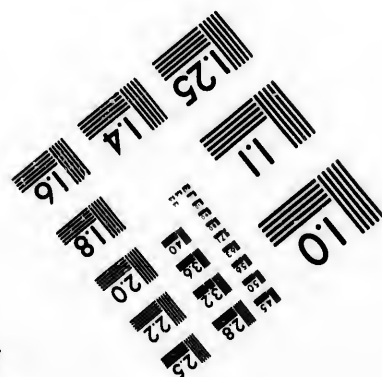
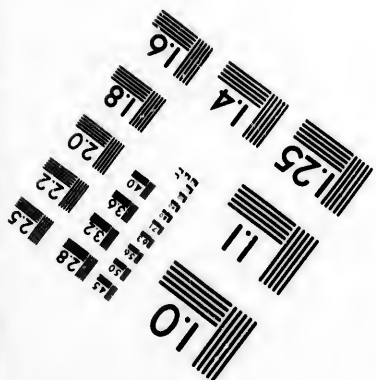
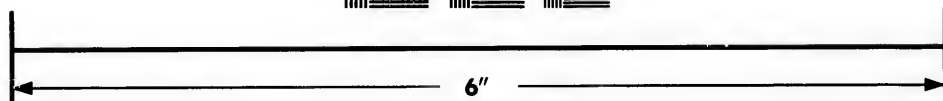
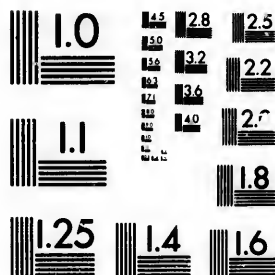


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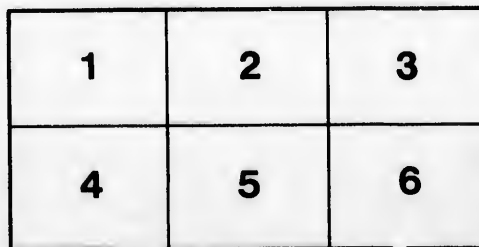
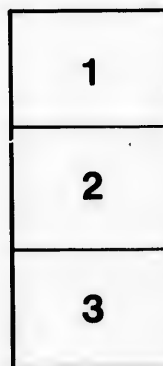
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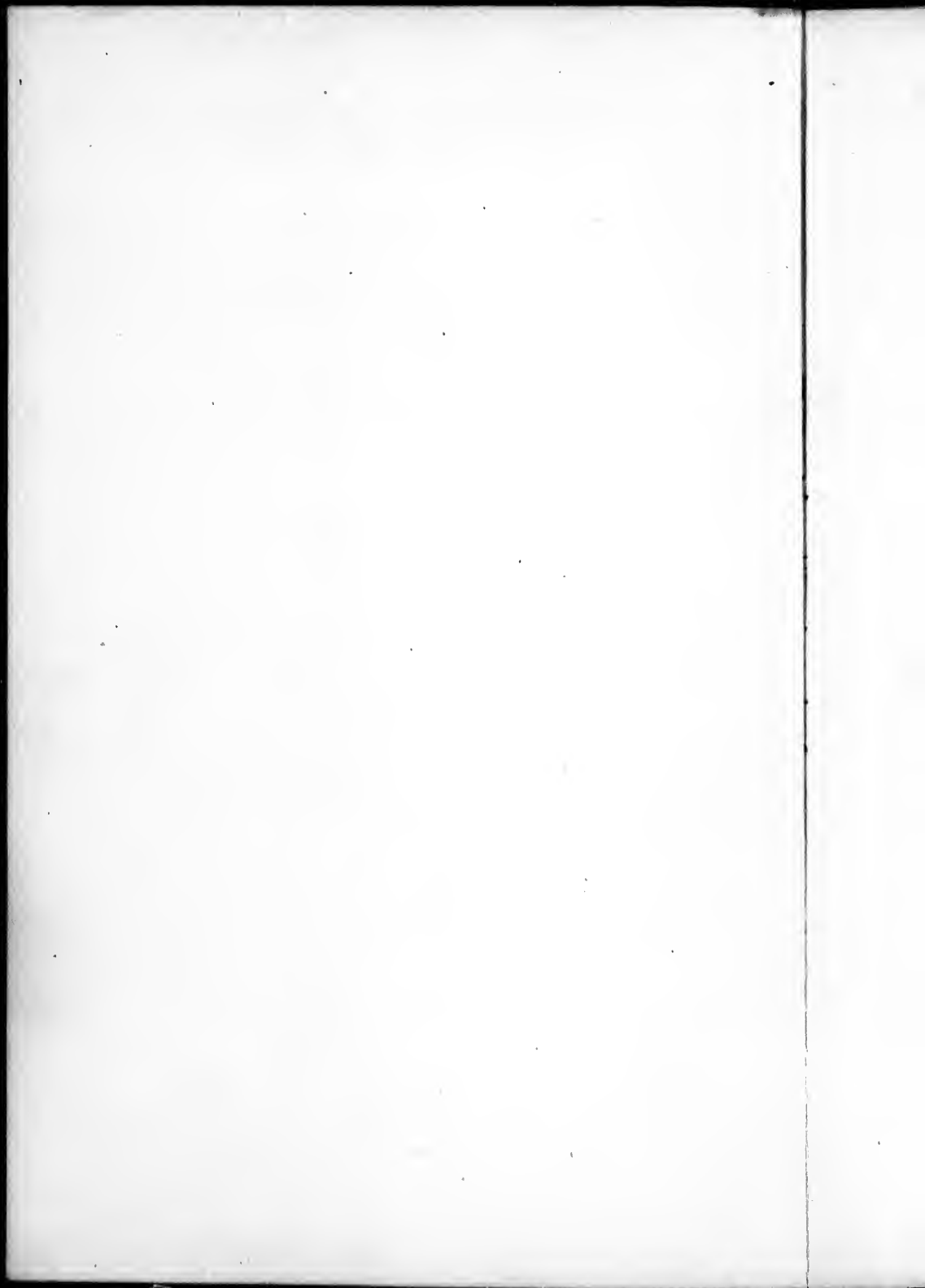
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P O E M S,

BY AUGUSTA BALDWIN,

ST. JOHNS, CANADA EAST.

"I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me."

TUPPER.

Montreal :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOVELL,
ST. NICHOLAS STREET.
1859.

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Dedicated

(BY PERMISSION)

TO THE REV. JOHN IRWIN, A.M.

REV. SIR,

I (with the rest of the members of St. James's Church) am most sincerely happy in the anticipation of your residence among us as our Pastor; and I trust this small expression of welcome may not be considered unworthy of your regard. Will you accept this small offering from the orphan daughter of your predecessor, who hopes long to see you the dispenser of the word of life in this parish, and that yourself and family may spend many happy years in that home which is endeared to her as her birth-place?

I am,

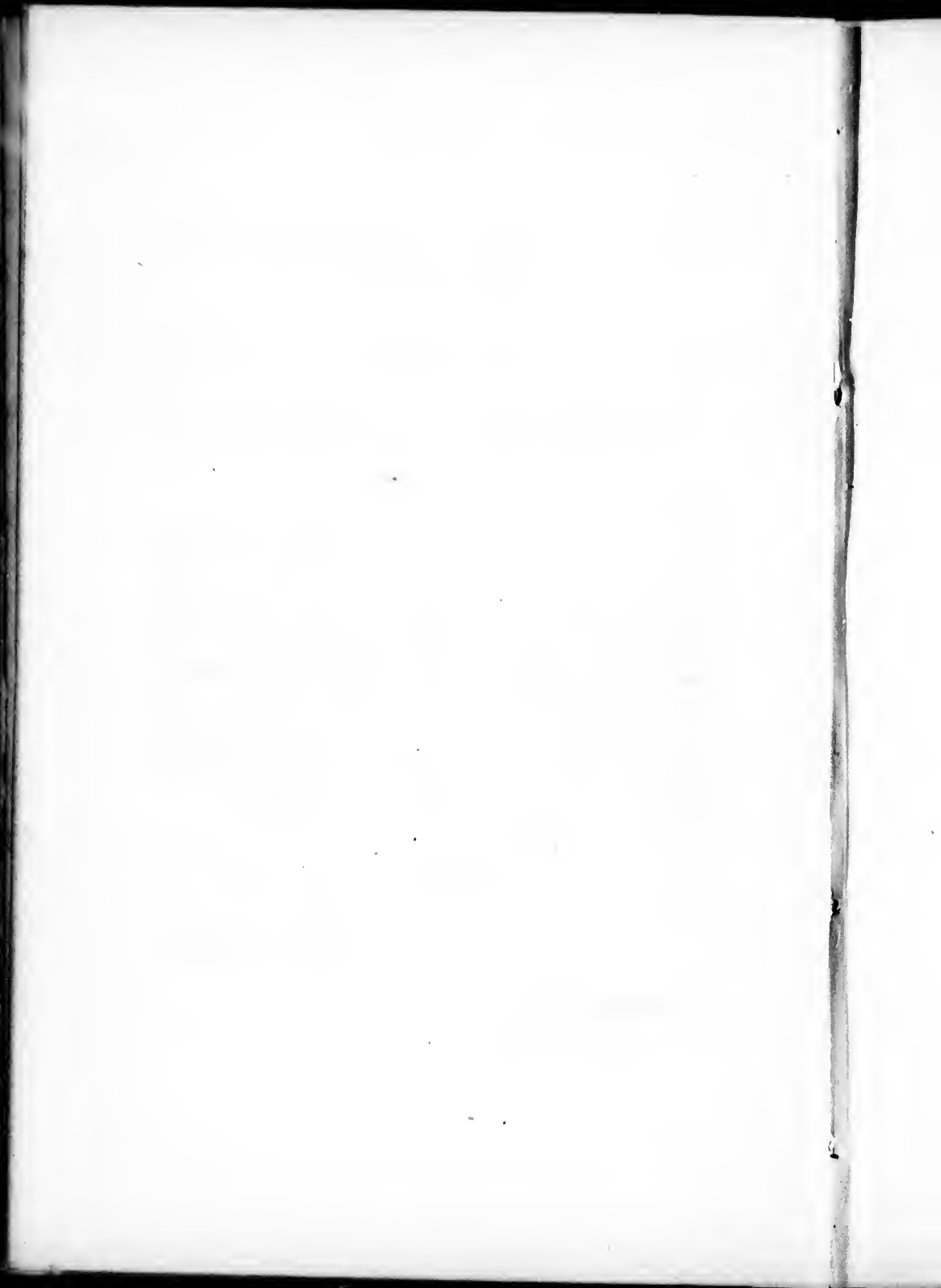
Rev. Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTA BALDWYN.

St. Johns, C.E.,

15th April, 1859.



ADDRESS TO READERS.

As I unfold my humble strains due to nature's beauties and give the effusions which have cheered my lonely hours, I trust the kind and generous of my native land will surely not see an unwomanly pretension in so unstudied a work. Not having for a long time any intention of publishing a *book*, I wrote as the impression of the moment might dictate, and as a resource among a limited number of recreations. I beg leave to mention, that some of my *early* productions will be found interspersed through the work. In a more elaborate effort, I might have done *less*, though some defects might have been obviated: a studied style is apt to subside into coldness and formality.

I lay, then, my little work before you, as it were the offering of friendship; and bid you, for the present, a cordial farewell.

A. B.

15th April, 1859.

P O E M S.



THE WILLOW-TREES.

Sweet trees, how oft, in early years,
I've sat beneath your quiet shade,
Ere life was clouded o'er with tears,
Or one sweet flow'r had learn'd to fade!

There infant sports and childhood's glee
Were heard through many a summer day ;
Then ev'ry heart from grief was free,
And life was robed in hues of May.

There first the Sabbath morning gave
Its lesson from the sacred word ;
And as we view'd your branches wave,
We learn'd the love of Christ the Lord.

There, when the early morning rose,
Our father sought his own lov'd seat ;
And oft, at dewy ev'ning's close,
He trod that undisturb'd retreat.

Then converse lit the passing hour
 With joy no other time hath worn ;—
 What's sweeter than the spring-time flow'r.
 Or lovelier than the light of morn !

When rustling in the trembling breeze,
 A whisp'ring melody you sung,
 I learn'd from you, sweet willow-trees,
 The music that through nature rung.

Still, still you sing, and still you wave
 Your boughs, as in those days of yore :
 But some are gone ;—oh, stranger, save
 One for my grave,—I ask no more.

THE BLOSSOMS OF THE SPRING.

Sweet are the fragrant blossoms of the spring,
 And, as I pass, to me a thought they bring,
 Pure and delightful from the trees they bear,
 An odour wafted by the morning air ;
 And oh, how fair their colours as they shine
 Dipp'd in the early dews,—thus, heart of mine,
 Ere yet the griefs of life had o'er thee press'd,
 Sweet hopes and happiness so kindly bless'd ;
 As pure and fair as these sweet flowers of spring,
 So soon to die,—the tempest's offering !

THE BIRD'S RETURN.

I hear the music-tones of spring
In the sweet song and flut'ring wing
Of faithful birds, that seek once more
Their summer home on the woodland shore.
They love, still love, the shaded spot ;
Nor are the sunny hours forgot
When through the leafy boughs they sprung,
And notes of joy and rapture sung ;
When from the flowers they sipp'd the dew,
And o'er their plumes the bright waves threw ;—
The freshness of the morning dawns,
The social tune 'mid dewy lawns,
The noontide rest, the evening flight,
'Mid fragrant airs and soften'd light.
What though the verdure's seen no more ?
Still, oh still, on the leafless shore
A beauty e'er for them appears ;—
Thus mem'ry every scene endears.
O'er ev'ry flowret of the past,
Though blight o'er all their beauty's cast,
It comes from joys that bloom in vain
To sing above their graves again.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

It is the Sabbath's morn ! a deep repose
On forests, hills, and streams so calmly rests.
The air a momentary music breathes,
Faintly and sweetly, wafting the perfume
Of trees and flowers, whose sunny leaves are bright
After the evening shower. The list'ning ear
Perchance may catch the distant rush of waves
Mournfully sighing where the forests shade
Their gently-flowing waters ; yet it bears
A sound so soothing, that it lulls to rest
Each troubl'd feeling. Peace, like falling dew,
From heaven descends, to brighten and refresh.
The morning's varied hues that deck the sky
Cast o'er the earth the sapphire's golden light ;
The sun on high, from his majestic throne,
Arrays the vale in brightness. Faintest mist,
While all is radiance round, obscures the hills ;
Yet, while that glorious orb above is shining
O'er the unclouded heavens, can we heed
The distant haze, though beauty far away
By its sad veil is hidden ? I rejoice,
And still will trust in thee, O Lord of good,
While the Sun of Righteousness divine
Shines grace resplendant, though the way be dark

That bounds my vision ! Soon the mist is pass'd ;
Soon, oh soon, will death, which is the veil
That hides eternity, be drawn aside,
And then will perfect bliss and knowledge be
The gift of those who love Thee.

Glorious nature ! Holy peace is here.
Sweet is the Sabbath's rest. Far brighter hues
Than e'er deck'd temples in the Eastern clime
When Solomon was king, now robe the sky.
Harmonies arise, and praise is heard,
By ear and spirit, richer than the notes
From stringed harps : a spiritual hymn
Ascends to heaven. The world's a temple
Reared by God's own hands. Our hearts awake
To ev'ry holy feeling. Nature calls
The spirit to devotion. Let us join
The universal anthem ! Praise to Thee,
To Thee, O God of love, Thy grace inspires.
Oh, let no cloud of sin or care obscure
The sacred joy Thy presence now hath given ;
Nor may my heart's submission prove as fleet
As yon exhalance of the morning's tears.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

The evening shades are spreading
O'er the wild-woods ; far away
The star of evening brightly shines,
Bidding farewell to day.

Oh, fair Zohara, best-lov'd star
Of all the worlds of light,
How bright art thou in loveliness,
Within the dome of night !

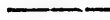
In this sweet hour of rest and peace,
While mem'ry folds her wing,
Oh, come, devotion, trim thy lamp,
And round thy radiance fling.

Above, where light ethereal dwells,
Thy purer rays ascend ;
Now on my weary, fainting heart
The soft reflection bend.

The wave that high above the vale
In crystal foam arose,
Now in the gentle shade below
Glides on in soft repose.

The same pure stream that seeks the vale
 Has glitter'd bright above ;
 Thus, as my high aspirings rise,
 Be all my joys and love.

Oh, as the pure wave far on high
 Reflects the light of heaven,
 So may their humbler flow be blest,
 And God's own smile be given.



LINES.

Why do I love the evening star,
 That shines in loneliness afar ?
 Why do I love the wild-wood flower,
 And the pensive gloom of the twilight hour ?
 Why do I love the soothing song
 Heard in the breeze as it sighs along ?—
 Th' unvaried rush of the woodland stream,
 Sweet, yet confused, like a happy dream ?
 Why do I love the roseate light
 That decks the sky at evening's close ?
 Why do I love the clear moonlight,—
 The dew that glistens on the rose ?
 Why love I all things bright and fair ?
 Because our God is everywhere.

NIGHT.

(Written in Early Spring.)

Solemn art thou, O Night,
When o'er the heavens thy sable vesture reigns ;
Mournfully soft in light,
E'en in their grandeur, are thy starry trains.

Pensive thy silent skies
When mists and clouds do veil their lofty zone ;
And sad the wind's faint sighs
When o'er the hills they sweep with sullen moan.

Dark are thine hours, O Night,
When leafless trees are wailing 'mid the blast ;
Nor seems the moon as bright
Since o'er the earth the summer leaves are cast.

The cheerful songs are gone ;
The summer's music never more we hear ;
A far-off stream alone
Lends its lone echo to the list'ning ear.

Is it the same sweet stream
That was my ev'ning music when the night
Was fairer than a dream ?
It is the same !—the hours return so bright !

And thus, when all is fled,—
 The fairness, brightness, beauty, of our days,—
 May hope's soft voice be sped,
 With all its sweet and thrilling melodies.

 MEMORY.

The glorious sounds of day were hush'd to rest.
 Except the sighing wind through forest trees,
 And gentle ripples o'er the streamlet's breast,
 The harp of nature now was still ; but these
 Low-murm'ring echoes of the south wind seem'd
 The farewell notes, as far away they stream'd,
 Whisp'ring their mournful cadence ; and the thought
 Sweet bygone melodies to mem'ry brought.

Far o'er the sky, unclouded in its hue,
 The morning light, reflecting from afar,*
 Its varied, shifting, sunny visions threw,—
 Bright too, yet mournful as the lonely star.
 Thus mem'ry's light from fair and distant things
 A gentle radiance to this sad home brings.
 Oh, star of mem'ry, bright in loneliness,
 Still shed thy lustre round, still shine and bless !

