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THE

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MISS ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,

In behalf of the family of the late Professor
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Received 20 Dec. 1894.

POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH ANN TWENTYMAN.

“O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.”

LONGFELLOW.

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Gift of
Miss Longfellow, Mrs. Dana,
and Mrs. Thorp,
20 Dec. 1894.

DEDICATED,

BY PERMISSION,

TO

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With pride, with love, I dedicate my book,
To one, world-known, and tenderly revered :
I am, at best, a lowly murmuring brook,
Lost sight of when the broad, deep ocean's near'd.
Yet have I dipt my urn in Nature's waves,
I draw it forth from the rich streams of Truth,
To win young feet unto the tide that saves,
Bright for the eyes of innocence and youth.
I fain would sing soft music, sweetest, best :—
An altar raise for Life, in life's fair morn ;
Would make more clear the path that leads to rest,
Yea, from the cradle of the child new born ;
And the declivity that leads to death
Embalm with teachings from our Saviour's breath.

CONTENTS.

DEDICATION.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION :—Vitality.	
Alice's Sea-Side School	27
Aspiring Worm, The	48
Auld Kirkyard, The	59
Anchor, The	117
Ambition	170
Answer	235
Annie Rhoda	237
Air Minstrelsy	249
Abiding Things	272
Be not Cast Down	34
Butterfly, The	50
Burns	57
Birds	66
Broken Flower, The	77
Birds of Passage	118
Branches Bare	122
Beloved, The	150
Beautiful, The	175
Beacon Light, The	191
Blind Girl's Dream, The	209
Broken Rest	247
Broken Rock, The	259
Child of Sorrow	14
Childhood	45
Children	51
Conquest	91
Christian Spirit	197
Dreams	21
Dora	61

	PAGE
Declamation, Reason, Wisdom	70
Dream-World	72
Drought	81
Death	117
Dark Thought, The	120
Death of a Sinner	127
Daddy Long-Legs	135
Debt, The	139
Dawn of the Autumn Tints	151
Dream of Sin, A	161
Dying Mother, The	224
Death, The	231
Disquietude	233
Dome of Heaven	242
Day of Sorrow, A	243
Determination	246
Darkness	257
Death of the Lily	266
Disown'd, The	271
Earth's Singers	40
Emblem of Peace	173
East Wind, The	173
Eye, The	179
Ear, The	180
Eagle	197
Enlightenment	253
Exertion	254
Flitting Birds	22
Freedom	63
Fairy Song	70
Falling Star	107
Five will soon be here	170
Fall of the Leaf	200
Forgive	202
Fause Alarm, The	205
Faith	246
Fear	251
Gold	32
Good Night	188
Genius	262
Hemans, Felicia	13
Human Will, The	89

	PAGE
Heart and Mind	94
Happiness	133
Hope	250
Injury	145
Jealousy	138
Love and Death	24
Love's Resolve	25
Light and Shadow	28
Lost Time	31
Living and the Dead, The	37
Longfellow	38
Lines for the Young	43
Light	57
Lanely Hearth, The	81
Like unto These	98
Love's Inspiration	153
Life's Bright Brink	194
Loneliness	204
Lies	231
Memories at Night	5
Mysteries	33
Mad Girl's Song, The	67
Mother to Artist	114
Musket Hawk, The	115
March	123
Music	148
Mists	164
Milton	167
Mortal, yet Immortal	183
Mary's Memory, To	185
Mind	221
Midsummer Eve	227
Night of Stars	52
Nerves Overwrought	60
Not for us Alone	111
Night Watcher, The	112
Nature and Art	155
New Year, The	168
Nightmare, The	175
Never Again	201

	PAGE
Our Ain Bonnie Bessie	42
Owl, The	80
Our Heritage	108
Over the Star-lit Tide	154
One Mind	184
Poetry of Life	6
Primrose, The	19
Peace	76
Poor Man's Will, The	97
Petrifaction	211
Patience and Impatience	229
Pass'd from the Earth	248
Pain	260
Questions	3
Quicksilver	187
Question	234
Rainbow, The	2
Robin's Nest, The	7
River, River	12
Rebellion	75
Rays of Light	78
Ruling Passion	102
Rough and Rugged Life	141
Rain Drops	200
Spring	1
Sorrow	8
Sick Boy, The	16
Sun, The	20
Silence	39
Silver Moth, The	41
Sudden Blindness	42
Snail, The	52
Sea Shore, The	62
Sleep	65
Sunbeams	91
Song of Night	99
Spotted Moth, The	102
Separation	104
Storm-Clouds	110
Shadows	125
Song of Peace	132
Slave, The	195

	PAGE
Spirit	223
Star-World	235
Sea-Side	236
Speak Gently	239
Shelley	244
Shadows on the Wall	252
She Comes forth in Glory	255
Soft West Wind, The	261
Search for Truth	268
Twilight's Coming	34
Thought	79
Temple of Fame	88
Time	106
Two Paths, The	143
Tennyson	158
Two	241
Triumph of Spring, The	270
Unrest	240
Vanishings	15
Vice and Virtue	35
Victory	136
Vicissitudes	258
Waspish Tongue, A	10
Wee Grassy Mound, The	53
Will, The	97
Winter's Death	124
Winged Messenger, The	124
Winds of Heaven	141
Winter	146
Whither	146
World, The	164
Worm, The	181
Widow to Child	264
Young Strength	158
Youth and Age	227

MINISTERING ANGELS.

Angel of Life	273
Inspiring Angel	275
Spirit of Love	276
Spirit of Mercy	277

	PAGE
Angel of Sleep	279
Spirit of Good	281
Go Forth	283
Spirit's Summons, The	283
Spirit of Liberty, The	287
Afflicting Angel, The	289
Angel of Death	291

SACRED VERSE.

Go to Christ	297
Cast the First Stone	298
God shall Wipe away all Tears	300
The Door of Hope	302
Thy House is left unto Thee Desolate	303
Hymn of Praise	304
Aid	306
The Silent Monitor	306
The Lord taketh Pleasure in His People	308
When is the Time for Prayer	309
Spare us, Good Lord	311
A Voice from the Sun	313
Have Faith in God	314
Body to Soul	317
Soul to Body	319
I bless Thee, O, my God	321
He that is Athirst	324
A Dream of the Last Day	325
A few Green Leaves	330

INTRODUCTORY.

VITALITY.

Passing away, passing away,
Vanity, triumph, and pride :
Rising for aye, vital for aye,
High truths that shall long abide.
Fading away, fading away,
Passions and troubles and joys :
Rising for aye, vital for aye,
The soul that no time destroys.
Passing away, passing away,
Sorrow and sickness and death :
Rising for aye, vital for aye,
Almighty, enduring breath.
Down to decay, down to decay,
Moulder shall castle and tower :
Rising for aye, vital for aye,
The life of creative power.
Swept is away, swept is away
Our flesh by the wings of time :
Vital for aye, rising for aye
The soul in its native clime.

Patient and strong, active and brave,
Growing in vigour and power :
Dust to dust, in the mouldering grave !
Life, life beyond time's brief hour !
Wipe, wipe away, dash to the ground
The tear that is vainly shed, :
Life is all vital, deep, profound,
And streams from the great Godhead.

P O E M S.

SPRING.

The heavens gave birth to a laughing child ;
They clothed her in white and blue :
Her rosy young lips were wreathed with smiles
Her tears were like glistening dew.

She mounted the crests of a thousand clouds,
And guided those aerial cars :
Gilded the glow of the setting sun—
Her eyes were brighter than stars.

She travers'd the highest of mountain peaks ;
Her footprints made paths of gold ;
She fondled the flowering weeds that grew
And bloom'd in terrestrial mould.

Like Eve, she gazed in a rippling stream,
Surprised at her own sweet looks ;
And nature's great heart was warm'd—and wove
Gold threads in her mossy nooks.

This lovely creature was fickle and strange,
Now fitful, now stormy, now kind :
Her gossamer wings were purple and gold,
And wide as the trackless wind.

She gave to the depths of the coral caves,
 Light from her sparkling eyes :
 With myriad leaves, she clad the bare trees ;
 The flowers with rainbow dyes.

Canst guess the name of the wayward child,
 Begirt with a train of light ?
 Love ruled the heart—joy lit the eyes
 Of this creature that scarce knew night.

The feathery throng of the balmy air
 Sang soaring on buoyant wing :
 The heavens were proud of their laughing child—
 For that darling child was Spring !

THE RAINBOW.

Array'd in a robe of violet mist,
 On her brow blazed a heaven-lit star ;
 A gray wingèd dove was on her white wrist ;
 Clouds of gold formed her magical car.
 The light of the sun surrounded her form ;
 There were vapours beneath and above,
 Solemnly dense, foretelling a storm :
 In the midst rose this angel of love.
 Large drops of rain besprinkl'd the land,
 At a distance the thunder was heard :
 Flashes of lightning, bright, vivid, grand—
 All their fury was check'd by a word.

The zone from her waist she softly unfurl'd,
 Ethereal with colour and light :
 She stretch'd out the rainbow over the world,
 When the hurricane raged at its height.

QUESTIONS.

Have thy wandering feet left traces
 In the paths where good men tread ?
 Hast thou known forbidden places—
 There by sin and passion led ?

Have thine hands been evil doers ;—
 Have they wove intricate webs ?
 Have they been good deed undoers ?
 Art thou like the tide that ebbs,

On the verge of good or error ?
 Or art thou a stagnant pool—
 Beaten down by shock or terror—
 Scorning chastisement, or rule ?

Hath thy mind been forging fetters,—
 Fetters for thy living soul ?
 Gaining knowledge that embitters,—
 Flickering flames from burning coal ?

Hath thy spirit inly cherish'd
 Something earthly, all too long ?
 Hath the heart within thee perish'd
 'Neath the weight of secret wrong ?

Art thou guided by thy reason—

Is it like a morning star ?

Hast thou love for every season,

Or rudderless, as many are ?

Knowest thou aught of self-denying,—

Art thou victor of each hour ?

Art thou on the pure relying,—

Hast thou honour for thy dower ?

Hast thou any unseen channel,—

On its waters some frail bark ?

Any secret, hidden panel

Springing open in the dark ?

Any wild, unholy pleasure,

Leaving red hot flames behind ?

Any blighting, hoarded treasure,

In the caverns of thy mind,

Where no healthy light may enter

To irradiate the heart ;

Gnawing at the life's rich centre

Till e'en shadows make thee start ?

Is thy spirit peaceful—blessed ?

Art thou pleased with little things ?

Is the beautiful caressèd ?

Hast thou power to fold thy wings

On a home nest, green and mossy ?

Dost thou love thy little brood,

With sparkling eyes, and hair all glossy,

Chirping birds of solitude ?

Hast thou One great love within thee,
 Highest, purest in distress ?
 Hast thou aims quite sure to win thee
 Perfect peace, or little less ?
 Hast thou courage—art thou willing ?
 Hast thou goodly thoughts within ?
 Love and virtue, with a shilling—
 Richer far than gold, with sin !

MEMORIES AT NIGHT.

Restless on my couch I lie, wakeful every sense ;
 Memory opens wide her stores—a catalogue immense :
 In the watches of the night, each error looks more
 grim—
 The sorrows of my life stand forth, distinct,
 mysterious, dim :
 Spectre-like to me they creep, and murmur in mine
 ear
 A thousand sad and fond regrets, and loves that
 still are dear ;
 Now they mutter angry words, words I had long
 forgot,
 Show the inside of my heart, when 'twas all dark
 and hot ;—
 The agony of one great grief, that blighted all my
 youth :
 The agony of doubting those I deem'd the soul of
 truth.

And how my first, my virgin love, was turned to
bitter gall,
And being wreck'd, God knows, I sometimes doubted
all !
Memory then will turn a page, fill'd with far gentler
thoughts,
And then I live my youth again, and share in
youthful sports.
Like demons each dark deed appears, each an
avenging sword ;
And every kind and gentle act seems like an angel's
word :
Anguish keeps me waking oft ; when I repent I
weep,
Then mercy creeps into my soul, and the spent brain
can sleep.

POETRY OF LIFE.

The poetry of earth and skies
Is changeful day and night ;
The gradual changes of the year
Proclaim both power and might.

The poetry of love and faith,
Each sings a deathless song :
The poetry of gentle words,
Effacing every wrong ;

The poetry of noble deeds
That scarcely see the light,
But shine in silence like the stars
In the purple dome of night ;

The poetry of charity,
When mercy gently brings
A living draught to dying lips,
From heaven's all-bounteous springs ;

The poetry of life and death,
Each warms and chills the heart :
Death conquers life—life conquers death—
O, life, thou victor art !

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

Sing, sing me again thy sweet matin song,
Thy voice is so pleasant and cheery !
I've suffer'd and struggl'd with pain so long
That my spirit is well nigh dreary.

The tones of thy voice, whispering soft,
Seem to say to my heart, Be cheerful !
Thy heavenward flight bids me look aloft—
But mine eyes are brimming, and tearful.

I see thee perching on leafy elms ;
I hear thy faint, tremulous singing ;
Thy song of love my spirit o'erwhelms—
Like thee, to this world I am clinging !

Build thou thy nest ! I, too, have a nest ;—
 Like thee, I've a mate who will render
 Every kind office that love can suggest—
 Who is noble, and faithful, and tender.

Bring forth thy young, O, sweetest of birds !
 Thou wilt be a kind-hearted mother :
 Beautiful deeds are better than words—
 Ye will rear them to love each other.

Bulge out thy breast ; oh ! keep warm thy nest,
 Thy patience will soon be rewarded :
 With infant tones thine ear will be blest,
 And thy faith in heaven recorded.

SORROW.

Chide not, these are delicious tears,
 That fall so thick and fast :
 The floodgates of my soul are rent—
 Gush thro' mine eyes at last.

I weep, and now the scorching pain
 That dried their source before,
 Yields to the healing stream, and I,
 Thy child, can smile once more.

Yes, I can raise my head, and gaze
 On yon blue sky above ;
 And feel content, since thou art left
 To soothe my heart with love.

On thy true bosom let me lie !
My all on earth thou art,
Since heaven has taken back its own—
The earth-star of my heart.

The badge of widowhood thou'st worn,
Thro' long and weary years :
The bloom of health is wash'd away
From thy sweet face, by tears.

Dear Mother ! never until now
Was understood thy worth :
The patient courage of thy grief—
With none to cheer thy hearth.

Oft have I mark'd thy gentle form
Grow shadowy and thin :
But knew not, when the smile was kind,
The heart was dark within.

But now, this life-grief weighs me down,
E'en to the very earth ;
I sympathize and love thee more,
And venerate thy worth.

Oh, were it not for thee, methinks
I'd lay me down and die,
Without a tear, without a pang—
Ah ! e'en without a sigh.

Then let me, Mother, let me weep
Long, passionate, and long :
The sooner I shall gain repose,
And once again be strong.

Oh, never can I feel again
 Such pleasure, or such pain :
 My world is darken'd—for love's sun
 Can never rise again.

O, Mother ! I am sick at heart—
 I feel a weakness here,
 Low in my breast, as tho' the life
 Departed, tear by tear.

There seems a pall o'er nature hung,
 Of dull and chilling hue,
 As tho' the clouds could not give way
 And let the sunshine through.

And thus thro' gloom my soul looks out,
 Forgetful of the light ;
 For all creation seems to wear
 The sombre hue of night.

Soon I will teach my lips to smile,
 And bid this aching cease ;
 For time may heal, and heaven can pour
 Into the bosom peace.

A WASPISH TONGUE.

As sharp as a spear, as keen as a dart,
 My weapon of warfare is ;
 I can make the wisest both writhe and smart
 If my wings only by them whiz.

I sting like a wasp ; I've a poison'd juice
To pour in an open wound :

I'm bland and soft, use never abuse ;
I can wring e'en a mind that's sound.

I sting every age ; I can hurt and bruise ;
I slash with an unseen thong :

Embittering waters I can infuse
To increase an imagin'd wrong.

I can thrill the heart with an angry pain,
Can twinge with a burning ire :

I fall like a deluge of thunder-rain—
Like lightning can flash out fire.

I can crush the ardent that long to rise
With a curl of the lip, or sneer :

Can bring black clouds in their purple skies,
And dim their bright hopes with a fear.

I can knit my brows, look stern and grave ;
Can sear the glad spirit of youth :

I can make the boldest of men a slave—
Can blacken the front of truth.

I sting like a wasp, and leave my sting,
In the heart's warm blood I ken :

I have my bow, and my shafts I fling
At feelings, the dearest to men.

I am, like the wasp, no honey—all sting !
Like it I can pinch and kill :

The highest, the proudest, avoid my wing,
And the venom I can instil.

RIVER, RIVER.

River, river, flowing ever,
 Pause thou, one is on thy brink :
 Tell me, shall I live, and never
 From life's glory wane or sink ?

River, river, I do often
 Sit me down on thy green side :
 Silently my heart doth soften,
 Then my tears fall in thy tide.

River, river, stay thy flowing,
 Speak some tender word to me :
 Ever onward thou art going,
 Ever busy, ever free !

River, river, hast thou feeling
 For a wanderer, lone as I ?
 Give me hope, and love, and healing,
 Or, like a star, I'd wane and die !

River, river, art thou lonely ?
 Art thou sorrowfully sad ?
 Or cometh sadness to me only ?
 Surrounding nature all seems glad !

River, river, patient river !
 Stop not thou thy course for me :
 I feel my soul will live for ever,
 Safe in the Eternal Sea !

FELICIA HEMANS.

Living stream of living water ;
 Sunny beam of sunny spring ;
 Poesy's loving, high-soul'd daughter—
 Rich in rich imagining.
 Tender woman, pure and holy,
 Solemn oft, yet gently glad :
 Spiritual, meek, and lowly—
 Ever leaning to the sad.
 Gentle ministrant of sorrow,
 Loving eye noble deeds :
 Rainbow tints she sure did borrow
 To bedeck the humblest weeds.
 When her eyes did rest on flowers,
 They were dipt in sunset dyes :
 Sprinkl'd o'er with mystic showers—
 Starr'd with fairy mysteries !
 True interpreter of feeling :
 Yearning love was in her song,
 All let loose, when humbly kneeling
 'Neath the shadow of some wrong.
 Minstrel of a sacred lyre—
 A lyre human and divine :
 She wrung soft music from each wire,
 Thrilling every heart—and mine !
 Oh ! it has wept hot tears of anguish
 Over many a tender word :
 She rejoiced, and droop'd, and languish'd—
 Flutter'd like a caged bird.

She was faithful and caressing—
 Earnest-hearted every aim :
 To her kind she was a blessing—
 Loved and honour'd is her name.
 Living light, now all ethereal !
 She has gain'd her soul's desire :
 Death did banish but material—
 Here immortal is her lyre.

CHILD OF SORROW.

Gold and blue crocuses tenderly twine
 With snowdrops and daisies together :
 Place thou the wreath on that brow of thine—
 They are children of stormy weather.
 And thou, too, hast known the wint'ry blast,
 Thou beautiful child of sorrow :
 The spring is at hand, the sunshine's for all,
 Thy sky may be peaceful to-morrow.

“We've bright little faces round our own hearth,
 All happy and joyful together :
 Come, little stranger, and join in their mirth—
 Outside leave the wint'ry weather.”
 Fell a large tear on the poor child's cheek
 As she watch'd the sisters and brother—
 But she wept aloud to hear them call
 That beautiful lady—Mother !

VANISHINGS.

Minutes are flying,
 Passing away :
 Flowers are dying,
 Tho' it is May.

Sunshine is lying
 On the green grass :
 Zephyr is sighing—
 Summer will pass,

And health, tho' flushing
 Youth's rosy cheek :
 Tear-drops come gushing—
 Pains make us weak.

Fancies, tho' fleeting,
 Rush o'er the brain :
 Farewell and greeting
 Come each again.

Rapture and pleasure,
 Anguish and death :
 Poverty, treasure,
 Change like the breath.

Morn follows night time,
 Noon follows morn :
 No time's the right time
 For hate, for scorn !

Youth from hope's sweet breath
 Honey extracts :
 Bright things, without death,
 Rear'd from good acts.

Peace is the dearest
 Unto the old :
 Heaven's the nearest—
 Go to its fold.

Go—softly creep there—
 There lay thy head :
 Harvest thou'lt reap there
 When thou art dead.

THE SICK BOY.

I am too weak to toil and drudge,
 Nor can I tend the sheep ;
 But well I love my native soil—
 Each dell and mountain steep.

I love to see the cattle graze
 Upon the grassy hills ;
 I like to see them bow their heads
 And drink from pure, clear rills.

I like to see the shepherd boy,
 Blithe with his faithful dog,
 Sauntering thro' the sunny fields ;—
 Or the woodman at his log.

I love to see the harvest ripe—
The reapers reaping corn ;
The blushing and the snow-white May
In bunches deck the thorn.

I love to watch the firmament
Spread o'er the mighty deep ;
To listen to the restless waves
That haunt me in my sleep.

I love to hear the song of birds
Perch'd on trees and stacks ;
And gaze in wonder at the cells
The bees make with their wax.

Innumerable insect tribes,
All happy in their way,
Glorying in the summer time,
And in their own brief day.

I love to watch them rear their young
With tenderness and skill ;
And marvel how the ant can raise
So high and grand a hill.

There is an insect, very small,
That haunts the greenest dells ;
It hangs its eggs on silv'ry threads—
They look like fairy-bells :

The spider, spinning lengthy threads,
In garden, wood, and field :
I watch him at his task of pride
Forming his fibrous shield.

The busy flight of gnats and flies
To me all wonders are :
Each night I think I see my God
Creating every star.

The fairy butterfly, whose wings
Are bold to fly aloft,
So spirit-like they seem to me,
So delicate, so soft !

I watch the proud aspiring lark
Thro' his aërial track :
I know 'tis love for mate and young
That woos the fond bird back.

The very sparrows of the field
To me are all so dear ;
For I have fed them with these hands
Thro' many a happy year.

I think the glow-worm lights its lamp
To woo me as I pass :
I love to mark the glist'ning track
The snail leaves on the grass.

Oh, mother, father, dearly loved !
I feel a joy so deep—
Excess of happiness oft makes
Me turn away and weep !

And when I watch the stately forms
Of fine old trees when bare ;
Or when the young leaves come again
My whole heart seems a prayer.

I sometimes feel as tho' my soul
 Possess'd some unknown power ;
 My heart sends forth a song of praise
 At the birth of every flower.

O, why, O, why am I unlike
 My playmates young and bold ?
 The universe seems paved and crown'd
 With bright celestial gold !

The tracery of every leaf
 Hath fairy-like design ;
 And every heart has some high gift—
 Would, would, that I knew mine !

What shall I do while on this earth ?
 The young I'd like to teach ;
 And if I were but good enough,
 God's word I fain would preach.

THE PRIMROSE.

By margin of a running stream
 A starry primrose grew ;
 Caress'd it was by sunny beam,
 And fed at eve with dew.
 Bright changeful April watch'd its birth,
 She loves her darling flowers,
 So scatters, sprinkles them thro' earth,
 As countless as her showers.

THE SUN.

Glorious, golden orb of power !

Enthroned on high by Will Divine ;
Heat, and light, and space thy dower,
Oh, what a lofty lot is thine !

Thou smil'st, the darkness taketh flight ;
Thou frownèst, and the night appears ;
Thou hid'st thy face, all nature droops,
Earth's deluged with unwonted tears.

Man and beast, all living creatures,
Each dependant on thy brow ;
Oh, how we prize thy sunny features,
Thy hot caresses, burning now !

Plenty is thy crown of honor ;
Thou fill'st the craving poor with bread ;
Loving earth, thou pour'st on her
Unnumbered jewels from thy head.

Thou tint'st the raiment of the flowers,
Thou giv'st the trees their wonted green ;
Thou gorgeous mak'st the firmament,
Thou, God of light, hast ever been.

Glorious, golden, glory-dying !
Bescatter thy banners abroad ;
Victorious victor, foes defying,
Light forms thy shield, and fire thy sword !

Oh, what are heaven's ethereal storms,
 The thunder's roar, the lightning's flash ;
 Oh ! what to thee tumultuous winds,
 Uprooting trees with mighty crash !

Thou sheddest glory on the ocean !
 Thou givest vigour to all life ;
 Thou makest glad with thy devotion
 Husband, father, mother, wife.

Glorious golden orb ! Almighty
 Hands did frame thee, gave thee birth ;
 And hung thee, like a globe on fire,
 'Twixt heavenly fields and this our earth.

Thy mighty wheels laborious
 Go round and round thy wide domain ;
 A warrior brave, victorious,
 High, high in heaven, proudly reign !

DREAMS.

Sick I was, upon my lone couch lying,
 Impatient, tired, too long had I lack'd sleep ;
 Yes, I was ill, almost unto dying,
 Sleep came at last upon my spirit deep.
 Thrillingly I felt a pang of sorrow,
 Mine anchor slid from out mine hands—'twas
 Hope ;
 Tremblingly I fear'd the dawning morrow,
 How bear eternity's unending scope ?

The firmament grew black, then red as blood,
 Reel'd sun, moon, stars—I gazed in terror ;
 The earth was deluged with a burning flood,
 Writ in fire, I saw mine every error.
 My tongue grew big, I could not draw a breath,
 I wrestled in the cold, strong arms of death !

Again I slept : a gentler vision came,
 Yet there were horrors terrible as they ;
 But in the midst of sin, one holy name
 Whisper'd in faith brought back the light of day.
 Upon a cloud-like mound Christ meekly stood
 With gentle eyes and open arms stretch'd forth ;
 Around him ran hot streams of human blood,
 He spake—his voice flew round the great round
 earth.

Unnumber'd multitudes from every land
 Obedient to the call came flocking in ;
 Each tried to kiss his feet, or touch his hand,
 But not a soul dared hide a secret sin.
 The man of color with his fellow man knelt there,
 Hallelujahs from the blessed rent the air.

FLITTING BIRDS.

Flap, flap your wings, O busy winds,
 Roughly, bluffly 'gainst my cheek ;
 Dispel my weariness and pain,
 Renew my strength, for I am weak

O, glorious winged things of air !
Free as the sturdy winds, and bold,
Raised, raised above all earthly care,
Robed in graces manifold.

Now in, now out, 'midst clouds of gray,
Darting here, and darting there ;
Wheeling, whirling, mad with joy,
O, free, free birds, in freedom's air !

Could I give up my beating heart,
And the rich privilege of thought,
I'd fledge myself with eagle wings,
And share your liberty and sport.

Wild, happy revellers ! flying still !
Now hid in gloom, now bathed in light ;
Flitting gladly where ye will,
Ere, ere the coming on of night !

Clustering, clustering, close together,
As tho' one thought inspired ye all ;
Now in orchard, now in meadow,
Anon begroup'd on ivied wall.

I watch ye with a strange delight,
Blithsome, wingèd, feathery things ;
Sweet songsters of the air and light,
Soaring high in fairy rings.

Not vainly do ye fly aloft,
'Tis faith that makes your glad wings strong ;
Your melodies, so wildly soft,
Give birth to many a human song.

Birds, birds sing on ; winds, winds blow high,
 And flap your wings against my cheek ;
 Give to my soul some mighty power,
 Oh ! loose my tongue and bid me speak,—
 For I do love all nature well,
 Her weird and rugged caves and wolds,
 Her spiral mountains, crags, and fells,
 All that the eager eye beholds !

LOVE AND DEATH.

Dear to me thy little breath,
 Love is stronger far than fear ;
 Mightier, stronger e'en than death,
 An angel ever near !

Sweet to me thy little kiss,
 Love is stronger far than pain ;
 Love is now perpetual bliss,
 And death seems born in vain !

Dear to me thy little touch,
 Dearer, sweeter, year by year ;
 Death ! thou canst not harm us much,
 For love's immortal here !

Dear to me thy little life,
 Ever of myself a part ;
 Happy mother, happy wife !
 Love glorifies the heart.

Darling ! did I see thee die
 In the flower of thy spring ;
 Thy sweet soul would softly lie
 'Neath angel's nestling wing,—

Wings that swiftly cleave the air,
 Far removed from death's brief hour ;
 In a purer soil to share
 The breath of Love and Power !

LOVE'S RESOLVE.

“ Be brave, dear Bess, and whisper yes !
 Come, listen to your Harry ;
 We love each other passing well,
 And really ought to marry.

“ 'Tis true I'm poor, but what of that ?
 A young and hardy peasant
 Feels as he toils for daily bread
 Its flavour sweet and pleasant.

“ Thy love will make me win success,
 Tho' we may not be wealthy ;
 Our humble pleasures will suffice
 If we're content and healthy.”

So they resolved to have one boat,
 And row the oars together ;
 To bravely pull thro' stormy waves,
 And hope for sunny weather.

Thus down the changeful stream of life
They glide, their love confessing ;
Each proving to the other's heart
A true support and blessing.

For love's the rainbow of the poor,
Long may it be stretched o'er them ;
To give them courage for life's ills,
And all its cares before them.

May blessings fall upon the heads
Of those who work together ;
When storms are darkest on the earth,
Look up for sunny weather !

God bless them in their brave career,
Oh, may no harsh word sever
The hearts that should love on till death—
For ever, and for ever !

And there are many such as these
Among the poor and lowly ;
There's something noble in such lives,
A something pure and holy.

It is not wealth that brings content,
Nor learning, nor great merit ;
It is a kindly, loving heart,
Link'd to a cheerful spirit.

And these are nature's dearest gifts,
Each in itself a treasure ;
They sweeten every toil of life,
And heighten every pleasure.

ALICE'S SEA SIDE SCHOOL.

The harebell and heather
 Are blooming together,
 Dotted with other wild flowers ;
 The sea's in commotion,
 The air is in motion,
 Sunshine is gilding the hours.

My fancy is captur'd,
 I gaze round enraptur'd,
 The voices of children I hear ;
 A soft tender feeling
 Through my heart's stealing
 For the child we are leaving here.

Dear little creature !
 Tho' hard 'tis to teach her,
 'Tis harder to leave her behind ;
 May they attend her,
 Gently befriend her,
 And make her both docile and kind.

Sea-breeze, caress her,
 Strengthen and bless her,
 May she grow up honest and true ;
 Increasing in merit,
 Profounder in spirit,
 And sprinkl'd with heavenly dew.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

FIRST VOICE.

List, sister, list ! profoundly list,
 For there are sweet sounds near ;
 The softly murmuring accents fall,
 Fall on my listening ear,
 Deep, and low.

SECOND VOICE.

Like to a Sabbath-peal of bells,
 Pealing their holy chime !
 That seem to tell the thoughtless world
 There is a fairer clime,
 Far away.

FIRST VOICE.

Alas ! too earth-bound is my soul,
 Dear child, for thee to read ;
 Thy glad young heart may mount aloft,
 Mine is a quivering reed,
 Bruis'd and torn.

SECOND VOICE.

The nightingale in love with song,
 Mayhap may sing at noon ;
 While streams the sunlight on the earth,
 Forgetting stars and moon,
 And silence !

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, no ! it is the voice I loved,
 Remember'd words—that sing
 A hymn, all sorrowfully sad,
 Soft, o'er the death of spring,
 Peace, joy, hope.

SECOND VOICE.

Ah ! do not weep, sweet sister mine,
 Perhaps 'tis mercy's breath
 Now whispering to thy listening ear
 Rich words of life—not death !
 Look around !

FIRST VOICE.

I do—I see the flowers of earth,
 The skies, the seas, the hills,
 The waving trees, the mountain tops ;
 But still this one sound fills
 All my mind !

SECOND VOICE.

But there are many things so fair,
 And many loves so sweet !
 Many things so beautiful,
 That spring about our feet,
 Sister, see !

FIRST VOICE.

Blot out, blot out sad memories
 Now rooted deep and strong ;
 Nourished, cherished in my soul,
 Fond, faithfully, and long,
 All too long.

SECOND VOICE.

If one dear blessing's ta'en away,
 Should we forget the rest ;
 And live in shadow, not in light,
 That spreads from east to west ?
 Can this be right ?

FIRST VOICE.

No, 'tis wrong ! thankless as 'tis wrong,
 But still it holds me fast ;
 Darkening all my present life,
 E'en as it has the past.
 Speak to me !

SECOND VOICE.

If love could coin new loving words,
 Sweet sounds should wrap them all ;
 Upon thy bruised spirit they
 Should like sweet blessings fall !
 List to me.

This earth is like a passing dream,
 This day is well nigh sped ;
 To-morrow, too, will come and go,
 Then let thy soul be fed,
 Dear sister,

With higher love than earthly love,
 With higher hope and aim ;
 For love has everlasting growth !
 'Tis no consuming flame,
 To wither !

Its sap, tho' nourished by our tears,
 Spreads out and widens, grows :
 'Tis like a vital living stream
 That blesses whilst it flows !
 Do'st hear me ?

LOST TIME.

Could we gather together the days we have lost,
 And live them all over again ;
 Could we gather together our evil deeds,
 And blot out those hours of pain !
 Could we gather together our angry words—
 Yea, blot them out one and all !
 We should gather together two-thirds of our lives ;
 But the past we cannot recall !
 Could we gather together our straggling thoughts,
 Wandering like wand'ring sheep ;
 Could we gather together the loves of our heart,
 Oh ! how we should tremble and weep !
 Could we gather together our chances in life,
 Manifold, we did not heed ;
 Could we gather together our brilliant resolves—
 Never producing a deed !

Could we gather together the life of the soul,
 Would its string of pearls be long ?
 Have our charities built us an ark of strength ?
 Is its anchor true and strong ?

Let us gather together our blessings,
 Scatter'd with liberal hands ;
 Let us gather together all sacred truths,
 And live by our God's commands !

G O L D .

Gold ! Oh, what is gold to me,
 Whose hopes are number'd 'mongst the dead ?
 Wealth ! thou canst but buy, alas !
 An earthly nook to lay my head.

My spirit cannot bound with joy
 At new possessions, vast and grand ;
 Still, they are precious, being gifts
 Of mercy, from thy loving hand.

And now I tread these stately halls,
 And wander thro' each fairy scene ;
 Worlds would I give for poverty,
 To see thee where thou once hast been !

I picture thee in every walk ;
 Surrounding objects bear a trace,
 An impress, of thine hand, and seem
 To look up smiling in my face.

BE NOT CAST DOWN.

Be not cast down, for genius hath a crown,
 Adverse fate need not extract a jewel ;
 Noble 'tis to conquer every frown—
 Conquest to the brave is mental fuel.

A path too easy for our feet oft mars,
 Or dims, the victories we would achieve ;
 Earth's pamper'd ones are rarely deathless stars ;—
 Faint is the lustre they create, or leave.

True genius shineth lustrously for aye :
 When darkness came upon our Milton's eyes,
 Was he cast down, altho' the light of day
 To him grew black as night ?—He was too wise

To let his mighty gifts deteriorate,
 Because one precious sense his God dethroned ;
 His attributes of greatness were too great,
 Far too imperious to be disown'd.

Be not cast down, for vigour hath a crown
 To place upon the brow of struggling worth ;
 Stretch forth thine eager hands to win renown,
 And wield thy sceptre wisely on the earth.

 TWILIGHT'S COMING.

Long grow the shadows,
 Twilight is coming ;
 Insects are clust'ring,
 Bees softly humming.

Sun sets in glory,
Bright colors dying ;
Here and there shadows
On the earth lying.
Clouds rosy-tinted ;
Birds softly twitter ;
Shadow and sunshine
Tremble and glitter.
Air seems to whisper
Words of affection :
Hush'd is our sorrow,
Pass'd is dejection.
Golden the ether,
Sun like a giant !
Green leafy boughs wave
Sturdy, tho' pliant—
Talking and sportive
In the dim twilight,
Till twilight's beveil'd—
Lost in the starlight !
A globe of pure silver,
O'erhead suspended :
Day-time and night-time,
Earth is befriended.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

There is a sphere of glory on the earth,
A sphere of dignity and power ;
With many paths for unaffected worth,
There virtue is the good man's dower.

There is a sphere of shadow on the land,
A sphere of power—and of wrong ;
There all misuse the brain, the heart, the hand,
Idolatry of sin wax'd strong.

In the pure world of virtue man forgets
Self and selfish aims in part ;
Resolutely temptation he rejects,
He knows how frail's the human heart.

Presumptuous vice accepts no curb, no check,
Where inclination leads he hies ;
To him the reason is a mouldering speck,
Has no attraction for his alien eyes.

The self-approving smile, the mind's best praise,
That fills the breast with joy and hope ;
The peaceful nights, the bright and vigorous days
Are unto thought a widening scope.

Sin, with its burning blood, would scorn, would mock
Such blessed calm, and think it tame ;
Crime needs the thunderbolt, the blaze, the shock
Of infamy, intrigue, and shame.

Our noble men—the doers of our day
Could draw no breath in such a sphere ;
They see that earth and heaven around them lay,
Their mental vision vivid, clear.

