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WILLIAM B. TRAPPAN.

*A. Hill*

THE



P O E M S

OF

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WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

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PHILADELPHIA:

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## TO THE READER.

**THIS** volume is published, because, among other reasons, I wish to call home such of my articles as have wandered in both hemispheres without a name; and which public favour would seem to indicate as not unworthy of being claimed. Several of these have been copied so frequently into various periodicals, as anonymous, that their right to a place here, may possibly require to be duly certified by this acknowledgment of them as my own.

The origin of these pieces is to be traced, for the most part, to a desire to please myself by the indulgence of a reigning inclination; yet, in offering them to the public I am unfeignedly solicitous that welcomings may greet these fruits of an impulse which has constantly led me into the fields of song: among the cultivators of which I am willing\* to confess my desire to be found.

The belief that some of these pieces have occasionally kindled the glow and warmed the piety of Christians in this and other lands, gives unalloyed pleasure. Several of them will be recognized as being enrolled with Zion's songs—not unknown in the sanctuary, nor strangers to the place of private devotion.

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There are yet flowers in life's wilderness  
That fling upon the air a sweet perfume,  
And with the charm of Eden-loveliness  
Sooth man's sojournings to the quiet tomb.  
None live, so hopeless, abject and unknown  
As nor to covet, nor to gather these.  
They cluster every where, and round him still  
Their presence throw, who seeks to be alone.  
And yet their sweets no witchery have to please  
The proud, that careless pluck with wanton will.  
Fairest of lingerers in earth's sunny bowers;  
The delicate, not found amid the throng—  
The pleasant solacer of hidden hours—  
Still, still be mine the Blossomings of Song.

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# P O E M S.

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## THE NATIVITY.

JUDEA's plains in silence sleep  
Beneath the cloudless midnight sky ;  
And o'er their flocks the shepherds keep  
Kind watch, to David's city nigh :  
That royal city !—nobler Guest  
Is she awhile to entertain,  
Than proudest monarch, whose behest  
It is o'er earthly realms to reign :  
By Him salvation is to mortals given,  
On earth is shed the peerless noon of Heaven.

For see, along the deep blue arch  
A glory breaks—and now a throng,  
From where the sparkling planets march,  
Come trooping down with shout and song ;  
And o'er those pastures, bath'd in light,  
The sacred legions stay their wing,  
While on the wakeful ear of night,  
Steals the rich hymn that Seraphs sing ;  
And sweetly thus the mellow accents ran,  
“Glory to God, Good Will and Peace to Man !”

## TO THE STARS.

FAIR stars! upon the brow of night  
Ye look, from yonder fields of blue,  
Where ye, 'mid melody of light,  
Bright wheeling worlds! your way pursue.

Ye never tire,—pure diadems,  
The marshalled sentinels on high,  
Ye shine, and ever shine, the gems  
That fringe the curtain of the sky.

Minstrels are ye—your early song  
Followed the Voice Omnipotent,  
When light and music flowed along  
Over the spangled firmament.

Ye stars! if aught 'tis yours to know,  
Beyond your own returnless bourne,  
With pity have ye not below  
Glanced on these vales where mortals mourn?

O, as I scan your nightly march,  
Your anthems steal upon mine ears;  
As sprinkled o'er yon glittering arch,  
Ye wake the music of the spheres.

'Tis fancy!—yet the empyrean strains  
Impart kind gilead to my breast;

They tell of brighter, fairer plains,  
Where troubles cease, where pilgrims rest.

---

## MY BOY SLEEPING.

O, SWEETLY thou art sleeping,  
And thine are dreams of joy,  
Thy mother too is keeping  
Her watch o'er thee, my boy !  
Thy healthful cheek is shaded  
With hair of auburn dye ;  
The last dear smile, unfaded,  
Tells artless pleasure nigh.

And long unknown to sorrow,  
Loved one ! mayst thou repose,  
Be thine the hope of morrow,  
And thine the thornless rose :  
Life's path—how drear and lonely,  
Uncheered by love's warm glow ;  
A parent's rapture, only  
A parent's heart can know.

