

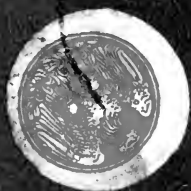
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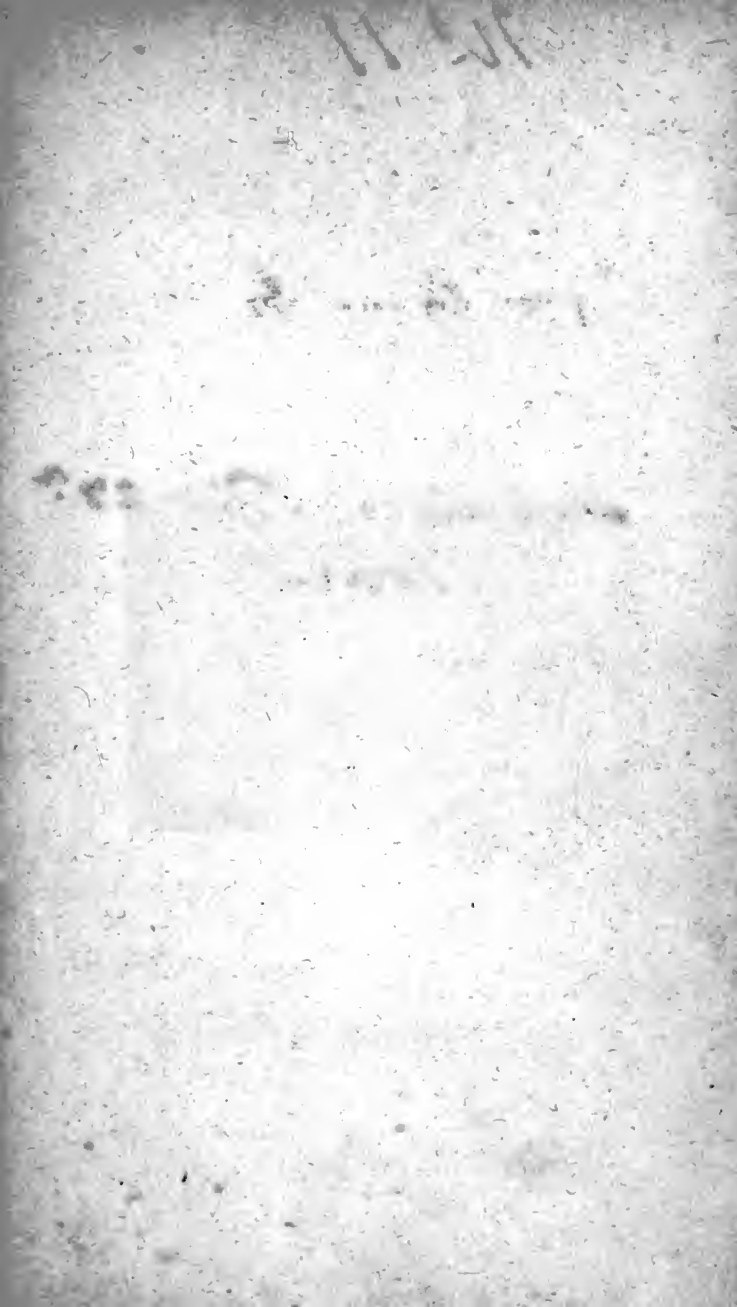
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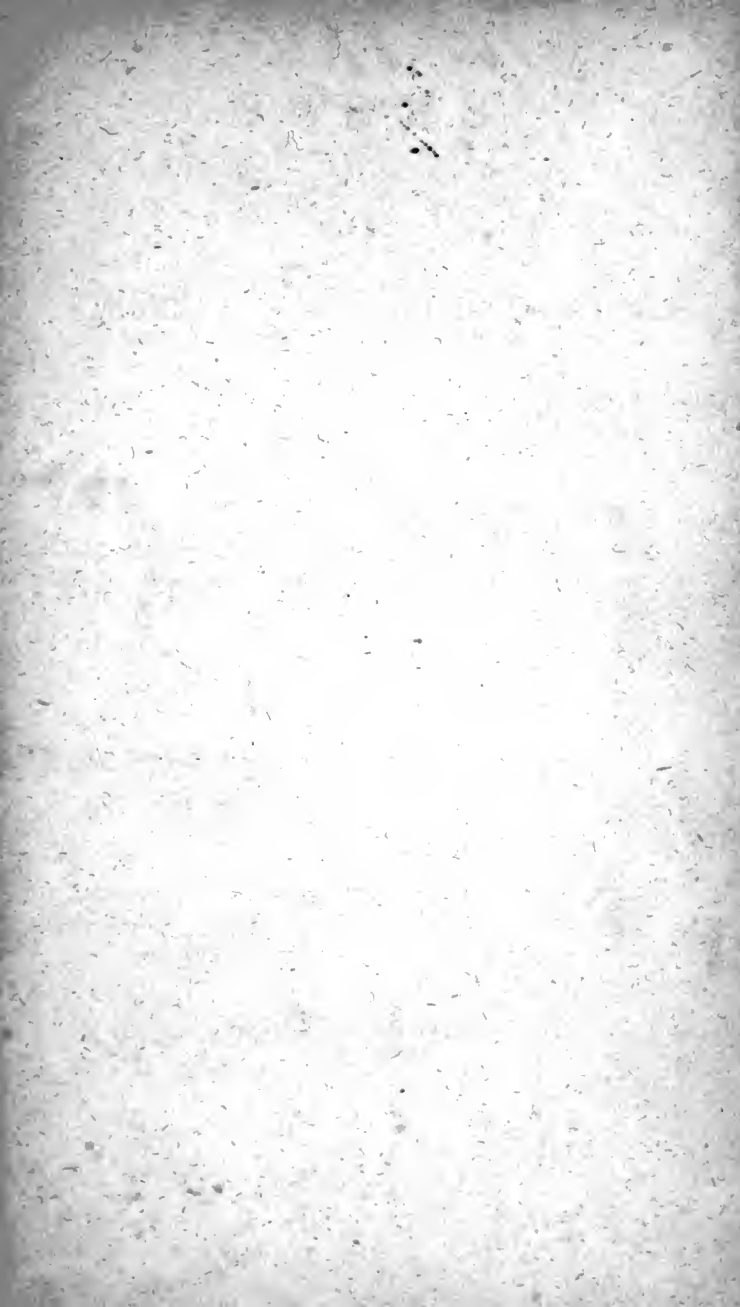
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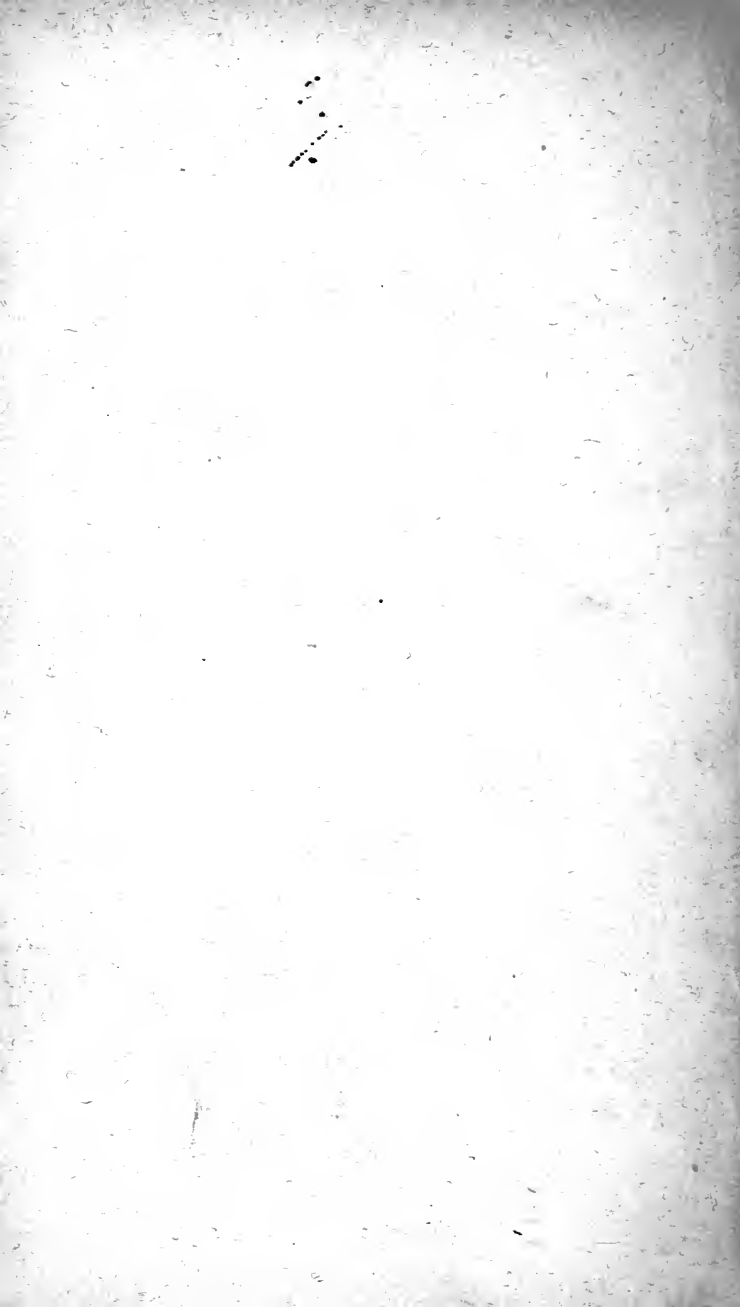
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









P O E M S,

M O R A L A N D R E L I G I O U S .

BY

B E N J A M I N S M I T H .



“Talk they of morals! O, thou bleeding love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.”

P I T T S B U R G H .

1842.

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INTRODUCTION.

To come before the public, and proclaim
 Truths that are popular, there 's few will blame;
 For popularity is like a flood
 That few withstand—there 's but a few that would:
 Hence, if it grace the tuneful Poet's lays,
 The few are silent, while the mass give praise.
 But if some truth is brought to public view,
 The many *question*, but beloved by few—
 Some truth that speaks aloud that God is just,
 Nor spares one prejudice nor darling lust,
 Who changeth not, nor will obeisance pay
 To *any sin*—hates every evil way—
 They shrink instinctively, and fear the sight;
 (If of the day, why tremble at the light?)
 Though truth in his most beauteous garb appear,
 See not his charms, and still as slow to hear!

If, in this humble volume, truth declare
 That God is Lord, his presence every where,
 Sustaining all the creatures of his hand,
 The common FATHER still in every land;
 Hence, all alike are objects of his care;
 Hence, some in every clime his image bear—
 Blame not the truth, nor act a part absurd;
 Its basis is the *sure eternal Word!*
 Nor dare we falter—speak the truth in love—
 Our record is on high—our Lord above.

In doctrines, where the churches disagree,
 Truth was our object, being truly free—
 Free from the servile influence of sect,
 Or truth approve, or error to detect;
 Free from the sting a consciousness must leave
 Of teaching any thing we don't believe;
 Free to approach a gracious mercy seat,
 Or sit, like Mary, at our Master's feet:
 His gracious favor *first* I would secure,
 And *next* the love of all the fold insure:
 Faithful to him, the true, the living Rock,
 And kind as faithful to his little flock!
 When any *slight* a faithful course attends,
 One smile from him will amply make amends!
 Whene'er I suffer—suffer for his sake,
 Sweet to reflect, *He knows the way I take.*

O, thou rejected but exalted Lamb,
 Let those who pierc'd thee NOW BEHOLD THE MAN
 Resume his sceptre, and triumphant reign
 O'er earth, and sea, and nature's wide domain!
 Enter thy church, thy temple, as of old,
 Drive out each guilty thing divides thy fold!
 Pour out thy Spirit freely from above,
 Unite thy flock in bonds of Christian love:
 Then will thy church with vernal beauty bloom,
 And earth will own thee victor o'er the tomb!

And, O, upon this feeble effort smile,
 Imperfect, though remote from hate or guile;
 An humble effort; but designed to be
 A faithful transcript of thy love to me!
 An humble effort, truly; "but sincere—
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here."

In the arrangement of this work, the author has had respect especially to time and place, placing those pieces first in order which were first written, and, of consequence, those written in this country subsequent to those written in Europe. This order, of course, will place his juvenile efforts first; but he thought it more eligible, upon the whole, and calculated to make it more simple and interesting. The two pieces immediately following were written by an uncle. They may possibly please some readers, and are therefore inserted.

STANZAS FROM AN UNCLE

I'm bound for India's distant shore,
 Where often-times I've been before,
 When healthful, young and free;
 And as we stem the mighty tide,
 I'll oft think on that fireside,
 In peaceful Mottalee.

O, may that fireside be blest;
 That home that gave a pilgrim rest—
 A respite from his toils!
 These thoughts shall oft console my mind,
 Cheer the night watch—allay the wind,
 And soothe my days with smiles!

FROM THE SAME.

Nephew, adieu! with favoring gale,
 The Herald spreads her flowing sail;
 Ere England's coast recedes my view,
 This wafts my long farewell to you!

Farewell, my friend! although we part,
 Yet, still believe a kindred heart
 To you returns, where'er you be,
 In Magherafelt or Mottalee.

If fate ordain that I should fall,
 While ranging this terraqueous ball,
 My warmest thoughts will rest with you—
 My latest breath will sigh—adieu!

 EPITAPH.

If ever fortitude deserv'd a sigh—
 If ever friendship claim'd the swelling tear;
 That firm, heroic, e'en when death was nigh,
 This constant, glowing, ardent and sincere!
 Pause, reader! one lies lowly mouldering here,
 Whom once these blooming virtues did pervade
 But this is not their own, their native sphere;
 They may not linger from their kindred shade.

ELEGY, ON A SISTER'S DECEASE.

She died in a few hours sickness, by the rupture of a blood vessel.

Alas! how vain is beauty in the bloom!
 How fleeting life in ev'ry circle here!
 The sand has run—we drop into the tomb—
 This moment health and vigor—next the bier!

Reader, defer no longer to be wise,
 Nor let vain fancy flutter in thy breast;
 To-morrow's sun may not to thee arise!
 O, seek—seek now—thy soul's eternal rest!

Do health and beauty mingle in thy cheek?
 Yesterday saw her look as gay—as free;
 But solemn night arrives—the shadows break,
 And morn announc'd her in Eternity!

As meteors ere their transit often shine
 To th' observer with unusual light;
 Even thus, alas! we've seen the immortal mind
 Seem brightest ere it took its final flight!

Alas! how vain is beauty in the bloom!
 How fleeting life in ev'ry circle here!
 The sand has run—we drop into the tomb—
 This moment health and vigor—next the bier!

A SONNET TO A FRIEND.

Dearest companion of my youth,
 May thou in wisdom grow;
Thy tongue the instrument of truth,
 Thy heart with candor flow!

What conscience dictates to be done,
 May thou with care obey,
And what she teaches thee to shun,
 May thou refrain alway.

Receive these morals I impart,
 As from a friend sincere—
May they be written on thy heart,
 And bud and blossom there.

May fortune's fair though fickle wind
 Fill hope's propitious sail;
And may each ray that gilds thy mind
 Ne'er meet an adverse gale

A NOSEGAY,

Presented to a Female Friend.

