

OCTOBARRA

A POEM:

AND

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

BY

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Philadelphia:

WILLIAM S. & ALFRED MARTIEN.

1856.

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18184

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TO
MRS. S. D. CONNER,
THESE LINES
WRITTEN IN LEISURE HOURS,
DURING THE PAST SUMMER HAPPILY SPENT
IN THE RETIREMENT OF
HER OCTORARA HOME,
ARE INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

OCTORARA, October 1855.

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ARGUMENT.

SUMMER evening. Twilight. Invocation. The grove around Octo-
rara. View from the piazza. Rural retirement favourable to piety
and happiness. Piety the foundation of lasting friendship. The pious
heart has most enjoyment in the beauties of Nature. Sounds at
evening. The Aurora Borealis. Power of hope. The Christian's
hope throws great beauty over the present world. The second
coming of Jesus. Millennial blessings. The redeemed with Jesus.
Social converse within doors. Dignity of the Medical profession.
Sympathy in sorrow. Dr. Philip Syng Physick. Parental love and
faithfulness, its reward. Filial love eminently beautiful. Disobedi-
ence to parents requited in this world. Counsel to the young. The
sacred Scriptures, their fulness and excellence. An affecting relic.

OCTOBERA.



COME to this porch, this rustic seat, and share
The coolness of the tranquil summer eve.
The twilight glow, the quiet heav'ns, the trees
Hushed in the gathering gloom, the coming stars,
The busy sounds of day now sunk to rest,
Are all in unison with the profound
And deep-toned feelings thronging on the soul:
And that benignant Power whose love at first
Pitched all the harmonies of earth and heaven,
Attuned in Eden to man's sinless soul,
Has with our feelings harmonized this scene,

That friendship here may, with adoring love,
Feel what that Eden was, what heav'n shall be.

Come, thou blest Spirit, as the cloud of fire
On Pentecostal scene, calm as this eve;
And as the golden twilight turns to flame
Rich as its own soft beauty, yon dark cloud
Lonely and fading, thou our spirits melt
Into the brightness of thy love, suffused
With the calm twilight of our coming heaven.

How sweet to linger while the kindly eve,
With dewy fingers, sheds her twilight shades
Serene around; as when the mother's love
The curtain draws o'er infant innocence,
Shades the dim night-lamp, and with sleepless eye,
From love intense, gazes and watches there.
Slow in the West the lingering twilight fades;
The outline of the woods above yon hills,
Stands clearly traced on the back-ground of light;

And through the pensive willow's trailing boughs,
Bright, burns the evening star,—along the shades
Embosoming our home, those flame-tipped shafts,
Rays mid the green more beauteous, through the soul
Shoot thrills most exquisite; the clustering trees
Gather a holier atmosphere of shade
More lovely still as deeper; that dark beech
Of thick o'ermantling gloom; those ash-trees fresh
In vigorous growth; the locusts deeply rich
With dewy fragrance in the moon-light June;
The poplar's tulip bloom; the murmuring pine;
The red-bud with its crown of blushing flowers,
Placed eagerly upon the brow of spring;
The towering buttonwood; the cedar-grove
Which breaks the force of many a western blast;
That line of cedars where the arbour leads
O'er clustered with the grapes in fragrant bloom
And varied honey-suckle's vines and flowers,
And through the rustic gate we look adown
The hill-slope to the murmuring, grove-fringed bed

Of Octorara; and this deep green hedge
Of osage-orange, with luxuriant shoots
The gate o'erarching and the grass-fringed path
To the farm hamlet, where the aged oaks
Shelter the grassy dell's sequestered nook,
And gushes the cool spring, and the sheep-fold
Alone by trees unhid;—these spread a grove
Around this Christian home, where piety
And peace may ever love to find repose,
And while enjoying earth prepare for heaven.

Above those roses blooming through the year,
That edge the walk and fringe the dewy grass,
Where gaze those weeping willows on the heavens,
Like graceful widowhood in flowing weeds,
Beyond the wicket with o'ermantling boughs
Grown heavy from the hedge,—the scene expands;
We gaze on mingled fields of grass, and grain
All whitened for the reaper's hand, and groves
Of forest growth still sacred in their gloom,

And rural homes: those neighbouring, twin-like knolls,
Whose faultless undulations and smooth green
Arrest our sense of beauty, gently hide
All save the roof of Highfield; calm repose
Broods o'er that seeming lake with islets green
And foliage curving to the water's brim,
Formed by the river with its faint, dull roar,
Where roll its waters hid by leafy groves
And Harford's wave-washed undulating hills
With wooded slopes and varied tillage crowned.
Those peaceful waters brighten on the view,
As, in the cloudless East, the silent moon
Walks forth in silvery mantle, and with smile
E'en purer than the twilight's fading glow,
Lights up the varied landscape into joy.
Now, like an angel visitant she stands,
With kind, full, lustrous eye, behind those trees,
And through their boughs, as though along the hedge
Of cedars walking, hails us happy eve,
With tread so airy on her quiet way,
The dew-drops, glistening, lie unshaken there.

Here earthly happiness has found a home;
Mid scenes like this our sinless parents dwelt,
E'er fell the curse; and in this blighted world,
A wilderness of woe, whate'er of bliss
Yet lingers,—like the dew-drops when the sun
Flames in his noontide heat, that lie concealed
In deep brown thickets only,—shrinks afar
From the hot, garish glare of fashion's crowd,
And lingers unexhaled in the cool shades
Of rural quietness. The richest flowers
Of earthly happiness, the wayworn heart
Finds not along the hard-paved streets of life,
Where selfish vanity throngs in its pomp;
Nor on the bleak, lone mountain-cliffs of fame;
Nor where the restless mind a traveller's way
Threads weary through the nations; nay, those plants
Whose leaves enfold a fragrance, and a dew,
And healing virtue such as Eden knew,
Are oftenest, if not ever, found to bloom
In the deep quiet of a rural life.
Like scanty spots of green, or flowers shown

In city-windows, in the crowded town
Those joys may scanty live; but like the flowers
Which carpet o'er the prairies of the West,
They find their native region in the fields
Of the retired country. In all climes,
In every land, e'en the most favoured spots,
Stand pitiable traces of the curse.
The richest soil, e'en Carmel in its pride,
And Sharon's wild luxuriance of-flowers,
Is but a shrivelled remnant of what earth
In beauty was before the fall, what earth
Shall be when Jesus comes again and reigns.
Yet far less deep the furrows of the curse,
In rural shades, in the lone wilderness,
Than in the centres where man numerous crowds,
In cities largest, deemed most beautiful.
Far less the miseries God in justice sends
On guilty earth, than those which man inflicts
On his own self, and on earth for his sake.
And while the votary of folly sneers

At those so stupid as to be content
With the dull country; they in wonder feel
How petrified the heart that rests content
With man's dark substitution in the town,
For God's fresh beauties in the rural wild.
The country has its drawbacks, but the town
More numerous and still greater; these the work
Of man in his depravity, while those
Are but the mingled ills of Him who sends
No deprivations but are for our good.
Man is the greatest curse to man; and those
Who most complain of God's reproof of sin,
Are they who multiply by sin their woes.

Of every happiness on earth the life
Is virtue; virtue's healthful, vigorous life
Is true religion. Like the influence
Unseen but animating nature's growth
In every tiny thing, all pleasure draws
Its life from piety whose spirit breathes

From nature's great Creator; and true bliss
Grows where true piety has room to show,
Like trees in rural landscapes, the true power
Inherent, with no interfering hand.
Well saw the Roman sage friendship must rest
On virtue only as its lasting base:
Virtue is adamantine, no decay
Its unmixed purity can e'er corrode.
Like the foundation formed of precious stones,
On which the heavenly walls of Zion rest
Unshaken ever, friendships thus endure
Thus founded on the gems which virtue, truth,
With varied shading, in one beauty blend.
All other loves are specious, castles built
On the unstable sand, with tottering base
Which time unsettles and the storm o'erthrows.
The strongest friendships are of those made one
By common love to Jesus; virtue this
In virtue's highest, purest form; their strength
Lies in their healthful purity of love;

They thus enduring, as this heavenly love
Breathed into friendships makes them living souls.
O deep the bliss of loving those who love
Our common God and Saviour; then the heart,
As clarified by grace, obtains a sense
More delicately exquisite, alive
To finer, keener shades of loveliness;
And friends, thus loved, we gather to the heart,
Not only for their own inherent worth,
But for the precious image which they bear
Of Jesus, in their deepest heart enshrined.
And where blooms fairest, piety that gives
Friendship its healthful, amaranthine hues,
Enriches all the charities of life,
And sheds an Eden-fragrance o'er this world,
So bleak a wilderness, till all is filled
With fragrance of a field the Lord has blessed?
The country is its native soil; there first,
Without the gates of Paradise, 'twas found
By earth's first martyr; there, unlike the child

Of fabled Ceres, seized by gloomy Dis,
While in Trinacria's meadows gathering flowers,
And hurried by his stormy chariot-steeds
To share his dismal throne with god of hell,—
Were holy Enoch and the prophet bold,
Who passed in Enoch's car of fire to heaven,
Culling the flowers of piety, afar
From crowded strife, in calm Judea's vales.
The father of the faithful fostered there
His hallowed virtues; in the quiet fields
Did Isaac meditate at eventide;
Judah's great minstrel there attuned his lyre,
By Bethlehem's shaded streams; the harbinger
Of Jesus in the wilderness abode
Till fitted for his mission. Sages sought
For truth of old in Academus' shades;
Afar from Athens, on the sea-washed cliff
Of Sunium's promontory, Plato's lips
Distilled the purest truth the human mind
Could, in its anxious, restless wanderings, cull,

Unaided, from the flowering works of God.
And when the Son of God discoursed of truths
Man had despaired of finding; when like rain
His doctrine dropped, his words distilled as dew;
He first stood on the mount of Galilee,
Stood on its peaceful lake; and when by day,
He taught in Salem's temple, he withdrew
Ever to spend the night in prayer to God,
In the lone mountain; far from public gaze,
Mid the secluded brakes of Tabor's cliffs,
His chosen ones his glory saw unveiled
In heavenly splendour; in a garden, rose
The vanquisher of death, amid the buds
Of opening spring; and from the rural top
Of Olivet, he blessed his sorrowing friends,
As in the Shechinah he passed to heaven.
And in such scenes shall they behold him first,
Who watch with longing hearts the coming dawn
Of his appearing to redeem his saints.
Not as when beacon-fires from steep to steep,

To Argos heralded the fall of Troy;*
But like the lightning-flash in midnight gloom,
Through earth's dark valley of this shade of death,
Shall the keen brightness of his coming flame,
And herald to his waiting saints the fall
Of sin's proud towers and Satan's murderous reign.

