious Saviour's name.

The waters—which the prophet saw,
 As from God's house they came,
 Spoke, in their sweet increasing flow,
 His loving Jesus' name.

When first he saw the Love of God,
 They were but ankle deep;
 Then, as the stream did onward flow,
 They rose above his feet.

They reach'd unto his knees—and soon,
 The loins were circled round,
 Yet—still they rose—a godlike boon
 Love deep, without a bound:

* EZEKIEL xlvii. When Francis thus spoke, he had been in possession of the Old Testament but two months.

A river, which we cannot pass,
 Whose depths we cannot sound;
 We only know—that those who ask,
 Shall in this love abound.

This love, he said, is better far
 Than “fumes of nicest wine;”
 Oh! they are happiest, who are,
 In Christ, the Living Vine.

The Missionary joys to trace
 God’s wisdom, power, and love,—
 In leading FRANCIS by His grace,
 To Light and Life above.

CANTIQUE.

—
 FROM THE FRENCH.
 —

THOU who art the Almighty One,
 Yet willing our Brother to be,
 Reject not the prayer which a little child
 Thus feebly presents unto thee.

Do Thou, blessed Jesus, my Shepherd become,
 For danger is lurking around;
 To Thee, Lord, my weakness is perfectly known,—
 May thy love my protection be found.

Of Thy little flock O make me to be,
 Let Thy rod, let Thy staff be my stay,
 With this strong support no want shall I see,—
 Fear no ill through life’s perilous way.

Of my innocence people often times speak,
 But, full well *I know* that I've sinn'd,
 And my only hope is in Jesus, who seeks
 The sinner who'll come unto Him.

Deliver my soul from Satan and sin,
 A new heart and right spirit bestow;
 And near to the Fountain whence life's waters spring
 Guide my footsteps, Good Shepherd, below.

I know from thy word that the crafty wolf
 Will pursue me unceasingly here,
 But thy arms of love shall the timid lamb prove
 A sure refuge and rest ever near.

A CHILD'S CONFESSION.

"THE HAPPY IS GONE OUT OF MY HEART."

A little boy in America disobeyed and deceived his mother.—When he retired to rest he could not pray, the "multitude of his thoughts troubled him." Meeting the enquiring eye of his fond mother he could keep his guilty secret no longer, but cried out "Oh! mamma, the happy is gone out of my heart."

I'VE lost the happy from my heart,
 My sins, a grim array,
 Strange terror now to me impart,
 'Tis death to disobey.

I've lost the happy from my heart,
 My conscience is defil'd,
 Convictions sting has left its smart
 In me, a little child.

I've lost the happy from my heart;
You ask the reason why
Life's early joy should thus depart?—
I've seen the Saviour die!

I've lost the happy from my heart,
I've seen the Syrian thorn
Pierce His meek brow—while many a dart
Went deeper still of scorn.

I've lost the happy from my heart,
Since with the inner eye
I saw *my* sins perform their part
On tragic Calvary!

I've lost the happy from my heart,
For I have long delay'd
To love the Lord who bore my smart
When I so disobey'd.

I've lost the happy from my heart,
The old old careless joy;
From Calv'ry's Cross afresh I'll start
God's praise my glad employ.

I've lost the happy from my heart,
But oh! I grasp God's chain,
Love's golden links will never part
With Jesus, Heaven I gain.

I've found the happy in my heart;
God comforts all who mourn
For sin—which pierc'd with cruel smart
His well-belovéd Son.

“YE SEEK ME.”

JOHN xviii. 8.

OUR lov'd ones may be very dear,
 Yet, when we reach the close
 Of this our pilgrimage on earth,
 We *may* forget e'en those.

The pain, the wondrous change to come,
May overcharge the heart,—
 Leaving no room for thought of friends,
 From whom we soon must part.

Not so with Jesus, in His hour
 Of woe and deep distress,
 He thought of *those* who were His own,
 And thought to cheer and bless.

“Ye seek Me,” were His words to foes,
 Led by the traitor, where
 He knew the Lord did oft resort
 For quietude and pray'r.

“Ye seek Me,”—thoughtful words of love,
 “Let these then go their way;”
 Not anguish of Gethsamane
 Could Jesus' pity stay.

Loving His own, He lov'd them on
 'Till Calv'ry's woes were o'er,
 'Till the deep cup of wrath was drain'd,
 Which God for Him did pour.

“He lov'd His own unto the end”
 Of all their sojourn here,
 “E'en to the end I'm with you” still,—
 He gives *our* hearts to cheer.

THE LORD'S PORTION IS HIS PEOPLE.

DEUT. xxxii. 9—14.

THIS world is but a desert bleak and drear,
 Where spirits droop, and hearts oft sink with fear;
 A howling waste, where pits and snares abound,
 A land of drought, where sin's sharp thorns are found.

This world is but a desert, yet the place
 Where God unfolds the riches of His grace,
 Where He has "found" us faint with grief and woe,
 And bade our hearts rejoice His love to know.

