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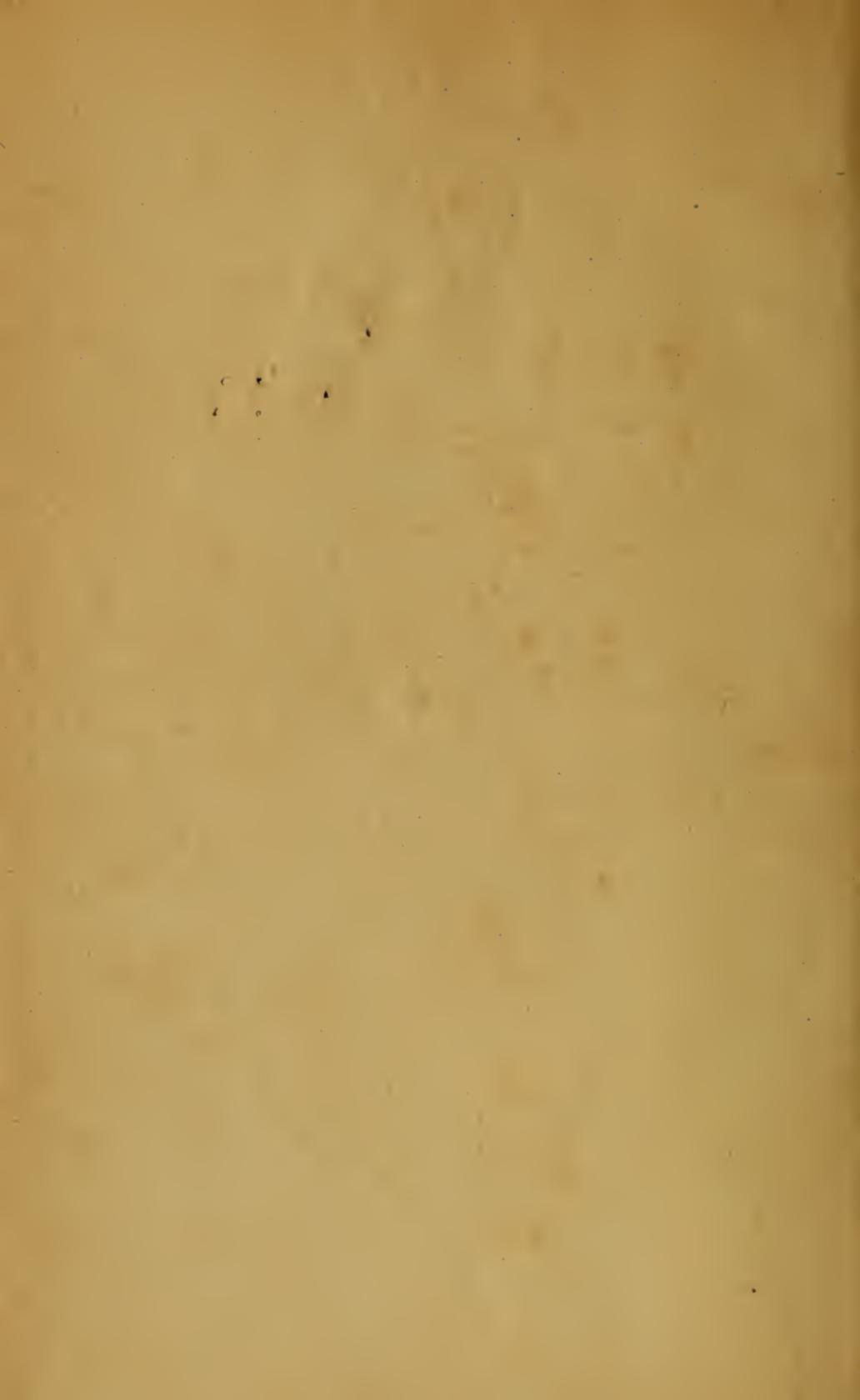
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2062 STOCKTON, T. H. Poems: with autobiographic
and other notes. First ed. 12° cloth. Philadelphia, 1862

The illustrations were engraved on wood by the author's son, the
popular novelist, Frank R. Stockton.





“WHAT NATURE THEN—THE POETESS OF GOD!
HAD SWEETLY SUNG, AS ON HER EMERALD HILLS
MORNING AND EVE SHE WALK’D, WITH CROWN OF STARS
AND DEWY SANDALS,”—

POEMS:



WITH

Autobiographic and other Notes.

(ILLUSTRATED BY DARLEY, HOPPIN, AND OTHERS.)



BY T. H. STOCKTON,

CHAPLAIN TO CONGRESS.



PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM S. & ALFRED MARTIEN,
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1862.

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WILLIAM S. YOUNG, PRINTER.

To

ANY ONE

Who finds either Pleasure or Profit in its Perusal;

from

The sprightly Youth at Home or School,

up to

OUR CAPITAL-PRESIDENT:

This Volume is

dedicated

With most sincere Respect and Affection

By

The Author.

PREFACE.

It may seem strange that such a book as this should appear at all; especially, that it should venture abroad under present circumstances. But the truth is simple, and the case clear.

When I returned from Washington, in March; before the war began, and while we hoped it might be avoided; I was so debilitated as to be unfit for my ministry, even in the feeblest form of it, and had reason to think that life drew near its close. Being again in my study, wishing light employment, and having occasionally been called upon for a collection of poems, chiefly written in my youth, and long out of print; I concluded that, if unable to fulfil my larger designs, I might prepare a somewhat better volume than the former, and, perhaps, give a little pleasure and do a little good by its publication. Commencing thus, I urged the printer to quick progress, lest I should not see it through the press. But, the war

opened; the extra session of Congress came on; my health, by the grace of God, responded to my duty; and the book, of course, was suspended. Afterward, its completion seemed necessary; and so—here it is! As a father very naturally said of his son—"Nobody thinks more of him than I do!" so, if this volume shall answer any worthy purpose, no one will be more glad of it than myself. Indeed, I will be deeply grateful for it.

The Title might have been—**POEMS OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS:** for, as will be seen by their dates, they range through the whole interval from boyhood to the present. Other particulars will be found in the **APPENDIX.**

T. H. S.

Philadelphia : December 1, 1861.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Designer.</i>	<i>Engraver.</i>
NATURE,—THE POETESS OF GOD,	HOPPIN,	FRANK R. STOCKTON.
THE PATRIARCH'S INHERITANCE,	HOPPIN,	—
CARE OF THE CATTLE,	—	FRANK R. STOCKTON.
OCEAN VIEW,	HOPPIN,	“
THE CITY SUNSET,	—	“
MAY IN THE WOODS,	DARLEY,	“
COLUMBUS,	DARLEY,	“
SCENE ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY,	—	“

FAITH AND SIGHT:

OR,

THE SPIRIT-WORLD AND SENSE-WORLD.

“For we walk by faith, not by sight.”—2 Cor. v. 7.

PART FIRST.

THEORY OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

SECTIONS.—I. The Invitation; II. The Authority; III. A Sinless World; IV. The Sinful World; V. The Will of God—Redemption; VI. Summaries of Progress; VII. Current Will of God—Foundation Facts; VIII. Illustrations; IX. Review; X. The Great Trial; XI. Improvement; XII. Transition.

PART FIRST.

THE THEORY.

I.—THE INVITATION.

WE are immortal. Hence the open page,
Poetic, breathes a brother's first desire
For fit communion. Come, whoe'er thou art:
However high, disdain not, Prince of pomp!
And thou, poor Slave of shame! however low,
Distrust not, in thy lone, suspicious grief,
The equal numbers of fraternal love.
Come, learn the lay! it humbly seeks thy good,
And claims—a thoughtful mind and feeling heart.

II.—THE AUTHORITY.

The BIBLE is the text-book of my theme:
And, though nor harp nor muse assist the song,
I gladly venture on sublimer help—
Invoke the holy, all-inspiring gifts
Of Him, our Father! God of truth and grace!

III.—A SINLESS WORLD.

First, let the artless verse attempt to show
Some faint conception of a sinless world.

Had not the gentle Eve inclined her ear,
Touch'd with strange music, to the tempter's voice;

And had not Adam, fondly, husband-like,
 For weal or woe, his fair companion's fate
 Embraced, in love—though not the less in sin;
 And had their hallow'd nature, never lost,
 Supremely ruled in all their rising train
 Of sons and daughters—as their evil, now;
 Then, in the universal reign of peace,
 The earth had never known a curse, and man,
 With daily blessings, thick as sunbeams, pour'd
 In rich diffusion round him, had gone forth,
 Without a fear, to walk the world in joy.

Then, haply, had the even-balanced sphere
 Revolved in endless Spring; and Eden still
 Beheld her flowers in fadeless beauty fresh,
 And all her varied charms, of bloom or life,
 In rapid transit spread through every land;
 Till, from the rising to the setting sun,
 Earth had become one boundless Paradise;
 And saintly nations, from the Trees of Life,
 Waving their healthful boughs by every stream,
 Had pluck'd the fruit of immortality.

Vision had then been harmless: sensual bliss
 Rightly restrain'd by nature, taught of God,
 With bonds that none had broken, none deplored,
 Had been the spirit's free inheritance:
 The bodily organs, perfect in their kind,
 Unerring in perception, all aglow
 With instant sympathies, had been allied
 To perfect objects, thronging heaven and earth:
 And the whole man, among the works divine,
 Had seem'd a living harp, so tenderly tuned,
 That every breath, of power to lift a leaf,
 Tranced him with self-enchancing harmony.

What Nature, then—the Poetess of God!
 Had sweetly sung, as on her emerald hills,
 Morning and eve she walk'd, with crown of stars,
 And dewy sandals, while her golden lyre,
 Quivering with music, glisten'd in the play
 Of the first eastern or last western beams :
 What Art—inspired by Him, Great Architect!
 Who built the universe, and served by hands
 Of finest skill, with vigor never tired—
 Had rear'd, surpassing later works of sin,
 In nobler ornament of height and plain,
 Magnificent and firm; or framed to float,
 With easier motion, graceful, swift and safe,
 On fairer streams and smoother lakes and seas;
 Or form'd of lighter texture, high to soar,
 Through skies serene, ne'er darken'd by a storm,
 O'er fragrant landscapes, lying low and calm—
 The hearts of the familiar passengers,
 Thrilling indeed with rapture, but, from fear
 As free as though they slumber'd in the shade
 Of the home-arbors whence they took their flight:
 What then Philosophy—her brow unwreathed,
 The image of a violet on her breast,
 Meek student at the sacred feet of truth—
 Had learn'd in joy and taught mankind in love:
 And what Religion—beauteously array'd
 In bloodless vestments whiter than the snow,
 By rural altar, deck'd with fruits and flowers,
 Standing in angel glory, had enjoin'd
 On grateful subjects happy to obey:
 All this ambitious thought might dare to tell,
 But, ill succeed: so, let this dim-drawn sketch
 Persuade thy soul, that, had not sin appear'd,

Had no avenging evil smote the scene
 Of forfeited delight, and made our race
 The weeping victims of remorse and death,
 The things of vision had presented charms
 That wisdom might have sought without a blush,
 And man pursued the pleasant walk of sight,
 No guilt to stain, no danger to deter.

And, not by sight alone: but, so by faith
 His easy journey would have won its way.
 Not then, as often now, would faith have met
 The check of doubts—however vain, still sad.
 Tokens that none could question would have stay'd
 His trusting spirit. Nature's ample frame,
 Without one blemish in the perfect whole,
 No sign of wrong, or pain, or grief, or death,
 Had furnish'd naught an error to suggest:
 But truth all round had glitter'd like the light—
 Written in gold upon the azure sky,
 In rippling silver on the green of earth:
 And the pure heart, communing with its forms,
 Had found the living rapture in them all.
 Oft, too, some elder of the saintly host,
 His time of trial ended, and the hour
 Of long-foreseen ascension come at last,
 Blessing the groups that stood to watch his flight,
 Would then, Elijah-like, have whirl'd away,
 In car of fiery splendor, seen and lost;
 Or else, like Enoch, vanish'd from the haunts
 Where joyfully he walk'd with God on earth,
 To walk forever with his God in heaven.
 Nor these alone: but, frequent intercourse
 With angel visitants, descending swift
 In welcome glory, till they gently touch'd

The shining lawn, and closed their brilliant plumes,
 Themselves examples of the hosts above,
 And eloquent in praises of their home.
 Nor only these: but, oft the Voice Divine,
 In garden bowers, or from the upper air,—
 All nature hushing at the well-known sound—
 Itself proclaiming universal laws,
 And promises of everlasting love,
 Had perfected the certainty of faith:
 And man thus favor'd, with the better world
 Grown quite familiar, would have felt and talk'd,
 As surely of that far and fair abode,
 As now the emigrant on Europe's shore,
 The tide or wind awaiting, speaks of climes
 Beyond the western wave, where friends long gone,
 But heard from since and soon to be rejoin'd,
 Have found a free and happy woodland home.

Thus, then, had earth remain'd unknown to sin,
 By faith and sight combined would man have walk'd:
 Sight—the perception of a perfect form,
 'Mid myriad perfect objects strewn around;
 Faith—the perception of a perfect soul,
 Discerning glories from the eye conceal'd;
 And so, with such high faculties endow'd,
 Allied to kindred worlds, so different still,
 His days had pass'd in fellowship with both,
 In due proportion drawing bliss from each,
 Child of his God and heir to earth and heaven!

IV. THE SINFUL WORLD.

Behold the fruit of sin! what now his state?
 How cling unto his form disease and pain,
 And countless frailties: all its organs gross,

And fast decaying—tending to the tomb:
 While all without betrays the ancient curse,
 Its mingling smoke-wreaths darkening earth and sky.
 Meantime the soul, enervate, languid, dull,
 Laments faith lost, and all its aids withdrawn—
 God, silent; angels, absent; and mankind,
 Though daily passing to eternity,
 Not rising radiant through the rosy air,
 Flush'd with immortal youth, and girt with songs
 Of circling seraphim, ascending all
 As lightly as their music, seen and heard
 By smiling groups long watching from below;
 But—the illusion of their presence left,
 The pale, cold motionless clay, which friends embrace
 And bathe with tears—themselves escaping swift,
 Invisibly, and quietly, away.
 Thus, thrown on home resources; vision dim,
 And all its fields in ruin; faith depress'd,
 And things celestial hidden or forgot;
 Man blindly wanders—both worlds veil'd in gloom!

V. THE WILL OF GOD—REDEMPTION.

What now the will of God? He, when the earth
 First swell'd into its place, and took its course
 In finish'd fulness, round and orderly;
 Beheld well pleased, and styled it very good.
 His glory then the shining orb reveal'd—
 The glory of His wisdom, power and love;
 And, from the happy hymns of human hearts,
 Heard through all heavens, He caught the sweetest praise,
 Returning still degrees of greater joy.
 Say, then, shall man, his honors thus withdrawn,
 Forever pine among these scenes impair'd?

'Mid vision's relics straying faint and sad,
 Still nursing, as he slowly passes on,
 The merest semblance of his former faith?
 Tell me, O World! and has thy peerless lord
 No hope above a worm's? No higher good
 Than dreams and vain amusements ending soon
 In all-consuming, all-obscuring death?
 Speak, Holy Truth? Is this the will Divine?
 Or shall not rather some redeeming plan
 Of love and wisdom, save the fallen race?
 All hail, the happy answer! Heaven and Earth,
 Responsive, cry—Redemption! voices loud,
 From Paradise and Calvary, repeat
 The thrilling music; Time, exulting, shouts,
 Charming all worlds within his luminous range;
 And elder Space, wakening the dark beyond,
 Prolongs the tone in all his solitudes.

VI. SUMMARIES OF PROGRESS.

The day of mercy opens—one of God's
 Long, spiritual days, that sweep o'er centuries.
 The Patriarchs watch its slowly-kindling dawn,
 Trace the symbolic flush on all its clouds,
 And, trusting the atonement, die in peace:
 The Prophets mark the broader, brighter rays
 Of some transcendent wonder, yet unseen,
 And mount, in cars of fire, to meet its coming:
 While, last, the Apostles hail the full-orb'd Sun—
 Bask in his blaze, chill in his strange eclipse,
 Exult in his emergence, and proclaim
 His after glory fix'd, supreme, eternal.
 The Church, indeed, no more discerns his disc,
 But merely transient vapors intervene:

No gleam of light comes down to cheer her path
 But from that hidden Sun, and soon the shades
 Shall vanish from the clear, high noon, forever.

Or—Eden's exiles heard the promise first,
 Through them the heritage of all mankind :
 And, many ages after, he who dwelt
 Beneath the oak in Moreh—friend of God !
 Learn'd fuller tidings, worthy of his faith :
 And later seers, in coarse and homely garb,
 But quick with genius lit by living fire,
 The long succession of the chosen race
 Aroused with strains of eloquence sublime,
 And bade them 'wait the coming of their Prince—
 The great Messiah ! till, at last, He came :
 Came, the Desired of all ! in due time came,
 With richest mercy ransoming the world.

VII. CURRENT WILL OF GOD—FOUNDATION FACTS.

What now the will supreme? to walk by sight?
 Nay, but by faith. Yet how conclude we thus?
 The way is simple and the answer plain.
*God has done all that could be done to make
 Our faith complete; and furnish'd ample means
 To fit us for the unseen spheres of faith;
 And, sending forth His duly-sanction'd Word,
 Enjoins on all the pilgrimage of faith :*
 But, while these truths are certain, *there exists*
 NO PROOF HISTORIC, SACRED OR PROFANE;
 NO EVIDENCE IN NATURE'S AMPLE BOUNDS,
 THAT GOD HAS EVER TOUCH'D THE REALM OF SIGHT,
 OR WROUGHT ONE MOMENT TO RESTORE MANKIND
 TO PERFECT JOY IN SENSUAL THINGS OF EARTH !

VIII. ILLUSTRATIONS.

Here wide extends an unobstructed field,
 Where many views attract the solemn mind,
 And thought would dwell—but time forbids delay,
 And rapid outlines only mark the page.

Then tell me,—has our vaunting race improved,
 In any of its faculties, since sin
 First bound them all in slavish chains severe?
 Or does not Revelation clearly teach,
 And human legends, like the clouds that float
 In common day, reflect the same true light,
 That man, in native attributes, in means
 Of relative joyance, and in length of years,
 Unceasingly has grown degenerate?

In ages close succeeding to the Fall,
 Did God revoke the curse? renew the sons
 Of Eden's exiles in immortal strength?
 Adorn their daughters with immortal bloom?
 And clothe the world in all its morning charms?
 This would have been an easy task to Him,
 Who made with ease the whole. But, was it done?
 Nay—but the flowing vigor in their veins,
 With lingering elements of endless life
 Still thrilling, well sustain'd their portly forms,
 And they, who, blest with fruit of Paradise,
 Had lived forever, did, with grosser food,
 Inhale the breezes of long centuries,
 And walk in sunshine near a thousand years.
 Earth, too, though faded, not convulsed and rent,
 Still pictured beauty on her hills and dales,
 And Nature, looking from her azure throne,
 Blighted, not wreck'd, beheld her rolling sphere.

But, not alone was power Divine withheld
 From renovation, it was soon display'd
 In punishment—so terrible, that time
 Still sighs at the remembrance and turns pale.
 For all the families of all the earth,
 With one exception, faithless, walk'd by sight.
 A race of sensualists! and He who made,
 Determined to destroy them. Then arose—
 Then rush'd—a tempest sweeping to the poles,
 Alive with lightnings, flashing through the gloom;
 And shouting thunders, bounding on the spoil.
 Then burst the lowest fountains of the deep,
 And floods, outsurging, mingled with the storm—
 Falling and rising, swelling, mounting all,
 And, dashing proudly o'er the earth's last peak,
 Triumphant roll'd above the buried world.

Turn, now, and see the ruptured sphere emerge
 From wide subsiding oceans. What report?
 Did God its long-lost loveliness restore?
 And man—the lonely silence peopling fast
 With noisy nations—gloriously endow
 With choicer faculties that could not fail?
 Nay, but the riven orb, as though too fair
 Its former likeness of primeval pomp,
 Still too seductive for a race depraved,
 Came from the wave with deeper, broader lines
 Of cursing, on its rugged outlines stamp'd:
 While man, composed of feebler elements,
 Soon told his days, and, from the new-sown fields
 Of swiftly ripening life, the greedy grave
 Ingather'd full, more frequent harvestings.

Descend the stream of time. Mark all its way.
 And tell me—are the scenes it waters now,

More beauteous than the past? Do they who live
 Along its borders, nerve a stronger arm—
 Or move with firmer, lighter step—or pierce
 The distance or the shade with keener glance—
 Or hear delightful music with a bliss
 More exquisite—or breathe the air of life
 A longer season than their sires of old?

This night the world and its inhabitants
 Are pressing on in their declining course.
 Never has God renew'd the earth or man,
 And call'd His creatures to a life of sense.
 Such life, absorbing all the higher powers,
 His law prohibits. This He does, alone—
 And this demands unceasing praise and love—
 Provides fit means for few probational years,
 And wide distributes o'er the waste of ill,
 The sweet remains of good, that none may faint:
 And the meek pilgrim, shadow'd by a cloud,
 Soon bless the warm returning light, and walk
 With quicker step the happy road to heaven.

And more: not only shines the open truth,
 That man and nature languish unrepair'd,
 Still waning both; but, warning voices loud,
 By day and night, from soil and sky, far, near,
 Appealing always to all human hearts,
 Announce in tones of deep, assuring awe,
 That God, the Glorious! Holy Sire Supreme!
Must for his children destine nobler ends,
 And mark, offended, such as heed them not.

Survey the globe. Let no unhallow'd dread,
 In fair Religion's name, delude thy soul.
 Is evil witness'd? call it so—nor dare
 Name i God's work, and thence presume it good.

If God choose evil, 'tis an after-choice;
 The sad corrective of foregoing sin:
 All His original designs are good.
 Look as a worshiper of heavenly Truth,
 And speak as one regardful of his vows.
 Range then the earth, with more deliberate thought
 Than here presents the fleet, descriptive sketch.
 See polar wastes of snow and ice immense:
 See torrid deserts, vast as those of frost,
 Fountless and shrubless, scorch'd with constant fires:
 See the still wider reach of ocean's roll,
 By frequent tempests swept, and strewn with wrecks,
 Moaning with few survivors, faint and pale:
 See the volcanic mountain, smoking yet
 Above the buried spoil of ages past,
 And living pomp, that eyes the height with fear:
 See the strong earthquake, sporting with the pride
 Of capital cities, cast in closing gulfs:
 See the hush'd march of famine—all the land
 Behind her, moving slow with thin wan groups,
 Forsaking foodless homes for barren plains:
 See the day darken'd with the settling train,
 Of fierce diseases, filling every house
 With pain and sorrow. Shrink not from the plague,
 But follow in his sounding path, and hark!—
 The wailing nations all the earth around:
 Or writhing in their helpless agony,
 Or fleeing wildly, smitten as they flee:
 While death—triumphant tyrant!—proud exclaims:
 Sun, moon and stars illuminate my reign;
 The mountains are the pillars of my throne,
 The hollow vales, my crowded sepulchres,
 All space, all time, all life entirely mine!

Discern we truth? Then surely human bliss.
 Well understood, no longer prompts the search
 For sensual good: to walk by sight is sin,
 Is folly, madness; and the light of faith
 The only guide to glory and to God.

Turn, then, with grateful joy—another view,
 And fairer far, invites the kindling eye.
 Though no repairing power restores the realm
 Of visual wonder to its first estate,
All has been done for faith! All man could ask,
 All God could grant, has freely been conferr'd.
 Again review our course. In Eden's bowers,
 Attend the voice Divine: in Bethlehem's stall,
 Behold the mighty Victor, humbly born:
 And all the solemn interval between—
 Four thousand years slow rolling round the sun—
 Fill with perpetual symbols of the plan:
 Tradition, promise, prophecy and type,
 Temple and altar, priest and sacrifice.

Here let reflection hold the heart in pause.
 The soul's perceptions, by the films of sin
 Obscured, had darker grown than those of sense.
 The bodily eye yet glow'd with transient spark,
 And nature's fading charms attracted still:
 But faith, the spirit's vision, fell quite blind—
 Its objects bright as ever, but unseen.
 Then stray'd imperial nations: God unknown;
 Immortal life and blest abode on high
 At most a doubtful dream; the very world
 Design'd its Maker's mirror, turn'd in whole
 Into a house of idols—there they bow'd,
 Adoring sun, moon, stars; men, birds, and beasts;
 Reptiles and plants; and blocks and stones deform'd:

Though some, attempting wisdom, sage and bard,
 Fancied vain schemes, exciting crime and woe,
 Duping and duped, the darkness unrelieved.
 But, faith's decline was seen by One in heaven,
 Who, while He left the body and the globe
 Imperfect and unremedied, came down—
 Down from the summit of eternal power,
 To deepest earthly depths—relumed the soul,
 Unveil'd its birth-right and redeem'd the race.

This, then, Messiah's mission. Mark His life.
 Lo! while He speaks, reviving faith beholds
 Consummate glory beaming from afar:
 Nor doubts the great Instructor. Holiness
 Arrays Him, like a spotless, seamless robe:
 His gentle lips distil perpetual love—
 The best reward on faithful friends bestow'd,
 The sole return for most malignant hate:
 And daily wonders, starting at His touch,
 Or to His call responding; watching close
 The meaning of His eye, and reading well
 The secret orders of His voiceless will,
 In quick obedience seen; confirm the truth.
 Nor yet His aim achieved. For not alone
 He shows the beauty of the better world,
 And proffers there the heirs of faith a home;
 But, thus the work of light completed, now
 Performs the work of purity—resigns
 His sinless life in agony and shame
 On thy dark cross, O shuddering Calvary!
 There flows His blood, there full atonement flows
 For all mankind; there weeping faith exults,
 Not only now her visual power restored,
 Not only all her ancient orbs new risen,
 Not only promised higher, happier range.

But, fitted for possession: every stain
 Wash'd in the cleansing fountain, every wish
 In love consenting to her Maker's will.
 Nor yet her evidence exhausted: soon
 The buried Saviour from the tomb returns—
 A mighty monarch, who, His foes subdued,
 In rocky chamber sought a Sabbath's rest,
 And now, awaked, the wounds of battle heal'd,
 Crown'd with immortal majesty comes forth,
 Triumphantlly serene: Himself the pledge
 Of all His people's victory. Nor yet
 Thy last support display'd: behold, O Faith!
 From Olivet's green cone to yon white cloud
 That waits His coming in the blue expanse,
 Thy Lord, ascending, slow retires from sight,
 And thence regains the throne from which He came.

In faith's behalf thus wrought Redeeming Love,
 On earth enshrined. And, since His glad return
 To heavenly glory, whence His priestly hands
 Still scatter blessings on the Church below;
 His true apostles, quicken'd by His word,
 And by His grace anointed, evermore
 Have call'd the grovelling nations to attempt
 The heights of bliss supernal: while, with these
 A matchless Agent, filling time and space,
 Has moved in secret, touching every soul
 Taught of the truth, with subtile light and sense,
 On hardest hearts impressing clear and strong
 Sin, evil, judgment; warning, wooing all
 In solemn love. All hail, mysterious Power!
 Thou promised Paraclete Divine! all hail!
 Still prompt the fallen to high, celestial aims,
 Convict, convert, refine, and save the world!

God has done all for faith. On peaceful wings,
 Fast flies the gospel to remotest lands—
 Where, though pale nature still the curse deploras,
 And human beauty, fading, fills the tomb;
 Yet, theme of grateful rapture! Christ's design
 Extending seeks to purge the mental eye,
 Disclose the scenes of never-withering bloom,
 And never-ending life, and so allure
 Dejected millions to estatic joy!

God has done all for faith. No more she pines,
 Blind, deaf, and dumb, in unassisted woe.
 With eye serene she sweeps the range of heaven,
 With ear acute she catches all its songs,
 And tells her transport with a tongue of fire.
 No longer now she wears a spotted garb,
 But folds around her robes of snowy gloss,
 Fit for the holiest groups that grace the skies;
 While o'er her shoulders spread her ample wings
 Of golden plumage, nerved with tireless strength
 To waft her lightly upward to the throne.

In every varied view, the truth is clear:
 Jehovah wills not that His children walk
 The way of vision, but, the path of faith.
 Did He design a life of sense, then soon,
 What now in distant prospect faith descries,
 Would come at once and come alike to all.
 Renewing might would traverse nature's frame,
 And, the last trace of evil swept away,
 Recover'd man, with youth immortal crown'd—
 Prince royal in a commonwealth of bliss!
 Would hold his court mid scenes as fair and grand,
 As all-contriving Wisdom could invent,
 Omnipotence create, or boundless Love

Prompt as a kingdom worthy of its heir.
 But if, untaught, we could imagine such
 As now God's will—the great intent would fail,
 Fail universally, forever fail.
 Though sanction'd by the Eternal's signet ring,
 Labor, and pain, and death would stamp the plan
 With fiendish scorn and triumph in the dust:
 And impotence be written on the brow
 Of all-producing, all-upholding power.
 Who dare assert what thus in fancy smites
 The shrinking heart, back falling on the truth.
 The truth! To faith He calls us, calls us all,
 In tones which none who heed uncertain deem.
 We all are sojourners; and, this agreed,
 Nature accords: her instant voices loud,
 All voices of all things in heaven and earth,
 Implore mankind—Be wise, and walk by faith!

IX. REVIEW.

And now survey the world. Has God's design,
 Begun so early, and so long pursued
 In patient kindness, human life controll'd?
 What says the past? Repair to Olivet,
 And hear the lingering Saviour's last command:
 "Go, range the world; proclaim to every soul
 Faith and salvation!" Lo! the gates of heaven
 Close on His rising form. From age to age,
 Now slow returning, note the plain event:
 And what the answer? Has the light of truth,
 Excelling as it ought the partial sun,
 From every moral depth expell'd the shades,
 And bathed its cloudless sphere in common day?

And is the earth confess'd the heavenward road
 Of transient pilgrims, striving to become,
 By private care, and mutual social aids,
 Meet for their high and holy destiny?
 Nay, far inferior to the solar range,
 Truth scarce illumines a quarter of her orb:
 While millions rove beneath her fulgent noon,
 In wilful blindness dark as starless night.
 Thus still, and eighteen centuries gone by!
 Disclose, O Truth! or ye who crowd her train:
 Disclose the cause that so retards the day!
 Has Christ himself with sovereign will ordain'd
 This unrelenting gloom? Nay, else His lips
 The great commission never had pronounced.
 Christians have been too little like their Lord;
 Christians have proved unfaithful to their trust.
 Can any see the secret dawning here?
 How obvious rather is the sin—the shame!

X. THE GREAT TRIAL.

A trial has been going on, a great
 And solemn trial of the human heart;
 Watch'd by superior powers with anxious eye.
 See! Jesus died for every soul of man,
 Then, life resuming, tenderly enjoin'd—
 “Go forth, ye few, and bear the news to all!”
 The work began. Resources deep and full,
 Accessible each moment, well supplied
 Their fainting courage and renew'd their strength.
 And now, methinks, while came the Spirit down
 To lend almighty help, the Father look'd;
 And the Son look'd; and holy angels look'd;
 To see the progress of this grand display,

In mercy made to save a ruin'd world.
 Faith was the watchword of the spreading Church;
 And long as this was sounded, victory
 With gorgeous trophies strew'd her onward march,
 Till Jove's imperial eagle fled the scene,
 And the dove perch'd upon the crest of Rome.
 What now? Alas, the realm of sight subdued,
 The fairest portion of the earth possess'd,
 Remoter glories lost their former charms,
 Surrounding joys attain'd ascendant power,
 And the throned Church soon slept upon the throne.
 With shouts of gladness she had left the plains
 Of widow'd Judah, scorn'd and scourged, to move
 In swelling triumph toward the central height
 Of Gentile rule; but, that achievement gain'd,
 Forgot the outer boundaries of gloom,
 And clung inglorious to her hard-won rest.
 Thus, when the sword of faith had clear'd her way,
 The smiling scenes of vision stayed her course;
 And, as the world had been her aim, her heaven,
 This won, her only duty seem'd repose.
 How passed her time? Much in amusements vain,
 And numberless inventions for the eye.
 And not the eye alone: the boast became,
 That true religion every sense regales.
 And so, magnific temples, altars, shrines;
 Sculptures and pictures; ornaments of gold,
 Of silver, and of gems; with splendid lights
 Sparkling on all; still added genial warmth,
 Rare music, breath of flowers, diffusive clouds
 Of incense sweet to faintness; every art
 Of princely priests, from princely palaces.
 And princely festivals; in princely robes,

With princely retinues and revenues,
 And every seal of power and badge of pride:
 In short, for sight, sense, all things—few for faith.
 O, had the Church, in memory of her Lord,
 Repell'd the tempter, and pursued her toil;
 Long ere to-day might truth have fill'd the earth,
 And all the nations hail'd the God of all.

How—if a reverent mind may muse on themes
 So high, with human feelings—how did God
 The scenes of trial, passing thus, behold?
 And how, the wounded Son? And how the hosts
 Of holy angels, waiting to receive
 With open arms their new associates?
 Would fancy err, to say, in solemn tones,
 That God, and Christ, and angels, saw and felt
 Man was so deeply sunk that scarce the hand
 Divine could reach him—choosing still to sink?
 The angels knew—for so had God ordain'd:
 That none should mingle with their happy groups,
 Who could not offer love for love, and join
 Their lofty hymns of grateful harmony.
 But here were some so void of gratitude,
 So lost to feelings of fraternal love,
 That when the blest Redeemer shed His blood
 In rich atonement for their sins, and show'd
 A shining path ascending to the skies,
 And then desired them to extend the news,
 And seek the proffer'd glory—they refused:
 Nor yet for Him, their neighbors, or themselves,
 Would yield compliance!—but, acquired at last
 Fair visual pleasures, cast their faith aside;
 And, while unnumber'd millions never knew
 That Christ had walk'd the earth; or that heaven's gate,

By Him unclosed, stood open for mankind;
 Spent all their days in sporting with their spoils,
 And let the world with twisted roses lead
 The hosts that should have broken iron chains.
 Sharp trial thus the human heart endures,
 In every eye disgraced; and dull must be,
 The hope, for many, of a home above.

But think not here a melancholy mind
 Forgets the faithful and their noble deeds.
 Rather, their virtues, sufferings, toils, success,
 Beam forth in bright relief. These well portray
 What all should be, by equal duties bound;
 And intimate the beauty of the sphere,
 When all shall be with equal grace adorn'd.
 These have preserved the world—the very salt
 That check'd corruption's working: men whose prayers,
 Raised in the name of Jesus, have prevail'd
 With roused and incensed Justice, to restrain
 The living thunders, waving for their flight
 The plumes that sparkle with consuming fire.

If such the Church, no pencil need describe
 The World—professional of sensual joys.
 Thus, then, the clear conclusion: *God has wrought
 From time's commencement on the scheme of faith;
 While man, in contravention of the plan,
 Has spent his ages on the works of sight.*
 True, countless myriads ardently have sought
 The better things above, and doubtless gain'd.
 Yet these compared with scorers, are but few:
 Like rain-drops, falling from the teeming clouds,
 Innumerable, but mingling with the sea,
 Bear small proportion to the boundless mass,
 Touching the wave and in a moment lost.

XI. IMPROVEMENT.

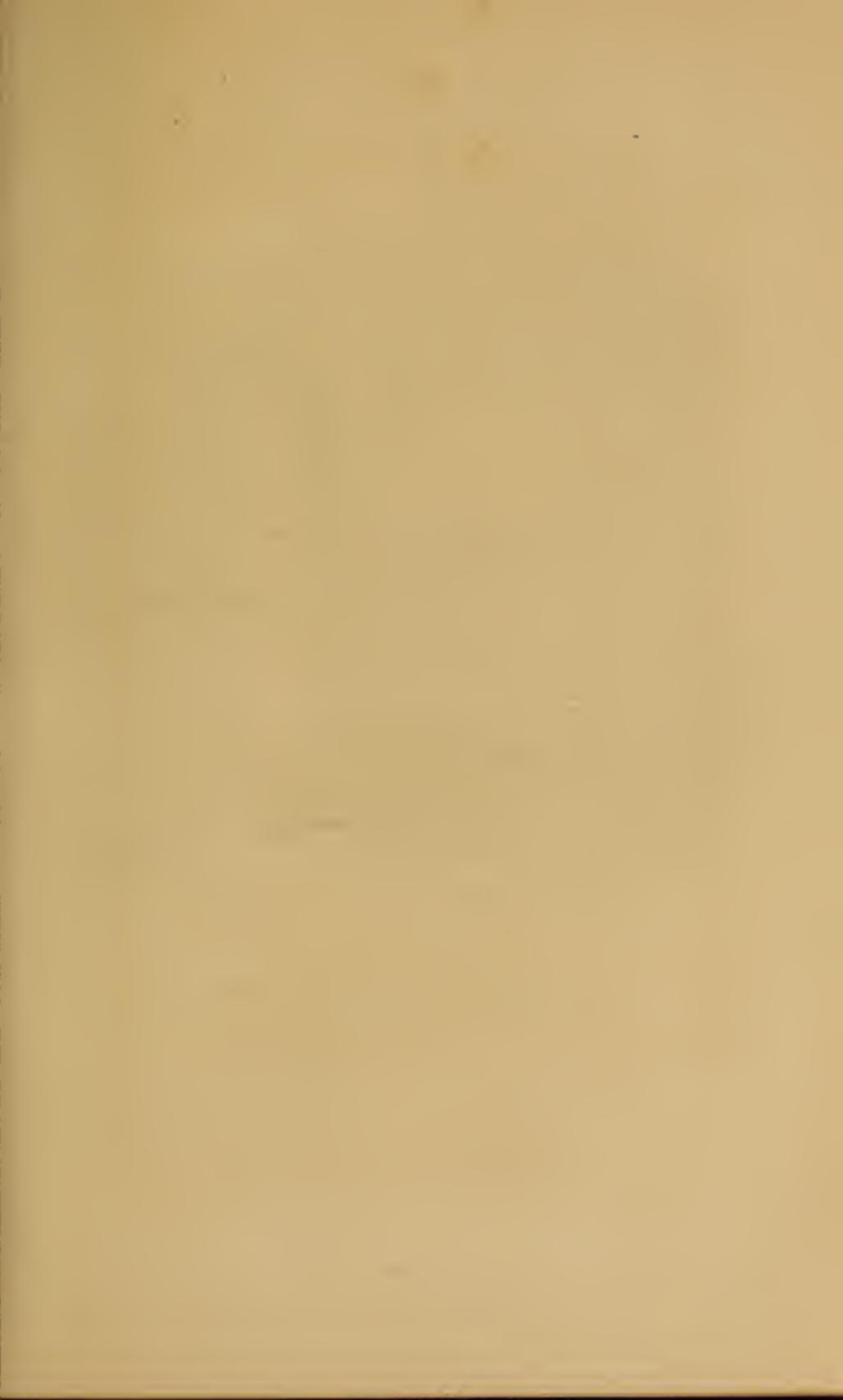
But brighter times have open'd. Zion, now,
 Repenting of her long, inglorious rest,
 Works daily wonders in her Maker's name.
 Fast grows the deep conviction, which at last
 Must rule all hearts—*Man's duty, whole and sole,*
Is to get good and do good: first embrace
 The plan of mercy, saving one's own soul;
 And then, by every holy means extend
 The priceless blessing diligently round.

But, lest the opening scenes too long allure
 The straying step, I pause. Another page,
 Deferr'd for apt conclusion, may reveal
 The thoughts that oft have trembled o'er this theme,
 But never sought before the letter'd line,
 Or hoped the tender aid of tuneful song.

XII. TRANSITION.

Meantime, communing with thy silent soul,
 Whose eye indulgent still attends the verse,
 I sketch the objects of the Christian's faith,
 Of individual interest vast and deep,
 And seeking thus to turn thine erring feet,
 Still downward tending; or, the heavenward road
 Imprinting, cheer thee onward to thy home;
 Shall rest assured—if thine own weal be won,
 Thy grateful love will prompt thy zeal, to spread
 The name of Christ and save thy brother's soul.

(END OF PART FIRST.)





“ALL HE SEES,
HE HAILS HIS OWN; AND BURNS WITH LORDLY FLAME.”

FAITH AND SIGHT:

OR,

THE SPIRIT-WORLD AND SENSE-WORLD.

“ For we walk by faith, not by sight.”—2 COR. v. 7.

PART SECOND.

EXAMPLE:

ABRAHAM—FRIEND OF GOD, AND FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL.

SECTIONS.—I. Introduction: II. The Walk of Faith: III. Ur of the Chaldees; IV. The Divine Call; V. Obedience; VI. Canaan; VII. The Good Land; VIII. Incidental Survey; IX. Divine Interview; X. Prophetic Vision; XI. Review and Results.

PART SECOND.

THE EXAMPLE.

I. INTRODUCTION.

As one who setteth jewels, when a few
Of rarest worth demand his nicest skill,
Sees no material equal to the stones
With beauty to enchase them; yet resolves,
Pleased with the honorable trust, to try
Upon the best he finds his utmost art:
So I, attempting to exhibit truths
Of highest value, though the humble verse
That shows may not adorn them, still pursue
My glad employ with quick but watchful care,
And leave no blemish that I know to shun.
Here, then, as beams the diamond on its frame,
May truth impart enchantment to the lay.

But now a jealous spirit in my heart
Starts up offended and propounds the thought:
Why truth degrade, comparing with a gem?
This, though it burn as brightly as a star
On a virgin's brow, or shine in signet ring
Worn by a prince, is useless still; while that,
Superior far, not only charms—but saves!
I see the just distinction, feel its force,
And further seek an illustration fit.
Thus then I come to lead from flowing founts,

Of living water, fresh, reviving streams
 Even to my neighbors' doors: meanwhile, assured
 The noble aim is worthy patient toil,
 I trust the channel will not stain the wave
 But pass it on like crystal; and indulge
 The ardent hope—O, let it not be vain!
 That soon the vital rills shall prompt the soil
 To bloomy growth, and so entice the feet
 Of many to the brink, who, while they see
 The verdant margin gay with sprinkled flowers:
 Some proving by their breath—the brook is sweet;
 Some by their spotless beauty—it is pure;
 And others, gratefully and meekly bent,
 With gentle whisper saying—taste and live!
 Evincing as they bow their filial love,
 The dimpled current kissing: shall consent
 To such attractions, slight but sanctified,
 And taste, and drink, and live, and love forever.

II. THE WALK OF FAITH.

THE WALK OF FAITH! This first invites our thought.
 And here a light, long sphered above the sky,
 Descending from its lofty home, may lead,
 Like a near guide, our smooth and pleasant way.

The Father of the faithful! Abraham!
 Whose heavenly paradise, as Adam's fair,
 But never cursed with blight and never closed,
 Is still his countless children's happy home,
 Where each reposes in unbroken rest,
 As though reclining by the patriarch's side,
 And leaning on his bosom—he pursued
 The holy path, and hence his high renown.

III. UR OF THE CHALDEES.

Beneath the palm-trees of Chaldean Ur,
 And by the willowy margins of its streams,
 In humble duties pass'd his lengthen'd youth.
 There oft, as years elapsed, his thoughtful soul
 Held high communion with the Sire of all.
 Sublime and holy doctrines, taught in tones
 Of living glory touch'd with warmest love;
 Or sent in silent inspirations, rife
 With ever-present wisdom, felt like air;
 Redeem'd and raised his spirit, 'till he scorn'd
 His idol rites ancestral, rapt in hope
 To serve his Maker. Then the awful Voice
 Outspoke again, and reverently he heard,
 With deepest homage vowing to obey.

IV. THE DIVINE CALL.

It call'd him to dissolve the strongest ties
 That bind our best affections to the earth:
 Resign at once his country, kindred, home;
 The dearest objects of his earliest love;
 Forsake them, and forever: never more
 To share their sweet enjoyments, never more
 To look upon their charms; not e'en when age,
 With youthful thoughts reviving, should desire
 First scenes to visit, first delights regain.
 It call'd him to go out—he knew not where;
 To rest—he knew not when: his God his guide,
 His duty onward, and the certain sound
 Of blessed promise cheering all the road.

V. OBEDIENCE.

Thus went he forth from Ur. Thus went he on
 From Haran's fertile precincts, where he left
 The bones of Terah, and the pleasant home
 Of Nahor, settled for a life of rest.
 Though nearly fourscore years had fled away,
 The pastoral prince had scarcely reach'd his prime;
 And, daily wending southward, still in front
 His tall, erect, commanding person moved,
 With tireless step, and face of noble mien,
 Leading his pilgrim band with all their train,
 Camels, and lowing herds, and bleating flocks.
 While ever and anon he caught the joy
 Of sportive Lot's glad wonder, or was charm'd
 By queenly Sarah riding graceful by,
 Unveiling oft her dangerous beauty, still
 In fadeless bloom as brilliant as the rose,
 With smiling lips that utter'd naught but love.

VI. CANAAN.

At length the verdant bound of Canaan pass'd,
 He pitch'd his tent in Sichem, 'neath the shade
 Of Moreh's oaks umbrageous. Resting there—
 The great command in perfect faith fulfill'd—
 Again he saw the Holy One approach,
 And heard the glorious promise of reward
 Repeated, plighting all that lovely land
 His seed's possession. Then the Form withdrew:
 And soon the grateful stranger's pious hands
 With zealous toil the spot of audience mark'd.
 Rearing an humble altar; duly served
 With simple rites of purest sacrifice.

VII. THE GOOD LAND.

There was "a good land." Thus the voice Divine,
 That erst the world in angel hearing blest,
 Instructed Moses, when, in after years,
 To Jordan's verge he led the chosen tribes.
 A goodly land—where countless water-brooks
 From valley depths and fountains welling up,
 And springing down from rocky hills sublime,
 Flow'd freshly on. A land in season rich
 With golden wheat reposing ripe and full,
 And earlier barley waved by vernal airs;
 Where cloud-like vines luxuriantly droop'd,
 With clusters greater than a man could bear;
 And shadowing fig-trees shower'd delicious fruit;
 While cool pomegranates, flush'd with juicy seed;
 And olive groves, distilling softest oil;
 And honey, sweetening all the balmy cliffs;
 Enhanced the common festival: a land
 Not only thus with bounteous growth supplied
 Of varied food, but stored with means of art—
 Where iron vein'd the stones, and rugged slopes
 Struck by a spear disclosed their copper hoards.

