



FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING  
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN  
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing  
when a man is to be so soon forgotten  
And the shining in his soul  
gone from the earth  
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing  
when a man shall die  
And forget love  
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing  
that a man shall forget love  
And he not dead but walking in the field  
of a May morning  
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of  
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## AMRATH.



A FOREST of dark pines, that evermore  
To the still waters of a mountain tarn  
Murmured its melancholy love ;—a crag,  
Frowning above the lake, and grimly crowned  
By grey and crumbling walls ;—dark mountain peaks  
Westward in endless range ;—eastward, a vale  
Sloping afar into a broad champaign,  
With winding streams and fields of waving corn,  
And here and there the curling lines of smoke  
That told of cottage homes ;—the fanes and towers  
Of some great city on the farthest verge,  
Mapped in dim outline on a cloudless sky.

In olden days of violence and wrong,  
An outlaw chief had reared the massive walls  
On that rough crag beside the mountain lake.  
Long years had rolled away since last the horde  
Rode forth on midnight foray ;—came the morn,  
And yet another morn, but to the hold  
The robbers came no more ; o'erpowered at last  
By angry burghers, that in ambush hid,  
With well directed arrow-flight had slain  
The chief and half his following,—closing then  
With sudden onslaught had destroyed the rest,  
As still they stood irresolute, confused,  
At grim Death's sudden leap into their midst.  
The victors next the mountain castle sought,  
Drove forth the women, seized upon the spoil,  
And left the pile battered and scathed with fire,  
A ghastly monument of vengeful doom.

Long did the ruin moulder tenantless ;  
No voices broke the silence of the hall,

---

No ruddy flames danced on the shattered hearth ;  
But oft the peasant told in trembling tones,  
How when the full-moon shone above the pines,  
Grim shadows met within those crumbling walls ;  
Whilst from the rifted portal came a sound  
Of hellish laughter, startling all the night,  
Till the scared owl answered with fitful wails.

At length the pile was habited. A strange  
And sombre man,—who feared not idle tales—  
With his own hand prepared one lonely room,  
Henceforth his home. Now many a peasant-brain  
Was fiercely stirred through all its shallow depths  
His purpose to divine. Some held him mad ;  
Some said his crimes had driven him from his kind ;  
And some averred that on his brow they saw  
The mark of Satan, and that he had fled  
From the thick crowded world alone to ply  
The wizard's cursed arts. A youthful frame  
The stranger bore ; his brow was high and calm,

Yet lined with deepest thought, and in his eye  
Gleamed a wild light, not madness, but the strange  
And subtle ecstasy to madness kin.

Nor crime nor hatred of his fellow-men  
Drove Amrath to the mountain solitude.

His was no heart where as in charnel cell,  
'Mid mouldering skeletons of bygone years,  
For ever reigns the gloomy fiend Remorse ;  
Nor his the hermit's little spirit, proud

Of its own sanctity, and fearing lest  
The touch of mortals should perchance pollute


Its saintly purity. But he was one  
Who loved the golden harp of poesy.

But harsh neglect and cruel scorn had checked  
The soarings of his eagle soul ; in vain

He sang his glowing strains : till sick at heart  
He left the jarring world, and fled to where

With Nature's mighty heart he could commune,  
And in the rapture of poetic dreams

Live on, till summoned to the Unknown Land.




And soon the peasant-man forgot his fear ;  
And peasant-wife, or peasant-child, whene'er  
They met him slowly straying on the hills,  
Answered his smile with smiles. His simple wants  
They eagerly supplied. But oft at eve,  
They guessed and shook their heads, and guessed again,  
Till, tired of fruitless guessing, it became  
No more a wonder but a thing of course,  
That Amrath in the ruined hold should dwell,  
Dreaming alone, apart from all his kind.

Ten crescent moons had beamed above the glen ;  
Ten rounded orbs had robed the mouldering walls  
In peerless light, and still in that lone cell  
Watching the silent fancies that became  
A portion of his being, Amrath dwelt.

The pine tops wore a crown of mellow light,  
And when the breeze awoke, from all the depths  
Of drowsy woods floated an eerie wail.

The day was dying, and above its couch  
Hung Nature weeping. Night with muffled tread  
Came stealing from the East, and one by one  
She lit her starry lamps, till all the skies  
Were lustered o'er ; and from the dusky hills  
She drew a cloudy veil, and there between  
Two silvery peaks, the loveliest of her gems,  
The poet-loved and poet-hallowed moon  
Came splendouring up, as beautiful as when  
In mortal shape, on Latmos' grassy hills  
She stooped to kiss Endymion's placid brow.

Amrath stood gazing in ecstatic trance  
On the weird beauty of that moonlit scene.  
His soul through seas of fancy seemed to float,—  
The secret pulses of diviner life  
Stirred in him,—till the human frame no more  
Could bear the spirit's agony of joy.  
He turned, and to his lonely dwelling fled,  
Lit his dim lamp, and strove with flying pen



His spirit's feverish visions to pourtray.  
Awhile he sat and wrote; then rose and paced  
In restless mood, the chamber.

“ Wherefore thus,”

At length he cried, “ essay to shape in words  
My spirit's musings? Poesy I still  
Can serve with loyal faith,—on Fancy's wing  
Still mount to empyrean heights of thought,  
Yet cease this thankless labour! What avails  
To sing when none will listen? What avails  
Sublimest utterance when the world's gross ear  
Is closed to every message? Men have learned  
To spurn the bard. Then let the poet spurn  
The grovelling world, and in retreats like this  
Commune with Nature for her own dear sake,  
And worship Poesy with single eye,  
Careless of man's applause. These scribblings, then,  
My little lamp shall aid me to destroy.  
Seraphic dreams and musings still be mine!

But with me shall my dreams and musings die."  
Then a dark vapour curled above the lamp,  
And smouldering ashes fell upon the ground.

"So be it!" cried the bard; "once in my breast  
A fire burned, that urged me still to strive  
To do some little good in God's fair world.  
I longed to right earth's wrongs, I longed to aid  
Man in his upward tendencies, to win  
His soul from earthly lusts, from greed of gain,  
And all the gross desires of sense that choke  
His nobler attributes; to bid him know  
God everywhere, in sunshine and in storm,—  
In the calm beauty of the sunset hills,—  
In the fierce flashings of the tempest's wrath,—  
In star-bespangled skies,—in pencill'd hues  
Of summer flowers,—in happy woodland notes,—  
Or in the anthem of the joyous waves,  
That sing for ever to the listening shore  
The diapasons of eternity,



Caught from the mighty chorus of the stars,  
When at God's "Let it be," creation was.

"Ah! vain were all my strivings. Who could cope  
With rival such as mine? In every street  
I saw great Mammon rear his princely fanes.  
I saw a ceaseless crowd of worshippers  
At each proud altar kneel;— And when I cried,  
'From yon foul idol flee, at holier shrines  
With me to bow,' the angry multitude,  
With jeer, and taunt, and mockery, drove me forth,  
And told me that my madness suited not  
An age of iron facts, stern, practical,  
From dreams emancipate; an age when Man  
Heeded nor truth, nor beauty, if they came  
Unlinked with use, nor could a moment spare  
From Mammon's rites, to think of that which brought  
No tribute to his god.

"But all is o'er!

The feverish hope is dead. And now I dwell


Here in the lonely valley of the crags,  
Careless of Man ; so, let the world spin on  
Down to its final Hell ; I need not care,—  
I would have helped the world, but only gained  
Its hate and bitter scorn. Then let me now  
That world forget, nor leave one written page  
For fools to prate about, and say ‘ Alas !  
He was a great soul little understood  
By his own age,—in truth it knew him not.  
Let us go forth and glorify ourselves  
By hanging fragrant garlands on his tomb !’  
No ! I will die in silence and alone,  
And none but village hinds my resting place  
Shall know, nor they suspect that ’neath the mound,  
In nature’s bosom, sleeps a stricken bard.

“ Ah ! what is this ? — a strange and mystic thrill  
Creeps o’er me ! — Lo ! a sudden splendour robes  
These lichened walls, and forms of majesty  
Are gathering round. The bards of many lands,

And many times gaze on me. He who sang  
The battles of the gods by Ilion's walls,—  
He who in softer numbers told the tale  
Of Æneas and his wanderings; — he who sang  
Of Heaven and Hell, and Beatrice; — the bard  
Whose strains proclaimed how Paradise was lost,  
And how regained; — the mighty one whose soul  
Created Hamlet; — and the grand old king  
In realms of mind, who from the Teuton harp  
Drew tones unheard before. Yes, these and more  
I see,—and in the midst a form divine  
Appears, as lovely as the Paphian queen,  
When she with Here and with Pallas sought  
The prize of loveliness. 'Tis Poesy,  
And ranged around her chosen priesthood wait.  
Oh! that I might amongst that radiant band  
Be numbered; but alas! it may not be.  
But thou, my soul's fair Empress, wherefore thus  
Honor thy worthless worshipper, whose harp  
A brutal world has wrested from his hands?"

“Amrath, thou hast been recreant to my cause,  
In duty thou hast failed! Why art thou here?”

So spake the vision, and on bended knee  
Amrath replied, “That I might worship thee  
In thine own haunts. That I might nurture here  
The burning passion that with fiery heat  
Consumed me as I cherished it. I laid  
My soul an offering on thy shrine: — the world  
Mocked at me, and in bitter wrath I fled  
From the world’s scorn. To this lone solitude,  
The home of tranquil peace, I came, and here  
I live for thee alone—for thee will die,  
And hope hereafter in some purer sphere,  
Unclogged by sense, with higher attributes,  
The grandest climax of poetic life,  
To realise and dwell with thee for aye  
Thou fairest daughter of creation’s king,  
Give me, O give me thy immortal crown.”



In tones of majesty that queenly form  
Made answer "Not upon the dastard brows  
Of those who flee world-scorn my noblest crowns  
Can ever rest ;— reserved for those who dare  
To join my priesthood, and to vindicate  
My hallowed rites, despite the laugh of fools,  
Or vengeful cruelty from ministrants  
At alien shrines. The bard who truly knows  
His holy mission, with his fellow man  
Must dwell, and in his fellow man descry,  
Theme second only unto Him whose word  
Bade Man arise the 'image of his God.'"

And Amrath answered, "Man alas has lost  
His primal freshness, and the simple tastes  
And graces of his youth. An iron age  
Now rules the world, that has inhibited  
All beauty-worship, and has dared to say  
Let Fancy die. To eat, and drink, and sleep,  
Be warm, and full, such are the wants of man

In evil days like ours. To compass these  
 His vulgar needs, he chains the elements,  
 Caverns the earth, sails o'er remotest seas,  
 And tames all nature. Man has cast away  
 The simple faith of old, the reverence  
 For all things good, and true, and beautiful.  
 The Daily Journal is his Testament  
 Of a New Dispensation — whence he learns  
 Great Mammon's institutes and jargon strange,—  
 Per cent., supply, demand, and current rates,  
 Bonus, and dividend, and capital,  
 Insurance, freight, acceptance, credit, bond,  
 And all the thousand shibboleths of trade."

"O soul led captive by its morbid fears,  
 O spirit clouded by its sickly dreams!"  
 Replied the Queen, "Some scanty grains of truth  
 With much of error hast thou mingled. Scorn  
 Fell on thee, as it fell on him who sang  
 Rydal's waters; — but great hearted souls

Should scorn but purify, ennoble, prompt  
To higher aspirations. Thou hadst learned  
A lesson stern but priceless hadst thou stayed  
Among thy fellows.

“And perchance thy song  
Touched not the heart of this material age  
Because thou evidenced no sympathies  
With its huge strivings, aspirations, hopes,  
Its needs, its longings. For the bard must know  
The spirit of his age, and though he sing  
Of other times, and men long past away,  
He still must link the present with his theme,  
By ties of human interest. Nature's self  
Is nought, from life divorced, but a stern sphere  
Of fixed law, that speaks nor love, nor hope.  
All the luxurious pomp of earth, the pride  
Of grove, and mead, and hill, and dale, and shore,  
Is but the drapery that God has hung  
Around the stage whereon Man plays his part.

