

An embossed floral design in the top left corner, featuring a central flower with radiating petals, surrounded by long, slender leaves and smaller buds. The design is rendered in a light, textured relief against the dark background.

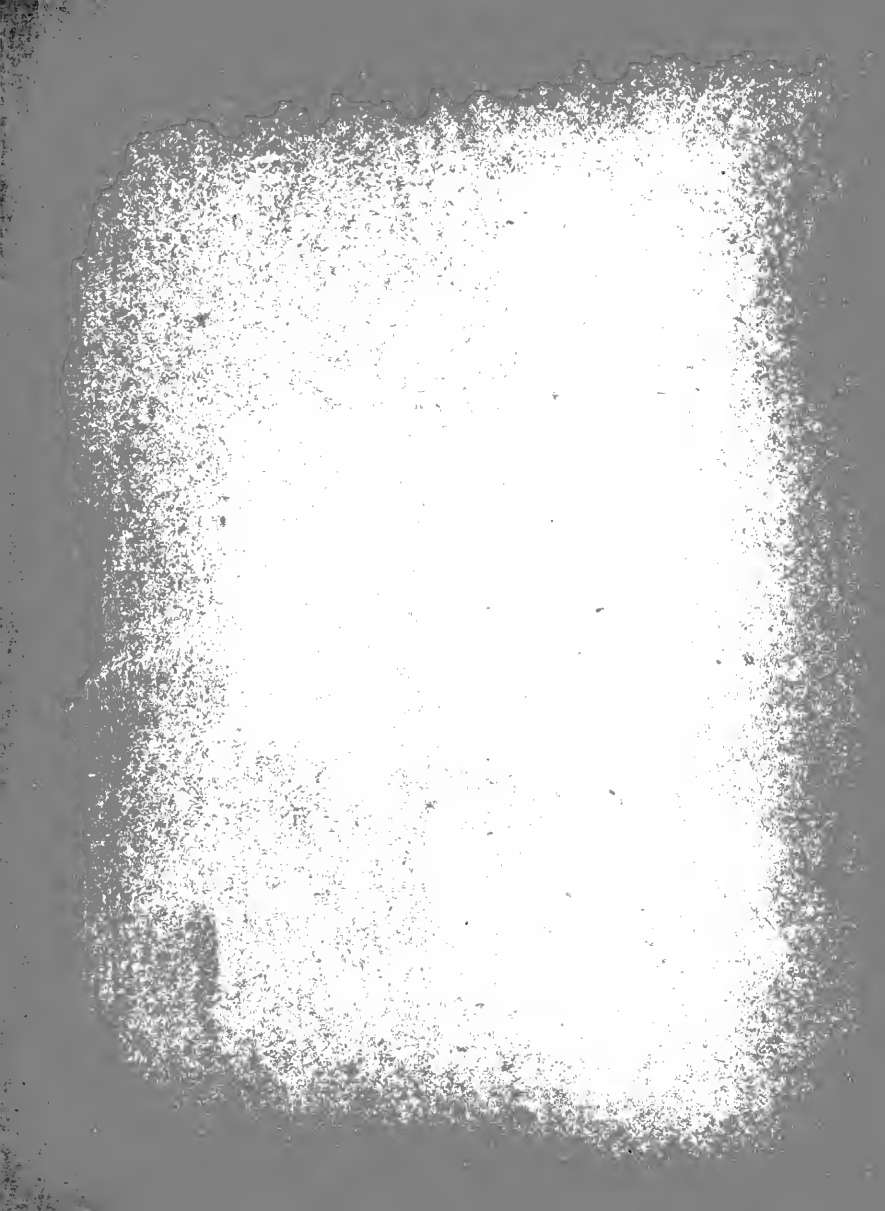
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ALONG THE SHORE

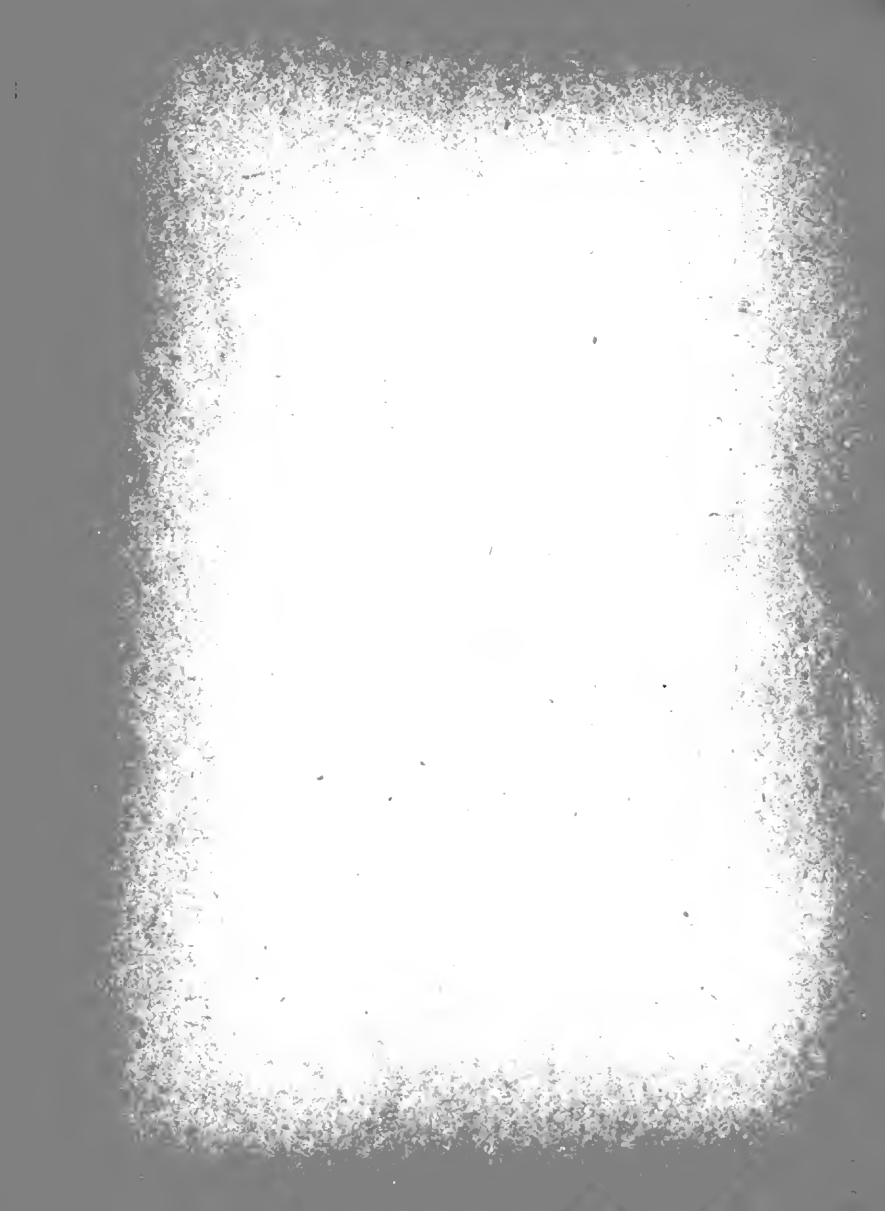
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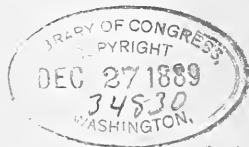




ECHOES ALONG THE SHORE.

BY

Amanda Cary Sanderson.



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1889.

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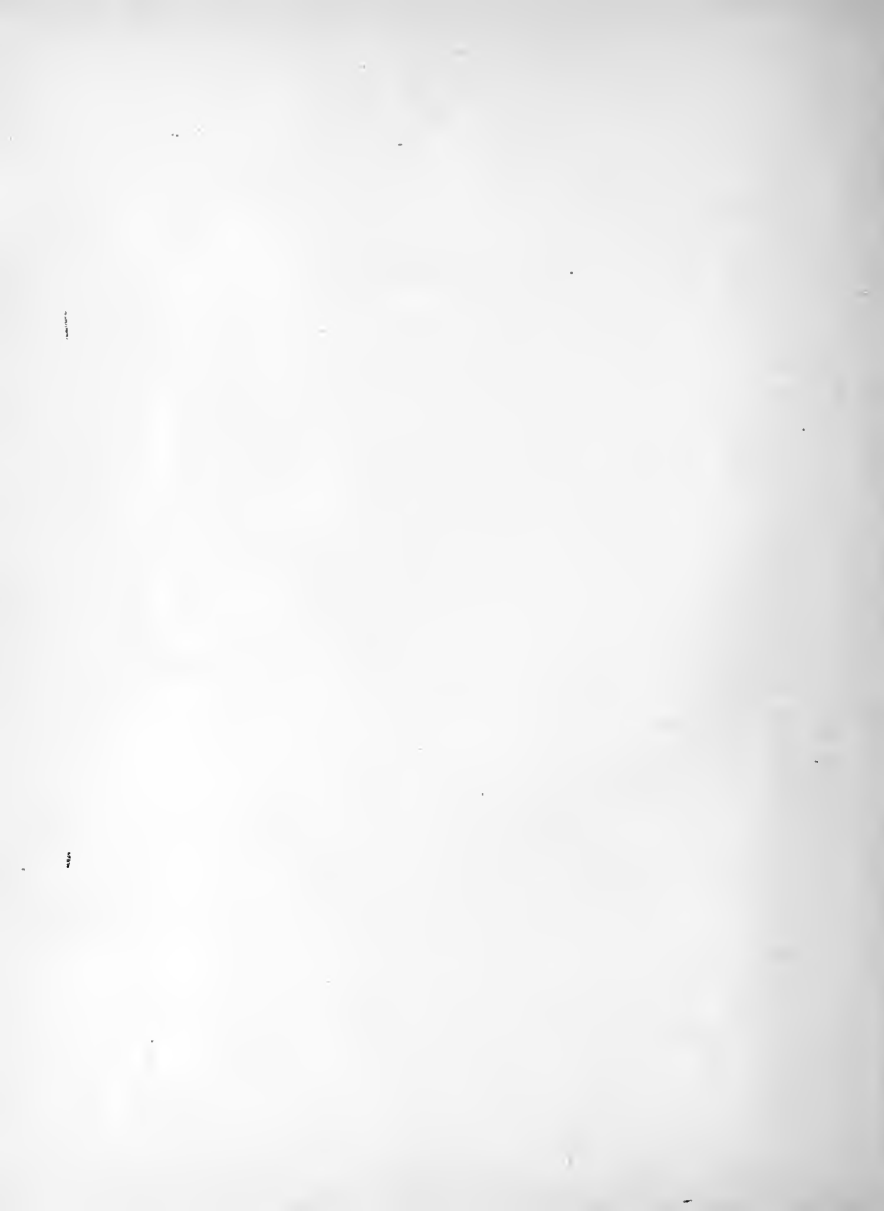
MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

MARY AND CORNELIA THACHER,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.



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FIRST DAY.

Earth without form is void, chaos spreads o'er
Its dim oblivious wing. No breath, no sound,
No form of life, voices that distant shore,
But with mysterious chain forever bound,
Dread silence sits upon Earth's circle crowned
With shadows strange. The Firmament is quite
Now indistinct; mid the rude mass is found
No symmetry of shape; but latent light
Commingle ever with the universal night.

Upon the deep sits Darkness looking back
To the far distance, with her dim lips sealed
With silence evermore, and on the track
Of ages are her foot-prints e'er concealed,
In the great waters, and she wears a shield
Studded with mysteries upon her breast
That her strange form may never be revealed
To other eyes than God's; own waves are pressed
By her soft palm down ever to perpetual rest.

Dark clouds of mist, for aye, environ round,
Like a dense covering the pulseless heart
Of dormant Nature, and at times a sound
From dim embryo forms doth feebly start,
As centuries cleave the complex mass apart ;
While down the steep declivities of space
Rude fragments crumble, and the lightning darts
Forth from the sultry cloud, leaving a trace
Amid the gloom, when wakes the echoes from their
place.

Epochs have rolled their round, yet is not heard
'Mid the rude mass, no breath, no motion, save
When Earth's imperfect form is lightly stirred
By strange convulsions, until o'er the wave
God's spirit moved, and the Infinite gave
Shape to the torpid clod ; now from their place
Tremulous fluids stir, and gently lave
The mass of cooling rock, while the rude face
Of Nature faintly glows at Beauty's soft embrace.

And Chaos moves her grand dim lips apart,
As the rough fetters on her limbs are stirred,
And from the distance stifled murmurs start.

God said, "Let there be light"; then Darkness
heard,
And fled apace. At that all potent word,
Light, God's first born, awoke; her features mild
Beamed in His Presence; and all Heaven
conferred,
In praise, and Nature in her slumber smiled,
When by the name of Day, God christened that fair
child.

SECOND DAY.

Eternity its countless grains of sand
Has washed upon the shore. On every page
Of Time's a record left in language grand ;
Around Earth's nucleus, age after age,
In silence passed, yet in its forming stage,
The great frame work appears, no phase of life,
E'er passed that strange abyss. The elements
wage,
With Nature's feebler form perpetual strife ;
With tempests and with gloom the firmament is rife.

And indistinct its outlines still appear,
While mystery forever folds around,
Like a thick veil, the yet imperfect sphere,
Which ever grows more dense. The Earth is
found,
Still a vast watery waste, and murmuring sound
At times starts from the upheaving mass,
While a vast universe is slowly ground

Out into shape, as dim-eyed Epochs pass,
On substance more distinct the line betwixt each class.

The solids, from the fluids by degrees
 Slowly divides, as ever to and fro,
The azure waves, by motion of the breeze,
 Are gently drawn. The seas with silvery flow,
 Are gathered to their place, e'er murmuring low
Unto the listening Earth, with merry chime;
 More, and more dense the restless vapors grow,
Beneath the oft-repeated strokes of time,
Which waken on the eternal shore, echoes grandly
 sublime.

The hand of Deity marked out the way
 O'er the vast waters, and the floods divide,
While His commandment haste they to obey ;
 Deep answered deep ; then wave to wave replied,
 As corresponding vapors upward glide.
Through the high arch, distinctly doth appear
 The firmament of azure, spreading wide
O'er the abyss ; as the Alwise comes near,
Then all the nether floods bow down themselves to
 hear.

Thus in progressive march the work goes on,
E'er moving upward, from the dim unknown.
Spheroid worlds, behold, are slowly drawn
Forth into light, and age on age have flown
Since the first cause ; at intervals a moan
From dim embryos start, as ages mould
Them slowly into shape. While on the Throne
The Highest sits, noting the scene unfold
Mites blooming into worlds, with energy untold.

THIRD DAY.

Ages have circled round, o'er the rude face
Of Nature pleasant changes ever pass.
The mighty floods are gathered to their place
Upon the mundane sphere, and from the mass
Of matter beauty springs, that will surpass
All the preceding forms. The Earth appears
In vestal bloom arrayed; and spears of grass
Forth from the dark loam start. Through lapse of
years
The great organic work toward perfection nears.

Beauteous phases variegate the scene,
Wide spreading lawns, and lakes, and happy hills,
And sunny vales, where forests of rich green
Cast their embrosial shade; and laughing rills
Meandering o'er the rocks; yet no bird trills
A lay beneath the boughs, beneath those trees
No living creature sports; but silence fills

The unpeopled solitude, save where the Breeze
Goes telling its strange thoughts unto the answering
seas.

From the rude steeps, where man has never trod,
Young Time smiles sweetly on the depths below,
As the fair Work sings songs of praise to God ;
And holy angels, who on errands go
While hasting on their journeys, two and fro,
Charmed by the balmy fragrance sometimes there
Pause in their joy their faces all aglow,
And while their wings are resting in mid air,
Echoes their words repeat, " His works how very
fair !"

FOURTH DAY

Beside the track of ages sounds are heard,
As forming germs to perfect grace unfold,
And the prolific mould is lightly stirred
By Power Omnipotent with might untold
Fair mists of worlds are beautifully rolled
Out of dim mites, and latent matter springs
Up into light, while the Alwise doth mould
It into graceful shape, the Most High brings
Out of silence forms of ever wondrous thing.

By nature prescribed law substances take
Their heterogeneous form; complex divides
The darkness centers round the forms opaque,
While vivid rays of light, through ethers slide,
To meet their kindred ray each clear beam glides.
Thence swiftly upward to its glittering sphere,
A radiance dispensing far and wide,
Through the expanse of space, systems appear
To fill the solitude with psalms of loftiest cheer.

Through the vast realms of space, still on, and on,
Toward immensity let reason soar ;
And still her course pursue, till she has gone
Beyond the prescribed limit to explore
The myriad works ; beyond are myriads more,
Throughout duration, as a vivid ray
Swift speeding on, she has but reached the shore
Of God's Infinitude, away, away,
The blazing scroll extends, through realms of
endless day.

Sun beyond sun, like flaming sapphires burn,
And systems with their train of planets grand,
A wheel within a wheel, revolving turn.
The complex work, how gloriously planned :
The mechanism wrought by God's own hand ;
System round system moves, with humming sound,
The dials of eternity, that stand
On the walls of immensity profound,
Measuring the eternal years, as they move round
and round.

FIFTH DAY.

Earth in progression still tends upward fast
To nobler form. Altho' no living things
Have e'er as yet the shore of silence passed,
Yet on the hills, and dales, rich verdure springs,
And foliage like the rustling of wings,
Sway to and fro to kisses from the breeze,
And some new charm each passing cycle brings,
To deck the joyous Earth, as plants, and trees,
To make the scene more grand, are added by degrees.

With flower of every hue now doth abound
A new, bright world, and from its trance-like sleep
Nature awakes, as yet no voice, no sound,
No signs of life, save in the mighty deep,
'Mong forests of dense sea weeds, strange forms
creep;
Or fathoms down, 'mong rugged rocks that strew
The vast inundate plain, huge monsters leap
Among the cloud of waves, with sport pursue
Quaint antics as they peer through curtained mists
of blue.

The submarine expanse is truly rife
With yet imperfect forms, strange beings there,
Dim polyyps slowly waking into life
With undeveloped shape, and as it were,
Nurtured up thence with a kind fostering care,
To a more perfect growth. There may be found
The huge finned tribe, and forms minute and fair,
Beneath those groves of coral gliding round ;
Those caverns deep, and vast, with strange glad life
abound.

And a new sense of life the huge mass warms,
Energy pulses through the mighty heart
Of centuries untold, as various forms,
From the dim land of silence slowly start
Forth into being new, and bright birds dart
Up from the deep; motion of wings, and eyes,
Charm the melodious waves of air apart,
As living creatures from the dim realms rise,
And take their glad new life, with sweet, yet strange
surprise.

Nature's loveliest forms complete the scene ;
Birds of bright wing, and flowers of every hue,

And sunny founts glow in the vales of green,
And angels clad in garments bright and new,
And moistened yet with the sweet morning dew,
Down from the shining heights come softly near
To Eden's land, the fine, fine scene to view.
In shady bowers, with voices strong and clear,
Oft times they waken rapture of the loftiest cheer.

Earth, fair as the heaven land glowing
With perfection most bright,
And streams of pure crystal are flowing,
From those hills of delight ;
On the strand those clear waters are laving
The sapphire rocks gleam,
And the vine tree in verdure is waving
On the bank of the stream.

And birds of rare plumage are singing
Beneath the green bowers ;
The breeze from the high lands is bringing
The incense of flowers ;
Living green Eden's forests are wearing,
On their harps the winds play,

While clouds of choice fragrance are bearing
Thought gently away.

Away from Earth's hills and her fountains,
Where the glory beams fall ;
Away from the gold of her mountains
To the Author of All.

SIXTH DAY.

Earth teems with life, beasts, birds, and insects each
Take their own form of being, when the word
To them is given ; upon the sandy beach
The languid reptile crawls, or some glad bird
May in the forest sing ; the air is stirred
With melody, and joyous creatures glide
'Neath the dense foliage, and there is heard
Harmonious sound upon the mountain side,
Where 'mong the tall, green ferns the white fawns
playfully hide.

Upon the verdant hills the slow kines go,
And on the green sward feed ; no beast of prey
Lurks in those jungles, creeping to and fro,
Bent to destroy ; but the young lambkins play
With the mild tiger's cub ; no danger may
Disturb the peaceful brute. No hateful bird
There thirsts for blood, and no sound of dismay,

Or jarring word those valleys ever heard ;
The brute's ferocious passion sin's power had never
stirred.

Earth seems like a fair garden of the Lord,
Where harmony prevails, and Nature's face
Bears no distorted look, for there discord
Was never known. Creatures of nobler place
Think not to spurn a worm as thing more base ;
Each form of being, from its Maker's hand
Seems to reflect its own peculiar grace,
Without an envious thought ; content to stand
Within the humble niche where it was wisely
planned.

