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POEMS

BY

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

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MRS SICOURNEY'S
POEMS.



When on yon heavens with all their orbs I
gaze,
Jehovah ' what is man? "

POEMS

BY

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

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POEMS

BY

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

BREAK from your chains, ye lingering streams ;
Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams ;
Drear fields, your robes of verdure take ;
Birds, from your trance of silence wake ;
Glad trees, resume your leafy crown ;
Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down ;
Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray,
The Spring doth call you,—come away.
Thou too, my soul, with quicken'd force
Pursue thy brief, thy measur'd course ;

With grateful zeal each power employ ;
Catch vigour from Creation's joy ;
And deeply on thy shortening span
Stamp *love to God and love to man.*

But Spring, with tardy step, appears,
Chill is her eye, and moist with tears ;
Still are the founts in fetters bound,—
The flower-germs shrink within the ground.
Where are the warblers of the sky ?
I ask,—and angry blasts reply.
It is not thus in heavenly bowers :—
Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,
Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,
Invade that everlasting Spring
Toward which we look with wishful tear,
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

“NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.”



Not dead? A marble seal is prest,
 Where her bright glance did part,
 A weight is on the pulseless breast,
 And ice around the heart ;
 No more she wakes with greeting smile,
 Gay voice, and buoyant tread,
 But yet ye calmly say the while,
She sleeps, she is not dead.

If thou dost mourn for ashes cold,—
 A voice from heaven replied,
 “Then be thine anguish uncontroll’d,
 Thy tears a heathen tide ;
 Thine idol was that vestment fair
 Which wraps the spirit free,
 Earth, air, and water, claim their share,
 Say ! which shall comfort thee ?

But the strong mind whose heaven-born thought
 No earthly chain could bind,

The holy heart divinely fraught
With love to all mankind,
The humble soul whose early trust
Was with its God on high,
*These were thy sister, who in dust
May sleep, but cannot die.*”

THE COMMUNION.



“Master! it is good to be here.”

MARK, ix., 5.



THEY knelt them side by side ; the hoary man
Whose memory was an age, and she whose
cheek

Gleam'd like that velvet which the young moss-
rose

Puts blushing forth from its scarce sever'd
sheath.

There was the sage,—whose eye of science
spans

The comet in his path of fire,—and she
Whose household duty was her sole delight
And highest study. On the chancel clasp'd,
In meek devotion, were those bounteous hands
Which pour forth charities, unask'd, untir'd,—
And his which roughly win the scanty bread

For his young children. There the man of might
 On bended knee, fast by his servant's side,
 Sought the same Master,—brethren in one
 faith,
 And fellow-pilgrims.

 See yon wrinkled brow,
 Where care and grief for many a year have
 trac'd

Alternate furrows,—bow'd so near those lips,
 Which but the honey and the dew of love
 Have nourish'd. And, for each, eternal health
 Descendeth here.

 Look! look! as yon deep veil
 Is swept aside, what an o'erwhelming page
 Disease hath written with its pen of pain.
 Ah, suffering sister, thou art hastening where
 No treacherous hectic plants is funeral rose:
 Drink thou the wine-cup of thy risen Lord,
 And it shall nerve thee for thy toilsome path
 Through the dark valley of the shade of death.

—'Tis o'er. A holy silence reigns around.
 The organ slumbers. The sweet, solemn voice
 Of him who dealt the soul its heavenly food
 Turns inward, like a wearied sentinel,
 Pillowing on thought profound.

 Then every head
 Bends low in parting worship,—mute, and deep,
 The whisper of the soul. And who may tell

In that brief, silent space, how many a hope
Is born that hath a life beyond the tomb.

—So hear us, Father ! in our voiceless prayer,
That at thy better banquet all may meet,
And take the cup of bliss, and thirst no more.

THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF
A FRIEND.

THAT solemn knell, whose mournful call
Strikes on the heart, I heard ;
I saw the sable pall
Covering the form revered.

And, lo! his fathers' race, the ancient and
the blest,
Unlock the dim sepulchral halls, where silently
they rest,
And to the unsaluting tomb,
Curtained round with rayless gloom,
He entereth in, a wearied guest.

To his bereaved abode, the fire-side chair,
The holy, household prayer,
Affection's watchful zeal, his life that blest,
The tuneful lips that soothed his pain,
With the dear name of "Father" thrilling
through his breast,
He cometh not again.

Flowers in his home bloom fair,
 The evening taper sparkles clear,
 The intellectual banquet waiteth there,
 Which his heart held so dear.

The tenderness and grace
 That make religion beautiful still spread
 Their sainted wings to guard the place—
 Alluring friendship's frequent tread.
 Still seeks the stranger's foot that hospitable
 door,
 But he, the husband and the sire, returneth
 never more.

His was the upright deed,
 His the unswerving course,
 'Mid every thwarting current's force,
 Unchanged by venal aim, or flattery's hollow
 reed :

The holy truth walked ever by his side,
 And in his bosom dwelt, companion, judge, and
 guide.

But when disease revealed
 To his unclouded eye
 The stern destroyer standing nigh,
 Where turned he for a shield?
 Wrapt he the robe of stainless rectitude
 Around his breast to meet cold Jordan's flood?
 Grasped he the staff of pride
 His steps through death's dark vale to guide?

Ah no ! self-righteousness he cast aside,
Clasping, with firm and fearless faith, the cross
of Him who died.

Serene,—serene,—
He press'd the crumbling verge of this terrestrial
scene,
Breath'd soft in childlike trust
The parting groan,—
Gave back to dust its dust,—
To Heaven, its own.

ON A PICTURE OF PENITENCE.



YES! look to Heaven. Earth scorns to lend
 Refuge, or ray thy steps to guide;
 Bids pity with suspicion blend,
 And slander check compassion's tide.

We will not ask, what thorn hath found
 Admittance to thy bosom fair,—
 If love hath dealt a traitor's wound,
 Or hopeless folly woke despair:—

We only say, that sinless clime,
 To which is raised thy streaming eye,
 Hath pardon for the deepest crime,
 Though erring man that boon deny:—

We only say, the prayerful breast,
 The gushing tear of contrite pain,
 Have power to ope that portal blest,
 Where vaunting pride must toil in vain.

R O M E .



'Tis sunset on the Palatine. A flood
 Of living glory wraps the Sabine hills,
 And o'er the rough and serrate Appenines
 Floats like a burning mantle. Purple mists
 Rise faintly o'er the grey and ivied tombs
 Of the Campagna, as sad memory steals
 Forth from the twilight of the heart, to hold
 Its mournful vigil o'er affection's dust.
 Was that thy camp, old Romulus, where creeps
 The clinging vine-flower round yon fallen fanes
 And mouldering columns?

Lo! thy clay-built huts,
 And band of malcontents, with barbarous port,
 Up from the sea of buried ages rise,
 Darkening the scene. Methinks I see thee
 stand,
 Thou wolf-nursed monarch, o'er the human
 herd
 Supreme in savageness, yet strong to plant
 Barrier and bulwark, whence should burst a
 might
 And majesty by thy untutored soul

Unmeasured, unconceived. As little dreams
 The careless boy, who to the teeming earth
 Casts the light acorn, of the forest's pomp,
 Which, springing from that noteless germ, shall
 rear

Its banner to the skies, when he must sleep
 A noteless atom.

 Hark ! the owlet's cry,
 That, like a muttering sybil, makes her cell
 'Mid Nero's house of gold, with clustering
 bats,
 And gliding lizards. Tells she not to man,
 In the hoarse plaint of that discordant shriek,
 The end of earthly glory ?

 With mad haste
 No more the chariot round the stadium flies ;
 Nor toil the rivals in the painful race
 To the far goal ; nor from yon broken arch
 Comes forth the victor, with flushed brow, to
 claim

The hard-earned garland. All have pass'd
 away,

Save the dead ruins, and the living robe
 That nature wraps around them. Anxious fear,
 High-swollen expectancy, intense despair,
 And wild exulting triumph, here have reigned,
 And perished all.

'Twere well could we forget
How oft the gladiator's blood hath stained
Yon grass-grown pavement, while imperial
Rome
With all her fairest, brightest brows, looked
down
On the stern courage of the wounded wretch
Grappling with mortal agony. The sigh
Or tone of tender pity were to him
A dialect unknown, o'er whose dim eye
The distant vision of his cabin rude,
With all its echoing voices, all the rush
Of its cool, flowing waters, brought a pang
To which keen death was slight.

But now the scene
Once proudly peopled with the gods of earth
Spreads unempurpled, unimpassion'd forth,
While, curtain'd with her ancient glory,—Rome
Slumbereth, like one o'erwearied.

DEPARTURE OF
MRS. HANNAH MORE
FROM BARLEY WOOD.

It was a lovely scene,
That cottage 'mid the trees,
And peerless England's shaven green,
Peep'd, their interstices between,
While in each sweet recess, and grotto wild,
Nature convers'd with art, or on her labours
smil'd.

It seem'd a parting hour,
And she whose hand had made
That spot so beautiful with woven shade
And aromatic shrub and flower,
Turn'd her from those haunts away,
Tho' spring relum'd each charm, and fondly
woo'd her stay.

Yon mansion teems with legends for the
 heart :
 There her lov'd sisters circled round her side,
 To share in all her toils a part,
 There, too, with gentle sigh
 Each laid her down to die :
 Methinks their beckoning phantoms glide,
 Twining with tenderest ties
 Of hoarded memories,
 Green bower, and quiet walk, and vine wreath'd
 spot :
 Hark ! where the cypress waves
 Above their peaceful graves,
 Seems not some echo on the gale to rise ?
 " O, sister, leave us not ! "

Her lingering footstep stays
 Upon that threshold stone,
 And o'er the pictur'd wall, her farewell gaze
 Rests on the portraits, one by one,
 Of treasur'd friends, before her gone
 To that bright world of bliss where partings are
 unknown.

The wintry snows
 That fourscore years disclose,
 When slow to life's last verge, Time's lonely
 chariot goes,
 Are on her temples ; and her features meek

Subdued and silent sorrow speak ;
 Yet still her arm in cheerful trust doth lean
 On faithful friendship's prop,—that changeless
 evergreen.

Like Eve, from Paradise, she goes,
 Yet not by guilt involv'd in woes,
 Nor driven by angel bands,—
 The flaming sword is planted at her gate
 By menial hands :
 Yes, those who at her table fed
 Despise the giver of their daily bread,
 And from ingratitude and hate
 The wounded patron fled.

Think not the pang was slight
 That thus within her uncomplaining breast
 She cover'd from the light :
 Tho' knowledge o'er her mind had pour'd
 The full, imperishable hoard,
 Tho' virtue, such as dwells among the blest,
 Came nightly, on reflection's wing, to soothe her
 soul to rest,
 Tho' Fame to farthest earth her name had
 borne,
 These brought no shield against the envious
 thorn :
 Deem not the envenom'd dart
 Invulnerable found her thrilling woman's heart.

Man's home is everywhere. On ocean's flood,
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood
 Earth's utmost zones together,
 Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees
 wave,
 Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
 He, with bronzed cheek and daring step
 doth rove ;
 He with short pang and slight
 Doth turn him from the chequer'd light
 Of the fair moon thro' his own forests dancing,
 Where music, joy, and love,
 Were his young hours entrancing ;
 And where ambition's thunder-claim
 Points out his lot,
 Or fitful wealth allures to roam,
 There, doth he make his home,
 Repining not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls,
 Though ruinous and lone,
 Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-
 mother's tone,—
 The home with humble walls,
 Where breath'd a parent's prayer around her
 bed,—
 The valley, where with playmates true,
 She cull'd the strawberry, bright with dew,—

The bower, where Love her timid footsteps
led,—

The hearth-stone where her children grew,—
The damp soil where she cast

The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them
bide the blast,—

Affection, with unfading tint recalls,

Lingering round the ivied walls,

Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,

Making fresh honey of remember'd things,
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of
stings.

P E A C E.



“Peace I leave with you.”—JOHN, xiv., 27.



“*Peace*,” was the song the angels sang,
 When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
 And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,
 To calm the wondering shepherds’ fears :—
 “*War*,” is the word that man hath spoke,
 Convuls’d by passions dark and dread,
 And vengeance bound a lawless yoke
 Even where the Gospel’s bannèr spread.

“*Peace*,” was the prayer the Saviour breathed
 When from our world his steps withdrew,
 The gift he to his friends bequeathed
 With Calvary and the cross in view :—
 And ye whose souls have felt his love,
 Guard day and night this rich bequest,
 The watch-word of the host above,
 The passport to their realm of rest.

TOMB OF A YOUNG FRIEND AT
MOUNT AUBURN.



I do remember thee.

There was a strain
Of thrilling music, a soft breath of flowers
Telling of summer to a festive throng,
That fill'd the lighted halls. And the sweet
smile

That spoke their welcome, the high warbled lay
Swelling with rapture through a parent's heart,
Were thine.

Time wav'd his noiseless wand awhile,
And in thy cherish'd home once more I stood,
Amid those twin'd and cluster'd sympathies
Where the rich blessings of thy heart sprang
forth,
Like the moss rose. Where was the voice of
song

Pouring out glad and glorious melody?—
But when I ask'd for thee, they took me where
A hallow'd mountain wrapt its verdant head
In changeful drapery of woods, and flowers,

And silver streams, and where thou erst didst
love,

Musing to walk, and lend a serious ear
To the wild melody of birds that hung
Their unharm'd dwellings 'mid its woven
bowers.

Yet here and there, involv'd in curtaining
shades

Uprose those sculptur'd monuments that bear
The ponderous warnings of eternity.

So, thou hast pass'd the unreturning gate,
Where dust with dust doth linger, and gone
down

In all the beauty of thy blooming years
To this most sacred city of the dead.

The granite obelisk and the pale flower
Reveal thy couch. Fit emblems of the frail
And the immortal.

But that bitter grief

Which holds stern vigil o'er the mouldering
clay,

Keeping long night-watch with its sullen lamp
Had fled thy tomb, and faith did lift its eye
Full of sweet tears : for when warm tear-drops
gush

From the pure memories of a love that wrought
For others happiness, and rose to take
Its own full share of happiness above,
Are they not sweet ?

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.*

—◆—

WHAT maketh music, when the bird
Doth hush its merry lay?
And the sweet spirit of the flowers
Hath sighed itself away?
What maketh music when the frost
Enchains the murmuring rill,
And every song that summer woke
In winter's trance is still?

* "The Rev. Mr. George Herbert, in one of his walks to Salisbury to join a musical society, saw a poor man, with a poorer horse, which had fallen under its load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped the poor man to unload, and raise the horse, and afterwards to load him again. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, admonishing him also, 'if he loved himself, to be merciful to his beast.' Then, coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be always so trim and neat, should come into that company so soiled and

What maketh music when the winds
In strong encounter rise,
When ocean strikes his thunder-gong,
And the rent cloud replies ?
While no adventurous planet dares
The midnight arch to deck,
And, in its startled dream, the babe
Doth clasp its mother's neck ?

And when the fiercer storms of fate
Wild o'er the pilgrim sweep,
And earthquake-voices claim the hopes
He treasur'd long and deep,
When loud the threatening passions roar
Like lions in their den,
And vengeful tempests lash the shore,
What maketh music then ?

discomposed. Yet, when he told them the reason, one of them said that he had 'disparaged himself by so mean an employment.' But his answer was that, the thought of what he had done, would prove *music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass that place. 'For if,' said he, 'I am bound to *pray* for all that are in distress, I am surely bound, so far as is in my power, to *practise* what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet would I not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God for this opportunity. So now let us tune our instruments.' "

The deed to humble virtue born,
Which nursing memory taught
To shun a boastful world's applause,
And love the lowly thought,
This builds a cell within the heart,
Amid the blasts of care,
And tuning high its heaven-struck harp,
Makes midnight music there.

TRUST IN GOD.



“And David said, Let me now fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great,—and let me not fall into the hand of man.”—2 SAM. xxiv., 14.



MAN hath a voice severe,
 His neighbour's fault to blame,
 A wakeful eye, a listening ear
 To note his brother's shame.

He, with suspicious glance
 The curtain'd breast doth read,
 And raise the accusing balance high,
 To weigh the doubtful deed.

Oh Thou, whose piercing thought
 Doth note each secret path,
 For mercy to Thy throne, we fly,
 From man's condemning wrath.

Thou, who dost dimness mark
 In Heaven's resplendent way,

And folly in that angel host
Who serve thee night and day.

How fearless should our trust
In thy compassion be,
When from our brother of the dust
We dare appeal to Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER.



I SAW a dark procession slowly wind
 'Mid funeral shades, and a lone mourner stand
 Fast by the yawning of the pit that whelm'd
 His bosom's idol.

Then the sable scene
 Faded away, and to his alter'd home
 Sad fancy follow'd him, and saw him fold
 His one, lone babe, in agoniz'd embrace,
 And kiss the brow of trusting innocence,
 That in its blessed ignorance wail'd not
 A mother lost. Yet she who would have
 watch'd
 Each germ of intellect, each bud of truth,
 Each fair unfolding of the fruit of Heaven,
 With thrilling joy, was like the marble cold.

—There were the flowers she planted, blooming
 fair,
 As if in mockery,—there the varied stores
 That in the beauty of their order charm'd
 At once the tasteful and the studious hour,
 Pictures, and tinted shells, and treasur'd tomes ;

But the presiding mind, the cheerful voice,
The greeting glance, the spirit-stirring smile,
Fled, fled for ever.

And he knoweth all!
Hath felt it all, deep in his tortur'd soul,
Till reason and philosophy grew faint,
Beneath a grief like his. Whence hath he then
The power to comfort others, and to speak
Thus of the resurrection?

He hath found
That hope which is an anchor to the soul,
And with a martyr-courage holds him up
To bear the will of God.

Say, ye who tempt
The sea of life, by summer-gales impell'd,
Have ye this anchor? Sure a time will come
For storms to try you, and strong blasts to rend
Your painted sails, and shred your gold-like
chaff
O'er the wild wave; and what a wreck is man
If sorrow find him unsustain'd by God.

F A I T H.



WRAPT in the robe of Faith,
Come to the place of prayer,
And seal thy deathless vows to Him
Who makes thy life his care.

Doth he thy sunny skies
O'ercloud with tempest gloom?
Or take the idol of thy breast,
And hide it in the tomb?

Or bid thy treasur'd joys
In hopeless ruin lie?
Search not his reasons,—wait his will;
The record is on high.

For should he strip thy heart
Of all it boasts on earth,
And set thee naked and alone,
As at thy day of birth,

He cannot do thee wrong,
Those gifts were his at first,—

Draw nearer to his changeless throne,
Bow deeper in the dust.

Calls he thy parting soul
Unbodied from the throng?
Cling closer to thy Saviour's cross,
And raise the victor song.

THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER.



I HEARD the voice of prayer—a mother's
prayer—

A dying mother for her only son.

Young was his brow, and fair.

Her hand was on his head,

Her words of love were said,

Her work was done.

And there were other voices near her bed—

Sweet, bird-like voices—for their mother dear

Asking, with mournful tear.

Ah, by whose hand shall those sad tears be
dried,

When one brief hour is fled,

And hers shall pulseless rest, low with the silent
dead?

Yes, there was death's dark valley, drear and
cold!

And the hoarse dash of an o'erwhelming wave
Alone she treads: is there no earthly hold,

No friend—no helper—no strong arm to save?

Down to the fearful grave,
In the firm courage of a faith serene,
Alone she press'd—
And as she drew the chord
That bound her to her Lord
More closely round her breast,
The white wing of the waiting angel spread
More palpably, and earth's bright things grew
pale.
Even fond affection's wail
Seemed like the far-off sigh of spring's forgotten
gale.

And so the mother's prayer,
So often breathed above,
In agonizing love,
Rose high in praise of God's protecting care.
Meek on his arm her infant charge she laid,
And with a trusting eye,
Of Christian constancy,
Confiding in her blest Redeemer's aid,
She taught the weeping band,
Who round her couch of pain did stand,
How a weak woman's hand,
Fettered with sorrow and with sin,
Might from the king of terrors win
The victory.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.



“LIFT up your heads, ye hallowed gates, and
 give
 The King of Glory room.”

And then a strain
 Of solemn trembling melody inquired,
 “Who is the King of Glory.”

But a sound
 Brake from the echoing temple, like the rush
 Of many waters, blent with organ's breath,
 And the soul's harp, and the uplifted voice
 Of prelate, and of people, and of priest,
 Responding joyously—“The Lord of Hosts,
 He is the King of Glory.”

