

# MYRTLE LEAVES,

A

BOOK

PECULIARLY ADAPTED

TO THE

## TIMES.

BY

REV. A. V. MANCUM.

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SECOND EDITION.

(Revised and Enlarged.)

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# MYRTLE LEAVES ;

OR

## TOKENS AT THE TOMB.

BY

REV. ADOLPHUS W MANGUM.

*Property of The heirs of  
Thomas Slade*

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RALEIGH, N. C.

BRANSON & FARRAR,

FAYETTEVILLE STREET.

1864.

"We have noticed the custom as prevalent among the Eastern nations of visiting the tombs of their deceased friends. \* \* \* At the foot of each grave was enclosed a sprig of Myrtle, regularly watered every day by the mourning friend who visited it. \* \* \* We did not observe a single grave to which this token of respect and sorrow was not attached."

BUCKINGHAM.

*in a small well to the right of the tomb*  
*of the Emperor*

Comp  
#312  
C.2

Tz. R.

~~810.8~~

AA 27.7

TO ALL  
THE AFFLICTED AND BEREAVED  
THESE PAGES  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED,  
BY THE AUTHOR.

1900 38





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## PREFACE.

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THE first edition of *Myrtle Leaves* is exhausted. I do not regret its publication, for it met with a generous welcome, and I have many reasons to believe that it has accomplished good. In preparing the second edition I have carefully reviewed the first, and added much which, it is hoped, will render the work more successful in its mission of sympathy and consolation. With humble confidence it is committed to the care of Him who "doeth all things well."



## Memory.

Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with misty glare;  
Time but th' impression deeper makes  
As streams their channels deeper wear." BUANS

There are few tombs without tears—few without the incense of sacred memories and griefs. To love and hallow the resting place of the loved and lost, is common to mankind. It is said some unknown hand gathered flowers and strewed them even upon the cursed and friendless grave of Nero. The North American Indians, notwithstanding their ignorance and barbarism, so revered the tombs of their people that they would never pass them without scattering dust upon them as a token of respect and memory, and future generations were known to return and visit the rude and silent burial grounds of their fathers. There the maidens threw their offerings of beads and flowers, and the stalwart warrior of the forest bowed and worshipped his God.—Even the uncivilized Africans follow this ray of light which beams from the universal heart, and assembling around the grave, chant a dismal, wailing dirge to the departed. In the distant past, the Medes, and Persians, and Greeks, all practiced the beautiful custom of casting flowers and evergreens in the open vault; and they handed down the example of planting the MYRTLE over the cherished fallen as a token of undying remembrance and affection. The history of the world proves that

the more enlightened and pious a people are, the more striking and affecting the evidences of this universal principle. We, dear reader, remember, aye, and we yet fervently love our dear departed. We look still with a strange interest on the objects that are associated with our recollections of them. We regard with sad tenderness the flowers they nursed, the trees they planted, the paths they trod, the garments they wore, the chairs they occupied, the books they read, the songs they sang, the pleasures they once enjoyed, the kind friends they loved; yes, and præeminently, the ruthless graves which they now fill. It is so; it is our nature that it should be so. There are many occasions when it might be said: "It is *manly* to be heart-broken here." Hearts will remember—will sorrow. But they need not remember and sorrow in vain. Memory may change to hope, and tears may brighten and nurture that hope as it matures. Have you a grief which earth cannot allay? Have you felt the heart-strings breaking as you gave up some fond friend or relative to the dark, cold sepulchre? Then come and commune with me. What is the best alleviation of your grief—what the noblest use to make of your afflictions? Whenever you remember that dear one, remember that you too must die. Then as the soul shudders, think of the glorious provision made by Mercy, to enable you to live forever, although you must pass through the tomb. Follow this thought with the sacred resolve that becomes a being of reason, self-love, and immortality, and spring to the open arms of the Father of Life and Consolation, begging and receiving salvation and solace through the merits of His



Son. Believe the voice of all experience, there is peace and hope for you in those arms—there is none elsewhere in all this universe. Faith in the Son of Mary is the great *specific* of Infinite Wisdom and Love, for the wounds of the human heart. Other means of relief might be recommended, but their effects are only partial and transitory. There are none *real and effectual*, save those which look to the abundant satisfaction which God has promised to those who love and serve Him. Possessed of that faith, you may view affliction and the grave with an honest eye, clothe them with all the power and terror which they may justly claim, and you will discover that over all their darkness there is a covering of sunshine, and on the dreary mound the hand of heaven has planted the beautiful heart's-ease—the cheering amaranth—teaching the weeping heart of a land where the flowers of love and rapture bloom without fading, and the Sun of glory shines with increasing radiance forever.

But how may you embrace that “faith,” and secure that peace and comfort, and hope of the Christian? You must abandon *all your sins*, and resolve to do the will of your Heavenly Father, commencing this very moment. But this is not enough. Past sins must be forgiven, and the heart must be changed and made new. How shall this be accomplished? Momentous question! God says He will do it, if you will ask Him in the name and through the merits of His Son, who died to purchase these blessings. Do you believe this? Then continue to believe, and lift up the heart in supplication, and the ever-glorious work is done. All your

reliance must be in the promise the Father has made, for the sake of His Son, that "*whatsoever you ask in His name, believe that you receive it and you shall have it.*" With such reliance you shall be conscious of a happy change and feel the gentle peace and holy love of the Saviour breathing through the soul. Then you will realize that "all is well," though the shadows of death gather gloomily in your once sunny home. In the long days and nights of your loneliness, you will feel the soothing influence of a precious spirit-presence, and seem to hear the voice of your Redeemer as he whispers tenderly to your soul, "*I will not—I will not leave thee; I will never—NEVER—NEVER forsake thee.*" Oh, what an immensity of satisfaction in that priceless assurance!



# A Sermon,

ON THE DEATH OF

JAMES W. HARRISS.

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“And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David, his father, and inclined neither to the right hand nor to the left. For in the eighth year of his reign, while he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David, his father.”—II Chron. xxxiv. 2, 3.

This text is an epitome of the life of Josiah, who was one of the most excellent kings of Israel. It was said of him, “David was a greater, but not a better man.” He began to seek the Lord in the sixteenth year of his age, and became so zealous and devoted as a servant of God, that he overthrew the idolatry of his people, and re-established among them the worship of the only true God.

We may use the same eloquent words of the text, almost without change, to describe the life and character of him around whose bier we meet to-day, to mingle our sad, but hopeful tears. When applied to him, they suggest the idea that “THE MAIN PURPOSES OF LIFE ARE ACCOMPLISHED FULLY BY THOSE ALONE WHO ARE EARLY AND PERSISTENTLY PIOUS.”

Let us then proceed to consider life's leading objects, and to ascertain by whom they are fulfilled.

One of these objects, is *the enjoyment of this life*. Man loves peace and pleasure. It is his constant desire and aim to shun trouble and be happy. In this, he is plainly approved by his heavenly Father. God never designed man's misery. He has put forth his mighty energies to make him blessed. Human instincts all look to the avoiding of evil, and the embracing of good. The various endowments of body and mind, and the vast resources in nature, to which they are directed and adapted, unite in declaring the same gracious purpose. It is unmistakeably revealed also in the volume of Inspiration.

Who then enjoys this life most and best? Not the wicked; for the Bible teaches that "the way of the transgressor is *hard*," and that "there is no *peace* to the wicked." Reason and experience teach the same. Guilt is misery. The German poet says,

"Of all earthly ills, the chief is guilt."

The usual attendant of guilt is a bad conscience, and that always afflicts the soul with painful disquietude and dread.

"There smiles no paradise on earth so fair  
But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there."

The sinner may resolve and strive to forget his condition, to stultify his conscience, and to drown the troubles of his uneasy heart in wicked indulgences; but it will be like the forgetfulness of a victim of a fell disease, giving neither remedy nor safety; and whenever he looks within him, he will find and feel that his peace is not genuine or reliable. In the degree that a man commits vile and wicked acts, he often loses his self-respect, and self-respect is indispensable to real enjoyment.

Sinful habits are fruitful sources of suffering and misfortune. Ungodly conduct frequently changes a cherished pleasure into a fountain of bitterness. It sometimes saps the foundations of all hope and happiness, and makes life, while in its spring time, a cheerless desolation—a miserable ruin. It has driven many a poor heart to seek relief from the burden of woe, and the fiery sting of remorse in the terrible death of the suicide.

How is it with the Christian? The Scriptures declare that “godliness is profitable unto all things, having the *promise of the life that now is*,” and that “all things work together for *good* to them that love God.” This latter verse is one of the great oracles of Heaven, whence christians receive responses that calm their hearts’ commotions, and give them contentment in the hours of terror and gloom. It is only one specimen of the manifold privileges and treasures of the child of God. As a grand foundation, he feels that he is safe. Broad as the infinitude of God’s power and mercy, is the ground of his trust. He has vouchsafed unto him a precious peace of mind which nestles unruffled in his reposing soul, despite the powers of change, the frowns of fortune, and the fierce clamorings of sin. While he is faithful, he can ever say with good old Melancthon, “a good conscience is my paradise.” He takes life’s blessings with a careful hand, and then sweetens them with his heartfelt gratitude. Everything that is in the world seems richer and sweeter and dearer to him, because he loves God, and knows that God loves him. He suffers no undue solicitude about the future, for, as he looks before him, he beholds a golden promise on the



bosom of to-morrow. He has so much hope to cheer him, based upon those sure promises, that he cannot be found without abundant cause for gratitude to his kind Father. And then he is ever tasting the sweet waters of anticipation, for he knows that after a while, his hope will ripen into Heaven.

Hence, the longer one lives here without a saving trust in the Saviour, the more evil he encounters, and the more enjoyment he loses. He alone realizes the blessings which Infinite Wisdom designs that this world should afford, who becomes pious while he is "yet young," and lives in obedience to the gracious commandments of the Lord.

Another great object of life is to *minister to the welfare and enjoyment of our fellow beings*. This is clearly indicated by the existence of the great laws of influence, by the tender ties of relationship, and by all those noble sensibilities of our nature which turn to sympathy at the sight of sorrow, and prompt us to rejoice over the success and happiness of those we love. The Truth of God represents this as one of the main features in the objects of life.

We there learn that if we are jealous for God's glory, we should have regard to man's happiness. Now, surely no one will contend that sinfulness conduces to the fulfilment of this object. Does a wicked man make his friends happy? Do his sins bring peace and joy to the hearts that cherish him? Only think of the uneasiness and affliction which have been produced by a single reckless, dissipated youth! The blush of shame often tinges the cheek of the innocent, as a father, or brother,

or husband, or son takes the name of God in vain in the presence of those who frown and shudder at profanity. Go with me in fancy to the home of the youth who has fallen a victim to intemperance. He has been absent too long, and the hearts, the loving hearts are filled with anxious fears. They speak kindly of him still; they cannot speak otherwise than kindly, for after all his recklessness, nature prompts them to love him. The more they cherish him, the more they suffer on his account. At length his uneven step is heard, and turning to the door they see him stagger over the threshold. The dear old mother's face turns pale with grief, for she is looking on the dying hope and promise of her child. Those are hot tears that she is shedding, and there is agony in those trembling limbs. Ah! her heart is too good and kind to be struggling so! And the father is unhappy too. He is pierced to the heart to see his once noble and hopeful boy, a wretched drunkard. His manly bosom quivers with alternate grief and resentment. The scene is finished by a sweet sister clinging with weeping love to her brother, and striving to redeem him by shedding around him a spell of tenderness almost as sacred as the incense of Heaven. There is deep gloom in that household, and well there may be, for it is shrouded by a dismal and darkening curse. Young man! beware! To the extent that you are wicked you will bring evil and misery to fond and trusting hearts. Sin makes its votaries unpleasant, repulsive and troublesome. An idle, wayward, swearing, drinking, gambling son, makes sunshine darkness, and pleasure pain.

How different the influence of the pious youth! His presence is the delight of his home. All are the more happy when he is with them, dispensing the sweetest kindness, and the holy charms of love. His company is always pleasant, and he cheers and gladdens every circle that he enters. He speaks the words of wisdom and encouragement. He scatters the gifts of a generous sympathy. His actions are noble and enchainning, however humble his sphere, and tell upon the welfare of all who follow his example. He contributes as liberally as he can to useful and charitable causes. He is taught by his religion to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the afflicted, minister to the unfortunate, and visit the fatherless and the widow. In brief, to the degree that he is faithful, he devotes his time, talents, possessions, influence, everything, in a high sense, to the alleviation of want and distress, and the enhancement of human weal.

It is a still higher object of life *to improve the spiritual condition of others*—to lead them to the enjoyment of religion in this life, and to preparation for the eternal world.

There is no difficulty in deciding which is the character that meets this great end. It is certainly not the ungodly man. The whole weight of his example tends to keep people from being religious. Though he be comparatively moral, his life is all the time pleading against heartfelt piety. He is apt to injure most those who respect and admire him most. His respectability and popularity often give dreadful potency to the influence of his irreligious practices. The stupendous



realities involved in influence, are not appreciated. While it is sure that every man receives enough of God's grace to leave him without excuse, if he fail to be religious, it is equally certain that God invests us with powers with which we may bless or injure others to a most startling degree. By withholding good and inculcating evil by precept and example, a man may become verily guilty of the sins of another, as though he committed them himself; and he may incur the condemnation of Heaven for all the injury which is occasioned in the lives of others by *his* rebellious and degraded life. This being true, let every mind consider the awful amount of evil for which one man may become responsible. Take for example one who indulges in intoxicating beverages, and encourages others to do so. He in all probability causes his friends and associates to become more or less dissipated—these exert the same baneful influence on others, and thus the revolting vice goes on, spreading as a dire contagion, while years on years expire. He who by any means willfully prevents one soul from embracing religion, may thereby become the guilty destroyer of unnumbered precious souls. Such a man may afterwards become pious, and bewail the sad injury which he has inflicted on the hearts and homes of those that were dear to him, but no tears can then check or cancel what has been done. He finds that he has injured some hearts that have ceased their beating, and others that are bound in hopeless servitude to the prince of darkness. Remember, you cannot entirely recall influence once exerted. You may as well go to the oak that the lightning has shivered, and seek by your tears to replace

the splintered boughs, and clothe them in green foliage again. You may as well stand in the drear garden that the frost has blighted, and call to the withered flowers to bloom in freshness, and the decayed fruitage, to put on its blushes and delight the eye again. You may as well pray to "yesterday" to return and be as though it had never been. You may as well stand by the grave and talk to the dust that moulders in its bosom. The past is past forever. Its deeds are done forever. Its examples are immortal. It is vain to dream of arresting the march of its influences. Hence, he who lives in sin, be his practices what they may, is guilty of turning loose among mankind demons of evil which shall stalk forth, multiplying their numbers, propagating sorrow and suffering, and destroying forever immortal souls for which Jesus died. In this, the sinner is like a man who walks through a prairie with a great torch in his hand. Here and there he kindles fires just to see the blaze dance through the high grass, regardless of the sweet homes that are around him, and the many travellers whose lives he endangers. The wind takes up the flame and wafts it swiftly away. He journeys on, and may not learn again the career of those fires, but that does not temper their fury. Property is burned—homes are consumed—sweet fields are desolated—lives are destroyed—hearts are broken—innocence suffers—and orphans sorrow in their far-off homes. Such is but a faint illustration of the character and consequences of a sinner's pilgrimage through the fields of life. May God have mercy on the man who will do so much harm!

How differently the christian makes his impress! His life is a blessing to others. God gives him vast en-

couragement to pray, promising that his prayers shall be heard and answered in mercy. Even when far separated from his friends, he can interest kind Heaven for them, and thus minister to their spiritual wants. By gentle reproof, tender entreaty, kindly sympathy, cheering encouragement, and faithful counsel, he may almost constantly be doing good. He uses the means of helping others to be righteous, which God has designated, and which experience has signally distinguished for centuries. He has the inspiring assurance, that "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper"—that in due season he shall reap if he faint not in well-doing; that he shall reap what he soweth, and that if he goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, he shall doubtless return again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. If it were necessary, numerous instances of the glorious fulfillment of these promises could be given. Many an humble christian has put a good cause in operation which is now extending, and shall roll on like an increasing current, till it bears to glory an immortal million.

But the all-absorbing object of life is TO PREPARE FOR ETERNITY. To die is a necessity. To be judged by the Lord is a necessity. To exist forever in misery or glory is a stupendous necessity. He who dies without faith in the Saviour, falls under a sentence of death that knows no modification or repeal forever. And oh, the nature of that *death*! The mind revolts at the first thought of it. Yet, may it be your doom, youthful sinner. Early and perpetual piety is the only safeguard against it. There is real danger that you may die



young. If you be not a christian, then all the chances of early death are dangers of early and eternal destruction. If no one had ever died young, then would your confidence and fearlessness be somewhat more excusable. But you are warned by unnumbered instances of death in youth and early manhood. If the continuance of life even to old age were a certainty, still would it be terribly hazardous to defer your return to God. If you refuse redeeming mercy now, that refusing will soon become a confirmed habit, which it will be difficult to overcome. It will be strengthened continually, not only by its own repetition, but by the concurrent force of other sinful habits. Conscience, like a slighted and buffeted friend, will grow more and more silent, and may at last be so maltreated as to fall into a fatal stupor. The tree which, when young, was swayed by the zephyr, grows so strong, that the storm scarcely shakes it. The branches that swung to and fro in the summer gale while they caught the full wind, stand almost motionless in the tempest after their leaves are fallen. Sensibility diminishes like the warm vigor of youth, and it is a most lamentable fortune to learn, by experience, that "the want of feeling is the worst of all feeling." To think of living for bright long years in the constant danger of eternal misery, is enough to constrain the prompt action of any reasonable being. One ought to tremble to be thus exposed for *one hour* in a life-time. He who becomes a child of God as soon as he can learn his duty, and continues devoted through life, is the only one who is always safe. If called away in youth, he shows the promise of a useful and noble life. If spared

to mature years, the good prospects are still multiplying, while abundant excellence is constantly developed. He is like a plant of the tropics—always blooming, always dropping ripe fruits, while other fruits are always maturing. Such a soul is ever ready for the spirit voyage. When it launches, it will sail well, and will anchor in peace and triumph at the port of glory.