* An allusion to the Aurora Borealis, by many believed to be the reflection of the sun's rays on the North Seas.

SIMILITUDES IN NATURE.

Come, let us stray afar
Beside the gushing stream :
Soft shines the first bright star,
Like hope in love's sweet dream.
The mellow light is fading
From the waving woods away,
And the rustling boughs are shading
The lone paths where we stray.

The golden hues of even,
Whose rich refulgence cast
Such glory o'er the heaven,
How swiftly are they past !
Oh, may our happy feelings
Be never shaded o'er ;
But we may find revealings
Of our fates upon the shore.

The varied earth, stars, skies,
Our destinies can tell :
The secret in a flower lies,
Could we but read it well.
Who would try the magic art,
When e'en the bud that blows
Speaks of the lonely breaking heart,—
The summer's last sweet rose.

Who would doubt of holy love,
Or name it but a dream ?
The light that shines in heaven above
Is mirror'd in the stream.
Wildly breaks the foaming sea
O'er rocky cliffs in vain ;
Great life's trials all may be,
Yet break they friendship's chain ?

These " everlasting hills " arise
Like green encircling walls ;
Serene and cloudless are the skies,
While scarce a zephyr falls.
They speak of home and soft repose,
And of the heavenly rest
Where " not a wave of sorrow flows
Across the peaceful breast."

In beauteous nature not in vain
A harmony is found ;
By sympathy it strikes " the chain
Wherewith we're darkly bound."
To those who love, or deeply feel,
The poet's powers are given ;
All bliss and beauty they reveal,
And upward point to heaven.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

The song of spring returns !
And ev'ry lovely thing
For which my weary spirit yearns
Is sweetly blossoming.

And in the waves' low tone,
In their awaken'd flow,
The welcome voice of joys long gone,
Doth whisper sad and low.

And every sound doth find
An answ'ring echo still ;
Sweet music breathes upon the wind
And echoes o'er the hill.

The waters soft reply,
And flow'rs and sunny trees
All gently answer every sigh
That floats upon the breeze.

And while all nature sings,
And all around is fair,
Oh, may the joy this season brings
Dispel each earth-born care !

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

This lovely earth, which man, when pure, had found
A paradise, was now by sin's dark power
Reigning supreme, resounding with the voice
Of the oppressor, and the sad laments
Th' aggriev'd so vainly rais'd. As a cloud,
Iniquity o'ershadov'd every mind ;
Their view was darken'd to the beauty seen
In holiness ; and unbelief's dark chain
Had bound them fast : yet then, yet even then,
When sin had reign'd to death, and over all
The evil spirit spread his with'ring power,
Our God e'en then, as if to show a love
Unfailing for the sinful, sent his son,
The promis'd Saviour, to give light and life !
Night's shady robe had veil'd the Eastern land ;
Yet in the field the watchful shepherds staid
To guard their flock, when there appear'd to them
An angel from on high. Oh, hear the words
That gentle spirit breath'd ! What joy, what hope,
The heart believing feels as those soft sounds
Fall on the list'ning ear ! " Fear not," said he :
" Good tidings of great joy to you I bring,
And they shall be to all : to you, this day,
In David's city, is a Saviour born."

Hear, hear the words that sweetly publish peace,
Impartial love, and mercy, to mankind!
Oh, hear, and let not doubt its shadow cast
Upon that hope which Heaven has given to man!
Oh, for an angel's voice to sing the song
Of bliss my spirit feels!—my praise is vain.
Well might celestial beings from above
Descend to shout the anthems of glad joy,—
To celebrate with praise to God the birth
Of Him ordain'd "the way, the truth, the life,"
The Saviour of the lost. It well became
The heavenly host to speak those rapturous words,
As the bright future which the gospel brings
Was all reveal'd! In harmony they said,
"Glory in the highest to our God,
Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind!"

The flag's triumphant folds, as years pass on,
Are slowly drooping, and then all the world
In sacred amity will soon be join'd.
Knowledge, rich treasure, lights the mind obscur'd,
Bringing sweet happiness, with hope, to man;
It points to God as father, and reveals
His love, his wisdom; and we learn to trust
In him, the Almighty Ruler, and our hearts,
O'erflowing with grateful praise, are nearer bound
To all around us. Light and joy and peace

Are dwelling in the plains ; the wilderness
 Is blooming as the rose. As the waters
 O'er the broad sea, will knowledge spread her beams,
 Till all from great to small shall know the Lord !

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

Love never sleeps :
 Its watch it keeps
 Through life's most stormy hours ;
 O'er joy it reigns,
 In grief sustains,
 And scatters ceaseless flowers.

It is the stream
 That gives a theme,
 A thought, a spring, a blessing ;
 Like stars of light,
 Unchang'd and bright,
 All hearts its joy possessing.

All sound is fill'd,
 All nature's thrill'd
 With love's harmonious measure ;
 In ev'ry heart
 It forms the part
 Of life's own dearest treasure

GOD IS HERE.

“ All Thy works praise Thee.’

Go forth and view the boundless sky
Array'd in glorious hues on high ;
Behold the stars that shine above ;—
All, all proclaim that “ God is love.”
For nature's voice in ev'ry tone
Gives glory to our God alone,
And all his works proclaim his pow'r,
E'en to the humblest wild-wood flow'r.
His voice is heard in all that here
From nature's harp falls on the ear.
The roaring thunder speaks his might ;
The sun that rises warm and bright ;
The moon, whose soft and beauteous ray
Succeeds the splendours of the day ;
The ocean's sigh, and cat'ract's roar ;
The music on the streamlet's shore ;
The boundless forest's deep repose ;
The beauties of the evening's close ;
The very air that passes by
A feeling sweet brings with its sigh,
That calms the stormy, trembling breast
Like some sweet spirit whisp'ring rest.
All speak this truth that God is here ;

His presence brightens all our sphere.
Love's gentle spirit dwells below,
The light of life, the balm of woe !
In all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
The spirit of our God is there !

THE SUMMER MORNING.

Soft are the gentle sounds that sweetly breathe
Music o'er hills and glens at early day ;
'Tis heard where streams their limpid waters wreath,
And louder sounds as brighter glows the ray
That sheds such glorious lustre o'er the sky,
And decks with light effulgent woods and bowers,
Whence springs the hymn, whose latest, faintest sigh
Is in the air that sweeps the fragile flowers !

Music is everywhere ! it seems the praise
Of grateful nature to its God on high ;
And e'en the desert joins its mournful lays,
And sends its anthem to the list'ning sky.
My spirit would unite its feeble powers,
Blest with a beam from heaven's own holy shrine ;
Oh, as the morning sun illumines the hours,
Thus brighter glow, ye rays of grace divine !

THE WAVE.

Oh, thou pure wave that murmurs on the shore,
Thy crystal waters smiling in the sun,
On thy far way didst thou in tempests roar,
And who pass'd o'er thee since thy course begun ?
Thou hast shone at morn,
Thou hast slept at eve,
Where hearts were joyful
And where sad ones grieve !

Oh, thou pure wave that glitters on the strand,
What hast thou witness'd on thy vari'd way ?
Bore ye a father from his native land,
Or a fond daughter from her home away ?
Has th' wide snowy sail
Glided o'er thy light,—
Fair forms in thy coolness
Repos'd with delight ?

Oh, thou proud wave that rests beneath this shade,
Hast dash'd the vessel on the rock-bound shore ?
Were struggling forms beneath thy power laid ?
Didst thou receive them to return no more ?
Thou didst wildly rush,
Thou didst echo loud
The wind's stormy voice,
And ye prov'd their shroud !

Oh, thou pure wave that lies in perfect rest,
Didst thou dance as the gay ones o'er thee pass'd ?
Didst thou shine as they laugh'd upon thy breast,
Or wast a foe with the wild, sudden blast ?

Thou hast wash'd the caves
Where murderers dwell ;
Hast sigh'd where the loving
Have said their farewell !

Oh, thou still wave that cools my trembling hands,
A prouder life was thine upon the sea ;
The ships of war thou bore from far-off lands,
And merchant vessels, all have liv'd on thee:

What hast thou mirror'd ?
The north polar-star ?
Hast thou leap'd in the light
Of western suns far ?

Oh, thou sweet wave, whose latest murmur's heard,
Could thou relate all that has o'er thee sprung !
We may not hear from thy proud silence word ;
But with the winds hast thou in concert sung.

Rest thee, O thou wave,
Till the breezy day
Wakens thee again
To hasten on thy way !

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

Behold on Sinai's awful height
The thunder and the flame!—
More glorious is the gospel light,
And Love and Peace its name.

The fearful voice from Sinai's hill
My trembling soul would slay;
But Christ did all the law fulfil,
And heaven is mine to-day.

Praise to the Lord! from sin and hell
By his deliv'rance free,
With Christ in glory we may dwell
Through all eternity!

DEATH.

Is death the king of terrors? In the night,
In midnight silence, I have dream'd of death.
It seem'd to me a spirit calm and bright,
Soft, shadowy, and serene: its gentle form
Led not to darkness; but through ethereal space.
Where all was light and freedom,—all was peace.

SUMMER SCENES.

I. MORNING.

Resplendant light illumines the eastern sky,
Ere yet the glorious sun appears on high ;
Aurora blushes, and a roseate hue
Decks the blue sky and paints the early dew ;
The clear waves mirror the soft golden rays ;
A gentle breeze in ev'ry green tree plays ;
The graceful branches all obedient bend,
And to the air the flow'rs their odour lend.
The gentle murmur of the stream is heard
In the sweet silence, and each waking bird
Proclaims the morning with its sweetest song ;
The silent echoes wake, and then along
The æriel space they wing their happy way,
And, through the wild-wood groves, far, far they stray.
A happy life is theirs ! they roam the earth ;
The sylvan forests echo with their mirth ;
Content and bless'd with powers far to fly,
And, when stern winter's storms obscure the sky,
The sunny south invites them there to roam
Till gentle spring returns the warblers home.
Sweet, happy birds ! ye soon will leave this shore ;
Some other land afar ye will explore.
Ye never know what desolation means,

So gay, so bright, where'er ye stray, the scenes.
Ah! this is happiness man may not taste :
He soon must see this verdure all laid waste :
Farewell to thee! sing on, sweet warblers, sing ;
We soon must part until the budding spring.
Oh, beauteous morn ! delightful hour ! how sweet,
In this soft silence, in this calm retreat,
To view the glowing landscape at my feet.
The sunshine glitters in each waving tree ;
Like gems the dew-drops all appear to me ;
The cloudless sky is deeply blushing still,
And, rolling slow, the mist ascends the hill.
Glad sounds are heard, and silence now no more
Makes sweet the music on the rocky shore ;
The rapids flow swift on their foaming way ;
We hear them not, for now 'tis perfect day.
The bleating flocks are playing in the fields,
And bounteous nature her rich produce yields
'Neath the deep scythe, by man's industrious aid ;
And through the meadow trips the singing maid
With health and beauty in her form ; and round
The open doors, and on the fruit-strewn ground,
The laughing children play. The shell doth sound,
And now they haste away !

The lovely morn
Is past. The noontide sun refolds the golden corn ;

The fresh'ning air subdues the mid-day heat,
And I will rest me on this shaded seat.
Sweet morn, farewell! to me thou now hast given
Health and a joyous heart: my praise to heaven.

SUMMER SCENES.

II. EVENING.

Calm is the evening. Not a ripple stirs
The crystal waters of yon limpid stream,
That blushes deep beneath the last bright ray
The sun has left at parting, and which throws
A lovely radiance round. Not e'en the breeze
Ruffles a moment one pure tranquil wave,
But breathes soft whisp'ring music through the woods,
Bending the flowers on the mossy shores,
And graceful willows o'er the silent brooks,
To bathe in coolness there. Afar the hills
Are glowing in the sunshine; while below
O'er the low valley gentle evening casts
Her veil of pensive shades. I love this hour
Of melancholy calmness, for my heart
Hath sympathy from nature. Oh, I feel
No more my spirit's loneliness; no more
I sigh for draughts to fill the longing mind,
The bosom's emptiness. My spirit soars,

And seems to roam 'mid nature's loveliness,
And in her beauties and her stillness finds
Mysterious happiness. The gentle air,
Laden with odour from the sylvan groves,
Breathes bliss around me, and its low sweet voice
Seems the soft whisperings of joy to soothe
The weary heart; and softly peace descends,
Lulls to repose the ruffl'd waves of grief,
Casts to oblivion every earthly thought,
Making fair nature's solitudes appear
Fraught with some bliss of heaven, for we feel
The presence of Jehovah! His power is seen,
His works proclaim him, and his voice is heard
In nature's harmonies.

AMANDA.

She rests within her peaceful grave,
Beneath th' o'ershadowing hill,
Where forest-trees their branches wave,
And flowers with perfume fill
The trembling air, that never sweeps
In tempests wildly there,
But breathes its requiem while she sleeps,
Like whisperings of prayer.

There morning through the autumn trees
 Sheds beams of fairest light ;
 Like hope, whose radiance never leaves
 The stricken in his blight.
 Her mem'ry thus doth shine for me
 From its pure heaven of love :
 All, all may fade, yet still will she
 Speak from her home above.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great
 joy." Matthew ii. 10.

Oh, may that star direct our way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 Where, undefil'd, we may find rest
 In the bright mansions of the blest.

Oh, "bright" and glorious "Morning Star,"
 Though great the clouds of darkness are,
 We will rejoice when thou "appear,"
 And when to glory we draw near ;
 Oh, blessed "Light," direct our way
 To realms of everlasting day !

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ALBURGH.

Soft is the breeze that whispers through the flow'rs ;
The waves' melodious murmur too we hear ;
And light effulgent gilds the ling'ring hours,
As sounds melodious touch the weari'd ear.

The solemn mountain rears its lofty crest,
And hides its glory 'neath heav'n's ethereal cloud ;
The dark trees on the shores do calmly rest,
And evening's purple hues the east enshroud.

When far remov'd from thee, thou glorious scene,
Mem'ry will treasure this sweet hour : farewell.
Many lone days, like shades, must intervene
Ere I one happy day near thee may dwell.

LINES WRITTEN AT TWILIGHT.

Gently blow, gently blow,
Wand'ring airs of silent night ;
Seek the flowers where they grow
Hidden from our yearning sight.

Viewless flower, in this hour
Sweetly may thy fragrance fall,
As the mem'ry of the loved
Whom we never can recall.

THE BEE.

Why leave the sunny glade, sweet bee,
When ev'ry flower is bright,
To dwell in this fair hour with me,
In this secluded light ?

My casement's veil'd with flow'ry vines
And beautifully o'erspread ;
And here a forest-tree entwines
Its branches o'er my head.

But shadowy light like this, sweet bee,
Should never be thy home :
Go rove among the flow'rs so free,
And o'er the meadows roam.

Forth, forth she fled on buoyant wing ;
I bade the bee farewell ;
But heard at eve the insect sing,
And found her in a shell.

Oh, lov'lier home, thou gentle bee,
Has never yet been found ;
I give the blushing bow'r to thee,
With mosses cover'd round.

No rose that trembles in the breeze
Had e'er a fairer hue,
No cooler spot 'mong shady trees
Has ever shelter'd you.

Here when the stormy winds arise
Thou shalt securely dwell ;
And music whispers in the sighs
That tremble in the shell.

When morning lit the summer sky
The bee came forth again ;
I let her from my casement fly,
Nor look'd for her in vain.

She ever faithfully came home
To her own chosen nest ;
Each morning she afar would roam,
But come at night to rest.

When autumn stripp'd the rustling trees
And summer's smile was gone,
And winter whisper'd in the breeze
And swept across the lawn,

I miss'd my gentle murm'ring bee,
And sought her in her bower ;
For well I knew, if she were free
She'd not forget this hour.

I heard no softly-murm'ring sound
 Within that deep-sea shell;
But, raising it, I quickly found
 The bee I lov'd so well.

The sunny wings that in the morn
 Had waken'd me from rest,
In death's last struggle now were torn,
 And folded o'er her breast.

I plac'd her in her shell again
 And cover'd it with moss;—
None e'er my care shall seek in vain,
 Or find my friendship lost.

HOPE.

Now on the stormy waves
The quiet sun-beams pour their golden light.
 What though the wild wind raves?
The troubl'd waters now to me are bright.

Thus far, my storm is past,
As sweetest hope its fairest rays bestows:
 May the refulgence last
Till the dark waters tranquilly repose!

THE ADIEU.

The hour is come, the shades descend,
 Yet lovely glows the western sky ;
 See how the lights and shadows blend ;—
 Ah, we, dear friend, must say “ *Good bye.*”

The hopes, the fears, that robe this hour,
 Alternate joy and sorrow give ;
 But let us trust God’s ruling power,
 And light shall cheer us while we live.

The early joys of life may perish,
 Clouds may obscure the glowing sky ;
 The moon will rise ;—oh, let us cherish
 Undying hopes ;—my friend, “ *Good bye.*”

 OH, THEN I THINK OF THEE.

When the sun rises o’er the trees,
 And nature from her sleep awakes,
 And not a sound but the cool breeze
 The deep, the soothing silence breaks,
 Oh, then I think of thee !

When that glorious orb is sinking
 In the glowing beauteous west,
 By our willow-tree I’m thinking
 Of thee, my own friend, dearest, best ;
 Oh, then I think of thee !

At the sweet hour of evening's close,
When the moon's rising in the sky,
And all is sunk in deep repose,
Except the wind's low pensive sigh,
Oh, then I think of thee!

And in the tranquil hours of night,
When not a sound or breath is giv'n,
When softly beams the moon's pale light,
My pray'r for thee ascends to heav'n ;
Oh, then I think of thee!

THE CREATION.

Silence and darkness through the æriel space
Reign'd in their grandeur. No moon or stars,
With beam inspiring hope of brighter hours,
Mov'd through the clouds ; but through the awful gloom,
Above the waters of immensity,
God mov'd ; and from his presence, at his word,
The curtains of deep darkness from the deep
Were lifted. The light, the light of heaven,
Brought from the temple of eternal glory,
Shone o'er the wide expanse ; the darkness fled,
But to resume its place when God should bid
Its sable veil to fall. He call'd it night.

Then the wide arch of heav'n, the sky serene,
 Was rais'd, a firmament; the great waters slept,
 And the broad sky look'd down upon their breast;
 Then morning came, again to light the scene,
 And the dark waters at the Lord's command
 Roll'd back,—and from their bosom earth appear'd.
 The gather'd waters God beheld, and, lo!
 The new-born earth, with them, pronounced "good."
 Then grass and herbs and trees, a gorgeous robe,
 Deck'd the broad sterile soil, fresh, fair, and green;
 And evening slowly wrapp'd the glowing scene,
 And night reign'd on the waters.