In all the works of God the virtuous heart
Has greatest happiness: love clarifies
Our pow'rs from sensual grossness, and refines
Each apprehension; while within the soul,
Far down within our very heart of hearts,
God's Spirit new creates a heart of love,
Which adds another element of bliss
To our whole being, in the freshened sense
Of beauty, love, and joy imbedded there.
The letter written by a distant hand,

* See the brilliant passage in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, line 256, describing the progress of the beacon-lights from Troy to Argos, announcing the fall of Troy.

From some far region, to the stranger's eye
Has no great interest, though he may admire
The beauty of the hand, and prize the news:
To him who there the lines of love beholds
A parent's heart has traced, that common sheet
Becomes a fond memorial, often read,
More prized than gold, worn nearest to the heart.
The play-thing of a dead or wandering child,
To others valueless, is more than gems
To that parental heart who feels it speak
The language of a deep and sacred love.
Thus nature's beauties touch with keener power
The soul that feels them characters of love
Traced by a parent in the far off skies.
Thus love to Jesus new sensations sheds
Through all our being, makes each sound more sweet,
Fragrance more exquisite, more rich each view;
Each more delightful to the heart refined,
Where piety, the highest virtue reigns.

How sweet the sounds that usher in the eve;
Kindred in richness with the mellow light
Of the declining sun and twilight's gloom.
The tinklings from the sheep-fold partly hid
By yonder oaks and poplar; the deep low
Of the impatient heifer for her young;
The bellowing ox slow from his daily toil;
The bark of Jupe in leisure dignified,
And sober mien, as though the manor's lord;
And Scrub's impatient cry, as in our ride
Along the avenue of trees, quick breaks
The rabbit from the hedge and bounds away
Hid in the field of thick luxuriant corn:
The quail his "bobwhite" sings amid the grass,
Or lost, cries sadly for his wandering mate;
The red-bird whistling in his lonely bush;
The locust singing in the summer tree:
The wood-thrush carols with mellifluous note;
And oft when homeward bound, 'neath leafy oaks,
Where through the meadow rolls the pure, cool rill,

And swells to deeper waters at the base
Of the gray rock o'ergrown with mantling vines
And downward trailing, have we paused and sat,
Bridle in hand, upon the moss-grown stone
Hard by the log a rustic bridge o'erthrown;
And there, with breathless ear, have drunk the notes
Of the wild wood-thrush in the thicket hid,
While rich they fell at luscious intervals,
In drops of music mingled with the dew;
Yet more delightful from the freshened air,
And leaves, and grass, and flowers, and farewell sun
More sweetly smiling o'er the by-gone shower.
And oft, again, we've breathless paused to hear,
In hedge or thicket, the same thrilling strain:
The widowed robin pours its sorrowing tones;
The exile dove, with lonely, plaintive moan,
Longs for her native paradise and heaven:
The thrush high perched upon a topmost bough,
Rains showering melody mid falling dews;
The oriole his luscious warble pours,

Speeding, while singing, to his airy nest;
Pertly the bustling wren his quick note sings;
The humming-bird the honey-suckle's bells
Sips, hovers o'er, and rapid darts from view:
The nighthawk shooting through the upper air,
Drops, with unearthly howl and swoop, to seize
His prey amid the insect horde of eve;
And having through the day slept off th' effects
Of yesternight's debauch, the sneaking bat
Breaks from his covert in the time-worn eaves:
The swallows whirring from the chimneytop
Their sooty nests forsake for the fresh eve:
That mammoth moth with ruby eye, half bird,
Half butterfly, with rapid heavy hum,
Unrolls his coiling bill, and hovering drinks
Sweets from the honey-suckle's deepest flower.

Those sounds are hushed: now eve and silence reign
Beneath the moon, whose silvery sceptre sways
A weary, labouring world to balmy rest.

This honey-suckle choice, the evergreen,
With vine dark crimson, leaves of velvet green,
And flowers of rarest mould, of softest hue,
Pours cloying fragrance on the dewy air.
The jasmine sweetness, the rich clematis
In greenery and clustering sweets, unfolds
Its bloom pure, dewy, fresh of breathing snow:—
All, all,—this balmy fragrance, those sweet sounds
To life awaken every slumbering sense
Within us of the beautiful. The light
Of the aurora streaming in the North
Melts with this blended softness through the soul:
That tall and graceful locust now stands out,—
No more, as late, a mass of heavy gloom,—
In all its rounded outline, every bough
And every leaf, as, through, the northern light
Shines rayless; and we feel as though a tree,
Airy and silvered, from some fairy land
By some unearthly hand were towering there.

There is no power in the human soul
Religion does not quicken and refine;
No less our sense of beauty than our love.
Hence, while the virtuous heart such scenes delight
More than the bosom clouded by remorse,
By vice benumbed; where virtue's highest type,
Piety reigns, they strike still greater joy
Through all the chords of feeling;—that delight
Swelling to deepest volume, when the hope
Of the believing heart bespeaks these scenes
The dawning glories of a blighted world
In more than Eden's blessedness renewed.

All scenes receive a colouring from the eye
Through which they're viewed: The glass of varied hue
In window of the gothic pile, displays
Landscapes all-various to the selfsame eye,
In the same view of water, wood, and field.
The soul contemplates nature in the hues
Thrown over all things by the eye and mood

Of him who gazes: with a roseate flush
To some is all suffused; a violet tinge,
A sickly hue of palish green, a ray
Of orange softness fringes all things o'er:
Thus e'en while gazing with intense delight,
According to our tone of grief or joy,
The heart whose eye is, with the jaundiced film
Of dark, diseased depravity, o'erspread,
Sees never in its real light the world,
Nor heav'n, nor duty. But when grace has purged
The eyeball of the soul, no fancy's hues
Longer deceive; and all things lie revealed
Clear in the light of heaven, with crystal ray;
And the pure fire of holiness, ablaze
On the heart's shrine, throws through the lustrous eye
A brilliance over all, made sweetly soft
By love's all tender glow. We live by hope;
Where beats the heart the mainspring of whose joy
Lies not in hope? Our happiness abides
Far in the future, on the sunny isles

Of blessedness beyond the waves of death.
Nor like the beasts that perish, and can know
No future and the hope which thereto binds
The hoping heart,—our souls were formed to live,
Not for the present only, but afar
In the great future, an immortal life.
And hope, a heavenly anchor, buried deep
In the dark future, makes this fragile bark
Of earthly being steadily outride
All storms of disappointment and despair;
And feel that clearer skies and happier scenes
Will yet appear. Our earthly happiness
All centres in our hopes;—greater or less
As hope is weak or strong. With flattering hopes
Our present ills, with cheerfulness, we bear;
And with no hopes far in the future cast,
We feel, whate'er of present joy possessed,
Our being narrowed, in this desert life,
To a cramped oasis, with meagre green
By the sirocco blasted of despair.

With the magnificence of hope, our bliss
Becomes magnificent: the lesser hopes
Which bind the wayward spirit to pursuit
Of earthly joys, are emblems set to teach,
What hope in full development avails,
With anchor cast within the veil and sunk
Deep in the rock of ages. Earthly hope,
Like other earthly things, should be so scanned,
That we may learn the latent power of hope
Which lays its hold on heaven. In this world,
A wilderness, not like Palmyra's waste,
Of marble ruins, but a desert filled
With ruined temples of the Holy Ghost,—
The way-worn pilgrim has a hope of hopes,
Towering above all other hopes, as towers
The morning star above the lighthouse torch
Blazing upon the surging midnight sea:
A hope not frail and fleeting, but pronounced,
From the high throne of God, "that blessed hope."

And what that hope in heav'n esteemed so blessed?
The glorious appearing of our Lord,
Of Jesus on his throne of glory, crowned
With many crowns, no longer as the man
Of grief, a suffering sacrifice for sin,
But come in pow'r to make an end of sin
And crown with glory his expectant saints.
"Behold he comes in clouds,"—the glorious cloud
Seen by Ezekiel leave the temple's gate*
And from the top of Olivet ascend
To heav'n; which on that top again received
To his own glory our ascending Lord;—
The Shechinah once more come down to earth
There ever to abide and Jesus reign.
Along the deathless path where Enoch rose,
Caught up to meet Him in the air, his saints
No more are found, for God has taken them,—
The jewels of his crown,—all stilly gone

* Ezekiel, Chapters x. and xi.

