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W. Taylor 1891

THE

DREAMING GIRL,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

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James Toddler Esquire.

Prestler

Thou friend of melting minstrelsy,
Let simple Bard permitted be,
To dedicate his lays to thee.

And neath thy wing,
Like wild bird on the forest tree,
He'll boldly sing.



759763

P R E F A C E .

It is proper for the Author to observe, that he had, primarily, no intention of publishing this small volume. Having been often gratified by the perusal of some of those inimitable tales in "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," he was induced, simply for his own amusement, to commence these Poems; sometimes stepping upon, and strewing the line of occurrence in that work, with diversified, and poetical thought, supplied by the muse as he passed along; and, at other times conducted to such unbeaten, and fanciful paths, that some will say, they

" Scarcely bear similitude the while."

Nevertheless, if they have any tendency to amuse the reader, but more especially to elevate the moral sentiment, his best wishes accompany them.

MANCHESTER, DECEMBER, 1840.

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THE
DREAMING GIRL.

THE DREAMING GIRL.

1.

Thrice welcome thou, my homely lyre,
Light up thine almost-smothered fire,
Sweep off the rust from every wire,
 And tuneful be,
And simplest minstrelsy inspire,
 Melodiously.

11.

Come with me to the silent dell,
And wake the soul-inspiring spell,
While cowslips and the blue harebell
 In concert meet,
Around the lowly daisy pale,
 Thy tones to greet.

III.

Or shouldst thou choose a wilder sweep,
To skim or dive the briny deep,
Or in the whirlpool's cradle sleep,
I'll follow thee,
Though chambered where the crab-fish creep,
So courteously!

IV.

First let poetic song resound,
In banquet-hall, for Allan found,
Where laird jocund and gentles round,
Are boon to meet
The bravest seaman sea-ward bound,
With gallant fleet.

V.

No braver Scottish youth appeared,
More worthy of the honest laird,
Or of the daughter's fond regard,
Than Allan Day;
Or to his co-mates more endeared.
When far at sea.

VI.

His pulse of love that night beat high,
The youthful current seemed to fly,
And Fanny caught the leering eye,
 Full often turned ;
But when from her's a gleam shot by,
 He blinked and burned.

VII.

True love, with every changing freak,
Fair as the rainbow's various streak,
And couching in the dimpled cheek,
 Is never mute ;
But will in silence sweetly speak,
 Soft as a lute.

VIII.

'Tis like the pure poetic fire,
Upkindling with intense desire,
And on progressing, rising higher,
 Its every thought,
Is sooth, and soft as angel-lyre
 Of gentlest note.

IX.

And groups of speaking eyes that time,
Like brilliants from some fairy clime,
In sweetest concord seemed to chime,
 With liveliest glee ;
While musing Fanny was the prime,
 The loveliest, she !

X.

The maid was fair as maid could be,
And aye she smiled benignantly,
While rays of truth and chastity
 Around her poured,
As from a source of purity
 With sweetness stored.

XI.

Her ringlets were the auburn hue,
Her eyes the tint of heavenly blue,
The blushing rose and lily too
 Bloomed on the cheek,
While rubies the twin lips imbue
 With graces meek.

XII.

Oh, she was bland, and sightly she,
As eye could wish, or beauty be ;
And glowed with virgin radianey,
 Soft as the moon,
And sweet as dew-cup on the lea,
 Sipped by the sun.

XIII.

Unnoticed by the lively board,
When cups of joy brim-full were poured,
And songs on songs were still encored,
 The maid withdrew ;
For Oh, to purer bliss she soared,
 Bliss ever new !

XIV.

At vesper-hour she left the hall,
The merriments and festive ball ;
And Ah, her heart was sad withal,
 And pined in pain,
As gliding by the poplars tall,
 In pensive strain.

xv.

The lowlands lift the hazy shroud,
Round floating like a fleecy cloud ;
The warbling stream is heard aloud,
 Meandering by ;
While stars gleen round, a countless crowd,
 With sparkling joy.

xvi.

The rising moon with smiling mien,
The vaulted heavens and earth between,
Peers like a crescent-line serene,
 Or curve of gold,
While lovely maiden sweeps unseen
 The green-clad mould.

xvii.

And Fanny, Oh, how comely she,
As skimming o'er the dewy lea,
And pausing soon, from guile as free
 As cherubim,
She warbled with simplicity,
 This vesper hymn :—

XVIII.

“ May HE who holds the winds in hand,
Nor lets them breathe without command,
Who bids the waters know the land,
 Their bounds to sweep,
The mariner so brave and bland,
 Defend and keep.

XIX.

“ Should vivid forked lightnings flash,
And thunders burst with roaring crash,
Or mountain-waves the welkin dash,
 Preserve him then ;
The ‘ still small voice’ the whole can hush
 To peace again.

XX.

“ Its softest whisper will suffice
To quell the thundering cannon-voice ;
It stays the red ball as it flies
 Its unseen flight,
Or booms it through the intrenchant skies,
 As fleet as light.

XXI.

“ The brave protect where'er he go,
And shield him from the deadly blow ;
Below, on deck, or at the prow,
Still let him be
Encircled with the sweet halo
Of clemency.”

XXII.

That dulcet moving melody,
Was heard by Allan wondering by,
For soon he missed her wistful eye
While at the feast,
And swift as mated bird could fly,
He fled in haste.

XXIII.

She scarce had brushed the pearly blade,
Nathless the dewy spires betrayed
The lovely feet of angel maid,
With deeper green ;
And thus conducted by the shade,
He heard unseen.

XXIV.

And while she sang, the listening youth
Seemed, as he drank those streams so sooth,
Those welling notes of maiden ruth,
 Delectable,
Upcaught by echo's fairy mouth,
 Ineffable !

XXV.

And now she turns the sweetest face,
Suffused with sudden rosiness ;
When to the goal of purest peace
 They fly and meet,
Like twin-doves in their nestling place,
 The bosom sweet.

XXVI.

And breathing thus a transient space,
Sweet tears trilled down the virgin's face,
Which soon, like coursers in the chase,
 So fleet and warm,
Depaint behind a chastened trace
 Of softest charm.

XXVII.

The glistening pearls in azure eye,
Seemed with the violet dews to vie,
As round dissolving orb they lie,
 With silvery tinge,
Till lily eyelid swept them by,
 With silken fringe.

XXVIII.

Light love-beams soon the hours beguile,
With maiden's winning, sweetest smile,
Soft zephyrs playing round the while ;
 Yet blushed the maid,
And sweetly meshed in loving coil,
 This dream she said :—

XXIX.

“ Methought, when on my pillow laid,
One eve around my downy bed,
A billow reached my swimming head,
 And dashing spray,
A mermaid of the foam was made,
 In wondrous way.

XXX.

“ Methought it bore me out to sea,
To sultry, burning climes away ;
No word articulate did it say,
 But made a moan,
And splashing in the waving spray,
 It plunged me down.

XXXI.

“ At first I deemed the billows cool,
While verging to a whirling pool,
When soon the gurge, with wild control,
 And circling force,
Round whirred me with terrific roll,
 A downward course.

XXXII.

“ In wild confusion, while asleep,
When midway down the watery steep,
Methought the whirling outer sweep
 Cast me away,
Like tangent of the circling deep,
 To quiet sea.

XXXIII.

“ I turned me then, to view the sky,
The briny sea filled up mine eye,
But still I saw the wonders by,
 With gaze intense ;
A shark gorged down the minion fry,
 With gulp immense.

XXXIV.

“ No sun I saw, nor moon-beam there,
Nor lamp, in all the watery sphere,
But lights phosphoric every where,
 Like milky-way
Of swimming stars, as sheen and fair
 As summer day.

XXXV.

“ I saw a thousand gems so bright,
Their fulgour dimmed me with delight ;
The ruby, emerald, chrysolite,
 Embedded low,
The opal and the diamond white,
 As pure as snow.

XXXVI.

“ The sea-floor seemed as paved with gold,
And treasures which may not be told,
Unnumbered heaps, so manifold,
 Of shining ore,
On blank oblivion's page enrolled,
 ‘ A sunless store.’

XXXVII.

“ I saw a luminous apex,
The shell-fish scale the lubric peaks,
The storehouse of a thousand wrecks,
 Destruction's home ;
The masts, the hulls, the shattered decks,
 Confusion's tomb.

XXXVIII.

“ I saw the myriads dead below,
Which finny shoals may never know,
A multitudinous out-throw,
 From every land ;
The monk, the christian, and the jew,
 A motley band.

XXXIX.

“ I saw an object through the tide,
Which depths unfathomed could not hide ;
A corse enfolding lifeless bride,
 On ledge of rock,
More moved me than the sights beside,
 And I awoke.

XL.

“ And with the vision thus received,
Thoughts full of wonder to me cleaved,
And as I mused my bosom heaved,
 With mystery clad ;
Such musings scarce may be believed,
 So strange and sad.

XLI.

“ Meseemed the sea-nymph meant the sea,
Which bore thee, dearest, far away,
Where shining gems below portray,
 As I construe,
Thyself, and fleet in bright array,
 And glowing crew.

XLII.

“ And then methought the whirlpool meant,
The van-most ship with circling bent,
Impelled around, with bold intent,
 The foe to pierce ;
And with continuous veering, blent
 In conflict fierce.

XLIII.

“ The throat of shark, was gorging war,
The minion fry, the myriads there,
Phosphoric lights the battle glare,
 And then, the dead,
The bravest tars ‘ beyond compare,’
 Who fought and bled.

XLIV.

“ I gleaned the downward course was death,
Where mid-way down I lackèd breath,
And there perchance, the vision saith,
 Thy fate may be,
Where I was whirled around beneath,
 A-down the sea.

XLV.

“ The other visioned scenery,
I nothing ween what that may be,
But, Ah, the folding twain are we,
 Who breathe of love,
While rolling waves of jeopardy,
 Around us move.

