

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE,

WITH OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

“ How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fix'd
At thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these ?”

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIV.

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq.

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT

FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE

FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT

DERIVED FROM REVERENTIAL COMMUNION

WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

PREFACE.

I TRUST I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death-bed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness"—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature, and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers, than by their reverential application to things divine.

F. H.

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THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

Thy face
Is all at once spread over with a calm
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !
I am no more disconsolate.

WILSON.

Scene in a Prison.

EDITH *alone.*

Edith. Morn once again ! Morn in the lone dim cell,
The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream,
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,

Far, far away ! Now wakes the early bird
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,
Close to my cottage lattice—he awakes,
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,
And to call forth rich answers of delight
From voices buried in a thousand trees,
Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the lake
Darken and flash in rapid interchange
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue mist
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that rise
As if new-born. Bright world ! and I am here !
And thou, O thou ! th' awakening thought of whom
Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,
Herbert ! the very glance of whose clear eye
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount
Of living, bounding gladness !—where art *thou* ?
My friend ! my only and my blessed love !
Herbert, my soul's companion !

[GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.]

Gomez. Daughter, hail !

I bring thee tidings.

Edith. Heaven will aid my soul

Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

Gomez. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won !
Hast thou not pray'd for life ? and wouldst thou not
Once more be free ?

Edith. Have I not pray'd for life ?

I, that am so belov'd ! that love again
With such a heart of tendrils ? Heaven ! *thou* know'st
The gushings of my prayer ! And would I not
Once more be free ? I, that have been a child
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,
Beneath the adoring silence of the night ;
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,
Whose laughter fills the mountains ! Oh ! to hear
Their blessed sounds again !

Gomez. Rejoice, rejoice !
Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth ;
She wills not thou shouldst perish.—I am come
To loose thy bonds.

Edith. And shall I see *his* face,
And shall I listen to *his* voice again,
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,
Weeping there in my gladness ? *Will* this be ?—
Blessings upon thee, father ! my quick heart
Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive
The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd,
Too long unus'd to chastening ? *Wilt* thou not ?—
But, Herbert, Herbert ! Oh, my soul hath rush'd
On a swift gust of sudden joy away,
Forgetting all beside ! Speak, father, speak !
Herbert—is he too free ?

Gomez. His freedom lies
In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Edith. Thy words
Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.

Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.
Let all be told.

Gomez. The monarchs of the earth
Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim
Unto some token of true vassalage,
Some mark of homage.

Edith. Oh! unlike to *Him*,
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,
And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve
And those who heed him not!

Gomez, (laying a paper before her.) Is it so much
That thine own hand should set the crowning seal
To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is here!
Sign but these words for liberty and life.

Edith, (examining and then throwing it from her.)
Sign but these words! and wherefore saidst thou not,
“Be but a traitor to God's light within?”—
Cruel, oh, cruel! thy dark sport hath been
With a young bosom's hope! Farewell, glad life!

Bright opening path to love and home farewell !
And thou—now leave me with my God alone !

Gomez. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy ?

Edith. Heaven's ! doth *Heaven*

Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath
To sell its birthright ? doth *Heaven* set a price
On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,
And the bright calm of conscience ? Priest, away !
God hath been with me 'midst the holiness
Of England's mountains—not in sport alone
I trod their heath-flowers—but high thoughts rose up
From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,
And wander'd with me into solemn glens,
Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.
I have heard voices of immortal truth,
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds
That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I quail ?
Shall England's daughter sink ?—No ! He who there
Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,
Will not forsake his child !

Gomez, (turning from her.) Then perish ! lost
In thine own blindness !

Edith, (suddenly throwing herself at his feet,)

Father ! hear me yet !

Oh ! if the kindly touch of human love

Hath ever warmed thy breast—

Gomez.

Away—away !

I know not love.

Edith. Yet hear ! if thou hast known

The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—

If the true vigil of affection's eye

Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er

Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—

Let me but look upon *his* face once more,

Let me but say—Farewell, my soul's beloved !

And I will bless thee still !

Gomez, (aside.)

Her soul may yield,

Beholding him in fetters ; woman's faith

Will bend to woman's love—

Thy prayer is heard ;
Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

Edith. Oh ! stormy hour of agony and joy !
But I shall see him—I shall hear his voice !

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Prison.

HERBERT—EDITH.

Edith. Herbert, my Herbert ! is it thus we meet ?

Herbert. The voice of my own Edith ! Can such
joy

Light up this place of death ? And do I feel
Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,
And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,
My blessed Edith ? Oh ! so pale ! so changed !

My flower, my blighted flower ! thou that wert made
 For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,
 How hath the storm been with thee !—Lay thy head
 On this true breast again, my gentle one !
 And tell me all.

Edith. Yes, take me to thy heart,
 For I am weary, weary ! Oh ! that heart !
 The kind, the brave, the tender !—how my soul
 Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm
 Of rest on that warm heart !—full, deep repose !
 One draught of dewy stillness after storm !
 And God hath pitied me, and I am here—
 Yet once before I die !

Herbert. They cannot slay
 One, young and meek, and beautiful as thou !
 My broken lily ! Surely the long days
 Of the dark cell have been enough for *thee* !
 Oh ! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head
 Yet in calm sunshine.

Edith. Herbert ! I have cast
The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,
This very hour. God to the weak hath given
Victory o'er life and death !—The tempter's price
Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

Herbert. O Edith ! Edith ! I, that led thee first
From the old path wherein thy fathers trod—
I, that received it as an angel's task,
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,
Which drank it as a sun-flower—*I* have been
Thy guide to death !

Edith. To Heaven ! my guide to Heaven,
My noble and my blessed ! Oh ! look up,
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert ! But for *thee*
How could my spirit have sprung up to God,
Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung,
The night of fear and error ? thy dear hand
First raised that veil, and shewed the glorious world
My heritage beyond—Friend ! love and friend !

It was as if thou gavest me mine own soul
In those bright days! Yes! a new earth and heaven,
And a new sense for all their splendours born,
These were thy gifts! and shall I not rejoice
To die, upholding their immortal worth,
Even for *thy* sake? Yes, filled with nobler life
By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,
The first fruits of thy ministry below;
Thy work, thine own!

Herbert. My love, my sainted love!
Oh! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven;
Earth would but sully thee! Thou must depart,
With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts
Untainted by a breath! And yet, alas!
Edith! what dreams of holy happiness,
Even for *this* world, were ours! the low, sweet home—
The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,
And lattice gleaming through the leaves—and thou,
My life's companion!—Thou, beside my hearth,

Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me
Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,
In the green meadow path, or by my side
Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,
In the sweet hush of prayer! and now—oh! now—
How have we loved—how fervently, how long!
And *this* to be the close!

Edith. Oh! bear me up

Against the unutterable tenderness
Of earthly love, my God! in the sick hour
Of dying human hope, forsake me not!
Herbert, my Herbert! even from that sweet home
Where it had been too much of Paradise
To dwell with thee—even thence the oppressor's hand
Might soon have torn us; or the touch of death
Might one day there have left a widowed heart,
Pining along. We will go hence, beloved!
To the bright country, where the wicked cease
From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway;

Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs
 The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go hence,
 Together with our wedded souls, to Heaven :
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,
 No dying of the heart ! Our lives have been
 Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths
 We will not be divided.

Herbert. Oh ! the peace
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,
 Far underneath the mist of human tears,
 Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength,
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven !

Edith. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert ! in this
 hour

Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might !
 Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou didst take
 An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized
 And desolate ; and thou didst guard her there,
 That long and lowly creature, as a pearl

Of richest price ; and thou didst fill her soul
With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.—
I bless, I bless thee ! Never did thine eye
Look on me but in glistening tenderness,
My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy voice
But in affection's deepest music speak
To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy heart
Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,
My faithful, generous Herbert ! Woman's peace
Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true
Reposed before.—Alas ! thy showering tears
Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive !
I should not melt thy noble strength away
In such an hour.

Herbert. Sweet Edith, no ! my heart
Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee,
And, by thy words, and by the heavenly light
Shining around thee, through thy very tears,
Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on him !
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,

Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,
Th' all-pitying One, to aid.

[*They kneel.*

O, look on us,
Father above ! in tender mercy look
On us, thy children ! through th' o'ershadowing cloud
Of sorrow and mortality, send aid,
Save or we perish ! we would pour our lives
Forth as a joyous offering to thy truth,
But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds of earth,
Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God !
The blindness of our passionate desires,
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,
Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the strife ; accept
The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,
From mortal pangs wrung forth ! And if our souls,
In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,
Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not,
Holiest ! from thee ; oh ! take them to thyself,
After the fiery trial, take them home

To dwell, in that imperishable bond
Before thee linked, for ever. Hear, through Him
Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
Who passed through death to victory, hear and save !
Pity us, Father ! we are girt with snares ;
Father in Heaven ! we have no help but thee.

[*They rise.*

Is thy soul strengthened, my beloved one ?
O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,
And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn
We loved in happier days—the strain which tells
Of the dread conflict in the olive shade ?

[*She sings.*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
When but his Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony ;
The Lord of All above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow HIM !
That He who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all ! the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gather'd round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away !

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread ;
It pass'd not—though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way ?
Thro' Him—thro' Him, that path who trod—
Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*

Fare-thee-well !

O thou unutterably loved, farewell !

Let our hearts bow to God !

Herbert. One last embrace—

On earth the last !—We have eternity

For love's communion yet !—Farewell—farewell !—

[*She is led out.*

'Tis o'er—the bitterness of death is past !

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF
SICKNESS.

Once, when I look'd along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be.

WILSON.

*Apartment in an English Country-House.—LILIAN
reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her Mother
watching beside her. Her Sister enters with
flowers.*

Mother. Hush, lightly tread ! still tranquilly she
sleeps,
As, when a babe, I rock'd her on my heart.

I've watch'd, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
 To break the heavenly spell. Move silently!
 And oh! those flowers! dear Jessy, bear them hence—
 Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
 That shook her trembling frame, when last we brought
 The roses to her couch? Dost thou not know
 What sudden longings for the woods and hills,
 Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,
 These leaves and odours with strange influence wake
 In her fast-kindled soul?