Man is the sole essential of the world  
Thou dwellest in, all else is accident.  
Then let Man be thy theme, and sing his deeds,  
His sorrows, and his triumphs, and no more  
Repine at lack of audience. Thou hast called  
The age an iron time, and mourned the faith  
Of ancient days. 'Tis true that old beliefs  
Have passed away, the wandering swain no more  
Hears Pan's wild notes ;—no more the huntsman sees  
The gleaming of a Dryad's rounded arm  
Midst interlacing boughs. On moonlit nights  
No more Titania, with her jocund sprites,  
Holds faery revel. In our modern day  
These fancies live not ; but their death has snatched  
No poetry from Earth, for all that gave  
So strange a beauty to those old-world dreams,  
The mystic force to nerve, to charm, to soothe,  
Still lives wherever merry children sport  
On village greens,—wherever lovers gaze  
On fair Ideals, in each other's forms ;



Wherever Man, working his life-task out,  
Battles with circumstance and wins or falls,  
Till passing through the silent gates of death  
He meets the powers of the After-world.  
And Amrath, there are lofty themes, that ne'er  
Could prompt the mighty harps of Greece and Rome.  
The victor-march of Labour linked with Mind,  
The countless triumphs of that wondrous skill  
That tracks the ocean, bridges torrents, soars  
Above the clouds, and chains the lightning down,—  
O'er the broad prairie lays the Iron Road,  
And even bids the beaming satellites  
Of orbs remote, serve the designs of Man.  
And if thy muse would soar yet higher, sing  
Humanity's grand progress towards its goal,—  
The long probation of thy race, that still  
Like to a wayward child, by fits and starts,  
Dallies with good and evil; but through all  
Tends God-ward, and foreshows a coming day  
Bright with perfection of all promise,—day

Of peace, and love, and purity, and joy.  
All are not sold to Mammon ; there are those  
Whose faith is strong, whose hearts are fresh and pure,  
Who battle ceaselessly with hoary wrong,  
Die with uplifted arm in act to strike,  
And shouting 'Onward!' with their parting breath.  
Such Amrath be thy themes! Awake, awake,  
From dreamy lethargy! 'Tis not for thee  
To muse away thy life in lonely sloth ;  
Nor shalt thou dare to love me, save as one  
Of God's great agencies for smoothing man's  
Rough path to his Hereafter. Seek again  
The crowded city ; look around thee there  
With kindly eye, and when thy heart is full  
Of love and sympathy for all that is,  
Act out thy sacred task and win thy crown."

So spake the vision, then into dim air,  
With its attendant forms, slow faded. Long  
The bard paced to and fro in trance of thought,

Then in the grey of dawn upon his couch  
He snatched a feverish hour of brief repose.

The sun of morning o'er the pine woods threw  
A lustre like the gleam of burnished mail,  
As Amrath, down the valley of the crags,  
Went towards the city of his former years,  
Whose fanes and towers on the far off sky,  
Dim pictured, with a kindly aspect, now  
Seemed as if hailing his return. His step  
Was firm and resolute; a fixed resolve  
Gave a new stateliness to all his mien.  
To children, that from cottage thresholds gazed,  
He nodded kind farewells. Amongst his kind  
Again he sang and won the poet's crown,  
And made himself a great name in the world,  
That roused the echoes of the aftertime;—  
A name that grew a sacred household word,  
Linked evermore with Beauty and with Truth;  
A name that was a spell of might, to rouse

The souls of men to high and holy deeds ;  
A name that was a war-cry in the strife  
Of Life's great battle-field ; a name in Hell  
Muttered with execrations, but amidst  
The circling watchers of the Great White Throne,  
Whispered in accents of rejoicing love.

## EDITH.



O GRANITE-SPANNED and myriad-masted Thames!  
The goal of argosies, whose pennants wave  
O'er gathered tribute from a thousand shores!  
I know a legend of thy storied past,  
That through the mists of half-forgotten years  
Gleams like a far-off light on midnight seas.

### I.

Edith, the lily-browed, the golden-haired,  
The meek-eyed child of Gurth, the ferryman,  
Wandered through childhood's sunny land of dreams  
With one dear playmate, Sigbert, a brave boy,  
Whose parents in God's Acre lay,—whose home  
Was Gurth's lone cottage by the lordly Thames.

They sported oft where rippling lines of foam  
Died on the shore,—and merry laughter woke  
The echoes of the calm, majestic stream.  
Fair stream! fleet winding 'midst thy flowery banks,  
O'erhung by woods that thrilled with choral song,  
Responsive to the music of thy flow,—  
As yet were mirrored in thy crystal depths,  
Nor trade's grim towers, nor archway's massive stride.

Through leaf-world's tangled glades and mossy dells  
They wandered oft,—fair Edith coronalled  
With flowery wreath by Sigbert's loving hand.  
And oft they nestled in the carven prow  
Of Gurth's rude bark, stretching their little hands  
To toy with glittering crests of dancing waves,—  
Whilst Edith, in a low sweet voice, would sing  
Some simple hymn learned from the nunnery maids,  
Or Sigbert carol forth, in boyish tones,  
Some strange weird snatches of barbaric lays,  
Mid Teuton forests woven in old time.

## II.

As summer after summer robed the land  
In splendour, fragrance, melody and joy,  
Their crescent-fondness orb'd to perfect love.  
Edith, for girlhood's budding grace now wore  
The perfect flower of maiden loveliness.  
Her blue eyes beamed beneath their silken fringe,  
Irradiate with the light of sacred dreams,—  
Dreams flushing all the dawn of womanhood  
With roseate hues of love, and only told  
In low and trembling tones at sunset tryst.  
Sigbert was now a stalwart youth, elate  
With manhood's conscious might. A sword he bore  
Amongst the bands that guard the royal throne ;  
Yet by the river was he wont to stray  
With Edith, when the Western sky was flushed  
With rosy lustre from the gleaming skirts  
Of fast-retiring Eve, till queenly Night  
In the clear stream beheld her mirrored stars.  
So Love was lord of all, and o'er their lives

Bore magic sway, and in their souls they heard  
A gladsome future ringing evermore  
Sweet music from the golden bells of time.

## III.

The corn was yellow on the sunny hills  
That skirt the Royal City, when there came  
Tidings of blazing hamlets, murdered men,  
And wasted fields, marking the horrid track  
Of Norsemen ravaging the Essex shore.  
And word was given that the bands should march  
At break of day against the daring foe.  
Beside a little brook, that from the woods  
Ran babbling forth, telling to Father Thames  
Strange legends it had learned far up the hills,  
The lovers met to part, and long communed  
With passioned words and glances, clasping hands,  
And rain of kisses and half-stifled sighs.  
Zoned by her lover's arm the maiden stood,  
Her fair head pillowed on his manly breast,



The while he whispered hope.

“ My gentle girl,  
Mourn not when England’s peril calls me forth  
To fight with lawless bands, that dare to brave  
Our Saxon swords. I go where fortune smiles  
On brave endeavour. Ere yon crescent-moon  
Has reached its full, these pirate-hordes will fly  
In panic rout before our vengeful charge.  
Then, Edith, soon again these rosy lips  
Shall kiss warm welcome ; and this little heart,  
Shrine of my hopes, fount of my dearest joys,  
Throbbing with bliss, shall answer back to mine.  
Beguile the present sadness with sweet dreams  
Of joy to come. And now, my beautiful,  
We needs must part. My love ! My life ! Farewell ! ”

From under silken lashes, moist with tears,  
Edith’s blue eyes looked back a sad farewell.  
A long, last kiss ;—and then as one who strays  
Through desert land of loneliness and mist,

She sought her father's hearthstone. But with heart  
That beat a proud march-music, ears that longed  
For clang of war-horns and the clash of steel  
On brazen panoply, her lover went,  
To battle with fell pirates from the North.

## IV.

Thrice, weary Earth had slumbered, draped round  
With star-gemmed curtains by her sister Night,  
And thrice had woke 'neath Morn's inspiring touch.

'Twas eve ; o'er all the sparkling stream there flashed  
A rippling glitter tinged with sunset gold,  
As Edith greeted Gurth's return from toil.  
She spread with homely cakes and rustic wine  
The simple board ; and as they ate, old Gurth  
Talked garrulously, telling ancient tales  
Of Saxon prowess, when the Great White Horse  
Came in his rampant might and swept the land.  
Scarce heard the pensive maid those oft-told tales ;

But when the meal was o'er, thus to her sire  
In wistful accents spake.

“ I long to hear

If in the city there be tidings yet  
Of our good king, and all the valiant men  
Who war with him against the wicked Danes.  
Perchance the news has come, that even now  
The English host are sheathing victor swords.”

So spake the maiden, coaxing playfully  
A rugged hand in hers. Her placid brow  
The old man kissed.

“ Aye! daughter, much I guess  
That for the king and all his valiant men  
Thou carest little, if thy stripling 'scape  
The hammers of the heathen. We old men  
Must needs trot up and down to suit the whims  
Of love-sick girls. Come, child, let us away.”

So spake in bantering tones the aged man.

With half-averted glance and mimic frown,  
And counterfeited anger, prettily  
She dropped his hand and rose. Soon side-by-side  
They trod the city street.

They paused before  
The grim low-columned palace of the King.  
Here white lipped crowds were gathered,—every tongue  
Fevered with one dread theme, “The Danes! The  
Danes !”

And Rumour told how they had striven to pass  
The Royal Host, that hovered to and fro  
Between the city and the pirate-bands.  
Sudden a horseman spurred into their midst.  
A battered, crimson brand he waved on high,  
And shouted, “Victory! no foeman now  
Pollutes our shores. The vanquished heathen lie  
In slaughtered heaps upon the banks of Lea  
That runs to Father Thames, red with their blood!”  
Then all the people shouted loud for joy.  
But Edith stood with parted lips, where speech

Fearful of flight hung trembling. Gurth divined  
The maiden's purpose — to the horseman cried,  
“Ho! warrior, if mine aged eye discern  
Thy face though crimsoned o'er with battle's rain;  
Brother in arms wert thou to my brave boy  
Sigbert, say didst thou see him in the fight?”  
To whom the warrior, “Yea! and all the host  
Beheld his sword upleap from streaming wounds,  
As through the thickest of the heathen ranks,  
He towards the Raven Standard hewed his way.  
At length the false blade shattered on the mail  
Of a tall chieftain. With a ponderous crash  
The huge Norse hammer swooped on Sigbert's head.  
He fell! — He died! — and o'er him fell his foe,  
Slain by this brand, for Sigbert was my friend.”

Gurth looked upon the maiden. One low moan  
Came from her, then all white with sudden woe  
Speechless she stood. He took her by the hand  
And through grey twilight led her slowly home.

Ah! faded now the lissom loveliness  
Of Edith's form; — and in her smiling eyes  
The sunlight died away; — her bounding step  
Lost its elastic grace, her dulcet voice  
Became a languid murmur. Sadness now  
Filled all the cottage like a floating cloud.  
Worn out with age and grief,—his only child  
Stricken with sorrow, and his foster-son  
In battle slain, old Gurth forsook the oar,  
And broken hearted died. The maid was left  
Alone with none to love her, none to love.

## v.

And Edith young and fair must nerve her arm  
To manly toil, and with her father's oar  
Must earn her daily bread. She spake to none,  
But silently she rowed from shore to shore,  
In silence took the pittance that men gave,  
In silence listened when they pitied her.

One morn when birds were sweetly carolling  
Their matin songs, there came an aged priest  
Down to the ferry. On his ashen staff  
He leaned; and as he came the morning breeze  
Played with his thin white locks. With feeble steps  
He gained the bank, and soon across the stream  
Glided the pair. They neared the farther shore,  
When on her arm that venerable man  
Laid his thin hand, and said, "A moment rest,  
Maid of the ferry!" Then she raised her eyes  
Where sullen grief lay darkling,—saw his face  
Radiant with placid smiles.

"Maiden, I know  
Thee and thy past,—the ecstatic joy that made  
Thy life a sunny dream,—the sudden grief  
That changed it to a cypress-bordered path,  
Towards a lorn grave. I know how thy young heart  
Gushed forth in love, that circumstance has dashed  
Back to its stricken source. I too have drained  
Despair's fell cup, yet found an antidote;

The balm for earthly woe is serving heaven.  
But how to serve? — Some hear the call divine  
That bids them fly to the calm cloister shades,  
And kneel at holy shrines, till the rapt soul  
By pure devotion sanctified, is raised  
From Earth to Heaven; and some have found a work  
Of grace and charity, that has absorbed  
Each faculty of the distracted mind,  
That else had brooded o'er its own despair.  
Muse on my words, and may Our Lady prompt  
Thy soul to some high purpose, whence may flow  
Calm happiness from human passion free,  
And pure as is the joy of saints above.  
Then with bowed head the maiden meekly spoke,  
“ Father! thy kindly words on my parched soul  
Have fallen as cool rain on thirsty mead.  
Thy counsel will I ponder in my heart,  
And act as Heaven may prompt.”

Upon the strand  
Grated the prow. The old man went his way,




And Edith, full of thought, her daily tasks  
Fulfilled till Night released her from her toil.