When of our joys, the nearest  
Too oft, alas ! depart,  
O, blest is he whose dearest,  
Spring only from the heart ;  
The tide of time is stealing,  
Each hour, some bliss away ;  
But these dear throbs of feeling  
Can never know decay.

Yet while I hover o'er thee,  
    Upon thy cheek, the tear  
Hath fallen, as before me,  
    Life's numerous ills appear ;  
O Heaven! avert, or lighten,  
    Those ills, and if astray  
Thou goest, may Hope's star brighten,  
    And guide thee on the way.

O, waken from thy slumber,  
    My cherub boy, that I  
May every beauty number,  
    That glances from thy eye ;  
Beneath those fringes darting,  
    Are beams I long to see ;  
Those ruby lips, disparting,  
    Should lisp of love to me.

I gaze—and still new pleasures  
    My bosom overflow ;  
O tell me, best of treasures !  
    What is it moves me so ?  
Yet hush ! I would not wake thee,  
    So tranquil is thy rest ;  
To sleep again betake thee,  
    Thy couch a mother's breast.

## THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,  
Far from these shades of even ;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
The heart no longer riven ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,  
And joys supreme are given :  
There rays divine disperse the gloom—  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## FILIAL LOVE.

FILIAL Devotion ! dear the tie  
That binds the parent to the child ;  
'Tis from affection's rich supply,  
The streams of bliss flow undefiled ;  
What youthful mind loves not to dwell  
On deeds which care parental prove ?  
What child whose bosom doth not swell  
With gratitude and Filial Love ?  
If such there be—from haunts of men  
Let the unhallowed wretch withdraw,  
Fitter to guard the scorpion's den,  
Or wait the cruel tiger's law.

How tender are the hourly cares,  
That with the mother's love entwine ;  
How holy are the frequent prayers  
The father pours at midnight's shrine ;  
Filial Devotion ! Gratitude !  
Emotions to the bosom dear—  
I would not on the heart intrude,  
That never gave to you the tear ;  
And hast thou, O my spirit, scanned  
With equal zeal, His guardian power,  
Whose breath supports, whose bounteous hand,  
Unaided, holds existence' hour ?

While, day by day, the full supplies  
Thou need'st, are given thee from above ;

Wilt thou not humbly recognise  
In these, a watchful Father's love ?  
Recipient of a liberal store,  
The pensioner of Mercy's throne,  
Wilt thou not contritely adore  
The Source of life and love alone ?  
Great Parent ! while I intercede  
For daily bread to strengthen me,  
May I, with holy fervour, plead  
Thy quickening grace to worship Thee.

---

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

My heart is desolate and sad,—  
Others may dream, yet unto me  
The visions that my boyhood had,  
Are lost in dull reality ;  
I sometimes wish my soul were not  
By sorrow stern, compelled to bow ;  
Yet wherefore ? 'twill be all forgot  
One Hundred Years from Now.

The friends I had, the hungry tomb  
Hath stolen away, or, bitterer still,  
Coldness hath nipped their love in bloom,  
And kindly thoughts are turned to ill,  
'Tis sad to mourn the buried friend,  
Most sad to meet the altered brow ;  
Yet what of this !—all care will end  
One Hundred Years from Now.

Sorrow with me hath done its worst ;  
 She whom I love—her face is wan,—  
 Yea, I have given to the dust  
 The babe my bosom doated on :  
 Yet, as upon its clay-cold bed  
 We wept, sweet voices whispered, how  
 Gladly we'll meet, long ere hath fled  
 One Hundred Years from Now.

'Tis Nature's law—then why repine  
 That man should tread a thorny way ?  
 The hopes that now thus darkly shine,  
 Shall yet break out to perfect Day ;  
 And O, my spirit ! this thy shield  
 Shall be, when bade by griefs to bow—  
 The mystery will be revealed  
 One Hundred Years from Now.

---

ODE FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
 BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

WHERE rest the mighty Slain,  
 'Neath monument or mound,  
 On teeming hill or plain,  
 That spot is holy ground :  
 Sons of the Warrior ! rear  
 The obelisk on high ;  
 Sons of the Brave ! revere  
 The deeds that never die.