It rejoices my heart to say that all of these grand aims of life were, in great measure, accomplished by our dear young friend, James W. Harriss. He embraced religion during a revival at Trinity College in 1855, being then in his seventeenth year. Had it been sooner, it would have been better. He departed this life on the morning of the 28th of June, 1860. Peradventure, some will conclude that as his life was brief, it could not have been productive of any remarkable results. To such, I answer:

“Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,  
That life is *long*, which answers life’s great end,  
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name,  
The *man of wisdom* is the man of years,  
In hoary youth Methusalehs may die,  
Oh, how misdated on their flattering tombs.”

The misfortune is, that the value of *youth* is not appreciated. All are too prone to separate it from the idea of actual usefulness. The opinion seems to prevail, that while we are young, we are at liberty to shun the great duties which crowd around us. Against such an opinion, we are admonished that *youth* may be *all* of life to us, and that if so, if we fulfill the purposes of our existence at all, we must be prompt and active *now*; and, furthermore, the brilliant examples of such men as McKenzie, Martyn and Brainerd, inspire us with hope

and reconcile us to the dangers of an early fall. Hence, let no one doubt the rich success of the life of our departed brother because it was not long. Life was pleasant to him. He had the right disposition, controlled by the right principles, to qualify him for the innocent pleasures of the world. The serenity of his countenance told us of the sweet complacency of his soul. Being almost a stranger to wickedness, he never knew much of the uneasiness and trouble incident to ungodly conduct. In his remembered smiles, in his cheerful conversation, in his amiable pleasantries, and in the well-tempered interest which he manifested in the harmless enjoyments of life, we saw that his gentle spirit was governing itself by the standard which God has instituted for the use of the blessings of this world.

He also made the lives of others happier. Surely no one could associate with such a spirit without pleasurable feelings. By the enchainingsuavity of his manners he very soon won the affection of his acquaintances and never failed to preserve it. I can never forget the genial welcome he gave me when we met for the first time. We were strangers then, but he greeted me like a loving friend. It was not politeness or fashion merely—it was the sincere kindness of a true-hearted christian. To the loved ones at home he was an embodiment of pleasantness and affection. The warm solicitude of his relatives and friends during his illness plainly testified that he rendered life dearer to them all. It was his good pleasure to minister to the convenience and comfort of others. It would be difficult to find one who has more uniformly gratified and delighted his



friends. Even in the hours of his last sickness he was thoughtful of the welfare of those around him. His family and his visitors, all felt that their fortune here was sweeter and better because of his endearing society.

He brought blessings to others in a spiritual sense. His example was a saving one. Holy impressions arose, and spread from his quiet life like the fragrance of flowers on the breeze of the morning. Naturally gentle and retiring, he made no display in his efforts to do good. While in College he was a warm counsellor of his companions, remonstrating against wildness and dissipation. In Petersburg, where he engaged in business after leaving College, his christian deportment was a constant rebuke to the wicked, and an eloquent and impressive appeal to the hearts of his acquaintances. They felt the force of his pious walk. One like him does much good that the world never recognizes. His opportunities for usefulness were neither signal nor abundant, yet in this respect he is not without glorious record. By his wise and holy admonitions during his last days, he accomplished much that rejoices his friends. His ministers are the better and will be the more successful for having known him. His parents and sisters received a fresh baptism of holy fire under the sanctified power of his saintly triumph. God honored the faithful exhortations of his pale lips by giving him seals to his ministry from the sacred circle of his relations. He was so meek and resigned and ready that the unconverted looked upon him as an unanswerable vindication of the truth and excellence of the religion of the Saviour. Their salvation is vastly more probable because they

knew him—saw him—heard him. And oh, those lively and pathetic admonitions that he uttered not long before he departed! Are they lost? Is there no impression left by them on the fond sorrowing hearts that received them? Thank God! such things never perish. Their effect will be glorious forever. Flowers may droop in the border, water may fail in the fountain, beauty may fade from the lovely, gold may depart from the coffer, jewels may fall from the crown, pleasures may die in the bosom, honors may perish like blossoms, friends may die or desert us, loved ones may moulder in sepulchres, and the stars may be hurled from the heavens; but the words which are spoken for Jesus, the prayers which are offered in confidence, the deeds which are done for salvation, are all full of the spirit of Heaven, shall be fostered by ministering angels, shall themselves be angels of mercy, shall live, while a mortal is living, shall shine with resplendence at the Judgment, and stamped with immortality, shall at last become jewels in the golden crowns of the ransomed. These hallowed words, those inspired admonitions of his, shall not perish. Though they be forgotten, yet shall they live.

As his end drew near, after disposing of souvenirs to his friends; he requested that the money in his purse should be given to the Missionary Cause. How beautiful was this dying offering! It teaches us where his heart was, and we pray and trust that God will own and prosper the gift. He also requested his father, when it should be practicable, to build a house of worship in an adjacent community, whose people were not able to

build a suitable one for themselves. Here we have rich cause for rejoicing in the prospect of his usefulness. Go, build that church ! It shall be his monument. Let it bear his name ! Place a cenotaph there that shall tell to those who gather around its altar, how the piety of a young and noble soul in the death-hour remembered the spiritual interests of his neighbors, and by one consecrated request, thus established a mighty instrumentality for their salvation. There he, though dead, shall speak. There shall he, though in Heaven, bless humanity and glorify God on earth. The songs and prayers and sermons of that church shall be the trophies of his fidelity and righteousness. The converts of that altar shall bless his memory and honor and cherish him as the instrument of their eternal happiness. There many shall be saved, and of them shall rise up ministers, who shall bear the glad tidings to other churches and other people ; and thus the whitewinged seed, which was first nurtured in one young heart, shall be multiplied and scattered over new fields—distant fields—ever-widening fields, until time is ended and the angels of the Lord shall shout the “Harvest Home.” Oh, I would rather build a church than build a pyramid. I’d rather be the builder of a church than the founder of the proudest dynasty of earth. Of course, when he had lived so well he was ready to die. He worked out his salvation with fear and trembling before God.

In his more immediate decline, he gave the most gratifying evidences that all was well. Sometimes he appeared anxious to depart and be with the Lord. Said he at one time, “Pa, I *thought* I should be afraid to



die." His fear was lost in faith and love. On asking me to pray for him, which he frequently did in his last days, he once said—"now Bro. M——, I want you to offer me up." I remarked to him, "it will not be long before we all pass over the river;" and he replied—"I wish I was on the Bridge now." That was a touching and sublime sentiment of his, "mother, father, sisters, brothers, but *God first*." To his mother he repeated those precious lines :

"Bright angels are from glory come,  
They're round my bed, they're in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home,  
*All is well.*"

To those who are bereaved in his death, let me say—shed no bitter tears for him. If you weep at all, shed tears that are sweet with gratitude and hope. "His spirit drinks new life and light, 'mid bowers of endless bloom." Whenever you think of him, think also of his blissful home in the skies, and pray and trust that at the last you, too, may triumph and join him in Heaven to part no more. To his friends and to all, I devoutly recommend the example of his life, earnestly praying that they may not delay to give their hearts to the Saviour, that they too may accomplish the momentous purposes of life and reign with him and all the white-robed ransomed in the happy and glorious City of God!

## The Holy Shield.

---

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest?  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod,

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Among those who promptly responded to the first call of our country in the struggle for independence, was Lieut. M——, of Orange county, North Carolina.—He joined the 6th N. C. Regiment, under the brave and lamented Colonel Fisher. While the regiment was in the camp of instruction, I visited the beautiful and happy home which he had exchanged for the tented field. The warm, true hearts he had left behind him were resigned and hopeful—though affection would whisper to them of the trials he would suffer, and the dangers he would meet. When I was leaving, a loving and pious sister said, "Preston tells me that his Bible is too large to be carried in his breast-pocket, and I wish you to procure a small, neat Testament for him before he leaves for Virginia. *Bibles have turned balls, and may do so again.*" I promised to comply—and then with a smile,

which betrayed a sister's love and a Christian's faith, she bade me adieu. In my effort to obtain a suitable Testament, I was unsuccessful, and the young soldier kept the Bible as his companion in the dread trials which were before him. A few days only passed away, ere he and his comrades were marshalled in the battle's front on the Plains of Manassas. When the charge was ordered, he bravely passed to the onset, and with waving sword and thrilling voice, cheered and rallied the heroic column as it staggered before the fiery storm. Ere long, while standing by a battery from which the enemy had been driven, he was seen to raise his hand suddenly to his breast, then to stagger and fall. A ball had struck him. He was borne from the field to the hospital, and after a slight examination pronounced mortally wounded. The surgeon, however, discovered that the ball *had struck his Bible*, and its force and direction seemed to have been so affected by it, that he was saved from *instant* death. When this was known, how thankful was she who gave him that blessed volume! And how I rejoiced that I could not find a Testament, for that would have been so small that it might not have shielded his heart! In this we saw the hand of the Father, and were thankful. But the wound was fatal, and when the battle's enthusiasm was over, he feared that he would not recover. It was then that as he looked within his bosom, he realized his need of the sympathy of a greater than man. Amid the confusion and tumult and suffering around him, he earnestly looked to the Mercy-Seat, and through the merits of his Saviour, leaned his spirit on the bosom of Infinite Love. As his



mortal life was ebbing out at that ghastly wound on his breast, eternal life came to him through the mercy of Heaven, as it healed the wounds of his soul. Watching by his death-couch I heard words of triumph from his panting lips that it is very sweet to remember. Those words were made more beautiful and eloquent by the spirit-splendor which beamed in his dark eye, and spread like celestial radiance over his calm and manly face.—He told me that he had been pardoned since he was wounded. “I believe,” said he, “I am numbered among those who are embraced in His mercy.” With melting emphasis he quoted some stanzas of poetry—a farewell address to his distant mother. But a short time before he died, he turned to his faithful servant and said, “There is a land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” None but those who heard him can ever know what deep and powerful meaning he gave those precious words. He spoke like one who had fled to that refuge, and was already reclining on the bosom of that heavenly rest. It was far more like the voice of experience than the voice of faith.

So talented, so heroic, so kind—it was sad to strangers to see him die—’twas sadder far for the friend who had joined him in the pleasures of boyhood, and shared with him the sacred dreams of youth! He has fallen in the first of his fields, but he has not fallen forever.

“He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle,” but it cannot be said of him that

“No sound can awake him to glory again;” for in that day of the victory of the ransomed over the

last and greatest foe, he shall be summoned to the shining ranks by the celestial clarion, and be crowned with honors which shall be increasing in rapture and glory,

"When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust."

This assurance is sacredly cherished by the bereaved and riven hearts that still weep by his tomb. There is no genuine balm in any other thought. We would have our friends and kindred fall, if fall they must, in their country's defence, with a name unsullied and honor undimmed; but mere patriotism and daring cannot shed the light of immortal hope above their slumbering dust, or lead their noble spirits to a home of everlasting happiness. It is well to receive the laurel-wreath for devotion to a just and righteous cause—it is infinitely better to be crowned with the chaplet of immortality in a land whose honors perish not forever.

There you'll meet him again, dear "mother" and "sisters,"  
Where the war cry will call him away, never more;  
Where the rude sound of battle forever is silenced,  
Where you'll know him and love him as you have heretofore.

We know that the household is dreary without him,  
And the chain is now broken of fond, earthly love;  
But the links that are severed will be reunited  
In Heaven, sweet Heaven, that bright home above.

## The Dream of Faith.

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I came from the churchyard, where I had just seen them place a beloved friend in the tomb. Everything looked sad to me. Shadows settled upon the flowers and the sunshine. Every object was mantled with a solemn gloom. My soul was unquiet—I could not rest. I wandered away to the grove and sat down beneath a large oak, whose shade had fallen, in better days, on many a scene of pleasure, which I had shared with him who was now no more. Recollections of the past clustered thickly around me. The little streamlet ran merrily on as before, and the birds on the green boughs above me, sang as sweetly as ever; but their joyousness only rendered my sadness more depressing, and soon I thought, that even the rippling of the waters and warbling of the birds fell plaintive and dirge-like on my ear. I wept while I remembered. I wept that I had lost so much. I wept that one so innocent and loved should have suffered so much, and died so soon.

With tears still standing on my cheek, a strange enchantment gathered over my soul, and I dreamed. It was not the freak of a wayward fancy sporting over slumbering reason; it was a dream in which fancy and reason went together and took truth for their guide.

I stood in the centre of a vast and terrible hall.—

From the hideous objects and spectacles around me, I thought it was a grand hospital for the world. I was shocked and frightened. I gazed around, bewildered and shuddering, and was seeking a way to escape, when I saw a white-robed being, with a sweet, smiling face, approaching me. There was something in her look so gentle and enchaining, that I was instantly spell-bound, and almost forgot the frightful circumstances around me. I saw that she would speak, and I listened. A thought of heaven came, when she spoke; her voice sounded so unearthly, so mellifluous. Fixing her tender eyes upon me, she said: "I saw that you were affrighted and confounded, my child, and I have come to appease your fears and explain the mystery of this dreadful picture. I am the Angel of Mercy, and this is the Temple of Affliction. In order that you may appreciate the knowledge I am about to impart, it is necessary that you bear with me, while I rehearse to you some of the dealings of the Father of love with his creatures, throughout past ages. It is through his mercy that man is blessed with religion, but, strange to say, that religion which is destined to deliver man from evil and suffering, is, in a high sense, the child of trouble—the daughter of sorrow and trial. The Lord, manifesting the worthlessness of the mortal when contrasted with that which shall live forever, and inculcating the truth that the earthly is only valuable in proportion as it is used to secure the heavenly, has introduced, established, and promulgated the truths which concern the soul, through sacrifice and suffering as favorite means. Do you remember the history of the



Church of God? The Father of the faithful was ordered to make an offering of a dear child in whom his fondest hope and affection were centred. To have given him up to be slain by another would have been too much for a parent's heart; but, worse than this, he was commanded to deal the death-blow himself. Oh, what were the pangs of that old man's breast! and what the anguish and despair of the youth as the father's strong arm caught him, pressed him upon the altar, and bound the cords fast around him! It was not till the father had taken the knife to pierce the sacrifice, that the angel called to him out of Heaven, and bade him do his child no harm.

"Years passed away, and the son of this rescued boy was called to mourn in hopeless sorrow over the death (as he thought) of his favorite son. This son was sold by cruel brethren into the hands of strangers. In the morning, he was the idol of a fond parent's love, and the happy recipient of all the joys of a pleasant home; in a few short hours, he was torn away from the scenes and friends he loved, and borne by the heartless over the desert sands and sold into cruel bondage. But Heaven withheld its bounties, and there was a famine in the land of his father. His brethren were sent to Egypt to obtain supplies. Meanwhile, though highly honored, he suffered some severe crosses and trials. In the course of a few years, this visit was followed by the sore and galling servitude of all Israel to the yoke of the Egyptians—by fiery and destructive plagues among their oppressors—by the overthrow of king and subjects, by the avenging waves of the sea, and by all the diffi-

culties, privations, struggles, dangers, and calamities of the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Here and there lessons of divine truth were written with blood on the desert sands, and the graves of the faithless proclaimed the power, justice and terror of the Lord. When the tribes had reached the promised Canaan, their history was still marked by many bloody conflicts and misfortunes, by overthrows and captivities. Many of them, and especially their prophets, were ruthlessly maltreated. They were subjected to poverty, humiliation, cruelties and martyrdom. They suffered the hate and injuries of the nations around them, simply because they were the chosen people of the true God, and would not renounce their faith. Some were 'tortured, not accepting deliverance.' 'Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

"Thus, you see, that the Church floated for centuries upon the tears and blood of her children. Thus it was till Jesus came. Now, mark the history of the Redeemer, and the Church after his death.

"He was born in a manger. While yet an infant, his parents were forced to flee in anxiety and trouble, and bear him off from the bloodthirsty miscreants whom Herod sent to slay him. His ministry was one of sacrifice and affliction, both of body and spirit. How long he fasted and prayed in the wilderness! How the peo-

ple reviled him and persecuted him! See him in the anguished writhings of Gethsemane as his 'soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!' Behold him condemned, though innocent, at the bar of Pilate, and mark the crown of thorns, the mock sceptre; the spitting and scourging, the toilsome, fainting ascent of Calvary, and the horrible tragedy on the cross!