Still high among the rugged peaks of time
The music of sweet speech was never heard,
Like a melodious harp to gently chime
Out 'mong those grand, dim rocks, for no glad word
From finite's lips those caverns ever stirred ;
But the wind goes there, with its calm repeat ;
Among those bowers all nature has conferred
To worship God ; the waves of ether meet
To offer free-will tribute at Jehovah's feet.

THE MORNING STARS SING TOGETHER.

Throughout immensity worlds, new and bright,
Dropped radiant from their wise Workman's hand,
Break forth in song; gladly from height to height,
Swiftly from sun to sun, rolls around the grand
Exulting strain. To every tremulous sand
Goes the transcendent trill. The song sublime
The moon takes up, and all the glittering band
Of planets join, to swell the lofty rhyme,
Waking the echoes on the distant shores of time.

And the grand theme of praise is wafted down
From depth to depth, until the answering hills
Of Earth, with the glad strain aloud resound;
Mountain, and glade, and plain, and tuneful rills,
Earth, air, and sea melodiously trills
Forth a response, and every leaf that sways
Sings songs to God; the voice of rapture fills
The heart of solitude with lofty praise;
All things with willing mind, that Sovereign's will
obeys.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

Ps., CXLV: 10. "All thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."

In the dim shadows of those heights profound,
'Mong the o'erhanging cliffs of time, and where
No eye hath seen, Nature hath gathered round
Its worshippers. Among those rude heights there
All free-will offerings pour; the groups of fair
Flowers with dewy eye, on the green hills
Bow down their heads in charms of fragrant
prayer
At the eternal shrine, and rapturous rills,
From out their pebbly hearts the sweet hosanna
trills.

And from the hoary deep sounds out a voice,
As of ten thousand cohorts rushing by
On wings of living light, saying, "Rejoice,
Rejoice, O Earth! and azure tinted sky,
Lift up a voice to Him who rules on high!"

The storms bowed earthward, with moist lips apart,
To the green hills go murmuring^m a reply,
"Praise God, praise God, with melody of heart."
With rapture from the rocks the tuneful echoes start.

Nature's devoted soul is wrapped in calms
Of holy prayer; upon the misty strand
The Poet Willow, with its bowing palms,
Goes writing sweet lines on the desert sand,
Praise God! Praise God! forever is the grand
Theme of the Muse; while the meek river bowed
Upon the pebbles, with uplifted hand,
Like a grave elder reads those lines aloud,
While incense rises heavenward like a fragrant cloud.

The floral worshipers on the green hills
Their leafy censers sway; and ranks of trees
Bow their amens to praises of the rills
That rise among the rocks; the rich toned breeze
Breathes a response into the fluent seas,
Whose minstrels are the waves; the pearl washed
strand
Is for the organ, with its rocks for keys,

O'er which the ocean moves its misty hand,
While waves for choristers join to aid the anthems
grand.

And Nature's orators are cataracts
Going o'er precipices with grand sound,
And deep toned thunders walking in the track
Of clouds and storm, while on the hills are found
The humble flowers and shrubs kneeling around
Among the auditors. O'er glaciers there
Gropes the dim mountain mists, and in profound
Silence they listen, as the host of fair
Worshippers pour out their souls fervently in prayer.

And Nature's skillful artist is the light,
Painting rare beauties on the watery sheen ;
The skies her easel, and the tints most bright
Are finely mingled, blue, and gold, and green,
And perfectly she paints each glowing scene.
The ocean's shining canvas, broad and fair,
She touches gently, till the heaven serene,
In all her loveliness is mirrored there
She sits above and smiles at her own beauty rare.

Through the deep hush that spreads o'er earth
abroad

Is heard a voice! It is the lonely night
Upon the mountains praying unto God.

The Moon, fair priestess robed in saintly white,
On the dim altar pours the sacred light,
Her inspiration borrowed from the sun;
While in accord, the distant worlds unite
To swell the song the morning stars begun
When the Almighty hewed and laid the corner stone.

Thus joyous Nature, with its various forms,
Its free will offerings daily bestow.

The seasons with their retinue of storms,
While in the East Aurora all aglow
Over the golden clouds, is bowing low,
Breathing a prayer; and vapors with their moist
Brows pressed against the rocks, or shades that go
'Neath jutting cliffs, in holy frame rejoiced
E'er praises unto God, by finite's lips were voiced.

THE FIRST WORK.

Whether in spirit, or inanimate
Masses of matter the first work was laid
Can man or angels tell? save that God bade
And quick as thought from sightless chaos came
Revolving spheres; and from realm of shade
Sprang into light the universal frame,
And Sirius then through space sent forth its
quenchless flame.

The waters of eternity were stirred,
Then with a spell of infinite delight,
As o'er the untold limits there was heard
A Voice command, and quickly then as sight
The strong winged Raphael, fair as the light,
Into existence sprang, while song of flame
In cadence rose; the burning seven unite
In rapturous anthems to their Maker's name
Who spake, and their fair ranks then into being
came.

And at strange intervals are voices new
Joining the chorus. O'er the glowing heights
Visions of untold beauty ope' to view
Fair angel bands, with wings of softest white,
And cherub forms come trooping into sight
From life's unlimited, unbounded shore;
Expansive mind unfolds, as with delight
Search they the volumes of heaven's blissful lore
Enraptured, as they turn the glowing pages o'er.

And such a song as ne'er was heard before,
Peals loud and clear along the sapphire shore
They look abroad with wonder and surprise,
While louder still the blissful cadence rise.

THE SONG

Up from the pearly gate of day let ceaseless anthems peal
To Him who formed the eye to see and gave us hearts to
feel.

We worship and adore the One, Author of love and light
We praise Him that our souls exist, and for the work so
bright.

All things were fashioned by His power, the plan was
wisely laid

In the unfathomable depths of dark mysterious shade ;
He spake and Alcyon through space sent forth its
quenchless blaze.

Suns with attendant trains of worlds responded to his
praise.

Along the Pleiades' brilliant track his goings forth are
seen ;

And on the Earth where beauty wakes among the shores
of green,

As morning stars together sang Creation's birthday song,
What tides of burning rapture moved to praise the angel
throng.

From chaos dim the sun arose, most glorious and bright,
While on the hills the myriad forms responded to the
light

On, on as far as thought can soar, the workmanship we
trace,

Of Him the Omnipresent One, whose breath pervades
all space.

In the deep ocean's tuneful surge, or petals of a flower,
Is dimly manifested here, "the hidings of His power."
Most wondrous in working God, there is naught too
hard for Him ;

In light of His perfection, lo ! the stars of heaven seem
dim.

From age to age new works unfold unto enraptured sight,
While mind drinks draughts of knowledge in, as ether
drinks the light.

We love the Author more and more, the more our
thoughts expand.

He called forth being into life, with attributes most
grand.

Beneath the throbbing Heart of Love their souls exult
and glow;

They trace their pleasures to the Fount, where depths of
knowledge flow.

Here life's a hidden mystery, no angel eye can find
Which form was fashioned in the depths, of uncreated
mind.

THE NOBLEST WORK.

The tiny rush, that on its frail stem sways,
Or lofty spreading oak, or lovely spray,
Are moved unconscious to their Maker's praise ;
Altho' as yet no intellectual ray
Gleams 'mong the works of time ; into its-clay
No soul of life is breathed ; still incomplete
The great design appears. Tho' angels may
In their high places oft in council meet,
And search Earth's annals o'er, and oft their plans
repeat.

No angel mind the mystery can span,
But to perform God's mandate went abroad ;
Thus ran the bright decree, " Let us make man,
Our noblest work, in likeness of a God,
A paramount for Earth." The dormant clod
That instant trembled slightly in its place,
While a delicious breath passed o'er the sod ;

Each fine curved line glowed with peculiar grace,
As Beauty's fair hand moved, leaving its wondrous
trace.

Thus at a word a new existence woke
To consciousness, whilst gloriously a ray,
O'er the green hills of life divinely broke ;
Then sudden light gleamed out amid the clay,
Like the first dawning of the new-born day,
As reason's beam is lit. Spirit and thought
Are with material blent ; in the highway
Of immortality, how strangely brought :
An angel, yet a worm ! How wonderfully wrought !

Work how complex ! gradation strange we find
Complete in this ; in workmanship how fine !
Matter and mind, mysteriously combined ;
God's image stamped in dust ; the given line
'Twixt two extremes, the Finite and Divine.
The noblest work of God, how truly grand !
A prodigy of wonders, whence doth shine
Perfection's seal, placed by the Alwise hand,
An ever quenchless ray to life divinely fanned.

Angels, thy younger brother, man, behold !

What work can with that choice design compare ?

What sculptor's eye on the unchiseled mould

Could draw so fine a line? In form as fair

And ruddy as a youth, and yet with air

Of one mature in years companion meet

For angels found ; one who with them may share

In every joy. In manhood how complete !

In divinity arrayed, " most wondrous," they repeat.

ANGELS SING MAN'S BIRTHDAY SONG.

By harps new tuned, what melody is made,
As minstrels from the fair unclouded height
Watch as the Architrave is firmly laid !
In working whose like God ; who by His might
Can mould a spirit's form divinely bright.
Author of life, His finger pressed the sod,
And left its print of glorious living light ;
He gently breathed upon that sleeping clod,
And it sprang forth to life in likeness of a God.

Oblivion reigned, and awful silence filled
The realm of shade, until Jehovah's word
Broke the deep hush, and dormant matter thrilled ;
Surprised to consciousness the cold clay heard,
Charmed by the gentle pressure lightly stirred
In all the life of a God. A rapture new,
Then like the note of a celestial bird
The silence broke ; oblivion withdrew
When those fine eyes with thought most eloquently
grew

A fountain in the eternal rock is stirred,
Whose happy waters never can be still ;
Upon the shores of time are echoes heard
That voices waken on the dewy hill
Of immortality, which e'er will fill
Eternity with praise. With wonder awed,
Thus heavenly songsters in amazement trill
Man's birthday song, who conscious walks abroad,
Rejoicing in the presence of his maker, God.

MAN PLACED IN THE GARDEN.

Fully developed powers then at a word,
With energy divinely were inspired,
And mind that instant, like a full-fledged bird
Bent its proud eagle eye firmly toward
The rising sun; though it had never soared
Or learned as yet its noblest powers to try,
The past is like the future, unexplored,
And bold free thought toward the distant sky
Of the far future looks, and plumes its wing to fly.

And nothing but experience can teach
Of nature's prescribed law; around him all
Things are both new and strange, and he may reach,
Eager to grasp a bird perched on a tall
Tree overhead, or for a cliff made small
By intervening space, and should he go
In ways of danger, or unwary fall
Adown a precipice, he would not know
Then the least sense of fear, or even feel a throe.

Calm and unruffled the clear wave of mind

 Courses 'mong pleasant scenes ; no sense but joy,
That happy nature knows, and should he find
 Himself submerged in flood, he there might toy
 Unharm'd amid the waves ; naught can destroy
The springs of life, altho' he should partake
 Of deadly food and nothing can annoy
That peace of soul, or can misfortune wake
E'er a foreboding fear, the spell of joy to break.

Convoys of angels 'mong the hills and flowers,

 In pleasant converse thence attend man round :
" Can fervor of thy newly wakened powers
 Conceive a world more bright? Can there be found
 A home more fitting? See the festooned ground,
The arch of blue ;" swiftly from earth to sky
 Eyes in amazement turn. What thrilling sound,
What scenes of beauty dazzle and surprise,
Nor can their stammering lips to angels' form replies.

SLEEP.

Fragrance from fields elysian the zephyrs bring
To gladden Earth. Silence upon the deep
Gathers the shadows underneath her wing,
While nature rests; angels their vigils keep,
When with its subtile art, the charmer, Sleep,
A spirit wins to rapturous control;
Altho' an instant now might swiftly sweep
Past him, or noiselessly should ages roll,
It had been all the same to that enchanted soul.

From that deep, peaceful slumber Adam 'woke,
Startled to consciousness with the surprise,
For over nature a new light had broke.
In the harmonious hush eyes speak to eyes
That answer back again their sweet replies.
And from love's lip the sighs unbidden start:
Congenial spirits by the strongest ties
Are closely, sweetly drawn. With love each heart
Harmonious answer thrills to its own counterpart.

On the admirer with bewitching grace

The fair one smiled ; for some time neither spake,
While crimson blushes richly sweep her face ;

Adam with voice subdued is first to break

The awkward silence : "Pray, am I awake?

Or dreaming, where some charming fairy treads

On banks of flowers, with foot-fall like a flake
Of stainless snow, drifting o'er mossy beds

O'er which the mild star light a silvery luster sheds ?

"Can e'er the summer's sunsets mildest hue

Vie with that rosy tint?" scarcely aloud

Those thoughts are breathed. Fair as a dream yet
true.

With angel head upon her pink palms bowed,

And silken lashes, like a golden cloud,

Sweeping those cheeks ; to give thy beauty praise

Words are too tame. Fair rippling curls enshroud

Its snowy shoulders, like a golden haze,

Which magnetic beauty doth bewilder and amaze.

"What can it be, this likeness of myself?

But yet more fair, more beautiful, in ways

As shy and timid as a bashful elf

Among the wild wood flowers, weaving soft rays
Of sunshine 'mong her locks, which gracefully
 sways

To kisses from the breeze, and secret sighs

 His bosom stirs, while roguish Cupid plays
Tricks with the heart ; what clear, expressive eyes,
Which ever to my own give back their sweet replies.

THE MARRIAGE.

It is the marriage morning, and Eden's lovely bowers
Are trimmed and finely frescoed with nature's fairest
flowers ;

And every leaflet sparkles with gems of crystal dew,
While on the lofty branches perch birds of gorgeous hue.

The little knolls are covered with tufts of fairest green ,
The sun from heaven's bright chandelier casts brilliance
o'er the scene.

O'er flinty rocks the waters go laughing to the seas,
While they repeat in accents sweet their rapture to the
breeze.

The Eden home is ready, exquisite to the eye ;
The messengers are coming from the bright court on high,
A hum of admiration is sounded far and wide,
As the escort of angels bring in the blushing bride.

The guests from worlds celestial have now assembled
there,
When in God's leafy palace stands up the noble pair.
The Witnesses are angels invited from abroad,
And in their sight the holy rite is solemnized by God.

O, what a trill of rapture goes up from sun to sun,
When the ordinance divine declared those two souls one ;
The flowers from leafy censers, pour incense on the air,
While by the seas proud ranks of trees bow their heads
as in prayer.

Angels wish joy to Adam, and a long life of bliss,
And the beauty by his side salute they with a kiss.
Now comes the bridal presents, how lovely to behold ;
Not precious gems from India, and diamonds set in gold.

But what is choicer, better, bouquets of fairest flowers,
Rich laden with the fragrance of Eden's balmy bowers ;
No sin stain yet had gathered upon the work so fair,
When with gifts fine, and grace divine, God blessed the
happy pair.

Now nature's choicest minstrels break forth in joyous
song,

While to the nuptial supper the fair guest pass along ;
On the grand ocean's organ, among the coral caves,
Rare melody is wakened by fingers of the waves.

While sweet connubial music goes up from sea and land,
As groups of graceful waters dance on the misty sand ;
And every swaying zephyr join in the song sublime,
When at the sweet and grand repeat began the march
of time.

THE COMMANDMENT.

And on that day God blessed the happy pair,
He who through mazes strange their feet had led
Up in the way of life ; and with the care
Of a kind parent watched, on that day said,
“Behold a wondrous world of beauty spread
Out for the joy, yet here I draw a line ;
And take ye heed lest any time ye tread
Beyond the prescribed bound; all shall be thine,
Save this reserve I make, of one tree to be mine.”

“Hereby to prove thee, of each other tree
That in the garden grows thou mayest partake
Of all delicious fruit ; and thou art free
To go and act at will. This day I make
Thee a free agent. Take heed that thou break
Not this command, for no restraint beside
Is on thy actions laid, thy life's at stake
Should thou dare disobey. In all the wide
World, choose thee where thou wilt, thy joys are
multiplied.”

THE SEVENTH DAY.

The great work is complete, on the seventh day
The author rests. The beautiful design
Is perfected, and with care laid away,
For all eyes to admire ; naught but a fine
Artisan eye could draw so fair a line
On a blank canvas, ne'er was known to fall
There a misguided stroke for skill divine,
Perfection gave the work to curve most small ;
The last stroke given is the crowning work of all.

THE EDEN HOME.

Near by where tall palms cast ambrosial shade
O'er clustering vines, and the fair fragrant flowers,
And dewy plants, and shrubs ; these yearly made
More beautiful by culture, in bright bowers,
There dwells the happy pair. They spend their
hours

In pleasant converse or in some employ.

No shade of discontent there ever lowers,
Or sorrow enters to o'er-cloud their joys,
Besides, no cruel fear their happiness alloys.

To the fair bower the peaceful moments come
And hurry by, e'er like the restless flow
Of sunny streams. About their happy home,
Like a bright sunbeam flitting to and fro,
Among the shrubs and vines doth fair Eve go,
In tenors sweet, humming some lively air,
As she collects the fruits and flowers that grow
Near by the garden hedge, or to prepare
A sumptuous repast with a skillful woman's care.

Or in their walks, charmed by some new surprise
'Mong natures fair, fair works, the one may call
Sometimes attention of the other's eyes
To some fine scene, a rock, or waterfall
In some secluded nook ; or from some tall
Still mountain eminence, where mist of snow
Clouds hang in gauzy folds, admire the small
Hills and calm dewy meads, spread out below
The rugged mountain cliffs tinged by eve's ruddy glow.

Or peaceful ocean mirroring the sky,
Smiling above, or else some smooth curved line
On the aquatic shore, yon forests rise
In beautiful relief. The leafy vine
An unseen Hand ingeniously doth twine
O'er trees and flowering shrubs, and verdant hills ;
For to complete the beautiful design
A charming background forms, while the sweet rills
The deserts' dreary heart with sounds of rapture
thrills.

Or in the shadows of some lonely cliff
High looking out upon the sandy shore
They often sit and muse ; reflections lift

Their thoughts sublimely up; here each rock wore
By tread of centuries is rich in lore,
If we could only read; each grain of sand
On which the seas their admiration pour,
Bears the impression of a wondrous Hand,
Too deep, too wise for mind of man to understand.

Each rock if we could but discern aright,
Volumes contain, and they are meant to teach
Wisdom to man. We may perceive the bright
Prints that God's hand has made plain upon each
Fossil remain that strews the pebbly beach;
And mysteries embraced in every one,
Altho' the mind of finites fail to reach
Back where the grand chirography was done
Upon the curious mass of sand and broken stone

Those broken fragments thus together hurled,
May be of systems crushed, and down through
space
Precipitantly cast, of a new world
Important parts to form. In every place,
In sea, or land, a thoughtful eye can trace

Lines of vast wisdom, that from age to age,
Were legibly inscribed upon the face
Of the frame work. We know not at what stage,
Or yet what form Earth bore when that hand traced
the page.

A truly wondrous world, beneath the throne
Like a choice jewel hung. Revolving sand,
A dainty mote, cleft from the rock unknown,
And dropped in beauty from the Workman's hand,
Like a choice gem, exquisite, and most grand ;
Bright with the print that His own finger made ;
And from eternity the work was planned ;
From out the dark, impenetrable shade
Were its strewn atoms gathered and in order laid.

Once Earth was chaos, and no light was shed
O'er the deformity, but might conferred
With night, where dim embryo worlds were spread
Out 'neath the firmament ; but at a word
Dim chaos breathed, and dormant atoms stirred
Then in their slumbers, like a living soul.
" Let there be light !" The powers of darkness
heard,

And soon withdrew ; straightway from pole to pole,
Yielded the shades of Night to young Day's sweet
control.

That word alone was the propelling force
And the first cause, the power that holds it fast
And that directs it in its way wise course.
Mysterious Earth ! A gem washed from the past
Eternity, whose restless waters cast
Upon the shores of Time ; but in what space
The work was wrought we know not ; when the
last
Finishing stroke was laid what perfect grace
And beauty wrapped the scene in their serene
embrace.

Thus they may long converse, or hand in hand,
At eve's romantic hour, go forth to take
A pleasant stroll upon the peaceful strand
That looks out fair upon some silvery lake
To listen to the noise the waters make
Against the sand ; thence in the moonlight go
Home by the hills 'neath starry skies that wake

Poetic thought, while the soft moonbeams throw
A luster truly fine over the lillies' snow.

Bright threads of sunshine with their glad day dreams
Thus fancy gaily weaves, as peaceful hours
Come and depart ; while fast from theme to theme
The conversation turns, till the sweet bowers
Among the dewy shrubs and folded flowers
At a late hour is gained ; on wings of praise
Their soul goes out to Him who hath with shower
Of blessings strewn their pathway all their days
Before the veil of sleep shrouds reasons searching
rays.

