

THE

BOOK OF POETRY

William M. Engles



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## P R E F A C E .

**T**HE love of poetry is widely diffused ; and although in its more refined aspirations, it may not be understood and enjoyed by the uncultivated mind, still the taste of every one is susceptible of improvement, by being brought into contact with pure models. The poetry of description is enjoyed by all whose external senses can appreciate the beauties of surrounding nature ; but the poetry of sentiment is relished only by those whose mental and moral faculties have been improved under careful cultivation. The latter, therefore, may be regarded as the higher style of the divine art. It is not necessary to be a poet, in order to relish its finest efforts ; for the relish may exist where the faculty for producing is wanting. That the art itself is held in low estimation by many, may be attributed to the fact, that there are so many vapid pretenders who mistake the facility for making rhymes for the true inspiration of the muse ; and that good men often regard it as a useless, if not a pernicious art, may be attributed to the frequent prostitution of exalted genius in portraying scenes and passions which are corrupt in themselves, and corrupting to those who are brought within their influence. Vice has no natural alliance with true poetry. To attempt to adorn immorality with the charms of poetical imagery, is like the attempt to beautify a putrid corpse by investing it with a mantle of golden tissue. The character of poetry is never sustained with dignity but when it expatiates amidst the glorious works of the Creator, or when its



homage is paid to virtue. To assert that sacred themes are unsuited to its nature is, to say the least of it, to speak ignorantly. If the displays of Divine wisdom, power and goodness in external nature, be a fruitful source of its inspiration, much more the revelation of mercy, grace and truth in the plan of salvation. Who can deny that the Bible furnishes poetry of the highest order, unequalled in dignity, pathos, and sublimity? From its rich streams even a Milton drew his inspiration.

The present collection may possibly furnish some evidence that true poetry may be allied to the purest moral and religious feelings and sentiments. We have endeavoured to collect the scattered gems around us; and the only merit we claim, is that we have gathered them into a casket as a suitable offering to those who can appreciate their value. They are not equal in richness, but it is hoped that a pearl will not be despised because it is not a diamond.

It did not accord with the design of the collection to embrace long poems, but those minor pieces, which often evince the impulses of genius more strikingly than prolonged efforts. Not a few true poets have only been known in what some would style fugitive pieces; and in most elaborate poems, it is generally admitted, the purely poetical portions are sadly disproportioned to what is common place and of inferior merit.

Perhaps justice might require the amplification of the volume, so as to comprehend many pieces whose merits entitle them to a place in such a collection; but other motives suggested the propriety of the limit which has been adopted.

Should the collection, as it is, tend to soothe the troubled mind, or inspire with seriousness the thoughtless; repress vice and give energy to virtue; improve the heart and promote religion, its design will be accomplished.

W. M. ENGLÉS, Editor.

# THE BOOK OF POETRY.



## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

MILTON.

**THESE** are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,  
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
● Thou, Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fi'st  
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wandering fires that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every plant in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

BARBAULD.

GOD of my life, and Author of my days,  
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;  
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue  
 That hallowed name, to harps of seraphs sung.  
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more  
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.  
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,  
 Are equal all; for all are nothing here.  
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,  
 Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.  
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,  
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul;  
 As by a charm the waves of grief subside;  
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide;  
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,  
 And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,  
 Till every worldly thought within me dies,  
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;  
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,  
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;  
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;  
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,  
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.  
 But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,  
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:  
 His Spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,  
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;  
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,  
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame:

His ears are open to the softest cry,  
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;  
He reads the language of a silent tear,  
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.  
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;  
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:  
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;  
Hush every wish that centres not in thee;  
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,  
And point my path to everlasting peace.

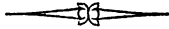
If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads  
By living waters, and through flowery meads,  
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,  
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,  
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,  
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,  
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,  
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;  
With equal eye my various lot receive,  
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;  
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,  
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazoned high  
With golden letters on th' illumined sky;  
Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;  
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,  
I hear the voice of God among the trees;  
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
With thee in busy crowded cities talk,  
In every creature own thy forming power,  
In each event thy Providence adore.  
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,

Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.  
 Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,  
 Secure within the temple of thine arms,  
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
 And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye;  
 When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate  
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state;  
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene,  
 With decent triumph and a look serene;  
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
 And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.



## G O D .

## DERZHAVIN.

O THOU eternal One, whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
 Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;  
 Thou only God, there is no God beside.  
 Being above all Beings, Mighty One,  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:  
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call GOD—and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean deep—may count  
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee  
 There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount  
 Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,  
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;  
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
 First chaos, then existence ;—Lord, on Thee  
 Eternity had its foundation :—all  
 Sprung forth from Thee :—of light, joy, harmony,  
 Sole origin :—all life,—all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create :  
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.  
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious, great,  
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,  
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath.  
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
 And beautifully mingled life and death.  
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;  
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :  
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—  
 A glorious company of golden streams—  
 Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—  
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams :  
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,  
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost ;—  
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?

And what am *I*, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
 Against Thy greatness is a cipher brought  
 Against infinity! What am I?—Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine  
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;  
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,  
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
 Nought! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
 Eager towards Thy presence: for in Thee  
 I live, and breathe, and dwell: aspiring high,  
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
 I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be.

Thou art, directing, guiding all.—Thou art!  
 Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:  
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand:  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
 Created *me*, Thou source of life and good;  
 Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord;  
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
 The garments of eternal day, and wing  
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
 Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.



O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!  
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breasts,  
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.  
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!  
 'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.



## THE OMNIPRESENT.

SCHILLER.

God! I feel thy presence nigh,  
 Every where o'er nature's face;  
 Whereso'er I turn my eye,  
 I thy living footsteps trace.  
 Not in the distant spheres alone,  
 Where countless moons and suns are glowing,  
 But, where the valley-flowers are blowing  
 Thou art, as in the starry zone;  
 Every where o'er nature's face,  
 I thy living footsteps trace.

Where moves the leaf the western breeze,  
 Where the fruit-tree-blossoms wave,  
 Where the storm-wind rends the trees,  
 Where the mountain-torrents rave,  
 Where ebbs and flows the swelling main,  
 Where the valley-spring is gushing,  
 Where the meadow-stream is rushing,

Where the dew falls and the rain ;  
Every where o'er nature's face,  
I thy present footsteps trace.

In lightning and in thunder, I  
Thee, thou unseen-present, feel,  
When evening soft and cool is nigh,  
Thy balmy gales around me steal ;  
Every low place, every high,  
Every rock and every fell,  
Earth, air, fire, water, tell  
The presence of the Deity ;  
Every where in every place,  
I thy present footsteps trace.

Whither can I fly from thee,  
Conscience-struck with guilt and fear ?  
Thou canst reach and punish me,  
E'en beyond this earthly sphere ;  
Sought I to hide me, vain endeavour !  
In the heaven—thou art there,  
In the abyss of hell—thou'rt there.  
Can death me from thee dissever ?  
Nought can sever me from thee,  
Every where thou art with me.

Thought I, that in the dark deep sea,  
I unseen by thee could stay ;  
There would thy eye discover me,  
Thy hand draw me forth to day.  
Did the shades of night surround me,  
Vain would be the shades of night ;  
Darkness is to thee as light,  
Thy power would be still around me ;  
Nought could sever me from thee,  
Every where thou art with me.

Me could the covering mountains hide,  
 Still in thy hand should I be found ;  
 Took I the morning's wings, and wide  
 Could fly, beyond creation's bound,  
 Into the realms of chaos drear,  
 Until the dreadful day of doom,  
 Me out of nought, as from night's gloom  
 The morn, thy powerful arm could tear ;  
 Nought could sever me from thee,  
 Every where thou art with me.

On me, all-present Deity,  
 Be these eternal truths imprest,  
 Thine arm is power, and to thine eye  
 Man's secret actions stand confest.  
 By me, to every path preferred  
 Be virtue's true and safest way ;  
 And to warn me, lest I stray,  
 Be thy voice in thunder heard ;  
 Nought can sever me from thee,  
 Every where thou art with me.



## CREATION.

MILTON.

Heaven opened wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
 And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.  
 On heavenly ground they stood ; and from the shore  
 They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,

Up from the bottom turned by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

' Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace,'  
 Said then th' Omnific Word; ' your discord end!'  
 Nor staid; but on the wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice: Him all his train  
 Followed in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepared  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he centred, and the other turned  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure;  
 And said, ' Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O World!'  
 Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unformed and void: darkness profound  
 Covered the abyss; but on the watery calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purged  
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed  
 Like things to like: the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air;  
 And Earth self-balanced on her centre hung.

And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, altern; and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven,  
 T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the day

In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heaven's high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced  
 Shedding sweet influence; less bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in levelled west was set,  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him; for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night; then in the east her turn she shines  
 Revolved on Heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared  
 Spangling the hemisphere.—

Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheeled their course: Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely, smiled; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked  
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remained:  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
 Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent

Eternal Father (for whose is not He  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

‘ Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.’  
This said, He formed thee, Adam; thee, O Man,  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
The breath of life; in his own image He  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.



## BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

### BOWRING.

Ours is a lovely world, how fair !  
Thy beauties even on the earth appear :  
The seasons in their courses fall,  
And bring successive joys. The sea,  
The earth, the sky, are full of thee,  
Benignant, glorious Lord of all.

There's beauty in the heat of day ;  
There's glory in the noon tide ray ;  
There's sweetness in the twilight shades ;  
Magnificence in night. Thy love  
Arched the grand heaven of blue above,  
And all our smiling earth pervades.

And if thy glories here be found,  
 Streaming with radiance all around,  
 What must the fount of glory be!  
 In thee we'll hope, in thee confide,  
 Thou, mercy's never-ebbing tide,  
 Thou, love's unfathomable sea.



## GOD OF LIGHT.

COLLYER.

THE saffron tints of morn appear,  
 And glow across the blushing east;  
 The brilliant orb of day is near,  
 To dissipate the lingering mist.  
 And while his mantling splendours dart  
 Their radiance o'er the kindling skies,  
 To chase the darkness of my heart,  
 Arise, O God of light, arise.

Creation smiles through all her tears,  
 Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew;  
 His head the lofty mountain rears,  
 To meet the earliest sunbeam true.  
 So shall I smile amid my wo,  
 When sorrows drown my weeping eyes;  
 So shall my bosom learn to glow  
 If thou, my glorious Sun, arise.

## GOD PRAISED IN HIS WORKS.

ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And, nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.



## HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

ADDISON.

When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys ;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart ?  
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redressed,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace,

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## MESSIAH.

POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song :  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire  
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire,  
Rapt into future times the bard begun :  
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :  
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descend the mystic Dove,  
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !  
O spring to light, auspicious babe ! be born.  
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring ;  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies.  
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :

Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!  
A God, a God the vocal hills reply;  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies;  
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;  
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;  
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!  
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold!  
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.  
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
From every face he wipes off every tear.  
In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promised father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son,  
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;  
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet ;  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;  
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.  
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ;  
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes.  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs.  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,

Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine  
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine.  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains—  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !



## ODE TO THE SAVIOUR.

MILMAN.

— For thou wert born of woman ! thou didst come,  
 Oh Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,  
 Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;  
     And not by thunder strewed  
     Was thy tempestuous road ;  
 Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.  
     But thee, a soft and naked child,  
     Thy mother undefiled,  
 In the rude manger laid to rest  
     From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare  
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;  
 Nor stooped their lamps th' enthroned fires on high ;  
     A single silent star  
     Came wandering from afar,  
 Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky ;

The Eastern sages leading on,  
 As at a kingly throne,  
 To lay their gold and odours sweet  
 Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hushed to hear  
 Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;  
 Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song  
 From all the cherub choirs,  
 And seraphs' burning lyres,  
 Poured through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.  
 One angel-troop the strain began ;  
 Of all the race of man  
 By simple shepherds heard alone,  
 That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame  
 To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;  
 Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes :  
 Nor didst thou mount on high  
 From fatal Calvary,  
 With all thy own redeemed out bursting from their tombs.  
 For thou didst bear away from earth  
 But one of human birth,  
 The dying felon by thy side, to be  
 In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake ;  
 A little while the conscious earth did shake  
 At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;  
 A few dim hours of day  
 The world in darkness lay ;  
 Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun,  
 While thou didst sleep within the tomb,  
 Consenting to thy doom ;  
 Ere yet the white robed angel shone  
 Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand  
 With Devastation in thy red right hand,  
 Plaguering the guilty city's murderous crew :  
     But thou didst haste to meet  
     Thy mother's coming feet,  
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.  
     Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise  
     Into thy native skies,  
 Thy human form dissolved on high  
     In its own radiancy.



## LOOKING TO JESUS.

ANONYMOUS.

THOU, who didst stoop below,  
 To drain the cup of wo,  
 Wearing the form of frail mortality,—  
 Thy blessed labours done,  
 Thy crown of victory won,  
 Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,  
 In thy celestial face,  
 The image of the bright, the viewless One ;  
 Nor may thy servants hear,  
 Save with faith's raptured ear,  
 Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

Our eyes behold thee not,  
 Yet hast thou not forgot  
 Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee ;



Before thy Father's face  
 Thou hast prepared a place,  
 That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,  
 Through this dark world of ours,  
 Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;  
 And shall we, in dismay,  
 Shrink from the narrow way,  
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O thou, who art our life,  
 Be with us through the strife ;  
 Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed ?  
 Raise thou our eyes above,  
 To see a Father's love  
 Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,  
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;  
 Our spirits shall not dread  
 The shadowy way to tread,  
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.



### CHRIST A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND.

GRANT.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few ;  
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain.  
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do ;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Despised by those I prized too well ;  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer wo ;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;  
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

## HAPPINESS IN GOD ALONE.

TOPLADY.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,  
Where 's thy seat, O tell me, where?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out,—' It is not here.'  
Not the wisdom of the wise  
Can inform me where it lies;  
Not the grandeur of the great  
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,  
Jesus, crucified for me!  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee:  
Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below;  
Thee to see, and thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny;  
Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die;  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Singly from thy smile it flows;  
Peace and happiness are thine,  
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

## MORN.

MRS. J. L. GRAY.

MORN is the time to wake,  
The eyelids to unclose,  
Spring from the arms of sleep, and break  
The fetters of repose;  
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad  
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray;  
How lovely and how meet,  
To send our earliest thoughts away,  
Up to the mercy-seat!  
Ambassadors, for us to claim  
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing;  
How charming 'tis to hear  
The mingling notes of nature ring  
In the delighted ear;  
And with that swelling anthem raise  
The soul's fresh matin-song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow  
The seeds of heavenly truth,  
While balmy breezes softly blow  
Upon the soil of youth;  
And look to thee, nor look in vain,  
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love;  
As tendrils of the vine,  
The young affections fondly rove,  
And seek them where to twine;

Around thyself, in thine embrace,  
Lord, let them find their resting-place.

Morn is the time to shine,  
When skies are clear and blue,  
Reflect the rays of light divine,  
As morning dew-drops do;  
Like early stars be early bright,  
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep  
O'er morning hours misspent;  
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep  
On folly madly bent,  
We've left the straight and narrow road,  
And wandered from our guardian God!

Morn is the time to think,  
While thoughts are fresh and free,  
Of life, just balanced on the brink  
Of dark eternity,  
And ask our souls if they are meet  
To stand before the judgment seat.

Morn is the time to die,  
Just at the dawn of day,  
When stars are fading in the sky,  
To fade like them away;  
But lost in light more brilliant far,  
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,  
The resurrection morn,  
Upspringing to the glorious skies,  
On new-found pinions borne,  
To meet a Saviour's smile divine;  
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

## NIGHT.

MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;  
How sweet when labours close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose ;  
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head  
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems  
Blend in fantastic strife ;  
Ah ! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by day-light are !

Night is the time for toil ;  
To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield ;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;  
To wet with unseen tears  
Those graves of memory where sleep  
The joys of other years ;  
Hopes that were angels in their birth,  
But perished young, like things on earth.

Night is the time to watch ;  
On ocean's dark expanse,  
To hail the Pleiades, or catch  
The full moon's earliest glance,  
That brings unto the home-sick mind  
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;  
Brooding on hours misspent,  
To see the spectre of despair  
Come to our lonely tent ;  
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,  
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;  
Then from the eye the soul  
Takes flight, and with expanding views  
Beyond the starry pole,  
Descries athwart the abyss of night,  
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;  
Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains far away,  
So will his followers do ;  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease :  
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends—such death be mine !

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MRS. HEMANS.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently ;  
Father, by the breeze of eve,  
Called thy harvest work to leave ;—  
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be ;  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
Weeping on his burial plain ;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie ;  
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.



## EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
To do the like; our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;  
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep  
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should  
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours  
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good  
After sun rising; for day sullies flowers:  
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,  
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures: note the hush  
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring  
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush  
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?  
O leave thy cares and follies; go this way,  
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go  
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign  
The whole unto him, and remember who  
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine;  
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,  
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;

Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load  
 Which must be carried on, and safely may :  
 Yet keep those cares without thee : let the heart  
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.



## RELIGION.

YOUNG.

RELIGION ! thou the soul of happiness,  
 And, groaning Calvary, of thee, there shine  
 The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting ;  
 There sacred violence assaults the soul ;  
 There nothing but compulsion is forborne.  
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?  
 He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun.  
 He sighs ! the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.  
 If in his love so terrible, what then  
 His wrath inflamed ? his tenderness on fire ?  
 Like soft smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?  
 Can prayer, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my all !  
 My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !  
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !  
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth ! my world !  
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death !  
 My boast thro' time, bliss thro' eternity !  
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise,  
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man !  
 To man of men the meanest, even to me ;  
 My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !

## THE HIDING-PLACE.

KIRKE WHITE.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake!  
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;  
We sing the Saviour of our race,  
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,  
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,  
Where, where, O where, shall man retire,  
To escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,  
While the dread tempest passes by ;  
God sees his well-beloved's face,  
And spares us in his hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,  
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;  
To Him, though guilty, still we run,  
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,  
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;  
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,  
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage! days and years will glide,  
And we shall lay these clods aside:  
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,  
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,  
 We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;  
 Shall meet the Father face to face,  
 And need no more a hiding-place.



### SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

BERNARD BARTON.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple have been  
 On the day of its first dedication,  
 When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen  
 On high on the ark's holy station ;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled  
 To minister, standing before thee,  
 Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled,  
 And thy glory made Israel adore thee ;

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,  
 Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,  
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,  
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repealed,  
 But by Him unto whom it was given  
 To enter the oracle where is revealed  
 Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven ?

Who having once entered, hath shown us the way,  
 O Lord ! how to worship before thee ;  
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,  
 But in spirit and truth to adore thee ;

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,  
 When she of Samaria found him  
 By the patriarch's well, sitting weary alone,  
 With the stillness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught  
 To her who inquired by that fountain,  
 If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,  
 Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

Woman, believe me, the hour is near,  
 When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,  
 Will neither be worshipped exclusively here,  
 Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a spirit, and they who aright  
 Would perform the pure worship He loveth,  
 In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,  
 That spirit the Father approveth.



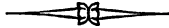
## SCEPTIC RECLAIMED.

BEATTIE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

'Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind :  
 O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,  
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb !



## EARLY PIETY.

HEBER.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
 How sweet the lily grows !  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

So such the child whose early feet,  
 The paths of peace have trod ;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill,  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age,  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O thou whose infant feet were found  
 Within thy Father's shrine !  
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike divine :

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone ;  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.



## THE SABBATH.

WILCOX.

Who scorn the hallowed day set heaven at naught ;  
 Heaven would wear out whom one short sabbath tires.  
 Emblem and earnest of eternal rest ;  
 A festival with fruits celestial crowned,  
 A jubilee releasing him from earth,  
 The day delights and animates the saint.  
 It gives new vigour to the languid pulse  
 Of life divine, restores the wandering feet,  
 Strengthens the weak, upholds the prone to slip,

Quickens the lingering, and the sinking lifts,  
Establishing them all upon a rock.  
Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,  
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.  
In life's bleak winter, they are pleasant days,  
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.  
To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn  
Seems like the first, when every thing was new.  
Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,  
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,  
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.  
In every thing a smiling God is seen.  
On earth, his beauty blooms, and in the sun  
His glory shines. In objects overlooked  
On other days he now arrests the eye.  
Not in the deep recesses of his works,  
But on their face, he now appears to dwell.  
While silence reigns among the works of man,  
The works of God have leave to speak his praise,  
With louder voice, in earth, and air, and sea.  
His vital Spirit like the light, pervades  
All nature, breathing round the air of heaven,  
And spreading o'er the troubled sea of life  
A halcyon calm. Sight were not needed now  
To bring him near; for Faith performs the work;  
In solemn thought surrounds herself with God,  
With such transparent vividness, she feels  
Struck with admiring awe, as if transformed  
To sudden vision: Such is oft her power  
In God's own house, which, in the absorbing act  
Of adoration, or inspiring praise,  
She with his glory fills, as once a cloud  
Of radiance filled the temple's inner court.



