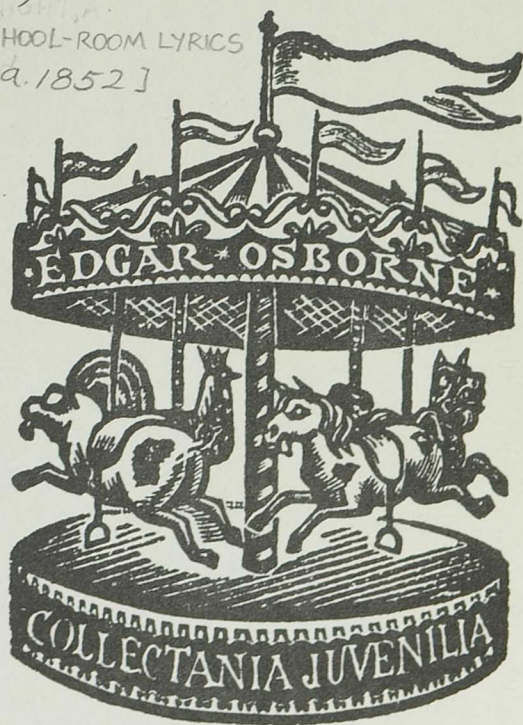


(P)

SCHOOL-ROOM LYRICS

[ca. 1852]



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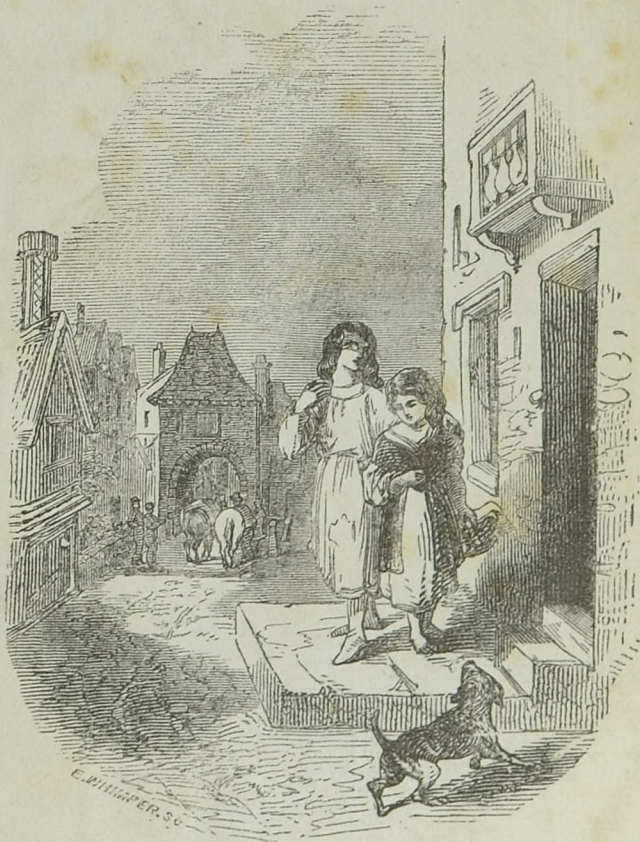
20. ¹⁰

[Handwritten flourish]

Miss L. S. Dorrill
the gift of her
affectionate sister

Mr. A. Dorrill

July 1852



Oh! weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way,
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.

School Room Lyrics.

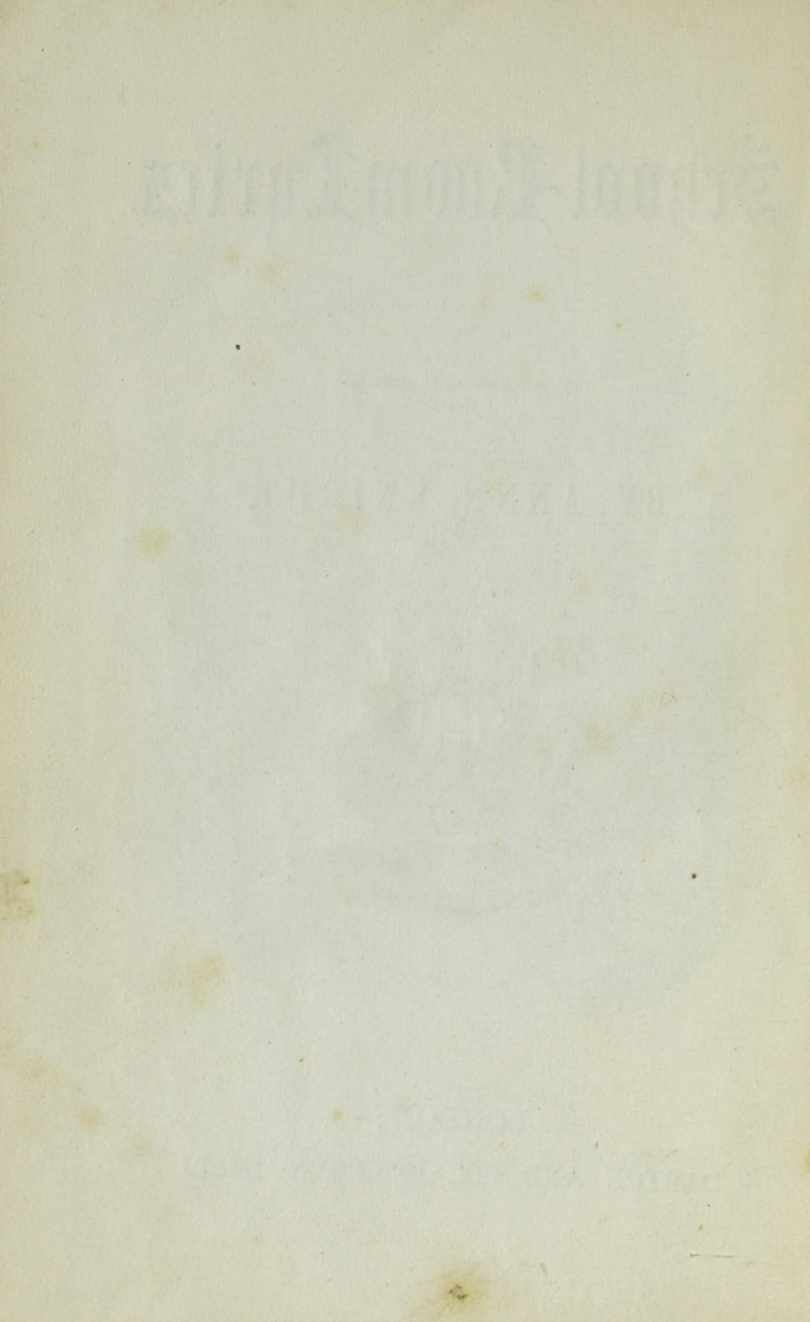
COMPILED AND EDITED

BY ANNE KNIGHT.



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LYRICS.

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

Lo ! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy ;
“ Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow !

“ Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle, than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ;

Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow !

“One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers, lest they fall.
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow !”

HEBER.

THE MISSIONARY'S SONG IN THE WILDERNESS.

All lonely and beautiful flourish'd the scene,
The river ran darkly the mountains between,
The flowers of the forest, the birds in their bower,
Blew freshly, sang sweetly, that exquisite hour.

And in wilds where the kindreds of men never
met,
The seal of creation in beauty was set ;
Then I thought of my God who a garden could
raise,
In the midst of the desert, to show forth his
praise.

The trees of a forest, coeval with time,
Rose lovely in strength, in their ruin sublime,
The tempests of death had swept over mankind,
But the tree of ten ages still waved to the wind.

O'er their branches the wild vine her tendrils had
 flung,
With festoons of fair blossoms the forest was
 hung,
And thus amidst deserts, where man never trod,
A temple of beauty was raised to my God!

The Zebra hath rear'd her wild progeny there,
The deer found a covert, the lion his lair;
The watchful flamingo shines bright in the beam,
The spring-buck comes bounding to drink of the
 stream.

The winds and the fountains their melody lend;
O when shall man's voice with the harmony
 blend,
And his anthems of gratitude wake on the wild,
Where my God on his beautiful temple hath
 smiled!

P. M. JAMES.

THE STREAMLET.

I saw a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale,
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
It wandered down the dale ;
Just to do good, it seem'd to move,
Directed by the hand of love.

The valley smiled in living green,
A tree which near it gave
From noon-tide heat a friendly screen,
Drank of its limpid wave.
The swallow brushed it with its wing,
And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird,
That little stream was known,
Its gentle murmur far was heard—
A friend's familiar tone !
It glided by the cotter's door,
It blessed the labours of the poor.

And would that I could thus be found,
While travelling life's brief way,
An humble friend to all around,
Where'er my footsteps stray ;
Like that pure stream, with tranquil breast,
Like it, still blessing, and still blest.

M. A. STODART.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had,
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad;
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's son, and Nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed,
His home, the mountain cave;
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrowed ev'n his grave;
Earth yielded him no resting spot,
Her Maker, but she knew him not.

As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favours and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause;
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below?
Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joy at God's right hand.

CONDER.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

ANON.

HOME.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowrets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of
light ;
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
Where I sported a babe without sorrow or fear ;
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and
gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.

I have friends whom I love and would leave with
regret,
But the love of my home, oh ! 'tis tenderer yet.
There a sister reposes, unconscious in death,
'Twas there she first drew and there yielded her
breath.

A father I love is away from me now,
Oh ! could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so
dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear.
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own happy home—it is dearer than all.

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

Written at the age of nine years. She died of consumption
when sixteen years old.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I dwell amid the beautiful,
My home is with the young,
Where, round the timid steps of youth,
Bright fairy flowers I've flung ;
I whisper in the earliest dreams
Of the innocent and gay,
But I tell of flowers that never bloom,
And of joys that melt away :
And many a ruined cell, 'mid herbage green,
Tells sadly now where love and hope have been

I fill with joy the halcyon hours
Of life, when life is spring,
Till youth's gay prime, like hope's fair flowers,
Lies senseless—withering.
A phantom 'mid the haunts of men,
A bright but distant star,
A light that lures, but never leads
To its promised bliss afar ;—
Still shining on, I shed a pleasant ray,
To tempt young pilgrims through life's thorny
way.


CARPENTER,

RETIREMENT.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of closing day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my sighs and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.



I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
Such prospects oft my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

AMERICAN.

A BOOK.

I'm a strange contradiction ; I'm new and I'm
old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold.—
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm
found ;
Though blind, I enlighten ; though loose, I am
bound.—
I am always in black, and I'm always in white ;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form too I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with
skin ;
I've more points than the compass, more stops
than the flute—
I sing without voice, without speaking confute ;

I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm
Dutch ;

Some love me too fondly, some slight me too
much ;

I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

HANNAH MORE.

GRATITUDE.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The week is past, the sabbath dawn comes on ;
Now rest in peace—thy daily toil is done ;
And, standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles on eternity.

For sure as this now closing week is past,
So sure advancing time will close thy last ;
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail thy sight.
Spirit of Good ! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand ;
That hand which leads me gently, kindly, still
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill :
Thou, Thou in every storm hast shelter'd me,
Beneath the wing of Thy benignity ;—

A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist, thy mercy's monument !
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain—
I live—and pleasure flows through every vein ;
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand—
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.
How can I praise Thee, Father ! how express
My debt of reverence and of thankfulness ;
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells its vast amount.
For the week's duties Thou hast giv'n me strength,
And brought me to its tranquil close at length ;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to Thy glorious praise.

BOWRING.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

“ Oh father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glittered like stars by the light of the
moon,
Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon ?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their bright-
ness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a
day ?

The moon-light has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again.”

“My child,” said the father, “look up to the
skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes ;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,
’Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray
To mourn not for beauty though fleeting away,
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be
riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly
in Heaven.”