THE EVENING HYMN.

We every eve' will spread our hand toward
His holy hill, to God direct our cry ;
He, all on earth ! help us so praise the Lord
For all his goodness shown ; ye winds that sigh
Around the lonely rocks breathe a reply
Unto the voice of night, that on the shore
In solitude bows down with moistened eye,
And on this hour our hearts would also pour
Forth grateful praise to him, whose name our souls
adore.

Praise God, Praise God ! Unite ye distant hills
In songs of praise to Him, who with rich showers
Waters the thirsty earth. Ye rocks and rills,
Ye dews and vapors, and ye vines and flowers
Lift up your voices at the vesper hours ;
Ye glaciers, 'mong the solemn rocks that stand
Alone whole nights upon the mountain towers
E'er looking up from thence with outspread hand
Tell of his might in tones most eloquently grand.

Shout deep to deep, thou tuneful waterfall
Break forth in songs to God, whose presence fills
The holy solitude, pervading all
His universe of worlds. Ye thoughtful hills
In silence listen, while the joyous rills
Exult with praise; ye holy stars above
Take up the song; all nature feels the thrills
Of the pulsation of the Heart of Love.

Good angels cheer their dreams, when to them opes
The golden morn again, with songs of bird
E'er trilling out o'er Eden's dewy slopes,
Strangely melodious songs of praise are heard
From out the bowery halls; and every word
Is laden with the burden of a prayer;
With warbling sound the forest's heart is stirred,
And the sweet zephyrs on their soft wings bear
Up from the groves of earth e'er clouds of incense
rare.

THE MORNING HYMN.

- “ He kept us safely through another night,
Now we awake, His goodness crowns us still ;
Thanks we return to Him for life and light,
And every precious gift. Thou rock and rill,
Witness for us if e'er our lips be still
Morning or evening offering praise to God.
All earth unite in song, of glad free will ;
Ye fragrant breezes waft His love abroad,
While cloud and tempest oft aloud His praised laud.
- “ Clap thy glad hands to Him thou happy flood,
Who dropped thee from the hollow of His hand
Like beads of pearl ; He makes his mysteries bud
And to unfold ; His deep decrees were planned
In silence, and like grains of singing sand,
Are moving upward humming to the light ;
Thus the fair works of God progress, expand ;
By highest power propelled ; all things unite
To show through endless years His ever glorious
might.

CONTEMPLATIONS

When at their home, or when they walk abroad
In shady nooks, or through the dewey mead;
In everything trace they the Hand of God ;
In every spear of grass or tinted weed
That draws its life from earth, or glassy bead
Of dew on flower or shrub, each drop He fills
With animalcule life, and each small seed
Of plant His wisdom shows, His Hand distills
The odors rising from the pleasant vineclad hills.

Thought how sublime the universe is spanned
By arch of His perfection, loos'ly He folds
Light round him like a garment, and has planned
Wisely His works, and the same power that holds
These in their place, with loftier grandeur mould
A spirit's form high crowned with noblest thought.
Mind and all animate life His word controls ;
He made His angels souls, and there is naught
Too hard for Him to do whose power hath all things
wrought.

When through His master work with power He
speaks,

Or with voice more subdued, we ever find
That skill displayed ; the roses on the cheeks
Of health His finger paints ; He who doth bind
The bands of Orion reveals His mind,
Also in the small lichens His hands train

Upon the rocks, things of the meanest kind
His glance takes in ; He gently guides the chain
Of being upward, whilst He notices each grain.

His presence moves in every ray of light,
And floating ethers doth His essence fill,
While He all space pervades ; through depth and
light

His master works display a poet's skill,
He writes His burning thoughts in lines that thrill ;
On every painted leaf or folded flower,
Among the tinted volumes of the hill,
Or in the bubbling brook or vine clad bower,
The author writes his thoughts in words of light and
power.

Where the bdellium and bright onyx gleam
With beautiful effect upon the strand
Of pleasant Pison, which fair crystal stream
Sings sweetly on its bed of golden sand,
That they may listen to the music grand.
They often sit upon some mossy bed
In the refreshing shade; their brows are fanned
By zephyrs perfumed wing, while o'er their head,
The living bowers their leaves of rich ambrosia
spread.

And on the sunny slopes unfolding flowers
Throb to the summer breeze, and starry wings
Of birds of Paradise gleam 'mong the bowers
Of Eden's stately pines; The forest rings
With warbling notes, while the most beauteous
things
Gleam 'mong the shining foliage of the fair
Green tree of life, there oft the fair one sings
The tenor to some rich melodious air,
Before they offer up this grateful daily prayer.

“We would adore the name of Thee, who art
Perfect in knowledge, and who doth bestow

Gifts to Thy creatures ; and whose words impart
The residue of life. As plants that grow
Derive their life from earth, thus life doth flow
From Thee to us. To Thee what offering may
We render, for the untold debt we owe?
Thine is the breath we breathe, and reason's ray
Is a refraction of the untold source of day.

When at their happy home the fair one sings,
Or stops a moment to adjust a flower,
Or smooth a sunny tress, when the bright wings
Of birds are folded at the evening hour,
While on the hills that in the distance tower,
The zephyrs rock the herbage to and fro,
Wrapped in their fragrant arms from the green
bower,
Then clear-eyed memory doth softly go
Back to the happy scenes of the fair long ago.

“ Well do I recollect that lovely morn,
Nor does the time seem long, when first mine eyes
I oped, to this great world to look upon ;

How very fair ; imagine my surprise
At that strange wakiug, nor could I surmise
Then who I was, or what world did belong ;
Why should you smile? How could I be more
wise?
Had a bright bird that instant passed along
Trilling a joyous lay, I'd reached to grasp the song.

“ Thinking I saw the noise, and sight as sound
Might to me seem; for pray, what should I know
Of nature's prescribed law, when all around
Was new and strange? The senses could not show
The least distinction then, and I was so
Astonished at myself; experience ne'er
Had taught me this, that sight alone could flow
By medium of the eye, and by the ear
Sounds were conveyed to us, as since they may
appear.

“ Yet unto me the world was then as bright
As at this day, and every sound I heard
Thrilled me I know not how; with what delight
I watched the purling brook, or when a bird

The wandering waves of air with rapture stirred.
Or on the beach unto the sighing sea
I'd listen with delight, or when a word
Fell from the angel's lips; but what thrilled me
With its strange beauty most, my dearest love, was
thee.

“ While breezes waft the thrilling notes along,
We'll aid the minstrel angels in the song.”
There is poetry in nature O, richer by far
Than the bright angel bards ever wrote;
Its measures flow on without discord or jar,
Through ether the smooth accents float.
When the day train comes in, then with splendor
untold
The sparkling leaves of the volume unfold;
The sun beams alight off the bright steps of gold
With a smile that illumines the world.

The verdant clad hills with the deep meaning glows,
Our hearts are oft thrilled by its power;
With the clear limpid stream sweetest euphony flows,
And it floats on the breath of a flower.

What melody's made when the hand of the breeze
Is familiarly laid on the boughs of the trees ;
The limbs are the lyre, and the leaves are the keys ;
It charms us beyond our control.

And when the night walks in her temple of jet,
When the starry lamps hang in the sky,
Where for ages untold the bright billows have met
As they surge o'er the gold strands on high ;
While reading those pages of wisdom sublime,
Where worlds in their courses build loftiest rhyme,
Our spirits with rapture of angels will climb
Far above the bright lands of the earth.

Every word of the dazzling volume above
Glow with luster beyond our compare ;
The sweet measures flow on, 'twas the Father of
Love
Who wrote those fair star pages there ;
Our spirits are thrilled as we see through each line
The mind of the Author triumphantly shine,
Every word of the book glows with wisdom divine
Far too lofty for reason to soar.

MUSINGS.

On some moss covered bank, where lofty trees,
With their ambrosial curtains veil the rays
Of sultry noon from sight, where the cool breeze
Fans the frail fainting flowers, and gently sways
The leaves of palms, they watch the slow herds
graze

Upon the hills, or in some quiet place
They often sit, and muse upon the ways
Of Him, whose works are perfect, and they trace
In every line and curve, thoughts of exceeding grace.

Of the fine work He guides the mystic seams
In dark obscurity ; in order rolls
He out of chaos dim, the dazzling beams
That light the firmament. His word controls
The outgoings of the morning and he holds
The stars in his right hand ; he spreads abroad
The glorious canopy, and lightly folds

The fleecy clouds beneath. The verdant sod
And the fair arch above declare the praise of God.

The heavens of heaven, and depths of fluent air
Show forth his power; he with sweet morning dew
Waters the mountain's crest; and places the fair
Springs 'mong the rocks; He with a studious care
Spread out the grand charade to creature view,
And then behind the glorious work withdrew
To watch the budding change, and with the night
Shadows he veils his footsteps, while the new
Forms are unfolding slowly to the light,
The Hand that guides is all unseen to creature
sight.

Like happy streams the peaceful moments flow
Swiftly along, and each one on its wing
Bears some new joy; and often angels go
Down to the sunny hills their songs to sing.
Near the abode of man, or else to bring
Some word of lofty cheer, or point the way
To some exalted height, where pleasures spring
Forevermore, or heavenly beings may,
In sweet converse with man there tarry for a day.

SATAN.

From the celestial arch there fell a star ;
Some of the constellations by its sway
Were carried down, and pure worlds felt the jar.
Then all its glorious brightness passed away
As though a dazzling sun had quenched its ray
In the abyss of night ! voices there were
And fearful muttering sounds, that never may
Again be heard, rang on the tremulous air ;
Death *ad infinitum* moved the great deep of despair.

“ Devil is my name,” he said, “ ’Tis fitting one ;”
Like unto me should that cognomen bear ;
A devil, a slanderer, for what bright son
By God exalted, and whose steps lead where
His Sovereign doth appoint, but on that fair
Name have I cast reproach ? and sought to stain
His snowy robe of truth ? Feign would I tear
Pure hearts with hellish glee, and mock the pain
My cutting words inflict ; this is my greatest gain.

Shadows unutterable compass me around,
Fearful as death itself. An awful dread
Of me pervades all hearts; in me is found
Embodiment of evil; e'er is spread
Dismay at my approach. The source, the head
Of all disorder, I, the central soul
Of darkness, am. Where e'er my feet have led
Death follows near, passions beyond control
Across my soul's dark deep in sweeping torrents roll.

E'er from that fatal hour, the hour I fell,
Fierce flames engulf me round. What way I go
A constant hell I find; my heart is hell.
And from its awful center, streams of woe,
Like tides of burning lava ceaseless flow;
Discord and hate I sow. The only joy
That now remains for spirits lost to know,
If it can so be termed, is to annoy
Heaven's ever perfect ones, to lay waste, and destroy.

And from his awful form a shadow fell
O'er stainless worlds, and darkened all the air;
As his crisped wing, scorched in the flame of hell,

He folded artfully with serpent's care,
His bleared eyes scanned the distance, planning
where

He best could work that ruinous design.

And every subtle art was brought to bear
Upon that point, and maddened by the wine
That devils drink, he martialled forth his troops in
line.

THE TEMPTATION.

Day from noontide recedes ; 'neath a tall tree
Laden with luscious fruit, Eve on a bed
Of moss reclined, to listen as the breeze
Among the thick green branches o'er her head
Wakes rich eolian sound, when darkness spread
Strangely around, and o'er that pure sweet face,
For the first time passes a shade of dread,
As a strange object, moving down through space
With revolutions oft, draws slowly near the place.

On the fair scene, with a malicious frown,
The arch Fiend looks ; " Since I am forced to leave
The realm of light behind, I will bring down
Earth by my fall ; for this cause I will weave
A subtile web around the mind of Eve,
To work my ruinous plan, for of my wile
Man never knew, I therefore will deceive ;
Will 'lure to ruin with fallacious smile,
Will talk of life and light, and work their death the
while.

And this shall be the subtile form I'll take,
My wizzard shape, my demon art can mould
In any likeness, I will slily make
Appear in serpent's form, my dark wing fold
From out the sight of all; with skill untold
Into a reptile breathe my sultry soul,
And transformed thus, I'll slily go to hold
Converse with Earth; my pride will I control
To gain this end, e'en condescend in dust to roll.

As though the powers of night were brought to bear
Upon this point, then madly frowned the sky,
As phantom shapes went hissing through the air;
And swift the storm of darkness comes more nigh,
Where, where for shelter can the weak dove fly?
Nor does she feel inclined now to retrace
Her steps; a strange clairvoyance charms her eye
Upon a dark form creeping near the place,
Moving and halting then with slow uneven pace.

She seems like one transfixed, the sense of dread
Is slowly vanquished, as more near, more near
The fiend approaches; all mistrust has fled

As the arch tempter whispers in her ear
His vile insinuations; every fear
Departs at time when there is greatest need
To be afraid, and she at last can hear
The wily charmer's voice, yet takes no heed
While the destroyer sows the mind with evil seed.

Thus urged the artful one : "The fruit is good
And much desired. It was unkind to say
That ye should not partake ; 'tis wholesome food
For the genie; eat and ye also may
Become as wise as they ; dare disobey
That unjust law ; why should a sense of dread
Keep thee away ? God knows that very day
Ye shall not die ! The deities are fed
Upon its luscious fruit. Knowledge is thereby
spread."

"O, foolish one ! thou ne'er hast seen the light,
Or thou couldst not refuse, for darkness flies
Before its magic power; it would thy sight
Make wonderfully strong; wouldst thou be wise
Like to the Gods, with this anoint thine eyes."

Thus strongly urged she of the fruit partakes;
As one smote suddenly by strange surprise,
She urges Adam thus, its flavor makes
One's understanding quick, as when from sleep he
wakes.

THE FALL.

Gen. 3. 6. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and thus it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

Both earth and sky grew strange, as form of death

In dread reality that hour passed quite

Before his face, so sudden that for breath

He wildly gasped. But with that curse new light

Was added too; on his astonished sight,

So quickly came it, he for very pain

Strove to avert his face; appalled with fright

He paused an instant eager to regain

His former quiet, but alas! all, all in vain.

And at that instant fell a withering blight

O'er Eden's loveliest flowers; and all things fair

By the same power were touched; with sickly light

The sun looked down, and forthwith from its lair

A leopard sprang, and on its way a bear

It met, which fiercely growled beside its prey,

Then sounds of awful discord rent the air,
As beasts more strong in triumph bore away
The weaker victim, whilst all earth in ruin lay.

On that same hour a lion, the favored pet
Of Adam, that oft gamboled on the shore
His master near, his teeth with passion set,
As that strange awful shadow passed before
His master's face, sprang up with angry roar,
By passion blinded, and prepared to prey
On that caressing hand, athirst for gore;
Through forest jungles then the piteous bay
Of beasts smote from the hills keen echoes of dismay.

A seraph then, while hovering in mid air,
From the far distance watched the mournful sight;
When all was o'er, went quickly up to bear
Tidings unto the Throne. His robe of white
Was rent in twain, his wing he sheathed in light
And to the sentinels of heaven cried, death!
His head was bowed, and from his eye a bright
Tear drop in silence fell. The fair watch saith,
"Death and a ruined world;" 'twas gasped in subdued
breath.

And hell's strong massive door that stunning shock
Threw open wide, beneath the fatal stroke
Earth reeling fell, like to a ponderous rock
Hurled o'er a precipice in fragments broke;
And on that hour the seven dire woes awoke,
Driven from their slumber by that awful fall,
With curses on the ones who dare invoke
Heaven's righteous frown. The seas affrighted call
Unto the answering Earth as change came over all.

That very hour the form of Peace withdrew ;
'Mid scenes of sore confusion Adam fled,
And he seclusion sought to screen from view
The wild, distorted scene ; the future spread
Out like a dreary waste, where error fed
'Mong the deformities. Naught could afford
A solace to that one with spirit dead ;
And cherubim that day, with naked sword
Were sent to keep him from the garden of the Lord.

Lest he put forth his hand for to partake
Of the good Tree of Life, and never know
Of higher joys than Earth, no power could break

The tie that held him then, for life would flow
On, on forever, and in sin would grow
That soul deformed, as they for aye descend
In swift gradation down, and of their woe
And growth in crime, there would have been no end
Had not the Most Wise stooped in pity to defend.

SENT FROM THE GARDEN.

The Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken.

And weary wanderers they groped that day,
O'er their defenseless heads storms wildly sweep;
Now from their happy home, far, far away,
They wander hand in hand, they talk, they weep,
And oft look back again with pathos deep;
Quite overcome at last, beside a stream,
Where vines shut out the day, they woo sweet
 sleep
To calm their anxious thoughts, while strange forms
 seem
To glide on softly past, in that wild, troubled dream.

For through the open corridor of time,
Then Adam in a vision seemed to trace
Down the increasing catalogue of crime
Through all the mist of years, and the disgrace
That sin has called down on the future race;

He keenly feels the curse, and hears the sighs
That daily rise, while more, and more debased
His prodigy become; before his eyes
The future, dim and strange, in long processions rise.

Far down the track of ages with hoarse din,
Moves on the motley host, until draws near
The saddest days, and from the form of sin
Strives he to turn his face. Earth is a drear
And barren waste, where briars and thorns appear
To mar the finest scene; and hot tears start,
And sighs unbidden come, when to the dear,
Bright spot again thought turns, then a new dart
Made bitter by remorse pierces his aching heart.

Those sleepers waken from that mournful dream,
As o'er the mountain tops the gloomy day
Comes on apace, and still the sobbing stream
Mid scenes of sore disorder wends its way,
Chanting a solemn dirge; and with dismay
The condemned couple shrink, while darkly o'er
The tempests spread; and near the dismal bay

Of beasts ring out, the lion's fierce, angry roar
Sounds through the rocky gorge ; thus on, the sad
day wore.

O'er all a blight had passed ; the heart of man
How greatly changed ; o'er the clear searching ray
Of mind a film has come ; scenes that would fan
The embers of the heart once to a blaze
Of holy, heavenly zeal, now fail to raise
Thought above sordid care ; nor can man hold
Converse with angel minds. When offering praise
Vain thoughts come even then, since he is sold
A servant unto sin, and by its power controlled.

Where e'er they go, they can not flee the curse
Of the law they've broken, e'er in array
Their sins appear, and conscience will rehearse
Their disobedience by night and day,
Nor can they from that small voice turn away
That to them speaks. Beside a murmuring stream,
Where the dark waters sob their thoughts for aye,
They sit and ponder, skies in mockery gleam
As they rehearse once more that sad and frightful
dream.

Earth's caverns seemed to groan, for nature had
Felt the all-stunning shock; before mine eyes,
In that mad dream, all races moved in sad
Procession on; I heard the piercing cry
Of Earth's strange panorama passing by,
As nations rose, and waned, until at last
Time's full consummate hour drew sadly nigh;
The hour of dissolution also passed
Before my aching eyes when life's wave ebbed out
fast.

In that strange vision I beheld the day
Dawn, dark, when storms were summoned from
their place
By just decree, and bade to sweep away
The arrogance of the fallen race;
I watched the change come o'er, until no trace
Of former power remained. Ah! what a wail
Rang out as souls were tried; then youthful grace
And forms bent down by age, with fear grew pale;
Their gods were gods of clay, they saw those false
hopes fail.

There was atonement made ; to save the lost
The Mediator came ; Earth felt the thrill
As angels sang all hail ; there was a cross,
High lifted up on Calvary's rugged hill ;
That bitter cry of anguish well might fill
Heaven with amaze, whilst round that head down
bent
Darkness prevailed that hour ; O, never ! till
That fearful time was silence so intent ;
In bliss all lips were mute, when hearts of stone were
rent.

Time glided past ; like specters on the shore
The cycles came, and filled, e'er changing fast
Till drama of Earth's sad, sad scene was o'er ;
The dreadful Judgment morning came at last,
The mystic shadow o'er all people cast
Was thus removed, and on the deeds of all
The fallen race there was just sentence passed,
As from their graves came forth both great and
small ;
The Lost and the Redeemed from ruin of the fall.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

As time brought round its changes, to Earth came
A messenger sent by there the Allwise;
A gift from God! is all that speech can frame,
As Eve looked down into those deep blue eyes
Most strangely startled by that sweet surprise.

The Father hath this precious treasure lent;
Thanks to the Giver for the gift they said,
As they looked heavenward, and more lowly bent
O'er the fair stranger on the mossy bed,
With perfumed sheets of rose leaves richly spread
By a fond mother's care; Ah! it is meet
To spread the finest for its sunny head;
How wonderful! in hushed tones they repeat,
As they feel its rosy palms, and its wee pink feet.