Enter in
 To this his new abode, and with glad heart
 Kneel low before his footstool. Supplicate
 That favouring presence which doth condescend,
 From the pavilion of high heaven to beam
 On earthly temples, and in contrite souls.

Here fade all vain distinctions that the pride
 Of man can arrogate. This house of prayer

Doth teach that all are sinners—all have strayed
Like erring sheep. The princely, or the poor,
The bright or ebon brow, the pomp of power,
The boast of intellect, what are they here?
Man sinks to nothing, while he deals with God.

Yet, let the grateful hymn of those who share
A boundless tide of blessings—those who tread
Their pilgrim path, rejoicing in the hope
Of an ascended Saviour—through these walls
For ever flow. Thou dedicated dome!
May'st thou in majesty and beauty stand:
Stand, and give praise, until the rock-ribbed
earth

In her last throes shall tremble. Then dissolve
Into thy native dust, with one long sigh
Of melody, while the redeemed souls
That, 'neath thine arch, to endless life were
born,

Go up, on wings of glory, to the "house
Not made with hands."

THE CHRISTIAN GOING HOME.

Occasioned by the words of a dying friend,—“Before morning, I shall be at home.”

HOME! home! its glorious threshold
 Through parted clouds I see,
 Those mansions by a Saviour bought,
 Where I have longed to be,
 And, lo! a bright unnumbered host
 O'erspread the heavenly plain,
 Not one is silent—every harp
 Doth swell the adoring strain.

Fain would my soul be praising
 Amid that sinless throng,
 Fain would my voice be raising
 Their everlasting song,—
 Hark! hark! they bid me hasten
 To leave the fainting clay,
 Friends! hear ye not the welcome sound?
 “Arise, and come away.”

Before the dawn of morning
These lower skies shall light,
I shall have joined their company
Above this realm of night,
Give thanks, my mourning dear ones,
Thanks to the Eternal King,
Who crowns my soul with victory
And plucks from Death the sting.

WAITING UPON THE LORD.



“I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face.”
ISAIAH.



WHERE'ER thine earthly lot is cast,
 Whate'er its duties prove,
 To toil 'neath penury's piercing blast,
 Or share the cell of love,
 Or 'mid the pomp of wealth to live,
 Or wield of power the rod,
 Still as a faithful servant strive
 To wait alone on God.

Should disappointment's blighting sway
 Destroy of joy the bloom,
 Till one by one thy hopes decay
 In darkness and the tomb,
 Should Heaven its cheering smile withhold
 From thy disastrous fate,
 And foes arise like billows bold,—
 Still, on Jehovah wait.

When timid dawn her couch forsakes,
Or noon-day splendours glide,
Or eve her curtain'd pillow takes,
While watchful stars preside,
Or midnight drives the throngs of care
Far from her ebon throne,
Unwearied in thy fervent prayer
Wait thou on God alone.

But should He still conceal his face
Till flesh and spirit fail,
And bid thee darkly run the race
Of Time's receding vale,
With what a doubly glorious ray
His smile will light that sky
Where ransom'd souls rejoicing lay
Their robes of mourning by.

DEATH-BED OF THE REV. DR.
PAYSON.

“The eye spoke after the tongue became motionless. Looking on his wife, and glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, it rested on his eldest son, with an expression which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if he had uttered the words of the beloved disciple,—‘Behold thy mother!’ ”

Memoir of the REV. EDWARD PAYSON.

WHAT said the eye? The marble lip spake not,
Save in that quivering sob with which stern
 death
Crusheth life’s harp-strings. Lo! again it pours
A tide of more than uttered eloquence—
“Son! look upon thy mother,”—and retires
Beneath the curtain of the drooping lids
To hide itself for ever. ’Tis the last,
Last glance! and, ah! how tenderly it fell
Upon that loved companion, and the groups

Who wept around. Full well the dying knew
 The value of those holy charities
 Which purge the dross of selfishness away ;
 And deep he felt that woman's trusting heart
 Rent from the cherished prop which, next to
 Christ,
 Had been her stay in all adversities,
 Would take the balm-cup best from that dear
 hand
 Which woke the sources of maternal love ;
 That smile whose winning paid for sleepless
 nights
 Of cradle-care—that voice whose murmured
 tones
 Her own had moulded to the words of prayer.
 How soothing to a widowed mother's breast,
 Her first-born's sympathy.

Be strong, young man !

Lift the protector's arm, the healer's prayer—
 Be tender in thine every word and deed.
 A spirit watcheth thee ! Yes, he who pass'd
 From shaded earth up to the full-orbed day,
 Will be thy witness in the court of Heaven,
 How thou dost bear his mantle. So, farewell,
 Leader in Israel ! Thou whose radiant path
 Was like the angel's standing* in the sun,
 Undazzled and unswerving. It was meet
 That thou should'st rise to light without a cloud.

* Revelations, xix., 17.

MISSION HYMN.



ONWARD! onward! men of heaven,
 Rear the Gospel's banner high;
 Rest not, till its light is given,—
 Star of every pagan sky.
 Bear it where the pilgrim-stranger
 Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray;
 Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
 Hail it, ere he fades away.

Where the arctic ocean thunders,—
 Where the tropics fiercely glow,
 Broadly spread its page of wonders,
 Brightly bids its radiance flow.
 India marks its lustre, stealing,
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
 Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
 Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
 Dark in spirit though they be,
 Show that light to every creature,—
 Prince or vassal,—bond or free.—

Lo ! they haste to every nation ;
Host on host the ranks supply ;
Onward ! Christ is your salvation,—
And your death is victory !

ON MEETING SEVERAL FORMER
PUPILS AT THE COMMUNION
TABLE.



“I have no greater joy than to see my children
walk in the truth.”—ST. JOHN.



WHEN kneeling round a Saviour's board
Fair forms, and brows belov'd, I see,
Who once the paths of peace explor'd,
And trac'd the studious page with me,—

Who from my side with pain would part ;
My entering step with gladness greet,
And pour complacent, o'er my heart,
Affection's dew-drops, pure and sweet,

When now, from each remember'd face
Beam tranquil hope and trust benign,
When in each eye Heaven's smile I trace,
The tear of joy suffuses mine.

Father! I bless thy ceaseless care,
Which thus its holiest gifts hath shed;
Guide Thou their steps through every snare,
From every danger shield their head.

From treacherous error's dire control,—
From pride, from change, from darkness free,
Preserve each timorous, trusting soul,
That, like the ark-dove, flies to Thee.

And may the wreath that cloudless days
Around our hearts so fondly wove,
Still bind us till we speak Thy praise,
As sister spirits, one in love;—

One, where no lingering ill can harm;
One, where no stroke of fate can sever;
Where nought but holiness doth charm,
And all that charms shall live for ever.

THE LOST SISTER.



THEY wak'd me from my sleep, I knew not
 why,
 And bade me hasten where a midnight lamp
 Gleam'd from an inner chamber. There she
 lay,
 With brow so pale,—who yester-morn breath'd
 forth
 Through joyous smiles her superflux of bliss
 Into the hearts of others. By her side
 Her hoary sire, with speechless sorrow, gazed
 Upon the stricken idol,—all dismay'd
 Beneath his God's rebuke. And she who nurs'd
 That fair young creature at her gentle breast,
 And oft those sunny locks had deck'd with buds
 Of rose and jasmine, shuddering wip'd the dews
 Which death distils.

The sufferer just had given
 Her long farewell, and for the last, *last* time
 Touch'd with cold lips his cheek who led so late
 Her footsteps to the altar, and receiv'd
 In the deep transport of an ardent heart
 Her vow of love. And she had striven to press

That golden circlet with her bloodless hand
 Back on his finger, which he kneeling gave
 At the bright, bridal morn. So, there she lay
 In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb
 Wounded in flowery pastures, from whose breast
 The dreaded bitterness of death had pass'd.
 —But a faint wail disturb'd the silent scene,
 And, in its nurse's arms a new-born babe
 Was borne in utter helplessness along,
 Before that dying eye.

Its gather'd film
 Kindled one moment with a sudden glow
 Of tearless agony,—and fearful pangs,
 Racking the rigid features, told how strong
 A mother's love doth root itself. One cry
 Of bitter anguish, blent with fervent prayer,
 Went up to Heaven,—and, as its cadence sank,
 Her spirit enter'd there.

Morn after morn
 Rose and retir'd; yet still as in a dream
 I seem'd to move. The certainty of loss
 Fell not *at once* upon me. Then I wept
 As weep the sisterless.—For thou wert fled,
 My only, my belov'd, my sainted one,—
 Twin of my spirit! and my number'd days
 Must wear the sable of that midnight hour
 Which rent thee from me.

MISTAKEN GRIEF.



“There the wicked cease from troubling, and there
the weary are at rest.” JOB.



WE mourn for those who toil,
The wretch who ploughs the main,
The slave who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain ;
For those who in the world's hard race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of gliding phantoms chase ;
Why mourn for those who rest ?

We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckoneth in
To prisons of despair,—
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wreck'd on folly's shore,
But why in anguish should we mourn
For those who sin no more ?

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend,
Despairing o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend ;
But they who Jordan's swelling tide
No more are call'd to stem,
Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,
Why should we mourn for them ?

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES
FOR CEYLON.



WAVE, wide Ceylon, your foliage fair,
Your spicy fragrance freely strew,
See, ocean's threatening surge we dare,
To bear salvation's gift to you.

And, ye who long with faithful hand
Have fondly till'd that favour'd soil,
We come, we come, a brother-band
To share the burden of your toil.

Land of our birth ! we may not stay
The ardour of our hearts to tell,
Friends of our youth ! we dare not say
How deep within our souls ye dwell.

But when the dead, both small and great,
Shall stand before the Judge's seat,
When sea, and sky, and earthly state,
All like a baseless vision fleet,

The hope that then some heathen eye
Thro' us, an angel's glance may raise,
Bids us to vanquish nature's tie,
And turn her parting tear to praise.

CRY OF THE CORANNAS.

“Missionaries are going far beyond us,—but they come not to us. We have been promised a missionary, but can get none. God has given us plenty of corn, but we are perishing for want of instruction. Our people are dying every day. We have heard there is another life after death, but we know nothing of it.”

WE see our infants fade. The mother clasps
 The enfeebled form, and watches night and day
 Its speechless agony, with tears and cries,
 But there's a hand more strong than her despair,
 That rends it from her bosom. Our young men
 Are bold and full of strength, but something
 comes,
 We know not what, and so they droop and die.
 Those whom we lov'd so much, our gentler
 friends,
 Who bless our homes, *we gaze, and they are
 gone.*

Our mighty chiefs, who in the battle's rage
Tower'd up like gods, so fearless, and return'd
So loftily, behold! they pine away
Like a pale girl, and so, we lay them down
With the forgotten throng, who dwell in dust.

They call it death, and we have faintly heard
By a far echo o'er the distant sea
There was a life beyond it. *Is it so?*
If there be aught above this mouldering mound
Where we do leave our friends,—if there be
 hope,
So passing strange, that they should rise again
And we should see them, we who mourn them
 now,
We pray you speak such glorious tidings forth
In our benighted clime. Ye heaven-spread sails
Pass us not by! Men of the living God!
Upon our mountain-heights we stand and shout
To you in our distress. Fain would we hear
Your wondrous message fully, that our hearts
May hail its certainty, before we go
Ourselves to those dark caverns of the dead,
Where everlasting silence seems to reign.

GIFT OF A BIBLE.



BEHOLD the book,—o'er which, from ancient
 time,
 Sad penitence hath poured the prayerful
 breath,
 And meek devotion bowed with joy sublime,
 And nature armed her for the strife of death,
 And trembling hope renewed her wreath divine,
 And faith an anchor gained:—that holy book is
 thine.

Behold the book,—whose sacred truths to
 spread
 Christ's heralds toil beneath a foreign sky,
 Pouring its blessings o'er the heathen's head,
 A martyr-courage kindling in their eye.
 Wide o'er the globe its glorious light must shine,
 As glows the arch of heaven:—that holy book is
 thine.

Here search with humble heart, and ardent eye,
 Where plants of peace in bloom celestial
 grow;

Here breathe to mercy's ear the contrite sigh,
And bid the soul's unsullied fragrance flow
To Him who shuts the rose at even-tide,
And opes its dewy eye when earliest sunbeams
glide

May Heaven's pure Spirit touch thy soften'd
heart,
And guide thy feet through life's eventful lot:
That when from this illusive scene I part,
And in the grave lie mouldering and forgot,
This, my first gift, like golden link, may join
Thee, to that angel-band around the Throne
Divine.

HOME MISSIONS.



TURN thee to thine own broad waters,
Labor in thy native earth,
Call salvation's sons and daughters
From the clime that gave thee birth.

Here are pilgrim-souls benighted,
Here are evils to be slain,
Graces in their budding blighted,
Spirits bound in error's chain.

Raise the Gospel's glorious streamer
Where yon cloud-topp'd forest waves,
Follower of the meek Redeemer
Serve him 'mid thy father's graves.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.



SHE passeth hence,—a friend from loving friends,
 A mother from her children. Time hath shed
 No frost upon her, and the tree of life
 Glows in the freshness of its summer prime.—
 Yet still she passeth hence : her work on earth
 Soon done, and well. Her's was the unwavering
 mind,
 The untiring hand in duty. Firm of soul
 And pure in purpose, on the Eternal Rock
 Of Christian trust, her energies reposed,
 And sought no tribute from a shadowy world.
 Her early hope and homage clave to God,
 When the bright skies, the untroubled founts of
 youth,
 With all their song-birds, all their flowers,
 rose up
 To tempt her spirit. So, in hours of pain,
 He did remember her, and on her brow
 And in her breast, the dove-like messenger
 Found peaceful home.

 O thou, whom grieving love
 Would blindly pinion in this vale of tears,

Farewell ! It is a glorious flight for faith
To trace thy upward path, above this clime
Of change and storm. We will remember thee
At thy turf-bed,--and, 'mid the twilight hour
Of solemn music, when the buried friend
Comes back so visibly, and seems to fill
The vacant chair, our speech shall be of thee.

THE JOURNEY WITH THE DEAD.



THEY journey 'neath the summer sky,
 A lov'd and loving train,
 But Nature spreads her genial charms
 To lure their souls in vain,
 Husband and wife and child are there,
 Warm-hearted, true and kind,
 Yet every kindred lip is seal'd,
 And every head declin'd.

Weary and sad, their course is bent
 To seek an ancient dome,
 Where hospitality hath made
 A long-remember'd home ;
 And one with mournful care they bring
 Whose footstep erst was gay
 Amid' these halls ; why comes she now
 In sorrow's dark array ?

Here fell a sainted grandsire's prayer
 Upon her infant rest,
 And with the love of ripen'd years
 The cherish'd haunt was blest ;

Here was the talisman that bade
Her heart's blood sparkle high,
Why steals no flush across her cheek?
No lightning to her eye?

They bear her to the house of God,
But though that hallow'd spot
Is fill'd with prayer from lips she lov'd
Her voice respondeth not,
She heedeth not, she heedeth not,
She, who from early days
Had joy'd within that holy Church,
To swell Jehovah's praise.

Then onward toward a narrow cell
They tread the grass-grown track,
From whence the unreturning guest
Doth send no tidings back;
There sleeps the grandsire high and brave
In freedom's battles tried,*
With him whose banner was the cross
Of Jesus crucified.

Down by those hoary chiefs she laid
Her young, unfrosted head,
To rise no more, until the voice
Of Jesus wakes the dead,

* General Putnam.

From her own dear, domestic bower,
From deep, confiding love,
From earth's unshaded smile, she turn'd
To purer bliss above.

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE FEMALES IN THE CONNECTI-
CUT STATE PRISON.



THE silent curtains of the night
Our lonely cell surround,
God's dwelling is in perfect light,
His mercy hath no bound.

Still on the sinful and the vile
His daily bounties fall,
And still his sun with cheering smile
Dispenses good to all.

The way of wickedness is hard,
Its bitter fruits we know,
Shame in this world is its reward,
And in the future, woe.

But Thou ! who see'st us while we pay
The penance of our guilt,
Cast not our souls condemn'd away,
Christ's blood for us was spilt.

Deep root within a soil subdued
Let true repentance take,
'And be its fruits a life renew'd,
For the Redeemer's sake.

Uplift our spirits from the ground,
Give to our darkness, light.
Oh thou! whose mercies have no bound,
Preserve us safe this night.

THE HUGUENOT PASTOR.



During the persecution of the Huguenots in France, soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, one of their ministers, possessed of great learning and piety, having witnessed the demolition of his own Church at Montpellier, was induced by the solicitations of his people, to preach to them in the night, upon its ruins. For this offence, he was condemned to be broken on the wheel.



BEHOLD him on the ruins,—not of fanes
 With ivy mantled, which the touch of time
 Hath slowly crumbled,—but amid the wreck
 Of his own temple, by infuriate hands
 In shapeless masses, and rude fragments strown
 Wide o'er the trampled turf. Serene he stood,
 A pale, sad beauty on his youthful brow,
 With eyes uprais'd, as if his stricken soul
 Fled from material things. Where was the spire
 That solemn through those chestnut trees looked
 forth ?

The tower, the arch, the altar, whence he bless'd

A kneeling throng? the font where infancy
 Rais'd in his arms to God was consecrate,
 An incense-breathing bud? Not on such themes
 Dar'd his fond thoughts to dwell, but firm in
 faith

He lifted up his voice and spake of Heaven,
 Where desolations come not.

Midnight hung
 Dreary and dense around, and the lone lamp
 That o'er his Bible stream'd, hung tremulous
 Beneath the fitful gale.

There, resting deep
 Upon the planted staff, were aged men,
 The grave's white tokens in their scatter'd hair,
 And youthful forms, with gaze intensely fix'd
 On their beloved Pastor, as he taught
 Of Christ their righteousness, while here and
 there

A group of mourning mothers from whose arms
 Their babes by persecution's rage were torn
 Blent with their listening, the low sob of grief.
 Close by their father's knees young children
 cower'd

And in each echoing footstep fear'd a foe.
 —It was a time of trouble, and the flock
 Came hungering for the heavenly bread which
 gives

Strength to the heavy laden. 'Twas a scene
 That France might well have wept with tears
 of blood

But in the madness of a dire disease
 She slew her loyal sons, and urg'd the sword
 'Gainst her own vitals.

Lo! the dawn is out,
 With her grey banner, and the parting flock
 Seek their own homes, praising the Hand that
 spares

Their faithful shepherd. Silent evening wakes
 Far different orgies. Yonder mangled form
 Sinking 'neath murderous fury, can ye trace
 Its lineaments of beauty, 'mid the wreck
 Of anguish and distortion? Son of God!
 Is this *thy* messenger, whose voice so late
 Thrill'd with an angel's sweetness, as it pour'd
 Thy blessing on the people?

Yet, be still,
 And breathe no bitter thought above his dust,
 Who served the Prince of Peace. The spirit of
 love

Did make that lifeless breast its temple-shrine,
 Offend it not. But raise with tender hand
 Those blood-stain'd curls, and shed the pitying
 tear.

—That marble lip no more can bless its foes,
 But from the wreck of martyrdom, the soul
 Hath risen in radiance, o'er the strife of man.

“THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”



WHEN Heaven's unerring pencil writes, on every
 pilgrim's breast,
 Its passport to Time's changeful shore, "*lo, this
 is not your rest,*"
 Why build ye towers, ye fleeting ones? why
 bowers of fragrance rear?
 As if the self-deceiving soul might find its Eden
 here.

In vain! In vain! wild storms will rise and o'er
 your fabrics sweep,
 Yet when loud thunders wake the wave, and
 deep replies to deep,
 When in your path, Hope's broken prism doth
 shed its parting ray,
 Spring up and fix your tearful eye on undeclining
 day.

If like an ice-bolt to the heart, frail Friendship's
 altered eye
 Admits those rosy wreaths are dead, it promis'd
 could not die,

Lift, lift to an Eternal Friend, the agonizing
prayer,
The souls that put their trust in Him, shall never
know despair.

If Fancy, she who bids young Thought, its
freshest incense bring,
By stern reality rebuk'd, should fold her stricken
wing,
There is a brighter, broader realm than she has
yet reveal'd,
From flesh-girt man's exploring eye, and anxious
ear conceal'd.