Jessy. Oh! she would pine,
 Were the wild scents and glowing hues withheld,
 Mother! far more than *now* her spirit yearns
 For the blue sky, the singing-birds and brooks,
 And swell of breathing turf, whose lightsome spring
 Their blooms recall.

Lilian, (raising herself.) Is that my Jessy's voice?
 It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain
 Silently, visited by waking dreams,
 Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy ! Ah ! thy step,
Well do I see, hath not alone explored
The garden bowers, but freely visited
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow-sweet
Is from the cool green shadowy river nook,
Where the stream chimes around th' old mossy stones
With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that spot
Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd it first ?
Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep
The clear brown wave with every passing wind ?
And thro' the shallower waters, where they lie
Dimpling in light, do the vein'd pebbles gleam
Like bedded gems ? And the white butterflies,
From shade to sun-streak are they glancing still
Among the poplar boughs ?

Jessy.

All, all is there

Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can bring ;
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightening smile !
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the leaves,
And caught an under-music of lament

In the stream's voice ; but Nature waits thee still,
And for thy coming piles a fairy throne
Of richest moss.

Lilian. Alas ! it may not be !

My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly,
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought ;
Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials ;—strew them o'er my couch,
Till it grow like a forest bank in spring,
All flush'd with violets and anemones.
Ah ! the pale brier rose ! touch'd so tenderly,
As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness !—I know
How its long light festoons o'erarching hung
From the grey rock, that rises alter-like,
With its high waving crown of mountain ash,
'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough
Of honey'd woodbine, tells me of the oak
Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,
Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face

Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now ;
 I look up through the stirring of its leaves
 Unto the intense blue crystal firmament.
 The ring-dove's wing is flitting o'er my head,
 Casting at times a silvery shadow down
 'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful !
 How beautiful is all this fair free world
 Under God's open sky !

Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
 Once more, my child ! The dewy trembling light
 Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.
 O, hush, dear Lilian ! turn thee to repose.

Lilian. Mother ! I cannot. In my soul the
 thoughts
 Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire ;
 Importunately to my lips they throng,
 And with their earthly kindred seek to blend
 Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone—
 (For I *must* go)—then the remember'd words
 Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,

Will to thy fond heart be as amulets
Held there with life and love. And weep not thus !
Mother ! dear sister ! kindest, gentlest ones !
Be comforted that now *I* weep no more
For the glad earth and all the golden light
Whence I depart,
No ! God hath purified my spirit's eye,
And in the folds of this consummate rose
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,
Dimly and mournfully, the word "*farewell*"
On the rich petals traced : No—in soft veins
And characters of beauty, I can read—
"*Look up, look heavenward !*"

Blessed God of Love !

I thank thee for these gifts, the precious links
Whereby my spirit unto thee is drawn !
I thank thee that the loveliness of earth
Higher than earth can raise me ! Are not these
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
Beside th' immortal streams ? Shall I not find

The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
 In the serene and never-moaning air,
 And the clear starry light of angel eyes,
 A thousand-fold more glorious? Richer far
 Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
 When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts,
 A record of lost love?

Mother. My Lilian! thou
 Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known
 Of lost things or of changed!

Lilian. Oh! little yet,
 For *thou* hast been my shield! But had it been
 My lot on this world's billows to be thrown
 Without thy love—O mother! there are hearts
 So perilously fashioned, that for them
 God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
 To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings!—
 We will not speak of this!

By what strange spell
 Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,

I dream of music ? Something in their hues
 All melting into colour'd harmonies,
 Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,
 Of blended singing-tones, that swell and die
 In tenderest falls away.—O, bring thy harp,
 Sister ! a gentle heaviness at last
 Hath touch'd mine eyelids : sing to me, and sleep
 Will come again.

Jessy. What wouldst thou hear ? Th' Italian
 Peasant's Lay,

Which makes the desolate Campagna ring
 With " *Roma, Roma ?*" or the Madrigal
 Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily ?
 Or the old ditty left by Troubadours
 To girls of Languedoc ?

Lilian. Oh, no ! not these.

Jessy. What then ? the Moorish melody still
 known
 Within th' Alhambra city ? or those notes
 Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's heart

Even unto death ?

Lilian. No, sister, nor yet these.—

Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,
Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes
In the caressing sweetness of their tones,
For one who dies :—They would but woo me back
To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds—
And vainly, vainly—No ! a loftier strain,
A deeper music !—Something that may bear
The spirit up on slow yet mighty wings,
Unsway'd by gusts of earth : something, all fill'd
With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.—
Sing me that antique strain which once I deem'd
Almost too sternly simple, too austere
In its grave majesty ! I love it now—
Now it seems fraught with holiest power, to hush
All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice
That said of old—“ Be still ! ”—Sing me that strain—
“ The Saviour's dying hour.”

[*JESSY sings to the Harp.*]

O Son of Man !
In thy last mortal hour
Shadows of earth closed round thee fearfully !
All that on us is laid,
All the deep gloom,
The desolation and th' abandonment,
The dark amaze of death ;
All upon *thee* too fell,
Redeemer ! Son of Man !

But the keen pang
Wherewith the silver cord
Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung ;
Th' uptearing of those tendrils which have grown
Into the quick strong heart ;
This, *this*, the passion and the agony
Of battling love and death,

Surely was not for *thee*,
Holy one ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !
E'en this cup was thine !
Fond wailing voices call'd thy spirit back :
E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts
Of that last crowning hour ;
E'en on thine awful way to victory,
Wildly they call'd thee back !
And weeping eyes of love
Unto thy heart's deep core,
Pierc'd thro' the folds of death's mysterious veil—
Sufferer ! thou Son of Man !

Mother-tears were mingled
With thy costly blood-drops,
In the shadow of th' atoning cross ;
And the friend, the faithful,
He that on thy bosom,

Thence imbibing heavenly love, had lain—
 He, a pale sad watcher—
 Met with looks of anguish,
All the anguish in *thy* last meek glance—
 Dying Son of Man !

 Oh ! therefore unto thee,
 Thou that hast known all woes
Bound in the girdle of mortality !
 Thou that wilt lift the reed
 Which storms have bruis'd,
To thee may sorrow through each conflict cry,
And, in that tempest-hour when love and life
 Mysteriously must part,
 When tearful eyes
 Are passionately bent
To drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze—
 Then, then forsake us not !
 Shed on our spirits then
The faith and deep submissiveness of thine !

Thou that didst love,
Thou that didst weep and die—
Thou that didst rise, a victor glorified!
Conqueror! thou Son of God!

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

“ They dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here.”

WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old time !
 A temple shadowy with remembrances
 Of the majestic past !—the very light
 Streams with a colouring of heroic days
 In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
 A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
 To other years ;—and the rich fretted roof,
 And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,

D

Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
The tenderest image of mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn sheaves—all these things
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love !
Honour be with the dead !—The people kneel
Under the helms of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved,
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where jewelled
crowns
On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set ;
Where the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain
thoughts !
Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away.—Return, my soul !

The cross recalls thee—Lo ! the blessed cross !
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy !
And lo ! the throng of beating human hearts,
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasures of immortal hope,
Gathered before their God !—Hark ! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves !—a mighty burst !
A forest-sounding music !—every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent :
And the old minster—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul !
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire !
In solemn joy aspire,
Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain !
On thy strong rushing wind
Bear up from humankind
Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain !

Father, which art on high !
Weak is the melody
Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of prayer,
With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Let, then, thy spirit brood
Over the multitude—
Be thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest !
So shall their cry have power
To win from thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of Mercies ! here before thee swell !
As to the open sky,
All their dark waters lie
To thee revealed, in each close bosom cell.

The sorrow for the dead,
Mantling its lonely head
From the world's glare, is, in thy sight, set free ;
And the fond, aching love,
Thy minister, to move
All the wrung spirit, softening it for thee.

And doth not thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
Where darkly sits remorse,
Beside the secret source
Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart ?

Yes ! here before thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To thee that terrible unveiling make ;
And still small whispers clear
Are startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place !
The glory of thy face
Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight :
Where shall the guilty flee ?
Over what far off sea ?
What hills, what woods, may shroud him from that
light ?

Not to the cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made ;
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea ;
What, but the cross, can yield
The hope—the stay—the shield ?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee !

Be thou, be thou his aid !
Oh ! let thy love pervade
The haunted caves of self-accusing thought !
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of fountains from the silence brought !

So shall thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image—Holiest and Most High !
As a clear lake is filled
With hues of Heaven, instilled
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng
Linked by the ascending song,
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar ;
Thanks, Father ! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower,
Thus, e'en midst tears, can fervently adore !

Thanks for each gift divine !
Eternal praise be thine,
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest prayer !
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
And let the tombs reply !
For seed, that waits thy harvest-time, is there.

WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

FATHER—CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens, with their silvery
leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling ! though the lime
And chesnut boughs, and those long arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture !

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

Child. No, father ; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches?

Father. Oh ! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves !
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,
Was framed of aspen wood ; and since that hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

Child, (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it, father ?

Father. Nay, my child,
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,
With something of a lingering love, I read
The characters, by that mysterious hour,

Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
 In visionary days ; and thence thrown back
 On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
 Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven,
 The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
 On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so !
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
 Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
 From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,
 And scatter them—far, far too fast!—away
 As worthless weeds :—Oh ! little do we know
When they have soothed, when saved !

But come, dear boy !

My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.
 Come—let us search for violets.

Child.

Know you not

More of the legends which the woodmen tell
 Amidst the trees and flowers ?

Father.

Wilt thou know more ?

Bring then the folding leaf, with dark brown stains,
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,
Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou not?
There is a spray of woodbine from the tree
Just bending o'er it, with a wild bee's weight.

Child. The Arum leaf?

Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,
The villager will tell thee (and with voice
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew ;
And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away !

And hast thou seen
The passion-flower ?—It grows not in the woods,
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with
purple streaks
And light green tendrils?

Father. Thou hast marked it well.
Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye
Those faint wan petals—colourless—and yet
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
(As letters of some wizard language gone)
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,
Bear something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought
Loves, in their cloudy penciling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—
The cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,
Which I will teach thee when we meet again
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause :

Now have we reached the very inmost heart
Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom !—Scarce doth one ray,
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades ;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
Of glow-worm colour'd light.

