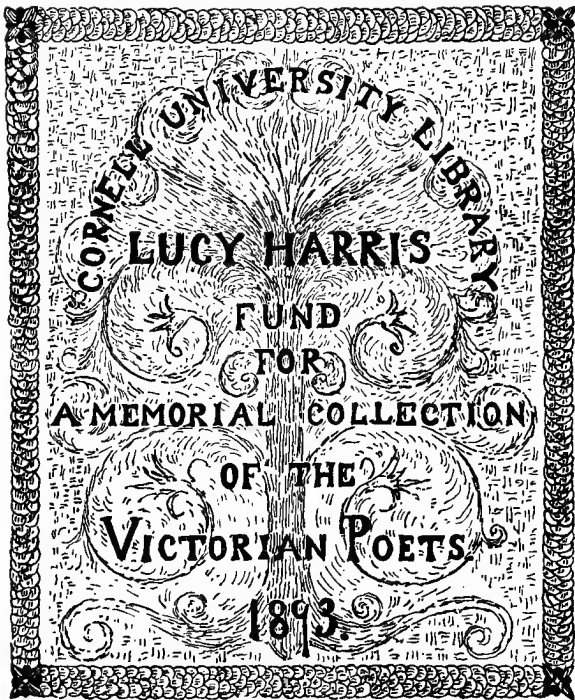


WILD FLOWERS OF SONG

SONGS
AND
POEMS

BY
JANE MOORE.





A.264671

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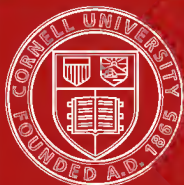
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Yours affectionately,
Jane Moore

WILD FLOWERS OF SONG.

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

ONGS AND OEMS.

BY

JANE MOORE.

*Native
of
Stayleybridge*
. See page 75.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

JOHN HEYWOOD, RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;
AND 11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

1880.

A.264671



DEDICATION.

JESUS! my blessed Lord, to Thee
I consecrate my powers ;
Acknowledged all Thy gifts to me,
Received as genial showers.
And as the rill and river to the sea,
So let all that I have and am return to Thee.

P R E F A C E .

THESE "scattered leaves" of rhyme or poetry, as they shall be deemed worthy of either appellation, are sent out to the world, partly to satisfy the wishes of a few friends, and also because they could be of no use lying idle; and if capable of doing good, the napkin in which the talent (however humble) is wrapped might testify against me. Some of the pieces would have been more appropriate at the time they were written, as will be evident to the reader. For instance, no attempt had then been made, rightly or wrongly, to sully the character of H. W. Beecher, to whom allusion is made in "Baby Farming." Other instances will be found of the same nature. Being "alike unknown to fortune and to fame," my pieces were not always received by our local papers. I doubt not but there will be errors of various kinds, some of which might have been avoided, had I published earlier; and if there are any errors in the sentiment, I trust it is owing to a tender heart towards my fellow-creatures,

Am sorry to find, at this time of my life, that I have not paid sufficient attention to the Temperance Question, as represented by our National Poetry; and to excuse myself in this neglected, but important matter, I view the drink traffic, and consequences, with such grief, that, if I were capable, and went into the subject, I should break my heart, or, at least, my harp-strings, and be used up in the attempt! "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." With love to all my fellow-creatures, yours sincerely,

JANE MOORE.

15, View Street, Bolton-le-Moors.

ERRATA.

- 18 p., 21st line, for *had* been, read *have* been.
40 p., last line, for *where* none can roam, read *whence* none can roam.
56 p., title of second piece should read “*What is Truth?*”
—*Pilate*.
61 p., 4th line, for *to* heavy, read *too* heavy.
77 p., 24th line, for *slaken*, read *slacken*.
86 p., 30th line, for *hiw*, read *his*.
89 p., 17th line, read Thy kingdom *come*.
90 p., 8th line, for *are* fair, read *is* fair.
92 p., 15th line, *and* burnished, read *with* burnished walls.
95 p., 22nd line, read *dwel*, for *dwells*.
99 p., 10th line, read *and*, instead of *end*.
102 p., 8th line, for *hopes*, read *hope*.
102 p., 32nd line, read playing *gently* there.
121 p., 15th line, read hushed *is* our song.
124 p., last line, read *past* Chamber Hill.

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WILD FLOWERS OF SONG.

THE GRAND OLD HARP OF POESY.

(On seeing the portrait of Mrs. Hemans in Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1838.)

HEMANS ; oh, chord most musical,
In Poesy's old grand great harp ;
Whose strains awoke within my soul,
A love God hid deep in life's warp ;
Of poetry sublime and true,
And beauty's flowers of every hue !

Thy soul-full eyes bring back the fire,
That woke long since my meaner strain ;
And tune again my slumbering lyre,
Now life's dull powers are on the wane ;
Felicia ! my early bliss,
Oh, happy name, who gave thee this ?

And L.E.L. remembered well,
As one who charmed my being through ;
Whose magic influence on me fell,
So gifted, and so gentle, too !
Oh, poet-ladye, wildly sweet,
Sans thee, the harp is incomplete.

The grand old harp has many strings,
 And oftentimes it seems to be—
 Swept over by an Angel's wing's,
 The music is so heavenly !
 One swelling chord the name doth hide—
 Of Longfellow across the tide.

Montgomery holds another string,
 And heavenly harmony is here ;
 And sacred poets also fling--
 The blessed Anthem, sweet and clear :
 Then Wordsworth (most appropriate name),
 Deep swells the chord, its echo fame.

With Shakespeare, as a master-bard,
 And Milton of the same degree ;
 Cowper and Chaucer will reward
 The listening ear with melody ;
 Loud sounds each chord, deep swell the strains,
 And, perhaps, a greater yet remains !

One chord is here we cannot pass,
 A noble chord that proudly swells ;
 And was the Diver wise, alas,
 Who brought with pearls some worthless shells,
 The priceless life to cast away,
 E'en should the pearl outshine the day.

Scotia's true patriotic son,
 Takes his own place, and sweetly chimes,
 With all who fame for her have won,
 In bygone days, or later times ;
 We take the gold, and leave the dross,
 The harp will gain, and where the loss ?

The sacred band of holy men,
 Bonar, McLaren, and an host ;
 Now, touch the living strings again,
 Telling of Him who loved us most !
 The theme is like the chord, most sweet ;
 And all is poetry complete.

Tennyson, of our own fair time,
 And Charles Mackay of sterling worth ;
 Sweetly as bells the strains now chime,
 And noblest energies have birth,
 "As we discover how God's ways,
 Will claim at last our ceaseless praise."

The changeless love of Motherwell,
 Haynes Bayly's like unselfish love ;
 Softly the touching strains do swell,
 Sigourney, and we look above,
 "Surely some better thing remains
 To crown true love's last earthly pains !"

E'en so ; there is a perfect bliss,
 For "God is love," from Him proceeds,—
 Whatever true or beauteous is,
 The sweetest notes, the noblest deeds ;
 We will not raise an earthly shrine,
 For "All things bright and fair are Thine !"

First in His praise let every string
 In the great grand old harp be prest,
 Until the heavenly Anthem ring,
 From north to south, from east to west ;
 And God receive His rightful due,
 Earth's kingdoms, and their glory too !

The starry banner has been flung
 Over the same old grand great harp !
 Along with ours, her sons have strung,
 Her daughters too are weft and warp ;
 And every shade may find its place,
 And give the whole a richer grace.

France has her place, and Germany,
 And many chords we cannot name ;
 And all is sweetest harmony,*
 Oh, may it ever be the same.

* Written December 27th, 1869, before the war.

Poesy sings, but needs no shield,
Love is the weapon she doth wield !

Oh, not forgotten, Hood and Moore,
Kirke-White, and Milman ; memory fails,
The strings are yet a sightly store,
Ireland appears, and also Wales ;
With England's Prince, Cooke, Browne, and Swaine,
Whittier and Elliott swell the strain.

Full many names come crowding on,
Heard in the sweep of Angel's wing.
Though unnamed, well-known to each one,
And each doth hold a separate string ;
Heard once, forgotten nevermore,
With miser's grasp we hold our store.

When the great Harp in perfect tune,
Shall sound in the sweet Sabbath rest ;
Of Heaven's eternal peaceful noon,
Oh, will not he who hears be blest !
That bliss untold may I too share,
For " all may join the music there."

WHERE IS THY HOME?

WHERE is thy Home?—In the merry world,
With its gilded flag to the winds unfurled ;
With its days of pleasure, and festal nights,
And its ever-varying rich delights !
With its roses of love, and its hearts of mirth,
This is the home I have chosen on earth.

Thy Home, alas, is but for a day,
The winds may sweep the flag away ;
Rain often follows a sunny morn,
The rose of love has a piercing thorn ;
And pale Death will soon conquer the merry hearts,
Seek another home ere the time departs.

Where is thy Home?—By my father's hearth,
 Where we sing a song of joyous mirth ;
 Where my mother smiles, and my brothers love,
 And we all are happy, nor wish to rove ;
 Where gladness and pleasure are ever blent,
 This is my home, where I rest content.

Thy Home is indeed a lovely spot,
 Where want and sorrow have entered not ;
 But tho' it hath been a peaceful home,
 Yet over its quiet a change may e'er come,
 And the arrow of Death may hush the song,
 To fix thy heart on its joys is wrong.

Where is thy Home?—In the land of the blest,
 This world I know may not be my rest ;
 I have tried its joys, I have known its cares,
 A sorrowful heart its victim wears !
 I seek a land where no change may e'er come,
 Sin cannot enter there,—Heaven is my home !

Thine is the Home where I wish to dwell,
 Its bliss and glory we cannot tell ;
 Our earthly homes are shaded with woe,
 The glittering world is a deadly foe !
 Our home is eternal, and all who will strive,
 In its unknown glory for ever may live.

FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers, ye are to my eye
 Tokens of gladness wherever ye lie—
 In lonely field, or in garden gay,
 Ye charm my sight, and ye cheer my way.

But dearest to me are fair field-flowers, I ween,
 They always will be, they ever have been ;
 Because in my youth I loved them so well,
 And of early days sweet tales they tell !

The hedge-rose, altho' with thorns it grew,
 Wild violets, and sweet bluebells too ;
 Foxglove, and cowslip richly fair,
 Ye all alike my love do share.

Buttercup yellow, remembered full well,
 On the smooth lawn, and deep in the dell ;
 Rosy-tipp'd daisy, and lily so white,
 Daffodils ! these were my childhood's delight !

My bonnet of straw was trimmed with flowers,
 In the glorious sunshine of childish hours !
 Mayflower, and honeysuckle sweet,
 With these my garland was replete.

Blossoms of beauty, gems of the dell,
 Of a fairer scene far away ye tell :
 A land of joy, where flowers never decay,
 But bloom for ever in endless day.

Ye speak of a God of wisdom and power,
 Who with His bright blessings the earth doth endower ;
 Who loveth His creatures' bliss to see,
 And giveth fair flowers their joy to be.

Ye bloom alike for rich and poor,
 In peasant's garden, and princely bower ;
 In field and wood, wherever we go,
 The "jewels of earth," sweet wildflowers grow.

Beautiful flowers, ye are to my eye
 Tokens of gladness, wherever ye lie—
 In lonely field, or in garden gay,
 Ye charm my sight, and ye cheer my way.

AN HYMN OF PRAISE.

THOU hast defended me ;—
 From evil and from danger thro' the night ;
 Again my eyes behold the morning light :
 Glory to Thee !
 Praise to Thy Holy Name.

Thou hast sustained me—
 From day to day with things of earth, and led
 My wandering soul to seek Thy powerful aid :
 Glory to Thee !
 Praise to Thy Holy Name.

Thou hast conducted me,—
 Thus far, safe thro' this world of sin and care ;
 Protected me from many an hell-laid snare :
 Glory to Thee !
 Praise to Thy Holy Name.

TO THE OCEAN.

MYSTERIOUS source of joy and woe,
 Joy of the strong ; strength of the weak,
 Who has not seen the healthful glow,
 Sent by thy breeze to pallid cheek ;
 Or roseate beauty heightened still,
 As by thy shores we roam at will.

What household band hast thou not thinn'd ?
 Bearing far hence the brave and fair ;
 To isle of spice, or mart of Ind,
 Followed by many a tear and prayer ;
 And precious missives, brief and few,
 Thou bring'st to tell if false or true !

What motley burdens hast thou borne ?
 Or laid them in thy caverns vast !
 Here lined with gold, there sown with corn,
 And here the unmourned dead are cast !
 With pearls and jewels rich and rare,
 To recompense the Diver's care.

What anxious eyes have watched o'er thee,
 And scanned thy foam in danger's hour !
 Whilst childhood watched the scene with glee,
 Unconscious of thy blighting power ;

And Maiden fair* once rode the wave,
Thy looked-for prey to snatch and save.

Yet dost thou yield us joy anon,
And satisfiest the home-sick soul ;
Bring'st to our shores the absent one,
Nigh blotted out from memory's roll !
Of lover true hast eased the smart,
And healed the mother's broken heart.

Once on thy Gallilean wave,
ONE walked as on the quiet shore ;
ONE swift to help, and strong to save,
Who bade thy being long before !
And shall, thy varied mission past,
Recall thy waters wild and vast !

AN APPEAL FROM A POOR SERVANT.

(Written in compliance with the request of Mary Carberry, cook, 1852.)

O YE of the rich and the great in our land,
Who have menials to wait, and attend your command ;
Who have chariots, and horses, and money, and wine,
And things that we simpletons fancy divine ;
Who have lacqueys in livery, and dainties of earth ;
Who are learned, and beauteous, and noble of birth ;
Who have rest all the week, and on Sunday a feast,
Wherein's full employment for man, maid, and beast ;
O say, did ye never yet read in your books
Of a Sabbath for Housemaids, for Nurses, and Cooks ?

A Sabbath for the Servants,
A day to seek the Lord,
To keep the great commandment
Recorded in His word ;
That serving-men and serving-maids
May serve their God the while,
And not one find his soul betrayed
By this unholy toil !

If ye have abundance of time, and of means,
 To spend in Earth's flattering and perishing scenes ;
 If ye have a cushioned and carpeted pew,
 And talented men preach the gospel to you ;
 And if ever your hearts to these matters incline,
 You have books on all subjects—a rare, precious mine ;
 Though ye know not how soon God may take them away,
 Because ye were idle, and careless, and gay :
 O could ye not give from your hearts, like the books,
 A Sabbath to Housemaids, to Nurses, and Cooks ?

A Sabbath for the Servants,
 A day to seek the Lord,
 To keep the great commandment
 Recorded in His word ;
 To seek a place of permanence,
 Their earthly service o'er ;
 To gain a treasure for old age,
 A precious heavenly store !

The time cometh on, when from you and from me,
 And from every poor sinner of every degree,
 Our God shall require, in strict justice and wrath,
 The reason we trod not the good narrow path.
 Shall we look, when confounded and speechless we stand,
 That *ye* give the answer to His stern demand ?
 Or shall we begin to excuse, and to say,
 We were *Servants*, and could not be spared on Thy day ?
 Oh ! rather before this last scene shall begin,
 And the curtain close over this strange world of sin,
 Come away to the kitchen, and, like the Great Book,
 Give a Sabbath to Housemaid, to Nurse, and to Cook.

A Sabbath for the Servants,
 A day to seek the Lord,
 To keep the great commandment
 Recorded in His word ;
 Lest on your skirts our blood be found,
 O give us time to pray !
 To worship God on holy ground,
 Give us a Sabbath Day !

UNBELIEF. *

WHILE gazing on a vast unshapen mass of rock,
 In mystic grandeur, awfully sublime !
 And lonely mountain scenery. My mind the while
 Has saddened and perplexed !
 And even doubts have troubled me,
 Whether, as some bold men have dared to assert,
 This wondrous world was formed by chance.
 But gazing higher, and yet higher still,
 I saw the clear blue sky, the fair white clouds,
 And the majestic Sun ! The mist was gone !
 No chance was pictured there,
 But an All-wise and Powerful Providence !

WE CANNOT REMAIN.

“Passing Away.” *

ALL earthly things pass as a shadow away,
 Our hopes and enjoyments are but for a day ;
 And change or Death breaketh love's silver chain,
 From the grave a voice speaketh : We cannot remain !

Wealth, pleasure, and fame, ever mock our wild chase,
 Swift time speedeth onward, nor leaveth a trace ;
 The winds, as they whistle around us, complain,
 And sigh to our spirits : We cannot remain !

The trees that from childhood had been our delight,
 Are felled in a day, and removed from our sight ;
 We look to the hills for a refuge in vain,
 In silence they tell us : We cannot remain !

The fields and the forests, the delicate flowers,
 The cottage forsaken, and ivy-clad bowers ;
 Or castle in ruins, “where kings once did reign,”
 All echo the teaching : We cannot remain !

* Written when very young—before conversion.

We gaze on the waves of the dark-rolling tide,
 On whose wide trackless bosom the mighty ships ride ;
 And again from a voice at once powerful and plain,
 We hear the same lesson : We cannot remain !

The forms which at morn are so beauteous and gay,
 Ere evening are shrouded, and carried away ;
 But the Voice that aroused the pale sleeper of Nain,
 Can give life to the soul that shall ever remain.

This God is above, and regardeth our ways ;
 In whom if we trust thro' life's varying maze,
 Tho' earthly enjoyments and objects may wane,
 Our Anchor, we know, shall for ever remain !

PONDER THE PATH OF THY FEET.

“There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of Death.”

TRAVELLER, is this thy way ?
 Seek thee another ;
 Thou hast surely gone astray,
 My erring brother.
 Tho' 'tis called the path of pleasure,
 Stand a moment at thy leisure,
 Look upon the sought-for treasure
 Tell me its worth ?
 Lasting but a little while,
 Then o'er for ever ;
 Passion's glance, and folly's smile,
 Peace yield thee never ;
 But hard after certain sorrow,
 Tho' to-day ye dance, to-morrow
 Ye may Falsehood's mask go borrow,
 Your woe to hide !
 Ending the treacherous track,
 Hell gapes to meet thee ;
 Hasten, wanderer, quickly back,
 Ere sin defeat thee ;

Lest thou pass the only turn,
 Now the flames upon thee burn,
 Hasten quickly ; oh, return !
 “ Why will ye die ? ”

Now survey the Path of Life,
 Highroad of duty ;
 'Tis with purest pleasures rife,
 Filled with all beauty.
 Though it be hard to pass along,
 The stones and stumbling-blocks among,
 Yet there ye find a Helper strong,
 Waiting to save.

