

A Poem of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
in
Emmanuel, 1830

collected by
Peter J. Bolton

The Pilgrim

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*Emmanuel: a Christian Tribute of Affection
and Duty; for the Year of our Lord 1830.*
Edited by the Rev. W. Shepherd. London,
S. Maunder.

This poem accompanies a plate also entitled "The Pilgrim", which I am at present unable to identify. Artist unknown.

" The Pilgrim.

Vain folly of another age,—
This wand'ring over earth,
To find the peace by some dark sin
Banish'd our household hearth.
On Lebanon the dark green pines
Wave over sacred ground,
And Carmel's consecrated rose
Springs from a hallow'd mound.
Glorious the truth they testify,
And blessed is their name;
But even in such sacred spot
Are sin and wo the same.
Oh pilgrim! vain each toilsome step,
Vain ev'ry weary day:
There is no charm in soil or shrine
To wash thy guilt away.
Return, with prayer and tear return
To those who weep at home;
To dry their eyes will more avail,
Than o'er a world to roam.
There's hope for one who leaves with shame
The guilt that lured before:
Remember, He who said 'repent,'
Said also, 'sin no more.'
Return, and in thy dally round
Of duty and of love
Thou best wilt find that patient faith
Which lifts the soul above.
In every innocent prayer each child
Lips at his father's knee:—
If thine has been to teach that prayer,
There will be hope for thee.
There is a small white church that stands
Beside thy father's grave,
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers
That sanctify and save.
Around thee draw thine own home ties,
And, with a chasten'd mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace
No wandering will find.
In charity and penitence
Thy sin will be forgiven;—
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine
Whence prayers ascend to Heaven."