Here, in the days
Of pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood nymphs ! Through these
oaks

A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom ; or a sculptured form,
Dryad, or fountain goddess of the gloom,
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,

Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain :—but *we*, my child, are here
With God, our God, a Spirit ; who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth ;
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough
To fill and hallow all the solitude,
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
Without the aid of shrines.

What ! dost thou feel

The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand
Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child !
'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath pervades
The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,
Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes
Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile

And let me hear once more the woodland verse
I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.

[*Child speaks.*]

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here ?

The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud ;
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;
And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place were holy ground ;
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers, all divinely nurs'd.

Wakes there some spirit here ?

A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade !

Yes, lightly, softly move !

There *is* a power, a presence in the woods ;
A viewless being, that, with life and love,
Informs the reverential solitudes :
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, *thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread

The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,
Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* thy fane,
Where thou alone hast built ?—where arch and roof
Are of thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of thee ;
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All, all with thee are fill'd !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,
More and yet more, by love and lowly thought,
Thy presence, holiest One ! to recognize,
In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought !
And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
Ever thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own—
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er nature thrown by guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie!
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with thee!

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world !
 Sustain—*Thou* only canst—the sick at heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto thee and thine.

• WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT—holy night !—the time
 For mind's free breathings in a purer clime !
 Night !—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
 Woke all my kindled soul,
 To meet its revelations, clear and high,
 With the strong joy of immortality !

Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and
deep—

And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this ?—I see the stars returning,
Fire after fire in Heaven's rich temple burning—
Fast shine they forth—my spirit friends, my guides,
Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides ;
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
Oh ! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays ?
They from whose glance my childhood drank delight !
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth ;

Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine,
Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine
Through some wild pass of rocky Appennine,
 And to the wanderer lone
 On wastes of Afric thrown,
 And not to *me* ?
 Am I a thing forsaken,
 And is the gladness taken
From the bright-pinioned nature which hath soar'd
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explor'd,
And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite ?

And now an alien !—Wherefore must this be ?
 How shall I rend the chain ?
 How drink rich life again
From those pure urns of radiance, welling free ?
Father of Spirits ! let me turn to thee !

Oh ! if too much exulting in her dower,
My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,
Hath stood without thee on her hill of power—
A fearful and a dazzling solitude !—
And therefore from that haughty summit's crown,
To dim desertion is by thee cast down ;
Behold ! thy child submissively hath bow'd—
Shine on him through the cloud !

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd heaven
Back to his vision with thy face be given !
Bear him on high once more,
But in thy strength to soar,
And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chasten'd
sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-place,
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
In the responsive bosoms of my race,

And back return, a darkness and a weight,
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate—
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd

To solemn service high ;

And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,

Because no human tone,

Unto the altar-stone,

Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
Where it should make eternal truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way?

Oh ! be the whisper of thy voice within
Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope to win
A more deep-seeing homage for thy name,
Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame !
Make me thine only !—Let me add but one
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled

Thro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, lone,
For mounting to thy throne !
And let my soul, upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own high recompense.

The dimness melts away,
That on your glory lay,
O ye majestic watchers of the skies !
Through the dissolving veil,
Which made each aspect pale,
Your gladd'ning fires once more I recognize ;
And once again a shower
Of hope, and joy, and power,
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes.
And, if that splendour to my sobered sight
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light—
Something, though beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
With more that pierces thro' each fold of thought

Than I was wont to trace

On Heaven's unshadowed face—

Be it e'en so!—be mine, tho' set apart

Unto a radiant ministry, yet still

A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart ;

Bow'd before thee, O Mightiest ! whose blest will

All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines ;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow ;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset-shore.
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
Dies away.

Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still ;

In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan ;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's bid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chesnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools, now lone and dark,
Where the wakening night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.

Homeward, homeward, all things haste—

God of might !

Shield the homeless midst the waste,

Be his light !

In his distant cradle nest,

Now my babe is laid to rest ;

Beautiful his slumber seems .

With a glow of heavenly dreams,

Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,

Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,

Where his mother bends to pray,

For the loved and far away.—

Father ! guard that household bower,

Hear that prayer !

Back, through thine all-guiding power,

Lead me there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night—

Not a star sends quivering light

Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou ! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father ! through the time of dread,
Save, oh ! save !

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN
THE FORESTS.

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American Forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream !
The desolation and the agony—
The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
And the broad lonely river ! all a dream !
And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,
Wild, singing tones, as they were wont to come,
Through the wreath'd sweet-brier at my lattice panes,
In happy, happy England ! Speak to me !
Speak to thy mother, bright one ! she hath watch'd

All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
 Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,
 And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
 Oh ! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
 On his fair brow !

(*Shudderingly*) The strange damp thrilling touch !
 The marble chill ! Now, now it rushes back—
 Now I know all !—dead—*dead* !—a fearful word !
 My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
 To journey on without the blessed light
 In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone !

[*Her HUSBAND enters.*

Husband. Agnes, my Agnes ! hast thou look'd
 thy last
 On our sweet slumberer's face ? The hour is come—
 The couch made ready for his last repose.

Agnes. Not yet ! thou canst not take him from
 me yet !
 If he but left me for a few short days,
 This were too brief a gazing time, to draw

His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh! *now*,
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladd'ning summer through my soul—
Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay!
Thou canst not take him from me.

Husband.

My belov'd!

Is it not God hath taken him? the God
That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,
“ His will be done !”

Agnes.

Oh! that near household grave,

Under the turf of England, seem'd not half,
Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot,
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers—
Familiar, meadow flowers. O'er *thee* my babe,
The primrose will not blossom! Oh! that now,

This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark
 Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,
 Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
 Oh, pardon me !

If nature hath rebell'd,
 And from thy light turn'd wilfully away,
 Making a midnight of her agony,
 When the despairing passion of her clasp
 Was from its idol stricken at one touch
 Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me !
 By thy Son's anguish, pardon ! In the soul
 The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—
 Father, say " Peace, be still !"

[*Giving the child to her husband.*

Farewell, my babe !

Go from my bosom now to other rest !
 With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,
 And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,
 I yield thee to thy Maker !

Husband.

Now, my wife,

Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more
A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—
With a calm, trustful heart.

Agnes. My Edmund! where—
Where wilt thou lay him?

Husband. Seest thou where the spire
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft?
Under that native desert monument
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
With the grey mosses of the wilderness
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed
forth,
E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,
A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
Perchance unconsciously.

Agnes. My gentle son !

Th' affectionate, the gifted !—With what joy—
Edmund, rememberest thou ?—with what bright joy
His baby brother ever to his arms
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
In that kind youthful breast !—Oh ! now no more—
But strengthen me, my God ! and melt my heart,
Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
For many a blessing left.

(Bending over the Child.) Once more farewell !

Oh ! the pale piercing sweetness of that look !
How can it be sustained ? Away, away !

[After a short pause.]

Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—
I cannot see thee render dust to dust !
Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task ;
I will rest here and still my soul with prayer
Till thy return.

Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer !

Peace on thy bosom ! Faith and heavenly hope
Unto thy spirit ! Fare thee well a while !
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,
After this mournful hour.

*[He goes out with the child. AGNES kneels in
prayer. After a time, voices without are heard
singing*

THE FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.
England's field flowers may not deck his grave,
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
 'Midst the mighty wild ;
Yet with God we leave him,
 Blessed, blessed child !
And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
 Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lighten'd
 Half our hearts' dismay ;
Still in hope we give back what was given,
Yielding up the beautiful to Heaven.

And to her who bore him,
 Her who long must weep,
Yet shall Heaven restore him
 From his pale, sweet sleep !
Those blue eyes of love and peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave we by the river
Earth to earth alone !

God and Father ! may our journeyings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone !

From the exile's sorrow,
From the wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled ;
Thou hast called him to a sweeter home
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him
With his angel look,
Where those arms enfold him,
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's breast,
When his voice their tender meekness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother !
From thy dead, oh, turn !
Linger not, young brother,
Here to dream and mourn :
Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God !

EASTER-DAY

IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCH-YARD.

THERE is a wakening on the mighty hills,
A kindling with the spirit of the morn !
Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,
And a soft visionary hue is born

 On the young foliage, worn
By all the imbosom'd woods—a silvery green,
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

And lo ! where floating through a glory, sings
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !
Lo ! where the darkness of his buoyant wings,
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
 Trembles with melody !

While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice
To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth !
And for your dwellers nobler joy is won
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,
 By this glad morning's birth !
And gifts more precious by its breath are shed
Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye,
O'er nature's face the colouring glory flows ;
Gifts from the fount of immortality,
Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to human woes,
 Lay hush'd in dark repose,
Till thou, bright dayspring! mad'st its waves our own,
By thine unsealing of the burial stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills !
And let a full victorious tone be given,

By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills
Your urn-like depths with sound ! The tomb is riven,
The radiant gate of Heaven
Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast
By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom
past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf I stand,
Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
Time with a soft and reconciling hand
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread
O'er every narrow bed :
But not by time, and not by nature sown
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath
grown.

Christ hath arisen ! oh ! not one cherish'd head
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillow'd here
Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)

A hope, upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love !
E'en on this greensward ; night hath heard thy
cry,
Heart-stricken one ! thy precious dust above,
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
Unto thine agony !
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
Christ hath arisen, O love ! thy tears shall all be
dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb
On thine impassioned soul, in elder years
When, burden'd with the mystery of its doom,
Mortality's thick gloom

Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of
death.

By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,
And, where the board was fraught
With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,
Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence and a power.

But that dark night is closed : and o'er the dead,
Here, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,
And where the mountain heath a couch has spread,
And, settling oft on some grey-lettered stone,
The redbreast warbles lone ;
And the wild bee's deep, drowsy murmurs pass
Like a low thrill of harp-strings through the grass :

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
For hope sits, dove-like, on the gloomy deep,
And the green hills wherein these valleys lie
 Seem all one sanctuary
Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh bright sod,
Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen!—O mountain peaks! attest,
Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave,
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
 To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have
 borne,
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn.

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day—
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone,

Have thrill'd their pines, when those that knelt to
pray

Rose up to arm ! the pure, high snows have known

A colouring not their own,

But from true hearts which by that crimson stain

Gave token of a trust that call'd no suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear no more

The solemn splendour of the martyr's blood,

And may that awful record, as of yore,

Never again be known to field or flood !