These roses, Margaret, truly shed
A fragrance pure as dew;—
The beauteous tinges, sweetly spread,
More sweetly bloom in you.

Though sweet and blooming as you are,
May every season trace
A lustre to each loveliness—
A grace to every grace!

Let envious time remove the bloom
That veils so fair a face;
But virtue, still a richer boon,
Nor time nor death erase!

Fair, pure, eternal, as the source
From which she had her rise;
Hence, in her onward—upward course,
She claims her kindred skies!

As waters to the ocean tend,
Or seek the clouds above;
So virtue's heavenward flight shall end
In God, the fount of love!

ON HAPPINESS.

How vain is a world like this!
Its pleasures are only a sound!
Alas! how imperfect the bliss,
No happiness here to be found!
Some glances of sunshine impart
A transient, a meteor light,
A moment encircle the heart,
But leave it as dreary as night!

O, happiness! dearest of names!
For thee I would all things forego:
The cares, and the sorrows, and pains,
The world, and all things below,
The pleasures that please for a time,
The sorrows that consequent gloom,
And flee to that thrice happy clime,
Where pleasures abidingly bloom!

The portion of all while below,
As truth and experience prove,
Is joy, sorrow, pleasure and woe,
Thus mingled, while pilgrims they move:

The cup of felicity pure,
Ah! say, should probationers taste?
Hence, let not the world allure—
Let all your enjoyments be chaste!

Oh, then, 'tis a world of care,
The better, the sooner away!
Ah! no, Truth and Reason declare,
And, speaking in faithfulness, say,
"The virtuous, pious and wise
Anticipate happiness here,
And drink it unmix'd in the skies,
In a brighter—celestial sphere!"

TO THE REV. ROBERT GAGE,

ON HIS REMOVAL FROM HIS FLOCK AT DROMORE.

Awake, pensive muse! and arise from thy slumbers—

Awake! and in soft, plaintive measures bewail!

For GAGE should awaken the flow of your numbers—

Awake, Lute and Harp! and resound the sad theme!

He 's gone—it is true? Oh, my soul, cease to languish!

He 's gone, and his absence his virtues endear,

While the pensive responses of sorrow and anguish

Break forth in their fulness from all he lov'd here!

On the eve of departure, thy subject was matter

Of joying—while sorrow alone did absorb

The humble, affectionate flock thou didst water

With the streams that make glad the pure city of God!

As the sun, ere he kisses yon western main,

Illumes with new beauty each summit and rill,

And leaves on the mind, in his mild parting beam,

The sense of his loveliness—lovelier still!

To the widow a husband—to the orphan a father,
 To the stranger and indigent still a support:
 To them thou hast look'd with the love of a brother;
 To thee as a friend they might freely resort!
 Thy mind was expanded with goodness and grace,
 Nor dwelt on the perishing joys of a day;
 And thy hand has extended the Olive of peace—
 The Olive that blooms in truth's heavenly ray!

* * * * *

But, Gage, thou shalt view all nature expiring,
 And worlds dissolv'd in a general flame!
 When Heaven and Earth, in one chaos conspiring,
 From dread dissolution no respite can claim!
 Thy spirit shall shine with a splendor excelling
 The sun in his glorious mid-day career—
 Thy mansion stand fast in Eternity's dwelling,
 Thy happiness bloom thro' Eternity's sphere!

Then, farewell, dearest friend! for thy riches are better
 Than all boasted Mexico's gold or Peru!
 Thy character shines by a thousand times brighter
 Than some who move higher, much higher than you.
 Farewell! once again may we meet, ne'er to sunder,
 On the land where there 's sorrow or sighing no more!
 When all shall be lost in amazement and wonder,
 And tune their glad harps on Eternity's shore!

TO AN AFFLICTED YOUNG LADY.

As o'er life's narrow verge we look,
 With wisdom's wistful eye,
 We see, o'er Jordan's troubled brook,
 A mansion in the sky.

A home—a haven—nor care, nor thrall,
 Nor woe, nor ills intrude—
 Prepar'd for thee—prepar'd for all
 Who wash in Jesus' blood!

E'en now that healing fountain 's free;
 Faith points the peaceful way,
 And all who to that fountain flee
 Exult through endless day!

O, may Immanuel say to thee,
 (Whose mercies never cease,)
 "Daughter, thy sin 's forgiven thee!
 Arise, and go in peace!"

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Through life's chequered scenes, there are pleasure and care;
 Some glances of sunshine—some throes of despair—
 Is there any exempt? is there aught can redeem
 From the pain we feel parting with friends we esteem?

But although, when we're parting with friends we hold dear,
 The heart it may sigh, and the eye shed a tear,
 Yet hope—Christian hope, doth illumine the way,
 And points to a meeting some fair future day!

The worldling's sorrow is dark as the night—
 It is full of heart-rendings, remorse and regret;
 But the Christian persuasion, that "all things are mine,"
 Breathes a peace more than human—ecstatic—Divine!

Then, farewell, Christian friend! may each virtuous wish
 Be rewarded, with constancy, goodness and truth!
 May the days of thy life peace and happiness tell,
 Whilst I sigh, with emotion, that sad word—farewell!

LINES TO MISS MARGARET ———,

On Emigrating to America.

We part, but our parting is tinged with bliss;
 I seek a new country—you happy in this;
 If fate should forbid me thy presence to greet,
 'Tis sweet, in thy absence, in fancy to meet!

I seek a new country, and you happy here;
 In one point of view this may truly appear,
 Although, in another, I gladly proclaim,
 The country we're seeking by faith is the same!

Though now for the present I bid you adieu,
 My love and affections still linger with you,
 Nor distant the day, when our souls shall arise,
 And mingle their strains in their own native skies!

Then, fear not the evils of life's winter day,
 But look unto Jesus, the truth and the way:
 He—he is a friend, who will always prove true;
 To Him I commend you, dear Margaret—adieu!

FAREWELL.

We left home on the 6th of April, 1837.

It was a dreary morn, and sad the scene,
 All nature clothed in a robe of snow;
 An April morn, and you'll presume, I ween,
 As sad the current of my spirits' flow.
 It was, alas! and yet it was not so.
 Although to part with all that one holds dear,
 Friends, home and country—every tender tie,
 Awakes emotions, which propel the tear
 Of pensive tenderness—the broken sigh—
 E'en such the conflict, nature seems to die!

Can man be sever'd here from kindred mind—
 From all who lov'd him—all he lov'd below;
 Ties filial, sacred, which his heart entwine,
 Be rent in twain, and no emotion know?
 Ah! surely not—it cannot be, I trow!

What! leave our home, our friends, our parents—all
 We love or estimate beneath the skies,
 And from the eye no tear of sorrow fall,
 And in the soul no sad reflections rise!
 If such there be, they're stoically wise.

Yet 'twas a pleasing morn, though nature bled;
 Now faith had triumph'd over all her foes;
 And nature's tears, so copiously shed,
 Had scarce subsided, when this grace arose.
 The broken heart its healing power knows
 To calm the tumults of the troubled breast!
 "I go with confidence in Israel's king;
 Nay, he is with me—what he wills is best.
 Adieu! dear friends, for his almighty wing
 Will to the haven in peace and safety bring!"

THE OCEAN'S MAJESTY.

Deep, drear, eternal Ocean! in thy pride
 Thou risest to the heavens—behold, apace,
 Thy waves roll downward, in thy turning tide;
 Thy mountains swiftly flee, but to give place
 To other mountains, awful, huge, sublime!
 Rising and mingling with the clouds above,
 Filling the distant heavens with the chime
 Of their dread minstrelsy! I love
 To view thine awful majesty, and see
Mind, thus eternal, godlike, boundless, free!

Thy waves have roll'd and risen, day by day,
 Night after night, for five successive days,*
 And many a tongue that was not wont to pray
 Was thus employ'd—alike unskill'd to praise.
 Deeps to assembling deeps their voices rais'd,
 Each furious billow threatened to devour!
 And e'en at intervals dread tremblings seized
 Hearts that were wont to brook the darkest hour!

* The length of a storm on our passage hither.

My spirit trembled at thine awful voice,
 Yet in thy mighty presence could rejoice!

Oh! how sublimely fearful all around,
 The warring elements of wind and sea!
 This rising, rolling, swelling without bound!
 That, unconfin'd as fancy, fleet and free!
 The mind is wrapt in wonder—and the thought
 That e'en Almighty Power can't restrain,
 By unbelief is into being brought.
 Anon he speaks, and all is peace again!
 Adore, my soul, and magnify his name;
 This God is thine, to endless years the same!

O, that the earth would praise thee! in whose arm
 There is unfailing, everlasting might!
 Who only can defend from every harm!
 Who sits enthron'd in uncreated light!
 Whose eyes can through the thickest darkness pierce!
 Whose grace can quicken, and whose word can guide!
 Whose voice can speak the prison'd soul's release,
 Which owns forthwith no other God beside!
 The bars of iron at his bidding break!
 Let all his works his fearful praises speak!

A VIEW OF THE DELAWARE BAY.

We arrived in Philadelphia (per the John N. Gossler, Capt. Davis, Master,) on the 18th of April, 1837.

Day borrows glory from the sable night,
 And joys from sorrow, too, their sweetness steal;
 So blindness but the more enhances light!
 So woe, alas! prepares the way for weal.
 The sea but gives fresh beauties to the shore!
 The storms, too, but harbinger a calm!
 So, when mount Sinai's thunderings are o'er,
 How sweetly soothing is Gilead's balm,
 Freely unfolded in the Gospel plan.

See night retire!—all hail the glorious dawn!
 Though, virgin-like, veil'd in the dews of night—
 The day approaches—see the vapors gone,
 When, lo! the wish'd-for pilot comes in sight!
 Upon the pinions of the winds he flies;
 'Tis he—'tis even he—how fair the gale!
 Soho! he boards us! O, what thanks arise
 To Him whose tender mercies never fail—
 A faithful friend—nor winds nor waves prevail!

“All hands aloft—the sails give to the breeze!
 Hoist the top-gallant—blow, ye breezes, blow!

The winds are fair—the golden minutes seize!
 Our sails are full, twelve knots we gaily go!"
 The sky 's serene—joy beams in every eye—
 What joyous countenances crowd the deck!
 A voice proclaims, "the beach—the beach is nigh"—
 Of fair beholders now there is no lack—
 The ills forgotten of our chequer'd track.

Hark! 'tis no revery! it is the beach;
 O, who can name its glowing beauties o'er?
 So numerous, nameless, exquisite; nay, each
 Teems with a loveliness unknown before;
 And now, behold, the Bay appears in view,
 With beauteous trees arranged on either side!
 Anon we enter—all's serene and new;
 Who can its peerless beauties all describe,
 Or tell the richness of its swelling tide?

How neat the rural cottages appear!
 The gentle herds are browsing on the lea!
 O, is it pristine innocence that's here?
 O, is it Eden loveliness I see?
 If such the charms of this fleeting scene,
 When Ocean's transient buffetings are o'er,
 O with what transports will fair Canaan teem,
 When life's tumultuous billows are no more;
When all its glories on our vision pour!

MY OWN GREEN ISLE.

Though far away, my own Green Isle,
 In absence still to mem'ry dear,
 Though far away the tender smile—
 My natal home—a mother's tear!
 Though on Columbia's distant hills,
 Where peace and plenty sweetly smile,
 I dearly love thy limpid rills—
 My own Green Isle—my own Green Isle!

A thousand joyous trips I've ta'en,
 In childhood's gay and peaceful hours,
 Along thy gurgling, crystal streams,
 And mark'd the budding, blushing flowers!
 "The birds sang love on every spray,"
 While I, enchanted, gaz'd the while,
 Upon thy daisy-spangled lea—
 My own Green Isle—my own Green Isle?

When, in the bloom of mantling youth,
 With rising lark I've hail'd the morn,
 Or linger'd with the warbling thrush,
 That told the sober eve's return!
 The Sabbath school—the Sabbath bell,
 E'en here its hallow'd notes beguile,
 Aud sigh, in fancy's ear, farewell—
 My own Green Isle—my own Green Isle! *

* Written shortly after my arrival in this country. Now I can say,
 with the Poet,

"For me remains nor time nor space,
 My Country is in every place;
 I can be safe and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there!"

HYMN.

Why should we murmur or repine,
When we are left to weep or mourn
An absent home—an absent friend,
Or wait an absent God's return?

Such evils do and must befall
The children whom He deigns to love;
From pride and self to set them free,
And their unfaithfulness reprove.

We sometimes look above—beneath—
Within—without, and all is drear!
Our souls nor feel, nor find relief,
But in the pensive, swelling tear!

When thus distress'd—when thus forlorn,
We hear the voice of wisdom say,
These trials work your final good,
And strength is equal to your day!

Hush, unbelief! away, my fears!
My soul, no longer be dismay'd—
A Savior's changeless love appears,
" 'Tis I," he says, "be not afraid!"

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL,

“Behold, we count them happy which endure.”—JAS. 5:11

Ah! why thus pensive? why cast down,
 My soul? though lowering clouds surround,
 Trust in the Lord—*forever trust!*
 His presence still sustains the just:
 What though in secret now you groan,
 O'erwhelmed with a weight unknown!
 Though sins arise as mountains high—
 So dark, that e'en they 'clipse the sky—
 And whilst ye seek an absent God,
 The billows leave their mighty bed,
 And in terrific fury roll,
 And seek to 'whelm thee—O, my soul!
 Though earth attack with leer malign,
 And friends against thee, too, combine:
 Though hell, with all her cruel train,
 A wicked triumph seek to gain.

And shoot her fiery darts apace—
 Retard thee in the Christian race;
 Yet then awake your louder cry,
 Your Captain never was so nigh!
 So nigh, the wounded part to heal—
 So nigh, his treasures to reveal;
 So nigh, to check the proudest wave,
 And teach thee e'en its might to brave;
 So nigh, to punish all your foes—
 So nigh, his graces to disclose;
 So nigh, to hear your humble prayer—
 So nigh, in all your griefs to share!

Then, O, my soul, why heavy still?
 Look upward to the heavenly hill!
 This is the path your Savior trod—
 This path will lead you back to God:
 He trod this dreary path alone,
 With many a sigh and bitter groan!
 For thee he trod it undismay'd,
 And was through sufferings perfect made!
 My dear Redeemer, strength impart,
 And save me from this treach'rous heart:
 Teach me to suffer with thee here,
 Nor stop, nor shrink, nor faint, nor fear!
 Revive my graces—make my will
 Thy holy statutes cherish still:

Give me repentance, true, sincere,
 And let me shed the contrite tear—
 Teach me to glory in thy cross,
 And count terrestrial things but loss:
 Teach me to bear contempt and shame,
 Nor ever fear to own thy name:
 And O, my dearest Savior, guide
 Me safely to thy bleeding side—
 There, wash my soul from every stain—
 There, make my leprous spirit clean!
 Nay, e'en my virtues too forgive,
 And in thee only let me live!

- Have I not sought thee, Savior, say,
 By silent night and wakeful day?
 My tears have water'd oft my bed—
 I e'en forget to eat my bread!
 My soul, when rising up to thee,
 Has groan'd in painful agony!
 What sufferings for thee have I borne?
 A friend's contempt—the proud one's scorn!
 But, O, thou faithful One, and true,
 Thou knowest my sins and anguish too—
 Reclaim, dear Lord, thy wandering sheep;
 From every evil safely keep—
 Unto the living waters lead,
 And keep me in the verdant shade!