VIII. INCIDENTAL SURVEY.

From Moreh down to Bethel journey'd then
 The joyful tribe; and there the Lord beheld
 Another altar rear'd, and heard anew
 The patriarchal priest invoke his name.
 Still downward tending, lo! in strange reverse
 Of former plenty, famine smote the scene:
 And the pale land, like blighted Eden, sat
 Beneath her wither'd palm in silent grief.

Thus urged along, he sought the fruitful shores
 Of Egypt's worship'd river. Safely thence
 Returning full, he breathed the promised south
 In brief but glad repose, and then repair'd
 Again to Bethel's altar. All the land,
 Like blooming Eden now, replenish'd, smiled.
 High on the waiting pile renewing soon
 The sacrificial flame, he woke the air
 To olden strains of well-remember'd praise,
 Ascending sweetly to the throne of God.

IX. DIVINE INTERVIEW.

The country thus survey'd, the wanderer's tent
 On Ephraim's central mountain waving wide
 Its breezy folds, and all his substance round—
 Herds in the vales, and flocks upon the cliffs:
 Again his God appear'd. If fancy's tongue,
 That seldom falters save with thoughts Divine,
 Might dare to speak where voice of truth is still,
 Fain would she dwell on this delightful scene.
 Her eye is fix'd! There stands the pious chief,
 Apart from all his clan. His simple robe,
 Ungirdled, loosely floats around his form—
 Composed in silent thought. His graceful beard
 Hangs low upon his breast, and while his soul
 Feasts on its hidden bliss, his vacant eyes,
 Scarce conscious, and forgetful of their fire,
 Enjoy a dreamy pleasure, moving slow
 From point to point, unbidden. Fresh the wind
 That fans his brow, and stirring in its sound
 Among the branches of the few tall trees
 That cast the shadows of their rustling leaves

Darkly around him, but he feels and hears
 As in a trance. The high and ample peak
 Commands a view immense, but still his heart,
 As though its outward blessings called for rites
 Of inward worship, tends the secret flame
 Of love-enkindled incense. Suddenly—
 'Tis God!

His awe-struck eyes dilate, his soul
 Starts at the vision. Every shadow melts
 In more than sunshine, and the swift winds pause.
 The mountain summit, like a golden throne;
 Burns with the splendor of the King of kings,
 And trembles at His step. And yet He comes
 Enshrined as man, and veil'd in glowing robe
 Of shaded glory—full of light and love.
 Prone lies the noblest of the sons of earth,
 Unworthy e'en to press the ground that gleams
 With feet Divine: confess'd a very worm—
 A worm! but by the Highest own'd a friend!
 And hail'd with friendly words: "Lift up thine eyes,
 Look boldly forth from this superior height,
 The north and south, the east and west behold:
 Thine all the boundless scene! For thee it blooms:
 To thee and thine I give the whole forever.
 Thy seed shall measure with the dust, and none
 Who counts not first the sand shall number them.
 Arise, thou faithful one! and walk the land;
 Explore its length and breadth, the ample space
 Shall be thy fair possession!"

This pronounced,
 The Radiant Form withdraws. And now return
 Sunshine and shade, and cool, delicious airs,
 Restoring common joys. The saintly chief

Reviving, stands erect; and still his robes,
 With lingering glory, make the noon-beams pale.
 Soon all his senses feel the flowing soul,
 Quick with new life and thrilling power intense.
 His eyes, undazzled, drink the pouring sun,
 And sweep entranced the swelling scene below—
 Mountains, and hills, and plains, and lakes and streams.

O, blest, enchanting vision! All around
 Enrich'd with purest green, and all remote
 Adorn'd with deepest blue; the bending sky
 And farthest summits mingling fainter hues,
 Walling the world with sapphire. All he sees,
 He hails his own; and burns with lordly flame.
 His the down-rushing torrents; his the brooks,
 Flashing from every vale; and his the lakes,
 Wide sparkling bright, as though a shower of gems
 On silver falling scatter'd countless lights.
 His too the rolling woods, the laughing meads,
 And rocks of waving grapes—his every wind,
 Stirring the world with life and breathing far
 Fragrance and music—his the silent cloud,
 That fleetly glides along the soft mid-air,
 Reflecting, moon-like, from its upper plain
 Of snowy beauty, every ray from heaven;
 And o'er the under landscape leading on
 Its shadowy darkness, running up and down
 The ever-changing mountains. Who may tell
 The many sources of his gushing joy?
 Not only Jordan, and its palmy plains;
 Lot's Citied Garden; and the orient heights
 Of fruitful Gillead, sweeping to the marge
 Of Bashan's mellow pastures; not alone
 Around, though fair, and fairer still remote,

The visual charms delight his ardent soul ;
 But wider regions—lost in distant haze,
 Or shut from sight by intereeping bounds—
 Fairest of all. Far flies his circling thought
 From Edom's southern plains to Hermon's brow,
 Frost-wreathed, and lowlands steep'd in streaming dew,
 And on to snow-crown'd Lebanon, with slopes
 Of fadeless verdure, nursed by living founts,
 And glorious cedars, swayed by balmy winds,
 In whose high boughs the eagle builds her nest,
 And on whose roots the fearful lion sleeps ;
 And thence to Tabor's central cone, and fields
 Of Eden-like Esdrelon ; and the oaks
 Of flowery Carmel, waving o'er the sea ;
 And Sharon's rosy bloom, and Eshcol's vale,
 Purple with vines from Hebron to the coast.
 O'er all the range his ravish'd mind expands,
 Warm with high hopes of wondrous days to come.
 The promise—like a meteor—how it lights
 The gloom of future ages ! Lonely there
 The childless stranger stands—sublime in faith ;
 Sure that the ten throned nations reigning round,
 In stately power, with pomp of idol shrines,
 Shall yield to his descendants ; shall behold
 His mightier seed—thick as the sea-shore sands—
 Countless as stars that crowd the clearest sky—
 Pouring their myriads over hill and dale,
 Casting the champion pride of princes down,
 Dashing the templed monsters in the dust,
 Sounding the trump of triumph through the land,
 Thronging the scene with holier, happier homes,
 And rearing high, to flame with heavenly fire,
 Earth's Only Altar to the Only God !

X. PROPHETIC VISION.

What more may fancy venture? Taught of God
 In later truths that show the pilgrim's mind,
 May not prophetic power be now inspired?
 Well then thy rapture turns to breathless awe,
 Far-reaching seer! Well dost thou fold thy robe
 Close to thy form, and, sinking in the shade
 Of those dark fir-trees, lean upon the rock,
 Entranced by opening scenes that slowly move,
 In vivid vision. Lo! the ages come,
 Solemn and grand. First, Egypt's teeming shores,
 Where late he shrunk from peril, now display'd
 In brighter glory, pass—but, throng'd with slaves,
 Oppress'd with toil, and drinking to the dregs
 The bitter cup of scorn. Are these thy seed?
 Ay, these! But check thy deep, paternal groans;
 For Justice bares his arm. The prince—see!—smites
 The haughty tyrant, cowering from his strokes
 Of ten-fold wrath! And onward move the tribes:
 They reach the strand, through parted billows march,
 Mount the firm shore, and blend their victor songs
 With the wild triumph of the waves, that toss
 Their perish'd masters proudly at their feet.
 —Now breaks a cloudless morning, and the sun
 Fires the blue east: but dark as midnight towers
 Yon mountain summit, and its deepen'd shade
 Casts a chill dread on all the camp below.
 The gather'd myriads stand aloof and quake;
 Quake at the rolling thunder, and the blast
 Of the long-sounding trumpet, and the glare
 Of glancing lightnings quivering down the gloom,
 And God's own voice announcing sovereign law.

—But now, full Jordan, touch'd by priestly feet,
 Yields to a holy ark an open way,
 And lo! the long-succeeding hosts come up
 To win possession of their promised home.
 —Still pass the years, and with them war and blood.
 The valiant tribes, 'neath brave judicial rule,
 Subdued, in turn subdue; and rising kings
 The heights of Zion crown with palace courts,
 And fair Moriah's sacred summit grace
 With peerless temple own'd and blest of God.
 There shines the nation's glory; there the eyes
 Of distant wanderers turn; there all the land
 Delights to take its tribute and adore.
 —But darker visions follow: prophet tongues,
 Stern, eloquent and bold, proclaim the storm
 Of coming wrath; and foreign legions rush,
 Resistless as a whirlwind, and return,
 With captive bands idolatrous and vile,
 To far Chaldea's plains—where he, their sire!
 First heard the voice and wrought the will Divine.
 —And yet, another change relieves the gloom:
 Back moves the train, again the temple shines,
 New princes rise, and olden pomp revives.
 —At length, with many gather'd emblems bright,
 And high expectance of some nobler chief—
 Some great Messiah! he beholds a star,
 From melting haze outsparkling near the earth
 And beaming on the birth-place. Shepherds there,
 And sages led by wisdom more than man's,
 Kneel by a manger honor'd more than thrones,
 And breathe their blessings on the slumbering Babe:
 While saints and angels hovering o'er the scene,
 Illume the night with wings that shine like noon,

And sing the songs that ravish earth and heaven.
 There wakes the promised Wonder! There—but swift
 The charming vision fades, and hurrying years
 Rush by, and then—a pause, and with it change:
 The birth-time's sad reverse. Now, noon is night:
 And on a cross, that rises on a hill,
 Near a vast city's darken'd walls and towers,
 In manhood's prime, the Blessed One expires!
 Heaven is a silent solitude; the earth
 Still as a sepulchre; and walls and towers,
 And that stain'd hill, all tremble in the gloom;
 And thrills the wood that bears the sacred Corpse.
 —But yet another view. There stand a group
 Of meek disciples. Who is He that breathes
 His parting blessing on them? See, He mounts—
 Unwing'd, unaided, mounts above the clouds!
 Who thus ascends on high? The conquer'd grave,
 Chain'd by her victim Victor, gives reply!
 —Well may the favor'd patriarch wake in smiles,
 Well may he rise in rapture! More than all,
 He sought the vision of his mightiest seed,
 The opening of the day to bless the world,
 The day of Christ—he saw it, and was glad!

XI. REVIEW AND RESULTS.

Here, then, if fancy's colors have not hid
 The point intended, in the patriarch see
The walk of faith! No metaphoric veil
 Dims the clear truth. An oral call was heard,
 Step after step a weary way pursued,
 And outward good supplied a rich reward.
 But haply some will breathe a fervent wish

That such a call and promise would invite
 Their ready feet. How gladly would they bid
 Their friends and home and native land farewell,
 And that forever! Staff in hand, their robes
 Well girded, and their sandals surely bound,
 How freely start! how steadily proceed!
 So strong the attraction still of earthly bliss.

But had no higher object here been sought,
 The Lord had never spoken; nor the groves
 Of Ur, or Haran, lost the wanderer's track.
 Else, settled once in Canaan, there the prince
 Had reign'd immortal o'er immortal tribes
 Of children's children spreading far and wide,
 With other nations melting round like snow,
 And their own glory lasting as the sun.
 But God had higher aim, and Abraham felt
 A power was in it tending to the sky.
 Hence, while th' Almighty thus unseal'd the plan
 Long form'd of man's redemption—calling one
 From all the world of idol worshippers
 To know and serve Him: one whose chosen seed
 Should smite the heathen, cleanse the land, and rear
 A holy state; to cherish holy truth,
 In sacred scrolls, and legal types sublime,
 And prophet eloquence Divinely wise;
 Still, through the gloom of ages, beaming bright
 Above their deep-sunk neighbors, as a fire
 Shines from a hill-top o'er the midnight plains:
 By one blest people introducing thus
 The gracious scheme of universal love:
 While this the plan of God, his servant, warn'd
 By life's brief years, he could not see it wrought;
 And charm'd with hopes that ever scorn the grave;

Look'd upward, strong in faith, aspiring there
To nobler, fairer, more enduring joys.

So, happy in the great design of God,
And happy in his own obedient zeal,
He turn'd his spirit toward its loftiest mark,
And urged his glorious pilgrimage to heaven.
“*By faith he sojourn'd in the promised land:*”
A faith that counted all around him strange,
And most familiar grew with distant worlds.
Still but a pilgrim here! Except in faith,
No spot on earth his own! On, on he moved,
From north to south, from east to west; in war,
Swift as an eagle, sweeping to the north;
Strong as a lion, bounding on his foes;
Sure in the rescue of his captive friends:
In peace, from mead to mead, from well to well,
Verging among the cities; and, when tried,
From Sarah's quest to sad Moriah's pile,
All throbbing with his cherish'd son's despair.
Long thus in tents a simple life he led,
With Isaac and with Jacob, heirs with him
Of all the promises, expecting still
A happier home in city fairer far,
Whose firm foundations God himself has laid,
Whose many mansions own His mighty hand.
And so he died in faith—not having gain'd
The promised good, but seen it from afar,
Believing and embracing; ever frank
In meek confession of his pilgrim lot.
And while he sought another country, ne'er
To Padan-Aram turn'd his fond desire,
Or soon he might have found his native fields:
But in his heart a grander spirit burn'd,

Uptending ever toward a better land,
 A heavenly country: hence the God of heaven
 Was not ashamed to own him as His heir,
 But loved, and blest, and saved him—*call'd him home!*
 Home to the City of the Faithful; home
 To regions worthy of the purer souls
 That scorn the lures of vision; home to climes
 Where all who mourn the mean estate of earth,
 May look forever on unclouded skies,
 And rest on bloom that cannot fade away.

(END OF PART SECOND.)







—“THE TURNING STEEDS,
WITH BACKWARD GLANCES EYE THE STOOPING SWAIN,
PRICK UP THEIR EARS, AND, NEIGHING, SEEM TO TALK.”

SNOW.



First Day: Evening.

SECTIONS.—I. Theme; II. Commencement of the Snow Fall; III. Snow Similitudes; IV. Gazing Upward; V. Hill prospect before the Snow; VI. Care of the Cattle; VII. The Farmer's Home; VIII. Scenes in the City; IX. Repose Contemplations; X. The Sailor supposed to be assured of Life; XI. The Christian—his Interests all safe.

S N O W.

FIRST DAY: EVENING.

I. THEME.

It always was a pleasant thing with me
To watch the falling snow. And while I live,
The things that please me shall inspire my song.

II. COMMENCEMENT OF THE SNOW FALL.

Th' innumerable specks come trembling down,
And now the perfect and increasing flakes.
See how the fluttering whiteness shuts the scene!
The distant hills are lost; the nearer fade;
And now the nearest by the crowding spots
Are veiled from vision; and the rapid tide
Of the close river is but heard to flow,
Rushing in gloom among its stones and rocks.

III. SNOW SIMILITUDES.

I wonder not that from the earliest time,
Fancy hath found her fond similitude
Of all that's fair and innocent, in snow.
Haply the bard who saw it first descend,
At once forgot the lily of the vale;
And all the stainless blossoms of the spring;
And ocean's clearest pearls; and spotless down.

Soft on the cygnet's fountain-rippled breast:—
 And sung of manly troth as undefiled,
 And virgin virtue pure as falling snow.

IV. GAZING ŪPWARD.

But hast thou e'er indulged the musing eye
 With upward gazing at the fleecy shower?
 Look o'er the tree-tops; dazzlingly it comes
 Bewildering the unaccustomed sight.
 But look again. The sources of the snow
 No eye can reach. The crossing particles
 Distract the sight and bring the zenith low.
 Thus Providence is hidden by his gifts.
 Wide o'er the world his favors fall profuse;
 But none that lift the grateful glance may see
 The hand that scatters such exuberant good.
 But here is more the spirit may admire.
 Who can compute the multitude immense?
 Alas! vain man! how weak thy summon'd thought!
 Thy whole attention centred on a point!
 How different God! I wonder at his mind!
 This many-wavering throng, that might perplex
 The promptest angel in the heavens to count,—
 Distinctly floateth to the All-seeing Eye,
 As if a single solitary flake
 Lapsed in lone beauty from th' o'ershadowing cloud.
 Thus, from his inaccessible high throne,
 Girt with eternal and excessive light—
 His boundless vision leisurely surveys
 The circling universe of shining orbs
 —In number far exceeding all the host
 Now dropping earthward, even though they spread
 The hills and dales of half the continent—

And notes each insect basking in the beams
 That warm the smallest and most distant world;
 And lingers on the man whose heart is pure,
 With constant love supplying all his need,
 And thought to crown him soon with endless joy.

V. HILL PROSPECT BEFORE THE SNOW.

Still falls the snow, as evening closes in.
 I've look'd for such a storm since first I rose;
 For mists were gath'ring at the break of day,
 And all the morn alternate light and shade
 In quick succession glided on the wind;
 Dark'ning and bright'ning hill, and dale, and stream.
 By noon the air was hush'd; the vapors form'd
 One boundless mass, obscuring all the sky.
 Quiet, and gray, and motionless, it hung;
 Without an azure spot through which the sun
 Might flash upon the waters, or adorn
 The mountain's brow with sudden golden crown.
 A few hours since, I stood on yonder height:
 And thence a vast and varied landscape saw—
 Oh! how unlike the scene the morn will show.
 I traced the wide horizon—all around
 It seem'd to rest upon a range of hills;
 E'en where declining slopes the valley sought,
 More distant summits swelling rose between.
 Where'er I turn'd, the forests, that were late
 Gay as the rainbow with their autumn hues,
 Tower'd on the uplands, barren, bleak, and bare;
 And all the lower mounds and fields were brown
 With wither'd grass, and strewn with faded leaves.
 I look'd upon the homestead—how the heart
 Leaps at the sound of home!—the tell-tale smoke

No slowly-whirling column rear'd; but roll'd
 Its light blue curls along the slanting roof,
 Spotted with moss and dark with many years,
 And floated thence in filmy mist away.
 The dog was at the door; beside the gate.
 The patient cattle waited for their food;
 And in the field, with high and tossing head,
 The wilding horses snuff'd the moist'ning air,
 Then spurn'd the frozen ground with iron hoof
 Swift as the flash and thundering as they ran.
 Nor could I but regard a half-starved crow,
 That clung unto a solitary stalk
 Shelling an o'erlook'd nubbin greedily.
 Below me rush'd the river that I love—
 That soothes with rippling moan my summer noon,
 That laves my limbs and bears my bonny boat,
 And rings in winter with my sounding dumps.
 The few old trees around me scarce retain'd
 One lingering leaf; so often robb'd of all,
 They gave their honors to the first rude blast;
 But here and there a sapling vainly held
 Its shreds of gold and crimson.—Thus fond youth
 Clings to its cherish'd hopes, while wiser age,
 By disappointment taught from early years,
 Expects the storm, and meets it with a smile.
 Beside me open'd yon recluse ravine,
 Down which a lonely tributary stream
 Serenely glides at times, then, shouting wild,
 In crystal cascades leaps from rock to rock,
 Till, winding round the hill's foot, glad it sees
 The mother tide, and bounds into her arms.
 In that still glen, the foliage of the woods
 Blown by the winds had gather'd into heaps

Along the shelvy banks; but frequent leaves
 Woo'd by some vagrant breeze, forsook their mates,
 And, curl'd in many a fairy form, away
 Launch'd on the stream and whirl'd into the depths.
 There, while I look'd around with curious glance,
 I spied some little wild-flowers, peering up,
 And leaning on the bosom of decay;
 Like orphans sleeping on a mother's grave.
 Sweet sky-blue relics! how they won my love!
 Oh! might the winter spare them! but, alas!
 Like the last earthly hopes of dying men,
 E'en they must perish. Ere the morrow's dawn
 The yet-descending snow shall all entomb.
 But that which pleased me most while there I stood,
 Was musing on the low and murky clouds,
 And sending fancy on a mission up,
 To see the sunshine of the world above.
 The eagle then was envied for his wings,
 But yet I seem'd myself to soar aloft
 And, passing swiftly through the chilling gloom,
 I saw the open firmament expand
 Lofty and wide, while in its midst the sun
 Lavish'd the fulness of his blazing beams,
 With warmth and brightness filling all the sky;
 And the whole mass of vapors shone below,
 A boundless, waveless sea of molten gold.
 But oh! how dark and cheerless seem'd the earth
 When fancy's vision fled, and on that cold
 And barren peak, with folded arms I stood;
 O'erhung and girt with universal shade.
 It seem'd as if the visionary light
 Had glared so strongly on my glowing mind,
 That all beside was veil'd in twilight dim.

Thus when the cares of life, like winter clouds,
 Cast their dull shadows o'er my pilgrim path,
 My fainting soul I cheer with hopes of heaven.
 Above the gloom—triumphant faith exclaims—
 Above the gloom a radiant scene extends!
 There countless saints their harps and voices wake,
 And cherubim and seraphim unite
 Their sweet and sounding harmony; and wide
 The unveil'd glory of the Godhead shines.
 Soon shall the spirit's pinions be released,
 And, high the gloom surmounting, gently fold
 Their sparkling plumage 'mid the sons of light.
 Then, waking from my trance, I wound along
 The steep descent, and soon reposed at home.

VI. CARE OF THE CATTLE.

Now to the field the jocund boys repair
 To drive the horses to their log retreat.
 Snorting and rearing, suddenly they start,
 Rush up the lane and romp around the door.
 Soon halter'd in their stalls, they still evince
 Their frolic humor, biting o'er the rails
 With heads awry; oft cow'ring at the sound
 Of threat'ning voice—or unexpected blow.
 Then to the barn the bustling tenders haste,
 And pressing in the box the bearded sheaf
 Fast falls the straw before the keen-edg'd knife.
 With this in basket piled and tub of bran,
 And bucket dripping from the gushing fount,
 Again they seek the stable, there to mix
 The long-expected meal; the turning steeds,
 With backward glances, eye the stooping swain,
 Prick up their ears, and, neighing, seem to talk.

Each soon receives his share; and while they feed,
 The careful boys unbind some wheaten sheaves,
 Arranging each a bed, and then with wisps
 Brush from their backs the melting snows away.
 While thus the stable thrives, in neighboring shed
 The cows are shelter'd by the buxom girls.
 They, while the meek-faced creatures chew their food,
 Sprinkled with salt, solicit with cold hands
 From swelling udders, stores of richest milk;
 And then, with aprons thrown upon their heads,
 All deftly bear the full and brimming pails,
 And thrill the air with shrill and gladsome songs.

VII. THE FARMER'S HOME.

The night is black—but home is bright and warm.
 The wide old fire-place heap'd with logs and brush,
 Crackles and flames; and ceiling, walls, and floor
 Glare with the ruddy light, and every face
 Glows with the heat: the candle, dimly pale,
 Resigns its honors to the rosy fire.
 The busy housewife now, on spotless cloth,
 Arrays the wholesome supper, clean and warm,
 And calls her charge. They gladly circle round,
 Wait the due blessing solemnly invoked,
 And then regale upon the full repast.
 Nor lack they converse; chief the ardent boys
 Talk of their bending snares and well-set traps,
 Anticipating for their morning prey,
 The strangled rabbit and imprison'd fox.
 The girls are more solicitous to learn
 If the rude jumpers are in good repair,
 And win the promise of a ride at night,
 To where the tuneful master once a-week,

Strikes his steel key and leads the shrill-toned choir.
 The parents look and listen; pleased to mark
 Their young ones' faces kindling with delight,
 Nor interpose a word to check their glee.

VIII. SCENES IN THE CITY.

A different scene the far off city shows.
 My fancy paints it as I oft have seen,
 When, wrapp'd about with comfortable cloak,
 My folded arms uplifting it in front,
 And with my hat drawn down upon my brows,
 I've slowly paced along to watch the crowd.
 The vision opens! There the street extends—
 Long, straight, and narrowing to a distant point,
 Traced by the footway lamps; here, wide apart,
 But there, in gloom remote, on either side
 Contiguous shining, like a line of stars.
 High on the post beside me burns a flame
 That through its glass enclosure casts a light
 Brilliant and far; in which the hurried beau
 Lifts watch—notes hour—and hastens on his way.
 The houses brighten in the cheerful rays;
 Above the doors, the golden-letter'd signs
 Reveal their names; but, o'er the shadowy eaves,
 The sight recoils from darkness absolute.
 Thick falls the downy shower; in shade unseen,
 But lit with crystal sparklings in the beams.
 The passing crowds with spread umbrellas haste
 Along the whitening walks; the low stoop lower,
 The tall uplift their silks and let them by,
 And equals, jostling, mutter as they pass.
 No linsey-woolsey roundabout appears,
 Nor homespun gown, yarn hose, and leather shoes.

But purple camblet, warm with costly fur,
 And soft with facing velvet, and adorn'd
 With many a silken ornament—enfolds
 The portly man; and, leaning on his arm,
 The tender fair, o'ertaken by the storm,
 Close-mantled in pelisse and double shawl,
 Trips with light feet, as if on May-buds treading,
 In cotton stockings and prunella shoes.
 Death wonders at her venturing, but smiles
 To think such beauty soon will be his own.
 The shop-boys now, the welcome hour arrived,
 Their windows barr'd, doors lock'd, and fire extinct—
 Haste to their evening pleasures; some in books
 Enjoy a treasure richer far than gold,—
 While others prim their dress and roam abroad,
 Intent alone on revelry and mirth.
 But still the druggist's well-illumin'd bulks
 Their many-colored lucid globes display:
 And on the level surface of the snow,
 The strong reflections spread their rainbow tints.
 The auctioneer now mounts his nightly stand;
 The crowds attend; the bargains soon attract
 Their eager eyes, and while the crier darts
 His rapid glance around, and rattles out
 Incessant puffs of what his hand may hold—
 No matter what—the quick-caught offers swell;
 And haply some poor plough-boy lingering there,
 Fresh from the fields and witless of the trade,
 Nodding his foolish head, his lonely bid
 Himself enhances, wondering when the man
 Will get enough and let the hammer fall.
 The theatre, despite the storm, is full;
 And there,—if one may say who never saw—

Tears steal adown the cheeks or laughs resound
 At spoken fiction, often read at home,
 With face as grave as if it never smiled,
 And eyes as dry as if they ne'er were wet.
 On move the hours. The streets are quiet now,
 Save where the gather'd hackmen wait the crowd
 About to leave the scenery of spring
 For winter's cold and dreariness—there, loud
 The merry wretches crack their whips—and jokes.

IX. REPOSE CONTEMPLATIONS.

Abruptly I return; for fancy brings
 So many pictures to my inward sight,
 That scarce a volume would contain the sketch
 Of all their hues and images. I wake
 To the still gloom surrounding my repose.

How silently it falls—the feathery snow!
 Not so the rain. Oh! many a wakeful hour
 I've listen'd gladly to the water-drops
 At midnight pattering on the humble roof;
 And it has seem'd—a simple dreamy thought—
 As if they tried t'amuse my drowsy ear
 With tittle-tattle stories of the clouds.
 But not the slightest touch is audible
 Of soft-alighting snow. Of all the flakes
 That drop upon the forest or the rock,
 Or settle on the roof, not one is heard.
 Thus everything has manner. Men there are
 Who, keep them quiet, never would fulfil
 Their destined mission—born to make a noise;
 While others in the bustling world grow sad,
 Confused and heartless; but, if left to form

And execute their plans in quietude,
 The world shall wonder at the great result
 As o'er deep snows that gently fell at night.
 Here as I rest I cheerfully contrast
 My warmth and shelter with the scene without.
 And thus, perhaps, the covert fox may muse,
 And burrow'd rabbit, and the squirrel gray
 In hollow trunk, with stores of treasured nuts.
 But nobler thoughts shall now exalt the song
 That yields its music at the evening's close.

X. THE SAILOR SUPPOSED TO BE ASSURED OF LIFE.

Here then I tune my harp. Awake, my muse!
 And sing the bliss of contrast stronger far.
 I never saw the deep; but fancy oft
 Has thought how happy would that sailor be,
 To whom some power assurance should afford,
 That, let his prow be pointed where it might,
 His trusted life should last. Oh! he could climb
 The yielding shrouds and swing along the yards,
 And in the uproar of the tempest chant,
 As if a free and disembodied sprite,
 His victor-song among the scudding clouds.
 The seas would yawn in vain; his fearless eye
 Would glance from gulf to gulf, from foam to foam,
 And joy to catch the lightning's sudden flash;
 While high his heart would leap within to hear
 The rolling thunder and the howling gale.
 The groan of rocking masts would soothe his ear,
 The bending of the spar would lull his soul;
 And then reviving 'neath the o'erbreaking wave,
 He'd mount again with shouts and cleave the storm.

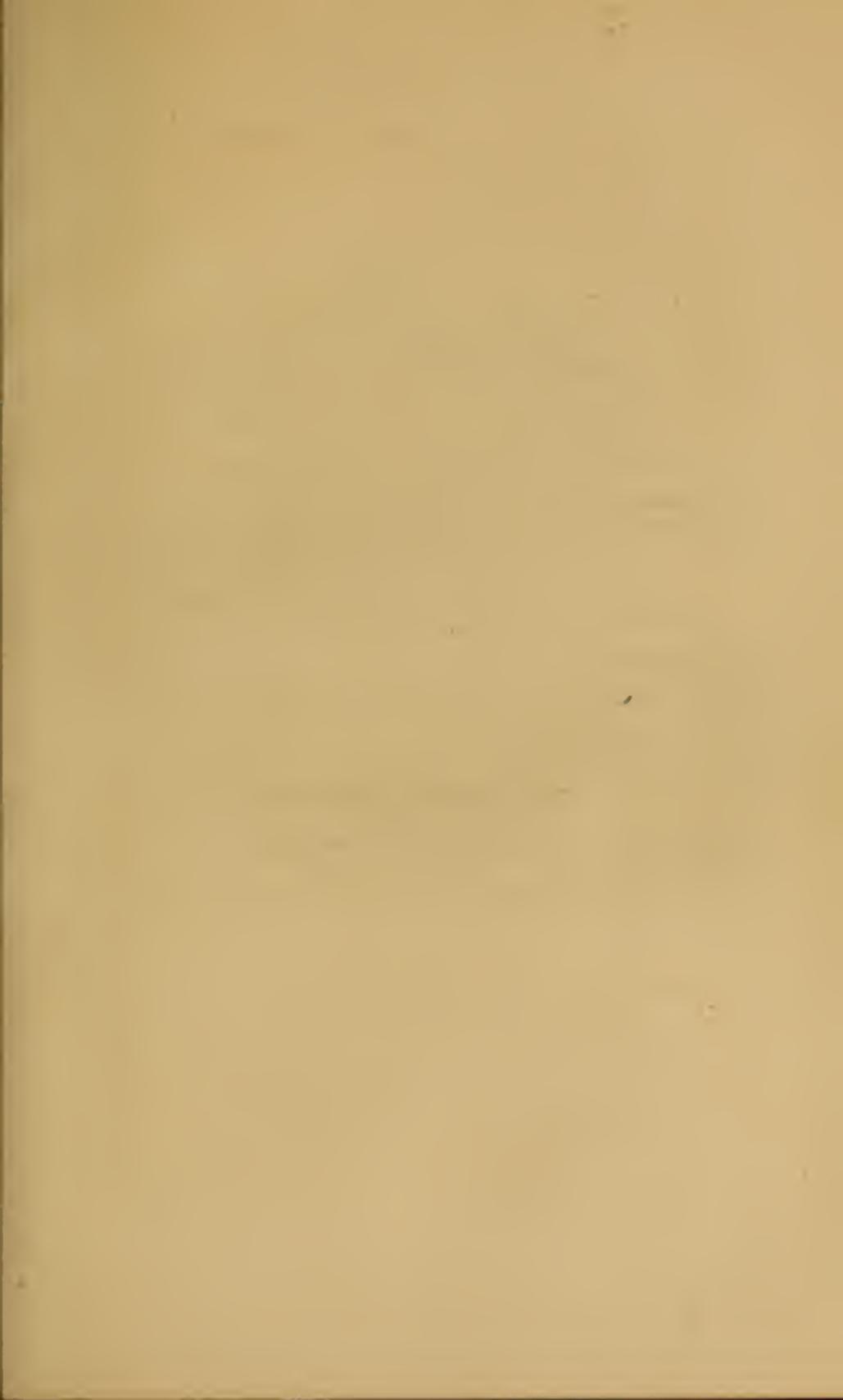
But peace and danger walk not hand in hand.
 Vain were the wish for voyage free of risk,—
 Vain were the prayer to be assured of life.

XI. THE CHRISTIAN—HIS INTERESTS ALL SAFE.

Yet know we not that moral dangers throng
 The path of life?—more terrible by far
 Than thousand tempests on the billowy sea?
 But mark the Christian. He, confirm'd in faith,
 Strong in the promise of Omnipotence,
 With all the world soliciting to sin,
 And Satan tempting with an angel's voice,
 And yearning heart inclining to their guile,
 Subdues himself and smiles at outward foes.
 Sunshine and storm alike are false to him;
 But, God-protected, still he walks in peace.
 Wealth—deck'd with golden diamond-studded crown,
 And purple robe and silver zone, emboss'd
 With radiant gems—invites him near his throne;
 Extends his all-attractive sceptre, calls,
 And calls again, entreats—but still in vain.
 Young Pleasure in her arch'd gateway stands,
 In loose array and garlanded with flowers;—
 O beauty rare! O most enchanting grace!
 She points the pilgrim to her Eden walks;
 Her soft and virgin tones command the trees,
 To wave him welcome to their pleasant shades;—
 The varied bloom to glow with fresher hues,
 And fill with sweeter fragrance all the air;
 And every breeze to waft the mingling songs
 Of mocking-bird, and thrush, and cooing dove,
 And fountain's flowing melody, and moan

Of many a distant murmuring water-fall.
 But, fair enchantress! all thy lures are vain;
 Thy gentle joys the lone one will not heed.
 Then, from the topmost cliff, a thrilling blast
 Rings through the echoing caves and wakes the vale.
 The meek disciple of the Son of Man
 Looks and beholds the queenly form of Fame!
 There shines her temple, and around it grow
 The greenest laurels, and her chosen few
 Breathe on the height a spiritual air,
 And seem to glow with immortality.
 One hand extends a fresh new-woven wreath,
 The other shows her steep ascending path.
 If aught alluring could seduce his soul
 'Twould be the hope of such a fellowship.
 But in his heart a kind low-breathing voice
 Whispers thy name, O Heaven!—and on he moves—
 Nor could a thousand trumps his steps delay.
 Far other foes then urge their fierce assaults.
 Foul Unbelief the patient saint attends,
 With phrase sophistical and mocking wit
 To shake or shame his unsuspecting faith.
 Then Scorn salutes him with her hissing sneer—
 And pours from curling lips the hot reproach.
 While foaming Bigotry, a fire-eyed fiend,
 Steps from her neighboring path with words of hate.
 And waves with threats her red and dripping scourge.
 But still, with heart at ease and brow serene,
 Heir of the Lord! he sings and journeys on.
 Then still severer trials test his soul;—
 Pale Want conducts him through a desert waste;
 Disease outlays him on the burning sand;
 And Life and Death await the doubtful end;

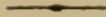
But trusting still he murmurs not nor fears.
All hail—thou pure and strong and happy man!
Beset with foes, by sad afflictions tried,
Child of the promise! Faithful one! all hail!
Of all earth's dangers, none can equal thine.
The sea-toss'd mariner must yield to thee;
And he that stands among the slain and hears
The whistling balls of battle, must confess
His perils are but sport compared to thine.
One step against the Spirit's guiding voice—
One straying step might lead thee far from God,
And not thy body only faint and die,
But, all immortal, sink thy ransom'd soul—
The fiends thy mates, and hell thy endless home.
Thou knowest and yet thou smilest—blessed one!
The name of Jesus ever on thy lips,
The love of Jesus ever in thy heart,
To thee the thought of death no sorrow brings,
Hell hath no horrors, fiends, no power to harm.
Thy hope hath fann'd the fragrant airs of heaven;
E'en now she shines upon its outmost hill,
As brilliant as an angel, and exults
To turn the crown of glory in her hand,
Which faith, beholding, cries—laid up for me!





“LO! WHERE THE AMPLE OCEAN FILLS ITS SPHERE!
SEE THE WHITE SPACE ALONG THE HORIZON—
THAT SEEMING OUTLET TO INFINITY,
BETWEEN THE CLOUD-LINE AND THE CEASELESS WAVES—
SEE HOW THE LONE SHIP, DARKLING UP FROM DARK,
LEANS LINGERING THERE. DWINDLES AND DISAPPEARS.”

M A N.



Partial Sketches of our Earth-Home.

SECTIONS.—I. Apostrophe—Imagination and Passion at liberty; II. Divine Invocation; III. Brotherly Gratulation; IV. Proposition of the Subject; V. The Earth, as seen from the Sun; VI. Expanding—in slow return; VII. From the Cliff below the Clouds; VIII. Ocean View; IX. Land View; X. Horizon Mountains; XI. Nearer Mountain View; XII. The Valley; XIII. Contrast to the Sea; XIV. Special Localities; XV. Down the River; XVI. Summary of Earth-Home.

M A N .

PARTIAL SKETCHES OF OUR EARTH-HOME.

I. APOSTROPHE.

Now, panting spirit! now thy bold desire
So long, so fondly cherish'd, finds an hour
To seek its lofty object!

Morn and eve,
Noonday and midnight, year succeeding year,
Imagination—like a prison'd bird,
Born in its prison, one whose fluttering wings
Were ne'er full spread, but long to wave in heaven—
Has pruned her pinions for a daring flight;
And Passion—as the mate of that caged bird
Thrills when she hears her partner's melody—
Has heard and burned with rapture while she sung
Her flight, as if already on the wing!
The hour has come! The pruned plume is free!
To hill and vale, to brook and ocean wide,
From pole to pole—Imagination flies;
And far from earth, among the shining orbs
Like golden isles that throng the sea of space;
And downward, where the wilderness of gloom
Surrounds the darkling lake of quenchless fire;
And upward, where the Eternal's throne is seen
Casting its radiance o'er the towers of heaven;

And higher still, where twinkling light of star,
 Pale beam of moon, or sun's intenser ray,
 Or flickering glare of hell, or far-seen blaze
 Of heavenly glory never hath appear'd;
 But where effulgence uncreated shrines
 The FORM OF GOD!—effulgence that hath yet
 Ne'er known a shade, nor been approach'd by else
 Than holy thought, adoring as it gazed!
 E'en there, with wings dispread and motionless
 In God's dread solitude she floats in awe.
 And ever as she flies—or round the earth,
 Or midst the distant spheres, or by the gates
 Of hell or heaven, or in the light that shrines
 The form of God; still Passion—as its mate
 Follows with ardent wing the flying bird—
 Length, breadth, depth, height, with equal speed explores.
 Yet wherefore as the birds? Their aim so high,
 Their end so great, they rather angels seem,
 Cherub and seraph, gathering gems of truth
 From all the worlds to deck their diadems!
 Nay—truth more precious far than rarest gems
 And brightest crowns that e'en archangels wear!

II. DIVINE INVOCATION.

"Light in thy light," my new-born vision sees,
 Love for thy love my new-born heart returns,
 And now, Creator of the Universe!
 Infinite Spirit! who, ere aught was made,
 Delighted in the countless images
 Of good and beauty, moving in Thy mind;—
 Whose wisdom plann'd the frame of all that is,
 Whose voice of power embodied all the plan,
 And whose continual energy sustains

Matter, and life, and spirit, hour by hour,
 To thee, with joy ineffable I call,
 To thee, my *Father!* Not to olden muse,
 Of heathen fame, nor mystic modern sprite,
 My truth-taught soul avows its warm desire;
 But, in Thy hearing ear—Ancient of days!
 Its breathings enter. Humble as a child,
 Whose heart the glow of pride and cheek its flush,
 Have never known; yet as an angel bold—
 An angel that hath never breathed a prayer
 That was denied a moment—thus would I,
 Humbly and boldly claim Thy constant aid!
 Father! inspire Thy child! my mind illumine
 With truth as bright as sunbeams that have known
 Nor cloud, nor shade, to cross their way to earth;
 With truth as vital to the immortal soul
 As sunlight to the world that basks and lives.
 My heart with strong attachment to the truth,—
 Stronger than that of avarice to gold,
 Or vanity to fame, or eye of youth
 To most enchanting beauty, ever bless;
 And grant me language flowing as the fount,
 Each thought and feeling imaging as well,
 As the smooth brook, the flowers upon its marge;
 And still may words and thoughts, like meeting brooks,
 In one full stream uniting, onward lead
 Attention to eternity, as bears
 Its bark, the river to the wide—wide sea!

III. BROTHERLY GRATULATION.

Joy to the world! the harp! the gift of God!
 Whose sacred strings, obedient to the touch
 Of skilful fingers, thrilling as they move,

Their many tones in mingled music wake :
 Of power to lull to languor strength enraged,
 O'ercome with melting sweetness; and to nerve
 With iron hardness arms as soft as babe's;
 And o'er the timid hearts of cowards glide,
 Like winds o'er smother'd fires, and rouse a flame
 Of courage, many waters cannot whelm;
 Nay more, whose chasten'd harmony may win
 Affection from the earth, as though she heard
 Soft from the regions whither tends her flight,
 The gentle voice of some kind messenger:
 Ay—holier purpose yet may well fulfil,
 When tenderly it seeks the bed of death,
 And o'er the heart-strings of the dying steals,
 Like fragrant airs from paradise, and prompts
 The parting soul to sigh a glad farewell!
 Joy to the world! this precious gift of God
 Is rescued from the unhallow'd touch of sin,
 And gives unto a nation's listening ear,
 The tones of truth;—in mellow cadence telling
 Of life and bliss immortal in the skies,
 Wooing the fainting soul to love her God;
 The tones of truth,—in peals of thunder rolling,
 Startling the sinner from his dream of joy,
 And calling to the worm that slept an hour
 Its agonizing gnawings to renew,
 And making fancy reel as though she heard
 Groans of the lost, and saw the fire of hell,
 And millions beck'ning to their fearful home!
 Joy to the world! that while the Spirit's voice
 In the still heart makes audible appeals;
 While Providence from earth and sea and sky,
 In blossom-time and harvest; in dark storm

And sunny calm; at morning, noon, and eve;
 By weal and wo, by health and wan disease,
 By life and death, the will of God declares;
 While Revelation—faithful sentinel!
 He who hath watch'd our planet, from what time
 Immortals shouted, as it slowly came,
 Swelling and bright'ning, grand and beautiful,
 From gloom to glory—all his lore repeats,
 With warning and entreaty pleading still;
 And while the Anointed Host unfurl at once
 Ten thousand purple banners, and uplift
 To countless thousands loud the rallying cry;
 Joy to the world! that while all these are out,
 And the world can but hear—the holy harp
 In many a quiet interval obtains
 The open ear of leisure, and with charms
 That few may scorn, persuades the yielding heart
 To desecrate its idols, and entwine
 The tendrils of its love around the cross!

IV. PROPOSITION OF THE SUBJECT.

MAN AS HE IS, and AS HE MAY BECOME;
 His *Knowledge—Duty—Conduct—Destiny—*
 His *Degradation* and his *Dignity*;
 With all the *good* and *evil Agencies*,
Seen and *unseen*, with force, or slight, or strong,
 Soliciting his will:—*These are my Themes.*
 And if the power but equal the desire,
 Truth, by the suasive spell of song, shall win
 A conquest o'er the soul that fame may tell
 To many a holy circle in the skies;
 Who, while their hearts would shudder at the tale
 Of triumphs bought with blood, shall gladly hear,

All leaning mutely on their harps of gold,
Of contrite spirits turning to their God!

V. THE EARTH—AS SEEN FROM THE SUN.

Mysterious Thought! who, ere old Time can turn
His hour-glass, sweepst round the universe;
Stand on the central pinnacle of light,
And mark the spheres that roll around the sun!
Thou see'st no fairer in his whole domain,
Than where upon its azure circle moves,
Moon-like, the distant dwelling-place of man:
Moon-like—as in our morning gleams the moon,
A globe of silver in a haze of gold;
Moon-like—and with the lesser moon beside,
A pearl-hued pendant, quivering in the glow;
The polish'd threshold at the door of earth,
Where many an angel folds his wings and rests;
Moon-like—with map-like shadows, plain to thee,
The lands and waters of thy native home!

VI. EXPANDING—IN SLOW RETURN.

Now, slow return. With what a rushing roll,
Our planet spins and bowls along its course!
And yet its swiftest motions greet thy glance,
Without confusion. See how grandly swell
Its vast proportions! See its boundless drift
Of arching clouds, with rings of open space
Through which the summits of its mountains rise
Ice-sheath'd and clear as crystal, casting wide
Prismatic hues o'er all the shining waste;
Or down whose vistas, where no heights ascend,
Dark plains, and darker vales, with darkest woods,

Repel the sight; while lakes and seas reflect
 Myriads of splendors shot between the glooms;
 Like shafts of fire, soon quench'd among the hills;
 Like shields of glory, floating from the coasts.

VII. FROM THE CLIFF BELOW THE CLOUDS.

Draw nearer still: and, as an eagle wild
 That solitary shone above the clouds—
 Lord of two worlds, in either at his will—
 Stoop from the sunshine ever resting there,
 And come beneath their shadow; fold thy plumes
 Beside the eagle's eyry, where the cliff,
 Nature's selectest terrace, holds command
 Of sea, and earth, and sky; and thence behold,
 Above, around, below—the outstretch'd world!