## VI.

The great full moon through massive oriel shone  
O'er kneeling maiden at a jewelled shrine.  
'Twas Edith of the ferry; silently  
With head bowed low, and pale cheek gemmed with  
tears,  
She poured her spirit forth in voiceless prayer.  
Sudden she rose, as if from dead despair  
Her soul upsprang, thrilled with celestial life.  
Upon the stone foot of a carven Christ  
She laid her hand, and cried, "O Son of God,  
O Virgin Born! O Crucified! to Thee  
Dear Comforter! the broken-hearted come.  
I know that sorrow is a cord of love,  
Wherewith thou drawest souls unto thyself;  
I know that thou the simplest sacrifice  
Wilt deign with loving smiles to own and bless.

Then Jesu take this life of mine, and all  
The service that this maiden arm may do.  
I cannot rush, with brandished sword, and shout  
Of Alleluia! through embattled hosts  
Of heathen foes; I cannot bear thy cross  
To far-off shores, and unto Holy Church  
Win loyal subjects. But if thou wilt bless  
My daily toils, I vow, by all the saints  
That with thee walk the sapphire courts of heaven,  
To hoard my gains, and to the Church's use  
Them consecrate; that when I pass away  
To Spirit-Land, a convent fair may rise  
Where vanished my ecstatic dream of love.  
There shall poor sisters chant their holy hymns,  
And deck my tomb with flowers, and ere at night  
They rest within their cells, pray for the souls  
Of Sigbert and the Maiden of the Ferry."

And Edith kept her vow. Day after day  
She laboured on—in summer's scorching heat,



Or winter's frost—no more oppressed with woe,  
But calmly happy. From her gentle eye  
Beamed pious hope. On every tongue her name  
Was named with reverence. Priestly ears had heard  
That vow before the shrine, and priestly lips  
Proclaimed her saint. And so the years sped on,  
Till all that wealth of golden hair gave place  
To a few silvery locks, and lines of old  
Furrowed her placid brow ; and still she toiled  
And watched her treasure growing day by day.  
At length the morning dawned upon a bark  
That, tenantless, rocked idly by the shore.  
Wayfarers came in vain, for Edith's hand  
Was still and cold ; within her lonely cot,  
At midnight hour, her soul had passed away,  
To meet her Sigbert in the courts of heaven.

That eve, with plaintive hymn and holy rite,  
They buried her ; soon with her pious hoard  
They raised above her grave the holy pile,

Called by the pious men of after years  
The Convent of St. Mary of the Ferry.

O granite-spanned and traffic-haunted river!  
Such is my legend, gathered from the shrines  
Of old Romance. And now, as o'er thy stream,  
On the broad archway of our modern time,  
I pass from shore to shore, I love to link  
The stirring Present with the wondrous Past,  
And from the shades of half-forgotten years  
Call up the lovely Maiden of the Ferry.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(1858.)



## I.

Hail, heaven illumined Mind! whose power appears  
Where'er man's foot has trod; whose kingly sway  
Asserts a wider empire, as the years  
Fulfil their course; though time may sweep away  
The mouldering trophies of thine earlier day,  
Yet grander marvels springing from thy hand  
Defy the march of havoc and decay.  
Thy triumphs end not with the shell-strewn strand,  
For e'en old Neptune's realms acknowledge thy  
command.

## II.

Where the grim storied relics of the Past  
In grandeur frown o'er each historic clime ;  
Where the swift railway train o'er prairies vast  
To startled tribes proclaims the march of time ;  
And where the captive lightning's flight sublime  
Obeys thy mandate—there, triumphant Mind,  
Thy might shines forth, such as in lofty rhyme  
Bards well might hymn ; but hark ! the Western wind  
Whispers a nobler theme that leaves e'en these behind.

## III.

Two ships upon mid Ocean, side by side,  
Are floating ; one to East and one to West  
Speeds on its way: and from each deck doth glide  
The mystic chain to its lone place of rest,  
Far, far beneath old Ocean's ruffled breast,  
To link from age to age our own loved shore  
With thine Columbia ! for kind Heaven has blessed  
The bold attempts of Science : we no more  
Hold thee a clime remote as in the days of yore.

## IV.

Yes, in the dim far-hidden secret lair  
Of monsters human eye has never seen,  
Where fabled mermaids braid their golden hair  
Or softly float through seaweed bowers green,  
In the calm silence of the still serene,  
Has conquering Mind achieved its mission high ;  
Proclaiming that though seas may foam between,  
So swiftly shall the flashing converse fly,  
That men shall well nigh deem Time's vaunted speed a lie.

## V.

Romance ! the gems of thy enchanted page,  
The thrilling records of heroic fame,  
Chivalrous legends that may oft engage  
The soul of youth and fan it into flame,  
Seem but the sports of children, weak and tame,  
Compared with this last triumph of man's art.  
A mighty victory, worthy of the name,  
For which no life-drops ebb from human heart,  
No orphan's groan ascends, no widow's teardrops start. ■

## VI.

When our victorious standard flaunts in pride  
O'er many a field deep-dyed in human gore,  
When Horror, Crime and Misery, side by side,  
Mark the red, blazing track of England's war  
Ten thousand voices in cathedrals hoar  
Raise the Te Deum—through each holy pile  
Swells the triumphal melody—far more  
Should anthems rise, when thus the Mother Isle  
Links her wide-scattered sons neath Heaven's approving  
smile.



## THE STUDENT.



The Student sits in his silent room  
With his books lone vigil keeping,  
Whilst curtained in midnight's welcome gloom  
The day-worn Earth lies sleeping.

His hand is pressed to his pallid brow,  
As in rapt attention leaning,  
From the tome out-spread before him now  
He gathers the mystic meaning.

He ponders long the enchanting page  
Glowing with quenchless fire,  
A pean that swelled in a hero age  
From the grand old classic lyre.

His task is o'er! from those visions bright  
To his narrow casement turning,  
He gazes abroad at the glorious night,  
Where the lamps of Heaven are burning,

And he sees the moon's pale, placid face  
O'er the pine-clad mountains beaming;  
And the starry hosts from unmeasured space  
In their awful calmness gleaming.

And lo! as he watches, Human Thought  
Gives place to the high revealing,—  
The teaching, by one great Teacher taught  
The spirit's Illumined Feeling:

“ Oh ! what are the dreams of bard and sage ? ”

He cries, as with rapture smitten.

“ Compared with yon glorious star-wrought page

By the Great First Poet written.

“ This solemn truth does my soul discern

Though a jeering world might spurn it ;

*Infinity* is man's lesson to learn !

*Eternity* time to learn it ! ”

## THE CHILD AND THE RAIN.

## I.

As yestermorn along the street  
I plodded through the rain,  
A vision I beheld, so sweet,  
That with me will remain  
For many a day the memory fair  
Of what mine eye encountered there.

## II.

'Twas but a child,— a little girl —  
Her age, it might be seven ;—  
O'erhung by many a flaxen curl  
Her eyes, like June's own heaven,  
Were blue ; her little hands were laced  
In pensive clasp upon her waist.

## III.

Within an open doorway stood  
The child, with steadfast gaze  
Watching the rain ; my spirit could  
Discern that through a maze  
Of childish fancies all her soul  
Was roving, owning no control.

## IV.

And somehow, as I paused to look,  
My spirit backward flew  
To early years, when Nature's book  
First opened to my view ;  
When I too gazed upon the rain  
With wonder that was almost pain.

## V.

I sought my daily tasks, but still  
The vision with me stayed,  
And over ledger, desk, and till,  
Hovered that little maid.  
All day those eyes I seemed to see  
So full of childish mystery.

## SUMMER EVENING.



Softly the veil of Night  
Floats over fane and hamlet, lawn and stream :  
And purple hills, in sunset's dying gleam,  
Fade softly from the sight.

Softly the summer air  
Murmurs low music to the whispering leaves ;  
And softly twitters from the cottage eaves  
The swallow nestling there.



Softly the rose's breath  
Steals o'er the senses from yon hallowed ground,  
Where Love has taught fair flowers to smile around  
The lone, still couch of Death.

And softly thoughts of peace,  
At this calm hour, floating o'er the soul,  
Serenely woo it to their sweet control  
Till Care's forebodings cease.

And softly words of prayer  
From lowly cottage hearths go up to Heaven,  
Mingled with praise for countless mercies given  
By Him who reigneth there.

## TO ENGLAND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THEODORE KAROHER.

("La France Libre," June, 21, 1862.)



To thee, Old England, dear asylum-land,  
 The stranger offers a fraternal hand ;  
       Hail, Isle of Freedom, hail ;  
 Home of a faith for which the martyrs bled,  
 Long may thy flag her glittering folds outspread,  
 Telling of thy great deeds the wondrous tale ;  
 'Tis Gratitude, not Flattery's baser part,  
 That prompts the admiring homage of my heart ;  
 And though thy power I own, thy virtues bless,  
 Ne'er shall I love my own fair France the less.



'Twas thou who, when from Europe's blood-stain'd sod  
Expiring Freedom shriek'd aloud to God,  
With outstretch'd arms, kind words, and beaming smile,  
Welcomed her children to the refuge Isle ;  
In vain the tyrants clamour'd, thou didst still  
Succour the exiles, shielding them from ill ;  
Claim'd as thine own Protection's sacred right ;  
Watching, with vigilance that ne'er could fail,  
Through all the gloom of that chaotic night.

Hail, Isle of Freedom, hail !

To thee, Old England, dear asylum-land,  
The stranger offers a fraternal hand.

Oh ! Liberty divine !

How blest the land that smiles beneath thy reign !  
And such a land is Albion—she is thine ;  
Her Sydneys, Hampdens, Cromwells, at thy name  
Upsprang to life. I see thy spirit shine  
In all her laws ; thy sacred altar-flame  
Inspires her Letters, sanctifies her Art.  
Thine, too, each island sage, each bard sublime,

Whose names are blazon'd on the walls of Time—  
Mighty revealers of the human heart.  
Land to the New Evangel ever true,  
Still o'er the nations watch with calm, clear eye,  
Holding the sacred torch of Freedom high!  
Hurl down the old, false gods, and raise anew  
The shrine of Truth, whose might shall yet prevail;  
Thy mission thus fulfil, whilst evermore  
A shout of nations rings from shore to shore,  
Hail, Isle of Freedom, hail!  
Old England, Island of the ocean kings,  
To thee the stranger bard his homage brings.

## SHANKLIN CHINE.



O BROTHERS whose souls are weary  
With the noisy haunts of trade,  
Come, and at shrines of beauty,  
By the hand of God arrayed,  
Find a refreshing solace  
For spirits that droop and pine!  
To-day has my soul been gladdened  
In beautiful Shanklin Chine.

The bowers alive with music  
Shadow my winding way;  
The frowning rocks hang o'er me,  
Crested with flowerets gay.

The graceful fern and the ivy  
    Their fair leaves intertwine ;  
And the creeping lichen drapes the crags  
    Of beautiful Shanklin Chine.

See from yon rifted chasm  
    A sparkling streamlet falls,  
And in soft, melodious accents  
    To its parent ocean calls ;  
Then forth from the banks o'erhanging,  
    That in vain its course confine,  
It leaps to the sea with a murmured tale  
    Of beautiful Shanklin Chine.

Now from a rockbuilt terrace  
    I gaze o'er a smiling bay,  
On level sands, and on grassy downs,  
    And on white sails far away.  
Methinks the waves are saying,  
    'Let sea and land combine  
To gladden the heart of the wand'rer  
    In beautiful Shanklin Chine.'

I go to the crowded city,  
    Far from thy charms, sweet dell ;  
Ye bowers with memories haunted,  
    Again for awhile, Farewell !  
Ne'er shall a changeful future  
    From the spirit's inmost shrine,  
Efface the beloved image  
    Of beautiful Shanklin Chine.

## PETER BEDFORD.



AND shall the Church her mourning garments wear,  
And tune her harp to plaintive notes of woe,  
Because a saint no more shall grief or care,  
Sorrow or sickness, pain or trouble know,—  
Called from the spacious harvest-fields below  
With Christ in glory evermore to reign?  
No! rather let exulting numbers flow,  
Let hearts rejoicing prompt the ecstatic strain,  
Heedless of our great loss in his eternal gain.

A life of tender sympathy and love,—  
A life of gentleness and holy zeal,—  
A life that told of wisdom from above,—  
A guileless life, that ceased not to reveal  
In piety a sweetness all could feel.  
With him Religion wore a form of grace,  
Nor sought with chilling aspect to conceal  
Her native loveliness. With smiling face  
He fought the holy fight and ran the appointed race.

Long did he linger in the border land,  
With Heaven's light already on his brow,  
Waiting to mingle with the angelic band  
With whom he treads the courts of Heaven now.  
His earthly work is done! We know not how  
Eternity is passed,—forbid to rove  
Beyond Time's bounds,—but may we not allow  
Our spirits still to view the saint above  
Engaged in higher work of holier faith and love?