## MORNING HYMN.

FRISBIE.

WHILE nature welcomes in the day,  
My heart its earliest vows would pay  
To Him whose care has kindly kept  
My life from danger while I slept.

His genial rays the sun renews ;  
How bright the scene with glittering dews !  
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,  
And breathe more sweet their rich perfume.

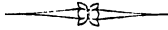
So may the sun of righteousness,  
With kindest beams my bosom bless ;  
Warm into life each heavenly seed,  
To bud and bear some generous deed.

So may the dews of grace distil,  
And gently soften all my will ;  
So may my morning sacrifice  
To heaven like grateful incense rise.

Wilt thou this day my footsteps guide,  
And kindly all I need provide ;  
With strength divine my bosom arm,  
Against temptation's powerful charm ?

Where'er I am, O may I feel  
That God is all around me still ;  
That all I say, or do, or mean,  
By his all-searching eye is seen.

O may each day my heart improve ;  
 Increase my faith, my hope, my love ;  
 And thus its shades around me close  
 More wise and holy than I rose.



## EVENING HYMN.

FRISBIE.

My soul a hymn of evening praise  
 To God, thy kind Preserver, raise,  
 Whose hand this day hath guarded, fed,  
 And thousand blessings round thee shed.

Forgive my sins this day, O Lord,  
 In thought or feeling, deed or word ;  
 And if in aught thy law I've kept,  
 My feeble efforts, Lord, accept.

While nature round is hushed to rest,  
 Let no vain thought disturb my breast ;  
 Shed o'er my soul religion's power,  
 Serenely solemn as the hour.

O, bid thy angels o'er me keep  
 Their watch, to shield me while I sleep !  
 Till the fresh morn shall round me break,  
 Then with new vigour may I wake !

Yet think, my soul, another day  
 Of thy short course has rolled away :  
 Ah, think how soon in deepening shade  
 The day of life itself shall fade !

How soon death's sleep my eyes must close,  
 Lock every sense in dread repose,  
 And lay me in the awful gloom  
 And solemn silence of the tomb!

This very night, Lord, should it be,  
 O may my soul repose on thee,  
 Till the glad morn in heaven shall rise,  
 Then wake to triumph in the skies!



## HABITUAL DEVOTION.

WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!  
 Be my vain wishes stilled;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.

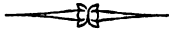
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;  
 To thee my thoughts would soar;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
 That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see!  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
 Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
 In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The lowering storm shall see ;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
 That heart will rest on thee !



## TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

WORDSWORTH.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
 Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;  
 Not seldom evening in the west  
 Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,  
 To the confiding bark, untrue ;  
 And if she trust the stars above,  
 They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,  
 Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
 Draws lightnings down upon the head  
 It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
 Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;  
 Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
 No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
 And asked for peace with suppliant knee;  
 And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
 But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!



## THE FAMILY MEETING.

SPRAGUE.

WE are all here!  
 Father, Mother,  
 Sister, Brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is filled—we're all *at home*:  
 To-night let no cold stranger come:  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found:  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
 For once be every care forgot;  
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
 And kind affection rule the hour;  
 We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!  
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
 Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Looked in and thinned our little band:

Some like a night-flash passed away,  
 And some sank, lingering, day by day;  
 The quiet grave-yard—some lie there;  
 And cruel Ocean has his share :

We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here !

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear ;  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears !  
 We see them as in times long past,  
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
 They're round us as they were of old :

We *are* all here.

We are all here !

Father, Mother,

Sister, Brother,

You that I love with love so dear.  
*This* may not long of us be said ;  
 Soon must we join the gathered dead ;  
 And by the hearth we now sit round,  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 O! then, that wisdom may we know,  
 Which yields a life of peace below ;  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
 We're all—all *here* !

## MAN.

Y O U N G .

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man !  
How passing wonder HE who made him such !  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes !  
From different natures, marvellously mixed,  
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !  
Distinguished link in being's endless chain !  
Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed !  
Tho' sullied and dishonoured, still divine !  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,  
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,  
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,  
And wondering at her own. How reason reels !  
O what a miracle to man is man,  
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !  
Alternately transported and alarmed !  
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

## MY CHILD.

## PIERPONT.

I CANNOT make him dead !  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;  
Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlour floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call ;  
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;  
A satcheled lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair ;  
And as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid ;  
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;  
My hand that marble felt ;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !



I cannot *make* him dead!  
 When passing by the bed,  
 So long watched over with parental care,  
 My spirit and my eye  
 Seek it inquiringly,  
 Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break  
 Of day, from sleep I wake,  
 With my first breathing of the morning air,  
 My soul goes up, with joy,  
 To Him who gave my boy,  
 Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
 Before we seek repose,  
 I'm, with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
 Or evening anthems tuning,  
 In spirit, I'm communing  
 With our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?  
 The form I used to see  
 Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.  
 The grave, that now doth press  
 Upon that cast-off dress,  
 Is but his wardrobe locked;—*he* is not there!

He lives!—In all the past  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair.  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there!*”

Yes, we all live to God !  
 FATHER, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit-land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 \*Twill be our heaven to find that—thou art *there!*



## FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST.

GRANT.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee ;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too :  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou art not, like them untrue ;  
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me ;  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favour loss is gain.

I have called thee, "Abba, Father,"  
 I have set my heart on thee;  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
 Child of heaven canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## HEAVENLY LOVE.

SOUTHEY.

**THEY** sin who tell us Love can die.  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;  
 Earthly these passions of the earth,  
 They perish where they have their birth:  
 But Love is indestructible.  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest time of Love is *there*.



## HERE AND THERE.

MORE.

**HERE**, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure;  
 But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.  
*Here*, time's a moment, short our happiest state;  
*There* infinite duration is our date.  
*Here*, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best;  
*There* Satan's power extends not to the blest.

In a weak, sinful body, *here* I dwell ;  
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.  
*Here*, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear ;  
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.  
*Here*, my best duties are defiled with sin ;  
*There*, all is ease without and peace within.  
*Here*, feeble faith supplies my only light ;  
*There*, faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.  
*Here*, love of self my fairest works destroys,  
*There*, love of God shall perfect all my joys.  
*Here*, things, as in a glass, are darkly shown,  
*There*, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.  
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below ;  
*There*, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.  
*Here*, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind ;  
But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.  
*Here*, disappointments my best schemes destroy ;  
*There*, those that sowed in tears shall reap in joy.  
*Here*, vanity is stamped on all below ;  
Perfection, *there*, on every good shall grow.  
*Here*, my fond heart is fastened on some friend,  
Whose kindness may, whose life must, have an end ;  
But *there*, no failure can I ever prove,—  
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.  
*Here*, Christ for sinners suffered, groaned, and bled ;  
But *there*, he reigns the great triumphant Head.  
*Here*, mocked and scourged, he wore a crown of thorns ;  
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.  
*Here*, error clouds the will, and dims the sight ;  
*There*, all is knowledge, purity, and light.  
*Here*, so imperfect is this mortal state,  
If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate—  
At every human wo I *here* repine ;  
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.  
*Here*, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart ;

But *there*, that broken reed and I shall part.  
*Here*, on no promised good can I depend ;  
 But *there*, the Rock of ages is my friend.  
*Here*, if some sudden joy delight inspire,  
 The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;  
 But *there*, whatever good the soul employ,  
 The thought that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy!



## A NAME IN THE SAND.

GOULD.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand ;  
 A pearly shell was in my hand :  
 I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
     My name—the year—the day.  
 As onward from the spot I passed,  
 One lingering look behind I cast :  
 A wave came rolling high and fast,  
     And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
 With every mark on earth from me ;  
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
     Will sweep across the place,  
 Where I have trod the sandy shore  
 Of time, and been to be no more,  
 Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
     To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,  
 And holds the waters in his hands,  
 I know the lasting record stands,  
     Inscribed against my name,

Of all this mortal part has wrought ;  
Of all this thinking soul has thought ;  
And from these fleeting moments caught  
For glory, or for shame.



## MAN ADMONISHED.

POLLOK.

THE Seasons came and went, and went and came,  
To teach men gratitude ; and as they passed,  
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else  
Had stole unheeded by : the gentle flowers  
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,  
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.  
The Dews came down unseen at evening-tide,  
And silently their bounties shed, to teach  
Mankind unostentatious charity.  
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,  
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.  
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,  
Bearing the blast alone—the ancient oak  
Stood lifting high his mighty arm, and still  
To courage in distress exhorted loud.  
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,  
Attuned the heart to melody and love.  
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept  
Essential love ; and, from her glorious bow,  
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,  
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God  
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,  
She whispered to Revenge, Forgive, forgive!

The Sun rejoicing round the earth, announced  
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.  
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,  
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,  
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,  
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,  
Of purity, and holiness, and God.  
In dreams and visions sleep instructed much.  
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night  
Taught knowledge : silence had a tongue : the grave,  
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each  
A tongue, that ever said—Man ! think of God !  
Think of thyself ! think of eternity !  
Fear God, the thunders said ; fear God, the waves ;  
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied ;  
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.  
And, in the temples of the Holy One,  
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,  
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible oped,  
And cried, Repent ! repent ye Sons of Men !  
Believe, be saved : and reasoned awfully  
Of temperance, righteousness, and judgment soon  
To come—of ever-during life and death.  
And chosen bards from age to age awoke  
The sacred lyre, and full on folly's ear,  
Numbers of righteous indignation poured.  
And God omnipotent, when mercy failed,  
Made bare his holy arm, and with the stroke  
Of vengeance smote, the fountains of the deep  
Broke up, heaven's windows oped, and sent on men  
A flood of wrath ; sent plague and famine forth ;  
With earthquake rocked the world beneath ; with storms  
Above laid cities waste ; and turned fat lands  
To barrenness ; and with the sword of war  
In fury marched, and gave them blood to drink.



Angels remonstrated : Mercy beseeched :  
 Heaven smiled, and frowned : Hell groaned : Time  
     fled : Death shook  
 His dart, and threatened to make repentance vain—  
 Incredible assertion ! men rushed on  
 Determinedly to ruin : shut their ears,  
 Their eyes to all advice, to all reproof—  
 O'er mercy and o'er judgment downward rushed  
 To misery : and, most incredible  
 Of all, to misery rushed along the way  
 Of disappointment and remorse, where still  
 At every step, adders, in pleasure's form,  
 Stung mortally ; and Joys,—whose bloomy cheeks  
 Seemed glowing high with immortality,  
 Whose bosoms prophesied superfluous bliss,—  
 While in the arms received, and locked in close  
 And riotous embrace, turned pale, and cold,  
 And died, and smelled of putrefaction rank :  
 Turned, in the very moment of delight,  
 A loathsome, heavy corpse, that with the clear  
 And hollow eyes of Death, stared horribly.



## THE CONQUEROR FROM EDOM AND BOZRAH.

ROGERS.

O ! who is it comes from the field of the slain,  
 Arrayed in his garb of the dark crimson stain ?  
 Who is it that passes thus wrathfully by,  
 With his raiment so deeply empurpled in dye ?

“ It is I, it is I, who have risen at length,  
 In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength ;

It is I, who have spoken, nor spoken in vain,  
For I have returned from the field of the slain!"

And why, O thou Victor, and why thus imbue  
Thy garments of snow with the deep crimson hue?  
And why, mighty Victor, thy raiment thus red,  
As though thou hadst trodden where thousands had bled?

"I have trodden the wine-press of Edom alone;  
Yet their armies are scattered—their banners are strown;  
And still will I tread o'er the hosts of their pride,  
Till in crimson yet deeper my raiment is dyed.

There was not a helper in Israel that day,  
No arm that could save from the hostile array,—  
I looked—but alas! there was no one to save,  
No hand that could snatch from the grasp of the grave!

But I have arisen—arisen at length,  
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength;  
With the seal on my arm, and the stain on my vest,  
And where I have fought shall my people be blest!"



## THE COMMON LOT.

MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man:—and WHO WAS HE?  
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown:

His name has perished from the earth,  
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumphed in his breast ;  
His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear !  
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er ;  
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled ;  
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;  
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :  
O she was fair :—but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;  
Encountered all that troubles thee :  
He was—whatever thou hast been ;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruins since the world began,  
 Of HIM afford no other trace  
 Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!



“I WILL BE GLAD IN THE LORD.”

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray  
 Breaks with its trembling light,  
 To chase the pearly dews away,  
 Bright tear-drops of the night,—

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,  
 But rises gladly free,  
 On wings of everlasting love,  
 And finds its home in THEE.

When evening's silent shades descend,  
 And nature sinks to rest,  
 Still to my Father and my Friend  
 My wishes are addressed.

Though tears may dim my hours of joy,  
 And bid my pleasures flee,  
 THOU reign'st where grief cannot annoy,  
 I will be glad in THEE.

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,  
 Above, around, is spread,  
 Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom  
 Are hovering o'er my head.

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,  
 Where all thy saints shall be ;  
 I wake to lean upon thy word,  
 And still delight in THEE.



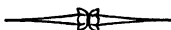
## KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

COWPER.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste  
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace,  
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
 Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart  
 Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight  
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.  
 Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone  
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb  
 It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,  
 Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread  
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away  
 From inland regions to the distant main.  
 Man views it, and admires ; but rests content  
 With what he views. The landscape has his praise,  
 But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed  
 The paradise he sees, he finds it such,  
 And, such well pleased to find it, asks no more.  
 Not so the mind that has been touched from Heaven,  
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught,  
 To read His wonders, in whose thought the world,  
 Fair as it is, existed ere it was.  
 Not for its own sake merely, but for his  
 Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise ;

Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,  
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once  
Its only just proprietor in Him.  
The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed  
New faculties, or learns at least to employ  
More worthily the powers she owned before;  
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze  
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,  
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms  
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;  
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.  
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds  
With those fair ministers of light to man,  
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,  
Sweet conference; inquires what strains were they  
With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste  
To gratulate the new-created earth,  
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God  
Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,  
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
If from your elevation, whence ye view  
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet  
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race  
Favoured as ours; transgressors from the womb,  
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,  
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours.  
As one who, long detained on foreign shores,  
Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks,  
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye  
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;

So I with animated hopes behold,  
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,  
Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home  
From toilsome life to never ending rest.  
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,  
That give assurance of their own success,  
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."



## GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF HIS PEOPLE.

DODDRIDGE.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light :  
Farewell, thou ever changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul; which springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.

Ye, stars, are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display,  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.

On the sand and sea-weed lying,  
 Israel poured her doleful sighing;  
 While before the deep sea flowed,  
 And behind fierce Egypt rode,  
 To their fathers' God they prayed,  
 To the Lord of Hosis for aid.

On the margin of the flood  
 With lifted rod the Prophet stood;  
 And the summoned east wind blew,  
 And aside it sternly threw  
 The gathered waves, that took their stand,  
 Like crystal rocks, on either hand,  
 Or walls of sea-green marble piled  
 Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay  
 On the wonder-paved way,  
 Where the treasures of the deep  
 In their caves of coral sleep.  
 The profound abysses, where  
 Was never sound from upper air,  
 Rang with Israel's charmed words,  
 King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,  
 On exulting Egypt came,  
 With her chosen horsemen prancing  
 And her cars on wheels of flame,  
 In a rich and boastful ring,  
 All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,  
 The Lord looked down upon the proud;  
 And the host drove heavily  
 Down the deep bosom of the sea.



King of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !  
 Thus we move, our sad steps timing  
 To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,  
 Where thy house its rest accords.  
 Chased and wounded birds are we,  
 Through the dark air fled to thee ;  
 To the shadow of thy wings,  
 Lord of Lords ! and King of Kings !  
 Behold, O Lord, the heathen tread ;  
 The branches of thy fruitful vine,  
 That its luxuriant tendrils spread  
 O'er all the hills of Palestine.  
 And now the wild boar comes to waste  
 Even us, the greenest boughs and last,  
 That, drinking of thy choicest dew,  
 On Zion's hill, in beauty grew.  
 No ! by the marvels of thine hand,  
 Thou wilt save thy chosen land ;  
 By all thine ancient mercies shown,  
 By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown ;  
 By the Egyptian's car-borne host,  
 Scattered on the Red Sea coast ;  
 By that wide and bloodless slaughter  
 Underneath the drowning water.  
 Like us in utter helplessness,  
 In their last and worst distress,

MILMAN.

SONG OF THE JEWS.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,  
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
 Ah! here is a plentiful hoard,  
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,  
 And none but the worm is reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?  
 Ah! no; they have withered and died,  
 Or fled with the spirit above;  
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side  
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,  
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
 Which compassion itself could relieve;  
 Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear;  
 Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?  
 Ah! no; for his empire is known,  
 And here there are trophies enow;  
 Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,  
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,  
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise;  
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;  
 And the third to the LAMB of the great sacrifice,  
 Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;  
Who hid in their turns have been hid;  
The treasures are squandered again;  
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,  
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

Shall we build to the purple of pride,  
The trappings which dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside,  
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,  
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To beauty? Ah! no; she forgets  
The charms that she wielded before:  
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets  
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to ambition? Ah! no;  
Affrighted he shrinketh away  
For see! they would pin him below  
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

METHINKS it is good to be here,  
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,  
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

KNOWLES.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

When the pangs of death assail me,  
 Weep not for me.  
 Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,  
 Weep not for me.  
 Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour,  
 From his love my soul to sever,  
 Jesus is my strength—for ever!  
 Weep not for me.

When the spark of life is waning,  
 Weep not for me.  
 When the languid eye is straining,  
 Weep not for me.  
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
 Start not at its swift decreasing,  
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;  
 Weep not for me.

DATE.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.



But oft as on their charms we gaze,  
 Attune the wondering soul to praise;  
 And be the joys that most we prize,  
 The joys that from thy favour rise.

My God, all nature owns thy sway;  
 Thou givest the night and thou the day:  
 When all thy loved creation wakes,  
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;  
 And when she pours her choral song,  
 Her melodies to thee belong.  
 Or, when in paler tints arrayed,  
 The evening slowly spreads her shade;  
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
 Can more than day's enlivening bloom,  
 Still every fond and vain desire,  
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;  
 From earth the pensive spirit free,  
 And lead the softened heart to thee.  
 In every scene thy hands have dressed,  
 In every form by thee impressed,  
 Upon the mountain's awful head,  
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread;  
 In every note that swells the gale,  
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
 The cavern's depth or echoing grove,  
 A voice is heard of praise and love.  
 As o'er thy works the seasons roll  
 And soothe with change of bliss the soul,  
 O! never may their smiling train  
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain!

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WILLIAMS.

GOD SEEN IN ALL.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky.  
 When o'er the green undeluged earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
 How came the world's gray fathers forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign !  
 And when its yellow lustre smiled,  
 O'er mountains yet untrud,  
 Each mother held aloft her child,  
 To bless the bow of God.  
 Methinks thy jubilee to keep  
 The first-made anthem rang,  
 On earth delivered from the deep,  
 And the first poet sang.  
 How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down !  
 As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem,  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.  
 For, faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
 That first spoke peace to man.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.  
 Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given,  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.  
 Can all that optics teach, unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow?  
 When science from creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws!

CAMPBELL.

## THE RAINBOW.



No more the drops of piercing grief  
 Shall swell into mine eyes;  
 Nor the meridian sun decline  
 Amidst those brighter skies.  
 There all the millions of his saints  
 Shall in one song unite;  
 And each the bliss of all shall share  
 With infinite delight.

BOOK OF POETRY.

With a quick and sudden swell  
 Prone the liquid ramparts fell ;  
 Over horse, and over car,  
 Over every man of war,  
 Over Pharaoh's crown of gold  
 The loud thundering billows rolled.

As the level waters spread  
 Down they sank, they sank like lead,  
 Down sank without cry or groan,  
 And the morning sun that shone  
 On myriads of bright-armed men,  
     Its meridian radiance then  
 Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,  
 Against a silent, solitary shore.



## THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

HEBER.

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation ;  
 Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly :  
 Strong is His arm, the Bringer of salvation,  
 Strong is the Word of God to succour thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him :  
 Hide his pale features with the sable pall :  
 Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :  
 Widowed and childless, she has lost her all !

Why pause the mourners ? Who forbids our weeping ?  
 Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed ?  
 " Set down the bier—he is not dead but sleeping :  
 Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obeyed !



Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation ;  
 Worship and fall before Messiah's knee ;  
 Strong was his arm, the Bringer of salvation ;  
 Strong was the Word of God to succour thee !



### GOOD AND BAD MEN CONTRASTED.

YOUNG.