At midnight, as the stealthy thief secures,
E'er breaking morn, the sleeping miser's gold.
A wild and tearful search is all abroad,
Fruitless, as those who for Elijah sought,—
Forgetting they in car of fire thus passed,
At midnight, deathless, to their waiting Lord.
Nor those alone: fresh with the grass of spring,
With budding flowerets gemmed, the rounded turf
Of quiet grass sleeps as at yester eve;
But from those caskets, where the blood-bought dust
Of saints reposed, the jewels are withdrawn;
To human view those graves untouched, no need
Of bursting barriers as when Jesus rose,
Mid garden-beauties of an eastern spring,
The first-fruits of the dead, and proof thus given,
In his grave tenantless, he vanquished death.
Of her peculiar treasure earth's despoiled;
And as earth's king in glory comes to reign,
They cluster round him, as the diamonds blaze
On the brow brilliant of a conquering king.

The living vigour of millennial spring
Earth feels displacing the primeval curse:—
A thousand years has Jesus come to reign.
The Prince of darkness chained in the abyss,
With his grim, fallen host, no more deceives
The suffering nations; nor makes man increase,
By his own sins, the pressure of the curse.
Since Paradise, earth ne'er has known a spring
Rich in such beauties bursting from the ground
So long accursed; the solitary place
And wilderness are glad; deserts rejoice
And blossom as the rose; Sharon puts forth
Her Eden-roses on the blasted heath;
And Carmel's excellency crowns the peaks
Of barren mountains: the discoloured air
No longer dimmed by deadly mists of sin,
Looks forth in primal purity of heaven.
Earth with her flowery herbage, and the trees
With leaf unfading and perennial fruits,
Drink from the air thus clarified first draughts

Of an immortal youth; and sun and moon,
Th' innumerable stars, with radiance burn
Brilliant as when they first burst forth in smiles,
And o'er the new creation sung for joy.
Beneath the smiles of these millennial years,
The garden of our Lord shall cluster rich
With lilies fresh in copious heavenly dews,
To the glad Church a happier ornament,
Than to the earth her all-abounding flowers;
And gathered in their lily purity,
By his own hand, to slumber on his heart
In freshness ne'er to fade. As earth profuse
Pours forth her flowers for the gatherer's hand,
Peculiar to each season,—this blest reign
Shall have its spring-time flow'rs, its summer buds,
And flowers of its sober autumn dews:
These in full bloom of piety and love,
Shall each in its own time, be gathered home.
O'er the wide, troublous ocean, halcyon days
Are calmly slumb'ring; the imprisoned storms

And vengeful blasts with fruitless mutterings fill
Their deep abysmal dungeons; zephyr fresh
From dewy bowers, with train of laughing hours,
Floats through the cloudless sky, and fragrance showers,
And flowery plenty, and rose-scented dews.

Idolatry is done; that Moloch grim,
By universal man for ages loved,
In spite of blood-stained horrors, murderous war,
No longer claims his cloud of worshippers,
For glory seeking mid the groans and blood
Of dying millions; this dread Juggernaut,
Thrown from his hideous car, lies ground to dust;
The sword, the trumpet, the fire-breathing gun
Are known as fossils of a by-gone age,
Whose relics, from the strata as exhumed
Broken and mouldering, curious tell of fierce
And savage monsters who possessed the earth.
Tamed are the brute creation into peace,
Each with the other, and with man their lord.

Nought lingers that can now destroy or hurt
Through this wide world, so long the seat of death,
God's holy mountain, where Messiah reigns:
The promise of th' angelic host fulfilled,
On earth a boundless peace, good-will to man.
Like the last remnant of a summer shower,
When with his streaming rays the evening sun
The freshened landscape floods, and low the clouds,
But late all scowling, in th' horizon sunk,
Are seen no longer, save a low dark line
Around the circling East; thus sin's dark shades,
For ages scowling o'er the guilty world,
With shafted lightning and the thunder's roll,
Furrowing all nations with the sweeping curse,
Are gone, save where in far Siberian wilds,
Faint clouds are lingering yet, as o'er the marsh
Its deadly exhalation. The wide earth,
A camp of saints where their Jehovah dwells
Amid the cloud of fire, which Israel's hosts
O'ershadowed glorious in the wilderness.

Around this throne, curtained with living light,
Of Christ the king of glory, crowd the host
Of angels gathered over Bethlehem's plain,
When round the midnight shepherds glory shone,
A soldiery all meet t'escort and guard
In bright immortal armour Zion's king.
Amid that splendour, like the chosen three
With the translated prophets on the mount
With Jesus when transfigured, stand a host
No man can number of all tribes and tongues,
Clothed in white raiment, with palms in their hands,
With crowns of gold, and on their breast a star
Emblem of royalty, and mid its rays
Set a white stone with an inscription traced
By God's own hand, which none can understand
But him who bears it; while with harps of gold,
As sound of many waters and the voice
Of harpers harping with their harps, they sing,
"Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb
Who made us kings and priests through his own blood."

Around them stand the glad angelic host
As an encircling crown. What these? and whence?

Past the first resurrection: Blessed he
Who in its triumph shared; for they shall reign,
Through endless ages, kings and priests to God.
These are the blessed host redeemed from earth,
O'er death triumphant, with their bodies changed
Alike the glorious body of their King;
Who, as the angel standing in the sun,
High on his throne and crowned with many crowns,
Sits King of Zion, mid that cloud of light;
And they, first of creation, round him stand
Circling,—the household of the King of kings,
With coronets unfading, peers of heaven.

This is the Christian's hope,—that blessed hope;
And may it well entrance our care-worn souls,
And make more happy earth by hope of heaven,
All centring in the bright, the morning star,
Jesus the harbinger and pledge of heaven.

The lingering twilight fades: within we seek
A covert from the damp'ning evening air,
On sofa and the old arm-chairs, where drawn
In friendly circle, conversation pours
The mingling streams of feeling into one,
And that a swelling tide of happiness.
Nor break by candle-glare the sacred gloom,
In which, with day's decline, the heart of friend
Loves best with friend to converse; while the chirp
Of the fall-cricket from the grassy field,
With the sharp chorus there of living things,
Blends pensive with the cricket on the hearth;
And for the katy-did, child of the dews,
Chaste, shrilly musical, the willow's shades
And silvery moonlight seem a fitting bower:
While the intrusive owl in darkness pours
The dreary murmur of his lone complaint.
A fitting time to dwell on faded joys;
On friends departed, still full fondly loved;
On coming bliss, and a reunion where
The day breaks and the shadows flee away.

These halls are rendered sacred by the shade
Of one whose greatness has a lustre thrown
No less around his country than his home.
No nobler benefactor of his race,
Than he whose powers and life are spent to soothe
The sorrows of humanity, and make
One less the serried evils of the fall.
Could earthly calling higher honour gain,
Than when with man God sojourned in the flesh,
He lingered with the suffering poor, and healed
Their sicknesses, and their diseases bore,
Himself the great Physician? And the pen
Which traced with classic grace our Saviour's deeds,
Was held by the beloved physician's hand.
On this all-honoured calling, Physick's name
And virtues have unfading lustre shed.
E'en darkened pagan reason felt the truth
The art of healing sprung from heav'n, its due
The highest honour; since its patron god*

* Æsculapius.

Child of Apollo, spring of light and life,
God of the lyre, soother of human woes.
Its votaries in every age have shown
The noblest virtues: in the shades of death,
When arrows tipped with death fill the hot air
With ghostly darkness, soldiers at their post
Of duty faithful; and with fearless eye,
Keeping at bay the king of terror's host,
Or martyrs falling in the noblest cause;—
With purer courage, than when Sparta's sons
Withstood the Persian horde, beneath the shade
Of hostile arrows, their funereal pall.*
I e'er regret to see such men, with hearts
Beating with such high feelings, not possessed
Of what alone is wanting to complete

* Dienecees the Spartan, at Thermopylæ, on being told by a Tra-
chinian that the Persian host were so numerous as to pour forth a
shower of arrows sufficient to obscure the sun, replied, "We shall
then have the advantage of fighting them in the shade."—*Herodotus*,
7. 226.

Natures so noble, heaven-born piety;
To see two callings thus allied, divorced,
The good physician not a pious man.
In human ills, some sufferings have their seat
Less in the body than the mind; when sink
The spirits, sinks the body; and no care
Or skill medicinal can heal the ill.
There is no sickness of the heart but yields
To Siloa's cooling waters, Gilead's balm;
The panacea of all human woes
Is Scripture truth; and to administer
Aright this medicine to a mind diseased,
But little skill is needed save a heart
Which has experienced its healing power.
Kind words are not expensive things; soon said;
Nor make the poorer him who gives; and rich
In more than gold can buy, him who receives.
A few plain words spoken with feeling tone;
The faltering accent; eye suffused with tears;
The sorrowing look more eloquent than words;

The kind and gentle pressure of the hand
Bespeaking sympathy when language fails;
The silent finger pointed to a verse
Of comfort on the Scripture's opened page,
While feeling checks our utterance and finds
Our best words weakness with God's truth compared;—
These are but little things, yet touch the spring
Of life and feeling with reviving power,
In their most tender depths; and n'er the heart
Forgets the kindness and the giver's love.
In foreign lands the missionary's power
Has greater strength, when the physician's skill
Goes with his pious knowledge hand in hand:
And here, when he who heals the body's pangs,
Soothes the parched fever of the leprous soul
And aching heart, with Zion's sacred oil
And living water from the fount of life;—
Two-fold's his blessing,—not alone as man,
But as an angel minist'ring from heaven.
Hence fewer ties are stronger, than the bond

Between the child of suffering and the man
Who heals the body and has cheered the heart.
Thus, with an all-devoted love the soul
Clings to the Saviour, when his healing power
Cleanses the heart from sin, speaks words of peace,
Makes our vile body glorious like his own.

