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THE FALL OF MAN

AND

HIS REDEMPTION.

THE

Fall of Man & his Redemption.

A SERMON,

MEDITATED IN BLANK VERSE, WITH SCRIPTURE PROOFS, AND MANY

RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

POEMS,

SUITED TO THE SUBJECT, CONDUCIVE TO CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, AND VIRTUOUS CONDUCT.

Oh—fatal knowledge from forbidden Fruit!
Fruitless of worth! all fruitful of dismay!

BATH:
PRINTED & SOLD BY A. E. BINNS, CHEAP STREET;
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LONDON.

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DEDICATORY LINES

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT B

Accept, my Lord, the Author's well meant muse:
His varied strains with candid mind peruse:
His aim is humble,—not the poet's bays!
Yet truth with feeling marks his simple lays.
Exalted rank may own, and gently take,
His themes of virtue, for fair virtue's sake:
Lo! the bright sun salutes the peasant's cot,
And kindly smiles upon his little lot!
Nay, duty urges mutual embrace,
By ties of Nature and the things of Grace.
Go, then, my Book, the best I can impart:
The worth thou hast, instil from heart to heart.

G. M.

Avon-wood Villa, Bath.

ERRATA.

Page 11, line 2, insert *in* after *is*.

Page 15, line 3, for *and* Satan, read *or*.

Page 95, line 17, for *tracts*, read *track*.

Page 190, line 12, read thus:—"as Angels stand!—lo! drawn."

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* The Clerical Characteristics are such as the author's divinity library suggested, and are given as Acrostics—arising from his custom of often celebrating their worth in the initials of their names.

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THE FALL OF MAN AND HIS REDEMPTION.

THE BIBLE.

HAIL venerable book! the work of God!
Who shall declare its worth—its truth—its love!
'Twas love to man inspir'd the sacred tome;
Truth all divine—each page attests; its worth
What less than ages endless can unfold?
'Tis of the mental world the sun! its heat,
Its light—its life! 'tis more; brings heav'n to earth;
Lifts earth to heav'n! yes—from on high this gift
Unspeakable descends; for man descends;
For fallen man—by sin through Satan dead!
Inestimable roll! unrolling vast
Eternity to view, and time's short reign;
Guide of the past—the present—and to come!
—Oh, for the hearing ear—the seeing eye—
The grasp of faith!—so blest—the simple poor—
The lowly rich—its holy mysteries
Shall pierce; and reach celestial and immortal good!

THE FALL OF MAN AND HIS REDEMPTION.

(A Sermon meditated in blank verse.)

"As in Adam all die—so in Christ shall all live:"

—Come friendly Reader—let my christian page
Thy mind instruct; calmly the sacred truth
I'll tell; in feeling pity all unfold;
So—like the oil that softly gains its way,
Perchance the weighty theme thy heart may win:
—Know then oh youth—or if that flower of man
Be past, know thou of hoary age—tho' late—
Know thou thyself; not as by nature taught,
But wisdom's rule divine—that ruleth all!
In solemn awe hear now her voice supreme!—

"Where art thou? What—this that thou hast done? what!"

—Oh—heart-dismaying words to Adam—Eve!
In them to all mankind!—ye innocents
How short your blissful reign! Posterity
Your taste may blame—but God alone condemn!
His hand divine created all things good;
And ye—the mirrors of himself! Natures
So perfect—whence, oh whence your direful change?
Scarce less mysterious in your fall than birth!
Yet is enough reveal'd to silence all;
"And justify the way of God to man!"—
—Satan! 'twas by him they fell; Archangel!
Supremely good, and highest of the high!
Oh—sad! in heaven first was evil's birth!

Thence myriads doom'd to darkness—deathless woe!
—Yet myriads stood! Angels elect of God;
So fixed by will divine—self-glorious will!—
Thus speaks the holy word—creation's law
O'er all!—who now will dare reply?—Great God!
Almighty thou—and only thou—in good!
Destruction is our due! selfwrought—selfwill'd!
Angels and men shall praise thy just decrees!
—Pause here my soul—nor risk one further thought!—
—Oh—fatal knowledge from *forbidden fruit!*
Fruitless of worth—*all fruitful* of dismay!
Henceforth the tree of life brings only death!
The curse of God! the curse of body—soul!

—So sunk the race of man—the sink of sin!
His natal life breath's pestilence to death!
That nobler thing his heart—on evil fixed!
Ere yet his infancy can act—his soul
Acts vice within! each new form'd thought
Teems in the sight of God—with errors guile!
The root is poison'd and the sap! each branch
Luxurious grows—bearing luxurious fruits,
Tempting to self—but to the Lord abhorr'd!
The show of pride, and envy's hollow core;
Ambition's swell—the colouring of lust,—
These and their endless kinds—for ever thrive,
Pluck'd by insatiate man—himself his foe!
—Thus sad his state—and yet the half untold!
Alas! e'en to his Maker—Lord of life—
His enmity inborn—with serpent's spite
Darts venom! (so trembling drop I the truth!)

He will not—cannot (vitally deprav'd !)
Or thank—or fear—or love his holy name !
—What book—what tongue can tell man's desp'rate
deeds !
What Saint or Seraph know or paint his case !—
Thou ! only thou in whom he lives—he moves—
The endless evils of his leprous frame,
And worse Satanic soul—cans't probe or cure !
In sight—in thought—in word—in deed—his aim
His only aim is self—himself his end !—
Such misery is his, and yet embrac'd !
In darkness born he loves the shades of death !
Scorns the blest light of Heav'n—to him a Hell !
—Thus bound—he drags his guilty chains in peace,—
(Such peace as makes blest Saints and Angels sigh !)
Deems freedom bonds ; and bonds his only rest !
So curs'd—so doubly curs'd ! in vain—in vain
His conscience smites—by sinful self o'errul'd !
Thus forc'd 'gainst its own warn and captive led,
Down the broad road his fiery passions drive
Th' immortal soul—plung'd in eternal woe !—

—Oh ! speak no more of nature's gentle deeds ;
Of honesty to man—of harmless hearts—
Of conduct decent, and of friendships true ;
These—and all else that human wit can boast
Avail not in the searching eye of Him
Who form'd the heart, and kens its inmost plagues !
—Say rather—what of worth to these belong,
(For worth they have—preserving to the world
That calm—those ties—which wanting—Chaos worse

Than that, o'erspreading nature's womb would rise
And dark destruction dash the shatter'd globe !)
Say rather to kind Providence belongs
The birth and vigour of such scatter'd good ;
—Or rather say—that born within the verge
Of Scriptures, heav'n shed light—that light from youth
Relights thy reason by its gospel day !—
—Oh—ope thy mouth no more poor erring man !
One—only one—is great—is good ! to God
From sinful dust let praise of self be dumb !
Or if that fiend is cherish'd in thy breast,
Know that thy blinded mind's a double proof
Of Adam's curse—and Adam's guilty race !—

—Such is the direful dirge the sacred word
To dying mortals sounds !—Oh—love divine !
That o'er the horrid sea of raging waves
Foaming and thund'ring round creations world,
Tunes yet that heav'n-strung note of—" Peace, be still !"
Glad tidings this—e'en to angelic hosts !
To ruined man—how more than doubly glad !
—Alas ! for him ! hearing he will not hear !
And seeing sees not—faithless to believe !
—Shall mercy thus despis'd speak peace again ?
Oh—yes ! tho' undeserv'd—yea—spurn'd and fled,
Mercy unfetter'd shall descend to bless !
Peace—everlasting peace shall yet prevail,
And God—e'en with such rebels reconcil'd !
—A mystery is here of love divine !
What justice damns can pity dare forgive ?
Then should the Maker be his creature's slave !

Himself a slave to man—to Satan—sin !
—No ! let man be curs'd to ages endless,
Whilst holy Seraphs shout "Thrice Holy Lord !"—
—Oh wisdom—mercy—justice—all divine !
Blending in pity to create anew
The outcast race of man ! and so create
As now shall lead—e'en to the Godhead lead,
The *full-orb'd* radiance of that glorious face !
Oh—thou Almighty life—eternal love !
What mind but thine such mystery could plan !
—I fall as dead before thee ! yea—as nought !
Oh—spare the wretch who tremb'ling strives to teach
Theme so o'erwhelming to his sin-wreck'd race,
By wisdom—mercy—justice—overwhelm'd !—
So hast thou lov'd the world—that ere thy voice
Spake its first glory and primeval good,
(For from thy hand perfect are all thy works !)
Thou—e'en in eternity—didst ordain
That to thy glory and thy creature's bliss,
Thy attributes in combination just,
Should cast meridian splendour round thy throne !
—And lo ! that bright effulgence burns and lives
In thee—of God the Son—eternal Son !
In thee—as God and man centre's the whole !
—So born—he lives to die—to die accurs'd !
So dead—he lives to God ! for sinners lives !
His death divine—the law divine atones !
Yea—so fulfill'd—the Triune God can bless
The curs'd—yea—glory in the matchless deed !
Salvation now triumphant reigns on high !
Salvation just—how more than just in him !

If sinners finite merit endless woe,
(Who infinite offends such woe must feel!)
Oh—how much more shall Jesu's death bring life,
Eternal life! Himself the will of God!
In it so suffer'd—so arose the Son,
Human—yet divine! meriting as God!—
Hence from high heaven his Holy Spirit
In ceaseless showers o'er creation wide
Pours his rich gifts—life—liberty and love!
Life from the spirit's death; and from the chains
Of sin and Satan—liberty;—and love
That draws the new-born soul in God to rest!
—Well might blest Angels shout, "Glory to God,"
While to the sons of earth this truth they preach'd,
"Peace from on high! endless good will to man!"
—Well may they ever round the throne of grace,
Search the deep depths of such mysterious love!
How much more man! thus dearly bought—thus won!
—Oh, thou who read'st e'en in this feeble lay
These wond'rous blessings—wonder and adore!
This road to bliss is free—and free for all!
Believe and live! and living thus obey!
—But is thy heart yet heartless, and thy mind
Unmindful of its only good?—sad state!
Yet not too sad to cure—if yet 'tis felt:
And dost thou feel thy senselessness and mourn?
Thou dost—if on the bended knee thou groan'st;
If with an inward fear thou lift'st thine eye,
And for thy ruin'd soul seeks't help above:
So seeking—thou shalt find for sickness health;
And reach by strength from God the heav'nly prize;

Despair shall flee thy breast, and Christian hope
From faith unfeign'd arise ;—and heav'n-born love
Forefit thy spirit for th' angelic sky !
Whilst sojourning below—midst the dread scenes
Of man's tumultuous lot (the fruit of sin !)
Thy spirit tender as a dove—shall flee
On holy wing courting the light of life !
—By day—by night shall meditate the truth,
And sing the dulcet notes of grace all free !
Created thus anew by hand divine,
In new designs thy ready mind will muse ;
How best adorn those mercies of thy Lord,
Who gave thee life from death ; for hell a heav'n !
—No more thou stoopest to thy former love
Of worldly things ; to thee henceforth they fade !
—Each budding thought of boasting pride is crush'd ;—
—A meeken'd child thou walks't the Christian path :
With eagle's eye thou gazest far above,
E'en to that sun of righteousness—in whom
Thy happy soul drinks all its peace and good !
—Him and the Father (for by him sent down
Bespeaks love unspeakable !) worshipping,
With deep humility and ardent joy,
Thou to the sacred city of the blest
With panting heart and fond desire—looks't up !
Now as its denizen—that holy land—
That new Jerusalem absorbs thy mind ;
—The Lamb of God—the Saviour of thy soul,
Encircling all with ecstacy divine !—
—The Seraphim in sacred beauty cloth'd ;
Nor less bright clad (clad in the spotless robe

Of Sion's king !) the kingly saints redeem'd !
—So—as a Pilgrim travelling the earth—
Thy progress tends to that eternal home ;
And as thou passest through this world of woe,
Each step thou tread'st the footsteps of thy Lord ;
—Like him whose love to thee *all conquering* flew,
Thou of all human race wilt aim the good ;
Like him will travail for their endless bliss,
And moan like him the miseries of man !
Like him with inward pity all forgive ;
Beseech thy foe ; and for th' unfeeling feel !
Like him—whilst hating with a constant hate
The sinner's sins,—will yet the sinner save !
Like him will strive to *Suffer* and to *Do*,
The *will* of God—whose will in wisdom rules !
—Thus through the riches of his boundless grace,
And kept by arm Omnipotent ! his saints
(How fallen once ! how lost ! how all undone !)
Their destin'd course shall speed safe to their end !
Death bringing life ! and time eternity !
Eternity with God in their Immanuel's *Worth !* Amen.

TEXTS FROM SCRIPTURE CORROBORATING THE DOCTRINE.

Lo—this only have I found—that God hath made man upright—but they have sought out many inventions.

Ye are they which justify yourselves before men—

but God knoweth your hearts: that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Among whom we also had our conversation in times past in the lusts of the flesh—fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind—and were by nature—the children of wrath—even as others. God saw that the wickedness of men was great on earth, and that every imagination of the heart and thoughts was only evil continually; for out of the heart proceed evil thoughts—murders—adulteries—fornications—thefts—false witness—blasphemies; whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her—hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

The carnal mind is enmity against God—it is not subject to the law of God—neither indeed can be; so then they who are in the flesh cannot please God.

Behold! I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me; as soon as they be born—they go about speaking lies: except a man be born again (or from above) he cannot see the kingdom of God: there is none that doeth good—no—not one! there is no fear of God before their eyes; neither were they thankful! we have before proved that both Jews and Gentiles are all under sin.

To give knowledge of salvation through the tender mercy of our God—without controversy—great is the mystery of godliness—God was manifest in the flesh; justified in the spirit—seen of Angels—preached unto the Gentiles—believed on in the world—received up into

glory—being justified freely by his grace through the Redemption, that is Christ Jesus; to declare at this time his righteousness—that he might be just—and the justifier of them that believe in Jesus.

Wherein he hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence—having made known unto us the mystery of his will: created in Christ Jesus unto good works; Christ Jesus came into the world, to save sinners: He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance —who is the Saviour of all men—especially of those who believe: This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise: even Jesus—who delivered us from the wrath to come!

For our gospel came not unto you in word only—but also in power and in the Holy Ghost; we give thanks to God always for you all—remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus.

God so loved the world—that he gave his only begotten Son—that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life—we love God because he first loved us: Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will; to the praise of the glory of his grace—wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved;—I beseech you therefore, Brethren, by

the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world; but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable will of God. Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. Set your affections on things which are above, not on things of the earth; for ye are dead; and your life is hid with Christ in God. Put OFF all these—anger—wrath—malice, &c. Put ON (as the elect of God, holy and beloved) bowels of mercies—humbleness of mind—meekness—long-suffering.—If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; when Christ our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—Amen!

THE SOLIDITY OF THE HEAVENLY GLORY.

GLORY true—descends from heav'n;
Is not earn'd—but freely giv'n;
Do the saints with glory shine?
Lord! their lustre all is thine!
Yes—in thy adored name
Saints and Angels seek their fame:

Heroes of the Christian race
Triumph in triumphant grace !
Such—do hate—not seek to fan—
The poison'd praise of erring man ;
And steering by a law divine,
In it alone they strive to shine !
No selfish aims their minds allure ;
One is their aim—divinely pure !
Themselves they view as nothing worth,
And own above their sacred birth !
The rule of duty they fulfil
With lowly thoughts, and humble will ;
And searching it with gifted ken,
They feel themselves to be but men ;
—However good, they dare not boast,
—But magnify the "Holy Ghost :"
And living thus with single eye
They reach the glory of the sky !

THE CONTRITE HEART'S FIRST APPROACH TO GOD.

Dwell who will on themes that perish ;
Earthly worth and human art :
Mine's a theme blest angels cherish !
'Tis the sinner's broken heart !

See! he comes with eyes of sorrow,
Shedding tears of deepest grief,
Through the night, and sunless morrow,
Groaning for his soul's relief!

'Tis not worldly woes o'erwhelm him;
'Tis not worldly good can raise;
Oh! to these a willing victim,
Lo! his thoughts all upward gaze!

There's a heaven—till now despis-ed;
There's a hell—till now unknown;
—What before vile passions priz-ed,
Changed now—no more he'll own!

Long he mourns his evil nature,
Source of every foster'd vice,
—Feels himself a fallen creature,
Justly spurned from Paradise!

Loosen'd now to things terrestrial,
Dying now to scenes of time;
He—called forth by voice celestial,
Lifts his hopes to joys sublime!

Far above he sees enthron-ed
Christ, who died for Adam's race!
Sees his sins by blood aton-ed,
Sees the merit of his grace.

Now his humble spirit ventures
To receive that gift divine!
And, though self and Satan hinders,
Faith may whisper—"This is mine."

Yes! this truth his ardour raises,
Drooping else in dark despair;
—Hear him shout, in songs of praises,
"Sinful I—am righteous there."

What though he's by ills oppressed
In the straight and narrow way?
Weeping hearts by heav'n are blessed,
Sighing for the promis'd day!

Then farewell to all temptation!
Long farewell to sin's abyss!
In that bright, renewed creation,
All is love and holy bliss!

THE AWAKENED SINNER'S LAMENTATION AND TRIUMPH.

I feel a weight I cannot bear!
The pond'rous weight of sin!
—The outward man though strong and fair,
How weak the man within!

Strengthless I strive—too sure in vain!
Deeper I droop in woe!
The good I pant for ne'er obtain;
Myself my inbred foe!

What though I breathe?—this native life
Proves all the life of death!
In bitter pangs—in fruitless strife
I draw my passing breath!

Say, was I pure as heaven's air,
And bright as heaven's sun,
Th' unhop'd-for hope would bring despair!
—Adam and self were one!

If innocence like his could fall,
Can fallen powers arise?
Alas! where sin can such enthral,
All fatal ruin lies!

But born with growing might to err,
Men lower—lower sink!
And, plunged in vice—with fearless fear
Dare speak—dare act—dare think!

—Whence then arose my holy hate?
—Celestial desires?
Can blinded minds bewail their fate,
Which Satan's rage inspires?

Behold! a happy ray divine,
(Oh memorable hour!)
Did on my waken'd spirit shine,
Shine with a God-like power!

No more I live in Adam's worth,
No more I rue his end!
—Eternal now my second birth!
—Immanuel my friend!

For love like this I beg more love,
Such depths of love to praise!
And praise I will o'er all above!
—In humblest posture gaze!

Oh! to thyself for ever sway
My lips—my heart—my hand;
Oh! let my soul by night—by day,
Fulfil each just command!

Since Lord, I've nothing, save through grace,
Let grace—all grace be given;
—So shall I hail thy glorious face,
And live thy rest in heaven!

HUMAN GUILT AND MISERY BEWAILED IN HOPE.

O'er this wild distracted earth,
Oft I muse with melting mind;
Sighing for that "*sinful birth*,"
That has ruin'd all mankind!

Oh! the shock my spirit feels
Whilst it meditates around!
For its sinful self it reels,
Sunk alike in guilt profound!

Human life's as Chaos black!
Agitated as the sea!
And each soul-demoniac
Revels in its misery!

What avails my weeping eye?
What avails my inward groan?
'Midst this fallen world am I,
And its evils all my own!

Who, that wakes to truths so sad,
Who, that knows he's thus forlorn
Would not e'en for death be glad,
Wishing he had ne'er been born?

Yet I see a ray of light
  Guiding up from dread despair ;—
Shout ! the Saviour's full in sight !
  Leap ! for sinner's safety there !

Lo ! in him sweet innocence !
  And for ever beaming love !
Perfect human excellence !
  God below ! and God above !

Here the wretched and the vile,
  Triumph over Adam's loss !
Tears are changed to a smile,
  More than saved by his cross !

Sin nor Satan shall destroy
  Those whom Jesus shall forgive ;
Tho' they mourn—they mourn in joy !
  Tho' they die—they die to live !

O'er this wild—distracted earth,
  Still I'll muse with melting mind ;
Praising for that " Holy-Birth,"
  That has ransomed—poor mankind !

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

Redeemed Saints (divinely paid!)
Must still
The Christian path pursue;
And seek their heav'nly Father's aid
His will
To suffer—and to do.

Yea, now begins the faithful's fight,
The war
That extricates the soul!
And wrest'ling in the Saviour's might,
His law
Fulfils from heart made whole.

Tho' wounded oft—yea—oft cast down,
He stands,
Well strengthen'd from above!
And eying the celestial crown,
Commands!
Shouting his Maker's love!

His inward and his outward foes
Assails,
Baffling their venom'd rage!
And o'er all tempting worldly shows
Prevails,
Throughout his Pilgrimage!

Whate'er affliction strikes his frame,
He'll bless,
Trusting his gracious Lord!
And to the glory of his name
Confess,
He's *more* to be ador'd!

In sight of death his hope, his head
Will raise,
O'er all his dying pain!
Nor doubt the heav'nly courts to tread;
There praise,
And there with Jesus reign!

Jesus! who foil'd proud Satan's spite,
And won!
Setting his captives free!
Jesus! whose death brought life and light,
His throne!
And endless victory!

THE REIGN OF GRACE!

'Tis just and right in mercy's reign,
To give or less—or more;
Who little have may not complain;
Who much—shall much adore!

Mercy is great—tho' seeming small,
  Where justice marks her due;
Since sin in one has ruin'd all!
  Justice may all pursue!

Mercy that saves is richly bought;
  The ransom price divine!
And the meek Saviour gladly taught,
  "Father! these babes are thine!"

Not many rich—not many wise,
  Are called with their call;
Yet all are beckon'd to the skies,
  For Christ has died for all!

But grace is free to freely bless;
  That good what soul dare claim?
That gift of God shall some caress,
  To glorify that name!

Ye highly favor'd of the Lord!
  Give to the Lord his due;
Self-fancied worth be deep abhorr'd!
  He merits all from you!

—Yes—undeserv'd is heaven's prize,
  Its everlasting crown;
Saints! take it with affection's eyes,
  And humbly lay it down!

Methinks I hear one shout of praise
Roll round the gracious throne;
"Of all thy love's mysterious ways,
The glory Lord's—thine own!"

THE FALLEN SAINT RECOVERED.

Ah! to see believer languish,
Sunk to hell, from heaven's gate!
Is a sight gives Angels anguish!
And foretels a sadder fate!

Tho' he comes—alas!—how drooping!
Doubly weak and doubly lost!
—Like a shatter'd vessel stooping
In the ocean—tempest tost!

Oh! the tears—the groans—the crying
That o'erwhelm the sliding heart!
All through life—and e'en in dying!
He may rue sin's aching dart!

—Yet will mercy not forsake him,
Mercy from redeeming love!
Tho' below—just judgments break him,
Mercy reigns to save above!

Feeling keen God's dreadful hiding!
More he'll fear each high command;
And his fickle nature chiding,
Grasp on arm divine to stand!

Well he warns the careless sinner,
Ev'ry evil path to shun;
Urges on each new beginner,
Watchful pray'r his course to run!

—So by wisdom's bless'd exertion,
Strength is added to the frail!
Whilst for fallen Saint's conversion,
Saints and Seraphs—Jesus hail!

—Oh—ye Christians—are ye cleaving?
Faithful to your risen Lord?
If ye stand by love receiving,
To the downcast love afford!

Sure ye know—if undeserved
Was the pity bent to raise;
If from pity ye've not swerved,
Where to sing the hopeful praise!

Tho' the faithless merits anger;
(Anger from the Saviour's face!)
To despair would fix the danger!
And eclipse the throne of grace!

COMFORT TO THE GODLY MOURNER.

—I see thee sinner drooping low and sad!
Oh! happy sinner—rise—give thanks—be glad!
To thee I preach in Christ thy sins forgiv'n!
Friendship with God, and blessed hope of heav'n!
I bring to mourners messages of peace,
Freedom from Satan, and from death release!
—Thy heart once hard—is soften'd now by grace!
Thou shuns't all sin, and seek'st the Saviour's face!
The world—the flesh and Satan (once thy God!)
Henceforth beneath thy holy feet are trod!
The Lord of mercies now has ev'ry thought,
And his dear Son—whose blood thy ransom bought!
—Rise—Saint—arise! in holy rapture sing,
Praises to Christ—thy Prophet—Priest and King!

THE AWAKENED SOULS PERPLEXITY!

Horrors—deep horrors—haunt my vexed mind!—
Wherefore am I?—why live for death?—mankind
Creation's Lord, and yet creation's fool!
How great—how little! reigning without rule!
Despis'd—yet fear'd—exalted yet depress'd!
On earth all substance—toil; mere shadow rest!
Pain—joy—despair—hope—grief—at once his lot!
His only good unknown,—or known forgot!

Through curs'd Satanic spite born his own foe,
His life is torment, and his end is woe!
—Behold his doom! mysterious awful doom!
Chain'd to sin's death; to Hell beyond the tomb!
The *mortal* frame evil and pain controul!
One mass of mis'ry bears th' *immortal* soul!
—Down—down I sink, and thrice confounded lie!
Within myself the dread reality
I feel! then rise again—again to face
These rueful features of all human race!
What can I do but moan my shocking birth,
By heav'n detested! and the plague of earth!
What judgments from on high in vengeance hurl'd
On sinful *man!* what devastation whirl'd,
On man's *abode*—past—present—and to come!
For *him* what *wrath!* what *flame creation's* doom!
—What wrath! yet not for all;—tho' all were lost
Some shall escape by blood-redeeming cost!
Blood so divine that worlds of worlds might live!
Live so confirm'd that none shall pray,—"Forgive:"
Link'd in the power of Almighty God,
No more they fall, and sinless—fear no rod:
Where love has conquer'd—love shall ever reign
O'er sin—o'er Satan—death—o'er sorrow—pain!
Oh—well for *ever* those whom heaven's sway
Calls forth to bliss in this their dying day!
They hear a voice that breaks their earthly charms,
And brings them *contrite*—to their Saviour's arms!
Yet born as others—bad; in practice—worse!
Alike involv'd in time's devouring curse!
—Why should not mercy eye *all* Adam's race,
And *swell* the triumphs of atoning grace?