To the New Jerusalem,
 Old landmarks will guide ;
 Paved with gold, and lit with God,
 Jesus glorified !
 Run in this heavenly course,
 Choose the better, leave the worse,
 Pursue the good, and shun the curse,
 Christ bids thee come.

Leave then thy dangerous road,
 Choose thee the other ;
 Labour will be well bestowed,
 My wiser brother.
 O come, thy great mistake confess,
 And living thou this day shalt bless ;
 “ Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 “ Her paths are peace ! ”

THE GRAVE.

REST for the wearied frame,
 Bed for the worn-out sons of toil and grief,
 Thy rest ere long I too shall claim,
 And find relief.

No sound may break this sleep,
 Through the long silent days, and months and years ;
 The secrets of the grave lie deep,
 Vain are our fears.

Flowers scattered here soon fade,
 Emblems of those laid low beneath the soil,
 In youth and beauty once arrayed,
 Now Death's pale spoil.

Home for the homeless one,
 Tossed on the world's rough billows, heeded not ;
 Rest here for thee, who erst had none :
 A quiet spot !

No angry billows roll,
 To mar the quiet of thy lonely bed ;
 No rude winds blow, or tempests howl,
 Among the dead.

Here summer breezes play,
 And gentle dews refresh the sacred ground ;
 Bells sweetly peal at close of day,
 Or sadly sound.

Rest for the wearied frame,
 Bed for the worn-out sons of toil and grief ;
 Thy rest ere long I too shall claim,
 And find relief.

THE WINE CUP.

OH will ye not give up
 The drunkard's poisonous bowl !
 The maddening fatal cup,
 Polluted, dark, and foul !
 No tongue can tell the miseries that swim
 In the deluding cup, and fill it to the brim.

“BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW THE
JOYFUL SOUND.”

SOUND the warning in our ears,
Raise our hopes, or rouse our fears ;
Only let us know the sound,
Lest in sin we should be found ;
May we hear, and fear, and care,
Till we pass life's latest snare.

Should we leave religion's ways,
Lose ourselves in folly's maze ;
Oh ! again the warning give,
May we know the sound and live,
Ringing louder ever more,
Till life's dangerous day is o'er.

S L E E P.

EMBLEM of the Great Archer, uncompromising death ;
'Neath thy embrace, how calm the face, how gently-drawn
the breath !

S I N .

OH ! Sin, sin, sin !
Misery breeder,
Grave-yard leader,
Hell-fire feeder,
Sin, sin !

Oh ! sin, sin, sin !
Comfort stealer,
Sorrow dealer,
Death-knell pealer,
Sin, sin !

Oh! sin, sin, sin!
 Anguish bringer,
 Conscience stinger,
 Bosom wringer:
 Sin, sin!

Oh! sin, sin, sin!
 Heart-string breaker,
 Life-blood seeker,
 Vengeance wrecker,
 Sin, sin!

Oh! sin, sin, sin!
 Beauty killer,
 Coffin filler,
 Devil's miller:
 Sin, sin!

WORK FOR ALL.

"The Lord hath need of thee."

THERE'S work for the man of mind,
 To avoid all the words of strife,
 And in every dwelling of human kind,
 To scatter the bread of life.

There's work for the woman's heart,
 To visit the cottage of grief,
 And in Jesu's name there strive to impart
 To the mourner sweet relief.

There's work for the prosperous man,
 On whom fortune's fair sunbeams rest,
 To enable the the toiling artizan
 The fierce storms of life to breast.

There's work for the hoary head,
 To guide the frail steps of youth,
 To warn from vice as a way to the dead,
 And point to the Book of Truth.

There's work for thee, maiden fair,
 Ere old time hath furrowed thy brow ;
 O give not to thyself thy only care,
 Be loving and helpful now.

There is work for each and all,
 Wise and simple, wealthy and poor ;
 Then rouse thee, and labour at Wisdom's call,
 Or sin lieth at thy door.

Nor shall ye labour in vain,
 Your recompense ever is sure ;
 Will ye not Heaven's best blessing to gain,
 Help another to endure !

TO MISS C. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

O GIVE thy youthful heart to God,
 And He will bless thy later years ;
 Choose His sweet service, hymn his praise,
 And He will wipe away thy tears !

For not all sun, and never shade,
 Is given to one of mortal mould ;
 But if Truth's sacred seed be laid,
 'Twill yield thee crop of more than gold.

A second Birthday must be thine,
 If thou wouldst hail the eternal morn ;
 O God grant me my earnest prayer,
 To "Life in Christ" thy soul be born.

SUMMER EVENING SKY.

AT first 'tis a pale and delicate blue,
 And then 'tis a deeper and darker hue ;
 Then deeper still, more rich and more bright,
 Till its darkening beauty is lost in night.

FRAGMENT.

A QUIET room—a lonely bed—
 On which is laid a weary head ;
 A mournful glance at days gone by—
 Sunshine—a storm—a smile—a sigh !
 As rapidly life's page is scanned,
 And tremblingly the death-boat manned !
 O God forgive each sin and stain,
 Which on Thy catalogue remain.

A wish—but ah it cannot be ;
 No merit, no defence, no plea ;
 Helpless without, no strength within,
 No offering to bring but sin !
 A cry for help ! “Mighty to save,”
 Go with me even to the grave :
 A hope—a trust—a comfort—Death !
 A struggle with the parting breath.

MY LITTLE SON.

(James Alexander Moore.)

THERE was a beauty in that face,
 I ne'er beheld in face before ;
 Tho' lost to sight, memory can trace,
 Nor lulling time can e'er efface
 The silent charm those features wore !

Those eyes had looked into mine own,
 And love had sprung a thousand-fold ;
 But Death an arrow sure had thrown,
 And soon our gladdened hearts were lone !
 “'Tis a sad tale, and often told.”

Yet not all sad, thus much we know,
 Our lovely child in safety dwells ;
 Tho' we may suffer grief and woe,
 And walk in fear and strife below ;
 His lot is peace my Saviour tells.*

*“Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

TO CRINOLINE.

(Written soon after the Sheffield Flood, 1864.)

O MONSTER, with the spreading mien,
 Strange, fascinating Crinoline !
 Tho' I some blows and blame may win,
 By striking at a cherished sin,
 Yet will I dare to step between
 Thy victim and thee, Crinoline.

The flood has swept in its might along,
 Emptied the vale, and hushed the song ;
 And hundreds lie in their watery shroud :
 'Tis not enough ; Death cries aloud,
Crinoline! bring me victims still,
 Thine is a savager way to kill.

A wily serpent, thou dost fold,
 And twining round, securely hold
 Thy poor, deluded, willing slave,
 Till finding soon a frightful grave,
 Of flaming fire, or torture keen,
 Thou dropst thy prey, O Crinoline !

We placed in memory recently,
 They could not stretch her decently.
 We think it was in London city,
 Our blame was lost in grief and pity ;
 A hoop was found upon the stair—
 Alas! the *wearer* was not there !

Another and still sadder case,
 A dozen more cannot erase.
 'Twas a sweet child—no wish to wear
 The snake-like wreath. 'Twas placed there
 By hands that naturally should screen
 From every foe—from *Crinoline!*

Thou art an enemy, I ween,
 O cruel, heartless Crinoline !
 Embracing maidens, passing fair,
 Unmindful of thy fatal snare,
 Till some huge, hungry, fierce machine
 Seizes the hapless Crinoline !

Can there lack symmetry or grace
 In the fair human form, with trace
 Of Master Workman, equalled by none ?
 O senseless Crinoline, begone !
 Empty for ever thy sateless urn,
 We have no more to crush or to burn.

IMPROMPTU.

(Written when the lines, "To Crinoline," were refused insertion in a Manchester newspaper, and the friend who sent them (J. C. Prince) wished me to choose some other subject, as he thought the Editors might fear to offend their lady-readers !)

I CHOOSE not my subject, *vice-versa* with me,
 When anything foolish or worthless I see,
 Pretending to usefulness, beauty, or worth.
 My muse is then stirred, and to something gives birth,
 Whether worthy a place in fair Poesy's page,
 Or yet in a newspaper, I'll not engage ;
 But if I have met, and have challenged the foe,
 The calm of a satisfied conscience I know.

HOPE, AND TOIL ON.

HOEMEN have left thee, perchance to the struggle,
 Keen are the blasts which around thee are blowing ;
 Yet by-and-by, and a calm will come on,
 Wipe off the tears that so freely are flowing.
 Toil on ;
 Humble and diligent, thankful and hopeful !

Thou hast, perhaps, by another been injured,
 One whose heart ought to have beat with thine own ;
 Yet it may all work for good on the morrow,
 Dark is the spot where the sun never shone.

Go on ;

Forgiving and friendly, and helpful and cheerful !

Seemeth the road to be long, dark, and rugged,
 Far-off the goal thou wouldst willingly gain,
 Ply well thy oars in the wide sea of labour,
 All that thou wishest resolve to obtain.

Work on ;

Trusting and resolute, fearless and ceaseless !

Whether thy lot be of sorrow, or joyous ;
 Be thy endeavours successful or blighted ;
 Ever hold *one* thing the chief of all others,
 Star of thy life when distress has benighted—

Heaven :

Seek for, and hope for, and toil for, and win.

SORROW IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER.

“Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.” —SOLOMON.

MIRTH, not joy, I’m speaking of,
 “After mirth comes sorrow ;”
 Laugh to-day, the people say,
 You’re sure to cry to-morrow.

Laughter is not always glad,
 Let not smiles deceive you ;
 Hearken what the Preacher says—
 “In all mirth is heaviness.”

Afflictions are, again we hear,
 Not joyous, but grievous ;
 At the time their power is felt,
 Yet the stony heart will melt,
 And our pride will leave us.

And then this self-same sorrow,
 Not one wish to feel it ;
 Come it ever will, it must,
 " Troubles spring not from the dust,"
 Wound, but sweetly heal it.

After this grief, the humbled heart
 Knows a secret pleasure ;
 Will strive to act a better part,
 And win an heavenly treasure.

BOLTON OLD HALL.

SHAKESPERIAN pile, what wonders hast thou seen ?
 Since under thy quaint roof slept England's queen !
 Tenantless now, where regal splendour dwelt,
 Worn out the cushion where the courtier knelt.

MISS ANGELA REYNER'S GIFT.

(On reading of the above gift to the sick children in the Infirmary Wards,
 Asbton-under-Lyne, of a " Box of Dolls.")

SWEET angel to the poor man's child,
 Some, hearing of thy gift, have smiled ;
 But my own heart with pleasure glowed,
 And thought thy name was well bestowed !

When sickness, with its blighting power,
 Has shaded childhood's sunny hour ;
 Or loss of limb, or sightless eye,
 Has bid Youth's joyous time pass by !

And grief has early found a place,
 Within the breast, and on the face ;
 What charm with " dolly " then can vie
 To light again each languid eye ?

And bid all trace of grief depart,
 Lessen the pain, and heal the smart ;
 And soothe the little sufferer's care,
 And make it like home, even there ! *

Thou hast a gentle heart and true,
 Angel thy name and nature too !
 And Heaven on thee has surely smiled
 For blessing thus the poor man's child.

MARY HANNAH.

A twin child of the writer's, who died of scarlet fever, aged seventeen months, whose first words were "Happy to-day," uttered a few weeks prior to her death. The hymn containing the words "Happy day" was much sung at the time in the neighbourhood of her home, and were the first words spoken by her little twin sister Janet, a fortnight earlier. After many attempts, reaching no further than "hap," "hap," the little darling at length almost screamed out—"Happy to-day."

FATHER is gone to the mill,
 Mother is left at home ;
 Janet is sitting alone and still,
 And Mary Hannah is gone !

Gone to that beautiful place,
 Happy, "happy to-day !"
 We cannot see her sweet little face,
 Look wherever we may.

Her own little nimble feet
 Patter no more about ;
 We do not see her tiny form,
 Nor hear her loving shout !

Little finger-marks still are found¹
 On our door-posts, dirty yet dear,
 Where she was ever swinging round,
 With those eyes so sweet and clear !

* With a thorough appreciation of this and other excellent institutions of the kind, it must be admitted that a child will cling to home and its surroundings, however mean, in preference to the softest couch amongst strangers.

Wide spread were those little arms,
 To circle a mother's neck ;
 And far outstretched that fairy form
 To catch a father's track.

Cooled now are those fevered cheeks,
 And calm that patient face ;
 And happy those little speaking eyes,
 And ended that little race !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER
 WILLIAM.

T WAS night, and I was left in grief alone ;
 Others were gone to bed,
 Rest for the weary head ;
 I could not sleep,
 But only weep,
 And vigil keep,
 Thinking of one for ever from us fled !

Oh, many a bitter, scalding tear did fall ;
 For in that darkened room,
 Of sadness and of gloom,
 A brother lay,
 In Death's array,
 Whom the next day
 Was lowered to moulder in the silent tomb.

I fancied I could hear his well-known voice,
 In tones so low and weak,
 As when he last did speak ;
 And see him rise,
 With earnest eyes,
 Before he dies,
 Look love to hearts ready with grief to break !

But all his cares and suffering now were o'er ;
 And it was only mine
 To sorrow and repine ;
 And shall it be ?
 Oh no, for he
 From pain is free,
 His face with heavenly love and glory bright doth shine !

Hushed was my grief ; I wiped the tears away,
 And humbly bent my knee,
 O God of Heaven, to Thee ;
 Earnestly prayed,
 That while I stayed,
 I might be made
 As fit for Death as him no more we see.

TO MISS EASTWOOD, WITH THE WREATH OF
 SPRING FLOWERS AT CHRISTMAS.

DEAR maiden, give this truth a thought,
 Amidst thy Christmas glee ;
 The Saviour of mankind did wear,
 A crown of thorns for thee !
 The flowers of earth will fade and die,
 Its pleasures pass away.
 O, seek a home beyond the sky,
 A never ending May !

Bring unto Christ thy youthful heart,
 Unfettered, full, and free ;
 A beauteous, glorious, fadeless wreath,
 He keeps in heaven for thee !
 The flowers of earth will fade and die,
 Its pleasures pass away ;
 O seek a home beyond the sky,
 A never ending May !

Take up thy cross, an easy yoke,
 When from thy sins set free ;
 The Saviour of mankind did bear,
 A heavier load for thee.
 The flowers of earth will fade and die,
 Its pleasures pass away ;
 O seek a home beyond the sky,
 A never ending May !

“GIVE US THIS DAY, OUR DAILY BREAD.”

IS there ever a witch in these world's last days,
 Will raise up Richard Cobden for me ;
 Or, will any of those who have sounded his praise,
 Tell us, Why is the loaf not yet free ?

Two and eightpence a dozen ; Oh, Father in heaven,
 Must these little ones pine at my knee ?
 Fifteen shillings a week, and our number is seven,
 Oh, when shall our taxed loaf be free ?

My cheeks were like roses a few years ago,
 White roses they now are, 'tis true ;
 But a few years ago, you no redder could show,
 Had you searched our large town thro' and thro'.

I married quite young, 'twas a fault I now see,
 And a poor honest lad was my choice ;
 But was it a crime of so deep a dye,
 That we cannot obtain just a slice ?

Of the world's large loaf, Richard Cobden freed,
 We thought there'd be plenty for each !
 Tax ribbons, and dresses, and bacon and cheese,
 But place a brown loaf in our reach !

All ground down together, is just the same price,
 As the sifted and white biscuit flour ;
 Preparation for nothing, whilst my poor slice,
 Cannot be had any lower !

Five and fourpence for flour, is the outlay each week,
 'Twas but half present price when we married ;
 One and fourpence exactly, was brown flour then,
 Oh, would I had single tarried !

For there's rent, and rates, and gas, and coals,
 Together with stockings and shoes ;
 If we had no bodies, but only souls,
 We might live, and love, and muse.

May, 1868.

WHAT ! SIT THEE DOWN, AND WEEP ?

WHAT ! sit thee down and weep ?
 And give up all for lost ;
 Patience no longer keep,
 Have others ne'er been crossed ?

Were others never wearied ?
 And troubled like to thee ;
 The dark clouds thou hast feared,
 Did others never see ?

Yea ; and have braved the blast,
 And struggled onward still ;
 Knowing it would not last,
 Toiled boldly up life's hill.

What ! sit thee down, and weep,
 And what will weeping gain ?
 True that the hill is steep,
 But tears won't make it plain !

And is there naught remains,
 Worth thy continued strife ?
 No love, no hope-gilt chains,
 To fetter thee to life !

Yea ! there are joys in store,
 If thou wilt only trust ;
 And God still giveth more,
 He knoweth we are dust.

And there's a goal beyond
 This earth's brief joys and cares ;
 A rest ; who struggles on,
 Its endless glory shares.

What ! sit thee down, and weep,
 With this bright goal in view ?
 Nay ! journey up the steep,
 Seize thy flung staff anew.

O trust Jehovah's love,
 An all-sufficient stay ;
 What ! sit thee down, and weep ?
 Nay, up and win the day !

BABY FARMING.

O WOMAN, lost to Mother's love !
 Of all God's gifts most deeply set ;
 How does my heart with pity move,
 And wonder, while my cheek is wet,
 And bitter thoughts would highest get,
 Can Heaven's vengeance linger yet ?
 Poor little Baby-Ganger !
 We feel a righteous anger.

Can nought be done to stay the tide,
 And calm the swell of human woe ?
 Is there not in this world so wide,
 Some who would nobly face the foe,
 And by Exposure's open blow,
 Lay the vile Baby-Slayer low ?
 And take from grief and danger,
 The little hapless stranger !