VIII. OCEAN VIEW.

Lo! where the ample Ocean fills its sphere!
 See the white space along the horizon—
 That seeming outlet to infinity,
 Between the cloud-line and the ceaseless waves.
 See how the lone ship, darkling up from dark,
 Leans lingering there, dwindles, and disappears:
 Leaving the long light clear and cold again.
 Trace back the circle to these reefs below;
 Where the great quivering billows, leaden-glazed,
 Smooth their thin-curling crests to lucent green,
 And break in seething foam and sprinkled spray.
 See how, continuous as that snow-white foam,
 And countless as the snow-white sea-birds there,
 Hover on all the coast the snow-white sails—
 With painted flags aloft, and painted sides

Glittering between the shadows and the seas.
 Within that restless realm of roll and roar,
 And scud-glooms, crisply cool, what mysteries
 Of time, and space, and life, and power, and change,
 And purpose, lie involved! But—let these pass.
 'Tis pleasant to withstand the rushing wind
 That shakes the gnarl'd twists of these stunted trees,
 Rift-rooted, and, as well their age attests,
 More than a match for any storm that blows—
 Though scarce so happy as their humbler race;
 'Tis quick'ning thus to stand, and think the while
 That all the crowding canvas near the coast,
 And all the scatter'd sheets that through the mists
 Of the mid-sea among the white-caps flash,
 And that remember'd mast which left the verge,
 Are blown by this same gale, and haply bear
 Hearts heaven'd with hope to meet the clasp of love.
 Take them my blessing, O ye hurrying airs!
 Take my poor blessing to them, one and all:
 Or, rather breathe about their brows, and sing—
 The Great Sea-Walker sends you grace and peace!

IX. LAND VIEW.

Now let the Ocean sink. This lower ledge
 Winds inward, and the Land attracts the sight.
 Behind me are the venerable woods;
 Not stunted, gnarl'd and twisted by the storm,
 But tall, and smooth, and straight, with branching vaults
 Of boundless foliage, leaking drops of light—
 A heaven of green beneath the heaven of blue,
 With star-like twinklings countless as the night's.
 Hid in the calm recesses of those shades,
 Solemnity and Quiet long have held

Their hermitage: there Meditation turns,
 When the dark hours have wheel'd the firmament
 Of stars away, and the red hills no more
 Afford seclusion, and day's uproar wakes—
 There turns and wanders in the dropping light,
 That seems to rain sweet music on the sward,
 As in the soul thought-music still goes on:
 There Observation, startled, stops, and hears
 In all the aisles the choir of worshiping birds;
 Or lists the lavish life-lapse of the fount,
 Gurgling and gushing from the glistening rock,
 Moss-bound, and hung with wild flowers of all hues,
 Filling the air with fragrance,—'neath whose leaves
 The squirrel sips a moment, and then leaps
 Across the tiny stream, the tinkling stream,
 That bubbles to the boulders on its banks,
 And babbles down the pebbles to the vale;
 Where, with the gather'd strength of many a rill,
 It spreads along the lowlands deep and wide,
 Proud of the towns that prosper on its shores.

X. HORIZON MOUNTAINS.

Now from this lofty verge, extend thy glance
 To th' uttermost horizon. That dim haze—
 It seems a haze its outlines are so dim;
 Not like the definite sea-bound, but, a mist
 Melting to skiïy softness—is a mass
 Of ores and adamant as vast as this;
 Cover'd with mould as rich, and thick with woods
 As tall, as old, as these. That lower line,
 Of darker hue, describes a nearer range;
 And there, between the two, though here they look

Like pencillings on one surface, plains expand,
As broad as these, as fruitful, and as fair.

XI. NEARER MOUNTAIN VIEW.

But, mark yon nearest slope, across the vale,
How smoothly it ascends! How beautiful,
The ceaseless lights and shades that over-sweep
The swaying fulness of its forest-tops!
No trunk is seen, no branch; an emerald world,
Whole as the ocean, waves upon the sight—
Save where some cast-away has clear'd a knoll,
Isle-like, and in his smoking cabin rests,
The Crusoe of the wilderness; or where
Turns and returns the turnpike's whitening way;
Or down that growthless gorge the crumbled rocks,
Like a gray glacier, slowly swell their course.

XII. THE VALLEY.

With calmly conscious eyes, descending still
From those great boundaries, now dilate with joy
On all the laughing loveliness below.
Behold the varied valley! Nature there
Is fashion'd into beauty. All its forms
Are gentler, and its checker'd colors shine
In gayer contrasts. On the light green hills,
A thousand purple orchards flush the air;
Along the endless reach of open fields,
A thousand yellow harvests greet the sun;
And down the banks, where moist the meadows lie,
A thousand dark green pastures bless the wave.
O'er all the scene, in happy neighborhood,
Known by dissolving rings of rising smoke,
Or, whitely gleaming from their bowery shades,

A thousand homesteads haunt a thousand springs.
 The springs, outrilling from their shelter'd caves,
 And sparkling through the elder-thickets, haste
 To meet the brooks that from the mountains call:
 The glistening brooks, down-leaping from the crags,
 Between the lowly willows wind, to join
 The creeks, o'erarched by lofty sycamores:
 The creeks, along the hollows, check their course,
 Smooth all their ripples till they look like glass,
 And so, in silence, with the river blend:
 The river, with the treasure of all hearts
 Intrusted, shines in sight of earth and heaven,
 And bears the common tribute to the sea.

XIII. CONTRAST TO THE SEA.

How different from the sea! No billows roll,
 No breakers roar, within this scope serene.
 No plunging prows, no shivering sails, are here.
 The quiet soil sleeps on from age to age,
 And all its structures stand in still repose;
 More sure than anchorage, mooring, or the dock.
 The surface there is blank, life dreads the air,
 And holds its hidden revels in the deep.
 Here, depth is death, and all of life ascends,
 Exulting in the breezes and the light—
 The heaven of resurrection from the grave,
 Where every tree its branch of triumph waves.

XIV. SPECIAL LOCALITIES.

See, where the level tree-roof'd avenue
 Welcomes the homeward carriage, spinning swift.
 See, where the sunny pike, that climbs the hill,
 Shows, here and there, along its rising grade,

The heavy-loaded, slowly-wending wain.
 See the log school-house, with its gravelly green
 Well trampled, on the border of the wood.
 See the white church, within its sacred grove,
 Surrounded by the unforgotten tombs,
 Reposing like a shepherd with his flock.
 See the neat parsonage, fronting from its group
 Of oaks and elms, where hands of genial taste,
 Take due advantage of all natural wealth,
 And wake a cultured Eden in the wild,
 To breathe refinement o'er the ruder world.
 There fairer branches fresher foliage wave,
 There richer lawns, and cleaner walks appear,
 There flowers, more varied, sweeter odors yield,
 And vines, more fitly trail'd, more brightly bloom.
 The bees are busier there, as better paid;
 And birds, as more at home, more musical.
 About the porch and windows such delights
 Of color, fragrance, song, combine with scenes
 Far-reaching, to complete the bliss within,
 That the young parents less of heaven might think
 And less of duty than the Lord requires,
 But that an infant face, with seraph smile,
 Oft peeps between the roses—and is not.

XV. DOWN THE RIVER.

Now, one sweep more. Across the mountain-brook,
 The prostrate tree—from whose smooth barkless round,
 Sun-warm'd, the startled snake, uncoiling, drops—
 Yields trusty passage. Down the radiant glen,
 Opening upon the splendor of the West,
 The one-arch'd bridge uplifts its lighted curve,
 And wings of silver, like an angel guide's,

Leading a pilgrim 'neath the gate of death,
 Conduct the timid waters glittering through.
 Still onward—where the river spreads its flood,
 And the brown country-road winds down the bank,
 The flat-boat, poled against the current, aims,
 With prudence often praised, above its mark;
 Then, down the side-stream gliding, gains its rest.
 Still onward—and the cover'd toll-bridge creeps,
 Creaking, from pier to pier, from shore to shore,
 Where the grass-grown and quiet village streets
 Disclose their comely lines of airy homes;
 Each with its well-kept garden in the rear,
 And front adorn'd with poplar spires, or droop
 Of willowy swings, or locusts' feathery leaf.
 Still onward sweeping—as the tide expands—
 By many an ampler town and busier marge,
 With steam-wheels plashing and alive with sails,
 Lo! where another vale unites its flood,
 With equal tribute from an equal range.
 There breaks the mighty city on the sight!
 The skies are all ablaze with sunset fires,
 And all aglow the hills, and vales, and tides,
 And widening bay, and ocean's basking sphere.
 How fair the vision! Countless homes around,
 With all the world connected, and the signs
 Suggestive everywhere. Inland—the stage
 Comes dusting down the road; the humble barge
 Bears a bright window on the slow canal;
 The rail-car rolls its glazing through the glare;
 And e'en the brazen points that lead the wire
 Electric, catch and show the slower beam.
 Seaward—the steam-ships trail their clouds of smoke,
 And clouds of sails, out-bound and in-bound, wave

Like wings of glory o'er the illumined deep.
 But, chief, the central haze, suspended low,
 Reflective reddens; and a hundred fanes
 Flash, star-like, through; a hundred polish'd domes
 Swell up, like suns; temples and mansions shine,
 As though a conflagration raged within;
 And monumental shafts, of holy fame,
 Lift their pale statues to the living tints,
 Transfigured, as spectators of the scene.

XVI. SUMMARY OF EARTH-HOME.

Ocean immense, mountain and varied vale,
 Thou hast survey'd. Now raise thine eyes again
 To th' open skies, whence late thy coming shone;
 And—while the holy, golden-crown'd sun,
 In robes "of glory and of beauty," stands
 By the evening altar, stretching radiant arms;
 His many-jewel'd breast-plate all ablaze;
 His countenance shining like the face of God;
 And, as the priest of nature, in God's name
 Baptizes all the world with living fire:
 Or, turning with the truth that charms thee most
 Even from such an image, too restrain'd
 For nature's vastness—while the distant sun,
 With moon-like nearness but incomparate flame,
 Still sinking slow, suffuses all the sphere;
 Transforming air, and mist, and sea, and shore,
 Into one larger, fairer Paradise,
 With all love's angels floating in the light—
 Tell me if man hath not a Glorious Home?
 And when the time of *thought* to sense succeeds;
 When twilight from the scene below exhales,
 And the gloom rises, till the glittering peak,



“AND MONUMENTAL SHAFTS OF HOLY FAME
LIFT THEIR PALE STATUES TO THE LIVING TINTS,
TRANSFIGURED, AS SPECTATORS OF THE SCENE.”

Whereon thou glowest, loses its last ray ;
 And ev'n the highest vapors change from gold
 To crimson, and to purple, and to blue,
 And so, chill'd hueless, overflow unseen ;
 As the hush'd homestead glimmers from its bower,
 And the calm village shows a cluster'd gleam,
 And the still town extends its sparkling line,
 And the tired city winks with myriad lamps,
 And the bay-beacon flashes toward the sea,
 And the strange meteor, trailing through the dusk,
 Startles all revery with its sudden hiss—
 Tell me, if Man hath not a Quiet Home ?
 And when the time of *rest* to thought succeeds,
 When all these lights are out—except the blaze
 That o'er the unsteady billows steadily beams,
 To guide the anxious mariner ; when sleep,
 Welcome, on earth, to flesh and spirit both,
 Falls, like the dew, on all the languid world ;
 Then lift thy vision to the gentle stars,
 Whose light is everlasting—though they seem
 The glistening dew-drops of some upper morn,
 Red with a sunrise never reaching here ;
 Or, if it please thee, let them sentinels seem,
 Pacing our wilderness frontiers all the night,
 With angel vigilance ; and then, behold
 The queenly moon, that leaves the camp afar,
 And ev'n without a page, draws near alone,
 To watch in silence o'er the slumberers ;
 Or rather, while both heaven and earth are full
 Of death-like stillness, with no dream of war—
 Tell me, if Man hath not a Peaceful Home ?
 And when the time of *action* follows rest ;
 When the first scintillant arrows of the dawn,

Kindling the east, foreshow returning day ;
 When, midst the violet-hues, the morning star
 Heightens its diamond brightness—like the eye
 Of beauty, blushing at a well-known step ;
 And when the sun, up-looming from the sea,
 With rim of dazzling white, and centre black
 With blinding glory, lifts its lower verge
 From seeming touch, and instantly retires,
 Without a tremor, to infinity—
 Thence earthward shining still, while clouds of mist
 From wave and cliff, from inland hill and stream,
 Rise, like a lifted firmament, and show
 From pole to pole the waking world beneath—
 O let the happy billows clap their hands,
 And the gales shout along the echoing rocks,
 And hills, and plains, and streams, uplift their songs
 To the stillest heights of rapture, where the peaks
 Of the purest mountains, passing through the veil
 And pale with worship, only whisper praise—
 And all confess, with grateful thrills divine,
 A race of gods might love the Home of Man.



“ROUND THE GATE,—
SAD CONTRAST TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE,—
BARE-HEADED AND BARE-FOOTED CHILDREN PLAY’D,
WITH UNCOMB’D HAIR, AND FACES THAT APPEAR’D
AS THOUGH THEY HAD TO WAIT FOR RAIN TO WASH.”

MAY IN THE WOODS.

An Epistle to my Friend,

JOHN FONERDEN, M. D.,

OF BALTIMORE.

MAY IN THE WOODS.

Once more I breathe the warm mid-city air;
Retired and quiet, musing at my desk.
But, while the sunlight through the window beams,
Part shaded by the half-roll'd blinds; and flies
Dress their thin wings upon the brighten'd floor;
And plays the shadow of the waving tape,
That ties the curtain, witnessing the wind;
And frequent glooms, descending from the clouds
In silent promise floating, briefly dim
The little scene so pictured at my feet;—
Fancy, with open bosom, walks the woods;
Communing with all spirits that inhaunt
Their green and cool and musical retreats.

To thee, my Friend! while thus a leisure hour
Opens with pleasant thoughts, I pour my verse
Freely and gladly. Haply simple things
Will flow through all the song; not now inspired
With such intent as often spheres the soul
In highest glory; but, in frame serene,
Sung with sweet love of beauty and repose.

A week ago, last Saturday, I rode
A woodland track upon the Eastern Shore.
No hurry urged me onward; low the reins
Hung, loose; and inoffensively the whip;

While, perfectly contented, slowly walk'd
 My fine gray pony, with her flowing mane,
 In rich adornment of her arch'd neck,
 All smoothly drooping; and her sidelong eye
 Enchanted by the verdant border grass.

It was a close and cloudy afternoon,
 And all the leaves on all the branches hung,
 As though with very faintness they would fall;
 And every tree appear'd to bow its head
 In utmost awe; and all the forest join'd
 In mute, imploring homage for a shower.
 But onward pass'd the providential rain
 To answer greater need. And soon the grove,
 Refresh'd by leafy draughts unseen but full,
 Drawn from the moisten'd air; and briskly stirr'd
 By their old partners in delight, the winds,
 Shook every limb and rustled every twig,
 Thankful that while their wishes were denied
 Their wants were granted; casting grief away
 And waving wide with universal joy.

Near to the road-side, little yellow cups
 Sprinkled the humid verdure; and, beyond,
 Tall, branchless stalks of cluster'd blue-bells rose,
 Showing the hue of heaven, and pointing there;
 While, blending rose and lily, all around
 Wild honey-suckles flush'd the ground with bloom;
 And over these, half-reaching to the height
 Of venerable, all-protecting oaks,
 The taper dogwood's fragrant blossoms spread;
 Cheering the green obscure with pyramids
 Of snowy beauty; loveliest when the sun

Broke from the clouds, and through the open roof,
 High waving and transparent, quivering sent,
 Pure as the spotless flowers, his golden rays.

On as I passed, a few attractions charm'd
 My ready senses, and excited thoughts
 That one who loves me may not scorn to hear.

An oak—tall, straight, and ample in its girth;
 Firm-fix'd below and spreading wide above;
 Sound, strong, and flourishing. It might be named,
 Methuselah! the forest patriarch.
 There must have been a long, long lapse of years
 Since that was but an acorn. In the homes
 That now its top o'erlooks, the grave has found—
 Oh! many a victim, since its little germ
 Peep'd from the soil. Alas! how short is life!
 How many generations of mankind,
 Full of vast schemes and boasting boundless hopes,
 May live to second childhood and expire
 Beneath the shadow of the same old tree;
 Old, but still green! And that,—how steadfast stood,
 The sylvan chieftain! what a robe of pomp
 In breezy fulness floated round his form!
 But hold!—I draw a contrast; may not thus,
 To gain the pleasure of a sounding verse,
 Personify as man the very power
 That mock'd the fleetness of my flowery term,
 And, as I rode beside its mighty trunk,
 Shook all its honors proudly o'er my head.
 And yet that tree too near resembled man.
 A princely prize had met with cold regard,
 If only to be gain'd by clasping tight

Its pillar'd strength, or climbing to its boughs.
 For, closely creeping, like a deadly snake,
 Through every crevice, under every plate
 Of swelling bark, and showing, here and there,
 Its brown and hairy line, the poison-oak
 Ascended—striking terror to my heart!
 Terror,—for years ago, on that same shore,
 I suffer'd strange eruption and was told:
 “Perhaps some poison-oak was on the fire,
 And as it burnt, you smelt it.” Poison-oak!
 Never to be forgotten! When I read,
 Beside the winter stand, let no dread log
 With this sad vine be placed upon the fire:
 Nay, sooner let the hearth grow cold as rocks
 That brunt the icy surge of polar seas.
 And when I ride, let no contiguous tree
 Extend an arm to help the creeper reach
 My passing form; thus prompting me to push
 The limb aside, and feel, too late, my foe.
 Rather, far rather, let my charger course
 The shrubless sands, beneath the cloudless sun,
 Straining endurance every burning step.
 Yes, there I lay,—but 'tis too long a tale:
 Enough—enough! but never, never more
 Let poison-oak my shuddering frame molest.
 But now recurs the question, for reply:
 In what respect does this resemble man?
 Your thoughts, my Friend! may not accord with mine,
 But so, it seem'd, we sometimes meet with men,
 In whom we note an excellence of gifts,
 Sublime and peerless; who, although their minds
 Command admiring love, must yet be shunn'd:
 Because of some acquired, vile, viper vice—
 Some venomous habit winding round the heart.

Birds!—Many were about me; but a page
 Would fail to show them, fully. Let a touch,
 Of some distinctive point, suffice for each.
 The red-bird, like a British fifer, blew
 His solid whistle. Sharp o'erhead was heard,
 The crow-tormenting king-bird's victor note;
 And one sweet oriole amused me much,
 Glad singing on the topmost twig, but still,
 As near I drew, removing further on;
 Yet ever, with his pinions closed or spread,
 Warbling his strain; as though he sought to say:—
 "I am a poet, sir! and, let me rest
 Or keep me flying, long as life shall last
 My glowing soul shall pour its joys in song."
 While thus the nearer, oft, from distant gloom,
 Melodiously the plaintive turtle-dove,
 Her saddest music breathed; the charm'd soul
 A moment stopt the heart, and stood to hear.

But others, songless, wanting voice or rest,
 Were busy all about me. Flitted light
 From spray to spray, the blue-bird; near the ground,
 From bush to bush, the speckle-breasted thrush,
 With knowing eye that watch'd the passenger,
 Hopt, quietly; and quick the prudent wren,
 Along the lowest fence-rail, ran, and hid
 Beneath the angle's shelter, in the grass.
 While, pleasing me as much as any, swift,
 With crimson head, blue back, and white-striped wings,
 From tree to tree the wise wood-pecker flew.
 Tri-colour'd bird,—its image should appear,
 O France! with each of thy tri-colour'd flags!
 The bird that loves above all else on earth

To pick at rotten, blockhead royalties.
 I like to mark it, running round and round,
 The crumbling column, and then, holding fast,
 With most tenacious claws, lean boldly back
 And send its rapid piercer rattling home.
 'Tis a loud warning to all trees; enough
 To make them tremble from their lowest roots
 Up to their highest boughs; for thus must all
 Decay, and feed the worms—and these, the birds.
 If here, my Friend! you see another thought
 That fits great things, apply it so, yourself;
 I play awhile with poetry—not thrones.

But, ere we leave the birds, one more remark
 May not be useless. Men are like them here:
 The silent are the busy. They who work
 Have little time to pain or please the world,
 With dove-like moans or oriolean songs.

But let me not forget a little nest—
 A lonely nest, adhering to a branch
 That the wind waved beside me as I pass'd,
 As though to say:—"Behold! a happy home!"
 What! that? 'Tis true; the trifle is a home.
 How small its room! and that without a roof!
 Except, indeed, the ever-changing leaves.
 Mark its foundation! neither rock nor sand;
 Falling and rising, constantly, yet safe.
 Sweeps the wild blast that brings the awful storm;
 Pours the full torrent from the melting clouds;
 Flies the fierce lightning quivering through the sky;
 And peals the thunder, rolling deep and long.
 Yet swings that nest upon the tossing branch;

Wet with the rain-drops, glistening in the flash,
 And trembling to the thunder; all exposed
 But all unhurt; still—still a happy home.
 Oh! give me love, and let me be a bird,
 My home a nest, and every wind my foe;
 Rather than own the noblest hall that man
 Has ever built, to walk its joyless courts
 With drooping head, and heart that fondly seeks
 Affection's sympathy—but seeks in vain.
 Softly! a whisper seeks my spirit's ear!
 "Beware of error. Mind! you saw no birds
 Nestling together; no tremendous storm.
 Haply the mates do never hold at once,
 The downy seat; but interchange their tasks
 While eggs or young are there, and then forsake
 Both and forever what they need no more."
 It may be so—I know not. Where's the man,
 Of all the wise on earth—come! tell his name!
 Whose knowledge circles all things? There is none
 Then here I leave the point—and if I err,
 Oh! many a poet, writing wondrous verse
 Of what he never knew—has done the same.

But other things—what other things were there?
 I sketch a few. For instance, o'er my head
 A kind of fly, about an inch in length;
 Light-hued and slender-bodied; all erect
 Its head and tail; and from its hollow sides
 Its filmy wings projecting; sail'd along,
 So gaily on the gentle tide of air,
 With such a humming, as of tiny wheels,
 I could but gaze and name it as it went
 A little, living steamboat! True, the thought

Was not a wise one ; but alas ! how apt
 The human mind to cherish foolish things !
 And I had rather lift my head and smile
 To think a buzzing insect, as it flies,
 A little, living steamboat—than pronounce
 A prince or priest, my master ! For the first
 No evil wrought ; but ah ! what mountain piles
 Of bleeding bodies, ever echoing loud
 From base to top with wounded spirits' groans—
 The sad memorials of the other's reign—
 Oppress the earth, and in the eye of heaven
 Rise high, invoking pity or revenge !

Thus then it seem'd that I had noticed all
 The wilderness contain'd. But what a thought !
 How prone is man to glance along the woods
 Of knowledge, and, because a trifling part
 Rewards the eye, suppose the whole is known :
 As though the distant darkness were a wall—
 And not a vast, expanding, crowded world :
 While oft, beneath his feet, things undiscern'd
 Exist as though they were not. So with me ;
 For, crossing soon a narrow bridge of logs,—
 On either side of which still waters lay,
 Dark with the dye of countless sunken leaves,
 And spotted here and there with spreading dock,—
 "Humph !" said a bull-frog, plunging to the depths ;
 As though he knew, but made mistake in me,
 A word to certain people is enough.
 Still this, at least, he made me understand :
 Some things are not content to be o'erlook'd.
 I'll mark you, sir ! thought I ; and man shall learn—
 That man I mean who pants to leave a name

To after times, and scarcely cares for what,—
 A homely lesson that may do him good.
 Up from oblivion's gloom some time he mounts,
 And silent squats upon the shore of life;
 Then, as the world goes by, if nothing more
 His utmost swelling can accomplish,—humph!
 He cries, and sinks, unseen, whence first he rose.
 Or if he compass more—aye, win a crown;
 Still, to my mind, if this his highest aim,
 Such greater glories meanly he neglects,
 That e'en the bloated bull-frog's hollow trump
 Deserves more honour than his worthless name.

What more? I fear this trespass. Waving webs
 Awaited victims. Hence the passing line:
 Earth's fairest scenes are full of fatal traps.

Again;—a human home. A hut of logs,
 In a square garden lot; about whose fence
 The forest waves, with north and west relieved
 By long, close rows of that same odorous tree,
 The snowy-blossom'd dogwood. Round the gate—
 Sad contrast to the beauty of the place—
 Bare-headed and bare-footed children play'd,
 With uncomb'd hair and faces that appear'd
 As though they had to wait for rain to wash:
 While in the door, a haggard woman sat.
 Could she have been their mother? Very strange,
 She never found a fountain in the shade.
 Still on; and paths that led to other homes
 Open'd at times, on either hand; and these
 Always afford me pleasure. Wanting facts,
 I fancy they conduct to neat abodes

Of peace and love. How happy is the man—
 So breathes my soul as up the path I look—
 When here he turns aside his weary feet,
 And knows he soon shall join the smiling group
 That make his bower a blessed paradise!

And more? Yes, more—but most must be withheld.
 Who tells at once the full amount he knows?
 And who that aught declares, will not the best?
 “But not a word is here of many things
 That throng the woods!” I know—but did not meet,
 And what I met not would infringe the plan
 That gives the garrulous mind its only check.
 Beside, what eye, since Adam’s, ever saw
 That richest spot where nature kindly show’d
 A full museum of her countless charms?
 If fancy’s hand, my Friend! had held the pen,
 Squirrels with long and bushy tails, had run
 Along the ground, and, mounting to the forks
 Of hickories, had closely laid and watch’d
 The man below, with slanting black-bead eyes.
 Buzzards had floated on unmoving plumes
 Where’er the sky was seen, so loftily,
 So easily and gracefully, that men
 Had scorn’d balloons and sigh’d for wings alone;
 And thousand, thousand things from heaven, earth, sea,
 Art’s pride and Nature’s beauty, had combined
 To crowd a scene,—with no original.

Yet, ere I close, two observations more
 Request a record. Ample sections there
 Were thickly strewn with leaves—the last year’s growth.
 ’Tis an old song that leaves illustrate life;

Fresh, fading, falling. Homer may have learn'd
 This wisdom on his gentle mother's knee.
 But, a new point—unburied leaves; the dry
 And wasting skeletons that seem to warn
 The living verdure, waving on the boughs
 Above them, where they flourish'd once themselves.
 I thought—suppose the bones of perish'd men,
 Were ever thus in sight; stopping our ways,
 And filling all our fields; demanding toil
 Severe and long, to clear a little spot
 To raise our corn, or channel out a line
 To lead the fountain waters to our doors;
 Where then would be that heedlessness of death
 Which marks the myriads who delight to dance,
 Now, on the flowery floor that hides the grave?
 Where then the gorgeous glories that command
 The sinful homage of a haughty world?
 Where then the madness that exchanges heaven
 With all its everlasting realms of light,
 For meteor fires that flash around the tomb,
 And when the wanderer reaches it,—expire!

And now the last. Just as we left the woods,
 And coursed the open road, with piny skirts,
 Westward I turn'd my eye. Long, narrow clouds
 Of shadowy blue, with golden space between,
 Stretch'd, line o'er line, across the sunset sky.
 The scene was that which people oft describe
 Thus:—"Now the sun is drawing water up."
 To me it seem'd, as though, behind the clouds,
 A pyramid, magnificent above
 All former thoughts of splendour, reach'd mid-heaven;
 Most massive, and most perfect in its shape.

Effulgent, grand, beyond all pomp of words.
Thus, then, as set unseen the solar orb,
The envious clouds, that would have hid his light,
Became the very scaffolding within
Whose vast enclosure, gloriously was built
His monument, to charm the wondering world!

So let the Christian triumph o'er his foes;
Without a shade approaching other spheres,
And envy's self approving him in this.

THE DUEL.



GRAVES AND CILLEY.

FEBRUARY 24, 1838.

SECTIONS.—I. First News; II. Later News; III. Public Excitement; IV. Demand for Repentance and Restraint.

THE DUEL.

I. FIRST NEWS.

The passion of the people, brooks no more!
The judgment of the people, yields no more!
The voice that speaks their spirit, sleeps no more!

Passion is rising, like a midnight storm!
Judgment is streaming, like the lightning, down!
And speech, like thunder, shakes the throne of guilt!

The poet's faculties are white with fire—
Calm—Oh, how calm!—consumingly intense!

Vox Populi—Vox Dei! Once—all hail!
The Nation trembles at the mountain's base:
And while the summit shadows deepen round,
Hears the high Law and swears to own its power!

Thou shalt not kill!—the God of Glory speaks:
Thou shalt not kill!—the Nation makes reply:
Replies, awe-struck, and groaning in the dust!

Hark! See! The Eagle, wounded in mid-sky,
Falls, shrieking, with an eye that loathes the light:
And bleeds upon thy dome—proud Capitol!

Old Pandemonium gathers all her hosts:
 The very flames stand motionless, without;
 Within, suspense and silence.

Lo! they start!

'Twas but a sound. Again! and yet no more.
 Again! a double sound—a wail of wo!
 Wo to the earth: in hell—a festival!
 A triumph! Ha! the flames are dancing round!
 The walls, the roof—they quiver to that shout!

A Gentleman! who thus insults the race?
A Man!—and yet athirst for human blood?
A Gentle Man?—O scorn and mockery!

I say of one whose conduct I despise:
 In my opinion—he's no gentleman.

What now? A challenge? Why? In error? Then
 Correct me; and I'll thank you, and confess.
 But if, fool-like, my prejudice is dear,
 Who shall presume such failing to control?
 O gentle sir! be piteous to a fool!
 If, still more fool-like, every where I tell
 With pert assurance what should be my shame:
 Remember—e'en the fool has right of speech:
 And men of sense had better thrust their hands
 In living coals, than lay them on his lips.
 Do let the fool prate on—till none shall hear.
 —But many, hearing, cherish same regards!—
 Then challenge all!—Or, cheerly, care no more
 For twenty thousand simpletons, than one.
 But, haply—I am right. Then, truth is good,
 And life is good: pray let me keep them both!

Or, if this may not be—fire thou alone:
Better to lose my body than my soul!

Thus mere opinion. If a libel out:
Seek due redress in Court. Let Justice tear
The false reproach from thee, and on his brow
Cool the sore seal of bone-imprinting crime!

O for unceasing tears! undying moans!

Sharp ring the rifles in the clear, cold air:
But unseen angels turn the tubes aside.
See! Oh how rich, in more than worlds could buy—
In life, health, strength, they stand erect, unharm'd!
Has each a home? I know not, want a fact:
But yield to fancy, and still pour my verse.
Smile, Mothers! while the glory of the noon
Glow round you, in your widely parted spheres.
Your little ones are sporting; from the walls,
The portraits of their fathers look with love:
Smile, Mothers! kiss the little ones again,
Point to their sires, and fan their fondest hopes!

Again? O horror! But the angels wait:
Ordain'd to guide once more the glancing balls.
Say, Mothers! did a shadow dim your joys?
Smile on—the sun seems brighter for the gloom!

A pause. A gentleman? I still think not.
You thus esteem him—I am glad you can.
Is he, in fact?—I cannot make him else.
Freedom of thought is yours—to me belongs
The same great right. We differ. I regret.

But ask me not to lie. This could not prove
 His honor: would dishonor you to seek:
 And stamp me worse than coward should I give.

All may not answer—either *lie* or *die*!

No more the wings of mercy guard the scene:
 Shapes dark and dread draw near, with evil eye—
 Help the sure aim—and hail the fatal fall!

What now? A Gentleman? No more than erst.
 Yet this the only end—to make the dead
 Assent to him that slew him.

Howl it forth—

The speechless disappointment!

Ha! the soul

That might have seen its error—if at fault;
 Now, all unchanged, is banish'd from the world!
 The lips that might have utter'd all desired,
 Are voiceless, till the searching day of doom!

In purple robe, new-dyed, he comes! he comes!
 Ho! haughty Honor! Autocrat adored!
 Art satisfied? Thy object—was it won?
 A gentleman—because the corpse is mute?
 Out on the silent dead! The lifeless tongue
 Declines to say—he is a gentleman!
 This way, O king! Fresh cause for vengeance here!
 Reload! Approach the tomb! Demand consent!
 Call out the pale one! Challenge him again!
 What! Will not hear? Then nobly make thy charge,
 Storm the defences, leap into the vault,
 Crush the frail coffin, pierce his heart anew,

Cease not—until the thoughts he could not think
Part the cold lips and murmur from the shroud!

Smile, Mother! smile: array thy western halls,
To greet his coming! Doubtless, he is warm
With all fire-side affections. He will joy
To clasp thee, now, far more than when a bride:
And who may tell the sweetness that will flow
All round his fatherly heart, as on his knees,
Tossing their curls, his sons and daughters climb!
O may they never lift a tender glance,
And in their artless innocence inquire,
How *he* was sepulchred in lonely cold,
Whose heart was emptied by the rifle-ball!—
A heart as full of love for home and babes,
Haply, as ever beat: as full for thee—
Poor, broken-hearted widow! Ah, my God!
God of thy servant and his own dear group!
Have mercy on the reft, whom thus we mourn:
Nor less upon the circle still complete!
Methinks my wife would wear a widow'd look,
In gayest moments: and my children's eyes,
Seem ever glistening with young orphans' tears:
My home would darken like the charnel-house;
And every night my bedstead press me round,
With odorous tightness of the coffin's frame;
The sheets would seem my shroud; the pillow feel
As hard and chilling as the moist vault stone!

Mute, motionless widow! Melancholy babes!
God bless you, in your everlasting grief!
No earthly comforter can heal such wounds!

Say—shall we utter curses, deep and strong?
 Pray for the lightning? Call the earthquake up?
 Scathe and ingulf the workers of this wrong?
 Nay—far too much disgrace, too much distress,
 Prevail already. Neither may we know,
 How many guilty and in what degrees.
 Death should not make us partial to the dead;
 Life should not prejudice the one that lives:
 Their act the same—but one the better shot.
 The better shot! My poor brain reels and whirls:
 Still, reels and whirls! O would it were a dream!
 Immortal thanks to him who breaks this sleep!
 For duelling is murder, at the best:
 And here—why shoot at all? And shot they thrice?
 The best—the worst: all true distinction fails.
 I trembled on my bed, and now am blind.
 Grief only, in the centre of my soul,
 Has steady power, and ever prompts the prayer
 For pity! pity! all-forgiving woe!
 Oh, *is* there mercy for the merciless?

II. LATER NEWS.

'Tis only heighten'd horror! Poor, pale lips,
 Ye did not say—he is no gentleman!
 Silent unto the last: except to tell
 Your high respect for him, perforce your foe!
 “Gentlemen! Are you ready?” Gentlemen!
 Men! ready for such cool attempt to kill!
 And Gentle Men! I dare not farther muse.
 But what? “The last of it?” This may not be.
 It ought not, can not, shall not! 'Tis a deed,
 To be remember'd and recited long:
 Sounding through all the uproar of all time—

And asking judgment in the day of doom!
 Let "controversy" die. Names, motives, men:
 May pass, in pity. But the deed—the deed:
 May that sad lesson soon be read in law.

Henceforth, the good man only has my vote:
 I can not, will not, wreathe the brow of sin!

III. PUBLIC EXCITEMENT.

Louder, and louder yet, the thunder rolls:
 Faster, and farther, filling all the sky,
 And shaking every hill and plain below.

How dare they pray the tempest may subside?
 Idolaters before the people's shrine:
 Let them pray God—He, only, stills the storm!
 "Excitement!" What? Its lawless worshipers?
 The rousers of its power? Are they alarm'd?
 Invaders of our social sanctities—
 Cast they their chains upon our guardian waves?
 The waves dismiss them to the lowest depths,
 And rush upon the bands that flung them out:
 Stand back!—or soon the surge will bind ye all,
 With your own fetters, in its darkest caves!

Who are they? Ha! Art sure it is their voice?
 There was a quarrel which they might have quell'd:
 That little, shameful, fatal, awful feud!
 Why *that* excitement did they not allay?
 That was the vapor of this hurricane!
 Their very weeping should have quench'd that fire:
 And sat they calmly round, fanning the flame?
 'Twas their own match that started this deep train,—

And now the whole land heaves—behold! they kneel!
 Kissing the soil, to soothe its quivering rage!
 Lifting their hands, to stay the toppling mounts!
 Away! The grave will open at your touch,
 The avalanche rush in ruin on your heads!

The man of God climbs Horeb with delight:
 Enjoys the tumult—hails its height'ning power.
 Come on!—his rapture rising with the storm:
 Come on!—he cries—ye spirits of the air!
 Cast all your whirlwinds round the mountain peaks,
 And rend the rocks, like roses, as ye pass!
 Up from your caves!—ye giants of the earth!
 Roll the rich meads, as seas their billows roll,
 And toss the deserts, as the seas their foam!
 And ye—quick ministers of living fire!
 Flash from the sky, and crisp the land with flame!
 Ye are the heralds of Omnipotence!
 Your steeds—the winds! your wheels—the earthquake
 roll!
 Your reins—the lightnings, floating from your hands!
 Ye must precede the majesty of One,
 Who breathes a calm no other breath may break,
 Who looks a silence none may dare disturb,
 And speaks His purpose in “a still, small voice,”
 So instantly Divine in every ear,
 That sinners, shrinking, well may seek the gloom:
 While he, whose mantle veils an humble brow
 And faithful heart, may venture from the cleft,
 And meekly, in the Sabbath of the sphere,
 Commune with Thee! O Refuge of the World!

Excitement! 'Tis the very grace we need:
Our morning, noon-day, evening, midnight pray'r!

Why mourns imperial Truth upon her throne?
Passion—her proper champion—stands aloof:
Rebellion gloating in his sensual eye.
In vain the queenly voice asserts her rights:
The very court, encouraged by that leer,
Riots in foulness, deadlier than the plague;
And all the realm is pestilent with vice!
What now? Has Passion, like the leper, wash'd?
And is he pure? And grasps he now the sword
With loyal hand and heart inspired from heaven?
All hail! high Chieftain! Truth shall mourn no more:
The slightest motion of her sceptre, now,
Shall bring the court in sackcloth at her feet;
And throug her gates with tribute from afar!

Excitement is required—deep, lasting, strong.
Naught else will answer. Reason toils in vain:
Law waits her careless officers in vain:
Religion pleads in vain—unless her voice
Address the heart and wake excitement there.
This, she may do: this, she alone may do:
This, she is bound to do: expose the soul
In tremulous quickness to the touch of God,
That He, all-holy, breathing holy fire,
May kindle energies that ne'er shall fail:
A deathless enmity to hellish ill,
A love immortal for all heavenly good,
And more—a will, to make both manifest:
That angel in the centre of the cloud,

To frown like midnight on relentless pride,
And smile like noon-day on the path of peace!

Then let it rise, and swell, and strengthen still:
All hail the terrors and the deep'ning clouds!

But why emblaze the scene? Oh, not to burn
Mere effigies, already hung in shame!
I would not add such tremors to their fears;
I would not breathe, to aggravate their guilt;
I could not, if they still have human hearts,
Give one more pang to their profound remorse.
Sorrows have they to bear, they reck'd not then;
Duties to render, that they never dream'd!
Ah! had they known the event, no fires had flash'd
Along those rifles! Rather than endure,
What now they suffer, it had been allow'd,—
One may mistake in judging gentlemen!

IV. DEMANDS.

Excitement!—let it rise for good alone:
To such a height, and taking such a course,
That this one object be at once secured:
A Sovereign Mandate of the Public Will—
Demanding of the sinners due redress,
The only offering, now, within their power;
Repentance!—spoken out like rifle tones,
Warm from the heart as was their victim's blood!
Then, let them be forgiven. Silently?
Forgiven and forgotten? Ah! not so!
Remember—'tis the death that shocks us all!
Others have aim'd with same intent—who stand
This day, the laurel'd favorites of the land!

Favor'd, not innocent—remember this.
 Ask nothing but confession—sad, indeed,
 But frank and manly: follow'd by the vow
 Of ceaseless opposition to the crime.
 Then, after decent silence, lead them back:
 Hear their full hearts: be not ashamed of tears:
 Forgive them as ye weep—forgive and love!
 Yes, thou, my Country! clasp them to thy heart:
 Thy haughty sons, thus humbled, then restore!
 —Demanding of our Congress, such a Law
 As such high treason 'gainst our peace requires:
 And with it, due provision for its force—
 Some bond, its agents shall not dare despise,
 To act at once—impartially severe.
 So let the sin be crush'd: so let the thirst,
 For brotherly blood, now burning through the land,
 Be cool'd forever at this fount of tears!
 This done, and well done, O Celestial Love!
 Breathe like a summer morning round our sphere,
 On homes unstain'd and hearts without a wound!

THE THREE HARPS.

I.

Give me an HUMBLE HARP— an humbled world
Demands an humble utterance, deep and slow.

The foolish may be gay; the guilty, proud:
But he whose mind is chasten'd by the truth,
Whose heart is solemn with the heaven of love,
New-born, is meek and lowly, pure and wise.

I cannot look on such a blighted orb,
Blushless: I dare not so dishonor God,
Demean my race, myself, or aught that is.
I see, I feel, in all my nature know
Myself, my race, degraded: know the globe,
From pole to pole, is riven, ravaged, marr'd;
Know that the image of the Perfect One
Oft, in such mirror, like a tyrant, scowls.

The earth's intent is nobler than it seems.
The seeming is the drift-wreck of the curse.
Made for an Eden soil, an Eden sky,
What is it—but a sand-wash'd sepulchre?
Is this not humbling? So, indeed, am I

Far nobler than the front of this disguise:
 Richer in hidden thought, affection, will—
 Richer in life, than this death-sleep may dream.
 Sin binds me—but, the chain and I are two:
 It is ignoble—but, not I, not I.
 My nature's thrill is princely; and these bonds
 Shall yet be flung indignant at my feet.
 Meantime, 'tis humbling. So—my brotherhood,
 This melancholy kingship of the world;
 'Tis infinitely nobler than it seems:
 A godlike race—a race whose energies,
 If all developed, disciplined, applied;
 With due advantage seized of grace divine;
 Would so adorn the waste of natural good,
 Such spiritual glory shed on all the sphere,
 That soon creation's angels would return—
 The morning stars to sing a loftier strain,
 The sons of God to shout a mightier joy,
 Than when th' ungather'd light, from pole to pole,
 Round all the tropic kindled sudden day.
 God only knows what grandeurs like His own
 Lie darkling in the depths of our estate.

All this is humbling. But—again, and more;
 God, even our God, is nobler than He seems.
 True, never man or angel may embrace
 The fulness of His greatness—infinite!
 The wisest cherub, beaming on His left;
 The purest seraph, burning on His right;
 Highest of beings, nearest to His throne;
 Fairest exemplars of His truth and love;
 Before whose sandals, latch'd with living flame,
 The angel of the sun might cast his crown;

Even they commune with God, as in themselves
 Nothing, and less than nothing; glad in Him
 To worship glory none may comprehend.
 Still, God is willing, anxious, to reveal—
 And we are able largely to receive—
 Such visions of His goodness, wisdom, power,
 As may suggest perfection absolute.
 But, as the sun, obscured by passing mists,
 Gleams through them paler than the morning moon;
 So, through the clouds of error and of sin,
 The God of glory scarce an angel seems;
 Nay, more, still dwindling, sometimes less appears
 Than man himself—His form a stone, abused
 By ugliest art; His shrine, a brothel foul;
 His vestals, harlots; and his priesthood, knaves—
 Whose blush is blood, the jet from martyr'd fools;
 Whose breath is fetid with the fumes of hell.
 Is this not humbling? Yes—an Humble Harp:
 A harp as prideless as the bed of death,
 As mournful as the moaning of the grave,
 As doleful as the wailing of the lost,
 Such deep-toned strings I strike—in sullen shame.

II.

Give me a PLAINTIVE HARP—thus humbled, right
 It is to mourn. I shed no childish tears;
 And have no thought, with soft-dissolving soul,
 To sigh, vain weakness, o'er mere outward ill.
 Let that be borne, as well it may, to teach
 The lesson of its mission—sadly wise.

Yet is there cause for grief I cannot scorn:
 'Tis sin itself. To think, to feel, to know,

That I can be so hostile to my God;
 That all my race can be so; all opposed
 To infinite wisdom, in the pride of fools;
 To infinite goodness, in the craft of knaves;
 To infinite power, in meanness imbecile;
 To government unerring, all opposed;
 To universal order, all opposed;
 To universal happiness, opposed;
 To our own interests, whole and sole, opposed:
 To all we ought to reverence, all opposed;
 To think—that God is forced to smite the world;
 Fill heaven with lightning; lash the seas to foam;
 Burn out the mountains with volcanic fires;
 By earthquakes, cleave the main and sink the isles;
 Blast the green promise of the glowing spring;
 Check winter's howl by famine's sadder moan;
 Breathe the blue plague through all the golden air;
 Darken all homes with death; and crowd the ways
 With cross processions seeking countless graves:
 Suffer religion to erect false shrines;
 Suffer the state to usurp oppressive forms;
 Suffer the people to be made the slaves,
 Of kings and priests, at home; the enemies
 Of brotherly nations met abroad in war—
 Where mutual victims, myriad-slain, are piled
 As fuel on hell's altars:—Thus to think
 Of Infinite-Love, still toiling to subdue
 What still we cherish in our heart of hearts,
 As if it were our very life of lives;
 And see the monster's image in myself,
 And see his throne and majesty in all—
 His agents. ignorance, and pride, and lust;
 Error and folly; selfishness and crime;

All that is low, and little, and unclean ;
 Making a man most fearful, most ashamed,
 Of his own being; conscious of all guile,
 Prompting all guilt;—The earth, still whirling round
 Its most magnificent and glorious course;
 With such a lordly sun-eye on its flight;
 And such a sisterhood of silver spheres;
 Uncheck'd, untouch'd, still sweeping round the marge
 Of such a mighty orbit; turning still
 All seas and shores to that full noon of light—
 Its very shadow gemm'd with moon and stars;
 And yet—so hollow with its sepulchres,
 So blighted with its curse, so full and rife
 With all things mean, and cruel, and abhorr'd
 Even in a devil's better memory:—
 How can I else than mourn? To see my God,
 Our God, thus smite the earth, smite us, smite me;
 Remand his angels to their sinless bowers—
 Leaving the lone sky longing for their plumes,
 The mute air languishing for their musical songs;
 And then withdraw Himself; shut up His power,
 Or use it still in chastening: and withhold
 His wisdom, or in mystery employ:
 And only show His love in one more form;
 That all-surpassing and astounding plan—
 Sending his only and belovéd Son;
 “*A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief:*”
 To bear all possible infamy and scorn,
 Until, in wild rejection of his call,
 His chosen people hang him on the cross;
 And then—with all the curses of the world
 Held to his lips in gall; pour'd in his ears
 By vilest irony; about his brow

Twisted with piercing thorns; and to his feet,
 And in his hands, nail'd fast with cruel skill—
 To turn away without one murmuring word,
 And, while the holy baptism of his blood
 Sprinkles the sinful sphere, to lift his eyes—
 Tearless, or only wet for others' woe—
 To lift his heart, with every pulse unstirr'd,
 Except by deathless love; and lift his voice,
 With not one tremor of his own deep pain,
 In pity's sweetest and most earnest prayer—
 "Father! forgive! they know not what they do!"
 O, God! I can but weep! O, Christ! my heart,
 My stricken heart, melts in me and o'erflows!