Give me a lowly heart and eye,
 And let me Abba, Father, cry!
 Every doubt and fear remove,
 And make me know thy changeless love!
 Thy love, as boundless as the sea;
 Nor boundless, but eternal, free—
 Embracing Adam's guilty race,
 Of every grade, and hue, and place.

Then, O, my soul! why faithless still!
 Whence is thy hatred? whence thy will?
 What do you hate? what would you be?
 You hate your chains—you would be free—
 Go to the Savior in your need—
 He can—will make you free indeed!
 This holy hatred—pure desire,
 Was kindled by celestial fire!
 These ardent longings after God
 Do not proceed from flesh and blood,
 But, emanations of his grace—
 E'en rays from his benignant face!
 You see his lovely IMAGE round,
 And feel you tread on holy ground!
 Nay, day and night, you sigh and pine
 To bear an IMAGE so divine!
 And has he turn'd your night to day!
 And will he therefore cast away?

Then hail contempt, reproach and shame—
Who bear the cross the crown obtain!
I kiss the kind chastising rod
That brings my wandering soul to God.
“Thus virtue, in affliction’s night,
Shines with a brighter, purer light;
As night discloses worlds on high
Were hid by day from mortal eye!”

HYMN.

When our graces droop and languish,
Hasten swiftly to decay,
He who knows our grief and anguish
Sheds again the beams of day!

Clouds may spread, and skies may lower—
Billows roll upon the main;
But the Lord of life and power
Speaks our light and peace again!

Saints rejoice—the pleasing story
Sound with your triumphant voice;
Spread around a Savior's glory—
Again, I say—I say, rejoice!

Wait upon him—wait his pleasure;
Though he seem to tarry, wait—
Soon you'll taste his richest treasure—
Soon you'll walk the golden streets!

AN ELEGY TO MY MOTHER.

“Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.” Ps. 110:3.

My Mother! though the briny billows foam
 Between me and my much-lov'd native home;
 Though now a pilgrim in a distant clime,
 A bird of passage, on the stream of time!
 Apart from friends, from all I once rever'd,
 Whose presence sooth'd me, or whose counsels cheer'd,
 From whom I parted, too, with many a tear,
 And bear the sad, though pleasing impress here;
 Though absent here on fair Columbia's shore,
 Unconscious if I e'er shall see thee more!
 To soothe thy glowing evening's calm decline,
 By conduct tender, filial and kind,
 Or lean upon thy bosom, or repair
 The pain my parting may have waken'd there—

Though since we parted full two years have fled,
 And number'd e'en a brother with the dead;
 And though his chastisements have been severe,
 They but awoke the humble, contrite tear!
 Amidst them all, he rais'd his faltering voice
 In sweet submission to his Father's choice;
 Whose last injunction was "to sojourn here,
 That we might meet in an eternal sphere!"
 His little bark has gone a while before,
 Where winds no longer rave, or billows roar—
 Ours linger still, but soon will bear away,
 And hail fair Canaan by some flowery bay!

But, O! can words impart the joys above?
 Nor sin, nor sorrow—all is peace and love!
 Life without languor—light without a shade,
 Where peace and joy and beauty never fade,
 But glow eternal, and forever bloom;
 Nay, cloud the brilliancy of summer noon!
 If here some moments we behold his grace
 Beam so transcendant in a Savior's face,
 That e'en we pant, and sigh, and soar away
 To the bright regions of unclouded day,
 What must the triumph of the spirit be,
 When circled in a bright eternity?

Though many a dreary wave has o'er me pass'd,
 Since the eventful morn we parted last—

The howling winds have risen in their might,
 To bury nature in eternal night!
 The billows rose, unconscious of control,
 And threaten'd ruin to my trembling soul;
 Nay, Earth and Hell against my soul engag'd,
 And in their malice future woes presag'd!
 Nor was the least a vile, deceitful heart—
 Corrupt—deprav'd through every vital part!
 When thus assail'd, within—without—around—
 Oh! who can paint the sorrow that abound?

Thus have I walk'd in darkness, weak and faint,
 And, like the dove, pour'd forth my humble plaint!
 The woods I wander'd, often in my fears—
 My couch I nightly water'd with my tears;
 Thus, pilgrim-like, to earthly pleasures dead;
 Nay, oft I have forget to eat my bread!
 My sighs were wafed on the evening gales,
 That swept the hills, or crossed the lowly vales:
 The Queen of night, and all her silvery train,
 Have oft been witness to my plaintive strain!

My Mother! 'twas my anxious, strong desire,
 Though first awaken'd by celestial fire!
 'Twas needful thus to see myself undone,
 And pride and self obedient thence become—
 Confess the best works of my hands unclean,
 And sue for mercy by some other mean.

The sinner, thus awaken'd, does despair
 To enter Heaven, (if e'er he enter there,)
 By works he may have done, or e'er may do:
 He sees eternal anguish is their due!
 But ere he to this knowledge can attain,
 He faints and works—he works and faints again!
 Though now with joyful wing he soars away,
 He sinks more deeply in the miry clay!
 Baptiz'd in sorrow! death through every pore—
 He soars to sink—he sinks to rise no more!
 Where now is human pride or earthly joy?
 That lacks its lustre! this is but alloy!
 Where now are all we fondly call our own?
 Worth, wit or wisdom? all forever flown!
 What now is human glory? 'tis a name,
 Shame and corruption all we justly claim—
 Earth cloth'd in sackcloth! lacks a single charm;
 A mere nonentity—a blank—a chasm!

Thus, torn from every refuge to the cross,
 An humble suppliant counts all things loss:
 He reads, the work of God is to *believe*
On His dear Son, and gratefully receive
 A Savior's perfect righteousness, and cast
 His tattered garments to the moles at last!
 'This done, his love and zeal begin to glow,
 And tears of joy in quick succession flow;

Lord, I am thine! take all that I can give,
 My body, soul and spirit, while I live:
 Thou hast redeem'd me, and my life shall be
 A living sacrifice, O, Lord, to thee!
 The work is thine! 'tis ours to endure,
 And make our calling and election sure.

'Tis now eternal things appear in sight,
 With an effulgent and transcendant light!
 The fainting soul can scarce the vision bear,
 Though now supported by celestial fare—
 Just knows she 's in the body! such the glare
 By the corruptions that are waken'd there.
 The love of Truth and Holiness obtain
 Complete dominion, and triumphant reign!
 And hence she spurns the sordid baits of sense,
 And loves Him for his native excellence!

Man's moral dignity we now behold
 In living characters of purest gold!
 A soul immortal, burning with the fires
 Of holy purposes and pure desires,
 Spurns the low joys of sense! pursues the road
 That leads her thence unto the living God!
 Panting for His embrace, she wings her flight
 Unto the realms of unclouded light!
 There, in the presence of the Prince of Peace,
 Beholds forever all distinctions cease!

The Prince and Peasant there in one agree—
 Both earthly, sensual—very vanity!
 Weeps o'er the darkness of our lost estate—
 This truth proclaims—that GOD ALONE IS GREAT!
 This—this is evidence, that will direct
 The soul to meet the scaffold or the rack!
 To glory in afflictions, and to brave
 The hosts of hell, or hail the peaceful grave!
 O! if such light break on the sceptic's eyes,
 No more he'll raise his voice against the skies,
 But, in amazement, smote by such a view,
 Exclaim, O, Lord, what wilt thou have me do?

What though the Prince of Darkness would ensnare—
 Beget presumptuous hopes, or fell despair,
 And shoot his fiery darts through all the soul,
 While waves on waves in quick succession roll?
 What though your sins do like a mountain rise,
 Casting their gloomy shadows o'er the skies?
 Before a living faith, the mountains flee,
 And sink forever in a boundless sea!
 What though the roots of sin pervade each part,
 And seem diffused through all the human heart?
 Your faith may say unto this mighty tree,
 Be thou pluck'd up, and forthwith it shall be!
 And in the darkest hour, the humble prayer
 Or rising sigh awakes the Shepherd's care.

From 'neath the clouds the sun will sometimes shine
 With new and living lustre, all Divine—
 Scattering their gloom, as when Sol's peerless light
 Awakes Aurora from the shades of night,
 Pouring o'er all the soul the light of day
 And swelling the grateful, sweet, triumphant lay!

Thus was the Savior when on earth assail'd
 With fierce temptations, but he still prevail'd,
 And on a mountain—in the midnight air,
 For one whole night, he pour'd his soul in prayer!
 But he alone above temptation stood—
 With sighs, and tears, and groans, and sweat, and blood!
 Nor yet as lonely travelers we fare;
 Our brethren, too, the like afflictions bear:
 As ships, when sailing for a common clime,
 Alike are subject to the waves and wind;
 Now, some a favorite course most sweetly glide,
 Anon, the others bear the tempest's pride—
 Again, on those its fury beats apace,
 While these approach th' haven in perfect peace!

Once more, at intervals, the days of youth
 Come o'er me, with their innocence and truth—
 My childhood, youthful merriment and glee—
 A toy, bird's nest, or little busy bee:
 The glowing images that fill the mind,
 Of beauty—pleasure—goodness—every kind,

Thrill every latent heart-string, and bespeak
 Their force and fervor on the glowing cheek!
 The day-dreams all to happiness pertain,
 The nightly visions live them o'er again;
 Or if a cloud but happen to arise,
 It gently falls in tear-drops from the eyes—
 Leaving the mental firmament much more
 Beauteous—cloudless—glowing, than before:
 Each scene was joy—each path was strew'd with flowers!
 Oft have I liv'd again those happy hours!

Thy joy, when I was joyful, and thy care,
 When any sickness would my health impair;
 Thy moral lessons—virtue, truth and love,
 Gently distill'd like dew-drops from above:
 The joyful tidings of a Savior's name,
 His birth and childhood, youth and rising fame;
 His meekness, goodness, and compassion, glow'd
 Within my breast, as from thy lips they flow'd!
 His death and sufferings for our guilty race—
 His bright ascension to his Father's face;
 But time would fail me, were I to declare
 My childish joys, or thy maternal care!

Then, hail, triumphant grace! which can subdue
 The remnant of corruption, and renew
 Us wholly in the image of our God!
 Nay, clothe us in a pure, unspotted robe,

Free from the least alloy of tin or dross,
Woven from Bethlehem to the dreary cross!
O, teach us labor, every evil flee,
And tread the thorny path that leads to thee!
Although 'tis rough and painful, yet we know
Along this path the purest waters flow.
May faith, and hope, and zeal, and love, renew
Our Christian ardor—may we hence pursue
The straight and narrow way that leads on high,
Where tears are wip'd from every weeping eye;
Where peace, and love, and joy, are ever new.
The time is short—nor need I sigh—adieu!

FILIAL FEAR.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Ps. 25:14.

Who would not fear Thee, who has made
 The various tribes of Adam's race,
 Of every clime, and hue, and grade,
 And gave to each his dwelling place?

Who would not fear Thee, who has rear'd
 The pond'rous globe on which we tread?
 The dry land at thy word appear'd,
 The seas their destin'd limits spread.

Who would not fear Thee, who has spoke
 The light and life of rising day—
 The darkness and confusion broke,
 In which chaotic matter lay

Who would not fear Thee, who sustains
 The various orbs that move around;
 Each to its magnet centre chains,
 And marks its stated movements' bound?

Who would not fear Thee, who art pure,
 Whose might and majesty confound?
 Who could thy kindling glance endure,
 Or bear the thunder of thy frown?

Who would not fear Thee, who in love
 Attends to every mourner's cry!
 Whose graces free-born spirits move,
 To soar with eagle pinions high?

Thy saints shall fear Thee, and rejoice
 In Thee—in Thee alone confide;
 To Thee they 'll raise their tuneful voice,
 And know no fear nor trust beside!

THE SAVIOR'S INVITATION TO SINNERS.

"Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." LUKE 14:23.

Come unto me, who labor; o'er whose soul
 The waves of anguish, never ceasing, roll;
 And though with guilt you heavy laden bend,
 Yet dare believe me, even now, your friend!
 Nay, now I am in a special manner near--
 It is my spirit prompts the starting tear:
 I know the leprosy that taints thy soul:
 'Twas sin which gave it: I will make thee whole!

In faith and penitence for mercy sue,
 And simply ask, "What wilt thou have me do?"

'Tis needful for thee that I go away,
 Yet night but harbingers the rising day!
 And sure as night succeeds the rosy morn,
 As sure thy darkness argues my return!
 In faith and patience, though I tarry, wait.
 Though unbelief suggest it is too late,

My mercy to the broken heart is sure,
 Long as my word and mighty throne endure!
 What though your sin should e'en eclipse the skies,
 Casting around its fetid, crimson dies?
 What though Mount Sinai's thunders shake the ball—
 Her violated laws for vengeance call?
 Though Hell beneath should hear the awful sound—
 Proclaim her triumph as your fears abound;
 Yet I have answer'd the demands of each,
 Nor all in concert can my truth impeach!
 I sin became for all who me receive.
 O, fear not, fainting sinner, but believe!
 The law and justice I have satisfied;
 Draw nigh by faith, and view my bleeding side!
 Hence, hellish legions now are conquer'd foes;
 O, dare act nobly, though their hosts oppose!
 Nor can the King of Terrors triumphs tell;
 I hold at once the keys of Death and Hell!

Though now a little while I hide my face,
 Wait, and anticipate returning grace.
 Behold, we call them happy which endure—
 To bear is truly to make mercy sure!
 I treasure up your tears; nay, every groan,
 And every throe of anguish, too, is known.

And canst thou think I do not sympathise?
 Rise, unbelieving soul—arise—arise,
 And view the harp and crown await on thee,
 Plac'd on the portals of eternity!

Can the fond mother leave her darling boy,
 Nor e'en his wants her future care employ?
 She may forget, but still my changeless love
 Shall ne'er know change, though earth and sea shall move!
 O, shouldst thou not rejoice, poor sinner, say,
 Though now you weep a little by the way?
 And is there not a sweetness in your tears,
 That often every chastisement endears?
 Awake! and freely suffer with me here,
 If thou wouldst reign in an eternal sphere!
 Deny thyself each sensual desire—
 Take up thy cross, while walking through the fire:
 Though self should whisper, flee his fatal breath—
 Though pride should murmur, keep it underneath:
 Pluck out right eyes—a right hand freely part,
 Give all for all, though every nerve should smart;
 Heed not the maxims even of thy sire,
 But make the sacrifice my words require.

Behold my life, from Bethlehem to the cross—
 View and review it; count all things but loss

To know Immanuel, whom to know aright
 Is life eternal--everlasting light!
 Witness my humble birth--my lowly bed,
 Laid in a manger, where the oxen fed!
 While humble shepherds, come to worship me,
 Present their gifts, and bend the adoring knee!
 See them departing, too, another way,
 Lest Herod should the infant Savior slay.
 Meanwhile, my parents, warn'd in a dream,
 Flee into Egypt with me, and remain
 Within its precincts, free from care and strife,
 Till he is dead who sought the young child's life!