The greatly vicious love the slime of sin,
The noisome damps of midnight caves ;
They shut out virtue—will not let it in,
For vice hath clutch'd them—made them slaves.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

They sleep the silent sleep—
 The sleep from which none waken ;
 The living live to weep
 For all the dear ones taken !

The young lie 'neath the sod—
 The middle-aged, the old :
 Death's messengers from God :
 The touch, tho' chill and cold,

Is a living glory,
 Powerful, benignant ;
 Tho' looking stern and hoary—
 Peaceful, not malignant.

Death comes to close the eyes,
 Those eyes that have grown tearful :
 He husheth all their sighs,
 And bids them not be fearful.

The first breath we did breathe,
 Was known unto our God ;—
 Despair not, do not writhe—
 Kiss we death's icy rod !

This earth, our dwelling place,
 Is but a mould'ring mansion ;
 A trial place of grace
 For spiritual expansion.

In life we are with God ;
Our God is near us ever,
Here, upon earthly sod—
Distant from us never.

If fear must tyrannise,
And cloud our paths with sorrow,
Can we hope to realize
Blessedness to-morrow ?

LONGFELLOW.

Read thou art in sorrow's hour,
When we need a friend ;
Thy words, like to a sunny shower,
On thirsting hearts descend.

Fitted for all virgin life,
Old age, manhood, youth ;
Thou showest all the anchor
Of inextinguishable truth.

On the bed of death might lie,
Bard, thy gentle lyre ;
Love might sing a psalm of thine,
The while the loved expire.

Spiritual, humane, pure,
Calm, resigned, and sweet ;
Thy verse is as a lamp to show
The footprints of Christ's feet.

SILENCE.

Silence is a blessèd feast
 Unto my present mood :
 Silence hangs upon the night,
 In each green solitude.

Silent are the solemn stars ;
 Silent are the birds ;
 Silent let thy dear voice keep,
 Altho' I love thy words.

Silent is the fair white moon ;
 Her silence is replete
 With unutter'd thoughts of peace,
 Heavenly and sweet.

Silent is the autumn wind—
 'Tis surely hushed in sleep !
 Not a murmur do I hear,
 Save thought ; and that doth creep

Silently around its sphere,
 Its human home to star :
 Then widening, it is lost
 To earth, and rests afar,

Leaning on the glorious arch—
 A bridge we all must cross :
 Altho' impeded, still thrust on
 By some mysterious force.

Silently it hangs aloft,
 Bright as an angel's brow !
 Silently it speaks high words,
 An unalterable vow !

Silently my soul mounts up,
 Tho' faint and stricken oft ;
 Earthly fetters then are bright—
 Their edges smooth'd and soft.

EARTH'S SINGERS.

Mellow tones ring in the air
 From innumerable throats ;
 Music's scatter'd everywhere !—
 Soft delicious notes
 Thrill the waking ear of morn :
 Bonny, blessed birds !
 Your wild minstrelsy needs not
 Science, art, or words !

Silv'ry tones sigh in the air ;
 Silent stars do hear
 Melting cadences of care ;
 Rapture, love, and fear
 Thrill the startl'd ear of night
 From the night bird's throat ;
 Artist's vainly imitate
 Each inspirèd note !

There are singers by our hearth,
 Singing human songs :
 Rich, deep meaning in their words—
 Moral rights and wrongs.
 And there are holy singers,
 Who sing in prose and verse :
 The many chant their songs of praise
 Thro' the universe !

THE SILVER MOTH.

Silvery, silky, silly moth,
 Why hover round the light ?
 Reeling, wheeling, giddy thing,
 Go, learn to sleep at night.

Gauzy, glossy, flossy wings—
 White, bright as silver dust :
 Glitter, twitter as they will,
 Die, die they surely must !

Hieing, flying thro' the flame !
 Oh, can it be such sport ?
 Spurning burning—hero thou—
 For me, too horrid thought !

Saddest, maddest little elf,
 Still hovering round the light ?
 Reckless, feckless, busy moth,
 Thine is a daring flight.

Flying dying ! dropping dead !
 Both wings and body burn'd !
 Hither, hither come, O, moths—
 A lesson's to be learn'd !

SUDDEN BLINDNESS.

Give praise, my soul, that time was wisely spent,
 When thou could'st look around both far and wide ;
 These filmy veils creation now must hide :
 Me, gloom surrounds ; I feel I'm maim'd and bent—
 Sadden'd is my future and my present.
 Pain and impatience oft have made me chide
 The Ruling Hand who robb'd me—me denied
 The use of eyes. This darkness will prevent
 My high ascent, when most their aid I need.
 O, precious sense ! the brightest and the best !
 O, solemn and most solitary state !
 O, dark obstruction to all mental speed !
 Must, must my broken wings for ever rest,
 That once were strong and on my will did wait ?

OUR AIN BONNIE BESSIE.

Our ain bonnie Bessie has blinkin' brown een ;
 On each cheek blooms a bonnie bright rose ;
 Between her ripe lips wee pearlies are seen,
 When her spirit wi' mirth overflows.

She's a clear open brow ; her soft silken hair
Flows lang frae her dear little head ;
She sings like a bird in the sweet simmer air ;
Her wee fingers are tippit wi' red.

Her plump rounded arms, and her braid heavin' chest,
Are white as the snowdrift frae heaven ;
Of a' dear creations, we love her the best,
Tho' her temper's a wee bit uneven.

But nane o' us chide her, sae tender, sae young,
Sae bonnie, sae blissfu' a creature ;
He wha made the stars made her lispin' tongue—
May his works, surrounding her, teach her.

She's wild as a butterfly, wild as a bee ;
She's sportive, ever in motion ;
Her spirit is blithe, and her footsteps are free—
She fills us with love and devotion.

Our ain bonnie Bessie ! she is a wild flower—
A flower in its opening beauty,
Sharin' a' blessin's o' heavenly power—
May we rear her to love and duty !

LINES FOR THE YOUNG.

Who could create the stars but God ?
Or who spread out the flowering sward,
Or stretch the azure sky above,
Or fill the human heart with love ?

Or who could raise the mighty storm,
 Or form the slimy, crawling worm,
 Or rear the mountain's towering height ?
 Or make the snow-flake purely white ?
 None but God.

Or who create the unfathomed deep,
 Or that strange lethargy, call'd sleep ?
 Or form the insects of the air,
 Or intermingle bliss with care ?
 Or who create us strong, or weak,
 Or make the human tongue to speak ?
 Or who make throb the heart and brain,
 Each sinew, artery, or vein ?
 None but God.

Or who create the sea-side sands ?
 Or form the little infant's hands ?
 Or guide the mighty orb of day
 Thro' its mysterious, trackless way ?
 The wandering winds we cannot track,
 From whence they come, or whence go back.
 Who hung on high the silver moon ?
 Who ting'd with gold the burning noon ?
 None but God.

Who dew-drops hung on every spray ?
 Who made alternate night and day ?
 Who made the clouds to scud along ?
 Who gave the birds their wings, their song ?

Who clad the fish in armour bright,
 The lily and the daisy white ?
 Who clothed the blushing rose in moss,
 Gave foliage its enamell'd gloss ?
 None but God.

Who made the chain-like streams of earth
 To ripple with perpetual mirth ?
 Who made the lion and the dove
 To represent both strength and love ?
 Who made the grassy blades expand
 In rich profusion thro' the land ?
 Who gave us herbage, fruit, and grain—
 Ripening all with sun and rain ?
 None but God.

Adore Him, praise Him, human heart !
 His bounty made thee what thou art :
 He gave thee life and vital breath,
 He'll guide thee thro' the gloom of death.
 Repent, and thou shalt be forgiven,
 His hand shall ope the gates of heaven ;
 And, like a father, let thee in,
 When thou art purified from sin—
 Adore thy God !

 CHILDHOOD.

I rose one morn, a glad young thing,
 Bright with childish glee ;
 And cull'd sweet flowers from bending boughs
 That overshadow'd me.

I hasten'd to the wood's deep shade—
For there wild strawberries grew :
I pluck'd them as the sun rose up,
While they were wet with dew.

I sought for velvet pansy flowers,
The blue forget-me-not,
And other blossoms of the wild,
Until the sun grew hot :

Then 'neath the thickly waving trees
I laid me down to rest :
A little sparrow flitted by,
And hopp'd into its nest.

I strain'd my ear to catch soft sounds—
The fledglings cried for food ;
The mother fed them with her bill—
O, chirping little brood !

I gently stole unto the spot,
And sprinkl'd crumbs and fruit ;
The happy mother saw the prize,
And, watchful, keen, and mute,

She fill'd once more her little bill
And gave to each a share ;
And then she coax'd the young ones forth,
To try their wings on air.

I thought of baby's tiny feet—
They totter'd when she stood :
I loved the sparrows all the more—
I loved the shady wood.

But oh ! I love my home the best,
It is so clean and bright :
The creeping plants creep round its porch,—
Their blossoms, pink and white.

The baby coos, and mother smiles,
And father is so kind :
A happier home in all the world
I'm sure you cannot find.

We never hear an unkind word
Beneath our happy roof :
A shadow on our mother's brow
Is sad enough reproof.

Sometimes the tears will fill her eyes—
She sometimes turns away ;
And then—the sunshine we forget—
We have no heart to play.

And then we creep, creep to her side,
To peep into her face :
She opens wide her arms, and we
Rush to her fond embrace.

She softly folds us to her breast,
As tho' we'd done no wrong ;
The tenderness of her rebuke
Lives in our memory long.

Or if a little girl I were,
I'd wash my hands, and comb my hair,
I'd smooth my pinafore with care,
 And yet be merry ;
Tho' neatly clad as lily fair,
 Or rosy cherry.

I'd soar upon an eagle's wing,
Or, like the brave lark, wildly sing,
Or welcome in the laughing spring,
 With jocund voice ;
Or be a glad, light-hearted thing,
 That must rejoice.

Or, if I were a butterfly,
I'd try to reach the glowing sky,
Bring down to earth its purple dye,
 And tint my wings :
To spangle them with stars I'd try,
 In diamond rings.

Or, if within a tiny hand,
I held a glittering fairy-wand,
I'd touch the dark spots of our land,
 Now steep'd in night ;
And tender feelings should expand,
 And bring forth light.

And little children should be taught,
Even in their noonday sport,
How precious is one gentle thought—
 One kindly deed :
Life's first emotions oft are fraught
 With holy seed.

And if the seed take root, it grows,
 Expanding softly as the rose ;
 Tho' brighter far its beauty glows
 In modest worth :
 The seed is offer'd unto those
 Who walk the earth.

I'd like to be a drop of rain,
 To wash away one earthly stain,
 To raise one daisy on the plain
 To look above ;
 But, most, to fill one heart of pain
 With human love !

Or, if I were a bright sunbeam,
 Into a sick room I would gleam,
 And in the sufferer's heart would stream
 A light divine ;
 That in the hour of death supreme
 Should softly shine.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A golden-wingèd butterfly did rest
 On the snowy leaves of a tall lily ;
 Bright purple spots were sprinkl'd on her vest—
 Vanity and folly made her silly.
 She thought the lily was by far too pale ;
 The rose was far too rosy for her taste ;
 The mignonette she pass'd in careless haste—
 Flapping her light wings to the summer gale.

She met a little furry-ball—a worm ;
A whimmy, whammy, buzzing, loving swarm
Of flies ; and next, a very homely snail ;—
No glimpse caught she of either head or tail !
She scorn'd these humble things with all her might,
Did this vain darling of the air and light !

CHILDREN.

Ye are born to us,
Wee sweet human flowers,
Bringing with ye love,
From immortal bowers.
Crown'd with innocence—
Something, pure, sublime,
Hovers round the babe,
From the birth of time.
To our inmost life,
Tremblingly, we take
Blossoms of our love,
For their own sweet sake
Oh ! most sacred charge—
Never-ending care !
Ye do bring with love,
Silent praise and prayer.
Ye are buds of light,
Opening at our hearth ;
Source of many tears,
Blessings in our path !

Wisely, gently led,
 Seldom going wrong :
 Virtue's roots are deep,
 Long-enduring, strong !

THE SNAIL.

Nay, do no not taunt me with my low estate :
 Altho' my path in life is somewhat mean,
 I do enjoy the birth of vernal green ;
 I have my little family ; my mate
 And I do teach their tiny feet to crawl
 Amongst the flowery ways that strew the earth,
 To play "bo-peep" upon the ivied wall.
 They have their share of innocence and mirth,
 Tho' not like thee, O, butterfly, to flit
 Thro' the soft air—a light and fairy thing !
 Thou hast thy starry robe, but little wit :
 Thou'rt like a passing zephyr of the spring !
 Tho' we must crawl upon the scented mould,
 A rain-proof shell have we, bestreak'd with gold !

NIGHT OF STARS.

O, glorious night of stars !
 O, calm and regal moon !
 Autumnal winds are singing ye
 A wildly-plaintive tune.

The fleecy, floating clouds,
Ride on in quiet grace :
Peace, blessedness, and glory throned
Upon the purple space !
O, lustrous night of stars !
The innumerable sprays
Now help th' autumnal winds to sing
A song of joy and praise.
O, solemn hour for thought !
Thought measureless and vast—
Climbing up the far off heights,
As in the fading past :
Onward, upward ever—
On spiritual wings ;
Yearning, craving, seeking after
Imperishable things !

THE WEE GRASSY MOUND.

She sprang from mine arms in her wild delight,
She look'd like a fairy, all dress'd in white,
A wee little angel, all dipt in light !
Her joyful spirit to her was as wings,
Eager in search of all beautiful things,
And pure as the purest of crystal springs.

She sprang from mine arms, and I let her go ;
Her bosom was warm'd with a tender glow—
Singing sweet catches of melody low :

Listening, the ear did listen in vain ;
Lost in the distance, then swelling again,
To fall like a shower on golden grain.

She sprang from mine arms ; while singing, she fell
Into the depths of a deep, dark well,
Unhurt, unscath'd ; by a magical spell
She caught at a bucket that hung by a chain,
Sat in its midst without fear or pain,
We, stricken with grief, wound her up again.

She look'd like a dove, all dripping with shower ;
A wee little rose-bud bursting in flower ;
A faint glinting star in the twilight hour,
Needing both love and the tenderest care,
And shelter from storm and the midnight air,
Dank, dripping with spray, was her fair long hair.

We took her indoors ; we put her to bed
With many a blessing on her young head ;
Her eyes were too bright, her cheeks were too red ;
Her beauty had deepen'd—her brow, snow white—
She look'd like an angel wreathèd with light—
We trembl'd with love and a sad delight.

She fell fast asleep as the night drew nigh ;
The stars were sprinkl'd all over the sky ;
The summer-breeze rose with a plaintive sigh—
The dear little creature began to talk
Of her mystical flight, of a fairy walk :
She said she was stretch'd on the wings of a hawk,

That his beak was hurting her head and breast,
She would not, she would not thus be caress'd ;
She long'd to go home to her happy rest :
She was tired of sorrow, tired of pain ;
She sigh'd to be free, and quite well again—
Her tears fell fast as a shower of rain.

“ Oh ! what have I done that you break my heart ?
Do not thus frighten me—make me start—
I can't from my home and my mother part ;
I love the wild rose and the hedge-flowers sweet,
I love the calm hush of a green retreat,
But here I am burning and scorching with heat.

“ I'm swimming—I'm giddy—don't let me fall—
Why, why does my father not come to my call ?
I'm fever'd, I'm weak, I'm growing so small !
My hair comes off—I've a lock in my hand ;
My head seems fix'd in an iron band—
I feel I shall go to the far off land !

“ Farewell ! O, ye stars ! that I've watch'd so oft !
Farewell ! O, air ! so fragrant, so soft !
Some gentle spirit now takes me aloft :
For father, for mother, oh ! let me go back,
Just, just to show them this aërial track,—
But now, now, alas ! the atmosphere's black !

“ Where is the sunlight ? where is the moon ?
Where are the stars ? where is the noon ?
Where are the flowers—blue, purple, maroon ?

Where are the fields and the long green grass,
The weeds, the mosses, the ferns ?—gone, alas !
Wide open the door for my spirit to pass

“ Out of this darkness into the light ;
There, heaven again may give me my sight—
Clothe me in garments not black, but white.
My brain is on fire—I long to die,
In the lap of my mother, ah ! let me lie,
And forget to live, and forget to sigh ! ”

She spread her white arms, and away she flew :
She's sprinkl'd all over with heavenly dew,
The lights of her soul more tenderly blue :
She's crept to the throne of the myriad eyes,
Hush'd on the bosom of the All Wise,
Where faith, where purity never dies !

Her sweet little form we envelop'd in flowers,
All dripping and wet with affection's showers ;
We gave her, in silence, to deathless hours !
On the wee grassy mound the violet grows,
The blossom of winter breaks thro' the snows—
A bright, living streamlet around it flows.

Summer winds whisper ! rains softly fall !
The nightingale watches in night's great hall—
Seems wildly and sweet on the child to call ;
Tho' her voice is mute, the encircling air
Seems full of her music, her human care—
The stars point to God, and say, “ She is there ! ”

L I G H T .

Depart ye as ye came, O, clouds of night !
 From whence I am too ignorant to know ;
 Return to us again, O, fervid glow ;
 Illume our world, celestial morning light !
 Tho' moon and stars are welcome to our sight,
 Tho' scented gales upon the night may blow,
 And tho' they are perchance the friends of woe,
 I love to see the firmament all bright !
 O, mighty sun, deck it with silvery clouds ;
 Upon the blue serene rear snowy peaks—
 Gild and tinge them with faint rosy streaks ;
 Chase, chase away these dark and dismal shrouds :
 Awake the world to watch the break of day,
 Let man look up—in adoration pray !

B U R N S .

Bard o' nature, gifted triple—
 Heart, mind, conscience in yer sang ;
 Flowin' like a streamlet's ripple,
 Singin' as it winds along :
 Ruffl'd noo, then headlang rushin' ;
 Smooth as siller in yer palm ;
 O'er rude rocks an' pebbles gushin' ;
 Sinkin' saftly into calm.
 Ye can roar e'en like the ocean
 If ony dare to wound yer pride :
 Far too natural for caution,
 Far too frank a faut to hide.

Wild, sweet birdie o' the forest,
 Singin' tunefu' notes at morn ;
 Aften by the cauld warld sair prest,
 Aften is yer spirit torn.

Keenly sensitive to feelin',
 Stricken doon by conscience aft ;
 Prompt to aid wi' love's true healin',
 High and low, and strang and saft.
 Bold as sturdy winds o' heaven,
 Cuttin' as a leathern thang,
 Aft to desperation driven
 By the weight o' waefu' wrang.

Kindly Robin, ye're a teacher,
 When ye tak' the poor man's part ;
 Ye are prized by every creature
 Wha feels a glow within the heart.
 Ye remind me o' the spring-tide
 Leapin' o'er its barricade :
 Yer fame is, an' will be—warld wide—
 Stamp'd by nature, nae to fade.

Bard o' passions, feelin's, reasons,
 Ye ken weel man's laid o' care ;
 Ye spring to life in a' the seasons—
 Seem to breathe the common air.
 Frier', an' bard, an' brither chant ye,
 Thro' the forest, o'er the brae :
 Blithesome Robin, wha'll supplant ye,
 Here on earth in mortal clay ?

THE AULD KIRKYARD.

Let us gang, let us gang to the auld kirkyard :

There mony a dear frien' o' mine
Solemnly, silently sleeps the lang rest,
Beloved, leal frien's o' lang syne.

When blissfu', when happy, forgetfu' o' care,
Then the warld seems a warld divine ;
Faithfully, tenderly memories come back—
Sweet memories o' auld lang syne.

Mirth is check'd, saftly curb'd, by a noiseless spell ;
Then I warn this poor heart o' mine
Of loving too fondly new frien's—for they too
May die, like the frien's o' lang syne.

Great the love, great the loss to the tender soul,
When love fills the heart an' the min' :
War than pain to endure is sic mental grief,
E'en noo, as in days o' lang syne.

Sure in life there is death—sae I strive to nerve
This sensitive spirit o' mine ;
Storin' mind wi' high thoughts that canna depart,
That bless the dear frien's o' lang syne.

Let us gang in our joy to the auld kirkyard, •
E'en noo, while the stars blink an' shine :
Gentle hands planted there bonny wild flowers,
On the grave o' the buried lang syne.

Mony hearts 'neath the turf loved fondly and weel,
 As fondly as your's or mine ;
 Affections they cherish'd as tenderly true,
 Did the frien's o' that dear lang syne.

It may be ! it may be ! that you an' I part,
 At the will o' the Great Divine :
 The ane left—the ane left maun fill up the heart
 Wi' the love o' the loved lang syne.

NERVES OVERWROUGHT.

O, nerves, ye are like the sensitive plant,
 To pain and to rapture thrilling :
 The slightest touch bids ye tremble and pant—
 Your task for ever fulfilling.

Nerves ! ye are terrible fibrous things,
 I cannot get rid of your sound :
 Surely electrical springs must turn
 The wheels of my mind around.

Ye boom in mine ear like the voice of the sea ;
 I inwardly quiver and start :
 Redoubl'd my pain and my misery—
 Beating too quick at my heart.

Like rustling leaves, when the wind is high,
 Clanging in stormy weather ;
 Or like a deluge of rain from the sky,
 Or hail and rain mingling together.

Like buzzing bees, when they cluster and swarm,
 Or the moan of incessant pain ;
 Like the dismal dirge of a coming storm,
 When ye quicken and worry my brain.

D O R A .

Come with me, come ! the night is calm,
 The firmament spangl'd and clear ;
 Silence adding a tender charm
 To the beautiful star-lit sphere.

Listen ! listen ! twittering birds
 Are bidding each other good-night ;
 Here let me utter pent up words,
 Here, 'neath the stars' pale light.

Love seems a cold, a barren word ;
 I would steep it in warmth and heat ;
 Steep'd 'tis in truth, and here conferr'd,
 Where all nature is pure and sweet.

I've loved thee long, with deep'ning might,
 I tremble with ecstasy's power :
 Bend thou on mine thine eyes' soft light,
 Pour bliss in my spirit this hour.

Touch but mine hand with love's soft touch,
 Oh ! give me a smile or a tear ;
 My soul is yearning, and aches too much,
 With hope and with doubt and fear.

Give me thy love—whole love—entire,
 No shadow of stain on its bloom ;
 Rich with the life's first holy fire,
 Or, love me not, I'll bear my doom.

For each pulsation in this frame,
 Each heart-throb of mine is true ;
 Call love by yet some dearer name—
 Oh ! pour on my spirit love's dew !

THE SEA-SHORE.

I'll love the sea for evermore,
 It leaves at my feet bright things :
 I love the sands, the shingly shore,
 The song that the great sea sings.

See, here are shells like tiny beads,
 With glorious streaks of light ;
 These wild sea-flowers, these strange sea-weeds
 Were not on the shore last night !

The waves rush in, the waves roll out
 With ceaseless musical sound ;
 At early morn with joy I shout,
 At night it seems solemn ground.

I think of life when the sun is high—
 Of freedom, of pining slaves ;
 I love the free, wild harmony,
 Of the gold-bedappl'd waves !

I think of death, and victory ;
Of the beautiful and brave ;
Of all who've died so solemnly
In the depths of a mighty grave !

FREEDOM.

Freedom blazes in the skies ;
Freedom's in the air ;
Freedom dances on the waves ;
Freedom's everywhere.

Freedom's in the wild-bird's wing ;
Freedom crowns our land ;
Freedom blossoms in the heart ;
Freedom nerves the hand.

Freedom bids us think and act ;
Freedom bids us feel ;
Freedom on the soul of man
Proudly set her seal.

Freedom prompts the ready tongue,
Freedom's praise to sing :
Every free-born man on earth
Is shelter'd by its wing.

We may curb by tyranny,
Actions now and then ;
But freedom reigns immortal
In the souls of men.

One may own a thousand slaves—
 Shackle hands and feet :
 Freedom, like a living spring,
 Wells up, pure and sweet.

Freedom, like the winds of heaven,
 Will not be restrain'd :
 We may bruise the human flesh—
 Freedom is retain'd

Deep within the life of life,
 In the heart's fond core :
 Rooted, like eternal growth,
 To spread for evermore.

Freedom's like the mighty deep—
 Not to be controll'd :
 Like the sun that shines on high—
 A vital, living gold !

For freedom is the essence
 Of purity, and strength ;
 Fathom'd cannot be its depths—
 Measureless its length.

Freedom is the type of God—
 Deathless, wide, and free :
 The threshold thou art, Freedom,
 Of God's Eternity.

S L E E P .

Oh! hast thou heart to let me sigh and ache
 In every limb, in every quivering nerve?
 What have I done, dear sleep, to thus deserve
 Thy hatred or thy slight? Why me forsake
 For days, for nights, and thus my spirit break?
 From honor's paths my soul would never swerve;
 The narrow path I never strive to curve,
 To hide the way my feet may chance to take.
 I do love virtue with a tender love;
 I prize high deeds and noble thoughts, and fear
 With holy reverence, the One above [dear.
 High heaven—the One who made thee, solemn,
 Oh! “weigh mine eyelids down” with gentle might,
 Lull me in thine arms, angel of the night!
 How thankfully I leap from bed at morn;
 How more than blessèd seems to me the light!
 I am at war with rest thro' each long night—
 My spirit unrefresh'd—not newly born.
 I seem to live too fast; my flesh seems torn
 With restless eagerness and strange affright,
 Bedrench'd with fever dews. I strain my sight
 To see the first dear glimpse of day's own dawn:
 And then, perchance, a drowsy fit comes o'er
 My crowded brain, and I may fall asleep;
 A short, wild sleep, that makes me ache the more,
 Whilst very anguish wrings me, makes me weep.
 I roll and toss, and toss and roll in pain:
 And sigh, and yearn for thee, O, sleep, in vain!

B I R D S .

Birds ! birds ! I love ye well !
 Hail, Hail, the genial season :
 Love, woo your tender mates ;
 Ye have your share of reason.

The air is blowing soft,
 Young leaves will soon appear :
 Rejoice and sing, O, birds !
 For spring will soon be here.

Busy, chirping, fitting
 To and fro for ever :—
 Seeking moss and eider down,
 Joyful—weary never.

Birds ! birds ! I love ye well,
 Architects the purest :
 Selecting shady nooks
 In spots that seem securest.

Birds ! birds ! I love you well,
 Of all wild things the best :
 O, Jubilee of joy—
 When each hath built its nest !

Greater still your bliss is
 At each new deposit :
 How queen-like every bird
 As she sits upon it !

How rich the hymns of praise
In heaven's blue sky ringing :
When little ones are fledg'd
Each father bursts out singing !

Great, great, the pride, the joy,
The young ones feel when trying
First their little wings,
In the art of flying.

Adventurous, faithful birds,
All must love who hear ye,
Your Maker's power 's at hand,
Guiding ye, and near ye !

THE MAD GIRL'S SONG.

Imagination's wild strung lyre
Hung in the scorching air ;
I touched, and made each silvery wire
Thrill with a wild despair.

It caught the spirit of my woe,
A spirit wildly sad ;
It made the hot tears spring and flow
And almost drove me mad.

I sung to it a burning lay,
Both passionate and deep ;
I sung it to the glaring day—
My sorrow cannot sleep !

I tell it to the raging storm,
 I tell it to the blast,
 I tell it to the crawling worm—
 This sorrow long to last.

I sing it when the thunders roar,
 And when the lightnings cleave
 And burst the clouds, that I adore,
 And hate, and spurn, yet grieve !

I scurry by the rich, the gay :
 Yon rose-clad bower and hall
 I see with horror and dismay ;
 And seek some sheltering wall,
 To hide me from all human eyes,
 His eyes, that shed no tears !
 He stung me with deceit and lies,
 Imbittered life's young years :—

First pouring honey in my cup,
 And, thirsting, I did drink,
 So deep a draught I drank it up !
 Since then, I sank, and sink.

Lower down, lower down, down a deep hill—
 On the wings, on the wings, swift goes the mill :
 Whirling me, hurling me round in the air,
 Stinging me, taunting me with my despair.

When he was sick I tended him,
 The damps wiped from his brow :
 I nurs'd him till mine eyes grew dim,
 My love did teach me how.

I chant it to the cataract,
I sing it to the waves ;
But how my spirit has been wrack'd,
I only tell the graves !

I screech it to the yelling winds
That sear my care-worn cheek ;
I whisper it to the maimed, the blind,
The weary, and the weak.

Yes, even like a swarm of bees,
I buzz the horrid deed ;
I tell it on my bended knees
When heart and mind both bleed.

I see her smile, I feel her touch,
She looks upon my face !
I loved her, none, none know how much !
Yet she was my disgrace,

My joy, my pride, my heaven, my hell,
A fever in my blood !
I dash'd her from a crag, she fell
Into the boiling flood !

The little creature strove and fought,
And threw about the spray ;
One agonizing, burning thought
Now haunts me night and day :

Did, did I hurl her from the height ?
She, she, so pure, so glad !
My questioning soul is left in night,
Sometimes I think I'm mad.

Mentally, mentally broken, and blamed,
 All my affections are wither'd, and maim'd :
 Singing loud, sing soft morning and night,
 To the lyre hung in fire drenchèd in blight !

FAIRY SONG.

Awake ! arise ! lose not the silent hours,
 The dews are falling on the sleeping flowers :
 Ye of the gold bedappl'd wings, arise !
 Ten million stars are twinkling in the skies !
 The interlacing boughs bright spring hath clad
 With tender leaves, all tremulously glad ;
 The fitful wind, sweet scented, flies thro' space
 And startles nature with fantastic grace.

Draw round ye the mists, that nature distils
 From the verdant earth, to mantle her hills ;
 Or, if ye would dazzle poor mortal eyes,
 Don ye rich robes wove of sunset dyes ;
 Or woo from the moon soft silvery hues,
 Wreathe ye in garlands besprinkl'd with dews :
 Away ! away ! spread your gossamer wings—
 And bring me sweet tidings of human things.

DECLAMATION—REASON—WISDOM.

O, there are men who have the gift of speech,
 With voice and manner that the heart can reach.
 With ready words well chosen at command,
 The mind lets fall or elevates the hand ;

Are so persuasive, they're at once believed ;
And thus an easy victory's achieved
Against our will ; for, while the ear's enraptur'd,
Easily our common sense is captur'd.
Imprison'd thus, we hang upon his breath,
Would follow him, yea, even to the death.
We drink the nectar of creative mind—
Infatuation makes the wisest blind.
With oily tongue, link'd to dramatic skill,
The orator can lead you where he will.

And, on the other hand, we know of men
As true as truth, as honest as they're brave,
Of sterling worth, of vigorous mind and pen,
But who are dull of speech, austere, and grave ;
Who cannot touch the heart-springs at their will,
And thus the nerves of sympathy are still.
The blood's kept lukewarm, never boiling hot ;
No quick pulsation in the brain is stirr'd ;
Tho' every thought they utter—sense begot,
Conviction dawns not at their every word :
We sometimes yawn, or gape, or even sneeze,
Or hem, or cough ! Tho' rank'd amongst the strong,
Tho' sensible and right, they do not please—
They lack the heart to carry you along.

A chosen few can win undying faith—
Are prone to noble deeds, and slow to wrath :
They look upon this earth as sacred ground ;—
Their own distinction but a pleasing sound.
Open to conviction, kindly, steady—
Hands, heart, brain—courageous, active, ready.

Forgetting self, patient and farseeing ;
 Prompt to aid, and with all good agreeing.
 Such, concentrate their powers ; can be stern,
 When sternness is a virtue. Quick to learn
 True wisdom, hoard the seed : then in new soil,
 In firm conviction, pour the gracious oil,—
 In future generations knowing it will spread,
 And bring rich blessings on the human head.

DREAM-WORLD.

Oh ! let me dream, for in my dream
 The world is kind :
 No lifeless smile is worn, to hide
 A sadden'd mind.

And in this world my fancy weaves,
 The love that gleams
 To light our hearts, in truth it is
 The thing it seems.

Then let me dream, for in my dream
 A friend's a friend :
 A rock to lean upon thro' life,
 Till one shall end.

And there the rich befriend the poor
 Throughout the earth :
 There greatness takes the trembling hand
 Of hidden worth ;

And leads it forth into the light
To live and bloom ;

And genius meets a just reward
This side the tomb.

And deep affection, tried and true,
To love responds ;

And virtue's perfect soul's at peace,
And ne'er desponds.

And those to whom our being's linked—
The link is gold :

Their aims congenial, and their hearts
Are never cold.

There injury doth mourn the wrong,
And is forgiven ;

And thus each heart both gives and gains
The peace of heaven.

And sin, and crime, and wretchedness
Are all effaced ;

And art, thro' virtue, seems to gain
A richer taste.

Around, about, enjoyment springs
In clusters bright :

Contentment sheds o'er all the earth
A calmer light.

The youthful are the props of age,
And guide their feet :

To each the task's a task of love,
And very sweet.

Those heads, now silver'd o'er by time,
Had guided them :
Pure gratitude in youthful hearts—
A priceless gem !

And death comes stealing o'er each sense,
Like unto sleep ;
And mourners feel a holy joy,
Altho' they weep.

And love can yield the dearest thing
It ever knew ;
For faith hath wings, and heaven can pour
A healing dew.

The pomp, the agony of war
Is at an end :
There all the nations of the world
Rejoicing blend.

Then let me dream—for in my dream
All, all are kind :
There are no thorns to wound the heart
Or bruise the mind.

And christian virtues gently shine
In kindly deeds ;
And those most happy, strive to heal
The heart that bleeds !

REBELLION.

“Let's shake off restraint !” cried autumnal leaves,

“Let us leave this lonely hill,
No longer be bound to the selfsame spot—
Let us flit thro' the air at will.

“Let us fly to the waves, there glide along ;
Let us traverse the earthly ground ;
Let us break our bondage, be free, be free !
Let us wander the wide world round !

“No longer we'll shimmer and shake perforce
Throughout the long day and night :
We'll work or we'll rest, we'll sing or be mute—
We'll shelter ourselves from light.

“Come, what say ye, friends? will ye brave and dare
The peril for love of Liberty ?
Will ye strike one blow at the stern old oak,
Then laugh at his imbecility ?

“We are all full grown—let each of us act ;
Let us revel in freedom of soul ;
Let's hurl down authority, once for all—
Let's bow to no sage control !”

They call'd to the frosts—to the northern winds ;
They call'd to the wint'ry blast :
Down, down fell the rain—the hurricane rose—
The leaves dropt to earth full fast.

They shouted in mirth at their victory ;
 They look'd at the oak now bare ;
 Majestic it stood with its naked boughs—
 Its branches flapped in the air.

The leaves flew about for a few brief days—
 They weaken'd, they pined for breath :
 They sigh'd for the pure, clear atmosphere,
 As they writh'd on the ground in death.

They were swept away like our common dead—
 Forgotten, when put from sight :
 A new generation the oak put forth,
 When winter had taken flight.

P E A C E.

Go, go, Disquietude ! you hurt me much,
 You disarrange, disturb my being's whole ;
 You make me quiver at your merest touch,
 You out of tune do put my very soul.
 Away ! I would give worlds for peace and calm,
 For quietude to me hath holy charm.
 Descend upon me like a healing shower,
 Lull all my busy nerves, O, gentle rest !
 My nature yearns to feel thy blessed power ;—
 Creep, like an angel, to my brain and breast.
 Bestill these throbbings, wildly panting now—
 Mine every fibre hath a tenfold beat ;
 Pulsation's clangour strikes mine ear and brow—
 Would I could clasp thee, Peace, and stay thy feet !

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

“ Scold me not, mother ! scold me not, father !

My spirit is broken down :

Pity me, father ! pity me, mother !

Oh ! put away scorn and frown !

Take me back, father ! take me back, mother !

Close not, O, close not your door :

Take me back, father ! take me back, mother !

I'm stricken, deserted, and poor.

Father, O, father ! mother, O, mother !

The mother's agony's come !

Pity me, comfort me, father and mother—

Give my poor baby a home !

If I should get well, I will work and toil

For the bread my baby eats :

Take me in, father ! take me in, mother !

Cast me not out on the streets !

Mercy have, father ! mercy have, mother !

I was young—I meant no wrong :

Father, believe me ! mother, receive me !

And heaven will bless you long !”

Pity had father, pity had mother—

The prayer had a fond reply ;

The flower was broken ! the tiny blossom

Clung to its mother to die !

Buried they were in a spot all shadow'd :

Two little daisies sprang up ;

The tearful dew and the falling shower

Crept in, and o'erflow'd each cup !

RAYS OF LIGHT.

I look'd up to heaven with burning eyes,
 As the daylight was declining ;
 The clouds were gray as an old man's beard—
 No sun mid the ether shining.