E'en though the faithful stood,

A noble army, in the exulting sight

Of earth and heaven, which bless'd their battle for

the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken

Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;

And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;

And, for the strength whereby the just and pure
Thus stedfastly endure,
Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,
Him, from whose rising stream'd that robe of spirit
power.

Glory to him ! Hope to the suffering breast !
Light to the nations ! He hath roll'd away
The mists, which, gathering into deathlike rest,
Between the soul and Heaven's calm ether lay—
His love hath made it day
With those that sat in darkness.—Earth and sea !
Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine made
free !

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

“ A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

* * * *

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.”

WORDSWORTH.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
The bright exulting boy,
Like summer's lightning came the smile
Of his young spirit's joy ;
A flash that wheresoe'er it broke,
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks wav'd in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide ;
And pearly spray at times would meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twin'd him wreaths of all spring-flowers,
Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
Till, gazing, scarce I knew
Which seem'd more pure, or bright, or wild,
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
Made earth one festal scene,
Where the dull shadow of the tomb
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
The boy's meek head was bow'd
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
And like a golden cloud,
The still cloud of a pictur'd sky—
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,
When in the fountain glade,
A creature of the sky and air,
Almost on wings he play'd ;
Oh ! how much holier beauty now
Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,
To break forth from the tomb,
Unto far nobler destiny
Than waits the sky-lark's plume !
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe,
Sweeping o'er that fair face :
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made !

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight ;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,* undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh ! little dream'd the brooding child,
Of what within me wrought,

* " All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the *red-leaved tablets* of my heart."—HAYWOOD.

While *his* young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,
And quiver'd to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of *his* gaze ;
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To hallow after-days ;
To make the proud heart meekly wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there,
And in the depths of its repose
My soul o'erflowed with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The power of infant sanctity !

O Father ! mould my heart once more,
By thy prevailing breath !

Teach me, oh ! teach me to adore
E'en with that pure one's faith ;
A faith, all made of love and light,
Child-like, and, therefore, full of might !

A POET'S DYING HYMN.

Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice !
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
 In such a temple as we now behold,
 Rear'd for thy presence ; therefore am I bound
 To worship, here and everywhere.

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens !—I lift mine eye,
 And bless thee, O my God ! that I have met
 And own'd thine image in the majesty
 Of their calm temple still !—that never yet
 There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight
 By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night :
 I bless thee, O my God !

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
Touching death's features with a lovely glance
Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away :

I bless thee, O my God !

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,
And the low thrillings of the forest shade,
And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,
And upon many a desert plain and shore—
No solitude—for there I felt *thee* more :

I bless thee, O my God !

And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,
To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie

Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure—a consecration unto thee :

I bless thee, O my God !

If my soul's utterance hath by thee been fraught
With an awakening power—if thou hast made,
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies of home :

I bless thee, O my God !

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer:—for this alone

I bless thee, O my God !

That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with thee :
I bless thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine ;
I bless thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or
dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,

Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed ;
That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,
Which pierc'd them still with its triumphal spire,
I bless thee, O my God !

Now art thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day :
Thou leav'st me not, though early life grows pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay ;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes—
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear :
I bless thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
No longer vassals to the changeful hour ;
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring :

I bless thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,
Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear ;
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
Let *me* too, joining those pure strains, adore !

I bless thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still !—to thee I come,
Make thou my dwelling where thy children are !
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for thy Son, the bright and morning star,

The sufferer and the victor-king of death,
I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath !
I bless thee, O my God !

THE
FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Many an eye
May wail the dimming of our shining star.

SHAKSPEARE.

A glorious voice hath ceased!—
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
Breathe reverently!—There is a dreamy sound,
A hollow murmur of the dying year,
In the deep woods:—Let it be wild and sad!
A more Æolian melancholy tone
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing!
For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,

Which the green summer will not bring us back—
 Though all her songs return.—The funeral chant
 Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
 They bear him through the household paths, the
 groves,
 Where every tree had music of its own
 To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love—
 And he is silent!—Past the living stream
 They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice
 On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—
 And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light
 Richer than autumn's purple, now they move—
 And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips
 Were but unseal'd, and, lo! a thousand forms,
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
 In glowing life upsprang:—Vassal and chief,
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
 Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,

Like the wild huntsman's band. And still they live,
To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
And, from the mountain mist still flashing by,
Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there
To the seer's voice : phantoms of colour'd thought,
Surviving him who raised.—O eloquence !
O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead !
Who shall wake *thee* ? lord of the buried past !
And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,
Thy subject host so long ?—The wand is dropp'd,
The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand
Touch'd, and the genii came !—Sing reverently
The funeral chant !—The mighty is borne home—
And who shall be his mourners ?—Youth and age,
For each hath felt his magic—love and grief,
For he hath communed with the heart of each :
Yes—the free spirit of humanity
May join the august procession, for to him
Its mysteries have been tributary things,

And all its accents known :—from field or wave,
 Never was conqueror on his battle bier,
 By the vail'd banner and the muffled drum,
 And the proud drooping of the crested head,
 More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,
 The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd :
 A still majestic spot ! girt solemnly
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay ;
 A stately couch midst ruins ! meet for him
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
 Over the honour'd grave !—the *grave* !—oh, say
 Rather the shrine !—An altar for the love,
 The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths
 Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,
 By that which dies not of the sovereign dead, ,
 Shall be made holy things—where every weed
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
 From buried glory breath'd. And now, what strain,

Making victorious melody ascend
High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb
Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid—
The crown'd of men?

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine !

A spirit on its way,
Sceptred the earth to sway,
From thee was sent :
Now call'st thou back thine own—
Hence is that radiance flown—
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bow'd we saw,
 Beneath thy hand !
Fill'd by one hope, one fear,
Now o'er a brother's bier,
 Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd !—the lord
Of each deep bosom chord,
 To meet thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On thy blest mercy thrown,
 O Infinite !

So, from his harvest home,
Must the tir'd peasant come ;
 So, in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul, reveal'd
 To thee, All Just !

The sword of many a fight—
What *then* shall be its might?

The lofty lay,
That rush'd on eagle wing—
What shall its memory bring?
What hope, what stay?

O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, Thou!

By Him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,

We call on thee to save,

Father divine !

Hear, hear our suppliant breath,

Keep us, in life and death,

Thine, only thine !

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGIO'S.

IN the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone,
With all the still small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone :—she lifted up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the tearful
prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !

Look on the inmost heart to thee revealed,
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !

If I have lov'd too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on thy shrine, my God ! more fitly laid.

If I have sought to live

But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive !

Chastened and schooled at last,

No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fixed on thee, from that wild worship turns—
What have I said ?—the deep dream is not past !

Yet hear!—if *still* I love,
Oh! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my heart between,
And thy calm glory, Father! thron'd above!

If still a voice is near,
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear,

O Father! draw to thee
My lost affections back!—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on!—but let thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not
death,
Bearing it up to Heaven!—Love's own abode!

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night,
With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,
That waft all sound, were conscious of those prayers.
How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness breath'd,
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up to God?

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

From their spheres
 The stars of human glory are cast down ;
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
 Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
 Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
 Long to protect her own.

WORDSWORTH.

SCENE—*Prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris, during
 the Reign of Terror.*

D'AUBIGNÉ, *an aged Royalist*—BLANCHE, *his
 Daughter, a young girl.*

Blanche. What was our doom, my father?—In
 thine arms

I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.

* The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly described by Helen Maria Williams, in her Letters from France, gave rise to this little scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn, which they every night sung together in a low and restrained voice.

Tell me the sentence!—Could our judges look,
 Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
 Was there not mercy, father?—Will they not
 Restore us to our home?

D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child!

They send us home.

Blanche. Oh! shall we gaze again
 On the bright Loire?—Will the old hamlet spire,
 And the grey turret of our own château,
 Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?
 Will the kind voices of our villagers,
 The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
 Welcome us back at last?—But how is this?—
 Father! thy glance is clouded—on thy brow
 There sits no joy!

D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear girl,
 There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
 As may befit the Christian, who receives
 And recognizes, in submissive awe,
 The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean—

No, no ! it cannot be !—Didst thou not say
They sent us *home* ?

D'Aubigné. Where is the spirit's home ?—
Oh ! most of all, in these dark evil days,
Where should it be—but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power—
Where, but in Heaven ?

Blanche. My father !

D'Aubigné. *We must die.*

We must look up to God, and calmly die.—
Come to my heart, and weep there !—for awhile
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart !
Do I not know thee ?—Do I ask too much
From mine own noble Blanche ?

Blanche, (falling on his bosom.) Oh ! clasp me fast !
Thy trembling child !—Hide, hide me in thine arms—
Father !

D'Aubigné. Alas ! my flower, thou'rt young to go—
Young, and so fair !—Yet were it worse, methinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
The loyal hearted and the chivalrous,
And they that lov'd their God, have all been swept,
Like the sere leaves, away.—For them no hearth
Through the wide land was left inviolate,
No altar holy ; therefore did they fall,
Rejoicing to depart.—The soil is steep'd
In noble blood ; the temples are gone down ;
The voice of prayer is hush'd, or fearfully
Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt.—Why, who would live?
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,
The burden'd air ?—Our God upon the cross—
Our king upon the scaffold*—let us think

* A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus addressed him :
“ My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man.”

Of *these*—and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die !

Blanche. A dark and fearful way !
An evil doom for thy dear honour'd head !
Oh ! thou, the kind, the gracious !—whom all eyes
Bless'd as they look'd upon !—Speak yet again—
Say, will they part us ?

D'Aubigné. No, my Blanche ; in death
We shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God !
He, by thy glance, will aid me—I shall see
His light before me to the last.—And when—
Oh ! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child !—
When shall the hour befall ?

D'Aubigné. Oh ! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke.—But of that hour
As yet I know not.—Each low throbbing pulse
Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity !

Blanche, (kneeling before him.) My father ! lay thy
hand

On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,
Ere we are call'd.

D'Aubigné. If I may speak through tears !—
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart !—thou who dost look on me
With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,
A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,
A stainless lily in my widow'd house,
There springing up—with soft light round thee shed—
For immortality !—Meek child of God !
I bless thee—He will bless thee !—In his love
He calls thee now from this rude stormy world
To thy Redeemer's breast.—And thou wilt die,
As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy Blanche !
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of Heaven.