XLVI.

“ Now, dearest, grant me simple boon,
Oh, may it prove a blessed one,
To-morrow at the earliest dawn,
 In happy hour,
Meet we, and let a stem be drawn,
 From rosy bower.

XLVII.

“ This plant we in salubrious site,
Which first receives the orient light,
And if it blossom fair and bright,
 Sweet omen be ;
I'll water it by day and night,
 And think of thee.

XLVIII.

“ But should it droop, and wither there,
I'll still bedew it with a tear,
And offer up a maiden's prayer,
 To HIM above,
Who clothes the lily flowers so fair,
 In robes of love.”

XLIX.

So spake the meekest, loveliest thing,
Lovely as seraphim on wing,
Or heavenly birdling chirruping
 Its thoughts of bliss ;
While Allan's arms around her cling,
 With fond embrace.

L.

The morn arose with blushing light,
The lovely stem with dew bedight,
By slender hand of lily white,
 Was drawn and set ;
And then their loves again they plight,
 With “ Don't forget.”

LI.

Like onward current, calm and clear,
Sweet converse now glides round the year,
When sailor brave to maiden dear,
Should nought betide,
Would in triumphant guise appear,
To claim his bride.

LII.

The anchors weigh, the canvas swells,
The airs, impellent, kiss the sails,
The shores recede, and joy prevails
The fleet among ;
While buoyant hopes, like rising gales,
Bear them along.

LIII.

The farewell group surround the strand—
The matron, and the maiden band ;
While Fanny, with her snow-white hand,
The 'kerchief moves,
Responding pennant, waving bland,
To him she loves.

LIV.

Like specks upon the ocean's rim,
The gallant ships majestic swim,
And in the distance fading dim,
 No form retain ;
When from the beach, the lengthened beam
 Was snapped in twain.

LV.

And often to this point by day,
Or with departing evening ray,
The lovely maid would stretch away
 Her line of sight,
In mystic sweetness, like a fay,
 So fair and bright.

LVI.

The wheels of time, while onward borne,
Or tides which ebb, and then return,
Were not more constant eve or morn,
 Than virgin feet,
Upon the open beachy bourn,
 Her loved retreat.

LVII.

Oft times she sat, anon would pace
The bleaky strand with wistful face,
And sometimes send a mental gaze
 To climes afar,
As through a moistened, wildered maze,
 Wet with a tear.

LVIII.

Sometimes her strain of melody,
Would fall with dying cadency
Upon the bosom of the sea,
 In sweetest tone,
Like note of night-bird, plaintively,
 In forest lone.

LIX.

Her thoughts were like the wizard's wand,
Up-conjuring fears on every hand ;
As, if a wave splashed on the strand,
 A ship went down ;
Or, if a spar was dashed a-land,
 The fleet was gone.

LX.

A gale would with a breath arise,
She heard the thunders in her sighs,
And dangers thick in every guise
 Sprang with the breeze ;
But with a gale, a tempest flies
 Athwart the seas.

LXI.

Oh ! she was tender as the dove,
When thinking of her mated love ;
Her thoughts, like this loved bird, would rove
 The watery round ;
Her fears the troubled deluge prove,
 No rest she found ;

LXII.

Till summer day, past noon-tide hour,
As seated in the shady bower,
And sheltered from a passing shower,
 A sudden glance
Towards beauteous stem of rosy flower,
 Induced a trance.

LXIII.

Embarked upon a sea of love,
Light wavelets soon like billows prove;
What marvel if o'er maid they move
 With whelming sway,
While love-bud lifts the head above
 The omen spray ?

LXIV.

The blooming stem, so fair and slim,
In emerald radiance seemed to beam
Before the maid, as in a dream,
 A boon complete !
An opening flower on either limb
 Of omen sweet !

LXV.

But brief the pause which, passing, sent
A lovely, softened, mingled tint
Of gentlest flush, with faintness blent,
 And then a smile,
Like orient sunbeam permeant,
 And bland the while.

LXVI.

Soon, like a sweet reviving flower,
Uprising with refreshing shower,
Her head she raises in the bower,
 With gentleness ;
Inhaling sweets, in balmy hour
 Of blessedness.

LXVII.

And, waking from her fairy dream,
“ Frail weakling,” said she, “ I must seem,
Unworthy of the Great Supreme ;
 See, where I trace,
The omen buddings shoot their beam,
 Of loveliness.

LXVIII.

“ A changeling ever I must be,”
Said she, in soft femininity ;
“ Erewhile upon the wide blue sea,
 I dreamt of death,
But now behold the omen tree,
 Fair as a wreath.

LXIX.

“ Ah me, ingrate, to doubt His care,
Who clothes the rose so sweet and fair,
Whose praise the valley-flowers declare,
 So sinlessly !
With all the songsters of the air,
 In liquid glee.

LXX.

“ The loveliest rose may fade away,
The lily in the vale decay,
The feathered warbler lose its lay,
 While ONE above,
Preserves His children day by day,
 With ceaseless love.

LXXI.

“ Strong be His arm for Allan Day ;
Methinks I see his winsome way,
Bending o'er me the tenderer spray,
 And bud below,
To shield me from the scorching ray,
 Or winds that blow.

LXXII.

“ ’Tis meet I breathe for him a prayer,
’Tis meet my tenderest thoughts he share ;
He towers above so proudly there,
 More fond of me
Than of his ship, which takes the air
 So gallantly.

LXXIII.

“ Soft be his pillow on the sea,
In hammock cradled tenderly,
And sweet his dreams of love and me,
 Wherever driven ;
From battle-foe, and shipwreck, free,
 Preserve him, Heaven !”

LXXIV.

The maiden now was seldom seen,
Till messenger, like go-between,
Arrived post-haste, with fairest mien,
 And silent spread
His message, with a sign serene,
 To trembling maid.

LXXV.

As placid as the cloudless sky,
Before the maid of searching eye,
These words unfolds he silently,—
 “ All, all is well ! ”
The message bore her Allan's die,
 And manual.

LXXVI.

The tidings thrilled her with delight ;
There seemed to swim before her sight,
Soft quivering beams of flickering light,
 Defineless flame !
And, in a sweet extatic flight,
 She kissed the name.

LXXVII.

The wheels of time now roll apace,
Diurnal in their even race,
While maiden, in her loveliness,
 Full oft is seen,
Like mated bird in loneliness,
 With wistful mien.

LXXVIII.

The circling year in "May of life,"
Sends forth its blossoms fair and rife,
Whose sweetest fragrance, ever brief,
 Soon dies away ;
When autumn days of "yellow leaf,"
 Sweet fruits display.

LXXIX.

The earth her swelling bosom heaves,
The corn-fields sweep their flowing waves,
And teem their stores of golden sheaves,
 With plenty crowned ;
The empty granary receives
 The shocks around.

LXXX.

And now the halesome harvest-men,
With all their kin, a blithesome train,
Peal forth the rural grateful strain
 Of Harvest-home,
Like incense rising for the grain,
 A sweet perfume.

LXXXI.

The harvest-moon, all lingering she,
 Her orbit wheels so tardily,
 As if a guest she wished to be,
 As sheen as noon ;
 Beaming her smiles with grateful glee,
 So fair and boon.

LXXXII.

The choral done, light sports commence,
 The tale, and song altern, and dance,
 And then a country salliance,
 Of rural joy ;
 No challenge here for vigilance,
 Of matron eye.

LXXXIII.

A group select, assembled were,
 In kitchen-hall, like spacious square,
 The laird, the matron, maiden fair,
 And gentle-folk ;
 Where for a treat they all prepare,
 Of glee and joke.

LXXXIV.

A spectacled all-dominant,
Unmeet for voices jubilant,
Profound, pedantic sycophant,
 Sat by the laird,
In coin of gaping chimney vent,
 Whence he was heard.

LXXXV.

With nasal twang, and ferret eyes,
The page of news he turns and plies,
And reads what quack-men advertise,
 With eager zest ;
Then swallows pills of every size,
 A medley feast.

LXXXVI.

The poet's corner caught his eye,
But this he passes heedless by,
Bombastic, frenzied rhapsody,
 Unnatural ;
Unmeaning, silly progeny,
 The poets all !

LXXXVII.

The shipping, and the shipwrecks too,
 Successive pass before his view ;
 And pompously proceeding through,—
 A death-knell falls !
 “ The Rosamond, and all her crew,
 Lost in the squalls !”

LXXXVIII.

The sentence fell like bolt of death,
 Or angry lightning's flashing scath !—
 'Twas like a pestilential breath,
 To slender maid ;
 She faded like a blasted wreath,
 Or tender blade !

LXXXIX.

Did ever floweret fair, sustain
 A blast so strong, and bloom again ?
 The stem is bent, and fibrous vein
 Grows cold and still,
 While all the vital saps remain
 To flow and heal.

XC.

The lovely maid begins to move,
Collects her thoughts, which wildly rove,—
“The Rosamond!” said she, and strove
 The whole to say;
But, silent as the breathless grove,
 She fades away.

XCI.

They bore her to the bay recess,
Removed the sash, which fronts the place,
Where omen-plant, in floridness,
 Its fragrance gives;
She breathes the odours as they pass,
 And then she lives.

XCII.

Plunge after plunge, and swoon on swoon,
Was ever maid so wobegone?
She now beheld, by glimpse of moon,
 A shadow glide;
With shrill and renovated tone,
 “’Tis he!” she cried.

XCIII.

“ Methought he turned, and glanced at me,
As gliding by the holly tree ;
Ah no, his cold grave is the sea,
The crew are lost ;
His noble form I ne’er may see ;
’Twas Allan’s ghost !”

XCIV.

The portal swings upon the post,
A figure o’er the threshold crossed,
Not like a jellied, watery ghost,
From depths afar ;
But in the guise of maiden’s boast,
A British tar !

XCV.