A man to greatness born, of noble mien;*
His was a head that Phidias would have loved
In marble of Pentelicus to mould;
A brow on which Apollo had enstamped
His own paternity; and while his lute
Drew the wild tenants from their mountain lairs,
Amid the feathery pines, to list his lay; †
The words of wisdom, in a richer tone,
From Physick's lips distilling, drew from far
The noblest youth and highest minds to hear,

* Dr. Philip Syng Physick.

† See the very beautiful Choral Ode in the *Alcestis* of Euripides,
line 590.

And hearing drink in wisdom, while they felt
Them honoured at his feet to sit and learn.
He nothing touched which did not thence receive
More beauteous lustre and a finished grace.
Throughout his character, the reigning charm
Was chaste simplicity and classic grace.
All artificial tricks his soul abhorred;
Such flimsy tinsel left to little minds:
No visionary theories; no high
And sounding phrases; no desire with charm
Of novelty to strike the wondering world.
He had the hardihood to disregard
Follies and fancies sanctified by age:
Sweeping away the cobwebs of the schools,
His mind's keen eagle-eye gazed unobscured
Into the depths of nature; while the strong
And muscular reliance genius feels,
Led forward with unfaltering tread in paths
Yet unexplored by science, with the lañp
Of inward wisdom guided: when small minds

Turned on that threshold pale, like strangers seen
By Pilgrim fleeing from the vale of death
By shadowy forms appalled, he onward moved
Calm, confident in panoply of truth,
And bringing back, like Great-heart, trusting lives
Turned by his guidance from the jaws of death.
All bent to claims of duty; at the shrine
Of truth he humbly kneeled; when duty called
E'en to the moment punctual; choicest thoughts
Dropping in limpid cadence from his tongue,
In words no criticism could improve,
Embodied fitly wisdom from a mind,
One of the few whose instincts wisdom seem,
By labour, culture, patient thought refined.
In his appearance, actions, words, there reigned
A harmony without a jar; his mind,
His manners, and his intercourse with men,
All took their colouring from a heart that felt
The depth of human woe, and to the work
Of its alleviation sobered came.

All that before him stood, his greatness felt;
His quiet dignity all triflers awed.
That noble mien no smile unmeaning marred;
Yet when a real joy his brow illumed,
No beauteous woman smiled with sweeter grace.
A self-control no crisis could disturb;
And calmest, when the life most valued hung
On his quick judgment and his steady hand.
While this cool self-possession took the air,
To strangers, of indifference to woe,
'Twas heaven's especial gift which equal made
His spirit for his work; beneath, there beat
A heart of sympathies genial and warm,
With keenest feeling for another's pain.
And little would the casual gazer think,
That form so cool amid the deepest griefs,
Felt keener than a woman's heart the pangs
Duty inflicted, and in secret bled
More freely than the nearest friend, to view
The sorrows of humanity he healed.

His hand was ever ready at the call
Of needy sorrow; and his heart bestowed
His priceless services with real joy.
He had no time to trifle, and no heart
To deal in jests, when sorrow thronged his door,
And woe in tears stood crying for relief.
More than a Roman virtue he possessed;
For Roman virtue lacked the element
Which quickens virtue into noblest life,
Which leavened his with beauty, Scripture truth.
His spotless moral excellence diffused
An influence round him, like a cloud of light,
Offspring of piety, without whose crown
All moral virtues are a headless trunk,
Th' Apollo Belvidere without the head.
In surgery he did a work no less
Than Washington had done in civil life;—
Father of surgery in this western world.
On earth no mission nobler than to rear,
In this great country, at its primal growth,

A temple like Bethesda's, where disease
May find a sheltering porch and healing pool.
He the foundation laid with faultless skill;
And o'er his work time gathers no decay.
With blessings from the suffering was his path
Made glad through life, and in declining age:
America's great surgeon, — in the hearts
Of youth to usefulness and greatness formed
By his example and his voice, now found
Highest in influence, and in the hearts
Who with relief from suffering link his name, —
Has his true monument; which shall endure
When marble moulders, while undying burns
The gratitude of loving hearts in heaven.

In this delightful landscape, deep embowered
Mid trees luxuriant, grass, and vines, and flowers,
This home reposes smiling; all combined
To form a setting for those precious gems,
Priceless beyond what ought on earth, too mean,

Rubies or gold, could purchase; held so dear
By Him who gave, that He their purchase paid
By sacrifice of heaven and his own blood;
Diamonds to show not the sun's sickly ray,
But to reflect th' effulgence of that light
Which is Jehovah's glory, and to blaze
When earth with all its crowns and precious things
Are crumbled down to ashes, as the gems
Of heaven's crown of glory, Jesus' throne.
In leading children to the cross, we take
The most effective means to bind their hearts
Most strongly to our own. Who Jesus loves
With best affection, best affection gives
To those who lead them to that Saviour's love.
And when the living waters from the spring
Of Jesus' love, pure through the channels wind
Of feeling and affection, they refine,
And clarify, and nourish into life
Healthful and vigorous, all inferior loves.
Still dearer children when in Jesus loved;

Each lies upon the heart, a beauteous star,
Light of our being, beauty of our joy:
And as that little image of the friend
On whom we gaze, seen deep within the eye,
Sends through our being feelings of delight;
When on them rests the heart with fondest gaze,
Their image exquisite drawn in the soul,
Amid the crystal waters of the spring
O'erflowing full with deep parental love,
Feeds our whole being with perennial bliss
Known only to the faithful parent's heart.
Their aspirations nobler than when Rome
The mother saw without denial claim
The crown imperial for her son from heaven:
At their request a crown of light awaits
In heaven each brow of our beloved sons.
And as the goddess when her wandering child
And friend, in stranger land their dangerous way
To the imperial walls of Carthage urged,
Mantled them with a cloud of mellow light

More beauteous making all things, while unseen
Secure they walked in this encircling shield;
So shall our prayers a richer cloud of light,
Of God's eternal light, draw round our sons,
With favour compassing as with a shield,
While thus they pass through powerless hostile hosts
And enter the metropolis of heaven.
The faithful parent's prayers can realize
More than by ancient fable ever dreamed
In Leda's sons raised to the starry sphere,
There shining glorious through each passing age:
Translated from the earth, not in the flash
Of empty fancy, but by Enoch's God,
These sons twin stars shall burn amid the sky
Which crowns with starry gems the throne of God
In constellations numberless of hosts
Of clustering angels and of souls redeemed.
And like those stars unseen by common gaze,
But to the eye of science full disclosed
Revolving in harmonious, endless round,

Blending the rays of different light and spheres
Alternate in a unison of light,
Of beauty, and of motion; shall these souls
In holy beauty luminous, with shades
Of blending feeling differing as light
Seen white and roseate in some double star,
Shine in the firmament of the new heavens,
More beauteous than when with optic glass,
Science all breathless lingers on some star,
A double system in remotest skies.
The souls of pious families on earth,
Transformed from darkness to the wondrous light
Of Him who burns in heaven the morning star,
Transferred to heaven by Jesus, ever shine
The constellations of that glorious world;
And mid their children circling round, bright burns
The parent, as the star that brightest gems
The starry circlet of the Northern Crown.
There happy they who at His feet can say,—
Here, Lord, am I, and children whom thou gavest.

The busy crowds who bear the toil of life
With buoyant hearts, are in their labours cheered
With hope of gaining, in declining age,
A home with calm repose in rural ease.
For this the student threads his midnight path,
With lonely lamp, through labyrinthine lore;
The seaman braves the tempest-heaving waves,
And treacherous dangers, pestilential death;
The soldier marches calm to lingering wounds;
And in the tedious furrow, oft the swain
Recruits his flagging steps with distant hope
Of home and rest in his enfeebled years.

Of earthly happiness the corner-stone
Lies in domestic bliss; the mutual love
Of wife and husband, when, congenial souls,
They blend in one, while round them freshly twine
The budding tendrils of warm childhood's heart,
Sweeter than fragrance of the blooming grape
O'er summer-meadows, drawing closer thus

The hearts parental, and th' autumnal hues
Of mellow age with clusters making glad
Of filial virtues;—this the purest joy;
The spring whose crystal waters freshness give
And life to every other joy; the root
Which cankered, all the growths of happiness
Must fall into "the sere and yellow leaf."
In the Creator's image formed, man stands
A living mirror shadowing forth the truth
The full perfection of Jehovah's mind,
Else e'er unknown. Nor can our soul conceive
How creature greater dignity can crown,
Than thus the eternal Maker's likeness bear
As our great end of being; and our joy
Is found in mirroring thus the Almighty's praise.
Parental love is rooted in the soul,
That we may have a teacher in our heart,
Showing with each pulsation how God loves
His creatures, sons; connubial love unfolds
The love of Jesus for his ransomed Church.

In cherishing these loves we therefore find
A pleasure more than earthly, the designed
And exquisite memorial sent from heaven,
And lodged within the human heart, to show
The blessedness of God in his pure love
To those whose being from his own has sprung
The joy within our heart which thus can teach
Our souls th' eternal Spirit's happiness
In loving his own sons, must be refined
And priceless: As the diamond not the rock
Shows light how beauteous, and its lustre sheds
In deepest darkness; in the human soul,
Love conjugal and love parental shine
Diamonds amid inferior gems, and show
In error's midnight where no Scripture truth
Has shed a ray, what is the radiant love
Of God the sun of glory for his sons.
As we our children love, thus God loves those
Made through redeeming blood the sons of God:
And never can the child who fails in love

To earthly parent, due affection feel
For God, the Father who his being gave.
Well may we hoard this love, and prize its joy
The richest blessing of all earthly bliss.