Alas ! for the father—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be ;
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his
day,
Was e’en then like the dew-drops—dissolving
away.
Oh ! sad was the father, when lo ! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes ;
And then he remembered the maxims he’d given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in
Heaven.

CARPENTER.

THE HAPPY PAST.

We have known no hours of sorrow
That have deeply touched the heart,
Though life has had its petty griefs,
And we have borne our part;
But never, since the village bells
Rung out our wedding peal,
Have we felt or known a sorrow
That affection could not heal.
Yes, life will have its petty griefs,
And tears, unbidden, start,
But we've known no hours of sorrow
That have deeply touched the heart.

We have known no hours of sorrow,
For we never knew regret,
And the future cast no shadows
Of a coming care-cloud yet;
No, our lots are linked together,
And, whate'er our fate may be,
I can know no hours of sorrow
If I share those hours with thee!
And even should the future
Some passing grief reveal,
We have never known a sorrow
That affection cannot heal.

ANON.

THE SUMMER.

The summer!—the summer!—the exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush, and the nightingale's
chime;

The chant of the lark, and the boom of the bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and glee!
It is here—it is here!—it is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of the
glen;

It is touching the mountain and tinging the hill,
And dimpling the face of the low-laughing rill;
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with bloom!
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the
broom!

I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye;
I have scented the breath of the fresh open'd
flowers,

I have plucked a rich garland from bright haw-
thorn bowers;

My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the
steeps;

I have startled the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he basked in the
glade;

And my spirit is blithe—as a rivulet clear,
For the summer, the golden crown'd summer, is
here!

THE IVY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dost thou not love in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem;
Oh! dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;
And it has been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were
mine,
As they never more can be;

Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant Ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turn'd again
That scathed wreck to view;
But now I can draw, from that mould'ring tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

B. BARTON.

THE GREEN PASTURES.

I walked in a field of fresh clover this morn,
Where lambs play'd so merrily under the trees,
Or rubbed their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the hedge ran a clear water-brook,
To drink from, when thirsty, or weary with play;
And so gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all
day.

And when I remember the beautiful psalm,
That tells about Christ and his pastures so
green;
I know he is willing to make me his lamb;
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in his field, I for ever shall live;
If I love him and seek his commands to fulfil,
A place in his sheep-fold to me he will give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they
play,
The long summer's day in contentment they
spend!

But happier I, if in God's holy way
I try to walk always with Christ for my friend.

JOHN HOWARD.

A spirit of unwearied zeal,
Patience which nothing could subdue,
A heart the woes of man to feel,
In every varied form and hue;
An open hand, and eye, and ear,
For all in prisons doomed to pine;
A voice the captive's hopes to cheer;—
These, noble Howard! these were thine.

In cells by Mercy's feet untrod,
'Twas thine the mourner's lot to scan;
Thy polar star, the love of God,
Thy chart and compass, love to man:
To mitigate the law's stern wrath,
Thou trod'st, with steadfast heart and eye,
An open, unfrequented path
To fame and immortality!

What was thy meed? a stranger's grave,
Divided from thy native land,
By many a white and stormy wave,
By many a weary waste of sand,
Yet to that lone and distant tomb,
Thy name and memory may entrust,
Till cloudless glory burst its gloom,
And thou shalt rise to meet the just!

BARTON.

THE BREEZE.

Where is thy home, soft breeze?
Is it among the trees,
Or in the silent dell?

Tell

Where dost thou dwell?
Still break the golden beam
That shines upon the stream,
There let thy murmurs play
The live-long summer's day,

But tell

Where dost thou dwell?

"My home is in ladies' bowers,
I sigh among the flowers
When dewed with evening showers—

There,

There do I dwell;
On ocean's breast I play,
And wanton with his spray;
But chief o'er stream and dell
My murmurs love to swell,

And there,

There do I dwell.

Over the fount I take
My airy flight, and break

The crystal liquid curls,
It hurls
Into a thousand pearls,—
I kiss the placid lake
And its glassy smoothness shake—
Where from their watery lairs
Bright trout the angler snares,
Yon chimes
My breath unto him bears.”

Then hail, thou heaven-sent breeze !
Still sigh among the trees !
And, in the silent dell,
Swell
The evening's knell !
Thy odorous breathings, now
Salute my burning brow,
And with my glowing palm
I clutch thy cooling balm—
O swell !
Here dost thou dwell.

T. STUART.

HYMN TO NATURE.

Gentle Nature, heavenly fair !
O, how sweet thy pleasures are !

In thy presence while I stay,
As a stream time glides away.

On thy bosom I would rest,
Like the turtle in her nest;
Tasting that sublime repose,
He who slights thee never knows.

Mother ! lovely, meek, and mild,
Soothe the passions of thy child ;
Line for line, and part for part,
Print thine image on my heart.

Let me in thy beauties trace
Him who lends me every grace ;
Raise me to his splendid throne,
Thy Great Parent, and my own.

When his glories in thee shine,
Then thy face is all divine ;
Like a mirror beaming bright,
With a soft, celestial light.

Fount of light ! I look to thee ?
Smile on nature—smile on me !
Let thy humble suppliant know,
Paradise revived below.

THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE ME.

Saviour ! when night involves the skies,
My soul adoring turns to thee !
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson-gleams the east adorn ;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul in triumph springs ;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee, my thoughts I give ;
To death, whose form I soon must feel ;
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

GISBORNE.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm ;

The frame thy wayward looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive ;
O ! do not lightly throw away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK
LEAF OF A BIBLE.

O, never on this holy book,
With careless, cold indifference look !
'Tis God's own word ; and they who read
With prayerful hearts, and reverent heed,
Shall gain from each unfolded page
A blessing for their heritage.
If thou art sad, come here and find
A balm to soothe and cheer thy mind ;

If thou art merry, here are songs
Meet to be sung by angels' tongues—
Meet to be sung by sinful men,
For whom the Lamb of God was slain ;
If thou art rich in things of earth,
Learn here thy wealth is nothing worth ;
If thou art poor, this precious mine
Hath countless treasures—they are *thine* !
Dost thou lack wisdom ? look within,
And surely thou shalt wisdom win—
Wisdom to guide thee on the road
Which leads through faith in Christ, to God.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I praised the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield !
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day ! ”

I praised the Sun, whose chariot rolled,
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky !
And Moon, and Sun, in answer, said,
“ Our days of light are numbered ! ”

O God! O good, beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth, and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

HEBER.

A MOTHER'S SMILE.

There are clouds that must o'ershade us,
There are griefs that all must know,
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest, darkest sorrow,
Though it sear the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile.

There are days in youth that greet us
With a ray too bright to last,
There are cares of age to meet us
When those sunny days are past;
But the past scenes hover o'er us,
And give back the heart awhile,
All that mem'ry can restore us
In a mother's welcome smile.

There are scenes and sunny places
On which feeling loves to dwell,
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well ;
But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection
Of a mother's welcome smile.

CARPENTER.

THE LILY.

There is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green array'd,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower
And blossoms in the glade :
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendour drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the Lily best.

I see the tulip's gorgeous hue,
And sun-flower's crown of gold ;
I see the rose and woodbine too
Their scented leaves unfold :
Though they adorn the gay parterre,
I love them not so well
As the drooping Lily, frail and fair,
That grows in shady dell.

ANON.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY
KNOW.

Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter may show ;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad
sight,
Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the water of life, bursting forth from the
throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow ;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and
life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

Oh ! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the
love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

B. BARTON.

THE CHILD AND LILY.

Innocent child and snow-white flower !
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White, as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the pliant folds of thy own young heart ;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossoms with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower ;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

BRYANT.

VIOLETS.

A SONNET.

Beautiful are you in your lowliness ;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,

Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely, eloquent
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowrets ! at the voice of Spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from
sight,
Above your lonely birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clustering leaves the glow-worm
fling
The emerald glory of its earthborn light.

BARTON.

SPARE MY FLOWER.

Oh spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day !
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.

So soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decay'd, unnoticed, overthrown ;
Oh hasten not its destiny,
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone :
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.

Oh spare ! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up, from its lowly bed,
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower ! thou knowest not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear :
A thousand charms, thou notest not,
Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,
Was clad like Nature's simplest child :
Nor could the world combined create
One flow'ret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill !
And let it at his shrine present
Its homage still.

He made it, who made nought in vain :
He watches it who watches thee ;
And he can best its date ordain,
Who bade it be.

Oh spare my flower ; for it is frail—

A timid, weak, imploring thing—

And let it still upon the gale

Its moral fling.

That moral thy reward shall be :

Catch the suggestion, and apply—

“Go live like me,” it cries ; “like me,

Soon, soon, to die.”

LYTE.

THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

O where are the visions of ecstasy bright,
That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish the
night ?

O where are the charms that the day can unfold,
To the heart and the eye that their glories can
hold ?

Deep, deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn,
For no visions of beauty for me shall e'er burn,
They have told me of sweet purple hues in the
west,

Of rich tints that sparkle on ocean's wide breast ;

They have told me of stars that are burning on
high,

When the night is careering along the vast sky ;

But alas ! there remains, wheresoever I flee,
Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me !

And yet to my lone, gloomy couch there is given,
A ray to my heart that is kindled in heaven ;
It smooths the dark path through this valley of
tears,

It enlivens my heart, and my sorrow it cheers ;
For it tells of a morn when this night shall pass
by,

And my spirit shall dwell where the days do not
die !

EASTBURN.

USE OF FLOWERS.

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 dews 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 mountains 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 whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him !

MARY HOWITT.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Flowers ! flowers ! bright, merry-faced flowers !
I bless ye in joyous or saddened hours !

I love ye dearly,
Ye look so cheerly.

In Summer, Autumn, Winter, or Spring,
A flower is to me the loveliest thing

That hath its birth
On this chequered earth :—

Oh ! who will not chorus the lay I sing !

Flowers ! flowers ! who loveth them not ?
Who hath his childhood's sports forgot ?

When daisies white,
And king-cups bright,

And snow-drops, cowslips, and daffodils,
Lured us to meadows and woods and rills ;

And we wandered on,
Till a wreath was won

Of the heather-bells crowning the far-off hills !

L. A. TWAMLEY.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

“ There remaineth a rest for the people of God.” Heb. iv.

My rest is in heaven ; my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! the worst that can
 come,
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, becomes a bright gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close,
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land,
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with
 song.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair !” saith he ;
“Have nought but the bearded grain !
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care ;
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

ON MY FRIEND ROBIN,

VULGARLY CALLED RAGGED.

A man of taste is Robinet,
A dandy, spruce and trim!
Whoe'er would dainty fashions set
Should go and look at him.

Rob scorns to wear his crimson coat
As common people do,
He folds and fits it in and out
And does it bravely, too.

Oh! Robin loves to prank him rare,
With fringe, and flounce, and all;
Till you'd take him for a lady fair
Just going to a ball.

Robin's a roguish, merry lad,
He dances in the breeze,

And looks up, with a greeting glad,
To the rustling hedge-row trees.

How civilly he beckons in
The busy Mrs. Bee ;
And she tells her store of gossiping
O'er his honey and his glee.

All joy—all mirth—no carking care,
No worldly woe has he ;
Alack ! I wish my lot it were
To live as happily !

L. A. TWANLEY.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Can *words* alone *the first* display ?
Prove we *the last* by *bended knee* ?
The right to praise, the power to pray,
Must both be given us, Lord, by thee.

Thy Spirit must the heart prepare,
And faith in thy dear Son be known,
Before the voice of praise or prayer
Can rise like incense to thy throne.

Then give the power thy grace imparts,
The love by Jesus shown of yore ;
That praiseless lives and prayerless hearts,
May prove our guilt and shame no more.

BARTON.

RUTH.

1.