" Let there be,"

The voice of God proclaim'd, "lights in the firmament,
 That in the heavens they may mark the years,
 And give to earth their radiance. Two shall reign:
 The sun, the orb of day; the gentler light
 To gleam a softness o'er the shades of night."
 And through the vast expanse the stars appear'd.
 The first sun sat: the moon with smiling beams
 Lit the vast solitude of earth and heaven.

The glorious morning rose; and God, who made
 All things so beautiful, now call'd forth life,
 That joy might reign through the great wide world,
 And all that breath'd the breath of life might praise him.
 Then joyous life arose upon the seas,

And gentle songs of birds, ere man was made,
Woke music's echo. Nature sang for joy !
But not for these had the Creator made
The lovely earth, the glowing lights of heaven !
No ! rob'd in innocence, and nobly form'd
In his Creator's image, man appear'd ;
And all to him was giv'n,—a rich inheritance !
Fair was his home in Eden ; sweet the joy
Of love that beam'd upon him ; while above
God's favor rested : joy was heard in heaven.
The morning stars look'd down and sang together ;
View'd all the glories of commencing time,
And joyous shone, as, in their heavenly sphere,
They rush'd upon their glorious course :
They there shall shine until th' eternal sun,
The Sun of Righteousness, dispels their beams,
And never fade till time shall be no more.

ABSENCE.

The cloudless sun in beauty shone
And brighten'd all the scene around ;
And thus doth friendship from its zone
Our path with light and joy surround.

But ah, that orb so bright is gone,—
 It sank beyond the cloudy west ;
 And thus when we are left alone,
 Our sky with gloomy clouds is dress'd.

And while receding from our view,
 Though brightly beam'd its parting smile,
The deeper ev'ry shadow grew,
 Nor hope could one regret beguile.

And I have said Farewell to thee ;
 Thy smile has faded from my view ;
 Thine absence is deep gloom to me ;
 Ah ! might we never say Adieu !

ODE TO THE SEASONS.

The fresh spring-woods are green,
 And leaves are softly sighing ;
 And near and far are seen
 Views of hills, with waves between ;
 Their voices are replying
 To the sweet song
 Now heard among
 The lightsome branches flying !

The summer comes so gay,
And brilliant fruits are shining ;
The fields are rich in hay,
'Tis nature's holiday,
And flow'rs, their buds entwining,
Shed odours fair
Upon the air,
The breeze the sweetest finding !

Now, like a noble queen
O'er her past glory sighing,
The autumn decks the scene,
And changes the soft green
For glorious hues,
Which she doth choose
To robe her hour of dying !

Over the mournful plain
The stormy winds are blowing ;
Winter abroad doth reign,—
I hear his voice again ;
Dark clouds above are snowing.
But ah, the frost
In light is lost !
Hope lives though life is going !

THE STREAM.

Oh, gentle stream that wanders free
 Where peace so sweetly reigns,
 Had I a lowly home by thee,
 In these still flow'ry plains !
 How would I love this humble spot,
 This utter solitude !
 By all but Heaven though forgot,
 No care might here intrude.
 In sweet seclusion's happy shade
 I fain would wish to dwell ;
 Oh, would I now forever bade
 The busy world farewell.

 THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Why did I love the sunlit leaves
 That rustl'd on the greenwood tree ?
 Why did I love the shade beneath ?
 'Twas there we wander'd, thou and me,—
 'Twas there ! 'twas there with thee !
 Why did I love the gentle veil
 Of colour'd light on hill and lea,
 When soften'd day began to fade ?
 'Twas thus we did the far-off see.
 Thou, only thou and me !

And here again, while Autumn winds
 Disrobe the beauteous greenwood tree,
 And clouds obscure that scene afar,
 I stray alone, and think of thee,
 Beneath our own dear tree !

OH, LONG A DARK AND THORNY ROAD.

Oh, long a dark and thorny road
 I travell'd ere I found true peace,
 I thought my heart's desire was good,
 And yet my care could never cease.

The heart will lead us still astray ;
 Each righteous wish is from above ;
 And thus I heavy trod the way
 That else were joy and peace and love.

No more I rest on earthly stay,
 No more I trust my feeble powers :
 Christ is the true and living way ;
 Vain is the righteousness of ours.

While thee I seek, my Heavenly King,
 Earth fades, nor can allure me more :
 Thy mercy I will ever sing,
 Thy goodness I will still adore.

A SKETCH OF LIFE.

While evening spreads her gentle shades around,
 And skies with glowing lights are brilliant crown'd ;
 While sighing winds sing low o'er yonder plain,
 And lighter music mingles with the strain ;
 While all above is silent, lovely, fair,
 And all below is noisy mirth or care ;
 While some are weeping o'er afflictions sent,
 And more are gay, on pleasure's schemes intent,—
 Blest with sweet peace, in unpretending state,
 Alone, I contemplate man's varied fate.

This is an hour when day withdraws her beams,
 And chilling frosts arrest the summer streams ;
 When wither'd leaves float through the mourning air,
 And honest labour rests, or bends in pray'r.
 Far from the throng whose lamp burns never low,*
 The lonely mother bears her night of woe ;
 No quivering light may give to her fond gaze
 The features of the dying ; but she prays.
 Oh, poverty, a wretched fate is thine !
 The soul's deep sorrows with all want combine.
 Is it not so ? where poverty is found
 The sigh of anguish ever doth resound ?

* An allusion to "The Watcher."

Behold that aged form in weakness bent ;
She waits her daughter to the village sent ;
She comes, but bears no life-sustaining food,—
The broken branches of the dark pine-wood
Alone are theirs! She, weeping, lights the fire,
And sees her mother by the flame expire!

Now tell me, ye who sport away awhile
So gaily in the world's uncertain smile,
Would life be not made richer if ye knew
Your wealth from sorrow had saved e'en a few ?
Oh, sweeter far the kindness which bestows
The needful help, than all that avarice knows.
When call'd at death to leave this happy scene,
Thou wilt remember what the past hath been ;
And at the judgment 'twill not be forgot,
Didst save the hungry or supply them not ?

The gloomy shades around the church are fled,
And softest lustre o'er the altar's shed ;
There stands a maiden by a faithful lover :
They now depart, the spoken vows are over.
Gay sounds proceed from yonder lighted hall ;
Soft strains of music from its casements fall ;
Light feet are dancing to the rapid measure,
And ev'ry eye and ev'ry voice speaks pleasure.

See yonder dwelling, mansion of the fair,
Where learning holds her rule supremely ; there
The hours of study now give place to play,
So priz'd, so dear, when gone the quiet day.
Can any doubt that joyous tone of glee
Springs forth from hearts from care and sorrow free,
Ah ! wonder not that joy's unchequer'd light
Should cause *them* to forget the sad to-night !

One would suppose this hour an hour of rest,
When ev'ry one with quiet leisure blest
Would now the spirit-longing search pursue,
The search for truth, or warmly else renew,
As evening spreads her soft, descending veil,
Their wanderings through the new historic tale.
But ah ! this hour sees the weary still
With rigour all the day's long toil fulfil ;
Then as the stroke of midnight dies away,
Sink on their beds too weary far to pray !
Can these be men ? to live without a thought
Of Him who died for them, whose blood has bought
Their ransom ? he who gave up heaven ?
Can they not breathe one prayer to be forgiven ?
Can they not "*watch one hour*" ? Is lux'rous ease
A nobler theme and object far than these ?
Go on and heap up riches, but you'll find
'Tis vain t' enjoy them with an empty mind !

I cannot blame the poor for toiling on,
When day, with all its vigour, long has gone.
The honest purpose to fulfil their task,
Or gain the price necessity must ask,
May bind them to their labour by the light
That "*goes not out*" through all the weary night.
A blessing rests upon them, and the stain
Of sordid avarice can not remain.
Love for a wife or kindred makes it right,
And sanctifies the labour. Moral light
Beams on the sacrifice. The soul is free
To place its hopes beyond the world we see!

I will not paint scenes of a diff'rent kind,
Where sad ebriety defiles the mind ;
Where every thought of God or good is lost,
And idle souls in folly's whirl are toss'd !

But I would in this hour behold and see
If wealth and grandeur are from sorrow free ;
If gold can purchase friendship, joy, or ease,
(Tis seldom riches *all alone* can please :
The heart, the mind, require more than these.)

There is a mansion—but I will not paint
A splendour where description would be faint.
There all that can fastidious fancy please
Graces within ; and flowers and sunny trees

Adorn the scene without : but all is cold.
 'Tis like, to me, the fairy home of old
 Where silence dwelt one hundred weary years :
 Such is *such* splendour ; but at last appears
 The love that chases all its gloom away.
 'Tis come, that gentle presence ! will it stay ?
 No ! as in the scene presented, 'tis alone,
 And fruit and flower change again to stone :
 Why, why is this ? she finds her bridegroom blind,
 (At least to ev'ry virtue of the mind.)
 Then vanity steps in and takes the reins ;
 In discontent and anger he complains,
 Not thinking he who makes his home *no home* *
 Gives full occasion to the fair to roam.

* A critic's hand has warn'd me to correct
 What I must truly own is a defect,—
 That in this *little* sketch of human life
 I've not brought in the careless, faithless *wife*.
 In *one* short ev'ning you would fail to trace
 All, all that in society takes place ;
 And then *the length of this* may represent
 That partly brain, and most—*my lamp was spent* !
 (A *future* view may, more excursive, prove
 How many are the principles that move !)
 The thought did rise, but feeling said "forbear,"—
 A sister's pen her own frail sex may spare ;
 And heart doth grieve when home's bright hearth grows dim,
 And *she* forgets the vows she made *to him*.

St. Johns, April 25, 1859.

And p'rhaps he seeks a vain fatiguing joy
In those gay pleasures that dull time destroy !
Then farewell, health and happiness and ease :
Man is immortal, and these cannot please !

Oh, happier far the humbler state of those
Who in contentment's quiet shade repose !
Blest with a competence, they heed not care,
But aid the poor, and hospitably share
Their cheerful fireside with mutual friends,
Where cultur'd mind with mind so sweetly blends.
There sits calm industry with busy hands ;
Those children learn to love the Lord's commands ;
There every hope that cheers the human breast
Makes life serene, and points to heavenly rest !

Oh, bless'd religion ! whate'er man's varied fate.
'Tis thou alone canst make him truly great.
Oh, guide us safe through every care and ill ;
Teach us to know thee, and thy laws fulfil ;
Where poverty bends with supplicating knee,
May kind support and comfort flow from thee.
Where riches raise their proud, imposing head,
May gentle beamings of thy light be shed,
Till, won to gaze on heavenly truths here giv'n,
The heart be led to happiness and heaven.

And may the dreaded thunder of thy voice,
Which bids the humble spirit to rejoice,
Recall the wanderer from his dangerous way,
And teach returning sinners how to pray.
O'er all the land may truth divine be spread,
And ev'ry heart, by holy teachings led,
Seek higher joys than earthly things afford,
And give due glory to our risen Lord.
And may the power that sheds its heaven-born light
O'er many a dwelling in this land to-night,
Direct me still, and guard me lest I stray,
And guide the orphan on her lonely way.

THE POPLAR TREES.

Around our lowly cottage*
The poplars threw their shade,
And I lov'd to hear at evening
The sounds the low winds made.

Oh, gently rustling branches,
How oft at "stilly night"
I've listen'd to your music
By the summer moon's soft light!

* Our house at Clarenceville, occupied in the summer of 1847.

TO HARRIET B——.

Knowest thou the flower that closes its bright eye
 Soon as the morning blushes in the sky ;
 But in the midnight darkness doth expand,
 To throw its fragrance o'er the silent land ?

E'en thus thy friendship, in the gloomy hour,
 Sheds sweeter odour than the night's own flower ;
 It bloom'd not for me when 'twas bright above,
 But gave in sorrow all its priceless love.

 THE SAILOR-BOY.

(Written at the age of 11 years.)

Far from his home, o'er the dark blue sea,
 No sound of earth or singing bird,
 But the bracing air, so pure and free,
 Amid the sails alone is heard
 By the young sailor, yet he lives
 A happy life ; his hours are cheer'd
 By such delight as freedom gives ;
 And when no danger can be fear'd,
 How gaily pass the sunny hours
 Upon the broad and glorious sea !
 And though he sees no more the flow'rs,
 Few are so happy, gay, as he !

1838.

THE WINTER MORNING.

(Written in the winter of '39, after the cessation of the troubles in Canada.)

The white frost clinging to the leafless trees
In ~~the~~ early sunshine sparkles brightly ;
And pure and frosty is the fresh'ning breeze
That waves the glit'ring branches lightly !
And, firm and white
To the dazzl'd sight,
The spotless snow-banks now surround us ;
And, loud and clear
And far and near,
The "merry sleigh-bells" ring around us !
No cloud I see !
All, all is glee !
And brightness gems the snow-clad earth ;
While o'er the stream
The woodman's team
Is swiftly driven !—all is mirth !
The cheerful song and joyous laugh once more
Are heard responded by the wooded shore ;
And peace and gladness have resum'd their sway ;—
Oh, may they never cease or fade away !
And may each heart, for these great blessings given,
Pour forth the prayer of thankfulness to heaven !

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

Spring's earliest rosy light with blushing beam
 Pours glorious lustre o'er the calm blue sky,
 And the wild flowers arise as the fair stream
 Swift from its icy bonds again sweeps by.
 Now light beams softly, nature speaks, and joy
 Bestows the bloom of life, and whispers rest ;
 And gentle dreams my lonely hours employ.
 Shall man still mourn when all around is blest ?

To winter's blast, to summer's earliest sighs,
 To silent plain, or streamlets' varied songs,
 To the deep thunder, or unclouded skies,
 To nature's glorious music, power belongs,
 To wake the mind, to call the wand'ring heart
 To solemn thoughts of its own destiny ;
 And ever may its heaven-born voice impart
 A hope to cheer us to our home on high !

 LINES WRITTEN ON THE SHORE AT ALBURGH.

Sweet stream, how thy pure waters rest
 Beneath the morning's cheerful light !
 The stormy waves with peace are blest,
 And fled the gloomy hours of night.
 So may the light of peace divine
 On me in beams of mercy shine !

TO A FRIEND.

Now, while the waters of the waveless stream
Utter no song beneath the zephyr's wing,
Come let us wander 'neath the moon's pale beam,
And far away all clouds of sorrow fling.

Oh, life has far too many lovely hours ;
Man should not mourn when nature is so fair ;
There is no sun ! yet sweetly bend the flow'rs
Refresh'd by dew-drops gently falling there.

No moment passes but a mercy's giv'n,
No hour shaded but may be bless'd with peace ;
Care lives below, but ever bright is heav'n ;
Oh, may we praise and let our mournings cease.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

(Given with a picture of a young man crossing the Alps.)

Behold the youth who hastens on
O'er Alpine heights and foaming streams,
But fixes all his hopes upon
The goal of his fondest dreams.

So be thou blest amid life's storms ;
So high and upward be thy way ;
Heaven shield thee safe from all alarms,
And guide thee to eternal day.

MORNING HYMN.

Through the dark hours of the night
I 'slept' in peace, 'sustain'd' by Thee ;
And, Lord, amid the hours of light,
From sin and evil keep me free.

Shall I receive Thy mercies still,
And e'er forget the debt I owe?
Lord, show concerning me Thy will,
And give me grace Thy will to do.

COMFORT IN RELIGIOUS HOPE.

How sweet the peace the spirit feels
When things of time decay ;
And grace each disappointment heals,
While darkness ushers *day* !

And, oh, how sweet beyond compare
The blest assurance given,—
The heart that has its treasure *there*,
Shall find its rest in heaven.

Rise, rise my soul ! all joyful rise
In contemplation sweet
Of that abode beyond the skies
Where parted friends shall meet.

There glorious reigns fair Zion's king,
 Before him darkness flies ;
While saints their heavenly chorus sing,
 And angels mount the skies.

His truths eternal feed the mind,—
 His glorious purposes ;
The sorrowful calm pastures find,—
 He reigns in heaven to bless.

Now darkly on the ocean cast,
 No wind or storm shall move ;
Soon will the dreary void be past,
 And thou shalt rest in love.

The dreary void ! not such to me
 Life's lone and weary waste :
Thy power, oh God, is on the sea ;
 We here thy mercy taste.

Yes ! every blast that rends the sky
 Is guided by thy hand ;
'Tis sweet to know that thou art nigh
 To bring us safe to land.

Then stormy tempest sweetly sounds,—
 It hastes our voyage home :
Soon shall we reach our earthly bounds,
 And to the fair haven come.

HOPE.

Brightly the sun in splendour is shining
O'er the far mountains ; the storm rolls away.
Soft is the radiance when grief is declining ;—
The sweet, peaceful beaming of hope's happy day !

Yes! sorrow may wreck the dear world of our love,
And o'er our heart's treasures its dark mantle throw ;
But th' bright rays of promise that beam from above
Will cause the deep anguish to cease in its flow.

TO SLEEP.

Soft sleep, descend ! oh, lend thy gentle power
To chase sad thoughts away, and thou wilt bless ;
Cast to oblivion this most wretched hour,
Fraught with strange grief I never can express.

Away, away, wild visions ! throng no more
My weary mind ; away, ye idle dreams !
Soft sleep, descend ! mine aching brain restore,
For now with vain imaginings it teems.

Sweet sleep, come down ! to me most sweet thou art,—
A transient death from sorrow, pain, and care ;
Ah! to my soul thou ever canst impart
New strength to struggle, and new strength to bear.

MY CHAMBER.

I have dwelt in fairer chambers,
But never yet to me
Was any one, though richly deck'd,
To be compar'd with thee,—
Mine own dear room ! my place of liberty !

Here none can mar mine hours of rest ;
The quiet morning ray
And gentle shades of ev'ning fall ;
In thee they pass away
Calm as the light that gilds the summer day.

Here truth its sacred pages spreads,
And not a jarring voice
Recalls a thought to waken doubt ;—
Sweet spot of rest,—my choice !
Here let my heart be glad, and humble hope rejoice !

The beams that gild the changeful heavens
Shine softly even here ;
And mental light and fancy's power
My lone existence cheer.
Each star that shines shows that the sun is near.

O Blessed Light! O Power Divine!
From thee flows every good :
Thou only source of life and joy,
Whose truth hath ever stood,
Shine on me still, and bless mine hours of solitude !