Where is the heart that beauty cannot touch?
Nought leaves Jehovah's forming hand, till shaped
And coloured into beauty: nor alone,
Deep in the farthest heav'ns where light assumes
Shades the most exquisite; where rolling clouds,
In golden grandeur, throng the setting sun;
Where the grim gust fades into rainbow hues;
Nor where profuse variety inweaves
The flowery carpet over tropic plains,
And loads the trees with bloom, the air with balm;—
Is beauty traced. It gushes in the rill;
Sighs in the breeze; mantles the moss-grown rock;
Breathes from the tinted flower's precious urn;
And in the pebbles which dull folly spurns,
Beams in the sapphire, in the ruby burns.

But what this beauty of material things?
The mantle o'er an inward beauty thrown,
The spiritual, the moral, a far spring
Unseen but known, as the lone fount whose stream
Is traced in the rank verdure: Thus the soul
Is living beauty of the human form;
Thus God's creation's beauty, glory, life.
As beauty of the heart transcends the flush
Of frail corporeal beauty, lingers on
Undimmed, when mortal loveliness decays;
All moral beauty, flush of soul, excels
The richest beauty of material things.
No earthly thing more beauteous than the home
Where loves of parents, children, sweetly blend,
Different in nature as the rainbow's hues,
But needed each to form one perfect ray.
On such a scene the eye rests with delight
Calm mantling at the heart: as beauteous shades
Are finer and more pleasing in the flower
Than in the pebble; most refined in light,

Where matter gently into spirit fades
As link connecting; so the spirit's powers,
By grade ascending, beauty still disclose
Yet more ethereal, yielding keener joy.
But in the temple of the human soul,—
The holiest place the inmost shrine, the heart
Of our whole being, nearest love to God,
Is love parental; which the emblem stands,
The oracle, th' interpreter to man
Of God's pure love,—Himself is light and life.
Virtue's the highest beauty; and of earth
The highest virtue is the duteous love
Of child to parent. Memory joys to hoard
Such scenes when met with in this jarring world;
Nor greater ugliness appears than harsh,
Unfilial conduct: memory retains
Enstamped such harshness, as a monster's form
Is graved indelible upon the mind.
The greatest monster's an unfeeling child;
A duteous child the greatest earthly joy.

Of every virtue this the vital root;
Of every happiness the primal spring.
A lawless son, whatever else of good
Possessing, ne'er can make a virtuous man.
His so called virtues are the fruit's crude germ
In spring time fair, but fallen in decay
E'er ripening summer, with a canker lodged
Deep in the core, with numerous fading leaves,
E'er autumn, telling death unseen at heart.
No virtue e'er can ripen in a heart,
Where at the core, parental disrespect,
A cankering worm, hideous and deadly lies.
When by the death-bed of the parent, stands
The child, and holds now cold in death the hand
That ne'er to him was stretched, but to extend
And act of kindness, and his faltering steps
Upheld in infancy; and feels perchance
Those hands now hardened with the anxious toil
That sheltered him from want in childhood's years;
And sees those eyes are dim, those lips are pale,

Where nought had dwelt but looks and words of love;
Then e'en the child most dutiful will find
More than enough of failures in his love
And duty to the parent, to distress
His heart, and from his eye wring bitter tears.
But, O the agony, when there the child
Stands self-convicted of unkind neglect,
Of wilful disobedience, and that heart
In secret oft with keenest anguish wrung.
Repentance then and tears can ne'er avail;
Nought but remorse and anguish are his lot,
And retribution slow but coming sure.
No retribution surer than for sins
Against parental love: with lagging foot,
But deadly sureness, creeps the coming curse.
And when long years have passed; and the old home
Is nigh forgotten; and those grey hairs gone
In sorrow to the grave; the bitter cup
The child held to the parent, is in turn
Drunk by that child e'en to the very dregs,

Presented by the hand which wrote the law,
“What measure ye have meted, shall again
To you be measured.” That same hand requites
Good measure heaped together, running o’er,
To children faithful in parental love.
In the far future lies a treasured store,
Of blessed memories and prospering deeds,
By Heaven in love reserved for duteous sons.
Cleave to this road of virtue; ’tis a way
Of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.

To youth would love and wisdom kindly say,—
Amid the many things which blend to form
Thine earthly heritage,—lands, houses, wealth,—
Ne’er cease to hoard as legacy most prized,
Th’ example, counsels, name, and pious prayers,
Bequeathed by the good parent to his sons.
An ornament of grace around thy head
Is such a prayer; not like the fabled crown
On the devoted brow of Jason’s spouse,

Set by Medea vengeful, whence the rays
Of fiery death streamed circling through her frame,
Mantling it with a curse; but this a crown
Of heavenly gold, in which a magnet power
Lodged by the Holy Ghost, perennial dwells,
And mildly radiates, "life to thy soul;"
And thou, through earth, walk in the mantling light
Shed from this crown of fond paternal love.
Wouldst thou true nobleness of soul attain,
The many generous passions of thy heart
Enliven with the living fire which burns
On pure religion's altar, brought from heaven.
Here, as the hill of science thou dost climb,
The temple of all glorious truth to reach,
Kneel at Religion's altar, take her hand
In kindness offered: she will be thy guide
Through error's mazes, till thou reach the shrine
Where dwells in glory God, himself the truth.
The God of Israel bless thee and the hand
Of Israel's Shepherd be thy guide, loved youth,

Through all the dangers of this wilderness,
Where thou thy pilgrim-staff full early take,
With face turned toward heaven. When my soul
May far be severed from thee, I will bear
Thee on my heart in prayer, and faith, and love,
As my own child in Jesus; and from heaven,
If there preceding thee, look down and hail
Thee welcome to that world and crown of life.
Here would I set the Saviour's name a star,
"The morning star," which never sets, to guide
Thee in thy pilgrimage: in coming years,
When here thou readst his name, let memory dwell
On me as one who loves his precious name,
And loves thee as redeemed with Jesus' blood.
From him may blessings ever round thy path
Fall like the summer dews; and with thine eye
On him thy guiding star, thy pilgrim path,
Through the night shadows of this dreary life,
To heaven urge onward. When with sorrow sunk
Or toil, a traveller by life's dusty road,

May He, the good Samaritan of heaven,
Then raise 'thy drooping head and cheer thy heart,
As thou in sorrow hast to others done.
And when thy tent is struck, and the last march
Of life awaits thee through death's fearful vale,
Where stands the king of terrors with his host,
While the day's breaking o'er the distant hills;
Then, with his angels may He meet thy soul;
And, with his favour compassed as a shield,
Mayst thou, a conqueror through Jesus' blood,
With such triumphal escort, through the gates
Enter the new Jerusalem, and meet,
No more to part, the loved and lost of earth,
With Jesus in his glory there to rest,
In endless life, a king and priest to God.

This torch of truth, not by an angel's hand,
But by the Son of God brought down from heaven,
The sacred Scriptures in their fulness take,
A lamp to guide thy feet, light to thy way,

Safe through the mazy darkness of this life,
And through the deadly fire-damp of the grave.
Here, truth and beauty in perfection glow;
Nor round can gather error's slightest shade.
A treas'ry of exhaustless truth, it feeds
With vigour of eternal life the mind;
The heart with love undying; while it sways
Th' imagination with those visions pure,
Which clarify the soul in every taste,
And form us to the poetry of heaven:
Of moral truth the standard; and no less
In poetry and taste a faultless rule.
Within the compass of this sea of truth
Revealed,—are depths which the profoundest mind
Can never fathom, pearls and shells and gems
More brilliant, beautiful, and numberless,
Than through all ages can the votaries
Of wisdom hope to gather. Who can tell
The crowns rich, brilliant, undecayed, that blaze
On brows of sons of genius, with the gems

Gathered from these store-houses of the deep?
Yet undiminished are their treasures still,
As ocean by the shells and gems withdrawn
By divers of all ages, or by ships
Spice-laden from the far and palmy isles
Of greenery and fragrance, in the seas
Of India's sunny waters. All the minds
Inquisitive, through every future age,
May here explore, and with their sounding lines,
Search for fresh wonders, and fresh wonders find,
And in their spoils exult, while there remain
In these deep caves of Scripture, hoards of truth
And riches intellectual, which all times
And hosts of seekers ne'er can render less.
What multitudes have in these waters sought,
In ages past, the diamonds to adorn
Their spirits, and be worthy deemed to sit
With Jesus at the supper of the Lamb:
Yet fresh and full these treasures, as when came
First of the ransomed, Abel: we enrich

Our spirits from the fulness then divulged.
And when the last of that long column bought
With Jesus' blood, have their white robes received,
And palms, and crowns, and passed beyond the gates
Of death, in primal fulness still shall roll
The depths of this blest ocean, in whose waves,
With their exhaustless riches, ever dwells
A pow'r more healing than Bethesda's pool.
Such truths substantial, which to humble toil
Of mental industry, a sure reward
Thus yield abundantly, — like Gerar's meads
Which yielded Isaac's toil, the selfsame year,
An hundred-fold increase, — why should we leave
For fancies called by name of truth, the dream
Of intellects awake while judgment sleeps;
Fine theories spun from the mind and thrown
To float abroad and mystify the sense, —
An intellectual gossamer, as fine
And flimsy as the threads on autumn-morn
Across our way, amazing, as we gaze,