Entreat me not to leave thee, nor from thee now
to part ;
And break not thou the love-wrought chains that
bind us heart to heart !
Whither thou goest I will go, whate'er thy fate
may be ;
Be bright or drear thy future lot, it shall be
shared by me !

2.

What, if thro' some lone Wilderness thou wend
thy lonely way,
Where scarce a flower is seen to bloom, or sun-
beam known to play :
More joy is in the solitude of desert bleak and
bare,
Than in the fairest spot of earth, if mother, thou'rt
not there !

3.

What reck I for the pomp of wealth, the world-
ling's favouring smile,
If deadening cares of poverty must rend thy heart
the while ?

What reck I, if on couch of down I lay my weary
head,
While rushes, or the stony rock, perhaps may be
thy bed?

4.

While life shall last I will with thee thine every
sorrow bear,
And tend thee in thy hour of need with more than
daughter's care;
Then ask me not to leave thee—recal that word
of thine;
Whither thou goest I will go—thy God, He shall
be mine.

5.

And He will still watch o'er us, and all our wants
supply,
And tend us in our pilgrimage until at last we
die!
Then ask me not to leave thee—recal that word
of thine;
Whither thou goest I will go—thy God, He shall
be mine.

W. B. FLOWER.

PARTINGS.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one that cared for me—
A little flower, a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken,
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

ANON.

THE POOR MAN'S FLOWERS.

Around the rich man's trellised bower,
Gay, costly creepers run :
The poor man has his scarlet-beans
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench,
O'ershadowed by the bower,

Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,
Sweet-pea and gillyflower ;

And pinks and clove-carnations,
Rich scented, side by side ;
And at each end a holly-hock,
With an edge of London-pride.

And here on Sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand
He walketh all about.

For, though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy ;
For there's no inch of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus ;
For, though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

MARY HOWITT.

THE VIOLET.

Sweet lowly plant ! once more I bend
To hail thy presence here,

Like a beloved returning friend,
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,
Might we not love thee less?
But now thou bringest new delight,
Thou still hast power to bless.

Still doth thy April presence bring
Of April joys a dream,
When life was in its sunny spring—
A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume
Is precious as of old;
And still thy modest tender bloom,
It joys me to behold.

It joys and cheers, whene'er I see
Pain on earth's meek ones press,
To think the storm that rends the tree
Scathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,
E'en in thy lowly flower,
An image cheering to the mind
In many a trying hour.

MARY HOWITT.

COWSLIPS.

Oh ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,
When first the wild wood rings
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,
When fresh the green grass springs !

What can the blessed spring restore
More gladdening than your charms ?
Bringing the memory once more
Of lovely fields and farms !

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers ;
Of life's unfolding prime ;
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours ;
Of souls without a crime.

Oh ! blessed, blessed do ye seem,
For, even now, I turned,
With soul athirst for wood and stream,
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care
His crowded fold doth pen ;
Where stagnates the polluted air
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here ? and are ye here ?
Drinking the dew-like wine,

Midst living gales and waters clear,
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life
Will quickly have run through,
And the sward with summer children rife
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,
I trust to see you rise,
When spring renews the wild wood strain,
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs
Upon my grave shall shine,
Here shall you speak of vanished things,
To living hearts of mine.

MARY HOWITT.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

1.

Oh! weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way,
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.

My little sister she is pale,
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

2.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue;
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met my father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

3.

The first time that she lisped his name,
A little playful thing was she,
How proud were we—yet that night came,
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head,
How strange, how white, how cold she grew;
It was a broken heart they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

4.

We have no home, we have no friends,
They said our home no more was ours,
Our cottage, where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers.

The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home ;
Our bees that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honey-comb.

5.

We wander'd forth mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky,
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing,
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er,
The songs we used at home to sing,
Alas, we have a home no more !

L. E. L.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Weep not for me ! No boding fears,
My coward heart appalling,
Could pain me like those ceaseless tears,
From friendly eyelids falling !

Weep not for me ! Nor think it love,
My soul on earth detaining,
To bar me from the joys above
Where Christ is ever reigning !

Weep not for me ! To him I go,
The last weak tie is breaking,
Which binds me to this world of woe,
I triumph in forsaking !

Weep not for me ! The struggle's past,
I feel the moments fleeting,
One kiss receive—it is my last,
Till our eternal meeting !

Weep not for me ! But learn the while,
That when on Christ relying,
There is—the proof this placid smile—
There is no pain in dying !

HUIE.

BENEVOLENCE AND COMPASSION.

Behold, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips,
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precepts which he gave,
Became its author well.

“Blest is the man whose soft’ning heart
Feels all another’s pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

Whose breast expands with gen’rous warmth
A stranger’s woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o’er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask’d relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow,
He views thro’ mercy’s melting eye
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.”

BARBAULD.

TO A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

Away ! away ! thou summer bird,
For autumn's moaning voice is heard,
In cadence wild and deepening swell,
Of winter's stern approach to tell.
Away ! for vapours, damp and low,
Are wreath'd around the mountain's brow ;
And tempest clouds their mantles fold
Around the forest's russet gold.

Away ! away ! o'er earth and sea,
This land is now no home for thee !
Arise ! and stretch thy soaring wing,
And seek elsewhere the smiles of spring !
The wanderer now, with pinions spread,
Afar to brighter climes has fled,
Nor casts one backward look, nor grieves
For these sere groves whose shades he leaves.

Why should he grieve ? the beam he loves
Shines o'er him still where'er he roves,
And all those early friends are near,
Who made his summer house so dear.
Oh ! deem not that the tie of birth
Endears us to this spot of earth ;
For wheresoe'er our steps may roam,
If friends are near, that place is home !

HYMN.

Luke, chap. vii. 37.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years,
She wept—and was forgiven?

When bringing every balmy sweet,
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet,
The precious ointment poured;

And wiped them with her golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there,
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets more humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart that inly bled—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel—like Mary weep,
Love much—and be forgiven!

COUNSELS.

Though bright thy morn of life may seem,
Remember clouds may rise ;
And trust not to the transient gleam
Of calm and sunny skies ;
So tread life's path, in sunshine drest,
With lowly, cautious fear,
That when grief's shadows o'er it rest,
Joy's memory may be dear.

If dark life's matin hours may be,
Despond not at their gloom ;
Joy's cloudless sun may rise for thee,
And hope's bright flowrets bloom ;
So trace thy path-way, thorn-bestrewed,
That thou in happier hours,
With pure and pangless gratitude,
May'st bless its fragrant flowers.

Through cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn
Pursue thy even way,
Nor let thy better hopes be born,
Of things that must decay.
Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take life, as life is given ;
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope,
May lead alike to heaven !

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock and weep, and watch, and wait;
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!
“Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest.”
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and own'd, and bought, and blest—
Safe from all the lures of vice,
Owned by joys the contrite know,
Bought by love, and life the prize,
Blest the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee,
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.
Fear, the hope of heaven shall flee,
Shame, from glory's view retire,
Doubt, in full belief shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

CRABBE.

INSTRUCTION.

From heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers ;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night ;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call ;
Like morning beams, they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveals ;
And softly then the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heals.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven, instruction came ;
The waste of nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame ;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth,
Their birth beyond the sky.

Albion ! on every human soul,
By thee be knowledge shed,
Far as the ocean waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread ;
Truth makes thy children free at home ;
Oh ! that thy flag unfurl'd,
Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
Truth's banner round the world.

J. MONTGOMERY.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

Isaiah xl. 1.

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow,
All is order'd well for thee ;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Child of grief, does this world move thee ?
Transient scene of transient pain !
Think ! oh think ! of worlds above thee,
Countless worlds—a glorious train.

There are mansions now preparing
For the chosen sons of God—
Here a pilgrim and wayfaring,
There shall be thy long abode.

There shalt thou abide for ever
With thy best and greatest Friend ;
Nought from him thy soul shall sever,
In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations,
Eye to eye, and face to face,
Thou shalt see thy tribulations
Sent as messengers of grace.

Comfort take then, child of sorrow,
All is order'd well for thee ;
Look not to the anxious morrow,—
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

ANON.

JESUS SAITH,

“I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.”—John xiv. 6.

Traveller in the world so wide,
Should thy weary footsteps stray ;
Lean on me, thy faithful guide,
“I am the Way !”

Seekest thou for learned sage
To direct thy wavering youth ?
Turn unto the Gospel page,
“I am the Truth !”

There will love, and hope, and faith,
Be exchanged for worldly strife,
And thou shalt know that even in death,
"I am the Life!"

H. W.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

O, 'tis a pure and holy light,
All glorious, yet serenely bright,
Which shineth to the perfect day,
And guides the pilgrim on his way.
While through the parch'd and barren land,
With tottering step and nerveless hand,
He holds the passing things of earth,
As aliens to his nobler birth;
That light points to a nobler aim,
He views a rest, a place, a name;
Horizon bounds not, 'tis afar,
Above, beyond the brightest star.
O 'tis a glorious, radiant beam,
A pearl of life's uncertain stream;
Heaven is its first, its blest abode,
Its author and its essence, God.

M. M. INGLIS

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door :—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain ;
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left ;—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb ;
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave ;—
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,

Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery ;—
Go share thy lot with him.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

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 strangers' 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 dark'ning 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 you see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

GOSPEL WONDERS.

Wondrous was thy path on earth,
Midst our human grief and mirth ;
All our good, and all our ill,
Feeling, Lord, yet sinless still ;

Though thy hand upholds the spheres,
Thou couldst pity children's tears ;
Though to thee death yields his prey,
Thou couldst gaze on children's play.

At our feasts of sober glee
Thou wouldst oft vouchsafe to be :
When thou cam'st thy friend to save,
Thou couldst weep beside his grave.

At thy bidding, social mirth
And heart-gladdening cheer had birth;
When thou bad'st the goblets shine
With pure water turn'd to wine.

Then in humble love's abode,
Livelier pleasure gleam'd and glow'd;
Then from rustic lips devout,
Songs of joyous praise brake out.

And thy glistening eyes might see,
In their blithe festivity,
What our earthly feasts had been,
But for death and but for sin.

But for thee, sin's hateful gloom
Soon would make this earth a tomb;
But where thy bright face hath shone,
Grief and fear at once are gone.

In thy path all things look bright,
Mortal darkness turns to light,
And, e'en here, our mental eye
Heavenly glories may descry.

O be with us, gracious Lord,
Near our bed and at our board—
By our fireside's pleasant cheer,
When the winter nights are drear.

Through the livelong summer day,
When our hearts are blithe and gay,
From all taint of fleshly ill,
Purify our gladness still.

All that doth our hearts estrange,
From thy service—come and change,
Into fervent love to thee,
By thy potent alchymy.

So that when new Heavens and Earth
At thy bidding shall have birth,
Purged from all our dross of sin,
We may dwell with thee therein.

MOULTRIE.


HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;

And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made by God's own temple meet ;
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bends him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

 J. MONTGOMERY.

AN EVENT IN SACRED HISTORY.

'Twas when our Lord was journeying from stately
Jericho,
And multitudes around his path did gather still
and grow ;
For wondrous were the words he spake—pure
words of truth and grace,
And all the love of Earth and Heaven was beam-
ing from his face ;
And miracles of healing might, his blessed hand
had done,
Proclaiming Him, to faithful eyes, the Lord's
anointed Son.

Now as he to the city gate, in earnest speech,
drew nigh,
A blind man sat beside the road, and begg'd of
passers by ;
He heard the hum of multitudes—the myriad-
footed tread—
And in his darkness, anxiously, “What meaneth
this?” he said ;—
What mean these sounds of thronging crowds ?—
and thus men made reply,
“Jesus, the blessed Nazarene—’tis He who
passeth by.”