WITH aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;  
 All the black cares, and tumults of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,  
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,  
 A mingled mob, a wandering herd, he sees,  
 Bewildered in the vale ; in all unlike,  
 His full reverse in all, what higher praise ?  
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?  
 The present all their care ; the future, his.  
 When public welfare calls, or private want,  
 They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.  
 Their virtues varnish nature ; his exalt.  
 Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.  
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;  
 His, the composed possession of the true.  
 Alike throughout is his consistent piece,  
 All of one colour, and an even thread ;  
 While party-coloured shreds of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they  
Behold a sun, he spies a deity :  
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.  
When they see mountains, he but atoms sees :  
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.  
They things terrestrial worship, as divine ;  
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,  
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.  
Titles and honours, if they prove his fate,  
He lays aside to find his dignity ;  
No dignity they find in aught besides.  
They triumph in externals, which conceal  
Man's real glory, proud of an eclipse,  
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,  
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.  
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect  
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;  
Their interest, like the lion, lives on prey.  
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;  
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,  
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;  
Nought, but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.  
A covered heart their character defends ;  
A covered heart denies him half his praise.  
With nakedness his innocence agrees ;  
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.  
Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins ;  
His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.  
To triumph in existence, his alone ;  
And his alone, triumphantly to think  
His true existence is not yet begun.  
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;  
Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

## H O P E .

COWPER.

HOPE sets the stamp of vanity on all  
That men have deemed substantial since the fall,  
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe  
From emptiness itself a real use ;  
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,  
What health and sober appetite demand,  
From fading good derives, with chemic art,  
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.  
Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,  
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth ;  
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,  
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,  
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,  
With wreathes like those triumphant spirits wear.  
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast  
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.  
Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure  
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.  
Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of thy joy,  
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,  
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,  
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.  
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land  
That boasts the treasure, all at his command :  
The fragrant grove, the inestimable mine,  
Were light, when weighed against one smile of thine.

## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

HEMANS.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
When stormy winds grew loud ;  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed :

And men stood breathless in their dread,  
And baffled in their skill—  
But One was there, who rose and said  
To the wild sea, “ Be still !”

And the wind ceased—it ceased !—that word  
Passed through the gloomy sky ;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
And silence on the blast,  
As when the righteous falls asleep,  
When death’s fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,  
And tame the tempest’s mood,  
Oh ! send thy Spirit forth in power,  
O’er our dark souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billow’s pride,  
Thy mandates to fulfil,  
Speak, speak, to passion’s raging tide,  
Speak and say—“ Peace be still !”

## THE RELIGIOUS COTTAGE.

HUNTINGTON.

SEEST thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,  
With little garden neatly planned before,  
Its roof deep shaded by the elms above,  
Moss-grown, and decked with velvet verdure o'er?  
Go lift the willing latch; the scene explore,  
Sweet peace and love, and joy, thou there shalt find;  
For there Religion dwells, whose sacred lore  
Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,  
And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind.

When the bright morning gilds the eastern skies,  
Up springs the peasant from his calm repose,  
Forth to his honest toil he cheerful hies,  
And tastes the sweets of nature as he goes.  
But first, of Sharon's fairest, sweetest rose  
He breathes the fragrance, and pours forth the praise;  
Looks to the source whence every blessing flows,  
Ponders the page which heavenly truth conveys,  
And to its Author's hand commits his future ways.

Nor yet in solitude his prayers ascend;  
His faithful partner and their blooming train,  
The precious word, with reverent minds attend,  
The heaven-directed path of life to gain.  
Their voices mingle in the grateful strain,  
The lay of love and joy together sing,  
To Him whose bounty clothes the smiling plain,  
Who spreads the beauties of the blooming spring,  
And tunes the warbling throats that make the valleys ring.

## BROKEN-HEARTED WEEP NO MORE.

ANONYMOUS.

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more !  
 Hear what comfort He hath spoken,  
 Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,  
 Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken :—  
 “ Ye who wander here below,  
 Heavy laden as ye go,  
 Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,  
 Come to me, and be at rest !”

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,  
 Brought again from sin and straying,  
 Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,  
 'Tis a true and faithful saying :—  
 “ Greater love how can there be  
 Than to yield up life for thee ?  
 Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,  
 Turn and live !—why will ye die ?”

Broken-hearted, weep no more !  
 Far from consolation flying ;  
 He who calls hath felt thy wound,  
 Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing :—  
 “ Bring thy broken heart to me ;  
 Welcome offering it shall be ;  
 Streaming tears and bursting sighs  
 Mine accepted sacrifice.”

## EARTH WITH HER THOUSAND VOICES PRAISES GOD.

LONGFELLOW.

WHEN first, in ancient time, from Judah's tongue,  
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,  
To sacred hymnings and Elysian song  
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.  
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord;—  
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,  
And prayer, and thanks to Him, th' Eternal One,—  
To Him, who, with bright inspiration, touched  
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,  
And warmed the soul with new vitality.  
A stirring energy through nature breathed;—  
The voice of adoration from her broke,  
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard  
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time  
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth  
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,  
Or winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.  
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit  
Moved in the hearts of men to do him homage;  
And when the Morning smiled, or Evening, pale,  
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,  
They came beneath the broad o'er-arching trees,  
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,  
Where the pale vine clung round their simple altars,  
And grey moss mantling hung. Above was heard  
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees  
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,  
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,  
The bright and widely-wandering rivulet

Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,  
That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks,  
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there  
The listless wave, that stole, with mellow voice,  
Where reeds grew rank upon the rushy brink,  
And to the wandering wind the green sedge bent,  
Sang a sweet song of fixed tranquillity.  
Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole  
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;  
And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,  
Became Religion;—for the ethereal spirit,  
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,  
And mellows every thing to beauty, moved  
With cheering energy within their breasts,  
And made all holy there—for all was love.  
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together,  
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky,  
Dayspring, and eventide, and all the fair  
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice  
Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tide,  
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm  
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat  
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice  
Of awful adoration to the Spirit,  
That, wrapped in darkness, moved upon its face.  
And when the bow of evening arched the east,  
Or, in the moonlight pale, the gentle wave  
Kissed, with a sweet embrace, the sea-worn beach,  
And the wild song of winds came o'er the waters,  
The mingled melody of wind and wave  
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;  
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.  
And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth  
No pure reflections caught from heavenly love?  
Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?



Let him, that, in the summer-day of youth,  
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,  
And him, that, in the night-fall of his years,  
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace  
His weary eyes on life's short wayfaring,  
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.



## TRUST IN GOD.

BOWRING.

O LET my trembling soul be still,  
While darkness veils this mortal eye,  
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,  
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;  
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,  
Yet all is well—since ruled by thee.

When mounted on thy clouded car,  
Thou sendest thy darker spirits down,  
I can discern thy light afar,  
Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;  
And should I faint a moment, then  
I think of thee—and smile again.

So trusting in thy love, I tread  
The narrow path of duty on ;  
What though some cherished joys are fled !  
What though some flattering dreams are gone !  
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;  
Why should my spirit then complain?

## ACTIVE CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

WILCOX.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.  
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled,  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,  
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
Lest these lost years should haunt thee, on the night  
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,  
To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed:  
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;  
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime, will heaven permit  
 To light on man as from the passing air ;  
 The lamp of genius though by nature lit,  
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;  
 And learning is a plant that spreads and towers  
 Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,  
 That, mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers  
 Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given  
 To them that idly worship hills and groves,  
 And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven ?  
 Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,  
 To measure worlds and follow where each moves ?  
 Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,  
 By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves ?  
 Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,  
 By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear  
 But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim  
 Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not hear  
 From other lips, without a blush of shame,  
 Or pride indignant : then be thine the blame,  
 And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist  
 The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;  
 'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,  
 Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know ;  
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;  
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;

The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
 Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.



## APPEAL FOR MISSIONS.

SIGOURNEY.

STEWARDS of God! his richest gifts who hold,  
 Sublime dispensers to your brother's need,  
 Can Charity within those breasts grow cold,  
 Where Faith and Hope have sown their holy seed?  
 Hoard ye the stores of heaven?—Ah, then beware  
 Lest its pure manna turn to bitterness and care.

Stewards of God!—replete with living bread,  
 Shall any famish in your rosy path?  
 Have ye a garment which ye will not spread  
 Around those naked souls in winter's wrath?  
 Ye see them sink amid destruction's blast,  
 Unmoved ye hear their cry!—What will ye plead at last?

Ye have that cup of wine which Jesus blest  
 At his last supper with the chosen train;  
 Ye have a book divine, whose high behest  
 “Go, teach all nations,” sends its thrilling strain  
 Into your secret chamber. Can it be  
 That selfishness enslaves the souls by Christ made free?

Do you indeed on time's tempestuous shore  
 Wear the meek armour of the Crucified?  
 Yet stretch no hand, no supplication pour,  
 To save the fainting souls for whom He died?

God of all power!—what but thy Spirit's flame  
Can ope the eyes of those who *dream* they love thy name?

Where is your heathen brother?—From his grave  
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,  
From the thronged depths of ocean's moaning wave,  
His answering blood reproachfully doth cry;  
Blood of the soul!—Can all earth's fountains make  
Thy dark stain disappear?—*Stewards of God, awake!*



## DISAPPOINTMENT.

KIRKE WHITE.

COME Disappointment, come!  
Not in thy terrors clad;  
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise,  
Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
The restless and the bad.  
But I recline  
Beneath thy shrine;  
And round my brow resigned thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though fancy flies away,  
Before thy hollow tread,  
Yet meditation in her cell  
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell  
That tells her hopes are dead.  
And though the tear  
By chance appear,  
Yet she can smile and say,—My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come !

Though from hope's summit hurled,  
 Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven ;  
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven,  
 To wean me from the world ;  
 To turn my eye  
 From vanity,  
 And point to scenes of bliss, that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?

A peevish April day,  
 A little sun—a little rain,  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away :  
 Man, soon discussed,  
 Yields up his trust,  
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

O ! what is beauty's power ?

It flourishes and dies ;  
 Will the cold earth its silence break,  
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek,  
 Beneath its surface lies ?  
 Mute, mute is all,  
 O'er beauty's fall,  
 Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth

Not long survives to-day ;  
 So music past is obsolete,  
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,  
 But now its gone away.

Thus does the shade

\* In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,  
 And volatile, and fleet,  
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,  
 Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,  
 And cares and sorrows eat?  
 Why fly from ill  
 With anxious skill,  
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!  
 Thou art not stern to me;  
 Sad monitress, I own thy sway,  
 A votary sad in early day,  
 I bend my knee to thee;  
 From sun to sun  
 Thy race will run;  
 I only bow and say—"My God, thy will be done."



## F R I E N D S .

### MONTGOMERY.

FRIEND after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end:  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath;

Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown :  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone ;  
And Faith beholds the dying here,  
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day ;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.



## HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

BRYANT.

HEAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock  
Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock :  
While those, who seek to slay thy children, hold  
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold ;  
And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs,  
That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,  
And this wild life of danger and distress—  
Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,  
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray :  
Better, far better, than to kneel with them,  
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.



Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder ; the firm land  
 Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand ;  
 Thou dashest nation against nation, then  
 Stillest the angry world to peace again.  
 Oh ! touch their stony hearts who hurt thy sons—  
 The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth  
 Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth.  
 Then the foul power of priestly sin, and all  
 Its long upheld idolatries shall fall :  
 Thou shalt raise up the trampled and opprest,  
 And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.



## ISRAEL'S TRIUMPH.

ANONYMOUS.

YE daughters and soldiers of Israel, look back !  
 Where—where are the thousands who shadowed your track,  
 The chariots that shook the deep earth as they rolled,  
 The banners of silk, and the helmets of gold ?

Where are they—the vultures, whose beaks would have fed  
 On the tide of your hearts ere the pulses had fled ?  
 Give glory to God, who in mercy arose,  
 And strewed mid the waters the strength of our foes.

When we travelled the waste of the desert by day,  
 With his banner-cloud's motion He marshalled our way ;  
 When we saw the tired sun in his glory expire,  
 Before us He walked, in a pillar of fire !

But this morn, and the Israelites' strength was a reed,  
 That shook with the thunder of chariot and steed:  
 Where now are the swords and their far-flashing sweep?  
 Their lightnings are quenched in the depths of the deep.

O Thou, who redeemest the weak one at length,  
 And scourgest the strong in the pride of their strength—  
 Who holdest the earth and the sea in thine hand,  
 And rulest eternity's shadowy land;

To thee let our thoughts and our offerings tend,  
 Of virtue the Hope, and of sorrow the Friend;  
 Let the incense of prayer still ascend to thy throne,  
 Omnipotent—glorious—eternal—alone!



## REFLECTIONS ON A SKULL.

ANONYMOUS.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'twas a skull,  
 Once of ethereal spirit full:  
 This narrow cell was life's retreat;  
 This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
 What beauteous pictures filled this spot,  
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
 Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,  
 Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,  
 Once shone the bright and lovely eye;  
 But start not at the empty cell;  
 If on the Cross it loved to dwell,

If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But with contrition's tear-drop beamed,  
That eye shall shine for ever bright,  
When suns and stars have lost their light.

Here in this silent cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue ;  
If of redeeming love it spoke,  
Confessing Jesus' easy yoke,  
If with persuasive mildness bold,  
Condemning sin, of grace it told ;  
That tuneful tongue in realms above,  
Shall sing Messiah's reign of love.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine ?  
To hew the rock or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them ;  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
Those hands shall strike the lyre of praise,  
And high the palm of triumph raise.

Avails not whether bare or shod,  
These feet the path of life had trod,  
If from the bower of joy they fled,  
To soothe afflictions humble bed ;  
If spurning all the world bestowed,  
They sought the straight and narrow road,  
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

## THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

NICHOLAS.

'Tis eventide ; the golden tints are dying  
 Along the horizon's glowing verge away ;  
 Far in the grove the nightingale is sighing  
 Her requiem to the last receding ray ;  
 And still thou holdest thy appointed way.  
 But Salem's light is quenched. Majestic sun !  
 Her beauteous flock hath wandered far astray,  
 Led by their guides the path of life to shun :  
 Her orb hath sunk ere yet his wonted course was run.

In ages past all glorious was the land,  
 And lovely were thy borders, Palestine !  
 The heavens were wont to shed their influence bland  
 On all those mountains and those vales of thine ;  
 For o'er thy coasts resplendent then did shine  
 The light of God's approving countenance,  
 With rapturous glow of blessedness divine ;  
 And 'neath the radiance of that mighty glance,  
 Basked the wide scattered isles o'er ocean's blue expanse.

But there survives a tinge of glory yet,  
 O'er all thy pastures and thy heights of green,  
 Which, though the lustre of thy day hath set,  
 Tells of the joy and splendour which hath been :  
 So some proud ruin, mid the desert seen,  
 By traveller, halting on his path awhile,  
 Declares how once beneath the light serene  
 Of brief prosperity's unclouded smile,  
 Uprose in grandeur there some vast imperial pile.

O Thou, who through the wilderness of old  
 Thy people to their promised rest didst bring,  
 Hasten the days by prophet-bards foretold,  
 When roses shall again be blossoming  
 In Sharon, and Siloa's cooling spring  
 Shall murmur freshly at the noontide hour;  
 And shepherds oft in Achor's vale shall sing  
 The mysteries of that redeeming Power  
 Which hath their ashes changed for beauty's sunniest bower.

Thou hadst a plant of thy peculiar choice,  
 A fruitful vine from Egypt's servile shore;  
 Thou madest it in the smile of heaven rejoice;  
 But the ripe clusters which awhile it bore  
 Now purple on the verdant hills no more;  
 The wild boar hath upon its branches trod.  
 Yet once again thy choicest influence pour,  
 Transplant it from this dim terrestrial sod,  
 To adorn with deathless bloom the paradise of God.



## HYMN FOR SPRING.

HUNT.

How smiling wakes the verdant year  
 Arrayed in velvet green!  
 How glad the circling fields appear,  
 That bound the blooming scene!

Forth walks from heaven the beaming Spring,  
 Calm as the dew she sheds;  
 And over Winter's muttering king  
 Her veil of roses spreads.

The sky serene, the waking flowers,  
The river's loosened wave,  
Repay the kind and tepid hours  
With all the charms they gave.

And hark! from yon melodious grove  
The feathered warblers break;  
And into notes of joy and love  
The solitude awake!

And shall the first beloved of heaven  
Mute listen as they sing;  
Shall man to whom the lyre is given,  
Not wake one grateful string?

O! let me join the aspiring lay,  
That gives my Maker praise;  
Join, but in louder notes than they,  
Than all their pleasures raise!

From stormy Winter hoar and chill  
Warm scenes of peace arise:  
For ever thus from seeming ill  
Heaven every good supplies.

For see, 'tis mildness, beauty, all  
Around the laughing whole;  
And nature's verdant charms recall  
The mildness of the soul.

O Thou, from whose all gracious eye  
The sun of splendour beams;  
Whose glories every ray supply,  
That gilds the trembling streams;

O'er nature's green and teeming fields  
Bid flowery graces rise,  
And every sweet, creation yields,  
Salute the morning skies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil  
 Along the stubborn land,  
 O! kindly lift the yielding soil,  
 And soothe the labouring hand.

Thence bid gay fruitfulness around  
 Her blooming reign extend ;  
 And where thy richest gifts are found,  
 Tell who the heavenly Friend.

As with her smiles life's weary vail  
 Is gently trod below ;  
 With thine, the closing home we hail,  
 That shuts us in from wo.

Till that celestial home is ours,  
 Let us its Lord implore,  
 Content may cheer our pilgrim hours,  
 And guide us to the door.



## AN ALPINE HYMN.

COLERIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul ! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest ; not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.—  
 Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink ;  
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,

Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald! wake, O! wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?  
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad,  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence came,)  
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"—  
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain!  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataraacts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?  
God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God!—  
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!—  
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,  
Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest,  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm,  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds,  
Ye signs and wonders of the element,



Utter forth, God! and fill the hills with praise.—  
 Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward glittering through the pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast.—  
 Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou  
 That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base,  
 Slow-travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
 To rise before me,—rise, O! ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven.  
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.



## RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

SIGOURNEY.

BRIGHT clouds! ye are gathering one by one,  
 Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,  
 With crimson banner, and golden pall,  
 Like a host to their chieftain's funeral;  
 Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot,  
 With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest  
 And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest;  
 Not thus, in the day of his pride and wrath,  
 Did ye dare to press on his glorious path;

At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,  
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say, *He is dead?*—You exult in vain,  
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train ;  
He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray,  
He shall reign in power when you fade away,  
When ye darkly cower in your vapoury hall,  
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The Soul!—the Soul!—with its eye of fire,  
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire ;  
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,  
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained ;  
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,  
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.



## COME TO THE WATERS.

EARLE.

Joy for the blessed promise ! life immortal  
Glow through its numbers with unclouded light,  
And heaven's eternal walls and golden portal  
Rise into prospect on the enraptured sight.

Come to the waters ! though thy heart be gushing  
With childhood's spirits, unrepressed by pain,  
And the fresh tide of life be freely rushing,  
Like mountain streamlets, through the youthful vein.

Come to the shores of Zion's hallowed river !  
Where life is bright with innocence and truth ;  
Turn from earth's blessings to their bounteous Giver,  
Drink of the fount, and know eternal youth.

Come to the waters ! thou whose locks are hoary,  
Thou patriarch sire, whose cares will soon be o'er ;  
Turn from the earth and seek unfading glory,  
Drink of the waters, drink and thirst no more.

Child of affliction, in the weeds of mourning,  
With spirit heaving in unceasing throes,  
Come where the lamp of life is ever burning,  
Drink at the heavenly stream, and end thy woes.

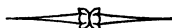
Come to the waters ! to the crystal fountain,  
Purer than that which followed Moses' rod ;  
The stream of life, from Zion's holy mountain,  
Fast by the ever-glorious throne of God.

Come to the waters ! though life's path be dreary,  
And earth's allurements no delight can give ;  
Lay down thy burden, traveller worn and weary,  
Lay down the oppressive burden, drink and live !

Lo, the lone wanderer, as he sadly traces  
The lengthened sands on Lybia's burning waste,  
Exults in joy, to find a green oasis,  
Springs to the sparkling pool, and stoops to taste.

Thus, on life's path, the oasis of the spirit  
Cheers the sad pilgrim toward the heavenly goal,  
Whither he gladly hastens, to inherit  
The glorious mansions of the ransomed soul.

Ends of the earth, ho! come ye to the waters!  
Give up, thou East—and hold not back, thou West;  
Princes and peasants, parents, sons, and daughters,  
Approach, partake, and find eternal rest!



## CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

HYSLOP.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,  
To the muirlands of mist, where the martyr host lay,  
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen  
Engraved on the stone, where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,  
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;  
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,  
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,  
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;  
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear shining dew  
Glistened sheen 'mong the heath bells, and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;  
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers, and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,  
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;

Its daughters were happy, to hail the returning,  
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,  
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cameron were lying  
Concealed 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying,  
For the horsemen of Earshall around them were hovering,  
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;  
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,  
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;  
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were  
shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm and unbending  
They stood like the rock, which the thunder is rending.

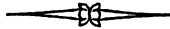
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;  
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;

Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining ;  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding ;  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.



## T H E S K Y .

ANONYMOUS.