By thought of skill which hung them useless there.
A priceless diamond, this blest volume burns
Throughout, in deepest gloom, with living light.
No humble shell found casual on this shore,
But buried in its folds a priceless pearl;
And richer gold lies hid in every sand,
Than all the waters of Pactolus rolled.
Where ocean depths sparkle with diamond caves,
And bowers with sea-flowers hung, with sea-stars paved,
And shells in whose wreathed chambers loves to rest
The silvery moonbeam wandering through the deep;—
Or when the morning sun flames through those halls
With pillars gold and blended pearls and gems;
No wandering nymph e'er gazed with joy so deep,
As felt, when by God's Spirit led, the soul
Lingers among these galleries of truth,
With every pillar, statue, fresco, gem,
Kindled to glory by the Shechinah.
The beauties of the structure reared for man
In revelation, by the hand which placed

The temple on Mount Zion, can be known
Only by him who's led within the veil
By God the Spirit: when the veil which hangs
Before the carnal mind, has been withdrawn
By this divine hierophant, we gaze
Not on the terrors flashing through the gloom
In those dark mysteries at Eleusis seen,
But on the day-spring of the light which sleeps
Upon the heavenly hills. As o'er the brow
Of Olivet the weary pilgrim came
All sudden on the temple full in view,
He found him paused and gazing; through his heart
Deeper and more o'erflowing were the streams
Of holy admiration, when he paused
Beyond the holy place, and lowly kneeled
Prostrate before the cherubim: The view
Of Scripture in its compass, to the mind
Which views it only as a work of mind,
Nor looks beyond the walls reared with all grace
Of literary skill,—in glory sinks

Farther below the burning visions hung,
On every side, around the soul which made
A priest to Jesus through atoning blood,
Reads clear the characters of truth enrolled
On page of Scripture by the Spirit's blaze,—
The letters written on the new white stone,—
The emblems by the Holy Spirit wrought
Upon the tapestry whose silvery folds
Hang round the golden shrine, the mercy-seat,
Where, hid in time of trouble, rests the soul
Beneath Jehovah's voice and sheltering wings.
Formed for God's glory by pursuit of truth,
Keeping his ways, and with enlightened love,
Enjoying what is beautiful in his works,—
Man was cut off by sin from all these springs
Of joy exhaustless, sentenced to the gloom
Of ignorance and error, in the cell
Of this dark earth our prison, with no rays
Of light and beauty, save the casual gleams
Caught through these dungeon-bars, while the bright world

Of heaven and angels, deep enshrouded lies
By walls we may not pass. Yet in the soul,
Remain those native pow'rs, the thirst for truth
Springing from reason, and the thirst no less
For what is beautiful, whose source lies deep
In the imagination: reason feeds
On truth; and the imagination feeds
On what is beautiful in truth, expressed
However various in the works of God.
Had man not sinned, these powers had ever stood
On high beside God's throne, where all the rays
Of glory through creation central burn,
And all is light of beauty and of truth.
Thus cast from his position, with a mind
Enfeebled, clouded, but of pow'rs unchanged,—
In lack of aliment of which the soul
Has been by sin defrauded, far we grope
In search of what is beautiful and true,
To satisfy the cravings of these powers,—
A craving so intense as to receive

Man's dreams with gladness, when the massive truth
Of God's substantial wisdom is withheld.
What are the poet's song, the pictured page
By genius laboured, but the efforts made
To satisfy our faculties with truth
In beauty garnished? When in darkness left,
For ages round his prison-walls to grope,
Man lingered restless and unsatisfied
With ore brought by philosophy from mines
Wrought deep with steady toil, and splendours seized
By genius in his tow'ring flights tow'rds heaven;
God came in person through the human form
In Bethlehem born, and in the Scriptures gave.
All we may know of glories which abound
In yonder sinless world, and which the mind
Failing to reach unaided, formed the dreams
Of poetry, — formed systems, in default
Of something better, called philosophy.
Hence, in the Scriptures does the heart exult
To find in heavenly richness, substance pure,

All dreamed by sage and poet in the age
Of Greece and Rome. Here are the golden fruits
Of the Hesperides, the tree of life
Laden with fruits perennial, living truths.
Here is divulged the island of the blest,
More glorious than Atlantis' fabled bowers;
The golden thread which the bewildered soul
Leads from the mazy labyrinth of sin,
And rescues from the Monitaur of death.
Here, for the shadowy wood-nymphs, we are met
By dazzling hosts at Mahanaim seen,
The ministry of angels. Here, the dream
Of an Apollo exiled from the skies
On earth in human form, we leave to gaze
On God, the Son, dwelling in Him who wept
On Olivet for sin, on Calvary died.
Here, we may come to more than Delphi's shades,
And e'en the humblest soul, a priest to God,
Receive a holy inspiration breathed
By God the Holy Spirit; here, the soul

Bathe in a purer than Castalian spring,
The fount of living waters; here a harp,
Transcending that of Orpheus, sweetly charms
Hearts petrified by sin, and while they hear,
Draws them entranced by mild constraint to heaven.

· No relic more affecting than the worn
And well used Bible of a friend in heaven.
Of earthly things this nearest lay the heart.
Through all the fortunes of a checkered life,
In joy and grief, in sunshine and in gloom,
When friends were numerous, and when friends decayed,
When the lone heart lay crushed, a bleeding wreck,
In silent anguish, by life's desert road;
When sins distressed, when heavenly visions smiled;
In spiritual gloom, and when our Lord
Walked in close converse with our burning hearts;
This precious volume was the only joy;
These truths the gloomy spirit's only light,
The crushed and wounded spirit's only balm.

Here, with the wintry dawn of early day,
Our straining vision searched for living truth;
And here, in summer-twilight's gathering shades,
This page of love our aching eyes perused.
And when mid falling chill-dews of the grave,
The hand grew cold and nerveless, and forgot
Each earthly touch, it wandered still to find
This page of words of Jesus; and the heart,
When other loves grew cold, its tendrils warm,
In darkening death, strong round this volume drew,
Loved next to Jesus, the pure amulet
Filled with the living perfume of his love.
There, cold and still the hand yet faithful lay,
True to its latest love, on the old book
Left now when faith is turned to sight in heaven.
These pencilled passages, these places worn,
These pages blotted with the frequent tear
Burst from contrition's eye of longing love,
Speak of a weary pilgrim's heavenward love,
Speak of a weary pilgrim soul at rest.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.



RETIREMENT WITH JESUS.

THERE WILL I GIVE THEE MY LOVES.—*Song vii. 12.*

COME to this tranquil shade
Of forest boughs in spring's rich freshness wove;
And on this turf with early flowers inlaid,
Bring filled with fervent love,

The censer of the heart;
And offer sacrifice of praise and prayer,
To Him whose Holy Spirit doth impart
Peace calm as this pure air.

Here are no rolling wheels,
No mammon's pomp, nor envy, strife, nor jar;
Unfelt the din of life around us steals,
Like the dull waves afar.

From Salem's crowds at even,
To the lone mount was Jesus e'er withdrawn;
There, with no voice to hear, he poured to Heaven
His prayer at early dawn.

There does he linger yet,
Revealed to faith's pure eye, to meet and bless
Souls who, for his blest smiles and voice, forget
Earth's phantom happiness.

When rosy morning fills,
In heaven's dewy bowers, her golden urn,
And bright her altars on the eastern hills,
With balmy incense burn;

When pensive eve doth gaze,
With wondering silence, on the starry throng,
That crowd the darkening courts of heaven, and raise
Their full adoring song;

Then haste, my soul, to meet
This confidential Friend, where none intrudes;
Feel Mary's joy, while falling at his feet
In these blest solitudes.

Here, speaks He face to face,
With our o'erwhelmed and gladdened souls; our heart
He gathers to his bosom; and his grace
In melting streams imparts.

The hidden manna here,
Our spirits find by more than angels given;
And brighter than on Tabor's mount, appear
O'erpowering gleams of heaven.

In this divine retreat,
Where breathes the fainting soul reviving air,
The spirit healthful grows, and feels it sweet
Its toils and woes to bear.

And when my soul alone
Must pass away from earth, through death's dark shade,
He whom my heart has here so frequent known,
Will meet me with his aid;

And gathered in his arms,
A trembling lamb, my trusting soul he'll bear
Safe through death's terrors and the grave's alarms,
His home in heaven to share.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

THE NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME.—*Phil.* ii. 9.