O Thou at whose command the fathers sleep,—  
O Thou whose Spirit was their guide and stay,—  
Who raised them up, their sacred watch to keep  
Over Thy lambs,—suffer the Church to pray  
That 'midst the turmoil of our modern day  
Fathers and prophets, even as of old,  
May in Thy strength arise, and on their way  
Lead Thy poor flocks towards the celestial fold,  
Where they for evermore their Shepherd shall behold!



## NIGHT.



THE pale moon casts her silvery beams

O'er lake and woodland, lawn and hill ;

And tinged with radiance brightly gleams

Each ripple of this murmuring rill ;

Through yon dark pine-grove's solemn shade

The breezes float with plaintive sigh

To all the leaflets of the glade,

Low whispering as they murmur by.

The world with all its toil and care,

Its varied joys, its want and woe,

Is hushed in sleep ; the very air,

Save when the zephyrs softly blow,

Seems bathed in slumber deep, profound ;  
The calm repose of Nature's rest,  
As with slow steps I pace the ground,  
Sheds a sweet influence o'er my breast.

Oh ! Night, whose strange and wondrous hour  
Now soothes and now excites the soul !  
My fancy quickened by thy power,  
On fearless wing without control,  
Escaping from life's prison bars,  
Soars upwards past the Pleiad seven,  
On, on, amongst the dust of stars,  
Up to the very gates of Heaven.

But there e'en Fancy stays her flight,  
And owns the bounds she may not pass ;  
Beyond those gates, mysterious Night !  
Thou hast no sway ; my soul, alas !  
Must downward float, awhile to stay  
'Mid scenes where thou art known, and wait  
Till finished is Life's feverish day,  
And passed at length the Eternal Gate.

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## NEW YEAR ODE.



HARK! hark! the bells are ringing,  
To and fro blithely swinging;—  
Ringing out all sadness,  
Ringing in all gladness.

Welcome! welcome! glad New Year!  
Behold the latest lord of time appear!  
He comes, arrayed in kingly crown,  
A sceptre in his strong right hand;  
And from his car gazes serenely down  
O'er all the smiling land.  
Ring out! ring out! wild bells!  
Sweetly and softly the gushing notes  
Mellow forth from your tuneful throats:!

Anon majestically swells  
The deep toned music of the bells,  
Far echoing over heathery fells,  
And down lone fairy haunted dells ;  
          Blithely swinging,  
          Sweetly ringing,  
As if angel choirs were singing,  
Pouring sweet music on the enchanted ear.  
Welcome ! welcome ! glad New Year !

          Hail ! youthful monarch ! hail !  
Suffer us with joy to meet thee,  
Suffer us with hope to greet thee.  
          May blessings never fail  
To fall around thy way, thou glad New Year !  
Oh ! whilst Time's sceptre beams in thy right hand,  
May Peace o'er every grateful land,  
Her olive branch serenely wave,  
Bidding the storms of war no longer howl and rave.

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May Slavery's ramparts fall  
Before the breath of truth, beneath thy reign ;  
While the poor tortured thrall  
Lifts his strong hand and bursts the galling chain.  
May Science, Commerce, Art,  
All that can aid the world  
To play its wondrous part,  
As with its battle-flag unfurled  
It speeds upon its steady march sublime,  
Adown the dim far-stretching aisles of time,  
Flourish beneath thy rule : and teach mankind  
That glory does not yield  
Her brightest wreaths to those whose swords of might  
May put their country's foes to flight,  
On the gory battle field ;  
But unto those who work and pray,  
To help Humanity along its way,  
Towards its millennial rest, its pure unclouded day.  
Youthful King ! our anthem hear !  
Welcome ! welcome ! glad New Year !

## ASPIRATIONS.



WHAT means this restless, strange desire,  
This mystic longing of the soul?  
Say to what dim and unseen goal  
Dost thou, sweet Psyche, e'er aspire?

A something — whether good or ill  
I know not,—hovers round my way;  
My dreams by night, my thoughts by day,  
Do with that solemn presence thrill.

And e'er it seems to bid me haste  
I know not whither—know not why!  
O that I may, before I die,  
Prove my life not a barren waste.

O God, some pang of mother earth  
But let me ease and go my way,  
Knowing that e'en my little day  
Had its redeeming speck of worth.

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### A SPRING MORN.

AURORA comes! and Earth in beauty gleams,  
Attired by Spring's fair hands;—the smiling flowers,  
Roused from their slumbers by the laughing Hours,  
Renew their beauty in the morning beams.  
Music! sweet music! lo, the glad lark seems  
A singing speck far up the azure sky,  
Flooding the fragrant air with melody.  
Music! sweet music! hark the tinkling streams,  
As with soft Naiad voices charm the glades,  
Leaping in gladness from each parent spring.  
Music! sweet music! myriad warblers sing  
Their grateful choral song to Him whose skill  
Made them so fair a home in these green shades,  
And did their little lives with rapture fill.

## THE NEW EXODUS.



MEN of the bench, and the forge, and the loom,

Men of the strong iron hand,

Too long have ye toiled in a midnight of gloom

For the Wealth and the Might of our Land!

Men of the plough, and the oar, and the mine,

Men of the brave, stalwart arm,

Come forth, and in Labour's true dignity shine,

Nor heed Mammon's shrieks of alarm!

Why should you sow but that others may reap,

Or weave but that others may wear?

Surely God never meant you a life-watch to keep

Over wealth that you never may share.



Your wives and your little ones hunger at home,  
Your labour can scarce give them bread ;  
Ill-taught and ill-clad, from your thresholds they roam,  
Upon Charity's crumbs to be fed.

Up ! up ! for in regions beyond the sea  
There is wealth for the Sons of Toil ;  
Lands where the Worker is honored and free,  
And Labour is Lord of the Soil.  
Go forth, then, go forth in Humanity's might ;  
Turn your backs on the old social lies ;  
And new temples of Truth, new asylums of Right  
Round your wilderness paths shall arise.

## CIRCUMSPICE !

(1864.)



Look round! two thousand weary years have well nigh  
rolled away  
Since, o'er the lowly cradle where the infant Saviour  
lay,  
Their choral hymn the angels sang, telling of "Peace  
on earth,"  
And bidding man with rapture hail his dear Redeemer's  
birth.

Yet, look around! and is there peace?— is not War's  
cruel hand  
Still bared for vengeful carnage in many a ravaged  
land?

In fleets, and forts, and armies, still the nations put  
their trust ;

Nor yet are helm, and sword, and spear, yielded to  
peaceful rust.

See Poland, mad with hate, uplift her ancient sword  
on high,

And in the fierce death-grapple close, to conquer or to die !

Whilst Europe feels in every nerve the strange electric  
thrill,—

And knows not if the gathering signs may presage  
good or ill.

Look Westward ! where our brothers pile huge holo-  
causts to War,

And still the victims, doomed to die, are gathering from  
afar.

The land that but so lately smiled, a special home of  
prayer,—

Now, dedicate to slaughter, seems the war-fiend's chosen  
lair.

In far Antipodean isles, see the Maori bands  
To England's vengeance sacrificed on their ancestral  
lands.

Of late we strove to save their souls ; now, in vindictive  
wrath,  
With musket-shot, and bayonet, we mow them from our  
path.

Now Eastward gaze ! and mark the scene of England's  
latest crime,  
A fearful stain on history's page through all the coming  
time !

On distant Kagosima's bay our flag above the fight  
Has flaunted, whilst a burning town flared in the  
gathering night.

Our captains gave command, and lo ! the murderous  
shot and shell—

Dread ministers of England's might—on the doomed  
city fell ;

And manhood's groan, and woman's shriek, and child-  
hood's piteous wail  
Went up in vain, as still we poured our storm of fiery hail.

Yes, Kagosima, where of old great-hearted Xavier  
stood,  
And lifting up his cross on high, preached faith in  
Jesu's blood,—  
Destroyed by men who bow the knee at Jesu's holy  
name,  
In sight of all the heathen lies, a monument of shame.

Speak, England, speak, and let no arts of statecraft e'er  
appease  
Thy righteous wrath; but let thy voice go forth o'er  
lands and seas,  
Proclaiming that thou hast no part with those who, in  
thy name,  
Their country's honour tarnish thus with deeds of blood  
and flame!

Be thine a policy more wise, more holy, and more just ;  
Spurn all thine evil counsellors, in God above put trust ;  
And then, though clouds may gather round, thou, on  
    thine island throne,  
Serene and happy still shalt sit, strife in thy coasts  
    unknown.

## COME AWAY!



AGAIN 'mid these sequestered hills I hear  
Creation's clarion voice,  
In soul-arousing accents calm and clear,  
Bidding the heart—Rejoice!

From fragrant couch of purple heather-bells  
On azure skies I gaze,  
Whilst from the Universal Heart upswells  
A joyful hymn of praise.

The summer wind in cadence soft and low  
Begins the tuneful strain ;  
From leafy woodlands plaintive murmurs flow  
In musical refrain.

In warblings wildly sweet the anthem floats  
From yonder ringing bowers ;  
The wild bee hums responsive to the notes,  
Kissing the sweet-lipped flowers.

In melody the sparkling waters leap  
Adown yon dark ravine,  
O'er rocky crags, precipitously steep,  
Tapestried with lichens green.

Here may the aching heart, the weary head,  
Forget the cares of life,—  
The ceaseless struggle for "our daily bread,"—  
The world's insensate strife.

Ecstatic draughts of pure and hallowed bliss  
Our spirits here may drink ;  
With Nature's mighty heart, in scenes like this  
Renew each severed link.



The high aspirings, longings, hopes, desires,  
That thrilled the breast of youth,  
Again light up their sacred altar-fires  
Before the Shrine of Truth.

O weary-hearted ones, the crowded ways  
Of Trade forsake awhile ;  
And come where soaring larks are warbling praise,  
And yellow cowslips smile.

## THE THREE WORKERS.

(A LAY OF TIME.)

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FROM his loved haunts, in Nature's green retreats,  
The Poet came one day,  
And through the city's myriad-teeming streets  
He took his lonely way.  
Amongst the careworn gold-adoring throng,  
A musing wanderer he passed along,  
Though all unknown, yet in the Land of Song  
Endowed with regal sway.

With piercing glance no sophistry could blind,  
    He saw how Mammon's power  
Ruled in all hearts, and how to him mankind  
    Offered their manhood's flower ;  
And saw, beneath the cloak of trade and gain,  
Some lingering God-ward tendencies remain,  
Which, though in darkness shrouded, not in vain  
    Await their destined hour.

As homeward strayed the bard, an idle dream  
    Of a fast coming time,  
When earth should in a brighter radiance beam,  
    Awoke the pulse of Rhyme.  
With trembling hand he smote his cherished lyre,  
The Holy Nine did his glad voice inspire,  
In strains that glowed with wild poetic fire,  
    He sang his dream sublime.

But soon, with cruel laughter slain, his head

He bowed and went his way :

The daisies bent above his lowly bed,

As if for him to pray.

Long years rolled on,—the world forgot his name ;

His tomb displayed no laureate wreath of fame ;

And, save a chosen few, none ever came

To seek out where he lay.

At length, o'er that forgotten Poet's dream,

In the calm hush of Night

A mighty Thinker bent, and by the gleam

Of his pale flickering light

He read those words with hope prophetic fraught,

Until his soul the mystic meaning caught,

And in him sprang to life a giant Thought—

A wondrous Thought of Might.

New life burned in his veins, as on his soul  
That lofty Thought still grew ;  
Even as when dark clouds asunder roll,  
And Cynthia's charms we view.  
He seized his pen, with many a burning page  
He wildly strove to rouse the spell-bound age ;  
But the world mocked and scorned his lessons sage,  
And home his spirit flew.

Again, the years rolled on ;—that Thinker's book  
Lay open to the gaze  
Of one whose spirit fired each ardent look ;—  
Who through life's devious ways  
Had wandered, ever restless, to and fro,  
E'er seeking for some glorious task to do,  
That haply might relieve the common woe,  
And fallen myriads raise.

He read, and lo! that thought sublime has filled  
His bosom's aching void ;  
With rising hope his eager heart is thrilled,  
And rapture unalloyed.  
Strong in the grand faith of a mission found,  
He rose and vowed to level with the ground  
Those towers of wrong that now so grimly frowned,  
Though doomed to be destroyed,

And forth he went to work his Life-task out ;  
And many a deadly blow  
He dealt against vile Evil's rabble rout.  
But ah! no common foe  
Was his, and soon aroused to vengeance dire,  
They clad him with the martyr's robe of fire,  
Fiend-like they stood and watched him slow expire  
With agonising throes,

His sainted ashes to the winds were strewn,  
    And where the deed was done  
The green spring grass and smiling flower had grown.  
    Men thought their victory won ;  
But no ! e'en from the crowd who gathered there,  
And listened to the victim's gasping prayer,  
Some went away resolved to do and dare  
    E'en as that martyr'd one.