Blanche, (rising.) Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit.—I can rise
And say, “Thy will be done!”

D'Aubigné, (pointing upwards.) Seest thou, my
child,

Yon faint light in the west? The signal star
Of our due vesper service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon grating!—Mournfully
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy Fear or wavering Faith
Silenced the strain?—No! let it waft to Heaven
The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,
In its dark hour once more!—And we will sleep—
Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

[*They sing together.*]

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

We see no more, in thy pure skies,
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;
How every colour'd hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood :
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now for ever gone,
Father ! o'er all thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow ;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee ;
Still feeding all thy flowers with light,
Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.
We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, th'
All Just,
And bless thee still with free and boundless trust !

We read no more, O God ! thy ways
On earth, in these wild evil days.

The red sword in th' oppressor's hand
Is ruler of the weeping land ;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
Which tells us these things cannot last—
And by the hope which finds no ark,
Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark—
We trust thee!—As the sailor knows
That in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
May veil it with a midnight shroud.

We know thou reign'st!—All Holy One, All Just!
And bless thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.

Yet, by the anguish of thy Son
When his last hour came darkly on—
By his dread cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment—
And by his parting word, which rose
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—
We know that Thou mayst wound, mayst break
The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake!
Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,
In our deep need to Thee we turn!
To whom but Thee?—All Merciful, All Just!
In life, in death, we yield thee boundless trust!

**HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN
TIMES OF PERSECUTION.**

“ Thanks be to God for the mountains !”

HOWITT'S Book of the Seasons.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky :
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard ;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd ;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth

On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights ;
But we, for *thy* communion,
Have sought the mountain sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain,

Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves :
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

120 HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS, &c.

For the shadow of thy presence,
 Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.*

But by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath
That fires yon Heaven with storms of death,
Shall guide me to the foe!

Indian Song in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

SCENE—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees. HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. The hour is evening twilight.*

Herrmann. Was that the light from some lone
swift canoe

Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash

* Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded, are recorded in Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark
Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange
world,
Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods !
The desert's own great spirit, infinite !
Little they know, in mine own father-land,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
The wild Harz mountains, or the silvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
Of what is solitude ! In hours like this,
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home path ; while round his lowly porch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The clustered faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts !

Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God!
Draw me still nearer, closer unto thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with thyself be filled!—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving!

Hark! a step,

An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.

*[He comes forward and meets an Indian
warrior armed.]*

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase
returned?

The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest!
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.—
I must begone.

Herrmann, (solemnly.) No, warrior, thou must
stay!

The Mighty One hath given me power to search
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
Be grown thus restless, is it not because

Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill?—

Enonio, (with sudden impetuosity.) How should I
rest?—

Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said, “*Avenge me!*”—In the clouds this morn,
I saw the frowning colour of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said, “*Avenge me!*”—Therefore have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,
And take the strange sound from the cataract,
And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way

Thy dying brother trod.—Say, didst thou love
That lost one well ?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up
Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness ?
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path ;
We stemmed the lake in one canoe ; we lay
Beneath one oak to rest.—When fever hung
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head ; my brother's robe
Covered my bosom from the chill night air.
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love,
Until he turned him from his fathers' gods,
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it seemed
That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so returned—and where was he ?—the earth
Owned him no more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since then,

Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant knee
To the one God.

Enonio. Yes, I have learned to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the more
My heart, that shut against my brother's love,
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away.—In the night hush,
Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
Of the great forests, I have called aloud,
“ Brother ! forgive, forgive ! ”—He answered not—
His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
Cries but “ *Avenge me !* ”—and I go forth now
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
“ I *have* avenged thee.”

Herrmann. Oh ! that human love
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
Till heaven through all the fevered being pours

Transmuting balsam !—Stay, Enonio, stay !
 Thy brother calls thee not !—The spirit world
 Where the departed go, sends back to earth
 No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might
 Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
 At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
 Unto the forest and the cataract,
 The angry colour to the clouds of morn,
 The shadow to the moonlight.—Stay, my son !
 Thy brother is at peace.—Beside his couch,
 When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,
 I knelt and prayed ; he named his Saviour's name,
 Meekly, beseechingly ; he spoke of thee
 In pity and in love.

Enonio, (hurriedly.) Did he not say
 My arrow should avenge him ?

Herrmann. His last words
 Were all forgiveness.

Enonio. What ! and shall the man
 Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
 Walk fearless forth in joy ?

Herrmann. Was he not once
 Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*
 He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
 Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
 Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
 Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?
 Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the All Just,
 Unto himself reserves this royalty—
 The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
 The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
 Leave it with him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
 For that strong heart of thine—oh! listen yet—
 Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
 For death or torture to the guilty one,
 Ere it can sleep again.

Enonio. My father speaks
 Of change, for man too mighty.

Herrmann. I but speak
 Of that which hath been, and again must be,
 If thou wouldst join thy brother, in the life

Of the bright country, where, I well believe,
His soul rejoices.—*He* had known such change.
He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named
The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek heart,
In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up to heaven—
“*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,
Father, forgive!*”—And o'er the eternal bounds
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master passed.—He waits thee there—
For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness.—He calls
His brother to the land of golden light,
And ever-living fountains—couldst thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
“My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful!
That we may meet again.”

Enonio, (hesitating.) Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

Herrmann.

To Him,

To Him return, from whom thine erring steps
Have wandered far and long!—Return, my son,
To thy Redeemer!—Died He not in love—
The sinless, the divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness midst all agonies,
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless?—By His aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
Midst the pure spirits.—Oh! retrace the way
Back to thy Saviour! he rejects no heart
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them showered.—Aye, weep, thou Indian
chief!

For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold
Thy proud lip's working—weep, relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
Of its great conflict.

Enonio, (giving up his weapons to Herrmann.)

Father, take the bow,

Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call

Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
 A little while, my father ! by thy side,
 That I may hear the blessed words again—
 Like water brooks amidst the summer hills—
 From thy true lips flow forth ; for in my heart
 The music and the memory of their sound
 Too long have died away.

Herrmann. O, welcome back,
 Friend, rescued one !—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
 And we will pray beneath my sycamore
 Together, morn and eve ; and I will spread
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last—
 After the visiting of holy thoughts—
 With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes!—
 Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
 To peace, to God, thou lost and found again !

[*They go into the cabin together.—HERRMANN,
 lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks
 up to the starry skies.*

Father ! that from amidst yon glorious worlds

Now look'st on us, thy children ! make this hour
Blessed for ever ! May it see the birth
Of thine own image in the unfathomed deep
Of an immortal soul ;—a thing to name
With reverential thought, a solemn world !
To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
Burning on high in thy majestic Heaven !

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

The land shall never rue,
So England to herself do prove but true.

SHAKSPEARE.

THROUGH evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done :
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt,
For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main
Heaved with a dark red stain,
 Caught not from sunset's cloud ;
While with the tide swept past
Pennon and shivered mast,
Which to the Ocean Queen that day had bow'd.

But free and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
 Her streamer met the breeze ;
It flowed o'er fearless men,
Though hushed and child-like then,
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home
O'er each bold spirit come
 As, from the land, sweet gales ?
In every word of prayer
Had not some hearth a share,
Some bower, inviolate midst England's vales ?

Yes ! bright green spots that lay
In beauty far away,

Hearing no billow's roar ;

Safer from touch of spoil,

For that day's fiery toil,

Rose on high hearts, that now with love gush'd o'er.

A solemn scene, and dread !

The victors and the dead,

The breathless burning sky !

And, passing with the race

Of waves, that keep no trace,

The wild, brief signs of human victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !

Billows, where strife hath been,

Sinking to awful sleep ;

And words, that breathe the sense

Of God's omnipotence,

Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,

Thy flag hath been a star,

Where eagle's wing ne'er flew ;—

England ! the unprofaned,

Those of the hearths unstained,

Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be true !

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

FATHER of Heaven and Earth !

I bless thee for the night,

The soft, still night !

The holy pause of care and mirth,

Of sound and light !

Now, far in glade and dell,

Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,

Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest—

The bee's long murmuring toils are done,

And I, the o'erwearied one,

O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
Bless thee, O God, O Father of th' oppress'd,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night !

Yes, e'er I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven !
I bless thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers, the night,
The soft, still, holy night !

THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.

One spirit—His

Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature.—Not a flower
 But shews some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
 Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar.—
 Happy who walks with him !

COWPER.

COME to the woods, my boy !
 Come to the streams and bowery dingles forth,
 My happy child ! The spirit of bright hours

Woos us in every wind ; fresh wild-leaf scents
From thickets where the lonely stock-dove broods,
Enter our lattice ; fitful songs of joy
Float in with each soft current of the air ;
And we will hear their summons ; we will give
One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad thoughts,
And thou shalt revel midst free nature's wealth,
And, for thy mother, twine wild wreaths ; while she
From thy delight, wins to her own fond heart
The vernal extasy of childhood back :—
Come to the woods, my boy !

What ! wouldst thou lead already to the path
Along the copsewood brook ? Come, then ! in truth
Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,
Is a glad singing stream, heard or unheard,
Singing its melody of happiness
Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free grace
To that sweet chime.—With what a sparkling life
It fills the shadowy dingle ! now the wing

Of some low skimming swallow shakes bright spray
Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled wave ;
Now, from some pool of crystal darkness deep,
The trout springs upward, with a showery gleam
And plashing sound of waters. What swift rings
Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide
Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of light
From burnished films ! And mark yon silvery line
Of gossamer, so tremulously hung
Across the narrow current, from the tuft
Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough !
See, in the air's transparence, how it waves,
Quivering and glistening with each faintest gale,
Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy shapes,
How delicate, how wondrous !

Yes, my boy !