Towards the sylph-like form he flies,
The maiden shrieks with wild surprise,
Then sinks, as if no more to rise,
From sailor-breast ;
Like loveliest bird of Paradise,
In sweetest nest.

.XCVI.

'Twas sweet for ever thus to see,
The twin-buds of the omen-tree,
Blooming their loves so fragrantly ;
 Oh ! it was bliss,
To see them twine, so tenderly
 In chaste embrace.

XCVII.

In streams of love and purity,
The maid her sorrows laves away,
And then discourse they artlessly ;
 So boon they seem,
Of days gone by, and days to be,
 Their happy theme.

XCVIII.

The maiden's fears sank, like a wreck,
When of the Rosamond he spake ;
It was the *Rosa* sprang a leak,
 And then went down,
Which well unravels the mistake
 Read, by the clown.

XCIX.

As well beseemed those happy days,
The twain unite their grateful lays,
To HIM who quells the wildest seas,
 Tempestuous ;
And leaves a calm behind of peace,
 Propitious !

C.

Soft is His hand who keeps his own,
His eye is love, though it may frown ;
And where the seeds of love be sown,
 He'll water them,
And crown them with the benison
 Of all HIS NAME !

THE
MAIDEN OF THE SNOW.

:

THE MAIDEN OF THE SNOW.

I.

The bird of heaven, the laverock sweet,
Has left his mountain domicile ;
The linnet's warblings cease to greet,
The watchful shepherd of the hill.

II.

The verdant smile of summer gone,
With honeysuckled cot's perfume ;
Bleak winter on his shivering throne,
Surrounds with frost his ample room.

III.

No springing herbage for the herd,
No sheltering form for timid hare ;
Nor bud, nor berry, for the bird,
But desolation chill and bare.

IV.

The moorland hills of nature sleep,
With virgin snow enrobed around ;
The stars in silent motion creep,
Like fairy gems o'er crusted ground.

V.

Far in the wild of Highland moor,
One solitary hut is seen,
With flaky mantle covered o'er,
And warm content, and peace within.

VI.

The peat-fire shone, on neatness round,
On table spread with humble fare ;
On Holy Bible open found,—
Assurance GOD himself was there.

VII.

On either side the cheerful fire,
Contemplative affection, proved
How much the mother, and the sire,
Of maiden thought, so well beloved.

VIII.

The clean, and homely board prepared,
Was for a lovely, only child ;
Who, distant o'er the mountains, shared
The service of a farm-stead wild.

IX.

And this the looked-for, welcome night,
When she "her saer-won penny fee,"
With angel-hand, and sweet delight,
Should fondly place on parent-knee.

X.

The moments come, and pass away,
No gentle touch on latch, is found ;
The moon, and stars, in bright array,
Illume the concave sky around.

XI.

Protracted silence, like a charm,
Held them in mute anxiety ;
At length parental love, too warm,
Brake forth in soft maternity :—

XII.

“ Blooms not our lassie fair as rose,
And sweet as any flower of May ?
And shoots she not as fast, and grows,
And beams as bright, as summer-day ?”

XIII.

“ The years roll on,” the sire replies,
“ And soon the number will be told,
When we shall see our child arise,
More precious than a mine of gold.

XIV.

“ Oft has the minister declared,
How well she reads her Bible through ;
And, loud as lark, in kirk she's heard,
Warbling her hymn, as sweetly too.

xv.

“ Could aught below such goodness harm,
While stars of heaven shine on her path,
As gliding from our neighbour-farm,
On snow-white pavement, o'er the heath ?”

xvi.

A sudden gust blew round the hut,
Which gave the naked tree a groan,
A moving anguish at its root,
And all the wild a dismal moan.

xvii.

The sire upstarted on his feet,
His dog he called, and took his stave ;
Away he went his child to meet,
And save her from a mountain grave.

xviii.

The mother gazed, in wild dismay
Around, upon the darkened scene,
So lately shining bright as day,
But now, nor moon, nor stars, are seen.

XIX.

She looked upon the fitful sky,
 With elemental strife replete ;
And now, she turns her frightened eye,
 Where winds in booming currents meet.

XX.

Aloft, the blasting trumpets blow
 Their blaring note, as nature groaned !
While flying flakes of fleecy snow,
 Are drifted, thickening, whirling round.

XXI.

Soon as the evening moon arose,
 Watched by the eye of Mary Lee,
This maid the night-chills did oppose,
 And scaled the mountains cheerily.

XXII.

She sang a strain, as blithe as bird ;
 It was a song of sanctity ;
Far in the heavens her voice was heard—
 That hymn was sweet, and pure as she.

XXIII.

The rippled stream had ceased to flow,
And chimed not with the melody ;
Its course was overlaid with snow,
And nothing heard save Mary Lee.

XXIV.

She glinted upwards to a star,
With eyes of love, and lovely face ;
She thought of Him, who sees afar,
And of her home, and happiness.

XXV.

She thought of cheerful peat-fireside,
And of her parents anxiously,—
Of Holy Bible, open wide,
Of worship, most religiously.

XXVI.

She thought she saw her narrow room—
The mirror on the white-washed wall ;
She thought of all the sweet perfume
Of calm content, which sweetens all.

XXVII.

So thought this child of innocence,
As lightly gliding o'er the snow;
The air was eager, and intense,
And pearls were frozen, round her brow.

XXVIII.

When on the verge of bleaky moss,
Her eyes she cast on wildered way,
And heard the roar of winds across,
Which hushed at once her tuneful lay.

XXIX.

She knew no fear, but bolder seemed,
As nearing home with quickened pace;
For still the stars around her beamed,
And hope shone brighter in her face.

XXX.

Too soon the sky began to scowl—
A snow-flake wafted to her eye;
She heard again the booming howl,
And now she knew a storm was nigh.

XXXI.

She heard the distant whirl come on,
With maddened fury, 'cross the moor;
A shade upon her path was thrown—
'Twas dark behind, and dark before.

XXXII.

The sky, so lately bright and clear,
And garnished round with life and love,
Was clothed with tempest, wild and drear,
And winds, with gusty frenzy, drove.

XXXIII.

No eye, save ONE, this storm could see,
Or pierce the blackness round the hill;
'Twas not the eye of Mary Lee,
But His, who bade the waves be still.

XXXIV.

“The change is frightful,” stammered she;
“Alas, for all the lonely sheep;
Poor lambkins, what can shelter ye!”
And then the maiden 'gan to weep.

XXXV.

Her tender feet a numbness felt—
The cold as keen, as cold could be ;
Around her head, the snow-flakes pelt,
And, breathless, down sank, Mary Lee.

XXXVI.

“ Oh, Heaven !” said she, “ must I die here ?
The snow my only winding-sheet ?
Nor father’s love, nor mother’s tear,
To warm the freezing death I meet ?

XXXVII.

“ And must I see the sky no more ?
Nor hear the warbling lark again ?
No more behold a lovely flower,
Or evergreen, of rural glen ?

XXXVIII.

“ Must I then perish in this wild,
'Neath yonder awful, darkened dome ?
And buried be, in drifts up-piled,
Until the weeping thaw be come ?

XXXIX.

“ Almighty Father, Holiest Name !
 The rising murmur low be laid ;
 Oh, make my will, and Thine, the same,
 And shelter my defenceless head.

XL.

“ Dost Thou not hold the stormy wind,
 Within the hollow of Thine hand ?
 Thou speakest to the murmuring mind,
 And all is calm, at Thy command.”

XLI.

She said that prayer, she said no more,
 But cold she lay, to sleep and die ;
 It pierced exhaustless Mercy's store,
 Which feedeth ravens, when they cry.

XLII.

Not far from stem, nipped off with frost,
 Behind a drift of piling snow,
 The aged trunk, all tempest-tossed,
 Was felled, and lay to perish too !

XLIII.

Omniscient Heaven, did well provide,
A rescue for this maiden bland,
In one who sought her for his bride,
And sharer of his father-land.

XLIV.

The virgin girl he oft beheld,
And rural meal did oft receive,
From her, whose softer looks repelled,
The searching glance of Walter Reeve.

XLV.

This bravest youth of pastoral scene,
His flock had sheltered nigh the linn,
And bounded, like the roc unseen,
And fleet as arrow, home to win.

XLVI.

For well he knew a storm would come,
Since o'er his head a snow-cloud hung ;
He knew his Mary wended home,
Her home-path, mighty hills among.

XLVII.

The moon was high, and soon he found,
His flower removed to mountain brow,
The sweetest bud the wild around,
Arrayed in bloom of fairest blow.

XLVIII.

The charms of home, around her came,
One only Power could force her stay,
That Power did homewards fan the flame,
Which hid her lovely feet away.

XLIX.

The youth sped off, with dogs, which knew
The form, and voice of Mary Lee,
Since oft, from her fair hands, they drew
Their food, and kindness plenteously.

L.

He knew her track, where oft afore,
In innocence, and sweet delight,
The twain had crossed the lonely moor,
Beneath the smile of summer-night.

LI.

No tracing pathway now is seen,
But one broad sheet of mantling snow,
Spread o'er the face of nature's green,
And blanched with hoar of winter's brow.

LII.

The looked-for tempest 'gan, and roared,
And love waxed stronger, as it raged,
As through the falling flakes he gloared,
And Mary Lee his thoughts engaged.

LIII.

He called her name incessantly,
As if some spell enwheeled the word ;
Again he called on Mary Lee,
'Mid mighty tempest, louder heard.

LIV.

Still pressing on, renewing cry,
The dogs began to understand,
And, glancing upwards to his eye,
Away they scoured without command.

LV.

He floundered on, through piling snow,
Till hope, and courage 'gan to sink ;
And flounced his way, in blindness too,
With whirling flakes on every blink.

LVI.

Ere long, one worn-out dog returned,
And gasping, fell down wearily ;
His blearing, swimming eyes, upturned,
No tidings told of Mary Lee.

LVII.