ON CHRIST RETIRING FOR PRAYER AT EVENING.

The sun in brightness sat on Judah's stream ;
Fair was the scene that caught her latest beam ;
And fair the shadow'd vale and silent wood,
Reposing in their sacred solitude,—
When from the many whom his hand had heal'd,
While heavenly truths his gracious lips reveal'd
To guide them heavenward, our Saviour stray'd,
And, 'mid the olive-trees, to Heaven he pray'd.
He sought the stillness of the ev'ning hour ;—
Holy now be it, for that he whose power
Did works of mercy, to his Father knelt
And pour'd the depths of love his spirit felt
In pray'r for man to God ! Thus did he pray
And consecrate the parting hour of day
By heavenly devotion. Let us, then,
Steal from the busy throng of worldly men,
And, when the melting light of day declines
And when the first star in its beauty shines,
Pray to his God and ours.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

(Written at the age of 16.)

Dear sister, I steal a short time,
Having now rock'd the baby asleep,
To write you a letter in rhyme,
('Tis a secret I beg you will keep !)

That R—— is a very fine place,
I will not pretend to deny ;
A very fine man is Judge C—— ;
Of others I'll write by-and-by.

Maria and I often walk out,
Which ' I guess' the ' folks think' ' pretty strange' ;
They talk of it much, there's no doubt,
As they think all are idle who range.

But we always walk'd out when at home,
And are all " doing use " through the day ;
Oh, sure it is right thus to roam,
As at evening alone do we stray ?

I'm delighted with all the fine views ;
The hills, and the valleys, and trees ;
Indeed I see much to amuse,
Of which I will write, if you please.

The steam doctors have had 'a convention';
Men, women, and children did go,
To hear of this strange new invention,
Said to cure all diseases, you know.

They say it turns gray hairs to brown,
Can smooth an old maid's wrinkl'd cheek;
Can dispel from the brow every frown,
Make furies look lovely and meek!

'Tis said, and I doubt not the truth,
That love it will cure in all cases;
From the mind of a too-faithful youth
All thoughts of his lady-love chases!

Now if pity still dwells in your breast,
Oh, publish this piece of good news;
As you have so often oppress'd,
In mercy you cannot refuse!

Enough of this nonsense, you'll say,
And tell me about all my friends;—
I saw Miss H. B. yesterday,
And she much love to you sends.

Fanny C. is married at last!
I went to the wedding with Jane;
Though the sky did look overcast,
And we were afraid it would rain.

Only think ! I was sweeping the room,
And I such a figure did look ;
In terror I dropped the hair-broom,
As a loud rap announc'd Mr. Brook !

He is really a fine-looking beau,
Though rather too tall for my taste ;
He came to invite us to go,
And seem'd in a very great haste.

Fair Fanny was splendidly dress'd ;
The luncheon I will not dwell on ;
Her marriage of all was the best ;
Laugh not, and I will now tell on.

I dream'd on a piece of the cake
Three nights ; but it was all in vain !
Oh, do you, my dear, think it will make
Poor me an old maid to remain ?

I went to the cottage so spruce,
And we talked a great deal about you.
To be friendly I find is no use ;
All you told of the maiden is true.

'Melinda's' not call'd on me yet ;
'Julia Anna' call'd when I was out ;
Their cousins came too,—what a set ;
You remember our call there, no doubt.

On my return I found Hannah here ;
Jeremiah had driven her down ;
And oh, I saw Moses, the dear,
When John drove me to church " up in town."

I really do like Mr. Potter ;
His sermon I'll never forget.
I see every day " the old trotter " ;*
I've not seen my friend David yet.

I have made my new cambric dress ;
Have altered my merino one too ;
I have made those monstrous sleeves less,
And it looks just as well as if new.

I write full many a piece too
When evening and silence prevail ;
And I've read three books at least too,
Though much has suspended the tale.

This morning I got your long letter,
(You've written me two since I came).
I am glad to hear you are better ;
And happy to say I'm the same.

* The individual we had so named was an *odious old bachelor* who promenaded the street of the village continually. We had a due respect for estimable old age.

Letters I never write often ;
 But I've now been here a long time ;
 So your just displeasure to soften
 I've attempted to write you in rhyme.

But this I must bring to a close,
 Although I have much more to tell ;
 The rest I will write you in prose,
 And this evening will bid you farewell.

WINTER.

Thou reignest, winter ! mighty is thy power,
 Which not the sun in all its glory breaks.
 Though warm its radiancy at noontide hour,
 No more its rays diffusive, nature wakes ;
 No more the ripple whisp'ring music makes ;
 No more the bright leaves breathe their vari'd song ;
 We list in vain the bird's melodious notes ;
 Gone is the twilight which did day prolong
 In soften'd shades of glory ;—now along
 The stormy sky no shining warbler floats,
 Breathing sweet sounds,—on light and happy wing
 They fled at thy approach ; and the fair flowers
 On thy cold shrine are laid an offering.
 But soon to us shall come bright, sunny hours ;
 And the wild-birds return to leafy bow'rs
 When thou art here, sweet spring !

THE MAIDEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

The calm and gentle moon
Shone through the clouds that hid her starry train ;
The golden flowers of June
Bent in the winds that swept the silent plain.

No trees their branches wav'd ;
No mountain summit rose against the sky ;
No whisp'ring waters lav'd
The flow'ry turf, the only verdure nigh.

What low and plaintive note
Was borne upon the cold unansw'ring air ?
Now near, now more remote,
One living being, one alone, was there !

Lone wand'rer of the plain !
No home was near, no light, no wreathing smoke ;
Thou pleadest but in vain,—
Not e'en an echo thy sweet voice awoke !

Left in the sudden flight
Of thy red captors, thou art safe and free ;
No human help in sight,
A heav'nly guard is now appointed thee !

She was a youthful maid ;
Her form was slight, her face so mild and fair ;
And there she knelt and pray'd ;
And the cold night-wind wav'd her golden hair.

Hark ! a loud rushing sound
Booms like the thunder from the distant west ;
The dark and gloomy ground
Gleams in a moment like a shining crest.

The prairie blazes bright !
The storm of fire roars, hisses, round ;
The dark and silent night
With wild grandeur is all brilliant crown'd !

She rushes to the flame !
Her mantle blazes, and she speeds away ;
Afar she casts the same ;
And a small hillock beams, clear as the day !

Then soon 'tis dark and sear ;
But there she stands in safety ! while the moon
Beams on her face, where fear
Has now no home, but joy shines as the noon.

Then as the morning rays
Shine o'er the barren desert, then she knows
Her own sweet mother prays ;
And in the east her own bright river flows !

MARINA'S DAUGHTER.

She dwelt beside a lonely lake ;
Most calm and shaded was the water ;
And ever early did she wake,
Marina's young and blushing daughter.

Why from her couch does she arise
To see the sun's most early beam ?
She has no costly sacrifice
To offer by her native stream.

What speaks the maiden's youthful voice
As now she lingers by the water ?
Her earnest heart and tongue rejoice :
Thus speaks Marina's timid daughter :

' The sun that gilds the glowing east
Is but a visitant awhile ;
It stands in heaven as a priest,
Then hides through night its glorious smile.

' It is but there to show a pow'r
Far higher than its changeful beam ;
It gladdens earth, unfolds the flow'r,
Then sinks to rest beyond the stream.

Oh ! heav'nly sun, beyond thy light
Is there a world unchang'd and bright ?'

Th' ascending beams intensely glow,
And voices call her to her home ;
And on her flax must she bestow
The thoughts that ever far would roam.

But when the moon ascends the skies,
She seeks once more the mum'ring water ;
She sees the stars descend and rise,
And mournful is Marina's daughter.

' Oh ! gentle moon and evening star
That gild the western sky of even,
Ye speak of some sweet home afar,
Some joy, some rest, the heart's own heaven.

' And ye soft sounds that on the air
Bear music to the list'ning heart,
Is there a voice now floating there
With which mine own may bear a part ?

' It comes ! it mingles with my soul
Like notes once heard in some dear home !
Now, may the wild waves roar and roll,
Marina's daughter here shall roam !
Blow, blow ye winds ! the sad one hears
The voice, the tone, of happier years !

The stormy winds arose and roar'd,
And lash'd to foam the sleeping water ;
But in the storm her spirit soar'd,
And happy was Marina's daughter.

But hark ! that voice of gentlest tone
Recalls her wand'ring steps from far ;
She pauses ; she is not alone,—
An eye beams on her like a star.

' Why dost thou stray amidst the storm,
And listen to the roaring water ?
Is this a scene for thy fair form ?
Come home, come home, Marina's daughter ?

' Come to my home, where love will twine
Unfading wreaths around thy brow ;
My voice in song will join with thine,
Ah, we may sing together now !

The glorious sun, the rising moon,
Shall witness all our life of love ;
They shine upon the flow'rs of June ;
They glorious shine in heav'n above.

And they will beam upon us here,
And gild life's ever-changeable water ;
And holier light awaits us *there*,
Where is our home, Marina's daughter !

The voice of love was sweet to hear
 Beside Life's dark and stormy water ;
 And love and hope beam'd brightly there,
 And bless'd Marina's gentle daughter.

1849.

TO MY SISTER MRS. EGERTON,
 ON THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE BOY.

Gentle mother, weep no more :
 Though thy sunshine here
 Is clouded o'er, thy child is gone
 To grace another sphere.

Gentle mother, hush thy sighs ;
 Where holy angels sing,
 He joins the everlasting choir
 In praise to heaven's great king.

Gentle mother, lift thy heart
 To that bright world above ;
 Soon shalt thou hence be call'd away,
 There rest thy heart in love.

Gentle mother, place thy hope
 Above this world of care ;
 The Lord who took thy child above
 Will join the parted there.

1853.

MARY.

She was a gentle maiden, unadorn'd ;
No earthly jewels shone upon her breast ;
For, ah, that gentle one untimely mourn'd,
No treasur'd love her sad existence blest.

Yet hope e'er whisper'd to her lonely heart,
That human love would rise and bless her still
Virtue had bade her from her lover part ;
And she had crush'd affection by her will

Yet, oh, could e'er she love if she must sever
The future from her early memories ?
The love that blest her then, must live forever ;
That it *may* live, she fondly, truly prays.

He wedded, it is true, another bride ;
He lov'd her, yet he turn'd at honor's call ;
He went in anguish from fair Mary's side,
To wed the Lady of Fitz Allan's Hall.

Yet now his Mary seeks that distant home ;
His noble form is buried in the tomb.
Why does she quickly o'er the dark cliffs roam ;
What hope restores her pale cheek's early bloom ?

Dark poverty has enter'd that proud hall ;
 The wife is weeping o'er her wretched fate ;
 She heeds not her sweet infant's plaintive call :
 But Mary hastens through those halls of state.

She kneels beside the lovely little one ;
 Then on her tender bosom, with deep joy,
 She bears to the proud mother her fair son,
 And asks if she may tend the noble boy.

With weeping eyes, the babe the mother gives,
 And asks what stranger seeks her lone abode :
 No other being among all that lives
 For many days the silent hall had trod ?

' I am a maid,' the blushing girl repli'd,
 ' Whose home was in seclusion's humble shade,
 But wealth last year came when mine uncle died,
 And with the same what you have ow'd is paid.

' This house is yours,—but let me rear this boy,
 The image of the dead whom we have lov'd ;
 He to our hearts will give delight and joy' :
 Her true devotion the great lady mov'd.

' Oh, Mary, thou art worthy of all love !
 I, by my folly, lost my once dear home.
 He whom we lov'd will witness all above :
 Here dwell, and rear our boy ;—sweet Mary, come !'

TO A GERANIUM.

My solitary flower,
 How brightly do ye bloom,
 And give your sweetest fragrance,
 To cheer my lonely room !

Yes! in your gentle presence
 A happiness I find ;
 The simplest gift of nature
 Brings a pleasure to the mind.

LINES ADDRESSED TO HARRIET BRUCE.

Best friend, and dearest ! thou who didst bring joy
 To my lone hours of sadness ; whose calm mind
 View'd, in its own meek wisdom, all the care
 That press'd in dark confusion over mine,
 And gave the wish'd-for aid, and led my soul
 To look to that bright star of hope, whose light
 Beams with immortal glory ;—from the world
 Call'd back my wav'ring steps ;—the faint resolve
 Made steadfast ;—unto thee, dear friend, with grief
 My last adieu I write. Oh, fare thee well !
 May'st thou receive the crown of lasting joys,
 With heav'nly pleasures here ;—peace be with thee ;
 Calm be the tenor of thy useful life,
 And heaven thy rest.

Randolph, Vt., 1845.

THE LOVER'S REMEMBRANCE.

The sun now sets, the western sky
Is blushing as it sinks to rest ;
Thus fair was she for whom I sigh,
When first I held her to my breast.

But soon the evening gloom appears,
And spreads its mantle o'er the sky ;
And dew-drops fall,—thus fell thy tears
When we, my Mary, said ' Good-bye.'

Yes, I shall wed another bride,
But thou alone canst claim my heart :
Alas, that wordliness and pride
Should two such faithful lovers part !

AUTUMN.

They are gone and fled, the glorious summer days,
With their sweet hours of changeful loveliness ;
The morning now is wrapp'd in mournful hues,
And gone the glories of th' uprising sun
With sweet alternate evening. Ah! now I find
How I have lov'd with deep and silent worship
These radiant things. How cold and sad the earth !
The flowers no more, or birds, or waving boughs,
In odours sweet, with harmonies combin'd,

Shed joy around ; nor e'en the waves' low tone
 Whispers soft music at the day's decline.
 A sadness droppeth from the autumn skies,
 And a stern threatening of coming storms ;—
 Thus must earth's beauty fade without the light
 Of the fair summer's sun ; and I do mourn,
 For I have lov'd its grandeur. Shine once more,
 Sweet sun of spring ! and, with the birds, my voice
 Again shall mingle its rejoicing hymn.

 TO MY CANARIES.

Oh, when the earliest beams of light
 Illume the sky, my birds then sing !
 While trees and flow'rs and streams are bright,
 Lift, lift the gentle flut'ring wing,—
 Sweet birds ! sing blithely to the morn
 That rises o'er the glowing earth,
 While dewy drops the flow'rs adorn,
 And young life utters joyous mirth.
 Oh, sweetly sing,
 And may your echoes through my chamber ring
 The summer woods are bright and fair,
 And flow'rs breathe sweetest fragrance too ;
 My gentle birds ! you love my care,
 Nor need to sip the morning dew.

Here, guarded through the wintry hours
 And shelter'd from the summer storm,
 Your cages shaded o'er with flowers,
 You never know a sad alarm.

But sweetly sing,
 While I withal to you your répast bring !

This is your home, and here your song
 Is full of joy and sweet delight ;
 To you, sweet birds, no cares belong,—
 You fold the fearless wings at night.
 No cruel cat, or bird of prey,
 Shall harm one primrose-colour'd plume ;
 Your merry song shall cheer my day,
 And I will guard you in the gloom !

Then sweetly sing,
 And give to joy your grateful offering !

POOR AND RICH.

' I'm poor to-day,' the humble worm
 May murmur as it creeps along :
 It knows not that it hath the germ
 Of brighter life,—the gay, the strong,
 Contemptuous wreak the cruel wrong.
 But soon it rises bright and fair
 A *butterfly* in heaven's pure air.
 Then flattering chase the heartless throng !

LULLABY.

(WRITTEN FOR MRS. H. R.)

Now the night draws near,
And my Willie dear
Must be lulled to his evening rest ;
While the birds fold their wings,
And the zephyr sings,
Let him sleep on his mother's breast.
Oh, Willie, sweet Willie,
Gift from above,
Like an angel of joy
From our pure home on high
He has come, and shall claim our love.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

What think you of in that sweet early hour
When morning wakes all nature from repose ?
The dew-drops glisten on each drooping flower,
With pensive sighs the soft breeze faintly blows ?

And when the sun sets in the beautiful west,
Its glorious rays are lingering in the sky,
Reflecting softly on the streamlet's breast,
While fragrant zephyrs in the greenwoods sigh ?

What think you of when pensively above,
And brightly, shines the moon and ev'ning star?
That is the hour when we have wander'd, love;
Soft sounds were round us, echoes sighed afar.

What think you of when tempests wildly roar,
And far the light'ning flashes o'er the sea,
And loudly break the billows on the shore,—
Ah! do you give a sigh or thought to me?

What think you of? upon the world above,
Where sin and sorrow will be felt no more,
But where the law that governs all is love,
And bliss awaits we never knew before?

What think you of? the world is then forgot,
And feelings which have slept awake again;
Yet though we sigh,—for sorrow is our lot,—
The feelings of those moments are not pain?

Or are those hours when your spirit soars,
Above this scene of trouble and of care?
With silent rapture that great power adores
Which made all things so beautiful and fair?

What think you of? each passion is at rest,
And o'er our souls a blissful peace will steal.
As light reflecting on the streamlet's breast,
So is that peace which shows us all we feel.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

The sun's last rays yet linger'd in the sky,
And shed around a faint and mellow light ;
And in the wood the fragrant zephyr's sigh
Alone was heard ; and beautifully bright
The gentle moon and stars arose above.

'Twas on this fair and tranquil summer night
Two met to part who long had vow'd to love.

Oh, muse ! inspire my lay ;—I ask no more
Than simple strains to deck this tale of love ;
To paint the scene on my own native shore ;
The views around ; the tranquil heavens above.
Oh, all was lovely ! as the moon arose
Above the trees that cast a shade before,
It threw soft radiance where the Richelieu flows ;
Whose waves now broke so lightly on the shore,—
The winds blew softly ; all was sweet repose.

These silver sounds, they seem'd to whisper rest,
As though some spirit breathing peace was near,
To calm the sorrow of some troubled breast,
So soothingly they fell upon the ear.
The lovers now were seated on the ground ;
Fresh-gather'd branches formed a rustic seat ;

A grove of cedars grew so thickly round
That it was named The Beautiful Retreat.
The moon shone brightly through the boughs above.
Fair witness of so many vows of love !

Thus said the youthful Henri : ' Let me here,
Where first I learn'd I to thy heart was dear,
Here let me breath my first, not last, farewell,
That no mistrust may cast its darkling spell ;
For here, Theresa, mem'ry pours a light,
The past, the present, and the future, blessing,
That brightens, e'en to me, this last sweet night,
When I may hear thy gentle lips confessing
Thy heart's first love. Oh ! peaceful, happy past !
Sweet days of tender union ! how they cast
Their deep, full power to bless ! I bear away
A joy to light, to consecrate, my stay ;
To nerve my arm to gain my heart's sole prize,
A home for thee,—or else thy Henri dies !
Oh ! love me still, Theresa ; when we part
Let no vain rival steal thy gentle heart.
Remember me, beloved, though I be
Less fair in stature, and less learn'd, than *he*.
In love alone Du Montville I outshine ;
Ah, when we meet shall this fair hand be mine ?'