—Mercy is *God's !*—be *silent* oh—my soul !
Nor judge from part—the vast mysterious whole !
Tho' harsh to sense the deep decrees above,
'Thou knows't them fixed by him—whose name and nature's—love.'

A MEMENTO FOR THE YOUNG: OR, THE SPENDTHRIFT'S WARNING.

Adieu ! poor world—by one yet far more poor !
My wither'd frame thy charms no more allure :
I've run the giddy round to age—and see
(Too late !) that thou and self are vanity !
I see—I feel ! and from this dying pain,
Groan forth to youthful ears—live not in vain !
—I ask not pity—what avails it me !
But from my piteous state—I'll pity ye :
Doubly my heart shall ache—my mind shall grieve—
If ye dear youth—as wretched I should live !
Your bliss my aim—ye I in love beseech
To weigh the truths my misery must teach !
—Your wish I know—e'en from your early birth ;
Each rising year—is happiness on earth ;
—But this if true—is a celestial prize,
Obtain'd from hope above— not 'neath the skies !
—The things of time with flattery beguile !
Bliss draws the tear that ends in heav'nly smile !
—He who is born—must know he's born to die !
That this—not life—is here man's destiny !

—Well may your tender thoughts enquire the cause;
And swiftly learn it in your Maker's laws;
These all transgress'd from infancy to age,
The sacred book proclaims in black'ning page!
—This mournful truth if inwardly you feel,
In penitential pray'r you'll lowly kneel;—
What yet ye need—ye need full much to know,
But this—each day's lament—will strongest shew!
How weak—how dull—how fickle e'en at best!
Besieg'd by sin that thwarts your holy rest!
Daily thus vex'd—a Pilgrim here you'll roam,
Seeking with steadfast faith—your heav'nly home!
With anxious thought the word of life will prize,
And court the wisdom that alone is wise!
Here trace with joy that mystery divine,
That makes thee sinner—saint! all blessings thine!
Here thy Redeemer's dying love embrace,
That beams thee glory from his glorious face!
Here catch his Holy Spirit's Christian aid,
That seals the good *his* costly ransom paid!
Here view with sacred peace his Father's mind!
Which gave his Son to torture—for mankind!—
—Drawn to such themes thy soul must upward soar;
This—this is life! yea—life for evermore!—
Now shine renew-ed youth—that all may see
From God—thy faith—thy hope—thy charity!
That precious faith that brings the future—now!
That high-born hope that treads on things below!
That charity—which enmity forgives,
Pouring his love—by which *thy* spirit lives!
—Saved thus early by the gospel's grace,
In meekness—patience—urge thy destin'd race:

Be ev'ry virtue in thy breast endear'd!
Be vice—deceptive vice!—for ever fear'd!
And tho' the world a wilderness must prove,
Thy soul shall breathe in liberty and love!

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Now—as a Pilgrim—Christian Saint,
Thy upward path pursue;
And when with difficulties faint,
Bear thy blest home in view!

That home shall smooth the arduous way,
Shall cheer thy holy breast;
Thou knows't—each step leads on to day,
And everlasting rest!

Tho' burden'd here by evil's weight
(To thee the saddest doom!)
Thy entrance at mount Sion's gate,
Shall prove thy burden's tomb!

Walk forth with faith at thy right hand,
Protectress of the weak;
And let bright hope thy left command,
And what she points at—seek!

Let seraph love—speed on before,
With wings that waft the skies!
—Bless'd with this train—thy Lord adore!
And hail with them—the prize!

PETER'S FALL AND RECOVERY.

—Why weep'st thus bitterly—thou fallen Saint!
Thy suff'ring woes what Poet's pen may paint!
—Thus bitterly why weep'st—I ask no more,
But for myself—the self-same griefs implore!
—'Twas not mount Sinai urg'd thy broken heart;
From sight of love divine sprung all the smart!
That gentle eye that gave thee light and life,
Recall'd thy friendship in that fatal strife!
Ere twice the wakeful bird proclaim'd the morn;
Thrice had'st thou left thy sacred Lord to scorn!—
—All human ties alas! how short—how frail!
'Tis love from God alone can never fail!
That love could pity, and forgive the past,
And win by look thy feeble mind aghast!
Attracted thus—thou didst no more thy Jesus dear deny;
But in his righteous cause a ready victim—die!

JESUS BLESSING CHILDREN.

Who is that child—adored Lord!
  Whom thou wilt stoop to bless?
(So glows the passion of thy word,)
  With parent's love caress!

The child of nature's artless charms
  May sooth maternal breast;
Thou know'st the babe within thine arms,
  In sin and woe doth rest!

So born—it sure must merit hate!
  For thou wast born divine!
So born—thy love must new create,
  To own that creature—thine!

And yet this child—compar'd with man,
  From thee a pattern gives;
He must its passive virtues scan,
  If he in heaven lives!

—Yet not from such need Christians learn,
  (Tho' babes the man may teach;)
—In Jesus innocence discern!
  In Jesus truth of speech!

The child of Bethle'm humbly cloth'd,
  Was warm with sweet content;
And tho' by pride and folly loath'd,
  No malice in resent!

His little heart was pure of guile;
And thankful from his birth;
On enemies he turn'd a smile,
And spread his peace o'er earth!

He envied none their richer lot,
Their good his only aim!
In human nature's aid forgot
The glory of his name!

Humility dwelt deep within;
His meekness all might read;
Free was his soul from touch of sin,
In thought—in word—in deed!

—But drop my muse; I dare not sing
A theme where Angels fail!
—Take "Child of heaven"—"Holy thing!"
A babe's—"Hosannahs hail!"

ON PRIDE.

Demon of Hell—stand forth! with Christian eye
I'll scan thy boasted worth—thy rule—thy aim;
That eye shall pierce within thy folded wiles,
And bare thy bosom to the curse of God!
—From heav'n hurl'd down (to reign in heav'n how vain!)
Thou stalk'st the evil world—that world thy prey!

Lordly usurper of the human heart,
A hand divine shall seize thy brazen crown,
And lay thee level to the dust of earth!
—Thy spark'ling beauties may deceive the vain,
For these are thine, and all their rainbow hues;
Their idol thou—to thee they kneel, yet kneel
For self—themselves their glory! Demons all!
—Transform'd as Angel—oh—detested pride,
Thou as with light'ning's blaze—inflam'st the soul!
Beneath the garb of fair humility
Thou lur'st to airy heights each giddy mind,
Bewitch'd by phantoms of thy brooding brain!
—Tho' as a God thou seem'st—how poor—how small
Thy gifts! thy fame—the poison'd breath of man!
The glory of thy throne the trump of time!
Ha! thus long thy rule! thus much thy worth! self
All thy aim!—go—sprite accurs'd! and with thee—
Go—thy meager Ghosts; hence! justice divine
Descends! the God on earth—o'er hell—in heav'n!

CHRISTIANITY.

"'Tis Finish'd!" man's salvation won! Christ's cross!
This has redeem'd from guilt,—repair'd our loss!
Has bought eternal life by right divine!
And from a faith bestow'd—secures it mine!
Yet so secures—that I the cross must kiss,
And take it meekly to the throne of bliss!

The path of Christ with steadfast heart must tread,
For this alone conducts to Christ our head!
—Aid then good Lord! thy meanest creature—aid,
For whom thy glorious self hast amply paid!
Nought can I bear or do—unheld by thee;
Let go—I sink to tenfold misery!
Draw me, Redeemer, with a holy force!
That I may truly run my Christian course!
To thee I'll look—attracted by thy pow'r;
Nor doubt thy promise—to my parting hour!
Thou who hast died—hast died—that I might live;
And wilt with endless blessings—all my sins forgive!

"THOU ART DUST!"

(Reflection on:)

Strange theme is mine of dust to sing!
Yet what but dust am I?
Alas! with this despised thing,
Man—mortal man—must lie!

This without life yet still is clean!
I living—yet am dead!
And seek in this—my dust to screen,
Within its purer bed!

The outward flesh tho' form'd to please,
Is poison'd from within!
—The soul's the seat of man's disease,
The dread disease of sin!

Ocean and earth—and fire and air
The human race abhor!
These o'er creation's rulers dare
Wage an eternal war!

Say, shall I now the dust despise
Tho' trampled under foot?
—This sighing heart—these weeping eyes
My subject better suit!

Ah! dust myself—and evil dust!
All—all I boast is this;
To live to sleep in Christ the just,
And wake to share his bliss!

In soul and body—man was he,
Tho' human yet divine!
He dying won the victory,
O'er all his foes and mine!

This sordid dust from death shall spring,
A purer frame to gain!
And rising on celestial wing,
With Christ for ever reign!

A SOLILOQUY!

Ah! my soul—to me a stranger!
Now at length to thee I call!
Slighting thee I slighted danger!
Losing thee I lose my all!

Shall vile earth's beguiling pleasure,
Longer steal myself from me?
No! henceforth be thou my treasure!
Where's a treasure like to thee!

Tho' by worldly joys befriended,
These in passing soon are pass'd!
Sure from heaven thou'rt descended!
And from age to age shalt last!

Image of thy great Creator!
Once th' effulgence of his face!
Ah! how chang'd thy spotless nature!
Curs'd in Adam's fallen race!

Yet a curse that wing'd a blessing!
E'en th' eternal gift divine!
Such thy woful state confessing,
Claim the gift that's freely thine!

Pour upon thy bliss with praises;
  All its riches deeply scan!
'Tis a theme the soul amazes!
  "God—to smile on sinful man!"

Know—not love—however willing,
  Could avail however great!
Holiness is crown'd by killing!
  Truth and justice damn'd thy state!

'Twas God's wisdom (sacred wonder!)
  Link'd with power—match'd with grace,
That withheld the awful thunder
  Bursting on our ruin'd race!

See—the Son of peace descending!
  Son of God—and Son of man!
Born to die—through death ascending!
  —He fulfill'd the righteous plan!

Rise! my soul! no more a stranger!
  Glad—with thee on God I call!
Fearing him—we'll fear no danger!
  Lo! our Saviour's Lord of All!

TIME AND ETERNITY CONTRASTED.

Oh! should a Seraph—from the heav'nly skies
Descend to distant earth,
Methinks he'd view in agony of mind
Its scenes of pomp and mirth!

Ah! how unlike thy glorious scenes above,
These vain pursuits of man!
Who daily doom'd to stoop to death's arrest,
Dares against time to plan!

But as the sun oft without shining—shines,
Shorn of its orient beams;
The human mind oft without thinking—thinks,
Bedimm'd with worldly dreams!

Ah! dream no more; awake—thy soul to win!
Let reason once bear sway!
Arise! and speeding on the wings of faith,
Salute the judgment day!

Behold the Seraphs and the Saints on high!
Thyself—the world around!
Behold Satanic spirits chain'd in guilt!
—The Son of man—enthron'd!

Hear ye the voice of majesty divine!
Hear now—and live—to die!
The wreck of nature and thyself how near!
Thy bless'd—or curs'd—eternity!

THE CHRISTIAN PENITENT'S PETITION TO THE THRONE OF GRACE.

Oh—pity Lord! thou know'st my wretched state!
How weak—how blind—how sore—how all forlorn!
Oh—pity Lord! tho' all deserv'd my fate!
Child of thy wrath! by sin in sorrow born!

Too long I've liv'd an enemy to thee!
Too long have stray-ed in the wilds of vice!
With contrite heart I haste on bended knee,
To crave the merits of thy sacrifice!

Didst thou not die that wretched worms might live?
Didst thou not rise to crown them with thy love?
Oh! speak the word—the wish'd-for word—"Forgive!"
And lift my spirit to the hope above!

Saviour's thy name—Almighty and divine!
Oh, speak salvation to my drooping soul!
Matchless and boundless mercies Lord are thine!
Oh—by such mercies make a sinner whole!

Then shall my Spirit seek in Thee alone,
Her peace—her joys—her praises and her love!
Then shall Hosannahs reach thy gracious throne,
From Saints and Seraphs in thy courts above!

ON CHRISTIAN *GRACE*.

Oh! wand'rer! lost in misery's dark vale,
Fast bound in chains of sin!
Angels and Saints thy living death bewail!
A death without—within!

Bewail in vain! alas! their heav'nly prize
Thou deem'st a passing dream!
Blind to thy state—the treasure of the skies,
Is view'd a vacant theme!

Unhappy wretch!—to hate thine only good!
To seek thy life in death!
Alas! in vain e'en by thy Maker woo'd,
Without his vital breath!

Awake! arise!—wing'd down from mercy's throne,
Salvation I proclaim!
(Salvation free—unsought—unfelt—unknown!)
In blest Immanuel's name!

Repent!—believe!—lo! by a touch divine
Renew'd in body—soul;
Be this thy boast—that I rich grace am thine,
By grace from God—made whole!

ON CHRISTIAN HUMILITY!

—Who art thou, virgin of celestial stamp?
Thy soft and gentle looks beam forth with love!
—Is innocence thy name?—then wherefore weep?
For in thine eye the grateful tear is lodg'd:
Thou seem'st unconscious of thine inward worth,
And look'st above; is there thy peace—thy rest?—
Deaf to the praise of man—with silent tread
Thou walk'st the earth—in doing good intent:
—Art thou of mortal—or immortal birth?
What mean those sounds seraphic—songs of praise?
Of praise sent forth from heart-enraptur'd love!
—Thy theme divine bespeaks thee sprung from grace,
And both from God!—methinks I know thy name;
For thou in glory bright art clad from high,
And with the highest shalt in glory shine!
Thy name and nature—one—befits his throne
Eternal—where the righteous Lord of All
His purchas'd bliss (the price of man and God!)
Pours forth in floods of endless light and life!
There—there with rapt Saints and Angels—prostrate,
(Gladly prostrate!) shalt thou thy peans shout,
For ever shout—oh bless'd—'Humility!'

A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

Now day's gay sun bows down to ebon night,
And silence reigns o'er nature hush'd to sleep;
Screen'd from myself, and all creation's light,
I slowly rove in meditation deep!

Blest solemn hour! when the still musing mind
True to itself—soliloquies invents;
No heedless themes! lo! these left far behind,
It seeks its lasting good,—reflects—repents!

Haste—mortal man! let darkness light thine eye!
And image to thy soul—thy death—thy grave!
Ah! dream no more of day—thy night is nigh!
Seek not the world—awake—thy soul to save!

Say, cans't thou see around—beneath—above?
—This sightless scene is all! this all is thine!
What now avails of shows of life the love?
Declining thou—with thee its shows decline!

Thy solitary self is thine alone!—
Not more without—a darkness rules within!
Thy inward peace and holy rest unknown!
The dupe of error—folly—fashion—sin!

Oh! let this midnight hour thy end recall,
And earthly cares and toys of time *control!*
Lest sadder gloom thy dying frame befall!
And horrors haunt thy poor benighted soul!

KNOW THYSELF!

"Know well thyself oh man!"
—Such was the Sage's cry;—
This mystery to scan,
Demands an heaven-taught eye!

The wisdom of the wise
Is folly of a fool!
Yet all—themselves do prize
'Till taught by sacred rule.

Who thinks he sees when blind,
Must judge the wrong for right!
First change the fallen mind
From darkness into light!

—Can heaven spring from earth?
From error—truth be found?
Men need a second birth
To tread celestial ground!

But lighten'd from on high,
With rays divinely bright !
To pride of self—they die !
And find their day—a night !

Lo ! all their fancied good,
Gives place to worthy blame !
Themselves—now understood,
They own—their merit's shame !

To seek in sense and time
The blessings of the blest ;
They view an awful crime !
And soar to God for rest !

'Tis now their highest care
To sue the throne above,
By penitential pray'r,
Humility and love !

Men—of this knowledge boast !
Enough for man to know !
All science else is lost !
Is vanity and woe !

A REFLECTION ON THE HEAVENLY STATE.

To tell how ye celestial choirs
  On God in worship wait,
The musing mind in vain aspires;
  —Mysterious your state!

Whate'er's the language of the skies,
  Its utterance is love!
Since all the faithful—good and wise,
  Form Paradise above!

One tongue—one heart—one theme divine
  Inspires each heav'nly guest;
In one harmonious song they join,
  And blessing—all are blest!

No interjections there of woe,
  Nor thoughts of sorrow—sin!
Their rapture is themselves to know,
  Perfect—without—within!

Their's is a speech concealed from earth!
  Or heard—as folly deem'd;
'Till by a second gracious birth,
  Light has on darkness beam'd!

The living knowledge of that love
Thron'd on our Saviour's face;
Do thou O Spirit—as a dove,
Cherish in human race!

So shall all tongues as one—unite
In holy pray'r and praise!
With Angels and with Saints of light,
One Hallelujah raise!

THE RENEWED SPIRIT'S INVOCATION.

Oh! restless world of vanity and woe
Where flatt'ring hope leads on to swift despair!
Whose brightest prospects glitter but in show,
And all whose glories prove an empty air

Farewell! and thou my Spirit—heav'n-born thing,
Tho' doom'd to linger in thy earthly frame;
Thou—like thyself—expand and upward wing,
And in that blissful region pant for fame!

Not the hot thirst of earth's ambitious schemes,
Nor all—nor any of its boasted worth!
Too well thou know'st that hers are cheating dreams,
Poor transient praises, and poor carnal mirth!

Taught by the power of Almighty love,
And onward led (if led) by hand divine!
My Spirit soars for rest—far—far above!
The sacred good it seeks, blest Lord—is thine!

Eternal life! our centre and our end,
Let not such scenes of time our breasts enthrall;
To thee alone each human passion bend,
Oh! fix our highest aim on thee—our All!

THE COFFIN!

Who *undismay'd*—can gaze on *this?*—man's *end!*
The end of old—of young! of all the *whole!*
Ah! thither *dreaded*—yet *unheeded*—tend
The shatter'd bodies of each living soul!

Yes; born to die—to *this*—as friend or foe,
The rich—the poor—the wise—the weak shall creep!
To sons of pleasure—terrible the woe!
To sons of piety—death's hopeful sleep!

This heart-*appalling* thing to *nature's life!*
(*Just* doom of years, past—present and to come!)
Recalls to man how *vain* his *earthly* strife!
And summons him to seek in *this* his *home!*

Ah ! *vanity* is all to him who knows
(Well warn'd by *this !)* his day's a *fleeting cloud !*
—'Tis *sacred wisdom* to *forewatch* the *close !*
To *eye* each *hour*—the *Coffin* and the *Shroud !*

SUMMUM BONUM.

Whatever ye think—whatever ye say,
Tho' one thing alone is your good ;
This Summum bonum—blest theme of my lay,
I'll prove is by few understood !

The phantoms of earth—wealth—pleasure and fame,
Are courted by young and by old !
The search of these things is ev'ry one's aim,
Nor other good thing ever told !

From north to the south, from east to the west,
All run and all cry for—for what ?
Mere playthings of time and sense I protest ;
Their true Summum bonum's forgot !

This chief good of one is chief good of all !
Yet by all deem'd chief ill of man !
So silly it seems—so airy—so small !
It gains not his thoughts or his plan !

If one in a thousand knows what it is,
And seeks it by night and by day;
The rest will esteem him a madman or quiz,
And strive to run out of his way!

Yet by your good leave—this truth I'll let fall,
(Caress it or rue it ye must!)
The things of this life will drop one and all,
—Their owners return to their dust!

The joys of their feelings and fancies are past!
Their heaven is chang'd to an hell!
What their Summum bonum yields them at last,
I leave their lost spirits to tell!

But ye who yet sojourn shun their despair!
Urge now the good of the soul!
This—centred in God—(as Scriptures declare,)
Lo! this is the chief—and the whole!

THE SOUL'S DEPARTURE FROM THE BODY.

—My soul! the hour is come! that solemn hour
That severs thee from self! from man! from time!
Immortal thing! invisible to sight;
To sense unknown,—oh! whither wilt thou flee?

Intent I muse,—but thy ethereal form
(If form the Spirit owns) my mind escapes!
I search—re-search; then to myself return
More plung'd—more lost—the mystery so great!
Oh! by what secret ties could mortal frame
Thus long thy pow'r detain? Thyself its life!—
The voice eternal (from whose voice arose
Thyself his image!) my soul hath summon'd!
I feel—I feel the struggle deep within!
My body weakens—and the hearing ear
Is clos'd!—the clouded eye is fixed! the tongue
Is mute!—the world recedes!—I sink in death!
My boundless spirit soars to face its God!
What scenes! what sights celestial!—Angels!
Arch-Angels! Saints in glory!—Christ enthron'd!
With kindred souls—my soul (now known with ease!)
On lightning's wing darts forth!—"Oh hell!—Oh heav'n!"

SALVATION BY GRACE.

'Tis grace alone
True Christian's own
That leads the soul to heav'n;
To him above,
Whose name is love,
Glory and praise be giv'n!

Lo! sinners born,
The Lord we scorn!
Yea, dare his wrath defy!
With hell-sprung pride
Our evils hide
And all his word belie!

But when with awe
The holy law
Pierces the rebel through!
To that he dies!
And tremb'ling cries,
I'm lost!—what shall I do?

Sinner! rejoice!
(He hears a voice,)
Commit thy soul to me!
My law no more
'Gainst you shall roar,
Jesus has set you free!

My throne on high,
I left to die,
And save the lost from hell!
The deed is done,
The vict'ry's won,
And you with me shall dwell!

The sinner hears !
Melts into tears !
And pours out fervent praise !
" Lord ! since I'm thine,
By grace divine,
I'll serve thee all my days !

And when I rise
To view the prize
The purchase of thy merit !
Long as I live
Shall glory give
To Father—Son and Spirit !"

THE CARNAL MIND'S ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITUAL MIND.

(Quaint style.)

Why weep—you silly man ?
Behold—since time began
The knowing world do plan
For merry life !

Your days and nights forlorn,
I day and night do scorn :
For pleasure all are born,
Child—husband—wife !

'Twere better far to die
Than live with you to sigh ;
Pray—wherefore should I cry
Who feel no woe ?

My years in joy I'll spend,
Nor once behold their end ;
The friend of mirth's my friend,
—Each mope my foe !

'Tis you the earth upset ;
With ev'ry thing you fret ;
Entangled in self's net,
You stand my fool !

But I with open arms
Embrace terrestrial charms
Nor fear your false alarms
My will my rule ! !

THE SPIRITUAL MIND'S ADDRESS TO THE CARNAL MIND.

(Quaint style.)

These taunts you ne'er would vent
Did you like me—repent ;
For know—the soul's lament
For woe brings joys !

The worldly things you choose,
I heartily refuse;
The good my soul pursues,
Nor ends—nor cloys!

As you—I once was mad!
As you with folly glad!
But what I deem'd as sad,
Is now my peace!

You well may fear to die!
I joy to see it nigh!
And thankfully can eye
My wish'd release!

If now you will not mourn,
You then must lie forlorn;
Just recompense of scorn!
Oh—dreadful lot!

Your Spirit all aghast!
You'll sigh (in vain!) at last
For earthly pleasures past!
And heav'n forgot!!

THE HAPPY MAN

Since time began,
The happy man
How seldom can we view;
'Tis constant sought
In things of nought,
So bids each breast adieu!

Who thinks by wealth,
Or e'en by health,
This treasure to secure;
Himself doth cheat,
His aim defeat,
Still sick he is and poor!

In learning's store
I'll grant there's more,
Not, not of bliss—but woe!
The wise can tell,
He knows it well,
Still sighs, "Alas! 'tis so!"

Now pleasure's smiles
This youth beguiles,
"How happy is my lot!"
Stop, stop, my friend,
Long ere your end,
Yourself will cry 'tis not!

Yet one more thing
In rhyme I'll bring—
The boast of pride or fame!
To live on this,
To most is bliss,
But centred all in name!

I've now unfurl'd
Whate'er the world
Or things of time can give;
The truths I've told,
Will tell as gold,
The longer here we live!

Yet one and all,
Or great, or small,
True happiness might gain;
'Tis ever found
In mind that's sound,
But flies the addled brain!

Since time began,
The happy man,
Has heaven's worth in view,
This constant sought,
Proves all else nought,
So, all but heav'n, adieu!

A HYMN ON CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

Thee, great "I Am," "Existing One,"
Let daring sceptics doubt,
A God! a God! yon radiant sun,
These far-stretch'd heav'ns, shout.

To keep, direct, impel, control
Such spheres, such works divine!
From nought to frame this mighty whole!
What mind can reach but Thine?

Earth's vasty orb, with grandeur spread,
Self-balanc'd 'midst the sky,
Points out to man some ruling Head,
Some greater Pow'r on high.

His Being stamp'd—his mighty deeds
Aloud reveal his Name;
Th' o'erwhelming flood his Justice pleads!
His Wrath, the cities' flame!

O'er all below, o'er all above,
His boundless Mercy flows!
The sunshine of Almighty Love
With endless fervour glows!

How Great! whose voice alone creates!
Whose presence fills all space!
Whose might through all things penetrates!
Whose thoughts all worlds embrace!

Thee, blest "I am," "Existing One,"
Seraphs and Saints adore;
Nor less thy bright Incarnate Son,
Sent—"Nature to restore."

By Him, in Thee, through Holy Ghost,
The God-mysterious-Three!
The peopled orbs, the heav'nly host,
Shall reign triumphantly!