Then suddenly a gleam of light shot through the
beggar's mind,
His inward eye was lightened, and his heart no
longer blind ;
Faith brought him back the world without, in
blissful vision shown,
And said it might, by Heaven's rich grace, become
once more his own,
So straight he raised his eager voice, and piteously
cried he—
“Jesus ! thou Son of David ! have mercy upon
me !”

His cry disturbed the listening groups, the fore-
most in the way,
“Now hold thy peace, bold beggar—trouble not
our Lord,” they say,

But little heeded he their words, for in his mental
eye,
Familiar faces—youthful scenes, long lost, were
passing by ;
And still he raised his earnest voice, and piteously
cried he,
“Jesus ! thou Son of David ! have mercy upon
me !”

Our Lord stood still, and fixed on him a mild
approving glance,
Till the blind man felt the sunshine of his beam-
ing countenance ;—
“Forbid him not, but rather guide his steps to
me,” he said—
And the beggar to his presence, straight by pity-
ing hands was led ;
And as he knelt before Him, with raised hands
and bended knee—
“Tell me,” he said, “what wilt thou that I should
do for thee ?”

That voice of heavenly mercy through the blind
man’s bosom thrilled,
As sweetly as the dew of Heaven on Hermon’s
brow distill’d.
He felt the pressure of the grief that on his spirit
lay,
But felt that soon, at His dear word, that grief
would pass away ;

Nor paused he for a moment's space, but cried in
deep delight,

"Lord ! this I would—that, from thy hand, I
might receive my sight !"

"Receive thy sight," our Lord replied—"thy
faith hath made thee whole"—

And the blind man rose, with sight restored to
body and to soul ;

And blithely in his Saviour's track, with eager
steps he trod,

And blessed him for his healing grace, and glori-
fied his God.

And all the crowds, that throng'd around, with
echoing hearts replied—

"Our God, and Jesus Christ, his Son, for this he
glorified !"

MOULTRIE.

FROM HEBER'S PALESTINE.

And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm !
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.

To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!
Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway;
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun, nor moon they need;—nor day nor
night—

God is their temple, and the Lamb their light;
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient
home?

On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas
raise,

And the hoarse floods repeat the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain pro-
long;—

“Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
“Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the
grave!”

FIRST INQUIRIES.

Father, who made all the beautiful flowers,
And the bright green shades of the summer
bowers?

Is it the warm beaming sun that brings
The emerald leaves and the blossomings—
Flowers to the fields and fruits to the tree?

———Not the sun, dear child, but One greater
than he!

Father, whose hand form'd the blue tinted sky,
Its colour'd clouds and its radiancy?

What are those stars we view, shining in air?

What power ever keeps them suspended there?

Was it man form'd the skies and the glories we
see?

———Not man, my dear child, but One greater
than he!

Father, from whence came our own lovely laned
With its rivers and seas, and its mountains so
grand;

Its tall frowning rocks, and its shell-spangled
shore,

Were not these the work of some people of
yore?

Owe not these their birth to man's own good
decree?

——Not to man, my dear child, but One
greater than he!

From God came the trees, and the flowers, and
the earth—

To God do the mountains and seas owe their
birth;

His glory alone, love, created on high,
The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky;
It was He formed the land, and no people of yore;

——Bend thy knee, my sweet child, and that
God now adore!

A SPRING DITTY.

AS SPRINGS USED TO BE.

The Spring, the Spring, the blithesome Spring;
When wild flowers bloom, and wild birds sing;
Without a withered or waning leaf,
To waken a single thought of grief;
O! well may fancy and feeling cling
To the glad return of the gleeful Spring.

On the sunny bank of the grassy lane,
The tufts of primroses blossom again ;
And beneath them as lovely, and sweeter yet,
Is hidden the modest violet ;
While the wild bee humming on restless wing,
Makes music to welcome the merry Spring.

And higher up in the bright blue sky,
The Lark warbles forth his melody ;
In the fields, like an echo, afar is heard
The note of the Cuckoo, that homeless bird ;
While closer concealed, like a viewless thing,
The Nightingale chants to the gladsome Spring.

How cold and thankless the eye must be,
Which unmoved the beauty of Spring can see ;
How dull the ear to delight unstirred
By the hum of the bee or the song of the bird ;
And yet more cold and dull the heart,
To which these no feeling of joy impart ;
Which no tribute of thanks or praise can bring,
For the blessings poured forth with returning
Spring.

B. BARTON.

LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON
YOUR WRATH.

See behind the crimson west,
Brightly sinks the sun to rest ;
Gently close the drooping flowers,
Softly fall the vesper hours ;
Hushed is every woodland note,
Bee's loud hum and linnet's throat ;
Silent is the liquid breeze,
Moonbeams kiss the rustling trees.

Ere the loving stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seal your eyes,
Children, bid contentions cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

Join not hymns of praise to learn,
While your hearts with anger burn ;
Kneel not to your evening prayer,
With resentment lurking *there*.
God, who bids you dwell in love—
God, who sees you from above—
He is grieved your pride to see
Every time you disagree.

Ere the silver stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seal your eyes,
Children, bid your quarrels cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

Noise and clamour should not dwell
Near the homes we love so well ;
Notes of discord should not rise
Midst domestic harmonies ;
Let each swiftly-closing day
Bear its own disputes away ;
Be our quarrels all forgiven,
Ere we lift our hearts to heaven.

Ere the quiet stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seal your eyes,
Children, bid contentions cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

Who can tell, when Starry Night
Draws the curtains of the light,
If the soul her flight may take,
Ere the rosy Morn awake ?
Who the awful call could bear,
“Now to meet thy God prepare,”
Nursing still, the heart within,
Thoughts of anger and of sin ?

Oh, then, ere the stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seal your eyes,
Children, bid each quarrel cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

H.

MUTATIONS OF THE WORLD.

“As a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and thy-years shall not fail.”

1.

A vessel was passing the calm summer seas,
And its streamers were floating, and fanned by
the breeze,
While the radiance above, the bright waters
beneath,
Smiled a promise of joy, and a safety from death.
And it seemed as it sailed along, gallant and free,
A bright spot on the waves of Eternity's sea.
Where now is that vessel gone?—sunk in the
wave,
And the billows roll over its crew and their grave.

2.

A city once stood in its power and its prime,
Which mocked all the rude devastations of time:
While its pinnacles high, and its banners unfurled,
Seemed to threaten with slavery half the known
world.
Where now is its glory?—'tis crushed to the
ground,
And its mouldering ruins lie fading around;
While the breeze as it sighs through the moss on
the walls,
Where the shout of the free often pealed through
the halls,

Speaks a tale to the soul of long ages gone by,
And a voice whispers thence—"every creature
must die."

3.

I thought on the heart, once so light and so gay,
With smiles like the beams of a bright summer's
day;
Each year as it came brought more bliss than the
last,
And the hopes of the future were bright as the
past.
Those years of the future are still flowing on,
But where is that cheerful heart?—broken and
gone.
Those hopes once so brilliant are hushed in the
grave,
Disappointment's chill blights all the fruits that
they gave.

4.

I looked on the starry sky, boundless and free,
And it seemed in its vastness an emblem of *Thee*.
Though clouds may sweep o'er it, and tempests
may lower,
They but sully its brightness and calm for an
hour.
While all earthly things vanish, their pride and
their fame,
Still *Thou* art immutable, ever the same.

WORSHIP.

In every place, at every hour,
Though poor my worship be,
In weal or woe, in shine or shower,
O Lord, I worship thee.
I worship thee in Fear, by night,
And thoughts of death employ ;
But soon as beams the glorious light,
I worship thee in Joy.

In Wonder, Lord, I worship thee,
When on thy works I gaze ;
So various, lovely, vast they are,
I pause in deep amaze.
I worship thee in Hope, when low,
Each daily care I prove ;
And when rich fields with fulness glow,
I worship thee in Love.

When thunders roll and whirlwinds fly,
I worship thee in Awe,
And Praise, as clears the glorious sky,
Thy Mercy, Love, and Law.
Thus every hour, in every place,
Though poor my worship be,
In Fear, Love, Wonder, Joy and Praise,
O Lord, I worship Thee !

PEACE OF MIND.

I've mused upon the sky and sea, and on the
stormy flood ;
I've wander'd thro' the fairest glens, and by the
moaning wood ;
I've gazed upon the brightest forms that e'er
creation knew ;
I've basked in friendship's sacred ties and found
them warm and true ;
I've sought in solitude to win the peace my heart
would love ;
I've sought it in the giddy crowd—but, no ! it is
above ;
Above the world and all its cares, above the joys
of life,
Above the giddy heedless crowd, above all sinful
strife ;
Above the search of human ken, above the sin-
ner's road,
Above all happiness on earth—'tis in the love of
God !
A love which fire can never touch, nor many
waters drown,
A love which shall procure for me a bright im-
mortal crown !

BELL.

THE EXILE.

The exile on a foreign strand,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land
Is still his cherished home.

Though brighter skies may shine above,
And round him flowers more fair,
His heart's best hopes and fondest love
Find no firm footing there.

Still to the spot which gave him birth
His warmest wishes turn :
And elsewhere own, through all the earth,
A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh ! thus should man's immortal soul
Its privilege revere ;
And mindful of its heavenly goal,
Seem but an exile *here*.

Mid fleeting joys of sense and time,
Still free from earthly leaven,
Its purest hopes, its joys sublime,
Should own no *home* but HEAVEN !

B. BARTON.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

O, green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dew's on the blossoms of
 May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of em'rald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud ;
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy
 ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from
 the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad over
 head.

O, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill ;
Through sunshine and shower, may our progress
 be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of
 Heaven !

BISHOP HEBER.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

This simple, but expressive sentence is inscribed on a tombstone, in a rural burying-ground in Devonshire, and gave rise to the following verses.

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 ! oh ! 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 woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh 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, or 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 !

MRS. MACKAY.

THE TALENTS.

Thou that in Life's crowded city art arrived, thou
knowest not how,
By what path, or on what errand, list, and learn
thy errand now.

From the palace to the city, on the business of
thy king,
Thou wert sent at early morning, to return at
evening.

Dreamer, waken—loiterer, hasten—what thy
task is, understand—
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the
price is in thy hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense and
reason drowned ?
Do its glittering wares attract thee ? or its shouts
and cares confound ?

Oh ! beware lest thy Lord's business be neglected,
whilst thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the giddy
square displays.

Barter not his gold for pebbles—do not trade in
vanities—
There are pearls of price and jewels for the pur-
chase of the wise.

And know this—at thy returning, thou wilt surely
find the King,
With an open book before him waiting to make
reckoning.

Then large honours will the faithful, earnest
service of one day
Reap of Him, but one day's folly, largest penalties
will pay.

R. C. TRENCH.

THE EAGLE.

No, not in the meadow, and not on the shore ;
And not on the wide heath with furze covered o'er,
Where the cry of the Plover, and hum of the bee,
Give a feeling of joyful security ;

And not in the woods, where the Nightingale's
song,

From the chesnut and orange pours all the day
long ;

And not where the Martin has built in the eaves,
And the Redbreast e'er covered the children with
leaves,

Shall ye find the proud Eagle ! O no, come away ;
I will show you his dwelling, and point out his
prey !

Away ! let us go where the mountains are high,
With tall splinted peak towering into the sky ,
Where old ruined castles are dreary and lone,
And seem as if built for a world that is gone ;
There up on the topmost tower, black as the night,
Sits the old monarch eagle in full blaze of light :
He is king of these mountains : save him and his
mate,

No Eagle dwells there ; he is lonely and great !
Look, look how he sits ! with his keen glancing eye,
And his proud head thrown back, looking into
the sky ;

And hark to the rush of his outspreading wings,
Like the coming of tempest, as upward he springs ;
And now how the echoing mountains are stirred,
For that was the cry of the Eagle you heard !