They met at first in little twos and threes,  
    But rills e'en flowers may hide,  
Grow as they flow across rush-sprinkled leas  
    To rivers deep and wide.  
E'en so the awakening spread, till murmurs loud  
Arose and roused again the guilty crowd,  
Who thought Truth's head irrevocably bowed  
    Where that pale martyr died.

Then was the flag of Progress wide unfurled  
In the broad light of day ;  
Truth's pealing tocsin roused the slumbering world,  
And, strong to work and pray,—  
Their faith in God above, around, within—  
The Hosts of Right warred with the Hosts of Sin,  
And did at length the long sought victory win,  
Foretold in that old lay.

Thus did the three each in his rightful sphere,  
With fancy, thought, or deed,  
Achieve their day's work undisturbed by fear,  
And sow the glorious seed  
That bore rich fruitage in the after-time ;  
And from neglected Poet's simple Rhyme  
Did lofty Thoughts and even Deeds sublime  
In their due time proceed.



## TO THE MOON.



I LOVE thee, Moon !

When on the sleeping mere thy placid rays

Serenely rest,

And the calm lake thy mirrored form displays

On its smooth breast,—

Whilst every mountain top seemeth to bear

A glory crest,

And slumbrous woods a tender radiance wear,

In moonlight drest.

I love thee, Moon !

When in strange beauty does thy soft light fall

On some old pile,

Throwing rich lustre o'er each ruined wall

And crumbling aisle ;

When every sculptured saint in thy weird beam

Does strangely smile,

And each carved tomb seemeth a ghastly gleam

To wear the while.

I love thee, Moon !

When from the bridge, at midnight, I behold

Thine orb serene,

Decking the dome that bears the cross of gold

In robes of sheen ;

Whilst on long miles of varied roof and wall

And spires between,

Thy silvery rays in gentle beauty fall,

Enchanting scene !



I love thee, Moon !  
When far from land across the swelling wave  
    We swiftly glide,  
And watch from where the foaming billows lave  
    The vessel's side,  
A path of light outspread far o'er the main,  
    To where in pride,  
Thou seem'st to climb the skies, as if to reign  
    O'er all beside.

I love thee, Moon !  
When through my casement falls thy gentle beam  
    Upon my brow ;  
Lighting my chamber with thy hallowed gleam  
    Even as now.  
Bright Dian, Queen of Heaven, sweetly fair,  
    To thee I bow,  
And by the glitter of thy lustrous hair,  
    Ever I vow,  
To love thee, Moon !


## THE WORSHIPPERS.



## I.

The purple hills are fringed with sunset gold,  
As to the portals of a Grecian shrine,  
A maiden comes ; with faith in legends old,  
The grand Hellenic dreams of power divine,  
She kneels devoutly on the marble floor,  
The King of high Olympus to adore.

Her worship o'er, she lingers for awhile,  
And gazes upward at the sculptured god ;  
To her pure faith he seems to wear a smile,  
'Tis not for her he wields the avenging rod.  
With pious joy illuming her blue eyes,  
Back to her lowly home in peace she hies.



## II.

A fair Italian enters, bowing low,  
The dimly lighted, old, cathedral pile,  
Where floods of solemn music proudly flow  
In swelling grandeur down each pillared aisle,  
And every saint and angel sculptured round,  
Seems listening rapt in that soul-melting sound.

Before the altar does the maiden kneel,  
And gaze upon her Saviour's image there ;  
Pressing her ebon cross with holy zeal  
To her sweet lips that move in secret prayer ;  
And when her simple orisons are o'er,  
With joy she seeks her lowly cottage door.

## III.

O'er Scotia's moorlands breaks the smiling morn,  
The lark is chanting his love song on high,  
Nature awaking hastens to adorn  
Her breast to greet the monarch of the sky,

As in a lone glen, on the verdant sod,  
The Covenanters meet to worship God.

A snooded damsel joins the little band,  
And as the worshippers their anthems raise  
To Him who guards when foes throng all the land,  
Her gentle voice joins in the song of praise.  
She hears how God is mighty still to save  
His hunted servants from a martyr's grave.

## IV.

'Twas midnight! in a bare and silent room,  
Lit by the crescent moon's soft glimmering ray,  
No friend at hand to cheer the hour of gloom,  
On a low couch a sleepless maiden lay;  
The hectic cheek, and pallid lips too well  
Of toil, and anguish, want, and misery tell.

Though wracked with pain, she smiles, and thinks no  
more  
Of tasks that wait her at the coming morn,

For He whose Sacred Heart with love runs o'er,  
Is bending now above her couch forlorn ;  
Forgets she for awhile the chastening rod,  
In sweet communings with a present God.

## V.

Ah! true it is, that naught are place and time,  
And sounding creeds, and learning of the schools,  
And ceremonial pomps, and rites sublime,  
To Him who on the throne of Heaven rules.  
In every age, in all the circling zones,  
His faithful children he accepts and owns.

And so in garrets lone, in Scottish vales,  
In idol temples or in Romish piles,  
The truly bowed in spirit never fails  
To feel that Deity above him smiles.  
A voice to each one whispers—Be sincere!  
Who act up to their knowledge need not fear.

## BLISS IN IGNORANCE.



FATHER! in love thou hast denied  
Our souls a prescience to foreknow  
The strange mutations Time will show,  
Ere passed is Death's dark rolling tide.

The eager spirit of the boy  
Longs to unfold the Future's tale,  
And dash aside the misty veil  
That hides the coming grief or joy.

Ah! desolate and sad would be  
The prospect opened to the eye,  
Of pleasures rushing swiftly by  
Chequered with frequent misery.



The soul, though resolute and brave,  
    Would shrink appalled to see the path  
    Gloomed over by the storm-cloud's wrath,  
And crossed by many a loved-one's grave.

'Tis better as it is! To know  
    Each moment only as it falls,  
    To act as each fresh duty calls,  
Neglecting not the seed to sow,

For future harvest; doubting ne'er  
    But he who bids us work and wait,  
    Will bless the fruitage e'en though late  
Comes the reward of toil and care.

I thank thee, God, because to-morrow  
    Lies hid in thy Eternal Mind,  
    And that I know not, if it find  
Me thrilled with joy, or crazed with sorrow.

I only know thy Sovereign Will,  
The cause of all, is ceaseless law  
To all below, and what it saw  
Good at the first, upholdeth still.

I only know my Father's hand  
Dispenses all my weal or woe,  
And more than this I would not know  
Until I reach that distant strand,

Where knowledge with sublimest rays  
Enlightens the enraptured soul,  
Emancipate from Time's control,  
And crowned with power of endless days.

## MY LORD SANS-TÊTE.



My Lord Sans-tête was a mighty man,  
And called half the county his own ;  
The purest of blood in his blue veins ran  
And he spake in a princely tone  
To the cringing, fawning, bedizened crowd,  
That daily around his footsteps bowed.

But alas ! my Lord Sans-tête had a mind  
As small as a mind can be ;  
With a heart as selfish as one could find  
In searching the kingdoms three.  
He did nothing useful or good in his life,  
And loved dogs and horses far more than his wife.

And yet such a thing must be called "My Lord!"

And help to make laws, forsooth!

As if legislation could sometimes afford

To dispense with all wisdom and truth,

As if one whose actions would not bear the light,

Could help to make other folks do what was right.

O brothers, 'tis time we had killed with our scorn

These fictions of days that are o'er;

'Tis time we had bidden these dreams forlorn

Bear rule in our souls no more.

No man is noble, if God stamps him fool,

Blood and descent give no title to rule.

Royalties three, in the world shall find

Dominion in days to be,

Strength of Body, and strength of Mind,

And strength of Spirit,—these three

Shall hold o'er the earth unquestioned sway

In that better, brighter, holier day.

The Men who can plough, or weld, or spin,  
The Men who can think and speak,  
The Men who can live by God's Light within,  
From these shall Humanity seek,  
Her nobles and priests in that happy time  
That oft has inspired the minstrel's rhyme.

•

A LAY OF SHADOWLAND.

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ROVING through Shadowland one day,  
I met a spirit by the way,  
Singing a weird-like, fitful lay.

His eye shone with poetic fire  
The while he bent him o'er his lyre,  
And wildly struck each trembling wire.

I bade the people raise their eyes  
From off the clods, to yonder skies,  
And watch the works of the All-wise.

I bade them leave their toil awhile,  
Their haunts of commerce stained and vile,  
And come to where the cowslips smile.

The world replied, with bitter sneer,  
With mocking tones and idiot leer,  
“What does this idle dreamer here?”

“We must be housed and clad, and fed;—  
Thy songs give neither garb nor bread,  
They raise no sheltering roof o’erhead.

“Then leave us to our daily cares,  
Nor scatter ’mongst our wheat thy tares;  
Take far from hence thy shadowy wares.”

Then forth with aching heart I went,  
In lonely glens my life I spent,  
And o’er my lyre ever bent.

Like one distraught I wandered on,  
With sunken eye, brow deathly wan;  
The sunshine of my life was gone.

At length one splendid autumn morn,  
Weary and faint and travel worn,  
By a lone lake I sat forlorn.

The hills with bosky woods were crowned,  
From which a hollow moaning sound,  
A dirge-like music, floated round.

That mournful cadence, in my ear  
Seemed murmuring, "End thy troubles here,—  
Plunge in,—no longer doubt or fear."

In the dark waters could I see  
Pale ghostly hands that beckoned me,  
From life and all its woes to flee.



I spurned the turf with frantic tread,  
The eddies rippled o'er my head,  
I sank to join the mighty dead.

Then to this land of shades I came;—  
And now men blow the trump of fame,  
And with proud wreaths adorn my name.

E'en they who once sneered at my song,  
Who drove me from the busy throng,  
And paid my love with cruel wrong,

Now speak of me as one whose strain  
Will ever to the world remain  
A rich bequest, a lasting gain.

O fickle world, thou changed too late,  
When thou hadst sealed my bitter fate,  
And slain me with thy cruel hate.

The sculptured marble that ye raise;—  
The pœans loud with which ye praise  
My tuneful songs, my passioned lays,—

Are now all impotent and vain  
To soothe the wretchedness and pain  
With which in life, you crazed my brain.”

No more that mystic minstrel sung;  
But the strange echoes of his tongue  
Within my ears long after rung.

## THE STREET.



Again I roam with a joy sublime,  
    'Mid the hum of trampling feet;  
Actors all in the Drama of Time  
    Are the men and women I meet.

I am alone! yet countless hosts  
    Pass in a ceaseless throng:  
Ne'er did so awful a world of ghosts  
    Live in legend or song.

Boys that dreaming of wealth or fame,  
    Eagerly hurry past;  
Boys whose brows are with sin and shame  
    In the spring of life o'ercast.

Men who display, on forehead high,  
The stamp of imperial mind;  
Men who wander, with pitying eye,  
Seeking the good of mankind.

Men of sorrow ; and men of crime,  
Guilty of deeds untold ;  
Men who have poisoned each hope sublime  
In their hearts with lust of gold ;

Girls with faces lit by the gleam  
Of innocence, love, and truth ;  
Girls that in pleasure's transient dream  
Are wasting the bloom of youth.

Women that falsely smiling, ply  
A traffic horrid and fell ;  
With a lurid gleam, in each restless eye,  
A spark from the lowest hell.

Women in costly raiment clad,  
    Passing with dainty tread;  
Women in rags, who, gaunt and sad,  
    Beg for a morsel of bread.

'Tis fearful to stand, as it were, on the brink  
    Of this surging sea of life,  
Watching how men and women sink,  
    Weary of endless strife!

'Tis fearful to hear the ceaseless beat  
    Of Humanity's mighty heart;  
Fearful her joy, in its phrensied heat,  
    And her grief's corroding smart!

A marvellous book lies open here,  
    Revealed to the inner sight!  
O for a spirit calm and clear,  
    To read its pages aright!

## BE STILL!



O MOANING breast, be still!

Think not thou alone dost hide  
Hopeless love and wounded pride ;  
Other breasts have heaved before,  
Others known of sorrow more,

O moaning breast be still!

O throbbing heart, be still!

Other hearts have had to know  
Wilder passion, darker woe ;  
Other hearts have bravely borne  
Cold neglect and cruel scorn.

O throbbing heart, be still!

O restless soul, be still!

Learn to smile on sun and cloud,

Wedding robe or funeral shroud.

Other souls have stifled grief,

Brave endurance brings relief.

O restless soul, be still!

## EARTH RENEWED.



O God, this earth of thine is very fair,  
As thou alone couldst plan ;  
One only blot the eye discovers there ;  
That blot, alas ! is Man.