Good Beecher* sure would take the eight,
 And give the love they were denied,
 And Heaven, mayhap, the precious ninth ;
 The little "thoughtful, serious face,"
 Whom hardest hearts have dared to place
 At the wrong end of Life's stern race !
 Poor little Baby-Ganger !
 My heart bleeds in its anger.

And for the rest, dear Fanny Fern,
 Thy kindly heart must o'er them yearn ;
 Gather thy gentle sisters all,
 Sweet Love and Mercy ; Patience call ;
 And take the helpless "waifs and strays,"
 Cast on Life's hard and dark by-ways !
 Nor rest till thou hast won
 Thy Blessed Lord's "Well Done

False Mother ! Wheresoe'er thou art,
 O may thy conscience feel a smart.
 Go, fetch thy pining Baby home,
 And for God's love again make room ;
 Then Mother Jagger's shall not be
 The scourge of helpless Infancy !
 Nor shall we read in anger
 Of any Baby-Ganger.

SUNSHINE IN WINTER.

SUNSHINE in Winter ! O how grand !
 It seems as though a magic wand,
 Held by some potent viewless hand,
 Had touched the dreary scene,
 And lit the silver sea of snow
 With such a bright enchanting glow,
 To cheer the hearts of all below,
 The lordly and the mean.

* Is it wicked to covet babies?—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.

The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.—PSALMS xcvi. ; 1st verse.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof ; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands ; let the hills be joyful together. Before the Lord, for he cometh to judge the earth : with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.—PSALM xcvi. , 7, 8, 9.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the Dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years.—REV. xx. , 2.

(*Tune*: "O come, come away, the Sabbath morn is breaking.")

YES ; the Lord reigneth ; and let the earth be joyful ;
 Let every son of freedom put his trust in this name.
 The Saviour comes to quiet earth,
 O'erthrow misrule, and banish dearth ;
 Glory to the Highest, and goodwill to man !

Hail to Immanuel ! the Prince of Peace we welcome,
 To reign upon this weary, war-worn earth, King of Kings ;
 While tyrants fall on every side,
 Shall our chief foe on earth abide ?
 Another Garibaldi soon shall appear.

Have we not felt Satan's chains full long and sorely ?
 The strong man can be fettered by one stronger than he ;
 Then, Christians, all assert your right ;
 Call for King Jesus ; and the night
 Soon shall be lost in the fulness of day.

Earth has "groaned and travailed" in pain till now together ;
 And when we seek deliverance from Sin's terrible yoke,
 Shall not He who shed His blood,
 And bore for us the wrath of God.
 Who shall reign over us ? Lord, it is Thee !

Come, mighty Prince ; we will yield Thee worthy homage,
 And earth shall bring her fulness, and her glory to Thee ;
 According to Thy promise, come ;
 We make Thy looked-for chariot room ;
 Glory in the highest, glory to Thee !

SONNET TO MISS ISABELLA VARLEY.

AN ACROSTIC.

(One of the Writer's first attempts at verse.)

IMAGINATION bright is thine,
 Sweet spirit-stirring song ;
 And dreams of joy I would were mine,
 But which to thee belong.
 Ever mayst thou remember that
 Life, love, and fame decay,
 Like unto swiftly-flowing streams,
 All pleasures pass away.

Visions of beauty, dreams of power,
 And earthly wealth and fame,
 Render not happy when doth come
 Life's last dark hour ; no name,
 Except the name of Jesus, can
 You fit for Death—the monster wan.

THE BRIGHTER DAYS COMING.

Man is fond on the airy vision to brood,
 Of brighter and happier days,
 And is ever chasing some fleeting good,
 Which with flattering illusion betrays ;
 The changing world no novelty brings,
 Yet man still hopes for better things.—SCHILLER.

AYE, we seek for fame and pleasure,
 Grasping at a fading show ;
 Seeking for a hidden treasure,
 We shall never find below.

Disappointment, grief, and sorrow,
 Mingle with and mar our dream ;
 Dost thou see a fairer morrow,
 Trust not to a sunny gleam.

'Twas a simple harmless pleasure,
 When in youthful school-day glee,
 From imagination's treasure,
 We brought things that were to be.

Then we dreamt of friends to love us,
 Who would neither fail nor change ;
 No proud foe to step above us,
 Grief, and pain, and sorrow strange.

But now, with our stores of knowledge,
 Dream we as in childhood's hour ?
 Past the cradle, school, and college,
 Sow no seed, and seek a flower !

This is not our lasting dwelling,
 All is changeful here below,
 Things around are daily telling,
 Yet we hope as on we go.

Aye, we hope for something better,
 Ne'er content with what we gain ;
 Mortal break this earthly fetter,
 And a nobler prize obtain.

LIFE has joys, and life has sorrow,
 Now care annoys, there's bliss to-morrow.

IN MEMORIAM.

AN ACROSTIC.

MOURNFULLY, sadly, we wake from our dream,
 Art thou gone truly, our sweetest sunbeam ?
 Round thee we've gathered, entranced by thy smile,
 Glad in thy presence, in thee was no guile !
 Aye, is it thus ! This earth's choicest and fairest,
 Roses that are but just burst into bloom ;
 Ere sin has blighted, or rude winds have harassed,
 Torn from their stems, are cast into the tomb.

“Alas for love !” this rude shock that endureth,
 Never to anchor, our barques are tossed wide ;
 Never on earth,—but we look to our Guide.

Where no rude wind ever reaches or ranges,
 Yet we shall see our loved friend once again,
 Lovelier than ever; her bliss has no changes.
 In that bright haven of peace and protection,
 "Even so Father," we bow in subjection.

THE LOST CHILD.

On the 13th of February, 1867, a little boy, three years old, named Henry Loynds, left the house of his father, Reuben Loynds, of Albert-street, Dukinfield, and though his parents searched high and low nothing could be heard of him. On Wednesday forenoon he was brought to the Ashton police office by a boy who was sent home with him. They were met by a woman who said she knew the child, and took him away. Nothing further was known of him until 4 o'clock the same day, when an inmate of the workhouse saw him near that institution when he said he was going home. On Friday afternoon the poor child was found in the middle of a wood near Limehouse Colliery, Waterloo, near Ashton quite dead and stiff, with his face to the ground. His clogs were off, and some yards from his body, which appeared to have rolled some distance. There was no appearance of violence; probably death resulted from starvation, the weather being extremely cold.—*Ashton Reporter.*

POOOR little lamb! Would no one help the little one,
 Who wandered from his parents' fold on that sad morn;
 Would no one lend a helping hand,
 To join again the little band;
 But must he wander through the land, poor little lamb.

Poor little child! Who does not mourn thy piteous lot,
 Tho' 'tis too late to save and bless, and seek that sweet home.
 That spot so dear thou couldst not find,
 That mother's love for which thou pined,
 That father with his looks so kind! So far away!

Sweet little lamb! One saw thy weary wanderings,
 And took thy worn-out spirit to His long, long home;
 A sweet voice hushed thy cries and fears,
 A kind hand wiped away thy tears,
 Safe housed in heaven, there now appears a stray little lamb!
 Mourner look up. That is thy final resting-place,
 When thou thyself with life's sharp storms art wearied and
 spent;
 This is thy home, thy children's home,
 Where no fell foe can ever come;
 Where none can sin, where none can roam—safe evermore.

O N W A R D .

ONWARD, Christians, onward ever ;
 Ye should loiter—linger never ;
 Leave all worldly hopes behind,
 So ye may a Saviour find ;
 This your watchword—Onward ever,
 Onward—loiter, linger never !
 Does the world allure your eyes,
 Holding forth its glittering toys ;
 All it yields are thorns and gall,
 Onward—hasten lest ye fall.
 Onward, Christians, loiter never,
 If ye linger, lost for ever !

 “STILL THERE IS ROOM.”

“And let him that heareth say come ; and let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.” Rev. xxii., 17.

ART thou in nature’s fallen state,
 Of love to sin and Bible hate ?
 And dost thou heedlessly await
 The oft-told mighty woe.

Oh shake thee from this costly sleep,
 A fiend by thee does vigil keep,
 And soon will Jesus o’er thee weep,
 If thou shouldst slumber on.

“How oft would I have gathered thee,
 And from the storm have covered thee,”
 Shall Jesus thus mourn over thee
 Or, “Will thou be made whole ?”

Dost thou, foolhardy, waste God’s time ?
 And think He takes no note of crime ;

Oh heed this heart-indited rhyme,
And start from folly's course.

The road to hell, so plain and broad,
Where baits are sweet, and flatterers laud,
Where Satan smiles, and hides his fraud,
And few can see the snare !

Like as of old does Satan cry
To thee, "Ye shall not surely die;"
Trust not the oft-repeated lie,
Jehovah changeth not.

Ye must be born again or die ;
God remains true and cannot lie :
Then claim your birthright, title buy,
The price, your Saviour's blood.

The "fountain open" still remains,
Where you may lose your guilty stains :
Throw off at once the tyrant's chains,
Wash you, and make you clean.

As Naaman's flesh came fresh and new,
So God will change thy nature too,
If thou the lowly path pursue
To Calvary's sacred cross.

The ark of safety soon will close,
And deluges of fiery woes
Will burn up all your earthly shows,
Ah then, what will you do ?

God has a gift in Christ for thee,
A precious ransom, full and free—
Bring nought but sin, His love thy plea,
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

TRAVELLER with the hopeful eye
 And clear brow, a smiling sky
 Greets as yet thy upward gaze,
 Not yet come to folly's maze ;
 Keep thee to the narrow path ;
 Hear what thy Redeemer saith,
 While ye journey in the way,
 Strong or weary, " Watch and pray."
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

Sinner in whose hardened heart
 Fear hath ceased to have a part,
 Will nought move thee ? threats nor tears ?
 Sowing shame for future years !
 Bitter will thy sorrow be,
 When fierce conscience tells to thee
 That thy day of grace is past ;
 Oh repent, and fear the last.
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

Man in fetters, e'en for thee
 Brighter days are yet to be.
 Wilt thou leave the track of sin ?
 To amend thy life begin ?
 Tho' upon thy anxious face
 Vice and care have left their trace,
 Start afresh with purpose strong,
 Seek the right and leave the wrong.
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

Thou on whose devoted head
 Poverty hath cast its shade,
 Coarse and hard thy humble bed,
 None to succour, none to aid—

Bear awhile thy bitter fate,
 Not entirely desolate ;
 He who knows thy scanty store
 Gives thee life for evermore !
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

Ye whom death hath marked his prey,
 Waning fast your life's short day.
 Do ye fear the opening grave ?
 Do ye wish your lives to save ?
 Some ye see with vigour strong,
 But their days will not be long ;
 All alike must cease to be,
 This time is the best for ye !
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

Pilgrim with the hoary head,
 Noiseless step, and feeble tread,
 Hast thou drained pale Sorrow's cup ?
 Yet, 'tis o'er ! Look up, look up :
 Thou art coming to the goal,
 The fair haven for the soul ;
 He who knows thy life's brief date
 Bids thee hope, and patient wait.
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

And whoe'er ye be, who still
 Toiling up life's rugged hill
 Struggle with the dreary steep,
 One there is, your souls can keep ;
 Ye on time's tempestuous sea,
 One there is who cares for ye—
 Can, when foes and fears assail,
 Stem the flood and calm the gale.
 We are all hasting onward
 To our last long home.

"GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY."

(1 Tim. iii. 2.)

TURN not the wanderer empty away,
 If he ask beneath thy roof to stay ;
 Sore is his need, and weary his way.
 Pity the youth, he's some mother's son ;
 There's no home for him when the day is done.

Hast thou a roaming one, reckless and wild ?
 He, too, may hunger, thy wandering child—
 He who thy sorrow so oft hath beguiled !
 How wouldst thou bear to think thine own son
 Had no food, and no home, when the day was done ?

Turn not the wanderer empty away,
 But welcome him 'neath thy roof to stay,
 And bid him God-speed to cheer his way.
 Pity the youth, he's some mother's son,
 We shall each want a home when life is done !

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

HOUR when the weary soul is borne
 Far from this world of sin and care,
 We often long for thy return—
 We love the blessed Hour of Prayer.

When foes distress, and friends forsake,
 And fortune's face a frown doth wear,
 When scenes around sad thoughts awake,
 How grateful then the Hour of Prayer.

When falling leaves and fading flowers,
 That lately bloomed so bright and fair,
 And loss of friends, and passing hours,
 'Mind us of Death—the Hour of Prayer,

Oh, *then* 'tis prized indeed by those
 Who have a blooming hope of heaven ;
 To gain its glorious, sweet repose,
 The blessed Hour of Prayer is given.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

"One is your Father, which is in heaven." (Matt. xxiii., 9.) "All ye are brethren." (Matt. xxiii., 8.) "Peace on earth, and goodwill to man."

The German speaks in his sweetest way
Of a good, great All-Father !
Are we then sisters and brothers all?
Or is it not much rather
As Margaret said, when washing here :
"Shure and 'tis betther blood they have
Than anny sich likes as you and me—
We differ as noble and slave?"

WHERE is thy brother, this Christmas Day,
Thou of the scarlet and costly array?
My brother is not, but my sister fair
Is heading the dancers over there.

There is a brotherhood of man
Dates back when this our world began.
Ah, yes ! my chosen brethren are here,
They move in my own selecter sphere.

But thy Father hath children more than these,
Who this blessed day have no couch of ease,
And no Christmas feast does their table spread,
They of the aching and weary head !

The lady who carries a costly train
Of velvets and furs, got up with such pain,
And the woman who smiles on her sickly child,
Are sisters redeemed by the Undefined.

There is heaped in the market a luscious store
Of fruits that ne'er enter thy brother's door ;
The All-Father placed them nearer to thee.
Thy brother's empty plate dost thou see ?

And the coal that should comfort thy brother's hearth
Is supplied as tho' some terrible dearth
Had befallen—instead of the plenteous store
That shall still suffice till the world is o'er.

Here's thy little brother, with naked feet,
At the baker's window surveying the meat ;
Shall the shoes that are stored for the judgment day
Remain on the shelf till he passes away ?

And thy widowed sister, so grey and old,
Would not fail to appreciate thy gold—
The gold that may eat thy flesh away
On the awful morn of the Coming Day !

Brothers, how many the Drink-Fiend's prey ?
And sisters, alas ! casting reason away ;
The foe a net for their feet hath spread ;
Oh haste to the rescue with wiser head.

And ne'er think thy poor kindred have but the soul,
Which can live without clothing, or food, or coal ;
If the casket fails, then the soul hastes away
To the trial-bar of the reckoning day !

Nevermore from thine own flesh seek to hide,
More especially now at the Christmas-tide,
But to gladden the Heavenly Father's heart,
From out of thy fulness a blessing impart.

The Barons of old, I have heard one say,
Kept an open house on each Christmas Day ;
If this should be inconvenient for thee,
Send a plate to thy brother's family.

A gift to thyself on this day was given,
Surpassing the treasures of earth and heaven !
Our Elder Brother came down to die :
If grateful, His kindred's needs supply.

So a blessing shall fall on thy lessened store,
Till it gain increase still more and more ;
And the interest will thy Father pay
At the ushering in of heaven's Christmas Day !

MUSIC.

CELESTIAL visitant! thou hast the power
 To soothe our spirits in life's troubled hour;
 Thou hast a spell to chase away our care,
 To cheer us in the hour of deep despair.

Come to my soul, and tell me of a Friend
 Who will abide with me unto the end,
 Whose name is Music, and whose presence heaven,
 Now sounds love's chords, a perfect number seven!

 MARY MAGDALENE.

Suggested by a prose narration in the "Shepherds' Magazine."‡

IWAS morn; the sun was rising fair,
 And fragrant perfumes fill'd the air;
 Each songster's soft melodious lay,
 Betokened a bright summer day;
 All nature seemed with joy replete,
 And echoed back a chorus sweet.

In a richly-decorated room,
 Where gorgeous draperies lent a gloom,
 Purple, with flowers of gold in-wrought,
 And gems from distant countries brought,
 Were there, and all the splendid things
 Seen in the residence of kings.
 The trellised casement open stood,
 Entwined around with leaf and bud;
 And there a female form did stand,
 Peerless—the beauty of the land!
 Eyes black as night, so soft and bright,
 Dark glossy locks with gems bedight;
 A figure proud, of graces rare,
 Such was the silent gazer there.
 A costly diamond coronet
 Encircled her fair brow, and yet
 Was Mary happy? No, not she,
 Nor can a sinner ever be.

Her jewelled dress, magnificent,
 Sparkling with precious stones, was rent ;
 And underneath that bosom fair,
 A wretched, woe-worn heart was there !

She looked from out the lattice low,
 Beneath a meandering stream did flow ;
 While all seemed gladsome, gay, and bright,
 In Mary's soul there shone no light.
 The murmuring brook in wandering by
 Reflected the cerulean sky ;
 Rosy-cheek'd maidens passed along,
 With merry laugh and joyous song.

While gazing on the scene, she sigh'd,
 Her dark eye lost its wonted pride :
 For her, life had no charms ; she felt
 As though her soul with grief would melt.
 Fain would she too her pitcher bear,
 And leave behind her gilded care.

(Ah, Mary, thou hast heard of HIM,
 And all earth's glories now are dim ;
 Jesus of Nazareth, were He here,
 Thy storm-tossed soul would soothe and cheer.)

Turned to the mirror, where her form,
 But loosed again the pent-up storm ;
 She dashed the jewels from her now,
 And tore her hair, and beat her brow ;
 Conscience told her what her life had been,
 Of sin and shame a constant scene.
 Oh, where shall Mary turn for ease,
 Or how offended Heaven appease ?

What now to her were beauty, power,
 A Prince's smile, or fortune's dower ;
 Gold, silver, pearls, were unto her
 Worthless ; poor Mary would prefer
 The smile of God, her sins forgiven,
 Her Saviour's love, a place in heaven.

She wept till even, then arose,
 Put on her maiden's meaner clothes ;
 Left the proud mansion's reckless mirth,
 To dwell with those of lowlier birth.

.