The sky, the great, the glorious sky,  
What beauty dwelleth there !  
The sky, the bright, the gorgeous sky,  
Can aught with it compare ?  
At rosy morn, at eve, at night,  
I gaze with ever new delight.

A crystal dome, whence gem-like rays  
Of light come pouring down :  
A vault whose fires close studded blaze  
On night's imperial crown :  
Triumphal arch, with gay clouds hung,  
Like banners round a hero flung.

A canopy, 'neath which the earth,  
With mighty ocean lies ;  
Stretched o'er them when, at nature's birth,  
The angels' wondering eyes  
Beheld completed by his hand,  
This work the Almighty Father planned.

When first the ruddy sun appears  
'Mid dewy flowers that slept,  
Like bridegroom that would kiss the tears  
Love for his absence wept,  
And woos back to his warm embrace,  
Their beauties hid from night's dark face.

And like a monarch clothed in flame,  
He rides in triumph on,  
Till clouds that with the darkness came,  
Have melted one by one ;  
And floods of glory wide are poured  
From chariot of day's haughty lord.

And when thy myriad flashing rays  
At evening hour are seen,  
Like clustering diamonds' gorgeous blaze,  
Spread o'er the deep serene ;  
And shines the bow which since the flood  
Has monument of mercy stood ;

When the high up-piled masses loom  
In awful darkness grand,  
And strange, portentous shape assume,  
Like giant castled land,  
As if the war, 'twixt gods and men,  
Were gathering in the heavens again ;

And when the tempest dies away,  
And reigns a holy calm,  
When stars peep out at close of day,  
And low winds breathe a balm,  
And from her silver car the moon  
Looks down on fragrant buds of June ;

The sky, the great, the glorious sky—  
What beauty still is there ?

The sky, the bright, the gorgeous sky,  
 Can aught with it compare?  
 Upon each varying shade and light,  
 I gaze with rapture, morn and night.

I love the earth, I love the sky,  
 The song birds and the flowers,  
 The idle wind that frolics by,  
 In summer's leafy bowers.  
 My heart leaps up at their sweet call;  
 I feel "my Father made them all."



### SEEKING GOD EARLY.

ANONYMOUS.

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,  
 Thou youthful wanderer in the flowery maze;  
 Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,  
 And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;  
 Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,  
 Waken rich feelings in the careless breast:  
 While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,  
 Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;  
 Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover  
 Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;  
 Those who now bless thee will have passed for ever;  
 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee:  
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,  
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,  
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;



Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,

Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.

Life is but shadows, save a promise given,

Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray :

O! touch the sceptre, with a hope in heaven ;

Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence

Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,

And, shining brightly in the forward distance,

Will of thy patient race appear the goal ;

Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,

The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss :

Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,

Who would not early choose a lot like this ?



## THE LAST SUPPER.

CUNNINGHAM.

**DARK** was the long-predicted night,

When last the little flock assembled,

And watched, with awe, the approaching light,

And for the fatal morrow trembled ;

That morrow which their Lord should see

Extended on the accursed tree.

"Twas then that, with uplifted eye,

He took the sacred bread and brake it ;

"Twas then the cup he raised on high,

And bade the astonished mourners take it ;

" Take it : and when this cup you see,

Poor contrite soul, remember me !"

And didst thou say, " Remember me ?"

Sooner yon sun shall cease its shining ;

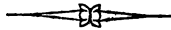
Sooner this soul shall cease to be,

Its immortality resigning,

Than this fond heart forget to raise  
Its anthems of perpetual praise.

Can we thy houseless nights forget,  
The cold dews on thy temples lying;  
The taunts, the spear, the bloody sweat,  
The last, long agony of dying;  
Thy present gifts, so large and free;  
The transports of eternity?

And is thy sacred table decked,  
Thine own blest hand the feast preparing;  
And shall our souls the joys reject  
The angelic bands delight in sharing?  
We come—we come—oh, hear our prayer,  
Blest Saviour—meet our spirits there!



## CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

HEMANS.

HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
When but his Father's eye  
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,  
On that dread agony:  
The Lord of all above, beneath,  
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
The skies might well grow dim,  
When this mortality had power,  
So to o'ershadow *Him!*  
That He who gave man's breath might know,  
The very depth of human wo.

He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,  
 The faint, perplexing dread,  
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
 All darkened round his head!  
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

It passed not—though the stormy wave  
 Had sunk beneath his tread;  
 It passed not—though to Him the grave  
 Had yielded up its dead.  
 But there was sent Him from on high  
 A gift of strength, for man to die.

And was *his* mortal hour beset  
 With anguish and dismay?  
 —How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
 In the dark, narrow way?  
 How, but through Him, that path who trod?  
 Save, or we perish, Son of God!



## THE CRUCIFIXION.

CROLY.

CITY of God! Jerusalem,  
 Why rushes out thy living stream?  
 The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,  
 The Roman in his pride are there;  
 And thousands, tens of thousands, still  
 Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,  
 There rush the bridegroom and the bride;

Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,  
 The old, the young, the bond, the free ;  
 The nation's furious multitude,  
 All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn ;—from height to height  
 Shoot the keen arrows of the light ;  
 And glorious in their central shower,  
 Palace of holiness and power,  
 The temple on Moriah's brow,  
 Looks a new risen sun below.

But wo to hill, and wo to vale !  
 Against them shall come forth a wail :  
 And wo to bridegroom and to bride !  
 For death shall on the whirlwind ride :  
 And wo to thee, resplendent shine,  
 The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,  
 Before the deed of blood is done !  
 Upon that temple's haughty steep  
 Jerusalem's last angels weep ;  
 They see destruction's funeral pall  
 Blackening o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,  
 They hear the coming armies roar :  
 They see in Sion's hall of state  
 The sign that maketh desolate,  
 The idol standard, pagan spear,  
 The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall ; the chain,  
 The long, long age of guilt and pain :  
 The exile's thousand desperate years,  
 The more than groans, the more than tears ;

Jerusalem, a vanished name,  
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,  
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood,  
But on the murderers' furious van,  
Who totters on? A weary man ;  
A cross upon his shoulders bound,  
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary,  
What slave upon that hill must die ?  
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,  
Must be the mountain vulture's food ?  
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,  
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame  
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name ;  
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,  
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,  
All that the dying hour can sting,  
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned King.

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,  
No wrath is for the wrath returned,  
No vengeance flashes from the eye,  
The sufferer calmly waits to die :  
The sceptre reed, the thorny crown,  
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,  
The form is bound, the nails are driven ;  
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee !  
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee !  
The cross is reared. The deed is done.  
There stands Messiah's earthly throne !

This was the earth's consummate hour ;  
 For this had blazed the prophet's power ;  
 For this had swept the conqueror's sword,  
 Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored ;  
 Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,  
 For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam  
 Were darkness, earth itself a dream ;  
 Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid,  
 Sublime, when sun and star shall fade ;  
 Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,  
 Hung on thy anguish, King of kings !

Still from his lip no curse has come,  
 His lofty eye has looked no doom ;  
 No earthquake burst, no angel brand  
 Crushes the black, blaspheming band :  
 What say those lips by anguish riven ?  
 " God, be my murderers forgiven !"

He dies in whose high victory,  
 The slayer, death himself, shall die.  
 He dies : by whose all-conquering tread  
 Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head ;  
 From his proud throne to darkness hurled,  
 The god and tempter of this world.

He dies, creation's awful Lord,  
 Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word !  
 To come in thunder from the skies ;  
 To bid the buried world arise ;  
 The earth his footstool, heaven his throne ;  
 Redeemer ! may thy will be done.

## THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

1 CORINTHIANS vii. 31.

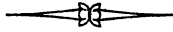
SIGOURNEY.

A ROSE upon her mossy stem,  
 Fair queen of Flora's gay domain,  
 All graceful wore her diadem,  
 The brightest 'mid the brilliant train ;  
 But evening came, with frosty breath,  
 And ere the quick return of day,  
 Her beauties in the blight of death  
 Had passed away.

I saw when morning gemmed the sky,  
 A fair young creature gladly rove,  
 Her moving lip was melody,  
 Her varying smile the charm of love:  
 At eve I came, but on her bed  
 She drooped, with forehead pale as clay ;  
 "What dost thou here ?"—she faintly said,  
 " Passing away."

I looked on manhood's towering form,  
 Like some tall oak when tempests blow,  
 That scorns the fury of the storm  
 And strongly strikes its root below ;  
 Again I looked—with idiot cower  
 His vacant eye's unmeaning ray  
 Told how the mind of godlike power  
 May pass away.

Of Earth I asked, with deep surprise,  
 Hast thou no more enduring grace,  
 To lure thy trusting votaries  
 Along their toil-worn, shadowy race?  
 She answered not, the grave replied,  
 "Lo! to my sceptre's silent sway,  
 Her boasted beauty, pomp and pride,  
 Must pass away."



## MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

CUNNINGHAM.

How sweet, in the musing of faith, to repair  
 To the garden where Mary delighted to rove;  
 To sit by the tomb where she breathed her fond prayer,  
 And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love;  
 To see the bright beam which disperses her fear,  
 As the Lord of her soul breaks the bars of his prison,  
 And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear,  
 The Lord is a captive no more—"He is risen!"

O Saviour! as oft as our footsteps we bend  
 In penitent sadness to weep at thy grave,  
 On the wings of thy greatness in pity descend,  
 Be ready to comfort and "mighty to save."  
 We shrink not from scenes of desertion and wo,  
 If there we may meet with the Lord of our love;  
 Contented, with Mary, to sorrow below,  
 If, with her, we may drink of thy fountains above.



## THE ADVENT.

MILMAN.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;  
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! around him are poured,  
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;  
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:  
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered monuments stirred!  
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,  
Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;  
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,  
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love:  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

## THE JOY OF ANGELS.

DALE.

O WHY are the loud harps of seraphs resounding  
Sweet music of joy through the bright realms above?  
And the choir of the ransomed in transport responding  
New anthems of praise to the God of their love?

And why do they stoop from the scene of their gladness,  
Where round the blest throne of the Lamb they recline?  
And what can they trace in this dark vale of sadness,  
To heighten a rapture already divine?

Behold in yon desolate cell, where reclining  
On earth, lone and cheerless, the captive is laid;  
No beam through the gloom of his dungeon is shining,  
No accents of friendship breathe solace or aid:

And yet, though the bands of the base have enchained him,  
His soul bows submissive and meek to the rod;  
From friends who deserted and foes who disdained him,  
He sought for a refuge—he fled to his God.

Then mark, down his wan cheek, the silent tear stealing,  
The pale lips that quiver convulsive in prayer;  
The deep sigh that bursts from his bosom revealing  
The sorrow that springs from true penitence there:

And marvel no more, why with angels consenting,  
The saints to their Lord songs of rapture should raise;  
They gaze from their thrones on a sinner repenting,  
And wake to fresh transports of wonder and praise.

## SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

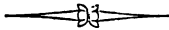
I WEEP, but not rebellious tears;  
I mourn, but not in hopeless wo;  
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;  
For whom I've trusted, Him I know.  
Lord, I believe, assuage my grief,  
And help, O help, my unbelief.

My days of youth and health are o'er;  
My early friends are dead and gone;  
And there are times it tries me sore  
To think I'm left on earth alone.  
But yet Faith whispers, 'Tis not so—  
He will not leave, nor let thee go.

Blind eyes, fond heart, poor soul, that sought  
For lasting bliss in things of earth;—  
Remembering but with transient thought  
Thy heavenly home, thy second birth;  
Till God in mercy broke at last  
The bonds that held thee down so fast.

As link by link was rent away,  
My heart wept blood, so sharp the pain;  
But I have learnt to count this day,  
That temporal loss, eternal gain;  
For all that once detained me here  
Now draws me to a holier sphere:

A holier sphere, a happier place,  
 Where I shall know as I am known,  
 And see my Saviour face to face,  
 And meet rejoicing round his throne,  
 The faithful souls made perfect there,  
 From earthly stains and mortal care.



## T O O L A T E.

MRS. ABDY.

Too late—too late! How heavily that phrase  
 Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear,  
 Telling of slighted duties, wasted days,  
 Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear  
 Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like these  
 The worldling's callous heart must penetrate;  
 All that he might have been in thought he sees,  
 And sorrows o'er his present wreck—too late.

Too late—too late! The prodigal, who strays  
 Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;  
 The cold and false deceiver, who betrays  
 The trusting heart he fondly toiled to win;  
 The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,  
 And left in age despised and desolate,  
 All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,  
 Yet struggle to retrieve the past—too late.

Too late—too late! O dark and fatal ban,  
 Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage?

There is, there is! but seek it not from man :  
 Seek for the healing balm in God's own page ;  
 Read of thy Saviour's love, to him repair ;  
 He looks with pity on thy guilty state ;  
 Kneel at his throne in deep and fervent prayer,  
 Kneel and repent, ere yet it be—too late.

Too late—too late ! That direful sound portends  
 Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain ;  
 Thou mayst have lost the confidence of friends,  
 The love of kindred thou mayst ne'er regain ;  
 But there is One above who marks thy tears,  
 And opes for thee salvation's golden gate ;  
 Come then, poor mourner, cast away thy fears,  
 Believe, and enter—it is not too late !



## WHAT IS TIME?

MARSDEN.

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,  
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs ;  
 "Time is the *warp* of life," he said ; " O tell  
 The young, the fair, the gay to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient venerable dead,  
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;  
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
 "Time sowed the *seeds* we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke  
 Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke ;  
 I asked him, What is time ? "Time," he replied,  
 "I've lost it. Ah the *treasure* !" and he died !

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,  
 Those bright chronometers of days and years ;  
 They answered, " Time is but a *meteor's* glare,"  
 And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,  
 Which beautify, or desolate the ground ;  
 And they replied, no oracle more wise,  
 " 'Tis folly's *blank*, and wisdom's highest *prize!*"

I asked a spirit lost, but, O the shriek  
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!  
 It cried, " A particle, a speck, a mite  
 Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I  
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,  
 " Time is the season fair of living well,  
 The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
 " Thine is the present hour, the past is fled ;  
 Live! live to-day! *to-morrow* never yet,  
 On any human being, rose or set!"

I asked old father Time himself at last ;  
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;  
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
 His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand  
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land :  
 " By heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's o'er!  
 Time *was*," he cried,—“ but time shall be no more!"

## THE VAUDOIS' WIFE.

MRS. HEMANS.

The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved!  
Thy look is in my heart,  
Thy bosom is my resting-place,  
And yet I must depart.  
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—  
Too precious is its chain,  
All woven of thy love, dear friend,  
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved!  
Thou see'st my life-blood flow.—  
Bow to the Chastener silently,  
And calmly let me go!  
A little while between our hearts  
The shadowy gulf must lie,  
Yet have we for their communing,  
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,  
My spirit they detain;  
I know that from thine agony  
Is wrung that burning rain.  
Best, kindest, weep not;—make the pang,  
The bitter conflict, less—

O! sad it is, and yet a joy,  
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought of death  
A solemn peace restore!  
The voice that must be silent soon,  
Would speak to thee once more,  
That thou mayst bear its blessing on  
Through years of after life—  
A token of consoling love,  
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,  
The tender, and the true,  
Where mine hath found the happiest rest,  
That e'er fond woman's knew;  
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,  
For my own, my treasured share,  
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
Showered on my path like dew,  
For all the love in those deep eyes,  
A gladness ever new!  
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied  
But in kindly tones of cheer;  
For every spring of happiness  
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon  
Won from affection tried,  
The right to gaze on death with thee,  
To perish by thy side!  
And yet more for the glorious hope  
Even to *these* moments given—



Did not *thy* spirit ever lift  
The trust of *mine* to Heaven?

Now be *thou* strong! O! knew we not  
Our path must lead to this?  
A shadow and a trembling still  
Were mingled with our bliss!  
We plighted our young hearts when storms  
Were dark upon the sky,  
In full, deep knowledge of their task  
To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice  
Of this, my martyred blood,  
With the thousand echoes of the hills,  
With the torrent's foaming flood,—  
A spirit midst the caves to dwell,  
A token on the air,  
To rouse the valiant from repose,  
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thee on, my love!  
Aye, joyously endure!  
Our mountains must be altars yet,  
Inviolat and pure;  
There must our God be worshipped still  
With the worship of the free—  
Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in death,  
One only,—leaving thee!

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

DONNE.

WHAT is that, mother?

The Lark, my child.

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,  
 And is up and away with the dew on his breast,  
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,  
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.  
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays  
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The Dove, my son ;

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
 Constant and pure by that lonely nest,  
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
 For the distant dear one's quick return.  
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,  
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?

The Eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course of joy,  
 Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,  
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;  
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.  
 Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
 Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother ?

The Swan, my love.

He is floating down from his native grove,  
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;  
 He is floating down by himself to die ;  
 Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings,  
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.  
 Live so, my son, that when death shall come,  
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.



## HOPE IS BETTER THAN EASE.

KEBLE.

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away ;  
 Wish me a wise and thankful heart,  
 With God, in all my griefs, to stay,  
 Nor from his loved correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave  
 His portion in our souls to prove,  
 What is it to the gift He gave,  
 The only Son of his dear love ?

But we, like vexed unquiet sprites,  
 Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,  
 Where buried lie our vain delights,  
 Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.

In life's long sickness, evermore  
 Our thoughts are tossing to and fro :  
 We change our posture o'er and o'er,  
 But cannot rest, nor cheat our wo.

Were it not better to lie still,  
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod ;  
Never so safe as when our will  
Yields undiscerned by all but God?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be,  
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,  
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see  
How thou mayest turn them all to gain.

Lovest thou praise? the Cross is shame :  
Or ease? the Cross is bitter grief :  
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame,  
Were suffered there without relief.

We of that altar would partake,  
But cannot quit the cost—no throne  
Is ours, to leave for thy dear sake ;  
We cannot do as thou hast done.

We cannot part with heaven for thee ;  
Yet guide us in thy track of love :  
Let us gaze on where light should be,  
Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers ever fond and true  
Look homeward through the evening sky,  
Without a streak of heaven's soft blue,  
To aid affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,  
And we will look and long for thee,  
And thank thee for each trying hour,  
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

## THE SYNAGOGUE.

CROSWELL.

"But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart.  
Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away."  
*St. Paul.*

I saw them in their synagogue, as in their ancient day,  
And never from my memory the scene will fade away,  
For dazzling on my vision still, the latticed galleries shine,  
With Israel's loveliest daughters, in their beauty half divine!

It is the holy Sabbath eve,—the solitary light  
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day, a lustre nothing bright;  
On swarthy brow and piercing glance it falls with saddening  
tinge,  
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's phylacteries and fringe.

The two leaved doors slide slow apart, before the eastern  
screen,  
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted prayers between,  
And mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gorgeous dye,  
Enveloped in their jeweled scarfs, the sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery headed man,  
With voice of solemn cadence o'er the backward letters ran,  
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power that sate  
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I prayed, that from the mighty scroll,  
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul;  
That on their hardened hearts the veil might be no longer  
dark,  
But be for ever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah! from thy sight,  
 And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,  
 When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ distinctly seen,  
 Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.



## THE WIDOW.

PERCIVAL.

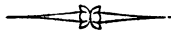
THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken;  
 She is a widow; she is old and poor;  
 Her only hope is in that sacred token  
 Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;  
 She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more  
 Than heaven's delightful volume, and the sight  
 Of her Redeemer. Sceptics, would you pour  
 Your blasting vials on her head, and blight  
 Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave  
 Has closed upon her husband, children; all  
 Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save  
 Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,  
 Though she has never mounted high to fall  
 And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring  
 Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall  
 Her unperverted palate, but will bring  
 A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave  
 Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er

With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,  
 The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore  
 Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour  
 The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,  
 Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more  
 She muses on the griefs of former days;  
 Her full heart melts, and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes  
 Of saints look pity on her: Death will come—  
 A few short moments over, and the prize  
 Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb  
 Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom  
 Is scattered. What a meeting there will be  
 To her and all she loved here! and the bloom  
 Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee;  
 Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.



## THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

REV. HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

THE eyes of thousands glanced on him, as 'mid the cirque  
 he stood,  
 Unheeding of the shout which broke from that vast multitude.  
 The prison damps had paled his cheek; and on his lofty  
 brow  
 Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of his plough.  
 Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his  
 eye,  
 For well that feeble old man knew they brought him forth  
 to die.  
 Yet joy was beaming in that eye,—while from his lips a  
 prayer

Passed up to heaven, and faith secured his peaceful dwelling  
there.

Then calmly on his foes he looked; and, as he gazed, a tear  
Stole o'er his cheeks—but 'twas the birth of pity, not of fear.  
He knelt down on the gory land—once more he looked  
towards heaven,

And to the Christian's God he prayed that they might be  
forgiven.

But hark! another shout, o'er which the hungry lion's roar  
Is heard, like thunder, 'mid the swell on wild tempestuous  
shore!

And forth the Libyan savage bursts—rolls his red eyes  
around;

Then on his helpless victim springs, and beats him to the  
ground.