Earth is Death's palace : to his court he sum-
mons great and small,
The crown'd, the homeless and the slave, are
but his minions all ;
We turn us shrinking from the truth, the close
pursuit we fly,
But falter on the grave's dark brink, and lay
us down and die.

THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.



THOU dost not dream, my little one,
 How great the change must be,
 These two years, since the morning sun
 First shed his beams on thee ;
 Thy little hands did helpless fall,
 As with a stranger's fear,
 And a faint wailing cry was all
 That met thy mother's ear.

But now the dictates of thy will
 'Thine active feet obey,
 And, pleased, thy busy fingers still
 Among thy playthings stray ;
 And thy full eyes delighted rove
 The pictured page along,
 And, lisping to the heart of love,
 Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy ! the wanderings of thy way,
 It is not mine to trace :
 Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
 Or manhood's bolder race :

What discipline thy heart may need,
What clouds may veil thy sun,
The eye of God alone can read—
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love
Thy destiny control,
Those boasted gifts that often prove
The ruin of the soul,
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,
For thee it would not crave,
But tearful urge a fervent claim
To joys beyond the grave.

O! be thy wealth an upright heart,
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,
Thine early choice, that better part,
Which cannot fade away ;
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,
Thy friends the men of peace,
Thy heritage an angel's lyre,
When earthly changes cease.

DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.

So, from the field of labour thou art gone
 To thy reward,—like him who putteth off
 His outer garment, at the noontide hour,
 To take a quiet sleep. Thy zeal hath run
 Its course untiring, and thy quicken'd love,
 Where'er thy Master pointed, joy'd to go.

—Amid thy faithful toil, His summons came,
 Warning thee home,—and thou didst loose thy
 heart

From thy fond flock, and from affection's bonds,
 And from thy blessed children's warm embrace,
 With smiles and songs of praise.

Death smote thee sore,
 And plung'd his keen shaft in the quivering
 nerve,

Making the breath that stirr'd life's broken
 valve

A torturing gasp, but with thy martyrdom
 Were smiles and songs of praise.

And thou didst rise
 Above the pealing of these sabbath bells
 Up to that glorious and unspotted church
 Whose worship is eternal.

Would that all
 Who love our Lord might with thy welcome
 look

On the last foe,—not as a spoiler, sent
 To wreck their treasures and to blast their joys,
 But as a friend, who wraps the weary clay
 With earth, its mother, and doth raise the soul
 To that blest consummation, which its prayers
 Unceasingly besought,—tho' its best hopes
 But faintly shadow'd forth.

So, tho' we hear
 Thy voice on earth no more,—the holy hymn
 With which thou down to Jordan's shore didst go
 To take thy last, cold baptism, still shall waft
 As from some cloud, its echoed sweetness back
 To teach us of the melody of heaven.

“DEPART, CHRISTIAN SOUL.”



DEPART! depart! the silver cord is breaking,
 The sun-ray fades before the darken'd sight,
 The subtle essence from the clod is taking,
 'Mid groans and pangs, its everlasting flight;
 Lingerest thou fearful? Christ the grave hath
 bless'd,
 He in that lowly couch did deign to take his rest.

Depart! thy sojourn here hath been in sorrow,
 Tears were thy meat along the thorn-clad
 path,
 The hope of eve was but a clouded morrow,
 And sin appall'd thee with thy Maker's wrath,
 Earth gave her lessons in a tempest-voice.
 Thy discipline is ended. Chasten'd one, re-
 joice!

Thou wert a stranger here, and all thy trouble
 To bind a wreath upon the brow of pain,

To build a bower upon the watery bubble,
Or strike an anchor 'neath its depths, was
vain ;
Depart ! depart ! all tears are wiped away,
The seraph-marshal'd road is toward the realm
of day.

THE FOREST TRIBES.



WHERE are they, the forest-rangers,
 Children of this western-land ?
 Who, to greet the pale-fac'd strangers,
 Stretch'd the unsuspecting hand ?
 Where are they, whom passion goaded
 Madly to the unequal fight,
 Tossing wild the feathery arrow
 'Gainst the girded warrior's might ?

Were not these their own bright waters ?
 Were not these their native skies ?
 Rear'd they not their red-brow'd daughters
 Where our princely mansions rise ?
 From the vale their roofs have vanish'd,
 From these streams their slight canoe ;
 Chieftains and their tribes have perish'd,
 Like the thickets where they grew.

Though their blood, no longer gushing,
 Wakeneth war's discordant cry,

Stains it not the maple's flushing

When sad Autumn's step is nigh?—

None are living to deplore them,—

None survive their names to tell,—

But the sad breeze murmuring o'er them,

Seems to sigh "farewell—farewell."

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED MAN.



DEATH's shafts are ever busy. The fair haunts
Where least we dread him, and where most the
soul

Doth lull itself to fond security,
Reveal his ministry; and, were not man
Blind to the future, he might see the sky,
Even in the glory of its cloudless prime,
Dark with that arrow-flight.

They deemed it so
Who marked thee like a stately column fall,
And in the twinkling of an eye, yield back
Thy breath to Him who gave it. Yes,—they
felt,

Who saw thy vigorous footstep strangely
chained

Upon the turf it traversed, and the cheek,
Flushed high with health, to mortal paleness
turn'd,

How awful such a rush from time must be.
Thy brow was calm, yet deep within thy breast
Were ranklings of a recent grief for her,

The idol of thy tenderness, with whom
 Life had been one long scene of changeless love,
 Yea, thou didst watch the winged messenger
 In sleepless agony that bore her hence,—
 And, when that bright eye darken'd from whose
 beams

Thine own had drank from youth its dearest
 joy,

Upraised thine hands and gave her back to God.
 The bleeding of thy heart-strings was not
 stanch'd,

Nor scarce the tear-gush dried, ere death's dire
 frost

Congeval'd thy fount of life.

Thy toil had been,

In that brief interval, to bear fresh plants
 From the sweet garden which she loved to tend,
 And bid them on her burial-pillow bloom.
 But, ere the young rose, or the willow-tree,
 Had taken their simplest rooting, thou wert laid
 Low by her side. It was a pleasant place
 Methought to rest,—earth's weary labour done,
 Fanned by the waving of those drooping boughs,
 And in her company whom thou didst choose,
 From all the world, to travel by thy side,
 Confidingly,—by deep affection cheer'd,
 And in thy faith a sharer.

From the haunts

Of living men, thine image may not fleet
 Noteless away. They will remember thee,

By many a word of witness for the truth,
And many a deed of bounty. In the sphere
Of those sublimer charities that gird
The mind—the soul—thine was the ready hand :
And for the hasting of that day of peace
Which sheathes the sword, thine was the earnest
prayer.

In thine own house and in the church of God
There will be weeping for thee. Thou no more
Around thine altar shalt delight to see
Thy children, and thy children's children, come
To take thy patriarch blessing,—and no more
Bring duly to yon consecrated courts
Thy sabbath offering. Thou hast gained the
rest
Which earthly sabbaths dimly shadow forth,
And to that ransomed family art risen
Which have no need of prayer.

But thou, O man !
Whose hold on life is like the spider's web,
Who hast thy footing 'mid so many snares,
So many pitfalls, yet perceivest them not,—
Seek peace with Him who made thee,—bind
the shield
Of faith in Christ more firmly o'er thy breast,
That, when its pulse stands still, thy soul may
pass,
Unshrinking, unreluctant, unamazed,
Into the fulness of the light of Heaven.

PARTING HYMN OF MISSIONARIES
TO BURMAH.



NATIVE Land! in summer smiling,—
 Hill and valley, grove and stream,—
 Home! whose nameless charms beguiling
 Peaceful lull'd our infant dream,—
 Haunts! thro' which our childhood hasted
 Where the earliest wild-flowers grew,
 Church! where God's free grace we tasted,
 Gems on Memory's breast,—*adieu.*

Mother! who hast watch'd our pillow,
 In thy tender, sleepless love,—
 Lo,—we dare the crested billow,—
 Mother!—put thy trust above;—
 Father! from thy guidance turning,
 O'er the deep our way we take,—
 Keep the prayerful incense burning
 On thine altar for our sake.

Brothers! sisters! more than ever
 Seem our clinging heart-strings twin'd,

As that hallow'd bond we sever
Which the hand of nature join'd :
But the cry of pagan anguish
Thro' our inmost hearts doth sound,
Countless souls in misery languish,
We would haste to heal their wound.

Burmah ! we would soothe thy weeping,
Take us to thy sultry breast,
Where the sainted few are sleeping,
Let us share a kindred rest :
Friends ! our span of life is fleeting,
Hark ! the harps of angels swell,
Think of that eternal meeting
Where no voice shall say farewell.

BABE BEREAVED OF ITS MOTHER.



FAIR is the tint of bloom,
 That decks thy brow, my child ;
 And bright thine eye looks forth from sleep,
 Still eloquent and mild ;
 But she, who would have joy'd
 Those opening charms to see,
 And clasp'd thee in her sheltering arms
 With rapture—*where is she ?*

To heed thine every want
 The watch of Love is near,
 And all thy feeble plaints are heard
 With sympathy sincere ;
 Yet she, to whom that care
 Had been most deeply dear,
 Who bare thee on her ceaseless prayer,
The mother—is not here.

Soon will these lips of rose
 Their new-born speech essay,
 But when thy little hopes and fears
 Win forth their lisping way,

The ear that would have lov'd
Their dove-like music best,
Lies mouldering in the lowly bed
Of death's unbroken rest.

Babe!—tho' thou may'st not call
Thy mother from the dead,
Yet canst thou learn the way she went,
And in her footsteps tread;
For sure that path will lead
Up to a glorious home,
Where happy spirits never part,
And evil cannot come.

Her's was the hope that glows
Unwavering and serene,
The chasten'd spirit's meek repose
In every changeful scene;
Her's was the victor-power
When mortal anguish came,—
Child!—be thy holy trust thro' life,
Thy peace in death, the same.

“WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM
 THY PRESENCE.”—DAVID.



TAKE morning's wing, and fly from zone to
 zone,
 To earth's remotest pole, and, ere old Time
 Can shift one figure on his dial-plate,
 Haste to the frigid Thule of mankind,
 Where the scant life-drop freezes. Or go down
 To Ocean's secret caverns, 'mid the throng
 Of monsters without number, which no foot
 Of man hath visited, and yet returned
 To walk among the living. Or the shroud
 Of midnight wrap around thee, dense and deep,
 Bidding thy spirit slumber.

Hop'st thou thus
 To 'scape the Almighty, to whose piercing eye
 Morn's robe and midnight's vestments are the
 same?

Spirit of truth!—why should we seek to hide
 Motive or deed from thee?—why strive to walk
 In a vain show before our fellow-men?

Since at the same dread audit each must stand,

And with a sun-ray read his brother's breast
While his own thoughts are weighed ?

Search thou my soul !

And, if aught evil lurks securely there
Like Achan's stolen hoard, command it thence,
And hold me up in singleness of heart,
And simple, child-like confidence in Thee,
Till time shall close his labyrinth, and ope
Eternity's broad gate.

THE INDIAN'S WELCOME TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.



“ On Friday, March 16th, 1622, while the colonists were busied in their usual labors, they were much surprised to see a savage walk boldly towards them, and salute them with, ‘much welcome, English, much welcome, Englishmen.’ ”



ABOVE them spread a stranger sky
 Around, the sterile plain,
 The rock-bound coast rose frowning nigh,
 Beyond,—the wrathful main :
 Chill remnants of the wintry snow
 Still chok'd the encumber'd soil,
 Yet forth those Pilgrim Fathers go,
 To mark their future toil.

'Mid yonder vale their corn must rise
 In summer's ripening pride,
 And there the church-spire woo the skies
 Its sister-school beside.

Perchance 'mid England's velvet green
Some tender thought repos'd,—
Though nought upon their stoic mien
Such soft regret disclos'd.

When sudden from the forest wide
A red-brow'd chieftain came,
With towering form, and haughty stride,
And eye like kindling flame:
No wrath he breath'd, no conflict sought,
To no dark ambush drew,
But simply *to the Old World brought,*
The welcome of the New.

That *welcome* was a blast and ban
Upon thy race unborn.
Was there no seer, thou fated Man!
Thy lavish zeal to warn?
Thou in thy fearless faith didst hail
A weak, invading band,
But who shall heed thy children's wail,
Swept from their native land?

Thou gav'st the riches of thy streams,
The lordship o'er thy waves,
The region of thine infant dreams,
And of thy father's graves,
But who to yon proud mansions pil'd
With wealth of earth and sea,
Poor outcast from thy forest wild,
Say, who shall welcome thee?

BIRTH-DAY OF THE FIRST-BORN.



THY first-born's birth-day, Mother!
 That well-remember'd time
 Returneth, when thy heart's deep joy
 Swell'd to its highest prime.

Thou hast another treasure,
 There in the cradle-shrine,
 And she who near its pillow plays,
 With cheek so fair, is thine.

But still, thy brow is shaded,
 The fresh tear trickleth free,
 Where is that first-born darling?
 Young Mother, where is she?

And, if she be in heaven,
 She, who with goodness fraught,
 So early on her Father-God
 Repos'd her trusting thought,

And, if she be in heaven,
 The honour how divine,
 To yield an angel to his arms
 Who gave a babe to thine.

THE HALF-CENTURY SERMON.



Look back, look back, ye grey-hair'd worship-
 pers,
 Who to this hill-top *fifty years ago*
 Came up with solemn joy. Withdraw the folds
 Which curtaining time hath gather'd o'er the
 scene,
 And show its colouring. The dark cloud of
 war
 Faded to fitful sun-light,—on the ear,
 The rumour of red battle died away,
 And there was Peace in Zion. So a throng
 O'er a faint carpet of the spring's first green
 Were seen in glad procession hasting on,
 To set a watchman on these sacred walls.
 Each eye upon his consecrated brow
 Was fondly fix'd, for in its pallid hue,
 In its deep, thought-worn, spiritual lines,
 They trac'd the mission of the crucified,
 The hope of Israel. High the anthem swell'd,
 Ascribing glory to the Lord of Hosts,
 Who in his bounteous goodness thus vouchsaf'd
 To beautify his temple.

The same strain

Riseth once more ; but where are they who
pour'd

Its tones melodious, on that festal day ?

Young men and maidens of the tuneful lip,

The bright in beauty, and the proud in strength,

With bosoms fluttering to illusive hope,

Where are they ? Can ye tell, ye hoary ones,

Who, few, and feebly leaning on the staff,

Bow down, where erst with manhood's lofty
port

Ye tower'd as columns ? They have sunk
away,

Brethren and sisters, from your empty grasp,

Like bubbles on the pool, and ye are left,

With life's long lessons furrow'd on your brow.

Change worketh all around you. The lithe
twig

That in your boyhood ye did idly bend

Maketh broad shadow, and the forest-king,

Arching majestic o'er your school-day sports,

Mouldereth, to sprout no more. The little babe

Ye as a plaything dandled, of whose frame

Perchance ye spake as most exceeding frail

And prone to perish like the flower of grass,

Doth nurse h_is children's children on his knee.

—But still your ancient shepherd's voice ye
hear,

Tho' age hath quell'd its power, and well those
tones

Of serious, saintly tenderness do stir

The springs of love and reverence. As your
guide

He in the heavenward path hath firmly walk'd,
Bearing your joys and sorrows in his breast,
And on his prayers. He at your household
hearths

Hath spoke his Master's message, while your
babes,

Listening, imbibed as blossoms drink the dew ;

And when your dead were buried from your
sight,

Was he not there ?

His scatter'd locks are white

With the hoar-frost of time, but in his soul

There is no winter. He, the uncounted gold

Of many a year's experience richly spreads

To a new generation, and methinks

With high prophetic brow doth stand sublime

Like Moses 'tween the living and the dead,

To make atonement. God's unclouded smile

Sustain thee, patriarch ! like a flood of light

Still brightening, till, with those whom thou hast
taught

And warn'd in wisdom, and with weeping love

Led to the brink of Calvary's cleansing stream,

Thou strike the victor harp o'er sin and death.

DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.



I SAW thee at thy mother's side, when she was
marble cold,
And thou wert like some cherub form, cast in
ethereal mould ;
But, when the sudden pang of grief oppressed
thine infant thought,
And 'mid thy clear and radiant eye a liquid
crystal wrought,
I thought how strong that faith must be that
breaks a mother's tie,
And bids her leave her darling's tears for other
hands to dry.

I saw thee in thine hour of sport, beside thy
father's bower,
Amid his broad and bright parterre, thyself the
fairest flower,
I heard thy tuneful voice ring out upon the
summer air,
As though some bird of Eden poured its joyous
carol there,

And lingered with delighted gaze on happy
childhood's charms,
Which once the blest Redeemer loved, and
folded in his arms.

I saw thee scan the classic page, with high and
glad surprise,
And saw the sun of science beam, as on an
eaglet's eyes,
And marked thy strong and brilliant mind
arouse to bold pursuit,
And from the tree of knowledge pluck its
richest, rarest fruit ;
Yet still from such precocious power I shrank
with secret fear,
A shuddering presage that thy race must soon
be ended here.

I saw thee in the house of God, and loved the
reverent air
With which thy beauteous head was bowed low
in thy guileless prayer,
Yet little deemed how soon thy place would be
with that blest band
Who ever near the Eternal Throne, in sinless
worship, stand ;
Ah, little deemed how soon the tomb must lock
thy glorious charms,
And wing thine ardent soul to find a sainted
mother's arms.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.



UP, at the Gospel's glorious call!
 Country and kindred what are they?
 Rend from thy heart, these charmers, *all*,
 Christ needs thy service, hence away.

Tho' free the parting tear may rise,
 Tho' high may roll the boisterous wave,
 Go, find thy home 'neath foreign skies,
 And shroud thee in a stranger's grave.

Perchance, the Hindoo's languid child,
 The infant at the Burman's knee,
 The shiverer in the arctic wild,
 Shall bless the Eternal Sire for thee.

And what hath Earth compar'd to this?
 Knows she of wealth or joy like thine?
 The ransom'd heathen's heavenly bliss,
 The plaudit of the Judge divine?

EVENING THOUGHTS. 4



COME to thy lonely bower, thou who dost love
 The hour of musing. Come, before the brow
 Of twilight darkens, or the solemn stars
 Look from their casement. 'Mid that hush of
 soul,

Music from viewless harps shall visit thee,
 Such as thou never heard'st amid the din
 Of earth's coarse enginery, by toil and care
 Urged on, without reprieve. Ah! kneel and
 catch

That tuneful cadence. It shall wing thy thought
 Above the jarrings of this time-worn world,
 And give the key-tone of that victor-song
 Which plucks the sting from death.

How closely wrapt
 In quiet slumber are all things around!
 The vine-leaf and the willow-fringe stir not,
 Nor doth the chirping of the feeblest bird,
 Nor even the cold glance of the vestal moon,
 Disturb thy reverie. Yet dost thou think
 To be alone?—In fellowship more close

Than man with man, pure spirits hover near,
Prompting to high communion with the Source
Of every perfect gift. Lift up the soul,
For 'tis a holy pleasure thus to find
Its melody of musing so allied
To pure devotion. Give thy prayer a voice,
Claiming Heaven's blessing on these sacred
 hours,
Which, in the world's warped balance weighed,
 might yield
But sharp derision. Sure they help to weave
Such robes as angels wear; and thou shalt taste
In their dear, deep, entrancing solitude
Such sweet society, that thou shalt leave
"Signet and staff," as pledges of return.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.



Some of the pagan Africans visit the burial-places of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink ;— and mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblation to the tombs of their children.



“ DAUGHTER ! I bring thee food ;
 The rice-cake, pure and white,
 The cocoa, with its milky blood,
 Dates, and pomegranates bright,
 The orange, in its gold,
 Fresh from thy favourite tree,
 Nuts, in their ripe and husky fold,
 Dearest ! I spread for thee.

“ Year after year, I tread
 Thus to thy low retreat,—
 But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
 And age enchains my feet.

O ! many a change of woe
Hath dimmed thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

“ There came a midnight cry ;
Flames from our hamlet rose ;
A race of pale-browed men were nigh,—
They were our country's foes :
Thy wounded sire was borne
By tyrant force away,
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
While in my blood I lay.

“ I watched for their return,
Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er.
Till seeds, their hands had sown,
A ripened fruitage bore,
The billows echoed to my moan,
Yet they returned no more.