His mate was mute, and lingered long,
Unseen, unheard by all below ;
The youth, a prey to sharpest pang,
Despairing, sank upon the snow.

LVIII.

With grief o'ercharged, he lay a space,
Assured his Mary Lee was dead ;
A stillness gathered round the place,
And lo, his shepherd dog was fled !

LIX.

He brushed the snow-flakes from his eye,
And, listening, caught a distant bark,
A note of recognising joy!
And off he sprang, as light as lark.

LX.

Redoubled strength is rendered now,
He, fearless, rushed impetuously;
He bounded through, and o'er the snow,
And prostrate fell by Mary Lee.

LXI.

Her snow-white, frozen hand, in his
He took, and raised her helpless form,
And then her pallid face did kiss,
Where still he saw the lingering charm.

LXII.

Down fell her head, upon his breast,
A deep, and shivering sob, she gave;
"Kind Heaven," he cried, "give thy behest,
And raise this maiden from the grave.

LXIII.

“ Dispel the turmoil in the sky,
Command the fitful scene up-break,
Light up again this maiden’s eye,
And bid the crimson current wake.”

LXIV.

That prayer was heard, the winds were laid,
A sudden calm came o’er the hill,
As though the heavenly voice had said,
“ Ye whirling drifts, and winds, be still.”

LXV.

The storm retired all-cheeringly,
The dogs again barked out with joy,
They frisked around with burrowing glee,
The snow among, afar, and nigh.

LXVI.

The lily folds, o’er azure eye,
Were parted, and a beam was seen,
More cheering than the deep blue sky,
Which peeped the opening clouds between.

LXVII.

She 'gan to move the stiffened limb,
He gently raised her drooping head ;
She throbb'd again, and look'd on him,
And then, in faltering accents, said :—

LXVIII.

“ One ringlet, of my frozen hair,
To Walter my last token be.”
“ Alas, she thinks she's dying here,
And dying, thus remembers me.

LXIX.

“ I'll bear thee, Mary, to thine home,
As fleet of foot, as fleetest roc ;
I'll lodge thee, in thy little room,
And save thee, or I'll perish too.”

LXX.

His mantling plaid, the maid upon,
He bore her angel-form away,
Which seem'd as light, as thistle-down ;
And then the moon shone out, like day.

LXXI.

Returning warmth came to their aid,
As maiden, in his arms, was pressed ;
She now herself, uplifts the head,
Reclining on the anxious breast.

LXXII.

“ Oh, Walter !” said she, “ little need,
To care for hapless Mary Lee,
While there is one, with father’s speed,
Lone, wandering o’er this wild for me.

LXXIII.

“ Ah me ! he must be round this place,
And perishing upon the snow !”
The father reeled before her face,
And frozen tears, began to thaw.

LXXIV.

The loud alarms of living breath,
Had roused the parent’s cold repose,
Upraised him from that sleeping death,
When God alone could interpose.

LXXV.

His was the hand which formed the ear,
 'Twas His own voice which struck thereon ;
He works unseen, and every where,
 And saves the helpless when alone.

LXXVI.

The maiden's look, and father's gaze,
 Each spake a language understood,
As eloquent as Gabriel's praise,
 The look, the gaze, were gratitude.

LXXVII.

That language sweet, could not reveal,
 Each sum of sufferings while alone,
Those sufferings unreciprocal,
 Recorded all, at yonder Throne !

LXXVIII.

The white rose, and the red, resume
 Their wonted bloom, on maiden face ;
The spangled Heavens again illumed,
 This little band of happiness.

LXXIX.

The rescue, like a genial fire,
 Warm influence shed, and lively glee ;
The youth assists, and now the sire,
 The failing steps of Mary Lee.

LXXX.

If pleasure pure did ever dwell,
 In angel-bosom here below,
Like heavenly showers, 'twas here it fell,
 Upon THE MAIDEN OF THE SNOW.

LXXXI.

She felt a flow of thankfulness,
 To Him who worketh all things well ;
And Oh ! she felt assuredness,
 His care is more than song can tell.

LXXXII.

She poured soft beams of lovingness,
 Upon blest faces over her,
And raised a tide of happiness,
 Upspringing from a sparkling tear.

LXXXIII.

A twinkling star, of cottage light,
Arose, across the lonely moor,
A charm, like magnet of the night,
Attracting all with silent power.

LXXXIV.

And nearing thus the snow-clad cot,
They laughed, and talked, with merry glee,
As though the storm were all forgot,
And all were well, with Mary Lee.

LXXXV.

Alas, the feint was vain and wild,
They sought to warn a mother's fear,
No ill had fallen unto her child:
Their joy fell not upon her ear.

LXXXVI.

The booming blast, and whirling snow,
Retreat had caused from cottage door,
And wrought the mother's overthrow,
Who long had swooned on chilling floor.

LXXXVII.

The husband raised her to a chair,
Her face was pale, her pulse beat not ;
'Twas more than slender form could bear,
And down sank maiden of the cot.

LXXXVIII.

They bore them both to lowly room,
And placed them on the narrow bed ;
O'erwhelming fears, and thickening gloom,
Surrounded, where the twain were laid.

LXXXIX.

Long time they strove to waken them,
In mingled hope and fear, they tried ;
They deemed GOD had forsaken them,
As kneeling down the bed beside.

XC.

And lowly, on their bended knees,
In solemn worship, Him before,
They called to mind One on the seas,
Who stilled the maddening tempest's roar.

XCI.

The father clasped a clay-cold hand,
And cried aloud on Holy Power ;
“ Oh, God !” he said, “ give Thy command,
And save us from this evil hour.”

XCII.

One silent pulse began to speak,
The maid arose, with icy brow,
And throbbed, as every link would break,
Which bound her to that scene of woe.

XCIII.

She called her mother, o'er and o'er,
The pillowing arm beneath her laid ;
She plied each art, her every power,
To raise her from the dying bed.

XCIV.

She gently warmed her frigid feet,
And bathed with tears the pallid cheek ;
The torpid heart began to beat,
And life's fair dawn, began to break.

xcv.

The wondering mother gazed on all,
As recollection faint, returned ;
No scene, save one, could she recall,
When from the door the husband turned.

xcvi.

Nor thought, nor motion, did remain,
While on the floor she lay at length ;
The pitying Heavens take all the pain,
If all the pain surpass the strength.

xcvii.

The lengthened storm seemed like a thought,
Or moment, to her wakened eye ;
And nothing now, save smiles, she caught,
From happy, loving, angel nigh.

xcviii.

And now they speak of what had passed,
Of bravest youth, and sweetest maid ;
Of all adventures, first to last,
While wakening light, beams round her head.

XCIX.

She cast a look at Walter Reeve,
And Oh! she blessed him thankfully,
And bade him, as from Heaven, receive,
The beauteous hand of Mary Lee.

c.

They led the mother 'fore the fire,
The group surround the waiting meal;
Sweet thanks they offer, through the sire,
And all the angry storm is still.

ELLEN AND BLIND ARTHUR.

ELLEN AND BLIND ARTHUR.

I.

Arthur Kean, hale and lithe, was the pride
Of his own native hamlet around ;
And encircling the place, rolled the tide
Of his hopes, to the wild mountain bound.

II.

While the wakening streaks in the east,
O'er the mantle of night shed their grey,
And the twilight sailed round to the west,
Arthur hied to the Highlands away.

III.

On a summit, his shepherd dog yare,
Had encompassed his flock in the night,
With a circle, as true as the bear
Wheels the pole, in the firmament's height.

IV.

The full tale of his ewes, he found right,
As he numbered them o'er one by one,
And dispersed them, to new morning light,
Or to frolick, or graze, at their lone.

V.

Faithful Wolf, frisked around with his bark,
And his gambols, caresses bespoke ;
While his matins he joined with the lark,
As the fair, dappled day-light awoke.

VI.

Soon the sun, in his fiery car, flew
Up the steep, of his high mounting road ;
And he sipped up the sweets, with the dew,
As he scaled the bright chambers of God.

VII.

Arthur couched, and reclined by the broom,
And the heath's odoriferous flower ;
With his tartan up-spread like a dome,
As a shade, from the sun's sultry power.

VIII.

But in Arthur's own bosom, there dwelt
A sweet flame, of empyreal spark,
Which would kindle a glow, to be felt
Should the orbs in the heavens become dark.

IX.

Ellen Cave was a fair scented flower,
And her bosom the new drifted snow,
And her charms were as fresh, every hour,
As the sweet bud, of spring's early blow.

X.

Not a maiden more comely to greet,
Moved the villagers' circle among ;
And her cumberless thoughts were as sweet,
As the notes of the laverock's loud song.

XI.

O'er the pure damask vest of her mind,
Was portrayed with the radiance of youth,
An assemblage of virtues combined,
And around, was the halo of truth.

XII.

And her soft, changing blushes revealed,
As they flushed through their thin lily fold,
Every charm, which might not be concealed,
In a form of such delicate mould.

XIII.

They disclosed the soft magic of love,
With a pathos, as pure as might be,
Unto one whom the Heavens approve,
For young Arthur, the shepherd, was he.

XIV.

But, the minstrel while harping their loves,
Must be charmed by their earliest song,
As they traversed the greenwood, and groves,
And rejoiced the sweet warblers among.

XV.

Soft and winsome, their every smile,
And as mild as a moonbeam were they ;
All their childhood was light as their toil,
Or at school, or their innocent play.

XVI.

In their clean lowly cots they both learnt,
To be thankful for little received ;
And to feast at the board of content,
Is a banquet, too rarely conceived.

XVII.

Neither Arthur, nor Ellen, aught knew,
Whence their current of love took its source,
Lovely flowerets together they grew,
And, like streamlets, they blended their course.

XVIII.

As their young, rolling years, passed away,
And their light flexile forms were all boon,
Ellen's smile, was the mildness of May,
Arthur's love, was the summer's warm June.

XIX.