Short pause was left for hope or fear—the instinctive love  
of life

One struggle made, but vainly made, in such unequal strife.  
Then with the scanty stream of life his jaws the savage  
dyed;

While one by one the quivering limbs his bloody feast sup-  
plied.

Rome's prince and senators partook the shouting crowd's  
delight;

And beauty gazed unshrinkingly on that unhallowed sight.

But say what evil had he done? what sin of deepest hue?

A blameless faith was all the crime that Christian martyr  
knew:

And where his precious blood was spilt, even from that bar-  
ren sand

There sprung a stem, whose vigorous bough soon over-  
spread the land:

O'er distant isles its shadow fell; nor knew its roots decay,  
Even when the Roman Cæsars' throne and empire passed  
away.



## C L O U D S .

CROSWELL.

I CANNOT look above and see  
 Yon high-piled pillowy mass  
 Of evening clouds, so swimmingly,  
 In gold and purple pass,  
 And think not, Lord, how thou wast seen  
 On Israel's desert way,  
 Before them, in thy shadowy screen,  
 Pavilioned all the day;

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue,  
 Which the Redeemer wore,  
 When ravished from his followers' view,  
 Aloft his flight he bore;  
 When lifted, as on mighty wing,  
 He curtained his ascent,  
 And wrapt in clouds, went triumphing  
 Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall  
 Of many coloured dyes,  
 That high above, o'er-mantling all,  
 Hangs midway down the skies—  
 Or borders of those sweeping folds  
 Which shall be all unfurled  
 About the Saviour, when he holds  
 His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as he went,—  
 My soul, hast thou forgot?—

Shall be his terrible descent,  
 When man expecteth not.  
 Strength, Son of man, against that hour,  
 Be to our spirits given,  
 When thou shalt come again with power,  
 Upon the clouds of heaven.



## THE TWO VOICES.

HEMANS.

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain,  
 Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain  
 Meet in the sky :  
 "Thou art gone hence!" one sang; "Our light is flown,  
 Our beautiful, that seemed too much our own,  
 Ever to die.

"Thou art gone hence!—our joyous hills among  
 Never again to pour thy soul in song,  
 When spring-flowers rise:  
 Never the friend's familiar step to meet  
 With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet  
 Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone *home!*" then, high and clear,  
 Warbled that other Voice: "Thou hast no tear  
 Again to shed;  
 Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,  
 Never, weighed down by memory's clouds, again  
 To bow thy head.

“Thou art gone home! O! early crowned and blest!  
 Where could the love of that deep heart find rest  
     With aught below?  
 Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,  
 All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—  
     Thrice blest to go!”

Yet sighed again that breeze-like Voice of grief—  
 “Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,  
     So loved should be!  
 Thou tak’st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,  
 The music of our being, all in one,  
     Depart with thee!

“Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!  
 Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead,  
     The dark unknown?  
 Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,  
 Never again to light up hearth or hall,  
     Thy smile is gone!

“Home, *home!*” once more the exulting Voice arose:  
 “Thou art gone home, from that divine repose  
     Never to roam!  
 Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,  
 To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—  
     Thou art gone home!

“By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—  
 Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past  
     The rough sea’s foam!  
 Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled,—  
 Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is filled.  
     —Thou art gone home!”

## TO THE PAST.

BRYANT.

Thou unrelenting Past!  
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,  
And fetters, sure and fast,  
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,  
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom;  
And glorious ages gone  
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,  
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground:  
And last, man's life on earth,  
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,  
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,  
Yielded to thee with tears—  
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring  
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,  
And struggles hard to wring  
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny  
All passage, save to those who hence depart;  
Nor to the streaming eye  
Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide  
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee  
Earth's wonder and her pride  
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,  
Unpublished charity—unbroken faith—  
Love, that midst grief began,  
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name  
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;  
With thee are silent fame,  
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine, for a space, are they—  
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;  
Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair  
Has gone into thy womb, from earliest time,  
Shall then come forth to wear  
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !  
Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,  
Smiles, radiant long ago,  
And features, the great soul's apparent seat ;

All shall come back, each tie  
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;  
Alone shall evil die,  
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold  
 Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung;  
 And her, who, still and cold,  
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.



## EFFECTS OF SIN.

BLAIR.

WHAT havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!  
 Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent  
 Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee  
 Sorrow had never been. All noxious things  
 Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils  
 Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.  
 The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails,  
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,  
 Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,  
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,  
 And there it stops. The big swoln inundation,  
 Of mischief more diffusive, raging loud,  
 Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;  
 But that too has its shore it cannot pass.  
 More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,  
 Not here and there a country, but a world;  
 Dispatching, at a wide-extended blow,  
 Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing  
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
 Blasting the foodful grain, and loaded branches,  
 And marking all along its way with ruin.  
 Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find  
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
 Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!

Of temper so transcendently malign,  
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind  
 Compared to thee are harmless. Sicknesses  
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,  
 And bluest plagues are thine. See how the fiend  
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!  
 While deep-mouthed Slaughter, bellowing at her heels,  
 Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow  
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,  
 And inly pines till the dread blow be struck.



## HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

HEMANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
 Our God, our fathers' God!  
 Thou hast made thy children mighty,  
 By the touch of the mountain sod.  
 Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge  
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
 Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon  
 Whose lights must never die;  
 We are guardians of an altar  
 Midst the silence of the sky;  
 The rocks yield founts of courage  
 Struck forth as by thy rod—  
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
 Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,  
Where thy still small voice is heard,  
For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by thy breath are stirred;  
For the storms on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad—  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth  
On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master,  
Seeks there his wild delights;  
But we for *thy* communion  
Have sought the mountain sod—  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain  
Far, far below us waves;  
The war-horse of the spearman  
Can not reach our lofty caves;  
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,  
Round our camp of rock outspread;  
For the stern defiles of battle,  
Bearing record of our dead;  
For the snows, and for the torrents,  
For the free heart's burial sod,  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!



## ISRAEL AMONG THE RUINS OF CANAAN.

KEBLE.

WHERE is the land with milk and honey flowing,  
The promise of our God, our fancy's theme?  
Here over shattered walls dank weeds are growing,  
And blood and fire have run in mingled stream;  
Like oaks and cedars all around  
The giant corpses strew the ground,  
And haughty Jericho's cloud-piercing wall  
Lies where it sank at Joshua's trumpet call.

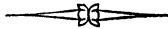
These are not scenes for pastoral dance at even,  
For moonlight roving in the fragrant glades,  
Soft slumbers in the open eye of heaven,  
And all the listless joy of summer shades.  
We in the midst of ruins live,  
Which every hour dread warning give,  
Nor may our household vine or fig-tree hide  
The broken arches of old Canaan's pride.

Where is the sweet repose of hearts repenting,  
The deep calm sky, the sunshine of the soul,  
Now heaven and earth are to our bliss consenting,  
And all the Godhead joins to make us whole?  
The triple crown of mercy now  
Is ready for the suppliant's brow,  
By the Almighty Three for ever planned,  
And from behind the cloud held out by Jesus' hand.

“Now, Christians, hold your own—the land before ye  
Is open—win your way, and take your rest.”

So sounds our war-note; but our path of glory  
 By many a cloud is darkened and unblest :  
 And daily as we downward glide,  
 Life's ebbing stream on either side  
 Shows at each turn some mouldering hope or joy,  
 The Man seems following still the funeral of the Boy.

Open our eyes, thou Sun of life and gladness,  
 That we may see that glorious world of thine !  
 It shines for us in vain, while drooping sadness  
 Enfolds us here like mist: come Power benign,  
 Touch our chilled hearts with vernal smile,  
 Our wintry course do thou beguile,  
 Nor by the wayside ruins let us mourn,  
 Who have th' eternal towers for our appointed bourne.



## THE MARINER'S HYMN.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner!  
 Christian, God speed thee!  
 Let loose the rudder-bands—  
 Good angels lead thee!  
 Set thy sails warily,  
 Tempests will come;  
 Steer thy course steadily,  
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,  
 Breakers are round thee;

Let fall the plummet now,  
 Shallows may ground thee.  
 Reef in thy foresail, there!  
 Hold the helm fast!  
 So—let the vessel wear—  
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?”  
 What of the night?”  
 “Cloudy—all quiet—  
 No land yet—all’s right.”  
 Be wakeful, be vigilant—  
 Danger may be  
 At an hour when all seemeth  
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?  
 Clean out the hold—  
 Hoist up thy merchandize,  
 Heave out thy gold;—  
 There—let the ingots go—  
 Now the ship rights;  
 Hurra! the harbour’s near—  
 Lo, the red lights!

Slacken no sail yet  
 At inlet or island;  
 Straight for the beacon steer,  
 Straight for the high land;  
 Crowd all thy canvass on,  
 Cut through the foam—  
 Christian! cast anchor now—  
 Heaven is thy home!

## THANATOPSIS.

BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language. For his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,  
Go forth unto the open sky, and list  
To nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods : rivers that move  
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadow green ; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ;  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings ; yet—the dead are there  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall  
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase

His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
 The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles  
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
 By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



## COMMON BLESSINGS.

ANONYMOUS.

Is it true that we despise  
 Blessings common in our eyes?  
 The fair azure of the sky,  
 Or the meadows' emerald dye;  
 Stars, which duly every night  
 Sparkle with exceeding light;  
 Moonbeams with enchanted grace  
 Making earth a fairy place;  
 Or in sunny hours of May,

(Nature's blessed holiday,  
When each bright and pleasant thing  
Glitters in the joy of Spring ;  
Common blessings these may be—  
They are beautiful to me.  
Many things as well as these  
Common, happily, do please ;  
Loving word, and kindly deed,  
And that grace which doth exceed  
Every other, (though it bear  
Not so high a name and air,)  
Love's forbearance, daily seen  
In the sweet and patient mien ;  
Household love, which vainly tries  
To hide itself in new disguise,  
In the father's merry play  
With the child at close of day,  
In the sister's tender look  
Of affectionate rebuke :  
With all sympathies which bind  
Heart to heart, and mind to mind ;  
Common blessings these appear,  
But most excellent and dear.  
Health, to gladden every day,  
Hope, to banish care away,  
Love, prosperity to bless,  
Prayer, to sanctify distress ;  
Common blessings these may be,  
But most precious unto me ;  
Treasures of our common lot,  
Not unnoticed or forgot ;  
Silent as ye come and go,  
Grateful hearts your presence know ;  
Long continued may ye be,  
Common blessings, unto me!

## ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

SPRAGUE.

I KNEW that we must part; day after day  
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way.  
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,  
As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;  
Feeble and slow the once light footstep grew,  
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,  
Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung,  
Each sweet "Good night" fell fainter from thy tongue.  
I knew that we must part—no power could save  
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;  
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,  
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;  
Those lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek,  
That voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;  
All told thy doom; I felt it at my heart;  
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, Mary—thou art gone!  
Gone in thine early bloom, meek suffering one!  
Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep,  
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,  
In those fond watchers who around thee stood,  
And felt, even then, that God was greatly good.  
Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,  
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,  
As if to thee, in that dread hour, 'twere given  
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven;  
Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest,  
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed.



Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,  
 And touched each feature with a new-born grace;  
 On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,  
 And told that life's poor cares had passed away,  
 In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,  
 I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted—Mary—thou art dead!  
 On its last resting place I laid thy head,  
 Then by the coffin-side knelt down, and took  
 A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look.  
 Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned;  
 From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned;  
 Ah! then I felt that thou hadst passed away,  
 That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay.  
 And then came memory, with her busy throng  
 Of tender images, forgotten long;  
 Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,  
 I saw thee—heard thee, as in days of old;  
 Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew,  
 Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due;  
 Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started,  
 I turned away, and felt that we had parted.

But not for ever—in the silent tomb,  
 Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room;  
 A little while—a few short years of pain,  
 And, one by one, we'll come to thee again.  
 The kind old father shall seek out the place,  
 And rest with thee, the youngest of the race;  
 The dear, dear mother,—bent with age and grief—  
 Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief;  
 Sister and brother, and that faithful friend—  
 True from the first, and tender to the end;  
 All, all, in His good time—who placed us here,—  
 To live, to love, to die and disappear—

Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,  
 Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree ;  
 With thee to sleep, through death's long dreamless night,  
 With thee rise up and bless the morning light.



## BETTER MOMENTS.

WILLIS.

My mother's voice ! how often creeps  
 Its cadence on my lonely hours  
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.  
 I can forget her melting prayer,  
 While leaping pulses madly fly,  
 But in the still unbroken air  
 Her gentle tone comes stealing by,  
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
 And leave me at my mother's knee.  
 The book of nature, and the print  
 Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
 Give aye to me some lineament  
 Of what I have been taught to be.  
 My heart is harder, and perhaps  
 My manliness hath drunk up tears,  
 And there's a mildew in the lapse  
 Of a few miserable years—  
 But nature's book is even yet  
 With all my mother's lessons writ.  
 I have been out at eventide  
 Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,  
 When earth was garnished like a bride,  
 And night had on her silver wing—

When bursting leaves and diamond grass,  
 And waters leaping to the light,  
 And all that makes the pulses pass  
 With wilder fleetness, thronged the night;  
 When all was beauty—then have I  
 With friends on whom my love is flung  
 Like myrrh on winds of Araby,  
 Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.  
 And when the beauteous spirit there,  
 Flung over me its golden chain,  
 My mother's voice came on the air  
 Like the light dropping of the rain—  
 And resting on some silver star  
 The spirit of a bended knee,  
 I've poured a low and fervent prayer,  
 That our eternity might be  
 To rise in heaven like stars at night,  
 And tread a living path of light.  
 I have been on the dewy hills,  
 When night was stealing from the dawn,  
 And mist was on the waking rills,  
 And tints were delicately drawn  
 In the gray east—when birds were waking  
 With a low murmur in the trees,  
 And melody by fits was breaking  
 Upon the whisper of the breeze;  
 And this when I was forth, perchance  
 As a worn reveller from the dance;  
 And when the sun sprang gloriously  
 And freely up, and hill and river  
 Were catching upon wave and tree  
 The arrows from his subtle quiver—  
 I say a voice has thrilled me then,  
 Heard on the still and rushing light,  
 Or, creeping from the silent glen

Like words from the departing night—  
 Hath stricken me, and I have pressed  
 On the wet grass my fevered brow  
 And pouring forth the earliest  
 First prayer, with which I learned to bow,  
 Have felt my mother's spirit rush  
 Upon me as in by-past years,  
 And yielding to the blessed gush  
 Of my ungovernable tears,  
 Have risen up—the gay, the wild—  
 As humble as a very child.



## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

MARY HOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak tree and the cedar tree  
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,  
 For every want of ours,  
 For luxury, medicine and toil,  
 And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine  
 Requireth none to grow,  
 Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,  
 The nightly dew might fall,  
 And the herb that keepeth life in man,  
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made  
 All dyed with rainbow light,  
 All fashioned with supremest grace,  
 Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountain high,  
 And in the silent wilderness,  
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,  
 Then, wherefore had they birth?  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,  
 Whene'er his faith is dim,  
 For He who careth for the flowers,  
 Will care much more for him.



## THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

WILLIS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
 Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl  
 Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
 Since the hot noon-tide in a breathless trance,  
 Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand  
 Of the heart-broken ruler, and her breast,  
 Like the dead marble, white and motionless.  
 The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
 And as it stirred with the awakening wind

The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,  
 And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
 She turned upon her pillow. He was there—  
 The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked  
 Into his face until her sight grew dim  
 With the fast falling tears, and, with a sigh  
 Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,  
 She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
 And kissed it as she wept. The old man sank  
 Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
 Of the rich curtains buried up his face;  
 And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
 Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held  
 Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear  
 In the dead utter silence, that a breath  
 Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave  
 To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth  
 He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
 Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
 Ached with its deadly stillness.

\* \* \* \* The same silvery light  
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
 Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,  
 As at that door he stood, and welcomed in  
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
 Of moonlight slanting to the marble floor  
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms  
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps  
 He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched  
 The latch, there came a whisper from within,  
 "Trouble the Master not—for she is dead."—  
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,  
 And his steps faltered, and his broken voice

Choked in its utterance—but a gentle hand  
 Was laid upon his own, and in his ear  
 The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
 "She is not dead, but sleepeth."  
 They passed in. \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* Like a form  
 Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—  
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
 And over it her white transparent hands,  
 The blood still rosy in her tapering nails,  
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life;  
 And round, beneath the faintly tinted skin,  
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins—  
 And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
 Matching the arches penciled on her brow.  
 Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose  
 Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
 In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
 Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung  
 Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
 'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised  
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,  
 "Maiden! arise!"—and suddenly a flush  
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
 And through her cheek the rallied colour ran,  
 And the still outline of her graceful form  
 Stirred in the linen vesture, and she clasped  
 The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes  
 Full on his beaming countenance—arose.

## THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

KEBLE.

AND wilt thou hear the fevered heart  
To thee in silence cry?  
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart  
Out of the restless eye,  
Wilt thou forgive the wayward thought,  
By kindly woes yet half untaught,  
A Saviour's right so dearly bought,  
That hope should never die?

Thou wilt: for many a languid prayer  
Has reached thee from the wild,  
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,  
Cast down her fainting child,\*  
Then stole apart to weep and die,  
Nor knew an angel form was nigh,  
To show soft waters gushing by,  
And dewy shadows mild.

Thou wilt—for thou art Israel's God,  
And thine unwearied arm  
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,  
The hidden rill to charm  
Out of the dry unfathomed deep  
Of sands, that lie in lifeless sleep,  
Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap  
Their waves in rude alarm.

These moments of wild wrath are thine—  
Thine too the drearier hour

\* Hagar. See Gen. xxi. 15.



When o'er th' horizon's silent line  
 Fond hopeless fancies cower,  
 And on the traveller's listless way  
 Rises and sets th' unchanging day,  
 No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,  
 On earth no sheltering bower.

Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,  
 To turn the bitter pool  
 Into a bright and breezy lake,  
 The throbbing brow to cool:  
 Till left awhile with thee alone  
 The wilful heart be fain to own  
 That He, by whom our bright hours shone,  
 Our darkness best may rule.

The scent of water far away  
 Upon the breeze is flung:  
 The desert pelican to-day  
 Securely leaves her young,  
 Reproving thankless man, who fears  
 To journey on a few lone years,  
 Where on the sand thy step appears,  
 Thy crown in sight is hung.

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well  
 The weary hour of noon,\*  
 The languid pulses thou canst tell,  
 The nerveless spirit tune.  
 Thou from whose cross in anguish burst  
 The cry that owned thy dying thirst,†  
 To thee we turn, our last and first,  
 Our Sun and soothing Moon.

\* St. John iv. 6.

† St. John xix. 28.

From darkness, here, and dreariness  
 We ask not full repose,  
 Only be thou at hand, to bless  
 Our trial hour of woes.  
 Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid  
 By the clear rill and palmy shade?  
 And see we not, up earth's dark glade,  
 The gate of Heaven unclose?



### THE VESPER HYMN.

The following stanzas from Dr. BEATTIE'S *Illustrations of Switzerland*, may serve as a specimen of the Vesper Hymn, which is still heard undulating from cliff to cliff, when the sun goes down, and the shepherds of Apenzell accompany his setting with prayer.

BROTHERS! the day declines,  
 Above the glacier brightens,  
 And red through Hunkwyl pines  
 The vesper halo lightens;  
 From hamlet, rock, and chalet,  
 Your grateful songs be poured,  
 Till mountain, lake, and valley,  
 Re-echo—Praise the Lord.

The sun sleeps in the west;  
 The stars gleam light and cold,  
 And bring the hour of rest  
 To the shepherd and his fold:  
 Now swell the mountain chorus,  
 To him our sires adored,  
 Whose glorious works before us  
 Still whisper—Praise the Lord!

And hark! below, aloft,  
 From cliffs that pierce the cloud,  
 From blue lake calm and soft,  
 Lulled in its twilight shroud—  
 Fresh strength our anthem gathers:  
 From Alp to Alp 'tis poured—  
 The song that soothed our fathers—  
 Ye shepherds—Praise the Lord!

Now from forest, flood, and fell,  
 Let the voice of old and young—  
 All the strength of Apenzell—  
 True of heart, and sweet of tongue,  
 The grateful hymn prolong,  
 And tune the spirit's chord,  
 Till yon stars take up our song,  
 Hallelujah to the Lord!



## H O P E.

CAMPBELL.

UNFADING hope! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return;  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
 Oh! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!  
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye,  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day.  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
 And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh deep-enchanting prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes :  
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun ;  
Where time's far wandering tide has never run,  
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !  
While nature hears with terror-mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;  
And like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !  
Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;  
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !  
The strife is o'er !—the pangs of nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
Wild as the hallowed anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill.

## TO AN ABSENT CHILD.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE art thou, bird of song?  
Brightest one and dearest!  
Other groves among—  
Other nests thou cheerest;  
Sweet thy warbling shrill  
To each ear that heard thee;  
But 'twas sweeter still  
To the heart that reared thee.