And is this heart, even yet, the haunt of sin?
 Jesus!—expel the demon! Speak, Lord, speak!
 The very swine would rather die, than live
 With such a spirit in them—seek the lake,
 That, where they perish, floods on floods may wash
 The foulness from their nature so defiled.
 Son of the living God! am I a man?
 And yet—so fallen? And are my brethren thus?
 O, for a Plaintive Harp!—the saddest strain
 Becomes such woe. O, let me ever weep!
 Dry be my eyes in death, cold be my heart,
 And still my tongue, when I no longer feel
 The shame and sorrow of a sinful world.

III.

Give me a JOYFUL HARP—a world redeem'd
 Demands rejoicing. Humbled though we be,
 In all relations: mourn though well we may—
 We must not mourn as those who have no hope.

I see redemption in the Book of God ;
 I see it in the progress of the Church ;
 I feel it in myself—the lifting up
 Of a truth-'lumined mind ; the lifting up
 Of a love-hallow'd heart ; the lifting up
 Of a regenerate nature, born of God.
 Sin, all disclosed, is utterly abhorr'd :
 Satan's arch malice, and our own sheer shame,
 Can never be forgotten. God's ways shine
 Higher than man's as heaven above the earth.
 The moral nature saved, prepares the way
 To save the mind ; and then, the body save.
 The sinful thus grows pure ; the base becomes
 Exalted ; rises thought, affection, will—
 The whole soul rises, heavenward ; rising, shines :
 Shines with recover'd splendors of the God ;
 Shines—in communion with the Only Strong ;
 Shines—in communion with the Only Fair ;
 Shines—in communion with the Only Wise ;
 Shines—in communion with the Only Good ;
 Shines—in communion with the Only Glad ;
 Itself—strong, fair, and wise, and good, and glad.

Hope, like an angel, now suspends her lamp
 Within the tomb : that, when the pilgrim comes,
 His weary frame may rest in th' evening shade
 Without a fear—dreaming of heaven all night,
 Close by its gates, to waken at the dawn
 And find them open, and his passport good,
 And joys immortal 'waiting him within.

Meantime, Christ grows more precious to the soul,
 And more the Spirit ; more the Holy Word ;

The Church, and all things good in earth and heaven
Like a heal'd blind man, gazing on full noon,
He wonders at the gloom of earlier life,
As much as at the glories round him now.

So one is saved, and this—the type of all.
All may be saved: and so, the earth itself,
Relieved of its old curse, re-wrought in fire,
Fairer than Eden all around its sphere,
Shall breathe, and bloom, and smile, and sing, and shout—
Salvation! Not a tomb—in soil or wave,
And not a sigh—in all the healthful air,
And not a tear—in all the fruitful dews,
And not a grief—in all the boundless bliss!
One word for all—give me a Joyful Harp:
Eternal life demands eternal praise!

THE FIRST MAN.

“These are the generations of the heaven and the earth when they were created, in the day that the LORD GOD made the earth and the heavens. And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the LORD GOD had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the LORD GOD formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.”—GENESIS ii. 4-7.

— Light rose the morning mist,
Through calmest regions of untainted air,
Touch'd as it rose, with brightest, warmest tints
Pour'd from a sun, unspotted, uneclipsed;
And far disclosing, by its soft ascent,
A scene surpassing all that genius dreams,
When beauty's choicest visions charm the soul.

So fresh, so green, so blooming, all BELOW:—
So white the pebbles, gleaming from the depths
Of clear, cool waters, gently gliding round;
So fair the flowers that lean'd along the marge,
More splendid in the mirror, upward turn'd;
But fragrant, as they droop'd and blush'd above;
So graceful every motion, every shape
Of woodlands, mellow'd with an emerald hue,
Dawning through foliage with no faded leaf;
So loving every action, every look

Of living wonders, filling wood and wave
 With frolic mirth by evil undisturb'd;
 So winning and entrancing countless birds,
 Up warbling gayly, with no pause of fear,
 Songs blent with sweets from blossoming homes of bliss.

So wide, so high, so glorious, all ABOVE:—
 So dazzling, to the eagles' glance, the sun;
 And so intensely blue, the boundless sky,
 Through whose dim distance breezes slow and bland
 The melting mildness of the mist withdrew.

Realm, subjects, court, in grand array complete;
 Why comes not forth the crown'd and sceptred king?
 A world in waiting for its god-like chief,
 Why lingers yet the pomp of peerless power?

A bowery slope, with bloom and verdure soft,
 Opening on park and plain, in sun and shade,—
 Selectest loveliness of earth and sky,—
 Reveal'd the noblest of all forms Divine,
 The mold of man!

The air was hush'd with awe;
 The grove, intent, as every leaf in thought;
 Sport 'neath the branches stood unmoved; above,
 With folded plumes, in silence, music gazed.

Unconscious yet, the perfect structure lay,
 It was not DEATH! The air had never known
 The coming spectre, breathing, claim its sphere;
 The waters had not darken'd to their depths,
 Or shudder'd in the shadow of his wings;

The earth had never quaked beneath his feet,
 Seal'd by their print, a common sepulchre;
 Nor in that ample frame had active warmth
 Evolved and been exhausted; no decay,
 Obstruction none, nor aught of fatal sign
 Invoked the grave! And yet it was not LIFE!
 Nor swoon, nor trance, nor any accident
 Of vital being held its empire there.
 And sleep was not; no sense had been awake,
 No pulse was yet in motion; in the brain,
 No outward image, no perceptive mind.
 A statue!—not from adamant cut out,
 With superficial gloss of solid mass;
 But wrought from dust, with transformation strange,
 To bone, flesh, blood; without, of port sublime;
 Within, of rarest wisdom; only known
 To Him who made it; ready at His touch,
 To start!—with thousand instincts quick inspired.

A matchless work. The common elements
 In glorious union, such as earth and heaven
 Had none to rival. Angels there beheld
 Innumerable symmetries, which God alone
 Could harmonize in thought; which God, Himself,
 Imbodying, deem'd the glory of His skill,—
 The image of His own Communing Form;
 All dignity and beauty blent with grace;
 And over all a faint-diffusing tint,
 A glowing prayer to catch the flame of life.

It seem'd the pause were purpos'd that the Sire,
 Pleased with His offspring, might demand of all
 If such a shape became the lord of earth?

And all the native ranks gave glad assent ;
 Such mild, subduing majesty went forth,
 From that Unliving One ; and all on high,
 Spirits of power, of beauty, and of speech ;
 Spirits of order, government, and law ;
 Spirits of life, health, immortality,—
 All witnesses of all the works of God—
 Exulted in the fitness of the choice,
 And hail'd the Coronation of the Man !

The Breath of Lives !

And instantly arose,
 Flush'd with the fire, the Father of the World !
 His soul was in a trance of truth and bliss,
 Thought and affection filling first with God,
 Admiring and adoring : promptly sage
 To know all facts, relations, ends ; and soon
 Opening his senses to the realm around !

A deeper silence held the subject sphere :
 Watching those wondrous eyes, whose starry glance
 Pierced the dark glen, o'er hill and valley shone,
 Reposed enraptured on the ardent sun,
 And gave the whole calm circle to the mind.
 Then gush'd the sound of waters on his ear,
 Fresh inspiration ! Whispering brooks came close,
 And, hurrying through the gloom, again look'd back
 From distant sunshine ; and the solemn roar
 Of unseen falls, from forests moist with spray,
 Remoter homage brought subdued and slow.
 Quick, low and sweet began, and swelling rose,
 The myriad welcoming of half-hid birds,

The near leaves trembling with their trill'd delight;
While, self-recover'd from that royal glance,
The lion, rising in his wild retreat,
Pour'd the haught thunder of a stronger life!
Woke, too, the wind—and touch'd the tissued nerves
With most delicious coolness; while the flowers
From dewy censers flung their perfumes forth;
And all the scene, released from its restraints,
With nobler charms than when so brightly still,
Waved shadowy round; and he—the lord of all!
Shook, as a child in joy, his manly locks!

THE FIRST WOMAN.

His Maker knew, as Adam strangely felt—

“It is not good for man to be alone.”

But—where his mate? In what retreat of love,
Veil'd her fair charms the semblance of himself?
Did Paradise indeed embower such bliss?

Soon—led by that same Hand whose care supreme,
In after age of doom, conducted far
To Noah's ark, their wilding progeny;
Wild, fierce, or fearful then, because of sin—
In long procession, gay and beautiful,
The tribes of earth and air, before their lord,
On foot, or wing, in various order pass'd:
And, as they pass'd, the peerless genius, taught
To read the mind of God in all His works,
Knew at a glance and rightly named them all.
Still, unrelieved, the thought oppress'd his heart,
That all he saw were twain, and he—but one!
The mammoth's mount of life moved massive on—
An humbler mountain moving at his side:
The lion, with his shaggy mane, appear'd—
A smoother neck oft leaning on his own:
The light gazelle, on lightest hoof, drew near—
His mild eye met by mildness softer still:

And so the birds—like twin affections, doves,
 Tipping their wings, in silent rapture flew:
 The peacock turn'd his glories in the noon—
 While meekly peck'd along his plainer mate:
 And, shadowing as they came the verdant scene,
 Together stooping to the topmost branch,
 With slowly-closing plumes and eyes of fire,
 Sat, side by side, the eagle and his queen.

But neither earth nor air reveal'd a grace
 Fit for the fondness of the prince of both—
 Lord of a world of life, yet all alone,
 Not even in heaven itself was nature found
 To make his meet companion. Space was void—
 Nor sun, nor planet furnish'd mate for man.
 And so, all Eden; and the grander globe;
 And kingship over all; wisdom that none
 Hath ever since approach'd; knowledge, with joy
 In objects known; and holiness, unstain'd;
 And visiting angels, dropping from the sky
 Like showers of stars, and hovering round his path
 As ministers of truth and ecstacy:
 All fail'd to fill the want of one, whose heart
 Should pulsate like his own; whose eyes should hold
 His constant image, and themselves discern
 Shining in his, with bliss of blended souls;
 Her voice, meanwhile, in soft æolian tones,
 Passing the open entrance of his ear,
 And playing on the trembling chords of love.

In Him alone was hope, who woke the want:
 Want waked so soon—so well to be supplied.

Ere long, of victors gentlest, sweetest, came,
 Calmly and unobserved, benignant Sleep.
 A helpless captive, form and soul possess'd,
 Down lay, all still and motionless, the man.
 As though it ne'er had been—the world was not:
 As though he ne'er had lived—he senseless lay:
 Yet different from his first and pale repose,
 Before the breath Divine had thrill'd his frame;
 For now, throughout, a genial warmth prevail'd,
 And all his surface glow'd with living flame.
 There too the soul, unconscious, dwelt serene:
 Immortal mystery, akin to God,
 But lent to earth and longing for the skies.
 Strange jewelry! that thus a diamond set,
 To which the sun itself is but a spark,
 Lost soon as seen. No dream awoke within:
 As deep as death the spell from which arose
 Another life—a finer, fairer life:
 As from the darkest night the meek-eyed moon.

Unseen and quietly, creative Power
 Fulfils its last design. A starting form,
 Of startling loveliness; with timid soul,
 Of purest love; threw back her flowing hair;
 Gazed on the motionless sleeper; cast a glance
 On her own rounded limbs; and turn'd, and look'd,
 Wondering at every range of heaven and earth:
 Then gazed again upon that slumbering shape,
 And wonder'd more that one so nobly wrought
 Should lie so still—with such a thoughtful brow,
 Should seem so dull, in such excess of joy.
 She would have touch'd him; but an instinct check'd
 Her taper finger and extended arm.

There stood the beauty of the beauteous world!
 Man was the golden crown on nature's brow—
 Woman, its frontlet gem, o'ersparkling all.
 To him—the sun and earth, rocks, hills, and trees,
 Transferr'd their dignity, and pomp, and power:
 To her—the gentlest yieldings gave their grace;
 And all the lights and perfumes, tints, and tones,
 Of stars and flowers, smooth shells and merry birds,
 All rare and comely things, combined to make
 Her volatile and glancing charms complete.

Not long, or far, the fairest of all forms,
 Wander'd, 'midst bloom and music, rapt, alone—
 Before the noblest, new-created, rose.

His prospect now was dearer than at first,
 All things, like groups of well-remember'd friends,
 Restored to love, as he restored to life.
 But oh! what happy state of mind and heart
 May prompt the word to touch the one sweet chord
 That quiver'd with its most exquisite bliss,
 When, beaming from a bower of roses near,
 He first beheld—and felt, as soon as seen,
 The lovely one his own—the living eyes
 Of timid Eve, half blushes and half smiles:
 In body, one—the image of himself:
 She, form'd from him: his rib removed, to make
 His heart defenceless—heart already full
 Of her first arrows: she, of such a curve,
 From such a place, contrived, to show her task—
 To curl around his heart and guard it well:
 In soul, yet separate—but soon to be
 In sympathy and thought forever one.

What words are left of early springtide hours,
 Wherewith their meeting and their love to tell?
 Eye searching eye, soul flashing into soul,
 The bridal, and the blessing, and the joy.
 Sing, all ye birds!—yet where the soul of birds?
 Sadly, though sweet, their delicate music fails.
 Tell it, ye angels!—but the angels lack
 The glowing softness of the thrilling form—
 Sublime their speech but gloriously cold.
 Let thought and sense their own communion hold,
 The one, subdued by tender things of earth;
 The other, consecrating all to heaven.

Nature no longer now defective seem'd—
 The man's defect reproaching all its sphere:
 But, woman gain'd, creation stood complete.
 The paradise was perfect—all the world
 Might well have wish'd its overflow of bliss.
 Life lost in life, love merged in love, they moved
 In transport none could heighten: knew their God,
 Enjoy'd His works, and honor'd all His ways.

MELTING THE ICE:

A PLEA FOR RESERVED PEOPLE.

From shore to shore, the Stream was bound with ice—
Ice thick enough to bear the delicate feet
O' th' lonely snow-bird, pecking for a drink;
Nay, thick enough to bear the dainty cat,
And little girl, and the girl's nurse-maid too;
Nay, thick enough t' endure the sudden shock
O' th' shouting school-boys, rushing from the hill,
All sliding, sledding, skating; joining hands
In circling groups, and stamping long and strong
To hollow tickly-benders—but in vain;
Nay, thick enough to bridge the massive mail,
Down rattling from the pike, and trotting o'er
With sixteen iron hoofs, four grinding wheels,
Seven bags, ten trunks, and nine fat passengers;
In a word, to say no more, that ice *was* thick—
And 'tis not strange, that all the trees around;
And all the hills whereon the said trees grew;
And all the airs that lived among those hills;
And e'en the moon and stars, which like to see
Their miniatures on the breasts of brooks they love;
And e'en the sun himself, who seeks a smile
In quick reflection of each smile he gives;
It is not strange, I say, these all agreed—

“ *That ice-bound Stream is quite too much reserved;
 Unsociable, shut up within itself,
 Not to become acquainted with at all.*”

“ *What shall be done,*” said they, “ *to break the ice?*”—
 Without due thought concluding, in their haste,
 It must be *broke*, and 'twas high time to break it.
 So, as the boys and stages fail'd, next came
 A host of axe-and-hook-men, with their teams,
 For stores to cool the coming summer's heat.
 Then flew the ice-chips; then the floating cakes,
 Struck by the hooks were safely drawn ashore;
 And through the chasm, at last, the Stream appear'd.
 Ah! vain disclosure! Ere the morrow's morn,
 Another crystal roof conceal'd its flow.

What now remain'd? “ *We'll break it by main force!*”—
 Exclaim'd the Winds: and down they drove their blasts,
 Roaring like thunder through the frozen gorge.
 Not an edge started, not a rent was seen!
 The axe-men's chippings, and the sparkling scales
 Left by the skaters, and the drifted flakes
 Of the last snow, whirl'd whitening from the scene:
 But the smooth channel, smoother than before,
 And brighter too, lay just as hard and cold.

“ *Take clubs to help you!*”—cried th' impatient Woods:
 And handed to the Winds a thousand boughs,
 And some dead stocks entire—but still in vain.
 The heavy stocks, with wide-spread tangling roots,
 Caught various rests along their uncrack'd course;
 And the light branches scream'd with very shame,
 As o'er the unscratch'd glaze their splinter'd twigs,
 Still seeking rest, yet restless, fled dismay'd!

“*Take rocks to help you!*”—cried th’ indignant Hills :
 And down the crashing land-slide crushing came.
 Then countless icy fragments leap’d aside,
 Piling their glittering mounds from shore to shore ;
 And, like a wounded whale, that in its pain
 Spouts brine and blood together, so that Stream
 From every crevice toss’d its turbid jets,
 Showering and surging round the fallen wreck.
 “*Hurra!*” the echoing echoes echoed all :
 “*Hurra!*”—but, while the moon and stars look’d on,
 A frosty film crept slowly o’er the wave,
 And ere the dawn ’twas well-set ice again.

’Twas plain that in the sun the last hope lay ;
 And he to milder measures seem’d inclined.
 He even deign’d to smile upon the Stream,
 But so *obliquely* that it did no good !

Meantime, alas ! within the under-gloom
 Of that imprisonment, the Stream ran low,
 Lamenting its sad lot ; with all its soul
 Wishing the ice were gone, and all around
 In friendship’s full communion freely join’d :
 But said—“*The help must come from those without.*”

And so—for well he understood it all—
 Each day the sun bestow’d a *straighter* ray.
 And then, forsooth, the quickly-conscious airs
 Grew warmer-hearted ; and the reddening trees
 Show’d a congenial glow in all their limbs ;
 And the moist hills, along their greening slopes,
 Gave sign of better cheer ; and some one said—
 “*Perhaps the Stream is less to blame than we :
 Let’s concentrate the heat, and try again!*”

Eftsoon, 'twas marvellous to see the ice,
 Relenting to that change, begin to melt—
 To *melt*, not *break*: to melt in all its course,
 Not yielding at one point, but everywhere :
 Until—the axe-men valued it no more ;
 The stage-men check'd their steeds upon its verge ;
 The tickly-bender boys shrunk from 't, afraid ;
 The foolish maid, fond child, and dainty cat,
 Ay, even the smallest bird, no footing found—
 And the last fragment floated off forever !

And then, to see that Stream—so “much reserved,
 Unsociable, shut up within itself,
 Not to become acquainted with at all”—
 To see it kiss the miniature of the moon :
 To see it telegraphing all the stars ;
 To see it smiling on the smiling sun ;
 To see it dimpling to each whispering air ;
 To see it shadowing under every hill ;
 To see it rustling 'neath each rustling tree ;
 To see it imaging every little flower,
 And every grass-blade bending o'er its brink ;
 To see it bathing every wild bird's wing ;
 And gliding with the cygnet and her brood ;
 And scooping little caves for timid fish—
 Where th' arrowy trout, o'erhung with matted brush,
 Suspends its spots and waves its fins in peace ;
 To see it giving drink to all that lives,
 And making all its course a paradise :
 And then, to hear it talking, day and night,
 Talking as though its tongue could never tire,
 Talking to every old neglected log,
 And every jutting root, and ruffling stone.

And gray-hair'd rock, and miller's wheel and dam :
Oh ! surely 'twould have bless'd your heart to see
And hear all this ! and so, at last, to learn—
That, of all free, familiar, genial things,
In all the world, that Stream—so “ much reserved,
Unsociable, shut up within itself,
Not to become acquainted with at all ”—
That Stream—whose ice was best removed by warmth—
Was, after all, the Peerless Paragon !

SOUND OF THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

I, who of late so seldom touch the harp
Which nature, at the gate of life, bestow'd—
To cheer my wanderings through this weary world;
Now sing once more a brief suggestive strain.

Last night, away from town, while lying awake—
My window opening on a moonlit scene,
Sky, wood and field—with the white fence athwart;
In the stillness of the house, the air, the light,
The sleeping cloudlets and the sleeping woods,
I listen'd, intent, for some relief of sound.
But, neither dog, nor fowl, nor aught that breathes,
Disturb'd the silence—save that a common chirp,
Nay, let me make the word—a common *chimp*,
A chirp with a glass-like tinkle, ceaseless rose
From countless crickets, filling all the night.

Yet, soon, another and remoter sound
Began to search the ear. All even and low,
Then sharp and fast it came with urgent power.
Just as a servant, who has overslept
Her proper time, and in the kitchen turns
The coffee-mill with strong and rapid hand:
Or, as it nearer came, as he who stands

Close by the curb, and with his heavy foot
 Gives swifter motion to the moisten'd wheel,
 And grinds the steadily-prest and fire-edged knife :
 So, like the keen, continuous, earnest rush
 Of these small instruments, that midnight sound
 Sinuous, and sometimes finely-quivering, came—
 Came quicker, weightier, mightier, meaning more :
 Now, suddenly sinking : then, as suddenly,
 Shooting from some obstruction : swelling out,
 With wooden roll ; then, thinn'd to an iron ring :
 Seeming, at times, as if on one straight stretch
 Through the open distance ; then, with changing tone
 Of closer pressure, squeezing round some curve :
 And so, on-hastening with augmenting roar,
 Till—like a storm—it thunder'd glorious by !
 Then—lull'd again to silence absolute :
 Silence of sky, and wood, and fencéd field :
 Or, broken only by that common *chimp*,
 That chirp with a glass-like tinkle, rising shrill
 From countless crickets, filling all the night.

So, from eternal stillness comes a Life—
 That struggles till it fills the world with fame ;
 Then sinks again to silence like the first.
 Yet—stays its course, because *we* do not see ?
 Or, sounds it less, because *we* hear it not ?

THE CATHEDRAL BELL.

Right in the rush of the wind-driven rain,
Down dashing cold, and rattling roaring on,
Climbing the hill like thunder, o'er it sweeping
In hissing triumph through the sudden void,
And so from hill to hill, from vale to vale:
Right in such rush of the drear Sabbath night,
Out rang that full, strong, soft Cathedral Bell;
True to the moment, and as cheerily
As though all heaven were clear, the stars all bright,
The round moon beaming, and the streets all dry,
And through'd with comfortable passengers!

“Well”—thought I—“so it is: our Romanist friends
Outweather us!”

What more I should have thought,
Remains a mystery: for, while yet the bell
Diffused its gentle music through the gloom,
Like David harping down the wrath of Saul,
Or mercy, mediating with the storm—
Shrill as a fiend's shriek, struck the sky and fell,
The Rail-road steam-scream! like a spear of sound—
A javelin of vocal agony—

Flung by some lightning-hand, or fiercely shot
From some ballista of this peerless age!

Then thought I—while the Protestant Bells join'd in :
“ Not only are those Romanists punctual,
But Trade, that knows no Sabbath, drives ahead,
Through storm, and night, and winter, rolling out
The Fourth Commandment 'twixt the wheel and rail,
To gossamer thinness, and, from State to State,
Through scores of careless towns, still carrying on
Conscience, upon the cow-catch, torn and bleeding,
Reddening the track for many a ghastly mile!”

Alas! and can no hardihood be found
Among Christ's true disciples?

Where are they ?

THE TWO ANGELS.

(PESTILENCE AT NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.—WAR AT SEBASTOPOL.)

Man's angel at heaven's gate stands deadly pale:
Her wings close wearily, her aching head
Leans on her hands, her hands the knocker grasp,
And with her throbbing heart her whole frame shakes—
Shakes, showering from her eyes most bitter tears.
In vain she tries to rap, her heart alone
Gives to the trembling knob a murmuring roll.

God's angel hears the sound, withdraws the bolt,
And seats the wretched weeper by her side.
"Whence, and why thus?"—she asks, in soothing tone.
"Alas!"—the mourner answers—"Has not God
Harden'd His heart? Behold those desolate towns:
Three months of plague have fill'd a thousand graves!"
"Is this thy grief?"—the shining one replies:
"God's wrath is but the veil that hides His love.
But see yon smoking ruins, red with blood!
There men themselves have wrought their chosen fate,
And three days' war show thirty thousand slain!"
Man's angel sinks, and, in her sister's lap
Hiding her face, weeps still more hopelessly.
God's angel smooths the sad, dishevell'd brow,
And breathes once more: "Wait, sister! wait:
One hope remains. This day I saw the CHRIST
Review His host, and at the close He stretch'd
His sceptre *earthward*!"

A PLEASANT SPIRIT.

There is a Spirit in the universe
That God hath given to know all beautiful things,
All true things understand, all good things love,
All happy things enjoy, and all forever!

The devil deceived it once—and wrought great wrong :
All which it mourn'd not, but bewail'd the sense
Of its own sin and shame, its sympathy,
With all the excellence of its proper sphere,
Grown dull—a grief that fast absorb'd its life.

So had it lain abandon'd until now,
Dying, ay, dead—forgotten even of Hope ;
But when the Son of God came down from heaven
To save the world, His Father bade Him pause
By this lone weeper—weeping in the path
Of all the stars, as if no star went by ;
'Mid angel songs, as if no song were sung ;
'Mid all of truth, and good, and happiness,
As if these were no more—or not for it ;
And kindly, gently, whisper blessed words
Of peace, and pardon, and immortal cheer ;
And charm its vision with His humble guise
Of earthward grace and glory ; and inspire

Its rescued genius with a rarer art,
Than erst it knew, and service nobler far.

All this did Christ: and so, the comforted
Became a comforter—and is one still.
Long, long ago, when my dear mother saw
Her bosom brighten'd with her baby's eyes,
That spirit hover'd o'er us. Praise the Lord!
Though that sweet mother needs such help no more,
It seeks me still. Redeem'd, and touch'd with love
For all of God in all the universe,
Methinks each pulse that leaves the Central Heart,
To thrill creation with its circling bliss,
Remembers it must pass my conscious being,
And bless me too.

What though these storm-clouds lower?
This lightning gleams? This thunder mutters round?
This rain still falls? This pestilence still slays?
I KNOW THAT GOD IS LOVE! and in the sun,
His angel stands observant of the storm,
Knowing the death below it; and o'er all
Its upper plains and mounds, and pinnacles,—
Like isles of snow, and domes and spires of pearl,—
Powers dry sunshine, pours prismatic hues,
Breathes the live freshness of all fragrant airs,
Stations a seraph on each golden point,
And greets that spirit, rising through the gloom,
With quick assurance all is fair above;
For sin, and shame, and storm, and plague, and death,
Are things of earth—and all in heaven is light,
And health, and life, and love, and God—forever!

SYMPATHIES.

—
JUNE 29, 1852.
—

(DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.)

This morn, close veil'd within its trembling nerves,
My spirit shudder'd at some mystic touch—
My feelings ebb'd tow'rd some mysterious woe.
The clouded sky, the warm and weeping air;
The languor of the scarcely-breathing world;
Studious confinement, and the waste of thought;
Left the exhaustion still but half explain'd.

Why this strange sinking? True: the tolling bells
Now smite upon the ear: and Sabbath gloom,
Too quick return'd with more than Sabbath awe,
Has settled on the silent aisles of trade:
And homeward faces, hush'd with pale respect,
Bear conscious witness to the solemn cause:
And the check'd newsmen, softlier gliding on,
Give gentler handling to their funeral prints:
And dim-eyed readers see the instant flags
Drooping o'er distant capitals, and hear
The mourning of the bells in all the land:

And, wondering at the ministry of art,
 Share in the nation's simultaneous grief:
 But these come *after* that strange morning ebb.

Is there a water level of our life?
 It seems as though old Erie had at last
 Slip'd from its bed, and 'neath Niagara's bows,
 Expanding brightlier for the glorious flood,
 Had pass'd in grandeur to the welcoming sea:
 And therefore now—this universal fall.
 Alas! the level must reform: but when
 Shall all these shores, resounding through the past
 With such a mellow voice of majesty,
 Regain their lost magnificent height of wave?

Is there a temperature of national life?
 And was it the abstraction of one soul
 That gave our social sphere that common chill?
 That weakness in the motion of all hearts?
 That trembling in the net-work of all nerves?
 That sudden sinking of mysterious woe?
 And was it thus the loneliest student felt
 The parting of an element that long
 Had quicken'd all the millions of our land?

If so—to God! the Father of us all!
 Who, taking from us each inferior aid,
 Shows, in its absence, that in Him alone,
We live, and move, and have our being—to Him
 Be pledged anew eternal faith and praise.

TRUE-HEARTED GRIEF.

While yet his morn of life was fresh and fair—
Ere its pure light was set ablaze with heat,
Ere its pure air was thick with troubled dust,—
I watch'd his stem, and leaf, and bloom of being:
A plant that might have blest a Paradise,
So graceful in its form, so foliage-rich,
Hues and aroma so delectable.

One might have pray'd, that, as the noon came on,
His delicate flowers should fold their charms and droop:
Then, in more gentle hours, with light as cool
And air as dustless as the hallow'd dawn,
Unfold again, to fall, (when fall they must,)
Replenish'd with the dews of penitence
Beneath the brightness of faith's evening star,
Dropping good seeds of immortality.

Alas! that while the scene was all aglare,
All stifling, scarcely turn'd the height of noon,
His stalk, already wounded, leaves less full,
Bloom scorch'd and sanded, suddenly he felt
The fatal stroke, and in the desert fell.

Ten thousand tongues ten thousand praises speak—
 Admiring gifts which ne'er may be forgot:
 But all our eulogies in sadness close.
 Breathing ten thousand pities.

He who writes,

And he who reads, may well withhold their hands
 From that pale brow, and beat their own poor breasts,
 Uplifting each, with many tears, the cry—
 "O God! be merciful to *me*—a sinner!"

'BIDE YOUR TIME.

Printed on flimsy paper, paper-bound,
I am a poor, plain, grey, octavo book.

In eighteen twenty-four, in Scotland born;
Sometime, somehow, I cross'd th' Atlantic wave,
And in your Franklin Library found—a grave.

But lo! this blessed day a stranger came,
And call'd for—*me!* The blank and silent awe
Of all the myriads round must be—imagined.

I could not see, but yielded to the touch,
And felt the thrills of long-suspended life.

The stranger bore me to his thoughtful home,
Placed me upon his table, scann'd mine eyes,
And found their lids all closed. *Two* Arguses,
With twice two hundred eyelids shut and seal'd,
Were symbols of the darkness of my doom.

With long, thin, white, smooth, flat, sharp instrument,
He open'd every eye. Heaven's light broke in

Between the lashes, flashes fast on flashes,
Till all my face was fire, my spirit glorious.

Now, what so beauteous as the placid brow,
The radiant, ever-changing countenance,
Of a good book? Even so my grateful heart
Is quite made up, that, as my friend turns o'er
Page after page, my life—my inmost life,
Shall mutely glance into his soul of souls,
And all that I can do to aid his quest,
Shall be both his reward and my chief rapture.

O, it is heaven to have an humble chance
Of doing good! At last *my* time has come!
Hear, ye despairing! hear, and 'bide *your* time!

VISIT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The time that I had waited for, arrived :
The hour of evening gloom. Earth lay at rest,
And the bright stars were on their silent watch.
The village street—that had an hour before
Been gay with forms of childhood, youth and age,
In sportive walk, or conversation, joined—
Was all forsaken. Olden willows hung
Their long green branches nearly to the ground ;
But they, the laughing children—who had swung,
Dependent, there—were dreaming of new joys !
The river-waves upon the grassy bank,
Shadow'd by ancient elms, made music still ;
But white-robed maidens, leaning on the arms
Of tall youths, fondly, were no longer there ;
But in their chambers mused on plighted vows !
The comfortable porches—where the old
Had met in converse, or, alone, review'd
The path of life, and cast an onward glance
Into futurity ; or, turning, gazed
With smiles upon the willow-swinging boys—
The porches were deserted, and the old
Bow'd at their family altars, blessing God !
Such was the hour, when, from my grandsire's door
I bent my steps to seek my mother's grave !

My soul was glad that no obtrusive eye
 Would note my path and errand; for I long'd
 To yield my heart to grief, mine eyes to tears,
 Where grief is full and tears most freely flow.

The fencing sealed, I stood among the graves.
 There, searching in the gloom for ways between,
 With careful step I shunn'd the sacred mounds,
 Nor dared to trample on a fellow's dust.
 The grave I sought was found—my Mother's Grave;
 And I was there *alone!* No one to chide,
 No one to draw me thence; alone to muse,
 To kneel in sorrow, weep, and call on God.
 Oh! how I prized that hour! The starry night
 Was dearer far than day! the moaning wind
 More musical than pleasant voice of friend!

And *can* it be?—my feelings prompted thus:
 And *can* it be? My mother *dead* and here!
 This clay—is it *her* covering? The tall stone—
 Hath it indeed, *her* name? I *felt* the stone;
 I traced the deep-cut letters with my hand,
 And trembled as I found each letter true!
 I thought of Home, as once it was—of home
 As brighten'd by a mother's smile of love.
 How tenderly she loved us! Emily,
 My sister! thou rememberest her love!
 Nay, my *young* sister—even she can tell
 How tenderly our mother loved us all!
 True, wealth was not our patron, and, at times,
 E'en comfort seem'd departing;—true, her frame
 Was wasted by disease and rack'd with pain;
 But still her patient soul was rich in peace,
 And the mild radiance of her eye and lip

Imparted peace, as though ourselves were ill,
 And she a healthful angel, kindly sent
 To breathe delight upon our fainting hearts!
 I linger'd with these thoughts. Each *room* of home
 Had scenery that charmed me; in the midst,
 My mother, scattering blessings. Morning scenes,
 Noon-day and night scenes, meal-time, study, prayer:
 Bright winter scenes—when the warm fire was built,
 And we all gather'd round it, wishing still
 The welcome coming of our evening treat!
 Fair summer scenes—when every door was wide,
 And the new-painted hearth was well adorn'd
 With boughs and flowers in humble vase combined.
 The more I mused, a clearer light was thrown
 On every picture, and my mother's form,
 Her look—her motion—vivid were as *life*!
 I broke the spell! again I wildly cried—
 And *can* it be?—My mother *dead* and *here*!
 My whole soul was impassion'd, and I bow'd
 Beneath the power of passion all subdued:
 For it was *true*!—I could not *shun* the truth—
 And *such* a truth!—O God! to think that there
 My *mother* was *corrupting*! *food* for *worms*!

Others may scorn the body—call it clay;
 A poor clay tenement, unworthy thought;
 A casket—valueless, but for its gem.
 But long as memory can repeat the phrase,
 “You had a mother!” shall my tongue refrain
 From such dishonor to the sacred dead.
 I loved my mother's form—around it twined
 My best affections. Spirits are unseen,
 Unheard, unfelt. I knew my mother's soul

But through the loving eye—the gentle voice,
 And lip of fondness, kissing my young cheek.
 I loved her eye—it beams upon me still!
 I loved her voice—it still consoles mine ear!
 I loved her lip—behold! the smile is there!
 Alas! 'twas but a dream! again I wake:
 The eye—the voice—the lip of love, are *lost!*
 Oh! how my spirit struggles, as I cry—
 Say, *can* it be! my *Mother dead and here!*
 Aye! wasted—mouldering—every part dissolved!

'Twas then that God vouchsafed my troubled soul,
 A glorious emblem of my mother's bliss.
 I had knelt down, and o'er the grave's head bent;
 And there, at the wild prompting of despair,
 I call'd—in low tone—*Mother!*—and the wind,
 As silently I paused, stirr'd the long grass
 Upon the grave-top—but no voice replied!
 In mad self-mockery, again I spoke,
 In plaintive tone, *my Mother!*—but no sound
 Broke the deep stillness! Upward to the sky,
 With heart relenting to the will of God,
 Then turn'd my glance; and lo! a meteor bright—
 Bright as the morning's herald-star!—shone out
 From the blue distance, and athwart the sky,
 On golden wing, with trailing glory, flew—
 Till lost again in azure; and I *felt*
 The truth it taught—*Your Mother is in heaven!*

THANKSGIVING FOR THE BIBLE.

The grateful utterance of a glowing heart
Accept, O God! My spirit burns to tell
Its debt of love.

Oh! all-surpassing Book!
A gift that worlds were far too poor to buy!
The very hand that holds it thrills with joy;
The ardent eye is gladden'd by each page;
And when I press the treasure to my breast,
The deep pulsations quicken at the touch,
While, looking upward to the beaming sky,
And glancing at each star that sparkles there,
I feel my immortality; and call
The earth a moment's stopping place—my home
The central heaven—the universe my range!

Father! I thank Thee. Heart, and voice, and harp,
With feeling, word, and music, yield Thee praise!

What though the mighty Angel spread his wings
O'er hill and dale, and in the fatal shade
Thousands lie down and perish, and the wail
Of kindred thousands, weeping o'er the dead,
Alarm the land; still may my soul obtain

A short relief from sympathetic tears,
 And, musing on Thy promises, grow calm
 As saint who rests in heaven. Ay, should my friends—
 They who would be, but for Thy warning voice,
 The idols in the temple of my love—
 Fall, one by one, till the grave held the last,
 Still—oh! forbid my holy faith should fail!
 Still—ah, my God! stay, stay my fainting soul!
 Still, still, triumphant o'er vain fears—my heart,
 My wounded heart, would leap with new delight,
 And I would stand upon their tombs and shout
 In hope of everlasting fellowship!

My mother is in heaven! The golden streets
 Of Thine eternal city, and the plains,
 That ever bloom around it, and the hills
 That close the vast horizon, all adorn'd
 With Thine effulgent glory—never saw
 The passing shadow of o'erflying death.
 My mother hath no fear! There, at her side,
 Three cherub children, glad and beautiful,
 Forever walk, and other kindred saints
 Commune with her rapt spirit.

But on earth
 A throng of loved ones breathe the tainted air;
 From some around whose wrinkled temples shine
 Locks white as silver, to the new-born babe,
 Lying in snowy raiment on the lap,
 And wondering at his mother's earnest eyes.
 And one, to whom my spirit can but cling
 With most intense affection, walks the wards
 Of a vast crowded mansion, where the poor,

Rack'd by a hundred vices, daily fall,
And, in their dying agony, behold
Coffin and corpse, and know their fate the same!
Ah! shall my father—can I say it—die?
I yet receive his frequent letters, fraught
With fondest love and pious confidence.
And shall the hand that writes them, write no more?
Shall others send the black-seal'd note, to tell
His eyes are closed—his body in the grave?
And I be parentless? How nature mourns!
How would I love to break all bonds and rave—
Rave like a maniac, at a lot like this!
But grace—all powerful grace—e'en then could swell
My soul with rich enthusiastic hope,
And lead me through this distant stranger-land
Light-footed, in expectance of my home!

THE BIBLE.

Heedless of all inferior claims of power,
Infallible authority I seek;
Authority *Divine*; reveal'd in form
That *Sense* may witness.

Where can this be found?
Tell, boasting sages! where? That such exists,
Pale reason, faint with straying, fondly hopes;
And conscience warrants.

Sadly may the soul
Commune with nature; question winds and waves,
Woodlands, and wastes, and haunts of busy men,
In darkness and in sunshine—all is vain:
Nor multitude nor solitude instructs.

No radiant lines on earth's expanse display
This priceless lore. The meadow's moisten'd mold
Soft with bloom-sprinkled growth of fadeless green,
And dark with fragrant wings of flocking airs,
Is blank and void. The mountain's rocky peak,
Alone because of height, still, pure and cold;
Bright challenge to an empire's farthest gaze;

What is it, but a nameless monument?—
 An unmark'd altar, bathed with holiest dews,
 Hung, morn and eve, with shrine of rose and gold,
 But served by seraphs none may see or hear.

The ample sky in cloudless glory shines:
 Grand, with its solar orb in central pomp;
 Rich, with its fulness of remotest stars;
 Or beauteous with the pale and smiling moon,
 Watching, with matron love, the sleeping sphere.
 But all the golden urns that bless the eye
 With streaming lustre, leave the spirit dark.

The early angels feel supreme constraint:
 No plume enchants the dawn; and not a tone
 Charms the bland quiet of the sunset air.
 The prophets long have fail'd to lift their voice,
 Seal'd in the silence of forgotten tombs;
 The once-rejected Son is now enthroned;
 Inspired apostles wake the world no more;
 No more the Spirit, in the inward ear
 Of souls that burn with rapture, breathes its fire—
 Quick thoughts in living language; silent, all
 Old oracles; all silent earth and heaven.

The Sire himself is mute; nor day nor night,
 In crowded city or in lonely glen,
 By one or millions is His utterance known.
 'Tis most profoundly solemn—this repose
 Of our Creator! All things vocal round,
 Only in Him alive! Himself alone,
 Unheard! Unheard! Our Father's voice unheard!

Where then shall man resort! Where find the law,
 Supreme and universal? One to rule,
 Though violated all on earth beside.

Behold! a *Book!* the Bible! Book of Books!
 Take—read—and think. But hold with reverent hand;
 Regard with reverent eye; with reverent mind,
 Receive its truth. Then press it to thy heart,
 Indulge thy grateful love, and, falling prone
 Before the Essential Presence, bless His name—
 Praise, ever praise for this excelling gift!

I muse and am amazed. Books, countless books,
 Countless as sands, and leaves, and flowers, and stars,
 Yet here is one to which all else must yield,
 As gems unto the sun—the Book of God!
 Genius draws near, ashamed; and learning sighs,
 Smitten with conscious folly.

Man may blow

A bubble—breath divine creates a world.
 And yet the difference here is greater still;
 And it were better to destroy a world
 To save a bubble, than destroy this book,
 And let crown'd science reign from pole to pole.

A MAN IN HELL.

“Lost! lost! forever lost!”

And as the words
Startled my wondering soul, I turn'd and saw—
Walking upon the black and barren shore,
On which the liquid fire in billows dash'd—
A form of man; a ruin'd, haggard form,
With eyes of agony and frowns of woe.

“Lost! lost! forever lost!”

And as he spoke,
In worse despair he wail'd and gnash'd his teeth.

“Lost! lost! forever lost!”

And the firm tone
Told that the soul had summon'd all its strength,
To pour again upon the airy gloom
The sorrows of imprisonment in hell.

“As the strong wind a moment blows aside
Yon clouds of smoke, o'erhanging my abode,
I see afar the earth on which I dwelt.
Ha! at the sound, again its calm, blue sky,
Its hills and vales, enrobed in dewy green,
And its cool, purling waters—aye! its founts.

Cold from the rock!—alas! my parchéd tongue!
 Curs't be the power that brings such scenes to view,
 That makes me seem to see, and hear, and taste
 The streams refreshing, while my mouth and throat
 Are dry and hot, and all around is fire,
 And all above is suffocating smoke!
 No drop comes down—no oozing moisture here
 Dampens the burning soil. How plenty *there!*
 When slight exertion flush'd my heathful frame,
 The well was at my side, and the full cup
 Supplied my thirst."

Again he gnash'd his teeth;
 He wail'd, and as he wail'd he wept—wept tears
 That stood like molten lead drops on his cheeks.

His voice was heard again:—

“Oh! more than fool!

Mad! mad! deliriously mad! to choose,
 Aye! *choose*, the path that brought my footsteps here.
 Oh! I remember my dear mother's tears—
 My father's prayers—my sister's loving words—
 The preacher's warnings, and the Bible's too—
 And the kind Spirit whispering to my heart!
 But, the world tempted—and I was its slave;
 My passions prompted—and I was their slave;
 And he that governs here, and suffers most,
 He lied, and I believed—and was his slave!
 And I am lost! lost! lost! forever lost!
 Aha! aha! earth! with thy blue serene—
 And hills and dales in dewy freshness clothed—
 And with thy rippling streams! thy rippling streams!
 Aha! thy rippling streams! farewell! farewell!

And as he cried, a cloud of darkest smoke
Veil'd from his view his native star-like orb.

Again he walk'd the shore, with hurried pace,
And ever and anon he gazed above.
At length a parting in the clouds was seen,
Wide in the zenith—and he lifted up
His aching arm, and pointing to the space,
“There—there is heaven! and let it shine! shine on
Ye gates, and walls, and palaces! wave on
Ye trees of life, in pleasant breezes wave!
And flow—ye living waters!—gently flow!
And bloom, ye banks! in spring immortal bloom!
Shine! wave! flow! bloom! as now, so evermore!
There are, of servile soul, unnumber'd hosts,
Angelic call'd, and sainted, who have bow'd
In coward homage to the haughty One,
To be his minions—to rejoice in heaven.
But never thus did I—nor would I now,
Should every angel come with winning voice,
And tell me, ‘Kneel but once and heaven is thine.’”

The lie was spoken, but it brought no peace:
Th' undying worm, that to his heart-strings clung,
More fiercely gnaw'd them; and the poor wretch writhed,
Till due confession faltered on his tongue:

“Yea, I would bow; but now, alas! alas!
Too late! too late! release can ne'er be found—
For I am lost! lost! lost! forever lost!

“But even now my curse is not complete:
Fain would I hear these waves forever dash—
Forever breathe in this sulphureous night—

Nor know a change.—But oh! the hour will come
 When I must leave these shades, and stand reveal'd
 In all my ruin—in full glare of light—
 Before the judgment seat! while saints shall gaze,
 And angels, and shall tremble as they hear
 The record of my crimes—all—one by one,
 Told to the throng immense! How that I call'd
God's word a lie!—*the Holy Ghost repulsed!*
And crucified the Son of God afresh!