“ But thou art slumbering deep,—
And to my wildest cry,
When, pierced with agony, I weep,
Dost render no reply.
Daughter ! my youthful pride,
The idol of my eye ;—

Why didst thou leave thy mother's side,
Beneath these sands to lie?"

Long o'er the hopeless grave
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
That pagan mourner wept.
O! for some voice of power,
To soothe her bursting sighs:—
“ There is a resurrection hour;
Thy daughter's dust shall rise!”

Christians! ye hear the cry
From heathen Afric's strand,—
Haste! lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land:
With faith that claims the skies,
Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies
Deep in her tear-wet soul.

TO MOURNING PARENTS.



TENDER guides, in sorrow weeping,
 O'er your first-born's smitten bloom,
 Or fond memory's vigil keeping
 Where the fresh turf marks her tomb,

Ye no more shall see her bearing
 Pangs that woke the dove-like moan,
 Still for your affliction caring,
 Though forgetful of her own.

Ere the bitter cup she tasted,
 Which the hand of care doth bring,
 Ere the glittering pearls were wasted,
 From glad childhood's fairy string,

Ere one chain of hope had rusted,
 Ere one wreath of joy was dead,
 To the Saviour, whom she trusted,
 Strong in faith, her spirit fled.

Gone—where no dark sin is cherished,
 Where no woes nor fears invade,
 Gone—ere youth's first flower had perished,
 To a youth that ne'er can fade.

SAILOR'S FUNERAL.



THE ship's bell tolled, and slowly o'er the deck
 Came forth the summoned crew.—Bold, hardy
 men,

Far from their native skies, stood silent there,
 With melancholy brows. From a low cloud
 That o'er the horizon hovered, came the threat
 Of distant, muttered thunder. Broken waves
 Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the
 expanse

Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay,
 Like some vindictive king who meditates
 On hoarded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.

The ship's bell tolled!—And, lo, a youthful
 form

Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
 At midnight watch, was as a burden laid
 Down at his comrades' feet. Mournful they
 gazed

Upon his hollow cheek; and some there were
 Who in that bitter hour remembered well
 The parting blessing of his hoary sire,

And the fond tears that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his gay, happy
voice

Left its farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale shrouded corse remembered
more ;--

Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl
Who, at a lattice veiled with woodbine, watched
His last far step, and then turned back to weep.
And close that comrade in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chesnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand
In life's extremity, and bade him bear
With broken words of love's last eloquence
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend,
Bowed low his sun-burnt face, and like a child
Sobbed in deep sorrow.

But there came a tone
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas—
"I am the resurrection."—Every heart
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain, his uncovered brow
Unmarked by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour!

There was a plunge!—The riven sea com-
plained,

Death from her briny bosom took his own.
The troubled fountains of the deep lift up
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of ocean, 'mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,
'Mid all the funeral pomp with which this earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.



“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are from above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”—ST. PAUL.



If with the Lord your hope doth rest,
 With Christ who reigns above,
 Loose from its bonds your captive breast,
 And heavenward point its love.

Yes, heavenward. Ye're of holy birth,
 Bid your affections soar
 Above the vain delights of earth,
 Which, fading, bloom no more.

Seek ye some pure and thornless rose?
 Some friend with changeless eye?
 Some fount whence living water flows?
 Go, seek those things on high.

Thither bid Hope a pilgrim go,
And Faith her mansion rear,
Even while amid this world of woe
Ye shed the stranger's tear.

If folly tempts, or sin allures,
Be deaf to all their art,
So, shall eternal life be yours
When time's brief years depart.

LADY JANE GREY.

ON SEEING A PICTURE REPRESENTING HER EN-
GAGED IN THE STUDY OF PLATO.



So early wise ! Beauty hath been to thee
No traitor-friend to steal the key
Of knowledge from thy mind,
Making thee gorgeous to the eye,
Flaunting and flushed with vanity,
Yet inly blind.

Hark ! the hunting-bugle sounds,
Thy father's park is gay,
Stately nobles cheer the hounds,
Soft hands the coursers sway,
Haste to the sport, away ! away !
Youth, and mirth, and love, are there,
Lingerest thou, fairest of the fair,
In thy lone chamber to explore
Ancient Plato's classic lore ?

Grave Roger Ascham's gaze
Is fix'd on thee with fond amaze ;

Doubtless the sage doth marvel deep,
That, for philosophy divine,
A lady could decline
The pleasure 'mid yon pageant-train to sweep,
The glory o'er some five-barr'd gate to leap,
And, in the toil of reading Greek,
Which many a student flies,
Find more entrancing rhetoric
Than fashion's page supplies.

Ah, sweet enthusiast! happier far for thee
Had'st thou thy musing intellectual joy
Thro' life indulg'd without alloy,
In solitary sanctity,—
Nor dar'd ambition's fearful shrift,
Nor laid thy shrinking hand on Edward's fatal
gift.

The crown! the crown! It sparkles on thy
brow,
I see Northumberland with joy elate,
And low thy haughty sire doth bow,
Honouring thy high estate,
She, too, the austerely beautiful, whose eye
Check'd thy timid infancy,
Until thy heart's first buds folded their leaves to
die,
Homage to her meek daughter pays:
Yet, sooth to say, one fond embrace,
One kiss, such as the peasant-mother gives

When on its evening bed her child she lays,
Had dearer been to thee, than all their courtly
phrase.

'The tower ! the tower ! thou bright-hair'd beau-
teous one !

There, where the captive's breath
Hath sigh'd itself in bitterness away,
Where iron nerves have withered one by one,
And the sick eye, shut from the glorious sun,
Grop'd mid those chilling walls till idiocy
Made life like death,—
There must thy resting be ?

Not long ! Not long ! What savage band
'Neath thy grated window bears
His headless form, his lifeless hand
The magic of whose love could charm
away thy cares ?

Guildford ! thy husband ! yet the gushing tear
Scarce flows to mourn his fate severe,
Thy pious thought doth rise
To those unclouded skies,
Where he, amid the angel train,
Doth for thy coming wait, to part no more again.

The scaffold ! Must it be !—Stern England's
Queen,
Hast thou such doom decreed ?
Dwells Draco's soul beneath a woman's mein ?

Must guileless youth and peerless beauty
bleed?

Away! Away! I will not see the deed!
Fresh drops of crimson stain the new-fall'n
snow,

The wintry winds wail fitfully and low;—
But the meek victim is not there,
Far from this troubled scene,
High o'er the tyrant queen,
She finds that crown which from her brow
No envious hand may tear.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.



THERE is a sigh from Niger's sable realm,
A voice of Afric's weeping. One hath fallen,
Who, with the fervour of unresting love,
Allur'd her children to a Saviour's arms.

Alone he fell,—that heart so richly fill'd
With all affection's brightest imagery,
In its drear stranger-solitude endured
The long death-struggle, and sank down to rest.

Say ye, alone he fell? It was not so,
There was a hovering of celestial wings
Around his lowly couch, a solemn sound
Of stricken harps, such as around God's throne
Make music night and day. He might not tell
Of that high music, for his lips were sealed,
And his eye closed. And so, ye say,—*he died?*
But all the glorious company of heaven
Do say,—*he lives*, and that your brief farewell,
Uttered in tears, was but the prelude tone
Of the full welcome of eternity.

D I R G E.



“Mourn for the *living*, and not for the *dead*.”
 HEBREW DIRGE.



I SAW an infant, marble cold,
 Borne from the pillowing breast,
 And, in the shroud's embracing fold,
 Laid down to dreamless rest ;
 And, moved with bitterness, I sighed,—
 Not for the babe that slept,
 But for the mother at its side,
 Whose soul in anguish wept.

They bore a coffin to its place,
 I asked them, “ Who was there ? ”
 And they replied, “ A form of grace ;
 The fairest of the fair.”
 But for that blest one do ye moan,
 Whose angel-wing is spread ?
 No ; for the lover, pale and lone,—
 His heart is with the dead.

I wandered to a new-made grave,
And there a matron lay,—
The love of Him who died to save,
Had been her spirit's stay.
Yet sobs burst forth of torturing pain ;—
Wail ye for her who died ?
No ; for that timid, infant train,
Who roam without a guide.

Why should we mourn for those who die,—
Whose rise to glory's sphere ?
The tenants of that cloudless sky
Need not our mortal tear.
Our woe seems arrogant and vain ;
Perchance it moves their scorn,
As if the slave, beneath his chain,
Deplored the princely born.

We live to meet a thousand foes ;
We shrink with bleeding breast,—
Why should we weakly mourn for those
Who dwell in perfect rest ?
Bound, for a few sad, fleeting years,
A thorn-clad path to tread,
O ! for the living spare those tears
Ye lavish on the dead.

VÆ VOBIS.*



“ *Væ Vobis*,” ye whose lip doth lave
 So deeply in the sparkling wine,
 Regardless though that passion-wave
 Shut from the soul, Heaven’s light divine,
 “ *Væ Vobis*,”—heed the trumpet-blast,
 Fly!—ere the leprous taint is deep,
 Fly!—ere the hour of hope be past,
 And pitying angels cease to weep.

“ *Væ Vobis*,”—ye who fail to read
 The name that shines where’er ye tread,
 The Alpha of our infant creed,
 The Omega of the sainted dead :
 It glows where’er the pencil’d flowers
 Their tablet to the desert show,
 Where’er the mountain’s rocky towers
 Frown darkly o’er the vale below :

Where roll the wondrous orbs on high,
 In glorious order, strong and fair,

*. “ Woe unto you.”

In every letter of the sky

That midnight writes,—'tis there ! 'tis there !
'Tis grav'd on ocean's wrinkled brow,
And on the shell that gems its shore,
And where the solemn forests bow,
“ *Væ Vobis*,” ye, who scorn the lore.

“ *Væ Vobis*” all who trust in earth,
Who lean on reeds that pierce the breast,
Who toss the bubble-cup of mirth,
Or grasp ambition's storm-wreath'd crest :
Who early rise, and late take rest,
In Mammon's mine, the care-worn slave,
Who find each phantom-race unblest,
Yet shrink reluctant from the grave.

BOY'S LAST BEQUEST.

HALF-RAISED upon his dying couch, his head
 Drooped o'er his mother's bosom,—like a bud
 Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres
 By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
 From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
 And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.

“Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day
 gift,
 Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your
 word,
 And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
 Did read its pages, with my humble prayer,
 Until this sickness came.”

He paused—for breath
 Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife.

“Brother or sister have I none, or else
 I'd lay this Bible on their hearts, and say,
 Come, read it on my grave, among the flowers:
 So you who gave it must take it back again,
 And love it for my sake.” “My son!—my
 son,”

Murmured the mourner, in that tender tone
Which woman, in her sternest agony
Commands, to soothe the pang of those she
loves,

“The soul! the soul!—to whose charge yield
you that?”

“Mother,—to God who gave it.”

So, that soul

With a slight shudder and a lingering smile
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

“HINDER THEM NOT.”

“ ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.’ But you hinder them by your example, and by not encouraging them. Their course ought to be upward:—do not hinder them.”

REV. MR. TAYLOR, *of the Seamen's Chapel, Boston.*

Lock'd in the bosom of the earth
 The little seed its heart doth stir,
 And quickening for its mystic birth,
 Burst from its cleaving sepulchre,
 The aspiring head, the unfolding leaf,
 Exulting in their joyous lot,
 Turn grateful towards the Eye of Day,
 Hinder them not.

Thus, do the buds of being rise
 From cradle-dreams, like snow-drop meek,
 While through their mind-illumin'd eyes
 A deathless principle doth speak,

Already toward a brighter sphere
They turn, from this terrestrial spot,—
Fond parents!—florists kind and dear!
Hinder them not.

Hinder them not!—even Love may spare
In blindness many a wayward shoot,—
Or weakly let the usurping tare
Divert the health-stream from their root,
Oh! by that negligence supine,
Which oft the fairest page doth blot,
And shroud the ray of light divine,
Hinder them not.

Cold world!—the teachings of thy guile
Awhile from these young hearts restrain;
Oh spare that unsuspecting smile
Which never must return again;
By folly's wile, by falsehood's kiss
Too soon acquir'd, too late forgot,
By sins that shut the soul from bliss,
Hinder them not.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS TO GREEN
LAND.

WHY steers yon bold adventurous prow
On toward the arctic zone,
Defying blasts that rudely seal
To Ocean's breast like stone?
Why dare her crew those fearful seas
Where icy mountains dash,
And make the proudest ship a wreck
With one tremendous crash?

*They come, who seek the spirit's gold,
They dare yon dreary sphere,
And winter startles on his throne,
Their strain of praise to hear:
They come, Salvation's lamp to light
Where frost and darkness reign,
And with a deathless joy to cheer
The sons of want and pain.*

And lo! the chapel rears its head
Beneath those stranger-skies,

And to the sweet-ton'd Sabbath-bell
 The thick-ribb'd ice replies.
 The unletter'd Esquimaux doth pluck
 The victory from the tomb,
 And grateful seek that glorious clime
 Where flowers forever bloom.

When the last tinge of green departs,
 The last bird takes its flight,
 And the far sun no beam bestows
 On that long polar night,
 When in her subterranean cell
 To shun the tempest's ire,
 Life shrinking guards her pallid flame
 That feebly lifts its spire,

The teachers of a love divine,
 That firm, devoted band,
 With no weak sigh of fond regret
 Recall their father-land,
 The unchanging smile that lights their brow,
 While storms of Winter roar,
 Doth better prove their heaven-born Faith
 Than Learning's loftiest lore.

PAUL AT ATHENS.



COME to the hill of Mars—for he is there
 That wondrous man whose eloquence doth
 touch
 The heart like living flame. With brow un-
 blanced
 And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts,
 That high tribunal with its pen of flint,
 Whose irreversible decree, made pale
 The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near,
 Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change
 And full of strangers, and of those who pass
 Life in the idle toil to hear, or tell,
 Of some new thing. See, thither throng the
 bands
 Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
 Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask
 “What will this babbler say?”—With front
 austere,
 Stand a dark group of Stoics, sternly proud—
 And predetermined to confute; yet still
 ’Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow,

Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers
 As for no common foe. With angry frown
 Stalk the fierce Cynics, anxious to condemn,
 And prompt to punish, while the patient sons
 Of gentle Plato bow the listening soul
 To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
 Build the fair argument. Behold the throngs
 Press on the speaker, drawing still more close
 In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
 Teach of the God who "warneth everywhere
 Men to repent," and of that fearful day
 When He shall judge the world. Loud tumult
 wakes,

The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
 And that blest voice is silent. They have
 mocked

At Heaven's high messenger, and he departs
 From the mad circle. But his graceful hand
 Points to an altar, with its mystic scroll—
 "The Unknown God."—Oh! Athens! is it so?
 Thou who hast crowned thyself with woven
 rays

As a divinity, and called the world
 Thy pilgrim-worshipper, dost thou confess
 Such ignorance and shame?

The Unknown God!

Why, all thy hillocks and resounding streams
 Do boast their deity, and every house,
 Yea, every beating heart within thy walls,
 May choose its temple and its priestly train,

Victim and garland, and appointed rite ;
 Thou makest the gods of every realm thine own,
 Fostering, with frantic hospitality,
 All forms of idol-worship. Can it be
 That still thou found'st not Him who is so near
 To every one of us, in "whom we live,
 And move, and have our being?" Found not
 Him
 Of whom thy poets spake with childlike awe ?

And thou, philosophy, whose art, refined,
 Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of fate,
 And compass with a fine-spun sophist web
 This mighty universe—didst thou fall short
 Of the Upholding Cause?—

The Unknown God ?

Thou who didst smile to find the admiring
 world
 Crouch as a pupil to thee, wert thou blind?—
 Blinder than he who, in his humble cot,
 With hardened hand, his daily labour done,
 Turneth the page of Jesus and doth read,
 With toil, perchance, that the trim schoolboy
 scorns,
 Counting him, in his arrogance, a fool ?
 Yet shall the poor, wayfaring man lie down
 With such a hope as thou could'st never teach
 Thy king-like sages—yea, a hope that plucks
 The sting from death, the victory from the grave.

THE MUFFLED KNOCKER.



GRIEF! Grief! 'tis thy symbol, so mute and
 drear,
 Yet it hath a tale for the listening ear,
 Of the nurse's care, and the curtain'd bed,
 Of the baffled healer's cautious tread;
 And the midnight lamp, with its flickering light
 Half screen'd from the restless sufferer's sight;
 Yes, many a sable scene of woe,
 Doth that muffled knocker's tablet show.

Pain! Pain! art thou wrestling here with man;
 For the broken gold of his wasted span?
 Art thou straining thy rack on his tortur'd nerve
 Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve?
 Till burning tears from his eye-balls flow,
 And his manhood faints in a shriek of woe?
 Methinks, thy scorpion-sting I trace,
 Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face.

Death! Death! do I see thee with weapon
 dread,
 Art thou laying thy hand on yon cradle bed?

The mother is there, with her sleepless eye,
'To dispute each step of thy victory.
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace,
Her prayer is, to die in her idol's place,
She hath bared her breast to thine arrow's sway,
But thou will not be bribed from that babe
away.

Earth! Earth! thou hast stamp'd on thy scroll
of bliss

The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss,
Where the bridal lamp gleam'd clear and bright,
And the foot through the maze of the dance was
light,

Thou biddest the black-robed weeper kneel,
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel;
And still to the heart that will heed its lore,
Does Wisdom speak from yon muffled door.

CHANGES.



THE vines are wither'd, O, my love,
 That erst we taught to tower,
 And in a mesh of fragrance wove,
 Around our summer-bower.

The ivy on the ancient wall
 Doth in its budding fade ;
 The stream is dry, whose gentle fall
 A lulling murmur made.

The tangled weeds have chok'd the flowers ;
 The trees, so lately bright,
 In all the pomp of vernal hours
 Reveal a blackening blight ;

There is a sigh upon the gale
 That doth the willow sway,
 A murmur from the blossoms pale,
 " Arise, and come away."

So, when this life in clouds shall hide
 Its garland fair and brief,

And every promise of its pride
Must wear the frosted leaf ;

Then may the undying soul attain
That heritage sublime,
Where comes no pang of parting pain,
Nor change of hoary time.

ON READING THE MEMOIRS OF
MRS. JUDSON.



I SAW her on the strand. Beside her smil'd
The land of birth, and the beloved home,
With all their pageantry of tint and shade,
Streamlet and vale.

There stood her childhood's friends,
Sweet sisters, who her inmost thoughts had
 shar'd,

And saint-like parents, whose example rais'd
Those thoughts to heaven. It was a strong
 array,

And the fond heart clung to its rooted loves.
But Christ had given a panoply, which earth
Might never take away. And so she turn'd
To boisterous ocean, and with cheerful step,
Though moisten'd eye, forsook the cherish'd
 clime

Whose halcyon bowers had rear'd her joyous
 youth.

—I look'd again. It was a foreign shore.
The tropic sun had laid his burning brow

On twilight's lap. A gorgeous palace caught
 His last red ray. Hoarsely the idol-song
 To Boodh mingled with the breeze that curl'd
 Broad Irrawaddy's tide. Why do ye point
 To yon low prison? Who is he that gropes
 Amid its darkness, with those fetter'd limbs?
 Mad Pagans! do ye *thus* requite the man
 Who toils for your salvation?

See that form

Bending in tenderest sympathy to soothe
 The victim's sorrow. Tardy months pass by,
 And find her still intrepid at the post
 Of danger and of disappointed hope.
 Stern sickness smote her, yet, with tireless zeal,
 She bore the hoarded morsel to her love,
 Dar'd the rude arrogance of savage power,
 To plead for him, and bade his dungeon glow,
 With her fair brow, as erst the angel's smile
 Arous'd imprison'd Peter, when his hands,
 From fetters loos'd, were lifted high in praise.

—There was another scene, drawn by *his*
 hand

Whose icy pencil blotteth out the grace
 And loveliness of man. The keenest shaft
 Of anguish quivers in that martyr's breast,
 Who is about to wash her garments white
 In a Redeemer's blood, and glorious rise
 From earthly sorrows to a clime of rest.
 —Dark Burman faces are around her bed,

And one pale babe is there, for whom she checks
The death-groan, clasping it in close embrace,
Even till the heart-strings break.

Behold he comes!

The wearied man of God from distant toil.
His home, while yet a misty speck it seems,
His straining eye detects, but marks no form
Of his most lov'd one, hasting down the vale
As wont, to meet him.