JESUS OF NAZARETH passeth by !
 And Mary heard the startling cry,
 Knelt in the dust how humbly there,
 To hear HIM speak, her only care !
 Sternly the crowd upon her gazed ;
 Her hands in supplication raised ;
 But Christ had pity on her grief,
 And freely gave the wished relief.
 Sweetly the words fell on her ear,
 The storm was hush'd, she ceased to fear.
 " 'Twas go in peace, and sin no more."
 One heart is happy to its core !
 In purity now Mary stands,
 She has gained more than wealth or lands.

Lest any tempter's syren voice
 Allure her from her heavenly choice,
 Mary kept far from every snare,
 Holding her own by faith and prayer,
 Hating the things she loved of yore,
 Blessing her Saviour o'er and o'er.

Phœbus, the graceful princely youth,
 May call, and promise love and truth ;
 Tempter begone, will be the cry,
 Sin's slavery has all gone by.
 The Lord in Mary's heart doth reign,
 Jesus hath broke the gilded chain !
 Peace fills her soul unknown before,
 Though once a diadem she wore.

ENIGMA.

A TENDER bud came forth to light,
 Where cradled snug from breeze and blight,
 It opened in the warm sunlight,
 On the banks of the river Tame.

It slowly grew amidst tall trees,
 Mid bud, and bush, and pleasant breeze,
 The passer-by its beauty sees,
 On the banks of the river Tame.

Erewhile from this secluded spot
 'Twas taken to another lot,
 The traveller beholds it not
 On the banks of the river Tame.

.
 In garden plot, seen of mind's eye,
 Of this same river traversed by,
 Two rosy buds in beauty lie,
 On the banks of the river Tame.

The tender plant—one rosebud stray,
 Time's wind and flood have borne away
 To other soil, long miles away
 From the banks of the river Tame.

The sister bud transplanted grows,
 In Eden's bowers, by Sharon's Rose,
 'Twas lifted from earth's storms and woes,
 From the banks of the river Tame.

BETHEL.

AN ACROSTIC.

BLESSED place, the house of God,
 Ever may I love the well,
 Till I'm laid beneath the sod :
 Here I would the anthem swell,
 Each returning Sabbath come,
 Leave thee for a heavenly home.

STANZAS

On reading a piece beginning—

“The world, the world, the glorious world,
With its thousand banners all unfurled,” &c.

ANOTHER fair banner waves high,
Floats over, and covers them all ;
It reacheth the blue of the sky,
And hideth the shroud and the pall.
'Tis the banner blood-stained of the Cross,
Thrown out to the sad and perplexed,
When weary with toiling for dross,
With earth's changing vanities vexed.
There's a glory surrounding the good and the high,
For a hope and a home who is willing to try ;
The world's a false glitter, the sun gilds the dust !
In Jesus of Nazareth centre thy trust.

“ LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.”

“ Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.”

WORKING man, keep to the Volume of Truth,
Never set sail on the ocean of doubt ;
Dark seething ocean, unfathomed and wide,
Where, without rudder, or compass, or guide,
Thousands have wandered, then foundered and died !

Thinking man, keep to the Volume of Truth ;
Let no false prophet allure thee astray
Into the marshes of mist and misfortune,—
Traucherous marshes, nor bottom, nor shore,—
Not oft they return who the darkness explore !

Brother man, keep to the Volume of Truth,
Legacy left to the races of men ;
Priceless the gift of our kinsman Redeemer,
Who bought with His blood our pardon for sin ;
O hold it, and prize it, and glory therein.

SATURDAY.

WHEN do we journey down to town?
 On Saturday.
 If rough or fine, if rain or shine,
 On Saturday.

We cannot put our task aside,
 So we must either walk or ride,
 We tarry not for wind or tide,
 On Saturday.

When do we smooth our wrinkles out?
 On Saturday!

When do we nurse our corns and gout?
 On Saturday.

When do we heal our wounds and smarts?
 When do we close our shops and marts?
 When do we make our pies and tarts?
 On Saturday!

When do the children loudest shout?
 On Saturday.

When bring the choicest playthings out?
 On Saturday.

When do they journey up and down,
 On father's knee, to Banbury town,
 And mother wears her cleanest gown?
 On Saturday!

When do we take our trips and jaunts?
 On Saturday.

When do we visit childhood's haunts?
 On Saturday.

When do we gather fruits and flowers,
 And spend our happy half-day hours,
 In shady lanes and mossy bowers?
 On Saturday!

When do our weekly labours close?
 On Saturday.

We wait the Sabbath's blest repose
 On Saturday.

The Tweedale matron* mourns her fate,
Wails o'er her manly dead!

And wail we too, as well we may,
O'er each drink-blighted home;
And let our wail be long and loud,
Until deliverance come.

The cottage homes of England
Are smiling now no more!
A serpent's slimy trail is seen
About the humble door.
The once rich orchard fails of fruit,
Strewn are the withering leaves;
And there, life-wrecked, the drunkard lies
Beneath his cottage eaves.

O wail we then, as well we may,
O'er each drink-blighted home;
And let our wail be long and loud,
Until deliverance come.

O'er the fair homes of England
The foe has cast a chain;
Ye English hearts of native proof,
Say, shall its links remain?
Or will ye each reject the cup
Wherein a reptile twines,
And England's high and lowly homes
Again be beauty's shrines?

O wail we now, as well we may,
O'er each drink-blighted home;
And let our wail be long and loud,
Until deliverance come.

* Mother of the young man, Tweedale, killed by his father at Rochdale, whilst under the influence of drink.

WRITTEN IN A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

June 26th, 1879.

ONCE I half doubted if this day were good,
 On my account at least. Ready, with Job,
 To curse my day ! But now a Star—
 The Star of Bethlehem—has risen on my path ;
 The melancholy mist has passed away ;
 The night of sorrow, broken by a Star,
 Has passed into a cloudless day of joy !
 Henceforth I live to bless the day that gave me birth.

 “WHAT IS TRUTH, PILATE?”

NO Hell ! no danger ! Besant cries.
 Beware ! the Holy Book replies,
 Lest into this unfathomed place
 Thou also come to curse thy race.

So once of old did Satan cry,
 To Eve—“Ye shall not surely die !”
 And listening to that treacherous lie,
 She brought us death and misery !

Listen not thou, however wise
 The temptress seems, who boldly tries
 To sap thy faith and work thee woe.
 Escape ! her art will bring thee low.

“Depart, ye cursed !” soon will sound—
 Will Besant any help be found ?
 Nay, but her cup of wrath will be
 Enough, without one drop for thee !

Thou needest not this wrath to know,
 For One hath drained thy cup of woe ;
 Accept, as substitute for thee,
 The precious Lamb of Calvary.

O sister still, although so far,
 Thou wanderest from Bethlehem's Star ;
 Retrace thy steps, repent thy sin,
 His open side shall take thee in.

Samaria's daughter Life's stream drank
 From Him so weary on the bank ;
 And Mary, beauteous, though frail,
 Wept at His feet her bitter tale.

In all Life's prior page we scan,
 Woman has been the friend of man,
 And of the Man of Sorrows most—
 Around His cross she kept her post.

When others failed and hung behind,
 Her, faithful to the end, we find ;
 And now shall woman, cruel grown,
 Add to His grief another moan.

Though other friends may fail us when
 We need them most. The race of men
 May treacherous prove and faithless grow.
 Alas ! how many find it so.

Jesus, whose cause thou dost assail
 Hath only love when others fail ;
 Wound not this Friend, unchanging, true ;
 Forbear ! "Ye know not what ye do."

TO THE BRIDE ELECT :

MISS HELEN FREDERICKA GOLDIE.

HAPPY, thrice happy be thy bridal morning,
 Peaceful and happy fair young bride be thou ;
 When thou art clad in all thy rich adorning,
 Wear also joy's bright chaplet on thy brow !
 And may the chaplet never dim or fade,
 Until in heaven's enduring crown thou art arrayed.

Blessings be also on thy noble choice,
 With honour bright upon his manly brow ;
 Together in life's untrod path rejoice,
 The slope as gentle as the ascent is now ;
 And as ye enter Hymen's middle mart,
 Be sure to ask heaven's blessing ere ye start.

God's blessing maketh rich, no added sorrow,
 Can take one atom from his precious gift !
 Renew your plea on every coming morrow,
 For blessing, as Time's scenes shall change and shift ;
 Love on ; and bless the race from which ye sprang,
 Until ye join the host which at creation sang !

THIRTY THOUSAND CASKS.

(Lines penned on hearing a young man who had been on a tour of inspection to Allsop's Brewery, relate that he saw 30,000 casks stored in the establishment.)

THIRTY thousand casks of sorrow,
 See them at their work to-morrow ;
 Causing sin, and woe, and strife,
 Poisoning and blighting life.
 Thirty thousand casks of night,
 When shall darkness turn to light !

Thirty thousand casks of anguish,
 In your jails, go see them languish,—
 Who have drunk the poisonous cup,
 Drunk it deep, and drunk it up ;
 Still the bitter dregs are there,
 Thirty thousand casks of care !

Thirty thousand casks of grief,
 When shall misery find relief ?
 And the drunkard's starving wife,
 Tired of home, and sick of life ;
 Rise to know the worst is o'er,
 And her husband drinks no more.

Thirty thousand casks of shame,
 Throw a shadow on our name ;
 Lead our bravest sons astray,
 Draw our fair from virtue's way ;
 Shall we not this vile load name—
 Thirty thousand casks of shame !

Thirty thousand casks of woe,
 Mourners follow where they go ;
 Make a long sad funeral train,
 Let your hot tears flow like rain,
 For the widow's only son,
 Whose brief race is early run.

Thirty thousand casks of death,
 Feel you not their fiery breath ;
 From its touch, oh, stand aloof,
 Ne'er had steed such deadly hoof,
 Rider pale, they onward go,
 Thirty thousand casks of woe !

Stop the thirty thousand casks,
 Tear away the flimsy masks :
 Bring the pure and precious water,
 Pour it out for son and daughter ;
 Banish alcohol from our land,
 Once again, free, sober stand.

AN HIDDEN ONE.

BLESSED, happy, sainted sister,
 Jesus dwelt indeed with thee ;
 And to cross thy lowly threshold,
 Was a very joy to me !

Thou received'st the old, old story,
 With true faith, in love thereof ;
 Kept the faith, and gained the glory,
 When the master said " Enough."

“Come up higher,” sainted Sarah,
 “Princess of a multitude !”
 Sweetened many a bitter Marah,
 Ended now life’s solitude.

A P L E A .

BROTHER, dear brother, come enter our ranks,
 Time’s sun may be setting its last !
 The flood of intemperance passes her banks,
 On our threshold her victims are cast.

TO MISS EMMA S.

“Hold fast the beginning of thy confidence steadfast unto the end.”

THOUGH others wander from the path,
 Let nought beguile thee from thy way ;
 Follow thy Shepherd on, right on,
 Nor from the fold be led astray.

“I am the way,” not mother church,
 Nor any teacher whatsoever ;
 “I am the way,” saith Jesus Christ,
 The end thou dost not need to fear.

“I am the light,” not mother church,
 Nor any lantern whatsoever ;
 They shall but leave thee in the lurch,
 Light of the world, thy rays are clear !

“I am the truth,” thy constant guide,
 Believe on Me, and thou shalt live ;
 My ancient landmark points the way,
 Remove it not, no more I give.

Let no strange light allure thee on,
 Lest *ignis-fatuus* it should be,
 And lead thee to the slough Despair,
 To perish in the fatal snare.

IN MEMORIAM.

POOR heart-broken mother, thy lot was too sad,
 When thou hastest to shield thy unfortunate lad ;
 Thy heartstrings o'erburdened with sorrow and care,
 Gave way with the burden too heavy to bear !

The poor heart too long taxed, thro' the cursed strong drink,
 Earth's love-chains sore tried, had been strained link by link ;
 But the tenderest link has been snapped by this woe,
 And now thy true heart in its rest is laid low.

Another fell victim to drink's fearful scourge,
 Humanity, hasten our loved land to purge,
 May the fear of Heaven's stroke cause the dealer to shrink,
 From trafficking longer in wine and strong drink.

O son of a mother so true to thy cause,
 Make a vow to uphold thy country's just laws,
 And to join in the effort to free our dear land,
 From the woes of the drink—join the Temperance band.

And thou who thro' drink hast forgotten the part,
 Thou shouldst aye have taken to cheer the poor heart,
 The fond wife of thy bosom. "Do the next best thing !"
 Get thy children around thee, and stand in the ring ;

Let no comrade tempt thee away from thy home,
 Oh, resolve, for thy wife's sake, no longer to roam.
 Protect those she loved, and she'll smile on thee still,
 "Love a child for its mother," harm it and you kill.

 WRITTEN AFTER A STORM.

"Mid the storm and the tempest its Ruler shall come,
 And the blaze of His glory flash out from its gloom."—BONAR

ANOTHER storm has yet to come, the greatest storm
 of all,
 Another storm that will strike us dumb, while sinners
 round us fall ;
 Earth's dwellings all will disappear, her noble towers be gone,
 And we the shock shall scarcely hear, as fast the storm goes on ;

Another storm when with faces pale, and swiftly flying feet,
 We shall seek our friends 'neath the low deep wail which our
 wakened ears will greet !
 A last great storm from whose fierce wrath we cannot flee
 away,
 Except in the Rock of Ages we be hidden on that day ;
 Safe sheltered in the smitten Rock, we may e'en that storm
 abide,
 But woe to us if our hold is lost and we've drifted with the
 tide !
 The last great storm will sweep away the refuges of lies,
 O seek in Christ a hiding place, and thou art truly wise.

A C R O S T I C .

Ne'er a sweeter floweret grew,
 In the garden ground ;
 Ne'er a fairer met my view,
 And I've looked around !

O may he who plucks the flower,
 Unculled, blooming, till this hour,
 Sets it in his own bright bower ;
 Ever guard with special care,
 Yonder lovely lily there !

ON RECEIVING THE PHOTOGRAPH OF
 CHARLES CLAY, ESQ., M.D.

“**T**HREE doctors in three different counties born ?
 The noted Piccadilly, did adorn ;”
 I know not what has ta'en the other two,
 The third, the dear old face before my view !
 Alike geologist, doctor, and poet,
 Witty and clever ; I am one who know it.

Your photo came to hand, received it duly ;
 And for the same I beg to thank you truly ;
 No flattery by this rhyme was e'er intended,
 And if you think so ; then my strain is ended :
 If we have sterling qualities at all,
 It was our Maker gave them, and will call,—
 For the improvement of the talent given,
 If this is found, His smile will be our heaven !

TUBERCULUM TRINITATIDIS.

(A little bunch of heartsease.)

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble.”—Psalm l., 15.

ROYAL heart, my heart bleeds with thee,
 And would fain a solace bring ;
 For the humble and the lowly,
 Have brought comfort to a king ;
 So would I ;—
 Bring my heartfelt offering !

When shall war's terrific ploughshare
 Cease to desolate all lands ;
 Mother's weep their slain by thousands,
 Rachel wailing, wrings her hands !
 Prince of Peace ;
 Earth is waiting Thy commands.

Seek an interview with Jesus,
 He can take the sore away ;
 Thou may'st have His real presence,
 Even while on earth thy stay,
 Seek Him now ;
 He will never say thee nay.

In a troublous day I sought Him,
 And my cry came to His ears ;
 Then the wind was His pavilion,
 Christ came down, and calm'd my fears !
 Still'd the storm ;
 Walks with me this vale of tears !

Let one heartfelt cry for succour,
 Reach the Father's throne above ;
 And a messenger of mercy,
 Shall convey a Father's love ;—
 Life and bliss ;
 Enter with the heavenly Dove !

Love that like a mighty river,
 Beareth blessings on its tide ;
 Flow into thy soul for ever,
 Peace impart, and there abide ;
 Making life ;
 As when they were by thy side !

Tho' a father's rod hath smote thee,
 Rod and staff He doth combine ;
 Not His pleasure, but our profit,
 Is the end ; this staff be thine ;
 Rest thy soul ;
 Lean on God till life's decline.

Seize the staff, O Royal Ladye,
 Lean on Him who cannot fail ;
 He shall lead thee where thou may'st
 Find thy lost within the veil ;
 Lost, but found !
 Anchored safe within the veil !

English hearts are mourning with thee,
 On the land, and o'er the sea ;
 Sister-women share thine anguish,
 Sisters in their misery !
 Thy sole flower ;
 Yield to Him who gave it thee.

[COPY.]

Camden Place, Chislehurst,

September 25th, 1879.

Le Duc de Bassano presents his compliments to Mrs. Jane Moore, and is desired by Her Majesty the Empress, to convey to her the thanks of Her Majesty for the kind sympathy expressed in the letter and enclosed verses of 24th June, 1879.
 Mrs. Jane Moore, 15, View Street, Bolton-le-Moors.

“AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST.”

“There is a sleep of sin, the night-time of the mind,
When conscience lulls herself to rest, and casts regret behind;
When all the joys that earth can yield, it's miseries and it's cares concealed,
Are spread before the sleeper's sight, shining in false tho' glaring light.”

AWAKE, sinner, awake! for it will be too late—
When time is spent, decided is thy fate;
Now while the Spirit calls, now is the time,
Ere the black curtain falls, that veils the sons of crime!

Repent, sinner, repent! thou canst not tell but now
Death has been sent, and holds the fatal bow!
Turn from thy sins at once; cry unto God;
In meek subjection bow; evade the vengeful rod.

Believe, sinner, believe! the instant this is done,
God will thee receive, thro' His only Son;
Guide, and cheer, and bless thee, shield thee from ill,
And in the last dark hour of life be with thee still.

FRIENDSHIP.

I SOUGHT for friends in the days of my youth,
When all things wore the fair aspect of truth;
And I found friends then; but, alas, I trow,
Scarce one of the many remembers me now!

We were children then, and we heeded not
The difference that mark'd our earthly lot;
Whether poor or rich, it was all the same,
He was ever the greatest that won the game!

But now it is changed. My playmates at school,
As persons of consequence, look very cool!
I pass them unnoticed, because I belong
To the lowlier class—to the needy throng.

But I give no heed to the scornful looks,
Have I not friends in my flowers and books?
Friends that are humble, tho' gifted and fair,
Sweet friends that will soothe me, my sorrows will share.