He should be chief and crown of all thy works,  
Thy heaven his glorious prize ;  
But, ah ! in Eden's bowers the serpent lurks,  
Man hears, obeys, and dies.





O Father, speed the coming of that day,  
When Mother Earth shall see  
Her scattered children seek once more the way  
That leads to Heaven and Thee !

Then shall a more majestic anthem flow  
From all that Thou has made ;  
Earth in her primal loveliness shall glow,  
By thine own hand arrayed.

From Man renewed the ecstatic song shall rise  
Up to Thy courts above,  
And Seraphs swell with music of the skies,  
The chorus " God is Love ! "

THE STUDENT'S LETTER.



EDINBURGH, —, 18—.

1.

DEAREST and best of all mothers! so proud of your  
dutiful boy,

Over me lean now in spirit, my heart will I bare to  
your gaze,

Bend low as when once with sweet kisses that thrilled  
with a mother's own joy,

You taught me my first simple lessons of infantile  
prayer and of praise.



## 2.

Bend low, mother dear ; yes, in fancy, your eyes must  
look down into mine ;

There's a secret between us ! — a secret that fills all  
my soul with its might.

With the trust of a child in affection so pure and so  
hallowed as thine,

I joyfully come to reveal all to thee, dearest mother,  
to-night.

## 3.

You know that I oft talked of going to some quiet  
Manse in the Isles,

When the days of my study were over, and there  
'midst that primitive race,

Living on calm and tranquil ; whilst you with your  
sweet seraph smiles,

Cheered my hearth, and to life's roughest duties  
imparted a delicate grace.

## 4.

O still of that Manse in the Isles, and of days passed in  
happiness there,  
Oft I dream, dearest mother, and still see your form  
'midst the fancies I raise ;  
But the dream shows another beside you, a vision so  
radiant and fair,  
That with rapture ecstatic, entrancing, on that hope of  
the future I gaze.

## 5.

Yes! another, beside you! I once thought no image  
but yours in my heart,  
Could e'er reign, but your sceptre and crown, mother  
dear, you must learn to resign,  
Of the heart that was once wholly yours must you now  
be content with a part,  
In the shrine where no other once entered, the second  
place now must be thine.

## 6.

No less shall I love thee ;—nor less shall I love *her*, for  
loving thee still.

And I know that thy heart, best of mothers, is ample  
enough for us twain ;

So let not my new-born desires and longings a moment  
instil

The doubt, lest I turn from the bosom where once as  
a babe I have lain.

## 7.

To see is to love her !—I marvel men pass her so heed-  
lessly by !

A heaven there seems clinging round her—she walks  
in a halo of joy.

And her smile is the crown of all brightness, and the  
gem of all beauty her eye

When it beams, passion-lit, upon mine. Dearest  
mother, O chide not your boy !

## 8.

She's only a governess! Poor though accomplished; I  
know all her worth.

She shares all my thoughts and aspirings, and her  
soul sympathetic with mine,

Yearns for work in God's vineyard,— joint labour, love  
hallowed on earth,—

And joint bliss in the skies, when we pass through the  
gates of the City Divine.


## 9.

Dear mother! our love is no phrenzy, that burning with  
passionate heat,

Bids the spirit bow down to love only, and leave all  
life's duties undone.

No, rather an influence sacred, self-slaying, soul-soothing  
and sweet,

That hallows each step of the difficult race that by  
each must be run.



## 10.

O ne'er with such splendour and grace, with such fragrance and hues of delight,  
Came the summer in years that are past; for such beauty was ne'er on the hills,  
By the shore, on the moorland, in forest or glen, as beams now on my sight,  
As I stray with a heart that Love's presence with sunshine and melody fills.

## 11.

Then mother write quickly, and say that your heart thrilled with love for your boy,  
Must love all that he loves. Sweet mother, you ne'er will repent such a vow.  
Clare loves you already,—already looks forward with joy,  
To imprint, best and dearest of mothers, a daughter's fond kiss on your brow.

## CURRAGHMORE.

(April, 1859.)



'Tis sweet when Nature's pulses wake beneath the breath  
of spring,  
To roam the woods of Curraghmore and hear the throstle  
sing,  
When primrose pale and violet blue sprinkle the ver-  
dant sod,  
And all creation seems to thrill with ceaseless praise to  
God.

Then whence to-day this spell of gloom, that seems to  
load the air?  
This mystic shroud of silent woe, that robes the landscape  
fair?





'Tis not that Nature frowns, for skies of purest blue are o'er,  
And yet a doleful shadow seems to brood o'er Curragh-  
more.

What crowds are these? From far and nigh a still  
increasing throng;

They come! but not with mirthful laugh, with revelry  
and song;

They come! from farm and quarry, from bench, and  
forge, and loom;

They come! they come! with saddened mien and hearts  
oppressed with gloom.

From Dermot's city, where of old, her father's throne  
to save,

Her hand to Erin's traitorous foe the royal maiden gave;  
From where Clonmeala's fruitful fields with Nature's  
bounties teem;—

From where the towers of Carrick frown o'er Suir's  
murmuring stream.

From where Clonea by Cloddagh's waves in tranquil  
beauty lies,  
From homes that see the Commeragh ridge, black in  
the southern skies ;  
From where Tramore keeps silent watch o'er that wreck-  
haunted bay ;  
From Pilltown's bowered cottages, with cultured flowers  
gay.

To-day no spade invades the soil, the ploughshare rests  
to-day ;  
The toil-worn steed and steer unwatched o'er mountain  
pastures stray ;  
To-day by quiet homesteads repose the un-used wains ;  
And e'en in traffic's busy haunts unwonted Sabbath  
reigns.

For, know ye not, in yonder hall its lord is sleeping  
now,—  
The pallor on his silent lip, the death-dew on his  
brow ?

No more shall these ancestral woods echo his courser's  
tread,

The noblest of a princely line is numbered with the dead,

The steed that 'mid the flying chase had borne its lord  
so well,

Failed when the hot pursuit was o'er ; the gallant rider  
fell,

And scarce a groan escaped before the soul had passed  
away ;

And to the silent grave they bear the chieftain's corse  
to-day.

And now behind the sable bier, across the wide demesne,  
With solemn tread advancing slow, winds on the funeral  
train ;

In woman's eyes the tear-drops gleam, and manly heads  
are bowed,

No breast but grieves for Erin's loss in that far-gathered  
crowd.

And well these crowds may mourn his loss, 'twas he  
whose willing hand,  
When Pestilence and Famine stalked, gaunt spectres in  
the land,  
Scared hunger from the poor man's door, and gave his  
children bread ;  
Then marvel not that they should weep whom Tyrone's  
bounty fed.

O absent lords of Erin's isle, be ye as nobly wise !  
Why, dwelling on a foreign shore, your own loved isle  
despise ?  
Come to the lands ye call your own, and blessed by God  
above,  
Enjoy that crown of earthly bliss, a grateful people's love

But see, the long procession winds up to yon church-  
yard gates,  
Where to perform the funeral rites the white-robed  
pastor waits ;

Then solemn words of hope and trust go calmly up to  
heaven,  
That through the sacred blood of Christ, his sins have  
been forgiven.

They laid him, not where banners wave, in old cathedral  
pile,  
Where solemn music proudly flows adown each sculp-  
tured aisle,  
Where streams the many-tinted light through blazoned  
windows fair,  
And fashion's notaries bow ;—ah, no! a simpler house of  
prayer,

Hard by the lowly homes of those who knew and loved  
his worth,  
While yet in manhood's conscious strength he dwelt on  
this fair earth,

Receives him now;—and let that tomb his youthful  
frailties hide;

Let memories of his nobler deeds in every heart abide.

But stay, my muse, and strike one chord for her who oft  
was found

With form of grace in cottage homes diffusing joy around;  
For thee! O sadly stricken one, shall earnest prayers  
ascend,

And, though from rival altars sped, before the Throne  
shall blend.

## IMAGINATION.



LET dreamers tell their dreams, for dreams may oft  
Be germs of thought, and thought prompt noble deeds.  
Then sing, my Muse, the vision mystical  
That long with silent fancies filled my soul ;  
Not dreamed when gentle Sleep upon my brow  
Pressed her soft hand, but in lone walks at morn  
Amidst the silence of sequestered hills ;—  
At eve, when kindly glowed the household hearth,  
And changeful shadows walked in caves of fire ;  
In midnight vigils by my lonely lamp,  
And e'en at times when seeming but to ply  
My daily part in duty's stern routine.

## I.

I saw a youth upon whose placid brow  
Some sixteen summers had serenely smiled,  
Impetuous rush from boyhood's firm restraint  
To enter on the march of life ; his step  
Was nerved by conscious power ; all his mien  
Spoke of the joyous hopes that herald in  
The dawn of manhood, e'er with cruel hand  
Harsh disappointment chills our young desires.  
His bounding heart was thrilled with high resolves.  
The pathway lay before him, leading on  
Through ever-changing scenes. Awhile it led  
Where iris-tinted flowers sip the dew,  
'Neath music-breathing woods,—a leafy world  
With melody and fragrance jubilant ;—  
Anon through dolesome vales where stagnant pools  
With mists of error charge the cold, dank air ;  
Again o'er smiling plains, and then perchance  
Amidst the mountain cradles of the storm,  
Or o'er the desert's blasted waste of sand.




Far in the distance rose a mount sublime—  
A mountain diademed with jasper walls  
Studded with gates of pearl, and streets of gold  
All radiant with the glory of the Lamb.  
Upon that gleaming mount the traveller fixed  
His earnest gaze; he knew within those walls  
Were "many mansions," and he longed that one  
Might be his home when all the toils of life  
Should be but memories of a misty past.

Scarce had the youth upon his toilsome march  
Entered, when round him flocked a motley crowd,  
Eager to guide his footsteps to the gate  
Of yonder City. First Religion came,  
With all the Virtues in her train; each one,  
With loving arm around a sister twined,  
Advanced to meet him. Swarthy Industry  
With Health and Competence, his sturdy sons,  
Came next; then Science with her high-piled brow,  
And mien that told of triumphs prouder far

Than e'er were blazoned on a warrior's shrine.  
The Passions, some of gentler mood and some  
Of sterner cast; Pleasure, within her hand  
Bearing a silken chain :—all these with more  
The youth accepted as his guides, and bade  
Religion wield o'er all supreme control.

The Vices too, a myriad host, with forms  
Of seeming loveliness and faces masked  
To hide their native hideousness, besought  
In honeyed tones that they might join the train :  
But when Religion from their faces tore  
Those guileful masks, with wild and horrid shrieks  
And cries of jealous anger, to their caves  
And dim unhallowed haunts at once they fled ;  
Yet still at times beside the traveller's path  
In fair delusive shapes would they appear,  
Seeking with strange enchantments to allure  
His footsteps from the onward path to bliss.



Amongst the attendant train was one fair nymph,  
Imagination named, whose form and mien  
Changed ever as beseemed the passing hour ;  
With pensive air and meekly folded hands,  
In nun-like innocence she passed along,  
Greeting with tender smiles her sister flowers.  
Anon in queenly majesty she stood  
Like an Olympian goddess ; all her wealth  
Of raven hair, floating in clustered pride  
Adown her ivory neck ; her flashing eye  
Roving through all the infinite ; her brow  
Bright with the glamour-light of mystic thought.  
Again, with airy and voluptuous grace,  
Like some fair sister of the Syren Isles,  
She floated past, and warbled lays of love ;  
Her soft eyes passion-lit, her milk-white arms  
Wantonly toying with the jealous air.

Soon was the youth enamoured of her charms,  
And oft he called her to his side ; at first

She bade him gaze upon those distant towers,  
And with her brightest colors limned the joys  
That there awaited him. She showed the streets  
Glowing with gold and sapphire; showed the crowds  
That in white raiment wander there, their souls  
For ever merging towards the Infinite  
Through all Eternity; she bade his ear  
Note the faint distant echoes of the strains  
From angel choirs, whose voices ever fill  
The city of the Blest with melody.  
And then in varying mood she chilled his soul  
With visions of strange perils that would greet  
His onward footsteps, tedious mountain heights,  
Death-haunted glens and barren shores, and streams  
Rushing in torrent wrath;—she showed grim forms  
In way-side caverns lurking, scorpion-armed,  
Glaring with hellish eyes. Then would the youth  
Pause lingering, gazing with a timid glance  
Along the path-way, all his troubled soul  
Shrinking within him, ready to forego

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The promised home upon the Mount of Light.  
Then would Religion silently advance,  
With gentle speech soothe his perplexed breast,  
Telling of aid as yet unknown, of strength  
According to the day; and for awhile  
He caught new life from her celestial words.