A trustful look beams from her gentle eyes ;
And in low tones the faithful maid replies :
' The stream from marble founts may sound as sweet ;
Give me the free bright stream beneath our feet.
I do not want the love, the song, of art ;
But thine,—the music of a guileless heart.
Oh, Henri, trust me still, and deem me true ;
True to mine early vow, still true to you ;
And when the summer sun renews the flowers,
They shall adorn a cottage which is *ours*.

Oh, hour of bliss when love and hope's soft light
Makes the sweet present and the future bright !
Blest are those happy hours of love and trust ;
But storms may bear the fairest flow'rs to dust.
O'er purest joy may sin's dark power be driv'n,
Yet, broken here, it lives again in heaven.
But dark, and wild, and fearful is the stroke
When trusting hearts are in a moment broke.
Then e'en the hope that sheds its light afar
Is but, alas, a cold and distant star !
As spreads the sudden night o'er tropic isles,
 Brilliant in all their verdure, so descend
The storms of sorrow where bliss softly smiles,
 And naught is seen the light of hope to lend !

'Twas thus with them ! that young and happy pair,
So lov'd, so innocent, so blest, and good.
Their sky was bright ;—but oh ! their doom despair.
See yon dark figure steal along the wood !
He heard their vows ! what rage is in his breast !
He stands behind a cedar on the shore ;
And as he hears his hated rival blest,
He vows that voice shall never bless him more !
He shouted wildly, and his dagger gleam'd
A moment in the moon's pure silver ray ;—
Then on the turf the crimson current stream'd.
Where is the murderer ? He is far away !
When morning came they found young Henri dead,
And his Theresa senseless at his side.
They sought Du Montville, but he far had fled ;
And 'tis suppos'd Theresa droop'd and died.
But where ? oh. where ? not in her father's cot !
She stray'd afar along that fatal shore ;
Her mother's love, her father's house, forgot,
The maniac left, and she return'd no more !

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN IN EGYPT.

The land is desolate, each herb and flower
Has died before the great destroyer's power.
The midnight darkly spreads o'er Egypt's shore ;
The hand of God shall smite it yet once more !

The moon has sunk beyond the rolling wave ;
Loud, thundering winds o'er booming waters rave.
The cloud falls sudden o'er the sloop of war,
That shone but lately like a bright red star :
Deep greans resound :—the falling sails denote
The dead alone in that dark vessel float !

Now o'er the city broods the fearful pall :
It comes in silence. Ah, no voice, no call,
Forbids the timbrel! Soon the hand is still'd
Which those wide halls with sounds of music fill'd
Whose hand was that? the monarch's only son
Whose life was rich in pleasures but begun !
Who fall? who fall? the rich, the young, the gay,
No more to see the glory of the day !
The youthful band of brothers that remain
Cry loud in terror, seek for help in vain !
To the king's palace funeral trains pass on ;—
There loud the anguish for the first-born son !

Now sounds of joy from happy groups arise,
And torches light the gloomy low'ring skies.
Oh, fair the bride the flowing veil conceals,
And bright the joy the bridegroom's eye reveals.
The torches fall! the music swift is still'd ;
With cries of grief the mourning air is fill'd.
Loud on the midnight air they sweep along,
And every echo wakes them, deep and strong.
Far o'er the land the clouds of sorrow fall,
And friend to friend all sadly, vainly call.
How can they leave their own then dying one ?
All, all have lost their own, their first-born son !

The steed that bore the warrior o'er the plain
Stands at his watching mother's door again ;
But he who rode away to-day in pride
Far in the lonely desert fell and died !
The ruler bends his stately form in grief ;
Deep groans can give his spirit no relief,—
The loveliest maid in all wide Egypt lies
A cold, cold corpse before her father's eyes !
The mother claps her infant in her rest,
While tender fear is trembling in her breast ;
She wakes,—she finds the lovely one is there,
Smiles at her dream, and breathes a whisper'd pray'r ;
But lo ! how cold that little form and still :—
The mother's cries the lonely dwelling fill !

In the deep dungeon 'neath the palace walls
The poor lone captive mourns his fate, and calls
In vain for mercy ; but to-night he weeps
Tears of calm grief,—his son beside him sleeps.
The dim light gives his features to his view,
And hope springs in his aged breast anew.
Ah, will the heart that granted his request,
And gave once more his lov'd one to his breast,
Restore to him the long lost light of morn,
And all from which his faithful heart was torn ?
A deep, dull groan replies : the shades of death
Are on that face ! hush'd is his gentle breath.
Ah, who will mourn with thee, thou stricken one ?
All, all ! for all have lost their first-born son !

But harsher voices mingle with the wail
That spreads afar o'er desert, woods, and dale ;
The mourning kine and nobler beasts proclaim,
With frightened cries and eyes of red'ning flame,
The direful fate has torn away their young,
Who had but now with joy around them sprung.
To man alone is tender feeling given ?
Oh, hear that groan that reaches unto heaven !

To the king's ear the midnight cry is borne ;
His breast with sorrow is all reft and torn ;
He could not feel the stranger's heartfelt woe

'Till all his hope and pride were laid so low.
Now, as he weeps, he calls the man of God ;
Not now he needeth him to cast his rod ;
His heart believes ! he bids him haste away.
God sends his people victory to-day !
Their wives, their little ones, 'are rous'd from rest,
And joyous faith makes glad the weary breast.
Swift they prepare to leave the stranger's land,
To seek a home provided by God's hand ;
To find an altar for his worship there,
To offer sacrifice thereon, and pray'r.
And when the morning star adorns the east,
Their hundreds follow God's appointed priest ;
In solemn grandeur th' bars of day unclose ;
The sea divides, and far beyond them flows ;
The sun shines brightly on a people free,
And silent all they bend, oh God, to thee !*

* This poem was suggested by the recollection of the *Cholera* season a few years since, when for *nine successive nights* our door was opened to receive the intelligence of some neighbour's calamity and the appeals of the poor; the accounts reaching us from other places being appalling in the extreme.

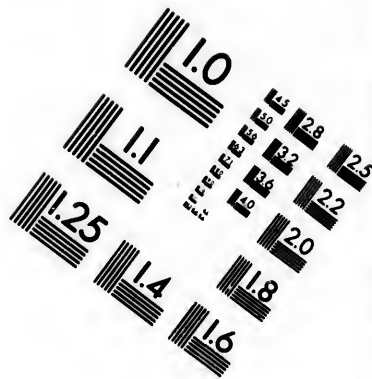
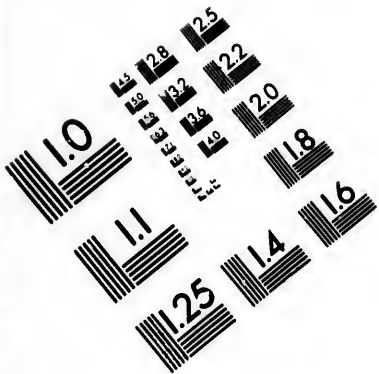
THE AUTUMN SUNSET.

The sun, array'd in deepest hues of fire,
Sank to its silent rest. The distant woods
Were glowing in their rich autumnal robes;
And slowly o'er the broad-extended scene
The mists did spread their veil of silvery shades;
The rustling boughs around me plaintive sigh'd;
The birds afar struck through the brooding air;
And their low notes from melancholy braes
Were sweetest music. Blessed, blessed peace!
Thou o'er that scene of beauty solely reign'd,
And o'er my heart mov'd softly. Heavenly power!
To dwell with thee and nature I aspire;
Oh! may my soul be ever true and pure,
That it may ever find its home with thee!

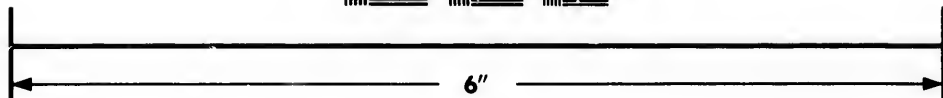
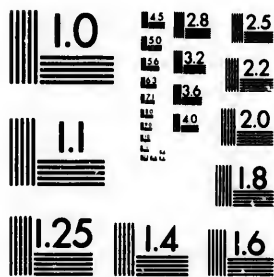
On the sweet hill I rested; there I view'd
The broad lake sink in silence when the winds
Their last sigh breath'd,—their farewell sigh,—while
night

On the far mountains slowly, darkly came;
Then sadness dwelt within me; but the moon
Lit the fair scene, and whisper'd me of heaven.





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VERSES ADDRESSED TO EMILY GRAY.

Farewell, beloved friend! When spring's first flow'rs
Are breathing perfume to the passing air,
When warmer suns make bright the summer hours,
No more may I with you their sweetness share.

I go where fruitful hills in beauty rise,
Around whose feet the coolest streamlets flow ;
Where transient showers only veil the skies ;
The dearest spot to me on earth below.

And can I wander from my childhood's home,
And yet not know a feeling of regret ?
Ah, never, never ! still, where'er I roam,
My constant heart will never quite forget.

I go to dwell 'midst scenes of beauty, where
I oft sweet days of happiness have known ;
Yet though they be so loved, so bright, and fair,
Yet never will I e'er forget mine own.

Nor thee, dear friend, whose friendship ere shall be
In mem'ry treasur'd ; it stands alone
In all its pure and sweet sincerity,
A happy gleam upon the sad one thrown.

Wilt thou not think of me in those sweet hours
 Which in past days we each of us lov'd well.
 In days of gladness, and in sorrow's showers,
 I will remember thee : farewell, farewell !

1843.

THE MIMOSA TREE.

TO MY COUSIN HARRIET.

"It droops its branches whenever any one approaches it
 seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."

Scott's Poems.

There is a tree whose murm'ring leaves
 Cease their bright gleaming in the air,
 While, softly bending, it receives
 The pilgrim as he wanders there.
 Dear friend, to thee I thus repair ;
 Oh, shield me kindly with thy love ;
 Near thee, bereft of grief and care,
 I rest, while *thou* dost smile above.

1856.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

(TO THE SAME.)

Flow'r of dewy eve!
Opening thine eye,
When gone is the sunshine,
And dark is the sky;
That breathest thy fragrance
While other buds sleep,
Throwing thy veil aside
While gentle mists weep!
Oh, vainly the gay wind
In bright sunny hours,
Whispers its song of mirth,
Seeking thy flowers;
The low sigh of sadness
On night's stilly air;
This, this is thy music
Like breathings of pray'r!
It wakes all thy fragrance!
Thou liftest thy veil
While perfume the sweetest
Is wing'd on the gale!
E'en thus is that true love,
Refreshing the soul,

When dark storms are round us,
And clouds above roll.
Ah, who in dark sorrow
But sighs for that flow'r!
True friendship shines fairest
In sorrow's dark hour!

L I N E S .

The dreams of earth obscure our joy,
Else peace and joy might ever reign ;
So idle sounds sweet melody
When soft it echoes o'er the main.

Begone ! begone, ye earth-born dreams !
And let my spirit mount on high ;
Nor weary me, ye vain proud schemes,—
My home, my portion, is the sky.

Oh ! shall the fading things of Time
Draw down the soul that should be free ?
There all is holy, great, sublime,
Immortal joys,—eternity !

THE CHIEF.

The bark speeds o'er the bounding sea :
Harold is free ! is free !
The cloudless sun's rejoicing light
Makes ev'ry heaving billow bright,
And louder than a horn at night
Is heard, " He's free ! he's free !"

He lands upon the battle plain :
He comes ! he comes again !
His steed flies swiftly o'er the field ;
In triumph he his sword doth wield,
And shouts, " They die ! they die who yield !"
And fiercely fights again !

* * * * *

Deep shadows shroud the mournful plain :
The youthful Chief is slain :
Far o'er the distant echoing hills
The cry of death the night-air fills,
And anguish every bosom thrills :
Harold was brave in vain.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG.

The moon is up and shining bright,
The ev'ning star is in the west,
And, by their softly-beaming light,
We'll haste to those we love the best.
Ply, ply the oar ! commence the song !
Row swiftly by the shore along.

No ripple is upon the lake ;
There is no breeze, then furl the sail ;
Our songs alone the silence break,
Or else the laughter-moving tale.
Ply, ply the oar ! I long to meet
My lov'd ones in yon calm retreat.

Oh, it is sweet to haste at eve,
When labour's past, when work is o'er,
To those who kindly will receive,
Where love is watching at the door.
Ply, ply the oar, and haste along !
Join all your voices in my song !

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

Close the dark portal ! yet how may I flee
When dark around me flows this raging sea ?

Yes, soft light shines beyond this stormy sea ;
There springs young life, there many hearts beat free ;
The waving woods bend to the gentle gale,
And 'neath their boughs is heard the low-ton'd tale.
Glad voices ring beside the sunlit stream,
It leaps in joy beneath the summer beam ;
And homes encircled by the pine-tree's shade,
Are seen in rest within that happy glade.

The twilight, dark and gloomy, comes to me,
And harsher sounds the deeply moaning sea.

There is my home where loving voices pray,
And breathe the name of one far, far away ;
There burn the lamps within the silent hall ;
There is the couch where waving curtains fall.
The gentle lute is not in Marie's hands ;
Beside the casement, pale she waits, she stands,—
The rising moon beams brightly on her brow ;
She weeps, " Oh ! why not here, my lov'd one, now ? "

Far, far away beyond the roaring sea,
He may not hope to come again to thee !

SONG.

(AIR, "Byron's Farewell.")

The stars are in the heavens,
And the moon shines o'er the sea ;
But where art thou who promis'd
To come this night to me ?
But where art thou who promis'd
To come this night to me ?

Art quaffing from the goblet ?
Art whisp'ring to the fair ?
Nor thinking of the sad one
Alone in her despair ?
Nor thinking of the sad one
Alone in her despair ?

Oh, gently blow the zephyrs
Above the murm'ring wave :
Weep not thou for me ever ;
They will sigh above my grave.
Weep not thou for me ever ;
They will sigh above my grave.

THE DISCOVERED SECRET.

The moonlight slept upon the sea,
And all the stars with light were glowing ;
And music softly seem'd to be
O'er the calm azure waters flowing.

But, ah, that strain was sad to hear,—
It told that one young heart was lonely ;
And one who listen'd dropt a tear,—
The one she lov'd ! she lov'd him only.

Where gentle boughs sigh'd in the wind,
And, twining, hid the bower so blooming,
Her lover silently reclin'd,
Nor Alice heard her Willie coming.

She thought that he was far away ;
He'd gone without his love once speaking ;
And hope had faded from her day,
For he her love had long been seeking.

The gentle smile from her had flown,
For they had said that he was faithless ;
Now in her bow'r she sang alone ;
She knew *her* love was true and deathless.

' My heart is sad, my lute is broke ;
 No more in accents gay I'll sing ;
 Ah, vainly is each cadence woke,—
 No joy to my sad heart they bring.
 For love, and all its gentle light,

 Have faded from my sky away,
 And all the bliss that seem'd so bright
 Has vanish'd with its parting ray,
 And all the bliss that seem'd so bright
 Has vanish'd with its parting ray.'

'Twere not these words alone that met
 The ear of her enraptur'd lover :
 His joy was mingl'd with regret,
 But all his past sad doubts were over.

He heard her breathe one word, *his name*,
 As o'er her lute she bent her sighing :
 Can any scorn, or any blame,
 A lover thus his lady spying ?

Oh, happy hour that rends the doubt
 That hovers o'er two hearts so loving !
 Forgotten the vain world without,—
 No cloud between them now is moving !

BELOVED, WHEN WAKING.

(WRITTEN FOR INSERTION IN A TALE.)

Beloved, when waking,
As the bright morn is breaking,
And heralds the sun from the sea,
And when that orb's sinking,
O then I am thinking,
Mine own love, my true love, of thee.
And when the day closes,
And nature reposes,
And bright shines the moon in the sky,
The evening-star's glowing,
And zephyrs are blowing,
For thee mine own love do I sigh.
In that peaceful hour,
When on the sweet flow'r
The pure dew descends from above ;
And the moon's silver beam
Rests so bright on the stream,
No more I behold thee, my love.
Oh, when echoes awake,
And the sweet silence break,
As the rippl'd waves dash on the shore,
Then I seek the deep shade,
Lest my grief be betray'd,
And weep, for I see thee no more !

THE GROVE.

" Here poesy might awake ; er heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through nature with creative fire ;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;
 And disappointment in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds.
 Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
 And injur'd worth forget and pardon man."

BURNS.

Sweet grove, once more beneath thy quiet shades
 I enter. Ah, I visit thee alone.
 Thou art enshrin'd as sacred in my mind,
 Thou temple of past joy ;—sweet hours of rest,
 When far escap'd from every crowding care
 I here retired. Let me forget them now.

Oh, foliage fair !

How deep thy shadows, and how bright the boughs
 That topmost wave in the soft sunny air !
 How smooth the turf where wav'ring sunlight comes
 Smiling so sweetly ! Thou art all unchang'd.
 Thou art the same, sweet grove, as in those hours
 When in your stillness I first found repose !
 Oh, gentle peace, descend ! Far from my mind,
 Ye clouds, that o'er the light of memory
 Gather in darkness ! Here I have been blest,
 And, 'mid these scenes of nature that still smile

As changeless as at first, I would forget
Friendship's less faithful promise. Let me turn
Mine eyes to all the glories that are spread
So richly in the distance. Farther still !
Rest on the mountains, my sad gaze, and view
The grandeur of the bay that flows afar.
And farther still ! my soul, look up, and see
How from the height of heaven the Lord looks down
And smiles on his creation : thou wilt then
Cease to muse sadly on life's fickle scene,
And, borne away on contemplation's wing,
Feel all thy powers renew'd.

Oh, Heav'nly Pow'r who rules o'er nature's works
And spreads a glorious lustre o'er them all,
Before whose throne the countless angels fall,
And worlds on worlds adoring e'er depend,
Shall I, a fragile being, tread the earth,
Reap thy rich blessings, and call forth my song ?
(Ah, thus while list'ning to the richer strains
That nature breathes, imagining the praise
Of worlds on high,—it sinks and dies away.)
Shall I speak, move, or raise mine eye to heaven
Without a pray'r to Thee ? Make new my heart ;
Detach my soul from care. Save me, O Lord,
From ev'ry snare of pride, of human trust ;
And my freed spirit, blended with my Lord's,

Which dwells in faithful hearts, shall sing thy praise.
Nor fear to call thee 'Father.'

