

**SABBATH
RECREATIONS:**

OR,

SELECT POETRY,

OF A RELIGIOUS KIND,

Chiefly taken

From the Works of the Modern Poets;

WITH A FEW ORIGINAL PIECES

Never before published.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

LONDON:

Printed for Houlston and Son,

65, Paternoster-Row,

And at Wellington, Salop.

1829.

See p 23

Crusibaria from

Jane? Taylor

" Sweet are the uses of adversity,
" Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
" Wears yet a precious Jewel in his head.
(Shakespeare.)

a simile of uncommon beauty, founded
on the superstition of some old writers that the
Toad had a stone in its head fraught with
great virtues medical and magical.

See Pennant's Brit. Zoology. Vol. 2 pp 20-21.
8v^o Edition. London 1812.

Oh memory, torture me no more,
The present's all o'ercast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past.

Why bring those images to view
Thenceforth must resign?

Ah! why those happy hours renew
That never can be mine?

Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret;
Regret and joy are both in vain,
Ask but to — forget Byron.

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CHIEFLY TAKEN FROM THE WORKS OF MODERN POETS;

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EDITED

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

SECOND EDITION,

With numerous Additions from English and American Poetry.

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An addition of upwards of one hundred pages is made to the present Edition, which supplementary matter is also printed in the form of an Appendix to the First Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

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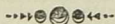
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE pieces inserted in the First Edition of Sabbath Recreations were all, with the exception of eight, the production of English Authors. For the opportunity of enriching her collection by the addition of these, the offspring of the American Muse, the Editor was indebted to the kindness of friends,—and has always considered them as among the choicest pieces with which she has been furnished. In enlarging the present Edition she has availed herself of the *American* “Sabbath Recreations,” edited by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, from which have been selected several very beautiful pieces: all these, together with the poems above alluded to, are pointed out in the Index by a double asterisk * *, while original pieces which have never before been published are marked singly, thus, *.

New Buckenham, Norfolk,

October 1829,

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.



O LET it not be said that, in our isle,
The Poet's page, which should be consecrate
To truths the Scriptures bid us venerate,
Bestows its aid to darken and defile !
Let us not forfeit meek RELIGION's smile,
Hopes, cherish'd by the wise, the good, the
great,
And blindly bow to dark, mysterious FATE,
Because the Sceptic may those hopes revile.
Here MILTON's harp has rung a SAVIOUR's
praise,
With classic majesty, and Christian power ;
And COWPER's Muse, in sweetly varied lays,
Prov'd how exhaustless was her home-born
dower :
Then let not later Bards, in evil hour,
Shew that our lot has fallen on dark, degenerate
days.

BERNARD BARTON.

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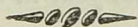
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SABBATH RECREATIONS.



HYMN.

JEHOVAH reigns : let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim ;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resound-
ing,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sound-
ing.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land :
Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne :
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
 Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient
 night ;
 His Spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
 And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life :
 Seasons and months began the long procession,
 And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up the ethereal way,
 Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;
 And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
 Superior o'er the dusky brow of night ;
 Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
 Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers he
 dress'd,
 And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast ;
 Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
 The circling water round her winding shores,
 The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
 And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,
 All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride ;
 Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
 Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good ;
 The morning-stars, with joyful acclamation,
 Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
 Though built by God's right hand, must pass
 away ;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,
 Shall in his silent dark pavilion rest ;
 His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky ;
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
 And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy throne ;
 Jehovah reigns, an universe alone ;
 The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same.
 He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But O ! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise :
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control,
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul ;
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN.

WHEN Power Divine, in mortal form,
 Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
 In soothing accents Jesus said,
 "Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

So, when in silence nature sleeps,
 And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
 One thought shall every pang remove—
 Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

Bless'd be the voice that breathes from heaven,
 To every heart in sunder riven,
 When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
 "Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

When men with fiendlike passions rage,
 And foes yet fiercer foes engage,
 Bless'd be the voice, though still and small,
 That whispers, "God is over all."

God calms the tumult and the storm;
 He rules the seraph and the worm:
 No creature is by Him forgot,
 Of those who know or know him not.

And when the last dread hour shall come,
 While shuddering nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall call the pious dead—
 “Lo, it is I!—be not afraid.”

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world?—A wildering maze,
 Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
 Her victims to ensnare ;
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
 Down to eternal night :
 —*One* humble path, that never bends,
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
 From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to shew that path ?
 The Bible :—he alone, who hath
 The Bible, need not stray :
 Yet he who hath, and will not give
 That heavenly Guide to all that live,
 Himself shall lose the way.

RESIGNATION.



O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No; rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

THE WORD OF GOD IN AFFLICTION.

O HOW I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
 It guides me in a peaceful way ;
 I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health ?
 What are all joys, compar'd with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows ?

Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path secure I stray'd ;
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
 And straight I turn'd unto my God.

What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
 I bless'd the hand that caus'd the smart ;
 He taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But sav'd me from eternal woe.

Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
 Thy precepts I had still despis'd !
 And still the snare in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.

I love thee, therefore, O my God,
 And breathe towards thy dear abode,
 Where in thy presence fully bless'd,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

THE BIBLE.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age,—
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise,—
 They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

TO A FRIEND,

*Who expressed a Fear that the Bible was a sealed
 Book to her.*

SEAL'D, is it? Where then did you learn the sigh
 That speaks a knowledge which your lips deny?
 If its rich treasures never were reveal'd,
 Where did you learn to wish the Book unseal'd?
 The Esquimaux, to other climes unknown,
 Can never sorrow for a milder zone.
 So, had you never tasted of the fruit,
 You had not sought with tears the hidden root.
 Seal'd, is it? wherefore should you think so? No!
 'Twas never seal'd to one who fear'd it so.
 The troubled dreamer, in the midnight gloom,
 Wrapt in deep slumber, glides from room to room,

Fearless of ill, unconscious of the night,
 His bold, unfaltering footstep asks no light;
 Onward he passes, with untroubled mind,
 To seek some spot he waking could not find;
 But if the dream be broken, and again
 Suspended reason should assume her reign,
 Strange to the path he knew so well before,
 He sees the darkness, and he sees no more:
 And does not so the soul? She too is bold,
 Ere yet the dangers of the way are told.
 No fearful mysteries her thoughts engage,
 She sees no seal upon the hallow'd page;
 The awful bar, invisible as strong,
 Hides all the doubtings that to faith belong.
 Time has been, and not very much remote,
 When all was hidden, and you knew it not.
 How thought you then of mysteries conceal'd?
 Did you sigh then to have the Book unseal'd?
 No; when, in faintest accents, in your ear
 The Spirit whisper'd, "There are secrets there,"
 In that same hour the curtain was undrawn,
 The Book was open'd, and the seal was gone;
 The ray that lights you may be faint indeed,
 And scarcely seen the sunbeam that you need;
 Even as when we watch the opening day,
 To catch the glimmering and uncertain ray,
 At first it seems so loitering, so slow,
 We almost doubt if it be morn or no;
 But sure as twilight brings the perfect day,
 A brighter sun shall light your future way,

Till mercy perfected your soul dismiss
To boundless knowledge and unmeasur'd bliss.

LOVE OF GOD.

O! WOULD you be assur'd you love your God,
Make him a God that must be lov'd of need,
A God you cannot otherwise than love.
Throw off that yoke of joyless servitude,
That niggard balancing of right and wrong,
Which fears to give too little or too much.
Doubt is not love—suspicion is not love!
Believe that He has known you, pitied you,
Taken you himself from prison and from death,
Sought and pursu'd you through a world of ill—
Restrain'd you, taught you, rear'd you for his own.
Believe that he forgives you every sin,
Pays every debt, and cancels every claim—
Watches beside your pillow while you sleep,
Supports you, leads you, guards you when you
wake,
And bids his angels know no better task
Than to administer to you, his child.
And while in heaven's high mansion he prepares
The seat of royalty he bids you claim,
Arrays you in a vesture so divine,
Of holiness and virtue not your own,

That when the hour of just adjudgment comes,
 All may confess in you the heir of heaven.
 Believe the Lord your God is such an one,
 And you must love him, even to your soul.

THE CROSS.

TIME past, I wander'd weeping on my way
 O'er the vain changes of all earthly things;
 'Mid life's dull cares I saw no cheering ray,
 And my aspiring spirit droop'd her wings
 Earthward in sadness. Holy truths I knew;
 And my aw'd soul their sacredness confess'd;
 But had not felt, though I believ'd them true,
 Their daily influence on my life impress'd.
 In sorrow then I sought them—now I know
 The Cross must be endur'd from hour to hour;
 And bitter though it seem, in scenes of woe,
 It has a blessed and a soothing power;
 Its yoke is easy and its burden light;
 Such bosom-cherish'd hopes it can inspire,
 That thro' the darkest scenes of this world's night,
 The faith-enlighten'd spirit can look higher
 Unto its rest!—O thou example pure,
 And untir'd traveller in this holy road,
 Still grant thy warning counsel, and, secure,
 My soul shall follow thine unto its God!

SONNET.

O WHY art thou disquieted, my soul?
 And why do human sufferings dim these eyes?
 Is not yon azure heaven thy destin'd goal,
 And thy sweet home of welcome in the skies?
 Faint not upon thy weary path.—Arise!
 Gird on thy might of wisdom's pure control;
 And in thy bosom hush all earthly sighs,
 And check the tears that down thy wan cheek
 roll.
 The Father of thy spirit guards its fate;
 And the bless'd spark but for a time did fold
 In the low mansion of a mortal mould,
 Allied to angels in its native state!
 Then faint not, O my soul, on thy dark way;
 The light is round thee of eternal day.

STANZAS.

WEEP not, though lonely and wild be thy path,
 And the storms may be gathering round;
 There is One who can shield from the hurricane's
 wrath,
 And that One may for ever be found.

He is with thee, around thee, He lists to thy cry,
 And thy tears are recorded by Him—
 A pillar of fire He will be to thine eye,
 Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

O follow it still through the darkness of night,
 In safety 'twill lead to the morrow ;
 'Tis not like the meteor of earth's fickle light,
 Often quench'd in delusion and sorrow :
 For pure is the beam, and unfading the ray,
 And the tempests assail it in vain ;
 When the mists of the world are all vanish'd away,
 In its brightness it still will remain.

And weep not that none are around thee to love,
 For a Father is with thee to bless ;
 And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,
 O say wouldst thou wish for one less ?
 He is with thee, whose favour for ever is life ;
 Could a mortal heart guard thee so well ?
 O hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's wild strife,
 And forbid but a thought to rebel.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set ;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer ;—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears ;—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ;—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*ALL* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art *there*!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast *ALL* seasons for thine own, O Death!

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light,
Emblem of that which cannot die,
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the sunny sky?
What lures thee thus to stay
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of dull mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there
 Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone :
 Will the dust tell us where
 They that have burst their prison-house are flown ?
 Rise, nursling of the day,
 If thou wouldst trace their way ;
 Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
 By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?
 Far hence he sings unheard,
 Yet free and joyous, 'midst the woods to dwell.
 Thou, of the sunshine born,
 Take the bright wings of morn ;
 Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
 And golden hopes the spirit greet,
 And youth prepares his joys to meet,
 Alas ! how hard it is to die !

When scarce is seiz'd some borrow'd prize,
 And duties press, and tender ties
 Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
 How awful then it is to die !

When one by one those ties are torn,
 And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
 And man is left alone to mourn,

Ah! then how easy 'tis to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
 And words of peace the spirit cheer,
 And vision'd glories half appear,

'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
 And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
 And clouds obscure the mental light,

'Tis nature's precious boon to die!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

O MINGLE with the widow's tears
 The drops for misery shed;
 She bends beneath the weight of years,
 Her earthly hope is fled.

Her son—her only son is gone!
 Oh, who shall wipe that eye?
 For she must journey lonely on,
 And solitary die!

The pall upon his corse is spread,
 The bier they slowly raise ;
 It cannot rouse the slumbering dead,
 —That widow'd mother's gaze.

She follows on, without a tear,
 Her dear, her darling child :
 But who is He that stops the bier,
 With look and accent mild ?

The Saviour is that pitying one ;
 His glance her woe disarms—
 “ Young man, arise ! ”—a *living* son
 Is in his mother's arms !

THE BETTER WORLD.

YES ! there's a better world on high !
 Hope on, thou pious breast ;
 Faint not, thou traveller,—in the sky
 Thy weary feet shall rest.

Anguish may rend each vital part ;
 Poor man ! thy frame how frail !
 Yet Heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
 When strength and flesh shall fail.

Through death's dark vale of deepest shade
 Thy feet must surely go :
 Yet there, e'en there, walk undismay'd ;
 'Tis thy last scene of woe.

Jesus (and with the tenderest hand)
 Shall guard the traveller through :
 " Hail ! " shalt thou cry, " hail, promis'd land !
 Bleak wilderness, adieu ! "

Jesus ! O make our souls thy care !
 O take us all to thee !
 Where'er thou art,—we ask not where,—
 But there 'tis heaven to be.

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 lov'd ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
 The yellow star appears :
 So *faith* springs in the hearts of those
 Whose eyes are bath'd in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glories shall restore ;
 And eyelids that are seal'd in death
 Shall ope, to close no more.

EVENING HYMN.

SLEEP, downy sleep, come, close mine eyes,
 Tir'd with beholding vanities ;
 Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
 The toils and follies of the day.

On thy soft bosom will I lie,
 Forget the world, and learn to die ;—
 O, Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
 Thine angel wings around my bed.

Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne,
 Its awful glories all unknown ;
 O ! dart from thence one cheering ray,
 And turn my midnight into day.

Thus when the morn, in crimson dress'd,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 My grateful songs of praise shall rise,
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.

RESIGNATION.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;
 Tumultuous passions, all be still !
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
 His ways are just, his councils wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work—the cause conceals ;
 But though his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees ;
 And by his saints it stands confess'd,
 That what he does is ever best.

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;
 And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

As the good shepherd leads his sheep
 Through paths secure,
 And, while a-fold by night they sleep,
 Doth keep them sure ;
 So the True Shepherd, Christ, our souls doth guide,
 Safe in his eye, protected by his side.

Great Shepherd ! do we know thy voice,
 And follow thee ?
 Is thy safe fold our rule and choice,
 From bondage free ?
 Upheld by faith the obedient sheep shall stand,
 "And none shall pluck them from thy Father's
 hand."

But O ! what mortal tongue shall sing
 Thy wondrous love ?
 Death could not with his threaten'd sting
 Thy purpose move :
 Conqueror of death, and pledge of life to rise,
 Joy of the earth, and heir of subject skies.

Shepherd ! with joy we hear thy call
 That leads to heaven :
 Let none from that salvation fall,
 So freely given !
 But, as thy sacred records long foretold,
 Be thy wide-peopled earth "one happy fold."

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

YE slaves to time and sense,
 Whose minds their bondage see ;
 The Gospel breaks your servile chain,
 And sets the captive free.

Gross darkness shall no more
 Enslave the trembling soul ;
 Before the cheering rays of truth
 Its gloomy vapours roll.

How strict were Aaron's rites !

But David's greater Son
The ceremonial law revokes,
And publishes his own.

His hand remov'd the veil
Which hid the mercy-seat,
And leads the child of penitence
Before his Father's feet.

From soul-debasing vice
He frees the troubled mind ;
And such as bear his gentle yoke
True liberty shall find.

But O triumphant thought !
He calms the fear of death :
We view the Saviour's bursting tomb,
And meekly yield our breath.

IMPERISHABLE WEALTH.

SHALL man, to sordid views confin'd,
His powers unfold,
And waste his energy of mind
In search of gold ?
Rise, rise, my soul, and spurn such low desires,
Nor quench in grovelling dust heaven's noblest
fires.

For what are all thy anxious cares,
 Thy ceaseless toil?
 For what, when roars the wind, thy fears
 Lest in the broil
 When bursting clouds and furious waves contend,
 Thy bark rich freighted all engulf'd descend?

Fraught with disease to-morrow comes,
 And bows thy head;
 From treasur'd heaps and splendid domes
 Thy thoughts recede:
 The dream is o'er: then kiss the chastening rod,
 That points the road to virtue and to God.

Seek thou, my soul, a nobler wealth,
 And more secure:—
 Content and peace, the mind's best health,
 And thoughts all pure;
 And deeds benevolent, and prayer, and praise,
 And deep submission to Heaven's righteous ways.

MORTALITY.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
 Or clouds that roll successive on,
 Man's busy generations pass,
 And while we gaze their forms are gone.

Vain was the boast of lengthen'd years,
 The patriarch's full maturity ;
 'Twas but a larger drop to swell
 The ocean of eternity.

" He liv'd,—he died : " behold the sum,
 The abstract of the historian's page !
 Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
 The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

O Father ! in whose mighty hand
 The boundless years and ages lie,
 Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
 And use the moments as they fly ;

To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds :
 So shall we wake from death's dark night,
 To share the glory that succeeds.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Michel Angelo.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
 If thou the spirit give by which I pray ;
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 Which of its native self can nothing feed :

Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
 Which quickens only where thou say'st it may.
 Unless to us thou shew thine own true way,
 No man can find it. Father, thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my
 mind,
 By which such virtue may in me be bred,
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread :
 The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

GREATNESS OF THE DEITY.

THERE is a Power all other powers above,
 Whose name is Goodness, and his nature Love ;
 Who call'd the infant universe to light,
 From central nothing, and circumfluent night.
 On *His* great providence all worlds depend,
 As trembling atoms to their centre tend ;
 In nature's face His glory stands confess'd ;
 She wears His sacred image on her breast :
 His Spirit breathes in every living soul ;
 His bounty feeds, His presence fills the whole.
 Though seen, invisible, though felt, unknown ;
 All that exist, exist in Him alone.

But who the wonders of His hand can trace
 Through the dread ocean of unfathom'd space?
 When from the shore we lift our wondering eyes,
 Where boundless scenes of godlike grandeur rise,
 Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
 Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze!
 Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
 Eternal miracles of skill divine—
 These, and ten thousand more, are only still
 The *shadow* of his power, the *transcript* of his will.

SONNET ON SABBATH MORN.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That scarcely wakes when all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
 And echo answers softer from the hill;
 And softer sings the linnet on the thorn;
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill—
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The rooks sail silent by in airy droves;
 The sky a placid yellow lustre throws.
 The gales, that lately sigh'd along the groves,
 Have hush'd their downy wings in soft repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—
 So soft the day when the first morn arose!

THE LILY, AN EMBLEM OF CHRISTIAN
HOPE.

How wither'd, faded, seems the form
Of yon obscure, unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of winter's storm
It hides secure the precious fruit.

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

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

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

O ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth ;
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth.

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

Sweet smile of Hope! delicious tear!
 The sun, the shower, indeed *shall* come;
 The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
 And nature bid her blossom bloom.

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

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

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

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom;
 And wait till heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

THE FLYING FISH, AN EMBLEM OF CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise
And live amid the glorious skies ;
O ! it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !

But when I see that wing so bright
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again,
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er :
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar ;
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

O virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak ;

Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below.
 But when I leave the grosser throng,
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
 And call'd these hands and eyes my own ;
 A thousand little acts have done,
 And childhood have and manhood known :
 O ! what is life, and this dull round ?
 To earth why was a spirit bound ?

So many airy thoughts and lines,
 And warm expansions of the mind,
 Have fill'd my soul with great designs,
 While practice grovell'd far behind :
 O ! what is thought ? and where withdrew
 The glories which my fancy drew ?

So many tender joys and woes
 Have o'er my quivering soul had power,
 Plain life with varying passions rose,
 The boast and burden of an hour :
 O ! what is all we feel ? why fled
 These pains and pleasures o'er my head ?

So many human souls divine,
 Some in one interview display'd,
 Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,
 In lasting bonds my love have laid :
 O ! what is friendship ? why impress'd
 On my weak, dying, wretched breast ?

So many glorious gleams of light,
 And gentle ardours from above,
 Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
 Some moments on a throne of love :
 O ! what is virtue ? why had I,
 Who am so low, a taste so high ?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
 My soul an unknown path shall tread ;
 And strangely leave what strangely fills
 This frame, and waft me to the dead :
 O ! what is death ?—'Tis life's last shore,
 Where vanities are vain no more ;
 Where all pursuits their good obtain ;
 Where life is all retouch'd again ;
 Where, in their bright results, shall rise
 Thoughts, virtues, friendships, loves, and joys.

ON A WINTER'S MORNING.

SUNK is that orb in endless sleep,
 Which us'd to meet our opening eyes,
 And angry nature bids us weep
 A polar night in southern skies.

Eye of the heavens! perhaps thy sight
 Has sicken'd at a world of crime,
 And (wrapp'd o'er us the pall of night)
 Thy rays will gild some happier clime.

Perhaps thy last sad course was run
 Through realms which hate and fear the day;
 Where ruffians curse the coming sun,
 Where idlers sleep whole suns away.

E'en *here* thy burning view would see
 Unblushing vice and passion rude,
 And seldom bent the suppliant knee,
 And still the lip of gratitude.

Or didst thou roll thy glowing wheel
 Where dark Ambition goads her steed,
 And plotting statesmen whet the steel,
 And bid the mortal battle bleed;

Or where the Gaul, from Lodi's bridge,
 With slaughter'd armies chokes the flood ;
 Or where he scales the Alpine ridge,
 And dyes its virgin snows in blood ;—

Such scenes must wound the eye of Heaven :
 And has not Heaven, since time begun,
 Flung all its million gifts around
 On those who ne'er return'd it one ?

O ! starting from thine *almost death*,
 Mark, sluggard, *now* yon orb arise,
 And load the morning's earliest breath
 With incense to its native skies.

See yon blue arch the surface span—
 To guilty worlds, see, day is given !
 O ! Heaven is still the friend of man,
 Though man is still the foe of Heaven.

THE PILGRIMS.

Lo where a crowd of pilgrims toil
 Yon craggy steeps among !
 Strange their attire, and strange their mien,
 As wild they press along.

Their eyes with bitter streaming tears
 Now bend towards the ground ;
 Now rapt, to heaven their looks they raise,
 And bursts of song resound.

And hark ! a voice from 'midst the throng
 Cries, " Stranger, wouldst thou know
 Our name, our race, our destin'd home,
 Our cause of joy or woe ;—

" Our country is Immanuel's land,
 We seek that promis'd soil ;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.

" Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bath'd in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.

" The flowers that spring along the road
 We scarcely stoop to pluck ;
 We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
 Nor waste one wishful look.

" We tread the path our Master trod,
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierc'd before.

" Our powers are oft dissolv'd away
 In ecstasies of love,

And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

"We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is begun."

REPOSE FOR THE WEARY.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;—

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
Wounded spirits who can bear ?

Sinner, come ; for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure ;
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

PIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

How bless'd the sacred tie that binds
 In union sweet according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous love, what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming tears together flow
 For human guilt and mortal woe ;
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face ;
 How high, how strong their raptures swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
 When nature droops her sickening fire ;
 Then shall they meet, in realms above,
 A heaven of joy—because of love.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. T. SPENCER,

*Who was drowned, while bathing in the Tide, on the
 5th of August 1811, in his twenty-first Year.*

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise ;
 To Thee I consecrate my lays,
 To whom my powers belong !
 These gifts upon thine altar strown,
 O God ! accept—accept thine own ;
 My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
 The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
 All that is excellent and fair,
 Seen, felt, or understood,
 From one eternal cause descends,
 To one eternal centre tends,
 With God begins, continues, ends,
 The source and stream of good.

I worship not the sun at noon,
 The wandering stars, the changing moon,
 The wind, the flood, the flame ;
 I will not bow the votive knee
 To wisdom, virtue, liberty ;
 "There is no god but God," for me ;
 —Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
 Him in his creatures I adore,
 Around, beneath, above ;
 But clearest in the human mind,
 His bright resemblance when I find,
 Grandeur with purity combin'd,
 I most admire and love.

Oh ! there was ONE,—on earth a while
 He dwelt ;—but transient as a smile
 That turns into a tear,
 His beauteous image pass'd us by ;
 He came, like lightning from the sky,
 He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
 As prompt to disappear.

Mild, in his undissembling mien,
 Were genius, candour, meekness seen ;
 —The lips, that lov'd the truth ;
 The single eye, whose glance sublime
 Look'd to eternity through time ;
 The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
 Above the joys of youth.

Of old,—before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 A living voice, nor knew the sound,
 —That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
 The Lord, who chose him there.

Thus early call'd, and strongly mov'd,
 A prophet from a child, approv'd,
 SPENCER his course began ;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face ;
 He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day !—the glorious prize,
 To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
 Appear'd too quickly won :
 —The warrior rush'd into the field,
 With arm invincible to wield
 The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
 When, lo ! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
 Sets early in the western main,
 And leaves the world in night ;
 The brightest star of morning's host,
 Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost ;
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
 That saw him, from the ravening deep,
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
 For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
 The spirit in a moment fled,
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs a wreath of clay!

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not;
 Glory to God be given,
 Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
 His covenant of peace to shew:
 Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

O Church! to whom that youth was dear,
 The angel of thy mercies here,
 Behold the path he trod,
 "A milky way" through midnight skies!
 —Behold the grave in which he lies,
 E'en from the dust thy prophet cries,
 "*Prepare to meet thy God.*"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER's Love,—how sweet the name!
 What is a Mother's Love?

—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
 Enkindled from above,
 To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
 The warmest love that *can* grow cold ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
 Then, while it lies forlorn,
 To gaze upon that dearest sight,
 And feel herself new-born,
 In its existence lose her own,
 And live and breathe in it alone ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear ;
 To cherish on her breast,
 Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
 And lull it there to rest ;
 Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
 As if to guard from instant death ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
 Its opening charms admire,
 Catch from its eye the earliest ray
 Of intellectual fire ;
 To smile and listen while it talks,
 And lend a finger when it walks ;
 This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?