Bid ye the column tell  
That on this place of graves,  
The men of valour fell,  
Who scorned to live as slaves :  
God—whose sublime decree,  
Speaks elements to rest,  
Gave victory to the free,  
And safety to the oppressed.

Ghosts of the glorious dead !  
Our venerated sires !  
Your offspring bless, and shed  
On them your sacred fires :  
At this auspicious hour,  
On this devoted spot,  
Glory, we feel thy power—  
What bosom owns it not !

Rear ye the lettered Rock !—  
What though it pass away,  
Though marble ne'er can mock  
Resistless Time's decay,  
The Patriot's deed is known  
To archives of the sky ;  
Emblazoned on the throne,  
The record cannot die.

## PRAYER WRITTEN DURING A PESTILENCE.

OH Thou Unseen, Almighty God!  
That rul'st in power alone ;  
Afflicted by thy righteous rod,  
We come before the throne.

And thou wilt never bid "depart"—  
When our frail offerings rise ;  
For Thou hast said, the broken heart  
Is thy own sacrifice.

With earnest tears we intercede  
For thy paternal care ;  
And, self-abased, do humbly plead  
In penitential prayer.

Our city weeps in lowly dust,  
Bowed by the hand Divine ;  
And still she owns thy dealings just,  
For judgment, Lord, is thine.

Yet while Thou rid'st in frowning mien,  
And hold'st the balance true,  
Oh God ! while thy dread scourge is seen,  
Let pity triumph too.

Though justice is thy diadem,  
And wrath is thine alone,  
Yet Mercy shines, the brightest gem  
Around thy glorious throne.

## THERE IS A HARP.

THERE is a harp whose thrilling sound  
Is heard among the choirs above ;  
'Mid the blue arch its notes resound,  
And heaven repeats the strains of love.

'Tis when some spirit from these spheres,  
On viewless pinions wings its way,  
And pure, before the throne appears,  
In robes of everlasting day.

Hark ! the glad shout of sacred joy,  
In choral numbers loud and long :  
The angelic hosts their harps employ,  
The cherub wakes his noblest song.

---

**SIXTEEN.**

LADY ! while gaily ope's on you  
The world's alluring witching smile ;  
While flowers of every form and hue  
Spring forth, your pathway to beguile,—  
O Lady, in the bursting dawn  
Of hope, may real bliss be seen,  
And bland contentment gild your morn,  
And peace be yours at fond **SIXTEEN**.

Life's but a flower, how frail the bloom !  
It charms without, within is there  
The worm that's nourished to consume,  
The foe of beauty, baneful Care :  
Far from your bosom be the cares  
That lurk with cold forbidding mien,  
And, O kind Heaven! avert the snares  
That folly spreads for gay SIXTEEN.

Though cloudless suns for thee may rise,  
And bright the joys that for thee shine,  
O who may tell these beauteous skies,  
These cloudless suns shall long be thine ?  
Yet long may these your day illumine,  
And may no storm, with rigour keen,  
Assail the flower that loves to bloom  
On the fair cheek of sweet SIXTEEN.

The fairy form must lose its grace,  
The speaking eye must know decay,  
Time will each youthful charm efface,  
As evening's robe obscures the day ;  
Yet while meek candour loves to dwell  
Those lips upon, and truth is seen,  
Lady, these graces long shall tell  
The fadeless charms of bright SIXTEEN.

Affection cheers our pathway wild,  
Yet oft it dies, alas ! how soon,—  
The star that on Love's morning smiled,  
Shines coldly on its dying noon ;

Yet Lady ! while the chaste caress  
Of friendship, soothes life's sorrows keen,  
Still may affection richly bless  
Your path, when fled is gay SIXTEEN.