Thus shall Creation's second birth
More glorious arise!
And, founded on Emmanuel's worth,
God be himself the prize!

Saints, Angels, shout! Hosannahs shout!
Extol the Saviour's grace!
Your crowns laid low, with love devout,
Worship before his face.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Deep tolls the bell o'er man's departed day,
Silent and sad the mourners tread their way;
The solemn scene arrests the giddy crowd,
Dismays the wealthy, and appals the proud!
The song of mirth, and pleasure's guile end *here*—
Mirth droops to woe, and pleasure drops the tear!
A spirit whispers from the passing dead:
"Life's airy dreams, and life itself are fled!
Oh! fleeting mortal—breathing but to die,
Forego the *present* for—*eternity!*"

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

Oh! Thou who dost the spacious heavens claim!
For ever hallow'd be thy glorious name!
Hasten the kingdom of thy gracious love;
Incline our hearts to serve thee as above.
Give us this day our daily bread, good Lord!
As we forgive—forgiveness us afford;
Let no temptation overwhelm the soul—
Each lawless passion to thy law controul:
For all the powers that in heaven shine,
Their grace—their glory—are for ever thine!

SOLOMON'S ADAGE,

"All is vanity and vexation of Spirit,"

EXEMPLIFIED.

Vain and vexing's all below,
Through the fall of erring man!
All his peace is but in show;
Who his inward woes may scan?

'Tis a life oppress'd by cares,
And unsettled as the wave!
'Tis a life beset with snares,
From the cradle to the grave!

Happiness, man's aim and end,
Sought on earth was never found;
Like a false but flatt'ring friend;
Like an echo to a sound!

Is fair knowledge man's pursuit?
Knowledge cannot yield him rest! *
How much better is the brute,
Which, without it—yet is blest!

* Ecclesiastes (1st. chap.)—"In much wisdom is much grief, and he who increaseth *knowledge*, increaseth sorrow!" owing to the fall of man; but the brute fulfilling its creator's will, is so far at rest!

Seeks he all the world can give?
And the glitt'ring toys of wealth?
Can the soul contented live,
Whilst depriv'd of saving health?

Does he pant for human praise,
And the shouts of airy fame?
Whilst so fleeting are his days,
All is but an empty name!

Sighs he for a nation's throne,
And the crown of kingly pow'r?
What he wears is not his own;
He's the pageant of an hour!

Turn we to the poor man's lot—
What a scene of toil and trouble
From the Palace to the Cot—
Life is but a vacant bubble!

Spurn these things of sense and time,
Oh! thou *great* tho' *fall'n* spirit!
Seek the Angels' bliss sublime!
Seek the *good* which Saints inherit!

'Tis thy Saviour's gift of love,
Purchas'd by his blood divine!
And by *faith*, their *rest* above,
Is to endless ages *thine!*

SAINT PAUL'S RETROSPECT AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus *came into* the world to save *Sinners*, of whom I am chief."—1st. Tim. i.

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. iii.

By Satan rul'd, and bound by sin!
Defil'd without! diseas'd within!
Shocking—and sad's my origin!
My Saviour!

By fury toss'd! by madness driv'n!
I brav'd thy Hell! I loath'd thy Heav'n!
A rebel long! and yet forgiven!
My Saviour!

When Justice might have frown'd "depart!"
Thou did'st in mercy wing a dart,
That piere'd and won my callous heart!
My Saviour!

On thee thy Father's wrath was pour'd!
Thy love embrac'd the flaming sword!
Thy death redeem'd! thy life restor'd!
My Saviour!

Renew'd by grace—I sin abhor!
By faith unfeign'd to God I soar!
And with an humble heart adore,
My Saviour!

Short is my life—yet long appears!
Upheld by hope! cast down by fears!
Rejoicing now; and now in tears!
My Saviour!

A Pilgrim here—whate'er my lot,
'Gainst Providence I'll murmur not,
Nor deem thy promises forgot,
My Saviour!

The hour speeds on when I shall prove
With kindred Spirits high above,
The treasures of eternal love!
My Saviour!

Soon shall I view thy face Divine!
Soon in thy ambient glory shine!
And shout that thou art *ever mine!*
My Saviour!

THE SALUTATION OF THE ANGELS TO THE SHEPHERDS BY NIGHT.

First Shepherd.

" If morrow's sun shall cheer the wintry day,
" O'er Bethlehem's fields our bleating flocks must stray."

Second Shepherd.

" Bethlehem ! the joy of ev'ry pious mind !
" Thence shall Messiah rise to bless mankind."

Third Shepherd.

" Ah ! sure, what holy prophets long foretold,
" These times eventful shortly will unfold." [*Aërial music.*

Fourth Shepherd.

" What blissful notes are these ? oh, heav'nly sound !
" Brothers, look up ! lo, Angels all around !"

The Angels.

' Rejoice, O youths ! and banish ev'ry fear ;
' Tidings of joy salute your list'ning ear :
' To you *this day* the Saviour Christ is born,
' O'erlook'd by pride, and of the rich the scorn ;
' But to the poor, the penitent in heart,
' Shall Christ the merits of himself impart.
' Arise, my friends ; leave here your folded fleece ;
' In Bethlehem's manger see the Babe of Peace.
' Glory to God ! on earth celestial rest !
' E'en men with Angels shall be ever blest !"

HOPEFUL YOUTH WARNED AND ENCOURAGED.

Remember youth (in feeling strain I warn thee)
To flee the Sirens hov'ring to betray,
Else all the bloom of fruits that now adorn thee
Will fall decaying to thy heart's dismay!

O guard with watchful care life's opening flow'r,
By Virtue's aid expand it to the sun;
And if but little be thy native pow'r,
Be more intent each blasting ill to shun.

Ne'er court the smiles of gay delusive Error,
Ne'er touch the hand of soft seducing Lust;
Those smiles allure thee to the haunt of Terror
That hand will strike thee with a dying thrust!

Beware of Sloth in arbour shades reclining,
Nor heed the trickings of her idle brood;
The ease she proffers ends in lonely pining,
And chills each ardent wish of active good.

Spurn from thy mind the gain of Evil's treasures,
To gloom of death her tempting mines lead down;
Nor list the call of Fortune's boasted pleasures,
She lures to pain, and leaves for smiles a frown!

Let not the shows of airy Pride deceive thee,
Nor lurking Envy steal within thy breast;
Pride on her giddy heights will laughing leave thee,
And Envy cherish'd canker all thy rest!

Each crooked road with wisdom's eye surveying,
Shall urge thee onward in the path of bliss;
And step by step (bright conscience obeying)
Peace, Hope, and Joy, shall press contentment's kiss!

THOUGHTS ON SEEING A LAMP AT MIDNIGHT FROM MY CHAMBER.

Yon feeble lamp, that glimmers in the dark,
To guide the trav'ller at the midnight hour;
Seems in the distant view a solitary spark,
That scarce emits around the little glow-worm's pow'r.

Ah! here, as turning on the bed of sleep,—
(Too oft in age the restlessness of rest!)
Whilst on its pallid light I, musing, fondly peep,
E'en so, methinks, appears mere human mind at best.

The rays of reason weakened by the fall,
As rayless seem—so dim—so cold—so dead;
Itself, by self bewilder'd, e'en its beams inthral
And further lead astray the long lost wand'ring head!

If this the truth, oh! how could mental blaze
* (Tho' wisdom call'd) ascend to things Divine?
One heavenly thought—the heavenly sun must raise,
And to the inner man in living glory shine!

† So (blissful news!) o'er these once darken'd isles,
Spreads the bright radiance of the "gospel's grace!"
O'er twinkling nature's gloomy night, day's orient smiles.
With fire celestial dart-kindled in "Jesu's face!"

LINES

Written by a Christian Parent on Christmas-Day, watching over his sick Infant.

Ah! lovely babe, you weep, yet know not why;
Oh! may you live, and live to weep as I!
I weep to think, whilst gazing on your charms,
(Oh! could I say tears but of false alarms,)
I weep to think, that in those dove-like eyes
Some brooding mischief lurks—lurks in disguise!
I weep to think, that on your pallid cheek
A blush—a blush must rise—I dare not speak!

* "The world by *wisdom* knew *not* God."—St. Paul.

† "Christ, the *light* of the *Gentiles*, the *glory* of his people *Israel*."—St. Luke.

I weep to think your little lily hand
Will grasp on evil by its own command!
I weep to think the soft and downy ear
Shall list' to language which it should not hear!
I weep to think those tender feet will run
In devious paths, they should, but will not shun!
I weep to think, that in your gentle heart
Should lie concealed life's all envenomed dart!
I weep to think, that o'er your infant frame
There hovers (tho' unseen) foes that I dread to name!

APOSTROPHE.

Oh! Babe of Bethle'm, wherefore wast thou born
The babe of sorrow, friendless and forlorn?
Thine was a heart more than the heavens pure,
Why should that heart such woes of life endure?
Thine was an eye more innocent than dove,
Why should it weep, unless it wept through love?
Prostrate, my Muse, and stay the trembling line!
Who shall presume to sing thee, babe divine?
Yet shall I weep? Yes—but the tears of love!
"For us a child is born—born from above!"
For you, my babe, unconscious of your state,*
He breath'd—he died—he rose! Oh love how great!
Yet shall I weep? Yes—but in tears of joy!
No sin nor woe shall long our souls annoy;

* Born in sin. See Catechism.

"For us the child was born who rules the sky,
And lives, that those who die † may never die."
Rise then, our souls, seek rest in him above,
Let ev'ry thought and deed be centred in his love!

My pretty babe! yet weep'st, and know'st not why?
Oh! may'st thou live, and live to weep as I,
Assur'd that godly grief shall end without a sigh!

FAREWELL FROM A MINISTER TO HIS PARISHIONERS.

Farewell! my friends! and take one parting line
Respecting truths—momentous and divine!—
Oh, bear in mind, the wretched fall of man!
His nature evil! and his days a span!
No peace on earth,—nor happiness in heav'n,
Can man obtain, unless in Christ forgiv'n:
'Tis not by works (as some do fondly boast,)
That sinners can regain the good they lost;
Oh! blest Immanuel! Thy worth alone,
Can clear the guilty, and their crimes atone!—
To know yourselves, and feel your sinful *state*,
Is the first step that leads to heav'n's gate;
Hence—springs true sorrow, and a faith unfeign'd;
A faith in Christ—who all our sins sustain'd!

† Die to sin.

Hence—to the Father—love (chastis'd by awe,)
And free obedience to his holy law;
Hence—charity to man—peace and good will;
And ev'ry grace that can the bosom fill;
Thus (by the Spirit wrought,) the real Christian lives,
And—having all from God—to God the glory gives!

Amen.

SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.

Jesus—Saviour of mankind!
To thy laws my passions bind;
Long I've wander'd from thy face,
Long have shunn'd the Christian race;
Since from thee I went astray,
Nought but thorns have strew'd my way!
—Worldly pleasures end in pain;
Are at best a gilded chain!
Touch me with thy grace divine;
Make me, Lord! for ever thine;
Thou alone can's't set me free;
Bear me o'er life's troubled sea!
Thou alone can's't make me blest,
Give my soul thy heav'nly rest!
—To thyself my passions bind,
Jesus—Saviour of mankind!

ON CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Great source of love—of joy—of peace,
Grant wars and tumults here to cease;
Thou—the good Shepherd of thy sheep,
Lull each bad passion into sleep!—
For our sakes what weight of woe
Did lowly Jesus undergo!
Then oh—let us his steps pursue,
And walk in love and friendships true:
No more indulge in envious spite,
But live as—"Children of the light!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S HYMN ON THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

When Thou, O Lord, in heav'nly pomp,
Descend'st to judge mankind;
O grant that we may stand with joy,
With Thee acceptance find!

With grateful hearts, Almighty Lord,
We sing thy matchless love!
And trust, ere long, through reigning grace,
To sing with saints above!

No longer now the trifling songs
  Of this vain world amuse ;
Our new-born souls despise the joys
  Which unbelievers choose !

Thy day, that to the sinner brings
  Terrific woe and pain !
Brings to thy saints celestial rest,
  For such with Thee shall reign !—

With Thee, whose face outshines the Sun !
  Whose goodness knows no end !
Whose kingdom solid joys affords,
  Joys that all thoughts transcend !

There, great Redeemer, shall thy saints
  Thy beaming glory view !
And there, with holy Angels quaff
  Pleasures for ever new !

Then grant, O Lord, we meet with joy,
  With thee acceptance find,
When Thou with high angelic pomp
  Descend'st to judge mankind !

Clerical Characteristic Acrostics.

"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE HAD IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE."

C HRIST's radiant glory was thy mightiest aim
R edeemed Saint! to preach and spread his fame
I ntent,—thy bliss all centred in Immanuel's name!
S o sin detesting; holiness thy friend;
P raise was thy life, and heav'n-born Peace—thy end!

Robert Hall.

H oly and heav'nly was thy Christian race;
A ngelic thoughts beam'd from thy *sacred* face!
L ow earth's affairs beneath thy feet were trod;
L ifted by life divine—thy All—was all in God!

Thomas Scott.

S edate—yet cheerful; wise in wisdom's light,
C louds of dark error fled your piercing sight:
O nward each day—as day's life beaming orb—you shone!—
T housands through you have gain'd the heavenly rest!
T housands shall yet arise, and by your toils be blest!

C lad in the brightness of thy long-lov'd Lord;
E clips'd by none who wav'd the living sword;
C onstant to truth—in heart and lip—through life;
I n thee proud Infidels receiv'd soul stunning shock;
L ike madd'ning waves repell'd—striking the stedfast rock!

H appy wast thou dear Saint—through troubled life;
I n holy virtue bold,—yet meek in strife;
N o pride—no envy lodg'd within thy breast;
T hy aim was heav'nly—as thy heaven's rest!
O 'er thee thy flock—in hope both joy and weep;
N ow more awake to gain thy Christian sleep!

Bishop Hall.

H oly and humble was your Christian race;
A fflictions undeserv'd you bore with meekest grace:
L ong shall your pious thoughts on wisdom's page,
L ive in each heart renew'd, and bless from age to age!

C elestial thy life—divine thy light,
H eaven's grand glories stand unveiled to sight!
A ngelic powers dignified thy mind;
R apt in the wonders of redeem'd mankind!
N o earthly thoughts intrude—no worldly dreams;
O 'er all thy works immortal Sion beams!
C hrist and his cross, and all his matchless grace!
K ing—Priest—and Prophet of his ransom'd race!
E nrob'd with life by their Immanuel's face!

H umility from Christ imbib'd—blest Saint was thine !
U ndaunted was thy Christian course for truths divine !
R ich in the *welcom'd loss* of sublunary things,
N ow *reap* the *sacred* treasures of thy king of kings !

L ight from soul darkness you spread round the world ;—
U ndaunted—against error's wiles you hurl'd
T he two edg'd sword divine—nor smote in vain !—
H oly yourself—lo—godliness your gain !—
E ngag'd like Paul who fought for truth in love,
R est now for ever round the throne above !

S aint—thrice endear'd to each enraptur'd soul !
A midst the great and high a pillar of thy Lord,
U naw'd—you—pour'd in eloquence divine
R eligion's solemn truths, and fear and love call'd forth !
I niquity fled back—and virtue reign'd !
N o wonder !—viewing *God* as stamp'd by *grace* in *you !*

B lest of mankind were you O Saint of God !
U nder his guidance you life's journey trod,
N or sunk beneath his kind afflictive rod !
Y our wearied frame now rests in calm repose,
A nd pious soul—once exercis'd in woes
N ow dwells at "*Ease—nor one heart trouble*" knows!

W ell hast thou run thy *rapid* Christian race
O h Saint rever'd—blest minister of grace !
L ong shall thy pious labours fertilize the land !
F orgetting *health* to serve thy Lord's command,
E 'en *aged* Saints behind thy *ardent* footsteps stand !

R est—heav'nly Spirit of immortal birth!
I nspiring grace has stamp'd on you her worth!
C elestial your walk—you as an Angel shone
H oly and humble 'till your work was done!
M any a sheep shall bless your Shepherd's care,
O n manna fed! *thus* grown divinely fair!
N ot that you *claim'd* the least of praise above;
D etesting *self*—to *reach* redeeming love!

C ontrite and humble—full of peace and love,
E 'en Angels wait to court thy soul above!
N o selfish acts pervade thy pious breast;
N or pride nor passion break thy holy rest;
I n thee we read the Saviour's mind and heart;
C atch the fair virtues which his truths impart;
K indle a flame divine—and urge the *heav'nly mart!*

R ich in the graces of the Lord of life,
O saint of God—how radiantly you shone!
M eek—unaffected—dead to human strife;
A like to pride and praise—you liv'd to Christ alone!
I n Jesus centr'd all your mind and heart;
N or could your soul endure another theme!—
E 'en Angels blush, and own your love divine—supreme!

L ike nature's orb diffusing genial light and heat,
E 'en thus thyself and works in vital glory shine!
I n thee the placid lamb, and noble lion—meet;
G entle in heart to all,—yet bold for truth divine!
H eav'n and heav'n's Lord so much thy *constant* aim,
T hy very *features* beam with sacred peace and love!—
O rare and matchless Saint, and first in Christian fame,
N ow from a star below—thou shin'st a sun above!

H umane and feeling as the meek-eyed dove,
E ndearing virtue by *all* conquering love!
R eligion owns you as her Christian guide,
V oid as the babe of guile—of wrath—of pride!—
E ntranc'd by truths divinely good and wise,
Y ou liv'd,—you wrote,—you preach'd,—"Immanuel your prize!"

H ell's dark deceits, and heav'n's eternal plan,
U nveil'd by you—dethrone, and crown lost man!—
S cripture your guide, by reason thence divine,
S ion and Sion's Christ in God's own glory shine!
E ndear'd to truths so great—so deep—so high,
Y our spirit *spurn'd* earth's life, and *sprang* for joy to die!

T hemes how mysterious—holy and divine,
R ivet thy soul, and manifest them thine!
A h—thou hast seen by more than mortal sight,
I n self all darkness,—but in Christ all light!—
L ife from the *Spirit* fits for life above!
L o! *hence*—thy Christian fruits—"*Humility and love!*"

M ajestic in thy mind; thy ev'ry aim divine;
I n thy bright works what beams of heaven shine!—
L IBERTY!—darling of thy noble breast!
T ruth! who in thee secur'd her holy rest!
O nward with these thy new-born spirit soar'd,
N or less in death—than life, their radiant worth ador'd!

I n Christ's grand truths and ways your spirit seeks to shine;
V irtue depriv'd of these—stands forth but specious sin!
I n human wisdom's eye—dark is the light divine!
M en's deeds tho' fair without—too oft are foul within!
E nrich'd with heav'n-born faith—whose fruits are void of guile!
Y ou pity sinner's frowns—to win your Saviour's smile!

M ov'd by Christ's love and by his spirit taught,
A ngelic was thy life in word—in deed—in thought!
N o selfish aims disturb'd thy pious breast;
T he good of others was thy fondest rest!
O 'er all thy works divinest light is given,
N or knows the gracious soul more holy guides to heav'n!

John Richards, Bath.

R eligion's fruitful rays and cheering light,
I n thee through each returning day, shone bright;
C andour and meekness dwelt in all thy speech;
H oly in reproof,—happy to beseech;
A ll thoughtful as thy Lord in doing good;
R ich in the treasures of the Spirit's food;
D eath was to thee the messenger of love,
S erenely wafting to the rest above!

Poems Moral and Descriptive.

A POET AND HIS RETREAT.

No stately edifice with grandeur crown'd,
Nor spacious park by antique trees girt round,
Attracts my Muse; 'tis yonder Cot, scarce known
Though often seen—a rural Poet's own!
Some calm abode I sought, sought long in vain;
Here found at length, I ev'ry wish obtain.
Well sang the Bard, in his affecting song,
"Man wants but little, nor that little long!"
Not Crescent's pile, nor noble Allen's seat,
Can yield the bliss of this my snug retreat.
Hail! lowly Cot, to me an Hermitage!
The short or lengthen'd remnant of mine age,
In thee I trust to pass; here, here I find
All that invites the pensive musing mind;
Here scenes enjoy that captivate the sight,
And yield at little cost, heartfelt delight!
Remote from noise and all the city's dance,
(Yet near enough for philosophic glance,)
Here I explore the manners of mankind,
And oft depict the world; too sure to find,
The more I seek the better understood,
Its evil great! but, ah! how little good!
In quest of bliss, too oft abroad we roam;
If e'er obtain'd, 'tis best obtain'd at home:

But neither there nor here can REST be found;
From GOD she springs and treads celestial ground!
Creative Fancy, Genius all sublime,
I claim not; content in artless rhyme
To sketch fair Nature's face, and, as I stray,
Cull wholesome lessons in a winning way;
Virtue and vice no stronger aid receive;
Prose may assist, in Poesy they breathe!
I seek not wealth, I labour not for fame;
The good of all, my highest—only aim.

Thus sang a Poet in his peaceful Cot,
And bless'd the Hand that fix'd his happy lot.

AN EULOGY ON COWPER.

COWPER! your verse, your charming verse divine,
Bids wit to ripen,—bids e'en dulness shine;
Your angel-strains compel me to aspire,
(Mean though I am) and seize the Muse's lyre.
Hail, holy Bard! illum'd by light above;
Sweetly you pen the bliss of heav'nly love;
From Nature's works (a good and winning plan)
You drew examples meet for erring man;
With soundest sense and unaffected ease,
Your numbers flow, and playful fancy please;
Your words are cull'd with such a magic art,
Each leaf confirms and guides the wav'ring heart;

The scenes of nature you have drawn so clear,
Nature herself doth not more bright appear ;
With judgment keen, and nervous strength of mind,
You paint the sins and virtues of mankind ;
The mimic glass reflects indeed the face,
But you the motives of the heart can trace !
Equal to ev'ry theme, jocose or grand,
You both our laughter and our tears command.
Whene'er your muse attempts a sprightly style,
Your decent wit allures a modest smile ;
When the wrapt lines in praise of Jesus flow,
You swell our thoughts, and cause our breasts to glow !
When soft compassion melts along your verse,
And you the sorrows of the world rehearse,—
Unfold the scenes that vex life's shifting stage,—
Then tears of pity wet the mournful page.
Dear Christian Bard ! once more I hail your name,
And joy to view you on the list of fame ;
There rank'd with Milton, you like Milton shine,
Both heav'nly born, both fill'd with love divine !

REFLECTION ON A FIELD OF WHEAT IN HARVEST TIME.

Around I look, and peaceful nature trace,
To cull an emblem of the Christian's face ;
And in my pleasing search find none so meet
His worth to paint as yon life-yielding wheat.

Full well he knows (by deep experience taught)
Self's boasted things, though fair, are ever naught.*
This solemn truth the sacred books unfold;
"Man's brightest deeds prove but the dross of gold."
Works Heaven shall own must all from Heaven descend,
Returning there, their birth, their growth, their end.
So bears the goodly saint the holy fruit,
And prais'd by others yet himself is mute;
He will not, cannot, lift an airy head,
To all but love of God he's gladly dead;
He knows, he feels, poor human nature all
Alike corrupted by th' Adamic fall!
By grace divine he bears his richer stores,
And bending low, in wonder lost, adores.†

BELSHAZZAR'S IMPIOUS FEAST AND OVERTHROW.

(Suggested by Mr. J. Martin's celebrated Picture.)

"Let lords in thousands list their monarch's call,
Drink to th' Assyrian gods within each splendid hall;‡
Lord of the Earth, I'll sport the flowing wine,
In Jewish cups long boasted as divine!"
Thus spake Belshazzar, towering in pride,
With shouts of praise by all his myriads eyed.

* St. Luke xvi. 15.

† As a shock of corn in its season.

‡ The halls of Astarte, or the Babylonian Venus.

Above, the moon—the star—'midst azure sky,
Shone silent o'er the city's majesty;
When, lo! 'midst mirth, and song, and festive dance,
A sudden horror seiz'd each countenance!
A frightful swoon, an agonizing sting,
O'erpowered the haughty and luxurious king!
Whilst yet he drank, and roll'd his lustful eyes,
He on the wall a ghostly hand descries!
(The astounded soothers trembled at the sight,
And all the magii sunk in mental night.)
Amaz'd he saw it pen the awful line—
"*Descend, proud king, the throne's no longer thine,*
No solid virtue balances the scale;
Thyself shalt fall—thy kingdom too shall fail!"
So the wise seer * unveil'd the mystic stamp,
Seen on the palace-wall by God's despised lamp.
Lo! fearing Him, he knew no other fear;
Bold to declare his Lord Most High ruled here!—
Thus kings—thus gods—all Babylon's proud fame,
Vengeance Divine with lightning's † speed o'ercame,
And left, and only left, an ever-blasted name!

* The holy Prophet Daniel.

† The appearance of lightning is admirably introduced in Mr. Martin's picture: and the moon in conjunction with the planet of Astarte.

THE GATHERED ROSE.

I nipp'd a young rose as I stray'd,
(In a garden as Eden it blew;)
'Twas like a fair virgin array'd,
With bosom conceal'd from the view.

I gaz'd on its charms with delight,
With delight I partook of its smell;
When, lo! a fond bee peep'd in sight,
And flew from its deep crimson cell.

Ah! happy methought is thy lot,
Whose bed is the breast of the rose;
Encirel'd with honey thy spot,
How soft and how sweet thy repose!

Thou wearest, 'tis true, a sharp dart,
From evil's approach to release;
But man's sting is fix'd in his heart,
And rifles his bosom of peace!

From without, tho' compass'd with joys,
A thorn still rankles within!
His bliss of himself man destroys,
By sucking the venom of sin!