“Ha! shall my tender mother's tearful eyes,
 My father's, and my sister's, see me then?
 Yes, they—array'd in ever-lovely youth,
 White-robed and crown'd with glory fit for heaven,
 Shall see my ghastly form—black from the pit,
 And foul as hell—a loathsome thing accursed!
 Aye, they shall see me thus—and catch the sound
 From Jesus' lips, confirming my sad lot:
 ‘*Depart again to everlasting fire!*’
 And I—the reprobate of all; a lost,
 An outcast soul; joyless, unclean, abhorr'd,
 Shall come—with songs of angels, sights of bliss
 Thronging my mind—to meditate with grief,
 Upon the broad disgrace stamp'd on my soul,
 Full in the view of the whole universe!
 Shall come to bear the gnawings of this worm—
 The burning of these flames—the agony
 Of a soul used to hope, that cannot now
 Conceive a moment in eternity
 Of joy or ease.”

And as he spoke, he shook
 With woe unknown to words; but, as he shook
 He still exclaim'd: “LOST! LOST! FOREVER LOST!”

THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

'Tis awfully sublime! Behold her form,
How weak and thin—almost a skeleton!
Her lips are pale, her brow and cheeks are white
As the new-fallen snow, and shine like pearl.
Her finest temple veins are visible
In all their violent outlines; her dark hair
Is sadly smooth and glossy; and her eyes,
Her full clear eyes are gloriously bright.
Her hour has come. And yet how sweetly calm!
Think not her love has perish'd, for it burns
Upon its holy altar, with a flame
Purer than ever; and the weepers here
Are they who kindled it. That trembling one
Is her fond partner, and his wounded heart
Throbs with a pain his trembling cannot tell,—
Sharp, strong, deep, dreadful—aye, unspeakable!
And this, in bud-like beauty innocent,
This is the babe she nursed upon her breast,
And kiss'd a thousand times, while in her arms
Asleep it lay with seraph dreams and smiles.
But she has given her loved ones to her God,
Who gave them first to her; and *she* is God's,
And therefore hath she now such perfect peace!

Oh! 'tis a strange, and yet a blessed thing,
 Thus to await the moment of her death!
 See how her bright eye wanders round the room
 Gazing by turns on each familiar face,
 And then looks up and flashes, as she saw
 Some angel herald of her coming Lord!
 Mysterious ties are gently loosening now—
 The bonds of flesh and spirit; slow unfold
 The soul's immortal wings, strong with desire
 To soar above the stars and wave in heaven.
 Earth must grow dim and shadowy, as the light
 Of glory, dawns, and gleams, and shines around;
 And things of wonder now begin to throng
 Upon her inward vision! Yet she breathes
 Softly as ever, and hath not one fear!
 But look—her eyes—oh how intensely bright!
 Her smile—how like an angel's!—and her hands,
 They wave!—they wave!—and hark! her whispering
 voice—
 " 'Tis Jesus! Jesus!"

She is with the Lord!

UNCHECKED VERSE.

INSCRIBED TO DR. G. B.—THE AUTHOR'S MOST INTIMATE FRIEND.

Let no accusing spirit vex my soul,
As though it were reluctant to its task.
'Tis more than willing—passionately burns
With quenchless ardor in its high emprise.
But, as a giant—who, in weight of mail
Full clad, would leap to hear some martial strain,
And swing his sword, and smite his sounding shield,
Light as a love-lass, lifted by a lute—
Shall yet be helpless in the narrow grasp
Of wrist and ankle fetters, lock'd and left:
So, by these fleshly bonds, the mightier soul,
Chafed and enfeebled, scorns them, and yet yields.

What!—coldly breathed, then madly shouted wild;
What!—shrieks the offspring of eternity;
Shall thus the nature that aspires to heaven;
That now, in vivid vision, crown'd with stars,
Wielding the comet as its flaming blade,
Bearing before its heart the silver moon,
Foot-wing'd with lightning,—lo! on echoing clouds,
Strides in full pomp,—the mystery of Power!
Shall such a nature shrink within the guise
Of this soft sense, victim of fire and frost,

Thrilling with threatenings of disease and death,—
 And, baffled in its most sublime attempts,
 Pine, all uneasy, in its May-day home;
 Wander, as restless, 'mong its fellows' homes;
 Return, through sun and shade, and still pine on;
 Half frenzied that its pinions want their plumes,
 And, mocking all its efforts, cannot soar?

God only knows me! Startling verity!
 My fellows are not witless of my name;
 My friends, my fault of frankness fondly praise;
 My father's memory holds my first hour's breath;
 My wife laughs out, assured she knows me well;
 My children turn their quiet eyes on mine,
 And witch me with my own identity;
 But still my spirit, in its inner cell,
 'Bides undiscover'd: like a hermit, looks
 From cavernous shadows where none else intrudes,
 Calm on the open sunshine of the world.
 I call to them: I tell them where I am,
 And what I am; yet still they know me not.
 Spirits there are, which I have never known,
 Do they know me? Angels, of other worlds;
 And men, of other ages; do they see
 The secrets of my being! Fiends from hell,
 Can they in-penetrate my inmost heart?
 Spirits of loved ones—outwardly well known,
 Now disembodied—know me better they,
 Now, than of old? See they the fiery pulse
 Of thought and passion flashing through my soul?
 Oft have I fancied thus, and since they left
 The precincts of our union, been constrain'd
 To holier walk to keep their purer love.

But this is doubtful. Nay, with rising faith,
 I dare assert eternal solitude!
 Save to the eye of Him whose glance of light
 Streams through me, as the slant and subtle sun,
 Shoots beams innumerable through a drop of rain.*

But He alone!

O solemn, searching truth!

Outward communion hath its countless hosts,
 Each, still, an inward stranger to his peers!
 The conscious quickness known to One alone,
 One in the universe! To One alone,—
 One, for eternity! But He!—O bliss!
 The Good! The Infinite Spirit! Life of life!
 Thought of all thoughts! Passion of passions! All,
 In all! The Truth of truths! The Love of loves!
 Holy of holies! Joy of joys!—My God!

He knows me. All my sin, and all my woe;
 My penitence, my faith, my hope, my love;
 My faculties, facilities, and works;
 Opinions, fancies, feelings—clear and vague;
 However dark to me, to Him like noon!
 Knows me, all times, all places, all estates;
 Day, night; home, far; sick, well; glad or distress'd;
 Knows in all changes—wholly—evermore!

I know not Him. I've heard His reverend name,
 Heard His high attributes, and seen His works;
 And bow'd before Him, as the Soul of souls;
 And call'd upon Him, as my only Hope;

* Suggested, I suppose, by a similar thought, in Bowring's Translation of Derzhavin's Ode to the Deity.

And loved Him as my Father and my Friend :
 But more I may not—He is known to none !
 I—next to Him, as known to Him alone !
 He—everywhere, in all immensity !
 And everywhere, to all eternity !
 Round all and in all—Breath—Pulse—Mind of all—
 Unseen, Unheard, Unfelt, Unsearchable !

Father of spirits! All good! All glorious!
 Hear the lone prayer, of this poor panting heart!
 Bless me! Even me! O Father!—bless Thy child!
 In life, in death; on earth, in heaven; in time,
 And in eternity; alone, with else;
 Gay, or in grief; or safe, or girt with harms;
 Still, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—One God!
 Still let Thy vital blessing on me rest:
 Its light and warmth so filling all my soul,
 That, one with Thee, I evermore may dwell
 In Thee, and Thee in me—a sinful man,
 Redeem'd and happy in the living God.

INDULGENCE.

Disease relents. The mind awakes. Versification is an amusement. Ideality acts wildly, but easily; and is permitted to act wildly, *because* it acts easily. Yet it is difficult afterward to reduce the chaos to order. But I consent to the effort.

As, in the seeming close of this dull spell,
My subtlest powers are weary-worn and sad;
I turn to Thee—O Form of Fadeless Youth!
Thou of the brightest eye and sweetest voice!
First, fairest, loveliest charmer of my life!
Ideal Seraph!—turn to Thee, and seek
The thought and passion of Thy glorious song!

Thine, all the heaven of truth—clear, cold, pure, bright!
Thine, all the earth of love,—flower'd, fruitful, warm!
Thine! Angel on the Sun-throne of the soul!

Bereft of thee, with heaven of night and mist,
Truth swells its unseen amplitude in vain;
While love's chill'd sphere its ripening vintage checks,
Dewy and drooping with infolded bloom.
But when the still, live glory of thine orb
Dawns, shines, burns, blazes, in our spirit's morn;
Then early eagles gleam, aloft, alone;
Far-floating in the illimitable void;

And flash, like swiftest wings from sinless worlds,
 White, cliff-cast torrents, down a thousand vales!
 Or, so the vast of mind, disclosed, expands;
 And noblest thoughts in highest regions soar:
 So, all the heart awakes; hope's mountains glow:
 Glistening, deep leap the holiest streams of joy;
 Fruits feel the flush on all the hills of faith;
 Soft from devotion's groves sweet voices breathe;
 And fragrance fills the violet vales of peace.

O Seraph of the Sun! thus centre-throned,
 Lord of two worlds!—not only downward beams
 Thy glory,—though the common eye is blind;
 But, if such symbol thou wilt deign to know,
 As some great diamond globe, with inner fire
 Unshaded and most radiant in its flame,
 Lights not alone the temple's tearful floor,
 But scenes of bliss all round the pictured dome:
 So, to the saintly vision, upward shine,
 By smoke and cloud untouch'd, thy purest rays—
 As if with spirit-thought to see their God,
 And spread their poor, pale tribute at His feet.
 Feebler than moth's the mightiest eagle's wing;
 Darker than mole's, the brightest eagle's eye;
 Compared to mine, companion of thy flight!
 Disdain my pinions rest in earthly shades,
 And faint not when they wave above thy fires;
 The earth hath all its orbit in my glance,
 The near sun mildly beams as distant moon,
 And flames undazzling all the heaven of heavens.

Sun Seraph! thus I vaunt me of thy power—
 Instantly prompt and infinitely full.

I fear to ask thee for the least relief,
 For, soon as ask'd, creation hears thy voice
 And hastes to offer its exhaustless stores.

If I but sigh to see the world so drear,
 Thou puttest to mine eye a little prism,
 And cloudless sunbows color all the sphere.

I hear of heaven and long to see its bliss:
 And all the stars whirl by me like a dream,
 And sink, still whirling, far beneath my feet,
 Till all their circles close in one, and that
 Concentres to a point, and that is lost.
 And round and round me breathe such living airs;
 And in my very heart such music rings;
 And on my sight such boundless glory breaks,
 Burning and burning, evermore to burn;
 That soon, as though immensity had pour'd
 Its focal splendor on my soul alone,
 And there eternity retain'd its power,
 I fold my plumes, but find no gloom within,
 And falling prone, lie trembling and adore.

Yet, while my body yields to these dull pains,
 I win a pleasure in this wild escape
 Of the tired spirit, and may not in vain
 List to the rustling of its wayward flight,
 Thus sporting, though more idly than a bird:
 For, sometime will the precincts of the cage,
 Be lone and still—and all the dream be real!

THE PLEASANT SURPRISE.

AN IMPROMPTU SKETCH OF A TRIFLING INCIDENT.

Awhile ago, I went across the street,
To see the carpenter.

His day's work done,
Chatting with two companions, with his coat
Hung on his arm, he sat upon a chest,
In seeming gladness of the sunset hour.

I show'd my draft; explain'd my little plan;—
Little, though link'd with worlds—and then return'd.

But, as I came, my lifted vision caught
An unexpected, unexceeded charm!
Though westward glancing, it was not the sun,
Or sun-lit cloud, or golden-azure air;
But nearer beauty that surprised my heart:
Two windows-full of faces—all my own!
Some *one*, perhaps, first saw me cross the street;
And call'd the others. Quick, the living group
Gather'd to see their father. Well they laughed:
I, too, sedately, smiled. The straitest face,
Had lost its straitness, then.

From motherly arms,
Our youngest daughter, fatling Emily,

Look'd down in wonder. Pale Matilda, too;
Anna Maria; Mary; Tom; and John:
All,—save our first-born, with my mother's name;
And last-born, with my father's; these, it seems,
Were elsewhere; she, her brother's fondling nurse—
All eager stood, with downward sparkling eyes,
And open mouths, still laughing, as 'the sport
Were something rich: at any rate, for one,
I look'd and smiled, and felt that *I was* rich—
And so I am! God bless my humble home!

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

Silence was on her throne—the moon and stars,
Hush'd by her lifted sceptre, softly walk'd
Their azure pathway; and the quiet earth,
Had not a rustling leaf, for the lull'd winds
Slept in the hill-side shadows, and the trees
Lean'd o'er their images, all dark and still,
In deep unruffled waters.

There were tents,
White in the mellow moonlight; where a host
Of weary warriors lay in such repose,
As though the camp had been a field of tombs,
And all the host were mouldering. Here and there
The arméd sentinel paced to and fro,
Or wondering at the beauty of the scene,
Or, musing on the future, gazing sad
Upon his shadow, feeling that his life
Was transient likewise, and would disappear
In the night of death, as disappear'd the shade
When the moon darken'd and the passing mist
Made all its outlines blend in fellow gloom.
The instruments of battle, fraught no more
With human vengeance, lay as harmlessly
As when they slumber'd in their native hills—

Untaught to thunder and unstain'd with blood.
 The banner that had waved o'er fields of slain,
 Was now its bearer's pillow, and he dream'd
 With his head resting on rent folds, of love,
 And fireside peace, and female tenderness.

That sleeping host concentrated in itself
 The hopes of a wide world. Fell Tyranny—
 The fiend grown gray in shortening human life,
 Who joys the most when joys mankind the least,
 And scourges most who lowliest submit,—
 Had spread his sails and push'd his giant prow
 From a far isle, and o'er the trembling sea
 Pursued his scornful course, and, landing proud
 Upon this mighty continent, had call'd
 The nation to approach, and kiss his rod.
 His helm was like a mountain, and his plume
 Gloom'd like a cloud; his lifted sword far shone—
 A threat'ning comet; loud his thunder voice
 Demanded death or crouching; and his stamp
 Shook the firm hills and made the whole earth reel.
 Many had gone—led by the hand of Fear—
 And knelt unto the monster, kiss'd his rod,
 And pointed at their brethren's breasts their swords.
 But these had seized their weapons, and stood up,
 E'en in his very shadow, and his threats
 Answer'd like men, and rang their shields for war.
 But hitherto these valiant ones had fail'd
 In the fierce conflict; and in rest were now
 Waiting the morrow, and a deadlier shock.

But One was watchful in that silent hour,
 Whose heart had gather'd to itself the cares

Of all his struggling brethren, and was sad
 That still Success was herald to the fiend.
 Out from his tent he came, and when he heard
 No sound, he joy'd to think that woe had not
 So heavily press'd upon the sleepers' hearts
 As on his own; and then he felt a weight
 Still heavier fall upon himself, as thought
 Pictured the thousands trusting in his arm:
 The slumberers round—the nation's agéd ones,
 Whose dim eyes ceaseless wept o'er scenes of blood—
 The mourning widows, clasping to their breasts
 Their famish'd infants—and the virgins pale,
 Bereft of love, and in the arms of lust
 Dying a thousand deaths!

On the bare earth,
 He knelt, in suppliance meek; and humbly laid
 Beside him, his plumed helmet, and his sword,
 Unsheath'd and glittering, and ask'd of God
 To look on him, all helpless, and to bless
 His nerveless arm with might and victory;
 To smile on his worn warriors, and infuse
 Spirit and fire in every languid pulse;
 To frown upon the tyrant, and destroy;
 And bid the mountains sing from pole to pole
 The song of liberty, and the free waves
 Clap their glad hands and answer from afar.

God heard and answer'd; and the Spirit of strength
 Walk'd in the camp, from tent to tent, and breathed
 An iron vigor through the sleepers' frames,
 And in their hearts a courage ne'er to quail.
 And Weakness sought the valley where the foe,

Pillow'd upon a hill, stretch'd his huge length
 In cumbrous slumber; and his giant limbs
 Grew soft as babe's; while Mockery soothed his soul
 With dreams of speedy triumph and rich spoil.
 And Truth came down, and charm'd the suppliant
 With promise of deliverance soon to be.
 And o'er the mountain-top came young Success:
 The sentry had not hail'd her as she pass'd,
 But shut his eyes in fright, and thought he saw
 A ghost, nor dream'd that she could leave the fiend.
 Washington rose in peace, replaced his helm
 Upon his brow, and sheath'd his glittering sword,
 And felt a power was on him none could stay!

Oh! I have read of chieftains who call'd out
 Their banner'd multitudes, and circled round
 The noon-day altar, and anon looked up:
 While the white-bearded priest plunged deep the knife
 In fellow flesh, and bathed himself in gore,
 To appease the gods and gain celestial aid!
 And I have read of armies front to front,
 Pausing in awful silence, with the match
 Blazing o'er loaded cannon, and bright swords
 Flashing in vengeful hands; while solemnly
 Uncover'd chaplains bow'd between the foes,
 And pour'd their mingling prayers—ere Death began
 His sacrifice unto the Prince of hell!
 But this was gilded seeming; a mere show
 To warm the vassal soldiers to high thoughts,
 And make them glow for carnage—not for right.
 'Twas mumbling prayer to God, with lips profane,
 While their hearts wish'd the answer of a shout
 From the excited ranks—the cry for blood.

They look'd upon their warriors, as their dogs
 Are look'd upon by sportsmen; and they hoped
 Such solemn mockeries might their men inspire,
 As gentle pattings fire the unloosed hound :
 And all their plan was but to curb their rage
 Till it grew fierce, then burst the bands and urge
 The hosts to slaughter !

Pure Sincerity

Delights to kneel in solitude, and feels
 God's presence most where none but God beholds.
 And when I think of our high-hearted chief
 Watching while others slept—swelling his soul
 To sympathize with thousands, yea, to care
 For others' cares, while by themselves forgot ;
 Joying to find Repose had quieted
 The tents of all around, yet keeping far
 Her presence from his own ; and when I think
 Of his divestment of self-strength, and deep
 And fervent longing for Almighty aid—
 I feel as if Sincerity did smile
 Upon that hour, and name it in her joy
 The Eden of duration ! purest page
 In the truth-written history of time !
 Surely that quiet scene was fraught with life,
 And circling angels wonder'd while they heard
 The hero's soul expressing secretly,
 And sacredly, before the all-seeing God,
 No care, no wish, but for his country's good !
 And wonder'd—nay, they wonder'd not that God
 Should sanctify the life-destroying sword :
 For 'twas thy sword, O sainted Washington !

THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

Oh that the glowing feelings of my heart
Could find a fitting voice—an utterance
To thrill the listener with due sympathy!
Then should th' indignant numbers roll severe,
And with uncustom'd tones alarm the souls
Of thousands, tampering with the sacred lyre!

My spirit burns with patriot love intense,
And swells with rapture, when the power of song
Loud from a native harp sends forth its spell;
But anger chafes me, when I hear the strains
Of puling sentimentalists, who vex
Their silken strings with touch so delicate,
That, but for empty echoists, the ear
Of silence scarce would vibrate to the sound.
Mere grasshoppers of poetry! they chirp
The livelong day, upon the birth and growth
Of a poor blade of grass; and long discourse
Upon the freshness of a morning dew-drop!
Their narrow sight, as narrow as their souls,
Feels no extension, never circuits round
The flowery verdancy, hills, oceans, skies;
Nor once beholds th' innumerable "shining ones,"
That look from far upon their sister earth.

The eagle, from his eyry in the clouds,
 Waves his wide wings, and, soaring to the sun,
 Gazes with unblench'd eye upon the blaze,
 And, bathing there his plumes in golden light,
 Scarce deigns a glance towards the speck beneath.
 But they, like worms, in the heart of a red bud
 Alone delight; and leave it not, until
 Their poisonous slime has wither'd its young bloom!

Genius of Poetry! ere time began,
 The ear of space delighted in thy harp!
 In some far region of immensity,
 Where the first ray of light created gleam'd
 Through utter darkness, thou wast call'd to being.
 Then in thy hand was placed the holy harp,
 And the awful voice of the Eternal Sire
 Bade thee extol omnipotence and love;
 Waken dull silence to sweet harmony,
 And lead the joys of myriad new-born souls.
 Loud as thy numbers roll'd, the golden spheres
 Moved to the music, wond'ring at the charm!
 'Twas then the laurel, of immortal green,
 Bloom'd round thy brow, and joy ineffable
 Burn'd in thy heart, and swell'd thy voice sublime.
 When earth came forth in glorious array,
 With flowery vales, and hills, and waters clear;
 And overhung with azure, whence the sun
 Effuses rich benevolence on all;
 And where the nightly stars with ardent beams
 Shine round the moon, like seraphs round the throne;
 Then sang the sons of heaven, the morning stars,
 Concerting with thy harmony, and space
 Awoke her countless echoes, to prolong
 The birth-ode of the new-created orb.

'Twas thou, that—from the altar of high heaven
 Bearing a living coal—the prophet's lips
 Touch'd with the sacred fire, hallow'd his heart,
 And bade his tongue reveal the thoughts of God.
 'Twas thou that tuned the Grecian voice to song.
 And charm'd Italian skies with melody.
 'Twas thou that came so sweetly from above,
 To the shepherd watch on Judah's moonlit hills,
 While wonder pointed to the starry crown,
 That glisten'd o'er the huts of Bethlehem!
 'Twas thou that pour'd on Milton's shaded mind
 Light from eternity, and gave him power
 To vocalize the wonders that he saw:
 The deathless horrors of all-writhing hell,
 The undying glories of rejoicing heaven.

Genius of Poetry! thou noblest born!
 Thy themes are as thy joys, rich and sublime.
 Creation is thy range; where'er a star
 Sends forth a ray, thy wing is wont to fly.
 And oft, where never roll'd an orb, away
 In solitary, unillumined gloom,
 Thou holdest high communion with thy God.
 His omnipresent power and tender love,
 Delight thy musing moments; and thy harp
 Is richest and most eloquent in praise.
 Thy quick perception gladdens in events,
 To others hid; thou knowest sounds and views
 Unheard, unnoticed by the grosser-born.
 Where'er thy pinions wave, new pleasures rise
 Sweet in thy breast, and eye, and ear, and all
 Thy ravish'd senses wonder and admire.
 The music of the spheres is heard by thee,
 And angels ne'er may know its richest tones,

Delighting thee; thou see'st a purer light
 In every beam, than falls on other eyes;
 Colors have finer shades than others see,
 By thee perceived, and when the thunder speaks
 Loud from his midnight throne, thou dost discern
 An import and a tone none else may know:
 And in the lightning flash thou see'st a glance,
 That else who once beholds shall surely die!
 Does Beauty claim thine eye? a fairer bloom,
 More lovely grace, and look of sweeter power,
 Voice more melodious, bosom holier,
 'Tis thine to know, than aught beside create,
 Can ever find: the azure of the sky,
 The green of earth are fresher to thy view;
 The flowers put on a lighter tint; the brooks,
 A lucid quiet, known to none beside!
 Does Grandeur call thee? Lo! the boundless scene
 Glows with a living spirit; and thy heart
 Swells with expanding rapture, high and wild,
 And unexpress'd, save in thy thrilling song.
 The aged forest bows his hoary head,
 In reverence, and waves his trembling arms
 On high, to hail thy coming to his shades.
 The mountains loftier lift their lofty heads,
 And stand like giants guarding the sweet vales
 Of humble peace, from the demoniac storm.
 The seas explain to thee their mysteries;
 For thee the blue heavens cast their veil aside,
 And sun, and moon, and stars come near, and show,
 Unto thy favor'd eye their wondrous things.
 Does Novelty attract thee? things more strange
 Appear in things the strangest, and a power
 Alike peculiar, wonders in thy sight.

The clouds assume all hostile forms, and wage
 Celestial warfare; meteors on swift wing
 Bear to the Prince of hell tidings of earth;
 And comets, issuing from the eternal throne
 To see if earth's iniquity is full,
 Wave wide the threat'ning sword,—the startled sky
 Shrinks from the horrid light, and pales with fear.
 Earth listens, motionless, expecting still
 The thunder of Destruction's chariot wheels:
 And Time throws down his scythe, crushes his glass,
 And, trembling, waits th' archangel's dooming voice!

Genius of Poetry! thine eye is bright,
 Thy song is but begun! Thou, who beheld
 And sang the birth of every orb that shines,
 Shall yet behold them desolate, and sing
 Their requiem, when no echo will survive
 To answer thy lament! Then night, restored,
 Shall soon forget that day usurp'd her throne—
 And dwell in deeper darkness than was known,
 Before a ray gleam'd trembling through the void.
 Then shall a new creation, brighter far
 Than even thou can'st image, ask thy song:
 To celebrate a bloom to wither never,
 A beauty still to be more beautiful,
 A grandeur ever growing more sublime,
 A newness ever changing, and a joy
 Immortal as the ever-living God!

MELANCHOLY.

Again I vent my plaint—my troubled heart
Will pour its sorrows through the lines of verse.
Yet, verse is all too feeble to convey
My inward feelings. Vainly must my pen
Essay in words to tell my bitter anguish.
Ha! could I speak my woes, the hardest heart
Would melt with pity; and the dryest eyes
Pour forth unceasing tears: for then, indeed,
Language would be but pathos. But, alas!
They are too big for utterance: hollow cheeks,
And sunken eyes, and livid lips; my feet
Tott'ring beneath their load; my bended form,
Inclining to the grave; and all the signs
That haggard misery stamps upon her prey,
Reveal but slightly that which gnaws my heart.

I've looked on nature, and have look'd in vain,
To find some emblem of my wretchedness.

I've thought a clouded star—one wholly pall'd
In blackest night, and wandering all alone
And useless; privileged no more to catch
The kindred smilings of the unclouded host;
Or glance its lustre on the waveless lake.

That loved to hold its image in its bosom ;
 A star involved in tenfold midnight darkness—
 Might picture somewhat of the loneliness,
 The desolate cheerlessness that I endure.

Oft memory tells me of a tender bird,
 Driven by tempests, till its wearied wings
 Could scarce expand. Then, gradually the storm,
 Relenting into kindness, died away ;
 And the dark parted clouds far offward roll'd,
 And the bright sunshine broke upon the earth,
 And all things glisten'd in the glorious change.
 Then, sinking gently towards the blooming earth,
 The gladsome bird pour'd forth its gratitude,
 In sweetest melody, as though each throb
 Of its reviving heart declared its joy.
 But, suddenly, ere yet its weary wing
 Had closed within its nest, the gathering storm
 Again returning, fiercer than before,
 Whirl'd it away in breathlessness to gasp
 Its life out on the bosom of despair !
 I've thought my fate has likeness to this bird's,
 But still I show not half its bitterness.

I often muse upon the happiness
 That gladdens my coevals: they go forth,
 And gaze upon the azure-cinctured arch,
 With feelings peaceful as the placid heavens ;
 They look around upon the blooming earth,
 All redolent with beauty and delight ;
 They see the ocean sparkling in its joy,
 And smiling on the sun ; they see the rivers,
 Winding their glorious way among the bowers ;

They hear the woodland music, every breeze
 Alive with harmony; they see the lambs,
 Disporting on the mead; and the mild deer,
 Viewing his antlers in the forest lake;
 The squirrel chattering on the top-most oak,
 And laughing at the wind that shakes the limb
 It clings to; and the quick-ear'd innocent rabbit,
 Sipping the morning dew, its only drink:
 They see all nature's pleasantness, and feel
 Their hearts to dance with rapture at the sight.

But I partake not of the general joy!
 I see, and with a quicken'd eye, the charms
 That bloom and breathe around me; but my heart,—
 The heart that once was raptur'd with such views,
 That warm'd, dilated, thrill'd and seem'd to wish
 A thousand voices to express its bliss—
 Is sicken'd with them now; for still arise,
 Dismal forebodings that the lovely flowers,
 Which seem so fragile, shall myself outlive,
 And when they wither, drop their faded leaves,
 Like emblems, on my grave; the trees shall spread
 Their shrivell'd foliage o'er me, and the winds
 In sadness sigh amongst the echoing reeds
 That autumn's blight shall stiffen on my bed!
 And who can think, without a pang severe,
 Of bidding to the world the long adieu?
 Forests and gardens, with their tribes of life;
 The hills and dales; oceans, and all their streams;
 The glowing sun, blue heavens, and moon, and stars;
 And man, with all his works, towers, towns and navies,
 His music, paintings, sculptures, and his lore:
 Ah! what are these to those who sleep in death?

And can it be that all we love below,
 Shall be forsaken with nor tear nor sigh?
 Even I, though lost to all earth's loveliness,
 And weeping o'er its beauty, fain would weep
 A little longer; and in memory think,
 That what is now so powerless to yield
 One momentary pleasure, once was all
 That young imaginations picture joy.
 Yea, I would linger here, for still I find,
 That sorrow hath a charm to make me cling
 To life, even though I still must sorrow on.

I am a helpless shipwrecked mariner:
 Lone on a plank, and midway in the bay,
 Fast rushing to the ocean. I behold
 The shores in bloom, with fruitage clustering thick.
 I see the far off cottage, and espy,
 E'en walking on the beach, my fellow-man.
 And yet, I can nor signal to the shore,
 Nor leave this sole support; and every wave
 Still farther sweeps me tow'rd the boundless waste!
 Where is my hope? I now can but resign
 Myself unto the will of Him, whose eye
 Beholds my imminent wretchedness; and still,
 Though swiftly hurrying from the sight of all
 That seems a rest for hope, some passing barque
 May see my floating form, and yet deliver.
 If not, I sink: if this my fate must be,
 I'll welcome it with smilings, and will yield
 My way-worn body to the monster's maw;
 Sure that my God will guide him to some isle,
 Bright on the bosom of eternity—
 And make destruction land me safe from harm!

DEATH.

WRITTEN ON THE DECEASE OF THE REV. S. DOUGHTY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

The House of Mourning.

I stand beside the coffin, and behold
The soulless frame of man. My swelling heart
Aches in its narrow limits, and mine eyes
Grow dim with sorrow.

What! oh, what, is man!

He goeth forth, and death is in the way;
He fain would turn aside and walk with life;
But this may not. He fain would shut his ear
Unto the messenger's voice, and heed him not;
But in his inmost heart an echo wakes
At the unearthly call, and the warm blood
Runs chill through every vein, the vital fount
Congeals to icy coldness, and the soul
Loosens its ties, expands its trembling wings,
And seeks the bosom of eternity!

The mould of manliness is there; those eyes—
Which, once beheld, may never be forgot,—
Are closed upon for their long dreamless sleep.
And oh! to think that all he once admired
Is gone forever; ocean, earth, sky, sun,

And all the host led nightly by the moon!
 To think that all earth's music shall be heard
 Never!—that all the lore of bard and sage
 Is not!—that every friend of glowing heart,
 Kindred and offspring are, alas! no more!
 I must not, dare not think—Oh! death! death! death!

PART II.

Song of the Angels as they bear the Spirit to Paradise.

We come! we come! the sapphire gates throw wide
 Cherub and Seraph! Glory's hierarchy!
 Burning around the everlasting throne,
 Hymn the Eternal's praise! Space! spread the sound
 Far as infinity! sphere shout to sphere!
 And orb to orb! We come! we come! we bear
 The parted spirit, in ecstatic trance,
 Now waiting for its Maker's touch divine,
 To strengthen vision for the charms of heaven!
 We bow! we bow! Father Omnipotent!
 And here present our charge; whom there we found
 Rejoicing in thy Omnipresent love!

PART III.

Soliloquy of the Saint.

I am a Spirit! The mystery is out:
 And, like an eagle from its prison fled,
 I feel the freedom of infinity!
 Desire is now accomplishment: I look,
 With keener sight than mortal eye extends,
 All round immensity; whose only bound

Is far off darkness—on whose bosom shines
 Innumerable stars—darkness that none may near!
 I look, and wish—and lo! upon this globe,
 Which, when I wish'd, was glimmering on my sight,
 I stand, and view a world of larger frame
 Than is the sun; which on yon atom earth,
 I thought with awe the hugest orb of space!
 How swells my new existence! Yet I think,
 Even as on earth I thought! I am the same.
 I joy in mine identity, and can
 At will remember all I ever knew:
 Yet, without pain! How dwells my ravish'd being
 On all the beauties circling round my gaze!
 The novelties of unimagined scenes!
 The high sublimities of boundlessness!
 Oh! how I joy! As thought to thought succeeds,
 Still greater swells my soul; nor can I know
 A thought inferior to what now I think;
 Nay, each succeeding thought superior grows,
 And with fresh knowledge and with stronger power.

How mean are all the thoughts of mortal man!
 Repress'd and bound by limits so confined.
 There did I toil, to know the history
 Of one small globe, for some few thousand years;
 While here I grow in all the intelligence
 Of worlds magnificent, to which the earth,
 In age, is less than infant to gray hairs;
 Of worlds innumerable, to which the stars,
 That studded earth's empyrean and enzoned,
 Are as a unit to infinity!
 There travell'd I for some few thousand miles,
 Saw various scenes, and read of many more;

And thought the earth too vast, for one poor mind
 To treasure all its aspects : here, I fly
 From orb to orb untired, and dwell with joy
 On scenes to which e'en Eden was a heath ;
 And feel that countless worlds of larger sphere,
 Shall in duration come familiarly,
 As favorite bowers, into my memory ;
 And every nook be known, in every orb
 That shines throughout immensity ; until
 I feel that space is my eternal home,
 And all its glories are to me distinct,
 As the few rooms in my once earthly home !
 There I enjoy'd the presence of a few,
 Whom I entitled friends ; and some I pass'd
 With a slight word, as though my narrow heart
 Could hold small part of earth's small company ;
 But, here are myriads after myriads more
 Than mortals in a life-time could conceive !
 Yet shall each one in this stupendous host,
 Become my bosom friend, ere yet I feel
 One proper notion of eternity !

And here, oh ! how my reverent thought delights
 To muse upon the Holy One Supreme !
 Men on the earth, out from the city's throng
 Betake themselves, and in some shadowy dell,
 With flowers and vines embower'd and adorn'd,
 Think to immure themselves in solitude !
 And this, when every voice of bird and leaf,
 Of flower and vine, and cooling water-brook,
 Whispers the presence of the Mighty One ;
 Whose omnipresent, all-sustaining power
 A leaf depends on, even as a world !

How glows my being, how with rapture thrills,
 When glad I think—there is no solitude!
 But, far beyond where angel wing has been,
 Should I pursue my way; and find an orb
 Greater in glory and in wonders newer
 Than any yet I know; there would be God,
 Even as in highest heaven—even on His throne!
 And there could I adore; and there could learn
 Of all I saw, the history and design!

Oh! hallelujah! Let each heavenly power
 Exalt the Maker's praise! Here, here indeed,
 Is music of the spheres—when every orb
 Sounds harmony divine! Here, here indeed,
 Are views sublime, more than the warmest tongue
 In heaven can tell! Here, happiness supreme,
 Common and endless; oh, how great! how great!

Oh! could my boy, my darling boy, behold
 His father's high felicity; could they,
 My kindred and my friends, my glory see;
 How would they dry their eyes, and on bent knee,
 Give praise unto the Eternal, and beseech
 The guidance of His Spirit to lead them on
 To the same heaven—the happiness of God!

WILLIAM KESLEY.

HOPE flies!

And round the dim and dewy scene,
Stalks stalwart Fear, vaunting his prophet-skill:—
“I saw the hand that touch’d that ample brow,
And thence foretold this pale and sad event!
True, many angels pleaded for his life;
Some, that his short and compact frame was strong,
As if a youth’s, to bear yet heavier years;
Some, that his mind, matured and well-inform’d,
In facile power still held its varied gifts;
Some, that his heart, well tried of old and true,
Grew purer and was richer in its love;
While others, turning gently from the man,
Pointed, with trembling fingers, to a group
Whose home-prayers gush’d in eloquence of tears;
And others, with their vision on the church,
Spake of his wisdom and her constant need,
His faith, his zeal, his courage, and his toils;
And others, by a wider, nobler range,
The common church—nay, more, the common world!
But all their pleas were vain. I—I, alone,
Foresaw, foretold,—by day and night, foretold,
Through every change, foretold—the end is death!

And lo! the truth! How pale, cold, silent now!
 Form, Mind, Heart, Home, Church, World, unheeded, all.
 Naught now remains but soon the Grave must hide."

Hope fled!

But whither? Far beyond the range,
 Where fear may triumph! Fear is like the night,
 Earth-born and bound to earth; but sunny Hope
 Is here a guest whose native sphere is heaven.
 There straight she fled, nor with a lonely flight.
 Fear strode beside the corpse, with shade athwart;
 But wiser Hope, with birth-right more sublime,
 Ascended with the spirit. Why remain?
 To see the gathering darkness of decay?
 To hear the widow's wail, the orphan's cry?
 To look on altars hung with funeral crape?
 And mourn the last heart-rendings of the grave?
 We soar, sings Hope, still soaring as she sings—
 The soul, aside, all thrilling with the song.
 We soar—and all the little things of earth,
 Are lost, already; nay, the earth itself
 Dwindles into a star—and disappears.
 We soar—with God's infinity around!
 We soar—with God himself our Life of lives!
 Serene, O soul! serene! be all serene!
 What! does the light transpierce thee? let it shine—
 'Twill glorify thee, as the sun a gem!
 What! does the music awe thee? let it sound,—
 The name of Jesus fills the loudest strain!
 What! shrink'st thou from the rainbows of the throne,
 And quiverest 'midst the rustling plumes around?
 Serene, O, soul! the Lord draws near—" *Well done!*
Thou good and faithful servant! Enter in!"

What! does the joy entrance thee? Droop thou not—
Who made, on earth, the blind man eye the noon,
Shall make thee, here, Himself undazzled see!
Behold the King!—in all His beauty shown!
The land immense, with distant beams adorn'd!
The saints, the angels, lo, their glorious throng!

I see! I see! but hide me with your wings,
Cherub and seraph! Lead me as a child,
Close to His throne! This crown—I'll lay it there,
Low at His feet! I feel the Saviour near!
I see the dear memorials of His wounds!
My heaven is here! All glory to the Lamb!

THE FUNERAL.

Duly I went.

The hearse and carriages in order stood,
And groups of men, at corners of the streets,
And round the door, in pensive mood conversed.
The handle of the lock was bound with crape:
The passage-way was dark. An agéd man
Silently took my hand, and led my steps
To the still chamber of the coffin'd corpse.
The half-closed shutters mellow'd the sun's glare,
And spread a solemn twilight through the room.
The tables and the mirrors were all clothed
In spotless white, and from the mantel broad
Down to the floor the linen drapery hung.
I stood beside the corpse, and lifting up
The snowy covering, gazed most thoughtfully,
Most reverently, most sorrowfully gazed
Upon that face, emaciate, pale, and cold.
The hollow temples; the transparent brow,
Part shaded by the dark and glossy hair;
The purple eye-lids, covering the glazed balls,
Sunk in their sockets; and the wasted cheeks,
And blenchéd lips, still brighten'd with a smile
The sweet composure resting over all:

Oh! I *did* gaze, until my heart grew large,
And tears relieved my sadness.

Soon I heard

The voice of mourning, and approaching steps.
Then came the parents, bent with age and grief,
The brother and the sister weeping came,
To give the last look to the one so loved.
They look'd, they wept; all but the white-haired sire,
He merely heaved one sigh, and felt one tear
Start from its source, as though it were his last;
For he had seen much trouble, and was used
Sternly to bear a quiet agony.
The mother kiss'd the cold lips o'er and o'er,
And bathed the pallid cheeks with streams of grief;
The sister lean'd upon her brother's arm,
And cried aloud; while he, with lips compress'd,
Strove to subdue his pain—his exquisite pain,
To see his daily fellow lying there.
They turn'd away, and as they turn'd, the sire
Gave the last glance, and fill'd his swelling heart:
Oh God!—he said—but ere another word
Fell from his tongue, he check'd the murmuring thought.

The face was veil'd again, the coffin lid
Was closed and screw'd, and then the bearers came
And bore the body to the plum'd hearse.
The mourners took their seats—the train moved on
Slowly toward the dwelling of the dead.
Men at the doors, and from the windows women,
Look'd carelessly: an infant, in the arms
Of love maternal, clapp'd its tiny hands
And pointed, smiling, even at the hearse.

Ah! little knew that sinless child of death!
I wept while thinking of its after days!

We had pass'd through the gate, and now we stood
Around the open grave. Strong-armed men,
Grasping the ropes, the coffin slowly lower'd,
Until it rested on the cold damp floor.

Around us were the marble monuments,
And graves o'ergrown with long thin grass and flowers;
And overhung with trees of richest leaf;
Some spreading wide, and casting a light shade,
While others, pendent, even to the ground,
Threw o'er some favor'd mounds a deeper gloom.
The cricket, by the tomb-stone hid, sent forth
Its evening song, and on the upper branch
The robin whistled merrily. Afar,
Upon the river's bank, and stretching thence
Back to the o'er-topping hills, the city lay.
Above us, was the cloudless blue—the sun,
Descending to the verge, shone 'twixt the trees,
And burnish'd the clear waves with liquid gold,
And every swelling dome and steeple high;
And every hill's brow blest with yellow crown.
All things rejoiced.

Alas!—one joyless group,
We, weeping, stood around that open grave:
The trembling mother and the struggling sire;
The sister, with swollen eyes and throbbing heart;
The brother, striving sadly with his grief.
Oh! who could comfort them?—who bind their hearts,
Their broken hearts, in bonds of peace again?
Who soothe their troubled souls?

The passing wind

Was more consoling far, than would have been
 The voice of heathen or poor infidel!
 For heathen eye ne'er saw the flowers of hope,
 And infidels but crush them under foot.

If e'er my heart had joy—if ever yet,
 Pleasure hath fired mine eye or loosed my tongue,
 'Twas when, with healing words, from God's own mouth,
 I bade the mourners think of Him, who says—
 "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."
 The *Resurrection!*—Calvary's cross was red
 With Jesus' heart's blood, and the sealéd tomb
 His piercéd body held; but cruel death,
 Though it had mangled him; and the strong grave,
 Though it had bound him for eternity;
 Both were dragg'd captives at his chariot wheel.
 From the rock sepulchre he rose again,
 As though he left the downy bed of sleep.
 And, surely as he rose, this Christian's frame,
 With all the strength, and grace, and hues of youth,
 Of youth no more to fade, shall rise again.
 The resurrection and the *Life!*—the life!
 Immortal life! What though these rural charms,
 Yon city's pomp, he witnesseth no more?
 What though this pile of clay shall be cast down,
 Hiding his body from his fellow's gaze?
 What though his flesh shall blacken and then rot,
 And feed a thousand worms?—make it as foul
 As pitiless fancy can! What then? Why life—
 Again I say, immortal life is his.
 No sooner had his spirit left his frame,
 Than friendly saints, well-known in former days,

And glorious angels, with their golden wings,
Sang him their welcome, and conducted far
Where Paradise in fadeless beauty blooms.
And now—while we, with decent rites, inter
His much-loved form,—the hand, the gentle hand
Of smiling Jesus haply lifts the crown,
And, while his servant kneels before him, bends,
And rests it on his brow—bright as a star!

The parents yielded resignation meet,
The brother's and the sister's hearts grew calm.
Uncovering then our heads, in reverence due,
We bless'd the Lord for our sweet gospel hopes;
And thence, with fresh resolves to follow Christ,
Departed to our homes in perfect peace.

GENIUS.

In childhood he had loved to wander forth
And feast his soul on beauty. Where the brook
Flow'd darkly pure beneath the forest shade ;
And where the hermit lilies on the bank
Sat in their snowy robes, all meekly bent
As though ashamed to show their loveliness ;
And where the cascade shouted, as it leap'd
From knoll to knoll down to the lucid stream ;
And where the wild bird, on the bough o'er head,
Sang to its mate, that on the tiresome nest
Patiently brooded, longing for the day
When the sweet younglings, from the broken shells,
Should lift their voice for food, and open wide
Their thronging beaks impatient for the worm ;
And where the cool breeze rustled the green leaves,
And kiss'd the dimpling waters, and bestow'd
Motion and life on all things as it pass'd :
There loved he to repose, and yield his mind
To desultory musing and sweet peace.

Youth came ;—and nature's lovely walks were left,
For the still world of books. Stern science led
His weary eye through tomes all dull and dead ;
And bade him yield the bright imaginings

Vision'd in childish joy: and strip the sky
 Of its pure holy beauty, and the earth
 Of all its strong enchantments, and employ
 His thoughts on things of dismal truth. The blue,
 That like a rich pavilion-circled earth,
 He learn'd was naught. The stars, that came at eve,
 Like angels watching o'er a sleeping world,
 Were worlds themselves, that roll'd afar away
 Heedless of earth, absorb'd in selfishness.
 The moon, that seem'd an angel nearer come,
 More fond, to watch the better, was an orb
 Whose lustre was all semblance—borrow'd all.
 And then the glorious sun, that oped the gate
 Of rosy morn, and waved his golden locks,
 Rejoiced to see again mountains and vales,
 Was but a fixéd fire, so far remote
 That numbers scarce could count the mighty space.

One talk'd of metals, clays, and crystals bright;
 And closed by saying diamonds worth a plumb,
 Were mere black charcoal! Then another came,
 And snatch'd away a rainbow-color'd flower,
 And bade him think no more of hues or scent.
 But mark the shape of stalks, the taste of roots!
 Another wisely prated on wild thought,
 And said 'twas naught but the effect of some,
 Or all, the worm-like motions of the brain!
 Another proudly preach'd that noble man,
 With all his lofty claims, was but an ape
 Shorn of his tail! But wherefore swell the list?
 The atom insect that can only breathe
 A thimble-full of air before it dies;
 As well as the vast mammoths that ere now.

Exhausted the blue vault—the mighty race,
 All famishing for lack of a mere breath :
 All things, alive or dead, were made to appear
 Alike and useless, loveless and untrue !