Its lips like tiny rose leaves part unrolled,
And temples fair, as water lilies rise
Among the shining waves of rippling gold

Or moonbeams o'er the snow, its clear blue eyes,
Are deep and misty as the far off skies.
Quick as a bird's wing darting to the sun,
Which beauty doth bewilder and surprise ;
O! may thy little life on earth begun
Be peaceful as a stream, our precious, darling one.

Time ever restless in its course speds fast,
Sometimes the lovely form of sweet content
Hovered around, and sometimes overcast
The sky appeared as the years came and went,
And went and came, and other joys were lent
To cheer their home among the vines and flowers ;
By fallen man some happy days were spent,
As on their way the golden pinioned hours,
Strewed priceless blessings round the pleasant vine
clad bowers.

REFLECTIONS.

In a snug summer bower, woven with care,
Of sticks and leaves, and made secure from fear,
At a late hour of eve a small group there
May oft be found; and they can often hear
The bay of angry beasts distinctly clear,
Ring o'er the distant hills: and the winds go
Sobbing their sad complaint. As they come near
The shrinking leaves of misty shrubs bend low,
Whilst thought keeps going back unto the long ago.

That small home group, oft of their hopes and fears,
Till a late hour converse with pathos deep;
"Our children know not of the joys those years
Have folded to their heart, while bleak storms sweep
O'er skies of their to-day, and storm winds keep
Moaning upon the hills. The pale fall flowers
Bow down their heads all night as if to weep
In sympathy with man, while darkness lowers,
And sorrow follows in the footprints of the hours."

Beasts of the feline kind then never felt,
In those glad days, the cruel passions stirred,
Or grew athirst for gore; peacefully dwelt
They near the home of man, and with the herd
On the green herbage fed. No hateful bird
There watched for prey, but on the fragrant seeds
Of plants they fed. No note of discord stirred
The soul of harmony; of luscious weeds
The harmless reptile ate, that now on gross meats
feeds.

All things were beautiful and docile then;
The serpent was man's pet, and seemed to show
Joy at his fond caress, and at times when
The voice of song like the melodious flow
Of a wild bird rang out, 'twould seem to go
Into excessive joy. The things that seem
Repulsive now, were fair before the woe
Befell us all, ah! like a vanished dream
Are the days we lingered by fair Havilahs stream.

The day that ye transgress, 'twas rightly said
That ye shall surely die. Death shall bear sway,
Which we have proven, spiritually dead

We had become when the inspiring ray
Of God's own smile we lost, that very day
The life divine we lost. We feel the power
Of death within the soul, and whither way
Now can we flee? E'er since that fatal hour
The very shades of death about our pathway lower.

The happiness of that sweet Eden lost,
Can never more on earth by us be found;
But ever is the spirit toss, and toss,
By passion's wave, and everything around
Is inharmonious, often too the sound
Of discord through the leafy forest goes
Out on the mournful air. The hills resound
With words of strife as brothers meet as foes,
And the contentious deeds, oftimes result in blows.

O, to think! when we walked in the light of the sun,
And conversed every day with the glorious one;
And at eve with the angels sat down by the sea,
They spake of the grandeur, and smiled so on me;
But those days have departed, the waves by the shore,
As we sit now and ponder, in mockery roar.

THE OFFERING.

Softly is turning the fair gate of day
 Upon its rosy hinge, serene the light
Comes on the mountain side, where sweet flowers
 sway
 Censers of choice perfume from the green height
 Where a lone suppliant kneels; near him the bright
Flame newly kindled rise from a cliff where
 Reclines a fair young lamb, stainless and white,
For a burnt offering, while on the air,
Like breath of morning incense, ascends the voice
 of prayer:

“Accept this offering we humbly pray,
 An emblem of the one who is to come,
The promised Savior; and for His dear sake
 Forgive us, and at last receive us home.

ENVY.

Now lowly crouched behind a clump of trees
Is bleared eyed envy, from his hiding place
He cautiously peers out; while the soft breeze
Wafts up the holy song; malice can trace
No fault or blemish on that pure young face,
And from behind his screen again with care
Malice looks out; much he admires the grace
Of that fair noble form, as the charmed air
From that fine brow doth kiss the rippling waves of
hair.

Again he hears the sweet melodious song,
Like the low warbling of a glad free bird,
It on the fragrant zephyr floats along
Through open fields; sometimes a holy word
Through the thick leafy screen is plainly heard
By the one lurking there while there is made
Request to God. That jealous heart is stirred
To envy at the sight; into the shade
Still further he retreats, of his own thoughts afraid.

He's beautiful and good, in every way
Superior to me; and in the sight
Of God more pure, who well pleased day by day
His offerings accept; would that there might
Upon him from above descend a blight
To spoil that holy face, which look I hate;
Would mine own arm could wield the power to
smite
My brother to the earth; thus till a late
Hour in that hiding place doth leering malice wait.

EVE'S LAMENT FOR ABEL.

Eve wanders forth near at the close of day
For an accustomed stroll, and heedless quite
Where her steps tend; each rustling by the way
Is ominous of evil, with affright
She oft' starts back, but soon a strange, strange
sight
Meets her bewildered gaze; red dew drops stain
The herbage round; a form there ghastly white
On a moss bank reclines, for very pain
She screens her face away, dreading to look again.

Now Adam from the labors of the day
Is passing to the Arbor on the hill,
At that same moment chanced to pass that way;
"Look here," gasps Eve, "what makes the child so
still?
That strange look makes my very heart grow chill;"
As yet experience had never taught
Them of the power of death; never until

That truly solemn hour, save but in thought
Had its most fearful form to them so near been
brought.

“ How breathlessly he sleeps ! Awake, my boy,
And come with us ; the hour is getting late ;
Look up and smile, 'twould thrill again with joy.
Thy mother's heart ; Ah ! wherefore longer wait
On the damp ground ? Come, let me wipe the great
Damp drops from off thy brow, and gently fold
Thee in my arms. Why from the cruel hate
Of an own brother hide ? Alas ! how cold
My gentle pet has grown, chill as the earth's dark
mould.

“ Why on the damp ground longer make thy bed ?
My hand a bed of softest mosses long
Ago prepared, with fragrant blossoms spread,
Where thou might rest ; arise, and come along,
The hour has come to sing the evening song,
And every bird has laid its head to rest
Behind its wing ; then come, it would be wrong
To tarry longer here ; come with us, lest
Some fiend in serpent form might come to be a guest.”

Awake, she urged, fixing a look intent
 Upon that stony face, and the chilled form,
As o'er those rigid limbs she lowly bent,
Not knowing what that awful silence meant ;
They chafed those icy hands, and strove to warm,
When thus in words broke forth the pent-up storm.

As the most dread reality of death
 Dawns on her mind, " Alas ! I am undone ;"
The frantic mother wildly gasped for breath,
 " O, speak to me ! My son, my darling son !
 The idol of my heart, the little one
That climbed my knee ; speak to thy mother child !
 O, cruel Death ! What has that monster done ?
That look will drive me truly frantic, wild,
Smile on me as thou used, my dove with eyes so
 mild."

That crushing grief doth the poor mother pour
 Forth thus in plaintive words, " Alas ! how cold
And hushed that heart has grown ; and sadly o'er
 The brow death's shadows rest. Ah ? never will
 That manly voice, like a deep sea swell, thrill
That mother's heart again. The light has this

Day gone out from our home ; that grave will fill
The world with gloom ; thy presence how we'll miss
E'er at the morning and the evening sacrifice.

“And me, how can I bear this two-fold stroke !

Ah, both my sons ! an awful sense of dread
Chills through my frame, that my sin should invoke
Eternal wrath on this defenceless head ;

For my transgression makes the broad earth red
With blood of innocence ; by thee I stand

This hour condemned. To this my guilt has led,
That thou shouldst fall, e'en by a brother's hand ;
How can redemption ever from the grave be planned ?”

“Ah ! mournful heart, why should you be afraid ?

Or sorrow without hope for the dear one,
For has not God to us a promise made ?

And will he not fulfill to send his son,
That a lost race, tho' ruined and undone,
Might be redeemed from sin ? and him now dead

Shall from the power of Death and sin be won,
To higher, purer joy, since it was said,
A righteous seed shall bruise the subtile serpent's
head.’

THE FUGITIVE.

Gen. 4: 16. And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord.

The golden sandaled day withdrew from sight
Behind the hill, and from the dusky shore
Slowly came on the tawny featured night,
Like a wan, weary huntress bending o'er
The silent Earth ; a slender bow she bore,
And a pale star upon her silent breast
In mockery shone ; while that one guilty fled
Through deserts wild ; he finds no place of rest,
Remorse will follow ever, an unwelcome guest.

Far from his childhood home, and far from God
He roams a fugitive· oppressive fear
Alarms his conscience, as he goes abroad
A vagabond. The penitential tear
Can not for him atone, and always near
A specter follows, with a noiseless tread ;
Thus always day and night, and year by year
He's haunted by the spirit of the dead,
Of dim uncertain things he is in constant dread.

CAIN'S REMORSE.

A fugitive roaming from east to the west,
For the souls of my feet I can never find rest;
I go seeking peace over valley and hill,
But the shadow I dread is upon my life still;
And water can never wash out the foul stain,
For guilt is the mark that is set upon Cain.

The sense of it follows wherever I go
The good things of earth only hightens my woe.
The sympathy dear ones would gladly impart,
Like the point of a dagger, cuts deep to the heart.

My faithful companion may soothe me in vain,
Her gentle caresses but adds to the pain;
I shrink from the light of her beautiful eye,
I evade that clear glance, tho' I may not tell why;
The gentle perfume of her innocent breath
To a soul stained as mine is the vapor of death.
As memory looks o'er the mountain of years,

She's affrightened, for there what a vision appears;
A fond mother's anguish, a father's bowed head,
Affectionate sisters bemoaning the dead.

And the groans of the dying comes up in my ear,
Oh! hearts that are broken, oh, sighing and tears!
And the stain will go down through the ocean of
time,
And everyone know of my shame and my crime;
My reproach shall descend to these innocent ones,
The punishment visit the daughters and sons,
The wife of my bosom, confiding and pure,
The thought of it's more than a soul can endure.

And how can I look in that innocent face,
And to think it must bear e'er a father's disgrace;
On me be the curse, tho' I cringe 'neath the rod,
And feign would I hide from the anger of God,
But the pain of remorse now has only begun,
'Twill longer endure than the light of the sun;
My soul's overwhelmed by the gloom of despair,
Through the night of the grave it will follow me
there.

MAN RETROGRADING

Unto the depth of crime a guilty race
Have by transgression sank ; the fearful sound
Of violence rises to God's dwelling place
From off the earth. The holy one looks down
Upon the evils done. There can be found
None perfect now. And ever day by day
Goes up a cry of blood; the earth around
Is but a morgue, confusion and dismay ;
For death from Adam reigns with undiminished
sway.

THE DELUGE.

Rev. 16. 3 And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea; and it became as the blood of a dead man. And every living soul died in the sea.

The second seal is opened, and the path
 Leading through mysteries is now made plain.
The second angel pours his vial of wrath
 Upon the sea, and there is seen the stain
 Of blood upon the wave while there is slain
All creatures that have life. As to and fro
 Walks the destroying angel, pulse of pain
Moves nature's inmost heart; and there doth go
From every shore of earth the fearful cry of woe.

All nature now is gently calmed to sleep
 Like a fair child upon its mother's breast;
There is a lull upon the mighty deep,
 And all the sobbing waves are laid to rest,
 Like mists of wings in ethers of the blest.
Brightly the morning ope's, but soon is heard

Low muttering sounds, and in the distant West
The dark clouds moor. The storm begins to gird
Its vivid armor on ; its heart with wrath is stirred.

Toward the hills, now, at the first alarm
The prudent wildly flee, and refuge seek
Among the rugged cliffs; some in their arms
Their fainting loved ones bear ; all hearts are weak
Unearthly paleness is on every cheek,
As they in frenzy flee. The frightened beasts
Are grouped among the hills, and vultures shriek
Among the rocks ; the storm's ire has increased,
The fearful cry is heard, from West unto the East.

The sky grows dark with wrath, yet while dismay
Lays its pale hand on all, each one lays hold
Of some loved idol ; some bear thence away
Unto some refuge their much cherished gold,
And to it cling until their hands wax cold
As the damp clay, nor will that maddened grasp
Relax in death, and the dark billows fold
Around them and their god ; some wildly gasp
A cherished loved one's name and shadows strive to
clasp.

And there are tears, and pacing to and fro,
And cries of anguish on the tempests air ;
And piercing signs, as those alone may know
Who walk the gloomy border of despair ;
Those of the hoary locks, those in the fair
Morning of life, the rich, the great, the small,
In common sympathy commingle there,
And through that reign of terror wildly call
Upon their gods of stone, and watch their earth
hopes fall.

The deluged hills glare strangely from afar,
Sheeted with fire ; and rain and pelting hail
Mingle their sound with the deep thunder's jar,
While from the mountain tops, and every vale
Goes up the cry, one long continued wail,
From frightened souls ; the sea prophetic sighs
Of coming doom unto the answering gale,
As tempests flap their dark wings through the skies,
While swift the rain descends and foaming billows
rise.

There is a crash ; a momentary shock
And Earth stops on its orbit, while its lower

Strata is broken up; through the cleft rock
The uncurbed waters burst, with fearful roar;
The storm cries from above, the hoarse floods pour
Up from the depth beneath; dead bodies fill
The turbid waste of water. Sea and shore
Are one chaotic mass, and the floods still
Increase, while dire convulsion moves the strongest
hill.

Earth is made void this hour of man and herds,
And beasts of every kind upon the land;
Insects, and shells, and plants, and flowers, and birds
Are bedded in the drifts of moving sand;
And all the ancient cities with their grand
Arches and towers sink down beneath the shore;
The finest works of art, from every strand
This time are blotted out; the waves close o'er
Vast navies of the sea, which sink to rise no more.

While terror is abroad, and the night dark
Visaged, and pitiless sits on the deep,
Upon the gloomy waters there's an ark
Reposing like a happy child asleep,
Pressed to its mother's heart. The storm clouds
weep

In sorrow on the ocean's heaving breast;
The wind still mutters, and the deep floods keep
Moving and tossing, ever with unrest,
While storms are marshaled yet from East and from
the West.

Among the granite hills, down deep from sight
Within the silence of those secret caves
Pale forms are grouped; around them a strange light
E'er dimly burns; the cold and briny waves
Of the swift ocean stream forever laves
Those rigid limbs, and dim forms creep around,
Or dormant wait among the place of graves.
Within those coral caverns may be found
The aged and the young, locked in a sleep profound.

Over that silent host the great deep rolls
Its glassy waves; o'er the grand ruin spreads
The tinted billows, in deep watery folds:
And azure drapery flows round those beds
Where sleeps the ghastly forms, and strange rich
threads
Of sea weeds fold them round for winding sheets;
Fair wreaths of sea flowers wrap about their heads,

Like caps of white, and ever at their feet
To sing their mournful requiem the waters meet.

And yet the world above is hushed as death,
The spent clouds in their anguish cease to weep;
All, all is silent, save the sighing breath
Of zephyrs moving o'er the throbbing deep,
Where the ark rests, like a sweet child asleep
Peacefully dreaming on the ocean's breast,
And e'er a gentle breathing seems to keep
Rocking it softly to its haven of rest,
Beneath the guardian care of the Wisest and the Best.

And yet the days and weeks move swiftly by,
And still the floods abate. The plains below,
The rugged mountain cliffs at last are dry;
The clear streams find their channels, bright shrubs
grow
And bloom in the vale; all creatures go
Forth from the ark, while over sea and land
Is seen a covenant, sealed in a bow,
With bright carnation dyed, design most grand,
Refracted by the light, and bent by God's own hand.

ONE CHOSEN.

Fully two thousand years of time has passed
Since first the morning stars together sung
The brighter better day will come at last ;
Tho' the world lies in sin, and there is none
Sent to redeem, yet God has chosen one
Tried and found faithful, and this hope may cheer
The weary waiting ones; the promised Son
Will through this line and lineage appear,
And the much longed for and much sighed for time
is near.

The night of sorrow cannot last for aye,
Nor does the Lord forget ; He sends at last
Help to His chosen ones, to rend away
From them oppressions yoke, while thick and fast
The plague and ruin comes to overcast
The land of Egypt, and to overthrow
Those who oppress. The angel hurries past
Through darkest night to lay the first born low,
While upon every home is poured out the last woe.

In the King's palace there is mourning now,
The heart makes bitter mourning for the dead;
The haughty monarch unclasps from his brow
The royal diadem, and loosely spread
Sackcloth upon his loins; with measured tread
The sentinels pass by; in deep despair
The rulers wait. The Queen bows down her head
In grief too great for tears, the Princes are
Mourning in all the courts, for death has entered there.

Through the breadth of the land is the desolate cry,
As the angel of death through the gloom hurries by;
From palace to dungeon has rolled the dark wave,
In high places he brings down their strength to the
grave.

Every roof tree is shaded, every heart is in pain,
In every home circle the dearest is slain.
Through Egypt's fair cost is the soul crushing moan,
From the prince to the slave, from the cot to the throne.

From the humblest flower to the pride of the crown,
Their beauty is spoiled, every head is bowed down;
The stroke does not spare those in priestly robes dressed,
Their magicians in sorrow bow down with the rest.

CROSSING THE SEA.

With quicken'd pace near to the water side
The eager people come, their guide holds o'er
The wave a rod, where the deep floods divide
Retreating from their place with fearful roar,
The ancient rocks, rich with the gathered lore
Of centuries untold, unfolds to sight.

The anxious ones pass on, down, down the shore,
Into the deep they come ; before the bright
" Cloud of God's presence moves, imparting warmth
and light."

Among the wonders of the hidden deep
In silent awe they walked the ocean bed,
Down rugged cliffs, o'er rock belts broad and steep,
Onward, and onward pass with firmer tread,
O'er winding walks with sea flowers richly spread,
'Neath covered arches, and the coral caves,
O'er hills of topaz, where the ancient dead
Of Noah's time sleep in their lowly graves,
Around which forests dense, of bright green sea weed
waves.

The shore they gain ; their enemies pursue,
Through mist and tempests, and through blackest
night,

Their way they urge, no ray of hope in view ;
From out the troubled waters with affright

They cry unto their gods for help and light :

We are seeking for safety for storms are abroad,
In our trouble we cry unto Ramphan our god ;
Around are dark waters and wild is the night,
May the star of our god through the gloom give us light.
Will thou deign to look down on the dangerous deep,
Bid the raging storm rest and the wrathful winds sieep.
In time of such peril thou art powerless to save,
The darkness grows denser, deeper dashes the wave.

Thou fleet winged Aeolia come down to the sea,
Lift lightly the waves that our horsemen may flee.
From the hight of the hills hasten down to us pray,
On thy wings bear the weight of the waters away ;
Oh ! pass by in pity, we perish, we die
From the wind, the winged gods will not answer our
cry."

And wilder grows the scene, the coming morn
Unvails the hidden terrors, they seek by flight
To save themselves; urge they the scared steed on
While there chariots are dashed on the rocky lawn.

The vivid lightnings hiss about their path,
And shadowy forms appear from out the cloud,
As Deity looks down on them in wrath;
The angry floods o'er them are greatly bowed,
The wrathful thunders mutter wild and loud,
While the firm granite hills beneath them quake;
And angry tempests now upon the proud
Defiant host in wrathful fury break,
The wail sounds wildly out as the sea monsters wake.

MIRIAM.

Morn looks upon the waters while the wail
The breezes bear away, on the moist sand
That whitely paves the beach is seen a frail
And graceful form, lightly her small fair hand
Moves o'er the timbrel's keys, waking the grand
Triumphant note, while near her side the fair
Daughters of Judah tread the dewy strand,
Each keeping time to the melodious air ;
The joyous thime they chose has more of praise than
prayer.

“In the tempests roar the Lord's coming we hear,
In the pillow of fire doth His presence appear,
While the face of the foe becomes pallid with fear
The Lord reigns.
For the bright appearing the universe groans,
The noise of his coming shakes kingdoms and thrones.

“ His is the battle ax, shield and the bow,
The arrows are lodged in the heart of the foe,
The horse and his rider the floods overflow ;
 The Lord reigns.
His chosen the captive of Judah are free,
While the foe's overwhelmed in the midst of the sea.

The Lord is our refuge, in glorious might
Extends He a hand for the rescue of right,
All earth shall be bathed in a deluge of light ;
 The Lord reigns.
From ocean to ocean the pæan note shall trill,
Waking responses from mountain and hill.”

THE SONG.