Can she forget her boy?

His pleading innocence behold,

Nor weep for grief—for joy?

A Mother may forget her child,

While wolves devour it on the wild;

—Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"

Ye clasp your babes and kiss;

Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;

Yet, ah! remember this;—

The infant, rear'd alone for earth,

May live, may die,—to curse his birth;

—Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;

The child she loves so well,

Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,

Down the smooth road to hell;

Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind:

Thus do the blind mislead the blind,

E'en with a Mother's Love.

Bless'd infant! whom his mother taught

Early to seek the Lord,

And pour'd upon his dawning thought

The day-spring of the word;

This was her lesson to her son,

—Time is eternity begun:

Behold that Mother's Love.

Bless'd Mother! who, in wisdom's path,
 By her own parent trod,
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
 And know the fear of God:
 Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
 Begin eternity in time,
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!
 What *was* that Mother's Love?
 —The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above
 Within a heart of earthly mould,
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that Mother's Love.

NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
 In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
 Here, in thy temple, bow thy creatures down,
 To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own;—
 "Thee first, thee last," the source and spring of
 blessing,
 From age to age, from sire to son confessing.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
 And pour around the gladdening light of day;
 Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
 To cheer its hours of darkness, all are Thine :
 Thy hand hath fix'd the seasons' sure succession,
 And mark'd the circling year's complete progression.

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
 And mortal friends were faithless,—thou wert
 true :
 Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
 The wounded spirit?—Thou wert present there;
 Where'er we rovd, our wandering steps attending,
 With outstretch'd arm our heads from ill defending.

Yet when our hearts review departed days,
 How vast thy mercies, how remiss our praise !
 Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
 Shrink into nought, and tremble at thy feet;
 Well may we bow in silent shame before thee,
 And bless the clouds that scatter darkness o'er thee.

O bend thine ear, or lift our voice to thee !
 Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;
 From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
 Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly
 thine ;
 "Thee first, thee last," the source and spring of
 blessing,
 From youth to age, in life, in death confessing.

HUMILITY.

“HUMILITY,” said Lena, as she drew
A well-worn glove upon her sun-burnt hand,
“Is the best ornament a Christian knows.
I think not well of one whose ready speech
Can talk of self-abasement, and the need
She hourly feels of pardon from above,
Yet is array’d in all the pride of life,
Studies the body’s ease, the graceful mien,
And all the luxuries of refining taste.
I judge our piety is better shewn
By self-denying lowliness of mind ;
By abstinence from all the joys of sense,
And disregard of what the world esteems.”
And while she spoke, the look of harsh reproof
Was follow’d by a self-complacent smile,
As her eye fell upon the homely garb
And ill-adjusted ornaments she wore.

Serena, gifted with a milder mood,
Not prone to censure, diffident and meek,
In gentle accents urg’d the favourite theme.
“I envy not the beauty’s flatter’d form,
And all the attractions of exterior grace,
If I must with them take the pride of heart,
The vanity that follows where they are ;
For sure I am that lowliness of mind,

Self-disesteem, and meek humility,
 Are ornaments more lovely far than they :
 And while I feel these better gifts are mine,
 I covet not what others prize so much."

And here Lucinda gently clos'd the book
 That she had tried in vain to understand—
 And "Surely it is strange," she said, "that some,
 Professing to renounce this passing world,
 Should be at so much pains to store their mind
 With varied knowledge and mere human lore.
 The strait, still path that leads us to our God,
 Is all a humble Christian needs to know ;
 And this, if I mistake not, best is learn'd,
 And best pursued, by one who knows no more.
 Not in the warmth of intellectual fire,
 The elevation of the letter'd mind,
 Or the gay flights of genius and of taste,
 Should I expect that meek humility
 Jesus, our lowly Master, bade us learn.
 Humility may rather dwell with us,
 Who, in a sphere of simple usefulness,
 Can better serve and glorify our God,
 Than they whom learning lifts so much above us."

There was a fourth.—I marvel what she thought,
 For she said nothing—yet she felt, perhaps.
 It may be she had lov'd the world too well,
 Had too refin'd and delicate a taste ;
 And while she felt the grace of God within,

Had cause to mourn her yet unconquer'd pride.
 Perhaps she lov'd too well the letter'd page,
 The force of intellect, the mental fire ;
 Was fond to see the holy cause she lov'd
 Adorn'd with all that learning can impart,
 And thought too meanly of the homely garb
 That simple poverty so often wears.
 Or if of beauty she had something known,
 She might remember when her folly priz'd
 Above its worth the transitory good.
 'Tis certain, that the rising blush betray'd,
 Her self-convicted bosom could not boast
 The virtue each had challeng'd as her own.

I heard no more, nor know what pass'd within—
 I may not judge whose heart was proudest there.
 He to whose eyes all bosoms are unbarr'd
 Might judge that she who blush'd that she was
 proud,
 Was humbler yet than they who knew it not.
 I cannot tell—but when they parted thence
 To meet their God that night in secret prayer,
 I think I know who breath'd the deepest groan,
 Who sunk the lowest at her Maker's feet,
 And with most tears of bitter penitence
 Besought an interest in her Saviour's blood.

Humility ! the sweetest, loveliest flower
 That bloom'd in Paradise, and the first that died,
 Has rarely blossom'd since on mortal soil.

It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
 'Tis gone if it but look upon itself;
 And she who ventures to esteem it hers,
 Proves by that single thought she has it not.

TO A FRIEND,

Who complained that she had not a Home.

SAD and slow was the wanderer's tread,
 As o'er the lengthen'd way she sped;
 And often she cast a wishful eye
 On the summer bower as she loiter'd by;
 Or stopp'd to gather the brilliant flower
 That open'd its bud to the mid-day hour.
 But the flower died when she touch'd it near,
 And the summer bower was not for her.
 The lamb is hous'd when his game is play'd,
 And the sparrow knows where her nest is made,
 But the wanderer's toil is never done,
 All else have a home, but she has none.
 On whatever spot might her limbs recline,
 She sigh'd and whisper'd, "It is not mine."
 She sigh'd till she heard the warning word,
 "Shall it profit thee, when it slew thy Lord?
 Earth bare the thorns that pierc'd his brow,
 Should it yield thee unfading flowers now?"

Thou wilt find, some fleeting seasons gone,
 A spot of earth that is all thine own ;
 And none will contend for thy dark abode,
 When thy spirit is gone to rejoin its God.
 'Tis dark—but thy Saviour has shared it too,
 'Twas the only home he could find below ;
 And his home in heaven is for thee to share,
 Pass lightly on till thou join him there."

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown ;
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear releas'd,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
 And borne the heavy load,
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
 To reach his bless'd abode ;
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
 Upon his father's breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth,” and “ dust to dust,”
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful bless'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

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

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

The umbrageous bark, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promis'd to defend.

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

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

STEDFASTNESS OF SOUL.

AND shall the little care and pain
 Of this short transitory scene,
 Its terrors and its toils combin'd,
 Subdue her heaven-born energy of mind?
 No—while with glowing heart and kindling eyes
 She views the high eternal prize,
 To which her aims aspire,
 The storms and thunders of the world in vain
 Would rage her courage to restrain,
 Her stedfast hope to tire.
 Triumphant rising to her bright abode,
 Like the Great Prophet to his God,
 She'll mount amid the whirlwind and the fire.
 Then follow virtue—leave to Heaven the rest—
 Submit, obey, be patient, and be bless'd.

PEACE OF MIND.

WHERE then may Peace erect her stedfast throne?
 Within the pure, the pious breast alone,
 Whose gentle passions, harmoniz'd by love,
 Are link'd to man below, to God above:

RESIGNATION.

O GOD! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise :—
The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal does is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power—
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear :—
If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy take the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.—
But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow ;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow :—
 The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my orient sun, reveals.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear :
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,

His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways :
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold, he prays ! "

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

PRAYER FOR THE WANDERERS.

WATCH not o'er these alone, O Lord !
Whom thou hast sent to teach thy will,
And with thine everlasting word
The hungry conscious sinner fill ;

Not only wanderers from our fold,
 On Christian mission kindly sent,
 With love's protecting eye behold,
 And guard the spirit thou hast lent ;

To other wanderers, far less bless'd,
 Thy watchful care, thy love display ;
 To wanderers from the path of rest,
 To wanderers from thy holy way.

Such wanderers, Lord, from things impure
 Let thy awakening Spirit call ;
 By hope of smiling mercy lure,
 By fear of frowning wrath appal.

For though the mission'd wanderer go
 O'er desert wilds and trackless tides,
 To regions of eternal snow,
 Or wheresoever man abides—

More dangerous, wretched, rugged, wide,
 The best, the brightest path must be
 Of him, allur'd from virtue's side,
 Who wanders, gracious God, from thee.

THE MISSIONARY.

Go, take the wings of morn,
 And fly beyond the utmost sea ;

Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn,
 Thy God is still with thee ;
 And where His Spirit bids thee dwell,
 There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy father-land,
 Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home,
 O'er many a rude barbarian strand
 In exile though thou roam,
 Walk there with God, and thou shalt find
 Double for all thy faith resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge,
 And, in a light and fragile bark,
 Thy path through flood and tempest urge,
 Like Noah in the ark :
 Then tread, like him, a new world's shore,
 Thine altar build, and God adore.

Leave *our* Jerusalem,
 Jehovah's temple, and his rest ;
 Go where no Sabbath broke on them,
 Whom pagan gloom oppress'd ;
 Till bright, though late, around their isles
 The Gospel-dawn awoke in smiles.

Amidst that dawn from far
 Be thine expected presence shewn,
 Rise on them, like the morning-star,
 In glory not thine own ;

And tell them, while they hail the sight,
Who turn'd thy darkness into light.

Tell them, his hovering rays
Already gild their ocean's brim,
Ere long, o'er heaven and earth to blaze—
Direct all eyes to Him,
The Sun of Righteousness, who brings
Mercy and healing on his wings.

Nor thou disdain to teach
To savage hordes celestial truth,
To infant tongues thy mother's speech,
Ennobling arts to youth :
Till warriors fling their arms aside,
O'er bloodless fields the plough to guide.

Train them, by patient toil,
To rule the waves, subdue the ground,
Enrich themselves with nature's spoil,
With harvest-trophies crown'd :
Till coral reefs, 'midst desert seas,
Become the true Hesperides.

Thus then in peace depart,
And angels guard thy footsteps.—No ?
There is a feeling in the heart
That will not let thee go :
Yet go—thy spirit stays with me ;
Yet go—my spirit goes with thee.

Though the wide world between,
 Our feet conglobes its solid mass ;
 Though lands and waters intervene,
 Which I must never pass ;
 Though day and night with thee be chang'd,
 Seasons revers'd, and clime estrang'd ;—

Yet one in soul, and one
 In faith, and hope, and purpose ;—yet
 God's witness in the heavens, yon sun,
 Forbids thee to forget
 Those from whose eyes his orb retires
 When thine his morning beauty fires.

When tropic gloom returns,
 Mark what new stars their vigils keep ;
 How glares the Wolf, the Phoenix burns ;
 And on a stormless deep
 The Ship of Heaven, the Patriarch's Dove,
 The emblem of Redeeming Love.

While these enchant thine eye,
 O think how often we have walk'd,
 Gaz'd on the glories of *our* sky,
 Of higher glories talk'd,
 Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
 And burn'd within us by the way.

Those hours, those walks are past !
 We part, and ne'er again may meet :

Why are the joys that will not last
 So perishingly sweet?
 Farewell! we surely meet again
 In life or death. Farewell till then!

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND

Under peculiar Circumstances.

SAY, can they part us, Love, whose hard decree
 Forbids my heart to breathe one thought to thee?
 Will chilling absence leave affection cold—
 No longer cherish'd when no longer told—
 And time's swift footsteps, as they onward move,
 Wear out the sacred impress of our love?
 Day after day, month after month will close,
 And none will whisper of the friend we lose:
 The form that memory paints will disappear,
 And e'en the name grow strange upon the ear.
 But can they part us? No, my friend belov'd!
 Chosen in sunshine, but in darkness prov'd,
 They cannot part us.—There will be an hour
 When time and distance must forego their power:
 Those blissful moments when our spirits stray
 Beyond this cold world's transitory sway;
 When life's low interests to oblivion fall,
 When earth is nothing, and when heaven is all!
 'Tis then our spirits, now to distance driven,
 United midway betwixt earth and heaven,

Mov'd by one impulse, kindled by one flame,
 The same our feelings, and our hopes the same;
 Unmindful of the space that time has run,
 Mingled in prayer, shall feel that we are one.
 They cannot part us, while our footsteps tread
 One path to glory, by one Spirit led.
 But should it be! Yet I forbear the thought;
 Thy heart divines it, though I speak it not.
 Then we indeed were parted, and our feet
 Must traverse paths that would not, could not meet.
 Attun'd to other hopes, no thought of mine
 Could meet in heaven a kindred thought of thine;
 And when I urg'd my lowly suit for thee,
 No prayer of thine would echo back the plea.
 The tie that time and distance parted never,
 Hopes disunited might dissolve for ever!

ON PARTING.

FAREWELL!—and if for ever!—what a doubt
 Strikes through the soul at that tremendous thought!
 'Tis not the world's *for ever*; that will pass
 Brief as the dew-drop on the morning grass.
 And I shall lose thee, even as a dream
 That flies before the day's unwelcome beam.
 Such dreams as those that deck the weary night
 With many a fairy phantom of delight—

Phantoms so true, so real while they stay—
 We love not to exchange them for the day;
 We feel that they are going, and we try
 To hold them yet a moment ere they fly.
 'Tis but a dream—but yet a little on—
 'Tis but a dream—we wake, and it is gone!
 And we may sleep, and we may dream again,
 But we would find the broken thread in vain.
 So pass the joys of earth—and so, I deem,
 The thread is broken of our friendship's dream.
 And thou art gone!—and never more the tide
 Of fate will cast us at each other's side.
 But is this all?—There is a distant sphere
 Where partings are not; shall I meet thee there?
 The path is strait, the passengers are few;
 You look'd, and did not like it, and withdrew.
 Wilt thou forget it, and, though now refus'd,
 Not once look back to see if it is clos'd?
 Affection's anxious voice, to silence driven,
 Suppress'd on earth, perhaps was heard in heaven;
 For they whose adverse pleadings triumph'd here,
 And gain'd their suit, forgot to plead it there.
 Though truth's unwelcome whispers now be still'd,
 Though life's exhausted chalice be refill'd
 With yet another and another draught,
 Each more insipid than the latest quaff'd,
 'Twill ill suffice thee. There will come an hour
 When life, exhausted, will supply no more;
 And pleasure, urg'd, solicited in vain,
 Refuse to fill the golden bowl again.

'Tis then, suspended between earth and heaven,
 Disclaim'd of both, the last, dead pause is given.
 And there will come, amid the shadowy train
 Of things that were, but cannot be again,
 The thought of one fair spot on memory's waste,
 Whose bright but slighted promise is not past;
 One only flower, that, plac'd upon thy breast,
 Would not have died and left thee like the rest.
 And then, perhaps, thy spirit's lorn estate
 Will faintly whisper, "Is it yet too late?"
 "Is it too late?"—Ten thousand voices round
 The vaults of heaven will repeat the sound.
 Is it too late for mercy to forgive?
 Too late for folly to repent and live?
 O grant it be not! May the Father hear
 From his high throne the long-expected prayer!
 That prayer at which his mercy has decreed
 Love should prevail, and justice should recede;
 The prayer for which his yearning pity waits
 To draw the bar of heaven's eternal gates,
 Before rejoicing angels to avow
 The child he loves and pardons even now!

LIVING WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

MYSTERY of God! thou brave and beauteous world,
 Made fair with light and shade and stars and flowers,

Made fearful and august with woods and rocks,
 Jagg'd precipice, black mountain, sea in storms,
 Sun, over all, that no co-rival owns,
 But through heaven's pavement rides as in despite
 Or mockery of the littleness of man !

I see a mighty arm, by man unseen,
 Resistless, not to be control'd, that guides,
 In solitude of unshar'd energies,
 All these thy ceaseless miracles, O world !
 Arm of the world, I view thee, and I muse
 On man, who, trusting in his mortal strength,
 Leans on a shadowy staff, a staff of dreams.

We consecrate our total hopes and fears
 To idols, flesh and blood, our love, (Heaven's due,)
 Our praise and admiration ; praise bestow'd
 By man on man, and acts of worship done
 To a kindred nature, certes do reflect
 Some portion of the glory and rays oblique
 Upon the politic worshipper,—so man
 Extracts a pride from his humility.

Some braver spirits of the modern stamp
 Affect a Godhead nearer : these talk loud
 Of mind, and independent intellect,
 Of energies omnipotent in man,
 And man of his own fate artificer ;
 Yea, of his own life lord, and of the days
 Of his abode on earth, when time shall be,
 That life immortal shall become an art,
 Or death, by chymic practices deceiv'd,
 Forego the scent, which for six thousand years

Like a good hound he has follow'd, or at length
 More manners learning, and a decent sense
 And reverence of a philosophic world,
 Relent, and leave to prey on carcases.
 But these are fancies of a few : the rest,
 Atheists, or Deists only in the name,
 By word or deed deny a God. They eat
 Their daily bread and draw the breath of heaven
 Without a thought or thanks ; heaven's roof to them
 Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
 No more, that lights them to their purposes.
 They wander " loose about," they nothing see,
 Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
 Short-liv'd, short-sighted, impotent to save.
 So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
 Destruction cometh " like an armed man,"
 Or like a dream of murder in the night,
 Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
 The bones of all their pride.

AUTUMN.

NAY, William, nay, not so ; the changeful year
 In all its due successions to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves

That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter, cold, drear winter, when these trees
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare brown boughs; when not a flower shall
 spread

Its colours to the day, and not a bird
 Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
 To me their many-colour'd beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,
 The year's best holiday: I call to mind
 The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christmas, when at morn I took
 My wooden kalendar, and counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
 Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
 Bending beneath the burden of his years,
 Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
 The calm decay of nature, when the mind
 Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
 Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
 That makes old age look lovely. All to you

Is dark and cheerless ; you in this fair world
 See some destroying principle abroad,
 Air, earth, and water full of living things,
 Each on the other preying ; and the ways
 Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
 Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
 Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
 That should in death bring comfort. O, my friend,
 That thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see
 Death still producing life, and evil still
 Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
 The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
 With the strong eye that sees the promis'd day
 Dawn through this night of tempest ! all things then
 Would minister to joy ; then should thine heart
 Be heal'd and harmoniz'd, and thou shouldst feel
 God, always, every where, and all in all.

TO A YOUNG MAN,

*Who considered the Perfection of Human Nature as
 consisting in the Vigour and Indulgence of the more
 boisterous Passions.*

THIS is not pleasure ! canst thou look within
 And say that thou art bless'd ? at the close of day
 Canst thou retire to thy fire-side *alone*,
 Quiet at heart, nor heeding aught remote,

The power of wine, or power of company,
 To fill thy human cravings? hast thou left
 Some treasur'd feelings, unexhausted loves,
 Thoughts of the past, and thoughts of times to come,
 Mingled with sweetness all and deep content,
 For Solitude's grave moment? Canst thou tell
 Of the last sun-set how 'twas freak'd with clouds,
 With clouds of shape sublime and strangest hues?
 Canst thou report the storm of yester-night,
 Its dancing flashes and its growling thunder?
 And canst thou call to mind the colourless moon,
 What time the thin cloud half obscur'd the stars
 Muffling them, till the Spirit of the night
 Let slip his shadowy surge, and in the midst
 One little gladdening twinkler shook its locks?

O, have these things within thee aught besides
 Human remembrance? Have they passion, love?
 Do they enrich thy dreams, and to thy thoughts
 Add images of purity and peace?
 It is not so, cannot be so, to those
 Who in the revels of the midnight cup,
 Or in the wanton's lap, lavish the gift,
 God's supreme gift, the *motion*, and the *fire*,
 That *stirs*, and *warms* the faculty of thought!
 If thou defile thyself, that joy minute,
 Deep, silent, simple, dignified, yet mild,
 Must never be thy portion! Thou hast lost
 That most companionable and awful sense,
 That sense which tells us of a God in heaven

And beauty on the earth : that sense which lends
 A voice to silence, and to vacancy
 A multitude of shapes and hues of life !
 Go then, relinquish pleasure, wouldst thou know
 The throb of happiness, relinquish wine,
 And greedy lust, and greedier imagings
 Of what may constitute the bliss of man !
 O ! 'tis a silent and a quiet power,
 An unobtrusive power, that winds itself
 Into all moods of time and circumstance !
 It smiles and looks serene ; in the clear eye
 It speaks refreshing things, but never words
 It makes its instruments, and flies away
 As 'twere polluted, from the soul that dares
 To waste God's dear endowments heedlessly,
 And without special care that *present joy*
 May bring an *after blessing*.

“ O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE ! ”

O, COULD the soul oppress'd with care
 Shake off her deadly load ;
 Spring upward to the realms of air,
 And seek a new abode ;
 Where misery's gnawing pang should cease,
 And hope for ever dwell with peace.

Methinks 'twere sweet to soar on high,
 And feel the heart grow light,
 To see the gloomy cloud pass by,
 And all around look bright;
 To leave behind the weight of pain,
 And sorrow, with her fearful train.

How would the spirit joy to look
 On all she left below,
 And, as her parting glance she took,
 With hope triumphant glow;
 And think that all her toils were o'er,
 When she had gain'd that peaceful shore.

God of eternity! from thee
 This feeble being came,
 Thine eye its hidden springs can see,
 Thou know'st its inmost frame;
 And in its ways and wanderings still
 'Tis but the creature of thy will.

O! if o'er all its varying fate
 Thy hand supreme presides,
 And tempering affliction's weight,
 The stroke in mercy guides,
 With meek submission let me bend,
 And thy unseen design attend.

“YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH.”

SALT of the earth ! ye virtuous few,
 Who season human kind ;
 Light of the world ! whose cheering ray
 Illumes the realms of mind.

Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
 Your strong compassion glows ;
 From your bless'd lips the balm proceeds
 That softens human woes.

By dying-beds, in prison glooms,
 Your frequent steps are found ;
 Angels of love ! you hover near,
 To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page
 Which human crimes deform ;
 When vengeance threatens, your prayers ascend,
 And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of woe
 The thoughtless many glide,
 Upward ye steer your steady bark,
 And stem the rushing tide.

Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
 And golden spoils allure,
 Unspotted still your garments shine,
 Your hands are ever pure.

Whene'er you touch the poet's lyre,
 A loftier strain is heard ;
 Each ardent thought is yours alone,
 And every burning word.

Yours is the large expansive thought,
 The high heroic deed ;
 Exile and chains to you are dear,
 To you 'tis sweet to bleed.

You lift on high the warning voice
 When public ills prevail ;
 Yours is the writing on the wall,
 That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue,
 With scoff, and shame, and loss ;
 The hemlock bowl 'tis yours to drain,
 To taste the bitter cross.

E'en yet the streaming scaffolds smoke
 By Seine's polluted stream ;
 With your rich blood the fields are drench'd,
 Where Polish sabres gleam.

E'en now, through those accursed bars
 In vain we send our sighs

Where deep in Olmutz' dungeon gleams
The patriot martyr lies.

Yet yours is all—through history's page
The kindling bosom feels ;
And at your tomb, with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

And pæans loud in every tongue,
And choral hymns resound ;
And lengthening honours hand your name
To time's remotest bound.

Proceed ! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come, commission'd from on high,
And your reward is sure.

1797.

PSALM XXVII.

ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue ;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,

For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:—

In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

“ Seek ye my face ; ”—without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
“ Thy face, Lord, will I seek.”

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee ;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait,
My soul, disdain to fear ;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM CIII.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
Thine infirmities He heal'd ;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile He hide his face ;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace ;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus ;
As a father loving-hearted
Spares his son, He spareth us ;
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
 Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
 When the south wind softly bloweth,
 Look again,—the flower is gone ;
 Such is man ; his honours pass,
 Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still his people's bliss insuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word ;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
 King on earth He holds his sway ;
 Angels, ye in strength excelling,
 Bless the Lord, his voice obey ;
 All his works beneath the pole,
 Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning prayers shall offer'd be ;
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant :

My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

O ! to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious power restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays ;
 Because to me thy wondrous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ ;
 With lifted hands adore his name :
 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs, who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind ;
 And when I wake at dead of night,
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PRAYER FOR RESIGNATION.

THOU Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,

Here firm I rest; they *must* be best,
Because they are *thy* will.

Then—all I want—O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*!

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence bless'd,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
 Our treasure and our heart be there ;
 O for a seraph's wing of fire !
 No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,
 We reach at once that last retreat,
 And, rang'd among the ransom'd throng,
 Fall with the elders at *his* feet,
 Whose name alone inspires their song.
 Ah, soon ; how soon ! our spirits droop ;
 Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
 Yet God in very deed will stoop,
 And dwell Himself with men beneath.
 Come to thy living temples, then,
 As in the ancient times appear ;
 Let earth be paradise again,
 And man, O God, thine image here.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky;
 One Star alone of all the train
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

THE POWER OF GOD.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
 The winds obey his will ;

He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine,
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God !

HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injur'd king
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
 The vital spark shall lie,
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise and break
 The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come!
 Not in thy terrors clad;

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.

But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress
 twine.

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

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven
 To wean me from the world :
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never
 die.

What is this passing scene ?
 A peevish April day !