"His apostles and disciples suffered much before he was taken from them; but their trials were greater when he was gone. It was a dark and dreadful season with them while he slept in the sepulchre, and they thought their hopes were buried with him forever. They afterwards met with relentless opposition, oppression, and persecution wherever they went. They were frequently reviled, slandered, cursed, hated, scourged, imprisoned, stoned, burned, crucified, beheaded. The same was the fate of the faithful for many years; and while in some places the standard of Christ was respected, in others it was a badge of shame and death. On through these years—through the Reformation and other blood-marked eras—this standard was borne by bleeding and dying hands. Those who have achieved anything in the blessed warfare, have been forced to yield to toil and tribulation. Home and friends have been deserted by thousands. Peace and quiet, and health and wealth, have all been offered up.

"The blessings of the Christian Religion, therefore, are trophies which were won by the noble, through the help of God, from fire and storm."

The voice of the angel trembled frequently, during this narration, and occasionally beautiful tears sparkled



in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She paused at the conclusion of the above sentence, and with a fold of her pure robe, she slowly wiped away the tears, and heaving a soft sigh which seemed to give relief, she resumed: "Now, my child, you can better understand what means this Temple of Affliction. God is yet superintending all things, and bringing good out of evil.— Here you see the afflictions of those who are yet in the sphere of my influence, and may, if they will, lay up for themselves treasure in Heaven. Considered in both a general and particular sense, God's providence is transforming this bitterness and torture. These walls are built of the tombstones, and the bones of those who have fallen in the service of God. The basement beneath us is the mammoth cave of death, made of the graves of the faithful. Its covering is a cloud of gloom, composed of the shadows and darkness and palls which have been produced by the sorrows of the people of God. The curtains in the windows, and the banner that floats from its dismal dome, are the drapery of mourning and the winding-sheets of the dead. The flowers and pictures and trappings which adorn it, are painted with the blood which has been wrung from hearts by violence and woe. There is a vast machinery in the whole building, whose wheels are built out of blasted hopes, withered joys, and broken hearts. These wheels are driven by a stream of tears, which rolls its wild current through the base. The din which you hear is the mingled sighs and groans, and cries and shrieks of the struggling and unfortunate. All over this Temple are victims of misery, misfortune, and death. Yet, strange



though it seem, God is here, and all these are yet blessed with his sympathy. Do you wonder? Then know, that though this is the Temple of Affliction, it is likewise a birthplace, a fountain of glory. The Father brought no sin or evil into the world, but now that they are here through man's disobedience, He is bringing glory out of them, by using them to secure man's happiness. 'Behold, happy is the man whom the Lord correcteth; therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty; for he maketh sore and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole,' and many a tongue has been heard to say in tones of grateful submission, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

'Midst pleasure, plenty, and success,  
 Freely you take from Him who lends;  
 You boast the blessings you possess,  
 But scarcely thank the One who sends;  
 But let affliction pour its smart,  
 How soon you quail beneath the rod!  
 With shattered pride and prostrate heart,  
 You seek the long forgotten God.'

"It is the peculiar province of the Christian to 'deny himself and take up his cross.' He suffers here that he may rejoice hereafter; for though there is no absolute merit in suffering, yet if it be properly borne and profited by, it will prove a blessing in the end.

"A great and good Christian said to his fellow pilgrims, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Now that is a wonderful truth, and explains still further what you behold. *Affliction works out glory. Light affliction works out a weight of glory—an*

*exceeding weight—a far more exceeding weight of glory. A moment's light affliction works out an eternity of a far more exceeding weight of glory.* Let every Christian, therefore, exclaim, 'I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake, for the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.' Are you not willing to sigh—if that sigh shall echo forever to the joy of your soul in the music of heaven? Will you not gladly bear a few piercing pains, to have those pains succeeded by the deathless raptures of eternal life? Can you not look calmly and resignedly on the tombs of friends, when you think, that those tombs are agents for the court of heaven, and while they rob an earthly home, may fill a mansion in the skies forever? Oh, my child, thank God for his severe as well as his tender dispensations, for rightly understood, he means them all for mercies."

Here the angel paused again, and she lifted her eyes towards heaven, while a strange yet lovely brightness flashed upon her features. She smiled too, as though her words had met responsive sympathies from saints or angels in the skies. Once more she spoke, "Come nearer, my child!" I stepped forward and stood close by her side. "Now look up!" she said. I turned my gaze upward, but saw nothing but the black covering of the temple. She then handed me a golden cup, which she had kept concealed under her robe, containing some water from the stream of life, which flows from beneath the throne of God, and she said, "This is the

cup of salvation ! Drink and look up again !” I obeyed—instead of the cloud of gloom, I saw a world of beauty and glory. In it were the thousands of the happy and redeemed. I heard strains of music, so sweet that I could not refrain from shouting. To my infinite delight, I saw many of my departed friends there, and among them, him whom I had just followed to the grave. They knew me and waved their spirit hands around as if to point me to the bliss and beauty of their homes, and then they beckoned me to come. Oh ! I felt so happy ! I stood gazing and shouting praises to God ! \* \* \* But soon I discovered that the scene grew dimmer and the music fainter, and anon the sight and the sound faded away together. I awoke, and my dream was over. But it made a lasting impression on my mind, and I have been happier ever since.

## Forever Gone.

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How full of sad, yet inspiring meaning are those little words, "Forever gone!" If fully appreciated, they appeal more eloquently to the heart than any elaborate effort of the tongue or pen. They are written in countless places in the great volume of nature, and are spoken by ten thousand tongues which are never still.

"Forever gone!" is heard in the lingering sound of fading music—in the solemn dirge of the funeral bell—in the busy pulsations of the living heart—in the spirit voice of the zephyr as it steals away. "Forever gone!" is softly, yet solemnly uttered by every fleeting moment that passes, and is caught up and repeated by each joy and privilege which that moment wafts on its angel wings. It is whispered by the drooping petal of every faded flower, as the eye seeks in vain for that beauty which once enchanted the heart. The last lingering sunbeams write it on the brow of heaven, and the rippling streamlet murmurs it for its song. It is chanted by the countless voice-harps which render vocal the dim, but hallowed aisles of memory, and it mingles in the lonely requiem of departed hopes and pleasures.

In maturer years, memory often recalls to the mind the peaceful scenes and holy joys of childhood, when innocence marked every word and deed, and the heart had never learned to fear. She paints the cheery smiles



that played upon the young face, and the lively anticipations which rejoiced the hopeful bosom. She tells how the heart ran out in confidence and love towards all the world, and how it loved the sweet flowers, without dreaming that they concealed a thorn; and as she speaks, a soft enchantment steals upon the soul, which makes us almost feel that we are living those blithesome, happy hours over again; but painful consciousness startles us with the truth—thy sunny childhood is “forever gone!”

We look back over the changes of a few short years, and behold the pleasures of our early friendships, hear the gay sweet songs we then sang, and the words which fell from guileless lips. We remember many a bright reminiscence of our communings; how we toiled together and played together, wept together and laughed together; how we told each other our petty hopes and fears, and talked of the better days when we should be older and larger and wiser. We feast on these recollections till fancy places us again under the old oaks upon the hill, or by the quiet brook in the meadow with those same young friends around us, and we dream soothing dreams of our boyhood's days; but soon, ah! soon there comes a voice from the lips of truth that says, thy youth and its friends are alike “forever gone.”

I remember standing, on a still, bright day in the old churchyard, with a bosom oppressed with grief. There was a new-made grave waiting to receive its precious trust. A solemn gloom had settled on every brow.—Tears flowed from eyes that seldom weep, and ever and anon the shrill cry of heart-bleeding anguish fell harshly

upon my soul. A coffin was placed beside the grave, the lid removed, and a calm, smiling face uncovered for the last time. A cluster of flowers rested upon her bosom—an emblem of her beauty and her early fall.—Friends took a lingering, tearful, farewell look; some kissed the cold, smiling lips, and the lid was closed.—Then the coffin was placed in the bosom of the grave. Many a sweet evergreen followed it, which whispered to an ear that could not hear, “We will still remember thee.” Then I heard that strange hollow sound of the clods falling, and soon a fresh mound was raised, and the burial was finished.

He whose loss was greatest, the cheerless, broken-hearted one, turned away with an air of deepest sorrow, and cried in those affecting tones that the sorrowing alone can utter, “Farewell! Farewell!”

I went away, but not to forget. All that I had seen or heard was full of eloquence to me. The sadness—the tears—the cries—the pale face—the coffin—the flowers—the evergreen—the grave; and most, that piercing “farewell,” all spoke plainly and mightily to my soul, those strange words, “forever gone!”

These little words are always teaching us good lessons. They bid us to improve the present, for that too, like the past, will soon be gone. Ere long and we shall seek the hopes, the pleasures, the privileges, the communings, the friendships that now rejoice us, and cruel change will tell us, “They are forever gone.” Let the duties of to-day be done to-day, for each moment has its own duties that cannot be crowded into another, and a moment once gone, is “forever gone!”

Let the young be taught that childhood and youth are fleeting—that they are the buds which determine the blossoms of riper years, and that once gone, all their hopes, privileges and opportunities are “forever gone!”

Let every heart be taught the sad truth, that its friends are fast “passing away.” Those now with us, will soon, like those we have loved and lost in bygone days, be numbered with the “forever gone!”

If we would bless them ever, let us bless them now while they are with us. If we would shed the light of joy on sorrow's shades, if we would heal bleeding hearts, cheer drooping souls, dry burning tears, hush sorrowful sighs, plant flowers of peace, and do whatever good we can to those around us, let us do it now; else they too will soon be, though not too far for the heart to love, yet too far for the hand to bless them. Let us not speak to them in words that we would not love to remember were they gone. Let us give them smiles instead of frowns; joy instead of grief; for when friends are gone, it will be very painful to have the unkind words that we spoke to them sounding in harsh echoes in our hearts, and the spectres of the cruel injuries we did them haunting our vision.

Another lesson of these little words is, that we should not link our hopes of happiness to the things of time.

“I'd rather make

My bower upon some icy lake,

When thawing suns begin to shine.”

Who'd build upon the frozen stream,

Who knows the morrow's melting beam

May sink his home beneath the wave?

Who'd risk his hopes upon a flower,



That freshly blooms at morning hour,  
And dies upon the lap of eve?

Who'd choose a sun of joy that may  
Be dimmed and clouded all the day,  
Then set so soon and set forever?  
Who'd blend his fortune with a dream,  
Which like the ignis fatuus flame  
Soon flitteth and returneth never?

Yet sooner oft, than flaming fire  
Can melt the ice—or chilly air  
Of winter blight the tender bloom—  
Ere flitting cloud can dim a ray—  
Or waking visions flash away—  
Earth's hopes are lost in cheerless doom

Oh! trust not earth, however beautiful and promising! Heaven, and heaven only, is worthy of our confidence and desire. Let us, with the hope and faith of Christians, seek for a home in heaven, for “a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;” and then when our pilgrimage is ended, the consciousness of the smiles of an approving Father, shall sink upon the soul in that dark hour like a breath from heaven; and the good angels shall point us to the tears and toils, the sighs and strife, the frowns and fears, the dangers and dread, the prayers and pains of earth, and shout in a tongue that shall awaken glory in the soul, “Forever gone!” And in after years, when memory robed in the drapery of mourning, steals up to those who knew and loved us, and whispers tenderly yet truly, that we are “forever gone!” a sweeter voice than memory's shall answer from the spirit land, “Forever gone from earth—forever saved in heaven!”



## There is no Place like Home.

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“THERE is no place like home,” sang poor Payne, who never had a home, and died in a land of strangers; and, to the touching sentiment, millions have responded, —“It is true.”

“There is no place like home,” for kindness, sympathy and affection. It is the unsealed fountain of the loveliest emotions of the human heart, the theatre of the most enchaining and affecting deeds. It is the place where a mother’s love is unveiled in all its tenderness and power, showering upon the soul the holiest and sweetest blessings of life; for there is no friend, this side of Heaven, like a mother, and there are no words so precious nor deeds so true and kind as her’s. I have ever felt a fervent sympathy for those who early lost a mother, for there are rich treasuries of love, and joy, and hope within us and around us, which must remain forever closed, if there be not a *mother’s* hand to unlock them.

At home there are many other sources of pleasure and peace. Who does not rejoice that he can share an affectionate father’s counsel and care? What is warmer and dearer than a fond companion’s love? What is sweeter and purer than a sister’s smile, a sister’s kiss, a sister’s tear? What is stronger and truer than a brother’s devotion? Some, if not all of these, are generally

enjoyed at home. There all are blended by a sameness of fortune, interest, hope, fear, pleasure and duty. We live together, and love together; till all our hearts are sacredly united, and we have "a sweet existence in each other's being." There we confide without fear of betrayal, and meet with tokens of sympathy and affection that we *know* are sincere.

"There is no place like home," because there we can enjoy a tranquil freedom from the harsh tumults and strifes of the loud, rude world. From this cause, it affords many peculiar enjoyments which the world cannot give. Innocence and purity are enshrined in its pleasures, and oftentimes contentment loves to smile upon the bosom which loves the charms of home.

"There is no place like home," because every object in it and around it is hallowed by sacred memories. It has a thousand magic tongues, which softly and enchantingly whisper the reminiscences of bygone days. If we visit it, after months or years of absence, the meadows, the streams, the hills, the valleys, the grove, the garden, the vines and the flowers all seem to greet us gladly, and welcome us to their enjoyment again. "There is no place like home." We often feel there as we do not, and cannot, feel elsewhere on earth. The affection for it takes up its abode in the heart, in the halcyon days of innocent hopes and loves—remains there as the years pass by and the heart grows old—and yields its place in after years to no struggle, nor storm, nor fate.

It is a precious relic of Eden,—a love-crowned type of Heaven. All who have a home, albeit it be humble and poor, may say sincerely :

"The dearest spot on earth to me,  
Is home, sweet home."

But, while all this is true, it is subject to influences, changes, accidents and necessities which render it sadly, and painfully unreliable. It may be taken from us. Fire may consume it. Violence may deface or destroy it. Misfortune or poverty may force us to depart from it, to give it into the hands of strangers, and with weeping eye and bleeding heart to bid adieu to its endearments and charms forever. The common, but severe, duties of life will often call us away from it, to join the toils and trials of a striving world. We may at any moment, *must*, frequently at best, be called away from home; and home may suddenly, and at any time, be taken from us.

Affliction often disturbs and destroys the tranquil peace and joy of home. Fears and forebodings cast shadows and darkness in its cheerful halls. Scenes transpire which make every loving heart quiver with fear or thrill with anguish. Sickness comes, and as it gradually undermines the hopes and prospects of those we love most dearly, our bosoms are torn with sympathy, and we are very unhappy, although we are at home.—No joys, however hallowed, no affection, however pure and strong, can bar the door to the entrance of death. The merry laughter, the mirthful voices, must sometimes change to the sighs and wailings of the broken hearted, sorrowing around the funeral couch of the fondly loved. If we go away and remain for a few short years, and then return, it may be that like the hapless wanderer of the poet,

"We enter into our *house*, our *home* no more,  
(For without hearts there is no home,) and feel



The solitude of passing our own door  
Without a welcome."

Yes, "without a welcome," at least from some who bid us adieu when we left. We ask for them, and the only answer is a tearful eye and a trembling finger pointing to the graves beneath the cedars on the hill.

It is also *our* doom to die. Time flies swiftly, and our years, at most, are few and brief. Even if home were all that heart can wish, without accident, trouble or change, yet it is unworthy of too much confidence and love, for we must soon bid it farewell forever.

Alas, that all this is true! The soul needs a home of peace, rest, comfort and joy. Where, oh where, shall it find the precious, priceless boon?

"Oh where shall the soul find relief from its foes,  
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?  
Can Earth's highest summit, or deepest bid vale,  
Give a refuge where sorrow nor sin can assail?

No, no, there's no home;  
There is no home on earth;  
The soul has no home.

"Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,  
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?  
In the bright realms of bliss shall a refuge be given  
And the soul find a home in the mansions of Heaven?

Yes, yet, there is a home;  
There's a home in high Heaven;  
The soul has a home.

"Oh, holy and sweet its rest shall be there,  
Free forever from sorrow, from sin, and from care;  
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,  
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies.

Home; home; sweet, sweet home!  
The bosom of God  
Is the home of the soul."



Yes; thank God forever! There *is* a home for the weary pilgrim—a home for the homeless. There is a home in Heaven beautiful and blissful—dimmed by no shadows—troubled by no fears, and disturbed by no power of sin forever! A home in Heaven, with the loved ones who have gone before us, and with the loved ones who are going with us! Oh, for a home in the Glory land! God offers a title to it, written on the pages of mercy, with a pen of Eternal truth, dipped in the blood of Jesus. We have but to ask and it is given—but to seek as He has taught us, and we shall find it forever.

## The Grave.

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Oh, for a heart that seeks the sacred gloom,  
That hovers round the precincts of the tomb !  
While fancy, musing there, sees visions bright,  
In death discovering life, in darkness, light.

What though the chilling blasts of winter's day  
Forbid the garden longer to be gay ?  
Of winter yet I'll not refuse to sing,  
Thus to be followed by *Eternal Spring*.

LEIGH RICHMOND.