Mine eyes were full, overflow'd with tears—
 They fell like a thunder-shower :
 I felt as dim as those leaden clouds,
 At the birth of the twilight hour.

I shut out light with my burning hands—
 Hope, hope put not forth a blossom ;
 My heart grew dull as the dark'ning night ;
 Love seem'd to forsake my bosom.

Anon, anon the dim clouds dispers'd ;
 Midst their depths rich gold was blended ;
 Rays of light reach'd from heaven to earth,
 Like blessings from God descended.

Tears were lost in my wondering gaze,
 My heart was thrill'd with devotion :
 The stormy torrent had cleans'd my soul,
 And clear'd its turbid commotion.

Once, once again my spirit resolv'd
 To banish disquiet and terror :
 To keep the surface of conscience bright—
 To show every human error.

When comes a shock, thrilling every nerve,
 Setting life's fibres aching :
 To look at the root of the sudden crash
 When the heart is worse than breaking.

And if a fault should lie at my door, .
 To let the light's rays on it ;
 Be its roots struck deep in the heart's own life—
 Be there sin—to trample upon it.

I look'd up to heaven—the starry sphere
 Was telling its beautiful story,
 Of mercy and love to the deathless soul—
 Of God and Eternal Glory !

 THOUGHT.

If thou art my pride, thou seemest my bane—
 Thou fillest my physical nature with pain ;
 My nerves are too active all over my brain :
 I exist too fast thro' thine own bright sake—
 One sorrowful thought makes my being ache
 For days, and for nights, I then lie awake.

If thou art my light, and my mind's bright star,
 Making me know what the angels are ;
 My quivering frame is to thee a bar,
 A bondage thou'lt break, and will cast away :
 Thou lookest upon me as mould'ring clay,
 A weak, frail blossom of earthly day.

If thou art my shame, thou canst cast me down,
 Scourge, warp me with wretchedness, scorn, and frown,
 Thus, thou robb'st thyself of a lasting crown :
 Then is my lot what thou would'st desire,
 Shelter'd and safe from heaven's dread ire,
 And free from the burning of mental fire.

If thou art my friend, my ruler, my king,
 If I must seek shelter beneath thy wing,
 Teach me to laugh, and to hope, and to sing !
 Oh ! let me feel safe—spread o'er me thy shield
 When we enter together the world's wide field—
 For in thine existence mine own is seal'd !

THE OWL.

Away, O, bird of night, too dismal owl !
 Thro' the thick gloom whither art thou flying ?
 Art thou a thing of crime, loathsome, foul,
 Haunting beds where hopeless sin is dying ?
 O, bird of night ! what find'st thou in the dark ?
 Is thy spirit sorrowfully aching ?
 Why dost thou thus avoid the soaring lark,
 The bird of light, watching morn awaking ?
 He'd rather singe his wings by yon orb's fire
 Than grovel on the earth 'mid mud and mire !
 Thou seem'st to me like man dethron'd from power
 Of goodness, and alive to only sin ;
 Who only revels in the midnight hour,
 And shuts out daylight when it peepeth in.

DROUGHT.

Dip, dip your urns, O, clouds ! in sparkling rills :

Draw up sweet waters, then disperse

The crystal liquid on our fields and hills—

Refresh the thirsting universe !

Dip, dip your dewy urns in earth's pure springs—

We long for soft, refreshing showers ;

Your rosy, white, and red bedappl'd wings

Are lustrous with the day-god's powers.

Dip, dip your urns into the purple deep—

Imbibe new strength, then rain it down

Upon the parchèd earth ; yea, crag and steep

Have strangely lost their emerald crown.

Dip, dip your urns into the glitt'ring streams—

We'd not dethrone your sun-lit grace,

But, for a while, would hide yon burning beams ;—

We pray for rain—O, help our race !

Dip, dip your urns in richest saving dew—

Arise, moist mists, and bathe the land !

We sinners kneel unto the Great and True,

To ask this mercy of His hands !

 THE LANELY HEARTH.

I winna blame her, sweet, sweet Jennie !

I'll na' be hard upon the wife ;

She was the bonniest flow'r o' any—

Hope, joy, sorrow o' my life !

When she was a wee bit bairnie,
She laughing play'd upon my knee ;
Warblin', like a sma' canarie,
Infancy's sweet sangs to me.

Then she clamber'd to my shoulder,
Press'd to mine her rosy cheek ;
Many a time I did infold her
Wi' a love too big to speak.

She crept about me, as the woodbine
Creeps about a stranger thing ;
She was like a beam o' sunshine,
Glintin' at the birth o' spring.

She press'd soft kisses on my forehead ;
Round her fingers twin'd my hair ;
An' her bonnie lips were rose-red,
Her light footsteps swift as air.

She was sae gentle in her merit,
Pure as snaw-drap mid the snaws ;
Persevering as a ferret
When impediments arose.

She thought she loved me when she took me—
Falsehood ne'er was in her breast :
I forgie, tho' she forsook me—
O' earthly things I love her best.

I was far too like a father,
A brother, or a lovin' frien' :
I'd hae cut my tongue out rather
Than set the care-drap in her een.

Weel I ken she's far too tender,
 Too faithfu' na to mourn the wrang ;—
 An' should she seek me, I'll befriend her,
 While my pulse beats leal an' strang.

She will suffer to the heart-quick,
 When the fever dies awa' ;
 She'll be desolate an' heart-sick,
 When she's conscious o' her fa' !

Rise up, poor heart ! I've ask'd a blessin'
 On the lily sear'd an' bent ;
 Arise, O mind ! ye maun be useful,
 Tho' the spirit's sairly bent.

The bonnie violet's in blossom—
 The wee pet flow'r o' her een !
 Her fairy form will nae mair brighten
 The vera sunlight on the green !

I see nae spring, I see nae simmer,—
 I lack the courage to be brave :
 I could hae borne to hear her death-groan—
 Gien her beauty to the grave.

Rise up ! rise up ! I maun be doin',
 I mauna greet, sin' greetin's vain ;
 It winna bring her to my hearthstane,
 Pure an' happy ance again.

The stain has faan on my sweet flow'r ;
 The music's gaen frae her saft tongue ;
 The merry glance has left her e'esight ;
 The mirth is gaen frae whence it sprung.

I'll set to work, I maun be busy,
 I maun toil the lang day through ;
 Frae dawnin' sunrise to the gloamin',
 Till heaven show'rs doon its saftest dew.

But here I'm in the chimney corner,
 Thinkin' ae thought wi'out rest ;
 The door ajar, I darena close it,
 I canna bar her frae her nest !

Man ! put awa' this senseless greetin'—
 Life is lang when hearts are sair !
 I'll work my work, and honest labour
 May help me to forget my care.

But labour noo is toilsome, weary—
 Her een nae langer lights my hame ;
 My head maun fa', fa' on my bosom,
 Noo, noo this shadow's on my name.

.

The spring an' simmer time are gaein'—
 Lilies and moss-roses bloom :
 The sunny fields are richly laden ;—
 My heart is like an open tomb !

The bonnie throstle soars at mornin',
Brave and blessèd frae its nest,
Soarin', singin'—singin', soarin',
Frae the flamin' east to west.

The playfu' lambkin's left its mither—
Roams at pleasure 'mang the grass ;
Come the yellow feet o' autumn ;—
I am still alane, alas !

The harvest's reap'd, an' hous'd in plenty ;
A' nature lifts itsel' in prayer ;
Heaven has strewn the earth wi' snaw-drift,
Winter's breath is on the air.

The log is blazin' on the hearth-stane ;—
I sit listening to the wind ;—
Its wailin' roar dies out, then rises,
Like the tumult o' my mind.

Lang days, an' weeks, an' months hae banish'd
The secret hope, green in my breast—
That I should hear somehow o' Jennie ;—
But the God aboon kens best !

Come in, come in wee bonnie bairnies !
See, I hae a roarin' fire !
Yer prattlin' voices are sae cheerie—
To see ye happy's my desire.

Shouts o' laughter shake the rafters,
An' the Christmas jest gaes round :
A happy group o' happy faces
Think the cottie fairy ground.

The sturdy Johnnie puts his riddle ;
Mary sings a wee bit sang ;
A' then play at "hunt the slipper,"
An' to nane the night seems lang.

Young winsome Willie tauld his story
Wi' a lad-like pride and grace ;
His elbow touch'd was by a listener,
Wi' a sweet an' speakin' face.

The story made a big tear gather
In the lanely man's kind e'en :
The wee bit listener touch'd his fingers—
Intertwin'd her ain between.

Why does Duncan greet ? asks Cathie ;
Duncan's een shine thro' his tears !
I, too, hae lost a lovin' mither,
Langsyne—I canna count the years.

Ah ! weel I ken anither's sorrow,
Thro' my ain, that winna dee :
I, I hae learnt to love a something,
Floatin' in yer clouded e'e.

They say my mither wasna faithfu',
That she wander'd frae the right ;
She seem'd to me a tearfu' angel,
A spirit darken'd, steep'd in light.

When I was but a wee bit bairnie,
Angels took her frae my side :
She cried—"No ! no ! I am a sinner,
I canna reach the savin' tide !

“I broke his heart, I left his hearth-stane,
Swam his blue een in saut tears ;
I shook his nerves, an’ made them quiver,
As tho’ he had been sick for years.

“An’ I’ve brought sorrow on my Cathie,
Taen frae her her faither’s name ;
I leave her in the warld to perish,
Her waefu’ dower a mither’s shame !”

An’ sae she died ! an’ then I wander’d,
Begg’d my bread frae door to door :
I didna starve, ye see, dear Duncan—
I lived, an’ live to bless the poor !

For sic as you hae clothed an’ taught me,
Drapt sweet honey in my cup,
In the midst o’ desolation
Made the orphan’s soul look up !

An’ in a pauper’s grave she’s buried,
Far awa’ frae hame an’ friend ;
I, the only ane to mourn her !
My sad story here maun end !

Share, share my lanely hearth-stane, Cathie,
Lanely, voiceless thro’ lang years !
Come, come unto my bosom, Cathie—
Let me hide heart-breakin’ tears !

There's something in yer sweet sad features,
 Something in yer searching gaze :
 A lang lost face in ye rekindles
 My ain wife's face o' happy days !

 I lost her, Cathie—ye, yer mither ;
 They're maybe lying in ane grave :
 Let's cling for aye to ane anither,
 Breast our sorrows wave by wave.

 For ever kennin' there's a Shelter,
 When our sorrows break us down :
 We willna judge a fellow-creature—
 Let Him be judge wha wears the Crown !

TEMPLE OF FAME.

Rolling round thy citadels
 Are waves of mighty seas ;
 Evergreens and asphodels
 Bloom brightly in the breeze.

 Flying round thy continents
 Are stormy winds and soft ;
 Here and there forget-me-nots
 Arise and bloom—not oft.

 Booming round thy fortresses
 Are doubts and scornful words ;
 Thou hast masters, mistresses,
 As tuneful as the birds.

Flitting round thy colonnades
 Are censure's heavy gales ;
 Genius buried 'neath thy shades !
 Success can fill thy sails.

Dull waters of oblivion,
 Deep, deep and full of night !
 Fame has a bright Pavilion,
 Built on a hill of Light !

Love, Justice, Truth have channels,
 For ever flowing on :
 Fame's everlasting annals
 That wisdom smiles upon.

THE HUMAN WILL.

Will ! thy bold and sturdy pinions,
 Lead thee into storm-charg'd air ;
 Varying as man's opinions—
 Born art thou to brave and dare.

• Like a warrior's armed bosom—
 Resolute in time of war ;
 Stalwart eagle, tiny blossom,
 Burning sun and waning star.

We would chain thee in with reason,
 But thou shakèst off restraint ;
 Checking thee, to thee seems treason ;
 Breaking thee, mere earthly taint.

Pitiful and self-will'd spirit—

Ever arrogant in wrong ;
Sometimes manly is thy merit,
Often blinded, led along.

Sometimes flickering and foolish,

Wilful as a one-year colt ;
Obstinate, and very mulish ;
Secret as a lock or bolt.

Sometimes rotten at the centre—

Void of edges, smooth and round ;
Soft and pulpy when you enter—
Everything but sweet or sound.

Sometime brave as bravest lion ;

Sometimes sly as wary fox ;
High-soul'd thing you may rely on—
Who hits hard and ugly knocks.

Often lofty and heroic ;

Often base and sordid—mean ;
Now, unbending as a stoic,
Then a shifting go-between.

Sometimes thou'rt a fiend—a fury—

Law must shackle with a chain ;
Only curb'd by judge and jury ;
Too, too often wild—insane.

Meekly righteous, patient, holy,

Guarding others with thy shield ;
Loving goodness truly, solely—
Then thou'rt conqueror in life's field !

SUNBEAMS.

Behold the flaming globe of day !
 Forth from its battlements we leap ;
 We fall like fiery showers of spray,
 We stride the clouds, we ride the deep.

From our broad and bright pavilion,
 We are world-wide scatter'd—thrown ;
 Betrain'd in gold, blue, white, vermilion,
 We gleam, creep, fly from zone to zone.

We light the icebergs till they blush
 In rosy lustre's glitt'ring haze ;
 Each snowy peak is seen to flush
 Crimson, 'neath our crowning rays.

Unknown regions, wildly glorious,
 We illumine from day to day ;
 Lands to be one day victorious.
 Solemn, solemn breathings lay

In the uncultivated soil :—
 Nature's bosom teeming waits,
 All heavy laden with rich oil,
 Till human hands unbar her gates.

CONQUEST.

Oh ! tempt me not, for I am weak,
 Frail, prone to yield to wrong ;
 My energies too poor, too meek
 To fight or battle long.

I shut mine eyes, I will not look
 Upon thy tinted glass ;
 I see thy bait—I see thy hook—
 Pass by, and let me pass.

Oh ! tempt me not, for I am young,
 Young, daring, true and brave ;
 Temptation ! thine's an oily tongue—
 Think'st thou to make me slave ?

What hast thou, say, to offer me ?
 Dark pleasures, steep'd in sin ?
 Deception, lawless liberty,
 And self-rebuke within ?

Oh ! tempt me not, I prize my name—
 Unspotted it is yet ;
 Thy glaring brow hides not its aim—
 Care is upon it set.

Thou art tumultuous, vain, and wild,
 All restless is thy breast ;
 I will not be by thee beguil'd
 Of self-approving rest.

Oh, tempt me not with that bland smile—
 Tho' lustrous, 'twill mislead ;
 Such love as thine is base and vile—
 It is a loathsome weed.

Go, hide thy brow from youthful eyes—
 Thine blaze with wanton flame ;
 They tell of wretched destinies,
 Of degradation, shame.

No sophistry ! I'll hear no word—

No gilded lies for me :

Thou art a cormorant, a bird

Of blood and misery !

Dank, dripping are thy wings, and soil'd,

Numb'd, powerless for flight ;

'Mongst earthly things thou'st too long toil'd,

Dread wanderer of the Night !

Oh, visitant of dismal hells,

Where heavenly light shines not !

Oh, infamy ! thy countless wells

Are fuming, stagnant, hot !

Away ! ye deal out woe and death,

Ye sear the life's rich bloom :

Oh, worms of earth, your every breath

Tells of disease and doom.

Oh, tempt me not ! I'd rather die

Than feel thy sad embrace ;

Far rather in the cold grave lie,

Than meet thee face to face.—

Perchance grow reconciled, and yield

Me slave to thy control !

Go ! virtue hath a polish'd shield—

It now protects my soul.

Temptation ! all thy darts are vain—

I've fought a goodly fight ;

I'm victor, on thy dismal plain,

Bareheaded, in the light !

O, youthful manhood ! walk erect,
 Yea, in thy glorious noon ;
 Ah, be not by temptation wreck'd—
 Be firm, thou'lt conquer soon.

Rise up ! hurl thou the demon down,
 Unto the very dust :
 Then forward, striving for the crown,
 In fear, in faith, in trust.

Be not foolhardy ; bear in mind
 One triumph may be gain'd ;
 Idolatry is ever blind—
 The field must be maintain'd.

True heroes many battles brave,
 Their swords keep burnish'd bright ;
 Experience makes the wise man grave—
 Grave e'en in conquest's height.

The reinforcement's close at hand,
 Even in vict'ry's hour !
 Oh ! there is need of rule—command—
 And law, and holy power !

HEART AND MIND.

There are two worlds in every creature—
 A world of feeling, and a world of thought ;
 In each exists a mighty teacher—
 And faithful teachers, if we would be taught.

The soul's a fountain of emotion,
Whose living waters flow thro' brain and heart,
To fill their depths in fond devotion,
Linking them like friends that cannot part.

The heart, like mercy, is endearing ;
It softly pities what the mind disowns ;
And even sheds a tear when hearing
A sigh of pain—altho' a sinner groans.

The mind is lofty and ambitious—
Manifold the wonders it achieves ;
But, oh ! the human heart's as precious—
Sweet are the truths imprinted on its leaves.

Go hand in hand, like loving brothers,
Where disaffection never ought to be :
Twin worlds, supporting each the other !
The heart and mind in all things should agree.

But here, alas ! experience showeth
The mind and heart a warfare often wage ;
Each reaps from what the other soweth—
The dove oft trembles in the eagle's cage.

Oh ! there are minds both high and holy,
Who feel the presence of the living God,
United unto hearts so lowly,
We almost bless the ground where they have trod.

Some live a life of endless error,
Perverting others with the same disease :
Darkening all the soul with terror,
Withering hearts and minds by slow degrees.

The irreligious, worldly minded,
Who look upon this world as all in all ;
Who, by their vain presumption blinded,
Are causing others with themselves to fall.

Too oft have energies been squander'd—
A growth of weeds upsprung, instead of flowers ;
While reason, from his great throne wander'd,
In desolation mourn'd his wasted powers.

The sceptic who, in pride of learning,
Disowns the God who gave him vital breath :
Eternity and heaven spurning,
Just lives to die a miserable death.

Oh, for a simple, child-like bearing,
With heart and mind pliant, simple, pure ;
Whose nature sips the dew unsparing ;
To such, earth's peace and hopes of heaven are sure.

Noble mind, guide thou the heart aright ;
Loving heart, thus whisper to the mind ;—
That love and virtue bring to both delight—
'Tis wise, 'tis holy, to be true and kind.

Then dear affections spring and blossom—
Ye are blessèd visitants we know ;
An inlet find in every bosom,
There take root, and multiply, and grow.

This earth is strewn with love undying,
And peace and plenty join in social glee ;
Were hearts and minds more self-denying,
Less sin, less sorrow in the world would be.

May all-sustaining Wisdom teach us,
Guide us, guard us, with untiring will ;
And may a bright hereafter reach us—
Support us now thro' every passing ill.

THE WILL.

I will bequeath to thee my lands, my name—
A goodly heritage of goodly things ;
But thou must work thyself for power and fame—
Must whet thy mental energies and springs.
I'll leave thee sheep and swine, and lowing herds,
Mine own experience and loving words.
Would I could shelter thee from earthly stains,
Point out bright paths of honour for thy feet !
But thou must share the agonies, the pains,
The hopes, the pleasures, that we all must meet.
Would I could leave thee courage, strength, and health,
And purity, and love, as well as wealth !
Thy soul must stand an atom separate ;
It needs a higher Will to make thee Great !

THE POOR MAN'S WILL.

When dead, no lands of mine will come to thee,
No hoarded stores, no pride of wealth, no state :
An honorable name and poverty—
Youth, strength, and hope—a spirit bold, elate ;—

And thy rough hands, with dirt begrim'd, must earn
 The necessaries common to our need.
 Be ever prompt to do a kindly turn ;
 Bind up the wounded heart when it may bleed :
 Oh ! there are simple charities on earth,
 That ask no wealth, save solid human worth !
 The universal blessings of our God— .
 Air, light, heat, and many a glistening spring ;
 And the rich produce of our native sod—
 Nurs'd in the lap of nature,—kindly bring,
 For poor and rich, a joy beyond all gold—
 One loving Shepherd guards His one great fold !

LIKE UNTO THESE.

My heart is like a barren spot,
 No verdure groweth on it :
 A place the sunshine never warms,
 No floweret blooms upon it ;

 A desert, midst the burning sands,
 Whose fever breeze is blowing ;
 Lost on its parch'd and arid plains,
 Grown reckless where 'tis going ;

 A fount, without the living stream,
 The traveller sees despairing ;
 A tree, whose sap is well nigh dead,
 And past all hope of bearing ;

A rose, without its perfum'd breath,
Fading, drooping, dying ;

A dove, that's lost its tender mate,
While love remains undying ;

A sky, without the glowing sun,
No silver clouds of glory ;

A song without a melody,
Or words without a story ;

A living heart, without its love,
No sympathy enjoying ;

A broken reed, on stormy seas,
Whose every wave's destroying ;

A thing that walks the smiling earth,
In lonely, hopeless sorrow :

A soul, unfitted yet to die,
Yet trembles at the morrow.

SONG OF NIGHT.

Deeper, deeper spreads the gloom :
A pale green lake of light
Seems floating thro' the genial west,
Changing to gold—to white.

The lake of light diminishes,
Contracting now its scope ;
Now dying out like fairy dream,
Or some endearing hope.

Now, now the gloom is stretch'd o'er all—
No star breaks thro' the cloud ;
Darkness chains the flying mists,
To form night's mighty shroud.

The autumn winds, from unknown caves,
Burst forth in wildest song,
Dispersing with their wings of might
The vapours dense and strong.

The moon array'd in silv'ry haze,
Showers down her lustrous beams ;
Now softly radiant is the earth—
Star-dappl'd all the streams.

The azure fields on high are seen—
The clouds have silver rims ;
Lo ! now the night clouds join again—
Each mist hath sails, and swims.

Yea, thro' a calm and blessed sea—
Calm, yet replete with life,
Again the winds do flap their wings,
Moved by internal strife.

Aroused to rapture, now they sing
Wild cadences, all sweet,
All low and tuneful ; now they sigh,
Like love at beauty's feet.

Shine out, O, stars ! ride on, O, moon !
Climb up, and then descend ;
Bestride the God-lit firmament—
In mutual glory blend.

Win ye adoring eyes and prayers—
The praise of happy minds ;
Resound, O, million-stringèd lyres,
Touch'd by the passing winds !

Oh ! vibrate in the soul of man :
Sing, sing the deathless hymn
That God implanted in your voice—
Sing praises unto Him !

Wring from the mountains, crags, and steeps,
Strange music, all their own ;
Wring from the bounding waterfalls,
Many a weird-wild tone.

From all the countless myriad leaves
Wring praise, and psalm, and song ;
Arouse the dormant waves, arouse
Birds, as ye pass along !

All living things, awake to love ;
Join sun, and stars, and moon,
And clouds, dews, rains, and sleets, and snows—
Join lights and shades of noon !

O, Heavenly Angels, bless the Lord ;
O, man—O, woman, sing ;
O ! children of mankind, bow down
To God, the saving King !

THE RULING PASSION.

Thou hast a sin, a passion of the mind,
 That nature planted with a wise intent :
 With thee 'tis headlong, uncheck'd, unconfin'd—
 A ceaseless flame, a mental irritant.
 In shape and form, say, 'tis a bird of prey,
 And probes thy spirit with relentless beak ;
 His fangs are buried in thy human clay,
 Tyrannizing o'er thee, for thou art weak.
 Bridle thou this passion of the soul—
 Let no one triumph ; let them all have sway ;
 Let judgment wear the crown, and rule the whole ;
 If thou art trammel'd, tear the cords away !
 Bare thou the blemish to thy mental eyes—
 Control this passion, if thou would'st be wise.

 THE SPOTTED MOTH.

Pretty little spotted moth,
 Hast thou a nervous fever ?
 Restless motion's in thy wings,
 What is it makes thee quiver ?

Mortal pains too hard to bear,
 Worrying thy vitals ?
 Sorrows, not like passing air,
 For good deeds, bad requitals ?

Pretty little eager thing!

May be thou'rt an orphan?
Lonely in the big round world,
Thou'st flown about so often.

Mayhap homeless, poor, and sick?
Art frighten'd at the weather?
Welcome to our lighted room,
Let's think, then talk together.

Lamp is shaded, thou mayst fly,
In thy playfulness of heart:
Hobbling! like a gray old man,
Why, surely, ill thou art!

Fever must be in thy blood,
The down is off thy wing:
Thou wert born too late, or soon,
Thou wilt not live till spring.

Art a truant from thy school?
Perhaps thou'st had a thrashing!
Indignant is thy spirit?
Why are thy wings thus flashing?

Did they put thee in some hole,
To frighten and distress thee?
They had done thee greater good,
Had they forgiven and bless'd thee!

Have they kept thee without food?
Have they thy spirit broken,
Wrung thy heart with cold stern eyes,
Tho' no harsh word was spoken?

Disobedient hast thou been,
 Provoking and distressing :
 Wounding those who'd give their all
 To bring thee every blessing ?

Tell me, tell me, spotted moth,
 Ah! tell me, little creature :
 Would'st thou like to go thro' life,
 Without a guide or teacher ?

SEPARATION.

Words are spoken, faith is broken—
 Thou and I must wander lone :
 Both in anguish doom'd to languish—
 Grief in every word and tone.

Thou art nearest, and the dearest—
 Soul of love and sad delight :
 I deplore thee, still adore thee,
 Visions bring thee to my sight.

I believed thee, thou deceived me,
 By thy gentle smiles and tears ;
 My spirit haunts thee, not to taunt thee,
 With my blighted sunless years.

Was it honest, when you promised,
 With affection's gentlest tone,
 To be nearest, and the dearest—
 Your love mingling with mine own ?

Tho' for ever we may sever,
Love can never die nor fade ;
Once created, tho' ill-fated—
Deathless as the soul 'twas made.

Love's emotion, faith, devotion,
Unrequited now, may bring
(Should a sorrow cloud thy morrow,)
Back to thee, thy heart's first spring.

Then, O, dearest, I'll be nearest
If on thee the world should lower ;
If it pain thee, I'll sustain thee,
Comfort thee in that dark hour.

Never tasking, never asking
More from thee than thou canst give ;
When most lonely, love me only,
Creep into my heart and live.

I'll befriend thee, love and tend thee,
Chase away each falling tear ;
As a brother, or a lover,
Guard and bless thee year by year.

Tho' thou leave me, and deceive me,
This the language of my heart :
Heaven guide thee, be beside thee,
Aid thee, wheresoe'er thou art !

Faith undying, near thee sighing,
May its whisper reach thy breast ;
When depressèd, make thee blessèd,
Yielding to thy spirit rest.

Fare thee well, love ! I may not dwell, love,
 Near the heaven of thy smile :
 It never can be, 'twould unman me,
 And my heart would break the while.

Bear in mind, love, I am kind, love,
 And have loved thee far too dear,
 To upbraid thee, or degrade thee,
 Darkening thine existence here.

Had I power, this very hour,
 Gladly I'd pour out my heart :
 From the ocean of devotion,
 Give thee all things, then depart !

T I M E .

I'll wreath thy brow with rosy blushing fruit,
 Bright and lovely as a poet's vision ;
 I'll make thee changeful, solemn, laughing, mute,
 Call thee regal giver of provision.
 Thy wings are jewel-lined and soft,
 Ever and anon the earth arraying ;
 Tho' strange to say, destroying just as oft,
 Both young and old alike thy will obeying.
 Yes, I will call thee beautiful, sublime,
 Benevolently faithful, faithless never !
 I'll call thee infant, bright creative Time,
 Dear unto the human bosom ever !
 Like morn's dewy brow, thy brow's resplendent,
 And thy grand soul valiant, independent !

I have no heart to wrinkle o'er thy brow,
 I cannot furrow thy dear shining face,
 I cannot take from thee one fairy grace,
 For I do love thee, and I know not how !
 I will not give thee wings of bronze, or iron,
 Or ruthless scythe to reap, for thou canst sow :
 Thou art indeed, the lord of both, I trow ;
 In soul a dove, in strength a very lion :
 Thou cradl'st in thine arms the little child ;
 Thou spread'st thy shield above the old man's bed,
 Thou sprinklest silver honors on his head ;
 On truth and virtue thou hast ever smiled.
 I do protest, thou art to all a friend,
 Yea, from our first drawn breath, unto the end.

THE FALLING STAR,

The smallest of stars in the purple space
 Grew dim, and its lustre lost :
 It sigh'd in its soul for an unseen face
 Mid the mists of heaven tost.
 In the happy days of the happier past
 'Twas proud of its gentle grace :
 A glorious meteor shot by it fast
 In a wild and daring race.
 It strained its eyes with a rapturous gaze,
 All restless and sick it grew :
 That glorious meteor seemed ever to blaze
 And dart thro' the ether blue.

It loved, it pined, in vain it adored,
 'Twas wrong, blame it if thou wilt :
 It worship'd the comet that look'd like a sword
 With a burning star at its hilt.

It prized not its friends, cared not for its home,
 It gazed around and afar :
 'Twas hurl'd alas ! from its purple dome,
 Where now, is the fallen star !

OUR HERITAGE.

Thou art, O, world, my heritage !
 My children are thine heirs :
 To all thy tumult, hope, and rage,
 Thy blessings, and thy cares.

Oh, wilt thou wring their little hearts
 In youth, as thou didst mine :
 Wring them, till the hot tear starts
 To intermix with thine ?

Wilt thou their opening virtues mar,
 Or blight their happy youth ?
 All innocent and pure they are,
 All love, all trust, all truth !

All radiant in their happiness,
 Believing every word :
 All loving to a fond excess—
 Affections easy stirr'd.

Imaginative, even now,
Intelligent and sweet :
Truth, stamp'd upon each open brow,
They're lamps unto my feet.

I track my little rays of light
To guard them from all ill :
Thou art, O world, a world of might,
Imperious is thy will.

True, thou wilt ope thy wide broad arms,
They'll fly to thy embrace :
They'll see in thee unnumber'd charms,
They'll worship thy bright face.

Around thee twine their loves, their aims,
Rich in their strength and pride ;
And thou wilt scorch them with thy flames,
Yet chain them to thy side.

They'll drink deep draughts of ecstasy,
Fresh from thy sweeten'd springs :
They'll bear thy scourge, thy misery,
Yet love thine eagle wings !

They'll nestle to thy stern broad breast,
They'll feel thy mailèd grasp :
They'll cling to thee, like all the rest
E'en should'st thou prove an asp.

Or should'st thou tend and love them well,
They'll gaze into thine eyes :
To part from thee will be a knell
To human sympathies.

They'll struggle 'neath thy weighty chains
 Rather than part with life :
 They'll break or wither neath thy pains,
 Yet kiss thy cross, O, strife !

Ah, world ! try, school them, if thou wilt,
 Yea, thro' thy forge of fire :
 Probe them, to thy great sword's hilt
 In love, but not in ire !

They'll cull thy roses as they bloom ;
 They'll feel thy sharpest thorn :
 They'll meet the universal doom,
 Then rise to perfect morn.

STORM CLOUDS.

Some strange, some dread emotion
 Stirs the vital air :
 The winds in dark commotion
 Yell in deep despair.

And stormy clouds are scatter'd,
 They scud in angry might :
 They look both rent, and shatter'd
 Stricken in their flight.

Even like the mind's unrest,
 Hurried to and fro :
 Big with thought, but never blest,
 Panting with its woe.

Like ye, O ! clouds, in motion,
Is the human heart :
Like thee, O ! mighty ocean,
Restless as thou art !

NOT FOR US ALONE.

Earth teems with pleasures, joys, and treasures,
Countless as the stars and sands ;
She's ever giving to the living
Blessings from her well stored hands.

Her breast, when sunny, brings forth honey—
Honey dwells in every flower :
Hives are filling, bees are willing,
Working, toiling hour by hour.

Oh, ye are teachers, little creatures !
Diving in each blossom bright ;
I watch your coming, buzzing, humming,
Prizing all the hours of light !

If ye are busy, till ye're dizzy,
Rest ye on some leaf or plant ;
I'll to my bower, bright with flower,
To watch the busy little ant.

Rear ye a palace ; it were malice
To destroy so fair a home :
Made so neatly, kept so sweetly—
Its rooms, and corridor, and dome.

Some instinct holy, meek, and lowly,
 Guides you in your magic plan :
 Oh ! were ye given, by yon heaven,
 As bright examples unto man !

THE NIGHT WATCHER.

I'll not to bed ; I cannot sleep,
 I cannot shut out thought ;
 My brain is hot ; I cannot weep ;
 Pale fear a web has wrought,
 And knit it close about my breast,
 Till every fibre aches ;
 Pain gives birth to pain's unrest—
 My spirit chafes and breaks.

Hark ! hark ! how solemn is the night,
 When hearts do feed on care ;
 Fantastic shapes, all black, all white,
 Seem dancing in the air :
 They mock me and my silent pain,
 They make the minutes crawl,
 They clutch the wings of time again—
 Old sluggard on the wall !

Thy ticking oft has pierc'd mine ear—
 Why dost thou now stand still ?
 Old friend ! thy voice is very dear—
 Art harbinger of ill ?

Tick! tick! again distinct and sweet!
The silence makes me start :
I only hear my pulses beat,
Beat in my stricken heart.

Did I neglect to wind thee up ?
I've wound thee up for years—
When honey overflowed my cup,
That now runs o'er with tears.
There, there, old friend, renew thy task—
Tick! tick! both day and night ;
Oft in my midnight lamp to bask—
Thou'rt precious to my sight.

For as you pass from hour to hour,
My life is waning out :
A life long, long since past its flower,
And wither'd up by doubt.
My doubts have vanish'd—certainty
Is hooded all in black ;
There's light on earth, but none for me—
Dark is my downward track !

Hark! hark! 'tis but a mouse that squeaks—
To me a pleasant sound,
It nightly comes, and nightly seeks
A morsel on the ground :
O, velvet-footed little thing!
Of me be not afraid ;
I'm far too desolate to sting—
I sigh for help, for aid.

Bright eyed creature, eat thy fill,
 Quick, get thee to thy hole ;
 Ascending feet may work thee ill—
 Mad from the midnight bowl.
 Out, dear lamp, show not a spark,
 The fire is long since dead ;
 Hush thee, tongue, behind the teeth—hark !
 Quick, quickly, quick to bed !

 O, pulses ! muffle every sound !
 O, heart ! beat softly, beat !
 For if awake ye should be found,
 Ye'll feel harsh hands and feet.
 Forget to see, O, heavy eyes !
 Forget to hear, O ears !
 Shut out debasement, mum ! be wise,
 O, brain, burn up thy tears !

MOTHER TO ARTIST.

Give me light, changeful light, and unending space,
 As a bright back ground for my Flora's face ;
 When the heavens are blue and the clouds like snow,
 When earth is green, and the rivers flow :
 Where daisies grow thick, and the rich yellow cup
 Is woo'd by the sun, and won to look up ;
 In the distance be seen high mountainous peaks,
 Becrown'd with gold and rich violet streaks ;
 Where feathery mosses and ivy intertwine,
 Will I place my darling, this child of mine.

She hath soft blue eyes—they've a gentle look,
 As honest and pure as a well stored book ;
 With tints that the artist would like to vie ;
 But he cannot give life to his mimic eye.
 He can tint the cheeks with roses bright,
 But his colours are far too red, too white.
 There's a rapture, a glow in the human heart,
 That cannot be caught by the efforts of art :
 Tho' the artist be great, tho' his skill be grand,
 He cannot give life to the pliant hand :—
 He cannot give mirth to the light bounding feet,
 Or catch the soft tones of a voice that's sweet ;
 So throw down the brush—for my own little Flora
 Is as hard to portray as the lights of Aurora !

Resume it again ; for each vain attempt
 Is as inspiration, from heaven sent ;
 For tint ye but weeds of the grassy sward,
 Ye paint the designs of Almighty God !

THE MUSKET HAWK.

Too keen thou wert, too proud, too daring,
 Thou fledgling of the crags and skies ;
 How bold, how brave thy beauteous bearing—
 A mental flame seem'd blazing in thine eyes.
 I did not know, O, bird, thy nature,
 When I did catch thee in mine hand :
 Thou seem'd to search mine every feature
 With those bright eyes, so fiercely, strangely grand.

Strong flapp'd thy wings in angry passion ;
Thou could'st not brook nor bear control :
Thro' all restraint thou fain would'st dash on,
In thy imperious mightiness of soul.

'Twas thy intent to slay a sparrow ;
Instead, you broke a pane of glass,
When darting like a poison'd arrow—
O, bird of prey, thou wert indeed an ass !

I held thee fast whilst thou wast panting—
Impatient, wild, to free thy wings ;
I in my soul a song was chanting,
Of strange mishaps that come to living things !

Upon a branch the sparrow perching,
Saw the bird of prey was caught :
The musket hawk around was searching
For his glad freedom—when a lucky thought

Struck like a bullet on his reason ;
And in my flesh he drove his beak :
He drew forth blood, nor thought it treason—
I clutch'd and closed it fast with fingers weak.