But soon that maiden with her thousand charms  
Beguiled the youth, until he knew no joy  
Save in her presence: saw no loveliness  
In aught but her, and those ecstatic dreams  
That at her bidding rose before his view.  
Religion, Reason, all his anxious guides,  
With voice prophetic warned, but warned in vain,  
Till silenced by neglect, they followed on  
With mournful footsteps, whilst the enchanted youth  
Bade fair Imagination reign o'er all.

## II.

'Twas one of those delightful summer morns,  
When Nature seems to wear her bridal robes,

And deck herself in all her jewelry—  
One of those morns when larks from the blue sky  
Sing more melodious songs ; when hedge-row flowers  
Distil a sweeter fragrance—that the train  
Wound round the margin of a calm still lake.  
Gently the breezes o'er its bosom swept,  
Raising a tiny ripple, silver-edged,  
In undulating lines of glittering light.  
A sombre wood of zephyr-haunted pines,  
Through which the breath of morn went whispering  
In melancholy cadence musical,  
Skirted the path. Then from beneath an arch  
Of drooping boughs, a little bark appeared,  
And o'er the tranquil waters of the lake  
Serenely glided towards the spot where stood  
The wondering youth. Within the skiff was none,  
Nor sail nor oar prompted its onward course ;  
Silent and steady as a phantom ship,  
Self-moved, self-guided, to the shore it came.  
Imagination on her spell-bound slave

Turned a bewitching glance, and only said  
"Come my beloved!" and with her he went.  
With a harsh grate upon the pebbles, forth  
The boat went from the margin, and again  
Sped o'er the lake, guided by magic art.  
What consternation seized his trembling guides!  
Eagle-eyed Reason gazed upon his track  
With angry scowl; Religion raised to heaven  
Imploring hands, and cried aloud for aid.  
But with the mournful music of the pines  
Floated, in tones majestic and deep,  
A voice that said, "The hour is not yet come."

Meanwhile the twain sped on their noiseless way;  
Imagination wove her mystic charms,  
And woke the echoes of the lake with song—  
A burst of melody, that o'er the waves  
Floated, until the flowers on the shore  
Bowed their sweet heads in unison,—and then  
Died mingling with the pine-wood's solemn hymn.

“ The beams of morning gild the lake,  
With woodland music thrills the air,  
Upon the shore the ripples softly break,  
And all things whisper, Cease, O cease from care.  
No more, no more with yon stern crew we stray,  
But fly to fairer scenes away, away, away.

“ Away with me to halls of ease,  
To sweet abodes of endless joy,  
Where every changeful hour alike shall please,  
And toil and sorrow never more annoy.  
No more, no more with yon stern crew we stray,  
But fly to fairer scenes, away, away, away.

“ Then think no more of that proud dome,  
Whose glories once entranced thine eye,  
In my fair realms thou’lt find a happier home,  
Whilst dreamy years shall float serenely by.  
No more, no more with yon stern crew we stray,  
But fly to fairer scenes away, away, away.



The echoes of the song just died away  
As to the farther shore they came. Then first  
Imagination stepped upon the turf  
That marged the lake ; he, blinded by her spells,  
Willingly followed. One last look he cast  
Towards that bright city, whose celestial light  
Once filled with joy his hope-enchanted breast.  
Now o'er the height on which the city stood  
Lay a dark, threatening thunder-cloud that seemed  
To omen woe. One moment in his soul  
Relenting doubt awoke, but soon again  
The voice of that sweet syren charmed away  
All care and gloom, and through the woodland paths  
He wandered by her side. Above them hung  
The pendant boughs of many a forest tree,  
Weaving so thick a net-work, that the sun  
Might seldom kiss the flowerets in the grass  
With his bright beams.

Awhile they threaded thus  
The fabled haunts of Dryad and of Faun

Then from the wood emerged upon a scene  
As lovely as the plains of Arcady,  
When still the jubilant young Earth reposed  
In the glad sunshine of the golden age.  
It was a plain bounded on either side  
By lofty hills, clothed with ancestral woods,  
That in the distance met; but in their midst  
Enclosed around a verdant tract of sward,  
Here and there dotted with a giant oak,  
Beneath whose umbrage herds of antlered deer  
Reposed in graceful rest. And o'er the lawn  
Fair shadowy forms tripped lightly, dancing aye  
To the wild notes of wondrous melodies,  
Fitful as those which from the wind harp float,  
When evening zephyrs kiss the trembling wires.  
A broad calm stream wound o'er the plain, whereon  
White swans with arched necks floated slowly by,  
Serene and beautiful; and here and there  
Some lovely halcyon dipped his glowing plumes  
A moment in the cool refreshing wave.

But in the centre of that grassy plain  
Uprose Imagination's palace home.  
In vain I long to tune the ecstatic harp,  
And sing the splendours of that wondrous pile ;  
For such a theme poor human speech is tame.  
The youthful traveller gazed with ravished eyes  
On the broad terraces and marble stairs ;  
On the long pillared corridors of gold ;  
On the high minarets and glittering domes  
That rose majestically, till they seemed  
To mingle with the cloud-wreaths of the sky.  
And in the stream that skirted on one side  
The mighty fabric, he beheld reflexed  
Its downward image, till his sense confused  
Might scarcely tell the substance from the shade,  
For each with each commingled ; and his brain  
Reeled with an ecstasy of wondering joy.  
The Queen of that pavilion in mild tones  
Bade him advance ; she led him by the hand  
Up a broad flight of steps, and underneath

A diamond-studded portico ; and then  
Hailed him as lord of all that mystic realm.

## III.

Dreamily passed the hours of his life,  
Whilst bound in spells the youth a captive stayed  
In that proud palace. Pleasures and delights  
He lacked not, nor the freshening breath of change.  
Sometimes he sported on the sunny mead  
With forms ærial, that mocked his touch ;  
Sometimes he lay beside the lucid stream,  
And mused his sweet lethargic hours away.  
Sometimes he paced the lofty corridors,  
And saw the mystic shadows of the past  
Move in historic grandeur by ; sometimes  
He scaled the highest battlements, and there  
Gazed through the heavens towards the Infinite,  
And saw dim visions of unspoken things ;  
And rashly strove to feast his impious gaze  
On that which man may never know. And when


His spirit sought repose, on a soft couch  
In some fair chamber where the beams of day  
Melting through curtains, and through windows stained  
With carmine and with azure, filled the room  
With calm soul-soothing light,—lulled by the songs  
Of unseen choirs, he softly sank to rest.

Thus lived he in that wondrous strange abode  
With which no earthly pile might e'er compare ;  
Not e'en the grand Shechina-hallowed fane  
By Judah's monarch reared on Zion's hill  
For rites Mosaic ; not the fabled halls  
Which genii raised at Aladdin's command ;  
Not the proud palace homes of Mexique Kings  
Might e'er with this enchanted fabric vie,  
Whose golden columns, jewelled ceilings, floors  
Of polished marble, crystal minarets  
Were ever changing like their varying Queen.

But though these varied joys unceasing threw

Their spell around him, oft the youth was stirred  
By the strong cravings of his human heart,  
For what, he could not say ; yet did a void  
Within his spirit sometimes shade with care  
His placid brow, and dim his sparkling eye.  
And oft at midnight when the darkness flung  
Her dusky mantle o'er the slumbering earth,  
He thought he read reproach in every star  
That gazed upon him from God's own calm heaven ;  
And in the sighing of the breezes, heard  
Soft spirit voices mourning his sad fall.

As days passed on, he sickened more and more  
Of the unreal and shadowy joys that long  
Had been his sole desire. Languor crept  
Through all his veins, and every nerve grew numb.  
Music no more had charms for his dull ear,  
Beauty no more entranced his aching sight,  
And e'en the lovely mistress of his soul  
Appeared no longer fair.



Oft would he stray

Like one distraught beside the silvery stream,  
And gaze into its depths with restless eye.  
One day along its marge he went, until  
He marked it enter, with a sullen roar,  
As if it bade farewell to day, the mouth  
Of a dark cavern. Suddenly it seemed  
As if an impulse not to be withstood,  
Bade him still trace its course. He entered in;—  
Along a path of cold and slippery rock  
Warily trod; meanwhile the sullen stream  
With a low dreary sound, beside him flowed.  
At length the roof, which until then had hung  
Lowering above him, suddenly sprang high  
Into a lofty dome, whose altitude  
The upward glancing eye could scarcely scan.  
No aperture was there for day's glad beams  
To penetrate the darkness of the cave,  
And yet a murky atmosphere of light  
Exuded from the jagged rocks around,

Showing the horrors of the scene. The toad  
And all things hideous and unclean were there :—  
Strange birds whose cold dank wings flapped heavily  
The poisonous air. Dark shadows seemed to flit  
From dim recesses, and then back retire ;  
Whilst ever and anon a dismal peal  
Of fiend-like laughter rang among the rocks.  
Beneath the centre of the dome there yawned  
A gaping chasm, into which the stream  
Precipitately leaped, to such a depth  
That not an echo of its far-off fall  
Could reach the horror-stricken listener's ear.  
And now a phantom hand, unseen but felt,  
Pushes him towards the gulf. In mad despair  
He nears the fatal brink ; his feet e'en now  
Are trembling on the verge, his arms stretched  
forth  
Toward arms that greet him from the depths below.

But lo ! a hand is laid on his ; his feet



Are drawn from that fell brink ; a beaming face  
With kindly smile salutes him. It is she,—  
Religion, whom erewhile he basely spurned.  
“The hour is come!” she cries ; “O wilt thou now  
Renounce and live?” “I will renounce!” he said  
“Aid me to find that path where once with thee,  
I travelled on towards the Celestial Mount.”

She drew him from that deadly gulf away,  
And led him from the cave. Then from his eyes  
She wiped the film that had bewildered them,  
And he beheld how false had been the joys  
Which had enrapt his soul so long. They soon  
Came to the path, where the long-mourning ones  
Greeted the youth's return to life. They bade  
Imagination seek no more to reign  
As Queen, where she should serve. And then once more  
They set forth on their march towards the bright mount,  
That now again, the thunder-cloud withdrawn,

Gladdened the traveller's sight. He raised his eyes  
With kindling rapture towards that citadel  
That seemed with fresher splendour now to glow,  
And as he passed along, his lips were moved  
As if in praise for his deliverance.



## RICHARD COBDEN.

—◆—


LOVELY are the Sussex valleys, when in spring-tide's  
pleasant hours,  
Earth from winter slumbers waking, decks herself in  
early flowers ;  
When the birds in every woodland sing their songs of  
joy and praise ;—  
Nature heralding the advent of refulgent summer days.

But to-day the Sussex valleys wear in spring a winter  
gloom,  
For in yonder hill-side churchyard, sinks into the silent  
tomb

One whose honored name we murmur in sad tones of  
    reverent love,  
Ere his life-task here seemed finished, called to nobler  
    work above.

England mourns her noblest tribune; Death has hushed  
    a mighty voice;  
Voice that roused a listless senate, bidding all true hearts  
    rejoice.  
Hireling scribes and venal placemen vainly wrath and  
    malice nursed,  
For **THE PEOPLE** held him blameless, laughed to scorn  
    their arts accursed.

Wild alarmists ever scheming to arouse a nation's  
    fears,  
Blasting in some frenzied moment, all the hopes of  
    happier years,



Snatching at the poor man's wages, begging from the  
rich man's gold,  
Quailed when he in manly tones, of all their traitorous  
plottings told.

Hater he of war and rapine—hater of all crime and  
wrong—

All his life a ceaseless battle for the weak against the  
strong ;

Peace and Progress loving ever ; for the welfare of his  
race,

In the ranks of God's true heroes, holding still a fore-  
most place.


Dismal shades of storm and darkness, loomed above our  
sea-girt isle ;

Mammon heard portentous voices, murmur at his hoarded  
pile ;

England's toilers, by unlighted hearthstones, in the  
twilight saw  
Wives and children, gaunt with hunger, victims of  
unrighteous law.

Spake our Cobden then! and round him gathered soon  
a dauntless band,  
Resting not till that foul curse no longer brooded o'er  
the land.  
Write upon the stone ye raise then o'er the sleeping  
patriot's head,  
Grandest words e'er graved on marble, "Cobden gave a  
people bread."

What if lordly rank he knew not 'mongst the titled  
ones of earth?  
More than princely lustre clings around the homestead  
of his birth.



His were honors fresh from heaven, bright with impress  
of God's hand ;

King of men by right diviner than the monarchs of the  
land.

Now he slumbers! Dastard voices, skilled in arts of  
lying spite,

Basely feign a mocking sorrow, own his spirit's longings  
right.

Heed them not. Hark! coming ages shout his name  
with joy and praise ;

A God-illumined soul, far shining through the mists of  
evil days.