The ransomed people safely on the shore
Unite in songs of praise, " Now we will sing
Unto the Lord, our Help ; we will adore
The name of the Most High, for He is King
O'er earth and sky ; may every living thing
Worship His name, who fills immensity
Himself pervading all ; He'll safely bring
His chosen people home, while the proud be
Forever overcome by the terrors of the sea "

" Jehovah is our strength, he is our song
He is our God, we will extoll his name,
He is a man of war ; by him the strong
Foe is subdued, by might he overcame
The proud oppressor ; Lord thou art the same
From everlasting ; thy hand safely brought
Thy people through the deep ; the foe with shame
Turned back in haste to flee. Those who had sought
To do thy chosen harm thy hand has brought to
naught.

“ Unto the name of the Most High let all His ransomed
sing,
For He is God, high over all, our Prophet, Priest and King ;
He saved us from that cruel hand, and holy is His name,
He led us safely while the foe were put to lasting shame.

“ At His rebuke the haughty ones turned back in haste to
flee,
When in a moment they were swept into the mighty sea.
The horseman and the charioteer sank in the deep like
lead,
Low pillowed in the fearful depths are Egypt’s noble
dead.”

Proud captains and their famous host were quickly
overthrown,
While the Most High is a defense and a shield unto his
own ;
At His command we journey on, or when He bids stand
still ;
Thus e’er in labor, or in rest, we do His righteous will.

“ The Angel of the Covenant is moving near our camp,
His presence through the darkness shines e’er like a
burning lamp.

“In pillow of a cloud he moves, and leads us day by day,
As by the light of fire by night he safely guides the way.
Prince of the everlasting age, and Jacob's God is this,
The Lord, and Founder of the church formed in the
wilderness.

Until He comes we firmly go believing in His name,
The head and leader of His church through every age the
same,

Who is the only Potentate, our Prophet, Priest and King,
Who to us everlasting peace, and righteousness shall
bring.

The Angel of the mercy seat, Jehovah is His name;
From everlasting Thou art God, through endless years
the same,

Who by His spirit and His grace the ancient prophets
spoke,

Who rules and kindly governs all, His favor we invoke.

He through the oracles divine to man revealed His will,
And shall at the appointed time His just decree fulfill;
All mystic forms shall pass away, and fade before the
True;

He'll overturn and overturn till all be made anew.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

The new glad era dawns, the promised day,
Long looked for and long sighed for, comes at last.
Old forms depart, the shadows pass away,
These symbols are annulled, the darkness cast
Long o'er the nations now is fading fast,
As the new dispensation's ushered in.
He who was promised in the ages past
Has come to save his people from their sin,
The mystic age departs, the better years begin.

A voice amid the lost creation cries:
"Look unto me, I am the life, the light,
The righteousness, the wisdom of the wise;
Strength to the weak, and to the blind am sight,
Who in me trust shall not abide in night;
I am from everlasting, Him who gave
His life to save the world, and by My might
Conquered the power of death, hell, and the grave,
And live forevermore, Omnipotent to save."

GOOD TIDINGS.

On Judea's plain, a band of shepherds there
Guard o'er their timid flock, serene browed night
Sits on the hills, while on the realm of air
Silence has breathed a charm, when sudden light
Gleams in the firmament, by wings of white,
The tremulous waves of ether now are stirred,
And anthems ring aloud, as tho' the bright
Organs of glory moved; or every bird
Of paradise sang song sweeter than earth e'er heard.

Fear not, ye shepherds, for we come to bring
The tidings of great joy, and to proclaim
The glad news to all men, to thee a King
This night is born, and Jesus called by name,
A Prince, a Savior, to the world he came
For to redeem the lost, and turn away
Iniquity from man; let tongues of flame
Sing to the blessed one high praise for aye
Much joy and peace to earth the herald angels say.

Glory and ceaseless praise " the bright ones sing,
While shining myriads with tidings run
From world to world. May every living thing
In earth and heaven worship the only son,
Ye shepherds go and find the precious one
In a low manger laid; what wondrous grace
Is manifested here; our God has done
As was forshown in that most humble place,
The mighty Lord of heaven has manifested his face.

Praise be the Most High! to man good will,
All earth give praise while tongues above unite
In sweet accord, and the transporting trill
Of glory moves the tremulous waves of light,
And the exulting song from height to height
Is wafted on, remote, glad echoes start.

From the shining ports of glory
Comes the angel band,
To the hills of earth descending
Bearing tidings grand;
Down the plains of trackless ether,
Bend on starry wing,

With glad song and sweet hosanna!
Tribute to their King.

Glory in the highest, glory,
Hear the bright ones say,
For He comes the long expected
Who shall reign for aye.

See, heaven's Mighty Prince and Sovereign
Cometh to His own,
To the fallen bringing blessings
From the Father's throne;
Peace on earth to every creature,
And a sweet good will,
May the song of holy rapture
Peal from hill to hill.

See the ranks of holy angels
Coming from afar,
Bear they tidings of salvation
Up from star to star ;
Lo, Earth great! and crowning epoch
Grandly has begun,

Ushered in with songs of praises,
To the first born Son.

All the shining heirs of glory,
Worship and adore,
May the sound of hallelujah
Peal from shore to shore,
He has come to Earth in pity,
Lord and Prince of all,
Leaves the Father's throne to rescue
Mortals from the fall.

Hail the advent of His coming
All ye sons of light,
In the song of adoration
Earth and heaven unite.
The band of shining angels from the sight
Of finite man make ready to depart,
While that key note of joy is folded to each
heart.

Upon the azure vestment of the night
A Star of Promise brightly dawns to view ;

Eastward it takes its course, and its clear light
Falls in rich blessings on the fields of dew,
So all the plains are gladdened by its hue ;
The wise men ask, " Is this what one foretold,
Whose eyes the Lord had opened, who saw through
The vista of the future, days of old,
Which bright fulfillment now our favored eyes
behold."

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

The same fair light that rested on the dew
Of Judah's verdant fields, serenely falls
O'er sleeping Bethlehem, with fairer hue,
Bathing in beauty bright the humble walls,
Beneath whose lowly roof, in manger small,
A child reposes, while the mother, near,
Keeps watching hour by hour. In the low stall
The sluggish cattle feed; devoid of fear,
Trample they on the herbage, grown so brown and sear.

Some Magi of the East, led by the mild
Star light, have hither come; and gifts they bear,
Of gold and incense, for the Holy Child.
On the straw-covered walk their footsteps are
Heard to approach, and now they enter where
The smiling infant lies; a peaceful ray
Of light looks through the thatching o'er a fair
Form sweetly pillowed on the new mown hay,
The long expected one, and the Most Blessed, for aye.

Here is the Lord of lords, the King of kings,
 Beneath this humble roof. The Wise Men, when
They see Him, bow in praise, and offerings
 To Him present. The fond hopes of all men,
 Lo, here are found! Long the prophetic pen
Has pointed to this hour; Time's full-orbed Sun
 Has risen o'er earth; through ages that have been,
Unto time's latest year, the light shall run,
Earth's ever crowning age has gloriously begun.

And in His day the Lord shall strike through kings,
 And the haughty nations be brought low
At His rebuke; and there shall living springs
 Of water from the house of David flow
 For those who thirst. This Righteous One will show
Favor unto His people, and the meek
 Will He teach of His way, that they may know
His power to save. The stray ones He will seek,
Like a good shepherd, bear in His strong arms the weak.

WATER TURNED TO WINE.

The feast is ready for the waiting guests,
Jesus and Mary and the Twelve are there,
In festal scenes they mingle with the rest.
Upon the spacious board are viands rare,
And fruits the choicest, yet the hand of care
On the kind hostess' brow traces a line.
Mary perceives the reason and comes where
Her Son is, and say low, as on His fine
Features she fondly looks, "They have not any wine."

The porters heed the summons, as they stand
E'er ready to obey; Jesus speaks low
Yet earnestly. They bring, at his command,
The water secretly; a pleasing glow
Lights up the Master's face as the drops grow,
Most suddenly transformed. Unto the Guest
The new sweet wine is passed. They may not know
By whose skilled hand the choice, fair fruit was pressed
That yielded the rich draught, the finest and the best.

With joyful lip the cup is handed round
To each and all. How say they have no wine,
When thus among the wedding guests is found
The matchless form of Him who is Divine,
And the marked beauty of that image fine
Reflects full in the cup, which grace doth fill
The waters with surprise? O'er each curved line
The deep blush surged until the small coy rill
Became transfigured; then to each drop went the thrill.

THE TEMPEST.

The hoarse winds mutter, and the dismal night
 Unsheaths its jetty wing. Dismay has crowned
Genesaret's dark waters; crests of white
 Foam upward madly dash. And, tempest-bound,
 Is seen a little barque. The direful sound
Of thunder spreads alarm. A watery grave
 Threatens the mariner; wildly around
The storm fiends gather. Who has strength to brave,
On such an hour as this, the anger of the wave?

While o'er the sea the tempests madly sweep,
 Within a ship, far driven from its place
Of mooring, Jesus, the great Master, sleeps,
 Unmindful of the storm. Over His face
 A holy, heavenly peace its sweet lines trace.
The ship's crew waken Him; in their alarm
 Implore His power to save. With composed grace
He rises from the pillow; with a calm
Look views the troubled sea, whose proud waves feel the
 charm.

Then sweetly went out on the troubled air,
To the storm's heart, the gentle "Peace, be still,"
Hushing the clamorous cry. The clouds repair,
O'er the great deep runs the transporting thrill,
The bashful waves are passive to His will,
The timid mist rolls back, that potent Word
The sea and raging wind haste to fulfill.
That gentle sound the listening tempest heard,
And its deep throbbing heart with peace is softly stirred.

THE MANIAC.

Within the mountain caves of Gadara,
And oft among the tombs, there dwelleth one
Of human form, and often in despair
He cast himself against the flinty stones
That from the cliff project, and there are none
To calm that troubled mind ; there day by day
He has his dwelling place. The noonday sun
Burns his unshielded form, and beasts of prey
May prowl around by night, and none durst pass
that way.

For him no song bird sings, no bright flowers bloom
For over all his life has come a blight,
And no fair ray of hope will e'er illumine
Reasons dark court ; he gropes without the light
Through weary days, as one bereft of sight,
Seeking for rest, yet seeking it in vain.
Beneath the cover of one starless night,
Despair has bound him in its fettering chain,
So long and cruelly, that life is utter pain.

A tall and manly form from a moored boat,
Steps on the rocky shore of Gallilee;
His unshorn locks down on his shoulders float
In golden waves. On those around him, see,
He looks in love; we know that this must be
Jesus, the Lord; down the rude ledge of stone
The maniac leaps; he turns as if to flee,
But now to Jesus comes, "Thou art the Son,
Of the Infinite God, we know thee blessed One."

Jesus commands, and the dim shades of night,
Like willing servants, hasten to obey
As at Creation's morn; "Let there be light,"
And the strange forms of darkness flee away,
As o'er the soul's calm waters the young day
Looked forth, and mirrored there her features mild;
Into the heart's great deep, then, fell a ray
Which wakened Hope, that joyous fair-browed child,
Who from her place looked up to heaven's clear blue
and smiled.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

From yonder princely mansion bitter cries
Are carried out upon the waves of air,
For there a sudden pain has veiled all eyes;
The minstrels are assembled now, and there
The mourning women have come in to bear
A solemn part, and streams of grief they pour
In plaintive words, as if in wild despair
They ring their hands, and pace the marble floor,
While for the precious dead thus bitterly deplore.

“There's shadows falling, fearful shadows falling,
Upon the heart's great deep;”
Thus with a sorrow that is sore appalling
The minstrels wildly weep.
The grave has closed upon our hope forever,
Those skilled in mourning say,
No angel from that gloomy portal ever
Can roll the stone away.

A father's heart is overcome with sadness,
She was his only pride ;
No other child, with fawn-like step, brought gladness
To that palace home beside ;
'Tis sad to see the gloomy shadows creeping
Upon the frescoed wall,
'Tis sad to see her young companions weeping,
As they pass out the hall.

Those little ones, in bitter anguish crying,
" Will the shadow ever rise?"
Long is death's fearful night, we hear them sighing,
" It is a strange surprise."
Those mourning children, with their tear-stained
faces,
And terror on their brow,
Glance timidly at the familiar places
Where silence lingers now.

While our own heart is aching, sadly aching
To hear them sob and weep,
As tho' their own were breaking, truly breaking,
With a sorrow dark, and deep.

We hear them say, " Her song of light, and gladness,
Is hushed forever more ;"
O'er Nature's face there seems to come a sadness,
Our loss all hearts deplore.
The happy birds now cease their joyous singing,
And fold their wings to rest,
As though death's fatal arrow too was stinging,
Deeply each little breast.

Her cherished flowers too seem to droop and languish
For her who comes no more.
Into their heart there creeps a cold, dull anguish,
And a silence evermore.
The vine she trained unclasped its twining fingers
From off the chilly walls,
And in the shadow droopeth, briefly lingers
Then fading, dying falls,
While the winds move the silken curtains slowly
Around her silent bed ;
Like anxious watchers that are bending lowly,
They whisper she is dead.

Jesus and his disciples have come near
The place of mourning ; by the outer wall

They slowly walk ; we may distinctly hear
The sweet sound of their sandals, as they fall
Upon the marble steps, into the hall
Silent they come ; the minstrels cease to play
The organ now ; throughout the palace all
Is hushed, and still as death ; their lutes they lay
Aside ; Jesus beckons the multitude away.

Jairus leads the Master to the place
Where the dead form is laid ; as yet the pall
“ Has not been settled on that lovely face ; ”
From o'er her brow the silken tresses fall
In waves of glossy jet, shading the small
Ear part from view ; the eyelids fair are pressed
Down as in gentle sleep, and over all
There is a settled peace ; upon her breast
The tiny snow white hands, like fair twin lilies rest.

The Lord clasps one in his, fixing his eye
Full on that pure young face ; through the deep
hush
Is said in gentle voice, “ Maiden, arise.”
Those sweet words break death's spell, and a soft
blush

Mantles those cheeks, fair as the ruddy flush
Of tinted sea shells, as her mild eye meets

The bright glance of the Lord. The pulses gush
Warm through the heart; with joyous lip she greets
The doting parents, who that answering smile repeats.

THE STORM AT SEA.

The fierce storm troops are gathering from afar
Riding the swift black cloud, the winds pass o'er
The foaming deep; the rattling of their car
Wakens the thunders, which with angry roar
Answer to thunder; clouds along the shore
To battle rush. Their livid armor gleams
Upon the storm's dark bosom, as they pour
Volleys upon the waves of fiery streams;
The Titans rend the air by their appalling screams.

By the unsteady glare is seen a form
Walking the billowy deep, with brow all calm
And all unshielded from the driving storm,
The ships crew see him, and with new alarm
The mariner cries out, "Fear ye no harm,"
A voice like music sounded o'er the deep,
"For it is I." That peaceful sound can charm
The troubled sea; the billows sink to sleep,
The storm clouds in their joy at once forget to weep.

Said Peter to the Lord, " If it be Thou,
Then bid me come to Thee upon the sea,
Upon the dimpling waves of crystal how
Proud to be able thus to walk like Thee,
And feel the laughing waters bend in glee
Beneath my feet ; alas, the hungry wave !
Is opening the mouth to swallow me ;
O'erwhelmed I sink into a watery grave,
I perish Lord, I pray reach forth thy hand to save."

Unto the doubting one the Master's hand
Is in compassion reached, E'er the night wore
Away, the ship again is brought to land,
Whither they wished. And many on the shore
Come forth to greet him ; there are many more
Who bring their sick, and lay them in the way,
So that at least his shadow might fall o'er,
And many cures were wrought by him this day,
Forms of the world unseen his just commands obey.

DIVERS OPINIONS OF CHRIST.

Though clothed in the mortal form, even as God,
Among men Jesus moves, majestic, grand
Earth trembles at His word; all things are awed
Into obedience at His command,
Unto the maimed saith He, "Extend thy hand,"
And instantly that member was made whole.
And all material things in sea or land,
Or immaterial, are at His control,
The Word that calmed the sea can well transform a soul.

And oft with regal pomp the masses sought
To crown the Lord, in festal halls they sung
Sweet tribute to His name. "Are we not taught
By inspired Writ," they ask, "that Christ shall spring
Of David's lineage, whom we trust to bring
Our nation out of bondage; are ye sure
This is the Christ, God's own anointed King
Sent to redeem, whose Kingdom shall endure
The changes of all time, most glorious and pure?"

Yet there are divers fancies, some there say
Will the Most Holy One delight to show
His favors to the meek? E'en deign to shed
His gracious smile on those who walk the low
And obscure paths of life? Do ye well know
This is the very Christ? Will the Allwise,
Whose goodness cannot err, honor bestow
Upon the poor? or shall the day-star rise,
Out of obscurity to bless and cheer all eyes?

THE DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

One they are bringing to the Master now,
Whose senses are apparently locked in
By some mysterious spell; upon whose brow
A vague light rests. Yet, from the strife and din
That reigns without, he's free. And what of sin
Could he have known, the time his spirit knelt
At the e'er silent shrine? No sound can win
Him from that deep repose, or voice can melt
His heart e'er with charm. He joys like those ne'er felt.

And those about him very little know
Of that strange occupant within that wall
Of finite clay, for speech has failed to show
The figures passing through the curious hall
Of fancy, with light tread, if shadows fall
O'er reason's court. At least no joyous sound
From the fair world without can ever call
Forth a response of joy from that one crowned
With silence evermore, where mysteries fold around.

“Be opened!” and at that all-potent word
The bars fell off that strongly bolted door
And sweet sounds from without the captive heard.
Silence within that temple reigned no more,
From reason’s pane the dusty blinds were torn
And sound of speech heard the astonished one;
A holy peace, as was unknown before,
Thrilled through the heart and soul; there quickly run
A gentle line of light, like dawning of the sun.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A large procession from the gate of Nane
Are moving down the street, with measured pace,
Behind a covered bier. Long is the train
That follows on. In many an eye a trace
Of sadness is, while to the resting place
They slowly bear the dead. There's only one
Mourner who follows. Down her furrowed face
The tear drops course—it was her only son—
The aged mother is by the sad stroke undone.

This is a bitter cup for her, O, God!
It was her only hope; the very last
Survivor of her kin. This was the rod
On which she thought to lean. Toward the past
Now memory turns, while blinding tears fall fast,
When looking back upon life's changeful wave,
How often has the way been overcast
With deepest gloom—now sadder than the grave
Since God took back again the precious gift He gave.

We see approaching slowly a small band,
Each with his head uncovered, as a sign
Of reverence for the dead. A form more grand
Than angel there is seen ; his features fine
Are truly radiant with love divine.
It is the Lord. When the pall-bearers hear
His gentle voice they pause. A mild, fair line
Of light is on his brow, as he comes near,
Placing a gentle hand upon the resting bier.

They put aside the pall from off the still,
Cold, lifeless form ; Jesus bids him arise.
To that hushed heart those sweet words sent a thrill.
The waking dead sits up, fixing his eyes
Full on the Savior's face, in mute surprise,
While crimson richly mantles brow and cheek,
As from the quickened soul death's shadows rise,
And consciousness returns. His clear glance seeks
The one familiar face, that one name softly speaks.

LAZARUS.

She rises hurriedly and bathes her brow
And then goes out, her troubled features grow
Far more composed, for she is going now
To meet the Lord. She yearns to tell her woe
To that sufficient Friend, for He will know
Best how to soothe her grief, when the dark wave
Of sorrow o'er her heart is beating so;
His word can still the storm, and He can save
"Our precious brother from destruction of the grave."

Jesus, and others are yet in the place
Where they first came; and Martha has come near
To where they wait; still on her careworn face
Traces of grief are seen; "Had'st thou been here"
She said unto the Master, "then our dear
Brother might not have died. Death's fatal dart
Would have been powerless then." A dewy tear
From the kind Saviour's eye in pity starts,
Showing the cherished love of that One Heart of
hearts.

Mary approaches now, and with her those
Who try to soothe her grief. To those who are
Weeping Christ says, "Believe," while His voice shows
How much His soul is moved. He asks them where
The dead is laid; and slowly they repair
To the lone place. Here nature seems to grow
Silently sad; the cliffs of dark rocks wear
A mournful look. The sighing breezes go
Past the steep rugged hills breathing a tale of woe.

The massive stone is slowly rolled away
From off the silent place, while gently o'er
The sleeping form there falls a slanting ray
Of sunshine now, inside the narrow door,
All things remain as they were placed before.
The straightened form upon the narrow bed,
Beneath those icy palms, the heart no more
Will joy or sorrow feel; most softly tread,
All ye who come to look once more upon the dead.

To sight appears that slightly covered face,
Like a design in marble made complete,
The shaded outlines we can hardly trace,

While o'er the rigid form the winding sheet
In snowy folds is straightened to the feet ;
The icy hands upon the silent breast,
Like sculpture finely cut, together meet,
A life-like statue, locked in endless rest ;
The snowy pillow dimples, where his head has pressed.