He turn'd away disgusted—as a chief,
 Used from his cradle to the twanging bow,
 And all the wild ambition of the chase ;
 Used to bold freedom, roaming through deep woods,
 Climbing the loftiest heights, and joying in
 The thundering storm as in the sunny calm ;
 E'en as the chief thus used, when far away,
 From scenes of former life ; and wandering sad,
 Among the stationary piles of art ;
 And midst a race as soulless as their bricks ;
 As he repines, and pants for his own trees,
 And wayward waters, and turns back with joy :
 So did the youth from all that science taught,
 Turn back to live with nature ; and to live
 'Mid an ideal race, that smiled around,
 To him, in every shady nook of earth,
 Or sunny spot, or waters wandering wild.
 Then he rejoiced, his spirit burn'd within,
 And when his thoughts grew cold, he held a steel
 Up to the lightning, and brought down the bolt
 That broke his bonds, and set his spirit free !

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

The weary Year, that, for the last three moons,
Has wander'd joyless over hill and dale,
Wither'd and chill; and, through the cheerless woods,
Toil'd, rustling the dry leaves that strew the path,
At every step, is breathing his last hour.

I saw the Pilgrim, on the mountain-top,
With footsteps slow and sad still wending on.
His restless vision ranged the treacherous earth,
Or upward turn'd, to watch the rising star
Of Destiny!—which, once heaven's height attain'd,
Should claim the way-worn as a sacrifice.
Bright beam'd the star, still brightening as it rose.
Yet, but more feebly, went the Pilgrim on.
At length he trod upon the broken verge
Of an abyss, so deep—the keenest glance
Of fire-eyed lightning could not pierce its depth.
A cloud came o'er the star, but, as the brink
Began to crumble, out again it gleam'd,
And lo! its station was the point of death.
A voice, from some Unseen, with awful tone
Startled the silence, as the doom'd one stood,
Dizzy, and tottering—saying: “*Yield thy scroll!*”

Eternity! 'tis thine!—the Pilgrim said:
And bowing, meek, held forth a trembling scroll,
No form appear'd, no hand; but as the scroll
Shone in the star-light, instantly—'twas gone!
Eternity received it!—and the Year,
The weak and weary Year, with one step more,
Found endless rest far down that searchless void.

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Through all the walks of life, the sons of death
Pursue their errands. Some expand their wings
Dark o'er the populous city, and dispense
Wide from their dripping plumes the horrid plague.
Some sound the trump of battle, call abroad,
From halls and huts, the chivalry and strength
Of vengeful lands; reflect by voice and glance
The roar and flash; and in the rising clouds
Hover with joy and quaff the smell of blood.
Some smite secluded homes; lead forth the boy
Of gray-hair'd hope, and 'tomb him 'neath the wave;
Send down the lightning at noon-day to scathe
The stay of weakness; and the midnight flame
Fan, while love shrivels in its dire embrace.
Some lift the awful bowl to lips obscene;
Some cast cold billows o'er the shrieking bark;
Some rend the earth to bury all she bears;
While others seal their victims at their birth,
And leave a withering blight that must prevail.

IMMORTALITY.

The flower that opens to the rising sun,
Sweetening an hour the pure and dewy air,
And then before the reaper's sickle falls;
Is God's own emblem of the life of man.
Yet when the sun that shines upon the flower—
The kingly sun, to whose controlling laws,
Still mighty as at first, the willing spheres
Harmoniously submit,—ay, when the sun
Shall see his crown in fragments, and in twain
His golden sceptre, and the whirling clouds
Of endless darkness closing round his throne;
And hear the breaking of the bonds that hold
The orbs in his dominion; then shall man,
The same that lay beside the perish'd flower,
Awake, immortal, from his long repose,
And in the presence of Destruction stand
Fearless and beautiful, till angels come
To guide him to an everlasting home.

THE RESURRECTION.

Adorn thy vales, again, O earth! with bloom,
Reclothe thy wooded hills with wonted green,
Roll on thine ocean waters, and rejoice!
Thy path is midst the stars! uplift the pomp
Of chanted glory! Glow round all thine orb!
Yet know a still small voice shall stop thy course
When in full grandeur. Dumb shall be thy tongue,
And hush'd thy heart, and dim thine eyes in death.
Thy mountains shall dissolve to particles,
And all the quickening surface move with life!
Thine oceans shall evanish, and their depths,
Dry in a moment, nations shall disclose,
Rising from graves o'er which the wrathful storm
Triumph'd for ages!

FRAGMENTS.

I. DUTY.

Thou hast required,
O Father! all Thy children need perform.
If Thee they honor, round them high will grow,
With night-dews mellowing soil, and root and leaf;
And day-beams glowing to the heart of all;
The green, and bloom, and fruitage of all grace,
All virtue: rising o'er their lowly homes
And yielding, like a blessed Tree of Life,
The shade of safety and the breath of peace,
And wholesome fulness of angelic food.

II. SYMBOLS.

No superstitious symbol sways my soul.
Avaunt all error! What are forms to me,
Without their spirit? What but death—drear death!
Yet what is spirit separate from form?
God is a spirit! Is there aught beside,
Like God? In all His works, the form
Is first—and then the spirit, breathing life.
So Adam—so the Church; in each, the form
Was moulded first, then came the quickening soul.

THE REFUGE.

O Infinite One! in all good infinite!
What praise should ever from my heart ascend.
For knowledge of Thy nature and Thy will:
What prayer attend my praise!—that, as I know,
Glowing and glad I may obey and love:
Loving, obeying, feel Thee ever near;
Communing with Thy Spirit—as a child
Its sparkling eyes to brighter sparkling eyes.
Lifts, as its mother smiles; and thrills with joy
Of speechless, spirit-piercing sympathy:
That so—unhappy, in this crowded world,
This lone, wild, wicked, wretched, dying world,
I, cleaving still to Thee, my Father, God!
In Thee, and what Thou orderest, may exult:
Thee—if the universe were now a void—
My home and friends! my sun, moon, star, heaven, earth!
Cherub and seraph! Saviour! All-in-all!
Immense, eternal fulness of all grace,
All glory!—

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Read, think, and fix thy duty in thy mind;
And then, despite the world's alluring charms,
Despite the strong temptations of the fiend,
Despite the evil stirrings of thy heart,
Sternly perform thy duty to the last.
Swerve not a moment. Let thy lofty hope
Stand at the throne's foot in mid-heaven! The flowers
Of sinful pleasures, trample on; and wear
The thorns of persecution on thy brow,
Should such a crown be bound there, with a smile.
In GOD be thy dependence; in the blood
Of Christ, thy self-abjuring faith. And then,
The path of life, or long or short, shall be
A path of peace; and when the gate appears,
The gate of Death, thou shalt advance with joy,
And sound the iron knocker: glad to think
That, as the folds shall part, all heaven will shine
Full on thy sight—thine own inheritance!

PRAYER FOR A FAMILY OF MY FRIENDS.

Almighty! thine are all things; and thy love
Delights to show its fulness in rich gifts,
To all thy meek disciples.

In thine ear,
I breathe a fervent prayer that these, my friends,
May know thy goodness fully and forever!
Health, wealth, extended life, the thousand joys
Of social intercourse with kindred hearts;
Oh! may I ask, and earnestly, all these?
Nay, who of mortal frame can apprehend
Th' effects and fitness of the things to come?
Thou only, Lofty One! who lookest abroad,
From unimagined height, o'er all the years
Of infinite duration!—Thou, alone,
The circumstances leading to result
Of final bliss, may'st know! With thee, I rest
The choice of outward portion.

But I pray,
(Thou dost permit, and Thou wilt grant such prayer)
I pray that all simplicity of truth,
All gentleness of feeling, such as dwelt
In our Exemplar, may be ever theirs.

I pray that faith, and hope, and love may be
 The treasure of their souls. Unwavering faith;
 Firm as a rocky islet, mid the surge
 Of myriad temptations: sun-like faith;
 Scattering the darkness of futurity,
 And pouring on the palaces of heaven
 Immortal radiance; cheering to the eye
 Of weary pilgrim, longing for the gate.
 —And hope, sweet hope, with strong, untiring wing;
 Sporting before them o'er the heavenward way:
 At times, far onward in its rapid flight,
 Bright as a meteor near the throne of God;
 And then, returning, floating on spread plumes
 Just overhead and singing, like a lark
 That from the dawn-cloud sees the rising sun,
 Its song of rapture, quickening the faint step
 And gladd'ning the sad heart with thoughts of rest.
 —And love, triumphant love, o'er all supreme:
 The fairest spirit in the universe!
 Thy favorite, Father! O permit her voice
 To prompt them to thy praise, and to the boons
 Claim'd by their suffering fellows! Let her walk
 In beauty in their midst, and they will be
 Of all the happy, happiest; and their looks,
 Smiling like hers, shall win them entrance, soon
 As they shall touch the threshold of thy courts!
 The prayer thou hearest—for Christ's sake let it be!

MORSE AND REMORSE.

“REMORSE, fear, a consciousness of being detested, disgust with life and horror of death—these were the sentiments which troubled the sick couch of the absolute king.”—*Bancroft's Miscellanies*, page 78.

Morse fires the present, brings the distant near,
Exchanges thought and keeps the world astir.

But—*Remorse* fires the past, the future fires,
As well as present: fills the air of all
With lightning messages whose wires are stretch'd
From earth to heaven and hell; whose wheels and keys
Are in the soul, all working day and night,
While conscience, pale as paper, and as quick
As a prest nerve, still writhes beneath the steel,
Indelibly receiving, as it rolls,
All marks of shame, and grief, and fear, and wrath,
Spinning its length to madness.

Ah, poor soul!
May pity drive the dragon from his prey!
May pardon, from the Man of Calvary:
And peace, from Christ in glory, touch thy strings
With God's salvation!

Man must feel for man:
Poor sinner! fly to Jesus and be saved!





“WHERE THE PINNACE TOUCH'D THE STRAND,
LEAPING—FOREMOST OF HIS BAND,
BOWING—ON ADORING KNEE,
CONSECRATING ALL THE SOIL,
COLUMBUS—AND THE CROSS!”

COLUMBUS:

OR,

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

SECTIONS;—I. The Ages; II. The Sun; III. The Moon; IV. The Stars; V. The Comet; VI. The Sky; VII. The Sea; VIII. Intenser Wonder; IX. The Winds; X. The Spirit; XI. The Event; XII. Followers; XIII. Close.

COLUMBUS:

OR,

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

I. THE AGES.

The AGES still rejoiced to see
The matchless beauty ever blooming here ;
And as our turning sphere
Below them brought
Old sail-girt realms of Art and Thought,
They wonder'd it could be,
That not a man was found,
In all the nations round,
This Mystery to sound,
And leap, the Startler of the World ! the first upon the
ground !

II. THE SUN.

It seem'd some chosen one
Must sometime mark the ANGEL OF THE SUN—
Where, every eve,
More and more loth to leave
This Secret yet unknown.

He linger'd on the western horizon :
 There stretch'd symbolic clouds from pole to pole,
 In snow-white mountain lines ;
 Lit up their peaks as with volcanic fire ;
 Smoothed down their yellow slopes like golden mines ;
 Spread out the prairies in their purple pride ;
 And open'd far and wide
 Lakes, bays and gulfs, all calm and bright,
 And full of isles of light :
 And then, to wake the world's desire,
 Lifted his great round shield,
 Drew back the folds that dimm'd its radiant field,
 And turn'd its whole of glory on the whole :
 Then, thoughtful of but one thing more,
 Inclined its rim
 To the ocean's brim,
 Blazed a broad path from shore to shore,
 And sunk from sight !

III. THE MOON.

It seem'd some pensive one,
 Contemplative of twilight seas and skies,
 Must heed the MAIDEN OF THE MOON,
 Oft disappearing but returning soon,
 Sailing alone,
 Serenely in her slender, silver, crescent caravel :
 Night after night,
 Filling its horns with light,
 Outrounding presently a perfect sphere,
 As though to say : " Look here !
 And solve the simple spell :
 In this the secret lies—

Safe voyaging, I add unto my store,
 Until my laden bark can hold no more,
 And lo! within its limits curl'd,
 I show a new-discover'd world!
 There lies the Land:
 Can no one understand?"

IV. THE STARS.

It seem'd such pensive one
Must hear the STARS, each singing from his throne:—
 "No part of space is bare,
 No ether is so rare
 But floats some sign its Maker to declare:
 The firmament
 Reflects the sea o'er which 'tis bent,
 That men may know,
 For every star above, an isle below!"

V. THE COMET.

It seem'd some studious ear,
Must catch the COMET'S lone but glad refrain:
 When from its ancient absence calm it came,
 With unshorn flame,
 And to the hush'd heavens chanted this sweet strain:
 "Away with fear,
 All nature is the same!
 Go where you may,
 The terrors of the timid fade away.
 If I from world to world so sure return,
 From age to age so even-orbéd burn,
 Unshaken by distress,
 With not one ray the less.

Circling the system with my splendid train ;
 How long shall man still linger on that shore ?
 Linger, and look, and wish, but dare no more !”

V I. T H E S K Y.

It seem'd some earnest eye
Must mark the meaning of the smooth and azure SKY.
 How grand its lift !
 How vast its sweep !
 Yet not a rift
 Hangs o'er the deep !
 All day, all night,
 It turns and turns,
 And shines, and burns,

With never a crack to challenge affright.
 Then wherefore deem th' unknown of Earth so dread—
 With realms of wildest chaos o'er it spread ?

All this instead,
 As from Cathay to Spain,
 So round and round again,
 The continents and seas their equal state maintain.

V I I. T H E S E A.

“Behold !”—exclaimed the SEA :
 “Through all the lapse of ages slow and grand,
 I've brought my billows from the farthest West,
 And cast them, curling, foaming, on this strand.
 If aught of chaos there were known,
 Here would its floating proofs be shown,
 But still the coast from all such signs is free.
 One wave is like another,
 As though it were twin-brother,

And all alike obey one Sire's benign behest.
 I've trail'd you trees, of growth unseen before—
 Ships without sailors then :
 Another time I've laid upon the shore,
 Strange forms of drownéd men—
 Sailors with ships no more :
 Again, to show the savage sleight of hand,
 I've thrown the carvéd club upon the sand :
 And can it be that none shall understand ?”

VIII. INTENSER WONDER.

It seem'd some charméd one,
Must soar in spirit from that crowded strand
 To heaven's high throne,
 And *see* the surf-lines of the Lonely Land :
 See Greenland's icy shore,
 Alaska's broken forms,
 The surging of the Southern seas around the Cape of
 Storms ;
 See Allegania's woods,
 Niagara's foam and bow,
 Maránon's ocean floods,
 And Chimborazo's glow :
 See all—and hear the roar !

IX. THE WINDS.

The WINDS turn'd architects, and wrought
 The cliff-moor'd clouds to ships of every size ;
 Then launch'd them on their westward way, and
 sought
 By gay processions gliding through the skies.

To tempt the harbor'd fleets below
 To weigh the anchor, spread the sail,
 Run up their banners to the gale,
 And follow in the pilot-shade of some celestial prow.
 The lightning-rockets signal'd glad surprise,
 The thunder-trumpets shouted—"Land, ho! land!"
 In vain, enchanted all, they could not understand.

X. THE SPIRIT.

And yet—not all!
 When God's time comes, no want may lag behind it:
 There was a world to find—He found the man to find it.
 A grave and godly Marinere,
 Care-worn and early sere,
 Studious and wise,
 Beyond compeer:
 Not dull of sense or soul to Nature's guise,
 But honor'd with the Spirit's surer call:
 He now for many a year
 Had sought the Hidden Prize:
 In many a famous Port—with canvas idly furl'd;
 In many a splendid Court—where lips of mockery
 curl'd;
 He begg'd a boat—to find a world!
 At length a Woman's hand
 Conferr'd the high command,
 And made the venture of her jewell'd store,
 For seas of pearls, and diamond cliffs, and continents
 of ore!

XI. THE EVENT.

One night—
 A fearful way from home :
 A little light
 Sparkled upon the sight
 Of the sleepless man with the hopeful heart :
 As though Time's steed,
 Just at the goal decreed,
 With his last leap had struck the spark
 From the New World in the dark.
 The Ages saw their hero come,
 They saw him start !
 They started ! and each star !
 Unlike a spark,
 That twinkle still illumed the dark ;
 The sympathetic skies
 Flash'd everywhere with sudden, joyous eyes !
 The clouds were drifted far,
 The glad winds ceased to blow,
 And the Marinere's bark lay to, rock'd by the swell below.
 The Angel of the Sun, that eve,
 Like one on urgent errand taking leave,
 Had scarcely deign'd a smile
 Ere he was gone :
 So great his haste to reach again that now eventful Isle !—
 To hail a light more glorious than his own—
 The rise of Thought, where Sense had ruled alone !
 The modest moon forecast the coming ray,
 Breathed her blessing o'er the tide,
 Veil'd her face and stept aside :
 Then rush'd the Sun, and all was day.

Transfix'd the Angel stood, all else on earth forgot—
 Templed Asia, palaced Europe, Afric, waste and hot:

There he stood, in time to see,
 Rich reward for all his toil,
 Recompense for utmost loss,
 Where the pinnace touch'd the strand,
 Leaping—foremost of his band,
 Bowing—on adoring knee,
 Consecrating all the soil,
 Columbus—and the Cross!

The Angel graved the scene upon his shield,
 Name, deed, and date, forever:
 The Earth to wrong may yield
 The Heavens—never!

XII. FOLLOWERS.

But—who are these?—

The white-robed millions of three centuries!

Slow and dread

They leave the Cities of the Dead,
 Bearing many a deathless name,
 Won by works of boundless fame,

Moving on,

In thy majestic charge, O, peerless Washington!

And who are these?—

The motley millions sweeping like the breeze

O'er all the vast expanse between the seas;

To the wilderness still giving

Countless Cities of the Living;

Swarming mountain, plain and river,

Warming all with Heart,

Charming all with Art,

Charming, warming, swarming, with all life forever:

And who are these?—
 The rearward millions, on their way
 Night and day,
 From every kingdom, nation, tongue, and clime,
 Bringing new names to thrill the future time :
 Ay, who are all,
 But followers of that Marinere,
 Care-worn and early sere,
 Studious and wise,
 Beyond compeer,
 Not dull of sense or soul to Nature's guise,
 Who—honor'd with the Spirit's surer call,
 Was prompt to say :
 " Come the triumph when it may,
 I live but to obey !"
 These, O, abused Columbus ! form thy train,
 These show thy triumphs circling land and main !

XII. CLOSE.

And now,
 Let all above and all below,
 The God of glory bless !
 To Him all praise is due :
 He crown'd Columbus with success,
 To vindicate the True :
 But then—to check the pride of wit and skill,
 To prove that even a breath of wind
 May supersede the master-mind,
 And quite as well fulfil
 His sovereign will—
 In open sight of every eye,
 He wrote two names upon the Southern sky :
 Cabral—Brazil !

HORSEBACK ON THE HEIGHT.

(A CONTRAST OF EARTH AND SKY.)

I.

A round of green :
A bowl of blue :
Of the world in whole, this round and bowl
Are all that meet my view.

II.

This round of green—
Uneven green :
With distant waving lines of wooded hills ;
And gloomy glens, with hidden murmuring rills ;
And silent, sunny, upland fields, between :
Wheaten fields of wisp-bound grain,
Shock'd slant, or pitch'd on many a high-piled wain,
Slow led, oft stopping, o'er the yellow stubble-plain :
Oaten fields, that wait awhile,
Nodding wide,
Along the hillock's breezy side,
Down to the grassy meads, where whitest wild-flowers
smile :
And where the laughing rills,
Escaping from the hills,
Smoothing their fretted ripples, glitter as they glide.

'This round of green—
 Tufted here and shaven there:
 Forest-black, or knoll'd in sheen;
 And O! so fair,
 So very fair,
 With many a shaded homestead whitening all the scene:
 Cattle about in herds,
 Lawn-illuming poultry and eave-chatting birds:
 Window bowers and blossoming trees,
 Full of flashing humming-birds and buzzing busy-bees:
 And in the porches human eyes of fire,
 Glancing at the gilded spire,
 Rising from the place of graves,
 Where the weeping willow waves,
 And, gathering to itself each pure desire,
 Pointing higher!
 This round of green
 Is all of earth that may be seen.

III.

That bowl of blue—
 Of even blue:
 No hills or rills, no glens or fields, no meads or home-
 steads there!
 No place of graves,
 Where the willow waves,
 Or glimpse of gilded spire, in that better air!
 That bowl of blue—
 Transparent blue—
 A seeming shape, but only a hue,
 With all the universe shining through:
 All day—the sun, excessively bright;
 The stars—all night;
 And, blessing all hours, the meek moonlight:

That bowl of blue,
 Ethereal blue—
 All smooth and hard as it seems to be,
 I see! I see!
 The outlet of hope is *there!*
 No refuge for hope is *here!*
 Could I compass the whole of this earth of green,
 In every part would be seen,
 The place of graves,
 Where the willow waves,
 And death and despair have been:
 But, away and away,
 By night or by day,
 The spirit may fly through the yielding sky,
 And find the heaven,
 Where sin is forgiven,
 And none of the shriven
 Can ever die!

IV.

A round of green:
 A bowl of blue:
 Of the world in whole, this round and bowl
 Are all that meet my view.

V.

But—faith has a keener sight,
 And lives in a purer light,
 And to them who look at the *upper* world,
 All is right!

THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION.

With power commission'd by the Source of Power,
To quench a planet or to crush a flower—
To scourge a nation, or an infant pain—
To vex a worm or make a world complain—
Prone on the buoyant winds, in flowing robe,
The Spirit of Destruction sweeps the globe.

Where yonder space glooms black upon the sight,
A sylvan mansion rear'd its modest height.
There artless Pleasure, smiling, fix'd her seat,
And Eden's angels graced the green retreat.
Fired by the Spirit's torch, its flames arose,
And the charr'd fragments now its site disclose.

Swift from the open hills, the swollen floods
Whelm all the vales, and toss th' uprooted woods.
The startled peasant, bounding from his sleep,
Feels his walls trembling to the rushing deep;
Cities, surprised, usurping water beats;
And Peril plies her life-boats through the streets.

Loud roar the reinless winds: their headlong rage
No force can quell, and distance scarce assuage;

That bowl of blue.
 Ethereal blue—
 All smooth and hard as it seems to be,
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And Peril plies her life-boats through the streets.

Loud roar the reinless winds: their headlong rage
No force can quell, and distance scarce assuage;

The hoary forests, wrench'd, in ruin fly ;
 And trunks, and leaves, and branches shade the sky.
 Lone homesteads, razed, lament their lawless wrath ;
 And unroof'd hamlets mark Destruction's path !

On booms the whirling tempest, ocean raves,
 Heaves treacherous hills, and scoops a thousand graves.
 The shrieking sailor, plunging down th' abyss,
 Resigns to fate, and yields the hope of bliss ;
 While, hovering ghastly in the meteor's glare,
 The Spirit of Destruction triumphs there !

The trees are touch'd with poison ; withering fast,
 The shrivell'd foliage rustles on the blast.
 The burning pastures harden to a crust ;
 Where flow'd the brooks, the cattle paw the dust.
 The blooming virgins, sick'ning, waste away,
 Blanch'd is the rose, and dimm'd the visual ray.
 The sturdy shepherds sink, unnerved, and faint ;
 And " water ! water !" loads earth's loud complaint.

Yon nursling infant to the bosom turns ;
 And where was life—a deadly fever burns ;
 The mother pores with anguish on her child ;
 She moves not, speaks not ; but her eyes grow wild—
 Her brain is crazed,—and hark ! the maniac sings :
 " An angel points me to yon cooling springs !
 Cheer up my Ishmael ! Lo ! the waters rise,
 And shady groves defend from scorching skies !" —
 'Twas heaven she saw—and there her soul has fled ;
 And her sweet infant, nestling, hugs the dead !
 See ! fondly twined, he shuts his weary eye !
 Oh ! orphan infant ! wake beyond the sky !

Unclouded azure o'er yon city reigns,
 And golden glory gilds its glancing fanes.
 Yet Hunger there for food despairing calls:
 Plucks the spare grass that sprouts along the walls:
 Or, madly prostrate at his palace gate,
 Gnaws his lank arms, and bites the rod of fate.

The noon-day terror—and the midnight death,
 Destruction's venom fills the common breath.
 The strong grow weak, the active sink supine;
 And purple spots reveal the fatal sign.
 The streets are grown with grass; the Sabbaths smile,
 But silent sleep the belfry and the aisle.
 One general lazar-house, the city stands;
 And one vast sepulchre, the neighbouring lands.

Destruction stamps the earth,—the valleys rend,
 Towns prostrate fall and topmost hills descend.
 Where lakes lay level, mountains touch the skies;
 And where spread cities, wreckful oceans rise.
 A world of horrors dims the aching sight,
 And shrieks and thunders shake the orbs of night.

Fires, floods, and whirlwinds to thy nod conform;
 And drought and famine—deadlier than the storm!
 The plague, gaunt terror, strews the putrid ground!
 And heaving earthquakes spread their victims round!
 Yet, were thy sway here bounded—earth would bloom,
 And Eden, rising, triumph o'er the tomb!
 Thy robes be bloodless; and thy power a name,
 Scarce heard amidst the loud reports of fame!
 These slay thy thousands,—but thy arrows fly
 Thick as the streaming sunbeams through the sky!

The earth is vein'd with poison—herbs and trees
Suck in the death and shed it on the breeze !
Beasts prey on beasts, and lap the crimson flood !
Envenom'd reptiles fire the human blood ;
And unseen insects, mocking pomp and pride,
Throw down their ghastly myriads at thy side !
While man uplifts his fratricidal hand,
And pours his brother's life at thy command !

Thou shalt consume the globe,—the stars shall fall ;
And silence, wreck and darkness compass all !
And thou no more ! Then new-born worlds shall shine,
And universal roll the eternal golden line !

THE RAIN CLOUDS.

Dun clouds, that only dim the day,
O'erspread the ample sky,
And summer realms, in rich array,
Calm in the shadow lie.

'Tis but an intervening veil,
Alive with beams above,
Where hill and valley gladly hail
The gleaming form of Love.

How blest the holy angel now,
Who folds his heavenly plumes,
On some far mountain's silent brow,
Which still the sun illumines!

Thence wide his radiant eyes compare
The landscape, low and green;
The high blue beauty of the air
The showering clouds between:—

The upper light, the under rain,
The blended, guardian bow;
The grandeur of the solar plain,
The streaming good below:—

How soon the shadow disappears,
 While yet the blessing stays ;
 And nature, smiling in her tears,
 Is rapt in speechless praise :—

How heaven and earth unite again,
 Refresh'd, and cool, and bright ;
 The bloom and verdure bent with rain,
 The rain-drops fill'd with light.

O World ! thus cheer'd by power Divine,
 Thine altar, hush'd and lone,
 To him becomes a hallow'd shrine,
 Whose place is at the Throne.

And there he learns—meek Child of Love !
 E'en clouds their Maker show :
 Reflect His glory from above,
 And pour His grace below.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

O INFINITELY Perfect One!
What consciousness is Thine!
How different from the wondering awe
That oft oppresses mine!

My nature is a living point,
Round which the dead worlds roll:
The space, that circles all their range,
Concentres in my soul.

My nature is a living point,
Round which the dead years roll:
The time, that circles all their range,
Concentres in my soul.

My nature is a living point,
Round which the faith-realms roll:
Their spaceless, timeless, spirit-range,
Concentres in my soul.

Could I those amplitudes explore,
This pressure might depart:
But, here confined, their mysteries
Lie heavy on my heart.

When from this point I look abroad,
 Space seems too vast for me :
 And time—inexplicably sad ;
 And faith—like vanity.

Yet—am I but a floating film,
 Reflecting sea and shore ?
 Then, breaking with the stranded wave,
 Eternally no more ?

Surely my anxious consciousness
 Claims some diviner state :
 “ *Fear not !* ”—methinks I hear Thee say—
 “ *Be humble, child, and wait !* ”

And wait I will ! Still let the worlds
 All round and round me roll—
 Light, motion, music, from all space,
 Still pour into my soul.

Let sins and ills of all time, past
 And present, pain me still :
 And faith-realms hide, unseen, unheard :
 Yet—humbly wait I will !

Let even death eclipse the scene,
 Still, while one ray is left—
 Until the darkness be complete—
 I shall not be bereft.

Nor then !—for life is all eclipse,
 And death is but its height :
 Then comes the oblivion of the shade
 In everlasting light.

Then shall my consciousness expand,
 Till it resemble Thine :
 And, like my blessed Saviour, " all
 The Father hath " be mine.

O Infinitely Perfect One !
 What consciousness is Thine !
 How different from the wondering awe
 That now oppresses mine !

Thy nature is the living whole !
 All I believe and see,—
 All space, all time, all worlds, all life,—
 Are only points to Thee !

In Thy serene immensity
 All mysteries are clear :
 And every breath at once reveals
 Its meaning in Thine ear.

And it may be, Thou knowest not one
 Of all the worlds in space,
 Save this, where sin and death obscure
 The glorious reign of grace.

And it may be, the lesson here
 Contemplates such avail,
 That love itself would weep to see
 Its consummation fail.

So, let me humbly, calmly wait,
 Till all this life has flown :
 Then shall I see as I am seen,
 And know as I am known !

A MIDNIGHT RAPTURE.

Amen !

The will of God be done !
He calls the beautiful away,
To worship at the throne.
The beautiful in soul,
The saintly and the good,
The sinner freed from sin's control,
Wash'd in redeeming blood.
God calls the holy one away ;
With crown of light,
And vestments bright,
To walk amidst the bloom of everlasting day.

Amen !

The dream of life is past !
O, what a maze of mingling hues,
Far backward, melts at last !
And what a roar of sounds,—
Gay laugh and chilling wail :
Like thunder on the sun-set bounds,
Now, like a dying gale :
The voices, and the rainbow hues,
They faint, they fade,
The flight is made :
To thee, O mocking earth ! no more the spirit sues !

Amen !

An onward verge of light !
 Landscapes uncurs'd and cloudless skies !
 Fair groups in robes of white !
 And coming voices bland,
 Of melody and bliss ;
 The pressure of an angel's hand,
 The warmth of saintly kiss ;
 A deathless world with nightless skies :
 Beauty and Youth,
 And Love and Truth,
 O, blest exchange, for all that lives, of all that dies !

Amen !

The Vision of the Blest !
 The sweetness of the Saviour's voice !
 The happiness of rest !
 The Majesty Divine,
 In solar pomp serene :
 From whose far rays, all suns that shine
 Their golden glories glean !
 O, Loved of Heaven ! lift up thy voice
 With kindred tongues,
 Unite thy songs,
 Or, rapt in silent praise, in God alone rejoice !

MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

Then thought I, every chord of thine,
Harp of my youth! with joy shall ring.
The young immortal! gift divine!
Her welcome to the earth I'll sing.
But when I saw the world, though bright,
Was bathed in a delusive light,
My yielding faith was lost in fears,
And every harp-string wet with tears.

Oh, shame! when God, in tender love,
Had granted such a precious boon.
That I should stay the burst of joy
And doubt His faithfulness so soon!
My harp—when such a bliss was given
That earth assumed the hues of heaven—
To sweeter song should have been strung,
Than childless angel ever sung.

Behold! a year the sun has past
In daily glory o'er her head,
And He who brought her into life
Has still preserved her from the dead.
And more—though many hours have been
When pale and weak her form was seen—

Her gentle eye so blue and coy,
 Ten thousand times has flash'd with joy!

'Twas sweet to watch her opening mind,
 From the first living glance that proved
 The soul within was looking out,
 And, looking, something saw it loved;
 To when, with most enchanting grace,
 The kindling smile adorn'd her face;
 And still she laugh'd while, small and white,
 Both hands were waving with delight!

And now, though many weary miles
 Of land and water intervene,
 Methinks my darling babe I see,
 With careful step and brow serene,
 Tott'ring along, while at her side
 Her watchful mother walks as guide,
 And, hoping that I soon may come,
 Tells her to call her father home!

I can no more. Great Shepherd! thou,
 Though I am distant, still art near!
 Yet in thy bosom bear my lamb,
 And keep it safe another year!
 The lamb is thine; but let me hold
 And lead it nightly to the fold,
 And all the day with it abide,
 Where the still waters smoothly glide!

THE INVITATION.

Where the Lily-isle sleeps in the lap of the hills,
Like a babe in its cradle, a bird in its nest;
Where the plaint of the doves and the lapse of the rills
Like the voices of angels, sink deep in the breast;
Where the breezes blow cool, and the willow grove shades,
And the urns of the mountains pour down their cascades;
There thy brother, enraptured, calls—Sister, love! come!
For the spirit of Eden has here fix'd her home!

The wild eagle calls shrill, on the cliff-top alone,
As to waken the ear of the heroes above;
While young Liberty smiles from her azure-hued throne,
And her favorite sons bless the land that they love.
Here the Spirit of Beauty, midst fountains and flowers,
Has embrighten'd her colors, and painted the bowers;
And her rosy cheeks flush, and her starry eyes shine,
For her dwelling on earth is so like her divine!

Here the crystalline brook ripples softly around,
And the willows, like sentinels, compass the isle;
Here the freshest of verdure is spread on the ground,
And the choicest of flowers in their loveliness smile:
Here the wild rose and woodbine their fragrance declare,
And the perfume of violets hallows the air.

'Tis the censer of nature! and sweetly a voice
From the heavens proclaims—Let the island rejoice

In the midst is a fountain, that springs from its bed,
Like a beautiful naiad, to gaze on the vines;
And a shower of diamonds around her is shed,
And a halo of rainbows her temple entwines.
Like a zone round the margin, and looking below,
Where their images whiten like figures of snow,
Bend the sad nuns of nature, the pale lilies bend,
And complain o'er the heaven they cannot ascend.

Through the arch of the precipice gleaming afar,
On the shore of the lake that now glistens in light,
'Midst the green-bosom'd hills that ne'er echoed with war,
The most lovely of villages breaks on the sight.
There the fane of Religion shines bright in the sky,
And the cots of the villagers gladden the eye;
There's the home of our childhood; and far, far away,
Like the vapors, the mountains seem melting to day.

I have tested the strength of my beautiful boat,
And its safety is sure as if broad as the lake;
Like the glide of a duck, is the ease of its float,
And the beamings of sunshine bespangle its wake.
It is white as a cloud never tinged with a hue,
And its sapphirine path as the heavens is blue;
And the breezes blow fresh through the vaporless dome,
And thy brother, enraptured, calls—Sister, love! come!

TO MARY.

“But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”—LUKE X. 42.

“But one thing is needful:”—the World, in her pride,
And with scorn on her features, may scoff at the truth;
And the angel-like Tempter may walk at thy side,
To fasten on earth the affections of youth;
And Fancy may brighten—thy footsteps to win,
The hues of the flowers in the pathway of sin;
But the frown of Jehovah all evil shall blast,
And the truth of the Lord be acknowledged at last.

“But one thing is needful:”—to sit at the feet
Of the Saviour of sinners, in meekness and love;
With His smile resting on us, to hear Him repeat
The glory that dwells in His palace above;
To learn from His lips that the Spirit is given
To th’ humble in heart to prepare them for heaven;
And to *feel*, as we catch the sweet tones of His voice,
That the soul, when with Jesus, cannot but rejoice.

Then list to me, Mary! this portion be thine,
In the morning of youth from the world turn away;
With the warm words of prayer seek assistance divine,
For the boon shall be given as sure as you pray.
And when thou hast chosen this excellent part,
A heavenly peace shall be breathed on thy heart,
And as fragrance can never be drawn from the flower,
So to separate these there is none shall have power.

SATAN.

Apostate angel! Fallen from glory's height!
Thy plumeless wings have lost their primal flight!
Beamless and shorn, dethronéd morning star!
Eternal darkness shrouds thy wandering car!
Ruler and bane of earth's sustaining breath!
Thy heart is poison, and thy frame is death!
Soon fall the storms that on thy triumphs lower,
And stayless thunders paralyze thy power!

Malignant fiend! tell why—late blest and fair,
Do Eden's tenants droop in mute despair?
Why are her cedars blighted? and why fade
Her glowing roses? Wherefore falls the shade
Of jasmine bowers, and myrtles, rustling round?
Why desert sand where fountains should abound?
Why hang her birds their heads and wings supine?
And why, in helpless woe, her beasts recline?
Tell why,—before yon Seraph's flaming sword,
With guilt and shame, departs her mournful lord?
And why, with tears and trembling, as he moves,
Leans on her lord the partner of his loves?
Where'er they turn, surrounding charms decay!
Why fade those charms? Why speedeth man away?
Answer, thou envious fiend! yea, lift thy crest!
Thy subtle malice triumph'd o'er the blest!

The well-springs of enjoyment ceased to roll,
And grief's slow poison rankled in the soul!

Why o'er yon lifeless youth does beauty weep?
Why mourns old age with sorrow still more deep?
Why artless infancy caress the dead?
And why the cloud of justice brood o'erhead?
Why shrinks yon haggard form? Ha! sudden blow!
Hot lightning scathes the fratricidal brow!
And Abel's parted soul pronounced a tone,
That made to tremble thy exulting throne!

Earth glooms! the sun is blood! the mighty rain,
One world-wide cataract, booms from heaven amain!
Earth's firm foundations burst! the waters rise;
And mountain tops, like islands, brave the skies!
Far, far below, their storm-beat bases rock,
And their throng'd summits, shrieking, own the shock!
Still swell the waves, till not one isle appears!
Till wreck'd the glories of a thousand years!
Why thus?—Alas! but *one* on earth was good!
Thy myriad slaves provoked th' o'erwhelming Flood!

Why glows the reddening sky with burning haze?
Why are yon cities swallow'd by the blaze?
The sulph'rous showers with fatal fumes descend,
And groans, and crashing towers, the welkin rend!
On thy seduced ones pours the fiery rain,
And hell ingulfs the Cities of the Plain!

Why roll yon chariots 'twixt the parted waves?
Why speed yon horsemen blindly to their graves?
Thy harden'd vassal leads their awful way,
Till coil'd destruction, plunging, whelms his prey!

With tenfold rage, the surging ocean roars,
And strews the slaughter'd hosts along its shores!

From Eden's withering to Egypt's death,
Thy venom tainted all of human breath!
From Egypt's death cry to the passing hour,
O'er reckless man has reign'd thy baleful power!
And, till the wheels of time shall cease to roll,
Till earth is fire, and heaven a shrivell'd scroll—
Mankind shall yield their off'rings at thy shrine,
And God's creation serve thee,—as if thine!
Yet, what the cost of free-will vows to thee?
Oh! that rash man would question Calvary!

Exiled archangel! does no ray of light
Allure thine eye beyond eternal night?
To where the sapphire gates and pearly wall
Surround the glory of the God of all?
To where thy birth-right throne—a beaming sun,
Bright with the shadow of the Holy One—
Peers o'er the stars of wing-veil'd seraphim.
That holy anthems never cease to hymn!
Say! would thy wings renew their former flight?
But thou art doom'd to flames and endless night!

Yon ocean rock beholds thy midnight form,
And hears thy voice loud rolling on the storm;
When, plunging in the grave thy fiery spear,
Thou cry'st—"The Scourge of Nations moulders here!
"I urg'd him on!—Yea, since the pristine fall,
"All guilt is mine that stains this curséd ball!
"Not I alone unhappy! Still, each woe,
"I dealt to others, caused myself a throe!

“Hated by all that’s good, I know full well;
“And ‘fit to master’—all that serve in hell!”

First foe of man! the universal air
Exalts to heaven the Christian’s fervent prayer:
“Soon fall the storms, o’er Satan’s crown that lower;
“And stayless thunders paralyze his power!”

FASHION.

While fallen Adam mourn'd the fatal stroke,
That sear'd creation as the law was broke;
From the kind heavens, a form of beauty came;
By Mercy sent—Improvement was her name.
And thus her message: "Mourning one, rejoice!
And praise whom I obey, with thankful voice!"

Alas! said man, can pleasure soothe the heart
That soon must quiver on destruction's dart?
Can he who holds a hell within his breast,
Sing as in heaven, and lull the storm to rest?
Command fair Eden's lightning-scathéd trees
To bloom afresh, and perfume every breeze!
Or bid yon cataract, thundering to the plain,
Turn to its fount, and sleep in peace again!
Will they give heed? then ask not me to raise
A single sound of happiness or praise.

Look o'er the earth—the withering curse hath made
The young to wrinkle, evergreens to fade.
Where late the angel Beauty look'd around,
Palaced in Eden, and with glory crown'd,
And saw her image in the dark clear lake.
And her fair pictures hung on every brake.

And not one spot on all creation's face,
 But bloom'd with health, and shone with smiling grace :
 Look now, and see—alas ! that I have seen !
 What dreadful ravage mars the sweet serene !
 Behold the blasted Paradise ! the path
 Is red with vengeance ; and the voice of wrath
 Mutters afar, as if repeating still,
 The curse that drove me from the holy hill.

See the prone, smouldering woods ; the mountains brown ;
 The clouds that gloom creation with their frown ;
 And lo ! the turbid river swells and roars,
 And heaps the spoils of ruin on its shores.
 No wing is there in heaven ; and earth below
 Is dumb with all the eloquence of woe.
 The throne of Beauty crumbled to the ground,
 And her dash'd crown in fragments fell around ;
 And as she fled, a long loud howl arose,
 And traitor Echo triumph'd with her foes !

“ But cheer thee, Mourner ! ” bright Improvement said,
 “ The God of mercy sends thee ample aid ;
 But list my voice, and earth, that seems so sad,
 Deck'd with new charms, again shall make thee glad.
 Thy doom is but to toil ; I come to bless
 Thy whole employ, and make the labor less.
 Soon shall young Time the darken'd heavens clear ;
 And woods and mountains bloom throughout the year ;
 The turbid streams in lucid lustre flow,
 And all creation in fresh beauty grow.
 But list my voice,—and every new employ
 Shall bring less pain, and yield increase of joy.
 And, as thy sin from Eden turn'd thy path,
 And made the world the heritage of wrath.

Thy toil, by me directed, shall compel
 From ruin, better than from what you fell:
 And make, for loss of Eden full supply,
 A fairer garden all beneath the sky."

The Fiend of Darkness, hid in robes of light,
 Stood near, and heard. Then, to the den of night,
 Swelling with fury, swift he glanced; and there,
 Thus, to the host infernal, pour'd his care:—

"He whom I hate, has sent Improvement down,
 To wake to smiles, what I have taught to frown.
 I heard the miniu promise joy to man,
 But I exist, and joy he never can!
 What! is it thought that I, who lately drove
 The wheels of terror through the bowers of love,
 Will tamely bear the tortures of my doom,
 And see those bowers again array'd in bloom?
 No! while there lives a soul of Adam's race,
 The groans of earth shall pain the ear of space!

"Spirit of Change! arise! 'tis thine to be,
 Again the cause of human misery!
 E'en while I hate, I bid thee near my throne,
 For still my hope depends on thee alone!
 Spirit of Change!—ha! how can I but feel,
 That but for thee, I still could bear to kneel!
 That but for thee, my kingly-crownéd brow,
 Would brightest shine of all in heaven that bow!
 Yet go!—for sure the subtle power that raised
 My rebel arm 'gainst Him I should have praised,
 The power that triumph'd in the recent fall,
 Can poison Mercy's cup with bitterest gall!

Go!—and, where'er Improvement bends her path,
Assume her semblance, and let loose thy wrath!
Go! and though man, behind the mask, may trace
The blended horrors of thy fiendish face;
Thy toys shall make him cast her works aside,
And follow thee, in all the pomp of pride!
The mimic, rather than the mimick'd, love;
And wish the angel housed again above!
Then shall thy name be Fashion, and mankind
Shall crave thy hand, and vow themselves are blind;
While, trusted thus, all other fiends shall be
As peace to fury, when compared with thee!"

TO A SKELETON.*

Thou monument of death! Thou wreck of life!
Sole, sad remembrancer of mortal strife!

Thou image of destruction!—type of doom!
Mocker of joy!—and index to the tomb!
Thou smilest ghastly on our living forms,
And seem'st to whisper—Ye shall feed the worms!

Thine eyes, how desert! and thine ears, how dull!
How lost to thought, thine empty-eaten skull!
Thy ribs, how heartless, cold, and reft of love:
And motionless thy limbs, so wont to move!

Thou wast as I;—sensation clothed thy bones;
With bliss thy bosom glow'd, or heaved with groans.

A thousand wants, a thousand whims impell'd,
Thy buoyant feet to trace the verdant field;

* The most of these lines were written in the Lecture Room of Dr. Joseph P*****h, of Philadelphia. The author entered the room a few minutes before the time of the lecture, and, having a skeleton, pendent from the ceiling, for one of his companions, he was prompted to pencil this address. It was intended to be very respectfully inscribed to the excellent Lecturer,—but the writer's sense of its unworthiness prevented him from associating it with a name so highly esteemed.

Or speed thy longing eyes to see the player ;
 Or keep the pathway to the house of prayer :
 Thy hands, to bless the poor with daily bread,
 Or tear the suffering debtor from his bed ;
 Or, haply, to some pledged but faithless friend,
 Thyself, the trembling, piteous palm extend.

Ha ! strong the fancy that could see thee now,
 Hard by the helm, or plodding at the plough !
 Once, all instinct with art, thy will controll'd
 Its countless instruments with subtlest hold ;
 Unseen—but still omnipotent to move,
 To deeds of bitterest hate or sweetest love.

Yet where is now that will ? Canst *thou* declare ?
 Unclose thy haggard jaws, and tell me where !
 All unsubdued, uncheck'd, triumphant still,
 Immortal flames the free and glorious will ;
 O'er time, o'er distance, spreads its wide domain ;
 The noblest subject of Jehovah's reign.

Farewell, gaunt Skeleton !—thou tellest a tale
 That makes the sinner sad in heart—and pale !

THE COMING OF THE SHOWER.

O, many a long and weary day,
Nature has waited for the shower;
The leaf has wither'd on the spray,
And faded every drooping flower.
The grain-fields watch with weary eye
Each hopeful cloud that floateth by;
Man looks and mourns—but mourns in vain;
There falls no blessed drop of rain.