Mark! how immutable is each design
 Conceived or purpos'd in the ETERNAL MIND!
 The haughty monarch trembles for his throne,
 But fears to make his cruel purpose known;
 Entreats the wise men to return once more,
 That he may also Sion's King adore.
Vile hypocrite!! Behold his fury rise
 Against the lawful Lord of earth and skies--
 To cut him off, the little children kills,
 And though he means to *frustrate*--*but fulfils!*
 Their guiltless blood like crimson dyes the ground,
 While Rama's pensive daughters weep around!

Mark!—thus the wrath of man shall speak his praise,
While the remainder just restraints obeys!

Thus was I persecuted, from the womb,
With little respite, to the sable tomb:
The hungry I sustain'd with wholesome food—
I went about at all times doing good!
The deaf were charm'd with the joyful lay,
The blind enjoyed the glowing light of day;
The dead I quicken'd into life again;
The lepers, cleans'd, their native hue attain!
The poor exulted in the joyful sound,
While loud acclaims to David's Son resound!
What humble suppliant have I sent away?
What poor petitioner did I e'er gainsay?
If still unfaithful, search the sacred page,
And say, what do my bounties all presage?

O, take not counsel from thy treach'rous heart;
With all its dark suggestions freely part.
Arise, on faith's triumphant pinions, high;
Look from this earth to heaven's expansive sky.
So great my mercy always shall remain,
To those who fear and trust a Savior's name.

Be wise as serpents! choose the better part—
Confirm your choice in mind, and soul, and heart:
Know, this is but the dawn of being, where
You must for an eternal state prepare!

Your soul may soon on angels wings arise,
 And claim her native kindred with the skies:
 Though here an exile it is meet she stay,
 And bear the ills of life's eventful day,
 Yet all shall work together for her good—
 These ills apparent are but moral food!
 The cup is bitter to the carnal taste;
 The joys that follow—O, how pure—how chaste!

Be as a lion in the cause of truth;
 Concentrate all the energies of youth:
 Be not asham'd to plead your Master's cause;
 Boldly defend my much neglected laws;
 Count it all glory thus to suffer shame:
 Lo! I am with thee—I am still the same!
 To wisdom, and to courage, likewise join
 A dove-like innocence—the three in one
 Shall make thee as a rock upon the shore,
 'Gainst which tumultuous billows vainly roar:
 The bands of wicked but in vain assail,
 Nor e'en the gates of hell itself prevail!

I know this moment that thou wouldst be free
 From grief and anguish, and at peace in me;
 Nor wouldst thou wish a single wave to roll,
 In future, o'er thy poor devoted soul!
 Alas! the selfishness these thoughts conceal
 My Spirit only truly can reveal.

Ah! is this self-denial, sinner, say?
 Is this to tread the straight and narrow way?
 Art thou a soldier? dost thou fear to fight?
 Where is thy courage when the foe 's in sight?
 Gird on the Christian armor as a man—
 Know, in my name, thou canst—thou mayst stand!
 Fear not! go forward boldly 'gainst thy fear,
 I'll for your rescue in due time appear:
 And, though thou fall a martyr in the fight,
 A crown awaits thee in the realms of light!
 O, couldst thou see the mansions I prepare
 For those who follow me, and meekly bear
 The tribulation of this passing scene,
 Methinks you would them choicest gifts esteem!
 Hence, shrink not at the roughness of the way—
 Defer no longer—hasten to obey.
 Though now your soul is weary and forlorn,
 Though now the cross seems hardly to be borne—
 Its weight will daily lessen, till it bear
 Thee, in the issue, above fear and care!

My Word invites thee, sinner; come away;
 My Spirit woos thee; why so long delay?
 My friends entreat thee to unite with them—
 I too beseech thee—I, your only friend!
 Come, all things now are ready—say, again,
 Shall calls, commands, entreaties—all be vain?

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

All hail! thou Source of everlasting love,
 Of light and life, and every gift divine:
 In whom all truth and excellence abound,
 Throughout eternity's unfathom'd round!
 Permit me to approach thee, and proclaim
 That thy compassion fails not, nor declines.
 And that thy mercies are forever sure,
 To all that seek thee with a heart sincere.

My members all were written in thy book,
 Before they first were fashioned in the womb;
 Nor didst thou fashion, but sustain me there:
 And, when an infant, cherish'd on the breast,
 To all my nameless wants thou minister'd,
 By a fond mother's unremitting care.
 Soon as the light burst on my tender sight,
 And infant reason first began to dawn,
 Thou, by these avenues, pour'd through my soul
 A stream of pure delight—of peace and joy!
 My latent sensibility, which until now
 Lay dormant, bespoke its life and being,

In the ecstatic movements of my frame,
Or the soft smile that dimpled on my cheek!

When I have ventur'd forth at summer noon,
And view'd aloft the mighty god of day
Dispensing life and beauty all around;
The cloudless, circling skies, which seem'd to rest
On the fair summits of the distant hills;
Or cast my eyes upon the verdant mead,
Or flowery fields, so richly interspers'd
With daisies—whose beauteous blending tints
Shed their full lustre on the soul of youth;
Or mark'd the opening, modest violet,
Which seem'd to seek retirement from the gaze
Of human observation and remark,
Like some fair maid, whose graces emulate
The admiration of discordant minds,
Yet heedless hears the tribute of their praise,
Meanwhile unconscious of her varied charms!

How sweet the living fragrance of the rose,
The Queen of flowers—beauteous to the eye,
Regaling sense without satiety;
Kiss'd by the sportive zephyrs in their play
O'er nature's wide domain, her sweets they steal,
And on their pinions bear the richest gifts;
Impart unto the air a principle
Of sustenance, salubrity and life:

The hum of bees, which, ever on the wing,
 Wing their unceasing flight o'er nature's disk—
 Traverse the field of flowers, and extract
 Their latent sweetest treasure with a kiss;
 Bear the rich burden to their distant home
 Instinctively—the general weal promote.
 Nor less delightful to the soul of youth,
 The winding and meandering of streams,
 Or, sweet and silent, glassy flow of brooks,
 Where fish in frolic mood luxuriate—
 Bathe in the liquid element, as free
 As if they claim'd it wholly as their own.
 The birds their gaudy plumage, too, unfold,
 To captivate and please. The goldfinch
 Flits from spray to spray, still conscious of his charms,
 Nor beau nor belle more pert or gay than he!
 The lark, as conscious of his tuneful tongue,
 Springs from the dewy earth, while to the clouds
 He wings his heavenward flight, yet still intent
 To charm his fellows that he left behind.
 The mavis, too, with notes more tuneful still,
 At dawn or dewy eve, pours forth his lay,
 To fascinate and thrill the soul of man,
 As conscious leader of this vocal choir!
 The feather'd throng are mute, and list to hear—
 Concede the legal justice of his claim.

ATHEISM.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Ps. 14:1.

Hail, Nature! I have lov'd thee from a child—
Beheld the wonder-workings of thy hand
With awe and admiration—viewing thee,
Not separate and alone, but in the hand
Of thy Creator, who, with potent voice,
First spoke thee into being with his word.

O, how I pity! from my soul I do!
The poor inebriate, call him what you will,
Whose eyes, with stupid gaze, can look upon
This beauteous scene of things, nor mark, nor own
The skilful hand, that so adjusted all
The vast machinery that moves throughout!
Rank Atheist! my poor degraded brother--
If such a one there be upon the earth,
Or more expansive universe of God!
There was a time thou wast not such, I ween;
There was a time even thou couldst smile
With nature, and behold the hand of Him
Who made thee, in his great and wondrous works!

Where now thy moral vision? Tell me why
 Thou gropest thus at noonday? Didst thou not
 Wish to retain the knowledge of thy God?
 Ah! has he given thee up to strong delusion,
 To perish with a *lie* in thy right hand?
 O, hast thou madly triumph'd 'gainst thyself?
 Drunk in iniquity like water? indulg'd
 In crimes my bashful muse would blush to name,
 And been expert in ruining your soul?
 Ah! what is wealth? what is the globe to thee?
 Can all its treasures now redeem thy soul,
 Or bring it out of prison, to the light,
 'The light and life of glorious gospel day?
 How art thou fallen! ah! how sad thy fall!
 Fallen lower than Beelzebub himself!
Thou mayest be skeptical! he trembles and believes!
 His worm dieth not, nor is his fire quench'd:
 He fears, and feels, and writhes beneath the hand
 Of justice, infinite! the hand of God,
 Who, out of *Christ, is a consuming fire!!*
 Ah! shall we give thee up? say, must it be?
 To what? to fiends, and chains, and darkness, where
 The mists of skepticism are quite dispers'd,
 By an unquenchable, eternal fire!
 Where even *thou wouldst tremble and believe.*
 Poor worm, thou art a rebel 'gainst a God—

The awful God of universal nature!
 Whom earth and hell have but oppos'd in vain.
 Ah! couldst thou blot him from the page of being,
 With as much ease as from your fallen self,
 Too soon your faith would show itself in works,
 While thou wouldst triumph in the horrid deed!

Go, bid the sun to cease to give *us* light,
 Or the fair worlds that round about him move;
 And, in their revolutions and their life,
 Cease to acknowledge him as god of day!
 Go, chain the winds at pleasure—bid them cease
 Their devious flight, nor do their Maker's will!
 Then, speak to Him, whom sun, and wind, and waves,
 And other elements forthwith obey,
 And bid *him cease to reign, and cease to be!*

Bow to the Lord; with thy proud spirit bow!
 For every knee *shall bow—bow ere thou must—*
 Bewail thine awful guilt—for mercy sue,
 Which in his Son is infinite and free,
 Whose blood hath merit e'en to reach to thee!
 Awake—arise—to this dear refuge flee!

Thy blindness is no evidence of night,
 Nor will it mar the beauty of the day!
 Thy deadness is no evidence of death,
 Nor shall immortal glory fade away.

DEISM.

“If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost.” 2 Cor. 4:3.

Strange! there are some, who love to worship nature—
 Her works admire; acknowledge, too, the hand
 From whom she came, and own him Lord of all:
 Yet these deny his holy word and will
 To fallen man, which tells him what he was,
 And is, and must be, ere he can ascend
 Unto the realms of everlasting bliss!
 Yes, they deny the very Lord that bought them—
 His birth, life, death, and resurrection, too,
 And his ascension to his Father's throne!
 Evil spirits did not so—they e'en confess'd,
 “They knew he was the holy one of God.”
 Strange sages these! who many things believe,
 Yes, many things not half so well attested,
 Nor so sustained by clouds of witnesses,
 Whose testimony cannot be o'erthrown.

With understandings darken'd, pride enthron'd,
 And other lusts and passions in the heart,
 They take his holy word in hand, and read—
 Read only to confute. They some things find
 They cannot understand: too proud, alas!
 To ask the Spirit's guidance, who alone
 Can guide into all truth—some so absurd,
 (As they declare,) they are not quite so weak
 As to believe, or own by their assent.
 The ladies may believe, and even men
 As pusillanimous as women are:
 But minds like theirs, herculean, erudite,
 Unfetter'd by the trammels of the schools,
 Enjoy their liberty, and dare be free!

Some so absurd! What is absurdity?
 Is it to believe some truths may soar above
 The reach of finite understandings?—such
 As the union of our souls and bodies—
 Where the soul resides, or how the smallest seed
 Brings forth a plant? or how the mother earth
 Gives to the flowers their texture and their hues?
 Most surely not; for thus all men believe.
 If nature, then, be so inscrutable,
 O, how much more the God who nature fills!
 Who maketh darkness his pavilion,

While truth and righteousness uphold his throne!
 Who, as the greater, is much more remote.
 If, then, in nature, some things are abstruse,
 Hence, may not some things be so in the word
 Of God, the Lord, the author of them both?
 Nor is his Providence even less complex—
 O, how mysterious are his doings there,
 When on the pestilence or winds he comes,
 To punish guilty nations for their sins.
O, know thyself, if thou wouldst know thy God,
 Nor think by searching thou canst find him out!
 Ah! do not shut your eyes—come to the light—
 O, come, though it should all your deeds condemn,
 Nor shrink, with trembling, coward steps, away.
 Come to the truth; the truth will make you free—
 Its darkest parts will teach humility.

What is your freedom? the freedom of a slave,
 Who loves his menial services too well
 To seek the liberty he e'en should claim,
 And which the Indias are too poor to buy
 From him who freedom estimates aright!
 The basest slaves are those who Satan serve,
 Because his chains are cast upon their *minds*,
 Nor will they own the thralldom of the yoke,

Perhaps thou art sincere, and in thy search
 Intently anxious to know the truth,
 And willing to embrace, wherever found.
 Say, dost thou love it much more than rubies?
 Esteem it more than any earthly treasure?
 Canst thou appeal to Him who sits on high—
 Who scans each latent movement of thy heart,
 For your sincerity of heart and soul?
 If so, I give thee joy! nor bid thee fear—
 Ask, ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find;
 O, knock importunately at Mercy's door,
 It shall be freely opened unto you.
 She loves sincere inquirers, those in heart
 That reverence truth so much; nor will receive
 The old wives' fables that assume her name;
 Who prove all things, hold fast that which is good,
 And lodge the jewel deep within their heart,
 And keep it at the sacrifice of life.

Hypocrisy! I loathe thee from my soul!
 Thou art from hell beneath, shalt thence return,
 And there, personified, shalt reign supreme.
 Here, thou hast many followers; e'en in
 The church of the living God thou sitt'st,
 And many worship thee, and bow the knee,
 Whose pride was ne'er dethron'd, whose loftiness
 Ne'er bowed to the Supreme *in deed and truth!*

Their fathers have been sectaries—they are such—
 Their fathers were professors—so are they:
 They 're what their fathers were, nor more, nor less—
 Had they been Mussulmen, they too had been,
 And been, no doubt, as pious e'en as they.

Yet reverence to parents well becomes
 The opening minds of youth; nor should they swerve
 In any instance from their just commands:
 They should obey them always in the Lord.
 But, if they teach them what his word does not,
 Some trite tradition, which they love as such,
 Which is not found within the written Word,
 Thus far they 're free, and should obey their God,
 Though they should suffer, or their feelings bleed.

Religion shrinks not from inquiry's gaze—
 She courts investigation, e'en proclaims
 That those who never doubted ne'er believ'd!
 Her truths, more stable than the solid ball,
 Shall stand when it shall to its centre shake,
 And reign coeval with the throne of God!
 Hence, those who most examine most believe.
 Behold, a Newton, Milton, Locke, were such.

The skeptic may deny it, if he please,
 Nurs'd in the lap of ignorance and pride;
 Nor knows the former, nor the latter owns;
 Is slow to learn, still more averse to bow.

He Reason *deifies*, and to her bows—
 Feels not the shock she suffer'd in the fall,
 Whereby her powers languish in the dust,
 Till light celestial her clouds disperse,
 And thence her native dignity restore.

Suspect yourself—there's reason so to do;
 The Christian world a witness is against thee—
 Though hypocrites be there, yet there *alone*
 All real excellence and worth abound.
 This is a fact so obvious and plain,
 I never heard a skeptic yet deny,
 But, on the contrary, at once confess,
 And thus unconsciously the truth proclaim.
 Howe'er they may the Christian now despise,
 Like one of old, they wish like him to die!
 If pride were fallen, doubts would hence arise;
 Doubts would beget inquiry, and anon
 Inquiry would the golden treasure find.
 O, kiss the Son, my brother, ere he smite,
 And so ye perish from the way of truth,
 And know, alas! when 'tis too late to know,
 What 'tis to trample on the blood of Christ,
 And spurn the purchase of his *bleeding love*.
 If thou wouldst die eternally—thou may;
 If thou wouldst live—**REPENT, BELIEVE, OBEY.**

ON THE DEATH OF REV. E. P. LOVEJOY.