Yes, through a desert land our journey lies
 To home, and rest, and glory in the skies;
 Why should we heed it, since 'tis ours to prove
 The power and wisdom of Jehovah's love?

Yes, in a desert land God's portion lies,
 His joy is not all garner'd in the skies;
 His fair inheritance, His people are,
 Wide scatter'd o'er the waste, in lands afar.

He leads them all about, though rough the way;
He knows the path in which we grope or stray,
He sees the light, behind the darkest cloud,
 'Tis for our blessing sorrows are allow'd.

We fondly think a paradise to find
 In some glad spot congenial to the mind,
 We wander on, and on, nor greet the bow'rs,
 Nor watch the blooming of their fadeless flow'rs.

And we may search this wild waste through and through,
 Nor find the paradise which fancy drew,
 There is but *one*, and that lies up on high,
 Above earth's tainted air, above the sky.

But, though no *paradise* this desert knows,
There is a joy which to the spirit flows,
Joy from His love who guides our pilgrim way,
And leads us on aright to endless day.

Yes, we have God to cheer us, and to be
As we are His, our portion rich and free,
Better to be upon the waste with Him
Than in a palace with earth's noblest king.

A choice companion makes the desert bloom,
An uncongenial gives a palace gloom,
With God's unchanging love our way to bless,
Let us rejoice, though in the wilderness.

God keeps us as the apple of His eye,
No step is strange to Him thus ever nigh,
And when our nest is stirr'd, He lets it be,
Too wise to err—He says, 'Tis good for thee.

Did I not suffer this 't would grow unclean,
Like as a cage of hateful birds is seen,
Though wicked hands have stirr'd it, not to thee
Shall be the loss, but gain and victory.

God's wings are mighty, bearing up on high
Those feeble ones who on His strength rely,
The flinty rock yields an abundant store
To God's "inheritance," their portion's sure.

Then let us sing, as on to rest we go
Cheer'd by the blessings God would have us know;
Calm 'mid the storm, which cannot work us ill,
For God commands, and wisely orders still.

“WE SHALL NOT DIE FOR EVER!”

LADY LLANOVER has presented all the members of the congregation at the Welsh Church at Abercarn (built by her late husband, LORD LLANOVER) with Bibles, bearing the same inscription which was engraved on the coffin of the deceased by his request. The whole of the tenantry have also received a like present. The words are in Welsh, but translated, mean—“We shall not die for ever. “Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.”

¶ **W** E shall not die for ever!”

“Faith” sees athwart the gloom,
The power that can dissever
The shackles of the tomb.

“We shall not die for ever!”
“Faith” sees the Glory-land!

Where the dread Foe can never
Crush with his icy hand.

“We shall not die for ever!”
“Faith” grasps no shadowy thing,
Her joys can never wither
At Life’s perennial spring.

“We shall not die for ever!”
The pearly gates unfold
Glories that vanish never,—
Salvation yet untold!

“We shall not die for ever!”
“Faith” sees *no* death—*no* sin,
The House of Mansions never
Changes *its* guests within.

“We shall not die for ever!”
Pale sickness and decay,
Shall ne’er beyond the river
Distress us more for aye.

THE FATAL TEMPEST.

ON New Year's day, 1866, the good ship *London*, bound for Melbourne—"the strongest built ocean steamer that ever sailed down the Thames,"—with a precious freight of human life on board, amounting in crew and passengers to 281 souls, encountered the first of that succession of storms which ultimately proved fatal to her.

DESTRUCTION'S jaws gape wide, Great Ocean storms!
 The madden'd billows take grim mountain forms!
 We shudd'ring gaze on yonder driving wreck,
 With earnest workers on the sea-wash'd deck:—
 It is the *London!* fearful thought,—she bears
 A freight of souls, with all their hopes and cares;
 A huge group strong in life, and power, and will,
 For much of earth,—but none the storm can still.
 God's thoughts are not as ours, He lifts the wave,
 Yet, merciful and gracious seeks to save.
 His honour'd servant,* 'mid the thund'ring roar,
 Tells of a better life, a peaceful shore!
 And that through Christ, the lever of the soul,
 Sin's one great sacrifice!—Salvation's whole!
 So full of health and vigour,—must they die?
 E'en so—all hope is o'er—Death lurketh nigh.
 List! Do they murmur? No, the word, like dew
 Has fall'n on hearts to God created new;
 Lov'd ones embrace and group,—the mandate flies;—
 Angelic convoys waft them to the skies.

* Mr. DRAPER, an eminent Wesleyan Minister.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND,
 ON HER BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1867.

SINCE first I wrote fond greetings on this day,
 Life's sorrows have fast thicken'd in my way;

The rosy tinted hues of morn are fled,
 Life's early joys are buried with the dead.
 But, all the changes that have come to me
 Effect no change in aught that toucheth thee ;—
 Thou art more dear than when long years ago
 My heart first felt for thee affection's glow ;
 More dear, more dear, Time closer draws the tie,
 The threefold cord? What bond with love can vie?