Say, what heathen lip
In its strange accents told him, that on earth
Nought now remain'd to heal his wounded heart,
Save that lone famish'd infant? Days of care,
Were meted to him, and long nights of grief
Weigh'd out, and then that little, wailing one,
Went to her mother's bosom, and slept sweet
'Neath the cool branches of the hopia-tree.
'Twas bitterness to think that bird-like voice,
Which sang sweet hymns to please a father's
ear,
Must breathe no more.

This is to be alone,
Alone in this wide world.

Yet not without
A comforter. For the true heart that trusts
Its all to Heaven, and sees its treasur'd things
Unfold their hidden wing, and thither soar,
Doth find itself drawn upward in their flight.

TRIBUTE
TO THE REV. DR. CORNELIUS.



“All ye that were about him, bemoan him, and all ye that know his name, say, how is the strong staff broken,—and the beautiful rod?”—THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.



AND can it be,—and *can it be*, that thou art on
thy bier?
But yesterday in all the prime of life's unspent
career!
I've seen the forest's noblest tree laid low, when
lightnings shine,
The column in its majesty torn from the temple-
shrine,
Yet little deem'd that ice so soon would check
thy vital stream,
Or the sun that soar'd without a cloud thus veil
its noon-day beam.

I've seen thee in thy glory stand, while all
 around was hush'd,
 And seraph-wisdom from thy lips in tones of
 music gush'd,
 For thou with willing hand didst lay, at morn-
 ing's dewy hour,
 Upon the altar of thy God thy beauty and thy
 power,
 Thou, for the helpless sons of woe, didst plead
 with words of flame,
 And boldly strike the rocky heart in thy Re-
 deemer's name.

And, lo! that withering race who fade as dew
 'neath summer's ray,
 Who, like uprooted weeds, are cast from their
 own earth away,
 Who trusted to a nation's vow, yet found that
 faith was vain,
 And to their fathers' sepulchres return no more
 again ;
 They need thy blended eloquence of lip, and
 eye, and brow,
 They need the righteous for a shield; *why art
 thou absent now?*

Long shall thine image freshly dwell beside their
 native streams,
 And, 'mid their wanderings far and wide, illumine
 their alien dreams,

For Heaven to their sequester'd haunts thine
 early steps did guide,
 And the Cherokee hath heard thy prayer his
 cabin-hearth beside,
 The Osage orphan sadly breath'd her sorrows
 to thine ear,
 And the stern warrior knelt him down with
 strange repentant tear.

I see a consecrated throng of youthful watchmen
 rise,
 Each girding on for Zion's sake their heaven-
 wrought panoplies ;
 These, in their solitudes obscure, thy generous
 ardour sought,
 And gathering with a tireless hand, up to the
 temple brought,
 These, while the altar of their God they serve
 with hallow'd zeal,
 Shall wear thy memory on their heart, an ever-
 lasting seal.

I hear a voice of wailing from the islands of the
 sea,
 Salvation's distant heralds mourn on heathen
 shores for thee ;
 Thy constant love, like Gilead's balm refresh'd
 their weary mind,
 And with the blessed Evert's name thine own
 was strongly twin'd,

But thou, from this illusive scene, hast like a
 vision fled,
Just wrapp'd his mantle o'er thy breast, then
 join'd him with the dead.

Farewell ! we yield thee to the tomb, with many
 a bitter tear,
Tho' 'twas not meet a soul like thine should
 longer tarry here,
Fond, clustering hopes have sunk with thee,
 that earth can ne'er restore,
Love casts a garland on thy turf, that may not
 blossom more ;
But thou art where each dream of hope shall in
 fruition fade,
And love, immortal and refin'd, glow on with-
 out a shade.

CHARITY HYMN.



WIDOW ! long estrang'd from gladness,
 In thy cell so lonely made,
 Where chill Penury's cloud of sadness
 Adds to grief a sterner shade,
 Look ! the searching eye hath found thee,
 Pitying hearts confess thy claim,
 Bounteous spirits shed around thee
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Orphan ! in dependence weeping,
 Crush'd by want and misery dire,
 Or on lowly pallet sleeping,
 Dreaming of thy buried sire,
 Hands like his, combine to rear thee,
 Stranger-arms are round thee cast,
 And a Father ever near thee,
 Fits the shorn lamb to the blast.

Brethren ! by the precious token
 Which the sons of mercy wear,
 By the vows we here have spoken,
 Grav'd in truth, and seal'd with prayer,

Penury's pathway we will brighten,
Misery with compassion meet,
And the heart of sorrow lighten,
Till our own shall cease to beat.

PICTURE OF A SLEEPING INFANT
WATCHED BY A DOG.



SWEET are thy slumbers, baby. Gentle gales
Do lift the curtaining foliage o'er thy head,
And nested birds sing lullaby; and flowers
That form the living broidery of thy couch
Shed fresh perfume.

He, too, whose guardian eye
Pondereth thy features with such true delight,
And faithful semblance of parental care,
Counting his master's darling as his own,
Should aught upon thy helpless rest intrude,
Would show a lion's wrath.

And when she comes,
Thy peasant-mother, from her weary toil,
Thy shout will cheer her, and thy little arms
Entwine her sunburnt neck, with joy as full
As infancy can feel. They who recline
In luxury's proud cradle, lulled with strains
Of warbling lute, and watched by hireling eyes,
And wrapt in golden tissue, share, perchance,
No sleep so sweet as thine.

Is it not thus
With us, the larger children? Gorgeous robes,
And all the proud appliances of wealth,
Touch not the heart's content ; but he is blest,
Though clad in humble garb, who peaceful
 greet
The smile of nature, with a soul of love.

ON RETURNING FROM CHURCH.



THE listening ear the hallow'd strain
 Has caught from lips devoutly wise,
 But what my heart has been *thy* gain
 From all these precepts of the skies ?

Contrition's lesson have they taught ?
 The oft-forgotten vow renew'd ?
 Or gently touch'd thy glowing thought
 With the blest warmth of gratitude ?

Say, from the low delights of time
 Thy best affections have they won ?
 Inciting thee with zeal sublime
 Earth's fleeting pilgrimage to run ?

If not, how vain the band to join
 Who toward the house of God repair,
 To pour the song of praise divine
 Or kneel in pharasaic prayer ;

And ah ! how vain when Death's cold hand
 Shall sternly reap time's ripen'd field,
 How *worse than vain* when all must stand
 The last, the dread account to yield.

THE BAPTISM.



'TWAS near the close of that blest day, when,
 with melodious swell,
 To crowded mart and lonely vale, had spoke
 the sabbath bell,
 While on a broad, unruffled stream, with fringed
 verdure bright,
 The westering sunbeam richly shed a tinge of
 crimson light.

When, lo ! a solemn train appeared, by their
 loved pastor led,
 And sweetly rose the holy hymn, as toward that
 stream they sped ;
 And he its cleaving, crystal breast, with graceful
 movement trod,
 His steadfast eye upraised, to seek communion
 with its God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approached that
 willow-shaded shore,
 A man of many weary years, with furrowed
 temples hoar ;

And faintly breathed his trembling lip—"Be-
hold, I fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord, ere death should
summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did
wavering Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame through that
translucent tide,
And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave,
and spake the Triune name,
And joy upon that withered face, in wondering
radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form, in manhood's
towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely
turned aside,
And, following in His steps who bowed to Jor-
dan's startled wave,
In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness
gave.

Who next?—A fair and fragile form, in snowy
robe doth move,
That tender beauty in her eye that wakes the
vow of love—
Yea come, thou gentle one, and arm thy soul
with strength divine,
This stern world hath a thousand darts to vex a
breast like thine.

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in dark-
ness bound—

Cling to that Comforter who holds a balm for
every wound ;

Propitiate that Protector's care who never will
forsake,

And thou shalt strike the harp of praise, even
when thy heart-strings break.

Then, with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery
path she trod,

And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her
being to her God ;

And when all drooping from the flood she rose,
like lily-stem,

Methought that spotless brow might wear an
angel's diadem.

Yet more ! Yet more !—How meek they bow
to their Redeemer's rite,

Then pass with music on their way, like joyous
sons of light ;

Yet lingering on those shores I staid, till every
sound was hush'd,

For hallow'd musings o'er my soul, like spring-
swollen rivers rush'd.

'Tis better, said the voice within, to bear a
Christian's cross,

Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which death
shall prove but dross.

Far better when yon shrivell'd skies are like a
 banner furl'd,
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the
 glory of the world.

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF A
CLERGYMAN,

DURING THE SICKNESS OF HER HUSBAND.



DARK sorrow brooded o'er the pastor's home,
The prayer was silent, and the loving group
That sang their hymn of praise at even and
morn

Now droop'd in pain,—or with a noiseless step
Tended the sick. It was a time of woe :
Days measur'd out in anguish, and drear nights
Mocking the eye that waited for the dawn.

They who from youth, by hallow'd vows con-
join'd,
Had borne life's burdens with united arm,
And, side by side, its adverse fortunes foil'd
Apart,—an agonizing warfare wag'd
With nature's stern destroyer. 'Tidings pass'd
From couch to couch,—how stood the doubtful
strife
'Twixt life and death. They might not lay their
hand

Upon each other's throbbing brow,—or breathe
The words of comfort, for disease had set
A gulf between them.

Hark! what sound appall'd
The suffering husband? 'Twas a mourner's
sob
Beside his bed.

“ My mother will not speak.—
They say she's *dead*.”—

Art thou the messenger,
Poor, pallid boy, that the dear love which
sooth'd

The cradle-moan, and on thro' all thy life
Would still have clung to thee, untir'd, un-
chang'd,—

Is blotted out for ever?—Thou dost tell
A loss thou can'st not measure.

She,—the friend,—
The mother, imag'd in those daughters' hearts
First,—dearest,—best-belov'd,—who joy'd to
walk

The meek companion of a man of God,—
Hath given her hand to that destroyer's grasp
Who riflETH the clay-cottage,—sending forth
The immortal habitant. Fearless, she laid
Earth's vestments by.

And thou, whose tenderest trust
With an unwonted confidence was seal'd
In that cold breast so long,—lift up thy soul.

“ She is not here,—but risen!”—Shew the faith

Which thou hast preach'd to others,—by its
power

In the dark night of trouble. Take the cross,—
And from thy stricken heart pour freshly forth
The spirit of thy Lord,—teaching thy flock
To learn Jehovah's lessons,—and be still.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.



THOU who, once an infant stranger,
Honour'd this auspicious morn,
Thou who, in Judea's manger,
Wert this day of woman born,

Thou whom wondering sages offer'd
Costly gifts, and incense sweet,
Take our homage, humbly proffer'd,
Grateful kneeling at thy feet.

Thou whose path a star of glory
Gladly hasted to reveal,
Herald of salvation's story,
Touch our hearts with equal zeal :

Thou at whose approach was given
Welcome from the angels' lyre,
Teach our souls the song of heaven,
Ere we join their tuneful choir.

DEATH OF THE REV. GORDON HALL.

THE healer droops,—no more his skill
 May ease the sufferer's moan,—
 The hand that sooth'd another's pang
 Sinks powerless 'neath its own ;
 The teacher dies ;—he came to plant
 Deep in a heathen soil,
 The germ of everlasting life,
 He faints amid the toil.

There was a vision of the Sea,
 That pain'd his dying strife,
 Why stole that vision o'er his soul
 Thus 'mid the wreck of life ?
 A form, by holiest love endear'd,
 There rode the billowy crest,
 And tenderly his pallid boys
 Were folded to her breast.

Then rose the long remember'd scenes
 Of his far, native bowers,
 The white-spir'd church, the mother's hymn,
 And boyhood's clustering flowers,

And strong that country of his heart,
The green and glorious West,
Shar'd in the parting throb of love
That shook the dying breast.

Brief was the thought, the dream, the pang,
For high Devotion came,
And brought the martyr's speechless joy,
And wing'd the prayer of flame,
And stamp'd upon the marble face
Heaven's smile serenely sweet,
And bade the icy, quivering lip
The praise of God repeat.

Strange, olive brows with tears were wet,
As a lone grave was made,
And there, 'mid Asia's arid sands
Salvation's herald laid,
But bright that shroudless clay shall burst
From its uncoffin'd bed,
When the Archangel's awful trump
Convenes the righteous dead.

TOMB OF ABSALOM.



Is this thy tomb, amid the mournful shades
 Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,
 Thou son of David? Kidron's gentle brook
 Is murmuring near, as if it fain would tell
 Thy varied history. Methinks I see
 Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy sparkling eye,
 The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,
 And that bright eloquent lip whose cunning stole
 The hearts of all the people. Didst thou waste
 The untold treasures of integrity,
 The gold of conscience, for their light applause,
 Thou fair dissembler?

Say, rememberest thou

When, o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet
 A sorrowing train went up? Dark frowning
 seers,
 Denouncing judgment on a rebel prince,
 Pass'd sadly on; and next a crownless king,
 Walking in sad and humbled majesty,
 While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow
 Indignant looks of tearful sympathy.—
 What caused the weeping there?

Thou heard'st it not ;

For thou within the city's walls didst hold
 Thy revel, brief and base. And could'st thou
 The embattled host against thy father's life,
 The king of Israel, and the lov'd of God ?
 He, 'mid the evils of his changeful lot,
 Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,
 His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,
 Found nought so bitter as the rankling thorn
 Set, by thy madness of ingratitude,
 Deep in his yearning soul.

What were thy thoughts

When in the mesh of thine own tresses snared
 Amid the oak whose quiet verdure mocked
 Thy misery ? Wert thou forsook by all
 Who shared thy meteor-greatness, and con-
 strained

To learn, in that strange solitude of agony,
 A traitor hath no friends?—What were thy
 thoughts

When death, careering on the triple dart
 Of vengeful Joab, found thee ? To thy God
 Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer
 For that unmeasured mercy which can cleanse
 Unbounded guilt ? Or turned thy stricken heart
 Toward him who o'er thy infant graces watched
 With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth
 In blindfold fondness pardoned ?

Hark !—the breeze

That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem

Bears the continuous wail, " O Absalom!—
My son!—my son!"—

We turn us from thy tomb,—

Usurping prince!—thy beauty and thy grace
Have perish'd with thee!—but thy fame sur-
vives,—

The ingrate son that pierc'd a father's heart.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY AT THE
RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.



YOUTH glows upon her blossom'd cheek,
 Glad beauty in her eye,
 And fond affections pure and meek
 Her every want supply :
 Why doth her glance so wildly rove
 Some fancied foe to find ?
 What dark dregs stir her cup of love ?
Go ask the sickening mind !

They bear her where with cheering smile
 The hope of healing reigns
 For those whom morbid Fancy's wile
 In torturing bond constrains ;
 Where Mercy spreads an angel-wing
 To do her Father's will,
 And heaven-instructed, plucks the sting
 From earth's severest ill.

Yet o'er that sufferer's drooping head
 No balm of Gilead stole,

Diseas'd Imagination spread
Dark chaos o'er the soul ;
Tho' recollected truths sublime
Still fed Devotion's stream,
And beings from a sinless clime
Blent with her broken dream.

Then came a coffin and a shroud,
And many a bursting sigh
With shrieks of laughter long and loud,
From those who knew not why ;
For she, whom Reason's fickle ray
Oft wilder'd and distress'd
Hush'd in unwonted slumber lay,
A cold and dreamless rest.

Think ye of Heaven ! how glorious bright
Will break its vision clear,
On souls that rose from earthly night
All desolate and drear ;
So ye who laid that stricken form
Down to its willing sleep,
Snatch'd like a flowret from the storm,
Weep not as others weep.

THE TOWER AT MONTEVIDEO.



Written after visiting the beautiful summer residence of DANIEL WADSWORTH, Esq., on Talcot mountain, near Hartford, Conn., which bears the name of Montevideo.



FULL many a year hath past away,
 Thou rude, old Tower, so stern and grey,
 Since first I came, enthusiast lone,
 To worship at thy hermit throne.
 —Tho' wintry blast, and sweeping rain
 Have mark'd thee with their iron stain,
 Yet freely springing at thy feet,
 New beauties wreathe their garland sweet.
 Young flowers the ancient wilds perfume,
 In tangled dells, fresh roses bloom,
 And foliage wraps with mantle deep,
 The trap-rock ledges harsh and steep.
 —Still spreads the lake its mirror clear,
 The forest-warblers charm the ear,
 The glorious prospect opens wide

Its varied page in summer's pride,
And tasteful hands have deftly wove
Enchantment's spell o'er vale and grove.
Farewell old Tower! thou still shalt be
Remember'd as a friend by me,
Who bring'st from time's recorded track
The buds of joy profusely back,
And sweetly from thy turrets hoar
The song of gratitude dost pour,
Nor spare around my path to fling,
Young memory's brightest blossoming.
—When next we meet, perchance, the trace
Of age shall tint thy tottering base,
And I, with added plainness show
The wrinkled lines that care bestow;
But Nature still serene and fair,
No thread of silver in her hair,
No furrow'd mark on brow or cheek,
The same rich dialect shall speak,
With silent finger upward pointing,
And forehead pure with Heaven's anointing,
And smile more eloquent than speech,
The lessons of her Sire shall teach.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES TO A LITTLE
GIRL.

I do bethink me of a feeble babe,
 To whom the gift of life did seem a toil
 It trembled to take up, and of the care
 That tireless nurtur'd her by night and day,
 When it would seem as if the fainting breath
 Must leave her bosom, and her fair blue eye
 Sank 'neath its lids, like some crushed violet.
 —Six winters came, and now that self-same babe
 Wins with her needle the appointed length
 Of her light task, and learns with patient zeal
 The daily lesson, tracing on her map
 All climes and regions of the peopled earth.
 With tiny hand, she guides the writer's quill,
 To grave those lines through which the soul
 doth speak,
 And pours in timid tones, the hymn at eve.
 She from the pictur'd page, doth scan the tribes
 That revel in the air, or cleave the flood,
 Or roam the wild, delighting much to know
 Their various natures, and their habits all,

From the huge elephant, to the small fly
 That liveth but a day, yet in that day
 Is happy, and outspreads a shining wing,
 Exulting in the mighty Maker's care.
 She weeps that men should barb the monarch-
 whale,

In his wild ocean-home, and wound the dove,
 And snare the pigeon, hasting to its nest
 To feed its young, and hunt the flying deer,
 And find a pleasure in the pain he gives.
 She tells the sweetly modulated tale
 To her young brother, and devoutly cheers
 At early morning, seated on his knee
 Her hoary grandsire from the Book of God
 Who meekly happy in his fourscore years,
 Mourns not the dimness gathering o'er his sight,
 But with a saintly kindness, bows him down
 To drink from her young lip, the lore he loves.

Fond, gentle child, who like a flower that
 hastes

To burst its sheath, hath come so quickly forth
 A sweet companion, walking by my side,—
 Thou, whom thy father loveth, and thy friends
 Delight to praise, lift thy young heart to God,—
 That whatso'er doth please him in thy life
 He may perfect, and by his Spirit's power
 Remove each germ of evil, that thy soul
 When this brief discipline of time is o'er
 May rise to praise him with an angel's song.

FAREWELL TO THE AGED.



Rise weary spirit, to a realm of rest !
 Sorrow hath had her will of thee, and Pain,
 With a destroyer's fury prob'd thy breast,
 But thou the victory through Christ didst gain ;
 Rise free from stain.

Years wrote their history on thy furrow'd brow
 In withering lines ; and Time like ocean's
 foam
 Swept o'er the shores of hope, till thou didst
 know
 Earth's emptiness. But now no more to roam
 Pass to thy home.

Blest filial Love reserv'd its freshest wreath
 Of changeless green and blooming buds for
 thee,
 And o'er thy bosom threw its grateful breath,
 When the waste world but weeds of misery
 Spread for thine eye.

Take up the triumph-song, thou who didst bow
So long and meekly 'neath the Chastener's
rod,
Thou whose firm faith beheld with raptur'd glow
The resurrection cleave the burial-sod,
Go to thy God.

"THY WILL BE DONE."



WHEN with unclouded ray
Shines the bright sun,
When summer streamlets play,
And all around is gay,
Then shall the spirit say,
"Thy will be done?"

No.—When the flowers of love
Fade, one by one,
When in its blasted grove
The shuddering heart doth rove,
Then say, and look above,
"Thy will be done."

DEATH OF MRS. H. W. L. WINSLOW,
MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.