Well may we make the stream's bright winding vein
Our woodland guide, for He who made the stream
Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,
For ever deepening. O, forget him not,

Dear child ! that airy gladness which thou feel'st
Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,
As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less
His gift, his blessing on thy spring-time hours,
Than this rich outward sunshine, mantling all
The leaves, and grass, and mossy tinted stones
With summer glory. Stay thy bounding step,
My merry wanderer ! let us rest a while
By this clear pool, where, in the shadow flung
From alder boughs and osiers o'er its breast,
The soft red of the flowering willow-herb
So vividly is pictured. Seems it not
E'en melting to a more transparent glow
In that pure glass ? Oh ! beautiful are streams !
And, through all ages, human hearts have loved
Their music, still accordant with each mood
Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown
Into vain worship, which hath left its trace
On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still
Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a fount

Of Italy and Greece. But we will take
Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which blessed
The river Deities or fountain Nymphs,
For the cool breeze, and for the freshening shade,
And the sweet water's tune. The One supreme,
The all-sustaining, ever-present God,
Who dowered the soul with immortality,
Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth
Its fleeting passage ; therefore let us greet
Each wandering flower scent as a boon from Him,
Each bird-note, quivering midst light summer leaves,
And every rich celestial tint unnamed,
Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve,
Kindle and melt away !

And now, in love,
In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend
Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers
Around the ruined mansion. Thou, my boy,
Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn
But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*

Will wear no shadow of subduing thought—
No colouring from the past. This way our path
Winds through the hazels ;—mark how brightly
shoots

The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,
Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,
Is all the murmuring shade ! and thine, O *thine* !
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,
My blessed child ! *my* gift of God ! that mak'st
My heart o'erflow with summer !

Hast thou twined

Thy wreath so soon ! yet will we loiter not,
Though here the blue-bell wave, and gorgeously
Round the brown twisted roots of yon scathed oak
The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave
The copse, and through yon broken avenue,
Shadowed by drooping walnut foliage, reach
The ruin's glade.

And, lo ! before us, fair,
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,
It stands, that house of silence ! wedded now
To verdant nature by the o'ermantling growth
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands
Once loved to train. How the rich wall-flower scent
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,
Embalming its decay ! The bee alone
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,
Watching some homeward footstep. See ! unbound
From the old fretted stone-work, what thick wreaths
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks
Of life gone hence ; and the faint southern breath
Of myrtle leaves from yon forsaken porch,
Startles the soul with sweetness ! Yet rich knots
Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around

A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
Undimmed by human change. How kindly here,
With the low thyme and daisies they have blent !
And, under arches of wild eglantine,
Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems
The frail gumcistus o'er the turf to snow
Its pearly flower-leaves down !—Go, happy boy !
Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets,
Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,
Under the tall moss rose-tree, long unpruned,
Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around
Their many tinged mosaic, midst dark grass,
Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,
Wild with delight !—the crimson on his cheek
Purer and richer e'en than that which lies
In this deep-hearted rose-cup !—Bright moss rose !
Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree !
Once thou wert cherished ! and, by human love,
Through many a summer duly visited

For thy bloom-offerings, which, o'er festal board,
And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch
Of long secluded sickness, may have shed
A joy, now lost.

Yet shall there still be joy,
Where God hath poured forth beauty, and the voice
Of human love shall still be heard in praise
Over his glorious gifts!—O Father, Lord!
The All Beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
Her minster cells; dark glen and forest bower,
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,

Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee ! back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness !—Thou bidd'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of thine !
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet hearts, touched by their fervent dreams
With spiritual light, and made a source
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss :—the old man's eye
Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
Turns unto thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
From dust to splendour ; as the mortal seed
Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up
To put on glory, to be girt with power,

And filled with immortality. Receive
Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish boons,
And, most of all, their heavenward influences,
O Thou that gav'st us flowers !

Return, my boy,

With all thy chaplets and bright bands, return !
See, with how deep a crimson eve hath touched
And glorified the ruin ! glow-worm light
Will twinkle on the dew-drops, e'er we reach
Our home again. Come, with thy last sweet prayer
At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall thanks
Unto our Father in his Heaven arise,
For all the gladness, all the beauty shed
O'er one rich day of flowers !

**HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD
ON HIS RETURN.**

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Joy! the lost one is restored!
Sunshine comes to hearth and board.
From the far-off countries old
Of the diamond and red gold;
From the dusky archer bands,
Roamers of the fiery sands;
From the desert winds, whose breath
Smites with sudden silent death;
He hath reached his home again,
Where we sing
In thy praise a fervent strain,
God our King!

Mightiest ! unto Thee he turned,
When the noon-day fiercest burned ;
When the fountain springs were far,
And the sounds of Arab war
Swelled upon the sultry blast,
And the sandy columns past,
Unto Thee he cried ! and Thou,
Merciful ! didst hear his vow !
Therefore unto Thee again
Joy shall sing,
Many a sweet and thankful strain,
God our King !

Thou wert with him on the main,
And the snowy mountain chain,
And the rivers, dark and wide,
Which through Indian forests glide,
Thou didst guard him from the wrath
Of the lion in his path,
And the arrows on the breeze,
And the dropping poison-trees :

Therefore from our household train
Oft shall spring
Unto Thee a blessing strain,
God our King!

Thou to his lone watching wife
Hast brought back the light of life !
Thou hast spared his loving child
Home to greet him from the wild.
Though the suns of eastern skies
On his cheek have set their dyes,
Though long toils and sleepless cares
On his brow have blanched the hairs,
Yet the night of fear is flown,
He is living, and our own !—
Brethren ! spread his festal board,
Hang his mantle and his sword
With the armour on the wall—
While this long, long silent hall

Joyfully doth hear again

Voice and string

Swell to Thee the exulting strain,

God our King!

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower,
Father of mercies ! round his precious head !
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power :—oh ! be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will !
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still !

Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,
His bosom guest inalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimm'd ! a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown !
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,
Remember'd faintly, gleams,
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown !

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy spirit free ;
And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,
That joyful trust ! and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face !

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.*

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
 Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;
 And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat, oh ! think,
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
 And friend to more than human friendship just—
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hope of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust !

CAMPBELL.

*The scene is in an English cottage. The lattice opens
 upon a landscape at sunset.*

EUGENE—TERESA.

Teresa. The fever's hue hath left thy cheek,
 belov'd !

Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,

* Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.

Are clear and still once more!—Wilt thou look
forth?

Now, while the sunset, with low streaming light—
The light thou lov'st—hath made the elm-wood
stems

All burning bronze, the river molten gold!
Wilt thou be rais'd upon thy couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With our own evening hymn?

Eugene. Not now, dear love,
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee!—Doth the light sleep
On the stream tenderly? and are the stems
Of our own elm trees, by its alchemy,
So richly chang'd? and is the sweet-brier scent
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa!—not to thee;
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile

Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery.—One last work !
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affections, and undying hopes,
All, all in that memorial !

Teresa. O, what dream

Is this, mine own Eugene?—Waste thou not thus
Thy scarce returning strength ; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days ! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute—dear friend !
Dearest of friends ! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

Eugene. Yes ! the unseen land

Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence.—Oh ! be thou not deceived !
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa !
I must, *must* leave thee !—Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle.

Teresa. O Eugene !

What will this dim world be to me, Eugene,

When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all?
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?
How can we part? We that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits linked so long by grief,
By tears, by prayer?

Eugene. *E'en therefore* we can part,
With an immortal trust, that such high love
Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave

One record still of its ethereal flame
Brightening thro' death's cold shadow. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half veiled, in thine own soul absorbed,
As in thy watchings, e'er I sink to sleep;
And I will give the bending flower-like grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. There! thy head
Bowed down with beauty, and with tenderness,

And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa !
Oh ! the quick glancing radiance and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer flush ! For by my couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles
Thine offering unto me. Oh ! I may give
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
Unto the canvass ;—I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbreathed ! my faithful one !
What thou hast been to me ! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turned away

From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart,
 Found ever the sweet fountain of response,
 To quench my thirst for home !

The dear work grows
 Beneath my hand,—the last !

Teresa, (falling on his neck in tears.)

Eugene, Eugene !

Break not my heart with thine excess of love !—
 Oh ! must I lose thee—thou that hast been still
 The tenderest—best—

Eugene. Weep, weep not thus, belov'd !
 Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power
 Of soothing to the last !—Mine own Teresa !
 Take strength from strong affection !—Let our souls,
 Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain
 Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich boon—
 Our perfect love !—Oh ! blessed have we been
 In that high gift ! Thousands o'er earth may pass
 With hearts unfreshen'd by the heavenly dew,

Which hath kept *ours* from withering.—Kneel, true
wife !

And lay thy hands in mine.—

[*She kneels beside the couch ; he prays.*

O, thus receive

Thy children's thanks, Creator ! for the love
Which thou hast granted, through all earthly woes,
To spread heaven's peace around them ; which hath
bound

Their spirits to each other and to thee,
With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath breathed,
Nor wandering thought. We thank thee, gracious
God !

For all its treasured memories ! tender cares,
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks un-
changed

Through tears and joy. O Father ! most of all
We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,
Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed, to those
That love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight,

And in Thy heavens, immortal!—Hear our prayer!
Take home our fond affections, purified
To spirit-radiance from all earthly stain;
Exalted, solemnized, made fit to dwell,
Father! where all things that are lovely meet,
And all things that are pure—for evermore,
With Thee and Thine!

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK-BED
OF A CHILD.

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,
Thou, with whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love ;

Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,
With his spirit wandering wild
From its gladsome tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away :—

Saviour, aid !

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now ;

Round his lip is quivering strife,
In his hand unquiet life ;

Aid, oh ! aid.

Saviour ! loose the burning chain
From his fevered heart and brain,
Give, oh ! give his young soul back,
Into its own cloudless track !

Hear and aid !

Thou that said'st, "*awake, arise !*"
E'en when death had quenched the eyes,
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
When o'erwearied hope is dying !

Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him thine, all thine,
Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,
Strength, trust, patience, from above !

Hear and aid !

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY FELTON.

NIGHT sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing ;
Sea birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in Heaven unsleeping,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.

Thou, whose voice came thrilling,

Wind and billow stilling,

Speak once more ! our prayer fulfilling—

Power dwells with Thee !

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.**A SERIES OF SONNETS**

Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains : your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken : yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change !

I.

INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,
Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar ;
So from the depth of days, when earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh ! come, restore
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,
Daughters of Judah ! with the timbrel rise !
Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire ;
Oh ! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your
clime !

II.

INVOCATION CONTINUED.

