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POEMS AND ESSAYS

By JONES VERY

COMPLETE AND REVISED EDITION

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

AND A PREFACE

By C. A. BARTOL



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO THE
BELOVED MEMORIES
OF THE
AUTHOR'S MOTHER AND BROTHER WASHINGTON
This Volume
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



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PREFACE.

AN Introduction to this little volume, of great chants of the spirit, must seem like an introductory prayer to a religious service. It rather resembles the often needless speech of a presiding officer, on the platform, for some fine orator to follow. We are glad when the prelude is done. It resembles a formal grace to a delightful feast, when none complain of the fewness of the words. I shall try not to abuse the privilege of my invitation to write the preface to these poems, in which beauty and originality blend, and lofty truth is put forth in perfect rhythm. The book is a monogram — none like it, or equal to it in its own style, has seen the light in our land. It is its author's life-long piety set to music. It is his soul's experience of God. It is that sort of testimony, which surpasses logical deeds, to the reality of heavenly things. May it prolong in the world the devout imaginative feeling of whose strain it was born.

C. A. BARTOL.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF JONES VERY.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

REV. JONES VERY, one of the remarkable products of New England Christian culture, was born in Salem, August 28, 1813. His father, Capt. Jones Very, married his cousin Lydia, and had six children, of whom Jones Very was the eldest. All the children are said to have inherited from their parents the love of poetry, and a talent for writing it.

A sea-captain, in those days, in New England, was very different from the rough and coarse ship-masters, described in English novels. Educated in the good schools of their native towns, and with minds enriched by travel and experience, the companions and friends of the enterprising merchants for whom they sailed, understanding the laws of commerce as well as those of navigation, self-relying and full of resource, they often after retiring from the sea took high position in the state and nation. This was particularly the case with the Salem sea-captains, when Salem was the seat of a prosperous and extensive commerce. Capt. Jones Very sailed in the employ of William Gray, then a leading merchant of New England, and at one time owner, it was said, of a hundred vessels.

Jones Very, the poet, made one or two voyages with his father, went to the Public Schools in Salem, also in New Orleans, and after his father's death prepared himself for Harvard College while teaching in the school of the late Henry K. Oliver. His expenses in college were paid by the proceeds of his labors in teaching before entering and after.

Graduating in 1836, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School, and at the same time taught Greek in Harvard

University. While studying ancient and modern literature with interest, and making himself a master in these departments, his chief interest was spiritual religion. This, with him, was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and last, during his whole life. This was the inspiration of his poetry, and the secret of his influence. We have had, in this land, many men and women of profound religious conviction, and great religious fervor; men and women, who in the strength of their faith, have done a great work for God and humanity.

From the time of John Eliot and Anne Hutchinson, John Woolman, Ashbury and Jonathan Edwards, down to the days of Buckminster, Channing, Payson, Bushnell, Emerson, there has been a long line of prophets and apostles, saints and martyrs. We are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses. But the American soil has produced no other man like Jones Very. To all those I have mentioned, the outward result of their efforts was an important matter. They were deeply interested in the success of the cause to which they were devoted. To Jones Very, success or failure was a thing of little consequence, for that was in the hands of the Lord. His only concern was to submit his will altogether to the Divine Will, and to be led by God in all things, great and small. And this he believed he did, and that others might also do it, if they would. He came and went, spoke or was silent, as the Spirit directed him. He was led by the Spirit in all things. Entire submission and absolute dependence constituted his whole religious life, and his religious life made the whole of his actual life. He occasionally preached as the Spirit gave utterance. He sometimes would visit Dr. Channing, Mr. Emerson, or some person unknown to fame, when the Spirit said "Go," — for there was no great or small to him. As the early disciples were conscious of direct spiritual leadings (Acts viii. 29; x. 19; xvi. 7, &c.) or hinderings; and the early Friends (see Sewall's "History of the Quakers") had it borne in their minds to go to Rome to convert the Pope, or to Constantinople to convert the Sultan; so our friend fully believed in the reality of perpetual guidance to a wholly sub-

missive will. This made him very interesting to men like Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Ellery Channing.

I was one day at Dr. Channing's house, when he had just had a visit from Jones Very. Dr. Channing, like Emerson, was always looking for any symptoms of a new birth of spiritual life in the land. Having heard of Mr. Very, he invited him to come and see him, and inquired what were his views on religious subjects. Having listened attentively, he asked him, whether it was in consequence of his invitation or in obedience to the Spirit that he came to Boston that morning. Mr. Very answered, "I was directed to accept your invitation." Then Dr. Channing said, "I observed that during our conversation you left your chair and went while speaking to the fire-place, and rested your arm on the mantel. Did you do this of your own accord or in obedience to the Spirit?" Mr. Very replied, "In obedience to the Spirit."¹ And, indeed, if it has become a habit of the soul to be led in all things, great and small, why not in this too? Only, I suppose, that most of us would not think it worth while to consult the Spirit in such a purely automatic action as this.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was also much interested in Jones Very and his convictions. Emerson, as is well known, took an important part in the publication of "Essays and Poems by Jones Very," published by Little and Brown in 1839. All that Emerson says of Very is full of suggestion. He quotes a large number of his sayings, and calls "much of his discourse absolutely just;" says that he has a very accurate discernment of spirits, and gives illustrations; mentions Very's criticisms on himself; calls him "Our brave Saint;" says he has the manners of a man, — one, that is, to whom life was more than meat. So, too, Dr. Channing is reported as saying that "to hear Mr. Very talk was like looking into the purely spiritual world, into truth itself."

The poetry of Jones Very was a manifestation of the same spirit. In publishing some sonnets sent by their author to be printed in the "Western Messenger" I said (March, 1839) they are "wells of thought, clear and pel-

¹ In Him we live and move and have our being. — ED.

lucid, and coming up from profound depths." These nine sonnets were accompanied with the following letter : —

R. Hearing of your want of matter for your "Messenger," I was moved to send you the above sonnets. That they may help those in affliction for Christ's name is ever the prayer of me his disciple, called to be a witness of his sufferings and an expectant of his glory. If you ask for more, as I have them, so shall they be communicated freely, Amen. The hope of Jesus be with you when you are called to be a partaker of his temptations.

JONES VERY.

In publishing poetry of such originality and depth we may always take as our motto, "Whoso hath ears to hear, let him hear." Shakespeare tells us that the music of the spheres is unintelligible to us, because we are shut in by a muddy vesture of decay. Much of the best poetry is sung, unheard by men, for the same reason. But Very's poems "stand fixed and silent in a niche of time," waiting those who are able to receive them. Already they have been seen by many to occupy their own place in the great Temple of Song, and are likely to retain it.

Little more is to be told of the outward events of our poet's life. He remained in his paternal home in Salem, with his sisters, until May 8, 1880, when he passed on into another of the mansions of his heavenly Father.

ESSAYS.

EPIC POETRY.

THE poets of the present day who would raise the epic song cry out, like Archimedes of old, "give us a place to stand on and we will move the world." This is, as we conceive, the true difficulty. Glancing for a moment at the progress of epic poetry, we shall see that the obscurity of fabulous times could be adapted to the earliest development only of the heroic character. There is an obvious incongruity in making times so far remote the theatre on which to represent the heroism of a civilized age; and it adds still more to the difficulty, that, although the darkness of fable still invests them, reason will no longer perceive the beings which the infant credulity of man once saw there.

To men in the early stages of society their physical existence must seem almost without end, and they live on through life with as little reference to another state of being as we ourselves do in childhood. To minds in this state there was a remoteness in an event which had taken place one or two centuries before, of which we cannot conceive, and which rendered the time that Homer had chosen for his subject, though not materially differing in character, sufficiently remote for his purpose. If to these advantages possessed by Homer we add those which belonged to him from the religion of his times and from tradition, whose voice is to the poet more friendly than the plain written records of history, we must confess that the spot on which he built up his scenes of heroic wonder was peculiarly favorable. The advance which the human mind had made towards civilization prevented Virgil from making a like impression on his own age. To awaken admiration, he too

was obliged to break from the bonds of the present, and soar beyond the bounds of history, before he could throw his spell of power over the mind. Why had he less influence? Because he could not, like Homer, carry into the past the spirit of his times. To the enlarged minds of Virgil's day, the interval between the siege of Troy and their own time did not seem wider than it did to those who lived in the time of Homer. The true distance in time was chosen by each, but the character of Æneas did not possess those great attributes which could render it the Achilles of the Romans. Lucan, while his characters exhibit the true heroic spirit of his age, fails of giving to them their due influence, from the want of some region of fiction beyond the dominion of history in which to place them. He cannot break from the present without violating every law of probability. To escape this thralldom and reach a point from which the heroic character of their age might be seen dilated to its full height, modern poets have fled beyond the bounds of time and woke the echoes of eternity. It was only from this point that the Christian world could be moved; it is only in that region without bounds that the heroism of immortality can be shown in visible action. Milton and Dante chose this spot, on which with almost creative power they might show to mankind worlds of their own "won from the void and formless Infinite," and from which their own heroic spirits might be reflected back upon their own times in all their gigantic proportions. But such has been the progress of the human mind since their time that it would seem to have reached already another stage in its development, to have unfolded a new form of the heroic character, one which finds no paradise, nay, no heaven for itself in the creations of Milton, and for which the frowns of Dante's hell have no terror. This new page of the heroic character naturally leads us to inquire whether we are to have no great representation of it, no embodying of this spirit in some gigantic form of action, which shall stalk before the age, and by the contemplation of which our minds may be fired to nobler deeds.

In considering this question, we shall endeavor to show

what reasons there are for not expecting another great epic poem, drawn from the principles of epic poetry and the human mind, and that these present an insuperable barrier to the choice of a subject which shall exhibit the present development of the heroic character in action.

In doing this I shall exhibit, by an analysis of the Iliad, the true model of an epic poem, its origin and peculiarities, and in what manner those peculiarities have been changed, and, at last, lost by succeeding poets, according to the development of the heroic character in their several eras.

I shall thus be led to show that the taking away of the peculiarities of *epic* interest, and the final emerging of that interest in the *dramatic*, is the natural result of the influences to which the human mind in its progress is subjected; and that that influence, while it precludes all former subjects from representing the present development of the heroic character, throws, at the same time, an insuperable barrier in the way of any subject.

Looking upon Homer, at least as regards the Iliad, as a single man speaking throughout with one accent of voice, one form of language, and one expression of feeling, we leave to the framers of modern paradoxes the question whether this name is a type or not, and proceed to consider what might be the probable origin of the Iliad, and what it is which constitutes it the true model of an epic poem, a more perfect visible manifestation of the heroic character than can be again presented to the eyes of man. In a philosophical analysis of such a poem as the Iliad or Odyssey, made with reference to its epic peculiarities, there is great danger of misconceiving the history and character of early heroic poetry, thus giving to the poet a plan which he never formed, or a moral which he never conceived. The simplest conception of the origin and plan of the Iliad must, we think, prove the most correct. It originated, doubtless, in that desire, which every great poet must especially feel, of revealing to his age forms of nobler beauty and heroism than dwell in the minds of those around him. Wandering, as his active imagination must have led him to do, in the days of the past, Homer must have been led by

the fitness of the materials presented to him in the siege of Troy, by their remoteness from his own time, and the interest with which they would be viewed by the mass of his countrymen as descendants of the Grecian heroes, to the choice of a subject which seemed to present a worthy form in which to manifest the workings of his soul. His enthusiasm would doubtless prompt him to the execution of detached parts before he had completed his general plan, and the various incidents, which constitute so much of the charm and interest of his poem as they suggested themselves to his mind, would also direct him to the great point round which they all revolved. The influence upon the several parts, resulting from the contemplation of the chief character, would thus give all the unity to the subject which we find in fact to belong to the earliest forms of a nation's poetry. "Passion to excite sympathy, variety to prevent disgust flowing in a free stream of narrative verse, not the intricacy and dove-tailing of modern epics, is to be looked for in the Iliad; for it was not made like a modern epic to be read in our closets, but to be presented only in fragments before the minds of an audience. Thus the single combats of Menelaus and Paris, the funeral games of Patroclus, and the restitution and burial of the body of Hector are generally complete in themselves, yet having an obvious connection as still telling the same tale of Troy." So much for the origin and fable of the Iliad.

The genius displayed in its grand and comprehensive design is only equalled by the judgment manifested in confining the action to the busiest and most interesting period of the Trojan war, in thus uniting in his plan and bringing forward in his details everything which could lay hold of the affections, the prejudices, and vanity of his countrymen. Of his characters we need only say that, like those of Shakspeare, they are stamped with nature's own image and superscription. Though all are possessed of valor and courage, yet they are so distinguished from one another by certain peculiarities of disposition and manners that to distinguish them it is hardly necessary to hear their names. Achilles is brave, and Hector is brave, so are Ajax, Mene-

laus, and Diomede; but the bravery of Hector is not of the same kind with that of Ajax, and no one will mistake the battle-shout of the son of Atreus for the war-cry of Tydides.

Homer's machinery, as all epic machinery must be, was founded on the popular belief in the visible appearance of the gods; and on account of this belief he was not less favored by the circumstances under which he introduced them than he was by those which enabled him to represent his heroes. It cast around his whole subject a sublimity which it could not otherwise have had, giving occasion to noble description, and tending to excite that admiration which is the leading aim of the epic.

We have made this analysis of the Iliad, to show in what way all things combined in Homer's age to assist him in giving a perfect outward manifestation of the heroic character of his times. He wrote in that stage of society when man's physical existence assumed an importance in the mind like that of our immortality, and gave to all without a power and dignity not their own. This it was which imparted an heroic greatness to war which cannot now be seen in it. That far-reaching idea of time, which seems to expand our thoughts with limitless existence, gives to our mental struggles a greatness they could not have before had. We each of us feel within our own bosoms a great, an immortal foe, which if we have subdued, we may meet with calmness every other, knowing that earth contains no greater; but which if we have not, it will continually appear in those petty contests with others by which we do but show our own cowardice. The Greeks, on the contrary, lived only for their country, and drew everything within the sphere of their national views; their highest exemplification of morality was patriotism. Of Homer's heroes it may with peculiar propriety be said that they were but children of a larger growth, and they could have no conception of power that was not perceived in its visible effects. "The world," as Milton says of our first parents, "was all *before* them," and not *within* them, and their mission was to go forth and make a material impression on

the material world. The soul of Homer was the mirror of this outward world, and in his verse we have it shown to us with the distinctness and reality of the painter's page. Lucan calls him the prince of painters, and with him Cicero agrees, when he says, "Quæ species ac forma pugnae, quæ acies, quod remigium, qui motus hominum, qui ferarum non ita expictus est, ut quæ ipse non viderit, nos ut videremus effecerit?" It is needless perhaps to say that this state of the mind gives both a reason and excuse for those many epithets, which a false criticism and a false delicacy of taste is so fond of censuring. Such critics would blame the poet for praising the physical strength of his heroes; in short, for representing his gods such as they were believed to be, and painting his warriors such as they were. When we look back upon the pages of their history, we cannot contemplate the greatness there exhibited, without a feeling of sorrow that they had not lived under influences as favorable as our own; without a sense of unworthiness at not having exhibited characters corresponding with the high privileges we enjoy. We respect that grandeur of mind in the heroes of Homer which led them to sacrifice a mere earthly existence for the praise of all coming ages. They have not been disappointed. Worlds to them unknown have read of their deeds, and generations yet unborn shall honor them. They live on a page which the finger of time strives in vain to efface, which shall ever remain an eternal monument of disgrace to those of after times who, though gifted with higher views of excellence, have yet striven to erect a character on deeds like theirs. We reverence not in Hector and Achilles the mere display of physical power, we reverence not the manners of their times, which but too often call forth our horror and disgust; but we do reverence and honor those motives which even in the infancy of the human mind served to raise it above the dominion of sense, and taught it to grasp at a life beyond the narrow limits of its earthly vision.

This state of things gave to the Iliad and Odyssey that intense epic interest which we fail to find in later heroic poems. As the mind advances, a stronger sympathy with

the inner man of the heart is more and more felt, and becomes more and more the characteristic of literature. In the expanded mind and cultivated affections, a new interest is awakened, *dramatic* poetry succeeds the *epic*, thus satisfying the want produced by the farther development of our nature. For the interest of the *epic* consists in that character of greatness that in the infancy of the mind is given to physical action and the objects associated with it; but the interest of the *drama* consists in those mental struggles which precede physical action, and to which in the progress of man the greatness of the other becomes subordinate. For as the mind expands and the moral power is developed, the mightiest conflicts are born within, — outward actions lose their grandeur, except to the eye, for the soul looks upon them but as results of former battles won and lost, upon whose decision, and upon whose alone, its destiny hung. This is the mystery of that calm, more awful than the roar of battle, which rests on the spirits of the mighty, and which the hand of the Grecian sculptor strove to fix on the brow of his god. Though Homer has given variety to his poem by the introduction of dialogue, and thus rendered it, in one sense, often dramatic; yet we find it is the mere transferring of the *narrative* from his own lips to those of others. The interest is still *without*, it is not the interest of sentiment, but of description. This character of the Greeks, as might be supposed, is shown in their language; and illustrates their tendency in early times to look upon themselves in all reflex acts, whether external or internal, as patients rather than agents; a tendency to use the words of another, which is exemplified in every page of the Homeric poems, and which belongs more or less to every people in an early stage of civilization, before the nation comes of age, and acquires the consciousness along with the free use of its powers. This seems to be the reason why so many of the verbs employed by the Greeks to denote states of mind or of feeling have a passive form, such as *Φράζομαι, Οἶομαι, Αἰσδάνομαι, Σκέπτομαι, Ἐπίσταμαι, Βούλμαι, &c.* “Men’s minds,” as Shakespeare has somewhere said, “are parcel of their fortunes,” and his age was

necessary and alone suited to the mind of Homer. Man viewed himself with reference to the world ; not, as in the present day, the world in reference to himself ; and it was this state of the mind which then made the taking of Troy the point of epic interest.

We have thus endeavored to show that the manifestation of the heroic character in the time of Homer was perfectly exhibited in outward visible action, and that this reflected from the soul of the poet addressed to a seeing and listening, rather than a reading people, was the poetry of fancy rather than sentiment. Events, characters, superstitions, customs, and traditions, all combined in rendering the Iliad a perfect embodying of the perfect outward manifestation of the heroic character of that period. The poetry of the senses, the reflection merely of nature and of heroic achievements, is not susceptible of indefinite progress ; it must evidently be most perfect when the objects of visible action are noblest, and we view all else only with reference to those actions. The epic poetry of the Greeks corresponds to sculpture, and in the one, as in the other, the outward forms of life and action live and will ever live unrivalled.

It is not our purpose to show the adaptation of the rules of Aristotle to the Iliad, since from this those rules were drawn, — we would only say that according to the spirit of those rules every true epic must be formed. They are not the arbitrary decisions of a critic, but the voice of nature herself speaking through her interpreter. Aristotle studied nature in Homer ; he gave no arbitrary rules, he did but trace the pleasing effects produced on the mind, and taught upon what those effects depended. He may have erred in drawing his rules from one development of the heroic character ; but this was the fault of his times, not of his judgment. He did not mean that succeeding poets should bow to him, but should reverence those great principles to which he had shown that Nature herself had conformed in her noblest work. The true poet will look without for no rules drawn from others ; he feels within himself the living standard of the great and beautiful, and bows to that alone : as far as it has become changed by human

error or imperfection, he would gladly restore it to its original purity, by a conformity to those universal laws of sublimity and beauty which the critic has shown to be followed by Nature herself.

When Aristotle tells us that the action of an epic should be one and entire, and that it should be a great action, he tells us of what constitutes its essence, and of that without which it ceases to be such a poem. It must be one and entire that the interest may not be distracted, and that the mind may feel the harmony of all its proportions. It is not the poet of fancy who can bind by his spell the parts of such a fabric, it is the poet who has felt more strongly than any other the great moral wants of his age, that can give to such a work its unity and power. It has been well said that in reading the gay creations of Ariosto, — of his fairy bowers and castles and palaces, — we are for a moment charmed and wrapt in pleasant reveries, but they are but dreams; the impression is soon shaken off; we are conscious of no master-feeling round which they gather, and which alone could render his poem an epic, the noblest of harmonious creations. But in reading the *Iliad*, or a tragedy like *Lear* or *Macbeth*, or in looking some time at a painting on which the moral sentiment of the artist is as strongly impressed as his imagination, instead of being obliged to humor the fancy that the charm may be kept alive, we shall with difficulty shake off the impression, when it is necessary to return to the real business of life. It is in the greatness of the epic action that the poets succeeding Homer, if we except Milton, have failed; and the causes which have operated against them will always operate with increasing force against every attempt to represent the present or future development of the heroic character in action. It is in the childhood of the human mind alone, that the interval between thought and action is the widest, and therefore it is then alone that the events occupying that interval can be best described. The great struggle of the epic poets since the time of Homer has been against this narrowing of their field of action, and making the instruments there employed less visible, less tangible. The wonder and interest of the

world is now transferred to the mind, whose thought is action, and whose word is power. Lord Kames therefore erred, when he said "that it was the *familiarity* of modern manners that unqualified them for epic poetry, and that the dignity of present manners would be better understood in future ages, when they are no longer familiar." The fact is, our manners, or the manners and actions of any intellectual nation, can never become the representatives of greatness, — they have fallen from the high sphere which they occupied in a less advanced stage of the human mind, never to regain it. This will account for the appearance among us of such works as the "Sartor Resartus," whose object is to impress the forms of physical life with a greatness no longer belonging to them, and which we recognize only in spiritual action.

These remarks will show why it was that Virgil failed in making the same impression on his age that was made by his great model. His poem is but a lunar reflection of the Iliad; and it was perhaps from a deep consciousness of this that he ordered it in his will to be burned. That poem, which was the natural expression of the early features of society, could only be faintly copied by the mimic hand of art. Virgil's subject is well chosen, and would not have shone with reflected light had it been treated of in the early days of Rome. He summoned again from their long sleep the heroes and gods of Troy, but they appeared with dimmed glory amid the brightness of another age. He had, as we have before observed, chosen the right point in time for his action, a time of tradition, affording him all the advantages possessed by Homer; but, not to transgress the laws of probability, he could not give his hero the character of another age, he could not make Æneas the Achilles of the Romans. Virgil as well as Lucan has been blamed by the critics: the one, for not giving to his hero the dignity of thought becoming the heroic character of his own time; the other, for not placing his action beyond the strict bounds of history. In regard to each we think the critics have erred; for neither the time nor the characters could have been changed without producing a strange incongruity.

Thus the epic poets of Greece and Rome who succeeded Homer must have labored under peculiar disadvantages, to which those of modern times are not subjected. If, like Virgil, they had chosen the same time for their action with Homer, they could not transfer to it the heroic spirit of their own day, at least, in its noblest development, — they could not make a Cato or a Brutus contemporary with an Achilles or an Ajax; they must evoke the heroic spirits of other days, spirits reluctant to obey the spells employed by the magicians of another age. Virgil, as well as every other poet whose action lies in times very far distant from his own, has not the greatest difficulty to overcome, in exhibiting characters moved by those same affections and sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations of men, in giving to the slumbering past the emotions of the present; but in *adapting* to the story of a *former* age, and perhaps foreign nation, that peculiar system of manners which constitutes the outward development of the heroic spirit, and of which no mind, but such as has been subjected to its actual influence, can either strongly feel or vividly describe. These manners perish with their age, — there is no hand of enchantment to wave over them and convert them, like the fabled city of Arabian romance, into living stone; no convulsion of nature, like that which covered Pompeii, to wrap them in a veil which future ages might withdraw, and permit them, untouched by the hand of time, to stand unimpaired amid the ruins of the past, and gaze with wonder on the new-risen generations of men. But if, like Lucan, they took their subject from the hands of History, the skepticism of a more advanced age deprived them of the use of machinery, and consequently of the power of exciting that admiration which is the leading aim of the epic poem. We need not stop to show how ridiculous Iris would have appeared on the plains of Pharsalia bringing a sword to Pompey, or Venus coming to snatch him away in a cloud. It is evident that the poet, forced to follow in the same path with the historian, must feel the bonds of reality continually restraining and checking his native energies.

These difficulties the influence of Christianity overcame,

but subjected the epic poet to others still more discouraging, as I shall endeavor to show by a brief reference to Tasso, Dante, and Milton.

The subject chosen by Tasso, and the time of the action of his poem, bore the same relation to Christian civilization as Homer's did to Grecian. It was the only age in which the heroic Christian character could be fully manifested in outward action. This resulted from a peculiar state of the mind which, as we have said in regard to heroic manners, perishes with its age, with the circumstances that called it forth. It was a new development of the Homeric spirit modified by Christianity. The interest as in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* is all *without*, and this it is which gives to the poem of Tasso, as to the other two, the true epic interest, and adds a dignity to the manners of these poems belonging to no other, where the subject is taken from the common events of life. The subject, too, as it presented a scene for the display of action resulting from a purer faith, possesses a dignity far surpassing that of his two great predecessors. Thus fortunate in his subject and in the time of his action, he was equally favored by the popular belief of his age. By the superstition of his own time he was enabled to oppose with success the light of reality which was thrown around his subject by history, and give to it that supernatural interest which is found so capable of exciting admiration. However in our cooler moments we may laugh at his magicians and their incantations, as they are not mere embodied abstractions, like Voltaire's agents, but founded on the actual belief of his day, they will always possess a reality to the mind; and, when in reading we have yielded for a time to our feelings, will again assert their power. We have placed Tasso before Dante, in order of time, because he has given an earlier development of the heroic character. He would, doubtless, have possessed as well as Virgil, whom he has so closely followed, greater originality, and more strongly exhibited that development, had he lived nearer the age he endeavored to portray.

The effect of Christianity was to make the individual mind the great object of regard, the centre of eternal inter-

est, and transferring, the scene of action from the outward world to the world within, to give all modern literature the dramatic tendency, — and as the mind of Homer led him to sing of the physical conflicts of his heroes with *visible* gods *without*; so the soul of the modern poet, feeling itself contending with motives of godlike power *within*, must express that conflict in the dramatic form, in the poetry of sentiment. Were the present a fit opportunity, Shakespeare might afford us still farther illustrations of this truth, and especially in the character of Hamlet, of whom a critic has truly said, “We love him not, we think of him not, because he is witty, because he was melancholy, because he was filial; but we love him because he existed, and was himself. This is the sum total of the impression. I believe that of every other character, either in tragic or epic poetry, the story makes part of the conception; but of Hamlet the deep and permanent interest is the conception of himself. This seems to belong not to the character being more perfectly drawn, but to there being a more intense conception of individual human life, than perhaps in any other human composition.” The “Sartor Resartus,” Lamartine’s “Pilgrimage,” Wordsworth’s poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind, all obey the same law, — which is, that as Christianity influences us, we shall lay open to the world what has been long hidden, what has before been done in the secret corners of our own bosoms; the knowledge of which can alone make our intercourse with those about us different from what it is too fast becoming, an intercourse of the eye and the ear and the hand and the tongue. This may serve to reveal to us more clearly the principle which led to the selection of the subjects of all the great epic poems of modern times; for it was only by making man the subject, around which might be gathered the material forms of grandeur and beauty, that an interest could be imparted to the epic corresponding to that of the drama. The poem of Tasso forms the only exception to this remark, and this, as we have shown, does but confirm our observation; for it represents the mind essentially pagan, yet moved by Christianity, and finding, like the Greek, all its motive for

action without. Our interest in the poem is consequently much less than in those which exhibit the later developments of the Christian heroic character.

By removing the bounds of time, Christianity has, I think, rendered every finite subject unsuited for an epic poem. The Christian creed, in opening the vista of eternity before the poet's view, and leaving him unrestrained by prescriptive forms, while it freed him from the bonds of history by giving him a place beyond its limits where he might transfer the heroic spirit of his age, and surround his heroes with supernatural agents capable of raising for his action the highest admiration, subjected him to a far greater difficulty than any yet experienced by former poets; that of finding a subject, an action to fill those boundless realms of space and call forth the energies of the spirits that people it. In considering the efforts which Christian poets have made to overcome this difficulty, and bridge the space between time and eternity, we shall find the great reason for not expecting another attempt, so successful as that made by Milton, arising from circumstances which have rendered the difficulty far more formidable since his time.

If we consider Tasso as having chosen a subject exhibiting the first development of the Christian heroic character, the poem of Dante will exhibit to us the second. Though not an epic, if viewed with reference to classical models whose aim and spirit were intrinsically different from any produced since, it will serve to show how the genius of Dante overcame the difficulty we have mentioned. His poem is unique, but produced under circumstances which would have rendered it, if the obstacles we have alluded to had not opposed, a regular epic poem. It had its origin, like other sublime works of genius, in that desire, which is continually felt by the greatest minds, of giving to their age a copy of their own souls, and embodied the vague but universal spirit of the times when it was written. Its foundations were the popular creed of all Christendom; its supports, the deep reasonings and curious subtleties of countless theologians; and the scenes it represents, such as had long formed the dreams of many a monk on Vallom-

brosa, and perhaps entered into the sermon of every preacher in Europe.

Thus, although the circumstances which gave birth to Dante's poem were, if we may so say, epic, yet the form which that poem took shows the hostility which the Christian influence has towards the strictly classical model. That influence had already divested of its greatness every subject like that of Homer's or Virgil's, and turned upon himself, as an individual, the interest which man in their times had given to the outward world. It is in Dante's poem that we find man, as a physical being, first made the great point of epic interest. He is the first epic poet that exhibits the tendency we have so often alluded to. Favored beyond succeeding poets by the belief of his age, he was enabled to gather around man beings which his ignorance and fear shrouded in a sublimity not their own. That strange world of beings which the spirit creates for itself has fled before the light of science; their forms no longer float in the fairy halls of earth, nor throug the untravelled regions of space. Their footprints, which our infant eyes saw impressed on this strange world of ours, and which once conjured up so many and wondrous shapes of beauty or terror, tell us now but of one creative spirit, in whom we recognize our Father.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms of watery depths, — all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

In Dante's time, Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven had long been considered as the separate states in which vice and virtue would meet their fitting reward. This belief had been taught by signs and emblems; and those of his day had been made to learn, rather through the medium of their senses than the silent arguments of conscience "accusing, or excusing itself," what were the rewards and punishments of the future world. This material development of Christianity it was Dante's mission to hold up to his age;

and upon that age it must have had and did have its greatest influence; for it was produced by the power of materiality which is lessened with every advance of the Christian character. His poem plainly shows that the tendency which Christianity gave to poetry was not to the epic but to the dramatic form, and if it freed the heroic poet from difficulties to which he was before liable, it also exposed him to another, which, although evaded by Milton, must in the end prove fatal.

The next and highest development of the heroic character yet shown in action was that exhibited by the sublime genius of Milton. The mind had taken a flight above the materiality of Dante, and resting between that and the pure spirituality of the present day, afforded him a foundation for his action. He could not adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system, and he therefore raised his structure on the then debatable ground. The greatest objection which our minds urge against his agents is the incongruity between their spiritual properties and the human modes of existence he was obliged to ascribe to them. But this is an objection of our own times, of men requiring a more spiritual representation of the mind's action, which, if it cannot be given, must preclude the possibility of another great epic. In fact, Milton's poem but confirms more strongly the conclusion we drew from Dante's, that *dramatic* is supplying the place of epic interest. His long deliberation in the choice of a subject suited to his conceptions shows the *difficulty then* lying in the way of an epic; and his first intention of making *Paradise Lost* a *tragedy* shows whence this difficulty originated. The tendency of the mind to which we have before alluded, and which had grown yet stronger in Milton's time than before, compelled him to make choice of the *Fall of Man* as his subject; a subject exclusive in its nature, being the only one which to our minds possesses a great epic interest. The interest of his poem depends upon the strong feeling we have of our own free agency, and of the almost infinite power it is capable of exercising. An intense feeling of this kind seems to have pervaded Milton's whole life, and by this he was prob-

ably directed in the choice of his theme. We find in his "Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing," written many years before the conception of his poem, a sentence confirming this supposition. "Many," says he, "there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose; for reason is but choosing. He had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience or love or gift which is of force." This feeling becomes stronger the more the mind is influenced by Christianity, and this it is which has transferred the interest from the outward manifestation of the passions exhibited in the Iliad to those inward struggles made by a power greater than they to control them, and cause them, instead of bursting forth like lava-torrents to devour and blast the face of nature, to flow on like meadow-streams of life and joy. Why then, it may be asked, do we take an interest in Homer's heroes, whom the gods are ready every moment to shield or snatch from the dubious fight? Not, I answer, because we consider them mere machines acting but from others' impulses, for *then* we could take no interest in them; but because when

"Arms on armor clashing bray
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rage,"

we give to them our own freedom; or because the gods themselves, whom Homer has called down to swell the fight, and embodied in his heroes, — because *these* create the interest and make what were before mere puppets free agents. When, in our cooler moments, we reflect on his Jove-protected warriors, his invulnerable Achilles, — they dwindle into insignificance, and we are ready to exclaim in the quaint language of another, "Bully Dawson would have fought the devil with such advantage."

This sense of free agency is what constitutes Adam the hero of "Paradise Lost," and makes him capable of sustaining the immense weight of interest which in this poem is made to rest upon him. But that which renders Adam the

hero of the poem makes Satan still more so ; for Milton has opened to our gaze, within his breast of flame, passions of almost infinite growth, burning with intensest rage. *There* is seen a conflict of "those thoughts that wander through eternity," at the sight of which we lose all sense of the material terrors of that fiery hell around him, and compared with which the physical conflict of the archangels is a mockery. It is not so much that battles present less a subject for description than they did in the time of Homer, that they fail to awaken those feelings of admiration they then did, but because we have become sensible of a power within which bids the tide of war roll back upon its fountains. For the same reason it is that the *manners* of civilized nations are unsuited for heroic song. They are no longer the representatives of greatness ; for the heroism of Christianity is not seen so much in the outward act as in the struggle of the will to control the springs of action. It is this which gives to tragedy its superiority over the epic at the present day ; it strikes off the chains of wonder by which man has been so long fettered to the objects of sense, and, instead of calling upon him to admire the torrent-streams of war, it bids the bosom open whence they rushed, and points him downward to their source, the ocean might of the soul,

" Dark — heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible."

Thus Milton's poem is the most favorable model we can have of a Christian epic. The subject of it afforded him the only field of great epic interest, where the greatest power could be shown engaged in bringing about the greatest results. Adam is not so much the Achilles as the Troy of the poem. And there is no better proof that greatness has left the material throne which she has so long held, for a spiritual one, than that Milton, in putting in motion that vast machinery which he did to effect his purpose, seems as if he made, like Ptolemy, the sun and all the innumerable hosts of heaven again to revolve about this little spot of earth. Though he has not made the Fall of Man a tragedy

in *form*, as he first designed, he has yet made it tragic in *spirit*; and the epic form it has taken seems but the drapery of another interest. This proves that, however favored by his subject the epic poet of our day may be, he must by the laws of his own being possess an introspective mind, and give that which Bacon calls an inwardness of meaning to his characters, which, in proportion as the mind advances, must diminish that greatness once shown in visible action. The Christian Knights might well exclaim, when they first saw gunpowder used in war, as Plutarch tells us the king of Sparta did when he saw a machine for the casting of stones and darts, that it was "the grave of valor." They were the graves of that personal valor which is shown in its perfection in the infancy of the mind, and which is imaged in the pages of Homer. In modern battles, the individuality of early times is lost and merged in one great head, with reference to which we view all results. The men upon whom the superior mind acts are mere mechanical instruments of its power, and the deeds seen by the outward eye are thus dimmed by the soul's quicker perception of spiritual action. Thus the intellectual power wielded by the commander seems already to have decided the battle, and we look with less interest upon his army's incursions into the territory of an enemy. As Sallust says of Jugurtha, "totum regnum animo jam invaserat."

To complain of this tendency of the human mind and its influence on literature, to sigh that we cannot have another Homeric poem, is like weeping for the feeble days of childhood, and shows an insensibility to the ever-increasing beauty and grandeur developed by the spirit in its endless progress, a forgetfulness of those powers of soul which result from this very progress, which enable it, while enjoying the present, to add to that joy by the remembrance of the past, and to grasp at a higher from the anticipations of the future. With the progress of the arts, power is manifested by an agency almost as invisible as itself; it almost speaks and it is done, it almost commands and it stands fast. Man needs no longer a vast array of physical means to effect his loftiest purpose; he seizes the quill, the mere toy of a child,

and stamps on the glowing page the copy of his own mind, his thoughts pregnant with celestial fire, and sends them forth, wherever the winds of heaven blow or its light penetrates, the winged messengers of his pleasure. The narrow walls of patriotism are broken down, and he is a brother on whom the same sun shines, and who holds the same heritage, the earth. He is learning to reverse the order in which the ancients looked at the outward creation; he looks at the world with reference to himself, and not at himself with reference to the world. How different the view which Virgil takes of his country from that of the Christian poet; yet each how worthy of its age!

“ Sed neque Medorum silvæ, dittissima terra,
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
 Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra, neque Indi,
 Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.
 Hæc loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem
 Invertère, satis immanis dentibus hydri;
 Nec galeis densusque virûm seges horruit hastis:
 Sed gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
 Implevère; tenent oleæ, armentaque læta.
 Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert;
 Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
 Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
 Romanos ad templa deûm duxère triumphos.
 Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas;
 Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor.”

“ O my mother isle!

Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
 A husband, and a father! who revere
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
 O native Britain! O my mother isle!
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
 To me, who from thy lakes, and mountain-hills,
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks, and seas,
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
 All adoration of the God in nature,
 All lovely and all honorable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being? ”

We cannot sympathize with that spirit of criticism which censures modern poetry for being the portraiture of individ-

ual characteristics and passions, and not the reflection of the general features of society and the outward man. If we want such poetry as Homer's, we must not only evoke him from the shades, but also his times. Purely objective poetry is the most perfect, and possesses the most interest, only in the childhood of the human mind. In the poetry of the Hindoos, of the Israelites, as well as of the Greeks, the epic is the prevailing element. But that page of the heroic character is turned forever; — another element is developing itself in the soul, and breathing into the materiality of the past a spiritual life and beauty. It is in vain we echo the words of other days, and call it poetry; it is in vain we collect the scattered dust of the past, and attempt to give it form and life by that same principle which once animated it. We can only give a brighter and more joyous existence to the cold forms of departed days, by bowing down, like the prophet of old, and breathing into them a purer and more ennobling faith, the brighter flame of our own bosoms. To stir the secret depths of our hearts, writers must have penetrated deeply into their own. Homer found conflicts *without*, to describe; shall the poets of our day be blamed because they would exhibit to us those they feel *within*? Milton gives us the philosophy of Christian epic poets, when he says that “he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy.” What, indeed, are the writings of the great poets of our own times but epics; the description of those internal conflicts, the interest in which has so far superseded those of the outward world? A sufficient answer to the charge of egotism and selfishness to which they are exposed, is given in the words of Coleridge. “In the ‘Paradise Lost’ indeed in every one of his poems, it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve, are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest

pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit." Lamartine, when he complains so often at not being able to give to the world an epic embodying the present development of the heroic character, seems not to have dreamed that, unless he could represent objectively the action of one mind on another, he was, by the expression of his feelings, giving us the only epic poem the mind in its present stage is capable of giving.

The truth of the principles, we have laid down, may be still farther tested by their application to the projected epic of Coleridge on the destruction of Jerusalem, of which he said that it "was the only subject now remaining for an epic poem, a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric war of Troy interested all Greece." He farther observes, that "the subject with all its great capabilities has this one grand defect, that whereas a poem to be epic must have a *personal* interest in the destruction of Jerusalem, no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event." We will not touch upon other objections which he himself has urged, such as mythology and manners, to which what we have already said on other poems will as well apply; but will only remark that the subject itself is incapable of exhibiting the present development of the heroic character, and cannot therefore be made the great epic of this age, or of any to come. This may be seen from what has already been said. What made Milton's subject great, and what can *now* alone make any subject for epic interest great, was the action made *visible* of a superior intellect on an inferior. Could intellectual power be represented with the same objectiveness as physical power, there might be as many epics now as there are great minds. The reason is obvious. It is this manner of representing power which alone possesses a corresponding interest with tragedy, by which alone there can be a *hero* capable of sustaining the interest. The poem of Coleridge, even if feasible, must have been more similar to Tasso's than Milton's, and consequently, when compared with the latter, not great.

Schiller's plan of an epic poem, founded on Frederick the Great of Prussia as the hero, must, if the principles advanced are correct, have proved far more futile than the one last mentioned; and it strongly confirms, as we think, the remarks before made on the hostility of the dramatic to the epic interest, that two of the greatest poets of our age should each have schemed an epic, yet neither completed one.

Of such attempts at the epic, as Monti's in Italian, and Pollok's in our own language, we will only say, that they are as much wanting in the spirit of an epic as in its true form, and that they are as remote from the merit of Dante, whom they have taken as their model, as near him in plan. Their poems resemble those Spanish epics which suddenly appeared in the reign of Philip the Second, the whole series of which were nothing but chronicles, and differed but little from histories. Of Wilkie, and a host of others, we might say as Giraldi Cinto said of Trissino, who employed twenty years on his "*Italia Liberata*," that they do but select the refuse from the gold of Homer, imitate his vices, and gather together all that which good judges would wish to be rid of, by which they show little wisdom.

We have thus endeavored to show the inability of the human mind, at the present day, to represent objectively its own action on another mind, and that the power to do this could alone enable the poet to embody in his hero the present development of the heroic character, and give to his poem a universal interest. We rejoice at this inability; it is the high privilege of our age, the greatest proof of the progress of the soul, and of its approach to that state of being where its thought is action, its word power.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is pleasing to frequent the places from which the feet of those whom this world calls great have passed away, to see the same groves and streams that they saw, to hear the same Sabbath bells, to linger beneath the roof under which they lived, and be shaded by the same tree which shaded them. It is pleasant, for it makes us, as it were, companions of their earthly presence; the same heaven is above us, and the same earth is beneath us, and we feel ourselves sharers, for a time, in the same earthly heritage. But for the soul this is not enough. We feel unsatisfied until we know ourselves akin even with that greatness which made the spots on which it rested, hallowed; and until, by our own lives, and by converse with the thoughts they have bequeathed us, we feel that union and relationship of the spirit which we seek. We may frequent the same shades, we may linger beside the same streams, the mind may be raised and improved by its intercourse with a superior mind, but we can never be at rest, at home with them, we can never really see the same heaven and the same earth which they saw, until by our own life that perfect union and relationship has been consummated. With other writers, at our very first acquaintance with their thoughts, we recognize our relationship with the swiftness of intuition; but who of us, however familiar he may have been with his writings, has yet caught a glance of Shakespeare's self, so that he could in any way identify himself with him, and feel himself a sharer in his joys and sorrows, his motives and his life? With views narrowed down to our own peculiar and selfish ends, we cannot well conceive, for we

feel little within us that answers to a being like him, — whose spirit seemed the antagonist of matter; whose life was as various and all-embracing as nature's; and in whom the individual seemed lost and blended with the universal. In him we have a gift not of a world of matter but one of mind; a spirit to whom time and place seemed not to adhere; to whom all seasons were congenial; the world a home; who was related to us all in that which is most ourselves; and whose life and character, the more we lay aside what in us is provincial and selfish, the more deeply shall we understand. In speaking of him and what he did as an exception to ordinary rules, we only confess our ignorance of the great law of his existence. If he was natural, and by a common nature kindred with us, as we all confess, that ignorance, which only exists by our own sufferance, will clear up, as we lay aside all that is false and artificial in our characters, and Shakespeare and his creations will stand before us in the clear bright sunlight of our own consciousness.

My object is to show, by an analysis of the character of Shakespeare, that a desire of action was the ruling impulse of his mind; and consequently a sense of existence its permanent state. That this condition was natural; not the result felt from a submission of the will to it, but bearing the will along with it; presenting the mind as phenomenal and unconscious, and almost as much a passive instrument as the material world.

I shall thus be led to find excuse for much that has seemed impure in his writings, and to change that admiration which has hitherto regarded him as a man, into one which would look upon him and love him as the unconscious work of God.

By doing this I shall show that there is a higher action than that we witness in him; where the will has not been borne down and drawn along by the mind's own original impulse, but, though capable of resistance, yields flexibly to all its natural movements, presenting that higher phenomenon which genius and revelation were meant to forward in all men, — conscious nature.

Our view is not concerned, therefore, with those necessary motives which doubtless compelled Shakespeare, like all of us, to provide a daily means of support. These are matters of external history. They are indeed prominent objects, often changing and giving a new direction to the current; but they tell us not why it flows onward and will ever flow. It is not to the softer and more perishable parts of his massy mind I would direct my attention; but to those veins of a primitive formation, which, now that time has loosened and removed all else, still stand out as the iron framework of his being. We look upon such minds as Shakespeare's as exceptions, for wise purposes, to our common nature; and, as the single man who is born blind tells thousands that there is One who giveth them sight, so those of our race, who by nature are so strongly prompted to will and to do that their minds seem almost as passive as matter beneath superior power, have been denied to some extent the liberty of will, as I think, that the many might be continually reminded that their minds were not their own, and that the conscious submission of their wills to the same great influence was their highest glory. All men will then exhibit, according to their gifts, that greatness and universality as conscious, which we now witness in them unconsciously shown; their ruling motive will be a yielding to the hallowed impulses to action; the permanent state of their souls, eternal life.

There is a desire of mental activity felt by such a mind as Shakespeare's corresponding with that impulse to physical action felt by all men. This must be a natural consequence of such mental endowment; and the movements of the mind, in men like these, must as regularly take the lead of volition as the involuntary motions of the physical frame. Scott's confession on this point applies equally to all. "People may say this and that of the pleasure of fame or of profit as a motive of writing: I think the *only* pleasure is in the actual exertion and research, and I would no more write upon any other terms than I would hunt merely to dine upon hare-soup. At the same time, if credit and profit came unlooked for, I would no more quarrel with them

than with the soup." The main action of all such minds must evidently be almost as independent of the will as is the life in a plant or a tree; and, as they are but different results of the same great vital energy of nature, we cannot but feel that the works of genius are as much a *growth* as are the productions of the material world. Such minds act as if all else but the sense of their existence was an accident; and, under the influence of this transforming power, all is plastic; marble becomes flexible and shapes itself into life; words partake as it were of motion, form and speech; and matter, like the atoms on the magnetic plate, feels instinct with order and design. The stream of life, — which, in other men, obstructed and at last stationary as the objects that surround it, seems scarcely to deserve the name, — in them rolls ever onward its rich and life-giving waters as if unconscious of the beautiful banks it has overflowed with fertility. With most men it requires a continual effort of the will to prevent the objects which were only intended to give exercise to their souls from detaining them, as it were, and holding them in a torpid inanimation. As long as man labors for a physical existence, though an act of necessity almost, he is yet natural; it is life, though that of this world, for which he instinctively works. But when he has reached the point where the means of physical existence are secured, he is permitted to become unnatural; he is left at liberty to strive for that eternal life which is promised him, by the voluntary surrender and sacrifice of the objects of this; or to become at every moment more like the senseless clods around him, and, at last, when he has gained the whole world, instead of having sacrificed it all to that sense of life and love within him, he has lost his soul. It seems indeed a thing impossible to us, sunk as we are in sin and the flesh, that this vast globe and millions of others should roll on their limitless ways with the speed of thought, moved but by a will kindred with our own. But would we take our just position in regard to the objects of sense, and, instead of finding ourselves revolving around them, did they seem like harmonized spheres enlightened and moved by the strong working principles of duty and

love within us, we should then indeed feel of a truth our relationship to our Father, and that for matter to obey His will was but its natural law. Do we wonder then, that, as this momentary petrification of the heart goes on, we are every day more and more strangers in this world of love, holding no communion with the Universal Parent, and hoarding up instead of distributing His general gifts? As we resist this process, the resulting state must evidently be one with which we may interpret the mind of Shakspeare, — a sense of eternal life, an activity communicated to all else, and not merely one communicated to us from without; we are no longer the servants of sin, but the free followers of Christ.

As, therefore, the activity of the mind, freed by an exertion of the will, must ever be connected with the sense of eternal life, so is there joined with the mind's involuntary freedom a sense of existence that constitutes its innocent happiness, and makes it the natural teacher to us of the wide principle which is its mission. In Claudio's reflections on death, the poet unconsciously lays bare the texture of his own mind. Claudio regrets not, as we should suppose he would, the loss of his sister, or the good things of this world, nor feels a doubt of another; but all his horrors are but the negations of these two great characteristics of Shakespeare's own mind, — the barring up of his varied activity, and the losing in a kneaded clod of the sensible warm motion of life.

“ Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot :
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.”

And again, in Clarence's dream of death, so strongly is the resistance of the soul to this imprisoning of it expressed, that we feel a sense of suffocation in reading it.

"Often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea."

The play of Hamlet is founded on these two characteristics, and they are apparent throughout; as we shall endeavor to show by a separate analysis of it. We are continually hearing the poet himself speaking out through the words of Hamlet. As we become more and more conscious of that state of mind which our Saviour calls eternal life, we shall the better understand the natural superiority of such a mind as Shakespeare's to the narrowing influences which we have to resist, but which his involuntary activity rendered powerless. That a sense of life would be the accompaniment of this activity would then be apparent; for how could that childlike love of variety and joyous sympathy with all things exist, save from that simple happiness which in him ever flowed from the consciousness of being, but which, alas, by most of us is known but in youth? Between the dignified and trivial, between decay and bloom, how else could he have felt that connecting link, of which we are insensible, enabling him to present them all united as in the moving panorama that encircles us? This life of his in all objects and scenes was the simple result of the movements of a mind which found only in all it saw around it something to correspond with its own condition. Its own activity was its possession; circumstances and things seemed to be, because it was; these were accidents, and not, as with other men, realities. His power, while exerted on every thing, seems independent of its objects. Like the ocean, his mind could fill with murmuring waves the strangely indented coast of human existence from the widest bay to the smallest creek; then ebbing, retire within itself, as if form was but a mode of its limitless and independent being. Did love succeed necessity, we should need

no other explanation of such a mind than our own would give us. We all feel at first that life is more than the meat, but from the corrupt world around us we soon learn to prize the meat more than our spiritual life. We learn indeed, while children, the fallacy of sacrificing our *physical* existence to any thing inferior, and to look upon it as that to which all other ends are to be made subservient but we grow up and grow old without ever discerning a far more cunning fallacy for which the other was but a preparatory step, and we live on, merging the *thought* of our being in its daily accidents, and immolating the life of the spirit before the idol of its desires. Instead of this, we should be quickening by our daily life that spiritual consciousness which otherwise, in the hour of death, we shall feel that we have lost; when the eye that saw and the ear that heard have done their tasks; when the heavens which that eye has so long gazed upon are rolling together as a scroll, and the thousand tones of music which the ear drank from the earth are hushed, and the affrighted soul turns inward upon itself as the sole remaining monument of all that was once real. Were such a consciousness ours, then indeed might we sympathize with Shakespeare; then might the lofty thought which Milton felt in his kindness and age forever permeate our being, and lift us to that height from which, like him, we could look down on the world and the objects of sense beneath; and as we gazed with the soul's pure eyes, and a mind irradiated with that celestial light for which he prayed, we too might exclaim,

" For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 These thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? "

This activity of mind in Shakespeare, to which the theatre perhaps in some measure gave a direction and expression, and the strong sense of life which must necessarily have accompanied it, leads us to the negation of the two, as the idea on which his mind would dwell most frequently and with the most concern. We find this thought there-

fore standing out more or less prominently throughout all his plays, and forming, as I have before said, the ground-plan of Hamlet. I cannot help quoting in this connection a passage from "As You Like It," which only Shakespeare could have written. The words are so simple that a fool might have uttered them, though only the wisest of men knew it. Yet none could impress upon us more strongly the fact that we live, and that —

" All that live must die
Passing through nature to eternity."

" A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; — a miserable world! —
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

These feelings caused Shakespeare to live beyond the influence of fame, and, though disturbed, as we have shown, by the thought of *where* or *how* he might exist in another world, he still felt the fact; and fame can only be a motive to those who have no practical belief in the next world, or to whom it is an uncertainty. With the celebrated minds of antiquity, this was the case; and they found in the thought of fame some consolation for that activity and sense of life which they felt to be their great attribute, as if that living tongues should tell of their existence was nearest to life itself. Think not that it is for the paltry praise of others that such have lived and suffered; believe it not, even though they themselves knew not the spirit they were of, and in their ignorance believed it; no, — it could not be; it was the prompting of an *immortal* nature that urged them to live, — to live, though it were to be but a

thought in the memory of others. In this yearning of the spirit for being, for immortality, is seen a sign of its relationship to God ; that it is in very deed the child of the great I AM, and that in these its aspirations it calls Him Father. And as age on age rolls by, and we learn more humbly to bow to him who came to bring life and immortality to light, we should feel more the truth of that sublime revelation which God early made of himself to his children, when he said to Moses, I Am that I Am.

From what has been said we may perceive that universality is not a gift of Shakespeare alone, but natural to the mind of man ; and that whenever we unburthen ourselves of that load of selfishness under which what is natural in us lies distorted, it will resume as its own estate that diversity of being in which he delighted. That which in the poet, the philosopher, or the warrior, therefore affects us is this higher natural action of the mind, which, though exhibited in one, is felt to be harmonious with all ; which imparts to us, as it were, their own universality, and makes us for a while companions of their various life. In the individual act we feel more than that which suffices for this alone ; we feel sensible that the blood that is filling one vein, and becoming visible to us in one form, possesses a vitality of which every limb and the whole body are alone the fit expression. This natural action of the mind, in whatever direction applied, is ever revealing to us more than we have before known ; for this alone unconsciously moves in its appointed path ; the only human actor in the drama of existence, save him who is by duty becoming consciously natural, that can show us any good. In its equable and uninterrupted movements, it harmonizes ever with Nature, giving the spiritual interpretation to her silent and sublime growth. In the movements of Shakespeare's mind, we are permitted to see an explanation of that strange phenomenon in the government of Him who made us, by which that which is most universal appears to be coincident with that which is most particular. In him we see how it is that the mighty laws which bind system upon system should be the same that stoop to order with exactest precision the particles

whose minuteness escapes our vision ; that could we but feel aright, we should see that the same principle which teaches us to love ourselves could not but lead us to love our neighbors as ourselves ; that did we love in ourselves what was truly worthy of our love, there would be no object throughout the wide circle of being whose lot and happiness would not be our own. It is thus by becoming most universal we at the same time become most individual ; for they are not opposed to each other, but different faces of the same thing. But selfishness is the farthest removed of all things from the universality of genius or of goodness. For, as the superiority to the objects of sense which the soul naturally has, and which, when lost, love would restore, diminishes, these senseless objects in their turn become masters ; we are the servants of sin, bowing to an idol that our own hands have set up, and sweating beneath the burthens of a despot strong in our own transferred power. Like the ancients we too find a deity in each of the objects we pursue ; — we follow wealth till we worship Mammon ; love, till we see a Venus ; are ambitious, till our hands are stained with the bloody rites of Mars. While in the physical world we are waging by our railroads and engines a war of utter extermination against time and space, we forget that it is these very things, as motives, that urge us on. We are exhibiting the folly of kingdoms divided against themselves ; for, while in the physical world we are driving to annihilation space and time, it is for the very sake of the things of time and sense that we do it. We are thereby excluding ourselves daily from those *many* mansions which Christ has taught are prepared for us. Our words confess that all things are God's, while our hands are busy in fencing off some corner of the wide universe from which to exclude our brother man.

In the exceptions of our race, in those we have been accustomed to call great, we see universality claimed for them in their minds' own inborn and free-working energies. But others are more free agents that they may not act unconsciously, and that a conscious natural action when attained may be the eternal reward of their well-doing. The mind

which of its own inborn force is natural, is innocent ; but that which has been permitted to become so, is virtuous. True virtue would be conscious genius. To minds in both of these states does universality belong ; in the one, it is that of the child ; in the other, that of manhood. Both are in harmony with nature. In the language of our Lord, they are little children learning to repeat the words they hear the Father utter. It was the same Father that fashioned him who wears a crown, and the shaggy monarch of the forest, who could alone give the corresponding state in the mind of a Shakespeare ; which enabled him to be with the ease and naturalness of a Proteus, now “every inch a king,” and now to be the lion too, and “roar so as to do any man’s heart good to hear him ; so that the Duke would say ‘let him roar again, let him roar again.’” As the spontaneous action of Shakespeare’s mind was continually finding an answering expression in the world around it, so must the same action in us, when restored by love, find the same ever-varied forms. We shall become all things to all men. As the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so passive will the breath of life that God first breathed into us become to His holy will. Life will be a continued worship, for every object will be a gift, and every gift an opportunity for love. When all men shall so live and speak, their souls will have consciously become the passive instruments of the Divine will ; and will ever tell, in pure and spiritual worship to each other, the works and ways of a common Father. The highest exercise of the human will will be formed in its assent to the Divine. Genius will be the obedience of the child ; virtue, the obedience of the man to the same Universal Parent. The unconscious utterings of our poet will be found verified in himself.

“ He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dried
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of heaven we count the acts of men.”

So difficult is it therefore for us to forget ourselves, and to take our neighbor's situation with the same readiness that we hold our own, that we wonder very much at what we call Shakespeare's universality, his power of adapting himself to his characters ; and that we see nothing of himself in them. The difficulty that we imagine, and the want of perception of the poet in his characters, are both a difficulty and a want of our own making. Living, as we do, as if we were made for the objects around us, and not they for us, we are incapacitated for understanding, or seeing as an individual, one to whom no such individuality as we are conversant with belongs. We are looking for one like ourselves, to whom we may give a local habitation and a name ; whom we may call a lover of wealth, or pleasure, or fame, and forget that, to him whom we seek, places and names were but toys. We see not nor understand that each of the characters we read is the poet's, and that while there, he neither wishes to be, nor is, elsewhere. We cannot better picture to our minds the dramatic state of Shakespeare's, than by recalling to our thoughts the days of our childhood, before we had been schooled by the selfishness of sin, when the tides of life flowed on with no will but His who was pouring them through our souls. Then was it, as has been said, that man "filled nature with his overflowing currents." Could we deny the false pride which springs from the exercise of our own wills, could we submit them in humbleness to Him in whom we should live and move and have *our* being, we should still feel in manhood and age that ours was that universal life and love, the emblem of which our Saviour beheld in a little child, and said "of such is the kingdom of heaven." This period in youth we call natural ; all that the child does bears the impress of universal life ; like Adam, he is unconsciously the lord of creation ; he is content with living ; his happiness has not yet become the selfish love of possession ; his actions and thoughts are full of life unclaimed save by Him who gave it. Like the Greek, the past and future tenses are with him present ; he is what he describes, and his gestures mark actions as if he saw them and was pointing them out in the vacuity. To

Shakespeare's whole life we might apply the same language that we do in speaking of the frolics of a child, — how full he is of life! — this is that which is most apparent in his every character. The stronger this activity, the more happiness is there in the mind's own exercise, the more is it independent of the particular object on which its power is exerted, and the more coincident is it with all forms of being. In every actor in the mighty drama of human existence did Shakespeare find himself; he wished to live and move, and this was Shakespeare. He was rich, he was poor, he was wise, he was foolish, he was mad, he was sober, "desiring this man's art and that man's scope," each and all, yet neither. He lived as each character, yet was not that which at any one time appeared, since that which is individual can only be a face of the universal. In each, he might say, with Iago, "I am not that I am." I cannot farther illustrate this childlike action of his mind better than by applying to him what Wordsworth has said of a child.

"Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes,
 See at his feet some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song;
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife,
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part,
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the Persons down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation."

In this activity of mind, then, in this childlike superiority to the objects by which it was attracted, we find Shake-

speare. This was his genius, for genius is nothing but this natural action of the mind rendering obedient to itself by a higher principle those objects to whose power it might otherwise have been subjected. This it was that enabled him like a boy "to toss creation like a bauble from hand to hand, embodying in turn each capricious shade of thought." Thus it was, that, while others were making ends of things, he gave to them their deeper significance of life and death, of time and eternity. In this view, the acts of Shakespeare seem but natural movements. With the ever-surprised mind of a child, he was always transformed into the object he saw. This condition of mind might perhaps be designated as an impersonal one, so strongly is it always possessed by that which is before it, as to seem for the time to have no other individuality. It is the unconscious possessor of all things, and, like the mythological Greek, gives personality and voice even to the objects of inanimate creation. This is that primæval state of innocence from which we have fallen. We are no longer carried out of ourselves to become the expression of that which is around us; but enchained by our own wills, the cloud and the flower speak only through our dictation. Would we attain to the recognition of the individuality of a Shakespeare or a Homer (for they had an individuality and one which it shames us not to perceive), it can only be by being born again, by becoming again through obedience as little children, and by feeling more fully than we have yet done the meaning of that sublime declaration of our Lord's, "all that the Father hath is mine."

As we arrive in our own consciousness at a truer perception of what Shakespeare was, we shall start with strange wonder to see how far we have strayed from the paths of our youth, how much we have substituted calculation for right, selfishness for love. We shall then be surprised that we ever sought for him apart from his creations, and learn that the perfect poet is never visible save in action, in the ever new, ever changing aspect of nature and of man. Truth and time are separate rays only when seen through the medium of an imperfect act; but through the perfect

and entire action of the mind they are seen blended in the life as primary colors in the common light of day.

This view of Shakespeare will lead us to look upon his characters as the natural expression of his own, as its necessary growths or offshoots. We shall then see a reason for their being, as they actually appear to be, facts, real events; which you could no more alter or improve than you can the branch of a tree, or the visible realities themselves. Such being the foundations on which his characters rest, we may see why it is that they stand in the front of mental achievements; and that we speak and think of them as those with whom we are acquainted, whom we have seen and addressed. "We talk," says Charles Lamb, "of Shakespeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him as they surround us; but from his own mind, which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very 'sphere of humanity,' he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us recognizing a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole, and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only wanted the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same." We may study a character, notice its incomings and its outgoings, and, having become perfectly acquainted with the whole whereabouts of its life, may place it in a given situation, and put the words that it would be sure to utter in its mouth; and, after all, it would be no more like the breathing life of one of Shakespeare's characters than the merest wire-strung automaton. Such a form has no counterpart in creation; it is as dead as the soul that made it. We have, it may be, copied with weary finger*and wisest head the mere letter of life, but our hearts have been far from the task; and the mental abortion will go but to increase the number of those "gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire" with which the fruitful loins of the press overteem. Each of the characters that Shakespeare has left us, on the

contrary, was his own ; the impulse by which he moved was so universal that it rendered his being coincident with that of all. He actually lived what he represented. We cannot speak of him as breaking away from his own egotism and throwing himself into his characters ; he had no egotism other than that which would arise from that child-like state of mind, which robes itself in no particular shape, but in all shapes. For him everything lives and moves. For him, as for those of our race who spoke the early Shemitic language, there were no neuter nouns.

“I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned.”

It may seem strange that a mind capable of the conception, as we call it, of a Hamlet or a Lear should yet seem to delight in those apparently so opposite, — in characters of a low or even licentious cast. But this apparent inconsistency admits of an easy explanation from the very nature of that mind's action. To us indeed they seem antipodes ; but to him they stood embraced by the same horizon of life and action. If we will but think of his mind as moved by the same desire of action as our own limbs are in childhood, and with as little end in view save that of its own activity ; we shall then easily conceive why he should seek to identify himself with every mode of life, and be and act characters of the most apparently opposite nature. That such was the impulse under which they were written, we can only appeal to each one's consciousness in reading for a proof. He delighted in all men of high as well as low estate, — we had almost said, in the licentious as in the virtuous. But how different is that playful and childlike spirit with which he acted a vicious character, from that which seems to have actuated a Byron. The one represents an abandoned man as he actually exists, with the joys of sense and the anguish of the spirit alternately agitating his troubled breast ; and the contemplation of such a character, if it does not make us as good as it might have done,

had he drawn it with higher motives, will yet make us better, as the sight of it does in actual life. But the latter was not innocent, he imparted something of himself to what he describes; he would not and could not, like Shakespeare, put before us a virtuous man with the same pleasure as he does a vicious one; he has not, like him, held a pure and untarnished mirror up to Nature, but reflected her back upon us from his own discolored and passion-stained bosom.

Shakespeare acted, like his own Falstaff, "on instinct;" no ligament save that of existence bound him to any particular mode of action. We cannot therefore learn the moral influence which his writings have had upon society, and the effect of this or that character or passage from what seem to us their consequences, unless, at the same time, we are conscious of the state of mind from which they proceeded. There may have been a deeper instinct or principle at work in the poet's mind by which those very consequences we blame were fashioned to be the instruments of good. Of this we can learn only by our lives. The rugged summits of virtue alone command the prospect over the plains of innocence; and true manhood can alone interpret the sports of the child. It is from this central position only that we may hope to trace aright the orbit of his influence and the moral tendency of his writings. He lived in thought as we live in sense; what the involuntary movements of our bodies are to us, the action of his mind was to him; and as it darted "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," the wide world seemed but the green playground of his youth, and our long years of life a summer's day. This difference is well shown by the choruses of Acts 3 and 5 in King Henry V.

*"Thus, with imagin'd wing, our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give*

To sounds confus'd : behold the threaten sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge : *O, do but think,*
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy ;
 And leave your England as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege !
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back ;
 Tells Harry — that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner,
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind."

Act 3.

His mental life was as much a matter of impulse as the restless activity of your youth. Other poets we blame or praise, but Shakespeare only elicits our wonder. He spent his life in living in thought the lives of others. What he was and felt he said, and it was nature and truth ; for, acting from impulse, he did not strive to build up character, according to his own presumption and preconceived notions, but only described, as I have said, what he himself was and felt in their positions as he severally occupied them. He did not, like Corneille, hold back vice that she might not speak her part, nor did he, like Byron, restrain virtue. No actor in life is driven from his stage, and the consequence is, that, although he acted neither from a good or bad motive but only from instinct, he has produced for us, "in his quick forge and working-house of thought," a natural mental growth of those very events by which God in their ordinary course is teaching us ; and which, by the action of his mind, he has again presented us for warning and pleasure abridged of their "huge and proper life."

The true influence of his characters as individuals and even as groups, then, is, that by them we are continually reminded of his own, of what we may call the impersonal state of childhood, a state which we have all known, yet from which we have all fallen ; that condition of innocence in which lived our first parents, when all things were gifts, and they were one with them ; for they were each the offering of Infinite Love. We do not look upon Shakespeare as purposing this or any other effect ; but consider it as the unconscious influence of one ever active in the mental life of which we have spoken, and of which the words he has left us were but the natural accompaniment. We can impart but what we are, and Shakespeare formed no exception to that which binds all other men. As we converse with him, at every turn, in each of the varied forms under which he presents himself, we are ever wondering at and groping after that strange individuality from which they all proceed. This attained, we shall read the riddle of his character, and stand surprised within ourselves at the simplicity of the solution.

We look in vain therefore in Shakespeare for that consciousness of the unconquerable will that we find in Milton. Shakespeare could never have given us a character like Satan's. He has indeed made us feel in the impulses of our nature a depth and strength of which before we had scarcely any conception. The whispers of conscience and the prompting of natural affection seem at times to speak with almost supernatural power ; and call upon the selfish and sin-stricken soul in tones that bear us back, as it were, to that mysterious moment, when the springs of our being were unsealed, and we hear again the streams of its murmuring life gushing from out their fountains. Thus, when the thought that *so* her father looked flashes across the murderous mind of Lady Macbeth, as she sees the gray locks and venerable face of the sleeping Duncan, it seems as if we saw the dark pall of clouds, that has gathered with more than midnight blackness over her devoted head, rent for an instant asunder, disclosing to her guilty soul, but one moment and the last, the blue bright heaven of her

childhood's thoughts. But the wickedness of such an one as Lady Macbeth, and even Iago, we can pity and pardon ; for we feel that under happier influences their nature would have been changed ; it is the first sin of Adam, and not the full-grown conscious guilt of his tempter. Shakespeare represents man as he is ; too weak to contend by his own unaided strength against the destroyer of our own race, unable of himself to find the way, the truth, and the life, yet needing their continual guidance. In Macbeth, the struggle for victory is still kept up, the fight is far from being ended, and the night is still on the approach ; — but with Iago, it is past ; the shadows have long since fallen over the field of his defeat ; as we try to retrace its past history, all is indefinite, and the imagination fills its unknown extent with sights more terrific than any actual conflict could have presented ; every object swells into unreal proportions, and at every step the night thickens with horrors around us. In his character we seem to see the conquest of sin complete, and the bondage of the spirit consummated ; a state the more dreadful to our view since the dark field of conflict is hidden by the past ; and we see the slave of sin sunk even below the remembrance of his freedom, and rejoicing in iniquity as if it was his natural heritage. But with Satan there is no joy in iniquity ; he ever feels

“ How awful goodness is, and sees
Virtue in her shape how lovely ; sees and pines
His loss.”

Ever in his bosom gnaws the worm that dieth not ; ever burns the fire that is not quenched. His is that sin unto death, for which we may not pray. It had been in vain had the very light of heaven shone around the darkness of the archangel ; and we look with hate upon his gigantic iniquity, as upon a dæmon more than human, for whom there remains no place for repentance, and for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

Since Shakespeare accomplished so great results without any apparent object, and since the strains of the bard are ever so welcome to the general ear, it has been in-

ferred that his motive was to please. But that poetry gives pleasure is a consequence of its being written not the motive for it. We degrade those whom the world has pronounced poets, when we assume any other cause of their song than the divine and original action of the soul in humble obedience to the Holy Spirit upon whom they call. Wherever this action is, it is its own cause for being heard; for it is the word of God uttered through the soul as it ever speaks through inanimate creation. Homer and Shakespeare were without a struggle the natural representatives of this action; and their language was a universal one, through which all things found expression. They were the innocent and unconscious children of duty and in the ode of Wordsworth we read of them:

“There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Long may the kindly impulse last!
 But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!”

Such minds, as we have before said, seem to be exceptions, for wise purposes, to the rest of our race; exhibiting to all the natural features of the soul in the unconscious and childlike state of innocence. The world is theirs, but it is so only because they are innocent; and they describe it as if it had never known sin. In Wordsworth and Milton, on the contrary, we see the struggle of the child to become the perfect man in Christ Jesus. Their constant prayer is, “Not my will, Father, but thine be done.” They are striving for that silence in their own bosoms that shall make the voice that created all things heard. It is the self which opposes this, that they feel within them and see without them; and it is this alone, under whatsoever forms it may be, that they describe. They use not others’ lips and words, because they are their own, but only in the place of their own; and the language which their characters utter is not the varying personality of a Shakespeare, but the transferred one of a single-sided individu-

ality. Like the fallen angel, they cannot escape the consciousness of themselves, and the brightness of poesy, instead of blazing directly down upon their heads, causes them from the obliqueness of its rays to be ever accompanied by their own shadow. But when the war of self which these and other bards have so nobly maintained shall have ceased, and the will of the Father shall be done on earth as it is in heaven; when man shall have come to love his neighbor as himself; then shall the poet again find himself speaking with many tongues; and the expectant nations shall listen surprised to a note more sublime, yet accordant with the rolling numbers of the Chian minstrel, and more sweet than the wild warblings of the bard of Avon. To the soul with whom striving has ceased shall return that peace which makes all that God hath to be ours. It shall speak in all the utterances of joy and grief; and their full and perfect voice, which innocence has failed to express, shall rise from the deep bosom of its spiritual love. Virtue shall find in genius her erring, though innocent child; and genius shall follow in love her maternal guidance. The few that have appeared first shall then seem last; and the last shall be seen to be first. Each soul shall show in its varied action the beauty and grandeur of Nature; and shall live forever a teacher of the words it hears from the Father.

Shakespeare's life, as we have endeavored to show, was coincident with that of others, from the natural action of his mind; and from its unreserved yielding to events it has exhibited them to us more as they are than any other mind has yet done. But a more perfect coincidence, which shall exhibit more of what man is than he has done can only be brought about by feeling more deeply that all things are ours, and by possessing more of that love which knew what was in man. Had this and a sense of duty been Shakespeare's, they would have rendered more powerful and affecting the influence of his characters without making them in any degree less natural. But, it may be asked, should the poet be more moral than Providence; if he exhibit things as they are, will they not have all the

influence that God intended they should have? It is that the poet should represent things as they are, for which we contend. We are not pleading for those sickly beings who, by the handiwork of the mind, are made to fit any prescribed pattern of goodness; but for those who live and move about us; to describe the height and depth of whose thoughts and passions, and interpret their meaning, hidden it may be from themselves, even such a mind as Shakespeare's must have entered into and portrayed characters not only from impulse, but also with a love whose strength was that of duty. Too easily might we else, as he has sometimes done, quicken with our life the dry bones of moral death around us. It is no common lamp that will enable us to thread securely the dark and labyrinthine caverns of sin, to shed that light even amid its damp and fatal vapors that will enable us to draw from their lowest depths the rich treasures of wisdom which they hide. No one can enter more entirely into the lives of others than Shakespeare has done, until he has laid down his own life and gone forth to seek and to save that which is lost. Our more perfect views were not intended to be the substitutes for, but the interpreters of the characters of others. What *ought to be*, if we describe it by itself, becomes but our own teaching; what *is*, if we look upon it with a spirit more nearly allied to His who sees all things as they are, will prove the lessons not of our own insignificance, but of His providence. We need not substitute our ideals of virtue and vice for the living forms around us; we need not brighten the one, nor darken the other; to the spiritual eye, even here, will the just begin to appear as angels of light; and as the sun of Divine Favor sets on the wicked, their lengthening shadows, even here, are seen to blacken and dilate into more gigantic and awful proportions. Shakespeare's characters are true and natural indeed; but they are not the truest and most natural which the world will yet see. From the states of mind of a Hamlet and Macbeth rise tones of which the words he has made them utter bear but faint intelligence; and which will find a stronger and yet stronger utterance as the will of the poet conforms to that

of his Maker. Shakespeare was gifted with the power of the poet ; a power which, though he may have employed for the purposes intended, does not seem to have been accompanied by that sense of responsibility which would have lent them their full and perfect effect. His creations are natural, but they are unconsciously so. He could but give to them his own life, which was one of impulse and not of principle. Man's brightest dignity is conscious nature ; and virtue when deprived of this is robbed of her nobility ; and without it vice is but a pardonable weakness. Shakespeare is not to be esteemed so much a man as a natural phenomenon. We cannot say of him that he conformed to God's will ; but that the Divine Will in its ordinary operations moved his mind as it does the material world. *He* was natural from an unconscious obedience to the will of God ; *we*, if it acts not so strongly upon us but has left us the greater freedom, must become natural by a conscious obedience to it. He that is least in the kingdom of heaven, is greater than he.

