







Poems

BY

Hannah F. Gould

Boston

W^m J. Reynolds & C^o

1850.

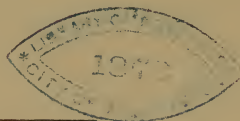


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MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

23



BOSTON: 4

WILLIAM J. REYNOLDS & CO.

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PRESENTATION.

TO THE READER OF MY FORMER WRITINGS, AND THE PRESENT VOLUME.

WITH the odor of joys that are past,—

In the light of bright moments to be,—

This fresh-woven wreath on the altar I cast

To Remembrance, to Hope, and to THEE.

H. F. G.



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NEW POEMS.



THE PILGRIM LAND.

AN ODE.

THE pilgrim land for ever, O,
The pilgrim land for ever !
Beneath her skies no bondman sighs, —
She hath no chains to sever !
From civil right, and Gospel light,
Her glory round her gathers ;
Nor lord nor slave treads near a grave
Where sleep our Pilgrim Fathers.
The pilgrim land for ever, O,
Her beauty fadeth never !
Her heart is right, her paths are light ;
No chain hath she to sever.

Self-exiled from their native land,
In unrestrained devotion
To worship God, the Pilgrims braved
A wild and stormy ocean.
O'er briny caves and mountain waves
The Guide of Israel led them,
Till on the rock, his faithful flock !
Their holy Shepherd fed them.

Patuxet* rock for ever, O,
 Patuxet rock for ever !
 The Pilgrim's foot in thee hath put
 A worth to perish never.

The Church, amid the wilderness,
 Had space and freedom granted,
 To flourish as a goodly vine
 The Lord's right hand had planted.
 The solemn wood, her temple, stood,
 With wintry skies for ceiling ;
 A desert shore lay frosted o'er —
 Her altar-place, for kneeling.
 The pilgrim *faith* for ever, O,
 The pilgrim *faith* for ever !
 Be this our might, through every fight,
 Though flesh and spirit sever !

And may the children, as the sire,
 To man's last generation,
 Preserve its sacred altar-flame ;—
 It burneth to Salvation !—
 Nor priest nor king prescribe the ring
 The soul must not pass over,
 Whom Gospel freedom maketh free
 To serve the Lord Jehovah !
 The pilgrim *hope* for ever, O,
 The pilgrim *hope* for ever !
 And up the skies let pæans rise
 To Him who changeth never.

* "So they resolved that they would here pitch their tents ; and sailing up to the town of Plymouth, [as, with a hopeful *prolepsis*, my reader may call it, for, otherwise, by the Indians, it was called PATUXET —." — *Mather's Magnalia*.

(5)

Let memory of the MAY-FLOWER bloom,
When we in dust are sleeping!
She bore the Word of God, to spread
In fields for angels' reaping.
And, 'mid our days of joy and praise,
Let every heart remember
The grateful love we owe above,
On TWENTY-TWO, DECEMBER!
The pilgrim land for ever, O,
Until the life-string sever!
Then, be we found on Canaan's ground,—
The pilgrim's HOME for ever!

THE POET AND THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

'T is the tree my father planted, —
 Cut not down that goodly tree !
 Let its precious life be granted
 To his memory, and to me.
 Close he placed it by our dwelling,
 His green keepsake long to bide,
 Just before he braved the swelling
 Of the Jordan's gloomy tide.

Full of years, his form was bending,
 Crowned with locks of silvery hair, —
 To the grave he seemed descending, —
 When he set the sapling there.
 Still, methinks, his presence lingers
 Round it, with mysterious power,
 Watching, and, with spirit fingers,
 Counting every leaf and flower.

Thou mayst feel the green it weareth
 Shield thee from the sultry heat ;
 Thine may be the bloom it beareth, —
 Thine, the fruitage ripe and sweet.
 Yet, O, mar it not, nor fell it ;
 See it bear no wound from thee ;
 Lest in heaven the angels tell it,
 Thou hast killed my Father's Tree !

I ASKED the ruling Spirit of the Times
 To be my theme ; with music, feet, and rhymes :
 I prayed the master-Spirit of the Age
 To make my numbers full, sublime, and sage ;
 — To win for me the envied laurel crown,
 And let my name to future days go down !
 With vehemence, and seeming half-aside,
 Impatient and sarcastic, he replied : —

“ Think’st thou that I can pause to be the theme,
 Or form the figure, of a Poet’s dream ?
 — That I my flying, fiery train can stay,
 To crown a minstrel piping by the way ;
 Or my swift agencies restrain, to know
 What merit is, or where its laurels grow ;
 When we forego all measure — concord — feet,
 — We move by shooting, and subsist by heat ?

“ Why, my prime minister derives his life,
 His being, from two elements at strife ;
 And is the worthy son of such a sire
 As his impetuous, daring father, Fire !
 We nod at forests, and they hide their heads ;
 We rouse the rivers, and they quit their beds ;
 We touch the mountain, and its heart is broke ;
 — The ocean, sea, and lake, and lo ! they smoke.

“ And we propose, on our *grand march of mind*,
 To leave no sweet, green, flowery thing behind !
 Whilst those proved good, for balsam, shade, or fruit,
 ’T is our high pleasure rudely to uproot.
 The father-home — the old ancestral tree —
 Comes down, a sudden sacrifice to me.
 We build no bowers, for idle bards to *dream* ;
 We plan, frame, rear, and finish off, by *steam*.

“ The coolest spirits soon shall own it true,
 That our hot vapors all *sang-froid* subdue.
 Let quiet musing, sage reflection, cease !
 We spare no nook, where they may bide in peace ;
 — No calm retreat, — no holy, silent cell,
 Where Meditation with her God may dwell ;
 While we profess the gods of our devotion
 Are *Innovation*, *Whirl*, and *Locomotion*.

“ We call steam-doctors, when the nation ’s sick,
 To fume its nostrils till the pulse is quick, —
 To heal it of the fearful vertigo, —
 The megrim, that may give a fatal blow.
 Its body politic, kept up and going,
 Will keep the vital current warm and flowing ;
 Its members, therefore, spar, harangue, and reason
 By steam ! — do honor, perfidy, and treason.

“ By steam we legislate — displace — elect ;
 By steam do nearly all things, but reflect ;
 — We draw men on to crime and scarlet sin,
 And let them there plunge one another in.
 While faith, hope, wisdom, knowledge, we outstrip,
 And puff devotion’s prayer from off her lip ;
 By steam we torture — we bereave — we slay ;
 — Break by *high-pressure*, rob, and run away !

“ By fiery engines we convince — reform ;
 — Take understanding, reason, heart, by storm !
 We hem one’s mental citadel between
 Big boilers and a battering machine ;
 And, from their eyes who cannot see with us,
 To crack the scales, we use a *blunderbuss*,
 Whose dull and heavy bullets, as they fly,
 Might give a mortal an *immortal’s* eye !

“ We leave philosophy behind, to sink
 With all who have the gravity to *think*,
 With sober forecast looking to the end,
 — Whereto our whirling, rapid motions tend.
 We drop the parable of Holy Writ,
 To know if our new lamps are out, or lit ;
 Our gassy sight, our blazing air, produces
 Such wholesome *nonchalance* for empty cruises.

“ And we ’ve bent up the ancient *Golden Rule*,
 That used to square the stiff old-fashioned school,
 And coined it into tiny bits, to sow
 In our new fields, to make whole harvests grow !
 — With few reserved, to be applied as charms,
 To soothe an owner, where we ’ve pinched his arms,
 Or pared his foot, or made his spirit bow,
 With *Discontent*, to brand him in the brow.

“ We now are aiming for the *golden fleece*,
 Which we intend by thousands to increase :
 And see our modern Argos proudly ride
 The foaming deep, opposing wind and tide !
 We must win gold, though we have ears as long
 As Midas had ! *Gold-wise*, the brain is strong ;
 And, to its chambers should the ear admit
 Sublimier lore, ’t would only cumber it !

“ Yet, not for gold to keep — to hoard — we go,
 Now up and down, — now passing to and fro ;
 — We grind the rocks, — earth’s gaping caverns fill,
 And make the dingle swallow up the hill !
 We view it as the transient, yellow flower,
 Whose large, round fruit we recognize in *power*,
 However creeping, winding, coarse, and low
 The hollow vine, whereon such fruit may grow.

“ No, — ’t is not to enshrine it in the coffer,
 That peace, rest, virtue, all, for gold we offer ;
 ’T is not the dazzling thing to deify ; —
 ’T is but to grasp it — wing it — make it fly ;
 — To keep our heels, heads, wheels, or spindles whirling,
 Our fuel wasting, and our vapor curling ;
 And this vast human tide still high and flowing,
 Like river-waves that to the falls are going.

“ Man moves not now in units, but *en masse* ;
 And one smooth train will make a city pass.
 Where once jogged nag, with husband, spouse, and pillion,
 See hundreds hie beneath one long pavilion !
 Swift as a chain of lightning coursing down
 Its iron road, so town goes forth to town,
 In form corporeal, — county visits county, —
 To honor ME by festival and bounty !

“ What busy mortal now is heard to say,
 Like the *dull ancient*, ‘ I have lost a day ’ ?
 Here, to be missing every day ’s too *great* ;
 And great occasions lacking, we create !
 When lacking due capacity of walls,
 We turn street, field, and forest into halls ;
 And find the grand arcana of felicity
 In roofless, rural, Eden-like simplicity.

“ For, ’t is so little to create the fare,
 Where’er the DAY is, all the world are there ; —
 That is, from distant sections of the Union
 They gather close, in out-of-doors communion.
 Though rain may pour, or scorching sunbeams shine,
 All crowds are joyous, every DAY is *fine*,
 To whirling, light competitors in bliss,
 Like us, content with such a heaven as this !

“ Your cool, reflective, self-established man, —
 Go, light your lantern, — find him, if you can !
 We want no share of his lean *mental feast*,
 Who are our own high-priestess and high-priest !
 A calm, retiring, home-devoted woman, —
 When she is found in all the genus human, —
 Go, rear to her your modern Parthenon :
 We ’ll raze it to the earth it stands upon !

“ Wake ! Archimedes, from the sleep of eras,
At our stupendous facts, — sublime chimeras !
Look up from dust, to witness our improvement,
And own our power of universal movement !
Awake ! Bucephalus, and see the forces
For which we now proscribe curb, hoof, and horses !
Then, back to shades, plunge down with Alexander ;
I am the world’s superior great commander !

“ We burn the air, we burn the solid earth,
While each new heat gives new adventure birth ;
And haply we may run a steamer soon
From your antipodes to reach the moon ; —
To hold conventions with the lunatics,
And waft terrestrial throngs to their picnics ;
Among the moony mountains to encamp,
When night grows chill — its atmosphere is damp.

“ Then, catching clouds of rain as we aspire,
And with our lens condensing solar fire,
We may grow light, and so economize
As soon to run a rail across the skies ;
And making depots on from star to star,
With sidereal natives freight our empty car,
And speed them down to our great mundane sphere,
To learn our arts, and stare at wonders here !

“ Their foreign notions, foreign modes and airs,
May then be caught ; — perhaps, too, foreign prayers.
And if by power magnetic we can keep
And charm them, like mere animals, to sleep,
The beaming creatures we may tame ; and win
Celestial immigrants to glory in,
Whose glittering badges prove their birth and state
Above earth’s highest, wisest potentate.

" Matches Luciferous may kindle then
 'Twixt sons of heaven, and daughters but of men.
 Yet, O, if fickle fortune do but frown,
 Ye bright celestials, how are ye cast down !
 — Your glory gone, your high-born nature changed,
 Your worshippers apostate or estranged,
 Your little semi-Star-lings creeping seen
 On earth's dark face, like fire-bugs on a green !

" O, 't is an age of wonders and of speed !
 Man makes more *books* than man has time to read :
 And well for him, if all be true that 's hinted,
 — That souls sometimes take poison that is printed,
 From heads and hearts, whose black and baleful vapors,
 Blown through the pen, go forth in tomes and papers ;
 — By the deep-drinkers swallowed by the volume ;
 By those more temperate, by the page or column !

" Our travellers, — express for observation,
 — To libel, puff, or scandalize a nation ;
 — Society's excrescences, that spread, —
 Of truth and justice while they *go ahead*,
 Will read a people — take a wide survey,
 And pen their notes of all upon the way ;
 — Smile as they meet you, fleeting like the wind,
 And, Parthian-like, hurl venom'd darts behind.

" Time was, when man must study man but slow,
 And search himself with care, himself to know ;
 Then rose a school of sages, who defined
 The hollows, heights, and narrows of the mind,
 — Of head and heart could ransack every closet,
 — Could weigh and measure every choice deposit,
 And to their poverty or riches come,
 By sapient fingers, and a feeling thumb.

“ By practice, now, less physical, we thread
The hills and valleys of the human head ;
And through the bosses of the cranium pry,
By the bright rays of our phrenetic eye !
And, still refining on the finest art,
In light and shade we sketch the moral part ;
— Give stamps of spirit — figure forms of air ;
Outdoing even thee, thou great DAGUERRE !

“ And yet, the greatest sketch is still undone ;
Not one faint outline of it is begun.
The subject’s vastness — strangeness — shall defy
Thought, hand, and pencil, — vision, radiance, die !
Its form shall baffle all the light and shade,
— The lines and hues, that art has ever laid !
For who ’s the wondrous artist, — where is he,
Who can produce the portraiture of ME ? ”

“ Of thee ? ” — But lo ! I spake to whiffling wind !
I looked, — no other listener could I find.
A thing without a shadow seemed to flee, —
A nondescript — an awful entity,
That with a sweeping, strong, and burning blast,
Sirocco-like, had twirled me as it passed ;
And left me there, astounded and alone,
To ask if I might deem my soul my own.

I asked if I might still possess my heart ;
Or must, like myriads, cast my better part,
A pearl, to be dissolved in this world’s cup
Of heated acids, and be swallowed up ;
— If I must hang my sacred peace upon
The tempest pinion of Euroclydon ;
Or let its ark the mighty Maelstrom enter
Whose bound seems nowhere, — everywhere, its centre !

These alkalis and acids of mankind,
By action so fortuitous combined, —
Will they so rectify or neutralize
Each other's temper, that the spume shall rise,
Be blown away, and let the stream appear,
With placid surface, flowing sweet and clear ?
Will settled, righteous principle again
Be found the basis of the works of men ?

Speak, O thou God of order, justice, peace !
Command this human deluge-storm to cease.
The unsealed fountains of this troubled deep
Stay with thy hand, and smooth the surge to sleep.
Avert thy lightning arrows ; and thy Bow,
A shining sceptre, to the nations show !
Let thy mild Dove, with snowy wings unfurled,
Bring one green branch, and crown a SOBER WORLD !

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

COME, traveller, come ! the lady moon
Has veiled her changing face ;
The blinking stars that blazed aboon
Are quenched, or in disgrace.
The murky night is drear and damp,
On hill, and vale, and lea ;
And I will serve thee as a lamp, —
Come, follow, follow me !

O'er caverns deep, and crumbling banks,
Dark stream, and dank lagune,
We play our jack-o'-lantern pranks,
And dance to whimsy's tune.
And where we hold our merry rout,
Through bramble, brake, and fen,
I to the dance will lead thee out,
But *never* back again !

For men, we know, though none knows why,
Do love to be deceived ;
And, with the *true* before their eye,
The *false* is first believed !
For swamp and pool they quit their way ;
Or thorny paths pursue,
In chase, or dance, with *feux-follêts*,
Life's hurried journey through.

On airy heights they reel and waltz,

Or, dazzled, speed them on :

Their heads are whirled, — their ground is false, —

They plunge, — they 're gone — they 're gone !

They 're in the deep without a shore,

All fathomless ! and then,

They bide the truth : we know no more, —

They 're never back again !

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

[For music.]

THE north! the north! from out the north
What founts of light are breaking forth,
And streaming up these evening skies,
A glorious wonder to our eyes!

It mounts, it spreads, it parts, and plays
In thousand forms, a thousand ways.

The moon, to hide her silver crown,
Behind the hills is sinking down;

The silent stars more fixed appear,
To watch the blazing o'er their sphere.

The north! the north! ah! who can tell
What fires in thy cold bosom dwell,
Or e'er the grand arcana know,
Such scenery o'er the heavens to throw?

It fades! it shifts! and now appears
An army, bright with shields and spears,
That, winding on in proud array,
Up the blue heights pursue their way.

With waving plumes and banners, where
No eagle's wing e'er cleaved the air,
In serried ranks they 're seen awhile;
Then, twining off, in thin defile.
Battalioned, now again they march
Beneath the high triumphal arch.

And while the vast pavilion spreads,
Gold-fringed and tasselled, o'er their heads,
A zenith-loop superbly holds
Its emerald, rose, and purple folds.

'T is changed ! a city looms to sight,
With towers and temples shining white !
Behind it snowy mountains rise ;
Before, a foaming ocean lies.

And eager throngs impetuous sweep
Fast downward to that yawning deep ;
Then, pressing on the crumbling shore,
Drop off, and all are seen no more !
Their mansions melt in waning fire,
While fast the mount and sea retire.

The north, O, who can view aright,
But He who said " Let there be light," —
Himself a glorious mystery,
Throned in his calm eternity ?

GLEE FOR ADVERSITY.

[Adapted to music arranged for four voices.]

NEVER give up, when Fortune frowns !

She can look foul and fair.

Full is her scale of ups and downs ;

Fickle her smile as the air.

Never look glum, when the skies look black !

Terrors dissolve in the day.

Clouds have the sun just at their back ;

He 'll scatter them all away.

Never sit down in the blues or dumps !

Troubles insure a variety.

Would not life's path, but for humps and bumps,

Prove but a smooth satiety ?

Never feel sad, if friends grow cold,

When you 've the breakers to weather !

Summer and flies, from the days of old,

But come and depart together.

When your old cloak grows tender and thin,

Ague and tempest may shake you : —

Keep a bright spirit still warm within ;

Never let patience forsake you !

Never give up, though bitter your cup !

Life is a quick-told story : —

Home is not far, where yonder bright Star

Points you to rest, and to glory !

THE SLUGGARD'S REVEILLÉ.

[Adapted to music.]

WAKE, thou sluggard! — see the morning
Through the window peeping!
Time and nature do their work,
Whilst you lie idly sleeping.
The bramble climbs your garden-wall;
Within it grows the thistle tall,
The weed, — the nettle, sting and all!
A harvest for your reaping.
Awake, — behold the lovely morning
Through the world diffusing
Light and beauty, health and joy,
Which you 're in torpor losing.

Up! from heaven the golden glory
Over earth is streaming;
Hill and vale are wide awake,
With life and music teeming:
The bee comes laden to the hive;
But when, or how, are you to thrive,
Who thus lie smouldering, half alive,
In leaden slumber dreaming?
Arise! — your heavy clay bestirring,
Use your eyes for seeing; —
Quick! put off the stolid sloth,
And prove your nobler being.

Make the little ant your teacher, —
From her wisdom borrow :
She for future want provides,
To save her future sorrow.
And if you 've naught for time to crave,
O, have you not a soul to save,
Whilst every step is toward the grave,
That may be yours to-morrow ?
Awake, if in you dwells a spirit
Born to live for ever ;
Lest the stealthy spoiler come,
Your dull life-string to sever !

Haste ! — the precious, rosy moments
Flee beyond o'ertaking ; —
Each, a swift-winged witness, goes
Where your account is making.
And what if this sweet flower and dew
Of life and time, allowed to you,
Be found perverted, in review,
When you 're for ever waking ?
Arise ! — dig up your buried talent ;
Learn for what you 're sowing,
Ere the Great Reveillé sound,
When Time has done his mowing !

LOVE OF MONEY.

“The love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things.”—1 TIMOTHY, VI. 10, 11.

ALAS! she is a tyrant queen, —
 She fills the world with care and sorrow!
 To-day, the gold and silver sheen
 Her slaves pursue, for tears, to-morrow.
 A bitter vine embowers her throne,
 Full-clustered with the fruit of evil;
 And man to man, for her, hath shown,
 At heart, the vulture — serpent — weevil.

For her, the traitor Jew of old
 Betrayed his Friend to foes who sought him;
 And many a Judas since hath sold,
 And pierced afresh, “the Lord that bought him.”
 In vain before her Mercy pleads;
 And tender Pity, weeping, flies her;
 When Truth is stabbed, when Justice bleeds,
 We find her priest the sacrificer.

By day, she robs the mind of ease;
 By night, with thorns she plants the pillow;
 She casts our peace to stormy seas, —
 To whiffling wind, and breaking billow.
 She gives her dupe a dazzled eye, —
 The voice of conscience in him stifles;
 Then, of the Pearl he ’d place on high,
 And peace below, his bosom rifles.

The mind, beneath her iron rod
 And earthy load, deformed and shrinking,
 Bows down before a mine-sprung god,
 Whose form was ore, — whose voice is *chinking!*
 The spirit, born the higher things
 Of life and light to seek and cherish,
 For her will even sell its wings,
 And crawl in caverns here, and perish.

She sometimes lays a silken snare,
 With aspect bland, and accents wooing,
 On fields of prospect wide and fair,
 With buds of hope, but fruits of ruing!
 She then takes up a Siren song ;
 And those who lend an ear, and follow
 Her dulcet notes, are lured along
 For whirlpools of the gulf to swallow.

But still the giddy world are bent
 On paying court and tribute to her ;
 Her vassals far and wide are sent,
 The playthings of an evil-doer.
 From youth, in all its flower and dew,
 To withered age, with temples hoary,
 Her pleased and willing dupes pursue
 The phantom of a golden glory!

Alas for thine unchecked control,
 Thou *Love-of-Money*, cold and cruel!
 That man for thee should pawn his soul,
 And rob his Maker of the jewel!
 Ye subjects, dupes, and slaves to her,
 Compute the wages she can pay you ;
 Nor till your sun is set defer
 To learn how far she could betray you !

Ye simple, when will ye be wise,
And from your ruthless tyrant sever,
Nor feed on vanity and lies
The part that lives, or dies, for ever ?
Gird up your minds to rise in power,
And break the heavy chains that bind you !
Be free, before that evil hour,
When all you sought must stay behind you !

Be rich, but not in worldly gear,
— Rich, as the children of a Father
Who stints you not with portions here,
Of dust and earth, your hands may gather.
Your gold will then be unalloyed ;
Your bonds, the ties of friend and brother,
In Him who makes no promise void,
Nor gives “ his glory to another.”

DESERT FOUNTAIN.

[Adapted to music for two voices.]

DESERT fountain, from the mountain
Frowning o'er thee, old and gray,
Toward the valley dost thou sally,
Like a joyous child to play:
Ever, thy glad solo singing,
'Mid the wild of Araby,
Dost thou nurse the sweet flower, springing
To unfold its heart to thee.

Never darkling, — ever sparkling,
Wears thy breast, by day, or night,
Golden sunbeams, — silver moon-gleams,
And the diamond starry light !
What 's thy story ? — what 's thy glory ?
Whom art thou ordained to bless,
When they hear thee, and draw near thee,
In this lonely wilderness ?

Did not Israel's sons and daughters,
Wandering o'er this thirsty earth,
Kneel beside thy gushing waters,
Praising Him who called thee forth ?
Life's full river, with its Giver,
Now is theirs ; while, sweet and clear,
Failing never, fresh as ever,
Thou art for the pilgrim here.

WE ARE SPIRITS.

WE are spirits, wildered spirits,
Errant from our native sphere ;
Busy now, but with to-morrow
Who of us will still be here ?
We 're amid time's dust and vapor,
Chasing shadowy shapes about,
Each with life's uncertain taper,
Which a moment's wing puts out.

We are spirits, burdened spirits,
Masked, and wearing cloaks of clay ;
Grieved, and careworn, — wrung, and stricken,
Robbed, and wounded, where we stray.
Yet, on earth, the common mother
Of the forms that veil us here,
Do we fain to one another
Use the smile to hide the tear.

We are spirits, restless spirits,
Eager still for something more, —
Something we shall ne'er determine
Till our mortal search is o'er.
Grasping, losing, self-deluding, —
What we fondly hope to stay, —
What our hearts are fondly brooding,
Is but fledged to fly away !

We are spirits, light-winged spirits ;
And our pinions, never furled,
Waft us on, we know not whither,
Till we 've passed a passing world.
With an heirship to recover
In the country of our birth,
Vainly do we hang and hover
O'er our little heaps of earth.

We are spirits, fearful spirits,
Having powers we do not know,
Which, with use of talents lent us,
Light eternal is to show.
Time is ever, ever hasting :
Endless life, or endless death,
While our moments fast are wasting,
Hangs upon a transient breath !

We are spirits, born of Spirit ;
God our Father ; heaven the home
He would have us seek, as children
Never, never more to roam.
Yet, like one with bawbles playing
On the way, at fall of night,
We may perish by delaying,
With our Father's House in sight.

PASSENGERS ON THE STREAM OF TIME.

[For music arranged for three voices.]

Down the swift stream of 'Time we float,
And each with the freight in our life's frail boat.
Roses or thorns — with song or sigh —
We snatch from the banks we 're speeding by.
None do we meet ; one way we ride,
And all on a never-returning tide.

Whether our sky may lower, or beam,
The waters will show, for it paints the stream !
Yet, if its face be wild, or black,
No haven is near ; and we can't go back ! —
Though we put off more high, — more low,
We all to the mouth of the stream must go.

Then from our skiff and lading we
Shall hasten, to launch on a shoreless sea.
Each in his breast a Pearl must bear,
To enter the ark of Mercy there.
They who are found without the gem, —
O, dark is the plunge to be made by them !

Ever adown the stream we fleet,
Where anchored are none, and where none we meet.
Who is insured, when time shall fail,
An ocean of bliss serene to sail ?
He who in time with all could part,
To purchase the Pearl of a HOLY HEART !

THE BROOK.

THE pleasant little meadow brook,
That runneth bright and free,
With what a kind of spirit look
It smileth up to me !

With sunny sprinkles from the skies
Its countless ripples shine ;
Like thousand living, starry eyes,
All speaking into mine.

They flash upon my heart, and bring
A spell beyond control ;
They twinkle on the finest string
That vibrates in the soul !

For I was once a child beside
A brook as clear and bright,
Ere life's first meadow-violets died,
Or waned its morning light ; —

When whole was every kindred tie,
And I had never dreamed
I e'er should miss a single eye
Of all that round me beamed.

But those we love and cherish here
To bless our earthly way, —
How do they vanish, when most near !
How vision-like are they !

They now are here, — they 're past anon,
Like wavelets of the brook,
Where each we do but glance upon
Returns a parting look !

And may there not be spirit-eyes, —
As unto me they seem, —
That give, while watching from the skies,
Their reflex on the stream ?

We cannot tell the ways of love
Our angel watchers know,
To turn our thoughts to light above
From passing shades below.

O, how like dimpled infancy,
That not a trouble knows,
In gladness and to nature free,
This merry streamlet goes !

Like childhood in its rosy hours,
Before a hope has died,
It sparkles forward, while the flowers
Spring up at either side.

Whene'er a sudden fall it makes,
As every child has done,
It gathers strength, and thence betakes
Itself to swifter run.

Does aught oppose its chosen route,
The check is ever brief ;
Its little arms it stretches out,
And gains a quick relief.

It dandles here the tender cress,
That creeps upon its edge ;
And there it combs the silken tress
Of over-reaching sedge.

It steals along beneath the bower,
And takes, in mimic theft,
Upon its mirror-breast, the flower
That growing still is left.

It hides amid the alder-shade ;
Then out it darts to run,
As if at child's bopeep it played,
In frolic with the sun.

And now it takes a deeper place, —
A graver look it wears,
And has a less transparent face,
Like one of growing cares.

'T is here it hides the speckled trout
Its jutting bank below,
While silvery minnows gleam about,
Like toys in baby-show.

It feeds the water-flag and rush,
That haunt it for their drink, —
Meanders where, in brake and brush,
Sing thrush and bobolink.

Then, oozing from the shadowy nook,
It takes another freak ;
And on the mead behold the brook,
A shimmering silver streak !

For every basking butterfly
It rears a buttercup ;
And flowers — when dragon-flies shoot by —
From dragon-root shot up.

It laughs to see the quaking-grass
At every zephyr shake,
And if a snapping insect pass,
A sign of terror make.

Would mouse-ear, near its margin, list
The sound of bees that come,
'T is then a mock-ventriloquist,
And, gurgling, drowns their hum.

Then, off among the pebble-stones,
It gives a rapid glee, —
It sings in ever-varied tones —
It plays on every key.

Now, soft it glides through velvet green,
With violets blue bestrown ;
Its bosom clear, its face serene,
The hue of heaven its own !

Thus, curling here, and twining there,
Its varied banks between,
While speeding down, it knows not where,
This living tide is seen.

Yet, ever forward, on the run
It goes, and cannot stay ;
Like human life, that, once begun,
Unceasing fleets away.

An aged man, with temples hoar,
I saw approach the brook
Alone, as if to ponder o'er
His life's short story-book.

A tuft, where once had stood a tree,
His grassy seat he made ;
With staff, awhile from service free,
At rest beside him laid.

Upon the stream intent his eye,
His locks dispersed to air ;
While spake his breast, by deep-drawn sigh,
Of spirit-sadness there.

'T was here, in childhood light and fair,
He 'd sported by the stream,
When present life was all parterre,
The future — golden dream !

His feet, that, threescore years and ten,
Had traced life's weary way,
Were in the native scenes again,
Where first they ran to play.

In all the changeful years between
The child and pilgrim lorn,
That trembling lone one had not seen
The spot where he was born.

And, faint from age, he now had come,
With life so near its close,
As in review to cast the sum
Of all that earth bestows.

As busy Memory numbered up
The honey-drops and gall,
He in the waters dashed her cup
To wash it free of all ; —

He bowed him by the streamlet's side,
Beneath his weight of years,
And to the placid crystal tide
Poured forth his soul in tears.*

For where were they whom first he knew,
And prized o'er all beside ?
On church-yard stone the lichen grew,
Of some the names to hide !

