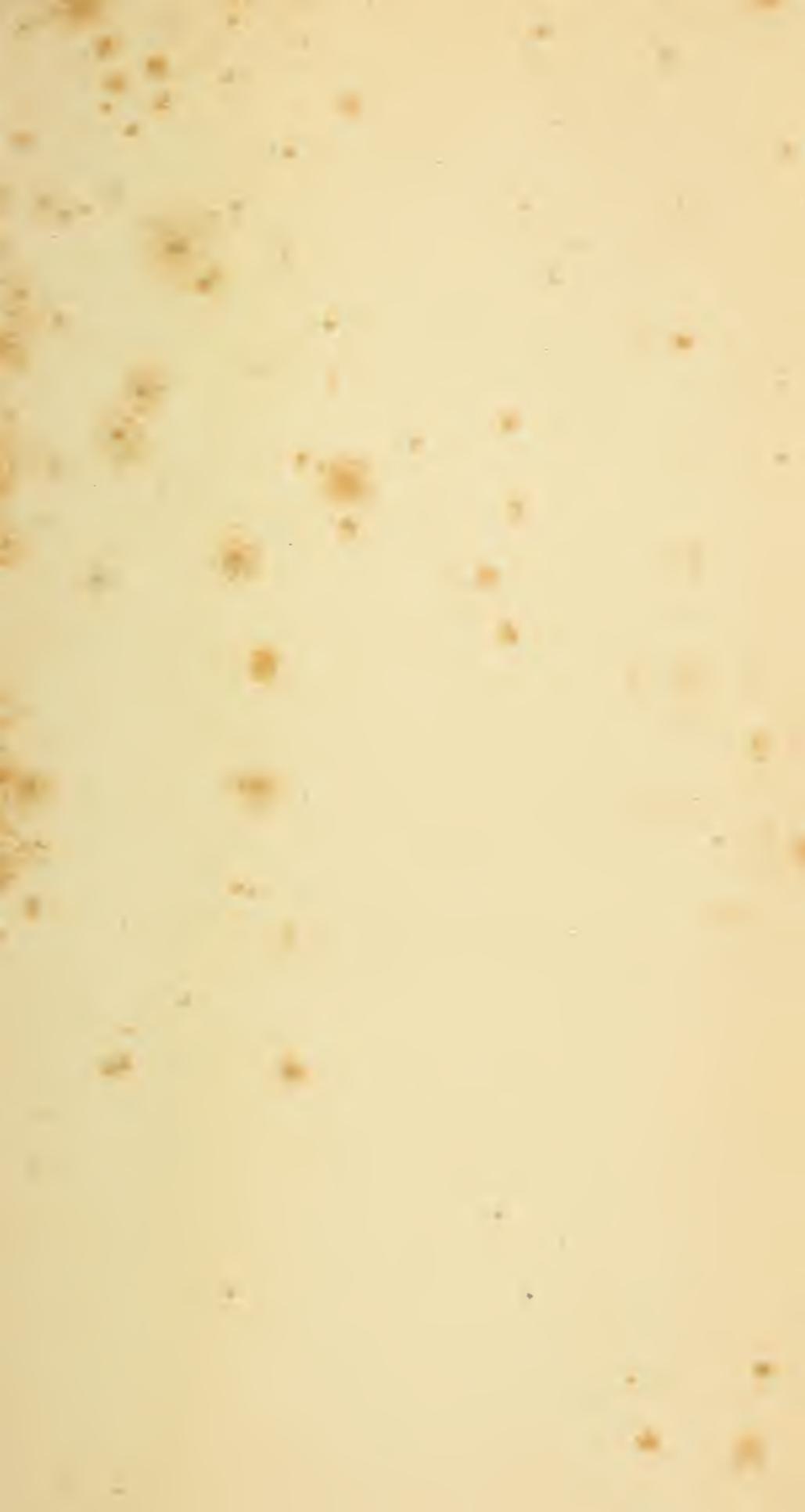
The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a dark brown color with a fine, woven texture. It features an embossed decorative border in a lighter shade of brown. The border consists of repeating floral and foliate motifs, including stylized flowers and scrolling vines. The central area of the cover is plain, showing the texture of the material. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, rectangular, light-colored paper label with handwritten text.

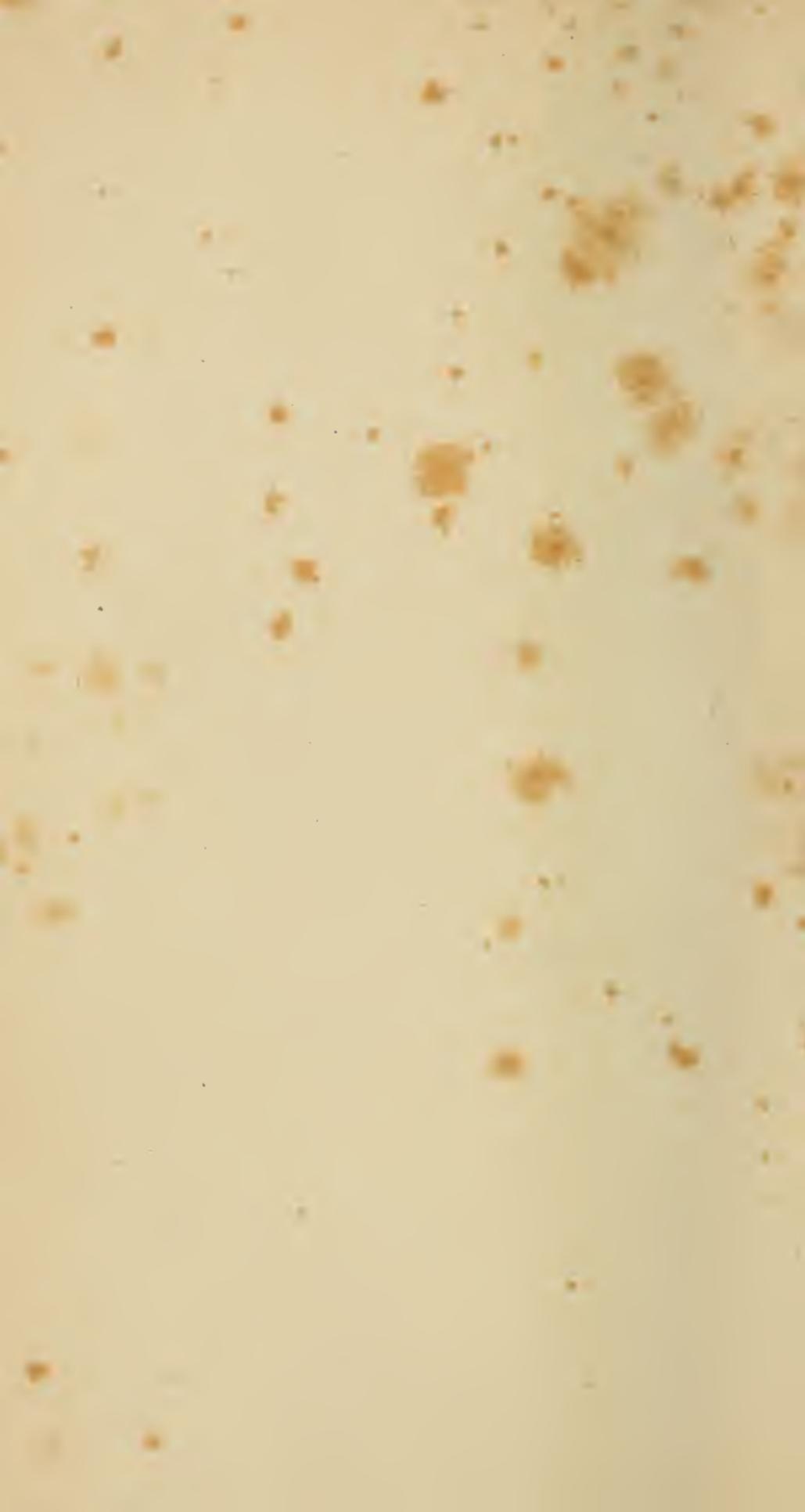
F. 46.205

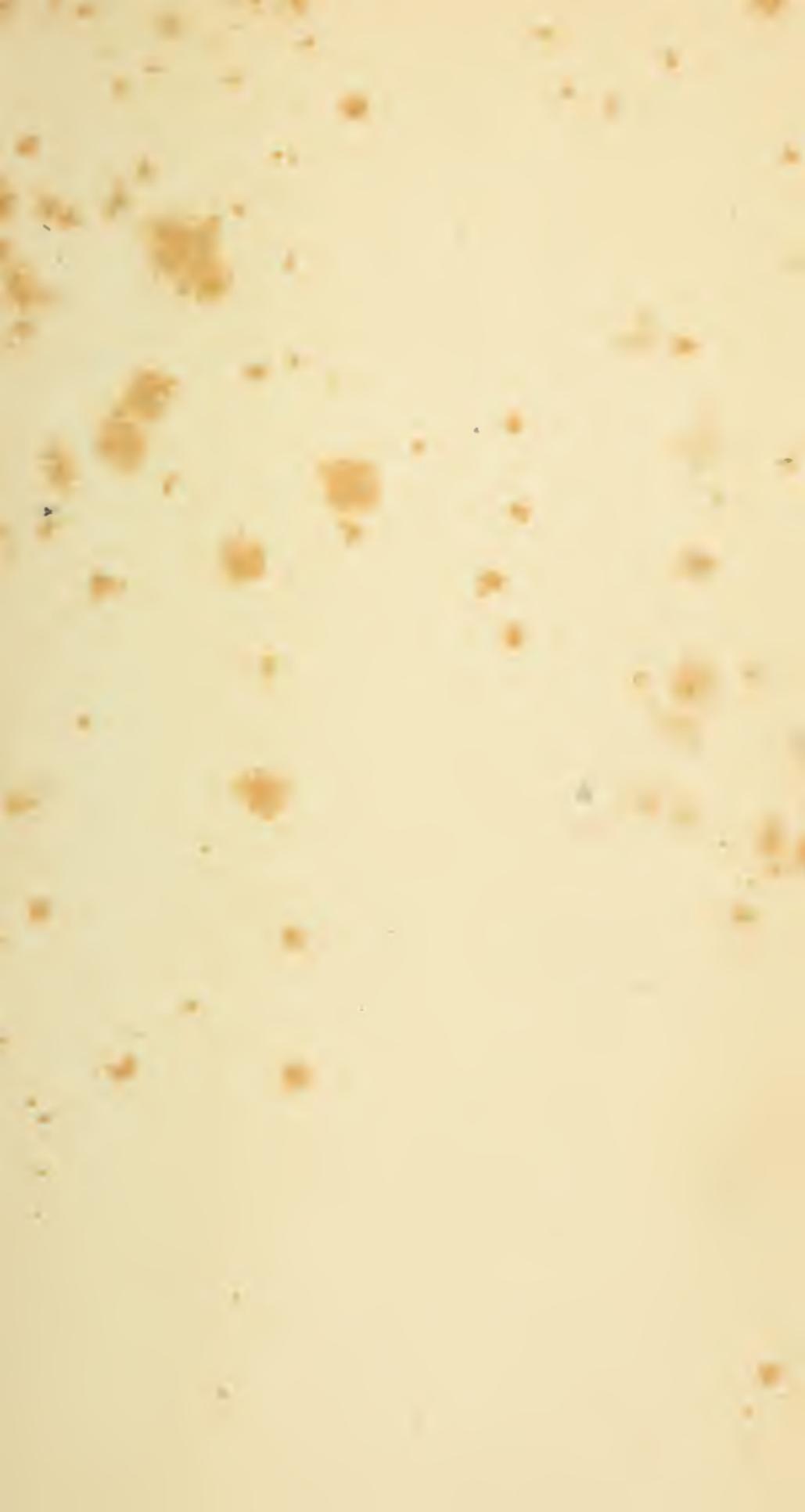
M4543

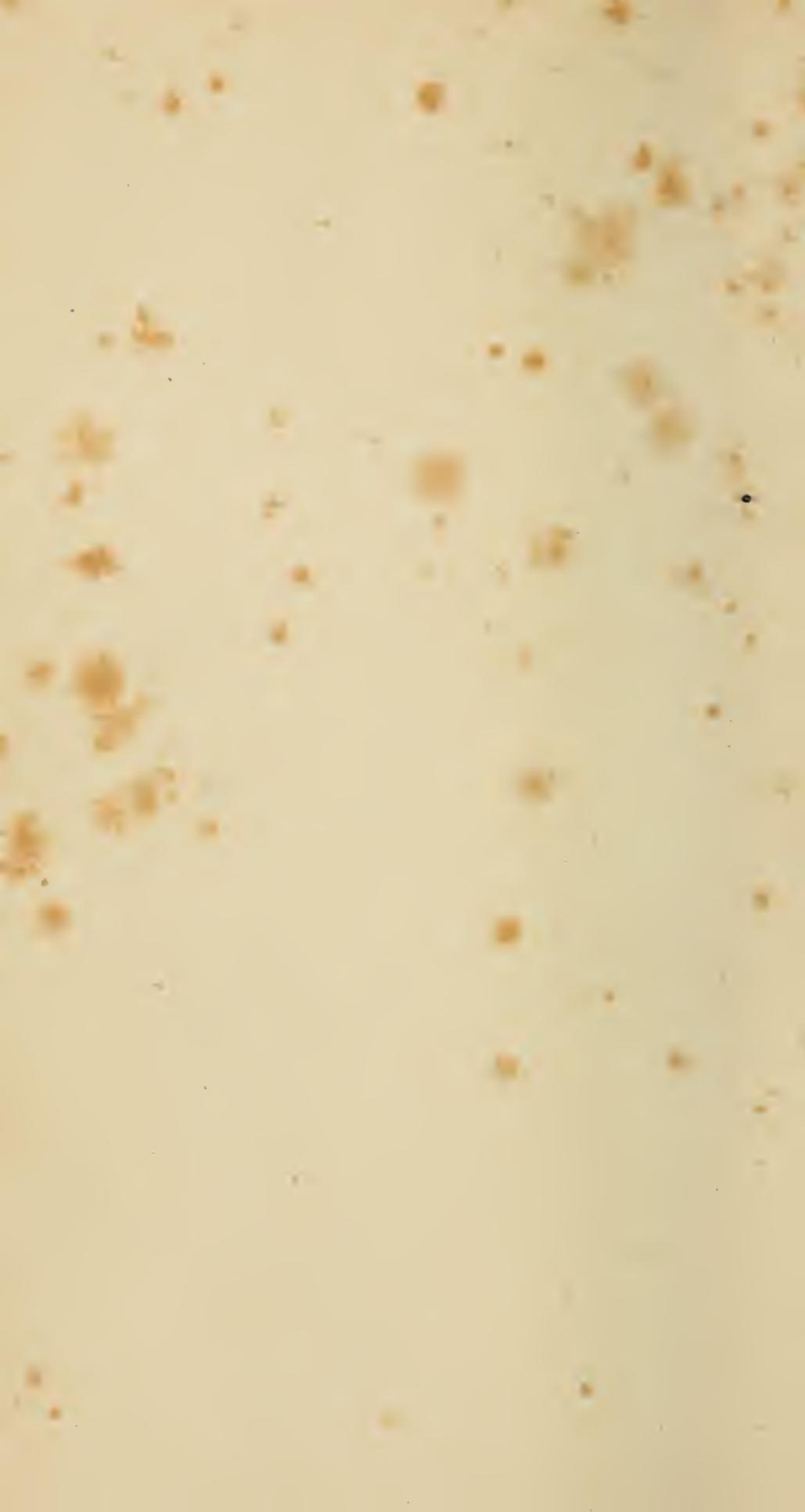
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCC
9522



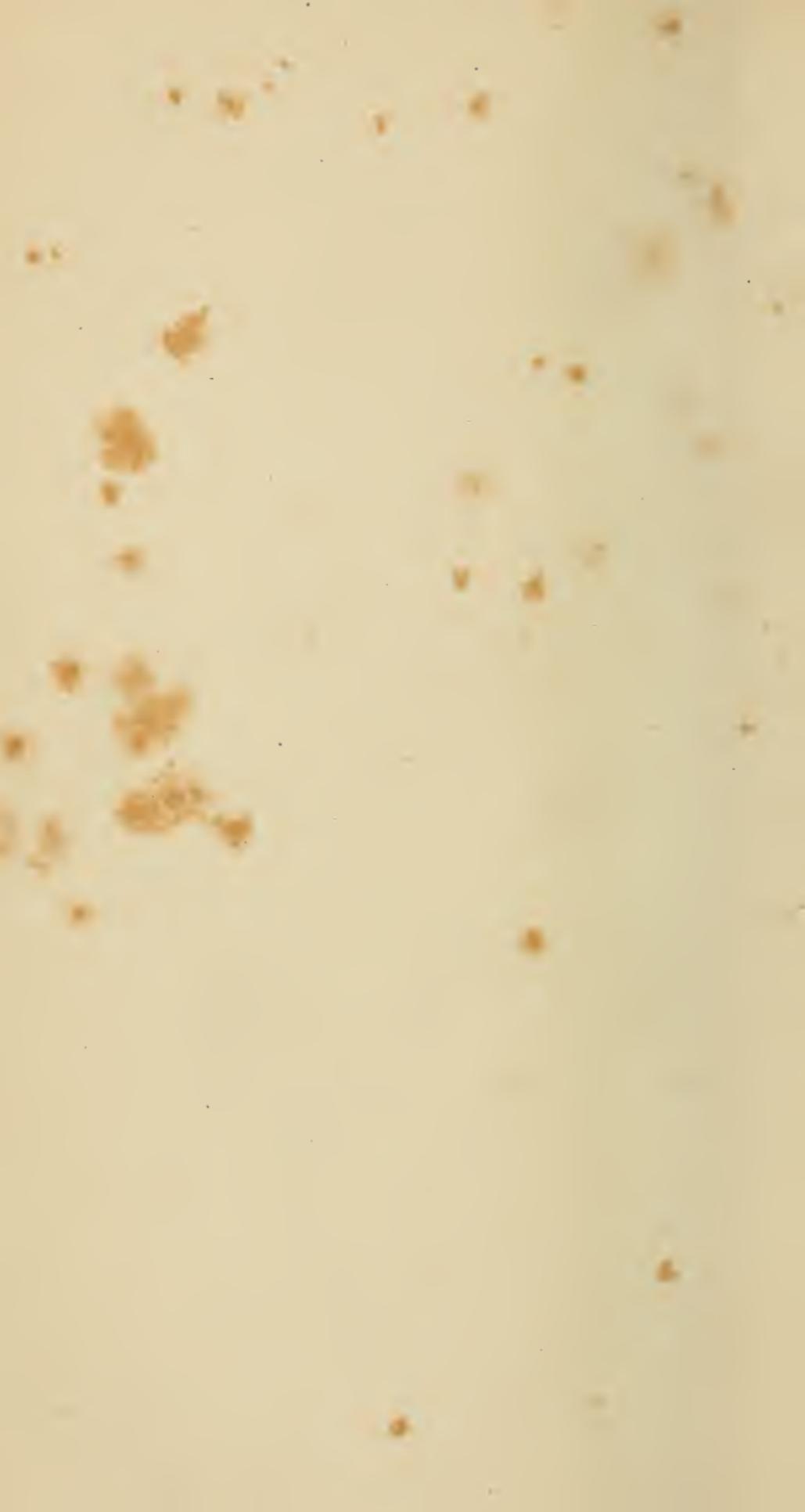








Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library



✓
L A Y S



OF

M A N Y H O U R S .

BY



ANNE WALTER MAYLIN.