Nearly six thousand years ago, when the earth had no lifeless human form slumbering in her bosom, two brothers were walking together in the fields, when one of them, prompted by jealousy and envy, rushed upon the other and slew him. Their father heard cries for mercy and help, and ran as quickly as possible to the spot. Alas ! he came too late. His boy gave no responsive word or look, when he called him—he was dead. With the deep grief that only a father knows, he fell upon his face, and wept the first tears ever shed over the dead. Slowly and sadly he took him in his arms, and carried him and laid him down by the cool brookside. Next he called the companion of his joys and sorrows. The voice she heard was strange and startling, and she came in haste and fear. As she drew near and saw her husband, she cried, “Why didst thou call me ?” The father’s grief, grown

stronger from sympathy, was too powerful for him to speak. So, with streaming eyes, he simply pointed the spiritless form. The mother's eye and heart soon read it all, and there was bitter wailing and wringing of hands there.

The first wild gush of sorrow over, they washed the blood from his bruised face and clotted hair, and talked about his goodness and piety, and tried to console one another with sympathy and hope. Then they began to prepare for the burial. The mother made him a winding-sheet out of the forest leaves, and, gathering some flowers, wreathed a beautiful little chaplet around his brow. While she was making that wreath, different griefs mingled in her bosom, for every flower was associated with painful recollections of her lost home in Eden. The father dug a little rude grave, and there was scarcely a clod upturned on which there did not fall a tear. When it was done, he brought their boy and laid him gently in its bosom. After a long, sad look, they both said, "Farewell," and then threw in the clods, and soon the mound was raised above him. It was finished, and they kneeled down and prayed. That was the FIRST GRAVE!

There is something strange, affecting, and tremendous in the idea of the *First Grave*. It stands forth as a terrible embodiment of mortal destiny—an awful necessity, folding in its bosom, like the original sin that caused it, the seed of a gloom and terror which should inevitably connect itself with the fortunes of each and all of the children of men to the last moment of time.

Could one with prophetic ken have stood beside that

grave and scanned the widening future, what a wild, withering, and woful panorama would have spread before him ! As he glanced over grave-yards, cemeteries, battle-fields, and a thousand times ten thousand burial places, he would have shouted in astonishment and bitterness, "Oh, Grave ! Thy victories ! Thy victories ! Thy victories !"

Go in fancy to the first grave. Thence descend with perishing generations along the numberless pathways of human life—visit all the scenes and homes of humanity. Wander with the first nomad tribes in an uncultured and almost unpeopled world. Visit the first rude habitations of man. Linger about their villages and towns and cities. March with all the battling hosts, who in every age have gone forth to destroy. Float with every bark that ever rode a wave. On every side and all along you will see the grave—the cold, ruthless, mighty grave. Remember that everything and every place which contains the relics of a lifeless human body, is in reality a grave. If you look in, you will discover that it has won stupendous trophies. It boasts among its victims all classes of mankind. It has emperors and empresses, kings and queens, dukes and dutchesses, popes and cardinals, priests and apostles, heroes and conquerors, presidents and vice-presidents, the honored, the praised, the proud, the wealthy, the beautiful, the cherished, the youthful, the middle-aged, the old, the fortunate, the hapless, the pagan, the Mohamedan, the infidel, the atheist, the saint and sinner, all of every class, of every age, of every tongue, of every faith, of every fortune, of every conduct and character, who have lived and



died in nearly sixty hundred years! How much beauty, innocence, loveliness, worth, wealth, power, and greatness slumber in its earth-walls! Are not its victories great? Oh how great! But most sadly and powerfully do we realize its terrible ravages when we remember that it has won many from *our* circles, from *our* homes; and that every hearthstone has its tombstone. It hides faces that smiled on us, tongues that comforted and cheered us, hearts that loved and blessed us. Oh Grave! Thy victory! Thy victory!

But it not only holds the dust of the departed—it powerfully affects the living. It not only keeps the still tongues of many fallen; it makes the tongues of the living speak strange words. It not only boasts its millions of pulseless bosoms; it wildly sports with the most sacred feelings of living hearts. Millions of eyes more than behold to-day's sunshine, have dropped the tear beside it. Far more tongues than now babble the many dialects of earth, have thrown the hollow accents of grief into its vaults. We ourselves have witnessed many a scene beside it which we can never forget. We have seen the feeble and the strong bowed down together, and sinking and groaning beneath grim sorrow's weight, as they gazed into its bosom. How many painful partings have occurred here! How many last looks, last farewells, last kisses! I once stood by the grave of a beautiful young lady, and saw her brother come and take a wishful, tearful, final look at her sweet, pale face. He loved that face still, it had so often smiled in gentlest affection upon him. As he thought of the clods so soon to hide her forever from his sight, he cried

in a wild wail of agony, "Oh, is it the last time? is it the last time?" Yes; the grave is the scene of beholding the loved and cherished for the last time. Does not all this prove that its victories are terrible and great?

We must view it in a light that is still more absorbing and startling to us. We are not only interested in what it has done, but what it will do. All who are now alive may say with the Patriarch, "I know that thou wilt bring *me* to death, and to the house appointed for all the living."

True it is our

"Time is fleeting,  
And *our* hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

When a few short years have fled, the thousand millions which earth can claim to-day, will all have found resting places in her bosom. With these is our doom. It must add our forms to its trophies—must enfold us in its monstrous arms. I shudder at the thought!—Must I go to the long sleep of the grave? Is there no way for me to escape it? Am I bound to make it my home? If I must, is there no soothing solace for such a fate? Is there nothing to give hope and fortitude to the soul as it contemplates the coming death of its earth companion? There is. "*Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!*" There is to be another and a greater victory—the victory *over* the grave.

How dearly I love religion, when I come to these

dark subjects and see how our Father in heaven has provided against them! Look away to the future—to the last day of time! You stood in fancy by the *first* grave, now stand above the *last*. Behold from that the multitudes of crumbling and forgotten burial grounds which have been built and filled in all ages! Mark every place where the dust that once lived, reposes, and instead of considering them as the cities and homes of the dead, view them and reverence them as the hidden harvest fields of immortality awaiting the coming of the joyous angel reapers. God has told us that there shall be a resurrection. The forms of the just shall live again in bliss and beauty. The mouldering dust laughs in the dream of its glorious destiny. It is the sleeping seed of a fadeless flower, resting until the vernal dawn of the eternal year of God's salvation. It is winter a little while, but the spring cometh. Think this as you stand by the last grave! Though the tomb contains much that you love, many that you would see again, defy its power! Turning your eyes from earth, behold that myriad host of the white winged songsters and messengers of glory, as they hover with trembling pinions along the upper sky! Among them are the happy spirits of the pious dead. They glance their pure vision at the tombs beneath them, and then look with angelic ardor at the signal angel. He lifts the trumpet to his lip and gives a thrilling blast. They start! Swift as the sunbeam they flash down to earth, dash down the tombstones, tear open the quivering graves, and catch up and bear away the bright and glittering bodies; and as they mount the plains of light and soar to the throne in the clouds, they look back in joy and triumph to the startled, empty vaults, and shout as saints and angels only can,

"Oh grave! where is thy victory?"



## The Hyacinth.

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"I have sweet thoughts of thee!

They come around me like the voice of song."

On a cold, dreary day in January, I visited Laura's grave. As I approached it, lonely and musing, the world grew more and more bleak and cheerless. The scattered heaps of the melting snow seemed, in their rareness and purity, fit emblems of piety in this world; for the folly and wickedness of men appear very great to us, when we think of them "in a field of graves."

I leaned against a willow, whose weeping boughs hung over the resting-place of my sweet friend. The cold wind whistled through the palings, and chilled my brow, reminding me of that cruel fortune, as I then thought it, which took my loved and dear one from me. I wept, too, as I stood there, for I remembered warmly the earlier and golden days, when Laura and I sported together in childhood's glee, and blessed each other's hearts with kindness and love. Through the thick tears that gathered I saw something bright and beautiful at the foot of the mound. I brushed the tears away and looked more closely. It was a little Hyacinth, blooming there alone. As I viewed it, many thoughts, both pleasant and painful, arose in my mind. I thought it was a little jewel that indulgent Heaven had placed upon the cold bosom of winter—for Heaven often gives



precious gifts to the unthankful and unkind. It was blooming amid the wintry desolation around it, like the flower in the desert sands, a token of mercy, a proof that God was there. It smiled upon all the dreariness there, as though it had a hope and a consciousness which I neither felt nor knew. I knew it would not live as long as other flowers, spring flowers, for it nodded and trembled in a chilling, blighting wind. So many of the frail and holy die the sooner for the trials and dangers that their duties bring; but, like the flower, they come in the time and fulfill the mission which Heaven designed, and therefore it is all well.

While I mused thus, it appeared to grow suddenly brighter, and whispered to my soul in a spirit tongue, "I emblem the dear one whose grave I adorn." Then it became more touchingly eloquent than before. Like the heart of my friend, who slept beneath it, it was *tender* and stainless. Like her, it was born in adversity and doomed to lend its beauty and charms and blessings to those who neither gave nor promised any tender and soothing return. Like her, it was bound to bloom and fade, without the soft, genial influences of spring; there was no spring-time to her life, it was all winter. It was far away from the cultured border and the rich parterre, alone amid the solitary tombs: so *she* lived in the low-thatched cottage, with no honor or wealth or fortune, almost unknowing and unknown.

But soon brighter thoughts came. Though it was destined to droop and die so soon, yet, while it was blooming, each petal pointed to the skies, like the living hopes and dying hands of Laura. Beaming in the

grief-shade which overhung the grave, it was a token of that sweet thought which lies down with the departed—like a ray of glory in the vaults of death—whispering soothingly, hopefully back to the living, “The dead shall rise again.” It came long before the other flowers, so *she* shall arise with the white-robed ransomed at the trumpet’s *first* thrilling blast.

Then I loved that little flower—fondly and fervently I loved it; and I bowed in gratitude, and blessed it and kissed it; and afterwards, lifting my heart to Heaven, I thanked my Father for *the language* of the little grave-gem, and prayed that I might meet my friend in Heaven.

## Shed not a Tear.

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“ Before thy heart might learn  
In waywardness to stray,  
Before thy feet could turn  
The dark and downward way,  
Ere sin might wound thy breast,  
Or sorrow wake the tear—  
Rise to thy home of rest  
In yon celestial sphere.

“ Because thy smile was fair,  
Thy lips and eyes so bright;  
Because thy cradle care  
Was such a fond delight;  
Shall love, with weak embrace,  
Thy heavenward flight detain?  
No, angel! seek thy place

Amid yon cherub train.”—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

OCTAVIA wept the early fall of her son, and Virgil sang to assuage her grief. Though she was so overwhelmed by the beauty and pathos of the poem that she fainted at its close, yet she did not lose her sorrow nor cease her bitter tears until she had grieved away twelve dreary years and filled a mourner's grave. If you have lost a sweet child, you are more fortunate than Octavia in means of consolation. She received a tribute from a noble bard, but you have a better tribute from the Saviour. Truth—eternal truth—chides your

tears and smiles on all your heaven-reaching hopes. A long time ago Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Ever since that moment there has been no room to doubt infant salvation.<sup>18</sup> He taught further, that unless the sinful were *converted* and became as little children, they could not enter the kingdom. Conversion certainly places a soul in a salvable state; but conversion, according to the above, is necessary before the accountable can become as *little children*; therefore it is very clear that infants are all in a condition to be saved. I do not say they are regenerated—I do affirm that they are in a justified state—and so far as innocence is concerned, they are in the same relation to God as believers are. The whole truth is taught in the following lines, which were written on the tombstone of three infants:

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!  
 Beneath this stone three infants' ashes lie;  
 Say—are they lost or saved?  
 If death's by sin, they've sinned, for they are here;  
 If Heaven's by faith, in Heaven they can't appear;  
 Oh reason, how depraved!  
 Revere the Bible's sacred page—the knot's untied;  
 They died, for Adam sinned—they live for Jesus died."

Then there is a great deal of sweet thought and fervent counsel, to parents who have lost the young and sinless, in the assurance that they now, even *now*, have children in Heaven. "Whom the gods loved, die young," sang the pantheist; the Christian more truly and touchingly says, God gives and takes because he loves. He often gives till the heart of the parents be-



comes completely enchained and absorbed; he takes up to Heaven then, that the parent's heart may follow. He sometimes gives till he sees that doating hearts are forgetting him and worshipping the creature; he calls up home then, that he may reprove idolatry, and thus save the wandering souls. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"He doubly died in that he died so young," says one; but the Christian says rather, "He *scarcely* died, in that he died so young." It is very sacred and very sweet to die young. It is to die ere the spacious beauties of the world have charmed—ere the shadows of the world's sorrows have darkened—the chambers of the soul. It is to die ere the knowledge of the sweets of meeting has prepared the heart to feel the pangs of parting; ere the cords of tender association, communion, sympathy and affection, have drawn close about the heart; ere the love of this life and its enchanting scenes, has possessed the bosom and won the worship of its deep emotions. In short, those who die young, have the *less* of earth that they may have the *more* of Heaven. They die soon, that they may live soon. So far as regards themselves, they only live to die, they only die to live forever. They feel enough of pain to enable them to appreciate the joys of eternal life, and then go happily away to the full fruition.

¶ God then was not cruel or unkind, when he took away your prattling boy—your laughing girl. Oh no; God was very kind. Notwithstanding those tears and sobbings, those soul-bleeding sorrowings of yours; not-

withstanding that cheerless blank in the little home-circle, and that lonely, gloomy silence there, because the music of that little prattler greeted the ear no more, still, he was very kind. Do you doubt it? Do blighted love and blighting sorrow make you doubt it? Then look away to the glowing realms of a better life! Lift up an eye of holy faith and look to the christian's Heaven! Behold its fadeless beauties, its sparkling treasures, its gleaming glories, its raptured legions. Listen at the thrilling pæans of the blessed, the happy hallelujahs of the immortal choirs, and when they hush their choral chants, catch up the swelling symphony of unnumbered harps, as it rings from every grove, from every fount, from every bower, mount, mansion and throne; and while you gaze, and listen in deep, transporting joy—Oh, then remember, know and feel that *thy child, thy loved, thy lost, thine own, dear, cherished child is there!* It wears a crown, it waves a palm, it strikes a harp, it sings the anthems of the skies. Was't God kind? Yes; and you ought to dry your tears and thank him. Your child is *a cherub in glory*. What could your Father have done with that child, more to its happiness and yours? Then weep no more. Your sighs ought to be songs. Your grief ought to be gratitude.

I know you would like to see your loved one again. You want to embrace it and press its pure lips once more. Will you not then prepare to join it in its angel abode? If you would meet it there, it would tell you all about its joys and raptures, show you the bright and beautiful things which Jesus has given it; and sing, and rejoice, and be happy with you forever. Amen!

## My Mother's Grave.

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"We know that the bowers are green and fair,  
In the light of that summer shore;  
And we know that the Mother we lost is there—  
She is *there*—and she weeps no more."

I am kneeling by my mother's grave. How holy the influence that sinks upon my heart! Memory carries me back to the days when she was with me, and tells me of a thousand pleasures her sacred presence gave me—pleasures I shall never know again—and sadness is upon my heart, and a tear is in my eye; but still it is sweet to be here. I feel her love as I felt it in my childhood—and all around is musical in its silence like the language of affection that speaks in the voiceless glance and smile of tenderness.

Ah Grave! thou hast a precious treasure! Within thee are the hands that led me, the arms that embraced me, the tongue that gently taught me, and the face that smiled in holiest sympathy upon me. Alas! and shall I never see them any more?

Be still! my soul; dost thou not hear spirit-echoes? This is, indeed, holy ground. I am nearer Heaven here than at any other spot on earth. I feel that she is near me, and yet I know that she is in heaven. Oh! it is sweet to be here. The Father is strangely kind and my heart is full of melting love.

There's a mighty eloquence proving to my spirit, as I kneel by thy grave, dear mother, that we shall meet again! Glorious hopes appeal to thee, my soul, to cheer thee in thy sorrows and make thee faithful unto death. Thou still hast her blessing and love; for the prayers of a mother do not die when she dies, and the real heart and its sinless sympathies are never buried in the tomb. Her love is purer and warmer now, for it comes from "the sainted spirit shore." Thou shalt find her again in 'the bosom of bliss.'



## Consolation.

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"Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That death ne'er heeds nor hears distress;  
Will this unteach us to complain,  
Or make one mourner weep the less?"

So tender and affecting are the ties which bind the hearts of friends together, that we weep even in the death-chamber, and at the grave of the Christian. Death demands a painful tribute, even when we know that the forms which he presses to his chilly bosom shall one day spring from his palsied arms and shine forever—and that the spirits which once gave them life and beauty, are already enjoying eternal freedom and blessing. But there is so much consolation in the belief of their present happiness—so much relief in the expectation of meeting and knowing them again, that our tears are often sweet to our souls, and our sorrows mingled with the dearest enjoyments. But alas! there are some graves—graves of those whom we have tenderly cherished—which are wept over by us as if veiled in a gloom-cloud, untempered by the soothing light of one single gleam of hope. Those whom they contain spoke no cheering word to us while dying. They did not bid us meet them in a happier home, for they never told us that they expected to dwell in the beautiful mansions of Heaven. There never was any promise of eternal life shining in their lives, and speaking from their lips. Our bitterest grief is called up by their

memory. But is there not some solace for us as we look with tearful eye upon their tomb? Is there not some alleviation of these sorrows which hang so heavily around our hearts? Shall we spend all our lives in this troublous gloom? No! However true our hearts—however deep and lingering our grief—there will be a gradual change. As we engage in the duties of life—mingle with other friends and pass through the changeful history of the next few months, our thoughts will learn to wander from the mournful recollections over which they are brooding now. Time will gently distil a genial balm upon our wounded hearts as it leads us away from the first dark hours of our bereavement, and familiarizes us with those objects which now so painfully recall the dear departed. We may not hope to forget—indeed we would not, if we could, forget—but we may learn to remember them with less of gloom and grief and trouble than we suffer now. This is the common history of the bereaved.