Lamb, where dost thou rest?  
On stranger-bosoms lying?  
Flowers thy path that drest  
Now uncropped are dying.  
Streams where thou didst roam,  
Murmur on without thee;  
Lovest thou still thy home?  
Can thy mother doubt thee?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,  
To his blest fold going—  
Seek that smitten rock,  
Where our peace is flowing:  
Still should love rejoice,  
Whatsoe'er betide thee,  
If that Shepherd's voice,  
Evermore would guide thee.

## KINDRED HEARTS.

HEMANS.

O! ask not, hope thou not too much  
 Of sympathy below;  
 Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
 Bids the sweet fountains flow:  
 Few—and by still conflicting powers  
 Forbidden here to meet—  
 Such ties would make this life of ours  
 Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
 Sees not as thine, which turns  
 In such deep reverence to the sky,  
 Where the rich sunset burns:  
 It may be that the breath of spring,  
 Born amidst violets lone,  
 A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,  
 A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
 A sorrowful delight!  
 The melody of distant chimes,  
 The sound of waves by night;  
 The wind that, with so many a tone,  
 Some chord within can thrill,—  
 These may have language all thine own,  
 To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true  
 And steadfast love of years;

The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
 The faithful to thy tears!  
 If there be one that o'er the dead  
 Hath in thy grief borne part,  
 And watched through sickness by thy bed,—  
 Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
 Wherein bright spirits blend,  
 Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
 With the same breeze that bend,  
 For that full bliss of thought allied,  
 Never to mortals given,—  
 O! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
 Or lift them unto heaven.



## BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

ANONYMOUS.

BREAST the wave, Christian;  
 When it is strongest;  
 Watch for day, Christian,  
 When the night's longest;  
 Onward and onward still,  
 Be thine endeavour;  
 The rest that remaineth,  
 Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,  
 Jesus is o'er thee;  
 Run the race, Christian,  
 Heaven is before thee;

He, who hath promised,  
 Faltereth never;  
 The love of eternity,  
 Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,  
 Just as it closeth;  
 Raise the heart, Christian,  
 Ere it repositeth;  
 Thee from the love of Christ,  
 Nothing shall sever;  
 Mount, when the work is done;  
 Praise Him for ever.



## THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

THOMSON.

AH! little think the gay licentious proud,  
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel, this very moment, death,  
 And all the sad variety of pain:  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,  
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man:  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
 Of misery: sore pierced by wintry winds,



How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty: how many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse:  
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,  
 How many, racked with honest passions, droop  
 In deep retired distress: how many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appalled,  
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think.



## THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

● GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.  
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
 For other aims his heart had learned to prize,

More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.  
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
 Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their wo;  
 Careless their merit or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side.  
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies;  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood: At his control  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;

Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.



### I A M W E A R Y .

ANONYMOUS.

I AM weary of straying—O fain would I rest,  
 In the far distant land of the pure and the blest ;  
 Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,  
 And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

I am weary of hoping—where the hope is untrue :  
 As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew ;  
 I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
 Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
 O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth ;  
 O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage ;  
 O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—  
 The sweetest, the dearest alas! may not stay ;  
 I long for that land where these partings are o'er,  
 And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love ;  
 O! when shall I rest in thy presence above ?  
 I am weary—but O! let me never repine,  
 While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

## A CITY STREET.

MARY HOWITT.

I LOVE the fields, the woods, the streams,  
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,  
And yet I love no less than these,  
The crowded city street ;  
For haunts of man, where'er they be,  
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city street,  
Life's most extreme estates,  
The gorgeous domes of palaces,  
The prison's doleful gates :  
The hearths by household virtues blest,  
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed  
And richly clothed, pass by ;  
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,  
With hunger in his eye ;  
For life's severest contrasts meet  
For ever in the city street.

And lofty, princely palaces—  
What dreary deeds of wo,  
What untold, mortal agonies  
Their arras chambers know !  
Yet is without all smooth and fair  
As Heaven's blue dome of summer air.

And even the portliest citizen,  
Within his doors doth hide

Some household grief, some secret care,  
 From all the world beside;  
 It ever was, it must be so,  
 For human heritage is wo!

Hence is it that a city street  
 Can deepest thought impart,  
 For all its people, high and low,  
 Are kindred to my heart;  
 And with a yearning love I share  
 In all their joy, their pain, their care.



## IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?

SIGOURNEY.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well."—2 *KINGS* iv. 26.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "'Tis well;"  
 But I gazed on the mother who spake,  
 For the tremulous tear, as it sprang from its cell,  
 Bade a doubt in my bosom awake;  
 And I marked that the bloom in her features had fled,  
 So late in their loveliness rare,  
 And the hue of the watcher that bends o'er the dead,  
 Was gathering in pensiveness there.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "'Tis well."  
 I remember its beauty and grace,  
 When the tones of its laughter did tunefully swell  
 In affection's delighted embrace:  
 And through their long fringe, as it rose from its sleep,  
 Its eyes beamed a rapturous ray,  
 And I wondered that silence should settle so deep  
 O'er the home of a being so gay.

“Is it well with the child?” And she said, “’Tis well.”  
 It hath tasted of sickness and pain,  
 Of the pang, and the groan, and the gasp it might tell—  
 It never will suffer again.  
 In my dreams, as an angel, it stands by my side,  
 In the garments of glory and love;  
 And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died,  
 ’Mid the choir of the blessed above.



## THE GOOD PASTOR DEAD.

ANONYMOUS.

LAMENT not for the vanished! Earth to him  
 Is now a faltering star, far off and dim,  
 And life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost!  
 Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—  
 Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—  
 No tear!—For death and he are parted now,  
 And life sits throned on his conscious brow.

O! mourn not! Yet remember what has been—  
 How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,  
 The pathways of his spirit always green!

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,  
 The sweetness that still lurks in human bowers;—  
 If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;  
The gentle will to others' soon resigned;  
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—  
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,  
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

His soul was a vast sea, wide, clear, serene,  
Deep in whose breast the mirrored heaven was seen,  
Yet picturing earth, and all her valleys green.

Fancy was his, and learning, and fine sense;—  
Were these the secret of his power intense?  
No, it was Love that gave him eloquence.

Sweet were his words; the lark's song high above  
They rivalled now, and now the forest-dove;  
The various tones had one inspirer—Love!

His brow, illumined with the sage's fire,  
His voice, out-ringing like a poet's lyre—  
The aged heard a friend, the child a sire.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,  
He deemed that love of God was best arrayed  
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deemed man's life no feverish dream of care,  
But a high pathway into freer air,  
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its hours to years,  
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,  
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,  
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—  
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple child.

## THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

MISS JEWSBURY.

My mother, look not on me now  
With that sad, earnest eye :  
Blame me not, mother ; blame not thou  
My heart's last wish—to die.

I cannot wrestle with the strife  
I once had heart to bear ;  
And if I yield a youthful life,  
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not, on my brow is set  
The age of grief, not years :  
Its furrows thou mayest wildly wet,  
But ne'er wash out with tears.

And couldst thou see my weary heart,  
Too weary even to sigh,  
O! mother, mother, thou wouldst start,  
And say, " 'Twere best to die."

I know 'tis summer on the earth,  
I hear a pleasant tune  
Of waters, in their chiming mirth ;  
I feel the breath of June.

The roses through my lattice look ;  
The bee goes singing by ;  
The peasant takes his harvest hook—  
Yet, mother, let me die.



There's nothing in this time of flowers,  
 That hath a voice for me—  
 The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,  
 The bright, the glad, the free.

There's nothing but thy own deep love,  
 And that will live on high;  
 Then, mother, now my heart's above—  
 Kind mother, let me die.



### THE THINGS THAT ARE UNSEEN ARE ETERNAL.

JANE TAYLOR.

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,  
 Where parted souls must be :  
 And but a step may be between  
 That world of souls and me.

The friend I loved has thither fled,  
 With whom I sojourned here :  
 I see no sight—I hear no tread,  
 But may she not be near ?

I see no light—I hear no sound,  
 When midnight shades are spread :  
 Yet angels pitch their tents around,  
 And guard my quiet bed.

Jesus was wrapt from mortal gaze,  
 And clouds conveyed him hence ;  
 Enthroned amid the sapphire blaze,  
 Beyond our feeble sense.—

Yet say not—Who shall mount on high,  
 To bring him from above ?

For lo! the Lord is always nigh  
The children of his love.

The Saviour, whom I long have sought,  
And would, but cannot see—  
And is he here? O wondrous thought!  
And will he dwell with me?

I ask not with my mortal eye  
To view the vision bright;  
I dare not see thee, lest I die;  
Yet, Lord, restore my sight.

Give me to see thee, and to feel—  
The mental vision clear:  
The things unseen reveal, reveal,  
And let me know them near.

I seek not fancy's glittering height,  
That charmed my ardent youth;  
But in thy light would see the light,  
And learn thy perfect truth.

The gathering clouds of sense dispel,  
That wrap my soul around;  
In heavenly places make me dwell,  
While treading earthly ground.

Illume this shadowy soul of mine,  
That still in darkness lies;  
O let the light in darkness shine,  
And bid the day-star rise!

Impart the faith that soars on high,  
Beyond this earthly strife,  
That holds sweet converse with the sky,  
And lives eternal life!

## THE WIDOW'S COMPLAINT.

ANONYMOUS.

SAY, how can I with lightsome feet,  
Life's rugged pathway tread,  
Since he who once did cheer me on,  
Lies silent now and dead;  
No more with soothing words to cheer,  
And soon disperse my rising fear?

How can I to the festive board,  
A willing guest repair;  
Since he who was my earthly all,  
Will not conduct me there?  
'Tis vain for me to spread the feast,  
Since he I love is not a guest.

And when around the quiet hearth,  
My children fondly meet,  
What anguish fills my inmost soul  
To see that vacant seat;  
Where the loved father used to smile,  
And our obtruding cares beguile.

But why indulge these notes of grief?  
Why should I thus complain?  
What now to me is loss severe,  
Is his eternal gain.  
I bow submissive to the rod;  
It raised a saint to dwell with God.

A few more suns may run their course,  
While I in sadness weep,  
Then by his side in sweet repose  
I shall securely sleep.  
Then shall my soul with rapture soar  
Where saints shall meet to part no more.



## THE LILY.

TIGHE.

How withered, perished seems the form  
Of yon obscure, unsightly root!  
Yet from the blight of wintry storm  
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds;  
Nor see within the dark embrace  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The lily wraps her silver vest,  
Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,  
The undelighting, slighted thing;  
There in the cold earth buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring.

O! many a stormy night shall close  
In gloom upon the barren earth,

While still, in undisturbed repose,  
Uninjured lies the future birth.

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,  
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;  
Or mock her fond credulity,  
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope! delicious tear!  
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;  
The promised verdant shoot appear,  
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!  
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,  
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,  
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,  
Unsullied from their darksome grave ;  
And thy soft petals' silvery light,  
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust,  
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,  
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,  
And watch with patient cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,  
And bear her own degraded doom,  
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,  
Eternal Spring, shall burst the gloom.

## A B J U R A T I O N.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THERE was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!—

Fantastic woes I courted—feigned distress;  
Wooing the veiled phantom Melancholy,  
With passion born, like love in idleness.

And like a lover—like a jealous lover—

I hid mine idol with a miser's art,  
Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover,  
Close in the inmost chambers of my heart.

And there I sought her—oft in secret sought her,

From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play—  
To wear away, by some deep, stilly water,  
In greenwood lone, the live-long summer day;

Watching the flitting clouds, the fading flowers,

The flying rack athwart the wavy grass;  
And murmuring oft—"Alack! this life of ours—  
Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass!"

And then, mine idle tears (ah, silly maiden!)

Bedropped the liquid glass like summer rain;  
And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,  
Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,

Pacing the churchyard earth with noiseless tread;  
To pore in new-made graves, for ghastly traces,  
Brown, crumbling bones of the forgotten dead;

To think of passing bells, of death and dying,—  
 Methought 't were sweet in early youth to die,  
 So loved, lamented, in such sweet sleep lying,  
 The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary,

Strewed o'er by loving hands!—but then 't would grieve me,  
 Too sore, forsooth! the scene my fancy drew;  
 I could not bear the thought to die and leave ye,—  
 And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to *prove* that fading flowers  
 Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize:  
 What chilling rains succeed the summer showers!  
 What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes!

And I have lived to look on death and dying,—  
 To count the sinking pulse—the shortening breath;  
 To watch the last faint life-streak flying,—flying,—  
 To stoop—to start—to be alone with—Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,  
 When all within was cheerless, dark and cold;  
 When all earth's joys seemed mockery and madness,  
 And life more tedious than “a tale twice told.”

And now—and now, pale, pining Melancholy!  
 No longer veiled for me your haggard brow  
 In pensive sweetness—such as youthful folly  
 Fondly conceited—I abjure thee now.

Away! avaunt! No longer now I call thee  
 “Divinest melancholy! mild, meek maid!”  
 No longer may your syren spells intral me,  
 A willing captive in your baleful shade.

“Give me the voice of mirth—the sound of laughter—  
 The sparkling glance of pleasure's roving eye.

The past *is* past: avaunt, thou dark hereafter!  
Come, eat and drink—to-morrow we must die!"

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken—  
The fool whose heart hath said, "There is no God."  
But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,  
There's balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it as the stroke descendeth,  
Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart;  
And "peace that passeth understanding" blendeth  
With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation,—  
No longer feigned distress—fantastic wo;—  
I know my griefs,—but then my consolation,  
My trust, and my immortal hopes I know.



## THY WILL BE DONE.

NORTON.

THY will be done! how hard a thing to say  
When sickness ushers in death's dreary knell,—  
When eyes, that lately sparkled bright and gay,  
Wander around with dimly conscious ray,  
To some familiar face, to bid farewell!

Thy will be done! the faltering lips deny  
A passage to the tones as yet unheard;  
The sob convulsed, the raised and swimming eye  
Seem as appealing to their God on high  
For power to breathe the yet imperfect word.



Orphan, who watchest by the silent tomb,  
Where those who gave thee life all coldly sleep ;  
Or thou, who sittest in thy desolate home,  
Calling to those beloved who cannot come,  
And, thinking o'er thy loneliness, dost weep !

Widow, who musest over by-gone years  
Of life, and love, and happiness with him  
Who shared thy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
Who now art left to shed unnoticed tears,  
Till thy fair cheek is wan, and eyes grow dim !

Husband, who dreamest of thy gentle wife,  
And still in fancy see'st her rosy smile  
Brightening a world of bitterness and strife ;  
Who from the lonely future of thy life  
Turnest, in dreariness, to weep the while !

Mother, whose prayers could not avail to save  
Him whom thou lovedst most, thy blue-eyed boy ;  
Who with a bitter agony dost rave  
To the wild winds that fan his early grave,  
And dashest from thy lips the cup of joy !

And thou, not widowed, yet bereaved one,  
Who, buried in thy tearless, mute despair,  
Roamest a desert world alone—*alone*,  
To seek *him* out who from thine eyes is gone,  
Scarce able to believe he is not there !

Mourners, who linger in a world of wo,  
Each bowing 'neath his separate load of grief,  
Turn from the silent tomb, and, kneeling low  
Before that throne at which the angels bow,  
Invoke a God of mercy for relief !

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,  
 To that far world where blessed souls are gone,  
 And, through the gathering sob of agony,  
 Raise, with a voice resigned, the humble cry,  
 "Father—Creator—Lord—thy will be done!"



## FORGIVENESS.

EDMONSTON.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree  
 The woodman's axe descends,  
 And she, who bloomed so beautifully,  
 Beneath the weapon bends,  
 E'en on the edge that wrought her death,  
 Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,  
 As if to token in her fall  
 Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,  
 To smile, and bless the hand that spurns:  
 To see the blow, to feel the pain,  
 And render only love again!  
 ONE had it—but He came from heaven;  
 Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,  
 No curse He breathed, no plaint he made;  
 But when in death's dark pang He sighed,  
 Prayed for his murderers, and died.

## ANGELIC REST.

WEIR.

O! HAD I wings like yonder bird,  
That soars above its downy nest,  
I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,  
Where I might be for aye at rest.

I would not seek those fragrant bowers,  
Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky;  
Nor could I rest amidst the flowers  
That deck the groves of Araby.

I'd fly—but not to scenes below,  
Though ripe with every promised bliss;  
For what's the world?—a garnished show—  
A decorated wilderness.

O! I would fly and be at rest,  
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere  
That hangs upon the azure breast,  
Of all we know of heaven here.

And there I'd rest, amidst the joys  
Angelic lips alone can tell;  
Where bloom the bowers of Paradise,  
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

There would I rest, beneath that throne,  
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky;  
Where sits Jehovah, who alone  
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

## REFLECTIONS ON RETIRING TO REST.

BENTHAM.

It is good, when we lay on the pillow our head,  
And the silence of night all around us is spread,  
To reflect on the deeds we have done through the day,  
Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day—what a trifle!—and yet the amount  
Of the days we have passed form an awful account:  
And the time may arrive when the world we would give,  
Were it ours, might we have but another to live.

In whose service have we through the day been employed?  
And what are the pleasures we mostly enjoyed?  
Our desires and our wishes to what did they tend?  
To the world we are in, or the world without end?

Hath the sense of His presence encompassed us round,  
Without whom not a sparrow can fall to the ground?  
Have our hearts turned to him with devotion most true,  
Or been occupied only with things that we view?

Have we often reflected how soon we must go  
To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of wo?  
Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,  
And in faith to the Saviour of sinners drawn near?

Let us thus with ourselves solemn conference hold,  
Ere sleep's silken fetters our senses enfold;  
And forgiveness implore for the sins of the day,  
Nor allow them to pass unrepented away.

## THE HEBREW MOTHER.

HEMANS.

THE rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,  
When a young mother with her first-born thence  
Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed  
Unto the temple-service;—by the hand  
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,  
To bring before her God. So passed they on,  
O'er Judah's hills; and wherso'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;  
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
As at a red flower's heart.—And where a fount  
Lay like a twilight-star 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its banks green gems along the wild,  
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave  
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow. At last the fane was reached,  
The earth's one sanctuary—and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,  
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour

Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
 Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear  
 Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm  
 Clung as the ivy clings—the deep spring-tide  
 Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child  
 Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds  
 Of weeping and sad song—"Alas," she cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,  
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
     And now fond thoughts arise,  
 And silver cords again to earth have won me;  
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
     How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
 So late, along the mountains, at my side?  
     And I, in joyous pride,  
 By every place of flowers my course delaying  
 Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
     Beholding thee so fair!

"And O! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
 Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
     Turned from its door away?  
 While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,  
 I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
     Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,  
 When from the fount at evening I return,  
     With the full water-urn;  
 Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,  
 As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
     And watch for thy dear sake.

“ And then, when slumber’s dewy cloud falls round thee,  
Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed,  
    Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
    A cry which none shall hear ?

“ What have I said, my child ?—Will He not hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?  
    Shall He not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?  
    Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

“ I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
    And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
    And thou shalt be His child.

“ Therefore, farewell !—I go, my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,  
    Yearning for thy sweet looks—  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ;  
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
    The Rock of strength.—Farewell !”

## CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim  
 Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,  
 Not to build a vaunting name,  
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.  
 Dream not that the way is smooth,  
 Hope not that the thorns are roses;  
 Turn no wishful eye of youth,  
 Where the sunny beam reposes;  
 Thou hast sterner work to do,  
 Hosts to cut thy passage through:  
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning—  
 Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee  
 Spreads the world her downy pillow;  
 On the rock thy couch must be,  
 While around thee chafes the billow:  
 Thine must be a watchful sleep,  
 Wearier than another's waking;  
 Such a charge as thou dost keep  
 Brooks no moment of forsaking.  
 Sleep, as on the battle-field,  
 Girded—grasping sword and shield:  
 Those thou canst not name or number,  
 Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done:  
 Lo! the hosts of hell are flying,



'Twas thy Lord the battle won;  
     Jesus vanquished them by dying.  
 Pass the stream—before thee lies  
     All the conquered land of glory;  
 Hark!—what songs of rapture rise!  
     These proclaim the victor's story.  
     Soldier, lay thy weapons down,  
     Quit the sword, and take the crown;  
 Triumph! all thy foes are banished,  
 Death is slain, and earth has vanished.



## PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

MRS. DANA.

I SAW the young bride, in her beauty and pride,  
     Bedecked in her snowy array,  
 And the bright flash of joy mantled high on her cheek,  
     And the future looked blooming and gay;  
 And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart  
     At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
 And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,  
     By the chain which her tenderness wove.  
 But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,  
     And the chain had been severed in two,  
 She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,  
     And her bloom for the paleness of wo!  
 But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,  
     And wiping the tears from her eyes,  
 And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,  
     And fastened it firm to the skies:

There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,  
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend  
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,  
And she kissed the soft lips, as they murmured her name,  
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.  
O! sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,  
When its fragrance is flung on the air,  
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,  
As he lay in his innocence there!  
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,  
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,  
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,  
And the tale of her sorrow was told:  
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart  
And taken her treasure away;  
To allure her to heaven, He has placed it on high,  
And the mourner will sweetly obey!  
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,  
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned  
On the arms of a dear-cherished son,  
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,  
And they saw the proud place he had won;  
And the last-coming evening of life promised fair,  
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,  
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,  
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;  
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,  
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid,  
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,  
And the joy from their bosom had fled;  
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,  
And He led them with tenderest care,

And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,  
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!  
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God,  
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"



## CHRISTIANS ADMONISHED.

KEBLE.