And none remained to tell the tale
How others passed away,
To him, who lingered in the vale
Of life, so lone and gray.

His village home had disappeared, —
Its every vestige gone ;
No welcome here his spirit cheered, —
He was to all unknown !

One, passing, turned with curious eye
His stranger looks to scan ;
Another, heedless, hurried by
The friendless, lone old man.

* An aged man, — once speaking to the writer of the feelings he had experienced on a recent visit to his native place, which he left while yet in his boyhood, never having seen it again till now, in the evening of life, — alluding to his favorite brook, said with much emotion, " I went and sat down alone by that little brook ; and there I rained tears."

But O, the brook ! its tones so deep
 Were to his spirit's ear
Like music we — when dropped asleep
 From weeping — dream we hear.

For long his soul had been athirst
 To taste this stream once more, —
To see it where he saw it first, —
 To hear it as of yore.

Its gentle voice had followed him
 When roaming far and wide ;
And he 'd returned, with vision dim,
 To see it ere he died.

That kind, familiar voice he knew ;
 'T was all that hailed him here,
Whose sands of time were now so few
 On earth so blank and drear.

With feelings tongue could never name,
 Its sound upon his soul —
Like oil upon the waters — came,
 To say he 'd reached the goal.

“ Ah ! what,” said he, “ is man, bereft
 Of all he here hath known ?
The last upon the desert, — left
 To strike his tent alone ! —

“ His tattered tent to strike, and try
 The stream that rolls between
This shore and that, where mortal eye
 Must ne'er survey the scene !

“ The while, by all his being’s plan,
Till here his day is o’er,
The only worthy aim of man
Lies on that other shore !

“ ’T is there depends our final home
On this, our little space ;—
The rest to which we hope to come,—
On how we run the race.

“ That all beside is frail and vain
Doth life itself declare ;
In form, a shadow on the plain, —
Its hold, elusive air.

“ No more have I from time to seek,
No more on earth to do ;
But this last point, — the pass is bleak !
Yet I shall soon be through.”

I turned me, from the hoary sage
My swimming eyes to hide,
When on my ear that voice of age
In faltering accents died.

But he — that autumn leaf, that, lone,
Hung shivering on the tree —
Has dropped, — the aged man is gone ;
He *was*, — but where *is* he ?

Not trembling here ! but we shall see,
Though in the dust no more,
His being bright reality,
Upon the spirit shore ;—

Where many a lone, forsaken one,
Who here in sorrow bowed,
Will shine resplendent as the sun,
Come glorious from the cloud !

No more beside this earthly rill
His bending form appears,
Where dawned his life, whose evening chill
Condensed its dew to tears.

But, still, the little meadow stream
Doth clear and sparkling run,
All pleasant as a summer dream,
When summer toil is done.

Still gayly singing, as it sung
Upon the natal day
Of that old man, 't is ever young,
While he hath passed away.

Its lustrous eyes, that never sleep
By sun, or moon, or star,
Are to their fount of glory, deep
In ether fields afar.

Do clouds the vault of azure stain,
Rejoicing still, it sings ;
Well knowing they 're to fall in rain,
And fill its hidden springs.

With spirit trustful, undefiled,
It runneth glad and free,
For ever playful, bright, and wild,
Like sportive infancy.

In thousand winsome vagaries
A down the flowery mead,
The Brook itself the Poem is
'T were best to go and read.

NOTE TO THE FOLLOWING POEM.

On the acclivity of a gentle swell of ground, in the heart of a dense and extensive forest, in Medford, Mass., is a solitary grave. Uninclosed, and without name, inscription, or monumental stone, it is designated only by a simple turf-covered mound, close at the foot of a tall, wide-spreading pine, and overhung by its branches. Yet, in the milder seasons of the year, it may often be found strewed over with the offerings of Memory, Love, and Sorrow, in their fresh-gathered emblem-flowers of garden growth; showing that it is neither forgotten nor forsaken, but that the foot of affection loves to thread its way into the bosom of the dark and pathless wild, to bear out the frequent tribute to its hallowed shrine.

Beneath the mound, in that isolated spot, sleep the mortal remains of a youth of uncommon loveliness of character, mental endowments, and personal beauty; but who, with these, possessed a delicately-built frame, of frail constitution, through which the fire of genius shone with a vivid morning light, of seeming great promise, till it assumed a fatal brilliancy, and, by its fervor, proved too powerful at the seat of life. It is the last resting-place of the late Mr. William Russell, son of Professor Russell, of Medford, aged about twenty-three years.

The bent of his genius being decidedly to painting and sketching from native scenery, Mr. Russell loved to take solitary rambles in wild, unfrequented places, to study the lights and shades of Nature, and drink inspiration from her deepest retreats.

On the 3d of May, 1846, — taking with him the implements of his art, a book to peruse, and a small cup, which, on such occasions, served him to drink from some cool spring on his way, — he left his home, without indicating the course he should pursue, but expecting to return before nightfall. As he did not appear when expected, the family supposed he might have extended his excursion to the house of a friend, in a neighbouring town. But days, weeks, and months elapsed, and no trace could be found to solve the mystery of his absence, till the last week of the following July, when some children, roaming the wild for whortleberries, came abruptly upon the spot where lay his lifeless form. Its attitude was calm, as one lies down to rest, — the hand partly under the cheek, and the articles he had carried out lying near him undisturbed, and apparently just as he had placed them.

His friends, — thinking that, could he have foreseen the event, his choice would have been to be buried where he died, and the owner of the ground, like the children of Heth, kindly urging their acceptance of the spot for “a lasting possession” for them to bury their dead — had the funeral rites performed there; — and there, beneath the same sods that had been his dying-bed, they laid him in his final rest. As he had several times manifested symptoms of disease of the heart, this was supposed to have caused his death some time during the day of his leaving home.

Such, it will be seen, is the view taken in the following poem, — the writer supposing the rapture enkindled by the scene to have acted in too powerful emotion on the vital principle.

THE FOREST GRAVE OF MEDFORD.

When I sleep the dreamless sleep
 Once to come on every eye,
 Set no stubborn stone, to keep
 Silent watch where I may lie.
 Marble were too hard and cold
 Then to tower above my heart : —
 Never let my name be told
 By a lifeless form of art !

Nature, — that I loved so well,
 Till the love of earth was o'er, —
 Let her sweetly show and tell
 What I loved, when I'm no more.
 When the flame of vital fire
 Leaves but ashes of my breast,
 Let a living, winged lyre
 Sound the requiem o'er my rest.

Lay me where the rustling pine,
 Sighing, o'er my dust shall wave ;
 Fondly let some creeping vine
 Spread and cling about my grave.
 By the birds that wildly sing, —
 By the verdure of the tree, —
 By the lowest leafy thing, —
 May my friends remember me !

THOU green wood of Medford, in calm sylvan shade,
 A proud mausoleum thy ground-swell is made !
 Where wild robins carol, and pine-branches sigh,
 And wind-minstrels harp, doth the Young Artist lie ;
 For there, on the spot where the death-angel gave
 His pure spirit wing, is his lone forest grave.

Of Nature all fair were the features to limn,
 And sweet came her breath and her music to him ;
 Sublime was her temple, — her worship unfeigned ;
 While bright was her altar, — the gifts all unstained ;

When he, full of fervor his off'rings to pay,
 Repaired to her courts, on that clear morn of May.

With tablet and pencils, and small drinking-cup,
 To bring for his thirst the cool spring-water up,
 The young devotee hill and dale rambled o'er,
 To sketch from the ceiling — the hangings — the floor
 Of that lofty temple in beauty that stands
 To man's wond'ring vision, not reared by his hands.

Where full bushes blossomed, and moss-patches lay,
 With light step he threaded his lone, pathless way,
 And entered the sweet forest fane, to beguile
 An hour at its altar, — to roam through its aisle, —
 To lean on its pillars, and perfumes inhale
 That flowed on its air, soul and sense to regale.

The soft lights and shades, in their flittings, he traced,
 As caught through the vine-trails and boughs interlaced,
 Where fir-tassels hung to the green-roofed arcade,
 And young leaflets clapped, as the wind-spirits played ;
 He sketched turf-mosaic, and tall-crested tree,
 And light skiffs afloat on the blue ether sea.

So bland was the season, so peaceful the scene,
 Such harmony sweet earth and heaven seemed between,
 From low-purling brooklet to high-singing bird,
 And balm-freighted breeze in the forest-tops heard, —
 In that grand cathedral, each pipe and each chord
 Appeared as in holiness tuned to the Lord.

He saw, at his foot-side, the spring's tender flower
 Its heart-folds display to the life-giving Power ;
 The green tendrils reaching, the lithe sapling nod,
 The fount leap and flash, to an all-moving God !

The Young Artist turned to the high azure dome,
And yearned for a glimpse of the Great Spirit's home.

He mused, and he worshipped, — in rapture sublime,
He seemed passing over the confines of time ;
Where vision the glories began to unfold
Which man must not look from the dust to behold.
His soul felt her wings spread and burn with a might
Too strong for the clay to restrain from the flight.

He heard dulcet music around and above,
While new were the voices, — the strains all of love !
There seemed seraph bands from the skies on their way,
To join with the earth in an anthem of May ;
Their path opened back, traced with light and with flowers,
From their blissful world, while they sang thus to ours :—

Earth, in thy lowliness,
Strong was thy trust :
Power, — glory, — holiness,
Light now thy dust !
Deep, when thy chill may be,
Heaven bendeth still o'er thee !
Then doth thy jubilee
Sound, " God is just ! "

Sweet now thy pæans clear,
On balmy air,
Rise to Jehovah's ear,
His praise to bear.
Love, with its thousand ties,
Thee bindeth to the skies,
Watched by its holy eyes
With ceaseless care.

The Young Artist's spirit was ardent and hale ;
 But thin was its vesture, — the fabric was frail :
 The kindling within of a rapture divine
 Had flamed, the immortal consuming the shrine !
 He calmly reclined on the damp forest knoll,
 A form dropped to earth by the transport of soul.

A high, branching pine threw its arms o'er his rest ;
 The wild-wood aroma fell sweet on his breast ;
 His hushed lips were passed by the life's fleeting breath,
 And chill on his brow came the night-dew of death ;
 Whilst none but the convoy who bore him on high
 Beheld when the cold angel sealed up his eye.

SONG OF THE ANGEL CONVOY.

Swift from thy Father-home above,
 Where all is true and fair,
 Spirit, we come on wings of love,
 To waft thee safely there.
 When death shall loose the silver cord,
 And break the golden bowl,
 We must present thee to our Lord,
 A holy, ransomed soul.

Tremble not now to be undressed,
 And clothed in dust no more ;
 For ready is the seamless vest, —
 The same thy Saviour wore.
 Nor scorching sun nor chilling blast
 Shall touch thee, as we rise ;
 Soon will the pearly gates be past ;
 And naught within them dies !

O, it is done, — the bowl is broke,
 Untwined the silver tie !
 Clay hath received the sundering stroke
 That frees thee for the sky.
 Our kiss, the pledge of truth, receive,
 And give us thine, of trust :
 Spirit, rejoice all sin to leave,
 And dwell among the just.

Softly from out earth's thorny vale,
 In pain and darkness trod,
 Ne'er do our soaring pinions fail
 To waft the heirs of God.
 With all the saints shalt thou unite,
 And see each beaming brow,
 Crowned by the love of Christ with light,
 From man's first fall till now.

List! from our fair and flowery ground
 We hear the raptured choir !
 Never a strain of woe they sound,
 Nor tears can damp their lyre.
 And sweeter, higher, swells the song,
 As near thy rest we come :
 Spirit, 't is from the glorious throng
 Who sing thy welcome home !

The spring blossoms vanished, — the full summer moon
 Her silver transfused through the mantle of June ;
 She waned, and she changed ; and the broad sunny sky
 Impurpled, and ripened the fruits of July ;
 When childhood was lured for the wild sweets to stray,
 To find where our lost one from time passed away.

The cup, which no fount should for him again fill,
 And sketch-book and pencils, were close by him still :
 Composed was his posture, as infancy sleeps
 When watch by its cradle the fond mother keeps.
 Unseen and unearthly the watcher that stood
 A guard o'er his rest, in that deep, solemn wood !

* * * * *

But where should they bear him,—what precincts should keep
 The Young Artist, wrapped in his long, dreamless sleep ?
 His spirit departed, a moment with voice
 Those mute lips seemed opening, to utter the choice : —
 “ In this holy solitude, stillness, and shade,
 Beloved to the end, be the soul's raiment laid ! ”

The mother, — who 'd borne him so long on her breast, —
 The sire — brother — sister, — said, “ Here let him rest !
 O, here, where he gave back his soul to his God,
 The clods be his pillow, — his covering the sod ! —
 His dust let the bosom of Nature entomb,
 Till waked with a beauty immortal to bloom ! ”

His chamber they made in that pure forest ground,
 But marred not with barrier the now sacred bound :
 No cold, graven stone o'er his bed did they place,
 To cumber the mound ; — nor a line did they trace :
 With fresh native verdure his calm couch is hung,
 By thousand winged minstrels his requiem sung.

And there, in the earth of his chosen retreat,
 That had his last footfall, — his heart's latest beat, —
 His face to the same point of light in the sky
 That sent the last ray to his dim, closing eye,
 Alone in his holy repose sleepeth he,
 The monument o'er him his Evergreen Tree.

LITTLE CLARA.

[For music.]

I CANNOT smile, I cannot play ;
I feel so lone, — so sad and lone !
I 've put our playthings all away ;
For brother 's gone, — dear Willie 's gone !
I dreamed, last night, I saw and kissed him ;
His eyes were starry bright !
But when I told how much I missed him,
He disappeared, as if by flight ;
I could not see, so quick he vanished,
The way he took to pass from sight.

They tell me angels softly came,
And bore him up from every ill ;
And yet I think 't is where his name
Is on the stone he 's sleeping still.
I saw the deep, damp bed they made him,
And where I think he lies ;
For there I saw they lowly laid him,
And watched, but did not see him rise.
Yet hot and fast my tears were streaming ;
Perhaps 't was they deceived my eyes.

The precious flower he loved the best,
When we played round our garden-spot,
I 've taken up, and o'er his breast
I 've set the dear *forget-me-not*.
I know not if it there will flourish ;
The turf is drear and wild ;

And Clara's tears can never nourish
The flower that shone when Willie smiled !
But still I must hang, weeping, round it,
I 'm such a sad and lonely child !

Our darling bird, that used to sing,
And smile from out his loving eye,
When Willie came, now droops the wing,
And looks as if he too would die.
His cup of seeds, and drink, declining,
He silent sits all day ;
And seems at heart with sorrow pining
To close his eye, and pass away.
Then, the sweet bird beside his master
And that lone flower will Clara lay.

When mother died, I was too young
To know her love, or miss her care ;
And father on the sea, among
The great, wild waves, that drowned him there.
'T is woe to lose an only brother,
When ne'er to me was known
A sister dear, — a father, — mother !
And if to God they all are gone,
I pray he 'd take poor little Clara ;
I feel so lone, — so sad and lone !

ODE ON ART.

[Written for and sung on the Semi-centennial Anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.]

WHEN God had of earth laid the viewless foundation, —
The pillars had reared which the firmament buoy, —
The stars of the morn sang in glad celebration,
And thus, “ all the sons of God shouted for joy.”
In the blue vault sublime
Hung the clear lamps of time,
Their beams shedding warm on the young, teeming earth :
Sun and soft dewy hours
Spread the grass, leaves, and flowers ;
As Nature awoke, hymning Heaven at her birth.

When earth had been stained till the deep's broken fountains
Were poured forth, and Nature was drowned as she stood,
The angel of ART sailed above the lost mountains,
And bore in her bosom our race, on the flood !
’T was a bright promise-bow,
Telling ART thence would go
From glory to glory, in goodness to man ;
Plying her golden key
To the vast treasury
Unknown, but for her, in the world's mighty plan !

Her pupils are grand master-builders of nations ;
To kings give they throne, sceptre, vesture, and crown ;
They spread earth and sea with her fair new creations ;
They prop up the states that would else crumble down !

Freedom's broad banner waves,
Armour her foemen braves ;

While, warm from the depths of the heaven-kindled heart,
Music wafts praise, to rise
Up the far-ringing skies ;
And all as the gifts of man's good angel, ART !

Her son is the rich man ; his race are his debtors :
The elements list in his service, for them !

He gives sight to Blindness, — to Learning, her letters, —
To Plenty, her horn, — and to Beauty, her gem.

Water and fire at strife
Give his fleet courser life,

When earth soon is compassed, the deep quickly spanned !
Power and wealth sure are his,
In the fine mysteries

That move in the clay of his own plastic hand.

All hail to the Craftsmen, with hands that can labor, —
With arm nerved by purpose, and deeds spreading wide !
For these are the helper, the friend, brother, neighbour !
And poor but for them were the great world beside.

Ever be this their aim, —
In the cause and the name

Of man's Friend on high, that their works all be done,
Meekly who sojourned here,
Loved the poor, dried the tear,

And wrought, when below, as the *Carpenter's Son*.

It is they give to Commerce her ark on the ocean,
To Science her wand, and her star-sweeping wing ;
They give temple, altar, and book to Devotion,
Through all earth proclaiming our Saviour and King.

By the fond sisters three,
Faith, Hope, and Charity,
The last still the first, breathing life for the whole,
Be a house theirs, that stands
High, and "not made with hands,"
Though earth melt, and skies pass away as a scroll!

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

A venerable gentleman of New England, yet living (1847), and well known to many of the learned and the good of our land, was once brought low by sickness; when, during a deep sleep, he was perceived to be strongly affected by some powerful dream. His watchers, fearing for the enfeebled vital principle, should this excitement continue, awaked him. Nothing was then said on the subject by either party, nor till many years afterwards, when he related to a friend the vision which he had in that sleep, of those whom he had lost by death. He thought himself at the gate of Heaven, just entering on his rest, and saw things too great and glorious to be told. He heard a voice say, "Who will conduct this spirit to his seat?" Then came forth, from among the shining multitude, an angel band to meet him: one after another answering, — "I will conduct my son," — "I will conduct my husband," — "I, my father," — "I, my brother."

WHY did ye wake me thus to time and sense,
 When I was sweetly, sweetly passing hence, —
 When I had nearly joined the happy band
 Bearing the palm-branch, in the spirit-land?
 When my faint soul the balmy air had breathed,
 Fresh from through flowers by angel fingers wreathed,
 Where sat the Dove within the Tree of Life, —
 How could ye call me back to pain and strife?

I had looked in, and round the living fount
 Seen the bright throng whom God alone can count!
 I saw the ransomed walk with folded wing,
 Save when they veiled their faces near their King!
 I heard their harping on the golden chord
 Sound with the anthem, "Holy is the Lord!"
 I saw the beaming of the martyr's crown!
 Yet, from them all, to dust I'm hurried down.

There were my parents, — O, I knew 't was they ! —
 They who had taught my infant lips to pray.
 I saw the mother of my children there, —
 She who had trained them up with faith and prayer.
 Our cherub offspring there were gathered, too,
 Plucked up from earth, like buds in morning dew, —
 Gems for the Saviour, naught can stain or dim ;
 He called, we gave, our little ones to him.

There shone my brother ; with the cross he 'd borne
 Changed to a glory round his forehead worn.
 Near him, our sister wore her smile of love,
 Now made a sweeter, quenchless light above.
 There sat our friend, once full of self-distrust ;
 Pure — single-hearted — high — among the just.
 There was the meekness which had here been spurned,
 Raised, and sublimely into honor turned.

I saw the wronged — the helpless, and the bound,
 Whose sweat and blood had cried from out the ground —
 Righted, as Justice on that Throne gives right ;
 White, as the blood of Christ alone makes white ;
 Eased of their burdens, — franchised from the yoke ;
 Healed of the blows that flesh and spirit broke ;
 Free, — in the fields and air of heaven set free ;
 Heirs of the kingdom, — blest as souls can be !

I saw the poor, who by the highway died,
 While priest and rich man walked the other side,
 Giving, the one, perhaps, of alms a crumb,
 Loud while the other prayed, *Thy kingdom come !* —
 I saw that Lazar made so rich and fair,
 Kings here might wish to be the beggar there, —
 Saw tears, that were in dust and sackcloth shed,
 Lit up to stars on many an humble head !

I saw — but nay, I must not tell below
What souls unveiled and sainted may but know.
Wait we awhile ; we then shall upward spring,
Earth but the foot-rest where we spread the wing,—
Up, up ! and enter our eternal rest,
Heirs of the Lord, our heritage possessed ; —
All that was mystery while our years revolved,
Life, Death, Redemption, there in glory solved !

DEBORAH'S TRIUMPH.

“Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time. And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah in Beth-el, in the mount of Ephraim; and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment.” Thus is this illustrious woman, who has been called “the only female character introduced in the Old Testament wherein we find nothing to forgive or to pity,” first presented to us in *JUDGES IV.* 4, 5. The poem opens at the moment of her interview with Barak, introduced in the sixth verse, and embraces her signal history to the beginning of chapter fifth, when “sang Deborah and Barak.” She was now, probably, in the bloom of youth, as she judged Israel so many years after this; and her lofty genius, her poetical inspiration and fervor, her divine illumination and high appointments from God, give a lustre and sublimity to her character, irresistibly investing the image we form of her person.

SHE is fair as the morn, and superb doth she stand,
 As the palm where she dwells 'mid the trees of the land!
 With a fervor divine is her young spirit warm,
 Giving aspect sublime to her slight woman's form;
 While inspired and prophetic, a light from on high—
 'T is the day-star of Israel! — beams through her eye.

For her mind with the power doth Jehovah invest,
 To adjudge, for himself, his own people oppressed;
 And his angel of mercy commissioned is she,
 From the Gentile his backslidden children to free;
 Not by might, nor by valor, — by ruse, nor by skill;
 But by being to man as the voice of his will.

Now, the captain of Israel, blenching, appalled,
 At the Canaanite hosts, to her presence is called;
 And the chief in his armour leans, mute, on his spear,
 Of her counsel the clear-sounding accents to hear;

While her words to his soul come as sunbeams, in power,
And in sweetness, like drops from the cell of the flower.*

“ Doth the Lord God of Israel not to thee say,
Thou shalt draw out for battle thy men, and away,
By Mount Tabor the captain of Jabin to meet,
With his phalanxes, war-steeds, and chariots fleet,
And that he by the cold-flowing Kishon will bring
To thy hand the whole hosts of the Canaanite king ?

“ Doth he say it, and call thee ? And shall it not be,
That the foes of our God will be given to thee ?
With the sword of Omnipotence pledged for thine aid,
And his arm strengthening thine, wilt thou still be afraid ?
O, doth Barak — dost thou, Abinoam’s brave son —
Not believe what the Lord hath declared shall be done ? ”

“ I will go, if wilt thou ; but if not,” saith the chief,
“ I remain ! ” for there ’s still at his heart unbelief.
“ Yea, I go, then,” saith Deborah ; “ yet shall there be,
From the journey thou takest, no honor for thee.
For the Lord will sell Sisera into the hand
Of a woman ! But, up ! and obey his command ! ”

He retires, — he hath gathered his army and staff,
Who shall sweep off the foe, as the wind sweepeth chaff ;
For the breath of the Lord is before them to go ;
And the mighty must vanish, if on them it blow !
With the Prophetess-Judge for their guidance and light,
Do they wind their way up to the hoar mountain height.

By the river below them is Sisera shown,
With his vast serried forces, like grass to be mown :

* Deborah signifies a bee.

And, the moment announced, on their God do they call ;
 Then, adown on the foe, as a lightning-shaft,* fall ;
 Where the whole Gentile hosts, overspreading the vale,
 'T is for this day of wrath to lay powerless and pale !

But the scene, with its horrors, what eye can survey,
 When an army like this in their sins melt away ?
 From the field, wild and wounded, in *mêlée* they rush,
 To the stream, where the waters leap up with a blush,
 Or emit their red foam, heaving high o'er their bank,
 From the carnage they take, and the blood they have drank.

But the chief, — where is he ? Where did Sisera fleet,
 Who, the last left alive, “ fled away on his feet ” ?
 To the Plain Zaanaim. Affrighted he went,
 Like a partridge ensnared, into Heber's cool tent :
 And the wife of the Kenite hath driven the blow, —
 By “ the hand of a woman ” his head is laid low !

Hark ! the notes of thanksgiving in anthems arise,
 Swelling clear, over vale, stream, and mount, to the skies !
 It is Deborah, singing with Barak the song, —
 Which the saints in all ages shall catch and prolong, —
 Of the power, love, and justice of Israel's God,
 Who hath chastened his children, and burnt up the rod !

* Barak signifies *lightning*.

THE OPAL.

“Few precious stones,” says Dr. Bingley, “are more beautiful than the Opals. Their elegant play of colors — blue, green, red, and yellow, variously modified — has procured for them a distinguished rank among the gems.” The kind of opal called *Oculus mundi*, derives its name from an internal sparkle, or luminous spot, which changes its position according to the direction in which the stone is held to the light. So highly were opals esteemed by the ancient Romans, that Nofius, the Roman Senator, is said to have preferred banishment to parting with a favorite opal, which Mark Antony was anxious to possess. In the East, opals are considered very precious, and are worn as amulets to defend the wearer from disease, witchcraft, and other evils.

GEM with the lambent hues,
 That through thee move and shine,
 What pencil e'er shall use
 Such living tints as thine, —
 The ruby, azure, gold, and green,
 That, closed in thee, at play are seen ?

Gem with the burning heart,
 That, like a living soul,
 Pervading every part,
 Gives beauty to the whole, —
 What angel's hand thy bosom lit,
 With that bright spark enkindling it ?

'T is like a central eye,
 That looketh every way !
 Its light is from on high,
 With never-fading ray !
 It seems, in that pure form of thine,
 A spirit looking from a shrine !

Well might the Roman choose
In exile far to flee,
When sternly doomed to lose
His native rights, or thee ;
While Paynim faith in thee beheld
The power that pain and harm repelled !

And still, on Orient shores,
By Superstition trod,
With blindness she adores,
In thee, an unknown God.
She takes the *work* for *power* Divine,
And for the *signified*, the *sign*.

But to our Christian sight,
While traced all over thee
Thy Maker's name, as light,
Shines forth " the DEITY,"
On *Him*, our Rock, — the " Living Stone," —
Through faith and hope, we rest alone.

For He who formed thee thus,
So curious, rich, and fair,
Hath still assigned to us
His holier seal to bear, —
His *image*, that we may be shown,
As priceless jewels, marked his own.

THE FIRST MOURNERS.

[Adapted to music for two voices.]

ALAS ! alas ! our son is slain ; —
'T is Abel's form, struck down by Cain !
How still ! how cold ! no pulse, — no breath !
We ate the fruit ; — and this is death !

The blood hath marred those temples fair,
And drenched their locks of sunny hair ;
It stains the grass and flowers around, —
Its voice is crying from the ground !

His lamb yet on the altar lies,
Received of God a sacrifice:
While bright the morn, and sweet the air,
His hymn is hushed, and ceased his prayer.

The fleecy flock, for him to lead,
Around him bleat, and wait to feed ;
But dark his eye, — his call is o'er, —
Their tender shepherd theirs no more.

We now must rend earth's breast, and lay,
In her damp clods, our child away :
Ah ! bitter woe, to thus begin
In him the death, when ours the sin !

O, where is he, oppressed with guilt,
Whose hand a brother's life-stream spilt?
An exile marked, — a wanderer lone, —
And pierced by thorns that we have sown !

For all our race, who now can make
An offering pure, that God will take?
For we transgressed, on all to bring
The tempter serpent's mortal sting !

THE DUELLIST'S SOLILOQUY.

No figment this, of weak remorse !

Before, beside, or after me,

I see, I *feel*, that bleeding corse,

With terrors I can never flee.

'T is *never* from my vision hid, —

My eye sees backward, burning through

This dizzy brain, — it melts the lid,

And forward, all is open view.

The Roman convict's doom I share,

With horrors earth can ne'er define ;

Awake, asleep, and everywhere,

A lifeless form is bound to mine.

Each wave of air that gives me breath

Seems blowing from the shadowy vale,

And wafting me the scent of death, —

My victim's groan, — the mourner's wail.

A thousand demons tongued with flame

Are lapping up my spirit's life :

The fellest, he who took the name

Of *Honor*, for the mortal strife ;

And *Envy*, with her serpent train,

Who stung me to the deadly goal,

With *honor* — such as followed Cain ! —

For ever thus to brand my soul.

A widowed mother's hopeful son, —
 An orphan sister's joy and shield, —
 I *hated* till the deed was done,
 And with his blood my purpose sealed.
 I took their only lamb, and drove
 My victim, wildered, from the fold,
 To slay him in that dismal grove,
 Where fiends unseen their revels hold.

The youth, — his brow without a cloud,
 And virtue's beauty beaming there ;
 My own by passion's burin ploughed,
 And hoar-frost in my wiry hair !
 He stood high-souled, in noble form,
 His breast the seat of truth and love,
 While mine contained a scorpion swarm ;—
 We were the *vulture* and the *dove* !

The guilt I plunged him in was new
 To him, whilst I was practised well :
 I knew my mark, — and when I drew,
 His life-stream showered him as he fell !
 Then heard I rebel angels laugh ;
 And plaudits from the black abyss
 Came, ringing, on the telegraph
 From their infernal world to this.

From that same hour, I feel my doom,—
 To live, and writhe eternally ;
 Or here, or where the surges boom,
 To roll me in the fiery sea.
 Unnumbered imps in mockery smile,
 And taunt me with the mark I bear ;
 My soul is wrung and torn the while,
 A loathsome prey of fell despair.

I hear a brother's blood, that cries
 To heaven, for vengeance, from the ground :
My trembling spirit vainly sighs
 To shrink to nothing, at the sound.
While, back from heaven, the ceaseless call,
 “ Where is thy brother ? ” rends mine ear !
Almighty Wrath, thine accents fall
 In thunder, not to finish here !