LINES

Suggested on revisiting the Royal Crescent (long the abode of the Author's Parents), after an absence of five and twenty years!

Oh! with what change (sad change) of thought, I now review
Thee Crescent—noble pile! where first I breath'd and grew:
Ah! then thy graceful curve, and massy pillar'd pomp
Unheeded stood! to bask at ease, or gaily romp,
Was all I thought or knew! and happy little state!
"Tho' ignorance was bliss"—the wise, the rich, the great
Command no more!—alas! with growth, each coming year
Lessen'd my infant joy—and mark'd the man with care!
(So frisk the new-born lambs o'er sunny bank or mead;
This sprightly season pass'd, pensive they lie or feed.)
—Thou princely pile! where now thy great, thy rich, thy wise?
Alike they're vanish'd! each entomb'd in silence lies!
And in thy splendid mansions lo! another race,
Unknowing and unknown,* speed to their destin'd place,
Here as a shade I stand o'er mortal man's career;
And shed, what all have shed, or must, the human tear!
'Tis well! and happy he who knows from feeling breast,
Ne'er sprung from earthly good its inward peace and rest.

* That is, to or by the Author.

Thou Crescent, grandly strong! farewell! a short liv'd year
May bring thy young (now old) possessor to his bier!
Thus as the parents droop'd, so droop the daughter—son!
And leave succeeding babes their toilsome course to run!
Till Time himself worn out, shall fall with wither'd wing,
And that blest world arise of everlasting spring!

THE HEN AND HER CHICKENS, DELINEATED AND MORALIZED:

Welcome—fond bird! whom the great Lord above,
Cull'd for an emblem of Almighty love;
Well pleased—I'll strive thy tender cares to paint,
And sketch a picture for the Christian saint!
—What time love's pledges fill thy hopeful nest,
Thou seek'st to nourish by maternal rest;
The busy Hen that o'er the garden roves,
Attracts thee not; nor hunger scarce removes;
Fix'd to thy charge, thou hardly seem'st to note
Thy partner—mourning for thy prison'd lot!
Patient thou sit'st,—nor heed'st the cheering light!
Alike to thee—bright day, or gloomy night!
—At length—by feather'd warmth—the long'd-for brood
Cherish'd to life,—burst forth,—and ask their food:
The bill that pierced with art each pregnant case,
Now pecks around,—around the little race

Intent attend;—the sought-for grain—the Hen
With jocund voice proclaims, and pecks again;
The sprightly chicks by varied morsels fed,
Seek 'neath her outspread wings their downy bed:
August's the mother! and with glancing eye
Watches each bird that darts along the sky;
Tho' weak in nature,—by affection strong,
She dares the foe that hovers o'er her young!
Then views with looks serene (in love exprest,)
Her nestlings peeping through her plumy breast!
For them she lives; for them would gladly die!
Her only bliss—her tender progeny!
—Go then, oh Saint, and with her power of love,
Embrace thy Saviour and the hope above!
—Blest Lord! who in the brooding hen could'st view,
Sparks of thy pity for the wretched Jew!
What earthly thing can teach a love like thine?
Love—like thyself!—Eternal and Divine.

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING AN ANCIENT ASH TREE IN BOUNDS-PARK, NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Hail! antique Ash; thy elephantine bulk,
And massy limbs far-stretch'd, (each limb a tree
Gigantic!) strike the Poet's musing mind
With solemn awe! Deep-rooted in earth's womb,
In leafy pomp thou wav'st thy head sublime!
The storms of ages thou hast braved, and still

Majestic look'st, though marr'd! But ah! thy weak
Beholder, (weak through the forbidden tree!)
E'en while he gazeth feels his strength decay.
Thou stood'st, perchance, coeval with yon seat,
That from the airy height of Bidborough
Yon ampitheatric hills, yon towers
Superb, and widely-wooded plains, o'erlooks.
The hands that raised it, thou hast seen laid low,
And mark'd the fall of each possessor frail—
Ah! late of her whose exit all bemoan,
The light of rank, and of the poor the life! *
What time rude winter pluck'd thy verdant garb,
Expos'd thy limbs, and shook thy hollow base,
Her feeble breath forsook her; thrice happy
Now thy soul! freely it roves God's Eden,
Seat of seraphic peace and love divine!
And as again, thou venerable tree,
When smiling Spring returns, thy naked boughs
Forlorn their foliage shall resume,—daughter
Of Sion! so thy mortal frame (too soon
To moulder doom'd!) triumphant shall arise
Immortal, and with glory rob'd: on thee
Eternity itself shall make no change,
Wrapt in the radiance of the Lord of Life!

* The late Dowager Countess of Darnley.

ON A LITTLE FLY THAT TRAVERSED THE AUTHOR'S BOOK WHILST READING.

Well, little tiny thing,
What here can you engage?
Why skip* on airy wing
About a student's page?

Your's is the happy lot,
That nothing need'st to know;
But Man—or wise, or not,
Still leads the life of woe.

The great Creator's laws
You happily fulfil;
Man 'gainst his Maker wars,
Chain'd to his slavish will!

He need not pity you,
Nor scorn a simple fly;
Sorrow's the sinner's due,
Doom'd with a curse to die!

But, oh! you tread a leaf
Replete with love unsought;
Assuaging human grief,—
Transcending human thought.

* The very small insect alluded to, though it has wings, may be said rather to skip than fly.

Go, now, you tiny thing,
Nor longer me engage;
Go, sport on airy wing:
I'll muse the hopeful page.*

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

Ye swallows, that quiver around,
And thick on my cottage alight,
Too well I perceive by your sound
Th' approach of your annual flight.

Our winter (so cold and so drear)
Is dreaded by me as by you;
But whither, sweet birds, will ye steer,
When bidding our island adieu?

Should ye fly o'er mountain and main
For Africa's sun-glowing air,
When my cottage ye visit again,
Oh! tell me that Freedom is there.

Twit! twit! little birds as ye rove,
You wing for an *Eden* below;
And *Saints*, for a *better* above,
Rejoice through life's voyage to go.

* The excellent Archbishop Leighton's Works. Subject, Christian Redemption.

Uncertain are ye of your bliss,
Perhaps ye may reach it no more:
Believers of theirs *cannot* miss,
Faith wafts them *securely* ashore!

ON THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

Oh, welcome! thrice welcome! sweet birds,
Ye sprightly forerunners of spring,
But, alas! from Africa's coast,*
No tidings of freedom ye bring!

Curs'd Slavery still rules abroad,
And Discord still threatens at home;
Love and Peace are spurn'd from the earth,
Confusion's wherever ye roam!

Yet cheer me awhile, gentle guests;
Come, twitter and wing round my cot;
Had I pinions to soar mid the sky,
With you would I take my blest lot.

In union and friendship ye fled;
In union and love ye return;
Ah! when on this globe, so defac'd,
Will mortals such harmony learn?

* Alluding to the 3rd. Stanza on the Departure of the Swallows.

Swift speed the good times long foretold,
When malice and evil shall cease;
When, like ye, even *man* shall delight
In Freedom, in Virtue, and Peace!

LINES, SUGGESTED ON VIEWING THE FIGURE OF JUSTICE ERECTED OVER THE GUILDHALL, BATH.

With looks sedate—*above* her palace walls,
Thus to each Judge *below*, fair Justice calls.
"Rulers! to you I grant my seats of right;
Be to the dumb a tongue, the blind a light!
The good and harmless every aid afford,
But to the guilty point th' avenging *sword!*
With *even balance* weigh each proffer'd cause,
And seek your glory in my sacred laws:
As seeing—see *not;* as not seeing—*see;*
Bound by no *tie*—be each decision *free:*
Nor scorn the poor man—nor the rich befriend;
Begin in justice—and with justice *end:*
So shall the Judge—(the righteous Judge of all,
Beneath whose throne the nations prostrate fall;)
While horror haunts th' unfaithful and the vile!
Bid conscience cheer you with her peaceful smile;
A bliss—not wealth—nor grandeur can impart,
The inward treasure of the *honest* heart!"

THE CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE,

A Source of Joy, conducive to Morality, and a Handmaid to Religion.

'Mid ev'nings' calm alone I love to stray,
And down the woodland slope incline my way;
The secret path—the rural growing trees,
Cherish fond thoughts, each gentle passion please!
The cawing rooks that sail on busy wing,
The little birds that all around me sing,
Yon bleating sheep that climb the mountain's brow
The neighing nag—the stately grazing cow,
Yon Shepherd whistling midst his scatter'd fleece,—
These all combine to sooth the soul to peace!
And me, a life retir'd, far more delights,
Than artful pomps, and noisy joyless sights!

—Ah! nature's fruitful face would men explore,
Small need were then to turn old sages o'er;
Would man from jealousy and strife be free?
The wooing dove shall teach him sympathy!
If torpid sloth shall creep within his breast,
The bird of morn shall rouse him from his nest;
Would he in wisdom seek an high degree?
Let him behold the ever-toiling bee;
If he his mind too readily would shew,
Lead him to where the scented violets grow:
These to his thoughts will this reflection raise,
Those lure the most who shun, not seek for praise;

And thus in nature's fair reflecting glass,
We on ourselves may praise or censure pass!

View now the sun glide slowly down the hills;
The radiant sight the mind with rapture fills!
With orb illum'd, in majesty serene,
It tints yon lofty towers*—yon circling scene!
Intent I gaze! and in the vision trace
The bright effulgence of the SAVIOUR's face!
Lo—as the rays of earth's celestial light
Shed on yon clouds a lustre heavenly bright,
E'en so thy looks—REDEEMER of mankind,
Dart beams of holy wisdom on our mind:
Dark in ourselves—by thy blest light we shine!
No praise we claim; the praise and glory's thine!—
Thus nature studied benefits the heart
More than the pages which the schools impart;
The world was made—the sacred tome was giv'n,
To lift the soul to GOD! to catch the glimpse of Heav'n!

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, ON HIS PURCHASE OF A SMALL BUT PLEASANT ESTATE.

"Estates, my friend, though called by lawyers *free*,—
Free in themselves, are bound to you—to me—
'Tis *leasehold* all—that lease *uncertain* life,
Begun in sorrow, passed in ceaseless strife!

* Oxford.

I pity then the man, whose eager aim
Distracts himself, to get terrestrial fame;
The lordly mansion, and its boundless land,
'Tis true may every thing *but peace* command!
The more he grasps of this poor earthly world,
He from his centre's rest is further hurled!
The bliss he fancies, and the charms he frames,
He finds (what all have found) delusive names;
This truth the poet's pen may well suppress,—
The *vacant* hall and park this truth confess.
Unhappy owners of your splendid home,—
Unhappy in yourselves where'er you roam!
The sport of pleasure—covetous of gain—
Ye sow in sorrow, and ye reap in pain!
Oh! bless the happy medium of your lot;
With smiles enjoy your garden and your cot.
Friend of my heart—of worldly snares beware:
A Thornton's wealth, with Thornton's worth—how rare!
The pilgrim's tracts let you and I pursue,
And bid these vexing transitory things—adieu!"

MONASTIC STANZAS TO THE HOUR GLASS.

Come, useful guest to man!
The preacher's ancient friend;
With whom his text began,
With whom his speech would end.

Long banish'd from the desk
By irreligious hand;
And *now* a thing *grotesque!*
Come—on my table stand.

While some seek idle news,
And others love to roam;
On thee I'll gladly muse
Within my peaceful home.

Swift runs the sand of Time!
As swift speeds life away!
How short the hour of prime!
When all is but a day!

As from the glass above
The particles descend,
So thronging mortals move
Down to their silent end!

See—as the atoms fall,
How each to each gives room;
So age to youth;—so all
Rush to their final doom!

The filtering grains below
Rise like a conic hill;
While others downward go,
And up their places fill:

So men ascend the mount
Of Fortune or of Fame;
Till more their height surmount,
And bury wealth and name!

A hollow opens wide
Fast as the sands descend;
And as our moments glide,
All's *vacant* to the end!

Thus speeds the life of man,
E'en from the mother's womb!
'Till the last hour has run,
That brings him to the tomb!

THE GLOW-WORM.

When blushing sol eludes my sight,
And twilight shuts the day,
Then by the Glow-worm's pallid light
Alone I love to stray.

Hail! now, thou solitary place,*
Where not a being stirs;
I'll linger near thy mould'ring base,
And 'neath these solemn firs:

Here, as, amid the glimm'ring brakes,
I tread the gloomy ground,
Imagination startling wakes,
And fancy hovers round.

* Sham-Castle, on Claverton-Down.

Shine on, ye wand'ring stars of night;
No noisy feet intrude;
Dear is to me your ghostly light,
And dear your solitude!

Soft peeps the moon, that yonder gleams
Amidst the slumb'ring trees;
Yet more your little placid beams
My pensive musings please.

To touch the living lamp I'll try,
Its curiousness survey;
Lo! as I steal the insect nigh,
Its lustre glides away.

Again the tiny creature burns;
Bright glows the moving spark;
But as the stranger towards it turns,
Again it courts the dark.

Ah! me, 'tis thus poor simple I
Through life have been decoy'd:
Joys keenly sought the swifter fly,
Nor are, when seiz'd, enjoy'd!

Rise, then, my soul! seek bliss above!
The bliss that's all *divine*;
By faith, blest hope, and holy love,
Lo! *God himself* is *thine!*

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE ROBIN.

Ruby songster—warbling oft
In thy fav'rite ivied tree;
When of happiness I think,
I am led to think of thee!

Kind art thou, and in thy breast
Gratitude delights to dwell;
If with heavy cares oppress'd,
Thy soft notes my cares dispel!

Sports of youth, and pomps of life,
Cannot charm my soul like thee;
Spurning these—I boasting sing,
Robin's bliss is bliss for me!

Artless thou in every act,
Peaceful, gentle, harmless guest;
Leaving man, of thee I seek
Truer joy and calmer rest!

Now the climate waxes cold,
Quit the dreary scene without,
Enter in and welcome feed,
Tune thy throat and flit about.

Naught to thee is all I hold,
Save the crumbs around my floor;
Wanting *innocence*, sweet bird,
Possess'd of *all*—man still is poor.

LINES WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S GARDEN.

Far from the bustling scenes of public life,
Along the verdant walk I musing bend my way;
No greater bliss my placid mind desires,
Nature's delights alone can please from day to day.

Ye lowly trees that screen the blazing sun,
Nor less at glimmering eve the pallid orb of night,
Unwearied will I wander 'neath your shade,
That courts the pensive muse, and aids the mental sight.

Calmly I'll rest within yon hermit's shed,
O'erlaid with downy moss, and ivy evergreen;
More dear to me than mansions of the great,
Beset with varied woe, and fill'd with rankling spleen.

What's fame but air? what's wealth but vexing toil?
Yet *wealth* and *fame*, alas! poor *dying* men pursue!
Then *happy* she, who formed these Eden groves,
To *meditate* her *end*, and bid the *world adieu!*

LINES ON A PIOUS YOUNG LADY IN A DECLINE, SKETCHING THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE NEAR BATH.

What sight so striking can her mind amuse?
What book so teach,—such tenderness infuse?
These antique walls, thus rent by ruthless time,
Once dar'd their foe, and wore a frown sublime.

So thou, sweet maid! though now in beauty's bloom,
Far other features wilt ere long assume!
Thy busy hand, that pencils with such taste
Yon mould'ring heap, must, like its object, waste!
Thy beamy eye, thy soft angelic face,
Too soon will fade, and loose each winning grace.
Yet sorrow not, but calmly yield thy breath;
Christians may smile e'en in the arms of death!
Fair as thou art, thou fairer shalt arise,
More pure than air, more splendid than the skies!

THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMAN.

(Reflection on.)

THERE, in the midst of boundless sea,
I ken a little thing afloat,—
It is the patient fisher's boat:
I tremble for its destiny!

How far alone, o'er the dread deep,
Onward it glides with gentle gale,
Scarce swelling out the whiten'd sail;
So calm below the billows sleep.

(So have I seen man's vessel flow,
Gaily on the voyage of life;
No trembling fears—no ruffling strife—
Nor thought of change from bliss to woe.)

But lo ! the bidden winds arise,—
And driven by each mountain wave,
The slender bark—his hurried *grave*—
Becomes fast sinking from mine eyes !

As sudden oft time's stormy pow'r,
Beats from poor man his earthly joys ;
And with a whirlwind's force destroys
Himself, and all, in one short hour.

Yet shall not feeble Saint despair,
"Tho' tempest tost, and headlong hurl'd ;
Faith mounts him o'er this restless world,
And anchor's *hope* in *haven-fair*."

THE THIEF IN THE TRAP.

A FABLE.

A sleaky mouse
Crept round a house
When all was dark and still ;
And searched here,
And scented there,
His hungry self to fill.

At length what's nice
To men and mice,
With wistful look he saw ;
The toasted cheese
He bit at ease,
And held it in his paw.

Too good to leave,
Again he'd thieve,
When, lo! down slid the flap!
He little guess'd,
When cheese he press'd,
He press'd it in a trap.

He darted round,
But no door found;
Then stopp'd in wond'ring doubt.
'Twas strangely odd,
Since in he trod,
He could not now get out!

With artless wit,
This—that—he bit,
Yet did himself but tire;
Alas! how vain
To 'scape again
From prison all of wire.

Yet still he'd scratch,
And shake the latch,
Nor yield to sad despair;
When, lo! a cat
Heard mouse or rat,
And ran to see what's there.

With open jaw,
With out-stretched claw,
And fiery-darting eyes;
In eager rage
He broke the cage,
And seiz'd his lawful prize.

Poor mouse just cried,
"Oh! let me hide
In yon deserted hole."
"Ah! so you might,
(Said puss) all night,
And then you'd ne'er have stole."

But since 'tis done,
My aim is one,
Be it a mouse or rat;
I kill thee, then,
For good of men,
Or I'm a worthless cat.

Let human kind
This fable mind,
And same conclusion draw;
Tho' man repents,
Law ne'er relents,
Or law's no longer law.

ON MUSIC, AS IN UNION WITH THE HUMAN PASSIONS.

..... "There is a secret magic tie
"Betwixt the feeling soul and harmony."

When joyous mirth pervades my frame,
A lively strain my spirits claim:

The lengthen'd sound and solemn pause
My fickle flighty mind abhors;
The slumb'ring strings I catch with speed
And rapidly the notes succeed;
Th' enchanting fair in vision rise;
And lightly dance before my gladden'd eyes!

Does melancholy haunt me round?
To saddest tones the wires I sound;
Within the hollow harps they roll,
And vibrate to my troubled soul!
The mournful dirge and solemn air
Alone can please my sullen ear;
And as each phantom steals in view,
However false, the fancy stamps them true.

When gentle love my breast inspires,
Softly I touch the willing wires:
In sympathy with me they sigh,
And breathe a plaintive lullaby;
The dear ideas past return;
For her I lov'd again I burn;
Again the beauteous maid caress,
And SARAH's image on my soul impress!

Do thoughts celestial lift my heart?
The chords seraphic sounds impart:
Now richly swell, now trembling die.
And thrill my soul to ecstasy;
The gliding notes transport my ear;
I seem to spurn this earthly sphere;

Aërial heights my spirit gains,
And wings her course amid angelic trains!

Thus sound oft echoes to the mind,
And as the passions move, the ear's inclin'd.

ON A ROMAN COIN,

Lately found in the Author's Garden.

Though small your worth, poor battered thing,
You to the mind a store can bring,
Memorials of the past!
In mighty Rome, queen of the earth!
You took your long, long-distant birth,
And longer yet will last.

But rusting here on British ground,
You tell that Britain's more renown'd
Than Roman wealth and name!
Her eagles' outstretch'd wing, decay'd;
Her Cæsars all in silence laid,
The dust of ancient fame!

'Twas curs'd ambition cast you here:
And Roman shield and Roman spear
Defended to defeat!
But liberty undaunted stood,
Repelling to her isle's girt flood
Her hostile foes and fleet!

Yes!—with her flag of life unfurled,
Britannia rules in peace the world,
Or thunders on the proud!
Tyrants, who on their subjects trod,
And govern'd with an iron rod,
To freedom's sceptre bow'd!

This stamp of Claudius's sway
To Britons brought a brighter day,
And spread their just renown!
The world itself shall own their cause,
And emulate their glorious laws,
Or dread their steadfast frown!

The coin of England's happy isle
Is royalty in radiant smile,
The crown of life and love!
Rooted in righteousness and peace,
Her empire shall in strength increase,
E'en as the throne above!

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

For whom this solemn pause, this sad surprise,
These downcast looks, these sympathetic cries?
For Charlotte! 'Tis for her we grieve;—
Too good, too fair, 'midst mortal scenes to live

Her angel, Raphael, by divine command,
Hath wing'd her soul to Eden's blissful land!
Oh matchless husband! stay the weeping eye;
Wait heaven's will, then rise to her on high!
There, there embrace,—for ever she's thine own;
In love united worship round the throne!
Illustrious CHARLOTTE! Albion's truest pride!
Her grace, her glory, guardian, and her guide!
Long as the orb around the world shall blaze,
Thy name shall gather universal praise!
Dear to the great, and to the lowly dear,
Thy prince and country sorrow o'er thy bier,
And, sighing, drop the unavailing tear!

GOLIATH'S CHALLENGE, AND DAVID'S VICTORY.

1 Sam. xvii. 18.

WHILE now the proud Philistines crowd the hill,
Israel oppos'd, march'd on with warlike skill;
But ere with blood they dyed the glitt'ring blade,
Goliath huge the fearful contest stay'd;
With aspect tow'ring, down the steep he strides,
And in his nervous strength immense confides:
His graves and helmet, and his brazen mail,
Blaz'd like the orb, and shone around the vale.
Here firm he stood, and poised his massy spear;
Then with loud voice cried out, "Thou Israel, hear!

Why with false pomp extend thy long array?
Can tricks like these Philistine breast dismay?
Where's now thy boasted hero,—where this Saul?
Him I'll engage,—with him I'll stand or fall:
Our arms and weapons shall decide the fray;
Whoe'er o'ercomes, e'en him shall all obey.
If greater heroes may thy troops command,
Firm as a rock against their strength I'll stand.
The hosts of Israel I this day defy;
Go, seek the man whose strength with me may vie."
He spake; then with a frown shook high his horrid spear,
And fill'd th' astonish'd troops with trembling fear;
Back with huge strides he climbs the mountain's side,
While loud applauses swell his breast with pride.
Full forty days, at dawn and closing eve,
Did proud Goliath thus his vengeance breathe.
At length, when none the man of Gath oppose,
At setting sun both hosts in battle close:
In Elay's vale begins the dreadful fight;
Here flash the swords, here all in fury smite;
Swift through the air the hissing jav'lins fly;
On either side the sighing wounded die;
Paleness and horror in each face appear,
And shouts and shrieks pierce through the frighted ear.
But while the foes each other thus defy,
The veil of night envelopes all the sky;
By slow degrees their thirst for blood expires,
And to their camp each straggling troop retires.
Now while the guards their midnight sentry keep,
The wearied soldiers sink in balmy sleep.

At break of day, ere yet the sun arose,
Ere yet the trump awaked the hostile foes,
From Bethl'hem's fields the humble David came,
Who walk'd with God, and loved t' adore his name.
Unskill'd in war, and fond of past'ral life,
He gladly fled the city's noisy strife;
But now, when duty call'd him to his post,
He came with courage to oppose the host;
Assur'd that God, by his almighty arm,
Could save his servant 'mid the dread alarm.
Lo! while he talk'd, Goliath hasten'd down,
With look indignant, and contemptuous frown;
Again he cries, "All Israel I defy!
Where's now the man whose strength with me may vie?"
Then, fill'd with fear, each shudd'ring troop retreats;
His thund'ring voice alone his foe defeats!
Again his ranks lift up their glitt'ring spears,
And hail their champion with resounding cheers.
The wondrous acts the mighty Lord had wrought,
Weighed not with him; his pardon least he sought:
But now his hour was come! with airy pride
How oft did he blest Israel's God deride!
His limbs immense, and stature towering tall,
Did but the sooner cause the boaster's fall.
As when the stubborn oak defies the blast,
Grasp'd by the whirlwind, headlong it is cast,
While yet amaz'd the troops of Saul stood round,
And none that dar'd Goliath could be found,
The shepherd David lifts his beck'ning hand,
And cries aloud, "Goliath I'll withstand!

Banish all grief; with me, with me rejoice,
Nor longer fear the giant's thund'ring voice;
The savage monster I this day will face,
And pluck from Israel her foul disgrace;
Whate'er reward our royal Chiefs impart,
That I'll accept with thankfulness of heart:
If to my valour no reward be giv'n,
Be this my joy,—I've done the will of heav'n!"
Thus spake the youth; then takes his Shepherd's crook,
And hasten'd down to Elay's winding brook:
From thence he chose a smoothly rounded stone,
And sought Goliath with his sling alone!
Him he descries now marching down the field,
With one who went before, and bore his shield.
David steps on; whom when his foe perceived,
Gnashing his teeth, he thus his vengeance breathed:
'Am I a dog, that thou dar'st me engage
In rustic gown and staff (the help of age)?
Wilt thou, O haughty reed, presume to face
My manly front, enthron'd with godlike grace?
The hungry beasts, and birds that wing the air,
Thy flesh shall seize, and out thy bowels tear.'
He spake; the hills shout back his savage cry,
And echoing cheers applaud him from on high.
Then David thus with holy zeal replied:
"Dost thou in spear and sword and shield confide?
My shield is faith in our Almighty King,
Whose arm unseen will guide his Shepherd's sling;
Yea, thy own sword shall sever off thy head,
And savage beasts shall on thy limbs be fed:

Thus the whole earth shall know there is a God,
Which saveth those who in his paths have trod.
Boaster, advance! and soon it shall appear
The Lord can save without the shield and spear."
Then proud Goliath, stung with inward spite,
Disdaining speech, rush'd on with frantic might.
Him David meets; and, lo! the well-aimed stone
Flew to its mark, and pierc'd his forehead's bone:
His huge long trunk falls pond'rous on the ground,
And all his arms with brazen jar resound.
Whilst now loud shouts of joy young David hail,
Swift he runs up, and climbs his brazen mail;
Then from his side the giant's sword he heaves,
And with one stroke of gasping life bereaves.
Like some rent rock, down roll'd the monster's head,
And purple streams from out its sinews bled:
Grim in his visage and his clotted hair:
His eyes still stared with malice and despair!
Thus did the Lord the proud Philistine slay;
Thus taught the distant nations "whom t' obey."