Since, I have found a more trustworthy Friend;
 One on whose truth I can ever depend !
 One who is with me in sunshine and gloom,
 And will not forsake me when come to the tomb.

And since God's love has illumined my way,
 I have found many who bend to His sway ;
 Friendly, and honest, and willing to aid,
 Each fellow-creature Jehovah has made.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

HAST thou untold fame and power,
 Every blessing earth can give ;
 Riches, honour, fortune's dower,
 Still thou canst not happy live
 Without Jesu's smile and love.
 All things else are only dross ;
 Knowing not the God above,
 All thy gains are one great loss !

Earthly scenes may please awhile,
 Gratify the thoughtless heart,
 For a time the soul beguile ;
 But when thou art called to part
 From thy friends, thy wealth, thy all,
 Oh the agony, the woe
 That upon thy soul will fall,
 Crushing thee, and laying low.

In the dust thy haughty pride,
 Then of what avail thy gold ?
 If God's mercy is denied,
 For that wealth thy soul is sold !
 Oh, escape this fearful doom !
 Sinner, time is passing by,
 While there yet for thee is room,
 To the arms of Jesus fly !

THE CHURCHYARD.

“I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God’s acre !”—LONGFELLOW.

I witnessed the other day the work of disinterring and removing bodies now going on at Trinity Church graveyard. It was a ghastly sight, which the public are supposed not to see, but which many of them, nevertheless, did see, and seemed to relish. During the brief space of time I was peering through a spacious chink between two planks, I observed a distinguished medical man with the lower jaw of some poor Yorrick in his hand. He curiously scanned the relic, tried a tooth or two, and then carefully deposited the piece of skeleton in the dust—“earth to earth.”—HOTSPUR, *Bolton Weekly Guardian*, Saturday, October 11, 1879.

IN the holy ground we lay them,
By the Bishop blessed !
Where no spoiler’s hand can stay them,
Of their last deep rest.
Not thro’ gold’s accursed power,
Shall they in an evil hour
Yield their quiet where the flower
Blooms upon their breast !

What is this ? a spoiler cometh,
Rolls away the stone,
Cuts the sacred turf asunder,
Takes them bone by bone !
Rude hands touch our dear departed,
How our eyes and breasts have smarted,
With all future hope we’ve parted,
Let our dead alone !

In God’s acre we will lay them,
By no Bishop blessed !
Where the unassuming daisy
Blooms upon their breast.
Consecrated by heaven’s shower,
And by every tiny flower,
Kept by an Almighty power,
In their blessed rest.

"HE CALLETH THEE."

An Acrostic.

JESUS comes, and says to thee,
 "Art thou willing? follow Me;"
 Moses-like, earth's joys refuse,
 Even tribulation choose,
 Sometimes it is gain to loose.

Fulness of felicity,
 Ocean of immortal bliss ;
 Such thy rich reward shall be !
 'Tis thy Saviour calls to thee,
 Earth's best pleasures ever pall,
 Rise, obey the heavenly call.

THE CUCKOO.

CUCKOO, cuckoo's come again,
 Welcome mystic bird ;
 Oft in silent wood or glen,
 Thy curious voice I've heard.

Often tried to imitate,
 The strange but pleasing sound ;
 And many a sunny hour I'd wait,
 To see thee on the ground.

Aye, in my memory thou art link'd,
 With sunshine and with flowers ;
 With humming birds, and flowing streams
 And childhood's fairy hours.

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED DAY.

TIME is passing, time is flying,
 Friends around our path are dying,
 And not long will be our stay ;
 Years slip by, and death is stealthy,
 Prince and peasant, poor and wealthy,
 Young and old, and strong and healthy.
 All are passing fast away.

Mortal, then, while hours are given,
 Hasten to gain a home in heaven,
 Travel in the narrow way ;
 Soon the sunny skies will lower,
 And the angry tempests pour ;
 Soon will come the midnight hour,
 Work while it is called day.

 A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN
 A BROTHER.

REST, lonely heart, cease thy quick beat ;
 O quit not yet this transient scene ;
 Tho' joys may fail, and friends forget,
 The gourd well-ordered, still doth screen.

Earth's bliss will fail ; thy trust must be
 On something firmer than the sand,
 Or seas of grief, and storms of woe,
 Will wash away thy castle-land.

"Come unto Me," thou weary one,
 When heavy-laden with life's care,
 And I will give thee rest, sweet rest,
 And I thy heavy load will share.

Cursed who maketh flesh his arm,
 Departing from the living God !
 Come unto the Unchangeable—
 His creatures oft He makes His rod.

ANOTHER COURT-MARTIAL.

Shall the sword devour for ever? Knowest thou not that it shall be bitterness in the latter end? How long shall it be, then, ere thou bid the people return from following their brethren?—2 Sam. ii., 26.

“**F**IRE a shot if you dare!” and the nation’s ban
 Will be set upon every guilty man!
 The mention of such a deed of shame
 Sends a tingle through every honest vein.

Shall so foul a deed for misfortune atone?
 Blush every cheek from the hut to the throne;
 Does the blood-stained flag of this guilty war
 Need another blot—a still fouler scar?

Forbear; let the sword to its scabbard return,
 Lest a fire be kindled, nor cease to burn
 Till the nation be smitten a thousand-fold,
 And her banner of pride in the dust be rolled.

The Prince who has met with an early grave,
 Had a wish that his death might a comrade save!
 Let Lieutenant Carey that comrade be,
 Let him stand as before, uncensured, free.

ELECTRIC LIGHT *v.* GAS LIGHT.

EVENING comes on, it is murky and dark,
 Waiting to hail the electrical spark.

Magical light o’er the land and the sea;
 Blackpool or Fairyland—which can it be?

“Brilliant gaslights in Church Street,” oh dear!
 Blind as a bat, or green glasses ’tis clear,

Youth has its maypoles, unsuited to age,
 While one is merry the other is sage.

Cynthia, beaming serenely and mild,
 Watches her wilful, erratical child.

Magical light o'er the land and the sea ;
 Blackpool or Fairyland—which can it be ?

THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

LOVED scenes of my childhood, how oft have I wandered,
 In winter's chill season, or summer's bright bloom ;
 On the beauties of nature, here often I've pondered,
 And gazed on the clear sky, the stars, and the moon.
 The church, the high wall, are remembered how dearly,
 The path by the brook I so often have trod ;
 I can fancy I see the old hill now quite clearly,
 Where we dug for the harenuts deep under the sod.

The old house on the eminence, said to be haunted,
 The green wells, side by side, fill'd with water so clear !
 The steep rocks I have climb'd, by a fall nothing daunted,
 As fresh in my mind, now as then, they appear.
 The thick wood, with its paths so perplexing and winding,
 The hedge where the roses and blackberries grew ;
 The lawn where we danced, while we left someone minding,
 To tell if an enemy came within view.

The meadow, where flowers grew richest and rarest,
 Where oft, in the height of our innocent glee,
 Our bonnets we wreath'd with the choicest and fairest,
 And thought no great ladies were gayer than we !
 And then when the rain came, and cold stormy weather,
 A rough little shed was our chosen retreat,
 And trade was our pastime, or crowded together,
 We heard the strange tale of "The Ghost in a Sheet."

Where'er I've been since, in fair fields or lone wildwood,
 In the halls of the wealthy, or parks of the great,
 I've seen naught surpassing the haunts of my childhood,
 The love I have for them will never abate.
 They were full of rare beauty, to me they are brighter
 Than Italia's land in the height of its bloom ;
 To me they are sweeter, and fairer, and lighter,
 In the bright glow of sunshine, or midnight's chill gloom.

SYMPATHY.

"It is for the unfortunate alone to judge of the unfortunate. The puffed-up heart of prosperity cannot understand the feelings of adversity."

WHEN success and prosperity swell the proud heart,
 'Tis seldom we give to misfortune a tear ;
 But when 'neath adversity's pressure we smart,
 With sympathy other's distresses we hear.

It is not to the joyous heart given to know
 The measure of sorrow the suffering feel ;
 To the home of affliction we ever must go,
 To care-stricken brethren our troubles reveal.

FUTURE DAYS.

WHAT glowing ideas we have in our youth,
 That happier days are in store ;
 We picture the future a vision of light,
 To be shaded with sorrow no more.

When troubles come o'er us and sadden our lot,
 And cloud youth's bright sunshine awhile,
 A thought of the future will chase them away,
 And light the fair face with a smile !

We weave us a web of enjoyment and truth,
 And think that it ne'er will be torn ;
 Or Fancy will give us a beautiful dress,
 Alas ! but it never is worn.

The pleasures we seek for elude our keen grasp,
 Like flowerets such hopes all decay ;
 The dreams, though so fair, soon have lost all their charms—
 Love's scenery passeth away !

But still, if we live to our God, we may hope,
 And ensure an eternity bright,
 A spotless and beautiful heavenly dress,
 A home in the mansions of light.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WELL, this is November, and in December
 We're to have the Mechanics' Bazaar;
 It's time to prepare all our fairy-like ware,
 Or we shall be distanced by far.

I believe Mrs. Ayres has got ready all their's,
 And will not be busy at all;
 But what they have done is kept close from the son,
 For fear he should tell it our Paul!

But I've heard that some tinsel was scattered about,
 The night Ted was late, and the lights were put out;
 So he just lit a match, while he took off his shoes,
 And he fancies they're making some Chinese *sirtouts*

Then, there's Emily Wells, is engaged with some shells,
 At least so little Willie my Anthony tells;
 Now what she'll do with them I really can't think,
 But shall perhaps hear some more from the sweet little pink!

And there's quiet Miss Winning is busy with linen,
 And sensible things, you may guess;
 Tho' I scarcely suppose either you or me knows
 Who's to purchase that sweet baby's dress!

Amanda Morrell, why, you know her quite well,
 Has been making some purchases here
 That can't be for anything but a bazaar,
 So I know what she's giving, that's clear!

And there's Miss Pollie Downs is a-making of crowns;
 Now doesn't that beat us all!
 But whether for queens, or bonnets she means,
 I do hope she won't make them too small!

Mrs. Jones will not show, tho' I fancy I know
 What she's doing each time I go there;
 It's a cushion I'm sure, as I told Ellen Muir,
 And her pattern is something quite rare.

Then there's the Misses Partington,
 Such heaps of crochet work they've done ;
 And purses, too ; but where's the fun
 Of owning one when money's gone !

But should you chance to spend it all
 By patronizing every stall,
 Console yourself, nor be in doubt,
 There's nothing charged for going out !

Now, dear Miss Knott, what *have* you got ?
 I'll keep it all to myself !
 And I'll show you mine, that's to give out a shine,
 When I take it from its shelf.

I know of mats, and gentlemen's slippers,
 To be finished any day ;
 Besides some trays and sugar-nippers
 Coming from over the way.

The committee ladies of course will know
 Something about the store ;
 But get whatever you like, Maria,
 They'll look for quantities more.

Don't imagine I've told you all I know
 About this closely pent-up show ;
 If you'll come at Christmas and view each stall,
 You'll see I did not tell of all.

The chief have not been mentioned here ;
 But I know something,—but then I fear
 That saying too much might bring me blame,
 And so I'll not mention another name.

I know one preparing an humble gift,
 I hope they won't set it aside ;
 'Twill only give ~~gay~~ trinkets relief,
 As meekness does to pride.

And I almost think there's to be some reason
 In the prices asked this pressing season ;
 So don't be afraid to make just a call,
 And then you'll see the splendid Hall.

The Bazaar, as you will perhaps remember,
 Will open the thirtieth of December ;
 And if you cannot come that day,
 On the following three perhaps you may.

The Institution belongs to our town,
 A noble edifice all must own ;
 The Bazaar is then clearly a town's affair,
 So of meddling at least I've done my share !

Dear friends of education come
 To Stalybridge from near and far,
 To view the sights and buy the wares
 Of the Mechanics' Institution Bazaar.

STAYLEYBRIDGE IN YE OLDEN TIME.

" My native vale, my native vale, a last and long adieu ;
 Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale, and Cheviot's mountains blue."

STAYLEYBRIDGE ! my native place !
 Greatly altered ; yet I trace
 Childhood's path o'er hill, thro' vale ;
 Rendezvous of youth I hail !
 School replaced by edifice,
 Statelier far, but yet I miss
 The old place's ancient look,
 Where I puzzled o'er my book.
 And my sterling master's face,
 Robert Smith, one with the place.
 Part of the pile, his name had grown,
 But now replaced with other stone.

The old wall I find no more,
 Which my brother scrambled o'er
 When detained at dinner hour ;
 Master by, with look full sour.
 Then to dinner master goes,
 Locks the door, John safe, he knows ;
 Tho' the other door's unbarred,
 A high wall protects the yard.

Brother John, tho' but a child,
 At his master's caution smiled !
 Climbed the wall, the dinner ate,
 Back again, to book and slate ;
 Quick the appointed task he plies,
 There, to meet the master's eyes !

Rassbottom, now Market Street,
 Often have my childish feet
 Ran thy length in eager race,
 With my schoolmates ; gone each trace
 Of Berry's Bank, and Bank Parade ;
 Of toffy-shop where oft I stayed !
 Dame Shelmerdine, its mistress then,
 Whose sticks were sweeter far than pen,
 Or copy-book, to me and John ;
 Ah, Time ! where is the old Dame gone ?

My way, alas, I cannot find ;
 Like some lost child, or pedlar blind,
 I search for "Soot-poke," all in vain,
 Having my labour for my pain.
 Wilby, the currier, has removed,
 And Polly Stevens, whom I loved !
 Turn back to yonder ancient nook
 To peep at friendly Jenny Cook ;
 Where is the well-known cherry tree ?
 No brooklet at its root we see ;
 Dried up, new faces in each cot,
 And yet it is the well-known spot.

Old Isaac Hall is in his grave,
 On Cocker Hill. The grasses wave
 Their slender stems, and seem to say,
 An honest man has passed away.
 Friend William Harrison is gone,
 Who stopped to chat about Lord John.
 Th' "owd mestur" at the rails did stop,
 Old Jenny pushed her glasses up ;
 While the twain talked the budget o'er,
 Of politics, and local lore.
 The brook was murmuring o'er the way,
 But with the bank 't has passed away.

Old Cook, who chased us from his field,
 The tenant-right has had to yield.
 Gone, alas, with many more,
 Binns's key is on the floor !
 John Royle's medal never given,
 Perhaps awarded him in heaven.
 Brooks, Miss Bailey, Spencer, Ford,
 Walton Brothers, with their hoard,
 Passed away, their places ta'en,
 Scarce their memories remain !

At Spring Street corner, where my race
 Began on earth, I slaken pace ;
 A lowly tenement I'ween,
 As e'er immortalized has been !
 My father and his printing press
 Have passed into obliviousness ;
 Only that from his ashes rise
 A fragrance as of Paradise !
 'Twas here he wrought with might and main
 His children's daily bread to gain ;
 And, patriot-like, he strove to free
 Each slave, of whate'er kind he be.
 With Livesey he essayed the task
 To strip old Alcohol of his mask ;
 Tho' Temperance was the only boast
 Our feeble army made, an host

Of strong Teetotallers have sprung
 From that weak effort, when we sung,
 "The everlasting downfall
 Of brandy, rum, and gin."
 With Richard Cobden, for free bread,
 My father fought, his pocket bled ;
 The victory he lived to see,
 A veteran unnoticed he.

Up Spring Street, where in youth I stayed
 At grandfather's, old Time has made
 Strange havoc with the olden spot,
 The graveyard site is quite forgot !
 In memory's storehouse what a chain,
 Of which but few stray links remain ;
 One old link left is Kitty Bryne,
 A new link forged, the railway line ;
 And Rickards standing by the wall
 Does "Higher up for Yorkshire" call.
 Ah, Tenter Brow, the same as when
 A happy child I paced it then
 To Mary Addy's, mother's friend ;
 Kind-hearted soul, peace was thy end ;
 For milk and cake that thou hast given,
 I wish thee every joy in heaven !

Passing along thro' Market Street
 What past celebrities I meet ;
 A glance down Shepley Street I give,
 George Eden seems again to live
 His comical disguise to wear,
 Which gave my girlhood such a scare !
 Tabitha City's passed away
 With many cities since that day ;
 My mother knew its locale best,
 But she is softly laid to rest !
 She could the village windings trace,
 One of the first to know the place.
 A bonnet rarely then was seen,
 And Captain Hilton's "finest green,"

Only on chance occasions, say,
 A wedding, or a funeral day,
 Was tea upon the table seen,
 As much was known of black as green.
 When Clary Marsland went to buy,
 The Captain, looking very sly,
 Said, "Clary, what's i'th wind to-day?
 A wedding, or a kestening, aye?"
 Along this same Rassbottom Street,
 With merry skip, my happy feet
 With grandmother of honoured name,
 And in my list of saintly fame,
 To gather daffodils I went
 To Kinder's farm, our way we bent;
 Ah, still "my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils!"
 Another happy day there came,
 Each echo spoke Victoria's fame;
 'Twas Coronation Day! the word
 Enchanted memories have stirred!
 For then my busy little feet
 Went hop-and-skip down Princess Street;
 No blither could my movements be,
 Had England's crown belonged to me.

Just now my ramble here must end,
 Sometime my walk I may extend,
 Old Stayleybridge to ramble o'er,
 New Stalybridge you may explore.

EVENING.

PAINTING BY S. P. WALLEY.

THE sun is setting o'er the hill,
 The drowsy cattle grazing still;
 The herdman calling o'er the lea,
 The evening cloudlets gathering see;
 The shadows lengthen on the grass,—
 For peace can you the scene surpass?

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

„ Remorseless insatiate Sea !
 Vast tomb without a stone ;
 Without a flower, without a tree,
 Ah well thou mayest moan !”

Tune—“ Work, for the Night is Coming.”

“ **W**HAT are the wild waves saying,”
 As they ebb and flow,
 Ceaseless laws obeying,
 While no rest they know ?

Soon shall the tide roll backward,
 Back to return no more ;
 Where shall she find a haven,
 Or where find a shore ?

“ What are the wild waves saying ? ”
 We have heard a voice
 Whisper storms are over,
 Earth and sea rejoice !