No power have I to overrule,
 Or hurl this blasted life away :
I scorn myself, — the devil's fool !
 I served him, and receive his pay.
And lo, the same pale, spectral horse
 Of Prophet-vision here I see !
He 's mounted by that bleeding corse !
 What “ followed with him ” is for me.

THE RAINBOW.

BRIGHT Bow, in thy glory, o'erarching yon sky,
With a splendor as pure dost thou shine,
As when first thou wast shown to the Patriarch's eye,
The pledge of a promise Divine !
And can we thus look up, and behold thee, as now,
After storms of past ages appear,
Nor believe, though with sorrow our spirits may bow,
In a God of all joy ever near ?

A bow without arrows, reversed, and unstrung,
Is a token that warfare is o'er ;
And above this dim world by our King art thou hung,
A signal of peace evermore.
While serene as thy hues do his attributes blend,
With a glory, like thine, ever new ;
Though concealed from our vision, he still is our Friend,
The eternal, unchanging, and true !

Our heavens may be darkened, — the thunder-peals loud,
And the tempest, life's prospect deform ;
But 't is He who in love set his " bow in the cloud,"
Whose love comes disguised in the storm.
While the watch-light of Faith our awed bosom illumines,
If her altar-fire steadily burn,
Quickly then, with the rainbow-tints brightening her plumes,
Shall our Dove with the Olive return.

ERIN'S SON IN AMERICA.

[For music.]

FROM lovely Erin, sad, I come,
Across the rolling sea,
In stranger land to seek a home, —
A home of Liberty !
My green and flowery native Isle,
Thy bloom is lost to me !
But where is Nature's sweetest smile ?
Where, but among the free ?

Yet I 've not left dear Ireland where
Between us floods can roll ;
For here with filial love I bear
My country on my soul !
Columbia, who her woes can feel,
With pity's heart, like thee ?
Thou 'lt breathe, o'er wounds thou canst not heal,
Warm sighs to make her free.

Thy flag, that waves around the world,
In thy dark infant years
Was first by strife and storms unfurled ;
Its stars were lit from tears.
But when shall Erin's harp, that moans
Beneath the cypress-tree,
Proclaim, with rapture in its tones,
Her own dear children free ?

MY SISTER AT SEA.

COLD the flood beneath thy pillow,
Sister, on the rolling sea !
Yet, o'er every bounding billow
There, my heart goes out with thee.
Cloudless shines the starry heaven
Through the silent midnight air ;
Whilst for thee my soul is given,
And for thine, to God in prayer.

May He keep thee safe from danger,
Till thou gain the stranger land ;
There to give thee, in the stranger,
Kindred heart and kindly hand !
May his angel fondly hover
Near thee, wheresoe'er thou roam,
Every ill to lift thee over,
Till he give thee back to home !

Round our old paternal dwelling
Here, 't is all a hush profound ;—
Save an infant zephyr swelling,
'T is to memory spirit ground.
For their feet, who long had paced it,
In the clods are laid away ;
Kindred, who with us have traced it, —
Of the spirit world are they.

Yet their spirits so could cherish
Us, until the mortal died, —
Theirs was not a love to perish
When the dust was cast aside!
Nay, methinks they still are near us,
Thinly veiled from mortal view, —
Joyful ministers, to bear us
Blessings ever pure and true.

Soft as moonlight on the lily,
Shed from yon ethereal dome,
Here around us, sweet and stilly,
Do their holy footsteps come.
Now, perhaps, they 're bending over
Me at home, and thee at sea :
Could we but their forms discover,
Fair and glorious would they be.

Lo! through nature's mist appearing,
Comes, arrayed in light divine,
One, whose eye serene and cheering
Dries the rolling tear from mine.
Sister, O! 't is she whose numbers
Lulled us to our cradle-sleep, —
She who watched our infant slumbers!
Bends she o'er thee, on the deep?

We of earth, and she of heaven, —
Is she not our mother still?
Love maternal ne'er was given
For the stroke of death to kill!
And, if God, as guardian o'er us,
Keeps some careful angel near,
Who 's so like as she who bore us,
Thus to be our watcher here?

Well thou know'st the fear and trembling,
Sleepless nights, and care for thee,
She had suffered past dissembling,
Still of earth, wert thou at sea.
Love, that feared from human weakness,
Vested now with angel power,
May descend, through angel meekness,
For us, in this midnight hour.

THE COOPER'S CHILD.

Written from an incident that occurred soon after the famous Eastern-land speculation, and the bursting of that bubble, which left insolvent so many Banks and individuals, about the year 1836-37.

I HEARD the knocker gently fall,
And rose to answer to the call ;
When there a little stranger stood,
Serene, beneath her faded hood ;
While under it the wintry air
Went searching for her golden hair,
To catch the curls, and throw them out,
And twirl and toss them all about.

She had a dewy, azure eye,
As bright and soft as summer sky, —
A pretty, dimpled, rosy cheek,
And modest mouth, her wish to speak.
And when the little Emma told
That she was seven winters old,
I thought the raiment that she wore
Might well have numbered seven more.

Her cloak — with hardly strength to hold
The name of one — looked thin and cold ;
While not a tuck in Emma's gown
Remained, again to let it down,
An inch or two of skirt to hide,
Which proved that any skirt, to bide
Its time and chances, smooth and rough,
Must first be made of *sterner stuff*.

And at the tip of Emma's shoe,
Its little tenant, peeping through,
Evinced that it was never put
Upon a slow or idle foot ;
While by her slender hand she bore
Her fortune round from door to door,
Within a kerchief wrapped with care
About a piece of wooden ware !

“ I want to sell you this,” she said,
“ For twenty pence, to buy us bread :
It is a *piggin*, smooth and tight,
That father finished late last night,
When I was tired, and sleeping sound ; —
For yesterday I carried round
Another, just like this, that sold
For bread as much as it would hold.

“ That served for supper, — and, to-day,
For breakfast, ere I came away.
Before we ate it, father prayed
That we no more might feel afraid
Of never being daily fed : —
For he had spread the Book, and read
The story, in its pleasant words,
About the Prophet and the birds.

“ But father cannot walk, like him :
He 's sick, and has a ruined limb :
He cannot stand and use his feet,
But does his work upon a seat.
To save the ship from being lost,
He suffered by the storm and frost ;
And then was brought, so changed, from sea,
We thought at first it was n't he !

“ He was the Cooper ; — and had made
 So many voyages, he had laid
 In store, he says, from all, a sum
 To keep for age and wants to come.
 He placed it in the *Bank* ; and felt
 That silver there would never melt,
 As in the purse, or in the hands,
 Or down among the *Eastern lands*.

“ When he was on that stormy trip,
 And lost his health to save the ship,
 The world turned upside down so quick,
 Poor mother says, her heart grew sick
 To see the changes, and to know
 How all he ’d saved so long must go !
 Though now, she ’d fain give ten times more,
 To see him well, and as before.

“ And father says, — with all his care
 For us, and all his pains to bear, —
 When he was told the bank had *failed*,
 The merchant, too, for whom he sailed, —
 And he unpaid, — it was a shock,
 As when a vessel strikes a rock !
 For then his last remaining rope
 Was fastened to the anchor, *Hope* !

“ But since he ’s better, and so well,
 He makes such things as this, to sell ;
 While mother sews, and Katy knits,
 And Eddie in the cradle sits,
 Or leans against a chair, and plays,
 And laughs to see the shavings blaze ;
 He says he hopes the rudest gale
 Will never make his *courage* ‘fail.’

“ He ’ll thank you much for having bought
His new, white piggin that I brought ;
’T will make them all so glad, when I
Go home with this, the loaves to buy.
For father, though he cannot walk,
Will smile, and use his sailor talk ;
And says, his little sail is set
To scud, and shun the breaker, *debt*.

“ He says, when too much sail is spread,
And one neglects to spy ahead,
To see on what his bark may dash,
He sometimes learns it by the crash ! —
But skilful seamen have an eye
To rock and shoal, — to sea and sky, —
To every cord and plank, and seek
To find and stop the slightest leak.

“ But then he adds, that, when a man
Does all he should, and all he can,
He cannot always shun the storm
That from a sudden cloud may form ; —
’T is therefore ever best to be
At peace with Him who rules the sea ; —
To keep his compass in the heart,
Though canvas, spars, and cables part.”

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS NEIGHBOUR.

O, I HAVE a good neighbour Toadie,
 And under my door-step he sits ;
 Yet sometimes he hops out to see me,
 And has very sociable fits.
 But this is when evening or morning
 Has narrowed the flood-gates of light :
 He comes forth to bid me " Good-morrow ! "
 Again, to exchange a " Good-night ! "

'T is then such a soft, silky rustling
 He makes, bouncing through the tall grass,
 You 'd think it the robe of a prelate,
 To which you 're to bow as you pass.
 And oft do we hold such a confab
 On things of sky, earth, and the sea,
 You 'd deem each affair of creation
 Inspected by Toadie and me.

For he, though in no wise a gossip,
 And living so lonely and low,
 Yet seems by some strange inspiration
 Our whole mundane matters to know.
 I asked him one day, " What 's the *jewel* *
 The great bard of Avon has said
 Thy people, uncomely, unlovely,
 Still carry about in the head ?

* " Adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Bears yet a precious jewel in its head." — *Shakspeare*.

“ Now, is it that curious optic,
Which looks like fine sand-grains of gold,
Or some precious brilliant close-covered,
That mine has not power to behold ? ”

“ Ah, ha ! ” he replied, “ now I take you !
Did men find we ’d gems in the brain,
They ’d crush our whole race, in their madness
To seize on the pitiful gain !

“ For how the great lords of creation
To ocean’s deep caverns go down,
And rend open earth’s quiet bosom,
Their passions or idols to crown !
They mount the thin air, and at heaven
Seem aiming, in gas-carried cars !
I see not at what they are driving,
Unless ’t is to gather the stars.

“ They envy the poor little muscle
Its shell, where ’t is sunk in the brine ;
And if we had aught they could covet,
Ah ! woe were to me and to mine.
The jewel in question, believe me,
Is one they ’d not readily wear ;
But still they are hapless without it,
And burdened with labor and care.

“ *Peace, temperance, meekness, contentment, —*
Whate’er be our looks or estate ;
Wherewith we ’ve no pride for the little,
No envy to feel for the great ; —
These make up the gems ; and their setting
Is *wisdom to hold them secure, —*
The *gold*, which you ’ll find, if you try it,
To be the most precious and pure ! ”

He ceased from his sage elocution,
To bid me an evening adieu ;
Then left me to ponder the moral,
And crept to his cell out of view.
'T is there, free from care, sin, and sorrow,
More blest than the king on his throne,
He sits in his " solitude sweetened,"
And holds the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

THE SCRIBBLER'S CONFESSION AND LEGACY

'T is one thing, to set the light pen up and going ;
 Another, to get the bright thought-stream to flowing ;
 A third, and most fearful of all, is the showing
 Of what thought and pen have been doing !
 For motion to use may not always be tending ;
 And evil with good is so strong in their blending,
 The newest-made things often want so much mending,
 They bring less of glory than ruing.

There 's many a move, as a harmless beginning,
 That opens a path at first flowery and winning,
 Which leads to confusion, repentance, or sinning,
 As well with the pen as its user !
 The thought should our spirit restrain as a fetter,
 For fear she step forward too free in the letter,
 Till one prove in fault but the other's abettor,
 And each by its partner the loser.

Sometimes a weak brain will its owner inveigle,
 Till, thinking the sparrow may cope with the eagle,
 Or hunting the lion be done with the beagle,
 We aim with high matters to grapple.
 It thus, like the serpent through Paradise gliding,
 The part with the sting in sweet Eden-bloom hiding,
 Allures, while we listen, till, charmed and confiding,
 We 've tasted the fair, fatal apple !

Then, O, as the first burst of knowledge comes o'er us,
 We enter the waste lying open before us, —
 Whilst angels of pity and mercy deplore us, —
 To wander *unknown* and *unknowing*.

And, Charity's mantle too scant for concealing
 The leanness and lameness whereof we need healing,
 We die — in our line — of a keen want of feeling,
 To dust and oblivion going.

We sometimes, enamoured of measure and rhyming,
 With fancies high-heated for moral subliming,
 Run off our slim lines, that, for smoothness and chiming,
 Seem bright as new darts from Apollo :
 And some of us, bent upon heavily prosing,
 Produce crops of leaves, good as poppies for closing
 The eyes they come under ; for nodding or dozing
 Is sure their unfolding to follow.

Then some, who are wisely intent on eschewing
 The sin of creating, apply to reviewing,
 With pen ever ready for *blackening* or *bluing*,
 As self — bias — whim, is the leader.
 We grasp our new subject for pinching or puffing,
 We seize our young game for dissecting or stuffing,
 As Puss caught the mousie she 's fondling and cuffing
 In play, while she means it shall feed her.

And others possess a sly manner of trimming
 Between guilt and innocence, cautiously skimming
 The froth on the deep stream of letters a-swimming,
 For vessels just fitted to hold it : —
 The waters want those of more strength, weight, and tightness ;
 The foam gets abroad by the merit of lightness,
 While flatulent words, heaped like bubbles in brightness,
 Are nothing as soon as we 've sold it.

Some edit, — compile, — and are given to breaking
 The Decalogue's bar against lawlessly taking ;
 The things of another with brigandage making
 To serve us, by dint of freebooting.

With cannibal *goût* we devour one another, —
 We snatch from a poor scribbling sister or brother
 Their offspring of mind ; and its father or mother
 Leave robbed, without chance for disputing !

The treasures of thought, that another, by mining
 Or diving, has won, and made pure by refining,
 As jewels, *sans cérémonie*, for combining,
 We place in our own empty casket.
 And then far and wide do we modestly send them,
 E'en unto their owners ! — and kindly commend them,
 As worth the full price at which now we would vend them,
 To furnish our store and our basket.

Defying both Gospel and Law to restrain us,
 We clip from whatever we find, to sustain us ;
 Nor suffer a twinge of the conscience to pain us,
 Nor blush for not asking permission.
 With self the one god we implicitly follow,
 Like squirrels we gnaw, till your nut-shell is hollow ;
 And we 've chipped the kernel in morsels, to swallow,
 To keep us in ease and condition.

We 've with us so much of this light-fingered gentry,
 You want on your volumes, far more than your entry,
 A guard to be sure as a bolt or a sentry,
 To know that the fruit of your labor
 Shall not, in your presence, as soon as you 're able
 To view it in shadow, be snatched from your table,
 And shown in its substance, that, tactile and stable,
 Will nourish your vigilant neighbour !

And volumes of moral malaria, feeding
 The lungs of the soul, till they bring them to bleeding,
 By some are evolved, whence a poisonous reading

Of hectic must prove the beginning.

I therefore would warn you, — both sexes, — all ages, —
 Beware of our tomes, — of our chapters, — our pages!

Your fever but grows with the mania that rages

For works new, delusive, and winning.

A few, holding pens charged with lightning and thunder,
 Might sweeten the air, if they were not kept under
 The fear of too audibly rending asunder

The masses of pestilent vapor

That roll from the presses, with steam-power to throw them
 Wherever misfortune may chance to bestow them,

Among the unwary, or ill wind may blow them,

In parcels of thick-printed paper.

The truth is, for want of a better devotion,

The world has become so devoted to motion,

That minds roll about, like the billows of ocean,

And seem not to know what should stay them.

They doubt of their deeds that unerring Recorder

Who spake, and the waves sank from tumult to order ;

Whilst folly's old father lays deeper and broader

His snare and its lure, to betray them.

And now, my kind friends, — if, indeed, 'mid the many

By others possessed, I may yet number any, —

leave my old *pen* — for I 'm not worth a penny —

To you, as my only possession.

T is weary and worn ; for it long has been quibbling

Without and with measure, in profitless dribbling

Of ink into lines not to pay for their scribbling !

I fold it in this, — my **CONFESSION**.

THE MASTODON.

THOU ponderous truth, from thy long night's sleep
 Through the unrecorded eras
 Awaked, and come from their darkness deep
 To this day of light chimeras! —
 What wast thou, when thy mountain form
 Stood forth in vital glory?
 O, who can paint thee live and warm,
 Or reveal thy life's strange story?

Those flinty darts* must have brought thee low,
 That were found beneath thee lying!
 Some mighty hunter had twanged the bow,
 Till he saw Behemoth dying!
 Thou, till then, that in pride and power
 Hadst walked the earth with thunder,
 How great the pang, — the fall, — the hour, —
 When thy life-string snapped asunder!

The ground, that, shuddering, drank thy blood,
 In its clods dared not imbed thee;
 And sea and skies gave a whelming flood,
 As a pall, to overspread thee.
 Age on age, with their stone and mould,
 In strata deep, then made thee
 A shroud no power could e'er unfold,
 Till a day of *steam* betrayed thee.

* Several stone darts are said to have been found under the Mastodon recently discovered and exhibited. 1845.

They came, — they found, and they probed thy bed ;
And *Resurgam* o'er thee writing, —
An ancient of the unnumbered dead
For too long repose indicting ! —
Thee they brought to the sun's broad blaze,
For this rude court to try thee : —
Of high and low must thou stand the gaze ;
And the veriest gnat may eye thee !

For rightful claim, which the world now grudge,
To one's own reserved quietus,
Thou com'st arraigned to each self-made judge,
With thine ironed limbs, to meet us.
Yet, hold on ; and thy history still
Let none that pry discover ; —
Not though they cast thee in their great mill,
And they grind and mould thee over !

Sublimely wrapt in a mystery be,
As a problem grand propounded ; —
The thousands prove, who may question thee,
In their wisdom all confounded.
Heed not thou what the babblers say, —
Be proudly mute to sages :
They 're creatures all of but yesterday,
And thou of the untold ages !

NEW ENGLAND TEA-CHORUS.

[Adapted as a Glee. Air, "The Bonnets of Blue."]

DOES our mother England believe
Her offspring in spirit so tame,
As calmly her arrogance still to receive,
While prizing her blood and her name?
'T is good to be filial, and do
Our duty, whate'er it may be;
'T is good to our country and rights to be true,
And *wary* in taking our *tea*.
Hurrah for the duties on tea!
To pay them all ready are we;
The Mohawk has lent us his blanket and hue:
We . . . 're off to the ships with the tea.

Here 's a health, good captains on board
. These proud royal vessels so fair!
The king will we pledge o'er your savory hoard,
On deck, if you please, in the air.
'T is good, when a monarch's behest
Is insult with wrong, to agree —
Deciding ourselves — on the currency best
To settle our duties on tea.
Hurrah for your cargoes of tea,
That balm from the sweet Indian tree!
A stroke of the tomahawk stamping each chest,
Th . . . us marks them all *entered* and *free*!

O, the precious odors that spread
On the breeze, like Liberty's wing,
Go off in a cloud to envelop the head,
And rest on the throne of our king.
If, proving electric, it shock
His Majesty's minions, and he
And they but the tighter our fetters would lock,
We 'll raffle with George for the key.
Hurrah! does none bid on the tea
A duty of pence, — one — two — *three?*
Our auctioneer-hammer approaches the block;
Go . . . going, gone — into the sea!

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

[Adapted to music.]

O LEXINGTON ! that startling sound
Of war breaks o'er thy plain ;
And thy brave sons the first are found
On Freedom's altar slain !
While forth the purple life-stream flows,
To mark this April day,
To seek th' Avenger of our woes
Their spirits pass away !

We hear Affection's piercing cries, —
Her deep, despairing wail, —
As o'er her throbbing, sundered ties
She draws the mourner's veil.
In gory shrouds, to one wide grave,
To slumber side by side,
With haste are borne those soldiers brave,
Just as they fell and died.

Yet are the sounds of this sad day
A mighty Prophet's word, —
These fearful sights, the dread array
In which he must be heard !
Through battle-storms, and blood like rain,
Our march henceforth must be,
From wrong, oppression, and the chain,
To right, and liberty !

AMERICAN ODE.

[Adapted to the Air, "Draw the Sword, Scotland."]

WITH the shout of "Freedom, freedom, freedom!"
Round thy brow, Columbia, we fresh laurels twine,
Thy Natal Day hailing, hailing, hailing;
Who heeds not its coming is no child of thine!

When foemen were gathering, gathering, gathering,
With perils around us by land and by sea,
Our fathers, — they were toiling, bleeding, dying,
To win for their country our glorious Liberty.

Battle's din sounding, sounding, sounding,
Called for the heart and the arm of the brave;
Though darkness was o'er them, and few were their numbers,
These each presented, to ransom a slave!

Soon the clouds, parting, parting, parting,
Left the skies beaming with a glory divine.
Great Ruler of armies, armies, armies!
The prize was for us, but the victory thine.

The Day, then, must ever, ever, ever,
Be welcomed with joy by the grateful and free;
Our fathers and their deeds remembered, honored!
They broke for their country the yoke of slavery.

Be our rights guarded, guarded, guarded!
Purchased with blood, they are hallowed by Heaven.
No time e'er must change them, dim them, or stain them;
Pure to our children, and theirs, be they given!

THE LIBERTY TREE.

A NATIONAL ODE.

COLUMBIA'S Birthday again we behold :
Its glory no tempest hath shaded !
The laurel she wears, growing thrifty and old,
Hath buds ever fresh o'er her brow to unfold,
But shows not a leaf that is faded !
While sweetly her songs from the blest and free,
Sounding, swelling,
Go over the land and the sea.

When few were their forces, and mighty their foes,
With spirits unfettered, undaunted,
To burst from their bondage our fathers arose,
Resolved that, while peril and death must oppose,
The Liberty Tree should be planted.
In opening the soil as they braved the sword,
Gushing, streaming,
Their blood in the furrow was poured !

Then, knowing its cost, do we cherish the Tree,
Unblighted and fair as we found it :
Our Eagle soars off from its top ; and we see
The Dove nestled close 'mid its verdure, as we,
In millions, rejoicing, surround it.
It ever hath been, to this hallowed hour,
Spreading, towering !
At once in the fruit and the flower.

And proudly we number that Patriot band,
Whose names, as a bright constellation,
When darkness and storm were abroad in the land,
Appeared on the roll, where effulgent they stand,
Announcing the birth of a nation !
They lighted to Freedom an altar-fire,
Burning, flaming,
As Tyranny's funeral pyre.

Columbia's Birthday her children must keep,
Through time, with no cloud on its glory ;
And, long as in ashes our fathers shall sleep,
Where they broke the ground, may posterity reap,
And tell o'er the harvest their story !
An ever green vine let their memory be,
Blooming, climbing,
And clasping the Liberty Tree !

THE DYING REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

My Country, O thou glorious, fair, and free !
 Still dear as ever to this aged heart ;
 I perilled life, in fullest bloom, for thee ;
 I fought and bled, to make thee what thou art.

But now I'm weak and old, — my work is done ;
 Mine eye is dark, — faint comes my sinking breath ;
 My hoary head is low ; my setting sun —
 'T is gone ! — fast fall the dew and shades of death.

This arm, once nerved and raised in thy defence, —
 The heart that throbbed for thee, — my home of clay, —
 To thee I leave ; my Leader calls me hence ; —
 A minute-man of years, I must away.

My brethren — they who struggled by my side
 To break thy bondage, and survived the day —
 Have almost vanished : one by one they've died,
 While I have lingered, — asking, “ Where are they ? ”

Where are they ! — Surely not in such a grave
 As we had hoped would give our ashes rest, —
 In earth untilled, untrodden by a slave, —
 Unburdened by oppressor and oppressed !

For when we toiled thy liberty to win,
 A nation and a birthright so to gain,
 'T was not to make an ingrate *free to sin*,
 And on the helpless still to lock the chain.

'T was not in power to set the franchised high, —
To grind the weaker with an iron heel, —
That we walked forth to free thee or to die,
And our warm bosoms braved the lead and steel !

Victorious, our first prayer was, then to see —
As thy thank-offering meetest to be given —
The chains of bondage, clenched so fast by thee,
Laid on the altar of indulgent Heaven.

We all shall soon have disappeared, and be
But as the heroes of a tale that 's told ;
Whilst thy glad children reap the sheaves where we
Have sown in blood, but naught of us behold.

And wilt thou let each monumental stone,
Reared to our memory, o'er our ashes stand
Until it leans, and falls, with moss o'ergrown,
While bondmen's sighs spread mildew o'er the land ?

O my Columbia ! hidden in thy camp,
The Babylonish garment may be found, —
The wedge of gold forbidden, that must stamp
“ Guilt ” on thy forehead, — “ Evil ” on thy ground.

Close by the Temple of thy Liberty —
Beneath its very droppings — groans the slave ;
And thousands, held in bondage by the free,
Go fettered from the cradle to the grave.

Within the echo of thy Congress halls,
Where freedom towers, and right sounds loud and bold,
God's image, when the auction-hammer falls,
The soul of man, is bidden for, and sold !

And while thy champion points the silver tongue,
Or utters bolts of thunder, in thy cause,
Nature's soft heart by thee is torn and wrung,
And thou art trampling on her holiest laws.

This, dear Columbia, is the fearful thing
That keeps thee under Heaven's impending rod ;
And, not relinquished, on thy head must bring
Sure retribution from a righteous God.

Plead not, — “ The children's teeth were set on edge,
When sour wild grapes the guilty parents ate.”
Repent ! — give up the vest and glittering wedge : —
Do thy first works — before it is too late !

Let not thy beauteous banner spread afar,
Its constellation, blazing thy proud name,
Marred by the glimmerings of a fallen star,
Whose lurid light both heaven and earth disclaim.

Farewell, my country ! with my long adieu,
Take thine old servant's blessing and his dust ;
And, O, receive a father's counsel, too : —
Hope thou in Heaven ; but first, to man be just !

WASHINGTON'S SWORD AT THE CAPITOL.

The sword worn by General Washington during the Revolutionary War was, at the request of his representatives, recently (1844) presented to Congress. It is substantial, but of the plainest workmanship, — its embellishment of pure and simple beauty consisting alone in the name, "Washington," inscribed on the blade.

BEHOLD, there cometh to the Capitol
A mighty speaker! — such as ne'er before
Entered, commanding, in the Congress hall,
With eloquence sublime to take the floor.

Peace, party strife! — be still, each warring word!
Let self and discord from the scene depart!
Sons of Columbia, 't is your father's sword,
Pointing a precept high to every heart.

See, on its blade his hallowed name it bears;
Whence must a glory, radiant like the sun,
Shine forth to all who should, as rightful heirs,
Share the dear heritage his valor won.

Look on it, all! the moving sight shall be
True as a touchstone, proving every breast,
Which of a spirit worthy to be free,
Or to be subject, inly is possessed.

For the cold soul, by selfish purpose swayed,
Wrapped in a cloak, to hide an under aim,
Must feel no reverence for this peerless blade,
Can see no lustre in the Patriot's name.

Rome's keenest sword spake not with power like this,
When Cæsar's eye fell, quenched beneath its lid !
Who 'd here betray his country with a kiss ?
Sooner, go perish as Iscariot did !

Who here would sell his birthright at the price
Blind Isaac's greedy son caused his to bring,
Or to the deed some hungry slave entice ?
Each may have food where grazed Chaldea's king.

And who 's offended by my descant free,
Made o'er this relic stainless and unique ?
" If any, speak " ; and let the witness be
Shame's honest blush on every patriot cheek !

Once, in the cause of Liberty unsheathed,
High shone this arm, a terror to her foes ;
Now doth it come, with bay and olive wreathed,
Home to her Temple, for a long repose.

'T was her good angel, in a form of clay,
Who held it fast, with pure, unerring hand.
And *like a flaming sword, turned every way,*
Round her young Tree, just planted in our land.

Then, when he saw the roots were firm and deep, —
Saw the dove nestled 'mid the spicy bloom, —
Yonder he left his sacred dust to sleep,
Where old Potomac sings beside his tomb.

While the blue waters, passing, bless the scene,
Brightening its turf's soft verdure as they flow,
Doth calm Mount Vernon, with its cypress green,
Earth's richest, proudest, mausoleum show.

There doth our Chieftain in his laurels rest,
Where no vain offerings to his worth appear :
Nature holds, clasped to her maternal breast,
Him to whom Art no monument could rear !

Ye, who a priesthood to this Temple come,
Guard well the ark from every touch profane.
Where Right and Freedom claim a father-home,
Let not the Federal scutcheon take a stain.

With you, in image, stands our Washington,
In marble beauty, while his dust is near ;
Ye have his counsel, and the rights he won :
See that his *virtues* be not wanting here.

Arm of my Country, if a private thought
O'er thee be nascent, and a tear betrayed,
'T is that my father's sword by thee was taught, —
His oracle, thy wearer, long obeyed.

Go to thy glorious rest ! the true, the brave,
To theirs are gone, who knew thee in the strife ;
Rest with the archives of a land that gave
The world a WASHINGTON, — our nation life !

AMERICAN WILD-FLOWERS, FOR QUEEN
VICTORIA.

[Written for and published in Ackermann & Co.'s "Forget-me-not." London. 1842.]

FAIR Sovereign, whose young maiden brow
With Britain's crown so lately shone, —
A bride so soon, — a mother now, —
I bow to thee, but not thy throne.

Not drawn by rank or titles forth,
My liberal heart would homage pay ;
But at the shrine of moral worth
I bring these fresh wild-flowers to lay.

Not reared in courts, nor sunned by gold,
Nor at the feet of rank, they grew ;
The proud *New* England, — not the *Old*, —
Baptized their opening buds with dew.

For I'm a daughter of the land,
Beyond the waves, of loud renown,
That vowed the vow, and raised the brand
Against thy royal grandsire's crown.

'T was her bold Eagle, deemed so rough,
That on the kingly Lion's ear
With fluttering pinions gave the cuff,
As from his paw he mounted clear.

Yet what, perhaps, inspires me,
Is British blood, that warms my veins, —
That, here, I boast my ancestry
Of land o'er which VICTORIA reigns.

Not far from where thy palace towers,
The silent, long repose they take,
In sleep from which their dust and ours
The King of kings at once shall wake.