Is this a time to plant and build,  
Add house to house and field to field,  
When round our walls the battle lowers,  
When mines are hid beneath our towers,  
And watchful foes are stealing round  
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams  
Of love and home by mazy streams,  
For fancy with her shadowy toys,  
Aërial hopes and pensive joys,  
While souls are wandering far and wide,  
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart  
To act the martyr's sternest part,  
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,  
Thy darling visions as they die,  
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day  
Have faded into twilight gray.

Yes—let them pass without a sigh,  
And if the world seem dull and dry,

If long and sad thy lonely hours,  
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers,  
Bethink thee what thou art, and where,  
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall  
(Thou know'st it) on this earthly ball;  
Full many a soul, the price of blood,  
Marked by th' Almighty's hand for good,  
To utter death that hour shall sweep—  
And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

Then in his wrath shall God uproot  
The trees He set, for lack of fruit,  
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze  
The towers his hand had deigned to raise;  
In silence, ere that storm begin,  
Count o'er his mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart,  
From visions vain content to part,  
Strong for love's sake its wo to hide  
May cheerful wait the cross beside,  
Too happy, if that dreadful day,  
Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatched sudden from th' avenging rod,  
Safe in the bosom of thy God,  
How wilt thou then look back, and smile  
On thoughts that bitterest seemed erewhile,  
And bless the pangs that made thee see,  
This was no world of rest for thee!

## SEASONS OF PRAYER.

## WARE.

To prayer, to prayer!—for the morning breaks,  
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
 His light is on all below and above,  
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
 O! then, on the breath of this early air,  
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,  
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
 To shade the couch where his children repose.  
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blessed  
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
 It speaks of creation's early bloom;  
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
 And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
 For her new-born infant beside her lies.  
 O hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows  
 With rapture a mother only knows.  
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;  
 Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.

What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
 As the bride bids parents and home farewell !  
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
 And pray for his soul through Him who died.  
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—  
 O! what is earth and its pleasures now !  
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,  
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

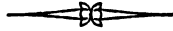
Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
 And hear the last words the believer saith.  
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;  
 There is peace in his eye that upwards bends ;  
 There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;  
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !  
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.  
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;  
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;  
 It points to the glory where He shall reign,  
 Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !  
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.  
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;  
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;  
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength  
 To join that holy band at length.

To Him who unceasing love displays,  
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,  
 To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;  
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.



## TRIAL OF GRACE.

ANONYMOUS.

“He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.”—MALACHI iii. 3.

HE that from dross would win the precious ore,  
 Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,  
 The subtle, searching process to explore,  
 Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,  
 When in the molten silvery virgin mass  
 He meets his pictured face, as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;  
 Thrice happy they who to the end endure;  
 But who the fiery trial may abide?  
 Who from the crucible come forth so pure,  
 That He whose eyes of flame look through the whole,  
 May see His image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,  
 As in that mirror the refiner's face;  
 But stamped with Heaven's broad signet there be shown  
 Immanuel's features full of truth and grace;  
 And round that seal of love this motto be,  
 “Not for a moment, but—Eternity!”

## BROKEN TIES.

MONTGOMERY.

THE broken ties of happier days,  
How often do they seem  
To come before our mental gaze,  
Like a remembered dream !  
Around us each dissevered chain  
In sparkling ruin lies ;  
And earthly hand can ne'er again  
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our youthful home,  
The kindred that we loved,  
Far from our arms perchance may roam,  
To desert seas removed.  
Or we have watched their parting breath,  
And closed their weary eyes ;  
And sighed to think how sadly death  
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,  
They too are gone or changed ;  
Or worse than all, their love and truth,  
Is darkened or estranged.  
They meet us in the glittering throng,  
With cold averted eyes,  
And wonder that we weep their wrong,  
And mourn our broken ties.

O ! who in such a world as this  
Could bear their lot of pain ;



Did not one radiant hope of bliss  
 Unclouded yet remain?  
 That hope the sovereign Lord has given  
 Who reigns above the skies;  
 Hope that unites our souls to Heaven,  
 By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,  
 Is sent in pitying love,  
 To lift the lingering heart from earth,  
 And speed its flight above.  
 And every pang that wrings the breast,  
 And every joy that dies,  
 Tells us to seek a purer rest,  
 And trust to holier ties.



## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

ANONYMOUS.

Where are they now, who used at morn to gambol,  
 Like bounding roebucks in our sunny path?  
 Where are they now, who shared our evening ramble,  
 And made the green wood vocal with their laugh?  
 Where are they now, from earth's glad pathway riven?  
 We trust, in heaven.

Where are they now? The early birds are singing  
 Their joyful melodies to earth and air,  
 While all around the song of hope is ringing;  
 Why come they not with us the scene to share?  
 No; higher joys than ours to them are given,  
 We trust, in heaven.

Where are they now? The spring's young charms are  
 breaking,  
 To deck fair nature with their budding bloom;  
 All things from winter's cold embrace are waking—  
 All, save the tenants of the dreary tomb;  
 Their spring shall dawn and death's dark bonds be riven,  
 We trust, in heaven.



## I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

Job vii. 16.

MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!  
 O no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.  
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.  
 Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,  
 Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod?  
 While brethren and friends are all hastening home,  
 Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
 Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,  
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found:  
 Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,  
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,  
 And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,  
 Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin;  
 Temptation without, and corruption within:

In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,  
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again.  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:  
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,  
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb;  
Immortality's lamp burns there bright mid the gloom;  
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head;  
O! soft are the slumbers on that holy bed.  
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,  
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,  
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise  
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?  
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air:  
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold;  
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!  
O! give me, O! give me the wings of a dove!  
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above:  
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,  
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

ANONYMOUS.

THE beautiful! the beautiful!  
Where do we find it not?  
It is an all-pervading grace,  
Enlightening every spot.

It sparkles on the ocean wave;  
It glitters in the dew;  
We see it in the glorious sky,  
And in the floweret's hue.

On mountain top, in valley deep,  
We find its presence there;  
The beautiful! the beautiful!  
It liveth every where.

The glories of the noontide day,  
The still and solemn night,  
The changing seasons, all can bring  
Their tribute of delight.

There's beauty in the child's first smile,  
And in that look of faith,  
The Christian's last on earth, before  
His eye is closed in death;

And in the beings that we love,  
Who have our tenderest care—  
The beautiful! the beautiful!  
'Tis sweet to trace it there.

'Twas in the glance that God threw o'er  
 The young created earth;  
 When He proclaimed it "very good,"  
 The beautiful had birth.

Then who shall say this world is dull,  
 And all to sadness given,  
 While yet there glows on every side  
 The smile that came from heaven?

If so much loveliness is sent  
 To grace our earthly home,  
 How beautiful! how beautiful!  
 Must be the world to come!



## THE INQUIRY.

ANONYMOUS.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
 That round my pathway roar,  
 Do ye not know some spot  
 Where mortals weep no more?  
 Some lone and pleasant dell,  
 Some valley in the west,  
 Where free from toil and pain,  
 The weary soul may rest?  
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
 And sighed for pity as it answered "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
 Whose billows round me play,

Know'st thou some favoured spot,  
 Some island far away,  
 Where weary man may find  
 The bliss for which he sighs,  
 Where sorrow never lies,  
 And friendship never dies?  
 The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,  
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No."

And thou, serenest moon,  
 That with such holy face,  
 Dost look upon the earth  
 Asleep in night's embrace,  
 Tell me, in all thy round,  
 Hast thou not seen some spot  
 Where miserable man  
 Might find a happier lot?  
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,  
 And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No."

Tell me, my sacred soul,  
 O! tell me, hope and faith,  
 Is there no resting place  
 From sorrow, sin, and death?  
 Is there no happy spot  
 Where mortals may be blessed,  
 Where grief may find a balm,  
 And weariness a rest?  
 Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,  
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes—in Heaven!"

## I WILL PRAISE THEE.

CAROLINE FRY.

For what shall I praise thee, my God, and my King?  
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?  
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,  
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,  
For joys in prospective, and pleasure possessed?  
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight?  
For the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I thank thee: but if only for this,  
I should leave half untold, the donation of bliss:  
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I share,  
For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
A present of pain, a prospective of fears:  
I thank thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,  
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed—  
The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,  
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!  
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me,  
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to thee!

## THE HOUR OF DEATH.

MRS. HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care,  
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—  
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,  
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rosè  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set—but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?



Is it when spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.



## THE POOR MAN'S DEATH-BED.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

TREAD softly! bow the head,  
In reverend silence bow!  
No passing bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger! how great soe'er,  
With lowly reverence bow!  
There's one in that poor shed,  
One by that wretched bed,  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper's roof,  
Lo! Death doth keep his state;  
Enter—no crowds attend:  
Enter—no guards defend  
    This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,  
No whispering courtiers tread,  
One silent woman stands  
Chafing with pale thin hands  
    A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound;  
An infant wail alone:  
A sob suppressed—again  
That short deep gasp—and then  
    The parting groan!

O change! O wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars!  
This moment there—so low  
In mortal prayer—and now  
    Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!  
Here lies the senseless clod;  
The soul from bondage breaks,  
The new immortal wakes—  
    Wakes with his God!

## DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF DEATH.

BLAIR.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!  
To him that is at ease in his possessions;  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!  
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
O! might she stay to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,  
Like a staunch murderer steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;  
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!  
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed  
To tell what's doing on the other side!  
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,  
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!  
For part they must: body and soul must part;  
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.

*This wings its way to its Almighty Source,  
The witness of its actions, now its judge ;  
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,  
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.*



### THE DEAD WIFE.

WOLFE.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be ;  
It never through my mind had past  
That time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 't will smile again ;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain !  
But when I speak—thou dost not say,  
What thou ne'er left unsaid ;  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Dear Mary, thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, even as thou art,  
All cold and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been.



While even thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still my own;  
 But there, I lay thee in thy grave—  
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Thou hast forgotten me:  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
 In thinking too of thee;  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore!



## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

MRS. HAMILTON.

O! GIVE them up to Him whose own  
 Those dear redeemed ones are!  
 Lo! on their wakening souls He breaks,  
 "The bright and morning Star:"  
 His are they now for evermore,—  
 The mystery and the conflict o'er—  
 The eternal city won!  
 As conquerors let them pass and go  
 Up from the fight of faith below,  
 The peace of God at last to know  
 In kingdoms of the sun!

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

And let the Lord of glory's train  
Throng the bright courts of day!  
We follow, too, ye loved ones gone;  
We follow, faint but fearless, on,  
To meet you where the Lamb, once slain,  
Amidst his ransomed church on high  
Shall dwell—and wipe from every eye  
The tears that, through eternity,  
Shall never flow again!

O! blessed are the dead in Christ!  
Why will we mourn for them?  
No more the stormy billows here  
With weary heart they stem.  
No more they struggle here below  
To guide, through many a gulf of wo,  
Their being's fragile bark;  
But, harboured in eternal rest,  
By far off islands of the blest,  
Calm on a sunlit ocean's breast,  
Anchor their fearless ark.

Seem they to sleep? 'tis but as sleeps  
The seed within the earth,  
To burst forth to the brilliant morn  
Of a more glorious birth;—  
Seem they to feel no breath of love  
That o'er their icy brow will move  
With tearful whispers warm?  
'Tis that upon their spirits' ear  
All heaven's triumphant music clear  
Is bursting, where there comes not near  
One tone of sorrow's storm.

## THE DYING INFANT.

CECIL.

CEASE here longer to detain me,  
Fondest mother, drowned in wo;  
Now thy kind caresses pain me,  
Morn advances—let me go.

See you orient streak appearing!  
Harbinger of endless day;  
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,  
Calls my new-born soul away!

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,  
On the world's wild boisterous flood;  
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,  
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,  
Now my trembling heart find rest;  
Kinder arms than thine receive me,  
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,  
Upward turning toward their home:  
Raptured they'll forget all anguish,  
While they wait to see thee come.

There, my mother, pleasures centre;  
Weeping, parting, care or wo,  
Ne'er our father's house shall enter:  
Morn advances—let me go.

As through this calm, this holy dawning,  
 Silent glides my parting breath,  
 To an everlasting morning,  
 Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,  
 Pour their streams upon thine heart,  
 (Though no language yet possessing,)  
 Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,  
 Though again his voice I hear:  
 Rise! may every grace attend thee:  
 Rise! and seek to meet me there.



## STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

BURNS.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?  
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?  
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:  
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:  
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?  
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?  
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;  
 I tremble to approach an angry God,  
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"  
 Fain promise never more to disobey;  
 But, should my Author health again dispense,  
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way;  
 Again in folly's path might go astray;



Again exalt the brute and sink the man:  
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,  
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan;  
 Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!  
 If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,  
 Thy rod can make a tempest cease to blow,  
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea;  
 With that controlling power assist even me,  
 Those headlong furious passions to confine,  
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be  
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;  
 O! aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!



## A D I R G E.

CROLY.

“EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!”  
 Here the evil and the just,  
 Here the youthful and the old,  
 Here the fearful and the bold,  
 Here the matron and the maid,  
 In one silent bed are laid;  
 Here the vassal and the king,  
 Side by side lie withering;  
 Here the sword and sceptre rust—  
 “Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

Age on age shall roll along,  
 O'er this pale and mighty throng:

Those that wept them, those that weep,  
 All shall with these sleepers sleep.  
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,  
 Summer's sun, or winter's storm,  
 Song of peace or battle's roar,  
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;  
 Death shall keep his sullen trust—  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

But a day is coming fast,  
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last,  
 It shall come in fear and wonder,  
 Heralded by trump and thunder ;  
 It shall come in strife and toil,  
 It shall come in blood and spoil,  
 It shall come in empires' groans,  
 Burning temples, trampled thrones ;  
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust ;  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall come the judgment sign ;  
 In the east the King shall shine ;  
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,  
 Thousand thousands round his state,  
 Spirits with the crown and plume ;  
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb !  
 Heaven shall open on our sight,  
 Earth be turned to living light,  
 Kingdoms of the ransomed just—  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,  
 Shine thy mount, Jerusalem ;  
 Then shall in the desert rise  
 Fruits of more than paradise ;

Earth by angel feet be trod,  
 One great garden of her God;  
 Till are dried the martyrs tears,  
 Through a glorious thousand years.  
 Now in hope of him we trust—  
 “Earth to earth, and dust!”



## DEPARTING SPIRIT.

ANONYMOUS.

SPIRIT, linger yet a while,  
 Cast not yet thy mortal coil;  
 Stay one bright moment ere thy wing  
 From earth to heaven in light shall spring;  
 And tell, O tell, the sights that lie  
 Before thine opening eye!  
 The visions, feelings, thoughts, that roll  
 In whelming grandeur o'er thy soul,  
 And kindle in thy speaking eye  
 The light of heavenly ecstasy,  
 Reveal, reveal, ere yet the ray  
 That gilds thy sunset fade away;  
 And we will list, as those who hear  
 The mysteries of another sphere,  
 Disclosed by one whose bosom feels  
 The wonders that his tongue reveals.  
 Say, is there still no thought that clings  
 With clasping love to earthly things?  
 Are there no scenes of other years,  
     Bright with the dew of love and truth?  
 No tones that listening memory hears

Of cherished joy in early youth,  
Awakening pulses in thy breast,  
That win thee back from heavenly joy;  
And make thee willing still to rest,  
Far from thine own bright home on high?  
Spirit, thine eye hath lost its light;  
Can these fond thoughts no more delight?  
Have joys like these no longer power  
To cheer thee in thy parting hour?  
Then change the theme; and tell us now,  
With rapture beaming on thy brow,  
Of glories yet to be revealed,  
With heaven's eternal signet sealed.  
Tell of the fears, temptations, woes,  
That pained thy journey to its close;  
And of the love of Him who knew  
Thy path of thorns, and led thee through.  
Tell of the calm and twilight peace  
That bids tumultuous feelings cease:  
And sheds across thy parting way  
The dawns of immortal day.  
Tell of the land that spreads before thee,  
And the bright skies that open o'er thee;  
Say, dost thou hear the angel song,  
And see the innumerable throng?  
What means that sparkling of thine eye?  
That eager panting bosom—why?  
O! thou hast caught the sight of Him,  
Before whose glance the Heavens grow dim;  
And thy rapt spirit is before  
The throne of God for evermore!

## THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

ANONYMOUS.

COME gather closer to my side,  
My little smitten flock—  
And I will tell of him who brought  
Pure water from the rock ;  
Who boldly led God's people forth  
From Egypt's wrath and guile—  
And once a cradled babe did float  
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide ;  
Think ye of her who knew so well  
Your tender thoughts to guide ?  
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim—  
O never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn—  
My youngest infant dove ;  
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine  
And learn the lay of love.  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng ;  
Cling as you used to cling to her,  
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain ;  
Come, warble loud and clear ;

Alas! alas! you're weeping all,  
 You're sobbing in my ear.  
 Good night—go say the prayer she taught,  
 Beside your little bed ;  
 The lips that used to bless you there,  
 Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide  
 Amid the thorns of life ;  
 His care protect these shrinking plants  
 That dread the storms of strife ;  
 But who upon your infant hearts  
 Shall like that mother write ?  
 Who touch the springs that rule the soul ?  
 Dear mourning babes, good night.



## ANTICIPATION OF FUTURE HAPPINESS.

MISS TAYLOR.

AH! why this disconsolate frame?  
 Though earthly enjoyments decay,  
 My Jesus is ever the same,  
 A sun in the gloomiest day.  
 Though molten awhile in the fire,  
 'Tis only the gold to refine;  
 And be it my simple desire,  
 Though suffering, not to repine.

What can be the pleasure to me,  
 Which earth in its fulness can boast?  
 Delusive its vanities flee,  
 A flash of enjoyment at most!

And if the Redeemer could part,  
For me, with his throne in the skies,  
Ah! why is so dear to my heart  
What he in his wisdom denies?

Though riches to others be given,  
Their corn and their vintage abound;  
Yet if I have treasure in heaven,  
Where should my affections be found?  
Why stoop for the glittering sands,  
Which they are so eager to share,  
Forgetting those wealthier lands  
That form my inheritance there?

Dear Jesus! my feelings refine,  
My truant affections recall:  
Then, be there no fruit in the vine,  
Deserted and empty the stall,  
The long laboured olive may die,  
The field may no harvest afford;  
But, under the gloomiest sky,  
My soul shall rejoice in the Lord.

Then let the rude tempest assail,  
The blast of adversity blow:  
The haven, though distant, I hail,  
Beyond this rough ocean of wo;  
When safe on the beautiful strand,  
I'll smile at the billows that foam,  
Kind angels to hail me to land,  
And Jesus to welcome me home.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

MONTGOMERY.

“SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!  
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!  
Spirit, cast thy chains away!  
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!  
Thus, the Almighty Saviour speaks,  
While the faithful Christian dies!  
Thus, the bonds of life he breaks,  
And the ransomed captive flies!

“Prisoner, long detained below!  
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!  
Welcome, from a world of wo!  
Welcome to a land of rest!”  
Thus the choir of angels sing  
As they bear the soul on high!  
While with hallelujahs ring  
All the region of the sky!

Grave, the guardian of our dust!  
Grave, the treasury of the skies!  
Every atom of thy trust,  
Rests in hope again to rise!  
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!  
“Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;  
*Immortality* thy walls,  
And *Eternity* thy day!”



## CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH.

YOUNG.

LIFE's little stage is a small eminence,  
Inch-high the grave above, that home of man,  
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around;  
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while  
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored;  
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? No: he has been on thee;  
And given sure earnest of his final blow.  
Those hours which lately smiled, where are they now?  
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drowned, all drowned  
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!  
And, dying, they bequeathed thee small renown.  
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!  
Already has the fatal train took fire;  
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;  
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;  
And how they might have borne more welcome news.  
Their answers form what men experience call;  
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.  
O reconcile them! kind experience cries,  
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;  
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;  
And by success are tutored to despair."  
Nor is it only thus, but must be so.  
Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child.  
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,  
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

## THE DEPARTED.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE departed! the departed!  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories  
Like shadows over streams;  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed, the departed  
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful,  
How dreamless is their sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music  
Of the ever-tossing deep!  
Or where the hurrying night-winds  
Pale winter's robes have spread  
Above their narrow palaces,  
In the cities of the dead.