A little sun—a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discuss'd)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the
 dust.

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

The most belov'd on earth
 Not long survives to-day;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
 But now 'tis gone away.
 Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.
 Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat?

Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
 heart be still?

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

ON HEARING THE CLOCK STRIKE
 TWELVE AT NIGHT,

December 31st.

KNELL of departed years,
 Thy voice is sweet to me:
 It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
 Calls forth no sympathetic tears,
 Time's restless course to see;
 From hallow'd ground
 I hear the sound
 Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of *Love*:
 To chide each doubt away;
 And as thy murmur faintly dies,
 Visions of past enjoyment rise
 In long and bright array:
 I hail the sign
 That love divine
 Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy shine.

Thou art the voice of *Hope*:
 The music of the spheres—
 A song of blessings yet to come,
 A herald from my future home,
 My soul delighted hears:
 By sin deceiv'd,
 By nature griev'd,
 Still am I nearer rest than when I first believ'd.

Thou art the voice of *Life*:
 A sound which seems to say,
 "O prisoner in this gloomy vale,
 Thy flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail;
 Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail
 That cannot pass away:
 Here grief and pain
 Thy steps detain;
 There in the image of the Lord shalt thou with
 Jesus reign."

PEACE OF MIND.

COME, heavenly peace of mind,
 I sigh for thy return,
 I seek but cannot find
 The joys for which I mourn ;
 Ah ! where's the Saviour now,
 Whose smiles I once possess'd ?
 Till He return, I bow,
 By heaviest grief oppress'd ;
 My days of happiness are gone,
 And I am left to weep alone.

I tried each earthly charm,
 In pleasure's haunts I stray'd,
 I sought its soothing balm,
 I ask'd the world its aid,
 But ah ! no balm it had
 To heal a wounded breast,
 And I, forlorn and sad,
 Must seek another rest ;
 My days of happiness are gone,
 And I am left to weep alone.

Where can the mourner go,
 And tell his tale of grief ?
 Ah ! who can soothe his woe,
 And give him sweet relief ?

Thou, Jesus, canst impart,
 By thy long wish'd return,
 Ease to this wounded heart,
 And bid me cease to mourn ;
 Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
 And I rejoice, my Lord, in Thee.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

How broad the kindling sunbeam glows
 O'er hill, and stream, and dewy glen !
 This morn, how sweetly bright it rose
 On a wide world of guilty men !

But broader still the beam of Love,
 And brighter far its healing light :
 Where the strain'd eye can never rove,
 It lights the caverns of the night.

Lord ! on this clouded soul of mine
 O let the living lustre fall :
 Fill me with love as wide as thine,
 Wide as the wants and woes of all.

THE WORLD AND THE GOSPEL.

THE world with "stones," instead of "bread,"
 Our hungry souls has often fed :
 It promis'd *health*—in one short hour
 Perish'd the fair, but fragile flower :
 It promis'd *riches*—in a day
 They made them wings, and fled away :
 It promis'd *friends*—all "sought their own,"
 And left my widow'd heart alone.

Lord ! with the barren service spent,
 To Thee my suppliant knee I bent ;
 And found in Thee a Father's grace,
 His hand, his heart, his faithfulness ;
 The voice of peace, the smile of love,
 The "bread" which feeds thy saints above ;
 And tasted, in this world of woe,
 A joy its children never know.

PATERNAL CARE OF THE DEITY.

THE insect, that, with puny wing,
 Just shoots along one summer ray ;

The floweret, which the breath of spring
 Wakes into life for half a day ;
 The smallest mote, the slenderest hair—
 All feel our common Father's care.

E'en from the glories of his throne
 He bends, to view this wandering ball ;
 Sees all, as if that all were one ;
 Loves one, as if that one were all ;
 Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
 And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

“LORD! TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?”

EACH fabled fount of comfort dry,
 Where can I quench my feverish thirst ?
 Is not the world one glittering lie ?
 Do not its swelling bubbles burst ?
 Systems, and men, and books, and things,
 Are nothings dress'd in painted wings.

Lord, “Thou art true :” and, O the joy,
 To turn from other words to thine ;
 To dig the gold without alloy
 From Truth's unfathomable mine ;
 To escape the tempest's fitful shocks,
 And anchor 'midst the eternal rocks !

SONNET.

How oft beneath his bless'd and healing wings
 He would have gather'd me, and I would not!—
 Like a weak bird, all heedless of my lot ;
 Perverse and idle in my wanderings.
 Now my soul would return, and trembling brings
 Her wearied pinion to its wonted rest ;
 And, faint with its long flight and flutterings,
 Would seek a refuge in its parent breast !
 O Father ! in thy mercy shelter me,
 For I am worn with mortal miseries ;
 My dark and earth-entangled spirit free,
 And plume it to ascend its native skies ;
 With loosen'd wing to thy high rest to soar,
 And never to desert its mansion more !

MILTON'S SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he return and chide.
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean, without rest;
 They also serve, who only stand and wait."

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O most delightful hour by man
 Experienc'd here below,
 The hour that terminates his span,
 His folly and his woe!

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's dreary waste,
 To see again my day o'erspread
 With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies,
 Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
 All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
 I have no sight for you.

So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
 Of Faith's supporting rod;

Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

CONFESSION.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;

And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

RESIGNATION.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the *past*,
And mourns the *present* pain;
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

It is, that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

It is, that hope with ardour glows,
To see HIM face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

It is, that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;

Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care;
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity.
God of life, that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

THE RESURRECTION HOPE.

I HEARD thee—not the seraph's strain
 Could wake such raptures in my breast;
 Thy prayer could ease the bed of pain,
 And soothe the struggling soul to rest.

I lov'd thee—not the mountain's brow
 More gladly caught day's youngest beam,
 Than I thy smile—'tis vanish'd now,
 A brief delight, a lovely dream.

Avails it, that thy mantling bloom
 Hath left thee, in this lonely cell?
 Avails it, that death's darkening gloom
 Hath dimm'd those eyes where love should dwell?

That cheek shall wear a fairer hue,
 When risen from this yielding sod;
 Those eyes shall speak, in softer blue,
 Love in the paradise of God!

THE HEAVENLY MINSTREL.

ENTHRON'D upon a hill of light,
 A heavenly minstrel sings;

And sounds, unutterably bright,
 Spring from the golden strings.
 Who would have thought so fair a form
 Once bent beneath an earthly storm?

Yet was he sad and lonely here;
 Of low and humble birth;
 And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
 With meanest sons of earth.
 In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
 The jest of mortals and the scorn.

A crown of heavenly radiance now,
 A harp of golden strings,
 Glitters upon his deathless brow,
 And to his hymn-note rings.
 The bower of interwoven light
 Seems, at the sound, to grow more bright.

Then, while with visage blank and sear,
 The poor in soul we see;
 Let us not think what he is here,
 But what he soon will be;
 And look beyond this earthly night,
 To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few;

On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienc'd every human pain.
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

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

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Despis'd by those I priz'd too well;
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe;
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By those who shar'd his daily bread.

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

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while;

Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

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

LOVE OF GOD.

Our Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above;
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.

He knew us when we knew him not,
Was with us, though unseen;
His favours came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.

He keeps us now, securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails;
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.

He gives us hope that we shall be,
 Ere long, with him above ;
 That we shall all his glory see,
 And celebrate his love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey our Father's voice ;
 To all his dispensations bow,
 And in his name rejoice.

How sweet to hear him say at last,
 " Ye blessed children, come ;
 The days of banishment are past,
 And heaven is now your home."

THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distress'd,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene, in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

SICKNESS.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
 And long to soar away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;

Sweet to look upward to the throne,
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book mark'd down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joy my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that thy death
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet on thy faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on thy covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust thy truth divine ;
Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,
And have no will but thine.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will that fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disembodied soul

Behold him and adore ;

Be with his likeness satisfied,

And grieve and sin no more.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear

The trumpet's quickening sound ;

And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,

At his right hand be found.

If such the views which grace unfolds,

Weak as it is below,

What raptures must the Church above

In Jesus' presence know !

O may the unction of these truths

For ever with me stay,

Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,

My spirit flies away !

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,

That bids this silent tear to flow ;

It is not grief that bids me moan,

It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,

When the tir'd hedger hies him home ;

Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed ;
I would not be a leaf to die,
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too.
I start, and, when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

REPLY.

CHILD of the dust, I heard thee mourn :
" Will God forsake, and not return ?
Unheal'd my wounds, my woes unknown,
Down to the grave I sink alone."

But art thou thus indeed alone,
Quite unbefriended and unknown?
And hast thou then *His* love forgot,
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Who laid his Son within the grave,
Thy soul from endless death to save;
And gave his Spirit to console,
And make thy wounded bosom whole?

Is not His voice in evening's gale?
Beams not in Him the star so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade or die,
Unnotic'd by His watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art all alone?

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

O ! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphans' woe !

While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
 Those pangs he would not flee ;
 What love his latest words display'd,
 " Meet and remember me ! "

Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share !
 O Memory, leave no other name
 But His recorded there !

RESIGNATION.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
 Thy smile hath cheer'd my way ;
 And joy hath budded from each thorn
 That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
 Which prosperous days refus'd ;
 As herbs, though scentless when entire,
 Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
 By furious blasts are driven :
 So life's vicissitudes the more
 Have fix'd my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
 In other times may be,
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief,
 That brings me near to thee.

LIGHT ARISING OUT OF DARKNESS.

CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
 Your pilgrim path pursue,
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
 To God's high calling true.

Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
 A doubtful, mournful band ?
 Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
 Why fails the feeble hand ?

Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,
 To feel a Father's care ;
 A moment's toil, a passing shower,
 Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of Light, though, veil'd awhile,
 He hides his noontide ray,
 Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,
 To gild the closing day ;

And, bursting through the dusky shroud,
 That dar'd his power invest,
 Ride thron'd in light o'er every cloud,
 And guide you to his rest.

WALKING WITH GOD.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

Return, O! holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame:
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
 For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O! with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine;
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, thou art mine.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
 A boundless, endless store
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
 The fainting traveller wends his way;
 Bewildering meteors glare around,
 And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
 The sudden moon's inspiring light,
 When forth she sallies through the sky,
 The guardian angel of the night.

Thus, mortals blind and weak below,
 Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
 The world's a wilderness of woe,
 And life's a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild Religion from above
 Descends, a sweet engaging form,
 The messenger of heavenly love,
 The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
 And folly flies her chastening rod ;
 She makes the humble, contrite heart
 A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
 Where bright celestial ages roll,
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
 She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears
 The gate of paradise restor'd ;
 Her voice the watching cherub hears,
 And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain ;

Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

NOR for thee, nor for me, was earth's valley de-
creed,
Nor its visions of tasteless delight;
For our pinions are spread, and our fetters are
freed,
For a higher—a heavenlier flight.

From the sorrowful scenes of this world and its
woes,
From the dungeons and glooms of to-day,
To those regions of hope, whose resplendency
throws
O'er the future the past's dearest ray.

O, my friend! what a hope have I nurs'd in this
lay,
What a joy round our being it throws,
While the path of our hope, where we tranquilly
stray,
With the light of eternity glows!

In that path be thou near me, and, while I aspire,
Thou shalt calm all the thoughts that repine,

One in blood, in belief, one in hope and desire ;
 And the pinions that waft me are thine.

In the desert, that leads to the grave and its rest,
 Is thy friendship a moistening shower ;
 In the tempests, which life's rugged pathway molest,
 Is that friendship a sheltering bower.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

MARK where the wave, at eventide,
 In seeming slumber lies ;
 Mark how its glassy face reflects
 The richly-painted skies.

The brightest hues of heaven there
 In faint resemblance shine,
 Though oft the passing ripple breaks
 The beautiful design.

So, when redeeming love has sooth'd
 Man's stormy soul to rest ;
 No more by raging passion toss'd,
 By anxious sorrow press'd ;

Cold and unstable in himself
 As yonder changeeful waves,

His bosom still reflects to heaven
The image it receives.

He feels a love, by love inspir'd,
Returning whence it came,
That can surrender all for One
Who left so much for him.

And there is joy—the joy of One,
Who, from a state of bliss,
Looks back upon the awful depth
Of wrath that once was his :

Peace such as earth hath none to give ;
The peace of sin forgiven,
Of hopes exalted from the world,
And bliss secur'd from heaven :

Faith that can rest upon her God,
However dark his ways ;
While reason questions of his word,
Believes it—and obeys.

Patience, forbearance, gentleness,
The offspring all of heaven,
Such as befit a contrite soul,
Mindful of sins forgiven :

These, and whatever else may seem
Most beautiful, most fair,
Serenely beaming on the soul,
Will trace their image there.

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

SWEET harp of Judah ! shall thy sound
 No more be heard on earthly ground,
 Nor mortal raise the lay again,
 That rung through Judah's sainted reign ?

No—for to higher worlds belong
 The wonders of thy sacred song :
 Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy chords,
 Thy glorious burden was the Lord's.

Thy lay, descending from above,
 Full fraught with justice, truth, and love ;
 His Spirit breath'd and mingled there
 As much of heaven as earth could bear.

Kind was its tone—its warning plain ;
 But rebel Israel scorn'd the strain ;
 Proud, careless, unabash'd, they trod,
 Nor own'd the voice of Zion's God.

Then fell at length his vengeful stroke ;
 The necks that scorn'd to bend he broke ;
 The shrine his hand had guarded well,
 Himself destroy'd—and Zion fell.

Final and unretriev'd her fall :
 The heathen ploughshare raz'd her wall,

And o'er the race of Judah's kings
Rome's slaughtering eagle clapp'd her wings.

Yet, harp of Judah! rung thy strain,
And woke thy glories not in vain;
Yet, though in dust thy frame be hurl'd,
Thy spirit rules a wider world.

Though faintly swell thy notes sublime;
Far distant—down the stream of time;
Yet, to *our* ears the sounds are given;
And e'en thy echo tells of heaven.

Through worlds remote—the old—the new;
Through realms nor Rome nor Israel knew;
The Christian hears—and, by thy tone,
Sweet harp of Judah! tunes his own.

“WE WEPT WHEN WE REMEMBERED
ZION.”

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless
dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
 The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
 When village bells awake the day;
 And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
 Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
 To feel devotion's soothing power,
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
 Which echoes through the bless'd abode,
 Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
 Sung with the pomp of village art;

That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow
More lovely than all beside?

It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O! then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear,
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A SUN that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear ;
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.

Yes, often has adversity
A richer boon bestow'd,
Has oft bequeath'd a purer joy
Than all that men call good.

Our spirits, too, are closely bound
To earth's delusive toys ;
Poor baubles we are loth to leave
For everlasting joys.

It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth ;
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.

And what is sorrow, what is pain,
To that internal care,
That breaks the conscious heart for sin,
When sin is hated there ?

Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
 However keen the smart,
 If sorrow's discipline can chase
 One evil from the heart.

He was a Man of Sorrows,—He
 Who lov'd and sav'd us thus ;
 And shall the world, that frown'd on Him,
 Wear only smiles for us ?

No ; we must follow in the path
 Our Lord and Saviour run ;
 We must not find a resting-place,
 When He we love had none.

GOD OUR FATHER.

Is there a lone and dreary hour
 When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
 My Father ! let me turn to thee,
 And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
 Which scorns the prospect of relief ?
 My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
 And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
 When hope is all my soul's employ?
 My Father! still my hopes will roam,
 Until they rest with thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
 The dawn or twilight's sweet serene,
 The sick, nay e'en the dying hour,
 Shall own my Father's grace and power.

PROVIDENCE.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

O THINK that, while you're weeping here,
 His hand a golden harp is stringing ;
 And, with a voice serene and clear,
 His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
 His Saviour's praise is singing !

And think that all his pains are fled,
 His toils and sorrows clos'd for ever ;
 While He, whose blood for man was shed,
 Has plac'd upon his servant's head
 A crown that fadeth never !

And think that, (in that awful day,
 When darkness sun and moon is shading,)
 The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
 Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
 Shall rise to life unfading !

Then weep no more for him, who's gone
 Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter ;
 But on that great High Priest alone,
 Who can for guilt like ours atone,
 Your own affections centre !

For thus, while round your lowly bier
 Surviving friends are sadly bending,
 Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
 Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
 Faith lightest pinions lending.

And thus, when to the silent tomb
 Your lifeless dust like his is given,
 Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
 That yet again, in youthful bloom,
 That dust shall smile in heaven !

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

O THOU by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide ;

My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime :
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

THE GRAVE TO THE BELIEVER A PLACE
OF REST.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born !

Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die ;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sovereign Lord ?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford ?

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

All nature dies, and lives again :
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
 Anew shall deck the plain ;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
 Ah ! never to return ;
 Shall any following spring revive
 The ashes of the urn ?

The mighty flood, that rolls along
 Its torrents to the main,
 Can ne'er recal its waters lost
 From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
 Descending down to night,
 Can henceforth never more return
 Back to the gates of light :

And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
 Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
 Until the eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest,
 Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
 And mingle with the bless'd !

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
 I'll wait Heaven's high decree,

Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Wak'd by remembrance, live again.

Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Belov'd till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth
A future bliss unknown on earth.

His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer;
O these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, for rest in thee.

Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
 O mark my trembling soul and save ;
 Give to my view that harbour near,
 Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow,
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanc'd to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven ;
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE PARTING SPIRIT.

“ FAREWELL, thou vase of splendour,
 I need thy light no more ;

No brilliance dost thou render
The world to which I soar.

Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens
Those regions with a ray,
But God himself enlightens
Their one eternal day.

Farewell, sweet nature ! waving
With fruits and flowerets fair ;
Of these but little craving
Of what thou well canst spare,—

Only an earthly pillow,
To bear my death-cold head ;
And the turf and drooping willow,
To deck my lowly bed.

The world to which I'm going
Has fairer fruit than thine,
Life's rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine.

Farewell, each dearest union,
That bless'd my earthly hours,
We yet shall hold communion
In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken,
When friends in death depart,
In heaven again shall waken,
And repossess the heart.

The harps of heaven steal o'er me,
 I see the jasper wall,—
 Jesus, who pass'd before me,
 And God, the Judge of all!"—

So sang the parting spirit,
 While round flow'd many a tear,
 Then spread her wings, to inherit
 Her throne in yonder sphere.

THE HAVEN.

WHEN the dangerous rocks are pass'd,—
 When the threatening tempests cease,—
 O! how sweet to rest at last
 In a silent port of peace!

Though that port may be unknown,
 Though no chart its name may bear,
 Brightly beams its light on *one*,
 Bless'd to find his refuge there.

Life! thou art the storm—the rock;
 Death! the friendly port thou art;—
 Haven from the tempest's shock,
 Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

Yes, I see from yonder tomb
 Promis'd peace and tranquil rest :
 Death ! my haven ! I shall come ;
 Soothe me on my mother's breast !

UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

OUR earthly ties are weak,
 Whereon we dare not rest ;
 For time dissolves and death will break
 The sweetest and the best.
 Yet there's a tie which must remain,
 Which time and death assault in vain.

The kindred links of life are bright,
 Yet not so bright as those
 In which Christ's favour'd friends unite,
 And each on each repose.
 Where all the hearts in union cling
 With Him, the centre and the spring.

The friends of Jesus, join'd to think
 With one desire and aim,
 A chain, wherein link answers link,
 A heavenly kindred claim.
 And O ! how sweet, wherein each mind
 A throb to echo theirs they find.

Though lovely many an earthly flower,
 Its beauty fades and flies ;
 But they unchanging form a bower,
 To bloom in Paradise.

Sprung from the true immortal vine,
 In Him they live, and round him twine.

Their bond is not an earthly love,
 By nature's fondness nurs'd :
 As they love Him who reigns above,
 Because He lov'd them first,
 So they all minor ties disown,
 The sweetest—for his sake alone.

“ ANGELS SENT TO MINISTER.”

AND is there care in heaven ? and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?

There is ; else much more wretched were the
 case

Of men than beasts. But O ! the exceeding grace
 Of highest God ! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man,—to serve his wicked
 foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succour us, that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants
 Against fowle fiends, to ayd us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us
 plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward;
 O! why should heavenly God to man have such
 regard!

GRAVE OF A CHRISTIAN.

THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,
 Embosom'd in a valley's dell;
 The eye of splendour marks it not,
 Nor travellers of its beauties tell.
 The hazel forms a green bower there;
 Beneath, the grassy covering lies;
 And forest flowers, surpassing fair,
 Mingle their soft and lovely dies.
 Morn decks the spot with many a gem,
 And the first break of eastern ray
 Lights up a spark in each of them
 That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,
 The fancy here a smile may see,
 Like that when first the saint awakes
 At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,
 And here they sing their sweetest lays;
 Meet requiem!—He who there is laid
 Breath'd his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,
 What time his daily work is done,
 When evening sheds the western ray
 Of sweet departing summer sun.

On lovely lips his name is found,
 And simple hearts yet hold him dear;
 The PATRIARCH of the village round,—
 The PASTOR of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,—
 The prayers he breath'd,—the tears he wept,—
 Yet linger here, though in his grave,
 Through many a year, the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said,—
 “O, I remember, when a child,
 He plac'd his hand upon my head,
 And bless'd me then, and sweetly smil'd.

“'Twas he that led me to my God,
 And taught me to obey his will:

The holy path which he has trod,
O! be it mine to follow still."

GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS! surely there
The sweetest bloom of beauty is:
O may I sleep in couch as fair,
And with a hope as bright as his!

THE MILLENNIUM.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wip'd from every eye?

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

HYMN.

CREATION's God, with thoughts elate,
Thy hand divine I see
Impress'd on scenes where all is great,
Where all is full of thee :

Where, on some bold stupendous height,
The eagle sits alone,
Or, soaring, wings his noble flight
To haunts still more his own.

Where the full ray of noon alone
Down the deep valley falls,
Or where the sunbeam never shone
Between its rifted walls :

Where cloudless regions calm the soul,
Bid mortal cares be still ;
Fierce passion's wayward wish control,
And rectify the will.

Where, 'midst some vast expanse, the mind,
Which swelling virtue fires,
Forgets that earth it leaves behind,
And to its heaven aspires.

Where, far along the desert air
 Is heard no creature's call ;
 And, undisturbing mortal ear,
 The avalanches fall.

HYMN FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay !
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name.
 Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair !
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim !
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,

The mighty chorus aid :

Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,
 Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,

Who call'd yon worlds from night :

"Ye shades, dispel!"—the Eternal said :
 At once the involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,

United praise bestow ;

Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice :

Ye thunders, burst with awful voice

To him who bids you roll ;

His praise in softer notes declare,

Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;

Ye towering mountains, bending low,

Your great Creator own ;

Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise :
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
 Ye blooming warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne :
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise the eternal Source of Love
 With youth's enlivening fire :
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sing his bless'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
 While through their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.

The grounds, which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire ;
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night.
 There pass with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as softly sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possess'd,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
 Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chisel's slender help to fame,
 (Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away,)
 A *middle race* of mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These (all the poor remains of state)
 Adorn the *rich*, or praise the *great* ;

Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades;
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds:
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground;)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sables stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,

Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
 Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 Whene'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glittering sun,—
 Such joy, though far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,
 A few and evil years they waste:
 But, when their chains are cast aside,
 See the bright scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!—
 Silence is on thy plains,—
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,—
 Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from heaven which led thee
 Now lights thy path no more!

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem!
 Once she was all thy own:
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her power thy glory's throne.
 Till evil came and blighted
 Thy long-lov'd olive tree;
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma,
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod;
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords;
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's;
 Tell Zion's mournful daughter,
 O'er kindred bones she'll tread;
 And Hinnom's hall of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictur'd scenes
 In brighter vision rise,
 When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
 On all her mourner's eyes ;
 And on her mountains beauteous stand,
 The messengers of peace :
 " Salvation by the Lord's right hand !"
 They shout and never cease.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
 Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to infold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

THE SABBATH.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
 No tears shall mingle with the songs
 That warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes—
 No cares to break the long repose—
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun—
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin ;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN.

O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O, Rachel, weep not so ;
 The bud is cropp'd by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith, the murderer's knife
 Has miss'd its deadly aim ;
 The God for whom they gave their life,
 For them to suffer came.

Though evil were their days and few,
 Baptiz'd in blood and pain;
 He knows them whom they never knew,
 And they shall live again.

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O, Rachel, weep not so;
 The bud is cropp'd by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

THE SAVIOUR.

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

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air;

Nor stoop'd their lamps the enthroned fires on
high :

A single silent star

Came wandering from afar,

Gliding, uncheck'd and calm, along the liquid
sky ;

The eastern sages leading on,

As at a kingly throne,

To lay their gold and odours sweet

Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;

Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song

From all the cherub choirs,

And seraph's burning lyres

Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed
clouds along.

One angel troop the strain began,

Of all the race of man,

By simple shepherds heard alone,

That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame

To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came :

Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes :

Nor didst thou mount on high

From fatal Calvary,

With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their
tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth
 But one of human birth,
 The dying felon by thy side, to be
 In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance break,
 A little while the conscious earth did shake
 At that foul deed by her fierce children done.

A few dim hours of day
 The world in darkness lay,
 Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless
 sun :

While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
 Consenting to thy doom,
 Ere yet the white-rob'd angel shone
 Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
 With devastation in thy red right hand,
 Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew,
 But thou didst haste to meet
 Thy mother's coming feet,
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful
 few :

Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
 Into thy native skies.
 Thy human form dissolv'd on high
 In its own radiancy.

THE LAST DAY.