Lift not the cover from that altered face,
Think of the visage changed, those sightless eyes
How deeply sunken, no familiar trace
Those features bear. Now the deep, pent-up sighs
Without restraint break forth in bitter cries ;
Impressive scene ; this is a time when souls
Through the deep waters pass. Toward the skies
The Master looks, and silent converse holds
With the All Father now, who light and life controls.

He as in presence talks ; that earnest prayer
He offers up by Deity is heard.
He bids the dead, "Arise," and from Him there
Goes virtue out. By that life-giving word
That sleeping soul with energy is stirred,
And through the heart the quickened pulses thrill,
The lamp of reason burns, and to the blurred

Eyes wonted light returns, as through the chill
Limbs warmth and life revives; he moves, or rests at
will.

Heart to heart in answering thrill replies,
As friends remove the tight bands from their place,
And look upon those features in surprise;
How radiant! How fair! there is no trace
Of death's decay upon that ruddy face.
The pure blood quickens through that healthful
frame,
And his limbs move with all their former grace.
Most reverently they speak the Saviour's name,
While thoughtfully returning by the way they came.

TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST.

On peaceful Tabor now the holy calm
Of evening rests. The wild goats cease their play
Among the cliffs, among the mountain charm
They sweetly now repose, when in the gray
Of twilight's hour four friends pursue their way
Far up the rough ascent. The mountain air
Exhilarates their mind, as slowly they
Journey along. It seems all nature there
In winning words invites souls to unite in prayer.

Earth never looked upon a finer scene
Than Tabor's flowery slope presents to-night ;
Forests of oak, like fields of waving grain,
Along the margin fair spread out to sight ;
Far westerly forever rolls the bright
Waves of the mighty sea, and from the high
Still eminence the stars, like gems of light,
Dazzle, and burn, until the orient sky
Is truly luminous to the beholder's eye.

The mountain music lulls the timid fawn
Gently to sleep ; the folded flowers seem fanned
By angel's passing wing, yet on, and on
The four pursue their way, until they stand
Upon the noble summit of the grand
Old eminence. The pale moon has begun
Its nightly course. Three of that little band
Are Peter, James, and John, the other one
Jesus of Nazareth is, Mary's beloved Son.

And as they tarry there, behold ! surprise
Seizes the three, as suddenly a light
Shines round about. Before their wondering eyes
The face of Mary's Son becomes too bright,
Too radiant with heaven for finite sight
To steadily behold. The entire grace
Of it is changed. His garb becomes as white
As the fair drifted snow, while o'er the place
A cloud of glory rests ; transformed appears each face.

The circle of bright glory grows more broad,
Two forms divine, behold from heaven appear,
And talk familiar with the Son of God.

But admiration soon gives place to fear,
As from those sacred lips they plainly hear
The words, Mount Olivet, and Calvary,
Sufferings on the Cross. In accents clear
Speak they of death, and they distinctly say
Something pertaining to a resurrection day.

While they converse transcendent glory fills
The consecrated place ; light seems to run
Down to the earth from the celestial hills,
And a voice speaks, " This is my much loved Son,
In whom I am well pleased." And every one
Of the astonished three fall to the ground
In sore dismay, not knowing what is done ;
When they have strength to stand no man is found
With them save Jesus there, and hushed is every
sound.

The holy land seems happy, from above
The sun looks sweetly on the peaceful hill
Of lovely Olivet. The gentle dove
Among the swaying palms doth softly trill
Forth cooing note, and all hearts feel the thrill,

And every cheek and brow are gently fanned
By the sweet breath of joy; and Kedron's rill
Goes babbling gaily o'er the stony strand,
Its cheerful song, for aye, charming the listening sand.

There is the gorgeous Fane, the walls set strong
About the Holy Place. O, happy sight!
And groups of happy people pass along
The pleasant, shady walks, while with delight
Memory turns oft to some spot made bright
By smiles of loving friends, where from the throng
Is tasted purest joy, within the light,
And smiles of home. Thoughts of the evening song
Cheers the lone wanderer whilst journeying along.

Thronged by the thoughtless multitude is one
Who seems by joy unmoved. The earth and sky,
And quiet grandeur of the setting sun,
Wakens no thrill. With spirit's unvailed eye
He views the future years. He sees one die
For these upon the Cross; and sees and knows
The certain fate of every passer-by,
And of the Holy Place; while for their woes,
Their sad and certain doom, the tear of pity flows.

Still further down the misty track of years
Can His far-sighted vision clearly trace
The fearful, solemn change, when there appears
The Roman ensign in the sacred place!
Terror traces a line on every face,
As at the conflagration bitter cries
Are borne upon the air, when Jacob's race
Perish by flame and sword, yet the deep sighs
Of the afflicted ones to Heaven unheeded rise.

Through time yet more remote does He behold
The land that now with pleasant scenes abound
A dreary waste; the sacred place a fold
For the offenseless herds. Unto the ground
The mural stones are laid, and there is found
No scepter and no king. In the streets, where
Is flowing now on every breeze the sound
Of noisy mirth, no Levites left to bear
The Holy Ark of God—no Passover is there.

Long after death has passed, and time's no more,
Does pity's eye behold the fearful night,
Rayless and merciless, bend o'er the shores

Of black despair, and there no ray of light
Can ever come. Lips that laugh now are white
With terror there. They might, but would not, hear
Mercy's sweet call. O'er these, and that sad sight,
May eyes that see through the eternal years
In deep compassion shed, for them, the pitying tears.

GOING INTO JERUSALEM.

Down the broad street almost a countless throng
Follow the Kingliest one as He doth go
Into the city; as they pass along
Low words of admiration they bestow
On the meek King of Zion. Praises flow
On every breeze; the timid ones grow bold
In giving praise. Tell His beloved, lo!
He's entering her gates, that He may hold
With her the nuptial feast, prepared of joy untold.

The multitudes of people gathered say
"Let our loved Zion with glad praises ring
To Him that cometh," and they pave the way
Where He may go, while youthful voices sing
The sweet hosanna, unto Christ their King.
"Hosanna in the highest," they repeat;
The little children choicest offerings bring;
Flowers into garlands wreathed, strew at His feet,
Saying with one accord, "Praise unto Him is meet."

IN THE GARDEN.

The ebon wing of night is spread abroad
Over the face of earth, and naught around
Disturbs the solitude ; nature seems awed
By the strange spell that mournfully has crowned
The passing hour. No life or motion's found
Beneath the folds of night, save winds that go
Piercing the shadows with their dreary sounds,
And olive branches swaying to and fro,
Like groups of mourners pressing to their hearts
their woe.

Except this constant rustle, all is still
And voiceless as the dead ; shadows enshroud
In deepest mourning Olivet's lone hill,
And Kedron's waves scarce dare to sob aloud
Their pent-up grief. Behind the darkest cloud
Luna has veiled her face, afraid to raise
A glance to earth, and every flower is bowed
With dewy eye, each pallid with amaze,
While from the coming scene each star withdraws
its rays.

And not one silvery beam pierces the dark
That can almost be felt. A woe has stirred
Now, nature's inmost soul. How sadly!—Hark!
What sounds were those that we distinctly heard
From yonder bower, as tho' some holy word
From seraph lips fell on the midnight air,
With pathos deep. It is the Lord at prayer.
To Gethsemanes lone mount he oft times doth repair.

Enter a moment this e'er sacred place,
While no pure stars like angel watchers keep
Guard from above. Here bowed upon their face
Are found the Chosen Twelve wrapped in a deep
Unconsciousness. Awake, how can ye sleep,
His favored ones? Could ye not watch one hour,
When far abroad the storms of darkness sweep,
And all hell's terrors are arrayed in power
Over the earth and sea, impending tempests iower.

Oft' hath the Holiest tarried all night long
Even till break of day in that lone place,
In fervent prayer; and even there more strong
In spirit grew; familiar, face to face
With the known Father, for a guilty race

With agonizing plead, that God might spare
Them through the merits of redeeming grace,
That He might longer with their ways forbear,
If those now lost in sin His holiness might share.

But look again ! What an affecting sight
There meets the view ! The Lord of Glory bowed
Upon the cold, damp ground. O, gloomy night !
Draw a dark veil around ; thou moon enshroud
Thy mournful face behind the darkest cloud,
And all ye stars of light withdraw in fear,
For with a woe too great to breathe aloud,
The Holiest heart is wrung. Ye shades draw near
And witness to the pain, ye stones of hardness hear.

Note ye the moan that wrings Emmanuel's breast.
What pain, what woe, the Prince of Glory knows !
Lo, every nerve is to the utmost pressed
By sorrow's crushing weight ! O, dreadful throes !
Unparalleled by mortal's keenest woes,
Whilst the Incarnate One in meekness bore
The sins of all ; for this the life blood flows,
Streaming in copious drops from every pore,
Can there be added one pang to the suffering more ?

Crimes of a guilty race, with crushing power
 Bows down that head ; well might you worlds be
 awed
By the deep cry, "O, save me from this hour !
 Let this cup pass, if possible my God,
Yet not my will, O, Lord ! but thine be done."
 And now alone, while evil is abroad,
The press He treads, save that a feebler one
From Glory bright appears to soothe the suffering
 Son.

But once again, what were those sounds we heard,
 Which thus with discord trilled the midnight air,
As tho' the powers of darkness fiercely stirred?
 What means this coming band? The scene how
 dare
 They to approach? What fiendish scowls they wear
Of hellish spite! What bitter curses loom
 Up from the heart's dark pit! Their leaders bear
Each one a torch that glimmers out through the
 gloom ;
Whence came their army forth? "Whom seek ye, tell
 us whom.'

" Jesus of Nazareth is whom we seek ;"

One Judas leads the van, with serpent's hiss

" Hail, Master ! Hail !" he cries ; kisses the cheek.

O, words that mock ! O, treacherous, cruel kiss !

O, faithless soul ! What perfidy is this ?

Such gross deceit, did pure love ever know ?

O, broken vow ! Ah, thou false-hearted ! wist

Ye not the cup was full to overflow,

That ye should seek to add more to the brimming
woe.

Designing one, yet Jesus calls him, " Friend,

If ye seek me then let these go their way."

Why should devouring wolves thus seek to rend ?

Why should their greedy hate delight to slay

That spotless Lamb, then revel o'er their prey ?

Ye troops with armor quickly flee apace,

Ye who are set in proud and bold array

Fall to the ground in awe before the face

Of Him ye seek, who could confine you to the place.

My kingdom is not here, or we'd contend

With the besieging host. The cause of right

My faithful servants gladly would defend

And crush the power of Satan, and of Night ;
Emmanuel's crown is of design more bright
Than worldly fame; that peaceful rule begun
Will never cease. Not man's, or demon's spite,
Can dim the glory of the Conquering One
Who reigns forevermore more radiant than the sun.

Altho' they lead him forth, 'tis not by might,
Or by the force of arms. Their boasted tower
Of strength how weak, how insufficient quite
To do the work of this auspicious hour!
Truly they have the will, but not the power
He who has sovereign right unto the throne
While spirits last may mock, and tempests lower,
Makes the atoning sacrifice alone,
By him to fallen man is free salvation shown.

While o'er Jerusalem night's shadows yet
Are drawn around, within the halls of state
The nobles of the land, behold, have met
In council now! Here are the lordly great,
And their false witnesses before them wait
For to condemn the Just. And they have brought

Against Him things He knew not of; with hate
The envious that faultless life have sought
To rashly take away, and Him they set at nought.

Pilate inquires, "Art thou the Son of God?"
And in the presence of the Holy One
That man of worldly hopes is conscience awed.
As devils may believe, he on the Son
Of God likewise believes, although not won
By love divine, and seeks he to release
That Righteous One through fear. "What has he done
That ye against Him cry?" O, when will peace
Say to the heart's proud wave, thy bitter striving cease?

A message is sent in this very hour
From one who with the spirits of the dead
Claim intercourse, with supernatural power
Foresee events. She, with entreaty, said:
"Tell Pilate, o'er me came a fearful dread,
As in a dream I saw the Spotless Son
Of God condemned to die; then o'er me spread
Horror of darkest night, to that Just One,
By thy hand faithful friend, may not the deed be done."

Ah, faithless Peter, heard thou not the sound
That three times thrilled the midnight air apart?
Or, was it that sad look of the One crowned
With a thorn wreath that three times pierced thy heart,
Like the keen cutting of a new-formed dart;
That thou for anguish doth avert thy face
From that all-searching glance, while the tears start?
Or, dost thou seek through shame a darker place
To find without the wall, and wouldst the past erase?

“I know him not, I do not know the name,”
Didst thou, O faithless one, with cursing say?
Unstable-minded man, this time how came
Thy lips to be untrue? Ah, Peter, pray!
And could thou also turn thy face away?
Though all forsake, yet will not I, thou said.
Could not thy heart with the lone sufferer stay,
When they in mockery bowed? or didst thou dread
The cup of scorning poured upon that righteous head?

Or did their cruel smiting quite disarm
Thee of thy trust? Did curses of the base,
Heaped on thy Leader, fill thee with alarm,
That thou, faint-hearted, sought to hide thy face

From the vile ones; to shun the foul disgrace
While they upon him spit? At the blows dealt
To Him who stands in the accused one's place
The flinty heart of adamant might melt.
Grief His pure spirit bowed, as soul of man ne'er felt.

Peter, unstable one, how can thou fear
The ire of man? The servant, didst thou know,
Is not above his Lord? Canst thou be clear
Then of their spite, when the full cup of woe
Those sinless lips have pressed? Or, will they show
More kindness to the least? If they have said
Words evil of thy Master, shouldst thou grow
Fearful at heart; wouldst thou avert thy head
From the descending stroke, or drink the gall with dread?

Think, Peter, of that night upon the sea,
When the fierce raging of the tempest spread
Terror around! What hand was reached to thee
To stay thee up? Think what an utter dread
Came o'er thy heart at thoughts of that damp bed.
Whose voice across the waters didst thou hear,
Hushing the storm to silence of the dead?

“O, Peter, it is I; be of good cheer.”

Then wherefore shouldst thou doubt, and wherefore
sink with fear?

Think of the days when there were seventy sent

By two, and two, to preach the precious word,

Who through the many towns and cities went

Doing mysterious works; and all who heard

Were forced to own that they had not conferred

With flesh and blood, but of the Holy One

They had been taught; think how thy heart was stirred

With holy zeal as gracious cures were done

Through thee by even Him, Jesus, the morning sun.

Think of that holy night when thou wast found

With Him upon the mount. Think of the bright

Glory ineffable that shone around

When heaven appeared to open to thy sight,

And through a cloud of uncreated light

A low voice spoke: “This is my own loved Son,

In whom I am well pleased.” Of those in white,

Think of their burning words. What hast thou done,

In that thou hast denied, with oath, the Holy One?

And on this night that agonizing look
In Gethsemane; the soldiers drawn in line;
That cruel kiss; and then when thou partook
There of the bread, and of the unmingled wine
From the full cup—emblem of the divine—
Body of Him! Think thou, unstable, how
A look could melt thee and thy heart refine;
Think of thy broken consecration vow,
While tears course down thy cheeks, what memories
waken now.

Still o'er Jerusalem darkness spreads wide
Its jetty wing, while down the dim streets pour
The motley crowd forth in a living tide;
The cruel floods of the ungodly roar
Like angry floods that smite the rocky shore
In hours of wrath. By Calvary's lone hill,
Lo, tens of thousands pass. Curses are borne
Out on the air; a fearful gloom doth fill
Earth truly with amaze, its heart has felt the chill.

Yet on, and on, in frenzied rage doth pass,
Along the rugged way, the gaping crowd.

By the hillside surges the living mass,
 Enveloping its borders like a cloud.
Voices are heard, and acclamations loud,
All clamoring for blood. This hour the sky
 Over the earth in wrath is greatly bowed;
As the dim shadows of the night pass by,
The wind upon the shore goes uttering a cry.

'Tis morning, and upon the rugged hill
 Arrows of light descend, a vivid shower
Gilding the distant slopes; yet a gloom still
 O'er all the land prevails, and shadows lower
 The day cannot disperse, when hour by hour
Death's angel hovers near, as the rude gale
 Breaks the bruised reed, and bows to earth the flower.
Behold the sun within its course grows pale,
While from the troubled deep sounds out a piercing wail.

Still on, and on, sweeps the ungodly mass,
 The uncouth soldiery with sword and spear.
From hamlets rude, the inmates as they pass,
 Gaze out with wondering eye. The soldiers jeer,
 And oaths profane fall on the sinless ear

Of Him who meekly walks among the crowd.

They mock, they scoff, and with words insincere
Worship that worthy name. With voices loud
Pour they contempt on Him, who is with sorrow bowed.

Upon that King of kings no vassals wail,

But near, two victims with their gaunt limbs bound,
And quite bared to the sun; objects of hate;

Lo, one on either side the Just is found.

Yet no upbraiding look, no murmuring sound,
Escapes those sinless lips. "Father forgive,

May thy compassion to those foes abound,
To those who now revile, I freely give
My life an offering that even they may live."

Up the highway the boastful Pharisee,

The prince, the slave, together pass along
In slow procession. Now on bended knee

Hear them in mockery join. The babbling throng
On either side aid in derisive song.

With cruel jests taunt they the Stricken One,

Fainting beneath the cross. At this great wrong
Call home thy rays, thou much astonished sun,
Before the last great deed of cruelty is done.

Woe to the earth by reason of the voice
Of the fifth angel that prepares to sound !
Tremble ye rocks and mountains, while the choice,
Full clusters of the vine are being ground
In the wine-press of wrath ! Darkness fold round
Zion's fair hill, and Ariel's angels weep
Over the Holy Place, with heads uncovered
And hand upon the mouth, whilst o'er the deep
Places of mystery the shadows strangely sweep !

Luke 23: 45. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

Silence in heaven ! What means this fearful pause
That's felt in bliss ? So the celestial throng
Around the throne in attitude that awes
Heaven with amaze. While the seraphic song,
Falters, and dies away on burning tongue ;
Each lofty angel hath a shaft of light
Bent in his hands, now as they pass along
The sapphire walk, and with his robe of white
Rent fearfully. Did heaven e'er witness such a sight.

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All there have sackcloth on, and even God
Himself is mute; and every blessed head
By woe is crowned; the hierarchy are awed.
Far, far abroad that mournful look has spread,
O'er all the plains of light. A sense of dread
O'er all prevails; my God, what meaneth this?
What ails yon worlds? Is Heaven's beloved dead,
That notes of woe moves every harp in bliss?
What voice ye seraphim among you do ye miss?

The stars of heaven turn pale, and down through space
That meaning pause is borne, for natures heart
Has felt the throe. Yon orb what caust thou trace,
That thou shouldst veil thy rays and backward start
From thine accustomed course, as tho' thou art
Sorely dismayed at the terraqueous sphere?
Earth! Earth! What ails the Earth?. What woe
could part
Thy stony lips? Why tremble so with fear?
What do thy listening stones on rugged Calvary hear?

Earth! Earth! Convulsing earth what has been done?
Upon thy heaving breast what guilty stain,
What deep of darkness thus could veil the sun,

And spread dismay abroad? Canst thou refrain
To raise thy voice, O, Calvary, when pain
Rends thy strong heart. That piercing cry might break
The hardest rock, and rend the veil in twain ;
From that One dying there a word could make
The firmest mountain tremble, and the earth to shake.

See ye the cross upraised ! The mocking crowd,
The bleeding hands and side, that sinless head
By weight of suffering so greatly bowed !
Well might yon sun of glory veil with dread
Its beams in heaven, and darkness widely spread
A mourning weed o'er earth and sea abroad,
When mid the desolation it is said
My God ! hast thou forsaken me, my God?
At an Emmanuel's woe well might yon worlds be awed ?

Hast thou forsaken me? Hear ye that lone
Voice, that amid the lost creation cries,
Eloi! Eloi! Unto the Father's throne
That woe ascends, and to those groans and sighs,
The sympathizing Heart of Love replies
By silence deep, while mournfully around

The High and Holy One, in mute surprise
Waiteth the Seven ; on the fair heights are found
The bright angelic host, with sore amazement crowned.

On earth a feeble band are waiting near
The upraised cross. And yet more distant see
The Twelve are mingling with the crowd for fear
Of being slain. Ye chosen ones can ye
Still have a lingering doubt who this may be
Who hangs upon the cross? Ponder ye wise
The strange events, all nature's moved, and we
Behold the righteous dead to life arise ;
By this know well 'tis the Eternal One who cries.

“ It is finished ;” well might thou be amazed
And smite thy breast, thou stranger greatly awed,
At such a scene as this, with thine eyes raised
To Him upon the tree. Far, far abroad
A dimness strangely steals. The stupid clod
Seems with emotion moved ; might thou exclaim
That “ This man truly is the Son of God.”
This precious truth well might thy lips proclaim
Unto a dying world, declare a Saviour's name.