Softly roll

The shadows o'er the landscape; bright the sun
Shines in the smiling heavens; gently breathe
The sighing winds; and flowers glance upward bright!
Fair, fair is earth! and all around is peace.
Hark! hear that song that bursts upon the ear!
How sweet this woodland music! Where the waves
Roll their bright waters to the circling shore,
Soft sounds ascend. Ah, who has given us these?
Who spreads such beauty round us, and recalls,
By all these tokens of his power and love,
Our wand'ring hearts to heaven? Shall we give
Our little span of life to things that fade,
That ne'er repay our labour? All is ours!
(And we, O Lord, are thine!)—the world above
And all the beauties of the world below.
The poor and rich alike can feast on all,
Taste all the sweetness of the summer air,
And raise with joy the hymn of grateful praise.
Oh, that each heart were tun'd to sing thy praise.
And ev'ry mind prepar'd to own thy pow'r;
Detach'd from all vain, covetous desires,
Would learn to gaze upon thy works, O God,
And feel that thou art here! Thus, thus inspir'd,

Sin, care, and sorrow flee, and, as those clouds
That roll'd their shades but now, leave no dark trace
While brightly shines the sun of light and joy.

But hush ! Sweet grove, beneath your spreading shade
And soft descending branches, I retir'd
To seek forgetfulness of all the world,
And find beneath your bright, yet solemn screen,
A spot to weep o'er sorrow :—I was led
By gentle thoughts infus'd by solitude,
So lovely, rich, and fair, to turn and view
The glories spread around me, and recall
The Lord who made them, and I felt my want
Of his sustaining favour : now my heart,
Refresh'd and strengthen'd, and with gentler thoughts
Of those it turn'd from, breathes a prayer sincere ;
And as I view the mercies richly given
For man's true happiness,—the boundless store
Of beauty spread around for all who seek
Their pleasure in God's works,*—my spirit bows,
And, while it breathes its gratitude to heaven,
Humbly recalls its murm'ings.

Farewell,

* "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them
that have pleasure therein." Psalms cxi, 2.

Sweet scenes of peace and beauty! When the breeze
Sweeps like the whisperings of echoing song
Among these branches, it will speak to me,
When here I stray, the blessedness of peace.

Alburgh, Vt.

EVENING SCENE IN ITALY.

(Written at the age of 14 years.)

The moon had risen o'er the eastern hills,
Whose shadows spread far o'er the tranquil lake;
The rippl'd waves dash'd faintly on the shore,
And the fair moonbeams softly on them fell,
Or brightly smil'd through groves of forest trees,
Or on the greenwood's paths in chequer'd rays;
The south wind murmur'd oft with pensive sighs,
Filling the gentle air with sweet perfume;
The pure blue sky was spangl'd o'er with stars,
And fleecy clouds mov'd slowly to the north;
The northern lights were shining in the sky;
The ev'ning star was glowing in the west;
The crystal lake reflected all below,
Save when a ripple cross'd the slumb'ring wave
That gently wash'd the broken steps that led
To the dark portals of Albano's hall.

THE WANDERING CHILD.

A happy child in early May
Forth to a garden went to play ;
But tempted by the beauty shown,
In the fair flowers profusely strewn,
Where a bright gushing rill sang low,
Released from its bed of snow,
He hasten'd, weary of that spot,
His father's fond commands forgot,
And pluck'd the blue-eyed violet
So bright, but with the dew-drops wet ;
Then ranging farther, sought the wood
That, clad in early verdure, stood.
The stormy winter now was past,
And lovely spring had come at last ;
And joyfully his heart leap'd up
To find the golden buttercup.
There fairest mosses deck'd the ground,
And many a flow'r the glad child found.
When far and distant singing,
On the clear air of morning borne,
And mingl'd with the mellow horn,
Came through the forest ringing !
Now freedom spoke in every sound,
And ever doth the young heart bound

To freedom's call ! he quickly fled
Through paths by forest trees o'erspread,
And, where the swollen streamlet bore
Its icy masses to the shore,
He sped along with glad surprise
At each new scene that met his eyes ;
Through many a brake his way did wind,
Till the dark wood was left behind.

Then open'd to his eager view
A scene of beauty strange and new,—
A swampy moorland fresh and green
Where many a roving bird was seen,
And many a flower rais'd its head
Above the verdure softly spread ;
While trembling streamlets gurgling shone
Where soft the rays of morn were thrown,
And the fair heaven, without a cloud
To dim its brightness or t' enshroud
The new-clad earth, look'd down and smil'd,
And farther stray'd the wandering child.

A gentle rise, where lovely trees
Were rustling in the morning breeze,
Now stood in all its beauty fair,
And tempted him to wander there ;
So from the plain he turned away

Amid the woods again to stray ;
For e'en the flowers and songs of birds,
The dewy mead and lowing herds,
That he had met, could not prevail
With him to linger in the vale.
'Twas them that first at early day
Had call'd him from his home away ;
But a new voice, new song, had broke,
And him from his first pleasure woke.
But as he wand' r'd in the wood,
So solemn in its solitude,
A darken'd cloud did seem to rise ;
Its beauty faded from his eyes ;
Wild rocks and briars chok'd the way,
And heavy branches hid the day ;
Or blacken'd trees, half burn'd and dead,
Sway'd their dark boughs above his head ;
While on the moaning, fearful air
A sound arose, and from its lair
Forth rush'd a furious beast of prey
But too intent to mark his way !
Now wildly through each glen and brake.
Where oft leapt up the hissing snake,
On fled the weary wandering child,
No more by pleasure's voice beguil'd,
But lost among the stony wild !

Where lofty elms their branches toss'd
And paths innumerable cross'd,
The swelling hills that verdant rose
Above the forest's deep repose,
He saw the wild and wreathing smoke
Of Indian tents; but rudely broke
Upon his now affrighted ears,
Quenching all joyousness in tears,
The frantic song that loudly gave
Its echo to the mountain cave,
Proclaiming deeds of darkness done,
Or boasting mischiefs unbegun!
He turn'd to flee,—but ah! too late!
'Twas vain to fly! he'd sought his fate!
The darkest Indian of them all
Held his soft trembling hands in thrall,
And bade him hasten to his tent
Where many a day must now be spent.
Ah, well might Odo's heart beat fast
To find himself with strangers cast;
And well astonish'd might his eyes
Rest on the groups that round him rise!
Their wild hair streaming in the wind,
Their blankets flowing wide behind,
Their buskins dyed in many a hue
Grotesquely shining in his view;

Their belts with many a gewgaw bound,
And hung with knives their waists surround ;
And streaming in the sunny air,
With blood scarce dried, the white-man's hair !
Quick from the scene he turn'd to flee,
But found he was no longer free ;
The Indian bore him to his tent,
Nor listen'd to his sad lament.
There through the long and dreary day
He wept the sunny hours away.
Ah, would that he had never stray'd
From the fair spot where first he play'd ;
Ah, would, alas ! that he could hear
His mother's voice fall on his ear !
But Odo wept himself to rest,—
'Twas the first time that he unblest'd
Had sought repose. At length he woke ;
But tears again now freshly broke ;
His blooming cheek with grief was pale,
And none did listen to his tale.

Within the tent upon the ground,
Where a bright fire-light shone around,
Sat the dark Indian, while his wife
Drew forth the broad and glitt'ring knife
And severed from the tent's long pole,

While her dark glance at Odo stole,
The fresh-slain venison that hung there,
And quickly did their meal prepare.
Now as its smoking fumes did rise,
And the warm corn-cakes met his eyes,
Poor Odo felt that hunger press'd,
Nor scorn'd to be the Indian's guest.

The supper o'er, the Indian drew
A deerskin forth, soft dress'd and new,
And bade young Odo seek his bed
On the hard ground, and o'er him spread
The coverlet strange, and bade him sleep ;
But the strange voice so sad and deep
Long rested mournful in his ears,
And his sad fate drew forth new tears.
Twice in the long and dismal night
The boy gaz'd on the flick'ring light
Of the wild flame that o'er the smoke
Shot forth, and him from slumber woke.
There sat the Indian chieftain still,
He saw wild rage his dark eyes fill,
And heard the anguish he suppress'd
Speak in the groans that fill'd his breast.
But when the morning lit the sky
His dark wife woke the weary boy,

And Odo started to behold
As her strong hand began to fold
The tent's damp cov'ring, loosen'd now,
The frown that darken'd o'er her brow.
One moment only could he gaze
On hate so deep! the awful blaze
That shot from her malignant eyes
Awoke his terror and surprise.
No time was given,—he was call'd ;
He from that woman shrunk appall'd,
And hasten'd to the chieftain's side.
He with some food the boy suppli'd.
The tents were now remov'd, and all
Mov'd on at their stern chieftain's call.
The morning sun shone on the hill,
And soft the murm'ring of a rill
Where he had stray'd was faintly heard,
And in each tree some joyous bird
Awoke the echoes soft and shrill.
Ah, well might grief young Odo fill !
He now must leave that lovely vale,
His parents must his loss bewail.
No more in freedom true to roam,
He leaves his own calm, happy home !
O'er rugged mountains cold and bare,
The briar alone found refuge there ;

O'er rocks where wolves alone were heard,
Or the loud shriek of some fierce bird ;
Through stony brake and stormy wild
They led the weary wand'ring child.
The sunshine fell, but mists conceal'd
The horrors it had else reveal'd ;
And gloomy caves and dark rocks bare
Loud echo'd thunders rolling there ;
While crashing ice loud roar'd around,
A deep, harsh, melancholy sound.
But from the snowy heights now pass'd,
They to the vale descend at last,
And, where a sunny mountain flood
Sings in the dreary solitude,
They swift its winding course pursue
To a calm spot with verdure new.

The noon was come, and they must rest ;
'Twas by a small lake's smiling breast,
Where forest trees their boughs entwine
And shelter many a flower and vine,
While many a cliff and shadowy brake
Rise shelt'ring o'er the silent lake.
There soft the light of summer skies
In the pure sleeping water lies,
And never o'er the crystal wave

Does stormy tempest rise or rave.
The roving bird's swift passing wing
Alone its shadow e'er doth fling,
And summer showers descend to bless,
And robe anew the wilderness.
But from this fair and smiling scene,
So lovely in its spring-time green,
The chieftain turn'd and sadly bade
Young Odo seek the distant shade.

Where pines and cedars interwove
And form'd a deep and shadowy grove,
And dark rocks rose above the shore
Of a deep stream unseen before,
They quickly found a safe retreat
From wearying noise and noon-tide heat,
And, while they listen'd to the wave
That roar'd within the mountain cave,
A cavern deep that open'd wide
To the dark stream and echoing tide,
The Indian pointed to a grave
Beside the melancholy wave,
And, deeply sighing, turn'd away,
But bidding Odo near it stray.

Where deepest shadows clad the wood
The Indian for a moment stood,

Then his strange weapons wildly shook,
And rush'd across the roaring brook,
That, leaping from the hill beyond,
Sought the calm lake or woodland pond.

Now left alone, young Odo wept.
As near the lonely grave he crept,
The thought of death or coming ill
Would still his breast with terror fill ;
But in the low and mournful air
He heard a tone that spoke of prayer ;
For he had heard of God who made
The lovely sunshine and the shade,
Nor doubted in this lonely spot
The wandering child was unforgot ;
And thus with humble prayer sincere,
And seal'd with the repentant tear,
He meekly bow'd : oh, would that he
Were succor'd in captivity !

As on the grave he bow'd his head,
He heard no sound or echoing tread ;
But, as sweet peace came down to bless
The wanderer in the wilderness,
He raised his eye to the calm heaven,
Assured that he was now forgiven.
But who was there ? Ah, not alone

He knelt upon the cold rough stone,
The rock o'er which the waters gave
Their sighing echoes to the grave.
The chief, with mournful mien, bent there ;
He'd heard the wanderer's simple prayer,
And fearful of the Power who gave
Strength to the feeble now would save !
Yes, he had sought the cavern's side,
With many a sacrifice suppli'd,
And from its depths had turn'd to aim
The death which dark revenge would claim ;
But from his dark and fiery eyes
Shot forth a savage's surprise
To see the youthful stranger bent.
He came to witness his intent,
Softly his stealthy steps drew near,
And his dark soul awoke to fear,
As gentle words of trust and love
Rose to the God who dwells above.
But when he heard the earnest prayer
That *he* were blest if he would spare
The wand'ring child,—oh, then his soul
Its anguish could no more control.
' There lies mine own, my only child !
The only one who on me smil'd,
The only one who ever woke

Joy in my heart. The white-man broke
The only flower which bloom'd for me
And left me but a blasted tree.
He came courag'ously to bear
The arrows he could well prepare.
Pride ever shone in his bright eye
To see by them the white-man die.
'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
But fires made the prairie bright,
And the bold travellers who fought
Quick found the death they rashly sought.
But one escap'd, and as he fled
He met my boy and shot him dead.'

A solemn silence reign'd around ;
The chieftain rais'd him from the ground,
And leap'd with Odo o'er the brook,
And to the cave his way he took.
Oh, what a fearful scene was there !
Skulls strew'd the rock, and children's hair
Hung streaming in the gloomy wild ;—
Deep horror struck the wand'ring child.
The Indian stamp'd, and quickly bore
Young Odo to the grave once more,
He drew his arrow from the bow
And plac'd it on the mound so low,

Then struck the wood,—it snapp'd in two,
And held it up to Odo's view,
Then bade him take the sever'd wood:
The sign was quickly understood.

The Indian's whistle now arose,
And broke the forest's deep repose,
And quickly from the shad'wy brake
The loud, wild answ'ring echo spake.
And soon to him a steed was brought,
But lately on the prairie caught,
And mounting it the chieftain bore
Young Odo through the woods once more.
The quiet moonbeams brightly shone
As by the streams they rode alone,
And now with confidence possess'd
The boy slept on the Indian's breast.

But oh, the power that ensnares,
To home and safety seldom bears
The lonely one whose heart would break,
Rememb'ring all he could forsake
The quiet moonbeams brightly shone
As by the streams they rode alone,
And fear and terror left the mind
To peace and confidence consign'd.
He slept,—awak'ning to the sound

Of dance and music all around.
The moon had set, that heavenly light,
That oft reproaches us in sight ;
The glare of lamps and gilded hall
Surprising on his senses fall ;
And crowding round the simple boy
Young faces wear the smile of joy,
Fruits of delicious flavour come
And wine destroys the thoughts of home.

Pleasure and mirth have reach'd their height
When faithful Thomas comes in sight,
And fear and shame make Odo flee,
" What can this fellow want with me ?"
Another when he came address'd
And call'd him too his honor'd guest.
And well he knew the youths around
Would laugh at him so strangely found ;
So stealing from the hall alone,
No guide, no moonlight for him shone,
His head all dizzy too, he strays,
Unmindful of the dangerous ways.

Oh, luckless hour ! while moonlight sleeps,
The robber from his forest creeps,
And on the dark and silent way
Watches his victim to betray.

Ah, night ! while silently above
The clouds may dim the smile of love,
The love that light proclaims to-day
Expanding flowers around our way ;
How many a scene of sadness bears
To heaven its hopeful silent prayers !
(And sorrow's night must linger yet,
Nor with the early morning set.)
How many hearts obtain no rest,
But weep their anguish on thy breast !
How many a spirit, worn with grief,
To friendship looks with kind relief,
And human suffering smiles again
When art can mitigate its pain !

The lovely Mary, long laid low,
A victim to the pangs of woe,
We may not ask her grief to know.
The heart must suffer and be still.
A purpose strong and iron will,
Not human pride but Christian trust,
Lifts up the spirit from the dust.
Oh, in the first wild gush of grief,
No human aid affords relief ;
The storm must fall, the trusting heart
From ev'ry joy and hope must part ;

Till on the ruins of the past
A stronger hope is built at last.
Yet sometimes in the vale of woe
The stream of joy again will flow ;
Like a fair stream, that, hid awhile
By gloomy rocks, again will smile,
And, joyful at its freedom, leap,
With merry noise, adown the steep !

Then the fair life's replenish'd stream
Sparkles beneath each sunny beam !
And echoing music points the way
Where happiness was wont to stray !
That blissful hour came to her :—
But we our tale must not defer.
The manly, true, and faithful heart
Conferring joy, was call'd to part
When midnight stole upon the hour
Steeping in tears love's fadeless flower.

'Twas night indeed ; the wailing wind
Betoken'd storms that stray'd behind ;
And gloomy horror reign'd around
Unbroken by a sight or sound.
His heart beat high with love's true bliss ;
Has life a happier hour than this,
When trust and hope and love bloom fair

Undimn'd by sorrow or by care !
And song broke forth, a gentle strain,
Befitting him who meets again
The heart that ever was so true,—
Though crush'd, it beats for him anew.
But scowling on the youthful form
A spirit fiercer than the storm
Led by the voice of human bliss
Aim'd the death-blow—*he did not miss.*

Senseless he laid, to wake and hear
A youthful voice fall on his ear.
'Twas Odo's; but before he spoke,
The day, 'mid stormy vapours, broke.
He bade him seek his father's hall
To let him know what did befall
His nightly journey; then too weak
The name so faintly breath'd to speak,
He pointed to his bleeding breast,
Where Mary's picture still did rest;
All else the ruthless robber found,
(One golden coin was on the ground,)
And Odo quickly understood,
And wip'd away the soil of blood.
Swift Odo sped, but on his sight
Forth came the robber in his flight;

And quickly armed troops were seen
Issuing beyond the village green.
Soon, soon they close their spreading wing,
And Odo struggling with them bring!
The roar of fire-arms when allay'd,
The robber in his flight display'd.
Alas, the words of Odo fall
Like snow upon a stony wall!
He views in deep and speechless grief
The dead; the murderer is the chief!
And hurried through the prison-gate
He wildly mourns his own sad fate.
While speaking there his innocence,
All scorn his words as weak pretence.
The lovely portrait met his eyes,
And horror mingl'd with surprise
As now he found his mantle gone,
The Indian garb his only one.
'Twas as he slept the change was made,
Who doubts th' *accomplice* thus array'd.

Oh, Odo weep! thy father's power
Alone can soothe this direful hour.
A weary slumber came at last
When day to night had long been past,
And, bending o'er his prostrate form,

Wearied with travelling in the storm,
A *pitying brother* gently view'd
The prison'd youth and cell so rude.
Oh, whence doth come this manly form
Defying terror and the storm ?
But mostly leaving all most dear
The wand'ring child to find and cheer ?
See honor waits him ; this he leaves,
The sad tale of the lost receives ;
He leaves the halls when triumph reigns,
His name with prison'd ones he stains ;
Acknowledges the tie which heaven
Mysteriously has form'd and given,
And feels that power is ne'er so great
As when it grasps the arm of fate,
When magnanimously it spurns
Its own high interest, when it turns
That heavy door, the captive's gate,
Rejoicing it is not too late !