EVEN thus amid thy pride and luxury,
 Oh, Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
 That secret coming of the Son of Man ;
 When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
 Irradiate with his bright advancing sign ;
 When that great Husbandman shall wave his
 fan,
 Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away :
 Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
 Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
 Along the busy mart and crowded street,
 The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
 And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain.
 Still to the pouring out the cup of woe ;
 Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
 And mountains molten by his burning feet,
 And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace
 heat.

Oh! who shall then survive ?
 Oh! who shall stand and live ?
 When all that hath been is no more ;
 When from the round earth hung in air,
 With all its constellations fair,

In the sky's azure canopy ;
 When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
 Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
 Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
 A fiery deluge and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
 On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
 That in its high meridian noon
 Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon :
 When thou art there in thy presiding state,
 Wide scepter'd monarch o'er the realm of
 doom ;
 When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest
 womb,

The dead of all the ages round thee wait ;
 And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
 Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire ;
 Faithful and true ! thou still shalt save thine
 own !

The saints shall dwell with the unharming fire ;
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
 E'en safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
 So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic
 bride,

Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.

Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines :
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
 Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem !

THE THUNDER-STORM.

IT thunders! sons of dust, in reverence bow!
 Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above!
 Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
 That hand which scatters peace, and joy, and
 love.

Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
 I hear thy awful voice—alarm'd—afraid—
 I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
 And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? up to the sun he flies—
 Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:
There is he lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries,
 And *here* in error and in darkness lost:
 Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
 Like a poor sailor—by the tempest toss'd
 In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
 He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest; and the obedient storm is still:
 Thou speakest; silent the submissive wave:
 Man's shatter'd ship the rushing waters fill,
 And the hush'd billows roll across his *grave*.
 Sourceless and endless God! compar'd with Thee,
 Life is a shadowy momentary dream;

And time, when view'd through Thy eternity,
 Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep ;
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
 And aching heart, beneath the soil ;
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

The grave, that never spake before,
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
 O listen !—I will speak no more :—
 Be silent, pride !

Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known
 The joy of innocent delights,
 Endearing days, for ever flown,
 And tranquil nights ?

O live! and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past;
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
 For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
 Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
 With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,
 Afflictions all his children feel;
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
 He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
 Prostrate, his providence adore:
 'Tis done! arise! *He* bids thee stand,
 To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
 To realms of everlasting light,

Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And, while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE !

EFFECTS OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,
That it should know no ill ;
We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
And feel its sharpness still.

But how unlike the Christian's tears
To those the world must shed !

His sighs are tranquil and resign'd
As the heart from which they sped.

The saint may be compell'd to meet
Misfortune's saddest blow ;
His bosom is alive to feel
The keenest pang of woe.

But, ever as the wound is given,
There is a hand unseen,
Hasting to wipe away the scar,
And hide where it has been.

The Christian would not have his lot
Be other than it is ;
For, while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is his.

He knows that He who gave the best,
Will give him all beside ;
Assur'd that every good he asks
Is evil, if denied.

When clouds of sorrow gather round,
His bosom owns no fear ;
He knows, where'er his portion be
His God will still be there.

And when the threaten'd storm has burst,
Whate'er the trial be,
Something yet whispers him within,
" Be still, for it is He ! "

Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink
 From the afflictive stroke ;
 But faith disclaims the hasty plaint
 Impatient nature spoke.

He knows it is a Father's will,
 And therefore it is good ;
 Nor would he venture, by a wish,
 To change it, if he could.

His grateful bosom quickly learns
 Its sorrow to disown ;
 Yields to his pleasure, and forgets
 The choice was not his own.

SACRED MELODY.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam :

But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay ;
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SUPPORT IN TROUBLE.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint !
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
 Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me :
 I have an Advocate with thee ;
 They, whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

WISDOM.

Ah ! when did wisdom covet length of days ?
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?
 No : wisdom views, with an indifferent eye,
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :
 A spark, that upward tends by nature's force,
 A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
 A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea ;
 A moment, parted from eternity !

A pilgrim, panting for a rest to come ;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

ON PROVIDENCE.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
 And every dark and bending line
 Meets in the centre of thy love.

With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious, just and true.

Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
 Are led or driven only where
 They best and safest may abide.

They neither know nor trace the way ;
 But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
 To lay her reason at thy throne ;
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

How sweetly flow'd the Gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 'To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
 Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be bless'd.

Decay then, tenements of dust!
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Q

Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever !
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple
 beams,
 And azure wings, that up they flew so dress'd,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes,
 Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE RING-DOVE.

SWEET bird, again that plaintive strain ;
 It seems the Christian voice ;
 O'er earth and sin constrain'd to roam,
 And yet in hope rejoice.

Let gayer warblers of the grove
 Their varied notes express ;
 Far more thy single strain I love,
 And more thy pilgrim dress.

Thy notes, which erring men despise,
 Like those of Zion's song,

To one alone in love arise,
Nor heed the glittering throng !

How sad thy cry, from thee if fate
Should rend that one so dear !
What songs express thy joyful state,
To see him re-appear !

So weeps that soul the Saviour slain,
For whom his life he gave ;
So triumphs that he rose again
Victorious from the grave.

And ah ! thy soft and sweet complaint,
Thy murmurs when caress'd ;
So mourns the saint, by earth detain'd,
E'en on his Master's breast.

But soon, with swift unburden'd wing,
His soul shall mount above,
In one eternal strain to sing
A dying Saviour's love.

“THOU HAST MADE SUMMER AND
WINTER.”

MY God, all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day ;

When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And, when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong !
 Or when, in paler tints array'd,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to thee.
 In every scene thy hands have dress'd,
 In every form by thee impress'd,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth or echoing grove,—
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
 As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
 And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human soul in vain !
 But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
 Attune the wondering soul to praise,
 And be the joys that most we prize,
 The joys that from thy favour rise.

HYMN.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shews;
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Till worn by slowly rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

IT matters little at what hour o' the day
 The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come
 To him untimely who is fit to die;
 The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
 The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

“O LORD, I KNOW THAT IN VERY FAITH-
 FULNESS THOU HAST AFFLICTED ME.”

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my
 King?
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
 Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for
 ease,
 For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of
 peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd on my
breast,

For joys in perspective, and pleasures possess'd ?
For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night ?

For this should I praise thee ! but, if only for this,
I should leave half-untold the donation of bliss ;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear :

For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestow'd.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown,

They yielded no fruits, they are wither'd and
gone ;

The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,—
'Twas the message of mercy,—it led me to Thee.

UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Alas ! these youthful bearers, rob'd in white,
They tell a mournful tale. Some blooming friend

Is gone,—dead in her prime of years. 'Twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not
give,

With angel tongue persuaded those who could ;
With angel tongue, and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
Rejoic'd to die,—for happy visions bless'd
Her voyage's last days, and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh. O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips ! What tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffus'd ! Those eyes are
clos'd ;

But all her loveliness is not yet flown.
She smil'd in death, and still her cold, pale face
Retains that smile : as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchang'd,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

PRAYER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when, through weariness, they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Have you no words? ah! think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

'Tis but one family!—the sound is balm,
 A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart;

It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

'Tis but one family!—the accents come
Like light from heaven, to break the night of
 woe;

The banner-cry, to call the spirit home,
The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate—is memory dead?
Has thought, too, vanish'd? and has love grown
 chill?

Has every relic and memento fled?
And are the living only with us still?

No! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain,
Objects of love and ever fresh delight;
And fancy leads them in her fairy train
In half-seen transports past the mourner's sight.

Yes! in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
The call'd by love, by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates—the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love we look upon no more.

No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,
But even memory's need ere long will cease,

For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless bands, and in eternal peace.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

AWAY! thou dying saint, away!
Fly to the mansions of the bless'd;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
He calls thee to eternal rest.

Thy toils at length have reach'd a close,
No more remains for thee to do;
Away, away to thy repose,
Beyond the reach of evil go.

Away to yonder realms of light,
Where multitudes, redeem'd with blood,
Enjoy the beatific sight,
And dwell for ever with their God.

Go, mix with them, and share their joy,
In heaven behold the sinner's friend;
In pleasures share that never cloy,
In pleasures that will never end.

And may our happy portion be
To join thee in the realms above,
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing his everlasting love.

THE MORNING STAR.

STAR of the morn, whose placid ray
 Beam'd mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
 While whispering zephyrs seem'd to say,
 As silence slept, and earth was still,
 Hail, harbinger of Gospel light!
 Dispel the shades of nature's night!

I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,
 I saw thee shine on Gospel lands,
 And Gabriel summon'd all his powers
 And wak'd to ecstasy his bands;
 Sweet cherubs hail'd thy rising ray,
 And sang the dawn of Gospel day!

Shine, lovely star, on every clime,
 For bright thy peerless beauties be,
 Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
 And shed thy rays from sea to sea;
 Then shall the world from darkness rise,
 Millennial glories cheer our eyes!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The Heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream'd of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
 How came the world's grey fathers forth
 To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smil'd
 O'er mountains yet untrod,
 Each mother held aloft her child,
 And bless'd the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
 The first-made anthem rang,
 On earth deliver'd from the deep,
 And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
 Unraptur'd greet thy beam;
 Theme of primeval prophecy,
 Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee its incense yields,
 The lark thy welcome sings,
 When glittering in the freshen'd fields
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,

As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

“SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolv’d in death!”
Thus—the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom’d captive flies!

“Prisoner—long detain’d below!
Prisoner—now with freedom bless’d!
Welcome—from a world of woe!
Welcome—to a land of rest!”
Thus—the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high!
While with hallelujahs ring
All the region of the sky!

Grave—the guardian of our dust !
 Grave—the treasury of the skies !
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise !
 Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls !
 “Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
 And *Eternity* thy day !”

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush that helpless worm :
 The frame thy wayward looks deride
 Requir'd a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
 From whom thy being flow'd,
 A portion of his boundless love
 On that poor worm bestow'd.

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 take away
 The life thou canst not give.

MORNING.

SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below ;
And warn us early with the sight
To leave the beds of silent night :
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See ! the time for sleep has run !
Rise before or with the sun.
Lift thy hands and humbly pray
The Fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest
With quickening beams upon thy breast ;
And kindly close it all within
From darker blemishes of sin,
And shine with grace until we view
The realms it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air
Brings along its toil and care ;
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings.

Prepare to meet them in a mind
 That bows submissively resign'd ;
 That would to works appointed fall ;
 That knows that God has order'd all :
 And whether with a small repast
 We break the sober morning fast,
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day,
 Or early walk abroad, to meet
 Our business, with industrious feet ;—
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O, Giver of eternal bliss,
 Heavenly Father, grant me this !
 Grant it all, as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on Thee,
 Who revere thy Son above,
 And thy sacred Spirit love.

NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high ;
 It glitters in the southern sky ;
 Its beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
 Father, also, with thy fire
 Warm the cold and dead desire,

And make the sacred love of thee
 Within my soul, a sun to me ;
 Let it shine so fairly bright,
 That nothing else be took for light ;
 That worldly charms be seen to fade,
 And in its lustre find a shade.
 Let it strongly shine within,
 To scatter all the clouds of sin,
 That drive, when gusts of passion rise,
 And intercept it from our eyes.
 Let its glory more than vie
 With the sun that lights the sky ;
 Let it swiftly mount in air,
 Mount with that, and leave it there,
 And soar, with more aspiring flight,
 To realms of everlasting light.
 Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
 I daily wish to live with thee,
 And feel that union which thy love
 Will, after death, complete above.
 From my soul I send my prayer ;
 Great Creator, bow thine ear :
 Thou, for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day ;
 Who spake the word, and earth begun
 And shew'd its beauties in the sun ;
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And would, with good affection too,
 Good affection, sweetly free,
 Loose from them, and move to thee.

O teach me due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live;
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.

EVENING.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
 And Evening spreads obscurer skies;
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.

Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 And pray the Lord of glory, now
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinded night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes;
 Which make the weary members blest
 With sweet refreshment in their rest;
 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their soft embrace again,
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never He forsake me too!
 But still, as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light,

His wondrous bounty let me find
 With a still more enlighten'd mind ;
 When grace and love in one agree—
 Grace from him, and love from me !

Thou, that hast thy palace far
 Above the moon and every star ;
 Thou, that sittest on a throne
 To which the night was never known ;
 Regard my voice, and make me bless'd,
 By kindly granting my request !
 If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
 My darkness will afford me joy,
 Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
 And part with darkness evermore !

HERE AND THERE.

HERE, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure ;
 But total, absolute, and perfect THERE.
 HERE, time's a moment, short our happiest state :
 THERE, infinite duration is our date.
 HERE, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best :
 THERE, Satan's power extends not to the bless'd.
 In a weak, simple body, HERE I dwell ;
 But THERE I drop this frail and sickly shell.

HERE, my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and
fear ;

But love and pardon shall be perfect THERE.

HERE, my best duties are defil'd with sin :

THERE, all is ease without, and peace within.

HERE, feeble faith supplies my only light :

THERE, faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.

HERE, love of self my fairest works destroys :

THERE, love of God shall perfect all my joys.

HERE, things, as in a glass, are darkly shewn :

THERE, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.

Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below :

THERE, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.

HERE, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind ;

But spirits THERE a calm fruition find.

HERE, disappointments my best schemes destroy :

THERE, those that sow'd in tears shall reap in joy.

HERE, vanity is stamp'd on all below :

Perfection THERE on every good shall grow.

HERE, my fond heart is fasten'd on some friend,

Whose kindness may, whose life must have an end ;

But THERE, no failure can I ever prove,—

God cannot disappoint, for God is love.

HERE, Christ for sinners suffer'd, groan'd, and bled ;

But THERE he reigns the great triumphant Head.

HERE, mock'd and scourg'd, he wore a crown of
thorns :

A crown of glory THERE his brow adorns.

HERE, error clouds the will and dims the sight :

THERE, all is knowledge, purity, and light.

HERE, so imperfect is this mortal state,
 If bless'd myself, I mourn some other's fate—
 At every human woe I HERE repine :
 The joy of every saint shall THERE be mine.
 HERE, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart ;
 But THERE, that broken reed and I shall part.
 HERE, on no promis'd good can I depend ;
 But THERE, the Rock of Ages is my friend.
 HERE, if some sudden joy delight inspire,
 The dread to lose it damps the rising fire :
 But THERE, whatever good the soul employ,
 The thought, that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy !

DEO OPT. MAX.

O THOU that dwell'st enthron'd on high,
 Beyond the seraph's golden sky,
 Eternal God of power and might !
 Eternal thou ere time began,
 Eternal thou when he has ran
 The circle of his destin'd flight !

Almighty God ! in prayer to thee
 I bow the head, and bend the knee,
 With humble soul and heart resign'd :

To thee, with trembling lips, I raise
 The holy sacrifice of praise,
 The Friend and Father of mankind.

By thee inform'd, this mortal frame
 To being from oblivion came,
 Thy love and goodness to survey ;
 To view the glittering vault of night,
 To hail the sweet return of light,
 And all creation's blooming day.

In life's young morn thou didst impart
 The rivers to my beating heart,
 And taught'st the streaming pulse to flow :
 Amid sensation's ebbing tide
 Thou bad'st the trembling soul abide,
 Alike to pleasure or to woe.

And still unquench'd, at thy behest
 The flame of being warms my breast ;
 But fleeting life must soon be o'er :
 Soon will thy hands again require
 This transient spark of heavenly fire,
 And this frail breast shall heave no more.

But thou, O God, so prompt to save,
 Wilt brood upon the senseless grave,
 Where, wrapt in earth, thy offspring sleeps ;
 As o'er her infant's midnight bed,
 With bosom'd breath, and silent head,
 Her secret watch the mother keeps.

O thou, that dwell'st enthron'd on high !
 O God of heaven, we shall not die,
 Omnipotent, all-wise, and just !
 Death shall resign his iron sway,
 And love, that beams eternal day,
 Shall warm our ashes in the dust.

But how shall man abide with thee,
 Through ages of eternity,
 When suns shall pour their beams no more !
 With awe-struck soul, I fear the birth,
 And, sinking on my mother earth,
 I faint, I tremble, and adore.

EPITAPH

On Mary, the Wife of the Rev. W. Mason.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear ;
 Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave :
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
 Her faded form—she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?
 Speak, dead MARIA ; breathe a strain divine—
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to
 charm !
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,

And if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love ;
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas e'en to thee)—yet the dread path once trod,
 HEAVEN lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids the pure in heart behold their GOD.

THE PARISH PRIEST.

A PARISH Priest was of the pilgrim train ;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eye diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
 As God had cloth'd his own ambassador ;
 For such on earth his bless'd Redeemer bore. }
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence :
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see ; }
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free. }
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.

For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky ;
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
 A music more melodious than the spheres ;
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.

He bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he
 spoke.

He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell, }
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ; }
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law,
 And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat.
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd ;
 But when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
 Lightning and thunder, Heaven's artillery,
 As harbingers before the Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and—God is there !

Though he had little, he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare :
 For mortified he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house :

Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd,
 Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
 Nor spar'd his pains, for curate he had none.
 The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd;
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 A living sermon of the truths he taught.
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
 That all might see the doctrines that they heard:
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
 The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd;
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he priz'd;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show:
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he de-
 sign'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.

Such was the saint, that shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
 God saw his image lively was express'd;
 And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

SONNET.

NAY, grieve not that I leave thee ! Though I go
 Unto that dark and unknown future, where
 Thou wilt not be to welcome me, yet there
 Rivers of pleasure will for ever flow,
 And God will be our glory ! I shall be
 Shelter'd for ever from the world's cold blast,
 Its cares, its doubts, its sorrows will be past ;
 And though awhile they darkly lie on thee,
 Yet I will watch thee, love ! and pray that thou
 Mayst in thy conflict feel the Christian's strength ;
 And, when thy weary course is run at length,
 I'll weave the fadeless crown for thy calm brow ;
 O faint not then upon thy lonely way,
 Nor weep for one who hails the opening day.

HYMN.

LIFE of the word, immortal mind !
 Father of all the human kind,
 Whose boundless eye, that knows no rest,
 Intent on nature's ample breast,
 Explores the space of earth and skies,
 And sees eternal incense rise ;

To thee my humble voice I raise—
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
 That shortly sinks into the grave;
 Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
 A being that can think and live!
 In all thy works thy wisdom see,
 And stretch its towering mind to thee!
 To thee my humble voice I raise—
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor, contracted span,
 This life, that bears the name of man,
 From thee derives its vital ray,
 Eternal Source of life and day!
 Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
 That gilds its morn and evening hours:
 To thee my humble voice I raise—
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through error's maze, through folly's night,
 The lamp of reason lends me light;
 When stern affliction waves her rod,
 My heart confides in thee, my God!
 When nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
 E'en then she finds in thee repose:
 To thee my humble voice I raise—
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and hope returns;
 Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;

Gay love, with all his smiling train,
 And peace, and joy, are here again.
 These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give :
 I trusted ; and, behold, I live !
 To thee my humble voice I raise—
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove !
 Still grant me gratitude and love !
 Let truth and virtue guide my heart,
 Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart :
 But yet, whate'er my life may be,
 My heart shall still repose on thee.
 To thee my humble voice I raise—
 Forgive, while I presume to praise.

ON THE SABBATH.

How sweet, upon this sacred day,
 The best of all the seven,
 To cast our earthly thoughts away,
 And think of God and heaven !

How sweet to be allow'd to pray
 Our sins may be forgiven !
 With filial confidence to say,
 " Father ! who art in heaven ! "

With humble hope to bend the knee,
 And, free from folly's leaven,
 Confess that we have stray'd from thee,
 The righteous Judge of heaven !

How sweet the words of peace to hear
 From Him to whom 'tis given
 To wake the penitential tear,
 And lead the way to heaven !

And if to make all sin depart
 Vainly the will has striven,
 He who regards the inmost heart
 Will send his grace from heaven.

When from the bosom that was dear,
 By cold unkindness driven,
 The heart that knows no refuge here,
 Shall find a friend in heaven.

And when from all of bliss below,
 In solitude 'tis riven,
 He who dispenses weal or woe
 Shall raise it up to heaven.

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
 The best of all the seven !
 When hearts unite their vows to pay
 Of gratitude to Heaven !

Boston.

THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER'S PROSPECT OF DEATH.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,
That takes from this dark world its power,
And lays at once the thorn and flower

On the same withering bier, my soul !
The hour that ends all earthly woes,
And gives the wearied soul repose,
How soft, how sweet, that last, long close
Of mortal hope and fear, my soul !

How sweet, while on this broken lyre
The melodies of time expire,
To feel it strung with chords of fire,
To praise the immortal One, my soul !
And while our farewell tears we pour
To those we leave on this cold shore,
To feel that we shall weep no more,
Nor dwell alone in heaven, my soul !

How sweet, while waning fast away,
The stars of this dim world decay,
To hail, prophetic of the day,
The golden dawn arise, my soul !
To feel we only sleep to rise
In sunnier lands and fairer skies,
To bind again our broken ties
In ever-living love, my soul !

The hour, the hour, so pure and calm,
 That bathes the wounded soul in balm,
 And round the pale brow twines the palm,
 That shuns this wintry clime, my soul !
 The hour that draws o'er earth and all
 Its briars and blooms the mortal pall,
 How soft, how sweet, that evening-fall
 Of fear, and grief, and time, my soul !

HEAVEN.

THEN never tear shall fall,
 The heart shall ne'er be cold ;
 And life's rich tree shall teem for all,
 With fruit " more golden far than gold."

Then those we lost below
 Once more we shall infold ;
 And there, with eyes undimm'd by woe,
 The burning throne of God behold.

There the pure sun-bow glows,
 Unaided by the shower :
 No thorn attends the Elysian rose,
 No shadow marks the blissful hour.

There roll the streams of love,
 Beyond death's wintry power ;

In light and song for aye they move,
By many a bless'd immortal's bower.

“THY WILL BE DONE!”

O THOU whose lips can well repeat
The Saviour's prayer, nor deem'st deceit
The while is lurking in thy heart,
Pause, ere their memory shall depart.
“Thy will be done!”—and dost thou find
In the deep musings of thy mind
No fear, no hope, no passion there,
Thou couldst not freely from thee tear?
And dar'st thou call upon thy God
To try thee with his chastening rod,
And round the wide world stedfast look,
And find no ill thou canst not brook?
What! couldst thou see the whirlwind come
To tear thee from thy cherish'd home?
See the strong arm of death embrace
The best belov'd of all thy race?
See, undeserv'd, an evil fame
Attaint thy long unsullied name;
Feel slow-consuming sickness break
Thy mind, now impotent and weak;
Yet not one murmur?—If but one,
Thou must not say, “Thy will be done!”

No : rather, ere thy spirit dare
 Adopt the Saviour's fervent prayer,
 The Saviour's *spirit* earnest seek,
 Enduring, patient, firm, and meek.
 Go, seek of God a heavenly mind,
 Active, like His—like His, resign'd :
 Pray, that thy very prayer may bring
 No hated, no unwelcome thing ;
 Pray, that the will of Heaven may be
 Health, joy, and all things else to thee ;
 And, thus the work of prayer begun,
 Thou well may'st say, " Thy will be done."

" GOD IS GOOD."

God is good ! each perfum'd flower,
 The smiling fields, the dark green woods,
 The insect fluttering for an hour,—
 All things proclaim that " God is good."

I hear it in the rushing wind ;
 Hills that have for ages stood,
 And clouds, with gold and silver lin'd,
 All still repeat that " God is good."

Each little rill which many a year
 Has the same verdant course pursued ;

And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that "God is good."

Countless hosts of twinkling stars,
Which e'en the keenest sight elude,
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of light, that "God is good."

The restless main, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude ;
Retreats, submissive, from the shore,
And joins the chorus—"God is good."

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That "God is good:" and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that "God is good."

ALL THINGS TO BE CHANGED.

I LOVE to see the falling leaf,
To watch the waning moon ;
I love to cherish the belief,
That all will change so soon.

I love to see the beauteous flowers
In bright succession pass ;
As they would deck the fleeting hours,
And hide Time's ebbing glass.

I love the rushing wind to hear
 Through the dismantled trees,
 And shed the sad but silent tear
 O'er joys that chang'd like these.

I love to think the glorious earth
 Is but a splendid tomb,
 Whence man to an immortal birth
 Shall rise in deathless bloom.

That nothing in its bosom dies,
 But all, in endless change,
 Shall, in some brighter form, arise,
 Or brighter region range.

On this fair couch then rest thy head
 In peace, poor child of sorrow ;
 For He, the God of truth, has said,
 "Thou shalt be chang'd to-morrow !"

Chang'd, as the saints and angels are,
 To glories ever new ;
 Corrupt shall incorruption wear,
 And death shall life renew.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O, THOU ! whom eye hath seen not—ne'er shall see ;
 Whose way is in the deep !—whose steps unknown ;

Enshrin'd thyself in clouds of mystery,
 Yet darting beams of heavenly brightness down!—
 Thou art *my* God! and prostrate at thy throne,
 And firm in faith, and strengthen'd in thy power,
 I yield my all:—O God! accept thine own,
 From the frail heart that seeks to know no more
 Than that thou liv'st and reign'st—to tremble and
 adore!

O! let my soul, content to worship Thee,
 Each daring thought, each prouder wish resign,
 Till thine own voice shall set the spirit free,
 And mortal knowledge ripen to divine!
 Perhaps (forgive that daring hope of mine)
 Thine eye of grace the humbler prayer may view,
 And bid thy heavenly light more brightly shine
 On those who, panting for its beams, yet knew
 To wait in patient hope—till death the veil undrew!

O! not on doubt's interminable main
 Let my frail bark by varying winds be cross'd;
 Where human aid, alas! but shews in vain,
 To the wreck'd wretch, the port for ever lost!
 Who shall assuage thy griefs, "thou tempest-
 toss'd!"