“ What are the wild waves saying ? ”
 Jesus comes to reign ;
 His mild sway obeying—
 Blest the land and main.

Give, ere stayed for ever,
 Thy last roar and dash—
 'Gainst the rocky headland,
 Foaming billows lash !

Give thy gentlest ripple
 All along the shore ;
 Ere thy power time cripple,
 And thy reign be o'er.

Monarch long, old ocean,
 Fierce hath been thy sway !
 Many a strange commotion
 Hath been in thy day.

Many a ship hath settled
 In thy holds to lie
 Till the resurrection.
 How the waves still sigh !

Many a fair young maiden,
 Many a home-loved youth,
 Beauty, virtue, valour,
 Wisdom, love, and truth,

Have gone to thy pearl-bed
 In the ages past.
 This 'twas thy wild waves said
 When I heard them last !

“What are the wild waves saying?”
 Death and sorrow o'er,
 Heaven's command obeying,
 We return no more.

He who calmed thy tumult,
 Gallilean sea !
 Soon shall close thy mission,
 As it was to be.

Nought that hath aught of sorrow,
 Christ's new earth shall mar ;
 Nought that a shade can borrow,
 Nought that can dim a star.

“What are the wild waves saying,”
 As they backward roll?
 Farewell, race of Adam,
 Reach thou too thy goal !





POETRY FOR YOUTH.

OUR MISSION.

EACH one has a something to do,
The meanest a task to fulfil,
Our talents be many or few,
We can do our part if we will.

Tho' lonely and rough be our way,
Tho' silver and gold we have none,
In our secret retirement we may
Remember each sorrowful one !

May seek that the favours of Heaven
The richest best blessings of God
To the lonely and stricken be given,
To those who have bowed to the rod.

Ourselves will be blest in the deed,
If simple and earnest our prayer,
Tho' 'tis not for self that we plead,
Yet we in the blessing shall share.

Because we no riches possess,
And of knowledge but scant is our store,
Shall we let e'en that little grow less,
O no, let us turn it to more.

And thus a rich meed we shall gain,
 If we only improve what is given ;
 Let us strive our reward to obtain,
 A home with the sainted in Heaven

Each one has a something to do,
 The meanest a task to fulfil,
 Our talents be many or few,
 We can do our part if we will.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

I SAMUEL, xvii.

CONTENDING armies pitched their camps,
 And faced each other in battle array,
 The Philistines and Israelites.
 Now let us hear which won the day.

A champion of the Philistines
 Emerged from their camp in armour clad ;
 A mighty giant, Goliath named,
 And Israel seeing him was sad.

His spear was like a weaver's beam,
 An armour-bearer carried his shield ;
 He called in pride unto Israel,
 " Who against me the sword dare wield ? "

A fearful being he was to see ;
 The Israelites were sorrowful all.
 No one against him dared engage,
 And he for forty days did call.

King Saul had offered a great reward,
 If any would kill the boaster proud,
 As every morn and eve he stood,
 And repeated his challenge loud.

But none of Israel's host essayed,
To fight with the monstrous giant of Gath,
Till a youth of slender form appears,
But he no slender courage hath.

"I will engage this heathen," cried
The young man so fair and so slimly made :
So Saul was told what the youth had said,
And that he did not seem afraid.

"Thou art not able," Saul exclaimed,
"To encounter this Philistine, for he
Hath been a warrior from his youth,
And, therefore, is no match for thee.

But thus did David an answer give,
"When thy servant kept his father's flock,
There came a lion and a bear,
And took a lamb from out the stock.

"I smote and I slew them both by faith
In my father's God, He whom I serve ;
He who saved me from their angry paw,
'Gainst this great foe my arm shall nerve.

"For he, because he hath defied,
The chosen ones of the living God,
Shall be as the beasts were unto me,
And feel his mighty Maker's rod."

"Then go, and God be with thee," said Saul,
"And take this armour, this coat of mail,
This helmet and sword," but David said,
"I know them not, and they might fail."

But he took his staff, and five smooth stones
From out the brook, and his sling in hand,
And went, where the boasting Philistine,
With his insolent words did stand.

David, the son of Jesse, he
Who tended the sheep in his father's field,
Approached, and answered the Philistine bold,
"I against thee, the sword dare wield."

"And who art thou?" Goliath exclaimed,
Gazing on David with pride and scorn;
"Thy flesh shall feed the fowls of the air,
Thou shalt not see another morn.

"Am I a dog? that thou bringest staves,
I will give thee to the beasts of prey;
Thou'rt fitter to dance with maidens fair,
Than risk thy life in such a fray."

But David answered the scoffer thus—
"Thou comest with sword, and spear, and shield;
I come in the name of Israel's God,
To whom all nations have to yield.

"Because thou hast mocked His holy name,
Thou shalt be given into mine hand,
And I will smite thee, and take thine head,
And deliver Israel's band.

"That all the earth may acknowledge God,
And trust no more in sword or in spear,
Knowing He ever saveth His own;
The heathen they never need fear."

Goliath approached with wrath and scorn,
To kill the youthful David forthwith,
But David hastened, and slung a stone,
And aimed at the giant with pith.

It sunk in his brow, to earth he fell,
The conqueror ran and drew his sword,
And slew him and took his monstrous head,
And claimed from Saul the great reward.

When Philistia saw their champion dead,
 They feared, and betook themselves to flight,
 But Israel pursued with speed,
 And smote and slew them until night.

Thus Israel did the victory win,
 For they trusted in Jacob's God alone ;
 Young David slew Goliath of Gath,
 His weapons but a sling and stone.

THE SAILOR BOY.

A WANDERER from a distant land,
 Lies stretched upon the wreck-strewed sand,
 In life's last mournful dream ;
 His earthly hopes, fled one by one,
 The last long sleep is stealing on,
 But as he lies he thinks upon
 A glorious, cheering theme !

Beside him, on the sand, is laid
 The staff of life, his dying aid,
 His mother's parting gift ;
 The Book that aye has been his guide,
 In each dark hour, now at his side,
 That tells of Jesus crucified,
 Our souls from earth to lift !

A sailor he had been. The waves,
 'Neath which his comrades found their graves,
 In that dark stormy night,
 Has borne him on a floating wreck,
 Part of the well-remembered deck ;
 In vain he tries the tears to check,
 He weeps, and well he might !

For one, his only earthly friend,
 Had met a sad, untimely end,
 The playmate of his youth ;
 And now he thinks about his home,
 Alas, that he should ever roam,
 Or venture on the stormy foam,
 From that sweet home, and *Ruth* !

There, ever at the evening hour,
 His mother fervently would pour
 A humble, earnest prayer,
 To Israel's God, her earliest choice,
 Who made the widow's heart rejoice,
 And listened to her suppliant voice
 While nightly kneeling there.

Alas ! no prayer is ever made
 On board his ocean-home, the aid
 Of God is never sought ;
 Only his lost loved friend and he,
 At midnight hour had bowed the knee
 To Him who can in secret see,
 For thus his Bible taught.

That God now hears the wanderer's prayer,
 Dispels his fears, his doubts, his care,
 His errors are forgiven.
 In peace on that lone beach he dies,
 Raising in faith his death-dimmed eyes,
 Viewing his fair home in the skies,
 His mother's God and Heaven !

THE NARROW WAY.

TROUBLE and sorrow, pain and woe,
 While from the Lord ye stray ;
 Would ye find happiness below,
 Walk in the narrow way.

Trials and cares attend this life,
 A rough and toilsome day ;
 Would ye avoid the weary strife,
 Walk in the narrow way.

The Gospel shines to give us light,
 By its fair beams we may—
 Safely in sorrow's darkest night,
 Walk in the narrow way.

Or young, or old, or rich, or poor,
 Take warning while ye may ;
 Each breath proclaims your moments fewer,
 Walk in the narrow way.

Satan, unwary souls to snare,
 A glittering bait will lay ;
 Ye who are young, and strong, and fair,
 Walk in the narrow way.

THY KINGDOM COME.

THY kingdom ; Jehovah, Lord of all,
 O'er the wide universe Thy sceptre sway ;
 Let every nation listen to the call,
 Fall down before Thee, tremble, and obey.

Thy kingdom come ; soon o'er the vast expanse,
 Of sea and land a Saviour's name be known ;
 The glorious cause throughout the world advance,
 Till all Thy creatures Thee as Sovereign own.

Thy kingdom come ; ere long the precious seed,
 That has been sown in many a barren spot,
 Shall spring ; and choke and cover every weed,
 And sin and sorrow be awhile forgot.

Thy kingdom come ; may Afric's sons of grief,
 Who toil in chains beneath a scorching sun,
 Hear these glad words, and daily find relief,
 When their sad task of slavery is done.

Thy kingdom come. To gods of wood and stone,
 May heathen nations cease to bow the knee ;
 Pay tribute to the living God alone,
 Destroy their idols, worship none but Thee.

Thy kingdom come ; and saved from all their fears,
 By grace refined, and freed from every care ;
 With glory crown Thy people, where all tears
 Are wiped away, and all around are fair.

PARADISE.

Hast thou heard of the land, &c.—After BYRON.

HAST thou heard of that land, of which God is the light,
 As He sits in the midst on a glorious throne ;
 Where all things are lovely, and beauteous, and bright,
 And sorrow and suffering never are known ?

Where music is sweetest, and flowers never fade,
 Where the dwellers in dazzling white robes are arrayed ;
 Where sin cannot enter, their pleasures to mar,
 O is it not fair ? this bright region afar !

Wouldst thou gain this fair world of eternal repose,
 And take part in the song which no mortal voice knows ;
 Wouldst thou wear a bright coronet there, thou must here
 Remember thy Maker, and live in His fear.

ENVOIOUS EDWIN.

IN a cheerful-looking cottage home,
 A youthful form reclined ;
 So fair his brow, but few would guess
 The anguish of his mind.

Altho' all his wants were well supplied,
 He knew no peace, no joy ;
 For burning envy filled the breast
 Of that pale, thoughtful boy.

Where Edwin dwelt was a pleasant spot,
In summer or in spring ;
The flowers would bloom, and bees would hum,
And wood birds sweetly sing.

But Edwin thought it a dreary home,
He ne'er its beauties felt ;
Went through his daily task, and then
Besides his couch he knelt.

But 'twas not in humble prayer he bowed
His fever'd aching head ;
The few words of his nightly prayer,
Unthinkingly he said.

His thoughts, even then, were roving in
Sir George's banquet hall ;
The splendour there had been a snare,
It proved young Edwin's fall.

Not far from Edwin's quiet abode,
The ancient mansion stood,
A grand, yet gloomy-looking place,
Surrounded by a wood.

Where George, the son of Sir Frederick dwelt,
The heir of all his wealth,
With everything that earth can give,
And Heaven's great blessing, health.

His father was cousin to Edwin's sire,
Whom fortune ne'er had blest,
And at the hall, poor cousin Paul
Was not a frequent guest.

As a poor relation he was known,
And Edwin oft had been,
And sat to wait in rooms of state,
Where gorgeous things he'd seen.

Not always had Edwin envious been,
There was a time when he,
In peaceful joy, a playful boy,
Knelt at his mother's knee.

There was a time when he did not care
For riches or for rank ;
Could he but go with playmate Joe,
To scale the mossy bank.

But now, dark and covetous thoughts had gained
A place within his breast ;
He first admired, and then desired,
The riches George possess't.

His thoughts by day, and his dreams by night,
Were of fine clothes and gold ;
Of splendid halls, and burnished walls,
And costly gems untold.

Such visions as these employed his thoughts,
He never dreamt of woe ;
Fears that appal, and thorns, and gall—
The lot of all below.

And oh, no thought he bestowed on those,
Who fared far worse than he ;
Who had to roam without an home,
Or on a sick-bed be.

Who'd think it a blessed thing to enjoy
As bright a home as his ;
Such health and friends as Heaven sends,
To be our happiness.

He rose from that couch with paler cheek,
A bright but hollow eye ;
In dreams of wealth, he'd lost his health,
And was not fit to die.

His mother saw with sorrowful heart,
Her Edwin's altered form ;
The labouring breath, and signs of death,
But knew not of the storm

That had raged within his sinful heart,
And poisoned every joy ;
The thirst for gold which others hold,
That swayed her darling boy.

She spoke of a brighter, better world,
To her fast-fading son—
A home of peace, when life should cease,
His earthly course be run.

But oh, Edwin could not bear to hear
That mother's soothing tone ;
His ingrate life, with envy rife,
How little had she known.

With penitent sighs and burning tears,
He told her all his woes ;
How thankless he had wont to be,
For favours God bestows.

Ingratitude and covetousness,
Had darken'd his short life ;
And now he felt his spirit melt,
Beneath the weary strife.

He knew he must shortly leave the world,
But oh, he did not know,
When he, alas ! from earth shall pass,
Where his poor soul must go.

He merited not that heavenly home,
That home of light and love—
That land of peace, where sorrows cease,
That she had told him of.

He cared not a straw for riches now,
 No ; gold had lost its charm ;
 Tell me, said he, " Where shall I flee ?"
 He grasped his mother's arm.

She told him of mercy free for all,
 A Saviour kind and good ;
 That men, the worst, by sin accurst,
 May wash in Jesus' blood.

It is not for merit of our own,
 We may forgiveness claim ;
 Nor yet in dust repose our trust,
 But in the Saviour's name,

Great men are not the happiest ; no,
 The poor are far more blest,
 When they content, with what is sent,
 In God's wise goodness rest.

A wealthy sinner whom she had known,
 With all his gold and land,
 Had died in grief, without relief ;
 Peace he could not command.

.

" Mother," said Edwin, " I'm better now,
 I see that God is just ;
 That peace is mine, that joy divine,
 In Jesus I can trust.

" Yes mother, there's mercy e'en for me,
 A weak and sinful boy ;
 That precious blood, a purple flood,
 Has filled my soul with joy.

" Mother," he whispered, " Listen, I'll tell,"
 She bent but heard no voice ;
 Edwin was dead, his soul had fled,
 With angels to rejoice.

THE ROSE.

PRIDE of the garden, lovely rose !
 In thee what graceful beauty glows ;
 Or white or red, it matters not,
 In lordly hall or lowly cot,—
 Where'er thou art, thou bloomest fair,
 And tell'st of Him who placed thee there.

Guarded by thorns, thou growest wild ;
 Yet I remember, when a child,
 Heedless of pain I pluck'd thee still,
 Eager my pinafore to fill,
 And take them home to adorn a feast,
 Or grace the window-sill at least.

Thy charms adorn the bosom fair
 Of village maid with auburn hair ;
 And queenly brows are graced by thee,
 A rose in the bride's hair we see ;
 Sweet childhood with thy flower is crown'd ;
 Fair curly locks with roses bound !

To me, sweet rose, thou dost appear
 A treasure sent lone hearts to cheer ;
 Thou speakest of a far-off land
 Where dwells a pure and happy band,
 A home of peace, a heaven of love,—
 A brighter, better world above.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
 POOR OLD BOB.

AND poor old Bob has run his race,—
 Another from this ancient place ;
 No more we see the piteous face
 Of poor old Bob !

The sun may shine, and Dash may bark,
Trains sweep the line, but in the dark
Poor Bobby lies, all cold and stark,—
His day is o'er.

Once he was active, strong, and bold ;
But now so weary grown and old,
He scarce can totter thro' the fold,
Our poor old Bob.

He was an honest, faithful friend
And oft it will our bosoms rend,
To think upon the mournful end
Of poor old Bob.

He came to meet me every day
Soon as he saw me in the way,
To let me stroke his back and say—
“ Well ! poor old Bob ! ”

No more he'll come to seek a bone,
Nor shall we hear the piteous moan,
About the fold or in the “ lone,”
Of poor old Bob.

Poor Bob we never more shall see ;
From dogs' distresses he is free ;
Buried beneath the cherry tree
Lies poor old Bob.

Rassbottom Brow.

MY CLASS.

WHO are they I love to meet,
Love to teach, and to entreat
Them to leave their evil ways,
Live to God in youthful days ;
Serve Him while they dwell below,
That they may for acting so,
When they die to glory go,
My Class.

A WHITSUNTIDE HYMN.

Tune: "Desire."

ONCE more we meet, a happy throng,
 As we have often met before ;
 And raise again a joyful song,
 To Him whose name the good adore.

God ! whose unceasing tireless love,
 Has brought us thro' another year ;
 May gratitude each bosom move,
 To spend our moments in His fear.

Once more we meet, but where are those,
 Who joined our band in days gone by ?
 Gone to their last, their long repose,
 In the dark silent grave they lie !

You of our band, whose smiling eyes,
 Tell of high hope for many years ;
 Forgetful how time swiftly flies,
 Earth's pleasures fail, and death appears !

Remember in the days of health,—
 Your Saviour, and His counsels keep ;
 And heavenly peace, the truest wealth,
 Shall crown your lives, and blessings heap.

O while we still remain below,
 Let our glad notes to heaven arise ;
 And seek that God may grace bestow,
 The humblest he will not despise.

H E A V E N .

THERE is a beauteous land of light,
 Where saints and angels dwell ;
 The glories of that happy place,
 No human tongue can tell.

There sweet immortal pleasures are,
 And joys that never pall ;
 And there the Great Jehovah reigns,
 His saints delight, their all.

No sorrow, and no suffering there,
 No sin, nor care, nor strife ;
 No grief, no blight, no fear, no death,
 But everlasting life.

Oh, that we all may all gain that place,
 That glorious home above ;
 And stand before our Father's throne,
 And greet the friends we love.

Then all our troubles will be o'er,
 Then all our cares will end ;
 For we shall find in Jesus Christ,
 A great Almighty Friend.

A FAREWELL.

“ Friend, farewell, may God protect thee,
 While upon the mighty deep ;
 Afterwards may He direct thee,
 Till in dust thy ashes sleep.”

FAREWELL ! with the sad word farewell
 Comes such a gush of heartfelt sorrow ;
 Because I know not, cannot tell,
 What may befall thee on the morrow.

When thou art far away from me,
 'Mongst strangers whom I never knew,
 My heart will fill with thought of thee—
 But go thou must. Adieu ! adieu !

