

**Felicia Hemans**  
**in**  
**The New Monthly Magazine**  
**Volume 38**  
**1833**

**Compiled**  
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REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

A SONNET. BY MRS. HEMANS.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,  
Lulled on his mother's breast the young child lies,  
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile  
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes :  
And through the silence of the burning skies,  
Lo ! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,  
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,  
Regal and still, as everlasting things.  
Vain pomps ! from *Him*, with that pure flowery cheek,  
Soft shadowed by his mother's bending head,  
A new-born spirit, mighty and yet meek,  
Through the whole world like vernal air shall spread ;  
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown  
Before the suffering and the lowly down.

THE RISING OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*He that was dead, rose up and spoke—he spoke—  
Was it of that majestic world unknown?  
Those words, that first the bier's dread silence broke,  
Came they with revelation in each tone?  
Were the far cities of the nations gone,  
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,  
For Man uncurtained by that spirit lone,  
Brought from their portal back across the deep?  
— Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay  
Still drawn:—thy Lord recalled the voice departed,  
To spread His truth, to comfort His faint-hearted,  
Not to unfold the mysteries of its way.  
— Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith—  
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question* Death!*