And speak of comfort, "Comfortless!" to thee?
 Who but the Power that knows thy weakness
 most?

And in his own good time can set thee free,
 Spreading the Oil of Peace o'er thy tumultuous sea!

And let not him who never felt a fear,
 Safe in his pride of heart thy woes deride :
 Perhaps that scornful eye or brow severe,
 Hath thoughts less hallow'd than thine own to
 hide.

E'en the dark days of doubt have purified
 Thy chasten'd soul from many an earthly stain,
 And driven afar the demon power of Pride,
 That once had mark'd thee in his menial train,
 But now hath lost his slave, and spreads his lures
 in vain !

Poor child of darkness ! happier in thy tears—
 Happier than they that mock them as they flow ;
 With all thy doubts, thy weakness, and thy fears,
 Thy heart hath learn'd this simple truth to
 know,—

That not to man, whose dwelling is below,
 Whose brother is the worm, whose bed the dust—
 Partner with thee in want, and guilt, and woe,—
 Doth God the records of thy deeds intrust ;
 But He alone is Judge—whose law alone is just.

Father of Light ! whose loveliest name is LOVE !
 Whose throne the contrite seek—the guilty fly,—
 Thou art my God : around, beneath, above,
 I see no frowns—no terror in thine eye !
 All breathes of that pervading harmony
 Which draws from present ill the future good ;
 All points our spirits to that peaceful sky,

Where, banish'd far, nor sorrow's wayward mood,
Nor fancy's evil train, nor real ills intrude !

But who shall know Thee, and be known of Thee,
When thou, Great Shepherd ! call'st us to thy
fold ?

And who shall taste thy glorious liberty,
And, " face to face," thine awful form behold ?
O, God ! O, Father ! mould our spirits—mould
To thine each purpose of the obedient heart ;
Shake off the mists that now our eyes infold ;
Let every fear but fear of thee depart,
And let us see thy face, and know thee AS THOU
ART !

THE BIBLE.

It is the one True Light,
That, when all other lamps grow dim,
Shall never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from HIM.

It is Love's blessed band,
That reaches from the eternal throne
To him—whoe'er he be—whose hand
Will seize it for his own !

It is the Golden Key
To treasures of celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health!

The gently proffer'd aid
Of one who knows us—and can best
Supply the beings he has made
With what will make them bless'd.

It is the sweetest sound
That infant ears delight to hear,
Travelling across that holy ground,
With God and angels near.

There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow love to go;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O! let the Christian shew!

SONNET.

The God of the Storm and the Whirlwind.

THOU thy stern robe of terrors hast put on,
O mighty Ruler of the winds and waves!
The spirit bows to thee!—from ocean caves
E'en to the expansive heaven of heavens, thy throne,
All elements, all beings trembling own
The greatness of thy presence. 'Tis the hour

Of vast, unmitigated, boundless power,
 And the heart bends to Thee, and Thee alone.
 Most mighty ! O how bless'd to feel and know,
 E'en in this hour of dread, that dear to thee
 Is the confiding spirit. Ye may blow,
 Fierce tempests ! but to pass His fix'd decree,
 Or 'gainst His will one moment's war to wage,
 Is more than ye can do, with all your swelling rage.

SONNET.

On the Close of the Year.

FAREWELL, December ! now the failing light
 Glimmers through frosted panes a parting ray,
 And Phœbus leaves these realms of shorten'd
 day,
 To pour on distant climes, in glory bright,
 His cloudless beams ! Oh ! ere again we view
 His red orb, rising from the ocean's bed,
 This fleeting year will be for ever fled,
 Lost in the bosom of eternity !
 Yes ! on the thoughtful mind this solemn hour
 Sinks deeply, and commands us to review
 The year for ever past ! While Memory's power
 Paints every act in truth's unshaded hue ;
 Recalls each word, and bids us, trembling, try,
 Whether, thus living, we are fit to die.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell?—I humbly
crave,

Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.

A hollow sound did seem to answer, "No :
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did, and, going, did a rainbow note.

"Surely," thought I,

"This is the lace of Peace's coat ;

I will search out the matter."

But, while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower—

The Crown Imperial. "Sure," said I,

"Peace at the root must dwell."

But, when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour

What shew'd so well.

At length, I met a reverend, good old man ;

Whom, when for Peace

I did demand, he thus began :—

"There was a prince of old

In Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly liv'd : yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes :

But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many, wondering at, got some of those,
To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth.

For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight from sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you :

Make bread of it ; and that repose
And peace which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

SONNET.

THERE is a virtue, which to fortune's height
Follows us not ; but in the vale below,

Where lurk the ills of life, disease and woe,
 Holds on its steady course, serenely bright.
 So some lone star, whose softly beaming light
 We mark not in the blaze of solar day,
 Comes forth, with pure and ever-constant ray,
 That makes e'en beautiful the gloom of night.
 Thou art that star, so beauteous and so lone,
 That virtue of distress, Fidelity !
 And thou, when every joy and hope are flown,
 Cling'st to the relics of humanity ;
 Making, with all its sorrows, life still dear,
 And death, with all its terrors, void of fear.

EMPLOYMENT.

If, as a flower doth spread and die,
 Thou wouldst extend to me some good,
 Before I were, by frost's extremity,
 Nipp'd in the bud.

The sweetness and the praise were thine ;
 But the extension and the room
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine,
 At thy great doom.

For, as thou dost impart thy joys,
 The greater shall our glory be ;
 The measure of our joys is in this place,
 The staff with thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
 A life as barren to thy praise
 As is the dust to which that life doth tend,
 But with delays.

All things are busy : only I
 Neither bring honey, with the bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my company is as a weed :
 Lord ! place me in thy concert—give one strain
 To my poor reed.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

If Love, the noblest, purest, best,
 If Truth, all other truth above,
 Will claim returns from every breast,—
 O, surely Jesus claims our love !

OUR LOVE ! yea, sooner may the hand
 Forget its office, than the heart,
 Once taught His love to understand,
 Desert its own appointed part.

There's not a hope, with comfort fraught,
 Triumphant over death and time,

But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;
I see him when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him I tread the hallow'd ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
I weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise—and weep no more.

Does friendship gild my favour'd state,
O faithful to the last ! be mine
Thy blessed course to emulate,
And pray for truth, for love like thine !

Then ask me not to live, and be
A stranger to that generous flame,
Which warms, and, to eternity,
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.

SONNET.

On Sabbath Evening.

THE sun goes down!—another Sabbath-day
 Is gone to tell its tale of good or ill;
 Fair purpose, erring act, inconstant will,
 Fill'd its brief hours, and now are pass'd away!—
For ever past! So years on years decay!
 So fleet the hours by God indulgent given
 To wean our hearts from guilt to Him and heaven!
 So speeds the work that will not brook delay!
 O God of heaven and earth! the task how vain,
 That aims not, ends not, centres not in Thee!
 But let thy quickening Spirit o'er us reign;
 How light the labour *then*, the soul how free!
 Time, earth, and sin no more its course restrain,
 —O yield me then that “Glorious Liberty!”*

SUBMISSION.

MY God, my Father! blissful name!
 O may I call thee mine!
 May I, with sweet assurance, claim
 A portion so divine!

* “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, *there* is liberty.” (2 Cor.)

This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly :
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art wise, and just, and good—
 O bend my will to thine !

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear ;
 O let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

If pain and sorrow rend this frame,
 And life almost depart,
 Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart ?

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight ;
 Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.

“ THE LORD IS AT HAND.”

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake !
 The hills their fixed seat forsake !

And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall quench their feeble light!

The Lord shall come!—but not the same
As once in lowly guise he came,
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come!—a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm!
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Can this be he, who, wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,—
O God! is this the crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,
And seek the mountains' shade in vain!
But Faith, ascending from the tomb,
Shall, shouting, sing, "The Lord is come!"

UPON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His dearest earthly treasure to these springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
Shall court these salutary springs in vain;

Condemn'd like me, to hear the faint reply,
 To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
 From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
 And watch, in dumb despair, the shortening
 breath ;—

If chance should bring him to this humble line,
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
 Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
 Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty bless'd,
 Fram'd every tie that binds the heart to prove,
 Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
 But yet, remembering that the parting sigh
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
 The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod,—
 And not to earth resign'd her, but to God !

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument and much persuasion sought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought :
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state;
 Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain;
 Who by his all-commanding might
 Did fill the new-made world with light;
 And caus'd the golden-tressed sun
 All the day long his course to run;
 The horned moon to shine by night,
 Among her spangled sisters bright.
 All living creatures he doth feed,
 And with full hand supplies their need.

Let us therefore warble forth
 His mighty majesty and worth,
 That his mansion hath on high,
 Above the reach of mortal eye;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

“THE LORD OUR REFUGE.”

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

But, O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

SILENT WORSHIP.

LET deepest silence all around
 Its peaceful shelter spread ;
 So shall that living word abound,
 The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
 In stillness and in prayer !
 What though no preacher speak the word,
 A minister is there.

A minister of wondrous skill,
 True graces to impart ;
 He teaches all the Father's will,
 And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
 And bids the coldest glow ;
 He speaks ; and lo, the softest tears
 Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
 He bows the loftiest soul ;

O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control !

And ah ! how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given ;
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind in streams of joy
The holy influence spreads ;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy,
For God that influence sheds.

Dear Lord, to thee we still will pray,
And praise thee as before ;
For this, thy glorious Gospel-day,
Teach us to praise thee more.

PEACE AFTER A STORM.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee !

O ! let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn ;
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat ;
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

THE PENITENT'S HOPE.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me !

When on my fearful burden'd heart
 My sins lie heavily,

My pardon speak, thy peace impart,
In love remember me !

If strong temptations crowd my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;

O, give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me !

If torn with pain, disease, or grief,
This feeble body be,

Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear and remember me !

If shame, my lot, for thy dear name,
And foul reproaches be ;

All-hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me !

And when at last I sink in death,
And meet my just decree ;

Then, Saviour, mark my trembling breath,
And still remember me !

RELIGION.

O BLESS'D religion, heavenly fair,
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
 The trembling heart invade,
 And all the face of nature wears
 An universal shade,

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
 The tempest of my soul;
 The fiercest storm shall lose its rage
 At thy divine control.

Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,
 Thy hand unerring leads;
 And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid,
 Thou best Supporter of the mind,
 How powerful is thy aid!

O let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief!

THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

In vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,

The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say they're gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view :
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their memory dear ;
And, Lord, do thou the prayers fulfil
They offer'd for us here !

While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day ;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

We pray, as in Elisha's case,
 When great Elijah went,
 May double portions of thy grace
 On us, who stay, be sent.

ALL GOOD TO BE FOUND IN THE
 CREATOR.

O LORD! I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend,
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best and only Friend!

When all created streams are dry,
 Thy goodness is the same!
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near,
 A fountain which will ever run,
 With waters, sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee:
 I must have all things and abound,
 If God be God to me.

O Lord! I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore!
 Henceforth, my great concern shall be,
 To love and serve thee more!

FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,

“O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you:
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

“There, like streams, that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow.
 Still in undisturb'd possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

“Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;

But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet, dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, my God, art nigh :—
 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain,
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to Thy seat attain.
 Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
 Thy path, the trackless main—
 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
 They thunder forth thy praise,
 The glorious honour of Thy name,
 The wonders of Thy ways :
 But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in day's glorious blaze.

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll,
 Through the wide fields of air.
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
 Yet still Thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is every where ?

O, not in circling depth, or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veil'd from sight,
 There does His Spirit rest.
 O come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest.

SONNET.

“ Two voices are there.” From the inmost breast,
 Its seat oracular, the one proceeds,
 Prompting the high-born soul to worthy deeds,
 And rousing Fancy from inglorious rest.
 The other from above, Heaven’s high behest,
 In still small accents speaks ; which he who
 heeds,
 Is wise, for sure the path where Duty leads,
 Though dark, is safe ; though rugged, yet the best.
 Nor would I at the call of Pleasure dare
 Resist that voice, but rather wait resign’d,
 Perform my daily task with duteous care,
 And quench the proud aspirings of my mind ;

Till happier days arrive, when, blithe and free,
My soul shall spread her wings in joyful liberty.

SONNET.

It is a false theology that says,
There is no bliss on earth, although the name
May seem to mock the worldling's baffled aim,
Who for his scanty mess of pottage pays
His all, his birthright. There are pleasant ways
Of love and peace to him whose end is right,—
Pastures aye green, and streams of calm delight,
On which the heavens pour down their living rays.
Some happy ones there are, blest far above
Fortune's spoil'd heirs, who, in the quiet round
Of duty, in the energies of love,
And hope, and prayer, and in the eternal course
Of nature, healthful joy's perennial source,
A sober certainty of bliss have found.

TO A FRIEND UNDER CALUMNY.

"'Tis from the Lord," the humbled monarch cried,
"E'en let him curse." And so he kiss'd the rod,
O'erlook'd the injurer, and bow'd to God.
O majesty of meekness, which defied

The impotence of tongues, and calm relied
 On Him who judgeth righteously! "From men
 Who are thy sword,"—so pray'd the sufferer
 then,—

"From evil tongues, thy scourge, and men of pride,
 O Lord, deliver me!" Yet, who can tell,

But those who have endur'd, how keen the pain,
 That Slander's fangs, tongues set on fire of hell,

And venom'd whispers that inflict a stain,
 Can cause the innocent man? But O, 'tis great,
 Meekly to suffer wrong, and feel it causeless hate.

SONNET.

Matthew, Chapter viii.

THE furious tempest rose, and the wild wave

Swept o'er the bark where holy Jesus slept:
 His fearful followers woke him—"Master, save,

O save us, or we perish!" He who kept
 The stormy deep was there. The Saviour said,
 "Why are ye fearful, ye of little faith?"

He rose; and at his voice the waters fled,
 The winds were hush'd to peace, and not a
 breath

Disturb'd the calm profound. O, Master, still

When storms of care and sorrow round me press,
 May the blest words my aching bosom fill,

And thy rebuke my bursting sighs repress—

“ Why art thou fearful, when the Power Divine,
That awed the stormy deep, is ever thine?”

SONNET.

John, Chapter ix.

HE stood in darkness, and to him unknown
This living world of loveliness and light,
Till, touch'd by Jesus' hand, the shades of night
Fell from his sightless orbs, and round him shone
The kindling light of day. And shall we own
The power divine, that chas'd *his* earthly gloom,
Nor listen to the voice that said, “ I come,
A light to those who see not?” From the throne
Of mercy infinite, the heavenly rays
Of truth descend upon the sinking heart
Of darken'd man; the heavy shades depart
Of sorrow, sin, and death; and to his gaze
The glories of immortal love, unfurl'd,
Disclose the visions of a brighter world.

LINES.

WHEN thou art in thy chamber, and thy knee
Is bow'd in love to the Omnipotent,

And when thy soul before his throne is bent,
 Ask not for prosperous things; but pray, that he
 Will purify thee with the chastisement
 Of earthly woe and trouble, which are sent
 To fit the high soul for eternity.

It is not in the summer tide of life
 That the heart hoards its treasures: it is when
 The storm is loud, and the rude hurricane
 Of sorrow is abroad:—when solemn strife,
 Such as may move the souls of constant men
 Is struggling in our bosoms, it is then
 The heart collects her stores with wisdom rife.

For sadness teaches us the truth of things
 Which had been hid beneath the crown of flowers
 Which gladness wears; and the few silent hours
 Of quiet, heavenward thought which sorrow brings
 Are better than a life in pleasure's bowers,
 Drinking the poisonous chalice which she pours,
 To quench our heavenlier spirits' murmurings.

Seek thou the storms of life; fly not the trial
 That binds the conqueror's wreath upon thy
 brow;
 And faint not, though the tears of anguish flow,
 And though upon thy head the angry vial
 Of fate be pour'd: but with the conscious glow
 Of honourable thought and deed below,
 Look to that Power who watch'd thy self-denial.

A CHRISTIAN'S DIRGE.

THE hour is come, the solemn hour,
 When earth to earth we give ;
 Our hope, our stay, the Saviour's power,
 Who died that man might live.

Though dear the form, and lov'd the heart,
 We now commit to dust,
 No virtues of the dead impart
 Our spirits' holiest trust.

Those virtues memory oft shall trace
 With pensive, placid brow ;
 But Christian faith and Christian grace
 Must be our refuge now.

The light they lend alone can cheer
 The dark and silent tomb,
 Can hush the sigh, make bright the tear,
 And glory give for gloom.

We would not mourn as those who see
 No hope beyond the grave ;
 Before thee, Lord ! we bend the knee,
 The Comforter we crave.

His power can make the soul rejoice,
 Though eyes with grief be dim,

And bid us raise with grateful voice
A Christian's funeral hymn.

FLOWERS.

HE who delights to trace, with serious thought,
In all he sees the noiseless steps of TIME,
Shall find the outward forms of Nature fraught
With ample food for many a lofty rhyme;
Or should he fear such dazzling heights to climb,
And love to tread a less aspiring way,—
Leaving untouched the awful and sublime,
And seeking humbler objects to pourtray,
May find in such the theme of many a pleasing lay.

What though the glorious Sun, enthron'd on high,
May more conspicuously this lesson teach;
Or Moon and Stars, which gem the midnight sky,
A yet more touching homily may preach,
As day to day still utters ceaseless speech,
And night to night yet added knowledge shews,—
Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach,
And Wisdom purest precepts may disclose,
Cull'd from the *Lily's* bloom, or gather'd from the
Rose!

Yes,—you, delightful handy-works of HIM
Who arch'd the Heavens, and spann'd this solid
Earth,

Before whose glory day's proud light is dim,
 And Art's achievements, if not food for mirth,
 Display at best its barrenness and dearth,—
 You, too, instruct us, and with "line on line,
 Precept on precept," shew us by your birth,
 Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline,
 Time's never-ceasing flight, and tell us truths di-
 vine.

You, as the changing Seasons roll along,
 Still wait on each, and added beauties lend :—
 Around the smiling Spring a lovely throng
 With eager rivalry her steps attend ;
 Others with Summer's brighter glories blend ;
 Some grace mild Autumn's more majestic mien ;
 While some few lingering blooms the brow befriend
 Of hoary Winter, and with grace serene
 Inwreath the King of storms with Mercy's gentler
 sheen.

Nor do ye, while ye thus declare the flight
 Of Times and Seasons, want yet deeper lore ;
 In you, with eager and unsated sight,
 The gentle Moralist may such explore :—
 Even Religion's voice has heretofore
 Pointed a moral, and adorn'd a tale,
 By illustration from your ample store ;
 Nor could such striking illustration fail
 When thus The Saviour preach'd, his text the lilies
 pale.

"Consider ye the lilies of the field,
 Which neither toil nor spin,—not regal pride,
 In all its plenitude of pomp reveal'd,
 Could hope to charm, their beauties plac'd beside :
 If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
 Which bloom to-day, and wither on the morrow,
 Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
 Without your vain anxiety and sorrow,
 O ye of little faith ! from these a lesson borrow ! "

If such the soothing precepts taught from you,
 Beautiful blossoms ! well may ye appear
 As silent preachers in the Christian's view ;
 And while ye decorate the changeful year,
 Imbued with power the mourner's heart to cheer,—
 Not gratifying merely outward sense
 By tints and odours,—but dispelling fear,
 Awakening hope, by your intelligence,
 And strengthening humble faith in God's omnipo-
 tence !

Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring !
 Leave at your Maker's call your earthy bed ;
 At his behest your grateful tribute bring
 To light and life, from darkness and the dead !
 Thou timid *Snowdrop*, lift thy lowly head ;
Crocus and *Primrose*, shew your varied dye ;
Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed,
 Yourselves the while retiring from the eye,
 Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that
 passes by.

And you,—in gay variety that grace,
 In later months, with beauty the parterre,
 “Making a sunshine in the shady place,”
 As Una and her milk-white lamb were there;
 Arise! arise! and in your turns declare
 The power of Him who has not only made
 The depths of Ocean, and the heights of Air,
 And Earth’s magnificence, but has display’d
 In you that power and skill with beauty’s charms
 array’d.

Uplift, proud *Sunflower*, to thy favourite orb
 That disk whereon his brightness loves to dwell;
 And, as thou seem’st his radiance to absorb,
 Proclaim thyself the garden’s sentinel:—
 And thou, too, gentle, modest *Heather-bell*,
 Gladden thy lonely birth-place: *Jasmines*, spread
 Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the smell;
 You *Evening Primroses*, when day has fled,
 Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moonlight
 fed.

And where my favourite Abbey rears on high
 Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest,
 Ye *Wall-flowers*, shed your tints of golden dye,
 On which the morning sunbeams love to rest,—
 On which, when glory gilds the glowing west,
 The parting splendours of the day’s decline,
 With fascination to the heart address’d,
 So tenderly and beautifully shine,
 As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

Convolvulus, expand thy cup-like flower,
 Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue ;
Clematis, wreath afresh thy garden bower ;
 Ye loftier *Lilies*, bath'd in morning's dew,
 Of purity and innocence renew

Each lovely thought ; and ye whose lowlier pride
 In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,

You of *The Valley* nam'd, no longer hide
 Your blossoms, meet to twine the brow of chastest
 bride.

And Thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
 To hearts that own our Nature's common lot ;
 Thou, styl'd by sportive Fancy's better feeling,
 " *A Thought*," " *The Heart's Ease*," or " *Forget*
 me not,"

Who deck'st alike the peasant's garden-plot,
 And castle's proud parterre ; with humble joy
 Revive afresh by castle and by cot,
 Hopes which ought not like things of time to
 cloy,
 And feelings time itself shall deepen—not de-
 stroy.

Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween,
 With every Flower to grace my votive lay ;
 And unto Thee, their long-acknowledg'd QUEEN,
 Fairest and loveliest ! and thy gentle sway,
 Beautiful *Rose*, my homage I must pay,—
 For how can minstrel leave thy charms unsung,

Whose meek supremacy has been alway
 Confess'd in many a clime, and many a tongue,
 And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has
 rung?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme ;
 Yet could I borrow of that tuneful bird,
 Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale beam,
 (As Fancy's graceful legends have averr'd,)
 Those thrilling harmonies at midnight heard,
 With sounds of flowing waters,—not in vain
 Should the loose strings of my rude harp be stirr'd
 By inspiration's breath, but one brief strain
 Should re-assert thy rites, and celebrate thy reign.

Vain were the hope to rival bards, whose lyres,
 On such a theme, have left me nought to sing ;
 And one more plant my humbler Muse inspires,
 Round which my parting thoughts would fondly
 cling ;
 Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful King,
 Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,
 Is link'd to Sorrow like an holy thing,
 And takes its name from suffering's fiercest
 hour :—

Be this thy noblest fame, imperial *Passion-flower* !

Whatever impulse first conferr'd that name,
 Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art,
 I freely own its spirit-touching claim,
 With thoughts and feelings it may well impart :—

Not that I would forego the surer chart
 Of REVELATION for a mere conceit ;
 Yet with indulgence may *The Christian's* heart
 Each frail memorial of HIS MASTER greet,
 And chiefly what recals his love's most glorious feat.

Be this the closing tribute of my strain !
 Be this, fair flowers ! of charms—your last and
 best !

That when THE SON OF GOD for man was slain,
 Circled by you, He sank awhile to rest,—
 Not the Grave's captive, but a Garden's guest,
 So pure and lovely was his transient tomb !
 And He, whose brow the *wreath of thorns* had prest,
 Not only bore for us Death's cruel doom,
 But won the *thornless crown* of amaranthine bloom.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is A FRIEND more tender, true,
 Than Brother e'er can be ;
 Who, when all others bid adieu,
 Remains—the last to flee ;
 Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
 Deserts not those that turn to HIM.

The heart, by Him sustain'd, though deep
 Its anguish, still can bear ;

The soul He condescends to keep,
 Shall never know despair :
 In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
 God is its strength, its joy, and light.

He is the Friend, who changeth not
 In sickness or in health,
 Whether on earth our transient lot
 Be poverty or wealth :
 In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
 To all who seek Him still the same.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ONE adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists—one only—an assur'd belief,
 That the procession of our fate, howe'er
 Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.

The darts of anguish *fix* not where the seat
 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
 For time and for eternity :—by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defence that is in boundless love

Of his perfections : with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceiv'd, endur'd
 Impatiently, ill done, or left undone,
 To the dishonour of his holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world,
 Sustain thou only canst the sick of heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recal
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !

FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

How beautiful this dome of sky
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fix'd
 At thy command ! how awful ! shall the soul
 Human and rational, report of Thee
 Even less than these ? Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice :
 My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
 Cannot forget thee here, where thou hast built
 For thine own glory in the wilderness !

* * * * *

Come labour, when the worn-out frame requires
 Perpetual Sabbath ; come disease and want,
 And sad exclusion through decay of sense,
 But leave me unabated trust in thee !
 And let thy favour to the end of life

Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things,
 Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
 And will possess my portion in content.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fann'd by some angel's purple wing:
 Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
 And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell:
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done—as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;

While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

THE EPIPHANY.

DEEP in Sabea's fragrant groves retir'd,
 Long had the eastern sages studious dwelt,
 By love sublime of sacred science fir'd ;
 Long had they train'd the enquiring youth,
 With liberal hand the bread of wisdom dealt,
 And sung in solemn verse mysterious truth.
 The sacred characters they knew to trace,
 Deriv'd from Egypt's elder race ;
 And all that Greece, with copious learning fraught,
 Through different schools, by various masters
 taught ;
 And all Arabia's glowing store
 Of fabled truths and rich poetic lore ;
 Stars, planets, gems, and talismans they knew,
 And far was spread their fame, and wide their
 praises grew.
 The admiring East their praises spread ;
 But with uncheated eyes themselves they view'd,
 Mourning they sat with dust upon their head,
 And oft in melancholy strain
 The fond complaint renew'd,
 How little yet they knew, how much was learn'd
 in vain.