But, while the merit is not mine,
That I was born from Britain free,
The choice may not be counted thine,
If thy long sceptre sways not me.

We both were in the future when
My wild young country slipped her yoke ;
Though my brave father struggled then,
Until his foreign bondage broke.

God's blessing on his reverend head !
It now the crown of glory wears,
By Israel's wisest monarch said
To be composed of hoary hairs.

And fourscore years and ten have given,
As near the tomb they bear him down,
An earnest lustre, opening heaven
Seems pouring on that silvery crown.

Yet still he lends his aged ear,
Reclining in his old arm-chair ;
And loves of England's Queen to hear, —
Her princely spouse, and royal heir.

His heart will then, as 't were a fount
Of joy, o'er his pale features throw
Warm smiles, that to his forehead mount,
Like sunset-flush on Alpine snow.

With fervent spirit oft he prays,
That Heaven will give a light to shine,
To guide thee safe in all thy ways ;
And bless the world in thee and thine.

For we have marked thy modest worth,
And had a watchful eye to thee,
Since thy bright name was sounded forth
As that of England's jubilee.

We 've seen thee, meek and graceful, move
From careless childhood to the throne ;
And there, before the world, approve
The earthly lord thy heart must own.

And, aided by the artist's skill,
We 've looked upon his form and thine,
Till fancy made the spirit fill
The shadow of the distant shrine.

We saw thee as a joyous bride,
And heard thee, 'midst that grand array,
With blest Prince Albert by thy side,
Pronounce that wondrous word, *obey!*

Methought that tie of mutual love, —
A tie in earthly courts so rare ! —
The bright ones of the court above,
With sweet acclaim, recorded there.

And now appears thy precious gem,
Just touched by this world's air and light;
May hovering angels guard the stem,
And shield the bud from stain and blight!

Long mayst thou, Royal Rose, be bound
Upon thy kingdom's breast, and worn,
Diffusing sweets the world around,
Without a canker or a thorn!

May Death not pluck thee from her heart,
Till pale with frost of wintry years!
When thus thou must be loosed, depart
Bedewed with more than subjects' tears.

But now, the simple wreath I weave,
As redolent of love to thee,
Fair Queen, from o'er the deep receive,
A free-will offering of the free.

THE FIRE-FLIES.

WHEN the damp and shadowy eve
Drops her veil on bower and green,
We our secret coverts leave,
Sparkling out in all our sheen !
We, the fire-flies, speed us through
Silence, darkness, air, and dew ;
With a lamp at either wing,
Where we list its light to fling.

Plants, that, when the sun was high,
Screened us from his blazing powers,
We in turn with light supply, —
Little meteoric showers !
On the tendrils, buds, and stems,
We shine forth, their *living* gems ;
Never set, and never cold,
Like the heavy stone and gold.

Round the violet's pensive eye
Do our glowing winglets play ;
While the tear we may not dry
Softly we can brush away.
We illumine the purple bell,
Rosy cup, and snow-white cell ;
Countless leaves and grassy blades
Make we brighter for the shades !

But we crown our *darling* flower,
In the *Honeysuckle-bloom*,
Sweetest in the darkest hour, —
Breathing spice through deepest gloom !
And, if understood by us,
Human speech, it whispered thus : —
“ So from one true heart will flow
Balm, when thousands shun our woe ! ”

SONG TO THE STARS.

O STARS ! bright stars ! mysterious lights
That far above me shine,
In hosts, from yon ethereal heights !
Your Maker, still, is mine.
And while so small a speck I seem
As ye may scarce discern,
The flame in me will live and beam,
When ye have ceased to burn.

Ye distant stars, how vast the sum
Of days, — of months, and years,
Your holy radiance takes, to come
To our dim vale of tears !
But I, when once I burst the shroud
That holds me pinioned here,
More swift than lightning from the cloud,
Shall pass your loftiest sphere.

Before my King I then shall stand,
And see him eye to eye,
Who shed you, sparkling, from his hand,
With gems to set the sky.
Around his throne I then shall see
The heavenly glories pour,
When earth and time have done with me,
And ye shall beam no more.

Yet, stars ! bright stars ! while still I tread
 This darksome, thorny vale,
O, let not o'er my pilgrim head
 Your hallowed lustre fail !
By this my spirit lifts her wing,
 'Mid damps, and dust, and shade,
And mounts an evening hymn to sing,
 Because the stars were made.

THE DESPOILED HUMMING-BIRD.

Written on receiving a Humming-Bird's nest, sent by a friend from a neighbouring State. It was covered with moss, and still attached to a piece of the twig on which it was built. Being so formed as to look like a part of the branch of a fruit-tree, which a lad was pruning, it was not perceived by him, till he saw the little white eggs rolling out of it into a rivulet, over which the bough fell.

ALAS! pretty rover,
Thy joys are all over;
For gone is thy soft downy nest from the tree.
With fond bosom yearning
Thou 'lt seek it, returning;
But, poor little Birdie! thy nest is with me.

Yet not of my doing
This deed for thy ruing,
Which leaves thee in anguish thy home to deplore;
While blessing the donor,
I grieve for the owner,
And fain to its bough would thy building restore.

I fancy thee coming,
With light pinions humming,
Where tiny white gems thy soft cell had impearled,
To mourn without measure
Thy rest and thy treasure;
For ah! they are gone,— and that home was thy world.

Yet, hadst thou forsaken
The nest that was taken,
And left it all empty and lone on the bough,
With joy at receiving
A house of thy leaving,
I never had felt for thee sorrow, as now.

Then deem me not cruel,
But come, little jewel,
And follow the scent of thy house from the tree.
Whilst I can't replace it,
Perchance thou mayst trace it,
And find thy lost dwelling in quiet with me.

No rudeness has marred it,
Nor falling has jarred it,
The twig of thy choosing is under it still ;
Its thatching of mosses
And inlay of flosses
Are just as composed by thy labor and skill.

Thou only couldst form it ;
Return then, and warm it
Again with thy breast, letting love banish fear ;
So, when thou art coming
At eve from thy roaming,
Thou 'lt know, my dear Birdie, thy home still is here.

The young flowerets blooming,
And sweetly perfuming
The pure air, invite thee to feed from their store ;
The honey-cup 's filling,
And wilt thou be willing
To come and believe thou shalt mourn never more ?

THE SPARROW.

A QUIET, harmless little bird,
About your door I come ;
And when my low “ chick-chick ! ” is heard,
I ’m asking for a crumb.
O’er mint and clover-tops I flit,
And through the fragrant yarrow ;
Then, waiting, near your threshold sit,
A patient little Sparrow.

To yon old churchyard late I flew,
And from its gate looked round,
Where marble stood, and willows grew,
Within the silent ground.
The branches drooped, — the graven stone
Gazed on the grassy barrow ;
But all was hush, and there was none
Awake to hear the Sparrow.

In simple suit of russet-brown
I thus am daily dressed,
Whilst other birds on me look down ;
Yet I ’ve a peaceful breast.
No envy for the loud and gay
Shall e’er my bosom harrow ;
More lowly, I ’m more blest than they,
A fearless, trustful Sparrow !

For clearer note, and richer plume,
 And wider wings to fly,
May others higher rank assume
 On nature's scale than I.
Yet crimson, azure, green, and gold
 Attract the archer's arrow :
Bright captives, too, the cage may hold,
 That never held a Sparrow !

Now, lady, lest around thy door
 The bird that comes to-day,
A crumb to ask, may come no more,
 At heart my message lay.
For I 'm our Maker's *carrier-bird*,
 Though seems my sphere but narrow ;
And 't is a kindly Spirit-word
 He sendeth by the Sparrow !

THE SLEEPING ALBATROSS.

As lone the bold Albatross sits on the billow
That rocks him in slumber, beneath his furled wing,
His head on his side has a warm, downy pillow ;
And calmly he rides, like a brave ocean king.

Come down from his tour through the air he was cleaving,
And borne on the wave like a crest of its foam,
He fears not its power, while he 's lulled by its heaving,
And rests as the traveller rests him at home.

Secure from the foes that look up from beneath him,
His breast is bound close in a soft, plummy mail ;
He dreads not the blast, nor the surge that may wreath him
But mounts on the swell, and glides under the gale.

His field was the air, while awake and in motion ;
His guide, One who guides the light sparrow to fall ;
The sky his pavilion ; his bed, the whole ocean ;
When sleeping, — his watchman, the Maker of all.

And while the bright stars, that now o'er him are beaming,
To his hidden vision no lustre can pour,
Perhaps of that *one* is the Albatross dreaming,
That points to his far-away nest on the shore.

Behold, my faint spirit, the wild bird, reposing
Alone on the flood, is a teacher for thee !
Though brought to deep waters, an eye never-closing
Is o'er thee, — thy Watcher commands wind and sea.

When all is uncertain and dreary before thee,
And night's sable curtains around thee are drawn;
Be peaceful, with Bethlehem's Star beaming o'er thee,
And trust, till thy home-showing morning shall dawn.

Then, up for the flight, with a wide pinion springing,
To scent the sweet land-breeze that comes from the flowers;
And, quick from thy breast the cold water-drops flinging,
Regain at the sunrise thine own native bowers!

THE YOUNG MINSTREL'S SALUTATION.

[Written for a young friend about to make his *début* as a public vocalist.]

A HARP in the freshness of Nature I bring, —
Her fire in its bosom, her breath on the string ;
Her wild-flowers that wreathe it, impearled with the dew,
In buds just unfolding, and braided for you,
Were culled in the greenwood, — on hill-top, and vale :
Will you list, gentle friends, while I bid you all-hail ?

My numbers were caught, as the wind-spirits played
In bower, cave, and dell, and the deep forest shade ; —
When harebells were rung by the bee and the fly ; —
Where bold torrents dashed, — where the rill tinkled by ; —
From mount, rock, and ocean, and storm-tattered sail :
Will you list ? Will you list, as I bid you all-hail ?

While swift lights and shadows, that float on my lay,
May give you the face of a young April day,
If one drooping heart be revived by the shower,
Or warmed by the sun, from the flight of an hour,
Till joy shoot anew, — then my song will prevail,
And my own soul rejoice that I bade you all-hail !

THE YOUNG MINSTREL'S PARTING SONG.

WHILE the brightest joys the fleetest,
In our portion here, we find,
'T is the rose of life the sweetest,
That will leave no thorn behind !
For, our memory oft perfuming,
Like a spirit 't will be near ;
When our soul may see it blooming,
Though our eye must drop the tear.

Since, in time, for every meeting
There 's a parting to succeed, —
An adieu for every greeting
On our journey here, — decreed,
Let 's divide the wreath of roses,
And preserve their living hue,
Till another growth discloses
Budding gems, and verdure new.

From the light of kindly faces
When our own must turn away,
On our heart their looks it traces, —
All *Daguerreotypéd* are they !
And if a cloud of parting
Cast a shade upon our flowers,
From behind it Hope is darting
Sunny beams to coming hours.

Now, let 's each, a rose possessing,
Bind it on our breast, to wear
As an earnest of the blessing
Which we hope again to share.
Hark! as Music, fast retreating,
Sinks to slumber in her cell,
From its sacred vault repeating,
Echo gives her soft farewell!

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

[For music.]

SHE sits by the cradle, with sadness and sighing,
And holds the small shoe that her fair infant wore ;
Her black-ribboned bonnet beside her is lying,
And damp are her feet from the path they 've come o'er.
For she has been out, where the light breeze was sweeping
The pearl-drops from flowers, which the night had been
weeping
Around the fresh grave, where her darling was sleeping
So soundly, its mother could wake it no more.

She there hastened forth, while the morn yet was flushing,
With rose-tints and saffron, the clear orient sky ;
And there was she bowed, whilst the hot tears were gushing,
To shower the cold clods, from her woe-clouded eye.
She whispered, — she called, — but her child did not hear her :
Her lips to its bed she brought nearer and nearer ;
Than life, with all else, O, she felt it were dearer
Her lost one to clasp but a moment, — and die !

For this was the hour, when, in beauty awaking,
Her babe had been wont her glad soul to illumine ;
And now her wrung heart-strings were bleeding and breaking ;
The glory of morn wrapped her spirit in gloom.
And death and the grave seemed their suppliant spurning,
When, back in despair to her chamber returning,
All drooping and lorn, and with fond bosom yearning,
She sought at the cradle what lay in the tomb.

But drear is its void, — and its coldness, how chilling!

With soft infant breathings it soothes not her ear :

'T is grief's bitter essence all round it distilling ;

Her cherub is gone, and death's loneliness here.

Ah! keen, keen the anguish the now childless mother

Retires in her babe's empty cradle to smother ;

And known to her God and her soul, but none other,

The weight of her woe, and the price of her tear !

JAMIE IN HEAVEN, OR A PARENT'S VOICE.

SIX summers, dear Jamie, had spread their bright flowers,
 With joy for thine eye, as thyself was to ours ;—
 The song of the bird to thy glad infant ear
 Was sweet, as to ours thy loved accents to hear.
 But ah ! when the seventh spring-budding came round,
 Alone in our hearts could our darling be found !
 The birds flitted through the green branches, and gave
 Their sweet morning hymns round our little one's grave.

We go to thy pillow, but find it unpressed ;
 Thy fair, open brow has forsaken that rest ;—
 We hear not thy lispings the soft-murmured prayer
 To God, for his angel to watch o'er thee there :
 Thy dark, loving eye, with its light, which the lid
 There veiled for the night-hours, for ever is hid !
 Thy bright, cherub lips have been robbed of their breath
 And changed in their hue, by the chill touch of death.

We wait, and we list ; but we hear thee no more,
 With light, bounding foot, on the step of the door ;
 Thy place at the table — the ground of thy play,
 Doth sorrow's drear shade overhang, day by day :
 A void hast thou left, earth and time ne'er can fill ;
 And yet ever-present, sweet child, art thou still.
 Our spirits their darling so view and infold,
 That death cannot hide thee, nor loosen our hold !

Thy raiment, — thy playthings, — now sacredly dear,
 When viewed, strike the heart like an arrow or spear !
 Thy small, precious book, oft so fondly perused,
 Intent on the tale, while thy young fancy mused,
 No more by thy warm, tender fingers impressed,
 Seems now, like thyself, laid for ever at rest :
 The story's blest sequel to thee has been given, —
 "The Good Little Boy" * is gone home into Heaven !

But He who has called thee thus early to him,
 Before thy bright soul in earth's ways had grown dim, —
 Ere yet thy free heart had been caught in their snares,
 Oppressed by life's burdens, or torn by its cares, —
 That Saviour once wept with the mourner below :
 He numbers our tear-drops, — he pities our woe !
 And, O, may he teach us the wisdom and trust
 To meet thee, with him, above sorrow and dust !

* The title of the child's favorite book.

THOU ART NOT GONE.

[For music.]

THOU art not gone, but ever nigh ;
Death could not break love's holy tie !
Thy presence meets us everywhere,
But free from sorrow, pain, and care.
The air that formed thy voice — thy breath —
Moves round us now, unchilled by death ;
Thou art not gone, sweet spirit ! nay,
But fondly hovering on our way.

We see thee, when the morn's warm ray
Night's cool tear drinks from o'er thy clay ;
When moonbeams sleep, while boughs that wave
Throw quivering shadows on thy grave.
Through weary day, — 'mid nightly dreams, —
Thine angel eye before us beams ;
But ah ! thy wings, — thy wings unfurled
Bespeak thy home a spirit-world !

And when we ask thy dwelling-place,
Soft, mantling cloud o'er veils thy face :
This mortal vision could not bear
The heavenly radiance kindling there !
Thou art not gone, sweet spirit ! nay,
Though broke thy fragile shrine of clay ;
Thou 'rt whispering us with thee to rise,
While poised thy pinions for the skies.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

I SEE thee nightly in my dreams,
My fair and heavenly child !
And by the morning's earliest beams
On me a lovely vision seems
To smile, as thou hast smiled.

The little hand still locked in mine, —
And in the fond embrace,
Those tender arms that once were thine
I feel about my neck entwine, —
Thy warm kiss on my face.

I deem thy presence ever nigh,
In thoughtfulness or mirth ;
With blooming cheek and forehead high,
And radiant, spirit-lighted eye,
As when a child of earth.

Whilst other sounds, commingled, pall,
By day, upon mine ear,
Or through the hush of evening fall,
Like music sweet, amid them all
Thy silvery voice I hear.

But when the blest illusion breaks,
Of every shivered part,
As to the truth my soul awakes,
A cutting edge or point it makes
To come upon my heart.

For mortal vision may not look
Beyond the veil, to see
The shining way thy spirit took,
When earth so quickly it forsook,
As Heaven was calling thee.

Not to the pure, celestial height
May I my darling trace,
While crowned with life, in spotless white,
Thou stand'st all beauteous in the light
Of thy Redeemer's face.

Ah, yes! ere long to that fair land
Thy mother too may come ;
With thee, young angel, hand in hand,
To sing, amid that holy band,
The spirit's song of home.

THE OLD BIRDSNEST.

[For music.]

TAKE not, take not that old birdsnest
From off my door-yard tree,
Where memory broods, with fondling breast,
O'er hallowed thoughts to me !
When there the last spring-blossoms hung
Their promise on the bough,
Around that nest a robin sung,
That is departed now.

And other eyes with mine were here,
To watch her daily flight,
And see her build her home, last year ;
But death has quenched their light.
The buds again will dress the stem,
The spring, glad song restore ;
The heart that oft rejoiced in them
Will beat, alas ! no more.

The spirit, with a viewless wing,
That soared from earth away,
'Mid flowers of Paradise to sing,
Forsook its home of clay.
Beneath the sod of springing green
The ruin 's hid from me ;
But let the birdsnest still be seen
Within my door-yard tree !

THE PARENT'S LOST JEWEL.

[For music.]

ALAS! thou art gone ; and thy bright form of clay,
Dark, silent, and cold, is from sight borne away !
The light is gone out from thy mild, beaming eye,
To shine from the face of a cherub on high.
Our lone, precious jewel fond love could not save ;
Thou 'rt plucked from our hold, for the skies and the grave !

Thou sweet bud of promise, a dew-sparkling gem,
In life's rosy morn left alone on the stem ;
Our heart-strings were snapped, when to earth thou wast cast,
Cut off at a blow, as the pale angel passed !
Thine essence went up from the scarce-opening bloom,
And left thy frail cup to the mansion of gloom.

We clasp thee in dreams, till awaked by the dawn ;
When, here is our woe, and our day-spring is gone.
Our brightness, our beauty, our hope, and our joy,
Our one cheering day-beam, wast thou, darling boy !
But all were borne off by the soft-passing breath
That fled thy pure lips at the cold kiss of death.

We know He who made thee recalled but his own,
Though clouds and thick darkness encompass his throne.
Yet light breaketh out ! — there descends through the shade
A fair, bright-winged child, all in glory arrayed !
'T is thou ! — a sweet mission thou com'st to fulfil, —
To bid our grieved spirits lie down and be still !

THE SETTING SUN.

As I gained the green hill-top, the day was expiring,
And Nature seemed lulling her children to rest ;
The landscape was hushed, and the sun was retiring,
With brightness serene, to his bed in the west.
'T was a scene, and a moment, for mute contemplation ;
This life's weary day-race so soon may be run !
And there I sat down, rapt in calm meditation,
Revolving the hour of my own setting sun.

Methought, I from this a monition may borrow,
Since all is so transient and vision-like here ;
And I, with the flight of the quick-coming morrow,
May see my own twilight and night-shades appear !
Lest such be my time, come, O Spirit, and aid me
To finish the work I have hardly begun ;
Nor then let a truth-speaking conscience upbraid me,
To curtain with darkness my day's setting sun.

When I 'm called to go down, where the stone and the willow
Stand watching the sleepers, with silent survey ;
May Faith's holy day-star beam o'er my last pillow,
As time's fading light wanes for ever away !
When I've closed my dim eyes, may I joyful awaken,
To wear a bright crown by my " Advocate " won ;
I'll no more wish to see the dark world I've forsaken
For day without cloud, and a ne'er-setting SUN !

THE PATRIARCH'S FAREWELL.

[For music.]

WEEP not, my children, round the bed
Where low your father lies,
With darkened eye, and hoary head,
While this poor mortal dies.
I've had my three-score years and ten
'Mid these dim scenes to dwell :
At peace with God, in love to men,
I bid this world farewell !

Though numbered full have been my days,
To thread my journey through
This changeful life's bewildering maze,
They seemed but swift and few.
And had not Christ my light supplied,
And strength my lot to bear,
My wayward feet had turned aside,
Till lost in dark despair.

But he on earth my guide hath been,
'Mid tempest, dearth, and bloom ;
Till, past the glittering ranks of sin,
I reach the shadowy tomb.
And he, to this descending first,
But for a short repose,
Its rocky doors for me hath burst,
To lead me where he rose.

Then bind his Gospel on your hearts ;
His lowly steps pursue ;
And peaceful as your sire departs,
My children, so may you.
But lo ! the hills all heavenly fair
Before my vision swell ; —
Beloved ones all, O, meet me there,
No more to sigh — farewell !

FAREWELL SERENADE.

SLEEP, sleep, if the visions around thee that hover
Are fair as thy form, never more for my sight! —
If bright as the orbs which thy soft eyelids cover,
Or pure as the soul whence they borrow their light!
O, sleep, if the lone one who breathes his faint numbers
Through night's solemn shade as the stars dimly beam,
Whilst thou from the world art locked up in thy slumbers,
May once pass before thee, portrayed in a dream!

Yet who will be near him when morning is breaking,
And pours forth its splendor these shades to dispel, —
To hail its new glories when thou art awaking,
O, who 'll be with him, of thy visions to tell?
Its breeze, from these rose-buds the dew-sparkles brushing,
May waft back a sigh from my desolate breast;
But far, ere the dawn is the orient flushing,
My feet will have passed from the turf where they rest.

I go, — but thine image, my spirit attending,
Is still to be near me, where'er I may stray;
In sunshine, beloved, — 'mid my darkness, descending,
An angel of light unrevealed in the day!
Farewell! while my bark in its frailty is tossing,
The sport of the billows, on life's stormy sea,
And on the cold stream that admits no recrossing,
I'll hope, past them all, a blest meeting with thee.

SHE DIED LIKE THE GEM OF THE ROSES.

[Written expressly for music. Published by Mr. Ditson, Boston.]

WHEN the rose-buds half-blown were perfuming
With their breath the soft zephyr of May,
In her life's early morn she was blooming,
And in beauty all stainless as they.
But she dropped like the gem of the roses,
That is snapped from its tree by the blast !
And in death her young form now reposes,
Like a flower whence the essence hath past.

She was fair as the snow-petalled lily ;
She was pure as the dew on its bell ;
When to yon dreamless bed, dank and chilly,
In the chamber of silence, she fell.
And her voice with rich music so sweetly
In its soul-touching numbers had gushed, —
O, it seemed, when she vanished so fleetly,
That the lips of a seraph were hushed.

And her name, since life's tenure is broken,
For the organs that time may attune
Is too sacred, and ne'er should be spoken,
Save as we with the blest may commune.
While her heart, young, and guileless, and tender,
Was of love, truth, and virtue the shrine,
She 'd to dust a thin veil but to render,
In a glory immortal to shine.

And, perhaps, o'er us now she is bending,
 With a smile, from her pure, holy sphere ;
Or, an angel of mercy, descending
 On a mission of love to us here.
For her spirit, so truthful ! it never
 Can forget, 'mid the bright ones above —
She 'll remember and cherish for ever —
 Whom so fondly on earth she could love.

THE MORNING STAR.

O, how darksome, long, and dreary,
Hang the heavy shades of night,
When the sleepless eye is weary,
Waiting for the morning light!
Such, methinks, the woe-clouds, lying
Chill and gloomy on the soul,
While in secret is her sighing,
Where unseen her tear-drops roll.

Lo, the dawn! its herald cheering
Mounts the orient sky afar, —
On its dusky verge appearing,
Shines the beauteous Morning Star!
Such, the day-spring of the morrow,
To the spirit sad and lorn,
Through the weary night of sorrow,
Watching for a ray of morn.

Hail to thy resplendent beaming!
Holy brightness! on the way,
Where thy silver rays are streaming,
Soon will pour a flood of day.
HOPE, thou diamond star of morning!
Thus upon our darkened skies
Dost thou come, their verge adorning
Where the sun of joy shall rise.

ALLSTON'S BURIAL. — A DIRGE.

[Written expressly for music. Published by Mr. Ditson, Boston.]

The burial of Washington Allston was from his late residence, the procession moving in the twilight of a summer evening ; and the funeral-service of the church to which he belonged was performed by moonlight at the grave, in the ancient burying-ground, which lies between the two churches, in Old Cambridge. His remains were there committed to the family tomb, where they still rest.

WHILE shades and tears of twilight fall,
Cold his breast beneath the pall !
He goeth, 'mid the summer bloom,
At evening, to the silent tomb :
No morn shall round his couch return
Till sun and stars have ceased to burn !

'T is Allston's noble shrine of clay !
He from dust hath passed away : —
While Europe with his country weeps,
In laurels fresh his Pencil sleeps.
Earth's fairest wreath had crowned his brow ;
He wears in Heaven a glory now.

His Lyre is hushed, — its light is o'er ;
Drenched with tears, 't will sound no more !
Its fire is in the golden strings
He sweeps before the King of kings ;
Where rainbow hues, that span the throne,
To his seraphic eye are shown.

The strife is past, — the race is run ;
The goal is reached, — the prize is won.
A rest where life's clear river flows
By Gilead's Balm and Sharon's Rose, —
Celestial fruits of faith and love,
Are his eternal prize above.

We now resign, with hope and trust,
This dear form of dust to dust.
The night-winds sigh, the moon hath shed
Her holy lustre, o'er our dead.
Beloved, till Christ thine eye unclose,
His angels guard thy deep repose !

Finale.

Earth, in thy bosom's sacred peace to lie,
Take thou his ashes ! Allston lives on high !
Take thou his ashes ! Our Allston lives on high !

[THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

[Adapted to music composed by S. Nelson.]

Slow from the field, while beats the muffled drum,
All pale, cold, and silent, doth the Warrior come !
The starry banner o'er his bosom spread
Weeps on the wound, through which the spirit fled.

Scarce round his helm the phantom glory shone,
Ere death-shades had gathered, and the heart-pulse gone !
The transient laurels War to Valor gave,
Drenched in his life-stream, crown the hero's grave.

But, O, the anguish Love must bear,
To meet this cold return, —
While bowed in dust, with dark despair,
To clasp the mournful urn !
Affection's dearest, holiest ties
All sundered in their prime ! —
'T is the poor living heart that dies,
Yet may not pass from time.

The form in beauty fair that stood,
But yesterday, so bright,
Returns with garments rolled in blood,
To sink from mortal sight.
Ah ! what was glory on the field,
'Mid all its proud array ?
Lightning, — whose glance but lit the shield,
To strike the soul away !

The spirit hurried, with the breath,
 To Him who placed them here !
And lo, the victory won by death, —
 His trophy on the bier !
The battle's din may cease to sound, —
 Its field fresh verdure wear :
Visions of woe will hold the ground,
 And wailings haunt the air !

THE OLD HOME. — A MONODY.

“My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.” — JOB xxx. 31.

THEY 're gone, all gone ! my loved, — my own !
With swelling heart, and swimming eye,
In our old home I sit alone,
And call them ; but there 's no reply.
The moon a sad, cold lustre pours
Along these dim, forsaken walls :
No form moves o'er the silent floors,
Nor shade appears, nor footstep falls.

I see no dear, familiar face,
I hear no soothing kindred tone ;
The hush profound, the vacant place,
Assures me I am all alone.
But in the vine, that, quivering, clings
About the casement and the eaves,
A solemn dirge the night-wind sings,
Among the tendrils and the leaves.

And while the sighing breezes sweep
The branches of the door-yard tree,
They seem like spirits, come to weep,
And hold a mournful watch, with me.
I ask the moon so sadly fair, —
The night's cool breath through shadows drawn, —
“ What are they who were mine ? and where ? ”
A void but answers, “ Gone, all gone ! ”

I pray yon holy evening star,
 Since here they are no more to come,
To tell me how and where they are ;
 But silence answers, — “ All gone home ! ”
I bid the heavens their vault unclose,
 And show me what that home may be,
Where my earth-wearied ones repose :
 A Spirit answers, — “ Die to see ! ”

THE ROSE OF YESTERDAY.

[For music.]

THE rose, that, yesterday, so fair
 In opening beauty crowned us,
To-day may leave us thorns to wear,
 In ruins falling round us.
Yet, let us take the rose of morn,
 Before its beauties languish ;
But not so close, that a lingering thorn
 Can make of its memory anguish.

The eye that beams, our joy, to-day,
 May sleep in death to-morrow ;
Or, worse, be coldly turned away,
 And ours be dim with sorrow.
Still, may we answer smile for smile ;
 But ah ! forgetting never,
That truth on earth must abide with guile,
 And holiest ties must sever !

The voice, whose music sweet and pure
 Our soul is deeply drinking,
Perchance may prove a syren's lure,
 Till, wrecked, our bark is sinking.
Yet, while our course straight on we steer,
 We 'll list the honeyed number ;
And take the song but our voyage to cheer,
 Nor by it be lulled to slumber.

Whilst thus the bitter and the sweet
Our cup of life are filling, —
If summer sun and winter sleet
By turns are warm and chilling, —
While transient things of time and earth
Can soothe, adorn, betray us, —
O, let us grant to them all they 're worth,
But never the power to slay us !

Yet, what was pure of love below,
The change of time defying,
A flower of Heaven, shall spring and grow,
With bloom unstained, undying.
And we, who here the tender germ
In faithful hearts may cherish,
Shall find above it is rooted firm,
Where never a bud can perish.

And this our THORNLESS ROSE shall be,
That *yesterday* was pining,
A feeble shoot we scarce could see,
Where serpent weeds were twining.
Transplanted on the Holy Mount,
Where forms no cloud of sorrow,
Its root will drink from the living Fount, —
'T will wither in no dark morrow !