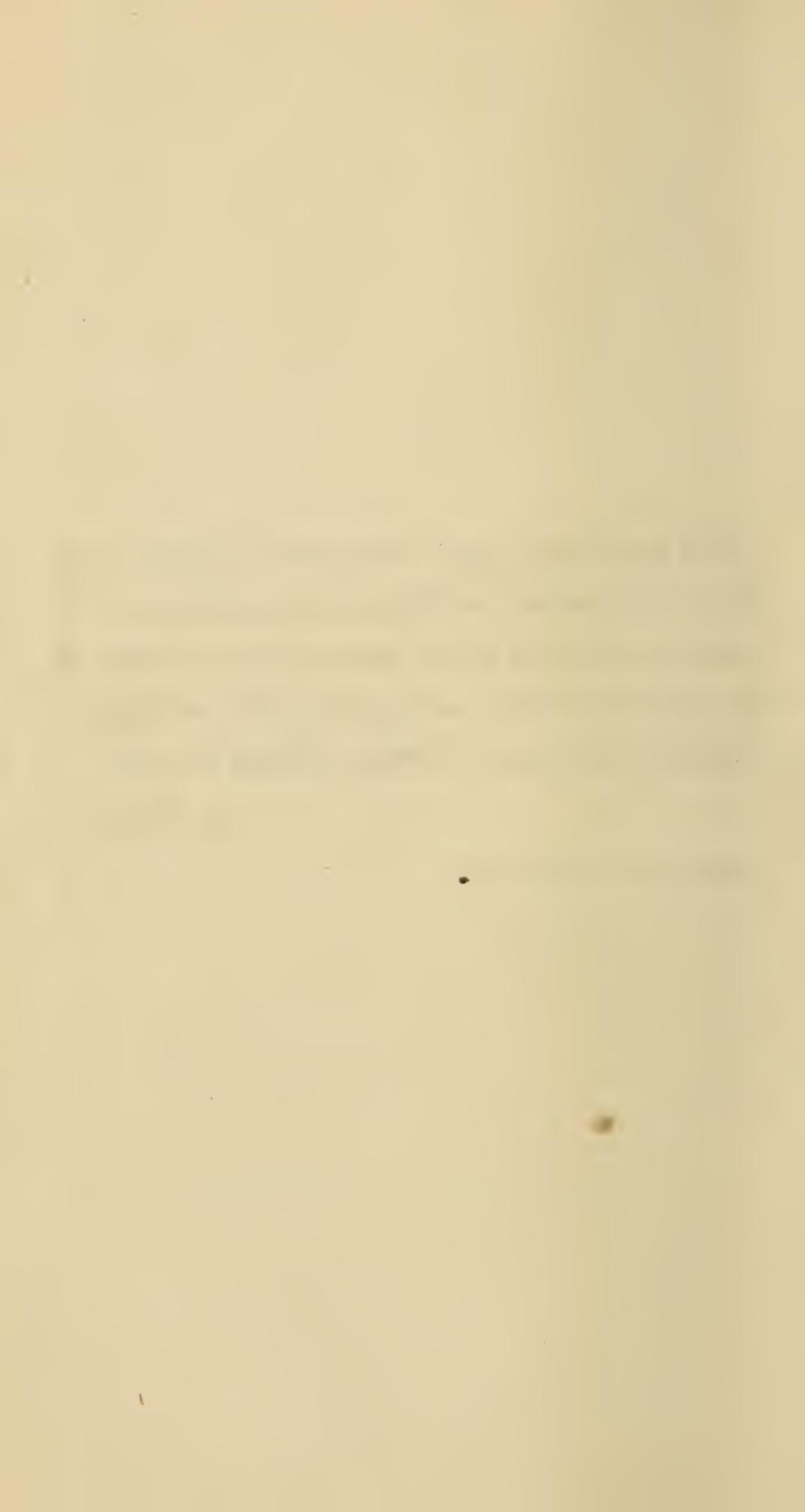
PHILADELPHIA:
H. HOOKER, 16 SOUTH SEVENTH ST.
1847.

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, NO. 9 GEORGE ST.

It is the author's prayer that however slight be the claim of this volume on literary merit, nothing may be found in it which is not in harmony with the spirit of devotion towards God, and sympathy with the interests, temporal and spiritual, of fallen, suffering humanity.

A. W. M.

SALEM, NEW JERSEY, 1847.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Introductory Lines,	9
The Retrospect,	11
Life's First Hours,	12
The World of Thought,	13
The Heart's Longings,	16
“ Found Wanting,”	20
To a Friend on her Wedding Day,	22
“ The Heart knoweth its own Bitterness,”	25
Earth's Oppressions,	26
The Fruit of Suffering,	27
A Song of the Bloodless War,	29
Gold,	31
The One Way to Heaven,	32
A Prayer in Indisposition,	33
The Rainbow at Niagara,	35
The Heart's Reviving,	36
Psalm iv. 4,	37
“ All is Vanity,”	38
Stanzas,	39
The Sisters' Farewell,	40
My own Farewell,	43
The Invalid Laborer,	45
A Recollection,	46
The Widow's Mite,	49

	PAGE
“Communion with the Unseen,”	50
Recollection of President Nott,	52
The Lady’s Day-Dream,	54
The Cry of the Dumb Creation,	57
Intellectual Pleasures,	60
To a Friend in Affliction,	62
What is All, and What is Nothing,	63
To Miss ——,	64
A Contrast,	65
Aspirations,	68
Thoughts on passing West Point,	69
Danger and Deliverance,	71
Loneliness,	74
Depression,	75
The Duty of the Lyre,	76
Verses written in Sickness,	77
On the President’s Death,	80
The Spanish Bell,	81
Thunder and Lightning,	84
Humanity—an Incident,	86
Hymn,	88
Stanzas,	89
The Past and the Present,	92
Christ’s Resurrection,	95
Aspirations after Religious Truth,	97
Thanksgiving,	99
To my Father,	101
Departure of the Israelites,	102
“God is our Refuge,”	105
Written after visiting Mrs. Sigourney’s Residence,	106
The Pen,	109
Written after meeting Miss D. L. Dix,	111
Genius and Feeling,	112
Inactivity,	114
The Pharisee and Publican,	115

	PAGE
Recollection of a Departed Friend,	117
To the Lyre,	118
On the Death of a Child,	119
Intellectual Responsibility,	121
Stanzas,	122
Written in the prospect of Death,	123
The Eighty Flowers,	126
The Butterfly's Appeal,	128
Hymn,	129
An Inquiry,	130
St. John's Church,	133
Written after reading some very fine Poetry,	135
Modern Improvements,	137
The Mother of the Gracchi,	140
To a Friend,	141
To the Memory of A. W. M. of Tennessee,	142
Sabbath Hymn,	144
Sabbath Thoughts,	146
Isaiah v. 4-7,	148
A Thought at Niagara,	149
The Hour of Sadness,	149
Salome,	151
On the Death of Miss Jewsbury,	153
On Reading the Life of Jane Taylor,	155
The Guides of Life,	157
Written after reading Carleton's Tale of the Clarionet,	158
Consolation for the Afflicted,	159
"My Heart within me was Desolate,"	160
"My Strength is made Perfect in Weakness,"	161
The Pleasures of our Daily Paths,	163
Hebrews xii. 1, 2,	164
Hymn,	166
To ———, and ———,	167
The Poet,	167

INTRODUCTORY LINES.

SPIRIT of *her!* who on my infant lay
Smil'd with a gentle love, and tender pleasure,
Whose life's pure lesson, making richer treasure
Her faithful precepts,—taught the narrow way
The Saviour taught, when He said—“ Watch and pray !”
Taught pity's throb for every sad one's sorrow,
Sweet deeds of kindness to each child of clay,
And the meek faith, that ever, its to-morrow
Trusted with God, still grateful for to-day :—
To thee, more than to all on earth I love,
I dedicate my page. Mother ! to thee above !—

Oh ! from thy blissful dwelling, if 'tis giv'n
To prompt thy child with angel ministry,
Blest Spirit ! of that page the guardian be !
Nor 'mid its gather'd leaves let there be lying
One, that this heart might wish to blot, in dying,
One, that might cause a pang to thine—in heaven.

L A Y S
OF
M A N Y H O U R S .

THE RETROSPECT.

How have I long'd for fame!—How have I panted
To live on earth beyond earth's little day
In what the mind might do! Sweet hope! that haunted
The earliest pulses of this breathing clay!
It spoke in forest shade,—in sunset's beaming,
It whisper'd from the stream—the sky—the flower:
And pointed, through Time's pale perspective gleaming,
A path, resplendent with the soul's high power.

But this was not to be. Oh! far too kindly
I nurs'd the folly which but smiled to frown:
How tenderly I cherish'd it! how blindly!
'Twas but a dream's brief meteor,—seen—and gone!
I felt not, in the longing of my spirit,
Its own deep poverty, its own small power:
I saw not, gifts like mine might ne'er inherit
Of happy Genius the successful dower.

Now, if a passing wild-bud I may scatter
 By wayside walk, 'tis all I hope or ask :
 Where deep and searing griefs the spirit shatter,
 No more in Fancy's sunbeam can it bask.
 Yes! my soul's early garniture has faded!
 And *He* said "No,"—and made my bright hope dim,
 Whose will, ('tis best!)—that heart's young picture shaded,
 To bring it, with its broken reeds, to *Him!*



LIFE'S FIRST HOURS.

PAST are they now, but lovely were the hours
 When, Poesy, thy rainbow arch'd my sky!
 Circling its bound with fairest tracery
 Of living hues. O! bright were then the flowers,
 The hills, the sunset! all were felt and seen
 Cloth'd in a thousand charms. Each changeful dress
 Of varying seasons, Summer's loveliness,
 Spring's blushing blossoms, Autumn's russet sheen,
 Or "vapors, clouds, and storms," in Winter heard
 Along the troubled sky, all, all were fair!
 All wak'd the mind's imaginings; all stirred
 The living stream of Feeling, to compare
 Each form, in Fancy's rich prismatic light:
 Ah! Life's *first* charm, how sweet! to tarry, but too bright!

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

“Look on an empire;—Mind, and Nature, ours!”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE high communings of the mind
Among the living forms of soul,
Nor time can chain, nor earth can bind,
Nor power control.

Light as the wing that parts the sky,
Their silent pinions swiftly move;
Piercing the wide Immensity
Around—above.

Free as the air, that chainless flies,
Speed they upon their winged way;
Aerial mandates bid them rise,
And they obey.

Oh! mystic power that guides their flight
Through glorious realms of mental bliss;
Through Meditation's fields of light,
Thought's vast abyss!

Shrink they from those with whom they own
 Life's beaten track? whose accents thrill
 All discord on *their* heart's deep tone,
 A jargon still?

Lo! in the hallow'd realms of thought,
 What glorious fellowship they meet!
 The good, the great, the heavenly taught,
 Their spirits greet.

Nor ages of the past alone
 Their treasury of riches bring:
 Each little moment, of its own
 Hath wealth's pure spring.

The sun-tipp'd cloud whose border lies
 In brightness on the evening heaven;
 The hour of morn's full harmonies,
 To gladness given;

The common sky that spreads above,
 Its canopy of gentle blue;
 The silence of the deep green grove,
 Its flowers and dew;

The voice of night in storm and snow
 Or calling from the quiet sky,
 Where Luna's crescent pales the glow
 Of stars on high;

All—all have meaning :—language all,
 Still speaking to the inner heart :
 And the deep-feeling bosom call
 To stand apart

From earth's low follies, from its strife,
 From its unworthy things of love,
 To seek the spirit's purer life
 In God above.

In the high treasures He hath given,
 Though seldom as with fervor sought,
 Within that little earthly heaven,
 The home of thought!

Pure keep *that home!*—that He may bless,
 And in His teaching enter in,
 Who guides, to Truth and Righteousness,
 From sense and sin!

THE HEART'S LONGINGS ON LOOKING AT THE WORLD.

WEALTH! oh! that I had wealth!
 To be the bounteous giver
 Of good and blessed things,
 And bear, on Plenty's wings,
 Joy, flowing like a river!
 To see the pale lip quiver
 Of Hunger, Pain, and Woe,
 In new and grateful gladness!
 To mark the warm tear flow,
 No more the tear of sadness!
 To bless the pining seed
 Of squalidness and toil
 That drags on Earth's cold soil,
 With Labor's generous meed!
 Oh! my pent soul is burning
 To place in each thin hand
 The lawful, rightful earning
 Withheld in Christian land!
 To clothe Want's shivering limbs,
 To see the poor man righted;
 To wake the cheerful hymns
 Of Industry requited!

Strength! oh! that I had *Strength!*

To rouse the spirits up,
 In lethargy that mope
 O'er their own good or ill,
 To others', callous still!
 To stir the wave of Mind,
 To bid the tide of feeling,
 Through thousand bosoms stealing,
 Flow, for our suffering kind!
 Or, when my full heart grows
 Heavy with aching thought
 Of Life's unnumbered woes,—
 To feel that I had taught
One spirit to awake,
One breast with deeper tone
 To feel—to weep—to ache,—
 Nor weep and ache alone,
 But act, and speak, and move,
 In suffering's cause of weakness,
 Lab'ring, 'mid works of love,
 With Truth's and Virtue's meekness!

Power! would that I had *Power!*—

To shake the hearts of stone
 That, in Pride's moated castles
 Sit selfishly alone!
 Heedless Earth's cry of sorrowing
 From those who faint and toil,
 Scarce from stern Grandeur borrowing
 A *breathing* on its soil!

To spread, o'er land and sea,
 The arm of strong Protection,
 Where-e'er the helpless be,
 Of every clime's complexion :
 To shield the homeless poor,
 Who droop in trembling sorrow,
 Whose part, to-day, to-morrow,
 Is ever —— *to endure !*

And where the weeping willow
 Of sadness now is seen,
 To plant bright evergreen,
 And Joy's fresh rose to guide !
 His silken, downy pillow
 To steal from pamper'd Pride ;
 To win from rich-robed Pleasure
 Her hoards of idle treasure,
 And make, of gold and gems,
 Abiding diadems !

Such as on angel-brow
 Might rest,—illum'd the while
 With God's benignant smile,
 And Heaven's responding glow !

I have not Wealth : Thou know'st it,
 Thou, who hast given me bread :
 Power ? Strength ?—I cannot boast it :—
 Oh ! aching heart and head,
 What can *ye* do for sorrow !
 What can ye do to bless
 This world, whose each to-morrow
 Makes not its suffering less !

Alas ! not these possessing,
 My lowly prayer must rise
 Up to that God, whose blessing
 Marks each mute sacrifice,
 That He my soul would keep
 From apathy's dead sleep,
 Teach it for misery's smart
 And every aching heart
 Still mournfully to weep,
 Still tenderly to feel,
 Though impotent to heal !
 Still by a kind smile bless
 As He hath made it able,
 The face, or pale, or sable,
 That saddens with distress !
 Still speak an earnest word
 For Woe that sits alone,
 Tho', by its feeble tone
 No other breast be stirred.
 If only in *my own*
 Its echo may be heard
 Each kind pulse quickening,
 He—He may bless the mite
 I to His treasury bring,
 And Love's poor offering
 Make welcome in His sight.

“FOUND WANTING.”—DANIEL v. 27.

WHAT if a *Byron's* power intense
 Dwelt in my soul, to sweep
 Amid Thought's splendid affluence,
 And Feeling's fearful deep :
 What if a *Crichton's* various lore
 Of Science and of Art,
 I might in Memory's tablet store,
 And skilfully impart :

What if a *Burke-like* eloquence
 Upon my accents hung,
 Pouring the magic spirit thence
 Which British senate rung :
 What if an *Alexander's* might
 To guide a nation's will
 Could, with all-potent spell, indite
 My every bidding still :

What if an *Ossian's* gentle dream
 Were mine, of moonbeams pale,
 And blue-eyed maids by Clutha's stream,
 And Morven's sighing gale :

What if a *Waverley* might start
 Forth from my ready pen,
 And old Mid-Lothian's noble Heart
 In it, awoke again :

What if the strains from *Handel's* lyre
 My hand could proudly call,
 To thrill, as with electric fire,
 The answering breasts of all :
 What if the forms a *Raphael* drew
 My fingers could design,
 And, like the ancient artist, flew
 No " day without a line : " *

What if the tongues a *Porson* spoke
 My own could speak at will,
 And I the critic-art awoke
 With linguist's faultless skill :
 What if a *Galileo's* gaze
 To read the heavens, I knew,
 And wealth that *Rothschild's* eye surveys
 Gave me its golden hue :

Ah ! what were these, if callous still
 To the high calls of Heaven,
 To *Thee*, Great God ! this heart and will
 Were not in meekness given ?
 And, at the last, *my soul* should stand
 Rejected, lost, on Thy left hand ?

* Apelles.

TO A FRIEND ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

ADDRESSED TO HER AS FROM HER MOTHER.

Joy wait upon thee, lov'd one !

Be this thy bridal morn

A sky without a shadow,

A rose without a thorn !

Each selfish grief repressing,

I lift my heart above,

And ask for thee *His* blessing

Who hallows earthly love.

Ah ! how this morning changes

The color of thy way !

What loves and joys estranges

Of many a youthful day !

How much of fate impending,

With bliss or sorrow rife,

In those deep words is blending,

A wedded—*wedded wife!*

The playful mirth, still gleaming

In girlhood's happy eye,

Unshaded gladness beaming,

While care scarce flitted by :

The fresh spring ever starting
 Bright, free, within thy heart,
 From these, oh ! thou art parting,
 Or thou dost *seem* to part !

Another's weal or sorrow
 Henceforth thy own must be :
 And thine, unswerving, borrow
Its hue from sympathy.
 Changeless, through joy or sadness,
 Must be the faith of years :
 That pledge, now given in gladness,
 May meet its test in tears !

Yet fondly trust I, dearest !
 To thee this sacred day
 A rich reprisal bearest
 For all it takes away :
 Love, limitless in measure,
 Friendship, of tenderest tone,
 The trusting heart's best treasure,
 A kindred heart,—thy own !

O ! may that love long shield thee
 Amid a world so cold !
 And cares, if life must yield thee,
 O'erpay a thousand fold !
 Still in its guardian kindness
 Mayst thou be gently blest ;
 Nor e'er deem *that* hour blindness,
 When thou didst seek its rest.

Yet more than hers, thy mother,
It cannot, will not be :
Ah no !—when sister, brother
Shall, smiling, part from thee,
My heart, still clinging round thee,
Scarce, scarce will thee resign,
Tho' other ties have bound thee,
And thou no more art mine.

Yet joy go with thee, dearest !
On this thy bridal morn
May the fair sky be clearest,
The rose without a thorn !
Each selfish grief repressing,
I lift my heart above,
And ask for thee *His blessing*,
Who hallows earthly love.

“THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.”

PROVERBS XIV. 10.

EACH bosom bears its burden. Deep within
 There is some skeleton, some secret grief,
 Whose pallid shadow rises oft between
 That heart and happiness, a hidden thief :
 Some canker-worm each human spirit knows,
 Corroding at the core its soft repose.

Ah ! meekly then, learn to sustain *thine own* ;
 Nor deem thy heart must break, or cannot bear ;
 Look upward !—bending from a Father’s throne,
 A tempering Power, a Comforter is there :
 His strength can lift from earth the bruised reed,
 His hand the lamb all shorn can guard and feed.

He could have laid thy path where summer flowers
 Unmarr’d by thorns, should ever spring and bloom :
 But this was not to be :—*thy* thornless bowers
 Must wait thee in the world beyond the tomb :
 Think of *that world* !—for its bright bliss prepare,
 Nor shall one pang be mourn’d, which help’d to lead thee there.

EARTH'S OPPRESSIONS.

I HAVE strong thoughts : why cannot words as strong
 Rush to my soul, and find my full heart way,
 As, sick'ning o'er the forms of human wrong,
 It breaks from feeble selfishness away,
 And longs to speak what mighty words might say,
 Piercing full deep the callous and the cold,
 Lifting for its poor groaning fellow-clay,
 Th' appealing accents, eloquently bold !

O Thou ! who gav'st the wish—the heart—the tear !
 But keep'st the arm of mighty power thine own !
 Look on the prayers that up to Mercy's throne
 Sighing arise, for those that suffer here !
 Answer the souls that in their weakness cry
 Thy Kingdom come—oh Lord !—let Earth's oppressions die !

THE FRUIT OF SUFFERING.

THE night-bird, sitting on the thorn,
 Sends music from her lone retreat ;
 The swan, along the waters borne,
 In dying hour, 'tis said, sings sweet :
 When deeply bruis'd, the sandal-tree
 A blessed fragrance round it throws,
 As if in grief it sought to be
 A comforter for others' woes.

I cannot, like the nightingale,
 From the lone bough send music's tone ;
 Nor breathe such sweetness thro' the vale,
 As breathes the swan that dies alone :
 Nor from a bruised and wounded heart,
 Like bruis'd and wounded sandal-tree,
 That soothing, gentle balm impart,
 Which all around gives fragrancy.

Yet I, like wounded bird, have learn'd
 In sorrow's hour my strain to pour ;
 And this poor heart, when bruis'd, has burn'd
 With feelings faintly felt before :

For human nature's varied woe
Through suffering life's afflicted day ;
For breasts, whose griefs I may not know,
For tears I cannot wipe away.