THY name hath power like magic. Back it
 brings
 The earliest pictures hung in memory's halls,
 Tinting them freshly o'er:—the rugged cliff,—
 The towering trees,—the wintry walk to
 school,—
 The page so often conn'd,—the hour of sport
 Well earn'd and dearly priz'd,—the sparkling
 brook
 Making its slight cascade,—the darker rush
 Of the pent river through its rocky pass,—
 The violet-gatherings 'mid the vernal banks,—
 When our young hearts did ope their crystal
 gates
 To every simple joy.

I little deem'd,
 'Mid all that gay and gentle fellowship,
 That Asia's sun would beam upon thy grave,
 Tho', even then, from thy dark, serious eye
 There was a glancing forth of glorious thought,

That scorn'd earth's vanities. I saw thee stand
 With but a few brief summers o'er thy head,
 And in the consecrated courts of God
 Confess thy Saviour's name. And they who
 mark'd

The promise of that opening bud did ask
 What its full bloom must be.

But now thy couch

Is where the Ceylon mother tells her child
 Of all thy prayers and labours. Yes, thy rest
 Is in the bosom of that fragrant isle
 Where heathen man, with lavish Nature strives
 To blot the lesson she would teach of God.

Thy pensive sisters pause upon thy tomb
 To catch the spirit that did bear thee through
 All tribulation, till thy robes were white,
 To join the angelic train. And so farewell,
 My childhood's playmate, and my sainted friend,
 Whose bright example, not without rebuke,
 Admonisheth, that home, and ease, and wealth,
 And native land, are well exchang'd for heaven.

“I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY
FATHER.”



WANDERER, amid the snares
Of 'Time's uncertain way,
Of thousand nameless fears the sport,
Of countless ills the prey :

A stranger 'mid the land
Where thy probation lies,
In peril from each adverse blast
And e'en from prosperous skies.

In peril from thy friends,
In peril from thy foes,
In peril from the rebel heart
That in thy bosom glows ;

Hast thou no Father's house
Beyond this pilgrim scene,
That thou on Earth's delusive props
With bleeding breast doth lean ?

Yet not a Mother's care
Who for her infant sighs,
When absence shuts it from her arms
Or sickness dims its eyes,

Transcends the love divine,
The welcome full and free
With which the glorious King of Heaven
Will stretch his arms to thee,

When thou with contrite tear
Shall wait within his walls,
Imploring but the broken bread
That from his table falls.

No more his mansion shun,
No more distrust his grace,
Turn from the orphanage of earth
And find a Sire's embrace.

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF A
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.



YES this is the holy ground,
Lay me to slumber here,
The cherish'd thoughts of early days,
Have made this spot most dear,—
Fast by the hallow'd church
Where first I learned to pray
In faith, and penitence and peace,—
Make ye my bed of clay.

Though life hath been to me
A scene of joy and love,
And sweet affections round my heart
Unchanging garlands wove,
Though knowledge in its power
At studious midnight came,
Enkindling in my raptur'd mind,
A bright, unwavering flame ;

Yet dearer far than all,
Was Heaven's celestial lore :

Then come, belov'd and youthful train,
 Who hear my voice no more
 Come, sing the hymn I taught,
 Here, by my lowly bed,
 And with your Sabbath-lessons blend
 Sweet memories of the dead.



ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE INFANT
 SCHOOL.

“He gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth
 them in his bosom.”—ISAIAH.

LAMB ! in a clime of verdure,
 Thy favored lot was cast,
 No serpent 'mid thy flow'ry food,
 Upon thy fold no blast,—
 Thine were the crystal fountains,
 And thine a cloudless sky,
 Amid thy sports a star of love
 Thy playmate brother's eye.

Approving guides caress'd thee,
 Where'er thy footsteps rov'd ;
 The ear that heard thee bless'd thee,
 The eye that saw thee lov'd ;
 Yet life hath snares and sorrows
 From which no friend can save,

And evils might have thronged thy path,
Which thou wert weak to brave.

There is a heavenly Shepherd,
And ere thy infant charms
Had caught the tinge of care or woe
He call'd thee to his arms,
And though the shadowy valley,
With Death's dark frown was dim,
Light cheer'd the stormy passage
And thou art safe with *Him*.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

—◆—

MUSIC was in thy heart, and fast entwin'd,
And closely knotted with its infant strings,
Were the rich chords of melody. When youth
And science led thee to their classic bower,
A pale and patient student, the lone lamp
Of midnight vigil found thee pouring out
Thy soul in dulcet sound. In memory's cell
Still live those thrilling tones, as erst they broke,
Beguiling with sweet choral symphonies
The festal hour.

But, lo! while thou didst wake
The solemn organ to entrancing power,
Tracing the secret spells of harmony,
On through deep rapture's labyrinthine maze
Devotion came, and breath'd upon thy brow,
And made her temple in thy tuneful breast.
So, music led thee to thy Saviour's feet,
Serene and true disciple, and their harps
Who fondly hold untiring guardianship
O'er frail man's pilgrim-path, were tremulous
With joy for thee.

Nor vainly to thy soul
Came Heaven's high message wrapp'd in min
trelsy,
For to its service, with unshrinking zeal,
The blossom of thy life was dedicate.
Thy hand was on God's altar, when a touch,
Sudden and strange and icy cold, unloos'd
Its fervent grasp. Thy gentle heart was glad
With the soft promise of a hallow'd love.
But stern death dash'd it out. Now there are
tears
In tenderest eyes for thee.

Yet we who know
That earth hath many discords for a soul
Fine-ton'd and seraph-strung, and that the feet
Which fain would follow Christ are sometimes
held
In the dark meshes of a downward course,
Till strong repentance urge them back with
tears,
Do feel thy gain.

'Tis well thou art at home,
Spirit of melody and peace and love.

THE SOUTH-AMERICAN STATUES.



There are still found, upon the snow-covered cliffs of the Andes, the bodies of some of those Spaniards, who after the discovery of America, in searching for the rich mines, that had been described to them in Peru, took a circuitous route among the mountains, and perished by the cold, which petrified them into statues.



WHY seek ye out such dizzy height
 Amid yon drear domain?
 Why choose ye cells with frost-work white
 Ye haughty men of Spain?
 The Condor, on his mighty wing
 Doth scale your cloud-wreathed walls,
 But to his scream their caverns ring,
 As from the cliff he falls.

The poor Peruvian scans with dread
 Your fix'd and stony eye,
 The timid child averts his head,
 And faster hurries by,

They from the fathers of the land
Have heard your withering tale,
Nor spare to mock the tyrant band
Transformed to statues pale.

Ye came to grasp the Indian's gold,
Ye scorn'd his feathery dart,
But Andes rose, that monarch old,
And took his children's part,
And with that strange embalming art
Which ancient Egypt knew,
He threw his frost-chain o'er your heart,
As to his breast ye grew.

He chain'd you while strong manhood's tide
Did through your bosoms roll
Upon your lip the curl of pride,
And avarice in your soul.
Strange slumber stole with mortal pang
Across the frozen plain,
And thunderblasts your sentence rang,
"Sleep and ne'er wake again."

Uprose the moon, the Queen of night
Danc'd with the Protean tide,
And years fulfill'd their measur'd flight,
And ripening ages died,
Slow centuries in oblivion's flood
Sank like the tossing wave,

But changeless and transfix'd ye stood,
The dead without a grave.

The infant wrought its flowery span
On Love's maternal breast,
And whiten'd to a hoary man,
And laid him down to rest,
Race after race, with weary moan
Went to their dreamless sleep,
While ye, upon your feet of stone,
Perpetual penance keep.

How little deem'd ye, when ye hurl'd
Your challenge o'er the main,
And vow'd to teach a new-born world
'The vassalage of Spain,
Thus till the doom's-day cry of pain
Shall rive your prison-rock,
To bear upon your brow like Cain,
A mark that all might mock.

But long from high Castilian bowers
Look'd forth the inmates fair,
And gave the tardy midnight hours
To watching and despair,
Oft starting as some light guitar
Its breath of sweetness shed,
Yet lord and lover linger'd far
Till life's brief vision fled.

Their vaunted tournament is o'er,
Their knightly lance in rest,
Ambition's fever burns no more
Within their conquering breast,
For high between the earth and skies,
Check'd in their venturous path,
A fearful monument they rise,
Of Andes' vengeful wrath.

AGRICULTURE.



THE hero hath his fame,
 'Tis blazon'd on his tomb,
But earth withholds her glad acclaim,
 And frowns in silent gloom :
His footsteps on her breast
 Were like the Simoom's blast,
And Death's dark ravages attest
 Where'er the Conqueror past.

By him her harvests sank,
 Her famish'd flocks were slain,
And from the fount where thousands drank
 Came gushing blood like rain ;
For him no requiem-sigh
 From vale or grove shall swell,
But flowers exulting lift their eye,
 Where the proud spoiler fell.

Look at yon peaceful bands
 Who guide the glittering share,
The quiet labour of whose hands
 Doth make Earth's bosom fair,

For them the rich perfume
From ripen'd fields doth flow,
They bid the desert rose to bloom,
The wild with plenty glow.

Ah! happier thus to prize
The humble, rural shade,
And like our Father in the skies
Blest Nature's work to aid,
Than famine and despair
Among mankind to spread,
And Earth our mother's curse to bear
Down to the silent dead.

FUNERAL OF A PHYSICIAN.



THERE was a throng within the temple-gates,
 And more of sorrow on each thoughtful brow
 Than seemed to fit the sacred day of praise.
 Neighbour on neighbour gaz'd, and friend on
 friend,

Yet few saluted ; for the sense of loss
 Weigh'd heavy in each bosom. Aged men
 Bowed down their reverend heads in wondering
 woe,

That he who so retain'd the ardent smile
 And step elastic of life's morning prime,
 Should fall before them. Stricken at his side
 Were friendships of no common fervency
 Or brief endurance ; for his cheering tone
 And the warm pressure of his hand, restor'd
 Young recollections, scenes of boyhood's bliss,
 And the unwounded trust of guileless years.
 —The men of skill, who cope with stern disease,
 And wear Hygeia's mantle, offering still
 Fresh incense at her shrine, with sighs deplore
 A brother and a guide. But can ye tell
 How many now amid this gather'd throng

In tender meditations deeply muse,
Coupling his image with their gratitude?
He had stood with them at the gate of death,
And pluck' them from the spoiler's threatening
grasp,

Or, when the roses from their pilgrimage
Were shorn, walk'd humbly with them 'neath
the cloud

Of God's displeasure. Such remembrances
Rush o'er their spirits with a whelming tide,
Till in the heart's deep casket tribute tears
Lie thick, like pearls. And doubt not there are
those

'Mid this assembly, in the scanty robes
Of penury half wrapt, who well might tell
Of ministrations at their couch of woe,
Of toil-spent nights, and timely charities,
Uncounted, save in heaven.

'Tis well!—'Tis well!

The parted benefactor justly claims
Such obsequies. Yet let the Gospel breathe
Its strain sublime. A hallow'd hand hath cull'd
From the deep melodies of David's lyre,
And from the burning eloquence of Paul,
Balm from the mourner's wound. But there's
a group

Within whose sacred home yon lifeless form
Had been the centre of each tender hope,
The soul of every joy. Affections pure
And patriarchal hospitality,

Like household deities, presiding, spread
Their wings around, making the favour'd cell
As bright a transcript of lost Eden's bliss,
As beams below. Now round that shaded
 hearth

The polish'd brow of radiant beauty droops,
Like the pale lily-flower, by pitiless storms
Press'd and surcharg'd. There too are sad-
 den'd eyes

More eloquent than words, and bursting hearts ;
Earth may not heal such grief. *'Tis heal'd in
 heaven.*

NATURE'S BEAUTY.



I LOOKED on nature's beauty, and it came
 Like a blest spirit to my inmost heart,
 And sadness fled away. The fragrant breeze
 Swept o'er me, as a tale of other times,
 Lifting the curtain from the ancient cells
 Of early memory. The young vine put forth
 Her quivering tendrils, while the patron bough
 Lured their light clasping, with such love as
 leaves
 Do whisper to each other, when they lean
 To drink the music of the summer-shower.

There was a sound of wings, and through the
 mesh,
 Of her green latticed chamber, stole the bird
 To cheer her callow young. The stream flowed
 on,
 And on its lake-like breast, the bending trees
 Did glass themselves with such serene repose
 That their still haunt seemed holy. The spent
 sun

Turned to his rest, and soft his parting ray
 To mountain-top, and spire, and verdant grove,
 And burnished casement, and reposing nest,
 Spake benediction. And the vesper-strain
 Went breathing up from every plant and flower.

The rose did fold itself, as though it caught
 From some high minaret, the cry, "To
 prayer!"

At which the Moslem kneels; and the blue eye
 Of the young violet, look'd devoutly forth
 As looks the shepherd, from his cottage door
 When the clear horn doth warn the Alpine
 cliffs

To praise the Lord. And then the queenly
 moon

Came through heaven's portal. High her vestal
 train

Did bear their brilliant cressets in their hands—
 Trembling with pride and pleasure. Beauty lay
 Like a broad mantle on each slumbering dell
 And to the domes, that peered through woven
 shades

Gave Attic grace.

'Twere sweet to bear away
 And keep the precious picture in my heart
 Of these sweet woods, and waters, summer-
 drest

And angel-voic'd—until I lay me down
 On the low pillow of my last repose.

SENTIMENT IN A SERMON.



“Piety flourishes best, in a soil watered by tears, and often succeeds, where harvests of temporal good have failed.”



HOPE's soft petals love the beam
 That cheer'd them into birth ;—
 Pleasure seeks a glittering stream
 Bright oozing from the earth ;—
 Knowledge yields his lofty fruit
 To those who climb with toil,
 But Heaven's pure plant strikes deepest root
 Where tears have dew'd the soil.

Hope with flow'rets strews the blast
 When adverse winds arise ;
 Pleasure's garlands wither fast
 Before inclement skies ;
 Knowledge often mocks pursuit,
 Involv'd in mazy shade,
 But Piety yields richer fruit
 When earthly harvests fade.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF FRANCONIA.



'Twas midnight on the Gaulish plains,
 And foes were mustering near ;
 For there Franconia's warriors frown'd,
 With battle-axe and spear.

Untented on the earth they lay
 Beneath a summer sky,
 While on their slumbering host, the Moon
 Look'd down with wistful eye,

As if reproachfully she sigh'd
 " Oh ye of transient breath !
 How can ye rise from rest so sweet
 To do the deeds of death ! "

Discoursing mid the sleeping train
 Two noble youths were found ;
 Their graceful limbs recumbent thrown
 Upon the dewy ground.

Bold Carloman's undaunted mien
A hero's spirit show'd,
Though Beauty on his lip and brow
Had made her soft abode.

And Merovee's dark, hazle eye
Like flashing fire was bright,
As thus with flowing words he charm'd
The leaden ear of night.

“Methinks 'twere sweet once more to see
Our native, forest shade,
And the wild streamlet leaping free
Along the sparkling glade,

“With merry shout, at peep of dawn,
The hunter's toil to join,
Or in the tiny boat launch forth
And rule the billowy Rhine.”

He paused,—but Carloman replied,
“Lurks not some spell behind?—
Why doth thy courtier-tongue delay
To name fair Rosalind?”

“Those raven locks, that lofty brow,
That ebon eye of pride,
With firm, yet tender glance, might well
Beseem a warrior's bride.”

With trembling voice he scarce pursued,
“ Why should we shrink, to say
How much we both have loved the maid ?
Yet on our parting day—

“ Her farewell words to me were kind,
They flow'd in silver tone,
But ah ! the tear-drop of the soul
Was shed for thee alone.

“ If in to-morrow's bloody fray,
I slumber with the slain,
And thou survive, with joy to greet
Our native vales again,

“ O bear to her so long adored
My dying wish,”—in vain
To weave the tissued thoughts he strove,
For tears fell down like rain.

Thrice Merovee the mourner's hand
Wrung hard, and would have said,
“ Fear not that Love's insidious shaft
Shall strike our friendship dead !”

He thrice essay'd,—yet still was mute ;—
Then loosed his bossy shield,
And laid him down as if to sleep
Upon the verdant field.

He laid him down, but wakeful woe
His weary heart amazed,
And by the pale moon's waning ray
On Carloman he gazed.

The pastimes of their boyish years,
The confidence of youth,
And holy Friendship's treasur'd vow
Of everlasting truth,

Came thronging o'er his generous soul,
And ere the dawn of day,
Up from his restless couch he rose,
And wander'd lone away.

But Carloman in broken sleep
Still roved with troubled mind,
Oft in his dark dream murmuring deep,
"Adieu, my Rosalind!"

Then in his ear a thrilling voice
Exclaim'd "Brave youth,—arise!
The morn that lights to glorious strife
With purple flouts the skies:—

No lover to his bridal hastes
With spirit half so warm,
As rush Franconia's sons to meet
Red battle's moody storm."

Abash'd the youthful sleeper sprang,
And Merovee stood near,
An iron chain was in his hand,
And on his brow a tear.

Then quickly round the forms of both
That stubborn band he threw,
And joined the parted links in one,
And set the rivet true.

“ Think'st thou I'd cross the rolling Rhine
And see our forests wave,
And urge my suit to Rosalind
When thou wert in thy grave ?

“ No !—by yon golden orb that rolls
In splendor through the air,
If honour's death this day be thine,
That holy death I'll share.”

They arm'd them for the battle-field,
Their blood was boiling high,
Forgot were danger, love, and woe,
In that proud ecstasy ;

Forgot was she, whose hand alone
Could give their hope its meed,
Forgot was all in earth or heaven
Save their dear country's need.

Their rushing legions like the surge
When tempests lash the main,
With thundering shout and revelry
Spread o'er the fatal plain.

Forth came the cavalry of Gaul,
With glittering lance and spur,
Led on by warlike Constantine,
That Christian Emperor.

With cloud of darts and clash of swords
They greet the early sun,
And when his western gate he sought
The conflict scarce was done.

But sober twilight's mantle grey
Enwrapt a silent plain,
Save where from wounded bosoms burst
The lingering groan of pain.

Crush'd forms were there, where stubborn life
Still for the mastery pined,
Stern brows, where death had pass'd, and left
The frown of hate behind.

And mid that ghastly train were seen
Two victims young and fair,
The chain that bound their polish'd breasts
Reveal'd what youths they were.

Bold toward the sky, the marble brow
Of Carloman was turn'd,
And firm his right hand grasp'd the sword
As if some foe he spurn'd ;

His ample shield was fondly flung,
To guard his partner's breast,
And Merovee's pale, bloomless lips
Upon his cheek were prest ;—

While weltering in the purple stream
That dyed their garments' fold,
Their flowing curls profusely lay,
Bright chesnut blent with gold.

And eyes that wept such fate, might read
Upon their bosom's chain,
That *once* when Love and Friendship strove,
The power of Love was vain.

THE GARDEN.

—◆—

“ *Gardens* have been the scenes of the three most stupendous events that have occurred on earth:—the temptation and fall of man—the agony of the Son of God—and his resurrection from the grave.”—NOTES of the *American Editor* of *KEBLE’S CHRISTIAN YEAR.*”

—◆—

Is't not a holy place, thy garden's bound,
 Peopled with plants, and every living leaf
 Instinct with thought, to stir the musing mind?
 —Where was it that our Mother wandering
 went,
 When 'mid her nursling vines and flowers, she
 met
 The gliding serpent in his green and gold,
 And rashly listen'd to his glozing tongue,
 Till loss of Eden and the wrath of God
 Did fade from her remembrance? Was it not
 A garden, where this deed of rashness check'd
 The stainless blossom of a world unborn?
 —Still, tread with trembling. Hast *thou* nought
 to fear?

No tempter in *thy* path, with power to sow
 Thy Paradise with thorns, if God permit?
 So, hold thy way amid the sweets of earth
 With cautious step, and have thy trust above?
 —Is't not a holy place, thy garden's bound,
 When at the cool close of the summer's day
 Thou lingerest there, indulging sweet discourse
 With lips belov'd? Then speak of Him who
 bare
 Upon his tortur'd brow, strange dew's of blood
 For man's redemption.