EVENING IN THE CEMETERY.

[For music.]

THE fair, full moon is beaming clear,
And soft the summer zephyr's sigh ;
While heavy hangs an evening tear
At each young floweret's sleeping eye.
The branches from the trees around
Throw quivering shadows o'er the ground,
Where the dead lie.
And all is silence, peace, and rest ;
No toil, — no pain, — no troubled breast,
Where the dead lie !

Hast thou a heart for earth's vain joys ? —
An eye, when they dissolve, to weep ? —
A soul content with glittering toys,
Or braced for climbing Fame's proud steep ?
Come, see what honors here await
Fame, beauty, splendor, power, and state,
Where the dead sleep !
Nor love, nor hope, nor wild desire
Can e'er the cold, dark ashes fire,
Where the dead sleep.

Do trouble's stormy billows roll,
And round thy bark with fury beat ?
Do foes assail thy peaceful soul
With strife, from which there 's no retreat ?

Behold how soon, from surge and blast,
Life's bounding bark hath moorings fast,
Where the dead meet!

And, side by side, will friend and foe
Sleep till th' archangel's trump shall blow,
Where the dead meet!

Hast thou this world of change surveyed,
And seen its ties, the dearest, break, —
Its fairest rose and laurels fade, —

And feared thy portion here to take?
Thy harp, now on the willow hung,
May breathe, for airs of Zion strung,
When the dead wake.

This tear-drenched cypress, borne by thee,
May bloom, thy palm of victory,
When the dead wake!

Here let thy spirit plume her wings,
And pierce the night with upturned eyes;
Then soar above earth's transient things,
And place thy treasure in the skies.

The dust that marks her forehead now
Will beam, a glory round her brow,
When the dead rise.

Sun, moon, and stars must pass away;
Thy PEARL will shine in endless day,
When the dead rise!

THE LITTLE TWINKLING STAR.

THERE 'S a little twinkling star,
From its home so high and far,
Down, through evening shades and damp,
Beaming like a diamond lamp !

Soft as angel ministry
Doth its lustre come to me,
While to God, who holds it there,
I address my soul in prayer.

Clouds at times may intervene
Me and that dear star between ;
While, unchanged, the star will be
True to heaven, and true to me.

So may sinful thoughts arise
In my soul, and o'er my eyes
Bring a vapor, that will hide
God's bright angel at my side !

May the penitential tear
Then my clouded vision clear ;
And my drooping spirit feel
Christ apply the pardon-seal !

Still that peaceful star on high,
Like an angel-watcher's eye,
Do I love to know, will keep
Beaming o'er me while I sleep.

LITTLE BIRD. — A SONG.

LITTLE bird, little bird, with thy beautiful eye,
Looking as if 't were cut out of a star!
How do I know but it once was on high,
Beaming through darkness, sublime and afar?
I cannot tell what thy Maker divine,
When he composed thee an optic so bright,
Making the skill of his finger to shine,
Drew from his pure upper-chambers of light.

Little bird, little bird, with thy spirit-like wings,
Swift as the wind, as the rainbow in hues,
I cannot say but the Ruler of kings
Formed them by those his blest ministers use!
Were not the fancy-like tints of thy plume, —
Was not the delicate down of thy breast, —
Caught from the flowers that in Paradise bloom, —
Plucked from the couch where the weary ones rest?

Little bird, little bird, with thy musical voice,
Tuned like a seraph's, deep-flowing and clear, —
Was not thy melody, touching and choice,
Taught by some angel, who visited here?
What, lovely minstrel! so soon must thou go,
Fleet as a vision, without a reply, —
Just like all other bright creatures below,
Charming a moment, to change, or to fly?

O, no, no, little bird ! thou 'lt not wander afar !

Yet thou 'lt return, in my heart's sadder hour ;

Bright as, through night-shadows, twinkles the star, —

Sweet to my spirit as dew to the flower !

Nature is truthful, and will not betray :

Man's watchful angel for ever is nigh !

I do not know but 't is mine, who, to-day,

Comes in thy form, with its Heaven-lighted eye !

THE GOLD PEN TO A BRIDE.

[Written on the envelop of a wedding-gift.]

FAIR Lady, with the sacred light
Of bridal joy, the halo bright
That crowns, to man and angel's sight,
 Thy cloudless brow to-day,
May Heaven from this auspicious hour
Thy lot with choicest blessings shower ;
And man and angels guard the dower,
 Along thy future way !

And be the chain thou 'rt hence to wear
Composed of flowers, and sweet to bear,
With naught to sting secreted there,
 And of perennial bloom !
Should sorrow-clouds arise, and throw
Dark shades upon thy path below,
Let Faith, thy lamp, the brighter glow,
 And chase away the gloom.

But now, amid a scene like this,
Since 't were not only all amiss,
But *treason* in the court of Bliss,
 Anear the altar's flame,
To bring a feather frail and light, —
To show an airy sign of flight ! —
I come, a Pen of *Gold*, to write
 Thy new and *golden* name.

THE GAZELLE OF THE MENAGERIE.

ALAS! poor Gazelle, from thy loved native mountain,
A captive they 've borne thee across the wide sea!
No more shall the gush of its cool silver fountain,
Or spice-wafting breeze, spring with freshness for thee.

Thy spirit is crushed; and its mild glory, streaming,
So pure, from the depth of thy tender black eye,
But seems like a lamp from a sepulchre beaming,
In sadness to waste, — amid silence to die.

Yet thou in our dear Palestina hast wandered, —
Where still thy lost kindred at freedom may roam, —
'Mid scenes that with hopes of salvation are pondered,
When man to his soul reads her Guide-Book for home.

That caged exile foot may have passed, in its fleetness,
Where God once in light on his mercy-seat shone;
Or paused, where the lone desert rose shed her sweetness
O'er ground erst of armies encumbered, and mown.

Perhaps thou hast traversed those ancient high-places,
Where idols were broken, and altars were razed,
Of Paynim devotion to show but the traces,
When pure to Jehovah the sacrifice blazed.

On Gerizim's crags thou in sport mayst have bounded,
And thence looked below, over Jacob's old well;
Or slept where the war-trump of Gilboa sounded,
And fed where the beauty of Israel fell.

May be, thou hast ranged where — the skies only o'er him,
With gloom of the wilderness compassed around —
The Saviour's bold herald came crying before him
The tidings to gladden all earth by their sound.

More grateful the shade, than the broad tents of Kedar
To him who from scathed Idumea roams wide,
To thee may have spread in the patriarch cedar
That hoary Libanus wears, green, on his side.

Yet wilder in heart, in his wanderings vaguer,
Though endless in being, more brutal than thou,
Deformed to a Moslem, the swart son of Hagar
Hath lurked on thy path, but to make thee as now!

To see thee companion of all I 'm surveying, —
This strange congregation, base, fierce, and malign, —
To know how thine innocent heart is decaying,
Faint, home-sick, and lorn, — plants an arrow in mine!

Thou, beautiful captive! hast none to befriend thee,
Till death come to darken that soul-touching eye:
For thee I invoke him, — to him I commend thee;
O, die, sweet Gazelle! thou art ready to die.

SPRING CAROL.

'T is the Spring ! and she comes
 With the light from her crown
And her joy-kindling eye,
 On the earth beaming down !
She has breathed on the stream,
 On the hill, and the plain ;
And her warm smiles have melted
 Each cold, wintry chain.
Fountains leaping, vinelets creeping,
 Mark where she moves ;
Tendrils clinging, sweet birds singing
 Tell how she loves.

With her life-quickenning foot,
 On the soil where she stepped,
She aroused the young germs
 That in darkness had slept.
'T is her pearl on the grass,
 'T is her balm on the breeze,
And her green mantle cast
 On the old forest-trees !
Her young daughters, by the waters, —
 While the brooks glide, —
Sedge and cresses, lave their tresses
 In the clear tide.

'T is the Spring ! — on the boughs
Are her bright blossoms spread,
And her spice from their hearts
On the air freely shed.

'T is her voice from the grove,
With its wild, dulcet notes,
Which at morn, noon, and eve
On the bland zephyr floats.
She uncloses lilies, roses, —
Cups full and free,
Where the humming-bird is coming,
And the glad bee.

Withered age totters forth,
With his staff, from the door,
As a new pulse of life
Stirs his form pale and hoar.
With his dull eye made quick
By the Spring's cheering voice,
He perceives earth and heaven,
And his own soul rejoice.
Children tripping, insects skipping,
Tribes on the wing,
Sky, — earth, — ocean, in devotion,
Greet holy Spring !

THE FLOWERS.

WHEN God to man a being gave,
'T was with a garden fair ;
His first-drawn breath was from a wave
Of odor-wafting air.

When vision, at his spirit's birth,
The tender eyelids burst,
He saw, from out his kindred earth,
The flowers had risen first !

'Mid clustering vines, and trees, that wooed
His new-created sight,
Were fruits for rich, salubrious food, —
The flowers for his delight.
And these were fed from living springs, —
Baptized with holy dew, —
And softly fanned by angels' wings,
In beauty while they grew.

They shone, a glorious volume, spread
For his all-peaceful hours : —
The first sweet book man ever read
Was of the leaves of flowers !
Pure thoughts of his Almighty Friend,
With radiance from above,
Were on its countless pages penned, —
Its Author's name was LOVE !

When Adam was condemned to leave
His blissful native bowers,
To soothe him and the sorrowing Eve,
God spared them still the flowers.
For, quickly as an angel speeds,
Before him had there flown,
From Eden, myriad swift-winged seeds, —
All earth with flowers was strown !

Their smiles along the exile's way,
And spicy breath, they gave :
When cold in death and dust he lay,
They gathered o'er his grave.
If sometimes there they drop their bloom,
From living germs they rise,
As Hope springs heavenward from the tomb,
Unfolding to the skies.

When Christ to earth in meekness came,
With soul-redeeming power,
He chose a home that bore the name
Which signifies *a Flower*.*
The lily-bells, that beauteous hung
Where passed his infant days,
Had each a pure and truthful tongue
To give their Maker praise.

And earthward as they lowly bowed,
Like vials, o'er the sod,
They poured sweet odors, as a cloud,
That, mounting, rose to God :

* The word "Nazareth," in Hebrew, signifies *a flower*; and St. Jerome, who mentions this circumstance, considers it to be the cause of the allusion made to a flower in the prophecies concerning Christ. — *Dr. E. D. Clarke.*

The while, on countless airy stems,
As censers, many a cup,
Like gold, and pearl, and bright-hued gems,
Fresh incense offered up.

When by his lips the precepts taught
His Father's will revealed,
He chose, to image forth his thought, —
“ The lilies of the field.”
And 't is his Church, that, like “ the Rose
Of Sharon ” sweet and fair,
Or “ Lily of the valley,” grows
Alone beneath his care.

If thus our Saviour loved the flowers,
And thence pure symbols drew,
Must not a love like his be ours,
While we to him are true ?
If they delighted man before
His eye had dropped a tear,
Shall we not worship God the more
That they surround us here ?

Made perfect by Almighty skill,
As when in Eden-bloom,
They brighten all our paths, and still
Our vital air perfume.
That Book of thousand beauteous dyes
Presents His love and power
Whose hand sustains earth, sea, and skies,
Recorded in the flower !

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

[Adapted to music.]

COME, see my basket of flowers !
At home with me some of them grew,
 In that little garden of ours,
And some in the wilds I roam through.
 The sun just peeped o'er the hills,
And smiled on valleys and streams,
 When I gathered flowers by the rills,
That shone like gold in his beams !
 Bright with silvery dew,
 Fresh, and fragrant, and rare,
 They 're all assorted for you, —
 If you 've some farthings to spare.

O, who could make such a rose ? —
A jasmine, or lily, so fair ? —
 Or violets lovely as those,
To bloom in your hand or your hair ?
 A flower but once made to *live*,
And pour sweet spice from its heart,
 Though now it were *dead*, I 'd not give
For all the mimics of art !
 Who will buy my young flowers,
Nursed by Nature, and fed
 With air, with sun, and the showers,
While children cry for their bread ?

Good by! Each floweret is sold,
And home to my mother I'll go.
'T is well as if silver or gold
Were digged where the budding things grow.

I know how mother will say,
With glistening tear in her eye,
“ 'T was manna that fell on the way
Of Israel ready to die.”

Dreams will take me to-night
Up to Paradise bowers,
Where father 's blest with the sight
Of Him who gives us the flowers!

FLOWER OF NIAGARA.

Before the writer is a delicate white Anemone, plucked from under the water-sheet at Niagara Falls. It was found quietly growing in a crevice of the limestone bed, that, on one hand, flanks the perilous passage beneath the cataract.

FLOWER of Niagara, — spirit-like flower !

High is the language thou speak'st to the soul ;
Grand is thy birthplace of splendor and power, —
Only " Omnipotence " traced on the whole.

Floods in the cataract curtained thy bed,
Awful, — stupendous, — high over thee hung ;
Damp from their sweep thy soft infancy fed,
Thunders eternal thy lullaby sung.

Rushing, and raging, with fierceness and foam,
Proud as the angels who fell from their bliss,
Plunged the bold waters, o'ershooting thy home,
Howling and wild, to their wrathful abyss.

Sure but a step was between him and death,
Who ventured forth to thy wondrous retreat :
Only one foot-slip, — one careless-drawn breath, —
Then but once more had his life-pulse to beat !

Yet, little tenderling, still didst thou bide
Lone in thy crevice, all fair and serene ;
Ever surveying its stormy outside,
Mild and unawed by the turbulent scene.

There wast thou safe as a pearl in its shell
'Mid a whole ocean of tumult and sound ; —
Calm as an anchoret bowed in his cell,
Whilst war and hurricane ravage the ground.

What was thy confidence, — who was thy stay,
When the loud waters swift o'er thee were driven,
Headlong to fall, throwing up the mad spray
Aimed like weak insults of rebels to Heaven ?

Still not a shock jarred thy root or thy stem, —
No heavy drop struck a petal of thine ;
Thou wast secure as a beautiful gem
Placed in the niche from a finger divine.

Say, sweet Anemone ! say, didst thou know
What the whole storm of the cataract spanned, —
O'er it, how God bent his glorious bow,
Guiding the flood by a sign of his hand ?

Then didst thou hear, in the distance remote,
How in its lines the strong element ran,
Tamed and assuaged, — on its bosom afloat
Bearing the treasures and life-boat of man ?

Firm in thy measureless fortress of stone,
Leaning wast thou on the Deity's will,
Meek as a spirit that kneels at his throne,
Waiting his holy design to fulfil.

Thence art thou come on thy mission to me,
Mild little angel in floral disguise !
Speaking with import profound as the sea, —
Bright as the stars, and sublime as the skies !

Who could thy home and thy structure behold,
His love and care ever present to doubt,
Whose viewless hand wrought thy delicate mould,
Nursed thee, and rolled the dread water-sheets out ?

Think, weary soul whom earth's trials assail,
When for thy faith comes the dubious hour, —
Lest o'er its strength the loud terrors prevail, —
Think of the tender Niagara Flower.

He who evoked the soft bud in the rock
Will not leave thee in the conflict alone !
He loseth never a lamb of his flock, —
Droppeth no jewel he marks as his own !

THE SIBYL'S FLOWER.

The nameless little golden-hued, star-formed flower before me was plucked by a friend travelling in Italy, near the entrance of "The Sibyl's Grotto," on the shore of the Lucrine Lake. A part of the poetic fable of the Cumæan Sibyl is thus told: — "Apollo, having become enamoured of her, offered to give her whatever she should ask. She demanded to live as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand, but forgot to ask for health and bloom, which she then possessed. The god granted her request, but she refused in return to listen to his suit, and the gift of longevity, therefore, unaccompanied by freshness and beauty, proved a burden. She had already lived seven centuries when Æneas came to Italy, and had still six more to live to complete the number; at the expiration of which, she was to wither away, and become a mere voice."

BRIGHT Flower, — thou golden rising star,
 Above thy leaves so green, —
 Thy root is in a land afar,
 Hard by old Lake Lucrine.
 Thy vital breath Italia gave,
 Thy tint her mellow skies;
 And close before her Sibyl's cave
 Didst thou to being rise.

Yet did the foreign stranger come,
 From o'er the booming sea,
 And pluck thee from thy mystic home, —
 A golden gift! — for me.
 But here thou com'st without a name,
 Meek beauty, whilst I know
 Thy birth-place filled the trump of Fame
 Two thousand years ago.

Where once dark, mystic deeds were done,
On vanished Cumæ's site,
Didst thou, a radiant, mimic sun,
Spring up to worship light.
Deep musing, oft the Sibyl paced,
Alone, thy native spot,
Ere her mysterious lines were traced
Within her silent grot.

'T was there, perhaps, the grains of sand,
That she would tell with years,
She, smiling, scattered from her hand,
To count them oft by tears.
Perchance 't was on thy native sod
Apollo's suit she heard,
In youthful bloom, and to the god
Her noted prayer preferred ; —

And there, like many a simple fair
Impetuous of her aim,
She half forgot to speak her prayer, —
Its burden half to name.
For, while the boon she sought to gain
Was, that the god would give
A year of time for every grain
Of sand she held, to live, —

“ In beauty ever bright and young ”
Was what she fain had said ;
But ere the words were on her tongue
Her traitor memory fled !
And hence, a thousand years and more
Was she on earth to dwell ;
But faded, withered, weird, and hoar,
Within her lonely cell.

And did the soil her sands imbed,
From which thy stem shot up ?
Did Sol commute the tears she shed
To gold, that fills thy cup ?
Did her adored her wish fulfil,
And thus delight to see
His ancient love in beauty still,
Incorporate in thee ?

Didst thou then wander off to me,
To wake and light my lyre ;
To be — fulfilling his decree —
A VOICE, to give it fire ?
No ; temple, worship, prophetess,
And oracle are cast,
All powerless, into nothingness,
In darkness of the past !

And thou, where these were swept away,
Didst rise from out the clod,
To shine, a truer light than they,
And show a holier God.
Thy leaves with his all-glorious Name
Are penciled o'er and o'er,
Which to the Sibyl never came, —
Her volumes never bore.

But while diverging every way
Thy golden petals go,
Thine *own peculiar name* do they
Refuse to let me know.
Thou hast, howe'er, a charm so strong
To wile a pensive hour,
I weave thee in my lonely song,
And call thee SIBYL'S FLOWER.

DRUID'S HERB.

On receiving a sprig of an anonymous herbaceous plant, of a dark, melancholy green, gathered at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, England.

DARK Herb ! thou comest in thy sunken green,
Nameless and solemn, from that mystic scene,
Where the drear Plain, with long, old, heathy face,
Bears stern memorials of a vanished race ;
Whose heathen manes I would not disturb,
While, after them, I name thee *Druid's Herb*.

There are the relics of an age so old,
Earth has no archives where their date is told !
On those bold ruins brooding mystery lies,
Not to be solved, until the vaulted skies
Hung o'er them, vanished, passing like a scroll,
Have left mankind disclosed, a world of soul.

What Cambrian power those massive pillars wrought, —
What Celtic bands the stony temple sought, —
What grave magician in the form of priest
On the rude altar slew the votive beast, —
What human victim's crimson life-stream fell,
To dye thy native sod, none, none can tell.

Yet it was there, where thou didst spring to life,
The Druid used the sacrificial knife !
There, in dread concord sounding to the sky,
Went pagan hymn, and victim's dying cry ;
Until the breath had passed, — the life had flown, —
A fearful offering to a God unknown !

While, mounting o'er the grove of sacred Oak,
Rose from the altar wreaths of flame and smoke,
With magic wand, and astrologic eye,
The Pontiff reared the characters on high,
To show the way where passed the victim's soul
Whose blood he held to sprinkle from the bowl.

And there he wore, bound o'er his ample vest,
The serpent's egg, gold-cased, upon his breast,
Infusing wisdom, — that all-potent charm
Of power alike to govern good and harm ;
With oak-leaf chaplet o'er his mighty brow,
And gold tiara, making all to bow.

Thus in his dread pontificals arrayed,
With stainless robe, pure hands, and burnished blade,
With reverence he performed the sacred rite,
Clipping with care the hallowed parasite,*
And from the oak bore off the sacred weed
Whereon his hopeful spirit was to feed.

Art thou, my sombre foreigner, akin
To those sage herbs the Druids trusted in,
The pains of mind and body to allay, —
The spirit still to fasten in its clay ?
Were their dark mysteries o'er thy nature thrown
When thou wast born beneath their altar-stone ?

And will old Stonehenge never break the spell
Of silence, of its worshippers to tell, —

* Cutting the mistletoe from the oak was, with the Druids, a ceremony of great solemnity. They worshipped the oak, while they held the mistletoe as most sacred of all plants, on account of some mystical meaning, or shadowing forth, which they beheld in its leaves and berries, each growing in clusters of *three*, their sacred number.

What were their hopes and fears, of weal and woe, —
What the dim symbol in the mistletoe,
Whose fruit and leaves told, each, their sacred *Three*,
Which their dark-visions prophecy could see ?

Do not their Gentile shades come hovering round
Their ruined temple, — their once hallowed ground, —
Lament the darkness which involved them there,
And long for power to make one Christian prayer, —
To be re-vested with the mortal clay,
And have one more probationary day ?

But, peace ! I would not cast the veil aside
From those who *sinned without the Law*, and died.
I would not pierce beyond that awful gate
Which God hath shut in silence on their state !
Since He vouchsafes the way of life to show,
'T is mine to follow on but Him to know.

And thou, young offspring of a scene so strange,
Unchanged, and sullen, whilst long ages change,
To silence still art thou a devotee
Concerning thy wild home beyond the sea ;
Thyself a mystery deeper, — more divine, —
Repeated in each fine-wrought leaf of thine !

A ROSE FROM PLATO'S GARDEN.

Plato—according to the most approved authority—died on the 17th of May, in the year 347 before Christ, and on his birthday, having exactly completed his eighty-first year. He had accepted an invitation—which he could not well decline—to attend a marriage festival, and appeared in good health; though, with his accustomed temperance, he ate only a few olives. But while a friend was yet congratulating him on his healthful looks and flow of spirits, he was seized with sudden illness, and fell senseless into the arms of his fellow-guest. He was removed to his home, and soon expired; while the piece of writing on which he had been engaged till he went out lay near him on a table in the same room, waiting the master's hand to finish it. His tomb was in the garden of his country-house, and near the academy.

The modern traveller finds the whole of that ancient classic ground overspread with a grove of olive-trees. A Rose, plucked from the site of Plato's Garden, and presented to the writer, is the subject of the following lines.

ALL hail! my little floral Greek,
 With infant form, and soul antique,
 In charms and story thus unique,
 On my Atlantic shore!
 'T was classic ground that nourished thee
 Beyond the old Ægean Sea,
 To come all redolent to me
 Of ancient song and lore.

Thy native spot, afar renowned,
 With twice a thousand years of sound
 Hath Fama sung the world around!
 Yet thou, so young and fair,
 From out thine academic bower,
 Dost come, a modest, blushing flower,
 With lowly mien, but mystic power,
 And lofty import bear.

With glowing cheek, and mantle green,
From home and kindred transmarine, —
While roaring ocean rolls between
 Thy native clime and thee, —
Thou com'st to breathe upon my lyre,
As if thou 'dst fain the soul inspire, —
The voice, the music, and the fire
 Of Attic minstrelsy !

In sooth a precious Rose art thou !
Whilst o'er thy distant, plundered bough
Athenæ's air is wailing now
 Her ancient glory gone,
From every silken fold of thine
I see that ancient glory shine,
And drink philosophy divine
 From thy pure bosom drawn.

Thy parent root is in the sod
Where PLATO oft, while musing, trod,
With thoughts in quest of Truth and God,
 That groped creation through.
And on thy tender infant head,
When peering from thine earthy bed,
The same bright stars their lustre shed
 That kindled Plato's view.

Where this stupendous mundane scheme
Was long to him the glorious theme
Of many a pious pagan dream
 That claimed a sleepless hour,
Didst thou spring up, serene and fair,
Adoring his Creator there,
With odors poured like praise and prayer
 To one Almighty Power !

And now, my Rosa, let me own,
n confidence, to thee alone,
A strange half-wish I 've sometimes known,
Which thou wilt ne'er betray, —
That Plato might be here again,
And I behold him once, as when
He taught and walked with living men,
In his meridian day.

I fain would see his master-mind
By Truth illumed, — its traits defined, —
Its grandeur, wealth, and powers combined
In Truth's effulgent cause.
O, had his being, so sublime,
Occurred but in this latter time,
What glorious heights 't were his to climb
By Heaven's and Nature's laws !

Imbued in heart with Gospel grace,
What joy had lit his placid face,
The perfect workmanship to trace
In one small floral cup !
For there his soul had quickly seen,
Without a cloud to intervene,
The Hand whereon the pillars lean
That hold creation up.

Yet if the teacher wisely strove,
For Wisdom's self, to win the love
Of all mankind to her, above
Aught else that time could yield,
Why should I wish him here to-day,
Where Truth is held, so oft, to play
The game of throwing souls away,
And thousands throng the field ?

He never dreamed of such a sight
As legatees to life and light
Self-hoodwinked ! — choosing moral night
 Where thorn and Upas grow !
Nor could the shades of paganism
Have blurred his mental eye and prism
With shapes and clouds of vapor-*ism*
 Like those our day can show.

But while I turn my eye from them,
To study thee, my Attic gem, —
So meet in May-Queen's diadem
 The frontal flower to shine, —
Imagination, like the bee
That sucks Hymettus' thyme, from thee
Imbibes a honey clear and free,
 And pure delight is mine.

To where thy finished structure grew
Conveyed in vision, thus, I view
That ancient school on earth anew,
 Where, fired with burning thought,
The noble son of Socrates,
Superb, in calm, pedestrian ease,
Beneath the green, imbowering trees,
 His golden precepts taught.

Could Plato to a *wedding* go ?
His chronicler assures me so !
Yet farther doth the record show,
 That, ere the feast was done,
No longer he the scene could bide ;
But, when the nuptial knot was tied,
The hoary sage went home, and died
 Before another sun.

Sweet offspring of the month of flowers,
With zephyrs bland, and spicy bowers, —
With golden rays, and silver showers, —
 The same of Plato's birth ;
He was, like thee, a child of May !
And on his flowery natal day
The soul of Plato passed away,
 And left his form to earth.

But does not oft his spirit love,
In May-time still, unseen, to rove
All peaceful through the olive-grove
 That fitly holds the place
So long his home ? And at the tree
That put thee forth, O, did not he
Repeat his smile benign, to be
 The brightness of thy face ?

For in his garden was his tomb,
Where, 'mid the verdure and the bloom,
He left his ashes to assume
 The form that Nature chose.
And now, if matter loseth naught,
By spirit-hands, through ages wrought,
May not his elements be brought
 In my PLATONIC ROSE ?

THE ORANGE-TREE. — A SYMBOL.

PLANTED as an anchor cast,
Deep the root, and strong, and fast,
Sending viewless through the bole
Virtue, like a living soul,
Spread in branches high and wide,
Full and fair on every side, —
By its growth and produce found
Sound at heart, — in healthful ground, —
Through the circling seasons known
For a beauty all its own,
As a child of God should be, —
Mark the goodly Orange-tree !

Rich its leaves of evergreen
Polished to a mirror sheen !
There, amongst them, all about,
Where the pearly buds peep out,
While the silver blossoms fling
Odors sweet on zephyr's wing,
Fruit in globes of mellow gold
On the self-same bough behold !
Then, while sunbeams o'er it shed
Weave a glory round its head,
Crowned of Heaven, as Faith shall be,
Stands the generous Orange-tree.

Bosomed in its fragrant bloom,
Sits the bird to trim her plume ;
Then, for rest it gives her wings
Thanking Heaven, her carol sings.

Nectar there the bee distils
Which her waxen barrel fills ;
Still, replenished in its bower,
Leaves unharmed her fountain-flower !
Though the spring be hid from sight,
Bright the works come forth to light !
Sweet to man, and bird, and bee,
Is the peerless Orange-tree.

Now, by one fair tree alone
Is such living virtue shown,
What must be the owner's love
Toward his blooming Orange-grove !
Through it with a jealous care,
Rooting out the wildling there,
Walks he, raptured at the sight,
And with breathings of delight.
Thus doth her kind Master search,
With the fire of love, his Church,
On his holy ground to see
No untrue or barren tree.

Man, if thou wouldst win the crown
Which, to give, thy Lord came down,
Of those holy sisters three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Peaceful in their works sublime
'Mid the scenes of earth and time, —
Still with heavenly ardor fired, —
Never changing, never tired, —
See the grace and love divine
Through this Arbor-Symbol shine ! —
Full of life unfading, be
Thou to Christ a fruitful tree !

THE ACACIA.

Written for a flower-book, on the yellow Oriental Acacia, (*Acacia Arabica*.) as symbolic of the Church in the world, or of Christian beauty and graces. The popular line on this celebrated tree — “Th’ Acacia waves her yellow hair” — refers to the long, silky filaments that compose the flower. Some writers, taking their idea solely from the story of the poem to which the above line belongs, have given a symbolic illustration of this tree quite different from the one here employed.

ACACIA, nature’s modest child !
 Blooms artless in the lonely wild ;
 Remote from throngs and public gaze, —
 From common love, and vulgar praise.
 Her lover, He who formed her fair,
 And placed her in the desert, — there
 To shine, the beauty of the trees, —
 His own peculiar eye to please.
 And she to Him is pure and true,
 As morning sun and evening dew !
 Not with the tear of contrite grief,
 Nor for a broken heart’s relief,
 Are her soft golden locks unbound, —
 Her precious odors poured around.
 She hath not sinned, — and Innocence
 Can show no sign of penitence !
 In glad devotion to her Lord,
 Her graces shine, — her sweets are poured.
 The pilgrim to his hallowed shrine,
 Who threads the wild with aim divine,
 May find her shade from noontide heat
 A soft, refreshing, calm retreat.