In the morn, with the glimmer of day,
They would waken the hills, with their hymn,
Ere the savage bird sought for the prey,
Or the sun shewed the top of his rim.

XX.

And while Arthur, o'er flocks on the hill,
Kept his watch, as his wont was to do ;
The sweet maiden would sew by the rill,
As she thought of the oft-plighted vow.

XXI.

And at night, in the lone shady dell,
With their hearts overjoyed to the brim,
Distant echo would rise with a swell,
As they chanted their evening hymn.

XXII.

All their youthful days fleetingly run,
While they patiently wait for the hour,
When themselves, and their joys, may be one,
To commingle together their store.

XXIII.

And their nuptial-day, soon was declared,
And the plighted, a low dwelling took ;
A mud cottage, with garden prepared,
Sloping down to the silvery brook.

XXIV.

But the counsels of God, who may scan ?
And His secret designs, who can know ?
Nor the soaring archangel, nor man,
May presume to say, "What doest Thou ?"

XXV.

He vouchsafes in the Heavens to dwell,
And He governs the nations below ;
And He stays the proud waves in their swell,
With His fiat, "Thus far shall ye go."

XXVI.

Decked around, with the sunbeams of truth,
And effulgence, repellent to sight,
Every ray is benignant and sooth,
To the trembler, He brings to the light.

XXVII.

He will suffer no rival to share,
In the bosom, He claims as His own ;
No usurper with Him may compare,
Or may venture to sit on His throne.

XXVIII.

Every atom awaits the control,
Of His boundless, omnipotent sway ;
And the innermost cell of the soul,
Lies as naked, and bare, as the day.

XXIX.

Arthur's love, unrestrained as the wind,
Breathed the tale, that his idol prevailed ;
When 'twas said, " Let the lover be blind,
Till his unhallowed passion be quelled."

XXX.

The commandment went forth, and his eyes
Became dim, as the candle by day ;
And he staggered around with surprise,
Without sunbeam, or moonshining ray.

XXXI.

And as darker, and darker, he grew,
With submission, he bowed to the blow
Of the Power, which can all things subdue,
And exalts, and anon bringeth low.

XXXII.

By degrees, every glimmer withdrew,
Till the fountain of vision was sealed,
On his dim, rolling eye-balls of blue,
While the purpose of Heaven was revealed.

XXXIII.

And his heart became softer, and pure,
When the light of the sun was withdrawn ;
And the beams of the BRIGHTEST his lure,
When the smiles of his Ellen were gone.

XXXIV.

Through a clear, flowing river of light,
He was led by ineffable ray,
To a world more effulgently bright,
With the sun of celestial day.

XXXV.

And he bathed in a flood of new light,
And he drank at the fountain divine,
While down-plunged in the dark gulph of night,
And the day-beam refused to shine.

XXXVI.

Clothed with darkness, the midnight to him
Shone as bright, as meridian day,
While a pure, and a permeant gleam,
Chased the black cloud of error away.

XXXVII.

Oh! how blest every thought, and refined,
When the Highest ascended his throne,
In the bosom's pure region enshrined,
Like a ray of Elysian noon.

XXXVIII.

It was then the sweet maid would appear,
On the altar of truth to recline ;
And would beam with a fervour more dear,
And in beauty, the blandest would shine.

XXXIX.

Every chord of his soul was well toned,
And harmoniously chimed, to fulfil
The behests of the Deity throned,
As He touched every chord at His will.

XL.

In humility's garment arrayed,
Arthur clung to the right hand of God,
And he tasted the sweets as conveyed,
By the stroke of His sovereign rod.

XLI.

Wrapt in gloom, 'mid the sunshining round,
Of the gambols which passed o'er the green,
He would pace round his own darkling bound,
To survey the closed world him within.

XLII.

He could glance at the flocks on the hill,
While exposed to the storm's vivid gleam,
Undismayed, as serenely, and still,
As the face of an unrippled stream.

XLIII.

For he knew that no ill could assault,
Unpermitted, unnoticed by God,
Who directeth the red flashing bolt,
Or to shiver, or spare at His nod.

XLIV.

And the lily flower sheweth no bloom,
Nor the soft, silken hair, changeth hue,
Nor the chirping bird meeteth its doom,
Without Him, who createth things new.

XLV.

He could picture his own lonely lot,
From the glow of creation exiled,
While, contented, he moved round the cot,
As he sent a thought upward, and smiled.

XLVI.

On the retina of "the mind's eye,"
Watchful Wolf, he depicted with glee,
And, while patting, would fancy him shy,
None so lightsome in darkness as he.

XLVII.

But alas ! in the back-ground of shade,
He discovered the fair form of one,
O'er whose features the shadows were spread,
And the bright smiles of hope were all gone.

XLVIII.

And the semblance was true to the life,
For his Ellen would weep by his side,
Like a fountain of sorrow, all rife,
As a mourner, but not as his bride.

XLIX.

For the prudent, would counsel bestow,
And dissuade from the union of hands,
When, a sea of distress would o'erflow,
Every thought of connubial bands.

L.

Overwhelmed with the waters of grief,
And inheriting many a care,
To the strong would she look for relief,
Till subsided the storm of despair.

LI.

And anon, a sweet calm would ensue,
And her hopes would upkindle again,
And would shine, with the soft chastened hue,
Of the phosphorus lights in the main:

LII.

She would gaze on the face so beloved,
With a pathos of pity, so deep,
Till she deemed the fair Heavens were moved,
That their troth-plighted vows they should keep.

LIII.

And, while pondering his balls of pale hue,
As they rolled in their sockets so dim,
All her ponderings tenderer grew,
Till her own melting orbs would o'er-swim.

LIV.

And, in soft, plaintive voice, would she cry,
To the Heavens, for guidance divine,
Every comfort, and want, to supply,
And around the lone sufferer to shine.

LV.

And her accents were sweeter to him,
Than the nightingale's note, or the lark ;
And as dear as the line of a gleam,
Or the glow of ethereous spark.

LVI.

She would pass her slim hand his within,
And would walk by the clear-gliding stream,
As it moved round the brae, and the whin,
But withholding its clearness from him.

LVII.

And the pipings of birds, through the breeze,
And the clear purling water-note near,
With the wild flying hum of the bees,
Seemed a chorus, for Heaven to hear.

LVIII.

Oh ! how lovely the twain to behold,
As they passed through the deep shady dell,
As they listened with raptures untold,
To the bird-song, as warbling it fell.

LIX.

Arthur hearkened, and forth peered his soul,
Light and playful, as sunbeam of joy,
While diffusing with lively control,
The sweet smile round the visionless eye.

LX.

Ellen hung, round his neck, with delight,
And her portals, of ruby, would press,
On his delicate ruins of sight,
A beloved and fervent embrace.

LXI.

And her tears would bedew Arthur's face,
With a pure, and unspeakable bliss ;
Though he saw not the crystal drops chase,
He could feel the warm glow of the kiss.

LXII.

As the ocean tides flow their full swell,
When the moon-shade eclipses the sun,
So the tears, of the maid, as they fell,
Laved around the dim orbs, trilling down.

LXIII.

And to Arthur, at night, on his bed,
The bright image of Ellen would shine,
With a beauty, that may not be said,
And a sweetness, no pen may define.

LXIV.

And his dreams, when to memory brought,
Told the tale, that his Ellen had been,
Like the honey, of every thought,
And the spirit, of sleep's fairy scene.

LXV.

But a cloud would by day intervene,
And would pass between him and the maid,
When he thought of the toil, and the teen,
Which on Ellen too soon would be laid.

LXVI.

And sometimes, he would point to this cloud,
Till the Framer of Suns shot a beam,
And the cloud, curling round, would then scud,
And disperse, like the wreck of a dream.

LXVII.

And the twain, when it vanished away,
 Bloomed as fair, as the blossoming thorn ;
And fresh joys would up-spring all the day,
 And their brows with new splendours adorn.

LXVIII.

For they deemed they had heard a voice say,
 “ Let your every care be on Me,
It is I, bade the cloud pass away,
 That the lowly, My goodness might see.

LXIX.

“ Not the weak, bruised reed, may be broke,
 If it yield to My purpose, and bend ;
And the flax may not quench, if it smoke,
 But shall burn, and like incense ascend.

LXX.

“ It is I, who uplit the first beam,
 And the flax with new fire I supply,
Till it blaze an ethereous flame,
 And translucently clear from alloy.

LXXI.

“Though the die, unto Mammon may give,
On the perishing metal, his form,
The fair image My jewels receive,
Shall prevail through the uttermost storm.”

LXXII.

As secure, as the light floating cork,
When up-tossed, on the white surging wave,
See them now sail away in their bark,
Both the winds, and the billows, to brave.

LXXIII.

For the nuptial-day now we behold,
And the villagers press to the scene,
Since the bride had the villagers told,
That a dance would be held on the green.

LXXIV.

Blithe, and gladsome, the hamlet that day,
Soft, and mellow the music, and sweet,
All the country-kirk band was at play,
Both the loved, and the loving to greet.

LXXV.

And the bride, and the bridegroom, appeared,
As the innocent time passed away ;
To the light, joyous group, more endeared,
None so comely, and winsome, as they.

LXXVI.

Boon and buoyant, the bride moved, and light
As the gossamer down ever flew ;
And her gown, was the morning-snow white,
And her ribbons, the canopy blue.

LXXVII.

For this child of pure nature, well knew,
That her Arthur would love such attire ;
Though the world was shut out from his view,
Yet to please him, in thought, she'd aspire.

LXXVIII.

And the comely, blind youth, would oft smile,
At the praise of his wife, whispered round,
While the music, and dancings beguile,
And the rural enjoyments abound.

LXXIX.

And the scene, neither boisterous, nor grave,
Was all happily blended between ;
Since a garland of virtue would wave,
O'er the festival dance, on the green.

LXXX.

Such the mandate, blind Arthur had given,
That their pastime should spotless be seen ;
Not a wrinkle offensive to Heaven,
Or unseemly their circle within.