A SKETCH *(en passant)* OF CHRIST-CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

With fixed eye view Wolsey's princely tow'r,
Whence the fam'd bell * tolls out the midnight hour;
With graceful wings outspread, august it stands,
Whilst its high head the distant view commands.

* Great Tom.

Lo! in the centre of the spacious square,
Stands the swift god, as mindful of his care; *
Eager he seems to wing his airy flight
To the high throne of Jove's transcendent light:
A fountain 'midst the circling basin plays,
An emblem fit to mark his busy days;
For he, like time, was ever on the wing
Some news from Jove for Greece or Troy to bring.
Here o'er the arch the haughty Wolsey view,—
False to his God, but to his King too true!
Th' expressive statue leaves us not to find
What great ideas centred in his mind;
His noble mien bespeaks no vulgar soul;
To all things equal, could he pride control;
Ambition doom'd him to that wretched end,
That bade him groaning cry, "Were God my friend!'
To thee, sweet charity, I'll ope my heart,
And what my bosom pants to speak impart:
If penitence, though late, his mournful mind attend,
May not his soul on sorrow's wing ascend?

Oft when the moon, the pallid orb of night,
Sheds o'er the arch'd cathedral ghostly light,
Gladly I pause, the organ's notes to hear
Roll richly swelling on my ravish'd ear.
Oft 'midst the cloister's sacred gloom I tread,
In solemn thought, to meditate the dead.
To scenes like these your minds, Collegians, bend,
For know, the height of wisdom is—to mark the *end!*

* *i. e.* Charge.

ON BISHOP WATSON'S OBSERVATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

"It is neither black, nor white, but a kind of chocolate hue."

Some love to paint our human race
In colours bright as rainbow hue;
But these set forth a livelier face
Than may in real life be true.

Others there are who will pourtray
The years of man in gloom of night,
But these would lead to death's dismay,
And, like the former, can't be right.

Methinks there is a medium here,
Alike remov'd from each extreme;
Find we but this, and then no fear
To find the ratio of our theme.

He sure's an angel, not a man,
Who makes this world all fair—all *white;*
But I'll believe it—when he can
Bring such a being to my sight.

And he shoots wide, and quits the track,
Who makes our lot all chilling shade:
Sad though it be, it is not *black*—
This would to demons man degrade.

But if these colours you will *mix,*
What's human nature may be known:
In this at least my mind I fix—
Not white, nor black, but dingy *brown.**

* Alias earth colour.

THE SCARLET-BEAN ARCADE.

The rich bazaar—gay corridor—
Let rich and gay pursue;
The spot I seek invites me more,
Hail! blossom'd avenue.

These scarlet clusters twining high,
'Midst leaves of cooling green,
Allure by secret charms the eye,
And arch a welcome screen.

The toiling bees (their toil how sweet)
That rove on slender wing,
My ear with gentle humming greet—
Too innocent to sting.

Fearless they suck, I fearless walk,
My thoughts all love and peace;
What greater bliss than mental talk,
With mind and heart at ease.

Alas! not so in worldly life:
There all is vexing care;
The arts of man are seeds of strife,
And bitter fruits they bear.

Methinks a voice (here only known)
Pervades these ruby shades;
"The flowers of youth are happiest blown
In nature's still arcades."

LINES ON HEARING THE CUCKOO.

Hark! a note arrests my ear,
  Harsher than the gaudy jay;
Yet a note I joy to hear;
  'Tis the harbinger of *May!*

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! oft repeat;
  'Tis a sound that speaks thy name;
Other birds may sing more sweet,
  Thou alone doth *Spring* proclaim.

Thee some hollow trunk has kept,
  Through bleak Winter's howling reign;
There in safety thou hast slept,
  Till by nature wak'd again.

Let the vales with 'Cuckoo' ring,
  As thou fleest from tree to tree;
Thine's a voice that seems to sing
  "All is life and liberty!"

SONNET TO THE MOON.

Thee, beamless Moon! orb of the pensive night,
Full glad I court! Beneath thy meek-eyed light
The pillow'd clouds glide gently o'er thy face:
  And as they glide, thy lustre soft imbibe!—

Ah! transient lustre! momentary grace!
Darkness and mist their future course describe!
Emblem of him who views thy placid mien,
That feebly gilds the still nocturnal scene;
Awhile he stray'd in Hope's delusive light!
She fled and left the wand'rer to the shades of night!

A REFLECTION SUGGESTED BY A HAY-MAKING SCENE.

Onward I step—still musing as I go,
O'er Newton's meads which youths low bending mow;
They whet the curving scythe,—a blithesome sound!
Another swarthe lies glist'ning on the ground;
There village damsels toss the fragrant hay,
And prattling infants round their matrons play.
Ah! once like ye, with rosy smiling mien,
I pluck'd with eager hand the daisied green;
My little heart once leap'd within my breast,
When I like ye enjoy'd your flow'ry rest!
Did ye, sweet babes, fore-know your future doom,
Far other features would your face assume!
Alas! through earth's sad toils, and earth's allures,
Short is the life of innocence * like yours!

* *Innocence*—the Author uses the word in a comparative sense only as our Saviour did:—In the sight of God all are born not innocent, but sinners, and hence the need of an Almighty Saviour.

Swift as your flow'rs sicken and decay,
My sorrows came, my pleasures fled away!
My heart-felt griefs, and vexing cares began
Long ere I reached the hopeful age of man!
So when the sun first darts its cheering ray,
And seems to smile upon the new-born day;
Full oft unseen dismaying clouds arise,
And spread a tempest o'er the tranquil skies!

THE HAPPINESS EVEN OF A COUNTRY LIFE PROVED TO BE CHIMERICAL!

No more ye poets, sport on fancy's wing,
Nor paint in rainbow hues the themes you sing:
Tho' magic hope may show a dancing gleam,
True bliss on earth but proves a mental dream!
Where are the boasted *charms* of rural life?
Lo! scenes of riot, penury, and strife!
One only thought the drudging farmer drives;
Heedless who *wants*, if his own labour thrives!
The hamlets *good* few tender to secure,
And *Seers* oft meet t' *impoverish* the poor!
With clubbed heads *dishonest* jargon hold,
And barter *conscience* for what's bought or sold!
And Oh! the *rabble* of the village streets,
Their vulgar clatter, and their drunken feats!
E'en harvest scenes, with horrid oaths they blast!
And *all* the *charms* of nature *overcast!*

Since peace nor bliss can e'en the country yield,
Oh! grant to me some *solitary* field!
Where *undisturb'd* I may that *calm* obtain,
Which e'en in *rural* life, *I've* sought in *vain!*
There mourn with feeling heart and weeping eye,
Man's ceaseless ills, man's wretched destiny!

LINES

Suggested by a Traveller asking the Author the intention of that handsome building, "Partis's College."

What goodly mansion crowns this beauteous hill,*
Ask'st thou, gay traveller? Let thy bosom thrill!
For know soft Charity has here her seat—
'Tis the bereaved widow's blest retreat!
And peace and piety (the donor's aim)
Have gain'd him earthly and celestial fame!
Like him proceed, (if fill'd with Mammon's wealth,)
Seek, as the casket's† good, its jewel's‡ health;
Like him, to mercy join religion's§ aid—
She points to God—to joys that never fade!
Partis! thy costly gift, with Christian spirit given,
Shall waft thee thanks below—a rich reward in heav'n.

* New Bridge-hill, Upper Bristol Road.

† The body. ‡ The immortal soul.

§ An elegant Chapel adorns the centre, and that useful memento, a time-piece.

ON THE GREAT ELM, ON SALFORD HILL,

(Adjoining the Crown Inn, and Turnpike Road, Bath.)

Hail, stately elm! whose leafy arms outspread,
Shelters the pensive peasant, and whose shade
Ofttimes allures the panting village maid;
Where ruddy youth, and age (with hoary head),
Sip the fond cup, and list the tidings read;—
I come, well pleased, thy grandeur to survey,
And date the years of thy imperial sway!
—Thou with high crown dost like a monarch stand,
And rul'st in glory o'er the wooded land!
In pillar'd strength, defying time's decay,
The busy mortals of a fleeting day
Thou mock'st! Rooted in earth, 'tis thou alone
Can'st grasp the year, and call the world thine own!
—Fix'd by the road—the travell'd road of life,
The frail memorials of the rustic's knife
Thy bark indent; ere since thy growth began
Thou'st felt the rude attacks of wanton man;
But strong in nature—thou at length did'st rise
Enthron'd with foliage branching to the skies!
—So Johnson—long an undistinguish'd name,
Gainst Fortune's frowns reach'd everlasting Fame!
Through cramping cares, and chilling storms of time,
His native genius soar'd to heights sublime!
And like the Tree of Knowledge—vast he grew,
With goodly leaves, and fruits for ever new!

A SONG

(*Addressed to the* Hon. Miss ——H——), *descriptive of* Clovalley, *on the Coast of Devon, the beautiful and romantic seat of* Sir J. and Lady Hamlyn.

Of Hamlyn's fam'd retreat I sing
(Accept my song, dear Sally,)
And of the varied landscape seen
Around belov'd Clovalley.

Behold the mansion, built to please,
High on the green park standing;
On ev'ry side its noble front
The boundless sea commanding.

There from the level bay uprise
The yellow hills of Devon,
And distant north, the Alpine Wales
Exalts itself to heaven.

Here antique oaks, in crescent form,
Attract the eye's attention;
There time-rent cliffs, with coppice clothed,
Surpassing art's invention!

Passing, I spy the mountain ash
With scarlet berries bending;
These oaks, so great in majesty,
A further beauty lending!

Ah! let not e'er the lowly poor
By rank or wealth be scorn-ed:
'Tis by their skill and busy hand
That rank and wealth's adorn-ed.

Far up, a rustic temple stands,—
A temple of the goddess:
The nimble deer that sport around,
Diana* own their huntress.

How grand the show of land and sea
From this sequester'd station!
These verdant vales, yon waters wide,
Invite to contemplation.

Hail, peaceful vales, whose rising sides
Trees thick with foliage cover;
Fond haunt of ev'ry woodland bird,
Of ev'ry pensive lover!

But may no swain or lass forlorn
Approach yon rock romantic! †
They 'll fear not death, but hail the leap
With minds all wild and frantic.

Thou mighty sea, whose wide expanse
The sky alone can measure!
To view thee thus, convulsed with storm,
Exalts my soul with pleasure.

* Diana, goddess of hunting, Lady Hamlyn's Christian name.

† The Lover's Leap.

Not so I view the human mind
With fury toss'd, and raging!
Be it like thee when smooth and calm,
Then more than thee engaging.

Yon barren isle's high-lifted ridge,*
Itself though great appearing,
In midst of thee like nothing seems,
Or as a vessel steering.

Just so estates, however large,
And to their lords unbounded,
Sought on the map, assume a point,
By all the world surrounded.

Yon massy fragments scatter'd round,
Absorb my mind in wonder;
So long exposed to ruthless time,
E'en rocks are rent asunder!

Faint emblem of that awful day
Announced to every nation,
When all the elements shall war,
And ruin seize creation!

Eager I haste to yonder shades,
My fervid frame befriending:
'Tis darkness all, and solemn gloom,
The night with day contending.

* The Isle of Lundy.

Ah! tread with care the dizzy path
Where lurks the phantom danger;
Unseen along the edge it stalks
To seize the heedless stranger.

Yet, lo, Diana, goddess bold!
The airy fiend defying,
High o'er the green cliff fix'd her seat,
The wavy ocean eyeing.

Now through the tree-arch'd walk I tend,
That gently turns descending,
And soon the whiten'd hamlet* view
Between the rocks ascending.

Well pleased, I step the outstretch'd pier,
That bars the stormy weather:
Within its arm the fishers' boats
Float undisturb'd together.

But, ah! too oft whilst darkness reigns
(Toiling on sea for plunder,)
The little waves to mountains swell,
Leap on and break in thunder.

The dawn return'd, the horrid strand†
Depicts the tempest's madness;
The seamen drown'd, their vessels wreck'd—
Dread change from hope and gladness!

* Clovalley at a distance, a very picturesque object.

† A melancholy occurrence of this nature occurred very lately: twenty-two fishing-boats, and forty men perished.

But see! the sun's gigantic orb
On the vast waters floating,
Retiring fast before the moon,
Pale night's approach denoting.

At length I wind the spacious vale,
With transport eye each feature:
How richly clad, how all sublime,
This theatre of nature!

Long could I stray beneath these hills,
Within their deep woods dally;
But lo! the glimmering twilight's pass'd.
Adieu, beloved Clovalley!

THE BELLE AND BEAU,

Compared to the Goose and Gander.

"It may perhaps turn out a Song,
"Perhaps turn out a Sermon."—*Burns.*

Come all proud folks so fine array'd,
While round about you wander;
Come view yourselves full well pourtray'd
In a grand Goose and Gander!

Lo—as they waddle to and fro,
And idly gaze around them;
Just so do ye—where'er ye go;
So mind you well this item!

With lofty neck they strut along,
And eat, and drink, and gabble;
So Belles and Beaux (who doubt my song,)
Do feast—do play—do babble!

At length fatigued they squat them down,
To doze or trick each feather;
As you to dress in coat or gown,
As various as the weather!

Again they rise, and flap the wing,
And roam the field at leisure;
As you to bustle, dance, or sing!
Your only thought—" dear pleasure!"

'Tis thus *they* live, from morn to night,
And thus to live is *nature;*
In *man* or *woman,* 'tis a sight
Below the *lowest* creature!

Here's no abuse, but all is true,
However you may wonder;
For such are they, and such are you,
A very Goose or Gander!

Yea *now* starts up so odd a race,
So spruce! so brisk! so handy!
That bird nor beast can aid to trace
Th' inexplicable dandy!

AN ADDRESS TO MY FAVOURITE WALKING-STICK.

An ! close attendant on my pilgrimage,
Thy worth is great—deserving poet's song ;
In youthful days, and more in bending age,
Thou gav'st support, and made the weary strong.

Yet once thyself long stood'st a slender twig,
Bow'd by fierce winds, on Beechen's lofty brow,
Till, by revolving suns grown strong and big,
The sturdy woodman's hatchet laid thee low.

With twisted root, shap'd like the vulture's bill,
Thou suitedst well the grasp of human hand ;
Thenceforth thou'st borne the painter's shining skill,
Begirt with costly gold and tassell'd band.

Trusting to thee, (ne'er trusted yet in vain)
O'er hills, down vales, through meads and lanes, I've
rov'd ;
Full oft, e'en now, proud Beacon's ridge I gain,
Upheld by thee, to gaze on scenes belov'd.

Scenes often view'd, yet view'd with fresh delight !
Britannia's isle no richer landscape yields ;
Here Nature sports to please th' enraptur'd sight—
Steep woods, deep dales, bold cliffs, and verdant fields.

Staff of my steps! how oft, by thee uprais'd,
I've to my partner mark'd each pleasing spot.
Then (Nature's artless features gladly prais'd)
Safely by thee resought our umbrag'd cot.

Eas'd of thy load, increas'd each lengthen'd year,
There in thy wonted corner snugly stand;
Thou too, at last, by insects' secret wear,
Wilt feel, like me, time's all-destroying hand!

THE STEAM-PACKET.

Written on board the Rodney.

No more, ye winds, your fost'ring aid we need,
Nor dread your fury; see the vessel speed
'Gainst storms—'gainst tide, and each high rolling wave!
The fears of ages past we fearless brave!
—A dark'ning cloud bursts from the hollow mast,
Betok'ning Etna's rage! from caldrons vast
The boiling steam with matchless pow'r impels
The iron wheels; with foam the ocean swells,
Lash'd by their mighty strokes' unconquer'd force!
Lo! as a whale she triumphs in her course!
The port she steers at, gains in wish'd-for time,
And o'er all baffling tempests Rodney rides sublime!

A MORNING WALK TO CLAVERTON ON OLD MAY-DAY.

See, from the east, in beaming splendour rise
Earth's heav'nly orb, the glory of the skies!
Yon western hills smile with its cheering rays;
The dews of night with diamond lustre blaze;
The birds awake to sing, the lambkins play:
All in glad chorus hail the orb of day.
Now for awhile I quit my much-lov'd home,
Pleas'd to the heart 'midst Nature's charms to roam.
Between the smooth canal and Avon's flow,
Along the level walk I wander slow:
Here opens romantic feast th' enchanted eye,—
Vales amidst vales, and hills o'er hills on high.
There lowly Charlcombe, shelter'd 'neath the Down,
Itself scarce seen, o'erlooks the busy town.
Sweet hamlet, hail! where oft in youthful days
I join'd the simple swain in pray'r and praise.
Thy little church how oft have I admir'd,
Midst copse, and flocks, and peaceful farms retir'd!
A tranquil bosom, and a tranquil rest,
Is all we need to be supremely blest.
Nor less alluring, Woolley, Swainswick, view,
With dells and fields of ev'ry form and hue.
Here, as Bathampton's cooling path I wind,
New traits of Nature fascinate the mind:
There cheering meads, where placid cattle stray,
And willow'd Avon pours its silent way:

Save where the current, foaming 'neath the mill,
Drives round the splashing wheel that's never still.
As on I pass, its ceaseless rushing roar
Dies on my ear, and now is heard no more.
There Hampton's turret, with its ivied wreath,
O'erlooks the group of ancient elms beneath;
Dark, solemn scene! and, hark! the hollow bell
Tolls some departed soul to heav'n or hell!
Ah, time redeem; nought else can man avail,
When life, the world, and time itself shall fail!
With head uprais'd I view with piercing eye
Yon swelling Down ascending to the sky;
The sun's effulgence glows upon its breast,
Where flocks unnumber'd feed or calmly rest;
And rich and vari'gated fields adorn
Spots once o'errun by heath and blasted thorn.
Thus man unwearied cultivates the soil,
And reaps a smiling produce by his toil.
There distant roads mount up with graceful bend,
And thus the wealth of every town extend;
While scatter'd seats, and cots, and shaded farm,
Throw on the prospect round a livelier charm.
Here from the rocks above yon steepy wood,
The pond'rous stones glide safely to the flood:
Feeble's the strength of human arm apart:
Man needs the aid of scientific art.
Lo! with what ease the stiffneck'd massy crane
Lifts the huge weight, which else to move were vain;
Swung o'er the barge, and lower'd link by link,
Safe in its hold the bulky fragments sink.

On as I wind to Claverton's recess,
New objects rise the musing mind t' impress:
Here the stay'd boats the lockman's presence wait.
Whose nervous arm opes wide the folding gate;
The boats glide in, self-shuts the sleepy door;
At further end the pent-up waters roar:
At length, the pool sunk to the water's course,
With pressing breast the gate they open force:
The pacing horse pursues the beaten road,
And hauls by pliant rope the floating load;
Fain would the bark incline its head to land,
But for the watchful steersman's skilful hand:
And, oh, if saints would keep the heav'nly way,
Let careful Conscience guide them day by day!
Behold yon Castle, 'midst the vale serene,
Fix'd 'neath th' abrupt and soaring sylvan scene,—
The solemn view, and meditating mind
Demand a structure of the Gothic kind:
'Tis here; and nobly built, and wisely placed,
Shews to each judge the owner's manly taste.
The still canal, that laves the woodland's steep;
The grassy meads, o'erspread by gentle sheep:
The Avon's stream, that scoops its bending course,
Fast narrowing here up to its secret source;
The melting notes of all the feather'd choir,—
Note of true freedom and of fond desire;
These are the charms which here the mind invite,
Inspiring peace, and love, and pure delight.
Here Graves retired, and gain'd unsought-for fame:
He lov'd his flock; they venerate his name:
Behold his church,—how rural and how neat!
Nor less his dwelling than the muses' seat;

And there the mansion,* dignified by time,
Whose trees majestic wear a look sublime.
Adieu, endear'd retreat, transporting view!
Ye woods, sweet birds, soft streams, and meads, adieu!
Now o'er the high and airy down I tread,
And mark the sky-clad landscape round me spread;
With ready feet descend the fir-grac'd road,
And seek with freshen'd looks my snug abode. †
But first I pause to view yon ancient tow'rs,
Yon steep green hills, yon rising seats and bow'rs:
Such rich and varied prospects spread around
Thee, queen of cities, doubly thus renown'd!
Blest were the hours, and pleasant was the day,
When I midst Nature's walks thus stretch'd my way

DESCRIPTION OF A SHIPWRECK OFF THE COAST OF HASTINGS.

Rous'd by the winds, that blow with stunning roar
The Alpine waves fling high the trembling bark:
Dismaying clouds a deluge round us pour,
And lightnings paint the horrors of the dark

Ah! down we shoot on ocean's fatal rocks,
And stare with terror on the gulfs below:
Vainly we strive; our toil the tempest mocks,
And conqu'ring waves leap o'er the vessel's prow.

* This ancient building is now destroyed, and higher up is the modern house and park of G. Vivian, Esq.

† Westmorland-Cottage, the Author's late residence

High on the bending mast a seaman clung,
(His heart enraptur'd for his faithful JANE:)
When, lo! the mizzen from its centre sprung,
And hurl'd him headlong in the foaming main!

The dreadful tidings of my watery grave,
Haply should ye, dear friends, survive to tell,
Say, when o'erpower'd by the boist'rous wave,
With sinking lips I sigh'd 'My JANE, farewell!'"

Scarce had the youth this moving sentence spoke,
When a dread whirlwind dragg'd them in the deep;
The tott'ring ship the raging waters broke,
And in their horrid caves their bodies sleep!

Gasping, again his wearied arms he spread,
As the last struggle to his rising more;
When, lo! a breaker thunder'd o'er his head,
And rudely drove him on the wish'd-for shore!

He only left of all the woeful crew,
The watchful swains with feeling hearts attend,
His piteous looks with aching thought they view,
And strive who most the suff'rer can befriend.

"For thee, sweet JANE, I dar'd the awful storm;
For thee I strove, with hesitating breath;
Mid clashing billows view'd thy beauteous form,
And fearless brav'd the agonies of death!"

A MORNING RIDE NEAR BATH.

Written in May.

Ere yet the city's smoke obscures the morn,
Joyous I rise, and mount my nimble steed.
Now Odd-Down's steep by gentle winds I gain,
And, backward gazing o'er the vales of Bath,
Onwards I haste to Inchcombe's* rural dell.
Its crescent woods resound with melody;
Delightful contrast to yon bustling town!
No pillar'd pile, nor long-extended streets,
Nor spacious square, arrest the rider's eye:
The man of nature heeds not these;
'Tis yonder cots, yon rising mount, whose top
The village church adorns, o'er peeping all.
Down the sequester'd lane I lead my nag,
And at each turn some pleasing object gain:
Here aged oaks extend; and here a brook
Murmurs unseen, save where the ivied arch
Conducts it 'neath the path that through green meads
(Now richly scented with the scatter'd hay),
Orchard and copse, winds up to Newton's hill
Edg'd round with firs, and grac'd by Langton's park.
There, rising from the vale, the farmer's house,
With spacious front appears; on either side
Large swelling ricks of corn and hay stand rang'd,—
The sweet reward of prudent industry!

* So pronounced.

Beneath its lofty elms the straw-yard tribe
Gambol; the busy hen and sprightly cock;
The chattering duck swims round the oozy pond,
Proud of its num'rous train; the grunting swine
Toss up the new-laid chaff in search of grain;
The swift-wing'd pigeons circle round their home;
And cows, with udders stretch'd, await the hand.

Onward I gently trot through circling lanes,
Whose mossy banks the primrose gaily decks:
Not so the violet; itself conceal'd,
'Tis known but by the rich and fragrant smell.
Thus many a village swain and village lass
Adorn unseen, unknown, their country:
Witness, ye "Friendly Annals of the Poor." *

Now o'er the high and level down I urge
My willing steed, and breathe a heav'nly air:
Yon wide and distant scene attracts me not;
Lost 'midst the skies, it needs the magic glass.
Give me the landscape that decoys the sight,
And by its varied charms absorbs the mind.
Where Midford Castle rears its Gothic head
Eager I turn. Hail, thou embattled pile!
And hail, ye secret vales of lowest depth!
Whose woody steeps of rich inviting hue
Echo around with all the dulcet notes
Of linnet, thrush, and charming nightingale:
Blest seat of peace, of harmony, and love!

* An excellent little work, by the Rev. Legh Richmond.

Scarce less delights the still sequester'd dale
Of Montalt Mills, whose wide and lofty wheel,
Revolving slow, throws from its ample arch
The crystal stream down to the glassy pool,
Reflecting bright the soft Elysian scene.
Long could I wander in these fond retreats,
But time admits not; time demands me home.

ON THE FEMALE AUTOMATON.