She 'll o'er him stretch her verdant bough,
To bathe with balm his burning brow ;
And fan, with glorious, wavy bloom,
That patient traveller to the tomb.
On dreary paths in meekness trod,
She blesses man from love to God.

THE CHILDREN AT THE OAK.

BENEATH an old oak's leafy shade,
In careless infant glee,
Three little children sat, and played,
Or chased about the tree.

So light and airily they went,
With each a beaming face,
The grass, that with their footsteps bent,
Sprang back, and took its place.

The flowers they 'd plucked and carried there
Lay scattered all around,
And spread their odors far on air,
While they adorned the ground.

A bright embroidery they made,
To decorate the scene,
In sweet confusion, lightly laid
Upon the silken green.

As round the tree they ran and leapt,
Those gladsome little boys
Upon the last year's acorns stepped,
And gathered them for toys.

When down they sat, to count them o'er,
Beneath the branches high,
That once the pretty playthings bore,
An aged man drew nigh.

His hair was white, — his eye was dim ;
So slow his way he made,
The children, rising, ran to him,
And led him to the shade.

When braced against the firm old oak,
And leaning on his staff,
He listened, while the prattlers spoke,
And joined their childish laugh.

Then every acorn offered up,
With smooth and pointed cone
Set close within its bossy cup,
Was to the patriarch shown.

Said he, “ My little children dear,
Take each an acorn sound,
And, though an old man’s word you hear,
Go hide it in the ground.

“ For every one a future oak
Contains within its shell ;
And when the germ its sheath has broke,
’T will peer from out the cell.

“ Then, three young trees, all firm and bright,
And *this*, in swift decay,
Will stand in their beholder’s sight,
As we, in ours, to-day.

“ My father, when a playful child
But in his seventh year,
An acorn from the forest wild
Brought out and planted here.

“ Thence rose the good old tree, which thus
Throws wide a leafy veil,
And stands, while overshadowing us,
A witness to my tale.

“ And even to his latest days,
By planting seed or shoot,
He loved the infant tree to raise,
For future shade or fruit.

“ For while he knew he ne'er might see
The blossom deck the limb,
He reared them as a good, to be
For others after him.

“ When, feeling life's swift years were spent,
He saw its end appear,
He asked to have his monument
The oak he planted here.

“ And now, beneath this grassy mound,
In nature's beauty dressed,
Which you have scattered flowers around,
His hallowed ashes rest.

“ And I, in every blooming year
From infancy till now,
Have listened to the warblers here,
That sang from bough to bough.

“ Full fourscore summers have I come
To hear their carol gay ;
And yet they seem but as the sum
Of hours that make a day !

“ While hence I viewed the plant and flower
That decked the hill and mead,
They seemed epistles, traced by Power
Above, for man to read.

“ When, o’er my head, soft winds passed by,
And threw the leaves apart,
Methought sweet whispers from the sky
Were breathed upon my heart.

“ They seemed my father’s angel voice,
In tones of peace and love,
That bade me make my early choice
A treasure pure above.

“ For he, when, but a child, he laid
In earth the acorn low,
Resigned his heart to Him who made
The oak spring up, and grow.

“ That God, who called my father hence,
From sorrow, pain, and dust,
Was then his orphan’s sure defence, —
Is now my joy and trust.

“ ’T is he who makes the old man smile,
Though trembling, hoar, and dim ;
For now ’t is but a little while
Ere I shall be with Him.”

The speaker ceased ; when, quick and mute,
Each listener stepped apart,
In earth to lay the oaken fruit,
As faith lay in his heart.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

WHENCE came it, all so heavenly fair,
Too sacred for the day,
Unfolding to the moon and stars, —
So quick to pass away, —
The precious odors from its heart
So sweetly to release, —
When air was in a holy calm,
And earth was hushed to peace ?

The floral train were fast asleep
Beneath their veil of dew,
So heavy, scarce a stellar ray,
To kiss them, waded through, —
When this strange beauty was revealed
To Vesper's sinless eye,
To vanish, as the morning dreams
Of Sabbath slumber die !

A lone night-blooming mystery !
Whence was its beauty caught ?
And why its robe, so full and pure,
For but a moment wrought ?
A midnight death ! — at morning, gone !
And here, with mystic power,
Its essence sweet diffused around,
As 't were a spirit flower.

And may not spirit agents wear
A bloomy raiment here,
Addressing, through our outward eye,
Our inmost spirit's ear?
They do! — in Sharon's lovely Rose
A Spirit smiled below, —
In Judah's spicy Lilies spake,
Two thousand years ago!

The floral myriads sweetly bear, —
Upon the leafy scroll,
Or told in angel whispers, — each,
A message to the soul!
But this unsullied, phantom bloom,
'Mid silent shades evolved, —
How must the heart interpret it?
How shall the dream be solved?

It was a minister of love, —
A vision of the night, —
Who took the form our sun ne'er saw,
Of fragrant, flowery white!
It came to warn us not to place
Our trust in earth and time;
Then left its veil to show the rest,
And sought its native clime!

And has not some dear vision smiled,
In form of human mould,
To thee on earth just long enough
Its pinions to unfold?
And when thou thought'st to hold it fast,
Thy path of life to cheer,
Did not it drop its vesture, mount,
And leave thee darkling here?

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

TENDER Lily of the vale,
Lovely, modest, sweet, and pale,
While a tear the night hath shed,
Weeping o'er thy beauteous head,
Forms the trembling diadem
Weighing down thy slender stem,
How in meekness art thou seen
Like the lowly Nazarene !

Stooping o'er the dust beneath,
From the leaf that rose to sheathe
Thine unsullied snowy bells,
Art thou pouring from their cells,
As from pensile vials there,
Odors, rising like the prayer,
When in solemn, midnight scene
Kneeled the lonely Nazarene.

When the blast, or lightning-stroke,
Wrings the willow, — rends the oak, —
Calm, amid the raging storm,
Stands thy frail and silken form,
Fearless of the tempest's power
As a spirit, clothed, a flower,
With no earthly prop or screen,
Like the houseless Nazarene.

HE, whose sword was life and light,
Teaching on Judea's height,
Looked from that far mountain-side
Down, through field and valley wide,
For a glory there displayed,
Such as ne'er the king arrayed ! —
Then, the " LILY " on the green,
Named our LORD, the Nazarene.

THE POND-LILY.

REPOSING, all spotless and bright,
Alone on its watery plain,
It looked like an offspring of light,
That earth could not touch, but to stain.
No weed, grass, or shrub ever grew, —
No serpent had coiled at its side ;
While man stood entranced at its view,
The reach of his arm it defied.

The sun, its pure beauty to keep,
His radiant portrait had sent ;
And down to its stem in the deep
The luminous pedestal went :
The vault of clear azure on high
Was copied in fluid below ;
And all the display of the sky
Surrounded its petals of snow.

So lovely, — so fragrant and fair ! —
It seemed that an angel had come
In secret, and planted it there,
To show us a type of his home.
And those who to gaze on it came
Averred to the flower should be given
A fitter and holier name : —
They christened it *Earnest-of-Heaven*.

THE LINDEN-LEAF.

[Written on receiving a leaf brought from a tree standing near the house once occupied by Sir Isaac Newton.]

LEAF of the green and shadowy tree,
That guards the window where the eye
Of NEWTON once looked forth, to see
The glorious hosts arrayed on high, —
Thy root holds fast the distant sod
That gave his foot a resting-place ;
Untiring, while his spirit trod
Ethereal heights, the spheres to trace.

Thou art to me a beaming page, —
Ay, volume ! — and in radiant lines,
The story of a deathless Sage
On thy fair, verdant surface shines.
Whilst I peruse thee as a tome,
To Fancy's eye dear visions rise :
She hovers round his earthly home, —
She soars where he surveyed the skies.

I bend in homage to the worth,
The power, the beauty of the mind,
That shows where'er it moved on earth,
By brilliant tracery left behind.
And he, to whom a falling fruit
Mysterious Nature's problem solved,
Unerring, up through space could shoot,
And span the spheres as they revolved.

As through the solar world he moved,
 Among its beaming mechanism,
 His lucid thoughts at will he proved
 To have the power of lens or prism.
 And, measuring those proud realms afar,
 With angel speed and prophet's sight,
 He set his foot from star to star, —
 His way-marks were the orbs of light !

Yet not alone for earth and time
 His spirit rose to win the prize ;
 But for the science more sublime,
 To bear the palm beyond the skies.
 His soul, with love of Truth inspired,
 No rest in baser love could find,
 Till that vast mind, divinely fired,
 Broke forth with light for all mankind.

He sought her, studying Nature's laws ;
 And these harmonious proved to men :
 He traced her to her great First Cause,
 By Prophet's voice, and Gospel pen.
 And she then made so strong and clear
 The crystal of his telescope,
 It brought unearthly wealth so near,
 'T was seen by Faith, and grasped by Hope !

NEWTON, to thee, where Truth unveils
 Her lovely image to thy view,
 Are not the philosophic scales,
 Thou here hast used, proved just and true ?
 Did not her sweet, clear accents tell,
 While she bestowed thy diadem,
 That, when that *earthly apple* fell,
 It was her angel snapped the stem ? —

That, when she saw thy soul ascend,
To seek her, from the blushing fruit,
She bade that holy servant bend
His pinion, for thy parachute?
To that fair attribute of heaven, —
That daughter of the King Most High, —
When thy young heart so soon was given,
She gave to thee thy Seer's eye !

Then, many a bright celestial hue
She to thy vision made appear,
Which others ne'er discover, through
Earth's dust and vapory atmosphere.
She taught the fair analysis
Of rays, which made thy spirit mount,
Seeking a truer world than this,
Of Light's pure streams to find the Fount.

And thus, thy high discoveries made —
The science, so attained by thee,
Have made thy memory ne'er to fade,
Thy glory for eternity !
'T is from the freshness of the one,
My Leaf hath verdure not its own ;
Whilst from the other, as a sun,
This radiance o'er the green is thrown.

LUCY'S GIFT OF WINTER FLOWERS.

SHE came to my door, but I could not persuade her
To enter, for fear I would tempt her to stay ;
And scarce a kind word for her gift had I paid her,
When, lo ! she had turned, and was hastening away.

A sweet little offering for winter I thought it, —
The bunch of young flowers by a ribbon confined ;
And she was a lovely young girl, who had brought it,
And fled like a sylph, as she left it behind.

A daisy, as bright and as modestly blooming,
As she, who had plucked it, peeped out through the green ;
A half-opened rose, as a censer, perfuming
The myrtle-sprig o'er them, just blushing was seen.

And Lucy had tenderly watched them while growing, —
Had carefully led up their stems from the earth ;
Her eye had beamed o'er the soft bud in its blowing,
Her voice hailed with music the flower at its birth.

Her delicate fingers had gathered and formed them
So gracefully into the winter bouquet ;
To save them from chill, at her heart she had warmed them,
While bearing them through the cold air of the day.

While snow-wreath and snow-wreath were woven together,
And pale looked the sun from his journey above,
Her beautiful gift, in the keen wintry weather, —
It seemed like the olive-branch brought by the dove !

She carefully trains up the rose and the myrtle ;
But this is not half of what Lucy can do :
For she has a heart, and can love like a turtle, —
A voice, and she sings almost seraph-like, too.

Then why did she come, like an angel appearing
To drop me a blessing, and hasten along, —
To pass in a moment from sight and from hearing ?
Come back ! my dear Lucy, and sing me a song.

Return ! and I'll tell thee how fondly I cherish
The flowers thou hast brought me, the best of the year !
That others may see them before they can perish,
A tender memento, I fasten them here.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-GARDEN.

In yon old village burying-place,
With briers and weeds o'ergrown,
I saw a child with beauteous face
Sit musing all alone.

Without a shoe, — without a hat, —
Beside a new-raised mound,
The little Willie pensive sat,
As if to guard the ground.

I asked him why he lingered thus,
Within that gray old wall.
“ Because,” said he, “ it is to us
The dearest place of all.”

“ And what,” I asked, “ to one so young,
Can make the place so dear ? ”
“ Our mother ! ” — said the lisping tongue, —
“ They laid our mother here.

“ And since they made it mother's lot,
We like to call it ours ; —
We took it for our garden-spot,
And planted it with flowers.

“ We know 't was here that she was laid ;
And yet they tell us, too,
She 's now a happy angel, made
To live where angels do.

“ Then will she watch us from above,
And smile on us, to know
That here her little children love
To make sweet flowerets grow.

“ My sister Anna’s gone, to take
Her supper ; and will come,
With quickest haste that she can make,
To let me run for some.

“ We do not leave the spot alone,
For fear the birds will spy
The places where the seeds are sown,
And catch them up, and fly !

“ We love to have them come, and feed,
And flit, and sing about ;
Yet not where we have dropped the seed,
To find and pick it out.

“ But now, the great, round, yellow sun
Is going down the west ;
And soon the birds will, every one,
Be home, and in the nest.

“ Then we to rest shall go home, too ;
And while we ’re fast asleep,
Amid the darkness and the dew,
Perhaps the sprouts will peep !

“ And when our plants have grown so high,
That leaves are on the stem,
We ’ll call the pretty birdies nigh,
And scatter crumbs for them.

“ For mother loved their songs to hear, —
 To watch them on the wing :
She ’ll love to know they still come near
 Her little ones, and sing.

“ I don’t know where ’s her dwelling-place ;
 But here she daily seems
To meet me, as, with smiling face,
 She kissed me, in my dreams.

“ May not she be the angel, sent
 A daily watch to keep,
And, fondly o’er our pillows bent,
 To guard us while we sleep ? ”

“ Heaven guard thee, precious child ! ” methought,
 “ And ‘ sister Anna ’ too ;
And may your future days be fraught
 With blessings ever new ! ”

LEAVING THE KENNEBEC.

'T WAS morning, — its first golden sunbeams were darting
Through light wreaths of mist that hung over the stream,
Dispelling their silver, that rose, and, departing,
Dissolved in the air, like a glittering dream.

I saw the soft waves of the Kennebec curling,
And felt the sigh rising, — the ready tear flow ;
For there lay the bark, her white pinions unfurling,
To waft me o'er them to the ocean below.

The scenes on its margin grew dearer, and brightened ;
Each object shone forth in its loveliest hue ;
Field, garden, and wood, yea, all nature, seemed lightened,
All joy, but this heart, when it bade them adieu.

Imbosomed in blossoms, the redbreast was singing,
With music the morn in its glory to hail ;
The swallow went down where the dew-drops were clinging,
And sipped from the grass, as she skimmed o'er the vale.

The hanging-bird's hammock was still in vibration,
To show its light tenant that moment had fled ;
The iris-plumed humming-bird sought the carnation,
And whirred o'er the cup where the honey-bee fed.

The wild rose, and elder, and sweet-brier invited
The insect to sip from their new-opened bloom ;
The fern, fir, and cedar their odors united,
And formed a sweet incense the breeze to perfume.

Unmarred by the woodman, the old oak was standing,
Alone and majestic, the pride of the glade,
With arms opened wide, and its green leaves expanding,
For flock, herd, and husbandman shelter and shade.

The slight mountain-ash, with the yellow-bird bending,
Waved high in the air, like a warrior's tall crest ;
The pine's verdant head, to her proud sphere ascending,
The white eagle fanned, as she soared from her nest.

But, down the blue stream as the fleet vessel bore me,
Receding, the shores mocked my eye with their flight ;
And when the broad ocean lay open before me,
I turned, and the landscape had faded from sight.

Like visions that fly, as time's current is bearing
Its passenger on through life's pleasure and care ;
It vanished from view, as my bark was preparing
To launch on the flood that awaited me there.

Roll on, noble River, with bright, curling waters !
And oft on thy sides may the stranger repose ;
While blest is the land in its sons and its daughters,
That bloom on the banks where the Kennebec flows !

THE SILVER SHOWER.

[For music.]

Look above, little Flower !
For, a bright Silver Shower,
I descend, cool and clear, o'er thy head !
While in dust thou art bowed,
I am sent from the cloud ;
And shall fall, fresh and soft, on thy bed.
Thou must ne'er despair ;
For with light and air,
And the purest drops, thou shalt still be fed !
In the dust thou art bowed ;
So I 'm sent from the cloud ;
And I 'll fall, fresh and soft, on thy bed.

Of my pearls, coming down,
I will form thee a crown,
To encircle thy brow young and fair ;
Every leaf on thy stem
Shall be tipped with a gem,
Every bud sparkling diamonds shall wear.
By the mirror's show
While thou ne'er wilt know
Thy beauty, nor proudly thy jewels bear,
Every leaf on thy stem
Shall be tipped with a gem,
Every bud sparkling diamonds shall wear !

In the earth will I sink
To thy root, for its drink ;
Then, unseen, with my life-giving power,
To thy heart when I go,
Let its sweet odors flow ;
And in praise, look above, little Flower !
Never doubt that He
Who created thee
Is around the still, in the saddest hour !
To thy heart when I go,
Let its sweet odors flow,
Precious incense to Him, little Flower !

GOING OF THE SUMMER BIRDS.

[For music.]

SUMMER, Summer has passed away,
And we, her birds, must fly ;
We cannot build, nor sing, nor stay,
When her sweet nurslings die !
For myrtle, rose, and orange bowers,
Where sparkling streams run free,
We 'll stretch these little wings of ours,
And speed beyond the sea.

Autumn, Autumn to you may hold
Her freighted golden horn ;
But we would see the bloom unfold,
Before the fruits are born.
These faded leaves, from off the tree,
Will soon to earth be thrown,
And sad the boughs as birds would be
With all their plumage gone.

Winter, Winter will soon be here,
To white the hills and dells,
And to your numbed or tingling ear
To shake his noisy bells.
Where Summer spread her flowery green,
He 'll heap his ice and snow,
Till not a grass or leaf is seen, —
The Pee-dees told us so.

Ready, ready, our pinions now
Where Summer 's gone to fly :
To stiffening air, and shivering bough,
We bid a kind good-by !
Those warmer skies will clear our notes,
And tune our voices, where
The glistening insect gayly floats
On bland and balmy air.

Budding, budding, when joyful Spring
Comes through the groves and bowers,
We 'll come to nestle here, and sing
To you, among the flowers.
Our Leader's wing spans earth and sky ;
He makes the birdies true ;
And as the vernal sun on high,
O, we 'll come back to you !

THE DOVE ON THE CHIMNEY.

I SAW a white dove on a black chimney-top,
And I said, " Little dove, shouldst thou happen to drop,
By carelessly setting thine innocent foot,
Adown the dark region of smoke and of soot,
In what an unseemly and pitiful plight
Would that snowy bosom return to the light ! "

" O, fear not for me ! " said the beautiful dove ;
" The black, narrow pit I am walking above
Shall not have my bosom to ruffle and soil,
Nor these silver pinions to prison and foil !
For, while round its mouth my small feet pad about,
I 've wings, should I slip, and can soon spread them out.

" I sometimes, you know, take a walk in the street,
To spy out and pick little morsels to eat ;
And oft reconnoitre your door-yard with care,
While close to the ground comes my breast smooth and fair.
When I rise, then, and light by your clear window-pane,
Does e'er my white plumage come rough, or with stain ? "

" Ah, no ! " I replied, " and thy virtue innate
Preserves thee without in so comely a state.
An eye ever watchful, thy thoughts on alert,
Thus keep thy pure vesture unsullied, unhurt ;
As pureness of soul is the amulet sure,
Man's life, as a robe, keeping comely and pure. "

“ It still,” said the bright little dove, “ would not do
For our careless ways to be copied by you.
A spot on my plumes air and rain will efface ;
A feather deranged my own beak can replace :
While man, does he get by one slip but a stain,
Will find it a mark that must always remain ! ”

THE LAUNCH.

[Adapted to music.]

BEHOLD her, as an empress proud,
In primal beauty stand !
And hark ! the blows sound quick and loud
Her long farewell to land.
Yes, noble ship ! thy long farewell
To rest upon the shore :
The tide has pledged thee by the swell,
And thou shalt thirst no more.

Methinks the broad old Merrimac,
As he rolls by, with pride
Now on as fair a ship looks back
As ever graced his side ;
In zenith splendor, while the sun
Smiles down from azure clear,
To set her forth a perfect one
As e'er he beamed on here.

While rocks and woods those sounds repeat,
That o'er the waters peal,
Her life-pulse answers by its beat, —
Slow moves her stately keel.
She glides, — she shoots, — she forward springs, —
Ere yet she has unfurled,
Or even found, her ample wings, —
To gain the watery world.

And there, among the river-waves,
As 't were a sacred rite,
Her maiden forehead, plunging, laves ;
Then, shining, heaves to sight.
The sparkling waters leap, and play,
And sing on every side,
With wreaths for her espousal day ; —
She hence is Ocean's bride !

O Thou, who mak'st yon sun to pour
His glory from on high,
This fair young ship in love watch o'er,
With ever guardian eye !
Thy hand controls the powers of air, —
Contains the billowy sea ;
And we, in this baptismal prayer,
Commend her life to Thee !

MARINER'S HYMN.

FATHER in Heaven, our prayer is to thee ;
O, guide us, and save us, while roaming the sea !
The winds and the waters thy voice but obey ;
With mercy inspire them, and smile on our way.
Thou art Almighty ! but feeble are we ;
And lost, if thou leave us alone on the sea !

Down in the fathomless depths of the flood
Lie hosts that were slain with no shedding of blood :
Their eyes quenched for ever, their warm hearts made cold,
Where worthless are strown precious gems and pure gold.
Thou, at whose mandate the death-angels fly,
Great Spirit of life, keep us now, or we die !

Billowy mountains around us may rise,
And sable-winged storms wildly sweep o'er the skies ;
Our bark may be lashed by the surge and the blast, —
To dread heights be tossed, or in yawning gulfs cast :
Death, armed with terrors, his work shall forbear,
O God ! if thou hear us, — to thee is our prayer.

Father in Heaven, by night or by day,
With moonbeams and stars, or the sun, light our way !
O, breathe in the breezes, our canvas to fill ;
And when waves are raging, say, " Peace ! be ye still !"
Thou art Eternal ! — of few days are we :
Uphold thy frail children who roam o'er the sea !

COME HOME ! COME HOME !

[Set to music for two voices. Published by G. P. Reed, Boston.]

COME home ! come home, from o'er the sea !
We wait, — we sigh, — we pray for thee.
In foreign climes no longer roam ;
Our hearts all cry, “ Come home ! come home ! ”
For twice her sheaf hath autumn bound, —
The winter snow twice wrapt the ground, —
The spring hath bloomed, — the summer shone
In glorious robes, since thou art gone.

Again the summer's evening breeze
Comes murmuring through the rustling trees ; —
Her moon beams bright on spire and dome,
And our own roof : — come home ! come home !

To-night, when passed the sunset hour,
And dews fell soft on grass and flower,
A wild bird came, and furled her wing
On thy lone bower, her hymn to sing.
The earth was calm, the heavens were fair,
While balmy incense filled the air ; —
All nature seemed on bended knee,
And to her God we kneeled for thee.

We asked his angel-guard to keep
Thy way across the rolling deep ; —
Through billowy wilds, 'mid surge and foam,
To hold thee safe ! Come home ! come home !

And now, when sleep hath sealed our eyes,
In blissful dreams our souls will rise
On wings of love, and fly to thee,
Where'er thou art, beyond the sea.

But, ah ! too soon returning day
The dear deceit will melt away ;
And beaming morn illumine the tear,
To find thy place still empty here.

Come home ! Our lives, — they go apace ;
And we may leave some empty place
For thee to find, if still thou roam
O'er lands afar. Come home ! come home !

THE BETHEL FLAG.

[Adapted to music.]

AWAY, bright flag, to the heathen land !
And, spread on its balmy breeze,
Beneath thee gather a Christian band
Of wanderers on the seas.
Hang o'er that spot, 'mid the idol's ground,
Like a hovering angel's wing,
Where sweet is the Gospel trumpet's sound,
And the sons of Zion sing.

We send thee forth as a holy sign ;—
Unstained, as an offering given,
Above the temple of God to shine, —
To mark that gate of Heaven.
And be thou true as the Orient Star,
That o'er Bethlehem paused and shone ;
While thousands who 've left their homes afar
Shall adore the Holy One !

Receive, O Father, enthroned above,
Great Ruler of earth and sea,
Receive and hallow this gift of love,
Thy children bring to thee !
The seamen guide with a tender care,
While the watery world they roam ;
And, through its worst waves, life's voyage to bear,
Till in Heaven they land at home !

POOR JACK.

[For music.]

I 'M going away to the seas, -- poor Jack !
I 'm going away to sea.
But, alas ! to whom can I thence look back ?
Or who will look after me ?

My father and mother are both no more ;
My brother is in the deep ;
My sister, the rose of our native shore,
Is under the clods asleep.

The snug little home that we called our own,
Tall thistles and weeds surround ;
Forsaken and drear is our threshold stone ; —
It seems like a stranger's ground !

The robin that sang in our green old oak,
And waked me to hail the dawn,
Like a voice in the dreams that her carol broke,
For ever is hushed and gone.

The crickets about the old well-curb trill
A dirge to the star-lit sky ;
While, mournful, the plaint of the whippoorwill
Comes in, from the copse hard by.

The willows bend, shadowy, o'er the stream
So bright in my joyous day ;
And sighing, forbid it a moonlight gleam,
To silver its darkling way.

My home, — it is sad as a church-yard scene !
For ever its spells are o'er :
The billowy ocean must roll between
Poor Jack and his native shore.

I 'll reef the wild sail, and I 'll mount the shroud,
When stormy the winds awake,
While lonely my spirit sits, wrapt in cloud,
And fain would my heart-strings break.

I 'll drown in the roar of the deep my moan, —
My tears in the briny sea ;
For now there 's no eye o'er our cold hearth-stone
To beam, or to weep for me !

SHE 'S GONE LIKE A STAR ON THE BILLOW.

Elegy on a young friend, who had been seeking the recovery of lost health among the West India Islands, and whose death and funeral service took place on board the British steam-ship "Dee," when on her homeward passage.

SHE 's gone, like a star we beheld on the billow !

She passed like the sunset, that kindled the wave,
And gilded the bark, where her life's evening pillow
Was rocked by the waters, to-morrow her grave.
And, pure as the light from that blue ocean fading,
To leave it all dark at the dying of day,
A glory serene, her sweet spirit pervading,
Appeared in its smile of farewell to the clay.

The fond ones,* now bending, with anguish and weeping,
While sorrow's warm fountains gush o'er the cold shrine,
The seal on her lips, on her eye calmly sleeping,
Must not wish to break ! — 't is an impress divine.
The while must they think of the many to mourn her,
Who wait her return to her loved native shore ; —
That they, on their hearts who so fondly have borne her,
Shall clasp or behold her in time never more.

The bright, flowery Isles, and the soft tropic breezes,
Dispensed for her breast their life-balsam in vain ;
Its pulse has been touched by the angel who freezes
The false hectic rose, and the current of pain.

* The husband and sister.

'T is morn on the waters. — 'T is noon of the morrow : —
'T is sunset, again pouring gold o'er the sea ;
But sad is the group, who, with sable and sorrow
Their centre surround, on the deck of the Dee !

The flags of two nations, that dark coffin draping,
Droop round the young form in its peaceful repose ;
From stranger and friend sighs and tears are escaping,
As sympathy's balm for the torn bosom flows.
A prayer from the servant of God is ascending,
From off the vast flood to the high world of light : —
'T is over, — the last solemn service is ending ; —
'T is finished ; — the loved one has vanished from sight !

'Mid coral, and amber, and pearls while she slumbers,
Composed in a crystalline cell will she rest ;
And ocean's rich voice, in its holiest numbers,
A requiem ceaseless shall sound o'er her breast.
His own priceless jewel her Saviour has taken,
And laid the dear casket beneath the sea-foam.
Whilst earth feels a void, of her presence forsaken,
The deep is her sepulchre, — Heaven is her home !

THE LAST OF THE WRECK.

[Set to music.]

MUST I perish ? — must I perish ?
I must perish, — here, — alone !
A dying brother's voice I hear no more,
'Mid the dark, wild water's swell and roar ;
While the wreck's lone bell,
Shaken by the wave,
Sounds the knell
O'er this ocean grave !

O God ! my spirit I commend to thee,
Through Him who conquered Death for me.
Earth is past, — time hath fled !
Eternity, thy verge I tread !
Friends beloved, farewell !
We yet shall meet, —
We shall meet when earth and sea
Must render up their dead.

THE SAILOR BOY.

[Written expressly for music. Published by Mr. Ditson, Boston.]

O SAILOR Boy! Sailor Boy! wild rolls the deep,
And loud roar the winds; but they break not thy sleep;
They call not thy foot to the shroud by the blast; —
Thy sails are all reefed, and thine anchor is cast!

Thy night-watch is finished, — thy life-dream is o'er;
The hammock, forsaken, shall rock thee no more.
The cold, heavy sea-weeds inwrap thy young form,
Whose eye was so beaming, whose heart was so warm!

Our looking, our waiting, our hopes and our fears,
Are gone, — followed swift by this torrent of tears!
We now can but ask of the wind and the wave
When last they swept over our Sailor Boy's grave.

Ah, Sailor Boy! what were thy thoughts in that hour
When thou wast cut off like a half-open flower; —
This moment, all promise, and beauty, and prime;
The next, past for aye from the visions of time?

How strongly did Nature assert her fond ties,
Ere light of eternity burst on thine eyes,
When clinging with fervor, to stay the bright soul
She fain had drawn back, when 't was touching the goal!

While buried thy form lies beneath the sea-foam,
Our love and our memory follow thee home, —
Home, home, to the bosom of Jesus on high,
Where love cannot languish, nor memory die!

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

[For music.]

Ан! sad the morn to me,
 Though bright are earth and sky ;
And on the smiling sea
 I look with streaming eye !
Where yonder line so pale
 Scarce parts the wave and air,
I watched his flying sail,
 Till lost to vision there.
Passing away in distance far,
It vanished like a setting star !
My day-star, once it neared the shore ;
But now 't was sunk to rise no more.