For human guilt and mortal woe
 Their sympathizing sorrows flow,
 Their hallow'd prayers ascend in incense pure ;
 They mourn'd the narrow bounds assign'd
 To the keen glances of the searching mind ;
 They mourn'd the ills they could not cure ;
 They mourn'd the doubts they could not clear ;
 They mourn'd that prophet yet, nor seer,
 The great Eternal had made known,
 Or reach'd the lowest step of that immortal throne.

And oft, the starry cope of heaven beneath,
 When day's tumultuous sounds had ceas'd to
 breathe,
 With fixed feet, as rooted there,
 Through the long night they drew the chilly air ;
 When, sliding o'er their head,
 In solemn silence dread,
 The ethereal orbs their shining course pursued,
 In holy trance enwapt the sages stood,
 With folded arms laid on their reverend breast,
 And to that heaven they knew their orisons address.

A Star appears : they mark'd its kindling beam,
 O'er night's dark breast unusual splendours stream.
 The lesser lights that deck the sky,
 In wondering silence softly gliding by,
 At the fair stranger seem'd to gaze,
 Or veil'd their trembling fires, and half withdrew
 their rays.

The enquiring men the wonder saw,
 And hail'd the wondrous sign with pious awe ;
 They knew 'twas none of all the train
 With which in shadowy forms and shapes uncouth,
 Monsters of earth and of the main,
 Remote from nature as from truth,
 Their learned pens the sky had figur'd o'er :
 No star with such kind aspect shone before,
 Nor e'er did wandering planet stoop so low,
 To guide benighted pilgrims through this vale of
 woe.

The heavenly impulse they obey,
 The new-born light directs their way ;
 Through deserts never mark'd by human tread,
 And billowy waves of loose, unfaithful sand,
 O'er many an unknown hill and foreign strand,
 The silver clue unerring led,
 And peopled towns they pass, and glittering spires :
 No cloud could veil its light, no sun could quench
 its fires.

Thus pass'd the venerable pilgrims on,
 Till Salem's stately towers before them shone,
 And soon their feet her hallow'd pavements press'd.
 Not in her marble courts to rest—
 From pomp and royal state aloof
 Their shining guide its light withdrew,
 And points their path and points their view
 To Bethlehem's rustic cots, to Mary's lowly roof.

There the bright sentinel kept watch,
 While other stars arose and set;
 For there, within its humble thatch,
 Weakness and power, and heaven and earth were
 met.

Now, sages, now your search give o'er;
 Believe, fall prostrate, and adore!
 Here spread your spicy gifts, your golden offerings,
 here.

No more the fond complaint renew
 Of human guilt and mortal woe,
 Of knowledge check'd by doubt, and hope by fear;
 What angels wish'd to see, ye view,
 What angels wish'd to learn, ye know—
 Peace is proclaim'd to man, and heaven begun be-
 low.

SABBATH HYMN.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born!
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
 Ye shall not violate this day,
 The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
 Let fires of vengeance die ;
 And, purg'd from sin, may I behold
 A God of purity !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
 Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
 Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
 And humbly thy protection claim.

Thy hand has rais'd us from the dust ;
 The breath of life thy Spirit gave ;
 Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
 Who, but our God, has power to save ?

Eternal Source of truth and light !
 To thee we look, on thee we call :
 Lord, we are nothing in thy sight ;
 But thou, to us, art all in all.

Still may thy children, in thy word,
 Their common trust and refuge see :
 O bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one great tie—the love of Thee !

Here, at the portal of thy house,
 We leave our mortal hopes and fears :

Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

So shall our suns of hope arise
With brighter still and brighter ray ;
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

LIGHT FROM RELIGION.

IF all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prison'd in life's little bound ;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond ;—
O what should check the rising sigh ?
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
Who then in peace could ever die ?
Or who would breathe a wish to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where clouds and mists eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flowret smiles beneath ;—
Who could exist in such a tomb ?
Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

Yet such were life, without the ray
 From our divine religion given :
 'Tis this that makes our darkness day ;
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
 Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from a world to come.

LOVE TO GOD.

“ THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord—
 With all thy heart and soul and mind.”——
 So speaks to man that sacred Word
 For counsel and reproof design'd.

“ With all thy HEART”—no idol thing,
 Though close around the heart it twine,
 Its interposing shade must fling,
 To darken that pure love of thine.

“ With all thy MIND”—each varied power,
 Creative fancy, musings high,
 And thoughts that glance behind, before,
 These must religion sanctify.

“ With SOUL and STRENGTH”—thy days of ease,
 While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
 And hope and joy, and health and peace,
 All must be freely brought to Him.

Thou Power Supreme, in whom we move,
 Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
 The mind to adore, the heart to love,
 And strength to serve thee, while they may.

SABBATH HYMN.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honours shall he pay?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?
 From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems and gold and garlands deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?
 Vain sinful man!—Creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

SWEET are the feelings God has given
 To bind our hearts in one;
 And sweet to think the future heaven
 Is thus on earth begun.

To think that every bond of love
 Proceedeth from on high :
 Thus man is link'd with Heaven above
 By every human tie.

But, swerving thence, the love that brought
 High aims, and pure desires,
 No more from Heaven's own influence caught,
 Degrades the souls it fires.

No more all spirit, life, and light,
 True to its nobler birth ;
 Each object wont to aid its flight,
 Now drags it down to earth.

And is there yet no power to break
 That bondage of the soul ?
 Yes—PRAYER the slumbering fire may wake,
 Each baser thought control.

And prayer shall give the sufferer rest,
 And faith shall teach the way,
 Where love shall reign in every breast
 With undelusive ray.

SABBATH-DAYS ;

*Modernized from " Son-Dayes," in Vaughan's " Sillex
 Scintillans."*

TYPES of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
 In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—

The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
 Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can
 speak!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
 We climb to future ages—lamps that light
 Man through his darker days, and thought
 enrich,
 Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
 As on he journeys in the narrow way,
 Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
 Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
 To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—
 Periods appointed to renew our trust—
 A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A milky way mark'd out through skies else
 drear,
 By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
 A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
 Though briars and thorns around his pathway
 twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
 Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story—
 The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
 And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

THE HEALING OF MARAH'S WATERS.

"And the Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."—(*Exod.* xv. 25.)

MARAH! whate'er the tree might be
Which made thy bitter waters sweet,
The Christian in its power may see
Of power divine an emblem meet.

Full many a cup from which the lip
Draws back as from a poison'd bowl,
Through love's sublime discipleship
Is render'd grateful to the soul.

The world's distaste, pride's heartless scorn,
A toilsome life, perchance a grave,
Are things as loveless and forlorn
As ever was thy bitterest wave.

But these, endur'd for Jesus' sake,
Are render'd, through his love divine,
A cup 'tis pleasure to partake,
Chang'd by his power like Cana's wine.

The tree which Marah's waters heal'd,
Which sweetness gave, or could restore,
Is of his cross a type reveal'd,
Which he who bears repines no more.

O may this love in us abound,
Guide to our Elim's happy shore,

Where wells for every tribe are found,
By living palm-trees shadow'd o'er!

THE OUTWARD AND THE SPIRITUAL MANNA.

“ He that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack; they gathered every man according to his eating.”—(*Exodus* xvi. 18.)

Thus was it with the manna spread
For Israel every even;
Thus is it with the Christian's bread,
His living bread from heaven.

They who went forth at morn to find
That outward food of yore,
Beyond the portion God assign'd
Could heap no added store.

Though worldly prudence might suggest
The morrow's wants were nigh,
Experience soon this truth impress'd,
God only could supply!

Hence was dependence daily learn'd
On his paternal care,
And still a heaven-ward eye upturn'd
To him in faith and prayer.

O thou whom Christ has taught to pray
 To him for manna now,
 In secret each returning day
 Before his footstool bow.

He is himself that living Bread,
 Descended from on high,
 On which the spirit that is fed
 Shall never, never die.

To Him in truth and spirit seek,
 Who day by day must give
 That food which nourishes the weak,
 And bids the simple live.

Be less or more to Him resign'd
 Who hears and answers prayer,
 In whom the poorest riches find,
 The richest—none to spare.

THE SPIRITUAL LAW.

SAY not, The law divine
 Is hidden from thee, or afar remov'd ;
 That law within would shine,
 If there its glorious light were sought and lov'd.

Soar not on high,
 Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth ;

That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win ;
At home ! at home !
That word is plac'd, thy mouth, thy heart within.

O ! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will ;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY.

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.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory !—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy!

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory!—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

"GOD IS LOVE."

God is Love: his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens,
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
 Man decays, and ages move;

But his mercy waneth never,
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist his brightness streameth,
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Every where his glory shineth,
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

WHEN 'reft of all, and hopeless care
 Would sink us to the tomb,
 O what can save us from despair ?
 What dissipate the gloom ?

No balm that earthly plants distil
 Can sooth the mourner's smart ;
 No mortal hand with lenient skill
 Bind up the broken heart.

But One alone, who reigns above,
 Our woe to joy can turn :

And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceas'd to burn.

Then, O my soul, to that *One* flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

THE CREATOR'S WORKS.

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dew distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

HYMN.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
And he I trust has answer'd prayer:
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request;
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Nay, more; with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

"Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"

"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,
 From self, from pride to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
 A place for calm repose?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes!

What friend have I in heaven or earth,
 What friend to trust but thee?
 My father's dead—my mother's dead;
 My God, remember me!

Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
 And bid my trouble cease;
 In thee, the fatherless shall find
 Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

I've not a secret care or pain,
 But he that secret knows;
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes!

SONNET.

THE sun shone on me with a scorching heat ;
 I wish'd his radiance less : but then, methought
 How many bright and blessed things he brought,
 Making the earth so beautiful and sweet.
 I thought of all the sickly forms that greet
 His warm beams with a smile—of the pale face
 Those rays would light up with a rosy grace—
 The thousand eyes that joy his power to meet.
 I thought of every little springing flower,
 Rising delighted from its dark abode ;
 And then my soul, in fervent praise to God,
 Blest the fair sunshine and the grateful hour.
 Nor might one selfish feeling dim the bliss,
 Of knowing Him who form'd a world like this !

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I've safely pass'd the silent night ;
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 Again behold the morning light.
 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;

My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend—
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress:—
Yet then thy strength shall still defend;
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing,

Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world,—and O how blest!—
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fann'd by summer gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No: for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the Eternal Throne.

There forms, that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
It is THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of a better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?—
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
 Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;"

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
 Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
 —It is there, it is there, my child!”

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I saw an aged man upon his bier :
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year ;—
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
 And there was sadness round, and faces bow'd,
 And women's tears fell fast, and children wail'd
 aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
 In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
 “ Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?
 Ye are not sad to see the gather'd grain,
 Nor when the mellow fruit the orchards cast,
 Nor when the yellow woods shake down their
 ripen'd mast.

“ Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfill'd,—
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
 In the soft evening, when the winds are still'd,
 Sinks where the islands of refreshment lie,
 And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
 O'er the warm-colour'd heaven and ruddy moun-
 tain head.

" Why weep ye then for him, who, having run
 The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
 Life's blessings all enjoy'd, life's labours done,
 Serenely to his final rest has pass'd?
 While the soft memory of his virtues yet
 Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is
 set.

" His youth was innocent; his riper age
 Mark'd with some acts of goodness every day;
 And, watch'd by eyes that lov'd him, calm and
 sage,
 Faded his late-declining years away.
 Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

" That life was happy; every day he gave
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
 To mock him with her phantom miseries.
 No chronic tortures rack'd his aged limb,
 For luxury and sloth had nourish'd none for him.

" And I am glad that he has liv'd thus long;
 And glad that he has gone to his reward;
 Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
 Softly to disengage the vital cord.
 When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to
 die."

THE SILENT EXPRESSION OF NATURE.

"There is no speech nor language—their voice is not heard."—

Psalm xix. 3.

—

WHEN, thoughtful, to the vault of heaven

I lift my wondering eyes,

And see the clear and quiet even

To night resign the skies,—

The moon, in silence, rear her crest,

The stars, in silence, shine,—

A secret rapture fills my breast,

That speaks its birth divine.

Unheard, the dews around me fall,

And heavenly influence shed,

And, silent on this earthly ball,

Celestial footsteps tread.

Aërial music wakes the spheres,

Touch'd by harmonious powers:

With sounds unheard by mortal ears,

They charm the lingering hours.

Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,

And spreads her gems unheard;

Her lessons penetrate the soul,

Yet borrow not a word.

Noiseless the sun emits his fire,

And pours his golden streams;

And silently the shades retire

Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves, and regulates,
 And guides the vast machine,—
 That governs wills, and times, and fates,
 Retires, and works unseen.
 Angelic visitants forsake
 Their amaranthine bowers ;
 On silent wing their stations take,
 And watch the allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,—
 His noise, and pomp, and show,—
 I'd move upon great Nature's plan,
 And, silent, work below.
 With inward harmony of soul,
 I'd wait the upper sphere ;
 Then, shining, mount above the pole,
 And break my silence there.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove ;—
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit be-
 gan ;—

No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a
 man ;—

“ Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthal.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew thy sad lay;
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
 mourn :

O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass
 away—

Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent dis-
 plays :

But lately I mark'd, when, majestic on high,
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her
 blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pur-
 sue

The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew !

Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
 you ;

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering
 with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn :
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save :
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !”

’Twas thus by the glare of false science betray’d,
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 shade,

Destruction before me and sorrow behind :
 “O pity, great Father of light,” then I cried,
 “Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
 thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
 free.”

And darkness and doubt are now flying away :
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend-
 ing,

And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

“——THAT YE THROUGH HIS POVERTY
MIGHT BE RICH.”

Low in the dim and sultry west
Is the fierce sun of Syria's sky ;
The evening's grateful hour of rest,
Its hour of feast and joy, is nigh.

But he, with thirst and hunger spent,
Lone, by the wayside faintly sinks ;
A lowly hand the cup hath lent,
And from the humble well he drinks.

* * * * *

On the dark wave of Galilee
The doom of twilight gathers fast,
And o'er the waters drearily
Sweeps the bleak evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his shelter'd rest ;
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And, from his lone, unshelter'd head,
Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.

Why seeks not he a home of rest ?
Why seeks not he the pillow'd bed ?

Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;—
 He hath not where to lay his head !

Such was the lot he freely chose,
 To bless, to save, the human race ;
 And, through his poverty, there flows
 A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

SAMUEL.

THE Hebrew Temple is in dust,
 The open vision pass'd away ;
 Where is the grateful mother's trust ?
 Where holy childhood's guiding ray ?

O ! there's a nobler temple now,
 Where all the nations join in prayer ;
 Sweet peace is on the mother's brow,
 Who consecrates her offspring there !

And infant innocence has heard
 The call of God within his soul ;
 He starts from sleep to take the word,
 And flies to childhood's nearest goal.

A father's and a mother's love
 Are listening to his soul's first cry :—
 He has not learn'd to look above,—
 “ Ye call'd,” he says, “ and here am I.”

“ We call’d thee not, thou precious child,
 For we the call of death have heard ;
 Go, rest again, thou undefil’d,
 ’Tis not for us to give the word.”

He sleeps again, again he wakes :
 The voice is louder now than erst ;
 Through childhood’s bounds the spirit breaks,
 And wakens nature with the burst.

The glow, the melody of morn,
 The laughing sunshine’s noontide beam,
 The harmonies at evening born,
 All have a life and soul for him.

“ Thou call’d’s’t,” he said, “ and here am I,
 And my full heart I give to Thee ! ”
 But nature withers in the eye
 That beams of immortality.

Again he sinks to rest secure ;
 For love and confidence and truth,
 Dwell in the bosom of the pure ;—
 O ! what shall break the trust of youth ?

But still the voice of God is heard :
 He wakes to question life anew,
 To listen to the guiding word
 And lo ! the virtues rise to view.

The heroic deed, the patient sigh,
 And hope that finds a life in death,

And faith with rapture-beaming eye,
And love that needs not human breath.

They come : they wake his soul to flame ;
He springs to meet them with his heart :
“ O tell, bright visions, whence ye came ? ”
“ From God,” they whisper, and depart.

Lo, childhood, on its bended knee,
In the vast temple of the Lord,
That stretches over land and sea,
“ Speak, for thy servant hears thy word.”

“ WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE ? ”

“ Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon
earth that I desire beside thee.”—(*Psalm lxxiii. 25.*)

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth :
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food :
But what's a creature, Lord ! compar'd with Thee ?
O what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love her air : her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul ; and to new sweets invite me :

Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their
flesh,

And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to Thee ?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature ;
My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasures from a foreign shore :
But, Lord of oceans ! when compar'd to Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me !

* * * * *

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
Without thy presence, heaven itself's no pleasure :

If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in Thee,
What's earth, or sky, or sea, or air to me ?

The highest honours that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glowworms, if compar'd to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of care ;
Wisdom, but folly ; joy, disquiet, sadness ;

Friendship is treason, and delights are snares,
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness :

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being when compar'd with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labours got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be

Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of Thee.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth
not intermeddle with his joy."—(*Proverbs* xiv. 10.)

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the
heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
 Alone our secret throbbings : so our prayer
 May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal
 On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
 Beat with another, answering love for love,
 Weak mortals, all entranc'd, on earth would lie,
 Nor listen for those purer strains above.

Or what if Heaven, for once, its searching light
 Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
 The rude bad thoughts, that in our bosom's night
 Wander at large, nor heed Love's gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place?
 As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
 A mother's arm a serpent should embrace :
 So might we friendless live, and die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
 Thou who canst love us, though Thou read us
 true ;

As on the bosom of the ærial lawn
 Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle hue.

So too may soothing Hope thy leave enjoy
 Sweet visions of long sever'd hearts to frame :
 Though absence may impair, or cares annoy,
 Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

We in dark dreams are tossing to and fro,
 Pine with regret, or sicken with despair,
 The while she bathes us in her own chaste glow,
 And with our memory wings her own fond
 prayer.

O bliss of childlike innocence, and love
 Tried to old age ! creative power to win,
 And raise new worlds, where happy fancies rove,
 Forgetting quite this grosser world of sin.

Bright are their dreams, because their thoughts are
 clear,
 Their memory cheering : but the earth-stain'd
 spright,
 Whose wakeful musings are of guilt and fear,
 Must hover nearer earth, and less in light.

Farewell, for her, the ideal scenes so fair—
 Yet not farewell her hope, since Thou hast
 deign'd,
 Creator of all hearts ! to own and share
 The woe of what Thou mad'st, and we have
 stain'd.

Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are thine—
 No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild :
 Nor could we bear to think, how every line
 Of us, thy darken'd likeness and defil'd,

Stands in full sunshine of thy piercing eye,
 But that thou call'st us Brethren : sweet repose
 Is in that word—the Lord who dwells on high
 Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.

ST. PETER'S ENQUIRY.

“Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.”—(*John* xxi. 21, 22.)

“LORD, and what shall this man do?”

Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?

If his love for Christ be true,

Christ hath told thee of his end :

This is he whom God approves,

This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,

Leave it in his Saviour's breast,

Whether, early call'd to bliss,

He in youth shall find his rest,

Or armed in his station wait

Till his Lord be at the gate :

Whether in his lonely course

(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,

Or with Love's supporting force

Cheat the toil and cheer the way :

Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despis'd and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly lov'd ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow Thee.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

“He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him,
We have found the Messiah; and he brought him unto Jesus.”
—(*John* i. 41, 42.)

WHEN brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove

To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpair'd.

Even round the death-bed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover,
And haunt us with no vexing mood
When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel,
We shall live on, though Fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that would'st grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of his roof,
Till thou have scann'd his features well,
And known Him for the Christ by proof;

Such proof as they are sure to find,
Who spend with him their happy days,
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind
Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of heaven,
 Go, and thine erring brother gain,
 Entice him home to be forgiven,
 Till he, too, see his Saviour plain ;

Or, if before thee in the race,
 Urge him with thine advancing tread,
 Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
 Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give
 To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
 But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
 And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment-seat,
 Though chang'd and glorified each face,
 Not unremember'd ye may meet
 For endless ages to embrace.

ST. JAMES'S DAY.

"Ye shall indeed drink of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with : but to sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father."—(*Matthew* xx. 23.)

Sit down and take thy fill of joy
 At God's right hand, a bidden guest,

Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,
 Eat of the bread that cannot waste.
 O great Apostle ! rightly now
 Thou readeest all thy Saviour meant,
 What time His grave yet gentle brow
 In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

“ Seek ye to sit enthron’d by me ?
 Alas ! ye know not what ye ask,
 The first in shame and agony,
 The lowest in the meanest task—
 This can ye be ? and can ye drink
 The cup that I in tears must steep,
 Nor from the whelming waters shrink
 That o’er me roll so dark and deep ? ”

“ We can—thine are we, dearest Lord,
 In glory and in agony,
 To do and suffer all Thy word ;
 Only be ‘Thou for ever nigh :’ ”
 “ Then be it so—my cup receive,
 And of my woes baptismal taste :
 But for the crown, that angels weave
 For those next me in glory plac’d,

“ I give it not by partial love ;
 But in my Father’s book are writ
 What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
 That they in heaven may highest sit.”
 Take up the lesson, O my heart ;
 Thou Lord of meekness, write it there,

Thine own meek self to me impart,
 Thy lofty hope, thy lowly prayer :

If ever on the mount with Thee
 I seem to soar in vision bright,
 With thoughts of coming agony
 Stay Thou the too presumptuous flight :
 Gently along the vale of tears
 Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep,
 Let me not grudge a few short years
 With Thee toward heaven to walk and weep :

Too happy, on my silent path,
 If now and then allow'd, with Thee,
 Watching some placid holy death,
 Thy secret work of love to see ;
 But O most happy, should thy call,
 Thy welcome call, at last be given—
 "Come where thou long hast stor'd thy all,
 Come see thy place prepar'd in heaven."

PRAYER.

"Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons ;
 but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness
 is accepted with him."—(*Acts* x. 34, 35.)

Go up and watch the new-born rill
 Just trickling from its mossy bed,

Streaking the heath-clad hill
 With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career foretel,
 What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
 How far in ocean's swell
 Her freshening billows send ?

Perchance that little brook shall flow
 The bulwark of some mighty realm,
 Bear navies to and fro
 With monarchs at their helm.

Or canst thou guess, how far away
 Some sister nymph, beside her urn
 Reclining night and day,
 'Mid reeds and mountain fern,

Nurses her store, with thine to blend
 When many a moor and glen are past,
 Then in the wide sea end
 Their spotless lives at last ?

Even so, the course of prayer who knows ?
 It springs in silence where it will,
 Springs out of sight, and flows
 At first a lonely rill :

But streams shall meet it by and by
 From thousand sympathetic hearts,
 Together swelling high
 Their chant of many parts.

Unheard by all but angel ears
 The good Cornelius knelt alone,
 Nor dream'd his prayers and tears
 Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terrac'd roof
 The lov'd Apostle to his Lord
 In silent thought aloof
 For heavenly vision soar'd.

Far o'er the glowing western main
 His wistful brow was upward rais'd,
 Where, like an angel's train,
 The burnish'd water blaz'd.

The saint beside the ocean prayed,
 The soldier in his chosen bower,
 Where all his eye surveyed
 Seem'd sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer,
 Yet brethren true in dearest love
 Were they—and now they share
 Fraternal joys above.

There daily through Christ's open gate
 They see the Gentile spirits press,
 Brightening their high estate
 With dearer happiness.

What civic wreath for comrades sav'd
 Shone ever with such deathless gleam,

Or when did perils brav'd
So sweet to veterans seem?

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know, that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is."—
(1 *John* iii. 2.)

THERE are, who, darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only shew
The secret of their unknown woe:
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain:
"Only disperse the cloud," they cry,
"And if our fate be death, give light and let us
die."

Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet
To profit by thy chastenings sweet,
For thou would'st have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill,
That on thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean,
And this our frail and foundering bark
Guide in the narrow wake of thy beloved ark.

'Tis so in war—the champion true
 Loves victory more, when dim in view
 He sees her glories gild afar
 The dusky edge of stubborn war,
 Than if the untrodden bloodless field
 The harvest of her laurels yield;
 Let not my bark in calm abide,
 But win her fearless way against the chafing tide.

'Tis so in love—the faithful heart
 From her dim vision would not part,
 When first to her fond gaze is given
 That purest spot in Fancy's heaven,
 For all the gorgeous sky beside,
 Though pledg'd her own and sure t'abide :
 Dearer than every past noon-day
 That twilight gleam to her, though faint and far
 away.

So have I seen some tender flower
 Priz'd above all the vernal bower,
 Shelter'd beneath the coolest shade,
 Embosom'd in the greenest glade,
 So frail a gem, it scarce may bear
 The playful touch of evening air;
 When hardier grown we love it less,
 And trust it from our sight, not needing our caress.

And wherefore is the sweet spring-tide
 Worth all the changeful year beside ;

The last-born babe, why lies its part
 Deep in the mother's inmost heart?
 But that the Lord and source of love
 Would have his weakest ever prove
 Our tenderest care—and most of all
 Our frail immortal souls, His work and Satan's thrall.

So be it, Lord ; I know it best,
 Though not as yet this wayward breast
 Beat quite in answer to thy voice,
 Yet surely I have made my choice ;
 I know not yet the promis'd bliss,
 Know not if I shall win or miss ;
 So doubting, rather let me die,
 Than close with aught beside, to last eternally.