What lovely figure of the fair
Sits smiling in her cushion'd chair?
Sure in her features may be seen
The lustred graces of a Queen!
With roseate cheek and ringlet hair,
She lures—her manners debonair!
With gentle throb her bosom heaves:
In pity or in love—she breathes!
With kindness moves her placid eye:
Each turn of face shews ecstacy!
The pretty fingers of each hand
The varied notes with ease command,
Nor less the pressure of her feet.
When richer tones the ear should greet,
Thus deck'd without, thus good within,
Who would not wish this fair to win?
And grieve to think, whilst gaz'd upon,
That she's a mere—Automaton!
But here the *show* proves *double* merit:
Yet what she seems—may all *inherit!*

AN EVENING WALK TO KELSTON ROUND-HILL,

By AGNES and GEORGOS.

A PASTORAL SONG.—WRITTEN IN JUNE.

Geo. Nature's works a calm impart,
Blissful to the virtuous heart;
Smiling Agnes, now we'll rove
Where yon stream * glides near the grove.

Agnes. Kelston's cone we'll next ascend
(You to me an arm will lend);
Much I wish to mount its head;
Much the thymy turf to tread:
Musing there, around we'll trace
Wide creation's winning face.

Geo. I, my love, for you will bring
Water from the crystal spring,
And with you will fondly share
Labour's simple cottage fare.

Agnes. See yon flower's beauteous head
Rising from its mossy bed:
Oft I've paus'd, and mark'd it well;
'Tis the primrose of the dell.

* The Avon.

Geo. Other blossoms here invite,
Yielding each a new delight:
Oh, what pleasing fragrance dwells
In the cowslip's scarlet cells!
These, with slender thread girt round,
Oft an infant's sport I've found.
Who like children can be gay?
Halcyon season! halcyon play!

Agnes. See the nightshade's tempting red,
By the dewy dampness fed;
Ah! my matron oft would say,
Secret death did in it lay.
E'er since this I dread the sight,
Though it looks as coral bright.

Geo. Now we'll pierce the shady grove,
Where the birds sing all of love:
There the nut-brown squirrel see
Nimbly frisk from tree to tree;
Oft its long and bushy tail
'Twill convert into a sail;
Then on wood, as in a boat,
'Cross the stream 't will fearless float.

Agnes. Ah! through yonder glimmering light,
Kelston's hill breaks on my sight:
On its green inviting breast
Peaceful flocks securely rest.

Geo. Lo! some rural steps I've found,
Which the pine-topp'd hill wind round.
Forward lean each foot and hand,
'Till the summit we command.

Agnes. Now we'll rest our toiling feet
On this soft and grassy seat,
And with minds enraptur'd eye
Boundless prospects—boundless sky!

Geo. 'Neath the woody vales below,
Like as brooks the rivers flow;
Dwindled to a fisher's boat,
See the barges slowly float.
From these high and airy spots,
Seats of grandeur* seem but cots;
And the distant objects pass,
Seen as through th' inverted glass:
So exalted spirits scan
All the wealth and pomps of man!

Agnes. Ah! in holy Agur's sense,
All we need is competence;
Blest with this, we seek no more,
And the LORD of life adore!

Geo. Hark! yon Abbey's well-tun'd bells
To the ear a wedding tells:

* Langton's, and Sir J. Hawkins's.

Swiftly glides each downward sound,
Spreading nuptial mirth around,
Short's the time of bliss below!
Soon will toll the note of woe! *

Agnes. There the tawny gipsies rest
In their crowded smoky nest;
Fearing none, they none obey;
Idly pass their days away.

Geo. Happy are yon rural swains,
Ploughing up the fertile plains!
Singing in the open air,
Father Health leans on the share;
And his boy Contentment guides,
Trudging by the horses' sides.

Agnes. Trace we now, with eager eye,
Alpine Wales ascending high:
Wrapt in yon ethereal blue,
More like heav'n than earth's the view.
Thousand trees of varied green
Deck the rich and circling scene;
See each dome, each tap'ring spire,
Beaming with celestial fire;
And yon crescents, glitt'ring bright,
By the level rays of light.

Geo. Ah! the mild and cheering sun
Nearly has its circuit run;

* In the midst of life we are in death.

With the tulip's purple dye
Soft it streaks the glowing sky.
Emblem meet let all confess
Of the sun of righteousness:
Radiating all above,
Lord of Light, and Life, and Love!

LINES WRITTEN IN NEWTON-PARK, NEAR BATH.

Here, hermit-like, I love to stray,
And with calm silence pass the day;
The busy world I bid adieu,
Lost in the shady avenue.
Come, gentle Nature, peaceful guest,
Admit me to thy lonely rest:
No noisy stranger's feet intrude;
Behold the friend of solitude!
I softly tread the green retreats,
Or musing sit on moss-grown seats,
While each sweet songster of the grove
Now warbles forth in notes of love!
Here o'er the rustic bridge I lean,
And view below my pensive mien;
The falling stream attracts mine eye,
Mine ear its plaintive lullaby;
While o'er mine head the spreading trees
Wave softly to the welcome breeze;

There snowy swans, with lofty neck,
Thy crystal current nobly deck,
And, op'ning wide their feather'd sail,
Swim stately down the beauteous vale,
Whose wooded sides proud oaks do climb,
And sacred look through length of time:
Thus hoary heads in virtue found
A solemn glory shed around!
Ye princely pines, of chilling shade,
Whose awful gloom no rays invade;
Thou aged tow'r, with ivy green,
Where lonely echo dwells unseen;
I come, your deep recess to tread,
Where all is silent as the dead!
In haunts like these the bard sublime, *
Could wisely muse on death and time.—
Again I catch the beams of light,
And, lo! the mansion bursts in sight,—
Seat of him whom all commend
As his country's *faithful friend!*
On rising lawn it graceful stands,
And all the chequer'd view commands.
Fam'd Newton's tower, fix'd on high;
Yon cluster'd beech, of purple dye;
And Kelston's bold aspiring wood,
Begirt by winding Avon's flood,
Beneath whose arch of rainbow stride
The long-ribb'd barges swiftly glide;

* Young.

There crescents with the sunbeams smile,
Seen hence as one grand kingly pile;
Yon conic mount, with firs long crown'd,
Whose airy top light mists surround,
A sure (so simple Shepherds say)
Prognostic of a gloomy day;
And here, 'mid orchards green admire
The rural Corston's modest spire:
And ken o'er Salford's water'd vale
The laden vessels slowly sail.
Each lowly cot and grassy field
To me a tranquil pleasure yield:
Nature I lov'd in boyish days,
And nature still I love to praise,
And hail the bards who trac'd her charms *
In all their grand and winning forms.
Since scenes like these to me are given;
'Tis all I hope for short of heav'n:
Ye smiling prospects, ever new,
A while, a little while, adieu!

ON A ROBIN KILLED IN A MOUSE-TRAP.

Alas! for me, for thee, poor Bob,
To each unthought mishap;
Welcome wert thou that cheese to rob
Fix'd in the fatal trap.

* Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith.

Ah! not for thee that bait was meant,
But slyly thieving mouse;
And for thy sake I sore relent
'Twas set e'en in my house.

What thou did'st peck of mine's not wrong—
Fond pity owns it right;
For thou did'st all repay with song
At eve and morning's light.

Not so the rogue I sought to kill,
To kill in self-defence;
For self alone it used its skill,
And gratified its sense.

E'en human life such ills befall,
(In thee the truth I paint,)
The traps of law too oft enthral
With sinners e'en the saint.

WATCH YOUR WATCH.—*For a Watch-Case.*

Ah! tick by tick steals time along,
The minutes speed the hours;
In twenty-four is flown the day,
Ah! day no longer ours!

Then tick by tick thy time redeem,
Going—it goes for ever;
In every ear thus speaks the watch,
Be watchful now or never.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF MY COLLEGE SERVANTS' CHILDREN.

Near Pembroke's walls, beneath a homely roof,
  There dwells of honest heart a College dame:
Her life so pure, admits of no reproof,
  More worthy far than half that rise to fame.

Two pretty girls, full pleasing in her eye,
  Sat by her side, and dress'd their painted doll;
She little dreamt of danger lurking nigh,
  And that the bell for her fond child should toll!

But, ah! how short is all terrestial joy!
  At best a hov'ring phantom of the mind!
Whene'er it flutters, 'tis but to decoy;
  It flies our grasp, and leaves a pang behind!

One luckless night, when she to College went,
  To list the summons of the tinkling bell;
While on her wonted business she was bent,
  A sudden horror o'er her body fell!

Pale shiv'ring fear o'erpower'd all her frame;
  The master's charge her trembling hands forego;
Straight to her home with heavy heart she came,
  There to behold a scene of speechless woe!

Shudd'ring she op'd the door, when doleful cries,
('Midst clouds of smoke) pierc'd thro' her frighten'd ear,
Clasping her hands, with wild uplifted eyes,
On heav'n she calls, o'erwhelm'd with deep despair!

Then from the floor was heard a gentle voice:
"Weep not for me; I feel but little pain;
Stifled's the flame; my parent dear, rejoice,
And all your kind anxiety restrain."

Fix'd for awhile, the mother silent stood,
Lost in amazement at the sad event;
Then in her arms the wretched infant view'd,
Faint with its fright, and with its anguish spent.

Softly she laid it on the downy bed,
And tried her ev'ry art to ease its pain;
But, ah! (with me the tear of pity shed!)
Mock'd was her skill, and all her watching vain!

The dying child then whisper'd forth a pray'r:
"Take me, my God, if such thy blessed will,
Or grant me strength my burning sores to bear;
Be thou my succour, thou my refuge still!

"Now, parent dear, and you my sister kind,
Draw near my couch, give me the parting kiss;
Worn out, I sink; but be of cheerful mind;
I fly from torture to eternal bliss!"

The gracious Lord soon sent the wish'd release;
The infant, sighing, clos'd its wearied eyes;
Then instant rose to Jesu's realms of peace,
To sing hosannas in his blissful skies.

Grieve not, O matron! though your loss be great;
Though death has pluck'd the darling from your side;
An early grave is safer than a late,
Less sin and sorrow infancy betide.

But, oh! ye *nurses* of the infant frame,
By *this* be *warn'd*, nor *quit* your offspring dear,
Pause on the sorrows of my hopeless dame!
Her *heartfelt* sigh, her *unavailing* tear!

THE EGOTIST.—*(A Running Philippic.)*

There is a thing—and strange to tell,
It in the human mind doth dwell;
Tho' non-existence oft it feigns,
There—thrice endeared—the idol reigns;
And slyly judging its own cause,
Strives hard to win the world's applause!
So cunning 'tis in woman—man—
'Tis difficult its depths to scan!—
Lo! what to others—folly seems,
Its owner as high wisdom deems!
His eye is bright as sun *within*,
Yet things *without*—are view'd as—tin!

Great worth in self it can descry,
And none must dare this worth deny!
Tho' weak as rushes—dry as straw,
His look is strong—his word a law!
No matter when—or what—or why;
The love of praise doth deify!
No wit—is wit in such a glass;
To doubt this boast—betrays the ass!—
—In truth—I know not what to do,
Since all I say is held untrue!
Tho' labour's lost to such an one,
Others this ugly thing may shun;
For know—however pretty 'tis
To self—it makes that self a quiz!
Nay—some do deem a man half mad,
Who boasts of goods he never had;
But here's the pity—such a state
Seems wisdom sound to such a pate!
Who makes himself the only rule
Of right and wrong—must stand a—fool!—
Tho' to my subject proof is vain,
And my reward is—proud disdain;
Yet humble minds, and lowly hearts
Will thank me for these pointed darts;
And ever steadfastly resist
That silly *thing*—an "Egotist!"

SELF-REFLECTION.

—As with a sigh my infancy began,
With deep'ning sighs I reach'd the aged man!
Compar'd to this—methinks my natal birth,
Tho' weak—tho' sad—was Paradise on earth!
Its fairy scenes as real bliss then seem'd,
But life's rough progress prov'd I had but dream'd!
Each springing thought—an unthought end—perplex'd;
E'en in the search of peace—my mind was vex'd!
Ere long I felt the "Sage's cry"—all true! *
And found my task was doing to undo!—
Wisdom alas! (the wisdom heav'n shall own,)
Is to our fallen race a good unknown!
But when (enlighten'd by her rays divine,)
I view'd man's nature—oh! how evil mine!
—Thus as the stricken Saint—I fell dismay'd!
And for my spirit's health in fervor pray'd!
The things I thought my happiness to win,
Now teem'd with darkness—all stood black through sin!
Methought the world pourtray'd an upper hell!
Where vice and woe—as ocean's billows—swell!
The tempting scenes of time no more decoy'd;
These gain'd or lost—all was an aching void!
—What more than bubble is all earthly strife?
And worldly human schemes than death of life?
Th' immortal soul must seek immortal food:
The living God alone her only good!
Attaining this—she's as the Angels blest!
Immanuel her all! and centre of her rest!

* All is vanity.—Solomon.

OLD AGE.

"Remember *now* thy Creator—in the days of thy *youth*; *before* the years draw nigh—when thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them!'"—Solomon.

—Long have I seen—and now begin to feel,
Th' unthought-of piteous ills of hoary age!
Tho' slow—yet sure these miseries onward steal,
And make progressive life one mournful page!

Alas! not now I frisk with spirits gay,
Dull is my mind that once could freely soar!
O'er all my frame falls tremb'ling and decay!
And will—till flesh and blood can bear no more!

Tho' mark'd with pain were all my infant years,
The babe in knowledge soon its state forgot!
But riper thoughts forebode o'erwhelming fears!
And hov'ring horrors cloud my final lot!

Around I see the youthful world—and sigh!
I see drear winter yield to summer's charms;
But these add grief to me who droop to die!
Alas! my only view is—death's cold arms!

—Who that is born e'er dreams he's born to this?
Manhood still thinks—"Immortal is my way!"
'Tis age alone betrays the fancied bliss,
And points with shrivell'd hand—"life's dying day!"

LORD BYRON'S POETRY—PRAISED AND BLAMED.

To lash the deeds—which *erring* mind has wrought,
As thunder be the voice—as light'ning—thought!
—Byron! thy fame resounds from pole to pole!
But ah! with comets' flights was wing'd thy fiery soul!
In fancy's charming dreams thou soar'st o'er all;
But from this airy height—how great thy fall!
Thy *frenzy* strains survive to Saints' dismay,
And bear—*sad* trophies to the judgment-day!
But yet thy *spirit*—Byron, mercy may forgive!
Where penitence is deep—she freely utters—"*live!*"

ON THE WEEPING WILLOW.

—I love thee Willow—best of all thy kind;
Emblem of human life's sad downcast cares,
Full well thou suit'st my thoughtful pensive mind,
That bends with sorrows felt, and droops with fears!—
Like thee—nor sun—nor sky however bright,
My head can raise! it stoops by day—by night!
Like thee I weep o'er life's *perturb-ed* stream!
Alas! who jests on earth has but of bliss the dream!—
The fool—with *laughter* lifteth up his voice;
The wise—will scarcely with a *smile* rejoice!

THE SAVED THIEF.

"REMEMBER me!" the cross-hung sinner cried;—
"My Paradise is thine"—his cross-hung Lord replied!
—But wherefore this? can good reward the thief?
Oh—yes! DEEP penitence arose from HIGH belief!
—Me too remember! Jesus is thy name!
To rescue wretched sinners, magnifies thy fame!
Children of wrath may win thy smiling face,
And share the holy treasures of thy throne of grace!
Grant me with faith unfeign'd on thee to call;
In thee alone I trust; be thou my all for all!

ON HEARING THE ÆOLIAN HARP AT MY STUDY-WINDOW.

—THY soft and undulating sounds O wind
I cherish—congenial to my mind!
—Here—rapt in thought—with thee I better scan
The dark and shifting cares of wand'ring man!—
Thy sighing notes that float upon my ear,
Give but the echo to a dying sphere!—
Thou seem'st with gentle sympathy—to moan
O'er mortal things, and earth's abiding groan! *—
Oh—welcome Zephyr! whose Æolian lyre
Tun'd to my soul doth pensive thoughts inspire!
Such thoughts befit this fickle—wretched scene!
And stamp with wisdom man's most solemn mien!

* "For we know that the whole Creation groaneth," &c. See St. Paul to the Romans.

EULOGY—ON MY PIOUS AND DEAR AUNT.

Ah—long may here my tender Aunt remain,
With holy rapture here adore her God!
—Here ease the widow and the toiling swain,
Who now well nigh their Pilgrimage have trod!

So when she rests within the silent earth,
Where pride and folly startle to appear!
Tho' 'chance no gaudy stone points out her worth,
The lowly poor will shed a grateful tear!

"Here" to their list'ning village shall they say,
"Sleeps in calm peace the comfort of our age;
—Oft has she taught our ling'ring hearts to pray,
And oft reliev'd us in our life's last stage!

"Blest be the spot that holds her dear remains!
Let no rude hand the sacred mould annoy!
Releas'd at length from all her mortal pains,
She's flown triumphant to eternal joy!"

ON AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF COWPER'S POEMS.

—Accept my much-lov'd girl these useful books,
Which well become thy meek and modest looks;
Bright as "the dew-drop spang'ling on the thorn,"
Religion's beams thy pious face adorn:

The rose's blush, and lily's ivory white
Deck thy soft mien and the fix'd eye delight!
Thy silken locks of lightest hazel brown
Around thy neck in loveliest ringlets thrown;
Thy graceful arm—thy comely flowing vest—
Instil fond rapture in th' admirers breast!—
'Tis goodness gives thy beamy eye its charms,
Attracts the lover and his bosom warms!
Oh! lovely fair—that shun'st the noise of day,
And gladly steal'st from "fashion's" life away,
If ere to man thou yield'st thy virgin hand,
Seek him alone whom truth and sense command!

THE AGES OF LIFE *COMPARED* TO THE FOUR SEASONS.

As the spring its charms unfolding,
So my infant years began;
All earth's fairy scenes beholding
With enchantment up to man!

As the summer heats creation,
So my prime of life shone hot;
Ardent hope beam'd o'er each station,
And quite cloudless seem'd my lot!

As the autumn mild and yellow,
So pass on my rip'ning years;
More and more my thoughts grow mellow,
And each hour serenely cheers!

As the winter cold and dreary,
So old age brings on decay!
Sapless then—e'en life proves weary!
And in darkness sets man's day!

But death's night shall lead a morrow
Bright and endless as God's throne!
Lo! redeem'd from sin and sorrow,
Christ his ransom'd world will own!

MY NATIVE HOME! *(A Song.)*

I have wing'd myself far—far away,
And rich scenes of fam'd cities explor'd;
I have revell'd in circles all gay,
And have tasted each pleasure ador'd;
But oh, fool that I was *thus* to roam!
How I sigh'd for my dear native home!

With a tenfold delight I return'd
To the cot of my infancy's birth!
For the further I wander'd I learn'd,
The true place of my Eden on earth!
But oh, fool that I was *then* to roam!
How I sigh'd for my dear native home!

Sure 'tis here—in my green little bounds,
That each footstep leads on new delight!
As a bee in its sweet daily rounds,
Here—each object enraptures my sight!

But oh, fool that I was *once* to roam!
How I sigh'd for my dear native home!

In my hamlet of youthful repose,
Merest trifles can yield me content!
And the joys which its friendships disclose,
Never give me a wish to repent!
But oh, fool that I was *hence* to roam!
How I sigh'd for my dear native home!

Never more will I wing far away
Nor rich scenes of fam'd cities explore!
Never revel in circles all gay!
Nor taste pleasures which worldlings adore!
Lo! true wisdom *forbids* me to roam,
Midst these charms of my dear native home!

ON SOMETHING.

So *many* subjects haunt my mind,
To fix on *one* full hard I find;
Yet I my roving muse will bind
On Something!

With all the world a *fruitful* theme,
If not in *truth* yet sure in dream;
For more or less we all do scheme
For Something!

When doctors dose with *many* a pill;
Lawyers their parchments *strive* to fill,
And parsons *love* to preach; 'tis still
For Something!

When men of learning write a book;
When tradesmen trade (by hook and crook,)
And beggars whine; they all do look
For Something!

When belles and beaux parade the street;
When young and old in wedlock meet;
The former strut, the latter greet
For Something!

Kings and Queens, and ev'ry Court,
Nor less than those, the poorer sort,
By pomps and splendour do import
A Something!

Whence wars without, and jars within?
Whence oaths, and lies, and ev'ry sin
That stalks the world? these all begin
For Something!

In ev'ry age, in ev'ery place,
Poor human life is but a chase
To seek for self ('neath masked face)
A Something.

Thus rich and mean, thus high and low,
Hither run, and thither go,
For love of money, pride, or shew,
Or Something.

E'en I, in this fond hermitage,
Am tickled with the self-same rage!
And seek a corner in your page
For Something!!

ON NOTHING!

Full true it is—tho' passing strange,
That man the world at large will range,
And inward peace and rest exchange,
For Nothing!

The miser mammon's wealth will grasp;
His beatific dreams will clasp;
Yet cries at length with dying gasp,
I've Nothing!

The learn'd will covet learning's store,
In hopes fame's breath will self adore!
Yet down he sinks—and glory's store
Proves Nothing!

Full many men in life's great school,
For love of honour strive to rule;
But what so low as proud crown'd fool?
Why Nothing!

In things of time—in things of sense,
The fair eye all their excellence;
Yet for their pains—their recompense
Is Nothing!

Since man was man—and earth was earth,
All aim to better nature's birth,
Yet e'en to death reap only dearth,
A Nothing!

Each art of life is but the art
T' obtain SOME-HOW—a happy heart;
But one and all this truth impart,
"ALL's Nothing!!"

THE RAINBOW.

How I welcome yon Rainbow on high,
That arches with beauty the ground;
O'er the cloudy tempestuous sky
It spreads its effulgence around!

—Yet not from itself is its hue
So lovely—so various—so bright;
'Tis yon sun—o'er its dark chilling dew,
Educes such transport to sight!

Ah! true emblem methinks in its shine,
Of the splendour of poor human race;
Lo! the rays of man's life are divine!
—All his glory the Saviour's face.

THE *PURCHASE* OF *WEST* INDIAN SLAVE PLANTATION SUGAR—BEWAILED.

—Oh! can it be—that British tongues should taste
These sweets—of human life th' accursed waste?
What demons of the damn'd can worse assault
The wretched Negroes—destitute of fault?
—Yet worse, that rulers of dear freedom's isle
Should foster Christian hopes—ah! only to beguile!

Why *lingers* still th' imperishable law
Of justice? shall lust fix cruel war,
On friendless blacks? their feet—their hands—
Their minds torment and crush in iron bands?
Yet more forlorn—and well unpitied—he
Who *can*—yet frees *not*—when himself is free!

—Ye feeling hearts who tyranny detest,
Th' *embitter'd* produce of the Indian-West
Spurn from your home; if pity thus befriend
The driven Slaves—captivity may end!
Such hearts at least—*this* blessedness shall prove,
(What mammon cannot yield,) "the smile of heaven's
love!"

P.S. God be praised—this miserable traffic is at *length* bought off!

ON THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE REV. C. WOLFE'S DEATH-BED.

—Sister! *this* eye—which scarce thy pitying
Mien can view—now close for ever!—self-closed
The other sleeps! Now may the peace I feel
(The peace of God in Christ!) be yours—as mine!
Farewell!—farewell!—so spake the dying saint;
Then—with an heav'nly mind—droop'd into rest!
—Now is the hush of night; awake my soul!
Lost be the world to thee;—this life be death!
Eternity is thine—not time—awake!
If heav'n 's above—live heav'nly below!
Clos'd be thine eye to *earth; wide ope* to *heav'n!*

REFLECTION ON TINTERN ABBEY.

—Here on the relic of this ancient pile
I gaze—and gaze with ecstacy—with awe!
Twas Superstition in Religion's garb
Uprais'd these lofty pillars strong in age!
These gothic arches heav'nly high! o'er-clad
With nature's green, 'midst ruins reign!
—Oh! that the gospel of the Son of God
Had here breath'd forth unfetter'd and unmaim'd!
Alas! man's wisdom here long bore full sway—
Long triumph'd o'er the mysteries divine!
But now once more the Sun of Righteousness
O'erpowers mental mists and monkish gloom:
These all are vanish'd—as these fragments tell,
Displaying yet their former grandeur great!

VILLAGE *LIFE* CONTRASTED WITH VILLAGE *SCENERY.*

The cities' ceaseless noise and vexing cares
The tranquil mind unhinge—its peace destroy!
—In woods sequester'd dwells the gentle dove!
—Fondly I thought and long—that rural life
Some little rest could yield: content I sought,
But found not!—as *Eden's* self was *Nature!*
Whate'er could please the eye—the ear—I saw,
I heard;—valley, and hill, and winding stream;
The song of birds—the cattle's low—or neigh, or bleat:
Content was *here,* and *more* than *little rest!*

Ah! not for man! he roves the world in vain!
His dream is pleasure—but his life is pain!

—I mus'd—when from the hamlet's spire soft sounds
Float through the balmy air the notes of love!
So distant Fancy tells, and hopes it true!
But lo! my near approach betrays the bliss!
Within the holy porch loud tongues, and speech
Uncouth—from reeling men—the mind confound!
—Far off I wander—where the peasant's cot
Peeps through the orchard ruddy with its fruit;
—I hail the inmates; but my steps recoil!
Within was pictur'd—vice, and filth, and woe!

What rest for man? He roves the world in vain!
His dream is pleasure—but his life is pain!

—With mind cast down onward again I rove;
High up, a farm with harvest treasures deck'd
Attracts my sight; large flocks stray'd o'er the fields,
And stately teams plough'd up the fatten'd soil;
—Lot how propitious for extending good!
A shepherd pass'd; aged his look and wan!
Long for his master's wealth he toil'd; but now
Neglected—he, midst thriving plenty—pin'd!
Nor pin'd alone! by workhouse pittance fed,
The pallid children droop to welcome death!