Now, see how he soars ! like a speck in the height
Of the blue vaulted sky, and now lost in the light !
And now downward he wheels as a shaft from a
bow

By a strong archer sent, to the valleys below !

And that is the bleat of a lamb of the flock ;
One moment, and he re-ascends to the rock.
Yes, see how the conqueror is winging his way,
And his terrible talons are holding their prey !

Great bird of the wilderness ! lonely and proud,
With a spirit unbroken, a neck never bowed,
With an eye of defiance, august and severe,
Who scorn'st an inferior, and hatest a peer,
What is it that giveth thee beauty and worth ?
Thou wast made for the desolate places of earth ;
To mate with the tempest ; to match with the sea ;
And God showed his power in the Lion and thee !

MARY HOWITT.

CEDAR TREES.

The Power that formed the violet,
The all-creating One ;
He made the stately Cedar trees
That crowned Mount Lebanon.

And all within the garden
That angels came to see,
He set in groves and on the hills
The goodly Cedar tree.

There played the gladsome creatures,
Beneath its shadow dim ;
And from its spreading leafy boughs
Went up the wild bird's hymn.

And Eve in her young innocence
Delayed her footsteps there ;
And Adam's heart grew warm with praise
To see a tree so fair.

And though the world was darkened
With the shade of human ill,
And man was cast from Paradise,
Yet wast thou goodly still.

And when an ancient poet
Some lofty theme would sing,
He made the Cedar symbol forth
Each great and glorious thing.

And royal was the Cedar
Above all other trees !
They chose of old its scented wood
For kingly palaces.

And in the halls of princes,
And on the Phoenix-pyre,
'Twas only noble Cedar-wood
Could feed the odorous fire.

In the temple of Jerusalem,
That glorious temple old,
They only found the Cedar-wood
To match with carved gold.

Thou great and noble Solomon,
What king was e'er like thee ?
Thou 'mong the princes of the earth
Wast like a Cedar-tree !

But the glory of the Cedar-tree
Is as an old renown,
And few and dwindled grow they now
Upon Mount Lebanon.

But dear they are to poet's heart ;
And dear to painter's eye ;
And the beauty of the Cedar-tree
On earth will never die !

MARY HOWITT.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

What secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?

'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat ;
That bears me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold and heat.

In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend ;
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

J. MONTGOMERY.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth, thou
Heaven below the sky !

Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse
and grief to see ;

Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for
thee.

Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and
flocked beneath the wing

Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own
anointed King,

Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy
pomp to see,

And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy
sons been free.

‘And who art thou that mournest me ?’ replied
the ruin grey,

‘And fear’st not rather that thyself may prove a
cast-away ?

I am a dried and abject branch ; my place is
given to thee ;

But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive
tree !

‘Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of
mercy spent,
For heavy was my children’s crime, and strange
their punishment ;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but sinner, warned
be,
Who spared not his chosen seed may send His
wrath on thee.

‘Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is
in its prime,
O turn and seek thy Saviour’s face in this accepted
time !
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be !

BISHOP HEBER.

THE WELCOME.

The walls may be hung with bright silks from
the east,
The tables may groan with the weight of the
feast,
The viands be rich, and the lustres burn bright,
Surrounded by mirrors reflecting their light ;
The host may be noble—around him may stand
The proudest and fairest that dwell in the land ;

But vain is the splendour, though costly and rare,
Unless the warm greeting of welcome be there.
Oh, the welcome ! the welcome ! 'tis that gives a
zest ;
Though the fare be but simple, it blesseth the
guest ;
And he heeds not the walls, though unvarnished
and bare,
Nor the uncovered flooring, or rude wooden chair ;
He eats the brown crust, and feels loth to depart,
For the warm smiles of welcome have gladdened
his heart !

MARY CHALANOR.

“BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS,

FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN
OF GOD !”

Oh bright beatitude ! to claim
That pure, and high, and holy name,
Passport to immortality ;
The children of our God on high !

Nor deem that epithet—alone
May in maturer years be known ;
When childhood passion can subdue,
Children may be peace-makers too.

Each hasty look, or thought, or word,
From childish hearts—with passion stirred,
By heavenly grace controll'd, suppress,
May rank a Child among the Blest !

And such, wherever they are found,
Diffusing peace and love around,
In the peace-makers' path have trod,
And are the Children of their God !

BERNARD BARTON.

“JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.”

Luke xviii. 39.

Watcher, who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight
train,

Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—

“Jesus of Nazareth passes by.”

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee ;
There is one can tell of a home on high—

“Jesus of Nazareth passes by.”

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not
 know,
Wrestling the favour of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin—
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passes by.”

Mourner, who sitt'st in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone—
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead—
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passes by.”

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy veins of fire, and thy wasted cheek—
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Look to the guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it Himself! He will hear thy
 sigh—
 “Jesus of Nazareth passes by.”

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

Land is proclaimed!—'tis a joyous sound,
Yon gallant vessel is homeward bound;
See on the deck gay numbers pour,
Seeking a glimpse of their native shore;

They think on the friends of changeless truth,
And the peaceful homes of their early youth ;
Smiles of enjoyment are beaming round,
O ! light are the hearts of the Homeward Bound.

Look at yon group of gentle girls,
The sea-breeze plays with their golden curls ;
Their blue eyes glance o'er the billowy foam,
As gaily they carol the songs of home ;
How the Mother, who nursed them on her knee,
Will triumph their finished forms to see !
Though distant lands have their graces crowned,
Their hearts have ever been Homeward Bound.

Yon thoughtful youth left his native clime,
Stained with the withering touch of crime ;
But contrition has worked his soul within,
And loosened the glittering bonds of sin :
He has mourned for his first and last offence,
In fasting, in tears, and penitence,
And the friends who long on his wanderings
frowned,
Have pardon in store for the Homeward Bound.

That blooming maiden her land forsook,
Pale as a drooping lily in look.
She left not her home for dazzling wealth ;
She sought for the smiling stranger—health.

And her cheek is glowing with rosebud dyes,
And sunshine laughs in her hazel eyes,
Her lover dwells upon British ground,
How would he welcome the Homeward Bound?

Near her two prattling children stand,
Telling gay tales of their own fair land;
Of the winter fire, and the fall of snow,
And the hedge where the scarlet berries grow;
And the banks where the purple violets fling
Their lavish stores in the lap of Spring.
O! dear is each early sight and sound
To the hearts of the youthful Homeward Bound.

Blest are they all in the vessel's speed,
And to outward changes they give not heed;
Bright sunbeams flash on the emerald deep,
The sea-birds skim, and the fishes leap.
Now the dancing clouds begin to lower,
And fall in a sudden and splashing shower;
But little reck they of the scene around,
Their minds and their feelings are Homeward
Bound.

O! should not the thought before us come,
That, like them we sail to a distant home?
May not that bright and beauteous shore,
The loved and lost to our arms restore?

And though perchance we may feel inclined
To weep for the friends we leave behind;
Soon shall their steps in our track be found,
For their course, like ours, is Homeward Bound.

And should we have strayed like the wandering
youth
From the ways of safety, the paths of truth;
Oh! in repentance, in faith, in prayer,
Let us flee from the specious shoal and snare;
In the Book of Life let us humbly trace
The blessed tidings of saving grace;
Our hopes on that Rock of Ages found,
Nor tremble to think we are Homeward Bound.

Still may our minds the theme pursue,
Through the glass of Faith may we ever view
The glorious strand of Life's troubled sea—
The boundless shore of Eternity.
May we calmly gaze upon sunny skies,
And should loud tempests around us rise,
May the soothing thought in our minds be found,
That our vessel is ever Homeward Bound!

MRS. ABDY.

THE VIOLET'S SPRING SONG.

Under the hedge all safe and warm,
Sheltered from boisterous wind and storm,
 We violets lie ;
 With each small eye
Closely shut while the cold goes by.

You look at the bank, 'mid the biting frost,
And you sigh and say that we're dead and lost ;
 But, lady, stay
 For a sunny day,
And you'll find us again alive and gay.

On mossy banks, under forest trees,
You'll find us crowding, in days like these ;
 Purple and blue,
 And white ones too,
Peep at the sun and wait for you.

By maids and matrons, by old and young,
By rich and poor our praise is sung ;
 And the blind man sighs
 When his sightless eyes
He turns to the spot where our perfumes rise.

There is not a garden the country through,
Where they plant not violets white and blue ;
 By princely hall,
 And cottage small—
For we're sought and cherished, and culled by
 all.

Yet grand parterres, and stiff trimmed beds,
But ill become our modest heads ;
 We'd rather run,
 In shadow and sun,
O'er the banks where our merry lives first begun.

There, where the birken bough's silvery shine
Gleams over the hawthorn and frail woodbine,
 Moss, deep and green,
 Lies thick, between
The plots where we violet-flowers are seen.

And the small gay Celandine's stars of gold
Rise sparkling beside our purple's fold :—
 Such a regal show
 Is rare, I trow,
Save on the banks where violets grow.

L. A. TWAMLEY.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well !
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh ! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou pass'd away ?

Brightly, sweet summer ! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free ;
And brightly 'mid the garden flowers
To the happy murmuring bee ;

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet summer ! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams ;

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad summer !
How hast thou flown to me ?
My chainless footsteps nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside—
Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle summer,
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free ;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be !

HEMANS.

TO THE CROCUS.

Lowly, sprightly little flower !
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay ;
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas ! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished,
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you have perished,
Blighted I must fade alone.

PATTERSON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The brightness of a mother's love
Can never pass away,
It watcheth, like the brooding dove,
From even-tide till day.
It sitteth by the couch of pain,
With quiet, placid eye ;
'Tis free from every dark'ning stain
Of man's infirmity.

A mother's love ! oh, who may breathe—
Oh ! who may tell its worth !
Its patient suffering until death,
E'en from our childhood's birth ?
'Tis changeless, fathomless, and deep ;
It is its lot to sigh,
To wake, and watch our feverish sleep,
When none save God is nigh.

From the Portuguese.—HEMANS.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY.

Psalm i. 3.

Blessed state ! and happy he,
Who is like that planted tree ;

Living waters lave his root,
Bends his bough with golden fruit.

Thine, O Lord ! the power and praise
Which a sight like this displays ;
Power of Thine must plant it there,
Praise of Thee it should declare.

Thou must first prepare the ground,
Sow the seed and fence it round,
Streams that water, suns that shine,
Each and all are ever Thine.

When the seedling from its bed
First lifts up its timid head,
Ministry of Thine must give
All on which its life can live.

Showers from Thee must bid it thrive,
Breath of Thine must oft revive ;
Light from Thee its bloom supplies,
Left by Thee—it fades and dies.

Whose then—when a tree up-grown—
Should its fruit be ? but thine own !
And thy glorious heritage
Is its fadeless leaf in age.

B. BARTON.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and
brave,

How vain was their boasting ! The Lord hath
but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave ;

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our
sword !—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride ?

For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free !

MOORE.

HYMN.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

All-seeing God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs and when we sin.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?

Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek, and use our own.

If wrong, forgive ; approve, if right ;
While, faithful, we obey our light,
And censuring none, are zealous still,
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould ?
And charity our lineage prove,
Derived from thee, O God of love !

JOHN SCOTT.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

Sweet to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

SOUTHEY.

THE BIBLE.

Let others covet classic stores
Of ages past gone by ;
May I obtain the golden ores
That in thy pages lie.

Let others scale the heavens above,
Or dive into the deep ;
Those only reach the heights of love
Who thy rich precepts keep.

A fancied god of Reason's form,
Philosophy may take :
Mine is a God that calms the storm,
Which unbelief would make.

Reason with all her boasted powers,
Rejects the mercy sent ;
Faith takes the blessing which it showers,
In lowly sweet content.