I fed it with a hundred kisses !
The bold brave bird for me had charms :
Oh ! how he hated my caresses,
And pined for freedom in my circling arms.

'Twas early morn, the east bedappl'd
With God's all glorious flaming light :
For Liberty the poor thing grappl'd—
I threw him on the air and watch'd his flight.

Ah! who would be a slave! well knowing
 Air, light, and freedom are for all!
 Go, bird, where'er the wind is blowing—
 The God who made thee sees the sparrow fall!

THE ANCHOR.

We went forth in hope on the mighty deep—
 It was bright and calm as an infant's sleep!
 Our bark look'd a queen on the briny realm—
 Faith look'd like an angel guiding her helm;
 And she strode the waves with a steadfast might,
 But still we thank'd God in our hearts for light.

The sun went down, the waters grew dark,
 We trusted our captain, we trusted our bark:
 We could not but pray, each man in his rank—
 Between us and death there was but a plank,
 And we felt the need of sustaining power,
 Tho' clear and bright was the starry hour:
 We thought that a storm might arise, and then,
 What might become of the bark and men!

DEATH.

Hush! hush! breathe not the word aloud;
 But soft and solemn let thy breath
 Be raised, to scatter every hope,
 And make my life a living death!

Each letter of that awful word
Booms like a dirge, a stiff'd moan :
Affliction numbs my every sense,
Until I scarcely feel alone.

Know'st thou the meaning of the word,
That thus thou utter'st it aloud ?
Alas ! not only for the dead,
But for my living heart—a shroud !

God help me ! for my all is wreck'd—
The worshipp'd of my soul is dead ;
And sickness, almost unto death,
Creeps thro' my heart and aching head.

Patient ! no ! I'm weak with grief ;
Both mind and heart are stricken—bruise'd :
Too green, too sore the wound is yet—
My soul is darken'd and confused.

I reel—I totter—am o'erwhelm'd—
Am almost broken by the shock :
He was my glory and my pride,
My comforter, my earthly rock !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds of passage, fare-ye-well !
Ye made our forests ring ;
Came ye with the happy spring
In the summer air to sing ?

Birds of passage, there's a knell
 In all your flapping wings :
 With ye go, bright summer things—
 Round ye and them my spirit clings.
 Farewell !

Birds of passage, storms are near ;
 To the genial south go, fly !
 Take with you this tender sigh,
 This tear-drop brimming in mine eye :
 Seek the spot to me most dear,
 Where my lover lives and breathes ;
 Where the passion flower enwreathes
 High columns, where no wint'ry deaths
 Say, go !

Birds of passage, seek the trees—
 Sing your matin songs to him :
 Say my spirit's cold and dim,
 When I watch the sunlit rim !
 Birds of passage, cross the seas,
 Learn to whisper Nora's name ;
 Keep alive his burning flame,
 Cheer him with some noble aim,
 O, Birds !

Say, say—"Return to thine own land,
 Rich or poor, in health or ill ;"
 Lead him with a gentle will,
 Follow him o'er moor o'er hill !

Try to touch his kindly hand ;
 Try to gaze into his eyes ;
 Bid him yearn for native skies,
 Where love, impatient, droops, not dies—
 Go, fly !

Stay, oh ! yet a few more words :
 Take my love beneath your wings ;
 Tell him how my spirit sings—
 How like a lark at morn upsprings,
 When a letter comes ! O, Birds !
 Say I kiss and love it well—
 It is to me a magic spell,
 Like a living stream or well—
 Farewell !

THE DARK THOUGHT.

I have lived midst sorrows,
 Yes, from a child have I ;
 I've felt the birth of hopes most sweet—
 I lived to see them die !
 My head was bow'd for years ;
 My heart alike depress'd ;
 My mind was stricken with its load
 Of anguish unexpress'd.
 A curse life seem'd to me
 In those benighted hours :
 Morbid were my faculties—
 Stagnant were my powers.

My health gave way, and then
I meditated death !
In frenzy have I rais'd my hand,
To stop the vital breath !

A star above my head,
A flower of the sod,
Arrested me in time,
And spake to me of God !

“Pause thou,” they seem'd to say,
With low and tender voice :
“Join thou our hymn of praise,
And in our joys rejoice !”

And then repentance came ;
Soon afterwards, content :
A prayer rose to my tongue,
Disjointed, eloquent,

Truth found out the words
Needful for my plight ;
And led my erring soul
From darkness unto light.

Oh ! how I bless'd the stars,
The flowers of the sod ;
Creation took my hand,
And led me to its God.

Since then, I've tasted peace,
Hopeful, happy calm ;
For I have been upheld
By an Almighty arm.

And now I raise my voice
 In thankful joy at last :
 Hope gilding all the future—
 Time soft'ning all the past.

To those who have known grief
 I dedicate this song :
 Love ye the stars and flowers—
 They'll never lead you wrong.

BRANCHES BARE.

Fading, falling leaves of autumn,
 Types of living things of earth ;
 Solemn is your voiceless warning—
 We have known ye from your birth.

Many a happy child in spring time
 Watch'd your countless leaves expand ;
 Blissful lovers oft have wander'd
 'Neath your shadows, hand in hand.

Many a toilworn, homeless wanderer,
 Hath found shelter 'neath your shade ;
 Many a dream of youthful rapture,
 Born of earth, like ye to fade !

Aged ones have mourn'd beneath you,
 Over many a vain regret ;
 In the heart of early passion,
 When love and anguish mingling met.

High hopes and aims have often blossom'd,
 Like ye, have scatter'd been thro' space ;
 Like ye, have bloom'd a summer season
 In wild, in rich luxuriant grace,
 Like ye, have died bereft of glory :
 Ye are but dimm'd by Time's decay ;
 But human deeds have seeds of sorrow
 To bring forth fruit some future day.
 Dead leaves ! ye strew the grassy sward ;
 The boughs still thron'g the encircling air :
 As perfect may we be to heaven
 As ye to us, O, branches bare !

M A R C H .

Away, away, O, clouds of leaden gray !
 Away, harsh winds and cutting sleets, away !
 We've borne thy storms, O, winter ! felt thy lash,
 Thy fury, and thy might, crash after crash !
 Hast thou no mercy in thy cold, stern heart,
 That thus thou tramplest on a child new born
 With thy relentless feet ? Depart ! depart !
 With light, with blushes we would hail the morn,
 Behold again spring's garment, wrought in green,
 With tender springing plants of blue and gold.
 Away, dread King ! hail thou earth's gentle Queen,
 For thou art hoary, and thy soul is cold :
 A glory will await upon thy death.
 Now all creation needs a warmer breath.

WINTER'S DEATH.

A sullen roar, a mighty groan went forth,
 And rocks, and hills, and valleys caught the sound :
 It shook the very ground-work of the earth—
 The death-pang of old Winter was profound !
 Wild flew his ghost—'twas lost amongst the crags,
 Whose rugged sides were lash'd by furious seas.
 The lambs come forth, the young deer and the stags ;
 All vegetation feels the genial breeze ;
 Quick grows the grass—the thankful cattle graze ;
 Proudly the trees flaunt their towering crests,
 And woo the happy birds to make their nests.
 The fairy butterfly in sunshine plays,
 Kissing the blossoms of our promis'd fruit ;
 The bee is far too blissful to be mute :
 Bright Spring, in love with nature, fondly flings
 Unnumber'd blessings from her starry wings.

 THE WINGED MESSENGER.

O'er the bed of death,
 In a sombre room,
 There comes a fragrant breath—
 The breath of flowers in bloom.
 Borne on gentle wings—
 The perfum'd wings of air :
 It a loving message brings,
 To one now dying there.

Tenderly it breathes
Glad tidings in his ear,
That take the sting from death,
And make his pathway clear.

Listening to each truth,
His upturn'd eyes grow bright ;
Renew'd again his youth,
Crown'd with unearthly light.

Peacefully he yields
His God's Almighty breath ;
Afar he sees bright fields—
He now can smile on death !

Truth's eternal springs
Burst forth in song and prayer ;
They hang upon the wings—
The unseen wings of air !

Messenger ! do this :—
Receive his soul with care ;
Oh ! lead it into bliss
Perpetual, O, air !

SHADOWS.

Shimmering shadows, quiv'ring on the ground,
So full of life, and yet devoid of sound ;
On grassy blades imprinted by the light—
Thy light, O, Sun, unutterably bright !

Oh ! there are shadows dark'ning home and hearth,
Born of remorse, of sorrow, vengeance, wrath ;
Oh ! there are shadows in the human heart,
That cannot, will not with the light depart.

The birth of sinful thought, the hellish mood,
Inflaming heart and mind in solitude ;
Too oft the thought takes shape in some dark deed—
We break thro' laws our Maker hath decreed.—

High laws with mercy fraught, humane, sublime,
For generations fitted thro' all time ;
The soul hath shadows blacker than the grave—
Sin, forging fetters, makes the free man slave !

And there are shadows in the human mind
Of fearful darkness—worse than being blind :
A density of night we cannot probe—
More deep and solemn than the shadow'd globe.

We often gaze upon the darken'd sky,
On shadows lurking in the human eye ;
The cloud upon the brow, the lips compress'd,
Are shadows all, as silently express'd.

There must be light, or shadows could not be ;
Our joys are keener thro' our misery :
Disastrous storms can purify the air,
And sin, if conquer'd, leaves the soul more fair.

DEATH OF A SINNER.

Hush ! hush ! be silent, let me think !
 I'm drawing nigh to death's dread brink ;
 Uphold me—hush ! I faint, I sink—

My pulse beats low :

Kind heaven ! have mercy, give me grace,
 Strength, courage to endure Thy face—
 I'm rent and shatter'd from my race—

I go, I go !

Avaunt ! away ! oh, touch me not !
 Mine anger hath too oft been hot ;
 Passion, often ill-begot—

Feverish remorse ;

Oh ! I have burn'd, and foam'd with rage,
 Yes, even at an infant's age ;
 Tho' growing old, I grew not sage,

But worse and worse.

Oft have I shadow'd sunny hours,
 When hope was putting forth its flowers :
 Unfolding all my native powers,

I dared to frown,

And spurn small blessings as they came ;
 I hated, too, my low-born name ;
 I long'd for power, and rule, and fame—

A blazing crown ;—

A shining star, and garter'd knee ;
 I made all others bow to me,
 But from all bondage kept I free,

Free, free as air !

Yes, free to blight, and free to hate ;
Free, free to grin, and laugh at fate ;
I dared to glory in my state—
I scorn'd despair !

Yea, I did revel free in will,
Free, free to win, and free to kill,
Hewing down who did me ill,
With brutal might :
I virtue marr'd, I blighted youth ;
I curl'd my lip in scorn at truth ;
I dealt destruction in my wrath,
As black as night.

I clutch'd an old man with these hands ;
I robb'd him of his goods and lands ;
I bound him strong with iron bands,
Nor gave him bread :
I left him thirsting night and day,
To horror and to dread a prey ;
Hard was the ground whereon he lay
His aching head.

I starv'd him, and his eyes grew bright ;
His flesh grew wan, and thin, and white ;
His nails grew long—he smell'd of blight,
He smell'd of death :
My nostrils sicken'd, I grew faint ;
He seem'd to me a God-like saint ;
He had no fear of earthly taint—
I stopp'd his breath !

Of hunger and my wrath he died !
 His spirit now is by my side :
 Tho' earth is silent, deep, and wide,
 I am his slave :
 He breaks my heart—he snaps its strings ;
 He tortures life's eternal springs ;
 He prophesieth keener stings
 Beyond the grave.

Hold off ! or I will hurl thee down ;
 How dar'st thou on me blackly frown ?
 I did not steal thy jewels, crown,
 Nor glitt'ring star :
 I am no murderer, no thief ;
 I'm free from sin, and free from grief,
 An emblem of the lily's leaf,
 As angels are !

See here ! see here is wheaten bread,
 A downy pillow for thine head ;
 I sprinkle perfumes on thy bed,
 The rarest, best :
 Oh, I will watch thee in thy sleep,
 And if thou suffer, I will weep,
 Unto the throne of heaven creep,
 And pray for rest.

Nay, hold me not ! withdraw thine hand—
 Dost hear a dying man's command ?
 Take back thy gold, take back thy land !
 Arise, look up !

Hands off, Oh ! give me time to think,
 Cling, cling I will to life's bright brink,
 Leave me not utterly to sink.—

His spirit's fled !

SONG OF PEACE.

Swift, and soft, and faded fall the leaves,
 Then scatter'd by autumnal winds ;
 Singing to her harp, devotion weaves
 A song of peace, to touch all minds.

Bright, and green, and lovely they had birth ;
 A multitude of happy things,
 Murmuring all around about the earth
 Soft music from their flapping wings.

They met, wide-spread and beautiful ; the breeze,
 The breeze enamour'd, hover'd round,
 Darting here and there amongst the trees
 In joy, until they strew'd the ground.

Long wailed the wintry wind over each spot
 Where the young leaves did dance in joy ;
 Yelling, and screaming, and moaning their lot,
 Like a child o'er a broken toy.

Wings had cold winter ; spring hath light feet ;
 They skip over meadow and lea :
 The bright young year is fragrant and sweet,
 The wind is refreshèd and free.

Race after race are born ; earth's ever dear,

And brilliant and bright in her bloom :

Race after race die out silently here,

The belovèd replenish the tomb.

Swift, and soft, and silent comes disease,

And pours its canker in our veins :

Swift, and soft, and silent, by degrees,

Death solemnly the vict'ry gains.

Sear'd and stricken, sorrow sighs apart,

And pines and droops, then life revives :

Vanishes that loneliness of heart,

And, thro' real grief, hope lives, survives ;

And like a guardian spirit overhead,

Drops blessings thick as morning dew :

Tenderly, we bless our buried dead,

For love is everlasting, true !

Bright, and pure, and lovely comes the child,

And noiselessly die out the old :

Upon the earth exists love, undefil'd,

And the redeem'd are in Christ's fold.

HAPPINESS.

Round about us fold thy wings,

Blessed source of blessed things !

Bright inspirer of good deeds,

Kind uprooter of ill weeds,

Binder up of broken reeds.

Sprinkle thou thy golden showers,
Bring us blessings from thy bowers :
Wreathe our brow with rosy joy,
Happiness hath no alloy—
Loving, tender, never coy.

Thou dost come on earth to bless :
Kiss our eyelids, happiness !
Play about our lips in pride,
Ever wander by our side,
In our hearts do thou preside.

Thou art queen of merriment,
Human mind's thine instrument :
Human brains thou fill'st with light,
Lustrous eyes thou mak'st more bright,
For thy deeds are pure and white.

Happiness, be thou our guide,
We from sorrow fain would hide :
Envy, hatred, scorn, deceit
Fly from thee, for thou art sweet ;
Blessings on thy dancing feet.

Painted folly draws aside,
It avoids thy healthy tide ;
Shame and anguish silent crawl
To their dismal blacken'd hall,
Far removed from thy glad call.

Simple goodness feels thy power,
Glories in thy happy dower ;

Honest labour feels thy worth
 As he tills the teaming earth,
 He with thee clasps hands in mirth.

Misery's a self-got thing ;
 Oft we cherish things that sting :
 Then we wonder at our pain,
 Court thee, when to court is vain ;
 Grief and sin grow friends again.

Happiness is like a bird,
 Like a gently healing word ;
 Like the spirit of repose,
 Lovely as a full blown rose,
 Pure, too, as the sunlit snows.

Bright visitant of pleasure,
 Our blessing and our treasure !
 Never from thee will we part,
 Thou'st no poison, know'st no dart,
 We will twine thee round the heart.

DADDY LONG-LEGS.

You need not hold your head so high,
 You only walk the earth,
 Whilst I can skip, or crawl, or fly,
 Or flit in fancy's mirth.

My robe is sombre, dimly brown,
 I'm somewhat quaint in form ;
 I have a little knotty crown,
 Six legs to stride the storm :—

Four rather short, two very long ;
 A pair of wings for flight ;
 Tho' seeming fragile, I am strong—
 I almost worship light.

Well, well I love the twilight hour ;—
 I wander forth alone,
 To kiss the rose in rosy bower,
 When butterflies are flown.

I dearly love the social blaze—
 The revels of the night ;
 I often gain a share of praise,
 When round and round the light

I wheel and whirl in playful sport,
 Where beauty sits and sings ;
 In reckless rapture, lost in thought,
 I scorch my glossy wings.

Still, still I wheel and whirl ; nor tames
 My spirit with affright ;
 I, like the Martyrs, die in flames—
 Drop at the throne of Light !

VICTORY.

Unfurl our banners to the breeze,
 On high our standard raise ;
 Shout, shout the song of victory,
 Of thankfulness, and praise.

Low and faint a sigh is heard—
Anon a dying groan ;
Borne on air, there comes a word
Of love, in feeble tone !

Swing up our banners, let them flap
In the strong wind at will :
We fought for fame and liberty—
Peal loud the clarion shrill.

Low and faint the wounded droop ;
Death is the victor there !
Many a flower of the troop
Writhes in the burning air !

Toss high, O, banners ! blazing sun,
Emblazon all with glory ;
O, let mankind rejoice and sing
Our brave triumphant story.

Low and faint the broken, maim'd,
The young, the strong, the brave,
The old, the middle-aged, unnamed—
Their victory is the grave !

Hoist up your flags, O, castle towers !
Flap in the great strong air,
Till ye are rent, to ribbons torn—
Remove ye none shall dare !

Solemn comes a stiff'd boom :—
The dread, dead march is heard—
Booming, booming to the tomb,
Without a prayer or word !

Unfurl our banners in the streets—
 The nation will rejoice :
 “ God save the people and the Queen ! ”
 Cries victory's mighty voice !

Children, maidens, mothers, wives,
 Hear, fear the deafening shout ;
 Thinking of the precious lives,
 They tremble and they doubt.

Wild flap the flags, the land's ablaze,
 The rockets shoot on high ;
 The burning stars, and crowns in flames
 Illumine earth and sky.

Mournful sounds are in the air,
 Unheeded by the nation :
 Murmurs of a dull despair,
 Of heart-sick lamentation !

JEALOUSY.

Deep steep'd in venom is thy dart,
 Dethroner of domestic joy ;
 Away ! thou shalt not blight my heart
 With one dark drop of thy alloy.

Thy fangs are triple-fang'd and keen,
 Nor stop they till they gnaw the bone :
 They leave a cank'rous wound, all green—
 A wound we hate, yet can't disown.

Steep'd in sorrow is the breast
 That knows thy smould'ring, sparkless flame ;
 Thou art a demon, dimly dress'd,
 And from a dark abode you came.

Tho' dull and black, electric power
 Is shrin'd within thee, direful snake ;
 For thou canst cloud the brightest hour,
 And make the spirit more than ache.

Thou canst quicken all the pulses ;
 Thou bring'st disease upon the heart ;
 Marr'st the brightest, best impulses—
 Why, why ? because a fiend thou art !

The murderer is thy ill-got child ;
 A spiller thou of gentle blood ;
 A human spirit, black, defiled,
 Revelling in a burning flood.

If we must hate, and suffer wrong,
 Must bear, perchance, a voiceless grief ;
 Avoid this serpent ; he is strong,
 And daring as a thrice-arm'd thief.

THE DEBT.

When lone and desolate on life's dread brink,
 Your's was the only hand whose touch was kind ;
 I clung to it, I felt my spirit sink
 Thro' lack of courage, both in heart and mind.

Poor, parentless, I stood without a friend ; [spoil'd,
Young and gently nurtur'd, pamper'd too, and
No wonder I, e'en like a reed, did bend,
Thus stricken down, of every good despoil'd.

No wonder, that I gave to thee great love ;
No wonder that thy word was a command ;
No wonder that my spirit long'd to prove
Its gratitude, for gifts at thy dear hand.

You cherish'd, clothed me, housed me, gave me bread—
No, not the hard dry crust of charity !
You nurs'd my inner life, as well as fed
My frame with cordial liberality.

You fill'd my soul with tales of chivalry :
Stored my mind with knowledge, high and pure ;
You said, bright deeds were finest heraldry,
No earthly thing could stain, and would endure.

You told me, self could utterly be lost
In the well-being of a friend, sore tried :
Thro' life you seem'd to have a friendly host,
But sudden death of faith, the bond untied.

Their loves died down, yea, like to flow'ry weeds,
The roots were only surface deep, the mould
Did not retain the wind-bescatter'd seeds,
The plants waned, droop'd, they had no solid hold.

God forgive you for the wrong you've done !
Oh, learn to live, repent and rise again !
Others, hang upon your life ; let me atone,
And wash away your dark unhallow'd stain.

Suspicion rests on both ; Oh let me, fall,
 Let, let me pay a debt as best I may.

A voice cried, Guilty ! in the justice hall—
 No bonds no shackles on his spirit lay !

WINDS OF HEAVEN.

Winds of heaven, softly blow,
 Blow, forever blow.
 Mix with sunshine, come and go,
 Blow, forever blow.
 Breathe upon us, gentle winds,
 Blow, forever blow :
 Refresh our hearts, refresh our minds,
 Blow, forever blow.
 Softly blow on lands afar ;
 Blow, forever blow :
 Tell our friends how dear they are,
 Blow, forever blow.
 Waft this kiss to him I love,
 Blow, forever blow :
 Tell him, I will faithful prove
 Blow, forever blow.

ROUGH AND RUGGED LIFE.

Rough and rugged are thy paths,
 And many thorns upspring :
 Smooth and polish'd to the rich—
 To such, I do not sing.

Rough and rugged men, I sing
To you a genial song :
Ye are bulwarks of our land,
When honest, brave, and strong.

Rough and rugged tho' your homes,
Your hearts are bold and kind :
Tho' your hands may be begrim'd
Keep spotless soul and mind.

Rough and rugged toiling life
Need not tarnish pride :
Know, the living stream of truth
Surrounds your every side.

Rough and rugged homely fare
Stunts not your manly frame :
Honest labour need not blush
Near wealth, nor lordly name.

Rough and rugged is pure gold,
When first the nugget's found :
Clothed in fustian like yourselves,
But still the metal's sound.

Rough and rugged you may live ;
Rough and rugged die ;
Rough and rugged buried be ;
But, the All-seeing eye

Has mark'd your rugged life,
Your patience, and your skill :
Has mark'd your rugged faith
And indomitable will.

THE TWO PATHS.

Bright and polish'd paths of life
 Are for the wealthy great :
 Senate halls and castle domes,
 And dull and glaring state.

Such know not the need of bread :
 How withering nature faints,
 Exhausted with hard labour.
 O, there are earthly saints,

And pure high souls in tatters,
 Who share the allotted breath
 Of their great Maker's power,
 Both now, and after death.

Bright and polish'd paths of life,
 How powerful and bright !
 How deep and solemn is the gloom
 That fills the poor man's night !

Stars of radiance on your breast,
 The diamond lights your crown ;
 Starvation burns the spirit,
 And breaks the poor wretch down.

Bright and polish'd paths of life !
 How near, and yet how far
 Removed from sin and misery :
 A solid bullion bar

Divides ye from dark penury,
And crimes that do find birth
To blacken God's best jewel—
Man's soul upon the earth.

See the aged poor die out
Like weeds upon the soil,
Near the nodding golden wheat ;
Near honey, meat, and oil.

Noble hearts and gifted minds,
Work on ! there's work on hand :
Smooth the rugged paths of life
Of this enlightened land.

Let liberty and freedom
Be as the common breath,
And help the poor to proudly rise
On earth, as after death.

Castles, fame, and wealth are your's,
And intellect and pride :
Advantages unnumber'd
Are clustering at your side.

The poor man hath his honor—
His strength is his bright crown :
Be truth the star within his breast,
Ah ! who shall hurl it down ?

It glimmers not, yet burneth,
May not attract the eyes :
Let it shine in gentle deeds,
Be patient, and be wise.

Progression's wheel is ceaseless,
 Goes round, and round, and round ;
 And like a meteor travels
 Swiftly, devoid of sound.

INJURY.

I cannot live beneath thy roof,
 For here my nature withers up ;
 Too often made to drink, alas !
 The dregs of many a bitter cup.

Too painfully and long I've borne
 Thy many wrongs and cold neglect ;
 My youth, my happiness, my health,
 All, all too painfully are wreck'd .

There was a time—but that is past,
 When thou wert link'd about my heart ;
 'Twas ignorance that made thee dear,
 But now I know thee as thou art.

Knowledge hath unveil'd mine eyes :
 My nature trembles whilst it burns,
 And loathes itself for having loved
 A thing it now so justly spurns.

But can resentment give me back
 My young fresh heart and wasted years :
 Bring back the bloom into my cheek,
 Or check the current of my tears ?

My best affection's ruin'd, dead,
 No earthly power can now restore ;
 I bid thee one long, last farewell—
 'Tis wisest, best to meet no more !

WINTER.

Enslaved, enchain'd, ice-bound thou art, O river !
 Beneath thy crystal armour thou dost flow,
 Trickling, rippling, rushing on forever,
 At midnight hour as in the noon-day glow.
 Thy restless spirit's rapid course is check'd
 By cold impediment, and wintry blast ;
 Thy grassy margin with wild flowers is deck'd
 When winter and its icicles are past ;
 But now thy raiment is so purely white,
 We scarcely think of flowers or rosy fruit :
 Our homes, our hearths with happiness are bright ;
 Tho' birds are hush'd, we scarcely know they're
 mute,
 There is a music sweeter than the birds—
 The melody of kind and loving words.

WHITHER ?

Whither art thou going
 Through the wide deep sea ?
 Softest winds are blowing,
 Every wave seems free :

Keep, thou gentle ocean,
Guard thy human freight,
Courage and devotion
Hang upon thy state.

Whither art thou going
Dread, yet glorious train ?
Power and might thou'rt showing,
Fear seems worse than vain :
'Long the line thou'rt dashing,
Eagle-like, express,
Building up, yet crashing
In thy hot excess.

Whither are ye going,
Stream and rivulet ?
On, and onward flowing
When the sun hath set :
O'er ye night's dark curtain,
Silence round about ;
Still your footing's certain,
Tho' no star peeps out.

Whither are ye going,
Busy things of air ?
Where sweet fruits are growing,
Go, go reap your share,
In climes bright and sunny,
Where there's genial breath :
Lands of oil and honey :
Here is certain death !

Whither art thou going,
 Fancy, poesy's child ?
 Where young love is glowing,
 Uncontroll'd and wild ;
 Or to scenes of pleasure,
 Lighted hall or bower,
 To dance a giddy measure,
 There to try thy power.

Whither art thou going,
 Busy, rapid thought ?
 Where research is showing
 Many a myst'ry caught :
 Worshippers of nature
 Patiently unfold
 Leaves of that fair creature
 Wrought in iron, gold.

Whither art thou going,
 Spirit of this life ?
 Where there is no knowing
 Earthly storm and strife :
 The enshrouded story
 Clouded to our eyes,
 Opens all its glory
 Godlike, clear, and wise !

MUSIC.

Nature's many lyres have tuneful notes,
 I, adoring, kneel unto her feet ;
 Upon the air her charmèd music floats,
 I listen to her songs and hymns all sweet.

I hear soft music in the silvery showers,
Falling on the opening leaves of spring ;
A thousand fairies seen to haunt her bowers,
A rapturous chorus do those fairies sing.

Air minstrels, at the birth of early morn,
In love with nature and their happy mates,
Trill in fond excess a hymn new born,
A tuneful shower of love at heaven's gates.

The sudden tumult of the waves and winds
Makes crashing discords in the world of notes ;
The keen detective ear some music finds
In the soft clashing of the golden oats.

And there is music in the falling rain ;
Delicious music in the passing breeze ;
Wild, glorious music in the stormy main ;
A solemn music in the calm deep seas.

And there is music in the human voice ;
Harmonious numbers have a stirring charm ;
A rapturous melody—when hearts rejoice,—
A wild sad cadence in the soul's alarm.

Our best affections have a gentle song :
Romance and love have their soft serenade ;
A dismal dirge is mutter'd over wrong ;
When mercy, in a robe of white array'd,

Opes to the sinner's gaze a world all bright,
Our earthly shadows gently disappear ;
When such immerge from darkness into light
A song of praise mounts up, all soft, all clear.

Oh ! there is music in the laughing mirth
 Of happy infancy, and happy youth ;
 Triumphant melody in solid worth,
 A hymn of glory in mere simple truth.

The source of sorrow, often clouded, dim,
 Without a murmur, oft without a word,
 Sings resignation, its undying hymn,
 The dumb petition of the soul is heard.

THE BELOVED.

Sweet as music is thy voice,
 Welcome to mine ear as dear ;
 Love has lit up all my soul
 With light intense and clear.

Radiant as an angel thou,
 Tinging earth with hues of heaven ;
 Take with love my ardent vow,
 And let me hope thine own is given.

Silvery streams reflect thy form,
 Bright streams by rain-drops fed ;
 The very sunshine hath bestow'd
 Its lustre on thy fair young head.

Nature seems to breathe thy name,
 The vital air doth seem to speak ;
 It fans thy fair young brow, and leaves
 The blush of health on either cheek.

Thine eyes have caught the violet's hue,
Thy lips the rose's crimson leaf ;
May angels spread their wings o'er thee,
And shield thy soul from every grief.

Sweet the night-bird's song of love,
When stars in gentle glory shine ;
The soft emotions of his breast
Make his minstrelsy divine.

Thus may thy love inspire my lay,
For thou my inspiration art ;
Oh ! may I sing a song to thee
To live for ever in thy heart.

DAWN OF THE AUTUMN TINTS.

O, say is the glad year waning fast,
Or at its meridian height ?
Autumnal tints are scatter'd abroad,
The leaves seem fringed with light !

Still is the earth's breast bright with flowers,
The fields are yellow with grain ;
The grass is green, the sky is blue,
Tho' autumn has come again.

Silver lilies no longer bloom,
Roses their leaves have shed ;
Many a beautiful blossom, alas !
We number amongst the dead.

The jasmine puts forth a fainter star,
It trembles whilst shining here ;
For autumn is mounting his burnish'd throne,
The summer is shedding a tear.

Dear to her heart was her flowery train,
Expanding their leaves to the light ;
She nestled them close to her loving breast,
And hush'd them to sleep at night.

She woke them up with a kiss of love,
When the night clouds wing'd their flight ;
She gave to the rose a deeper blush,
Array'd the lily in white.

To the violet gave a delicate scent,
The golden-eyed daisy she clad ;
And set them amidst the emerald grass ;
Tho' lowly, the flowers were glad.

The leafy boughs waved to and fro,
Toss'd high with intense delight,
A hymn arose to the starry dome
In the hush of the deep midnight.

The winds took up the thanksgiving psalm,
Aroused the slumbering main ;
The sea sent forth a mighty song,
The night-bird warbl'd a strain.

Let autumn besprinkle his showers of gold,
Let him bronze the verdure green ;
The summer she was a regal dame,
And to all a bounteous queen.

LOVE'S INSPIRATION.

"Blessed be the year, the month, the day, the morn,
 The hour, the very minute of the hour ;
 The scene, the spot where first I felt the power
 Of those dear eyes—whose bonds I since have borne."
 Lock'd closely in my heart that beats and feels
 A joy new-born with every coming breath ;
 For thou art mine beyond this world and death :
 In love my spirit to thine own soul kneels.

Oh! could'st thou see the love-light thou hast wrought
 Throughout my being, mark each varying hue,
 Tho' steadfast, changeful, passionate, yet true !
 Thou art to me a bright continuous thought !
 Immensity is opening to my mind ;
 Yet love's sweet glow lies nestling in my heart,
 Since thou, next to my God, the worshipp'd art,
 My spirit mounts and leaves despair behind.

And tho' oppress'd by a delicious weight,
 Each thought's the reality of heaven !
 I bless thee, for mysteriously thou'st given
 Eyes unto my soul, love hath made me great.
 Wert thou in danger, Gabriel-like I'd stand
 With outstretch'd wings, the warrior of thy will,
 Yet be to thee a gentle woman still [command.
 Whom thou might'st lead, in all things could'st
 Would I were thy soul, thy smiles, thy tears,
 Thy shadow, aught thou could'st not disunite ;
 A link of things that ever must unite,
 Inseparably joined thro' endless years.

In solitude, if e'er thou feel'st alone,
 With thee I am, there softly do I shed
 A pure undying love upon thy head,
 A love thou'st woo'd to life, and all thine own.

Oh ! should'st thou blame the impulse of my heart
 That bids me write each feeling that exists ;
 My soul 'gainst judgment forcibly resists,
 And nature is more powerful than art.
 Thou'st been my inspiration and my sun,
 Thou bring'st to light my nature's seeds of worth,
 And if their opening leaves should bloom on earth,
 The praise, the praise be thine, beloved one !

Could I on thee perpetual youth bestow,
 I'd yield mine own by swift or slow degrees,
 To keep thee here, and free from all disease.
 My life of health in thy dear veins should flow,
 Oh ! could I pour upon thy spirit bliss !
 I'd give my peace of mind without a sigh
 If on thy bosom thou would'st let me die,—
 And oh ! how bless'd in dying, doing this !

OVER THE STAR-LIT TIDE.

Silently, silently over the tide,
 Two lovers fondly glided :
 Heedless they, heedless they whither they went,
 They follow'd, the calm wind guided.

The sea was blue, the air was soft,
 Many a star shone aloft :
 Tenderly, tenderly hand grew to hand—
 They thought not of air, sea, or land !

One by one, one by one stars disappear,
 The darkness to them grew dearer :
 Mists arose, mists arose, veiling the night—
 The lovers only drew nearer.
 The sea grew black, the wind blew bleak,
 Blanching the young maiden's cheek ;
 Tenderly, fearfully, grasp grew to grasp—
 Each died in the loved one's clasp !

Silently, silently, on roll the waves,
 Heedless of joy or of sorrow ;
 Brilliantly, brilliantly, shine will the stars,
 Tho' thousands die on the morrow.
 The sea as blue, the earth as green,
 Tho' those lovers no more shall be seen :
 Tenderly, tenderly, bright blossoms bloom,
 Tho' loved ones lie in the tomb.

NATURE AND ART.

I never write a gentle thought,
 In tender, loving rhyme,
 But what existed long before—
 More tender, more sublime.

I never sing a melody,
But nature hath of yore
The heartstrings unto music stirr'd,
To vibrate evermore.

I try to imitate the winds,
Yea, in their every mood ;
But mine are all discordant sounds,
Too tame, or coarse, or rude.

I try again, and yet again,
To sing, e'en like the birds—
To trill, to thrill in ecstasy :
I have but formal words !

Oft have I turn'd away in pain,
Humbl'd at defeat ;
But nature I did love the more—
Still track'd her golden feet.

I never tint a leaf or flower,
Or paint a vernal scene,
But nature seems to mock my work,
My leaves of borrow'd green !

How cold, how lifeless all things seem,
As copied by mine hand :
How exquisite, how full of life,
The forests of our land !

I never trace a silv'ry cloud
On clear and purple space,
But that I turn away and sigh :—
I find no living grace !

My works are still, and hard, and bright,
Too much a work of art :
They cannot stir the brain to tears,
Nor raise the earthbound heart.

I sketch the outline of a tree,
Ere yet the sun hath set :
Half in shadow, half in light,
Like night and morning met.

I try to tint the twilight hues,
O'er grove, o'er wood, o'er field :
Anon the conquering sun breaks through,
And whirls his burning shield !

I try to paint a star, a moon—
One looks a mass of snow :
My star is dull, it twinkles not
With fire and lustrous glow !

Oh, I do lack the harmony
Of color, sound, design :
My works are all too human,
And nature's all divine !

But still my longing heart must yearn,
And strive, and strive again,
To catch the beautiful and bright,
Altho' I strive in vain !

YOUNG STRENGTH

Ye have been useful, pliant, willing hands,
Ever finding something worth the doing :
Utility hath numerous commands :
Nature all her powers keeps renewing :—
The universe is tinted, day by day ;
The eyes, the ears, how gladly they obey,
And look, and hear ! How natural to talk,
To clothe in language every changing thought
The brain suggests ! How thankfully we walk,
Or run, or skip, when feet are light with sport.
When rosy pleasure stirs the blood to joy,
Elastic mind and heart, beauty grows more bright :
Thro' all creation there seems no alloy,
Save youthful vigour would dethrone the night :
Young strength, daring as a rampant lion,
Curling its lip, defying sleep with scorn,
Thinks its sinews all are wrought in iron,
And not the blossoms of a transient morn !

TENNYSON.

Christian Bard, thy classic lyre
Resounds throughout the land ;
The pen is as a magic wand,
When wielded by thy gifted hand,
O, Bard.

Christian love is thy pure theme ;
It goeth to the heart :
Tho' brighten'd, heighten'd by high art,
Impassion'd tear-drops gush and start,
O, Bard.

Christian strife, like life portray'd :
Our troubl'd, worldly shocks ;
The falling down of earthly rocks,
The picking of temptation's locks,
O, Bard.