What rest for man? He roves the world in vain!
His dream is pleasure—but his life is pain!

—A nut-hedge road with starry primrose banks
Beguil'd my walk down to the village street,
Adorn'd by simple flowers and ancient trees:
—I paus'd to view; when from a whiten'd shop
A tatter'd dame crawl'd out—whose hard-earn'd mite
Had *dearly* purchas'd poverty's sad needs!
With piteous mien she sought her wretched hut,
Surveying there with sighs—her *little all!*
—I paus'd again; and lo! with bloated cheeks
The farmer rode along with cool contempt!

What rest for man? He roves the world in vain!
His dream is pleasure—but his life is pain!

—Once more I strayed—and up the hazel wood
Midway the valley's slope—beside the church—
The parson's house, 'midst evergreen's display

Stood forth, and smil'd o'er all the varied scene:
—Stillness was here,—but stillness of the *grave!*
The guide of souls was fled—by huntsman's sports
Bewitch'd!—yet now and then—some hireling
Was sent to pray—to preach; the few that heard,
Heard all but gospel truths, nor wept—nor fear'd!
Lo! as the pastor liv'd—so liv'd the flock!

What rest for man? He roves the world in vain!
His dream is pleasure—but his life is pain!

—What sweets of *nature* here—what charms serene!
Dear haunts of bliss—for all *but human* race!
Alas for man! he makes an Eden waste;
A wilderness himself—bewild'ring all!
—Ye happy rooks that wing o'er cluster'd elms;
Ye leaf-screen'd songsters, warbling strains of love;
Ye placid sheep and friskful lambs, on hills
Of sunny light, 'midst vales of winning green;
—Creation's guileless guests—Adieu!—Adieu!
Content is yours—and *more* than little rest!

Ah! not for man! He roves the world in vain!
His dream is pleasure—but his life is pain!

DOMESTIC ANIMALS, GUIDES TO MORAL CONDUCT.

—Too oft in *vain* we seek in *human* mind,
The good innate that dwells in *nature's* kind!

—How oft does learning mix with pompous pride!
How oft the trades of life deception hide!
Each art—each science loses half its worth
To evil thoughts and deeds by giving birth!
Who mingles with the crowd and earthly great,
With his own burden shares their erring fate!
Grief—anger—malice—envy—all combine
To harass hearts that with the world entwine!
—So have I felt! and by such ills oppress'd,
More my domestic animals caress'd!
Yes! in the creatures that my home surround,
I—joy and kindness—goodness long have found!—
—Thee—faithful dog—companion of my walk,
Long entertain'd me with expressive talk!
Tho' weak through age; too crippled more to move;
Strong in attachment and increasing love!
So great thy living worth—full well I know
Thy dying throbs shall pierce my heart with woe!—
—'Tis said—that holy John oft chas'd the dove;
True emblem of himself who—liv'd in love!
That exil'd Saint found with *that bird his* peace!
From human beings barr'd—seemed wish'd release!
And ye sweet doves—oft as your tender coo
My willing ear shall soothe—my soul shall woo!—
—These gentle lambs by innocence's lure,
Calm each rash thought, and lead to actions pure!
Who sports—with ye—learns as yourselves to sport:
Will with your zeal each other's welfare court!—
—The hen!—what eye with vacant mind can view?
Picture of fondness—fondness ever new!
Unwearied in her rounds—with joy she picks;
Each pleasant morsel for her downy chicks;

For them she wanders, and for them she rests,
Affection's pattern for maternal breasts!
—Go now—and search the *human* world; dwells *there*
Such winning virtues? yes—but ah—how rare!
What heart has he who roves to lame—to scare—
The beauteous pheasant, and the harmless hare?
Not such thy spirit—Cowper, bard of fame!
The *weakest* creature's aid—thy *strongest* aim!—
Creation's friend—*man's* better friend must prove,
His ev'ry thought and act—begin and end in love!

MORAL THOUGHTS ON VIEWING AN OLD FILE OF BILLS.

—Here many debts I see on ancient file;
But these all duly paid—I look, and smile:
The things of mammon—mammon may defray;
But who the debts of earth—to heav'n can pay?
My myriad sins—long register'd on high!
Justice divine proclaims; "Discharge or die!"
—Truly I die! my only ease—despair!
For bankrupt—self can cancel nothing there!
But there's a *mine* great Lord! at thy right hand,
That can with *int'rest*—give thy due command!
Take *there* for wretched me—for all I *owe!*
And from that treasure—*wealth* on me bestow!
Thy son's blest truth—I joyfully believe!
"'Tis better far to give—than to receive!"
And thou in Him hast an *eternal* store,
For which each ransom'd soul THY RICHES shall ADORE!

MORAL REFLECTION ON A TOWER IN RUINS.

Ah! time-struck tower—sad remnant of thy state!
My spirit's mind disjointed and forlorn,
Sees in thy fall the picture of its fate!
I view with terror, and I muse to mourn!

'Tis all I can!—and I will linger here
All desolate as thou—of good bereft!
—Be woe my theme! be melancholy dear!
Full well we suit—in hopeless ruin left!

Ah! how unlike that image of the Lord
Primeval innocence in Eden blest!
Adoring heav'n, and by heav'n ador'd,
Temple of beauty pillared in rest!

Man may compact this long neglected heap,
These massy fragments yet again uprear;
But man sunk down can only sink to weep!
The wreck of passion and the slave of fear!

Oh! dark despair—must thou for ever haunt?
And horrid death o'er prostrate nature reign?
Is hope wing'd off from sons of woe and want?
Is life from high besought on earth in vain?

—Thus as I sigh'd amid the shaken pile,
Its broken arches, and the mould'ring stone;
Hope hover'd round with a celestial smile,
And pointed up to Christ's eternal throne!

Thither with ardent eye I gaz'd—and felt
A thrilling joy—a heart-enraptur'd peace!
As one inspir'd in prayer and praise I knelt;
I fac'd despair—and gain'd from death release!

—Yes—yet once more shall fallen man arise;
Once more in beauty and in vigour shine!
—His frame rebuilt the palace of the skies!
His soul renew'd, and fix'd by grace divine!

THE REVIVING SUN—A REFLECTION.

As o'er chill winter's lifeless scenes I gaz'd
With mind envelop'd in a kindred shroud;
Sudden—earth's radiant orb with splendour blaz'd
Beaming bright glory o'er each threat'ning cloud!

The hills—the vales, in heav'nly lustre shone,
And nature-waking smiles of warmth exprest;
Sudden—my gloomy doubts and fears were gone,
"And glowing sunshine settled on my breast!"

Oh! if such joy to earth's desponding face
This luminary orb around can shed;
What raptures shall not Christ's effulgent grace
From light divine pour on the Christian's head!

Pilgrims of Sion! tho' sad griefs oppress,
As on ye tread life's rough and desert way,
Exult in soul, and happy hope caress,
Your night declines—fast dawns eternal day!

With steadfast faith—with heart of holy love,
Foresee the riches of your promised rest!
Foretaste the raptures of the saints above!
And touch in spirit God's exalted Blest!

THE DAISY.

Can, little flower of the fields,
Can ought in thee delight?
No fragrant smell thy bosom yields,
No splendid looks invite:

Yes—since in thee a poet sees
What man, if good, should prize,
Can modesty and meekness please?
On thee he bends his eyes:

Thou wear'st no gaudy dress of head,
Nor lofty neck of pride;
Nor seek'st thyself abroad to spread,
But rather humbly hide:

Yet thou, though nurtur'd by the ground,
Stoop'st not to earthly things;
To Sol thou look'st, and turn'st around,
As round the sky he wings;

Fled downward he—thou droop'st as dead,
Shrinking from sable night;
His rays alone can lift thy head,
Thou liv'st but in his light:

And thus like thee the saint decays,
When mental glooms oppress!
Like thee he mourns the absent rays
Of Christ—his "Sun of Righteousness."

THE DOVE COMPARED WITH HUMAN NATURE.

Happy—happy—happy bird,
Emblem of the Lord above;
For thy tenderness preferr'd
To paint his peace—to point his love:

Sure where'er thou wing'st thy way,
Thou dost waft thy gentle coo,
And throughout the blissful day
Warmly doth thy bosom woo.

Thine's a life unknown to man,
Life of meekness—kindness—joy;
—Grief and care fill up his span;
Vice and woe his calm destroy!

From an heart to evil bent,
Whither—whither can he flee?
Human breast wants thy content,
Wants thy guileless liberty!

Yet e'en man too once could boast
Of a peace and love like thine;
Losing these himself he lost,
And his race in sorrow pine!

Shall he thus for ever fall?
Thus in ruin ever lie?
No; for him an heav'nly call,
Lifts his hope—himself on high!

Noah's dove the branch shall bring,
Token of all peaceful good;
And like her—with outspread wing,
Heav'n's * warmth—o'er man shall brood!

Soon the Saints shall upward flee,
Flee on pinions clad in gold!
There in sacred majesty,
All their beauteous plumes unfold!

* Heaven's warmth, i. e. God's Spirit.

DANIEL'S SAFETY IN THE LION'S DEN.

—Calm and serene the holy Daniel lies,
Deep in the den of death!
—The hungry lions rest with closing eyes,
And tranquilizing breath!—

Anon—the Seer the awful silence broke,
And sung his Maker's praise;
—The mighty beasts as aw'd within—awoke,
And gave a placid gaze!—

Fearless—the Prophet by the moonlight gleam,
Travers'd the hollow cave;
—The shaggy brutes as docile lambkins seem,
And range as if to save!—

When lo! the Angel of the Lord glid by,
And shed a glory round!—
—Sudden—the Prophet heard a piercing cry,
Cry of his king renown'd!

"Oh! Daniel—Daniel! dost thou live to hear?
Speak—by the mighty God!"—
"Yes—blest Darius!—without hurt or fear,
The lion's den I've trod!

"He—whom I sought with steadfast heart t' obey,
Sent his bright Angel down!
That living God—by whom the king bears sway,
And wears the Persian crown!"

REFLECTIONS ON A WORM.

Yes—I do weep, poor worm—yet not for thee!
Tho' dull thy lot—a duller waits poor me!
Alas! for man—for man with reason blest,
To sink for thee! to be thy food—thy rest!
Oh! thought abhorr'd—e'en to a worm abhorr'd!
His doom tho' thine—yet thou art doom'd his Lord!
Ah! wherefore thus!—nor him—nor thee alone
To dust return—'tis all creation's own!
'Tis their's—'tis thine—'tis his! and all his crime!
Curs'd in his curse through all the world's time!
—Well may I weep poor worm—yea—weep for thee!
Thou—without sin yet feel'st man's misery!
Thou too art flesh—and flesh must all decay;
Decaying this—thy life is pass'd away!—
But man tho' mortal in his fleeting breath,
Breathes not to live—high paramount o'er death!
—He lives—he dies—yet whilst to thee a prey,
His Spirit soars to its eternal day!
Oh! change mysterious—awful and sublime!
Alike unknown itself—its state—its clime!

THE BASILISK OR COCATRICE SERPENT SEIZING ITS PREY.

Thou type of Satan, and of Satan's curse,
Thy guileful eye with evil beam allures,
Casting a fatal charm! as one entranc'd

I gaze—at once attracted and repell'd!
Sinless art thou—yet in thy nature craft,
As open yet conceal'd—sits brooding death!
Daring—yet sly—within thy secret folds
Thou lurk'st—to win—the better win—thy prey!—
Unhappy bird! whose eye of innocence
Glanc'd on thy glance—bewitching woe!
It would—but cannot flee! fetter'd it falls!—
—So fell blest Eve! entangled in the web
Of fair yet foul deceit!—mysterious fall!—
Oh! woman—man—beware! look *not* to live!
If death's the type—behold, the Ante-type's—*twice* death!

THE THREE SAINTS IN THE FIERY FURNACE!

—What time the sacred music blew—or soft or loud,
Around the idol's bands the eager thousands crowd:
Lo! as a mighty tow'r—up rose the golden God!
—Prostrate the nations fall, and pay th' obsequious nod:
—The humble youths there stood with cold and idle gaze;
And dar'd their monarch's threat, his *sev'n-fold* fiery blaze!
Whereat the haughty king with wild Hyena's spite,
Urg'd the command;—undaunted they beheld that light!—
Headlong cast down the burning gulf—they walk at ease!—
Their foes the rushing flames devour;—to them a *breeze!*

For lo! a form divine—nor less than Son of God!
Rebuk'd the burning heat—whereon for them he trod!
—Him—Him—his ardent Saints in three-fold pæans laud,
Shouting triumphant praise o'er heathen Gods abhorr'd!—
—Amazement seiz'd the king! chang'd to a gentle dove
The fearless youths he courts with fear and awful love!
With trembling heart that Lord who erst he dar'd blaspheme,
Above all idol Gods—he owns the "Great Supreme!"

THE DANCING GNATS.

Yes! I admire these busy Gnats,
That congregate at eve;
And would for such a dance as theirs,
The rooms of fashion leave!

Assemblies here I view with smiles
Exert their little strength!
But theirs—however grand or gay,
Is "folly at full length!"

—Skip up and down ye gladsome things,
Amidst the balmy air!
Well may ye sport as feathers light,
Unburden'd of all care!

Tho' man may deem your frolics mean,
And pass with scornful eye!
What's *rash* in him—in ye is *wise!*
"Be merry ere we die!"

Alas! for him! his dance of life
Proves all the dance of death!
In sorrow—trouble—strife and pain,
He draws each moment's breath!

If ills ye feel unknown to man,
To him those ills ye owe!
—Compar'd to his *sin*-stricken soul
What *other* ills are *woe?*

CONTENTMENT.

How happy he who bends his mind
To wisdom's gentle sway;
Who in contentment seeks to find
The good of life's short day:

No wand'ring wish for selfish gain
Disturbs his calm repose;
His time to others pass'd in vain.
In lucid current flows:

He sees beneath the outward show
Of every outward good,
There lurks (unthought,) an inward woe
The greater the more woo'd!

Perplexing care and brooding fear
That haunt the restless breast,
Scarce enter on his smooth career,
Scarce break his tranquil rest:

He wisely weighs the fickle state
Of sublunary things;
To few—not many; small—not great,
His happy spirit clings:

His soul thus free from snares and strife,
With sweet contentment lies;
And lightly felt the storms of life.
Contentedly he dies!

REFLECTION ON THE HONEY-SUCKLE FLY.

As I stray'd at summer-eve's hour
An insect fled quick to my sight;
In flying it paused at each flow'r,
And seem'd to imbibe its delight.

Thy name tho' unknown busy thing,
Thy nature I view not in vain;
For *ever* and *ever* on wing,
Thou seek'st thy life's bliss to attain:

By gentle and elegant touch
Thou lovest to gratify taste;
Not too deep—too long or too much;
—Thy rapture's increased by thy haste!

Thou aim'st by thy tongue's arrow'd tip,
To pierce—without piercing through;
From each honey-suckle—thy sip
Is its pure and sweet trickling dew:

Who boasts of a moralist's mind
An insect like thee—cannot spurn;
Reflecting on thee—e'en mankind,
This lesson of wisdom may learn;

"The blossoms of time and of sense
The *lighter* they feel and caress;
The *more* their rich fragrance dispense,
And their virtues more *lively* impress!

Like thee then—may I, busy thing,*
Seek the bliss of my life to obtain;
Since sought any way but on—*wing*,
All pleasures of *earth* end in *pain!*

ON A DECAYED AGED TREE.—A REFLECTION.

With chilling—yet a pleasing dread,
I gaze o'er thy time-shiver'd head,
And wither'd moss-clad limbs!

* This most interesting Fly or Moth is seldom seen above twice in the year, generally in August; the Author has never been fortunate enough to secure one; its shape is flat—colour brown—and somewhat resembles the Bat when flying.

I see thy fate—and feel it mine!
And sinking thus in sorrow pine!
Dying a double death!—

Yes—but for me—for sinful me!
Thou hadst endured an *Eden* tree,
Of lasting beauty—strength!

No winter's check to nature *there!*
But summer's rays and balmy air,
And ever-blooming spring!—

—Oh! sun of righteousness—arise!
And let thy mercy-beaming eyes,
Thy heav'ns and earth renew!

Thy glories shall more glorious shine,
Since *all* thy attributes combine
Creation to *Redeem!*

Rescued from sin—from Satan—death—
By an Almighty quick'ning breath,
Thy Saints no more shall change!

Or change from bliss to bliss—through grace,
Attracted by their Saviour's face!
—Immanuel their life!

THE PARENT AND CHILD.

As I wander'd one morn in my walk,
In hand with my dear rosy boy;
Whilst of flow'rs and shrubs he would talk,
And posie his bosom in joy:

"My Papa"—said the youth, "do look here;
What troops of vile weeds spread around!
Yet so small they might thrive e'en a year,
Before they would injure the ground!"—

"So they may—or may not—I replied;
But sure if the season doth suit,
Their nuisance will run far and wide;
So pull them all up by the root!

"And thus mind my sweet boy—(by the way,)
Must ill weeds in life quick be clear'd!
For know—vice of *itself* springs each day!
But virtue—like plants—must be *rear'd!*

"That no evil their child domineers,
Thy parents will strive all they can;
And that goodness may grow with his years
And piety reign in the man!"

THE SKY-LARK.

I listen with pleasure to notes
  That thrill on my ear from on high;
The bird that my pleasure promotes
  Is sun-soaring Lark of the sky:

Its song is the song of fond love,
  And love is the seat of its rest;
It sings its sweet theme far above,
  And it vies with the joys of the blest!

—Thou warbler on wav'ring wing,
  I'll watch thy *a-ẻriál* flight;
Unbound by the charms e'en of spring,
  With thee would I vanish from sight!

—But again I view thee descend,
  And heaven forsake for the earth;
A treasure below thou hast kenn'd,
  Dear treasure of *innocent* birth!

'Midst a world of briar and thorn,
  Say—where of true peace is the spot?
Oh! bird—with poor *man* all's forlorn,
  He moans for thy heart-cheering lot!

To tell what he is—where he goes,
  Would change thy bright notes to sad sighs!
The height of his bliss are his woes!
  And the good of his life—that he dies!

—Yet listen sweet Lark to my notes;
"Hope smiles on lost man from on high!
His spirit to rapture promotes,
Whilst she points to his Lord in yon sky!"

INTERIOR BEAUTY, THE SOUL OF EXTERIOR.

Lucy,—I like thy spark'ling eye,
Thy glossy—auburn hair;
And so I like this *sunny sky*,
This mild and balmy air:

I like thy cheek of rosy hue,
Thy teeth as ivory white;
And so I like yon moon to view,
—These *splendid stars* of night:

I like thy dress—thy walk—thy shape,
Thy ev'ry outward charm;
And so I like (and truth confess,)
The prospects of my farm!

All these I like as *well* as thee,
Yet thee I love still more;
How so?—the mental eye doth see
Within—a richer store!

I like the lamb—the hen—the dove,
Nor less the busy bee;
The sympathies in them that move,
Concentred are in thee:

I like the scenes and things around,
The works of nature—art;
But more I like (in thee 'tis found,)
The virtues of the *heart!*

Such *beauty* lights thy *outward* frame,
Such *goodness* warms thy *breast,*
Methinks a Seraph e'en would aim,
To seek in Lucy—*Rest!*

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

With mind absorb'd—in wonder lost,
I view the star-deck'd sky;
The boundless scene with pow'r attests
Thy majesty—most high!

Oh! theme immense—mysterious sight!
How simple—yet how grand!
Orb beyond orb—and each a world!
Yet number'd as the sand!

With speed invisible ye roll
Your everlasting race;
Scarce seen by each (so far!) 'midst air's
Unfathomable space!

What tho' to man the glow-worm's beam
May cast an equal light;
These suns their pond'rous globes attract
With rays of glory bright!

Burn ye in vain, celestial fires?
In vain guide round the spheres?
Philosophy lays low the thought,
And wisdom's plan reveres!

This lesson sure to earth ye tell,
Whilst o'er the heav'ns ye shine;
"Silence is ours;—be silence yours!
Behold! the hand divine!"

LINES

On seeing a Woodman's Cottage and Garden in Ruin, through the Lord of the Manor.

This Garden wild—this ruin'd Cot
Beside the lonely vale,
Was once a Woodman's peaceful lot,
As speaks an ancient tale:

With busy hand—with heart at ease,
He rais'd the simple pile;
And girt around with fruitful trees,
Enjoy'd it with a smile!

The waste become a garden gay,
Gave solitude a charm;
And he had hop'd to spend life's day
In his embower'd farm:

But ah! the tyrant of the land
Envied his little home!
And urg'd him by his stern command,
In distant climes to roam!

With pretty babes—and tender wife
He launch'd—then sunk—at sea;
(Despoil'd of all the sweets of life,
A welcome destiny!—)

—I see the tyrant's mansion high!
I view his wide domain!
But not a farm or cot is nigh!
Nor rural lass or swain!

The idle fox—the timid hare
May here protection find;
Here cattle range and birds of air;
All—all but—*human—kind!*

Long sunk within thy narrow grave,
Unpitied by thine own!
Let justice now with truth engrave,
Thy monumental stone:

"Here lies the wretch whose worldly lot
With fortune's gifts tho' crown'd;
Yet tore a Woodman from his Cot,
And spurn'd him from his ground!"

ON NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

With lightning's flash and vehemence of fire,
Napoleon! didst thou all earth invade;
And the terrific thunder of thine ire,
Its mighty monarchs and their hosts dismay'd!

Scourge of the living God! I heard with awe,
The fall of nations, and the deaths of war!
A voice I heard; "to thee—proud reed—'tis giv'n,
To hurl around the righteous bolts of heav'n!"

That voice which gave the deluging command,
Has chang'd to peace, and joy exults o'er woe!
The storm divine is pass'd—thy strengthen'd hand,
Is wither'd—and thy lofty thoughts laid low!

What art thou now—Napoleon the great?
—Thy crowns dethron'd—the shadow of thy state!
—Yet from the vale of life—once more arise!
And win by faith—the glory of the skies!
The Christian's heart can bless the chast'ning rod,
And wish the troubler of the world—at rest with God!

THE SUN-DIAL'S REMONSTRANCE.

Oh—man—I'm fix'd an useless thing
Unless in mind you view;
And must a sad memento bring,
If unesteem'd by you!

In vain the sun shines down on me ;
I mark—yet heed not—time ;
My features wear *your* destiny !
Heed then your Dial's rhyme !

Look on—and mark by heav'n's light,
Your shadow in my shade !
Here day by day to sense and sight,
I preach that all must fade !

Your night is death and near at hand !
Your day is life—how short !
'Tis now I urge my prompt command ;
—By stealth of time be taught !

I stand—to shew you stand to fall !
And fall, no more to rise !
Hear now my loud tho' silent call,
Ere darkness veils your eyes !

'Tis yours to see—'tis mine to tell
(Deem not the truth—pretence !)
" Each moment may to heav'n or hell,
Wing your departure hence !"

Your sun glides down—my shadow's length
Pourtrays your hast'ning doom !
Your weakness triumphs over strength,
And beckons to the tomb !

Childhood and youth, and manly age
Must each—must all descend !
—The world itself—of life the stage,
Revolves to meet its end !

REMINISCENCE; OR, INFANCY RECALLED.

Ah! dark's my prospect all before!
And lowering my sky!
My sun of life will rise no more!
The night of grief is nigh!

I'll turn me to my infant days;
Retrace my pleasures past;
Catch of fled joys some little rays,—
Ah! joys too bright to last!

Sure as a lambkin once I play'd
O'er grassy mount and dale;
And cull'd the daisies as I stray'd,
Lisping my artless tale!

No thought my hopeful heart perplex'd
Of lurking care—or wealth;
Manhood by these, and age are vex'd;
—My all was sportful health!

Where'er I stepp'd what beamy charms
Would glisten on my view!
I dream'd not of life's sad alarms,
That riper years pursue!

Clasp'd in a mother's arms—I felt
The sweets of mutual kiss!
With rapture on her bosom dwelt,
And breath'd a balmy bliss!

Some pictur'd book—or painted toy,
Beguil'd my wond'ring mind;
Nor knows my heart a sense of joy,
Like this—far left behind!

Ye peaceful nights—ye halcyon days—
Now and for ever—fled!
I yet recall with feeling lays,
And sympathizing head!

A wand'rer in a restless world,
Too long—is life's short span!
I mourn—whilst thus by tempests hurl'd,
The destiny of man!

Blest is the child whose spring of years
Is all of life he knows!
Whose Spirit soars from brooding fears,
And ling'ring age of woes!

A DREAM—TERRIFIC!

"Awake thou that sleepest."