JESUS my Saviour, I have loved thy name;
A charm invests it, which my listening soul
In breathless silence holds; a sea-gemmed shell
Brought from the depths of heav'n, whose murmurings
Whisper the fulness of the love which rolls
An ocean boundless in the far off skies:
A precious alabaster filled with balm
Drawn from the tree of life; the heart made pure,
A spiritual casket, hoards thy name
As a bright jewel fallen to earth from heav'n.
In cloudless hours, when far o'er sunny seas
My soul would wander like a joyous bird,
And skim o'er sparkling waves, through beauteous bow'rs,
In worlds of poesy, and list the airs
Of fragrance and of song; or seek the fruits

Of golden wisdom, on the earthly tree
Of knowledge; and would seek a clime where loves
And friends of earth, dove-like, are gathered far
From winter's blighting frost, in boundless spring;
Ah! then my spirit droops, the buoyant strength
Fades from its wing, the brightening eye grows dim
And listless, e'en through fairest scenes it roams:
Sickened and sad, from all that earth can give,
Of splendour, honour, learning, beauty, love,
My spirit longs for Jesus; and with wing
Quickened and strong from love intense, its course
Speeds to the clefts and rocks, the mount of myrrh
And frankincense, where he awaits his dove,
Gathers us loving, trembling to his heart,
And speaks the wondrous riches of his name.
In sorrow's flood, this name the ark where rests
The dove of the distressed and wearied soul;
The golden pot with hidden manna filled;
The cup of our salvation, whence is poured
The oil of gladness on the broken heart,
By Him the good Samaritan of heaven:
In sickness, this our health; in weakness, strength;
Our light, in darkness; and in death our life.
Where, in the holiest of the soul, doth dwell
Thy Spirit's cloud of fire, bright be thy name,

Engraven on the altar. In the depths
Of being's fountain, lies thy name a gem
Than life more precious;—Jesus, thou my life:
And as thy name lies garnered in the streams
Of feeling springing in the heart, as pearl
Of price unspeakable in limpid rill;
My soul, with bright'ning love, shall rest a gem
In life's pellucid river from the throne
Of God the Lamb, the Spirit's crystal streams.

LONGING FOR JESUS.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.—*Psalm lxxiii.* 25.

JESUS my precious friend,
With thee alone I'm blest,
In thee all my affections blend,
On thee my spirit rest.

Withdraw my heart from earth,
Fix my desires on heav'n;
Each hour may holier thoughts have birth,
New views of Christ be given.

My soul is sick of love,
My spirit pants for thee;
On angel-wings would soar above,
From all things earthly free.

Before thy heavenly throne,
My longing soul would fall,
And know Thee as myself am known;
Feel Jesus all in all.

THE MORNING STAR.

AND I WILL GIVE HIM THE MORNING STAR.—*Rev. ii. 28.*

LONE pilgrim, raise thy weary eyes
To yonder eastern hills,
Where deepest night's dark shadow lies,
And fall its coldest chills:
What blaze above that mountain brow,
This gloomy vale so richly now,
With streaming radiance fills?
Bright burst its beacon-beams afar,
Day's harbinger, the morning star.

O couldst thou, with unfettered wing,
Rise from these gloomy shades,
To that unfallen world, whose spring
No wintry chill invades;

Where grief nor grave has cast a gloom,
Where flow'rs in Eden's freshness bloom,
Nor hue the softest fades :
Far from these stormy scenes, how blest
Within those realms of light to rest.

But should of worlds that brightest gem
Be given as thine own,
Its pearls and gold, its diadem,
Its undisputed throne :
Its distant climes their tribute bring ;
Its willing nations hail thee king,
- All glorious, loved, alone :
From death released, from envy's frown,
To wear for e'er so rich a crown ;

O wouldst thou earth's neglect and scorn,
With more than gladness bear ;
And cheer thy heart, with sorrow worn,
By hope of glory there.
How slight the griefs of brighted earth,
Its thrones and crowns how little worth,
When of such bliss the heir :
How would thy gladdened spirit long
To mingle with that starry throng.

But what that pure, unfallen world,
 Its throne, its crown, its bliss;
What all those stars in heav'n impearled,
 More bright, more blest than this:
Can all, with Him, in worth, compare,
Who placed those worlds of glory there,
 Whose thrones, whose pow'r is His?
Around whose one eternal throne,
All, Him their Maker, Sovereign own?

Rouse, care-worn saint; though poor, distressed,
 To thee thy God has giv'n
More than all worlds thou deemst so blest
 In yonder star-gemmed heav'n:
His Son who formed those worlds, He gave,
Thy wrecked and sinking soul to save,
 On sin's dark surges driv'n:
Jesus, whose yonder glories are,
Is giv'n us in "the Morning Star."

LINES WRITTEN IN A NEW HOME.

WE WILL COME UNTO HIM, AND MAKE OUR ABODE WITH HIM.—*John xiv. 23.*

COME thou, the dear-loved treasure of my heart;
In whom are garnered all my fervent loves;
My precious Saviour, to this dwelling come,
And with my loving, longing soul abide.
Thou art the great attraction of my home;
'Tis desolate without thee; but thy smile,
Thy voice, thy presence can a temple make
E'en of the rocky wilderness where slept
The exile patriarch; how happy, then,
This peaceful, well-appointed home, thy gift
To thine unworthy servant. In this room,
My study, while arranging, I have thought
With holy trepidation,—Here will come,
And meet, and dwell with me, my dearest love,
Jesus; to whom my soul's betrothed; who waits,
In his own home prepared for me in heaven,

The day of our espousals; and meanwhile,
Till the daybreak and shadows flee away,
Comes o'er the dark ravines and bleetling cliffs
Towering between these prison-grounds of earth
And the wide, sunny palace-grounds of heaven;
And gives me sweet expressions of his love
The world can never know. Oh, other spots
On earth are rendered sacred, other homes,
By memories of meetings there with Thee,
And lengthened visitations;—here abide,
With the same glory, tenderness, and love.
More than a welcome, Saviour, will I give:
All throw I open to Thee, house, arms, heart;
All that I have is treasured up for Thee.
Where ere Thou art, blest Jesus, is my home;
Nor earth, nor heaven has home apart from Thee.

ASPIRATIONS.

MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD, FOR THE LIVING GOD: WHEN SHALL I COME AND APPEAR
BEFORE GOD.—*Psalm* xlii. 2.

THE pure in heart may feel, no tongue can tell,
What joy unspeakable pervades the breast,
When our affections on the Saviour dwell,
And his pure Spirit has the soul possessed:
Then, gathered in our opening graces, rest
Truths purer than the dew of Hermon's hill,
In flowers that Gilboa's springs invest;
The deep'ning peace of heav'n the soul doth fill,
And from the tree of life a healing balm distil.

Mild as the opening rose of Sharon's vale,
Our love for heav'n and Jesus silent grows;
Gloom flees, as clouds, when o'er the sinking gale
The summer sun his evening radiance throws:

Then, from the broken spirit, gently flows
 Contrition's crystal fountain,—sighs and tears
 The Spirit's sacred presence that disclose;
 While we, like him of Patmos, save his fears,
 Fall at his feet who in such loveliness appears.

O then the spirit longs to spread the wings
 Of an unbodied angel, and to soar
 To yon bright realms of bliss, where earthly things
 Can weary and oppress the heart no more;
 To be what we have groaned to be; to pour
 The spirit forth in perfect love; to see
 And tell Him how we love Him; to adore
 As they adore in heaven; to know me free
 To love, adore, and praise through blest eternity.

Thou, whom my spirit loves, O tell me where
 Thou dost thy chosen, in this wilderness,
 Feed with these heavenly visions: Let me share
 Such scenes as did the exiled patriarch bless:*
 We may not see, yet may we feel no less,
 By thy blest Spirit, Thee in glory near:

* Gen. xxviii. 12.—xxxii. 2.—xxxii. 30.

O flood my soul with love, till it oppress
With fulness my affections; and appear
In glory bright as these frail earthly powers can bear.

I know thou wilt my large desires fulfil,
And bless my soul with grace as grace I need;
Nor leave me, till on Zion's holy hill,
With the Lamb slain and his redeemed, I feed
By the still waters. Lord, my spirit lead
In ways thy love and wisdom knoweth best;
For thee 'tis sweet to labour; sweet to read
Thy goodness in our woes; yet, make me blest
With fulness of thy love, till I in heav'n shall rest.

WHERE I ABIDE THERE THOU SHALT BE.

WHERE I AM, THERE SHALL ALSO MY SERVANT BE.—*John xii. 26.*

WHERE I abide, there thou shalt be,
And mid my glory ever dwell;
Its mysteries e'er unfolding see,
And all its wondrous riches tell.

Where I abide, there thou shalt be,
Removed from sin's last blighting shade;
Thy breast from conflicts ever free,
In peace its surging passions laid.

Where I abide, there thou shalt be,
And all that chills thy love removed;
My deepest love I'll show to thee,
And me thou love as thou art loved.

Where I abide, there thou shalt be,
My coming and my throne to share;
My kingdom's glorious triumphs see,
Its crown of love and glory wear.

Where I abide, there thou shalt be,
And meet each cherished earthly friend;
Their loves more deeply blest to thee,
As all in me more deeply blend.

Where I abide, there thou shalt be,
And on my bosom ever rest;
My spirit e'er rejoice o'er thee,
And thou in me for ever blest.

JESUS OUR REST.

THIS IS MY REST FOR EVER.—*Psalm cxxxii. 14.*

WHEN shall my soul repose,
All pure and glorious on my Saviour's breast;
As 'neath morn's opening eye, the full-blown rose
Gives the lone dew-drop rest.

Ne'er can I rest, nor feel
My soul at home, till Him in heav'n I find;
And heavenly glory in my heart anneal
The graces there inshrined.

Sick with this fervent love,
How turns the spirit from all earthly things;
And longs to sink away a pearl above,
In heaven's pellucid springs,

Lost as a radiant gem,
In Jesus' heart, the depths of love divine;
My soul impearled in bliss, his diadem
Its sainted, glorious shrine.

O when in lonely gloom
Of sleepless midnight, darkest clouds of care
His smiles make glorious; how shall they illumine
Heaven's sinless, cloudless air.

Rich are the melting tears,
Which full the heav'nward eye of faith suffuse,
As Jesus' tones the listening spirit hears,
And brightening glory views.

O take me to his feet;—
There let me bathe with tears and kiss the wound
Borne on the cross; and glad my love repeat
To angels listening round.