To hear my orphans call
 Their father's name in vain
Brings gloom that 's like a pall,
 And tears that shower like rain.
They ask, " Why don't he come
 His little ones to take ? "
I sit, with sorrow dumb,
 And feel my heart-strings break.
Wild raged the storm that dismal night ; —
It plucked him from our mortal sight !
His spirit up to God it gave,
While ocean yawned, his restless grave !

My light of life is past ;
 And, from that fatal hour,
A shade of death is cast
 On each fair earthly flower.
O, whither can I go, —
 I dare not look above, —
Nor yon cold flood below, —
 For my departed love ?
Just Heaven would spurn my envious prayer ;
In ocean's cave dwells dark Despair !
And, O, thou sea, — thou hungry sea,
A daily death I die by thee !

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

[Adapted to music. Air, "Hymn to the Virgin."]

FAREWELL, beloved form !
The light is gone from thee.
Peacefully sleeping,
We give thee to the sea.

Billows that o'er thee roll
Will not betray their trust :
God hath called home the soul ; —
He 'll guard the dust.

Jesus, now throned above,
Once slumbered in the grave !
Thee will his heavenly love
Watch over, — rekindle, — save !

He will, descending,
Of death dispel the sleep : —
Till that glorious morning,
Rest in the deep !

THE PEARL-DIVER.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”—ST. MATTHEW, XIII. 45, 46.

I SINK, to snatch from its ocean-bed
The child of a world of brine ;—
To pluck the pearls for a lofty head,
With billows rolled over mine !
I plunge my breast, with its vital spark,
Far under the booming tide,
To grope for gems in the fearful dark,
To kindle the eye of pride.

The casket, spared, with its tender clasp,
By monsters that range the sea,
Must yield to the ruthless human grasp,
And open its lid to me.
Now, peaceful babe of the noisy deep,
Thou bidd'st thy home farewell,
Or he who dives will sleep the sleep
Of death, for thy cradle-shell !

But, O! that Pearl by a merchant bought,
When for it his all he gave,
Outvies the whole that can e'er be brought
From under the foamy wave.
Its lustre pure will outlast the sight
Of every mortal eye :
When sun and stars shall have lost their light,
'T will shine in the world on high.

For 't will not fret, whilst the spheres revolve,
And round it their course pursue ;
It will not melt, when the heavens dissolve,
And earth, to be formed anew !
The wise, who *seek*, and the learned, who *know*
The worth of this goodly gem, —
They never will ask me thus to throw
Myself in the deep for them !

THE STORMY NIGHT.

PATTER, patter, patter,
Stirring, rushing, clatter !
What can there be doing out of doors ?
Storming, storming, storming !
Clouds have long been forming ;
They have met, and how the tempest roars !

Bluster, bluster, bluster !
All is in a muster,
Waging war with quietude and sleep.
Rumble, rumble, rumble !
Will the chimney tumble
When the blast shall take another sweep ?

Roaring, roaring, roaring !
While the torrent 's pouring,
Ocean's voice is mingled with the strife.
Rattle, rattle, rattle !
Elemental battle, —
O the scene, — how much like human life !

Raging, wild, uncheery,
Long the storm, and dreary ;
Yet I still must keep awake to hear.
Weary, aching, dozing,
Fain my eyes were closing :
Will they e'er behold a morning clear ?

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Louder, louder, louder,
Comes the storm, and prouder,
Striking down man's earthly joy and stay.
Surer, stronger, dearer,
As the grave is nearer,
Comes the patient pilgrim's hope of day !

THE PROUD BARON.

'T WAS a Baron bold
In the days of old,
Who lived in his grand estate,
While his menials bowed,
And the rich and proud
Swept in at his castle-gate.

And around his hearth
There were songs and mirth,
And revelry, night and day ;
And over his board
Was the red wine poured,
Where the sumptuous banquet lay.

For they did not think,
In those days of drink,
How the gift of the generous vine
Might be oft misused,
And the mind abused,
Or drowned, with the sparkling wine.

And the laughter rung,
As from tongue to tongue
The story or jest went round,
Till the stern old walls
Of the spacious halls
Were echoing back the sound.

'T was a dark, cold night,
But the halls were light,
And the feast on the board was warm,
When there came that way,
With his locks of gray,
A wanderer 'mid the storm.

Then he stood before
The old, lofty door,
And mournfully asked for bread, —
By the fire a seat,
But to warm his feet,
And a pillow to rest his head.

But the menial came
In the lordling's name,
With a pitiless air and tone,
And, hastening straight
From his master's gate,
He bade the old man begone !

Thus cruelly spurned,
The wanderer turned,
Away from the guarded door,
With a tearful eye,
And a heart swelled high,
That soon was to ache no more.

And he feebly went
Till his numbed limbs bent,
And he fell by the highway-side.
When the morning shone
He was cold as stone,
Where, houseless and lone, he died.

When the death was told
To that Baron bold,
With horror, from conscious guilt,
A quivering came
O'er his haughty frame,
As if branded with blood he 'd spilt.

His pride and his power,
From the selfsame hour,
Seemed doomed to a swift decay ;
And the angry Eye,
That looked from on high,
To wither them all away.

His splendor and wealth,
His spirit and health,
Were suddenly undermined ;
Then reason had flown
From her tottering throne,
And ruins were left behind.

He straggled around,
On the stranger's ground,
And oft in the wintry storm,
When his tall old plume
Gave an air of gloom
To his shrunk and shivering form.

At times he would start,
And his strength depart,
When a corse seemed across his way,
That he could not pass,
While its eyes of glass
Looked up from an old man's clay.

'T was seldom he spoke,
But in wrapping his cloak
To muffle him in its fold ;
When, lowering his head,
And shrugging, he said,
“ Poor Baron ! he 's faint and cold.

“ But I can't escape
From that fearful shape,
Nor shun it, nor pass it by ;
Wherever I go,
From his shroud of snow,
I 'm watched by a dead man's eye ! ”

LAKE AND RIVER.

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

Lake. RIVER, why dost thou go by,
Sounding, rushing, sweeping ?

River. Lake, why dost thou ever lie,
Listless, idle, sleeping ?

Lake. Naught before my power could stand,
Should I spring to motion !

River. I go blessing all the land,
From my source to ocean !

Lake. I show sun, and stars, and moon,
On my breast untroubled.

River. Ay ! and wilt thou not as soon
Make the storm-clouds doubled ?

Lake. River, river, go in peace !
I 'll no more reprove thee.

River. Lake, from pride and censure cease, —
May no earthquake move thee !

Lake. I a higher Power obey, —
Lying still, I 'm *doing* !

River. I for no allurement stay,
My great end pursuing.

Lake. Speed thee ! speed thee, River bright !
Let not earth oppose thee !

River. Rest thee, Lake, with all thy might,
Where thy hills inclose thee !

Lake. River, hence we 're done with strife,
Knowing each our duty.

River. And in loud or silent life,
Each may shine in beauty.

Both. While we keep our places thus,
Adam's sons and daughters,
Ho ! behold, and learn of us,
Still and running waters !

THE PAINTER BOY.

Written on hearing a juvenile friend, and aspirant for fame as an artist, express his determination to go to sea, that he might "know how to paint a ship in a storm."

THE Painter Boy walked on the pebbly strand ;
He felt the sweet sea-breeze blow ;
The waves came dashing on the steadfast land,
And the sails sped to and fro.

The Boy felt kindling in his ardent soul
A new and a wild desire ;
His eye filled fuller, at the ocean's roll,
With the light of his spirit's fire.

For what the vast deep in a storm might be,
And the ship so fair and proud
When struggling with a tempest, he longed to see,
Till it rent her, sail and shroud.

The young artist said, " I 've a scene to paint
That I never had before !
But every line and color will be too faint,
If laid on the passive shore.

" I 'll go away off, on the rolling sea,
Where I 'll sketch the clouds that form :
I 'll draw the wild waves, as they 're tossing me, —
I 'll paint *a ship in a storm !* "

The ship in a storm thence filled his glowing heart ;
And the brush in his puny hand
He dreamed was to crown him with laurels of art,
Could he once escape from land.

And now, wafted off by his fancy's bright flame,
He 's gone on the deep afar ;
Whilst, bright, o'er the summit of high *Mount Fame*,
He sees his one leading star.

That *star* of the *world* hath its myriads drawn
Far out on a treacherous deep,
Where thousands and thousands, engulfed, are gone,
To one who has climbed the steep !

POOR MARIANA.

POOR Mariana ! the scene is so bleak,
As shivering and lonely she goes,
The wind causes half the big tear on her cheek,
While round her it whistles and blows.

“ But why is she out, with a prospect so drear,
Beneath the cold, lowering sky ? ”
Methinks is the question which many appear
To ask, by a look, or a sigh.

Of poor Mariana but sad is the tale ;
For she is the fisherman's child,
Who climbed up the rock, when the furious gale
Turned all the black waters so wild.

Whilst there she stood, trembling and pale on the cliff,
And reached forth an impotent hand,
She knew 't was her father far out, in the skiff,
Hard struggling to make for the land.

Yet wild was the ocean, and sudden the flaw
That kept the frail boat from the shore.
She watched the reefed sail till submerged, — but she saw
The boat and her father no more.

The sight was a blast to her tender young mind ; —
She shrieked, falling faint on the rock :
A ruin of reason was all that behind
Remained, ever after the shock.

When found, and reviving, all startling and pale,
The fisherman's poor orphan child
Seemed still to behold the lone boat in the gale,
'Mid billows, black, foaming, and wild.

Her mind is unsettled, and roving her eye ;
And oft will she harmlessly roam,
To watch the light figures in clouds on the sky,
Or, round the sea-rocks, in the foam.

She plucks purple berries, or bright scarlet haws,
In clusters that hang on the stem ;
And sits by the sea-side, to string them on straws,
And throws in thick trusses of them.

Then, when the sunned waters are quiet and pure,
She asks little fishes — that, drawn
So near she can see them to nibble the lure —
To show where her father is gone.

She gathers wild flowers, that in bouquets she ties,
Then throws them far off on the wave ;
And bids them go out where her dear father lies,
And hang, bright and sweet, o'er his grave.

In autumn, or spring, in her mantle and hood,
When clouds are portending a storm,
She gathers light fagots, and fragments of wood,
Her mother's poor hearthstone to warm.

For small is their cabin, hard down by the sea,
And far less convenient than small ;
The rain and the wind, in the storms, making free
To pour through the roof and the wall.

And poor Mariana oft shakes with the cold,
Her form is so scantily dressed ;
Yet gentle is she as a lamb in the fold,
And harmless as dove in its nest.

At times will she sing, while so sad is the strain, —
So dirge-like and melting, — your tear
Would gush, and your heart feel strange pleasure and pain,
Her wild, plaintive music to hear.

Alas ! it is mournful and solemn to see
Such ruins of reason remain,
And know the affections most holy to be
The cause that disordered her brain.

Young daughter of sorrow, God bless thee, and heal
The heart and the mind he hath torn,
And bear on his bosom, and mark with his seal,
The lamb he so early hath shorn !

HARP OF ZION.

HARP of Zion, who shall make
Thee with her sweet songs awake ?
Who shall touch the solemn chord
She holds sacred to the Lord ?
Thou, at whose melodious voice
Saint and angel hosts rejoice,
While it rises to their King,
Who shall sweep thy holy string ?

Harp of Zion, never sound,
When the cumberers of her ground
To thy chords or pedal put
Hand impure, or alien foot ;
Breathe not thou beneath the breath
Of a spirit bound to death !
God will ne'er accept the strain
Answering to the touch profane.

Zion's children, pause, and think, —
Will your anthems rise, or sink,
When the hand of Mammon plays,
While his tongues but mock her praise,
Kindling with but earthly fire
Numbers that a heavenly choir
Would with holy awe repeat,
Bowing at Jehovah's feet ?

Zion's sons and daughters, who
Should enounce your songs, but you ?
Who, but spirits that abide
Steadfast on their Saviour's side,
Can your praise and glory give
Unto Him in whom ye live,
Or your hallelujahs sing
From your mountain to your King ?

Harp of Zion, never wake
But for God and Zion's sake.
When the worldling fingers sweep
O'er thy chords, be mute, or weep !
Only to the minstrel found,
Heart and foot, on Zion's ground,
Are thy strains responsive given,
Meet from earth to enter Heaven.

Zion, to thy Leader nigh,
Bear thy banner pure and high ;
Guard thy Harp with jealous care
From the world's polluting air !
Tuned below, to breathe above
Unto Him whose name is Love,
Harp of Zion, thou shalt sound
In the sweet, eternal round !

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

“Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief.” —
 HEBREWS, III. 12.

THE tree that yields our care and grief
 Is from a root of unbelief!
 The pricking thorns, — the arrows fierce,
 Our spirit and our flesh to pierce, —
 The grafts, that spoil our vineyard's fruit,
 Are from that bitter, evil root.

The branch that hangs with clustering woes, —
 The flag-staff of the prince of foes, —
 The tares that mar our golden sheaf, —
 All, all spring up from unbelief :
 And Hope, the victim of Despair,
 Points, dying, to the poison there !

But in Belief we 've joy and peace, —
 Of faith and power, a sweet increase, —
 From burning skies, a cool retreat, —
 A shelter safe when tempests beat, —
 Fresh balm of Gilead for our grief, —
 For every wound, a healing leaf !

Belief smooths down our thorny cares, —
 With springing grain uproots the tares, —
 Our harp from off the willow takes,
 And every chord to music wakes ;
 Till Hope, laid icy in the tomb,
 Springs up with life, in beauty's bloom.

When night comes murky, drear, and damp,
Belief will feed and screen our lamp,
Upon our feet her sandals bind,
About our waist her girdle wind ;
Then, lend a staff, and lead the way,
Till we walk forth to beaming day.

When every fountain of the deep
Seems breaking up, o'er earth to sweep ;
While billowy mountains top our bark,
Belief's the dove from out the ark,
Across the flood, to stretch her wing,
And home the branch of olive bring.

Belief hath eyes so heavenly bright,
As on the cloud to cast their light,
Till fair and glorious hues shall form
From drops and shades that robed the storm,
Bent o'er our world in peace, to show
God's covenant sign, — his unstrung Bow !

When, through a dry and thirsty land,
Earth's pilgrim treads the burning sand,
Belief brings distant prospects near,
With bowers, and fruits, and fountains clear,
Where, when he strikes his tent, he'll be
The heir of immortality.

Whilst unbelief would ever bring
A chain about our spirit's wing,
BELIEF will plume it o'er the grave —
Above the swell of Jordan's wave —
To fly, nor droop, till calmly furled
In that sweet home, the Spirit-world !

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

“For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.” — 2 TIMOTHY, I. 12.

I KNOW whom I've believèd,
When my sins remembered roll,
With the bitter pains of penitence,
Like billows, o'er my soul.
Contritely then, in Jesus' name,
As near my God I come,
I see him stretch a Father's arms
To take his wanderer home.

I know whom I've believèd,
When, perplexed, I go astray ;
And discouraged, feel my impotence
To keep the Heavenly way.
My earnest prayer to be set right
To Jesus then ascends ;
And to give the power of holiness,
In pitying love he bends.

I know whom I've believèd,
When life's full success and joy
Would make me slumber, or would near
Destruction's brink decoy.

Then Jesus' warning voice I hear, —
 His footsteps I pursue ;
 And then with holy courage stand,
 The tempter to subdue.

I know whom I've believèd,
 When the joy of life runs out,
 And with cares my heart is like to burst, —
 With troubles hedged about.
 I call to mind what Jesus bore ;
 And know that I must through
 Much tribulation pass, to gain
 God's blessed kingdom, too.

I know whom I've believèd,
 When the hour of death draws near, —
 When the painful heat of day is cooled,
 And evening shades appear.
 My Jesus, by his death, has brought
 On Death destruction sure :
 He lives ! therefore my soul, with him,
 Shall evermore endure.

I know whom I've believèd ;
 But in praising him aright,
 My heart must let its hidden *faith*
 Shoot forth in *works*, to light.
 Not crying, " Lord," but doing e'er
 His holy will, may I
 Be found by faith in Christ to live ;
 And so, in him to die !

SCRIPTURE HYMN.

O ZION's children, wake to duty !
Yet must your King all earth possess !
Your banner lift, to shine in beauty
Caught from the Sun of Righteousness.
March forth to darkness in the highways,
And as a lamp the BIBLE hold : —
Go, bring the lambs to Jesus' fold,
From howling wilds, and pits, and by-ways :
Go forth, and sow the Word
By river and by rill ;
Where plants may blossom to the Lord,
That death can never kill !

Go, and the little children gather, —
Each for your crown a precious gem !
Teach them to know their Heavenly Father,
And what a Saviour did for them.
Destruction's ever-open portals
The fairest flowers and fruits surround :
O, snatch from off the tempter's ground
The tender, helpless, young immortals !
Ere yet the serpent's lure
Hath bound them in his charms,
Go, bear them to that refuge sure,
A Saviour's waiting arms.

Bethink ye, Zion's sons and daughters,
How many souls must yet be fed, —
How many, for the living waters,
Must die, or to the fount be led !
The faint and famished lift, and cherish :
There 's bread enough, and still to spare ; —
Salvation's cup, and vital air
For those parched lips, before they perish !
Go forth as one, and all,
To labor while ye may ;
For soon the night of death must fall ! —
Go, work while yet 't is day.

What though in pain and tears your sowing,
Whilst none the wages here receives ?
Your Master keeps the harvest growing,
To fill your arms with golden sheaves.
What though the foe, his ranks suborning,
Steal forth to mar your fields by night ?
His works shall be consumed by light,
His powers dispersed like shades at morning.
With patience, and in faith,
Still labor for your Lord :
Impart the Scripture ; and, it saith,
In Heaven is your reward !

And, while the Word of God unfolding,
Dare naught to add, or take away.
The heart may there, itself beholding,
As in a glass, its state survey.
If Sinai makes the sinner tremble,
And on the rocks for covert call,
A peaceful voice, addressed to all,
On Calvary bids the world assemble !

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For there the sword of flame,
Whose terrors none can bide,
To all in Christ's life-giving name
Was quenched when Jesus died.

CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN.

“ Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him.” — ST. LUKE, IV. 40.

THE hills of Judea with sunset are bright,
Their fountain-streams flashing, like gold in its light ;
The flower of the valley is closing its eye ;
The shadows are lengthened, and dwindling to die.

Whilst o'er the smooth lake comes the bland summer air,
Its freight of the mountain aroma to bear,
The bird, flying home, furls her wing by her nest,
To sing her sweet hymn where her little ones rest.

The scene is all peaceful, in beauty and love
Serene and adoring, while earth looks above,
To Him who, withdrawing the glory of day,
With stars in bright armies her faith will repay.

But why, at this hour, come yon impotent throng,
With nature refusing to bear them along, —
Her forces enfeebled whilst onward they urge,
And thus from afar to one centre converge ?

The palsied, the crippled, the deaf, and the blind ;
The wasted in body, the tortured in mind ;
The wild-fire of frenzy, the frost of despair,
With many-formed ills, in assembly are there.

And lo, the Physician! — benign doth he stand,
With myrrh in his vesture, with life in his hand;
And those who draw near shall find healing for them,
Although of his garment they touch but the hem!

Now, o'er the wan cheek, see the health-roses come!
The blind receive sight, speech is heard from the dumb;
The palsied walk forth, every form is made whole;
The demon possessor is chased from the soul!

But who is this mighty Physician, so sure
At once every evil to reach, and to cure?
From what secret source are his medicines brought?
In whose holy name are his miracles wrought?

O, Christ is the Healer! — the balm he bestows
From his heart of pity, for man ever flows.
“I WILL,” is the name, the prescription he gives,
When healed is the sick, — when the dead again lives!

Yet not for these only doth Jesus appear:
To woe's latest heir in all time to be near,
Himself must be wounded, a life-giving Tree,
With balsam for all ever-flowing and free.

And down through all ages those balm-drops shall fall;
Till earth's farthest borders respond to the call, —
“Ye weary, ye wounded, ye sorrow-oppressed,
Come all unto me, and find healing and rest!”

He would little children should come unto him,
Ere life's morning-beams with its vapors are dim:
But none may despair, — there is time even yet,
Though low be our sun, if we come ere it set.

At length from Mount Zion shall Jesus look down,
And Death melt away in the light of his crown ;
While they who, in faith, now their wants to him bring,
In glory surround him, adoring their King.

SABBATH-MORNING HYMN.

THIS holy Sabbath, calm and fair,
Smiles o'er us from the skies,
As shadowing forth the glory there
To which the just shall rise.

It surely is to man good-will,
That earth-born care should cease,
Till each may lift his heart, to fill
At Heaven's pure fount of peace !

Go up, my soul, an earnest taste
Of pleasures heavenly calm,
To breathe along the six-days' waste
A perfume of their balm.

Ascend Mount Zion's glorious height,
Till earth shall disappear ;
And there supply thy lamp with light
For each dark winding here.

New-burnish all thy panoply
With lustre from above ;
And graven on thy breastplate be
The names, *Faith, Hope, and Love !*

This peaceful Sabbath soon will close,
The world return its cares ;
Go, gather strength to meet thy foes,
And light to shun their snares.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

AWAKE, awake, all earth, and sing !
Your kindling harps to concert bring :
From every isle, and every shore,
The choral volumes sweetly pour.
Then high as Heaven your anthem swell,
The joy of man redeemed to tell :
A tide of life, not death can stem,
Was in the Star of Bethlehem !

Ye saints who rest, from out the tomb
Ye shall immortal rise, and bloom :
A rainbow-promise spans your dust ;
An angel holds it o'er his trust !
And ye, who yet in Christ shall sleep,
The same bright guard your rest will keep :
Rejoice, for he is one of them
Who sang the Birth at Bethlehem !

Ho ! ye who feel 't is keen to bear
The spirit-wound, yet know not where
To seek relief, — the balm to find
Upon an aching soul to bind ;
The balsam is with Him alone,
To whom all mortal woe is known !
There 's healing in his garment's hem,
Who took our form at Bethlehem.

And, ye who reel beneath a load
Of earth, on life's uneven road,
Your burdens drop, for spirits free,
And clap your hands in jubilee.
Be wise; — your myrrh and spices bring,
And kneel before your Heavenly King, —
The light of New Jerusalem,
Though once the Babe of Bethlehem.

Look up! the glorious vision swells, —
The city where his Presence dwells!
From pearly gates, and jasper walls,
And golden streets, behold, He calls, —
He calls you to come in, and share
The treasures of his kingdom there!
'T was of Jehovah's crown the gem, —
That Holy Star of Bethlehem!

FUNERAL HYMN.

How frail is man ! his earliest breath
Is but the promise sure of death ;
From being's dawn, to darkling age,
The grave his certain heritage !

We sink like drops of summer showers ;
As grass we 're mown, — we 're plucked as flowers :
We fall like autumn's yellow leaves, —
Are garnered in like whitened sheaves.

But Christ hath slumbered in the tomb !
His entering hallowed all its gloom :
Where he unbarred its rocky doors,
The risen Conqueror's glory pours.

Whilst thus our dust to dust returns,
As odors rise while incense burns,
The spirit triumphs o'er decay ;
Recalled to God, it soars away.

In thy calm bosom, Earth, we lay
With holy trust this kindred clay :
It comes to thy maternal breast,
Through death's cold night, in peace to rest.

Farewell, dear form ! till morning break,
When all who sleep in death shall wake : —
Till Christ call up his saints, to dwell
With him in glory, fare thee well !

CLOSET HYMN.

RETIRE, all meaner things, retire,
And leave me to my soul's desire,
To meet her God, where, all subdued,
The cares of earth no more intrude !

I'm now, O Lord, alone with thee ;
But thou art more than worlds to me !
And were surrounding worlds my own,
Without thee, I were poor and lone.

Do troubles from the world increase,
In thee I find the promised peace ;
Nor could my soul sustain the woe
Of earth my friend, and God my foe.

The thickest darkness of the night
Thy watchful eye dissolves to light ;
Yet, were thy presence turned away,
'T were midnight shade at noon of day.

With thee my friend, my portion here,
What can I lack ? — what need I fear ?
And if thou call me hence, I know
'T is to my Rock of trust I go.

Then, hold me, Father, Friend, and Guide !
Nor let my feet be drawn aside,
In bright or darkling wilds to roam,
From keeping life's strait pathway home !

RURAL CEMETERY DEDICATION-HYMN.

“The field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession.” — GENESIS, XXIII. 17, 18.

WHEN Abram, at his God's command,
Went forth to find the Promised Land,
The first own ground his God then gave
To faithful Abraham * for a grave.

Since one event to all must come, —
Our dust to dust returning home, —
A sacred spot would we inclose
For us and ours the long repose.

We here appoint, by solemn rite,
On this sequestered, peaceful site,
With flowery grass and shadowy tree,
The City of our Dead to be.

And hence, this quiet turf must break,
Our dearest forms of life to take !
On Nature's calm, maternal breast
'T is meet her weary children rest.

When Love and Grief their vigils keep
O'er those who in these clods shall sleep,
May Faith hold her unwavering light,
Till death be shown a transient night !

* “Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham.” — GENESIS, XVII. 5.

May He who, pitying, " touched the bier,"
Console each future mourner here ;
And all the dead, at last, arise
With joy, to meet him in the skies !

GOD IN THE THUNDER-STORM.

“The God of glory thundereth.” — PSALM XXIX. 3.

WHEN peals the thunder long and loud,
The Lord is speaking from the cloud :
Whilst they who know him not may fear,
His children love his voice so near.
And though it sound in noise and storm,
His love but takes a varied form ; —
To give them purer vital breath,
“The God of glory thundereth !”

When lightnings flash from out the sky,
It is the Lord who passeth by,
With brightness from his holy throne
In gleamings on his raiment shown.
His splendor may the sinner awe ;
But they who know and love his law
Recall his Word of Life, that saith,
“The God of glory thundereth.”

At last, when scenes of time shall end,
And Christ arrayed in power descend,
His voice will rend each silent tomb,
His lightning every eye relume !
His friends, in that august review,
Will shine with joy, his friends anew ;
While, with the keys of life and death,
“The God of glory thundereth !”

THE DEPARTED.

TELL me, O my father ! — mother ! —
For I pine to know ;
Tell me, O my sister ! — brother !
Seen no more below ;
Quickly following one another,
Whither did ye go ?

Thou, in youth's full morning glory
Like a flower of May ; —
Thou, in life's not half told story, —
Ere its noontide ray ; —
Ye, in trembling age, and hoary,
How ye passed away !

Oft, when stars, with vigil-beaming
From yon azure deep,
Keep their holy lustre streaming
O'er a world asleep,
And in midnight slumber dreaming,
Do I wake to weep.

Heavy though the notes of sorrow
Through the night-hours drawn,
Sadder hue is grief to borrow
From the coming dawn.
I alone must meet the morrow ;
For ye all are gone !

Then your silent, empty places
Mock my aching sight,
Where your beaming, kindred faces
Were the life, — the light ;
While ye 've left no spirit traces
In your viewless flight !

If to golden harps ye 're singing
Songs of home, above,
One sweet branch, a token, bringing,
May the Heavenly Dove
Show me, that your upward winging
Broke no tie of love !

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

[For music.]

“Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre, weeping.” — ST. JOHN, xx. 10, 11.

O, HE 's gone, — the tomb forsaken !
They have come where Jesus lay,
Rolled aside the stone, and taken
Him they crucified away !
Here 's the shroud we sorrowing made him
Whom they pierced with nail and spear ; —
Murderers of our Lord ! — they 've laid him
Far from sight, — he is not here.

Lo ! I see, — where he was sleeping,
Pale, in death's cold, shadowy night, —
Watchmen ; they his place are keeping,
Clothed in raiment dazzling white !
And, as consolation giving,
'T was of him they sweetly said,
“ Wherefore dost thou seek the living
In the mansion of the dead ? ”

They are spirits ! and they know me,
Sinful mortal ; — I 'm afraid !
Stranger, — Sir, wilt thou not show me
Where my blessed Lord is laid ?
'T is himself ! — my name he calleth !
Hail, Rabboni, Israel's King !
Conquered, Death before thee falleth ;
Broke his sceptre, — gone his sting !

HANNAH'S OFFERING.

"But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him, from year to year." — 1 SAMUEL, II. 18, 19.

Ан, happy mother! what a gift is thine,
Brought in thy heart-strings to its Maker's shrine ; —
The precious answer to thy prayer, obtained,
Now, as thy pledge thus rendered up, unstained !

To Shiloh, where thy secret vow was made,
From Ramah dost thou come to have it paid, —
Paid with the strongest hold of human love,
In view of man, to Him who reigns above.

An early offering to the Holy One,
Dost thou resign thy darling, only son,
Pure from thy bosom, — scarce his lip is dried
From the warm fount by nature there supplied !

Thy priceless brilliant by Jehovah wrought, —
Thy jewel, new, eternal, hast thou brought ; —
The dearest treasure of thy heart is given,
To gem the footstool of the throne of Heaven.

Yet, happy, honored mother, how will He,
To whom thou pay'st, give richly back to thee !
Thy deed so high shall bring its high reward,
In sweet rejoicings sent thee from thy Lord.

He, through all time, will with his Word prolong
Thy notes of praise, — thy clear, prophetic song.
Land unto land shall sound the joyful strain,
Till “ His Anointed ” comes on earth to reign.

And thou, mild boy, fair shoot of infancy,
What wondrous power shall germinate from thee !
Judge, Priest, and Prophet, in the bud concealed,
With thine unfoldings are to be revealed !

Thy parent now her tender charge resigns,
While life’s pure morning-dew still on thee shines :
Yet hath she set thee in the chosen place,
For God to water thee with showers of grace.

His glory and his wing to thee will yield
Sunlight and shade, and be thy strength and shield.
Sweetly thy flower his temple will perfume,
And golden fruit for Heaven succeed thy bloom.