His visage is more marred than any son
Of man has been, while that his soul is made
An offering for sin. That stricken One
Was bruised, vile one, for thee; on Him was laid
Iniquities of all. By Him is paid
The forfeit for thy sin. For thee He gave
His life a ransom here, and thereby bade
Justice to stay its rod. E'en to the grave
Has mercy reached her hand a ruined world to save.

What love is this, what wondrous love is this;
Ye who stand round the throne of God, well might
Ye be amazed! and every harp in bliss
Be silent here! ye eldest sons of light
This wondrous theme of dying love is quite
Too deep to grasp that the Emmanuel's heart
Should so o'er sinners yearn, to leave the bright
Mansions of bliss to die, thus to impart
The gift of life to man, Love, Love Divine, thou art.

Three days and nights the massive stone has pressed
Against the narrow doorway of the tomb,
Where silently the hopes of ages rest,

Shrouded away within the confined gloom.

Three days and nights angels have watched o'er
whom

The fate of earth depends, afraid to raise

Scarcely a lisp! Shall life immortal bloom
For man beyond the grave? O, day of days,
On which the destiny of all the living weighs.

O, the momentous point! What think ye bright

Watch of eternity, that fond hope will
Be quenched for aye in the abyss of night?

Three days and nights a solemn pause doth fill
The court of heaven, and every harp is still.
Three days and nights is darkest sack-cloth spread
Upon the throne, and from the shining hill
The countless numbers watch, with bowed head
The mighty wrestling in the valley of the dead.

But hark! a peal of rapture trills the sky!

Haste shining angels, roll away the stone.
On wings more fleet than light ye bright ones fly;
Bear the glad news this hour from sun to sun;
Exult thou earth and heaven, the Wrestling One,
Doth over death and hell strongly prevail.

Swift messengers with the glad tidings run,
The dead's alive again, to men All Hail!
Tremble ye Powers of Night, ye death watch set grow
pale.

Fall to the ground vain guards with trembling fall
Before the Conquering One, speechless with fear ;
Wax nerveless as the dead. Come near ye small
Frail band of mourners, come. Be of good cheer,
View ye the place, the Master is not here.
The risen Morning Star has gained its place
At God's right hand, a ransomed world brought near
Unto the throne, and an apostate race
Brought back again to God through his atoning grace.

THE PRESENT AGE.

And many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased

Five thousand years have rolled their rapid round
Since time began its course ; the earth is fanned
Now by more ardent gales. There is the sound
Of voices strange, as revolutions grand
Sweep o'er the earth ; both sea and solid land
Are with convulsions stirred. As the sixth seal
Opens on time a light o'er every strand,
Like flushes of the morning gently steal.
Hearts of the living mass the strong vibrations feel.

Did the beloved, who kept the holy day
At lonely Patmos see, when from His face
The mystic veil was rent, far, far away
Through the dim mist of years, there did He trace
The changeful scene, as the prospective race

Came and hence passed away, till the far skies
Seemed dark with forms: and in that cheerless place
While visions of the Holy met His eyes,
Did he behold the morn of the millenium rise?

Behold the shadows of the night have passed
Away from every land; the prophet's eyes
This in a vision saw. The darkness cast
Over the nations long, like vapors rise,
While o'er earth's circles, fair-browed, knowledge flies
On lightning wing; science, that clear eyed one,
Speaks with a mighty voice, the peaceful skies
Reveal to every land a cloudless sun,
And by the morning song all hearts are strongly won

Night spreads o'er all the land, night long and deep,
A night devoid of light; the chill wind sighs
Over the broken wall. The watchmen keep
Calling unto the watch, Pray do the skies
Yet change in hue? Can not thy wakeful eyes
In the far distance trace a single ray
Prophetic of the morn? The watch replies

Unto the watch, "We know the promised day
Will sometime dawn in sight, tho' it may long delay."

Now boldly forth goes all the fiends of night,
While that our watchmen on the walls are few
Throughout the land the foe is marching strong.
O, thou upon the watch, e'er tried and true,
Ye've tarried till thy locks are wet with dew,
Pacing the wards all night with longing eye
Fixed on the starless east; can ye not view
Yet any trace of day? Is yet the sky
Quite veiled in midnight gloom, while sadly the winds
sigh?

Over the hills of earth, scarcely a breath,
From the fair heaven land lifts the drooping flowers;
A gloom o'er all prevails, mournful as death,
For over all the world gross darkness lowers,
And revolution fiercely shakes the powers
That be on earth. The moon, and every star
Have veiled their rays in darkness of the hours,
And the earth quakes, and fearful thunders jar
The nations of abroad; the sea roars from afar.

How long this fearful night? Pray look once more
Watchman, and tell us all that meets thy sight;
The worst we fain would know. Do the waves roar,
And frightful tempests in their anger smite
Against the rocks? Say, on this two-fold night
Have any changes passed? Does the same hue
Enshroud the hills? Is there no gleam of light
Upon the distant mountains yet in view?
Mark carefully each point, and tell us then most true.

“ It still is night, and fierce beasts are abroad
Throughout the land, and the chill night winds sigh
Among the mournful pines. Men’s hearts are awed
At dismal sounds they hear, and many die
On the dark mountains e’er their wistful eye
The morning light beholds. Before our face
Spreads out intensest gloom; in all the sky
As yet our much pained vision cannot trace
A ray of promise to this a benighted race.”

Great signs, and fearful sights are everywhere
Now to be seen, that might the heart’s life chill
And lips turn pale, and on the midnight air

Most dismal sounds are borne, while on the hill
The wolves destroy the precious sheep at will;
And many in the flames shamefully die,
Others vile tortures bear, while darkness still
Covers the people here, and the deep cry
Of blood goes up from earth to Him who rules on high.

'Tis mournful news indeed, our soul is pained
At the sad thought. Yet thou most faithful say
Will respite come? Will e'er the wolf be chained?
And will this fearful darkness pass away,
From off the earth? Each moment seems a day;
The eager people long to see the light,
And more, they almost faint to hear the lay
Of morning birds; say, watchman to thy sight
Have any signs appeared to cheer this gloomy night?

It truly seems a change has faintly passed
Altho' we dare not say. As yet the seas
With storm and cloud are darkly overcast,
But yet across the plains a gentle breeze
Down from the green hill blows; true, by degrees
The shadows fade; the outlines of the hills
We hardly trace, and we see men as trees

Walking along the vale, but no bird trills
A joyous note as yet; night veils the low lands still.

The moments flee apace, across the east
The rose blush comes; the waking ones admire
The day tides' flow; the storm its moan has ceased,
And of the watchmen some awhile retire
From toil to rest, but yet the bright watch-fire
Upon the mountain burns, while in their place
Stands up a countless host. Behold, still higher
Ascends the Morning Star, all eyes can trace
Its penciling in the veiled lines of exceeding grace.

The glory deepens till the distant isles
Feel the transporting thrill. The watchmen see
Now eye to eye, by day's effulgent smile.
Thou faithful one, still found on bended knee,
What are the signs of the good things to be?
"The tokens truly thrill with lofty cheer
Our longing hearts, the captive bold and free
Steps forth in the fair light, and we can hear
The riven fetters fall. The promised hour draws near."

The news indeed is bliss, yet once more tell
Us all ye hear, and of the sights thine eyes
This hour behold ; what answer? "All is well ;
The shout of victory peals the beaming skies,
From every shore and rock the shadows rise ;
The morning birds their carols have begun
In the green groves ; the herald angel flies
Bearing glad news to all lands 'neath the sun."
But what glad news, we ask, beneath that Shining One?

What news from China doth that strong one bring ?
Watchman, let not one word escape thine ear,
What news we ask? "The bells of morning ring
Sweetly from every vale their lofty cheer.
And at this hour the morning skies are clear,
Without a cloud." 'Tis truly joyous word,
But pray what else? "From every shore we hear
More rapturous strains than mortals ever heard,
With sweet hosanna sound all hearts are gladly stirred."

What welcome tidings doth that angel bear,
From India, and the islands of the sea?
From Madagascar, what good news from there?

From Ceylon, and the Friendly Isles for we
For tidings greatly long, if good there be?
Upon those hills do any watchmen run
Bearing glad news, "Tell us if yet more free
Heart of the millions beat, thou shining one
Standing upon the wall in full light of the sun?"

A wakened world hears well the joyful sound
Of the swift wheels of peace; Ceylon is fanned
By heavenly gales, and India's shores abound
With cooing note; in all that ransomed land
The dusky host stand up with outspread hand,
And eyes turned sunward now, praising the light.
From Ethiopia and Borneo the grand
Song surges out; the ransomed ones unite
In song with sweet accord; Millennial dawn's in sight.

Isa. 21: 12. The morning cometh, and also the night.

The morning cometh, and also the night,
With dusky features, cometh on apace;
The dark sea roars, and its waves madly smite

Against the rocks. Thou watchman, with thy face
Toward eternity, what visions trace?

“The sky looks ominous, and every flower
Is earthward bowed, while softly from their place
The shadows come. The gray clouds sadly lower,
Cheerless and strange around, time's solemn sunset hour.

Look on the tinted fields, this hour behold!

The ripened grain bows down its modest head
In the wan smile of sunset's passing gold;
And the full clusters of the vine are red
With wine of wrath. Justice prepares to tread
The vintage out, and stains of blood are seen
On girdles of the horses; and, with dread,
All hearts are faint. Earthward the high towers lean!
O, ever faithful Watch, what do these tokens mean?

Ferocious beasts are creeping from the rocks

In search of prey; the form of error springs
Forth from its place; the shepherds leave their flocks,
To be destroyed, in search of most vain things,
While 'mong the mountains dim the siren sings
Men's souls to sleep. O'er all the land is found

Most fearful sights; and Babel's ruin rings
Incessantly with strange, discordant sounds!
There the vile Satyres cry, as their mates dance around.

The watchmen on the wall are very sad,
For what their eyes behold. The nations are
Drunken, though not with wine; they have gone mad
Through strange excess, have mingled as it were
Of things forbidden, more than they can bear;
So that a trembling cometh over all.

The coming day of vengeance will not spare
The guilty ones, they totter to their fall,
As tho' bereft of light, bows down both great and small.

O, thou upon the watch, pray look again!

And read the signs and tokens of the sky,
As the last solemn moments slowly wane;
Mark ye the changes with a careful eye,
As the most awful time is drawing nigh.

Ah, harken well! Can ye not plainly hear

From every land the dismal battle cry,
Now that Abaddon's host in line appear?

All faces become pale, and all hearts faint with fear.

“The fiends approach, our false friends are abroad,
Through all the world, are gathering on this hour,
Their hosts together to the day of God.
At this time watch; be constant on the tower;
The wily foes exalt themselves in power,
While the Destroyer goes through all the land.
More ominous the skies above us lower;
Make ready ye who on the watch-towers stand,
Have thy lamps trimmed, and the drawn sword in hand.’

How goes the battle now? tell us again,
Thou faithful one upon the clouded wall.
Of the King’s enemies, are many slain?
And of our own ranks, are there some that fall,
To try their faith? Good Watchman tell us all
About the fray; triumphs the Truth o’er Wrong?
Is error made to bow? Do the most small.
In the encounter, hourly grow more strong?
This cruel conflict, say, shall it continue long?

“Faint, yet pursuing; every heart is sad,
By reason of the raging of the foe.
Perilous times have come; exceeding mad

With rage, the enemy, behold, doth grow,
Because his time is short. Beneath his blow
Many are wounded, and grow cold at heart ;
And many faint with fear as the last woe
Is poured out on the earth ; many a dart
Thins off our stricken ranks, few bear a faithful part."

A time when souls are tried, ye feebler ones,
Take heed unto thy goings lest ye may
Forego thy trust when the exalted sons,
Are in the furnace proven ; error bears sway
And may seek now to prevent the way,
By vainest hope, and many weak ones fall,
On the rough places, nevermore for age
To rise again, a dimness over all,
The land becomes intense, to try both great and small.

Thou ever faithful One, we beg thee tell
Us hour by hour, about the fearful fray ;
Thou valiant for the truth, while the last bell
Tolls mournfully for the departing day ;
And Michel and his men, are in array,
Contending valiantly against the wrong,

Do they prevail? Thou weary Watchman say
Does the strong foe give back? Tell us how long,
Ere our Lord shall return, crowned with triumphant
song?

“The pleasant Mountain is laid sadly waste,
By hands profane, our altars too, they tore
Shamefully down, and still the foe makes haste,
We hear a fiend shout mid the battle roar,
Truth they have slain, and equity no more;
Righteousness is wounded, and the sword falls
From Justice’s hand.” Soon they prest will fly
The valiant ones; boldly the night fiend calls,
Unto our weary Watchman waiting on the walls.

Even at this hour, the patient watchman hear
Some of their numbers sing in accents low and clear.

It would be vain to pile up gold
Upon this foreign shore,
Or seek for fame, or wealth untold
To leave soon evermore.

The little while we here remain,
What is there worth our care?
And why discomforted complain
Tho' hard and coarse the fare?

We could not wish life's burden light
The few short hours we roam,
Or for the comforts of a night
Fit up a princely dome.

We need not look for scenery grand
Along this beaten way,
While through a dreary desert land
We sojourn for a day.

And should we e'er complaining go,
Whatever ill may come,
It is enough tired one to know,
We're on our journey home.

Tho' rude the storm, and rough the way,
'Twill very soon be passed,
And o'er the flood the glow of day
Will greet our eyes at last

Well might joy thrill us as we near
The foaming river side,
For naught have we to bind us here,
Our home's beyond the tide.

We thank thee, patient one, for things ye tell ;
Good watchman on the wall, we love to hear
At this important time if aught is well,
And to be warned of any danger near ;
Hast thou for pilgrims any other cheer ?
“ The prospect is not pleasing, yet we may
Still hope for better things when most we fear.
Truth perishes from earth, and few are they
Who with faith undimmed walk in the Kings highway.”

“ From the tempest beat valley the winds never cease,
To waft upward and skyward sweet whispers of peace ;
We are only tired pilgrims here passing along,
To a country more bright and more fair we belong.
Tho' our traveling suit gathers dust by the way,
These toils and privations are but for a day ;
Tho' sorely afflicted by poverty here
We have treasures on high and the title is clear.

Our father is rich, both in lands and in gold,
Secure in his coffers are treasures untold ;
Tho' spurned by earth children, for that should we sigh
While passing along to our mansions on high?
We crave not the grandeur earth's titles may bring,
Who are heirs to a crown and sons of a King.
We are traveling on to our beautiful home,
The friends over there will keep watch till we come.

When we tread on the gold of that beautiful street
We'll forget the sharp thorns that are hurting our feet.
In our own Father's house we will hunger no more,
For the shadow of want never passes the door :
The cry of the tempest then ever shall cease,
For the sigh shall be hushed on the bosom of Peace."

THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

Watchman, what of the night? "Lo, in the sky!
Tokens of wrath appear, all cheeks are pale
As sudden winds from every quarter rise;
Earth to its center quakes, a fearful wail
Goes out from every land, as crushing hail
Breaks every tree; both bond and free men pray
The rocks to cover them; to Hamonah's vale
The fowls of heaven are bade without delay
Unto a kingly feast; we hear a strong voice say:"

"The repast's spread, ye birds of every feather,
Of hateful note from greatest to the least,
Make haste and come, gather yourselves together,
From north, from south, from west, and from the east.
Assemble ye, and every ravenous beast;
The chiefest for the sacrifice are slain.
Come every one unto the sumptuous feast,
That is prepared on Armagidon's plain,
Come ye of greedy kind, as time's last moments wane."

"All ye carnivorous host, with haste, with haste,
Come ye and dine, who gloat beneath the sun,
For of the ample supper all may taste;
Come satisfy your cravings every one.
That which was spoken of, of old, is done,
It is fulfilled. The broken clusters stain
The wine-press of fierce wrath. Now has begun
The feast of kingly meats. None need refrain,
The precious wine shall be the choice blood of the slain."

The battle horse doth with its rider fall
Now heavily to the earth. This moment great
Convulsion shakes the world, till every small
Stone to its heart is rent. The hour is late,
And the King's chariot will no longer wait.
The waters of iniquity have rose,
Unto a mighty flood. Earth meets its fate,
The stars refuse to shine, and fierce wrath blows
The sun out, as time comes quickly unto a close.

IT IS DONE.

Rev. 16-17. And the Seventh Angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven from the throne, saying, it is done.

Lo, it is done! Swift and the vivid light,
The seventh strong angel, doth his vial pour
Upon the waves of air, while armor bright,
Gleams in the firmament, and thunders roar.
The elements dissolve. The rocks are torn,
With great convulsions, while a mighty one
Proclaims aloud that Time shall be no more.
Voices are heard; that fearful shock has run
Through nature's palsied frame, 'tis felt from sun to sun.

Through the receding mist, of ages flown,
The flaming judgment seat appears in sight,
For Christ has left the mediatorial throne,
And comes in wrath. The myriads clothed in white,
Attend Him on; from out a cloud of bright,
Intensity, the vivid lightnings dart.
Nature desolves at the transcendent light,

Afrighted now, the heavens and earth depart,
The universe is rent, unto its mighty heart.

Behold the islands of the sea have fled,
The sea is no more found; convulsions shake
Receding atoms, while the kindred dead,
From their long dreamless sleep surprised awoke,
As the last trumpets sound, deaths fetters break,
A fearful quaking opens every tomb ;
As the just judge comes quickly forth to take
Vengeance on earth ; Lo, the vast myreads whom,
Have slept for ages past, come forth to meet their
doom.

Come forth to judgment all ye guilty seed,
Of Adam, come unto Gods bar draw near,
Keep silent while the Judge aloud will read,
The solemn doom of all, in words so clear,
That all in heaven, and all in earth, may hear,
The name of each one called. A perfect chart
Of all lives are preserved. What crushing fear ;
What stunning anguish moves each guilty heart
As they the sentence hear, " All ye accursed depart."

THE BOOKS OPENED.

Lives secret volumes carefully are brought,
And opened leaf by leaf, for to be read
Before assembled worlds, each impure thought
Or action good or bad, and each word said
For a long lifetime, now are plainly spread
Out there to open view. At the court all,
Nations assemble near, and with bowed head
The guilty prisoners wait. Both great and small
Receive their just reward. The screen from all lives fall.

Before the open firmament with care,
The books are searched, to every sentence found
Within the volume, memory will bear
Witness to all. In courtly splendor crowned,
The saints in judgment set, while far around,
The judgment Throne, lost Souls, and Demons wait
To hear their doom. There scarcely is a sound
To break the fearful stillness at the great
Tribunal Bar, as each awaits his awful fate.

THE LAND OF REST.

The children of our God are bidden home
From the white throne a voice cries, "It is done!"
The kingdoms of this world have now become
The kingdoms of our Lord, and of His son,
All praise ascribe unto the Blessed One.
Loud hallelujah, like the joyous sound
Of many waters start; our Christ has won
All honor to Himself. The shout goes round
From heart to heart, while that the kings and priests
are crowned.

Old things have passed away; O, vision bright!
O, land of Rest! where the most lovely things
Joyously float among the waves of light;
Out o'er the plains of ether sweetly rings
Songs of celestial birds, and mist of wings,
Like clouds of golden haze move to and fro.
From the fair hills of sapphire living springs
O'er drifts of crystal sand e'er murmuring flow
Refreshing the green banks in the calm depths below.

Notes of seraphic song forever trills

The minstrel band, while o'er the organ keys
Fair mists of fingers glide. The happy rills

The theme takes up. What lines of noble trees,
In living verdure dressed, where the pure breeze
Forever floats, and flowers surpassing bright

There sweets unfold; what skies, what crystal seas
Where the redeemed of God walk in the light!
What spotless robes, what crowns! O, the transporting
sight!

Here friend meets friend in bliss no more to part;

Here is the source of joy, of all, the best;
Here hand clasps hand in love, and heart meets heart.

'Tis perfect bliss; souls are at perfect rest,
Pulses of love thrill every happy breast,
Soul blend with soul, and life is sinking down
In perfect peace; hearts perfectly are blessed;
Glory meets glory on each blessed crown
In rapture of the hour, each murmuring thought is
drown.

On that bright shore the hopes that we here miss
Are found again; no shadows ever lay

On the clear waves of life that flow through bliss
No night is there, the pure light shines for aye,
No sorrow felt, old things have passed away,
No sighing and no tears, in that world none
Say, "I am sick," but there in open day
All eyes have strength to look upon the sun
And see the beauty of the Blessed One.

Before the great white Throne they bow the knee,
And they their crowns most reverently lay by,
While they adore the Lamb where e'er they see
His glory manifest they holy cry,
While voices and deep thunders make reply,
And holy, holy the unnumbered throng
In thrilling words repeat, and every eye
His face beholds while the exulting song
With the sweet sound of harp, the breezes waft along.