Time speeds away. The judgment hour
To some with dark despair must low'r ;
But trust and hope with heaven-lit smile
In the dark cell the hours beguile,
And oh, the hour at last must come
To *him* a happy summons home.
Why should he fear ? his brother pleads,
And for his pardon intercedes ;

The price is paid by that kind hand,
(For courts from all a price demand,)
He in his judge *his Father* sees ;
Justice can list to Mercy's pleas !

Oh, Odo, wandering child, rejoice!
From hence obey thy parents' voice.
See how afar thy steps have stray'd
From the fair spot where first thou play'd ;
See how e'en death and sin beset
Our way when we our home forget.
And weep that thou didst bring the brave
A sword that laid him in his grave.
And Mary, gentle maiden, weeps,
And life long a sad vigil keeps.

And still abroad the evil power
Is busy now, as in that hour.
Oh, Father ! shield us evermore ;
Let us thy wisdom e'er adore,
Lest, wandering children, we shall stray,
And lose our heavenly home and way.
When'er we stray, may thy dear Son
Bring us to thee, and every one
Receive with gratitude the pray'r,
His intercession, till we there,
In heaven, the spirit's home, find rest,
And be with thee forever blest.

THE WRECK.

(Written at the age of 12 years.)

The sun shone on the summer sea,
No cloud was in the azure sky,
The morning breeze was warm and free,
Yet scarce was heard its gentle sigh.
Gay were the sounds along the shore ;
A ship mov'd on in stately pride,
And then at last 'twas seen no more
Upon the broad and glassy tide.
The sun set in the distant west,
But clouds obscur'd its parting ray,
And sighs fill'd many a gentle breast
For those so dear and far away.

Brave seamen joy to be once more
Upon the free and bounding wave,
And travellers who the earth explore,
And soldiers, but they find a *grave* !
The youthful bride, the aged sire,
The mother with a heart of care,
And many who to fame aspire,
All meet to weep, to perish, there.
While light was on the foaming sea
Laughter and song had cheer'd the hours,
For many a heart was young and free ;
But now the brooding tempest lowers !

The mothers hush'd their babes to sleep,
And sought the pillow of repose ;
But late at night upon the deep
A great and mighty tempest rose.
And like a leaf, each stately sail,
Each trembling mast, was torn away,
And, by the howling, fearful gale.
The ship was driven from her way.

But, lo, the sun in glory bright
Shines cloudless o'er the hoarse black sea :
Farewell, the horrors of the night ;
Poor wand'ers, where may they now be ?
See, see ! on high they touch the cloud
That mingles with the stormy wave ;—
And now the waters are their shroud,
The ocean's bosom too their grave.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

Oh, will you weep when o'er my grave
The bending willows gentle wave,
And I am low ?
Or will you careless pass me by ?
Will you not breathe one gentle sigh,
One thought bestow ?

If solitude should win your love,
When all is calm below, above ;
 And ling'ring day
Paints the clear sky with roseate dyes,
The faint air breathes its latest sighs,
 If ere you stray,—

Will you not seek my silent tomb,
Remember how I lost my bloom
 In loving thee ?
Yet do not mourn my sad, sad lot ;
I only would not be forgot :—
 Oh, think of me !

But if the wish I now express
Shall e'en a moment cause distress,
 Oh, then forget !
For I will just as sweetly sleep,
Though o'er my grave you do not weep,
 Or e'er regret.

Ah, soon,—ah, soon it will be o'er,
And I will weep no more, no more,
 But calmly rest.
This trembling heart will break at last,
With sad remembrance of the past,
 So long opprest.

Farewell, farewell ! I go, I go ;
We will not meet again below,
 My only love ;
But when thy pilgrimage is past,
Shall we not, dearest, meet at last
 In heaven above ?

LINES WRITTEN ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

To Thee, oh God, I raise the prayer
 Of gratitude and love,
Who bore me up when dark despair
 O'ershadowed all above.

To Thee alone I give the praise
 For my returning strength ;
Oh, lead me henceforth in thy ways,
 And to thy heaven at length.

Oh, break the chain of binding sin
 That keeps me from thy love ;
And cleanse me from my guilt within,
 And place each hope above.

Permit the light of heavenly grace
 To guard me lest I stray ;
While through this lovely earth I trace
 My solitary way.

COMALA : PARAPHRASED.

'Tis silence all on Erdven's plain ; the roar
Of torrents sounds alone, the chase is o'er.
Daughter of Morni ! come from Crona's stream ;
Why linger in the gloom ? Rise from thy dream,
Lay down the bow, and take the harp ; let night
Come on with songs, and joy the vale shall light,
E'en Ardven ! Thus Dersagrena said,
And her soft voice the list'ning echo spread.

Where gentle waters murmur'd in the wood,
Her young, fair sister, Melilcoma, stood ;
Her trembling hands scarce held the unstrung bow ;
And pale she gaz'd, then swiftly turn'd to go :
On stormy waters thus the timid sail,
Or snow-white flower, flutters in the gale ;
O'er the dark plain the gentle maiden fled,
Join'd her calm sister, and thus softly said :
' Night comes apace, 'tis dim along the plain ;
I have not sought the sacred spot in vain,—
I saw a deer on Crona's stream to-night,
A mossy bank, he seem'd, but rose in flight.
Around his horns a flaming meteor beam'd,
And ancient forms from Crona's dark cloud gleam'd.

Her solemn sister to the low'ring sky
Rais'd her fair arm, and thus she made reply :
' This is the sign of Fingal's death : the king
Of shields is fallen ! the dead the message bring.
The foe prevails. Rise, Comala, rise,
From the dark rock, and lift thy weeping eyes ;
Raise them in tears, thy loved one's life is low ;
On the far hills his spirit passes slow.'

Sweet pity springs in Melilcoma's breast ;
The gentle one beholds the maid distress'd ;
She turns her pure blue eyes from heaven's own signs,
And in her heartfelt sorrow thus she joins :
' There sits Comala ; ah, poor lonely maid,
How forlorn is she in the gloomy shade !
Her faithful gray dogs crouch beneath the trees,
Shake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze ;
Her red cheek rests upon her arm, the air
From the dark mountain lifts her drooping hair ;
She turns her sad eyes to the field ; his vow
Made the sweet spot of promise. Where art thou,
Oh, Fingal ?—dark night gathers round :—
Alas, poor maiden ! heareth she a sound ?

Comala rises : every low-ton'd word,
Deep in their anguish, in the night is heard :

' Carun of streams ! why roll thy waves so red
With blood of heroes fresh and newly shed ?
Did I behold it ? was the loud battle heard ?
And sleeps the king of Morven ? for one word
To still this mad'ning terror ! Rise, moon, rise !
Look from the clouds, thou daughter of the skies ;
Let me behold the gleam of his bright steel ;
Haste ! to my longing eyes the sight reveal !
On the fair field, made sacred by the vow
Of his return, oh, show the bright sign now !
Or rather let the meteor that gives light
To guide our fathers through the doubtful night,
Come, with red beam, to show my steps the way,
That by my fallen hero I may pray.
Ah, who will shield the stricken one from grief ?
Who guard her from the love of that dread chief,
The hated Hidallan ? Long may her mournful eye
Look o'er the desert plain ere she desery
Fingal amidst his host, bright as the morn
When its quick rays the misty east adorn
Through clouds of early showers—'

Hush ! he's near !

Dark is his eye ; he heedeth not her fear,
Hidallan speaks : ' Dwell, mist of Crona, dwell
On the dark path of him she loves so well.
Hide from mine eyes his steps ; let me forget

Fingal and I, in friendship, ere have met.
The bands are scatter'd ; and no crowding tread
Tells where the king fights still. Ah ! is he dead ?
Oh, Carun, let thy gloomy waters flow
Deep dyed 'n blood ; the chief, the chief is low.

Now gloomy rage made black his visage bold ;
And scarce the darkness let the maid behold
Hidallan's form : and, as she deeply sigh'd,
She ask'd who far on Carun's waters died.
' Son of the cloudy night ! tell me who fell !
White, was he not, as snows that always dwell
On Ardven ?—Blooming as the summer bow
In early showers ?—Soft as the mists that glow,
Waving in sunlight, was his own fair hair ?
Son of the cloudy night, oh, was he there ?
Was he not like the thunder peal on high
Amid the battle ? swift as the roes that fly
O'er the broad desert ?—Son of night, reply.

His brow is dark ; Comala asks in vain ;
And, deeply groaning, thus he speaks again :
' Oh, that his love I might again behold ;—
Her fair form bending on the rock so cold,
Her bright eye dim in tears, her golden hair
O'er her young cheek now paling in despair.
Blow, gentle breeze, and lift that golden veil,
That I behold that face and arm so pale.'

Pale is that cheek indeed ! that bright eye wild.
 Can this be her e'er gentle as a child ?
 Wild glare her tender eyes !—' Oh, tell me plain,
 Does Fingal's blood the field of Ardven stain ?
 Has he, the son of Comhal, fallen low,
 His head a trophy to the foreign foe ?
 Loud roars the thunder on the stormy hill !
 And light'nings all the starless heavens fill !
 Comala fears not ;—Fingal !—he is low :—
 Would that these stormy winds would ever blow ;
 Son of the mournful tale ! oh, tell me true
 Fell he, the shield's strong breaker, in your view ?'

His loud, harsh voice falls fearful on her ear,
 And thus he answer'd, as he slow drew near :
All, all are scatter'd on the stormy hill !
 No more his voice the broad, broad vale shall fill,
 No more the nations shall hear Fingal's voice,
 No more his heart in victory rejoice !'

Deep in his soul her flashing glances fell,
 And the proud chief grew pale beneath the spell ;
 And thus her lips pronounc'd his coming woe :
 Could' greater curse fall on a hated foe ?
 ' Ruin pursue thee o'er thy desert plain ;
 All thy proud projects found at last in vain !
 Few be thy footsteps to thy grave, thou hated king,
 And one poor virgin thy last requiem sing !

Like Comala may she in her sorrow be,
(That is, if any maid can mourn for thee.)
Why hast thou told me that my hero fell?
How dare such words on coward lips ere dwell?
I might have hoped a little while to see
My only loved one come again to me?
I might have thought I saw him on the hill;
Or heard his sounding horn when all was still?
Oh, that I were on Crona's blood-stain'd shore;
O'er him, my chief, my soul's deep grief to pour

The chief's cold eye rests on the maiden's face,
And pity gives not one kind human trace
To his dark brow; he addeth to her woe:
(Thus o'er the wreck relentless waters flow:)
'He is not near where Crona's waters roar;
His tomb is rais'd on Ardden's silent shore,—
Heroes have rais'd it. Look on them, oh, thou moon,
Forth from dark clouds we shall behold thee soon;
Bright be thy beam upon his silent breast,
Comala's eye shall on his armour rest.'

'Oh stay!' (her trembling tongue essays to call)
Let not the earth on my beloved fall
Until I've seen him! He left me at the chase;
I knew not then that I should see his face
No more.—He said he would return with night;
I knew not that my love went forth to fight.

Say, trembling dweller of the rock ! why thou
Didst hide it from me ; and not tell me now
That thou didst see him pale in his young blood ;
Thou who but now on Ardven's banks hast stood ?

Beside the maiden Mellicorpa stands,
Her harp soft murm'ring in her trembling hands ;
Her bright eye glances joyfully afar ;
She sees, amid the vale, like a bright star,
The spear of Fingal ! now her light form springs
With joy !—' What sound on Ardven rings ?—
Who comes ! bright as heaven, in the vale ?
Who comes ! strong as rivers that prevail,
When the moon shineth ? thus they glitter in her light !
Who comes ! but Fingal ! Fingal from the fight !'

' Oh, say not thou my noble hero lives ;—
Tis the foe who in joy this triumph gives.'
Thus spake Comala ; while she slowly drew
Her fallen bow : the host appear'd in view :
' Ghost of Fingal ! from thy cloud direct my bow ;
Oh, let it reach the heart of my proud foe !
Let him fall like the hart upon the plain ;
May his blood, like thine, the field of Ardven stain !
It is Fingal. See his *spirit* passes bright ;
He is come with the brave who fell to-night.
Hast come, my love ? hast come to dry my tears ?
Hast come to fill this fainting heart with fears ?'

Hark! loud on the rising blast a joyous tone,
Proud as the mandate from a monarch's throne!
' Raise the song, ye bards! raise the warlike song;
Sing of wars—the streamy Carun long
Has seen the loud battle. Caracel has fled;
He who afar his host so proudly spread,
From our arms he fled! and his glory fades
Like a fallen star in night's gloomy shades,
When winds o'er the heath drive it wildly on,
And dark woods are gleaming,—thus is he gone!
I heard a voice;—was it the low-toned air?
Or the voice of the huntress with hand so fair?
Daughter of Sarno! from thy rock look thou;
Let me hear the voice of Comala now.'

From the dark rock of Ardven she look'd down,
But all light from Comala now had flown;
Her spirit sank slow in the shades of death;
But she call'd on his name with her fleeting breath:
' Take me, oh spirit, to thy home of rest!
To die with thee, oh Fingal! I am blest.'

' Come to my cave, and let thee there repose;—
The storm is past, the gates of day unclose;
The sun shines on our fields; oh, let it guide
To Fingal's cave the footsteps of his bride!
Huntress of echoing Ardven! haste thee now;
Fingal has not forgot thee, or his vow.'

Thus the glad voice of Fingal. She replies,
 While death's dark shades pass o'er her gentle eyes,
 Which seek his form : ' He has return'd with fame ;
 I feel the exulting pride ; I hear his name !
 But by the rock my fainting form must rest
 Ere I may clasp my lov'd one to my breast.
 Oh, let the harp bear tidings to his ear,
 Daughter of Morna ! that his love is near.'

' Comala drew her bow-string bright ;
 Chieftain, welcome home !
 On Ardven's lonely plain to-night
 Three deer were slain ;
 The fire blazes in our sight ;
 A feast for those who roam ;
 Haste, chief who put the foe to flight !
 Welcome home again !'

Thus to her harp fair Dersagrena sang ;
 And through the woods the sweetest echoes rang ;
 The gentle sounds to Fingal's ear were bourne ;
 And bright beam'd the blushes of the morn,
 His voice, exulting, met again their ear ;
 Comala sigh'd as thus he drew more near :
 ' Ye sons of song ! of streamy Carun tell,
 And of the foes who on the dark shore fell.
 Sing ye aloud that Comala may hear,
 And that the tidings may her spirit cheer.

Sing ye aloud ; while I the feast shall seek,
And to her ear my warmer welcome speak.

Bards :

Roll, streamy Carun ! roll thy waves so red ;
Afar the sons of battle now are fled.
Their steeds no more are seen upon our fields ;
No more the sun beholds their crowding shields ;
To other lands their flashing pride hath spread ;
No more we hear the stamping warrior's tread !
The sun will rise in peace, the shades descend,
And peace shall still her sweetest blessing lend.
The voices of the joyous chase again
Shall spread their echoes o'er our native plain ;
The shield shall hang within the peaceful hall,
Or to the ocean war again may call ;
Then with delight our hands in blood shall lave
On the far Locklin's cold and stormy wave !
Roll, streamy Carun, roll they wave so red ;
Afar the sons of battle now are fled !

Alas ! Comala heareth not their song ;
No sounds which to this changeful world belong
Shall reach her ear again : she faints, she *dies*,
E'en as on Fingal rests her weary eyes.
Love beams as light'ning from a drooping cloud,
Then fades, as darkness doth its splendour shroud.

Yes, thus they meet! a weeping maiden stands,
And lifts the dying one with gentle hands.
Oh Melilcoma! gentle priestess, pray
That Fingal's bride behold again the day!
'Tis vain:—no prayers, no love, can wake her more;
No voice can reach her on th' eternal shore;
No more shall grief disturb, or joy impart,
(For both have broke her young and gentle heart,)
One thrill to that soft form. A sad lament
Bursts from the priestess' lips:—' May help be sent!
Descend, ye mists, upon her marble brow;
Ye waning moon, lift up her spirit now!
Pale at the rock, where oft she watch'd before,
Fingal's fair bride,—Comala is no more.'

'Oh, Melilcoma! hath her spirit fled?
Is my fair maiden, Sarno's daughter, dead?
Meet me, Comala, as I lonely stray
On our wild heath as slowly fades the day.
There! where the streams upon my hills sing low,
Oh meet me there;—my sorrow there shall flow.'
Thus murmur'd Fingal, as his young proud form
Bent as a tree before the sudden storm;
On Comala's silent breast he bow'd his head;
Then, gently o'er her, her soft mantle spread.

Beside a groaning oak Hidallan stands,
His spear has fallen from his shaking hands;

He views the lovely one in death laid low ;
 And thus remorseful sorrows from him flow :
 ‘ Huntress of Ardven ! will we hear no more
 Thy low-toned voice ? oh why did I adore ?
 Why did my love, bereft of pity, tear
 The heart of Comala ; and plant sorrow there ?
 When shall I see thee hunt the hinds again ?
 No more ! no more upon this fated plain !’

On Fingal’s brow, so pale with sorrow, falls
 A dark stern frown ; he on Hidallan calls :
 ‘ Youth of the gloomy brow ! feast thou no more
 Within my halls, but leave this desert shore.
 Thou shalt no more with me pursue the chase,
 No more shall see thy stricken chieftain’s face ;
 No more thy sword shall e’er smite Fingal’s foe,
 Far from his plains shalt thou, abhorred one, go.
 See her now lying beauteous in her rest,
 The cold winds lift her hair from her fair breast ;
 Her bow-string murmurs in the rising blast,
 Her arrow’s broken ;—thus she fell at last.
 Ye sons of song ! your loud sad voices raise ;
 King Sarno’s daughter claims your fairest praise.’

Bards :

‘ See meteors gleam around the stricken maid,
 And moon beams guide her spirit through the shade ;

Around her from the clouds dark faces bend,
And from the solemn sky their welcome send.
Sarno is there ! we see his gloomy brow ;
Fidallan's eyes rest on his lov'd one now.
Ah, Comala, when shall thy white hand arise ?
And on the rock, so dark against the skies,
Thy voice be heard ? The maids upon the plain
Shall seek thee long ; but they shall seek in vain.
But thou, sweet maid, who blest our stormy streams,
Shall come at night to guide them in their dreams ;
Shall give soft peace to them, for ye can tell
How deep is love, who for the lov'd one fell.
And they will not forget thy gentle tone
When with the day thy loving voice is flown ;
Sweet joy shall dwell in every virgin breast
When thou art near to bless their quiet rest.
See meteors gleam around th' departing maid,
And moonbeams guide her through death's awful shade.'