The God of Israel be thy Guide,
 Thy strength, thy life, thy hope for ever !
 The foaming seas may us divide,
 This precious hope shall leave me never.

That we shall meet, yes meet again,
 Where farewell words are never spoken ;
 Where joy and peace supremely reign,
 And love and happiness unbroken.

HARSH AND KIND WORDS.

HARSH words have broken many a gentle heart ;
 Have caused full many a tender breast to smart ;
 Have blighted hopes which were the only buoy
 Of some poor trusting mortal void of joy !

Kind words have soothed the anxious careworn breast ;
 Have stayed grief's torrent, end have lulled to rest
 The anguished thoughts, which like a barb of woe,
 Pierced thro' the lonesome heart. Then, reader, know

'Tis no mean thing a gentle word to speak ;
 To soothe an heart ready with grief to break ;
 To call to memory by-gone days of joy,
 When all was gladness ; bliss without alloy.

Oh never more let an harsh tone be heard,
 But always speak a gentle, kindly word ;
 If one hath sinned, say, mortal, hast not thou ?
 Then take him by the hand—past be forgotten now.

A PRAYER.

SPIRIT divine, thine influence impart
 To guide aright my sinful, erring heart.
 So prone to wander from the heavenly way,
 So prone from Thee, my gracious Lord, to stray.

Whene'er I wander from the sacred track,
 O condescend, good Lord, to bring me back ;
 To turn me to the true and only path,
 In which I may escape Thy righteous wrath.

Teach me from every evil way to flee,
 To place my trust and confidence in Thee ;
 That having lived to Thee on earth I may
 Be with Thee on that all-important day.

When the Judge, turning to His right, shall say :
 "Come hither, blessed spirits, come away !"
 May I be one amidst that glorious throng
 To join the blissful, never-ending song.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

A MOURNFUL, heartfelt cry was raised in Egypt's
 stricken land,
 And parents on their first-born gazed, and owned
 God's mighty hand,
 From Pharaoh, on his gorgeous throne, with regal robes of
 state,
 Down to the captive prisoner lone, repining at his fate !
 Of Egypt's haughty race, not one in all that spacious land
 But had that anguish undergone—robbed was each house-
 hold band !
 The pride, the flower, the hope, the heir, the joy of each and
 all,
 Was laid low in his beauty there, with his pale face to the
 wall !
 Oh, full of sorrow was that cry, raised at the midnight hour ;
 It told of some strong earthly tie, rent by a mighty power.
 It echoed from a thousand homes, of high and lowly born ;
 From peasant's cot and princely domes a loved one thence
 was torn.
 Mothers were in their anguish wild, and sadly did lament,
 Sorrowing for the first-born child, as to the earth they bent !
 But tho' the hand of death had gone thro' every house of
 pride,
 Of Israel's chosen race not one—of these not one had died

The Smiter saw the sprinkled blood, and passed their dwellings o'er ;
 While e'en not Pharaoh 'scaped the rod—the awful stroke he bore !
 O'er Egypt, like a funeral páll, hovered the wrath of God,
 Till, fearing lest the nation fall beneath the Avenger's rod,
 They prayed the Israelites to go—take ought they wished for then,
 Lest each Egyptian be laid low, thro' palace, hall, and glen.
 Pharaoh found Jacob's God had power, and that His will was law.
 So God is mighty to this hour, and to be held in awe !
 If we His will do not obey, nor hearken to His voice—
 Will not submit unto His sway, destruction is our choice.
 He who the Egyptian cities smote, and took her choicest then,
 Say who can His fierce wrath abide—who of the sons of men ?
 Ye who would be like Israel, safe, Jehovah's will obey ;
 Fear, love, and worship only Him, who is the Light of Day !
 Thus God shall shield you by His power, that knows not fail nor end,
 And in life's solemn farewell hour prove an unchanging Friend.

P I C T U R E S .

A COTTAGE porch, with woodbine twined,
 An humble bench of green,
 With fairest flowers around, combined
 To make a lovely scene !
 A fair-haired girl, her father's pride,
 Her gentle mother's joy ;
 And seated closely by her side,
 A neighbour's dark-eyed boy.

A merry throng of old and young
 Around a rose-decked tree ;
 The fair-haired girl called from among
 The Queen of May to be !

The dark-eyed youth, with wreath of flowers,
 Crowning the chosen queen,
 Keeping her side thro' the bright hours
 Of the gay, sunny scene.

A stranger-man, who came to sell
 Ribbons, and beads, and toys,
 Luring away the fair-haired girl,
 In hopes of future joys.
 A last long look at home, sweet home !
 A lonely tear, and then—
 Turning away, the world to roam,
 Leaving the best of men !

A lonely grave, where lies at rest
 A mother, free from care !
 A weary sire; with woe opprest,
 Silently mourning there !
 A pale young man, with thoughtful brow,
 Flushed cheek, and bright dark eye,
 Whose dreams of bliss are over now,
 Soon in the grave to lie.

A lonely dwelling, far away,
 And there a-wasting lies
 The fair-haired girl—to death a prey !
 None listen to her sighs.
 The stranger-man is absent there,
 Who did her heart beguile.
 Poor girl ! alas, tho' passing fair,
 Another won his smile.

A SAD STORY.

A LITTLE boy, with golden hair,
 A merry eye, and rosy cheek ;
 Frolicing in the sun ;
 And near him playing there ;
 Another child with face as fair ;
 A lovely girl of beauty rare,
 The stranger's notice won.

Their home, a simple cottage near ;
 A cot with ivy overgrown ;
 A clean and quiet place :
 Where Kate, the youthful widow, reared—
 These children to her soul endeared ;
 Whose love her lonely labours cheered ;
 Portraits of that dead face !

Which once she gazed on, loved so well ;
 Which now she dreams of, cannot see,
 Only that she can trace—
 In these loved legacies, whose wiles,—
 In saddest hours can gain her smiles ;
 Glances and memories of Giles !
 Chiefly in little Grace.

Since death had early claimed their sire,
 To them she granted each desire ;
 And every childish wish :
 Young Alfred, in his playful glee,
 Had said he would a sailor be ;
 And many a distant country see ;
 But Kate his strain would hush.

Tell him of storms, and tempests wild,—
 A mother weeping for her child,
 In sad and hopeless grief ;
 Of stranger-foes, and cold disdain ;
 Of want and care, and fever-pain ;
 Of shipwreck's dread, and slavery's chain ;
 Admitting no relief.

“ If death should take poor mother, too ;
 Father long gone, and absent you ;
 Then Grace would be alone !
 No friend at hand to take her part,
 No kindred love to cheer her heart ;
 And shield her from the tempter's dart,
 Or soothe affliction's moan.”

But Alfred was a wayward child,
 At all his mother's fears he smiled,
 And told a different tale :
 Of pleasant breeze, and cheering sun ;
 Of danger 'scaped, and honour won ;
 Of riches gained, and labour done ;
 And joyous homeward sail !

“ And Grace would cheer you all the while,
 That I was absent, and beguile
 Your moments of regret ;”
 He kissed the tears from her pale face,
 And flung his arms round sister Grace ;
 Nor dreamt it was a last embrace ;
 Yet never more they met !

“ Then you and Grace should toil no more,
 And every fear of want be o'er,
 And we should happy be ;”
 But mother only shook her head ;
 She felt a fear, an inward dread ;
 But knew 'twas vain, so nothing said ;
 And Alfred went to sea.

Years passed away, the cottage wore—
 The same sweet aspect as before,
 Its inmates were the same ;
 As when the youthful wanderer went,
 On gaining wealth and fame intent,
 Affection's tears were idly spent,
 Entreaties were in vain.

He knew not vice's blighting power,
 Nor stern disease's trying hour ;
 His life had been one round—
 Of pleasant sunshine, joy and rest,
 With health, and all things needful blest ;
 His home a quiet happy nest ;
 As might on earth be found.

Alas ! he found a different lot,
 Such as he calculated not,
 A hard and joyless life :
 Sharp words, rough toil, and even blows ;
 Scorn hard to bear, and bitter woes ;
 Such as a sailor only knows ;
 A lot with sorrows rife.

With patience this hard life he bore,
 And thought ere long it would be o'er ;
 And better days would come :
 Yet oftentimes, at break of day,
 As on his coarse hard couch he lay,
 He thought of home so far away ;
 His happy peaceful home !

Where was poor mother all this while ?
 Did Grace still wear the same glad smile ;
 And sing the same sweet lay.
 And Alfred tried to sing, but he—
 Sang not the song of youthful glee,
 A sad and mournful strain sang he—
 Of home, far, far away !

Yet his high spirit nought could tame,
 And still he had a lofty aim,
 And looked for happier days ;—
 When he might call a ship his own,
 And sit no more in sorrow lone,
 His cruel fortune to bemoan,
 In melancholy lays.

Soon fortune smiled, and Alfred rose,
 From post to post, in spite of foes ;
 And gained his highest aim ;—
 A ship his own, and all her stores,
 A cargo rich from Afric's shores.
 No more his hardships he deplores ;
 His own both wealth and fame.

And now he steers for home, dear home ;
 Intending never more to roam ;
 But with the loved abide !

And share with them the hard-earned ore,
 Upon his dear-loved native shore,—
 Gaze on the scenes he loved of yore ;
 His sister by his side !

And mother ; would not she at last,
 Forget the sorrows of the past,
 And love her long lost Fred.
 Their own should be the ivied cot,
 Alfred thus dreamt, ah ! thinking not—
 What soon must be his own sad lot ;
 The foaming sea his bed !

The ship set sail with prospects fair,
 But soon a change was in the air ;
 A fearful storm arose.
 They struggled hard, one cry for life,
 Was heard amidst the water's strife,
 Heard above all with anguish rife,
 The waters o'er it close !

'Twas Alfred's voice that pierced the air,
 The voice that now is hushed for aye,—
 His tomb the ocean-cave.
 And in the home he sought to gain ;
 Nor mother, nor yet Grace remain.
 Oh, is not earthly love in vain ;
 Seek home beyond the grave !

P R I D E .

PROUD of clothes, which fade and rot,
 Proud of gold, which thou hast got ;
 Know to thee 'tis only lent,
 Let it not be useless spent.

Proud of beauty—in the tomb
 Fairest faces lose their bloom !
 Proud of wit, and dance, and song,
 These will all be hushed ere long.

Proud of talents God has lent,
 And which thou hast idly spent ;
 Never ! oh much rather cry,
 Nothing worthy pride have I.

What I have is not my own,
 Held awhile a gracious loan ;
 Let me ever humble be,
 Pride unseemly is for me.

A TALE (WITH A MORAL.)

IN a beautiful valley, secluded and still,
 Where was heard the lark's warble, the murmuring rill,
 The humming of bees and the milk-maiden's song,
 Stood a low whitewashed cottage, the tall trees among.
 Once there dwelt in this cottage a man and his wife,
 Who little had known of vexation and strife,
 As retired from the world they their duties pursued,
 With naught to perplex them, no cares to intrude.
 Two children to bless them had Providence given,
 Susanna and Roger, aged twelve and eleven ;
 Two intelligent children, obedient and good,
 Who behaved to their parents as all children should.
 In love thus their lives, like a long summer day,
 In peaceful serenity glided away !
 While contented they lived, with God for their guide,
 Health, home, food and clothing, their wants all supplied.
 But Death, fell destroyer ! approached the sweet spot,
 They murmured, and all God's great mercies forgot ;
 Death marked out the sire, and they saw he must die,
 And knew the sad hour of their parting was nigh ;
 The mother, in anguish, did rave like one wild,
 And example was followed by each thoughtless child ;
 The sufferer alone murmured not at the stroke,
 And to see their wild sorrow his heart almost broke.
 But 'twas useless to chide, and he trusted his God
 Would show the affliction to be for their good.
 Father died, and that home was a different scene,

There were three thankless hearts where contentment had
 been ;
 And now to arouse was the rod again tried,
 Susannah, the loved one, her fond mother's pride,
 Began to show signs of approaching decay,
 The deep flush on her cheek bespoke her death's prey.
 Now with sighs did that mother her sinfulness own,
 And asked for her daughter with many a groan ;
 But vain was the prayer, and Susannah is gone,
 And poor mother and Roger are living alone.
 She acknowledged her sin, and besought of their God
 To forgive what was past, and remove the dread rod.
 God heard, and He blessed them again with His grace,
 And His love from their hearts grief's remembrance did chase.
 They thought of the lost ones as happy in heaven,
 And felt the sad blow had in mercy been given.
 Contentment and peace filled the cottage once more,
 The spot looked as beautiful and glad as of yore.
 And Roger still loved and attended his mother,
 Susannah's last dying request to her brother.

From this tale, reader, learn that God knows what is best,
 And in his kind wisdom contentedly rest ;
 Trust in Him in seasons of trouble and woe,
 Thy faith in His promises constantly show.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A TRAVELLER sought his boyhood's home,
 Escaped from scenes of danger ;
 Accustomed from his youth to roam,
 A weary, wayworn stranger.

As every hour he nearer drew
 His wished-for destination ;
 His expectations brighter grew
 With glowing animation.

He painted pictures of his home,
From youthful recollection ;
But shadows 'thwart the vision come,
And fill him with dejection !

As prudence whispers of the change,
That time is ever telling ;
Long years have passed, all may be strange
Within his father's dwelling.

Misfortune may have robbed the band,
Disease reduced its number ;
Or in the dark and silent land
They all in death may slumber !

Yet Hope, sweet soother of the soul,
His spirit is sustaining ;
Tho' death may sweep, and years may roll,
There must be some remaining.

Surely, blithe Fanny is not dead,
And Hughie, and Maria,
And mother's favourite, clever Ned,
And father's pet Sophia !

He cannot think that *all* are gone,—
One must remain to greet him ;
Oh, when he sets his foot upon
The threshold—who will meet him ?

Before him is the cottage door,
And with heart quickly beating,
He entered that loved home once more,
And 'tis a joyful meeting !

His father, and his mother too,
Surprised, o'erjoyed, behold him ;
Sophy, Maria, Ned and Hugh,
Each in their arms enfold him !

All here but Fanny? William's eye
Glanced quickly round the dwelling.
Their joy was hushed, and many a sigh
Told how each heart was swelling!

All here but Fanny! Only one
Hath left our little homestead;
The merriest of our group is gone,
The bright light of our home's fled!

When other flowers were springing fair,
Our choicest blossom faded;
The wanderer was our only care
Till death our dwelling shaded.

But Fanny is far happier now,
And all the rest, the seven,
United; let us lowly bow
Before the God of Heaven.

And thank Him for his loving care,
Thro' severance shown towards us;
Ever be this our fervent prayer—
That He thro' life would guard us.

When William left his father's home,
A prayer to Heaven ascended,—
That he again might safely come,
By Providence defended.

They knelt together, side by side,
The hoary head and youthful;
To God, the welcome wanderer's Guide,
The faithful and the truthful.

And in one humble, fervent prayer,
Their gratitude is spoken;
Jehovah makes His own His care,
His word remains unbroken.

S U N S H I N E .

GLORIOUS sunshine ! thy enchanting beams
 Glisten upon the rivulets and streams ;
 Light the lone woods, and the fair flowery glen,
 And cheer the homes of high and humble men.

Fair sunlight gleams upon the cottage wall,
 And shines within the prince's stately hall ;
 Give joy to rich and poor, where'er they be,
 In the green fields, or on the calm blue sea.

It wakes sweet thoughts within the wanderer's heart,
 Of home and friends from whom he grieved to part ;
 It cheers and gladdens every household band,
 And tells of hope, the slave in Afric's land.

Glorious sunshine ! When upon my brow
 Thy lustre falls as beautiful as now,
 I dream of sweetest music, and of light
 In the eternal world, far, far more bright.

Of happy spirits round a glorious throne,
 A land where sin and sorrow ne'er are known ;
 The King of Saints, whose glorious splendour far
 Exceeds the brightness of sun, moon, and star.

 THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

DEATH stands at my elbow, I feel his approach,
 Yet I fear not his icy embrace ;
 In Jesus, now blest, I shall soon be at rest,
 And in sight of His glorious face.
 I'm going home to the land of the free,
 I would not have you sorrow for me !

My life has been short, and oh, many my sins,
 I have been a sad wanderling here ;
 But now it is o'er, I shall never err more,
 The land I am bound for is near.
 I'm going home to the land of the free,
 I would not have you sorrow for me !

Just give me the sign of your last parting love,
 For I love all I'm leaving below ;
 With strong heart and mind, yet ye cannot me bind,
 To the home of the free I must go !
 I'm going home to the land of the free,
 I would not have you sorrow for me !

And when I am gone, and forgotten for aye,
 As others before me have been,
 However ye fare, in this brief home of care,
 May your last earthly hour be serene.
 I'm going home to the land of the free,
 I would not have you sorrow for me !

Serve Him who hath loved you, and will love in death,
 The Saviour of Israel and mine ;
 Fare ye well, fare ye well, even I cannot tell
 The glory of such a decline !
 I'm going home to the land of the free,
 I would not have you sorrow for me !

E N I G M A .

TWO there are of us, both of a name,
 One known to love and the other to fame ;
 Though not related, yet intimate friends,
 One to the wants of the other attends.

I, the first-named, am right fond of a joke,
 And a good roaring fire, with full license to poke !
 A merry old song, or an heart-stirring tale,
 Which wants to supply my good friend does not fail.

I am the eldest, I'm large, and I'm small,
 I'm joyous and sad, and I'm dear to you all ;
 I'm English, Scotch, Irish, and isn't it strange,
 You'll find me in all parts, wherever you range ;
 My members are some white, some black, and some green ! *
 Some blue* and some brown, and some painted are seen.
 I am oftentimes plundered by foes and by friends,
 Many seek for my friendship to gain their own ends.
 Sometimes a young lady, with curls and bright eyes,
 Slily robs me, and hastens away with the prize !
 Or a youth with gay sallies and winning address,
 Commits depredation and leaves me one less !
 But now, I must honestly tell you, in place,
 The friends who have robbed me with such a good grace
 Will oftentimes return and atone for the theft
 When almost alone in the world they are left !
 But tho' welcome their gift, and as joyous and gay,
 It is not the same as was taken away.