Oh ! if but thus this heart is made
Saviour ! more conversant with Thee,
And Thy blest teaching, which has said
“That done for *these*, is done for ME :”
Still bruise, still wound it, though it ache
Beneath Thy heavy, frequent rod ;
And when at last it gently break,
Take it to Thee ! forgiving God !

A SONG OF THE BLOODLESS WAR.

FIGHT—fight—fight!

Not for the warrior's meed,
 But for a blessed birthright,
 A pearl, of price indeed!
 Up! with strong voice to plead
 Unceasing, for *the Soul!*
 Lest, buried low, it bleed
 Wounded, and never whole.

Fight—fight—fight!

Not for a laurell'd brow
 Hereafter, but the might
 Of Glory here—and now!
 Of Glory here—and now
 In the heart's ceaseless strife
 With all the foes that bow
 Its struggling inner life.

Fight—fight—fight!

Not on the tented field;
 But for the harvest bright
 Mind's priceless treasures yield!

Fight, the high strength to wield
 Of Power from Thought that springs,
 In its glad course reveal'd
 With blessing on its wings.

Fight—fight—fight !
 Not to break kingdoms down,
 But, as in God's own sight,
 For conquest—and a crown !
 A conquest—and a crown
 That victor-host shall win,
 Who wage, in Earth's cold frown,
 The war with sense and sin.

Fight—fight—fight !
 Not 'neath a tyrant's ban,
 But, with Truth's power and light,
 To bless your fellow-man.
 On ! do whate'er you *can*
 In Duty's constant course !
 Press, on bright Being's plan
 With onward, upward force.

Fight—fight—fight !
 Not for an hour, a day :
 Your armor, pure and bright,
 Keep *ever* in array ;
 Keep ever in array,
 For myriad tempters round
 Would lure recruits astray,
 Off from their battle-ground.

Fight—fight—fight!
 From daily morn till even:
 Of Labor, in *His* sight,
 For ever *here* unshriven.
 Till on the hills of heaven
 Where Conquest's anthems pour,
 Full Victory shall be given,
 And Peace,—for evermore!



G O L D.

YES! I would have *one* slave. Thee, yellow *Gold!*
 To come at call, and daily do my will,
 And I would send, on mission-walks untold,
 Kind gifts abroad, to soften many an ill.
 Oh! thou shouldst haste where captives wear the chain,
 Where drags poor Toil, unrecompens'd, its way,
 Where Sickness lifts an asking eye in vain
 For a kind watch through its long lonely day.
 Where, on the brow of Ignorance, no ray
 From blessed Knowledge throws its cheering light;
 And thou shouldst make the face of Labor bright
 With just requital: Learning's gifts convey,
 Free the poor bondman—break the tyrant's lash:
 Ah! thou shouldst serve me well: nor wouldst thou, Gold!
 be "*trash!*"

THE ONE WAY TO HEAVEN.

OH! watch thy soul's footsteps, lest haply they stray
 In their journey to heaven, from the long-trodden way
 Through storm or thro' sunshine, Earth's gain or its loss,
 That way of all ransom'd,—the way of *the Cross!*
 That, cheered by the presence, and lit by the smile
 Of Him who kept Daniel from terror and wile,
 When the dainties of princes he scorn'd for his meat,
 When the fierce crouching lions lay tam'd at his feet:
 That, track'd by the footsteps of saints as they trod
 A pathway, oft flinty, yet bless'd of God:
 That, never the sport of earth's changes to be,
 That *one* and *the same*, for thy fathers and thee!

The march of Invention may tread as it will
 Upon Time's mighty wheels, until Time standeth still:
 From each circle of Science, each region of Art,
 Conjecture may widen, and Theory start,
 Till the plodding old Past, step by step, shall appear
 But as shadowy Night to the eye and the ear.

Yet in that one path—in the path of *the Soul*,
 Beware—and each vagrant Invention control;

Lest in silence a mildew should creep o'er thy lot,
Like a serpent that coils, and thou knowest it not!

O! tempest-torn wand'rer, whose heart, faint and tost,
Fears in doubt and in gloom lest its compass be lost,—
Keep thy feet where Earth's martyrs have struggled and
striven,

And that path of *all ages* shall take *thee* to *heaven*!



A PRAYER IN INDISPOSITION.

“I am content to die: but oh! not now!”

MRS. NORTON.

Not while the inner tide of soul is pouring
So like an ocean o'er my swelling heart;
Not while each bless'd morn is brightly storing
Fresh purposes of hope, from birth to start;
Not while each passing moment can impart
Some sweet expansion of the spirit's life,
Some rich resource within; some precious art
'To keep the mind with holy impulse rife,
And strengthen for its foes, the soul's interior strife.

Oh! the wild wish, too strong for all repressing,
 To live and labor in the cause of love!
 To throw among some sorrowing hearts, a blessing,
 To point them to the Comforter above!
 To bid if but *one* slothful bosom move
 In effort for the welfare of its kind;
 To call *one* breast with higher aim to rove
 Out from itself: a better good to find
 In the high sphere of work which heaven for man design'd!

Ah! cease these ardent wishes, longing heart!
 These tumults, which its fervid beatings thrill;
 If *He* would thou shouldst in His work have part,
 He can prolong Life's fleeting measure still.
 But if thy shorter date His plan fulfil,
 Then yield thy way to His: content to know
He needs not *thee*: He sends by whom He will.
 Hush! hush! my soul! to Love unerring bow:
 Thou! who canst do it! make me willing *now*!

THE RAINBOW AT NIAGARA.

THOU, Rainbow ! hast been lovely, seen at eve
 On the calm concave of a quiet sky,
 When, rolling off afar, the shower-clouds leave
 One clear expanse, and tints of radiance lie
 Gather'd in brightly blended harmony
 Upon the sunset heaven's still deepening blue,
 And resting on the far earth's boundary.

But when I saw thee in that scene so new,
 Mighty Niagara !—*thy* daily home,
 Rearing thy arch above its waters wild,
 And throwing gloriously on that white foam
 Those vermeil tints—magnificent yet mild ;—
 I felt the rapture of an ardent child
 When his *first* rainbow gleam'd upon his eye,
 And a deep speechless sense of joy beguiled
 Him from earth's thoughts to dreams of ecstasy.

Glow on—resplendent vision !—and in hours
 When Fancy and when Memory's fairy fingers
 Weave round the heart their coronal of flowers,
 Come—while thy shadow o'er my spirit lingers,
 Come ! as again before me, on the day
 When, by that ceaseless torrent's roaring flood,
 I stood,—and saw, upon the snowy spray,
 Lifting thine angel-form, thee, peaceful bow of God !

THE HEART'S REVIVING FROM AFFLICTION.

THOU hast been, my heart! a mourner!
 Thou hast in the depth of woe
 Felt thyself a quiet scorner
 Of all joy that Earth can show.

What arous'd thee from thy sorrow?
 What awoke within, at last,
 A reviving, glorious morrow
 Rising from the awful Past?

That blest purpose, strong and cheering,
 Still for God, for good, to live;
 Still to feel Life's deep endearing,
 While in faith and hope I give

Not of Wealth: the wise All-seeing
 Meant not me its gifts to find:
 But of *soul*—of *will*—of being,
 To the cause of human-kind.

Still of gen'rous thought and feeling
 For the sons of want and wo,
 Fervently, a warm appealing
 On surrounding minds to throw.

From my bosom's ardent swelling
 Still the trembling lyre to wake;
 Blest, if in *one* heart impelling
 Works of love, for Jesus' sake.



PSALM IV. 4.

[WRITTEN AT SIXTEEN.]

WHEN round thy pathway joy's fair waters flow,
 And in the cheerful sunbeam brightly glow,
 Ah! oft retire from pleasure's sparkling rill,
 Turn to the fount within, and there *be still!*

When friendship's soothing words sweet charms impart,
 When partial praise twines softly round the heart,
 O! gently check that heart's tumultuous thrill,
 Stand thou in awe—turn inward—and *be still!*

When some small cause of mental discord reigns,
 When wounded self, or injur'd pride complains,
 Repress each troubled thought the soul could will,
 And in thy bosom's solitude—*be still!*

When sorrow all the scene has called her own,
 And oft thou feel'st a pilgrim, sad and lone,
 Then calmly yield to Heaven each outward ill,
 Turn to thy inward home—and there—*be still!*

There shalt thou converse find forever sweet,
 And feel from every woe, a safe retreat :
 There shall thy soul a faithful guardian view,
 Whose counsel, ever nigh, is ever true.
 O ! may that counsel guide thee in the road
 Which leads the soul, progressive, to its God !



ALL IS VANITY.—ECCLES. III. 19.

It is not hard to feel how vain the strife
 Of giddy minds in wild ambition's way ;
 The pomp of equipage, the pride of life,
 The toilsome effort for a transient day
 To wear a laurel wreath : the bright array
 And pageantry of wealth's slow-moving train :
 Easy to bend, from Thought's serene survey,
 On things like *these* the eye of mild disdain,
 And know that they are false, and feel that they are vain.

But there *are* things on which the heart demurs,
 Less willing that the holy words be true :
 Things she has lov'd so long, so priz'd as hers,
Here must the precept speak monition too ?
 The rich, full banquet of the mental view
 O'er Taste's bright land, thro' Learning's gardens fair,
 And, more than all, affection, warm and true,
 That precious world of "bliss beyond compare,"
 Found in a kindred heart,—shall these the sentence share ?

Yes!—if they whelm thy soul in feeling's thrill,
 With glow so deep of lov'd, intense delight,
 That heaven-ward thoughts less frequent come, to fill
 That soul, and nerve with strength its upward flight:
If thy fond heart to slumber they invite
 'Mid Earth's poor fountains for her *best* supply,
 Ah! tho' they lovely seem, and pure, and bright
 Meet as with Heaven's own amaranths to vie,—
 Pause!—for to thee—to *thee*,—*they too* are vanity!

STANZAS.

OH! tell me what to write!
 For strong, full thoughts are swelling
 Up in their ardent might,
 To fervent speech impelling:
 Thoughts, that unutter'd lie
 By their own weight consuming,
 Yet long, on wing presuming,
 Through distant minds to fly.

'Tis not the idle power
 Or will, that can content me;
 A richer, nobler dower
 I would high Heaven had sent me:

To join my voice with theirs
 For God and man imploring,
 Who in His work are pouring
 Their earnest words and prayers!

Oh! tell me what to write!
 How I may best be serving
 Each cause of Good and Right,
 From Truth—and God—unswerving!
 How best the grain of gold
 He gave,—I may be sowing,
 To yield true riches growing,
 Up to a hundred fold!



THE SISTERS' FAREWELL TO S—.

WRITTEN FOR THREE FRIENDS IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE, ON THEIR DEPARTURE
 FROM A RESIDENCE INHABITED FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD.*

YES—beloved home—we leave thee!
 All the scenes we love so well:
 Garden,—wood-walks,—happy dwelling,
 Can we—can we say Farewell?
 Can we leave thee
 In *another* home to dwell?

* The first stanza has been adopted, with a slight variation, from the first stanza of "The Missionaries' Farewell."

Round thy precincts, thickly thronging,
 Childhood's sweetest mem'ries come :
 Joys—to riper years belonging,
 Griefs,—that bless'd amid their gloom :
 Holy treasures !
 Link'd with distance, and the tomb !

Ah ! and tell us,—to what other
 Will it be as deeply dear ?
 Who, a long-lov'd father—mother,—
 Can, like *us*, remember here ?
 Sister—brother,—
 Still, in spirit-converse, near.

Who, like us, will see, imprinted
 On these scenes, the precious Past ?
 Round each bower by Autumn tinted,
 More than sun or shade can cast
 From affections,
 Strong while life's warm throb shall last.

Who like us, while daily moving
 Thro' each dear familiar place,
 Gone before, yet lov'd and loving,
 Will a mother's footstep trace ?
 Hear her accents,—
 Feel again, her fond embrace ?

Or a sainted father's outline
 Filling up yon ancient chair,
 When the deep'ning twilight shadow
 Brings the hour for evening prayer,
 And his image
 Seems again all perfect there ?

Can we by a rose-bush linger,
 But its little history's dear?
 Pass a tree, which Memory's finger
 Hath not mark'd for many a year?
 Tread a foot-path—
 Friendship has not hovered near.

Home belov'd! and *can* we leave thee?
 Where the friends of spirit-land
 Gath'ring round, still seem to meet us
 In a precious household band?
 What from round thee
 Can unclasp our heart or hand?

Duty's dictate:—*she* is calling:
 Therefore, tho' from each fond heart
 Sighs are bursting, tears are falling,—
 Unrebellious, we depart:
 Yes! Almighty!
 Wisdom, ev'n in clouds, Thou art.

Change and distance!—can *ye* sever
 From the soul its holiest powers?
 Glory to Thy goodness! *Never!*
 Love and Memory still are ours:
 And we bless Thee
 For these bright immortal flowers.

God, who gave, is from us taking
 More, than aught but He can tell:
 Yet shall say our hearts, while aching,
 "Father! all thou dost is well!"
 Thus we leave thee,
 Cherish'd home! Farewell! Farewell!

MY OWN FAREWELL TO S——.

WRITTEN IN INDISPOSITION.

AND I too leave thee, S—— !—I have lov'd
 Thy peaceful shades ; how well, I need not say ;
 For here my light free steps in childhood rov'd,
 When, tho' not thoughtless, this young heart was gay.
 When home I hasten'd to a mother's side
 To tell my little tale of walks and flowers,
 Sharing with her, my bosom's joy and pride,
 Each passing interest of those happy hours.
 Here have I sought, when Duty's pressing weight
 In riper years, bow'd down this drooping frame,
 Fresh blessed breezes, which, with life elate,
 Brac'd the weak nerve, and fann'd health's trembling flame.
 Here, when Affliction wore my soul away,
 Like dove all faint and wounded, have I come ;
 And turn'd from things and thoughts of cumb'ring clay,
 To my soul's strength, its refuge, and its home.
 Now too, beneath her last and heaviest blow,
 Here has my crush'd heart fled, been sooth'd and still :
 Look'd up on high through darkest clouds of woe,
 And pray'd to learn that suffering is not ill.

Nor pray'd in vain :—my days, not long behind

Hers whom my bosom mourns, will sure be few :

O ! guide thy feeble one, Creator kind !

Fit her to meet Thy Will ; compos'd to view

Life's waning strength—each hope that health can give,—

Slowly, but surely, fade in clouds away :

And in Thy Word of Promise to believe

Death's silent night the morn of brightest day.

Then, tho' to these lov'd shades I come no more,

Nor hope to tread these pleasant walks again

At morning's blush, or evening's gentle hour,—

Yet thoughts of comfort bless the parting pain.

Thoughts of *that* home, whose bowers are always bright,—

Thoughts of *that* home, I cannot love too well :

Thoughts of *that* home, where neither change nor blight

Can fall : where I may ever—ever dwell.

Adieu!—and if my last adieu to be,

Oh ! while this weak and wounded heart is aching,

Tie after tie which binds me earthward breaking,

Rock of my strength ! may I abide in Thee !

And, tho' each link to earth God's wisdom sever,

Beneath that shadow rest, with those I love,—forever !

THE INVALID LABORER IN THE WORLD'S HARVEST-FIELD.

LAB'RER in the world's broad field
 Where the harvest-sheaves are white!
 Lo! we bless the hands that wield
 Thus, like thine, the sickle's might.
 Stranger! 'tis a toil benign:
 Yet, 'mid noon's o'erpowering glow,
 Wearied droops this frame of mine,
 Languidly its pulses flow.

Lab'rer in the field of God!
 Haste thee from the sun's broad beam:
 Linger by the grassy sod,—
 Wander near the shaded stream.
 Stranger! God's work cannot wait:
 He hath much for all to do,
 Where the harvest is so great,
 And the lab'ers are so few.

Lab'rer! if the work is great,
 And its friends have much to do,
 Sure we need Life's lengthened date
 For that earnest, faithful few.

Stranger! Life is not the hour
 Brief or long, we pass on earth :
 'Tis *the soul's* glow, truth, and power
 Marks its date, and makes its worth.

Lab'rer! right!—and therefore thou
 In thy glorious toil beware,
 Lest too soon its ardor bow
 One our reapers cannot spare.
 Strength's o'er-fervent tension stay,
 That it yet may wax the stronger :
 Pause! and gather by the way
 Rest,—that thou mayst labor longer !



A RECOLLECTION,

ADDRESSED TO ANY WHO ATTENDED IPSWICH FEMALE SEMINARY IN
 THE WINTER OF 1834-35.

“ Where are they ? And Echo answered—Where ? ”

WE were a happy band
 As often met below,
 When walking hand in hand,
 Ten years ago.

Oh! I recall the hours
 Of many a former day,
 O'er which sweet Mem'ry's flowers
 Are thrown, for aye!

When round the early meal,
 Kindly remember'd yet,
 Sisters, in woe or weal,
 Each morn—we met.

When Daylight, growing dim,
 Sent home the weary bird,
 And, in our evening hymn
 Low music stir'd.

When *she* was there, whose mind,
 With thought's serene control
 And feelings ever kind,
 Illum'd the whole.

Sisters! where are we now?
 Oh! scattered—scattered far!
 Dissever'd wide below
 Our journeyings are.

Some—fairest all among,
 To that bright world are fled,
 Whose ransom'd—happy throng
 We call—the dead.

Some, through a foreign shore
 On holy errand roam,
 Gladd'ning with smiles no more
 Their childhood's home.

To me, of all the train
 That once around were dear,—
 To brighten Mem'ry's chain
 Not one is near.

Perchance, on *this* shall fall
 A glance from some mild eye,
 Which may a friend recall,
 Known, days gone by :

Then, Sister, would I ask
 Where-e'er thy sojourn be
 Amid life's pilgrim task,—
 One prayer—for me !

FEBRUARY, 1845.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—MARK xii. 41-44.

IN the courts of the temple, to numbers unknown,
 'Mid circling beholders, the Saviour sat down :
 With eye all serene on the multitude bent,
 He mark'd where its throng to the treasury went.

The rich with their gold and their silver came up,
 And cast in their tributes to charity's cup :
 With look self-complacent in gifts of much worth,
 They sought for the praise of their brethren of earth.

Then pass'd by a lone one, neglected and poor,
 Mean, worn her apparel, as scanty her store :
 All timid and trembling, she dropp'd in her mite,
 And blush'd at the offering, and hasten'd from sight.

But He who sat by, mark'd that boon, as 'twas giv'n,
 And smil'd on its donor, approval from Heaven ;
 Then what were to *her* the high looks of the proud,
 Or her loneliness there in that cold, heedless crowd ?

“ See ! here is the giver whose offering is blest !
 More precious by far, than the gold of the rest !
 For *they* from their careless abundance cast in,
 Their breasts coldly heaving with pride and with sin :

“ But *she* this small pittance, her all, hath bestow'd,
 With heart full of love, as a tribute to God !
 He blesses the effort,—He notes it on high,
 Her witness and record are both in the sky.”

Oh ! like unto hers, be *our* dole freely given
 With motive unblemish'd in offering to Heaven :
 And still from our little,—our slowly-earn'd store,
 Let us lay by our mite for *His Church* and *His Poor* !



“COMMUNION WITH THE UNSEEN.”

INSCRIBED TO C. M. M.

I could not write before. But now alone
 With God in His own quietness,—afar
 From all the sights and sounds of man, which jar
 Against the strings of sorrow,—silent thrown
 Upon Grief's deep resources, solemn steals
 The glorious fellowship of unseen things
 Over my broken spirit: gently heals
 The bleeding wounds of anguish, and gives wings
 To this weak, aching heart, to soar, and bless
 That Power, whose consolations yet are near :
 That Power, which thro' its chast'ning, though severe,
 Has shown perhaps its deepest tenderness.

Here, while His comforts speak in gentleness,
 I think not of the grave,—I think of heaven,
 And of those lov'd ones, to whose feet 'tis given
 Ere mine, the pavement of His courts to press
 In that bright world. O! blessed! in this hour
 When, murm'rings hush'd, the thoughts of gloom retire
 Behind the thoughts of glory,—when aspire
 To joy in *your* pure joy, each feeling, power,
 The full heart owns, ah! could ye to us speak,
 Would ye not say,—Dear suffering ones, and weak!
 Ling'ers on earth! we love—we love you yet!
 Spirits made perfect do not here forget!