Christian grief, like to our own,
Is written on thy page :
The sinful outbursts, hate, and rage,
Will live thro' many a coming age,
O, Bard.

Christian faith, deep tried, yet true,
An everlasting flower :
Broad, brightest in affliction's hour—
A star of magnitude and power,
O, Bard.

Christian truths are here laid down,
Remember'd all when told :
You gild with universal gold,
Instructing young, instructing old,
O, Bard.

Christian peace, benign and dear,
Shines soft as moon-clad hills :
It welletth up like silver rills,
Till every thirsting heart-spring fills,
O, Bard.

Christian care, like light, comes forth—
The day-spring of high heaven :
Tho' like a dove, by deluge driven,
Finds at last a peaceful haven,
O, Bard.

Charity, like falling rain,
Falls soft on wheat and stubble :
When most needed, falling double,
Obliterating earthly trouble,
O, Bard.

Christian death, that leads to life,
Let's loose the soul's tied wings :
The Bird of Paradise upsprings,
Rejoicing soars, rejoicing sings,
O, Bard.

Christian, on ! thy path is lit
With truth and searching light :
Put stars into man's darken'd night,
Make all things beautiful, more bright,
O, Bard.

Christian strength be as thy shield,
 To guard thy hour of trial ;
 And should thy spirit droop awhile,
 Revive within thee, make thee smile,
 O, Bard.

Christian, on ! thy path is wide,
 A harvest's on each spot :
 Go forth and reap, thy sun is hot,
 Be meekly glorious in thy lot,
 O, Bard.

A DREAM OF SIN.

Thou'st clasp'd my soul with iron bands,
 Thou'st bound my heart in steel ;
 Thou'st stored my mind with dread commands,
 Hate only can I feel !

Thou'st fill'd mine eyes with ugly forms,
 Black as the sins of night :
 In shape like snakes and crawling worms,
 That sicken and affright.

My blood is fever'd, wild, and black ;
 Thy nails are poison'd points ;
 My spirit's ever on the rack—
 Thy venom's in my joints.

I close my hands, each sinew's strong,
 There's horror in my grip ;
 A demon, in the form of Wrong,
 Looks on with curlèd lip.

He beckons me with finger curved,
His breath's pernicious breath :
I, frenzied, follow, all unnerved—
He lures me on to death !

But, no ! he will not let me die
Until my soul's blood-red !
There's fascination in his eye—
He hovers round my bed :—

Brings dark visions to my sleep ;
He fills mine ear with sounds
Like stifled groans, subdued, life-deep :
Yells of the fierce bloodhounds—

Dilating nostrils, eyes ablaze,
Fangs that are sharp and long :
Detection, with its steady gaze,
Points out my every wrong !

He dogs my heels, both night and day,
Till sense of right is lost.
Justice, lion-like, at bay,
Sees, sees me tempest tost !

He weighs his words with measur'd pace,
Sears all my pangs with fire ;
My mind is in a red-hot race,
Smould'ring with smother'd ire.

Then wingèd Mercy opes her wings,
To fly unto my aid ;
But, when she nears me, off she springs,
Life stricken, and afraid !

And they pronounce my doom—'tis death !

Death, by the hangman's hands !

I raise mine own, to stop my breath,

But they are bound with bands !

Too strong for me to gnaw or break,

My head drops on my breast ;

I live, all, all my senses ache—

Fear, is my dauntless guest.

Oh ! these are warnings Heaven sends,

To stay the course of crime ;

Foreshadowings of wretched ends,

To save the soul in time.

Pollution is a thing of growth ;

'Tis not consummate born ;

The spirit struggles, it is loath

To yield, till bruis'd and torn.

It gives no inch of ground too soon,

For it is wisely brave :

It is a friend till latest noon :

Holds up a drowning slave

With its white arms, strong, resolute—

Imbued with godlike power :

The Holy Spirit never mute,

Till past is Mercy's hour !

Ah ! then the stubborn will is left,

Left like a black'ning clod :

The Mercy-chain at length is cleft—

Man's sever'd from his God !

M I S T S .

Mysterious mists, veiling bright creation ;
 How dim ye are, how vague and undefin'd :
 Dissolved, awakening animation
 Stirs to new rapture the rejoicing wind.
 Mists there are subduing aspiration :
 Ignorance and doubt, bastards of the mind,
 Whose only fruit, a sickening devastation
 Of all the vigour, native to our kind.
 And there are mists, disease thrusts on the brain,
 Fantastic, grim, of marvellous design ;
 That wring the spirit with unwonted pain,
 Thick hung with sorrows as a fruitful vine.
 Heaven's o'er all, bounteous, victorious :
 There mists are not, all clear, all glorious !

 THE WORLD.

Thou art to me a wilderness, a home,
 A place of dark unrest, a place all calm :
 O'er thee, O sepulchre, the starry dome—
 Each orb rein'd in, by the Almighty's arm.
 Thy paths are fillèd with the good, the bad :
 Penurious wealth, and penury are found
 So near together that the heart grows sad,
 And almost sighs, to leave terrèstrial ground.

Pale famine, and her sister brood, find room,
And energy to bear their heavy load ;
And glittering splendour flashes thro' the gloom
Near unwash'd flesh in rags, on the same road.

Young rosy pleasure, near the bed of death,
And laughing innocence, near blackest crime ;
Diseases, plagues, with their pernicious breath
Sear the young roses of creative time.

Dark, dull idolatry of self, of pride,
The pure exhaustless charities of love,
Like life, and death, walking side by side ;
And human weaknesses, in strength, like Jove.

And near the hero, cowards crawl and live,
Inhaling fragrance and enjoying good ;
The indolent, near those who work and strive,
And worldly tumult near green solitude.

The wanton, near sweet virtue pure and white ;
The suckling infant, near the gray grandsire ;
And sin, and sorrow, near the halls of light :
And wasted powers, drench'd in drams of fire.

Near to the desert home, the home of rest,
Of plenteousness, where wife and children sing :
Where God is worship'd, and where days are blest,
Because such feel the shelter of His wing.

And there are dens of lawless liberty,
Near bright abodes of christian gentle rule :
Excesses link'd with imbecility,
And blessèd spirits in progression's school.

Near intellectual night, scholastic domes ;
Unaided genius, with its high desire,
Seeing lustrous particles and atoms,
One day to blaze, and never more expire.

The house of prayer, within the prison walls ;
The priest, the hang-man, in the dread abode ;
And he, the doom'd, into the dark gulf falls—
Not thankless to lay down life's heavy load.

The universal Church, the ball, the play ;
Gigantic frauds, near sly and sneaking vice ;
A thousand ills, mere mushrooms of a day,
A thousand hazards, ruinous as dice.

The systematic rogue, whose trade's to cheat ;
The honest poor, with an unspotted name ;
The smiling hypocrite, with padded feet
By far too base to feel remorse, or shame.

The bold, the daring rebel's downward track ;
The christian, in his slippery ascent ;
The moping idiot, ever looking back :
The wise man, working out a wise intent.

The poet, and the actor, hand in hand ;
Rich prosaic strength, with eyes all clear ;
The high soul'd men, upholders of each land,
Who love the right, and act without a fear.

Innumerable excellences tower
Prominent, as nature's highest hills ;
Domestic virtues, ever rich in flower,
And giant intellects, and master wills.

And there are slaves, with skins as white as milk,
 Slaves to the grosser passions of the mind :
 Slaves, too, to fashion, robed in cloth and silk,
 Slaves, slaves, there are wherever blows the wind
 Freedom's big heart, throbs with might and main,
 Throbs in obscurity, as stern as strong :
 God help the free'd, again, and yet again,
 Their battle's fought, Right has vanquish'd
 Wrong.

And there is war and bloodshed, tumult, strife,
 Near peace, repose, and luxury and ease ;
 Temptations, griefs, await on every life,
 Diseases, deaths, alike on lands, and seas.
 Rise, Christian Churches, spring up far and wide !
 Firm be your pillars ! may Christ's words resound
 In their full promise like a rolling tide !
 Oh ! leave untouch'd no inch of earthly ground !

M I L T O N .

I stretch mine arms, I cannot span the earth,
 I raise mine hands, I cannot reach the stars,
 Mine eyes do wink, in gazing on the sun—
 Their curtains drop to veil intensest light.
 As vain, to strive to fathom deepest seas,
 Or leap high mountains with a puny bound,
 Or count creations with a human breath,
 Or stay the angels both of Life and Death,
 As dare to praise our Milton's sacred lyre.

I do revere the blind inspired man ;
 In verity, revere his godlike work ;
 Entrancèd, hear his rich and lofty verse,
 Rising, falling, like the four great winds.
 Unutterable lustre wreaths thy name
 O Bard of Heaven and Hell, on earth's broad
 ground !

THE NEW YEAR.

O, what hath the new year in store ?
 Say, will it be laden with bliss ?
 Will it be chequer'd with sorrow,
 Or changeful, uncertain as this ?

O, what hath the new year in store ?
 Love, hope, and affection, and truth :
 Hopes that shall fade, hopes that shall live,
 And passionate longings of youth.

O, what hath the new year in store ?
 Cheerfulness, joy, and contentment :
 High lofty aims, sorrows, and sins,
 Anger, hatred, resentment.

O, what hath the new year in store ?
 Patience, and courage, and daring :
 Impatience shall dare to complain—
 Tho' blessings are scatter'd unsparing.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

Blossoms and fruits, herbs and flowers ;
Health that declines, strength that gives way,
And the birth of vigorous powers.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

Old sicknesses, pleasures, and pains ;
Heart aches, virtues, and victories—
And crimes with their horrors and stains.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

A mystery, we must unravel :
A bright starry future for some,
For others, a time of travail.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

A storehouse of minutes and hours :
Countless chances for fame, for worth,
For glory and glorious powers.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

Affections that are to intertwine :
Loves, marriages, partings, and deaths,
And births that to all seem divine.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

Faith, charity, hope, doubt and care :
The earth, and our own firesides,
The firmament, freedom, and air.

O, what hath the new year in store ?

Blessings, mysteriously wove :
In and out, threading thro' all,
Protection, and heavenly love.

FIVE WILL SOON BE HERE.

One, two, three, four—five will soon be here ;
 Beat not so quickly, heart of mine :
 Hark ! hark !—hush ! hush ! a well known step is
 near ;—

That step, dear love, is thine.
 No ! no ! how long the hour appears !
 This anxious waiting wakes my soul to tears.

Not yet five ! five will never chime—
 Never was there hour so drear !
 Spread thy wings for flight, O, tedious time,
 But fold them when my love is near.
 Joy ! joy ! turn these minutes into years—
 Bliss ! the kiss of love now wakes my soul to tears.

AMBITION.

O, lofty voice ! and mighty, if it well
 Pure from the soul's unfathomable springs ;
 And, like an eagle in its daring flight,
 Aspiring soars on wide gigantic wings.

When overcome by sore fatigue and toil,
 He drops exhausted in his nest in pain :
 A little rest, and every power's restored,—
 Then, lo ! he proudly mounts aloft again !

"Tis thus the human mind must rise and fall—
Its strength and weakness fluctuate in turn :
Ambition, lest 'twere quench'd by gentler things,
Were self-destroying, must consume and burn.

While, as it is, a short reprieve from toil
Reanimates the inborn life of man :
Genius, with its patient courage, strives
To perfect wisely what it once began.

Many, from a too great love of art,
O'ertax nature and her varied powers ;
The mind's enfeebl'd, or the strength gives way,
And genius, drooping, puts not forth her flowers.

The soul, illum'd, directs the sculptor's hand,—
He glories in, and by his art he lives :
With admiration looks upon his work—
Each deep'ning line new animation gives.

And when his noble work's achiev'd, he kneels :
He knew his inspiration was divine ;
And, looking upwards, thanks his God, and owns—
"Thine be the praise ! the handiwork but mine."

And not less tenderly the artist doats
With fond affection on his gentler art ;
Upon the living canvas he portrays
The rich imaginings of brain and heart.

So well he mimics nature's lovely scenes,
The summer's glory scarcely disappears ;
His leafy groves, and flowers, and winding streams
Retain their freshness thro' the lapse of years.

The composition of delicious sounds—
The minstrel and his melodies we prize ;
For he can touch our heart's best sympathies—
His music woos the tears into our eyes.

Oh, dearer still the poet and his lays :
If earnest truthfulness inspire his verse,
He bids the soul burst thro' all mists, all clouds,
And gaze enraptur'd on the universe !

One heartfelt song shall touch a nation's heart,
And other lands shall welcome every word ;
For poetry hath silent, solemn wings
To fly thro' space, yea, swifter than a bird.

And there are those, the well deserving, doom'd
To walk in shadow on the face of earth :
Live unacknowledg'd, labour on and die,
Ere yet the world has recognised their worth.

Ambition's voice, O, be it not despised !
If pure and steadfast, it will faithful prove :
Will keep the soul of man inviolate,
And be a boon indeed to prize and love.

There's not a thing created in the world,
But round about it rays of glory shine :
Ambition ! thou'st a greater, higher soul,
Than we poor erring mortals can divine.

Could we dethrone thee from this world of ours,
Each noble art would fade or vanish soon ;
And science scarce would deign to raise its head,
Or droop before it gain'd its lustrous noon.

Ambition fired our Nelson's glorious mind,
 And Wellington did feel its burning glow :
 Alas ! their laurels were dyed red in blood—
 The blood of manhood in his prime laid low !

EMBLEM OF PEACE.

O, if I could !
 I'd rear for Peace a pure white Throne :
 Upon its crest Noah's gentle dove,
 With outstretch'd wings of innocence,
 Wide as immortal Love—
 I would ! I would !

THE EAST WIND.

Come, gentle showers, refreshing dews,
 Earth needs your gentle aid :
 Come, blessed sunshine, warm the ground,
 Thou long away hast stay'd.

The east wind rushes o'er the earth,
 A blight is in its breath :
 It breathes upon the green glad spring
 The icy chill of death.

The flowering trees forget to bloom ;
 The grass, hath ceased to grow ;
 The early blossoms wither up ;
 We have no sunset glow.

The east wind rushes keen and cold ;
 We shiver tho' tis May :
 All vegetation's check'd and curb'd—
 The sky is dim and gray.

Come western winds, come, sunny beams !
 And bless our land again :
 Oh ! meet in glory, strew the world
 With herbage, fruit, and grain.

Our fields are sown with care and skill—
 We watch the signs of growth :
 Come forth, O, sun ! descend, soft rain !
 All nature needs ye both.

Spring looks no longer spring, alas !
 The sere has touch'd her robe :
 Oh ! visit us again, bless'd sun—
 Shine, shine on this our globe.

Plead at the Mercy Seat, sweet winds,
 Sweet rains, bright sun of fire :
 Tell ye our Maker, but for Him
 All nature must expire !

Oh ! we do bless Him for His gifts !
 Faint, powerless, and dead
 Our efforts are, unless He smile
 Approving o'er our head.

THE NIGHTMARE.

He seals up my tongue, he makes me dumb,
 He shackles my soul when in slumber :
 Waking, my spirit makes him succumb—
 I throw off my burden, as lumber.
 He rivets me down, waves his lank hair,
 Unrestrain'd by my human restraint :
 He flaps his wings in the dismal air
 Till my pulses beat rapid, then faint.
 He tortures my heart, and my aching brain ;
 He wounds me with unseen arrow :
 He pierces my flesh with a stinging pain,
 It curdles my blood, and my marrow.
 At morn he flies ; but his iron bands
 Have cleaved my spirit and wrench'd my
 hands.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

The beautiful attracts mine eyes,
 It fills my brain with light ;
 The untold stars of night,
 Thronging round their queen ;
 The universal green,
 The softly spreading blue,
 The shining drops of dew
 That creep into each flower ;
 The myrtle blossom'd bower,

The green intertwining leaves,
 The summer sunlit eves,
 The glist'ning, snowy flake,
 The sunset on the lake,
 The rays of light that fall,
 Are blessings for us all—
 Yes, for the simple and the wise.

The beautiful attracts mine eyes :
 The awful, the sublime,
 Existing thro' all time ;
 The fierce, the wingèd light,
 That bursts through clouds of night—
 The dread ethereal fire
 That flashes to expire ;
 The firmament illum'd ;
 The falling star that's doom'd
 To fall headlong thro' space ;
 The comet's ceaseless race,
 Swift thro' its vapourous main,
 Again, and yet again ;
 The tinted arch unveil'd,
 Its beauty all have hail'd
 As crowning glory of the skies.

The beautiful attracts mine eyes :
 The rugged and the grand ;
 Our picturesque home land,
 Crown'd with its golden crown,
 Of harvest, till cut down :

All work—the young, the old,
 The fields seem paved with gold,
 The horn of plenty fill'd,
 From nature, all distill'd !
 And yet, we dare complain
 Of sunshine or of rain,
 Tho' we've been fed from birth
 From the productive earth !
 Our faith is faint and white,
 It wants breadth, depth, and height—
 Belief in God's great mysteries !

The beautiful attracts mine eyes :

The beauty of a child,
 Bright, innocent, and wild ;
 The richer grace of youth
 With face illum'd with truth ;
 The dawn of higher thought
 Inmixing with young sport ;
 The transient flush, the glow,
 The keen, but fleeting woe
 That casts a gloom around,
 Upon youth's fairy ground ;
 The brightly flashing glance,
 When in the giddy dance,
 The tell-tale blood mounts up,
 When pleasure's in the cup,
 Foretelling blissful destinies !

The beautiful attracts mine eyes :

The works of mine own kind ;
 The children of the mind,

Fed by fair creation,
 Born of imitation.
 And goodly labour toils
 With brush, with pencil, oils :
 The sculptor and his block,
 His eagle, and his rock ;
 The poet and his song,
 With heart and brain both strong ;
 The miner in his mine ;
 Art, science, plummet, line ;
 The tillers of the field ;
 Above all, God's great shield !
 Truth searchers, on !—your labour's wise !
 Would, would that art had magic power
 To tint the waving grass !
 The lights, the shadows, pass !
 The flickering of each beam,
 The rippling of each stream,
 The calm, the storm, the gale,
 Here ! here all art must fail !
 O, still and stagnant pool,
 Too much a thing of rule !
 The wild free wind, the sea,
 All nature's minstrelsy
 Defy thee and thy skill—
 And mock man's lordly will !
 Dame Nature on her throne,
 Begirt with magic zone—
 Magician wand and staff,
 Looks down with silv'ry laugh,
 And blots out sunshine with a shower !

Mysterious sounds attract mine ear :
 The voice of whispering leaves,
 The rustling of bound sheaves,
 The buzzing of the bee,
 The voices of the sea,
 The whizzing of a wing,
 The rains of sunny spring ;
 The chirp, the coo, the cry—
 The tuneful laugh, the sigh ;
 The murmuring of bliss,
 The low, soft sounding kiss,
 Are sounds art cannot touch,
 Tho' all belovèd much !
 Victorious nature waves
 Her flags o'er us poor slaves,
 In glory, thro' the changeful year.

 THE EYE

Orb of light ! orb of fire !
 Deeply black, gray, brown, or blue ;
 Flaming when the soul's in ire,
 Glist'ning as a drop of dew.
 Bright interpreter of feeling,
 Sad exponent of distress ;
 Like a star, when faith is kneeling,
 Like a fiend in wild excess.

When the heart has some sweet story,
 Then it shineth like a sun,
 Deep'ning in its might and glory !
 Glittering when lit up by fun.

Orator of grief in madness,
 Grand declaimer when elate ;
 Like a spirit when in gladness,
 Celestial when the soul is great.

Flashing in the hour of victory,
 Clouded when we meet defeat ;
 Eloquent in nature's history,
 Changing with the spirit's heat.

Living world of strange expression,
 Moving in a pearly space ;
 Delineator of impression,
 Crowning glory of the face !

THE EAR.

Marvellous, tho' earthly, creature,
 Quick to catch the sounds of earth ;
 Thou to intellect art teacher,
 Child of sorrow, child of mirth !
 Thou canst make the spirit tremble
 At the outcry of dismay ;
 Truthful too, can'st not dissemble,
 Tho' thy throne is human clay.

Thou unseal'st the fount of waters
At thy merest slightest touch ;
Be we sons, or be we daughters,
We do love and prize thee much.

Harmony lets fall its showers,
To entrance thee with its spell ;
All the birds of nature's bowers
Sing to thee, who loves them well.

Sounds of air do hover round thee,
Thou dost verb'rate at each sound ;
It was nature's hand that crown'd thee,
Made thee rapturous, profound !

THE WORM.

Lowly, slowly, on the earth
We crawl, because we must ;
From the moment of our birth,
Amongst the mould and dust.

Wearily, and sick at heart,
We go our little rounds ;
Isolated and apart,
Within our narrow bounds.

We would soar, and we would swim,
Or skip from spray to spray ;
Our homes are damp, and cold, and dim,
For in the ground we lay.

We writhe, and curl, and curve, and twist,
Transparent is our skin ;
We scarcely know why we exist,
For love we never win.

You're wrapp'd about with mystery,
Man loathes your slimy touch ;
Flesh hath a dismal destiny,
You're one with us too much.

E'en in life you worms can gnaw
And breathe our very breath ;
You banquet on us o'er and o'er
In the cold arms of death.

You feed upon the once bright eye,
It's socket is your nest ;
In our breast your young shall lie,
And find a happy rest.

You will creep into the ear,
The cavern of sweet sound ;
Your wine will be the frozen tear,
When we are underground.

You will crawl into the heart,
Into the stricken brain ;
There into life and being start
Again, and yet again !

MORTAL, YET IMMORTAL

Tho' we be mortal on this changeful earth,
 Strength immortal doth the soul possess ;
 Tho' direful pains afflict our human flesh,
 Hope's buoyant wings can soar above distress:

Bird-like the spirit rises, sinks, and rests,
 Doth feel depression, yet can be elate ;
 Can raise to mighty works the willing brain,
 And bid the low-born tower above the great.

One breath of inspiration from on high,
 Can make a world to listen mute and still ;
 And marvel at the stirring gush of truth
 From man's rich thoughts, illumed by heaven's
 will.

Dove-like be ye, O, mothers of mankind,
 Fortitude and patience be your dower ;
 For ye must bear a martyrdom of pain,
 All love sustain ye in the trying hour !

And ye, O children of the deeply tried,
 Be ye obedient in life's early years ;
 And when arrived at manhood's state forbear
 To fill an anxious parent's eyes with tears.

And ye, O maidens, beautifully bright !
 Be pure, be spotless as the lily's bloom ;
 Have willing hands, be prompt to think, to do,
 And be as angels in a sick man's room.

And ye who bear the weight of many days,
 Earth-stained, perchance, yet ponder ere ye go :
 Altho' your sins be black, yea scarlet red,
 Your Saviour's blood can blanch them white as
 snow.

O, world of care ! O, sepulchre of death !
 O, nursery of vice, where virtue dies ;
 Or waxing strong, triumphant over sin,
 Sees blessings clad in many a dark disguise !

 ONE MIND.

Each mind's endow'd with its own seed,
 Each hath its crown of flowers ;
 Guard it 'gainst each poisonous weed,
 In the day-spring of life's hours.
 One mind is but one link of gold,
 One link of one big chain ;
 One tiny lamb of one great fold,
 One drop of one great rain.
 One little beam of glowing light,
 One wavelet of the sea ;
 One glinting star, translucent, bright,
 All linked, yet each one free.
 One silver cloud that rides thro' space,
 One little breath of wind :
 One leaflet of the leafy race,
 One speck of immortal mind.

TO MARY'S MEMORY.

We placed her in her grave,
And mute with grief we stood ;
Each knew a friend was gone,
For she was good.

Her love, Oh ! how sincere,
How honest was her mind ;
Truth fill'd her very soul,
And made her kind.

Unselfish were her deeds
As mother, friend, and wife ;
If once you gain'd her love,
'Twould last a life.

She had no winning grace,
Nor elegance of form ;
Her sympathies of heart
Were pure and warm.

She never sought to please,
She hated all deceit ;
But if you won her smile
'Twas very sweet !

Or when her truthful tongue
Did utter words of praise ;
They sank into the heart
To live for days.

Her willing hands were soft
When suffering shook the frame ;
When most you needed help,
Unask'd she came.

Her words were very few,
But all her actions told ;
Her nature overflow'd
With nature's gold.

At every meal I gaze
Upon her vacant chair ;
A sickness o'er me creeps,
She is not there !

And thus our earthly stars
Grow bright and then depart ;
Their memory remains
To fill the heart !

Thus mercy may be traced
In every earthly pain ;
Altho' we lose our friends,
They rise again !

We patiently must bear
The griefs that God may send ;
For all creation shows
He is our friend !

Then fare thee well, beloved !
We'll try to smile thro' tears ;
Our parting can but last
A few brief years.

Although they now must fall
Upon thy lonely bed ;
We soon shall be with thee
Amongst the dead.

Why do we waste the hours,
The days, in endless strife ?
We need but one great aim,
Eternal Life !

QUICKSILVER.

I watch'd a ball of quicksilver
Go round, and round, and round ;
As tho' it could not find a spot
Of rest on earthly ground.

I thought of vivid, active strength,
In the zenith of its power ;
Of wild impetuosity
When stirr'd in passion's hour.

I thought of morbid-stricken grief,
That thinks one horrid thought ;
Still thought of in the burning sun,
Till mind, till heart's distraught.

I thought, too, of the madman's brain,
Whose fancies come and go
Ten thousand times within an hour ;
Of waves' incessant flow.

That little ball of quicksilver,
Tho' broken, join'd again ;
And flew about in wild delight,
Unconscious of its bane.

I thought 'twas like the human flesh,
Cut by a skilful hand ;
While nature, working in the midst,
Heals with her magic wand.

GOOD NIGHT.

Father ! ere I go to sleep,
My thoughts fly ever to thee ;
Softly to thy breast I creep,
Thou dear, most dear art to me.
Good Night !

Mother ! tho' thou'rt lost to me,
The tear of fond emotion
Fills mine eyes when I'm alone,
I miss thy true devotion.
Good Night !

Mary ! tho' thou'rt gone before,
Tho' so long departed ;
Still thy memory is green,
Thou wert so noble hearted.
Good Night !

Sidney ! tho' we differ oft,
 Forgive the harsh word spoken ;
Nature's voice is kind and soft,
 Her laws should not be broken.
 Good Night !

Rhoda ! would I loved thee more !
 For thou art very gentle ;
Prompt to every kindly deed—
 To all good instrumental.
 Good Night !

Alfred ! may thy strength increase,
 May every good attend thee ;
But if the hope, alas ! must cease,
 May every heart befriend thee.
 Good Night !

Frederick ! thou of stronger growth,
 Success be with thee ever ;
May affection bind ye both,
 Be one in heart for ever.
 Good Night !

Annie Rhoda ! happy thing !
 Unto my heart the nearest ;
May contentment gild thy spring,
 And guard thee, loved and dearest.
 Good Night !

Kind friends, treasures of my youth,
The living and the sleeping ;
Blessings from the soul of truth
Gush from my heart when weeping.
Good Night !

Baby, lying in the grave,
The grassy mead above thee !
If thou had'st been spared to us,
Oh ! how our hearts had loved thee.
Good Night !

Bessie ! bright and bonny one !
Thy parents' hearts infold thee ;
Closer do they cling to life
When their eyes behold thee.
Good Night !

Flora ! daisy of the flock,
As white as pure thy beauty ;
Like an angel's is thy smile,
To guard thee blissful duty.
Good Night !

Alice ! wild and fluttering bird,
Wayward, loving, clever ;
In and out thy happy nest,
Green may it keep for ever !
Good Night !

Husband ! 'twas a blessèd hour
 When we two were united ;
 I was but a drooping flower,
 Heart-crushed, and well nigh blighted.
 Good Night !

Heaven ! ere I go to rest,
 I bare my soul before thee ;
 Thy mercies to my heart are press'd,
 I worship and adore Thee.
 Good Night !

Saviour ! I may never see
 The dawning of the morrow ;
 I'm at peace with all and Thee,
 And quench'd is every sorrow.
 Good Night !

THE BEACON LIGHT.

I'll trim the beacon light,
 Thy little house I'll keep ;
 I'll watch the waves all night,
 I will not fall asleep.
 I trim my light, then seek my bed,
 The waves beneath, the storm o'erhead.
 I'll watch the scatter'd stars,
 The moon as she doth rise ;
 Morn's rosy golden bars,
 Athwart the gorgeous skies.

I stir the fire, shut out the wind,
I like my glass to be well lined.

I'll watch the dancing waves,
Those merry things at play ;
Over the coral caves
They murmur and bound all day.

I close my ears, I shut my eyes,
I shut out winds, and seas, and skies.

I'll watch each vessel's track,
Upon the ocean wide ;
Do all who start come back,
Oh ! may I trust the tide ?

The sea is bright, the foam is white,
It can grow black, ay black as night !

See, it is calm and soft,
Unruff'd, smooth as glass ;
The sunlight is aloft,
The sea looks green as grass.

But it can yell, and swell, and moan,
And screech, and shriek, and squall, and groan.

But surely all return,
Hope, love, faith, and youth ;
All these are stars that burn,
With the strong fire of truth !

That big salt-bath can put 'em out,
Before they know what they're about.

Faith, spirit-like, is strong,
 Down never can be hurl'd ;
 Hope cannot lead us wrong,
 If truth be in the world.

The sea is wide, the sea is deep,
 Tho' like an infant now asleep.

I'll light the beacon light,
 I'll light a blazing fire ;
 Bring lamp on lamp to-night !
 Old man, art thou a sire ?

“ Two sons I had, fair lady bright,
 They both were wreck'd one stormy night !”

Come, I will sing to thee,
 To comfort thee I'll try ;
 The soul you know is free,
 Altho' the flesh may die.

“ Both of them good, and bold, and brave,
 And yet my boys each found a grave !”

The spirit riseth up,
 And flies above the flood ;
 There is salvation's cup
 Fill'd with atoning blood.

“ With waves they fought, the mighty gale
 Did tell once more its horrid tale !”

Shut out the night, the stars,
 Yea, tho' the moon should rise !
 Shut out the golden bars,
 The sun throws o'er the skies !

" My two brave boys the waves washed in,
Both, both were pure of spot, of sin !"

A blessed time for death !

Ah ! do not mourn, old man ;
The bright perpetual breath
All elevated can
Shake off each earthly blast.
Waves of the conqu'ring sea,
Tho' wide, and deep, and vast,
Blight but mortality.

But with that said mortality
I lost their immortality !
I trim my Beacon Light
Over their graves, O, sea !
When dark, thou'rt like my night !
'Tis well the soul is free,
Or in despair I'd break the waves,
And lay me down between their graves !

LIFE'S BRIGHT BRINK.

Sing, sing me a song, a sweet song of truth,
Fill'd with the passions and longings of youth ;
A song that shall make me both feel and think,
As I felt and thought when on life's bright brink.
Wring, wring from mine eyes a shower of tears,
Sunny and swift, as in those happy years

When the heart was kind and its feelings soft,
 When it was its nature to look aloft.

Sing, sing me a song, Oh ! bring back, restore
 The beautiful dreams of my fancy once more !

Sing, sing me a song, ah ! bid me forget
 That sorrows have often bathed my cheek wet ;
 Sing, sing me a song that shall bid depart
 Those memories that weigh like lead on my heart.

Chase, chase thou away each shadow, each stain,
 And let me feel young and all pure again !

My spirit set free from its earthly chains,
 Deep have the fetters been buried in pains !

Sing, sing me a song, Oh ! let my heart break,
 Or heal up its wounds, for sweet mercy's sake !

THE SLAVE.

I did inherit slavery,
 A manly, mighty dower !

I did inherit bravery,
 'Tis nature's native flower !

Between my chains the leaves peep through,
 To sip the morning air ;
 To drink deep draughts of living dew,
 To save me from despair.

Thought sprinkles out its many stars,
 Thick thro' my sphere of night ;
 They scorn my prison, fetters, bars,
 They shower upon me light.

I scale the mountains of my land
To scan God's mighty frame ;
I love the works of His great hand,
I call upon His name.

The winds of heaven fan my brow,
Mine every limb is strong ;
I pray, have register'd a vow,
I join in freedom's song.

Although a slave, I'm free ! I dare
To worship and adore !
God's blessèd dome is everywhere !
Yea, o'er the black man's shore,

It hangs in glory, flames in fire,
The sun's dread shield is red ;
A myriad lances tipt in ire
Will guard the black man's head.

The cry of war shall yet be heard,
Shall boom on every hill ;
Liberty ! shall be the word
Wrung from each burning will.

Yes, free to work, and free to wed,
Our offspring free as air ;
Not to be driven, but be led
By humanizing care.

I did inherit slavery :
No child of mine shall pine,
And fret out his young bravery,
No, by the Great Divine !

E A G L E.

Bird of colossal might and dauntless will,
 With great broad wings that scarcely know
 fatigue ;
 Leaving below the highest, hugest hill,
 Thou journeyest on thro' many an airy league.
 Down like an arrow dart'st thou on thy prey,
 The unsuspecting lamb is clutch'd with beak,
 And claw, while its fond mother, patient, meek,
 Bemoans her loss, all powerless 'gainst thy sway.
 Then dost thou bear thy prize to some rude crag,
 To tear its entrails, and to drink its blood,
 To fill the hungry maws of thy young brood,
 With all the eager cunning of a hag.
 And yet, grand bird, thou art a type of power,
 Air, light, space, strength, and energy thy dower !

 CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

Be not weary of well-doing,
 Days on earth are very brief :
 Sin and sorrow keep renewing
 Their dark tides with human grief.

 If you check one tear that's falling,
 Blessings will attend the deed :
 Hope and happiness recalling,
 Just to drop their holy seed.

Gently chide the harsh word spoken—
Think of Mercy's healing breath :
Bind up hearts that are nigh broken,
Comfort sinners at their death.

Be not weary or impatient,
We ourselves have known much strife :
Friends have loved us, been most patient,
With the storms of youthful life.

Pity thou the first great sorrow
That the young heart's doom'd to feel :
Make much of to-day—to-morrow,
Be thy task to soothe, to heal.

Boldly aid the one defamed—
Be a shield in time of wrong :
Love the guilty ; if reclaimed,
Help to make his virtue strong.

Kindly smile on each endeavour,
Leaning to the pure and true ;
Rear thou fruit to bloom for ever—
Softly sprinkle it with dew.

Let not censure burn the young shoots
Of the mind's productive vine :
Bring air, light, unto its weak roots—
It will spread, and grow divine.

Be not weary ; check thy nature
With a wise and just control ;
Pity every fallen creature,
Wipe the plague spots from the soul.

Quickly prop the tott'ring, slipping,
Sliding down the paths of vice :
Raise them, tho' they're dank and dripping,
Mix in love with good advice.

Touch the heart's impulsive feelings,
Reach the mental throne of man,
Bring thou spiritual healings—
Every christian should, and can.

Be not weary, nurse the stricken,
Bid the strong go work and toil ;
Neglected intellect, go quicken ;
Put a light to nature's oil.

Mark it blaze, flame up in glory,
Burn with steadfast power and might ;
Tell to all the Perfect Story,
Born of Heaven, crown'd with light.

Help the gray-hair'd, faithful, aged—
Those who've nearly done their task :
Be their sufferings assuagèd,
Ere they have to plead or ask.

Aid the rising generation
On life's busy road to start,
With the star of Veneration
Bright'ning both the brain and heart.

RAIN DROPS.

Drip, drip, drip, drip, drips the rain,
Over valley, over plain :

Drip, drip—ripen golden grain,
For the good of all !

Rain-drops fall in silv'ry showers,
Sweeten fruits, refresh our bowers,
Ope the buds of tender flowers—

Mercy bids ye fall !

Drip, drip, drip, drip genial rain,
Ye shall seek the clouds again,
Earth's not visited in vain—

Make us all rejoice !

Link'd with sunshine, come and go,
Dance ye where the spring leaves grow,
Whisper blessings deep and low,

With a gentle voice !

FALL OF THE LEAF.

A few dead leaves bestrew the ground,
The many about to fall
Look parch'd and dry in the burning light,
Near ivy green on the wall.

We were born together in early spring,
Rear'd by earth's vital breath ;
We rejoiced together in summer time,
And we'll cling together in death.

With wild embrace we interlace,
As tho' we could not part ;
For every leaf of our parent oak
Is thrill'd by its one great heart.

The air grows chill, the rain is cold,
The light is dim and gray ;
The earth is clad in a sombre garb,
The swallows have flown away.

The winds yell forth a wintry dirge,
We trembling leaves are stirr'd ;
And whisper and moan in plaintive tone
Farewell ! in every word.

With dying love we cling to boughs,
The boughs that hold us fast ;
They've nourish'd and nurs'd us many a day
In the bright and happy past.

NEVER AGAIN.