LXXXI.

And the harmless light play, would now cease,
As the gloaming was spreading around ;
And the villagers left not a trace,
Of a blemish, or stain, to be found.

LXXXII.

And a compact among them was made,
To the new-married pair to concede,
Their support, and their every aid,
In the hour of adversity's need.

LXXXIII.

When the wedded withdrew from the green,
Between grave, between gay, they both shone ;
Summer cloudlets, with sunshine between,
And then sailing together in one.

LXXXIV.

As the current of time passed away,
All serenely their moments would roll,
Daily matins, and vespers they say,
While the cup of enjoyment fills full.

LXXXV.

On the Sabbath their melodies join,
The full peal of the kirk choral hymn ;
And a bliss, round their hearts, would entwine,
While a soft tinge of sweetness would beam.

LXXXVI.

In their basket, and store, God would bless,
For blind Arthur had baskets to braid,
And the twain, in their own loveliness,
Would, together, both ply at the trade.

LXXXVII.

But at riches, more precious than pelf,
They would smile, as they danced on the knee,
Happy emblems of self, and of self,
When, in childhood, they sported in glee.

LXXXVIII.

And these loves made their bliss overflow,
Little rivulets, swelling the sea ;
And their coffers all heavier grow,
Like the honey-hive, filled by the bee.

LXXXIX.

Ere the sun, of fair Providence, shone,
Arthur thought how his heart would oft sink,
But, with Ellen, he smiles at this sun,
And he smiles without blenching, or blink.

XC.

Now the curious were oft seen to watch,
And to wonder, as Arthur would ply,
At the door of his own lowly thatch,
While the breezes swept cheeringly by.

XCI.

'Twas the morn, of a mild springing day,
Ere the laverock had dropped from the sky,
When a journeyer pursuing his way,
Was arrested, to mark the dim eye.

XCII.

Like a visitant, he, from above,
So benignly proposed he his aid,
The dark curtains, away to remove,
And the delicate regions invade.

XCIII.

It was done, and the vision danced round,
Like a prisoner, let loose from his cell,
Free as sunlight, o'ertopping the bound
Of the hills, with illimited sail.

XCIV.

Arthur's clear-raptured eye, would then gaze,
With soft beams of ineffable love,
On the group of his cot, with amaze,
While the Heavens were smiling above.

XCV.

He then flew to his mate's loving arms,
Which were open as day-light, to him,
While embracing her matronly charms,
With a gushing of bliss, to the brim.

XCVI.

And the children, like radiance, appear,
And uprise to forestal the embrace,
And bedew, with the infantile tear,
The loved orbs, of the father's loved face.

XCVII.

Then the younglings, like tendrils, would cling
To the parent-stocks, bearing them round
The gay hamlet, where lightsomely spring,
Wells of song, with a sweet gladsome sound.

XCVIII.

How sincere was the joy of the place,
Pure as dew, falling down from the sky ;
Not the shade of a cloud on a face,
But a gladness, which never may cloy.

XCIX.

Now the purpose of Heaven is fulfilled,
And the unruly passion is quelled ;
Not a motive of error concealed,
But its every approach is repelled.

C.

And the "FATHER OF LIGHTS" rules supreme,
With a gentle, beneficent sway ;
As to-day, on the morrow the same,
And He shineth for ever, and aye !

THE MARTYR'S CHILD.

THE MARTYR'S CHILD.

I.

'Twas calm, and the loch
Of Saint Mary, serene,
Unrippled and still,
Like a mirror was seen.

II.

The mountains were hushed,
And the desolate glen ;
And cotters around,
Had forsaken the plain.

III.

Blithe sunbeams were seen,
Daneing light in the air,
'Mid season of gloom,
And dark day of despair :

IV.

And Heaven's best boon,
In her sweetness arrayed,
Too pure for the wild,
Or the dell's hallowed shade :

v.

Or shepherd's low shiel,
Whence, forlornly she fled,
And, hunted from home,
Had "not where for her head :"

VI.

Save cavern, or eleft,
Or the kennel of fox ;
Sole dweller is she,
In the heart of the rocks.

VII.

'Mid solitude vast,
And in silence profound,
She shews her lone head,
To the desert around.

VIII.

Though weak as the reed,
She's the child of all might ;
If darkness surround,
She's adornèd with light.

IX.

The more she's down-pressed,
So much more doth she grow ;
Her comeliness, clear
As a river doth flow.

X.

Cast down, not destroyed,
She again lifts her eyes,
Up-glancing to Heaven,
As her orisons rise.

XI.

Uncage her on earth,
And above she will fly,
On pinions of love,
Through the dome of the sky.

XII.

All dwellings forlorn,
Save a lone smiling cot,
Where home was still home,
And desertion was not :

XIII.

Where matron and sire,
With their care-furrowed brow,
And hair silvered o'er,
And as blanch'd as the snow ;

XIV.

With maiden so fair,
And so lambent and light,
The Martyr's sole child,
And their earthly delight ;

xv.

Together were cast,
On the waves of rough seas,
All cheered with the balm,
Of celestial breeze.

xvi.

One short link removed,
From their own loins, was she ;
Light stem of the branch,
Lopped away from the tree.

xvii.

Oh ! lovely the maid,
As she tended her flock,
Fair Amy, like sylph
Of the silent blue loch.

xviii.

While lambkins in play,
Frisk around the green graves
Of Mary's lone church,
Her long tresses she weaves ;

XIX.

With wreath of sweet flowers,
 Deeply dipped in the dew,
And culled from the moor,
 Where they bloomingly grew.

XX.

And mellow her notes
 Ride aloft on the gale,
Where echoing hills,
 The wild warblings empale.

XXI.

And mounting, they rise,
 To the heavenly land,
And blend with the hymn
 Of the cherubim band.

XXII.

The strain welled so sweet,
 And so plaintive and loud,
It compassed on high,
 The pavilion of GOD :—

The Song.

XXIII.

“ My father is missing,
And cold is his bed ;
He spake me a blessing,
When forth he was led.

XXIV.

“ The hunters they found him
In cave of the glen,
And straightway they bound him,
Like lamb of the pen.

XXV.

“ They say, he was praying
A prayer for his wean ;
But what he was saying,
I never could glean.

XXVI.

“ I ween the words fashioned,
Were ardent and strong,
When Amy he mentioned,
His fervours among.

XXVII.

“ He gave no resistance,
Out-stretching his hands,
Submissive, in silence
Receiving the bands.

XXVIII.

“ The shackles which bound him,
Were screwed to the bone ;
The savage men round him,
Had hearts like a stone.

XXIX.

“ The cloud of their tortures,
Waxed denser and dark,
But cowards the vultures,
Which pounce a wee lark.

XXX.

“ His soft speech of mildness,
Up-kindled a fire,
Fierce flaming with wildness,
And deadliest ire.

XXXI.

“They led him o’er mountain,
And down the deep dell,
While warm from the fountain,
The trickling blood fell.

XXXII.

“The windows of Heaven
Were closed from the sight,
As if they had striven
To screen it from light.

XXXIII.

“But soon they were open,
A glory did gleam;
It fell not on madmen,
But beamed upon him.

XXXIV.

“His eyes, they said, glistened,
With heavenly ray,
And halting, he listened,
And heard a sweet lay.

XXXV.

“The strain, soft as dew-falls,
Distilled as it fell,
Suffusing the eye-balls,
So liquid the swell.

XXXVI.

“Blest harps were heard joining
The loud cherubim,
Blest voices combining,
And this was the hymn :—

XXXVII.

“ ‘ The cup may be bitter,
‘ And thorns strew the way,
‘ While all your crowns glitter,
‘ With fadeless array.

XXXVIII.

“ ‘ The soldier must conquer,
‘ The coronal to gain ;
‘ Transcendent its splendour,
‘ Triumphant the reign !’

XXXIX.

“ The music was silent,
The strain died away ;
The ears of the violent
Were deaf to the lay.

XL.

“ No soft pity feeling,
Their tortures renew ;
More cruelty dealing,
More cruel they grew.

XLI.

“ They took him to prison,
A dungeon they found,
Closed up from all vision,
Encaved under ground.

XLII.

“ My father is missing,
And cold is his bed,
As dungeon damps, piercing
The place of the dead.”

XLIII.

'The ditty so soft,
And so artless the child,
It floated on light,
O'er the dell of the wild ;

XLIV.

And fell on the ears
Of a ruffian band,
Whose leader, in haste,
Aimed the weapon in hand ;

XLV.

Exclaiming—" A shot !
And a Cameron bird !"
And, sudden as thought,
The fell firing was heard.

XLVI.

The Hand which moves all,
Quickly caught the red ball,
And whirred it past maid,
With a whizzing appal.

XLVII.

While covering her form,
With the wings of His care,
The fiery ball boomed,
Swift as light, past her ear.

XLVIII.

It buzzed, as it brushed
By her ringlets of gold,
And pierced the soft coat
Of the velvet-clad mould.

XLIX.

Up-starting she sprang,
And fled off like a roe,
And vanished like fay,
Round the emerald knowe.

L.

Fierce wranglings ensued
With the cowardly aim,
And round flew the sparks
Of a mutinous flame.

LI.

Loud yellings and oaths,
Were fast hurled at the hand,
So ruthlessly armed,
Against damsel so bland.

LII.

Their leader then said,
“ It would sweeten the flood,
Such streamlet to pour
Of the Cameron blood.”

LIII.

The argument, framed
To the taste of the crew,
Like oil on the waves,
Did their rising subdue.

LIV.

They form into line,
And, their passions unbound,
They loosen their rage,
To the wilderness round ;

LV.

And, moving in file,
 To the right, and then left,
The caves they explore,
 And invest every cleft :

LVI.

When far in the wild,
 They descried lonely cot,
Where home was still home,
 And desertion was not.

LVII.