Such tears as wet your path, once fell on ours;
 And yet your tears no more may make us sad:
 Soon—soon the last shall fall! swift fly your hours;
 Child! brother! sister! friend! rejoice! be glad,
 For ye shall come and join us: oh! how sweet
 When all these thorn-strewed paths of life are trod,
 Still loving—still belov'd,—made pure,—to meet
 In the blest presence of our pardoning God!

All dear to all! Yet oh! how deeply dear,
 Hearts, that together fix'd on Truth and Love,
 Were knit in sorrows and in struggles here,
 On their souls' journey to the world above!

Mother and child! who, parted long below,
 With Time's cold tide in faith and hope have striven,
 Still suff'ring on, in patient trust to know
 The distant dear one yours *at last*, in heaven!

Friends! who the shade and sunshine of your day
 Once sweetly shar'd, till call'd by death to sever;
 Yes! ye shall meet again! Tears wip'd away,
 No parting more—no anguish now,—forever.

Lord ! *is* it thus ?—*May* grief's fond throb be hush'd
 In the blest faith our lov'd and lost to see ?
 Thou hast not said it, save through *that* deep trust
 Of these our souls, which *seems* to speak from *Thee* !
Alone, Thy love is life ; Thy presence bliss :
 Yet ah ! forgive the hearts which Thou hast made,
 Those trembling, longing hearts,—if thoughts like this
 Throw round the hopes of heav'n a lovelier shade
 In this our day of weakness ! —— Unforbid
 By Thee, O God ! we clasp their treasure still ;
 And leave with Thee the things which Thou hast hid,
 Secure, that perfect, full delight shall fill
 Each bosom there. Blest thoughts ! still closer cling
 Round this poor heart ! By Him who knows us given,
 While joy too deep for speech, *on earth* ye bring,
 Ye *cannot* disappoint—or cause *one pang*, *in heaven*.



A RECOLLECTION OF PRESIDENT NOTT OF SCHENECTADY,

On the evening of May 22, 1838, in Philadelphia.

INSCRIBED TO M. A. T.

THE vivid lightning's lurid glare
 Gleam'd, trembling, through the close still air ;
 Pale sheets of flame across the sky
 Quiver'd, in fearful brilliancy ;

While onward, 'mid their fitful light,
 Came the deep thunder in its might.
 Then swept the winds : the rain fell fast ;
 High rose the loud and swelling blast :
 Till, on the almost midnight hour,
 Burst the wild tempest's awful power.

We two were far, (my friend and I,
 From quiet home's security :
 Yet tempest's voice, and glancing flame
 Scarce to our hearts with terror came :
 Tho' rising o'er bright torches' gleam,
 The brighter cloud-flash paled their beam,
 Tho' mingling with each thrilling word,
 The thunder's solemn roll was heard ;
 With thoughts that made earth's scenes but dim,
 We listen'd, reverently,—to *him*.

We heard but *his* deep eloquence,
 Lifting our souls from earth and sense ;
 Dilating, as it fill'd the hour
 With heart, with mind's o'er-mast'ring power :
 Gath'ring each fancy's vagrant flight
 Entranc'd, enchain'd, in mute delight :
 Pouring within the raptur'd ear
 As from some bright unearthly sphere,
 Its own deep life in things above,
 For human-kind its own wide love.

'Tis past : but when my heart has turn'd
 To hours in which its pulses burn'd

With silent, glowing fervor all,—
 Then does it oft the night recall
 When what a magic power, I felt,
 That heart to charm, to move, to melt,
 Might to a human voice be given
 Which spoke for God, and taught of heaven :
 Which “ dropp’d the golden chain from high,
 “ And drew its audience to the sky.”



THE LADY'S DAY-DREAM.

“ Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature of society ; and he
 that hath more than enough, is a thief of the rights of his brother.”

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

IN the twilight gloom of a lonely room
 Arose the Lady's Dream ;
 Through whose bright reveries she musing sees
 A dwelling of beauty beam :
 And as Fancy twines, in fairy lines,
 The sketchings of her will,
 Its pictured plan thus onward ran,
 Playfully widening still.

In a lovely scene should that home, I ween,
 Its finish'd fabric rear ;
 There from Life's stern sway would I steal away,
 Nor its turmoil nor rudeness near :

And beautifully plann'd by artistic hand
 Without, within, should be :
 Where Taste should bring, and Invention fling
 Their graceful gifts for me.

To that fair home should the stranger come
 As to some Arcadian scene,
 Where Art's nice touch, not felt too much,
 Yet hath Nature's brightener been :
 In the flowery dell, the lawn's smooth swell
 Down to the calm blue lake,
 The ramble rude through the deep dark wood,
 The dingle and the brake :

The quiet way whose little walks stray
 'Mid moss and bluebells wending ;
 The shelter'd path from the north wind's wrath
 O'er the trellissed slope descending ;
 The exotic rare, that loves to bear
 Commingling odors and bloom,
 Where its glowing flowers, in their sunny bowers
 Shed smiles over winter's gloom.

From my wall should the pale soft rose-tint fall
 Around in a gentle glow,
 Like sunset gush, when its crimson flush
 Steals o'er the world below.
 On marble,—white as the snow-flake light,
 Should blossoming shrubs uncloset ;
 And the shaded beam's mellow radiance gleam
 On evening's grey repose.

The painter's art I would call apart
 In lines and hues of brightness ;
 And sculpture's various form, to charm
 By its chastely-chisell'd lightness ;
 Through the oriel pane's softly chequer'd stain
 Noon's chasten'd rays should shine ;
 And draperies fall, where columns tall
 Fair wreathing flowers entwine.

The lessons taught by the great in thought
 In my books should round me cluster ;
 And each costly gem from *Mind's* diadem,
 On my studio cast its lustre.
 Thus the Lady's lot in a fairy spot
 Seem'd shadow'd in fancy's glass,
 Till from long reverie she woke to see
 Her pleasant vision pass.

Then a voice came whisp'ring—"Is *this* thy will ?
 Ah ! thus if thy day-dreams rove,
 Be sure 'twas in mercy High Wisdom still
 Denied them from above !
 Wouldst thou, in a world where woes are rife,
 Where Want sits famish'd and pale,
 Where a *single coin* oft might brighten a *life*,
 Changing sorrow's to rapture's tale ;

Wouldst thou thro' *that* world walk pamper'd and nurst
 In enchanted wantonness,
 Till thy heart—thy soul—grew callous and curst
 With Life's refined excess ?

Wouldst thou bask in thy sunny and flow'ry meads
 While Earth's myriad suff'rings endure,
 And each vain elegance mutely pleads
 'The claim of God's suppliant poor?

O! bless Him then, that He little gave;
 Or gave not to thy hand
 All thy vain fantasies might crave,
 Hadst *thou* thy portion plann'd:
 O! bless Him then, that He call'd thee not
 To a trial few hearts can bear,
 The fulness of Luxury's prosp'rous lot,—
 Lest *thine* had been harden'd there!



THE CRY OF THE DUMB CREATION.

“Let us, when we come before the judgment-seat of the Universal Father, be pure from all abuse of any creature He has made.”

FREDERIKA BREMER.

SHOULD not the true heart lift its pleading
 For whom a voice is seldom heard?
 Whose tribulations none are heeding,
 Whose wrongs few pitying thoughts have stirr'd?
 Of Earth the fifth day's lawful rangers
 Through sky and sea, o'er land and flood;
 Yet, by the sixth's remorseless strangers
 Bow'd down to groans—and woes—and blood.

Those, who can feel or pain or pleasure
 In their brief being's mould of clay ;
 To whom its short and quivering measure
 Can fleet in weal or woe, away.
 And who can know no cheering morrow
 Rising from heaven's bright world of bliss,
 In recompense for all the sorrow
 And hard oppression, felt in this.

Oh ! patient ones, for us who labor !
 Oh ! gentle ones, for us who feed !
 And crop the herb, and roam the meadow,
 Oft for our pamper'd lives, to bleed !
 How great at least the debt of kindness
 We owe, life's little day, to you,
 Who, in your all-unconscious blindness,
 Meekly, our selfish bidding, do !

That debt, ye human ! are ye paying
 To those around—above—beneath,
 Whose myriad voices still are saying
 “ Be kind ! be kind ! while yet we breathe ? ”
 Pass through yon city's streets a ranger,
 Pass o'er one rustic lord's domain :
 And answers many a poor brute stranger
 In deep response of ill and pain.

Yes—ye may toil ! and few are caring ;
 May writhe in pain,—and who takes heed,
 So that our burdens ye are bearing,
 So that your lives our tables feed ?

Careless, that each frail form of being
 Can, in life's humblest aspect, feel ;
 That One above, The Great All-Seeing,
 Marks, its least right when tyrants steal.

Too few the silent misery ponder
 For which the sufferer hath no tongue ;
 Nor would my pen unjustly wander :
 Say, do I *those* a grievous wrong
 O'er human griefs in tears who languish,
 Yet in the sportsman's walks are found ?
 Mourn o'er the captive negro's anguish,
 But keep a warbling wing'd one,—bound ?

Ah ! in heaven's glorious world of blessing,
 Where not like earth's the scene shall be,
 No strong the strengthless ones oppressing,
 No bondman bowing to the free ;
 Would I might think a home is waiting
 The poor and persecuted dumb !
 That *they* might share the New-Creating,
 In God's blest kingdom yet to come !

But He knows best !—and He hath spoken
 No word of second birth for these :
 Then, ye, whose hearts, oft bruise'd and broken,
 Have learn'd all kindly sympathies ;
 Feel—think—and speak for poor brute being
 In this its short and evil stage ;
 And all the countless inj'ries seeing
 Of its unshelter'd pilgrimage ;

When for Life's children of affliction
 You lift to Heav'n the fervent prayer,
Blush not to blend, in such petition,
 These mute ones of His love and care :
 Pray that God's Spirit, gently moving
 On man's cold heart, would make it kind ;
 And soften to the power of loving
Human and brute,—each callous mind !



INTELLECTUAL PLEASURES.

“Bright are thy present joys : and brighter far
 The hope that draws thee like a heavenly star.”

PERCIVAL.

THE fountain is exhaustless. From my heart
 The wells of thought their jets are upward throwing,
 And still, as light's prismatic varyings part,
 Daily their rainbow-tinted hues are glowing,
 Round this dull world, a robe of beauty throwing.
 In some fresh drapery of feeling's dress,
 Some beau-ideal new, of loveliness,
 The ever-changing forms from heaven and earth,
 Of active, buoyant Mind are bursting into birth.

I walk,—their many-flitting forms are near :
 I take my needle,—they are still around me :
 I wake at night,—but *they* are living here,
 Ev'n 'mid the spells with which dull sleep hath wound me.
 Nor Day's bright sun, nor Darkness deep hath bound me
 So to "the stern realities of life,"
 But that each moment is, exhaustless, rife
 With the rich wealth of affluence within,
 Those countless—priceless joys that ever still begin.

What then, if earth's cut diamonds are not mine,
 While that within scarce giveth these a greeting ?
 What, if this active spirit's fragile shrine
 Whisper in droopings oft—"thy days are fleeting!"
 O! rich in present blessings, and my future
 Trusting upon that Cross, once, Saviour! Thine,—
 What shall my soul to doubting sadness tutor ?
 All—all is good! or Life, or Death, must shine :
Death?—No! with Thee, my God! Death is but Life Divine!

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

WHEN o'er the brow of those belov'd
 The changing cloud of grief we trace ;
 And vainly wish our love were prov'd,
 In sorrow's part to bear their place ;

The saddened bosom sinks, to feel
 That it must wish—in silence too :
 Without one gift to aid, or heal,
 The good it would, it cannot do.

But when, these throbbing tumults calm
 In intercession's solemn hour,
 It seeks that Omnipresent balm,
 Almighty Love—Almighty Power :

To "soothe the ills *it* cannot move,"
 To guide the heart *it* cannot aid,
 And temper with a Father's love,
 Each wound He hath in wisdom made :

It feels that *not in vain* assign'd,
 One pain is sent, one grief is giv'n,
 Which bids the heart, by these refin'd,
 Bloom fresh, like Aaron's rod,—for heaven.

WHAT IS ALL, AND WHAT IS NOTHING.

WHAT if creatures as humble as X, Y and Z,
 Bring out the bright truth I so joyously see?
 What if gilded Morocco, or leather and brown
 Environ the page that pours affluence down?—
 'Tis nought, whether damask or homespun enshrine
The shell which encloses a spirit divine :
 'Tis nought, whether forms move in linsey or lace,
 Shade with feathers and blonde, or tarpaulin, the face :
 Or fancy a vesture of drab or of green,
 Or in Wealth's lordly halls, or Want's cottage, are seen :
 Or droop over Blackstone with law on their brow,
 Or lean o'er the anvil, or bend by the plough :
 Or sit on the wool sack, or stoop o'er the board
 Where broadcloth, and buckram, and bodkin are stor'd :
 'Tis nought, whether hands ply the pickaxe and hoe,
 Or, veil'd in white kid, take a diamond in tow :
 Whether sable or pale, brown or fair, be the skin :
 If *Heart* and if *Mind* form the glory within !

But 'tis *all*, whether *these* an ascendancy hold
 Of grandeur or meanness, of tinsel or gold :
 It is *all*, whether these have an empire sublime
 O'er the playthings of Life, o'er the changes of Time :
 Or, whether, sunk down in frivolities here,
 That kingdom within is joyous and drear.

It is all, whether these in a deep fervent love
 Have been given to God, and are looking above
 With a faith that still humble, yet steadfast and true,
 Seeks meekly and firmly, all duty to do :
 That feels it knows little, and less can perform,
 Yet prays the wide wish God would ever keep warm :—
 It is *all*, that our circle of being below
 Be fill'd in our measure to do and to know :
 It is *ALL*, that we walk by the chart He hath given
 To guide Heart and Mind with sure compass to Heaven !



TO MISS —.

How seldom, as the various throng
 Of human kindred moves along,
 Across our daily path are thrown
 The hearts, the minds, that charm our own !

But if, Life's common forms between,
 Such visions sweetly intervene,
 Short is their sojourn,—brief their stay,
 Like "thoughts in dreams," they pass away !

And yet we would not lose the flowers
 They flung upon a few brief hours,
 Nor out of Memr'y's tablet, tear
 The page their converse made so fair.

We would not lose each gentle thought
 Of grace and sweetness *thou* hast taught,
 Or let thy image cease to be
 Among the stars of Memory !



A CONTRAST—AND ITS MORAL.

A CHILD of sorrow pass'd along
 'Mid the gay city's evening throng.
 The trembling step—the troubled eye—
 The face of haggard vacancy,
 And garb, scarce shielding from the cold,
 Had half his mournful story told.
 While cheerless blew the wintry wind,
 No sheltering roof was his to find :
 Th' inebriate stamp'd his burning brow,
 He was a hopeless outcast now.
 Once had been his, the nurturing ties
 And joys of life's kind sympathies ;
 But trouble came ;—stroke sent on stroke
 His fortunes crush'd—his spirit broke.
 The friends of summer flitted by,
 The winter came,—no friend was nigh.
 Deep had the iron entered in
 His soul—and mis'ry led to sin.

Temptation in insidious form
 Rose on the darkness of the storm :
 And as the draught of Lethe stole
 Over the sorrows of his soul,
 Oh ! the poor bosom seemed to crave
 The sweet forgetfulness it gave.
 He had not early learn'd to pray,
 He knew not how to turn away,
 Again he sought the Circean cup,
 And drank its secret poison up ;
 Till, step by step, his downward course
 Like a strong torrent in its force,
 O'er-leaping every holy bound,
 Each whisp'ring check of conscience drown'd.
 And now an alien in distress,
 No home to cheer—no smile to bless,
 Cast off by all,—unlov'd, alone,
 He journey'd forth—a friendless one!—
 Oh ! it was hard—that bitter night,
 To pass the homes whose fires burn'd bright,
 And think on what his own had been,
 And none to let the wanderer in !

There, where he sank exhausted down,
 On high, the lighted windows shone ;
 And, glitt'ring as in blaze of noon,
 Glow'd gorgeously, the gay saloon.
 No pining want—corroding care,—
 Or aching wretchedness,—was there ;
 In ringing mirth and laughter loud,
 Went up the voices of the crowd.

Rich nectar, sparkling high and bright
 Crown'd the full chalice of the night;
 And, in their yet untainted breath,
 Were lifted to the draught of death,
 'Mid siren numbers softly sung,—
 —Lips of the fair—the gay—the young.
 'Till quicken'd pulse, and giddy brain,
 And fever'd thoughts, all light and vain,
 Bore truthful witness to the power
 Of “*social feeling's*” festive hour.

How kindly, of the prosperous proud,
 The daily foibles are allow'd!
 Had yon poor outcast thither turn'd,
 The *low inebriate* had been spurn'd.
 Yet who can say, that in the Eye
 Of Him who pass'd the Levite by,
 More guilty *he* in want and woe,
 And outlawry of all below,
 Tho' lone, despised, and desolate,—
 Than thousands in their high estate!
 Who of the burning evil sip
 With heart unscath'd—unfever'd lip,
 By no worn spirit thither led,
 No tortur'd nerve—no aching head;—
 And call it but the cup refin'd,
 Meet lux'ry of convivial mind.

Touch—taste it not! ye who would close
One avenue to human woes:
 Nor shrink your little part to yield
 Of labor in this harvest-field.

If thus from sin and mis'ry's sway
 But one poor brother turn away,
 Blest be the hand of helping given
 Which guides him back to hope and heaven!



ASPIRATIONS.

FLY, Demon of Torpor! whose dun shadows roll
 In life-whelming blight o'er the health of the soul!
 And drink up in death the warm glow of the heart,
 And Feeling all freeze, save where self has a part.
 Back, back to thy dwelling of deep-shrouding night;
 Thou hast bound me too long 'neath thy spell and thy blight.
 Away from my spirit! hence—hence with thy chain!
 Nay, wind not its links round this bosom again!

Fly, Demon of Torpor! and haste in thy stead,
 Too long from this bosom in recreance fled,
 O! Spirit of Freshness, and Feeling, and Joy,
 That callest the heart to each nobler employ!
 Ah! rush o'er my breast yet once more in thy might,
 And bid it to glow in thy strength and thy light!
 And beat in its pulse with a quicken'd desire
 To hear the glad accents which tell it—“*Aspire!*”

Come, Faith! soaring up to the region above!
 Come, Hope! mounting high, on the pinion of Love!
 Breathe into my spirit new life from the sky,
 And speak of the glories that never shall die!
 Far, far on yon heaven, Joy's dwelling and source,
 Fix the wish of my heart and the aim of my course;
 And bear it still onward while Time's waters roll;
 Immortal the race—and eternal the goal!



THOUGHTS ON PASSING WEST POINT.

How calm, how beautiful, it lies
 Beneath these sunny summer skies!
 Amid whose changing shade or light
 The deep ravine, the wooded height,
 Softly sublime, through hill and dell,
 Alternate gently sink or swell;
 Mirror'd in faithful life below
 On the transparent river's flow.
 Where Nature's voice points thought above,
 And speaks tranquillity and love,
 Can earthly strife or jar intrude
 To mar the spirit's happy mood?
 Ah! meet would seem, in scenes like these,
 Hymns, altars, to the God of Peace!

Yet here, in scenes like these, are found
 Far other sight, far harsher sound.
 Amid these hills the cannon roars,
 The martial clarion's music pours ;
 And here, profaningly, doth come
 The soldier's step,—the rolling drum.
 Here daily moves the measured tread
 As on the plain where hosts have bled ;
 Here practised hands fierce weapons wield,
 Rehearsing for the battle field ;
 Here glitt'ring swords flash bright and high,
 Here gleams the bayonet in the sky ;
 And here grows *he*, whom God made "*good*,"
 A workman *train'd* to deeds of blood.

I turn'd away, and hid the woe
 None near me might have car'd to know,
 Which bow'd, as in the dust, my soul,
 For ills 'twas powerless to control.
 Silent went up the lonely prayer,
 (I could not ask one heart to share,)
 How long, how long, Almighty Lord !
 Tarrieth the vict'ry of Thy Word ?
 Oh ! send Thy Light, and Truth, and Love,
 To break, resistless, from above !
 Earth's jealous, jarring nations bring
 Beneath thy white-robed angel's wing :
 Bind them with bonds no foe can sever ;
 Forbid the sword " to slay for ever !"

DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

WHEN sorrows cluster round us
 In sad and gloomy form ;
 When the deep shades surround us
 Of Evil's coming storm :
 When fears and woes assail us,
 And dangers strew our road,
 Oh ! then, as comforts fail us,
 We flee—we flee to *God!*

There, humbled down before Him,
 We lift the streaming eye,
 And lowly kneel, imploring
 The cloud might pass us by :
 In deep confession bending,—
 Feeling our weakness all,
 Plead, that the blow impending
 May not be bid to fall.

And lo ! the storm is over !
 A rainbow fair is seen !
 Sweet Peace returns, to hover
 Where late, dark clouds had been.

Again our sky is brighten'd
 And terrors chas'd away ;
 And our sooth'd hearts re-lighten'd
 With Joy's returning ray.

Say now ; does glad thanksgiving
 To Him who spar'd His rod,
 Rise, with the soul's reviving,
 Up to the throne of God ?
 The Hand we own'd when mourning,
 Do we in mercies see ?
 And trace our joys, returning,
 To *His* benignity ?

O ! does the heart of gladness
 As ardent mount in prayer,
 As when in drooping sadness
 It knelt, a suppliant there ?
 And does the same deep feeling
 That fill'd the plaintive cry,
 Now glow in praise, revealing
 The *grateful* moisten'd eye ?

Ah, no ! the thankless bosom
 In peace, in joy grows cold ;
 And comfort's bright'ning blossom
 Blooms not in richest mould.
 While dread affliction lours
 We turn to Him in pain ;
 But lost 'mid happier hours,
 Soon flutter off again.

Where, through a day of sorrow
Deep, piercing plaints we raise,
We lift, on joyous morrow
A lifeless, heartless praise :
So cold, so poor an offering
In *grief* we would not bring ;
But every blessing clustering
Bows down devotion's wing.

Ah ! Man ! unthankful being
For choicest favors here,
To Him, 'The Great All-seeing
What must *thy* vows appear ?
Oh ! rise ! the New Creation !
A heart of purer mould ;
And warm this desolation
With love that grows not cold.

LONELINESS.

AND art thou *lonely*?—and is God still good?

Why then these mournful plaints—these rising tears?

Look round! on each kind gift that still endears
The chequer'd scene of life's vicissitude!

And *art* thou lonely?—and does Faith yet live?

Are her bright prospects dimm'd, her hopes less true?

O! then, rekindled be each heavenly view,
And let their glories all thy heart revive.

And art *thou* lonely?—and is Heaven still bright?

Look upwards to the holy throng on high!

Let hope embrace the blest society
Of spirits, radiant in eternal light!

Ah! be not *lonely*,—while *thy* God is near;

Or faith can look to heav'n thro' rapture's secret tear.

DEPRESSION.

CHILD of immortal hopes ! why droops thy soul ?
 Why trembling, looks it forth on Life's rough way,
 Dejected, faithless ? turn not thus astray,
 Let heavenly trust these anxious fears control.
 Oh ! in the past, to thee hath it been given
 To feel a tender Parent's holy care ;
 Each present good, still gratefully to share,
 And leave its griefs, in peaceful faith, with Heaven.
 Cease then these tears : raise thy dimm'd vision there :
 A Father's hand controls Time's troubled tide :
 And where-soe'er on its cold bosom driven,
 His love thy devious footsteps still shall guide.
 Ah ! heed not where thro' earth those steps may roam,
 So they but reach at last, the spirit's blessed *home* !

THE DUTY OF THE LYRE.

RETIRE, vain dreams of wild Romance!

No more I court your spell:

Come, Thought! and o'er thy pure expanse

Let Mind's serene, benignant glance

Excursive range, in loftier trance:

And to this bosom tell

Of themes than Fancy's flights more high,

Themes, form'd for Immortality.

Of hopes that reach the boundless heaven

In their clear, tranquil flight;

Of peace from Life's pure fountain given,

Joys, that in Sorrow's soil have thriven:

Faith, that with Earth's deep woes hath striven:

And let their powers unite

To form a wreath around thy lyre,

Worthy of poet's loftiest fire.

Speak of Philanthropy's wide aims

To soften life's distress:

Of Duty's holy, earnest claims,

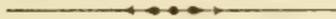
Of Thought and Feeling's blending flames

O'er all the schemes which Virtue frames

To comfort and to bless

This world's deep shades of pain and grief,
With light, and effort, and relief.

Wake to the high and pure reward
Of labor,—aim,—divine !
While wealthier hands rich gifts afford,
Thy little all do thou accord,
And to the treasury of thy Lord
Thy “widow's mite” consign ;
Nor will that mite be scorned by Him
Who watches from the seraphim.



VERSES,

COMPOSED ON A BED OF SEVERE SICKNESS, AT SIXTEEN.

ONE sweet hour of ease is stealing
O'er the pangs my frame has known :
One blest morn of calmer feeling
Heav'n has sent me as my own.

Oh ! how sweet to feel returning
Power to think, and strength to pray !
Sweet, to feel my spirit burning
Once again with Thought's bright ray !

Pain, methinks, would not *so* keenly
 Press her slow-exhausting weight,
 Might it leave my *soul*, serenely
 Soaring in her upward flight.

But, on earth, a nameless union,
 E'en in minds of brightest ray,
 Still will blend, in close communion,
Spirit and its garb of clay.

Scarce can feel the feeble nature,
 Bound in painful chains below,
 Strength to find her soul's Creator,
 Strength to rise from outward woe.

Then, when anguish sharp, distressing,
 All the sinking frame has fraught,
 Some new throb of pain repressing
 Each fond aim of mind and thought;

What shall soothe the suff'ring spirit?

What—her feeble flights sustain?

What shall bid the breast inherit
 Calmness 'neath her mortal pain?

Can she soar to high reflection?
 Can her wonted vigor rise,
 Triumph o'er the soul's affliction,
 Break the spirit's fleshly ties?

No!—in vain the Stoic, deeming
 Suff'ring nought,—would scorn its power :
 Yet one purer thought is beaming
 Brightly radiant, evermore.

Thou art nigh, her heart's salvation !
Thou, her fortress, still art near :
 Thou wilt aid in tribulation,
 Thou canst soften every tear.

Though the *strength* of faith should languish,
 Yet if faint it beameth there,
 Though the heart, 'mid throbbing anguish
 Scarce can breathe the feeble prayer ;

Thou wilt bless, unask'd, that offering,
 Weak and languid tho' it be :
 Thou wilt temper *all* its suffering
 As thy love shall wisest see.

Thou canst teach the sinking spirit
 Chastening is the gift of Love :
 Thou canst bid the soul inherit
 Peace and calmness from above.

Oh ! may pain fulfil her duty ;
 Heavenly hope and faith instil :
 Then my soul shall feel what beauty
 Lies in loving *all Thy Will*.

Peace—my spirit!—tho' it grieve thee,
 Strive to bear the painful rod:
 'Trust in Him, who ne'er will leave thee,
 Father—Friend—Creator-God!

HYMN,

WRITTEN BY REQUEST FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICES HELD IN SALEM, NEW
 JERSEY, APRIL 23, 1841, ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

(Sung on that occasion by the Choir.)

WHY slowly tolls the muffled bell?
 Why move those throngs in sadness bow'd?
 It is a nation's griefs, that swell
 These funeral tones, this mournful crowd.

That nation's hope, fix'd warm and bright,
 On him, her lov'd and cherish'd son,
 Fair in its dawning, fear'd no blight
 To mar its promis'd benison.

But GOD hath smitten: and *His* voice
 Let humbled man in reverence hear:
 Nor question ways of wisest choice,
 Nor deem the sad decree severe.

Perhaps an arm of earthly power
 He saw too much our stay and trust ;
 And therefore bade His judgments lower,
 And laid our chosen in the dust,—

To teach a nation's stricken heart
 Each human prop is quickly riven ;
 And call us to a holier part,
 And fix our hope and help on Heaven.

Thy chast'ning hand, mysterious still,
 Lord ! may a prostrate people own ;
 And bring, in this, their time of ill,
 The heart's new offering at Thy Throne.



THE SPANISH BELL,

PURCHASED FOR A PROTESTANT CHURCH.

WHERE hath that deep, deep voice of thine been sounding
 O'er ocean's foam ?
 Hath it to mass brought gather'd crowds, surrounding
 Some ancient dome ?
 Hurrying forward, (with the mystic sign
 Hasty and frequent on their bosom press'd
 As Heaven's own safeguard,)—to confession's shrine,
 Dreading to die unshriven and unblest ?

Where, from *his* lips, whose gorgeous pageantry
 Of dazzling raiment shone with tissued gold,
 “Domine! Domine!”—arose on high
 In rapid speech, while curling incense roll’d?
 Where hath that deep, deep voice of thine been sounding
 O’er ocean’s foam?
 Hath it to mass brought gather’d crowds, surrounding
 Some ancient dome?

O’er the dark cloister have thy tones been pealing
 From lone, high tower?
 At early matin through the long aisle stealing,
 Or vesper hour?
 Where the veil’d sisters trod with downcast eye,
 Fearing to see that God’s own light is fair,
 As, bending o’er the counted rosary,
 Their “Ave Marias” floated through the air?
 Where, tremblingly, the monk’s low footstep pass’d,
 Wending its way to penance unrequir’d,
 And vigil, torturing scourge, and wasting fast,
 Service of abject fear, not love, inspir’d?
 O’er the dark cloister have thy tones been pealing
 From lone, high tower?
 At early matin through the long aisle stealing,
 Or vesper hour?

Lo! to a purer fane we welcome thee,
 Deep-sounding Bell!
 Of happier faith, of holier unity,
 Now shalt thou tell!

Call thou the christian to his house of prayer,
 Where solemn rites the humbled spirit lead
 In calm devotion ; call the mourner there,
 To feel the *bruis'd* is not a *broken* reed !
 Call the warm heart of gladness, to rejoice
 In cheerful praise ; call mingling souls to send
 Up to the mercy-seat united voice,
 And in one prayer with meek contrition bend.
 Lo ! to a purer fane we welcome thee,
 Deep-sounding Bell !
 Of happier faith, of holier unity,
 Now shalt thou tell !

And when *our* footsteps shall have pass'd forever
 From earth away,
 When Sabbath-bell again can wake *us* never
 To life and day,
 Long with thy sound may holy thoughts be blent,
 Sweet be its call to grateful offerings here,
 'Mid those whose lip shall praise, whose knee be bent,
 When ceas'd *our* worship in an earthly sphere !
 Others shall tread the paths that we have trod,
 Others shall bring their vows to Zion's hill,
 And at thy bidding seek this house of God,
 When low our heads are laid, our hearts are still !
 Yes ! when *our* footsteps shall have pass'd forever
 From earth away ;
 When Sabbath-bell again can wake us never
 To life and day !

FEELINGS DURING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

AH! why these anxious cares, my soul!
 As, in the summer day,
 Beneath the storm's sublime control,
 The glorious thunders round thee roll,
 And rapid lightnings play?
 Why then should aught disturb the calm
 Of solemn thought, with dread of harm?

It is not that the thunder's peal
 Is terrible to hear;
 Nor that yon opening clouds reveal
 Glories too bright, for mind to feel
 Compos'd in mortal sphere:
 Grand are these scenes: to heart and eye
 Speaking their Maker's majesty.

But when the storm is sweeping by
 In splendors and in glooms,
 And hurrying lightnings glance and fly
 In piercing radiance o'er the sky,
 A thought of terror comes:
 "Haply, *the next* bright flash may be
 A herald sent to call *for me!*"

Yet joyful, grateful could I go
 In that bright flash away,
 And spring from scenes and things below,
 And soar to being's higher glow,
 From weights of sin and clay,
 Without one pang, one tear, to leave
 The passing pleasures earth can weave,—

Could I but feel the Spirit's voice
 Deep witnessing within,
 That, far on high, where praise employs
 The soul, in saints' and angels' joys,
 My part would then begin :
 That, purified by Jesus' blood,
 My spirit should repose in God !

Oh ! were this blest assurance mine,
 My heart with joy would greet
 High in the storm, a Power Divine ;
 And, should He then my change assign,
 It could not come too fleet,
 Might I but know, were such my lot,
The sting of Death should reach me not !

Saviour ! with gently pitying ear
 O ! listen while I pray !
 Remove the bonds of death's dark fear,
 Impart the faith, serene and clear,
 That I may learn to say,
 No more in dread from whelming guilt,—
 "Come quickly, Lord ! and *as Thou wilt* !"

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING AN INTERESTING INSTANCE OF HUMANITY
TO A HORSE.

WE read who* tamed the daring
Of bold Bucephalus :
But deeds of gentler bearing
Stand not recorded thus :
These take no rank in story,
They deck no polish'd page,
Yet, in their modest glory,
Might teach a boasting age.

Oh ! it is sweetly cheering
When noiseless acts are done
Of Love and quiet goodness,
If to Life's lowliest one !
Though Hist'ry's roll of treasure
Their legends ne'er will keep,
They touch *some* hearts with pleasure,
Thankful, and warm, and deep.

* Alexander of Macedon.

Unlike to Nero's mother,*
 Or Byron's, sure was thine,
 Thou pitying human brother!
 Stranger—of heart benign!
 Sure *she* was gently loving!
 And not to thee alone;
 But with a bosom moving
 For suffering's every groan.

Oh! ye! who childhood watching,
 The heart's first impulse guide!
 An hourly influence catching
 In lessons at your side;
 Teach *ye* that law of kindness
 To all the brute oppress'd,
 Too oft, in guilty blindness
 Neglected, or repress'd.

Begin, in life's young morning:
 Untiring, watchful be:
 Chide the *first* early dawning
 Of childish cruelty:
 Respect, in Being's station,
 Each moving, living thing;
 Each right of dumb creation,
Ev'n of an insect's wing:

Then, then, no tyrant Roman,†
 Who murd'ring *flies* was found,
 Shall History's future gnomon
 Point on *your* household ground:

* Agrippina the Younger.

† Domitian.

'Then shall no human demon
 From *your* loved hearths arise,
 To ravage lands of freemen,
 To light *War's* reddening skies !



H Y M N.

WHEN I can keep my conscience clear,
 Great God ! from wilful sin,
 I shed the blissful, precious tear
 Which flows from peace within.

I lift my glowing heart on high
 Whence strength and power are given,
 And, grateful, own the victory
 Was not of *me*, but *Heaven*.

O ! might I put this armor on,
 For ever pure and bright,
 By which the saints of old have won
 In faith's celestial fight ;

Arm'd with its perfect panoply
 Of watchfulness and prayer,
 Look upward when temptation's nigh,
 And find a helper there ;

Then should my footsteps swiftly press
 Along the christian road,
 And I shall every conflict bless
 That leads me up to God.



STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.

COME, spirit of the thrilling lyre !
 Pour o'er my soul thy fresh'ning flow !
 Call from its urn the slumbering fire
 Of Mind to glow !

Wake in my heart some living stream
 Of ardent thought unknown before :
 Send from on high one piercing beam
 Of light and power !

Yet not to win a robe from fame,
 Crave I thy gifts to fall on me ;
 Or bind the wreath around my name
 Of minstrelsy.

I fain would feel that these are nought :
 That little can they bring of bliss :
 Truth's pensive lessons long have taught
 My spirit this.

One effort pure, by which it sought
 To soothe life's suffering, wake the glow
 Of sympathizing deed and thought
 For human woe ;

One impulse blest, one aim benign,
 Which taught it Truth's high cause to plead,
 And pointed, in a world divine,
 Hope's brightest meed ;

O ! it were worth the wealth of mines,
 Such holy thankfulness to buy,
 As retrospect like *this* entwines
 With death's last sigh.

Come then, thou spirit of the lyre !
 Shed thy high influence o'er my breast ;
 On purest themes may heavenly fire
 Descending, rest.

And kindle all my ardent soul
 With glowing radiance from above ;
 And pour it in a blameless scroll
 Of truth and love !

Teach my young pen its course to bend
 Through themes with Virtue's promptings fraught,
 And with its every lesson blend
 The pure in thought !

Nor let it trace one sullying line
 To cloud with pain reflection's hour :
 Nor bring one gift to fancy's shrine
 Of *wasted* power.

Thus may that lyre, tho' faint its tone,
 Tho' to its strings small sweep be given,
 Prove to this heart a hallow'd boon,
 And blest of heaven !



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

FANCY has had her day,
 And gilds my path no more :
 Yet if her brilliant ray
 Lent charms to Error's sway,
 Adieu, ye days of yore !

I would not mourn your loss,
 If better things ye leave :
 Your pathway spread with moss,
 Scenes rich in summer's gloss,—
 For these I would not grieve.

Yet, when I pause, and view
 These early beauties dead,
 I ask, what fairer hue
 Hath risen to renew
 The blooming verdure shed ?

Where earthly flowers arose,
 Luxuriant as the morn,
 Do blossoms *now* unclose
 Of heavenly growth ? like those
 Which Sharon's bowers adorn ?

Where Fancy's reign is o'er,
 Does mild Religion's sway
 Mind's temper'd powers restore,
 And lead them now to soar
 From earth—from sin away ?

Where Feeling's thrill is past
 On trifles light as air,
 Is *now* its lustre cast
 On hopes sublime and vast,
 To glow and kindle *there* ?

Where wild excursive Thought
 Aërial flights pursu'd,
 Are now its musings sought
 On themes with glory fraught,
 Calm—holy—and subdued ?

Oh ! my oft-drooping soul !
 From cares and woes of earth
 Turn, to that high control
 Which makes the wounded whole,
 Child of celestial birth !

On Him who changeth not,
 Repose thy heart's fond trust :
 Safe in *His* chosen spot,
 To Him confide thy lot,
 The Merciful ! the Just !

On uncreated might
 Let thy worn spirit rest :
 His grace shall guide its flight
 Through regions of delight,
 Pure—passionless—and blest.

On excellence divine
 Let thy high gaze be riven :
 So glorious gleams shall shine
 Of joys that may be thine,
 When safely moor'd—in heaven.

Thus, from Earth's faded flowers
 Thine eye may smiling rise
 And fix on Eden's bowers,
 On bliss of countless hours,
 The treasure of the skies.

Wake, then, to life sublime !
 Rise from th' entombing sod !
 For hopes unchanged by time,
 Joys ever in their prime,
 Fruits of perennial clime,
 Turn to the throne of God !



CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.—MATT. XXVIII. 1.

THEY came to see where that loved form was lying,
 Which they had watch'd unto the cross and death :
 Sisters, in faithful love and sorrow vying,
 Still echoed in their ear the last deep breath
 Of Him, their Saviour, when his cup to fill,
 He gave His spirit up, unto His Father's will.

They came in fearful hour : around that dwelling
 Of lonely sepulture, strange things were seen :
 The firm earth trembled : and, their steps repelling,
 One stood beside it of a seraph's mien :
 His raiment as the snow : his face like day
 When lightning o'er the clouds breaks its resplendent way.

The stone was roll'd from thence, whose strong protection
 Their anxious bosoms dreaded as they came :
 And they who kept it sat in deep dejection
 With ashy brow, and terror-shaken frame :
 The strong men shrank, the watchers bow'd in fear,
 And like the senseless dead, their pallid cheeks appear.

Then spake th' angelic guard who watch was keeping ;
 " Be not affrighted—ye who seek your Lord !
 No longer in the grave's dark portal sleeping,
 Lo ! He has risen ! faithful to His word !
 Go, and impart the joy : distrust no more :
 And soon your eyes shall see Him whom your hearts adore."

Ah ! grateful then, to tell the wondrous story
 'Mid those they left in anguish and in fear,
 Onward they hasten'd : but, behold ! the glory
 Of Him they seek surrounds them : He is here :
 Burst is the grave, and spoil'd they sting, O ! Death !
 Turning to those He lov'd, " All hail !" the Saviour saith.

Then was an hour of bliss : though scarce believing
 Their trembling sense, they knew him not for joy ;
 Till, from his own blest lips of truth, receiving
 Assurance in her glorious certainty,
 The present God their raptur'd souls confess'd,
 They saw their risen Lord, and in that pledge were blest.

ASPIRATIONS AFTER RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.

God of Truth ! whose pure direction
 Spirits turn'd to Thee, shall own ;
 Gild this hour of deep reflection
 With a radiance from Thy Throne.

Calm the heart whose anxious beating
 Turns in upraised hope to Thee ;
 From the storms of life retreating
 Thy unshaded face to see.

Show the way of Thy salvation !
 Point my hope, and fix my eye ;
 Teach my silent meditation
 All the faith that leads on high.

Lead me by the springs of gladness
 Whence Thy living waters flow ;
 And the doubts of anxious sadness
 Bid my spirit cease to know.