Never again shall the love of her heart
Put forth its sweet blossoms once perish'd ;
No new affection can ever impart
A bliss like the first one she cherish'd.

Never again shall the soft light of joy
Be seen in her eyes blue as heaven ;
Tho' mists may obscure, they cannot destroy
The beauty that nature hath given

Never again will the smile of content
 Shed lustre on every feature ;
 She looks like a flower, drooping and bent,
 A lovely, but desolate creature.

Never again will her sweet voice be heard
 To breathe in her song fond emotion ;
 Voice would be lost in each tremulous word,
 Die out in its living devotion.

Never again shall this sweet flower bloom,
 Or open its bright leaves to sorrow ;
 Her beautiful form we lay in the tomb,
 Secure from the storms of to-morrow.

FORGIVE.

If you have suffer'd, and the mind is sore,
 The heart within you harass'd or distress'd ;
 Oh ! blame not harshly, or condemn too soon,
 For bitter words were better ne'er express'd.

They cannot lessen the amount of ills,
 They cannot soothe the fever of the mind ;
 Then let no utterance escape the lips
 Unless it be both merciful and kind.

Each irritating word but adds its sting,
 For bitterness corrodes within the breast ;
 'Twere wiser to avoid the thing that wounds,
 Than fill our nature with a dark unrest.

We cannot feel, nor sympathise with all.
We are estranged from some we scarce know
why ;
A something felt, but not to be defined,
Casts its dark shadow o'er affection's sky.

How slight a thing will cause the heart to change,
And turn from those it fondly loved before ;
A word, a smile, by some mysterious spell,
Can woo the bosom almost to adore.

Strange the extremes our human nature owns,
Our best affections wronged can turn to hate,
Our noble actions are at best but few,
While error's catalogue is wide and great.

Yet much within our nature's truly good,
Our native impulses humane and kind ;
A rich and full contentment is our own,
When gentle thoughts and feelings are combin'd.

Then wherefore should dissension come between
To sever heart from heart, for days, for years ?
The longest life is but a little span,
Then waste it not in bitterness and tears.

Stretch forth the hand ! 'tis noble to forgive !
There's no one being perfect on the earth ;
And none so fallen, but his nature hath
A something pure and lovely from its birth.

LONELINESS.

'Tis worse than loneliness
 To live with those
 Who cannot understand
 Our joys or woes.

Worse, when the heart is warm,
 To meet a chill ;
 Or when the spirit's bruis'd,
 Be gentle still.

Hard, when our nature lacks
 A rock on earth ;
 Hard, when we're look'd upon
 As nothing worth.

Hard, when our friends are wean'd
 In mind, in heart ;
 Hard, to feel in life's long chain
 A link apart.

Hard, when affection sweet
 Just blooms and dies ;
 And smiles are quench'd by tears
 In youthful eyes.

Hard, when the hand of death
 Our all hath ta'en ;
 We, weak with sorrow, mourn,
 And mourn in vain !

Hard, when affliction's new,
 To teach the soul
 That God is Lord of all,
 And rules the whole.

Hard, when the heart is crush'd,
 To bid it rise ;
 And love the chast'ning hand,
 And think it wise.

THE FAUSE ALARM.

“ An' are ye fause, fause to yer Nannie ?
 You, sae bright, sae braw, sae cannie,
 Braver, bonnier than any !
 I lo'ed ye better than my Mammie,
 Better than my gray auld Grannie,
 I'd marry ye without a penny !

“ An' are ye fause, fause, fause to me ?
 I lo'ed ye to idolatry ;
 All womanly and tenderly !
 Ye taught me how to bend the knee,
 How to bear dark penury ;
 But sin' ye wish it, go, be free !

“ Gang, gang awa, I'll try to bear
 This sair, unleuk'd-for load o' care ;
 But to complain, I mauna dare.
 I'll try to love my native air,

Our rugged glens, sae wild, sae fair,
An' lose my sorrowing in prayer !

“ 'Tis but a blow, a shock, a fa',
Frae ane I lo'ed the best of a' ;
The eternal setting o' a star,
A life-lang wound, a buried scar,
A great, where mony sma' anes are,
A strange weird discord, ceaseless jar !

“ Sae young, we lo'ed each other too,
Our greatest pride our being true ;
His bonnie e'en sae deeply blue,
They sparkle like twin-draps o' dew ;
Tho' kind to a', he lo'ed but few,
Ne'er left an auld friend for a new.

“ I'll na' believe him fause, unkind,
His is a leal and faithfu' mind ;
I'll ask him if he would unbind
Love's silken fetters, soft an' kind,
An' throw our young dreams to the wind ?
Should he say yea, I'll be resign'd !

“ Donald, Donald, yer Nannie ca's !
He mauna see the tear that fa's ;
Back, back, back ! - I wadna weep,
I'll like a sunbeam to him creep,
Surround him wi' a gentle light,
Forgetfu' o' my ain dark night.

“ Ah ! will he smile or turn awa ?
 His e'e binks like a blinking star !.
 His bright red lips, ah ! will they part ?
 Will, will he haud me to his heart,
 Infold me wi' his twa strang arms,
 An' kiss awa' my wild alarms.

“ Yonder he stands ! sae brave, sae bright,
 A livin' truth in heaven's light !
 A braw young oak in Scottish soil,
 All radiant wi' his manly toil ;
 There's nae deceit within his breast,
 Lie still, poor heart, and be at rest !”

“ Ye're whiter than the silver lily,
 Tearfu' as the dewy rose ;
 Stricken as a lanely Robin
 In the midst o' winter snows !

“ What ails my pure and lovely Nannie ?
 Why sae trembling, why sae sair ?
 Hae ye a grief, hae ye a sorrow,
 That yer Donald canna share ?

“ Why turn awa' yer bonnie forehead,
 Why this sudden fever flush ?
 What mental terrors has my Nannie,
 That gar the saut tears rise and gush ?

“ Were I distress'd, I'd seek ye, darlin',
 Kennin' weel ye'd share my pain ;
 An' listenin' to yer consolation,
 I soon wad grow right weel again.

“ Let’s sit doon in this green meadow,
Nestle closer to my side ;
My comforter, my blessin’, hear me,—
Will Nannie be a poor man’s bride ?

“ Ye ken I’ve worked baith late an’ early,
In simmer, autumn, winter, spring ;
I noo can buy a wee bit cottie,—
Leuk here, Nannie, here’s the ring !

“ Here’s white muslin for the bride-gown,
A knot o’ lillies for yer hair ;
I’ll hae nae bonnet for yer head, Nan,
To hide yer bonnie brow sae fair !

“ A wee bit plaidie for yer shoulders,
Sturdy shoon for yer sma’ feet ;
A snowy apron for our hearth-stane,
A bran new head-gear for the street.

“ A can for water frae the well spring,
A steamin’ kettle for the hob ;
Cups, platters, spoons, and shinin’ tea pot,
Made o’ tin, wi’ ebony knob.

“ A round deal table, and a mirror,
To reflect yer winsome form ;
A feather bed, a bolster, pillow,
To keep us in the cauld nights warm.

“ Twa chairs for us, an’ ane for friendship,
A tiny little seat beside ;—”

“ Haud, haud yer saucy tongue, dear Donald !”
Poor Nannie, blushin’, laugh’d and cried.

THE BLIND GIRL'S DREAM.

List, mother ! listen to my dream !
 My heart's too full to speak ;
 It overflows with happiness,
 And tears run down my cheek.

Ah ! let me kneel unto thy feet,
 Clasp thou mine hands in thine ;
 Altho' I'm blind, yet have I seen
 All nature's bright things shine.

Yes, in my sleep I saw thine eyes,
 Those smiling, loving eyes !
 Altho' my waking hours be dark,
 In sleep bright visions rise.

I saw the sun, the moon, the stars,
 Enthron'd in endless space ;
 And there were fleecy, silv'ry clouds
 Of changeful form and grace.

In waking hours I've heard the birds
 Pour forth their joyous lay ;
 But only knew when they were hush'd,
 The birds had flown away.

I saw them, mother, in my sleep,
 Flying from spray to spray ;
 Amidst the infant leaves of spring,
 They hymn'd the dawning day.

I saw the flowers, the blushing flowers,
Whose colors softly blend ;
They were as bright as morn's own light,
Which on them did descend.

And there were streams and grassy fields,
Crag, mountain, hill, and dale ;
And all these blending beauties told
One rich, harmonious tale.

My breast could scarcely hold my heart—
I felt, I heard, I saw !
The hope of heaven fill'd my soul
More fondly than before !

I woke in stretching forth my hand
To catch a butterfly :
To me 'twas night, altho' 'twas morn—
The vision had pass'd by !

The yearnings of my sadden'd heart
Heaven's pitying angels knew ;
So softly in the dreamy hour
My darken'd veil withdrew.

Thou know'st how fair, midst deepest shades,
Faint gleams of bright things are :
How welcome to the wanderer's eye
Shines forth the faintest star.

Dear Mother ! words can never tell—
They mar—they but destroy—
The heaven in your blind girl's soul ;
They cannot breathe her joy !

Oh ! should impatience ever reach
 The heart within my breast,
 May the bright memory of that dream
 Bring cheerfulness and rest.

My night hath mellow'd into morn :
 Midst darkness there is light :
 For one brief hour God starr'd my soul,
 And gave your blind girl sight !

PETRIFICATION.

Lovest thou the marvellous,
 The tragic, and the strange ?
 Life is all mysterious
 Wheresoever we may range.

O, direful tragedies !
 Ye blot this world of ours ;
 Lost are sweetest charities
 Oft in earthly bowers.

Manifold the trespasses
 Beneath the eye of heaven,
 False and idle ecstacies
 Thrown aside or riven.

Many bright realities
 Mere fiction cannot reach ;
 Blessèd truths and fallacies
 Heart-life born in each.

One and all are worshippers
Of many an earthly god,
Worshipping idolatry,
On unsubstantial sod.

There are dark impurities
Bare-facèd in the land ;
Honor's noble sureties
Lock'd in virtue's hand.

And there are mean excesses,
Degrading, hideous, grim,
In the heart's recesses,
Dull, shadowy, and dim.

Oh ! there are vital impulses
Too strong to be put down ;
Life-long weary grievances
That wear a sable crown.

Strange eccentricities,
Our reason cannot solve,
Cowardly duplicities
Mix as the years revolve.

Dotage and revengefulness,
Disquiet, crime, and calm ;
Love, and smiling plenteousness,
And sin, and secret harm.

Mistaken, blind authority,
And natures uncontroll'd ;
Beauty and deformity,
Truth and lies enroll'd.

There were two beings dutiful,
Both young and very fair ;
Children of the beautiful,
With hearts as light as air.

These two oft met together,
To wander hand in hand ;
In spring and sunny weather
'Mong the green spots of our land.

And these fond birds found paradise,
Where the agèd found the world,
Marvellous with mysteries—
Love's banners all unfurl'd !

The boy grew eager, passionate ;
The girl, subdued and still ;
Love threw her jewels at their feet
At the basement of life's hill.

And from his tongue a rushing tide
Of tenderesses gush'd ;
They clung together side by side,
Their rosy cheeks more flush'd.

The gleamings in their starry eyes
Flash'd radiance, light to light,
These two sweet spirits realized
Youth's fulness of delight.

And the present was all blessèd,
The future rose all fair,
With hope and young expectancy
Around them everywhere!

He seem'd to break thro' boyhood,
And bound into the man ;
Before him there bright joy stood
Resistless, drooping, wan.

The torrent of emotion was
Too strong for common words,
They two were blithe and beautiful,
As newly-mated birds.

These fair children sought the cool shade
Of a petrifying well ;
Its dripping had a pool made,
That charm'd the lovers well.

Around about the rocky steps
Were rugged seats for love,
The dripping of those waters fell
Like dew-drops from above.

The moss-grown basin caught the light,
The sunbeams grew in power ;
Still, still the tuneful water fell
Like raindrops on the flower.

And the blackbird, and the linnet
Sung wild cadences all sweet ;
Affection grew more exquisite,
Reclining at love's feet.

The sparkling drops of water fell
Like tears from maiden's eyes ;
Were register'd the lover's vows
On the love-scroll of the skies.

Still, still the dripping waterfall
Shower'd down its silvery spray ;
And the high trees on the long grass
In shadow softly lay.

And the rising scented zephyr
Bestirr'd the stilly leaves ;
And the mountain crests were golden,
Like the corn in bounden sheaves.

And the tremor was so life-like,
Yea, like internal joy ;
That trembl'd in the heart-world
Of the loving girl and boy.

The idolized did listen long
To the man's impassion'd words ;
Still, still she heard the dripping song,
And the love-notes of the birds.

On the blue main, "golden billows"
Foam'd round the cloudy peaks ;
Thro' the shadows of the willows
The sunbeam softly breaks.

The spirit of security
Seem'd on the earth to reign :
The serpent of the Eden bowers
Crawl'd thro' its shades again !

Cumberous with his solemn sin,
As on the day he fell ;
Hurl'd by the Great Omnipotent
Into the gulfs of Hell.

He coil'd and writh'd in torture ;
The ulcer in his breast
Dripp'd the venom of temptation
On the soul that knew not rest.

Held fast within his burning grasp,
The shaft of sudden death ;
He track'd the lovers, watch'd them long,
And breath'd their purer breath.

Hand in hand, and heart to heart,
Their souls did mix like dew ;
The maiden shriek'd ! the evil hand
The poison'd arrow threw !

They clasp'd each other close in death,
In an agony of love ;
Drip, drip, drip, the droplets fell,
Like death-showers from above.

And the thunder roll'd in terror,
And the lightning flash'd out fire ;
And the angels mourn'd the error,
The agony, the ire.

And the firmament was darken'd,
Cain's brand was burning now !
And the azure drew its night clouds,
The sun did hide his brow.

The hail descended crashingly,
The drifting clouds grew dark ;
The raging waves roar'd hollowly,
And shipwreck'd was the bark.

O'erhead a flaming comet hung,
Like Gabriel's flaming sword ;
Then the rainbow on the ether
Shone out, to tell of God.

The spot was far remote, alone,
And the dripping fount still play'd
Its sweet "monotony of sound,"
As when the lover's stray'd,—

Sunny, as a sunny morning,
Rosy as the rose ;
Now the shroud that gathers round them
Colder is than sunless snows.

Time still plied his sturdy pinion,
And the dripping waters fell ;
Spring and summer, autumn, winter,
Where the lovers found a knell.

After days, and months, and years roll'd,
Were those two creatures found,
Bathed in petrifying tear-drops,
Hard as the rocky ground.

The dripping waters still drip on,
Exhaustless seem the showers ;
The glitt'ring spray still petrifies
Those rigid human flowers.

And the blue sky lights the green niche
Where the lovers clasp in death ;
The stars keep watch at midnight ;
The spring-wind's honey'd breath,
Riseth, falleth, cometh, goeth ;
The mist-showers still descend :
Ivy creeps along the high walls,
And will so to the end.

Lilies spread aloft their white cups,
Near the golden dotted broom ;
And the wild thyme, 'neath the fern leaves,
Finds a calm and pleasant gloom.

Come to build their nests, do swallows,
On the green sides of the rill ;
And the bee-fly seeks for honey,
With buoyant wing and will.

And the cuckoo and the skylark
Seem to speak and sing in turn,
While the waters still are dripping,
From the summit to the urn.

And the nightingale, in sorrow,
Bemoans her dying love :
The petrifying waters chime
With the cooing of the dove.

True love feels all tremulous
When near the rocky mound :
In haste love shuts the rapturous ear,
To the mournful hollow sound.

In after years, a dying man
Did seek the dripping shrine,
To gaze upon the murder'd pair,
When the star showers were to shine.

The moon slid from her silvery throne
To look in sorrow's cup ;
Then rose again triumphantly,
To bid his soul look up.

Tho' the shadows link'd together,
The sun was born anew ;
The young morn rose on happy wings,
And round the world she flew.

Repentance brought its twilight,
And twilight lit its stars ;
And stars were lost in sunrise,
'Mong the day-god's golden bars.

And the sunshine dried the tear-drops
That fell from sorrow's eyes,
And the sacrifice of anguish
Was bless'd by the All Wise.

And the man died broken-hearted,
But not in the arms of love ;
The dreary death-showers fell again
Like death-damps from above.

The eyes of the All-seeing
Saw the lovers, arm entwin'd ;
Saw the murderer's spirit broken !
God's scourge is mercy lined,

Like the raven cloud of stormtime,
Befring'd with light of gold ;
May the Saviour, the Creator,
Redeem both young and old !

The reclaimèd shall be crownèd
With a crown not made with hands ;
Be made holy, 'mongst the Holies,
On the ethereal golden sands.

In the pure realms where the mansions
Are manifold, as fair ;
Where the soul is ever brightening
In the purifying air.

Where the Spirit calls us blessèd,
Where the Saviour bids us rest ;
Where by God we are caressèd,
And where every good is best.

Where the shadows never gather
 In the God created light ;
 Where the saving waves of waters
 Translucent are, and bright.

Where myriad hosts of angels
 Sing round the throne of heaven ;
 To aerial harps of glory,
 Whose chords are never riven.

Where the choruses of voices
 Swell high, and grow more deep ;
 And the Master of the great fold .
 Is shepherd of His sheep.

Where the tide of wordly sorrow
 Is heard to boom no more ;
 The redeemèd are made perfect
 Upon the Eternal Shore.

M I N D .

Mind is often steep'd in gloom,
 Mind is often wreath'd with light ;
 Blossoms of ethereal bloom,
 Brilliant as the stars of night.

Mind is often high and pure,
 Mind is often low and base ;
 Strong to bear and to endure
 Shadows, or the light of grace.

Mind is often daring, proud,
Seeks a path all starless, dim ;
Breaking thro' each vaporous cloud,
Mind begilds with gold each rim.

Mind, a glory can disperse,
Mind's a human sun on earth ;
Can blaze in prose, can blaze in verse,
Soul of sorrow, life of mirth.

Mind can throw out dark disease ;
Mind can putrify and spoil,
Many a blossom by degrees,
High, pure flowers of the soil.

Mind can rise above life's ills,
Mind can contemplate the grave ;
Mind its highest task fulfils,
Mind too oft's an earth-bound slave.

Mind's imperious, haughty, bold,
Daring, thinks that it can clasp
All the universal gold
Within its tiny human grasp.

Mind is stalwart, humble, brave,
Fearing, loving higher rule ;
Prizing all that nature gave,
A willing child in nature's school.

Mind is like the ebbing tide,
Moving, ever on the turn ;
Deep'ning, spreading, growing wide,
Yearning, eager still to learn.

Mind is like the eternal springs,
Deeply bedded in the land ;
Creeping, neath its Maker's wings
For a touch of His dear hand.

S P I R I T .

Transient visitant of earth,
Dove-like thy devotion ;
Scared thy pure ethereal worth
By terrestrial motion.

Tremulously sweet and fair,
Thy spiritual beauty ;
Guiding us with gentle care
To paths of peaceful duty.

Delicately pure and true,
Merciful and holy ;
Sprinkle on us heavenly dew,
And make our spirits lowly.

Exquisitely soft thy touch,
When the heart is yearning ;
Thou, like heaven, loveth much,
Ever shining, burning.

Eloquent and dear thy words,
Simply, gently spoken ;
Sweeter than the voice of birds,
When the heart's nigh broken.

Graciously our wounds are heal'd
 By thine unseen fingers ;
 Paths of light are then reveal'd
 Where love, where mercy lingers.

THE DYING MOTHER.

“ Mother ! mother ! do not leave me,
 What shall I do when thou'rt gone ?
 Often, often, have I grieved thee,
 All my waywardness thou'st borne.

“ Often thou hast curb'd thine anger,
 When I've been rash, and unsubdued ;
 Watch'd in sickness, pain, and languor,
 Borne my temper, peevish, rude.

“ Thou hast been a gentle teacher,
 Teaching me thro' thine own deeds ;
 Aiding every fellow-creature,
 Rooting up wide-spreading weeds.

“ Thou hast check'd my wild impatience
 With thine aspect, calm, serene ;
 Now, I gaze upon thy patience,
 I will be what thou hast been.

“ Thou hast blest all those about thee,
 In blessing others, thou wast blest !
 Hard 'twill be to live without thee,
 I've clung to thee, and loved thee best !

“ Who will comfort me in sorrow,
When thy form is underground ?
Who will cheer my world's to-morrow ?
Whose voice shall have so sweet a sound ?

“ Who will aid me when I falter,
Doubting, maybe, many things ?
Who will point to God's great altar ?
Shelter me with earthly wings ?

“ We two cannot part, dear mother !
Take me wheresoe'er you go ;
We are mix'd up in each other,
It has been, and will be so !

“ Oh, forgive me ! I'm awaking
Earthly thoughts that should now pass ;
Thy pure spirit too is aching
Thro' my selfishness, alas !

“ Calmly die ! I'd not detain thee,
Earthly love is mix'd with pain ;
The Almighty will sustain me
Till we meet in love again.”

“ Mary, dear, come near beside me,
My pulse is beating faint and low ;
Earthly mould is soon to hide me,
Come to my bosom, ere I go.

“ Let me stroke thy long soft tresses,
One, one dear lock lay on my breast ;
Steep it in thy tears, thy kisses,
Then give it to its long, last rest !

“ I have loved thee, loved thee dearly,
With all the might of my true heart ;
Watch'd thee daily, monthly, yearly,
Thou, thou my life-star surely art.

“ I have never cross'd thee, dearest,
Not even when thou wert a child ;
Next to one, thou art the nearest,
My beautiful, my undefiled.

“ Love like ours will live for ever,
The bud will open into flower ;
Bloom for ever, dying never,
In heaven's bright celestial bower.

“ The roots of love are in God's bosom,
The offshoots grow upon the earth ;
Dieth down each tender blossom,
Anon renew'd, enrich'd in worth.

“ Have I ever grieved thee, Mary,
Hurt thee in thy womanhood ?
When thou wert my baby-fairy !
I thought thee exquisite and good.

“ Dying, conscience is approving
The blessèd path I humbly trod ;
Thou'st been dutiful and loving,
Kiss me, ere I go to God !

MIDSUMMER EVE.

Sweet as the breath of a midsummer evening,
 Thy beautiful voice is to me ;
 Exquisite feeling, thrilling each murmur,
 Like heavenly music at sea.

So some gentle list'ner on the green margin,
 Whilst watching the sun's last adieu,
 Feels, as he listens and gazes, a rapture,
 Delicious, strange, delicate, new.

Thy dear smile is like a dream of enchantment
 That startles, surprises, yet charms ;
 Waking, we sigh that the bright fairy vision
 Cannot be enchain'd in our arms.

Thy glance is as clear as the dayspring of heaven,
 As genial, joyful, endearing ;
 Soft as the warm sunny showers of summer,
 Sparkling, glittering, cheering.

And thou art mine own for ever and ever,
 I bless thee with every breath ;
 Sharing with thee every impulse and feeling,
 Mine, mine, both in life and in death !

 YOUTH AND AGE.

Ere yet matured to perfect growth,
 Young forests waved on high
 Their leafy boughs in lofty pride,
 As tho' they could not die.

Filled were the young leaves' veins with sap ;
And strong in vital power ;
They spread out wide their leafy shades
To sunshine and to shower.

Oh ! how the young wild things did flap !
When breezes fresh and keen
Did dash aside the new clad sprays,
Bright in their youthful green.

The fierce excitement stirr'd their blood,
They mingled in the strife ;
They revell'd in a mad delight,
And gloried in their life.

Clash'd, crash'd the winds, the torrents fell
And deluged all the earth ;
The new-clad boughs did laugh in scorn,
And join'd the daring mirth.

One fine old tree did tower o'er all,
Full well it knew the might
Now raging in the storm-rent sky,
Inflamed with sheets of light.

The young glad trees around about
Thought all the earth was free ;
They howl'd, they yell'd, they mock'd the winds
Rushing o'er land and sea.

Peal after peal the thunder roll'd,
The lightnings flashed zig zag ;
A mighty sound went round the rocks,
Booming from crag to crag.

The cattle grazing in the fields,
Felt dimly some despair ;
They even raised their heads and gazed,
And snuff'd the storm-charg'd air.

The towering tree had borne the blast
Thro' many a long year fled ;
The storm did shake it, branch to root,
The lightning struck it dead !

When morning did awake on earth,
The air was sweet and soft ;
Red showers of gold fell from the sun,
And all was calm aloft !

PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

Be patient, little one !
Tho' pain is hard to bear ;
Know, every one on earth
Of sorrows has a share.

Impatience hath a sting,
Oh ! 'tis a poison'd dart ;
A brand within the soul,
A brand within the heart.

Be patient, headlong youth !
Tho' hope prove sometimes vain ;
Its roots are strong and deep,
And will spring up again.

Impatience makes the hours
More terrible and long ;
Altho' we be cast down,
The life of life is strong.

Manhood ! be thou patient,
Endure life's little stings ;
Prize thou each fleeting hour,
Grasp thou at mighty things.

Impatience, like a sponge,
Sucks at the vital springs ;
'Tis a consuming fire,
And burns the mind's glad wings.

Be patient, husband, wife,
For death will bear away
Many a treasured face,
Grown dearer day by day.

Impatience will but mar
Thy future, mother, wife ;
And make thy soul unfit
For that fast coming life.

Be patient, dear old man !
For pain is very brief ;
Eternity of peace
Will blot out all thy grief !

Impatience is a fiend,
A scorpion of the mind ;
Bruise, break, and hurl it down,
Scatter it to the wind !

L I E S .

I do scorn a lie, utter'd or unsaid ;
 To trade in lies must fill the soul with shame ;
 To swear a lie must make the mind afraid,
 To live a lie must blacken all your name.
 Honor, mirror-like, showeth every stain,
 Thou may'st hang draperies 'twixt it and light,
 The sun will travel and begild the pane,
 Thus with the wilful lie it knows not night.
 The lie will out, e'en human eyes will scan
 The moral blemish in the lying man.
 And there are lies the world calls falsely "white,"
 Emblem of purity and spotless worth !
 Lies are all dull and dim ! not deep and bright !
 A black excrescence on the green glad earth !

THE DEATH.

Heaven be with you, man of sin,
 Your hours on earth are number'd ;
 May Redemption for you win
 Peace for your soul encumber'd
 With shame, with crime, with error,
 Blackening e'en the outward man
 With mortal signs of terror :
 Kneel and pray, pray if you can !
 Heaven be with you, man of strife,
 The minutes now are flying ;
 Tho' you've ta'en a human life,
 Pray, pray while you are dying !

Pray, O man of sin and shame,
Ascending to the scaffold ;
Call upon the Saviour's name,
Creep, creep into the stray-fold !

When the rope is on your neck,
The hangman's hands upon you,
Moan and grieve you for the wreck,
May mercy lighten on you !

When the cap is o'er your eyes,
Oh ! pray, pray every minute ;
The moment that the body dies,
God's mercy may be in it !

Dread no death-pang, only pray !
Pray as your eyeballs darken ;
When the death-bolt shall give way
The God on high may harken !

May, in pity touch your heart,
The blacken'd and benighted ;
May rob death of every dart,
And raise you, tho' sin blighted ;

Cleanse and purify your soul,
Obliterate your story ;
Allot to you some peaceful goal
Within the sphere of Glory !

DISQUIETUDE.

Blust'ring, raging, stormy winds,
 Restless, hardy, strong ;
 Ye are types of fever'd minds,
 Dashing into wrong.

Caution, overturn'd or lost,
 Helm and rudder gone ;
 Ships at sea, tho' tempest tost,
 Unwreck'd, and yet forlorn.

Rolling, foaming, restless waves,
 Like revengeful thought ;
 Roaring like ten thousand slaves
 In a lone seaport.

Silence only hears the cry,
 Stars, they only wink ;
 And let you live, or let you die,
 Let you rise or sink.

Longings, cravings for pure things
 Now beyond our reach ;
 Thought's eternal ceaseless springs,
 Too eloquent for speech.

Glory, with its martial glow,
 All too hot for rest ;
 Triumphs, or our hopes laid low,
 All bring us some unrest.

QUESTION.

Dost thou love me ? art sure thou dost
 With all the life of thy warm heart ?
 Without a speck of mouldering rust,
 Giv'st me thy whole love, or a part ?

Art sure thou hast no brighter star
 Absorbing thy devotion ?
 Am I a star where many are,
 One drop of one great ocean ?

Art sure thou hast no source of light
 From other hearts and breasts than mine ?
 Say, is thy love a love of might,
 All concentrated, deep, divine ?

Ah ! if it be, it give to me !
 'Tis an eternal blossom,
 Springing up perpetually,
 The life-flower of the bosom !

Say, may I let my heart take root,
 Without the fear of earthly shock ?
 May I intertwine each tender shoot
 Around thy strength, O, shelt'ring rock ?

Thou know'st I am alone on earth,
 Heart-stricken, very lonely ;
 A child of sorrow from my birth,
 Loving thee, thee only !

ANSWER.

Thou art my noblest, highest love,
My day-spring of delight ;
Bright, as the brightest star above,
In the firmament of night.

That firmament hath many stars,
Each one's endow'd with light ;
They are no dark obstructive bars
To faith, intelligence, and right.

Yea, I have other loves than thine !
Thine is closest, nearest ;
Approaching nearer the Divine,
The strongest, and the dearest !

STAR-WORLD.

Night hath robed herself in stars,
They twinkle with delight ;
Glorious, glorious little stars
Who made ye all so bright ?

Dotted here, and dotted there,
Can ye be angel's eyes
Keeping watch o'er us by night,
In yonder spacious skies ?

O, blessèd glittering star-world,
How tranquil is your light ;
Stars, peep into our windows,
Tho' we may sleep all night.

We need rest, ye need it not,
 Ye burn, but burn out never !
 Lustrous thou'lt be, starry world,
 For ever, and for ever.

Ye will shine above our graves,
 O, stars ! because ye must ;
 We shall sleep beneath your light,
 In calm and holy trust.

Ye were made to shine on high,
 Yea, by the same Great Will
 Who bids us after death repose
 Motionless and still !

 SEA-SIDE.

Roll in, O, sea ! with music sweetly low,
 Blithe in thy freedom, in thy wide domain !
 Bring to the sickly, healthy, ruddy glow ;
 Oh ! blow away, sea-breeze, each source of pain.
 Light be our footsteps, as thy dancing waves !
 As joyous be the melody we sing !
 We will forget thou hidest many graves,
 And those who perish'd in their life's glad spring.
 We will forget the aching hearts that weep,
 Tears as salt even as thy briny tide !
 We'll gaze upon thy surface, mighty deep,
 As type of liberty, deep, vast, and wide !
 We drink rich draughts of vital, balmy air,
 And for a brief, brief hour thy freedom share !

ANNIE RHODA.

This dear little soul
 Is sweet as a cherry ;
 The sound of her voice
 So pleasant, so merry !

A rose-bud of love,
 As fragrant, as tiny ;
 With light curly hair,
 So silky, so shiny !

Her chit-chatty tongue,
 Playful and funny ;
 Each word of her lips
 A dew-drop of honey !

She's nature's own child,
 And bright without teaching ;
 Tho' positive oft,
 So soft when beseeching !

A will of her own
 E'en now is appearing ;
 Her every fault
 Is almost endearing !

And welcome to all
 Her little caresses,
 Shedding a warmth
 In the heart's deep recesses !

This dear little child's
Caress'd and caressing ;
A fire-side star,
Whose light is a blessing !

Long, long may she live !
May those that are nearest,
Be to her young heart
The kindest, the dearest !

Oh ! rear ye with care
Your sweet little flow'ret ;
And may your affections
Be sprinkl'd upon it !

For she is a bloom,
Needing sunshine and shower,
To expand the sweet bud
To perfection's bright flower.

Oh, bend ye the twig,
While yet it is growing ;
But chill not her heart
So tender, so glowing.

Enshrin'd in her breast
Is a sensitive treasure,
Which deepens her grief,
And heightens her pleasure.

Nature has written
On every feature,
As plain as she can—
Thou sweet little creature !

A diamond pure,
And of the first water ;
You ought to be proud
Of your little daughter !

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently ! let thine accents fall
With love's persuasive tone ;
'Twill touch a human chord perchance
As yet unfelt, unknown.

And softest music may gush forth,
Forth from the heart within ;
A few kind words have often saved
Our fellow man from sin.

'Tis sympathy binds heart to heart,
Speak, speak the healing word ;
'Twill be a link in memory's chain,
And treasured soon as heard.

We cannot brook an angry look,
What good can it impart ?
It only irritates the mind,
And irritates the heart.

It plants a thorn within the breast,
Let but the thorn remain ;
'Tis like a wound that only heals,
Heals, to break forth again.

'Tis true the human tongue is prone
 To give back word for word ;
 Let conscience guard thine utterance
 When heart or mind is stirr'd.

Holy, lowly, is its truth,
 It bids you to atone,
 And tremble, if you dare to hurl
 The dark avenging stone.

Speak gently! thus our Saviour spake,
 When he was forced to chide ;
 He long'd to blot out every sin,
 And be our friend and guide.

If mercy were denied to us,
 And justice reign instead ;
 The thunderbolts of heaven would fall
 On every human head !

U N R E S T .

Come, come quickly ! my nature long hath sought
 A dark'ning veil to hang before my soul ;
 I long for sleep, a sleep that may control
 Pain physical, and never-ceasing thought.
 Oh ! lull this brain, with energies too fraught,
 Too full of nervous power, for dull repose :
 Heaven shuts the daybeam from the sleeping rose !
 My mind, with too long waking is distraught.

Close thou the curtains of my sleepless eyes,
 Mercy loving sleep ! renovate my powers,
 Descend upon my soul as dew on flowers ;
 Or teach impatience humbly to grow wise,
 And cultivate endurance, meekly brave,
 Lose present pain in hopes beyond the grave.

T W O .

I've ceas'd to watch the changes on thy brow,
 Let thy expressive features play at will ;
 In heart we are inseparable now,
 Too really one, to do, or think an ill.
 Thy gentler nature sometimes shrinks from mine,
 Not that we differ in our aims or views ;
 Tho' different, we wonderously combine,
 Yet separate, as sunbeams are from dews.
 Thy mind is like the steadfast summer heat,
 Mine is like the rapid meteor's flight ;
 Thine, like the green grass growing at our feet,
 Mine, like a dark cloud hanging in the light.
 Thy heart is like the genial circling air,
 Mine, mine, alas ! is like the sudden blast,
 A whirlwind's fury—here, there, everywhere,
 While the intensity doth throb and last.
 Thy kindness is like the gushing May,
 All bloom and beauty, fragrant with perfume ;
 Mine, like the holly of a wintry day,
 All prickly edg'd, and hardy, ting'd with gloom.

Thou'rt like a river's blessed course,
 Casting on life's banks waters as it flows ;
 I, like the torrent in its rushing force
 That leaps and falls unconscious where it goes.

The crowning love of all we both revere,
 Most closely link'd in every high desire ;
 Thine anchor, hope, whilst mine is faith and fear,
 Tho' waning oft, too faithful to expire.
 Our path is one, Oh ! may it prove the right !
 Our earthly days have swift and noiseless feet,
 Nay, wings, well plum'd for a more rapid flight :
 As we grow old time's footing seems more fleet.

DOME OF HEAVEN.

Dome of heaven, clear and blue,
 Marvellous thy glory ;
 Night's dark curtain dipt in dew,
 Is a glittering story !

Dome of heaven, dark and dim,
 Canst thou be material ?
 The burning grandeur of yon rim,
 Stormy, wild, ethereal !

Dome of heaven, lit with stars,
 Bespangling nature's tresses !
 Yon silver lines and golden bars
 The soul of man impresses !

Rays of light, descending soft,
 Tho' voiceless, all in motion !
 The darkness, only One can lift
 From the bosom of the ocean !

Rainbow arch, so widely thrown
 O'er the expanse of heaven,
 'Mid ye, O clouds, that burst and groan—
 Yea, by the storm-power driven !

All the myriad lights unseen,
 By our eyes—too mortal,
 Too blind, too dim ! The blue serene
 Is type of the Immortal !

Dome of heaven ! day and night
 Thou art crown'd with glory ; —
 O, sphere of shadow—sphere of light—
 Endless is thy story !

A DAY OF SORROW.

Oh ! let me count my blessings o'er
 Lest their existence be forgot ;
 And let me think of those who have
 A far, a far less happy lot.
 This, this has been a weary day,
 And I have been depress'd and ill ;
 And no one has approach'd my couch
 To rule me with a gentle will.

Yes, I have felt the lack of love—
 The lack of sympathy—in truth,
 The lack of all things that should fill
 The yearning, asking heart of youth.
 And I have wept such tears to-day !
 They will forever leave a trace :
 The anguish of my heart has writ
 Its aching sorrow on my face !

SHELLEY.

Wildly sweet, and wildly sad,
 Deeply tender, human ;
 Nature loved thee, made thee glad
 With gifts superhuman.