Then let the pages of thy word,
My sacred treasure be ;
And thou thyself my portion, Lord,
Through all eternity.

J. D. CAUSTON.

THE TWO WORLDS.

A land where sweetest roses fade,
And smiling youth grows quickly old ;
A land where sunshine turns to shade,
And beauty takes a different mould ;
A land of change, a land of care,
Whose fleeting joys are little worth ;
A land whose smile becomes a tear—
That land is Earth !

A land of love where nought can sever,
And beauty blooms with lustre fair ;
A land where youth is young for ever,
For time exerts no influence there ;
A land where streams of pleasure flow,
And golden harps to all are given ;
A land where we our God shall know—
That land is Heaven !

ASPIRATION.

“Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.”—Psalm li. 10.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;

If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent ;
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath ;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let thy will be done !

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !

POPE.

THE SETTING SUN.

That setting sun—that setting sun
What scenes since first its race begun,
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.

That setting sun!—full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet, according thought sublime,
In every age, and every clime!

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
The ocean's fabled caves below,
And when the obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray:
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!

ANON.

THANKFULNESS AND GRATITUDE.

How many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestowed upon me!

But though I'm preserved from such want and
distress,
I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
How many the cravings of appetite feel!
Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,
Who yet have no money their wants to supply.

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,
How could I such hardship and suffering endure?
Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am bless'd,
May it be my delight to relieve the distress'd;
For God has declared, and his promise is sure,
That "blessed are they who consider the poor."

JANE TAYLOR.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming! joyous spring!
See the messengers that bring
Tidings, every heart to cheer,
That her advent bright is here.

See the many-coloured train,
Peeping up on glade and plain—
Crocuses, and snow-drops white,
Struggle into sunny light,
And the violet of blue,
And the valley's lily too.
I could dream their fairy bells
Ring a merry chime that tells
Spring is coming!—and when they
Faint and fade and fall away,
'Tis that long by winter nurst,
Their full hearts with joy may burst.

At the tidings that they bring,
"Spring is coming! welcome spring!"
Children we of northern skies,
Most her loveliness do prize—
Most, with longing hearts, we yearn
For her swift and sure return;
We who know the sullen gloom,
When the earth is Nature's tomb;
Well may we with heart and voice
At the sweet spring-tide rejoice.

Dwellers in more genial climes,
Not for you these passing rhymes;
Ye can never understand
The contrasts of our northern land.

Ye are not so great and wise,
Ye have lowlier destinies
Than the children of the zone
Where the wintry blasts are known.

But gaunt famine doth not stride
By the proud and wealthy's side ;
There ye see not little feet
Press upon the frozen street,
While the infant's tearful eye
Tells its tale of misery.

When in curtain'd, lighted hall,
What to you the snow-flake's fall !
When beside the blazing log,
What to you is frost or fog ?
When on down your limbs you stretch,
Think ye of the homeless wretch ?

To the poor it is that Spring
Doth her richest treasures bring ;
And methinks that I do hear
Countless voices, far and near,
Joining in a grateful strain,
"Spring is come at last again."

CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

What shall we say of Christmas Day?
Good news, I know it brings;
It tells the time when Christ was born,
The glorious King of kings.

And did the Saviour condescend
To leave that happy place;
And bring immortal treasures, too,
For Adam's guilty race?

The angels tuned their golden harps,
In chorus full they sung,
Good-will to man, and peace on earth,
The heavens with echo rung.

Then will I learn to love the Lord,
Who brought such blessings down,
That through his grace, I may, ere long,
Receive a heavenly crown.

Dear Jesus! keep me by thy power,
From every hurtful snare;
Oh guide me to that blissful place,
Where thou and angels are.

A. M.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Shades of evening ! close not o'er us !

Leave our lonely bark awhile !

Morn, alas ! will not restore us

Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover

Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;—

Darker shadows round us hover—

Isle of Beauty ! Fare-thee-well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces

Smile around the taper's light ;—

Who will fill our vacant places ?

Who will sing our songs to-night ?

Through the mist that floats above us,

Faintly sounds the vesper bell,

Like a voice from those that love us,

Breathing fondly, "Fare-thee-well !"

When the waves are round me breaking,

As I pace the deck alone,

And my eye in vain is seeking

Some green leaf to rest upon—

What would I not give to wander

Where my loved companions dwell ?

Absence makes the heart grow fonder ;—

Isle of Beauty ! Fare-thee-well !

BAYLEY.

THE PARROT.

The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A Parrot, from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's* shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But fretted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day;
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.

* *Mulla*—the island of Mull, one of the Hebrides.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down and died.

CAMPBELL.

P E A C E .

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to
cease,
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
"Come hither ye laden ; ye weary, draw near."

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the
skies,
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
That the world cannot give, nor the world take
away.

Oh ! had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky ;

Where the still and small breathing to earth that
was given
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of
heaven.

M'COMB.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Traveller through this vale of tears,
Art thou tried with doubts and fears?
Does the tempter still assail
Till thou think'st he must prevail?
Do the clouds that intervene
Dim the light thou once hast seen,
Dost thou fear thy faith is gone,
And that thou art left alone?

A wanderer on life's dreary coast,
Thy guide and comfort nearly lost—
Hear a fellow-traveller's lay,
One who has trod this painful way,
Who in the journey he has past,
Has met with many a bitter blast,
Upon whose head the storm has beat,
While many a thorn has pierced his feet.

But matchless mercy hitherto
Has interposed, and brought him through,

And has enabled him to raise
At times the cheerful song of praise ;
In patience then possess thy soul ;
Stand still :—for while the thunders roll,
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom
And will to thy assistance come.

Trust, humbly trust, in his defence,
Preserve thy hope and confidence ;
To Him apply in fervent prayer,
On Him in faith cast all thy care ;
Then will the tempest pass away,
Then will the night give place to day ;
And thou rejoicingly shalt find,
These trials wisely were designed.

To subject every wish of thine
Completely to the will divine ;
To fix thy heart on things above,
To fill thy soul with heavenly love,
And through the power of mighty grace,
To fit thee for that glorious place,
Where saints and angels round the throne,
For ever sing—"Thy will be done !"

WILLIAM ALLEN.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget ! 'tis a lesson worth more
Than all that were taught by the sages of yore ;
Forgive ! *that* forgiveness to error we've shown,
Perchance we may yet have to claim for our own.
For is it not better with favour to scan,
Than condemn all the foibles belonging to man ?
If pride frowns upon thee, with smiles be it met,
Pride soon may grow humble ;—Forgive and
Forget !

Forgive and Forget !—the learning of years
Hath left the same follies, the same hopes and
fears ;
The passions still hold the same sway o'er the
breast ;
Care hath the same aspect, and joy the same zest.
But this time-honour'd maxim hath come down
from age,
Shedding heavenly light on the christian's page ;
If the world doth the wrong, oh, revenge it not
yet ;
For man is thy brother—Forgive and Forget !

ASIA'S RENOWN.

God placed in Asia's smiling land
Man, fresh from his Creator's hand :
In the blest East our heavenly Guide
Walk'd in his sinless path, then died.

Lov'st thou God's holy Word to read ?
Seek here the scene of many a deed
That book records ; to Asia's name
Must cling for aye a hallow'd fame.

Here shines the sun with cloudless rays ;
The grateful land his beams repays ;
Giving to isles far off and lone
Fair treasures that are all her own.

Bursts from the bosom of her soil,
Unbidden by man's ceaseless toil,
The richest produce of the earth :—
Gems lie conceal'd of countless worth.

Ambrosial spices scent the air ;
Rich shrubs adorn these regions fair ;
And corn and wine, choice gifts of Heav'n,
To Asia first of all were given.

ANON.

REASONS FOR MIRTE.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright ;
The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by ;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they ?
The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew,
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the
bee ;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

MISS MITFORD.

HAPPY ENGLAND.

England ! country of my birth ;
England ! happiest land of earth ;
Wherever 'tis my lot to roam,
Still shall I love my native home.

No scorching sun consumes thy soil,
Sweet is the labourer's daily toil :
No long night thine, all cheerless, drear,
A Lapland night, of half a year.

Stern Frost may bind his iron chain,
But soon the bond is riven again ;
A happy mean our clime can show,
'Twixt torrid plains and polar snow.

What though no olive-groves be thine,
Fair England ! nor the fruitful vine—
With thankfulness thy sons behold
Thy waving fields of brightest gold.

The precious ores, the gems of earth,
To other climes may owe their birth :
What then ? thy ships can walk the sea,
And bring each treasure home to Thee.

England ! happiest land of earth,
Land of contentment and of mirth ;
Whose soil upholds the brave and free,
Where is the country like to Thee ?

C. M. A.

THE GOODNESS OF THE CREATOR.

Who can look upward to the sky,
Nor own the Majesty on high ?
Or who upon the earth can gaze,
Nor read the wonders of his ways ?

M

The heavenly vault, the humblest flower,
Tell of the same Omniscient power ;
The flash that cleaves the liquid air
Bids man to know that God is there ;

The mighty waves that rage and swell,
His power in awful accents tell ;
The blossom that expands and dies
Speaks of a God supremely wise ;

While each fair scene we contemplate
Tells that his power is good as great ;
He hung those glorious lamps on high
To sparkle in the midnight sky :

Fit emblem of its Maker's light,
The orb of day, so dazzling bright ;
The life that throngs, around, above,
Declares the God in whom we move ;

Each first-drawn sigh, each parting breath,
Proclaims a Lord of Life and death :
Thus every link of nature's chain
Tells one great truth again, again.

C. M. A.

ENIGMA.

Fly on, fly on, thou bonnie bird ;
Fly on, o'er land and sea ;
And if, while hovering o'er the earth,
Thou'rt weary, rest on ME ;
But if, whilst flying o'er the wave,
Weary thy wing should be,
Alas ! poor bird, thou must press on,
Thou may'st not rest on ME.

J. B.

REPLY.

Return, return, thou bonnie bird,
With spring's first cheering ray ;
Return, and pour thy song of love,
Upon the Hawthorn SPRAY ;
Return—and if from foreign land
Thou wend'st thy weary way,
Tell us, sweet bird, on what far strand
Sparkles the Ocean's SPRAY.

H. W.

TO EMILY,

On her birth-day, when she was five years old.

Little Emily ! I may
Give to thee my votive lay ;
Wishing length of days and health,
Years of comfort and of wealth.

And that friends, with hearts sincere,
May increase each opening year ;
Nor will I omit to express
Wish of greater tenderness ;—

That thou may'st in thy youth,
Know the God of love and truth ;
That his spirit may impart
His own image to thy heart.

That thou ever may'st be found
Pilgrim unto Zion bound ;
That thy course he may direct,
That thy progress be unchecked ;—

That thy heart may ever prove
Given to thy Saviour's love ;
And that when thy course is o'er,
Thou may'st gain that happy shore,
Where, on thy Redeemer's breast,
Thou may'st find eternal rest.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice,
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
What seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird ; but some invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which met me in a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;

And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

WORDSWORTH.

THE CHRISTIAN PAUPER'S
DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar'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 smiling courtiers tread ;

One silent woman stands,

Lifting with meagre hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—

An infant wail alone ;

A sob suppressed—again

That short deep gasp, and then—

The parting groan.

Oh ! change—oh wondrous change,

Burst are the prison bars—

This moment *there*, so low,

So agonized—and now

Beyond the stars.

Oh ! change—stupendous change !

There lies the soulless clod ;

The sun eternal breaks—

The new immortal wakes—

Wakes with his God.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the flower,
Though it fades within the hour :
There is beauty in the sky,
Though the cloud is passing by.

Beauty in the distant hill,
Beauty in the gurgling rill,
Beauty in the rising sun,
Beauty when his course is done.