Bend my weak conjecturing reason
 Into silence at Thy Throne ;
 There, in Thy appointed season,
 Make Thy hopes and joys my own.

Ah ! how short is earth's probation !
 What is then, around us here,
 Worth our wish—but thy salvation ?
 Worth our seeking—but Thy fear ?

Oh ! I ask not, here before Thee,
 That this world no griefs might show :
 Or that life should journey o'er me
 Free from cloud—unting'd with woe :

No ! I ask the hope that liveth !
 Ask the mind which leads to Thee !
 Crave the faith sublime, that giveth
 Brightness to Eternity !

Then my soul shall bend adoring,
 Grateful, 'mid its raptured tears ;
 And shall own *that* radiant morning
 Overpay the mists of years !

THANKSGIVING FOR RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION.

WRITTEN A FEW MONTHS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

HAIL ! dispersing clouds of sadness !
 Hail ! thou hope of purest ray !
 Welcome ! dawn of life and gladness !
 Welcome ! beam of heavenly day !

Toiling long, thro' paths of mourning,
 All was doubtful, dark, and drear ;
 Few bright beams of faith adorning
 Gloomy ways of painful fear.

Then to Truth's own book retiring,
 Once again its page I sought ;
 Yet once more my heart inquiring,
Here, petitioned to be taught.

Guided :—that no dark misleadings
 From within—without—around,—
 Might pervert the sacred pleadings
 Of the truths on holy ground.

Blessed volume!—then it led me
 Through the paths of seeking care,
 Though the gloom that overshadowed me,
 To behold a *Saviour* there!

'Then it brought with deep impression
 To my anxious, searching view,
 One “High Priest of our Profession,”
 Him,—who taught—and suffered too!

Ah! be mine this high salvation!
 Faith in Him who died for man!
 Be it mine through life's probation
 Now *to feel* the Gospel plan.

Be it mine, in meek confiding,
 Through Him, Lord! to come to Thee!
 And, in that command abiding,
 All “His Righteousness” to see.

Fare ye well! ye poor dependings!
 Virtues, weak and frail, away!
 Never more shall your dim blendings
 Mingle with the sinner's stay.

Yes! my soul *has* bent adoring
 Grateful 'mid its raptured tears:
 And has owned *this* radiant morning
 Overpays the mists of years!

TO MY FATHER, ON HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.

MY FATHER! tho' thy birthday's coming morn
 Finds us far sever'd, shall affection breathe
 Her tribute hence for thee, and fondly wreath
 Some buds of love thy temples to adorn.
 Ah! would around thy brow, without a thorn
 My skill could bid them bloom! That wish, how vain!
 Yet well thou know'st the Hand, whence every pain
 Commission'd, comes: and, by that Hand upborne,
 Thy spirit fainteth not. Oh! o'er thy heart
 May Power Divine its strengthening mercies shed!
 Be near in all thy griefs, and still impart
 Some happier hours to cluster round thy head!
 And may it yet be mine, beneath their gentle ray,
 To cheer with filial love, thy life's declining day!

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE DIORAMIC PAINTING OF

“THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES OUT OF EGYPT.”

O FOR a few still moments, to sit down
 Amid this tracery of ages past,
 And pour my glowing soul! Unmark'd, alone,
 To breathe the rising thoughts, conceptions vast
 And new, and strange, that throng and kindle fast,
 As o'er the view, Delight, intensely, strays :
 Fearing, lest aught the radiant charm o'ercast ;
 Questioning, with its own enraptur'd gaze,
 How it hath hither come, and what it here surveys !

'Tis but a moment, and my being's date
 Was elsewhere : now a spell my sense enthalls ;
 Thy glory, Memphis ! round me : when in state
 Sat Amenophis 'neath his kingly halls :
 Where from the lofty roofs and massive walls,
 The curving marble swells in sculpture bold ;
 And incense burns, and flatt'ry prostrate falls,
 And crimson drap'ries droop in velvet fold,
 Round graceful forms of life all gorgeously enrolled.

Ye palaces! that lift your heads sublime!

Pillars, whose mighty frames gigantic rise!

Mocking the stealthy touch of treach'rous Time,

As tho' ye might survive his obsequies!

Ye temples vast! that tower in lofty guise!

Ye pyramids! that reach the upper heaven!

Saw Israel *these*, when 'neath Egyptian skies,

From out the land by Pharaoh's mandate driven,

The word—"Rise up! go forth!"* resistlessly was given?

And ye, fair obelisks! which, calm and pale,

'Mid that green foliage rise, ascending high

In spotless, mild magnificence,—all hail!

Ye loveliest forms of sculptured dignity,

Looking so meekly up into the sky

As if ye were of heaven! Though to my view

More like a fabric of Eternity

Stands the vast pyramid, a gentler hue

Of soften'd grandeur beams, pillars of light! from you.

Morning!—how gloriously the break of day

Falls over temple, obelisk, and tower!

While her swift-rolling clouds, in masses grey,

A flood of misty radiance seem to pour

Down on that far-spread throng, who, led of yore,

Still, as was Peter when the wave he trod,

O'er the wide plain in circling thousands pour;

And bend their onward course beneath the rod

Of Aaron standing high, by Him, the Man of God.

* Exodus xx. 31.

And is it all illusion? Do I gaze
 Only upon a pageant? Can it be
 That fascinated sight, unconscious strays
 Entranced, through Painting's wondrous witchery?
 And can I call me from the reverie
 Which all my glowing bosom has enshrin'd
 In deep forgetfulness, and wake, to see
 But Art's proud triumph o'er the eye and mind?
Thus shall the vision fade, whose charm was so refin'd?

I would not mar its glory.—I would deem,
 (And well shall Fancy cherish the deceit,)
 That in some favor'd hour, some fairy dream,
 I wing'd aërial way on pinions fleet
 To distant ages: to some mighty seat
 Of greatness pass'd away: where wonders new
 Gave to life's bounding pulse a quicker beat,
 Effaceless lines on Mind's bright tablet drew,
 And plac'd in Memory's book, *one* page of magic hue.

“GOD IS OUR REFUGE.”—PSALM xlvi. 6.

Yes! He is “a refuge:”—when sadness o’ercasts
 The spirit while rock’d on this world’s wintry blasts,
 Still, still to one home can the sorrowful flee,
 And lean in its weakness, Great Guardian! on *Thee*.

Yes! He is “a refuge:”—though tempests may roll
 In darkness and cloud o’er the wave-beaten soul,
 Still, turning on high, through the gloom it can see
 A calm, peaceful dwelling, Creator! in *Thee*.

Yes! He is “a refuge:”—worn, weak, and alone,
 As the heart bends in sadness o’er cares all its own,
 It feels, still belov’d may that fainting one be,
 And cared for, and guided, oh! Father! by *Thee*.

Yes! He is “a refuge:”—through life’s chequer’d day
 Thus far hath *one* pilgrim still prov’d him her stay:
 And oh! when borne over Time’s billowy sea,
 Be her refuge, Eternal Redeemer! in *Thee*!

WRITTEN AFTER SPENDING A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE

RESIDENCE OF MRS. SIGOURNEY, AT HARTFORD, CONN.

DAY'S fading, yet resplendent charm,
 The pale moon touch'd with gentler hue,
 Beneath whose softly blending calm,
 Near to a rural home I drew :
 Each clust'ring shrub which round it grew,
 Spoke to my heart of good and fair ;
 For Fancy link'd with Feeling, threw
 Brightness on all that circled there.

Beside that home, what magic power
 With secret spell delay'd my feet ?
 Was it that Genius held a dower
 Of her own gifts, in its retreat
 That made my warm pulse quicker beat ?
 Not solely *this* : I might have stood
 Unmoved, near Talent's loftiest seat
 Whose *great* ones were not of the *good*.

But there was one within that spot
 Whose page of beauty, free from stain,
 Chose for itself a holy lot,
 Brought its rich wealth to Virtue's fane :

Still uneduc'd by wand'rings vain,
 From false enchantments ever pure,
 Ne'er wove a charm, ne'er pour'd a strain
 One heart from truth and heaven to lure.

And when I knew that here *she* dwelt
 Whose distant lyre, with kindred tone,
 My bosom oft had sweetly felt
 Answering each cadence of its own ;
 So long to thought and memory known
 By grateful feeling's rising debt,
 How could I, stranger, and alone,
 Pause there, nor feel one vain regret ?

One vain regret,—the stranger's part
 Unmurmuring too, that I must share,
 And thence resignedly depart
 Nor nearer draw, nor wishful dare
 To seek that common greeting there,
 In daily life's kind sympathy
 To many given, who little care
 For Mind with Mind's all-hallowing tie.

Oh ! how I long'd to break the chain
 Of cold Formality's stern sway,
 Whose iron bands so oft restrain
 The heart upon its ardent way !
 It might not be : I could not stray
 From custom's canonized control,
 Or let my uncheck'd step betray
 The lingering impulse of my soul.

I turn'd away : yet from that bower
 To cherish, and to look upon,
Silent memorial of an hour
 As sweetly bright as swiftly flown,
 One little spray I made my own,
Unmiss'd 'mid sister flowers 'twill be ;
 Yet it has language, whose low tone
In thoughts delightful speaks to me.

Encircled now by other days
 Which life's long-beaten paths restore,
This eve to retrospection's gaze
 Seems a fled vision, seen, and o'er :
 But, when remembrance counts her lore,
Whose varied gifts my bosom thrill,
 Then, 'mid the gather'd gems of yore,
Its memory shall be lovely still.

THE PEN.

THE Pen! the Pen! oh! let its power each righteous labor aid:
 And as upon the pure white page its tracery is laid,
 Ah! ever let it trembling shrink to leave *one* image there,
 Whose shadow, *at life's closing hour*, thy spirit could not bear!

Amid the lively social scene, by gay excitement led,
 When speaking oft a wayward thing thou soon hast wished
 unsaid,

How vainly would thy lip recall the foible of an hour!
 The day once past, the bird once flown, what magic can restore? *
 But, if remorse should ache beneath a rash or guilty word,
 Which lightly flitted from the tongue when hasty impulse err'd,
 Will not its keen upbraiding thrill a sorer, sadder smart
 Should thought's delib'rate picturing one day accuse thy heart!
 Shouldst thou cast forth upon the wave of all-surrounding mind
One venture, that could lead astray the lowliest of thy kind!

The Pen! the Pen! oh! hath it not as God's creation wide,
 Scope where its labors may abound to virtue's joy and pride?

* "Who can recall the day that is past, the bird that has flown, or the word, however foolish, that has once escaped the lips."—JOHN NEWTON TO MRS. H. MORE.

It needs not seek a wilderness o'ergrown with moral ill ;
 For there are fertile fields of good which it may range at will :
 Nor asks it utt'rance light and vain of wild romance, to move
 The hearts intensely beating still to truth and nature's love.

While glows the brightness of a world by power Divine array'd,
 While smiles its varied loveliness in mingled light and shade ;
 While spreads the crimson-tinted cloud, which waves the leafy
 tree,

While voices sound from earth to air, in grateful melody ;
 While dawns the morn, while fades the eve, while beams the
 calm, still moon,

While rises the dense thunder-cloud upon a summer noon ;
 While bleed the woes of human-kind before the tortur'd eye,
 While roll the waves of guilt and sin shall fearless—wild—
 and high ;

While worshipp'd Fashion needs a check to stay its tyrant tide,
 While modest Worth lies trampled down by low ignoble Pride ;
 While gentle thoughts are comforters to all whose hearts they
 reach,

While one good word remains to speak, one lesson pure to teach ;
 So long, O Pen! thy buoyant way is blessed as 'tis free,
 Upon a glorious pilgrimage which God hath mark'd for thee.
 Then onward—onward on thy course!—with might that He
 hath giv'n,

Do what thou canst, say what thou wilt, for Virtue and for
 Heav'n !

And, like the bread of olden time upon wide waters cast,
 The scattering hand may reap its toil when many days are past !

WRITTEN AFTER A SHORT INTERVIEW WITH
MISS DOROTHEA L. DIX.

FRIEND of a woe that no plummet hath sounded !
 Friend to the bosoms mysteriously wounded !
 Fearful and awful thy mission for these,
 To woman's mild nature,—the soul's love of ease :
 Yet onward, oh sister ! God's angels stand round thee !
 Blessing the bonds with which Duty hath bound thee !
 Onward ! *thy* footsteps "a convoy attends,
 "A ministering host of invisible friends !"

Oh ! when thy Master shall call thee to Him,
 Where no heart acheth more—where no mind groweth dim,
 Who, who can tell what pure spirits may meet thee,
 Welcome thy coming, and gratefully greet thee !
 Who, who can tell the full hearts there may be,
 That, next to their Saviour, will joy to know *thee* !

GENIUS AND FEELING.

HIGH upon a mountain summit, sounding with a silver plummet
 All the dang'rous depth beneath her,—or, with fix'd and
 earnest gaze

O'er the boundless distance straying, beauty's pictured forms
 surveying

'Mid blue hills seen tall and dimly through the pale, thin
 morning haze :

Cheek all glow and step all sprightly, foot from earth's dust
 springing lightly,

Heart with quenchless fever burning for a conquest and a
 throne :

Pulse with ceaseless tension beating, eye each cloud-capt land-
 scape greeting,

“Not one torpid nerve” within her,—*Genius* stands—and
 stands alone.

Down among the moss-beds sinking, from the rough winds
 round her shrinking,

Wounded by the thorn and bramble with her fav'rite wild
 flow'rs twined :

On her pale and aching bosom wearing many a faded blossom,
 Fearing lest the harsh and prying should her little shelter
 find :

At her own wan shadow trembling, yet how well each throb
dissembling

Of that spirit's keen sensation, from the cold crowd round
her thrown :

O'er her wither'd garlands bending in the golden day's
descending,

Smiling now—and now all tearful! *Feeling* sits—and sits
alone.

Hands all torn and feet all aching, lo ! her heart is bruis'd and
breaking,

As she faintly strives to follow, as she fondly tries to share
Her proud path, who, each storm breasting, seeks on earth's
soil scarce a resting,

Finds on earth's sod scarce a welcome for what *she* would
do or dare.

One the mountain's high crag scaling, one beneath the light
blast failing,

Sisters lovely, twin, and loving ! can ye then not dwell apart ?
No : in weal, in woe, forever link'd by ties no hand may sever,
Undivided are ye clinging, hand to hand, and heart to heart.

Genius ! check each daring sally : down again in life's low
valley

Still by her, thy trembling treasure, must thou stay from
morn till even :

Still that sister's footsteps sharing, still that sister's burdens
bearing,

God hath join'd—and who may part you ? pilgrims to a
higher heaven.

Oh! how gladly—Genius! Feeling!—from this life's cold
converse stealing,

Would ye ever seek your pathway with the good—the pure
—*the few!*

Yet beyond where stars are gleaming,—in a land where bliss
is beaming,

There, if HE hath been your glory, is a world—a home—
for you.



INACTIVITY.

OH! Inactivity! thou silent foe

Of progress bright! thou softly-stealing power

Whose twinings scarce are felt, till closely riven!

Why do thy chills creep o'er the virtuous glow,

Steal from pursuit the ne'er returning hour,

And stay the spirit in Improvement's heav'n?

Come, vig'rous Purpose! Resolution! come!

Repel the soft intruder: bid the soul

Its first-felt enterings guard with firm control,

And tell the pilferer—'*here* is not thy home!'

Then may the mind in high attainment rise:

And check'd by nought, each vast exertive power,

Ascend thro' purer airs, and brighter skies,

In fair progression rising evermore!

THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

LUKE XVIII. 10-14.

UP to the temple's hallowed court,
 As bidden weekly to resort,
 Came hastening, with devotion's plea,
 The Publican and Pharisee.
 One with the chilling frown of pride
 Glanced on the brother at his side,
 (A fellow-heir of hopes above,
 An equal in the Eye of Love,)
 As though he were not meet to bring
 To the same throne his offering.

He stood apart, with lofty air
 Ev'n in the domicile of prayer :
 No humble suit had he to raise,
 No grateful vow, no holy praise ;
 No wounded heart to seek a balm
 In meek devotion's soothing calm ;
 No tear of penitence to fall
 O'er mercies given, and wasted all :—
 No ! *his* was pride's complacent voice
 In *self's* high glory to rejoice ;

Its gifts, its merits there to plead
And proudly ask for virtue's meed ;
Triumphing with exulting breast,
In treasury of worth possess'd.

But yet there was a suppliant near,
Who came to breathe in Mercy's ear,
The welcome incense of a heart
That sought a holier—better part.
There was a voice that trembling stole
Deep from an humble, contrite soul,
And only raised the ardent plea
Of helplessness and misery.
Blest was *that voice* !—it brought from heaven
The answer down, of sins forgiven !

TO THE LYRE.

O! whither hath the fleeting skill departed
Which once was mine to wake the simple lyre?
Age hath not met me yet, to chill the fire
Of ardent thought, nor cold and frozen-hearted
Have this world's cares left my yet youthful soul:
Yet can I not as once, with ready power,
The vivid wreath of thoughts and feelings twine
From changeful colors of the passing hour,
Or nature's glories, boundless, and divine:
Why com'st thou not, oh Lyre! at my control
As thou didst come to me in life's first morning?
O yet return! and let thy deeper lays
With tints of beauty Time's dark shades adorning,
Wake the sweet melody of grateful praise!

TO THE MEMORY OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

WRITTEN FOR HER MOTHER.

Go, thou little gentle one !
 Spar'd the cross, thy crown is won.
 Thou wert very sweet to me
 In thy tender infancy,
 As, within thy nurse's arm,
 (Shelt'ring fold to thee from harm,)
 Did thy meekly beaming smile
 Round us throw its pleasant wile.
 Go, thou little gentle one !
 Spar'd the cross, thy crown is won.

Asking thought would follow thee
 To thy new felicity.
 How, in angel-home enshrined,
 Lives and acts thy little mind ?
 Is an infant's joy *its own*,
 Or like *others* round the Throne ?
This we know not : but we know
 Thou art happier than below :
 Happier ? it is shadeless bliss
 Where a ransom'd spirit is.

Now, not one of childhood's ills
 Through that little bosom thrills.
 Nor can aught maturer life
 Brings the heart of fearful strife,
 Dimming grief, or aching care,—
 Evermore find entrance there.
 Oh! how sweet that perfect peace
 Which shall never—never cease!
 Oh! how blest that home of hearts
 Whence no lov'd one e'er departs!

Little gentle one!—with thee
 Where thou art, may we too be!
We have yet to pass the grave,
 Yet to cross the swelling wave;
 And we need, Almighty Power!
 Strengthening grace for dying hour.
 Grant, that not in pains of death,
 In poor nature's failing breath,
 We, at earth's last strife, may be
 Left to fall, O Lord! from Thee!

INTELLECTUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

I EVER felt that God was near
 When-e'er I took the pen ;
 I ever felt a sacred fear
 To use its benison,
 So that *one* heart might draw a thought
 From aught it dropp'd, with error fraught ;
 So lightly, or so recklessly,
 That *He* should frown as He pass'd by.

But yet in youth and health's first hour
 I sometimes wrote to please ;
 A passing fancy's scented flower
 To gather at my ease .
 On fabled Heliconian brink
 To sit, and carelessly to drink,
 Or bind a chaplet for my brow ;
 Frail blossoms ! fall'n and wither'd now.

Yet, since those gayer hours have flown,
 And drooping oft, I stand
 In nearer view of things unknown,
 Things of the spirit-land ;

Oh ! how I pant to make its power
 More conscience-guarded than before,
 To use its strength so reverently,
 That He may smile in passing by.

For Him—His word—His will—His laws,
 With fervency to speak ;
 His church's and His children's cause,
 The suffering oft, and weak :—
 O ! never may I write a line,
 Never in words one thought enshrine,
 Which *He*, approving, might not guide,
 Which bows not to *the Crucified* !



STANZAS.

“ And holy men give Scripture for the deed.”—CAMPBELL.

O GOD ! unseal my ears, unclose my eyes,
 The depth of this sad mystery to see,
 Why on earth's soil Thy trodden creature lies,
 Toiling and suffering for the proud and free
 In helpless, hopeless, hard captivity ?
 A soul, which with Immortal Being links,
 Crush'd, in its poor frame's abject misery !
 Or, happiest, happy like the worm that shrinks
 Beneath the passer's foot, and hides in earth, and sinks !