To show with what different effect his mind would have acted had it been deeply affected by the truths of Christianity, and the consequent imperfections which his creations must exhibit to a mind so affected, is evidently to be done not so much by precept, as by example ; not so much by criticism on his, as by other characters of one's own. That to a mind of his power, virtue and vice would have had a deeper, and in no wise less natural signification from the superadded light of Revelation, no one, we think, can doubt. Our own souls must be rendered a fit medium of those spiritual conflicts we are listening to in the breasts of others ; else, some of the sounds which would otherwise come clear and distinct will fall faint and unmeaning, and others will be entirely lost to our spiritual ear. Shakespeare's mind was, as we have said, a pure and spotless mirror in which to reflect nature ; but it was the purity and spotlessness of innocence, and not of virtue. Had that love of action which was so peculiarly the motive of Shakespeare's mind been followed also as a duty, it would have added a strength to his characters which we do not feel

them now to possess. They are, it is true, natural, but they are no more than nature. However amiable our feelings, — the common bonds of humanity, — they are weak as flaxen cords in the giant hands of our selfishness, unless strengthened by duty. Even a mother, whose heart is knit to her offspring in what would seem the closest of all natural ties, can, when her own selfish ends have made conquest of her soul, exclaim,

“ I have given suck ; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.”

Such and so weak is poor human nature. Had it not been so, a revelation of higher motives would not have been needed or given. Had Shakespeare felt these, his characters would have been more consciously natural. For the erring, he would have made us feel a deeper pity ; for the wicked, a stronger aversion ; and for the virtuous, a more enduring love. He would have made us feel that sinning as we do in the light both of nature and revelation, we should still continue to sin even amid the full broad blaze of heaven.

In Shakespeare's works, I see but the ordinary power of the Deity acting in mind, as I see it around me moulding to its purpose the forms of matter. But we are too apt to admire as the *man* that which we should only regard as the natural operation of the Divine Power. Struck with wonder by this natural action of the mind, we are too prone to dignify as that image of the Most High in which we were created, something which no more deserves the appellation of man, than the clod on which we tread. To be natural either consciously or unconsciously, is indeed alone to be truly great ; for that which is so is God's. The material world, and to a hardly less extent the mental one of those we call great, are passive beneath his influence ; they are naturally, but unconsciously so. But man is gifted with a will whose highest exercise, could he but recognize the awfulness of the trust, he would feel to be its perfect ac-

cordance with his Maker's. But even from the first moment of his existence, when he dared disobedience to his conscience, he became unnatural; and the fair Eden in which he was placed seemed no longer his home; and he is driven a wanderer through his own Fatherland, and lets himself out as a hired servant to till those very fields which were once his own. To become natural, to find again that Paradise which he has lost, man must be born again; he must learn that the true exercise of his own will is only in listening to that voice, which is ever walking in the garden, but of which he is afraid and hides himself. In the words of him who came not to do his own will, as we humble ourselves and become as little children, our minds will no longer be at variance with the world without them, but only a brighter image than nature can be of the creator of both; the true soul will be the conscious expression of nature. Shakespeare was natural; but, if we may judge from his writings and life, he must have been as unconsciously so as a field or a stream. As we have said, he was not moved by common motives; he wished but to live, and he passed without a preference through all the forms of living, and may be said to have been most truly himself in being others. Had he pursued the same course from a sense of duty, there would have been added to his characters that strength of will, or remorse at its loss in which we feel them especially wanting. That he acted from impulse and not from principle, this shows us that he is not to be regarded as a man so much as a phenomenon; that the tribute he would ask was admiration rather than praise. The careless manner in which he left his works has been wondered at, and lauded long enough, we hope, for Christian men. When will we learn that the thing we call a man wants that which alone can entitle it to that appellation, when he can think a thought, or do a single act, much less leave the works of a whole life with ostrich-like indifference on the barren sands of a world's neglect, without one look behind at their influence on the eternal happiness or misery of all being. 'T was God's care only that the mind he sent labored not in vain. Action, in which God's

will is not the motive, is sending the lightning flashes of heaven to play for men's amusement among the far-off clouds, and not to flash in warning across the dark path of destruction in which they are treading. It is the successive peals of thunder which, instead of purifying the moral atmosphere, are made to roll and burst only to create vainly repeated echoes among the hills. Shakespeare, though at times he may have been possessed of his genius, must, in far the most numerous of his days and years, have been possessed by it. Lost in wonder at the countless beings that thronged uncalled the palace of his soul, and dwelt beneath its "majestical roof fretted with golden fires," he knew not, or if he knew, forgot that even those angel visitants were not sent for him merely to admire and number; but that knowing no will but His who made kings his subjects, he should send them forth on their high mission, and with those high resolves which it was left for him to communicate. Had he done this, we might indeed reverence him as the image of his God; as a sharer in His service, whose service is perfect freedom.

From God's action in the mind of such men, we may learn, though with less clearness, that great lesson of Humility which He has revealed through his word. From genius, as well as revelation, we learn that our actions can alone become harmonious with the universality and naturalness which we see in the outward world, when they are made to accord with the will of our Father. From both we learn, that of ourselves we can do no positive act; but have only the power given us to render of no avail that which is so — that we cannot make one hair white or black; that our seeming strength is weakness, nay, worse than weakness, unless it co-operates with God's. Let us labor then, knowing that the more we can erase from the tablets of our hearts the false fashions and devices which our own perverse wills have written over them, the more will shine forth, with all their original brightness, those ancient primeval characters traced there by the finger of God, until our whole being is full of light.

HAMLET.

THE play of Hamlet, when viewed with reference to the character of Shakespeare which we have given, will no longer stand in that unique relation to the rest of his performances it has hitherto held; but will be found to be more vitally connected than any of them with the great characteristics of the poet's mind. We have chosen this, therefore, because it illustrates our previous remarks; and because these, in their turn, afford the position from which it is to be viewed. As to the time of its composition, it stands at about an equal distance between his first and last play; and we think we can see the influence of this upon those that succeed, in giving them more of a sobered and tragical interest. Those who have attempted an explanation of it have failed from the want of a just conception of Hamlet's situation and character. In Lear, and in many other of Shakespeare's plays, the chief character seems naturally to be that for which all the others were formed; and however important these are at first, as objects for the eye to rest on, they seem at last to the mind but as shadings to show the main one in the strongest light. This is especially the case with Hamlet; and they who have commented on it seem to have erred from viewing that as of the greatest importance, which Shakespeare must have considered but as accidental. There is, to use his own words, "*something more than natural*" in this tragedy, "if philosophy could find it out." That which makes it so is the playing up, in a peculiar manner, of the great features of Shakespeare's own mind — that sense of existence which must have been, as we have said, the accompanying state of so

much and so varied activity. Hence the darkness which has so long hung over it; a darkness which, for us, can only be dispelled when we too rest on the same simple basis.

Instead of feeling continually that the life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment, we live as if it were directly the other way, and by that very state of mind are incapacitated almost from conceiving of one who stood in a truer relation to things; to whose thoughts, time and space seem not to adhere as to ours — who could “put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,” and to whom this, our life of years, was but “a bank and shoal of time.” From the soul of him upon whom Christianity has had its true effect, as from before the face of him whom John saw in vision sitting upon “a great white throne,” “the earth and the heavens have fled away, and there is found no place for them.” Shakespeare was, as I have said, the childlike embodiment of this sense of existence. It found its *natural* expression in the many forms of his characters; in the circumstances of Hamlet, its *peculiar* one. As has been well observed, the others we love for something that may be called adventitious; but we love him not, we think not of him because he was witty, because he is melancholy, but because he existed and was himself; this is the sum total of the impression. The great fore-plane of adversity has been driven over him, and his soul is laid bare to the very foundation. It is here that the poet is enabled to build deep down on the clear groundwork of being. It is because the interest lies here, that Shakespeare’s own individuality becomes more than usually prominent. We here get down into his deep mind, and the thoughts that interested him interest us. Here is where our Shakespeare suffered, and, at times, a golden vein of his own fortune penetrates to the surface of Hamlet’s character, and enriches with a new value the story of his sorrows.

If Shakespeare’s master passion then was, as we have seen it to be, the love of intellectual activity for its own sake, his continual satisfaction with the simple pleasure of

existence must have made him more than commonly liable to the fear of death; or, at least, made that change the great point of interest in his hours of reflection. Often and often must he have thought, that to be or not to be forever, was a question which must be settled; as it is the foundation, and the only foundation, upon which we feel that there can rest one thought, one feeling, or one purpose worthy of a human soul. Other motives had no hold upon him; place, riches, favors, the prizes of accident, he could lose and still exclaim, "Fortune and I are friends," but the thought of death touched him in his very centre. However strong the sense of continued life such a mind as his may have had, it could never reach that assurance of eternal existence which Christ alone can give, — which alone robs the grave of victory, and takes from death its sting. Here lie the materials out of which this remarkable tragedy was built up. From the wrestling of his own soul with the great enemy come that depth and mystery which startle us in Hamlet.

It is to this condition that Hamlet has been reduced. This is the low portal of grief to which we must stoop, before we can enter the heaven-pointing pile that the poet has raised to his memory. Stunned by the sudden storm of woes, he doubts, as he looks at the havoc spread around him, whether he himself is left, and fears lest the very ground on which he lies prostrate may not prove treacherous. Stripped of all else, he is sensible on this point alone. Here is the life from which all else grows. Interested in the glare of prosperity around him only because he lives, he is ever turning his eyes from it to the desolation in which he himself stands. His glance ever descends from the lofty pinnacle of pride and false security to the rotten foundation, — and tears follow smiles. He raises his eye to heaven, and "this brave o'erhanging firmament" seems to him but "a pestilential congregation of vapors;" it descends to earth, and "its goodly frame seems a sterile promontory." He fixes it on man, and his noble apostrophe — "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express

and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" is followed fast upon by the sad confession, "Yet man delights me not, nor woman neither." He does not, as we say, "get accustomed to his situation." He holds fast by the wisdom of affliction, and will not let her go. He would keep her, for she is his life. The storm has descended, and all has been swept away but the rock. To this he clings for safety. He will not render unavailing the lessons of Providence by "getting accustomed" to feed on that which is not bread, on which to live is death. He fears nothing save the loss of existence. But this thought thunders at the very base of the cliff on which, shipwrecked of every other hope, he had been thrown. That which to every body else seems common presses upon him with an all-absorbing interest; he struggles with the mystery of his own being, the root of all other mysteries, until it has become an overmastering element in his own mind, before which all others yield and seem as nothing.

This is the hinge on which his every endeavor turns. Such a thought as this might well prove more than an equal counterpoise to any incentive to what we call action. The obscurity that lies over these depths of Hamlet's character arises from this unique position in which the poet exhibits him; a position which opens to us the basis of Shakespeare's own being, and which, though dimly visible to all, is yet familiar to but few. There is action indeed, but projected on so gigantic a scale, that, like the motion of some of the heavenly bodies, from which we are inconceivably removed, it seems a perpetual rest. With Dr. Johnson, and other commentators, we are at first inclined to blame Hamlet's inactivity and call him weak and cowardly; but as we proceed, and his character and situation open upon us, such epithets seem least of all applicable to him. So far is he from being a coward, in the common meaning of that term, that he does not set this life at a pin's fee. He is contending in thought with the great realities beyond it; the dark clouds that hang over the valley of the shadow of death, and float but dimly and indistinct before *our* vision, have, like his father's ghost, become fixed and definite "in

his mind's eye ;" he has looked them into shape, and they stand before him wherever he turns, with a presence that will not be put by. Thus it is, that to most he seems a coward, and that enterprises which to others appear of great pith and moment,

" With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action."

Macbeth is contending with the realities of this world, Hamlet with those of the next. The struggle which is going on in the far-seeing mind of Hamlet never arrives at its consummation ; Macbeth, on the contrary, is short-sighted enough to contend with the whips and scorns of time, and with him, therefore, the mental conflict is soon over.

" If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all *here*,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We 'd jump *the life to come*."

But, it may be asked, if Hamlet valued this life so cheaply, nay, even meditated self-slaughter, why, when he had an opportunity of dying by only suffering himself to be carried to England, should he fly that very death he before sought ? To this question, the state of his mind affords us a satisfactory answer ; and his wavering does but confirm our belief in his sincerity, and gives us a still stronger proof that although there is nothing from which he would more willingly part withal, — except, as he says, " my life," — yet still does the deep instinct of his soul prompt him to retain it, though crushed by the burden, while he doubts lest with its loss may not be connected the loss of all being. He cared not, as he says, for *this* little life a pin's fee ; but for life itself his whole nature called in cries that would not be silenced. In his perplexity and doubt, Hamlet had interrogated his own nature on the great question of his future being ; but its only response was — " the dread of something after death ;" that something might be annihilation, or —

“To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.
 ——— or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling.”

In the bitterness of his spirit, but half concealed by his jests in the graveyard, he asks again that question from which he cannot escape, sending his voice down into the hollow tomb, and hearing but the echo of his own words in reply. He loved not this life, yet endured and clung to it because he doubted of another; this it was

“That made calamity of so long life,
 And made him rather bear those ills he had
 Than fly to others that he knew not of.”

This doubt still remained after all his reasoning; and, gathering strength at the moment of death's actual approach, led him, like the old man with the bundle of sticks, to deny that he had summoned him.

This view will account for Hamlet's indecision. With him the next world, by the intense action of his thoughts, had become as real as the present; and, whenever this is the case, thought must always at first take precedence of action. We have said *at first*, for it ends in giving the strength of the spirit to the arm of flesh. Hamlet frequently accuses himself of cowardice and indecision, yet is fully conscious, at the same time, of faultlessness. We too go with him, and at first accuse him of it, and afterwards rest in as full a conviction as he himself that he is not a coward. Could we view him from the position in which Shakespeare must have seen him, he would appear a hero of loftier stature and nobler action than any other that now wins our admiration from among his numberless creations. Had we Shakespeare's eye, we should not so much be touched by the mere outward show of madness and inaction, but looking beyond these at the deeper meaning, should exclaim,

“Oh what a noble mind is here!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers!”

Then too might we understand the delicate and hidden

satire in that comparison which he makes between himself and Fortinbras.

“ Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince:
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the *invisible event* ;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell.”

Even the revenge which suggests itself to Hamlet is not of this world. To others it would assume a character of the most savage enormity, and one from which, of all men, the tender and conscientious prince would soonest shrink. But with him it is as natural as his most ordinary action. He has looked through the slight afflictions of this world, and his prophetic eye is fixed on the limitless extent beyond. Here and here alone, will the fire of the king's incestuous lust burn unquenched, and the worm of remorse never die. Hence are heard the words that seem to rise from a fiendish depth in the bosom.

“ Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep ; or in his rage.”

We, who dignify as “enterprises of great pith and moment,” the actions of those who like Fortinbras

“ Make mouths at the invisible event,”

are but poorly fitted to judge of one to whom “the invisible event” is the whole. That regard which checked Macbeth's action in part, checked Hamlet's altogether. We may, by and by, come to see that there may be more of true heroic action in a mental conflict that never results in a deed, than in a thousand that do ; that it is at the root of the tree of self within the heart that Christ has laid the axe ; and that here fall the blows that sound loudest and farthest through the kingdom of Satan. We have to do with this world only, and the objects of sense which are our daily care, unmodified by the great ideas of death and eternity, stand before us in a light and greatness not their own. Hamlet, on the other hand, is dealing with both worlds at once ; and, under the influence of those spiritual

realities which should qualify *our* thoughts, he describes objects in a manner which from our position appears very strange and distorting. Under the transforming power of such ideas, what seems to us of permanent shape and coloring, to him is like a many-tinted cloud continually varying in hue and form.

“*Hamlet.* Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in the shape of a camel?

Polonius. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or, like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.”

After all that has been said to explain the apparent inactivity of Hamlet, we must still feel that, although we have accounted for and shown the naturalness of his delay, yet the character of the son, and he “the son of a dear father murdered,” is still somewhat less earnest in Hamlet than we should have expected. This particular view of his circumstance, which we have given, is pressed too far home to be *entirely* natural. It seems as if Shakespeare, feeling a more than common sympathy with the situation he had assumed for the expression of his own feelings, put too much of himself, so to speak, in the composition. We feel that Hamlet is rather such a son as Shakespeare would have made, than the Hamlet of the king's own household. The poet's intention in this play was not, we think, as Goethe says, “to exhibit the effects of a great action imposed as a duty on a mind too feeble for its accomplishment;” nor, as Coleridge expresses it, “to exhibit a character flying from the sense of reality and seeking a reprieve from the pressure of its duties in that ideal activity, the overbalance of which with the consequent indisposition to action is Hamlet's disease.” These are but accidents, and had the design been such as these suppose in Shakespeare, this play would never have been written. No, it was not for ends like these, but for an end of which these should prove but accidents. Was he strongly sensible of a purpose, — it must have been to open to our view that wild tumultuous sea of thoughts which was rolling in the breast of Hamlet, when the idea of death and the presence of

things invisible, stood sensible to sight and touch before him. This thought, breaking upon him in so terrible and unexpected a form, tore from life, at one rude grasp, the gaudy and alluring attire with which it is arrayed to the eye of sense; and, blotting out "all trivial fond records, all saws of books," it fronted him in its own grim reality. Well might he feel, if this was all there was of living, to him it was valueless. Unlike Claudio and Macbeth, the goods of this world, were they all, appeared not to him of consequence enough to deserve a moment's regard; — in the wide firmament of his vision, time and space had dwindled to what they really are, but golden points of an immensity.

Hamlet has been called mad, but, as we think, Shakespeare thought more of his madness than he did of the wisdom of the rest of the play. Like the vision-struck Paul, in the presence of Felix, he spoke what to those around him, whose eyes had not been opened on that light brighter than the sun, seemed madness; but which was, in fact, the words of truth and soberness. Men have felt that though mad, as they thought, there was still a method in it; and that there was something in his language which revealed them to themselves, and to which, though ignorant of its full meaning, every human heart must and does beat responsive. We must not suppose from the impression that words make upon *us* that we necessarily understand what they mean to others. We are but too apt to mistake for knowledge the sounds that give us a mere outside recognition of the states of mind from which they proceeded. It is the spirit that quickens what we hear, — the mere hearing is nothing. The words which I say to you, says our Saviour, are *spirit*, and quicken with *eternal* life, — they are not addressed to the flesh, nor are they life-giving to that. We must not think, because we know the dictionary meaning of the word Death, and can enumerate a few of the sensible changes it produces, that we know its *whole* meaning, — all that one feels when it has become a frequent thought to his mind, modifying, as it was designed to do, every other thought. Much less must we suppose

ourselves to have found the divine meaning of that eternal life of which Jesus speaks ; until we have experienced that death of our own wills, against which we are to strive continually in our minds unto blood. Shakespeare's words too, like those of all true men, have a meaning whose fullness can only be felt by a spirit in a similar state to his from whose lips they fell. Spoken without this, they are but sounds filling the empty chambers of the soul with noisy echoes. They pass before us, dim and shadowy, as the phantom kings before the eyes of Macbeth, the silent witnesses of a world to us unrealized ; — speechless, save as the workings of our own souls give them utterance. Let us not then suppose that, by treasuring up the golden language that has fallen from other tongues of power, we are gaining for ourselves a fast possession ; for, unless their spirit is growing up within us to fill their dumb words with the eloquence of life, our piled wealth, like the rich-colored leaves of autumn, will shrink in our hands to the dark and worthless emblems of decay.

We need not go farther to show, what will now be apparent, the tendency of Shakespeare to overact this particular part of Hamlet, and thus give it an obscurity from too close a connexion with his own mind, — a state so difficult to approach. It is plain that to him the thought of death, and the condition of being to which that change might subject him, would ever be his nearest thoughts ; and that, wherever there exists the strong sense of life, these ideas must follow hard upon it. In the question of Hamlet, the *thoughts*, as well as the words, have their natural order, when “to be” is followed by “not to be.” And we think that no one can read the words of Claudio, or the soliloquy of Hamlet, without thinking that, for Shakespeare, they must have had no common meaning. Here we find a reason for his occupying so strongly this particular position. This idea not only renders the inconsistencies of Hamlet harmonious, but places also the whole tragedy on a common ground with the rest of Shakespeare's plays. Viewed in its light they all become but part and parcel of one mind ; without it, Hamlet must always remain, as it has hitherto

done, a character apart from that of the others, darkened with a mystery too deep for us to scan. Our thoughts, and those of Hamlet and Shakespeare are strangely opposite. With them, to be or not to be, — that is the question; with us there is no question at all about that, — we take that to be settled. With us, to be rich or not to be rich, to be wise or not to be wise, to be honored or not to be honored, — those are the questions. It is because we live so continually in this state of mind, that we are unable to conceive of Hamlet's character, and to see Shakespeare himself in his creations. This it is that inclines many to say of the celebrated soliloquy, as Goldsmith has said, that it "is in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiments, the argumentation or the poetry; that it does not appear that Hamlet had the least reason to wish for death, but every motive which may be supposed to influence, concurred to render life desirable, — revenge towards the usurper; love for the fair Ophelia; and the ambition of reigning." We should naturally think with Goldsmith, and think rightly, that if these were all the motives that influenced Shakespeare in the conception of Hamlet, there were a great many things in the play besides the soliloquy that were out of place. Johnson viewed it also in this manner, and, in consequence, says that "there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard the action," and that "for the feigned madness of Hamlet there is no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity." But the moment we consider that this is but a quarter thought by which we would endeavor to explain the whole, and that the largest half of his design must have been to show the action in which his own mind was thrown in Hamlet's case, these difficulties at once clear up; and the parts that before stood out as dark and unsightly excrescences from the play become, in an instant, its gilded summits of light. The thoughts of the soliloquy are not found to belong to a particular part of this play, but to be the spirit of the whole. *To be or not to be* is written over its every scene, from the entrance of the ghost to the rude

inscription over the gateway of the church-yard; and, whenever we shall have built up in ourselves the true conception of this the greatest of the poets, "To be or not to be" will be found to be chiseled in golden letters on the very key-stone of that arch which tells us of his memory.

It is this mystery which hangs over our being, and which Shakespeare felt more strongly, perhaps, than any other of our race ever did, that enabled him to cast so deep the dark foundations of his supernatural beings, and give them all but that power over us which their actual visitation would have. It is not that the ghost has usurped the form and majesty of buried Denmark, and

" again in complete steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous,"

that he chains us with awe; but it is because he has usurped a form which, in the moments when we are most ourselves, our own souls *will* summon up to question the secrets of their destiny. We do not fear it more than Hamlet; for we feel there is some natural connection between us and another world, "being," as he says, "things immortal as itself." And again, in the soliloquy, when Hamlet speaks of

" The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns " —

why has he forgotten his spiritual visitant, unless it was to show us how trifling and unimportant this incident was in the play, before the great reality of a soul unsatisfied in its longings after immortality?

A state of mind like this affords an easy and natural solution of Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia. He loved her deeply, — deeper than aught else; yet when she broke in upon his soliloquy, in which existence itself now and forever seemed questionable, and the sun, on which that world of love within his bosom hung, seemed ready to be blotted out, the thought of all this might well work in him that bitterness whose poignance but the more strongly proved his love. The view of the world and all its hopes and fears which he has just expressed is a sufficient explanation of

the whole scene. As he has said before, man delights him not, nor woman neither; and as the thought too of his uncle's and his mother's wickedness presses upon his mind, and there seems to him nothing that can be trusted, nothing sure, we may pardon the harshness of his words to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery; why shouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" Then too we may sympathize with him, when, as if to palliate a harshness which in his present state of mind he cannot but feel, he turns with like reproach upon himself—"I am myself indifferent honest," His language therefore, in this scene, is in perfect keeping with the rest of the play, and his own character. There is no dissimulation, as has been supposed, for there was need of none.

The words of Hamlet as a lover are, as we think, in some respects parallel to those addressed by him as a son to his father's shade, — when he exclaims to the ghost beneath; "Ha, ha, boy! sayst thou so; art thou there, true penny?" and again — "Well said, old mole! canst work in the earth so fast?" In the height of emotion and mental conflict to which he is raised by these contemplations, he finds relief, as in the graveyard, in expressions which seem strangely at variance with each other; but which, in reality, are but natural alternations. So much does he dwell in the world of spirits that there is a sort of ludicrous aspect upon which his mind seizes as often as it returns to this. "There is something," says Scott, "in my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours that compels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth, which have no mirth in them."

Before we lose sight of this noblest, yet still unappreciated monument of Shakespeare's mind, we cannot but pause for a moment and look back with awe and admiration upon its dark and majestic outline, as it stands towering against the sky, — the kingly pyramid of the prince of Denmark, covering in its secret chambers a mystery more hidden and precious than that which the pile of an Egyptian monarch, though reared with a thousand hands, is fabled to conceal. His thoughts, though common with us as the sunlight and the air, are, like them, mighty hieroglyphics which

may indeed have false meanings attached to them, but which can never be interpreted until the wisdom of God is shed abroad in our hearts. Then shall we read and understand. Then may we be touched by his own sadness as we listen to this last farewell of our Shakespeare.

“ Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;
 Bear with my weakness: my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:

· · · · ·
 But hence retire me to my " AVON, " where
 Every third thought shall be my grave."

P O E M S .

POEMS.

TO THE CANARY BIRD.

I CANNOT hear thy voice with others' ears,
Who make of thy lost liberty a gain ;
And in a tale of blighted hopes and fears
Feel not that every note is born with pain.
Alas ! that with thy music's gentle swell
Past days of joy should through thy memory throng,
And each to thee their words of sorrow tell,
While ravished sense forgets thee in thy song.
The heart that on the past and future feeds,
And pours in human words its thoughts divine,
Though at each birth the spirit inly bleeds,
Its song may charm the listening ear like thine,
And men with gilded cage and praise will try
To make the bard, like thee, forget his native sky.

NATURE.

NATURE ! my love for thee is deeper far
Than strength of words, though spirit-born, can tell ;
For while I gaze they seem my soul to bar,
That in thy widening streams would onward swell
Bearing thy mirrored beauty on its breast, —
Now, through thy lonely haunts unseen to glide,
A motion that scarce knows itself from rest,
With pictured flowers and branches on its tide ;
Then, by the noisy city's frowning wall,
Whose armed heights within its waters gleam,
To rush with answering voice to ocean's call,
And mingle with the deep its swollen stream,
Whose boundless bosom's calm alone can hold
That heaven of glory in thy skies unrolled.

THE TREE.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear
 And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
 As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
 Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
 And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
 To veil from view the early robin's nest,
 I love to lie beneath thy waving screen
 With limbs by summer's heat and toil opprest;
 And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
 And round thee lies the smooth untrodden snow,
 When nought is thine that made thee once so fair,
 I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
 And through thy leafless arms to look above
 On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

THE STRANGER'S GIFT.

I FOUND far culled from fragrant field and grove
 Each flower that makes our Spring a welcome guest;
 In one sweet bond of brotherhood inwove
 An osier band their leafy stalks compressed;
 A stranger's hand had made their bloom my own,
 And fresh their fragrance rested on the air;
 His gift was mine — but he who gave unknown,
 And my heart sorrowed though the flowers were fair.
 Now oft I grieve to meet them on the lawn,
 As sweetly scattered round my path they grow
 By One who on their petals paints the dawn,
 And gilt with sunset splendors bids them glow,
 For I ne'er asked "Who steps them in perfume?"
 Nor anxious sought His love who crowns them all with
 bloom.

THY BEAUTY FADES.

THY beauty fades, and with it too my love,
 For 't was the self-same stalk that bore its flower ;
 Soft fell the rain, and breaking from above
 The sun looked out upon our nuptial hour ;
 And I had thought forever by thy side
 With bursting buds of hope in youth to dwell,
 But one by one Time strewed thy petals wide,
 And every hope's wan look a grief can tell :
 For I had thoughtless lived beneath his sway,
 Who like a tyrant dealeth with us all,
 Crowning each rose, though rooted on decay,
 With charms that shall the spirit's love enthrall,
 And for a season turn the soul's pure eyes
 From virtue's changeless bloom that time and death defies.

BEAUTY.

I GAZED upon thy face, — and beating life
 Once stilled its sleepless pulses in my breast,
 And every thought whose being was a strife
 Each in its silent chamber sank to rest ;
 I was not, save it were a thought of thee ;
 The world was but a spot where thou hadst trod ;
 From every star thy glance seemed fixed on me ;
 Almost I loved thee better than my God.
 And still I gaze, — but 't is a holier thought
 Than that in which my spirit lived before ;
 Each star a purer ray of love has caught ;
 Earth wears a lovelier robe than then it wore,
 And every lamp that burns around thy shrine
 Is fed with fire whose fountain is Divine.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

THOU lookest up with meek confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.
Thou trustest wisely ! In thy faith arrayed
More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king ;
Such faith was his whom men to death betrayed
As thine who hear'st the timid voice of Spring,
While other flowers still hide them from her call
Along the river's brink and meadow bare.
Thee will I seek beside the stony wall
And in thy trust with childlike heart would share,
O'erjoyed that in thy early leaves I find
A lesson taught by him who loved all human kind.

THE ROBIN.

Thou need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest
Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by,
Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest,
Or he thy young's unfinished cottage spy ;
All will not heed thee on that swinging bough,
Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves,
Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now
For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves ;
All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring joy
That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,
For over-anxious cares their souls employ,
That else, upon thy music borne along
And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer,
Had learned that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys to
share.

THE COLUMBINE.

STILL, still my eye will gaze long fixed on thee,
 Till I forget that I am called a man,
 And at thy side fast-rooted seem to be,
 And the breeze comes my cheek with thine to fan.
 Upon this craggy hill our life shall pass,
 A life of summer days and summer joys,
 Nodding our honey-bells mid pliant grass
 In which the bee half hid his time employs ;
 And here we'll drink with thirsty pores the rain,
 And turn dew-sprinkled to the rising sun,
 And look when in the flaming west again
 His orb across the heaven its path has run ;
 Here left in darkness on the rocky steep,
 My weary eyes shall close like folding flowers in sleep.

THE NEW BIRTH.

'T is a new life ; thoughts move not as they did
 With slow uncertain steps across my mind ;
 In thronging haste fast pressing on they bid
 The portals open to the viewless wind
 That comes not save when in the dust is laid
 The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
 And from before man's vision melting fade
 The heavens and earth ; their walls are falling now.
 Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance strong ;
 Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
 On from the sea they send their shouts along,
 Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders roar ;
 And I a child of God by Christ made free
 Start from death's slumbers to Eternity.

THE SON.

FATHER, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
 Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
 A listening servant, waiting thy command
 To roll rejoicing on its silent way ;
 The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
 Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall ;
 The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
 Then every drop speeds onward at thy call ;
 The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
 With breast unswollen by the tide of song ;
 So does my spirit wait thy presence now
 To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
 Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep,
 While round the Unuttered Word and Love their vigils
 keep.

IN HIM WE LIVE.

FATHER ! I bless thy name that I do live,
 And in each motion am made rich with thee,
 That when a glance is all that I can give,
 It is a kingdom's wealth if I but see ;
 This stately body cannot move, save I
 Will to its nobleness my little bring ;
 My voice its measured cadence will not try,
 Save I with every note consent to sing ;
 I cannot raise my hands to hurt or bless,
 But I with every action must conspire ;
 To show me there how little I possess,
 And yet that little more than I desire ;
 May each new act my new allegiance prove,
 Till in thy perfect love I ever live and move.

ENOCH.

I LOOKED to find a man who walked with God,
Like the translated patriarch of old ; —
Though gladdened millions on his footstool trod,
Yet none like him did such sweet converse hold ;
I heard the wind in low complaint go by
That none its melodies like him could hear ;
Day unto day spoke wisdom from on high,
Yet none like David turned a willing ear ;
God walked alone unhonored through the earth ;
For him no heart-built temple open stood,
The soul forgetful of her nobler birth
Had hewn him lofty shrines of stone and wood,
And left unfinished and in ruins still
The only temple he delights to fill.

THE MORNING WATCH.

'T is near the morning watch ; the dim lamp burns,
But scarcely shows how dark the slumbering street ;
No sound of life the silent mart returns ;
No friends from house to house their neighbors greet ;
It is the sleep of death ; a deeper sleep
Than e'er before on mortal eyelids fell ;
No stars above the gloom their places keep ;
No faithful watchmen of the morning tell ;
Yet still they slumber on, though rising day
Hath through their windows poured the awakening light ;
Or, turning in their sluggard trances, say —
“ There yet are many hours to fill the night ; ”
They rise not yet ; while on the bridegroom goes
Till he the day's bright gates forever on them close !

THE LIVING GOD.

THERE is no death with Thee! Each plant and tree
 In living haste their stems push onward still;
 The pointed blade, each rooted trunk we see
 In various movement all attest Thy will;
 The vine must die when its long race is run,
 The tree must fall when it no more can rise;
 The worm has at its root his task begun,
 And hour by hour his steady labor plies;
 Nor man can pause but in Thy will must grow,
 And, as his roots within more deep extend,
 He shall o'er sons of sons his branches throw,
 And to the latest born his shadow lend;
 Nor know in Thee disease, nor length of days,
 But lift his head forever in Thy praise.

THE GARDEN.

I SAW the spot where our first parents dwelt;
 And yet it wore to me no face of change,
 For while amid its fields and groves I felt
 As if I had not sinned, nor thought it strange;
 My eye seemed but a part of every sight,
 My ear heard music in each sound that rose,
 Each sense forever found a new delight,
 Such as the spirit's vision only knows;
 Each act some new and ever-varying joy
 Did by my Father's love for me prepare;
 To dress the spot my ever fresh employ,
 And in the glorious whole with Him to share;
 No more without the flaming gate to stray,
 No more for sin's dark stain the debt of death to pay.

THE SONG.

WHEN I would sing of crooked streams and fields,
 On, on from me they stretch too far and wide,
 And at their look my song all powerless yields,
 And down the river bears me with its tide ;
 Amid the fields I am a child again,
 The spots that then I loved I love the more ;
 My fingers drop the strangely-scrawling pen,
 And I remember nought but nature's lore ;
 I plunge me in the river's cooling wave,
 Or on the embroidered bank admiring lean,
 Now some endangered insect life to save,
 Now watch the pictured flowers and grasses green ;
 Forever playing where a boy I played,
 By hill and grove, by field and stream delayed.

LOVE.

I ASKED of Time to tell me where was Love ;
 He pointed to her footsteps on the snow,
 Where first the angel lighted from above,
 And bid me note the way and onward go ;
 Through populous streets of cities spreading wide,
 By lonely cottage rising on the moor,
 Where bursts from sundered cliff the struggling tide,
 To where it hails the sea with answering roar,
 She led me on ; o'er mountains' frozen head,
 Where mile on mile still stretches on the plain,
 Then homeward whither first my feet she led
 I traced her path along the snow again,
But there the sun had melted from the earth
 The prints where first she trod, a child of mortal birth.

DAY.

DAY ! I lament that none can hymn thy praise
In fitting strains, of all thy riches bless ;
Though thousands sport them in thy golden rays,
Yet none like thee their Maker's name confess.
Great fellow of my being ! woke with me
Thou dost put on thy dazzling robes of light,
And onward from the east go forth to free
Thy children from the bondage of the night ;
I hail thee, pilgrim ! on thy lonely way,
Whose looks on all alike benignant shine ;
A child of light, like thee, I cannot stay,
But on the world I bless must soon decline,
New rising still, though setting to mankind,
And ever in the eternal West my dayspring find.

NIGHT.

I THANK thee, Father, that the night is near
When I this conscious being may resign ;
Whose only task thy words of love to hear,
And in thy acts to find each act of mine ;
A task too great to give a child like me,
The myriad-handed labors of the day,
Too many for my closing eyes to see,
Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say ;
Yet when thou see'st me burthened by thy love,
Each other gift more lovely then appears,
For dark-robed night comes hovering from above,
And all thine other gifts to me endears ;
And while within her darkened couch I sleep,
Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain, — it falls in anxious haste
 Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
 Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
 As if it would each root's lost strength repair ;
 But not a blade grows green as in the spring,
 No swelling twig puts forth its tender leaves ;
 The robins only mid the harvests sing,
 Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves ;
 The rain falls still, — the fruit all ripened drops ;
 It pierces chestnut burr and walnut shell,
 The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops ;
 Each bursting pod of talents used can tell,
 And all that once received the early rain
 Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

THE SLAVE.

I SAW him forging link by link his chain,
 Yet while he felt its strength he thought he was free,
 And sighed for those borne o' waters barren main
 To bondage that to his would freedom be ;
 Yet on he walked, with eyes far-gazing still
 On wrongs that from his own dark bosom flowed,
 And while he thought to do his master's will
 He but the more his disobedience showed.
 I heard a wild rose by the stony wall,
 Whose fragrance reached me in the passing gale,
 A lesson give, — it gave alike to all, —
 And I repeat the moral of its tale,
 " That from the spot where deep its dark roots grew
 Bloomed forth the fragrant rose that all delight to view "

BREAD.

LONG do we live upon the husks of corn,
 While 'neath untasted lie the kernels still,
 Heirs of the kingdom, but in Christ unborn,
 Fain with swine's food would we our hunger fill ;
 We eat, but 'tis not of the bread from heaven ;
 We drink, but 'tis not from the stream of life ;
 Our swelling actions want the little leaven
 To make them with the sighed-for blessing rife ;
 We wait unhappy on a stranger's board,
 While we the master's friend by right should live,
 Enjoy with him the fruits our labors stored,
 And to the poor with him the pittance give ;
 No more to want, the long expected heir
 With Christ the Father's love forevermore to share.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

FATHER ! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed your feet have seldom strayed ;
 Around us ~~our~~ ^{our} enchanted land
 In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed ;
 In finding Thee are all things round us found ;
 In losing Thee are all things lost beside ;
 Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound,
 And to our eyes the vision is denied ;
 We wander in the country far remote,
 'Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell ;
 Or on the records of past greatness dote,
 And for a buried soul the living sell ;
 While on our path bewildered falls the night
 That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

WORSHIP.

THERE is no worship now, — the idol stands
 Within the spirit's holy resting place !
 Millions before it bend with upraised hands,
 And with their gifts God's purer shrine disgrace ;
 The prophet walks unhonored mid the crowd
 That to the idol's temple daily throng ;
 His voice unheard above their voices loud,
 His strength too feeble 'gainst the torrent strong ;
 But there are bounds that ocean's rage can stay
 When wave on wave leaps madly to the shore :
 And soon the prophet's word shall men obey,
 And hushed to peace the billows cease to roar ;
 For he who spoke — and warring winds kept peace —
 Commands again — and man's wild passions cease.

THE SOLDIER.

HE was not armed like those of eastern clime,
 Whose heavy axes felled their heathen foe ;
 Nor was he clad like those of later time,
 Whose breast-worn cross betrayed no cross below ;
 Nor was he of the tribe of Levi born,
 Whose pompous rites proclaim how vain their prayer,
 Whose chilling words are heard at night and morn,
 Who rend their robes, but still their hearts would spare ;
 But he nor steel nor sacred robe had on,
 Yet went he forth in God's almighty power,
 And spake the word whose will is ever done
 From day's first dawn till earth's remotest hour ;
 And mountains melted from his presence down,
 And hell affrighted fled before his frown.

THE TREES OF LIFE.

FOR those who worship Thee there is no death,
 For all they do is but with Thee to dwell ;
 Now while I take from Thee this passing breath,
 It is but of Thy glorious name to tell ;
 Nor words nor measured sounds have I to find,
 But in them both my soul doth ever flow ;
 They come as viewless as the unseen wind,
 And tell Thy noiseless steps where'er I go ;
 The trees that grow along Thy living stream,
 And from its springs refreshment ever drink,
 Forever glittering in Thy morning beam
 They bend them o'er the river's grassy brink,
 And as more high and wide their branches grow
 They look more fair within the depths below.

THE SPIRIT.

I WOULD not breathe, when blows Thy mighty wind
 O'er desolate hill and winter-blasted plain,
 But stand in waiting hope if I may find
 Each flower recalled to newer life again
 That now unsightly hides itself from Thee,
 Amid the leaves or rustling grasses dry,
 With ice-cased rock and snowy-mantled tree
 Ashamed lest Thou its nakedness should spy ;
 But Thou shalt breathe, and every rattling bough
 Shall gather leaves ; each rock with rivers flow ;
 And they that hide them from Thy presence now,
 In new found robes along Thy path shall glow,
 And meadows at Thy coming fall and rise,
 Their green waves sprinkled with a thousand eyes.

THE PRESENCE.

I sit within my room, and joy to find
 That Thou who always lov'st art with me here,
 That I am never left by Thee behind,
 But by thyself Thou keep'st me ever near ;
 The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
 And seems a kinder servant sent to me ;
 With gladder heart I read Thy holy book,
 Because Thou art the eyes by which I see ;
 This aged chair, that table, watch and door
 Around in ready service ever wait ;
 Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more
 To fill the measure of my large estate,
 For Thou thyself, with all a father's care,
 Where'er I turn, art ever with me there.

THE DEAD.

I SEE them, — crowd on crowd they walk the earth,
 Dry leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare ;
 And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
 And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare ;
 No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,
 Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear ;
 Their hearts the living God have ceased to know
 Who gives the spring time to th' expectant year ;
 They mimic life, as if from him to steal
 His glow of health to paint the livid cheek ;
 They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
 That with a seeming heart their tongue may speak ;
 And in their show of life more dead they live
 Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

I WAS SICK AND IN PRISON.

THOU hast not left the rough-barked tree to grow
Without a mate upon the river's bank ;
Nor dost Thou on one flower the rain bestow,
But many a cup the glittering drops has drank ;
The bird must sing to one who sings again,
Else would her note less welcome be to hear ;
Nor hast Thou bid Thy word descend in vain,
But soon some answering voice shall reach my ear ;
Then shall the brotherhood of peace begin,
And the new song be raised that never dies,
That shall the soul from death and darkness win,
And burst the prison where the captive lies ;
And one by one new-born shall join the strain,
Till earth restores her sons to heaven again.

THE VIOLET.

THOU tellest truths unspoken yet by man
By this thy lonely home and modest look ;
For he has not the eyes such truths to scan,
Nor learns to read from such a lowly book ;
With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow
Beneath the outspreading oaks and rising pines,
Content this humble lot of thine to know,
The nearest neighbor of the creeping vines ;
Without fixed root he cannot trust like thee
The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,
But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,
And would delay, or speed them with his call ;
Nor trust like thee when wintry winds blow cold,
Whose shrinking form the withered leaves enfold.

THE HEART.

THERE is a cup of sweet or bitter drink,
Whose waters ever o'er the brim must well,
Whence flow pure thoughts of love as angels think,
Or of its dæmon depths the tongue will tell ;
That cup can ne'er be cleansed from outward stains
While from within the tide forever flows ;
And soon it wearies out the fruitless pains
The treacherous hand on such a task bestows ;
But ever bright its crystal sides appear,
While runs the current from its outlet pure ;
And pilgrims hail its sparkling waters near,
And stoop to drink the healing fountain sure,
And bless the cup that cheers their fainting soul
While through this parching waste they seek their heavenly
goal.

THE ROBE.

EACH naked branch, the yellow leaf or brown,
The rugged rock, and death-deformed plain
Lie white beneath the winter's feathery down,
Nor doth a spot unsightly now remain ;
On sheltering roof, on man himself it falls ;
But him no robe, not spotless snow makes clean ;
Beneath, his corse-like spirit ever calls,
That on it too may fall the heavenly screen ;
But all in vain, its guilt can never hide
From the quick spirit's heart-deep searching eye,
There barren plains, and caverns yawning wide
Ever lie naked to the passer-by ;
Nor can one thought deformed the presence shun,
But to the spirit's gaze stands bright as in the sun.

LIFE.

It is not life upon Thy gifts to live,
But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee ;
And when the sun and shower their bounties give,
To send out thick-leaved limbs ; a fruitful tree,
Whose green head meets the eye for many a mile,
Whose spreading boughs a friendly shelter rear,
Where full-faced fruits their blushing welcome smile,
As to its goodly shade our feet draw near ;
Who tastes its gifts shall never hunger more,
For 'tis the Father spreads the pure repast,
Who, while we eat, renews the ready store,
Which at his bounteous board must ever last ;
For none the bridegroom's supper shall attend,
Who will not hear and make his word their friend.

THE WAR.

I SAW a war, yet none the trumpet blew,
Nor in their hands the steel-wrought weapons bare ;
And in that conflict armed there fought but few,
And none that in the world's loud tumults share ;
They fought against their wills, — the stubborn foe
That mail-clad warriors left unfought within,
And wordy champions left unslain below, —
The ravening wolf though drest in fleecy skin ;
They fought for peace, — not that the world can give,
Whose tongue proclaims the war its hands have ceased,
And bids us as each other's neighbor live,
Ere haughty Self within us has deceased ;
They fought for him whose kingdom must increase,
Good will to men, on earth forever peace.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

My heart grows sick before the wide-spread death
That walks and speaks in seeming life around ;
And I would love the corse without a breath,
That sleeps forgotten 'neath the cold, cold ground ;
For these do tell the story of decay,
The worm and rotten flesh hide not nor lie ;
But this, though dying too from day to day,
With a false show doth cheat the longing eye ;
And hide the worm that gnaws the core of life,
With painted cheek and smooth deceitful skin ;
Covering a grave with sights of darkness rife,
A secret cavern filled with death and sin ;
And men walk o'er these graves and know it not,
For in the body's health the soul's forgot.

THY BROTHER'S BLOOD.

I HAVE no Brother, — they who meet me now
Offer a hand with their own wills defiled,
And, while they wear a smooth unwrinkled brow,
Know not that Truth can never be beguiled ;
Go wash the hand that still betrays thy guilt ;
Before the spirit's gaze what stain can hide ?
Abel's red blood upon the earth is spilt,
And by thy tongue it cannot be denied ;
I hear not with the ear, — the heart doth tell
Its secret deeds to me untold before ;
Go, all its hidden plunder quickly sell,
Then shalt thou cleanse thee from thy brother's gore,
Then will I take thy gift ; that bloody stain
Shall not be seen upon thy hand again.

THE JEW.

THOU art more deadly than the Jew of old,
 Thou hast his weapons hidden in thy speech ;
 And though thy hand from me thou dost withhold,
 They pierce where sword and spear could never reach.
 Thou hast me fenced about with thorny talk,
 To pierce my soul with anguish while I hear ;
 And while amid thy populous streets I walk,
 I feel at every step the entering spear ;
 Go, cleanse thy lying mouth of all its guile
 That from the will within thee ever flows ;
 Go, cleanse the temple thou dost now defile,
 Then shall I cease to feel thy heavy blows ;
 And come and tread with me the path of peace,
 And from thy brother's harm forever cease.

FAITH.

THERE is no faith ; the mountain stands within
 Still unrebuked ; its summit reaches heaven ;
 And every action adds its load of sin,
 For every action wants the little leaven ;
 There is no prayer ; it is but empty sound,
 That stirs with frequent breath the yielding air ;
 With every pulse they are more strongly bound,
 Who make the blood of goats the voice of prayer ;
 Oh heal them, heal them, Father, with Thy word, —
 Their sins cry out to Thee from every side ;
 From son and sire, from slave and master heard,
 Their voices fill the desert country wide,
 And bid Thee hasten to relieve and save,
 Through him who rose triumphant o'er the grave.

THE ARK.

THERE is no change of time and place with Thee ;
 Where'er I go, with me 't is still the same ;
 Within Thy presence I rejoice to be,
 And always hallow Thy most holy name ;
 The world doth ever change ; there is no peace
 Among the shallows of its storm-vexed breast ;
 With every breath the frothy waves increase,
 They toss up mire and dirt, they cannot rest ;
 I thank Thee that within Thy strong-built ark
 My soul across the uncertain sea can sail,
 And though the night of death be long and dark,
 My hopes in Christ shall reach within the veil,
 And to the promised haven steady steer,
 Whose rest, to those who love, is ever near.

THE EARTH.

I WOULD lie low, the ground on which men tread,
 Swept by Thy spirit like the wind of heaven ;
 An earth where gushing springs and corn for bread,
 By me at every season should be given ;
 Yet not the water or the bread that now
 Supplies their tables with its daily food,
 But Thou wouldst give me fruit for every bough,
 Such as Thou givest me, and call'st it good ;
 And water from the stream of life should flow,
 By every dwelling that Thy love has built,
 Whose taste the ransomed of Thy Son shall know,
 Whose robes are washed from every stain of guilt ;
 And men would own it was Thy hand that blest,
 And from my bosom find a surer rest.

THE ROSE.

THE rose thou show'st me has lost all its hue,
For thou dost seem to me than it less fair ;
For when I look I turn from it to you,
And feel the flower has been thine only care ;
Thou could'st have grown as freely by its side
As spring these buds from out the parent stem,
But thou art from thy Father severed wide,
And turnest from thyself to look at them ;
Thy words do not perfume the summer air,
Nor draw the eye and ear like this thy flower ;
No bees shall make thy lips their daily care,
And sip the sweets distilled from hour to hour ;
Nor shall new plants from out thy scattered seed
O'er many a field the eye with beauty feed.

MORNING.

THE light will never open sightless eyes,
It comes to those who willingly would see :
And every object, — hill, and stream, and skies, —
Rejoice within th' encircling line to be ;
'T is day, — the field is filled with busy hands,
The shop resounds with noisy workmen's din,
The traveler with his staff already stands
His yet unmeasured journey to begin ;
The light breaks gently too within the breast, —
Yet there no eye awaits the crimson morn,
The forge and noisy anvil are at rest,
Nor men nor oxen tread the fields of corn,
Nor pilgrim lifts his staff, — it is no day
To those who find on earth their place to stay.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call,
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them both great and small ;
The flowers that on the lovely hill-side grow
Expect me there when Spring their bloom has given ;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven ;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before ;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress which then it wore ;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

CHANGE.

FATHER ! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way ;
The morning comes with blushes overspread,
And I new-wakened find a morn within ;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn ;
Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend,
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I a child might sleep awhile on Thee ;
Till to the light restored by gentle sleep
With new-found zeal I might thy precepts keep.

THE POOR.

I WALK the streets, and though not meanly drest,
Yet none so poor as can with me compare ;
For none though weary call me into rest,
And though I hunger, none their substance share ;
I ask not for my stay the broken reed,
That fails when most I want a friendly arm ;
I cannot on the loaves and fishes feed
That want the blessing that they may not harm ;
I only ask the living word to hear
From tongues that now but speak to utter death ;
I thirst for one cool cup of water clear,
But drink the roiled stream of lying breath ;
And wander on, though in my Fatherland,
Yet hear no welcome voice and see no beckoning hand.

THE CLAY.

THOU shalt do what Thou wilt with Thine own hand.
Thou form'st the spirit like the moulded clay ;
For those who love Thee keep Thy just command,
And in Thine image grow as they obey ;
New tints and forms with every hour they take
Whose life is fashioned by Thy spirit's power ;
The crimson dawn is round them when they wake,
And golden triumphs wait the evening hour ;
The queenly-sceptred night their souls receives,
And spreads their pillows 'neath her sable tent ;
Above them Sleep their palm with poppy weaves ;
Sweet rest Thou hast to all who labor lent,
That they may rise refreshed to light again
And with Thee gather in the ripened grain.

WHO HATH EARS TO HEAR LET HIM HEAR.

THE sun doth not the hidden place reveal,
Whence pours at morn his golden flood of light ;
But what the night's dark breast would fain conceal,
In its true colors stands before our sight ;
The bird does not betray the secret springs,
Whence note on note her music sweetly pours ;
Yet turns the ear attentive while she sings,
The willing heart, while falls the strain, adores.
So shall the Spirit tell not whence its birth,
But in its light thine untold deeds lay bare ;
And while it walks with thee, flesh-clothed, the earth,
Its words shall of the Father's love declare ;
And happy those whose ears shall hail its voice,
And clean, within the day it gives, rejoice.

MAN IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.

THE flowers I pass have eyes that look at me,
The birds have ears that hear my spirit's voice,
And I am glad the leaping brook to see,
Because it does at my light step rejoice.
Come, brothers, all who tread the grassy hill,
Or wander thoughtless o'er the blooming fields,
Come, learn the sweet obedience of the will ;
Then every sight and sound new pleasure yields.
Nature shall seem another house of thine,
When He who formed thee bids it live and play ;
And in thy rambles e'en the creeping vine
Shall keep with thee a jocund holiday,
And every plant, and bird, and insect, be
Thine own companions born for harmony.

HE WAS ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

I CANNOT tell the sorrows that I feel
 By the night's darkness, by the prison's gloom ;
 There is no sight that can the death reveal
 The spirit suffers in a living tomb ;
 There is no sound of grief that mourners raise,
 No moaning of the wind, or dirge-like sea,
 Nor hymns, though prophet tones inspire the lays,
 That can the spirit's grief awake in thee.
 Thou too must suffer, as it suffers here,
 The death in Christ, to know the Father's love ;
 Then in the strains that angels love to hear
 Thou too shalt hear the Spirit's song above,
 And learn in grief what these can never tell,
 A note too deep for earthly voice to swell.

YE GAVE ME NO MEAT.

MY brother, I am hungry, — give me food
 Such as my Father gives me at his board ;
 He has for many years been to thee good,
 Thou canst a morsel then to me afford ;
 I do not ask of thee a grain of that
 Thou offerest when I call ont thee for bread ;
 This is not of the wine nor olive fat,
 But those who eat of this like thee are dead ;
 I ask the love the Father has for thee,
 That thou should'st give it back to me again ;
 This shall my soul from pangs of hunger free,
 And on my parched spirit fall like rain ;
 Then thou wilt prove a brother to my need,
 For in the cross of Christ thou too canst bleed.

THE ACORN.

THE seed has started, — who can stay it? See,
 The leaves are sprouting high above the ground;
 Already o'er the flowers, its head; the tree
 That rose beside it and that on it frowned,
 Behold! is but a small bush by its side.
 Still on! it cannot stop; its branches spread;
 It looks o'er all the earth in giant pride.
 The nations find upon its limbs their bread,
 Its boughs their millions shelter from the heat,
 Beneath its shade see kindreds, tongues, and all
 That the wide world contains; they all retreat
 Beneath the shelter of that acorn small
 That late thou flung away; 't was the best gift
 That heaven e'er gave; its head the low shall lift.

THE RAILROAD.

THOU great proclaimer to the outward eye
 Of what the Spirit too would seek to tell!
 Onward thou go'st, appointed from on high
 The other warnings of the Lord to swell.
 Thou art the voice of one that through the world
 Proclaims in startling tones, "Prepare the way;"
 The lofty mountain from its seat is hurled,
 The flinty rocks thine onward march obey;
 The valleys lifted from their lowly bed
 O'ertop the hills that on them frowned before;
 Thou passest where the living seldom tread,
 Through forests dark, where tides beneath thee roar,
 And bid'st man's dwelling from thy track remove,
 And would'st with warning voice his crooked paths reprove.

THE DISCIPLE.

THOU wilt my hands employ, though others find
 No work for those who praise Thy name aright,
 And in their worldly wisdom call them blind
 Whom Thou hast blest with Thine own spirit's sight.
 But while they find no work for Thee to do,
 And blindly on themselves alone rely,
 The child must suffer what Thou sufferest too,
 And learn from him Thou send'st e'en so to die.
 Thou art my Father; Thou wilt give me aid
 To bear the wrong the Spirit suffers here;
 Thou hast Thy help upon the mighty laid;
 In him I trust, nor know to want or fear,
 But ever onward walk, secure from sin,
 For he has conquered every foe within.

TIME. ✓

THERE is no moment but whose flight doth bring
 Bright clouds and fluttering leaves to deck my bower;
 And I within like some sweet bird must sing
 To tell the story of the passing hour;
 For time has secrets that no bird has sung,
 Nor changing leaf with changing season told;
 They wait the utterance of some nobler tongue
 Like that which spoke in prophet tones of old;
 Then day and night, and month and year shall tell
 The tale that speaks but faint from bird and bough;
 In spirit-songs their praise shall upward swell,
 Nor longer pass heaven's gate unheard as now,
 But cause e'en angels' ears to catch the strain,
 And send it back to earth in joy again.

THE PRODIGAL.

WHERE hast thou been, my brother? Thou art torn,
 But scarce the rags conceal thy naked soul ;
 Thou art from desert still to desert borne,
 Nor yet hast learned love's yielding, soft control ;
 Come, let me o'er thee cast this garment white,
 Strip off the filthy rags the world has given ;
 The Son has sent me that I may invite
 The weary to His marriage feast in heaven ;
 Oh come, for there is all thou want'st prepared,
 The flowing bowl that cannot ever dry,
 The bread of life with Him who died is shared ;
 Oh come, thou wilt not my request deny,
 And wander on in thorny paths to bleed,
 And on the husks thou feedest ever feed.

THE MEEK.

I WOULD be meek as He who bore His cross,
 And died on earth that I in Him might live,
 And, while in sin I knew not of my loss,
 Suffered with gentle love His hope to give ;
 May I within the manger too be laid,
 And mid the thieves His childlike meekness show ;
 And though by him who kisses me betrayed,
 May I no will but His, my Master's, know ;
 Thus sheltered by the lonely vale of tears,
 My feet shall tread secure the path He trod ;
 Mid lying tongues that pierce my side like spears,
 I too shall find within the peace of God ;
 And though rejected shall possess the earth,
 And dead in Christ be witness of His birth.

THE THINGS BEFORE.

I WOULD not tarry. Look ! the things before
 Call me along my path with beckoning love ;
 The things I gain wear not the hues they wore,
 For brighter glories gild the heavens above ;
 Still on, I seek the peace my Master sought,
 The world cannot disturb His joy within ;
 It is not with its gold and silver bought,
 It is the victory over death and sin ;
 But those who enter the bright city's gate,
 Ride low on one the marked and scorned of earth ;
 But there the ready mansions open wait,
 For those who lived rejected from their birth ;
 And He who went before them bids all hail !
 To those who o'er the world in Him prevail.

THE HOURS.

THE minutes have their trusts as they go by,
 To bear His love who wings their viewless flight ;
 To Him they bear their record as they fly,
 Nor from their ceaseless round can they alight ;
 Rich with the life Thou liv'st they come to me,
 Oh ! may I all that life to others show ;
 That they from strife may rise and rest in Thee,
 And all Thy peace in Christ by me may know ;
 Then shall the morning call me from my rest,
 With joyful hope that I Thy child may live ;
 And when the evening comes 't will make me blest
 To know that I a night to others give ;
 Such as Thy peace does to Thy children send,
 Will be the night that Thou by me would lend.

THE WORD.

THERE is no voice but that which speaks in Thee ;
For this the world created and creates ;
This was before it bade the light to be ;
It is, and is to come ; it knows no dates ;
By it spring forth the time-born sons of earth,
That as the grass before the mower falls ;
In it are born the sons of heavenly birth,
And to itself their weary feet it calls ;
There many mansions are for them prepared,
Within the Father's house where they shall dwell ;
That Christ with all who love His word has shared,
That they with Him the Father's love may tell
To millions that shall hear with loud acclaim
And round the throne rejoicing praise His name.

THE LABORER.

FATHER, I thank Thee that the day begins,
And I within Thy vineyard too am sent ;
That I may struggle on against my sins,
And seek to double what to me is lent ;
Thou chast'nest me with false upbraiding word ;
From many a heart I'm rudely thrust away
That has not of the Man of Sorrows heard,
Nor at Thy inner temple learned to pray ;
Yet so the peace of Christ Thou mak'st me know,
And in His sufferings rise at last to Thee ;
From glory on to glory still to go,
Till I in Him from all that binds me free
Have fought the fight, the life Thou giv'st laid down,
And at His hand received the robe and kingly crown.

OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY.

THE old creation Thou hast formed is dead,
 The leaves are fallen from the lifeless tree,
 The broken branches at our feet are spread,
 And e'en the look of life begins to flee ;
 Yet while Thou let'st the horrid trunk arise,
 Thy children too can learn to bear with Thee ;
 Thy love in Christ shall make them truly wise,
 And from its death their spirits ever free ;
 Then shall the world unseen be brought to light,
 The starry hosts around Thy throne appear,
 And day on day still open new delight,
 As in the eye of faith they shine more clear ;
 Until earth's shadows fade for aye away,
 And the glad spirit stands in cloudless day.

THE PRIEST.

GRANT me forever of Thy word to hear,
 And live by that which ever speaks from heaven ;
 That gives the love that knows not of a fear,
 For by the gift is every sin forgiven ;
 Then shall I be, by Him who leads me on,
 A priest to still the people's wave-tost breast,
 And when the storm of passion's wrath is gone
 Conduct them to the haven of their rest ;
 Then shall my Master hail me as His friend,
 The friend of all the weary ones and poor ;
 And when I faint, His promised peace shall send ;
 In every wound pour oil and wine to cure ;
 Still beckoning on, till in His Father's peace
 He bids my toil and pain forever cease.

THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.

REJOICE, ye weary ! ye whose spirits mourn !
 There is a rest that shall not be removed ;
 Press on and reach within the heavenly bourn,
 By Christ the king of your salvation proved ;
 There is a rest ! Rejoice, ye silent stars,
 Roll on no more all voiceless on your way ;
 Thou Sun ! no more dark clouds thy triumph bar,
 Speak Thou to every land the coming day ;
 It comes ! bid every harp and timbrel sound ;
 Bring forth the fatted calf ; make merry all ;
 For this the son was lost, and he is found ;
 Was dead, and yet has heard his Saviour's call ;
 And comes within to drink the new-made wine,
 And as a branch abide forever in the Vine.

THE LOST.

THEY wander, straggling sheep without a fold,
 Called here and there by falsely-guiding cries,
 No hands from them the slaughtering wolves withhold,
 But one by one each hireling shepherd flies ;
 They wander on, but not a blade of green
 Blesses the sight along the scorching sand ;
 No spring-fed stream with living voice is near,
 Still gliding on companion of their band ;
 But soon their weary pilgrimage shall close,
 And the Good Shepherd guide their feet in peace ;
 For all its paths His eye experienced knows,
 And at each step their joys in Him increase,
 Till welcomed there where He in honor reigns,
 He at His Father's board each faithful son sustains.

CHRISTMAS.

AWAKE, ye dead ! the summons has gone forth,
 That bids you leave the dark enclosing grave ;
 From east to west 't is heard, from south to north
 The word goes forth the imprisoned souls to save ;
 Though ye have on the garments of the dead,
 And the fourth day have slept within the earth,
 Come forth ! you shall partake the living bread,
 And be a witness of the Spirit's birth ;
 Awake, ye faithful ! throw your grave clothes by,
 He whom ye seek is risen, He bids you rise ;
 The cross again on earth is lifted high,
 Turn to its healing sight your closing eyes ;
 And you shall rise and gird your armor on,
 And fight till you a crown in Christ have won.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

My Father's house, I find no entrance there ;
 But those who buy and sell block up the way,
 And that which should be called "the house of prayer"
 Is filled with those whose spirits never pray ;
 Father ! accept my prayer that they may see,
 Nor in Thy presence dwell by Thee unknown ;
 Open their eyes that they may look on Thee,
 And all Thy love for disobedience own ;
 Be this the heaviest scourge to drive them hence,
 And may Thy word with gentle force persuade ;
 I need no sword but this for my defense,
 It speaks ; and by the dead shall be obeyed ;
 And Thy new temple from pollution freed
 Be filled by those who love in truth and deed.

THE SERVANT.

THE servant Thou hast called stands ready shod,
 Clean through Thy holy word, in Christ made free,
 To smite the nations with an iron rod,
 That haply they may turn and worship Thee ; —
 Their broken idols own Thy Spirit's power ;
 The strong men bow, and at its word lie bound ;
 The lying spirits start to hear the hour
 Through all their depths its solemn warnings sound ;
 Nor horse nor chariot now avail for flight,
 Thy hand is on the courser's flowing rein ;
 The night unrobed stands guilty in Thy sight,
 And for a covering pleads, but pleads in vain ; —
 Through all that waits Thy servant bid him stand,
 And by Thy love supported gain the promised land.

THE TEMPTATION.

THOU shalt not live e'en by the bread alone,
 But by the Word from out the mouth of God ;
 This is the bread by all His children known,
 All those who tread the path their Master trod ;
 For this thou shalt leave all and follow Him,
 The Word of God that has come down from heaven ;
 For this thou shalt cut off the dearest limb,
 That by the Father has to thee been given ;
 Houses and lands, mother's and father's love,
 To this are cheaper than the barren sand ;
 This is the Life that cometh from above,
 To bind the heavens in one eternal band ;
 And died that us from death He might recall,
 And God in us and Him be all in all.

THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST.

BRING forth, bring forth your silver ! it shall be
 But as the dust that meets the passing eye ;
 You shall from all your idols break, be free !
 And worship Him whose ear can hear your cry ;
 Thou who hast hid within thy learned pelf,
 Thou who hast loved another wife than Me,
 Bring forth thine idols, they are born of self ;
 And to thy Maker bow the willing knee :
 Each secret thing must now be brought to light,
 Make haste, the day breaks on your hidden spoil ;
 Go, buy what then will give your soul delight,
 That day can never hurt the wine and oil ;
 Make haste, the bridegroom knocks, he's at the door ;
 The first must now be last, the last the first before.

THE WILL.

HELP me in Christ to learn to do Thy will,
 That I may have from Him eternal life ;
 And here on earth Thy perfect love fulfill,
 Then home return victorious from the strife ;
 This war in heaven must every foe cast down,
 And bruise the serpent's star-exalted pride ;
 And gain for me the lyre and martyr-crown
 To all who love the praise of men denied ;
 To do Thy will shall bring that day of rest,
 Where none can work save those who work with Thee ;
 And in Thy labors evermore are blest,
 From death and sin through Christ forever free ;
 Beloved by Thee Thy children to remain,
 Made priests, and kings, and heirs of Thy domain.

FORGIVENESS.

FORGIVE me, Father ! for to Thee I stand,
Alike with those who have not known Thy law ;
Oh, humble me beneath Thy mighty hand,
That I from Christ may every lesson draw ;
Thou knowest me needy, naked, blind, and poor ;
Oh, help me to buy gold refined by Thee,
May I of Thee the marriage robe procure,
Anoint my eyes that I indeed may see ;
May I before Thy presence ever kneel,
A suppliant waiting on Thy gracious love,
That every want before I ask can feel,
And from distress will hasten to remove ;
And to my Master's joy will me restore,
Where I no want can feel forevermore.

HEAVEN.

THEY do not toil in heaven ; they live and love,
Their heavenly Father every want supplies ;
Nor can they from their bless'd abode remove,
For naught can enter there that ever dies ;
A life of love — how sweetly pass its hours !
No tear but that of joy can touch the cheeks,
Their lips distill like fragrance-breathing flowers
The truth that each to each forever speaks ;
Oh, blessed the Parent that has bid us know
The joy that at His own right hand doth dwell ;
Oh, blessed the children that His praises show,
And of His love in ceaseless worship tell ;
And blessed the Lamb that for their sins was slain,
That they in Him forever might remain.

THEY WHO HUNGER.

THOU hear'st the hungry ravens when they cry,
 And to Thy children shalt Thou not send bread ;
 Who on Thy aid alone for help rely,
 And in the steps of Christ alone would tread ?
 They shall not cry for righteousness in vain,
 But bread from heaven Thy hand shall soon supply ;
 When falls in plenteous showers the latter rain,
 Thy plants shall push their thrifty branches high ;
 And untilled lands that now affront the sight
 To the strong plow their riches shall lay bare ;
 And like Thy fruitful fields the eye delight,
 Rejoicing in Thy sun and shower to share,
 And they who mourn shall sing the harvest song,
 And reap the crops that to Thy sons belong.

THE FLIGHT.

COME forth, come forth, my people, from the place
 Where ye have lived so many days secure ;
 I will destroy within the wicked race,
 Their walls of brass and stone shall not endure ;
 They fall ! escape ! flee fast ! the foe is near !
 Stop not to take your clothes ! escape for life !
 Be wise, and of My love-sent message hear !
 For swift descends the day with sorrows rife !
 Escape ! the Word is near you, in your heart ;
 Obey within and make My pathway strait ;
 Hasten ! from all your sinful ways depart,
 And enter through the strait and narrow gate ;
 Be warned and flee, the morning watch is spent,
 And but a moment for your flight is lent.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE dead! the dead! they throw their grave clothes by,
And burst the prisons where they long have lain;
I hear them send their shouts of triumph high,
For he, the king of terrors, now is slain;
I see them; see! the dumb have found a voice;
The lame are leaping where they crawled before:
The blind with eyes of wonder see, rejoice;
The deaf stand listening to the glad uproar;
Look! each the other as a brother sees;
Hark! each the other welcomes to his home;
There are no tones of chilling breath to freeze,
No tears are dropt, no sufferers here can moan;
The joy of love o'er every feature plays,
And every new-born child rejoices in its rays.

THE TENT.

THOU springest from the ground, and may not I
From Him who speeds thy branches high and wide;
And from the scorching sun and stormy sky
May I not too with friendly shelter hide;
There is no shade like Thine to shield the poor,
From the hot scorching words that meet the ear;
The snowy, frozen flakes they must endure,
Of those whose hearts have never shed a tear;
Yet He who shoots thy leafy fabric high,
Shall in my verse spread wide a tempering screen,
And when oppressed with heat His sons pass by,
With hastening feet they'll seek its arches green,
And bless the Father who has o'er them spread
A tent of verdure for each aching head.

THE WHITE HORSE.

THE word goes forth ! I see its conquering way,
O'er seas and mountains sweeps it mighty on ;
The tribes of men are bowing 'neath its sway,
The pomp of kings, the pride of wisdom 's gone ;
Behold, the poor have raised the victor's shout ;
The meek are crowned, their triumph too is nigh ;
The barren now no more a son can doubt ;
The mourner wipes her cheek and glittering eye ;
Hark ! from the lofty palace comes a groan,
That they cannot their wealth ill-gotten hide ;
The midnight darkness from the thief is flown,
The garment 's rent of falsely clothed pride ;
The veil is drawn ; the judgment seat appears ;
I see joy mingling with a world in tears.

THE TEMPLE.

THE temple shall be built, the Holy One,
Such as the earth nor heavens have ever seen ;
Nor shall the work by human hands be done,
But from the will of man it shall be clean ;
Ages on ages shall the pile be wrought,
By Him whose will His children shall obey ;
Till every son, by His own Father taught,
The chiseled stone he brought shall cast away ;
Slowly the ancient temple is repaired,
While one by one as lively stones we grow ;
By every son the work is to be shared,
Built on the corner-stone in Christ laid low ;
That from the eternal shrine might ever rise
A holy prayer, a living sacrifice.

THE SERPENT.

THEY knew that they were naked, and ashamed
 From Him who formed them stole themselves away,
 And when He spoke they each the other blamed,
 And death speaks living in each word they say ;
 The serpent grows, a liar born within,
 Self-slaughter speaks in every uttered word,
 And earth is filled with temples built in sin,
 Where the foul tempter's praise is sung and heard ;
 But soon the truth shall gain the listening ear,
 And from the lips in sacred utterance speak,
 And weary souls of Christ's own Word shall hear,
 And in the Living Bread salvation seek,
 And Satan's reign on earth forever cease,
 And the new dawn begin of the eternal peace.

PRAISE.

OH, praise the Lord ! let every heart be glad
 The day has come when He will be our God ;
 No fears can come to make His children sad,
 His joy is theirs who in His ways have trod ;
 Oh, praise ye hills ! praise Him, ye rivers wide !
 Ye people, own His love ! revere His power !
 He makes His peace in one full current glide,
 It shall flow on unbroken from this hour ;
 Shout ! shout, ye saints ! the triumph day is near,
 The King goes forth Himself His sons to save ;
 The habitations of the poor to rear,
 And bid the palm and myrtle round them wave !
 Open your gates, ye heaven-uplifted walls !
 The King of kings for entrance at them calls !

TERROR.

THERE is no safety ! fear has seized the proud ;
The swift run to and fro but cannot fly ;
Within the streets I hear no voices loud,
They pass along with low, continuous cry ;
Lament ! bring forth the mourning garments now,
Prepare a solemn fast, for ye must mourn ;
Strip every leaf from off the boastful bough,
Let every robe from hidden deeds be torn ;
Bewail ! bewail ! great Babylon must fall !
Her sins have reached to heaven ; her doom is sealed ;
Upon the Father now of mercies call,
For the great day of secrets is revealed !
Repent ! why do ye still uncertain stand,
The kingdom of My Son is nigh at hand !

JOHN.

WHAT went ye out to see ? a shaken reed ?
In him whose voice proclaims " prepare the way ; "
Behold the oak that stormy centuries feed !
Though but the buried acorn of My day ;
What went ye out to see ? a kingly man ?
In the soft garments clothed that ye have worn ;
Behold a servant whom the hot suns tan,
His raiment from the rough-haired camel torn ;
Ye seek ye know not what ; blind children all,
Who each his idle fancy will demand ;
Nor heed My true-sent prophet's warning call,
That you may learn of Me the new command,
And see the Light that cometh down from heaven,
Repent ! and see, while yet its light is given.

THE SIGN.

THEY clamor for a sign with eyeless zeal,
As if 't would lift their burdened souls to heaven ;
And think the spirit must the body heal,
Nor know the want for which alone 't was given ;
They cry ; but faithless shall no sign receive,
Save that of Him who for the sinful died,
That they might on His saving name believe,
And in His promise trustingly confide ;
Then from the earth, where buried now they lie,
On the time-Sabbath morn shall they arise,
And, taught by Him, shall then ascend on high
His glory to behold with unsealed eyes,
And in His Father's presence still to live,
The heir of all His perfect love can give.

HUMILITY.

OH, humble me ! I cannot bide the joy
That in my Saviour's presence ever flows ;
May I be lowly, lest it may destroy
The peace His childlike spirit ever knows ;
I would not speak Thy word, but by Thee stand,
While Thou dost to Thine erring children speak ;
Oh, help me but to keep His own command,
And in my strength to feel me ever weak ;
Then in Thy presence shall I humbly stay,
Nor lose the life of love He came to give ;
And find at last the life, the truth, the way,
To where with Him Thy blessèd servants live ;
And walk forever in the path of truth,
A servant, yet a son ; a sire, and yet a youth.

THE REAPER.

THERE are no reapers in the whitening fields,
But many preying on the ripening ears
Forever scatter all the harvest yields,
Planted with toil and wet with many tears ;
Eagles they are that on the carcass feed,
Not gather with the hand that plants the grain ;
With ravening beak they tear the hearts that bleed,
And with their talons aggravate the pain ;
But soon the Husbandman His heirs shall send,
Who from the tares shall cull the heavy wheat ;
Then from the heaven the Son too shall descend,
And with His welcome every laborer greet,
And give the weary ones His peace, His rest ;
And to the feast invite each ransomed soul, a guest.

THE FROST.