How can the richest tone,
That e'er from angel-lips or harp distilled,
Entrance my heart that Jesus' love has known,
And with his voice been thrilled.

No, not the streets of gold,
Nor gates of pearl, nor Salem's silvery dome,
Nor scenes on Zion's heavenly fields unrolled;—
These, these are not my home.

My disembodied soul,
Ye kindred angels, take to Jesus' breast;
There, dove-like, seeks my heart its final goal;
There, only, longs to rest.

A LOVED ONE IN HEAVEN.

THERE YOU SHALL ENJOY YOUR FRIENDS AGAIN THAT ARE GONE THITHER BEFORE YOU.

Pilgrim's Progress.

WHEN shall I be with Jesus? When my love
To this best friend,—a flower 'mid earth's drear gloom,
Unfolding 'neath the Spirit's dews its leaves
As softly dawn awakens,—be revealed
In full-blown richness, and my heart o'erfilled
With glory from the risen sun of heaven,
Lost in a sea of light and love, exhale,
As a pure censer, incense of the skies?
This love he fondly fosters; as a plant
In his own garden, he has set my heart:
And though this growth of earthly joys that creep
Like weeds around me; and the purer flowers
Of ease and friendship; and the tendril frail,
But beautiful and lovely, that did creep
Around me and into my very heart,
Part of my being;—all are torn away;
'Tis thus, because he loves me, and would urge
My love to stronger, healthier growth, and raise

A flower more beautiful, when from this wild
He moves me to the paradise of God.
Oh! with what fond and longing love, I turn
To yonder hills of frankincense and light,
Where he awaits his chosen: and my heart
Doth melt with tenderness, my longing soul
Dissolve in tears of love, contrition, peace.
Thanks that the stream of life so rapid shoots
And bears me to his bosom; that the wells
Opened so numerous in this desert world,
Tasted, are bitterness; the soul thus driven,
By sweet compulsion, to the smitten Rock.
The rills of earthly friendship which have rolled
Around our way, like streams from Lebanon,
So pure, refreshing, have been made to fail;
Lest for their beautiful bowers, our souls forsake
The fount of living waters. Long there cheered
My pilgrim heart, an angel sent from heaven
In human guise:—with milder tone, and eye
Purer than of this world: In hours of gloom,
Her presence was a hallowed light; the mould
Of earth was so transparent, that the gleam
Of God's blest Spirit burning on her heart
Shone softly luminous on all around;
And utterances, such as heard in heaven,

Fell on my ear, scarce broken: When my heart
Was sunk with sorrow, those pure tones distilled
As music from the skies; the fallen head
That gentle hand has raised; and to her breast,
Gathered, and pillowed 'neath her seraph eye,
In hours of deep contrition, I've forgot
Surrounding sorrow: at the throne of grace,
We've kneeled and lounged for heaven; by the bed
Of sickness has she ministered, and read
The truth of Jesus, sweeter in the voice
Of her his angel. When fresh violets,
With step unheard, had gathered to announce,
In their soft breath of sweets, the coming Spring
Crowned with the peach-bloom and the numerous rose,
Her sense, so delicate, was first to hear
And lead me, glad, to meet those harbingers
Of thronging pleasures, that with flowers crowned
And leafy chaplets, cheered us with their smiles,
Till the late autumn shades: those violets
Are here once more in beauty, and their breath
Yet sweetly whispers of the rosy hours;
But she they loved to flock around, is gone,
And gloom creeps o'er their gladness. Oft when Spring
Was fresh and fragrant, have we paused mid flowers;
And talked of Paradise, where flowers ne'er fade.

And when the summer moon looked through the bloom
Of the rich locust, wet with evening dews,
She stood beneath this honeysuckle's shade
And loaded perfume, and we spoke of heaven;
And wondered where, amid those stars, might dwell
Our common Saviour with his saints in light,
With some we here had loved;—where, we might meet
Beyond the tomb. Now, she, alas, has gone:
Gone, never to return; and left my soul
To grope its way, in loneliness and tears:
Gone to her native skies, there to await
My heavenward spirit: gone, to take from earth
Its last attraction for my broken heart,
And place that strong attraction in the skies,
Where dwells my blessed Saviour. All I love
Is gathered now in heaven,—my precious Lord,
And friends loved well as life. Fond would I gaze
On that bright constellation,—lesser stars
Burning around the morning star; and glad
To bear, and feel not, these dark ills of earth,
As felt the blest assurance,—soon our soul
Shall from this body burst, bright with the rays
Of Christ our righteousness, and rise to shine
A star amid the morning stars of heaven.

APRIL 1849.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE silvery Spring, with clustering roses crown'd;
Summer, with brows 'in wheaten chaplets bound;
Benignant Autumn, 'mid his fruitful shades;
And Winter's rustling leaves and windy glades,
Again are passing;—and we gather here,
To hail a welcome for the coming year.

The ocean-wanderer, with homeward eye,
Beholds with earnest joy the evening sky;
Not that the clouds in drapery of gold,
O'er purple waves the setting sun infold;
A deeper joy his wearied spirit feels,
As with the falling shades a whisper steals,—
His wanderings nearer to a close are come,
This marks his course as one day nearer home:
The parting year, upon the wintry breast,
Of life's dark ocean, calmly sinks to rest;

While memory's autumn-twilight lingers there,
And makes the scene of gloom a beauty wear;
Where shipwrecked hopes and faded joys a grave
Have found beneath the dark tumultuous wave.
As thus we gaze upon the parting year,
With mingled joy and sorrow, hope and fear;
While gladness greets the loved ones of the heart,
And there afresh the springs of pleasure start;
While gathered round the bright domestic hearth,
We feel the purest, holiest bliss of earth;
Be this our deepest joy on New Year's even,
To feel that we are one year nearer heaven;—
Nearer the friends we mourn, at rest above;
To Jesus nearer, whom unseen we love;
With whom alone our pilgrim heart can rest;
Our only home upon his loving breast.
One year the less of earthly grief remains;
One year the less of earthly toil and pains;
Of deadly strife with sin and Satan's power;
Of dark exposure to temptation's hour;
One year the nearer sin's eternal close;
The end of death, that last of human woes;
The long hoped coming of our lord to reign,
And shed o'er earth her Eden bliss again.
What though our years fade, in their gloomy flight,

Swift as a shooting meteor of the night;
O tell me not that time too swift can move,
In bearing me to heaven and Jesus' love.

While the hearth, blazing, throws
O'er twilight's deepening gloom a mellow glare,
Let household friends in narrowing circle close,
And leave one vacant chair,
For her the loved and gone,
Who shed a blessing as we lingered here,
In the glad family gathering hither drawn,
To hail the opening year.
There let the vacant toy,
The gift-book on the table quiet lie,
Which last New Year our dear departed boy
Scanned with such cheerful eye.
O! not to think of those,
The loved, departed, on such night as this,
Would in the heart the deepest fountains close
Of tenderest earthly bliss.
The memories of the blest,
As morning dews on the unfolding flowers,
Steal o'er our drooping loves with gloom oppressed;
As the Aurora's hues,
O'er Autumn's fading bowers;

As angels hovering on silvery wings,
O'er the soul's temple with its ruined towers,
 And love's deep-welling springs.
 O! sweet the gathering tear,
To know they wait to welcome us away,
Where the day breaks on heaven's new ceaseless year,
 The shadows flee away.
 For us 'tis sweet to know,
That when this gathering hails another year,
If we are gone, each heart with love will glow,
 Still hold our memory dear.

While quiet rests the snowy pall
 Of Winter over dale and hill,
Unbroke save by the red bird's call,
 And murmur of the snow-fringed rill;
While lone the moon her starry way
 Keeps through the silvered clouds of heaven,
And cold the stars with brighter ray,
 Guard the hush'd silence of the even;
Within, screened from the chilling night,
Around the central shaded light,
Safe from the world's tumultuous jar,
Heard like the surging waves afar;
A hush the social talk succeeds,

While the last news some loved one reads ;
Not from the poisoned sheets that come
Death-laden to the virtuous home ;
But columns, in whose healthful tone
Virtue's rich seeds are broadcast sown :
Or read some book, such as the press,
 Controlled by piety, now showers,
Like flower seeds on the winds, to bless
 The nations with its healing powers.
Shall parents guard, with jealous eye,
The son's, the daughter's company ;
Exclude the coarse, ill-mannered clown,
On the profane and heartless frown,
And the loved household shelter less
From converse with a poisonous press ?
Leave inexperienced youth to choose,
Where ignorantly they may lose
So much—their all ; not grace, address,
But moral worth and happiness.
Ne'er is the heart so off its guard,
The way for vice so low unbarred,
As when we eager read alone,
A book with dangerous doctrines strown :
And many a volume seeming fair,
Has a dark serpent lurking there ;

As, coiled within the luscious food,
The deadly asp of Egypt's Queen,
And noticed not till the mad blood
Speaks the death-fever fired within.
The lonely seed borne to some distant isle,
O'erspreads the whole with rankest growth the while;
A single volume — nay, a single thought —
Oft with a harvest of destruction's fraught.
Blest the parental love that watchful weaves
Deep hedges round the young heart's virgin soil;
And scatters there the seeds of future sheaves,
In heaven a harvest for his tears and toil.

Again we part; each on life's dusty road,
To bear of toil and grief his portioned load;
Yet when the nightfall of the closing year
From toil releases, will we gather here;
The friendly love of by-gone days renew;
The joys and sorrows of the year review;
Yet still more blest, if on next New Year's even,
We greet each other, saints redeemed, in heaven.

JANUARY 1, 1856.