My companion shall now your attention divide,
 You may trust him sincere, tho' he may be untried ;
 And when you shall find his pretences are true,
 Take him in, and advise that your friends do so too !
 But why should I talk, and he lie on the shelf ?
 Take him up, my dear friend, let him speak for himself.

I come from the South, and I visit your hearth,
 To cheer you in sorrow and heighten your mirth ;
 To sober your passions, and rouse you from sleep,
 To aid your endeavours your freedom to keep.
 I'm black and I'm white, I'm given to roam ;
 I am always abroad, and I'm always at home.
 I never could walk, so I'm carried about,
 Not because I am lame or afflicted with gout !
 I have no aches or pains, tho' I'm quite thin and weak,
 I've a stitch in my side and unable to speak !
 I am witty and clever, and very well read,
 I talk of the living and speak of the dead.
 I can tell almost anything you wish to know ;

* Sarcastic.

I patronize virtue, to vice I'm a foe.
 My friend knows my value, and you I respect ;
 I try to amuse you, your faults to correct,
 And cherish your virtues? Then give me my due,
 Be my friend while I live, and I'll not forget you !
 I live near the Queen, and like her I have pages,
 My dress every week your attention engages ;
 I visit the rich and the poor, and e'en those
 Whose names add a lustre to England's fair rose
 Have given me their friendship. Now then, will you tell
 The name of my friend, and my own name as well ?

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE day's pursuits and toils and troubles o'er,
 We join at eve the merry social ring ;
 The circle loved, where oftentimes before
 The hours have fleetly pass'd on sweet enjoyment's wing.
 Home circle ! here
 Our cares and sorrows to the winds we fling.

And in a homely, well-known, gladsome lay
 Our voices blend, and rise in cadence sweet,
 To His abode, who at the close of day
 Looks on the happy group that here in friendship meet.
 Home circle ! where
 The fond companions of our youth we greet !

TO A FRIEND ON HER DEATH-BED.

SPIRIT, linger not, but fly
 To the blissful world on high ;
 There thou'lt find eternal rest,
 There thou'lt be for ever blest.
 All thy troubles will be o'er,
 When thou gainest that bright shore ;

Tho' thy last sad hour be dark,
 There is yet a glorious spark !
 Spirit, linger not, but go,
 All thy Saviour's love to know.
 Tho' of earthly friends bereft,
 Thou hast still one Great Friend left ;
 One who knows we are but dust,
 O repose in Him thy trust.
 Thou hast had thy share of grief,
 But there is a sweet relief ;
 Thou hast had thy share of sorrow,
 But there is a brighter morrow !
 Spirit, linger not, but haste,
 All thy Saviour's goodness taste.

LITTLE ELIZABETH.

SHE is, I ween, a little queen, in every graceful feature ;
 As also in her humble and her trusting loving nature :
 A sweeter child I never saw, so full of playful mirth ;
 She fills with joy the little band around the cheerful hearth.
 Her fair face has a smile for all, tho' of the humblest grade,
 As well as relatives and friends, she loves the servant maid,
 Whom others scorn as lowly born, and treat with proud
 reserve ;
 Her young heart glows with love for those they view as born
 to serve.
 " There's a good time coming, boys," she'll sing, in such a
 joyous tone,
 Oh, if her merry voice were hushed, that household would
 be lone !
 In after-years may Lizzie be as beautiful and mild ;
 As gentle and affectionate, as when a little child.
 May the great God who looks on us, and all our actions
 knows,
 Guide her young heart to choose that part, which humble
 Mary chose.

Or high or low, or weal or woe, whatever her lot may be,
 May pride ne'er mar, nor dim the star, which now so bright
 we see!
 But may her life with joy be rife, and when the time doth
 come,
 That she must go from scenes below, may heaven be her
 home.

F A V O U R I T I S M .

A DIALOGUE.

Maria. Good morning Caroline ; How glad I was
 To see you at the Lecture Room last night,
 Along with sister Sarah, whom I thought—
 (I was indeed, believe me, pleased quite.)

Caroline. Thought what, Maria ; finish out your speech.

Maria. Well, Caroline, I'll tell you plainly, I
 Did think that you and Sarah never could
 Agree together so as sisters should.

You scarcely ever are together seen,
 You a companion have, Sarah has none ;
 And when you are together I have thought,
 A spark of love in either breast ne'er shone.

Caroline. Dear me, Maria, you are too severe ;
 I own we don't agree like you and Ann.
 Indeed, Maria, I may say I fear,
 Am almost certain that we never can.

Maria. Don't say so, Caroline, I don't think so ;
 But tell me first, why is this coldness, why ?
 This strange reserve, you almost seem to shun,
 Meeting each other, who in love should vie.

Caroline. Maria, I will tell you ; there is cause,
 For this antipathy, this hatred rife ;
 Against God's righteous, pure, and holy laws,
 "Unequal dealings are the seed of strife !"

'Twas this that moved the ire of Jacob's sons,
Joseph was loved and favoured more than they ;
And this has robbed full many a home of peace,
Has raised contention, strife, and well it may.

Maria. I know 'tis wrong ; yes Caroline, I know,
And will not chide so harshly as before ;
But still you must superior patience show,
And you will nothing lose, tho' it may try you sore.

Caroline. I see that I have sinned, that I have been
Like Joseph's brethren moved to cruel ire ;
I pray that God, what He amiss hath seen,
May pardon, and to Jesus draw me nigher.

Maria. These are right feelings ; I will pray for you,
And ask of God to make me holy too ;
What weak and sinful creatures we should be,
If we no refuge had where we might flee.

Caroline. But I must go, Maria, and I'll *try*.

Maria. I understand you, Caroline ; good by !
But stay, you'll come to-morrow—Sarah, too ?

Caroline. Well, if we *can*, we *will*. Adieu.

Maria. Adieu.

BELSHAZZAR'S IMPIOUS FEAST.

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon,
A royal feast did make,
And bid a thousand of his lords,
Of his rich wines partake.

Princes and queens were also there,
In costly splendour grand,
Arrayed in regal robes of state,
The mighty of the land.

From sacred golden vessels they
Did drink the sparkling wine,
And praised the gods of wood and stone,
Saying, "These gods be thine."

When suddenly a hand was seen
To write upon the wall ;
The mystic awful sentence that
Foretold Belshazzar's fall.

He saw it and was troubled, and
His countenance grew pale,
His knees smote 'gainst each other,
And his strength began to fail.

The revellers were startled, and
The king did cry aloud
"Bring wise men and astrologers ;"
Before the king they bowed.

"Explain this mystery, and ye shall
In scarlet be arrayed,
Have chains of gold about your neck,
Rulers ye shall be made."

But not a wise man was there found,
Who could the writing solve.
Then was the king more troubled still,
And did the words revolve.

While all the guests were thus perplexed,
The queen appeared and said,
"O live for ever, mighty king,
The writing can be read.

"For in thy kingdom is a man,
Of wisdom and of fame ;
Great understanding, too, he hath,
And Daniel is his name.

- “Thy father made him ruler o'er
The wise men each and all,
And he can now interpret this,
So let them Daniel call.”
- “If this be so,” the king exclaimed,
“Go, bid him here, with speed.”
He came, the king addressed him thus—
“Canst thou this writing read?”
- “Now if thou canst, thou shalt be clothed
In scarlet and in gold,
Third ruler in the province be,”
But Daniel answered, “Hold!
- “Keep thy rewards and gifts to thee,
And I will strive to clear,
With my God's help, the mystery
That did to thee appear.
- “Thy father was before thee proud,
And thou art proud as he ;
Thou hast not heaven's great King obeyed,
Nor to Him bent thy knee.
- “But unto idols thou hast bowed,
Which cannot hear nor see,
And therefore was this message sent,
Which hath affrighted thee.
- “*Mene, tekel, upharsin,*
Was written on the wall,
The import of the writing this,
Thou art about to fall.
- “Thy kingdom is divided,
To Medes and Persians given ;
And now the mystery is explained—
The message is from heaven.”

Then gave Belshazzar the command,
 And Daniel was arrayed
 In scarlet, and a chain of gold
 upon his neck was laid.

Third ruler too he was proclaimed,
 And he of pride and might :
 Belshazzar, Babylon's haughty king,
 Was slain that very night.

JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

HE who was born in Bethlehem's lowly manger,
 Seeth our actions, and our hearts doth know ;
 Loveth each one, and shieldeth us from danger,
 From every evil passion, and from each angry foe.

He, too, when on earth, was tried like us, and tempted,
 Yet without sin He lived, and as guileless died ;
 Died to atone for us most wretched sinners,
 For us most wretched sinners, Christ was crucified !

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

TRUST not in an arm of flesh,
 Or thy trust will be betrayed ;
 Build not all thy hopes below,
 Earthly scenes will early fade !

Gold will not ensure thee ease,
 Cannot save thee from decay ;
 Honour will not always please,
 There will come a gloomy day.

Beauty will not last for ever,
 Fairest forms are oft defaced ;
 By disease or some misfortune,
 Every elegance erased !

O then seek some lasting treasure,
 Something that will ne'er decay ;
 Something to support and cheer thee,
 In a dark and stormy day !

Religion is the one thing needful
 Early make the Lord thy friend ;
 This will guide, support, and cheer thee,
 Its delights will never end !

And whatever may betide thee,
 If thy hopes are fixed on high ;
 Thou art safe, be calm, and fear not,
 God thy Saviour's ever nigh.

ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER WILLIAM.

"Death, cruel Death, to rob the hearth
 Of one, its joy and pride ;
 Hushed in our song and gladsome mirth,
 Since that loved one hath died.

Tune—"O come, come away."

O DEATH, cruel Death, to rob us of a brother,
 A brother whom we loved so well, O Death, cruel Death !
 To take him from us while so young,
 In youthful days his knell was rung,
 His funeral strain was sung, O Death, cruel Death !

But tho' thou didst rob us of his mortal body,
 His soul is gone to dwell on high, O Death, cruel Death !
 Thou couldst not touch the immortal part,
 His precious soul ne'er felt thy dart,
 So there thou foiled art, O Death, harmless Death !

The Saviour did love him, and redeemed his spirit,
 From slavish fear of Satan, and of Death, ruthless Death !
 He knew for him that Saviour bled,
 For him the priceless blood was shed,
 To save his sinking head from Death, endless Death !

And now he is safe, where sin can never harm him,
Where thou canst never touch him more, O Death, cruel Death!
 He's safe from all distressing fears,
 He now a crown of glory wears,
A conquering palm he bears, O Death, stingless Death !

When we're called to leave this earthly vale of sorrow,
May we like him assurance have, of Death, happy Death !
 And like him reach that blest abode,
 Where Jesus reigns, his people's God,
Then lay us beneath the sod, and shout—welcome Death !



STAYLEYBRIDGE IN YE OLDEN TIME.

PART II.

MY second ramble ; and I stop
 With water-can at "Mellor's Drop ;"
 So slow and sure the water came,
 I might have earned a poet's fame,
 Did I that early time aspire
 To touch with trembling hand the lyre !

Ye favoured housewives, since that day
 Of woman's toil has passed away ;
 And "Mellor's Drop," and "Woolley's Spout,"
 And Sunday morning's turning out
 Of females who, thro' daily toil,
 Could not escape the Sabbath soil.
 At Higher Mill the mustering clans
 Are settling with their water cans ;
 And 'cross the town, at Cowlane well,
 Others beside me still can tell,
 Of weary waitings at the spring,
 While precious time was on the wing.

Old Father Time full many a raid
 On ancient custom's role has made ;
 A modest village, then a town ;
 To Princess robe, changed homespun gown !
 The "factory shawl," and blue print dress,
 By thousands worn, lie in the press
 In some old home ; a relic kept
 Of by-gone days when fashion slept !
 "The mourners go about the street,"
 Pacing the length, they midway meet ;

(A solemn call to passers-by,
 We know not now Death is so nigh !
 We shut our eyes to Philip's skull,
 Our senses steep, our feelings dull :
 Ah, wiser those who ready stand
 With well-trimmed lamp in steady hand ;—
 Ready with joy to enter in,
 To marriage feast, secure from sin.)

In Bethel choir, the double-bass,
 And Jem Knott, had a standard place !
 The little fiddle, too, was there,
 Nor one nor other could we spare :
 At practice-time, for sermons-day
 What stringing up and scraping ! Nay
 You must not laugh, the climax reached,
 We scarcely knew or cared who preached !

In my dear mother's early days,
 At Cocker-hill, the song of praise
 Was read out by the clerk, and then,
 "A house to let," and where and when !
 This was the ancient Stayleybridge,
 Old Time has smoothed down many a ridge.

Altho' we had no curfew bell,
 The hour we generally could tell ;
 As it was then the watchman's task,
 To cry the hour, you need not ask ;
 "Past ten o'clock ;" the nightly cry,
 And so as every hour passed by ;
 "Past five o'clock ;" the sleeper woke,
 Of frosty morning, too, he spoke ;
 The tinder-box was found, and light
 By perseverance met your sight !

Desire to walk, I cannot yield,
 Up Ridghill Lanes, down "Flaggy-field ;"
 To Chamber Hill we must not stray,

Lest "th' boggart" meet us by the way!
 And Ashton put us in the pound,
 For trespassing beyond our bound.
 And I be tempted, too, to claim,
 For one of ours the honoured name—
 Of Thomas Waterhouse, whose praise
 At Stalybridge, will end with days!
 And William Mills, a man of God;
 Another bud of Aaron's rod!
 Samuel as well; O, would that now—
 Men were as earnest as once thou;
 At Bethel, in my native place,
 Such ministry has left a trace.

From "Flaggy-field," a little way,
 Towards Souracre just let me stray;
 To take a drink from either well,
 Which is the best I cannot tell!
 Down Cocker-hill, the nearer way,
 Bohemia Cottage still is gay;
 Across the way the river glides,
 Smoothly with no o'erflowing tides;
 Save when from long-continued rains,
 The swoollen stream impetus gains.
 Here are the "eppings," where I crossed,
 And once my nimble foothold lost!
 With brother Robert in my arms,
 My task to quiet his alarms.

Old Street; here Martha Bennett dwelt,
 Three times a day like Daniel knelt;
 A sage philosopher was she,
 And James sat at Gamaliel's knee!
 Her simple light shone far and wide,
 Not bounded by the river side!
 (Oh, ye whose light hides day by day
 "Under a bushel," wake and pray!
 Lest Martha, at the judgment seat,
 Judge you with privileges great.)

The Eagle Inn, another Cook,
 How desolate the dwellings look ;
 'Twas here, in early childhood's day,
 When my chief duty was to play !
 From door to door, my feet were set,
 With Livesey's "Temperance Advocate."

Following Joe Hall, and th' pack of hounds,
 We swiftly get on other grounds ;
 Up Acres Lane and Mottram Road,
 Our labour will be well bestowed,
 To climb the hill at Early Bank,
 And view the homes of wealth and rank.
 Thro' th' "Ellebounds," and Cheetham's wood,
 On Hough Hill, I have often stood ;
 The noble Priory close to hand,
 As raised by some magician's wand.
 Down Cheetham's walk our way we wend,
 Our ramble soon must have an end ;
 Tho' there is many a dainty spot
 Not named, but ne'er-to-be-forgot ;
 And also many a worthy name
 Unnoticed,—honoured all the same.

(Old Doctor Hutton, generous friend,
 Thy practice did thy medicine mend ;
 When patient's need was most for food,
 Thou didst a liberal meal include.)
 And Stalybridge had trying times,
 But that would lengthen out these rhymes.
 Who does not think of "Forty-two,"
 The turn-out, which we had to rue ;
 Workmen escorted to and fro
 By military where they go.
 A grey-haired woman sought to pass
 The guarded street ; when lo, alas !
 Refusal stern she heeded not,
 But madly 'mongst the ranks she got ;
 A soldier, stooping, seized her hair,
 And stretched her on the pavement there !

My father's work went on the same,
 But not our food, a limit came ;
 And scarcely more than prison fare
 Was ours, that we the gain might share
 'Mongst those who, in the pinching strait,
 Sufficient victuals could not get.
 At Castle Hall the iron pot
 Was set to boil, and good soup hot
 Dealt out, and truly we may say,
 Helped many till a better day.
 My father got his share of blame,—
 Unmerited, indeed, it came ;
 For hungry people, then as now,
 Are swift to blame, no matter how.

If stranger-reader should proclaim,—
 A wish to know my father's name,—
 'Twas Iorwerth Davis, Welshman he,
 From worldly rank and titles free.
 Once councillor he had been made,
 But as it would have hindered trade,
 And family had first a claim,
 No infidel in heart or name
 The proffered honour he declined
 Altho' it was much to his mind.
 Or aught that he could do or say,
 To hasten onward Freedom's day.
 In earlier days, in manhood's prime,
 He was "The Reverend," for a time ;
 But salaries were not the same
 As now ; and works faith overcame !
 Family circle very wide,
 'Twas his to walk while others ride.
 Yet on the Sabbath, duty's line,
 Was his until his life's decline.

To name a child ; visit the sick ;
 Bury the dead ; and then back quick
 To cutting press, or setting-stick.
 This was my father's daily life,
 He intermeddled not with strife.

And printing-presses in those days,
 Had rather slow and solemn ways,
 Compared with modern go-a-head,
 That pours out work, but must be fed !

A glance toward Dukinfield I send :
 Charles Hindley was my father's friend,
 And good and true he served his day,—
 His memory has not passed away.

Up Quarry Street we quickly get,
 Where "Bobby Kershaw's" people met
 For praise and prayer, a worthy few,
 Alike in pulpit and in pew.
 (We cannot go to Hunter's Tower,
 Or farther still, to Gorse Hall bower,
 Where many a leisure hour I'd pass
 With Hannah Norton in the grass !)
 So turn again to "China Row,"
 And notice as we homeward go,
 How many stately buildings stand
 Where once was bare, unsightly land.

(But here I must my rambling stay,
 Or you may, perhaps, for patience pray !)
 Altho' it is my native place,
 I will not lead you such a chase ;
 Footsore and weary, rest, I pray,
 To have it out another day.