Father! Thou Just and Good!—and can it be
One heart should read Thy Gospel so amiss,
 That, of Thy holy will in mockery,

A passport from its page is ask'd for *this*?
 Blind, and in love with dark unrighteousness,
 Sophists! to God and man alike untrue

O'er whom good angels weep!—Can ye be His
 Who make His truth a lie?—Yet ev'n for you
 Perchance, the Saviour pleads,—“They know not what they
 do!”



VERSES, WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

“What! shall we run to gain the crown,
 Yet grieve to think the goal so near?
 Afraid to have our labors done,
 And finish this important war?”

DR. WATTS.

No:—not “to think the goal so near,”
 Doth feeling shrink, or sorrow grieve;
 No:—not to close life's various war,
 And its short day of labor leave:

'Tis not that earth so fair appears,
 That heaven's bright joys but dimly glow;
 'Tis not, that aught so much endears
 The fleeting hues of things below:

But 'tis that conscience looks within,
 Seeking to test her hope of heaven ;
 There roams through changing forms of sin,
 And trembling asks —“ *Are these forgiven ?*”

Are these forgiven ?—this faithless heart,
 So prone to wander from its Lord ?
 These footsteps treach'rous to depart,
 And leave the pathway of His word ?

Are these forgiv'n ?—this latent pride,
 This slothful soul—this stubborn will ?
 These sins that yet so close abide,
 So cherish'd—ev'n when hated still ?

Are these forgiv'n ?—then may my soul
 With rapture wing her upward way :
 And, joyful, spring from earth's control,
 To heaven's serene, eternal day.

Yes : she would hail the happy hour
 Which breaks the ling'ring chains of sin,
 Takes from this evil-world its power,
 And ends the feeble strife within.

Oh ! if for me thy hand, my God !
 Decree that soon this strife shall close,
 And that last dim, dark path be trod,
 Whose deep result no mortal knows ;

How shall I meet thy searching Eye?
 How stand before Thy bar, and live?
 For my one talent's poor employ
 To Thee what tribute shall I give?

What can I plead for follies past?
 For countless sins of years gone by?
 Oh! what peace-offering bring at last
 Before Thine awful Purity?

One thought alone—one hope, sustains
 My sinking soul beneath her load;
 A Saviour died! that Saviour reigns
 To plead the sinner's cause with God.

Welcome, thou latest, only hope!
 Here would my trembling spirit rest;
Here would it place its dying prop,
 Redeemer! on Thy pitying breast.

To Thee I raise my suppliant cry;
 Oh! when Thy will that hour shall bring,
 Spoil *Thou* the grave's dread victory,
 Pluck *Thou* from death its fearful sting!

THE EIGHTY FLOWERS.

[Esther Pierce, a pale consumptive-looking girl, was employed by an individual in Cheapside to embroider a silk shawl with no less than eighty silken blossoms, for the sum of *sixpence*. Famine drove her with it to the pawn-broker's.]—*London Times*, Nov. 1844.

THIS is thy justice, Britain!—
 Ah! speak no more of *us*!
 Are taunts from *you* befitting,
 Who treat your pale ones thus?
 What if no chain is lying
 Upon that thin, worn hand,—
 What if no scourge is plying
 At overseer's command,—
 How little—little better
 Than scourge—and whip—and fetter,
 To draw her tortured breath
 Thus in Toil's daily death!

Ye have no slaves,—ye tell us:—
 “No slaves?”—and who are those
 Whose tales of wrong thus swell us
 With deep indignant throes?

"No slaves," alas!—to whom
 Sweet Freedom's hourly price,
 Unceasing Labor's gloom,
 For bread—can scarce suffice?
 "No slaves?"—and what are they
 Who late and early strive,
 Yet strive thus hopelessly,
 For ways and means—*to live!*

Deep is the guilt that rests
 On us, o'er western waters
 Tow'rd Afric's sons and daughters!
 Yet, when your feeling breasts
 Mourn for our slaves of sable,
 Ah! sometimes turn the table
 And glance, 'neath *British* skies,
 On human injuries!
 For woes ye need not cater,
 For guilt ye need not roam:
 Turn, Afric's liberator
 O'er distant evils sighing:
 Turn to the wrong'd, the dying
 The famish'd hosts—*at Home!*

THE BUTTERFLY'S APPEAL.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, TO ACCOMPANY SOME BUTTERFLY PENWIPERS MADE
FOR AN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT CHRISTMAS.

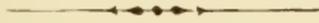
I AM not wont to flutter and play
In the bleak, cold smile of a winter's day ;
An alien I seem, in a clime so drear ;
What gentle errand has brought me here ?

I come, to bear to the heart and eye
An image of joyous liberty ;
To waken a thought of the sweet spring-time
When Nature puts forth in her promise and prime ;
When bird and insect are soaring away
In the soft light breeze, and the kindling ray ;
And each living thing rejoices to bear
Its part in a world so blessed and fair !

Oh ! thus, when my glowing and outspread wings
Bring to mind all gladsome and happy things
In the broad bright meadows and boundless woods,
In the freedom of hills, and skies, and floods,
Then think that in bonds and in sadness lying,
A human brother is hopelessly sighing

With the crushed-down soul, and the manacled limb,—
 And turn, to pity and feel for *him!*
 For him that blue heaven is scarcely bright,
 To him the spread wing is a saddening sight;
 For humbler, meaner creatures are free
 In God's wide creation,—and why not he?

Oh! if for him, to whom freedom seems
 Only as fairy-land in dreams,
 I wake one impulse, whose bidding would fain
 Unloose the fetter and break the chain,—
 'That the errand was idle ye will not say
 Which brought me here on a winter's day.



HYMN.

I WANT to feel as I shall feel
 When time has nearly run,
 And cloud-like tokens gently steal
 Over life's setting sun.

I want to feel as I shall feel
 When, from time's shelving shore,
 Spirits unseen the forms reveal
 Of things that lie before.

I want to feel as I shall feel,
 When, near God's solemn bar,
 Nor forms nor mists of earth conceal
 Truths as they truly are.

I want to feel as I shall feel
 When Heaven is very near :
 Wilt *Thou* then meet my soul's appeal ?
 Wilt Thou, my Lord ! be here ?

O ! grant *this* prayer !—howe'er till then
 My various path be cast
 As joy's or sorrow's denizen,—
 Desert me not—*at last* !



AN INQUIRY.

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God ”—PSALM xlii. 11.

AH ! whence this sadness ? Is thy path
 A waste unbles'd by flowers,
 Where howls the tempest's blighting wrath
 Round its forsaken bowers ?

No : many a plant of peaceful bloom
 That chequer'd path adorns,
 Sheds o'er thy heart its mild perfume,
 And smiles above the storms.

Ah ! whence this sadness ? Art thou here
 A sojourner alone
 Whom no kind being cares to cheer
 With soft affection's tone ?

No : those there are whose voice benign
 Still sweetly sounds for thee ;
 Whose beaming eye yet turns on thine
 In friendship's sympathy.

Whence then this dull, this mournful maze
 Which clouds thy drooping soul,
 When Heaven's kind gifts should crown with praise
 The moments as they roll ?

Ah ! deeper probe the wounded part,
 Though conscience arm her rod !
 Art thou not, wand'ring, wayward heart,
 A recreant from thy God ?

Doth there not dim thy bosom's sky,
 A dark, a fearful cloud
 Rear'd by thine own iniquity,
 Thy Father's face to shroud ?

Is it that deep conviction mourns
 The cold, the languid frame,
 And fears this feeble spirit learns
 The Christian—but *in name*?

O! then, no gifts that earth may bring,
 Thy heart's deep gloom can cheer;
 Nor waken hope's reviving spring,
 Nor dry dejection's tear.

But, feeble mourner, turn, and bend
 Where powerful aid is given:
 For comfort's balm may yet descend
 On healing wings from heaven.

Yes: fear not, humbled *there*, to plead
 Thy weakness, want, and woe:
 Help in this hour of fainting need
 His mercy may bestow.

Lord! in Thy hand is comfort's spring:
 Oh! send the kind relief!
 And this sad heart shall wake to sing
 Thy grace in deepest grief.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, SALEM, N. J.

[The old church being pulled down for the erection of a new one]

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO M. D.

WHEN last the Sabbath faded
 Beneath meek twilight's ray,
 Whose soft'ning lustre shaded
 The scenes of falling day,
 To Heaven's blue peaceful dwelling
 The village church arose,
 Its taper spire still telling
 Of worship and repose.

Through the arch'd windows glowing,
 Mild shone the astral beam,
 O'er circling foliage throwing
 A bright, but chasten'd gleam :
 While from its low roof blending
 In deep and holy lays,
 The organ's peal ascending,
 Met voices sweet, in praise.

'Tis Sabbath eve, returning !
 Ah ! gaze upon the scene !
 The altar's fire is burning,
 But not where it hath been.
 Sad ruin's hand is wreaking
 Its mournful work around ;
 Cold to the bosom speaking
 Of desecrated ground.

And what if soon appearing,
 A goodlier fane shall rise,
 More proudly, nobly rearing
 Its bulwark to the skies ?
 Can *it* from memory's tracing
 Blot out each tender thought,
 The outline lov'd effacing
 Which was—and now is not ?

Ah ! no !—though loftier, fairer
 Perchance, to casual eye,—
 It will not be the bearer
 Of thought, through years gone by :
 It will not tell the story
 This fallen fabric told,
 Of sires, and patriarchs hoary,
 Who rear'd it from the mould.

It will not lead fond feeling
 Back, back to days of yore,
 When lov'd ones here were kneeling
 Who kneel on earth no more :

It will not be the altar
 Where first that vow was given,
 Which on the lip might falter,
 Yet angels heard—in heaven.

Oh ! then, like those in story*
 Who wept, and turn'd to sigh,
 Tho' a new Temple's glory
 Arose to meet their eye ;
 That temple may we cherish,
 Yet in our hearts be nurs'd
 Ne'er, ne'er from thence to perish,—
 Remembrance of *the first* !



LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME VERY FINE POETRY.

It was not made for me. That thrilling power
 Which calls at will, from masses of rich thought
 The rainbow dies of loveliness, to pour
 Where-e'er they rest, the flood of vivid light
 That bathes the soul in poesy's own fount,—

* Ezra iii. 12.

This was not given to me. Yet I can take
 My own more simple lyre, and tune its lay
 Unlike to these indeed, yet to my ear
 Not quite discordant. 'Therefore will I love
 That simple lyre : nor murmur much nor grieve,
 That hid beneath its tones, lies not the spell
 Of deep, intenser power ; no charm to call
 The heart's warm pulses into quicker life ;
 To pale, alternate, or to flush the cheek
 Beneath its mighty sway : that round it float
 No glorious clouds of radiance, burning bright
 In hues that seem not earth's.

Yet would I ask

For this my lyre belov'd, one benison.
 That, like its "mighty masters," still attuned
 To Truth's pure accents, Virtue's holy glow,
 Its numbers may flow on: blest, if they wake
 In here and there a heart of kindred mould
 The answering sympathy, the echo touch'd
 Not unreluctant in a feeling breast.
 As from the sunset glories, when we turn,
 (Our vision aching with the bright excess,)
 To pale, calm moonlight,—tho' the radiant spell
 That flush'd the glowing firmament, is past,
 The glory has gone by, and all remains
 Unthrilling, passionless,—yet this can please,
 Can *sometimes* soothe, can calm a troubled breast,
 Can wake a gentle joy ; and some may love it ;
It too, though faint, is light that beams from Heaven.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

In former times, to church and poor we gave what we could
 spare

In quiet way : for then, you know, we had not seen *a fair* :
Now we are wiser grown ; we call Invention to our aid,
 And Duty seldom fails to please, in Fashion's garb array'd.
 We scarcely know sweet Charity ; so splendid has she grown,
 No wonder *you* mistook her form,—she would not know her
 own.

Gay sparkles as enchanted ground the bright and crowded room,
 The lively, silly speech goes round, the peals of laughter come.
 Amid the jest, the crowd, the glare, the mirthful, giddy din,
 Perchance the thought intrudes, is *this* where *christians* enter in ?
 But causeless were your rising blush of slightly-whisp'ring
 shame ;

'Twas but the Lord of Hosts to serve this people hither came.

In former times, in good old days, we lifted heart and voice,
 And in the sanctuary made our souls in God rejoice :
 It might have been in simple strains or homely music quite,
 But yet, as pious Sternhold saith, it was “ with all our might.”
 Now see a group of beaux and belles the special honor take
 To sound God's praise within his walls by proxy for our sake ;

And see a listening people sit, unworthy quite to bear
 A part in worship thus adorn'd with scientific care.
 It would offend a cultur'd taste, should *such* presume to join
 Their discords harsh in notes like these before the ear Divine.
 Oh ! give to me those good old days when in the temple blest,
 One song went up of fervent praise from people and from priest !
 And we ourselves might aid the strain, nor deem that it
 would do
 To hear rehearsals once a week by a selected few !

It once was thought that He alone who fills the height of
 heaven,
 Could read the secrets of a heart whose pulse by Him was
 given :

But *now* a creeping worm of earth can by a wond'rous spell
 Command a passive fellow-worm these hidden things to tell :
 And present be in distant space, see what it ne'er hath seen,
 Hear what it ne'er hath heard and gaze where oceans intervene :
 Right onward is the march of mind ! you sure would scarcely
 know

Such mighty things as these could be some fifty years ago ;
 Nor deem that earthly hands with power not giv'n to Aaron's
 rod,
 Could *magnetize* away, for *man*, His attributes from *God* !

In former times, in darker days, over our books we hung,
 Nor thought *that* knowledge deep which play'd "trippingly on
 the tongue."

Now see the "spruce philosopher" of twenty or sixteen
 Deeper in lore than such as these e'er thought themselves, I
 ween.

For *he* can tell the latent springs from whence your actions flow,
 And if the fiery passions burn, or gentler feelings glow :
 Or taste and science be your forte, or if your ready wit
 With ever-present repartee can each occasion fit :

Or if your thoughts be clear and bright, and you can promptly
 call

Those thoughts to come at nod and will ; or, if you've none
 at all.

Say, notes he well your acts, or words, such secrets to discern ?
 Indeed, not he !—*a touch* conveys all he would wish to learn.

You cannot hide from such a test, but, bidding pride adieu,
 Must meekly, silently believe each strange disclosure true.

But Language fails, for *that* (they say,) is somewhat “small”
 in *me*,

To justify thy wond'rous art, divine Phrenology !

I would not mar the various good that brightens modern days,
 Nor throw th' unkindly ridicule, where should be render'd
 praise :

Much, much have we to glory in, nor should we mend our track
 By treading, step by step again, a generation back :

The heart and mind may well rejoice in each advancing light
 Which makes the path of duty broad, the way of knowledge
 bright.

Yet have I wish'd the honor'd bounds of truth and sober sense
 Were more, around the march of mind a glory and defence :

And in our charities, our shows, have sometimes thought of this,
 That we, perchance, unwittingly, were “praising God amiss.”*

Forgive the well-meant satire then, nor let its harmless dart
 Awake one angry passion's wrath, nor wound one feeling heart.

THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

THE casket spread its glowing blaze
Of massive splendour to her gaze.
Commingling there in softest hue
Lay topaz fair, and sapphire blue ;
Rich garnet pour'd its crimson light,
Pale amethyst, serenely bright ;
And mildly shone the purest ray
Of clust'ring pearl's unsullied spray ;
While emerald, in deepest gleam
Blended with diamond's radiant beam,
Upon the dazzled sight to pour
A glittering pile of useless store,
Where all combined to feed the eye
And empty heart,—of vanity.

Cornelia saw : but not for her
Could these a single charm prefer :
A brighter tale *her* fancy told
Than ever spoke from gems or gold,
Of op'ning lips, and sparkling eyes,
Rich in affection's sympathies.

She turn'd, and sought the humbler dome
 Of her meek bosom's cherish'd home,
 Where stood by her maternal side
 The children of her heart's fond pride.
 Just in the bloom of op'ning youth,
 When Science plants the seed of truth ;
 When " fresh instruction " o'er the mind
 Wakes the young dawn of thought refin'd ;
 And on each trait of joyful hope
 Love fondly builds its dearest prop.

She turn'd to *her*, whose gorgeous load
 No blessing, ev'n on *self*, bostow'd :
 " *My* jewels, lady, wouldst thou see ?
 Behold them *here*, and envy me !
 The gold, the gems, be freely thine :
 What treasure canst thou boast like *mine* ? "



TO A FRIEND.

AND could Affection prompt the word
 Which so like harsh unkindness seem'd ?
 Ah ! deeply, deeply hath it err'd
 Since, loved one ! thou couldst thus have deem'd.

But yet thy heart shall know and prove
 (If still one lingering doubt there be,)
 That nought but purest, tenderest love
 E'er blent in mine with thought of thee.



TO THE MEMORY OF "A. W. M." (MISS AGNES WOODS
 MITCHELL,) OF GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE.

O THOU who late from life's last throb of care
 Hast pass'd forever! may a stranger come,
 And in the tribute of thy lov'd one, share,
 And lay a lowly offering on thy tomb?
 'Twas but thy *heart*—thy *mind*, were known to me:
 Yet I can weep with those who weep for thee.

I trace thy signature, and see my own;
 I mark thy lines of life, and they are mine;
 Less bright with heavenly beauty round them thrown,
 Less glorious *far*, with faith and hope divine:
 Yet in thy outward pilgrimage might claim
 With thee a Sister's lot—a Sister's name.

Like thine, my home was o'er the wide, far deep,
 And life's young morning bore me thence away;
 While early sorrows taught my eyes to weep,
 And suffering's lessons taught my heart to pray;

As all alone, 'neath many an adverse blast,
My little barque on time's rough surge was cast.

Like thee, I lov'd the lyre, and early caught
A gentle comfort from its soothing tone ;
And as my secret treasury of thought
Was trusted to the silent page, alone,
Sigh'd for *their* blessed path, to whom is given
The power to speak for righteousness and Heaven.

Like thine, my late and early lot hath been
To till the garden of unfolding mind ;
The intellectual glow to wake and win,
The blossoms and the sheaves to train and bind :
And pour, o'er hearts in the bright morn of youth,
The living light of wisdom and of truth.

Ah ! that like thine, thro' time's deep waves of woe,
My spirit too, might struggle on to heaven !
“ Lord ! it is well ! ” * — Father ! that even so
This aching breast may speak as joys are riven !
And learn, (how hard to learn !) that blessed part,
Submission's lesson, with a perfect heart !

Oh ! too, like thee, ere time's protracted hour
Might I from earth and conflict pass away
With peace like thine ! the same upholding Power
My spirit's guardian as it leaves its clay !
Thy God my helper in the last—last strife,
Thy Saviour—mine unto eternal life !

* See the beautiful lines from the pen of Miss Mitchell, beginning thus, and entitled “ Submission.”

SABBATH HYMN.

WHY, as returns this holy day,
 And worldly cares aside I lay,
 Mounts heavenward with no livelier wing
 My soul, that drooping, earth-bound thing?

When I would keep my tongue apart,
 Nor let my lips beguile my heart,
 Why still is treach'rous fancy found
 Alighting on unhallowed ground?

When I would bend the upward thought
 On themes with heaven and glory fraught,
 Why oft, unbidden, then intrude
 Cares, projects, plans, for earthly good?

When I would fix the roving eye,
 And guard its wand'rings watchfully,
 Why yet will slide the roving *heart*
 To trifles,—from the better part?

To Thee, O Lord of Life! I turn,
 A lesson at Thy feet to learn:
 There, humbled, may I feel and see
 My spirit's strength alone in Thee.

Aid *Thou* this sluggish soul to rise
 Anew, each Sabbath, to the skies :
 Life's cares to leave, and soar on high
 In converse with Eternity.

Keep *Thou* this faintly-shielded breast
 With Duty's stricter seal impress'd ;
 Each word, each action to control
 Which mars a Sabbath of the soul.

O ! may it bring my straying feet
 More near my Father's mercy-seat ;
 And plant them firmly in the road
 That leads to blessedness and God.

O ! may it on my spirit pour
 New strength for duty's active hour ;
 New hopes impart, new grace convey
 To guide through life's uneven way.

Then shall the week's first morning light
 More sweetly break upon my sight :
 Thus with its rising beams be given
 A day of rest indeed from heaven.

Its oft-returning dawn may prove
 The visit of a Father's love ;
 And bring me, on my heavenly way,
 The journey of a Sabbath-day.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

ON the beams of early morn
 Now another week appears ;
 While the last, in distance borne,
 Rests with my departed years :
 Time, as speeds his flight away,
 Brings again the Sabbath-day.