Bold, persuasive, eloquent,
 Stern, sage, altho' so young :
 Thy imaginings were rent,
 If we believe thy tongue.

Rapturous votary of wrong,—
 Dark thoughts thou hast alleg'd !
 Buoyant all too soon, too strong,—
 Thy wings too early fledg'd.

Like the milky-way, thy mind—
 Made up of lustrous specks ;
 Exquisitely mad, rash, blind,
 Thou fair young wreck of wrecks !

Swift as is the comet's race
Was thine, all bright, all grand !
Omnipotence did give thee grace,
Heart, brain, and willing hand.

Sensitively keen to feel,
Thou whirlwind of the sun !
Slow for thee progression's wheel—
It would not fly, nor run :—

Measured, accurate, and calm,
Like summer's evening glow :
Thou wert storm-like, all alarm,
All hurricane, love, woe !

Oh ! hadst thou lived, young sapling,
Thy dear young boughs had spread ;
Rising to perpetual spring
From thy too earthly bed.

Living fount of living love,
Too passionate, too deep—
Torrent-like, yet like a dove !
Thou sleep'st the long last sleep !

Thy awaking be in Light,
Thine errors swept away ;
Be thy spirit clothed in white, .
Yea, at the Judgment day !

DETERMINATION.

I will do something! Fear! do thou depart,
 Numb not determination, let it spread
 Till it shall reach the centre of my heart,
 From thence ascend until it crown my head.
 Creep, circulate through all my nerves, grow strong,
 Radiate my blood with a lustrous hue.
 Leap by Temptation—Hell exists in Wrong,—
 An almost Heaven in the Right and True!
 I will do something! Hand, O, help my Brain;
 Brain, direct my Will; God, let me achieve
 A something pure and free from spot or stain:
 A work to bless, a work that cannot grieve,
 Tho' Innocence should feed upon my page,
 And garner up its thoughts for ripe old age.

F A I T H .

Little baby, white and cold,
 Only tho' a few days old,
 Thou art one in Christ's dear fold—
 I will not mourn thee:
 Thou didst bring a love so pure—
 Love itself is sorrow's cure;
 Thy tiny crown of glory's sure,
 It will adorn thee.

Wavelet ! go unto the ocean,
 With thine innocent devotion ;
 Be a light in happy motion
 O'er the seas of life :
 Show the rocks, the shoals, the quicksands,
 Point, point to them with thy white hands,
 Sprinkl'd o'er the deeps, the dry lands,
 Surging on to strife.

Little baby, go to rest,
 Mercy knoweth what is best—
 Taken from an earthly nest
 To a nest in heaven :
 Purity will be thy dower,
 Too delicate and broken flower ;
 I give thee to that Higher Power—
 My flesh alone is riven !

BROKEN REST.

Silent, solemn hours of night,
 How terrible ye seem !
 Waking in a strange affright,
 I long for morning's beam.
 Sleeping for a little while,
 I wake ; the darkness still
 Holdeth up its shield of might,
 With strong, undaunted will.

PASS'D FROM THE EARTH.

Again I sleep ; my restless mind
 Cannot be chainèd down :
 It riseth, falleth like the wind !
 'Tis like a lustrous crown
 Of precious gems, where heaven's rays
 Emblazon every stone ;
 Or like a shower of sparkling sprays ;
 Or sea's incessant moan—
 Booming, booming, active ever,
 Rolling day and night ;
 Like the rippling of a river—
 Now darken'd, now in light !

PASS'D FROM THE EARTH.

You've pass'd from the earth, Mary !
 Pass'd from the earth ;
 Germs have we left, Mary,
 Of your pure worth.

Encouraging words, Mary,
 Encouraging words :
 Their music is like, Mary,
 Musical birds :

They twitter and chirp, Mary,
 When hope's on the wane ;
 Then courage revives, Mary,
 We're strengthen'd again.

You've pass'd from the earth, Mary !
 Your beautiful deeds
 Behind them have left, Mary,
 Harvests of seeds.

They drop in the soul, Mary,
 Generate, grow ;
 They yield deathless flowers, Mary,
 Whiter than snow.

Thy calm bed of death, Mary,
 Seem'd a white throne,
 Transparent and pure, Mary,
 On which the Sun shone.

It melted too, Mary,
 Softly dissolved !
 But never the feelings
 And aims there resolved !

 AIR MINSTRELSY.

Sweet warbling birds of tuneful notes, sing on,
 For ye rejoice and charm the human ear ;
 Ye are as unobtrusive friends, near, dear,
 That we unconsciously rely upon.
 Without your presence and your busy wings,
 And tender harmonies, the earth were still
 And tuneless. Trill on ! we love your gentle trill,
 O, blithe and happiest, mid happy things !
 We love to see your brightly glancing eyes,

Your sleek, smooth plumage, downy soft, and warm,
 And your meek courage, breasting rain and storm
 When elements are raging in the skies.
 We love to see your wild and giddy flight,
 Your daring worship of the sun and light.

 H O P E .

Lustrous angel of our world,
 We all, all cling about thee ;
 Into darkness we are hurl'd
 When we do live without thee :
 To thy garments do we cling
 Forever, and forever ;
 Both in winter and in spring,
 Thou'rt distant from us never.

Sorrow comes to thy sweet source,
 When lonely, sick, and tearful ;
 Thou dost check the turbid course—
 Such, 'neath thy smile grow cheerful.
 Thou robb'st fear of dark alarms ;
 All seek thy sweet caressings ;
 Infants creep into thine arms—
 Thou shower'st on them blessings.

Lovers hang upon thy breath,
 Thou ever art in season ;
 Old age clings to thee in death—
 The wisest in good reason.

Gifted minds revere thy kiss,
And for thy one give twenty :
Each and all ask some new bliss,
For thou art queen of plenty.

F E A R .

Pale and haggard terror mopes,
Fear on every feature ;
Dreads imaginary ropes,
Does this earthly creature.
Cold and sickly sits she down,
Over nothing pondering,
Raising hills of dread and wrong,
Till her wits go wandering.

Dull and heavy, grim and lean,
She's for ever crawling ;
In the sunshine never seen,
Falt'ring, sinking, falling.
Dry and hunger'd, e'en with wealth,
Wither'd, never youthful,
Too monotonous for health,
Too shallow to be truthful.

Fear brings evils close to hand,
Thought unused grows rusty ;
Fear's a shadow on the land,
In and outside fusty.

Sloth and fever, ugly friends,
Tho' friends ne'er agreeing,
Ever dreading dismal ends,
All narrow, not far-seeing.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

I stand upon the gravel walk,
I see dark shadows pass ;
They seem imprinted on the wall,
Clear as on truthful glass—
Save that the shadows all are black,
Mere dim and solemn forms ;
They look like spirits of the night,
Robed for impending storms.
Th' immortal lustre of the soul
The soul puts in the eyes,
Is wanting in those strange dark shapes,
Like life in dim disguise.
They stoop, they rise, they dart across,
Yea, like a rapid thought
Athwart the brain, too good to lose,
Too serious for sport.
Fantastic shadows, dingy, grim !
Ye look like dancing death ;
With pliant muscles, arms, and legs,
But lacking vital breath.

Ye rather frighten me than charm,
Go, dismal shadows, go !
Ye seem like frantic ghosts, amazed,
Robed in unending woe !

ENLIGHTENMENT.

Enlightenment, art thou an empty sound,
All noise and tumult in the hour of peace ?
A worshipper of self and flowery laws,
Writ down in summer when the land is calm ?
Art thou an advocate of truth in storm,
An anchor when the waves of life are strong,
And fiercely raging round the aims of men ?
Stand'st thou forth like a pillar of white stone,
Erect and pure beneath the light of stars ?
Unspotted is the vest upon thy form,
Say, are thy limbs all sound, and white, and clean ?
Hast thou an arm of might in danger's hour,
A heart of steel, and yet humane and kind ?
Hast thou a brain to kindle sparks of fire
To light the darkness of oppression's hour ?
Say, is thy firmament an orb-lit sphere,
Its planets, Mercy, Energy, and Truth ?
Hast goodly courage for a saving shield ?
Is Reason like a helmet to thy head,
Thy tongue a ready writer, and a spear ?
Hast wisdom for thy breast-plate, when extremes
Flash like the lightnings in the tempest's height ?
Can'st thou hold in the thunderbolts of hate,

Can'st thou forget, and then forgive and bless
 The doer of some evil deed, and pray
 For enemies who stab thee in the dark ?
 Lov'st thou liberty, liberty of thought ?
 Aid'st thou the poor man in his hard ascent ?
 Wav'st thou thy banners only o'er the rich ?
 Art thou a friend unto the really great ?
 Hast thou high sympathies with those who toil
 In honor in a noble cause ? Art thou
 Indeed a Christian Teacher to the mass ?

Enlightenment ! hast thou a trumpet voice,
 Excellently clear, ever to be heard
 Ere war and strife deal out their deadly blows ?
 Can'st thou prevent the shocks of guilty sin,
 Rapine, murder, falsehood, fraud, and lust ?
 In Angel-garb com'st thou before our eyes
 In time, to keep the spirit bright and pure ?

 EXERTION.

Foresight, link'd to bravery, rely on,
 For courage without sense is vanity.
 Be not all gold, a dash of sterling iron
 May finely mingle with humanity.
 Mix thou with the dove, the lordly lion,
 A little sternness with urbanity.
 If thou should'st fail in thy desire, try on,
 Energy should link with Christianity.
 If effortless thou'rt overcome—thou'lt sigh on,
 And sink in spirit and morality.

Swift let the moments pass on, fly on,
Be heedless thou of time's frugality,
For surely there's but one opinion—
Thou'rt only fitted for oblivion.

SHE COMES FORTH IN GLORY.

White rose night's Queen in gentle grace,
Bright, meek in tender glory !
She seem'd to smile upon our race,
And tell her touching story
Of everlasting faith and love,
To us, tho' ever erring :
How softly she doth shine above
On all her beams conferring.

And how she calls her pale stars forth
For ever, and for ever !
And how she lighteth up the earth,
And shines on every river !
How pointeth with her unseen hand
To works that are Almighty,
To air, to sky, to sea, to land,
Endearingly and nightly !

How noiselessly her solemn feet
Do track the paths of ether ;
On starry subjects smiling sweet,
On everything beneath her.

Dense, stormy clouds she breaketh through,
To show a light in heaven ;
And whisper courage to each crew
In ships by tempest driven.

Oh ! how the seamen bless her light,
And bless the Hand of glory
That hung her in the starry height
To tell her holy story !
Her truthfulness is eloquence,
The sinful, sick with terror,
Watch her wide benevolence,
And hate their source of error.

The murderer, with his burning heart,
Oft trembles at her shining ;
He stabs his soul with his own dart ;
He thinks the moon's divining
His dark crime thro' every beam !
He feels the pang of dying,
Madden'd by the life-blood stream
And truths, there's no denying.

He, shrinking, feels the pale moon's light,
Will prove his guilty story ;
He curses all the stars of night,
And dreads the coming glory.
Yea, only as the guilty can,
Who breathe and live in sorrow ;
They do oppress their life's brief span,
And fear the eternal morrow !

DARKNESS.

Starless, moonless, windless night,
Stagnant, dull, opaque !
Where has fled the heavenly light ?
Our eyes with darkness ache !

Darkness bids us seek repose,
For night hath lock'd her bars ;
Weary lids, close ! softly close !
Shut out your shining stars.

Silky fringe rest on the cheek,
Long, and soft, and dark ;
Gently raise at morn's first streak,
To see the soaring lark.

Hush'd be sounds to ye, O, ears,
Thro' the night's own hours ;
Cease to fall, O solemn tears,
Lie dormant, human powers.

Sorrows, fade ye all away,
Regrets, disturb us not ;
Mercy, love, around us lay,
Pain, anger, be forgot.

Manhood, for a while forbear
To work, to fret, to fume ;
Praise ascend to purer air,
Our God the soul illumine.

Woman, put away thy load,
 And let thy spirit rise
 From thine earthly loved abode,
 So precious to thine eyes.

Little children, lisp your word
 Of praise, then fall asleep ;
 Prayers of truth are ever heard,
 Into fields of ether creep :

Mounting, mounting, still aloft,
 Yea, thro' the pathless space ;
 True devotion, earnest, soft,
 Will sure be crown'd by grace.

Hush, be still, O gifted tongue,
 E'en tho' thy words be kind ;
 Oblivion's solemn hymn is sung,
 Be hush'd, O heart ! O mind !

VICISSITUDES.

Vicissitudes are iron bars, to break,
 Or bend, or rend, or overcome ; or bear
 With noble fortitude, altho' we ache
 And bow beneath a heavy load of care.
 They do draw out our energetic powers ;
 They ope the secret chambers of the mind ;
 They do give birth to everlasting flowers ;
 They make us strong to bear each adverse wind,
 To breast the storms that life deals out to all,
 To all, tho' differing in force and might ;

The dearth of hope, the almost death of love ;
The virgin sorrows that perforce are white,
But hard to bear, as many young lives prove.
Know, all such shadows from the sunlight fall !

THE BROKEN ROCK.

Fine old rock, and art thou shatter'd,
Thou that bore the blast of years ?
Are thy thoughts, loves, hatreds scatter'd ?
O'er thy loss our hearts shed tears.

We must learn to live without thee,
Give thee to thy narrow bed ;
Children, who did cling about thee,
Kiss the white hairs of thy head.

Thy day is done, thy work is ended,
Thou will crumble into dust ;
What was bad, now can't be mended,
The brightest steel will spot with rust.

Softly in the ground we lay thee,
Hoping all things for thy soul ;
Slander, with her poison, may be,
Tho' thou'rt gone, have some control.

Death for all of us hath terrors,
We all dread its conquering might ;
We have all our common errors,
All need tremble in the light.

Who will heed the harsh word spoken ?
 Who defame a dead man's grave ?
 Who would shatter what is broken ?
 Not one kindly, goodly brave !

P A I N .

A vulture am I, with talons and beak,
 I gloat on the bloom of a damask cheek ;
 I feed on the heart, I worry the brain,
 A vulture am I, and my name is Pain.

My wine is the blood of a new-born child,
 'Tis sparkling, 'tis pure, for 'tis undefiled ;
 I eat to the bones of decrepit age ;
 I torture the strong to a mighty rage.

I ravish young beauty, blemish her skin—
 Be eyes blue as heaven, I often creep in,
 There spread out a film, or I make them ache ;
 Vigorous limbs I can bruise, I can break.

I can probe the ear with my subtle dart,
 And turn to water the blood of the heart ;
 I can parch the tongue, I can make it dumb—
 The quick throbbing pulses stiffen and numb.

I can dry the joints of arms, legs, and hands—
 Yea, bind them fast as with iron bands ;
 I can wrench the bones with a mighty crash,
 Destroy by degrees, or hew down the rash ;

Decay the white teeth, impoverish the hair,
That ye tend with pride's untiring care ;
Yea, creep to the soles of your very feet !
I chill you with cold, I burn you with heat.

I torture your entrails, and break you down,
Be you a beggar, or wear you a crown ;
Resistless, relentless is my dark reign—
A vulture am I, and my name is Pain.

Some call me a demon, and loathe my name—
The blighter of hopes, destroyer of fame ;
Few think me an angel in dark disguise,
To warn the guilty, to curb the wise !

THE SOFT WEST WIND.

Thoughts of delight fill'd a young mother's mind ;—
Clasping her baby close to her breast
She breath'd a fond prayer, and the list'ning wind
Bore it aloft—bless'd wind of the west !

Words utter'd in faith are sacred things :
It nestl'd the prayer in its mystical wings ;
Those wings were wide, and willing, and strong,
It murmur'd in joy as it swept along ;
Kiss'd every flower in its wondrous flight ;
Mix'd with the stars in the purple of night ;
Pass'd every cloud, still soaring above—
The wind was in haste with its message of love !

Words cannot tell how odorously sweet
 Breath'd the west wind at its Maker's feet ;
 The prayer of that mother was laid at God's throne
 By the soft west wind in its tenderest tone.
 The child wax'd strong, the seeds of truth
 Took root in its soul in the morn of youth ;
 The Spirit of love, wide, unconfin'd,
 Inspired the wings of the soft west wind !

G E N I U S .

What voice whispers in mine ear ?
 The voice I heard of yore,
 In those far off early years,
 When life spread out a shore—
 Sprinkl'd o'er with precious shells
 And softly glistening stones.
 That mysterious voice now swells—
 How varying are its tones !

Not so musically soft
 As 'twas when I, a child,
 Listen'd to it oft and oft,
 All pleasurable, wild !
 Like a prayer in earnest mood,
 That breaks thro' parted lips,
 In the spirit's solitude,
 When heavenly dew it sips.

Like a wingèd thing comes back
 Stored with the wine of fruit :
 Mindful of its heavenward track,
 'Tis thoughtful, solemn, mute.
 Then, too rapturous for earth,
 It sings a holy hymn,
 Spiritual from its birth—
 To worldly minds vague, dim.

Often clear and well defined,
 A vision is outspread,
 Radiating heart and mind,
 By inspiration fed :
 Lofty deeds it can produce,
 It can unravel threads—
 Shreds of mysteries profuse
 In nature's unseen webs.

Eloquently keen and calm,
 And bold, and pure, and brave ;
 Fearing no man's earthly arm,
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor wave.
 'Tis a flame that heaven fires
 To drive away mere smoke,
 Purifying man's desires.
 'Tis like a steadfast oak ;—

No sapling newly bedded,
 No young green twig of spring ;
 'T hath long been to man wedded—
 A glorious, holy thing !

Young, middle-aged, old, hoary,
Both moral and divine :
Bequeathing seeds of glory
Of a God-created vine !

WIDOW TO CHILD.

Yes, thou wert born, I heard thy voice :
The infant's tiny cry
Gave courage to my breaking heart—
I dared not, could not die.

I took thee to my widow'd breast—
A mother's love was there ;
I touch'd thine hand, I kiss'd thy cheek,
And smooth'd thy silky hair.

I felt thy warm breath on my neck :
The glow of thy dear mouth
Was sweeter to thy mother's heart
Than the soft breeze o' the south.

Again thy little voice I heard—
Thou wert a cooing dove :
It breath'd new life into my heart—
The birth of a mighty love !

I next thy faltering limbs upheld—
When first thy little feet
The green grass press'd in sunny fields,
Warm'd by the summer heat.

And when thy tongue first form'd a word,
 Mine every pulse did beat ;
I thought I'd never heard a sound
 So eloquent, so sweet !

I taught thee with a mother's skill
 First lessons, bright and brief :
I watch'd thy tender mind expand
 As a rose-bud, leaf by leaf.

When childhood's pain oppress'd thy frame,
 My aching nerves were stirr'd ;
I pray'd the earnest prayer of faith—
 The mother's prayer was heard !

Oh ! when I had the heart to chide,
 And brought the ready tear,
I thought of heaven's rain that falls,
 To nourish all things here.

When thy young soul gush'd forth in praise,
 The simple prayers of youth,
Thy knees were bent, thine hands were clasp'd—
 Thine eyes were bright with truth.

The wreath of thorns that all must wear,
 For me hath lost its gloom ;
The thorns die out in giving birth
 To bright, celestial bloom.

DEATH OF THE LILY.

“ Look up ! look up, O beautiful flower,
 Raise thou thy delicate head ;
 I'm shining now in my noonday power,
 In glory above thy bed.”

The lily appear'd not to heed the light—
 Her pearly white balls hung down :
 The sun he shone with a deeper might,
 And put on a regal crown.

The tender white lily she look'd not up,
 Grief bow'd her exquisite bloom ;
 Tears might be seen in each snowy cup—
 She loved the forest's deep gloom.

Broad banners of light the sun unfurl'd,
 To woo his love in the vale ;
 He said, “ I am monarch of all the world,”
 Yet the lily's sweet cheek was pale.

He robed himself in a train of gold,
 He put on a smile so sweet ;
 And tenderly stole to the forest old,
 To kneel at the lily's feet.

The trembling lily look'd on the ground—
 The firmament was too bright :
 Her musical bells sent forth a low sound,
 More fit for the ear of night.

“O, beautiful lily, look up! look up!
My rays upon thee descend;”
But earthward was turn'd each quivering cup—
The lily had lost a friend!

“Farewell! O, fairy bright blossom, adieu!
I gazed on thee at thy birth;
I'll nourish thee still with light and soft dew—
Be still a white star upon earth.”

Thro' azure space the sun drove his cars,
Drew round him the clouds of night;
The stars came forth, and the Queen of stars
Besprinkled the lily with light.

The silvery sheen made the lily look up—
She felt the refreshing dew,
Caught the sweet waters in each crystal cup,
That the cradling night wind threw.

But the darling white lily had felt the shock
Thro' every tremulous vein;
Her sister blossoms had been as a rock,
And she could not smile again.

She had seen them one and all droop and die—
She bloom'd in the world alone;
And when the all-glorious sun rose high,
The faithful lily was gone.

SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Whither shall we flee for truth
 When our years are few ?
 Whither shall we fly in youth
 For this healing dew ?

Baby smiles in mother's face,
 She has found a treasure :
 Love looks into youthful eyes,
 Lit with love and pleasure.

Early manhood sighs for fame,
 For fame seems truth to him :
 The ordinary paths of life,
 Too sombre, dark, and dim.

Genius holds a mirror up
 Before the gifted few—
 With strange wild sketches on its front,
 Traced in fancy's dew.

Science loves its earnest skill,
 Greatly, deeply strong ;
 Poets love their fairy gifts ;
 Minstrels love their song.

Marvellous paths of light there are,
 That even men dare tread :
 The paths of sun and moon and stars,
 Suspended over head.

For such high knowledge sigh not I !
I love to use mine eyes,
And think my own strange thoughts at will
Of Him who lit the skies.

High, high beyond all measurement !
The thunder's awful roar
Would make me turn again to earth,
And tremble and adore !

Working men have noble pride,
They are as ribs of iron ;
Misers love their hoarded gold ;
Strength, daring as a lion !

Seamen prize their sturdy barks
And glory in the ocean ;
Women have their gentle gifts :
Love, and true devotion.

Old age hath weary eyelids,
They droop, they long to close ;
For they have fought life's battles,
And need reprieve, repose.

They've wandered up and down the earth
Thro' all the ruggèd past ;
They're drifting to a living stream
Of peace, ordain'd to last !

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

The sear'd and sadden'd earth was strewn
 With snow flakes white as down :
 Each mountain wore a bright festoon,
 A glimmering crystal crown.

And icicles from every crag
 Reflected changeful light :
 Old winter waved his snowy flag
 With stern, but regal might.

His icy throne gleam'd white and cold,
 He gloried in his reign :
 The God of light came forth and smil'd,
 The earth was green again.

And glowing beams stream'd from the sun
 And set the wild birds singing :
 The bosom of the ground grew warm,
 Its blossoms 'gan a-springing.

The winds blew high, were mad with joy,
 Then soft and sweet as love :
 The earth was strewn with tender green,
 The blue was spread above.

And mother nature rear'd her young,
 The wild flowers of the field ;
 She bade them ope their starry eyes
 Neath Spring's protecting shield.

She told them that the wintry storms
 Had melted into showers :
 Tho' April wept, her tears fell warm
 To nourish infant flowers.

In bright succession they obey'd
 The mandate fondly given :
 In native purity array'd.
 Rich with the tints of heaven.

THE DISOWNED.

Child of sorrow, child of pride,
 Loved and hated thou wilt be ;
 Love and dread go side by side—
 Cloud and sunshine reign for thee !

Mother loves thee ; father's brow
 Wears a shadow dark and dim ;
 This is unknown to thee now—
 Gloom is o'er thee, cold and grim !

Child of passion, child of woe,
 Mortal stain now blights thy name ;
 Thy young spirit yet may glow
 With hope and lofty aim !

Child of anguish, child of sin,
 Wounds and grief are now thy dower ;
 Languish not, for thou may'st win
 Glory in a happier hour !

ABIDING THINGS.

Fond emotions of the breast,
 Rising, falling like the winds ;
 Genial, as the balmy west ;
 Storm-like, in the fiercer minds.

Warm affections of the heart,
 Rich as summer's vital breath ;
 Tempest-like ye too can start,
 Eager both in life and death.

Fond expectancies of youth,
 Visions waning like a dream !
 Everlasting is all truth,
 Hoarded up its every beam.

Aspirations of the soul,
 Consecrated, broad and deep ;
 Wid'ning as the years shall roll,
 Living when the flesh shall sleep.

Proud achievements won by toil,
 Lighted lamps, all glorious :
 Lighted by celestial oil,
 Long to be victorious.

Death to honor, death to fame,
 Unless the soul's impressèd
 By the might of One Great Name ;
 Victories then are blessèd !

MINISTERING ANGELS.

ANGEL OF LIFE.

Forth from Elysian bowers,
Spirit of Light !
Track thou earth's morning rays,
Go forth in might.
Girt with the Breath of Life
Under thy wings :
Go forth to animate
Spiritual things.
Breathe on the atmosphere,
Hovering in space ;
Go forth : Creative Power
Crowns thee with Grace.
Nature will welcome thee,
Love thy control :
Forth with the morning star
Soul of My Soul !
Take to humanity
Hope, Faith, and Fear ;
Heart, Mind, and Spirit life,
Sorrow's own tear.

Loves, Feelings, Energies,
Chastenings, Joys :
Frail human Ecstacies,
Earthly alloys.
Affection and Anguish,
Passion and Dread :
Blessings of Heaven,
Ordain'd for man's head.
Failure with Glory twine ;
Sickness with Health ;
Fever and Penury,
Charity, Wealth.
Beauty and Innocence,
Patience and Pride,
Undying Faithfulness
Closely allied.
Forth, with the Breath of Life,
Vital and bright :—
Exhaustless, eternal,
Go forth in might.
Speak of the Saviour's love
At every birth ;
Spread Christianity
All o'er the earth.
Brighter than Suns art thou,
Pure is thy breath :
Angel of Life, go forth,
Stronger than Death !

INSPIRING ANGEL.

Go forth, sweet angel, girt with shining stars,
 Each star has inspiration :
 Take in thine hand and wield those aërial bars
 O'er lovers of creation.

Pass thro' the crescent of earth's silv'ry moon
 With glittering animation :
 Send forth My winds ; yea, bid them sing a tune,
 Glad with emancipation.

Around thine angel brow intwine My bow :
 Renew'd exhilaration
 In many a drooping heart shall kindle, glow,
 Yea, in each chastised nation.

Walk thou the clouds ; spread out a rosy flush,
 Gold, crimson, blue, carnation :
 Go, throw o'er all a calm and holy hush,
 Mark thou, man's imitation :

And should he tremble with excess of bliss,
 Drop thou a constellation ;
 And with thy gift, a pure angelic kiss
 To sooth his consternation.

Rear cloud-like mountains, heaven's bright heraldry
 Beguiled ; imagination
 Thrill—mark thou, sorrowfully, joyfully ;
 Crown all with veneration.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Weep not, Mother ! See, I'm here !
 Not in the cold grave lying !
 Thine own darling's spirit's near,
 Past all fear of dying.

In the tumult of the day
 I have no power to hover ;
 But I may come at twilight gray
 To thee, when day is over.

I now kiss thy snowy cheek,
 I twine mine arms about thee ;
 Happy words ; Ah ! hear me speak,
 I cannot live without thee !

Mercy bade me spread my wings,
 Watchèd me when flying,
 Bade me sing of holy things
 To sorrow, when 'tis sighing

See ! I have a brimming horn,
 With blessèd dew 'tis fillèd ;
 From green fields of deathless morn
 Every drop's distillèd.

'Tis the gracious oil of truth,
 To youthful spirits given,
 Blessing whom they loved in youth,
 Guiding them to heaven.

I, among the early dead,
Tho' once an earthly blossom,
Come to raise thy drooping head,
And take thee to God's bosom.

Mother! thou didst shelter me
When I was poor and lowly ;
Heaven hath a place for thee,
The Lamb hath made thee holy.

Crown'd with blessings thou shalt be,
With bliss of blessing others ;
Come, sweet mother, follow me,
Dearest, best of mothers !

Ours must be a starward path,—
We traverse yon blue ether !
Now, thou'st pass'd all earthly wrath,
Henceforth, we're link'd together.

Ah ! didst thou think the Holy One,
Alone on earth would leave thee ?
Kneel and kiss the Saviour's throne,
He's waiting to receive thee !

SPIRIT OF MERCY.

I have thought, as I have wander'd,
Ever with a good intent ;
Watch'd the spendthrift as he squandered
Love, wealth, happiness, content,

I've approach'd a fallen creature
With an earnest, kind desire ;
Strong in hope, a word might reach her,
Check in time a mental fire.

Uncheck'd passion is a fever,
Poisoning all the mind within ;
Each thing false is a deceiver,
Excesses bring both shame and sin.

I have wept with the depressèd,
Sympathizèd with their grief ;
Murmur'd goodly words, all-blessèd
Truth did bring its sure relief.

I have aidèd, blind and maimèd,
In their shadowy career ;
Pitied those the world had blamèd,
Given all I could—a tear !

I have wiped away the death-damps
From a despairing creature ;
Have brought to such eternal lamps,
Made Christ himself the Teacher ;

Half heart-broken, I would linger
Preaching comfort to distress ;
Gently lay the dying finger
On the Cross of Blessedness !

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

Go forth in love, O, Minister,
 Endow'd with gentle might ;
 Go unto all, administer
 Rest thro' the hours of night !

Go, hover round the welcome bed,
 Close thou each eyelid up ;
 Pour peace and blessings on each head,
 Fill thou with bliss each cup.

Go, whisper to th' afflicted race,
 That mercy's spread around ;
 Go, murmur messages of grace,
 In soft melodious sound.

Refresh the noble brain to thought,
 All waning health renew ;
 Seek those who suffer, who have fought,
 Go, heal them with they dew.

Go forth in strength, O, Minister,
 A strength that shall not swerve ;
 Sweet sleep do thou administer,
 Becalm each active nerve.

Kiss thou the eyelids of My lambs,
 The children of My flock ;
 Teach them to fold their little hands
 Around a deathless rock.

Go, gentle sleep to thy glad toil !
Go, wing thy way in peace ;
E'en on the guilty drop thine oil
And bid their anguish cease.

Go forth in truth ; speak, softly speak
Glad tidings, near and far ;
Go, comfort all the poor and weak,
For such My children are.

Seek thou the dying ; then imbue
Their spirits with repose ;
Go, tell the weary, I renew
With life mine earthly foes.

Pass by the deeply stain'd in sin,
Yea, let them lie awake !
If they repent, thou may'st let in
Hope, for their Saviour's sake.

The Holy Spirit then shall reign
A monitor of Right ;
Then Wrong shall hover round in vain,
And they shall live in Light !

Tell all, My love's exhaustless love,
And glorifies the grave ;
Wider than space stretch'd out above,
A love that yearns to save !

SPIRIT OF GOOD.

I have a magic wand,
 A wand that can inspire ;
 I place it in thine hands
 Therewith—the poet's lyre.

With tenderness sweep thou
 The love-inspired strings ;
 Each touch, when well beloved,
 A strain of music brings ;

So sweet ! that eyes shall weep,
 Weep, when the heart is sad ;
 But cheery are its tones
 When the minstrel's soul is glad.

Sing, sing thou songs of love,
 Its glory, and its gloom ;
 Sing thou in might, in truth,
 Of victory, of doom.

Raise thou the human heart,
 Inspire the willing mind ;
 Oh, give the spirit wings,
 Wide as the bold strong wind.

Teach man to try his strength,
 His dormant powers of worth ;
 Like hidden mines of gold
 Embedded in the earth.

Oh ! bid him work the soil,
Then cultivate the seed
Immortal in his soul,
And root out every weed.

Be patient in his toil ;
Be honest, pure, and brave ;
Never by his passions
O'erwhelm'd, and made a slave.

Oh ! bid him have some aim
Of honour e'er in view ;
E'en in adversity
Be faithful, kindly, true.

With tenderness sweep thou
The lyre's inspired chords ;
Devotion to thy cause
Will bring a flow of words.

Revere this magic wand,
Its power will ever last ;
This, my inspiring mantle,
Around thee do I cast.

Defile these sacred gifts
By sin, or worldly lust,
They'll crumble in thine hands,
And prove but earthly dust.

GO FORTH.

Thou of the myriad eyes, go forth, detect
The covert secrets of the world's defiled ;
Mark too the pure of every christian sect,
Each worshipper of Christ shall be My child.
Search thou the shades of sin, of sloth, of shame,
Heed thou my lambs without an earthly guide,
Should such in sorrow call upon My name,
Crown them with mercy, bring them to my side
Thorn-prick'd and sore, and I will lave their feet,
Yea, blanch them whiter than the driven snow,
Restore them with a new and vital heat ;
In my green pastures will I raise the low.
Let not a breath of faith be lost ; take heed ;
Come back to heaven, to plant the heavenly seed.

THE SPIRIT'S SUMMONS.

“ If thou'st faith, then follow
In my very track,
On to height or hollow,
Never once look back.

“ Should'st thou grope in midnight,
Where's no gleaming star,
Thou wilt sure be led right
To where good things are.

“ Thro’ the deep, deep waters
I perchance may go ;
May be to all quarters
Where the winds do blow.

“ I may bid thee harken
With a startled ear
To sounds, when night shall darken,
Strange to thine own sphere.

“ I may show thee glories
Celestial, sublime ;
Tell thee high-wrought stories
Touching on all time.

“ I may take thee higher
Than human feet have been ;
Show thee God’s own empire,
Th’ eternal forests green.

“ Clouds that now are flying
We may have to pass ;
Mix, too, with the dying
On a lake, like glass.

“ Thou may’st bear the flashing
Of the lightning’s might ;
Thunders, onward dashing,
Hid from mortal sight.

“Thou may'st near the star-world,
Pass thro' starry showers,
When the meteors are hurl'd
By immortal powers.

“Thou may'st touch the rainbow,
Reach the moon's pale rim ;
Then be hurl'd again, low
Into regions dim.

“Ride among the raindrops,
Hang upon the clouds,
'Light upon the peaktops,
Mix with death's damp shrouds.

“See, thou may'st, life's terrors,
Terrors, not to end ;
Sinful lusts and errors,
Lone, without a friend.

“Hear celestial hymning
In angelic spheres ;
To set thy soul a-swimming
In its flood of tears.

“If thou'st faith, then traverse
Unknown paths with me ;
A God-lit universe
God may ordain for thee.”

“Lead on ! I will follow
Every step of thine ;
On, to height, or hollow,
Thou art all Divine.

“On, on, thro’ the midnight,
Thro’ the surging deep ;
Sure I shall be led right,
Soul’s no more to sleep !

“Take me from my sod-bed,
Take me from the worms,
Take me to the God-head ;
There, there are no storms !

“Secretly God made me
In my mother’s womb ;
Mercy now shall aid me,
Fetters of the tomb—

“Never more shall bind me
With their icy grasp ;
Christ is sure to find me,
And unloose their clasp !

“Even in the cold grave,
Where the spirit slept,
Came there, One who could save,
O’er Lazarus, Jesus wept !

“ He was only human,
Buried was, in earth ;
A voice, superhuman,
Bade him to come forth !

“ Lead on, I'll not falter,
Tho' it be thro' flame ;
Reach I must God's altar,
I adore his name !

“ On ! His word is blazing
On the scroll of life ;
Purify me, praising,
In the flames of strife.

“ The Lamb's blood is flowing !
In the font of peace
Mercy is o'erflowing ;
Here my troubles cease.”

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

Spirit of Liberty ! wide-wingèd, strong !
Ride on the bolts of the thunder ;
Go, root out mutiny, discord, and wrong,
Slavery's chains tear asunder.
Speak to man's intellect of divine things
As thou travel'st the wide world round ;
The four winds of heaven shall be as thy wings,
And thy guides upon earthly ground.

Spirit of Liberty ! go, aid the poor,
Their spirits are just as vital ;
Throw, throw open wide their iron-barr'd door—
The injured shall have requital.
They too have their cross ; it is hard to bear,
They should wear not a human chain ;
Let them live pure lives, and no king shall dare
To check Freedom, o'er land or main.

The earth's in My palm ; it was made for all,
There are columns of gold and granite ;
The small rain-drop, near Niagara's fall,
The star near the day-god planet.
Go with the lightnings begirding thy zone,
Not a flash, mark thou, use in vain ;
All grades of all nations to Me are as one,
Love, liberty, peace maintain.

Spirit of Liberty, clear-sighted, pure,
Thine is a track all-glorious ;
Bestow freedom's blessings, long to endure,
Go, Angel, be thou victorious !
Mount, mount thy chariots storm-cloud made,
They are blazing with fire and flame ;
Stars of the firmament, thy cavalcade ;
On thy forehead, thy Maker's name !

THE AFFLICTING ANGEL.