But the beauty which I prize,
Beams from forth my Saviour's eyes,
All the charms of beauty rare,
Centre in the smile that's there.

J. D. CAUSTON.

A WINTER EVENING'S DITTY TO MY
LITTLE PET.

'Tis dark and cold abroad, my love,
But warm and bright within,
So ransack o'er thy treasur'd store
And evening's sports begin ;

Thy play-things, what an endless list !

Thy dolls both great and small,
Empty thy Lilliputian hoard,
And let us see them all.

There's not a king that wears a crown,
Nor miser hoarding pelf,
More absolute and rich than thou,
My little sportive elf:
Those dolls thy docile subjects are,
That footstool is thy throne,
And all the wealth which Mammon boasts
Is worthless to thy own.

Or must it be a living thing
To please thy fancy now ;
There's Puss, although she looks so grave,
As fond of play as thou ;
Who patiently submits to sports,
Which common cats would tire,
Contented if she can but keep
Her post beside the fire.

She quietly consents to be
In baby garments drest ;
Or in thy little cradle rock'd,
As quietly will rest ;
I know not which most happy seems
When mirthful is your air,
Nor could I find a Pet or Puss,
With either to compare.

But if a graver mood be thine—
With needle and with thread—
When sport grows dull, e'en give it o'er,
And play at work instead ;
Yet much I doubt, though sage thy look,
And busy as a bee,
Whether that fit of sempstress-ship
Will long suppress thy glee.

But hark ! I hear the Curfew-bell ;—
Thy little eyes grow dim ;
Put by thy work, dolls, toys, and all—
And say thy Evening Hymn :
'Tis said ! now bid us all farewell !
One kiss, dear child—and then
Sweet sleep and pleasant dreams be thine
'Till morning dawns again !

BARTON.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the day declineth,
Go in the hush of night.

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love !

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With *this* can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in Prayer !
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.

HYMN.

I *cannot* always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above
As to her sanctuary springs,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

The entanglement which restless thought,
Mistrust, and idle reasoning wove,
Are thus unravelled and unwrought—
For God is love.

Yes, God is love—a thought like this
Can every gloomier thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss—
For God is love.

BOWRING.

CHILDHOOD.

Bless'd be their rosy smiles
And dimpled cheeks ! their little urchin tongues
Sound with a sweet recalling silverness,
Like tuneful bells, that chime of other days.
If we in aught bear likeness to our Maker,
Surely 'tis most in infancy ! for innocence
Must be their chief resemblance.

Ethereal hearts !

I love them from the hour they climb the knee—
Their first ambition—happy if the worst !
Theirs is the thrill that I can feel no more,
Knowing too much—the genial Spring is theirs,
Whose buds are worth a thousand full-blown
joys.

H. A. DRIVER.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

Strawberry blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them—here are many.
Look at it, the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any.

Pull the Daisies, Sister Anne,
Pull as many as you can :
Fill your lap and fill your bosom ;
Only spare the Strawberry blossom !

Daisies leave no fruit behind,
When the pretty flow'rets die,
Pluck them, and another year,
As many will be growing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured Strawberry flower :
When the months of Spring are fled,
Hither let us bend our walk,
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower,
And for that promise spare the flower.

WORDSWORTH.

“MY DOCTRINE SHALL DISTIL AS
THE DEW.”

Gently as dew falls, His accents descended,
Sweet as soft music which dies in the air,
Were the precepts of truth which the Saviour
intended
To soothe His disciples, and lessen their care.

Consider the lilies, which toil not nor spin,
And Solomon in his most beauteous array,
Not even the splendour of earth's richest king
Can rival the glories the lilies display.

Then draw hither, ye fearful, and learn to rely,
And listen to what the Omnipotent saith;
If he so clothe the grass which to-morrow shall
die,
Oh, will He not clothe you?—where—where is
your faith?

Then ask not so anxiously what ye shall eat,
And let not your raiment excite so much care,
For Jesus hath said that the Life's more than
meat,
And the body is more than the clothes that ye
wear.

But seek first the Kingdom of Christ and His
glory,
His righteousness shall thy best covering be;
And receive in its fulness the promise before
thee,
That all other things shall be added to thee.

ANON.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Welcome little Buttercups,
Oh, the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the Spring time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Golden, glossy Buttercups,
Spring up here and there.

Welcome little Buttercups,
Welcome Daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned a delight,
Coming ere the Spring time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE CORALS.

Beneath the realm which the waves o'erwhelm,
In the seas of the torrid zone,
Our ancient race have a dwelling-place
In a world that is all our own !

Earth boasts no spots like the fairy grot,
Where we build our sparry cell ;
Nor can its bowers produce such flowers,
As in depths of ocean dwell.

And our forms so strange, we ever change,
As over the deep we roam ;
And our varied hue is ever new,
As we vary our ocean home.

In tranquil calms we wave like palms,
Or bend like the drooping willow ;—
Or we climb to the verge of the foaming surge,
And dash to the winds its billow !

In peaceful haunts, like tender plants,
We twine our fragile forms ;—
Or we build a rock to the tempest's shock,
That mock its fiercest storms.

And we rear the walls of those marble halls
As a precipice high and steep ;
'Till a new-found isle is seen to smile
Like a beacon o'er the deep.

By viewless hands, those new-born lands
Are strewn with blessings rife ;
'Till man appears and claims the spheres
Raised into fertile life ;

And we join the piles of those fossil isles
Till they spread from shore to shore ;
And we build from the caves of the ocean waves
A world unknown before !

Then say, proud man, how poor the plan
Of thy pyramids, castles, towers :
How vain the boasts of thy mightiest hosts,
Or their labours compared with ours !

Though such our lot, yet we are—what ?
In the scale of being vast—
The meanest germs—of life's poor worms
The lowest and the last !

Yet tho' obscure, and low and poor,
And lost in distance dim,
We still can raise our Maker's praise,
And pour our thanks to Him !

RICHARDSON.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Vallies."—
CANTICLES'

Go, Warrior ! pluck the laurel bough,
And bind it round thy reeking brow ;
Ye sons of pleasure ! blithely twine
A chaplet of the purple vine ;

And Beauty ! cull each blushing flower,
That ever decked the sylvan bower ;
No wreath is bright, no garland fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

The laurel branch will droop and die,
The vine its purple fruit deny,
The wreath that smiling beauty twined
Will leave no lingering bud behind ;
For beauty's wreath, and beauty's bloom,
In vain would shun the withering tomb,
Where nought is bright, and nought is fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

Bright blossom ! of immortal bloom,
Of fadeless hue, and sweet perfume,
Far in the desert's dreary waste,
In long neglected beauty placed ;
Let others seek the blushing bower,
And cull the frail and fading flower,
But I'll to dreariest wilds repair,
If Sharon's deathless Rose be there.

When Nature's hand, with cunning care,
No more the opening bud shall rear,
But hurled by Heaven's avenging Sire,
Descends the earth-consuming fire,
And desolation's hurrying blast
O'er all the saddened scene has passed,
There is a clime for ever fair,
And Sharon's Rose shall flourish there.

OUR PLEASURES MUTUAL.

A solitary blessing few can find ;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined,
And she whose helpful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn that wounds the breast she
 loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn her own.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

They err who say thy song is sad :
 To me it speaks of mirth,
In tones as innocently glad
 As aught that visits earth.

Sweet minstrel on a budding spray,
 Thy voice—so rich and clear—
Oft have I lingered on my way
 In night's calm hour to hear.

No vain desire to charm is thine,
 Thy listeners lone and few,
While night and leafy shades combine
 To veil thee from our view.

Brief is thy visit to our isle,
Best of the woodland choir,
And summer scarcely deigns to smile
When thou and thine retire.

Sweet minstrel ! still o'er distant seas,
Perchance thy note is heard,
But we must wait Spring's early breeze
To welcome thee, sweet bird !

Then fare-thee-well, till Spring again
Thy music shall restore,
For none like thee can boast a strain
T' enliven night's dull hour.

J. B.

STANZAS FOR THE YOUNG.

When roses deck the cheek of youth,
And laughter lights the eye,
We oft forget the solemn truth
That all these charms must die.
And when through every bounding vein
The tide of vigour flows,
We think not of the bed of pain,
The mourner's secret woes.

'Tis for their good to leave the seat
 (The book of Wisdom tells)
Of mirth and joy, for that retreat
 Where age or anguish dwells ;
'Tis there the child of folly learns
 The wounds that sin has given,
And there the eye of faith discerns
 The balm which flows from Heaven.

Ah ! never does the youthful smile
 Such angel sweetness borrow,
As when it would the heart beguile
 Of one dark hour of sorrow ;
And never is the youthful tear
 In shower more graceful shed,
Than when it drops upon the bier
 Where rests the hoary head.

Then if from him who cannot lie
 We would the future know,
There is a record kept on high
 Of what is done below :
And on that page, a seraph's pen
 Inscribes each act of love,
By which with other sons of men,
 We kindred feelings prove.

Each gentle look, each accent kind,
 Each proof of tender care,
Which now we cannot call to mind,
 Have long been written there.

And those that weep with them that weep,
Or age's slumbers guard,
May lose the friends whose couch they keep,
But not their own reward.

For when their race on earth is run,
And outward scenes grow dim,
The cup of joy which they have won
Shall sparkle to the brim.
And if the bright and happy souls
The draught of rapture drain,
A stream of endless pleasure rolls
To fill that cup again.

MUIE.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

She put on him a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And everything was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone :
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood weeping by her too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white :
He said—"I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
Oh, mother, do not weep !"

Oh, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant, in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

"Lo ! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more !"
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head ;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

MISS LONDON.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.

Few rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth ;
They are not weeds we should despise,
They are not fruits of Paradise,
But wild flowers in the Pilgrim's way,
That cheer, but not protract his stay ;
Which he dares not too fondly clasp
Lest they should perish in his grasp :
And yet may view and wisely love
As proofs and types of joys above.

ANON.

THE FURZE.

On me such beauty Summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers ;
And when the frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay,
That you might look on me and say,
This plant can never die.
The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold,
Wings lovely as his own.

WORDSWORTH.

TRANQUILLITY.

There is a calm the pure in spirit know,
Which softens sorrow, and which sweetens woe ;
There is a peace that dwells within the soul,
When all around the clouds of darkness roll ;
There is a light which gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers threaten, and when tempests lour ;
That calm to faith and hope and love is given,
That peace remains when all beside is riven ;
That light shines down to man direct from
heaven.

EDMESTON.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

“O! ask ye why, with staff in hand
And pilgrim scrip, I travel on?
Why in a strange and foreign land
I walk with speed, and must be gone?
O! did ye know that world so fair,
Where all my hope, my treasure lies;
Knew ye the many waiting there
To bid me welcome to the skies;
No more to tread, with pilgrim feet,
A land of strangers and of storm;
I shall a kind associate meet,
A friend in every angel form;
Knew ye the beauty of His face,
Whose eye is life, whose smile is love;
Knew ye the glories of the place
Where Jesus reigns enthroned above;
Knew ye the strong, the living power
That links his people’s hearts to His;
Ye, too, would hasten on the hour
When we shall see him as he is.
Ye would not ask, Why haste ye so?
With Christ and glory still in view,
But ye would turn from all below,
And press to take possession too.”

SPRING.

Spring ! Spring ! beautiful Spring,
Hitherward cometh like hope on the wing—
Pleasantly looketh on streamlet and flood,
Raiseth a chorus of joy in the wood ;
Toucheth the bud, and it bursts into bloom ;
Biddeth the beautiful rise from the tomb ;
Blesseth the heart like a heavenly thing !
Spring ! Spring ! beautiful Spring !