The curling smoke rose
 To the welkin's embrace,
Inviting their feet
 To the lone, silent place.

LVIII.

They circled the hut
 With tumultuous din ;
And trembled the sire,
 The wild troop rushing in.

LIX.

The matron, her meats
 Soon arranged, them before ;
Her cupboard she gave,
 The amount of her store.

LX.

The twain, from their hearts,
 A prayer wafted to God,
The blood-men, feared they,
 Were athirst for their blood.

LXI.

A note of pure thanks
 Fluttered over their tongue,
For Amy away,
 And the mountains among.

LXII.

Afraid her light feet
 Might be playfully found,
Like insect which sports
 The devouring flame round ;

LXIII.

They up-breathed her name,
With a tremulous fear,
Then glint to the door,
As if maiden were near.

LXIV.

'The revel was o'er,
And the banquet was past ;
The impious approach
The infernal repast.

LXV.

They called on their host
A thanksgiving to say,
Too murky the words
For the beam of the day.

LXVI.

“ Oh ! spare me,” cried he ;
“ Be the universe mute,
And deafened each ear,
Ere the Heavens I pollute.”

LXVII.

The fervent appeal,
Seemed to strike and rebound,
As falling on chill,
And impervious ground.

LXVIII.

“Be silent,” said they,
“Every plaining control,
Ere edge of the sword
Cleaveth through to thy soul.”

LXIX.

A weapon of blood
Swiftly drew forth a tide,
Which gushed with a blush,
For the fell homicide ;

LXX.

When meek as a lamb,
While suppressing a bleat,
The sufferer keeled
At the murderer's feet.

LXXI.

“Commence,” said the fiend,
“And thy peace-offering make;
The sentence repeat,
Ere the sleeping ball wake.”

LXXII.

Then seizing the saint
By the nape of the neck,
Whose feelings so chafed,
And outraged to the quick;

LXXIII.

Uplifted his arm,
And with sinews still strong,
The monster felled he,
Fellest troopers among.

LXXIV.

Thus sealing his fate,
The fierce mountain-men pressed
The victim around,
With a horrible zest.

LXXV.

Said they, "he should feed,
Since the thanks he declined,
On feast of fat things,
And on wine well refined."

LXXVI.

'Then tearing the words,
Softly glowing with fire,
From harpings sublime,
Of Isaiah's sweet lyre ;

LXXVII.

They gagged him therewith,
Which submissive he bore,
His forehead of snow,
Turned to furrows of gore.

LXXVIII.

Blasphémous, they swore,
That his life-blood should flow,
As weeping and red
As the stream from his brow.

LXXIX.

And forth from the cot,
They compelled him amain,
When lowly his knees
Kissed the daisied plain.

LXXX.

Up-sending a glance
To the innermost skies,
A dirr at his heart,
He relentingly cries :—

LXXXI.

“ May He, whose rebukes
Have for evermore been,
The winnowing fan,
And the fine sifting screen,

LXXXII.

“ Forgive and efface
The rebellious blow,
And Jordan allay
As the swellings o'erflow.”

LXXXIII.

All pure was the peace,
And divine was the joy,
O'erspreading his face,
Soft as light from on high :

LXXXIV.

And mild and serene,
As the harvest-moon ray,
Which beams with a smile
O'er the toil of the day :

LXXXV.

And clear as a stream,
And as blooming and rife,
As blossoms of love
On the fair tree of life.

LXXXVI.

'Twas peace sealed above,
Which surpasseth all thought,
Which man may not give,
And the world knoweth not.

LXXXVII.

As Heaven, in a storm,
Throws a veil round the sky,
So he, from his doom,
Calmly curtains the eye.

LXXXVIII.

His partner in weal,
And his partner in woe,
Constrained with the flood
Of affectionate flow,

LXXXIX.

Exclaims at his side,
"The bright goal is at hand,
And radiant the arc
Of celestial land !

xc.

"Whom Heaven unites,
Let not mortal divide,
In life, and in death,
I remain by your side.

XCI.

“ My Amy I leave
To the thrice Holy Name,
Who softens His Hand
To the tenderest lamb.

XCII.

“ And now may the Judge,
The oppressor forgive ;
Forgive the oppressed,
And our spirits receive.”

XCIII.

The dread time arrives,
And they level the aim ;
A vision appears,
And their passions are tame.

XCIV.

Their muskets fall down,
With amazement they stare,
On sylph of the glen,
As she flew through the air.

XCV.

Oh ! swiftly she came,
As an angel she stood,
Between bloody men,
And the martyrs of God.

XCVI.

'Twas Amy herself,
Like the seraphim clad,
A circlet of light
Round about her was shed.

XCVII.

Her cumberless form,
Was as lovely and sheen,
As something of earth
And the Heavens, between.

XCVIII.

Her marble-white arms,
As they waved as they fell,
With eyes glancing thought,
Which the muse may not tell ;

XCIX.

Were weapons too strong
For the monsters of blood;
The lamb overcame,
And the wolves were subdued.

C.

Away they were marched,
And the trio retire,
Their hearts overjoyed,
In their nest to expire.

THE SOLDIER'S FAMILY.

THE SOLDIER'S FAMILY.

1.

The morn, in gloomy grey arrayed,
With clouds interminably spread,
Arose upon the battle-bed
 Of myriads, slumbering wearily ;
The bugle notes, and drums were heard,
As starting up from dewy sward,
And swarming to their post, prepared,
 Brave thousands ! or to " do or die."

II.

I saw the embattling cavalry,
The glowing, bold artillery,
And brave embodying infantry,
 In gathering crowds arranging all ;
And lengthened lines on either side,
Which with the whirlwind's fury glide,
Impetuous as the rolling tide,
 Borne on to meet the venging ball.

III.

The dense, dum, cannon-cloud up-rose,
And curled between, and round the foes,
A murky screen to interpose,
 And fold the scene imperviously ;
Red lightnings flash o'er all the plain,
The grumbling thunders roar amain,
And drown the piercing shriek of pain,
 The conflict raging furiously.

IV.

Foul demon of the nether world,
First warrior thou, and downwards hurled,
Fierce wolf among the human fold,

 When will thy fangs be satiate ?
Not when the sun his course has run,
And longest thread of time is spun,
Nor till the Highest thou unthrone,
 Or canst thyself annihilate.

V.

The thunders ceased, and silence then,
I gazed upon the battle-plain,
On heaps, piled over heaps, of slain,
 And saw the glazing eye wax dim,
Of many a soldier, brave and young,
To perish doomed, his mates among,
Or with the fated foemen's throng,

 The draught to drink of death's cold stream.

VI.

I saw the mighty, prostrate low,
The deep-red current, gush and flow,
The victor's foemen's overthrow,
 And heard the dire calamity,
Of widow-wailings, orphan-cries,
Around the slain, no more to rise,
Till the last trumpet rend the skies,
 And usher in eternity.

VII.

I turned my steps aside, to see,
A group of weepers, lonesomely,
Couched underneath a spreading tree,
 Fair Laura, with her infant band ;
One suckling to her bosom pressed,
And two sweet girls, the loveliest,
Their slim white arms around her waist,
 While tears embalmed her Edwin's hand.

VIII.

'That hand no tender pressure felt,
Unconscious of the tears which melt,
And cold, as on the turf was spilt,
 The vital tide of crimson dye ;
'The throbbing pulse was quiet there,
And hushed, his every grief and care,
And mute to him the cannon's blare,
 The heart at rest, no more to sigh.

IX.

Might tears of blood reanimate,
'The pupil dim, irradiate,
'Turn back the mighty wheel of fate,
 And ease the bleeding heart of pain ;
'Those tears would drop from every pore,
Like balm upon the mortal sore,
'The widowed heart would ache no more,
 And life and peace would smile again.

X.

'The victor counts the sunless cost,
And dead the flower of all the host,
The bravest of the brave are lost ;
 No conquest bought with dearer blood,
Save when the Furies wild, from hell,
With earth, upon One Victim fell,
Who conquered more than bard may tell,
 And conquering, poured The Precious Flood.

XI.

And now the soldier comrades come,
With mournful pipe, and muffled drum,
The corse to house in final home,
 In solemn pace, and dolesomely :
And soon beneath the sod 'tis placed,
In dark concealment, there to rest,
The cold clay, on the colder breast,
 A banquet for the worms to be.

XII.

The spark immortal, lo, it flies,
And quits the crumbling clay, to rise
To purer, and to cloudless skies,
 And float Elysian light upon ;
The orbs below are dark to him,
All quenched in one absorbing beam,
Emitted from the Eye Supreme,
 Around His own Pavilion.

XIII.

Let chilling sorrow melt in joy,
And rilling bliss swim round the eye,
The germ divine may never die,
 But to its mate will soon return ;
The mouldered dust shall vivify,
Its every atom, live for aye,
In amaranthine radiancy,
 While worlds around consume and burn.

XIV.

Then mourns the fair one without hope,
And drinks she only sorrow's cup ?
Must lovely woman ever droop,
 And bend like weeping willow tree ?
In Gilead, there is Balsam left,
For stricken heart, asunder cleft,
Though tossed like bark of anchor reef,
 Dismasted on the sweeping sea.

XV.

The widow wends her lonely way,
Soft as the gentlest lunar ray,
With fears and hopes alternately,
 As on she toils with tender feet :
The youngling at her bosom plays,
A trilling tear falls on its face,
And at her side with infant pace,
 Two cherubs glide with prattlings sweet.

XVI.

With rosy vest, and ivy coat,
In vale secluded and remote,
By purling stream of lulling note,
 O'erclad with bloom, a cottage stood ;
As smiling with a welcome fair,
To Laura and her tender care,
Who sought within its walls to share,
 With solitude, her widowhood.

XVII.

Ah ! few, and fleet, the wheeling years,
All laden with their stormy cares,
And various as the glittering stars,
 Which mark their birth, and exit too ;
Since she, as lovely as the day,
Assumed her gentle bridal sway,
And cheered the cottage round with ray,
 Of purest love and sweetest glow.