THE frost is out amid our open fields,
And late within the woods I marked his track ;
The unwary flower his icy finger feels,
And at its touch the crispèd leaf rolls back.
Look, how the maple o'er a sea of green
Waves in the autumnal wind its flag of red !
First struck of all the forest's spreading screen,
Most beauteous, too, thou earliest of her dead !
Go on ; thy task is kindly meant by Him,
Whose is each flower, and richly covered bough ;
And though the leaves hang dead on every limb,
Still will I praise His love ; that early now
Has sent before this herald of decay,
To bid me heed the approach of winter's sterner day.

THE SON OF MAN.

THE Son of Man, where shall He find repose?
Ever a homeless wanderer o'er the earth,
No brother's there, no sister's love He knows,
A stranger in the land that gave Him birth ;
Who will receive the pilgrim on His way,
The cup of water to His dry lips hold ?
A prophet's gift the welcome shall repay,
For He a keeper is of Christ's own fold ;
He asks no pittance from your earthly store,
He asks your will, your life to Him be given ;
Give, and the life you lose He will restore,
And lead you onward to the gates of heaven ;
Where waits a Father's love to crown your joy,
And banish all the griefs that here annoy.

THE FATHER.

THOU who first called me from the sleep of death,
Thee may I ever as my Father love ;
In Thee my being find, in Thee my breath,
And never from Thyself again remove ;
On Thee alone I wait, and Thee I serve ;
Thou art my morn, my noon, and evening hour ;
May I from thy commandments never swerve,
So wilt Thou be to me a heavenly dower ;
Friends, brothers, wife, shall all be found in Thee,
Children, whose love for me shall ne'er grow cold ;
And Thou the Father still o'er all shall be,
In Thine embrace Thy children ever hold ;
In Christ awoke from death's forgotten sleep
Thy hands from harm Thy sons shall ever keep.

RACHEL.

WHERE are my children, whom from youth I raised
 With all a parent's love and gentle care ;
 That I might be by them forever praised,
 And they with me in all I have might share ?
 They have not known me ! see them bow the knee
 To stocks and stones their death has given life ;
 And while enslaved rejoice that they are free,
 Married, yet not to me their lawful wife ;
 Turn, turn, ye children, why then will ye die ?
 Why will ye slight the offer of my rest ?
 The day is near when vain will be your cry
 With the sharp sword and pestilence opprest ;
 Turn, turn to me and I will be your shield,
 Before the hour is come that has your slaughter sealed.

THE GOOD GROUND.

THE word must fall ; but where the well-tilled ground
 Without a stone or brier to choke the seed ;
 Where can the deep, black earth it needs be found,
 That shall the plant with plenteous juices feed ?
 Break up your fallow lands ! the seed is sown
 With heaven's own richness in each bosom's field,
 Cut down the tares that rankly there have grown,
 And heavy crops the Word of God shall yield ;
 Cut down your will that sows the deadly tare,
 That bears no fruit but for your own dark breast ;
 Cut down, nor let a root the sharp axe spare,
 Then shall My land enjoy its day of rest ;
 And he that reaps rejoice with Him who sows,
 While through the loaded field he daily goes.

MY SHEEP.

I WILL not look upon the lands you own,
They are not those my heavenly Father gives,
That with His word of truth forever sown,
Blesses the man that on their bounty lives ;
His yoke is easy, and his burden light ;
To till his grounds within his only care,
With God to live, his ever new delight,
And without toil His liberal gifts to share ;
He wants no barns, no shelter from the cold,
His Father's love provides for all he needs ;
One of the flock of his own Master's fold,
He hears His voice, and goes where'er He leads ;
And pleasant pasture finds where'er he goes,
For all the paths of sin the Shepherd knows.

THE CORNER-STONE.

THE builders still reject my corner-stone,
That I low down in every soul have laid ;
Their houses rise and fall ; for there are none
That in the building seek its chosen aid ;
Why will ye raise upon the shifting sands
Houses that every storm must battle down ;
Temples and altars reared to Me with hands,
That rain and floods beneath their fury drown ?
Clear, clear the ground of all that you have brought,
The corner-stone shall now be laid anew ;
That which the foolish builders set at naught
Shall now be laid where all that pass shall view ;
And wonder why men thought them ever wise,
And on their own foundation sought to rise.

HELP.

THOU wilt be near me Father, when I fail,
 For Thou hast called me now to be Thy son ;
 And when the foe within me may assail,
 Help me to say in Christ "Thy will be done ;"
 This ever calms, this ever gives me rest ;
 There is no fight in which I may not stand,
 When Christ doth dwell supreme within my breast,
 And Thou uphold'st me with Thy mighty hand ;
 To live a servant here on earth I ask,
 To be with Thee my ever great reward,
 To overcome all sins my strength'ning task,
 Till with Thyself my soul made pure accord ;
 Then shall my service be in Christ complete,
 And I restored in Him Thy Holiness shall meet.

YOURSELF.

'T IS to yourself I speak ; you cannot know
 Him whom I call in speaking such an one,
 For thou beneath the earth liest buried low,
 Which he alone as living walks upon ;
 Thou mayst at times have heard him speak to you,
 And often wished perchance that you were he ;
 And I must ever wish that it were true,
 For then thou couldst hold fellowship with me ;
 But now thou hear'st us talk as strangers, met
 Above the room wherein thou liest abed ;
 A word perhaps loud spoken thou mayst get,
 Or hear our feet when heavily they tread ;
 But he who speaks, or him who's spoken to,
 Must both remain as strangers still to you.

THY NEIGHBOR.

I AM thy other self ; what thou wilt be
When thou art I, the one thou seest now ;
In finding thy true self thou wilt find me,
The springing blade where now thou dost but plow ;
I am thy neighbor, a new house I 've built
Which thou as yet hast never entered in ;
I come to call thee ; come in when thou wilt,
The feast is always waiting to begin ;
Thou shouldst love me, as thou dost love thyself ;
For I am but another self beside ;
To show thee him thou lov'st in better health,
What thou wouldst be when thou to him hast died ;
Then visit me, I make thee many a call ;
Nor live I near to thee alone but all.

THE ROCK.

THOU art ; there is no stay but in Thy love ;
Thy strength remains ; it built the eternal hills ;
It speaks the word forever heard above,
And all creation with its presence fills ;
Upon it let me stand and I shall live ;
Thy strength shall fasten me forever fixed,
And to my soul its sure foundations give,
When earth and sky thy word in one has mixed ;
Rooted in Thee no storm my branch shall tear,
But with each day new sap shall upward flow,
And for Thy vine the clustering fruit shall bear ;
That with each rain the length'ning shoots may grow,
Till o'er Thy Rock its leaves spread far and wide,
And in its green embrace its Parent hide.

COMPASSION.

HE saw them tasked with heavy burdens all,
Bowed down and weary 'neath the heavy load ;
With none their faltering footsteps home to call,
Or point them out the strait and narrow road ;
His Spirit bore their burdens as his own,
He healed the sick, restored the sightless eyes ;
He heard the mourner for a loved one moan,
And bid the dead from out the grave arise ;
In him the Spirit ever rests secure,
For there is one to ease its struggling grief ;
Oh seek the rest that ever shall endure,
And you shall find in Him the true relief ;
And join with Him to succor the distrest,
And be, like Him, forever by them blest.

THE LABORERS.

THE workman shall not always work ; who builds,
His house shall finish with the last-raised stone ;
The last small measure full the vessel fills ;
The last step taken and thy journey 's done ;
But where is he, who but one hour ago,
Lifted with toiling arm the burden nigh ?
And he whose vessel to the brim did flow,
Or he who laid his staff and sandals by ?
I see them still at work another way,
From those that late thou sawest thus employed ;
And heard them each unto the other say,
As to new tasks they bent them overjoyed,
"The sun is rising, haste ! that he may see,
When setting, every hand from labor free."

THE RAMBLE.

THE plants that careless grow shall flower and bud,
When wilted stands man's nicely tended flower ;
E'en on the unsheltered waste, or pool's dark mud,
Spring bells and lilies fit for ladies' bower ;
Come with me, I will show you where they grow ;
The tangled vines and boughs come push aside ;
O'er yonder hill-top's craggy side we go,
Then by the path beyond we downward slide ;
See by yon pond where few but travelers pass,
Each lily opens wide its curious cup ;
And here where now we track the unmown grass,
The wild-heath bell surprised is looking up,
To view the strangers that thus far have sought
The flowers that in fair Nature's robe are wrought.

THE BARBERRY-BUSH.

THE bush that has most briars and bitter fruit
Waits till the frost has turned its green leaves red,
Its sweetened berries will thy palate suit,
And thou mayst find e'en there a homely bread ;
Upon the hills of Salem scattered wide,
Their yellow blossoms gain the eye in Spring ;
And straggling e'en upon the turnpike's side,
Their ripened branches to your hand they bring ;
I've plucked them oft in boyhood's early hour,
That then I gave such name, and thought it true ;
But now I know that other fruit as sour,
Grows on what now thou callest *Me* and *You* ;
Yet wilt thou wait the autumn that I see,
Will sweeter taste than these red berries be.

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

THOU hast no other hands than those that toil,
 In other tasks than what thou giv'st them now ;
 For these thou hast the others work but spoil,
 They idly tear the ground that these would plow ;
 They have been long employed, and learnt them arts,
 The others know and yet were never taught ;
 False actors saying to themselves their parts,
 Till they the gait and living tone have caught ;
 'T is but a show, these buildings that they rear,
 Card-fabrics overblown with every breath ;
 Their mightiest labor, things that but appear ;
 An out-seen world ; begat of thee by death,
 When first thine eye began to cease to see,
 And made ; when first thy hand forgot a hand to be.

THE PRAYER.

FATHER ! keep them who walk in their own light ;
 Who think they see, but are before Thee blind ;
 Give them within Thy rest, Thy spirit's sight,
 And may they in the Christ their healing find ;
 Father ! they have not faith, help Thou their trust ;
 Grant them within Thy precepts to fulfill ;
 Oh bid Thy spirit animate their dust,
 And bid them once again to know Thy will ;
 Then shall they live with Thee and sin no more !
 Then walk with Christ, Thy well beloved son ;
 And when their earthly pilgrimage is o'er,
 And they the martyr's crown in Him have won,
 Oh, take them to Thine own eternal rest,
 The heaven where he who enters must be blest.

THE TREE.

I too will wait with thee returning spring,
 When thick the leaves shall cling on every bough,
 And birds within their new grown arbor sing,
 Unmindful of the storms that tear me now ;
 For I have stripped me naked to the blast
 That now in triumph through my branches rides ;
 But soon the winter's bondage shall be past,
 To him who in the Saviour's love abides ;
 And as His Father to thy limbs returns,
 Blossoms and bloom to sprinkle o'er thy dress,
 So shall Christ call from out their funeral urns
 Those who in patience still their souls possess ;
 And clothe in raiments never to wax old
 All whom His Father gave him for His fold.

THE HARVEST.

THEY love me not, who at my table eat ;
 They live not on the bread that Thou hast given ;
 The word Thou giv'st is not their daily meat,
 The bread of life that cometh down from heaven ;
 They drink but from their lips the waters dry,
 There is no well that gushes up within ;
 And for the meat that perishes they cry,
 When Thou hast vexed their souls because of sin ;
 Oh send Thy laborers ! every hill and field
 With the ungathered crop is whitened o'er ;
 To those who reap it shall rich harvests yield,
 In full-eared grain all ripened for Thy store ;
 No danger can they fear who reap with Thee,
 Though thick with storms the autumn sky may be.

SACRIFICE.

THOU dost prefer the song that rises pure
On lips that speak the words the contrite feel,
To all the hands without the heart procure,
And on Thine altar place with soulless zeal ;
Thou dost not look to see the uplifted hand,
Nor hear'st our cry, save when we do Thy will ;
But when we keep within Thy just command,
Our praises shall Thy courts with incense fill ;
Ever it rises from the obedient heart,
Hangs clustering from the lips in accents sweet,
From which who taste unwillingly depart
Where thorny words with show of verdure cheat ;
But sit beneath the vine and bless its shade,
And Him who for their wants such rich provision made.

THE CUP.

THE bitterness of death is on me now,
Before me stands its dark unclosing door ;
Yet to Thy will submissive still I bow,
And follow Him who for me went before ;
The tomb cannot contain me though I die,
For His strong love awakes its sleeping dead,
And bids them through Himself ascend on high
To Him who is of all the living Head ;
I gladly enter through the gloomy walls,
Where they have passed who loved their Master here ;
The voice they heard, to me it onward calls,
And can when faint my sinking spirit cheer ;
And from the joy on earth it now has given
Lead on to joy eternal in the heaven.

NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH.

THY gifts are not the gifts that others give,
For 'Thou art kind unto them when they pray,
And giv'st them bread on which their souls can live,
Nor with a serpent send'st them poor away ;
The more they eat of all 'Thy hand supplies,
The more 'Thy peace within abundant grows,
Till all that is not 'Thine forever dies,
And heaven alone the perfect spirit knows ;
Then shall 'Thy children ever find employ
In acts 'Thy love has taught their hands to do ;
Each loved by 'Thee shall swell the other's joy,
And every secret prayer be brought to view
By 'Thee, who dwell'st in secret, and will bring
Into the light of life each hidden thing.

THE CHRIST.

'T is not by water only, but by blood
Thou comest in the flesh, great Prince of Peace !
John is 'Thy witness in the cleansing flood,
But 'Thou art from above, and must increase.
Thou bid'st us suffer on the accursed tree,
Where 'Thou wast nailed for sins 'Thou couldst not know,
That by 'Thy blood from death I might be free,
And in 'Thy kingly stature daily grow.
Thou bid'st me lose the life that 'Thou hast given,
As 'Thou hast died for me and all before,
And win the crown of light from 'Thee in heaven,
By wearing here the thorns 'Thy temples wore
And loving as 'Thou loved, who sweat within
Great drops of blood unseen for unseen sin.

THE DESERT.

OH, bid the desert blossom as the rose,
For there is not one flower that meets me now ;
On all thy fields lie heaped the wintry snows,
And the rough ice encrusts the fruitful bough ;
Oh, breathe upon thy ruined vineyard still,
Though like the dead it long unmoved has lain,
Thy breath can with the bloom of Eden fill,
The lifeless clods in verdure clothe again ;
Awake, ye slothful ! open wide the earth,
To the new sun and spirit's quickening rain ;
They came to bid the furrows heave in birth,
And strew with roses thick the barren plain ;
Awake, be early in your untilled field,
And it to you the crop of peace shall yield.

THE JOURNEY.

To tell my journeys where I daily walk,
These words thou hear'st me use may tell to thee ;
Give heed then, when with thee my soul would talk,
That thou the path I take may plainly see.
I know nowhere to turn, each step is new,
No wish before me flies to point the way ;
But on I travel with no end in view,
Save that from Him who leads I never stray.
He knows it all ; the turning of the road,
Where this way leads and that, He knows it well,
And finds for me at night a safe abode,
Though I all houseless know not where to dwell ;
And canst thou tell then where my journeying lies ?
If so, thou tread'st with me the same blue skies.

WAITING THE DIVINE WILL.

I IDLE stand that I may find employ,
Such as my Master when He comes will give ;
I cannot find in mine own work my joy,
But wait, although on waiting I must live ;
My body shall not turn which way it will,
But stand till I the appointed road can find ;
And journeying so His messages fulfill,
And do at every step the work designed ;
Enough for me still day by day to wait,
Till Thou who form'st me find'st me too a task ;
A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,
Content for the few crumbs I get to ask ;
A laborer but in heart, while bound my hands
Hang idly down, still waiting Thy commands.

THE SICK.

WHERE thou hast been once well received,
There thou shouldst often go again ;
That so, of every want relieved,
Joy may find birth in buried pain.
I knew one, but his heart was weak,
Who went when keen was sorrow's smart ;
And well a moment, would not seek
The hand that touched with healing art ;
I knew another ; he was wise ;
Nor felt he of his wounds made strong,
Till he could from his couch arise,
And walk with him who cured along :
Which art thou, friend ? for oft the first
Will call the better one the worst.

THE CHILDREN.

I SAW, strange sight! the children sat at meat,
 When they their Parent's face had never known;
 Nor rose they, when they heard His step, to greet,
 But feasted there upon His gifts alone;
 'T was morn, and noon, and evening hour the same;
 They heeded not 't was He who gave them bread,
 For they had not yet learned to call His name;
 They had been children, but they now were dead;
 Yet still their Father, with a father's care,
 Early and late stood waiting by their board,
 Hoping each hour that they his love could share,
 And at his table sit to life restored;
 Alas! for many a day and year I stood
 And saw them feasting thus, yet knew not Him how good.

THE HOUSE.

I BUILD a house, but in this 't will appear
 That I have built it not, a shining forth
 Of that bright palace that from year to year
 New pillars has and domes from my own worth;
 The wondrous hand that forms it, in the sea,
 In crystal depths, fashions the coral pile,
 The sun-lit roof that o'er our heads we see,
 Earth's grassy plain that stretches mile on mile;
 'T is round me like the morning's presence, felt
 As that in which apart I live from all;
 A zone that girds me like Orion's belt,
 That I be seen the more on that bright wall,
 Where all, as golden constellations, shine
 With their own light, yet lit with Light Divine.

THE REMOVAL.

WHEN he who owns a house has come to thee,
And begs you move, for he must enter in,
Dost thou not pay, when asked, his little fee,
And for thy journeying hence right quick begin?
But I, when I have come, who own no land,
Nor houses built of wood, or wrought of stone,
Why dost thou waiting and uncertain stand,
As if the house I let was not My own?
“I have been here so long it seems like mine,”
Thou say'st. “But still the more ought thou to leave.”
“My children here were born; can I resign
My all, and Thou a stranger too?” “Believe
And thou canst do it; and I grant yet more:
A better house for thine I will restore.”

AUTUMN DAYS.

THE winds are out with loud increasing shout,
Where late before them came the biting frost;
Whirling the leaves in their wild sport about,
And strewing twig and limb our path acrost.
But still the sun looks kindly on the year,
And days of summer warmth will linger yet;
And still the birds amid the fields we hear,
For the ripe grain and scattered seeds they get.
The shortening days grow slowly less and less,
And winter comes with many a warning on;
But still some day with kindly smile will bless,
Till the last hope's deceit is fledged and gone;
Before the deepening snows block up the way,
And the sweet fields are made of howling blasts the prey.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE leaves though thick are falling ; one by one
Decayed they drop from off their parent tree ;
Their work with autumn's latest day is done,
Thou see'st them borne upon its breezes free ;
They lie strewn here and there, their many dyes
That yesterday so caught thy passing eye ;
Soiled by the rain each leaf neglected lies,
Upon the path where now thou hurriest by ;
Yet think thou not their beauteous tints less fair
Than when they hung so gayly o'er thy head ;
But rather find thou eyes, with looking there
Where now thy feet so heedless o'er them tread ;
And thou shalt see, where wasting now they lie,
The unseen hues of immortality.

THE HAND AND FOOT.

THE hand and foot that stir not, they shall find
Sooner than all the rightful place to go ;
Now in their motion free as roving wind,
Though first no snail more limited and slow ;
I mark them full of labor all the day,
Each active motion made in perfect rest ;
They cannot from their path mistaken stray,
Though 't is not theirs, yet in it they are blest ;
The bird has not their hidden track found out,
Nor cunning fox, though full of art he be ;
It is the way unseen, the certain route,
Where ever bound, yet thou art ever free ;
The path of Him, whose perfect law of love
Bids spheres and atoms in just order move.

THE EYE AND EAR.

THOU readest, but each lettered word can give
Thee but the sound that thou first gave to it ;
Thou lookest on the page, things move and live
In light thine eye and thine alone has lit ;
Ears are there yet unstopped, and eyes unclosed,
That see and hear as in one common day,
When they which present see have long reposed,
And he who hears has mouldered too to clay.
These ever see and hear ; they are in Him,
Who speaks, and all is light ; how dark before !
Each object throws aside its mantle dim,
That hid the starry robe that once it wore ;
And shines full born disclosing all that is,
Itself by all things seen and owned as His.

THE GLUTTON.

THE bread thou eatest thou canst never know,
That sum untold could never buy thee such,
Or to thy Father's board thou wouldst not go,
With hasty hands His gifts as now to clutch ;
The bread thus eaten, it can never feed,
Save the lost life that thus in haste is stole ;
Thou drinkest, but of more must soon have need ;
'T is not the fount of life that fills the bowl ;
Thou art not there where spreads the kind repast,
But thine own will is guest where thou shouldst be ;
And that which was but born in thee to fast
Has bid thee serve, that should from bonds be free ;
And thou a servant wait'st where thou mightst sit,
While sin's foul carrion bird upon thy dish has lit.

THE SLAVE-HOLDER.

WHEN comes the sun to visit thee at morn,
Art thou prepared to give him welcome then?
Or is the day, that with his light is born,
With thee a day that has already been?
Hast thou filled up its yet unnumbered hours
With selfish thoughts, and made them now thine own?
Then for thee cannot bloom its budding flowers;
The day to thee has past, and onward flown;
The noon may follow with its quickening heat,
The grain grow yellow in its ripening rays,
And slow-paced evening mark the noon's retreat;
Yet thou as dead to them live all thy days,
For thou hast made of God's free gifts a gain,
And wouldst the sovereign day a slave in bonds retain.

THE SUN.

WHERE has the sun a home? Didst thou e'er trace
His course when sinking in the distant west,
And see him there anew begin his race,
As if of new-born strength again possess?
Or didst thou leave him in the western skies,
Where late his setting glories called thee on;
Nor follow on with still admiring eyes,
Another earth to bless where he has gone?
Stay not where night shuts in on all who sleep,
Faint travellers on the path he onward trod;
But on his beams a waking eye still keep,
The daily herald sent to thee from God;
And thou, when many suns thy year has known,
Shalt rise with him, his brightness all thine own.

THE WAY.

To good thou ask'st the way : enter the street,
This is the broad highway that many tread ;
Go follow him whom first thine eye shall meet,
Here is his store, go in ; behold thy bread ;
Thou turn'st away : well, follow him whose ship
Has just returned deep-laden from afar ;
Look, see his face how gladdened at the trip,
Is there aught here the good thou seek'st to mar ?
Thou trackest one and all, yet find'st it not ;
Then learn that *all* are seekers here below ;
And let the lesson never be forgot,
That none the path to happiness can show,
Save He whose way is hidden ; only known
To those who seek His love, and His alone.

THE NEW WORLD.

THE night that has no star lit up by God,
The day that round men shines who still are blind,
The earth their grave-turned feet for ages trod,
And sea swept over by His mighty wind, —
All these have passed away ; the melting dream
That flitted o'er the sleepers' half-shut eye,
When touched by morning's golden-darting beam ;
And he beholds around the earth and sky
What ever real stands ; the rolling spheres,
And heaving billows of the boundless main,
That show, though time is past, no trace of years,
And earth restored he sees as his again,
The earth that fades not, and the heavens that stand,
Their strong foundations laid by God's right hand !

THE NEW MAN.

THE hands must touch and handle many things,
The eyes long waste their glances all in vain ;
The feet course still in idle, mazy rings,
Ere man himself, the lost, shall back regain
The hand that ever moves, the eyes that see,
While day holds out his shining lamp on high,
And, strait as flies the honey-seeking bee,
Direct the feet to unseen flowers they spy ;
These, when they come, the man revealed from heaven,
Shall labor all the day in quiet rest,
And find at eve the covert duly given,
Where with the bird they find sweet sleep and rest,
That shall their wasted strength to health restore,
And bid them seek with morn the hills and fields once more.

THE LOST.

THE fairest day that ever yet has shone
Will be when thou the day within shalt see ;
The fairest rose that ever yet has blown,
When thou the flower thou lookest on shalt be ;
But thou art far away amidst Time's toys ;
Thyself the day thou lookest for in them,
Thyself the flower that now thine eye enjoys ;
But wilted now thou hang'st upon thy stem ;
The bird thou hearest on the budding tree
Thou hast made sing with thy forgotten voice ;
But when it swells again to melody,
The song is thine in which thou wilt rejoice ;
And thou new risen 'midst these wonders live,
That now to them dost all thy substance give.

THY FATHER'S HOUSE.

THOU art not yet at home ; perhaps thy feet
Are on the threshold of thy Father's door,
But still thy journey is not there complete,
If thou canst add to it but one step more ;
'T is not thy house which thou with feet can reach,
'T is where when wearied they will enter not,
But stop beneath an earthly roof, where each
May for a time find comfort in his lot ;
Then called to wander soon again must mourn
That such frail shelter they should call relief ;
And onward seek again that distant bourne,
The home of all the family of grief,
Whose doors by day and night stand open wide,
For all who enter there shall evermore abide.

THE DAY OF DENIAL.

ARE there not twelve whole hours in every day
The sun upon thy dial marks for toil ;
How is it some but five, some seven say,
And some among you of the whole make spoil ?
Think'st thou to gain by taking from your life,
By dying many hours to live the more ?
Dost thou not see the suicidal knife,
Made hour by hour yet redder in thy gore ?
The day ! the living day ! how soon 't is night,
With him who rises not till near its noon ;
His candle lit for many hours to light,
Put out ere yet he learned to prize the boon ;
How dark his darkness, who till latest eve
Still slumbers on, nor then his couch will leave !

THE APOSTLES.

THE words that come unuttered by the breath,
Looks without eyes, these lighten all the globe ;
They are the ministering angels, sent where Death
Has walked so long the earth in seraph's robe ;
See crowding to their touch the groping blind !
And ears long shut to sound are bent to hear ;
Quick as they speak the lame new vigor find,
And language to the dumb man's lips is near ;
Hail ! sent to us, ye servants of high heaven,
Unseen save by the humble and the poor !
To them glad tidings have your voices given ;
For them their faith has wrought the wished-for cure ;
And ever shall they witness bear of you,
That he who sent you forth to heal was true.

THE FIELD AND WOOD.

WHENCE didst thou spring, or art thou yet unborn,
Who tread'st with slighting foot so swift along,
Where near thee rises green the bladed corn,
And from the tree pours forth the bird's new song ?
Thy heart is ever flutt'ring, ne'er at rest ;
A bird that e'er would soar with wily art,
Yet when she seems of what she wished possest,
She feels the strength from out her wings depart.
Learn wisdom from the sweet delaying voice,
And from its melody turn not thine ear ;
With springing grain in slow decay rejoice,
And thou at one shalt be with all things here ;
And thy desires, that now o'ertop the grain,
Shall with its growth a life like theirs sustain.

THE ABSENT.

THOU art not yet at home in thine own house,
But to one room I see thee now confined ;
Having one hole like rat or skulking mouse,
And as a mole to all the others blind ;
Does the great Day find preference when he shines
In at each window, lighting every room ?
No selfish wish the moon's bright glance confines,
And each in turn the stars' faint rays illumine ;
Within thy sleeping room thou dost abide,
And thou the social parlor dost prefer ;
All other thou wilt in the cupboard hide,
And this or that's the room for him or her ;
But the same sun, and moon with silver face,
Look in on all, and lighten every place.

HISTORY.

THE History that thou hast never known,
That is not on the record lying book ;
But by the light thou givest only shown,
Canst thou on this, the truest page, yet look ?
Then mayst thou leave all others ; this the leaf,
The healing leaf from off the tree of Life ;
It is not numbered by Time's cyphers brief,
It higher dates than counts thy mortal strife ;
Its pages are the Scriptures ; never read
Till closed the eye that dust-soiled letters pores,
And he who saw 's forgotten with the dead ;
Then opes the Book Divine its heavenly stores,
Its times man's living eras ; still the same
While burns within of God the sun-lit flame.

THE WORD.

THE voice that speaks when thou art in thy tomb
 And spoke before thou saw'st the morning light,
 This is the Word ! of all that is the womb,
 Of all that see the never-failing sight ;
 Speechless yet ever speaking, none can hear
 The man grown silent in the praise of God ;
 For they within him live, to hope and fear ;
 They walk and speak ; but he the grass-green sod ;
 Its presence round them calls them hence to it,
 A voice too great for murmur or reproof ;
 A sun that shines till they are of it lit,
 Itself the utterance of Eternal Truth ;
 Perfect, without a blemish ; never found
 Save through the veil that wraps thy being round.

JACOB'S WELL.

THOU pray'st not, save when in thy soul thou pray'st ;
 Disrobing of thyself, to clothe the poor ;
 The words thy lips shall utter then, thou say'st ;
 They are as marble, and they shall endure ;
 Pray always ; for on prayer the hungry feed ;
 Its sound is hidden music to the soul ;
 From low desires the rising strains shall lead,
 And willing captives own thy just control.
 Draw not too often on the gushing spring,
 But rather let its own o'erflowings tell
 Where the cool waters rise, and thither bring
 Those who more gladly then will hail the well ;
 When, gushing from within, new streams like thine
 Shall bid them ever drink and own its source divine.

THY NAME.

THE rightful name that thou art callèd by
By him who knows thee as thou shouldst be known,
Hast thou e'er learnt it? If not, with me try;
I seek my own and would not be alone;
Though often called, yet I have heard it not,
By better name than men can give to me;
For I the one so called have long forgot,
As seen within a glass, yet knew 't was he.
Come, let us seek ourselves, that they when found
May be at home to him who knocks without;
And to our names respond with joyful sound,
Nor longer wander here unknown about,
As those whom none know where their lodgings are,
But sleep in barns or in the open air.

THE MOURNER.

How blest the tears of him who still weeps on
When he has ceased to feel affliction's rod,
Forgetful that from him the chastening's gone;
His eye beholds in faith his Father, God!
Thy tears are pearls for which the world shall pay;
More precious they than India's valued gold.
Go on in humble mind thy kingly way,
Though oft shall scorch the sun and chill the cold;
Faint not; though travellers few shall bid thee cheer,
Thou know'st the road thy well-tried feet have found;
And soon, be thou but strong, shalt thou draw near
The band that death's strong ties to thee have bound,
And ever onward journey thence with them,
And Him who leads, the Star of Bethlehem.

THE SOWER.

To want is there to be where I am not ;
Abundance waits for me where'er I tread ;
The cares of life in me are all forgot ;
I have enough and e'en to spare of bread ;
Come, taste, and hunger shall be laid at rest,
And thirst once quenched shall never thirst again ;
Thou shalt of all I have be long possesst,
And long thy life my body shall sustain ;
There are who food will give thee, but 't is theirs,
And hunger rages but the more 't is fed ;
'T was made from out the grains of scattered tares
That through my field by wicked hands were spread ;
But thou shalt have the wheat that 's sown by me,
And in thy bosom's field new harvests ever see.

CHARITY.

WHATE'ER thou wouldst receive at other's hands,
Thou first to them must freely give away ;
Whether of houses high or spreading lands,
Nought shall be thine till thou hast seen this day ;
God gives thee all ; but canst thou all receive,
When e'en my little thou dost yet refuse ?
No longer then thy brother's spirit grieve,
And thou shalt have yet larger gifts to use ;
For in my Father's house do many live,
Who, older far, in love have stronger grown,
And how to them canst thou e'er learn to give,
Who all the Father hath can call their own ?
Give freely then, for all thou giv'st away
Shall men with added gifts to thee repay.

THE GIANTS.

THE giants, they who walked the earth of old,
Are come again to scourge this feeble race ;
And weapons long forgot in pride they hold,
To dash to earth your idols in disgrace ;
Their armor proof shall be 'gainst sword or spear,
Your strength now lifts to smite a feebler foe ;
Your cries for help their ears can never hear,
Nor wounded can their eyes your sufferings know ;
Arise ! gird on the might that now you waste
On harlots and in feasting night and day ;
Their coming-on shall be with eagles' haste,
As from the heights they dart upon their prey
That all unknowing pass their eyries by,
With idle pace and earthward-turning eye.

TO THE FISHERMEN.

BE mending still your nets, and cast not in
While yet they are not strong to hold them all ;
For you yourselves will lose some joint or fin,
When one shall draw than you a larger haul ;
'T is not for you as yet to venture far,
Thus young, upon the shifting, shoreless deep ;
But guide thee by the highest risen star,
And still thy boat within the cove thou 'lt keep ;
Behold the wrecks, that line the rocky shore,
Of hulks more stout than thine to meet the wave ;
And hear afar the storm's low-muttered roar,
And learn from me thy feebler bark to save ;
Who will not tempt in pride time's wind-tost sea,
Till manned with choicest men my ship shall be.

THE CREATED.

THERE is nought for thee by thy haste to gain ;
 'Tis not the swift with Me that win the race ;
 Through long endurance of delaying pain,
 Thine opened eye shall see thy Father's face ;
 Nor here nor there, where now thy feet would turn,
 Thou wilt find Him who ever seeks for thee ;
 But let obedience quench desires that burn,
 And where thou art, thy Father too will be !
 Behold ! as day by day the spirit grows,
 Thou see'st by inward light things hid before ;
 Till what God is, thyself His image shows ;
 And thou dost wear the robe that first thou wore,
 When, bright with radiance from His forming hand,
 He saw the lord of all his creatures stand.

TO ALL.

THOU know'st not e'er the way to turn or go,
 For He who man would follow turneth not ;
 Enough for thee that thou thy Lord mayst know,
 And canst not for a moment be forgot ;
 His way is hidden that thine eye may seek,
 And in the seeking thou thyself may find ;
 His voice unheard that thou mayst learn to speak,
 His eye unseen to show thee thou art blind ;
 Then haste thee on, His hidden path explore ;
 And purge thine ear that thou mayst hear His voice ;
 Unseal thine eye to Him who walks before,
 And that thou hast a Friend unseen in me rejoice ;
 And follow on, though now thy feet may tread
 Where clouds still heavy hang above th' unnumbered dead.

THE PRISONER.

ALL men around me running to and fro
Are finding life in what to me is death ;
I have no limbs that where I please will go,
Nor voice that when I wish will find a breath ;
Here, where I stand, my feet take fixèd root ;
This way or that I cannot even move ;
A prisoner ever bound both hand and foot,
While I a slave to mine own choice would prove ;
'T is hard to wait, but grant me thus set free ;
And they ; how narrow their short bounded lot !
My sun the centre of their worlds will be,
In systems moving where they shine forgot ;
Their rays too feebly twinkling through the night,
Where I shall shine with all day's lustre bright.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

THE morning's brightness cannot make thee glad,
If thou art not more bright than it within ;
And naught of evening's peace hast thou e'er had,
If evening first did not with thee begin.
Full many a sun I saw first set and rise,
Before my day had found a rising too ;
And I with Nature learned to harmonize,
And to her times and seasons made me true.
How fair that new May morning when I rose
Companion of the sun for all the day ;
O'er every hill and field where now he goes,
With him to pass, nor fear again to stray ;
But 'neath the full-orbed moon's reflected light
Still onward keep my way till latest night.

THE FLESH.

THE Flesh bears early fruit ; most eat of it,
 And many die who eat e'en that too soon ;
 They fade like flowers the morning's sunbeam lit,
 But wilted fall before the heat of noon ;
 Behold the friends and children born to be
 But blossoms overtaken by the frost ;
 Put forth ere in the limbs the sap ran free,
 Or spring gave signs that winter's strength was lost ;
 See houses fires and creeping age consume,
 And fields the weed and thistle boast as theirs ;
 These, blazing up, the night's dark face illume,
 And those, the garden whence they reap but tares.
 Alas ! how soon have vanished those the eye
 Looked fondly on ; green fields and houses high !

NATURE PLEADS WITH THE TRAVELLER.

STAY where thou art ; thou need'st no farther go,
 The flower with me is pleading at thy feet ;
 The clouds, the silken clouds, above thee flow,
 And fresh the breezes come thy cheek to greet ;
 Why hasten on ? Hast thou a fairer home ?
 Has God more richly blest the world than here,
 That thou in haste would from thy country roam,
 Favored by every month that fills the year ?
 Sweet showers shall on thee here as there descend ;
 The sun salute thy morn and gild thine eve ;
 Come, tarry here, for Nature is thy friend,
 And we an arbor for ourselves will weave,
 So weary pilgrims journeying on as thou
 Will grateful bless its shade and list the wind-struck bough.

THE NARROW WAY.

WHERE this one dwells and that thou knowest well,
 Each earthly neighbor, and each earthly friend ;
 But He who calls thee has no place to dwell,
 And canst thou then thine all unto him lend ?
 Canst thou a stranger be where now well-known,
 Where now thou oftenest go'st go never more,
 But walk henceforth the world thy way alone,
 And broader wear the path but little wore ?
 Then mayst thou find Me, when thou 'rt faint and weak
 And the strait road seems narrower still to grow ;
 For I will words of comfort to thee speak,
 And onward with thee to My home I 'll go ;
 Where thou shalt find a rest in labor sweet,
 No friend and yet a friend in all to greet.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE.

'T is rent, the veil that parts the spirit world ;
 Behold the temple of the living God !
 The Foe who tempted once to earth is hurled,
 By Him who wields on earth the iron rod ;
 Rejoice, the peace He gave on earth begins !
 Hark, from the lowly vale the strains arise,
 Rejoice, the Saviour comes, He frees from sins !
 The dumb man speaks ; He touches sightless eyes,
 And lo ! the scales fall off, the spirit sees
 Within the veil the mysteries of the dead ;
 Bow down, ye mighty ! bow the stubborn knees !
 'T is on the borders of that land ye tread,
 Where you must see the earth's ascended King,
 Before whose presence bows each living thing.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

I CANNOT show thee that for which I live,
Nor mortal eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard
That which the Christ to those who live will give,
In the rich presence of the Living Word ;
Go, cleanse thy soul, blot out the secret sin,
Put off thy shoes, for this is holy ground,
And thou shalt see the kingdom come within,
And in its holy precincts too be found ;
Awake ! thou hast long filled the holy place
With idols that thy heart has lifted high ;
From My pure temple every demon chase,
Then to thy spirit will My soul draw nigh ;
And thou shalt be My son, and I thy God
To lead thee in the way thy Master trod.

THE FLOOD.

I CANNOT eat my bread ; the people's sins
Call for a day of fasting on my soul ;
For the great day of mourning now begins,
The tears of shame adown their faces roll ;
Alas, can naught avert the coming gloom,
That rises in the east, a midnight cloud ?
No thunders burst to warn them of their doom,
No faithful watchmen raise their voices loud ;
They eat, they drink, they marry, still, as then
When o'er the world the flood in fury rolled ;
Alas ! the fire will fall upon the men
That are to sin and death in bondage sold ;
And they nor see nor heed the coming flame
But perish all unsuccored in their shame.

THE REDEEMED.

I BEAR the prints of my ascended Lord ;
Ye cannot part me now, for I am pure,
And hear, forever hear His holy word,
And shall forever in the truth endure ;
Behold the love the Father hath for me,
That He should call His son a child of earth
And from the guilt of sin forever free,
And bid me know in Him a purer birth ;
Come, worship with me on the holy hill,
Come, be a brother with a brother's love ;
He will our hearts with deepest rapture fill,
And we, though here, shall taste His joy above ;
And in our midst, though here, our Lord shall be,
And we, while here on earth, His face shall see.

THE COMPLAINT.

It does my heart with deepest sorrow fill
That I no more Thy praises can proclaim,
To check the mighty tide of human ill,
And bid thine offspring glorify Thy name ;
By night and day my failings I lament,
That draw me back from my full stature high ;
I cannot be with this cold love content,
But must in Christ with nobler ardor try
To be whate'er His full command requires ;
To show Thee, Father, by my borrowed light,
And kindle up amid the sinking fires
A sun to fill the darkness of the night
With rays from thine own glory ever thrown,
That has from age to age on all thy children shone.

WHITHER SHALL I GO FROM THY SPIRIT?

WHERE would I go from Thee? Thou lov'st me here
 With love the heaven of heavens cannot contain;
 Where can I go where Thou wilt not be near,
 Who doth from hour to hour my life sustain?
 I cannot leave Thee; Thou dost call me up
 When the first blush of morn is on the sky;
 Thou mak'st my noon, at even bid'st me sup;
 And when I sleep I know that Thou art nigh;
 And what then can I want, O Lord, but Thee?
 Thy word shall be henceforth my daily bread,
 From every other want it makes me free;
 I will for it my heart wide open spread,
 Till it shall enter there, and there abide,
 And cleanse Thy temple with its healing tide.

THE GUEST.

I KNOCK, but knock in vain; there is no call
 Comes from within to bid Me enter there;
 The selfish owner sits within his hall
 And will not open, will not hear My prayer;
 Blessed is the man that doth My call attend
 And rise with anxious haste to see his Guest;
 For I to all that hear me am a Friend,
 And where I enter in that house is blest.
 Oh, hasten then each mansion to prepare
 For Him who blesses all who hear His word;
 He shall with them His Father's mansion share;
 Eye hath not seen, nor mortal ear hath heard
 That which the heart that loves the Lord shall see
 When they within the veil with Him shall be.

THE FOE.

THERE is no pause ; the day rolls swiftly on ;
Hour adds to hour its distance, Lord, from Thee ;
And soon the light Thou givest will be gone,
And night be here, and none Thy coming see.
O bid them wake ! sound ye the trumpet ! sound !
The foe is on you ! haste, he 's at the door !
Soon, soon thy limbs will be securely bound,
And you in chains your former sloth deplore ;
Wake ! wake ! there is no time to lose in sleep ;
Break thou the will that binds you still in sin,
A faithful watch o'er every action keep,
And know the foe that spoils thee is within ;
Go back, retrace the steps your feet have trod,
That you may find protection in your God.

THE HUMBLE.

THOU dost exalt the humble ; they shall be
Of Thine own sons, and Thou shalt bless their lot
And make them kings and priests to live with Thee,
Though they before had dwelt in poorest cot ;
Over its roof Thou watched with tender care,
While they no fear in early childhood knew ;
And didst with ready hand each meal prepare,
While they to manlier stature daily grew ;
And ever on their steps Thine angels wait,
And ever near remain to hear their call ;
Though with the lowly vine they grew of late,
Thou shalt exalt them like the cedars tall
That on Thy holy mountain lift their heads,
Forever wet with dews thy mercy sheds.

COMFORT.

THOU glad'st my heart, but not with oil and wine,
 But that Thou dost forgive me when I sin ;
 And as Thy Son would make me wholly Thine,
 That I may find His peace and love within ;
 Still may I more and more find peace with Thee,
 Who hath from infancy my footsteps led ;
 Till, by His love, from sin and death made free
 My feet at length Thy heavenly courts shall tread ;
 Where He a mansion has for me prepared
 With those who trod His thorny path before,
 Who have with Him Thy house already shared,
 And at His feast the marriage garment wore ;
 Oh, may I see them when my work is done,
 Like them a faithful servant of Thy Son.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

THY name be hallowed, e'en Thy holy name,
 That dwells forever on Thy children's tongue ;
 On earth may all Thy saints its praise proclaim,
 As in Thy heavens Thou art forever sung ;
 Thou art forever worthy ! Thou art King !
 The great, all holy, ever righteous Lord !
 Let all Thy children praise and homage bring,
 And in their song let every note accord ;
 Praise Him ! for He is great ; His praise prolong
 On every harp ye strike around His throne ;
 Join every living voice ! come join the song :
 What praise can all your Father's goodness own ?
 Come, throw your crowns and garlands at His feet,
 And His new name let every tongue repeat !

TO HIM WHO OVERCOMETH.

To him who overcometh I will give
The starry crown, the heavenly-sounding lyre ;
Within my Father's presence he shall live,
His love shall overflow thy soul's desire ;
Come, strip thee of the garment thou hast worn,
While on the earth thou wrought'st for Him in me ;
Take off thy raiment, it is soiled and torn,
Behold the wedding robe prepared for thee ;
Come, put it on ; thy brothers ready wait,
And ask why tarry still thy feet without ;
Thou shalt be with them though thou comest late ;
Hark ! hear, within they raise the welcome shout,
To hail thee, brother born, a son like them,
In mine own Vine a new and fruitful stem.

THEN SHALL ALL THE TRIBES OF THE
EARTH MOURN.

The day, the day, 't is changed to darkest night !
There is no beauty in its morning beams,
But men run to and fro within its light
As haunted by the thought of horrid dreams ;
They do not speak of what they spoke before,
Nor greet each other now with wonted smile ;
Their hearts are pricked within them to the core,
Nor can the sight of aught their pain beguile ;
Within their homes they hush the notes of joy,
For like a snare their sorrow has come on ;
The slightest burdens now their souls annoy,
And in an instant all their mirth is gone ;
For He who long has tarried is at hand,
And comes himself His vineyard to demand.

THE BRETHREN.

FOR we are all His offspring ; why deny
The hand of love He bade thee to me give ?
Why turn from me, who in the spirit cry,
That thou wouldst share thy Father's love and live ?
Let not between us rise the mountain chain,
That with its icy cliffs divides the earth,
For we are brothers ; let us so remain,
Alike the offspring of a heavenly birth ;
Invite me to thy feast, a richer board
Than for thee of the Father I prepare ;
Thou wilt not in thy breast His treasure hoard,
But send for those who may thy supper share ;
If thou hast tasted that the Lord is good,
Thou wilt not hold from me my daily food.

UNTO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR.

Rejoice ! a Child is born ! a Son is given,
By Him who givest all things to the earth ;
Sing loud, ye saints, that fill the courts of Heaven !
Proclaim with welcome sound the infant's birth.
The star the wise men saw has led them on
Unto the spot where now the babe is lain.
Rejoice ! the darkness from His sight has flown,
For He the serpent through the Lamb has slain.
He shall not hunger more, — rejoice, ye stars !
Nor thirst, for He the living brook has found.
He comes to break of sin the prison bars,
And scatter joy and hope His path around ;
He comes to give the world His promised peace,
With joys unknown, that nevermore shall cease.

ETERNAL LIFE.

My life, as yet, is but an infant's walk
With tottering steps, and words half-uttered, slow ;
But I shall soon in nobler accents talk,
And, grown to manlier stature, firmer go ;
I shall go out, and in, and pasture find
In Him who leads me safe forever on ;
The spirit's fetters then shall I unbind,
And sin from me forever shall be gone ;
Eternal life will be the gift bestowed,
By Him who loved us while yet dead in sin ;
Such love forever from the Father flowed,
But we were not prepared the crown to win ;
Oh, bless His name who calls us on to heaven,
And Him in whom the promises are given.

THE CORRUPT TREE.

FAST from thine evil growing will within :
Thou hast no other fast than this to keep ;
This is the root whence springs all other sin ;
This sows the tares while thou art sunk in sleep :
Fast ever here ; the voice must be obeyed
That bids thee for the Lord prepare the way ;
Too long thine inward prayer has been delayed ;
Awake, and in thy soul forever pray ;
Cut down the tree that good fruit cannot bear,
Why cumpers it for years the fertile ground ?
Let not a root the axe thou wieldest spare,
Till it no more within thy field be found ;
Spare not, and thou shalt reap an hundred-fold,
And a new tree shall rise where thou hast felled the old.

THE PURE IN HEART.

FATHER, Thou wilt accept the pure in heart,
 And risest early that Thou mayst them see ;
 And wilt not from them e'en at night depart,
 But in Thy presence bid'st them always be ;
 I would be holy, for 't is written so —
 The pure in heart shall see their Father's face ;
 So would I journeying through trial go,
 And run with patience here the godly race,
 That I may see at last Thy children pure,
 In that blest home where all is peace and love ;
 Where Thou wilt make Thy promise to me sure,
 That I may dwell with Christ and Thee above ;
 Where naught impure can ever enter in, —
 Oh may that peace on earth e'en now begin !

THE FIG-TREE.

THOU wilt not give me aught, though I am poor
 And ask with shivering limbs and hungry cry ;
 And think'st that I the winter can endure,
 And thou dost not my spirit's wants deny ;
 But thou art poor ; for thou hast naught to give
 Of that which is both meat and drink to me ;
 Thou bid'st me on the husks thou feedest live,
 And with the rags thou wear'st in comfort be ;
 The figs my Father bade me on thee seek,
 I taste not from thy thorns and brambles high ;
 He made thee strong, I find thee poor and weak ;
 He made thee rich, yet thou must of me buy,
 Who am but blind, and yet to thee can see ;
 A servant still, and yet to thee am free.

THE BRANCH.

THOU bid'st me change with every changing hour,
 A new formed gift to bless the hungry poor ;
 For Thou, through Christ, hast blest me with the power
 To bear the fruits that shall for them endure ;
 In Him may I grow stronger day by day,
 A vigorous branch abiding in Thy Vine ;
 That men may pluck thereof, and eating say
 "These grapes, O Father, these are wholly thine."
 Then shall the clusters Thou dost love to see
 With every season changing face the Sun ;
 And men rejoice beneath my shade to be,
 When day with all the toils it brings is done ;
 And I in Christ shall be forever blest,
 To give them at its close Thy holy rest.

THE GOOD GIFT.

WHATE'ER I ask I know I have from Thee,
 My Father, for Thou lovest me, Thy child ;
 And would my spirit from his bondage free,
 Who first my infant feet from Thee beguiled ;
 But Thou hast taught me all his snares to shun,
 And in Thy precepts walk forever sure ;
 And when Thy will on earth in Christ is done
 Thou wilt admit me to Thy presence pure ;
 Where he who has betrayed me cannot stand,
 For Thou hast placed the gulf of love between ;
 And he who knows not of the new command,
 Cannot his robes in water ever clean ;
 They must within the Lamb's own blood be dyed,
 That flows for me and all forever from His side.

TO THE HUMMING-BIRD.

I CANNOT heal thy green gold breast,
Where deep those cruel teeth have prest,
Nor bid thee raise thy ruffled crest,
 And seek thy mate,
Who sits alone within thy nest,
 Nor sees thy fate.

No more with him in summer hours
Thou 'lt hum amid the leafy bowers,
Nor hover round the dewy flowers,
 To feed thy young ;
Nor seek, when evening darkly lowers,
 Thy nest high hung.

No more thou 'lt know a mother's care
Thy honied spoils at eve to share,
Nor teach thy tender brood to dare,
 With upward spring,
Their path through fields of sunny air,
 On new fledged wing.

For thy return in vain shall wait
Thy tender young, thy fond, fond mate,
Till night's last stars beam forth full late
 On their sad eyes ;
Unknown, alas ! thy cruel fate,
 Unheard thy cries !

EHEU ! FUGACES, POSTHUME, POSTHUME,
LABUNTUR ANNI.

FLEETING years are ever bearing
In their silent course away
All that in our pleasures sharing
Lent to life a cheering ray.

Beauty's cheek but blooms to wither,
Smiling hours but come to fly ;
They are gone ; Time's but the giver
Of whate'er is doomed to die.

Thou mayst touch with blighting finger
All that sense can here enjoy ;
Yet within my soul shall linger
That which thou canst not destroy.

Love's sweet voice shall there awaken
Joys that earth cannot impart ;
Joys that live when thou hast taken
All that here can charm the heart.

As the years come gliding by me,
Fancy's pleasing visions rise ;
Beauty's cheek, ah ! still I see thee,
Still your glances, soft blue eyes !

LINES.

TO A WITHERED LEAF SEEN ON A POET'S TABLE.

POET'S hand has placed thee there,
 Autumn's brown and withered scroll !
 Though to outward eye not fair,
 Thou hast beauty for the soul.

Though no human pen has traced
 On that leaf its learned lore,
 Love divine the page has graced, —
 What can words discover more ?

Not alone dim Autumn's blast
 Echoes from yon tablet sere, —
 Distant music of the Past
 Steals upon the poet's ear.

Voices sweet of summer hours,
 Spring's soft whispers murmur by ;
 Feathered songs from leafy bowers
 Draw his listening soul on high.

MEMORY.

SOON the waves so lightly bounding
 All forget the tempest blast ;
 Soon the pines so sadly sounding
 Cease to mourn the storm that's past.

Soon is hushed the voice of gladness
 Heard within the green wood's breast ;
 Yet come back no notes of sadness,
 No remembrance breaks its rest.

But the heart, — how fond 't will treasure
 Every note of grief and joy !

Oft come back the notes of pleasure,
Grief's sad echoes oft annoy.

There still dwell the looks that banish
Swift as brightness of a dream ;
Time in vain Earth's smiles may banish,
There undying still they beam.

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BRIGHT image of the early years
When glowed my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow !

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art ;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee,
And in thy look, my Columbine !
Each fond-remembered spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale ;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And on light pinions borne along
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With look of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art ! thy charms decay,
 Touched by the withered hand of Time ;
 And hushed the music of that day,
 When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime.

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
 Shall live when Nature's smile has fled ;
 And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
 Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
 That echoed on thy native hill ;
 And when, loved flower ! I think of thee,
 My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

TO THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

DARK fossil flower ! I see thy leaves unrolled,
 With all thy lines of beauty freshly marked,
 As when the eye of Morn beamed on thee first,
 And thou first turned'st to meet its welcome smile.
 And sometimes in the coal's bright rainbow hues
 I dream I see the colors of thy prime,
 And for a moment robe thy form again
 In splendor not its own. Flower of the past !
 Now, as I look on thee, life's echoing tread
 Falls noiseless on my ear ; the present dies ;
 And o'er my soul the thoughts of distant time,
 In silent waves, like billows from the sea,
 Come rolling on and on, with ceaseless flow,
 Innumerable. Thou mayst have sprung unsown
 Into thy noon of life, when first earth heard
 Its Maker's sovereign voice ; and laughing flowers
 Waved o'er the meadows, hung on mountain crags,
 And nodded in the breeze on every hill.
 Thou mayst have bloomed unseen, save by the stars
 That sang together o'er thy rosy birth,
 And came at eve to watch thy folded rest.

None may have sought thee on thy fragrant home,
Save light-voiced winds that round thy dwelling played,
Or seemed to sigh, as oft their wingèd haste
Compelled their feet to roam. Thou mayst have lived
Beneath the light of later days, when man
With feet free-roving as the homeless wind
Scaled the thick-mantled height, coursed plains unshorn,
Breaking the solitude of nature's haunt
With voice that seemed to blend in one sweet strain
The mingled music of the elements.
And when against his infant frame they rose,
Uncurbed, unawed by his yet feeble hand,
And when the muttering storm and shouting wave
And rattling thunder, mated, round him raged
And seemed at times like dæmon foes to gird,
Thou mayst have won with gentle look his heart,
And stirred the first warm prayer of gratitude,
And been his first, his simplest altar-gift.
For thee, dark flower! the kindling sun can bring
No more the colors that it gave, nor morn,
With kindly kiss, restore thy breathing sweets :
Yet may the mind's mysterious touch recall
The bloom and fragrance of thy early prime :
For He who to the lowly lily gave
A glory richer than to proudest king,
He painted not those darkly-shining leaves,
With blushes like the dawn, in vain ; nor gave
To thee its sweetly-scented breath, to waste
Upon the barren air. E'en though thou stood'st
Alone in Nature's forest-home untrod,
The first-love of the stars and sighing winds,
The mineral holds with faithful trust thy form,
To wake in human hearts sweet thoughts of love,
Now the dark past hangs round thy memory.

THE CALL.

Why art thou not awake, my son?
 The morning breaks I formed for thee;
 And I thus early by thee stand,
 Thy new-awakening life to see.

Why art thou not awake, my son?
 The birds upon the bough rejoice;
 And I thus early by thee stand,
 To hear with theirs thy tuneful voice.

Why sleep'st thou still? the laborers all
 Are in My vineyard; hear them toil,
 As for the poor with harvest song
 They treasure up the wine and oil.

I come to wake thee; haste, arise,
 Or thou no share with Me can find;
 Thy sandals seize, gird on thy clothes,
 Or I must leave thee here behind.

THE COTTAGE.

THE house my earthly parent left
 My heavenly parent still throws down,
 For 't is of air and sun bereft,
 Nor stars its roof with beauty crown.

He gave it me, yet gave it not
 As one whose gifts are wise and good;
 'T was but a poor and clay-built cot,
 And for a time the storms withstood.

But length'ning years and frequent rain
 O'ercame its strength; it tottered, fell,
 And left me homeless here again,
 And where to go I could not tell.

But soon the light and open air
 Received me as a wandering child,
 And I soon thought their house more fair,
 And all my grief their love beguiled.

Mine was the grove, the pleasant field
 Where dwelt the flowers I daily trod ;
 And there beside them too I kneeled
 And called their Friend my Friend, and God.

THE PRAYER.

WILT Thou not visit me ?
 The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;
 And every blade of grass I see,
 From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
 And every hill and tree
 Lends but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love,
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
 Come, gently as Thy holy dove ;
 And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,
 When Thy storms come, though fierce may be their
 wrath ; *
 But bow with leafy stem,
 And strengthened follow on Thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me,
 Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
 As when from sin set free
 My spirit loves with Thine in peace to dwell.

THE STILL-BORN.

I SAW one born, yet he was of the dead ;
 Long since the spirit ceased to give us birth ;
 For lust to sin, and sin to death had led,
 And now its children people o'er the earth.

And yet he thought he lived, and as he grew
 Looked round upon the world and called it fair ;
 For of the heaven he lost he never knew,
 Though oft he pined in spirit to be there.

And he lived on, the earth became his home,
 Nor learnt he aught of those who came before ;
 For they had ceased to wish from thence to roam,
 And for the better land could not deplore.

Time passed, and he was buried ; lo ! the dust
 From which he first was taken him received ;
 Yet in his dying hour ne'er ceased his trust,
 And still his soul for something heavenly grieved.

And we will hope that there is One who gave
 The rest he sighed for, but the world denied ;
 That yet his voice is heard beyond the grave,
 That he yet lives who to our vision died.

THE UNRIPE FRUIT.

I CANNOT wait, I cannot wait, —
 The grapes, though sour, oh, give to me !
 Or I must pluck them from the vine,
 Before the clusters ripened be.

I cannot wait, I cannot wait, —
 Shake down the green fruit from the bough ;
 'T is hard and bitter to my taste ;
 Yet I must eat it, Father, now.

The grapes still cling, they will not yield
 To my unhallowed hasty hand ;
 I know that thus with gentleness
 Thou dost Thy son's desire withstand.

The bough, though struck with lustful force,
 Will not the fruit Thou gav'st let fall ;
 I know it hangeth closely there,
 My sliding footsteps to recall.

Yes, I will wait and learn of Thee,
 Who giv'st each season to the year ;
 And unto autumn hold'st the fruit,
 For him who walketh in Thy fear.

THE STRANGERS.

EACH care-worn face is but a book
 To tell of houses bought or sold ;
 Or filled with words that mankind took
 From those who lived and spoke of old.

I see none whom I know, for they
 See other things than him they meet ;
 And though they stop me by the way,
 'T is still some other one to greet.

There are no words that reach my ear
 Those speak who tell of other things
 Than what they mean for me to hear,
 For in their speech the counter rings.

I would be where each word is true,
 Each eye sees what it looks upon ;
 For here my eye has seen but few,
 Who in each act that act have done.

THE HOLY CITY.

THERE is a house not built with hands,
 Where all who enter shall abide ;
 Above where eye can reach it stands,
 Whence all depart who here have died.

Beneath, it rests on many a gem
 Dug from the heart's deep, darkest mine ;
 Thou who art toiling now for them
 Shalt see them now in radiance shine.

Of gold its floor, the gold of love,
 Thrice in affliction's fire made pure ;
 There feet of angels ever move,
 For there alone to tread is sure.

The light is brighter than the day,
 That shows its adamantine walls ;
 Thou see'st at times a glimmering ray,
 That to its courts thy spirit calls.

And thou shalt dwell and worship there,
 When thou hast put thy garment on ;
 That house is called the House of Prayer,
 Where all the pure in heart have gone.

THE IMMORTAL.

'T is not that Thou hast given to me
 A form which mortals cannot see ;
 That I rejoice ;
 But that I know Thou art around,
 And though there comes to me no sound,
 I hear thy voice.

'T is not that Thou hast given me place,
 Among a new and happy race,
 I serve Thee, Lord ;
 But that Thy mercies never fail,
 And shall o'er all my sins prevail,
 Through Thine own word.

Its praise has gone abroad ; who hears,
 He casts aside all earth-born fears,
 By it he lives ;
 It bids him triumph o'er the grave,
 To him o'er death dominion gave,
 Thy joy and peace it gives.

STANZAS.

GIVE me an eye that manly deeds
 Shall kindle up with living fire ;
 That rolls enraptur'd at the strains
 Resounding from the heroic lyre.

An eye that does on nature's charms
 With all a lover's fondness dwell ;
 That gazes fixt on mountain height,
 And wanders o'er the shady dell.

An eye that woman's tear will cloud,
 And woman's smile light up again ;
 As when the rays of setting sun
 Succeed the cool refreshing rain.

An eye that at misfortune's tale
 Will shed the sympathetic tear ;
 Forget its faults and kindly seek
 The broken, sorrowing heart to cheer.

An eye that at a friend's reproof
 Shall, bending, mildly own his sway ;

Nor kindling rashly at his words
 Shall madly turn in wrath away.

Is there who has an eye like this,
 To dwell forever next my heart ;
 To share my joy, to share my grief,
 And to my breast his own impart ?

RELIGION.

GATHER round thee treasures bright,
 Bid the purple nectar flow ;
 Will *these* shine with heavenly light
 On thy rayless night of woe ?

If fame's wreath from fellow worm ;
 Thou hast wrested in thy turn,
 It may prove a wreath of flame
 Round thy brows for aye to burn.

Grasp the monarch's rod of power,
 Seize the warrior's iron spear :
 Bid death stay thy coming hour, —
 Think ye he *those* arms will fear ?

What are *these*, — the laurel crown,
 Or the victor's bloody sword,
 Or the monarch's darkest frown,
 Or the miser's glittering hoard, —

What are *these* to that dread might,
 Which both king and slave obey,
 Which can hurl to realms of night
 Yon bright flaming orb of day ?

What are *these* to soul's calm rest ?
 Diamond's price is paid in vain,
 Monarch's might has not possess'd,
 Victor's arm can never gain.

THE NEW SEA.

I HEARD the sound of the wild, heaving sea,
 Its billows had rolled on unheard before,
 For to some vainly-fancied thing I had given
 The name, that gentile nations worship as
 A God. But now I heard without deceit
 Surges that ever roll ; the deep below
 Answering with awful voice the deep above !

The sea was past ; the waters met,
 And o'er the heads of Pharaoh's hosts ; I turned, —
 And saw the proud careering waves ride as
 Reined steeds under some mighty conquerors
 Driven on. It was a day when the battle
 Had been given unto God's chosen sons ;
 And I rejoiced as rose its glorious sun
 Looking o'er land and sea, the inheritance
 Of man new-blessed. And they who beneath its waves
 And on its bed as on the dry land walked,
 God led, stood on the other bank ; and shouts
 Louder than from the sea rose up to heaven.

THE NEW YEAR.

ALL hail, new year ! though clad in storms thou com'st,
 To me thou art a welcome guest.
 'T is sweet to struggle with the wintry blast,
 And, as the cruel storm is raging round,
 To feel within the breast a calm as soft and sweet
 As summer's eve ; to see the snow whirling
 In eddies, like the wide world in passion's
 Eddies mingled, to see and smile is sweet.
 To feel the breast as snow-flake pure which falls
 Upon the cheek ; or if within anger
 Should rise, to know 't will melt as soon into
 The tide of warm and ever-flowing love.

Oh, this is sweet : come, let us look where streams
 The cheering light, and mark rough Winter's gifts,
 The social circle round the evening fire.
 See the fond mother, as with looks of love
 She turns now here, now there, now her children
 Smiles upon, and now their sire ; and see him,
 As the laughing boy he raises, imprint
 Upon his lips a father's kiss ; and from heart
 With bliss o'erflowing now to God a prayer
 Of silent gratitude he gives. What pomp
 Of kings can equal joy afford ; or rank
 With all her envied state ?
 Hadst thou a human heart, thou savage blast ;
 'T would melt at such a sight, and thy rough voice
 Would whisper soft in gentle zephyrs round
 That dwelling.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

AND hast thou come to gaze on me,
 White wandr'er of the air !
 Or dost thou my warm shelter see,
 And ask with me to share ?

Thy merry chirp and rolling eye
 Would seem to laugh at fear ;—
 Thou hast but come my lot to spy,
 And see if joy were here.

But thou wast born far, far away,
 Bright bird of snow and storm !
 And with rude winter learn'd to play,
 And love his savage form.

And when he comes, and o'er the land
 Has flung his fleecy cloud ;
 And on the streams has laid his hand,
 And hush'd their voices loud ;

And driven from each hidden nest
 Thy comrades of the air ;
 And banish'd from the wood's green breast
 The music lurking there, —

Thou hov'rest round his snowy feet,
 And, with his angry howl,
 Thy voice of love is heard so sweet,
 We half forget his scowl.

I bless thee, bird — for He, who lent
 Thee love for one so rude,
 Hath bid thee seek my tenement,
 To wake my gratitude.

Thou 'rt fled — and gone, perhaps, to find
 Thy playmates of the blast ;
 I bless thee — for thou left'st behind
 Thine image ere thou pass'd,

And bid me feel that He, whose eye
 Thy wants doth pitying see
 And through the wintry time supply,
 Will surely succor me.

MY BROTHER FRANKLIN.

I SAW a child, whose eyes had never drank
 The cheerful light of heaven ; yet they were fair
 And beautiful, and oft those mild blue orbs
 Would turn, and seem to seek the forms of those
 He lov'd. Full well he knew them, for we need
 Not sight true friends to know. If stranger's voice
 Or stranger's step obtruded on his ear,
 Shrieking he to his mother closer clung,
 And with his fair yet sightless eyes uprais'd
 Would seem from her, whom best he knew, to ask
 Protection. His ear was tun'd to nicest

Harmony : his voice — sweet as nightingale's,
That in some lone vale of Attica,
'Midst ivy dark, sits warbling her plaintive
Notes. Entranced the shepherd, as he
Hies him home with quicken'd pace, unconscious
Of delay, lingers to hear her evening
Song. Sightless, think not that he was sad, although
The smiles of morn, the blushes of the sun,
When 'neath his crimson canopy of clouds
He mildly sinks to rest ; the evening star,
Seen from behind dark-rolling clouds smiling
Amid the storm ; the moon rising from out
The ocean's bed ; the lofty groves bending
To catch the zephyrs, as they come laden
With balmy spoils from many a flow'ry field ;
The brook leaping from rock to rock, and then
Wand'ring 'mid thickets dark, where scarce the sun
In noon-day heat can penetrate, then through
The wide-extended plain, now flowing smooth,
Now ruffled, hoarsely murm'ring o'er the rocks,
Until it fades in distance from our view ;
And though all the beauties, which with lavish
Hand nature outspreads, all to him were dark ;
Think not, although he ne'er was bless'd
By sights like these, that he was sorrowful.
Oh no. He knew not, felt not he had want
Of that he never had. With what delight,
O sun, would he have view'd thy morning smiles,
Thy evening blushes, when thou sink'st to rest ;
If, into those blue eyes, that roll'd in vain
To find thy light, thy piercing beam had gone !
O star of eve, how beautiful wouldst thou
Appear smiling amid the storm ! and ye,
Fair groves bending to catch the zephyrs ! thou,
O brook, flowing through thickets dark, and wide
Extended plain !
But once, ere he departed to the world,
Where all are bless'd with perfect sight, the want
Of vision dimm'd his eyes with tears — but once,

For mother's fondest care prevented more.
 It was a summer's day, cloudless and fair ;
 Alas ! that summer's day he ne'er beheld !
 The cooling breezes play'd around his head,
 Tossing in sport his golden locks ; as, on
 A bank cover'd with fairest flowers, mirthful
 He sat, near to his paternal mansion.
 The rose bent not beneath his airy touch ;
 The drops of dew, that on it hung, scarce fell,
 And falling seem'd to mourn, that he, who on
 It laid so light a hand, should not behold
 Its beauties. Sweeter to him its fragrance,
 For loss of one makes other senses more
 Acute. Perchance a bee upon his hand
 Alighted. He, dreaming nought of harm, held
 Fast and crush'd it ; but ere that was done, its
 Sting had deeply pierced, and many a tear
 Gush'd from those sightless eyes. Let us from this
 A moral draw : though done by him who ne'er
 Enjoy'd the light of day, 't will serve to teach
 Those, who have always sported in its beams,
 A useful lesson. Oft as vice assails,
 Rememb'ring that it stings both soul and body,
 Let us cast it from us ; but if within
 Us it has taken root and flourish'd long,
 Let us, like that sightless boy, though many
 A pang we suffer in the attempt, with firm,
 Unsparing grasp, crush the dire foe, and be
 Forever free.

THE HOUR.

I ASK not what the bud may be,
 That hangs upon the green-sheathed stem ;
 But love with every leaf I see,
 To lie unfolded there like them.

I ask not what the tree may bear,
 When whitened by the hand of spring ;

But with its blossoms on the air
 Would far around my perfume fling.

The infant's joy is mine, is mine,
 I join its infant sports with glee ;
 And would not for a world resign
 The look of love it casts on me.

Leave not the bird upon the wing,
 But with her seek her shaded nest,
 And then with voice like hers thou 'lt sing,
 When life's last sun-beam gilds the west.

THE OLD ROAD.

THE road is left, that once was trod
 By man and heavy-laden beast ;
 And new ways opened iron-shod,
 That bind the land from west to east.

I asked of Him, who all things knows,
 Why none who lived now passed that way ;
 Where rose the dust, the grass now grows ?
 A still, low voice was heard to say :

“Thou know'st not why I change the course
 Of him who travels? Learn to go ;
 Obey the spirit's gentle force,
 Nor ask thee where the stream may flow.

“Man shall not walk in his own ways,
 For he is blind and cannot see ;
 But let him trust, and lengthened days
 Shall lead his feet to heaven and Me.

“Then shall the grass the path grow o'er
 That his own willfulness has trod ;
 Nor man nor beast shall pass it more,
 But he shall walk with Me, his God.”

TO-DAY.

I LIVE but in the present ; where art thou ?
 Hast thou a home in some past future year ?
 I call to thee from every leafy bough,
 But thou art far away and canst not hear.

Each flower lifts up its red or yellow head,
 And nods to thee as thou art passing by ;
 Hurry not on, but stay thine anxious tread,
 And thou shalt live with me, for there am I.

The stream that murmurs by thee, — heeds its voice,
 Nor stop thine ear ; 't is I that bid it flow :
 And thou with its glad waters shall rejoice,
 And of the life I live within them know.

And hill, and grove, and flowers, and running stream,
 When thou dost live with them, shall look more fair ;
 And thou awake as from a cheating dream,
 The life to-day with me and mine to share.

THE SNOW-DROP.

HAIL, early harbinger of Spring !
 Thy sight can glad remembrance bring
 Of years fled by on swiftest wing,
 Sweet snow-white flower ;
 I'll spend, thy humble praise to sing,
 An idle hour.

Thou boast'st not beauty like the rose,
 That ne'er the blasts of winter knows,
 And lily-hand-protected glows
 In ladies' bower ;
 Thou hid'st thy head amid the snows,
 My bonny flower.

Yet will I seek the wild retreat,
 Where early stray'd my youthful feet,
 And with new joy thy presence greet,
 Sweet snow-white flower ;
 Though youth has fled, again we meet,
 I feel thy power.

Thou hast not stay'd till warm suns smil'd,
 And Spring's soft voice with whispers mild
 First call'd thee forth ; but cradl'd mid the tempest wild
 Thou sprang'st to birth ;
 The image, thou, of many a child
 Of modest worth.

Thus in misfortune's rudest storm
 Will happiness uprear its form,
 E'en on the brink of misery born,
 And beauteous grow ;
 And smile with rosy tints of morn
 O'er night of woe.

THE LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

I SAW on earth another light
 Than that which lit my eye
 Come forth as from my soul within,
 And from a higher sky.

Its beams shone still unclouded on,
 When in the farthest west
 The sun I once had known had sunk
 Forever to his rest.

And on I walked, though dark the night,
 Nor rose his orb by day ;
 As one who by a surer guide
 Was pointed out the way.

'T was brighter far than noon-day's beam ;
It shone from God within,
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THERE journeyed from the south a man,
To One whom in the north he'd seen ;
And many a river's tide rolled on,
And many a city rose between.

At first he traveled hard and strong,
For to his Friend his heart was bound ;
But slow and slower grew his pace,
And many a resting-place he found.

At last forgot he Him he loved,
And that he e'er was journeying there ;
They called him friend whom he had met,
And bade with them their living share.

But soon another journeyed by,
To seek the Friend that first he sought ;
He tarried not, though tempted much,
Nor could from his first love be bought.

Still on he held his noble way,
And he, who had forgot his end,
Gained strength as he beheld him walk,
And rose and found with him his Friend.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

THEY told me, when my heart was glad
And all around but said, Rejoice,
They told me, and it made me sad,
The thunder was God's angry voice.

And then I thought that from the sky,—
 Throned Monarch o'er a guilty world,
 His glance the lightning flashing by,—
 His hand the bolts of ruin hurled.

But now I learn a holier creed
 Than that my infancy was taught ;
 'T is from the words of love I read
 And the sweet lips of nature caught.

Yes, 't was my Father's voice I feared,
 It fills the heaven, the wide-spread earth ;
 It called in every tone that cheered
 Those rosy hours of childhood's mirth.

'T is only on the heedless ear
 It breaks in thunder's pealing wrath,
 Winging the wanderer's feet with fear
 To fly destruction's flaming path.

God dwells no more afar from me ;
 In all that lives His voice is heard,
 From the loud shout of rolling sea
 To warbled song of morning's bird.

In all that stirs the human breast,
 That wakes to mirth or draws the tear,
 In passion's storm or soul's calm rest
 Alike the voice of God I hear.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

WHENCE come those many-colored birds,
 That fill with songs each field and bower,
 When Winter's blasts their force have spent,
 And spring to summer brings her dower ?

I've watched them, but I know not whence
 With voices all-attuned they fly ;

'T is from some distant, unknown land,
Some sunnier clime and fairer sky.

And these the notes they bring, to tell
Of that unseen and distant home ;
To tempt us, who are living here,
With them when Winter comes to roam.

Had I but wings I would not stay,
When chilling cold I feel him near ;
But with them journeying there I 'd fly,
That unknown land of which I hear.

THE BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

I SAW a bunch of flowers, and Time
With withered hand was plucking one ;
I wondering asked him, as I passed,
For what the thing I saw was done.

“ My gifts are these, the flowers you see ;
For her who comes I hold this rose ; ”
I looked ; the nurse held out her child,
Just wakened from its sweet repose.

Its small hand clasped the prize with joy,
Each seemed the other to the eye ;
But soon the flowers' bright leaves were strown,
And while I gazed a youth came by.

The flower Time gave to him he held,
And more admired, and kept awhile ;
Yet as I watched him on his way,
'T was dropped e'er he had paced a mile.

Man kept it longer, — 't was a gift, —
And with it long was loath to part ;
But as he journeyed on I saw
The rose lay withered on his heart.

One aged came ; received Time's gift,
 But as he took it heaved a sigh ;
 It dropt from out his trembling grasp,
 And at Time's feet his offerings lie.