Thou, nearest to My throne, go forth,
 Befill thine horn with balm ;
 Then traverse thou the great round earth
 With sorrows in thy palm.
 Surpassing spirit! droop not thou,
 For thou shalt wound, then heal ;
 Depress, then elevate the brow
 With an enduring weal.

If pride be the besetting sin,
 Dethrone the earthly lust ;
 Make green the barren spot, let in
 Humility and trust.
 Breathe softly on the stubborn heart,
 The vain career arrest ;
 Some sore affliction then impart
 That purifieth best.

The gifted, whom I have inspired
 With an exalted dower,
 If by presumption they are fired,
 Curb their usurping power :
 Yea, let them know that I am God—
 God of their highest skill ;
 Omnipotent on earthly sod,
 The God of human will.

Where some dark passion hath control,
Annihilate, to save ;
Affliction purifies the soul—
Go, free the earth-bound slave !
Make thou the faithful yet more bright,
Make purity more fair ;
Give to the heart and brain more light—
Guard them with saving care.

Where human strength is rampant, strong,
Uncheck'd, unruly grown,
All restless in the path of wrong,
That thankless strength dethrone :
Maim the proud limb that dares do ill ;
Close up the eye, the ear,
In mercy, but illumine the will
With reverence and fear.

Then pour thy balm upon his head,
Creep softly to his breast ;
Uplift him gently from his bed,
Heal him, and make him blest.
Show him how merciful is love,
Yea, when array'd in gloom ;
Speak, speak unto his spirit, prove
God's chastisement's not doom.

Unclasp the mother's arms, close knit
Around her dead child's form ;
Bid her have faith in what is writ,
In time of calm, or storm.

Bid her be patient, loving, meek,
 When most her heart is riven ;
 Wipe thou the heart-tears from her cheek,
 Give her a glimpse of heaven.

Give each his Cross, his thorny crown ;—
 The Saviour suffered death ;
 But when the spirit is bow'd down,
 Heal, heal it with thy breath.
 Go, do thine errand through all lands ;
 Surpassing angel, prove
 The glory of thy God's commands,
 The might of Saving Love.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

“ Mother, mother wert thou speaking,
 In the solemn hour of night ?
 Was thy spirit for mine seeking ?
 For an angel, robed in white.

“ Hung about my pillow gently ;
 Press'd soft kisses on mine eyes ;
 Look'd upon me most intently,
 Bade me hush my troubl'd sighs.

“ Then she stroked my long damp tresses,
 With a kind and tender touch ;
 Mingling tears with her caresses,
 As tho' she loved me much.

“ Kiss'd I her for her caressings,
 With a love almost as fond :
 Then she gave me heavenly blessings,
 Show'd me there were worlds beyond ;

“ Softly touch'd my heaving bosom,
 Laying something on my heart ;
 Saying it would one day blossom,
 Long to bloom, and not depart.

“ I fainted then with joyful weeping ;
 I was weak, and could not bear
 So much of bliss ; and when sleeping,
 Rock'd she me with loving care.”

ANGEL :

“ Die she must, O, gentle creature !
 Her fair cheek must loose its bloom ;
 Touch must I her every feature,
 To prepare her for the tomb.

“ Tenderly, tenderly still her fond breast,
 Tenderly stop the heart's motion ;
 Tenderly, tenderly put her to rest,
 Spare her from human emotion.

“ Die she must—hush ! all is over—
 Her spirit now hath taken flight ;
 Pity father, mother, lover—
 Not her—her soul hath reach'd the light !

“ She is dead, now she is holy :
 Around the lips I'll wreath a smile,
To soothe, if not to comfort wholly,
 Dwellers on the earth awhile.

“ Holiness, Peacefulness, stamp on the brow,
 Like stars of the morning to shine ;
Tenderly, noiselessly, love will avow,
 The Angel of Death is Divine.

“ O, God, I need thy consolation,
 When my scythe is edg'd and sharp ;
Bare-brow'd I traverse every nation :
 Play loud ye angels on the harp !

“ When nearing earth, tho' superhuman,
 I can scarcely bear to break
The living links, so sweetly human,
 Bruise them, wound them, make them ache.

“ I have heard such low soft singing—
 Harmonious numbers rise and fall ;
I have watch'd the soul upspringing
 To the Mighty One of all.

“ I have seen the clear eyes telling
 Holy truths, without a word ;
Watch'd emotions rising, swelling,
 Tho' no murmur could be heard.

“ Seen resignation, bright in sorrow,
Give her darling to the skies,
Preparing for that bless'd to-morrow,
Shining round the Great All Wise.

“ Seen penury, in rags and tatters,
Clinging to immortal food ;
To the glory nature scatters,
Loving all things pure and good.

“ I have seen the bold man cherish
Tender loves and noble aims ;
I have seen the meek heart perish,
Strong in love, mid burning flames.

“ I have seen the sea's commotion,
Mountains high the waves have tost ;
Witness'd struggling, fond devotion,
Beaten, conquer'd, seeming lost.

“ I have seen the hideous earthquake
Open wide its yearning jaws ;
Regarded long the silent heartbreak,
Tho' the spirit's brave, and soars.

“ I have watch'd the proud, the daring,
Play with life, as if mere death
Was all and everything impairing,
By the fanning of its breath.

“ I have seen the tearful maiden
Holding love unto her breast,
Shining like a star tho' laden
With a load of dark unrest.

“ I have watch'd the cripp'l'd mother
Toiling, labouring, day by day ;
Blind men working for each other,
Tho' darkness all about them lay.

“ I have watchèd laughing childhood
Serious grow, at sight of death ;
I have mark'd the lone, the widow'd,
Praying with their latest breath.

“ Mark'd the fond clasp of the lover,
Even wept at the embrace ;
Seen her die ; when all was over,
Seen the lover hide his face.

“ Felt the tremor that then shook him,
Mourn'd the courage beaten down :
Every earthly hope forsook him,
Tho' she gain'd a saintly crown.

“ I have seen true friends, long parted,
Clasp again each other's hand ;
I, my brand of death have darted,
Seen them drop like grains of sand.

“ I have mark'd the old, white headed,
Sorrow-stricken, and yet brave ;
Children dead, and she, the wedded,
Side by side in one huge grave.

“ Tho' angelic, I ne'er falter,
And my aim is sure on earth :
I kill the world to give God's altar
In all its purity and worth.

“ Never fear me, learn to love me,
 Tho' my vesture may be dark ;
There are worlds high, high above me,
 For the righteous—God's great ark.

“ Yea, green pastures never ending,
 Waters never to destroy ;
Love and mercy meeting, blending
 With holiness and heavenly joy.”

SACRED VERSE.

GO TO CHRIST.

Ye who are heavy laden, go to Christ,
And He will give you rest :

Ye who are broken, maim'd, and sick, and poor,
Go, lie upon his breast.

Ye know the blind He did restore to sight ;
The lame lept as an hart ;
He made the dumb man's silent tongue to speak,
In gratitude of heart.

The stoppèd caverns of the ear He ope'd ;
Glad tidings they did hear :
Sins, fears, and sorrows bade He pass away,
Yea, like a human tear.

Go, take your little children unto Him,
His blessing rests on them :
Oh ! watch your offspring with parental care,
Each soul's a deathless gem.

The sinful woman yearn'd for heavenly bread,
His garment she did touch ;
He heal'd, then bless'd her with a gentle voice,
Her faith He lovèd much.

Th' exhausted springs of life He did renew,
 The dead man did arise ;
 A fainting multitude He did refresh ;
 Go, go to Him ! be wise.

Ye who are heavy-laden, go to Christ :
 Tho' sins may be blood-red,
 He'll blanch your souls as pure as snow, and pour
 Redemption on your head.

CAST THE FIRST STONE

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 A sinner's in the dust :
 The multitude draw back, no stone
 Is hurl'd ; all have some earthly lust.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 Here is one untrue :
 They listen'd to the preacher's word,
 But not a single stone they threw.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 A fallen foe is here,
 Avenge thy wrongs, and let him die :
 Revenge did turn away in fear.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 Here is a man of theft :
 The multitude did turn aside,
 To solitude the thief was left.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

A spiller of man's blood

You see before you grovelling here,

Low sunk in earthly mire and mud.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

Here, covetousness, pride,

A want of charitable thought,

With scorn and arrogance allied.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

Here too is mean deceit ;

A white outside, erect and calm,

But hatred lurks and lives beneath.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

Here selfishness is strong,

Puff'd up with self-idolatry—

He scarcely thinks he's doing wrong.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

Here vanity and sloth,

Countless as the pebbles by the shore ;

Yea, there's a multitude of both.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

Here reverence is forgot ;

Here all the passions of the heart

Are uncontroll'd, and wild, and hot.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—

Here, mercy is dethroned,

She flutters restless like the dove,

Because, alas ! she is disowned.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 A witness, false and black,
 Is here, who dropp'd plague spots on truth,
 Say, shall we tear him on the rack ?

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 Idolatry erects
 A god upon an earthly throne,
 That Christianity rejects.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin—
 Here, one who blasphemous God,
 And takes His holy name in vain,
 Yea, upon Christian sod.

The first stone cast, thou who art free from sin —
 The Sabbath is abused,
 Its peace dethronèd, thrown away ;
 Say, shall mercy be refused ?

Each one of that large multitude knew sin,
 They waited to adore
 The Holy One who challeng'd ; and He
 Did bid them " Go and sin no more."

GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS.

God shall wipe away all tears
 Of those He shall redeem :
 What are sorrows, what are fears,
 If on us beam

The glories of high Heaven—
The Saviour's large white throne ?
Tho' now by tempest driven,
We are His own.

God shall wipe all tears away :
His truth should make us strong
To bear the sorrows of our day,
And bring forth song !
Be our burdens hard to bear,
He will renew our powers ;
Our cross will be as light as air,
If faith be ours.

God shall wipe away all tears :
Christ is our saving shield—
Th' immortal sun of deathless years :
He will not wield
The avenging sword of death,
Like to an earthly king :
Mercy hangs upon his breath,
Then let us sing.

God shall wipe away all tears :
Oh ! bear ye this in mind :
He will forgive the sins of years,
And gently bind
Ye in everlasting sheaves,
To bloom for evermore ;
Ye'll be His everlasting leaves ;
Bow down, adore !

God shall wipe away all tears,
 Tho' every mortal gift
 Shall pass away that now endears ;
 Soul He will uplift
 To share Immortality
 On His eternal shore,
 When put off is mortality :
 Bow down, adore.

THE DOOR OF HOPE.

There is a door called Hope,
 Thro' which one by one must pass :
 It is not made of wood, nor stone—
 Shines like reflective glass.

When it we do approach,
 We see our interior self :
 Beyond it, books of life and death,
 On snowy ridge or shelf.

And those who ope this door
 Feel a reverence for truth ;
 They know the volumes do contain
 Their earthly deeds since youth.

They know full well which book
 Their name is tracèd in ;
 The purely white, or white turn'd black—
 The Book of Life or Sin.

There the condemn'd must feel,
 Yea, the justice of their fate ;
 For mercy had been proffer'd oft.
 Thro' their benighted state,
 They would not walk in light,
 Too enamour'd of the dark ;
 They would not have a heavenly Rock,
 Nor an all-saving Ark.

The pure there humbly kneel :
 Purity from infancy
 Had laved their now redeemèd souls
 In innocency :
 Such, such have power to bear
 The unutterable might
 Of the dread Trinity in sight—
 The inextinguishable light
 Of heaven ;—breathe its pure air,
 Join voices with the Seraphim
 Who wear th' ethereal diadem—
 The imperishable lily crown :
 Bow down, bow down !

THY HOUSE IS LEFT UNTO THEE
 DESOLATE.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate :
 Thy children die out like a season's grass,
 They are cut down, yea, even in their bloom,
 And thou art left in drear old age alone !

Thy house is left unto thee desolate :

Thy cattle wane, thy land is lying waste,
Thy corn is rotting where it sprung and grew,
And fire consumes the ricks upon thy farm.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate :

For wild excess did reign beneath thy roof ;
Thy bowl did overflow with madd'ning drinks,
There o'er-fed indolence alone did thrive.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate :

There human love deteriorated, sank—
Yea, lust usurp'd this holy bond of life ;
There purity and innocence did hide their brow,
And insolence did reign uncheck'd, supreme.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate :

For reverence, and holy fear, and faith
Did wither 'neath thy pestilential sun ;
The Holy Spirit thou didst dare blaspheme ;
Thine only rock thine own benighted heart :
No prayer for aid came forth from thy dark tongue,
Thus Christ nor God could purify thy soul :
Then mercy spread her wings and left thy hearth,
Yea, left thy house unto thee desolate !

HYMN OF PRAISE.

The balmy summer air's made sweet
By flowers unnumber'd at our feet ;
Each leaflet hanging on the boughs
Th' immensity of God avows :

They bloom, they die, and then decay,
And vanish from the face of day ;
Generations yet unborn
Shall wave in glory, hail the morn,
And swell the hymn of Praise.

The birds that sing and skim the air—
Can human minstrelsy compare
Its works of art with their glad song ?
So free, so passionate, so strong !
How marvellous such little throats
Should be empower'd to yield such notes :
The myst'ry of their feather'd wings
From real devotion ever brings
A hymn of awe and praise.

Stars ! ye are glorious works of God,
And ye, O, blossoms of the sward !
The azure sky that's spread above—
A mighty work of mighty love.
And ye, O, clouds, that scud along
In fairy haste, a silvery throng ;
The radiant moon that rides thro' space,
High in heaven, with queenly grace
Unite in hymns of praise.

The very air we breathe is fraught
With mercy and divinest thought.
The mighty winds that rise and fall
Obedient to their Maker's call,

Leap forth, God only knows from whence—
 A truth too deep for human sense,
 And blow high gales, and swell the sea,
 In awful, mighty majesty—
 All join in hymns of Praise !

A I D .

An active minister I fain would be
 In thy Almighty hands, dear Father, God ;
 I'd be of use on this my native sod,
 If aided, cherish'd, and inspired by Thee.
 Enshrin'd in all green things is precious seed,
 The very weeds perpetuate their race ;
 Then help me, Lord, with thy especial grace,
 To be more useful than a flower or weed.
 Touch thou the life-springs of mine earnest will ;
 Touch thou mine eyes, oh, let me see more light,
 Let my perceptions grow intensely bright,
 Or, otherwise ordain'd, be mute and still.
 Untie my tongue, enrich my mind with thought,
 Make clean my heart, and willing to be taught.

THE SILENT MONITOR.

There's something in us, strong, imperious,
 Something that's without a sound :
 Something solemn, vague, mysterious,
 Leads us up to higher ground.

Without a word it shows our errors,
Brings them all before our eyes :
Shows us sin with all its terrors—
Life and death's dread mysteries.

This silent shadow comes to guide us,
Goes with us where'er we go :
Like an angel 'tis beside us,
Holy in the midst of woe.

This gentle spirit brings us healing
From the fount of perfect love ;
When pitying our human feeling,
Silently it points above.

Then, then we see, far in the distance,
Realms our feet have never trod ;
A bright, a shining new existence,
Spread around the throne of God.

This silent monitor then shows us
Th' crimson sanctifying tide ;
Assures our spirit Jesus knows us—
Softly calls us to His side.

Our brimming eyelids can no longer
Hold the waters of the brain ;
We weep, are purified, are stronger,
Fit to cope with earth again.

Altho' we live midst earthly noises,
Silently the soul upsprings ;
We seem to hear angelic voices—
Promises of blessèd things.

In that upspringing husband, children,
 Round about the life intwine ;
 False loves, false hopes, are all bewildering—
 Pure loves lead to the Divine.

Come, little children, cling about us,
 Nearer, dearer, closer yet ;
 Your father's heart would droop without us—
 In his love we all are set.

Together journey we will ever,
 Till the blessèd voice shall call ;
 We are but waves of one vast river,
 The God who made us, loves us all.

THE LORD TAKETH PLEASURE IN HIS PEOPLE.

Rejoice, be glad, for know the Lord
 In His people taketh pleasure ;
 All those who see God in His word
 Reap rich treasures from His treasure.

The humble he will beautify,
 The meek of every nation ;
 Each faithful spirit may rely
 On victory, on salvation.

O, saints, be joyful on the earth,
 The God of heaven is your head ;
 Praise Him, the root of all your mirth,
 Sing joyful songs upon your bed.

The love of God's a shield of might—
 Verily, a two edg'd sword ;
 His smile puts out the sun's dread light,
 Glory crowns His every word.

Praise Him, praise Him with every breath,
 Him extol with soul, with will,
 Throughout life, and at your death,
 At the foot of Zion's hill.

Ascend the rays of light in praise ;
 Descend into the grave with joy ;
 Remember ever He can raise,
 And only His hand can destroy.

WHEN IS THE TIME FOR PRAYER ?

When far removed from God thro' doubt and fear,
 When eyes are swollen with the ready tear,
 When we are troubl'd by the ceaseless strife
 And all the sorrows that await on life,
 Then is the time to pray.

When adverse winds are blowing fiercely round,
 When our best hopes are falling to the ground,
 When friends are harsh, and all the world unkind,
 When poverty and sickness are combin'd,
 Then is the time to pray.

When human strength can scarcely brave the fight,
 And totters on the brink of sin's dark night ;
 When virtue trembles, clasp the Saviour's cross ;
 When faith and love are clouded by remorse,
 Then is the time to pray.

When words of anger hang upon the tongue,
When earthly ties give way to which we clung,
When disaffection rankles in the breast,
And casts its slur upon the brightest, best—
Then is the time to pray.

It is not health that needs the healer's skill,
It is the wounded, dying, and the ill ;
It is the weakened frame that asks support,
And the misguided need the purer thought—
The privilege of prayer.

When faith is waning, do not hide the truth,
Go straight to Christ, He will renew its youth ;
He soothes the contrite heart with mercy's breath,
And saves the weeping soul from worse than death,
Then raise your voice in praise.

When earthly blessings strew your pathway, pray ;
At best they are but blossoms of a day ;
Tho' human love can steep the world in light,
Death casts its shadow, dark, and deep as night,
For earth is one great tomb.

The star-bespangl'd firmament of blue,
The softly falling universal dew,
The blessèd rains, the crystal streams, the sun,
Are vital blessings that we would not shun,
Then why lose sight of Heaven ?

We're all afflicted with the chast'ning rod,
Our sorrows bring us nearer to our God ;
The Holy Spirit to our nature flies
In love and mercy, when our courage dies,
As Christ Himself ordain'd.

SPARE US, GOOD LORD.

Yea, we have sought thee, mighty God,
Creator, King of Kings ;
For thou canst read the living soul,
Life's snares and secret springs.

And thou may'st spare where man condemns,
For he can see but part
Of all the workings going on
Within the human heart.

Man sees the act, Thou see'st the cause
Producing good and ill ;
And tho' too often bow'd with shame,
We dare approach thee still.

Our lips ne'er drop an unkind word,
But in the ear it rings ;
And in the very heart for days
Its memory lives and clings.

Or when from eyes we have wrung out
Tears from the good and meek ;
Each burning drop we know can leave
A furrow on the cheek.

Or when our deeds have wrought distress
 ' We've proved that such things are,
 Remorse can wrestle with the soul,
 And stamp thereon a scar.

We have no power to go astray
 But we are self-accused,
 For there's a breath of Thy great soul,
 Dear God, in our's infused.

When we do err, O, Christ of God,
 Whilst struggling thro' life's main,
 Forgive, and let thy Spirit draw
 Each soul to thee again.

Oh ! let a simple faith in Thee
 In every trial soothe ;
 And let our veneration spring—
 Yea, from our earliest youth.

Would we had worshipp'd Thee, ere grief
 Drew from the fount of tears
 The bitter waters of the heart,
 In life's tumultuous years.

And now, matur'd to riper thought,
 And mellow'd by Thy hand,
 We feel our strength, for in thy strength
 We humbly, firmly stand :—

Shelter'd, nurtur'd, and sustain'd,
 E'en in a world of death :
 For these we love and praise thee, Lord,
 Yea, with our every breath.

Floods of love and mercy gush
Rich from a thousand springs :
For o'er this changeful world are spread
Thy wide protecting wings.

A VOICE FROM THE SUN.

In the midst of the blazing sun there stood
A wingèd angel of might ;
The sun look'd faint as a dying star,
Near the glow of that higher light.

“Come,” cried he loud to the fowls of air,
“All things that have wings, 'neath heaven ;
Gather yourselves together, for know
A supper of God is given.

“Come hither and eat the flesh of kings,
Of captains, of men of might :
Both small and great, the high and the low,
Who have sinn'd in the broad day-light.

“The free man's a slave, the slave is free ;
High deeds have a regal stamp :
Tho' ye may be white, or bronze, or black,
Real worth is a shining lamp.

“Gather together, touch not the pure,
They are the servants of God ;
On such shall descend the blessings of peace,
Unscath'd by th' avenging rod.

“Gather together, the feast’s at hand,
 False prophets, false gods are down ;
 Our only God is the One true God,
 A God that no hand can crown.”

The fowls of the air came thronging in—
 The vulture, the sparrow, the dove ;
 The birds of prey drank deep of man’s blood :
 No drop touch’d the bird of Love !

A voice, sweet, calm, in the midst thereof
 Did whisper, “Forgive them, Lord ;”
 The Spirit of Christ was the soul of God ;
 Thrice blessèd was every word !

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Have faith in God, utter and entire—
 Verily, in verity :
 Yea, thou shalt then have thy soul’s desire,
 Yes, utterly, implicitly.

Rancour put away, then kneeling pray
 With truth, with simplicity :
 Yea, pray morning, noon, and night, all day
 Fearfully, incessantly.

Have faith in God, when thou art on the verge
 Of idolizing ecstasy :
 Verily, in faith, in love, go, fondly urge
 Protection from Immensity.

Sorrow put away, live thou in hope,
 Tho' thou art stricken fearfully :
Be not contented with thine earthly scope,
 Pray to heaven tearfully.

Have faith in God, faith will softly spread
 Out its branches silently :
Filling all thy paths, thy heart, thy head,
 Tenderly and quietly.

Yes, yes, throngs of innumerable leaves,
 Shooting ever noiselessly :
Faith unnumber'd things achieves,
 Patiently and joyfully.

Have faith in God, when thy health shall wane,
 Thy body is terrestrial :
Thy struggling soul shall sleep to rise again
 For spirit is celestial.

Journey onward, life is very short,
 Its pleasures transitory :
Time flies swifter than we once had thought,
 Our days are visionary.

Have faith in God, the exalted God :
 Exhaustless sublimity
Crowns his works upon this earthly sod—
 This threshold of eternity.

Knowledge, science, wisdom stand apart,
 Amazed and wonderingly ;
Fall down and worship, for such know in part
 His deathless works blunderingly.

Have faith in God, thou who art unlearn'd :
Thine hand is mysteriously
Form'd and knit and strongly, finely turn'd,
And tells of power imperiously.

Purifying thoughts, that softly spring
White and pure from purity ;
Each and every other glorious thing
Is as God's own surety.

Have faith in God, the Holy Spirit
With us lives internally :
Rely upon the Saviour's merit
Faithfully, eternally.

Add to Christian love and faith, good deeds,
Chastity, morality :
When the sinner's soul is stricken, bleeds,
Give him human charity.

Have faith in God, utter and entire,
Lean on him relyingly :
Turn away from unconsuming fire,
Love thy God undyingly.

Lave thy soul in Christ's all-saving blood,
Steadfastly, immutably :
Drink deeply of that spiritual flood
Humbly, indisputably.

Have faith in God, children of mankind :
The stars that shine incessantly
Were made by him, who gave ye heart and mind,
Lights, ye may be presently.

Salvation's fields are largely, widely spread,
Let's guard the living present :
The Almighty's eyes are hanging over head
Verily, Omnipresent.

BODY TO SOUL.

Oh! be not proud, fair soul,
Tho' thy estate be high ;
For art thou not best seen
Within the mortal eye ?

When tender feelings glow,
We are not far apart :
The home of real affection
Is in the human heart.

And when the spirit loves,
Tho' words be said or sung ;
Who pleads thy cause for thee,
Say, is it not the tongue ?

Or, when thou hast conceiv'd
Aught that is pure and grand ;
A willing friend and true
Exists in the right hand.

Or, distanc'd from the few
Thou hast a wish to meet ;
What helps thee on thy way
But quick and faithful feet ?

Or, when a kindred soul
Is fill'd with love or fear ;
In silv'ry voice and low
Thou seek'st the list'ning ear.

Then be not proud, fair soul,
Nor let me plead in vain :
Is not thy earthly throne
The bright, creative brain ?

And we were link'd by God,
As buds upon one stem :
I, a frail thing of dust,
Thou, an immortal gem.

Yea, bright'ning still with time !
When reach'd by thee the goal,
Shed thou a tear for me,
O ! sympathizing soul.

For friendship like our own
Cannot be cast aside :
We both have suffer'd much,
Been long and deeply tried.

I have no recompense
For all the cares of life :
I enter'd it with pain,
Will quit the world in strife.

Yea, when we are to leave
The paths where we have trod ;
I am but food for worms,
Thou, goest to thy God.

SOUL TO BODY.

Unto the judgment seat
 Of the Almighty One :
 To meet the Holy Spirit,
 And mercy-loving Son.

But I am so sin stain'd,
 So conscious of my guilt !
 Yet Jesus died for me,
 For such his blood was spilt.

Then will I hope and strive
 While earthly life is mine :
 The Bible be my rock,
 An anchorage Divine.

And if affliction come,
 I'll kiss the chast'ning rod :
 Kneel down to Christ, and ask
 A home with him and God.

Oh ! may the prayer I breathe
 Ascend to heaven and bloom :
 Then welcome pain and death,
 No terror hath the tomb.

And yet, frail form, I cling
 With native love to thee :
 Wondering at thy beauty,
 Thou child of misery !

Susceptible of pain,
Yet so alive to mirth ;
How marvellous thy gifts,
Thou flow'r 'midst flowers of earth !

Enchain'd by thee too oft,
The soul by love hath been ;
Enthrall'd by passion's power
For thee, O, earthly queen !

For when the ethereal spark
Illumes each human sense,
Awe-stricken do I gaze
On feelings so intense.

The heart, the eye, the ear,
The brain, the gift of speech ;
My bright imaginings
From earth to heaven reach.

Take but the soul away,
Oh ! where then is thy bloom ?
Thy fellow-mortal shrinks,
So, hides thee in the tomb.

The purest love on earth
Regards thee as a slave ;
Thy crumbling form is soon
Forgotten in the grave.

Love scarcely dare impress
Its kiss upon thy brow ;
Th' immortal spirit asks—
How could I love thee, how ?

When hidden from love's gaze,
 Affection upward springs,
 And, strong in faith, the soul
 Mounts high on rapid wings :

Behind, leaves earth and care—
 O, bright and glorious fate !
 Now piercing mists and clouds,
 Till reach'd be heaven's gate.

And there love leaves the loved,
 Yea, with the Holy One ;
 Husband, mother, wife, and child
 Can say, " Thy will be done ! "

And thou, surpassing form,
 Tho' mingl'd with the sod,
 Tho' scatter'd by the winds,
 Shalt rise, be judg'd by God.

Mystery of Mysteries !
 The frame thy hand creates
 A word of thine destroys—
 A breath reanimates !

I BLESS THEE, O, MY GOD !

I bless thee, O, my God
 Yea, with my every breath :
 I am sustain'd by thee
 E'en in a world of death.

I bless thee for the night,
For life-refreshing sleep,
That o'er my nature steals
So tenderly and deep :

Enabling me to bear
The struggle and the strife ;
The every care and grief
We battle with in life.

I bless thee, O, my God,
For that rich boon, my sight ;
It gives me power to see
Thine own great work, the light.

I bless and love thine hand
For stretching out the skies ;
My soul doth worship thee—
Omnipotent, all wise !

I bless thee for the sea
That roars thy mighty name :
Each pencil'd little flower
That blooms to breathe thy fame.

I bless thee for the fields
That woo our willing feet :
The glory of the noon,
Its breath and vital heat.

For sunshine and for air,
I bless thee, O, my God :
For herbage, fruit, and flowers,
For harvests of the sod .

I bless thee for the trees—
So various, so grand !
The every leaf that grows
Is model'd by thine hand.

I bless thee for the birds—
They sing to sing thy praise :
A word of thine call'd forth
Their wild, inspir'd lays

I bless thee for the spring,
For summer winds and showers ;
For autumn ting'd with gold,
And winter's social hours.

I bless thee for the love
To human hearts allied ;
But most of all for that
Which springs up by my side.

And when affliction makes
The tear of sorrow fall,
I yield my soul to thee,
For thou art God of all.

I bless thee for the hope'
That wells up in my heart ;
That we are dear to thee,
Almighty as thou art.

Oh ! fill my breast with love,
Enrich my every thought :
I feel thy guiding hand,
And cling to its support.

I'll bless thee, O, my God—
 Yea, in the pangs of death,
 Thou canst renew the soul
 With an immortal breath.

HE THAT IS ATHIRST.

He that is athirst, fever'd, let him come,
 Here springs of living waters ever flow :
 He that is friendless, without name, come ! come !
 Here cleanse the soul from earthly taint and woe.

He that is athirst, despairing, let him come
 And drink the living water's silver tide :
 He that is broken down in spirit, come,
 The ocean source is vast, and deep, and wide.

He that is athirst and black with sin, come.
 It wellet up all pure, and white, and clear :
 He that is blood-stain'd, mourning, let him come
 And drop into its mighty depths a tear.

He that is athirst, and hot with lies, come,
 And cool the fever'd brain that burns like fire :
 He that would avenge a human wrong, come,
 And wash away resentful wrath and ire.

He that is athirst and poor, 'midst wealth, come,
 For here are riches, richer than all wealth :
 He that is athirst, and needing bread, come
 And fill the heart springs with renewèd health.

He that is athirst, tho' on a throne, come,
And lave the spirit in the holy spring :
Let him that's homeless, hopeless, wretched, sick,
Drink deep draughts, repent, rejoice and sing.

He that is athirst for fame and state, come,
First purify life's aims, and then go forth
Baptizèd in the waters of his God,
That He in mercy scatters o'er the earth.

He that is athirst for human love, come,
And steep the soul in living streams benign ;
For here is saving, everlasting love—
The love of Christ, the love of the Divine.

A DREAM OF THE LAST DAY.

Keen blew the March winds over the land,
April came dropping her tears ;
The earth seem'd touch'd by a magic hand,
Grew green, as in far-off years.
Quick sprung the grass, and the leaves came forth,
And the wild flowers 'gan to spring ;
The birds, forgetful of winter's wrath,
Sang loud on exulting wing.
And the young green wheat waved cheerily,
And the strong winds turn'd to soft ;
And the white clouds glided merrily
Thro' azury seas aloft.

Rejoicing were earth's sons and daughters
O'er promises rich in the bud ;
And the sun rose red on the waters,
Which shone like a crimson flood.
Mariners, ploughing the mighty deeps,
Were watching the ruby glare ;
The clouds were pilèd in mighty heaps,
Hot vapours hung low in the air.

The hours flew by, but the night came not !
Sun-banners kept flaming red :
Herbage dried up, for the land was hot,
Strange glory hung over head.
Silvery rivers forgot to flow ;
Lakes, rivulets, streams were dry ;
Ablaze and flaming, the eternal glow,
Redder the blood red sky !
The feathery fountains did falter,
No longer threw up their spray ;
Down, knelt we down at God's altar,
In the noon of the scorching day.
We pray'd for rain, and we pray'd for dew,
We pray'd for decreasing heat ;
Our prayers were heartfelt, fervid, and true,
We clamber'd to God's dread feet.

The sun hurl'd down his unruly flames,
Seem'd nearing this earth of ours,
With direful strength and direful aims—
Redoubl'd and trebl'd his powers.

The poor beasts anger'd and scared did snort,
Sweltering did tear the ground ;
Their eyes seem'd lighted with sudden thought,
Their voices, unearthly sound !
The birds amazèd did shriek, not sing !
The fish rose high on the waves,
Scorch'd by the fire the sun did fling,
Sought land, for their deaths and graves.

The sun grew redder, and redder yet,
He shone like a thousand orbs :
No power had he to wane, or to set,
All moisture his heat absorbs.
The woods took fire, enwreathèd with flame ;
The green grain was burnèd up ;
Red rivers of light from the heavens came,
And fill'd to the full man's cup.
Crouchèd together mothers and daughters,
The blood too hot in their veins ;
The sun drew up the deep, deep waters,
No dews ! no silvery rains !

The rich man screech'd, " here, here is gold,
Pure, yellow and hard and bright !"
The poor man spurn'd it with looks all cold
As he gazed on the dome of light.
Queens on their thrones threw their gems aside,
For they seem'd to burn the breast,
They red hot grew, in the red hot tide—
Spreading from east to west.

The bow was lost in the burning flood,
Its beautiful tints died out ;
The fiery ball seem'd to bathe in blood,
For more fire, he seem'd to shout.
The sun attracted the shining stars,
Swallow'd up the orbs of night ;
The deep'ning glow of his scarlet bars
Absorbèd the moon's pale light.
The swollen tongue of both man and beast
Hung black from their open jaws ;
But nigh at hand, The Eternal Feast !
Nigh at hand, The Great First Cause !
Billows of smoke did ascend on high,
And the tree tops lost their domes :
Terror did reign in the human eye,
In ashes were laid our homes.
Lightning and thunder knew no control,
Boom'd, flash'd with imperious will :
Man's flesh did wither ; unflesh'd the soul :
And the soul stood mute and still.

The sun, descending, consumed the earth ;
All life did shrivel to dust ;
The chaos did seem as tho' no birth
Had brightend, to moulder and rust.
The blue serene, that the hand of God
Had spread o'er the watery main,
And the welcome green of the flowery sward
Were never to shine again.

The encircling winds of heaven
No more were to rise and fall :
Creation forever was riven,
Destruction was over all—
Roll'd up the firmament into a scroll,
And the scroll the sun did burn ;
No more did our earthly waters roll,
For nature had dried her urn.
The spirit of Love arose and stood—
A protecting angel there,
Guarding the faithful, the patient, the good,
From the blight of the blighting air.
The spirit of evil claim'd his own,
From whom, God hid his face :
The Bread of Life, and the Righteous Crown,
Were gone, with the smile of grace !

Beneath the flood, and above the flood,
Were lands where the pale lily grew ;
Sweet streams of water round Christ's dear blood
And fountains of healing dew.
Silvery paths thro' the burning waves
Remote from the flaming globe,
And the soul forgot all earthly graves
Array'd in its deathless robe.
The dazzling raiment of Jesus shone
Far whiter than earth's moon beams :
The spirit of God reveal'd His throne
In the midst of His saving streams.

Apostles were there all-hallow'd and calm,
 On earth they had done their best—
 The saved there clung to their Maker's arm
 In their heaven of godly rest.
 The lowly, the stricken, the maimèd
 Were heal'd, and they wept no more ;
 The wrong-doer chasten'd, reclaimèd :
 The struggle for Life was o'er,
 And the tide of the burning day-god
 Was quench'd by conquering Might.
 'Twas joy, beyond joy to obey God,
 In fields of ethereal light !

A FEW GREEN LEAVES.

My brain is like a stagnant pool,
 By moss and weeds grown o'er,
 Not buoyant, brilliant, like the waves
 That dance unto the shore ;
 Proud of their freedom, proud of space,
 Proud of their crown of light :
 Proud of their parent's width, and depth,
 And magnitude, and might.

My mind is like a tiny stream,
 That merely gives a peep
 At all the thousand crowding things.
 At the foot of some great steep.

My heart is like a home-rear'd bird
That's learn'd to love its wires :
Too limited to be all wise,
Too few are its desires.

I love my little homestead well,
And all it doth contain ;
But wide and universal love,
And universal pain,
Are all too broad, too big to grasp,
Too subtle, huge, and sad :
All too exalted are such themes
For one so rash, so glad !

My aims are circumscrib'd, alas !
A very narrow brook,
That creeps into its ocean bed,
Thro' leaves of one Great Book.
I would baptize in its pure flood
All whom I love and prize ;
I'd drench my thirsting soul therein ;
And, chasten'd, would arise

To do my work upon the earth—
Tho' very small and mean.
I'd leave upon some little spot,
A branch of leaves all green—
Rich with the very sap of love,
And vein'd with charity :
Yea, everlasting leaves of good
Dipt in Christianity.

E R R A T A .

PAGE	LINE		
20	15	for "pou'rst"	read <i>pourest</i>
70	3	„ "sing soft," &c.	„ <i>singing soft, &c.</i>
122	23	„ "heart"	„ <i>heat</i>
124	Title	„ "Winged Messenger"	„ <i>Winged Messenger</i>
266	6	„ "balls"	„ <i>bells</i>
303	3	„ "proferr'd"	„ <i>proffer'd</i>

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