XVIII.

Now, like the hunted, wounded hare,
Escaped from tangling, bloody snare,
Retracing all her wanderings far,
 And limping to her form to die :—
So she, with smitten heart, returns,
From labyrinths of brakes and thorns,
And lonely in her cot she mourns,
 While infant eye asks, wondering, why ?

XIX.

In early morn, her matins rise,
And blend the worship of the skies,
While faltering voice, and suppliant eyes,
 Prefer her moving, mournful tale :
Response descends, with soothing strain,—
“ The broken heart, I'll bind again,
The widow's barrelled meal maintain,
 Nor shall her cruise of oil once fail.”

XX.

'Neath noon-day sky of smiling love,
Her steps in widowed softness move,
To seek the delling greenwood grove,
 And fan anew devotion's flame ;
A grateful spark lit up the ray,
And Heaven approving, heard her say,
"The Highest gave, and took away,
 Come weal, come woe, exalt His name."

•

XXI.

Like lonely flower in forest wild,
Serene her aspect now, and mild,
As gazing on the cherub-child,
 Which dandling, sports on careful knee ;
While sister sylphids play around,
The blossomed cot, and velvet mound,
With lovely glance, and merry bound,
 Like fairy forms, with lightsome glee.

XXII.

From morn to eve, so boon the play,
It charmed and wiled the heavy day,
The gloomy hours it chased away,
 And calmly smoothed the troubled brow ;
And mild as angel smiles have been,
Her moistened orbs would beam serene,
As fell the tear of pearl between,
 Like drop of bliss from radiant bow.

XXIII.

The gloaming falls the cot upon,
Distilling dews drop gently down,
And night, upon her sable throne,
 Lights up her storied lamps above ;
The flexile forms for rest prepare,
And having lisped their little prayer,
Light breezes of somnific air,
 Surround their infant bed of love.

XXIV.

And sweet as breath from holier sphere,
Maternal soothings, lull and cheer,
The babe of many a care and tear,
 While tenderest thoughts in crowds abound ;
Her evening orison ascends,
As o'er her charge the suppliant bends,
-Till sleep, with balmy spell, extends
 Her nursing arms, the group around.

XXV.

Their pillows seemed the softest down,
Which lovely cheek e'er pressed upon,
And slumbering odours sweet were strewn,
 By angel-watchers hovering nigh ;
Soft music o'er the senses stole,
As liquid as the waters roll,
And swelled the raptures of the soul,
 As if some seraph warbled by.

XXVI.

A dream of truth and mystery,
Revealed their future history,
Disclosing scenes which were to be,
 Before the widow's sightless gaze :
She thought she felt her couch remove,
Or some attraction from above,
As up she rose, a mould of love,
 To skim the dewy, cloudy haze.

XXVII.

Oh ! pure the breath the fair one drew,
While free as lightnings, sweeping through,
The skies below, and regions new,
 As severed from mortality ;
And upwards, upwards, fast she ploughs
The sailing clouds, which soon inclose,
The cottage, and the cottage rose,
 And all the world's rotundity.

XXVIII.

Above the lift, she soared and flew,
Beyond the stretch of mortal view,
Till sun, and moon, and stars, withdrew,
 And all was space and vacancy :
Her being now seemed motionless,
Herself the only centre-place,
The circle round all limitless,
 Up-floating still on buoyaney.

XXIX.

Again, she cleaves the vacant view,
As fleet as motion ever knew,
Till on the verge of heaven she drew,
 And saw the skies ethereal gleen :
The air was blithe, and bland, to strew,
And waft an odoriferous flow,
As redolent as breeze may blow,
 The deep below, and heaven, between.

XXX.

She saw a portal glistening white,
It opened, and a flood of light,
Burst forth upon her raptured sight,
 And down sank she in ecstacy :
In undefinèd lines it spread,
Like lucid glory round her head,
And light as thought she seemed to tread,
 The surface of auroral sea.

XXXI.

A touch, as gentle as a glance,
Awoke her from the blissful trance,
And in the dazzling effluence,
 A dimness sailed before her eyes :
By soft degrees, with sight refined,
She saw herself with light enshrined,
Upon a ray of heaven inclined,
 Resplendent as a blink of ice !

XXXII.

She faintly moved delirious head,
When glowing form renewed his aid,
Whose previous touch, when tranced as dead,
 New powers infused, capacious :
His robe was the celestial white,
His crown the splendrous chrysolite,
And soft his smile as morning light,
 His 'haviour sooth and gracious.

XXXIII.

“ Fair guest,” said he, “ thy weeds displace,
And be thou clothed with righteousness,
No garments but of freest grace,
 May enter where thou fain wouldst be :
Cast off each trace of earthly mould,
And robe thee with the finest gold,
And splendours which may not be told,
 The wardrobe here, is rich and free.

XXXIV.

“ All dipped, and cleansed, in blood divine,
The raiment will eternal shine,
Translucent as the crystal mine,
 And spotless as a robe may be.”
Her lily trembling hand he pressed,
Her lovely form the robes invest,
And now she kythed as pure and blest,
 And incorporeal as he.

XXXV.

Majestic as the rolling sea,
Their flowing vestments waving free,
More light than downy feathers be,
 They skimmed the vaulted Heavens above :
And now within that heavenly bourn,
Whence happy journeyers ne'er return,
And where the flaming seraphs burn,
 They touched an emerald field of love.

XXXVI.

And couching there, a breathing space,
While airs of holy odours pass,
Her Edwin shews his glowing face,
 And, Oh ! the fervent bliss she proves !
What strain may minstrel harp prepare,
To chime the recognition there,
And the amount of joy declare,
 Which thrilled their reünited loves !

XXXVII.

Though wedded bonds be loosened there,
Their mutual loves, may not impair,
Sweet helpmates, they together share,
 The marriage supper of the LAMB :
And with a golden, closer link,
The welling fires of love they drink,
And bathed in rapturous floods they sink,
 And drown not, but augment the stream.

XXXVIII.

She saw transparent dome of gold,
And fadeless visions fast unfold,
So fleetly they remain untold,
 They flashed around so variously :
The sights she saw, the songs she heard,
Of all the heavenly joys prepared,
Surpass the puny pen of bard,
 Or harp of high sublimity.

XXXIX.

A great white Throne was arched above,
JEHOVAH'S Throne, the God of Love !
Which powers rebellious ne'er may move,
 HIMSELF and SON OF MAN thereon !
And thousands, thousands, bowed before,
Meet posture, while they all adore,
In hymn of love, for evermore,
 The SAVIOUR, GOD ! and Him alone.

XL.

What earthly lyre may sweep that song,
Which rolled with opening peal along,
From myriads of a countless throng,
 Before that high empyreal bow ?
The harmonies of earth are dumb,
Her every chord of love is numb,
Unlike that rapt prelude,
 Which burst with overwhelming flow.

XLI.

Celestial mountains caught the song,
As o'er a sea of glass it rung,
From every ravished, tranced tongue,
 While flame ethereal fired the strain :
And as it waded its liquid way,
The sweetest cadence closed the lay,
In gentlest falling symphony,
 Which lingered o'er the heavenly plain.

XLII.

Again it rose, and pealing loud,
It seemed to shake the Throne of GOD!
While Cherubim, in blest abode,
And tongues Scraphic, swell the strain:—
“O GOD, Most Mighty! Holiest ONE!
Thou King Immortal on Thy Throne!
From Everlasting! Thou alone,
LORD GOD Omnipotent dost reign!”

XLIII.

And crowds continuous came and flew,
With dappled wings, athwart the blue,
Of every tribe, of every hue,
Their crowns down-casting reverently:
And Laura sought her babes, among
The circle of an infant throng,
With vision rarified and strong,
And heavenly yearnings fervently!

XLIV.

And, one by one, with fleetest plume,
The silvery-wingèd sisters come,
On breeze of sweets from fragrant bloom,
 Arrayed in morning lovingness !
First rose the youngest nestling, fast,
Like early ray in rosy east,
And bloomed the flower ere bud was past,
 Precocious fruit of ripening grace.

XLV.

'The first-born last, the youngling first,
And so reversing turns, they burst
The chains of time, to quench their thirst,
 In waters round the deathless tree :
For death is dead in realms above,
And time unknown by those who love,
And through eternal ages rove,
 The fields of immortality.

XLVI.

The airs blew blandly as they came,
To cast their coronals of flame,
Before the infinite I AM !

As sheen as plume of HOLY DOVE !
And they were shewn to banquet room,
Inhaling gales of sweet perfume,
From mountain myrrh, and aloe bloom,
Beneath the Royal Flag of Love !

XLVII.

The feast was sweet, divinely sweet,
Such infant cherub-loves to meet,
And more than mother's thought could ween,
It seemed a mental ravishment !
'Twas too supreme for mortal heart,
Beyond what angels may impart ;
The widow woke with quivering start,
To vacant, blank astonishment !

XLVIII.

“ Kind Heavens,” said she “ what sounds I hear !
Soft cadence of some purer sphere,
Which dies as gently on the ear,
As moonlight wanes on fading wave :
Oh ! might I hear that hymn again,
Methinks 'twere bliss to meet the pain
Of dying, for that closing strain,
And in its liquid numbers lave.”

XLIX.

And thou shalt list that hymn again,
And bathe thee in its waving strain,
For this the vision doth ordain,
To flower and blooming flowerets too :
Sweet emanations from above,
Shall mollify maternal love,
Those fields of light again to rove,
And wade, and sip, the heavenly dew.

L.

Let every lamp be trimmed, and shine,
And fed with oil of love divine,
In morn of life, and the decline,

 The note is heard, "The Bridegroom comes!"
And may each earthly plant prepare,
Celestial husbandry to share,
Transplanted from terrestrial sphere,
 It fades for ever, or it blooms!



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