He was basely murdered, at Alton, Illinois, on the 7th of November, 1837, for pleading the cause of the poor and oppressed!

“The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble.” Ps. 99: 1.

What was thy crime, thou man of God,
 That fury followed in thy train,
 Intent to smite thee, with the rod
 Oppression never wields in vain?
 Say, was it that thy soul was pure;
 Thy angel spirit from above?
 Or was it that the captive poor
 Saw in thy smile a brother's love?

Behold him compass'd by his foes!
 How calm, immoveably he stood.
 Anon, a tear descends for those
 Who grew impatient for his blood!
 Say, Slavery! are these thy sons?
 The Christian men ye so revere?
 Whose armor, daggers, knives and guns,
 Behold their tender mercies here!

Are these the holy weapons truth
 Employs to work His sovereign will,
 Whom time can never rob of youth,
 Still inexhausted—potent still;
 Still, swift to save—still brave to bear,
 Where virtue suffering virtue lies?
 No—those infernal weapons are
 Too fierce—*too fiendish for the skies!*

Ah! see a brother's home assail'd!
 Ah! see them spill a brother's blood!
 But scarce his fainting heart has fail'd,
 Till angels bear his soul to God!
 Freed from the body's cumbrous weight,
 And foes, he takes a distant road,
 Until they meet at the seat,
 The judgment of the living God!

My pensive soul! what do I see!
 My plaintive muse! what do I hear!
 See tears fair Virtue's face bedew,
 Hear Mercy weep she was not near!
 See Truth with heaven-born fulgence gleam!
 See Justice grasp his glitt'ring sword,
 And swear by Him who reigns supreme,
 He will avenge a Lovejoy's blood!

Behold him fly upon the winds,
 And lay proud cities in the dust!
 Lo, in the pestilence he comes,
 To smite the oppressor of the just!
 Apace, an earthquake's awful thrill
 Bespeaks some fallen cities' names!
 These, while they haste to do his will,
 Proclaim—the Lord Jehovah reigns!

Hear it, and tremble! O, ye proud
 Oppressors of the humble poor!
 His eyes can pierce the thickest cloud;
 Behold he standeth at the door!
 The sweat, the tears, the human blood,
 Ye in so base a cause have shed,
 Are swelling onward to a flood,
 Whose waves shall wake the wrath of God!

O, turn ye, turn ye; will ye die?
 In love and pity we entreat:
 O, turn ye, turn ye; will ye fly
 The anguish of your pending fate?
 O, turn ye, turn ye, by our tears
 That ye may true repentance know;
 O, turn ye, turn ye, by our fears
 You'll seal your everlasting wo.

And, O! thou widow'd one, forlorn,
If Slavery's minions have a tear
To shed, (while thy belov'd is torn
Away,) O, let them shed it here!
And O, thou God! the widow's stay,
To thee we would her now commend.
Bless, guide, protect her, e'en alway,
O, be her never-failing friend!

NEGRO MUSINGS.

“How long, O! Lord, how long?”

Why am I thus? why thus forlorn?
Why must I labor, toil and weep?
Ah! would I never had been born,
Or slept the never-waking sleep!

Are we by nature free as they?
Ah! cannot nature plead her cause?
Or why another's will obey,
Who tramples nature's sacred laws?

Our fate is hard—our all is lost,
Except the free, unshackled mind;
Nor she as freely soars aloft—
The blind can never lead the blind.

Free from the hand of God we came,
 Free still to hope, confide and trust,
 And in his great and awful name
 We claim exemption for our dust.

Hear the rude venter cry aloud,
 The cattle warrant "*hale and sound*"—
 Apace, the *pious* dealers crowd
 To view our captive bodies round!

Ah! mark the planter, thus to seal
 His human chattels, *brand his name!*
 Hark! hark! what shrieks my senses steal!
 O, Savior! dearest Lord, sustain!

But ah! the climax of our wo,
 How does the chilling thought confound.
 No sympathetic tear! ah, no!
 My soul! can this be Christian ground?

Is this the narrow way to God?
 Then, mercy still to Judas mete—
 True, *he betray'd* our dearest Lord;
They but *devour* his feeble sheep!

But still, we speak the truth in *love*.
 Father, we thee entreat, forgive;
 Let not thine 'waken'd anger move,
 O, bid them yet repent and live!

Alas! how drear our scene of wo!
 Behold, the watchmen are asleep!
 Nay, some embrace our very foe,
 While we in sadness sigh and weep!

But hush, my soul! in patience wait
 A little while, and all is o'er;
 Nor shall we wail our bitter fate,
 Nor wear these galling fetters more!

In calm contentment, quit the past;
 Cast, cast your tranquil eyes on high;
 The wild tornado's fiercest blast
 But leaves a more unclouded sky!

What though you labor all the day,
 Thence to a broken shed repair,
 Jesus, to whom archangels pay
 Immortal honors, had not where!

He is the king of Judah's tribe,
 We all things to his hands commit,
 And in his mighty name confide,
 Till he in future judgment sit!

In future judgment—do I hear
 The dread archangel's trumpet sound!

Ye feeble saints cast off your fear,
 Now spread your glorious triumphs round!

Anon, the Lord of life appears,
 Jesus! who reigns triumphant now!
 The moon and stars fall from their spheres,
 And to the God of nature bow!

Legions of angels, at his word,
 Attend upon his mighty name;
 The elements, in dread accord,
 Are wrapt in universal flame!

Behold! the Judge ascends his throne;
 His eyes are as a flame of fire;
 The islands flee—his presence own;
 The heavens, too, apace retire.

Earth and the sea give up their dead,
 And death and hell aghast draw near!
 Ah! what convulsive throes of dread!
 Alas! the impious must appear.

The books are op'd—our foes attend,
 But with what tremblings of despair,
 Hark! will you hear them *now defend*
Their fiendish human traffic there?

Behold! what myriads pause to hear,
While solemn silence broods around,
But what! will codes or statutes clear?
Was ever silence so profound?

No answer? no, for pallid fear
With death-like silence chains the tongue.
Mark! though the proud oppress us *here*,
THEY IN THE JUDGMENT SHALL BE DUMB!

Hence, rend your hearts and cleanse your hands;
Let—let your injured brother free!
O, flee to Jesus! break your bands!
While justice lingers—swiftly flee!

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S SOLILOQUY.

"We are verily guilty concerning our brother." Gen. 42:21.

Why, my soul, do fear and terror
 All thine energies pervade?
 What awakes this thrill of horror?
 Why does conscience thus upbraid?

Surely 'tis some cruel demon
 That distracts my troubled soul,
 Leads me captive, like a felon,
 Rules and reigns without control!

When I lay me on my pillow,
 Hoping there some rest to find,
 E'en the rude tempestuous billow
 Faintly images my mind!

Many slaves await my pleasure,
 Bend the smallest boon to crave—
Slaves! they're freemen in a measure!
 I, **THEIR MASTER, AM THE SLAVE!!**

True, they toil without cessation,
 'Neath a torrid, burning sun;
 But how sweet their relaxation,
 When their daily labor's done.

If the falling scourge's power
 Make their feeble bodies crouch,
 Yet, their souls, like some high tower,
 Neither chains nor scourges touch!

In the sad, distressing hour,
 E'en they breathe the silent prayer;
 But when angry passions lower,
 Oft they drive me to despair!

What though Senators defend it,
 Call them "chattels—baser clay"—
 Words unhallow'd, feign'd, pretended;
 Think ye—think they what they say!

Perchance they cheat a fellow worm;
 Nay, they may themselves deceive;

But, if conscience' voice return,
Can they their own lie believe?

Are all by nature free and equal?—
Ah! what means this galling chain?
Pause, and blush! to view the sequel
Of our nation's deepest shame!

Diamonds of the best description
In the poorest earth are found;
Can the features or complexion
Sink a free, unearthly mind?

O, what vice and misery hover
O'er the slave-degrading scene!
Avarice, rapine, blood, moreover,
Liberty an empty dream!

See the hapless wife and father,
See the mother and her babe,
Dragg'd apart—they know not whither!
Can their anguish be portray'd?

In the church—ah! shall I name it?
Nay, the altar Priests surround,
“Speaking smooth things”—never blame it!
On whose garments blood is found!

Weep with those ye have debased;
Fellow Christian, break the chain!
 "What the Lord himself has cleansed,
 Call not common or unclean!"

Though we name the lowly Savior,
 Say that in his name we trust,
 Strangers still to hope and favor—
 Slaves of gold and every lust!

'Truth and mercy seek protection
 In a purer, brighter clime—
 Justice, too, in their direction,
 Seems to slumber for a time!

'Truth and justice shall not linger,
 But sustain their changeless laws—
 Wing'd on dread Jehovah's anger,
 Plead the injur'd captive's cause!

There's a hand that will deliver—
 'The hand that curbs the swelling main:
 'Though earth and sea should sink forever,
 That hand will break the tyrant's chain!

WHAT FELLOWSHIP HATH LIGHT WITH DARKNESS?

“Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness, is righteous, even as he is righteous.” 1st JOHN 3:7.

Would the Christian do to others
 As he would that they should do
 Unto him, and view a brother's
 Claim in every class and hue?
 Would the master be the slave?
 Would he rather be the knave?

Would the Christian love his brother
 As he would himself be lov'd?
 Soothe the sorrows of another—
 By his every trial mov'd?
 Was it love that forg'd the chain?
 Was it hate, and pride, and gain?

If you say you *love* your Maker,
 While your brother thus you *hate*,
 You are known to your Creator:
 Seek him, ere it be too late!
 If your love of God were true,
 You would love your brother too!

Can you claim the Christian title,
 While you mock your brother's plaint!
 If you be a *true* disciple,
 Satan, too, may be a saint!
 He believes as well as you;
 You, alas! but tremble too!

Hark! indulgent Heaven, o'er us
 Now unfold thy richest grace;
 Light and liberty restore us,
 O, this monster vice erase!
 (Mountains at thy mandate flee,
 Speak the bondman's liberty!

Fellow Christian, will you mingle
 With the slave who holds a slave?
 Do, although you may be single,
 Tell him that the Lord will save—
 Not the faithless who *live in*,
 But the sinner *from* his sin.

Ah! what carnal minds approve it,
 Dare not for their Master plead—
 Will not with a finger move it?
 Are they of the woman's seed?
 Yet "*they hate it much as you!*"
 Brethren, it is feign'd—untrue!

Who can mingle light and darkness?
 Who can vice and virtue blend?
 Or unhallow'd sceptic pertness
 Unto Christian meekness bend?
 Will you mingle with them, then?
 While they chattels make of men?

In the day of dread decision,
 Can you hear the word "depart?"
 Or the words, "I was in prison,
 But ye did not soothe my heart?"
 Or, "I was in bonds with thee:
 Did you minister to me?"

Hark! what voices are responsive:
 "We have worship'd at thy feet—
 If thy saints we held in bondage,
 They were but thy color'd sheep!"
 "*Color'd!* they are my delight—
They shall walk with me in white!"

O, thou God of love, and power,
 Raise a host of faithful men—
At their word make tyrants cower!
 Haply they'll do justly then.
O, the proud oppressor save—
 Then he will not have a slave!*

*We deeply sympathize with those good men who are weeping over the evils of slavery, and, as the best evidence of their sincerity, are taking immediate steps to emancipate their slaves.

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

“For he must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet.”—
1 Cor. 15:25.

Lo! what glowing light is gleaming
From the far and distant East—
See! the sun arising—beaming
Shedding glory o'er the west!
See! his beams proclaim the day
Melt the icy bonds away!

* * * * *

In the blood-bought church of Jesus
Are our brethren bought and sold?
Shall nor love nor pity move us—
We remain, unmov'd, and cold?
Still their doleful anguish see—
Brethren, can it—shall it be?

O, my Christian brother, ponder
 On the anguish fill'd your mind,
 When your soul beheld with wonder
 The oppression of your kind!—
 All your sympathies were pained,
 GOD'S OWN IMAGE, BOUGHT, ENCHAINED!

Though your name has been reviled,
 And a byword, too, become;
 Has not heaven on you smiled,
 While you pleaded for the dumb?
 Has not conscience' soothing voice
 Bid you all the while rejoice?

Still in God—our God, confiding,
 Without whom our work is vain;
 Be our trust in him abiding,
 Till we break the galling chain!
 Trust, and effort, too, combin'd,
 Succor and success shall find.

To our brethren yet enslaved,
 Still we would in pity say—
 Wait in patience—God's engaged
 To prepare for you a way:
 Wait, and his salvation see
 He can part the swelling sea!

Lo! the day is breaking—fear not,
 God has number'd all your groans;
 Though oppressors seem to hear not,
 He your much-tried patience owns!
 O, what means your rising fears?
 See! the rosy dawn appears!

If so beauteous be the morning,
 O, how bright meridian day!
 See his beams the earth adorning,
 Chasing hate and bonds away!
Love and peace on earth shall reign,
HEAR ETERNAL TRUTH PROCLAIM!

Jesus shall be King of Nations,
 As he has been King of Saints!
 Still your souls possess in patience,
 While nor faith nor pity faints:
 Lo! He reigns triumphant now—
Soon his proudest foes shall bow!

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE

I love myself—though weak and faint,
Most wonderfully made;
A worm, a god, a sinner, saint,
Whose peace nor pleasures fade!

Fallen to the very gate of death,
Of death eternal, too;
Risen, by a strange mysterious birth,
To objects bright and new!

I love my friends and kindred more:
May self, in sweet accord,
His off'ring on their altar pour,
A tribute to the Lord.

My country has a stronger claim
Than friends and kindred too,
O, speak with reverence His name,
Whose love 's unshaken—true!

But man, of ev'ry hue and clime,
Demands a higher place;
May grace in sweet effulgence shine,
And speed the reign of peace.

I love the fold, the little flock,
With love still more divine!
Water'd from Christ, the living rock,
How bright their graces shine!

But love is lost—incarnate love!
If faith thy glories see!
Whom have I in the heavens above,
Or on the earth, like thee!

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

Make me humble, make me lowly,
 Make me meek, and pure, and mild;
Make me calm, serene, and holy,
 Make me as a little child.

Make me love my fellow creatures,
 Every color, clime and grade,
Free from cold sectarian features,
 Love my every thought pervade.

Make me ready here to labor,
 And proclaim thy wondrous grace,
To mankind reveal a Savior,
 Dying for our ruin'd race!

Make me willing here to suffer,
Humbly take the lowest place,
All my feeble efforts succor,
Help me with preventing grace.

Make me bear with contradiction,
Patient, humble, all my days;
Faithful—hence above detraction;
Mov'd by neither shame nor praise.

With thy chosen armor clothe me,
Arm me with thy sword and shield;
Prayerful—though all hell oppose me,
May I never quit the field!

When my glorious fight is ended,
And I finish'd have my course,
Then, with angel guards attended,
Speak my triumph and release!

Make me humble, make me lowly,
Make me meek, and pure, and mild;
Make me calm, serene and holy,
Make me as a little child!

PARTY COMMUNION, AGAINST THE LAW OF LOVE.