HOW EDELRED WON THE LADY ELFLEDA.

IN secret, oft young Edelred
 And Alfred's daughter met—
 Beneath the monarch's palace roof,
 By watchers unbeset.

One winter's night, all bleak and cold,
 In loving intercourse
 The hours sped rapidly away :—
 Flight comes of pleasure's source.

But, oh! what blank dismay when they
 To outer scenes awake :
 Strange, Nature's aspect, calm and still,
 Should such revulsion make.

The storm's hoarse blast had died away ;
 The ground, with virgin white,
 Had been array'd all silently—
 Beneath the shade of night.

Too silently for Mercia's son—

Forebodings fill his heart:

Night wears apace—he dare not stay,
Nor dare he thence depart.

His footsteps, track'd upon the snow,

To Alfred would reveal

How he had come, clandestinely,
His daughter's heart to steal.

Swift as the lightning's flash, a thought

Occurs to her, who ne'er

In cabinet or battle field,*
Seem'd taken unaware.

She hastily explain'd her plan,

No scruples would she heed,

But, from the lattice quickly sprang—
A well-provided steed!

* When King Edward was busily employed in opposing and expelling the Danes from the north of England, Hwgan, Lord of Brecon, and Prince of West Wales, seized (as he thought) a favourable opportunity for revenging the many insults which had been offered to his country, and also for recovering, by well-timed exertions, what had been wrested from it; and with the strongest army he could muster, passed the Saxon boundary and commenced hostilities. Elfleda, seeing her brother's dominions thus invaded in his absence, personally led an army to oppose the Prince of Wales. Meeting with Hwgan on the borders, a severe engagement ensued, in which she not only defeated him, but compelled him, with his broken bands, to seek safety in flight. He took his course towards the north of England, and being favourably received at Derby—the stronghold of the Danes—he joined his army to theirs, and thus strengthened the enemies of King Edward. Assured of the correctness of this intelligence, Elfleda immediately marched her army into Wales, and entered the town of Brecon in battle array. She attacked the castle of Prince Hwgan, soon took it by storm, and made the Princess (Hwgan's wife), and thirty-three of her people, prisoners of war, whom she sent off in safe custody to Mercia. This battle, in Welsh, is called Gwaith-y-Dinas Newydd, signifying—the work of the new fortress.

Upon her back she bore the Prince
The palace gates beyond;
Then sought her chamber, dreaming there
Of Edelred, the fond.

The sleepless cares 'neath kingly crowns,
That night Great Alfred knew;
And with him watch'd the live-long hours
The learned Asser, too.

Their thoughts were bent on red-hair'd Danes,
When lo! this strange exploit!
"Haste," cried the King, "o'ertake the Prince,
Ye horsemen most adroit."

Next morn, in royal chair of state,
Sat England's mighty King:
"The pris'ner, Edelred," he said,
"Into my presence bring.

And summon all my courtiers gay,
The Princess, too," he cried.
Forth to obey his royal will
Each faithful servant hied.

Amazed, Elfléda now beheld
The princely Edelred
In clanking chains—a prisoner!
Her heart with pity bled.

Grave silence falls upon the court;
Sternly the Monarch cries,—
"My courtiers, all,—what punishment
Is seemly in your eyes—

For him, who dares a mule to make
 Of her of royal birth?"
 "Death, death," they all agree,—nor there
 Was seen the shade of mirth.

Great Alfred, for a little space,
 Frown'd on the guilty twain;
 Then openly declared that they
 No freaks should play again;—

That for their crimes they should be made,
 Ere sunset, man and wife:
 He kept his word, nor did they e'er
 Regret a married life.

L I N E S

Written at VERSAILLES on hearing the interesting correspondence of
 the Empress Charlotte with Madame de B——.

WHO knew thee best, mourn most thy tragic fate,
 Heroic Maximilian! Ne'er again
 Will she, whom thou didst value far above
 All other gifts,—whether of wealth or fame,—
 Hear the sweet music of thy well-lov'd voice;
 Thou wert the star round which her hopes revolv'd:
 Fondly she thought thy well-directed zeal
 The moral tone of MEXICO would raise!—
 That she, too, by self-sacrifice would be
 The "Mother of the People:"—poor Empress,—
 Thou thy fair pearls didst cast before the swine—
 We shudder at thy wrongs. O Miramar!—
 When we upon thy pictur'd beauty gaze,
 'Tis with regret, that from thy quiet shades
 The lov'd and loving were allur'd to go.

The spirit that so joyously illum'd
Thy halls, O Miramar! lies shrouded now
In death-like gloom. "Light of the world," arise,—
And on thy wings of healing, bear aloft,
Above the fatal mists, that loving soul—
Whose highest aspirations heav'nward soar'd:
That, purified and chasten'd, it may shine
Brighter at eventide, than when e'en Love
Strew'd sweet Carlotta's path with bridal flowers.



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