I look around and feel the awe  
Of one who walks alone  
Among the wrecks of former days,  
In mournful ruin strown;  
I start to hear the stirring sounds  
Among the cypress trees,  
For the voice of the departed  
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with  
Each free and careless strain;

I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy  
 Will cheer my heart again.  
 The melody of summer waves,  
 The thrilling notes of birds,  
 Can never be so dear to me  
 As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
 Still on me sweetly fall,  
 Their tones of love I faintly hear  
 My name in sadness call.  
 I know that they are happy,  
 With their angel-plumage on,  
 But my heart is very desolate  
 To think that they are gone.



## A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

GAY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,  
 Ere kindling light the Almighty word obeyed,  
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame  
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,  
 From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,  
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,  
 Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,  
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.  
 O endless thought! divine eternity!  
 The immortal soul shares but a part of thee;  
 For thou wert present when our life began,  
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.  
 Ah! what is life? with ills encompassed round,

Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound :  
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,  
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.  
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confined ?  
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;  
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazoned herse,  
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.  
 Should certain fate the impending blow delay,  
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;  
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,  
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.  
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,  
 To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,  
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :  
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,  
 To launch from earth into eternity.  
 For, while the boundless theme extends our thought,  
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.



## LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

COWPER.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
 And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love ;  
 Whom, not having seen, I adore ;  
 Whose name is exalted above  
 All glory, dominion, and power :

Dissolve from these bonds, that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline:

O then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured:  
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,  
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then, never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;  
They will be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which, from sin and from pain,  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

## T H E G R A V E .

MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
                     Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
 No more disturbs their deep repose,  
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
                     That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
 And aching heart beneath the soil,  
 To slumber in that dreamless bed  
                     From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,  
 And cast me helpless on the wild;  
 I perish;—O my mother earth,  
                     Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined  
 Shall gently moulder into thee;  
 Nor leave one wretched trace behind,  
                     Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;  
 My pulse—my brain runs wild,—I rave;  
 Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?  
                     —“I am the Grave!

“ The Grave, that never spake before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :  
O listen !—I will speak no more ;  
    Be silent, pride !

“ Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,  
The victim of consuming care ?  
Is thy distracted conscience torn  
    By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times  
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast,  
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
    Murder thy rest ?

“ Lashed by the furies of the mind,  
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee ?  
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool ! to find  
    A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,  
Beyond the power of tongue to tell !  
By the dread secrets of my womb !  
    By death and hell !

“ I charge thee, live !—repent and pray ;  
In dust thine infamy deplore ;  
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,  
    And sin no more.

“ Art thou a mourner ?—Hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights ?  
Endearing days for ever flown,  
    And tranquil nights ?

“ O live!—and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past:  
Rely on Heaven’s unchanging will  
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a wanderer?—Hast thou seen  
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?  
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,  
Misfortune’s mark?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,  
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
A quiet home.

“ To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,  
And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
Who stole into thy breast, to aim  
A surer blow?

“ Live! and repine not o’er his loss,  
A loss unworthy to be told:  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For friendship’s gold.

“ Go seek that treasure, seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom’s deepest wound  
With heavenly balm.

“ In woman hast thou placed thy bliss,  
And did the fair one faithless prove?  
Hath she betrayed thee with a kiss,  
And sold thy love?



“ Live !—’t was a false bewildering fire:  
Too often love’s insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,  
But kills the heart.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
A brighter maiden’s virtuous charms ;  
Blessed shalt thou be, supremely blessed,  
In beauty’s arms.

“ Whate’er thy lot—whoe’er thou be,—  
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,  
And, in thy chastening sorrows, see  
The hand of God.

“ A bruised reed He will not break,  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy’s sake,  
He wounds to heal !

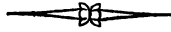
“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate his Providence adore:  
’Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

“ Now, traveller in the vale of tears !  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time’s dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground ;

“The soul, of origin divine,  
 God’s glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine,  
                   A star of day!

“The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky;  
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
                   Shall never die.”



## HE SHALL RISE AGAIN.

BEATTIE.

YET such the destiny of all on earth;  
 So flourishes and fades majestic man;  
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,  
 And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.  
 O smile, ye heavens serene; ye mildews wan,  
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,  
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.  
 Borne on the swift, though silent wings of time,  
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,  
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;  
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,  
 Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.  
 Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?  
 Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed?  
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,  
 And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,  
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,  
 When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?  
 Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?  
 Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive  
 With disappointment, penury and pain?  
 No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,  
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 Bright through the eternal year of love's triumphant reign.



## THE BETTER LAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou callest its children a happy band;  
 Mother, O! where is that radiant shore?  
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child."



## I M M O R T A L I T Y .

### BOWRING.

In the dust I'm doomed to sleep,  
But shall not sleep for ever;  
Fear may for a moment weep,  
Christian courage—never.  
Years in rapid course shall roll,  
By time's chariot driven,  
And my re-awakened soul  
Wing its flight to heaven.

What though o'er my mortal tomb  
Clouds and mists be blending?  
Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,  
Hopes to heaven ascending.  
These shall be my stay, my trust,  
Ever bright and vernal;  
Life shall blossom out of dust,  
Life and joy eternal.

## THE MILLENNIUM.

EDMESTON.

It seems, as if the summer sky  
Assumed a purer blue ;  
It seems, as if the flowret's dye  
Put on a brighter hue ;  
A loveliness, so soft, so fair,  
Pervades the earth, the sea, and air ;  
Peace dwells below, and all above  
Bespeaks the reign of heavenly Love.

Within the cot, within the tower,  
Wherever we may roam ;  
In city, field, or summer bower,  
How sweet is every home !  
Love and religion, mingling there,  
Make all alike around it fair :  
O ! this is love, surpassing far,  
What all mere earthly passions are.

Such is the love that reigns around,  
In palace, hall, or cot,  
The looks that beam, the words that sound,  
The joy that decks the spot :  
The hymn floats softly through the vale,  
The scent of flowers is in the gale,  
Combining joy and summer sun,  
Perfume, and music, all in one.

If heaven has ever shone below,  
Its dawning now appears ;

We seem to catch the morning glow,  
 From those celestial spheres ;  
 This is the time so long foreseen,  
 When ages roll their years between ;  
 O! may it be an endless reign,  
 Nor earth know other rule again !



## D I E S I R Æ.

ANONYMOUS.

DAY of wrath! that awful day  
 Shall the bannered cross display,  
 Earth in ashes melt away!

Tremble, earth, and sea, and sky,  
 When His coming shall be nigh,  
 Who shall all things judge and try!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,  
 Through the tombs of ages gone,  
 Summons all before the throne;

Death and time shall stand aghast;  
 And creation, at the blast,  
 Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,  
 And the writing shall be read,  
 Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Then the Judge shall sit; O! then,  
 All that's hid shall be made plain,  
 Unrequited nought remain.

What shall wretched I then plead?  
Who for me shall intercede,  
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful majesty,  
Saving souls in mercy free,  
Fount of pity, save thou me!

Weary seeking me wast thou,  
And for me in death didst bow—  
Be thy toils availing now!

Judge of justice, thee I pray,  
Grant me pardon while I may,  
Ere that awful reckoning day.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,  
Blush to think what I have done;  
Spare thy suppliant, Holy One.

Thou didst set the adulteress free—  
Heard'st the thief upon the tree—  
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Nought of thee my prayers can claim,  
Save in thy free mercy's name;  
Save me from the deathless flame.

With thy sheep my place assign,  
Separate from the accursed line;  
Set me on thy right with thine.

When the lost, to silence driven,  
To devouring flames are given,  
Call me, with the blest, to heaven.

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,  
My bruised heart to ashes rend;  
Care thou, Lord, for my last end.

## THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

ANONYMOUS.

No sickness there,—  
No weary wasting of the frame away,  
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,  
No vain petition for a swift relief,  
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home  
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;  
Its billows break and melt away in foam  
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing  
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;  
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring  
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils  
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;  
No moon is needed there. The light which fills  
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends  
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;  
No bed of death enduring love attends,  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.



No blasted flower  
 Or withered bud celestial gardens know ;  
 No scorching blast or fierce-descending shower  
 Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word  
 Startles the sacred host with fear and dread ;  
 The song of peace creation's morning heard,  
 Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

Let us depart,  
 If home like this await the weary soul.  
 Look up, thou stricken one ! Thy wounded heart  
 Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,  
 White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,  
 Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,  
 And find the ocean of eternal day ?



## THE LAST DAY.

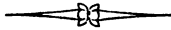
POLLOK.

RESUME thy tone of wo, immortal harp !  
 The song of mirth is past ; the Jubilee  
 Is ended ; and the sun begins to fade.  
 Soon past ; for happiness counts not the hours.  
 To her a thousand years seem as a day ;  
 A day a thousand years to misery.  
 Satan is loose, and violence is heard,  
 And riot in the street, and revelry  
 Intoxicate, and murder and revenge.

Put on your armour now, ye righteous, put  
The helmet of salvation on, and gird  
Your loins about with truth; add righteousness,  
And add the shield of faith; and take the sword  
Of God: awake, and watch: the day is near;  
Great day of God Almighty, and the Lamb.  
The harvest of the earth is fully ripe:  
Vengeance begins to tread the great wine-press  
Of fierceness and of wrath; and mercy pleads,  
Mercy that pleaded long, she pleads no more.  
Whence comes that darkness? whence those yells of wo?  
What thunderings are these, that shake the world?  
Why fall the lamps from heaven as blasted figs?  
Why is all fear? what has become of hope?  
God comes! God in his car of vengeance comes!  
Hark! louder on the blast, come hollow shrieks  
Of dissolution; in the fitful scowl  
Of night, near and more near, angels of death  
Incessant flap their deadly wings, and roar  
Through all the fevered air; the mountains rock;  
The moon is sick; and all the stars of heaven  
Burn feebly; oft and sudden gleams the fire,  
Revealing awfully the brow of wrath.  
The thunder, long and loud, utters his voice,  
Responsive to the ocean's troubled growl.  
Night comes, last night; the long dark, dark, dark night  
That has no morn beyond it, and no star.  
No eye of man hath seen a night like this!  
Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight;  
Earth to thy knees, and cry for mercy! cry  
With earnest heart; for thou art growing old  
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven:  
And all thy glory mourns: thy vintage mourns;  
Bashan and Carmel mourn and weep: and mourn  
Thou Lebanon! with all thy cedars mourn.

Sun! glorying in thy strength from age to age,  
So long observant of thy hour, put on  
Thy weeds of wo, and tell the moon to weep;  
Utter thy grief at mid-day, morn, and even;  
Tell all the nations, tell the clouds that sit  
About the portals of the east and west,  
And wanton with thy golden locks, to wait  
Thee not to-morrow.; for no morrow comes;  
Tell men and women, tell the new-born child,  
And every eye that sees, to come, and see  
Thee set behind Eternity.; for thou  
Shalt go to bed to-night, and ne'er awake.  
Stars! walking on the pavement of the sky;  
Out-sentinels of heaven! watching the earth,  
Cease dancing now: your lamps are growing dim;  
Your graves are dug among the dismal clouds;  
And angels are assembling round your bier.  
Orion, mourn! and Mazzaroth, and thou,  
Arcturus, mourn, with all thy northern sons.  
Daughters of Pleiades! that nightly shed  
Sweet influence: and thou, fairest of stars,  
Eye of the morning, weep—and weep at eve;  
Weep setting, now to rise no more, “and flame  
On forehead of the dawn”—as sung the bard,  
Great bard! who used on earth a seraph's lyre,  
Whose numbers wandered through eternity,  
And gave sweet foretaste of the heavenly harps.  
Minstrel of sorrow! native of the dark!  
Shrub-loving Philomel! that wooed the dews  
At midnight from their starry beds, and charmed,  
Held them around thy song till dawn awoke—  
Sad bird! pour through the gloom thy weeping song,  
Pour all thy dying melody of grief;  
And with the turtle spread the wave of wo—  
Spare not thy reed, for thou shalt sing no more.

Ye holy bards! if yet a holy bard  
 Remain, what chord shall serve you now? what harp  
 What harp shall sing the dying sun asleep,  
 And mourn behind the funeral of the moon?  
 What harp of boundless, deep, exhaustless wo,  
 Shall utter forth the groanings of the damned,  
 And sing the obsequies of wicked souls,  
 And wail their plunge in the eternal fire?



## H E A V E N .

CAROLINE BOWLES.

Oh, talk to me of heaven! I love  
 To hear about my home above;  
 For there doth many a loved one dwell  
 In light and joy ineffable.  
 O! tell me how they shine and sing,  
 While every harp rings echoing,  
 And every glad and tearless eye,  
 Beams like the bright sun gloriously.  
 Tell me of that victorious palm,  
     Each hand in glory beareth;  
 Tell me of that celestial calm  
     Each face in glory weareth.

Oh, happy, happy country! where  
     There entereth not a sin;  
 And death, who keeps its portals fair,  
     May never once come in.  
 No grief can change their day to night;  
 The darkness of that land is light;

Sorrow and sighing God has sent  
 Far thence, to endless banishment;  
 And never more may one dark tear  
     Bedim their burning skies;  
 For every one they shed while here  
     In fearful agonies,  
 Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
 In their immortal diadem.

Oh, lovely, blooming country! where  
 Flourishes all that we deem fair:  
 And though no fields nor forests green,  
 Nor bowery gardens there are seen,  
     Nor perfumes load the breeze,  
 Nor hears the ear material sound;  
 Yet joys at God's right hand are found,  
     The archetypes of these:  
 There is the home, the land of birth,  
 Of all we highest prize on earth,  
 The storms that rack this world beneath,  
     Must there for ever cease;  
 The only air the blessed breathe,  
     Is purity and peace.

Oh, happy, happy land! in thee  
 Shines the unveiled Divinity,  
 Shedding through each adoring breast,  
 A holy calm, a halcyon rest:  
 And those blest souls whom death did sever,  
 Have met to mingle joys for ever.  
 O! soon may heaven uncloseto me!  
 O! may I soon that glory see!  
 And my faint, weary spirit stand,  
 Within that happy, happy land.

## SLEEPING IN JESUS.

MRS. MACKAY.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep:  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O! how sweet,  
To be for such a slumber meet:  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests a Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
Debars this precious "hiding-place:"  
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be:  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

## THE BURIAL GROUND.

ANONYMOUS.

THE dead are every where !  
The mountain side, the plain, the wood profound,  
All the wide earth—the fertile, and the fair,  
Is one vast burial ground.

Within the populous street,  
In solitary homes, in places high,  
In pleasure domes, where pomp and luxury meet,  
Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door,  
The unwearied child murmuring its wordless song,  
The bondman and the free, the rich, the poor,  
All, all to death belong.

The sunlight gilds the walls  
Of kingly sepulchres inwrought with brass,  
And the long shadow of the cypress falls  
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time  
Built the glorious cities by the sea,  
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,  
As if no chance could be.

There was the eloquent tongue,  
The poet's heart, the sage's soul was there;  
And loving women with their children young,  
The faithful and the fair.

They were, but they are not !  
 Sun rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,  
 Whilst man submitting to the common lot,  
 Went down into the tomb.

And still amid the wrecks  
 Of mighty generations passed away,  
 Earth's boonest growth, the fragrant wild flower, decks  
 The tombs of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep  
 Go veiled women forth, like her who went,  
 Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,  
 To breathe the low lament.

The dead are every where !  
 Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith ;  
 Where'er is power, pomp, pleasure, pride ; where'er  
 Life is or was, is death.



## THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

MARY HOWITT.

How goodly is the earth !  
 Look round about and see  
 The green and fertile field ;  
 The mighty branched tree ;  
 The little flowers out-spread  
 In such variety !  
 Behold the lovely things  
 That dance on airy wings ;  
 The birds, whose summer pleasure



Is not of stinted measure;  
 The grassy vales, the hills;  
 The flower embordered rills;  
 The clouds that lie at rest  
 Upon the noonday's breast:  
     Behold all these, and know  
     How goodly is the earth!

How goodly is the earth!  
     Its mountain tops behold;  
 Its rivers broad and strong;  
     Its solemn forests old;  
 Its wealth of flocks and herds;  
     Its precious stones and gold;  
 Behold the radiant isles,  
 With which old ocean smiles;  
 Behold the seasons run  
 Obedient to the sun;  
 The gracious showers descend;  
 Life springing without end;  
 By day the glorious light;  
 The starry pomp by night;—  
     Behold all these, and know,  
     How goodly is the earth!

How goodly is the earth!  
     Yet if this earth be made  
 So goodly, wherein all  
     That is shall droop and fade;  
 Wherein the glorious light  
     Hath still its fellow-shade;—  
 So goodly, where is strife  
 Ever 'twixt death and life;  
 Where trouble dims the eye;  
 Where sin hath mastery;—

How much more bright and fair  
 Will be that region, where  
 The saints of God shall rest,  
 Rejoicing with the blest !  
 Where pain is not, nor death,—  
 The paradise of God !



## SHED NOT A TEAR.

ANONYMOUS.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,  
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;  
 Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,  
 When I am gone, I am gone.  
 Weep not for me when you stand round my grave ;  
 Think Who has died his beloved to save,  
 Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,  
 When I am gone, I am gone.

Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,  
 When I am gone, when I am gone,  
 Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,  
 When I am gone, I am gone ;  
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,  
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,  
 Come, and rejoice that I thus passed away ;  
 When I am gone, I am gone.

Plant ye a rose, that may bloom o'er my bed,  
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;  
 Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,  
 When I am gone, I am gone :

Praise ye the Lord, that I'm freed from all care,  
Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share,  
Look ye on high, and believe I am there,  
When I am gone, I am gone.



## IMMORTALITY.

DANA.

A VOICE within us speaks that startling word,  
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,  
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality!  
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn, universal song.  
O! listen ye, our spirits; drink it in  
From all the air; 'tis in the gentle moonlight;  
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; night,  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears;  
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,  
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

## THE DISSOLUTION OF NATURE.

KNOX.

TIME—time that now flies as on pinions of wind,  
Still leaving the past and its ruins behind,  
At last shall be stopped in the speed of his flight,  
Like a bird which the arrow is fated to smite.

Then, then the great sun, like a vanishing spark,  
Shall rush into chaos all dreary and dark ;  
And the moon, in her dimness, shall drop from her zone,  
Like the fig when the breeze of the autumn hath blown.

And the stars shall be swept in a moment away,  
Like the morn dews that shine on the green leafy spray :  
And the heavens that are stretched out from pole unto pole,  
Shall expire in a blaze like a perishing scroll.

And a fire of destruction shall compass the earth,  
From the east to the west, from the south to the north,  
And the labours of man shall to ashes be turned,  
And the beauties of nature be blasted and burned.

And a trump shall be blown—and the dead shall awake  
From their long silent sleep that no morning could break ;  
From their long silent sleep of a million of years—  
The righteous with hope, and the wicked with fears.

And their Judge shall descend on his chariot, the cloud ;  
And the awe shall be deep, and the wail shall be loud ;  
And the race of mankind shall with justice be given  
To the terrors of hell, or the glories of heaven.

## E T E R N I T Y.

WULFFER.

Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity!  
Yet onward still to thee we speed,  
As to the fight th' impatient steed,  
As ship to port, or shaft from bow,  
Or swift as couriers homeward go:  
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity!  
As in a ball's concentric round,  
Nor starting point nor end is found,  
So thou, Eternity, so vast,  
No entrance and no exit hast:  
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity!  
A ring whose orbit still extends,  
And, ne'er beginning, never ends;  
"Always" thy centre, ring immense!  
And "Never" thy circumference:  
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
How long art thou, Eternity!  
Came there a bird each thousandth year,  
One sand-grain from the hills to bear,

When all had vanished, grain by grain,  
 Eternity would still remain:  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 As long as God shall God remain,  
 So long shall last hell's torturing pain,  
 So long the joys of heaven shall be;  
 O long delight! long misery!  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 O man! let oft thy musings dwell  
 Upon the dreadful woes of hell,  
 Oft on the saints' all glorious lot,  
 For both shall last when time *is not*:  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 The thought of thee in pain, how dread!  
 In joy, how bright thy prospects spread!  
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes,  
 And there his justice terrifies;  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 Who here lived poor and sore distressed,  
 Now truly rich, with God doth rest!  
 With joys consoled for all his ill,  
 He lives to praise God's goodness still.  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 A moment's pleasure sinners know,  
 Through which they pass, to endless wo;  
 A moment's wo the righteous taste,  
 Through which to endless joy they haste:  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 Who looks to thee alone is wise,  
 Sin's pleasures all he can despise:  
 The world attracts him now no more,  
 His love for vain delights is o'er:  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 Who thinks on thee speaks thus with God,  
 "Here prove me with thy chastening rod,  
 O! let me here thy judgments bear,  
 Hereafter, Lord, in mercy spare!"  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

- Eternity! Eternity!  
 How long art thou, Eternity!  
 "O man! I warn thee, think on me,  
 Think oft on me, Eternity;  
 For I the sinner's wo shall prove,  
 And recompense of pious love:"  
 Mark well, O man, Eternity!

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