Bring the thrilling scene
 Home to thine inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
 “Father! if it be possible, this cup
 Take thou away.—*Yet not my will but thine:*”
 The sleeping friends who could not watch one
 hour,
 The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's kiss,
 The astonish'd angel with the tear of Heaven
 Upon his cheek, still striving to assuage
 Those fearful pangs that bow'd the Son of God
 Like a bruis'd reed. Thou who hast power to
 look
 Thus at Gethsemane, *be still! be still!*
 What are thine insect-woes compared to his
 Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
 As the dust-atom on life's chariot wheels,
 And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.
 —Is't not a holy place, thy garden's bound?
 “Look to the sepulchre!” said they of Rome,

“ And set a seal upon it.” So, the guard
 Who knew that sleep was death, stood with fix'd
 eye

Watching the garden-tomb, which proudly hid
 The body of the crucified.

Whose steps
 'Mid the ill-stifled sob of woman's grief
 Prevent the dawn? Yet have they come too
 late,

For *He* is risen,—*He* hath burst the tomb,
 Whom 'twas not possible for Death to hold.
 Yea, his pierced hand did cleave the heavens, to
 share

That resurrection, which the “slow of heart”
 Shrank to believe.

Fain would I, on this spot,
 So holy, ponder, till the skies grow dark,
 And sombre evening spreads her deepest pall.
 —Come to my heart, thou Wisdom that dost
 grow

In the chill coffin of the shrouded dead,
 Come to my heart. For silver hairs may spring
 Thick o'er the temples, yet the soul fall short
 Even of that simple rudiment which dwells
 With babes in Christ. I would be taught of
 thee,

Severe Instructor, who dost make thy page
 Of pulseless breasts and unimpassion'd brows,
 And lips that yield no sound. Thou who dost
 wake

Man for that lesson which he reads but once,
And mak'st thy record of the sullen mounds
That mar the church-yard's smoothness, let me
glean

Wisdom among the tombs, for I would learn
Thy deep, unflattering lore. What have I said?
No! not of thee, but of the hand that pluck'd
The sceptre from thee.

Thou, who once didst taste
Of all man's sorrows, save the guilt of sin,—
Divine Redeemer! teach us so to walk
In these our earthly gardens, as to gain
Footing at last, amid the trees of God,
Which by the Eternal River from His Throne
Nourish'd, shall never fade.

V I C E .



IN vain the heart that goes astray
From virtue's seraph-guarded way,—
May hope that feelings, just and free,
Meek peace,—or firm integrity,—
Or innocence, with snowy vest
Will condescend to be its guest.
—As soon within the viper's cell
Might pure and white-wing'd spirits dwell,
As soon the flame of vivid gleam
Glow in the chill and turbid stream;—
For by strong links, a viewless chain
Connects our wanderings with our pain,—
And Heaven ordains it thus, to show,
That bands of vice, are bonds of woe.

THE SWEDISH LOVERS.



WHERE Dalecarlia's pine-clad hills
 Rear high in air the untrodden snow,
 Where her scant vales and murmuring rills
 A short and sultry summer know,

Where great Gustavus exiled, fled,
 And found beneath a covering rude,
 Hearts by the noblest impulse led
 Of valour, faith, and fortitude,

There still, a virtuous race retain
 The simple manners of their sires,
 Unchanged by love of sordid gain,
 Or stern ambition's restless fires,

And there, where silver Mora flow'd,
 In freshness through the changeful wild,
 A peasant rear'd his lone abode,
 And fair Ulrica was his child.

Untutor'd by the arts that spoil
 The soul's integrity was she,
 And nurtur'd in the virtuous toil
 Of unpretending poverty.

Within a neighbouring hamlet's bound,
In manly beauty's ardent grace,
Christiern his humble dwelling found
Amid the miner's hardy race.

He oft beheld Ulrica's hand
A part in rural labour take,
To bind the sheaf with pliant band,
Or steer the light boat o'er the lake.

He mark'd the varying toil bestow
On her pure cheek a richer dye,
And saw enlivening spirits flow
In dazzling radiance from her eye.

Oft in the holy house of prayer
Where weekly crowds assembling bow,
He mark'd the meek and reverent air
Which shed new lustre o'er her brow.

And soon no joy his heart might share
Unless her soft smile met his view,
And soon he thought no scene was fair
Unless her eye admired it too.

And duly as the shadows fleet
O'er closing day, with silence fraught,
Young Christiern with his lute so sweet
Ulrica's peaceful mansion sought.

Long had the gossip's mystic speech
Deep knowledge of their love profest,
Before the timid lip of each
The cherish'd secret had exprest.

But when the trembling pain reveal'd,
And vows of mutual faith had cheer'd,
Quick on the hamlet's verdant field
Christiern their simple cottage rear'd.

And taught Ulrica's rose to twine
Its tendrils round the rustic door,
And thought how sweet at day's decline
When the accustom'd task was o'er,

To sit and pour the evening song
Amid gay summer's varied bloom,
And catch the breeze that bore along
Her favourite flowret's rich perfume.

The appointed day its course begun
With gentle beams of rosy light,
When they whose hearts had long been one
Should join their hands in hallow'd rite.

At morn the marriage bell was rung,
Where the lone spire from chapel towers,
And village maids assembling hung
Ulrica's lowly hall with flowers.

Yet mark'd a shade that pensively
Was stealing o'er her features fair,
For mid those hours of festive glee
The youthful bridegroom came not there.

Full oft along the coppice green
She deem'd his well-known step she heard,
Then brightening, rais'd her lovely mein,
Then sigh'd—for other guest appear'd.

Dim twilight o'er the landscape fell,
Sad evening paced its tardy round,
Nor *Christiern* at his father's cell,
Nor through the hamlet's range was found.

“'Tis but in sport,”—her neighbours cried,
“The temper of your heart to prove.”—
“Not thus,” the sinking maid replied,
“Doth *Christiern* sport with trusting love.”

Night came, but void of rest or sleep
Move on its watches dark and slow,
Ulrica laid her down to weep
In anguish of unutter'd woe.

How drear the gentle dawn appear'd!
How gloomy morning's rosy ray!
Nor tidings of her lover cheer'd
The horrors of that lengthen'd day.

Weeks past away,—all search was vain,—
Her smile of lingering hope was dead,
She shunned the joyous village train,
And from each rural pastime fled.

Time wrote his history on her brow !
In characters of woe severe,
And furrows mark'd the ceaseless flow
Of fearful sorrow's burning tear.

Years roll'd on years,—her friends decay'd,
Her seventieth winter chill had flown,
A new and alter'd race survey'd
The spectre stranger sad and lone.

“ Why do I live ? ”—she sometimes sigh'd,
“ Thus crush'd beneath affliction's rod ? ”—
But stern reproving thought replied,
“ Ask not such question of thy God ! ”

Yet still she lov'd that pine-clad hill
Where erst her love his way would take,
Still wander'd near his favourite rill
Or sat by Mora's glassy lake.

His white-wash'd cot with roses gay,
Had lone and tenantless been kept,
But moulder'd now in time's decay,
And mid its ruins oft she wept.

The sound of flail at early morn,
Or harvest song of happy hind,
Awoke undying memory's thorn
To probe anew her wounded mind.

Where near her cell, the quarries bold
With veins metallic richly glow,
And where their yawning chasms unfold
Dark entrance to the depths below,

Once, while the miners toil'd to trace,
Between two shafts an opening new,
Mid earth and stones, *a human face*
Glared sudden on their startled view.

A form erect, of manly size,
In that embalming niche reposed,
And slight and carelessly the eyes
As if in recent dreams were closed.

The sunburnt tinge that bronzed the brow
Was bleach'd within that humid shade,
And o'er the smooth-cheek's florid glow
The raven curls profusely play'd.

The pliant hand was soft and fair,
As if in youth's unfolding prime,
Altho' the bridal robes declare
The costume of an ancient time.

Yet no recorded fact might tell
Who fill'd that dark mysterious shrine,
The hoariest ones remember'd well
A shock which whelm'd that ruin'd mine,

But all of him who lifeless slept,
Was lost in time's unfathom'd deep :
At length an aged woman crept
To join the throng who gaze and weep.

Propp'd on her staff she totter'd near,
But when the cold corse met her eye,
She clasp'd her hands in pangs severe,
And shrieks revealed her agony.

And fainting on the earth she lay,
With struggles of convulsive breath,
As if weak life had fled away
In terror at the sight of death.

Yet when their care again could light
The vital taper's fading flame,
When day assured her doubtful sight,
Deep sighs and sobs of anguish came.

No word of notice or reply
She deign'd to their inquiring tone,
One only object fix'd her eye,
One image fill'd her heart alone.

'Twas thus, disdain'g all relief,
She mourn'd with agonizing strife,
While the wild storm of love and grief
Rack'd the worn ligaments of life.

'Twas thus o'er age and sorrow's gloom,
Unchill'd affection soar'd sublime,
While strangely foster'd in the tomb
Youth rose, to mock the power of time.

That shrivell'd form convulsed so long,
And that bright brow devoid of breath,
Gleam'd forth in contradiction strong,
Like buried life, and living death.

'Twas strange from livid lips to hear
Such wild lament, such piercing groan,
While manly love reposing near,
Call'd forth, yet heeded not the moan.

The mourner raised the curls whose shade
Conceal'd that polish'd forehead dear,
And there her wasted hand she laid,
Exclaiming in the lifeless ear,

“ Oh!—have I lived to see that face
Engraved upon my soul so deep?
And in this bitterness to trace,
Those features wrapt in holy sleep?”

My promised love!—thou still hast kept
The beauty of thy mantling prime,
While o'er my broken frame have crept
The wrinkles and the scars of time.

Yes.—Well may I be wreck'd and torn
Whom fifty adverse years have seen
Like blasted oak, the whirlwind's scorn
Still clinging where my joys *had been*.

My boughs and blossoms all were reft,—
They might not know a second birth,—
Why were my wither'd roots thus left
Unhappy cumberers of the earth?

Yet still one image soothed my cares,
Amid my nightly dream would shine,
Came hovering fondly o'er my prayers,
And this, my buried lord, was thine.

That smile!—ah, still unchanged it plays
O'er thy pure cheek's vermilion hue,
As when it met my childhood's gaze,
Or charm'd my youth's delighted view,—

As when thy skilful hand would bring
From mountain's breast, or shelter'd down,
The earliest buds of tardy spring
To scatter o'er my tresses brown.

But now the blossoms of the tomb
Have whiten'd all those ringlets gay,
Whilst thou in bright perennial bloom,
Dost shine superior to decay.

Rend from thy lip that marble seal,
And bid once more those accents flow,
That waked even coldest hearts to feel,
And taught forgetfulness to woe.

Wildly I rave!—as if thine ears
The sad recital would receive ;
Vainly I weep!—as if those tears
Could move thy sainted soul to grieve.

Time was, when Christiern's treasur'd name
No voice howe'er despised might speak,
But from my bounding heart there came
A tide of crimson o'er the cheek ;

Time was, when Christiern's step was heard
With raptur'd joy's tumultuous swell,
And when his least and lightest word,
Was stored in memory's choicest cell.

Yet have I lived to mourn thee lost,
To find each earthly solace fled,
And now, on time's last billow tost,
To see thee rising from the dead !

Ha!—didst thou speak,—and call my soul
To bowers where roses ever bloom,
Where boundless tides of pleasure roll,
And deathless love defies the tomb?

I come! I come!"—Strange lustre fired
Her glazing eye, and all was o'er,
No more that heaving breast respired,
And earthly sorrows pain'd no more.

So there they lay, a lifeless pair,
Those hearts by youthful love entwined,
Sever'd by fate, and fix'd despair,
Were now in death's cold union join'd.

Full oft in Dalecarlian cells
When evening shadows darkly droop,
Some hoary-headed peasant tells
Their story to a listening group.

And oft the wondering child will weep,
The pensive youth unconscious sigh,
At hapless Christiern's fearful sleep,
And sad Ulrica's constancy.

TO THE MOON.



HAIL, beauteous and inconstant!—Thou who
roll'st

Thy silver car around the realm of night,
Queen of soft hours! how fanciful art thou
In equipage and vesture.—Now thou com'st
With slender horn piercing the western cloud,
As erst on Judah's hills, when joyous throngs
With trump and festival, saluted thee;

Anon thy waxing crescent 'mid the host

Of constellations, like some fairy boat,
Glides o'er the waveless sea; then as a bride

Thou bow'st thy cheek behind a fleecy veil,

Timid and fair; or, bright in regal robes,

Dost bid thy full-orb'd chariot roll,

Sweeping with silent rein the starry path

Up to the highest node,—then plunging low,

To seek dim Nadir in his misty cell.

—Lov'st thou our Earth, that thou dost hold thy
lamp

To guide and cheer her, when the wearied Sun
Forsakes her?—Sometimes, roving on, thou
shedd'st

The eclipsing blot ungrateful, on thy sire
 Who feeds thy urn with light,—but sinking deep
 'Neath the dark shadow of the earth dost mourn
 And find thy retribution.

—Dost thou hold
 Dalliance with Ocean, that his mighty heart
 Tosses at thine approach, and his mad tides,
 Drinking thy favouring glance, more rudely lash
 Their rocky bulwark?—Do thy children trace
 Through crystal tube our coarser-featured orb
 Even as we gaze on thee? With Euclid's art
 Perchance, from pole to pole, her sphere they
 span,

Her sun-loved tropics—and her spreading seas
 Rich with their myriad isles. Perchance they
 mark

Where India's cliffs the trembling cloud invade,
 Or Andes with his fiery banner floats
 The empyrean,—where old Atlas towers,—
 Or that rough chain whence he of Carthage
 pour'd

Terrors on Rome.—Thou, too, perchance, hast
 nursed

Some bold Copernicus, or fondly call'd
 A Galileo forth, those sun-like souls
 Which shone in darkness, though our darkness
 fail'd

To comprehend them.—Cans't thou boast, like
 earth,

A Kepler, skilful pioneer and wise?—

A sage to write his name among the stars
 Like glorious Herschel?—or a dynasty,
 Like great Cassini's, which from sire to son
 Transmitted science as a birthright seal'd?
 —Rose there some lunar Horrox,—to whose
 glance

Resplendent Venus her adventurous course
 Reveal'd, even in his boyhood?—some La Place
 Luminous as the skies he sought to read?—
 Thou deign'st no answer,—or I fain would ask
 If since thy bright creation, thou hast seen
 Aught like a Newton, whose admitted eye
 The arcana of the Universe explored?
 Light's subtle ray its mechanism disclosed,
 The impetuous comet his mysterious lore
 Unfolded,—system after system rose,
 Eternal wheeling thro' the immensity of space,
 And taught him of their laws. Even angels
 stood

Amaz'd as when in ancient times they saw
 On Sinai's top, a mortal walk with God.
 —But he, to whom the secrets of the skies
 Were whisper'd,—in humility adored,
 Breathing with childlike reverence the prayer
 —“When on yon heavens, with all their orbs I
 gaze,

Jehovah! what is man?”

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.



PALE Primrose! lingering for the evening star
 To bless thee with its beam,—like some fair
 child
 Who, ere he rests on Morpheus' downy car
 Doth wait his mother's blessing, pure and
 mild
 To hallow his gay dream. His red lips breathe
 The prompted prayer, fast by that parent's
 knee,
 Even as thou rear'st thy sweetly fragrant wreath
 To matron Evening, while she smiles on
 thee.

Go to thy rest, pale flower! the star hath shed
 His benison, upon thy bosom fair,
 The dews of summer bathe thy pensive head
 And weary man forgets his daily care;—
 Sleep on, my rose! till morning gilds the sky
 And bright Aurora's kiss, unseals thy trembling
 eye.

IMITATION OF PARTS OF THE
 PROPHECY OF AMOS.



I, FROM no princely stock, or lineage came,
 Nor bore my sire, a prophet's honour'd name,—
 But 'mid the Tekoan shepherds' manners rude,
 My speech was fashion'd, and my toil pursued.

O'er hills and dales I led,—o'er streams and
 rocks,

The wandering footsteps of my herds, and
 flocks,—

I fed them where the fruitful vallies fling
 Their first, fresh verdure, on the lap of spring ;
 Or where the quiet fountains slowly glide
 Their fringed eyes, among the flowers to hide ;—
 And when the noontide sun, with fervid heat
 Upon the tender lambs, too fiercely beat,
 I guided, where the mountain's sheltering head,
 A sable shade, across the landscape spread.

There, while they sank in slumber, soft and
 meek,

I wandered forth, my simple meal to seek,

The juicy wild fig, and the crystal tide
My strength renew'd, and nature's wants supplied.

When sober twilight drew her curtaining shade,
And on the dewy lawn my flocks were laid,—
In my rough mantle, by their side reclined
I gave to holy thoughts my wakeful mind ;—
The stars, that in their mystic circles move,
The sparkling blue, of the high arch above,—
The pomp of eve, the storm's majestic power,
The solemn silence of the midnight hour,
The silver softness of the unveil'd moon,
Spake to my soul of Him, the Everlasting One.

Once as I woke, from visions, high and sweet,
And found my flocks reposing at my feet,
—Saw morning's earliest ray, the hills invest,
Stream o'er the forest, touch the mountain's
breast,
Glance o'er the glittering streams and dart its
way,
Thro' the damp vales, where slumbering va-
pours lay,—
Methought, within my heart, a light there
shone
More clear, and glorious than the rising sun,—
And while my every nerve with rapture thrilled,
A Power Supreme, my soul in silence held.

Quick to the earth, my bending knee I bowed,
 My raised eyes fixing on a crimson cloud,—
 Which from its cleaving arch, the mandate bore,
 “Go shepherd, lead thy much-lov’d flock no
 more!”—

My trembling lips now press’d the soil I trod,—
 “Shepherd, forsake thy flock, and be the seer
 of God.”

Uprising at the heavenly call, I laid
 My crook and scrip beneath the spreading shade,
 “I go, I go, my God!” my answering spirit said.

Thro’ the rude stream I dash’d, whose foaming
 tide,

Came whitening o’er the mountain’s hoary side;
 But pressing on my path, I heard with pain,
 The approaching footsteps of my cherished
 train,—

And wept, as gazing on their fleecy pride,
 I thought, who now their wandering steps should
 guide.

Yet still, within, the hallow’d impulse burn’d,
 And soon, its answering thoughts my heart re-
 turn’d;—

“My tender lambs, my unfed flock, adieu,
 My God, a shepherd will provide for you,
 One kind as I have been, whose care shall guide
 You, where fresh pastures smile, and fountains
 glide;

A hand unseen, a voice and purpose true,
Divide you from my charge, and me from
you."

What tho' my rustic speech and shepherd's
dress

But ill a prophet's dignity express,—

What tho' the doom I bear, be dark with fear,

And grate repulsive on the guilty ear,—

What tho' my heart beneath fierce tortures
break,

And I, a martyr's fiery death partake,—

Yet He, who summoned from yon distant rock,

The rough-clad man to leave his simple flock,

With strength will gird him, for his wants pro-
vide,

And quell the clamours of the sons of pride.

With fearless brow, I sought his haughty foes,

Where proud Samaria's regal ramparts rose.

But lo! the wasted suburbs, parch'd and dry

Spread a brown heath, to meet the wondering
eye,

The smitten verdure, and the sterile plain,

Disclosed the march of a devouring train,

Before whose face, the fruitful earth was fair

Behind, a prey to famine, bleak and bare.—

The wasted herds, a poor, neglected train,

Sought their accustom'd food, but sought in
vain,—

Some, mad with hunger, spurn'd the flinty clay,
And some in pangs of death, despairing lay.

Then, low to earth I bent my drooping head,
As one who mourns his dearest idol dead,—
“ My God !” I cried, “ my God, arise and see,
Thy choser. people's fearful misery !—
The sick land mourns its harden'd children's
 sin,
Thy wrath devours without and guilt within :—
Ah ! who shall drooping Israel's strength repair,
If thou dost cast him from thy succouring care ?”
An answering voice was heard,—it spake to
 me,—
God spake from heaven—“ This judgment shall
 not be.”

Soon, nature's languid form, reviving fair,
Sang praises to the God who answers prayer ;—
Vanish'd the reptile host,—the withering stem
Spread forth anew, the bud reveal'd its gem,—
Deep mourning earth, her robe of joy resum'd,
And spicy gums, the summer gales perfum'd.

A flame !—a flame !—its awful ravage spread
With quenchless wrath and indignation dread,
Fed on the domes of pride, with angry sweep
And hiss'd defiance at the watery deep.
Ah !—who shall stay its rage, or curb its power ?
Our God !—protect us,—in this dreadful hour.

Long in my midnight prayer, I wept and
mourn'd,—

“This also shall not be,”—Jehovah's voice re-
turn'd.