For none could bear away the flower
 That Time on each and all bestows ;
 Nor would I take his gift when he
 To me in turn held out a rose.

NATURE.

I LOVE to sit on the green hill's side,
 That looks around on a prospect wide ;
 And send my mind far away to rove
 O'er flowery meadow and bending grove ;
 That looks in the silent depths below
 At the stranger woods that downward grow ;
 And fly o'er the face of winding stream
 With beach-bird, that starts with sudden scream ;
 Or skim with the gull the still, calm sea,
 Where the white sail sleeps so peacefully ;
 Till I all forget in that waking dream,
 But the sky, grove, sea, and winding stream.

And I hie me to the wood's green breast,
 On the bird's light wing that seeks her nest,
 With swifter flight than she sprang away
 To meet the bright steps of new-born day ;
 Hark ! from the spot to mother so dear,
 Break sweet the cries of young on mine ear.
 See ! on the sable pine grove afar
 Rains silver light from Dian's bright car ;
 And stars steal downward with lovely ray,
 As if from earth to call me away,
 To groves, fields, where flowers of deathless bloom
 Breathe o'er a land unsullied by a tomb.

Ob, grant me an hour, an hour like this,
 To drink from far purer streams of bliss
 Than flow near the dusty paths of life,
 Uptost by madd'ning passion and strife ;
 For my mind comes back with lighter spring
 Than the bird from her weary wandering ;
 With calm more deep than the still bright sea,
 Where the white sail sleeps so peacefully ;
 To join in the world of care again,
 And look on the struggles and strife of men,
 With an eye that beams with as pure a ray
 As call'd my soul from these scenes away.

MY GARDEN.

THE eyes that would my garden see
 Are not that outward objects view ;
 For this my Father gave to me,
 And placed me here my work to do.

At morn, at noon, and evening hour,
 With Him thou 'lt find me at my toil ;
 And when the night dews wet the flower,
 I watch lest thieves my treasures spoil.

Come, see ! the rose is budding here,
 The rose that blooms without a thorn ;
 No weeds the vale-born lilies fear,
 That with their grace the spot adorn.

The lily's cup, the rose is thine,
 If thou wilt give the strangers place ;
 On them thou 'lt read in many a line
 The love that I have learned to trace.

It grows with every springing blade,
 It falls with every evening dew ;
 'T is this the light of morning made,
 And spangles night's dark curtain too.

'T is this that gives each flower to me,
And bids again each gift restore ;
That I may live with Him I see,
And welcome those who pass my door.

THE THIEVES.

THE night was dark and I alone,
When midnight's stillest hours begin ;
There smote my door a heavy stone,
And one for plunder broke within.

He took whate'er I valued high,
My books, and often-counted gold ;
Nor heeded he my strength or cry,
For I was young, and he was old.

My neighbors in the morning came,
Who long had taught me they were mine,
And to a better life laid claim ;
And bade me not for them repine.

For they would all restore to me,
The thief last night had stol'n away ;
And brought these books, this gold you see,
Far more than he had made his prey.

Yet I would not their offerings take,
For they who taught me so to live
That I such gifts mine own would make,
But rob me more the more they give.

HOW LONG ?

'T is all a great show,
The world that we 're in,
None can tell when 't was finished,
None saw it begin ;

Men wander and gaze through
 Its courts and its halls,
 Like children whose love is
 The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
 There are clouds in the sky,
 Songs pour from the woodland,
 The waters glide by ;
 Too many, too many,
 For eye or for ear,
 The sights that we see
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
 Comes down on the mind ;
 So swift is life's train
 To its objects we 're blind ;
 I myself am but one
 In the fleet-gliding show,
 Like others I walk,
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another
 I heard say " How long ?"
 I listened, but nought more
 I heard of his song.
 The shadows are walking
 Through city and plain,
 How long shall the night
 And its shadows remain !

How long ere shall shine
 In this glimmer of things
 The light of which prophet
 In prophecy sings ;
 And the gates of that city
 Be open, whose sun
 No more to the west
 In its circuit shall run ?

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow,
 As when in heartfelt joy
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
 Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now,
Her hand is on my burning brow,
 As in that early hour
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that fond hand first soothed my pains
 With healing power.

My mother's voice ! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
 The Patriarchs of old :
And, gazing downward on my face,
She seem'd each infant thought to trace
 My young eyes told.

It comes — when thoughts unhallowed throng
Woven in sweet deceptive song —
 And whispers round my heart ;
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear and think that she is nigh,
 And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside,
The voice of Friendship, Love, had died,
 That voice would linger there ;
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest
 Or rose in prayer.

PSYCHE.

I SAW a worm, with many a fold ;
It spun itself a silken tomb ;
And there in winter time enrolled,
It heeded not the cold or gloom.

Within a small, snug nook it lay,
Nor snow nor sleet could reach it there,
Nor wind was felt in gusty day,
Nor biting cold of frosty air.

Spring comes with bursting buds and grass,
Around him stirs a warmer breeze ;
The chirping insects by him pass,
His hiding place not yet he leaves.

But summer came ; its fervid breath
Was felt within the sleeper's cell ;
And, waking from his sleep of death,
I saw him crawl from out his shell.

Slow and with pain he first moved ou,
And of the dust he seemed to be ;
A day passed by ; the worm was gone,
It soared on golden pinions free !

THE SUCCORY.

I ASK not what the learned name
Thou hast in musty book ;
I feel thou wouldst the question blame,
Blue Flower, with thy bright look.

Though thou by Learning's lofty seat
Art scattered far and wide,
I will not the hard name repeat
She gives thee in her pride.

I'll ask that playful little child,
 That stooped to pluck thee there,
 What name she gave thee when she smiled
 And placed thee in her hair.

Her infant words shall frame for me
 A name of sweeter tone
 Than Science ever gave to thee,
 To mark thee for her own.

A name a mother's lips have taught
 To call the way-side flower,
 A name with thoughts and feelings fraught
 Of childhood's happy hour.

Still may it wake, sweet child, as now,
 That smile when years have fled,
 And left their wrinkles on thy brow,
 Their silver on thy head.

Still may that name in memory dwell,
 Loved guardian of thy heart,
 And be through life a holy spell,
 Recalling what thou art.

THE SEASONS.

I WILL not call it Spring for me,
 Till every leaf I've seen,
 And every springing blade of grass
 Has its last touch of green ;
 Till every blossom I can count
 Upon the budding bough ;
 Then will I call it spring for me —
 I cannot see it now.

For oft the chilly winds succeed
 Our pleasant, sunny days,

And winter's blustering trumpets drown
The spring birds' early lays ;
And oft the snows returning fill
Their half-built nests and bowers,
And hide from sight the smiling fields
And the sweet, opening flowers.

I will not call the Summer come,
Till every blade shall fall
Beneath the mower's swinging scythe,
The low grass, and the tall ;
Till where each red and white bud stood
Hangs fruit for autumn's hand ;
As yet I cannot say 't is here,
And I must waiting stand.

I will not say that Autumn's hour
Has come, has come to me,
Till every apple ripened hang
Upon the loaded tree ;
Till every flower that decks the spring,
Where'er my path may lead,
Shall shake, and rattle in the wind
Its stalks and cherished seed.

Nor will I say that Winter's here,
Though white with frost the ground,
Till the deep snows have buried all
The fields and hillocks round ;
And every rippling brook that runs
To water grove and flower
I see lie stiffened by his breath,
And hushed beneath his power.

THE TRIENNIAL.

HE reads in a book, he read in a book,
 Many years have swiftly passed
 Since the August morn that saw him look
 For the page where he was classed ;
 He was then a youth, and his clear eye beamed
 As he paused on each comrade's name,
 And visions arose as he thought and dreamed
 Of their pathways to virtue and fame.

This one shall soon win a poet's bays,
 And this in the senate be heard,
 And this one will walk in his own quiet ways,
 That as now he has always preferred,
 A fourth be a teacher and guide to the young,
 Another the priest of our God ;
 Around each beloved name a glory was flung,
 That illumined the paths which they trod.

But now he *turns back* on the Catalogue's page,
 Which shakes in his trembling hand,
 As he slowly reads, with the helps of age,
 The names of that youthful band.
 Not fifty years have come and gone,
 Since first the long column he read ;
 Now on the starred page he stands almost alone,
 As he reads and communes with the dead.

With those who remain he is walking there
 Through the scene of their early days,
 Recalling the joys in which each had a share,
 As they brighten in memory's rays ;
 Though more of the dead than the living they know,
 As they sit in old Harvard's high hall,
 Or muse through its shadowy precincts below,
 They sit and they talk with them all.

Nor small is their pleasure, though saddened the while,
 This remnant from Time's tossing wave ;
 Like mariners cast on some sea-beaten isle,
 Who see everywhere round them a grave,
 Each joys as he tells of his own favored lot,
 Points the rock where he clung for his life,
 While their tears fall for those who can ne'er be forgot,
 Who there entered with them on the strife.

Still meet here, ye few, while the lamp of life burns,
 Where ye met at life's early hour ;
 Where often so fondly the memory turns
 As the spot of her strongest power ;
 Here gladly she 'll soothe your swift-flying days
 With past thoughts of Friendship and Love,
 Till no more ye are found in the world's busy ways,
 But have joined your companions above !

THE GIFT.

THOU gav'st me many a fragrant flower,
 But I have given them all away ;
 T' restore Thy gifts I have no power,
 And when Thou ask'st, what shall I say ?

I'll say Thou taught'st me too to give,
 And I but did what Thou hast done ;
 By doing what Thou dost I live ;
 And then Thou 'lt call me, Lord, Thy son.

'T was Thou who gav'st them all their bloom,
 Each colored leaf its differing hue ;
 And could I selfishly presume
 To hide what Thou bid'st all to view ?

Their sweet perfume they caught from Thee,
 That scented hill and lonely vale ;
 And could there dwell aught good in me,
 And not for others, too, avail ?

'T is not Thy gift ; but that Thy love
 Is infinite in great and small ;
 For even the humblest flower can prove,
 And show Thee, Father, all in all.

. THE DISTANT.

How far hast thou traveled ? Though many thy years,
 And many a day thou hast seen to its close, —
 Hast thou seen to their end all thy hopes and thy fears,
 Or found where the sun has gone down to repose ?

The still-growing leaf that thy door springs beside, —
 Hast thou seen whence it draws all its bright tints of
 green ?
 Or found where the rain or the swift wind can hide,
 Or traced to their deep the clouds' colored screen ?

Nay, has thy sight followed the fire's warm heat
 That burns on thy hearth on the cold winter's day ?
 Or gone with the flame to its hidden retreat
 When thy lamp in the midnight shoots up its last ray ?

Thine eye is but dim if thou hast not found the home
 Of these thy companions in journeying here ;
 Thy feet to the earth's farthest borders may roam,
 Nor thou to the end of life's path be more near.

THE SOUL'S INVITATION.

COME, and enter Heaven, O soul !
 Bring the riches thou hast gained,
 Wealth and honors, bring the whole
 For which thou such toils sustained ;
 Thou hast titles, houses, lands ;
 Costly robes the body wore ;
 All the busy, toiling hands
 Have laid up for thee in store.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

WHAT are all these things to me,
Now that I would upward soar ?
Boundless wealth on land and sea,
I can never need it more.
What are honors, what is power
Man on man doth here bestow ?
They are his but for an hour,
He must leave them here below.

Not with these can I ascend,
And amidst heaven's light appear ;
They nor joy nor grace can lend
In that higher, holier sphere.
Nay, they ever draw me down
To the dark and sinful earth ;
I forget the glorious crown,
And my higher, heavenly birth.

Not in these I put my trust,
But in Him who died to save ;
They are now but glittering dust,
Spoils and trophies of the grave !
In the knowledge of my Lord,
In the love that He has shown,
In the keeping of His word, —
In these things, and these alone,
Trusting, I am not ashamed,
And in heaven may enter in ;
For the Lord my name has named,
And has made me free from sin.

THE WINTER BIRD.

THOU singest alone on the bare wintry bough,
 As if Spring, with its leaves, were around thee now ;
 And its voice, that was heard in the laughing rill
 And the breeze, as it whispered o'er meadow and hill,
 Still fell on thine ear, as it murmured along
 To join the sweet tide of thine own gushing song.
 Sing on, though its sweetness was lost on the blast,
 And the storm has not heeded thy song as it passed ;
 Yet its music awoke, in a heart that was near,
 A thought, whose remembrance will ever prove dear ;
 Though the brook may be frozen, though silent its voice,
 And the gales through the meadows no longer rejoice,
 Still I felt, as my ear caught thy glad note of glee,
 That my heart in life's winter might carol like thee.

THE WITHERED TREE.

It stands 'mid other trees dry-barked,
 Its limbs with moss are overgrown,
 And many a gash its trunk has marked ;
 Men sought for fruit but found there none.

It stood for many years ; the rain
 Fell on it, yet no verdant leaf
 Came forth when stirs the sprouting grain,
 Nor summer's sun could bring relief.

The roots, whence free the sap ascends,
 Had ceased to drink their rich supply ;
 Nor sun nor shower the tree befriends,
 That does not on the earth rely.

I heard the axe, when winter chills,
 Thick, sturdy blows, in haste it fell ;
 And soon no more the place it fills,
 Nor smallest root the spot would tell.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

I SEE them spreading o'er the land,
 The swarming locust fly ;
 More numerous than the small-grained sand,
 They speed them from on high.

O'er golden crops that gallant waved,
 O'er groves with foliage green
 They march ; not e'en the grass is saved,
 Nor hill nor flood can screen.

And lice within men's dwellings creep,
 More small than finest dust ;
 Their kneading troughs, and where they sleep ;
 They eat their flesh like rust.

Repent ! e'er yet your eldest born
 Be stricken at your side ;
 Repent ! e'er yet ye see the morn
 The wave with blood be dyed.

For He who lives will Israel call
 From out their bondage sore ;
 And Egypt's pride again shall fall,
 And Egypt's sons deplore.

THE SERVING-MAN.

LORD, thou hast many a serving-man,
 And better far than I ;
 Yet leave thee, Lord, I never can,
 Nor Him who bought deny.

Thou brought'st me out of bondage sore,
 When sick and faint of heart ;
 And can I ask for service, more,
 Than never to depart ?

A servant now, I'll tend thy sheep,
 Nor know the master's joy ;
 Yet I, if well my fold I keep,
 Shall find a son's employ.

Oh hasten, Father, hasten on
 The days till all are past,
 And Thou, when all my work is done,
 Will call me son, at last.

THE FEAST.

THE hour of noon is fully come,
 Yet none of all I asked are here ;
 And now it grows towards the eve,
 Still none arrive to taste my cheer.

I asked them all ; the rich, the poor,
 For all are welcome to my board ;
 But none will be my guests to-day,
 And eat of what my stores afford.

One busy is at home detained ;
 Another hies him to his farm ;
 Some other day a third would suit ;
 For each there's something else to charm.

But still my house shall be o'erflowed ;
 And they who were not honored first
 Will come when I my servants send
 And at my table quench their thirst ;

But they who scorned my offered feast,
 Shall eat of what their hearts now choose ;
 Till they shall learn to live with me,
 And share the meat which they refuse.

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

My flocks hadst thou e'er seen them, where they feed
 Upon the hills and flowery-vestured plains,
 And heard me pipe to them on shepherd's reed,
 Then wouldst thou leave fore'er thy sordid gains ;

And haste thee where the streams so gently flow,
 Where sounding pines and rocks above me rise ;
 And seek this quiet life of mine to know,
 And learn its simple joys with me to prize.

How quietly the morning melts away
 Into the noon, while on the grass I lie ;
 And noon fades quickly into evening gray
 When troop the stars across the o'erhanging sky.

Here day by day I know nor want nor care,
 For all I need has love paternal given ;
 And bade me bounteous all its blessings share,
 And know on earth the bliss of those in heaven.

Thine be the shepherd's life, his cot be thine,
 And mayst thou sit beside him at his board ;
 Then wilt thou cease to sorrow or repine,
 And to the peace Christ gave Him be restored.

THE LOST SHEEP.

THOUGH many, many sheep I have,
 I leave them all to find the one
 That high upon the mountain strays ;
 And think'st thou not I well have done ?

For all are His who gave them me,
 And bade with closest watching keep,
 Nor suffer one, however poor,
 To wander from his numerous sheep.

Hast thou e'er kept them? Then wilt thou
 A brother in affliction know ;
 And if the lost one thou hast seen,
 Will tell me where for him to go.

And when restored each one shall be,
 With joy our flocks we'll homeward lead ;
 For He who lent them but a day
 Will give us always them to feed.

THE WORLD.

THE end of all thou seest is near ;
 The World that looks so wide and high
 Shall vanish like the melting cloud,
 Nor smallest spot will meet thine eye.

But thou must bid its vesture change,
 And ope another eye within ;
 The spirit calls thee, haste ! arise !
 Awake thee from the death of sin !

Thou sow'st not now what will appear,
 But the bare grain of wrong desire ;
 Soon this shall moulder in decay,
 And then thy new-brought form admire.

Then shall thine eye behold the world,
 From which at first the spirit fell ;
 And kindred never known before,
 In numbers more than words can tell.

Then haste to close that outward eye,
 And stop thee soon thine earthly ear ;
 And thou shalt walk a child of light,
 And Him who breaks thy slumbers hear.

THE SUNSET.

WHEN left the sun the distant west,
 Still lingering there appears his light;
 So when a spirit leaves the world,
 Its sunset rays will point its flight.

None leave it now ; their suns still stand
 Yet high above the horizon's bound ;
 No rays e'er come from other skies,
 To show another world they've found.

If thou hast seen one die from earth,
 Mark well his path along the sky ;
 And when his orb sinks from thy gaze,
 Still on the west keep fixed thine eye.

And follow on, nor doubt the beams
 That upward shoot shall lead thee on,
 To where a sun he'll ever blaze,
 Nor light come back to mark him gone.

MY HOME.

I SOUGHT my home — an earthly guide
 First led me to a house of wood ;
 And there he told me to abide,
 And I was taught to call it good.

But He who teaches all the way
 Oft from my dwelling bade me rove ;
 And when my heart would backward stray,
 He whispered of a home above.

Long time I wandered — still the voice
 Forbade me where I wished to go ;
 Till I would yield to it my choice,
 And only of its leading know.

Then I no longer sought my home,
 For where I was, 't was there to me ;
 Nor could I ever wish to roam,
 My bonds were broke and I was free.

Hast thou not found thy dwelling yet,
 Then leave the guide whose eyes are blind ;
 And thou shalt earth's frail house forget,
 And God's own habitation find.

THE BROKEN BOWL.

THE fountain flows, but where the bowl
 To catch from heaven the living stream
 That ever shall refresh the soul,
 And make life's ills a passing dream ?

'T is broken at the cistern, broke ;
 Its waters spilled upon the ground ;
 The words of old the preacher spoke,
 I too their truth like him have found.

Prepare, prepare new vessels still,
 Though broken fragments round thee lie ;
 Thou must from hence thy pitcher fill,
 And often drink, or thou wilt die.

Behold the Rock, that smitten gave
 To Israel, on the burning sand,
 Life in its cool, refreshing wave ;
 'T will flow when smitten by thy hand.

Ho all that thirst ! come, drink ye all !
 The fountain pours its waters free.
 Come, heed the Saviour's earnest call ;
 Come, every one who thirsts, to me.

THE SILENT.

THERE is a sighing in the wood,
A murmur in the beating wave ;
The heart has never understood
To tell in words the thoughts they gave.

Yet oft it feels an answering tone,
When wandering on the lonely shore ;
And could the lips its voice make known,
'T would sound as does the ocean's roar.

And oft beneath the wind-swept pine,
Some chord is struck the strain to swell ;
Nor sounds nor language can define,
'T is not for words or sounds to tell.

'T is all unheard ; that Silent Voice,
Whose goings forth unknown to all,
Bids bending reed and bird rejoice,
And fills with music Nature's hall.

And in the speechless human heart
It speaks, where'er man's feet have trod ;
Beyond the lips' deceitful art,
To tell of Him, the Unseen God.

THE SPHERES.

THE brightness round the rising sun
It shall be thine if thou wilt rise ;
Thou too hast thine own race to run,
And pour thy light on waiting eyes.

And men expectant eager turn,
Oft where thy coming streaks the east ;
And ask, When shall his glory burn
Aloft to mid-day's light increased ?

And star on star, when thine has lit
 The o'erhanging dome of earth's wide heaven,
 Shall rise, for so by Him 't is writ,
 Who to each sun its path has given.

And all with thine, each wheeling sphere
 In ways harmonious on shall move ;
 Tracing with golden bounds the year
 Of the Great Parent's endless love.

THE BUILDERS.

THERE are who wish to build their houses strong,
 Yet of the earth material they will take ;
 And hope the brick within the fire burnt long
 A lasting home for them and theirs will make.

And one, who thought him wiser than the rest,
 Of the rough granite hewed his dwelling proud ;
 And all who passed this eagle's lofty nest
 Praised his secure retreat from tempest loud.

But one I knew who sought him out no wood,
 No brick, no stone, though as the others born ;
 And those who passed where waiting still he stood
 Made light of him, and laughed his hopes to scorn.

And time went by, and he was waiting still ;
 No house had he, and seemed to need one less ;
 He felt that waiting yet his Master's will
 Was the best shelter in this wilderness.

And I beheld the rich man, and the wise,
 When lapsing years fell heavy on each shed,
 As one by one they fled in lowly guise
 To his poor hut for refuge and for bread.

GIVE, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU.

I WAS heavy-laden, grieving,
 Prest to earth with sense of woe ;
 When a voice, my grief relieving,
 Sounded thus in accents low :

Every man that 's now thy debtor
 Shall his debt to thee repay ;
 Shall restore e'en to the letter
 All thy spirit gives away.

Old and young — the man gray-headed,
 And the boy with nimble tread ;
 They that to the world are wedded,
 All that now by thee are fed.

They, how much shall they return thee !
 Crowded measures running o'er, —
 All that now in spirit owe thee.
 Grieve, my child, then grieve no more.

DECAY.

DISEASE that on thy body feeds
 Is but decay beneath the ground,
 That slowly eats the buried seeds,
 That green above they may be found.

Thou canst not live, save the low earth
 Be quickened by the sun and rain,
 To give thee everlasting birth,
 And change the form thou wouldst retain.

Wouldst thou rejoice with budding stem,
 When spring anew uncurls the leaf, —
 When summer comes gain strength like them,
 And laden be with autumn's sheaf :

Then with them bear that slow decay ;
 It visits you with mouldering grain ;
 And thou shalt spring anew as they
 To die and find thy life again.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

THE light that fills thy house at morn
 Thou canst not for thyself retain ;
 But all who with thee here are born
 It bids to share an equal gain.

The wind that blows thy ship along
 Her swelling sails cannot confine ;
 Alike to all the gales belong,
 Nor canst thou claim a breath as thine.

The earth, the green out-spreading earth,
 Why hast thou fenced it off from me ?
 Hadst thou than I a nobler birth,
 Who callest thine a gift so free ?

The wave, the blue encircling wave,
 No chains can bind, no fetters hold !
 Its thunders tell of Him who gave
 What none can ever buy for gold.

THE ARAB STEED.

AMID his foes that slumbered round,
 The desert chief lay faint and bound,
 And joyless saw the fires of night
 Look silent down from their blue height ;
 For round his heart, as he lay there,
 Gathered the spectres of despair.

His wife, his home, his children, all
 The lonely heart would fain recall

To cheer its darkest hour of gloom,
 Seemed phantoms starting from the tomb,
 That rise when blackening clouds of woe
 Their shadows o'er the spirit throw.

He starts — upon him breaks a voice
 He ne'er had heard but to rejoice,
 The neighing of his sable steed,
 Whose lion strength and lightning speed
 Had been his only, surest trust,
 When round him rolled the battle dust.

The captive cord had fettered fast
 That swiftness of the wingèd blast ;
 But still his lion spirit now,
 Unchained, is struggling on his brow,
 As if there lived a soul of flame,
 No chain could hold, no arm could tame.

He starts — though 't were a sight of pain,
 He still would see that friend again ;
 Again his noble steed would bless
 With his known voice and kind caress.
 Wounded and cut by torturing thong
 He drew his heavy limbs along,
 But when he saw his courser nigh,
 The teardrop started in his eye.

“ I wept not when the thirsty sand
 Drank the warm life blood of my band,
 Nor when I heard the Turk's proud voice
 Loud o'er his fallen foe rejoice ;
 But when I see *thee*, once so free,
 A sharer in my misery,
 The tears my pride forbade to flow
 Fall now unheeded o'er thy woe.

“ No more, mid sabres flashing bright,
 Thou'lt share the rapture of the fight,

Nor hover round the haughty foe,
 With whistling shaft and twanging bow ;
 Nor, when dark danger's hour is near,
 Will thy tried strength my courage cheer,
 And, swift as dust-cloud in the wind,
 Leave far the baffled foe behind.

“ No more shall Jordan's limpid tide
 With coolness bathe thy reeking side,
 Nor thy broad chest in triumph brave
 The dashings of its angry wave ;
 No more, when day's bright beams are spent,
 Thy feet with joy shall seek the tent,
 Where now my children haste to bear
 The camel's milk, thy wonted share,
 And stretch their little hands in vain
 To bid thee take the welcome grain.

“ And must I see thee, then, my brave,
 The desert's lord, a Pacha's slave —
 Shut from the free-trod pastures wide,
 The dwellings of thy native pride ?
 Within the Turk's close prisoned roof
 Shall fetters bind thy swift-winged hoof ?
 No — though these limbs can ne'er be free,
 His hand shall throw no chain on *thee* ! ”
 He said, and bit the cord that bound
 His sable courser's neck around ;
 And while his hands so fondly stroke,
 His voice in struggling accents broke.

“ Go — swift as thou wert wont to speed
 Along thine oft-trod path, my steed.
 Return, and seek the tent, thy home,
 Round which thy footsteps loved to roam ;
 And pass within its folds thy head,
 Where now my infants sadly tread,
 And tell them they shall hear no more
 The voice of love they heard before.”

He ceased, but still his steed remained ;
 No cord now bound, yet love still chained ;
 He could not leave the voice that blessed,
 The hand that had so oft caressed,
 But stoops and smells the thick, strong band
 Which girt his master on the sand,
 Then seized with firm-set teeth the prize,
 And homeward o'er the desert flies.

The night's last stars have left the sky,
 And day has oped his burning eye ;
 And now the steed, by labor spent,
 Has gained, with morn, the well-known tent,
 And lifeless sinks upon the sand
 Where round him throng the startled band.
 In vain the children strive to raise
 His head all silent to their praise,
 And call by each endearing name
 Their hearts' warm sympathy can frame ; —
 No tongue can now recall the life
 That perished in that noble strife,
 The love whose strength was all unknown,
 Until with life that love had flown.

And loud was heard the voice of grief
 For him whose death restored their chief ;
 And maiden's voice and minstrel's song
 The memory of his deed prolong.

KING PHILIP.

“ Upon the next day, Church, discovering an Indian seated on a fallen tree, made to answer the purpose of a bridge over the river, raised his musket and deliberately aimed at him. ‘ It is one of our own party,’ whispered a savage, who crept behind him. Church lowered his gun, and the stranger turned his head. It was Philip himself, musing, perhaps, upon the fate that awaited him.”

PHILIP, has the white man's charm
 Chilled with fear *thy* kingly breast ?

Has his spell unnerved *thy* arm,
 Made *thee* woman like the rest ?

Say, is *this* the arm, whose shock,
 Straight as blazing bolt from heaven,
 Sent thy flashing tomahawk, —
 And the white man's skull was riven ?

Is *this* the hand, whence arrow flew
 Winged with eagle's lightning speed ?
 Did *this* urge thy light canoe,
 Quivering like yon wind-struck reed ?

Yes, this is still the arm, the hand, —
 And there my father's dwelling place ;
 But like thee, lonely Hope, I stand
 Alone amid a stranger race !

My warriors brave, that gathered round
 Thy council fires, thou mountain fair !
 I hear their distant voices sound,
 They call me from the cloudy air.

My wife, my son, — your voices rise
 In murmurs soft as summer's stream ;
 And on my darkened soul those eyes,
 Like stars above, in beauty gleam.

But where art thou, my tender wife ?
 'T is but your image mocks me now.
 Oh ! could I snatch thee back to life,
 And feel thy lips upon my brow,

That touch would fill this wasted frame
 With all my youth's forgotten fire,
 And kindle up the burning flame,
 The hopes I saw with thee expire.

This is your charm, ye hated race !
 No other will my spirit own ;

Ye urge me still in deadly chase,
 Betrayed, abandoned, and alone.

I scorn your power ; could arm avail
 To drive you from my native soil,
 I should not feel my spirit fail,
 This arm would still be nerved for toil.

I bow not : though I feel your might,
 Though round my head your thunders ring,
 And round my heart has gathered night,
 Yet know that Philip still is king.

Still will I guard thee, mountain shrine,
 That looks upon my father's grave ;
 And thou shalt sadly smile on mine,
 And bless the arm that could not save.

And while strange children gather round
 Thy base, my father's ancient seat,
 And thou shalt hear strange voices sound,
 And on thee press the stranger's feet,

Thy pine-clad summit still shall wave,
 And send its mournful music sweet ;
 Above my own, my father's grave,
 'T will rising swell our shades to greet.

THE STARS.

NIGHT's wanderers ! why hang ye there
 With angel look so bright,
 As if ye stooped, bright sons of air,
 From some far distant height ?

Ye gaze upon the sleeping earth,
 Like mother o'er her child ;
 And ye too saw its infant birth,
 And looked on it, and smiled.

And come ye now, when day grows dim,
To bend the listening ear,
And meet the heaven-ascending hymn
From hearts to you so dear ?

Why hear I not that seraph voice,
That woke with earth's first morn ?
And do ye not, bright ones, rejoice
As when ye saw it born ?

Ah ! voiceless now each golden lyre
Has slumbered many a year ;
And each new day ye see expire
Is numbered by a tear.

Yet still ye turn the tearful eye
Upon earth's wayward course ;
For love divine can never die,
Too deep, too pure, its source !

And years shall come, when once again
Your golden lyres shall swell
That sweet, that long-forgotten strain
For aye on them to dwell.

THE PURITANS.

THE CALLING.

THE Voice that spake to Abraham of old,
Go, leave thy country to our fathers, spake ;
And made them, with like faith and courage bold,
The ties of kindred and of home to break.
Austere and strict were they, yet kind and pure ;
Above the common level they had risen,
And, taught by persecution to endure,
Their faith and hopes were fixed on God and heaven.
Why name, amidst those worthies bold and true,
Brave-hearted Endicott, who led the van ;
Or Higginson, who, midst the suffering few,
Lent glory to the name of Puritan ?
Beyond the western ocean's farthest bound
New homes they sought, a Commonwealth to found.

FAREWELL.

“ FAREWELL, dear England, and thy Church, farewell !
Farewell, all Christian friends abiding there ! ”
Such were the words from Puritans that fell ;
A holy benediction and a prayer,
As from Old England's coast our fathers sailed.
Sweet memories and tender filled each heart,
And o'er the sense of all their wrongs prevailed.
How hard from homes and dearest friends to part !
What gave them courage, o'er the ocean wide,
To seek upon this wild and unknown shore
Freedom to worship God, at home denied ?
And what sustained them in the toils they bore ?
Conscience, that doth self-sacrifice approve,
And trust in God's protecting care and love.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE chalky cliffs of England fade away,
 They leave with tears their fatherland behind ;
 The monsters of the deep around them play,
 And onward swift they speed before the wind.
 Backward they gaze, alas ! how soon have fled
 Their happy homes, green fields, and village spires ;
 While all around the waves of ocean spread,
 As if the grave of all their heart's desires !
 Seaward they turn, but lonely, dim, and drear,
 The ocean stretches on as without end ;
 And fancy peoples it with shapes of fear
 And trials hard, with which they must contend.
 With many an anxious thought they seek their rest,
 Dreaming of home, though tossed on ocean's breast.

THE PETRELS.

DAY dawns again : with wondering gaze they see
 The stormy petrels skim the waves' rough crests,
 Or, lighting in the hollows of the sea,
 Securely sit as on their shore-built nests.
 And shall not He, who doth for these provide,
 Without a shelter and without a home,
 His children keep and guard whate'er betide,
 Whate'er their straits, or wheresoe'er they roam ?
 Such thoughts sustain ; for oft, by humble means,
 The Lord instructs the lowly trusting mind.
 Who on his arm alone for safety leans
 Shall, in his Word and works, direction find ;
 Whether on land or sea afar they rove,
 His guardian care and love alike they prove.

AT SEA.

DAY follows day, and week succeeds to week,
And still they sail across the boundless main;
New homes in distant regions far to seek,
And civil and religious freedom gain.
How little do the timid landmen know
Of sailors' toils, and watches on the sea;
When night returns, when loud the tempests blow,
What hardships and what perils there may be!
While safe beneath the sheltering roof they sleep,
Nor heed the rising blast, nor dashing wave,
The seamen must their watchful vigils keep,
Lest ocean, at each moment, prove their grave;
Or, driven by tempests on some desert shore,
They see their native land and friends no more.

AT SEA.

FRAIL woman there and childhood's tender years
Endure the hardships of the seaman's life,
Yielding at times unto their natural fears,
As oft they view the raging billows' strife.
How strange on the wide ocean thus to be,
Where naught is seen around but sea and skies!
Shall they again the shore in safety see?
They ask; and westward gaze with longing eyes.
The gorgeous clouds at sunset mock their sight
With mountains, valleys, forests, harbors near;
But as they fade away with fading light,
Their high-raised hopes as quickly disappear,
And farther e'en than ever seems the land,
Which, but one hour before, looked close at hand.

THE SABBATH.

BRIGHT is the morn and hushed is every sound,
 For e'en the sea has stilled its tossing breast ;
 With reverent looks the seamen gather round,
 And, with the passengers, from labor rest.
 Hark ! rising on the still, bright morning air,
 Their blended voices charm the listening deep ;
 Succeeded by the solemn words of prayer,
 As, on the ocean, they the Sabbath keep.
 The preacher then his lesson doth impart,
 Drawn from God's Word and works which they behold ;
 His simple teachings touch and cheer the heart,
 As he the text of Scripture doth unfold,
 Of trust in God, on sea, as on the land,
 Who holds us ever in His mighty hand.

LAND.

THEY near the coast : the land-birds hover round,
 Far out upon the ocean sent before ;
 With flowers and leaves the rippling waves abound,
 Washed by the tide from off their native shore ;
 The air with fragrant odors too is filled,
 Borne o'er the sea, from unseen, flowery fields, —
 Forerunning signals to the seamen skilled,
 To whom each trifling thing some knowledge yields.
 No lights on island, cape, or rock they see,
 By which to steer their courses through the night ;
 They shorten sail, lest danger there may be,
 And anxious wait for morning's friendly light.
 Day dawns at length. The land ! the land ! they cry,
 And the New World is seen by every eye.

SALEM.

THEY reach a harbor spacious and secure,
With wooded islands at its entrance found ;
And fair, green pastures, springs of water pure,
And pleasant groves of different wood abound.
The rocky hills, that round about it stand,
O'erlook the sea and country far and wide ;
Like the stern chieftains of their native land,
They wear a look of freedom and of pride.
Salem they call the spot. Here peace and rest
From prelates proud and kings they hope to find,
With civil and religious freedom blest ;
Such blessings God will give to all mankind,
And break the double yoke and heavy chain
Which tyrants for their race have forged in vain.

THE LANDING.

SOON from the anchored ship the shore they reach,
Their country's banner floating in the breeze ;
With grateful hearts they gather on the beach,
Then seek the shade beneath the forest trees.
The Planters welcome them with homely cheer,
In their log cabins, on the rising ground ;
O'erjoyed from distant friends again to hear,
That with success at length their prayers are crowned
Their joy how full, how deep, they only know
Who, sick with hope deferred, have waited long ;
And with each day's new light impatient grow,
While hopes and fears their minds alternate throng.
The trial's o'er ! their joy is now complete,
As they old friends with hearty welcome greet !

THE OLD PLANTERS.

NOR lightly pass those early planters by,
 Whose names and fortunes are less known to fame :
 Who can the nobleness and worth deny
 Which ever must adorn a Conant's name ?
 Or who o'erlook the few brave pioneers
 Who with him to this spot in duty clung,
 With none to help through two long trying years ?
 Would that by worthier verse their praise were sung !
 The Christian love that seeketh not her own,
 That envieth not another's gifts, was theirs ;
 And while the name of Salem shall be known,
 Or one descendant in her glory shares,
 The memory of their virtues shall remain
 A theme for history and the poet's strain.

PARADISE.

How lovely in the warm September days
 The hills and groves and winding rivers clear !
 Across the stream, where now I love to gaze,
 They named it Paradise, who first came here ;
 And such, when Autumn changed the forests' hue,
 Dyeing their leaves a thousand varied dyes,
 Did Salem seem unto the pilgrims' view,
 Bathed in the golden light of autumn's skies !
 The grapes hung clustering from the lofty trees,
 The nut groves showered their ripened fruit around :
 'T was all their own, to settle where they please.
 The scattered Planters only here they found ;
 Or Indians roving still from place to place,
 As seasons came for fishing or the chase.

NAUMKEAG RIVER.

UP Naumkeag they sail, and far explore,
 Upon each side the unknown region round :
 Upon the left, the locusts line the shore,
 Where on the sandy bank they still are found ;
 Upon the right the oak and walnut grow ;
 Towards the west high rocky hills arise,
 Where pines and savins dark their shadows throw ;
 While, at their feet, the grassy meadow lies.
 Within the woods strange birds unnumbered sing,
 The lively squirrels leap from tree to tree ;
 The sun-bright brooks their crystal tribute bring,
 To swell the tide that's hastening to the sea.
 On every side, where'er they turn their eyes,
 New sights and sounds the voyagers surprise.

NAUMKEAG RIVER.

MUCH they admire the wild flowers scattered wide :
 The gorgeous asters, purple, white, and blue,
 The golden-rod that fringed the river's side,
 And the wild rose on every side that grew.
 To each new object, bird, or flower, or tree,
 They give the old and fond-remembered name ;
 And though but slight resemblance there may be,
 Called by the self-same word, they seem the same.
 Another robin-redbreast here they find,
 Their morn and evening meals with them to share ;
 They teach their children to it to be kind,
 And oft, in winter, crumbs for it to spare ;
 For not mere creatures of the earth we live,
 But to each scene ideal life we give.

WINTER.

THE perils of the ocean safely o'er,
Their hearts with glad emotions free expand.
Ah, little think they of the trials sore
Which wait them, inexperienced, on the land !
Swift fly the warm and pleasant autumn days,
And Winter comes before they are aware ;
The crimson leaf its near approach betrays,
And morn and eve the keen and frosty air.
The rudest dwellings they can scarcely rear,
Before the blasts of Winter howl around ;
With their cold breath glassing the rivers clear,
And burying deep with snow the frozen ground ;
Making the unknown wilderness more wild,
That late with such a pleasant welcome smiled.

LOCATION.

WITH sturdy blows the echoing woods resound,
Startling their tenants from their leafy lairs ;
The lofty oaks and pines soon strew the ground,
Where each a shelter for himself prepares.
Between the rivers, on the highest land,
They build their cabins to each other near,
That they may thus the savage foe withstand ;
Though brave of heart, his cunning wiles they fear.
Soon curls the smoke above the forest trees,
Marking amidst the wild their chosen spot.
Think not that palaces alone can please ;
Contentment loves to dwell in humble cot,
Where piety and industry reside,
But shuns the gilded domes and halls of pride.

THE HOME.

SEE ! from yon low-roofed cottage shines a light,
To guide the absent homeward on his way ;
On mantled bush, and tree, and meadow white,
It throws its ruddy glare and cheerful ray.
There, sheltered from the storm, the aged sire
And mother with their children gather round ;
Beside the hearthstone and the blazing fire,
When day is o'er, their chief delights are found.
The absent one they welcome from his toil,
And for them all is spread the frugal board ;
Perhaps from sea he brings the fisher's spoil,
Or home returns with what the woods afford ;
The sire doth bless, with grateful heart, the food,
Sent from the bounteous Source of every good.

THE HOME.

THE supper o'er, with books, or converse sweet,
Or lightsome tasks, the happy hours they spend ;
Perhaps some tale of olden time repeat,
Or welcome give to neighbor and to friend.
Of the new country and its sights they tell,
Of Indian wiles and savage beasts of prey ;
And now their voices loud in concert swell,
As pleased they sing some simple, household lay.
Dear Social Joys ! that, on our journey here,
Reflect the hues of heaven's serener clime,
Through the dark vista seen of many a year,
How brightly shines your lamp, undimmed by time,
To guide the wanderer, wheresoe'er he roam,
Till he shall gain his sure, eternal home !

SICKNESS.

WITH sickness and with famine they contend.
No help can reach them till another year ;
The dreary winter seems to have no end,
And oft the savage foe awakes their fear.
From want, exposure, and attendant ills,
Full eighty of their number sink and die ;
Grave after grave Death unrelenting fills,
And side by side the strong and feeble lie !
How dear is sympathy in our distress,
As did the Puritans in trouble prove !
A kind physician comes to heal and bless,
The messenger of Plymouth's early love ;
Such help as sufferers can to sufferers send
The Plymouth pilgrims to their brethren lend.

LONGING.

How oft, with homesick hearts, their fancy flies
Back to Old England o'er the wintry main !
And thoughts of distant friends bedew their eyes,
Whom they on earth may never see again.
Musing, they start amid the deepening gloom,
And think the forms of distant friends they see ;
And e'en at times, within the darkened room,
The buried dead with them would seem to be !
Sickly and weak, how oft, with anxious gaze,
From yonder hills they searched the ocean o'er !
Spring slowly comes, with many backward days,
Before the longed-for fleet has reached the shore ;
When scarce provisions for a week remain,
Their failing strength and courage to sustain.

WINTHIROP'S FLEET.

BUT help arrives ! The welcome fleet appears,
From the high hill-top first by one perceived
Far out at sea ; then up the harbor steers ;
Scarcely for joy the tidings are believed.
Soon friend clasps friend in heartfelt warm embrace ;
Awhile their mutual sufferings are forgot ;
Mindful alone they see each other's face,
And share again for life each other's lot.
And welcome, too, the comforts and supplies
Which, in their strait, the timely vessels bring.
From house to house the message quickly flies ;
To each how precious then the smallest thing, —
Taught by stern want and hard necessity,
In things we little prize their wealth to see.

ARABELLA JOHNSON.

As fades the delicate flower of Southern skies
Transplanted to our cold New England shore, —
At the first chilling touch of Winter dies,
And we behold its beauteous tints no more, —
So did the Lady Arabella fade,
The fairest flower of Winthrop's numerous band.
Near yonder shore her fragile form is laid,
Mourned by each plaintive wave that beats the strand.
A courtly splendor and a life of ease
She left for one of trial, want, and pain ;
Seeking her conscience and her God to please,
And counting loss for Christ eternal gain,
A ministering angel to his suffering fold,
She shared the hardships of the strong and bold.

SPRING.

THE Spring returns, and, with fresh ardor filled,
Their interrupted labors they renew ;
The land is cleared, the virgin soil is tilled ;
Some the stout oaks for houses fell and hew,
Some build a fort against their savage foe,
Some guard from beasts and birds the springing grain,
While some in boats to sea a fishing go,
To dare the perils of the stormy main ;
With energy and zeal the work proceeds ;
No one is idle, and they all unite
In common cause, as each assistance needs,
By which the heaviest labors are made light ;
For the same ardor every bosom fires,
And one great object here on earth inspires.

MOTIVE.

THEY came not from afar from lust of gain,
Which lures adventurers to a distant shore ;
Nor followed they some mighty conqueror's train,
Whose track through earth is red with human gore ;
No common purpose did their souls inspire,
No earthly object did their vision fill ;
God's Kingdom here to found their sole desire,
And, unmolested, here to do his will ;
For this He called them from their native land,
For this He led them through the pathless sea,
For this upheld them by his mighty hand,
In sickness, death, and bitter poverty ;
Causing e'en savage hearts to melt, and share
With them, in their distress, their scanty fare.

THE CHURCH.

SOON to his Name they rear a temple rude,
 Where they may worship God, the Lord of all ;
 First Church of Christ, in this vast solitude,
 Gathered and formed obedient to his call.
 With simple forms, they for themselves ordain
 A pastor and a teacher them to lead,
 Their minds in their great trials to sustain,
 And with the bread of life their hunger feed.
 Amidst the service, lo ! a pilgrim band,
 By adverse winds and waves, till then delayed,
 From Plymouth comes, to offer the right hand,
 With messages of love, and cheer conveyed ;
 May sacred bonds, thus formed in early days,
 Endure when temples built with hands decay !

WORSHIP.

BUT still preserved by pious care, behold,
 As if too sacred for Time's ruthless hand,
 The house our fathers built to God of old,
 Its ancient form unchanged as once they planned !
 Assembling there, they meet for praise and prayer,
 And reverent listen to the preachèd word,
 As Higginson with eloquence declares
 The truths of God, with which his soul is stirred.
 In psalms and hymns together too they raise
 Their notes of gratitude and holy joy ;
 No tremblings mingle with their tuneful lays,
 For none there are their worship to annoy ;
 Inspired with Christian liberty they sing,
 And with their songs the desert places ring !

SONG.

THEY sing of Zion, city built of old,
Jerusalem compacted, high, and fair ;
Whither the tribes went up their feasts to hold,
And where established thrones of judgment were.
They sing how God, in ancient times, had led
His chosen people through a desert way,
How He by miracle their hunger fed,
And mighty acts by Moses did display ;
How He drove out the heathen from their place,
And gave His people in their land to dwell,
That they might ever stand before His face,
And of His deeds to children's children tell,
And, while they kept His holy just command,
Inherit still, as theirs, the promised land.

FORMS.

THEY envy not the vast cathedral's pile,
Its high-hung roof filled with the organ's sound,
Its pictured windows, and the long-drawn aisle,
With dim religious light o'er all around ;
Its ceremonial forms seemed stiff and cold,
No more the vesture of immortal Truth,
But rather like her cast-off garments old,
Which once she wore in infancy and youth :
In manhood's form to them did she appear,
From childish rites and childish errors free,
In virtue and in discipline severe,
And beckoned them across an unknown sea ;
In a new world, with worship free and pure,
To found a church, which ever should endure.

THE BIBLE.

THAT church they founded on the Word of God,
Thy Word is Truth, their single, only creed ;
Obeying this they feared not princes' nod,
And this from prelates' iron yoke had freed.
As the one Spirit did its words reveal,
They strove its holy precepts to obey ;
From this in church and state was no appeal,
For none God's just commandments could gainsay.
Within the family, and in the school,
That Word was morn and eve devoutly read.
Ye, their descendants, still observe the rule,
Not by the letter, but the Spirit led ;
So shall our social fabric stand secure,
Long as the sun, and moon, and stars endure !

PROGRESS.

NEW depths of truth, within the holy Word,
They saw from age to age would be revealed,
As men, to revelation's light restored,
Pondered the Book by priestcraft long concealed.
By this the reformation of the church they sought,
That pure and perfect it might rise again,
Built on the Corner Stone, that brings to naught
The creeds and systems formed by erring men ;
The right to search the Scriptures they maintained,
Each for himself, unbiased and alone ;
Such was the right, which Christ himself proclaimed,
Who would to every soul his truth make known ;
That each from human bondage might be free,
And all in one great family agree.

THE COMMON SCHOOL.

THE school-house next they build, a structure small,
 Near to the meeting-house, upon the green ;
 A noble structure, built like that for all,
 Noble, though in appearance rough and mean ;
 But judge not by the sight, the purpose scan ;
 An angel guest oft comes in lowly guise,
 And, on some narrow scale, the mightiest plan
 Works unperceived, at first, by human eyes :
 Here all the young were taught to read and write,
 The rich and poor the same great boon enjoyed ;
 So long withheld in Superstition's night,
 Who would the mind's fair temple have destroyed,
 And those, who sought to instruct and bless mankind
 Within her dungeons' rayless depths confined.

A CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

SEEKING a Christian Commonwealth to found,
 Our fathers deep its true foundations laid
 In pure religion and in learning sound,
 By wise instructors to the young conveyed ;
 They sought no harvest, where they had not sown
 Broadcast the seeds of Christian knowledge pure ;
 They knew that by its fruit the tree is known,
 By Virtue only can a State endure.
 In vain did they unto the red men preach
 The truths revealed by God mankind to save ;
 In vain the arts of life they sought to teach,
 And Learning's lore upon their minds engrave ;
 Heedless of knowledge, they must soon decay,
 Before a wiser race they melt away !

THE STATE.

NOT bound, by slavish bondage, to the past,
They a new form of government unfold,
Which shall the mighty monarchies outlast
Founded by kings and conquerors of old ;
For this was founded on the rights of man,
And all alike might in its freedom share ;
No worldly scheme, no narrow, selfish plan
Did they for this vast continent prepare.
Self-government their high and noble aim,
Events their teacher, Providence their guide,
Their polity a gradual growth became ;
Oft was the State by error, conflict, tried ;
Yet still advancing toward the perfect goal,
The highest good and welfare of the whole.

THE PURITAN CHURCH AND STATE.

YE, who behold the State in grandeur rise,
By Industry and Virtue still sustained,
Learn from the page of History to be wise ;
By the same arts it rose a State's maintained.
Remember too your father's early toil,
When first adventuring to this distant shore ;
How slowly they subdued the stubborn soil,
And every want and every suffering bore,
For conscience' sake, that doth uphold the just ;
From their example learn ye to endure,
And in your fathers' God still place your trust ;
So shall you find his word of promise sure,
And when you hear of Massachusetts' name,
Blush with an honest pride to own her fame.

INFLUENCE OF PURITANISM.

SEE, gentle as the light, her influence spread
 From State to State, from east to western shore ;
 Till, like the night, the shadows all are fled
 And Ignorance shall cloud our land no more.
 The Indian tribes, far wandering, shall behold
 The beams of knowledge on their pathway shine,
 And of the Gospel's sacred truths be told,
 And own their power and influence all divine ;
 The African, with new-awakened mind,
 Rejoice in Freedom's full and perfect day,
 And blessings, in the coming ages, find,
 Far more than shall for all his wrongs repay ;
 And universal as the race of man
 Shall be the name and praise of Puritan.

DISCONTENT.

SIGH not for richer lands nor milder skies,
 Ye whom these hills and ocean's prospect bound ;
 Within the mind itself man's fortune lies,
 And where men are, are power and riches found.
 Sigh not for California's golden strand,
 Nor covet the broad prairie's richer soil ;
 By steady industry on sea and land,
 Your frugal wants supply by honest toil,
 And richer harvests in the virtues reap
 Of those who made these rocky shores their home,
 And here on sunny hill-sides saintly sleep,
 Than they who to earth's farthest borders roam ;
 For these have left to earth, and sea, and sky,
 A beauty of the soul that cannot die !

CONCLUSION.

DESCENDANTS of the Puritans ! whose fame
Shall brighter grow with every coming age,
See that ye tarnish not their honest name,
But add new lustre to the historic page ;
Yours are the church and state for which they fled
Their fatherland, and sought this distant shore ;
For which in after times they fought and bled,
And every want and every suffering bore ;
In their free spirit still your rights maintain
'Gainst every secret, every open foe ;
The laws of God above all laws sustain,
And in your minds and hearts His precepts know ;
Till earth, restored from error and from sin,
Her great Millennial Day of Love and Peace begin !

RELIGIOUS SONNETS AND POEMS.



ON THE FIRST CHURCH,

BUILT BY THE PURITANS IN 1634.¹

STILL may it stand! for Time himself has spared,
As if by miracle, the humble fane
In which our fathers worshiped, when they dared
To seek religious freedom o'er the main;
Though poor and perishing unto the sight,
A glory seems to rest upon the place;
Its walls and roof are lit with heavenly light,
While we its history and purpose trace.
Their simple worship seems again restored,
Again we hear the hymn, the heart-felt prayer,
With them we listen to the preached Word,
And in each hallowed rite and service share;
Long as a sacred relic may we hold
The Church our fathers built to God of old.

¹ Formerly standing on the estate of David Nichols, Esq., in the rear of Boston street. Now removed from thence, and placed behind the Plummer Institute on Essex street.

THERE SHALL BE ONE FLOCK, ONE
SHEPHERD.

PROPHETIC thought of Unity and Peace,
That ever filled the blessed Saviour's mind!
When men from cruel wars and strife should cease,
And friendly intercourse the nations bind.
One Shepherd and one flock there then shall be,
By the good Shepherd guided, watched, and fed,
Dwelling in peace, or wandering safe and free
In pastures green, and by still waters led.
Not to exalt one nation did he come,
But all to gather in one sacred fold;
To make of earth, as heaven, a peaceful home,
By prophets long in prophecy foretold.
Hasten, ye Ages, till the world fulfill
The word of Christ, and learn the Father's will.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHANNING.

STERN creeds and outward forms must pass away;
Their purpose served to guard the Life within;
We hail the advent of a milder day
Whose dawn on earth at length we see begin;
Channing, though thy frail form no more we see,
Nor hear, as once, thy calm persuasive voice,
Thou livest still! We hail thy Jubilee,
And in thy growing influence would rejoice.
The love of God and man, thy simple creed;
The love of man as an immortal soul,
That has the slave from cruel bondage freed,
And shall War's desolating wrath control.
Still may thy influence spread from clime to clime,
And win new victories with the years of time.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR
THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED.

How hard the truth of words like these to feel,
To realize a promise such as this !
Yet have they balm the heart's deep wounds to heal
That mourns the loss of friends and earthly bliss.
For they were spoke by Him who knew our lot,
A sorrowing man, who felt and shared our grief,
Who ne'er the lowliest sufferer forgot
To whom His mighty power could bring relief.
Still from on high the Comforter He sends,
That fills with joy and peace the lonely heart,
As once he gave unto His dearest friends
That should abide with them, and ne'er depart ;
Oh ! that earth's sorrowing children all might know
The Heavenly Gift the Saviour doth bestow !

THE WIDOW.

A GREATER tribute than the Temple's height,
Its solid walls and sounding minstrelsy,
And all that there the senses vain delight,
Is that lone widow's worship, Lord, to Thee.
In her ill-furnished chamber there alone,
She opes the Book which Thou hast given to all,
And on her knees, before Thy gracious throne,
For light, and strength in this her need doth call.
And she shall find them ; what the boasting pride
Of minster-service promised her in vain ;
Though late she seeks she shall not be denied,
She through Thy Son Eternal Life shall gain ;
When left by crowds, Thou, Father, still art near,
And dost delight the lonely one to hear.

THE MIND THE GREATEST MYSTERY.

I THREW a stone into a cavern deep,
And listening heard it from the floor rebound ;
It could not from my thought its secret keep,
Though hidden from the sight its depth I found ;
I dropped a lead into the ocean brine,
That silent sank ; I sought its depth to know ;
And the swift running of the deep-sea line
Told me how far was ocean's bed below ;
By geometric skill I spanned the sky,
And found how far from earth the fixèd star ;
Through widening spaces glanced my wondering eye,
Where the last sun lights up the heavens afar ;
But when, from these, I turned to explore the mind,
In vain or height or depth I sought to find.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

A HIGHER thought than fills the narrow mind
Of selfish states, that seek some private end,
Did once these States with us together bind,
And to the Union power and glory lend.
'T was Liberty which made us great and free,
A nation midst the nations of the earth ;
A higher hope, a nobler unity,
Gave to each State a new, diviner birth !
That thought still lives, and still asserts its power
O'er selfish pride, and every hateful foe ;
It guards our country in its evil hour,
And doth new life and energy bestow ;
Will with a higher Freedom lead us on,
And as of old, of Many make us One.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

THE darkest hour that falls upon the earth
 Is that before the coming of the dawn,
 When light with darkness struggles for its birth,
 And help divine for man seems oft withdrawn.
 In vain the eye would penetrate the gloom
 And look beyond the darkness of the hour,
 To see of Wickedness the fated doom,
 Or Virtue's Kingdom come with mightier power.
 Thus when, amidst convulsive throes of old,
 Christ's kingdom in its glory should appear ;
 He the dark hour before the day foretold,
 In signs and wonders to his followers clear ;
 And bade them earnest watch, and earnest pray,
 Until in splendor rose his peaceful day.

OUTWARD CONQUESTS NOT ENOUGH.

'T is not enough to overcome with arms, —
 These may the body, not the mind subdue ;
 A mightier foe, within, the spirit harms,
 Than that the armed warrior ever knew.
 Here Ignorance and Error still prolong
 Their ancient rule, and dread the coming light ;
 And, joined with them, Ambition, Pride, and Wrong
 Muster their hosts, and, leagued with darkness, fight.
 These not by carnal weapons are o'erthrown,
 But by the power of light, and truth, and love ;
 Weapons the warrior's hands have never known,
 Sent from the armory of God above ;
 Boldness to speak, the quick and powerful Word,
 That sharper is than his two-edged sword !

THE CAUSE.

THE body sick, the cause we seek to find,
 In head, or limb, or ever-beating heart ;
 Or in the secret workings of the mind,
 Nor rest till we have found the suffering part.
 Once found, we use our utmost power and skill
 The cause itself of suffering to remove ;
 Nor do we bear a single pain, or ill,
 Till every healing remedy we prove.
 And why should nations mighty ills endure,
 War's horrid scourge, and Slavery's ancient wrong,
 Nor seek to find their cause, or found, to cure,
 But still from age to age their guilt prolong, —
 Till by some sudden shock, or slow decay,
 Their greatness, like a shadow, pass away ?

SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

THE BOOK OF JONAH, II. 9.

“ SLEEPER, arise and call upon thy God ! ”
 The master to the sleeping prophet cried,
 As to and fro with anxious fear he trod
 And vainly every art for safety tried.
 E'en Superstition owns a Higher Power,
 And doth upon its gods in trouble call ;
 When mighty tempests rise, in danger's hour,
 It doth before its idols prostrate fall.
 And shall not we, whom Faith's bright beams illumine,
 Who to the One True God our worship pay,
 Call on His Name, amid the deepening gloom,
 Bow at His altars, at His footstool pray ?
 Christians, arise, and call upon *your* God,
 Who o'er the nation lifts his chastening rod !

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC
TELEGRAPH.

SWIFT to the western bounds of this wide land,
Swifter than light, the Electric Message flies ;
The continent is in a moment spanned,
And furthest West to furthest East replies.
While War asunder drives the nearest States,
And doth to them all intercourse deny ;
Science new bonds of Union still creates,
And the most distant brings forever nigh !
I hail this omen for our Country's cause ;
For it the stars do in their courses fight !
In vain men strive against the eternal laws
Of Peace, and Liberty, and social Right,
Rebel against the light, and hope to stay
The dawn on earth of Freedom's perfect day.

THE COMET.

STRANGE visitant ! that burst'st upon our sight,
And with thy meteor splendors fill'st the sky ;
From what far distant bourn, what starless night,
Com'st thou, in terror clad, to every eye !
Amidst the stars' unquenched, eternal fires,
I see thee like some mighty warrior burn,
Who, with his flaming sword upraised, aspires
A seat among their peaceful spheres to earn.
But vain the strife ! Soon in the depths of space
Thou 'lt vanish, and thy place no more be found !
The astronomer thy path may never trace,
Nor know the years of thine appointed round ;
While, moving on in its benignant sphere,
Nightly each star the heart of man doth cheer.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SOUL.

THE birthday of the soul, how sweet its dawn !
It comes to me, and yet for all it is ;
Upon the skies its colored form is drawn,
The green earth says 't is hers, the sea 't is his ;
The voice of feathered tribes, thick swarming, tell
The day is born to fields and waiting grove ;
The meadow's song and forest's rising swell
Are heard by gladsome winds that o'er them rove ;
'T is music all : but higher notes than these
Bear witness, also, to the day's glad birth ;
They but the ear of sense a moment please,
The song I hear is not of sense or earth
But such as waiting angels joyful sing
When from its wanderings home a soul they bring.

NATURE REPEATS HER LESSONS.

NATURE repeats her lessons ; day and night,
With the same solemn words, to all return ;
To all the morning comes with cheering light,
And over all the stars of evening burn.
The seasons, to their coming ever true,
Repeat the lesson of the varied year ;
The early flower, the fading leaf we view,
But their oft-spoken words we fail to hear.
For thoughts of pleasure, or of sordid gain,
Possess the heart and cloud the seeing eyes ;
Nature in youth and manhood speaks in vain,
For trifles light her wisdom we despise ;
And e'en in age at last, when wiser grown,
But half her meaning to our minds is known.

ON RECEIVING A FLOWER

FROM THE REV. C. H. A. DALL, IN INDIA.

FAIR flower! from one who toils in distant land,
 Preaching a gospel sent the world to save;
 Welcome! for thou wast plucked by his own hand,
 And safe hast reached me here o'er land and wave.
 Why need I ask, "What tidings dost thou bear?"
 When in thy form a Father's love I see,
 Who for the grass, and tender flower doth care;
 Much more for us, wherever we may be.
 Dear friend! though now with dangers compassed round
 And far from home, and all the heart holds dear,
 Still mayest thou be as ever faithful found,
 Trusting in God without one anxious fear;
 Whose Word will hush all strife, and bring the day,
 When wars from the whole earth shall pass away.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

FRIEND of the slave, and friend of all mankind:
 He felt for all that suffering man doth feel,
 And labored through his life, with humble mind,
 The cause of all his suffering to reveal.
 He preached deliverance to the captive slave,
 Justice and mercy to his cruel lord;
 Strong in His faith and love, who came to save,
 And bring fulfillment to the prophet's word;
 Thou sow'dst not seed in vain; in want and tears
 Oft journeying from place to place alone;
 The rich reward of all thy toils appears,
 A glorious harvest waves where it was sown;
 And countless reapers with their sickles stand,
 Reaping what thou didst sow with single hand.

THE OLD ORGAN,

OF THE EAST SOCIETY, SALEM.

BURDENED with precious memories of the past,
 How oft again thy mighty voice I hear ;
 Now rising, like the solemn swelling blast,
 Now falling sweet and plaintive on the ear !
 Expressing all the heart unuttered feels,
 Its longing for another, higher life ;
 The grief and sorrow that no word reveals,
 The outward conflict, and the inward strife.
 And as the organist, with ready skill,
 Touches the keys, again the school I see
 Gathered around, and all the choir they fill ;
 Still lingers in my heart the melody
 Of youthful voices, joined in concert sweet,
 Within the choir, where we were wont to meet.

SONNET,

TO THE REV. JAMES FLINT, D. D., ON READING HIS
 COLLECTION OF POEMS.

THE Poet often strives, on eagle's wings,
 Above the earth and all it holds to soar ;
 Forgetting humble and familiar things
 Which touch the heart and thus improve us more.
 Not such thy Verse, beloved and honored friend !
 Which loves our earthly griefs and joys to share,
 And doth amusement with instruction blend,
 Dwelling on every object grand and fair.
 Of change it tells, propitious or adverse,
 That in Time's flight our own New England's known ;
 And doth in pensive, pleasing strains rehearse
 The changes which old Harvard's halls have shown.
 Thine too are hymns that elevate and cheer,
 And all our homes and temples more endear.

CHRIST ABIDING FOREVER.

I FOLLOWED Christ and vainly hoped on earth
 That he would stay, and in the flesh would dwell ;
 I knew not that He came of heavenly birth,
 As doth the loved disciple of Him tell.
 Sudden He left me here ! and much I grieved,
 And wandered on in sorrow and alone,
 Till in His resurrection I believed :
 Then He appeared again, who just had gone ;
 Spake of His kingdom which must soon prevail
 O'er all the earth and evermore remain ;
 The foes which for a time would it assail ;
 Then He ascended up to heaven again,
 Sending the Spirit that the heart doth fill
 With joy and peace and power to do His will.

THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH NOT VAIN.

Is that Philosophy, which doth declare
 That man the Truth may seek but never find ?
 Do all its teachings end but in despair ?
 Knows it but this, that Wisdom's self is blind ?
 Such might the ancient sages have confessed,
 On whom the Truth undimmed had never shone ;
 Not he, whose mind its noon-day beams have blessed,
 And who, from earliest years its words have known.
 Those words to Him who spake them ever lead
 To Christ, to God, who doth the truth inspire ;
 Not vain the search, if in His Word we read,
 And of the sacred oracles inquire,
 Where he who seeks the truth will surely find
 The world's True Light which lightens every mind.

THE DEAD ELM.

IT stands amidst the beauty of the Spring,
Its graceful outline stretched against the sky ;
Warm suns, and rains which life to others bring,
Blossoms and leaves to it alone deny.
A subtle gas has been its fatal foe,
Through all the ground the noxious fumes have spread ;
Its roots have drunk the poisoned stream below,
The noble elm, roots, trunk, and limbs, is dead !
So, without sign of aught the soul can harm
Amidst a sinful world, it droops and dies ;
Concealed, the evil gives it no alarm,
When from gross vice with wings of fear it flies ;
Its subtle foe is in the air it breathes,
Mixed with the very food on which it lives.

EACH DAY A PROPHECY.

WHAT image of a higher, holier day
Does each returning sun earth's children bring ?
Bright as o'er land and sea he takes his way
He seems the herald of the heavenly King ;
Before him fly the murky shades of night
That veil from sight earth's plains and mountains high ;
The sea's thick rolling vapors take their flight,
And vanish upward in the kindling sky.
I gaze upon the scene and from within
A light too streams upon the suffering earth ;
I see the promised day of God begin,
And all earth's children share the second birth ;
And to my mind the image doth unfold
Of life, and joy, and peace, so long foretold.

UNTIMELY ARGUMENTS.

THOU arguest wisely, with profoundest skill,
 Forgetful that the world doth onward move ;
 That, swifter than thy thought the active will
 Doth all thy arguments but useless prove.
 He who on shipboard has outsailed his foe
 Cares not for lessons in the sailing art ;
 The other may the science better know,
 But he has gained e'en at the first the start.
 'T is not the time for speech or calm debate,
 When like the waves event event succeeds ;
 Thy reasonings may be good, but come too late
 To serve man's good or check his evil deeds ;
 Already doth the event the case decide,
 And faithful from the faithless too divide.

MAN'S HEART PROPHESETH OF PEACE.

A SAD confession from the heart of man
 It is, that War, dark hateful War must be ;
 That ever thus, e'en since the world began,
 Has been on earth the dire necessity !
 Behold, he says, the truth on History's page,
 Written in blood upon her lengthening scroll ;
 The warrior's wreath, still green from age to age,
 And warlike glory still man's highest goal !
 But deeper look, O man, into thy heart,
 And Peace a mightier need thou there shalt see ;
 As yet thou know'st thy nature but in part,
 What thou hast been, but not what thou shalt be !
 And read the promise of God's holy Word,
 That nations shall no more lift up the sword.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

WITH the same letter heaven and home begin,
 And the words dwell together in the mind ;
 For they who would a home in heaven win,
 Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
 Be happy here, yet with a humble soul,
 That looks for perfect happiness in heaven ;
 For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
 Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
 As once the patriarch in vision blest
 Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
 And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
 Became to him the gate of heaven below ;
 So may to thee when life itself is done
 Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

THE RECONCILING POWER.

O POWER ! that waits not on man's feeble will,
 Though granted still to faith, and hope, and prayer ;
 Thy gracious purposes in us fulfill,
 And may we in Thy favor ever share.
 Vain is the people's strength, the ruler's power ;
 The statesman's wisdom and his arts are vain ;
 They hasten not on earth the blessed hour
 Which Thou in Thine own keeping doth retain.
 The world, with its vain shows, doth souls divide ;
 Renew in all the simple heart of youth,
 That friend from friend, by passion sundered wide,
 May live again the life of love and truth.
 Still mightier energies thou hast in store,
 Than those with which the world has yet been blest :
 Enduring peace, ne'er known on earth before,
 The nations' Sabbath, the Millennial Rest.
 O'er our wide land Thy quickening influence send,
 That as one people we may soon rejoice ;
 That party strife and pride may have an end,
 Subdued and healed by Thine all-powerful voice.

HINDOO CONVERTS.

ON THE DOMESTIC TRIALS OF HINDOO CONVERTS.

Report of Unitarian Mission in India.

"I CAME to cast a fire into the earth,"
 The Saviour said, that error shall consume
 The false beliefs, which in the mind have birth,
 And with the Truth its inmost depths illumine.
 And what will I, if now it kindled be,
 And natural kindred for a time divide?
 The end of all their trials I foresee,
 And heavenly mansions for their rest provide.
 "*Endure unto the end!*" That cheering word
 Doth still encourage all His chosen saints;
 They look to Him, their Master and their Lord,
 Whene'er in trials sore the spirit faints;
 Patient endure the danger and the strife,
 And tried, receive at length the Crown of Life!

THE DEATH OF MAN.

ALL Nature dies! Wide over hill and plain
 The forests brown and withered meet the eye;
 The flowers are gone, the birds will not remain,
 The grass, so green of late, is pale and dry.
 But what is Nature's death, though far and wide
 Thou see'st the emblems of her sure decay,
 To Man's; to whom in soul thou art allied,
 And who but now unnoticed passed away!
 Daily he passes; in the lowly shed,
 In the high palace, 'neath the open sky;
 No world-wide symbols mark that he is dead,
 No gorgeous splendor draws thy wondering eye;
 Yet passed there from thee all that Heaven could give,
 And more than could within all Nature live!

THE FULNESS OF THE GENTILES.

SWIFT speeds the time, the time long since foretold,
 When all the nations shall be gathered in ;
 The scroll of Prophecy be all unrolled,
 And a new Age, a grander Age begin !
 By signs the day its coming doth portend,
 In swifter intercourse the nations meet,
 Old dynasties are hastening to their end,
 The electric wire its circuits doth complete.
 O Love, that did the Apostle's bosom swell,
 And gave him knowledge of the mystery high,
 And fitting words, that mystery to tell ;
 Would that like him, we saw Christ's Kingdom nigh !
 Come, Church Triumphant ! in thy glory come ;
 And gather all earth's weary children home !

THE INTUITIONS OF THE SOUL.

IN every soul is born some thought of God,
 Of Beauty, or of Wisdom, Power, or Love ;
 No one so groveling on the earth has trod,
 But sought on sun-bright wings to soar above.
 For man in God's own image first was made,
 And dimly in himself these thoughts beholds ;
 The same in Nature, too, he sees displayed,
 As she to him her glorious book unfolds.
 Thus ever upward doth our being tend,
 As we more clearly these great thoughts discern,
 And ask of God His heavenly grace to lend,
 That we as children all the truth may learn ;
 That in our souls, unclouded and divine,
 The Life, the Light of men, may ever shine !

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

AND wouldst thou hasten in another soul
God's Kingdom on the earth of love and peace?
Learn first thyself, thy spirit, to control,
From all that's false and evil in thee cease.
Nor think that suddenly the reign shall come
With pomp and glory for the outward eye;
Within, around thee, in thine earthly home,
The Kingdom of the Lord is drawing nigh!
As shines the light, with still increasing ray,
Till from the earth the brooding night has fled,
So in man's spirit comes the eternal day,
As gently as the dawn its beams have spread;
Till all within and all around is bright,
And the whole world rejoices in its light.

MOSES IN INFANCY.

How! Canst thou see the basket wherein lay
The infant Moses by the river's side,
And her who stood and watched it on the tide;
Will Time bring back to thee that early day?
And canst thou to the distant Nile be near,
Where lived that mother, tossed with hope and fear
Yet more than was her infant by the wave?
No: Time will not his dark domain unbar;
Himself he cannot from oblivion save,
Nor canst thou make come nearer what is far;
But thou hast human sympathies to feel
What eye, nor ear, nor sense can e'er reveal;
Hope too is thine, that past the ocean sails,
And Memory, that over Time himself prevails!

MOSES AT THE BUSH.

'T WAS while the bush was burning, Moses saw
The Present God! and heard His voice, I AM!
The God of Jacob, and of Abraham
Spake, in the wild, to him who gave the Law;
Quick as he heard he hid his face in awe!
Around him flared the red light on the rocks,
And downward shone upon his sleeping flocks.
He who from Pharaoh hasted to withdraw,
Leaving his palaces, and piles of art
Lit with aye-burning lamps, false idols' seat;
Thought not, when in the wilderness he fed
His father's flocks, the great I AM to meet;
From human homes, and man's known ways apart,
Where burned the bush on Horeb's rocky head!

MOSES AS LEADER OF ISRAEL.

'T WAS not by strength of man that Moses sought
To guide his people to their promised rest;
Nor his own wisdom, that through deserts brought
And in a land of plenty made them blest;
Though he was learned in all the hidden lore
That Egypt knew, mighty in word and deed;
'T was not by these he broke their fetters sore,
And Israel's tribes from Pharaoh's bondage freed.
"If Thou wilt not go with us," was his prayer
Unto the Lord of Hosts, "let us not go
Up to the land which Thou before didst swear
To give unto our fathers. Thus shall know
All men that Thou hast chosen us to be
A people called and holy unto Thee!"

GOD'S HOST.

THERE is an order, in our daily life,
 Like that the holy angels constant keep ;
 And though its outward show seems but a strife,
 There dwells within a peace like ocean's deep.
 The forms that meet you, in the house and street,
 Brushing with their rough coats thy shining dress,
 Should they in their own robes and features greet,
 Would seem as angels that the world possess ;
 And thou, — as Jacob, when from Galeed's heap
 He journeyed on unto the land of Seir,
 And swore with Laban vows of peace to keep,
 By Abraham's God, and by his father's Fear —
 Wouldst cry aloud, in dread and wonder lost,
 "This is the house of God, and these I see, God's host !"

THE SOUL'S REST.

REJOICE, ye weary ! Ye whose spirits mourn,
 There is a rest which shall not be removed ;
 Press on and reach within the heavenly bourne,
 By Christ, the King of your Salvation, proved.
 There is a rest ! Rejoice, ye silent stars,
 Roll on no more all voiceless on your way ;
 Thou Sun ! no more dark cloud thy triumph bars,
 Speak thou to every land the coming day.
 And thou, my Soul, that feel'st the rest within,
 That greater art than star or burning sun,
 Rejoice ! for thou hast known the rest from sin,
 And hast the eternal life in God begun ;
 Praise thou the Lord, with every living thing,
 And for his grace with saints and angels sing.

THE REAPERS ARE THE ANGELS.