“There shall be one fold, and one shepherd.” Jno. 10:16.

All hail, my Lord! enthron'd above,
 Thee would I love with all my heart,
 Though my affections strangely rove—
 Too oft forget the better part.

But, O, my dear Redeemer, say,
 Has not thy love my soul inspired?
 My panting spirit wing'd its way,
 With pure, celestial ardor fired?

Thy statutes, too, were my delight,
 Yes, they were written on my heart;
 Say, would I e'en a *tittle slight*?
 Say, would I act so base a part?

Have not I lov'd thine image too,
 Where'er that image has appear'd?
 And in proportion as it grew
 In brightness, was it not rever'd?

Hast thou a lamb in all thy fold,
 I would not at thy table meet?
 Say, would my love apace uphold
 The feeblest of thy fainting sheep?

Ah! does the Master of the feast
 His special presence there afford?
 And *I* refuse to be a guest,
 The servant greater than his Lord?

Will meeting my Redeemer prove
 A trap, a stumbling block or snare?
 Or can it be a perfect love,
 Will only meet him **HERE OR THERE?**

Ah! no, it cannot--cannot be,
 Say, then, Eternal Source of love?
 Can those who cannot *here* agree,
 Commune together when *above*?

Say, are the faithful here below
 Embrac'd within a single sect?

The life and conversation show :

By *these* you'll know the Lord's elect.

Was this the course of Bunyan, Hall,
Whose love embrac'd the scatter'd sheep?
Nay, broke down each partition wall—
Shepherds who were not wont to sleep!

Yet, Lord, thine ordinance* we revere.
Ah! can we not in concert move,
And sweetly meet and mingle here?
Can waters† quench the flame of love?

Did my Redeemer condescend
To bow beneath the Jordan's wave?
And *I refuse*, nor will descend
Into this emblem of his grave?

Forbid it, gratitude and love!
Forbid it, future peaceful hours!
O, may my swift obedience prove
The sacrifice of all my powers!

*Baptism.

†We are persuaded in our own mind, that believers are the subjects, and immersion the mode of this ordinance, and we state this, after a careful, deliberate, and, we believe, impartial examination of the subject, and in view of our allegiance and accountability to our divine Redeemer.

Yet with the weakest would we bear,
 Nor e'en a little one despise!
 Imbibe the spirit of his prayer
 Before he mounts the upper skies!

"Father, I will they may be one,*
 As thou, O, Father, art in me;
 The world will own the Son of Man,
 If they in one in us agree."

"For by one spirit they are all
 Into ONE BODY here baptized:†
 Their union in my heavenly call,
 Their wants from me, their head, supplied."

Thus, they are one in Christ, their head;
 In faith, in love, in soul, in heart!
 My brother, can you, without dread,
 Attempt this little flock to part?

He came to gather into one
 His children who were scattered wide;
 Say, don't you counteract his plan,
 While thus you come, for to divide?

*John 17:21. †1 Cor. 12:13.

If to despise his least command

A sin and stumbling block shall prove,

Ah! what do his defects demand,

Who tramples on the law of love?

O, teach us, cast this *beam* away!

Nor pride and *self*, alas! unfold:

Then, freely to our brother say,

Brother, thine *error, too, behold!*

MORAL TRAINING.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.” PROV. 22:6.

Your children are committed to you here,
 To train for God, and nurture in his fear;
 You on the arms of your faith should bear
 Them often to a throne of grace in prayer:
 Tell them of Jesus' birth, and life, and pain,
 And early make them lisp that lovely name!
 His lowly birth will their compassion move—
 His goodness waken in their breast his love!
 Without ideas, it is yours to give;
 These first impressions will forever live,
 And bring forth fruit, no doubt, some distant day;
 For all your care an hundred fold repay.

No habits formed—train them in the way
 That they should walk in—mark that they obey:

Tell them it is a sweet, delightful road—
 The path of duty is the path to God.
 Awake their tenderness to all around,
 E'en to the reptile crawling on the ground;
 Beseech them to compassionate the poor,
 And thus the favor of their God secure.
 Teach them to pity—share another's woe,
 Rejoice as freely when his blessings flow.

Entreat them do to others nought that they
 Believed that others should not do or say
 To them, if circumstances were reversed!
 'Thus will their pride and passion be suppressed.
 Teach them 'tis great and godlike to forgive;
 That as the Babe of Bethlehem they should live!
 Such love and sweetness through his actions ran,
 He grew in favor both with God and man!
 See that they supplicate a throne of grace,
 And early seek their heavenly Father's face!
 Not with their lips, but with their hearts sincere;
 Such infant voices he delights to hear:
 With tender care he marks their words and ways,
 Nay, from the mouths of sucklings perfects praise.
 Instruct them early in his holy word,
 Its pages do instruction due afford—
 His message of good will to fallen man;
 Light to the blind, and to the wounded balm;

Milk, meet to suit the weakness of a child,
Meat, to sustain the most expansive mind.
Some truths so nigh that childhood e'en may teach,
Some so remote the plummet cannot reach!
Acquaint them God is present, ever nigh,
And hence to fear and tremble at a lie;
This fatal vice corrupts the soul of youth:
'Tis great, 'tis manly still to speak the truth.
From vile companions keep them all the day,
Beware they never tread the sinner's way;
Use *these and every means* within your reach,
And, more than all, **LET ALL YOUR CONDUCT PREACH!**
Thus teach them for to think, to act and move,
By the fair rules that virtue will approve;
Write truth and virtue thus upon their heart,
And when they 're old they will not thence depart.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

“ 'Tis education moulds the public mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.”

Hail, Liberty! thou daughter of the skies!
Thou friend and favorite of the good and wise!
In thy fair light such sweet emotions play,
As soar above the rapturous poet's lay.
Daughter of Heaven! thou holy child of God!
Sweet earnest of our long'd-for, lov'd abode,
Where not a link of all that heavy chain
That bound on earth shall ever bind again!
Patron of arts, of knowledge, virtue, truth,
Kindling thy fires in the breast of youth!
Licentiousness abhors thy hallow'd sway,
And tyranny shrinks as night, at rising day.

Our schools and colleges were thine to give;
 With thee, fair Liberty, they die or live!
 And they, by consequence, secure again
 Thy light and peace, and pure primeval reign:
 Where knowledge is, there 's ignorance no more,
 And where there 's virtue, vice's reign is o'er;
 Even so impiety and error fail,
 Where genuine piety and truth prevail.

Our common schools are like our common air,
 Which all alike participate and share.
 Though with the proud a common blessing 's lost,
 The good and virtuous, therefore, love it most:
 While those on that account alone condemn,
 These prize it more, the more that those contemn.
 'Tis thus the gospel of the Son of God
 Is underneath the feet of thousands trod;
 They hate the humbling doctrines of the cross;
 They will not bow—they must not suffer loss,
 They'll not embrace it, e'en because they must
 Forsake their pride, their avarice and lust!
 Thus they despise and perish from the way—
 The poor accept—how rich, how blest are they!
 Nor are they salutary, but legal too,
 Pass'd by the voice of many—not a few—
 The people's act—the people, too, approve,
 All who intelligence and virtue love.

True, some did not receive our common school,
 Yet such exceptions only prove the rule:
 But who are they? the virtuous, good, and wise?
 Or those who learning, virtue, truth despise?
 Whom sordid self enslaves from year to year?
 Yet no such patriots you'll meet with here!

But some have gravely said, "It is unjust,
 For what the poor cannot, the wealthy must;
 The poor their children cannot educate;
 The rich must do it by a law of state."
 That it is just, I undertake to show,
 To all who will not reason's light forego.
 First—'tis a common cause—the cause of all—
 The cause which marks our country's rise or fall:
 Nor for the poor, nor for the rich alone;
 For all alike—nor poor nor rich are known.
 The rich, of their abundance, give that way;
 The poor, in truth, in like proportion pay.
 Not the amount of justice is the test,
 The ability to give must be the best.
 'Tis by the *ability* and *will*, therefore,
 It is accepted—justice claims no more.

The public mind is like the public air:
 When 'tis corrupt, disease and death are there;
 Or like our rivers, while they safely glide,
 Imparting life and health on either side;

Their banks broke down, death, ruin, flow apace,
 And consternation sits on every face.
 Are taxes levied to direct the course
 Of mighty rivers, or restrain their force,
 And none be rais'd to purify or guide
 The public mind, or stay its headlong tide?
 Are others levied to improve the state,
 From poor and rich, and on the self-same rate,
 And none be raised to elevate, control,
 The nobler workings of the free-born soul?
 And none be raised to emulate to rise
 A soul immortal to her native skies?
 Forbid it, Heaven! forbid it, truth and love!
 What not a freeman can in heart approve;
 What e'en must shake the pillars of the state,
 And seal the nation's sad, portentous fate.
 The law 's for all—disclaims each partial mood;
 Hence we pronounce it legal, just, and good.

But some have said, "they do not serve the end,
 Or tend the morals of the youth to mend.
 We give our money, send our children there,
 But yet their progress is beneath our care."
 'Tis partly so—but tell me what 's the cause?
 Say, is it in the teacher or the laws?
 You say, "the former"—sometimes it is so;
 "The latter too"—permit me to say, no;

The laws are good; let pupils but observe,
They will their present, future weal subserve.

A tutor 's sent to teach a common school;
He calls the names, and enters them by rule;
Lo! from a hundred until two they make,
Begins a work which *four* should undertake.
What three or four could execute and plan,
Say, is it reasonable to ask of *one*?
Behold a cause—see here a fatal flaw,
Tis making bricks without the usual straw.

Besides, in school, a few may be outlaw'd,
Nor by the rod, nor by expulsion aw'd.
At home they impiously disobey,
Do what they please, and what they please they say;
In school they're perverse; nay, will even dare
To trample every requisition there!
All rule is tyranny, however mild,
Resistance, duty, too, however wild!
Another cause, alas! which all deplore—
These may suffice, nor need we look for more.

Methinks some with the important query come,
“ In such a case, what can and may be done?
Can any thing, and what, be done to save
Youths so degraded, from an early grave?
What? make them use the talents they are given?
Unfit for earth—they must of course for Heaven.”

As disobedience their ruin prov'd,
 'Tis to obedience they must be mov'd.
 Teach them obedience, gently as you may;
 Commend and approbate while they obey;
 But if they disobey, and perverse prove,
 Reproof and chastisement 's the work of love.
 Their duty to obey is clear and plain,
 And yours as clear (if need be) to constrain.
 Love will not give a perverse boy his way;
 Love follows him wherever he may stray.
 Love will reclaim him, nor her efforts cease,
 Till he is won to duty and to peace!

Oh, how I pity—pity from my soul—
 That father, mother, who will not control
 Their infant progeny, their rising charge,
 Nor train them in the ways of God at large.
 They may not lead them any crooked way,
 Yet teach them practically to disobey!
 Call John some dozen times, nor will he come,
 And Jane as oft, perhaps, but Jane is dumb;
 Thus call'd alternately, although they're near,
 Yet neither John nor Jane, alas! can hear;
 Then turn around, unmeaningly, and own,
 "Alas! my children 's wild and wayward grown!"

Now is the parent or the child in fault?
 Let any person answer as he ought.

A parent such, will any child obey?
 Not one in twenty, twenty voices say.
 No wonder; then, your children play the fool,
 When you have ceased with diligence to rule;
 In such a case *you* would be wayward too;
 The sin is yours, and therefore rests on you.
 Their disobedience, though of dread amount,
 Is charg'd to you, and you must give account!
 Those who their parents daily disregard
 Will think obedience to a teacher hard.

But disobedience never, never will
 Affect the truth—obedience duty still;
 It is a duty which they ever owe,
 As reason and the Holy Scriptures show.
 The *many do obey*, though some refuse:
 At school refractory—at home accuse—
 Perchance they treat the teacher with contempt,
 Or his authority t' resist attempt;
 And, stranger still, perhaps the parents come,
 And blame the teacher with what they have done!
 What shall we call such conduct? is it wise?
 Is this to train your offspring for the skies?
 Ah, do you love them? is this love indeed?
 Would love to such a fatal issue lead?
 We censure not, but would in love entreat—
 Think of their souls! think of a judgment seat!

Who won't respect his teacher won't the laws,
 But trample them when passion pleads his cause.
 Who won't his parents or the laws respect
 Will treat the word of God with sure neglect!
 Behold the sequel such a course imports,
Its end, rebellion 'gainst the Lord of Hosts!!

Some teachers have been rigid and severe,
 And in their manners and their school austere.
 Ruling by rigor and by fear alone
 Is cruel and oppressive, quite, I own;
 Hence gentle means, where gentle means will do,
 Are best for parents and for teachers too.
 Let parents, teachers, therefore use them first,
 And strictness only—only when they must.

But some are lax, as others are severe,
 A course more frequent, fatal still, I fear.
 The children meet to while the time away,
 The teacher loves his ease and loves his pay!
 Where peace, and industry, and sober thought,
 Once reign'd unrival'd, where, of course, they ought,
 See folly and disorder reign supreme,
 And vice preside as mistress of the scene!
 Yet he is wont the little ones to please,
 And just as much the parents to deceive.

One asks, "how has my boy improv'd the past?"

"Dear Sir, your son 's progressing very fast."

Truth would reverse the case, alas! and show,

"Indeed his progress, Sir, is very slow."

We would not envy those, in such a case,

Who tread a path so truly mean and base—

Corrupt the youth, nor hear their conscience say,

"Beware! nor trust so weighty thus betray!"

Let teachers be encouraged, nor defer

To do their duty with becoming care;

Though some unfaithfulness around you see,

Your faithfulness should in proportion be.

Begin the labors of the day with prayer,

Let peace and harmony be present there—

Pray with and for them; ask the Spirit's light

To guide you and your little flock aright.

God's holy word, and name, and house, and day,

Teach them 'tis meet they honor and obey.

Their growing intellect improve, expand,

Attend their every reasonable demand;

Let order be preserved throughout the day,

In school their studies, and at recess play.

Let not obscenity or aught profane

Escape its merited rebuke and shame;

The rude and vicious must be restrained,
 By kindness and severity reclaim'd.
 If parents and directors but unite,
 (What is their duty should be their delight,)
 The perverse heart, the stubborn will, *will bow*,
 Once rude and froward, but how gentle now!
 There's one exception, and but one, at most,
 If parents interfere your labor's lost!

The meek and gentle duly recommend:
 Your kind approval very much will tend
 To kindle into life each latent grace:
 Thus will the number of the good increase.
 Be firm and determined with the wild,
 And with the gentle, gentle as a child.
 If by these gentle, faithful rules, you move,
 The last will love you, and the first approve;
 This Christian course will into being call
 The best affections and esteem of all.

Yours is no mean employment: nobler, far,
 Than the engraver's and the goldsmith's are,
 They work in richest minerals of the earth,
 But you on *mind*, that claims a higher birth!
 Their works a little shine—how soon decay'd!
 Yours bloom for aye, and never, never fade!

Your office higher, therefore stand in awe,
Than his who's skill'd in physic or in law.
Theirs, lawful too, (employed aright,) will save,
Or from a prison, or the noisome grave;
Yet theirs respect the perishable part—
Yours forms the mind and regulates the heart!
One office more divine—yea, far above:
'Tis his who publishes redeeming love!
His nobler, higher, holier, more august,
Has stood, stands now, and must forever, first!
Be active: persevere through praise and blame;
The public good should prompt you and sustain;
A few discerning minds will still regard
Your faithful services, approve, reward.
Your motives, pure and hallowed as they may,
Earth's gold and silver never can repay!
Heed but the approbation of the wise,
And his who form'd the earth and spread the skies!
The memory of the virtuous never dies!