But there is room for hope where many a depressed and bleeding heart only despairs. The mercy of our Heavenly Father is very wonderful, and the experience of the souls of our friends is often very different from what appears; and therefore we may believe that many a poor wicked heart seeks for refuge in the blood of the Redeemer in the last hours of its probation, and is received and blessed with eternal ransom. Let not this, however, encourage the delusive dream of death-bed repentance. That dream is too often broken by the awful knell of every privilege, hope and pleasure, and is suddenly supplanted by the startling and tremendous

realities of everlasting death. Perhaps the dying hour will be the most unfavorable for repentance and faith of all the hours of your life. Therefore if you have *any other* opportunity to seek for pardon, do not postpone it to the last struggle. Your soul at best will have enough to do and bear then. Beware lest your last words be those crushing ones which have fallen from the anguished lips of thousands who deferred their return to God to the last of their lives—those heart-breaking words, ‘it is too late! it is too late!’

But there are probably many instances in which the mortal affliction is graciously directed by our Father to the eternal salvation of the soul. As the repentant malefactor looked upon the Saviour and trusted Him, amid the pains of crucifixion, so many who have sunk under fatal disease or received mortal wounds by accident or in battle, have turned their spirit eye to the same Redeemer and through one earnest, whole-souled trust in Him, felt the precious balm of redeeming love, preparing the spirit to pass Jordan in safety and meet the Lord with peace and joy and praise. Many soldiers who have fallen in the pending war, have found their wounds or sickness the ministers of endless mercy; and have risen from bloody plain or crowded hospital to the blooming fields and shining homes of Heaven. If there be room for hope, it is right that you should indulge it to the relief of your stricken heart. Should you ever reach Heaven, you may be raptuously surprised to find many there whose fate you now think shrouded forever in despair. But your anticipations of a blissful future beyond this life are often troubled, perhaps,



by the thought of the eternal separations which will occur at the Judgment. You do not understand now how you could see those whom you have loved on earth, consigned to endless misery, and still be without sympathy and sorrow in your own heart. It is right that such thoughts be entertained, for they will surely render you more true and untiring in your efforts to secure the salvation of those friends who are yet in a world of hope. Oh, who will not freely make all needful sacrifices and bear all necessary sufferings to save dear and loved ones from such a fate ! But fear not that the calamities which then befall your friends for their unfaithfulness will disturb the perfect satisfaction of your heart, if you do the will of God in life and meet His smile in Judgment. Natural ties—mere human friendships—unsanctified by the Spirit of Grace, will not be perpetuated in that Happy Land. They will all perish at the threshold. They will live in the bosom of the lost as shown by the parable of the rich man who prayed for his surviving brothers, while he was suffering the pains of perdition. The righteous need fear no such fate. Their peace shall be unruffled and their pleasures unmingled and full. God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and their “sorrow and sighing shall flee away.” He who has promised is able to fulfill, and He will prove to us that His salvation is an all sufficient balm for all our fears and woes. *When the soul is full of Heaven, there will be no room for trouble or grief.*

Our feelings towards the finally impenitent, will be like those which the Redeemer realizes. He loved them



so much as to give His life for them; now He beholds them banished forever from His peaceful presence and condemned to eternal woe, and still His happiness is perfect.

## Where are They.

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I know that they are happy,  
With their angel plumage on;  
But my heart is very desolate  
To think that they are gone.

PARK BENJAMIN.

WHAT is the condition of the ransomed soul between death and the resurrection? Where are now the spirits of our pious dead? The forms to which they once gave life and beauty are slumbering in the grave, but

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not written of the soul."

Fond and undying affection, still weeping and lonely, frequently arises, and sadly asks, *Where are they?*—Memory—as she calls up from the spectral past the visions of their cherished forms, and lowly hums the voices of their long since silent tongues—asks in affecting earnestness, *Where are they?* Old, stifled emotions, which once wept at the tomb and wailed in heart-felt sorrow, do often awake to life again, and inquire, *Where are they?* As we gaze upon the objects which they treasured, and mingle in the scenes which they once shared, those objects and scenes take each a several tongue, and touchingly ask us, *Where are they?* We know they are not unhappy, but we nevertheless feel a strong desire to know the place and manner of

their existence. Several opinions have been entertained upon this question. We will confine ourself to the consideration of those which at the present day are more or less popular, passing by the flimsy, speculative theories of the dreamer.

First, it is contended by some that the disembodied spirit rests in an unconscious, unfeeling state.

This is easily refuted. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is directly against it. "And in hell, he (that is, Dives,) lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is *comforted*, and thou art tormented." Now this parable was spoken by the Saviour, and therefore does not teach what is false. From it we learn the following truths: Departed spirits think, reason, and communicate thought, for "Abraham said," &c. Secondly, they are capable of some feeling, for Lazarus was "*comforted*;" and the term, *comforted*, means more than insensibility. Thirdly, they are capable of action; for the rich man prayed Abraham to "*send* Lazarus," proving that he regarded him truly as having the power of motion.

The facts associated with the Transfiguration of Jesus, are against this theory. We are told that Moses and Elias appeared with Christ on Mount Tabor. The Apostles, as they saw them, did not regard them as

mere vapory, senseless existences, but as real, living, appreciating spirits, for they proposed to erect tabernacles there for them; and they tell us, moreover, that they were "*talking with Him.*"

Secondly, others contend that there is an intermediate abode.

By this is meant a spirit land, not our earth and not in heaven—a sort of relay scene between this world and perfect glory. I know of but one argument of any plausibility in favor of this. That is, Christ told the converted thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," and after he was risen he told Mary to touch him not, for he had not yet *ascended to his Father.*—This is easily answered, if we consider, as appears proper, that he meant in his warning to Mary, that he in his body had not ascended. It was his body which she was about to *touch*, and that to which he may have applied the remark. But this is explainable on several other grounds. We pass on to the arguments in favor of what we think is the true doctrine, viz.: that the sanctified soul goes immediately from the death scene to the highest heaven.

The following proofs from Scripture are plain and convincing.

"To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." Where is the Lord Jesus? "Received up into glory." Then to be present with Him is to be in glory. Christ said to the thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." The only question is,—Where is Paradise? Paul tells us that he was caught up into the third heaven, and in the same chapter



calls that "third heaven," Paradise. "The third heaven" was the Jewish phrase for the highest Heaven. "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." (Phil. i. 23.)

Here the Apostle confidently expresses the idea, that for him to depart is "to be with Christ." He cannot simply mean to be present with Him, as to his omnipresent divinity, for he enjoyed that on earth. He must mean His more appreciable, visible presence in glory.

Then ask no more, ye stricken-hearted, "Where are they?" When the redeemed spirits left the body, they rested not this side of Heaven. When the tongues of sadness, grief, memory, hope, and love inquire for them, listen to Mercy, as she softly whispers from glory,— "They are here." And catch the spirit-tones that those loved ones utter in the land of life, "We are here; we are here!"

## “We’ll Meet Again.”

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We must part awhile :

A few short months—though short they must be long

Without thy dear society ; but yet

We must endure it, and our love will be

The fonder after parting—*it will grow*

*Intenser in our absence, and again*

*Burn with a tender glow.*

Fear not ; this is my last resolve, and *this*

*My parting token.*

PERCIVAL.

“We’ll meet again!” These words are a priceless treasure ; for the hope they inspire is often worth a world. They are a precious balm to friends in this life, who are widely separated by duty and fortune. They often mingle like celestial music in the dirgeful farewell, and light up the parting tear with rays of bright anticipation. They are among the angel hands which steal away the anguish and the sting of death. They twine like unfading flowers around the tombstones of the loved and fallen, and shed a soft and cheering fragrance on the hearts of surviving friends. They are a bow of mercy and peace, which spans the distance from the grave to glory—an unchanging covenant, that when life is o’er, a sweet reunion and the joys of everlasting friendship shall bless us in the skies.

The charm of these words rests in the fond faith we indulge in the doctrine of heavenly recognition. What

joy would it impart, to meet our friends, if we could not know and identify them? Let us examine the grounds of the delightful belief, and see whether they are reliable.

Memory and understanding are all the faculties of the mind that are necessary to recognition. That these are retained, even as regards matters in this life, is evident from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Abraham mentioned the respective lives and fortunes of the two, and then indulged in some reasoning about motives to faith. If one knows and remembers what happened in the lives of others, for a still stronger reason he knows and remembers what happened in his own history.

We will remember that many of our friends died impenitent and unbelieving, and whether we recognize them or not, we will know that they are lost; but this will be no source of trouble to us, for whatever God does will be just and righteous; and whatever is just and righteous will be approved and joyously endorsed by the sanctified. We will remember others who triumphed in death. If we still knew their names and their histories, would we not have sufficient to lead to mutual recognition?

We believe that saints retain their personal identity. Abraham was known as Abraham, Lazarus as Lazarus; and at the transfiguration, Moses and Elijah were still regarded as Moses and Elijah. If our friends thus retain their identity, will we not be able to know them? David, in weeping over his child, said: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Does not his lan-



guage clearly express the hope and faith that he would again know him as his child?

Christ told the weeping sister, as a consolation, "Thy brother shall rise again." Do not these words clearly convey the idea of recognition? Else what comfort do they give? For she before believed in the doctrine of the resurrection.

St. Paul wrote to the Collossians that he had labored that he might "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." How could he *present* them, if he could not recognize them? To the Thessalonians he said: that they were his hope and joy, and crown of rejoicing "in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming." How could they be, if he did not and could not know them? In other places he uses similar language to those who had been converted under his ministry: thus appealing to that godly hope, that, when the storms and trials of life and death are past, preacher and people, endeared by common toils and triumphs here, should meet around the great white Throne and shout together, in the ineffable raptures of the redeemed.

Oh, then, let us feast on the sweets which this good doctrine brings. It is true. We could multiply arguments, if we would, but what we have written is enough. Oftentimes love and friendship twine the tenderest cords of living hearts together; death comes and tears them asunder; one falls into the tomb, and others bleed in disconsolate sorrow; but, we have the blessed assurance that those broken cords shall be twined again, and bind the same fond hearts together, in a union more holy and sweet, which shall be perpetuated forever. We must all, soon or late, part for a while, but if we are faithful Christians, "We'll meet again!"



## Mother, Home and Heaven.

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In wandering, one day, among the graves in Laurel Hill Cemetery, I was attracted by a large and handsome monument which had but one word on its surface. I walked near and examined it, that word was "Mother." It was only *one* word, and yet it was enough. Another letter would have lessened its beautiful pathos, its enchanting power. It was a short inscription as the eye saw it and the tongue uttered it, but it was infinite as the heart interpreted it. I read it with my heart. It expressed a great deal more than I can write. It told me about smiles, tenderness, kindness, consolation, cheer and love, in a thousand forms of blessing. Then it whispered of mingled hope and dread, of the gathering gloom and foreboding as the cheek was paler, and the pulse more feeble. Then it echoed the last faint but holy counsels, the last farewell, the last hopeful, tearful kiss; and then spoke of all the tears shed and the sorrows felt; and gathering a world of meaning in a word, it said, "*There is a home without a mother.*" I thought of that home. Its brightest light, its sweetest song, its truest words, its dearest joys, its noblest wealth, and its guardian angel, were no more.

Oh, Heaven, deal tenderly with the homes without a mother! Home is next to Heaven, but home is only home when there's a mother there.

On looking upon another side of the marble, I discovered words which told me that that mother had only left a home on earth, for a home in heaven. Then I felt less sad. My sadness began to melt into joy. Heaven! Oh, who would not give up *home* for *Heaven*? Who would not give up friends to Heaven? Heaven! It is the precious poetry of our glorious faith, the supreme eloquence of infinite mercy, the last eternal excellence of Christianity, the glory-crowned queen of all worlds, the glittering land of immortal blessedness.

Hast thou lost a mother? Did she die in hope and peace? Then weep no more, for thou hast a *mother* at *home* in *Heaven*. Mother! Home! Heaven! Three strains as sweet as a seraph's song. "A mother at home in Heaven." A song that a seraph might delight to sing!

## Herben and Linda; or the Token Star.

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'Twas eve, and Nature slept in peace—  
The sky her covering, gemmed with stars;  
While 'long the West, bright blushing hues  
Still lingered like a fringe of gold:  
She slept like one who sweetly knows  
She's loved and loved the loving one,  
And dreams while sleeping he is near,  
And smiles and gives his love a tongue.

Beneath a broad and shadowy elm  
A soldier and his fair-betrothed  
In quiet sat, and dream'd and loved.  
They long had shared these sacred joys  
Which kindred hearts each other give  
When deep affection makes them *one*.  
The noble youth with heart of fire,  
Alive to duty's thrilling cry,  
Had come to break the long truce,  
And give a pledge of chaste love.  
The wilful visions of his soul,  
In dreams, in fancy, all were stained  
With tears of weeping innocence,  
With smoke from robbed and burning homes,  
With blood besprinkled hills and plains,  
And on each feathered wing of air  
Was borne to him the loud appeal  
Of surrounding friends and countrymen  
For help against his country's foe.  
And he who by him self possessed  
A heart too faithful to oppose  
The zeal magnanimous, which led

To sacrifice and strife and pain,  
For home and liberty and Heaven.

He spoke with trembling voice and low :  
" To-morrow, Linda, I must haste  
To scenes of strife, in distant fields ;  
To share with comrades, brave and true,  
The dangers of a soldier's life ;  
And struggle with a dauntless soul  
For truth and right and native land.  
I hate this war and every war :  
I have no cruel thirst for blood,  
Nor wish, impelled by dark-revenge,  
To stand beside a fallen foe,  
And hear him groan and see him writhe.  
Such feelings suit a demon's breast.  
I want no wreath bestained with blood,  
No praise by dread destruction won.  
I follow only duty's call,  
And battle only for the cause  
That all the good and Heaven approve,  
'Twould be life's Eden, could I spend  
My days at home with peace and thee.  
Thou knowest this, and yet I'm sure  
Thy heart would love me less, should love  
Prevail to conquer virtue's power  
And make me sheathe the sword of Right.  
I'm here once more, but gone again ;  
Long years may pass ere I return.  
With me, remember, life itself  
And memory of thee are one.  
But ere I go I'd give to thee  
A souvenir which shall recall,  
With angel tongue, my name, in hours  
When precious memory's most dear,  
And hallowed thoughts most hallowed are.  
For this I will not leave a flower :



Though flowers are pure and beautiful,  
And speak a language full of love;  
They, Linda, early droop and fade:  
They change with every beam and breeze:  
And cannot emblem well a heart,  
Which beats, like mine, *forever true*.

I will not leave the sparkling gem,  
The golden gewgaw or the pearl,  
For though they have a magic tongue,  
That speaks with potent charms to some,  
Yet *gold and diamond tongues are dumb*  
To hearts so excellent as thine.  
I will not leave on gilded page  
The painted vows which poets dream,  
Nor aught of all the weird pen  
Has written to reveal the heart.  
*Books are not bosoms!* They are born  
Too oft where only *thought* prevails;  
And simple types can never tell  
The faithful fervor of a soul  
Which glows and thrills with ceaseless love.  
And books! *Man made them*; saving *One*,  
And that I gave thee years ago.

I will not leave the spoken vow;  
For as I speak the echo dies  
Forever to the *mortal ear*.