How few the reapers in life's whitening fields !
How many, preying on the ripening ears,
Forever scatter all the harvest yields,
Planted with toil, and wet with many tears !
Ah, little know they at what price was sown
The seed field of the world, a waste before ;
When He who sowed the seed went forth alone,
And all the toil and all the suffering bore.
But soon the Husbandman His heirs shall send,
Who from the tares shall cull the precious wheat ;
And from the heavens the Son Himself descend,
And with his welcome every laborer greet ;
And give the weary ones His peace, His rest,
And to the feast invite each ransomed guest.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

How oft, by passion or by interest led,
Men see not that they purpose, till 't is done !
The string is snapt, the fatal arrow sped,
And to its mark it flies unerring on.
Look not before thee merely, but behind ;
See how thy deed, when finished, will appear ;
Like him who some fair temple has designed
And views complete, ere men a column rear ;
And see thy work, as it shall one day stand
Before thy spirit's pure, unclouded sight,
No longer subject to thy mortal hand,
But in Eternity's unchanging light !
Say, doth it then with added glory shine ?
Then boldly act, thy deed is all divine.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION.

MATT. IX. 35-38.

HE saw them tasked with heavy burdens all,
Bowed down and weary 'neath the heavy load ;
With none their faltering footsteps home to call,
Or point them out the strait and narrow road ;
His spirit bore their burdens as his own,
He healed the sick, restored the sightless eyes ;
He heard the mourner for a loved one moan,
And bade the dead from out the grave arise !
Truly, on Him the Spirit did descend,
For He by works divine its influence proved ;
Of all our race Consoler, Guide, and Friend,
By heavenly Love, divine Compassion moved ;
Oh, that His spirit might on us abide,
And flow in healing streams on every side !

THE JUST.

Do all thy acts with strictest justice square ?
Lov'st thou thy neighbor as thou lov'st thyself,
Refusing in unrighteousness to share,
Loving Christ's Kingdom, more than worldly pelf ?
Does morning find thee, with its earliest beam,
Seeking each selfish purpose to control ;
And, when the stars upon thy labors gleam,
Is there no stain, no burden on thy soul ?
Then mayst thou rest in peace : for thee the sun
Does from his ocean-bed each morning rise ;
And, when across the heavens his course is run,
For thee the dusky night his place supplies ;
That thou with quiet conscience still may sleep,
While watchful stars above their vigils keep.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING,

THE harvests with abundance fill the land,
And call for gratitude and festive song ;
And industry revives on every hand,
Which from war's wasteful scourge has suffered long ;
And fell disease, that wasted day by day,
Is checked and stayed, confined to narrow bound,
That else might thousands and ten thousands slay,
And desolate a fertile region round !
Our fathers' God ! who, in their sore distress,
Didst save from famine and from dangers dire,
And gav'st them shelter in the wilderness ;
Our hearts with praise and gratitude inspire,
For all Thy mercies to our fathers shown,
And for unnumbered blessings all our own.

THE CLOCK.

THE slowly-moving fingers minutes find,
And hours and days, and e'en the lengthening years ;
As much before them still as is behind,
No want their circling movement ever fears.
How different Man ! By sudden impulse driven,
Now in the distant past he seeks for rest ;
Now in the far-off future is his heaven ;
" He never is, but always to be, blest."
His morn is with his noon, his noon with night ;
His hand can never point to one true hour,
But marks one past or future in its flight,
For o'er the present he has lost all power ;
Unlike the clock, whose ready tongue can all
The hours and days of Time find voice to call,

THE TRAVELLER AT THE DEPOT.

THE traveler at the depot waiting stands,
 Impatient for the coming of the train ;
 The night is hastening on, the hour demands
 That he the shelter of his home shall gain.
 We, too, are travelers here ! But short our stay
 And swiftly flies for each the allotted hour ;
 Swift as declines the sun of winter's day,
 Or fades the petals of the summer's flower !
 Why do we then our short probation spend
 Unmindful of the night which hastens on,
 Unmindful of the soul's true goal, and end
 Until our days and years are fled and gone,
 And we no nearer to our heavenly home,
 Though the last hour for us on earth has come ?

THE HOURS.

THE minutes have their trusts as they go by,
 To bear His love, who wings their viewless flight ;
 To Him they bear their record as they fly,
 And never from their ceaseless round alight ;
 Rich with the life Thou liv'st they come to me,
 Oh, may I all that life to others show ;
 That they from strife may rise and rest in Thee,
 And all Thy peace in Christ by me may know.
 Then shall the morning call me from my rest,
 With joyful hope that I Thy child may live ;
 And when the evening comes 't will make me blest
 To know that Thou wilt peaceful slumbers give,
 Such as Thou dost to weary laborers send,
 Whose sleep from Thee doth with the dews, descend.

GOLIATH.

WITH bold, unblushing front the Giant Wrong
Stalks forth, with helmet armed, and sword, and spear ;
In its own strength and brazen armor strong,
Inspiring e'en the hosts of God with fear !
Thus War amidst the nations rears its head,
Thus Slavery defies its banded foes ;
They fill the world with tumults and with dread,
And to the present add prophetic woes.
But oft by feeblest arm God shows his might,
When e'en the numerous host with terror quails ;
Some stripling David dares the unequal fight,
And in the name of Israel's God prevails ;
To show the earth the Lord is God alone,
And strength, and skill, and victory are his own.

ON FINDING THE TRUTH.

WITH sweet surprise, as when one finds a flower,
Which in some lonely spot unheeded grows ;
Such were my feelings, in the favored hour
When Truth to me her beauty did disclose.
Quickened, I gazed anew on heaven and earth,
For a new glory beamed from earth and sky ;
All things around me shared the second birth,
Restored with me, and nevermore to die.
The happy habitants of other spheres,
As in times past, from heaven to earth came down ;
Swift fled in converse sweet the unnumbered years,
And angel-help did human weakness crown !
The former things, with Time, had passed away,
And Man and Nature lived again for aye.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN,

IN ITS GROWTH AND COMING A MYSTERY.

As swift the changing seasons come and go,
 That summer comes before we are aware,
 And we are living midst its beauteous show,
 A new creation wonderful and fair ;
 So, unperceived, God's kingdom cometh too !
 Hid from the slothful and the worldly wise ;
 The heavenly seed is to its nature true,
 And in the harvest will thy soul surprise.
 By night, by day, there is an Unseen Power,
 That to perfection brings each word and deed,
 Surely as buried grain or blooming flower
 Become in autumn the perfected seed.
 We sleep, and rise ; they grow we know not how,
 And soon the harvest waves where went the plough.

THE HORSEMEN ON THE SANDS.

UPON the treacherous sands the horsemen ride,
 And careless pass the bright and happy day,
 Unmindful of the swift returning tide,
 That long has warned them of their mad delay.
 The winds arise, and sudden falls the night,
 On every side the hungry billows roar ;
 With breathless haste they urge their rapid flight,
 And, with their utmost speed, scarce gain the shore.
 So on the sands of Time we careless live,
 Forgetting, oft, how short life's little day ;
 And scarce a serious thought to duty give,
 Till all its golden hours have fled away,
 And but a few short moments yet remain,
 In which we may the Shore in safety gain.

THE TEMPLE OF HUMANITY.

THE temple shall be built, the Holy One,
Such as the earth nor heavens have ever seen ;
Nor shall the work by human hands be done,
But from the will of man it shall be clean ;
Ages on ages shall the pile be wrought
By Him whose will His children shall obey,
Till every son, by his own Father taught,
The chiseled stone he brought shall cast away.
The work of Sin in man shall be repaired,
Humanity to perfect manhood grow ;
By every nation shall the work be shared,
Built on the corner-stone in Christ laid low ;
That from the Eternal Shrine might ever rise
A holy prayer, a living sacrifice.

Fear not: for they that are with us are more than they that are with them.
2 KINGS vi. 16.

THE wicked and the base do compass round
The meek and humble in their righteous way,
And with fierce onset and the trumpet's sound
They seek the servants of the Lord to slay ;
They trust in wealth, or in the cruel sword,
Vain idols that cannot defend, or save !
They fear no threatenings of God's holy Word,
But, trusting in themselves alone, are brave.
But though no human help the righteous know,
They fear not in the last, the trying hour ;
God, through His gracious love, to them doth show
The unseen hosts and ensigns of His power,
Who compass them about on every side,
In whose protection they may safe confide.

THE REVELATION OF THE SPIRIT THROUGH THE MATERIAL WORLD.

WE call material this fair world of ours,
And so it seems to gross, material eyes,
That see no beauty in earth's fairest flowers,
No heavenly splendors in her sunset skies.
But are there not, in yonder gorgeous scene,
A beauty and a grandeur not of earth ;
A glory breaking from yon cloudy screen
Revealing to the soul its nobler birth ?
Can things material such fair forms assume
And thus delight and charm the human mind ?
Or doth the Spirit with its rays illumine
Their inmost depths, from matter now refined ;
That man may thus with it communion hold,
And learn of higher things than sense has told ?

KNOWLEDGE AND TRUTH.

KNOWLEDGE is not, like truth, of heavenly birth,
For it is but in part and done away ;
Too often proud and selfish, of the earth,
Its light grows dim before truth's purer ray ;
One we acquire with eager, thirsting mind,
Curious to search, and prove, possess and hold ;
The other is a gift ; who seek shall find.
Truth's ever young ; but knowledge groweth old.
Increase of knowledge oft doth sorrow bring,
For it can never fill the human soul,
That longs to drink of a diviner spring,
To know the Truth, man's rest and highest goal.
While here we knowledge seek with restless mind,
May we not fail the heaven-born Truth to find.

. SOUL-SICKNESS.

How many of the body's health complain,
When they some deeper malady conceal ;
Some unrest of the soul, some secret pain,
Which thus its presence doth to them reveal.
Vain would we seek, by the physician's aid,
A name for this soul-sickness e'er to find ;
A remedy for health and strength decayed,
Whose cause and cure are wholly of the mind.
To higher nature is the soul allied,
And restless seeks its being's Source to know ;
Finding nor health nor strength in aught beside ;
How often vainly sought in things below,
Whether in sunny clime, or sacred stream,
Or plant of wondrous powers of which we dream !

THE PILGRIM.

'T WAS in the winter, at the close of day,
The snow fell deep upon the traveler's path ;
I met one journeying on, infirm and gray,
Yet seemed he not to heed the tempest's wrath.
And oft a citizen would ask him in,
And set him down beside him at his board ;
But soon his weary march would he begin,
As if he felt not by the food restored.
I, wondering, asked him why he tarried not
To taste the cheer which was so freely given,
And why the sheltering roof he had forgot ;
He nothing said, but pointed up to heaven ;
And then I knew the food they gave away,
And home they offered, were but for a day.

THE STRUGGLE.

A MIGHTY struggle in the world goes on,
A struggle not for wealth or Time's vain toys,
But one, in which the crown of Life is won,
And man inherits here eternal joys !
Not those who slumber, or who trifle here,
Can win the prize which crowns that mighty strife ;
But they whom active love doth onward cheer
To fill with noble deeds their fleeting life ;
Who oft through suffering, oft through shades of death,
Are called to pass, that they their crowns may win ;
Oft only victors with their dying breath
Against the world-destroying power of Sin,
Which still disputes Christ's triumph on the earth,
And claims as hers each soul of heavenly birth.

THY BETTER SELF.

I AM thy other self, what thou wilt be,
When thou art I, the one thou seest now ; -
In finding thy true self thou wilt find me,
The springing blade, where now thou dost but plough.
I am thy neighbor, a new house I've built,
Which thou as yet hast never entered in ;
I come to call thee ; come in when thou wilt,
The feast is always ready to begin.
Thou shouldst love me as thou dost love thyself,
For I am but another self beside ;
To show thee him thou lov'st in better health,
What thou wouldst be when thou to him hast died ;
Then visit me ; I make thee many a call,
Nor live I near to thee alone, but all.

Hath the rain a father? Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
JOB xxxviii. 28.

WE say, "It rains." An unbelieving age!
Its very words its unbelief doth show;
Forgot the lessons of the sacred page,
Spoken by men of faith so long ago!
No farther than they see men's faith extends;
The mighty changes of the earth and sky
To them are causeless all, where Science ends;
An Unseen Cause they know not or deny.
They hear not in the whirlwind, or the storm,
The mighty Voice which spake to man of old;
They see not in the clouds of heaven His form,
Nor in His ceaseless works his power behold;
Who maketh small the countless drops of rain,
And sendeth showers upon the springing grain.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

YE who against the evils of our lot
Alone and single-handed do contend,
Faint not! though you to greatest straits are brought,
And earthly succor fail, and earthly friend.
Near you in sympathy the angels stand,
Their unseen hosts encompass you around;
Strong and unconquerable the glorious band,
And loud their songs and hymns of victory sound.
And near you, though invisible, are those,
The good and just of every age and clime,
Who while on earth have fought the self-same foes,
And won the fight through faith and love sublime;
Let not the hosts of sin inspire a fear,
For lo! far mightier hosts are ever near!

THE DAY BEGINS TO DAWN.

THE day begins to dawn, O blessed word !
 That doth our darkness with its light illumine ;
 In the long, cheerless night of sorrow heard,
 It comes to banish from the mind its gloom ;
 Bidding it wake again to life and joy,
 In faith and hope its daily tasks pursue ;
 Wisely for good each day on earth employ,
 With brighter worlds than this still kept in view.
 Though vanished from our sight, our friends still live,
 Star-like and pure in Hope's immortal sphere ;
 And to our souls a heavenly peace they give,
 While subject to life's cares we linger here ;
 Till the pale dawn become the glorious day,
 And sorrow, pain, and death shall flee away.

I PRAYED, THY KINGDOM COME.

I PRAYED, Thy kingdom come ! For Winter long
 Had held the frozen earth in fetters bound ;
 And wretchedness and misery, war, and wrong,
 Age after age, did in the world abound.
 I prayed, Thy kingdom come ! And lo, the Spring
 Came with its warmth and joy to glad the earth ;
 New hope the sight did to my spirit bring,
 That Man at length should share the quickening birth.
 For He who worketh thus great Nature's change,
 Works in the heart His miracles of power,
 Than those we see more marvelous and strange !
 Have faith in God, and wait His promised hour ;
 For He who doth the quickening springtime send
 Will sin destroy, bring suffering to an end.

THE DAY NOT FOR GAIN.

WHEN comes the sun to visit thee at morn,
Art thou prepared to give him welcome then?
Or is the day, that with his light is born,
With thee a day that has already been?
Hast thou filled up its yet unnumbered hours
With selfish thoughts, and made them now thine own?
Then not for thee will bloom its budding flowers;
The day to thee has passed and onward flown.
The noon may follow with its quickening heat,
The grain grow yellow in its ripening rays;
And dusky evening mark the noon's retreat,
Yet thou as dead to them live all thy days;
For thou hast made of God's free gifts a gain,
And wouldst the sovereign day a slave in bonds retain.

THE ALTAR.

Oh, KINDLE up thine altar! see the brands
Lie scattered here and there that lit the pile;
Thy priests to other service turn their hands,
And with unhallowed works their souls defile;
No victims bleed, no fire is blazing high;
They leave Thy shrine to serve another god,
Who will not hear them when to him they cry,
But be to them Thine own avenging rod!
The people wait in vain to hear Thy voice,
With none to lead them right, with none to feed;
No more within Thy courts their hearts rejoice,
For at each word the Christ must in them bleed;
Oh, kindle up the heart's expiring flame!
Come quickly, Lord, and magnify Thy name!

THE DAY CALLING US TO A NEW LIFE.

THE Day goes on, but we are left behind ;
 Bright with its robes it travels o'er the earth,
 Seeking its sons in every land to find,
 And tell earth's children of a heavenly birth.
 From early dawn to eve it travels on,
 But few its beauty see, or hear its voice ;
 When in the west its glorious form is gone,
 How few are they who in its light rejoice !
 'T is but the natural day that we perceive,
 Its spiritual beauty's hidden from our sight ;
 The gifts of sense full gladly we receive,
 But fail in higher gifts to find delight ;
 We live but as the children of the earth,
 When the day calls us to a nobler birth.

REVELATION.

ADDRESSING reason, yet above it still,
 The True Religion speaks unto the soul ;
 It bids the conflicts of the mind be still
 And doth each motive of the will control.
 From low to higher still is Nature's law,
 Written on stony tablets of the earth ;
 And things we see upward the spirit draw
 To things and beings of a nobler birth.
 Nor man alone aspires ; but God descends,
 And to our faculties doth lend His aid ;
 That we amidst our doubts may see the ends
 For which the world and all therein were made ;
 See too His gracious love for sinful man,
 More wondrous far than e'en Creation's plan.

THE LOST SHEEP.

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING.

BENEATH the wild thorn stretched upon the ground,
Lo, Christ the wanderer from His fold has found ;
Pierced by the thorns it torn and bleeding lies,
And fills the desert with its piteous cries.
Neglected by its shepherd it had strayed,
And left the murmuring brook and sunny glade,
To wander parched and hungry o'er the plain,
No more its happy pastures to regain.
And he who should have searched, with anxious fear,
On every hill and valley far and near,
And, when he found, upon his shoulder laid
And with his friends a great rejoicing made,
Cared not to leave his ease the lost to find,
To give it food, its bleeding wounds to bind ;
He heeded not its fate, nor piteous cry,
But left it suffering there alone to die.
But Christ, who careth for the lost and poor,
His Father's mansions left, to seek and cure ;
He from its foot plucked out the festering thorn,
Smoothed its soft fleece, by cruel branches torn ;
And bore it in his arms beside the brink
Of cooling stream, and gave it there to drink ;
There washed the crimson from its bleeding side,
And with the tender grass its wants supplied ;
Then, calling it by name, he homeward led,
And as his own the lost and wandering fed.

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

A DARKNESS, like the middle of the night,
 Clouds in the morn, and e'en the mid-day hours ;
 Men wander round, as if devoid of sight,
 Or led astray by false, deluding powers !
 The wise knew not its coming, nor can tell
 Whence fell this darkness, like a plague on all ;
 In vain they seek by knowledge to dispel
 The gloom, that shrouds the earth as with a pall.
 So, in eclipse, the sun withdraws his light,
 Or sheds a pale and ineffectual ray ;
 The flowers close up, as at the approach of night,
 And men, bewildered, wander from their way ;
 The stars appear, and with faint lustre burn,
 Watching, from their far heights, the sun's return.

SPRING IN THE SOUL.

THE bough which long has borne the winter's blast,
 Enclosed with ice, or heavy with the snow,
 Does, when its cold and stormy months are past,
 The springing leaves and bursting blossoms show.
 So ye, on whom the world's cold breath has blown,
 While here you suffer for your Master's name,
 The kindness of the Father soon shall own,
 And, in the fruit you bear, His love proclaim.
 Its storms are sent by the same Father's love,
 Who with the seasons marks the varied year,
 That you may thus your full obedience prove.
 Then courage take, and calm each rising fear ;
 Endure ! for spring will quickly come again,
 Come in your hearts, as now on hill and plain.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.

"THE just shall live by faith," the Prophet cried,
 When, sent in judgment on his native land,
 He saw the fierce Chaldeans spreading wide,
 And Israel's hosts too feeble to withstand ;
 "The just shall live by faith," the Apostle said,
 When Christ delayed his coming on the earth ;
 And with these words his fainting followers stayed,
 And hope within them had a second birth.
 "The just shall live by faith," the Reformer's word,
 That roused the Church, when sunk in sin and lust,
 To turn again unto the living Lord,
 And shake her shining garments from the dust ;
 Oh, may we heed it, when our Lord delays,
 And tarries long, that He may prove our ways !

THE SOUL'S PREPARATION FOR ADVERSITY.

How stript and bare is every bush and tree
 Of all the pride of summer and of spring ;
 Each of its vain encumbrance shaken free,
 While winter's blasts through all their branches ring !
 So, when Thou wouldst Thy children should prepare
 To meet adversity, and pain, and death,
 To suffer all things, every danger dare ;
 Thou scatterest, Father, with the tempest's breath,
 All that they cling to in their hour of pride,
 All that the world calls greatness, glory, power ;
 That they in Thee alone may then confide
 And find their proper strength in that lone hour,
 When this world's glory burdens, or is gone,
 And they must look to Thee, and Thee alone.

THE INCARNATION.

TIME's greatest Mystery, the Word made man,
 That took our nature, suffered on the tree ;
 Existing ere the world of sense began,
 That was before all time, O God, with Thee !
 To that mysterious moment would we soar,
 When by the Word the heavens and earth were made ;
 And with a reverent, childlike faith adore
 The glorious power in all Thy works displayed.
 But deeper reverence would our spirits feel
 For Him, who in our human nature came,
 The glory of the Father to reveal ;
 A glory that outshines the sun's bright flame,
 Which shines into our hearts, where all was night,
 With splendors that make dim the morning's light.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

STRONGLY did Luther seize the mighty thought,
 Which the Apostle's mind had first conceived,
 And which in him so mightily had wrought,
 That he is justified, who hath believed ;
 Freed from the observance of the Jewish law,
 Which sought by fear man's nature to control ;
 From higher motives did his thoughts withdraw,
 And bound to forms and rites the aspiring soul.
 By faith, and not by works, man lives, he said,
 And by his word the nation's bondage broke !
 From land to land quickly the tidings spread,
 To life and thought the slumbering people woke !
 From slavish forms and slavish errors free,
 And standing firm in Christian liberty.

THE COMING.

THE day begins — it comes — the appointed day !
No trumpet sounds, no shouts proclaim its birth ;
Yet brighter still, and brighter, beams its ray
Upon the mourning tribes that fill the earth.
He comes ! The Son of Man is glorified !
Crowned with his Father's glory he appears ;
And they that scorned, and they that pierced his side,
Before him bow their faces wet with tears.
He comes ! *His* peace, His promised peace to give,
In robes of righteousness to clothe the poor,
And bid them ever in his presence live,
Heirs of the Kingdom that must aye endure ;
Priests, born to lead the long-lost tribes of men
Back to the fold of God in joy again.

THE CITY OF GOD.

How strange the thought, that in the very light
Of God's own city we may walking be ;
That holy city, where there is no night,
Nor yet the light, nor those about us see !
Its music, too, may fall upon the ear,
Celestial strains from the angelic choirs ;
No soul-entrancing melody we hear,
For naught divine the heavenly strain inspires.
Without a warning, save a voice from heaven,
The holy city doth to earth descend ;
To all alike its light is freely given,
And men and angels do their voices blend ;
But oft, alas, within its streets we tread,
Nor know that to its scenes our souls are dead !

THE TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE, AND OF FAITH.

BENEATH the ocean's ever-tossing breast,
 Now ruffled only by the summer wind,
 Sinks the vast cable to its final rest,
 Which shall two continents together bind.
 Triumph of Science over space and time,
 That kindred nations long have kept apart !
 When shall our Faith, with triumphs as sublime,
 Bind realm to realm, and kindred heart to heart ?
 Yet still, in faith, man's triumph we behold,
 Subduing Nature to his lofty will ;
 And wait the day, in prophecy foretold,
 Which, tarrying long, oh, may our age fulfill !
 When nations shall from strife forever cease,
 And the whole earth shall dwell in sacred peace.

Be not many teachers.

JAMES iii. 1.

"BE ye not many teachers ; for we all,"
 The Apostle wrote, "in many things offend ;"
 His admonition let us oft recall,
 As words of wisest teacher, and of friend.
 "Be ye not many teachers." First receive
 The gift of Wisdom, ere ye claim to teach ;
 And first the Gospel's glorious truths believe,
 Before that Gospel ye to others preach.
 We all offend. Confession humble, meek,
 To those who would instruct their fellow men ;
 That they may ever grace and wisdom seek
 To guide their speech, whether of tongue or pen ;
 Lest they as teachers labor but in vain,
 And but the greater condemnation gain !

THE DAILY NEWS.

As one who, standing safe upon the land,
Beholds a vessel tossing on the wave,
Or by the tempest driven on the strand,
Without the power the mariner to save ;
So do I read, from danger's path afar,
Of many a sad event on field and flood ;
Of the fierce ravages of cruel war ;
Of people perishing from want of food ;
Of single sufferers, whom no help of mine
Can ever reach, whom I can never see ; —
Why read the harrowing page, the mournful line,
If I can only give my sympathy ?
Ah, say not so. Believe the sacred Word,
Pray for all men ; the prayer of faith is heard !

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

A STERN philosophy it is, which says,
Bear with thy lot, O man ! thou canst not change
The will of God, nor alter aught His ways,
For this would be all nature to derange ;
'T is the fixed law of nature men should die,
And thou must, in thy turn, that law obey,
To view thy fate with calm indifference try,
And naught of sorrow nor of fear betray.
Not so Religion, with its heavenly voice,
Speaks to the suffering, dying sons of men !
It bids their sinking hearts in hope rejoice ;
Declares that man, though dead, shall live again ;
Points to the Saviour, who, e'en from the grave,
Has power, above all nature's might, to save.

THE SOUL'S OPPORTUNITIES.

To every soul, howe'er obscure its birth,
 A boundless heritage is freely given ;
 The wealth and beauty of the spacious earth,
 And the bright glories of the starry heaven.
 This goodly world, and all which it doth hold,
 Were for man's use, and pleasure, too, designed ;
 A school, in which he might his powers unfold,
 His various faculties of heart and mind.
 From such a school shall man go forth in vain,
 Squandered in foolish play its precious hours ?
 Or from its lessons higher wisdom gain,
 And nobler use of his immortal powers ?
 Till for an endless state he shall prepare,
 And in an angel's bliss and knowledge share.

THE GREAT FACTS OF CHRIST'S HISTORY.

THE traveler sees afar the mountain rise,
 And thinks that soon he'll reach and scale its height ;
 He hastens on, but finds, to his surprise,
 No nearer grows the object to his sight.
 So the great facts of Jesus' history stand,
 While onward still we journey day by day ;
 In youth we see them seeming near at hand,
 And think to master them without delay :
 But in the soul's horizon high they tower
 Above our common thoughts and common ways,
 And a long life will scarcely lend the power
 (So full is life of trifles and delays)
 To reach at last the glorious mount of God,
 And climb the heights on which the Saviour trod.

THE BIBLE DOES NOT SANCTION POLYGAMY.

I.

THE Word of God doth sanction nothing ill
 Nor low nor base ; whatever men may find
 Written of old. The letter oft doth kill,
 Or to the groveling Past the spirit bind.
 So they, who once did Slavery uphold,
 Found in the Bible sanction for their deed ;
 Their hearts more hardened, like the king of old,
 When Israel was from Egypt's bondage freed.
 So War, twin-relic of a barbarous age,
 Claims too the sanction of the Holy Word ;
 And nations still in hostile strife engage,
 And call themselves the followers of the Lord !
 The Spirit only quickens, gives the light,
 That we may read the Word of God aright.

II.

A LOFTIER state of purity and bliss
 Than this man's mortal lot doth yet unfold,
 In the new life which shall succeed to this,
 Was by the Saviour to mankind foretold :
 The Resurrection, when no more we die,
 Nor parted are by time or cruel fate ;
 But as the angels are, who dwell on high,
 And, made immortal, share their deathless state !
 There soul meets soul, and heart to heart is known,
 Nor sundered are the ties which spirits bind ;
 There none is e'er compelled to walk alone,
 Or lacks the fellowship of kindred mind ;
 Would that such purity we now might share,
 And for that blissful state might here prepare !

INWARD DIRECTION.

WITH outward impulse, running to and fro,
 How many men with restless minds we meet
 (Who but an outward impulse only know),
 In the swift cars, or in the busy street !
 By man they're sent, and man's behests fulfill ;
 They hear no other voice within their souls ;
 Nor have they learned to obey a higher will,
 Which earthly hope and earthly fear controls :
 They know not whence they came, nor whither tend ;
 In trifling, vain pursuits their lives are spent,
 Unmindful of life's highest, holiest end,
 For which its days and years to us were lent ;
 To learn the Father's will, His words to hear,
 And find His Presence with us always near !

THE BIRTHRIGHT CHURCH.

THE birthright church ; where shall we find its door,
 For every new-born soul to enter in,
 And, once within, never to leave it more,
 To wander in the paths of doubt and sin ?
 In churches of the past with crumbling walls,
 To which the moss and climbing ivy cling ?
 No ; from the coming future still it calls,
 And to the present doth its promise bring.
 City of God, descending out of heaven,
 Beheld by seer of old in vision bright !
 Oh, may it to our eyes, like his, be given
 To see on earth thy mild and peaceful light ;
 Shining with steadfast beams on childhood's way,
 That it from out thy gates no more may stray.

THE NEWSPAPER.

IN this one sheet, how much for thought profound,
 How much for feeling deep, doth meet the eye !
 Here man's decease, here empire's fate is found,
 And yet, with careless glance, we pass them by !
 Perchance, upon one page enough we find
 On which through a long life we well might muse ;
 But oft with husks we fill the hungry mind,
 When men the gifts of speech and thought abuse.
 Not in the many words or books we read
 Is knowledge gained of Nature or of man ;
 Oft in a single word lies wrapt the seed
 Of changes vast, would we its meaning scan ;
 But lacking still the wisdom to be wise,
 The Truth we seek is hidden from our eyes.

PRIMITIVE WORSHIP.

GOD's worship to no temple is confined ;
 Amid the scenes of Nature it may be ;
 The song of praise borne on the summer wind,
 Beneath the shelter of the forest tree.
 So mused I, as I walked beside the lake,
 Where Peters preached unto the listening throng ;
 The low-voiced waves that on its borders break,
 With whispering pines, all joined the sacred song.
 So mused I, as amid the Camp I strayed,
 Where Christians yearly meet for praise and prayer.
 Beneath the hemlocks' shade the people prayed,
 And sweet their voices filled the summer air ;
 As when our fathers 'mid these forests trod,
 And without temples worshipped here their God.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

LORD! cleanse thine inner temple, as of old
 Thou didst Thy holy place, of traffic vile;
 Of those who in its precincts bought and sold,
 With sheep and oxen did Thy courts defile.
 Purge Thou the inner temple of the mind,
 The heart itself of man, O Lord, make pure,
 That he may Thee and Thy true worship find,
 Which through eternal ages shall endure.
 Then will the offerings accepted be
 Which he unto Thy holy mount shall bear;
 Fulfilled the word the prophet spake of Thee,
 "My temple shall be called the House of Prayer;"
 For every nation then shall hear Thy Word,
 And all the people know and serve the Lord.

'T IS A GREAT THING TO LIVE.

'T is a great thing to live. Not small the task
 Our Heavenly Father gives us here below;
 And we have need continually to ask
 That light and strength may through our being flow.
 Not on the trifles of the passing hour,
 With those who squander life, fix thou thy mind;
 For these may rob thy spirit of a power
 Which was for greater, nobler things designed;
 But on some mighty work, some worthy plan,
 Requiring e'en an angel's strength to do;
 For scarce below the angel is the man,
 And both may here one great design pursue;
 The same on earth, the same in heaven above,
 A holy ministry of peace and love.

EVERY DAY A DAY OF FREEDOM.

A DAY of freedom is each dawning day,
 And day of grace to sinful erring men ;
 While shines its sun they all may find their way
 Back to the path of virtue, truth, again.
 Its beauty all may love, its light all see,
 Its noon-day glory fills the heaven and earth ;
 From night's dark bondage it the soul would free,
 And make it heir of an immortal birth.
 In it the Psalmist saw God's law made clear,
 The law of freedom, purity and right ;
 But Christ taught, unto God all men were dear
 And called to be the children of the light ;
 In its warm beams, and rains that plenteous fall,
 He saw a Father's love, that cares for all.

SKEPTICISM WITH REGARD TO THE
GOSPELS.

STRANGE words are these, that little now we know
 Of Him, who lived in ancient Palestine,
 And mighty works performed so long ago,
 Which all the ages since have called divine.
 That all is legend, mystery, which we read
 Of Him, who died mankind from sin to save ;
 That He, who man from death and error freed,
 Himself became the trophy of the grave.
 Ah, faithless age ! which cannot see the light,
 E'en though it does with noon-day brightness beam ;
 Which boasts its science and its clearer sight,
 Yet calls the Gospel histories but a dream.
 It is not that the Light has never shined,
 Nor shineth still ; but we to it are blind !

THE FIRST ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

WITH outward signs, as well as inward life,
 The world is hastening onward to its end !
 With higher purposes our age is rife
 Than those to which with groveling minds we tend.
 For lo ! beneath the Atlantic's stormy breast
 Is laid from shore to shore the electric wire ;
 And words, with speed of thought, from east to west
 Dart to and fro on wings that never tire.
 May never man, to higher objects blind,
 Forget by whom this miracle was wrought ;
 But worship and adore the Eternal Mind,
 Which gave at length to man the wondrous thought,
 And on wise-hearted men bestowed the skill
 His Providential Purpose to fulfill.

THE GOSPEL THE RECONCILING POWER.

THE word the Gospel brought was love and peace,
 A reconciling word to sinful men ;
 That they from enmity and strife should cease,
 And as one family should dwell again.
 But, still estranged, behold the nations stand !
 While over Europe hangs the cloud of war,
 Which but of late made desolate our land,
 But now in mercy driven from us afar.
 But still do enmity and hate remain,
 One nation still we are, but not one race ;
 From human limbs have fallen Slavery's chain :
 When from the mind shall vanish too its trace,
 And in our hearts the Gospel's power be known,
 And self, and sin, and hate be overthrown ?

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. — HOSEA iv. 6.

FOR lack of Knowledge do my people die !
No fell diseases in our land abound,
No pestilential vapors fill the sky,
No drought or barrenness has cursed the ground ;
The harvest-fields are white on every side,
For God has given to all with liberal hand ;
To none His sun and rain has He denied,
But with abundance blessed our fruitful land.
But Him who gives to all, they have not known !
His truth, His mercy, and unfailing love ;
Who sends not on one favored race alone
His gifts and mercies from the heavens above ; —
Therefore the land doth mourn ; and, day by day,
War wastes our fields and doth the people slay !

NATURE TEACHES US OF TIME AND ITS DURATION.

To show us time, its passing and its change,
Was Nature made ; in which we all do live ;
And all its mighty panorama strange
Doth the same lesson to Earth's children give.
The seasons come and go ; the flower, the leaf,
Teach us how quickly it has taken flight ;
And setting suns, with golden splendors brief,
Warn us how soon to day succeeds the night ;
And the bright stars that glitter in the sky,
And seem to mock our lives' short, busy round,
And in their orbits time itself defy,
Have yet, like man, their date and certain bound.
What Nature teaches, heed ; no lesson miss ;
And fleeting years shall bring eternal bliss.

THE PRAYER OF JABEZ.

THE prayer of Jabez, too, should be our prayer :
 " Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve."
 How hard the sight of wrong and ill to bear,
 When we cannot the sufferers relieve !
 The child of sorrow, he for others' woe,
 As if it were his own, did deeply feel ;
 Though he had naught of riches to bestow,
 Nor power their wrongs and miseries to heal.
 God heard his prayer, and answered his request ;
 And by his sympathy did help impart
 Unto the poor, the suffering, and opprest,
 That healed their wounds and robbed them of their smart ;
 Nor suffered cruel deeds, nor words unkind,
 To grieve his heart, or rankle in his mind.

MAN'S NEED OF A SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

" How sayest thou we must be born again,"
 The Jewish teacher to Messias said ;
 " Hast thou a message to the sons of men,
 So different from what we have taught and read ?"
 Yet is it true ; another birth we need,
 Ere we the kingdom of our God shall see ;
 The heavenly plant is born of heavenly seed,
 Its birth and growth to man a mystery.
 The Spirit send, O Lord, and thus renew
 Our feeble powers ; make pure our hearts within,
 As falls the quickening rain or silent dew,
 That we the heavenly life may here begin ;
 And, while we tread the sorrowing, sinful earth,
 Be born of God, and know a higher birth.

FAITH IN THE RESURRECTION CONFIRMED.

THAT friends we loved, in dying did not die,
We do believe ; but oft our faith is weak,
For error, doubt, and fear our minds will try,
And for our faith we confirmation seek.
Imagination promises its aid,
And pictures them to us as still alive ;
And brighter scenes than earth by it are made,
By which our souls do strength and hope derive.
But most the Word of God new hope doth bring,
And with its light our spirits' depths illumine ;
For Christ is risen, Death's conqueror and king !
And banished from the earth its night of gloom,
Which with its terrors did the soul assail,
And even o'er our faith at times prevail.

REVERENCE.

WE need more reverence in this froward age,
That doth forget the teachings of the past ;
The wisdom of the old, the Sacred Page,
Whose truth shall fleeting time itself outlast.
Not by the light alone the present sheds,
Nor by the sun's bright beams alone we see ;
Upon the path, in which man darkling treads,
Fall glimmering rays from far antiquity.
And all are needed, lest we go astray,
In our own wisdom confident and bold ;
Careless to learn, too proud to ask the way,
Doubting, perhaps, when often plainly told ;
Unwilling to confess the truth, whose light
Shone in the darkness of the ancient night.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

I.

MAN has forgot his origin ; in vain
He searches for the record of his race
In ancient books, or seeks with toil to gain
From the deep cave, or rocks, some primal trace.
And some have fancied, from a higher sphere,
Forgetful of his origin, he came,
To dwell awhile a wandering exile here,
Subject to sense, another, yet the same.
With mind bewildered, weak, how should he know
The Source Divine from whom his being springs ?
The darkened spirit does its shadow throw
On written record and on outward things,
That else might plainly to his thought reveal
The wondrous truths which now they but conceal.

II.

NOT suffering for their sins in former state,
As some have taught, their system to explain,
Nor hither sent, as by the sport of fate,
Souls that nor memory nor love retain,
Do men into this world of nature come ;
But born of God ; though earthy, frail and weak ;
Not all unconscious of a heavenly home,
Which they through trial, suffering, here must seek.
A heavenly Guide has come the way to show,
To lead us to the Father's house above ;
From Him he came, to Him, He said, I go ;
Oh, may we heed the message of His love !
That we no more in darkness, doubt, may roam,
But find, while here we dwell, our heavenly home.

FOREVERMORE.

A SAD refrain I heard, from poet sad,
Which on my soul with deadening weight did fall ;
But quick another word, which made me glad,
Did from the heavens above me seem to call.
The first was Nevermore ; which, like a knell,
Struck on my ear with dull, funereal sound ;
The last was Evermore ; which, like a bell,
In waves of music filled the air around.
Forevermore with loved and lost to be,
No more to suffer change, nor grief, nor pain,
From partings sad to be forever free, —
Such was that sweet bell's music ; its refrain
Blended with voices from the heavenly shore,
Each whispering to my heart, Forevermore.

POMPEII.

AMIDST the dwellings of a distant age,
As by the enchanter's wand, we seem to stand !
Science and Art illumine the historic page,
And far-off scenes we view as near at hand.
Pompeii's daily life again appears,
The noble Roman sunk in pleasure, ease ;
Forgot the virtues of his earlier years,
When manly toil and deeds alone could please.
So slumbered they ; till, on their midnight sleep,
Vesuvius showered its dense and murky rain,
Burying their city 'neath its ashes deep,
Like the doomed cities of Gomorrah's plain !
Like them, still warning, in a voice sublime,
Proud cities filled with luxury and crime,

Ye have hoarded up treasure in the last days. — JAMES v. 3.

BRING forth your gold and silver ! They shall be
But as the dust that meets the passing eye ;
You shall from all your idols break ; be free,
And worship Him who made earth, sea and sky !
Ye who have hid within your learned pelf,
Ye who in gold alone your riches see,
Bring forth your idols ! they are born of Self ;
Nor longer in their worship bow the knee.
Each secret thing must now be brought to light,
For soon the day breaks on your hidden spoil ;
Go, buy what then will give your souls delight,
Nor longer for earth's treasures vainly toil ;
For each man's work must now be tried by fire,
Which shall consume each selfish, wrong desire.

PLEASURE.

WITH business haste, or with a worldly mind
Men Pleasure seek, as they some work would do ;
But in the beaten track they fail to find
The rest they need, or prize that they pursue.
In some by-path or quiet nook she hides,
Away from public haunts and worldly eyes ;
With those who love her truly there abides,
And with her choicest gifts doth them surprise.
The tired laborer doth find her there,
At home returning from his daily toil ;
The city dweller doth her visits share,
Fleeing the city's dust and loud turmoil ;
While crowds, that speed in haste o'er land and sea,
But seldom meet or share her company.

WHAT IS THE WORD?

WHAT is the word? I often hear men say,
Greeting each other in the mart or street;
Seeking for something new, from day to day,
Of friend, or neighbor, whom they chance to meet.
The question wakes in me the thoughtful mind;
Do they receive the word they ask to hear?
Or is it only like the passing wind,
Or empty echo dying on the ear?
The word, O man, is not some idle sound,
Lost on the ear almost as soon as heard;
Unto the wise *life-giving* it is found,
And by its voice the inmost soul is stirred;
It falls not on the mind a barren seed,
But springeth up in fruitful thought or deed.

THE FUTURE STATE OF THE WICKED AND
ITS DURATION.

SEEK not with mortal sight to pierce the gloom
Which shrouds the wicked in a future state,
Foretell the nature of their righteous doom,
Nor seek to know how long or short its date.
In the few years which thou on earth dost spend,
Use well the time which God to thee has given;
Known unto Him alone can be the end,
Make of thy home on earth a present heaven.
Trust in a Father's love; no gloomy fear
Nor chilling doubts can then disturb thy mind,
But thou shalt find His presence with thee near,
Unto His will in patient hope resigned,
That what time's shadows from our eyes conceal
The eternal ages clearly will reveal.

THE COMMUNION.

WHY forms discuss, if that the soul is fled?
 Is the communion in the wine and bread,
 Or in the loving hearts that would draw near
 A dying Saviour's last command to hear?
 Ah, still have met again that little band,
 And in their midst the Saviour still doth stand,
 Where Love doth break the bread and pour the wine,
 And they are one in fellowship divine.
 How few this fellowship of love profess!
 How few a dying Saviour's name confess!
 For what are rites and forms? An empty show,
 If we their meaning, life, have ceased to know.
 Quicken in us, O Lord, the dying love,
 Fit us on earth for fellowship above,
 Where holy friendships shall be made complete,
 And all who love on earth again shall meet.

ON THE BUNYAN TABLEAU.

BEHOLD, O Christian! to the life displayed
 The pilgrim's progress through this evil world;
 The many foes by which he is delayed,
 Apollyon's fiery darts against him hurled,
 The vain allurements of the city spread
 Like fowler's net to take him in their snare,
 Its riches and its poms, to which are wed
 The souls of men; the castle of Despair
 With dungeon deep, and Error's fatal hill.
 And friends behold, who help the pilgrim here,
 And arm him 'gainst his foes with heavenly skill;
 Fair visions too his fainting spirit cheer,
 The land of Beulah, and the city bright
 To which he goes, revealed to human sight!

ON THE GREAT DIVISIONS OF THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

THE CATHOLIC, THE PROTESTANT, AND THE GREEK.

STILL other sheep Thou hast, O Shepherd fair,
Than that one flock to which we may belong ;
For all alike Thou dost provide and care,
And call them by Thy voice and tuneful song,
Though they, estranged, may not each other know,
And deem their fold, and theirs alone, is Thine ;
Thou dost to all the heavenly pastures show,
And watch and guard them all with love divine.
O that Thy Church again might be but one ;
One shepherd and one flock, as once of old !
That Thou the wanderers who astray have gone,
And all the lost, might gather to Thy fold ;
That they with Thine might in green pastures feed,
From want and fear and every danger freed.

MAN'S ACCOUNTABILITY.

How shalt thou give account to God, O man,
For all that in the body thou hast done,
Since first thy life upon the earth began, —
Recalling every action, one by one ?
We cannot, save the memory quickened be,
And every deed shall in God's light appear,
And each the record of his life shall see,
The evil to condemn, the good to cheer.
Yet must thou give account, though weak and frail,
And memory to its trust unfaithful prove ;
Say, shall the good or evil then prevail ?
Unrighteous deeds or works of mercy, love ?
For memory cannot die, but quickened lives,
And in heaven's light a perfect record gives.

CHRIST'S INVITATION IN THE APOCALYPSE.

You, who confess that you are poor,
And blind, and sinful, come to Me!
For I have riches that endure,
The sick I heal, the blind make see.

Yes, you will come! For well you know
That you are poor, and all things need;
And I have treasures to bestow,
That can the soul make rich indeed.

And you, who say that rich you are,
And needing nothing I can give;
O stand not in your pride afar,
But come to Me, and you shall live!

For you are naked, poor, and blind,
And wretched, though you know it not;
What though the gold of earth you find?
The heavenly treasures are forgot.

I counsel you to buy of Me
The gold, that has been tried by fire;
Anoint your eyes, that you may see,
And buy of Me the saints' attire.

You will not come! For still your sight
Is blinded by the world's bright glare;
In earthly things you take delight,
And naught for things of Mine you care.

One generation passeth away, and another cometh : but the earth abideth forever. — ECCLESIASTES i. 4.

As is the sand upon the ocean's shore,
So without number seems the human race ;
And to that number still are added more,
As wave on wave each other onward chase.

As are the drops of rain, that countless fall
Upon the earth, or on the briny sea,
So seem man's generations great and small,
Those that have been, and those who yet shall be.

As are the snowflakes, fluttering on the air,
Succeeded still by others thick and fast,
So many souls the mortal image bear,
That stand within the present, or the past.

More than the ancient Preacher now we know,
Though wiser he than all the sons of men ;
God through his Son the promise doth bestow,
That all the sons of earth shall live again.

Nor countless forms alone the earth doth hold,
Which on it move or in its bosom lie ;
As numberless the stars, which we behold,
Which fill the spaces of the azure sky,

So, we believe, unnumbered still in heaven
Will be the forms that meet our new-born sight,
When to each soul a spotless robe is given,
To dwell forever in its cloudless light.

SPIRITUAL DEBTORS.

I WAS heavy-laden, grieving,
 Prest to earth with sense of woe ;
 When a voice, my heart relieving,
 Sounded thus in accents low :

“ Every man that’s now thy debtor,
 Shall his debt to thee repay ;
 Shall restore e’en to the letter
 All thy spirit gives away.

“ Old and young — the man grey-headed,
 And the boy with nimble tread ;
 They that to the world are wedded,
 All that now by thee are fed.

“ They, how much shall they return thee,
 Crowded measures running o’er ;
 All that now in spirit owe thee ;
 Grieves my child ? Then grieve no more.”

THE LIFE OF THE HOUR.

I ASK not what the bud may be
 That hangs upon the green-sheathed stem ;
 But love with every leaf I see
 To lie unfolded there like them.

I ask not what the tree may bear,
 When whitened by the hand of Spring ;
 But with its blossoms on the air
 Would far around my perfume fling.

The infant’s joy is mine, is mine !
 I join its infant sports with glee,
 And would not for a world resign
 The look of love it casts on me.

With all that lives, with all that loves,
In harmony man's life shall be,
When to each hour he faithful proves,
And shares in nature's purity.

CHRIST'S CAPTURE IN THE GARDEN.

A PARAPHRASE.

WHEN shrouded by the darkness of the earth,
And soon to pass away from human sight,
Thus spake the Wisdom, born of heavenly birth,
Which was before the world, of men the Light :

“ Why come ye forth as 'gainst a thief, with swords,
When daily in the Temple I have taught ?
Have ye not listened to God's gracious words,
Which to a sinful world salvation brought ?

“ Why stretched ye forth no hands against Me then,
When, in your sight and hearing, there I stood ?
Was it because ye stood in fear of men ?
But thus it was to prove the Scriptures good.

“ This is your hour ! The covert gloom of night
Is the fit time for violence and wrong ;
The evil hide them from the morning light,
And leagued with Darkness only are they strong.

“ The children of the Light do Wisdom love,
And gladly listen to her holy word ;
The evil hate the Light, which doth reprove,
And 'gainst the righteous draw the bloody sword.”

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

WHAT hath God wrought? What hath God wrought?
Along the iron wires,
The electric current, swift as thought,
Of this our Age inquires.

What marvel in these latter days,
His purpose to fulfill,
Has God, to whom be all the praise,
Wrought with sublimest skill.

From land to land, from shore to shore,
He stretches wide the chain,
Which shall in one forevermore
Link all earth's broad domain.

The wandering Indian of the west
Shall see it stretching on
To where the setting sun finds rest,
And hear what God hath done.

And where again from ocean's bed
On eastern lands he shines,
By millions shall the words be read,
Transmitted o'er its lines.

The North and South shall hear the word,
O'er all their frozen plains,
And nations with new thought be stirred,
Where Winter ever reigns.

And each in his own tongue shall hear
The Message it has brought,
And all shall say, with love and fear,
Behold what God hath wrought.

THE HOLY LAND.

I GO not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old ;
The holy land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

'T is everywhere. The pure in heart
Alone can enter in,
And those whom grace and love have made
Forever free from sin.

I see it when the morning sun
Doth rise o'er land and sea ;
The moon's mild beams, the silent stars,
Reveal it unto me.

In all that 's good, in all that 's fair,
I see its glory shine ;
As in the holy land of old,
The ancient Palestine.

And brighter yet, in days to come,
Shall shine its wondrous light,
Till all the earth is holy land,
With heavenly radiance bright.

I go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old ;
The holy land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW.

THERE 's nothing new, the Preacher cries,
 With saddened heart and weary mind ;
 That which hath been is that which is,
 And nothing new on earth we find.

Night follows day, and day the night,
 As the earth circles round the sun ;
 The rivers from the ocean rise,
 And back into the ocean run.

Man cannot rise above himself,
 And Reason's calm behests obey ;
 Though for a time he heed her laws,
 Soon will he yield to Passion's sway.

The order of our daily life
 May wild confusion yet succeed ;
 We see not yet those happy years
 Of which in prophecy we read.

For in a circle all things move,
 They different seem, yet are the same ;
 That which the future now we call
 Is still the present but in name.

Not so, the Spirit teaching saith,
 New heavens and earth shall we behold ;
 A brighter, fairer, happier scene
 Shall, even here, succeed the old.

The same, yet changed, improved, adorned
 By skill of man, and Power Divine ;
 Co-working here to our great end,
 Far-seeing, healthful, and benign.

No more disease, nor pain, nor death
 Shall in that blessed world be known ;

Nor sin can enter, and defile,
And make that paradise its own.

The former things have passed away,
Like the dark shadows of the night ;
And God himself shall dwell with men,
And be their everlasting Light.

Within, the spirit, quickened, sees
New power and love in all around ;
And heavenly music greets the ear
In every voice and every sound.

Behold, He maketh all things new,
It hears from angel harps above ;
Come quickly, Lord ! on earth fulfill
Thy prophecy of joy and love.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

God careth for the smallest seed
That's sown upon the ground ;
It springeth up a noble tree,
And spreads its branches round.

He careth for the lowly worm
That spins its shroud to die ;
He gives it many-colored wings,
And bids it soar on high.

Through all the realms of God below,
Through all His realms above,
A differing glory still proclaims
The same great Father's love.

So is the rising from the dead, —
'T is not what thou hast sown ;
But in the body God shall give
Will each to each be known.

His various power, that cares for all,
 E'en for the smallest seed,
 And gives to each its different form
 According to its need,

Will for thy body, Man ! provide,
 That now thou see'st decay ;
 And crown it with a glory, too,
 That shall not fade away.

THE CEMETERY.

WELL is this place a cemetery called,
 For here do we unto the earth commit,
 With hope in Christ, the forms of those we love ;
 And say our friends have fallen asleep in Him,
 To wait with us His coming, long foretold.
 Nature with faithful trust restores the grain
 Which man unto her bosom doth commit,
 But tells us not that man shall live again,
 Or only in dim type obscurely speaks.
 By revelation taught, we learn indeed
 The hidden meaning of her countless forms ;
 And, by analogy, the springing grain
 Doth teach us of the body that shall be ;
 But reason's powers are limited and weak,
 Nor fully can the mystery comprehend.
 Earth can restore but that which is her own,
 Give back the grain again an hundred fold,
 Perpetuate her kinds, beasts, insects, birds,
 The individual in the species lost.
 Christ is the Resurrection and the Life,
 And at his coming them who sleep shall bring !
 With the same beauty do the flowers return,
 And with like foliage is the tree new-clothed ;
 But with more glorious bodies shall they come
 Who here have sought and loved and served their Lord ;
 E'en with celestial bodies, like his own,
 When He who is their Life and Hope appears.

E'en now are earth and man, though mortal, touched
 With foregleams of the bright immortal dawn.
 They followed not myths cunningly devised,
 Who have proclaimed the coming of the Lord ;
 For they beheld His glory on the mount,
 And heard the voice which came to Him from heaven.
 No more, as once, neglected and forgot,
 A source of superstitious fears to all,
 The resting-place of those we mourn remains.
 Planted with trees, vocal with songs of birds
 Whose music morn and eve fills all the grove ;
 Adorned with flowers of every hue and kind,
 With cheerful hopes we consecrate the grave.
 Engraved on humble stone, or splendid tomb,
 The holy texts of Scripture meet the eye ;
 Or words of poet speaking heart to heart,
 That tell man of a higher life to come.
 Here, as I tread these much-frequented paths,
 And hold communion with the loved and mourned,
 The dead and living seem to draw more near ;
 And nearer seems the time when Christ shall come
 To abolish death and triumph o'er the grave.

THE PAST.

THOU Past ! What art thou ? Whither dost thou lead
 Through countless generations fled away,
 Empires and races that have left no trace
 Save in the nameless mound or city's site,
 Disputed oft, and called by different names ?
 Thou point'st to Nineveh and storied Thebes,
 To Egypt's pyramids and Pæstum's fanes,
 And say'st, with solemn, awe-inspiring voice,
 "These are of yesterday, compared with Me."
 And still thou beckon'st on, with shadowy hand,
 Through hoary epochs before man was made
 And at the head of the creation placed.
 I pass gigantic forms, unknown to man

Save by their impress left upon the rock,
Or their huge bones dug from the miry clay ;
Mammoth and mastodon, and, stranger still,
The monsters of the oölitic age.
And still beyond, amidst gigantic ferns
And towering reeds, I pass, whose thick, rank growth,
O'erwhelmed by fire and flood, was changed to coal
Before the lofty mountains were upheaved.
Not there, nor in the central depths beneath,
I reach the boundaries of thy mighty realm.
Leaving the earth, I soar amidst the stars,
And far beyond the solar system range ;
Where light, the swiftest messenger of God,
Has winged its arrowy flight for countless years,
Yet never reached the world to which 't was sent !
Lost and bewildered by the amazing thought,
In vain I seek above, as on the earth,
Thy origin, or what thou art, O Past !
Wearied with outward search, I turn within,
And of my soul I ask thy origin ;
But vainly there would I explore thy depths,
For deeper mysteries within us lie
Than in the world of time and sense without.
Of spirit's hidden essence who can tell,
Or mark by years the time when it began ?
The mind within its mighty thought can grasp
The laws that bind the planets in their course,
Measure the stars' vast distance from the earth,
Predict the wandering comet's sure return,
Compel the elements to do its will.
In vain Philosophy would seek to read
The dark inscriptions on the human soul,
More ancient and obscure than print of beast,
Or bird, or tree, left on the solid rock
When the foundations of the earth were laid.
In God alone my wandering mind can rest ;
In Him the Present, Past, and Future meet.
Though, to our narrow view, succession marks
The history of man and all we see,

And e'en our language echoes with the past,
 Yet this is but the weakness of our thought,
 That sees not from beginning to the end.
 He, who in the Beginning formed the earth
 And woke the soul to conscious life and joy,
 He fixed thy boundaries, O mysterious Past !
 And crowned Thee monarch of thy mighty realm ;
 And He determined when thy reign shall end,
 And in our thought Eternity begin.

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

THE Patriarch wrestled with the angel long,
 For though of mortal race, yet he was strong ;
 Nor would release him at the break of day,
 That he might take his upward heavenly way.
 " Bless me," he cried, " ere I shall let thee go ;
 Thou art an angel, and no mortal foe,
 Who through the night's dark hours couldst thus main-
 tain
 With me a contest on the starry plain."
 " What is thy name ?" the angel asked again,
 " For thou hast power alike with God and men."
 " Jacob," he said. The angel blessed him there :
 " Henceforth the name of Israel thou shalt bear ;
 Thou hast prevailed, thou art a Prince indeed :
 A blessing rest on thee, and on thy seed."
 Deem not that to those ancient times belong
 The wonders told in history and in song :
 Men may with angels now, as then, prevail ;
 Too oft, alas, they in the contest fail.
 Their blessed help is not from man withdrawn ;
 Contend thou with the angel till the dawn :
 A blessing he to earth for thee doth bring,
 Then back to heaven again his flight will wing.

THE NEW LIFE OF HUMANITY.

WHAT Life is that which, like the Spring,
 Now breathes o'er land and sea?
 Which doth new life to nations bring,
 To all humanity?

Is it the life which year by year
 Calls forth the same fair flowers,
 So soon, alas, to disappear
 From out their summer bowers, —

The same bright birds calls forth again
 With songs to cheer the grove,
 So soon, alas, to cease their strain,
 And distant far to rove?

No: 't is a life yet more divine,
 To humbler things unknown,
 Which Nature, Time, cannot confine;
 'T is felt by man alone.

More quickening than the vernal wind,
 Like mighty poet's lyre
 That stirs the hearts of all his kind
 To something nobler, higher,

To nobler Freedom, purer Love,
 To perfect lasting Peace,
 Till to these thoughts men faithful prove,
 And wars forever cease.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

THE green grass grows where'er it will;
 Beside the cottage door,
 And on the high head of the hill
 That looks the valley o'er.

The river flows, nor feeble man
 Its tide directs, nor stays ;
 But Him from whom the current ran
 Forever it obeys.

There is no wind that man can guide,
 Nor tell its certain bound ;
 Restless the airy currents glide
 The earth's wide surface round.

Thou shalt not mark with narrow walls
 Thine own vast being's scope ;
 'T is farther back than Memory calls,
 Nor is it barred by Hope.

Nor fetter thou with human creed,
 The symbol of an hour,
 The mind that God's own word has freed,
 And His own Spirit's power.

The wind, the tide, the growing grass
 Thy will cannot control ;
 Then fix no bounds it shall not pass,
 To the free, living soul.

THE PERFECT LOVE THAT CASTS OUT FEAR.

THERE is a state that all may know,
 No fear, no shame we feel ;
 For God doth all His mercy show,
 And all His love reveal.

His goodness manifested is,
 And all His ways are clear ;
 The Spirit seals our souls as His,
 For we to Him are dear.

A Father's love in our past years
 By us is clearly known ;
 For He has wiped away our tears,
 And as His sons doth own.

And He has called us by His Son
 To know a higher life,
 With them forever to be one,
 No more with sin at strife.

The darkness of the world has fled,
 That dimmed our mortal sight ;
 We dwell no more in bondage dread,
 But walk in heavenly light.

HOW FAITH COMES.

“ FAITH in the Lord how can I find ? ”
 I hear you say. Alas, so blind !
 Dost thou not see the works He's made,
 And all the glory there displayed ;
 The glory of the morning hour,
 The beauty of the wayside flower ?
 Dost thou not of the Saviour read,
 His wondrous words, His every deed
 An act of pure and holy love,
 To lift the earth-bound soul above ?
 And see'st thou not the heavenly light
 That's risen on the ancient night,
 That banishes from death its gloom,
 And shows the world beyond the tomb ?
 Faith comes from sight, when clear and true ;
 It comes, we read, from hearing, too ;
 It comes from doing of the word,
 Obeying what we've seen, and heard ;
 From humble toil, self-sacrifice,
 When man his lower self denies,
 And follows Him, who died to save,
 And his own life for others gave.

IMPATIENCE.

THOU chid'st the wind and snow and sleet and ice,
 That still delay the spring when Spring is near.
 Thou see'st the grass as if already green,
 And scent'st the flowers, and hear'st the song of birds.
 Then why this disappointment of my hopes,
 You ask? What! would you have the year come forth
 To fail and die? This wind and snow and ice, —
 This second winter was not made in vain.
 'T was sent to retard and check the vital powers,
 That else with fatal haste might swell the grain
 And cause the fruitful trees too soon to bloom.
 O'ertook by sudden frosts and icy blasts
 Nature in all her glow of life would droop,
 And famished millions perish !

Scorn not slow Nature's work; chide not her ways,
 For they are ordered everywhere aright ;
 But from her wisdom learn *thou* to be wise.

FAITH AND SIGHT.

THE comings on of faith,
 The goings out of sight,
 Are as the brightening of the morn
 And dying of the night.

Man tells not of the hour,
 By Him alone 't is told
 Who day and night with certain bounds
 Marked out for him of old.

The singing of the bird
 And sinking of her strain,
 The roar of ocean's storm-lashed waves
 And lull, the date retain.

The fading of the leaf
 And blending of each hue,
 The mystic hour still hold, in truth,
 When change the old and new.

There's naught in Nature's hymn
 Of earth, or sea, or sky,
 But tells, forever tells, the time
 When birth to death is nigh.

THOUGHTS AND DESIRES.

How in the inmost soul
 Do thoughts, desires, have birth?
 Own they no just control?
 Are they of heaven, or earth,

As chance or outward things
 Do bid them come and go?
 Can none control the springs
 Of his own joy, or woe?

Yes: ours the power of prayer
 To Him who rules within;
 Whose sway extends e'en there
 Where thoughts, desires, begin.

God's eye doth there behold
 The thoughts of every mind;
 The heart's desire untold,
 The purpose but designed.

And He can cleanse the heart
 From every guilty stain,
 And peace and power impart,
 That ever shall remain.

Lord, teach us how to pray,
 To fix the wandering thought,

Till we have learned Thy perfect way,
And all to Thee are brought.

CHRIST'S FINAL VICTORY.

OVER men's graves we lightly tread !
Ah, soon forgotten are the dead !
" Christ is not risen," we hear men say,
" There is no Resurrection Day."

" Death over us will soon have power,
To pleasure give life's little hour ;
Like leaves the generations fall,
Death still is sovereign over all."

Ah thoughtless men ! Ah faithless age !
Not to believe the Sacred Page ;
That Christ at length o'er death shall reign,
The final victory shall gain ;

That to the dead who in Him sleep
He will His faithful promise keep ;
That at His coming they shall rise,
Welcomed by angels to the skies ;

That e'en mortality shall be
A sharer in his victory ;
Changed to immortal, it shall wear
The heavenly image, wondrous fair.

Let these high thoughts our souls inspire,
Fill us with earnest, pure desire,
That we the prize in Christ may win,
His victory over death and sin.

HYMN TO THE LIVING.

THE voiceless spirits, — they who have given up
 The being that God gave, till hand, foot and voice,
 Apart from Him whom once they honored,
 Find their tasks without forethought or wish, —
 These ever give thee back unto thyself,
 When wandering thou wouldst stray, a new-born man.
 I sing of them, for they have fallen asleep ;
 And no voice comes back, nor motion shows them
 Living amid the dead, yet living still.
 Where are they ? In your midst ; the forms that Night
 Radiant with fires discloses o'er your head,
 And Day walks forth with, when bright-girt he comes,
 And thou but find'st a lamp for thine own task,
 A moon and stars, that still may light thee on
 Till finished the short race thy day began.
 Motionless, yet moving, roll on their orbs,
 Measuring in shining planes thy little life
 Of days, and months, and years, unnoticed save
 For them. Spring and the Seasons, too, they give,
 That thou mayst finish here thy work begun.
 Hail, Forms the eye sees not, and Tones that speak
 But in the silent hymn of Nature's praise !
 Hail, ye who touch no lyre but that low harp
 That man can never hear till woke in God !
 Come forth, ye whom the tombs have held so long !
 Though but the shadows of your greatness fall
 Upon the sight, and echoes reach the ear,
 'T will strengthen us to rise who now are dead,
 And follow on where you have led the way.
 Long have we sought you, and in distant worlds,
 When ye were here amongst us ; on your lives
 We live, yet ask we who ye are, as men
 Forgotten. With the bud and leaf comes forth
 Daily the record of your excellence,
 In words that will not die upon our ear ;
 Ye hidden all, as is the current sap

That weaves Spring's robe, or light that gives it hue.
In you, as her, we lose our little selves,
Forgetting in your bounties those who give.
Great Teachers, born to be with God, and teach
The letters of His wisdom! may we all
Count costless till with you we live as brothers,
Of the same Father, born to hear His word.
Come! we will sit as children at your feet,
And throw away the pride that made us call
Those who were sent from Him, the Good, our equals.
Pour, pour the rain from out your burial urns,
Scatter the sunbeams on our wasted fields,
Till blossoms, flowers and fruit scent hill and plain;
Yet will we shut our eyes on all, to see
The Giver, and who teach to give like Him.
Ye stand not on the numbered page of Time,
But have withdrawn yourselves beyond the praise,
The short-lived praise, of men, to hear of God.
The day on which you speak is called His own;
The hour on which He calls us children bids
Wait on you to learn our Father's acts.
Whom first he honored with the name of sons,
Our Elder Brothers! strengthen ye our hands
With all the love the eldest born must feel
For one the youngest, feeble yet to bear
The weight of life, made lighter by your aid.
The world that is has vanished from your sight,
Its journeys with your last day's march complete;
Teach us to walk the road that you have been,
Made plain at every step by what you were;
Invisible, still be to us as seen,
Fresh breathing on us with each gale that blows,
Our way still lighting with each sun that shines.
The roots men dig for, or whate'er they stoop
To pick or reach with their high hands, berries
And fruits, — these nourish life, for Life it is
That gives them. Thou must live, else will thy gifts
Come toilless into men's hands; they will not
Dig to gain what thou hast never covered

In the earth, nor stoop amid the grass to find
The red, low berries on the bush or vine ;
Thou canst not give them hands to reach on high
For Autumn's fruit all careless at them flung.
Canst thou send them, mariners, across the main,
When thou all idly livest in thine own home ?
Thou givest them food that has no life from thee ;
Their weak limbs hang palsied down, made feeble
By thy gifts. They come from out thy pasture
Lank and lean as Pharaoh's oxen seen
In dream ; for thou hast first been out to crop
The herbage, e'er thou turn'st them in. Not so,
Great Teachers ! ye who in your gifts make strong
The hands that take them from you ; with swifter
Motion quicken the feet that seek your doors.
Heavy the baskets loaded with your grain,
Till stout our arms as yours the load to bear ;
The sweat rolls down fast dropping from our brows,
While we your daily bounties homeward bring.
I have been out in your wide fields fenced in
With jealous care, and home returned wearied
By the long walk, unable to see all.
You make us not your own, but strengthen us
To be ourselves with wrestling hard with you.
I have been welcomed where there was no meat,
And water tasted that I could not drink ;
But ye have more than I can eat ; water
And wine, that in me prove but springs gushing
The more I draw. With you there is no change ;
The comings in and goings out of life
Are over. You always are. You always
Visit us, for we are not. Light of our dwellings,
Air that girds us round, and earth beneath our
Feet ! we tread amid your gifts, as common
Blessings of the One Great Hand upholding all.
Ye unseen Messengers ! Apostles sent
By Christ, moving and finding voice in words !
Forms that visit human hearts as dwellings !
Be near us ever, ever be our guests !

The night is dying out ; and ye begin
To walk among us, gigantic Shadows
Flung before the rising sun ; in early
Morning's pale light seen, noticing the Day.
The lamp burns feebly, and your mighty presence,
Seen e'en but dimly in its strongest rays,
Fades on my vision as too great for sight.
Have ye no eyes but such as give us light
To see ; no hands but such as lose themselves
In offering us your gifts ? Oh, lift us up
To take them from you ! Give the blind to see !
Lest we, as now, deem all your gifts chance-found.
And Thou, who givest all, whose children these ;
Ever Invisible ! The Day in which all see !
Amid Thy gifts may we walk fearfully,
Lest, lost in their profusion, we find them
Instead of Thee. Straying amid Thy works
We know Thee not, best seen in these Thy sons,
In whom Thine Image shines to light our way.

H Y M N S .

THE DEW.

'T IS not the copious rains alone
Which bless the parchèd soil ;
The gentle dews, that nightly fall,
Reward the sower's toil.

Unseen, unheard, the dews descend,
Like slumber on the mind ;
And on the thirsty hills and fields
A blessing leave behind.

In the cool stillness of the night
The drooping plants revive ;
The grass and every tender herb
With their sweet influence thrive.

See, lifted on each pointed blade,
How bright the dew-drops shine !
And learn, in trusting, humble faith,
To trace the Hand Divine ;

That, though no clouds their fullness drop
In answer to our prayer,
Still we may own, from day to day,
Our God for us doth care.

THE RETURN OF THE SAVIOUR.

Lo, Christ returns ! But where is love,
 The love He showed for men ;
 Does He behold it here on earth,
 Returned to earth again ?

Lo, Christ returns ! But where the faith
 Which here on earth He sought,
 The faith which overcomes the world,
 And mighty works has wrought ?

And where is hope, which cheers the soul,
 The Spirit's fruit and joy,
 Which doth like faith and hope abide,
 And naught can e'er destroy ?

Ah, where are these ? We see them not ;
 But, Lord, we still believe :
 Increase our faith, increase our love,
 That we may Thee receive.

THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

THY knowledge cannot reach
 Unto the heavenly birth ;
 Thou knowest only what is done
 Below, upon the earth.

Believe, and thou shalt know
 Things holy and divine ;
 Things unperceived by mortal sense
 By faith alone are thine.

To naught the Lord compares
 The Spirit, but the wind ;

Whose voice indeed we listening hear,
But none its way can find.

It calls thee to repent,
Christ's kingdom enter in,
And while thou dwellest here below
The heavenly life begin.

Obeys the Spirit's call,
And by its voice be led,
And thou within the heavenly courts
At length shalt surely tread.

HYMN.

AMIDST the pastures green,
Beside the rivers still,
Thou leadest those, O Lord, in peace,
Who seek to do Thy will.

They rest 'neath shady rock,
Or trees beside the way ;
No more they thirst, no more they feel
The sun's hot, scorching ray ;

No more the world disturbs,
Or fills them with alarm ;
For where Thou givest peace and rest,
Vain is man's power to harm.

And near those pastures green,
Those peaceful rivers near,
To all who seek to do Thy will,
Thy voice of love to hear,

Thou teachest them the way
Unseen by other eyes ;
And e'en amidst the desert waste
Prepar'st a glad surprise.

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESSEX
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SALEM, APRIL 21, 1871.

AMID the swift on-rushing years,
We hear a voice that bids us stay ;
Back to the storied Past we turn,
And reverently its call obey.

For not dissevered, weak, alone,
Do we amid the Present live ;
But to our lives the by-gone days
Their knowledge and their virtues give.

Made wise by wisdom of the Past,
We for the Future shall prepare ;
Sharing our fathers' noble aims,
We shall their fame and glory share.

But soon forgotten or destroyed
The records of that early age,
Had not their sons, with loving care,
Memorials left for History's page.

Honor we give to those who here
Recorded for our use their lore ;
Whose names and virtues we revere,
Though seen with us their forms no more.

Inspired by their example high,
May we their chosen path pursue ;
Alike to Present and to Past
In all our thoughts and acts be true.

THE HELP OF THE SPIRIT.

How can we upward go
 Without thy help, O Lord ?
 The way of life indeed we know,
 Taught in Thy blessed Word.

Still upward doth it lead,
 But we grow faint and weak ;
 A strength above our own we need,
 That strength from Thee we seek ;

For Thou art present still,
 Though not to sense and sight,
 Thy word of promise to fulfill
 Of strength, and peace, and light.

Thou hast not left alone
 Thy followers here below ;
 To Thee their trials all are known,
 And help Thou dost bestow.

The Spirit Thou dost send
 To cheer the mind and heart,
 To guide them to their journey's end,
 And nevermore depart !

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF PLUMMER HALL, SALEM,
 OCTOBER 6, 1857.

THIS building, graced with Plummer's name,
 We dedicate to-day ;
 Long may its influence and fame
 Our service here repay.

To Science and to Learning's aid
 We dedicate its halls ;
 From out their calm and peaceful shade
 The voice of Wisdom calls :

“ Come ! learn what ancient sages taught,
 Come ! list the poet's strain ;
 Scorn Pleasure's lure, and raise your thought
 Above the lust of gain.

“ Here learn the history of your race,
 The mind's wide fields explore,
 And in the works of Nature trace
 A Mind to love, adore.

“ For every star that gems the night,
 The world's majestic plan,
 And things too small for human sight,
 A study are for man.

“ From morn till eve, from youth till age,
 Delight in study find ;
 And gain from books and Nature's page
 Food for the immortal mind,

“ Which gropes like base and purblind things
 Along its darksome way,
 Or soars on high with sun-bright wings
 To realms of lasting day.”

HOW COME THE DEAD ?

How come the dead ? we anxious ask,
 When, parting from our sight,
 The spirit leaves its earthly home
 To dwell in realms of light.

How come the dead ? Shall we no more
 The friends we love behold,

Nor clasp again within our arms
Their forms so still and cold ?

The very question that we ask
May its own answer give ;
Is it the mortal that we mourn ?
Our friends immortal live.

They come, though unperceived by sense,
Through Memory's open door ;
We see their looks, their voices hear,
Familiar as before.

They come ; for Hope will whisper still,
Undying in the heart,
That friends who love shall meet again,
Meet nevermore to part.

And Faith, with heaven-directed gaze,
As seeing things concealed,
Declares, The dead with Christ shall come,
When He shall be revealed !

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

STREW all their graves with flowers,
They for their country died,
And freely gave their lives for ours,
Their country's hope and pride.

Bring flowers to deck each sod
Where rests their sacred dust ;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
Their everlasting Trust !

Fearless in Freedom's cause
They suffered, toiled, and bled,
And died obedient to her laws,
By Truth and Conscience led.

Oft as the year returns
 She o'er their graves shall weep,
 And wreath with flowers their funeral urns,
 Their memory dear to keep.

Bring flowers of early spring
 To deck each soldier's grave,
 And summer's fragrant roses bring ;
 They died our land to save.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

WITH the spirit Christians sung,
 In the Church's early days ;
 Every heart and every tongue
 Joined the soul-inspiring praise.

Gathered in an upper room,
 In the desert lone and drear,
 In the cavern's midnight gloom,
 Rose their voices loud and clear.

Now, though mighty temples stand
 Rearing their high walls to heaven,
 Filling all our happy land,
 No such praise to God is given.

Silent is the people's voice
 In the temples of the Lord ;
 Seldom do their hearts rejoice,
 Singing hymns in sweet accord.

Like the sounding ocean's waves
 When they break along our coast,
 Should arise, to Him who saves,
 Praises from His countless host.

Let the choral song arise
 From a people great and free ;
 Let it echo to the skies,
 Let it sound from sea to sea.

“Be still, and know that I am God.” — PSALM xlv. 10.

IN the shock of mighty armies
 Which the land with tumults fill,
 Learn, my soul, the lesson taught thee,
 And in waiting trust be still.]

Though the solid earth be shaken,
 And the mountains tottering fall ;
 Yet, if God be our protection,
 Naught can harm, and naught appall.

He in every time of trouble
 Is a present help indeed,
 And will to His children hearken
 In their darkest hour of need.

He our country will deliver,
 If we call upon His name ;
 And the foes of Truth and Justice
 He will put to open shame.