TEMPERANCE.

“Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.” PROV. 14:34.

O, 'tis a pleasing sight, indeed, to see
A people cheerful, happy, temperate, free!
Cheerful, because their wants are all supplied;
Happy, while they in Jacob's God confide;
Temperate in all things, as his word requires;
Free, because freedom truth alone inspires.
But, oh! what crowds in every land we find,
Strangers to temperance and peace of mind,
Spending their property, their health, their all,
Whene'er their gods of lust or mammon call;
Leaving the spring whence all our blessings flow,
And sealing their present and eternal woe.

Oh, is it rational? Say, is it so?
 Would you commend it even to your foe?
 It cannot be—such reason, sure, as this,
 The ox knows not—his is a better bliss:
 No reason his, but yet his instinct's play
 Leads him a safer, more unerring way.
 Say, is it manly reason thus to thwart,
 To act a childish or a perverse part?
 Abuse the faculties you should employ
 A God to glorify and to enjoy?
 Such poison from the archer's arrow flies—
 Be thou a man—be rational—be wise.

Intemperance, thy thousands thou hast slain—
 More than the sword, or than the swelling main;
 Yet thou hast license for to stalk abroad,
 And Christian nations tremble at thy rod.
 Yes, even *there* a license men may find,
 To sin, alas! to stupify and blind
 A large proportion of the human race,
 No matter if their riches but increase!
 Rejoice the more the damning waters flow,
 And laugh at crime, and misery, and woe.
 Oh! should the friends of God their zeal abate,
 And crime their merited rebuke escape?

Perhaps 'tis more unnatural to kill
 With sword unsheath'd, than with the glass or pill:
 The sword by tens, what shrieks on echoes ring!
 The glass by hundreds, 'tis a common thing!
 That slays at once, and there the matter ends;
 This ruins first our character and friends.
 The former kills, and then the passing knell;
 The latter more, alas! it sinks to hell!

No man that does his neighbor truly love
 Will any thing commence, that needs must prove
 That neighbor's curse—the curse of all around,
 Not even though his wealth would most abound.
 You say it 's hard—'tis self-love makes it so—
 'Tis easy when the Christian graces flow.
 'Tis true, it is a mountain without grace,
 But where it reigns, this mountain too gives place.
 Though unbelief this mountain cannot move,
 Yet faith can cast it in a sea of love.
 If, through remaining ignorance and sin,
 A child of God should chance to err herein,
 Behold him humbled—see contrition wake,
 Implore forgiveness for a Savior's sake—
 Go to his injured brother, and repair
 The loss sustained, and seek his pardon there.
 In fine, he 's one who seeks his brother's good,
 Would rather suffer, than his brother should.

Oh! say, does he his neighbor's weal desire,
 For sordid dust will give him liquid fire?
 Glass after glass, till galling fetters bind—
 Thus live upon the miseries of his kind!
 Do all he can to curse his native place,
 And blight the beauty of the rising race!
 Ay, more, destroy their souls for paltry pelf,
 Prompt by the cravings of mistaken self.
 Alas! and how much better, say, is he,
 Whose ample, huge distillery you see?
 Spreading its liquid lava all around,
 Which than mount Etna's more portentous found:
 An Alexander on another scale,
 Nor heeds the orphan, nor the widow's wail!
 Does more to curse his country and oppress,
 Than many patriots can do to bless!
 Nor thinks, nor cares, if he his coffers fill,
 How many hundreds of his race he kill!
 Say, will a nation, which the danger sees,
 Permit these fierce volcanoes still to blaze
 Around, among us, nor an effort make
 To quench their fires for a nation's sake?
 Arrest not, though through labor and fatigue,
 The march of this enormous moral plague?
 Nor say, although we blindly have obeyed
 Here let thy proud, convulsive waves be stayed?

But some things pass for innocent below,
 By those who will not, therefore do not know
 The purity and justice of the law,
 Hence in their reasonings perceive no flaw,
 And hence a weed, of most disgusting kind,
 Perverted to a use 'twas ne'er designed;
 A weed which every thing by nature hates;
 Hence he who loves it first a taste creates,
 And head-ache, nausea, retching, too, endures;
 Denies, afflicts himself, ere he secures
 A love for it—health, wealth, and talents wastes,
 For what? a weed, which reason rarely tastes !

Now, wherefore this? There is some reason why,
 Or rather cause, for reason cannot lie:
 Within her province she 's a certain guide,
 Though superstition frowns, and knaves deride.
 Her light, unerring, simple, true alway,
 When rightly exercised leads not astray.

Excuse digression—let us see the cause,
 That strangely violates right reason's laws.
 Behold it here—the fashions of the day
 Lead those *who will not think* some fatal way.
 One says, "'Tis fashionable, by the bye,
 To snuff, and smoke, and chew, and so will I!"
 Another says, "'Tis manly and polite
 To do what others do, and therefore right!"

Thus we mistake our glory for our shame,
And hence we imitate* where we should blame.

'Tis even said, (I hope it is not true,)
Some of the fairer sex can use it too—
But how?—to chew? Methinks I see you stare—
No, but to cleanse their teeth, and make them fair.
Not quite so bad, you say, but still you fear
That uses more forbidding may be near.

No habits can be right, which do not tend
The health and morals of a state to mend.
Now both alike are injur'd by its use—
Use, did I say? no, rather its abuse;
For time and money, trifled thus away,
We'll give a strict account some future day;
Employ'd aright, and to the heathen sent,
Would call on all the nations to repent!
We would not be severe, unduly so,
But if, indeed, our hearts aright we know,
We would not manufacture, sell, engage
In any thing would hurt our race or age.

Ah, vile intemperance! the scourge of earth,
Thou wast an outlaw from thy very birth;
In Eden's land, where all was fresh and fair,
We view the spring of all thy mischief there:

* Our principal object is to save the youth from a practice, at once so offensive and so enslaving.

Yes, there, alas! thy fatal work we see,
 Eating the fruit of that forbidden tree,
 Proudly presuming lust was liberty!
 Ah! see our Parents from the garden driven,
 And lose communion with their God and Heaven?
 Alas! how fallen! see their anguish wake—
 Hark! hark! the ground is cursed for their sake.

Ah, who shall stay thy cruel, hellish hand,
 Intemperance! the curse of every land.
 Thy baneful reign 's extended far and wide,
 Since first by thee a righteous Abel died!
 In drinking, gambling, duelling, we see
 A few repulsive features but of thee!
 Nor less in lynching, war, oppression, we
 Behold the branches of this cursed tree!
 Thou art the cause of all the crime and woe
 Of which we think, or fear, or feel, or know!

In error, too, we see thy cruel reign,
 Of superstition's galling yoke complain.
 Men *will not think*, because there is no need,
 Their church 's infallible, so says their creed;
 Men *must not think*, the sober truth to tell,
 Because his holiness can send to hell!
 Thus, *will not—must not*, but their fetters bind,
 And thus, alas! the blind but lead the blind!

But when the enemy comes like a flood,
The Spirit lifts the standard of his word;
Hence temperance, and righteousness, and truth,
Step forth, like David, in the pride of youth,
To meet this Philistine uncircumcised,
Who has the armies of our God defied.
His weapons carnal, yet are wont to kill—
Theirs, pure and spiritual, more potent still!
His numbers many, warlike though they be;
Theirs few, but one can make a thousand flee.
He, while he raves, a coward is in fight;
They, calm but fearless, never put to flight.
E'en now he languishes, and if he rave,
'Tis but to gain the hallow'd ground he gave.
They wait with patience, see the day at hand,
When earth shall be again an Eden land.
O, speed it, King of Glory, in thy time!
Make all things new, bid earth again be thine.

TRUTH.

“Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.” **MATT. 15:13.**

Hail! holy Truth! I love thee!
 Nay, love thee more, the more thou art despis'd.
 Thy smallest particles I would collect,
 Ay, with more care than miser would his gold,
 And hide them as a jewel in my heart.
 Heaven-born thou art, and pure, and thou shalt stand,
 Erect and peerless in the pride of youth,
 When error, thy decrepit, haggard rival,
 With all her vain attempts to thwart thy
 Mission to our earth, and purposes of love,
 Shall have descended to her rightful lord,
 Beelzebub—no more deceive the nations,
 Or be confounded with God's holy truth!

Yes, Truth shall triumph—triumph o'er the globe!
 Proclaim it loud, let all the nations hear!
 Proclaim it loud, that error's self may hear—
 Aghast, confess her puny power wanes,
 And that her hellish reign is near an end!
 Proclaim it, that her votaries may hear,
 Who worship her, and glory in their choice,
 And that she leads to mansions of despair!
 Proclaim it, too, that God's elect may hear,
 Whom he hath ransom'd with his precious blood,
 And whom he'll gather to his fold above,
 From all the distant corners of the earth.

Yes, Truth shall triumph, 'tis enough to know,
 Humble disciple of your lowly Lord!
 Who follow him where'er his statutes lead,
 To prison or to death. Whose soul's sincere,
 And in simplicity of heart is free
 From guile and cunning in their little forms,
 The leaven of the Scribe and Pharisee.
 What though your tears have been your meat and drink
 By day and night, while numbers daily said
 In cruel mockery, where is now thy God?
 What though your name has been cast out as evil,
 And, like your humble Master, scarce had where
 To lay your weary head, or bend your knee
 In humble supplication to his throne?

What though reproach has broke your heart, from those
 Who, for your love, have been your enemies,
 While in the sadness of your broken spirit
 You sought the woodland shade or quiet vale,
 And pour'd your soul, your fainting soul, in prayer,
 For strength and wisdom equal to your day?
 What though false brethren e'en accuse, reproach—
 Say here your're prompt by love of novelty,
 And there, perhaps, by love of human praise?
 Oh! heed them, fear them not, they only prove
 The principles are *theirs* which they impute,
 Nor know the holy ones which they profess!
 With conscious rectitude of heart and life,
 Look down upon their artifice and guile;
 Nor by their censure nor their envy mov'd!
 Clad in the panoply of truth and love,
 And resting on the mighty name of God,
 Thou art invincible—thy victory sure!

Yes, Truth shall triumph—Truth himself proclaims,
 Each plant not planted by my heavenly
 Father shall (in his time) be rooted up,
 Nor from the law one jot or tittle pass,
 Till all shall be (in deed and truth) fulfill'd!
 Yes, though the heavens may decay and fade,
 His promises are sure—yea and amen—

The oath of the unchanging, mighty God,
 And than this pond'rous globe more stable far.

He loves not truth—he loves it not aright—
 No matter by what name he may be call'd,
 Who would the least of Christ's commands despise,
 To please his lusts, his bigotry or sect,
 Or any prejudice in youth imbibed.

By God's own word he is at once condemn'd—
 Must needs repent, the first works do again,
 If he would have the favor of his God.

His guilt is voluntary—hence he has broke
 The whole of God's revealed moral code,
 And is in *spirit* guilty of them all!

For in the spirit he requireth truth,
 And scans the secret chambers of the soul.

Those who in letter, should in spirit keep—
 The letter 's vain, where not the spirit 's found.
 If thou wouldst worship Him in deed and truth,
 The letter, but the spirit more, regard:

Who are unjust in little are in much;
 Who little things despise shall fall thereby.
 Can aught be *little* that my Lord commands,
 Or wrong that wisdom infinite approves?

Who break his *least* commands are least esteemed,
 And in his heavenly kingdom shall be least:

Who keep the least shall his acceptance find,
 And in his heavenly kingdom shall be great;
 Who love the least but love the greater *more*—
 Obedience, therefore, is the flow of love.

Oh! are there many in our churches found,
 Who act this double part? deceive their souls,
 Their brethren too—deceive? nay, think to cheat
 The God who cognizance takes of the heart,
 And will in judgment such deceit expose—
 Perchance that judgment at the very door?
 They worship—what? the God of truth and love?
 Ah! surely not, for God a spirit is,
 Nor can be mocked—he loathes such services,
 In which nor truth nor love have any part!
 God of my earliest youth and riper years,
 On whom e'en from the womb I have been cast,
 Our fathers' God, whose trust was stayed in thee,
 And whom in all their trials thou sustained,
 Say, do I such a wicked mind indulge,
 And to the great deceiver thus give place,
 And with hypocrisy thee Father call?
 My dear Redeemer, help me to detect
 The latent springs of this deceitful heart,
 And crucify the native lusts thereof.
 O, enter, in thy Spirit's mighty power,

Into the inmost temple of my heart,
And drive out every thing offendeth.
Nay, consecrate it to thyself alone!
O, help me cast the beam out of mine eye,
Ere I my brother point the mote in his;
Renew my will—absorb it in thine own,
So I can say, Thy will, not mine, be done,
And by *obedience* prove my love sincere.

CHARITY.

“ God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” 1 JOHN 4:16.

O, Charity! 'tis thou alone inspires
 The amplest wishes, and the purest fires!
 Celestial visitant! delightful guest!
 Swelling expansively the human breast;
 'Tuning the various powers of the mind,
 To serve the purposes they were design'd:
 Imparting an impetus to the whole
 Of man's mix'd nature, body, spirit, soul.
 The soul that feels thy fires, unconfin'd—
 Her fetters broken, flies upon the wind!
 Traverses seas, and continents, and isles,
 'Mid pains, and cares, and labors, sweetly smiles!
 Prompt to relieve distress, and to allay
 The seeds of discord, in her godlike way!
 On every coast and clime a brother greets,
 Where'er she roams a Savior's name repeats;

His life, his love, his glories, all make known,
 Salvation in his name, and his alone.
 The man, the manner, and the theme so sweet;
 When all unearthly thus in concert meet,
 What heart is proof against their potent sway!
 They hail his name, and cast their gods away—
 The night retires—they triumph in the day!

Thus Henry Martyn, name forever dear,
 While worth and genius have one favorite here,
 Forsook his home, his country, and his all,
 In prompt obedience to his Master's call.
 'Though hard the sacrifice, the way he leads
 To India, while his gentle spirit bleeds!
 What ties are broken! kindred, brethren, home!
 How great the conflict! hear his plaintive moan!
 But grace is victor! blow, ye breezes, blow!
 I come, my God! 'tis my delight to go
 To India's sunny climes, thy love to tell;
 Lord, here I am—my earthly all, farewell!

Behold him go, like Abraham of yore,
 Unto a land he never saw before—
 A home belov'd before his vision still,
 To do a more beloved Master's will!
 That home's attractions present to his mind,
 But India's of a stronger, sweeter kind!

Warring emotions struggled in his soul,
And now cast down—now longs to reach the goal!

My brother! I have wept with thee, and I
Have oft rejoic'd with thee in all thy joy!
Thy faithful labors were by some despis'd,
But, by thy Master and his people priz'd;
Thine was an onward and an upward course,
Much more attractive than the magnet's force!
Throughout the wilderness thy God was near,
To comfort, fortify, to guide and cheer:
For all thy sacrifices in the way,
His presence did an hundred fold repay!
In the dark valley, still his presence bless'd,
Thy soul departed leaning on his breast!