But lo, the time has come! the cloud
With welcome gloom o'erspreads the ground;
There is the flash! and hark! how loud
In highest heaven the thunders sound:
Drop after drop! and full and free
On field and forest, flower and tree,
The cloud's whole treasure falls amain,
And earth rejoices in the rain.

Thus when the soul has mourn'd;—when all
The plants of grace have seem'd to die;
When the faint spirit's feeble call
Has claimed the mercy of the sky;—
Then the refreshing time draws near,
Down comes the shower; the dry and sear
Revive at once, and all are seen
In fragrant bloom and fruitful green!

THE MOMENTARY GLANCE.*

He thought of former days—and sigh'd ;
Beauty was veil'd to him,
And grandeur, glittering in its pride,
And novelty, were dim ;
And memory sung the evening when
Night came—to leave him not again.

He thought upon that sacred day
When marriage vows were given,
When wit and beauty made him gay,
And earth appear'd a heaven ;—
When pleasure hung her lovely bow
O'er all the storms that rage below.

But one delight of nuptial life
That husband could not know ;
For while his faithful, tender wife
Gazed fondly on his brow,

* These lines were written after hearing the relation of a fact, in substance as follows:—A gentleman was deprived of the power of vision. He was informed that, if he would consent to a certain operation, he might again see; though, probably, it would be only for a few moments. He immediately determined that the operation should be performed; that, once more, he might look upon the things of light. His wife and children, to him the dearest objects on earth—were brought into the room, and so situated as to become the first subjects of his sight. The oculist exerted his skill, and the effect was as predicted. He was blessed with *one momentary glance*,—he saw those he loved best—and his soul shrank back in darkness.

He could not meet her speaking eye
 With love's bewitching sympathy.

And though his children climb'd his knee,
 And sung their songs of mirth;
 And love imagined them to be
 The fairest things of earth,
 He saw not the peculiar grace
 That kindled in each smiling face.

O! dark and dreadful was the doom
 That fate had o'er him thrown;
 'Mid flowers he looked not on their bloom,
 'Mid friends—he was alone.
 A star set in a starry sky,
 But hid from all its brilliancy.

Hope sprung to life—the hand of skill
 His misty eyes might clear;
 And to his view, in sunshine, still
 The loved of earth appear.
 'Twas so—his soul look'd forth in light,
 Then backward shrunk in deeper night.

He saw a soft, a piteous smile,
 Beam from his anxious wife;—
 He saw the dewy charms awhile,
 Of those fair buds of life;
 And sight was not—but memory made
 A sketch of all that could not fade.

All earth's magnificence—the glow
 Of nature and of art—

Wealth, beauty, fame,—could not bestow
 Such rapture on his heart,
 As that one momentary view
 Of those,—the lovely and the true.

Thus, should some holy eye behold
 The glories now unknown,
 The palms—the crowns—the harps of gold—
 The rainbow and the throne—
 And then deep darkness pall the show,
 Could he forget his vision? No!

Communings high, in silent hours,
 Would fix his thoughtful soul;
 He'd muse on the celestial powers,
 And bid the moments roll
 More swiftly—till the day should come,
 When he might soar from earthly home.

Neither could he, the blind one, cease
 To think when dawning light,
 Gave all his tenderness release,
 And brought his all to sight;
 And hope unto his soul would say,
 "Ye all shall meet in endless day."

“STUDY TO SHOW THYSELF APPROVED
UNTO GOD.”

Where shall the soul obtain,
Some MAXIM that will lead
From sorrow's desert plain,
To pleasure's fountain-head?—
Which, like an Angel guide,
Shall point where Jesus trod,
And bring at last to Jesu's side?
'Tis this,—'tis this!
The golden key of bliss—
“APPROVE THYSELF TO GOD!”

How happy is the breast,
This maxim that maintains!
Can aught disturb his rest,
Whose CONSCIENCE has no pains?
Earth frowns—but Jesus smiles!
Strikes—but he wards the rod!
And lures—but vain are all its wiles!
Mortal! may this
Direct thy way to bliss—
“APPROVE THYSELF TO GOD!”

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I heard a prayer—and e'en an angel's ear,
Might thrill with rapture, such a prayer to hear :
I heard a prayer—the Holy one and High
Was pleased to listen to his handmaid's cry!

I saw a Mother lift her eyes to heaven ;
And heard her claim the joy of sins forgiven.
Not for herself—for she through years had known,
The happiness that Christians feel alone :
But, for her children was that prayer express'd ;
That heaven, at last, might be their mutual rest :
That, let the world, with all its pomp and pride,
Glow as it might on time's deceitful tide :
Let penury, with all its frowns, descend,
And earth be bankrupt for a worthy friend :
Still might the hand Divine their footsteps lead,
And grant them grace sufficient for their need.

And was she answered? Soon that Mother died,
And left her children in the world of pride.
Yet, scarcely had she praised the Lord above,
Before her children sung redeeming love ;
And while rejoicings sounded round the Throne,
Their grateful voices mingled with her own !

Ye, to whose care Jehovah has consign'd,
The dying body and the immortal mind ;
Ah, claim not wealth, nor power, nor life, nor fame !—
Earth, misery, half-existence, and a name !—

But, pray your God to keep a watchful eye,
 Support, defend, preserve, and teach to die!
 And pray in faith—then, every child shall be,
 Worth more than worlds, through such a legacy!

A Mother's prayers—a thousand harps in heaven,
 Attest the grace in answer to them given!
 Ten thousand louder songs the Lord shall hear
 For grace in answer to a Mother's prayer!

Let grateful feelings in my bosom reign,
 And Jesu's love inspire my votive strain.
 For one, enthroned in light, while here she dwelt
 Preferr'd in prayer the wishes that she felt:
 And, now my Mother's journey aye is done,
 That journey I, with trembling, have begun.
 Nor I alone—a Sister's step attends,
 And onward to the Throne our pathway bends.
 Another Sister, yet in tender years,
 Awaits the answer of her Mother's prayers:
 Her Mother's looks, impressive, mark her face,
 And hope anticipates her Mother's grace.
 One Parent, still, before us leads the way,
 To meet the sainted in eternal day.
 Yet, which shall first enjoy that glad embrace,
 No tongue can tell—the future veils its face:
 I, weak in frame, dejected, walk along,
 Think over former times, and pour a plaintive song.

May God attend our journey to the dead;
 His love, our joy; and sin, our only dread:
 And, to His Name, eternal praise be given,
 By all who serve on earth and glorify in heaven!

MY SORROWS.

These oaks, in mossy mantles hoar,
Their wither'd branches now dispread,
O'er one whose pleasures are no more—
O'er one whose warmest hopes are dead.

Through hazy clouds, her cheerless way,
The pallid queen of heaven pursues;
Emitting still a sickly ray,
And bathing earth in baleful dews.

The passing wind, with sullen moan,
O'er yonder grave-yard slowly sweeps;
And by that dim-discover'd stone,
A broken-hearted widow weeps.

The stream that glimmers through the vale,
Her weedy garden sadly laves;
But she delights, though faint and pale,
To weep amidst the field of graves.

Ah! let no sound of mirth intrude,
To break the silence reigning here!
Grief consecrates this solitude,
With hopeless sigh and burning tear!

Thou, Pity! heaven-descended maid!
 With pensive eyes of liquid blue!
 O, visit thou this mournful shade—
 With sorrow sympathize anew!

Not twenty summers on my path,
 Have pour'd their horns of golden bloom;
 Yet dark misfortune's fatal wrath,
 Has pall'd my mental sky in gloom.

Fond nature, to my raptur'd eye,
 The brilliant course of glory shows;
 I see the onward crown, and sigh
 To think the prize for others glows.

Yet envy's voice I scorn to hear,
 I would the meed in triumph gain;
 But sadly sinks my soul with fear,
 Fast bound in fate's relentless chain.

The hectic glow that warms my cheek,
 Allures the heartless drágon—death:
 And friendly tears most keenly speak,
 The quick surrender of my breath.

For me no more the glowing hearth
 Of home, and all its charms, appear;
 An outcast on the face of earth,
 And doom'd the stranger's scorn to bear.

Twelve moons have scarcely sway'd the sky,
 Since all the joys of home were mine!
 No tears of sorrow dimm'd mine eye,
 Save, sainted Mother! tears for thine!

Alas! again that painful thought.

My aching bosom wildly wrings!

Where shall forgetfulness be sought?

Oh, where are found th' oblivious springs?

Can he, whose sister sought the skies—

Can she, whose brother sleeps in clay—

Can they conceive the pains that rise,

When loving mothers pass away?

No! ye may shed the feeling tear,

Where blooming verdure marks their tomb;

But ah! the motherless must bear,

A night of unimagined gloom.

There rise a thousand little woes,

A thousand little joys, to tell;

To gain, from grief, a slight repose—

To make the bliss, unspeakable.

And where, but in a mother's breast,

Can woes like these one sigh command?

Or joys receive as sweet a zest,

As from a mother's smilings bland?

Remembrance paints an awful storm,

When rung, with beating hail, the dome;

When howls proclaim'd the demon's form,

And swift destruction rent our home.

Then, o'er that storm, maternal love—

A rainbow, to our sight was given!

And while our gaze was fix'd above,

It gently vanish'd into heaven!

I've watch'd the early, crimson streak;
And upward glancing golden ray!
Have seen the mountain's kindled peak,
And hail'd the flood of glowing day!

And thus, I vainly hoped, would be,
The opening of my youthful years;
That glory should arise on me;
And bright'ning fortune chase my fears!

But, sick, and homeless, and bereft,—
I claim thy guidance, O, Despair!
My mother's tomb-star still is left—
Conduct my tottering footsteps there!

OPPORTUNITY.

“How blessings brighten as they take their flight!”—YOUNG.

Time onward flew—but his fair offspring staid ;
Young Opportunity!—with angel smile :
Loose in his hand he held a gift for man,
Which oft, he, offering, waved with wanton wile.

And men collected round that angel's form,
They praised his beauty and his kindness too ;
His golden wings were folded by his side,
And bright his blooming face appeared to view.

But man ! oh, foolish man ! in wonder lost,
Ne'er stretch'd his hand that blessing to receive ;
When Time, again come round, summon'd his child,
And left the simple mortal long to grieve.

Oh ! when that angel spread his wings in flight,
How did his pinions glitter in the sun !
His treasure shone more brilliant than before,
And man, in tears, sat down and cried—UNDONE !

FIFTY YEARS OLD.

A SONNET FOR JUNE 4TH, 1858.

“THEN said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old; and hast thou seen Abraham?”—JOHN viii. 57.

Not far from fifty! So, it seems, they thought;
And yet few more than thirty had gone by
Since o'er Thy birth the still and starry sky
Fill'd, thrill'd, with glory-music, angel-brought,
And earth-enchanting. When the shepherds sought
Thy baby-bed, and found Thy smile and voice
More fair and sweet than all of heaven: “Rejoice!”—
They might have sung—“For Thee all time hath wrought,
All space hath treasured, bliss. Thy course foretold,
Thy lips, Thine eyes, sighs, tears, shall never know!”
And yet, O Christ! Thy manhood bent below
Our sins, and in Thy youth men thought Thee old!
I, this day fifty, still much older seem:
O, sinless Saviour! sinful me redeem!

TO A FIRE-FLY.

Little twinkler! in the shade,
Of the melancholy gloaming;
Through the summer's green arcade,
Self-illuminated, joyful, roaming:
Greater thou, in reason's eye,
Than the worlds that shine on high!

Stars on burning axles roll,
Through infinity of space;
Never reach a resting goal,
Never weary in their race:
Rolling on and shining bright,
Cheering all the realms of night.

Yet thy light exhibits power,
More than all the stars that shine;
Life!—though but for one short hour,
Life—the breath of God is thine!
Let thy little heart expand!
Wing thy lamp through all the land!

He that made the hills and vales,
Rivers, oceans, earth and sky;
Talks in storms, and breathes in gales:
Giveth thee *self-will'd* to fly!
Greater power in thee is shown,
Than in midnight's starry zone!

FEAR.

Beside me speaks the phantom, Fear :
"The time of trial draweth near!"
His hand is laid upon my breast ;
My throbbing heart no more can rest :
My trembling frame, my shrinking soul,
Suffer, like slaves, his stern control.

What! shall a spirit born to wave
Its victor pinions o'er the grave—
And then, from sin and error shriven,
Surmount the highest star in heaven—
And soaring on, from far espy
The palace of eternity—
And there arrived, an heir of God,
Walk through the courts by angels trod—
And oft of burning planets hear,
And new orbs kindling in their sphere—
Surviving all material change,
With endless life and boundless range—
Shall such a spirit, hither come.
So far forget its native home,
As thus to cower beneath a shade?
As thus to own itself afraid?

Aroused by faith, I snap the chain
And breathe my liberty again.

THE CONTRITE.

With weeping eyes upraised, he meekly cried ;
“Hear me, O God ! for whom thy Son hath died !
O let thy Spirit breathe upon my heart,
And all the joy of pard’ning love impart !”

Light beam’d around ; the contrite was forgiven ;
Earth, sea, and sky seem’d lost in love and heaven !
All nature shone more glorious than before ;
“Lord ! thou art here !” he said ; he could no more ;
A holy silence reigned ; a sacred fear ;
He could but whisper, “Saviour ! thou art here !”

EPITAPH.

Earthly good is certain never ;
Morning sun may cloud ere noon ;
Friends we fain would keep forever,
Death withdraws, alas, how soon !
Seek we then the saints immortal,
Where they shine in glory’s portal,
Smiling, beckoning, calling—“Come !
Heaven is an enduring home !”

HYMNS.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

We need not soar above the skies,
 Leave suns and stars below ;
And seek Thee with unclouded eyes,
 In all that angels know :—
The very breath we here inhale,
 The pulse in every heart,
Attest with force that cannot fail,
 Thou art—O God ! Thou art !

If, 'midst the ever-during songs
 Of universal joy,—
The chime of worlds and chant of tongues—
 The praise that we employ,
May breathe its music in Thine ear,
 Its meaning in Thy heart ;
Our glad confession deign to hear,
 Thou art—O God ! Thou art !

THE UNITY OF GOD.

When God—neglected or denied—
From ancient tribes withdrew his grace,
How soon the erring myriads strove,
With phantom forms to fill his place.

On every hill, by every stream,
All homes within, all way-sides near,
The hallow'd idols senseless stood,
The helpless suppliants bow'd with fear.

With gods for every foot of land,
And every pulse of passing time,
In life, no soothing peace they found,
In death, no heavenly hope sublime.

O Thou, the true and living God!
Maker of all, above—below;
Eternal—self-existent One!
How blest are we Thy name to know!

One God—enlighten'd faith adores;
One God—harmonious nature cries;
One God—our common Sire and Lord,
The brotherhood of mind replies.

To Thee—Supreme!—to Thee alone,
Be hymns of highest glory sung;
The source of joy to every heart,
The theme of praise to every tongue.

THE TRUTH OF GOD.

Can truth divine fulfilment fail?
Sooner shall star-crown'd nature die :
Truth is the very breath of God—
Part of his own eternity!

Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more;
The forest, crumble on the mount—
The sea, corrupt upon the shore;

The moon's supply of light, expire;
The sun itself, grow dense with gloom;
And fairer systems, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom.

But, long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as His being shall endure;
So long the truth His lips proclaim,
Remains inviolably sure.

THE LORD'S POOR.

Methought I saw the Son of God;—
The thorns still red, the nail-prints fresh :
His patient look betray'd a pain
Sharper than all that thrill'd His flesh.

O suffering, saving Lord of Love!—
Warm from my heart the language came—
Could'st Thou forsake the throne of heaven,
To bear, on earth, such wo and shame?

Thine own creation knew Thee not—
Thy chosen cried—away! away!
But all the ardour of my soul,
Entreats Thee, Master!—stay, O stay!

I'll soothe Thy griefs, I'll heal Thy wounds,
With trembling joy Thy brow unbind;
Gentile and Jew from me shall learn
The common duty of mankind!

Lo! crown'd with glory—changed, He stood!
Sun-like, the radiant bosom-scar!
His hands, the orb and sceptre bore!
And shone, on either foot, a star!

How sunk my heart! ashamed to know
I could not bless the LORD OF ALL;
When, suddenly and silently,
A pale group came, at Jesu's call.

Pointing to them—with smiles, He rose!
But rising said—Disciple! see,
Though I depart, the poor remain—
Kindness to them is love to me!

“STAND UP FOR JESUS.”

(DYING CHARGE OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.)

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Strengthen'd by His hand,
Even I, though young, have ventured thus to stand;
But, soon cut down, as maim'd and faint I lie,
Hear, O my friends! the charge with which I die—
Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Dear ones of my home!
Who made me slow to leave and swift to come:
Sweet wife and children! gifts of perfect love!
Still, as ye catch my smile from climes above,
Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Thou, my honor'd sire!
Blest with the heart of truth and tongue of fire;
Whose brave example taught me how to live,
Take from my lips the lesson thine should give—
Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! All who lead His host!
Crown'd with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temptation yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Ye, with whom I stood
 In purer, stronger bonds than those of blood:
 Church of the Covenant! favor'd, firm, and true,
 Remember Him to whom all thanks are due—
 Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Listeners to that word—*
 “*Ye that are men, go now and serve the Lord!*”
 Only to serve in heaven, on earth I fall;
 Ye who remain, still hear your comrade's call—
 Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Ye of every name,
 All one in prayer and all with praise a-flame:
 Forget the sad estrangements of the past,
 With one consent, in love and peace at last,
 Stand up for Jesus!

STAND UP FOR JESUS! Lo! at God's right hand
 Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
 Let saints and sinners wonder at His grace:
 Let Jews and Gentiles join, and all our race
 Stand up for Jesus!

* Exodus x. 11—Mr. Tyng's text on occasion of preaching to the thousands of young men at Jayne's Hall.

GLORY TO GOD.*

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men.”

Glory to God!

In Him alone we make our boast,
And, face to face, from coast to coast,
We lift the watchword of His host—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

Let highest heaven exalt His name,
Let farthest worlds increase His fame,
Each Morning Star relume its flame,
Each Son of God anew proclaim—

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

Let all the earth His power confess,
His wisdom laud, His goodness bless;
Good-will and peace succeed distress,
Christ comes—the Lord our Righteousness!

Glory to God!

* Written for the Atlantic Telegraph Celebration, by the Young Men's Christian Association, at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, September, 1858.

Glory to God!

Be not afraid your hearts to raise,
 Be not ashamed to sing His praise ;
 Let Nature veil her borrow'd blaze,
 And Science shout in all her ways—

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

At first He bade our pride retire,
 Then calm'd the deep to our desire,
 With His own hand safe laid the wire,
 And gave each wave a tongue of fire—

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

Lo! now the Sea-Apostle stands,
 Redeem'd, inspired, with trembling hands
 Blessing the fair united lands,
 And chanting to the crowded strands—

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

Our fathers fear'd the foreign scene,
 And wish'd a sea of fire between ;
 Love sends one spark, with smiling mien,
 And lo! both worlds are all serene—

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

Our flag foreshows the morning light:
 Its stars, indeed, are of the night,
 But long, and broad, and red, and bright,
 Its sunbeams break upon our sight—

Glory to God!

Glory to God!

The whirlwind folds its wing at last,
The earthquake slumbers with the past,
The thunder-fire no more shall blast,
O Still, Small Voice! we bow in haste—
Glory to God!

“NOT UNTO US.”*

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
O LORD OUR GOD!—all glory be!
With grateful hearts, we now appear,
To close with praise this blessed year:
 Holy year! Happy year!
The Lord be praised for such a year!

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
Our CHURCHES cry—all glory be!
With crowded court and echoing shrine,
The only saving power is Thine:
 Unto Thee! Unto Thee!
Head of the Church!—all glory be!

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
Our TRADESMEN cry—all glory be!
When commerce fail'd, Thy richer grace
With Noon-Day Prayer supplied its place:
 Unto Thee! Unto Thee!—
God only wise!—all glory be!

* Written for the Fourth Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, Jayne's Hall, Tuesday evening, November 2d, 1858.

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
 Our FIREMEN cry—all glory be!
 Their halls with sacred altars flame,
 Their silver trumpets sound Thy fame:
 Unto Thee! Unto Thee!
 Like priests they chant—all glory be!

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
 Our TENTMEN cry—all glory be!
 Their Canvas Chapel for the poor,
 Has welcomed thousands to its door:
 Unto Thee! Unto Thee!
 As kings they shout—all glory be!

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
 Our SEAMEN cry—all glory be!
 They knew Thee great where ocean rolls,
 But find Thee greater in their souls:
 Unto Thee! Unto Thee!
 Salvation's God!—all glory be!

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
 Our SISTERS sing—all glory be!
 For fears allay'd and hopes renew'd,
 For love restored and sins subdued:
 Unto Thee! Unto Thee!
 God of our homes! all glory be!

Not unto us, but unto THEE—
 For all the past—all glory be!
 The year to come—O, may it prove,
 More full of faith, and hope, and love:
 So to Thee! Only Thee!
 Forever, Lord!—all glory be!

CHRIST'S DAY OF POWER.

(ALLUSION TO THE 110TH PSALM.)

Thy day of power has come !
This holy dawn divine !
And Zion's hills, renew'd in youth,
With dews of beauty shine.

Now may the promised grace
Be fully shed abroad ;
And all thy willing people haste
To do the will of God !

The Father wills that Thou,
Exalted at His side,
Our only Prophet, Priest, and King,
Forever shalt abide :—

That all who love Thy name
One Brotherhood shall be ;
Kept by the standard of Thy word
From all divisions free !—

That all Thy foes shall bow
Submissive at Thy feet ;

And heaven and earth, with one accord,
Thy perfect empire greet!

Let Jews and Gentiles cry—
Amen! God's will be done!
Jesus! who died upon the Cross,
We hail Thee on Thy Throne!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

If, while the Jewish ages
Still added to the Word;
Kings, Prophets, Priests and Sages,
Look'd vainly for the Lord :—
How blest are we to know Him
So early in our youth!
How gladly should we show Him
Our love, in deed and truth!

If when He came from glory,
The angels flew to sing
Redemption's opening story—
The Birth-Day of the King :—
Well we may lift our voices,
Rememb'ring how He died;
While every heart rejoices
To praise the Crucified!

If all who ever sought Him,
Have had their sins forgiven;
And even children, brought Him,
Are welcomed home to heaven:
Look—look we all above us,
And lift our hymn on high;
For He who so doth love us
Is smiling from the sky!

THE TRUE REFUGE.

Thy Goodness is my refuge, Lord !
Here let me ever rest :
I feel the Spirit of Thy word—
Thou willest what is best !

Thy Knowledge is my refuge, Lord !
Here let me ever rest :
I feel the Spirit of Thy word—
Thou knowest what is best !

Thy Wisdom is my refuge, Lord !
Here let me ever rest :
I feel the Spirit of Thy word—
Thou choosest what is best !

Thy Power completes my refuge, Lord !
Here let me ever rest :
I feel the Spirit of Thy word—
Thou doest what is best !

Thou art our Perfect Refuge, Lord !
Here let creation rest :
Charm'd by the Spirit of Thy word—
God's ways are always best !

CHEERFUL GRATITUDE.

A SIMPLE HYMN FOR THE REVIVAL.

Lord! we thank Thee, that the shining
Of Thy face is not declining;
That the breathing of Thy blessing
Still our heart-strings is caressing:
 So to prove Thee,
 So to love Thee,
Oh, 'tis heaven on earth possessing!

Still Thy people are reviving,
Sinners still for pardon striving;
Still Thy Spirit keeps in motion,
On the land and on the ocean:
 Happy season!
 Oh, what reason
Find we now for full devotion!

Father! Spirit! leave us never!
Jesus! help us, now and ever!
Brethren! keep from worldly straying,
Onward march without delaying,
 Lift the Banner!
 Shout Hosanna!
Upward pressing, praising, praying!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

A noon of glory fill'd the noon of night,
A song from heaven was heard by mortal ear;
The favor'd shepherds trembled with affright,
The loving seraph bade them cease to fear;
And, pointing to the hill where Bethlehem lay,
"For you," he cried, "the Saviour's born to day!"

Then shook the golden air with glad acclaim;
Thick as the stars the angels shone around;
All, looking up, extoll'd the Father's name,
All downward worshipp'd where the Son was found;
"Glory to God!" they sang, "enthroned on high,
Peace and good will, where Christ has come to die!"

As now, O God! Thy Son before Thee stands,
That Christmas music lingers near Thee still!
And ah! the death-wounds in His priestly hands,
Are fresh as when they bled on Calvary's hill;
While, long-return'd, those angels round Thee sing,
And saints, yet coming, shout to see their King!

O God of grace and glory! is there one,
Who feels Thy grace, Thy glory hopes to see,

* This hymn and the following one were written for a Christmas Festival in relief of a Church Debt.

Trusts in the cross, or ventures near the throne,
Who stints the gift that now he brings to Thee!
Far more than this, thy Son hath borne for all,
Strike not the dimmest from His coronal!

O let the Holy Spirit now descend,
As to the early church, so let Him come!
Inspiring every member, every friend,
With mutual zeal to disenthral Thy home!
And when we press our pillows this glad night,
Our hearts, relieved, shall bless Thee with delight.

CHURCH DEBT.

At length, O Lord! ashamed we see,
How little we have done for Thee!
Though Thou hast crown'd our life with gōod,
And saved our souls by Jesus' blood!

We were no people! some, with pain,
Remember'd efforts old and vain;
But most, of sin were dupes and slaves,
And rushing blind tow'rd hopeless graves!

Then blew the trumpet of Thy Word!
Then flash'd Thy Spirit's two-edged sword!
We burst our bonds, our freedom won,
And now tow'rd heaven are marching on!

We had no temple! years had gone,
Since lost was yonder pleasant one,*
At Thy command, the second rose,
And lo! what greater glory glows!

Thousands on thousands here have come,
Like children to their Father's home;

* In Cherry Street, below Eleventh—now owned by the Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. James M. Willson is pastor.

They found within—the debtor's call!
Without—the placard on the wall!

Father of all! how can it be,
Thy children care no more for Thee!
Thine altar,—suffer to grow cold,
Thy very Mercy-seat,—be sold!

Great God of glory and of grace!
How can we hope to see Thy face,
While proudly in our homes we shine,
And let the curse still rest on Thine!

Forgive, for Jesus' sake! forgive!
Speak, Lord! and still Thy church shall live!
Shall shine—its sphere enlarging fast,
Till all th' eclipse be off at last.

Then, with the shadow, gone the dread,
All heaven in beauty round us shed;
Returning thousands long shall raise,
Salvation's anthems in Thy praise!

NATIONAL HYMN.*

“In the name of our God we will set up our banners.”—Ps. xx. 5.

I.

In the name of Jehovah our banner we raise,
With its stars and its stripes pledged anew to His praise :
'Tis the ensign of truth, 'tis the standard of right,
'Tis the herald of liberty, union and light.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the world.

II.

If it ever prove false to its glorious trust,
May its foes drag it down with contempt to the dust;
But as long as 'tis true to the blazon it holds,
Shall the arm of Omnipotence bear up its folds.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the world.

* This hymn may be sung to the air of Moore's Song—“*I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled :*”—omitting the “repeat” in the fourth line, and using it in the second line of the chorus.

III.

Here at home, with one sky and one land, let it be
But the flag of one people, harmonious and free;
From the north to the south, from the east to the west,
With no treason to part us, no war to molest.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the world.

IV.

So abroad on all seas and all shores let it shine,
As the symbol of manhood redeem'd and divine;
That the down-trodden nations in triumph may rise
With their feet on their chains and their brows to the skies.

CHORUS.

While this flag of our fathers, in God's name unfurl'd,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the world.

APPENDIX.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC

AND

OTHER NOTES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC AND OTHER NOTES.

Philadelphia: November 9: 1861.

To an Imaginary Friend:

MY DEAR ——— :

Wishing the attention of a combination-friend—one uniting all the qualities most congenial to my purpose, I take the liberty of addressing you.

I proposed to print a book “of about three hundred pages” —containing poems and illustrations, with “autobiographic and other notes.” The edition was to consist of one thousand copies. The popular and courteous editor of the “Living Age”—E. LITTELL, Esq.—referring to the plan in his attractive periodical, remarked:—“We hope that this small edition of a handsome volume by our respected friend and relative, may be immediately taken up. The Autobiographic Notes ought to be especially interesting—as his experience has been long and varied.”

It was not designed, however, that the class of notes thus specified should assume the form of a regular and thorough AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Far from it. Few men, perhaps, are better prepared than myself for a work of this kind, so far as materials are concerned; and it may be that these materials include characters, incidents, and lessons, the presentation of which would prove somewhat pleasant and profitable. But, there is no just occasion for such a production. How few are they who would care to have it! Alas for bereavements! Besides, if demanded, an appendix to a collection of poems would neither afford room nor be a proper place for it.

The purpose was rather of this kind:—As the book was intended for circulation, chiefly among known friends; with some overflow of the edition in dreamy contemplation of possible unknown friends; I would make such notes as should

be suggested by its contents, or seem likely to be agreeable to any sympathetic range of anticipated readers. They might be strictly autobiographic or relatively reminiscent; religious or secular; æsthetic, critical, or otherwise. At any rate, they must be brotherly and simple; even though some of my brethren should smile at their simplicity.

Now, therefore, my dear ———, I attempt the fulfilment of my purpose; though, of necessity, partially and in the most condensed form. The poetic part of the volume being completed, I find myself limited to comparatively a few pages. These, perhaps, may be best improved by a summary, in chronological order, with items and expansions according to circumstances. Trying, on my own part, to conduct so delicate a matter with propriety, the understanding is that you are to be satisfied with the result, be it as it may.

1807, *April* 8. Married, in Burlington, New Jersey, by Rev. THOMAS WARE, an Itinerant Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, WILLIAM SMITH STOCKTON and ELIZABETH SOPHIA HEWLINGS—members of the same church. The wedding-day was the bridegroom's birth-day. He had just completed his twenty-second year. His bride was sixteen months younger. Hereafter it will be seen that I might take pleasure in tracing a remoter ancestry. But, if this were all, it would be enough—that *these* became my parents. No wonder the tears started as that sentence came into my mind. Such a father! Such a mother! Thank the Lord, forever!

1808, *June* 4. Born, in Mount Holly, court town of Burlington county, N. J., THOMAS HEWLINGS STOCKTON—the first of six children, three boys and three girls; two boys and one girl dying in infancy, the others surviving to become heads of families. As long as king GEORGE the Third continued to live, my birth-day was celebrated throughout the British Empire—though less affectionately, it is presumed, than at home!

1808–13. Having returned to Burlington soon after my birth, my parents resided there until the Fall of 1813. When about four years old, I was put to school with Mrs. N. P., wife of Rev. J. P., both Methodists. Doubtless I derived great advantage from her teaching; but the lesson which I remember best was that of being shut up, with my mates, in darkness and silence, in the little back room, during the thunder-storm! Even yet, I seem to see the glare of the lightning on the hearth, and hear the rolling of the thunder

over the trembling roof and rattling windows. The estimable lady is, I believe, still living; and I expect the pleasure of alluding to her again.

1813-18. Home, for five years, in Trenton, the capital of the State. Education proceeded—first, at the private school of DANIEL COLEMAN, Esq., afterward Secretary of State, a Methodist also; and then, at the city Academy. At the Academy, I remember particularly the union of the boys of different departments on one day in each week for oratorical training.

1818-19. From Fall to Spring of these years, our home was in Easton, Pennsylvania. Perhaps the first Methodist meeting in that town was the prayer-meeting in my father's house. Attended the Academy there. Thence, removed to Philadelphia; and thence, returned to Trenton.

1819-22. Home in Trenton. School, chiefly, that of JAMES E. SLACK, Esq.—an excellent instructor. In the spring of 1822, removed to Philadelphia. Schooling, afterward, irregular and defective.

1823. Constitution impaired by nearly a year's sickness: bilious fever, chills and fever, and varioloid. Friends thought me about to die. Our venerable pastor, the pious and gentle JAMES BATEMAN, was called in to talk and pray with me.

1824. My first publication—a brief poem, in the "SATURDAY EVENING POST." Thenceforth—frequent contributions, to various periodicals: poems, tales, essays, criticisms, &c.

Hitherto, my dear ——, notwithstanding a natural inclination to linger among the scenes of early life, I have glided rapidly from point to point, here reaching the age of sixteen. A poor sick boy, I then began, anonymously and very imperfectly, to act in public. What was my preparation? Constitutionally, I need say nothing. Relatively, a few words will suffice. Nature, except the common sublimities of the sky, had been shown to me chiefly in its gentler forms of level field, open grove, and placid river. About Easton, there was some rocky roughness, forest wildness, and hill swell. But,—

“The cataract blew its trumpet from the steep;”
the Summer peak of snow invited one

—“To breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top;”

and the ocean, though not very distant, flung its fulness on the shore, beyond the limits of my little locality. Society, in like manner, presented its plainer appearances in both Church and State—very different, indeed, in the style of its development, from the material conveniences and luxuries, and intellectual advantages, of the present; though not inferior, perhaps, in other relations, equally if not more important. But, there was my humble home. The BIBLE was in it—the literary light of the world. My parents believed and studied it as the Book of God. They taught me to do the same. I cannot remember when I began to do either. I have done both, though not as I ought, ever since. I found the Bible full of both nature and society, earthly and heavenly, in all forms and changes, historic and prophetic. It was the opening, not only of the world, but of the universe; with God, himself unseen, shining on it all with a light subtler than that of the sun, and touching my spirit with its rays wherever I turned. Skies and seas, mountains and plains, lakes and torrents, cedars, palms, and roses; lions and conies; eagles and turtle-doves; angels and men; kings, courts, and kingdoms; armies and caravans; Eden's Garden and the city of the New Jerusalem; Calvary's Cross and Creation's Throne—these and an almost infinite series of things thus became familiar to me, with a spiritual beauty and holy solemnity cast over them all. The Bible, however, is an exhaustless theme. But, other books were there. CLARKE'S COMMENTARY, in its first quarto form, came at certain intervals, in blue-covered numbers, and was always hailed as a priceless treasure. And not only Methodist writers, but such as BISHOP BUTLER, WATTS, WILBERFORCE, and HANNAH MORE, were there. And the WESLEYAN HYMN-BOOK was there. In all probability my ear was tuned to its music and my heart melted by its pathos before I could read a line. Perhaps my earliest metrical recitation was the following. How sweet for a child! It seems as though I were standing and repeating it again at my mother's knee. No wonder that more than thirty years afterward I made sure to have it in our Church Hymn Book:—

“Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In thy gracious hands I am;
 Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
 Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
 Serve thee all my happy days,
 Then the world shall always see,
 Christ, the holy child, in me.”

And not only the Hymn-Book, but other volumes of poetry were there. MILTON, and YOUNG, and THOMSON, and GRAY, and COLLINS, and AKENSIDE, and COWPER, and others, were with us. And so with books of other classes. How well I remember standing at my father's side, in the store, when about eight years old, while a travelling book-agent was trying to sell him an illustrated book of NATURAL HISTORY. The price was two dollars and a half, and my father hesitated. Meanwhile the pages were opened, the pictures of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, appeared in all their attractive order; and my whole nature earnestly pleaded for the purchase. The money was paid, and the book virtually was mine. Not only did I study it, but copied its figures on cards, colored them according to the descriptions, cut them in half, and played match-games with them for years afterward. Then again, there was the book of INDIAN WARS—so exciting to an ardent boy. My first prose composition, that I can now recall, was an Indian Story, illustrated by drawings and paintings of my own. In a word, my parents were eager readers: conscientious also—delighting only in the best works. As to ROBINSON CRUSOE, that, perhaps, was not in their collection. At least, I remember being on a visit to my grandma and aunts in Philadelphia, when I was a little fellow, and sitting one day on the step at their door, next to the old "Enniskillen Castle" in South Fifth Street, when a boy came up, showed me a copy of the book, engaged my interest in it, and then offered it to me for three cents! Hastening to one of my aunts for help, and being cheerfully supplied, the bargain was soon consummated, and the Boy's Paradise opened its gate at my touch. But, besides books, there was prayer; to which, of course, I was personally trained earlier than I can now recollect. "Our Father"—"Now I lay me"—and "Make me a good boy, bless father and mother:" ah me! has that dear voice been hushed so long! To this influence was added that of the family altar, my mother officiating if my father were absent; and, also, of the prayer meeting and class meeting. The Sabbath, moreover, was hallowed there as I have seldom seen it elsewhere. Everything that could be done on Saturday, in preparation for it, was done. The house was full of stillness. Reading was more exclusively sacred. Conversation was more solemn. At church time, the door was locked, and parents, children, and the "hired girl," repaired to the place of public worship. All day cooking was avoided, as far as practicable. It was a day of bodily rest, of spiritual enjoy-

ment and improvement. But, my dear ——, this will not do! A hundred sources of influence must be omitted. Preachers, teachers, school-mates, and school-implements, must pass. Look at these dingy books, corner-cut to prevent dog's-ears,—Grammar, Geography, Reader, Arithmetic; with slate and copy-book. Lo!

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,”—

though no doubt graciously and wisely—I have retained and cherished these and other humble instruments, and here they are, but not to be used here. Fond as I was of play, also; kite, marble, top and ball; running, leaping, and wrestling; archery—copied from the Indians, who shot small coins from the post-tops; a little gunning; fishing and swimming; sledding and skating; snow-fort building and snow-ball fighting; and, as already intimated, of drawing and painting; and, moreover, of pet-keeping,—as chickens, squirrels, and rabbits; and, above all, of pretty little maidens—this whole world of boyhood, must be thrown off, like a bubble from a pipe, to break just as it begins to float and glisten. Suffice it to say, that I cannot remember a time when I did not love the beautiful, and revere the great, good, and true. The fear of God was always before my eyes, and when I sinned the mercy-seat was my refuge. As to my literary tendency, that was an early development; not excited by companionship, but originating in the simple pleasure of expression and being confirmed by the relief it afforded in the subsequent loneliness of disease. As I approached sixteen, my third-story front room became quite a study. Between the windows, I had three shelves, suspended on cords, and supplied with some of my father's finest authors. Under these was my writing-table, with its ready materials. Retiring there, feeble and fatigued, I would take down one or two of my favorite poets, recline upon the bed, and read, until from very rapture I could read no more. Then I hastened to pen and ink for my own record; and so, though little to my credit, gradually grew cool again. If enlightened and sharpened in College, by the wisdom of the professor and the wit of the student, doubtless I should have been very much ashamed of such trifles as pleased me in the obscurity of home. Still, I have never much, if at all, troubled publishers or the public for poetic recognition; contenting myself rather, for thirty years or more, with brief occasional and anonymous ventures through the periodical press, and with certain mag-

nificent ideals, reals if not actuals, which, under all circumstances, in more or less completeness, have charmed my silent contemplations.* I now return to my summary. You see what I was—a simple English scholar, with these surroundings and influences.

1826. Passing many interesting occurrences of the two preceding years, I here approach, with holy love and solemn joy, one of the most memorable events of my life. On the tenth day of August, in this year, my mother died. I cannot proceed without some sketch of one to whom I owe so much. I *know* that such sketches are useful.

ELIZABETH SOPHIA HEWLINGS was born in Burlington, New Jersey, December 9: 1787. Her parents were ABRAHAM and ELIZABETH HEWLINGS—the former a Churchman, the latter a Quakeress. Her mother's maiden name was BURR. Both families were among the oldest and most respectable in the Colony. The HEWLINGS family, (otherwise HEWLING or HULINGS,) had been variously prominent in England. Few stories are more pathetic than that of the execution of BENJAMIN and WILLIAM HEWLING, in 1683, under JAMES II., for their devotion to the cause of the DUKE OF MONMOUTH. Their youth, beauty, fortune, accomplishments, piety and Protestant zeal; the intercessions of their sister HANNAH with the marble-hearted monarch; the efforts of their grandfather, the distinguished KIFFIN, to procure their release, and his subsequent answer to the king when called upon to render him help; are points affectingly treated in histories of the period. To perfect the sorrow, some have styled them "the last males of their house." About a year after their execution, their sister HANNAH married Major RICHARD CROMWELL, grandson of the PROTECTOR; and, becoming the mother of six children, survived until 1731. Other branches of the family, however, had already been planted in America. Burlington was founded in 1677—five years in advance of Philadelphia. The next year, WILLIAM and ABRAHAM HEWLINGS came from London and settled there. Until recently, the name has continued its living representatives there. Its deceased generations are recorded on the decaying tombstones of old ST. MARY'S. When my venerable aunt, now more than eighty years of age, was first shown the biography of BISHOP WHITE—the WASHINGTON of the Church—whose mother was a HEWLINGS; and found the family described as "reputable," she could not restrain the delicate but substan-

tial criticism that the least the author should have said, was *respectable*. In the event of a new edition of that work, it may be well to remember this criticism. Without dwelling on other antecedents, it is enough to say, that my mother's father died before I was born; but her mother lived until 1839, so that I am able, gratefully and tenderly, to attest the extraordinary blending of dignity and benignity in her every-way admirable character. On her death-bed, at about eighty-four years of age, as if in loving remembrance of the church of her long-departed husband, she relinquished her last peculiarity as a Friend, and, was baptized by an Episcopal clergyman; and now, her body also rests among the graves of old ST. MARY'S.

ELIZABETH was one of eight children, all of whom lived to maturity, three of them surviving still. How gladly would I linger on her history and character! In addition to my own recollection of her in later years, I have a manuscript account, occupying more than fifty pages, prepared by my father, soon after her death, for family perusal, "but"—as he modestly adds—"for no other purposes." By the grace of God, she was an honor, not only to her relatives and friends, but to humanity. Through the azure interval of thirty-five years, the saintly beauty of her image glides to the present, and passes on, like an angel toward the throne. Physically, her constitution was delicate; mentally, clear, sound and discriminating; morally, resolute as well as affectionate. Her educational facilities were slight, in comparison with those which such a child would now enjoy. Worldly gayeties gathered about her, but without much influence. For a time, however, she became a novel-reader, to entertain a blind relative. But, soon, the Spirit of the Holy One made the little one a temple of glory. Before she was fourteen, she joined the Methodist Society—the only Methodist of her house. Thenceforth, her path was like that of "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." She became a model of conscientious devotion—humble, pure, and prudent; studious, watchful, and prayerful; plain, neat, and industrious; cheerful, gentle, and winning; "without dissimulation, never saying one thing and meaning another;" zealous for the salvation of her friends and neighbors; and always "strong in faith, giving glory to God." I have been told of a season when her face shone, as if transfigured by the spiritual joy within. But, my dear —, the necessity of restraint presses me. Moreover, you may be ready to check me with the question,—“ Was *your* mother superior

to others?" I answer—*Yes*, superior to millions in the church as well as out of it; but, not to the myriads of true Christians, who, like her, are "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." They only are thus transfigured who have "Christ within—the hope of glory." The last nine years of my mother's life, were years of affliction. It was in one section of her ancestry that consumption appeared. In her own generation, it selected three, of whom she was one. She was fond of copying favorite passages in prose and verse; and here is one of the latter class that will suffice to show her constant spirit during the progress of the disease:—

"Pain, my old companion, Pain,
Seldom parted from my side;
Welcome to thy seat again,
Here, if God permit, abide.

Pledge of sure approaching ease,
Haste to stop my wretched breath,
Rugged messenger of peace,
Joyful harbinger of death.

Foe to Nature as thou art,
I embrace thee as a friend;
Thou shalt bid my griefs depart,
Bring me to my journey's end.

Yes: I joyfully decay!
Homeward through thy help I haste,
Thou hast shook the house of clay,
Surely it will fall at last."

Ah me! how well I remember that harassing cough! Sometimes, even in the earlier days of its development, and when in a distant room, after mournfully listening awhile to the spasmodic sound, self-reproachfully I stopped my ears as really unable longer to endure the intensity of sympathy. Sweet, sweet mother! what did she say? Let another of her little extracts show us:—

"The same I yesterday did prove,
I find to-day, that God is Love:
And such as Thou art now to me,
Jesus, thou wilt forever be."

So, in due time, the end drew near. I cannot describe the hundredth part of its blessings. "I feel peace"—said the meek one. "My mind is stayed upon the Lord. I have given myself to Him for time and for eternity. Here I rest." Again, she cited the text; "He that believeth hath the witness in himself," and then added—"Bless the Lord, I feel that I have the witness in myself." Often she said, "O sweet faith. It is all by faith." And notice this grateful and beautiful retro-

spection:—"Now I see how the Lord has answered my prayer. I have prayed that He would bring me to himself in *any* way. I have been brought through great afflictions. The Lord has abased me—now he graciously lifts me up." Who, without faith, can understand that? *Now*—He graciously *lifts me up!* Consummate depression, the moment of infinite exaltation! At last, the day of deliverance came. There lay the wasted one, calmly awaiting her change. Withdrawing her hands from my father's, she felt the pulse in one wrist, then in the other, and inquired of her mother if she were not, apparently, near her journey's end. Understanding the question as an assertion, her mother wept, and could not answer; but my father, with trembling voice, informed her that she was. "Rejoice for me! rejoice for me!" was her triumphant response. Then my father prayed for an easy transit—and then my mother breathed: "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly"—and then, may I not say it? Jesus came! No wonder that I find such notes as the following, referring to my father's narrative—"Just finished reading this narrative again: with gratitude, thanksgiving, and joyful hope. Glory to God, to all eternity, for such a mother." If, now, I take space within which to compress the subjoined stanzas, it is chiefly because of the fact that they were written about seven months before my mother's death, and that I remember reading them to her.

TO MY MOTHER.

Now, mother! would I sing to thee,
 Who oft in childhood, sang to me;
 Thy warbling soothed to sweet repose,
 And fain would mine relieve thy woes.
 Then listen, Mother! to the lay,
 That trembles on the lyric string;
 Ah! while my artless fingers play,
 My sentry heart is sorrowing:
 For clouds have long obscured thy sky,
 And sadness weighs thy weary eye.

Seven times hath Spring resumed her reign,
 And eight, the Summer crown'd the plain;
 As oft the Autumn poured her horn,
 And earth the Winter's famine borne;
 Since fell disease, by humid airs,
 Insidious, settled in thy breast;
 The parent of a thousand cares—
 The banisher of gentle rest.
 Sad, Mother! were thy lot indeed,
 But Heaven shall recompense thy need.