What is the heaven we idly dream?
 The self-deceiver's dreary theme,
 A cloudless sun that softly shines,
 Bright maidens and unfailing vines,
 The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth,
 Poor fragments all of this low earth :
 Such as in sleep would hardly soothe
 A soul that once had tasted of immortal Truth.

What is the heaven our God bestows?
 No prophet yet, no angel knows ;
 Was never yet created eye
 Could see across eternity ;
 Not seraph's wing for ever soaring
 Can pass the sight of souls adoring,

That nearer still and nearer grow
 To the unapproach'd Lord, once made for them so
 low.

Unseen, unfelt their earthly growth,
 And self-accus'd of sin and sloth
 They live and die : their names decay,
 Their fragrance passes quite away ;
 Like violets in the freezing blast
 No vernal steam around they cast,—
 But they shall flourish from the tomb,
 The breath of God shall wake them into odorous
 bloom.

Then on the incarnate Saviour's breast,
 The fount of sweetness, they shall rest,
 Their spirits every hour imbued
 More deeply with his precious blood.
 But peace—still voice and closed eye
 Suit best with hearts beyond the sky,
 Hearts training in their low abode,
 Daily to lose themselves in hope to find their God.

HYMN.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! enthroned once on high,
 Thou favour'd 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
flock'd beneath the wing

Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anoint-
ed 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 accept-
ed time!

So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be!”

HYMN.

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 !"

HYMN.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
 laughing soil ;
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
 mower's toil ;
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and
 the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
 Maker good.
 The birds that wake the morning, and those that
 love the shade,
 The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the
 drowsy glade,
 The Sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
 his way,
 The Moon and Stars, their Master's name in silent
 pomp display.

Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
 Shall Man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
 No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons
 cease to be,
 Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour,
 honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of
 Summer fade,
 The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake
 the shade;
 The winds be lul'd—the Sun and Moon forget their
 old decree,
 But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling
 to Thee.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURES.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
 With garlands gay of various green;
 I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield;
 And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say,
 "Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
 On wheels of amber and of gold;

I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
 Gleam'd 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 bounties gild the span
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
 That cannot speak its woe;
 To see the infant tears gush forth,
 Yet know not why they flow;
 To meet the meek uplifted eye,
 That fain would ask relief,
 Yet can but tell of agony;—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
 To trace the march of death;
 To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
 The quick and shorten'd breath;

To watch the last dread strife draw near,
 And pray that struggle brief,
 Though all is ended with its close ;—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decayed
 The hope of future years ;
 To feel how vain a father's prayers,
 How vain a mother's tears ;
 To think the cold grave now must close
 O'er what was once the chief
 Of all the treasur'd joys of earth ;—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet when the first wild throb is past,
 Of anguish and despair,
 To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
 And think—my child is *there* ;
This best can dry the gushing tear,
 This yields the heart relief,
 Until the Christian's pious hope
 O'ercomes a mother's grief!

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED MINISTER.

SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy lov'd employ ;

The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edg'd blade
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanc'd between.

'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin ;
It kindled and it silenc'd strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.

Bent on such glorious toils,
 The world to him was loss,
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its encumbering clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease;
 And, life's long warfare clos'd at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,

Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !

In all thy ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command :
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

Oft, from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;
Sudden, I found thee near to save ;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast !
Secure within thy arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run ;
But thou art greater than my heart.

Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become ;
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

FOR THE SABBATH.

SWEET is the work, my God ! my King !
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing !
 To shew thy love by morning light
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No earthly cares shall fill my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels, how divine !

But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before)
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;

My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams, which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary lands to stray ;

The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O ! my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring,

To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There drop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide have driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from heaven.

So shall thy wounds and woes be heal'd
By the bless'd virtue that they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth*.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye:
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work, in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night;

Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, upspringing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower ;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Woody by the sun, the wind, the shower :
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care ;
Train'd by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm ;
But, should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grotts, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn ;
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er express'd :

Then, though the nightingale may thrill
 The soul with keener ecstasy,
 The merry bird of morn can fill
 All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
 Coeval with their trees might seem,
 As though he drank from Indian floods
 Life in a renovating stream ;
 Ages o'er him have come and fled,
 'Midst generations of the dead,
 His bulk survives, to feed and range
 Where rang'd and fed of old his sires ;
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
 Of every kind, occult or known,
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit
 Its humble lot and that alone,)
 Through ocean, earth, and air fulfil,
 Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
 Who gave, without their toil or thought,
 Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;
 While through the whole his pleasure wrought
 Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,
 Man, in his Maker's image fram'd,—
 Though kindred to the valley's clod,
 Lord of this low creation nam'd,—

In naked helplessness appears,
 Child of a thousand griefs and fears :
 To labour, pain, and trouble born,
 Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he ;
 Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
 And is a king from infancy.

For, him no destiny hath bound
 To do what others did before,
 Pace the same dull perennial round,
 And be a man, and be no more :
 A man?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
 Just as the lion is, by birth ;
 To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
 His father's joys and sorrows share,
 His niche in Nature's temple keep,
 And leave his likeness in his heir !—

No ; infinite the shades between
 The motley millions of our race ;
 No two the changing moon hath seen
 Alike in purpose, or in face ;
 Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;
 The least, the meanest, would be great ;
 The mighty future fills the mind,
 That pants for more than earth can give :
 Man, to this narrow sphere confin'd,
 Dies when he but begins to live.

O ! if there be a world on high
 To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;

If man be only born to die,
 Whence this inheritance of hope ?
 Wherefore to him alone were lent
 Riches that never can be spent ?
 Enough, not more, to all the rest,
 For life and happiness, was given ;
 To man, mysteriously unblest'd,
 Too much for any statè but heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,
 That one so gloriously endow'd
 With views that reach eternity,
 Should shine and vanish like a cloud :
 Is there a God ?—all Nature shews
 There *is*,—and yet no *mortal* knows ;
 The mind that could this truth conceive,
 Which brute sensation never taught,
 No longer to the dust would cleave,
 But grow immortal with the thought.

THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf,
 On yonder stately tree,
 After a season gay and brief,
 Condemn'd to fade and flee :

I should be loth to fall
 Beside the common way,
 Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
 Till trodden down to clay.

Nor would I choose to die
 All on a bed of grass,
 Where thousands of my kindred lie,
 And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
 My thin and wither'd face
 In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
 A mummy of my race.

No,—on the wings of air
 Might I be left to fly,
 I know not and I heed not where;
 A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
 Curl'd like a fairy-boat,
 As through the changes of a dream,
 To the world's end to float!

Who that hath ever been,
 Could bear to be no more?
 Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
 Man's spirit will move on;

Is seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quench'd, but gone.

NIGHT.

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

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

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

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears

Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years ;
 Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
 But died when young like things of earth.

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

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours mispent,
 To see the spectre of Despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
 Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;
 When, from the eye, the soul
 Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
 Of yonder starry pole,
 Discerns beyond the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

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

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

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

“Ye have done it unto me.”—(*Matt. xxv. 40.*)

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief
 Hath often cross'd me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer, “Nay :”
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came,
 Yet was there something in his eye,
 That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He enter'd ;—not a word he spake ;—
 Just perishing for want of bread ;
 I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,
 And ate,—but gave me part again ;
 Mine was an Angel's portion then,
 For, while I fed with eager haste,
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
 The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
 I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
 Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
 Dipt, and return'd it running o'er ;
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof ;
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof ;
 I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
 Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
 Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
 In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
 I saw him by the highway-side ;
 I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was heal'd ;
 I had myself a wound conceal'd ;
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
 And honour'd him 'midst shame and scorn :

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He ask'd, if I for him would die;
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
 The Stranger darted from disguise;
 The tokens in his hand I knew,
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
 He spake; and my poor name He nam'd;
 "Of me thou hast not been asham'd:
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

TRUE HAPPINESS.

WHETHER in crowds or solitudes, in streets
 Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
 In vain to ask, her nature makes it vain,
 Though poets much, and hermits, talk'd and sung
 Of brooks, and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
 And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
 And with the nymph made assignations there,
 And wooed her with the love-sick oaten reed;
 And sages too, although less positive,
 Advis'd their sons to court her in the shade.
 Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
 Was self-approving, God-approving joy,

In drops of dew, however pure ? in gales,
 However sweet ? in wells, however clear ?
 Or groves, however thick with verdant shade ?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair,
 How fair at morn and even ! worthy the walk
 Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
 Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss :
 But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
 They wak'd the native fountains of the soul,
 Which slept before ; and stirr'd the holy tides
 Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
 From its own treasures, draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
 Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
 Declar'd : Who finds it, let him find it there ;
 Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
 In vain ; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.

True Happiness had no localities,
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
 Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
 And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
 Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
 Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
 Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
 Of honest suffering sooth'd, or injury
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
 Where'er an evil passion was subdued,

Or Virtue's feeble embers fann'd ; where'er
 A sin was heartily abjur'd, and left ;
 Where'er a pious act was done, or breath'd
 A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish ;
 There was a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
 Where Happiness, descending, sat and smil'd.

DEATH OF A MOTHER.

SHE—she we lost was lovely, and we lov'd
 Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh
 As yesterday, is yet the day she died.
 It was an April day ; and blithely all
 The youth of nature leap'd beneath the sun,
 And promis'd glorious manhood ; and our hearts
 Were glad, and round them danc'd the lightsome
 blood,
 In healthy merriment, when tidings came,
 A child was born : and tidings came again,
 That she who gave it birth was sick to death.
 So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy !
 We gather'd round her bed, and bent our knees
 In fervent supplication to the Throne
 Of Mercy, and perfum'd our prayers with sighs
 Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks

Of self-abasement ; but we sought to stay
 An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
 For heaven ; and Mercy, in her love, refus'd,
 Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least !
 Most gracious when she seem'd the most to frown !
 The room I well remember, and the bed
 On which she lay, and all the faces too,
 That crowded dark and mournfully around.
 Her father there and mother, bending, stood ;
 And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
 Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,
 And brothers, and they wept ; her sisters, too,
 Did weep and sorrow, comfortless ; and I,
 Too, wept, though not to weeping given ; and all
 Within the house was dolorous and sad.
 This I remember well ; but better still,
 I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
 The dying eye ! That eye alone was bright,
 And brighter grew, as nearer death approach'd ;
 As I have seen the gentle little flower
 Look fairest in the silver beam which fell,
 Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon
 Came down, and o'er the desert scatter'd far
 And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
 To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her
 plac'd.
 She look'd upon its face, that neither smil'd
 Nor wept, nor knew who gaz'd upon't ; and laid
 Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
 For it, with look that seem'd to penetrate

The heavens, unutterable blessings, such
 As God to dying parents only granted,
 For infants left behind them in the world.
 "God, keep my child!" we heard her say, and
 heard

No more. The Angel of the Covenant
 Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood,
 Prepar'd to walk with her through death's dark
 vale.

And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
 Too bright for ours to look upon, suffus'd
 With many tears, and clos'd without a cloud.
 They set as sets the morning star, which goes
 Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides
 Obscur'd among the tempests of the sky,
 But melts away into the light of heaven.

HYMN.

BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
 Shall meet to part no more;
 And with celestial welcome greet
 On an immortal shore.

The parent finds his long lost child;
 Brothers on brothers gaze:
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is chang'd to joy and praise.

Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,
 With endless bliss is crown'd ;
 All that was dead revives again,
 All that was lost is found.

And while remembrance, lingering still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
 New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 The soul's expanded powers.

Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
 Nor cease, with ever new delight,
 On wings of love to range.

Their Father marks their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down ;
 The smile that owns their filial claim
 Is their immortal crown.

HYMN.

THE Lord, how tender is his love !
 His justice how august !
 Hence all her fears my soul derives,
 There anchors all her trust.

He showers the manna from above,
 To feed the barren waste ;

Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.

He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease ;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.

His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.

For me, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring,
Do all my withering blessings die
Or fairer clusters spring,—

O grant that still with grateful heart
My years resign'd may run ;
'Tis thine to give or to resume,
And may thy will be done !

HYMN.

THE swift declining day
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light;
 For, know, its Maker can command
 An instantaneous night.

His word blots out the sun
 In its meridian blaze,
 And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
 The remnant of its days.

On the dark mountain's brow
 Your feet shall quickly slide,
 And from its airy summit dash
 Your momentary pride.

Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the whirling sphere;
 Submissive at his footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.

Then shall new lustre break
 Through horror's darkest gloom,
 And lead you to unchanging light
 In a celestial home.

HYMN.

AUTHOR of Good! to thee I turn;
 Thine ever-wakeful eye

Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fear beside.

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath;
Who envies none that change doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood,
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 To crave for less, and more obey,
 Nor dare with Heaven's decree contend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

WE are pilgrims all on Life's rugged way,
 And some wear the stole and the staff—
 But how tried are these through their toilsome day,
 By the scorner's dreaded laugh.

For while on they go in their pilgrim guise,
 And hat with cockle-shells,
 How oft the worldly scorner cries,
 "Lo folly, with cap and bells!"

But the pilgrim prays—and then trials are light,
 For prayer to him on his way,

Resembles the pillar of fire by night,
And the guiding cloud by day.

And vain were the hat, the staff and stole,
And all outward signs were a snare,
Unless the pilgrim's endanger'd soul,
Were inwardly cloth'd in prayer.

And salvation's helm the pilgrim wears,
Or vain were all other dress—
And the shield of faith the pilgrim bears,
With "the breastplate of righteousness."

So clad, so arm'd, to his journey's end
He goes secure from wrongs,
And when Zion's Hill his feet ascend,
How sweetly will sound her songs!

But rough are its sides, and steep its ascent!
Yet if onward he firmly go,
Protecting wings will be over him bent,
And the Saviour will strength bestow.

And when Zion's glittering walls are near,
Though his eyes may with tears be dim,
Some rays from her gates his soul will cheer,
And the swell of her choral hymn.

At length, his tears all wiped away,
He enters the City of Light,
And how gladly he changes his gown of grey,
For Zion's robe of white!

Then the dear and the blessed ones meet his gaze,
 From whom death no more shall sever,
 And he joins in their endless hymn of praise,
 "HALLELUJAH! FOR EVER, AND EVER!"

THE MISSIONARY.

He was the first that ever bore
 Glad tidings of that desert-shore.

MY heart goes with thee, dauntless man,
 Freely as thou dost hie,
 To sojourn with some barbarous clan,
 For them to toil, or die.
 Fondly our spirits to our own
 Cling, nor to part allow;
 Thine to some land forlorn has flown,—
 We turn,—and where art thou?
 Thou climb'st the vessel's lofty side,—
 Numbers are gathering there;
 The youthful warrior in his pride,
 The merchant in his care:
 Hearts which for knowledge track the seas,
 Spirits which lightly rove,
 Glad as the billows and the breeze—
 And thou—the child of love.
 A savage shore receives thy tread;
 Companion thou hast none;

The wild boughs wave above thy head,
 Yet still thou journeyest on ;
 Threading the tangled wild-wood drear,
 Piercing the mountain glen,
 Till wearily thou drawest near
 The haunts of lonely men.

Strange is thine aspect to their eyes ;
 Strange is thy foreign speech ;
 And wild and strong is their surprise
 At marvels thou dost teach.
 Thy strength alone is in thy words ;
 Yet armies could not bow
 The spirit of those barbarous hordes
 So readily as thou.

But Oh ! thy heart, thou home-sick man,
 With saddest thoughts runs o'er,
 Sitting, as fades the evening wan,
 Silently at thy door.
 Yet, that poor hut upon the wild,
 A stone beneath the tree,
 And souls to heaven's love reconcil'd—
 These are enough for thee.

SONNET.

O NOT to other worlds, poor child of earth !
 Alone for comfort and for peace repair :

Believe it, heavenly bliss must *here* have birth,
 And that must bud below which blossoms *there*.
 True, fitter soils and more delicious air,
 And brighter suns above shall influence give ;
 But thou, the while, must inward strength prepare,
 That better life, even now, begin to live,
 And look for heavenly peace:—since happiness,
 Born from above, is free for all—for thee—
 And if thine inmost soul delights to bless
 And commune with the God of purity,
 Earth has no bounds thy spirit to detain,
 And heaven no bars thine entrance to restrain.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

“And thou shalt make a mercy-seat of pure gold.—And *there*
 I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from
 above the mercy-seat.”—(*Exodus* xxv. 17, 22.)

* * * * *

“Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh,
 when ye shall, neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem,
 worship the Father.—But the hour cometh, and now is, when
 the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in
 truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.”—(*John* iv.
 21, 23.)

IN the world's infancy, when Heaven began
 To train for better things the race of man ;
 When, shadow'd forth, in long, obscure array,
 Dark emblems pointed out the future day,

Then glorious was the sound, the voice how sweet,
That told the sinner of a mercy-seat !

Where want, and guilt, and woe, might fearless flee,
Trusting the promise, "There I'll meet with thee."

How dear that place of refuge ! Often there
The wounded spirit found relief in prayer :
There high-born Hope look'd up with eye serene ;
Yet still the veil, the veil hung thick between.

Years roll away : the Sun of Righteousness
Upsprings, at last, the darken'd world to bless ;
The veil is rent ; the imperfect emblems fall ;
The holy Priest hath enter'd "once for all."

Now comes the voice (and O ! how far above
That other voice !) of pardon, peace, and love—
"Come, thou afflicted, toss'd, and tempest-driven !"
Come, hear the message of indulgent Heaven.

"Nor in this mountain shall my dwelling be,
Nor in that temple shall they seek for me :
Where the true worshipper pours forth his prayer,
There is mine altar—I will meet him there.

"In low-roof'd dwellings, at the couch of pain,
When midnight shades invite to rest in vain,
There, if the humble, contrite spirit be,
Doubt not, afflicted, I will meet with thee.

"Nor less in strong temptation's fiery hour,
When pleasure sways, when passion tries her power,

If then, e'en then, the imploring voice of prayer
For strength, for safety rise, I will be there.

"Or in the desert, on the trackless deep,
When winds and waves their ceaseless roarings
keep,
Canst thou believe, all threatening though it be?
Then shall my Spirit whisper peace to thee.

"And ye by sorrows worn, by age oppress'd,
Who peaceful sink on earth's soft lap to rest,
In Jesus sleeping,—slumber where ye may,
I will be with you at that awful day."

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the temple-service:—by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoic'd to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills: and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,

With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
 Of Syria's heaven, she paus'd, that he might rest;
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chas'd the sleep
 That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and
 watch

The crimson, deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
 As at a red flower's heart:—and where a fount
 Lay, like a twilight-star, 'midst palmy shades,
 Making its banks green gems along the wild,
 There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
 Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls
 To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reach'd,
 The earth's One Sanctuary—and rapture hush'd
 Her bosom, as before her, through the day
 It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
 In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
 Wan'd to the farewell moment, when the boy
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
 Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
 Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her
 arm

Clung, as the ivy clings,—the deep spring-tide
 Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
 Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
 Of weeping and sad song.—“Alas!” she cried,

“Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
 And now fond thoughts arise,

And silver cords again to earth have won me ;
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—

How shall I hence depart ?

“ How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert
 playing,

So late, along the mountains, at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,

By every place of flowers my course delaying,

Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,

Beholding thee so fair ?

“ And Oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath
 parted ;

Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its doors away ?

While, through its chambers wandering, weary-
 hearted,

I languish for thy voice which past me still

Went, like a singing rill ?

“ Under the palm-trees thou no more shall meet
 me,

When from the fount at evening I return

With the full water-urn.

Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet
 me

As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,

And watch for thy dear sake.

G G

“And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round
thee

Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed?

Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound
thee,

To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,

A cry which none shall hear?

“What have I said, my child? Will HE not hear
thee

Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?

Shall He not guard thy rest?

And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,

Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

“I give thee to thy God, the God that gave thee
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!

And precious as thou art,

And pure as dew of Hermon, he shall have thee,

My own, my beautiful, my undefil’d,

And thou shalt be His child.

“Therefore, farewell! I go—my heart may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks.—

But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;

Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,

The Rock of Strength—farewell!”

SONNET.

SEE from his eastern couch the SUN arise
 To run his glorious race, and scatter round
 His heavenly rays to earth's remotest bound;
 While songs of praise and joy salute the skies.
 Emblem of ONE more beautiful, whose light
 Can know no change, whose living glories shine
 In human hearts that worship at his shrine.
 The heathen worships THEE,—and shall thy bright
 Unspotted beams awake my eyes in vain,
 To this fair world of harmony and love,
 Nor yet a holier joy my bosom move
 To raise a voice of praise in Nature's fane,
 And bless the light that scatters mortal gloom,
 And sheds a deathless radiance o'er the tomb?

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

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

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

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

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

There are smiles and tears in that gathering
 band
 Where the heart is pledg'd with the trembling
 hand,
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parent and home farewell!
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Elle etait du Monde, ou les plus belles choses
 Ont le pire destin :
 Et Rose, elle a dure, ce que durent les roses,
 L'espace d'un matin.

EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust ;
 That which hath left our home a darken'd place,
 Wanting the form, the smile, now veil'd with dust,
 The light departed with our loveliest face.
 Yet from thy bonds undying hope springs free—
 We have but *lent* our beautiful to thee.

But thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what THOU hast
 taken,
 And, with our treasure, keep our hearts on
 high !
 The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
 The faith, the love, the lofty constancy,
 Guide us where these are with our sister flown—
 They were of Thee, and thou hast claim'd thine
 own !

HYMN.

My God, I thank thee! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisement severe;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear!

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
 The sun shines bright and man is gay;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
 That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Is earth's pale wanderer doom'd to know;
 But not one prayer is breath'd in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ!
 Thy purposes of love fulfil!
 And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 May kneeling faith adore thy will.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

HUSH! 'tis an holy hour,—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds

A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the deep stillness, down on young, bright
 heads,
 With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
 And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in
 prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath the earnest brow of thought.—
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
 And death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd*
 Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun,—
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes;

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled
 springs
 Of Hope make melody where'er ye tread;
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of spirits, visiting but youth, be spread;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness,—how soon her woe!

* "Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber."

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep

And patient smiles to wear through sorrow's hour,
And sunless riches, from affections deep

To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray !

Her lot is on you ; to be found untir'd

Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;
Meekly to bear all wrong, to cheer decay,
And O ! to love through all things—therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm, vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days, fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
Earth will forsake—O ! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

O ! LOVELY voices of the sky
Which hymn'd the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"

To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in time gone by,
 Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
 O, voices of the sky !

O, clear and shining light, whose beams
 That hour Heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherd's head,—
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of hope, and joy, and faith—
 O, clear and shining light !

O, star which led to Him, whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free !
 Where art thou ? 'Midst the host above
 May we still gaze on Thee ?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth may not dim ;
 Send them to guide us yet
 O, star which led to Him !

HYMN.

Isaiah lx. 19—21.

THE sun shall no longer his brightness shed o'er
 thee ;
 The moon give her beams in the darkness of night,

But the Lord of all power shall himself be thy
glory,

The great God above thine unperishing light.

The moon shall no longer withdraw in the dawn-
ing,

The bright sun go down in the evening to rest,
For the Lord shall be thine—an unchangeable
morning,

And thy days on the earth be eternally blest.

Thy people shall then be all righteous and holy,
And in peace shall for ever inherit the land ;
The branch of my planting, wherein I will glory,
The pride, and the wonderful work of my hand.

FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

“Doubtless thou art our father, though Abraham be ignorant
of us, and Israel acknowledge us not.”—(*Isaiah* lxiii. 16.)

STRANGE to our ears the church-bells of our home,

The fragrance of our old paternal fields

May be forgotten ; and the time may come

When the babe's kiss no sense of pleasure yields

Even to the doting mother : but thine own

THOU never canst forget, nor leave alone.

There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs ;

None loves them best. O vain and selfish sigh !

Out of the bosom of His love He spares—

The Father spares the Son, for thee to die :
For thee He died—for thee He lives again,
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside

Nor man nor angel liv'd in heaven or earth :
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide

To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth ;
They shine and shine with unexhausted store—
Thou art thy Saviour's portion—seek no more.

THE INVOCATION.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night !

Where is the spirit gone ;
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze, hath flown ?
And the stars answer'd me—" We roll

In light and power on high—
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die !"

O, many ton'd and chainless wind !

Thou art a wanderer free ;
Tell me if *thou* its place canst find,
Far over mount or sea ?

And the wind murmur'd in reply,
 "The blue deep I have cross'd,
 And met its barks and billows high,
 But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
 Around the setting sun,
 Answer! Have ye a home for those
 Whose earthly race is run?
 The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,
 We vanish from the sky;
 Ask what is deathless in thy heart
 For that which cannot die!"

Speak then, thou voice of God within!
 Thou of the deep, low tone!
 Answer me! Through life's restless din,
 Where is the spirit flown?
 And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still!
 Enough to know is given:
 Clouds, winds, and stars *their* task fulfil—
Thine is to trust in Heaven."

MORNING HYMN FOR A YOUNG PERSON.

ANOTHER smiling day I see,
 Another day, my God! for thee.

H H

To thee may I devote my powers,
And all these bright and happy hours.

Another smiling day I see,
Then let me bend in prayer to thee ;
And thank thee for my tranquil rest,
The sleep thy guardian care has blest.

Another smiling day I see,
And various duty points to thee—
Let each devoted action prove
Thy child's unbounded faith and love.

When evening's tranquil shades descend,
With thee this smiling day shall end,
And still the darker shades of night,
Thy presence, Lord ! shall gild with light !

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.*

THOU sleep'st—but when wilt thou wake, fair
child ?

When the fawn awakes midst the forest wild ?

When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of
morn ?

When the first rich breath of the rose is born ?

* On Chantrey's monument for the infant daughter of Sir Thomas Ackland.