I will not leave my miniature;  
It does not smile, I smile for thee;  
It does not pray, I pray for thee;  
It does not look with burning beam  
The living energy of soul:  
'Twould seem to be myself, and still  
'Twould be a mockery of me.  
Behold yon richly radiant *Star!*  
'Tis there all seasons of all years;

While others often disappear  
To shed their beams in other skies,  
That always looks and is the same,  
And never wearies of its home.  
The clouds may overshadow it,  
The sun's unfriendly splendor hide ;  
Yet when the veiling cloud is gone,  
Or when the dazzling day is done,  
It shines all loveliness again.  
It is a tenant of the sky ;  
Its rays are pure ; no earthly stain  
Makes aught of its soft brilliancy.  
It shines by night—to guide the dews  
Or visits to refresh the flowers.  
It shines by night—like one who loves  
Tranquility and sacred peace.  
It shines by night—as faithful hearts  
Seek kindly for the scenes of gloom.  
It shines by night—while nature sleeps,—  
Thus blessing earth, when earth knows not ;  
As angels bring their heavenly gifts,  
And breathe sweet messages on souls  
That never see the hands that give,  
Nor know the precious lips that speak.  
It shines by night—directing those  
Who wander over pathless hills,  
Or ride the waves with compass lost ;  
An emblem of the spirit light  
Our Father sends, to guide the heart  
Through moral wilderness and storm.  
That *Star*, and that alone, I leave.  
My love is pure as starlight's pure ;  
'Tis changeless as perennial beam ;  
'Twill be the same though parting clouds  
Should lower long and dark between.  
Behold it, then, and call it *thine* !  
To me it shall a beacon be,

Commanding every deed of life;  
Not that I'd serve thee more than Heaven,  
But that I know thy will to be  
That I should only Heaven serve.  
As did the star of Bethlehem,  
It shall proclaim with every ray  
The language of eternal hope;  
And tell us of that higher home,  
Where forms like stars shall live to shine,  
And souls like stars be high in Heaven.  
'Twill lead us to look up to Him  
Who made the stars to make us blessed.  
'Twill tell us of the love, the power,  
The wisdom and the grace of Him  
Who deigns to be our Father God.  
Then, dearest Linda, we can pray;  
And constant hope, despite all fate,  
That He will lead us once again  
To happy union, *either here*  
*Or in the purer light of Heaven!*"

Here Linda wept, and weeping smiled;  
Now was it strange; for in a world  
Where shade and sunshine often join,  
The hearts are *few*, that feel not oft  
Deep cause to mingle tears with smiles.  
Then Linda, weeping, smiling said;  
"Oh, Morven! ever be thyself!  
I'll think of thee, I'll cherish thee,  
I'll pray for thee, I'll love but thee:  
Be sure to think of this and me!  
Remember me each fleeting hour!  
Aye, every moment think of me!  
And be each thought of me, a call  
To struggle for the right and Heaven!  
*That Star's our pledge: 'tis mine; 'tis thine,*  
I shall not chang', I'm thine forever.  
Good-bye! We seek the same bright Home;  
We'll meet again, I hope, on earth

If not on earth, *still shall we meet !*"  
Months fled apace. Each dusky eve,  
Would Linda wander to the spot  
Where she and Morven wept "adieu."  
When there she'd cast a tearful glance  
To greet the gentle little Star—  
Then meekly bend the suppliant knee,  
And breathe to glory prayers like this:  
"Oh, Father! show him yonder Star!  
When in his blanket wrapped he lays  
His wearied form upon the ground—  
Or walks the sentry's lonely beat—  
Or stands on outpost dark and drear—  
Then Father, show him yonder Star!  
And give its every beam a tongue  
To speak with power to his soul!  
Oh, may he ever faithful be,  
As that is faithful in its sphere!  
Bestow on him a cheerful heart  
'Mid all the trials he must bear!  
When sick in crowded hospital,  
Upon his little bed of straw,  
He thinks of distant home and friends,  
And sighs for tender hands and hearts  
To bless him in his suffering—  
But sighs in vain, All-present One!  
Be thou his Friend and Comforter!  
When on the field 'mid serried ranks,  
He fronts the battle's storm, oh God!  
Be round about him! Be his shield!  
Oh, be his great deliverer!  
He loves me, Father; make that love  
A sweet Evangel to proclaim  
His duty and his troth to Thee.  
Guide all his footsteps! Make his life  
A holy Marathon for truth!  
Oh, may he always trust in Thee,  
Receive and feel Thy boundless love!



May all his words and actions prove  
The Christian hero's lofty soul!  
Preserve and bless him, through the war,  
And bring him safely home again!  
I pray for peace! oh Lord, how long!"

Anon the beauteous Linda pined ;  
The lustre of her noble eye  
Grew dim, the roses on her cheek  
Were faded by despondency.  
The heart was sick ; and when a heart  
Like hers, is filled with gloom or pain,  
The power's felt through form and soul.  
No more in gracefulness she tripped,  
In evening shades, through woody bower.  
'Twas seen her life was waning fast,  
And friends were shedding secret tears.  
One sunny day her mother sat,  
And viewed her with a heart of grief,  
As drooping on her couch she lay ;  
The mother thought her slumbering.  
She *was* asleep to all around ;  
Her soul was living far away.  
She thought with fervid hopes of him  
Who "*loved and loves, if yet he lives.*"  
She prayed for union, but not *here* ;  
Her spirit looked beyond the skies.  
Believing death was almost come,  
She softly sighed and cast a glance  
Of melting tenderness ; and said :  
"Dear mother ! come and kiss thy child !  
I'd feel thy sweet embrace once more ;  
The last time hear thy tender voice.  
I'm dying, mother, but I feel  
*No fear. All's well.* Bid all my friends  
Draw near and take this last adieu."  
With streaming eyes and swelling hearts,

They gathered round the snow-white couch,  
 Received the dying pledge of love,  
 Caught sacred warnings from her lips,  
 Then warmly pressed her little hand  
 And sighed a lingering "farewell!"  
 Again she spoke; they listened all;  
 "Dear friends; I ask one last kind pledge:  
 Soon I shall sleep in silent death:  
 Prepare my grave beneath your elm,  
 And bury me at eventide,  
 When stars are shining in the sky:  
 Place over me a marble block:  
 Engrave no name, but cut a star  
 Upon the surface, then a hand,  
 With finger pointing to the star;  
 And mark! Should Morven e'er return,  
 Pray tell him that I begged you this.  
 I die—but oh! beyond all dreams  
 Of joy that soul e'er dreamed below,  
 The real ecstasy of Heaven  
 Steals richly on my winged soul.  
 I die—but only *die to live*.  
 We part—but only *part to meet*.  
*Where those who meet shall part no more.*"  
 This day, not far from Malvern Hill,  
 Within a bloody hospital,  
 Young Morven lay, with two deep wounds,  
 From loss of blood and want of breath,  
 And dread fatigue, his face was pale—  
 His voice was tremulous and faint,  
 And yet to comrades lying near,  
 And writhing in their blood and pain,  
 He often spoke consoling words,  
 And strove to calm their aching hearts.  
 With feeble hand he'd hold the cup,  
 To dying soldiers' fevered lips,  
 And sigh for strength to help them more.

He talked to them of holy trust  
 In Him who promises to heed  
 The humblest cry that's raised to Him,  
 For help and mercy, through His Son :  
 He spoke of blissful rest and peace,  
 Within the Beautiful of Lands,  
 Where war's alarms are never felt,  
 And cruel foes are never feared.  
 While speaking, sweet serenity  
 Was on his features, and a smile  
 Would often play upon them, like  
 The ripple from a gentle breeze  
 Upon the bosom of a lake  
 That rests in sunny peacefulness.  
 But soon night came. and o'er his weak  
 And wearied frame, soft slumber fell.  
 Then fancy rose and ruled the mind,  
 Creating freshly vanished hours,  
 And lading them with pleasures gone.  
 So faithful was she to the past,  
 He seemed to live it all again.  
 Fair Linda rose in visions bright,  
 And joined him in a thousand scenes  
 Of youthful hope and happiness.  
 Her voice was love's own melody,  
 Her every glance a pledge of love.  
 How beat his heart with gladness then !  
 'Twas feasting on the sacred joys  
 Of dearest *memory*, combined  
 With other joys he'd *hoped* for long,  
 And oft had viewed with ardent eye,  
 In scenes that coming days should bring.  
 But blissful as this dream, so dark  
 The cloud of gloom which soon should wrap  
 Its dismal folds around his heart.  
 He wakes and finds beside him one,  
 Who knew him in his distant home.

They'd long been friends with mutual trust;  
Were kind and true as brothers are.  
They loved to bless each other still.  
He held a candle in one hand,  
And gave a letter, which he said  
Contained perchance some news from home :  
Their homes were captured by the foe  
The month they left, and not a line  
Had they received from home and friends.  
With eager hand he opened it,  
But found no name. 'Twas written by  
Some cruel one to torture him,  
And blight his love and happiness.  
By one who had a traitor turned  
To all that's noble in the heart,  
To friendship, native land and Heaven ;  
And who still sought the lovely hand  
Of Linda, his own sweet betrothed.  
This letter told him startling things.  
It taught him that he was forgot—  
That Linda loved another now.  
It gave him all her cruel words,  
When she renounced her olden vow  
And to another pledged her all.  
This news was strange—'twas terrible,  
And gained dominion over him.  
He strove to doubt it, think it false,  
But all in vain ; it would seem true.  
He begged his friend to lend his arm  
And lead him to a neighboring grove ;  
There sadly sinking to the ground,  
He gave the letter to that friend  
And begged, " now leave me all alone."  
Oh, what a burden pressed his heart !  
He leaned his head upon his hand  
And mused a while and deeply sighed ;  
Then with a doleful, anguished voice,



He uttered this soliloquy :

“Oh, Linda! Linda! can it be!

What is there left to comfort me?

The past I love, but that is gone.

The present is a soldier's lot,

Privation, suffering and pain;

The sweetest hope the future lends,

Of blessings human friends can give,

Is what a joy may gladden it,

By her fidelity and love.

And if she's false—the world is false,

For she was truest of the world.

If she be false—life's light is fled.

And oh! to think, I'm so deceived,

By one I loved with such a love!

I should have deemed her pledged to me

Without the fervent pledges given.

She smiled sometimes when we would meet,

With gentleness enough to quell

The raging of a breaking heart.

She spoke sometimes with angel tongue,

Such words as linger sweetly yet,

Like music from the vales of Peace.

Ten thousand little favors done,

Proclaimed a loving woman's love.

These smiles, and words, and favors all,

Or each would make it *treachery*

And deep *deception*, were she false;

But add to these the plighted vows,

So oft repeated, and at last

Embalmed in holy parting tears!

Oh love! oh treachery! can it be?

How base the crime of dark deceit!

It was the primal fount of sin;

It withered all of Eden's bowers,

And stained her every crystal stream.

It is the darkest trophy-gem,

Whose lurid sparkling crowns the brow

Of him who reigns—the Prince of woe.

If I would be on earth a fiend,  
 Deception first should fill my soul;  
 And if a fiend I'd ever be,  
 I'd wed deceiving to my life.  
 It is the antithesis of truth—  
 Then is it black as truth is bright,  
 And truth is bright enough for Heaven.  
 And can a crime like this be done  
 And fostered in the pious breast  
 Of Linda, whom we ever thought  
 The child of purity and truth?  
 If false, her fall is one that's less  
 Alone, than that which angels fell."

O'erwhelmed with thoughts like these, he paused,  
 And soon his words were changed to tears.  
 Then sweetly on the silent air—  
 Soft melting strains of music came.  
 The notes were those of "Home, sweet Home."  
 They shed enchantment o'er his soul.  
 Unwittingly he looked away  
 To where the Token Star still shone.  
 A beam of beauty kissed his soul,  
 And waked it from its reverie.  
 As swift as morning shadows fly  
 When waves of sunlight flood the sky—  
 So swift his painful doubtings fled  
 And all his heart was trust again.  
 "No, Linda! I'll believe thee true,  
 Till thine own lips declare thee false.  
 No nameless letter can destroy  
 The trust of this unchanging heart.  
 Thy faithfulness is written high  
 Upon the bosom of the sky,  
 In changeless characters of light.  
 'Tis written too, in golden lines  
 Upon ten thousand snowy leaves,

Of thy past angel history.  
 Such proof's are worthier far of faith  
 Than all that erring man can write.  
 I will not, cannot doubt thee more."  
 Long, changeful months of strife passed o'er ;  
 But not one *fear* or *doubt* arose  
 To trouble Morven's trust again.  
 At length he learned with grateful heart,  
 The foe were driven from his home ;  
 Just then, most fortunate, there came  
 A leave of absence from his corps,  
 That he might visit home once more.  
 How buoyant was his noble breast !  
 Alone he sped his hopeful way.  
 To those who love and know they're loved,  
 How sweet anticipation is  
 When blessed reunion is at hand !

His journey done, at last he came  
 By starlight to the cherished elm.  
 When near, he gazed and saw the shaft ;  
 His heart beat fast, he thought 'twas she.  
 Love could not wait ; it instant spoke :  
 "Oh Linda ! Linda ! loved and dear !"  
 He listened, not a sound he heard.  
 Still gazing, to himself he said :  
 "It must be Linda and she fears ;  
 Methinks I see her tremble now.  
 Again he cried with voice of love ;  
 "Sweet Linda ! I am home again !"  
 No word he caught, no motion saw.  
 He drew him near, descried the shaft ;  
 His hopes were faint, he quaked with dread ;  
 He stooped, he saw the marble Star,  
 He shrieked : "Oh Heaven ! 'Tis Linda's tomb !  
 And is she dead ? Oh, is she dead ?  
 Is this the home of hallowed joy,

Become the dreary scene of death?  
 Oh, that I could have present been,  
 To hear her dying words and prayers!  
 For they, I know, were treasures dear,  
 That even angels love to prize.  
 She's gone, and with her all I loved  
 And cherished most this side of Heaven.  
 She's gone, to fadeless Glory gone,  
 She waits me on yon peaceful shore.  
 Up there, if we should meet again,  
*Eternal union would be ours;*  
 For this sweet thought, I thank kind Heaven.  
 Thrice blessed they who meet on high!  
 Their lives and blessings never end.  
 Oh, what a boon it were to die,  
 And hie me to her better home!  
 But nay; the Father's will be done!  
 I'll weep no more; instead of tears,  
 Her memory shall waken prayers.  
 Thou breaking heart! go feel for those  
 Who need and bleed in wretchedness!  
 There's something left to live for still!  
 Go, guide these hands to scatter peace  
 In every helpless heart and home!  
 Live like the shining angels live,  
 In usefulness and holiness!  
 Then smiles from thy Redeemer still  
 Shall gently gather over thee,  
 And cheer thee on thy lonely way.  
 Thus beat away thy fleeting days,  
 And soon thy liberty shall come.  
 This block proves Linda was herself  
 As long as change was possible;  
 She's *truer* now—she's glorified—  
 She lives where hearts can never change."

"Oh Morven! Morven! Is it thou!  
 Thy Linda lives! We've met again!"



The voice was hers, he knew it well.  
He sprang, excited, to his feet.  
He looked and lo! all beautiful,  
Came Linda rushing to his arms!  
He pressed her to his bounding heart,  
And cried with fervid, trembling voice:  
"Oh Linda! Is this all a dream?  
Can such a glory real be?  
What means it? Tell me, quickly tell!"  
'Twas long before a word she spoke,  
But sobbing, quivering, she lay  
Enfolded in his loving arms.  
When joy's first thrilling shock was passed,  
She smiled with glowing love and said:  
"Dear Morvern! just ten months ago,  
I almost slept the sleep of death.  
When I believed my end was near,  
I begged my friends to build a tomb  
Of marble and engrave it thus.  
But Heaven graciously prolonged  
My life, and gave me health again.  
Anon we heard the bloody news  
Of battles round our Capital.  
You do not know the dread suspense,  
The trembling, tearful anxiousness,  
That those at home experienced,  
When they have learned a battle's fought  
And cannot hear the fate of friends.  
It clothes all countenances in gloom.  
By day and night the heart is sad,  
And though so eager, dreads to hear.  
I never shall forget the day  
A paper came, in which were given  
The names of all our Southern slain.  
How tremblingly I read that list!  
I hurried almost madly on,  
Till, oh! my eye beheld thy name!

I cannot tell thee what I felt—  
I can't remember what I felt;  
For 'twas a shock which rent my heart  
As lightning rends the stricken tree.  
*Then with a love that could not die,  
I straight resolved to raise this tomb  
To thy most precious memory."*  
"Oh Linda! such delight as this,  
With such amazing mercy fraught,  
Demands the instant offering  
Of warmest gratitude to Heaven.  
Let's kneel and praise our gracious God  
Whose 'wondrous love has blessed us so!'"

## The Buried Lock.

I strolled along the ocean beach  
In meditative mood  
To feast on nature's charms and spend  
A season with my God;  
Around me were unnumbered shells,  
Those tokens billows earn  
From ocean and in love present  
To pledge the shores return.

Of all those shells, but one had power  
My vision to enchain;  
Nor could I tell why it should charm,  
For it was small and plain.  
But raising it, beneath I found  
A Lock of raven hair;  
When all my thoughts to seeking turned  
How it could happen there.

Soon Fancy rose of kindness full,  
And as if knowing well  
How much I wished it, instantly  
Its history did tell:  
"This Lock of hair once gently hung  
Upon the brow of one,  
Whose gentleness and excellence  
A thousand hearts had won.

Around her clustered hopes and prayers  
And love as warm and true  
As ever holy loveliness  
From faithful friendship drew  
While cherished thus malign disease,  
Alas! came on apace,

And pale and mute despondency  
Soon sat upon her face.

'Twas hoped that change and travel might  
Her failing health restore  
So entering a noble craft  
She left her native shore ;  
While voyaging she loved the deck,  
And oft would linger there  
To gaze upon the waters, or watch  
The sky serene and fair.

She'd smile sometimes as if her soul  
Were on the breast of Peace ;  
So sweet these smiles, who saw them *sighed*  
That they should ever cease.  
They loved her too—those dauntless ones  
Who on that vessel rode—  
They said that not this world, but Heaven,  
Would suit for her abode.

One awful night there rose a storm  
And fiercely round them raged ;  
I cannot tell thee how those winds  
And waves their warfare waged ;  
If thou would'st know a storm at sea,  
To sea thyself must go,  
For whom the tempest never meets  
It terrors cannot know.

Then quaked the ship as woman quaked  
When hemmed between the hosts  
That erst with raging vengeance fought  
Our Scotland's hills and coasts.  
Ten dreadful hours she weathered well,  
While 'bove, around, beneath,  
There seemed a wild conspiracy  
To work her instant death.