And come, ye faithful ! round Messiah seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and light
Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright,
Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their
slight
Ethereal cradle.—From *your* heart subdued
All haughty dreams of power had wing'd their flight,
And left high place for martyr fortitude,
True faith, long suffering love.—Come to me, come !
And, as the seas beneath your master's tread
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home ;
So in your presence, let the soul's great deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

III.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A song for Israel's God!—Spear, crest, and helm,
 Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
 When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
 Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee ;
 With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
 Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,
 E'en as instinct with the tempestuous glee
 Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own victory!—O, thy lays,
 Bright Poesy! were holy in their birth:—
 How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,
 In the bewildering melodies of earth!
 Return from troubling bitter founts—return,
 Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!

IV.

RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
Still brings me back thine image—Oh ! forlorn,
Yet not forsaken, Ruth !—I see thee stand
Lone, midst the gladness of the harvest band—
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy father land
Smiles far away ! yet to the sense of home,
That finest, purest, which can recognize
Home in affection's glance, for ever true
Beats thy calm heart ; and if thy gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep Love's tone,
“ *Thy people and thy God shall be mine own !*”

V.

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

“ And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven ; and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.”—2 *Sam.* xxi. 10.

Who watches on the mountain with the dead,

Alone before the awfulness of night?—

A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?

A warrior guarding some dark pass of dread?

No, a lorn woman!—On her drooping head,

Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain ;

She recks not—living for the unburied slain,

Only to scare the vulture from their bed.

So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept

With the pale stars, and with the dews hath wept ;—

Oh ! surely some bright Presence from above

On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!—

E'en so ; a strengthener through all storm and shade,

Th' unconquerable Angel, mightiest Love !

VI.

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

“ And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.”

2 *Kings*, iv. 13.

“ I dwell among mine own,”—Oh ! happy thou !

Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,

Nor for the olives on the mountain's brow ;

Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line

Of streams, that make the green land where they

shine

Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,

Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,

Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine—

Oh ! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,

But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,

Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies ;

And for thy holy household love, which clings

Unto all ancient and familiar things,

Weaving from each some link for home's dear

charities.

VII.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Lowliest of women, and most glorified !

In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
 A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side
 Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
 Solemn, yet breathing gladness.—From her throne
 A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
 A stately prophetess of victory
 From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,
 For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,
 Chosen of Heaven ! that hour :—but thou, O
 thou !

E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,
 Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
 And take to thy meek breast th' all holy word,
 And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

VIII.

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

Yet as a sun-burst flushing mountain snow,
Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long
On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
And thy calm spirit lightened into song.
Unconsciously perchance, yet free and strong
Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,
Which living harps the quires of Heaven among
Might well have linked with their divinest chords.
Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,
Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,
No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;
While thine, O childlike virgin ! through all time
Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
Being of God, and therefore not to die.

IX.

THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

There was a mournfulness in angel eyes,
 That saw thee, woman ! bright in this world's train,
 Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
 Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.
 But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,
 When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn,
 When thy heart's core had quivered to the pain
 Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;
 When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth
 On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,
 And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth
 Than all those costly balms of Araby ;
Then was there joy, a song of joy in Heaven,
 For thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven !

X.

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

Oh ! blest beyond all daughters of the earth !

What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat,
Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial birth ?

Mary ! meek listener at the Saviour's feet !

No feverish cares to that divine retreat

Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,

But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.

Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,

Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying !

Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring, lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,

That e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,

Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills.

XI.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF
LAZARUS.

One grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead !

Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps, made
fleet

By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,

Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet ;

And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat

Didst wait his summons—then with reverent love

Fall weeping at the blest Deliverer's feet,

Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could move.

And which to *Him*, the All Seeing and All Just

Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust ?

Oh ! question not, and let no law be given

To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,

By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :

Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

XII.

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

“ Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.”—*Matthew*, xxvi. 13.—See also *John*, xii. 3.

Thou hast thy record in the monarch's hall ;
 And on the waters of the far mid sea ;
 And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
 The alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee :
 Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,
 The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child
 Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
 With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
 There art thou known—where'er the Book of Light
 Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
 Is borne thy memory, and all praise above :
 Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
 Mary ! to that pure silent place of fame ?
 One lowly offering of exceeding love.

XIII.

THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

Like those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam

Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,

Such by the Cross doth your bright lingering seem,

Daughters of Zion ! faithful to the last !

Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth
cast

By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,

E'en till away the heavenly spirit pass'd,

Stood in the shadow of his agony.

O blessed faith ! a guiding lamp, that hour,

Was lit for woman's heart ; to her, whose dower

Is all of love and suffering from her birth ;

Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through
strife,

Bidding her bind each tendril of her life,

To that which her deep soul hath prov'd of holiest
worth.

XIV.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Weeper ! to thee how bright a morn was given :
After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,
Thrilled with immortal tones the silent air !
Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman ! bowed
By strong affection's anguish !—one low word—
“*Mary !*”—and all the triumph wrung from
death
Was thus revealed ! and thou, that so hadst err'd,
So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith
Didst cast thee down before th' all conquering Son,
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won !

XV.

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE
RESURRECTION.

Then was a task of glory all thine own,
 Nobler than e'er the still small voice assigned
 To lips, in awful music making known
 The stormy splendours of some prophet's mind.
 "Christ is arisen!"—by thee, to wake mankind,
 First from the sepulchre those words were brought!
 Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind
 First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—
 "*Christ is arisen!*"—Thou, *thou*, the sin enthralled,
 Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransomed one, wert
 called
 In human hearts to give that rapture birth:
 Oh! raised from shame to brightness!—*there* doth
 lie
 The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,
 Whose undespairing love still owned the spirit's
 worth.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

Oh! blest are they who live and die like "him,"
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!

WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high
In a dim cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat ;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound ;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues !—but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name
Was a trumpet note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown
From the colour'd light one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd *there*,
Mourning for parted worth ;
But the very heart of love and prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain source :

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,*
A soft light meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthrall'd,
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to Heaven his name.

* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still ;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fane to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh ;
How my full heart within me burn'd
Like *Him* to live and die !

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.



FORGET them not ! though now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round :

Though for their sake this earth no more
As it hath been, may be,
And shadows, never marked before,
Brood o'er each tree :

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet, forget them not !
Nor, where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm not elsewhere found ;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream, the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower, of something gone,
A tinge may wear :

Oh, fly it not!—no *fruitless* grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf,
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden bower,
Still commune with the holy dead,
In each lone hour.

The *holy* dead!—oh! blest we are,
That we may call them so,
And to their image look afar,
Through all our woe!

Blest, that the things they lov'd on earth
As relics we may hold,
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth
By springs untold!

Blest, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet, all for Heaven.

ANGEL VISITS.

No more of talk where God or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend, familiar used
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast.

MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed ?
 Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no more ?
 Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
 Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore ?
 Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,
 And ye—our faded earth beholds you not !

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
Man wandered from his Paradise away ;
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
Came down, high guests ! in many a later day,
And with the Patriarchs, under vine or oak,
Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight-darkness rending,
Came the rich mysteries to the Sleeper's eye,
That saw your hosts ascending and descending
On those bright steps between the earth and sky :
Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,
And worshipped, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's* brook ye passed, such radiance wearing
As mortal vision might but ill endure ;
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure !
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

* Ezekiel, chap. x.

But in the Olive-mount, by night appearing,

Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done !

Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,

Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son?—

Haply of those that, on the moon-lit plains,

Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours ! your heavenly dwelling

Ye left, and by th' unsealed sepulchral stone,

In glorious raiment, sat ; the weepers telling,

That *He* they sought had triumphed, and was gone !

Now have ye left us for the brighter shore,

Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,

With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,

Though the fresh glory of those days be over,

When, midst the palm trees, man your footsteps met?

Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,

When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,

 Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave ?

When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,

 Lead on the march of death, serenely brave ?

Dreams !—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—

One, One *is* near—a Spirit holier still !

A PENITENT'S RETURN.

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?
Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,
The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue.

WILSON.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night,
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear !
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful ? Faithless hearted !
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The inborn gladd'ning light !

No outward thing is changed ;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade ;
And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air ;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there .

And must I turn away ?—
Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice I hear—
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother ! Now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found !

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

We receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold of higher worth
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd ;
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
 Enveloping the earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground !
 If thou couldst yet be found,
 Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers ;
 If not one sullyng breath
 Of time, or change, or death,
 Had touched the vernal glory of thy bowers ;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose ?
Might our eyes wander there
Through heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of the immortal rose ?

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore ?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more ?

And might we, in the shade
By thy tall cedars made,
With angel voices high communion hold ?
Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our Being's harmony, so jarred of old ?

Oh ! no—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres might thrill ;
But *we*—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still ?

What could *thy* flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares ?
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free ?
No !—past each living stream,
Still would some fever dream
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for thee !

Should we not shrink with fear,
If angel steps were near,
Feeling our burdened souls within us die ?
How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The star-like glance of seraph purity ?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining love ;
Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal skies !
Oh ! *Thou* wert but a part
Of what man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise !

LET US DEPART.



It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, " Let us depart hence."



NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around,

The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale ;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the Temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice rais'd the cry,
" Let us depart !"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet sword
It's vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage night.

Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the Temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
" Let us depart !"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night ;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.

•
While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice rais'd the cry,
“ Let us depart !”

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING
THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ.*

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
 Holiest of sufferers ! round thy path of woe,
 And by the weight of mortal agony
 Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek brow,
 My heart was awed : the burden of thy pain
 Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue shed
 Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray
 Of victory from thy mien ! and round thy head,
 The halo, melting spirit-like away,
 Seem'd of the very soul's bright rising born,
 To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

* This picture is in the possession of the Viscount Harberton, Merrion Square, Dublin.

And upwards, through transparent darkness gleaming,
Gazed, in mute reverence, woman's earnest eye,
Lit, as a vase whence inward light is streaming,
With quenchless faith, and deep love's fervency ;
Gathering, like incense round some dim-veiled shrine,
About the Form, so mournfully divine !

Oh ! let thine image, as e'en then it rose,
Live in my soul for ever, calm and clear,
Making itself a temple of repose,
Beyond the breath of human hope or fear !
A holy place, where through all storms may lie
One living beam of day-spring from on high.

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT.