Repent! Repent!—ye rebel race, I cried,—
Go mourn and seek your God, ye sons of pride.
Ye wound the stranger,—on the poor ye press,—
Defraud the widow and the fatherless,—
Ye scoff at justice,—every sin ye know,—
And give to idols what to God ye owe.
Scorn and contempt upon his law ye cast,—
And think ye to escape his righteous wrath at
last?

Your palace shakes!—A sword in crimson
dy'd,

Is drawn, all reeking, from your prince's side,—
Hoarse cries of treason rend the shuddering
air,—

Murder and strife, and foul revolt are there,—
Woes tread on woes, and trembling pity weeps
O'er your fall'n city and its slaughter'd heaps.

Ho!—ye, who sink on couches, soft with
down,—

And all your crimes in wine and music drown,—
Who snatch the garment from the shivering
poor,

And wrest his pittance, to increase your store,—

You, first, the plagues and wants of war shall
vex,

The captive's yoke shall cling around your
necks,

And you shall groan, in servitude and scorn,
Like the slave sorrowing o'er his dead first-born.

Ah sinful nation!—of thy God accurst,
Thy glory stain'd, thy crown defil'd with dust,
Go,—hide thee in Mount Carmel,—dive the
deep,—

Plunge in the slimy cells where serpents creep,—
Make through the earth's dark dens, thy secret
path,—

Yet canst thou shun the purpose of His wrath?

“Hence, to your woods,” they cried, “your
herds and flocks,—

Go, drive your few sheep o'er the rugged
rocks,—

Who bade you dare to quit the lowing throng?
Who made you judge of violence and wrong?”

“He, who beheld me, at my humble toil,—
Content and cheerful, in my native soil,—
He, who beholds you, from the frowning skies,—
And all your wrath and arrogance defies;—
He call'd me from my flocks and pastures fair,
He gave the message, which I boldly bear,—
And which I bear till death:—so breathe your ire,
And wreak such vengeance, as your souls de-
sire.

Say,—whose strong arm compos'd this wondrous frame ?

Who stay'd the fury of the rushing flame ?

Who made the mighty sun to know his place ?

And fill'd with countless orbs yon concave space ?

Who from his cistern bade the waters flow

And on the spent cloud hung his dazzling bow ?

Who drives thro' realms immense his thundering car

To far Orion and the morning star ?

Who light to darkness turns ?—and night to death ?

Gives the frail life and gathers back the breath ?

Who gave this ponderous globe, with nicest care
To balance lightly on the fluid air ?

Who raised yon mountains to their lofty height ?

Who speeds the whirlwind in its trackless flight ?

Who darts thro' deep disguise, his piercing ken

To read the secret thoughts and ways of men ?

Who gave the morning and the midnight birth ?

Whose muffled step affrights the quaking earth ?

Who curb'd the sea ? and touch'd the rocks with
flame ?

Jehovah, God of Hosts, is his tremendous name.

DEATH OF THE PRINCIPAL OF A RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.



Few have been mourned like thee. The wise
 and good
 Do gather many weepers round their tomb,
 And true affection makes her heart an urn
 For the departed idol, till that heart
 Is ashes. With such sorrow art thou mourned,
 And more than this. There is a cry of woe
 Within the halls of yon majestic dome—
 A tide of grief, which reason may not check,
 Nor faith's deep anchor fathom.

Straining eyes

That gaze on vacancy, do search for thee,
 Whose wand could put to flight the fancied ills
 Of sick imagination. The wrecked heart
 Keepeth the echo of thy soothing voice
 An everlasting sigh within its cells,
 And morbidly upon that music feeds.
 Mind's broken column 'mid its ruins bears
 Thy chiselled features. Thy dark eye looks
 forth

From memory's watch-tower on the phrenzy-
dream,

Ruling its imagery, or with strange power
Controlling madness, as the shepherd's harp
Subdued the moody wrath of Israel's king.
Even where the links of thought and speech are
broke,

'Mid that most absolute and perfect wreck,
When throneless reason flies her idiot-foe,
'Thou hast a place. The fragments of the soul
Do bear thine impress—shadowy, yet endeared,
And multiplied by countless miseries.

Beside some happy hearth, where fire-side joys
And renovated health, and heaven-born hope,
Swell high in contrast with the maniac's cell,
Thou art remembered by exulting hearts,
With the deep rapture of that lunatic
Whom Jesus healed.

Still there's a wail for thee,
From those poor sufferers, whom the world hath
cast

Out of her company.—

Thou wert their friend,
And in their dark approach to idiocy,
Thy wasting midnight vigil was for them :
The toil, the watching, and the stifled pang
That stamped thee as a martyr, were for them.
They could not thank thee, save with that
strange shriek

Which wounds the gentle ear. Yet thou didst
walk

In thy high ministry of love and power,
As a magician 'mid their spectre-foes
And maniac visions.

Thou didst mark sublime
Death's angel sweeping o'er thy studious page,
And, at his chill monition, laying down
The boasted treasures of philosophy,
Enrob'd thyself in meekness as a child
Waiting the father's will.

And so farewell,
Thou full of love to all whom God hath made,
Thou tuned to melody, go home! go home!
Where music hath no dissonance, and love
Doth poise for ever on her perfect wing.

LEGH RICHMOND AMONG THE
RUINS OF IONA.



WHERE old Iona's ruins spread
 In shapeless fragments round,
 And where the crown'd and mighty dead
 Repose in cells profound ;—
 Where o'er Columba's buried towers
 The shrouding ivy steals,
 And moans the owl from cloister'd bowers,
 A holy teacher kneels.

Rocks spring terrific to the sky,
 Rude seas in madness storm ;
 And grimly frowns on Fancy's eye
 The Druid's awful form,
 With mutter'd curse, and reeking blade,
 And visage stern with ire ;—
 Yet 'mid that darkly-blended shade
 Still bends the stranger sire.

He prays,—the father for his child,
 The distant and the dear ;

And where yon abbey o'er the wild
Uprais'd its arches drear,
When at high mass, or vesper strain
Rich voices fill'd the air,
From all that cowl'd and mitred train
Rose there a purer prayer ?

His name is on a simple scroll
With Christian ardour penn'd,
Which, thrilling, warns the sinner's soul
To make his God a friend ;
But when the strong archangel's breath
The ancient vaults shall rend,
And starting from the dust of death
Those waken'd throngs ascend,—

Meek saint!—the boldest of the bold
That sword or falchion drew,
Barons, whose fearful glance controll'd
Vassal and monarch too,
Proud heroes of the tented field,
Kings of a vaunted line,
May wish their blood-bought fame to yield
For honours won like thine.

MARIE OF WURTEMBERG.*



Who moves in beauty, mid the regal bowers
 Of her dear native France?
 And while the fairy-footed hours
 Round her all enchanted dance,
 With florist's care doth nurse meek virtue's
 flowers?
 Who bends so low
 To hear the tale of woe,
 And with a cloudless sunshine in her breast,
 Findeth her highest joy, in making others blest?

Genius, with inspiration high,
 Beams from her enkindled eye,

* The Princess Marie, daughter of Louis Phillippe of France, and married to Alexander, the Duke of Wurtemberg, had among other accomplishments, a great genius for sculpture. When the tidings of her death reached her native realm, the Queen said, in her grief, "I have one daughter less,—but Heaven an angel more."

Her sculptur'd touch, how fine,
The graces o'er her chisel hang, and guide its
every line.

At her creative power
Forth springs that warrior-maid
Who erst in danger's darkest hour
Her country's foemen staid ;
Lo ! Joan of Arc, energetic as of old,
Stands forth at Marie's call, and fires the marble
cold.

I hear rich music float,
Hark ! 'tis a marriage lay,—
Love swells with joy the enraptur'd note,
Kings and their realms are gay,—
Bright pageants guild the auspicious day,
While Germany, who wins the gem
Thus given from Gallia's diadem,
A glad response doth pay ;
And Alexander, with a princely pride,
Leads to his palace-home his all-accomplished
bride.

The skies of Italy are bright,
The olives green on Pisa's height,
But on that verdant shore
Is one whom health with rosy light
Revisiteth no more.
How sad, beneath such genial shade,
'To see the flower of France reposing but to fade.

An infant's plaint of woe !
Alas, poor babe !—how dire thy fate,—
A loss thou canst not know,
Whose drear extent each opening year must
show,
Meets thee at the world's fair gate :
Thy tender memory may not hold
The image of that scene of death,
When the stern spoiler, all unmov'd and cold,
Took thy sweet mother's breath,—
Thy father weeping by her side,
As, powerless on his breast, she bow'd her head
and died.

She might not lull thee to thy rest,
Or longer linger here,
To dry thine infant tear,
And share the unimagin'd zest
Of young maternity.
But from her home, amid the blest,
Gazeth she not on thee ?
Doth she not watch thee when soft slumbers
steep
Thy gentle soul in visions deep ?
Press on thy waking eyes an angel's kiss,
And bid thee rise at last, to yon pure realm of
bliss ?

The mortal struggle, and the riven shield—
 To mark how nature's holiest, tenderest ties
 Are sundered—to recount the childless homes,
 And sireless babes, and widows' early graves,
 Made by one victor-shout, bids the blood creep
 Cold through its channels.

Once again I looked—
 When the pure moon unveiled a silent scene—
 Silent, save when from 'neath some weltering
 pile

A dying war-horse neighed, in whose gored
 breast

Life lingered stubbornly, or some pale knight
 Half-raised his arm, awakened by the call
 Of his loved steed, even from the dream of death.
 With stealthy step the prowling plunderer
 stalked,

The dark-winged raven led her clamorous brood
 To their dread feast, and on the shadowy skirts
 Of that dire field, the fierce hyena rolled
 A keen malevolent eye.

Time sped its course.
 Fresh verdure mantled Zama's fatal plain,
 While Carthage, with a subjugated knee
 And crownless head, toiled 'mid the slaves of
 Rome.

Once more I sought Hamilcar's awful son—
 And, lo! an exiled, and despised old man,
 Guest of Bithynian perfidy, did grasp

The poison-goblet in his withered hand,
And drink and die!

Say! is this he who rent
The bloody laurel from Saguntum's walls?
That eagle of the Alps, who through the clouds
Which wrapp'd in murky folds their slippery
heights,
Goaded his ponderous elephants?—who roll'd
Victory's deep thunder o'er Ticinus' tide?
And mid the field of Cannæ wav'd his sword
Like a destroying angel?

This is he!

And this is human glory.

God of might!

Gird with Thy shield our vacillating hearts,—
That mid the illusive and bewildering paths
Of this dim pilgrimage, we may not lose
Both this world's peace, and the rewards of that
Which hath no end.

From this unmeasur'd loss,
This wreck of all probationary hope,
Defend us, Power Supreme.

PILGRIM FATHERS.



WHAT led the pilgrims through the wild
 On, to this stranger land,
 Matron and maid, and fragile child,
 An uncomplaining band ?
 Deep streams their venturous course oppos'd,
 Dark wastes appall'd their eye ;
 What fill'd them on that trackless way,
 With courage bold and high ?

What cheer'd them, when dire winter's wrath
 A frosty challenge threw,
 And higher than their trembling roofs
 The mocking snow-drift grew ?
 When in its wasted mother's arms,
 To famine's ills, a prey,
 The babe bereft of rosy charms
 Pin'd like a flower away ?

And when the strong heart-sickness came,
 And memory's troubled stream,
 Still imag'd forth fair England's homes,
 That lull'd their cradle-dream,—

When no lone vessel ploughed the wave,
News from her clime to bear,
What nobly bore the stricken soul,
Above that deep despair ?

What gave them strength, 'mid all their toil,
In every hour of need
To plant within this sterile soil
A glorious nation's seed ?
The same that nerv'd them when they sank
To rest, beneath the sod,—
That rais'd o'er death, the triumph-song,—
Prayer, and the faith of God.

“WEEP NOT.”



“Weep not—he hath gone home—that little one.”
MULLNER.



GONE home! Gone home!—how many a prayer
of love,
Breath'd out its ardour, to detain thee here,—
And Fancy's dream its spell of fondness wove
To make thee happy, as thou wert most dear.

Tho' round thy lip the smile complacent play'd,
And joy enwrapp'd thee in her robe of light,—
Yet was it not the *thought of home*, that made
Thy brow so beautiful?—thine eye so bright?

The thought of home! they deem'd it not, who
knew
Thy dear delight, among the garden flowers,
'Thy loving heart, to warm affection true,
And all the gladness of thine infant hours.

Weep not:—’mid thornless flowers that never
fade,

In bowers of bliss where raptures never cloy,
Thou hast thy home, thy changeless mansion
made,

Our transient visitant,—our angel boy.

ON THE DEATH OF A FORMER
PUPIL.



NOT long it seems, since she with childish brow
Pondered her lessons,—in rich fields of thought
A ripe and ready student. Her clear mind,
Precocious, yet well-balanced,—her delight
In varied knowledge,—her melodious tone
Of elocution, falling on the ear
Like some rare harp, on which the soul doth
play,
Her sweet docility, 'twas mine to mark,—
And marking, love.

Then came the higher grades
Of woman's duty:—and the pure resolve,
The persevering goodness,—the warm growth
Of every household-charity,—the ties
That bind to earth, and yet prepare for heaven,
Were gently wreath'd amid the clustering fruits
Of ripened intellect.

But soon, alas!
In search of health, to distant scenes she turn'd,
A patient traveller, still, with wasted form,

Led on by mocking hope. And far away,
 From her lov'd home, where spread in fadeless
 green,
 The Elm, which cheer'd her sainted grandsire's
 gaze,
 (Like Mamre's Oak, o'er Abraham's honoured
 head)
 Far from the chamber, where her cradle rock'd,
 And where she hop'd her couch of death might be
 The Spoiler found her.

 The long gasp was hers,—
 But the meek smile was her Redeemer's gift,
 His victor-token. And the bosom-friend
 Took that bequest into his bursting heart,
 As in the sleepless ministry of love,
 He stood beside her, in that parting hour.
 —See'st thou the desolate, on his return?—
 Know'st thou the sadness of his lonely way?—
 Deep silence, where the tender word had been,—
 And at the midnight watch or trembling dawn,
 The sullen echo of the hearse-like wheel,
 Avoiding every haunt, and pleasant bower
 Where the dear invalid so late reclin'd,
 Lest some light question of a stranger's tongue
 Should harrow up the soul. Know'st thou the
 pang
 When his reft home, first met his mournful
 view?
 —What brings he to his children?—

Yon fair boy

Who at the casement stands and weeps,—can
tell,—

And he, who cannot tell,—that younger one,
Whose boundless loss steals like some strange
eclipse

Over a joyous planet,—and the babe
Stretching its arms for her who comes no more.
Oh! if the blest in heaven, take note of earth,
Will not the mother's hovering spirit brood
O'er those fair boys?

It is not ours to say,—

We only know that if a christian's faith
Hath changeless promise of the life to come,
That heritage is hers. And so we lay
Her body in the tomb,—with praise to God
For her example,—and with prayer, to close
Our time of trial, in such trust serene.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.



SWEET infant, beautiful as light,
 That on the snow-drop's bosom glows,
 When scap'd from wrathful winter's might,
 It trembles through incumbent snows,—

Amid thy cradle sleep we watch
 The varying thought that faintly gleams,
 As tho' we fondly hop'd to catch
 The angel-whisper of thy dreams.

The angel-whisper! Tell us what
 Is breath'd from that celestial clime;
 Thou, nearer to its white-winged host
 Than we who tread the thorns of time:—

Thou canst not tell,—no words are thine,—
 But the pure smile that lights thy brow
 Is sure the language of the skies,—
 Oh keep it still unchanged,—as now.

And therefore, unto Thee I turn,
The never-changing Friend,
Whose years eternal cannot fail,
Whose mercies have no end ;—
Thro' all my pilgrim path below,
A Father deign to be,
And show that mother's tender love
Who hath forsaken me.

THE ORPHAN'S TRUST.



“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”—DAVID.



HE, who around my infant steps,
 A firm protection threw,
 Whose prayers upon my head distill'd,
 Like summer's holy dew,—
 The staff hath fallen from his hand,
 The mantle from his breast,
 And underneath the church-yard mould
 He takes a quiet rest.

And she, who at each cradle-moan,
 At every childish fear,
 At every fleeting trace of pain
 Stood, full of pity near ;—
 Who to her fondly-cherish'd child
 Such deep affection bore,
 She too, hath given the parting kiss,
 And must return no more.

THE ORDINATION.

UP to thy Master's work! for thou art sworn
 To do his bidding, till the hand of death
 Strike off thine armour. Thy deep vow denies
 To hoard earth's gold, or truckle for its smile,
 Or bind its blood-stain'd laurel on thy brow.

—A nobler field is thine.—The soul! the
 soul!—

That is thy province,—that mysterious thing,
 Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,—
 No chill from hoary time,—with pale decay
 No fellowship,—but shall stand forth unchang'd,
 Unscath'd amid the resurrection fires,
 To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.
 And dost thou take authority to aid
 This pilgrim-essence to a throne in heaven
 Among the glorious harpers, and the ranks
 Of radiant seraphim and cherubim?

Thy business is with that which cannot die,—
 Whose subtle thought the untravell'd universe

Spans on swift wing, from slumbering ages
 sweeps
 Their buried treasures, scans the vault of
 heaven,
 Poises the orbs of light, points boldly out
 Their trackless pathway through the blue ex-
 panse,
 Foils the red comet in its flaming speed,
 And aims to read the secrets of its God.
 —Yet thou, a son of clay, art privileg'd
 To make thy Saviour's image brighter still,
 In this majestic soul!

Give God the praise

That thou art counted worthy,—and lay down
 Thy lip in dust.—Bethink thee of its loss,
 For He whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs
 On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,
 Saith that it may be lost. Should it sin on
 Till the last hour of grace and penitence
 Is meted out, ah! what would it avail
 Though the whole world, with all its pomp, and
 power,
 And plumage, were its own? What were its
 gain
 If the brief hour-glass of this life should fail,
 And leave remorse no grave,—despair, no hope?

Up, blow thy trumpet, sound the loud alarm
 To those who sleep in Zion. Boldly warn
 To 'scape their condemnation, o'er whose head

Age after age of misery hath roll'd,
Who from their prison-house look up and see
Heaven's golden gate, and to its watchmen
cry,
"What of the night?" while the dread answer
falls
With fearful echo down the unfathom'd depths:
"Eternity!"

Should one of those lost souls
Amid its tossings utter forth thy name,
As one who might have pluck'd it from the pit,
Thou man of God! would there not be a burst
Of tears in heaven?

O, live the life of prayer,
The life of faith in the meek Son of God,
The life of tireless labour for His sake:
So may the angel of the covenant, bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow for ever in thy Master's crown.

THE HOST OF GIDEON.



OF the crystal streamlet taste,
 Warriors, in your eager haste,—
 Here refresh your wearied line,
 Ere in battle-strife ye join.

—Some upon the verdant strand
 Scoop the water with their hand,
 Others, on their knees supine,
 For a deeper draught incline.

—But their chieftain standing by,
 Mark'd them with an eagle-eye,
 And his heaving bosom fir'd,
 As he spake the doom inspir'd.

“By the few, who scoop'd the wave,
 Shall our God, his Israel save,—
 On,—ye chosen,—on with me,—
 Yours the toil,—the victory.”

Small the band, yet on they prest,
 Heaven's own courage in their breast,
 And the strong and haughty foe,
 Covering all the vale below,—
 At their onset hold and high,
 At their trumpet's fearful cry,

Prince, and chariot, turn'd and fled,
Helpless in that hour of dread.

Soldiers of a glorious head,
While this leagur'd earth ye tread,
Lightly taste of Pleasure's wave,—
Bow not down like Passion's slave,
Lest, while others watchful stand,
Ye forget the promis'd land,
Lest, thy Leader's voice decree
Joy to them, and shame to thee.

FAREWELL.



Farewell! it hath a sombre tone,
The lip is slow to take it,
It seemeth like the willow's moan
When autumn winds awake it ;
It seemeth like the distant sea
Round some lone islet sighing,
And yet thou say'st it unto me,
And wait'st for my replying.

Farewell! thou fly'st from Winter's wrath
'Mid sunny bowers to hide thee,
May freshest roses deck thy path,
Yet bring no thorn to chide thee ;
And may'st thou find that better land
Where no bright dream is broken,
No flower shall fade in beauty's hand,
And no farewell be spoken.

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