Song sweetly saluteth the morn !
The robin awaketh and sits on the thorn ;
Timidly warbles while yet in the east,
Twilight from duty has not been released ;
Calleth the lark that ascendeth on high,
Greeting the sun in the depth of the sky,
Telleth the talented blackbird to sing—
Welcome ! oh welcome ! beautiful Spring !

Life ! love ! in gladness serene,
Wander in innocence over the green ;
Dwell in the garden, and meadow, and wood,
Sing on the mountain, and shine in the flood ;
Smile on the bud as it bursts into bloom,
Welcome the beautiful fresh from the tomb ;
How the heart blesseth each fair living thing ;
Spring ! Spring ! beautiful Spring !

J. SWAIN,

"THERE IS A RIVER."

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."—Psalm xlv. 4.

O, there is a peaceful river,
And its waters gently glide,
From the throne it springs for ever,
Clear as crystal is its tide.

Its bright streams of endless pleasure
Have for countless ages flowed ;
Spreading gladness without measure
Through the city of our God.

There the golden habitations
Of the saints in bliss are found,
And the leaves that heal the nations
Quiver to celestial sound.

By thy borders, beauteous river,
In the paradise of rest,
May our spirits dwell for ever
With the spirits of the blest

L. S.

HYMN.

Jesus saith—"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I
command you."—John xv. 14.

Help us, O Lord, to do thy will,
As long as we have breath ;
Keep every wayward passion still,
And be our guide till death.
For thou to *all* wilt be a friend,
Who love and serve thee to the end.

All selfishness and pride subdue—
All vain desires lay low—
A spirit right, within, renew,
That will in meekness bow.
For thou to *all* wilt be a friend,
Who love and serve thee to the end.

Increase our love to thee, O Lord !
Make firm our trust and sure,
For thou art the unfailing Word,
That ever shalt endure.
And thou to *all* wilt be a friend,
Who love and trust thee to the end.

H. W.

ENIGMA.

The Tyrian king who cunning workmen sent,
The temple of the Lord to ornament,
The man whose blood first tinged the thirsty
land,

From his pure heart drawn by a brother's hand ;
He who first smiled upon the water's face,
When floods from heaven destroyed earth's guilty
race ;

The King who ordered every knee to bend,
And to the golden idol homage lend ;
The rebel son whose long and clustering locks
Bore him at length from life and all its rocks ;
The outcast mother, in Beersheba's wild,
Who 'neath the bushes placed her fainting child ;
The wife, who angry at the pleasant sight,
Mocked when her husband danced with all his
might ;

He who an hundred prophets tried to save,
And hid, and fed them in the friendly cave ;
She who has saved from heaven's wrathful blow,
When at the trumpet's sound fell Jericho ;
The man on whom Elijah's mantle spread,
Who raised the child of Shunem from the dead.

Now if these sacred characters you take,
Their first initials will correctly make

The name of one, to whom the pen was given
To point the road to happiness and heaven ;
A female, powerful in religion's cause,
Teacher of hope to man—obedience to God's laws.

THE CHILD'S MAY-DAY SONG.

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell,
And oh, how beautiful they are,
How sweetly too they smell.

The little birds they dance along
And look so glad and gay,
I love to hear their pleasant songs,
I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about
The bees hum round their hive,
The butterflies are coming out,
'Tis good to be alive.

The trees that looked so stiff and grey,
With green leaves now are hung,
Oh ! mother, let me laugh and play,
I cannot hold my tongue.

See yonder bird spreads out its wings,
And mounts the clear blue skies,
And hark, how merrily he sings,
As far away he flies.

Go forth, my child ! and laugh and play—
And let thy cheerful voice,
With birds and brooks and merry May,
Cry out, rejoice ! rejoice !

I would not check thy bounding mirth,
My happy little boy,
For He who made this blooming earth,
Smiles on an infant's joy.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Above—below—where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew ;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflected there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean wave to foam ;

Nor less thy wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam ;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself, for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the depth of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks its splendour from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car ;
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold ;
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent moon of night,
The twilight eve—the dewy morn ;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here !"

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

I look out in the winter time,
When other flowers are dead,
The white hail and the bitter wind
Beat on my lowly head ;
But God forbids the angry storm
My hardy bloom to kill,
And I am with my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

For oftentimes doth glittering frost
The sere trees hang with gems,
And thick snow crowns the evergreens
With stainless diadems ;
There's something in the wildest days,
Of hope and beauty still,
That makes me with my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

I dreamed once of a golden noon,
When every bough was clad
With young green leaves, and every bank
With rainbow blossoms glad.
I waked, and feared its fiery sun
My humble bloom might kill,
And thought upon my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

Let other flowers know brighter skies,
And gay companions see,
While I live lonely—save at eve
When soft winds sing to me.
Their Father is my Father too,
He framed us at his will,
So I am with my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

A word is traced on every flower
For humble eyes to read ;
And Nature sets us every hour
Some lesson in the mead.

The white wave writes upon the sand,
The sun-beam in the brook ;
Before us still, by sea and land,
Is laid an open book.

Oh ! glorious book ! 'tis gilt with light,
And bound with columns fair ;
With fragrant leaves and pictures bright,
That glow beyond compare.

'Tis writ in such a wondrous tongue,
A tongue so sweet to hear,
As whispering winds, as summer's song,
'Tis music to the ear.

And holy parables are there,
And tales of truth and love ;
And lilies bright, and birds of air,
Interpreters will prove.

Oh ! learn, dear child, that book to read,
In meekness, love, and faith ;
And so thou shalt be wise indeed
Through life, and unto death !

ANON.

THE MARYS.

Judea once a female gave,
As virtue fair, as sorrow grave,
Mother of Him who came to save—
Her name was Mary.

At Bethany one took her seat
At the Redeemer's sacred feet,
And heard his words in accents sweet—
Her name was Mary.

A sad spectatress of his tears,
To Jesus' tomb her spices bears;
The Saviour chased her swelling fears—
Her name was Mary.

And see disciples weep and pray,
When Peter deep in prison lay,
'Twas to thy house he bent his way—
Thou pious Mary.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

Little pilgrim, young in years,
Hast thou not a hundred fears,
Thus to enter life's new road,
Never but with danger trod?

Paths intricate dressed in bloom,
Will entice thy steps to roam,
But though every fragrance sweet
Charm thy senses, shun the cheat.

Yes, kind friend, I know full well,
Sin and sorrow in them dwell;
Never shall my steps be led
Where the virtuous should not tread.

I will chose me such a guide
That I cannot step aside ;
Lord ! if thou wilt be my aid,
All these gay deceits shall fade.

Shew me where that path to find,
Which for heaven is designed ;
What though narrow be the road,
It will lead me to my God.

This sweet. hope shall urge me on,
Though each hope sprang up a thorn ;
Strong in faith I will not yield,
With thy promise for my shield.

Need I then, though young in years,
Own the worldly pilgrim's fears ?
And what journey long can be
That must terminate with *Thee*?

ANON.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with silver
hairs ;

" Time is the warp of life," he said ; " Oh, 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 flow'd,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins.—"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 glare ;
And bade us 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 oh ! 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 of glory, or the path of hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time 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, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land ;
"'Tis past !" he cried, "the solemn mystery's
o'er,
Time was," he said, "but time shall be no
more !"

MARSDEN.

THE SEA-SHORE.

There is freedom in the ocean,
There is spirit in the breeze,
There is life in every motion
Of the ever restless seas.

With the bending crest of foam,
In the sunny radiance glancing ;
And the rippling sounds that come,
Still dying, still advancing.

And will it not be joyous,
When this mortal coil is o'er,
And its cares no more annoy us,
To meet upon that shore—

Where the waves of life are sparkling
In the region of the blest ;
“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

ANON.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

A Sparrow on a lime tree's bough
Observed a chafer fed below ;
With sudden spring, he seized the prize,
Nor heeds the suppliant's pain or cries ;
“Peace,” says the murderer, “thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I.”

A keen-eyed Hawk the sparrow spies,
Sharpens his beak, and downward flies
To seize the prey. “Oh, spare me, spare,”
The prisoner sues, but vain his prayer :
“Peace,” says the murderer, “thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, but strong am I.”

An eagle next the hawk descried,
And fixed his talons in his side ;
Grant me my life, in friendship's name,
He cries, your trade and mine's the same ;
"Peace," cries the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."

A Fowler last the eagle found,
He shot and brought him to the ground ;
The king of birds had only time
To ask, What, tyrant, is my crime ?
"Peace," says the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."

ANON.

THE EMIGRANT.

I am far away from the sea-girt isle ;
I left with a joyous heart,
When the beaming eye and the heartless smile
Saw the Emigrant depart.
I did not sigh as the ocean's foam
Bore me away from that happy home.
I did not sigh, though I left behind
A peaceful and tranquil spot,
Where ivy and woodbine boughs entwin'd
Their shades o'er my greenwood cot.

They told me that I was sore oppress'd;
I sought in a foreign clime for rest!

I sought for a home beyond the wave;
I sought an asylum here;
What shall I find but a foreign grave,
Unwept by friendship's tear.
And now I sigh for the quiet spot,
And think of the lowly woodbine cot.

I think of my own old home with tears;
Each valley, each fertile hill:
I see them in dreams of my boyhood's years,
In thought they are with me still.
A wandering outcast now I roam,
Exiled from England—my native home.

E. NORTON.

HOPE.

—Immortal hope
Takes comfort from the foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

YOUNG.

GERTRUDE;

OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy Heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried,
“My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory’s living power
To strengthen me through *this*!
And then, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!

We have the glorious Heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part.
But oh! with such a gazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* should'st speak!

The wind rose high—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-strings low,
Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses pressed,
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed.
While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not !

MRS. HEMANS.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow,
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;

With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love!
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

ANON.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

Behold the western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

PEABODY.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

Oh, Nature ! let me dwell with thee,
The happy playmate of the bee ;
Thou bringest back the golden Spring,
I cannot choose but gaily sing !

Old Winter's gone with clouds and rain,
And flowers are on the earth again,
And birds fly forth with gladsome wing ;
I cannot choose but gaily sing !

Oh, Nature ! let me dwell with thee ;
Thou ne'er art stern and harsh to see,
But mark'st each day by some bright thing,
That makes thy children gaily sing !

ANON.

FOR THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

Message from heaven ! I joy to receive thee ;
Word of the Lord ! I will ever believe thee ;
Star of Redemption ! I seek for thy ray ;
Mandate of Mercy ! thy words I obey.

Tidings of peace thou hast brought from above,
And thy pages unfold unlimited love,

Thy story and precept, thy promise and song,
Shall live in my heart, and burn on my tongue.

Companion and guide, instructor and friend,
Illumine my pathway, till error shall end ;
Till thy radiance fade mid Eternity's blaze,
And thy song shall be lost in the seraphim's
praise.

Oh ! Spirit of Truth ! Eternal ! divine !
I render thee thanks that this message is mine.

E. W. C.

PETER WALKING ON THE SEA.

"If it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water."—
Matt. xiv. 28.

The night winds blow—the sky is dark,
And sadly moans the troubled sea,
The waves dash o'er my fragile bark—
My Saviour ! bid me come to thee.

I know the gulf that lies between,
The darkness all around I see,
But I can face the darkest scene,
If thou wilt bid me come to thee.

From thee there streams a ray of light,
Sparkling across the midnight sea ;

It makes one little pathway bright—
My Saviour ! bid me come to thee.

The glory of thy distant form
Reflects a smiling beam on me ;
Thy voice alone can still the storm—
Oh speak, and bid me come to thee.

Speak ! oh speak now ! There is a calm,
The thunder waits, the air breathes free—
Thy voice alone my fears can charm—
Oh ! let it bid me come to thee.

It speaks ! all nature feels the charm,
The echo tells it to the sea ;
So soft, so kind, so sweetly calm—
It must be thine—I come to thee !

M.