"All praise be unto Him who once was slain
Yet lives again and reigns forever more,
To Him who has redeemed us," and again
Serene and deep as the transcendent roar
Of many waters, hallelujahs pours

O'er every strand and every wave of light
With glory trills, while all in Heaven adore
That worthy name, all honor, power and might
To God and to the Lamb ascribe through ages bright.

O land of peace! O sea of shoreless love!
Through cloudless ether souls may soar and soar
And freely plunge and bask and rise above
In all the life of God; forevermore
Drink they of fresh supplies and on the shore
New pleasures find. The stream of joy they trace
There to its source, and wondering adore
The Glorified while in the holy place
Before the consummate each cherub veils its face.

O world of day! Here soul unfettered learn
The blissful lore; O city paved with light,
Where cherubim far searching eyes discern
The mysteries of God. No wave of night
Veils with uncertainty enraptured sight
Of the strong ones who nobly excell
In knowledge of their God, and his own might,
Expansive mind puts on; they that blessed spell,
Cry holy as the flood of glory rise and swell.

O land of bliss supreme! where pure hearts yearn
For God alone, high on the holy hill,
The souls of seraphim with ardor burn
Before the throne and each heart pulse doth thrill
With love supreme, only their sovereign will
Seek they with strong desire, and thirst to know
The source divine while they go on, and still
Excell in strength, In love's own smile they grow,
Souls sweetly blend in love meet and together flow.

Ye sentinels of light who hourly stand
In the full effulgence of full consummate day,
Tell us if from that beatific strand,
The radiance will ever pass away?
Or on heaven's dial will the peaceful ray
E'er backward slant? or will the risen sun
E'er cast a feebler light? Celestials say
Will the year ever wane, when centuries have run
Their ever blissful round? "Pleasure has but begun."

Note ye the joyous age, does the spring wane,
While e'er the golden cycles fill their round?
Ye shining host, on the celestial plain

Where green leaves wave and living springs abound,
Is there decay of autumn ever found?
Do chilly winds there ever blight the flowers,
In Bulah's grove is ever heard the sound
Of sighing seas? "Beneath the living bowers
The light serenely shines through all the tranquil hours."

When ages more have passed, then look again,
Mark well the sunny epochs as they fill
From the fair sky, does yet the glory wane?
Doth balmy fragrance ever cease to thrill
The heart of June from the eternal hill?
Say do the day birds ever hush their song?
Will beauty fade, or will the heart grow still
Beside the stream of life, where the fair throng
With hand in hand and crowned with bright bays pass
along?

As the celestial ones bend o'er the grand
Old tomes of knowledge on the shining shore,
Do those bright pupils turn with weary hand
Or weary thought those glowing pages o'er
As they pursue the strangely thrilling lore?

With diligence each one with glistening eyes
 Unfathomed depths of mysteries explore,
Each flaming volume of the starry skies,
To eager minds unfolds some ever new surprise.

As the class pursues the extatic course
 Of glories science souls can never tire
While mind is reaching upward to its source,
 With new delight, higher and still higher,
Souls there in knowledge climb, thoughts unfleshed
 lyre

Spirits of burning sweep, immortals find
 On every page new beauties to admire,
As from the glorious work, the light refined
Flashes strange brightness on the peaceful waves of
 mind.

In ocean of delight, souls rise and sink,
 And through the ages of unclouded day,
At the exhaustless source of joy they drink
 And of the living waters there they may
Quench their desires and still go on for aye,
From strength to strength, as they from light to light,
 With free angelic ease pursue their way;

At every step taste they of new delight
As they in wisdom climb e'er putting on new might.

And as the never ending ages roll

 Their blissful round beneath extatic sky,
Unfolding joy of heart, and wealth of soul,

 Note the changes with a careful eye

 As year by year their feet ascend more high
The hill of God. There yet may come a day

 When the most feeble may with Ralphe vie
In lofty song as they progress for aye,
Mind e'er expanding as they walk the heavenly way

THE SEA OF GLASS.

Where waves of living light surge to and fro,
Upon a sea of glass mingled with fire,
The happy people clothed in white robes go,
Each bearing in his hand a golden lyre
Of sweetest sound; their fingers never tire
Moving the flaming keys, and in amaze
Their clear mind grasp at space as they admire
The works of God, and life's pure water sways
Forever to and fro with the burden of their praise.

Toward infinitude they turn their eyes
Where dusts of worlds like clouds of brilliant sand
Before God's flaming chariot wheels arise,
Which by the winds of glory e'er are fanned
In shining drifts o'er the eternal strand,
Toward immensity spreads out one broad
Expanse of worlds, peopled with souls and planned
Most wisely all, while in amazement awed,
The saints repeat how great, how fair thy works, O,
God!

And from the grandeur of the shining shore,
Down dark and steep declivities of space
Thought sometimes wanders down, where they before
Walked in earth's shadows dim ; in many a place
Familiar forms with brows all pale they trace,
And sweet sad eyes ; now memory loves to go
Where the weary watcher used to pace,
And shadows on the wall moved to and fro,
When the heart ties were riven by Death,s relentless
blow.

Now see they since the veil is drawn aside !
There was no throe too great, or burden laid
Too heavy on the soul, what most them tried
Wrought out their greatest good ; their way was made
Dark that their wanderings might thus be stayed ;
Had not that thorn been placed to guard the way
Their feet o'er flowery places might had strayed
Down in the way of death, and where the day
Might never, never shed its mild, benignant ray.

O'er mazes strange look they toward where lost
Souls weep, and weep. Mercy called them in vain ;

They might, but would not come at any cost ;
Their own hands sowed the seed for every pain
Their souls now feel, and riveted the chain
That binds them fast. The blood-washed in amaze,
Veiled each in light, sing on the shining shore
This angel song, " Most just and true thy ways,
Thou art and wast the same, Lord, worthy of all praise."

WHENCE CAME THEY?

A voice inquired, what are these clothed in white
With starry crowns, who in high places stand,
Like men of kingly rank? With faces bright
And radiant as the sun, and in their hand
Bear they the conquering palm. Tell us the land
From whence this noble line of princes came?
Who martialled forth so glorious a band
As this most worthy host? Under what name
Came they forth bearing palms with songs of living
flame?

Tell us their name, and of the place from where
Those white robed came, who crowned with bright
bays stand
In the full light of day; O, tell us! were
These dwellers upon earth? Is that the land
Of their nativity? Were their brows fanned
Sweetly by fame? Did the admiring throng
Sing tribute to their name? Serenely grand
Were life's clear waters gently borne along
By fervent summer gales, sweet as a sylvan song?

Whence came they forth? Again we pause to hear.

Whence came that army forth; pray from what shore?
In princely courts did they their robes keep clear
From earth stains there? Did some fair Goddess pour
Her coffers at their feet? and could they soar above
The storms of time? Did sorrow weigh
E'er on the heart? With bright skies smiling o'er
Did they 'mong crystal founts and fair scenes stay
Until their spirit to the sun land passed away.

Whence came they forth? Not from among the rich,
Not from the princely dwellings of the great,
'Mid scenes of festal mirth; not of those which
By their proud rank are heir to high estate,
At whose command both kings and kingdoms wail;
Not of the royal lineage, the admired
Of those who dwell on earth, but those who late
And early toiled, of men the most ignored,
On these worldly proud the cup of scorning poured.

The poor and the ignoble, and a race
Of serf were these, who now rejoicing stand
Bearing the harps of God; and every face

By the delicious breath of joy are fanned,
And with the uncrowned elders of the land
Before the throne they bow, where the pure rays
Of glory rest they ever wake the grand
Angelic strain, as each head bows in praise,
"How marvelous are Thy works, how just and true Thy
ways!"

Now safe at home, no more their feet through night
Will weary grow, and nevermore will grief
Veil the clear sight of those who walk in white ;
Smooth tresses flow, like rippling waves of light,
O'er snowy shoulders ; how surpassing fair,
How strangely beautiful, their faces bright
Now as the noonday sun ! How strange compare
They with earth's pilgrims bowed beneath their weights
of care.

Those the redeemed from earth triumphant stand
In the full light of the refulgent shore,
Where flaming vespers unto life are fanned,
And where Perfection's arch is bending o'er
The waves of peace ; here free immortals soar,

At the full fount they drink and ever trace
Life's pure stream to its source. Forevermore
All tears are wiped away from every face,
For the smile of the lamb illuminates the place.

THE MARRIAGE SUPPER.

The bells of the city with harmony ring,
For this is the nuptial day of the King;
The scenes of the land are most lovely and bright,
There are rich mounds of sapphire and rivers of light,
There are sparkling founts, and clear water jets there,
And singing of birds making joyful the air,
The hues of the rainbow here perfectly blend,
And clouds of sweet incense forever ascend;

The trees all their banners of beauty unfurl,
The walks of the garden are dusted with pearl,
And flowers by the wayside are all in full bloom,
The fair ranks of angels appear in full plume.
The streets of the city are paved with pure gold,
The archway is lighted with splendor untold,
The walls of the palace are frescoed with light,
There's flowers of all climes the most fragrant and **bright.**

And things the most lovely, most costly, most rare,
The wealth of all countries and kingdoms are there,
There are palms of rare beauty and harps of fine gold,
And gems of such value as never were sold ;
There are choice diamond sets, precious gifts for the
 bride,
And rubies, and topaz, and garlands beside,
The mansion is lighted with splendor most grand,
The guests are heaven's nobles. the flower of the land.

The patriarchs, martyrs, and prophets in white,
All crowned with a splendor surpassing the light ;
All the saints, all the beauties, the lovely, the fair,
The seraphs, heaven's poets, and prophets are there,
The bright ranks of cherubim there on gemmed wing,
Come in to partake of the feast of the King ;
Now all things are ready, the table is spread,
There is milk there, and honey, abundance of bread.

And all kind of fruit from the tropical clime,
In clusters more fair than e'er ripened in time,
The date and the orange and dainties divine,
All hearts are made glad by the sweetly spiced wine ;
The elder appear, every one in their place,

And joy like the morning illumines each face;
The children come in from the east and the west,
The Bride and the Bridegroom sit down with the guest.

O crowing of bliss! over peace spreads her wing,
'Tis the glorious nuptial feast of the king,
The Bridegroom's arrayed now in glory most bright,
To all at the feast his the joy and the light;
The Bride has attire of the loveliest hue,
That sparkles with gems far more clear than the dew,
The pearl of great price and the bright diamond band,
The pledge of affection adorns her fair hand.

And the bright morning blossoms, the seal of her vow,
Like a halo of glory are fresh on her brow,
Her neck decked with lilies, and jewels of grace,
Her garments are trimmed with the finest of lace,
And richly embroidered so stainless and nice,
But the purchase of these was a sum of great price.
The kings at the feast, all with glory are crowned,
And kindly to each the full cups hand round.

Of the good things provided, there's enough and to spare,
There's abundance of milk for the little ones there;

Each one have their portion, the great and the small,
The Lord of the feast pours a blessing for all,
But most dear to his heart and his joy and his pride
Is the fair blushing one at his own right hand side,
And dearly he won this sweet beautiful rose
With love for her ever his heart overflows.

To him of her choice, what a rapture untold
To read in her eye the pure bliss of her soul.
From heart to heart there the sweetcharm has gone round
All voices commingle in one happy sound
Till the holy spell of the supper is o'er,
Now rapture is kindled more sweet than before,
The minstrels appear in their brightest array,
The organs of heaven they most skillfully play.

The singers come each with a harp in hand,
Connubial song the most sweet and the most grand,
Like ebb of the ocean now rises, now falls,
E'er waking new bliss, through the star-lighted halls,
With song of the seraph the music will blend
Forever and ever their joy has no end.

NEW JERUSALEM.

The new Jerusalem, clear as the day
From heaven and God descends, O vision bright!
Fair as a bride adorned in soft array,
They need no sun there for the Lamb gives light
And gladness there. The multitudes in white
Walk in brightness and behold His face,
The gates are never shut for there the night
Shades never come and watchmen never pace
Those streets of finest gold, for naught defiles the place.

No shadows there, the mourners never weep,
Or sufferers count the long and weary hours,
But on the shore of bliss, hope lies asleep,
And joy looks upward from the rosy bower;
O rapturous scene! what walks, what fadeless flowers
And crystal founts and walls of precious stone,
And gates of pearl. But there no temple towers
For the most blessed and the most holy one
Is the fair temple there, the life, the light, the sun.

City of God, O the ecstatic scene!

Where floods of glory in one living tide
Flow down the streets, past banks of fadeless green,
Here the blessed Lamb, walks with the trustful bride,
He gently leads his darling and his pride
By the clear fountains and the streams of light,
While the fair minstrels follow by their side
With sweetest song. The beatific height,
E'er echo back the strain through all the ages bright.

The flaming sapphires in the walls resound,
The thrilling music from the heavenly choir,
The morning stars give back the joyous sound,
As seraphim, with hands that never tire,
Waken new rapture on the golden lyre,
Love, love is all there theme, love to their God,
The thrilling strains rise higher and still higher,
Waking sweet echo on the shores abroad
By the glad strain all hearts in sympathy are drawn.

The cherubim in the meridian blaze
Of glory sing of Him whom they adore ;
The dazzling arches echo with the lays,

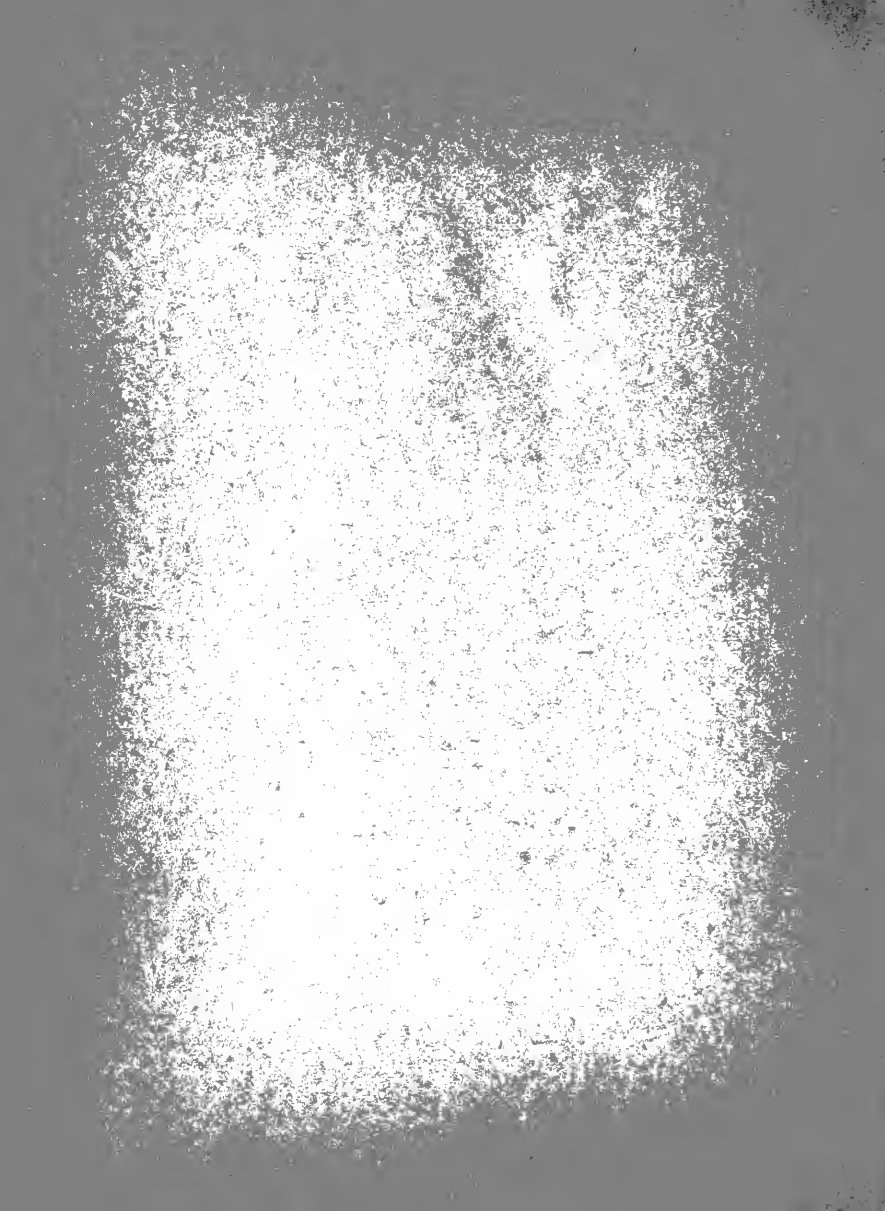
The sound is wafted on, from shore to shore
Voices are heard like the transcendent roar
Of many waters. O'er the waves of light
To the Infinite One their free thoughts soar;
With pleasure reach they up from height to height,
Grasping for knowledge ever with increased delight.

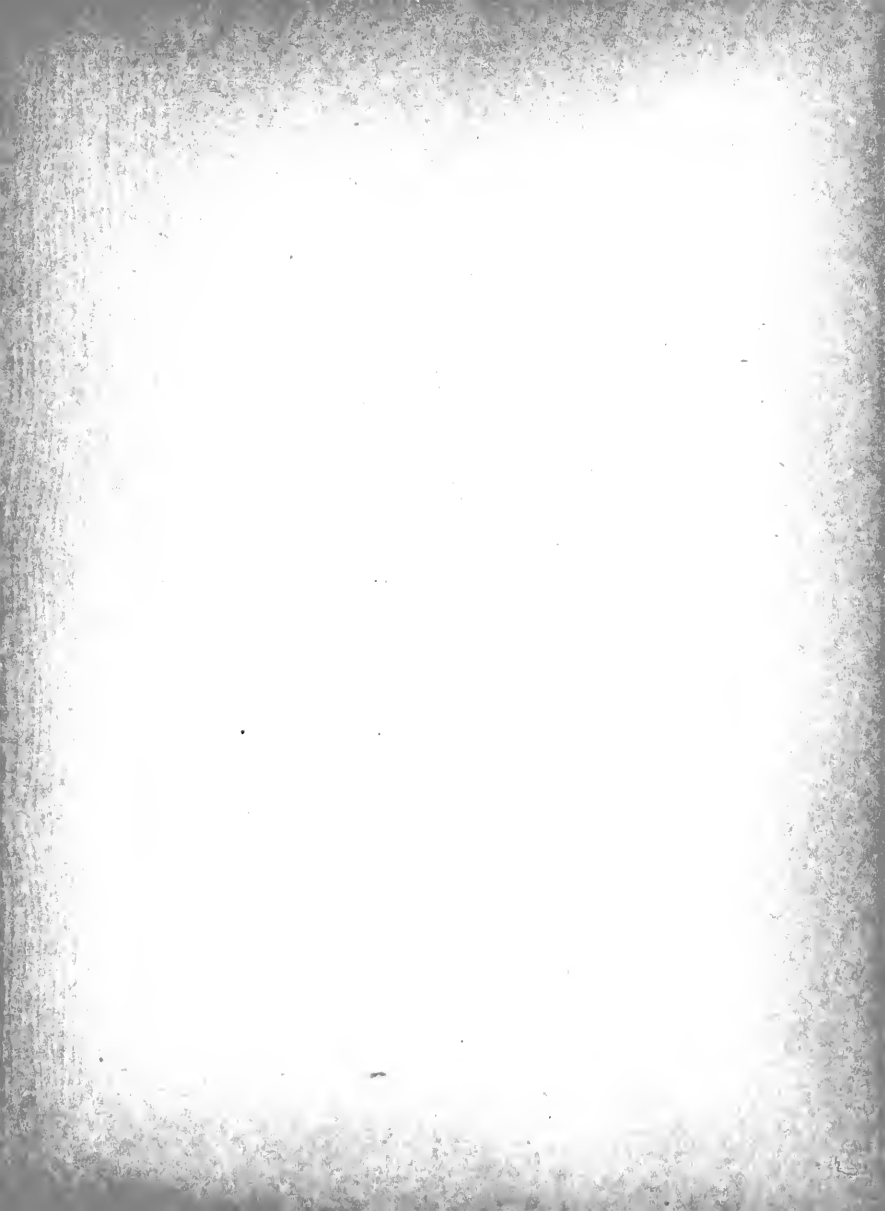
While the redeemed of every people crowned
With gladness sing the praise of the Most High,
And all the flaming myriads around
The dazzling throne, to their words make reply,
"High hallelujah," the unnumbered cry,
As they in rapture, and in wonder gaze
On Him who came to suffer, and to die,
Yet lives forevermore. Through endless days
Unto the Lamb ascribe song of triumphant praise.











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