COLMA.

From " Songs of Selma."—OSSIAN.

'Tis night, and on the stormy hill,
When winds delight to mourn aloud,
I wander sad, while sorrows fill
The faithful heart,—which nought can shroud.

The wind upon the mountain roars,
The torrent from the rocky steep,
And here forlorn my spirit pours
Its grief 'mid floods that fill the deep.
Rise, moon, nor hide behind the cloud ;
Star of the solemn night, arise ;
Let gloom no more my pathway shroud ;
Lead me to where my lov'd one lies.
There rests he from the chase alone,
His bow unstrung, his hunters near,
While still beside the mossy stone
Of this lone stream, I linger here.
The stream, the wind, loud roar around ;
That voice so lov'd I may not hear :
My spirit yearns to hear that sound ;
My heart is torn with grief and fear.
My Salgar, chief of this proud hill,
Here is the rock, and here the tree ;
Why dost thou not thy word fulfil ?
Thou here didst promise, thou to me ;
Here is the roving streamlet too.
Thou saidst with night thou wouldst be here,
And I this night will fly with you,
Far from my father, brother, dear.
Our race with thine was long a foe ;
Such strife our hearts can never know.

Oh, cease a little while, thou wind !
Stream, hush thy voice, let mine arise,
That I my wanderer may find ;—
Salgar ! it is Colma cries !
Here is the tree, yet unforget,
The rock that shades this desert spot.
Oh, Salgar, dearest, I am here ;
Why linger, why not now appear ?

Lo, calmly through the mournful sky
The moon glides silently ; the flood
Streaming through yonder vale doth lie
Beauteous in light ; the rocks have stood
Gray on the steep, where melting rays
Reveal the barren height to me ;
But, ah, the light,—the light betrays
No glimpse of him I fain would see.
His dogs, who erst did joyous give
Some token that he now was near,
No tidings bring, and I must live
Distracted, lone, this hour here.

(No answer came to that sad heart ;
The moon still glided bright above,
Like some fair spirit to impart
The tale of grief, the smile of love.)

' Who on the heath beside me rest?—
 Are they the dearest of my soul?
 Hear they the sighs that fill this breast?
 Oh, speak, and make this bosom whole.
 They speak not; no reply they give
 To Colma, sad and faithful maid.
 Oh speak, and tell me that ye live;
 I am alone, I am afraid.
 Ah, they are dead; their swords are red
 With blood. Oh, my brother, brother,
 My Salgar's blood why hast thou shed?
 Why Salgar, why slay each other?

Dear were ye both to me; your praise
 I still will mingle in my heart.
 What shall this feeble voice now raise?
 Ah, each shall claim his own true part.
 Thou on the hill where thousands shone
 Wert fair; he on the battle rose,
 Terrible in might. Oh, mine own,
 Speak to me,—hear my woes.
 Hear me, ye whom I do love.—
 Oh, they are silent forever:
 Cold, cold is their breast, and may not move;
 They are silent forever.

Oh, from the rock that crowns the hill,
From the top of the windy steep,
Speak, and the wild blast kindly fill
With loving word and deep.
I shall not fear, ghosts of the dead ;
Speak ! whither, whither have ye gone ?
In what cave ? Ah, whither have ye fled ?
My voice is on the gale alone.
No answer, swept in the ruthless storm
Far from the broken heart,
Comes sweet to calm her wild alarm ;
Is it thus, belov'd, we part ?
I sit in my grief while I wait
For the morn in mine own sad tears.
Rear ye the tomb, the tomb in state,
My friends of my happier years ;
Close it not until Colma come.
My life now departs like a dream ;
Oh, why should I ere stay at home ?
I will rest with *them* by the stream,—
The stream where the echo resounds,
And, when night on the hill descends
And winds rise to visit their bounds,
I will mourn o'er the death of my friends.

I will stand in the raving blast :
 The hunter from his booth shall hear
 When my voice is floating past ;
 He will love it though he fear,
 For sweet to my friends my voice
 Shall arise on the stormy gale ;
 Ye were the friends of her choice,
 And long will know Colma's tale.

NOTE.—That Colma should speak so much when overwhelmed with such excessive grief, seems unnatural ; but I have of course, adhered to the original.

THE WATCHER'S PRAYER.

Hush, gentle winds,
 Sweep not so wildly,
 Thou hast burst from imprison'd skies ;
 A strong hand hast sent thee forth
 From the dark, the stormy north,
 And the lov'd one sleeps not ; wilt thou arise ?

Low, low it breathes,—
 Voice of the spirit world,
 Dost thou whisper the lov'd away ?
 How deep is thy lowest tone,
 Thou wakest my loved one ;
 Hush, hush till the breaking day.

Loudly it thunders—
The wild wind's voice !
Thou God of the tempest, oh hear !
He sleeps,—oh, thy power
Reigns o'er this dark hour,
And the faithless no more shall fear.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh, listen ! the wild waves are rushing along,
The night-bird is shrieking its loud mournful song ;
My heart it is lonely, my mind fondly turns
To my home far away, where love purely burns.

Take me, oh take me to my native home,
In its shady forests so happy to roam ;
Where leaves make a song to the night-breathing air,
And love's sweetest accents do whisper in prayer.

The winds blowing lightly bear odours of flowers,
And light lingers long in the vine-circl'd bowers ;
The low-murm'ring echo of streamlets is heard,
And softly is mingl'd with the notes of the bird.

Oh, there is my own home, 'mid dark waving trees ;
The poplars are rustling to-night in the breeze ;
My heart hears the music of that treasur'd spot,
And where'er I wander can it be forgot ?

SPEED ON, STORMY BLAST.

Speed on, stormy blast ;
 The wide ocean awaits thee,
 The strong anchor is cast,
 And calm rests on the sea ;
 The white sails are glancing,
 The ship not advancing,
 And the lov'd one is watching, and praying with me.

Oh, blow, gentle breezes !
 And ruffle the ocean,
 Fate smiles when she pleases ;
 I will share thy emotion ;
 And while thou art sighing,
 My heart is replying,
 And my lov'd one partakes of my heart's fond
 devotion.

Blow softly, thou south wind !
 Raise no storm on the sea ;
 Thy voice is most kind
 To my lov'd one and me ;
 Then speed with a blessing,
 We soon will be pressing
 Our true hearts in meeting,—soon soon may it be !

SUNSET ON THE SEA-SHORE.

The sunshine breaks in gleams far o'er the sea ;
The varying blast is rich in harmony ;
The clouds of glowing hues give visions bright,
Like angels flitting round the hour of night.
The purple east, where the young day appears,
Like youthful widow, draws her veil in tears.
The bow of heaven, like memory, brightly gleams
Forth from the clouds ; and the great ocean seems
Like a fond bosom touch'd by joy or grief,—
In sighs profound would seek the heart's relief.
Oh, faithful ocean ! on thy heaving breast
Methinks this weary spirit would find rest ;
The deep, the hushing music of thy tone
Is all I wish for as I stray alone.

A SKETCH.

Quickly ply the muff'd oar,
Hasten, hasten to the shore ;
Behold the lassie of my love
Waves her veil from the rock above.
Haste to the shadow of yon hill ;
Now lovely is the night ! how still !
But hark ! I hear Sir William's horn
So clearly by the south-wind borne ;
Then quickly ply the muff'd oar,
Hasten, hasten to the shore !

Descend, descend to the rocky beach,
Which I, my love, will soon, soon reach ;
Descend in haste ! oh, quickly fly !
The moon is rising in the sky ;
Soon o'er the hills she'll smiling peep,
Her beams reflecting in the deep ;
Then quickly hasten to the shore,
While we will ply the muff'd oar !

Quickly ply the muff'd oar !
Hasten, hasten to the shore !
Behold, Sir William rides in state,
On this dread moment hangs our fate !
Thine Edred calls thee ! come, oh, come !
Hark ! I hear the horn, the drum !
Now we've safely reach'd the shore,
But where is she I love, adore ?

'She's here,' a gentle voice replies,
Low breath'd in softly murmur'd sighs ;
'My Edred, we shall never part ;'
He clasp'd her fondly to his heart,
Then in the bark, near to his side,
He plac'd his young and lovely bride ;
Then quickly pli'd the muff'd oar
And hasten'd from the lonely shore !

GENEROSITY.

A SONNET.

Built upon Honor ! noblest power thou,
That sittest o'er the changeful fates of men ;
The brightest jewel on the monarch's brow ;
Like heaven's own light ! beaming the brightest when
Thou mayest not look for reward again.
Or e'en perchance concealing thine own pain,
That others may be blest ; with gentle hand
Touching the wound magnanimity should hide,
To sooth, nor yet appear to understand,
The grief a friend must shield with jealous pride ;
To give, and without seeming to divide
What is one's own ! Oh, Power of heavenly birth,
How seldom do we view thy form on earth,
Yet, oh ! how nobly thou canst all command !

MARGURETTA.

(On being requested to write an example of perfect love.)

She was a maiden on whose brow of care
Sat resignation, beauteous and fair ;
The brow where thought enthron'd its own stern form
Was lighted by a smile, as in a storm
The fairest rays tinge the dark clouds in light,
Or as the moon beams calmly on the night.

It was an hour when silence reign'd, that hour
When love must feel and oft express its power
When ev'ning hush'd the balmy airs to rest,
And flow'rs their dewy stems in sleeping prest
When gentle shades obscur'd the light of day,
And one bright star recall'd fond memory.
The only sound that sooth'd the wearied ear
Was the complaining ripple that we hear,
When the low wave, unheard in brighter hours,
To list'ning airs its melancholy pours.
Soft with the waters in their onward flow,
Her voice proclaim'd her heart's own secret woe ;
(Attending spirits only may partake
A grief so hidden, and a hope awake.)
Oh, Nature ! thy dear scenes are surely blest
With sweet seraphic ones to sooth the breast ;
Or else, whilst wand'ring on the echoing shore,
What whispers *peace* where'er the waters roar ?
What breathes like music through the templed sky,
What charms away the lone and weary sigh ?
We trust thee, Nature, when all friendships fail,
And peace descends upon the heaven-sent gale.
Pride, pride of heart discards its worldly power,
(They fell who sought the Saviour at this hour,)
And now the deep fond love enwove with life,
Sacred, but not as blest, the maid—not wife—

Untaught by flattery, unsustain'd by bliss,
Breath'd to the spirits' ear,—her tale was this :—

I cannot think the love of years ;
The hope unquench'd by many tears,
Which Time's dark wing has ne'er obscur'd,
Nor other love one day allur'd ;
Nor absence taught to e'er resign,
Nor all that sorrow could combine ;
Nor doubt, nor coldness, could estrange,
Nor pride could mar, or break, or change ;
I cannot think such love will rest
A sunless stream in this true breast ;
Some power of the mind discerns
The fragrance in true friendship's urns :
And *thou* must know that none to thee
Return so true, unchang'd, as me.
The gentle whisper ne'er departs,
Repeating Time shall join our hearts ;
And I to all may proudly prove
The truth of chaste and changeless love.

L I N E S .

From cruel scorn protect me, Lord,
And give me wisdom, grace, and power ;
Oh let me not offend in word,
But live to praise thee every hour.

If heavy is my cross, sustain
 The soul that looks to thee for aid ;
 I shall not pray to *thee* in vain ;
 Ah meet me in the gloomiest shade.

As Jacob in the lonely night,
 When driven to the wilderness,
 Found all his darkness turned to light,
 So may thy power thy servant bless.

THE VICTORY.

Written on the Night of the Illumination.

FOR "THE NEWS."

Shine, brilliant lights, and tell the story
 Of England's joy and France's glory ;
 Their flags o'er Russian tow'rs are shown,—
 The work, the mighty work, is done.

O'er Alma heights they came in power,—
 There was their first and glorious hour ;
 Through gloomy mists at Inkermann
 Their steel in triumph conqu'ring ran.

O'er stormy wilds, o'er treach'rous foes,
 'Mid labours that scarce knew repose ;
 In dire disease, in winter's cold,
 Still were they valiant, patient, bold.

On sea, on land, the thund'ring gun
Told where their noble work was done ;
The broad, calm heaven reveal'd the blaze
Of conquer'd cities to the gaze.

Soldiers of France, your praise shall ring
Through the wide world ! each tongue shall sing
Of England's valour !—nobly blest,
A shield of nations,—glorious crest !

Sebastopol ! the Russians' pride,
England and France its spoil divide ;
And loud the Black Sea's moaning wave
Echoes above the war-ships' grave.

Let us rejoice that o'er the main
The allied fleet alone shall reign ;
The allied armies too shall spread
Protection o'er the feeble head.

Down with all tyrants ! Rise and reign,
Justice and Peace, o'er land and main !
And sacred truth in power be shown
Where'er the conqu'ring arm is thrown.

God save the Queen ! and may the hand
So firm, so valiant, in command,
Soothe the sad hearts that now must mourn
For those who never will return.

Oh, Europe, nobly blest to be
 The home of honor, liberty !
 May ever sceptre bow in praise,
 And every tongue its tribute raise—

To all who fought ! to all who fell !
 To all who serve the nations well !
 To all who planted liberty
 On land, on river, and the sea !

ST. JOHNS, October 9, 1855.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

How sweet with Christian friends to kneel,
 And pour our souls in prayer !
 And holy is the joy we feel
 To meet our Saviour there.

There grace divine in peace descends,
 And spreads its blessing round ;
 Where the true righteous meekly bend
 Is heav'nly manna found.

Sweetly refreshing 'tis to meet
 With those who love the Lord ;
 Who love to sit at Jesus' feet,
 And praise his gracious word.

Holy communion ! dearer far
 Than joys that earth bestows ;
 Thou art life's holy radiant star ;
 From thee sweet comfort flows.

Strength for the hour of need is given ;
 Grace, peace, and joy, and love ;
 The hope of friendship too in heaven,
 Our mutual home above.

TO A FRIEND.

How oft we view our weakness, and deplore
 The chain of circumstance around us thrown ;
 But barren sands, long heaping on the shore,
 (As in fair nature is so often shown,)
 Do bear some trees and flowers, and are made
 At last a fair retreat, a shelt'ring shade.

The hand of God indeed may bare the strand
 Where bright waves glitter'd ; but the treasures
 borne
 Of thought and feeling (like shells unto the land,)
 May make us best ; and though the *sea-weed's*
 thrown,

Yet we may gleam from all things what is best.
 The fly of evening darkens *when in rest* :*—

* The " fire-fly."

*Then let the mind speed on! Nor earth nor time
 May limit its expansion! Higher bliss
 Awaits our onward being; the sublime
 Is in the moral nature: not in this
 Low scene of earth the soul spreads full her wings;
 Yet to this life some taste of heaven she brings.*

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND
 MISS SARAH MCGINNIS.

Thou art gone to the grave, no more I behold thee;
 Tears flow, but they give no relief to the heart;
 In friendship's fond clasp thou no more canst enfold me:
 I dream'd not we thus would be call'd on to part.
 Oh, could I have seen thee once more,—though when
 dying!
 Have heard thy farewell! always spoken in love.
 Oh Death! in that moment thy hand was destroying
 A tie to me dearer than many will prove.
 Our friendship was faithful; no sad recollection
 From childhood, but ever unchangeably true;
 A friend who retain'd her own tender affection,
 And yet could admonish with faithfulness too.
 Thy pathway was brighten'd by faith in thy Saviour,
 Thy love purely blest all around thee on earth;
 Thou now art receiv'd at his right hand with favour;
 O may I be like thee in bliss and in worth!

THE WAR.

1855.

O England ! France ! God's blessing on thine arms !
Whether in life, or death, thou canst not fall ;
Truth still shall stand in its resplendent charms,
And grace thy viet'ry, or adorn thy pall.

How glorious justice shines upon the crowns
That gild the royal brows of Europe's kings !
Shall Poland know again its nation's bounds ?
That land where cruelty the bosom wrings !

Oh yes ! the nations great and blest as these
Will break the tyrant's chain that binds her now !
No more she'll bend to Russia's power her knees ;*
O'er that proud land destruction yet shall go.

O God of power ! thine the victory still !
Subdue their pride, and conquer our proud foe ;
Man e'er must bow to thy most righteous will ;
Oh save, and bless, and with our armies go !

Where'er the Gospel spreads its sacred light
The captive shall be loosed, nor slavery reign ;
Man shall be great but as he's just and right,
Nor tears nor blood Christ's peaceful kingdom stain.

* In "Thadæus of Warsaw" we have an account of the indignities practised on the Poles.

ON FINDING SPRING FLOWERS.

Ye flowers! springing up 'mid withered leaves;—
Birds! singing sweetly in your old dear homes;
How sweetly to the spirit that now grieves,
The hope that nature speaks in these scenes comes!

Joys shall arise above the frozen past,
Above the ruins of the sad long years;
We shall behold eternal spring at last
When Time is gone, and heaven's long day appears.

IT IS NOT WHEN MORNING.

It is not when morning
Bestows her first beam,
That the sky is the fairest
And calmest the stream.

The sun doth ascend oft
'Mid gloomiest clouds;
And the depth of their shadow
Earth's beauty enshrouds.

In youth, hopes are lovely:
But darkest despair
Eclipses the glory
Of light and life there.

That hour's the dearest
 When light's later beam
 Gilds the calm ev'ning sky
 And the unruffled stream.

And the calm holy peace
 In after life given,
 Is sweeter than fading joys
 Speaking of heaven.

ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

From "Songs of Selma."—OSSIAN.

"Star of descending night, fair is thy light in the west!
 Thou that liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud, thy steps
 are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain?
 The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent
 comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock.
 The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their
 course is on the fields. What dost thou behold, fair light?
 But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy
 around thee; they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou
 silent beam. Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!"

Star of descending night!
 Fair in the west thy light;
 Thine unshorn head thou liftest from the cloud.
 Thy steps are on thy hill;
 What in the plain so still,

Dost thou behold ? No stormy winds blow loud.
The murm'ring torrent falls ;
The roaring wave now calls ;
The flies of evening murmur from afar.
Their home is on the field ;
What seest thou, fair shield ?
But thou dost smile and leave us, gentle star !
The waves of ocean gleam
With joy around thy beam ;
They bathe in beauty thy departing light.
Farewell, thou star of eve !
We may thine absence grieve.
Let mem'ry now arise serene and bright !

THE END.