Could we but keep our spirits to that height,
We might be happy ; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal.

BYRON.

RETURN, my thoughts, come home !
Ye wild and wing'd ! what do ye o'er the deep ?
And wherefore thus th' abyss of time o'ersweep,
As birds the ocean foam ?

Swifter than shooting star,
Swifter than lances of the northern light,
Upspringing through the purple heaven of night,
Hath been your course afar !

Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian streams,
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,
By temples of old time :

Through the north's ancient halls,
Where banners thrill'd of yore, where harp strings
rung,
But grass waves now o'er those that fought and sung—
Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood,
And sometimes on the haunted solitude
Rises the pilgrim's hymn :

Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice-woods gleam-
ing !
There have ye been, ye wanderers ! idly dreaming
Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts, return !
Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh ! no, return ye not !
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be !
Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright and
free,
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,
Midst the old mountains, and the deserts vast ;
Or, through the ruin'd cities of the past,
Follow the wise and brave !

Go, visit cell and shrine !
Where woman hath endured !—through wrong,
through scorn,
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine !

Go, shoot the gulf of death !
Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high !
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would
lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount !—Your
way
Is through eternity !

SONNETS,

DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

I.

THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the Harp of poesy regain
 That old victorious tone of prophet-years,
 A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
 And all the hovering shadows of the brain ?
 Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,
 And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
 Sank on the soul:—Oh ! who may now recall
 The mighty music's consecrated reign ?—
 Spirit of God ! whose glory once o'erhung
 A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,
 So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,
 O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung—
 Feeling and Thought !—till the rekindled chords
 Give the long buried tone back to immortal words !

II.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently !—of anxious looks beguiled
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent ;—her accents, gravely mild
Breathed out thy lore : whilst I, a dreamy child
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest :—yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
 Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost ;—for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful tears,
 Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee !

III.

REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

From an Old Italian Picture.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lull'd on his mother's breast, the fair Child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile,
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes.
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Regal and still as everlasting things!—
Vain pomps! from Him, with that pure flowery
cheek,
Soft shadowed by his mother's drooping head,
A new born Spirit, mighty, and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread!
And bid all earthly Grandeurs cast the crown,
Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

IV.

PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

All the bright hues from eastern garlands glowing,
Round the young Child luxuriantly are spread ;
Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing
In adoration, o'er his cradle shed.

Roses, deep-filled with rich midsummer's red,
Circle his hands ; but, in his grave sweet eye,
Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophecy
Of ruder coronals for that meek head.

And thus it was ! a diadem of thorn

Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers,
To him who pour'd forth blessings in soft showers
O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn !
And *we* repine, for whom that cup He took,
O'er blooms that mock'd our hope, o'er idols that
forsook !

V.

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

An Ecce Homo, by Leonardo da Vinci.

I met that image on a mirthful day
Of youth ; and, sinking with a still'd surprise,
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abash'd to mute confession of a sway,
Awful, tho' meek ; and now, that from the strings
Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings
Have struck forth tones which then awaken'd lay ;
Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,
Oft does the pale bright vision still float by ;
But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity !

VI.

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

Happy were they, the mothers, in whose sight
Ye grew, fair children ! hallowed from that hour
By your Lord's blessing ! surely thence a shower
Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
Through all the after years, which saw ye move
Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !
And honoured be all childhood, for the sake
Of that high love ! Let reverential care
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;
Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

VII.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

“ He went up to a mountain apart to pray.”

A child midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I prayed not ; but deep thoughts have
pressed
Into my being since it breathed that air,
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto night and day ;
So might the o'erburdened Son of man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

VIII.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

“ Consider the lilies of the field.”

Flowers ! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd
hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies ! chosen thus and graced !

IX.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

“ And behold the birds of the air.”

Ye too, the free and fearless Birds of air,
Were charg'd that hour, on missionary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of spring!
Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!
And call us to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares ; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
E'en than the first, within th' awaken'd mind ;
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resigned.

X.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

“And he that was dead sat up and began to speak.”

He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke !

Was it of that majestic world unknown ?

Those words, which first the bier's dread silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each tone ?

Were the far cities of the nations gone,

The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,

For man uncurtain'd by that spirit lone,

Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep ?

Be hush'd, my soul ! the veil of darkness lay

Still drawn :—thy Lord call'd back the voice departed,

To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.

Oh ! take that lesson home in silent faith,

Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question*,

death !

XI.

THE OLIVE TREE.

The Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.
But thou, pale Olive!—in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine:—I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene
When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed—
When pale stars looked upon his fainting head,
And angels, minist'ring in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.

XII.

THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
Felt shudderingly at noon :—the land had driven
A Guest divine back to the gates of Heaven,
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,
All grace, all truth :—and, when to anguish wrung,
From the sharp cross th' enlightening spirit fled,
O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
By the great shadow of that death was flung.
O Saviour ! O Atoner ! thou that fain
Wouldst make thy temple in each human breast,
Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,
Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,
Chas'd thence by guilt ! Oh ! turn not *thou* away,
The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect day !

XIII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

“ God is a Spirit.”

Spirit ! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time ! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration :—founts and choral rills
Of thee are murmuring :—to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear nought but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward.—Ne'er may rock or cave possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

XIV.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK

Crowning a flowery slope it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,
Caressingly, about the holy ground ;
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seemed, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a thought
Of England's fathers ; loftily serene,
They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled, to secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reigned there, the o'ershadowing spirits of the scene.

XV.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

Blessings be round it still ! that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain-glen ! old mossy trees
Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms !—yet not alone,
For memories lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee, midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer !
But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair
From the hill-cabins and the ocean-shore.
Oh ! may the fisher and the mountaineer,
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore !

XVI.

LOUISE SCHEPLER.

Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.

A fearless journeyer o'er the mountain snow
Wert thou, Louise ! the sun's decaying light,
Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,
Redden'd thy steep wild way : the starry night
Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,
Piercing some dark ravine : and many a dell
Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,
Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright
Oft in mid-storms ; oh ! not with beauty's eye,
Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning ;
No ! pilgrim of unwearying charity !
Thy spell was *love*—the mountain deserts turning
To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice,
When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice !

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

For thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,
A wild neglected flock ! to seek, and find,
And meekly win ! there feeding each young mind
With balms of heavenly eloquence : not *thine*,
Daughter of Christ ! but his, whose love divine
Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined,
A burning light ! Oh ! beautiful, in truth,
Upon the mountains are the feet of those
Who bear his tidings ! From thy morn of youth,
For this were all thy journeyings, and the close
Of that long path, Heaven's own bright sabbath-
rest,
Must wait thee, wanderer ! on thy Saviour's breast.

LINES

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light !

Emblem of that which will not fade or die !

Wilt thou not speed thy flight,

To chase the south wind through the glowing sky ?

What lures thee thus to stay,

With silence and decay,

Fixed on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts, once chamber'd there,

Have gathered up their treasures, and are gone ;—

Will the dust tell thee where

That which hath burst the prison-house is flown ?

Rise, nursling of the day !

If thou would'st trace its way—

Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanished bird,
Near the deserted nest and broken shell?
Far thence, by us unheard,
He sings, rejoicing in the woods to dwell;
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn!
Thy hope springs heavenward from yon ruined cell.

THE PALMER.

The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Shew'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

SCOTT.

ART thou come from the far-off land at last?
Thou that hast wander'd long!
Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath pass'd,
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding heart
Thou wilt seek—but all are gone;
They are parted e'en as waters part,
To meet in the deep alone!

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,
From thine eye the light of morn ;
And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow,
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the distant shore
For thy wasted youth to pay ?
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once more ?
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way ?

“ I have brought but the palm branch in my hand,
Yet I call not my bright youth lost !
I have won but high thought in the Holy Land,
Yet I count not too dear the cost !

“ I look on the leaves of the deathless tree—
These records of my track ;
And better than youth in its flush of glee,
Are the memories they give me back !

“ They speak of toil, and of high emprise,
As in words of solemn cheer,
They speak of lonely victories
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

“ They speak of scenes which have now become
Bright pictures in my breast ;
Where my spirit finds a glorious home,
And the love of my heart can rest.

“ The colours pass not from *these* away,
Like tints of shower or sun ;
Oh ! beyond all treasures that know decay,
Is the wealth my soul hath won !

“ A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,
An inborn light is cast ;
For the sake of the palm from the holy shrine,
I bewail not my bright days past !”

THE WATER-LILY.

The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water,
but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

OH ! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen !
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave !
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm ? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower ?

Oh ! Love is most like thee,
The love of woman ; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—O, is not faith
Like thee too, Lily, springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie !
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought :

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting earth,
This world of changes and farewells, a friend
That will not fail me in his love and worth,
Tender, and firm, and faithful to the end?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest—
Long on vain idols its devotion shed ;
Some have forsaken whom I loved the best,
And some deceived, and some are with the dead.

But *thou*, my Saviour ! thou, my hope and trust,
Faithful art thou when friends and joys depart ;
Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,
And fix on thee, th' Unchanging One, my heart !

ELYSIUM.

“ In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth ; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the infernal regions.”

CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme.*

FAIR wert thou in the dreams
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,
 And summer winds, and low-toned silvery streams
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers !

Where as they passed, bright hours
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things !

R

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but *thy* golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh!
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky
Rang as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that, midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,

And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?
Called from the dim procession of the Dead,
Who, midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might
 dwell,

And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round!
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
 And in all regions found
Their echoes midst the mountains!—and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought !
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied—
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had
sought
The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide !
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most *lov'd* are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls ! the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps ; till, silently, they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,
Midst her green vallies, earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,

A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home ;—thou hadst no wreaths for
these,
Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind ! From *thy* bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head—
Thou wert for nobler dead !
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal Sun farewell !

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of years,
As embers in a burial urn compress'd ;
He might not be thy guest !
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er *his* path, and whispered “ Liberty !”

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert *thou*
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which, in its clear eye, shone
Like spring's first wakening! but that light was past—
Where went the dew-drop swept before the blast?

Not where *thy* soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!
Fade with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!

From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the myrtle-grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

This poem, written some years ago, is re-published from a volume now out of print; the train of thought it suggests appearing not unsuitable to the spirit of the present work.

THE END.

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