## F A I T H.

ABOVE Gennesaret's waters dark  
The thunders roared the lightnings flashed ;  
Fiercely against the trembling bark  
The angry billows foamed and dashed.  
" Master, we perish ! " He awoke  
And softly murmured, " Peace, be still ! "  
No more the tempest o'er them broke,  
But ceased obedient to His will.

And so e'en now when storms assail  
The Christian's bark on Life's rough wave,  
His presence still can hush the gale,  
His word is mighty still to save.



Ever he loves with gentle voice  
To soothe the sad, care-laden breast,  
To bid the mourning ones rejoice,  
To give the weary toilers rest.

When Hope within us seems to die,  
And fears and doubts the spirit fill,  
"Master we perish!" let us cry,  
And He will whisper "Peace, be still!"  
And storm and darkness shall depart,  
And round us fall a holy calm ;  
And, springing from a grateful heart,  
Shall rise to Heaven the joyful psalm.

## MY MOTHER.

MOTHER! with fondest, reverential love  
I trace that hallowed word ;—although my breast  
Joys to believe that in the realms above,  
Thy sainted soul has found its peaceful rest,—  
Yet dearest mother! when the bitter test  
Of memory tries each chord, the untutored heart  
Rebels, and doubts if all be for the best :—  
But soon these momentary thoughts depart  
When I remember how thou lived and died,—  
How He whom thou hadst served from day to day,  
When life was ebbing, seemed to stand beside  
The bed of sickness, and to point the way  
For thy freed spirit to its blest abode,  
The Eternal City of the Lord thy God.

## MIDNIGHT STORM.

THE day is dead, and o'er its sable bier  
The storm rejoicing raves; the fitful rain  
Beats in fierce menace at my window pane,  
As if it sought to strike my soul with fear;  
And ever and anon bursts on mine ear  
The wild moan of the blast, that with a wail,  
Like some lost spirit's, shrieks a vengeful tale  
To the dark woods, which as it draws more near,  
Bow as in fright. Alas for those whose doom  
It is to stray as outcasts o'er the land,  
Each door against them shut with churlish hand;  
No refuge their's from storm and midnight gloom.  
Father to-night be this my heart-felt prayer—  
Thy houseless children guard with special care.

## SABBATH MORN.

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SWEET Sabbath morn, is not a holy light

Like that which once in Eden's happy bowers,

With radiant hues bedecked the fragrant flowers,

Given to deck thy advent? Fair and bright

O'erhead, the unclouded heaven to my sight

(That seeks in vain to pierce its depths of blue,

And catch celestial glories streaming through)

Extends, forgetting now the silent night

That o'er the scene so late her curtains drew.

The flowers awake, and seem as though they wore

New Sabbath raiment, gemmed with pearls of dew.

The forest warblers tune their songs anew

To Him who gave them power to sing and soar :—

And Nature's mighty heart with praise runs o'er.

## IN MEMORIAM.

E. W.



WHERE the soft sea-breezes gently sweep  
The sunny hills of the Garden Isle,—  
Whose grassy summits their vigils keep  
O'er valleys that wear a perpetual smile,—  
We met to lay in the silent tomb  
A friend, a mother, a faithful wife ;  
We gathered in sadness but not in gloom,  
For to her we knew that death was life.

Let us not weep for the sainted dead  
Gone to her mansion of bliss above ;  
But rather rejoice for a spirit fled  
To its native home with the God of Love.  
With the church of the ransomed for evermore,  
In robes by the blood of the Lamb made white,  
She sees Him she served ere the angels bore  
Her soul to the Kingdom of Life and Light.

O Loved and Revered ! thy memory still  
A sacred thing in our hearts will be ;  
Mourning our loss, though resigned to His will,  
Ne'er will we cease to remember thee.  
O may the Faith that was thine be ours,  
Seeking to tread in the path thou trod,  
So shall we, too, in celestial bowers,  
With thee evermore sing the praises of God.

AVE MARIA!



HOLY Virgin! full of grace,  
God is with thee evermore;  
Child of thine, shall Adam's race  
Praise and honor and adore.  
Hail, Mary, Hail!

Let no fears thy soul invade,  
Soon shall rise the hallowed morn  
When from thee, O sainted maid!  
Shall the Christ of God be born.  
Hail, Mary, Hail!

Soon upon thy breast shall lie  
Zion's long-expected King ;  
Son of Him who rules on high,  
Angel hosts his advent sing.

Hail, Mary, Hail !

He on princely David's throne  
Evermore a King shall reign ;  
The Church her wedded lord shall own,  
And stablished ever shall remain.

Hail, Mary, Hail !



## THE MAID OF THE ALPS.

(Suggested by a Picture.)

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SHE sits alone, and from the mountain's brow,  
Through Evening's purple haze,  
Upon her native vale outstretched below  
Fixes her earnest gaze.

O say, within the maiden's youthful breast,  
What thoughts e'en now arise?  
What passioned fancy fires with strange unrest  
The gleam of those dark eyes.

Say, dreams she of the Past?—when childhood's hours  
Floated on wings of joy,  
And Earth appeared a smiling vale of flowers  
Where thorns could ne'er annoy;

Or of the Future?—linked with hopes that thrill  
    Youth's ever sanguine heart,  
And all the kindling soul with rapture fill,  
    Till taught from dreams to part.

Ah! vain to strive to pierce the veil that clouds  
    A spirit not our own,  
How many a placid bosom round us shrouds  
    Some cause for ceaseless moan;  
In many a quiet breast there lies concealed  
    The springs of wild delight;  
Not always is the inner life revealed  
    By that which meets the sight.



## MUSINGS.



Much doth my youthful muse delight to link  
     Legends of eld with scenes of passing hours ;  
 And oft, though vainly, doth essay to drink  
     Of that bright fount that in Castalian bowers,  
     Bursts gaily forth amidst the laughing flowers,  
 That fondly bow their heads to kiss its hallowed brink.

And often from the battle field of life,  
     Sick of incessant war, I steal away,  
 And heedless of the world's tempestuous strife,  
     Unchecked through Fancy's fairy realms I stray,  
     Tuning my harp the while to some wild lay,  
 Legend of old romance, or song with passion rife.

And even when I wander midst the throng  
Of men and women in the crowded street,  
Tales of past days and themes of ancient song  
Entrance my raptured soul, and visions sweet  
Burst on my sight, the forms of yore I greet  
Starting from their old haunts where'er I pass along.

## STANZAS FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

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WHEN the cheek of youth is glowing,  
And the eye is sparkling bright ;  
When the heart is overflowing  
With the fulness of delight ;  
When the brow is all unclouded,  
And the bosom knows no care ;  
Ere the soul by sin is shrouded,  
In remorse or black despair ;

Then, all nature brightly beameth,  
Robed in charms that soon must die :  
Fair each " pleasant picture " seemeth,  
To the youthful pilgrim's eye :

Long in Pleasure's groves we linger,  
Long mid Fancy's bowers we stray,  
Heedless that Time's ruthless finger,  
Soon will snatch those joys away.

Whilst our paths are gay with flowers,  
Ere the thorns of life are found,  
Ere our manhood's sterner hours  
Find us treading rougher ground,—  
Nought we hear but loving voices,  
Loving glances meet our own,  
Heart with kindred heart rejoices  
At the blessings round them strewn.

Alas! that e'er should care and trouble  
Cloud the brow and dim the eye,  
Pleasure prove a transient bubble,  
All things fade beneath the sky.  
Joys of Earth can nought avail us  
As we near the silent tomb,



When the storms of life assail us  
They can ne'er dispel the gloom.

But Religion, pure and holy,  
Can secure us lasting peace,  
Make us gentle, meek and lowly,  
Bid all care and sorrow cease ;  
When the cloud above us hovers,  
When the way is dark and drear,  
Light before us she discovers,  
Casting out all doubt and fear.

She with kindly hand will lead us  
Onward towards a heavenly rest ;  
Safely o'er "The River" speed us  
To the mansions of the blest ;  
Then with the angelic choirs  
Will we roam those bowers above,  
Tuning aye our golden lyres  
Unto Him whose name is—LOVE.

## THE DEATH LAMENT OF 1856.

(EXTRACT.)



\* \* \* \* \*

" I GRIEVE to see the soil of Earth  
     Still dyed with streams of human gore ;  
 Whilst crime and pestilence and dearth  
     Still mark the horrid track of war.  
 England ! before thy vengeful sword  
     Spread havoc through each Persian vale,  
 Remember there is One whose word,  
     Can bid thy boasted prowess fail !

E'en now upon my dying ear  
     The voice of Warning seems to rise,—  
 Pause England, pause, and lift in fear  
     Thine eye to yonder threatening skies !



Pause, lest thy "Mene! Tekel" glow  
As once in Babylonia's halls,  
Pause ere thy pride is smitten low,  
Pause ere thy sun of glory falls!


I grieve that still the slaves' low moan  
Is on the southern breezes borne,  
O God! how long shall his deep groan  
Arise to Thee at eve and morn?  
How long! How long shall clanking chain  
And cruel scourge and hissing brand,  
Inflict foul wrong and bitter pain,  
On creatures fashioned by Thy hand?

O fair Columbia! even now  
The clouds are gathering round thy head;  
Go wipe the death-spot from thy brow,  
Before thy plains are strewd with dead!

Be warned ere Afric fired with wrong,  
Revels amidst thy children's gore,  
And answers back Earth's mute "How long?"  
With one wild shout of "Never more!"

I grieve that still in Britain's isle,  
The Gin fiend wanders to and fro,  
Whilst to his orgies dark and vile,  
A stream of eager votaries flow ;  
Within his temples towering high,  
They quaff, and loud his praises sing,  
Till one by one they fall and die,  
Slain by his soul-destroying sting.

Still does the sempstress toil for bread,  
Till life becomes a weight of woe ;  
Still does the burgher sleep in dread  
Lest midnight aid the secret foe ;



Still is the poor man's humble home  
By griping affluence made sad ;  
Still through your streets the children roam  
Unhoused, untaught, unfed, unclad.

But though I mourn Earth's fallen state,  
Yet does my heart rejoice to see  
A noble band that work and wait  
For better times that yet shall be ;  
Men whose grand thoughts and high desires,  
Prompt earnest deeds and ceaseless prayer,  
Who watch Truth's holy altar-fires,  
And guard the flames with jealous care.

Press on ! for though to mortal eye  
The clouds around loom dark and drear,  
I see faint streaks in yonder sky  
That tell of coming daylight near ;

And now crowd on my aged sight,  
Glad visions of that blissful day  
When might no more shall trample right,  
When man no more on man shall prey.

When Peace and Harmony and Love,  
Shall rule supreme the minds of men ;  
And kindly influence from above  
Shall make this old earth young again ;  
When Thought upon unfettered wing,  
Shall soar to heights unknown before,  
When man one sacred song shall sing,  
And in one glorious fane adore."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE PREACHERS.



ONE Sabbath morn I heard a man  
His fellow men addressing ;  
He bade us life's long pathway scan,  
And mark how almost all who ran  
Life's race, came under Heaven's ban,  
And failed to win a blessing.

He told us we were very vile,  
Black miserable wretches ;  
Not one of us was free from guile,  
Not one could merit Heaven's smile,  
But all were rushing mile by mile  
To where Hell's wide mouth stretches.

He was a preacher grim and stern,  
Pious no doubt and clever,  
Who bade us in gruff accents, turn  
From pomps and vanities, and spurn  
The World, or we should surely burn  
For ever and for ever.

He bade us all with sighs and moans,  
And tears upon our faces,  
Go on our way, and think of bones  
And worms and dust and churchyard stones ;  
Grim looks and oft repeated groans,  
He thought were Christian graces.

That afternoon I went to hear  
Another sort of preacher :  
Who made the truths he taught, appear  
Glad News indeed, the heart to cheer ;—  
Of love that casteth out all fear,  
Discours'd this gentle teacher.

He told of Jesus meek and mild,  
Who bled on Calvary's mountain,  
That Man might, like an erring child,  
Be with his Father reconciled,—  
His garments, stained and sin defiled,  
Washed in the appointed fountain.

He said from true religion came  
Love, joy, and peace for ever ;  
That none need fear the avenging flame  
Who called in faith on Jesus' name.  
That justice had no further claim,  
Our souls from God to sever.

He told us God was Love, and said  
That vain was all our praying,  
If thoughts of hate or envy bred,  
Were nurtured in the heart or head ;  
Not Heavenward but Hellward sped  
Such prayers e'en in the saying.

He told us of a coming time,  
When Christ should reign in glory  
O'er all God's universe sublime ;  
All sin unknown as in its prime,  
Ere rebels strove the Throne to climb,  
As told in sacred story.

As home I wandered, thus in thought  
I cried " If all our preachers  
God's love more oft to memory brought,  
And less with Hell to fright us sought,  
'Twould bring more comfort to the taught,  
More honor to the teachers."

THE END.





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