Come, behold what works He doeth !
 Making wars at length to cease ;
 Sending to earth's farthest borders
 Messengers of love and peace ;

Calling on the sinful nations
 To forsake their sins and pride,
 And believe the Saviour's message,
 Who for all who live has died.

He in earth will be exalted,
 And His purposes fulfill ;
 Know, my soul, His power and goodness,
 And in waiting trust be still !

THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS EASY.

THOU dost make the pathway easy
 For thy saints to travel in,
 Though it seem but steep and tiresome
 When the journey they begin.

Not the path of ease and pleasure
 Have they chosen here to go,
 But the way that upward leadeth,
 From the flowery vale below.

Thou dost tax their powers of action,
 Powers of body and of mind,
 Till the world they have forsaken,
 Left each pleasing lure behind.

Then the way Thou makest easy
 To their worn and weary feet ;
 And doth cheer their spirits fainting,
 Showing them Thy glorious seat !

Far below they see the cities
 Of the low and darksome plain,
 Where the sons of earth-born pleasure
 In their bondage still remain.

Noble forms appear around them,
 Heavenly voices cheer them on ;
 And Thy holy mountain's summit
 By their feet is quickly won.

THE LIGHT STILL SHINING IN THE DARK-
NESS.

ONCE I musing was in spirit,
Why the Light in darkness shone ;
Why amidst the early ages
It by men was never known.

Though essential, uncreated,
Though within the mind it beamed,
Yet the Light none comprehended ;
Prophets mused and sages dreamed.

Then to me a voice there answered,
“ Why thy wonder thus express ?
In the world that Light still shineth,
All mankind to save and bless.

“ It, in human form and likeness,
To its people came of old ;
But by them it was rejected,
As in Scriptures thou art told.

“ Yet a few beheld its glory,
Dwelling with the sons of men ;
And have left the wondrous story,
Called for all its life to pen.

“ And though everywhere it shineth,
Brighter than the orb of day,
Men and nations still reject it,
Walking not in wisdom's way]

“ But to all who love, receive it,
They the sons of God become ;
Dwelling with the Lord forever,
In His bright eternal home.”

THE SPIRIT ITSELF MAKETH INTERCES-
SION FOR US.

THE Spirit doth our weakness aid,
When thought and utterance fail ;
When all our words can say is said,
Its sighs and groans avail.

They reach the ear of God on high,
Who doth the heart discern ;
He hears the feeblest sufferer's cry,
And swift to him doth turn.

Oh faint not, then, when all thy might
Of thought and word is gone ;
God's help shall make thy burden light,
Thou art not then alone.

His Spirit doth within thee dwell
To comfort and console ;
No tongue the love and peace can tell,
It brings unto the soul !

And though no voice of man makes known
The prayer which then we pray,
Yet God doth hear each sigh and groan,
And knows what we would say.

And a little child shall lead them. — ISAIAH xi. 6.

THOU call'st me, little child,
With thy voice sweet and mild,
To go with thee ;
I take thy guiding hand,
For thou the happy land
Dost clearly see.

The land where's heard no more
The lion's angry roar,
Nor beast of prey
Doth ravage and devour,
And gone the tyrant's power
To hurt and slay.

The fields and pastures green
Through all the year are seen,
No drought they know ;
There flowers of beauty rare,
Without man's fostering care,
Abundant grow.

There in a peaceful life,
Forgotten war's rude strife,
All men shall live ;
No enemy shall spoil,
Earth without painful toil
Shall plenty give.

There nevermore is heard
Harsh speech, nor angry word ;
No more we hear
Of deeds of shame and crime,
Darkening the page of Time ;
Nor dwell in fear.

No sorrow there shall be,
New heavens and earth we'll see,
Where dwelleth Love ;
There, there, O gentle guide,
May I with thee abide,
Blest land above.

Take ye heed, watch and pray : for ye know not when the time is. — MARK
xiii. 33.

COME suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come,
I wait Thy will, Thy servant ready is ;
Thou hast prepared Thy follower a home,
The heaven in which Thou dwellest, too, is his.

Come in the morn, at noon, or midnight deep,
Come, for Thy servant still doth watch and pray ;
E'en when the world around is sunk in sleep,
I wake, and long to see Thy glorious day.

I would not fix the time, the day, nor hour,
When Thou with all Thine angels shalt appear ;
When in Thy kingdom Thou shalt come with power,
E'en now, perhaps, the promised day is near !

For though, in slumber deep, the world may lie,
And e'en Thy church forget Thy great command ;
Still year by year Thy coming draweth nigh,
And in its power Thy kingdom is at hand.

Not in some future world alone 't will be,
Beyond the grave, beyond the bounds of Time ;
But on the earth Thy glory we shall see,
And share Thy triumph, peaceful, pure, sublime.

Lord ! help me that I faint not, weary grow,
Nor at Thy coming slumber too, and sleep ;
For Thou hast promised, and full well I know,
Thou wilt to us Thy word of promise keep.

THE WORD BEFORE ALL THINGS.

NOT first the things which we behold ;
Though they, since time began,
E'en from Creation's dawn of old,
Have been beheld by man.

Not first the grove, the hill, the stream,
Though beauteous to the sight ;
Nor first the sun's bright, golden beam,
Nor stars with silvery light.

Nor first were beasts, nor creeping things,
Nor insects' glittering throng,
Nor birds that soar on sun-bright wings
And fill the groves with song :

But first the Word, which gave them birth,
Eternal and divine ;
Which built the heavens, and spread the earth,
And bade the stars to shine ;

By it each thing that is was made,
Beast, insect, bird, and man ;
Ere earth's foundations first were laid
God saw the wondrous plan.

In it is light forever pure,
Brighter than man can see,
That must eternally endure,
When these shall cease to be.

Within the darkened human mind
It shines, though dimmed its ray,
To lead the soul, which sin makes blind,
To realms of endless day ;

Where fairer things, and more sublime,
That Word shall then reveal ;
Which now the world of sense and time
Doth from man's sight conceal.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

WHEN from their sight the Saviour went,
To dwell no more upon the earth,
The Spirit to His own He sent,
And souls were born of heavenly birth.

He left them not as orphans here,
To mourn their sad and bitter fate ;
But gave them promises to cheer,
While in the world, their lonely state.

“ My Father greater is than I ;
I will not leave you here alone,
But send the Spirit from on high,
And you, in Me, shall still be one.”

Sweet promise to the mourning Bride,
The Church, that mourns her absent Lord
While in His love we still abide
He will fulfill His parting word.

Henceforth no more let Christians mourn ;
They hear again the Bridegroom's voice,
From heavenly heights of glory borne,
Which bids them with Himself rejoice.

So faith, and joy, and peace, and love,
Became our heritage below ;
Descending, with the holy dove,
On all who Christ's obedience know.

THE EFFICACY OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

PRAY, mother, for thy prayer may keep
Thy child in virtue's way ;
A blessed harvest he shall reap
For whom thou oft dost pray.

'T will bless him in his early days,
And consecrate his home ;
'T will bless him mid the world's rough ways,
And wheresoe'er he roam.

Through manhood, e'en to life's last close,
Thy prayers shall counsel, guide ;
Keep pure his heart from deadly foes,
From hatred, lust, and pride.

Pray, mother, for thy prayer has power
To help, to save thy child ;
To give him strength in evil hour,
By pleasure's voice beguiled.

And pray, O pray, when erring, frail,
Thy feeble child may fall ;
Thy prayer, thy faith may still prevail,
And back to life recall !

For God the prayer of faith doth hear,
And answer from on high ;
To those who seek Him, He is near,
Nor will their quest deny.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

THEY live to God, they live to God,
 Though gone from human sight !
The good and brave, who left their homes
 To battle for the right.

To Thee, O God, they still live on,
 Though ceased their mortal strife ;
And wait the triumph of the Cause
 More dear to them than life.

In sight of men they seem to die
 And perish from the earth ;
But Thou dost give them, even here,
 A new, immortal birth.

Though chastened for a little time,
 Thou dost reward their pain ;
To die, to suffer for the right,
 Is e'en on earth to gain.

For to their Country still they live,
 And on her roll of fame
Recorded shall forever stand
 Each brave and honored name !

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE THOMPSON JUBILEE, AT BARRE, JANUARY
12, 1854.

WE hail our Jubilee to-day,
The Christian's Jubilee comes round !
We come our grateful vows to pay,
For this we bid the trumpet sound.

Its welcome notes our bosoms thrill,
For earthly blessings long enjoyed ;
How large a space their memories fill,
With pleasures sweet and unalloyed !

The Lord has blessed each fruitful field,
And we would of His goodness tell ;
Our father's farms abundance yield,
And here their sons in safety dwell.

With health, and liberty, and peace,
For fifty years He 's crowned our lot ;
Oh, may these blessings never cease,
Or be in coming time forgot.

For fifty years Thy servant, Lord,
Has preached the Gospel of Thy love ;
We thank Thee for Thy saving Word,
All other gifts how far above !

Behold, as in a fruitful land
The precious seed He here has sown ;
Still prosper, Lord, Thy servant's hand,
And still as Thine the vineyard own ;

Till, resting from his earthly care,
He join Thy saints in courts above ;
In higher joys and duties share,
And feel new measures of Thy love.

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY,
IN SALEM, 1854.

HAIL, Love of country! noble flame,
That never can expire;
In every age and clime the same,
Alike in son and sire.

Light in our souls a holy zeal,
As one united band,
Our growing country's wounds to heal,
And all her foes to withstand.

No more to battle would we go
To fight against our kind;
Through human veins one blood doth flow,
And one the heart and mind.

But forth we go to break the chain
Of error and of sin;
To free our land from every stain,
And rights for all to win.

To triumph in the Gospel's might,
And Christian patriots be;
To battle for the truth and right,
And every bondsman free.

And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes. —REV. xxi. 4.

NOT tears alone for natural grief
Our God shall wipe away;
To sinners, too, He sends relief,
When unto Him they pray.

We mourn the loss of dearest friends,
 For want, and woe, and pain ;
 But still our God some comfort sends,
 And we rejoice again.

But most we weep and mourn for sin, —
 Will God, our God, forgive,
 And purify the heart within,
 That we to Him may live ?

Shall we as sinners ever know
 That we are all-forgiven ?
 Shall Memory's page no record show
 'Gainst such as dwell in heaven ?

God wipes away the sinner's tears,
 Reveals a Father's love ;
 And all our doubts and all our fears
 But passing shadows prove.

E'en Memory's self at length shall cease
 To bear one guilty stain,
 And naught but joy and heavenly peace
 Within the soul remain.

THOUGHTS AND DESIRES.

How, in the inmost soul,
 Do thoughts, desires, have birth ?
 Own they no just control ?
 Are they of heaven or earth,

As chance or outward things
 Do bid them come and go ?
 Can none control the springs
 Of his own joy or woe ?

Yes : ours the power of prayer
 To Him who rules within ;

Whose sway extends e'en there,
Where thoughts, desires, begin.

God's eye doth there behold
The thoughts of every mind ;
The heart's desire untold,
The purpose but designed.

And He can cleanse the heart
From every guilty stain,
And peace and power impart,
That ever will remain.

Lord, give us strength to pray,
To fix the wandering thought ;
Till we have learned Thy perfect way,
And unto Thee are brought.

THE NEW BODY.

GOD careth for the smallest seed
Which falls into the ground ;
It springeth up a noble tree,
And spreads its branches round.

He careth for the feeble worm
Which spins its shroud to die ;
He gives it many-colored wings,
And bids it soar on high.

Through all the realms of God below,
Through all His realms above,
A differing glory still proclaims
The same great Father's love.

So is the rising from the dead !
'T is not what thou hast sown ;
But in the body God shall give
Will each to each be known.

A mortal body here thou see'st
 Unto dishonor given ;
 But that no pain nor death shall know
 A glorious house from heaven !

God's various power, which cares for all,
 E'en for the smallest seed,
 And gives to each its different form
 According to its need,

Will for thy body, Man, provide,
 Which now thou see'st decay ;
 And crown it with a glory, too,
 Which shall not fade away.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

THE green grass grows where'er it wills
 On earth's wide-peopled floor ;
 In valleys low, and on the hills
 Which look the valleys o'er.

The river flows, nor feeble man
 Its tide directs nor stays ;
 But Him from whom the current ran
 Forever it obeys.

There is no wind which man can guide,
 Nor tell its certain bound ;
 Restless the airy currents glide
 The earth's wide surface round.

Thou shalt not mark with narrow walls
 Thine own vast being's scope ;
 'T is farther back than Memory calls,
 Nor bounded is by Hope.

Then fetter not with human creed,
 The symbol of an hour,

The mind, which God's own Word has freed,
And His own Spirit's power.

The wind, the tide, the growing grass,
Thy will cannot control ;
Then fix no bounds it shall not pass,
To the free, living soul.

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EVENING
FREE SCHOOL, IN SALEM, MAY 15, 1851.

As by the quickening breath of Spring
The flowers and buds unfold,
And on the air their perfume fling,
And deck the fields with gold ;

So, by the life Instruction gives,
Do minds their powers expand ;
And man a nobler being lives,
Nobler in heart and hand !

No more with dull and groveling thought
He idle roves the earth ;
With busy hands the works are wrought
To which his mind gives birth.

He builds the city's dwellings fair,
He sails across the sea ;
And doth in Nature's secrets share,
Her might and mystery.

No more he bows in mental night
To idols like the clod ;
But in his soul receives the Light,
And worships only God.

HEALTH OF BODY DEPENDENT ON THE
SOUL.

NOT from the earth, or skies,
Or seasons as they roll,
Come health and vigor to the frame,
But from the living soul.

Is this alive to God,
And not the slave of sin?
Then will the body, too, receive
Health from the soul within.

But if disease has touched
The spirit's inmost part,
In vain we seek from outward things
To heal the deadly smart.

The mind, the heart unchanged,
Which clouded e'en our home,
Will make the outward world the same,
Where'er our feet may roam.

The fairest scenes on earth,
The mildest, purest sky,
Will bring no vigor to the step,
No lustre to the eye.

For He who formed our frame
Made man a perfect whole,
And made the body's health depend
Upon the living soul.

FOR THE SAILORS' FAIR.

LIKE gallant barque with canvas spread,
And streamers fluttering in the wind,

The youthful sailor leaves his home
And all he loves on earth behind.

His Country calls : he hears her voice,
And boldly o'er the ocean steers ;
He cares not for its fiercest storms,
Nor for an armed foe he fears.

Nor, when in port disease has laid
Its hand upon his manly frame,
And far from home and friends he dies,
Is he forgetful of her fame.

His Country's flag, his chief delight,
As bright it waved above his head,
Is folded round his lifeless form,
In honor of the noble dead !

And shall the living back return
Aged and sick, infirm and poor ;
Without a shelter or a home,
Begging their bread from door to door ?

No ! Let them, conflict's wanderings o'er,
In their last years find peace and rest ;
The comforts which the body needs,
The hopes with which the soul is blest.

Here Christian Love's kind voice and hand
Shall for their wants a Home prepare,
And bid each friendless seaman come,
And freely all her blessings share.

RAIN-CLOUDS.

THE promises they give, alas, to fail !
They bring not to our hills and fields relief ;
To distant regions onward still they sail,
Leaving the hopeful husbandman to grief.

Perhaps less earnest for the gift he prays
 Than others where the rain-clouds hastening go ;
 Thus to our coast the blessing God delays
 Who freely doth on all His gifts bestow.

Perhaps more needed than with us the rain,
 More dry and parched than ours some distant shore ;
 Without its aid man's labors prove in vain ;
 He will his blighted harvest sad deplore.

How little still of what we need we know ;
 How soon we yield to doubt or dark despair ;
 How are our minds engrossed with things below ;
 How weak our faith in God, our trust in prayer !

To us, perhaps, upon its humid wings,
 Already doth the wind commissioned speed
 To swell the rivers, fill the failing springs,
 Relieve distress, provide for future need.

FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet the memory of a friend,
 Whom now we meet no more !
 How oft his looks do we recall,
 Repeat his sayings o'er !

The places where with him we strayed,
 The meadow, grove, and hill :
 How oft we picture them to view,
 And with fond memories fill !

Sad are our hearts, that now no more
 His face, his form, we see,
 When we frequent the much-loved spots
 Where he was wont to be.

As wand'ring there the things we see
 All seem to us more fair ;

Each thing he loved, each flower and tree,
When he was with us there.

Each well-remembered object makes
His image more complete ;
Till earthly trials, sorrows, past,
With him again we meet.

THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

WHO made these flowers, I asked a child,
So many and so fair ?
“ God,” she replied ; “ He made them all,
And for them all doth care.”

But man than child less wise may be,
Who proudly seeks to know
The truths which Faith by humblest power
To infant minds can show.

Him doubts perplex. And oft he seeks
By reasonings long to prove
What to the child so plain appears,
God's being and His love.

It is not that all outward things
Do not His power proclaim ;
But in ourselves the darkness is,
Who cannot read His Name.

There 's not a star in heaven above,
Nor flower beneath our feet,
But doth to all men everywhere
That glorious Name repeat.

Oh, may we have a humble mind,
Their teachings to receive ;
And may we, like the little child,
In God, in Christ believe !

THE SOUL'S QUESTIONING OF THE UNIVERSE, AND ITS BEGINNING.

THE simple rustic's soul
Will question, Whence is man ?
And whence has come this perfect whole,
The world's majestic plan ?

The plant, the grass, the tree,
The forms 'mid which we dwell,
Whence are they ? When began to be ?
He asks ; but none can tell.

And the deep musing sage
Doth the same questions ask,
And spends his manhood and his age
To solve the mighty task.

But without light from heaven
In vain we seek to find
The answer ; that by faith is given
To man's bewildered mind.

Not timeless Nature's date,
As men believed of old ;
But God did all things first create,
As in His Word is told.

The forms of earth and air,
The stars, the sun's bright flame,
Alike His majesty declare,
And magnify His name.

And these shall pass away,
Wax old and fade with age ;
Created things must know decay,
Declares the sacred page.

And man himself be made
Godlike, erect and free,
Made in the image, it is said,
Of his own Deity !

Not all things now to know
Our Maker placed us here,
But to walk humbly here below,
Walk in His love and fear.

PRAYER FOR THE GIFT OF THE HOLY
SPIRIT.

OH, heavenly gift of Love Divine,
The Spirit's grace and power,
Come, in our hearts abide and shine ;
How long delayed thine hour !

“ Ask and receive,” the Saviour said,
“ And seek and ye shall find ;”
For we are weak without thine aid,
Without thy light are blind.

Our heavenly Father loves us all ;
More ready He to give
Than we upon His name to call,
To turn to Him and live.

Lord, for Thy coming us prepare,
As Spring's soft showers the earth ;
That we may in the harvest share,
The soul's new life and birth.

Oh, make us worthy of Thy love,
May we Thy words believe ;
Thy faithfulness Thy sons shall prove.
And Thy best gift receive.

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW STONE CHURCH
OF THE NORTH SOCIETY, IN SALEM, JUNE 22, 1836.

THE weight of years is on the pile
Our fathers raised to Thee, O God ;
On this, our temple, rest Thy smile,
Till bent with years its tower shall nod.

Thy word awoke, O Power Divine !
The hymn of praise in nature's hall ;
To man thou gav'st to rear Thy shrine,
And on Thee as his Father call ;

To pour in music's solemn strain
The heart's deep tide of grateful love ;
And kindle in Thine earthly fane
A spirit for his home above.

Thou bad'st him on Thine altar lay
The holy thought, the pure desire,
That light within a brighter ray
Than sunbeam's glance or vestal fire.

'T will burn when heaven's high altar flame
On yon blue height has ceased to glow ;
And o'er earth's dark dissolving frame
The sunlight of the spirit throw.

Father ! within Thy courts we bow,
To ask Thy blessing, seek Thy grace ;
O smile upon Thy children now !
Look down on this, Thy hallowed place !

And when its trembling walls shall feel
Time's heavy hand upon them rest,
Thy nearer presence, Lord ! reveal,
And make Thy children wholly blest.

HYMN.

CONSCIOUS of noble purpose came
 Our fathers to this distant wild ;
 A Commonwealth they sought to frame,
 From country and from friends exiled.

Religious freedom here they sought,
 In their own land to them denied ;
 With courage and with faith they wrought,
 Nor monarch feared, nor prelate's pride.

That Commonwealth to power has grown,
 Religious liberty is ours ;
 What now we reap their hands have sown,
 And changed the wild to garden bowers.

The trees they planted, year by year
 Still yield their precious fruit and shade ;
 Fair Learning's gifts still flourish here,
 And Law man's rights has sacred made.

They from their labors long have ceased,
 On the green hillsides saintly rest ;
 Their sons, in wealth and power increased,
 Have by their fathers' God been blest.

Their noble deeds our souls inspire ;
 Be ours their faith and courage still ;
 Keep pure the home, the altar's fire,
 And thus their cherished hopes fulfill.

HYMN.

OUR voices with our hearts we lift
 To Thee, O God, in grateful praise ;
 For every good and perfect gift
 A song of gratitude we raise.

Thine is the seed in spring we sow,
 And Thine the harvests that we see ;
 Sunshine and rain Thou dost bestow,
 And strength to labor comes from Thee.

Thine is the fragrance of the flowers,
 And beauty that delights the eye ;
 And Thine the hue of Autumn's bowers,
 Which in transfigured glory dies.

O God, with all Thy gifts still give
 The grateful and the trusting heart ;
 So shall our souls have learned to live,
 When called from earthly scenes to part.

HYMN

SUNG AT THE EULOGY ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN, JUNE 1,
 1865.

O GOD ! who dost the nations lead,
 Though oft in ways to them unknown,
 We look to Thee in this our need ;
 A supplicant people seek Thy throne.

For he whom Thou didst raise to guide
 Has fallen by the assassin's hand ;
 In Thee alone would we confide
 To guide, to guard, to save our land.

Through perils great, from year to year,
 Thou hast thus far our nation brought,
 And given the victory to cheer,
 And by our Chief deliverance wrought.

With earnest prayer he sought Thy will
 In all the great events of life ;
 And nobly did his work fulfill,
 Through four long years of bloody strife.

O, lift us up in this sad hour,
 Let not our Country's foes prevail ;
 Sustain us by Thy mighty power,
 Let not to us Thy promise fail.

May Justice, Liberty, and Peace,
 For which his life he freely gave,
 Bless all our land, and never cease
 To shed their glory round his grave.

HYMN.

AMIDST the memories of the past
 And cherished hopes sublime,
 Whose glorious record shall outlast
 The fading scroll of time,

We meet, each other's hearts to cheer,
 Sweet friendships to renew ;
 To serve the Faith we hold so dear,
 Faith of the brave and true !

The Faith that doth the power control
 Of foes without, within,
 And gives the victory to the soul
 O'er evil, death, and sin ;

Which to the wounded brings relief,
 And soothes the sufferer's pain,
 And doth the mourner's secret grief
 With heavenly hopes sustain.

The Faith that on the cloud of War
 Beholds the bow of Peace ;
 Which sees Christ's triumph from afar,
 When Wrong and War shall cease.

THE KINGDOM OF THE TRUTH.

NOT of one sect Thy kingdom is,
 O Saviour, Guide of man ;
 'T is his whoever loves the truth,
 E'en since the world began.

A kingdom 't is of Righteousness,
 Of Purity and Love ;
 Which all on earth who seek may find,
 As in the heavens above.

Whoever does confess Thy name,
 Whoever hears Thy voice,
 Shall in that kingdom have a part,
 And in its light rejoice.

It shall destroy the works of sin
 Which in the world abound ;
 The lofty towers of error, pride,
 Shall level with the ground.

Great is the Truth, omnipotent ;
 It cannot faint nor fail ;
 O'er all the earth, in every land,
 It shall at last prevail.

May each a faithful witness bear,
 Truth's kingdom enter in ;
 And e'en while on the earth we dwell
 Its heavenly life begin.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER
 THAN I.

IN a barren land I wander,
 And no tree or house I spy ;
 Lead me to a Rock for refuge,
 Rock that higher is than I.

Fierce the sun has beat upon me
From a burning, cloudless sky ;
Friendly shadow now I long for,
Rock that higher is than I.

Strange and wild the scenes around me,
And no help from man is nigh ;
But a shelter Thou canst show me,
Rock that higher is than I.

Treacherous guides have me forsaken,
Many paths deceive my eye ;
Thou alone canst guide, and show me
Rock that higher is than I.

Night is falling dark and dreary,
Help me, or I sink and die !
Show me, ere the light shall fail me,
Rock that higher is than I.

Then my soul shall sing Thy praises,
And extol Thy mercies high ;
Praise and bless, through endless ages,
Rock that higher is than I.

THE CROSS.

RAISED on high, above the city,
Oft I see the sacred cross,
Telling of the Saviour's sufferings,
Borne for men with shame and loss !

When amidst its streets I wander
And its tempting pleasures seek,
From the cross a strength there cometh,
And no longer I am weak.

When I covet others' honors,
Wish their wealth or homes were mine,

Then the cross uplifts my spirit,
And no longer I repine.

When I murmur, faint and weary,
Grow impatient at my lot,
Then I look upon the symbol,
And my sufferings are forgot.

When for good of men I labor,
Yet for this I suffer wrong,
Then the cross its lesson teaches,
Then, though weak, I yet am strong.

Then the outward cross doth vanish
From my eye and from my thought ;
And all glorified my Saviour
To my mind again is brought !

Not as when he bore His anguish,
Hanging on the accursed tree,
But as raised above all passion
Doth the Saviour come to me ;

And another life I enter,
With its peace before unknown,
And with countless tribes and nations
Stand confessed before the throne.

Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?
— LUKE xviii. 8.

ALAS, that faith is wanting now,
As when the Saviour came of old ;
The wreaths still deck the warrior's brow,
And love in Christians' hearts grows cold.

A faith in better things is dead,
Than what the world before has seen ;
Men still in their own ways will tread,
And ask no more than what has been.

They trust in carnal weapons still,
 The warrior's spear, the warrior's sword,
 And deeds of blood that history fill,
 And ask, "Where is the coming Lord?"

They want a deeper faith in man,
 That looks beneath the outward show
 Of difference in wealth, or clan,
 And man in every form doth know.

A deeper faith in God they need,
 That they in Him can all things do ;
 A faith from every weakness freed,
 And finding still His promise true.

Lord ! let us not with those appear
 Who faithless shall Thy Coming see ;
 But may we view that Coming near,
 And in Thy likeness come with Thee.

THINGS UNSEEN.

WITH higher thoughts, O God, uplift
 My sinking, feeble mind,
 And let it in the things unseen
 Its rest and portion find.

For these are real, though the world
 Doth not in them believe ;
 Can worldly, carnal-minded men
 The things of God receive ?

Such things the Spirit doth reveal,
 Things like Itself divine ;
 Oh, that they might more real grow,
 And be forever mine !

Around my spirit ever breathe
 A calm and holy joy ;
 Which earthly cares might not disturb,
 Nor human power destroy.

Into my darkened spirit shine
 With ever brightening ray ;
 Till gone each cloud which dims my sight,
 And come the perfect day.

That thus I might with truth and power
 To others too declare
 How great, how vast, eternal things !
 How wondrous and how fair !

THE TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

NOT of the earth nor sense are we,
 Though here on earth we dwell ;
 But higher things than these we see,
 Of higher things can tell.

The Spirit doth our spirits teach,
 Though dull, and slow to hear ;
 And messages it brings to each,
 Had each the listening ear.

It speaks of God, it speaks of heaven,
 Of Christ, who from it came,
 And of eternal life, that 's given
 To those who love His name ;

Of faith and hope, and peace and joy,
 Unknown to worldly mind ;
 Which time and sense cannot destroy,
 Which they who seek shall find.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 And of Thy gifts impart ;
 Come with Thy light, Thy truth, Thy love,
 And dwell in every heart.

I AM THE WAY.

THE way ! ah, who could tell as well as Thou
 The way to God, the way no man had found ;
 Wherein who walk shall never go astray,
 Where joy and peace forevermore abound.

The narrow way of suffering, pain and death
 Thou didst pursue, enduring mortal ill,
 That Thou mightst teach mankind the way of life,
 Obedient to Thy Heavenly Father's will.

Thus plainly didst Thou show that way to men,
 Thou wast the Way, the Way and Thou were one ;
 And when Thy course was finished Thou didst say,
 The work Thou gavest me, O God, is done.

Then to the Father Thou didst upward soar,
 To strengthen fainting souls with gift divine ;
 The Spirit Thou didst send to guide and help
 And make Thy feeble followers wholly Thine.

Ah, why should men that perfect Way neglect,
 Or, having found, still from it go astray ?
 Is there another path than this more plain ?
 Is there another guide than Christ, the Way ?

To whom, O Saviour, may his followers say,
 To whom but Thee for guidance shall we go ?
 Thou art the Christ, the anointed Son of God,
 And dost to all the Heavenly Father show.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

THOU for Christ hast waited long ;
 Art thou weary, art thou faint ?
 Still have patience and be strong,
 Such His charge to every saint.

Hast thou suffered, for His name,
 Persecution, scorn, and loss ?
 Count not suffering, want, or shame,
 Ever glory in the cross.

Mind not scoffers, when they say,
 " Where 's the Coming of the Lord ?
 Who shall see His glorious day ?"
 He is faithful to His word.

He, too, waited long for thee ;
 Called thee, but thou still delayed ;
 Longed from sin to set thee free,
 And for thee His Father prayed.

With compassion from on high
 Still He views thy sufferings here,
 By the Spirit still is nigh ;
 What can then His follower fear ?

Fainting, suffering, still abide
 Constant in thy Saviour's love,
 In His promises confide ;
 He can never faithless prove.

" Lo !" He says, " I quickly come,
 Thou My Glory too shalt see ;
 That which fills My Father's home,
 That which He has given Me."

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

CLOTHED upon with house from heaven,
 See each bush and naked tree ;
 Unto us an image given
 Of man's immortality !

Still the spirit needs a covering
 When the fleshly garment fails ;
 Like the snow-flakes downward hovering
 It the new-born spirit veils.

Many a soiled and time-worn raiment
 Suddenly is laid aside,
 And the humble, earthly claimant
 With new body glorified !

Clothèd is the weary spirit
 With immortal vigor strong,
 Angels' nature doth inherit,
 Powers that unto them belong.

Not in vain the Resurrection
 Doth the Church forever preach ;
 Nature doth to our reflection
 The same wondrous lesson teach :

In the insect's new-found pinions,
 Breaking from its sealèd tomb,
 Heir of Summer's bright dominions,
 Freed from Winter's death and gloom ;

In the grain of wheat, which springeth
 With new beauty from the ground ;
 In the pure white robe that clingeth
 Unto shrub and tree around.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

THE Light of Life ! Oh blessed words !
 To him who midst the darkness lives
 To every son of Adam's race,
 What joy, what hope, the promise gives !

As to the man of old, born blind,
 But whom the Saviour made to see,
 So do the precious words He spake
 Bring life and light and hope to me.

No doubt obscures His meaning clear
 Who miracles of healing wrought,
 To show, e'en to the earthly mind,
 From whence the doctrine He had brought.

They speak of Him who came from God
 To tell men of the Father's love,
 To lead them through earth's sin and strife
 To their bright home in heaven above.

Who follows Him no more shall walk
 In Error's maze or Death's dark night,
 But e'en amidst their gloomy shades
 Shall have, within, the Life, the Light ;

And when no more the paths he treads
 Of suffering and of trial here,
 The Light of Life on earth he saw
 Shall greet him in a higher sphere.

HYMN ON THE LOGOS.

THE LIGHT STILL SHINING IN THE DARKNESS.

ONCE I musing was in spirit,
 Why the Light in darkness shone ;

Why, amidst the early ages,
It by man was never known.

Though Essential, Uncreated,
Though within the mind it beamed,
Yet the Light none comprehended,
Prophets mused and sages dreamed.

Then to me a voice there answered,
"Why thy wonder thus express?
In the world that Light still shineth,
All mankind to save and bless.

"But how few behold its glory,
Shining in the Saviour's face!
And how few His life have copied,
Full of heavenly truth and grace!

"And though everywhere it shineth
Brighter than the orb of day,
Men and nations still reject it,
Walking not in wisdom's way.

But to all who love, receive it,
They the sons of God become;
Dwelling with the Lord forever,
In His bright, eternal home."

HYMN IN DROUGHT.

Not without Thee, our God, the skies
Pour down the plenteous rain;
To Thee our prayers in faith arise,
Nor shall we ask in vain.

Scorched are the hills on every side,
And e'en the meadows dry,
And dry the brooks that through them glide
And verdure fresh supply.

The birds are hushed ; the cattle stand
Beside the empty pool,
Or wander far on every hand,
Their raging thirst to cool.

In vain to Science would we look
To teach of this the cause ;
She finds in Nature's wondrous book
But fixed and general laws.

Through Nature's laws we look to Thee,
On whom those laws depend ;
And in the suffering that we see
Would own some gracious end.

Teach us the lesson we should learn :
To look to Thee in prayer ;
From sin and every idol turn,
And daily own Thy care.

HYMN.

So also will God, through Jesus, bring with him them who sleep.

THEY that in the Saviour sleep
Are not perished, are not dead ;
Christ His own doth faithful keep,
All for whom on earth He bled.

Sleeping, waking, we are one,
In the one and risen Lord ;
They who from our sight have gone
Soon with Him shall be restored !

Naught created can divide
Soul from soul and heart from heart ;
We in Him do still abide,
Though from earthly scenes we part.

Weep not, then, as others weep
 Who nor hope nor peace have found ;
 Nor the soul in pleasures steep
 Which amid the world abound.

Keep their memories bright and fair
 Who in Christ have passed away ;
 Give not way to dark despair,
 Rather strive, and watch, and pray.

Faith will take from death its sting ;
 And the friends whom we deplore
 God through Jesus, too will bring
 And with Him again restore.

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE PEABODY ACADEMY
 OF SCIENCE, SALEM, AUGUST 18, 1869.

THE noble hall our fathers planned,
 Where gathered were the rich and rare
 From every clime and every land
 And long preserved with faithful care,

To Science now we dedicate
 That doth all Nature's realms explore,
 New ways through continents create,
 And cables stretch from shore to shore,

And higher still on soaring wing
 The great Creative Thought would find,
 And study in each living thing
 The end for which it was designed,

That it may serve the lot of man
 And to the race a blessing prove, —
 Unfold the universal plan
 Of God's beneficence and love.

Honor to him who far and wide
 For these high ends his wealth bestows,
 Which like some mighty river's tide
 Through all our land exhaustless flows.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY CONFIRMED.

WHY look we to the distant past to learn
 Lessons of wisdom from the days gone by,
 When to the living present we may turn,
 And read the teaching of all History?
 Behold a mighty city, boasting all
 That wealth, or splendor, or renown can give,
 Encompassed now by armies soon to fall;
 No more the glory of the world to live!
 One moment on the pinnacle of fame,
 Another humbled to the very dust;
 How vain the prestige of a Conqueror's name!
 In arm of flesh how vain to place our trust,
 And not in arts whose glory shall endure,
 By which great nations dwell in peace secure!

PRAYER FOR THE RAIN.

PRAY, pray for rain; thou mayst not know
 How man's weak prayer avails;
 But pray with earnest, trusting soul;
 The prayer of faith prevails.

Pray, pray for rain; each morning lift
 Thy prayer with humble mind,
 That thou the longed-for gift mayst have,
 The promised blessing find.

And pray, with earnest, humble prayer,
 For every perfect gift;
 To God in every time of need
 Thy trusting spirit lift.

He knows our needs before we ask,
 Yet bids us toil and pray
 And ask of Him our daily bread
 To give us day by day.

And when the blessing He shall send,
 Of rain, or daily food,
 Oh, let thy heartfelt prayer ascend
 In loving gratitude!

HYMN.

“He that loveth not, knoweth not God.”

HE loveth not! he knows not God!
 For God himself is Love,
 And dwelleth with His children here
 And in the heavens above.

To Him they pray to cleanse their hearts
 From every guilty stain;
 Nor is a single cry unheard,
 Nor prayer breathed forth in vain.

His Spirit too doth in us dwell,
 And teaches us to pray,
 Though we from fear, or doubt, or sin,
 May know not what to say.

It teaches others to forgive
 As we would be forgiven,
 That we God's children here may be,
 And dwell with Him in Heaven.

It strengthens in temptation's hour,
 When worldly foes assail,
 And gives us courage strong to stand
 And o'er them all prevail.

Pray, pray for those who know not God
Nor ask His help in prayer,
That they may know the Father's love,
And in His kingdom share.

HYMN.

REFLECTIONS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE flowers of Spring have faded fast,
The Summer's glories did not last,
Autumn is gone, and Winter near ;
End of the varied, changeful year.

Deep in thy mind consider well
The lessons which these changes tell,
Of birth, growth, ripeness, and decay,
How short man's life, how brief his stay.

'T is His appointment here below
Who doth our state and nature know,
That we may thus submissive be
To His all-wise and just decree.

Still may we own a Father's care
In every suffering, grief, we bear ;
And through His works and Word discern
His righteous will, His wisdom learn.

Oh, that some fruit we here may bear,
That shall our souls for heaven prepare,
Where days and years and seasons round,
And change and death, no more are found.

HYMN.

THE REST OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

SWEET is the rest the righteous gain !
They to a higher life
Have come, through weariness and pain,
Through earthly toil and strife.

They rest in peace ! No foes can harm,
Nor persecution kill,
No terrors strike them with alarm ;
No power can work them ill.

No inward conflicts now they wage,
Their strife with self is o'er ;
No doubts disturb, and passion's rage
Shall shake their souls no more.

They gaze, as from some hill serene,
Upon the world below ;
Calmly they view the troubled scene,
And all its trials know.

Another, higher life is theirs ;
Thus from their toils they rest ;
For each the heavenly life now shares,
And in its work is blest.

Their works bear witness to their faith
And have a sure reward ;
They follow them, the Spirit saith,
Their Judge, the risen Lord.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WHAT of the night? O watchman, tell,
 Who on the watchtower high doth stand ;
 What of the night? I hear it swell
 In every tongue, from every land.

Lo! half the earth in darkness lies,
 Millions to idols bend the knee ;
 When shall the Day-spring bless their eyes,
 And the deep gloom before it flee?

Nations that boast the Christian name
 Still meet as foes in bloody fight ;
 When shall they own their deeds with shame,
 And in the ways of Peace delight?

When shall they use the talents lent
 To elevate and bless mankind,
 Each with its own domain content,
 Each to its proper sphere confined?

When shall the Church the risen Lord
 Own as the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Walk in obedience to His Word,
 And cease from every angry strife?

When shall the year of Jubilee
 Return to bless Columbia's soil,
 And all her captive sons be free
 Who now in cruel bondage toil?

The watchman saith, "The morning's nigh ;
 Awake, ye dwellers in the land !
 The redd'ning dawn is in the sky,
 And the Lord's kingdom is at hand.

“ I watched of old when Babylon fell,
And heard afar her mighty fall ; —
But greater tidings now I tell
To all who shall for tidings call.”

OH, CLEAVE NOT TO THE THINGS OF EARTH.

OH, cleave not to the things of earth,
For they must pass away ;
But for the better, heavenly birth
With earnest longings pray.

Is it a time to lust for gain,
To dig for golden ore ;
Or to relieve disease and pain,
From out thine ample store ?

Is it a time thy wealth to spend
On garments rich and rare,
And naught of it to others lend
Who 've scarce a robe to wear ?

Is it a time thy house to build
In grandeur, all alone,
With every costly luxury filled,
When many a man hath none ?

Is it a time for thee to live
For self, to earth confined,
And not a thought to others give,
Or to the immortal mind ?

Oh, cleave not to the things of earth,
For they must pass away ;
But for the better, heavenly birth
With earnest longings pray.

HYMN ON THE EARLY SPRING.

THE clouds across the azure sky
 Fly swift with changing forms,
 To tell that winter's reign is o'er,
 Its snow, and cold, and storms.

And welcome signs, on every hand,
 Of spring's return I see ;
 The sparrow by the roadside sings ;
 How sweet its note to me !

The grass along the turnpike's edge
 Grows green with sun and showers ;
 And soon will May, fair May, be here,
 To scatter wide her flowers.

Shall I with dull and thoughtless mind
 Behold returning spring,
 And to the gracious God above
 No thanks, no offering bring,

Who without witness has not left
 Himself, in every clime,
 But doth to all earth's children give
 Glad spring and harvest time ?

With birds and every living thing
 My grateful hymn I raise,
 To thank the Giver of all good,
 And celebrate His praise.

NATURE'S HELP FOR THE SOUL.

WHEN, wrapt in self, the soul grows dull,
 And thought doth lose its power,
 Open thy window, gaze abroad,
 Go forth and walk an hour.

Commune with things which God has made,
The earth, the sea, the sky ;
Let every object, grand and fair,
Allure thy languid eye.

These shall from self the spirit free,
Restore its healthy tone,
And banish doubt and care, that cloud
The mind too much alone.

For this the earth, the sea, the sky,
In beauty were arrayed ;
In flower, and shell, and star, and sun,
God's glory is displayed.

For flower and sun alike are parts
Of one majestic plan ;
The smallest object he beholds
A study is for man ;

That, drawn by each, the soul may leave
Its doubts and cares behind,
And in fair Nature's boundless realm
New health and vigor find.

HYMN.

THE HELP OF THE SPIRIT.

How can we upward go
Without Thy help, O Lord ?
The way of life indeed we know,
Taught in Thy blessed word.

Still upward doth it lead,
But we grow faint and weak ;
A strength above our own we need,
That strength from Thee we seek ;

For Thou art present still,
Though not to sense and sight,
Thy word of promise to fulfill
Of strength, and peace, and light.

Thou hast not left alone
Thy followers here below ;
To Thee their trials all are known,
And help Thou dost bestow.

The Spirit Thou dost send
To cheer the mind and heart,
To guide them to their journey's end
And nevermore depart.

POEMS DESCRIPTIVE OF NATURE.

THE METEOROLOGISTS.

YE watch the appearance of the earth and sky,
And oft with certainty predict a change :
Fair weather now, and now a storm is nigh,
As o'er our mighty continent they range.
And this is well ; to study Nature's laws,
And all her hidden mysteries make known ;
But if in these the immortal mind shall pause,
Content to know phenomena alone ;
If, with no grateful heart, no reverent mind,
The sunshine and the rain we shall receive,
To higher truths, to nobler knowledge blind,
In Nature and her laws alone believe, —
What profits it ? Wiser were men of old,
Who could each change with wonder, faith, behold.

A SUNSET IN HAVERHILL.

To a high hill, that overlooks
The Merrimack and Haverhill town,
I climbed one pleasant afternoon
To see the setting sun go down.

The summit gained, I gazed around
On farm and forest, town and stream ;
Each formed for each, a beauteous whole
Bathed in the autumn's yellow beam.

Asleep upon the river lay
 A fertile island fair and large ;
 With elm and oak and maple fringed,
 Blending their hues around its marge.

I could not tell which fairer seemed,
 The heavens above, or earth below ;
 The woods in richest colors drest,
 Or gorgeous sunset's purple glow.

Upon the horizon's utmost rim,
 Inspiring thoughts and feelings high,
 Wachusett and Monadnock stood,
 Like pillars of the vaulted sky.

Still larger grew the orb of day,
 Still brighter, till it passed from sight,
 And on the distant hill-top left
 A golden diadem of light.

Why haste to other lands, I said ?
 Why leave so fair a scene behind ?
 In western or in eastern clime,
 Canst thou a fairer prospect find ?

THE WHITE DOVE AND THE SNOW.

THE quickly melting snow ran through the street,
 The busy street, where man so often treads
 Thinking on earthly things, careworn and sad ;
 And there a milk-white dove drank eagerly,
 As if it blessed the heaven-descended stream.
 Gazing, I thought of Purity and Faith ;
 How unto these the Lord giveth to drink,
 E'en on the crowded city's dusty ways,
 Of those clear streams which from His golden throne
 Forever flow ! Why thoughtless pass we by
 Those crystal streams, that ever downward flow

To cool our thirsty, feverish spirits
In their daily toil, and make us think of Him ?
The world's loud, turbid flood will soon run dry,
And we be left without one cooling draught.

NATURE A LIVING TEACHER.

I WOULD not study Nature's lore
In books or cabinets displayed ;
But hill, and wood, and beach explore,
Whose lessons ne'er from memory fade.

In the dry leaf and scentless flower
I scarce the rose or violet know ;
But in the field or leafy bower
How sweet they smell ! how bright they glow !

The pearly shell no longer shines,
From the sea-shore borne far away ;
The crystals of the deep, dark mine
No more their sparkling light display.

The butterflies on rainbow wings
I watch as here and there they rove,
Or listen as some songster sings
And fills with music all the grove.

Their stiff, dead forms with pain I see,
The beauteous bird's unruffled breast ;
The butterflies, once roving free,
With wings forevermore at rest !

No longer now they lessons teach,
Such as from Nature's self I learn ;
So to the fields and pebbly beach
From Science' joyless halls I turn.

THE BIRDS.

THE birds are singing still their songs
 In vale and leafy wood,
 As when the earth itself was made
 And all was fair and good.

They sing as if no death were here,
 No suffering, pain, disease ;
 And sweet their notes at morning's hour
 Are borne upon the breeze.

No want they know, like suffering man,
 Whom famine vexes sore ;
 For God doth for their wants provide,
 From out His liberal store.

Ye heralds of the early Spring !
 Would I your joy might share,
 And learn, though evil still abounds,
 That all is good and fair.

That every thing which God has made,
 E'en sinful, suffering man,
 Is part, though dimly now perceived,
 Of one all-gracious plan.

For faith a future doth reveal,
 To which all beings tend ;
 A future on the earth, in heaven,
 When sin and suffering end.

SIGNS IN THE NATURAL WORLD.

THE earth doth with the heavens sympathize !
 When by the civil war our land was rent,
 Scorched was the ground, and from the cloudless skies
 The sun blazed fierce, no rain from heaven was sent :

Now filled with vapor is the summer sky,
And drenched with frequent rains the needy ground ;
On their dread errands oft the lightnings fly,
And echoes through heaven's vault the thunder's sound.
But dull the eye of sense, and dull its ear
Unto these signs, that wake the listening soul ;
That doth in Nature more than Nature hear,
That sees the Hand that doth her powers control,
And feels that earth and man, and sea and sky
Are bound in one by hidden sympathy.

OUR NATIVE SPARROWS.

THE sparrows still are lingering here,
Though winter-time has come ;
Within the swamp or piny wood
They find a sheltering home.

They flit along the turnpike's side
As in the early spring,
Though they no songs of pleasant cheer
May to the passer bring.

Nor are they left, when autumn's past,
To perish in their need ;
They still find every want supplied
With berries, grain and seed.

They need no care of man to feed,
Nor for them to provide
A shelter, in the wintry storm,
Where they may safe abide.

Our heavenly Father cares for them,
Who cares alike for all ;
He made their shelter from the cold,
And hears their feeble call.

MAN'S SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

THERE is a sighing in the wood,
 A murmur in the beating wave ;
 The heart has never understood
 To tell, in words, the thoughts they gave.

Yet oft we feel an answering tone
 When wandering on the lonely shore,
 Or listening through the night alone,
 As inland swells the ocean's roar.

And oft beneath the wind-swept pine
 Some chord is struck, the strain to swell,
 Nor sounds nor language can define, —
 'T is not for words or sounds to tell.

Thou hear'st in these that Mighty Voice
 Whose goings forth, unknown to all,
 Bid sounding wood and wave rejoice
 And fill with music Nature's hall.

And in the speechless human heart
 It speaks, where'er man's feet have trod,
 Beyond the lips' deceitful art,
 To tell of Him, the Unseen God !

THE POTATO BLIGHT.

NATURE has her sickly years ;
 'T is to show she's not divine ;
 In the failure it appears
 Of an humble, blighted vine.

Says vain man, with plenty blest,
 " Thus to-morrow too shall be ;"
 But who knows what will be best ?
 Who the morrow can foresee ?

On the morrow, in his sight,
 Droops his harvest far and wide,
Touched by some mysterious blight
 Sent to humble human pride.

“’T is the effect of natural laws,”
 Says proud Science, blinded still ;
“I will show mankind its cause,
 And remove it by my skill.

“God no miracle has wrought
 Since creation’s early hour,
When from chaos, or from naught,
 Worlds were fashioned by His power.”

But the human heart, more wise,
 Sees in this His present hand ;
And in lowly wisdom tries
 All He does to understand ;

Asks, “Why with a blighted vine
 Nations’ fate should be entwined ?
How all nature doth combine
 To fulfill what God’s designed ?”

Learns whate’er the Lord may give,
 Or whate’er He takes away,
Trusting in His love to live,
 That doth feed us day by day.

With new sympathy it glows
 For its hapless neighbor’s lot,
And its love to others shows,
 Who to like distress are brought ;

Feels that all mankind are one,
 Not in knowledge, but in love
And wherever shines the sun
 Should their common kindred prove.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

THE robin has begun his early song,
 His twitterings on the leafless locust bough ;
 From hour to hour his notes are loud and long,
 Unheard since autumn's by-gone days till now.

Yet he is there, and calling to his mate, —
 "The cot is all unbuilted for our young ;"
 At early morn, and into evening late,
 By each to each, from tree to tree is sung, —

"The cot is all unbuilted for our young,
 The last year's nest will not our offspring hold ;
 'Tis time for them a new one was begun
 Where winter 's left the relics of the old.

"Bring willow twigs and sticks from out the grove,
 And bring the mire, the wet mire from the stream ;
 These one by one together shall be wove,
 And that shall fill and plaster every seam.

"The soft, soft leaves and shreds shall line within
 The cradle of our tender infant brood ;
 Come, hasten, love ! 'Tis time that we begin,
 For now the fields and air all promise food."

Thus morn and eve he sings his twittering song,
 High up upon the slow-leaved locust tree ;
 And soon their cot new-builted, large and strong
 And safe from harm, upon its top will be.

ON THE MILD WINTER.

WITH spring-like mildness passeth, day by day,
 The winter months ; the wild flowers bloom,
 And careless of the cold their charms display ;
 Why on our faces rests a cloud of gloom ?

Do we not see in this mild season, sent
 For man's relief, a providential care?
 Shall we not learn a lesson of content,
 And with less favored ones our blessings share?
 All things are providential. Yet more plain
 We see God's hand, when tempered is the wind
 To the shorn lamb, and want, and care, and pain
 Are ministered unto by angels kind,
 Than when in Nature's course there is no change,
 And naught occurs, which we, like this, call "strange!"

NATURE TEACHES ONLY LOVE.

WELL reason they, who from the birds and flowers
 Would prove that God is all a God of Love;
 For feelings, that transcend e'en reason's powers,
 To all mankind the same great doctrine prove.
 'T is true, the fire and tempest work His will,
 Yet not in wrath, but for the good of man;
 What seems to us, with tear-dimmed eyes, but ill,
 Is still a part of one all-perfect plan!
 The good of man: this is the gracious end
 For which all things were made on earth, in heaven;
 To this alone forever do they tend,
 For this alone to man were all things given;
 Thus Nature with the Scriptures doth accord,
 For God is Love, declares the Sacred Word.

COLUMBINES AND ANEMONES.

"WILD FLOWERS, AFTER WATER-COLOR PAINTINGS BY
 MISS ELLEN ROBBINS."

BEFORE the early flowers have faded quite,
 That breathed their fragrance over vale and lea,
 The columbine in scarlet vesture bright
 Quickly succeeds the pale anemone;

Crowning our rocky hills in gay attire,
 Or nodding on the steep and craggy rock ;
 They bid us climb for that which we desire,
 Or, far beyond our reach, with beauty mock.

In fancy groups of children there I see,
 Gathering large bunches for their distant home ;
 And hear again their shouts and merry glee
 As through the fields and o'er the hill they roam.

Fair flowers ! my boyhood's love, and still so dear ;
 Thanks to the artist who has made you bloom
 When winter's storms and winter's snows are here,
 To cheer us through its months of cold and gloom.

THE SOUL IN DREAMS.

THE soul heeds not, though darkest night
 Each object doth conceal ;
 In dreams it sees the noonday light,
 Which all things doth reveal.

Nor doth it heed the winter's snow
 That deep around it lies,
 Nor wintry winds that piercing blow ;
 But in sweet dreams it flies

Where summer clothes each vale and hill,
 And plucks its fruits and flowers,
 And wanders freely at its will
 Amid its blooming bowers.

To gardens ever green and fair,
 Where blooms the deathless rose,
 Where deathless lilies scent the air,
 It oft in slumber goes.

'T is not to sense nor nature kin,
 Nor grows it ever old ;

Though dim the eye, and mind within,
It can its youth behold.

For 't is of a celestial birth,
And casts around it here
A glory that is not of earth,
But of its native sphere.

NORMAN'S ROCKS.

ALONG the base of Norman's Rocks
I stroll, as when a boy ;
Or climb their steep and craggy sides
The prospect to enjoy ;

Or feel the cool, refreshing breeze,
Which round their summit plays
And makes this hill a favorite haunt
In the warm summer days.

This pleasant height a prospect gives
O'er fields and pastures green ;
While on the far horizon's line
The ocean's blue is seen.

Below, the city stretches far,
With many a shady street ;
And all its homes and gardens fair
Lie smiling at its feet.

More beautiful to me the scene
Than painter's canvas shows ;
For this in memory's brightest hues
And fancy's colors glows.

Here did I climb, when Spring returned,
To pluck her earliest flowers ;
Or mid the golden wood-wax play,
In Summer's sultry hours.

Here picked the barberry's bunches red,
When autumn time had come ;
Or sought the bitter-sweet, to deck
With gay festoons my home.

Though to the scene the musing mind
Doth its own coloring give,
Yet doth the prospect charm the more,
The longer still I live.

The lichens clinging to the rocks,
The moss forever green,
The saxifrage, with milk-white flowers,
The first in childhood seen,

Still many a pleasing lesson have
As on their leaves I pore ;
New beauties charm in manhood's prime,
Ne'er seen in years before.

For Science opens wide her book,
And bids her children read,
With wonder filled, the hidden life
In flower, and plant, and seed.

And still the varying seasons bring
An ever new delight,
As from these cliffs I look around
On each familiar sight ;

A picture that can never fade,
While life and memory last ;
Made soft and fair by loveliest hues,
Reflected from the past.

THE BLESSING OF RAIN.

How like a blessing falls the rain
On thirsty field and parched hill,
And on the dry and dusty plain !
Low swamp and pool the rain drops fill.

They wash the tall tree's withering leaves,
And fresh the forest's branches wave ;
The dying shrub the gift receives
That comes its feeble life to save.

The birds their painful silence break,
And fill with joyful notes the grove ;
The cattle now their thirst can slake,
Nor for a spring they vainly rove.

A pleasant smell the moist earth sends
To heaven for the reviving shower ;
Which with unnumbered odors blends,
The incense sweet of many a flower.

And man, with every living thing,
With grateful heart his voice doth lift
In praise to God ; and thanks doth bring
For every good and perfect gift.

THE YELLOW VIOLETS.

IN a broad, grassy field,
By the old turnpike's side,
Once grew a bed of fairest flowers,
Of early Spring the pride.

Close to the craggy hill,
And near a walnut tree,
Those lilies fair, though years have fled,
I seem again to see!

Amidst green, speckled leaves
The graceful flowers were found;
Each, pendent on a slender stem,
Bent gazing on the ground.

With playmates there I strayed,
When April days had come,
To search for buds or opening flowers
And bear my treasures home.

But like my childhood's hours
Their beauty now is fled;
Their flowers no more the field adorn,
And hid their lowly bed.

The grassy field's destroyed,
Where they so long had grown;
And the yellow violet now no more
By the children there is known.

THE FIREFLIES.

THE summer's day has reached its close,
The darkness settles round ;
The weary mower seeks repose,
And sinks in sleep profound.

But o'er the field of new-mown hay
Behold a wondrous sight !
Though gone the brightness of the day,
The air is full of light.

Like sparkles, glancing to and fro
Among the new-mown grass,
The fireflies gleam ; how strange the show,
As back and forth they pass !

Each with a lamp, like human kind,
They seek perchance their food ;
Or by its light each other find,
As suits their varying mood.

Or, hiding them from dangerous foe,
They darken now its ray,
That none their secret path may know
And seize them for their prey.

How marvelous the works of God,
His wisdom, skill, and power !
In starry hosts or glittering sod,
In insect, plant, or flower.

Oh, may I not, where'er I turn,
Careless His works behold,
But from each thing some lesson learn
Which He to man has told.

THE APRIL SNOW.

IT will not stay ! The robe so pearly white,
 Which fell in folds on Nature's bosom bare
 And sparkled in the winter moonbeam's light,
 A vesture such as sainted spirits wear, —
 It will not stay ! Look ! from the open plain
 It melts beneath the glance of April's sun ;
 Nor can the rock's cool shade the snow detain ;
 It feeds the brooks which down the hill-side run.
 Why should it linger ? Many-tinted flowers
 And the green grass its place will quickly fill,
 And, with new life from sun and kindly showers,
 With beauty deck the meadow and the hill,
 Till we regret to see the earth resume
 This snowy mantle for her robe of bloom.

THE OAK AND THE POPLAR.

THERE grew upon a sandy hill
 An oak, and poplar tree ;
 The oak seemed almost to stand still ;
 Its growth you scarce could see.
 For years its strong and stubborn roots
 Were burrowing 'neath the ground,
 While on its trunk no lofty shoots
 Nor spreading limbs were found.
 The poplar shot up tall and fast,
 And looked around with pride ;
 And o'er the oak its shadows cast,
 As would its neighbor hide.
 Its bright leaves glittered in the sun
 And danced in every breeze ;
 From all it admiration won,
 While none the oak could please.

A century passed. The tardy oak
Had reared its head on high,
And praise and reverence bespoke
From every passer-by.
A hundred arms it had outspread ;
Its thick and gnarled form
Seemed not the lightning's bolt to dread,
Nor fear the wildest storm.
Fit for man's use, it waiting stood
To rib the stout ship's side,
And bear him safely o'er the flood,
Without its aid denied ;
Or form, with timbers tough and strong,
His dwelling's massive frame,
That should protect the builder long
And still hand down his name.
And there, around the parent tree,
A thousand younger stood,
That, age on age, for man should be
A magazine of wood ;
And on its boughs, the acorns still
In countless numbers hung,
The falling forest's place to fill
And keep it ever young.

The quick-grown poplar long had ceased
To be remembered there ;
The old men told how it increased
And flourished tall and fair,
That many nurseries were made ;
'Twas planted through the town
And much admired for growth and shade,
But short-lived its renown !
For soon, they said, its tender frame
The blustering winds o'erthrew ;
And now 'tis scarcely known by name,
Where once in pride it grew.

THE MAY FLOWER.

I FOUND upon our neighboring hills
A flower, there growing thick as dropping rain,
And from its friends removed it far,
And in strange company did it detain.

And far I took it from the old grey rocks,
And from the dark green wood-wax spreading round,
From barberry bark with prickly stems,
And placed it in the distant garden's ground.

Then I thought that it would quickly die,
When removed so far from the rocky hills ;
Where the sun shines bright the livelong day,
And the bird's sweet song every covert fills.

For not lightly sundered frailest thread,
Which binds to its natal spot the flower ;
Mid the garden's bloom it droops and fades,
And pineth still in the fairest bower.

The floweret lived, but an exile seemed
That pined for his country far away ;
In summer it seeded, in autumn
Grew sere, and it bloomed once again in May.

And I marked, as its little white flowers
Appeared, that still to its friends it was true ;
Though afar from the spot of its birth,
They came forth as when by their side it grew.

So we, though we roam to far distant lands
Through the grandest and fairest of earth,
Can never forget mountain, river and vale,
Trees and flowers in the place of our birth.

For something there is, in every place
Where kind Providence places his lot,

Binds man to his home like the humblest flower
Which heralds the spring in his natal spot.

THE WOOD-WAX.

LAUGHING, midst its yellow blooms,
At the fire that it consumes,
Springs the wood-wax every year ;
It has naught from man to fear.

From the turnpike's grassy side,
See it flourish far and wide,
On the steep and rocky hills ;
Naught the wood-wax hurts or kills.

Glorious sight in summer time
'T is, to see it in its prime,
With its spikes of flowers untold,
Covering all the hills with gold !

Though a plant of stranger race,
It with us has found a place ;
Vain the farmer's art or toil
That would drive it from the soil.

Vain in winter is the fire
Which he kindles in his ire ;
Still it laughs, amidst its blooms,
At the flame that it consumes.

SUNSET AFTER A CLOUDED DAY IN APRIL.

O'ER all the city comes a glow
From the red setting sun ;
Clouded since morn, it doth bestow
A smile when day is done.

Its dwellings and their chimneys blaze
 With the red crimson light ;
 The lofty steeples catch the rays,
 And draw the admiring sight.

The leafless elms a glory wear ;
 Their buds of golden brown,
 Touched by the parting sunbeams fair,
 Become a beauteous crown.

The busy streets the radiance fills ;
 We walk on heavenly ground ;
 The sudden glow lights up the hills
 And all the prospect round.

Too bright, too beautiful to last,
 This light o'er Nature spread ;
 A few short moments, and 't is past !
 The golden gleam has fled !

THE LIFE OF THE FLOWER.

KNOW'ST thou the life of a single flower,
 How it blooms from out the earth ?
 Whence came its beauty ? and what the Power,
 That gave its beauty birth ?

How long has the seed of that flower been sown,
 In the ages passed away,
 Since first on the earth its form was known
 And it oped to the light of day ?

In the hardened rock its form is found,
 Ere man the earth had trod ;
 Ere his toiling hands had tilled the ground,
 Or sowed with its seed the sod.

Before the bird or the beast was made,
 The desolate earth still in gloom,

Ere a tree o'er the dry land had spread its shade,
Did the flower in its beauty bloom.

Thou mayst trace its life to the single cell,
By the aid which Science gives ;
But canst thou by searching the secret tell,
Whence the seed, or how it lives ?

Oh no : for the secret is hid from thee,
Known to none save the Perfect Mind ;
Whom thou in His works alone can see,
But not to perfection find.

For the life of the flower, like the life of the soul,
Is hid in God above ;
And the humblest flower, like the mighty whole,
Sprang forth from His boundless love.

BITTER-SWEET ROCKS.

THERE is no spot so lonely, rough, and wild,
But Nature doth with careful fingers deck
With flowers, or vines, or ferns, or soft green moss,
To give to those who to such haunts may stray
A sweet surprise, a pleasure all their own.
To such a spot, an unfrequented dell,
When autumn comes, some warm October day,
I love to wander, and in silence muse.
O'er rocky hills, where cattle roam and feed
Cropping the meadows and the pastures green,
My way I take ; pausing at times to view
The city's spires, or ocean's blue expanse ;
Then down the narrow glen, shady and still,
Save when some startled bird has taken to flight,
Or cricket's song amid the grass is heard.
Here from the cliff above vast rocks have fallen,
Thrown down by some convulsion, or by frost,
And at its base lie in confusion piled.

But not neglected doth this ruin lie,
 For here a beauteous show hath Nature wrought
 For those who to this lonely spot have come.
 Among these broken rocks the bitter-sweet
 Has taken root, and clasped the fragments round
 In close embrace, covering the mossy rocks
 With leafy screen, where clustering bunches hang
 Of purest gold. And, sight most beautiful !
 As Nature sought yet more to please and charm,
 Up to the very top of a high tree,
 Which rooted grows amidst the fallen crags,
 A vine has clomb ; and every bough and twig
 Is laden with its golden berries ripe,
 And from the top in gay festoons they hang,
 Giving a wondrous beauty to the place.

OCTOBER.

ALL day, amidst the forest's splendor bright,
 Spread o'er the landscape far as eye could see,
 We journeyed on, and every vale and height
 Transfigured in the glory seemed to be.
 What colors of the earth, or e'en the sky,
 Can paint the hues which decked each hill and plain,
 That with their richness tired the gazing eye ?
 What canvas can those wondrous tints retain ?
 Yet, as the seasons of the year return,
 Again o'er all the land will they be cast ;
 Again each height and plain with glory burn,
 And shall as long as Nature's self shall last ;
 Crowning with beauty e'en her latest day,
 When all that we behold shall pass away !

TO A CLOUD.

WHITHER, O Cloud ! with richest treasures fraught,
 From some unseen and distant regions brought ?

Whither so swiftly dost thou wing thy way,
And why not o'er this dusty city stay ?
The grass is withered, and the flowers are dead,
From our fair gardens all their beauty fled ;
And e'en the lofty trees, with foliage dry,
Imploring look as thou art passing by.

We know not why so swift thou passest on,
For while we gaze thou from our sight art gone !
Like glorious angel hastening to fulfill,
On pinions swift, the great Creator's will.
How small our knowledge of the mighty plan
Controlling nature since the world began !
Vainly would Science search the hidden cause
Which wings thy flight obedient to His laws
Who fillest all things and dost all contain,
Who sendest or withhold'st alike the rain.

Perhaps beyond our own horizon's bound
More needing thee, more dry and parched the ground ;
And with more earnest prayers, more anxious eyes,
Men turn their gaze unto the cloudless skies.
O'er the proud city thou wilt not remain,
Where dwell the sons of pleasure and of gain ;
But where the toiling husbandman doth stand
And mourning views his crops, his parched land,
Thou hastenest on and drop'st thy fullness down,
And dost his toil and prayers with plenty crown.

THE TIDE.

WITH daily ebb and flow
The waters by us glide ;
They tell us of the mighty Power
That rules their constant tide.

Yet thoughtless still we gaze,
Untaught from day to day ;

Unheeded still the unseen Hand
That doth their motions sway.

As if thus of itself
The river's tide might flow ;
Now fill its empty channels high,
Then back to ocean go.

As if attraction's force
Could be the only law,
And moon and sun could of themselves
The bulk of ocean draw.

Ah, who shall give us sight
This miracle to see ?
In ocean's constant ebb and flow
The work of Deity !

In Nature's constant law
To own God's ceaseless power ;
Who makes the sea to know its bounds
And keep the appointed hour.

THE SPARROWS AND THE CROP OF WEEDS.

THINK not yon tall rank, growth of weeds
A useless crop is found ;
Though man himself has sowed no seeds,
Nor tilled the fertile ground.

Though he neglect, as here we see,
The primal great command ;
Nor grain, nor plant, nor bush, nor tree,
Is witness of his hand.

For He who all things small and great
Includes in one vast plan
Did humble sparrows too create,
As well as nobler man.

He shelters them through winter's night,
So long and drear and cold,
In swamp or wood, till morning light,
As shepherd keeps his fold.

And still the earth brings forth the weed,
Man's idleness to shame ;
The birds in wintry time to feed,
Who naught from him can claim.

Thus doth the Lord for these provide,
Who neither sow nor reap ;
Nor to the smallest is denied
His care, who all doth keep.

THE WHITE-WEED.

SWEPT by every passing breeze,
See the meadow fall and rise !
See its green waves sprinkled o'er
With the white-weed's starry eyes !

Gay they bend as in a dance,
Up and down a thousand ways ;
So I've watched them many an hour,
In my by-gone childhood's days.

Still I watch them as of old,
With an ever-new delight ;
Following still their mazy dance,
Ever changing to the sight.

For of grace and beauty still
Do they now as ever teach ;
Vain are fancy's feeble powers
Nature's perfect forms to reach.

THE HOUSTONIA.

WELCOME, sweet flower, that scent'st the morn,
From the moist earth so newly born,
Sprinkling afar the grassy sod
Where'er I look, for many a rod!

In families thou lov'st to grow,
Sweet, social bands, a beauteous show,
As if some secret tie did bind
Each floweret, like the human kind.

Companion of the little child,
With eye so blue and look so mild,
To me as welcome is thy bloom,
As welcome too thy sweet perfume.

He calls thee Innocent, a name
Unknown to science or to fame;
A name that he from Nature took,
Expressive of thy form and look.

Thou dost return with early spring,
Thy fragrance and thy bloom to bring;
To call the young with willing feet
To seek thee in thy wild retreat.

With them do I, in early May,
Rejoice to greet thee on my way,
And e'en when summer's heats have come
To find thee still where'er I roam,

In thy slight form and mild blue eye
To feel some bond of sympathy,
And learn again the lesson mild,
Thou taught'st me, when a little child.

ON A HYACINTH FROM GEORGIA.

FAIR flower ! that from the southern skies
 Hast reached us with thy bloom, —
 Thou dost our hearts with joy surprise,
 And banish winter's gloom !
 For oft, we know not how or why,
 Its gloom steals o'er the heart ;
 Earth's frozen breast, the stormy sky,
 Seem of ourselves a part.

Thou break'st the spell, as when the Spring
 Returns to cheer our sight,
 And in her train doth with her bring
 The flowers, our chief delight ;
 She calls them with her gentle voice,
 And bids their tribes appear ;
 With southern fields our own rejoice,
 For Spring again is here !

A bond thou art 'twixt state and state,
 A link in Nature's chain,
 That doth man's written laws out-date,
 That ever shall remain
 To tell us of God's boundless love
 To all of human kind,
 And, like the Gospel from above,
 Their hearts in one to bind.

THE LAMENT OF THE FLOWERS.

I LOOKED to find Spring's early flowers,
 In spots where they were wont to bloom ;
 But they had perished in their bowers ;
 The haunts they loved had proved their tomb !

The alder, and the laurel green,
 Which sheltered them, had shared their fate ;

And but the blackened ground was seen,
Where hid their swelling buds of late.

From the bewildered, homeless bird,
Whose half-built nest the flame destroys,
A low complaint of wrong I heard,
Against the thoughtless, ruthless boys.

Sadly I heard its notes complain,
And ask the young its haunts to spare ;
Prophetic seemed the sorrowing strain,
Sung o'er its home, but late so fair !

“ No more with hues like ocean shell
The delicate wind-flower here shall blow ;
The spot that loved its form so well
Shall ne'er again its beauty know.

“ Or, if it bloom, like some pale ghost
'T will haunt the black and shadeless dell,
Where once it bloomed a numerous host,
Of its once pleasant bowers to tell.

“ And coming years no more shall find
The laurel green upon the hills ;
The frequent fire leaves naught behind,
But e'en the very roots it kills.

“ No more upon the turnpike's side
The rose shall shed its sweet perfume ;
The traveler's joy, the summer's pride,
Will share with them a common doom.

“ No more shall these returning fling
Round childhood's home a heavenly charm,
With song of bird in early spring,
To glad the heart and save from harm.”

THE SIGHT OF THE OCEAN.

I GAZED afar from the rocky hill,
As if I never could drink my fill
Of the prospect fair, the ocean wide,
The blue bright ocean on every side.

For with the prospect grew my mind,
And seemed in the vast expanse to find
A space for its flight, without shore or bound
Save the sky above and the sea around.

But soon o'er my spirit a feeling stole,
A sad, lonely feeling I could not control ;
Which the sight of the ocean doth ever bring,
As if, like the soul, 't were a lonely thing.

The plaintive wave as it broke on the shore
Seemed sighing for rest forevermore,
And glad at length the land to reach
And tell its tale to the silent beach.

So seemed it then, to my wandering thought,
That in the vast prospect a home had sought ;
The ship o'er the waters a port may find,
But never the longing and restless mind.

As night o'er the ocean its shadow threw,
And homeward the weary sea-bird flew,
I turned from the dark and rocky height,
With grateful heart, to my hearth-stone bright.

SENSIBILITY TO THE BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

How freely do the flowers their wealth bestow
Of beauteous tints on every passer by !

How freely too their fragrance round them throw !
 To none who pass their gifts do they deny.
 But though for all their beauty they dispense,
 Alike for all their fragrance round them fling,
 Yet is there wanting oft a finer sense
 Than to their blooming bowers we thoughtless bring.
 So, when I meet them in the vale or wood,
 Or on the hill their varied charms survey,
 Blest with some purer thought, some happier mood,
 They to my soul a new delight convey ;
 And, to their well-known haunts as I draw near,
 More fair they seem, more fragrant they appear.

THE FALLING LEAF.

FALL, yellow leaf, for thy brief work is done,
 The work for which thy beauteous form was made ;
 No more thou 'lt glisten in the morning sun,
 No more thou 'lt darken with the evening shade.

Thy work is done ! No more the parent tree
 Shall need thy aid, for winter-time is near ;
 No more upon its boughs thy form we 'll see,
 Through the long winter months to charm and cheer.

But though thy work is done, to outward sight,
 And thou art trodden 'neath the feet of men,
 Still to the memory thou shalt bring delight,
 And in thy beauty seem to live again.

Thy work can never cease, while thought shall bring
 Some pleasant memories of days gone by,
 When, wandering in the woods, in early spring,
 Thy brilliant green first caught the admiring eye ;

Or when, in summer, from the glare and heat
 We sought the shelter of the quiet grove,
 And found beneath its shade a cool retreat,
 To pass the sultry hours with friends we love ;

Or when, in autumn, midst her changing bowers
I mused upon the lessons which they taught ;
Forgetful of the swiftly passing hours,
Lost in a dream of sweet yet solemn thought.

Thy work shall never cease while thou shalt be
A thought the springs of memory to control,
A power the mind of man from sense to free,
A joy and teaching to the deathless soul !

THE FORSAKEN HARVEST-FIELD.

WHEN the farmer from his fields
Home has borne the ripened grain,
Where his hands no more can reap,
Harvests yet for me remain.

Autumn flowers, of every hue,
Brightly bloom along my way ;
Golden-rods and asters fair
Make the fields and pastures gay.

Then the bitter-sweet I seek,
Draping rock and leafy tree ;
And its berries homeward bear,
Ripened harvest left for me.

Then the gentian, trustful flower !
In the meadow low I find ;
Last of Autumn's brilliant train,
Fearless of the chilling wind !

Scattered o'er his stubble ground,
Each some lesson can impart ;
Wisdom for the thoughtful mind,
Pleasure for the feeling heart.

Oft your lessons, on my walks,
Autumn flowers ! I ponder o'er ;

But how little have I learned
Of your sweet and sacred lore !

SUNSET IN DERBY'S WOODS.

THIS a worthy scene would prove
For the Painter's beauteous art ;
Scenes like this the Poets love,
Speaking to the eye and heart.

Winding river here I see,
Fields and woods on either hand ;
From all noise the place is free,
As for quiet musings planned.

Here the weary, troubled mind,
Filled by day with vain unrest,
Doth at eve a shelter find,
With the bird that seeks its nest.

Nature here asserts her power
O'er the freed and grateful soul ;
Swiftly flies the sunset hour,
'Neath her gentle, sweet control.

Not alone I seem to be
While she ministers around,
Though no human form I see,
Hear no voice of mortal sound.

As I turn to leave the spot,
Still it doth my vision fill ;
It can never be forgot,
Woods, and stream, and lofty hill.

Lighted oft by Memory's ray,
They no more can fade from sight ;
Like the hues of dying day
Quickly changing into night.