Anon she groaned as though she had  
A bleeding, breaking heart,  
And all with shrieks of agony  
Beheld her timbers part !  
Oh what a scene ensued ! all prayed !  
All tongues forget to curse  
When roaring billows shroud in death  
And whirling fragments pierce.

Among them floated Eoline,  
The Beautiful and Fair !  
And she was most resigned and calm  
Of all who struggled there ;  
For she had trusted Heaven's love  
And Heaven kindly gave  
A wondrous peace which lived and blessed  
Mid fatal wind and wave.

Just as her lovely spirit fled  
There drifted near a plank  
And caught this single token Lock  
Before her body sank.  
It floated thus for many weeks  
Upon the stormy main,  
Till landed on this quiet shore  
Where now for months it's lain.

I'll tell thee now why thus the Lock  
Beneath this shell was laid :  
They both one time had life, but those  
Who were their life are dead.  
The Lock lies here that it may be  
Like buried Eoline ;  
It makes the shell it's sepulchre,  
*Her* grave's the swelling brine.

The Lock rests here as if to hear  
The tidal billows sing

Her requiem and fondly wait  
Till she from death shall spring.  
They emblem too that woful scene—  
That wild catastrophe  
When by the tempest wrecked, the ship  
Consigned her to the sea.

The Lock still lingers on the shore  
To warn and counsel those  
Who sail in ships, to tell them how  
That night the storm arose.  
But most 'twould guard them 'gainst the storm  
That visit land and sea,  
Creating wrecks more horrible  
Than mortal eye can see.

That woful night when they were wrecked,  
Loud wailings made the brave ;  
A darker storm than that without  
Swept o'er a fiercer wave.  
Great Death was wrecking deathless souls,  
And oceans of despair  
Rolled waves of sorrow and of woe  
Against eternal air.

Ah, how those wretched, guilty ones  
Begged mercy while they died !  
For *death* compelled them now to make  
The prayers which *life* denied.  
And many perished in that storm—  
Went down to rise no more,  
Till stranded in a gale of fire  
Upon the Burning Shore !

These spirit-storms shall surely come  
To all who will not give  
Their heart to Christ, the Sinner's Friend,  
Who died that they might live.  
Then bow to Him and seek His love,  
And when thy life is o'er  
He'll pilot thee across the flood  
To Canaan's blissful shore.

## She is Gone.

---

"Sad I am ! nor small is my cause of woe.  
Daura, thou wert fair ;  
Fair as the moon on Fura,  
White as the driven snow,  
Sweet as the breathing gale."

There is a sweet, a cherished spot  
The place where first we met,  
Which, though all others be forgot,  
I never can forget.

There is a love-sequestered home,  
That is to me more dear  
Than princely hall or gorgeous dome,  
For she was nurtured there.

There was a darkly beaming eye,  
Of loveliness supreme,  
Through which a soul of purity  
Looked forth in holy beam.

There was a voice sublimely sweet,  
A cheery, melting voice,  
A voice with love and hope replete,  
The music of my choice.

There was a tender, playful smile,  
That erst my bosom cheered,  
And almost made me dream the while,  
An angel had appeared.

Alas, there is a cruel grave,  
Which sadly from me won,  
The dearest friend that Heaven gave ;  
And I am left alone.

Is that eye closed, and that sweet voice  
Now hushed, forever more ?  
And shall that smile no more rejoice  
My spirit as of yore ?

Ah, yes ; 'tis true ! and sad the truth !  
But then I know she's gone  
To live in sweet, immortal youth,  
Around the Father's throne.

Oh ! earnest then shall be my prayer,  
And constant my endeavor,  
That I at last may meet her there,  
To part no more forever.



## The Last Tear.

A little child with pale and quiet face  
On death's cold bosom leaned his weary head,  
-Although his tender feet ne'er knew a thorn,  
Nor pressed the scorching sand or chilling snow,  
Still had he trod the ways of suffering—  
Had oft been pilgrim to the shrine of pain.

Just as the spirit winged its skyward flight,  
And as the mother knelt beside the couch,  
To kiss his ransomed soul a last adieu,  
One tiny tear escaped his closing eye,  
And like a pearl of beauty decked his cheek.

All tears have language deep and full of power,  
But *this* a language specially its own.  
It said "If shed not now, I'll ne'er be shed.  
He's going where there's no more need of tears ;  
The winging spirit sent me to declare  
It's ever-living fondness, and to give  
A holy promise that it will rejoin  
Its earth companion in the Rising Day.  
I'm likewise emblem of the morning dew  
Upon the spotless lilly, saying sweet,  
'The night is gone !' This life is night to heaven.  
And more, I'm tribute to a mother's love ;  
I come to meet her tender parting kiss,  
For I, in love's blest language, mean "good-bye."  
I also sprang from holy thoughts like those  
Which made the Saviour weep at Bethany.  
My mission is for sympathy to those  
Who still must suffer in a troublous world,  
While there's a world so wondrous sweet as Heaven."

Ah! there's a beauty in the soul, this life  
With all its myriad tongues cannot reveal;  
And there's a better life, the trammelled soul,  
Can dream but faintly of, while prisoned here.  
There's much of loveliness to temper earth;  
But oh! the glory of the Land of Love!  
There's much of music here to bless the heart  
With charms of peace and thrills of sacred joy -  
Rich music floating from the countless harps  
Of Mercy, strung by more than angel hand,  
And made to pour their soothing melody  
Upon the bosom of this 'tainted air;'  
But oh! we know that here we do not catch  
The faintless echoes of the faded notes  
Of that celestial melody which rings  
Through Heaven in one eternal gale of song,  
Vibrating, as it rings, on golden wires  
Which swim in music from the shining harps  
That sound harmonious with the voice of God.  
There's mercy there we cannot understand,  
Or else the hearts that love us here and flee  
To such a land, would weep to know that we  
Still faint and shiver in a world of sin!

## The Soldier's Farewell.

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HE SLEEPS ON THE PLAINS OF MANASSAS.

---

In days that have elapsed, Kate,  
Since we together met,  
We oft have shared in joys, Kate,  
That I shall ne'er forget.

Though oft those days appear, Kate,  
Our happiest, to me,  
I pray that life may bring, Kate,  
Far happier days to thee.

Whatever fortune come, Kate,  
We never must unloose  
The silken bond of love, Kate,  
That long united us.

Our life paths here diverge, Kate,  
And we cannot tell whether  
Within this changeful life, Kate,  
They'll ever come together.

But as these little paths, Kate,  
Which we so loved to roam,  
From every course led back, Kate,  
To our sequestered home;

So all the paths of *night*, Kate,  
No matter what or where,  
Bend ever to *the skies*, Kate,  
And *all meet sweetly there*.

## The Fatal Flower.

'Twas soft, serene, refreshing eve ;  
The setting sun a shadowy veil  
Had woven o'er Niagara's shores,  
When one with heart of conscious peace,  
Came calmly from her silent home,  
To wander 'long the verdant banks,  
And 'mid the cataract's wild roar,  
Commune with solitude, and tell  
The thoughts and feelings of a soul  
All innocence and loveliness.

She loved the beautiful and good,  
And, as with all the wise and pure,  
Each leaf, each bud, each smiling flower,  
Spake mystic language to her soul.

How innocent and lovely, is  
The sentimental love of flowers !  
And who can love them as they're loved.  
By meek and tender woman's heart ?  
And who can pluck them from their stem  
So well as gentle woman can ?

She looked—a thousand floral gems  
Were glist'ning charmingly around.  
Her hand soon held a rich boquet,  
To which when turned her melting eye,  
A far more sacred peacefulness  
Sank tranquilly upon her soul ;  
And earth's sublimest joy was her's.

Before her, still full many bloomed ;  
A single glance upon their hues,  
And she was captive to their charms.



Another and another still  
She from its parent stem removed :  
Unconsciously, with nimble step,  
She neared the ever-crumbling verge,  
Which bounds the deep and dread abyss.  
Anon a mystic voice within  
Disturbed her heart, and bade her be  
Distrustful of the treacherous brink :  
But still her heaven-savoring heart,  
Too pure to tremble with a fear,  
Inclined her on to pluck yet more.

One, passing bright and beautiful,  
Was blooming on the very verge.  
'Twas fair as only flowers are fair ;  
And on its every brilliant leaf  
The crystal spray was sparkling bright,  
Enriching, with more lovely tints,  
Its every eye-enchancing hue.  
"This one I'll pluck," she instant thought,  
"And then I'll to my home return."

Swift to the spot she lightly ran,  
And standing o'er it gazed awhile,  
With raptured heart and eye entranced,  
Upon its varied loveliness.

Oh ! what a lovely sight was this !  
'Twas Beauty's self most beautiful !

"Come, little angel, you are mine,"  
She said, and plucked it from its stem.

Alas ! Alas ! The fatal turf,  
As if unconscious of the pure  
And precious burden it sustained,  
Gave way—and down—alas ! and down  
Niagara's rugged chasm fell  
This child of purity and love !

And as she fell, her dying lips  
Shrieked forth a wild and thrilling cry,  
Which, spite the thunder of the Falls,  
Fell strange on many startled ears.  
That cry ! Oh ! Heaven, what a cry !  
It was the piercing, awful knell  
Of all life's hopes—of life itself.  
These were the words, her dying words,  
"The Fatal Flower ! The Fatal Flower !"

Along the stream of sin and death,  
A thousand cataracts, more deep  
Than great Niagara's abyss,  
Dash down their torrents, huge and dire ;  
And on their banks sweet flowers bloom,  
Whose fragrance captivates the soul—  
Whose beauty conquers conquerors.  
The wandering spray bedims the sight,  
And makes all danger seem afar ;  
No thunder drum a warning gives,  
'To tell how near the chasm yawns ;  
Yet God and conscience softly speak,  
To woo the reckless from the brink.

Know, then, the gardens of thy foe  
Are ever near a precipice.  
The brightest blooms of sinful joy  
Are nearest to the crumbling verge.  
Beware ! Ye lovers of the world !  
Ye'll surely meet with Fatal Flowers ;  
And if ye pluck them—death's your doom ;  
But if ye spurn them—heaven's yours.

## The Neglected Grave.

“Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie.”—OSSIAN.

I have come to thy grave to weep, brother,  
And the sighs of my bleeding breast  
Shall blend with the winds that sweep, brother,  
By the scene of thy dreamless rest.

Here are graves less sacred than thine, brother,  
Which the wall and the iron enclose,  
But, alas, there is nothing I find, brother,  
To shelter thy lonely repose.

The rose and the jessamine bloom, brother,  
And the beautiful laurel waves,  
To temper the chilly gloom, brother,  
Of other remembered graves ;

But no affectionate hands, brother,  
Would nurture a token for thee ;  
And the rank weed flowerless stands, brother,  
Where the sprout and the flower should be.

There are footsteps recent and old, brother,  
All over this field of the dead,  
And by them the story is told, brother,  
Of visits that friends have made ;

But, alas, there is nothing to prove, brother,  
That any have deigned to come,  
To offer one tribute of love, brother,  
Or shed but a tear at *thy* tomb.

There are many rich monuments here, brother,  
Which tell of the life and death  
Of those—the cherished and dear, brother,  
Who sleep in the vaults beneath ;

But naught by the living was done, brother,  
Thy name and thy memory to save,  
And only a letterless stone, brother,  
Is placed at the head of thy grave.

But in weeping thy desolate lot, brother,  
Sweet hopes to my bosom have come—  
There are those who have never forgot, brother,  
Thy virtues, thy name, or thy tomb !

Let mortals neglect and despise, brother,  
Thy humble and grass-grown mound ;  
The angels shall come from the skies, brother,  
And linger in sympathy round.

Ah, yes ; they are near thee to-day, brother,  
Their smiles and their whispers are here,  
So I leave as I wander away, brother,  
Thy grave in the angel's care.

They will guard it till time is no more, brother,  
And then, when the signal is given,  
Although thou wert humble and poor, brother,  
They will carry thee home to heaven.



## My Happy Home.

My Happy Home! my spirit Home!

Thou'rt ever pure and bright,  
And angel bands forever roam  
Thy fields of love and light.

Along thy shining, golden street,  
In perfect joy and peace,  
We soon departed friends shall meet  
And feast on endless bliss.

There we shall join the happy throngs,  
Who play the golden lyre:  
And sing the sweet, celestial songs  
With tongues that never tire.

We'll wave the palms that never fade,  
The palms of victory;  
And wear the crowns that Jesus made,  
Through all eternity.

Oh, then in mercy's precious rays,  
•We'll bask the raptured soul;  
And sing and shout Jehovah's praise  
While termless ages roll.

The smiles of my Redeemer play  
Around my glorious Home,  
And through one bright, eternal day,  
Sweet Heaven's beauties bloom.

## "It is Well."

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Now thine innocent heart from its throbbing has ceased ;  
It will thrill with life's changing emotions no more ;  
And thy sweet, stainless soul, from its prison's released ;  
It has peacefully vanished from time's fading shore.

Ah ! thy form—it was beauty—so youthful and fair !  
'Twas the dearest and loveliest treasure of home,  
But it's gone from the arms of affection and care,  
And now sleeps in the merciless arms of the tomb.

"It is well ;" for on earth there are sorrows untold ;  
They are always afflicting—are often severe,  
So, although we must weep that thy bosom is cold,  
We rejoice that it has no more trouble to bear.

Though we own there are pleasures on earth that are sweet,  
We are sure there are sweeter and purer above,  
Where the glory-crowned spirits forever shall meet,  
With contentment and rapture and heavenly love.

"It is well ;" for thy body now soulless and still,  
In the first resurrection shall joyously rise,  
And then bidding to earth an eternal farewell,  
Shall ascend in His likeness to dwell in the skies ;

Where with spirit and body in harmony joined,  
In the presence of God and the shining ones there,  
Through all ages undying thou ever shalt find  
All the glory and bliss that thy nature can bear.

## Weeping but Hoping.

---

How oft with fond embrace, Willie,  
I've pressed thee to my heart,  
And watched thy smiling face, Willie,  
And felt supremely blest.

Now many a silent tear, Willie,  
In loneliness I shed ;  
My heart has lost its cheer, Willie,  
Since thou art with the dead.

But though my tears may stream, Willie,  
They're doomed to stream in vain ;  
Thy smile shall never beam, Willie,  
To mortal eye again.

But while thy prattling tongue, Willie,  
Is hushed on earth forever,  
It sings the sacred song, Willie,  
Beyond the mystic river.

Upon thy shining brow, Willie,  
There gleams a crown of gold,  
And thou art happy now, Willie,  
With happiness untold.

And, Oh ! how passing sweet, Willie,  
The hope by Mercy given :  
That *we* again shall meet, Willie,  
And always live in Heaven.

## "That Beautiful Blue Sky."

---

A sweet-spirited lady, reclining on her death couch, gazed through the casement on the quiet heavens, and said, in melting accents, to her husband: "Do you see that beautiful sky yonder? It will not be long till I am *far beyond that*."

Oh, that sky, how passing lovely !  
Blue, to tell me God is true ;  
Though I know it never changes,  
Still it seems forever new.

Often swept by raving tempest,  
Often hid by cloud and storm,  
Still it wears, when they've departed,  
Just the same sweet, smiling charm.

Now the noble Sun is shedding  
Showers of silver brightness there,  
Grand old prophet of the glory  
Where the white-robed sainted are.

Oft I've thought while on it gazing,  
That it would delightful be  
There to wing on fearless pinion,  
Safe and happy, bright and free.

But I know that far beyond it  
There's a realm more rich, more fair—  
Where no clouds nor darkness lower—  
Endless night and calm are *there*.

There the ransomed live forever.  
Full of perfect love and peace ;  
Fear and trial enter never ;  
Joy and triumph never cease.



Thither swiftly I am going ;  
Soon within its light I'll rest,  
Never more of sorrow knowing—  
Blest! and Oh, *forever blest!*

There with harp and crown I'll wait thee,  
Till thine end, like mine, is come ;  
Then with heavenly shout I'll greet the  
Welcome to our glorious home:

## Farewell.

"Mary died smiling."

A LONG farewell we bid thee,  
For thy days, sweet friend, are done;  
And the lips of sorrow whisper,  
"She is gone, forever gone."

Thy blooming cheek its rose-leaf  
Hath drooped, beneath the breath  
Of that foe to earthly prospect,  
Cold and unrelenting Death.

Thine eye, that once did sparkle,  
With a ray so pure and bright,  
Hath extinguished in the death-damp  
Its last soft beam of light.

Thy heart of love and tenderness  
But yesterday the home,  
Hath changed its warm pulsations  
For the slumber of the tomb.

Thy lips are strangely silent,  
And thy tongue is sadly still.  
For thou needest them no longer  
Thy spirit thoughts to tell;

Till the dawning of the glory  
Of the resurrection morn,  
When a bright, immortal body  
Thy spirit shall adorn.

Thy smiles were always lovely,  
But far sweeter than the rest,  
Was the one thy winging spirit  
On thy dying lips impressed.

That told us of the triumph  
Which that holy spirit won ;  
And spoke to us of Heaven,  
Where in rapture thou art gone.

Thy name is fondly cherished  
By the saints around the Lamb ;  
It tells them of their Saviour—  
'Twas his holy mother's name.