Scarce had soft sleep my weary eyelids clos'd,
When fancy waking with her airy train,
Fix'd on my inward sight a start'ling dream!
Oh! dream terrific! terrible to tell!
Yet what I tell I heard—I saw—I felt!—
Methought a Spirit with the whirlwind wing'd,
And furies in his face—rush'd by—then turn'd,

And turning smote as with a flaming sword!—
Appall'd I fell, and groan'd for death to end
Horrors no tongue could speak! Such pangs—
Such visions! visions not of earth—but hell!
Dying I liv'd! nor death nor hell could kill!
In misery immortal! So—by might
Of spirit—with an eagle's flight I rose!—
'Twas He!—Him I beheld whom God in wrath,
(Wrath righteous as severe,) hurl'd from the heights
Of height—down to the deeps of depth!—Satan!
'Twas He! no speech was heard—yet pow'r was felt!
Silent he stood—as Angels stand! stand!—lo drawn
As by the whirlpools hidden force—I sped,—
Ah! whither sped?—'midst souls—distracted souls!
As stars their number! each a world of woe!
—Nor night was here—nor day! but horrid gloom!
A gloom more than the black of darkness sad!
Region of ruin and of wild dismay!—
Then with a spirit's voice (to mortal ear
Unknown, and like ethereal thunder!)
He without words—pierc'd thro' the boundless waste,
And shook his horrors on his deathless hosts!—
Like burning mountains belching flame and smoke,
They glar'd! and each to each poured down his wrath,
As if to ease by change their fiery souls!
Fum'd with all devilish device and sin
They rag'd—torturing and tortur'd with despair!
—Could *mortal* frame such sights behold and live?
E'en as a dream I sunk—so woke to life!
—Yet do I live? Know then my soul the worth of *time!*
"Flee *now* the wrath to come! tread *now* the path divine!

SONNET ON THE SUN.

Well might th' untutor'd mind thy face adore,
Thou godlike monarch of the boundless sky!
—Enthron'd in light—eclipsing mortal eye,
Thou o'er creation's vault dost glory pour!—
Life-beaming orb—I love thy dazzling throne,
And call the splendour of the world thine own!—
But thou, O sun! art dull—art dark—art nought
To him who spoke the word, and gave thee birth!
To him I bow! and—with o'erwhelming thought,
Whilst Angels musing stand—I—sink to earth!—
Bright emblem of that Sun of Righteousness above! *
Whilst gazing thus—I glow with rays of sacred love!

ON MRS. CECIL'S INTERESTING *VIGNETTE* IN HER MEMOIRS OF HER REVERED HUSBAND.

—I lov'd—to death I lov'd, and far beyond!—
Here as a *dove* I *sit*—silent—and *mourn!*—
Ye pretty babes—yet spar'd—*ye* cannot weep!
'Tis well! yet in your look of innocence

* "Ascended up *far above all heavens*,—that he might fill all things! St. Paul to the Ephesians.

Seems wonder stamp'd! how *more* than *seems* in *me*!
Lost in keen thoughts—I *downward* gaze on one—
My life!—my all!—unheeded *now* my tears,
My woes—my broken heart! there lifeless—cold,
And fix'd in death, lies all my hope—my peace!
Oh! sad—oh! long farewell!—methinks I hear
A voice—that gentle voice—speak from on High!
—"Bereaved wife! *unseen* I *see!*—Arise!
Where now my soul drinks light—let love ascend!"
—It shall!—in Christ endear'd—so *best* endeared,
I'll clasp thy spirit 'midst the saints enthron'd!
I lov'd—to *death* I lov'd—*now* far beyond—to HEAV'N!

REFLECTION ON THE PRIMROSE BLOWN AT CHRISTMAS.

WHY so early—lowly Primrose,
Why so early rear thy head?
Winter yet howls all around us!
All around us Nature's dead!

Sure thy birth is out of season;
In this cold and gloomy sky!
Tho' thy stem should brave the weather,
Sure thy blossom blows to die!

—So in life—hope quickly peeping,
Quickly droops her smiling mien!
Ah! throughout man's yearly springing,
Dark and chilling is the scene!

Yet there is an heav'nly Eden,
Where the flowers ne'er decay;
Fed by dews of love and pity,
In the beams of endless day!

—Happy Saints—now there transplanted
By the hand of pow'r divine!
—Happy thou if grace has granted,
Here to call their blessing *thine!*

THE WISH.

Each man I fancy, has a wish,
And e'en from youth to age;
The homely one for which I pant,
I'll tell you in a page!

Tho' many things I have at heart,
These many are but small;
A book—a friend—a cot—with health
Lo! these comprise them all!

A book, that shews the willing mind
The fertile path to bliss;
That whatsoe'er my earthly lot,
My end I may not miss!

A friend—to love me as I love;
To share each hope—each fear;
And when my head is hoary grown,
To hold me doubly dear!

A garden'd cot 'midst nature's smiles,
Midst hills—midst vales and brooks;
Where as I wander I may muse
Her ever varied looks!

And health—(t' enjoy the peaceful spot,)
—That sunshine of my day!
—Lo! bless-ed thus—no more I wish,
'Till life glides soft away!

SWEEP! SWEEP!

—And art thou, sooty stranger, come?
Ere yet the dawn of day?
Thus early left thy cheerless home,
Midst cold and wet to stray?

No food since first thine eyelids woke,
To give thee strength within?
Nor raiment—(save thy tatter'd cloak,)
To screen thy sable skin?

Is this thy lot—thy daily lot,
Poor little chimney-sweep?
Forgetting none—by all forgot!
And left alone to weep?

Thy feeble eyes—thy crippled frame
I'll pity as I can;
And rescue thy despis-ed name
Whilst here thy worth I scan:

I give thee thanks with feeling heart,
And prize thy climbing stealth;
To thee I owe (no useless art!)
My safety and my health!

However dark thy way below,
'Tis light—all light—above!
Thy passage tho' beset with woe,
Shall end in heaven's love!

THE IDLE BOY; OR, SPOILED CHILD.

—What ails this child 'tis hard to tell;
Tho' never ill—he's never well,
Unhappy is his day!
What tho' he rise with bird of morn,
He more than seems—he is forlorn,
Nor cares for book or play!

He saunters here—he speedeth there—
And like a feather in the air,
Alights again to move!
It is not that—it is not this,
Can satisfy or yield him bliss,
All things a burden prove!

Full joyless is his native home;
From weary self he seeks to roam,
Where'er he comes—a pest!
Truly—he knows not what to do,
Or doing—can no end pursue,
Toiling in vain for rest!

—So wastes he each new tedious day,
In busy nothings—fruitless play,
His only peace the night!
And tho' he rise with bird of morn,
He rises restless and forlorn!
Befool'd by false delight!

Ah! hapless boy; I blame thee not;
Thy parents *soft* must bear the blot,
Who gave thy will its course!
This *timely* check'd—thy nurtur'd mind
Might so have wisely been inclin'd;—
—What now can save—but *force!*

ON SEEING THE PANORAMA OF HOLY-ROOD CHAPEL.

*—Yes; in thy gentle light—O *moon*—I love
To breathe the pray'r of thoughts all fix'd above!
Here as thou *glidest* o'er these time-rent walls,
The solemn scene *past* peaceful Saints recalls:
The world forsook ere life's meridian sun,
Here in the depth of night each *sister nun*
Long mus'd on themes of high celestial worth,
And gladly fled the vanities of earth!
Here by the *taper's* glow—each fervent breast
Sought in the *cross* of Christ the spirit's rest!
And here—where now these arched stones decay,
Will *I* tho' last—tho' least—pursue their holy way!

* The above lines are supposed to be spoken by the figure, (a Nun) introduced in the picture.

ON VIEWING A MAP OF THE WORLD.

I love to muse the circling map,
The world of poor mankind;
And from my *little* home of peace,
Trace all with quiet mind:

Ah! happy were the human race,
If travelling like me,
Their motions were thus calm and smooth,
O'er distant land and sea!

But oh! methinks the varied scenes,
That mark this earthly ball,
Do paint with truth the varied ills,
That nations round enthrall:

Here deserts check man's bold career,
And frowning mountains daunt,
Where eager hope had led his steps,
There deadly dangers haunt!

The winds and waves that waft his bark
To gain his wish'd-for coast;
Full oft beat back his airy joy,
And dash his proudest boast!

But *nature's* perils still are *small*;
—What enemy like *man*?
His are the ills that tear the globe,
And *shorten* life's short span!

Speak not of hell! his deeds on earth,
All virtuous ends control!
* The furies of his breast burst forth,
Raging from pole to pole!

—What little love and rest remains,
To thee—blest Lord—we owe!
A world of good—how undeserv'd!
For Jesu's sake bestow!

So—only so—since so deprav'd!
Can Paradise return;
And hearts to thee—thus hard and cold,
With Seraph's fervor burn!

"IN THE GARDEN A SEPULCHRE."

St. John xix.

No wonder the wilderness proves
A region of horror and woe!
But sure the fenc'd garden and groves
Are exempt from intrusion of foe!

So I said—I thought—but I found
Creation all round is the same!
Forsaken or cultur'd the ground
New crosses man's pleasure do maim!

* Witness the accursed *Slave* Trade!—*Human* wars!

Tho' fruits and tho' flowers may grow;
Delight spring from nature's sweet womb;
The bliss of each Eden below,
With swiftness tends down to the tomb!

(Yet lo!) from the *tomb* life began!
The Saviour arose far above!
Thence open'd to sin banish'd man,
The *garden* of *rest* and of *love!*

JESUS WEPT! OR LAZARUS REVIVED.

Weepest blest Lord of life?
The maker for his creature weep?—
—Here—eas'd of toil and strife,
Thy Lazarus in peace doth sleep!

—The ties of nature snapt
By death—the *living* hearts bewail!
In inward sorrow rapt,
The tender sisters sigh their tale!

In fear and love they gaze
On thee—(far more than mortal man!)
Yet *doubt* thy pow'r to raise
Their loss,—and lengthen out life's span!—

Thy nature from within,
Did all their gloomy passions own!
Yet *unbelief* (from sin!)
Impell'd thy Holy Spirit's "Groan!" *

* Jesus groaned *twice;* the *second* time—chiefly for their *unbelief.*

Oh! grant each dying *soul,*
The life *divine*—that *never* dies!
From evil's *bonds*—made *whole,*
Man gains the "*Freedom*" of the *skies!*

THE ROOKERY.

—I sing the Rookery;—that ebon race,
Can much the Poet please—who loves to trace,
In nature's works the great Creator's plan,
Varied in wisdom from the brute to man:—
—Lo! at th' approach of long'd-for genial spring,
The rooks with new delight expand the wing;
No longer grov'ling o'er the furrow'd plains
Some secret bliss their fond attention gains;
The budding foliage of the stately grove,
Recalls the season of their coup'ling love;
Oft in the hours of roost their wakeful caw
Resounds the passion of creation's law;
And long ere Sol illumes the distant hills,
The joyous feeling of bright hope instils!—
—Now with united voice—at once they rise
And each to each on eager pinion flies;
Nor flies in vain; unknown to them love's smart
On high they pair, and with unerring dart;
—Alas! how rare the human breast can prove,
Their three-fold bliss—peace—liberty and love!
—The joyous chase fulfil'd—the spreading tree
They seek—and in its leaf-clad canopy

Twine with unwearied bill the shelter'd nests;
There each with true return—warmth brooding—rests!
—So pass with mutual bliss succeeding days,
Till the fledg'd young their tender pinions raise;
The parent birds now hov'ring round their home,
Their progeny with ceaseless call to roam
Entice; thus urg'd—up from their nests they spring,
Fearful yet ready on the buoyant wing:
This feat perform'd—to greater lengths they soar,
And to their beds of birth alight no more:
—Than families of men—oh! how more blest;
Their only cares—caressing and caress'd!
—Now at each dawn of day in groups they steer,
And in their lengthen'd flight each other cheer;
For friendship courts the many—not the few,
Friendship like theirs—not flattering but true!
—Where the sown wheat invites their searching eye,
O'er the wide fields—a black'ning cloud—they fly;
Nor let the farmer frown: their theft's no loss,
Since for the hidden grub the mould they toss,
And, (what his implements attempt in vain),
With delving beak destroy—their feast his gain!
Nor seldom thus—but each returning day
These gnawing pests of earth they bear away.
—Now as mild ev'ning marks the closing scene,
No more amid the fresh-ploughed lands they glean;
But as with one consent—in prating mood,
Gaily ascend to reach their native wood:
And as the orb sinks blushing to the west,
In one glad chorus more they droop to rest;

—Again the morning breaks; but not again
They stretch the wing to tread the airy plain;
A driving storm their straggling flights portend!—
With lightning's dart all to the vale descend,
And, like autumnal leaves, o'er the green mead
In troops alight; nor there the tempest heed:
But when the sun beams on a settled sky,
In ranks compact they slowly sail on high:
In harbingers as these e'en man may trace
The coming rage or smiles of nature's face;
No idler he—who in her rural scenes
The useful tokens of her footsteps gleans:
—Oh! ye who labour in the cause of sloth,
And the sweet odours of the day-spring loathe,
Curtain'd in vapours of your sickly breath,
And e'en in youth courting the pains of death!—
With the keen gladness of these birds arise,
And quaff health's pleasures 'neath creation's skies!

THE WREN.

Say, why should not a Poet's pen
Describe the actions of a wren?
For e'en the wren may teach!

Come gentle bird and tell me why
Beneath a dark or pleasant sky,
Thou always lookest gay?

With tail erect, and nimble wing,
Summer and winter thou dost sing,
So happy—is thy lot!

But wherefore thus I cannot tell,
Unless within thy breast doth dwell
The charms of peace and love!

With tender eye thou seek'st a tree
To lodge thy hop'd-for family,
Offspring of pure delight!

I view thee hop, and hop again,
Yet cannot deem thy pastime vain,
—'Tis innocence in sport!

Thy quick-wing'd flights are so concise,
Methinks an aviary would suffice,
To yield thee heart's content!

Thou, little bird may'st teach e'en man
(Whose days are shorter than a span!)
To seek like thee—his good!

One thing I know—tho' far he flies,
And by the world is counted wise!
He's far remov'd from bliss!

But thou—where ever thou dost roam,
Dost still enjoy the sweets of home!
For thou thyself art blest!

THE BLESSING OF SLEEP.

—At length 'tis night; and nature all around
To silence hush'd;—silent myself—I rest
Stretch'd on the bed of ease;—oh! welcome sleep
That to the weary frame of mortal man
By death's dread image nurtures life for life!—
—My eyelids fall;—each limb—to limb reclines
In soft repose;—myself no more—now sinks
The listless head,—unconscious of its peace!
So calm—so smooth—my feelings droop unfelt!—
—Time steals along in blissful heedlessness!
And ere its hour is known—behold—'tis dawn!
—Not as I sunk—I rise; but with fresh youth
I spring—to hail the beaming sun of day,
And in its gladd'ning light—pursue my destin'd way!

EXTEMPORE LINES AFTER READING COWPER'S LETTERS.

Such artless elegance—such truths divine—
These sheets of friendship charmingly combine:
Sure—if celestial Saints like man converse,
They choose thy prose, oh Cowper, and thy verse!

Pious Pastorals.

PHŒRON AND DAMIA.

Whither sweet maid—so fast at opening day?
For what bright youth do you those flowers convey?

Damia.

Far *other* thoughts O stranger fill my head;
A mother drooping, and a father dead!
For her (fond parent!) I thus early rise,
And ere return'd—perhaps,—alas! she dies!

Phœron.

Stay tender lass; those posies in your hand
I'll gladly purchase—nor their price demand:
Who little has,—his little freely gives;
Retrace your steps—whilst yet your parent lives:

Damia.

Oh, feeling youth, thrice happy is my heart!
With haste your goodness I'll to her impart;
And since 'twill make her aged bosom glow,
Relate my friend, from whom these bounties flow:

Phœron.

Phœron, sweet virgin, is the stranger's name;
"Alike unknown to fortune and to fame!"
Yet if 'twill please thee—I'll thy steps attend,
And she may welcome me—th' unlook'd-for friend:

Damia.

Yes—this yet more her sympathy will move,
More deep impress her gratitude and love.

Phœron.

And hope fair daughter—this enliv'ning spring,
May to her feeble limbs fresh vigour bring;
Tho' youth and manhood bend to hoary age,
Warmth will befriend her lengthen'd pilgrimage:
—Say—on what hill or dale her rural cot
Is fix'd; what hamlet gives her quiet lot?

Damia.

See'st thou my friend, yon dwelling 'neath the wood?
There lingers yet my parent—ever good!
Ah! spot endear'd! tho' now with verdure clad;
Lost are your charms!—to me a prospect sad!—

Phœron.

Thou feeling maid—oh, check that heavy sigh!
Her virtuous soul would hail yon blissful sky!
—*Thee* only safe—no other wish she wafts;
—Thrice happy I—to shield from sorrow's shafts!
Oh! could I win the prize! *thy* heart impress!
These arms alike should *guard* thee and *caress!*

Damia.

Ne'er think tho' sad—my bosom's all unmov'd:
A tender heart—by tenderness is lov'd!
—But oh! my parent, dearest of the dear!
Bereav'd of thee what other joys can cheer!

Phœron.

No more—sweet maid; but onward let us speed;
With thee—intent to ease her ev'ry need!
Nor doubt (if nought avail,) a blest release
To heav'nly realms of piety and peace!

Damia.

Ah! Phœron—yet again may I embrace
Her aged limbs, and kiss her fondest face!
That ere *she* yields her last—her parting breath,
Her *smiles* may beam on *thee with me*—in death!—

—So spake the virgin in *affection's* tears!
—So *sooth'd* the youth her *felt* parental fears!—
—They came—they saw—embrac'd! the *wish'd*-for kiss
Her *gladden'd* matron press'd—then fled to bliss!
And left her Damia *happily* to prove
With faithful Phœron—*true* connubial love!

HENRY AND EMMA.

Henry.

—Yes—ere the lark arise to greet the sun,
To thee—with ready step—from ready heart I run;
My Emma—hail! with thee this blissful day
Shall shine around us with love's hopeful ray!

Emma.

It shall! my Henry's heart I glad caress;
There dwells the peace that outward treaures bless!
To thee I owe the joys that nature gives,
And oh! the joy that nature long outlives!

Henry.

With tears of love I tell that love divine
Stamp'd on my soul is doubly stamp'd on thine!
Come then sweet virgin—and o'er hill and dale
In peace we'll rove, and muse the heav'nly tale;
The varied scenes that lure th' enraptur'd eye
Renew'd in beauty 'neath this glowing sky,
Have secret charms to tranquillize the breast,
And lead devotion to her Eden's rest!

Emma.

So felt—so seen—creation's smiling face
Gives double transport through the beams of grace!
This—as yon sun's bright radiance from above,
Kindles in Saints the light of life and love!

Henry.

Of love that loves the purer she may shine,
To own those healing beams as all divine!
—I pluck the daisy—emblem of thy mien;
There smiles of Christian fruits—Humility the queen!

Emma.

So may it prove! but ah! within I feel
The heart you cherish is the heart of steel!
So sigh we here! but hope with lifted hand
Bears up the soul to that celestial land,
Where the sweet flow'rs in all perfection spring,
Sunn'd in the glories of great Sion's king!—

Henry.

Hearts knit below, and doubly knit above,
Salute with kisses of unfading love!
And the fond union of our nuptial rest
Types forth the sacred tie that joins the blest!
—Onward my Emma—where the winding stream
Pursues its shaded course—pursue our theme:

Emma.

That theme paints transport on the scenes below,
Adoring Him—from whom their pleasures flow!
The pretty birds that sing in yonder grove,
Sing in the melody of heaven's love!
Yes—as ye carol—wing'd from tree to tree
So holy souls pour forth their harmony!

Henry.

Blest are the thoughts that thus from earth distil
The living strains that Sion's prospects fill!
With artless ease the pious mind can gaze
O'er nature's face, and gather hymns of praise;
And thus from worldly things of transient time,
Lead up to things eternal and sublime!

Emma.

Sweet pass the hours where hearts can thus unite,
And bring by faith—those joys unseen—to sight!
—But now my Henry—from the vale arise;
The downy hills invite our upward eyes:

Henry.

And there the fruitage of our basket's store,
Shall pleasant prove—whilst we new views explore;
Our simple food will highest taste impart,
E'en the rich flavour of a grateful heart!
'Tis meet—'tis right our *feeling* thanks to give
To him—by whose kind hand we move—we live!

Emma.

Oh—yes! and with an eye that weeps for love
I point the pattern of our Lord above!
What inward meekness and what true content!
In good—and blessing was each moment spent!
And here methinks, these happy little lambs
(That sport around their fond and faithful dams,)
A living picture yield of Canaan's bliss,
Where love invites to kissing and to kiss!

Henry.

Thus as my Emma speaks—I feel my breast
Heave with the glow of her, and heaven's rest !—
Yon orb's pure beams no feeble aid afford
To paint the glories of our risen Lord !
Thy light—thy life—its ruling rays express
Oh Son of God—our "Sun of Righteousness !"—
—What rich—what winning prospects here unfold !—
Each spot enrob'd with tints of burnish'd gold !—
—So pass'd the day—we now must cease to roam,
And to yon plains descend for welcome home :

Emma.

And there in pleasing thoughts our walk retrace,
The walk of nature, and the walk of grace !

Henry.

Yet glistens o'er the trees thy hamlet's spire,
Where soon our hearts unite love's holy fire ;
The kiss I press—the kiss of truth shall prove,
And morrow's dawn complete our hopeful love !

SOPHRON AND MATILDA.

Sophron.

The sun Matilda—lights your pleasing face ;
Arise we now to run our daily race ;
Early and late our tongues shall utter praise
To him whose love beams round celestial rays !

Matilda.

Welcome my Sophron is thy call of dawn;
The night was soothing,—soothing is the morn;
The peaceful eve and op'ning day's sweet calm
Befriend the mind for piety's blest balm!

Sophron.

And let thy dulcet notes our babe surprise,
The gladden'd ear soft wakes the gladd'ning eyes;
Babe of our hearts we kiss thy rosy cheek,
And for thy Saviour's blessing warmly seek!

Matilda.

Darling of hope, and born to Seraph's joy,
Oh, may no ills seraphic hope destroy!
Sophron, to thee I turn with anxious eye;
What best its parent's fears can pacify?

Sophron.

This fear of failure—love, shall wisdom hail!
Their omen's good who infancy bewail!
With minds congenial we'll pursue the theme.
This sorrow's gloom guides up to heav'nly gleam!
And where more peaceful can we truth survey,
Than 'midst th' endearing scenes of Summer's day?

Matilda.

Let then our steps where fancy beckons, rove,
By water'd vale—o'er hill—in shady grove:
Our pretty child shall be our smiling guest,
Shall clasp thy neck—or in my bosom rest!

Sophron.

—Alas, that *cry* fortels me to begin!
Our infant's pangs bespeak its birth in sin!
To view our Cherub's face—its placid air—
Who could once doubt—all innocence is there!
Yet we—who once these dear impressions wore,
Know that our hearts were tainted to the core!
Weep then we must—but with uprais-ed eye,
For godly grief shall end without a sigh!

Matilda.

Alas! Alas!—state how forlorn is this!
Full sure our woe! uncertain of our bliss!
For say, what hope an evil world can give;
Scarce can I wish our offspring dear to live!

Sophron.

—Yet humble trust this precious truth shall prove,
"The God of Justice is the God of love!"
—Methinks that *smile* upon our darling's face,
Seems as a token of redeeming grace!
Oh! let not dark despair weigh down the soul;
He who permitted sin—can sin control!
Tho' chilling mists the heav'nly orb may screen,
That orb illumes above with light serene!

Matilda.

Thrice welcome news! deduced from sacred page!
Reviving life from infancy to age!

Tho' many doubts the mother's breast oppress,
Our babe I kiss in hope—in hope caress!

Sophron.

—Thou know'st the nuptial tie—the tie divine
Pourtrays; and faith tho' weak—conveys it thine!
Mercy almighty shall at length bear sway,
Shall banish sin and sorrow far away;
Meanwhile—our ruin'd nature we bemoan,
Heaving our ardent sighs at pity's throne!
Sighs bringing joy—the joy that springs from love—
Glowing in transport for the hope above!

Matilda.

He who so foster'd children of the womb,
Will safely guide from cradle to the tomb!
—To him we'll look—on Him for all depend;
Jesus our refuge—our eternal friend!
—But tell me Sophron—'neath this spreading beech,
Our child this saving knowledge how to teach;
How shall its little mind one ray receive?
How such mysterious tidings once believe?

Sophron.

Believe!—how easy this at mercy's call,
Did not proud folly ev'ry heart enthral!
Acutest reason labours here in vain!
By faith to live—all must be born again!
—Arise my fair—and as we wind the vale,
Beside the cooling stream—resume the tale:

Matilda.

Methinks these *scenes* e'en Angels might allure,
For Paradise within stamps nature pure:
E'en Eden stood a solitary place,
When our lost parents fled their Maker's face!

Sophron.

Ah! Saints redeem'd—with guardian Angels rove,
Rapt in the glories of Emmanuel's love!
And this fond babe in holy good we'll nurse,
A child of God—uplifted from the curse!
With solemn warn that all are born in sin,
Must Christian training of the mind begin:

Matilda.

A warn thus sad—how grievous to impart!
The parent's lot—to wound their offspring's heart!
Oh—with what pity—must this task severe
Be lisp'd with pray'r—to win the infant tear!
Dear babe—with playful mirth—(ah, little while!)
Thy mother's anguish and thy own beguile!

Sophron.

—Yet cheer thee love;—tho' many throes we feel,
'Tis sure—if mercy wounds—she wounds to heal!
And know (the thought has charms!) 'tis heaven's way
That night of darkness should precede the day!
Once when the Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
Light reigns o'er gloom—and joy o'erpowers sighs!

Matilda.

Again thy pious thoughts my mind illume ;
My wintry fears decay ; as spring's fresh bloom
My soul revives ; whate'er our lot below,
Oh—may our hearts with Sion's prospects glow !

Sophron.

—Vain is all else—and only those are wise
Who seek with Christian zeal—the Christian prize !
For see—as eve now hurries off the day,
Youth—infancy and age swift pass away !
'Tis but a moment ere we wake to see
The *living truths* of vast eternity !

Matilda.

These for our babe—as for ourselves—we'll sue,
And bid the *follies* of the world—Adieu !

THE END.

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