Lovely thou sleep'st, yet something lies
 Too deep and still on thy soft-seal'd eyes :
 Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see,
 When will the hour of thy rising be?—

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark
 On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark.
 Grief with vain, passionate tears hath wet
 The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;
 Love with sad kisses unfelt hath press'd
 Thy meek dropp'd eyelids and quiet breast ;
 And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,
 Shall colour all blossoms, fair child, but Thee.
 Thou'rt gone from us, bright one ! that thou
 shouldst die,

And life be left to the butterfly !
 Thou'rt gone, as a dew-drop is swept from the
 bough,

O for the world where thy home is now !
 How may we love but in doubt and fear,
 How may we anchor our fond hearts here,
 How should e'en Joy but a trembler be,
 Beautiful Dust ! when we look on Thee ?

THE STORM.

I HEARD the voice of the midnight blast
 Over my roof-tree howling ;

And I shudder'd to think how many a mast,
 Where the hands of the drowning had clung to the
 last,
 On the mountain-seas was rolling.

And the hollow gusts swept dismal and loud
 On their pitiless career—
 Save, when a lulling pause allow'd
 The awful peal from the thunder-cloud
 To burst on the startled ear.

And down in torrents fell the rain,
 Levelling the branches low,
 And crushing the hope of the golden grain,
 That erewhile had wav'd like the summer main ;
 And seem'd in its beauty, before it was slain,
 For the life of man to grow.—

And, as the morning broke, it frown'd
 With a grey and sullen eye ;
 And the scared shepherd, seeking, found
 His scatter'd flocks were dead on the ground ;
 And the work of destruction, his dwelling round,
 Smote on him mournfully.

For, one fair girl's imploring looks
 Were lifted for help to him ;
 And a rosy boy had left his books,
 To gaze on the swoln and roaring brooks,
 And watch how the sheaves could swim.

Their mother clasp'd them to her heart
 With bitter but silent grief:
 For the burning tear-drops would not start,
 And her choking sighs could bear no part
 In a passing respite brief.

Then stood by their side an aged man,
 And his locks were silver white.
 "Listen! ye children of dust," he began,
 "And learn to admit, in His awful plan,
 That the Judge of the earth does right.

"He has quench'd your hearth—He has stripp'd
 your roof,
 In the dealings of His will.—
 Hold fast your faith, and abide the proof,
 And His merciful hand shall keep aloof
 A far severer ill.

"Your human blossoms—are *they* not spar'd?
 Are *ye* not preserv'd for *them*?
 Oh, heavy the sorrow ye twain had shar'd,
 If the bolt for *their* heads had been prepar'd;
 And who for the opening buds had car'd,
 If blighted the parent stem?

"Then, in whate'er He hath given, or taken,
 His righteous name adore!
 So be your peace by storms unshaken,
 And your spirit, not even in death forsaken,
 Shall rejoice for evermore."

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THY neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or 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 comfort 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,
Fetter'd 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 favour'd than thine own,

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

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

SECRET WORSHIP.

WOULDST thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour ?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

Sweeter songs than poets sing
Thou shalt for thine offering bring—
The unutter'd hymn that dwells
In devotion's deepest cells.

Know, that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign
In that calm of quiet thought
Which the passions trouble not.

And that living temple, where
Peace and hope and silence are,

Is the sacred citadel
Where the Father loves to dwell.

Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul many learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

“THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.”

WHAT was it in the viewless wind
Wild rushing through the oak,
Seem'd to my listening, dreaming mind
As though a spirit spoke?

What is it to this murmuring stream
Doth give so sweet a song,
That on its waves my thoughts do seem
To pour themselves along?

What is it on this dizzy height,
What in each glowing star,
That speaks of things beyond the sight,
And questions what they are?

What in the rolling thunder's voice,
What in the ocean's roar,

Hears the grand chorus "O rejoice!"

Echo from shore to shore?

What in the gentle moon doth see

Pure thoughts and tender love?

And hear delicious melody

Around, below, above?

What bids the savage tempest speak

Of terror and dismay?

And wakes the agonizing shriek

Of guilt that fears to pray?

It is this ever-living mind,

This little throb of life,

Hears its own echoes in the wind,

And in the tempest's strife.

To all that's sweet, and bright, and fair,

Its own affections gives,

Sees its own image every where,

Through all creation lives.

It bids the everlasting hills

Give back the solemn tone;

This boundless arch of azure fills

With accents all its own.

What is this life-inspiring mind?

This omnipresent thought?

How shall it ever utterance find

For all itself hath taught?

To Him who breath'd the heavenly flame
 Its mysteries are known ;
 It seeks the source from whence it came,
 And rests in God alone.

FROM A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF A
 YOUNG FRIEND.

* * * * *
 THOU art gone :—but the thought of all thou hast
 been,

Survives the grave we have sadly seen ;
 And thy spirit with us outlives life's close,
 As the perfume breathes o'er the faded rose.

Soon was thy path in this cold world trod,
 Early thy spirit was call'd to God :—
 Like the mist by the pure night-rainbow spann'd,
 Exhal'd to brighten a starrier land.

May we keep our hearts as thine was kept,
 That the tears we shed may for us be wept !
 May we pass like thee through pleasure and pain,
 That the lost and living may meet again !

Thy task is done, and thy star-wreath twin'd,
 We are yet in the world thou hast left behind ;

To walk, by the twilight of Time's dim sky,
To the burning dawn of Eternity.

Farewell—but not for ever, farewell!
There's a golden world where the pure shall dwell:
All tears will be wip'd on that radiant shore,
And the mourned and mourner part no more.

SONNET.

“For thou comest far short, that thou shouldest be able to
love my creature more than I.”—(2 *Esdras* viii. 47.)

In the deep visions of the midnight hour
My soul was wrapp'd:—methought my spirit
stray'd
O'er the wide earth—its darkest scenes survey'd,
And all the littleness of human power
Felt with a force it never felt before:—
Sad visions came of mortal misery,
And thought of tears I would, but could not, dry,
Faith droop'd, and Hope her cheerful song gave
o'er.
“And who art thou,” a gentle voice replied,
“Who think'st to love my creatures more than I?
Shall not the hand that made them well divide
To each the portion of his destiny?”

Yes, thou benignant Being!—To the dust
Hurl our vain hopes—but thou shalt have our
trust!

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

My Father! when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
And life's bright visions droop and fade
And darkness veils my future doom,

Oh! in that anguish'd hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to Thee,
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amidst that cold, sad destiny.

They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe;
And strengthen'd by them, in thy sight,
Father! to drink thy cup I go.

Thy will be done—I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love,
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears;

The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

Father! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the things of time;
And bid my soul on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime!

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust
Like shadows of the night remove.

That glorious hour will well repay
A life of toil and care and woe:
O Father, *joyful* on my way
To drink thy bitter cup I go!—

HYMN.

WAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild Lord commands,
Each word of His will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.

Hear how his sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds;
Whate'er our state and temper are,
Still some fit work he finds.

They that are merry, let them sing,
 And let the sad hearts pray ;
 Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
 And these their sober way.

Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
 Since both such hopes attend,
 Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
 Delights that never end.

HYMN.

GREATEST of Beings, source of life,
 Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea,
 All nature feels thy power, and all
 A silent homage pay to Thee.

Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
 Pours forth to thee its earlier rays ;
 And spreads thy goodness as it climbs,
 While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.

The moon to the deep shades of night
 Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
 While all the stars that cheer the scene
 Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
 And every flower, and every tree,

Ten thousand beings warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for Thee.

But man was form'd to rise to Heaven,
And, bless'd with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

Subject to wants, to Thee he looks,
And from thy goodness draws supplies ;
And, when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Scarce raise a tender thought to Heaven,
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven,

Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come ;

All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life keep on its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest,

All are thy messengers—and all
 Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey :
 And all are training man to dwell
 Nearer to bliss and nearer THEE.

MEDITATION ON THE WOODS.

FATHER, thy hand
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns ; thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
 down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy
 breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living
 crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches ; till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
 No traces of man's pomp or pride ; no silks
 Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
 Encounter ; no fantastic carvings shew
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here ; thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summits of these trees
 In music ; thou art in the cooler breath,
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
 Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship ; nature, here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
 By whose immoveable stem I stand, and seem
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,
 In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
 For ever. Written on thy works, I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay,
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her fair beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
 Upon the sepulchre, and blooms, and smiles,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outliv'd
 The generation born with them, nor seem'd
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; and there have been holy men,
 Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure

My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
 And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his follies by?
 O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchain'd elements, to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

PEACE AND HOPE AND REST.

MOURNER! thou seekest Rest.
 Rise from thy couch, and dry thy tears unblest,
 And sigh no more for blessings now resign'd.

Go to the fount of life which ever flows ;
 There thou may'st gain oblivion for thy woes,
 There shall thy spirit own a sweet repose.
 Seek Rest, and thou shalt find.

Thou seekest Health, and how ?
 Let gloom and tears no more thy spirit bow :
 Health springs aloft upon the viewless wind ;
 Up to the mountain-top pursue her flight ;
 Over the fresh turf track her footsteps light ;
 In hawthorn bowers, 'mid fountains gushing bright,
 Seek her, and thou shalt find.

But Hope hath left thee too,
 'Mid many griefs and comforts all too few,
 Think not her angel-presence is confin'd
 To earth ; but seek the helps which God hath
 given
 To aid thy feeble sight, and through the heaven
 See where she soars, bright as the star of even ;
 There seek, and thou shalt find.

Dost thou seek Peace ? and where ?
 'Mong thine own wither'd hopes ! she is not there,
 Nor in the depths of thine own darken'd mind ;
 Lay thy heart open to the infant's mirth,
 Tend the bright hopes of others from their birth,
 Look round for all that's beautiful on earth ;
 Seek Peace, and thou shalt find.

Seek Peace, and Hope, and Rest.—

And as the eagle flutters o'er her nest,

And bears her young, all trembling, weak, and
blind,

Up to heaven-gate on her triumphant wing :—

So shall the Lord thy God thy spirit bring

To where eternal suns their radiance fling,

Him seek, and thou shalt find.

THE AUTUMNAL WALK.

How soft the pensive mood that nature wears

When first by Autumn's sombre shade o'er-
spread!

Meek Contemplation in her train she bears,

And woos the soul her quiet walks to tread.

So hush'd the calm that dwells on all around,

While the pure, balmy air stirs not its breath,

It seems as if the landscape slept in death,

Or by some spirit's fairy spell was bound.

O'er the deserted field where late arose

Mirth's rustic strain, the reaper's toil to cheer,

Reigns the deep stillness of the waning year,

That, full of days, sinks to its peaceful close.

Great Nature's God ! thus may thy calm attend,

And gild with hope serene my life's unclouded end.

SONNET.

*Translated from Petrarch.**"Io vo piangendo i miei passati tempi," &c.*

MOURNING the waste of my departed days
 I wander—days when vain and mortal things
 Weigh'd my soul down to earth, though bless'd
 with wings
 To reach, perchance, no vulgar height of praise.
 THOU that hast mark'd my low and worthless ways,
 Invisible, immortal, King of kings!
 Pity my soul in these her wanderings,
 And on my darkness turn thy gracious rays!
 So shall this life of war and storms, in death
 Peaceful, and harbour'd close;—life lost and vain
 But happy now and calm in its decline;
 If o'er what little space may yet remain
 Thy hand preside, and o'er its parting breath:—
 Thou knowest well no other hope is mine.

IDOLS.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,
 Causing that brighter world to disappear,
 Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear;
 This is our world, our idol: though it bear
 Affection's impress or devotion's air!

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit! rest thee now!
 Even while with ours thy footsteps trod
 His seal was on thy brow.
 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.

FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

FRIEND after friend departs:
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end!
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
 Beyond the flight of time—
 Beyond the reign of death—
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath:
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone:
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.
 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away:
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day:
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

“HOW OLD ART THOU?”

COUNT not the days that have idly flown,
 The years that were vainly spent;
 Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own
 When thy spirit stands before the throne
 To account for the talents lent.
 But number the hours redeem'd from sin,
 The moments employ'd for heaven;
 Oh few and evil thy days have been,
 Thy life, a toilsome but worthless scene,
 For a nobler purpose given.
 Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate?
 Will thy sun stand still on his way?

Both hasten on ; and thy spirit's fate
Rests on the point of life's little date :

Then live while 'tis call'd to-day.

Life's waning hours, like the Sybil's page,

As they lessen, in value rise :

O rouse thee and live ! nor deem man's age

Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,

But in days that are truly wise.

A SIMILE.

DIDST thou remark yon dewy sparkling drop,

Trembling awhile upon the flow'ret top,

Loth to depart, and yet soon forc'd to go,

And quickly blended with the stream below ?

Thus 'tis with life : we hang and tremble here,

Sparkle awhile, though still 'midst hope and fear ;

Then comes the rustling breeze, and down we fall

Into that restless tide which takes up all.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun

Thy daily stage of duty run !

Shake off dull sloth, and early rise

To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Awake ! lift up thyself, my heart !
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High thanks to their Almighty King !

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake !

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew !
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill !

Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite !

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God ! this night,
 For all the blessings of the light !
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
 Under thine own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be !

O let my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To work Thy will when I awake !

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day !

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

My God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You Hallelujahs sing on high,
You joyful hymn the ever blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine ;

With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust :
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made,
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

Blest Jesus, Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of thy all-quickenng light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works : yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven !
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end !
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
 fallest,
 Moon, that now meetest the orient sun, now fliest
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb, that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move

In mystic dance, not without song ; resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers ;
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye
 pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave !
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ! ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good : and if the night

Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks :
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
'Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,

Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute, unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee ; marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming,
 thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the Sun, direct, the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ;
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
 breathes ;

O, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
 flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.

Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls ! be hush'd the prostrate world !
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His
praise.

Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THE END.

When even I had the faintest shadow
And when my heart was light as a feather
I thought with thee, dear, with new power
With thee, dear, with thee, I could go
Where I would, I would not be alone
Instilling all you are, and all the time
From a world of evil with a good
And better things again, and better still
In the quietest of the night
To the light of the day, in the light of the day
Come then, my dear, my dear, my dear

THE END

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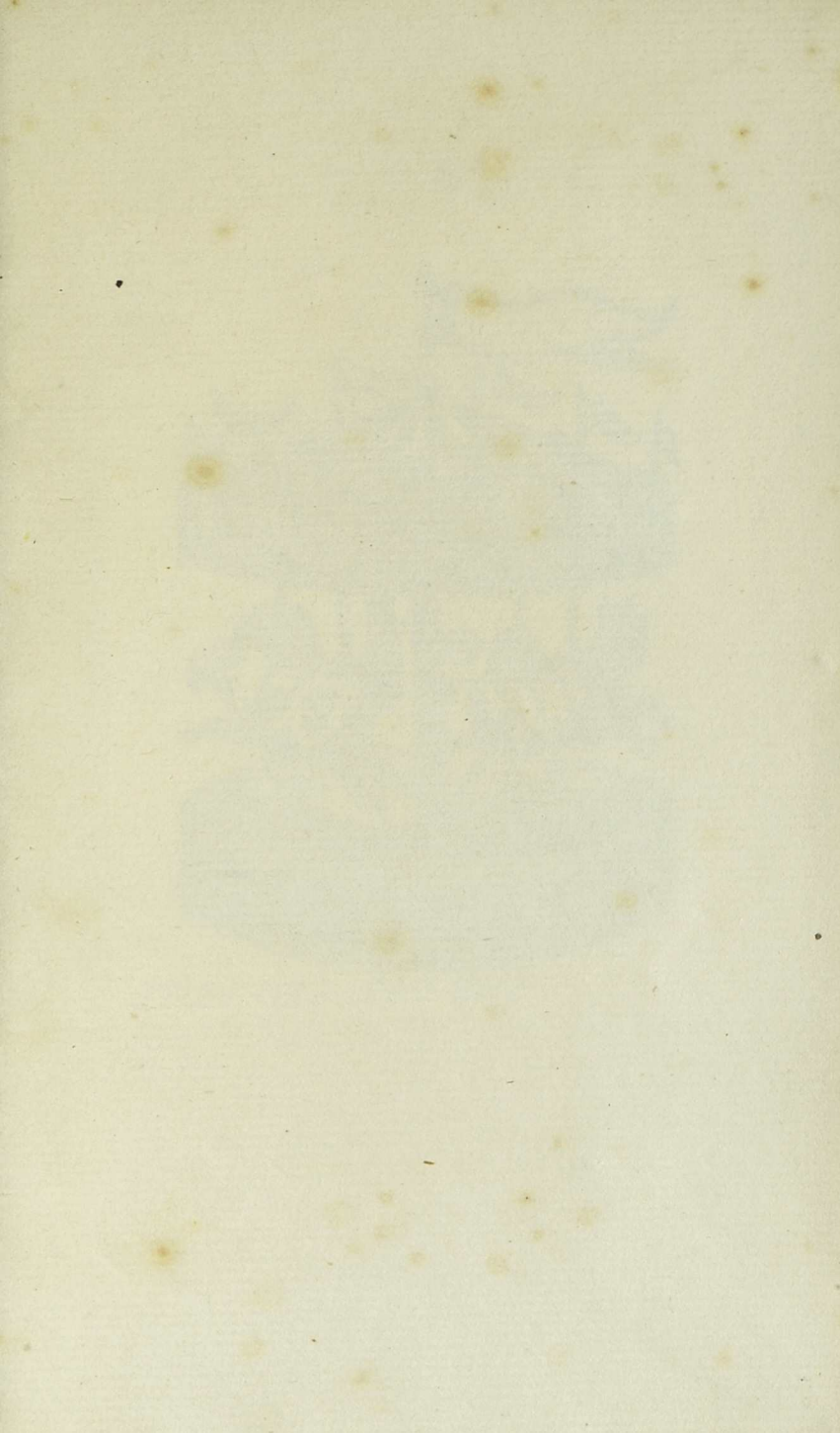
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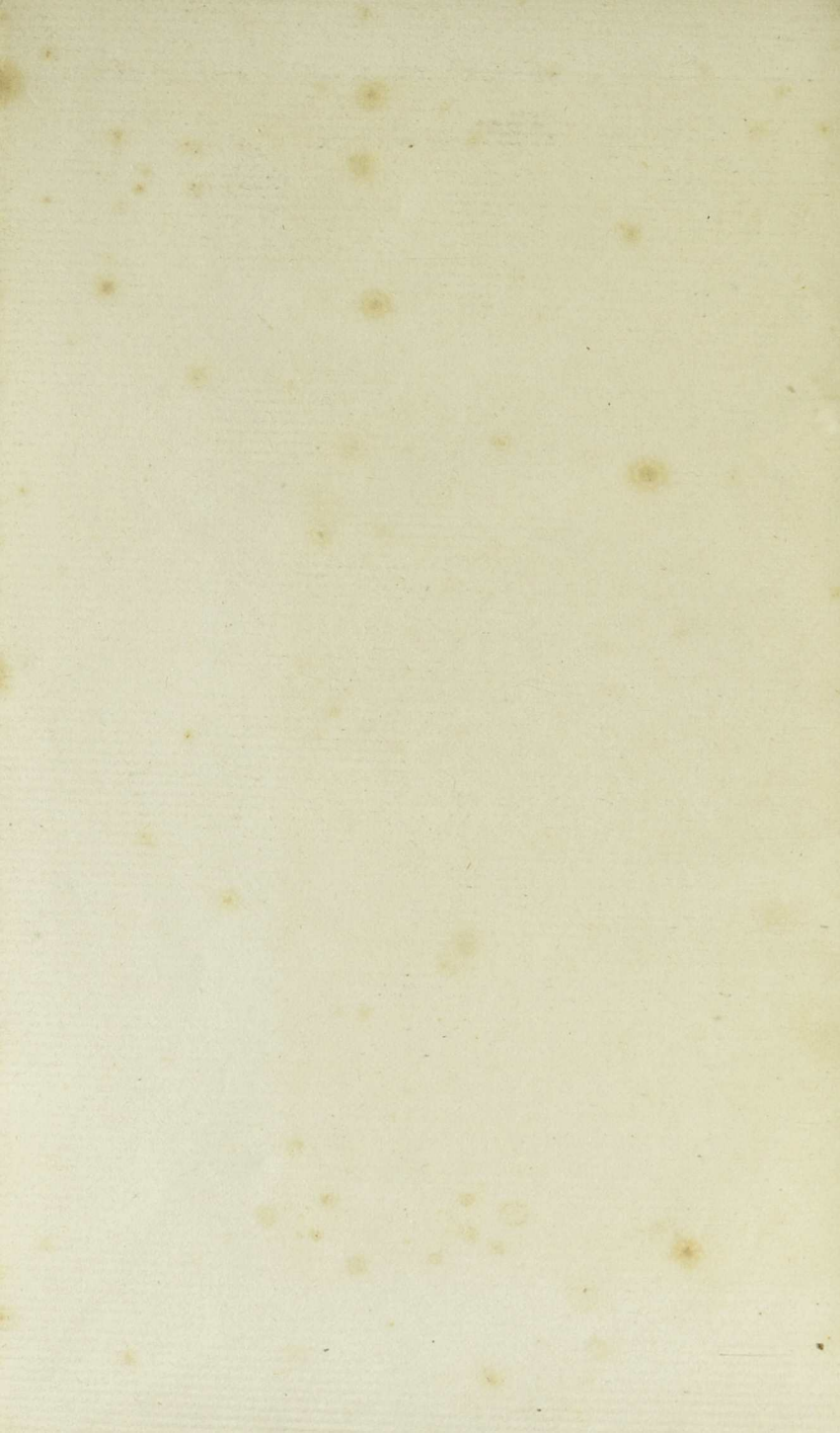
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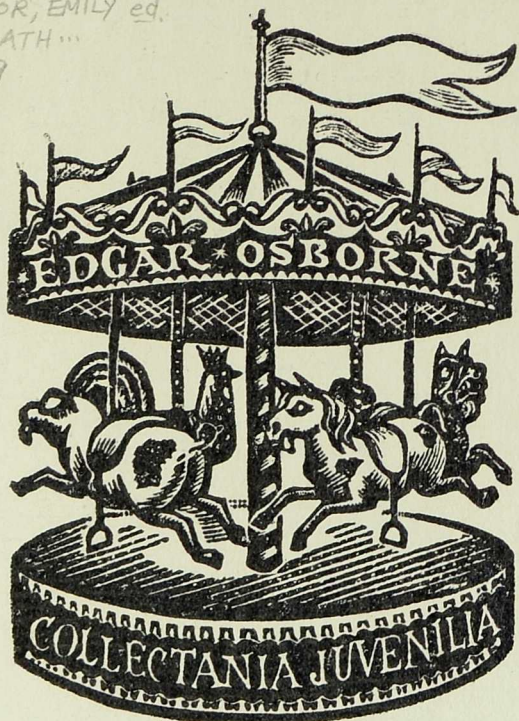
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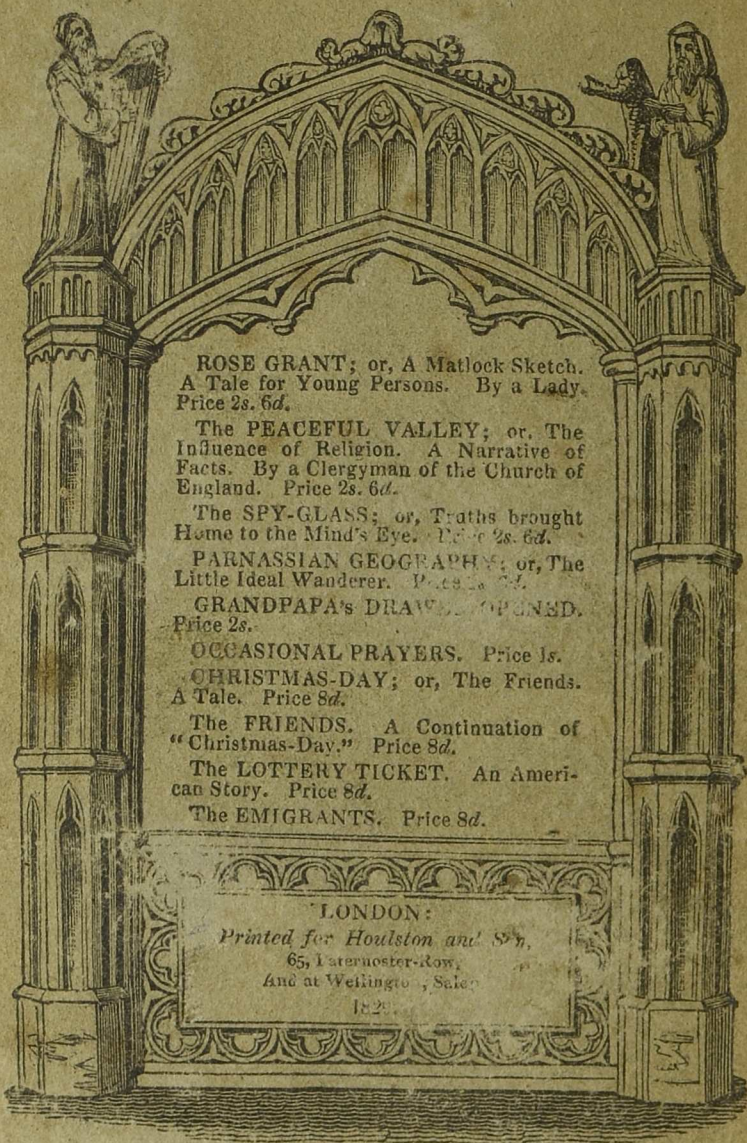




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