Again farewell, we bid thee ;  
Full oft shall rise the prayer,  
That thy disembodied spirit  
May linger round us here.

We'll deck thy tomb with flowers,  
Whose dew-drops tears shall be ;  
And mem'ry's purest incense  
We will ever give to thee.

When we think of thee—of Heaven  
Our second thought shall be ;  
And when we think of Heaven,  
Sweet Friend ! we'll think of thee.

We know that thou art happy—  
Ever happy in the skies—  
Where the soul-transporting rapture  
Of the ransomed never dies.

We expect when life is over  
That in joy we'll reunite,  
With all the dear departed  
Who have reached the land of light.

Yes ; oh ! yes, we hope to see thee  
In the glory-land above ;  
And shout with thee in ecstasy,  
And feast on endless love.

## Little Ella.

She smiled at morning, slept at noon, and died with the  
beautiful day.

SHE is smiling and happy,  
Disturb not her joy!  
For her life-star is worthy  
Of an unclouded sky.

She is sleeping and dreaming;  
Oh, break not the spell!  
One so lovely and saintly  
Can't slumber too well

She is fainting and dying;  
Let her spirit go on!  
It is fitted for Heaven,  
And for Heaven alone.

She is cold now and lifeless,  
Lay her form in the tomb!  
For the Lord who redeemed her,  
Will take her up home.

There,—sleeping and dying  
Eternally o'er,—  
She will feast on the mercies  
Of God ever more.



## "Tell Her"—.

LIEUT. HERNDON'S MESSAGE TO HIS WIFE.

What I cannot utter with my mouth, accept, Lord, from my  
and soul."—LAST WORDS OF F. QUARLES.

"Lord, save the ship!" the hundreds shriek,  
And the sea breaks o'er the trembling deck;  
"Lord, save the ship! she's sinking fast!"  
And surge on surge goes howling past.

The threatening thunders, roaring round,  
Joined with the storm's terrific sound,  
Proclaim, with long and deafening swell,  
Sweet hope's and life's eternal knell.

The crested waves, in lightning's glare,  
As they whirl and fight the frantic air,  
Gleam like the spectress of despair,  
Come up the scene of woe to share.

"Lord save the ship! she'll soon be gone!"  
And death and woe come darkly on;  
While every firm and manly brow  
Burns hot with fear unfelt till now.

Each eye is glazed with hopeless fright—  
No tear-drop trembles on the sight;  
For tears must own their want of power,  
In such a wild and woeful hour.

The gallant Herndon nobly stands  
And shouts his loud but vain commands;

Resolved the quaking bark to save.  
Or find with her an ocean grave,

He bravely struggles to control  
The grand emotions of his soul,  
When with his quick and skillful eye,  
He sees it is his doom to die.

The life-boat's ready to depart,  
When love, in his devoted heart,  
Remembers midst his awful doom,  
His wife—his cherished wife at home.

“Tell her”—he cries, then voice is hushed,  
Beneath a wave of feeling crushed:  
“Tell her”—but tongue can never tell  
The feelings which that bosom swell.

I've seen the gleaming lightning stream,  
Descend from clouds in living flame,  
Disdain to touch the tempting wire,  
And spend its power on the air;

So that tremendous passion thrill,  
By mortal tongue unspeakable,  
From *tongue* to mightier *spirit* turns,  
And *soul* from *soul* the story learns.

“Tell her”—that though her husband's lost,  
He perished bravely at his post,  
And strove in life and death to prove  
That he was worthy of her love.

“Tell her”—that he who loved in life,  
Through joy and peace—through storm and strife—  
Did love as fondly and as well,  
While death's dark curtains round him fell.

“Tell her”—I’d give a world to meet  
Once more at home that smile so sweet ;  
To hear once more that sacred voice  
Which always did my heart rejoice.

“Tell her”—to cherish no regret,  
To feel no sorrow o’er my fate :  
“Tell her”—I know that all is well,  
And “tell her,” then, farewell ! farewell !

## Lines

### IN MEMORY OF DR. MITCHELL.

Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., a distinguished professor in the University of North Carolina, lost his life by falling from a precipice, while engaged in measuring the height of the Black Mountain, in the summer of 1857. His body was found in a beautiful mountain stream at the foot of the precipice, his hand grasping a laurel branch. The scene of the fatal accident is romantic and sublime.

Since thou art man and mortal,  
And art by death laid low,  
'Tis well that thou hast fallen  
On yon lofty mountain's brow.

That mount will love to praise thee,  
As a true and noble friend,  
And will proudly speak thy glory,  
Till time itself shall end.

With its high careering summit,  
Making lofty seem but low,  
'Tis an emblem of that greatness  
Which thy deeds around thee throw.

The hoarse and jarring thunder,  
Around the mountain dread,  
Was the wild alarm of nature,  
Telling all her son was dead.

The green and fadeless ivy,  
Which wove thy shroud of shade,  
Was a token that thy memory  
Shall never, never fade.



The pure and stainless waters,  
In which thy body lay,  
Are an emblem of the tribute  
That unnumbered hearts shall pay.

Thou didst grasp a sprig of laurel,  
And held it e'en in death,  
An emblem that no fortune  
Shall rob thee of that wealth.

That wreath which is immortal,  
Like thy stupendous mind.  
A wreath of love and honor  
That thy countless friends have twined.

Though thou died'st upon the meuntain;  
In the lonely, far off dell,  
Without a friend to soothe thee,  
Or whisper thee farewell;

'Twas well ; for human friendship  
Could not have saved thee then ;  
And we hope thou hadst the blessing  
Of greater far than men.

No mortal eye could see thee,  
But thou wast not unseen,  
Bright messengers from Heaven  
Were witnessing the scene.

They came, as God had sent them ;  
Were near thee ; saw thee die ;  
They caught thee on their pinions  
And wafted thee on high.

## To a Departed Friend.

How sad the thought that loving hearts,  
Bound by the ties of friendship true,  
And blended by communions sweet,  
Should even in the morn of life  
Be severed by the hand of death !  
Alas, amid the transient scenes  
Of changeful, everchanging time,  
We can't expect unfading joys ;  
For everything, around, above,  
Is taught by God to softly speak :  
' 'Fast going, gone, forever gone.'"  
'Tis thus with all the golden links  
By which congenial hearts are joined ;  
'Tis thus with virtue, merit, worth,  
All precious excellence—all good,  
Ah, yes ; the lovely and the good  
Must yield to heartless change, and die ;  
Else he would not have ceased to live,  
Whose sad departure now we mourn.  
A friend is gone ! forever gone !  
Alas, too true, that gentle smile,  
That lovely, dear, familiar voice,  
That countenance serene, which told  
The noble, generous soul within,  
How beautiful, how full of worth—  
Relentless death hath plucked away.  
Tears copious, true, and bitter fall  
Around his tomb ; and they are tears  
Which bosom-blending grief hath caused.  
The many tears, the many sighs,  
Bespeak the many stricken hearts  
From which a cherished objects' gone.

Dear Friend, thou'rt gone forever hence ;  
The noiseless turf sleeps o'er thy form ;  
But thou art dearly cherished still,  
We feel—we know—that while all else  
To all undoing change may yield,  
The feelings of the faithful heart,

Can smile at fortune, mock at time,  
And cry till death, "We're still the same."  
Of thee sweet *memory* will speak,  
And in her temples bright and fair,  
Thou shalt forever be enshrined.  
Resounding always are her walls  
With soul enchanting words, once spoken  
By friendship's dear, remembered, lips;  
And there we'll ever hear thy voice.  
There lingers visions, sweet and bright,  
Of pleasures once enjoyed with friends.  
And, when in hours of tranquil thought  
We viewed the scenes in which thou sharedst,  
Remembrance warm, of thee, will steal  
In holy softness o'er the soul;  
And thus thou'lt be with us till death.  
Amid the gloom that veils our hearts,  
That we're bereft of one so dear,  
There is a ray of blissful joy  
To soothe, to comfort and to cheer;  
It is the consciousness we have  
That, though thou art no more on earth,  
And though thy breathless body lies  
In quiet stillness in the grave,  
Thy spirit, plumed with pinions bright  
Of heavenly faith, hath winged its flight  
To brighter realms, to holier joys,—  
Thou'rt dead to earth, alive to Heaven,  
That voice, whose tones were once so sweet,  
Shall greet no more the mortal ear:  
But, well attuned to angels' tongues,  
Shall chant, through never ending years,  
The glorious pæans of the saints,  
In everlasting joy and bliss.

Although we wish thee here again,  
We would not wish thee out of Heaven.

## “ Our Little Rose.”

This is the simple but eloquent inscription on the tombstone of little Rosa. Above the words is a rosebud broken from the stem and falling:

In a bright little home bloomed a beautiful rose,  
Full of all that was sweet and endearing;  
A type of the flowers that blossom above,  
Where all is more lovely and cheering.

Not a thorn it concealed to secretly wound  
The kind and the loving who kissed it;  
It shed only heavenly fragrance around  
The hearts of the many who blessed it.

Ere the light of its morning had ripened to day—  
While its leaves with the dew-drops were shining—  
It was plucked from its stem—it was stolen away—  
And its friends were all left to repining.

Do you wonder who plucked it, so cherished and dear?  
Do you ask where its beauties now glisten?  
Then check for a moment the sigh and the tear,  
And joyously, gratefully listen:

Though its sweetness and beauty no more shall be given  
On earth to delight those who loved it,  
Yet it blooms with more sweetness and beauty in Heaven,  
Where Jesus, its Saviour, removed it.

There fadeless, unchanging, henceforth it will bloom  
On that happier, holier shore,  
While it joys and enjoys its felicitous home,  
Its glorious home evermore,



## The Setting Star:

'Twas a still autumn eve and the Sun in the West  
Had wrapped us in shadows and left us to rest,  
When I spied in the beautiful sky afar,  
On the verge of the heavens, a lonely star.

Not a vapor was there to bedim its bright gleam,  
Or hide from our vision one radiant beam ;  
And it seemed to smile with a joy divine,  
As though it was happy, and loved to shine.

I loved it because it looked innocent there,  
Away in its sky-home, cloudless and fair ;  
"Sweet jewel of Heaven!" soft whispered my heart,  
"How gentle and lovely and precious thou art!"

Thus I viewed it with feelings enchanted, till, lo!  
It sank in its beauty the billows below ;  
And I sighed that its silvery, heavenly ray,  
Which so much delighted, so soon should away.

But a spirit-voice told me in words of peace,  
"Let not its departure your bosom distress ;  
For though you no longer behold its pure beams,  
Yet in yonder bright heaven it joyously gleams."

Sweet Mary! this star was an emblem of thee,  
Thy spirit was gentle and pure as its ray ;  
And to thee so much of the angel was given,  
*Like a star thou wast made for a home in Heaven.*

Like the star, thy life though holy and bright,  
Was gifted by God with ephemeral light ;

And scarce did thy beauty our cottage illume,  
When soulless thy body *went down* to the tomb.

But why am I weeping? there's mercy that says,  
It was happy that fleeting and few were thy days;  
That thou only hast fled from a cottage like this,  
To enter forever a mansion of bliss.

There shining in glory and shouting with joy  
In the Salem of God, is thine only employ.  
Oh, we'll hope while we live, that when death shall have  
    come,  
We will meet thee up there in thy rapturous home!

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE REDEEMED.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make the ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—MATTHEW XXV. 21.

Nature's heart hath ceased its throbbing—  
World on worlds have burned to nothing—  
Earth has melted and departed;  
All the millions who've existed  
From the bright inauguration  
Of the first pair in the garden—  
All of every tribe and nation—  
All of every name and station  
Throughout all the world terrestrial,  
Round the Great White Throne of Jesus,  
By the angels have been marshaled.  
There the Record has been opened—  
Record bearing on its pages  
Every great and simple action—  
Every word that has been spoken—  
Every thought and hope and purpose—  
Every passion and emotion—  
All have met the stern ordeal  
Of unswerving, Godly justice  
Christ has made the separation—  
Everlasting separation—  
Of the wicked from the holy.  
On his left are congregated  
All who died without receiving  
Hope and mercy sent from Heaven.  
See their weeping—hear their wailing!  
Weeping, wailing never ending!  
Jesus turns his eye upon them,  
Eye surcharged with burning vengeance,  
And, in majesty terrific,  
He exclaims, "Depart, ye cursed,  
Into everlasting sorrow!"

Now he turns him to the ransomed;  
All his look is love and mercy;  
They are happy—very happy;  
List! he tells them softly, sweetly;  
"Well done! good and faithful servant;

You have loved me—you have served me—  
 When you might have been against me;  
 You have stood and battled for me,  
 When you might have fled or fallen;  
 You have struggled, wept and suffered—  
 Sacrificed dear hopes and treasures—  
 Sundered bonds of sweet affection—  
 Lived and died as I commanded—  
 That your God might love and save you!  
 Thrice well done! ye noble children!  
 Since you've been thus truly faithful  
 Over treasures few and fleeting,  
 In the land of your probation,  
 Henceforth I will make you rulers  
 Over many things and precious—  
 Make you kings in Heaven's kingdoms—  
 Kingdoms that exist forever—  
 Make you priests in Heaven's temples—  
 Temples that shall crumble never—  
 Kings and Priests to God forever!"

Now behold you shining city!  
 That's the queen of fadeless beauty—  
 That's the hallowed home of glory—  
 That's the Capital of Heaven—  
 That's the great celestial Salem;—  
 Here's the pathway to its portals—  
 Pathway made of rays of glory—  
 Enter; and rejoice forever!  
 I don't tell you seek to enter—  
 I don't tell you strive to enter—  
 I don't tell you pray to enter—  
 I don't tell you weep to enter—  
 I don't tell you die to enter;—  
 These I told you while you journeyed  
 In the world of sin and sorrow;  
 Now, I simply tell you, "*Enter!*"

Lo! the sinless, white-robed legions,  
 Numberless as stars of Heaven,  
 All who've come through tribulation,  
 Form in long and brilliant columns  
 To begin the march triumphal.  
 See them march! Attending angels  
 Hover round in praise and wonder.  
 See them march! The Lord Redeemer



Is their glorified commander.  
 See them march with banners streaming!  
 See the palms of vict'ry waving!  
 See the robes of beauty shining!  
 See the spotless pinions flashing!  
 See the crowns of glory streaming!  
 See the walls of jasper sparkling!  
 See the crystal mansions beaming!  
 See the throne of God careering!  
 See the lofty life-tree bending!  
 See the living waters dashing!  
 See the fadeless flowers blushing!  
 See the smiles of Jesus playing!  
 See the blissful fields outspreading!  
 See the hills eternal looming!  
 See all Heaven sweetly blooming!  
 See immortal glory blazing!  
 Hear the shouts of angels sounding!  
 Hear seraphic music swelling!  
 Hear the voice of God resounding!  
 Hear unnumbered millions shouting!  
 Hear them hailing, blessing, praising!  
 Hear their hallelujas blending!  
 Hear their thrilling pæans rising!  
 Now they've entered; yes they've entered!  
 Entered into highest Heaven!  
 Alleluia, praise Jehovah!

*Alleluia, now—forever.*

Oh, how fades all earthly glory,  
 When we bring it to the contrast  
 With such mighty coming wonders!  
 Go to Rome in all her greatness,  
 Which she had when she was greatest;  
 Gather to her streets and temples  
 All that's beautiful and charming,  
 All that's bright and grand and mighty,  
 Which her spreading realms could furnish.  
 Let her heroes conquer nations,  
 Nations full of wealth and power;  
 Make stupendous preparations  
 For her proud returning consul;  
 Make a pageant far transcending  
 Aught she ever saw or hoped for;  
 Gather garlands, hang the festoons,  
 Wreath the chaplets, crown the goblets,  
 Rear the arches, float the banners,

Sound the trumpets, swell the plaudits ;  
 Give her daughters, fair as angels ;  
 Give her sons and soldiers brilliant ;  
 Make Rome more than Rome e'er could be ;  
 Make a triumph, such as fancy  
 I her wildest freak can conjure :—  
 Then contrast it with the triumph  
 Of the ransomed, and the Saviour !

One is made of objects *mortal*,  
*Deathless* all that makes the other.  
 Reason tells us, wisdom tells us,  
 Rome's great triumph soon is ended ;  
 Time soon finds her garlands faded,  
 Finds her banners torn and trailing,  
 Finds her lofty arches broken,  
 Finds her noble temples crumbled,  
 Finds her heroes gone—forgotten,  
 Finds her people dead and buried,  
 Finds e'en Rome herself in ruins,  
 But the triumph under Jesus  
 Is an *everlasting triumph* !

Child of faith in the Redeemer,  
 'Mid humility and trouble,  
 'Mid your sorrows and afflictions,  
 See the vision we have painted ;  
 And with bright anticipation  
 Of your rapture in that entrance,  
 Summon zeal and onward struggle.  
 Centuries of dark misfortune  
 Might be sought for, could they purchase  
 Such a triumph, such a glory.  
 Weep, but fondly *hope* while weeping !

Ye, who've lost the loved and cherished,  
 Ye, who've wept and wailed in anguish  
 Round the grave so cold and ruthless,  
 See your loved ones in the triumph !  
 See them marching, singing, shouting,  
 Into God's eternal Eden.  
 Weep not them, they need no weeping,  
 Thank the Lord, and go and join them !

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