Scarce fourteen summer suns had shone
 Upon thy path, when thou—alone—
 From 'midst thy friends, inquired the way
 That leads from night to endless day.

And though affliction shake thy frame,
 If still religion cheer thy soul,
 If still perfection be thine aim,
 And heaven's bright porch thy resting goal;
 Disease may toil to close thine eyes,
 Thy soul's refining for the skies—

Yet ah! my strain would linger now,
 While thrills my fever-wilder'd brow;—
 My veins distribute liquid fire,
 And burning tear-drops rust my lyre.
 Kind Heaven! 'tis thine alone to give,
 Thy servants here repose or pain;
 Oh, grant my Mother ease to live,
 Remove the long-supported chain.
 I would that health to her were known,
 Although by faith she claim a crown.

Ah, Mother! bear my joyless song,
 And chide not for the grief I show;
 Such thoughts I would not now prolong,
 But cannot check my bosom's flow:—
 For still I hear th' escaping sigh,
 And see the sad, convulsive start,
 They exile pleasure from my eye—
 Like arrows, quiver in my heart.
 I cannot see my Mother's pain,
 And, listless, tune a cheerful strain.

And yet I cannot turn my sight,
 From yon celestial realm of light;
 I cannot coldly look above,
 And see the happiness of love!
 And God is known to hide his face,
 At seasons, from the heirs of heaven—
 Then bow we humbly to His grace,
 And think of all the good He's given;
 Still will I hope through many fears,
 And smile with joy—though bathed in tears.

Now, my dear —, I come back to the summary. I cannot quit 1826, however, without adding, that my "hopeful conversion," and admission into the church—old St. George's, M. E. C.—find their dates within that year. Perhaps my regular religious training was a reason why the change in my experience was not so decisive as in some cases. It was not so much an inspiration of faith or hope, as of love. My whole nature seemed to be melted into one feeling of love to God and man. This kept me gratefully and joyfully tearful, at home and abroad, all the day long; requiring various expedients to hide my emotions. Ever since I have thought myself more like a Christian in this respect than any other, but am not sure of it; and, at any rate, can trust only in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

1827. After various efforts toward self-subsistence, parti-

cularly as compositor in a printing-office for about a year and a half, I became a student of medicine. Preceptor—Dr. THOMAS DUNN. Fellow-students, SAMUEL R. DUNN, and GAMALIEL BAILEY. Lectures—at JEFFERSON COLLEGE. Professors, McCLELLAN, BARTON; EBERLE, GREEN, RHEES. McCLELLAN was the father of the present Major General of the Army of the United States, who was then an infant with no visible forecast of his military destiny. In courage, energy, quickness and thoroughness, it will be hard for the son to surpass the father. He lectured with unfailing spirit and success on both anatomy and surgery; and can never be forgotten by those who had the pleasure and advantage of hearing him.

1828, *March 6*. Married, by Rev. ELISHA ANDREWS, one of the Ministers stationed at St. George's, THOMAS HEWLINGS STOCKTON and ANNA ROE McCURDY. The bride was a daughter of JOHN McCURDY, a Methodist from County Antrim in the north of Ireland, and MARTHA MATILDA ROE, his wife, also a Methodist, and a member of an old Philadelphia family. Soon after, as had been anticipated, my father-in-law removed to the "Forks of the Yough," between the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers, in the western part of the State. His new home was on the west bank of the Youghiogheny—a wild but healthy, fertile and beautiful region, which it afterward became a great pleasure to us occasionally to visit. The same year I joined a literary and debating society, just organized, and called the "Hickory Club:" in compliment, I suppose, to General JACKSON, as Old Hickory. Among its members, were GAMALIEL BAILEY, CHARLES NAYLOR, ROBERT T. CONRAD, SAMUEL R. DUNN, JOSEPH EARNEST, and others, chiefly students of Law and Medicine, whose subsequent destinies, however distinguished, I cannot now record. It is natural, though, to cling to the memory of early friends.

1829, *May 31*. Preached my first sermon, Sabbath afternoon, at an unoccupied country-seat, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The next two Sabbaths, a second and third followed, one in the city and the other at the place first mentioned; and then, on the fourth Sabbath, a "stranger in a strange land," I officiated twice, as a circuit preacher, at Easton, Talbot County, on the Eastern shore of Maryland.

Here, my dear ———, it seems needful to pause again: but with the same restraint for want of room. The greatest

comfort I find in a review of my life is derived from the trust that it has been overruled by Divine Providence. No employment seemed the right one. I was stopped from printing, by the tetter on my hands—a disease occasioned, perhaps, by the type; and which I never had before nor since. The study of medicine was interesting, but I shrunk from the thought of its practice. Literature had charmed me most; but I was not duly trained to it, and had neither skill nor opportunity to live by it. Within the five years, from 1824 to 1829, I had issued a prospectus for one paper, been announced as editor of another, acted as silent editor of a third, and corresponded, to quite a considerable extent, with various publications; but with scarcely any substantial recompense. My wife's needle, during the last year, was worth more than my pen. In short, like a tacking vessel, my sails were all in a flutter—waiting for the desired inspiration. For about three years, my most intimate friend had been GAMLIEL BAILEY. We were soul-brothers. One day, standing at the south-west corner of Sixth and Race Streets, this friend and I were engaged in confidential conversation, during which I was prompted to the remark, perhaps for the first time in my life, that I had often thought I could do more good by preaching the gospel, than in any other way. Why not begin, then? But I had never been requested even to offer a prayer. Finally, we agreed to go to the next prayer meeting, at St. George's: did go: sat on one of the short benches near the altar: but received no call. My destiny was in another ecclesiastical connexion. The Associate Methodists—now Methodist Protestants—had recently organized. Doctor Dunn was their chief minister; my father, their chief layman. My training had identified me with them in principle, and the way now opened for practical union. One day, those two revered ones came to see me. I told my thought to them. They, too, were surprised. My father, however, remembered, though I had not learned it, that my mother expected me to become a preacher. He would be pleased—if the LORD should call me to the office. But the good Doctor had a question: "Thomas! do you have family-prayer?" "I answered in the affirmative, and he examined me no further. Afterward he informed me that when he heard my answer, he concluded in his heart—Well, if, with no one but his wife, he kneels down here morning and night to worship God, he must be in earnest: and so, he rested. Thus satisfied, in addition to what he otherwise knew of me, he at once proposed that I should preach at the

place already alluded to, and which he himself had been invited to visit, but without finding time for it. "You can take my gig," said he—"Priscilla [his daughter] will ride out with you; Samuel and Gamaliel can walk out; the neighbors, notified beforehand, will collect; and you can make a trial of your gift." Such, at least, was the substance. I consented, the appointment was made; and without other human license I prepared and preached a sermon. Just then, NICHOLAS SNETHEN, President of the Maryland Annual Conference, came to see the Philadelphia reformers; I was introduced to him, and soon, by his direction, went to the Eastern Shore. Sudden and strange transition! What was my preparation? None at all—in the ordinary professional sense. But, by nature, providence and grace; by home, school and church; by the Bible, and the general range of English literature, so far as it came within my reach, and proved attractive, I had been made observant, thoughtful, reverent and prayerful—had been awakened to a consciousness of at least seeming adaptation, with some impression of duty, some impulse of desire, and some effort in self-culture. When I sat in the congregation, under the ministry of such men as DUNN, and COOPER, RUSLING and PITMAN, LYBRAND and DOUGHTY, PEASE, and MERVIN, SUMMERFIELD and BASCOM, RUTER and SMITH, REESE and HANNAH, (the two delegates from England,) and MAFFIT, and COOKMAN, and others, all, except DR. HANNAH, now deceased; it was natural for me to look and listen intently, not only with sensibility, but also synthetically and analytically, assuring myself pretty well of the plan and process of discussion, and deriving from the service and exercise more advantage, perhaps, than I then supposed. This, I believe, was all, or nearly all.* Thus I became a preacher, and the first four subjects I was led to treat, present, I think, though undesigned, a beautiful collocation:

1. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."
2. "The lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment."
3. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come."
4. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

* It is due, however, to add that, although I never took regular lessons in elocution, and have always had an instinctive aversion to the art, as an art, I frequently met Professor WHITE, of this city, at the house of some friend, and heard enough of his style to appreciate it highly as natural and true. Moreover, he would be a dull scholar who could hear even one lesson from such a master without memorable profit. I have always taken pleasure in commending him to inquirers for instruction.

Purity, Truth, and Practical Godliness, with all their Promises, dependent on the Immutable Divinity and Redeeming Mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! There, too, was a fine circuit for a young man of twenty-one, with a colleague of sixteen—the admirable and memorable CHARLES JACOBS: * a circuit extending from St. Michael's to Rock Hall; sweeping through the counties of Talbot, Caroline, Queen Anne, and Kent; comprehending four "old side" circuits, as then called; and requiring a ride of two hundred miles or more to get round it. In a few years, we also had four circuits within the same limits. Occasionally I rode twenty miles on the Sabbath, and preached three times, besides leading classes. Our places were the best we could get: court-houses, school-houses, farm-houses; some vacant church or vestry-room, or ball-room; or, in the summer, the tinted and tented forest. How I would like to linger on my first and only circuit!—to notice the names—but, my dear _____, 'tis impossible. A full record would make a volume. You can scarcely imagine the rigorous compression of the following items:—

1830. Stationed in Baltimore, in charge of both churches, St. John's and Pitt Street. Member of the General Convention which met in the same city, in November, and adopted "The Constitution and Discipline of the Methodist Protestant Church." Elected editor of the Church Paper: declined: recommended DR. BAILEY, who was chosen, accepted the position, and thus began his editorial life.

1831. Missionary at large—on account of delicate health. Travelled North and West. Resting awhile in the Fall, at my father-in-law's, on the Youghiogheny, I commenced two of my chief poems, as they were intended to be—"MAN," and "SNOW." The former, as will be seen by the "PROPOSITION OF THE SUBJECT," on page 65, was designed to sweep the whole circle of human interests, current and prospective, as affected by all the influences of creation, providence and redemption. I went a little farther with it than here appears; but the only completeness it has attained, in thirty years, is ideal. So with "SNOW." The primary design of this was, to make a simple home-commencement; and then glide away on the snow-line, from zone to zone, and from one peak of perpetual frost to another, all round the world, observing

* See his Life—by REV. DR. A. A. LIPSCOMB.

the character, condition, and customs of all nations. No chill was to check my spirit-flight; but picturesque contrasts the most magnificent, various and illustrious, were to make my white and sparkling stand-points, between the blue heavens and the green earth, perfectly enchanting. Snow, snow, snow! how diligently and perseveringly I traced its associations, at home and abroad, in Biblical, geographical, and other scientific text-books; in illustrated voyages and travels: in extraordinary paintings and engravings; certainly learning more, and much that was well worth learning, than I should probably have cared to know without such an incentive. But, the snow-continents of the frigid zones; the snow-masques of the temperate zones, and the snow-islands of the torrid zone, remain also among the idealities.

1832. Again stationed on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Nominated for the chaplaincy, in the United States Senate.

1833. Stationed in Georgetown, District of Columbia. Delegate to the first United States Temperance Convention, held in Philadelphia—its first session in Independence Hall. Elected chaplain to Congress, by the House of Representatives.

1834. LORENZO DOW preached his last sermon in our pulpit, and died in the house of one of our brethren. Visited him in sickness and attended his funeral. Death of WILLIAM WIRT. Three Congressional Funerals—JUDGE BOULDIN of Virginia; General BLAIR, of South Carolina; and Mr. DENNIS, of Maryland. Few more impressive auditories ever assembled: President JACKSON and his Cabinet: Chief Justice MARSHALL, and the Supreme Court; Vice-President VAN BUREN, with CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and their co-peers of the Senate; Speaker STEVENSON, and the House of Representatives; Foreign Ministers; Clergy of the District; Officers of the Army and Navy; citizens and strangers; a great multitude, all silent and solemn in the shade of the Old Hall, with its lofty columns and ample dome, the Bible speaking from the desk, and the coffin in the aisle confirming its sacred appeals.—About the close of the session, I visited a distinguished statesman, under severe political disappointment, and was abundantly assured of the vanity of the world in comparison with faith in Jesus Christ.

1835. Failing, through misunderstanding as some said, of re-election; I applied myself, at the close of the preceding and opening of this year, to the composition of the poem two parts of which commence the present volume—"FAITH AND SIGHT." In this instance, my scheme came nearer consum-

mation than in any other similar scope. In about a month, I wrote more than three thousand five hundred lines, passing through the Five Parts intended, making an Index, and contemplating publication. Still, it was only in outline, and required revision, which circumstances prevented; and so it has remained a secret thing even to myself, its image indeed of-ten present, but its record seldom touched. The two merely introductory parts of it, as already stated, are here; but the three main parts—the World of Sight and the World of Faith, or the Sense-World and Spirit-World, with the conclusion, summing up results of Truth and Duty—await due encouragements. The plan, as usual, is comprehensive of all the variety of earth and heaven. Alas for inadequate realizations, and the restraints which occasion them!—In the Spring I was appointed Travelling Agent, to assist in the establishment of the Church Book Concern. Acted chiefly in the West. When the winter came on, was re-elected to the chaplaincy, and repaired to Washington.

1836. Stationed again in Baltimore—in charge of St. John's.

1837. Finished the compilation of the HYMN-BOOK of the METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, in fulfilment of commissions from the General Conference and Book Committee. This was a much more laborious work than would generally be supposed. It was the first Methodist Hymn Book to give the names of authors. Health still depressed: visited Charleston, S. C., in company with Rev. ISAAC WEBSTER—but, notwithstanding all kind attentions, was rather injured than improved.

1838. Home still in Baltimore. Greatly excited by the duel of GRAVES and CILLEY. Therefore, the poem in this volume. Since the book was put to press, I wrote to a distinguished gentleman of Kentucky to inquire concerning the truth or error of certain newspaper statements regarding the last days of the survivor, Mr. GRAVES: expecting to notice the case more fully here. But I have not room. Suffice it to say, that the gentleman alluded to replied in such a manner as to relieve the memory of Mr. Graves in the matter involved.—Elected by the Annual Conference to the General Conference. Effort, by instructions, to bind the delegates on the subject of slavery. As I could not consent to this, I proposed to resign. Instructions failed. At the General Conference, which was held in Pittsburgh, after a three days' debate on the vexed question, I was elected editor of the Church Paper again, and the interest committed to my

discretion. On my return to Baltimore, the Book Committee resolved that nothing should be admitted into the paper on the subject of slavery—thus undoing all that had been done. Considering this a virtual enslavement of myself, the press, and the church, of course I resigned. Soon after, I removed to Philadelphia; became Lecturer to the Philadelphia Institute, an association for the Improvement of Young Men, and ministered in their Hall also to a new Methodist Protestant Congregation.

1838-47. Nine years in Philadelphia—among the most busy, most hopeful, most joyous, and in part, the most severely trying of my life. I would gladly dwell upon them, but cannot. When I review the interval, the things which please me most, are such as these:—The Institute Meetings of Young Men: the prosperity and usefulness of the First Methodist Protestant Church: and the more enlarged designs in behalf of Bible Christianity, contemplating, and earnestly endeavoring to secure, the promotion of Christian Union, Christian Liberty, Christian Literature, and Christian Benevolence, in connexion with a common Christian Society, Chapel and Press—many points in which plans have been adopted and accomplished by other agents of Providence, better furnished with facilities; and others attempted, but not yet fulfilled; all of which, however, might have been executed, and, in all probability, will be, when professors of religion shall learn to live less for self and sect, and more for “Christ and the Church.”

1847-50. Residence in Cincinnati, for three years. Pastorate of the Sixth Street Methodist Protestant Church, for more than two years; then resignation in behalf of Christian Liberty, and the assumption of an independent position. Had been unanimously elected President of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, an institution endowed by the State; but feared to accept the office, and hoped to do more good in the city. Proposed a Bible Church, School, Asylum, and Press; and, moreover, made promising progress, until the awful recurrence of the Cholera seemed to prostrate all interests. During its first year (1849) it had chiefly affected the outskirts of the city, but in the next, it preyed upon the centre as well as suburbs, and, of course, multitudes fled from its ravages. Many reminiscences here invite attention, but in vain. One only can be alluded to, that there the plan occurred to me of publishing the Bible in separate volumes: a mode which, though accomplished by me only in so far as the New Testament is concerned, has been fully carried out

by the eminent Bible Publishers of London—the BAGSTERS, without any acknowledgment, however, of the source whence they derived it. The chief merits of the plan, after all, have not yet been practically illustrated. When, if ever, they shall be, I doubt not it will receive, in whole, far higher appreciation.

1850-56. Residence in Baltimore, for six years—more than five of them at St. John's, in connexion with Rev. Dr. AUGUSTUS WEBSTER; and about three and a half, as temporary pastor of the Independent Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, founded by the late Rev. Dr. JOHN MASON DUNCAN. Some of my most delightful memories belong to that interval, but, for the present, they must rest. One event, however, of solemn tenderness, cannot be omitted. I mean the death of my sister—ELIZABETH HEWLINGS EVANS.

ELIZABETH HEWLINGS, daughter of W. S. and E. S. STOCKTON, was born in Trenton, New Jersey, September 21: 1817, the youngest of the family. She was of a remarkably delicate constitution; and even when she grew to womanhood seemed still like a child to me, a little, slender, sprightly creature, with beautifully moulded head, dark hair, brilliant eyes, smiling lips, and cheerful voice; innocent, loving, gentle, gay; full of poetic music and fancy; timid in regard to her religious experience, but always desiring the purest, truest, and best. She was educated, with other choice spirits, at the school of the Rev. CHARLES ALDEN, in Philadelphia; and very early exercised her genius as a correspondent of several leading literary publications. She married Dr. M. F. T. EVANS, a native of South Carolina, and removed to Paineville, Amelia county, Virginia, where her husband secured a good practice, and where she continued, as the charm of the household and a blessing to the neighborhood, until the third day of January, 1856, when God called her, as we trust, to the holiness and happiness of the better world. She left two daughters. Her body was brought to Philadelphia, and rests in the Woodlands Cemetery.

In 1851, a handsome volume of Mrs. EVANS' Poems was issued; but, for want of due interest in its circulation, it never excited a hundredth part of the attention to which it was and is justly entitled. It has been pronounced one of the best collections ever presented by an American lady. It combines the spirit of poetry with the spirit of religion and the refinements of home in a manner unsurpassed if not un-

equalled. In Bishop Lee's useful work, entitled "A Life Hid with God," may be found some correspondence of Mrs. Evans with Miss Allibone, and one of her most beautiful poems—"The Land Far Away." It would give me great pleasure to dwell longer here; but I must content myself with the submission of one piece, the sentiment and cadence of which appear to me to be worthy of all commendation:—

THE DYING WIFE.

I.

Weep not, beloved, that I pass before thee
On the bright pathway to eternal rest;
That first my brow shall wear the crown of glory,
My song of praise be heard among the blest.

II.

But oh! rejoice to think what days of gladness
Have lent their beauty to our earthly path;
That no harsh thought or word to waken sadness,
May shade with gloom the picture Memory hath.

III.

Think of the happiness, so deep and tender,
That filled my heart while wandering by thy side;
Think how thy faintest smile had power to render
The darkest moment one of love and pride.

IV.

Think, for I know 'twill wake a pleasant feeling,—
How ever kind thy words were wont to be;
How mild the glance, thy faithful heart revealing,
How soft the cadence of thy voice to me.

V.

And now that this frail form in death grows colder,
A sweet, calm rapture fills the parting hour;
That thou art with me, though a sad beholder,
A witness of the dear Redeemer's power.

VI.

For oh, were not His arm my soul entwining,
How could I bear the pang of leaving thee?
Did not His presence gild life's day declining,
What midnight darkness round my path would be.

VII.

But now I die, and yet my soul rejoices,
Knowing that I shall surely love thee still;
Even from the melody of angel voices
That float around, and all my senses thrill.

VIII.

For oh! if they in all their towering splendour,
 Enfold their glorious plumes round mortal forms,
 How shall the spirit of a saint surrender
 The joy of whispering peace amid life's storms.

IX.

Al! yes, in danger ever hovering o'er thee,
 My circling wings will shield thee night and day.
 And when thy feet shall tread the path to glory,
 My hand shall guide thee on the shining way.

X.

There, never more shall scene like this distress us;
 The Stream and Tree of Life we there shall see;
 And side by side, shall hear Jehovah bless us,
 And sing His love through all eternity.

1856-61. Residence in Philadelphia, for five years more. Very eventful years have they been to me; but I cannot even make an index to them. One event, however, I cannot pass. Writing on the evening of the nineteenth of November, 1861, I recall the fact that, on the twentieth of the same month, last year, my venerable father ascended to the skies. The year since is, therefore, just coming to its close. Having been requested to furnish some sketch of his life and character—especially for a new history of the Church now in preparation, I must at least avail myself of this opportunity of a summary of his course.

WILLIAM SMITH STOCKTON, first child of SAMUEL and HANNAH STOCKTON, was born April 8: 1785, in Burlington, New Jersey. His parents were both Methodists—among the earliest in the country. His mother's maiden name was GARDNER—an old, colonial and distinguished name. His father's family also was one of the oldest—all of the name, I believe, throughout the Union, being descendents of four brothers who came from England, and settled in the Province a century or more before the Revolution. My grandfather's house was in the centre of the town, and in itself a centre of religion. Preaching was sometimes held there; prayer-meetings and class-meetings were innumerable. Of course, the religious spirit was always present with my fa-

ther. His literary education was limited by the circumstances of the times, and hindered the more, perhaps, by an impediment in his speech. But he, too, was remarkably fond of reading, and probably the more so because of his embarrassment in talking. He had an extraordinary reverence for authors. I have learned from him, that, one day, as he was coming to the house from the garden, where he had been sitting in the shade communing with some pleasant writer, he concluded that he would rather be the author of a good book than gain any thing else the world could give. Some of the Friends—whose Society has always been highly respectable and influential there—noticed his love of books, and kindly invited him to the use of their Library—a favor to which he often gratefully alluded, and which he so improved as to acquire the highest esteem for “*solid* Quakers,” and retain it as long as he lived. At the age of twenty-two, as previously stated, he married; then, removed to Mount Holly; then back again to Burlington; and thence, to Trenton. I have often thought that the strongest attraction to him in Trenton must have been the nature of the employment to which he was called—the place of clerk in the store of his uncle (by marriage)—DANIEL FENTON; the principal if not only publisher and bookseller then in that city. There the English Classics were grouped around him; and his taste, naturally pure, was refined by the influence of the best models. There, in after years, and probably as a newspaper correspondent, he began his own course as an author. There his first book was written, though issued in Philadelphia. It is an 18mo., of 270 pages, printed by GRIGGS and DICKINSON, and published by JOSIAH SHINN: dated 1820: and entitled:—

“Truth versus ‘A Wesleyan Methodist,’ and other Objectors; containing Remarks and Animadversions on a book entitled ‘Methodist Error,’ &c. By a Lay-Member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.”

The author of “Methodist Error” was the late JOHN F. WATSON, Esq., the well-known “Annalist” of Philadelphia. My father, then in the freshness of thirty-five, and full of zeal for Methodism, thus made his first effort in vindication of the church which he afterward labored so long, honestly and earnestly, to reform. In 1821, he published another volume, entitled;—

“Seven Nights: or, Several Conversations, containing Arguments from Reason, Scripture, Facts and Experience, between individuals of Different Denominations. For particulars see the book. Edited by JULIA ANN PRUDENT. Sobriety: Published by Plain Truth and Honesty. Jazer Meanwell, Printer.”

This also was an 8mo., of 191 pages. As to its character, it was a decided plea for Temperance, four years prior to the organization of the American Temperance Society, in Boston: and so secures its author a place among the very first advocates of the Cause in the United States. Moreover, it was useful in its day; and, perhaps, is still doing good. But the work which identifies his name and memory with the history and progressive improvement of American Methodism; and more especially with the origin, organization, and development of the Methodist Protestant Church; was a periodical entitled "The Wesleyan Repository." A specimen number was issued in February, 1821. The regular publication commenced in April. The first volume was a semi-monthly, of sixteen large octavo pages, two columns on a page. I was then in my thirteenth year, and well remember the proof-reading in the house, and the tub-dyeing and clothes line-drying of paper in the garden—the latter fact occasioned by the difficulty of procuring colored paper then for covers. The second and third volumes were printed in Philadelphia, monthly, with shorter page and solid column. All its correspondents, I believe, except one, were Methodists; more than twenty of them were Preachers, and fourteen at least were or had been in the Itinerancy. Sketches of several of those who have deceased may be found in the Rev. DR. SPRAGUE'S "Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit," viz.—EZEKIEL COOPER: NICHOLAS SNETHEN: JAS. SMITH (Balt.): HENRY B. BASCOM: and SAMUEL K. JENNINGS. These and others were certainly among the most respectable and influential ministers in the church. ASA SHINN, and other prominent reformers, came in later. The leading writers, however, were N. Snethen and the editor. My father's name is connected with more than fifty articles; but Mr. SNETHEN'S, with nearly a hundred and fifty! And these were not pay-writings; but, for the good of the cause. Full souls filled them. In the eighth number of the first volume, two editorial articles on "*Church Government*" appeared. In one of these, "*lay-delegation*" was first uttered. Mr. SNETHEN, in the "Introduction" to his "Essay on Lay Representation," thus refers to those articles:—

"The publication of those, broke silence, and to break silence, on the subject of church government, in those days, called for no common resolution. But the credit, not of a mere beginner, is due to MR. STOCKTON: his efforts in behalf of lay representation, were unwearied, and knew no bounds short of necessity."

My father himself, in a document prepared in 1849, at my

request, thus alludes to them:—"Those two articles were the first direct assault upon the M. E. C. Government. They gave great offence. I wrote to Mr. SNETHEN, that I had brought an old house about my head. I was a Novice." He was, indeed, a very simple actor; without the slightest evil design; aiming only at good ends; as true-hearted a Methodist and Christian, I presume, as the Church contained. If the results which have followed, and are still in progress, are not to be regarded as Providential, I confess myself unable to understand them.

And now, my dear ——, what shall I say of his course during the thirty-seven years that he continued a citizen of Philadelphia? In 1824, the "Repository" closed; its subscription list was transferred to a Committee in Baltimore, and a new organ of reform substituted, called the "Mutual Rights," &c. Meantime, in Philadelphia, an effort had been made to expel my father from the church!—and so crush the cause by crushing its representative. I would like to describe that trial, with its picturesque associations. Like Washington, he had to cross the Delaware through floating ice to procure the document on which he rested to repel the charge. With this, and a prepared address, he met his foes, judge, accuser and witness, fairly laid them at his feet, and received from the committee, without their leaving their seats, a verdict that the charge was groundless—on hearing which the people were ready to carry him off on their shoulders. It may be well to add here, that, notwithstanding the prejudices against the "Repository"—as the pioneer in the controversy, no writer or agent was ever expelled on its account. The "Mutual Rights" became the occasion of expulsions. But, the work of reform went on. "Union Societies" were organized in various parts of the United States. Secessions followed expulsions. Committees, congregations, and conventions multiplied; Quarterly, Annual, and General Conferences succeeded; all the arrangements, appliances and enterprises of a New Ecclesiastical Denomination required self-sacrificing attention—and no one was more prompt to render this than my father. As delegate, secretary, committee-man, composer of official papers, and correspondent of the press, he was "abundant in labors." Notwithstanding many cares and anxieties, and the pressure of civil duties for the prolonged term of seventeen years, it may be said of him, with all propriety, that, for about forty years, in whole, so far as laymen are concerned and the speciality of Church Government, he was *the* Methodist writer of America, if not of the world. I

think it likely that during that time he wrote more largely on that subject than all the laymen of Methodism combined, and more wisely than the great majority of its ministers. This was his "ruling passion;" or, rather, his providential mission. As one illustration, it may be now mentioned, that when, some years ago, the "Philadelphia Christian Advocate" was started by the new friends of lay-delegation in the M. E. Church, he became one of its chief contributors, confronting, over different signatures and in different styles, the choicest champions of the system as it is; without a dream, it is presumed, except in the editorial sanctum, that the sharp logician and sprightly humorist were the same person, or that the veteran originator of the cause was among them. And what was the result? He, and many of his co-laborers lived to see the Methodist Protestant Church extended from Maine to Texas, and from New Jersey to Oregon; and the principles of the cause pervading the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout its more magnificent and most beneficent range.

The preceding paragraph, however, gives only one aspect of his life, during that interval, and even that imperfectly. I might allude to the "People's Advocate,"—a political paper, and the sanguine hopes connected with it: to his agency in publishing the first complete American Edition of Wesley's Works, in ten volumes: to the Life and Writings of WILLIAM HAZLITT, a Philadelphia merchant:* to the "Lives of JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY," by Dr. WHITEHEAD: to the Sketch of the Methodist Protestant Church, in KAY's edition of "Buck's Theological Dictionary:" to certain pamphlet publications, &c.,—but the want of space prevents. His interest in Temperance continued, and was frequently manifested in some of the daily papers of the city, his communications occasionally appearing as editorials. His last composition, left unfinished, was on this subject. I have alluded to his civil duties for seventeen years. During that time he was Agent and Superintendent of what is now called the Blockley Alms House. He was appointed in the old Spruce Street House, and had much to do, of course, with the removal to, and settlement in, the great establishment over the Schuylkill. Through all his term, that town in itself had a truly Christian Head, but comparatively few, even of his best friends and supporters in the Board of Guardians, or throughout the city, were prepared to appreciate the whole worth or

* This is a matter of memory—not perfectly sure.

influence of their officer. Here, alone, pages might be written.

But, he outgrew Methodist Protestantism, and all other forms of sectarianism. He did not, indeed, outgrow his principles; for they were the eternal principles of Love, Truth, and Right, applicable to universal and perpetual Christian communion. But he saw and felt, more and more clearly and deeply, that neither the root nor the remedy of our evils can be found in modes of government, civil or ecclesiastical. The root is in the heart, and the remedy is in Christ. Every thing Christian increased its power over him; although he still clung, with great tenacity and pleasure, to what he considered the comparatively superior spirituality of original Methodism, as a denominational development. Therefore, he was most at home among the Methodists; although, strictly, for some years before his death, he was not a member either of the New or Old Church. He never withdrew from the Methodist Protestants, formally; but was isolated by local mismanagement and general division. When the Northern and Western Conferences separated from the South, on the slavery question, his sympathies were with the Free State movement, but there was no congregation in Philadelphia to represent it. He gave his name to our congregation—the Church of the New Testament: but seldom had an opportunity of meeting with us. By force of circumstances, he was a Christian at large, loving and communing with all, so far as practicable.

But, the time for his change drew near. In 1828, he had re-married: favored, apparently, by a special providence. His second wife, also, was a Methodist—EMILY H. DREAN, daughter of a Revolutionary officer, and a native of Leesburg, Virginia. They had nine children. The mother, four sons, and two daughters, are now living. Several of these inherit the literary spirit. One of the sons is a Union Volunteer, in the Army of the Potomac—a Sergeant of the California Regiment, and stationed not far from the town where his mother was born. In the Spring of 1860, after so long a residence in Philadelphia, my father, with his family, returned to his native place. There, in Burlington, we all hoped that a series of serene years would find him still happy and useful; in particular, gathering from old associations and reminiscences many materials for interesting records. He was then a little more than seventy-five years old; but had not attained, by nearly ten years, the age of his father. It now seems that he was led thither to die soon; close to the spot where he first saw

the light; convenient to the old Methodist grave-yard where the bodies of his parents, his first companion, and some of his children were laid; and, certainly, by a mode of death which we never imagined. The Summer passed, Autumn opened, and, on the third day of September, while standing on the wharf, surveying the old familiar river scenery, and conversing with a friend, a wagon was backed so near him as to occasion a sudden start and turn, when he fell and fractured his thigh. From that time until the twentieth of November he was a sufferer—but then, at seven o'clock, P. M., a still and starry night, his sufferings ceased forever! He died in great peace.

Gladly would I narrate his expressions during those months of pain. When I first entered his room: "Well," said he, "here I am: an object of mercy still!" After awhile he remarked: "I have not the joys that some experience, never had; I can only trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; the crucified Redeemer; our High Priest and Mediator, who ever liveth to make intercession for us." Another time, he spoke in like manner:—"All I can do is, to commit myself to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." When he had come within a month of his decease, he said to me, one day:—"I charge you, if you survive me, as it is probable you will, to be very careful as to what you say about me. You are naturally inclined to magnify things; or, not to let any thing escape; or, at least, not to let any thing *suffer* for want of delineation. Your affection for me might urge you to go too far. As to my part in our church organization—'tis all nothing. We were all ignorant:" &c. Sometimes there was delirium; but it affected his senses rather than his intellect. It was wonderful how a question would rouse him to sure thought. Even while his perceptions were uncertain, his reflections would find utterance thus:—"God must do the work." "God so loved the world." "Wonderful, that such a poor, polluted, ignorant sinner should be permitted to approach His throne of grace!" At another time, he said: "I never thought much of what I did. I have always thought, if it shall be found that I have not done more harm than good, I shall be thankful, very thankful." One day I recalled him to rational apprehension by inquiring:—"Father, what do you think of your own condition?" Pausing awhile, he replied:—"I am not now in a condition to answer." I varied the question:—"You don't suffer much *pain* now, do you?" "Oh,"—said he—"I thought you meant my *spiritual* condition." "I meant your *whole*

condition," I responded—"body and soul both." "Well," said he, raising his right hand and putting it in a position to be brought down emphatically upon the left—"I know *one* thing, that if I am not saved by the *spontaneous love* of God"—adding something indistinctly, but seemingly about regeneration by the Holy Spirit—"I shall not be saved at all." Some time after, with his usual profound reverence, he prayed for "justification by faith, and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." At one time, I heard him repeat, in a clear and musical tone, rising higher with each repetition:—"Glory, glory, glory be unto the Lord our God forever! for" and then he assigned some reason about the salvation of a poor sinner like himself. Once he quoted:—"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself:"—adding—"the very meanest sinner on earth reconciled, and exalted to the same dignities as the highest. No difference: not the slightest:" &c. Five days before he died, when I entered the room he failed to recognise me—for the first time. Looking me full in the face, with the *appearance* of recognition, he said:—"I did not know that you were sitting there, sir!" "Why," said I, "don't you *know* me?" "No, sir!" he answered. It required some effort to make him understand who I was. After awhile, he lifted up his voice and remarked, earnestly,—“I am an old man, and it can do nobody in the world any harm to say—*Principles and doings must be alike!*” That was an incidental illustration of his own fidelity to principle. Among his prayers was one for the mercy of the Lord in the "separation" of his body and soul. And so, when the time came, in the presence of his wife, and all his children, with other relatives, he calmly yielded his spirit to the love of Him who gave it, and left his body to be glorified in the resurrection. Rather than attempt to describe his character within such limits as these, I commend it to the imagination of those who know how to estimate the true nobility of our redeemed nature. Some other occasion may more fitly answer my filial desire.

On the day of the funeral, the remains were borne to the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and thence, after service, to their proper rest beside those of my mother. The officiating ministers were MESSRS. BROWN and MADDUX, the two Methodist pastors; ROBBINS, Presbyterian; and J. G. WILSON, Independent. The service began with the hymn—"Servant of God! well done;" and the very appropriate sermon, delivered by the last named minister, a personal friend for many years, was on the text:—"He that is our God is

the God of salvation; and to God the Lord belong the issues from death."—*Ps.* lxxviii. 20.

And now, my dear——, that I must close these "NOTES," I cannot but regret, again, that they are so different from what I intended, and so incomplete. They do not even furnish an INDEX to many things which I would gladly report in full. But—this comparatively small edition is only an experiment. Supposing, for the moment, that there may be something in the book, which, at least as an intimation, deserves encouragement; and, indulging my wish in the case, if it be proper to do so; I would say, that, if *the edition should be disposed of among those who know me best, and especially in this city, I would be most pleased*; and then—life—health—leisure—hope—ideals becoming actuals—SOMETHING FAR BETTER! But—the will of the Lord be done! Amen: now and forever: here and everywhere!

See: with the exceptions of "FAITH AND SIGHT:" "SNOW:" "MAN:" and "THE DUEL:"—I have omitted all explanations in reference to certain POEMS, each of which seemed to require a few words—associated, as they are, with persons, places, or occasions of no little interest. Thus, "MELANCHOLY," "VISIT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE," "MY SORROWS," &c. show the effects of bereavement and sickness on the spirit in early life; "MELTING THE ICE," was suggested by the delicate embarrassments of a temporary pastorate, with the pulpit frequently occupied by candidates for a permanent relation, making one feel as if he should stand aloof, except as duty imperatively called him to some of the homes of the people; the "Sound of the Midnight Train" calls up the beauty of "Meadow Vale," a fine country-seat in the vicinity of Baltimore; the "DEATH OF HENRY CLAY" reminds a witness of his appearance and oratory in the Senate; the "PLEASANT SPIRIT" is connected with Christian consolations during the prevalence of the Cholera in Cincinnati; "THANKSGIVING FOR THE BIBLE" has a similar connexion, in remote contemplation of Philadelphia; "UNCHECKED VERSE," being inscribed to Dr. BAILEY, late editor of the *National Era*, recalls the exceedingly interesting incidents of his opening manhood; the "DEATH OF REV. S. DOUGHTY" restores the image of an admirable pulpit exemplar; * "WILLIAM KES-

* See Sketch of him in Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE'S "Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit." One of his brothers, was the distinguished Landscape Painter; another, one of the chief Naval constructors, at Washington.

LEY" brings up the whole Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. C.; "COLUMBUS" is strangely identified both with President TAYLOR and JENNY LIND; "HORSEBACK ON THE HEIGHT" belongs to the scenery in the neighborhood of Cockeysville, Maryland, recently made familiar by the War; "TO A SKELETON," refers to the Lecture-room of Dr. Joseph Parrish, the eminent Quaker physician, who taught a class in the session-room of the Old Presbyterian Church which was once so prominent on the North-West corner of Third and Arch Streets; the "MOTHER'S PRAYER," simple as it is, is retained because of its having been recited, as it may be again, perhaps usefully, by a clever boy, at a Sabbath School Celebration; and so, in many other cases. To *me*, my dear —, they are all links in the chain of memory; and, taking up almost any one of them, it might be made the pivot of a wide-sweeping story.

Moreover, my immediate family remains unnoticed—a fact which will only occasion a contented smile at our fireside. But, certainly, for the good of youthful readers,—and they might be directed to such a section, if otherwise uninterested,—I did intend, among my very dearest designs, to make a grateful record of the mercy of God in connexion with the departure of three of our children to the "Better Land." In all, Providence gave us eleven children—seven girls and four boys: one girl and one boy died in infancy; a grown daughter, with her babe on her bosom, passed away within a year after her marriage; another, in her fourteenth year; and a son in his seventeenth. Four daughters and two sons are yet with us. All the way from Oregon, came a sympathetic letter, inquiring for the subsequent history of the one alluded to in "MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTH-DAY." Ah! that was our first child, named after my mother, our affectionate, graceful, poetic, and beloved ELIZABETH. She it was who went with her babe to heaven. O, even in eternity, can I ever forget that trial? Yet, doubtless, if remembered *there*, it will be only with gratitude and thanksgiving. And the next—JESSIE! sweet, sweet Jessie! and then WILLIE, kind, and bright, and noble boy! Perhaps 'tis well I did not before re-open these fountains of tears. Blessed be God for the hope of eternal life!

Indeed, when I review what I have thus hastily written, as the book closes its forms; seeing that my "Notes" are more "autobiographic" than any thing else, and yet remembering what an autobiography ought to have been, if that had been intended, I feel as though the mass of materials

were scarcely touched. If there be any sufficient apology for saying anything about myself, it is found in peculiarities of providential training, position, and employments, as connected with the great principles and interests of Bible Christianity, Christian Union, and the incomparable completeness, and glory of the Church, as designed by our Saviour, and more fully described and illustrated by his Apostles. State Relations; Church Relations; Pastoral Reminiscences; Pulpit, Platform, and Lecture-Room Ministries; Bible Publications; Editorial Issues; Original Productions; Bibliographical Collections; Proposed Reforms; Occasional Controversies: Material Enterprises; Embarrassments; Reliefs; Rewards; Successes; Prospects; &c.—such are some of the topics which it might have been desirable and proper to introduce. But, let them pass—with the following exceptions:

BIBLE PUBLICATIONS.

1. THE NEW TESTAMENT: in Paragraph Form; with all the Marginal Readings; and full Indexes. The pure, unbroken text, without even head-lines to the chapters. 18mo., long-primer type, leaded.

This is the "Authorized Version," as revised by the American Bible Society. The omission of the "head-lines," however, obviates some, if not all, the objections which afterward occasioned the rejection of that version, while it makes the text more exclusively sacred. This edition, particularly in its four-volume form, has been pronounced, by a competent critic, the handsomest ever issued, in England or America. It is put up in any number of volumes desired—from one to twenty-seven, in the latter case each book by itself; sometimes in simple Tract form, without covers. Perhaps there is no Testament in our language more pure than this; if, indeed, there be any so pure.

2. HORNE AND TREGELLES' INTRODUCTIONS TO THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—supposed to be the very best—either bound in a volume by themselves, or attached to the Books to which they belong.

3. THE STUDENT'S MEMORANDUM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. This is a blank volume, beautifully prepared for "Notes" by the private reader—expositions, illustrative references, reminiscences of sermons, &c. The Testaments, Introductions, and Memorandum are put in a uniform series, when so wished.

4. BIBLE TRACTS, or, LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE: a series of Inspired Tracts, as the "Sermon on the Mount."

Little does the world imagine what an Epic contemplation opens in these simple connexions!

EDITORIAL ISSUES.

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| 1. | THE METHODIST PROTESTANT LETTER-PRESS. | Philadelphia, |
| 1839. | Small quarto, monthly. | |
| 2. | THE CHRISTIAN WORLD. | Vol. I. Phila., 1840. Large quarto, Monthly. |
| 3. | " | Vol. II. " 1842. " " " |
| 4. | " | Vol. III. " 1843. Octavo, " " |
| 5. | " | Vol. IV. " 1844. " " " |
| 6. | " | Vol. V. " 1845. " " Quarterly. |
| 7. | THE MONTHLY REPORTER. | " 1846. " Monthly. |

8. THE BIBLE ALLIANCE: or, the PEN, PULPIT, and PRESS. Cincinnati, 1850. Octavo. Weekly.
9. THE BIBLE TIMES. Baltimore, 1856. Small quarto. Monthly.
10. " " " Philada., 1856. " " "
11. STOCKTON'S BOOK AND JOURNAL. Philadelphia, 1857. Duodecimo. Monthly.
12. THE BIBLE TIMES. New Series. Philadelphia, 1858. Small quarto. Weekly.

Besides the above, specimen numbers were issued of the "DAILY CHRISTIAN WORLD," and, the "WEEKLY CHRISTIAN WORLD," the design being, in whole, to supply a series adapted to all varieties of mind and interest: the Daily, Weekly, Monthly, and Quarterly Christian Worlds; and these were not to succumb to the pressure of either political, ecclesiastical, or secular partisanship or advantage, but to maintain CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE at all hazards. Of course, the poor projector had a hard struggle, and, so far as continuance of his press was concerned, ultimately succumbed, himself—saving, however, his principles, and having the satisfaction of knowing that some of his improvements, by the adoption of other publishers, became common possessions and blessings to the country at large. It is a little curious that the Methodists of Canada have chosen the old name of my father's work—"The Wesleyan Repository," for their organ; and the "American and Foreign Christian Union" has selected mine for theirs—"The Christian World."

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

Besides the contributions of early and later life, in prose and verse, to numerous periodicals, the following publications may be mentioned:—

1. THE PASTOR'S TRIBUTE; or, FLOWERS FROM THE PARSONAGE. Verse; pp. 24. Philadelphia. 1843. To help a Fair.
2. FLOATING FLOWERS FROM A HIDDEN BROOK. A large poetical collection. Pp. 168. Philada., 1844.
3. SOMETHING NEW. Verse; pp. 24. Philadelphia, 1845. For a Fair, also.
4. PAMPHLET ADDRESSES; on the BIBLE, TEMPERANCE, MINISTERIAL UNION, &c.
5. OCCASIONAL SERMONS; on the Death of PRESIDENT TAYLOR; of REV. DR. S. K. JENNINGS; and of the venerable JOHN CHAPPELL; as well as several Congressional Discourses; each issued separately.
6. SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. A volume of 420 pages. Pittsburgh, 1854.
7. THE BIBLE ALLIANCE. (Fourteen Pamphlet Discourses, bound.) Pp. 284. Cincinnati, 1850.
8. THE PEERLESS MAGNIFICENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD. (In print, except the last sermon, but not yet published in book-form.)
9. THE BLESSING; A Good Book for Children. Philadelphia, 1857. Small quarto.

10. "STAND UP FOR JESUS." An Illustrated Christian Ballad, with Music, &c. Philada., 1858.

11. POEMS; with Autobiographic and other Notes, &c. Illustrated. Philadelphia. 1861.

Of these productions, the "Sermons for the People" is the only book regularly published. Five editions of this were issued, and it is yet in as good request as, under the circumstances, could be expected. But, the best of my compositions, by far, remain in manuscript, and by far the larger quantity also. I would gladly issue them, but have no publisher, and no disposition to hunt one—while, as to private printing, my experience abundantly assures me of its great disadvantages. In order to succeed, and do good, a book must have some distributing agency to put it with the trade, and "keep it before the people." Even in the present instance, the responsibility is wholly my own; though I have availed myself in the title-page, of the courtesy of a highly-respectable Publishing House, in hope of some little serviceable distribution.

Now, therefore, my dear —, I must and will close. I thank you for your attention. If not as fully informed as you expected to be, you must remember that your pre-engagement was, to be *satisfied* with the result, whatever it might be. If, notwithstanding this, you are *not* satisfied—*neither am I!*—But—"hope on, hope ever!"

Adieu,

T. H. S.