Grant me, Lord ! a mind prepar'd
 That may make its blessings mine ;
 Such as once of old were shar'd
 By the saints, in joys divine,
 When they hail'd, upon their way,
 The returning Sabbath-day.

While I take my weekly place
 In the house of praise and prayer ;
 May the visits of thy grace
 Sweetly prove Thy presence there ;
 Blessed, may I humbly say,
 Is to me the Sabbath-day.

Let my soul, on new-plum'd wing
 Rise to hopes and joys above ;
 And with quicken'd ardor spring
 Tow'rd the home of bliss and love :
 Cloth'd in faith's serene array
 On the holy Sabbath-day.

May I bless the gracious hand
 Which hath led me, hour by hour ;
 Own the past by wisdom plann'd,
 Trust the future—in its power :
 Mercies giv'n, anew survey
 On the precious Sabbath-day.

And, in deep and fervent prayer,
 Seek that aid, to seeking given ;
 Fainting faith and strength repair
 From the armory of heaven :
 Manna, for my future way
 Gath'ring, on the Sabbath-day.

Solemn musings then pursue
 On the hope that gilds the grave ;
 Death, compos'd and thoughtful, view,
 Aid for life's last conflict crave :
 And for dying mercies pray
 On the hallow'd Sabbath-day.

And, when days and years are past,
 Times and seasons known no more,
 Saviour ! may I share at last,
 Through the blood which Thou didst pour,
 In a house not made of clay,—
 Heaven's eternal Sabbath-day.

ISAIAH V. 4-7.

FOR thee, for thee, ungrateful land !
 What could I, that I have not done ?
 The soft south winds thy shores have fann'd,
 And morning dew, and noonday sun
 And showers of heaven, their benison
 Have each in generous tribute lent ;
 Yet recompense thou bring'st me none,
 Ungrateful land ! but mercies spent !

Ah ! vineyard of my chosen care !
 My soul is wearied out with thee :
 Since pleasant fruit thou wilt not bear,
 Deserted let thy borders be.
 Blight shall destroy each cherish'd tree,
 Briers and thorns around them grow,
 And, in thy deep adversity
 Nor rain shall fall,—nor springs shall flow.

I look'd for righteousness :—behold
 Oppression's voice, and misery's cry !
 For gratitude :—the heart is cold,
 Thankless the lip, unmov'd the eye.
 Jerusalem ! how oft would I
 Have welcom'd home thy wand'ring band :
 Yet now thy recompense draws nigh ;
 I cast thee off, ungrateful land !

A THOUGHT AT NIAGARA.

AND doth *He* care for *thee*?—This God of wonder
 Who works thus fearfully His mighty will?
 Yes! He whose voice speaks in this torrent's thunder
 'Mid its o'erwhelming strength,—is *thy God* still!

Be calm, my soul! Though thought's weak pulses falter,
 He whose blest promise time nor place can alter,
 Waits, *even here*, to come with thee apart
 In the low temple of a contrite heart.

NIAGARA—1845.



THE HOUR OF SADNESS.

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE, BEFORE DEATH HAD INVADED THE CIRCLE
 OF THE WRITER'S FRIENDS.

WHAT is the hour of saddest ill
 My soul hath known?
 That waken'd to its keenest thrill
 The heart's deep tone?

Was it the hour of anxious feeling,
 Of painful care ?
 When every moment came, revealing
 New throbbings there ?
No :—" cares have comforts :"* and amid
 Their deepest gloom,
 A balsam-spirit oft is hid
 Of radiant bloom.

Was it when sickness shed depression
 On Life's strong flame ?
 When suffering threw her pale expression
 O'er my wan frame ?
No :—these were moments, blest to me
 With purest light ;
 In spirit, still serene and free,
 In comforts, bright.

Then, has it been in deprivation
 Of Joy's clear ray,
 When storms of outward tribulation
 Clouded the day ?
No :—through *these* little mists, my soul
 Hath brightly risen,
 And felt that *they* could not control
 Her own high heaven.

But there *are* mournful, prison'd hours,
 Of mind—of motive sear,
 Of slumb'ring purpose—waning powers,
 A torpor, dull and drear.

When fetter'd seems the inward spring
 Of life, and strength, and glow,
 And the weak spirit's nerveless wing
 Is bending—faint and low !

These are the hours of saddest ill
My soul hath known ;
 And these have wak'd to keenest thrill
 Feeling's deep tone.



SALOME.

MATT. XX. 20-23.

Bow'd at the Saviour's feet, and meekly kneeling,
 A prostrate one preferr'd her earnest prayer ;
 A prayer impell'd by nature's holiest feeling,
 For 'twas a mother's soul was striving there :
 She brought those lov'd ones, her full heart's fond pride,
 And bent them with her low, as suppliants by her side.

Not for the spoils and gifts of earth she pleaded,
 Round their young brows a glowing wreath to bind ;
 But in her bosom's fervor, interceded,
 That honor from their God, their souls might find :
 That, rich in grace, and near their Lord's right hand,
 Triumphant high in heav'n, those precious ones might stand.

And did that Saviour grant her earnest pray'r ?

That earnest pray'r that seem'd so true to heaven ?

Ah ! haply touch of earth was mingling there

In the full heart, by anxious fondness riven :

Perchance with love some soft ambition blent,

Filling that fervid voice with ardor eloquent.

“ Ye know not what ye ask ! ”—then mildly came

From lips which opened but to bless and save ;

“ And can ye drink my cup of woe and shame,

And wash you in my deep, baptismal wave ?

And can ye make that cup indeed your own,

And through that parted wave, *your* footsteps follow on ?

“ As for my cup, ye shall indeed partake it ;

As for my baptism, ye its depths shall prove :

But 'tis not mine your heritage to make it

In *that* distinction ye have ask'd above :

'Tis His alone to give, who sits on high,

Filling with counsels vast, His own Eternity.

“ Would ye be great where all is pure and holy ?

Ah ! seek not, ev'n in heav'n, a lofty spot :

Learn from my word of truth, all meek and lowly,

To serve your God, tho' meed of praise were not.

And in that world of light, around His Throne,

The lowliest of His saints perfected bliss shall own.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MISS JEWSBURY'S "LETTERS TO THE YOUNG," AFTER READING A NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR.

I would not win thee back to earth,
 O soul of purest, loveliest mould ;
 Nor wish the dwelling of thy birth
 Again within an earthly fold :
 And yet to know that heart is cold,
 Which through these pages spoke to mine,
 Wakes thoughts of sadness uncontroll'd,
 And feelings that would nigh repine.

That heart is cold?—Ah *no!*—above,
 Far, far, where strikes the seraph's lyre,
 It glows with more than mortal love,
 And thrills with more than mortal fire :
 High ranging thro' th' angelic choir
 To praise, and joy, its powers are giv'n :
 But who, till time and death expire,
 Can tell its bliss?—*safe—safe in heaven?*

I joy for thee : that now no more
 Enfeebling sin can cloud thy soul ;
 Or earthly sorrow's dimming power
 Devotion's sacred flights control :

That lights and shades which haply stole
Across thy mental path below,

Have pass'd away ; and thought can roll
In ceaseless transport's holy glow !

But *we* have lost thee : nor again

Our eyes may trace instruction's line
In lovely impress from thy pen,

Teaching the soul of truths divine :

With words of sweetness all benign
Guiding the christian pilgrim on,

And bidding the young heart resign
Its idols to the Holy One.

Yet oh ! 'tis sweet to turn this page

Of christian love's pure offering,
And think, should aught thy soul engage

Perchance, of earthly thought or thing
From where thou roam'st on angel wing,

If to these leaves one glance be given,

Thou would'st not mark a line, to bring
One sorrowing retrospect from heaven.

I cannot tread where thou hast trod,

And bless, and charm, and teach, like thee ;
Plac'd on the altar of our God,

Far lowlier tribute mine must be :

But yet, where angels bow the knee,
In one sweet song our praise may blend ;

And, in that bright Eternity,
My soul may know thee as a friend !

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF JANE TAYLOR,
AUTHORESS OF "DISPLAY," "ORIGINAL POEMS," ETC.

It was not thine to wake the lyre
Of deepest, loftiest tone :
It was not thine with thrilling fire
Of Mind and Genius to aspire
To Fame's precarious throne :
And yet more dear than these to me,
Would be the laurels earned by thee.

For from thy pure and hallow'd leaves
Comes forth a voice of love,
Of *holy* love, which ne'er deceives,
Of steadfast faith, which still believes,
And points to things above :
It calls on those around, to come,
And seek with thee, in heaven, a home.

When too, I mark thee as thou wert
In Friendship's social sphere,
I seem to meet a kindred heart
To which my own would fain impart
Each feeling, joy, or tear :
I feel my soul with thine would blend,
And could have loved thee as its friend.

And while I trace thy *mental* scene,
 So touchingly portrayed,
 Sorrows, from earth thy soul that wean,
 Bright hopes of heaven, with clouds between,
 Alternate light and shade ;
 I seem to view where *I* have trod
 Along my own weak path to God.

That path to thee is past ; and now
 Each anxious doubt is o'er ;
 No sorrow clouds thy peaceful brow,
 While, moor'd in heavenly safety, thou
 Dost gratefully adore :
 An angel's glowing harp is thine,
 And friendships, deathless, and divine.

Yet the sweet fragrance of thy name
 Long, long below shall dwell ;
 And still its mild persuasive claim
 Shall many a youthful heart's best aim
 To life and love impel :
 Yes, from the dead thy voice is heard
 Aiding the kingdom of thy Lord.

Oh ! were on me the mantle thrown
 Which to thy soul was given,
 How would I make thy path my own,
 And plead, with deep, resistless tone,
 The cause of Truth and Heaven !
 That, e'en like thine, my feebler breath
 Might speak in life, and warn from death !

For me an humbler road is cast
 Through time's obscurity ;
 Yet I can share *thy home* at last ;
 And when the storms of earth are past,
 O ! may I find in thee
 'Through our Redeemer's precious love,
 A sister in the world above.



THE GUIDES OF LIFE.

WRITTEN AT SIXTEEN.

FEELING ! sweet Feeling ! o'er the bosom's sphere
 How bright, how warm, thy soft perceptions glow !
 Wake the blest thrill of virtue's swelling tear,
 Bid the fine springs of sweet sensation flow,
 And tint, with hues and sympathies more dear,
 Each source of joy refin'd our spirits know.

But, lofty *Principle* ! on *thee* the soul
 Builds her sublime foundation : *thou* canst rise
 With purer, with more glorious energies,
 And guide the heart beneath thy high control :
 Firm through Life's shifting scenes of changeful guise,
 Still bend it on, where *Duty* points its goal !

Join, heavenly twain ! let *one* direct our way,
 The *other* light each scene with her illuming ray !

WRITTEN AFTER READING CARLETON'S TALE OF

“THE CLARIONET;” A STORY OF A BLIND COUPLE.

How oft the tear-drops stealing
 Found quietly their way,
 As that pure page of feeling
 Outspread before me lay !
 It seem'd, while unrepressing
 Their gentle, peaceful flow,
Almost a lot of blessing
 Was yours of love and woe !

Oh ! children of deep sorrow !
 My soul's full fount has gush'd,
 Yearning from yours to borrow
 Lessons of faith and trust :
 The child-like, meek endurance,
 The anchor fix'd above,
 The calm and sweet assurance
 Which breathes in “ God is Love !”

Ye found Him such : and leaning
 On His kind father-hand,
 The ears of comfort gleaning
 That fell at His command ;

What deeper, richer treasure
 Than wealth or power e'er knew,
 Have they, in countless measure,
 Who live—and love,—like you!



CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED.

WHAT is there, for a heart that has been crush'd?
 That, by one sorrow, has seen life's spell broken?
 Whose fond, fond visions the dark grave hath hush'd,
 Whose buried hopes lie silent now—unspoken?

There is one refuge: it may seek that God
 Who gave, who took, in His mysterious will;
 And, leaning on His staff, kiss too His rod,
 Tho' the poor heart must ache with anguish still.

There is one solace; it with those may feel
 Who, like itself, are wounded, faint, and torn;
 May sorrow for the griefs it cannot heal,
 May give at least *its tear*, to all that mourn.

Life hath no balsam for a heart thus riven,
 Save to love all below—and lean, in faith, on Heaven!

“MY HEART WITHIN ME WAS DESOLATE.”

It was an awful hour,
 Fearful to mem'ry yet,
 Whose conflict deep, whose crushing power
 Ne'er can my soul forget.

I pray'd that I might lie
 Soon, 'neath the sod so lowly ;
 And yet I could not—did not die,
 Blessed be God most holy !

He whisper'd life was dear
 To those who live for Him :
 That it were not to such, *all* drear,
 Nor *all* its beauty, dim.

I look'd around : oh how
 Could I an offering find ?
 Nor wealth, nor strength, was mine to vow,
 Nor mighty power of mind.

I took the pen : *that* pen
 I had thought laid forever,
 Since *one* dear voice, of it again
 Could speak in kindness,—never.

And might *it* work for heaven ?
 Might it accepted be ?
 This little pledge ? might *it* be given,
 In off'ring, Lord, to Thee ?

For Thee, oh ! may it speak ?
 For Thine, oh ! may it plead ?
 Then, sorrowing one, though bruised and weak,
 Thou'rt not a *broken* reed.

If thou mayst wake one strain
 Thy God to glorify,
 Call one sad heart, from earth's deep pain
 To lift an upward eye ;

Plead for a brother's wrong,
 Speak for a sister's sorrow,—
This gently shall thy life prolong
 Till that bright coming morrow

When child and parent meet,
 And, ne'er again to sever,
 Spirits made pure ! in union sweet
 Walk—side by side—forever.



“MY STRENGTH IS MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.”

Yes, the chain'd soul, that ne'er has dar'd to rise,
 Ne'er stretch'd to excellence its nerveless wing,
May rest content with earth's poor trumperies,
 Nor frame a wish beyond their tinsel ring.

But oh ! the heart, that once aloft has risen
 To high aspirings, hopes of purest die,
 That, in its aims, has view'd an opening heaven
 Before its gaze in glowing prospect lie ;
 When *it* on slacken'd wing, again sinks down
 All faint and feeble, falt'ring on its road,
 Where shall *it* seek for sojace ?—sad and lone,
 Can life's light trifles ease *that* bosom-load ?
 Lo ! it has fed with angels ! can it form
 Its banquet on the manna of the worm ?

No ! but a Father's love is ever near
 To guide the weeping wand'rer's homeward way ;
He—He has seen each conflict, cloud—and fear,
 And *He* will lead the feet that feebly stray.
 Ah ! fainting pilgrim ! trust a Parent-God !
 He yet will own the recreant, and will bless ;
 Had no depressions mark'd thy spirit's road,
 Thou might'st have sought a Heavenly Helper, less.
 O ! let them teach thee, where to lift thine eye ;
 Where, an entreating suppliant, to bend ;
 Then from the veil of low humility,
 To Faith's high ground thou may'st at length ascend.
 Yes ! there is refuge left !—and there shall be
 Joy in a Father's household yet—for thee !

THE PLEASURES OF OUR DAILY PATHS.

IT is the mind that makes the charm

Of novelty or quiet :

It is the mind can ever form

Its own sustaining diet.

The stillness of the stillest home

May keep full bright thought's sparkling foam ;

For 'tis not they who oft'nest roam,

That are the richest by it.

The sunlight on a common scene

Its golden tissue throwing,

The simplest shrub of modest green

In home's small garden growing,—

Will, for its true observer, spread

A feast of pleasures, that were shed

Not on the vacant heart, or head,

From earth's whole gorgeous glowing.

Some might on vast Niagara gaze

In its bright summer glory,

Or mark where sunset's varying rays

Flush up the Alp, all hoary,—

Or pierce wild caverns, deep and rude,

Or stand where vent'rous Saussure stood,

Nor feel one throb of quicker blood,

Than at some fireside story.

The tow-path of Life's hourly way
 To thoughtful minds is shining
 With gems of quickly shifting ray
 Their many lights combining,
 With gentle pictures from about,
 With stars for ever shining out,
 That rarely might be seen, I doubt,
 Where empty ones are pining.

O! ever keep an open eye
 To beauty and to gladness ;
 To all the joys which near thee lie,
 'Mid many things of sadness !
 Look round ! on this fair world of ours,
 With briers pierc'd, yet strew'd with flowers :
 And, if unblest pass by thy hours,
 Thine, folly is,—or madness.



HEBREWS XII. 1—2.

CHRISTIANS ! rise from torpor's sleep !
 Rise to ponder ! wake to weep !
 Yes ! to weep, that on your way
 Faith should shed so faint a ray !

See ! the witnesses around
 Watch the gospel-cultur'd ground :
 Mourn they not a heav'n-blest soil
 Till'd with slow neglectful toil ?

Leave the past! uprise anew!
 Heaven will yield its living dew;
 Brighter ev'ry grace will beam,
 Ev'ry gift more freely stream.

Farther, deeper pierce the veil
 Of your heart's too mournful tale!
 Lowly, lowlier bend in pray'r,
 Owing all its coldness there!

Oh! the world, with keen survey,
Joys to mark *your* feeble way;
Triumphs o'er your low desires,
 And your spirits' drooping fires.

Then let pray'r more fervent be,
 Deeper, mental scrutiny!
 Rise, on pinions not your own,
 And abide beneath the Throne!

Yes—with warmer, purer love,
 Let your souls ascend above!
 Yes—in bonds more close—more dear,
 Be those souls united here!

Yet, when inward still you turn,
 Still must sadden'd feeling mourn;
 Still must sorrow deepen'd be,
 All your languid love to see.

'Then, more freely cast away
 All but one,—the sinner's stay!
 Lean with humbler, firmer claim,
 On the lov'd Redeemer's name!

Bending low in heav'n-ward prayer,
 Plead an Intercessor there ;
 And your glad salvation own
 Of, and through, the Cross alone !

Onward, onward, press your way
 To the shores of endless day !
 Faint not, ere the race be run !
 Rest not, till the prize is won !



H Y M N,

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, TO BE SUNG AT AN ANNIVERSARY OF SABBATH
 SCHOOL CHILDREN.

LORD ! to our little round of years,
 Another thou hast given ;
 And still Thy constant kindness cheers
 And blesses us, from heaven.

Through ceaseless mercies, let us trace
 Our Father's guardian care ;
 And pour our infant hearts in praise,
 And breathe their wants in prayer.

In prayer : for grace to guide our will,
 And teach us from above :
 In praise : for Thou art waiting still
 To bless us with thy love.

Jesus ! Thy voice may we discern ;
 Thy gracious calls obey ;
 And early choose, and grateful learn
 The Life—the Truth—the Way.

TO —, AND —.

It were not meet for languor to enchain
 My drooping muse, and leave her useless lyre
 Silent and sad, while Friendship should inspire
 The voice of pleas'd affection. Can its strain
 Delight your ear, lov'd sisters? and remain
 Unwaken'd still? My little all receive,
 A pale young blossom; haply it may live
 Beneath your smile. Oh! may the untold reign
 Of coming years, still find our friendship true!
 On Mind's foundation built, its truth survive
 Time's flitting changes, and our pathway strew
 With many a thornless rose!—So, when arrive
 Life's latter days, our hearts may view it giv'n
 As one of Earth's few sweets, that help'd to lead to heaven.



THE POET.

THOUGHTS which the full heart longs to speak,
 Thoughts for which words are all too weak,
 Burn in his bosom, flush his cheek,
 And can he shroud them silently?
 No: bursting from their narrow tomb,
 Not bright, like butterfly in bloom,
 Yet joyous as its wings, they come,
 And long to mount as buoyantly.

He feels as if he fain would dare
 To fling them on the wafting air :
 Perchance an answering breast may share
 Some thought in all its fervency :
 Hope says that thought will sure find one
 Whose heart-pulse, in according tone
 Shall swell responsive to his own,
 'Mid Life's surrounding apathy.

Forth goes his little timid sail
 To try the kind or adverse gale ;
 To mark if one, on ocean, hail
 And greet it, pleas'd and lovingly :
 Doth one salute it as a friend,
 One brow a smile of gladness lend,
 One gentle pennon's white form bend,
 And welcome it approvingly ?

He knows not!—it is hidden all
 If one eye brighten, one tear fall,
 One spirit meet *his* spirit's call,
 And bear its trembling venture through :
 That trembling venture goes afloat,—
 Who—who will love the songster's note,
 Who kindly bless the heart that wrote ?
 And Echo coldly answers—“ Who ?”