Thy days are number'd, and thy toils are o'er—
No more to wander on a desert shore!
Nor shall contempt thy wakeful patience prove,
Ah! strange, requital for thy work of love!
No more a Mussulman or Jew blaspheme
The name that reigned within thy breast supreme!
Nor shall you sigh again for that bless'd shore,
Where sighs, and pains, and wishes are no more!
Thy faith unflinching, daily brighter grew,
Thy zeal and love no intermission knew.
Well done, my brother! my brother, thrice well done!
The battle 's fought! the glorious victory 's won!

But to that happy clime where thou art gone,
 Myriads of kindred spirits, too, are flown!
 As purest spirits breathe the purest air,
 A Newel and a Judson mingle there:
 King's daughters they—all glorious within—
 They strike their harps, exult aloud, and sing!
 Praise their employ—the heavenly courts resound—
 How light the cross, how bright the eternal crown!

A Wesley and a Whitfield there agree,
 A Newton and a Cowper too I see.
 O, happy spirits! O, immortal shades!
 Where ye are gone, nor sin nor pain invades;
 No wicked there to grieve or to molest,
 Or damp the joys, or mingle with the blest!
 While here they might revile, contemn and scoff,
 If now they see you—*see you afar off*.

O! when shall I this troubled sea have cross'd,
 Into that glorious haven, too, have pass'd,
 And mingle with you in your sweet employ,
 Where sin and sorrow never more annoy;
 Where no dark skies shall ever intervene,
 Or mar our peace, or cloud the bright serene!
 While here I linger, O, accept my love,
 Which often mingled in your strains above,
 Impatient of its prison's dull delay,
 And sweetly longed and sighed to soar away!

But hush, my soul! though home be ever dear,
 Beyond expression, still to tarry here,
 And labor freely for thy risen Lord,
 Shall meet with his acceptance and reward:
 Yes, gladly let me suffer with thee now,
 Nor ask when thou wilt call me, where, or how.

Fair Charity! who can thy sweetness tell!
 Thy home is heaven; where thou art not 'tis hell!
 In every heart that does thee truly know,
 A little heaven is begun below;
 All creature loves are in this ocean lost—
 Who makes the sacrifice must count the cost.
 And here self-love, that sordid, latent spring
 Of action, dies—love flies on eagle's wing—
 This humble tribute to her Lord she gives,
 The man is dead—the saint, the Christian lives!

Would despots stop her by tyrannic force,
 Her course, though gentle, is an onward course;
 Patient to suffer, calm, though foes surround;
 Bold to rebuke, though tyrants fear or frown!
 And while they hate her, or in wrath condemn,
 "Father, forgive them!" oft ascends for them!
 Would Priests confine her to their narrow pale,
 Behold their feeble party efforts fail;
 Sectarian bigotry and censure will
 Her purpose perfect never, never kill.

So morning vapors may eclipse the sun,
 But see him rise, and mid-day glories come,
 And o'er the earth his sweet effulgence pour,
 Nay, beam the brighter for the clouds before!

The globe 's her home—her brethren all our race—
 Her God, confined to neither time nor place;
 Her Lord, the Christ, the true, the living rock;
 Her church, embracing all his little flock!

O, when shall nations cordially embrace
 Each other? hate and prejudice give place
 To trust, and confidence, and Christian love,
 And all alike this amity approve?

O, break in pieces who delight in war,
 And call thy sons and daughters from afar.

O, when shall masters own their slaves are men,
 And do as they would have them do to them?
 They rob the poor, torment, oppress, and kill,
 Yet say long prayers, and read their Bible still!
 Delight in deeds an infidel would blame—
 So foul, the Publicans do not the same!
 If they are pious, who are wicked here?
 Take courage, Infidels! why need you fear?
 If they are pious, Charity, farewell!
 If none are wicked, none can go to hell.

Be not deceived; that day shall surely come,
 Which shall the wicked of the earth consume!

He that is filthy then forever will,
 And he that 's holy shall be holy still:
 Nor aught shall enter Heaven to defile,
Nor fraud, nor lechery, nor hate, nor guile!

O, when shall jarring sectaries agree,
 Their carnal jealousies and discord see—
 Perceive the fatal source from which they spring?
 E'en pride and selfishness lodged deep within.
 They prize appendages, and place them first,
 While Charity lies bleeding in the dust!
 Trample the law of love beneath their feet,
 No saints more saintlike, Pharisees complete!
 Stiff in the letter, in the spirit lax,
 To make amends their brethren strictly tax:
 Too pure, alas! to send them to the pit,
 Not pure enough (they fear) with them to sit—
 Nor saints, nor sinners, but a mongrel breed,
 Nor of the serpent's, nor the woman's seed!

Let Scribes and Pharisees think what they may,
 And tithes of anise, mint and cummin pay;
 Their hearts alone Jehovah will regard,
 And shall their works of debt or grace reward—
 Of grace they'll find acceptance in that day,
 Of debt eternally swept away:
 'Tis love fulfils the law; without this grace
 None ever kept it or will see his face.

'The heart it governs will not, cannot err,
 All works are vain if love be wanting there.
 Love will obey—obedience without love
 God never did, nor ever will approve;
 And though a child, this humbling truth confess,
 You're what your heart is, neither more nor less!

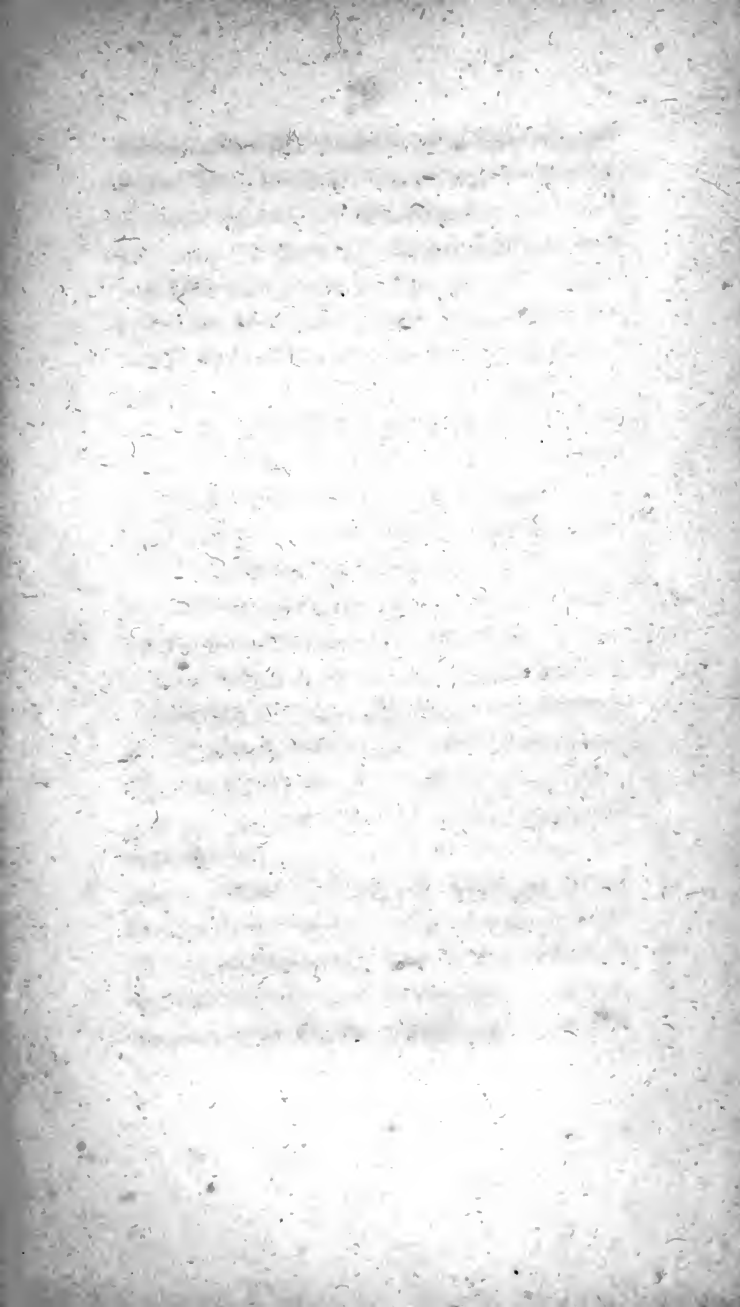
O, when shall brethren meet with one accord,
 Embrace each other in their risen Lord,
 And by their amity and oneness prove
 Their mutual interest in a Savior's love.

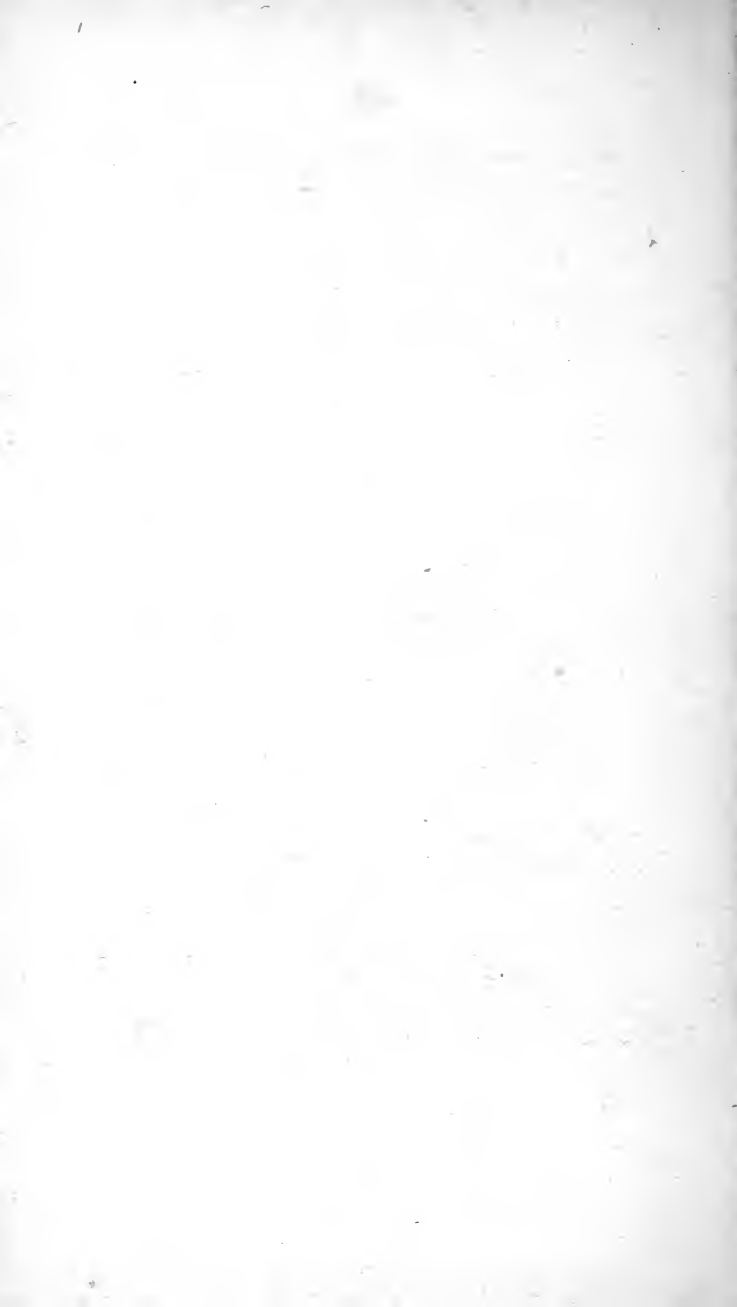
Ah! should his little flock each other slight,
 And by the way fall out, and jar and fight,
 Or think they are the fairer in his eyes,
 The more his little ones they slight—despise?

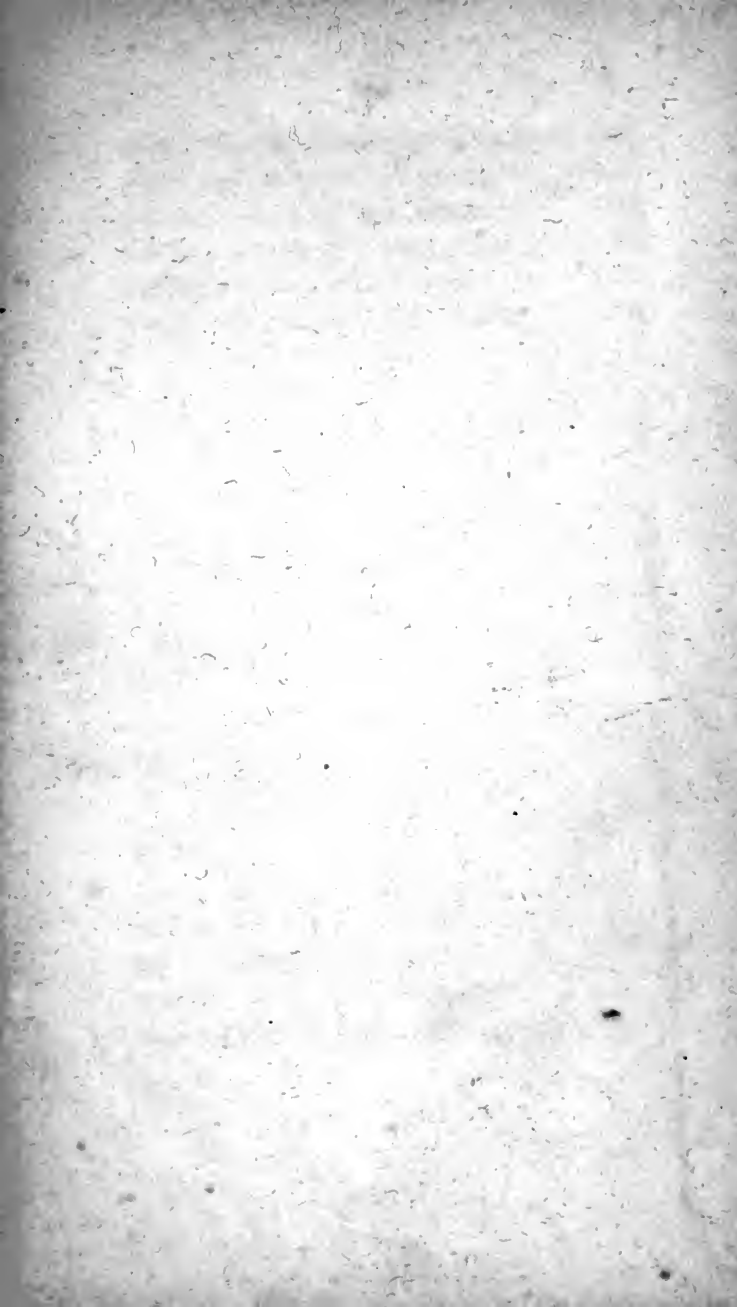
O, when shall party walls which now divide
 Thy fold have fallen—envy too have died!
 Almighty grace, complete the wondrous plan,
 And in one Shepherd may the fold be one.

O, strong Deliverer, speed the reign of peace,
 Bid bigotry and superstition cease:
 But speak the word—the preachers shall abound,
 Let all the nations hear the joyful sound!

O, sway thy sceptre, Judah's mighty king,
 And all the Isles into thy temple bring—
 A day give thousands of thy people birth,
 The glory of thy kingdom fill the earth!







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