THE KING'S ARM-CHAIR.

STEEP cliff, round which, a child, I played,
Or climbed to view the prospect o'er,
Where hour by hour I frequent stayed, —
Thou wear'st not now thy look of yore.

For man by many a blast has torn
Thy hoary moss-grown front away,
And at thy feet the fragments borne,
Like some vast ruin, strew the way.

But still, as in that day, I see
Thy bold, steep forehead 'gainst the sky,
When round thy base I climbed in glee,
Till gained the lofty summit high.

There, seated in the King's Arm-Chair,
I loved the landscape round to view ;
The busy streets and houses fair,
The harbor with its waters blue.

Before me spread the pastures green,
With hills and meadows far away ;
Seaward the white-winged ships were seen,
Bound to their ports along the bay.

Beneath, I watched the living tide,
Swift hurrying on with ceaseless flow,
Along the smooth-worn turnpike wide,
And round thy jutting base below.

The wagon, chaise, or crowded stage,
By turns I watched as they came by ;
The weary traveler bent with age,
Glad from the hill the town to spy ;

Each hastening on with various mind ;
Some far o'er land and sea to roam,

Sad for the friends they 'd left behind ;
 While others joyed to reach their home.

By day, by night, the stream flowed on,
 Like a full river to the sea ;
 Long since the lengthening train has gone,
 A picture now of Memory,

Whose power restores the past again,
 The summer days, the golden flowers,
 To soothe stern manhood's toil or pain,
 Or deck for age its leafless bowers.

In vain would man thy form destroy,
 Or level thee e'en with the ground ;
 I see thee still, as when a boy,
 And from the Arm-Chair gaze around.

A WALK IN THE PASTURES.

A FREE breath breathes in Nature,
 That maketh all things grow ;
 The breath of the Creator,
 From whom all things do flow.

It warms and gladdens all things,
 The flower and creeping vine,
 The grass which in the meadow springs,
 The oak and lofty pine.

And every beast, and every bird,
 Its quickening influence feels ;
 And tiny insects' note is heard,
 Whose form the leaf conceals.

I feel it on our rocky hills,
 And lightly bound along ;
 My languid frame new vigor fills,
 My voice breaks forth in song ;

I praise and bless the Being great,
Who made this world so fair,
And did for joy each thing create,
And doth for all things care.

NATURE INTELLIGIBLE.

THOU art not, as the Hindoos say,
A vain illusion to the sight,
That doth the mind of man betray,
Whilst thou his senses dost delight.

No wildering maze, without a plan,
In Nature doth her votary find ;
But glorious mansion built for man,
The work of One Eternal Mind !

Floor above floor thy strata rise,
Height above height thy mountains stand,
Like pillars of the vaulted sky,
O'erlooking far the sea and land.

In smallest thing, in leaf, or fly,
How finished, perfect, every part !
And hidden from the curious eye
Are forms and hues of wondrous art.

From lowest fossil in its bed
Onward Creative Thought proceeds,
Through beast and bird, to man their head,
And upward to his Maker leads.

Summer and Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Each season of the varied year,
Doth each for us a lesson bring,
If we but turn the listening ear.

Awake, O man ! and face to face
 With Nature stand, a living soul ;
 And every word and letter trace,
 Written on her mysterious scroll.

And humbly rise from earthly things
 To Revelation's truth sublime ;
 Which from the same Great Being springs
 Who built the world of space and time.

TO AN ANCIENT LOCUST-TREE

IN MY GARDEN.

WHY stand'st thou here alone, when all thy mates
 That crowded by the river's bank are gone ?
 From near a century thy history dates,
 Amidst new scenes thou standest now alone !
 How changed yon fields ! how changed the river too,
 When on its bank thy tiny form upsprung !
 Swift cars, and streets and workshops, now we view,
 Where once were groves and fields when thou wast young.
 On Nature's wild yet beautiful domain
 Man by his arts encroaches more and more ;
 Across the river broad he throws his chain,
 And builds the solid bridge from shore to shore ;
 Yet still thy top with milk-white flowers is crowned
 And summer breezes waft thy fragrance round.

THE VOICE IN THE POPLARS.

A SPIRIT in the tree-top breathes
 Familiar to my ear ;
 I hear a sound amidst its leaves
 My childhood loved to hear ;

A rustling in the poplar tall
 Which bends with every blast ;

So to my soul its murmurings call,
From out the silent past!

They tell in many an answering tone,
As in my childhood's hour,
Of things to gross, dull minds unknown ;
Of a mysterious Power

That with the soul, by speechless things,
Doth often converse hold,
And lessons to the spirit brings
Which books have never told.

For written on each tree that grows
The story of its birth ;
When perfect from God's hand it rose
Upon the new-made earth.

And when the stormy wind doth move,
Or gentle zephyr fan,
It telleth still of Eden's grove
To listening ear of man.

THE STATUE OF FLORA,

ON THE GROUNDS OF R. BROOKHOUSE, ESQ., WASH-
INGTON STREET.

STILL gazing on thy wreath of carved flowers,
A sight of beauty to the passing throng !
Thou tellest of the Summer's blooming bowers,
As to the mart or court they haste along.
And though, perchance, absorbed in thoughts of gain
But few admire thy flowers, or form of grace,
Yet not upon the street thou stand'st in vain !
Still on some heart thou mayst thine image trace,
Recalling to the mind youth's early day,
When hills and fields so oft he wandered o'er,

When Nature o'er his soul acquired her sway,
 And every scene bright hues of beauty wore ;
 And the stern man was once a playful boy,
 Whom e'en the smallest flower could thrill with joy !

THE ELM SEED.

SCATTERED with every breeze I see them fly,
 This way and that, upon the summer air ;
 Trodden to dust beneath our feet they lie,
 Yet not without the great Creator's care !
 Some single seed His providence directs,
 That providence which guards and governs all ;
 The tiny germ through winter it protects,
 And in the spring-time from its grave will call.
 No more a seed, but now a growing tree,
 Though scarce its slender form at first is seen,
 Still, nourished and sustained, in time 't will be
 A mighty elm ; from summer's suns a screen
 To man and beast that seek its friendly shade,
 And birds that in its boughs their nests have made.

SHIP ROCK.

WITH a sudden sweet surprise
 Bursts the prospect on our eyes ;
 Far the city's spires are seen,
 Hills and fields and woods between.

Farther still, the ocean blue
 Fitly bounds the charming view ;
 Where, on the horizon clear,
 Noble ships their courses steer.

By the pond beneath the hill,
 Silent stands the noisy mill ;
 While the brook with laugh and song
 Through the meadow glides along.

Science may thy birth explore,
On the far-off Arctic shore,
And thy various wanderings show,
In the ages long ago ;

With more interest here I trace
Backward my own name and race ;
From thy top the scene behold,
Where they lived and toiled of old.

Here the wooded fields they cleared,
And their humble homesteads reared
Here they planted, gathered here
Harvests ripe from year to year.

Here they worshiped Him, whose word
In their father-land they heard ;
Him, who o'er the ocean wide
Was their Hope, their Strength, their Guide.

Here in sweet and holy trust
They committed dust to dust ;
Minding where the soul 's conveyed
More than where the body 's laid.

Still their orchard-lot I see,
Here and there a moss-grown tree ;
Here their dwelling's site is known,
Now by shrubs and vines o'ergrown.

Sacred is this spot to me,
Rock and brook and lofty tree ;
For amid the scenes I tread
Rests the dust of kindred dead !

THE SOUTH RIVER AT SUNSET.

MIRRORED in the waters lie
Hill and grove and cloud and sky ;
Each with form distinct and clear,
As they to the eye appear.

Moss-grown rocks and grasses green
In the river's depths are seen,
Ferns and flowers with colors bright ;
All are pictured to the sight.

See the cattle far below,
Where the mimic grasses grow ;
Cropping still the grassy sod,
As if on the earth they trod !

When did painter's beauteous art
Sight so fair as this impart ?
Vain is human skill to line,
Paint with colors so divine.

Thus the calm and peaceful soul
Doth reflect the mighty whole,
Every object bright and fair,
Heaven and earth are mirrored there.

THE COLD SPRING

AT THE FOOT OF LIBERTY HILL, IN NORTH SALEM.

THOU clear, yet ever-bubbling Spring,
Hid by the rising ground,
And triple oak, whose branches fling
Their shadows all around, —

I stoop upon thy stony brim
To taste thy waters sweet ;
For I am weary and worn of limb,
And joy thy sight to meet.

I would not from thy free bowl scare
The birds in the boughs above,
But learn with them this fount to share,
As the gift of a Father's love.

Thou hast joy in this thy wilderness,
In thy still yet constant flow,
Such as one from pure and perfect bliss
Alone with thee can know.

Oh, seldom may the sea, that near
Sends up its frequent tide,
Mix with thy cooling waters clear,
And in thy breast abide !

And if, perchance, a lengthened wave
Should o'er thy margin swell,
Quick may thy bubbling freshness save,
And the salt brine repel !

THE SUMACH LEAVES.

SOME autumn leaves a painter took,
And with his colors caught their hues ;
So true to nature did they look
That none to praise them could refuse.

The yellow mingling with the red
Shone beauteous in their bright decay,
And round a golden radiance shed,
Like that which hangs o'er parting day.

Their sister leaves, that, fair as these,
Thus far had shared a common lot,
All soiled and scattered by the breeze
Are now by every one forgot.

Soon, trodden under foot of men,
Their very forms will cease to be,
Nor they remembered be again,
Till Autumn decks once more the tree.

But these shall still their beauty boast,
To praise the painter's wondrous art,
When Autumn's glories all are lost
And with the fading year depart ;

And through the wintry months so pale
The sumach's brilliant hues recall ;
Where, waving over hill and vale,
They gave its splendor to our fall.

THE FAIR MORNING.

THE clear bright morning, with its scented air
 And gaily waving flowers, is here again ;
 Man's heart is lifted with the voice of prayer,
 And peace descends, as falls the gentle rain ;
 The tuneful birds, that all the night have slept,
 Take up at dawn the evening's dying lay,
 When sleep upon their eyelids gently crept
 And stole with stealthy craft their song away.
 High overhead the forest's swaying boughs
 Sprinkle with drops the traveler on his way ;
 He hears far off the tinkling bells of cows
 Driven to pasture at the break of day ;
 With vigorous step he passes swift along,
 Making the woods reëcho with his song.

THE CLOUDED MORNING.

THE morning comes, and thickening clouds prevail,
 Hanging like curtains all the horizon round,
 Or overhead in heavy stillness sail ;
 So still is day, it seems like night profound ;
 Scarce by the city's din the air is stirred,
 And dull and deadened comes its every sound ;
 The cock's shrill, piercing voice subdued is heard,
 By the thick folds of muffling vapors drowned.
 Dissolved in mists the hills and trees appear,
 Their outlines lost and blended with the sky ;
 And well-known objects, that to all are near,
 No longer seem familiar to the eye,
 But with fantastic forms they mock the sight,
 As when we grope amid the gloom of night.

THE RAIN.

THE rain descends ; each drop some drooping flower
 Or parchèd blade drinks in with grateful haste ;
 Nor is there from the plenteous falling shower
 A drop that Nature will permit to waste.
 Upon the river falls the pattering rain
 In countless drops, that soon are seen no more ;
 The river swells and overflows the plain,
 And richer harvests wave than e'er before.
 Nor think that on the surface of the rock
 The rain-drop falls in vain, a useless thing ;
 From out the crevice of the granite block
 The savin grows, and lichens to it cling ;
 And there, when all around is parched and dry,
 The thirsty birds will come, and find a full supply.

ON SEEING THE VICTORIA REGIA IN BLOOM,

AT THE GARDEN OF J. FISK ALLEN, ESQ., JULY 22, 1853.

THOU wondrous Flower ! in which, on grander scale
 Than in our northern clime, we see displayed
 Creative Power and Skill, that never fail,
 By which the world and all therein were made, —
 With reverence on thy beauty would I gaze,
 Inhale thy fragrance and admire thy leaf,
 Whose wondrous size and structure claim our praise,
 Surpassing our conception and belief.
 Yet on our northern streams, O Tropic Queen !
 The type of thee in stem and leaf and flower,
 In beauty and in fragrance, too, is seen ;¹
 Displaying here the same Creative Power
 As where, on Amazon's gigantic stream,
 Thou lift'st thy head to greet the morning beam.

¹ The Pond-lily.

ON THE SUDDEN SNOW.

How beautiful the sight,
This robe of spotless white
O'er nature flung !
On every bush and tree
Its pearly folds we see,
In beauty hung.

To bless this sacred day,
And clothe in fit array,
It fell from heaven ;
To make men think of God
And His own blest abode
The sight was given.

God doth in Nature show
His love, e'en here below,
Each passing hour,
And with His children plead.
Oh, may we ever heed
And feel its power !

Soon will He change the scene,
And with a sudden green
The earth surprise !
Earth too His dwelling is ;
All that we see is His,
The Good and Wise.

THE DYING LEAF.

'T is not a natural law alone
By which the dying leaf
Falls whirling, when its work is done,
Unto the ground beneath.

Before the rising autumn blast
Commissioned was to bear
The little leaf, once bound so fast,
And whirl it through the air,

The Lord of Life had checked the tide
Which through its fibres flowed,
And to its being had denied
The gift He once bestowed :

The gift of life, mysterious thing !
That form and substance gave ;
Which filled its tender veins in spring
And made it gladsome wave ;

But now, recalled, leaves hard and dry,
The sport of lightest wind,
The leaf which once could storms defy,
Though all their blasts combined.

THE VOICE OF NATURE IN YOUTH AND
AGE.

WITH sights of beauty rare,
In earth, and sea, and air,
Nature invites her children aye to roam ;
“ Come, live,” she says, “ with me
A life unchecked and free,
And leave your home.

“ Come, o’er the ocean rove,
Through flower-decked field and grove ;
Come, walk with me, nor longer idly pine ;
With you my gifts I ’ll share
Of earth, and sea, and air ;
For all are mine.”

Listening youth leaves behind
His home, his parents kind,
And with a sense of freedom onward goes ;
Long seems the summer’s day,
And blooms along his way
The blushing rose.

And days and years pass by ;
All things in earth and sky
To him are known. He Nature’s lord doth stand !
Her powers obey his will ;
He flies, with magic skill,
O’er sea and land.

But o’er him comes a change !
No more he loves to range ;
Nor power nor knowledge will his soul suffice ;
He backward turns his gaze,
And thoughts of other days
Bedew his eyes.

Although with freedom blest,
His spirit longs for rest, —
Longs for the friendships of life’s early morn ;
And memory brings to mind
The home of parents kind,
Where he was born.

There age shall soothe his grief,
And bring his soul relief
From care, and toil, and pain, that downward bend ;
There Nature’s voice doth seem,
As in his early dream,
Like human friend.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

STILL blooming on when summer flowers all fade,
 The golden-rods and asters fill the glade ;
 The tokens they of an Exhaustless Love,
 That ever to the end doth constant prove.

To one fair tribe another still succeeds,
 As still the heart new forms of beauty needs ;
 Till these, bright children of the waning year,
 Its latest born, have come our souls to cheer.

They glance upon us from their fringed eyes,
 And to their look our own in love replies ;
 Within our hearts we find for them a place,
 As for the flowers which early spring-time grace.

Despond not, traveler on life's lengthened way,
 When all thy early friends have passed away ;
 Say not, " No more the beautiful doth live,
 And to the earth a bloom and fragrance give."

To every season has our Father given
 Some tokens of His love to us from heaven ;
 Nor leaves us here, uncheered, to walk alone,
 When all we loved and prized in youth have gone.

Let but thy heart go forth to all around,
 Still by thy side the beautiful is found ;
 Along thy path the autumn flowers shall smile,
 And to its close life's pilgrimage beguile.

SONG.

I LOVE THE LIGHT.

I LOVE the light when first its beams
 Steal o'er the earth and sky,
 And gently wake the slumbering world,
 And bid the shadows fly.

I love the light of noon-day sun,
Its full effulgent ray,
That floods the earth, and sea, and sky,
And brings the perfect day.

I love the light of sunset hour,
Which lingers in the west ;
Which soothes the weary heart and mind,
And gives the laborer rest.

I love the moon's soft, silvery light,
The light of stars, that keep
Their watches o'er a weary world,
When wrapt in slumbers deep.

THE COWS WAITING AT THE PASTURE GATE.

THE herd is standing on the hill,
Or lying on the ground ;
Their number now is all complete,
The last stray wanderer found.

They wait the opening of the gate ;
How peaceful their repose !
It soothes the mind, and o'er the scene
A quiet beauty throws.

O'er the wide pastures they have roamed
Through all the summer day,
Grazing at will o'er hill and vale,
Where'er they chanced to stray.

At some cool spring they quench their thirst,
Whose source is never dry :
The water trickling from the rock
Yields still a full supply.

O'er rocky hills their pathway winds,
 Through swamps and meadows green ;
 Till resting 'neath the distant pines
 The herd at noon is seen.

When in the west the sun declines,
 The cowherd's voice they hear,
 And homeward turn, his barking dog
 Still following in their rear.

And, winding slowly o'er the hills,
 The deep-worn path is trod ;
 Till on the last they waiting stand,
 Or rest upon the sod.

The keeper opens wide the gate,
 For now the hour has come ;
 And lowing down the busy streets
 The cows are driven home.

ON SOME ETERNALS FROM A FRIEND'S GARDEN.

GONE are the flowers which bloomed so sweet and fair,
 Where late I walked in summer with delight ;
 Of all their beauties, winter none would spare,
 Save these Eternals that still charm the sight.
 When fair Petunias lose their varied bloom,
 And Pansies rich are buried 'neath the snow,
 With fadeless colors these adorn our room,
 And oft recall thy garden's beauteous show.
 Thus do they love and friendship symbolize,
 As well as Summer's fair and fragrant flowers ;
 Amid the winter's gloom and stormy skies,
 To fancy picture still her blooming bowers ;
 And in their fadeless colors we may find
 Emblems of feelings lasting as the mind.

THE GLACIAL MARKS ON OUR HILLS.

HERE on our rocks the marks we see,
 Where once the glaciers moved on ;
 Man shares in Nature's mystery,
 And lives in ages past and gone.

In these smooth lines we trace their course,
 From north to south across the land,
 A steady but resistless force,
 That e'en the hills could not withstand.

Up their rough slopes they onward go,
 To where the hills abruptly end ;
 Then at their feet the fragments throw,
 And onward to the ocean tend.

The boulders which we see around,
 Like pebbles on their surface borne,
 Were in far distant regions found,
 From craggy hills and mountains torn.

The long moraine, which like a road
 Stretches through forests, fields afar,
 Tells where dissolved the icy flood,
 With warmer suns and skies at war.

Imagination backward flies,
 And views, with wonder and with fear,
 The prospect which around her lies,
 Where naught is seen the mind to cheer !

Yet in that scene man's thought can live,
 Though wild and desolate and bare ;
 Can to these marks a meaning give,
 And the long life of Nature share.

The present, like a fleeting dream,
 Does from his musing spirit fade ;
 He gazes down time's darkling stream,
 When mountains and the hills were made.

ON SOME BLUE AND GOLDEN COLUMBINES

FROM PIKE'S PEAK, COLORADO.

O NEW-BORN State, what lovely flowers are thine !
 Differing in color, but in form the same,
 From mountain heights has come thy columbine,
 Which shares with ours in beauty and in name.
 Our youngest State may grander scenes disclose,
 Far loftier mountains, parks and vales more fair ;
 Yet where the columbine on hillside grows,
 Strange tho' the scene, one heritage we share.
 The lonely emigrant beholds the flower,
 Which in his boyhood's haunts far off he knew ;
 And, at the sight, imagination's power
 Brings absent friends and early home to view,
 And he forgets, in thoughts and visions dear,
 The mountain heights which rise so grand and near.

THE WILD ROSE OF PLYMOUTH.

UPON the Plymouth shore the wild rose blooms
 As when the Pilgrims lived beside the bay,
 And scents the morning air with sweet perfumes ;
 Though new this hour, more ancient far than they ;
 More ancient than the wild yet friendly race
 That roved the land before the Pilgrims came,
 And here for ages found a dwelling-place,
 Of whom our histories tell us but the name !
 Though new this hour, out from the past it springs,
 Telling this summer morning of earth's prime ;

And happy visions of the future brings
That reach beyond, e'en to the verge of time ;
Wreathing earth's children in one flowery chain
Of love and beauty, ever to remain.

THE MOSS AND ITS TEACHINGS.

How often pass we by the works of God
Unnoticed, and forget His presence too !
The sea, the sky, the plain, and mountain top,
All these attract our gaze, and make us feel
That mighty Being's presence, who first formed
And still sustains the world in which we live ;
And yet the tiny moss, which the child's found
And so admires, to the reflecting tells
The same great truth, — too oft by man forgot !
That God is everywhere, His power the same.
Gaze at the mosses' varied tints, and arm
Thine eye with microscopic power. Behold
With what a wondrous skill each leaf is made,
Each stalk a tree rises above the mould,
Forming, with countless more, a beauteous grove.
Like mightier forests, wilted by the sun
And covered black with dust, it droops and dies.
Refreshed and washed by showers it lifts its head,
Expands its shrunken boughs, puts on fresh hues,
As grateful for the timely-falling rain.
Think you God's presence here is less displayed
Than in the forest of high towering oaks,
Which have, for centuries, withstood the storms, —
That less than they it needs the Maker's care ?
Who scattered on the rock its dust-like seed,
Preparing thus the way for giant pines
And mighty oaks to lift their forms on high ?
Who hid the mosses 'neath the polar snow,
To feed the reindeer through the winter months,
Or save the life of far-adventuring man ?
To humblest things the highest are allied ;

And the low moss on which man careless treads
 Hath with the noblest forms a unity ;
 And like them, too, an end for which 't was made.
 Scattered o'er all the earth the mosses grow,
 On loftiest mountain and in deepest glen,
 In gloomy forest and in open plain ;
 That nowhere man may come, and look around,
 Without a witness of God's care and love.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

STRANGE light, long lingering in the west,
 With its pale saffron glow !
 In vain thy origin we seek,
 Or mystery strive to know.

Unlike the noonday's dazzling beams,
 Or sunset's colors bright,
 Or the moon's faint, reflected rays,
 Or the stars' silvery light ;

Art thou a radiance from the earth ?
 Corona of the sun ?
 Or light of meteors' golden band,
 Which round the globe doth run ?

We know not whence the radiant glow
 That fills us with delight ;
 On which, admiring, oft we gaze
 Till fading into night !

A light whose mystery allures
 The thoughtful, musing mind,
 And leads it on in wonder, awe,
 The hidden cause to find.

AZALEA SWAMP.

JUST o'er the stony wall,
And near the traveled way,
The wild azalea's fragrant flowers
Their richest bloom display.

The travelers, as they pass,
Stop to admire their bloom ;
Or, wafted on the summer breeze,
To catch the sweet perfume.

Why seek in distant lands
Azaleas, costly, rare,
When by the roadside bloom, for all,
These, not less fragrant, fair ?

Here too the wood-wax spreads
Its brilliant cloth of gold,
Richer by far than princes' halls
Or palaces behold.

Nor can their artists show,
With e'en their highest skill,
Such colors as are lavished here
On swamp and rocky hill.

Renewed from year to year,
The picture never tires ;
Awakening thoughts and feelings deep
No artist's work inspires.

THE DAY-LILY.

LEARN, O man ! the worth of time,
By the lily's humble flowers ;
Not alone the stars sublime
Mark for thee the rolling hours ;

See below thee, at thy feet,
 Where it lifts its purple bell ;
 Hear it hour by hour repeat,
 " Day is passing, use it well."

Flower by flower blooms forth to die,
 With the course of every sun ;
 On the road they drooping lie,
 Telling each of duty done.

Waste not then a single day,
 That both heaven and earth record ;
 But in cheerful haste obey
 Their harmonious-spoken word.

Rouse thee, ere thy life has flown,
 Speak thy word, and do thy deed ;
 In the field of Time is sown
 Precious and immortal seed.

Like a flower, the life man lives
 Quickly too must pass away ;
 Heed the lesson which it gives,
 While as yet 't is called to-day.

THANKSGIVING FLOWERS.

BRIGHT flowers! November's frosts and cold have
 spared,
 To greet us on this late Thanksgiving morn,
 A tender love for you, as us, has cared ;
 The pansies still our garden plot adorn,
 Chrysanthemums, that with the waning year
 Round many homes in golden clusters bloom,
 And e'en December's stormy month can cheer,
 Stealing from many a clouded day its gloom.
 While grateful for the harvest we would be
 Which with abundance fills our wide domain

In these bright flowers new tokens, too, we see
Of the same Love which gives the fruits and grain,
And makes November's bare and cheerless bowers
Bright with the hues of memory's fadeless flowers.

THE EVERGREEN.

IF here the imaginative Greek had lived,
And seen thy lively green through the dead gras
And leafless shrubs threading its devious way,
He might have fancied thee fair Color's self,
And called thee Evergreen, and fabled thus:
That when the winter's cold had killed the grass,
And robbed the forest of its emerald hue,
Thou didst escape; and, hiding in the swamp,
Wast there transformed into this beauteous vine;
Which still preserves unchanged the summer's green
When it has vanished from the hill and plain.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

BRIEF is the day, and soon the hastening sun
Sinks in the west, its narrow circuit run.
How much there is, through the long winter night,
To cheer the mind, instruct us, and delight!
When darkness hides earth's beauty from our eyes,
We still may gaze upon the starry skies,
And own the mighty Maker's hand divine
In suns and worlds that with new lustre shine.
The glittering constellations, o'er our head,
Fill the deep-musing mind with wonder, dread.
What secrets there have been from man concealed,
To angels' high intelligence revealed!
To sister planets oft our gaze we turn;
From each the thoughtful may some lesson learn.
Each has some different history of its own,
As each by its own color, form, is known.

Now in conjunction Mars and Saturn see,
 As if almost one planet they might be ;
 Then ruddy Mars moves on with swifter pace,
 And leaves behind slow Saturn in the race.
 But beautiful and bright beyond compare,
 Look ! where the evening star shines silvery, fair,
 The near companion of the crescent moon,
 Again to part with her, alas, how soon !
 Each onward moving in its diverse way,
 While each doth still one heavenly law obey.
 How many gaze with unobservant eyes
 On all this beauty of the winter skies,
 On stars and systems that in glory burn,
 Yet from the sight no word of wisdom learn !
 Seeing they see, and yet not understand
 The works and wonders of the Almighty's hand :
 Who launched in space this vast terrestrial ball,
 Yet notes the insect's flight, the sparrow's fall ;
 Who bids unnumbered worlds their courses run,
 Yet guides the motes that glitter in the sun.
 The wise, the musing, meditative mind
 More wisdom in the night than day may find ;
 Heaven's gifts are not alone to labor given ;
 E'en in the hours of sleep descend from heaven
 High thoughts and feelings, visions too, sublime,
 That link eternity with fleeting time.

ARETHUSA MEADOW.

FAR off among the distant hills
 A lonely meadow lies,
 Where grows a flower of beauty rare,
 But hid from careless eyes.

Though all around the wood-wax spreads
 Its brilliant cloth of gold,
 More dazzling than was ever seen
 By knights and kings of old,

And the azalea in the swamp
Its fragrance sheds around,
Yet not for these my feet have sought
This unfrequented ground ;

But for the arethusa rare
That in the meadow grows,
With petals blushing like the dawn
Or like the summer's rose.

With down-cast look it bends its head,
As shunning human gaze ;
Nor asking, like yon gorgeous flowers,
For words of human praise.

Like her who gave to it its name,
From man's pursuit it hides,
And where his feet but seldom come
Midst blue-eyed grass abides,

Sprinkling the low wet meadow o'er
With flowers of loveliest bloom,
That shed upon the passing breeze
Their delicate perfume.

THE SABBATIA.

THE sweet-briar rose has not a form more fair,
Nor are its hues more beauteous than thine own,
Sabbatia, flower most beautiful and rare !
In lonely spots blooming unseen, unknown.
So spiritual thy look, thy stem so light,
Thou seemest not from the dark earth to grow,
But to belong to heavenly regions bright,
Where night comes not, nor blasts of winter blow.
To me thou art a pure, ideal flower,
So delicate that mortal touch might mar ;

Not born, like other flowers, of sun and shower,
 But wandering from thy native home afar
 To lead our thoughts to some serener clime,
 Beyond the shadows and the storms of time.

INTERPRETING NATURE.

THE sights we see, the sounds we hear,
 Are fitted to the eye and ear ;
 They 're not a dumb, unmeaning show,
 But speak a language all men know.

The flower, the rock, the bush, the tree,
 Have each some message unto me ;
 They give direction to my way,
 And lead me on from day to day.

The storm-tost wave, the moaning wind,
 Have meaning to the listening mind ;
 Oft the forgetful soul is stirred
 By insect's hum, or song of bird.

We need not rove o'er land and sea
 Ere we shall find this mystery ;
 Close to ourselves the wonder lies,
 In things perhaps we little prize.

We wander on as in a dream,
 O'er lofty hill, by winding stream ;
 Yet in the scene no beauty find,
 With heart untouched, or worldly mind.

Daily the sights and sounds return,
 Till we the lesson taught shall learn
 That Nature everywhere doth teach,
 Though not in words of human speech.

JUPITER AS THE EVENING STAR.

CALM o'er the hills the evening star
Majestic rises on the sight,
Sending its brilliant rays afar
To wake our wonder and delight.

The evening shadows gently fall
On all the varied landscape round,
And a deep silence broods o'er all,
As nature sinks in sleep profound.

And stilled the tumults in the breast,
As on the lovely scene I gaze ;
For every feeling is at rest,
Save that which fills the heart with praise.

The hills are touched by the soft beams ;
As memory lights the gathering shade
Where youth's bright hopes and golden dreams,
In years long past, grow dim and fade.

Shine, lonely star ! the heart to cheer
With feelings pure, serene and high,
Above this dark and earthly sphere,
Where youth's fair visions never die.

MAN'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF WINTER.

WHEN man, born 'mid luxuriant tropic bowers,
Beheld, 'neath northern skies, all Nature change,
The falling leaves, the dying grass and flowers, —
How desolate the sight ! the scene how strange !
And when the sun declined, and Winter's breath
Had frozen hard the river's rapid tide,
And spread o'er hills and fields the pall of death, —
Feared he not then, that Nature's self had died ?

Yet in his heart a faith and trust did spring —
 Faith conquering doubt, and trust in Power Divine —
 That from this seeming death new life would bring,
 And clothe again the tree, the grass, the vine,
 And banish from the Earth dark Winter's gloom,
 And bid her hills and fields with beauty bloom.

ON VISITING THE BEAUTIFUL ESTATE OF H. H. HUNNE-
 WELL, ESQ., AT WELLESLEY.

WE wandered hours amid a lovely scene,
 Which every moment brought a fresh surprise ;
 So beautiful the flowers, the grass so green,
 It seemed like Paradise unto our eyes.
 Is this all Nature's work ? or has man's art,
 By Nature taught, but perfected her plan ?
 So blended are they each in every part,
 We know not Nature's work from work of man.
 What level lawns ! what vistas opening fine
 Through shady groves ! with forest-fringed lake !
 Which in one whole do every charm combine,
 And soul and sense as willing captives take ;
 Which a new sense of Nature's beauty give,
 That in the grateful mind will ever live.

NATURE.

I LOVE to sit on the green hill's side,
 That looks around on a prospect wide,
 And send my mind far away to rove
 O'er flowery meadow and bending grove,
 That looks in the silent depths below
 At the stranger woods that downward grow ;
 And fly o'er the face of winding stream
 With beach-bird, that starts with sudden scream ;
 Or skim with the gull the still, calm sea,
 Where the white sail sleeps so peacefully ;

Till I all forget in that waking dream,
But the sky, grove, sea, and winding stream.

And I hie me to the wood's green breast,
On the bird's light wing that seeks her nest,
With swifter flight than she sprang away
To meet the bright steps of new-born day ;
Hark ! from the spot to mother so dear
Break sweet the cries of young on mine ear.
See ! on the sable pine grove afar
Rains silver light from Dian's bright car ;
And stars steal downward with lovely ray,
As if from earth to call me away
To groves, fields, where flowers of deathless bloom
Breathe o'er a land unsullied by a tomb.

Oh ! grant me an hour, an hour like this,
To drink from far purer streams of bliss
Than flow near the dusty paths of life,
Uptost by madd'ning passion and strife ;
For my mind comes back, with lighter spring
Than the bird from her weary wand'ring,
With calm more deep than the still bright sea,
Where the white sail sleeps so peacefully,
To join in the world of care again,
And look on the struggles and strife of men,
With an eye that beams with as pure a ray
As call'd my soul from these scenes away.

NATURE REPEATS HER LESSONS.

NATURE repeats her lessons ; day and night,
With the same solemn words, to all return ;
To all the morning comes with cheering light ;
And over all the stars of evening burn.
The seasons, to their coming ever true,
Repeat the lesson of the varied year ;
The early flower, the fading leaf we view,
But their oft-spoken words we fail to hear !

For thoughts of pleasure, or of sordid gain,
 Possess the heart and cloud the seeing eyes ;
 Nature in youth and manhood speaks in vain,
 For trifles light her wisdom we despise ;
 And e'en in age at last, when wiser grown,
 But half her meaning to our minds is known.

THE BLUEBERRY BLOSSOMS.

WHY pluck their flowers ? Each might have been
 A ripe and luscious fruit
 When summer months had fully come,
 And well the palate suit.

The birds might there have found a meal ;
 The children love their taste ;
 Why pluck and bring the useless flowers,
 And thus God's bounty waste ?

Thus sense doth plead ; nor for a flower
 A higher use can see,
 Than that it may become a seed,
 Or ripened berry be.

The poet, in its blossoms fair,
 A nobler use can find ;
 Of which who love the fruit alone
 Are ignorant and blind.

In their sweet fragrance he delights,
 Their beauty fills his heart ;
 And he on others would bestow
 What they to him impart,

Nor deems it loss to sacrifice
 The low to higher need,
 That thus what might but please the sense
 The mind and heart may feed.

Man's life is not for bread alone,
 Nor worldly toil and gain ;
 For beauty doth the soul inspire
 To reach a higher plane.

Enough God's bounty too has given
 For all alike to share ;
 Nor only for our earthly wants,
 But higher needs doth care.

AGRICULTURE THE SOURCE OF INDIVIDUAL AND OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

I.

THE husbandman doth still go out to hire
 Men for his vineyard, which doth labor need ;
 And of the idlers in the land to inquire,
 " Why stand ye idle? Up ! and sow the seed,
 That in the autumn shall rich harvests yield ;
 Plant fruitful trees, and vines on every side,
 On every hill, and in each fertile field ;
 Like a fair garden make your country wide."
 But idle in the market-place they stand
 With folded hands and discontented mind,
 While all untilled, unpeopled lies the land !
 Murmuring that none can now employment find ;
 Or of the goodman of the house complain,
 That others for their labor more should gain.

II.

Where spring the cornfields in their tender green,
 Or bend and rustle in the summer breeze,
 Where in the autumn, year by year, are seen
 The reapers gathering in their golden sheaves,
 There dwell domestic happiness and peace ;
 No more wild, savage wanderers men rove ;
 From their fierce strifes and idleness they cease,
 And in the peaceful arts of life improve.

Dwellings are reared, beneath their roofs are born
 Children, with beauty, strength the home to grace ;
 The virtues which humanity adorn
 Can find on earth no more congenial place ;
 The love of kindred, neighbors, country, friends,
 Unto the spot a heavenly glory lends.

CHANGE IN THE SEASONS.

HAS Nature a new sympathy with man,
 That in this northern clime the pansies bloom
 To deck the opening year with summer flowers ?
 In mid-December still the fields were green.
 On my walk I found the dandelion
 Full-blown and bright as when it comes in spring,
 And sprinkles all the mead with yellow gold.
 The apple-blossoms, early shrubs have leaves,
 And Spring seems pressing on in Winter's stead !
 These fair signs we see are not deceptive.
 Experience has shown from year to year
 That winter grows more mild. Rivers that once
 Were frozen, so that heavy wagons crossed
 Secure as on a bridge, now freeze no more ;
 And countries that were buried deep with snow
 Through all the year, and uninhabited,
 Now yield the olive, and the purple grape.
 Astronomers declare the equator's plane
 Approaches by degrees the ecliptic's ;
 And, should they coincide, perpetual spring
 Would come. Pleased with the thought, my fancy sees
 The tropic's vegetation rise around !
 Where now the spreading oak, the palm upsprings ;
 The apple for the olive is exchanged ;
 The golden orange through the dark leaves glows,
 Where now the hardy pine alone will live.
 For scraggy briar, the fragrant myrtle
 By the roadside blooms. Delicate flowers,
 That household care alone can now make live,

Bloom wild throughout the year, fearing no blast
Or cruel frost to nip their tender leaves.
Thus over all the earth from month to month
Bland gales shall blow, and birds continual sing ;
No sudden tempest lash the sea to foam,
Nor shall the earth with sudden tremor shake.
All Nature then will be at peace, to which
E'en now by slow degrees she tends. Alas !
When Nature thus improves upon herself
By God's decree, that man should retrograde ;
Unfit himself for that new earth and sky,
Which with revolving seasons hasten on.
Now fair his promise, and he seems to tend
Like Nature to a new-born, heavenly spring
Of endless happiness, and peace, and love ;
But soon his passions like a whirlwind rise,
Fierce hate and wrath hide the mild-beaming sun
And snatch the pleasing prospect from our view,
And naught is left but hope to light our path.

INDIAN REMAINS.

WITH ocean shell clasped to his breast
The chief doth on the hillside rest,
As if he still could hear the roar
Of waves upon the rocky shore,

Or sign it was of high estate
And buried only with the great.
His royal power and rule to show,
That all in death a king might know.

His bear-skin robe is changed to dust,
Its ornaments consumed by rust ;
And from the tiny, tinkling bell
No sound is heard his name to tell.

Oft have the red men's bones been found
On sloping hill or field around ;

No more the forest shade they rove,
Or feast beside yon sheltered cove.

We ponder on their strange, sad fate ;
Whence were their origin and date ?
From rising, or from setting sun
Was their long pilgrimage begun ?

No record tells ; but as the shell
Doth of the distant ocean tell,
Far inland from its native beach,
These relics meaning have and speech.

They show that sympathy can bind
In one all tribes of human kind ;
That e'en their forms one image bear,
Their Maker's image, noble, fair.

Though through long ages soiled, debased,
In all one lineage may be traced ;
As when from the Creative Hand
Man stood the lord of sea and land.

And raised again, by Power Divine,
Their forms shall with new glory shine ;
One destiny with them we share,
As they with us God's image bear.

THE STOCK-GILLY FLOWERS.

WHEN hides the sun behind the hills,
And shortest days are seen,
How beautiful are Christmas flowers,
Or wreaths of Christmas green !

All else has faded from my mind,
That dark December day,
Save that full wagon-load of flowers,
That stood beside the way.

Stock-gilly plants in bloom, for sale,
Sprinkled with falling snow,
That made the chill and wintry scene
With warmest colors glow.

And many a home those flowers made bright,
When earth was brown and sere,
Or buried deep beneath the snows,
And naught around to cheer ;

And there, as in the open air,
They shed their sweet perfume.
Long years have passed; but linger still
Their fragrance and their bloom.

THE RETURN OF THE COLUMBINE.

THOU comest again, in bright scarlet drest,
To cheer the heart, and to please the eye ;
To nod o'er the ground-sparrow's lowly nest,
And lure the bee as he wanders by.

And the beauteous sight the prospect fills,
For wherever we turn we admire ;
Thou comest again to our rocky hills,
Blushing deep with their summer attire.

In every crevice thou findest a place
With thy beauty the rocks to adorn ;
The dark, craggy hillside thou lovest to grace
With bright hues like the colors of morn.

And the children come o'er the hills to roam,
And gather in bunches thy flowers ;
Sweetest tokens they are, in many a home,
Of their walks, and the glad summer hours.

Thou comest again ; and oft hast returned,
With thy beauty and fragrance so sweet ;

But we other lessons than Nature's have learned,
Nor hastened thy coming to greet.

Oh, would that the beauty so lavish and free,
And that doth with each season return,
We might with the glad heart of childhood see,
And the lesson it brings for us learn !

THE BARBERRY-PICKERS.

The barberry's red with ripened fruit ;
The merry children come
And fill their baskets from its boughs,
And bear their burdens home.

What if their fingers oft are pricked
With the sharp-pointed thorn ;
Or e'en a dress by the thick briars
Is rent and sadly torn ?

A pleasant day among the hills
The barberry-pickers spend ;
Nor passed in vain the happy hours
That work with pleasure blend.

For many a lesson they shall learn
From this fair autumn day
Which, in the distant after years,
Their toil shall well repay.

New strength and health from labor come,
They breathe a purer air,
And in the bounty Nature yields
They feel that all may share.

Though learning of the school be lost,
Forgot the printed page,
The lessons Nature taught in youth
They'll treasure still in age.

SONG.

THE SUMMER DAY.

THE day has gone, the summer day,
Fled on its golden wings away ;
Why will it not yet longer stay ?

'T is gone to make still others blest,
Gone to its goal in the far west,
Leaving us here to quiet rest.

If we its hours have well employed,
The gifts it brought improved, enjoyed,
Our pleasure will be unalloyed.

No vain regrets will fill the mind,
The day has left us here behind ;
But we from toil sweet rest shall find.

THE ART EXHIBITION.

ON THE WILD FLOWERS OF THE ART EXHIBITION.

WHILE Nature still delays her flowers to bring,
And all the fields around are white with snow,
With not a token of the coming Spring,
On Art's fair page we see their beauties glow.
The snowdrop with its slender stem is seen,
The houstonia with its pale blue flower,
Scattered by myriads o'er our pastures green,
When Spring returns to deck her faded bower.
And Summer's gorgeous-colored flowers are here,
Lobelia, with its brilliant, dazzling hue,
The lily red and painted cup appear,
With the fair rose, and each to Nature true.
Art waits not for the tardy months of time ;
All seasons are her own, and every clime.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

STRANGE flower, to ope when day is o'er,
 Beneath the stars' faint light ;
 Shunning the sun's bright cheering rays,
 That other flowers delight.

The lily now has closed its leaves,
 The pansy shut its eye ;
 While thy fair petals open wide
 Beneath the evening sky.

And strange that such an ugly stem
 So fair a flower should bear ;
 That thus the contrast too should make
 So fair a flower more fair.

A miracle thou truly art,
 Waking when others sleep ;
 In thee we see the law reversed
 Which others faithful keep.

I watch the eager wondering throng,
 As on thy form they look,
 Half conscious of the lesson taught
 In Nature's pictured book ;

On which, as we more deeply pore,
 New wonders still we find,
 To raise our thoughts and hearts in love
 To the All-perfect Mind.

THE MESSAGE.

ON the bare alder bough
 I heard the sparrow sing ;
 To me a message it had brought
 Of the returning Spring.

No leaf had yet unrolled
Its fresh and tender green,
No flower in all its loveliness
On hill or plain was seen.

Its sweet out-pouring joy
The winter's silence broke ;
Of the green trees and vernal flowers
In plainest language spoke.

Not by man's voice alone
God's messages are brought ;
The birds' sweet strain, the opening flower,
Convey to us His thought.

The sparrows' welcome song
Will tell us of His love,
And, though the Maker is unseen,
His presence with us prove.

Its notes of joy and praise
Proclaim His love and care ;
And far and wide through all our land
Spring's joyful message bear.

THE NODDING MEADOW-LILY.

How came this modest lily fair
In this lone meadow here to grow,
When other meadows far around
Can no such beauteous treasure show ?

Has it from some far centre come,
Where such fair flowers do most abound ;
Brought by the winds or flowing streams,
And here a soil congenial found ?

Or did it spring spontaneous here,
 When earth brought forth each plant and tree?
 Was this the Eden of its race?
 Can Science solve the mystery?

He who the soil could ready make,
 And for each seed a place prepare,
 Could here transplant from far thy germ,
 Or here create, and for it care, —

Here, or in meadow like to this,
 Though far away thy golden flowers
 First opened to the light of day,
 The pride of summer's sultry hours.

Enough for me thy flowers to find,
 Admire their form and matchless grace,
 And own His love, who thus has given
 Peculiar beauty to the place.

THE COMET.

STRANGE visitant! that bursts upon our sight,
 And with thy meteor-splendors fill'st the sky;
 From what far distant bourn, what starless night
 Com'st thou in terror clad to every eye?
 Amidst the stars' unquenched, eternal fires,
 I see thee like some mighty warrior burn;
 Who, with his flaming sword upraised, aspires
 A seat among their peaceful spheres to earn.
 But vain the strife! Soon in the depths of space
 Thou'lt vanish, and thy place no more be found!
 The astronomer thy path may never trace,
 Nor know the years of thine appointed round;
 While moving on, in its benignant sphere,
 Nightly each star the heart of man doth cheer.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

HERE, where our fathers homeless came,
Nor rudest shelter found,
The English sparrows find a home,
And chirp and flit around.

They felt the blasts of wintry winds
Ere they their cots could rear,
And deep the snows around them fell
O'er hills and forest drear.

And oft in hunger here they pined,
And sickness wasting sore,
And yet with faith and courage strong
They every trial bore.

But thoughtful minds and feeling hearts
Do for your wants provide,
And shelter from the winter's storms,
Where you may safe abide.

The sparrow's house we grateful place
Where it can build its nest,
And through the winter's cold and storms
Find shelter, food, and rest, —

In token of that Providence
That here our fathers led,
And gave them here a quiet home,
And with its bounty fed.

THE CHERRY-BIRDS

God maketh the birds His care ;
When the ground lies buried with snow
They speed through the cold wintry air ;
He teacheth them where to go.

In flocks to the city they speed,
The ash tree's red berries to find ;
And perched on its branches they feed,
Till they leave scarce a cluster behind.

They come to the cottage door,
Where the woodbine's berries remain ;
And the white snow is sprinkled o'er
With the berry's crimson stain.

Strange visitants to us they seem,
As they seek for their daily food ;
Forsaking the hard-frozen stream,
The meadow and leafless wood,

To visit the homes of men,
Their lesson of trust to bring ;
And then to their wild haunts again
Their joyful flight to wing.

SPRING AND SUMMER FLOWERS.

THE mingling scent of flowers is in the air,
Gathered from piny wood and rocky dell ;
Of roses, callas, that the fostering care
Of man through winter's stormy months can tell.
The seasons' differing hues together meet ;
The gorgeous colors of the summer's flowers
The delicate tints of early spring-time greet,
That tell of wild-wood haunts and budding bowers.
Scarce can the mind such contrasts fair retain,
From each to each it turns with new delight ;
The blushing roses now the thoughts detain,
And now the mayflowers' beauties charm the sight ;
Now, the glad Present bids us here to stay,
And now, the Future beckons us away.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

LIKE thoughts that flit across the mind,
Leaving no lasting trace behind,
The humming-bird darts to and fro,
Comes, vanishes before we know.

While thoughts may be but airy things
That come and go on viewless wings,
Nor form nor substance e'en possess,
Nor number know, or more or less,

This leaves an image, well defined,
To be a picture of the mind ;
Its tiny form and colors bright
In memory live, when lost to sight.

There oft it comes at evening's hour,
To flutter still from flower to flower ;
Then vanish midst the gathering shade,
Its momentary visit paid.

ON AN EAR OF WHEAT

BROUGHT BY MY BROTHER FROM THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO.

SIGN of plenty, peace, and joy,
From a field once desolate,
Where conflicting armies met,
Filled with pride, revenge and hate ;

Where all Europe was in arms,
And its mightiest captains led,
And the promise of the year
Trampled was by soldiers' tread, —

Welcome ! for thou tell'st of Him
 Who in trouble is our Friend,
 Upon whom, though earth shall shake,
 We unmoved may still depend.

Welcome ! as to Noah once
 Was the olive-bearing dove ;
 As the beauteous bow, that spanned
 All the firmament above.

Sign art thou that on the earth
 God will cause all wars to cease,
 And the hostile tribes of men
 All to dwell in love and peace ;

Sign that still His word is sure ;
 That, while earth itself remains,
 Seed-time, harvest, shall not cease,
 Whitening all her fruitful plains.

Hasten, Lord, the coming years
 By Thy prophets long foretold ;
 And may we the promise find
 That Thou mad'st to them of old.

ON SOME BEAUTIFUL CROCUSES

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF B. H. SILSBEE, ESQ.

FAIR flowers ! that open to the April sun
 Your beauteous petals, purple, white, and gold, —
 We joy with you that winter's race is run,
 And gone its months of barrenness and cold.
 There breathes around us now a softer air ;
 In frequent showers descends the quickening rain,
 That doth the frozen earth for man prepare,
 That he may sow for food the fruitful grain.
 Not vain your beauty, though no outward good
 You minister to man, and quickly die ;

You fill his soul with hope, with heavenly food,
And higher wants than those of earth supply,
Long may you bloom, with each returning year,
The passer-by with pleasant looks to cheer !

ON THE MOUNTAIN ASH TREE

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF THE LATE CAPT. ROBERT
W. GOULD.

He planted, years ago, before his door
A mountain ash, which now a tree has grown,
And year by year its golden berries bore.
Could it to him who planted have been known
How much more beautiful his home would be
In years to come ? how much of joy and grace
The leaves and flowers and fruit of this one tree
Would give to passers-by, and to the place ?
Well I remember, passing through the street,
When but a boy, its beauty caught my eye ;
And often now I pause the tree to greet,
As on my daily walk I pass it by ;
Nor doth it fail, in winter cold and drear,
With clustering berries red the eye to cheer.

SUNSET.

WE call material this fair world of ours,
And so it seems to gross, material eyes,
That see no beauty in earth's fairest flowers,
No heavenly splendor in her sunset skies.
But are there not in yonder gorgeous scene
A beauty and a grandeur not of earth ?
A glory breaking from yon cloudy screen,
Revealing to the soul its nobler birth ?
Can things material such fair forms assume,
And thus delight and charm the human mind ?

Or doth the Spirit with its rays illumine
 Their inmost depths, from matter now refined,
 That man may thus with it communion hold,
 And learn of higher things than sense has told ?

THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

Who made these flowers, I asked a child,
 So many and so fair ?
 " God," she replied ; " He made them all,
 And still for them doth care."

But man than child less wise may be,
 Who would by reasonings prove —
 What to its thought so plain appears —
 God's being and His love.

It is not that all outward things
 Do not His power proclaim ;
 But in ourselves the darkness is,
 Who cannot read His name.

There's not a star in heaven above,
 Nor flower beneath our feet,
 But doth to all men everywhere
 That glorious name repeat.

Oh may we have an humble mind
 Their teachings to receive ;
 And may we, like the little child,
 In God, in Christ believe !

OCEAN'S TREASURES.

I WALKED on the ocean beach,
 I saw a beautiful shell ;
 But 't was carried beyond my reach,
 As the billows rose and fell.

A sun-fish I sought to take,
But the waves rolled strong and high,
And bade me the prize forsake,
And back from the breakers fly.

Then a pebble, round and white,
I sought of the ocean to steal ;
But the wave returned, and far from sight
Did the stone in its bosom conceal.

'T was as if it loved its own,
The ocean so vast and drear ;
The shell and fish and round white stone
To its mighty heart were dear,

And a stranger sought to bear
Its treasures far, far away,
Where no more they'd shine forever fair
And bright with the dashing spray.

THE HERALDS OF THE SPRING.

MY ear is listening for the sound
Of earliest bird upon the tree,
Or sparrow flitting o'er the ground,
Whose note so welcome is to me.

How long the trees have silent stood
Through the cold, cheerless winter days !
How lone the fields, the turnpike's road,
While hushed so long the sparrow's lays !

They tell of spring's returning reign,
With its warm sun and milder sky ;
That every stream has burst its chain,
And the green grass and flowers are nigh.

When man with nature, too, awakes,
And feels with it the quickening breath,

And of the general joy partakes
Of earth's return from sleep and death.

Come quickly then, with welcome song,
Ye heralds of the early spring ;
Why tarry on your way so long,
Nor haste your joyful notes to sing ?

A LONGING FOR THE SPRING.

A LONGING for the spring,
Amidst the deepening snows,
To hear again the sweet birds sing,
My spirit often knows, —

For freedom, and the joy
That fill its happy hours,
When pleasant thoughts the mind employ,
And pleasant sights are ours.

I see the pastures green
Where I am wont to stray,
Where flowers of every hue are seen
To bloom along my way.

I follow on the brook
That prattles down the vale
And tells to many a leafy nook
Its short and merry tale.

The flower-crowned hill I see,
Thick swamp and shady grove,
And welcomes hear from bush and tree,
Where'er my footsteps rove.

These haunt my memory still
With pictures of the past,
And longings for the spring-time fill
My soul at every blast.

POLITICAL SONNETS.

ON THE LATE DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN CONGRESS.

FOOLS ! that, when things of high import concern
Their country's glory and the human race,
They will not from the times a lesson learn,
But bring dishonor on their name and place.
When millions stand expectant to be free,
Is it the time for brawling and for strife ?
For men on trifles still to disagree,
And waste the hour with highest duties rife ?
The statesman's words are few, and full of grace,
The babbler's loud, and vulgar in their tone,
Ever unworthy of the time and place ;
And now by folly, now by madness known,
They fill the world with tumult, and with shame,
And bring a foul reproach upon his country's name.

ABDOLONYMUS THE SIDONIAN.

THE clash of arms which shook the Persian state
Did not disturb the peasant at his toil ;
In his small garden-plot more truly great
Than he who stretched his sceptre o'er its soil,
He wanted naught but what his hands supplied,
Content with fruits, the bounty of his field ;
There would he, in old age, in peace have died,
But worth and greatness could not be concealed !

O'erlooked were many who would Sidon rule,
 Ambitious princes, seeking kingly sway ;
 Who, trained in arms, had learned from War's proud school,
 By fire and sword to win to thrones their way.
 The crown and purple robe to him were sent,
 Who peaceful lived with poverty content.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.

YE sorrowing people ! who from bondage fly,
 And cruel laws that men against you make, —
 Think not that none there are who hear your cry
 And for yourselves and children thought will take.
 Though now bowed down with sorrow and with fear,
 Lift up your heads ! for you are not alone ;
 Some Christian hearts are left your flight to cheer,
 Some human hearts not wholly turned to stone ;
 God to His angels shall give strictest charge,
 And in their hands they 'll bear you safe from harm,
 Where in a freer land you 'll roam at large,
 Nor dread pursuit, nor start at each alarm ;
 Till in His time you shall return again,
 No more to feel man's wrath or dread his chain.

THE MISSION OF THE FRIENDS TO THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

BOLD in their cause they stood before the Czar,
 Careless alike of splendor and of power,
 To bear their witness 'gainst the coming war
 Which over Europe darkly 'gan to lower :
 Of love, forgiveness, and of peace they spoke,
 The laws which Christ unto the nations gave,
 Which king nor people never can revoke,
 And which alone can king or people save.
 They pleaded, in behalf of suffering man,
 The countless evils which from war must flow ;

Moved, deeply moved, ere yet the strife began,
 By thought of human agony and woe ;
 And fearless spake the threatening of the Lord,
 " Who take the sword shall perish by the sword ! "

THE AGE CHANGEFUL AND WORLDLY.

AMIDST a changeful, worldly age like ours,
 How hard to keep a fixed, aspiring mind !
 The present with its sights and sounds o'erpowers,
 And makes us to the past and future blind.
 In vain does History tell, with faithful page,
 Of mighty realms by luxury o'erthrown ;
 Men heed not, in an over-anxious age,
 Their ruined capitals with grass o'ergrown.
 In vain the prophets of a coming time
 Proclaim for earth a bright millennial day ;
 But few, responsive to their call sublime,
 With a high purpose live and toil and pray.
 Lord, from our hearts pluck up each noxious weed,
 And in their places sow the heavenly seed !

FREEDOM NATIONAL, SLAVERY SECTIONAL.

'T IS written by God's finger on our land,
 On mountains, prairies, lakes, and mighty streams,
 'T is thundered by the ocean on the strand,
 From sun and stars in quenchless light it beams, —
This land to Freedom is for aye ordained !
 'T was this inspired the roving Indian's breast !
 'T was this our fathers by the sword maintained,
 'T is this which bids us feel for the oppressed.
 Then what are human laws, on parchment writ,
 Fastening on man's free limbs the heavy chain,
 Interpreted by learned jurists' wit, —
 Laws born of pride of birth, and lust of gain, —
 To those eternal laws, of God's decree,
 Forever sounding forth that *Man is Free !*

THE LIGHT OF FREEDOM NECESSARY TO
NATIONAL PROGRESS.

WHEN sets the sun, the traveler waits for light
Ere he his dangerous journey shall renew ;
Vain in the forest dark his sharpest sight,
Where moon and stars alike are hid from view.
The sun returns ; again he onward goes ;
Its light reveals all objects to his eyes ;
He fears no danger now, nor lurking foes ;
His path all plain and bright before him lies.
Fair Freedom's sun for us has hid its beams,
The moon and stars have e'en their light withdrawn ;
Then let us wait, till once again it gleams
Upon the mountain tops, and its bright dawn
Shall the dark valleys fill with cheerful day ;
Then like the traveler safe pursue our way.

FREEDOM AND UNION.

By deeds, not words, we prove our inmost mind,
For things, not names, we labor and contend ;
In noble souls the two are still combined,
And each to each a nobleness they lend !
Freedom and Union are not names, but things ;
By deeds our fathers proved for them their love ;
In vain with words like these the country rings
If to the things themselves we recreant prove.
In this alone all patriots agree,
To labor for their country's highest good ;
And by the fruit it bears to judge the tree,
However party names are understood.
'T is not the title that makes good the claim,
But nobler deeds, which justify the name.

THE CRISIS.

WITH the great thought — thy country's cause, its life, —
 Mix not the selfish end of party gain ;
 The patriot knows no party in the strife,
 When called his country's freedom to maintain.
 Against the principles which make us free,
 Against the rights of man, our foes contend ;
 And at the root of liberty's fair tree
 The axe is laid by such as these befriend.
 Choose ye this day whose service ye prefer, —
 For freedom, or for bondage, will ye fight ?
 No more the duty of the hour defer,
 To follow truth, to vindicate the right ;
 But give thyself to freedom's holy cause,
 Thy country's honor and thy country's laws.

THE FREEDMEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI
VALLEY.

WAKEFUL I think upon the suffering race
 That, fled from bondage, claim our fostering care ;
 What tongue their want can tell, or pen can trace,
 Or who the story of their woes could bear ?
 The mother with her child, the aged one,
 Now unprotected from the wintry blast ;
 Soon, soon for them the winter will be gone,
 Soon, without aid, their sufferings here be past !
 Help, till the storms of winter shall be o'er,
 When their own hands abundance will supply ;
 Give all thou canst, food, raiment, from thy store,
 Nor aught thou hast these suffering ones deny ;
 Lest they, escaped from slavery's hateful chain,
 Should find but graves in freedom's fair domain.

ON THE NEBRASKA BILL.

AN Eden land, an Eden in the west,
Where once the Indians roamed erect and free,
Where now their few and weary tribes find rest, —
Shall it be blasted, cursed by slavery ?
Our plighted faith to the red man was given
That there should be the asylum of his race ;
Our vow to Afric's sons is writ in heaven,
And shall we thus fair Freedom's name disgrace ?
Oh, plant not then the poisonous upas there,
Nor heed the subtle serpent's guileful speech ;
But rather bid all races come and share,
And Freedom's gospel to the nations teach ;
That unborn millions there may learn its name,
And the glad tidings through the world proclaim.

STATE RIGHTS.

WISELY each State for its own rights contends,
And jealous is of the whole country's sway ;
From arbitrary power those rights defends,
Nor tamely would a tyrant's will obey.
But to itself, meanwhile, it false may prove,
Seeking its own, its ease, its wealth, its power ;
Acknowledging no more the bond of love,
Its country's good, which was its nuptial dower.
Our country's good ! Ah, here we all have erred,
Unmindful of her good and noble fame ;
Each State its separate interest has preferred,
And gloried even in the nation's shame,
Nor seen that what its greatness each may deem,
Without the general good, is but a dream !

THE SET TIMES AND THE BOUNDARIES OF
NATIONS APPOINTED BY GOD.

NOT of self-will are states and nations born ;
 Their times and bounds are fixed by God's decree.
 Thus were these States from parent country torn,
 And at His word became forever free.
To seek the Lord, to do His righteous will, —
 For this He prospered them in low estate ;
 And, that He might his purposes fulfill,
 Amidst earth's mightiest kingdoms made them great.
 But hidden oft His purpose from our eyes,
 As from the people and the kings of old
 To whom He sent His teachers, prophets wise,
 By whom their righteous downfall He foretold ;
 Would, O my Country ! thou their fate might'st read,
 And even now their prophets' warnings heed !

NATURE'S SYMPATHY WITH FREEDOM.

A SADDER aspect wears the spring,
 Less beauteous bloom its early flowers,
 Less cheerily the gay birds sing
 Within its fragrant budding bowers.

The hills and fields are still the same,
 But o'er their green a cloud has past ;
 From Southern skies swift-winged it came,
 And all the heavens were overcast.

The tempest's wrath, the ocean's rage,
 Though terrible, are quickly o'er ;
 Shall man a fiercer conflict wage,
 And Nature's short-lived strife deplore ?

Ah no ! Though fierce his passions rise
 To desolate her fair domain,

Soon may the peaceful, cloudless skies
Smile on our favored land again !

More favored still, for Freedom then
From slavery's curse our land shall save,
Acknowledged be the rights of men
Where'er our country's flag shall wave.

THE POET'S PLEA.

I.

WHY sing amidst the strife which reigns around ?
Will men the poet's heart-felt music hear ?
Or will they heed the gospel's peaceful sound,
And sheathe the sword, and break the threatening spear ?
Ah no ; yet unsubdued men's passions rage !
The never-ceasing conflict born within,
Or outward foes, their energies engage,
O'er which they strive the victory to win.
But still the poet midst the tumult sings,
Hoping from war and strife men's thoughts to gain ;
He touches with diviner skill the strings,
And from his harp there breathes a holier strain,
Such as the watchful shepherds wondering heard
When the still night by angels' lyres was stirred !

II.

That strain harmonious through the war-worn earth
Shall yet be heard, and every nation move ;
It tells the glories of the heavenly birth,
Heroic deeds of faith and Christian love.
O'er the wild tumults of the world it steals,
Calming the fury of its outward strife ;
A higher, holier conflict it reveals,
The victory and the crown, eternal life !
The warrior hears, and drops his blood-stained sword,
No more with war's fierce flames his bosom burns ;

Man in God's image is once more restored,
 The golden age of peace and love returns ;
 And Nature with new beauty decks her bowers,
 Scattering with lavish hand her fruits and flowers.

FINISHING THE WORK.

“Let us strive to finish the work we are in ; to bind up the nation's wounds ; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.” — Second Inaugural Address of PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WHILE men with ceaseless strife, in church and state
 About the means of doing good contend,
 The wounded man is left unto his fate,
 And in the means forgotten is the end.
 Lo ! for a thousand years the church has striven
 To guide the nations in their heavenward way ;
 But, by conflicting sects and dogmas riven,
 Too oft, alas ! her light has led astray.
 And lo ! the state, still struggling to be free,
 Oft wastes the precious years in wordy strife ;
 Forgetting the great end of liberty,
 And the great work of every nation's life :
 To raise the low, instruct the darkened mind,
 And live in lasting peace with all mankind.

PHILANTHROPY BEFORE NATIONALITY.

UPON the Rights of Man at first was built
 This free republic which our fathers planned ;
 For these, at first, their precious blood they spilt,
 Though they its meaning failed to understand.
 But wider still expands their mighty thought,
 Raising from bondage e'en a subject race ;
 What to themselves at first but freedom brought
 Gives to the slave at length a name and place !
 But still through blood and strife the boon we gain
 Against ambition, pride, and lust of power ;

Which on man's limbs would rivet still the chain,
 When long ago has struck the appointed hour,
 And Liberty proclaims throughout the earth
That all are free and equal in their birth.

FAITH IN TIME OF WAR.

I READ of battles, and my faith grows weak ;
 Does God look down on us with pitying eye ?
 With loving care each day His children seek ?
 I ask, but hear no voice to mine reply !
 When tens and hundreds dying strew the plain,
 What thought, I ask, is there for one alone ?
 Heeds He the single sufferer's short, sharp pain ?
 Hears He amidst the shouts his dying groan ?
 Ah, faithless heart ! No one forsaken is,
 Each soul of man is His perpetual care ;
 Living or dying we are ever His,
 Whose tender mercies all his creatures share ;
 Who, though the sword may slay, has power to save,
 And gives to man the victory o'er the grave !

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

WITH narrow view each State its own would claim,
 Forgetful of the greater common good ;
 Forgetful of its heritage of fame,
 When they the mightiest foe on earth withstood.
 The Rights of Man seem now a short-lived dream,
 An abstract good, an unsubstantial thing ;
 Of boastful orators the annual theme,
 Or glory of which poets vainly sing.
 Thus we our selfish ends too oft pursue,
 Blinded by avarice, or lust of power ;
 Seeking our own, yet to ourselves untrue,
 Unfaithful to our country and the hour ;
 Nor know that in the nation's good each State,
 Whate'er it boasts, alone is truly great.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

As to the fruitful tree, which in the spring,
Puts forth its fresh, green leaves and blossoms red,
The canker-worm doth desolation bring
And like a fire o'er all its branches spread,
E'en thus, fair Liberty, thy tree doth stand, —
Which at the first did leaves and blossoms hold,
And with its boughs o'ershadowed all the land, —
No more with verdure clad, as seen of old !
But from neglect, from want of care and toil
When now the harvest time was drawing near,
Becomes of basest men the prey and spoil ;
Who blighted have the promise of the year,
And would the tree which filled the earth with joy,
As well as its fair fruits, at once destroy !

THE CONGRESS OF PEACE AT BRUSSELS.

FROM out the midst of Europe in alarms,
A voice is heard persuading men to peace ;
A voice whose power with heavenly music charms,
And bids the tumult of the world to cease.

The nations, blessed with thirty years' repose,
Seemed on the borders of the promised land,
The land that war's fierce conflicts never knows,
Where all who live are one united band.

And even now they stand on Jordan's stream ;
But unbelief still sways the human mind,
And all the glorious prospect seems a dream,
For to its near approach their souls are blind.

Not by the sword or violence shall rights
Long lost to nations be at once regained ;
Not by the prowess shown in deadly fights
Shall freedom, once achieved, be still maintained.

God of one blood has all the nations made,
 To dwell in peace together on the earth,
 That none should be of others' power afraid,
 And none should boast them of a nobler birth.

We are all One. Boast not of rights, if won
 By conquering hosts upon the gory plain ;
 But mourn for what thine own right hand hath done,
 Nor think thy brother's blood thy country's gain.

Humanity laments, and still will weep
 Her slaughtered sons of every age and clime,
 And hourly does her fasts and vigils keep
 For millions perished since the birth of time !

And shall she never from the dust arise,
 And put her robe of fleecy whiteness on,
 And dry her swoll'n and ever-flowing eyes
 For wrongs that man his brother man has done ?

Yes : for though passing clouds may dim her sight,
 They shall not long prevent the approaching day ;
 Already are the hill-tops glad with light,
 And man's proud tyrants starting with dismay.

Soon shall she see her children dwell in peace
 On all the earth, of every name and clime ;
 Their friendly intercourse of love increase,
 Unfettered by the bonds of space and time !

A deep, abiding joy her soul shall fill,
 Beholding thus her countless children blest ;
 Secure from rude alarms, from every ill,
 And entering here on their eternal rest !

THE ABOLITION OF SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.

FROM the great imperial city
Has gone forth the fixed decree
That the Russian serf forever
From oppression shall be free !

Through a long, long night of bondage,
He has felt the oppressor's rod ;
Bought and sold by haughty boyars,
Held for life to till the sod,

The increasing light of knowledge
Still denied to heart and mind,
He for ages has toiled onward,
To its cheering radiance blind.

With a nature thus degraded,
His own good he scarce has known ;
While in lands by Freedom favored
Man to manhood's height has grown.

But the day at length is dawning
O'er the dark and frozen North ;
Now the trumpet's voice proclaimeth
Man's true dignity and worth ;

That to all the right belongeth,
To the strong and to the weak,
To the noble and the peasant,
Knowledge, happiness to seek.

Unto Russia's Czar be honor,
For his brows the laurel twine ;
His a nobler crown and kingdom
Than the greatest of his line.

KOSSUTH.

ILLUSTRIOUS man ! who doth to heaven appeal
 Against the tyrant's might and tyrant's wrong,
 And as thine own thy country's wounds doth feel, —
 Forget not in whose strength vain man is strong :
 Not in the mighty winds that mountains shake,
 Not in the earthquake, nor the avenging fire,
 But in the still small voice Jehovah spake,
 Rebuking thus His warlike prophet's ire.
 'T is ours for truth to suffer and to speak,
 But not to fight, or warlike trumpet blow ;
 The strength of armies in her cause is weak,
 And Freedom finds in these her deadliest foe ;
 For never can the truth or right prevail
 Till rust consume the sword and warrior's mail.

THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

THE ages pass ; yet still delayed
 The cause of peace on earth ;
 The cause for which the Saviour prayed,
 Proclaimed e'en at His birth.

The time of which the angels sang
 In sweet prophetic strains,
 When 'neath the stars their voices rang
 O'er Judah's favored plains.

Yes, still delayed ; for Passion, Pride
 Usurp calm Reason's throne,
 And nations in their power confide,
 And not in God alone.

Yes, still delayed ; but signs we see,
 The fainting soul to cheer,
 That that blessed day is yet to be,
 That it may still be near.

May we its glorious light behold
 Of peace and truth and love,
 By prophet bards so long foretold,
 And angel hosts above.

SONNETS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

I.

A NATION'S LIFE OF SLOW GROWTH.

SLOWLY a nation doth unfold its life,
 A life, perhaps, in violence begun,
 Unfolding still through years of peace or strife
 According to some high and noble plan.
 It seeks perfection in the social state ;
 Though oft astray by kings and conquerors led,
 Or party leaders, skilful in debate,
 To party more than to their country wed,
 Yet still the People, as by instinct taught
 Or higher impulse moving every soul,
 By various fortunes on their way are brought,
 Till they shall reach at length the appointed goal ;
 When all in social harmony shall dwell,
 And State 'gainst State no more again rebel.

II.

THE ENDS FOR WHICH A NATION EXISTS.

WAS it for mere existence that we fought,
 Contending only that the state might be ?
 Through war's dread scenes the higher ends we sought
 Of social progress, civil liberty,
 For which, at first, our fathers did contend,
 That here a true foundation might be laid ;
 That far and wide the mighty tree might send
 Its roots into our soil, and spread its shade ;
 For education, free alike for all,
 For temperance, justice, virtue, order, peace ;

That ancient wrongs and errors here might fall,
 And war on earth at length forever cease.
 What is a nation, if for party ends
 Or for a mere existence it contends ?

III.

POLITICAL AMBITION.

AGAIN doth lust of power lift up its head,
 Seeking our country for its ends to rule ;
 Feeding the flame, which it so long has fed,
 Before war's lava torrents yet are cool.
 What are the ends for which it power would seek ?
 To educate, to civilize, refine,
 To raise the lowly and uphold the weak,
 Develop, cherish every art benign ?
 To make our land, by Providence so blest,
 Still onward in the path of progress move,
 That here the heavy-laden might find rest
 And nations dwell in brotherhood and love ?
 Ah no ; it strives not thus mankind to bless,
 But only power to gain and to possess.

IV.

NATIONAL UNITY.

A UNITY complete, assured and high
 Is that for which our country still contends,
 Fulfilling thus a nation's destiny ;
 For this its mighty energies it lends.
 No more for party purposes it lives,
 For it has entered on a nobler strife ;
 A higher motive higher objects gives,
 Long years of progress, and of peaceful life,
 In which it may its vast domain explore,
 And with its commerce whiten every sea ;
 Stretch the strong iron bands from shore to shore,
 Encourage Science, Art, and Industry ;
 That thus established firm on Nature's plan
 Might rise secure at length the work of man !

V.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF NATIONS.

WHEN I consider mighty nations' fate,
 Their rise, their growth, their grandeur and decline,
 And all their varied history contemplate,
 I see and own in each the Hand divine !
 Not of themselves they rose to wealth and power
 And gained on earth a glory and a name ;
 Alike, to God, the nation of an hour,
 And that which stands a thousand years the same.
 To such as walk in righteousness and truth
 He gives long years of steady, sure increase ;
 They, like the eagle, shall renew their youth,
 Their honor and their glory never cease ;
 While such as from His just commandments stray
 Shall sudden fall, or waste by slow decay.

VI.

THE SOLDIER AND THE STATESMAN.

THE soldier to preserve his country dies,
 Whene'er in peril hangs its very life ;
 With ardent courage to the field he flies,
 And mingles fearless in the fatal strife.
 That country safe, the ends for which it lives
 Become the patriot statesman's highest goal ;
 To these his life and all he has he gives,
 He lives not for a party, but the whole :
 That all the rights of men may there enjoy,
 That liberty of speech and thought may spread,
 And every foe to freedom thus destroy ;
 Towards those great ends with steadfast mind he's led
 For which the nation sprang at first to birth,
 And gained a name and glory through the earth.

“Military surprises and the capture of capitals are the events of a by-gone age.” — *Disraeli*.

A BY-GONE age appears again,
 Though gone its weapons, spear and shield ;
 Men's baser passions, still the same,
 Will the same fatal harvest yield.

Yea, deadlier weapons they contrive,
 As aided by Satanic skill, —
 More wide destruction's bolts to hurl,
 And with a surer aim to kill.

The march of armies trampling down
 The harvests raised by care and toil,
 The works of noblest skill destroyed,
 And cities burned, or given to spoil ;

Homes made forever sad and lone,
 For children in the battle slain ;
 These are the scenes of which we read ;
 A by-gone age appears again !

Ambition grasping wider power,
 Involving nations in its plan,
 Musters its hosts, appeals to arms,
 Regarding neither God nor man.

The pomp and circumstance of war
 No more the statesman's thoughts engage ;
 He views them but as idle shows,
 The relics of a barbarous age,

Restored to deck despotic rule
 With semblance of its ancient power,
 Its prestige and its name prolong
 Beyond the fixed, allotted hour.

HUMANITY MOURNING FOR HER CHILDREN
SLAIN IN WAR.

HUMANITY laments, and still will weep
Her slaughtered sons, of every age and clime ;
And hourly doth her fasts and vigils keep,
For millions perished since the birth of time !

And shall she never from the dust arise,
And put her robe of fleecy whiteness on,
And dry her swollen and ever-flowing eyes
For wrongs that man his brother man has done ?