Nor will thy mother e’er forget her child,
That helpless on her bosom sobbed or smiled.
Thou ’lt be the lovely burden she will bear
In dreams by night, and on her waking prayer.

By day, her hand maternal will delight
To weave her son the vesture new and bright ;
And when at Shiloh she shall reappear,
To bring “ a little coat, from year to year.”

Thou mayst not slumber hence beneath her eye,
But still a tender guardian will be nigh ; —
God will around thee fold a Father’s arm,
And hold thee, form and spirit, safe from harm.

The sweetest voice from Heaven that ever came
Will, in the deepest midnight, call thy name ;
And thou wilt rise and answer, thence to be
Assured that 't is the Lord who calleth thee.

He calleth thee, blest child ! to rise, and shine,
A holy light to Israel's darkened line ; —
To lead them from the streams of death and strife,
Back to the fount of endless peace and life.

THE SLEEPING BAPTIZED.

Among a number of little children brought to the altar for baptism, I saw one infant that had dropped asleep in its mother's arms during the introductory prayer, and which did not awake when sprinkled, but was carried away sleeping.

BABE with the sleeping eye and brow serene,
Borne to the altar for the holy rite,
What knowest thou of all this solemn scene ?
And where has thy young spirit winged its flight ?

Has it not sought the Being whence it came,
In vision seen, amid his shining host,
While thus, on earth, baptized into his name
Triune, of " Father, Son, and Holy Ghost " ?

There, with thine angel to behold his face,
Dost thou not find him ratify and seal
Our consecration in this sacred place,
Whilst these cold drops thy forehead may not feel ?

Does not the dear Redeemer now enroll
Thy name within his Book of Life, and write
Thy final portion, — as a ransomed soul, —
Eternal glory in the world of light ?

What heavenly calm pervades thy tender breast
And lovely features, — cherub-like that seem !
Nor sob nor fluttering pulse betrays unrest,
From pain, late sorrow, or affrighting dream.

So, once, all-peaceful, clothed in infant charms,
Thy Saviour slept, the babe of Bethlehem :
And Jesus, teaching, folded in his arms
Such little ones as thou, and blessèd them.

To him in thy pure bud of being given,
In faith and hope, with sacrament and prayer,
Live, and walk through this world, a child of Heaven,
By grace and beauty leading many there !

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

“When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of the harvest. . . . Thou shalt leave them for the poor.” —LEVITICUS, XIX. 9, 10.

WHILST here we 're busy gleaning, —
The little birds and I, —
The heavy sheaves are leaning
Together, bright and dry.
The word can ne'er be broken, —
It is for ever sure ! —
Which God hath kindly spoken
In favor of the poor.

'T is he who has commanded
The reaper of the grain,
When he goes off full-handed,
To let some ears remain.
And thus our Heavenly Father
Reveals it as his will,
That we some bread may gather
Who have no fields to till.

The little birds, and mother,
And I, are poor indeed ;
And I 've an infant brother
For her to tend and feed.
So I, their little Lizzie,
Do all that in me lies,
By keeping ever busy,
To furnish their supplies.

My father's gone to Heaven, —
Our wants he does n't know ;
And leave to me is given
To glean the fields below.
And want will ne'er destroy us,
While these young hands can toil,
And mother talks so joyous
About the *widow's oil* !

The *widow* that we read of,
Who baked the " little cake,"
From meal herself had need of,
For good Elijah's sake ; —
Who could not send, without it,
The stranger off, distressed ; —
But you know all about it, —
How God her barrel blessed !

When, all alone, I 'm gleaning,
I fancy I can feel,
And understand, the meaning
Of her increase of meal.
For God will ne'er forsake us,
Till we forsake his way !
And here 's enough to make us
A little cake to-day.

SMALL MEANS AND GREAT FAITH.

“ And he took his staff in his hand, and he chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd’s bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand.” — 1 SAMUEL, XVII. 40.

FULL hang the olive-trees,
On the mountain’s side ;
Bright, at its flowery foot,
Silvery waters glide.
Here comes a shepherd boy,
Laying down his crook ;
Then, from the grassy bank,
Stepping in the brook.

Low, with a thoughtful air,
Bows his sunny head ;
Plunge ! go his finger-tips,
To the current’s bed.
See, how his hands and feet,
In the crystal stream,
Shine, polished marble like
In a sculptor’s dream !

What is he searching for ?
What can there be found ?
O, he is picking out
Pebbles smooth and round, —
Five little pebble-stones,
Such as he can fling
Far with his puny hand,
Fitting to his sling !

Now has he put them all
In his shepherd's scrip,
While not a word has passed
From his ruddy lip.
Straight does he speed away
To the battle-field,
Where stalks the giant foe,
With his ample shield.

Hark! from the pebble's flight
Came that whizzing sound ; —
Reel, reel, Philistia's chief
Falls to bite the ground!
Now, was it might and power,
Or an active trust,
Whereby the stripling's hand
Dropped the foe to dust?

Who has a foe to slay
In a work to do?
Don't stand aloof, and dread ; —
Up! and strike it through.
Feel not that you must lift
Mountain-rocks to cast, —
Fold not your hands in doubt,
Till your hour is past!

Take hold of little means,
With a right good will:
These, with an humble zeal,
Great designs fulfil.
'T is not by might, nor power,
But through living faith,
Man's wisest aim is reached : —
So the Scripture saith.

THE PILGRIM OF EARTH.

I 'VE a dreary land to journey through,
And a thorny way my feet pursue ;
But I 've a glorious home in view, —
 To the palace of my King I go !
My dearest Friend hath entered there,
Among its mansions to prepare
A place for me, if well I bear
 This burden, and the Cross, below.

Here are shadowy shapes, and dazzling dreams,
'Mid the withering flowers, and failing streams,
And light, that false and fitful gleams
 Through the mist and clouds, to mock my eye.
The poison wafted on the breeze
With languor all the frame will seize ;
And he who sets him down for ease
 Will sleep, — and he who sleeps must die !

But to that bright land of love I go,
With the fountains clear of ceaseless flow,
Where Sharon's Rose and Lily grow,
 And the balm of life perfumes the air.
While drop no tears, no grave is seen,
To mar the fields of living green, —
No storms obscure the sky serene, —
 No piercing thorns can wound me, there.

When I've reached my King and Father's door,
I shall hunger, thirst, and toil no more ;
This frail old pilgrim garb I wore
 Will be changed for raiment white as snow.
Through pearly gate, and golden street,
Will pass my now poor, aching feet,
A pure and shining throng to meet : —
 The Prince of Peace hath told me so !

Now I'll gird me up, nor faint, nor fear,
When the darksome shadowy vale is near ;
For he, I know, will there appear,
 With his rod and staff, to comfort me.
The beaming glory of my Guide
Will light me to the other side ;
And I shall live, since he hath died
 From death's stern power to set me free.

HYMN OF CHARITY.

Written to be sung at a concert for the benefit of the "Home for the Friendless."
Air, "Marseilles Hymn."

To thee, O Lord, whose treasures endless
And love eternal must endure,
We cry for help to help the Friendless, —
For home to give the homeless poor !
Pale Misery with tresses hoary,
Ere life's midsummer, haunts the street,
And Woe, on tender, infant feet,
By tears and shivering tells its story :
Unsheltered youth is toled
Anear the tempter's snare !
For these poor lambs a shepherd's fold
God help us to prepare !

Thou, in whose Father-House a mansion
We hope our final home to be,
A mantle here of wide expansion,
O, give thine angel, CHARITY !
Thy children no abiding city
May claim or seek 'mid scenes below ;
With love each bosom fire, to glow
Till every heart dissolve in pity.
While Faith the seed may sow,
To thee the plant she leaves ;
Let her, though weeping forth she go,
Return with precious sheaves.

O Thou, who once for man's salvation
Didst lay thy heavenly glories by,
And, ere the mighty consummation,
An infant, in a manger lie ; —
When near the Cross, with sorrow bending,
For us to purchase life and rest,
The heirs of Want were thy bequest,
To all thy friends, through time descending !
In power, when Thou return,
The waking dead shall see, —
And they who helped the Poor shall learn
What then they did for Thee !

THE SAINT'S REST.

BALMY Sleep hath o'er him spread
Her soft, downy pinion ;
Gentle Peace his soul hath led
To her calm dominion.
He forgave and blessed his foes,
Ere he sunk to slumber ;
And he now forgets his woes,
Whatsoever their number.

Sweetly thus the saint shall rest !
Not a hope forsaking, —
Not a pang to rend his breast, —
When life's cord is breaking.
He will drop this mortal guise,
Now so worn and hoary ;
And, an angel, walk the skies,
Clothed with life and glory.

ACROSTIC.

DEAR, chosen emblem of a Saviour's love, —
Of peace and innocence, that reign above,
Veiled in thy form, the Holy Spirit came,
Eternal Truth in Jesus to proclaim !

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Blow fresh, ye favoring breezes, blow,
Their canvas rounding like swells of snow !
Ye rolling waters, lie smooth below ;
And over the skies may no storms arise ;
For the sowers go forth to sow !

They go in lands by the heathen trod
To sow the seed of the Word of God ; —
From the root of Jesse to show the rod,
'Mid the desert gloom, till the "Branch" shall bloom
O'er its idols beneath the sod.

Shine clear, O sun, on the sparkling sea !
Of Him who nameth himself by thee,
The light life-giving, and pure, and free,
To the blind to show, far away they go,
And with leaves of the healing Tree.

Speed on, bright ship, in thy grandeur fair !
We give thy helm to an angel's care,
Salvation's heralds, unharmed, to bear
To the destined goal ; for the priceless soul
Is the jewel which draws them there.

From friends and home in their far remove,
Around them hover, thou Heavenly Dove !
Descend, sweet Comforter, from above,
To strengthen their bands, and hold up their hands,
For their labor of faith and love.

O Thou, the beams of whose chambers lie
Below the deep and above the sky,
'Mid shadows of death to thy friends be nigh,
Till glory divine from the Cross shall shine,
 And Death in its radiance die !

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

THE crown of thorns He wore,
Whose kingdom yet shall smile
From ocean's farthest shore,
And every heathen isle.
And we would count all else as loss,
To spread the glory of his Cross.

Where bright with gold their lands,
And diamonds star the mine,
The throne of darkness stands,
And souls in bondage pine.
We go to sound the jubilee,
To all who will in Christ be free.

They die, where rose, and palm,
And cassia flourish fair, —
For want of Gilead's balm,
And a Physician there !
Their grounds, o'errun with sin and woe,
We go with light and life to sow.

While in that distant field,
To serve our Heavenly King,
Of faith we bear the shield,
And of salvation sing ; —
His banner o'er us will be love,
Our comforter, the Holy Dove.

No victim's blood must flow
Our paths of peace to stain,
As forth we march to show
The Lamb for sinners slain;
His veins have poured the sacred streams
Whose power the soul from death redeems.

Now o'er the rolling seas
A Saviour's name to bear,
Our sails are to the breeze, —
To God, our parting prayer.
We leave our native shore, and know
The Christian hath no home below !

Friends, — kindred, — all, adieu !
Though through our earthly days,
So vapor-like and few,
We 're hence as parted rays,
On high may we surround the Sun
Of Righteousness, in Him made one !

GOING FORTH OF THE YOUNG DISCIPLES.

[Sung by theological students.]

THE hour is come, — our Master calls !
And forth for him we go :
We part within these hallowed walls,
To meet no more below.
We bind the Spirit's armour on ;
We make the Cross our shield ;
And hence must to our work be gone,
With all the world our field.

But while afar and wide apart
Our lines of duty run,
We shall not sunder heart from heart ;
For they in Christ are one !
Though some our lonely way may take,
To heathen isle or main,
Our links of love will never break ;
A Saviour holds the chain !

The sacred lessons taught us here, —
The friends, from whom they fell, —
To grateful memory ever dear,
Within her soul shall dwell.
As brethren by the holiest tie,
We plight our faith anew
To reunite in praise on high,
And bid this fond adieu.

THE MISSIONARIES OF SUMATRA.

The young brother Missionaries, Rev. Mr. Lyman and Rev. Mr. Munson, were, in 1834, murdered by the natives of Sumatra, just as they had begun to labor among them.

THE conflict is over ! they 're gone from the field,
Where faithful they fought for their Master and Lord !
The soldiers have done with the sword and the shield,
And put off their armor to take their reward.
They strove with the forces of death and of sin,
'Mid tribes of barbarian spirit and tongue ;
Where rays from the Gospel had never beamed in, —
Where songs of salvation had never been sung.

They went to a land that in darkness had lain,
While ages of sunlight on others were shed ;
That souls under sentence might pardon obtain,
And forth from their chains and their prisons be led.
The tidings of Christ in that land to proclaim,
All else that was dear they accounted as loss ;
And there with their blood have they written his name,
And laid down their lives as a sign of the Cross.

An altar to God, in that desert, alone
They reared ; but what off'ring was on it to lie ?
Themselves were the victims ! the veins were their own,
Whose streaming, like incense, should smoke to the sky !
A precious libation those brothers supplied,
The pure wine of life from the hearts of the twain
Was poured, sending up, as their vital fire died,
Its odors in clouds to "the Lamb that was slain."

And still, in the wilderness dark and afar,
Their sacrifice burns ; while its tremulous light
Appears in the distance, a sad, lonely star,
To call out our eyes to that region of night.
Unhappy Sumatra ! how much dost thou need
The prayer of the righteous to rise for thy guilt,
That mercy's kind angel may blot out thy deed,
And silence the cry of the blood thou hast spilt !

Thy hand hath cut down the anointed of God,
With hopes like the morning, and life in its flower !
Thy wild, heathen feet on their ashes have trod ;
And these may against thee be raised up in power.
When He who will awaken the dead shall appear,
Descending in glory, what isle of the sea,
Or shore, or deep cavern of ocean, will hear
His call for such dust as is hidden in thee ?

THE DEATH-ANGEL.

[Adapted to music.]

CEASE, poor heart ! thy pulse repeating ;
 Cease to move this weary breast.
 Thou, since first began thy beating,
 Ne'er hast known a moment's rest.
 Vital streams, that from your centre
 Coursed so warm through this frail clay,
 Chills from me your fount now enter ;
 Turn ye back, no more to play !
 Your restless, circling, crimson current
 I for ever stay !
 Mortal form, thine eye is closing, —
 Sense is sleeping, — past the breath !
 In my quiet arms reposing,
 Thou hast peace ; for I am DEATH !

Thou, glad Soul ! from this pale covering
 I but came to set thee free :
 Here no more 'mid shadows hovering,
 Rise to joys prepared for thee !
 I unbar the pearly portals ;
 Yet beyond I must not go !
 All within are bright immortals ; —
 I 'm their Sovereign's conquered foe !
 Though once within the grave I laid him,
 Then he brought me low.
 Soon he rose in power and glory,
 And from sin, the grave, and me,
 In his wondrous Name and story,
 Left a passport sure for thee !

THE DEATH OF AARON.

“And Moses did as the Lord commanded; and they went up into Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar, his son; and Aaron died there, in the top of the mount.”
—NUMBERS, XX. 27, 28.

Lo! Israel's wandering tribes behold
At Edom's utmost bound,
Beside the mountain stern and bold,
Encamped on desert ground!
Their tents Mosera's vale of green
Have studded thick with white,
As stars o'er evening's sky are seen
To pave the path with light.

But why did their unearthly guide,
Enrobed in cloud by day,
In flame by night, this mount beside
His ark and army stay?
What is the solemn, grand decree
The Judge Supreme hath willed,
In this drear wilderness to be,
This day and hour, fulfilled?

Death! death! but not the votive beast
By Aaron slain to lie:
Himself, the reverend first High-Priest
Of Israel, now must die!
No more for sins of theirs to stand
At God's all-holy shrine,
His life, and by an angel's hand,
In peace shall he resign.

The summons spoken from above,
 Heard from Jehovah's throne,
A brother's melting voice of love
 Makes to a brother known.

For He who on his mercy-seat
 Illumed the Cherubim,
In glory veiled, his friend to meet,
 Calls home that friend to him.

From these dear tribes, whose names he wears
 As jewels on his breast,
From sin and service, grief and cares,
 The saint may pass to rest.
Now, all without their tents appear ;
 And every earnest eye,
Turned to the mount, betrays the tear,
 And every breast, the sigh.

They see their aged father go
 The rocky steep to climb,
With long farewell to all below,
 To pass the bound of time.
His brother, who from Egypt's yoke
 With him triumphant passed, —
With whom the Lord on Sinai spoke,
 Goes with him to the last.

His son, Eleazar young and hale,
 His honored heir to be,
Supports him ; and from out the vale
 Go up the kindred three.
They climb ! they climb ! their lessening forms
 Surmount that rude ascent
So often crowned with lightning storms, —
 Whose forehead bolts have rent.

In view of all the people, now,
The little, solemn band
Have gained the mountain's frowning brow,
And, turning, made their stand :
For this is Aaron's dying bed !
He here must be undressed,
And his unmitred, hoary head
On earth's cold bosom rest.

Of girdle, plate upon the breast,
Robe, mitre, one by one,
Doth Moses now the sire divest,
And place them on the son.
The father sinks, — he lies composed
On that wild desert clod ;
His upturned eye is calmly closed ;
His spirit soars to God !

On that stupendous mountain-top
His lonely grave is made ;
And there the sacred relics drop
To silence, dust, and shade.
'T is done ! O Israel, weep and mourn,
Ere you your march begin,
For him who long and oft hath borne
Your sacrifice for sin !

Stand fast, thou solemn old Mount Hor,
Arrayed in desert gloom,
As what thy Builder reared thee for,
His chosen Servant's tomb.
The thunder round thy head may roar,
The forked lightnings play ;
But Aaron sleeps : he wakes no more
Until the heavens give way !

DAY-HYMN FOR CHILDHOOD.

WHEN Morn hath round our pillow shed
Her pure and holy light,
We must not idly keep our bed
That gave us rest by night! —
We must arise, the Lord to praise,
Who kept us while we lay ;
And ask his care through all the ways
He marks for us by day.

When shining in his noontide power
We see the golden sun,
We should review each by-gone hour
Of day, for what we 've done ; —
We should aspire our souls to lift
As high in Heaven above ;
And from our Saviour seek the gift
Of sun-like truth and love.

When falling shades and evening dew
The earth in silence veil,
To Him we should our prayer renew,
Whose mercies never fail : —
We must in God fold up our hearts,
Ere slumber seal our eyes ;
And trust, at morn, when sleep departs,
In Him to wake and rise.

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

Hymn, sung on a Pastor's first meeting his flock, after a long absence, and a visit to Palestine.

FRESH incense, Lord, to thee we burn ;
We pour our song to thee,
For this our Pastor's safe return
From realms beyond the sea.
To thee, whose mercies never fail,
New honors would we pay,
Again to bid thy servant Hail !
Within thy courts to-day.

Thy gift of grace, and kindly spared
Through numerous changeful years,
He long our griefs and joys hath shared,
And soothed our doubts and fears.
A shepherd true, he leads thy flock
Where green the pasture grows,
O'ershadowed by the Living Rock,
Whence sweet salvation flows.

When called awhile from us to part,
To traverse lands afar,
Thy love still bound us on his heart,
Beneath the distant star.
And now, from where thy Prophet spake,
And our blest Saviour taught,
He comes the bread of life to break,
That Christ's free blood hath bought.

With feet impearled from Hermon's dew,
Alert with Zion's air,
He comes to speak thy glories new, —
Thy goodness everywhere.
And while his glad return we hail,
From realms beyond the sea,
O Thou, whose mercies never fail,
Be all the praise to thee !

PICNIC HYMN.

[Adapted to music in quartet.]

WHEN Jesus the multitude fed,
And blest the repast brought before them,
The earth was the table he spread, —
The skies, the pavilion hung o'er them.
And He, the great Teacher, is ours !
From art and the world thus retiring,
We find, through grass, wild-wood, and flowers,
His wisdom and goodness transpiring.

When Nature we read in the leaves
And bloom of the trees, softly spreading,
Our spirit fresh vigor receives,
As if walks of Paradise treading.
The insect that chirps at our feet,
The breeze in the branches surrounding,
The birds, with their songs wildly sweet,
Are notes to the Deity sounding.

And we, to Him present alone,
Save Nature's sweet angel, confiding
Our soul's deepest feelings, must own
No good like his favor abiding !
The streamlet, — the floweret, — the tree, —
The mountain majestic and hoary, —
Yea, all that we hear or we see,
Attests to his power and his glory.

His book spreads from earth to the skies !
The more we its leaves are unfolding,
The more it enlightens our eyes,
His higher perfections beholding.
Embellished with stars and the sun,
It shines ; and for clear *illustration*,
To us the Omnipotent One
Hath sent his Divine REVELATION.

GOD'S PATERNAL CARE.

A Child's Hymn.

WHEN the little sparrow falleth,
'T is the Lord who marks her way ;
When for daily food she calleth,
He supplies her day by day.
When at eve her wing she foldeth,
Grateful for her joyous flight,
In his hand her Maker holdeth
That frail sparrow all the night.

When with thirst the floweret bendeth,
Meek and patient, o'er its bed,
God is near, and kindly sendeth
Cooling showers, to lift its head.
Then, its heart to Heaven it showeth,
As a censer, pure and sweet,
Whence the precious odor floweth,
Grateful, on its Maker's feet.

Higher still, our Heavenly Father
Doth, than flower or sparrow, prize
Little children, who may gather
Unto him for all supplies.
Sweet, as Sharon's rose and lily,
Jesus smiles, to win their love,
While the Spirit hovereth stilly
O'er them, as a peaceful dove.

THE PREACHER OF FIFTY YEARS.

Written for, and sung on, the semi-centennial anniversary of a venerable clergyman's pastoral life.

LORD, thy countless gifts possessing,
While for them we render praise,
For a great, a signal blessing,
Now, peculiar notes we raise.
Unto Thee, with spirits fervent,
Would we lift, in grateful song,
Him, our friend, thy faithful servant ;
Thine so early ! ours so long !

Since his life's warm morning glory
Lit the dewy flower of youth,
Till his locks are thin and hoary,
He hath taught thine holy truth.
To our fathers he was given,
Fifty years ago to-day :
Still he labors here for heaven ;
But our fathers, — where are they ?

He hath seen our loved ones languish,
By their dying pillows kneeled,
Cheered their souls, and soothed our anguish,
When their lips in death were sealed.
When the spirit passed its portal,
Where the clay is left behind,
For its night, the sleeping mortal
He in hope to earth consigned.

He hath, from the world's broad highways,
Soldiers for the cross enrolled ; —
From its poisonous dells and by-ways,
Gathered lambs for Jesus' fold.

He hath guarded, called, and fed them ;
Faithful Pastor of thy flock !

He hath kept the path, and led them
In thy shadow, Living Rock !

Babes, that of the sprinkled waters
Took from him the sacred sign, —
Trained to Zion, sons and daughters,
In his crown as stars will shine.

Drawn by him to life's pure fountain,
Where the deathless lily grows,
They have trod the spicy mountain,
Bright with Sharon's thornless rose.

As to grass the dews of Hermon,
Like the shower on Syria's palm,
Oft from him hath come the sermon,
Precept clear, and counsel calm ;
Till the soul, revived and nourished,
Reared its head, and looked above,
And to bless the laborer flourished,
Spreading wide its arms of love.

Yet, O Lord, he doth not falter
In thy service or thy ways !
Grant him still, to light thine altar,
Strength refreshed, and lengthened days.
Still thy jewels may he gather,
And be glory all divine,
Honor, praise, Eternal Father,
Son, and Holy Spirit, thine !

FALSEHOOD FORBIDDEN.

A Child's Hymn.

I MUST not tell a lie,
Whate'er the boon to win !
For God, with his all-seeing eye,
Would frown upon the sin.

I must not use deceit,
By any art or wile,
Another's faith and trust to cheat ;
For God abhors the guile.

They, who can falsely smile
With lips that utter prayer,
Insult their Maker ; and the while
Are caught in Satan's snare.

I must not boldly seek
My conscience to suppress ;
For soon or late will conscience speak,
And truth obtain redress !

For God enthroned on high
Doth out from Heaven declare,
That naught which maketh here a lie
Shall find an entrance there !

THE BROKEN BAND.

Written for the Hutchinson Family, on the death of one of their number, in 1845. Of his funeral, one of them writes:—“ After some appropriate reading and remarks by the minister, we (the brothers) sang a hymn, which somewhat relieved our sorrow.”

BROTHER, passed from time before us,
 Pure, eternal joys to know,
 This dark sorrow-cloud hung o'er us
 Fills with tears thy place below !
 We in our dim, earthly dwelling
 Sit, a mournful Broken Band :
 Thy sweet voice the song is swelling
 Where adoring seraphs stand !

Thus to fleet, in life's fresh blooming,
 Far from all terrestrial things,
 Early was thy spirit pluming
 For the skies her viewless wings.
 Then, from earth and mortal cumber,
 Sudden was thy call to soar,
 Drawn from our fraternal number, —
 Won to Heaven, an angel more.

Yet, dear brother, thus above us,
 From thy blissful home on high,
 Dost thou not behold and love us, —
Love with more than mortal tie ?
 When our grief hath lapsed in dreaming,
 Visioned, though thy form appears
 Warm with life, with glory beaming,
 Soon our eyelids burst with tears.

Thy pale clay, all hush and lowly,
Doth a spirit-watchman keep,
Where the Saviour kind and holy
“ Giveth his belovèd sleep.”

There, upon the drooping willow,
Hang our harps, to wail and sigh
Sadly, o'er that quiet pillow,
To the winds that wander by.

That damp bed will Nature cover
With a veil of flowery green ;
And mayst thou not sometimes hover
There, to meet us, though unseen ?
In our hearts we still must hold thee,
Till like thee we sleep, — and then,
Wait, till waked from death, to fold thee,
Joyful, in our arms again !

BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

WHILE Faith trimmed the lamp of her midnight devotion,
A chill, wintry shroud on the Old Year was cast ;
And when the strict hand of the clock made the motion,
He sunk, and for aye, in the tomb of the past !

The truths he had taught us, —
The things he had brought us, —
The thorns, and the roses, — while thought pondered o'er,
A “ click ! ” was the token ;
His hour-glass was broken
In shivers, and gathered to all gone before.

But up from its sands, like a young Phœnix springing,
Alone of its race, — with bright pinions unfurled, —
His offspring arose at his passing-bell's ringing, —
The New Year, with birth-smile, hung o'er the wide world !
For this, with kind greeting,
Whilst old friends are meeting,
And new ones are bidding each other All hail !
Let each count the dearest, —
The wisest, — the nearest, —
That Friend never-changing, whose “ years shall not fail.”

'T is good, to our neighbour to be the well-wisher ;
And meet that the *act*, too, we do not forget :
Not *wishing* or *hope* took the prize of the fisher,
Till he with firm hand put forth also the *net*.
As all men are brothers,
So each is the other's,

With every one work for some other to do, —
Of justice, love, kindness,
Or light lent to blindness, —
To make his fair words, and own happiness, true.

For HE, who hath tempered the sun to the season,
The seed-time and harvest unailing to bring,
The ingrate or heartless holds charged with high-treason
From us, as his subjects, to Him, as our King.
His hand, while controlling
The deep, as 't is rolling
Our ships, fraught with riches from far, to the shore,
With bounty has crowned us,
Till this day has found us,
A nation long blest in her basket and store.

But, since he first made us a Nation, and gave us
Our country and birthright, untroubled and free,
With none to molest, to invade, or enslave us,
What sin in our bosom still hugged doth he see?
Unrighteous possession, —
Unbridled oppression, —
Our brethren made merchandise, — bought, — burdened, —
sold! —
The weaker in fetters; —
Our rulers abettors
In changing our glory to idols of gold!*

If thus we can guiltily hoodwink each other,
While God in our hand sees the code of his laws,
If, startled by conscience, her crying we smother,
What advocate have we on high in our cause?

* See Psalm cvi. 19, 20.

Not HIM, the all-Holy, —
The meek, and the lowly, —

Friend of the poor, by the Pharisee spurned !

Our portion, our treasure,
He saith, *is the measure*

We 've meted to others, on us but returned !

But hark ! hear the auctioneer's hammer, — the wailing, —

The chains of those kindred, more never to meet !

O, heard ye that hammer ? Our Saviour they 're nailing
Afresh to the cross, through the hands and the feet !

The warm vessels draining,
With crimson they 're staining —

From nature's soft bosom — our skirts, and our soil.

Whilst life yet is lasting,
Some, yonder, are casting

Their lots for his raiment ; and parting the spoil.

And some go by " wagging their heads," nothing heeding
A scene so long shown, — so familiar to view ;

While not from those gall-wetted lips comes the plead-
ing, —

" Forgive them ! " Alas ! for they *know* " what they do."

Turn, — turn, — thou, my nation,
And seek thy salvation,

Repentant and docile, before the Most High ;

Nor dare to spread broader
Thy Calvary's border ;

But break from this body of death, lest thou die !

This year* a great problem presents for thy solving ;
And great is thy need of a wisdom divine :

Thy balance may turn, while its months are revolving,
And honor, or shame, ever after be thine.

Yet ask of the Being
Almighty, all-seeing,

Who raised *thee* from bondage to Freedom's fair height,
His arm to protect thee, —
His light to direct thee, —

The things of thy peace, ere they 're hid from thy sight !

And ye, O my friends, whom this day must find weeping,

For hopes that are blighted, — joys darkened to woe ;

In heart-desolation, for loved ones, now sleeping

Where, round their low pillows, the spring-grass will grow ;

If thence ye can borrow

One balm-drop for sorrow,

Accept the warm tribute of sympathy's tear !

And feel we 're but stricken

By One who would quicken

Our step to the rest man shall never find here !

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

FLOWERS that bloom to wither fast, —
Light whose beams are soon o'ercast, —
Friendship, warm, but not to last, —
 Such by Earth are given.
Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade ;
Find the light no cloud can shade ;
Win the Friend who ne'er betrayed ; —
 These are found in Heaven.

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