Yes : for though passing clouds now dim her sight,
They shall not long prevent the approaching day ;
Already are the hill-tops glad with light,
And man's proud tyrants starting with dismay.

Soon shall she see her children dwell in peace
On all the earth, of every name and clime ;
Their friendly intercourse of love increase,
Unfettered by the bonds of space and time.

A deep, abiding joy her soul shall fill,
Beholding thus her countless children blest ;
Secure from rude alarms, from every ill,
And entering here on their eternal rest !

ON THE INCREASE OF CRIME SINCE THE
LATE CIVIL WAR.

WAR brings increase of crime ; itself a sin,
Unnumbered evils follow in its train ;
With war at first did Slavery begin,
And, in the end, by war was Slavery slain.
For though a nation struggle to be free,
And conquer in the fratricidal strife,
Still unto sin in bondage it may be,
Nor gain a nobler, purer, higher life.

Intemperance, lust, and greed of gold may still
 Follow war's triumph with their deadly blight ;
 More fatal far than arms the body kill,
 Threatening our future with disastrous night ;
 Till ignorance, vice and crime fill all the land,
 That else might Freedom's bulwark ever stand !

WHAT OF OUR COUNTRY ?

WHAT of our Country ? is the word,
 The word from all we meet ;
 From young and old the question 's heard,
 At home and in the street.

What of our Country ? War or peace ?
 The question comes to all ;
 Shall this our glorious Union cease,
 And into fragments fall ?

What of our Country ? Has the plan
 Of God been here achieved ?
 Have we obtained the rights of Man,
 In which our sires believed ?

What of our Country ? Shall her name,
 Glorious in every clime,
 Dishonored be — or grow in fame
 Till the last hour of time ?

In vain we ask, in vain we peer
 Into the future dim ;
 To God alone the vision 's clear,
 We trust alone in Him !

For us the present only is,
 Be strong, be true to-day ;
 The future, the event is His,
 Whom worlds on worlds obey.

DO NATIONS EVER BECOME INSANE?

MAY not whole nations, as the single man,
 Become insane, and know not what they do?
 Deep-reasoning Butler asked. Past history scan:
 How oft its page proves his suggestion true!
 Founded on force, they their own law obey, —
 The slaves of passion and the lust of power,
 With no strong love for peace or reason's sway,
 They folly serve, the madness of the hour!
 When will the law of Peace by all be known,
 Discord and war be banished from the earth;
 His lower nature be by man outgrown,
 And men assert their higher, nobler birth,
 And arbitration rule, and not the sword,
 And history cease war's madness to record?

THE DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC PROPERTY
BY MOBS.

WITH madness seized, men their own works destroy,
 Nay, their own lives; they know not what they do;
 Destruction for a time is their employ;
 In peace they would the scenes of war renew.
 'T is their own work their maddened hands pull down!
 For in his Country each one has his part,
 And each is sharer, too, in her renown;
 His are her works of skill, of use, of art.
 Far sadder than the ruins is the thought
 That men should lose their patriotic pride,
 Nor feel the stain which their own deeds have brought
 On Liberty's fair name they have denied;
 In one short hour of riot and of spoil
 Wasting the fruits of years of peaceful toil.

VOTING IN AN OLD CHURCH.

No unfit place is this wherein to vote,
That once a temple was to the Most High.
Though some may deem it as a thing of chance
That it for such a purpose should be used,
I see in this a sign of deep import
Unto my Country and her future weal :
A sign it is that with no reckless haste,
No ignorance of what our duty is,
No base or sordid purpose in our souls,
We on this table¹ now should lay our votes,
And exercise a freeman's holy trust.
Hence, ye profane ! who would these courts invade
With consciences defiled and passions fierce ;
Who scorn all bounds, and in the sacred name
Of Liberty indulge in foul excess
And cruel deeds ; and, traitors to her cause,
Still shout her name to violate her rights.
Hence, too, ye ignorant ! who know not yet
The value of the rights which you enjoy.
Neglecting your own minds, in vain you strive
To serve your Country in her hour of need.
The ends of government, its righteous ends,
Peace, order, industry, and steady growth
In knowledge and in virtue are forgot
By ignorant, deluded multitudes,
For mad ambition's warlike, wasteful schemes.
The industrious citizen and peaceful man,
Who for long years has served his Country well,
And understands her history and her laws,
Is set aside for heroes of an hour,
Who nothing know but to excel in arms.
In vain does Freedom with her gifts endow
A people, that neglect to know their worth,
Or satisfy the claims on which they're held.
Ye sordid, hence ! if such, in such a land,

¹ The Communion Table, on which the ballot-box was placed.

There live, who, though in deepest poverty,
 Could so forget a freeman's holy trust
 As for the heaviest purse to sell their votes !
 Hence all, who have not in their heart of hearts
 Their Country's good ! who bring not here to lay
 Upon her altar sincere gifts and free ;
 Who, by whatever name they may be called,
 Seek not her highest welfare as their own.
 Oft as I tread these courts I seem to hear
 A voice, still lingering round their walls, which says,
 " Ye who would serve your Country, serve your God.
 Choose ye this day if ye will serve the Lord.
 Do justice and love mercy. Let not pride
 Of country blind you to your Country's sins.
 Uphold not by your votes her wickedness,
 Her love of war, the oppression of the weak,
 Or any wrong that man inflicts on man.
 Give the law's sanction only to what's just,
 To precepts such as reason doth approve
 And Christ has taught. Obedient to these truths,
 Americans, your Country's safe ! The will
 Of the majority will prove the reign of right,
 Of reason and self-government mature.
 And He who rules the nations shall sustain
 And cherish your republic, till it grow
 To be a blessing, lasting and unmixed,
 To all the human race."

THE PEACE CONGRESS THE PROMISE OF A HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

THANKS for the omen, that War's rule is spent,
 And Europe from a barbarous custom free !
 Too long her statesmen have their influence lent,
 And to the idol bowed a willing knee ;
 A thousand voices heralded its fame,
 And History adorned each bloody strife ;
 The nations gloried in their deeds of shame,
 And not in saving, but destroying life.

In peaceful arbitration we behold
 The dawn of a new era for the race,
 That milder day, by prophets long foretold,
 When Reason's sway shall violence displace,
 Nations in peaceful arts alone contend,
 And War's dread conflicts shall forever end.

ODE TO FREEDOM.

FREEDOM a fortress firm shall stand,
 No foes combined can take ;
 Though cannon roar by sea and land,
 Its walls no power can shake ;

For it is founded on the rock,
 On which our fathers stood ;
 Firm as the cliffs that meet the shock
 Of ocean's angry flood.

Proud Slavery's hosts inspire no fear,
 Though State on State conspire
 To compass her with sword and spear,
 And hurl their bolts of fire ;

Though 'gainst her capital are led
 Confederate armies on,
 Dishonoring the glorious dead,
 The name of WASHINGTON !

Once-honored men, now traitors grown,
 Found faithless at their post,
 No more their fathers' virtues known,
 Lead on the rebel host.

In vain : for WASHINGTON still lives,
 Though sleeps his noble form ;
 And to his sons the courage gives
 To meet the battle's storm.

And once again, through all the land,
 Freedom her trumpet blows ;
 To call her sons, on every hand,
 To meet their country's foes.

OUTWARD CONQUESTS NOT ENOUGH.

'T IS not enough to overcome with arms, —
 These may the body, not the mind, subdue :
 A mightier foe within the spirit harms
 Than that the armed warrior ever knew.
 Here Ignorance and Error still prolong
 Their ancient rule, and dread the coming light ;
 And, joined with them, Ambition, Pride and Wrong
 Muster their hosts, and, leagued with darkness, fight.
 These not by carnal weapons are o'erthrown,
 But by the power of light, and truth, and love, —
 Weapons the warrior's hands have never known,
 Sent from the armory of God above, —
 Boldness to speak the quick and powerful Word,
 That sharper is than his two-edged sword !

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY UNLEARNED.

AGAIN doth France, unhappy France, behold
 Renewed the scenes of terror and of crime ;
 Still unprepared for Freedom, as of old,
 Though passed almost a century of time.
 Of her long history how sad the end,
 Freedom by King and People both betrayed !
 While faction doth the boastful city rend,
 And for another age is Peace delayed.
 So doth a noble river, that should bless
 And fertilize its banks on either side,
 Bursting its bounds, bring ruin and distress,
 And desolate a happy region wide !
 And when shall man, if not by reason taught,
 Learn from the wondrous works in nature wrought ?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CHILDHOOD'S SONGS.

“All the songs of my childhood float back to me, and I wander in far-off realms.” — WILLIAM E. CLARK.

I HEAR again my childhood's songs,
When life was bright and fair ;
Their melodies my spirit hears,
They float upon the air.

In far-off realms I seem to stray,
Mid childhood's early flowers ;
And all my weariness forget
Amid its happy bowers.

My mother's voice, — it comes again
So clear, and pure, and sweet ;
I seem a child again to be,
And listening at her feet !

They cheer and soothe my sinking heart,
As if from heaven they came ;
In manhood, as in youthful hours,
Their power is still the same.

A power to purify and bless,
And thus my soul prepare
With those I loved in early days
The life of heaven to share.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NIGHT ON
FAITH AND IMAGINATION.

THE day with well-known duties now is o'er ;
No more by its clear light each thing I see
Distinct and plain to sight or reason's power.
As fade familiar objects on my sight,
And on my ear the sounds of labor cease,
The higher faculties assert their power, —
Imagination and adoring faith.
And now the night has come, mysterious night !
To call away my spirit from the earth,
That faith may quickened be in things unseen.
With mind no longer bent on daily tasks,
Or fixed on earth with its brief term of years,
Upward I gaze, and feel my soul expand
And to its native height majestic tower.
Akin to mystery is the soul of man,
And in the stars he feels that mystery solved.
Not in the narrow space, which we call life,
I feel the boundaries of my being end ;
To those vast cycles is my soul allied
Which yonder orbs in mystic circles trace.
To me is given to call them each by name,
And in the time to come familiar grow
With all their hosts, as now with flowers of earth.
No more my mind, to one small orb confined,
Narrows its view ; but flies from world to world,
From sun to sun, swifter than morning light.
Lift up your eyes, ye denizens of earth !
And raise your thoughts above its narrow sphere ;
Let yonder countless stars a lesson teach.
Think not to earth, and earth alone, confined
This mortal race with its attendant forms ;
But, worthier thought, to each revolving sphere
Its own peculiar habitants assigned,
With varying life, to suit each changing scene.
Perhaps in yon fair planet-world there dwells

A happier race, though mortal, than on earth :
 Where death is but a change to higher life,
 Without its sufferings and without its fears.
 There war may be unknown, and men in peace
 And friendly intercourse united live.
 To them may come, as once to men on earth,
 Angels from higher spheres to bring them gifts ;
 To mingle freely in their peaceful homes,
 And teach them of the Father's boundless love.
 Thus, as I muse, my faith doth stronger grow,
 Imagination soars with loftier flight,
 And as the parched plant beneath the dews,
 So is my spirit by the night restored.

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

The silent history of a word,
 Borne on Time's stream along,
 Has never yet been sung or heard, —
 It asks the voice of song.

'T was born from the deep soul of man,
 Smit by Affliction's rod ;
 And angel-like its course began,
 A messenger of God.

It journeyed through the unyielding earth
 By war and famine worn,
 A stranger seen, of unknown birth ;
 Though night, a child of morn.

'T was welcomed in the lowly cot,
 'T was heard in kingly hall ;
 And men their strife and arms forgot,
 In listening to its call.

It told of peace that would not fail,
 Of love that could not die ;

'T was felt beneath the warrior's mail,
It dried the mourner's eye.

I looked along the path it took,
As told by legends old,
Repeated oft from book to book ;
It shone as shining gold ;

A furrow, through Time's barren soil,
Ploughed deep, and sown with care ;
But few to heed the sower's toil,
Or in the harvest share.

THE FUNERALS.

I SIT and watch the winding way,
Where o'er the bridge, and through the grove,
The sorrowing mourners, day by day,
Follow the forms of those they love.

In winter's snows and summer's heat,
When leaves spring forth and when they fall,
They follow on, with weary feet,
The mournful hearse with sable pall.

How many there who mourn a friend,
Such as can never be supplied ;
Who loved them e'en unto the end,
And gladly would for them have died.

Unnoticed passed they on through life,
Forgotten in their humble spheres ;
The parent, child ; the husband, wife ;
The early lost, the bowed with years.

What though their lives, as now their death,
Passed like yon quiet stream along ;
Unheralded by public breath,
Unhonored by the poet's song, —

Not less their deeds, because unknown,
 Their daily toils, domestic care,
 Than such as Fame's loud trump has blown,
 Than such as widest glory share.

Nor less their joy's calm, peaceful flow
 Than theirs whose breasts with tumults swell,
 Who with the pride of victory glow,
 Or of a nation's honors tell.

Yon grove,¹ whose name describes their life,
 Should best receive their honored dust ;
 They perished not in war's fierce strife,
 But died in peace and holy trust.

There oft Affection's feet shall turn,
 To dwell upon their memory dear ;
 To wreath with flowers the funeral urn,
 Or shed the sympathetic tear.

There purified by grief, she views
 (The veil withdrawn) their blest abode ;
 And quickened by the sight pursues
 With joyful hope her heavenward road.

THE INDIAN'S RETORT.

THE white man's soul, it thirsts for gain,
 He makes himself the slave of gold !
 The Indian's free and boundless lands,
 Once all his own, are bought and sold.

An Indian to the forest went,
 To strip the birch for his canoe ;
 His father's fathers' was that wood,
 Before the whites his country knew.

¹ Harmony Grove in Salem.

A weary journey he must take
 Along a hot and dusty road ;
 And to his distant wigwam bring,
 Upon his back, the heavy load.

Long searched he for a fitting tree,
 Where once they easy were to find ;
 The white man's axe had laid them low,
 The white man's fire left few behind.

At length 't was found ; he stripped its bark,
 He raised his bundle from the ground ;
 A white man stood beside him there,
 And on the Indian sternly frowned.

"Thou steal'st ! Thou art a thief !" he cried ;
 The Indian threw his bundle down,
 And proudly answered, as he turned
 To meet the white man's angry frown :

"God made the woods, and to His sons,
 The Indians, gave them long ago ;
 The Indian never was a thief.
 I speak the truth, as thou dost know."

"The white man came ! he stole the woods,
 The hills, the streams, the fields, the game ;
 The Indian never was a thief !
 The white man steals, his is the name !"

ON READING THE MEMORIAL OF JOHN WHITE BROWNE.

FORGETFUL thou to manhood's years hadst grown ;
 Thou knelt'st in spring upon the grassy sod
 To greet the early flower¹ in fragrance blown,
 And own the presence of its Maker, God.

¹ The houstonia.

Forgetful? No! but mindful rather thou
 Of what true manhood must forever be ;
 Before each beauteous thing it loves to bow,
 With a child's faith, and child's humility ;
 But, joined with these, a courage too was thine,
 In Freedom's cause, boldly to do and dare ;
 Each worldly honor, for her sake, to resign,
 And with her humblest follower all things share ;
 Nature, with early flower and falling leaf,
 Doth mourn a life, like thine, should be so brief!

DYING WORDS OF JOHN FOSTER.

“I can pray, and that 's a glorious thing.”

THE dying Christian peaceful lay,
 No more his hands could do ;
 No more his feet the earthly paths
 Of duty could pursue.

No more the Gospel's joyful sound
 Could he to men proclaim ;
 To warn them of the strength of sin,
 Make known a Saviour's name.

His earnest mind, so strong and clear
 The realms of thought to scan,
 No more, with steadfast will, could toil
 To serve his fellow man.

Where once was strength, was weakness now,
 Weakness unknown before ;
 Yet with a spirit calm, resigned,
 The change he meekly bore.

For in that Master's steps he trod,
 Whom he so long had loved ;
 And faith in Him sustained his soul,
 And all-sufficient proved.

“ Still I can pray,” he cheerful said,
 “ And that’s a glorious thing ;
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF HELEN
 RUTHVEN WATERSTON.

GAZING on some higher sphere,
 Far, far off, and yet so near !
 Thou dost join, with mortal’s sight,
 Angel’s vision clear and bright.
 Not with vain and curious eye
 Dost thou gaze beyond the sky ;
 But with warm admiring look,
 As if thou its life partook,
 And to thee were here foreshown
 Scenes to earthly minds unknown.
 Yet, as mortal, thou dost gaze
 Far beyond the solar blaze ;
 And with love, unmixed with fear,
 Dost behold heaven’s portals near !
 Who would thee on earth detain ?
 Our sad loss, thy happy gain ;
 In the many mansions fair,
 Which the Saviour doth prepare,
 Parents, child, again shall meet,
 Joy unclouded, bliss complete !

THE INDIAN’S PETITION.

THE Indian calls ! Grant him a place of rest,
 From wrong and violence forever free ;
 Grant him a portion of the boundless West,
 Where he may dwell, and learn to live like thee.
 There let him learn to till the fruitful soil,
 Subdue his passions fierce by reason’s sway ;

And find how vast the gains of patient toil,
 And all his nobler energies display.
 There let him learn it was not all a dream
 His fathers taught him of the Indian's heaven ;
 That there, beyond the mighty Western stream,
 That home of rest may yet to him be given ;
 Where he shall know His love, who died for all,
 And on his Heavenly Father learn to call.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES
 CHISHOLM.

AMIDST the sick and dying, falling round,
 He stood, the faithful pastor and the friend ;
 In every call of duty ready found,
 And loving his own charge unto the end.
 Chisholm ! thy memory long shall cherished be
 In every State of this our country wide ;
 Both South and North in one, the bond and free,
 Shall speak of thee with patriotic pride !
 Thy gentle manners and thy loving heart
 Thy friends and classmates long shall cherish here,
 Called, in mid-life, from one they loved to part ;
 They drop, in sympathy, the falling tear,
 With sorrowing kindred, that for thee shall weep
 Who now hath gone reward in heaven to reap.

TO THE MISSES WILLIAMS,

ON SEEING THEIR BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS OF WILD
 FLOWERS.

THE flowers of spring had faded from my sight ;
 The summer flowers had come, and quickly gone ;
 Autumn was here ; of Flora's children bright,
 Asters and golden-rods were left alone.
 But, in thy pleasant room, their beauteous hues
 And forms we saw restored by hand of Art,

That Nature's vanished scenes again renews,
 To charm the mind and cheer the saddened heart.
 There violets and houstonia sweet,
 Bloodroot and blue hepatica still bloom,
 And blushing roses, from their wild retreat,
 Make Spring and Summer inmates of thy room ;
 Why roam, O Artist, to a distant land,
 With lovely scenes, and flowers so near at hand ?

THE SLIDING-ROCK.

Passing up the turnpike a few evenings since, I saw the workmen just finishing a drill in the centre of the beautiful Sliding-Rock, which, ever since Salem was settled, has been the play-place of the children, in the upper part of the city. By the feet of many generations it was worn as smooth as polished marble. I felt a pang, as the blast shivered it into pieces and echoed from the hills around. I have endeavored to commemorate the pleasant associations connected with it by a few lines.

THE Sliding-Rock ! that pleasant spot,
 So dear in childhood's hour ;
 Say, can it ever be forgot,
 While Memory holds her power ?
 How smooth 't was worn ! Like glass, or steel,
 Its polished surface shone ;
 No hobbly place the foot could feel
 Upon that slippery stone,
 For boys and girls with busy feet
 Its face kept ever bright ;
 There oft for play they loved to meet,
 At morn, and noon, and night.
 I see them now, at eventide,
 A merry, happy band ;
 I see them ready for a slide.
 Upon its top they stand ;
 Now as the oldest takes the lead,
 And glides across its face,
 They, one by one, in turn succeed, —
 And then renew the race,
 They seem as if with wings possessed,
 As up and down they go,

Without a pause, or moment's rest,
 Above, and now below.
 When hot and weary down they sit,
 And watch the passers-by ;
 With pleasant smiles their faces lit,
 And pleasure in each eye ;
 They sit and watch the pasture gate,
 Till it shall open wide
 For yonder herd, that stand and wait
 Upon the green hill's side ;
 They count their number as they crowd
 The path beneath their feet,
 And hear their lowings long and loud,
 Far down the busy street.
 The dusty traveler with his staff
 There stops to watch their play,
 Pleased with their sport and merry laugh ;
 Then passes on his way.
 The loaded stage, with quickening speed,
 Comes rumbling down the hill,
 While every panting, smoking steed
 New ardor seems to fill.
 But now the travelers all are gone,
 The shadows darker grow ;
 They leave, till morn, the sliding-stone,
 And to their homes they go.
 The fire-flies gleam among the hay,
 The stars are in the sky ;
 And, wearied with their pleasant play,
 In slumbers sweet they lie.

THE POOR CLERGYMAN.

LONG had Christ's servant preached the word of truth,
 And labored in the vineyard of his Lord ;
 But gone his strength, his manhood, and his youth,
 And age had come ; — but what was his reward ?
 Men had forgot the laborer ; rich had grown,
 And added house to house, and land to land ;

The truth he preached forgot, or never known, —
Like those who heard, but did not understand.
Perhaps, neglected, in some poorhouse he
Might linger out his days ; they never knew ;
Or homeless roam in bitter poverty,
While they each day and year the richer grew ;
The riches of this world to them were given,
To him the treasure that 's laid up in heaven !

EARLY COMPANIONS.

THEY are not dead, but gone before ;
Their love doth still remain ;
Another life will them restore,
Unite the broken chain.

They loved the things which here we love,
Their hearts were kind and true ;
And in the glorious world above
Their friendship shall renew.

But here we wander, sad and lone,
As in a foreign clime,
Till we again shall meet our own,
Beyond the shore of time.

They wait us in that happy land,
As we are waiting here,
With warm embrace, with clasping hand,
For each they loved so dear.

There death no more can friends divide,
Nor sorrow grieve the heart ;
Beyond time's bounds, death's narrow tide,
They meet, no more to part.

INDIAN RELICS.

In making the excavations for the moat, at Fort Pickering, on Winter Island, the grave of an Indian was found, in which were many curious relics. These are now in the possession of the Essex Institute.

A TOUCHING sight, these relics rude,
 Again exposed to day!
 Where once in nature's solitude,
 They first were laid away.

An Indian's bones and dust are here,
 His arms for war and chase;
 The arrow-heads and pointed spear,
 The weapons of his race.

And various implements of stone
 Which for his use he made,
 The well-wrought bowl and tools unknown,
 Are with his weapons laid.

Was it that in another life
 Again these things he'd need?
 Again renew his savage strife,
 Or through the forest speed?

'T was thus he pictured life again,
 No higher vision knew;
 And from the natural, earthly plane
 His highest wisdom drew.

And who are they who stand around
 And view his narrow bed?
 What nobler knowledge have they found
 Who in God's Book have read?

Have they learned there what Nature wise
 Doth in dim figure teach,—
 That man in nobler form shall rise,
 And his perfection reach?

Have they learned there the life of love,
To live in lasting peace ?
For such alone can soar above,
When earthly life shall cease !

Then why this lofty fort uprear,
Or dig this fosse so deep,
To leave war's sad memorials here,
Their memory long to keep ?

To prove that in the Gospel's light
Dark hate the soul can fill,
And nations with each other fight,
And boast their warlike skill.

OUR DEAR MOTHER.

NO MORE our mother meets our sight,
As here she moved from day to day,
Our constant solace and delight ;
She from our home is called away.

Her books, her work are laid aside,
No more the household is her care ;
And to our hearts the joy's denied,
At times her daily toils to share.

Her plants, her study, and her joy,
With their bright verdure and their bloom,
No more her leisure hours employ,
Nor give to her their sweet perfume.

Long did she labor for our good,
To inform the mind, improve the heart ;
Cared for our raiment, health, and food,
With all a mother's love and art.

Far into night her busy hand
Or thoughtful care our comfort sought ;

With morning's light again she planned,
And with untiring patience wrought.

To her we came in every ill,
Whether of body or of mind,
Sure in her sympathy and skill
Healing and balm for each to find.

And still, though now we see her not,
I know her thoughts must on us dwell ;
That we can never be forgot
Whom here she loved, and loved so well.

Clothed in immortal form of light,
E'en now, perchance, she hovers round,
Though unperceived by mortal sight
Nor known by words of mortal sound,

A messenger, by night, by day,
Sent by our heavenly Father's love,
Unseen, to guide us on our way
Unto her blessed home above !

THE ANCIENT BURIAL-PLACES IN PEABODY.

It was the custom in Danvers, now Peabody, for many families to bury their dead on their own farms; a custom not wholly discontinued. There are many such ancient burial-places in this town.

THEY lie by the roadside, where they lived,
In the fields they loved to till ;
And the landscape round a fitness lends,
Which the musing mind doth fill.

With a peace and rest, in sweet accord
With the lives which here they led,
As with honest work and frugal ways
They toiled for their daily bread.

In sight of the homes to them so dear,
 Of the woods and hills they lie ;
 And the plaintive brook, with its soft, low voice,
 Is heard as it glideth by.

With simple rites, by their neighbors' hands
 They were laid in the kindly earth ;
 With heavenly words for the sorrowing heart,
 That told of a higher birth.

Though no costly tomb, nor e'en a stone,
 May tell where their bodies rest ;
 Yet not less sacred the cherished spots,
 Which are by their memory blest.

In the faith of their fathers they lived and died :
 That the spirit survives the dust,
 That the righteous shall wear a heavenly crown,
 And receive the reward of the just.

MIDAS.

TURN all I touch to gold,
 King Midas said.
 His wish was granted, and behold !
 His very meat was gold, and gold his bread.

And liquid gold the drink
 He raised on high,
 When o'er the golden goblet's brink
 The water to his eager lips came nigh.

Ah, fatal gift ! that balked
 His greedy soul ;
 Which in its very richness mocked ;
 For gold is but one thing, and not the whole.

So they, who money seek,
 Gold, only gold,
 Are childish, disappointed, weak,
 Though gained their end ; like that famed king of old.

TO THE SALEM GAZETTE, ON THE COM-
 PLETION OF ITS FIRST CENTURY.

ONE hundred years with their events have fled,
 Since first thy sheet was sent from door to door ;
 How many have thy pleasant pages read,
 Now known amid life's busy scenes no more !
 How vast the changes, since those years have flown ;
 Our Country's growth in commerce, wealth, and power ;
 The rule of haughty King long since o'erthrown,
 And Freedom's triumph in the present hour !
 And chronicled upon thy welcome page,
 The news from country round, and o'er the sea :
 Domestic scenes endeared to youth and age,
 Instructive tale, or gem of poesy.
 For many a century may thy page record
 Each noble deed, and fitly spoken word.

THE YOUNG DRUMMER BOY OF LIBBY
 PRISON.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY CAPT. JAMES HUSSEY.

THE slumberer wakes ! " Are these the walls,
 The prison walls around, I see ?"
 His voice unto his comrades calls,
 The sharers of his misery.
 " Thou hast been dreaming," one replied.
 He answered : " Was it then a dream ?
 I stood beside the river wide,
 My native Hudson's noble stream :
 My mother dear was with me there,

And in her arms did me embrace ;
 I gazed upon the prospect fair,
 And on her happy, smiling face.
 We talked of all our sufferings here,
 As if they all were past and o'er ;
 I wake to shed the bitter tear,
 For I shall see her face no more !”
 A few short hours, and death had broke
 The starving captive's galling chain ;
 To life, immortal life he woke,
 That knows no tears, nor death, nor pain.
 O dream, which closed his earthly life,
 Be thou fulfilled in happier clime,
 When hushed, forever hushed the strife,
 Which saddens oft the years of time ;
 Still visit those who sink and pine
 In prison's gloom, from friends afar,
 And o'er the dying prisoner shine,
 With radiance bright as evening's star !

LINES ON THE OLD DANVERS BURYING- GROUND.

ABOVE the ancient burying-place
 Looks calmly down the full-orbed moon,
 Each well-known grave I plainly trace,
 As in the effulgent light of noon.

And through the cold, transparent air
 The stars and planets brightly glow,
 As if they listened to the prayer
 Of dwellers on this sphere below.

And is there not some secret tie,
 Some influence from yon shining spheres,
 Which lifts the sorrowing soul on high,
 Above this lowly vale of tears ?

There is! For gazing on this spot
 My tearful eyes are upward turned,
 And mortal feelings are forgot,
 A higher lesson I have learned.

For He who formed the wondrous whole,
 And doth each planet's motions guide,
 Will clothe again the immortal soul,
 And for His children still provide.

For as the earthly form we wear,
 The fading emblem of decay,
 The heavenly image we shall share,
 Which fadeth not, like that, away.

All live to God! Though earth may hide
 The forms of loved ones from our sight,
 Our friends still live, with Him abide,
 Who on the grave sheds holy light.

THE EAST INDIA MARINE MUSEUM.

A NOBLE company, that early band,
 Who left their homes to sail across the sea,
 And distant voyages to the Orient planned,
 The land of wealth and dark Idolatry.
 Behold their Monument! — the rich and rare,
 Gathered with cost and pains from every clime,
 And in this spacious hall preserved with care,
 To interest and instruct the future time;
 To cherish in their sons the spirit brave,
 Which gave to Salem its world-wide renown,
 That thus their exploits on the ocean wave
 From age to age might still be handed down,
 And distant generations might behold
 And guard the trust, more precious far than gold.

AN EVENING WALK.

I LOVE at quiet eventide
Far from the city's noise to stray,
To climb the brow of rocky hill,
And watch the light of parting day ;

To see reflected on the clouds
In red and gold its colors glow,
Or watch the lengthening shadows fall
On field and valley, far below ;

To hear the quail's low, plaintive call
At intervals the stillness break,
Or sprightly sparrow's cheerful note,
That memory's pleasing fancies wake.

Faint rises on the tranquil air
The tardy insects' droning song,
Which still amid the closing flowers
The busy work of day prolong.

O'er swamp and meadow stretching far,
The evening shadows stealthy creep,
Till all the darkening landscape round
Is wrapt at length in slumber deep.

I seem more near to Nature's heart,
And feel that I her secrets share ;
The noisy world forgotten is,
With all its tumults, toil, and care.

Another, better life I live,
A life to worldly minds unknown,
Which Nature to her votaries gives,
Enjoyed and prized by them alone.

THE YOUTH AND THE STREAM.

THE YOUTH.

WHY so swift, thou hurrying tide,
 Why unto the ocean glide?
 Why not here prolong your stay,
 Through the long, bright summer's day?
 Here are flowers of every hue,
 Here are groves and fields to view;
 Stay, and let them ever rest
 Imaged on thy peaceful breast.

THE STREAM.

Why, O mortal! thus replied
 To my quest the rushing tide;
 Why art thou, too, hurrying on,
 And so soon from earth art gone?
 All things here one law obey,
 Naught in time can rest or stay.
 Use these moments as they fly,
 Time well-spent can never die;
 It but goes to fill the sea
 Of a blessed eternity.
 Mortal! raise your thoughts sublime,
 Find eternity in time!
 In the Christian's life is rest,
 He alone in time is blest —
 Living in the passing hour,
 With a life beyond its power.
 Souls made pure do still retain
 Earth's fair flowers on hill and plain;
 In their depths reflected are
 Groves and fields and evening star;
 Lit by Memory's golden ray,
 There they never fade away.

THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

A MAN whom Science had made wise
Above the multitude around,
Till he could tread the starry skies
As other mortals tread the ground,
Conceived that he could grasp the thought
How Nature into being sprang,
When worlds were called from empty naught,
And morning's stars together sang !
That he the mystery could tell
How man himself at first began,
And trace from microscopic cell,
Through lower forms, the noblest, Man !
At last he rose to such a height
That even human feeling fled,
And he could look without affright
On what would fill the world with dread ;
In abstract musing, he could see
The earth return to naught again,
And man and Nature cease to be,
Yet heavé no sigh, and feel no pain !

But once, in midnight's solemn hour,
His natural feelings all awoke,
And gifted with diviner power,
Thus to his trembling spirit spoke :
“ Where wast thou when the world was made ? ”
“ Where wilt thou be when it shall end ? ”
He heard, and he was sore afraid,
Nor would his voice an answer lend.
Unwonted thoughts and feelings thronged
His awe-struck soul, and it possessed,
For his own nature he had wronged,
And all his nobler wants suppressed.
That which before unreal seemed,
And but a distant, shadowy thought,

When he in abstruse studies dreamed,
 Was to his soul all real brought.
 He sympathized with Nature's fate,
 Nor saw unfeeling her decay,
 Beheld far back her ancient date,
 And joyed to see her earliest day ;
 Nor felt for worlds' vast change alone,
 But for the little short-lived flower,
 Whose beauteous morn is scarcely known
 Before it sees its evening hour ;
 And though as earnest still to scan
 The wonders of creation o'er,
 He was a wiser, better man,
 And mingled Love with Science' lore.

SONG.

WORDS OF LOVE TO A PARENT.

EACH word of love a child doth speak,
 It sows a flower, to bloom
 Along its aged parent's path,
 Descending to the tomb !

No more may blush the summer's rose
 To glad their failing sight,
 Nor to the ravished sense, as once,
 Its fragrance give delight.

But every word of love they hear
 Is treasured in the heart,
 A bloom, a fragrance there to shed,
 Which never can depart !

SONG

OF THE EARLY SPRING.

THE clouds across the azure sky
 Fly swift, with changing forms,
 To tell that Winter's reign is o'er,
 Its snow, and cold, and storms.

A warmer wind now breathes around,
 And with the balmy air
 It seems as if new life there came,
 A life for all to share.

And welcome signs on every hand
 Of Spring's return I see ;
 The sparrow by the roadside sings,
 How sweet its note to me !

The grass along the turnpike's edge
 Grows green with sun and showers ;
 And soon will May, fair May be here,
 To scatter wide her flowers.

Shall I, with dull and thoughtless mind,
 Behold returning Spring,
 And to the gracious God above
 No thanks, no offering bring ?

With birds and every living thing
 My grateful hymn I raise,
 To thank the Giver of all good,
 And celebrate His praise.

THE BAKER'S ISLAND LIGHTS.

NEAR on Salem's rocky shore
 Stand the Baker's Island Lights,
 Sending o'er the white sea's roar
 Rays that pierce the darkest nights.

Home-bound vessels on their way,
 'Scaped the dangers of the deep,
 Hail with joy their far-seen ray,
 As to land their course they keep.

On to midnight's hour they shine,
 On from midnight's hour till morn,
 Till the horizon's purple line
 Tells the wished-for day is born.

Through the morning's dusky air
 Dart the sun's o'erpowering beams,
 And the sailors' city fair
 In the golden radiance gleams !

SONG.

I SOUGHT the flowers, but o'er them lay
 Piled deep the frozen snow ;
 They felt not there the warm sun's ray,
 Nor heard the soft winds blow.

Again I came : the snow-bank then
 Had melted from the earth ;
 But vainly still I sought the glen,
 To hail the flowers' new birth.

With faithless heart did I repeat
 My visit to their bowers,
 When, lo ! in beauty at my feet
 Bloomed bright Spring's earliest flowers !

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

THEY cannot come to us, though we
 May long for them to come,
And leave, with us on earth to be,
 Their blest, eternal home ;
The parents we have loved so well,
 The children that we mourn,
They cannot come with us to dwell,
 From that mysterious bourn.

They cannot come to dwell on earth,
 And leave their heavenly sphere ;
A life there is of higher birth,
 As earthly life is here :
A life of holy service, love,
 Which here we but begin,
Employs them in that home above,
 Which they have entered in !

Yet in the brightness of the day,
 And in the shades of night,
We are with them, with us are they,
 Though not revealed to sight ;
For Memory's bright, unbroken chain
 Doth bind us heart to heart,
Hope whispers we shall meet again,
 Meet nevermore to part.

Ah, who would have them here again,
 To suffer and to die,
To leave for the abodes of men
 Their happy homes on high ?
Better that we should patience learn,
 And strive like them to be,
Than vainly sigh for their return,
 That we our friends may see.

Cold winter's blasts they feel no more,
 Nor summer's burning rage,
 Disease and pain and death are o'er,
 The want and ills of age ;
 And in that peaceful, happy clime,
 War cannot hurt nor kill,
 For past the fleeting years of time,
 Their mingled good and ill.

No more with doubts they struggle on,
 Nor walk in Error's night ;
 Their doubts and errors all are gone
 In heaven's unclouded light.
 For God their light and glory is,
 His truth their minds doth fill,
 And Christ doth own them now as His,
 Who did His Father's will.

They come not ; but to them we go,
 That higher life to share —
 The life begun by them below
 'Midst early toil and care.
 Whate'er of good or ill we 've sown,
 We then with them shall reap ;
 We then shall know as we are known,
 No soul its secret keep.

And in our Heavenly Father's time
 We shall united be,
 To share that intercourse sublime
 Of joy and purity.
 Oh, let us then for this prepare
 While yet the light is given,
 That we the life and bliss may share
 Of those we love in heaven.

OUR LIGHT.

THE sun has set ; but lit the Light
 Which guides the vessels on their way ;
 Far o'er the ocean's darkling night
 It sends its bright and cheering ray.

Nor this alone ; but many a lamp
 Along our coast and lakes will burn,
 Each, through the night, a guiding star,
 Till day's o'erpowering beams return.

And faithful men their watches keep
 Through the cold, stormy winter nights ;
 For all who o'er the ocean sail
 They rise, and trim their warning lights.

Were one, before the morning dawns,
 To dim or quench its guiding ray,
 How many souls might meet their doom,
 How many wrecks might strew the bay !

Returning from a distant land,
 Joyful the Light the sailor hails,
 And, guided by its friendly beams,
 Soon, safe in port, he furls his sails.

ON THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

SHAKESPEARE, whose life once filled an English home
 With childhood's mirth and manhood's noble cheer,
 What time our fathers to these wilds did roam,
 We hail thee, mighty Bard ! without a peer !
 To thee did Nature's countless forms unfold
 Their meaning, hidden from the common eye ;
 The earth, the sea, the sky their secrets told,

And man's deep spirit did to thine reply.
 By Avon's banks we tread ; thy home we see,
 The church, where still in peace thy bones repose, —
 Join with the throng that holds thy Jubilee,
 And guards thy fame that with each century grows ;
 No longer to thy native land confined,
 For the whole world may claim thy glorious mind.

THE SCHOLAR DREAMING.

GAZING, listless, from his book
 Doth the scholar outward look,
 Through the window, far away,
 At the close of summer day.

Objects bright and fair he sees,
 Feels the cool, refreshing breeze,
 Which doth from the meadow blow,
 Bending all its surface low ; —

Sees the rocky hills so steep,
 Where he longs to climb and leap ;
 Hears the songs of birds so free,
 As they sport from tree to tree.

Strange the words upon the page,
 They no more his mind engage ;
 School and books unreal seem,
 They have vanished like a dream.

Chide not, Teacher, chide him not,
 Though his lesson be forgot ;
 Nature takes him by the hand,
 He her words can understand.

Follow too her wiser plan,
 Let the child instruct the man ;
 All his nature learn to train,
 Or thy toil may prove in vain.

Through long years the mind will grow
Ere its stature it shall know ;
Soon the body's height is gained,
And its fullest powers attained.

Give him motives pure and high,
Point to earth, and sea, and sky ;
Let him far and wide explore
Hill, and field, and rocky shore.

Give the body health and strength,
That it may not fail at length,
That the ever-active mind
May a fit companion find.

THE HACKER SCHOOL-HOUSE.

SWIFT fly the years ! Men call thee mean and old,
But I behold thee still as in thy prime ;
The scroll of Memory quickly is unrolled,
Wherein I read of childhood's early time ;
Of that first morn, when, finished, bright, and new,
We took our seats within thy well-built walls ;
The master's voice I hear, his form I view,
As to his place, in order, each he calls.
Again I see, — it was a beauteous sight ! —
Adorned with evergreen and summer flowers ;
The parents sharing in their sons' delight,
And gay the school-room looked as garden bowers.
Thus ever stand, flower-wreathed and fair and new,
A picture bright for Memory to view !

THE CHILD'S DREAM OF REACHING THE
HORIZON.

A CHILD beheld the o'erarching heaven,
Where earth blends with the sky,
And longed to reach the blissful spot,
It seemed to him so nigh.

All night he could not sleep a wink,
As on his bed he lay ;
And a bright day in June beheld
The dreamer on his way.

Not e'en his parents did he tell
For what, and where he went,
Lest they should laugh his thoughts to scorn,
And his fond hopes prevent.

Thus onward, on a summer's morn,
To earth's fair bound he sped ;
And yet whene'er he reached the spot,
The blissful vision fled.

It was not where the hill he climbed,
Nor on the meadow green,
Nor where on the horizon's line
The silver brook was seen ;

Nor where the forest's branches moved,
And the birds sang so sweet :
He came, but reached not there the place
Where heaven and earth did meet.

Ah, many a weary mile he went
To reach the bending sky,
But found at last 't was still afar,
What he had dreamed so nigh.

Some laborers found the wandering child,
 And homeward turned his face ;
 With slow and toilsome steps once more
 His path did he retrace.

Glad were his parents when at eve
 He safely reached his home ;
 But sad the child : the dream had fled
 Which called his feet to roam !

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

ON READING THE WORK OF THE LATE J. W. FOSTER.

STRANGE record of a people passed away,
 Once numerous as the leaves the forests shed,
 As mindful of man's frailty and decay,
 Upon their mounds, and grave-hills of their dead.
 Here lived, and planned, and toiled another race,
 A pre-historic race, forgotten long,
 Who in the speech of men have left no trace,
 Unknown alike to history and to song.
 Yet were they to ourselves, as men, allied,
 In God's own image made, though of the earth,
 And, though the help of Learning's stores denied,
 Destined with us to an immortal birth.
 With reverence may we ope their graves, and tread
 With thoughtful minds the cities of the dead.

THE BOY'S DREAM.

A BALLAD.

A YOUTH looked into the running stream,
 And he sighed to be as free,
 That he might visit the city's mart,
 And come to the boundless sea,

And on its waters swift be borne
To countries distant and strange ;
Which he read of in books, or heard men tell,
And over the world to range.

Then he sought for a ship, and left his home,
And mother and father dear ;
And he roamed the wide world from land to land,
And was gone for many a year.

He sailed where the reefs of coral grow,
He sailed by the icebergs cold,
He saw the wonders of every clime,
And rich was his ship with gold.

But no place he found that was so dear
As that he had left behind ;
And a weary life he seemed to lead,
The sport of the waves and wind.

He gazed around on the lonely deep,
And his heart grew sick to see
How it stretched forever on and on,
And shoreless seemed to be.

And his thoughts flew back to those early days,
To his home by the river's side,
And his father and mother he there had left,
To roam the ocean wide.

It seemed far better to live as they,
And see but the sights they saw,
Than roam as a sailor from land to land,
Without a home or law.

And his mind was changed ; he left his ship,
And swift sought the pleasant stream
Where he left his parents to mourn his loss,
And followed his boyhood's dream.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO J. M. S.

SWEET as it is for seamen, who have sailed
 Long weeks with naught but sea and sky in view,
 When they some friendly barque at length have hailed,
 And the same course with her awhile pursue ;
 With gently-wafting wind they onward glide,
 In pleasant converse pass the favored hour ;
 They part ; but on the lonely ocean wide,
 'Midst other scenes, how oft they feel its power !
 So sweet it is, upon the voyage of life,
 'Midst heartless intercourse to meet a friend,
 And for a time forget its cares and strife,
 While mind with mind and soul with soul doth blend !
 Would thus, my friend, that we might often meet
 To enjoy the hours, alas, how few and fleet !

SALEM.

BOAST not, my native spot, thy sons were first
 To shed their blood in Freedom's noble cause ;
 Nor glory, when thou hear'st the tale rehearsed,
 Though all the world should greet thee with applause.
 Another day has come, another age,
 And rights by blood and strife no more are won ;
 Awake ! and write thee on a holier page,
 Nor boast with warriors what thy sword has done ;
 Scorn, as thou ever hast, to build thy walls
 Upon a suffering neighbor's hapless lot ;¹
 Heed Peace, Humanity, and Justice's calls,
 And when in coming ages are forgot
 The strife of war, and every blood-stained field,
 Thy Name alone undying fame shall yield !

¹ See the answer of the citizens of Salem to Governor Gage in 1774, when he proposed to remove the General Court to that place.

THE BRIDGE OF TIME.

HIGH o'er a flood, which boils and foams below,
Upon a bridge, with musing steps, I tread ;
Who built its ancient piers we cannot know,
Long since their names were numbered with the dead.

Scarcely a thought the hurrying travellers give
To those old builders, long since passed away ;
Contented in the present time to live,
To enjoy the pleasures of the passing day.

Yet on their memory I grateful dwell,
As on I walk amid the thoughtless throng,
And of their toils for others fain would tell,
And celebrate their virtues in my song.

For who can say how many nameless ones
With busy hands have toiled from year to year,
To gather, one by one, these moss-grown stones,
To raise the arch and build the massive pier.

Who fashioned first the spade, the axe, the knife,
The tools man needs where'er his feet may roam ?
Who taught mankind the arts that cherish life,
And fill with comforts many a happy home ?

Who laid the State's foundations firm and deep,
That winds and waves might not its strength o'erthrow ;
That the full river might its channel keep,
And man's strong passions still their bounds might know ?

Forgotten 'mid the conquerors of old,
Whose deeds have filled the annals of our race ;
Their names proud History has never told,
Nor 'midst its heroes found for them a place.

For peaceful ends they lived, and toiled, and died,
For ends unto themselves perhaps unknown,

But to the future is the past allied,
 Nor without purpose raised the smallest stone.

If high and safe o'er Time's deep, swelling flood
 They have prepared a pathway for mankind,
 Which has its current and its rage withstood,
 How great the work which they have left behind!

And shall not we, as o'er Time's bridge we move,
 The builders' skill, and strength, and toil admire,
 And, moved alike by gratitude and love,
 To nobler deeds and nobler lives aspire?

THE CEMETERY OF HARMONY GROVE.

WELL is this place a Cemetery called,
 For here do we unto the earth commit,
 With hope in Christ, the forms of those we love,
 And say our friends have fallen asleep in Him,
 To wait, with us, His Coming, long foretold.
 So named they first the spot where martyrs slept,
 And saints whose faith had overcome the world,
 To show that death o'er them had lost his power.
 Here once the sower came, and sowed his seed,
 And watched the springing of the new green blade,
 So different from the mouldering form below,
 And pondered on the lesson Nature taught.
 For she, with faithful trust, restores the grain
 Which man unto her bosom doth commit,
 Yet tells him not that he shall live again,
 Or only in dim type obscurely speaks;
 She makes but credible what God reveals.
 By revelation taught, we clearly see
 The hidden meaning of her various forms,
 Differing in glory on the earth, in heaven,
 And, by analogy, the springing grain
 Doth teach us of the body that shall be,
 The spiritual body, that shall this succeed;

For reason's powers are limited and weak,
Nor fully can the mystery comprehend.
Earth can restore but that which is her own,
Give back the grain again an hundred-fold,
Perpetuate her kinds, beast, insects, birds,
The individual in the species lost.
Christ is the Resurrection and the Life,
And at His Coming, them who sleep shall bring.
With the same beauty do the flowers return,
And with like foliage is the tree new clothed ;
But with more glorious bodies shall they come,
Whose life on earth was hid with Christ in God,
When He, who is our Life and Hope, appears.
E'en now are earth and man, though mortal, touched
With foregleams of the bright, immortal dawn.
They followed not myths cunningly devised,
Who have proclaimed the Coming of the Lord ;
For they beheld His glory on the mount,
And heard the voice which came to Him from heaven.
No more, as once, neglected and forgot,
A source of superstitious fears to all,
The resting-place of those we mourn remains,
Planted with trees, vocal with songs of birds
Whose music, morn and eve, fills all the grove ;
Adorned with flowers of every hue and kind,
With cheerful hopes we consecrate the grave.
Engraved on humble stone, or splendid tomb,
The holy texts of Scripture meet the eye ;
Or words of poet speaking heart to heart,
That tell men of a higher life to come.
While thus I tread these much frequented paths,
And hold communion with the loved and mourned,
The mystic veil between us thinner grows,
And nearer seems the time, when Christ shall come
To abolish death, and triumph o'er the grave.

THE WOUNDED PIGEON.

AND thou wast out on yesternight
When the wind blew so high a gale,
And rain and darkness gathered might
Joined with its loud and angry wail !
When rose the storm to smite each roof,
And the tree's lofty pride lay low ;
And, swift as shuttles through the woof,
To drive the tall ships to and fro.
Thee, too, a wanderer from some cot,
Driven up and downward in its whirl,
Amid the mightier things it wrought,
Against our porch it came to hurl.
Poor dove ! the door man enters oft
Opened not to thee in thy distress,
Nor rose the window by thee soft
With hands outstretched to save and bless.
Not so, she who from the waters back
Returning sought the wandering ark,
When yet her foot had left no track,
Was welcomed to the tossing bark.
But here thy wounds unheeded flowed,
Nor heard thy moans, nor tapping bill ;
Unknown thy pangs, till morning glowed,
And seen thy blood upon the sill.
Perhaps thy wounds by this are healed,
And thou 'st forgot the unsheltered place ;
But I were to instruction steeled
Should I forget thy suffering's trace.
Full oft the eyes are closed in sleep
Too deep to wake at misery's call ;
Full oft a feeble watch we keep
When, without aid, the weak must fall.
Lord ! strengthen me the hour to heed
That brings the sufferer to my door,
That I may to his succor speed,
Ere yet the time Thou giv'st be o'er.

WHAT IS A WORD?

WHAT is a word? A spirit-birth,
Born of the living soul,
Which, uttered by the voice of man,
Time's power cannot control.

A gift thou art to man alone,
To bird and beast denied ;
To show that to the heavenly race
His nature is allied.

Mysterious Essence ! Birth and death
Are in one instant thine ;
Yet, born and dying with a breath,
Thy being is divine.

The outward world thou dost ally
To things by man unseen,
And, like an angel, ever pass
The heavens and earth between.

Thou dost to childhood's feeble powers
A help to knowledge lend,
And aid the race, from age to age,
Its wisdom to transcend.

Thou tellest of the distant Past,
And bid'st it live again,
And canst with mystic key unlock
The Future's dim domain.

Still, lingering in our common tongue,
We hear the elder speech,
And words which fell from Adam's lips
His latest offspring reach.

The world and all it holds shall fade,
 And man himself shall die ;
 But thou, unchanged, shalt live the same
 Through God's eternity.

THE SOLITARY WORSHIPPER.

A single member of the Society of the Friends in Boston is said to have gone to their place of worship for some years after all his fellow-worshippers were dead.

ALONE and silent there he sat
 Within the house of prayer,
 Where once with him his brethren met
 In silent worship there.
 They all had gone ; the young and old
 Were gathered to the dead ;
 He saw no more their friendly looks,
 He heard no more their tread.
 Yet still he loved, as came the day
 When they were wont to meet,
 To tread the old familiar way,
 And take his 'customed seat.
 Plain was the place : an humble hall,
 In which he sat alone ;
 The show of forms, the pride of art
 To him were all unknown.
 No organ pealed its solemn notes,
 No choir the stillness broke,
 No preacher read the sacred page,
 Or to his hearer spoke.
 He needed not these outward things
 To wake the reverent mind,
 For other ends than such as this
 They seemed to him designed.
 In silence, gathered to himself,
 The Spirit he implored ;
 And without speech, or outward sign,
 The Father he adored.
 And to his mind was opened then
 The meaning of the word,

"Ask and receive," "seek ye and find,"
 The Spirit of the Lord.
 That Spirit strengthened and consoled,
 And gave him inward sight,
 And on his lonely, darkened path
 It threw a heavenly light.
 No more alone! For he had come
 To Zion's holy hill,
 The city of the Living God,
 That saints and angels fill.
 The elders there with silver locks,
 The sisters' modest grace,
 The young in all their innocence
 With glory filled the place.
 No cloud of sorrow or of care
 A soul had ever known,
 There in that happy band he saw,
 Nor felt it e'er alone.
 Their looks of peace, and love unchanged
 Assured his trembling soul,
 And bade him banish every fear,
 And every doubt control.
 With them again as when on earth
 He held communion sweet,
 And by their sympathy was made
 For Heaven's own worship meet.

MY DEAR BROTHER WASHINGTON.

HE passed away with morning light,
 Released from every pain;
 For him the weary hours of night
 No longer could remain.

O holy Light! that blessed his eyes
 Before they closed in peace;
 Symbol of that which doth arise
 When earthly sorrows cease!

The sun arose ; with faith possessed,
He felt his Father near ;
And sank in peaceful, childlike rest,
Without a doubt or fear.

In that last hour, with parting breath
His sorrowing friends he cheered ;
And, as in life, so in his death,
He was to all endeared.

Still with the eye of faith I see
His form to us so dear,
Though dimmed my earthly sight may be
With many a falling tear.

THE CAMPHENE LAMP.

FATAL Lamp ! whose brilliant ray
Shines in homes of rich and poor,
Yet more false than leads astray
Lonely traveller on the moor.

Thou dost in man's dwelling come,
Promising to aid and bless,
But hast filled his peaceful home
With keen anguish and distress.

Gathered round the social board,
At the happy evening hour,
Each to each in love restored,
What for evil can have power ?

Naught but thee, thou baleful light !
Author of so many woes !¹
Better far primeval night
Than the day thy beam bestows.

¹ It has been stated that the aggregate destruction of human life annually in this country, from the use of Camphene and other burning fluids, is greater than by all the accidents on steamers and railroads.

Like the box that artful Jove
 Gave the first of human-kind,
 Thou a curse to man dost prove,
 Every plague in one combined.

Wise Prometheus did reject
 E'en the gift of heaven's high king ;
 We should treat with like neglect
 Gifts that death and suffering bring.

Let the Press its warning sound,
 Till no more sad tales we hear,
 And thy light no more be found
 In the homes to us so dear.

Or, till Science' morning ray
 With its noon-day lustre shine,
 And has come the perfect day,
 When her gifts all prove benign.

THE LIGHT STILL SHINING IN THE DARK- NESS.

ONCE I musing was in spirit,
 Why the Light in darkness shone ;
 Why, amidst the early ages,
 It by men was never known ?

Though essential, uncreated,
 Though within the mind it beamed,
 Yet the Light none comprehended,
 Prophets mused and sages dreamed.

Then to me a voice there answered :
 " Why thy wonder thus express ?
 In the world that Light still shineth,
 All mankind to save and bless.

“ But how few behold its glory,
 Shining in the Saviour’s face!
 And how few His life have copied,
 Full of heavenly truth and grace ! ”

And though everywhere it shineth
 Brighter than the orb of day,
 Men and nations still reject it,
 Walking not in wisdom’s way.

But to all, who love, receive it,
 They the sons of God become,
 Dwelling with the Lord forever
 In His bright, eternal home.

THE COASTERS.

UPON the coaster’s spreading sails
 December’s sun is shining bright ;
 And to their port, with favoring gales,
 They ’ll safely come ere falls the night ;
 Secure from harm has been their way,
 No wintry storms have swept the bay.

From yon high hill I saw their fleet,
 By many a gallant crew ’t was manned ;
 A pleasant company they meet,
 And steer their courses near the land ;
 Joyous, for now all danger’s past,
 The rocky shore, the icy blast.

But a few days ; and others, tossed,
 Strive manfully their port to reach ;
 In storm and darkness they are lost,
 Their spars and rigging strew the beach ;
 And frozen, stretched upon the sand,
 Lie some of that brave sailor band !

In nobler fight they did contend
 Than that in which war's heroes fall ;
 In peaceful toil they found their end ;
 War's strife the world doth glory call ;
 But these should have a nobler name
 Than heroes, on the roll of fame.

Not with their fellow-men they strove,
 To waste the earth, destroy and kill,
 But o'er the ocean loved to rove,
 To toil with courage, strength, and skill ;
 And, 'midst the elements' fierce strife,
 To conquer, or to yield their life.

Varied and strange life's shifting scene !
 Like ocean's ever-changing form ;
 To-day, all peaceful and serene,
 To-morrow, dark with clouds and storm.
 Oh, that we might in Him confide,
 Who to blest ends doth all things guide.

"Tuesday night, the schooner Weaver, of Glen Creek, N. J., went to pieces near Sandy Hook, and her entire crew were lost." — *Transcript*, March 22, 1876.

"FOR God's sake, help!" the drowning seaman cries ;
 But vain man's help, the shoremen cannot save !
 The driving snow-clouds blind their gazing eyes,
 Vessel and crew are whelmed beneath the wave !
 But trust in God still filled his fainting soul,
 Whose power he witnessed on the raging deep ;
 May the same trust the mourners' hearts control,
 And comfort those who for their loved ones weep.
 Have faith in God ! Man's help, at times, is vain
 To reach the sufferers on life's dangerous coast ;
 His power alone can then their souls sustain ;
 In mortal aid, or skill, how vain our boast !
 But they who trust in Him shall find Him near,
 To calm their minds, and banish every fear.

THE HOMELESS WIND.

WHERE hast thou been roaming,
Thou houseless, homeless wind?
Thy voice is sad and moaning,
Thou hast none of thy kind.

WIND.

I've been in lone places,
Upon the wild sea-shore,
Where billow billow chases,
And listened to their roar.

I saw the sailor tossing
Upon the stormy sea ;
He sighed, while ocean crossing,
In sympathy with me.

I've heard the roar of battle,
And soldiers' dying wail ;
Men fell, like herds of cattle,
Beneath War's leaden hail.

I've been on the high hilltop,
And on the lonely plain :
Where'er I roamed, I could not stop
Contented to remain.

For still that wail pursued me,
More sad and deep than mine ;
No sounds upon the land or sea
Its sadness can define.

But now around man's dwelling,
From places lone and drear,
My story I've been telling,
But found I none to hear.

For no one there had feeling
 For the houseless, homeless wind,
 To receive its sad revealing
 In sympathy of mind.

EDUCATION.

WHAT is it to educate a human soul?
 Is it to teach it how to read and write,
 Grammar, arithmetic? is this the whole?
 Can these alone teach it to live aright?
 Such knowledge is but means unto an end,
 Too oft to earth's brief, narrow sphere confined;
 But higher thoughts there are, that these transcend,
 Motives enduring as the human mind:
 The love of knowledge, human and divine,
 The love of goodness, purity, and truth.
 Happy the teacher who can souls incline
 To virtuous ends in early days of youth,
 And, while he useful knowledge doth impart,
 Inspires the soul, the teacher's noblest art.

THE NINE-O'CLOCK BELL.

'T IS "nine o'clock;" but few the summons heed.
 The street is full of passers to and fro;
 No homes they seek, no homes they seem to need;
 And some, alas! a home may never know.
 They hear no voice of father, mother dear,
 To bid them "sure return when rings the bell;"
 In its loud tones no friendly signal hear
 Of household cares, and loving hearts to tell,
 Trained in a different school, the people now
 No steady habits, nor obedience gain,
 To keep good hours, when duty calls, to go,
 Are all forgot for pleasure, feasting, gain.
 Ring on, Old Bell! and from their ways recall
 Gay, thoughtless youth, and warn them lest they fall!

CAPTAIN SAMUEL COOK.

WELL I remember him long years ago,
 As on our vessel's deck I saw him stand ;
 When yet, the Crescent City far below,
 He came to take my father ¹ by the hand.
 And with him Noble, Felt, and Hooper there,
 Brave captains then, like him, and in their prime,
 Yet none more ruddy, and erect, and fair ;
 Remembered well through fifty years of time.
 But all are gone ! himself the last to leave
 This changing scene for higher, nobler life !
 Why for the agèd seaman should we grieve,
 Who bore so well life's storms, and ocean's strife ?
 Safe in the harbor of an endless rest,
 With those he mourned, and loved on earth the best.

TO THE MEMORY OF ALPHEUS CROSBY.

A NOBLE life, well spent in learning's cause,
 And public good, has passed from earth away !
 With saddened thoughts, in its swift round, we pause,
 A heart-felt tribute to its worth to pay.
 E'en from his youth, to studious lore inclined,
 By day, by night, he turned the classic page,
 And, by his studies cultured and refined,
 He gave new grace and culture to the age.
 Nor less he labored for the public good,
 In every noble work an earnest man ;
 Boldly the power of Slavery, War, withstood,
 A true reformer, ever in the van.
 Our loss it is, not his, that we deplore,
 That we on earth shall see his face no more !

¹ Captain Jones Very, of the barque *Aurelia*, of Boston. Seeing her signal, Captain Cook, of the ship *Delphos*, came down the river in his boat to meet us, before we arrived at the city.

OLIVER C. FELTON, ESQ., OF BROOKFIELD.

FAR from his early charge, at four-score years,
 The agèd Teacher passed from earth away ;
 With saddened heart each distant pupil hears,
 Who knew so well his worth in life's young day.
 Faithful and earnest, to his calling true,
 With knowledge he the gift of teaching brought ;
 For not the lore of books alone he knew,
 But by his life, and friendly guidance taught.
 With honor passed his peaceful, happy age,
 Serving in after-years, his town and state ;
 In rural labors loved he to engage,
 Till gathered like a shock of corn, full late !
 Long will his pupils cherish here his fame,
 In love and honor hold their teacher's name.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

WITH the spirit Christians sung,
 In the Church's early days ;
 Every heart and every tongue
 Joined the soul-inspiring praise,

Giving thanks for every gift,
 Asking wisdom, asking grace ;
 Thus they sought their souls to light,
 When they met, in every place.

Vain the labored strains of art,
 That but please the nicer ear ;
 'T is the music from the heart
 That the common heart doth cheer.

Simple tunes, that lingering dwell
 In the temple of the mind,
 And with secret, holy spell
 Soul to soul forever bind.

Strains that lift our thoughts above
 Earthly toil and earthly care ;
 Filling all our souls with love
 Every grief and joy to share.

SUPERFLUITIES.

I.

How many things there are in common life
 That needful seem, because they always lie
 About us everywhere ; we ask not why.
 We were born with them, and in vain our strife ;
 For heavier grow the burdens we must bear,
 Till childhood even has a look of care.
 And, growing with our growth, the things of sense
 Like to an army gather daily round ;
 Till scarce they 've left a passage to us hence
 Big as a needle's eye, so close they have bound.
 Thus custom, luxury, do man's life control,
 Pamper the body, starve the immortal soul ;
 Till we forget our high and heavenly birth,
 And deem ourselves at length but sons of earth.

II.

And what's the remedy ? All at once to break
 The thousand cords of this connected life,
 And by one step, a hermit, end the strife ?
 Will selfish solitude man nobler make ?
 Or shall we leave our home the world to rove,
 And to our social duties faithless prove ?
 Nay, let not rashness, haste, the burden try ;
 Nor pleasure-seeking mind, that loves to stray ;
 These are the very things we should deny,
 For more than all our other evils they.
 Rather be patience, suffering long the road,
 On which we learn to bear life's 'customed load ;
 Perhaps, while through its darkling paths we tread,
 A light shall beam, and prove its guiding thread.

EVOLUTION.

I.

BECAUSE the gradual growth of things we see,
 And naught at once mature and perfect made ;
 From tiny seed the lofty branching tree,
 Yielding at length its fruit and thick-leaved shade ;
 Or, from the egg, we see the bird, or beast,
 By gradual growth to perfect stature grow ;
 Tracing all forms, the mightiest from the least ;
 We think the origin of things we know.
 In the same order we ourselves do live,
 Nor aught immediate see, nor understand ;
 But to phenomena a meaning give,
 As if man's narrow thought had Nature planned ;
 Nor rise with reverent mind and faith sublime,
 Above the encircling bounds of space and time.

II.

Man's thoughts turn on himself. And whence is Man ?
 He asks. What countless forms, and changes vast,
 Since first his life upon the earth began !
 In vain do we interrogate the past ;
 The torch of knowledge doth but dimly show
 His path from land to land, from clime to clime ;
 And who, by natural descent, can know
 His origin, or era date in time ?
 Yet is he one, where'er his feet have trod ;
 Though changed in mind, as well as outward frame,
 Created in the image of his God,
 Though lost by some the knowledge of His Name,
 Our brother still, and destined too, as we,
 To share the ages of eternity.

THE INDIAN CALLS.

THE Indian calls ! Grant him a place of rest
 From wrong and violence forever free ;
 Grant him a portion of the boundless West,
 Where he may dwell, and learn to live like thee.
 There let him learn to till the fruitful soil,
 Subdue his passions fierce by reason's sway ;
 And find how vast the gains of patient toil,
 And all his nobler energies display :
 There let him learn it was not all a dream
 His fathers taught him of the Indian's heaven,
 That there, beyond the mighty western stream,
 That home of rest may yet to him be given ;
 Where he shall know His love who died for all,
 And on his Heavenly Father learn to call.

THE INDIANS' BELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE.

BEYOND the river, they believe
 A happy country still is found,
 When their wild, roving life is o'er,
 Where forests, streams, and game abound.

Beyond the canyons' gloomy sides,
 Where scarce can pierce the light of day,
 A happy hunting-ground there is,
 Though men know not the trackless way.

Beyond the mountains' distant heights
 There is a fairer earth and sky,
 Where, unmolested, they shall dwell
 As warriors, hunters, when they die.

Beyond the ocean, where the sun
 Sinks in his journey to the west,
 They say their weary wandering tribes
 Shall find at length a home, a rest.

Thus dream they of the spirit-land,
 Nor higher rest they hope to find ;
 They know no country of the soul,
 No home for the immortal mind.

Beyond, and still beyond *we* gaze,
 For the green earth is not our home ;
 A heavenly country, too, we seek,
 Where we, like them, no more shall roam.

ON THE LATE TORNADO, AT WALLING-
 FORD, CONN.

WITH aimless fury hurries on its path,
 For so it seems unto man's narrow mind,
 The dread tornado, messenger of wrath !
 Like to some maddened giant strong and blind.
 Yet Mercy guides its course, confines its sway,
 From the beginning to the appointed end ;
 For Nature's forces all One law obey,
 And none can its allotted bounds transcend.
 The stormy winds, O God, thy word fulfil,
 As doth the gentle breeze, that whispers peace ;
 All are obedient to Thy holy will ;
 Thou dost command, and fiercest tempests cease ;
 And men, with grateful hearts, again rejoice,
 Awed, chastened, humbled, by Thy Sovereign Voice.

CADMUS.

THE ancient Greeks a fable had, that he
 Who brought them letters sowed a dragon's teeth,
 And armed men sprung up. Some wisdom we
 Perhaps may find the fable's form beneath.
 No gift so great but may be turned to ill ;
 Thus e'en with letters may be born fierce strife,
 And armed men spring up to fight and kill,
 And that bring death which should have brought us life.

The Press may grow corrupt, deceitful words,
 The seeds of war, scatter in every land ;
 Till men shall beat their ploughshares into swords,
 And armed men spring up on every hand !
 Ah, when will God's great gift of human speech
 Naught but His love to all His children teach ?

ON VISITING THE GRAVES OF HAWTHORNE AND THOREAU.

BENEATH these shades, beside yon winding stream,
 Lies Hawthorne's manly form, the mortal part !
 The soul, that loved to meditate and dream,
 Might linger here unwilling to depart,
 But that a higher life has called away
 To fairer scenes, to nobler work and thought.
 Why should the spirit then on earth delay,
 That has a glimpse of such bright regions caught !
 And near another, Nature's child, doth rest, —
 Thoreau, who loved each woodland path to tread ;
 So gently sleeping on his mother's breast !
 Living, though numbered with the numerous dead.
 We mourn ! But hope will whisper in the heart,
 We meet again ! and meet no more to part.

THE TELEPHONE.

THE marvel of our age, the Telephone !
 What is the Telephone, do you inquire ?
 The marvel of our time, before unknown,
 The human voice speaks through the electric wire !
 The distant city hears the spoken word,
 In waves of sound, transmitted o'er the line ;
 The notes of music in sweet strains are heard ;
 From Boston comes the song of "Auld Lang Syne."
 These triumphs o'er the world of space and time
 The Telegraph and Telephone can show ;

And Science now, with joy and faith sublime,
Doth a new gift upon the race bestow.
Beneath the ocean soon man's voice may reach,
And a new power be given to human speech.

THE AFRICAN'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE OCEAN.

WITHOUT an end the world had seemed,
A boundless plain, where they were born ;
Stretching beyond the setting sun,
And where again it rose at morn.

And so the ancients them had taught,
Their fathers' fathers all believed ;
Nor of an end they ere had dreamed,
But as the truth their words received.

But when they saw the ocean wide,
And all its grandeur on them broke,
With wonder and amazement filled,
The voice of Nature in them spoke.

The world itself they seemed to hear
Say, "I am finished ! I am no more !"
The world, your fathers' boundless thought,
Is ended at the ocean's shore.

The end ! Oh thought beyond our grasp,
Which earth, and sky, and ocean teach ;
To which all Nature witness bears,
Though not in transient human speech.

HEALTH OF BODY DEPENDENT ON THE
SOUL.

NOT from the earth, or skies,
Or seasons as they roll,
Come health and vigor to the frame,
But from the living soul.

Is this alive to God,
And not the slave of sin,
Then will the body too receive
Health from the soul within.

But if disease has touched
The spirit's inmost part,
In vain we seek from outward things
To heal the deadly smart.

The mind, the heart unchanged,
Which dimmed the light of home,
Will make the outward world the same,
Where'er our feet may roam.

The fairest scenes on earth,
The mildest, purest sky,
Will bring no vigor to the step,
No lustre to the eye.

For He, who formed our frame,
Made man a perfect whole ;
And made the body's health depend
Upon the living soul.

OLD HOUSES OF SALEM.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE M. WHITE.

THESE humble dwellings, old and quaint,
The artist bids us view,
A history have, which often shames
The modern, grand, and new.

For here the wealthy and the poor,
The high-born and the low,
Contented dwelt ; nor cared for gain,
For grandeur, or for show.

Honest and true, and pure, and kind,
Their homes and hearths they loved ;
And to each other in their need
They firm and faithful proved.

The wilderness they here subdued
By manly toil and pain ;
Or on the ocean bravely strove
A livelihood to gain.

They worshipped God in purity,
In spirit, and in love,
And sought on earth a church to be,
Like to the Church above.

They sought a Commonwealth to found,
A free and Christian State,
Now, through their toil and suffering,
Grown strong, and rich, and great.

A lesson may their children learn,
As here their homes they see :
That not in wealth, or outward good,
Is man's nobility ;

To keep, improve the heritage,
Which they have handed down ;
By virtuous lives, and noble deeds,
Our fathers' work to crown.

KNOW THYSELF.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING DR. A. E. MILLER'S LECTURES
ON THE HUMAN BODY.

WHO with dull mind can view man's wondrous frame,
And not with deepest reverence and awe ?
For from the hand of God at first it came,
And from His breath did life and motion draw.
The bones, which show such marvellous strength and skill,
The blood, which circulates through every vein,
The ever-moving lungs the air doth fill,
The pulsing heart, the all-directing brain.
What higher knowledge than thyself to know ?
Though countless objects gain our time and thought,
On our own frame we scarce a thought bestow,
The body thus so marvellously wrought ;
The type of that, which shall immortal be,
From pain, disease, and death forever free.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

No gloom o'er Nature's face is spread,
Though to his rest her son is gone ;
He who her choir in song has led,
And her bright crown and laurel won.

She comes in all her beauty, bloom,
To deck the forest, field, and hill ;
Her roses breathe their sweet perfume,
Her songs the groves with music fill.

Why should we mourn? With honors crowned,
 And length of days, he passed away;
 A nobler life than this has found;
 Why on the earth prolong his stay?

Why mourn the Patriot and the Man,
 Lover of Country and his race;
 Who, in his broad, far-reaching plan,
 Could all mankind as one embrace?

Why do we mourn? for still shall live
 The strains which Nature's self inspired;
 To other minds his genius give,
 And other hearts by his be fired.

ON VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,

AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE BARKER.

AMIDST those scenes of wonder do I stand,
 Though not in bodily presence, but in thought;
 Stupendous works of the Almighty's hand,
 By artist's skill before my vision brought.
 The deep, strong floods that downward ever pour,
 The mists that from their bosom ever rise,
 I see, and almost seem to hear the roar
 Of many waters sounding to the skies.
 The littleness of man, the power of God,
 Doth to the sight as visible appear!
 So felt the Indian as these scenes he trod;
 'T was the Great Spirit's voice he seemed to hear,
 That the deep silence of the forests broke,
 And to his children in its thunders spoke.

THE SEPULCHRE OF THE BOOKS.

It appears that Gore Hall, which was finished for the library of Harvard College in the year 1841, is "unsuitable and inconvenient," that "it will never be what is wanted for a library." The objections are: "the bad light, the discomfort in winter, the entire want of private rooms for any of the officers of the library, or for *strangers* visiting it to make investigations, or for any of the persons employed in it, and . . . the slow but certain ruin of the books by dampness." This account of the library building is taken from the last printed report [1867?] which we have at hand of the Librarian. There is something suggestive in the fact that he speaks of such occasional persons who look in to make investigations, as "strangers."

This description gives the merit of prophecy to the striking verses with which Mr. Jones Very, in January, 1841, heralded the completion of this building.

'T is a high stone pile,
It will hold them all,

The books of the great and the books of the small;
They gather to their place of rest,
From the north and the south, the east and the west.

Come gather them in,
Come gather them in,

They have done on earth their work of sin;
This high stone pile it will hold them all,
They will sleep on forever, at rest in Gore Hall.

The place of the Skulls!
The place of the Dead!

The dim light will show them, as through it we tread.
See here these huge columns, these vast, heavy stones:
'T is the tomb of the Books, 't is the high place of Bones.

The hemlock and pine
Around it here wave;

They will sleep on in silence, they have found here a grave.
Look here on each side, what a high massy wall!
They will sleep on forever, at rest in Gore Hall.

All silent, all silent,
They rest in this pile,

No more to bewilder, no more to beguile ;
In silence unbroken their sepulchre be,
No light save the candle their resting-place see.

STANDLEY'S GROVE.

How quick upon the eye and mind
Flashes the prospect on the sight ;
Like a surprise which Nature planned
For those who climb this lofty height.

With patient steps we upward wind,
Till on its rocky brow we stand ;
Where, at one glance, we see outspread
A picture fair of sea and land !

The harbor with its islands green,
The rocks o'er which the breakers foam,
And, inland far, the city's spires,
The factory's towers, and many a home

From which a merry band has come
Of sportive children, bright and fair,
To swing and dance and rove and sing,
And breathe awhile a purer air.

Their elders, too, their sports enjoy,
For once they all were children too ;
'Mid scenes like this their years forget,
And with the young their youth renew.

The music and the social feast
Add to the pleasures of the hour,
And swift the winged moments fly,
Beneath the pine grove's sheltering bower.

For see aglow the western sky
With the last rays of parting day !
We bid farewell to hill and grove,
And to our homes we speed away.

480
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27
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270

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