---

## THE DEPARTED.

I SEE thee not, my brother ! thou art far  
From me, removed to thy empyrion—  
Thou dwellest in the chambers of the star ;  
Inhabitant of yon returnless bourne,  
Where mortality comes not—yet in sleep  
I saw thee. 'Twas a vision of the night,  
When fancy, roused, no more would vigils keep,  
When all within was holy, calm and bright.  
I saw thee as thou wast. Though many a flower  
Of summer birth has flourished on thy bed—  
Though many a cold and wintry blast has swept  
The spot where thou hast pillowed thy head—  
The spot where I in boyhood's laughing hour,  
Forgot my mirth and o'er thy memory wept ;  
My brother ! I saw thee, and thou didst seem  
Like nought of earth—a shadowy, pleasing dream—  
A voiceless vision, beckoning me away  
To skiey fields, where love's pure fountain flows  
'Mid landscapes, sunned by an unclouded day,  
Where pilgrims dwell—the weary find repose.  
Methought 'twas by a river's brink we walked :  
How touching was night's silence ! Echo talked  
Along the breezes, on the eddying air

Came dying murmurs ;—music, too, was there,  
 Music unheard, yet felt, the harmony  
 That soothes the spirit in the parting hour,  
 That hails the disembodied to their bower.  
 'Twas invitation all ;—I strove to follow thee—  
 My brother ! I sought again thy speaking eye,  
 But thou wast gone ; there was nought left with me ;  
 The stars shone coldly in the clear blue sky,  
 The lonely night-wind, murmuring, passed by.

---

THE MATERNAL PRAYER MEETING.

THEY'VE met, thou seest, this is where  
 They always love to meet ;  
 The chosen room, well known to prayer,  
 The Mother's mercy seat ;  
 They've met—in beauteous eyes, the tear  
 Of stirring thought is dim ;  
 For each, this hour, her sweet ones here,  
 Leads up in prayer to HIM.

Is't not a holy place ?—look round—  
 Unto these bosoms given,  
 Are hopes, not by the wide world bound,  
 They look away to heaven ;  
 And think not Heaven, as side by side,  
 Are child and mother bowed—  
 Between itself and this deep tide  
 Of prayer, hath flung a cloud.

Oh no ! if ever broken speech  
    May audience find above,  
'Tis when the mother's heart would reach  
    Down blessings for its love ;  
And though in tears each suppliant long  
    May tarry near the throne,  
She knows that here the faith is strong  
    That is so faint alone.

And firm the faltering step, for then  
    The altar-place is trod ;  
And rises timid woman, when  
    She gives her child to God ;  
Yet not for self is given the sigh,  
    The earnest tear is shed ;  
But that rich mercies from on high  
    May fall upon his head.

Oh woman ! to whose forming touch  
    Is given the plastic mind,  
Thou need'st the frequent prayer, for much  
    Hath heaven to thee consigned ;  
Still in thy weakness there is power  
    Before thy King to stand ;  
With him there is a hearing hour,  
    A sceptre in his hand.

'Tis wise, while fountains fail below,  
    To lead those thou dost love,  
Unto the streams that brightly flow  
    In fairer worlds above ;

To furnish, ere 'tis thine to fall,  
 These dear ones for the strife ;  
 And oh, to see them peril all  
 For crowns of endless life !

---

CHRIST REJECTED.

THE dawn hath broke on Solyma,  
 Yet in her streets sits wan despair ;  
 The temple greets the early ray,  
 The voice of gladness is not there ;  
 Gone forth is the accursed decree,  
 Blush Sun ! and hide each starry gem !  
 Your Maker is condemned, and He  
 Wears now the thorny diadem.

Did not from yonder battlement  
 The gathered angels bend and weep,  
 When crushed with toil, with sorrow spent,  
 Immanuel trod the painful steep ?  
 Was there not anguish known above—  
 Say, ye ! that knelt before the throne,  
 When He whose every throb was love,  
 By man rejected, wept alone ?

O, suffering Saviour ! let me be  
 Patient, when crowding cares invade ;  
 Resigned, when earthly blessings flee,  
 And grateful while enjoyments fade :

Thou wast rejected!—Son of God!  
Near to the Highest is thy seat;  
'Tis mine to meet the stormy flood,  
Give me a place beneath thy feet.

---

## CHRIST RISEN,

DARKLY o'er thee, Palestine!  
Hangs the mystic veil of night;  
Land of Shinar, grief is thine,  
Quenched the glory of thy light,—  
Where is now the promise given  
To thy sires of ancient day?  
Where, O where, the lamp of heaven,  
To direct the wanderer's way?

Ye who, favoured, saw HIM, tell  
Of his mien, beyond compare;  
Ye who marked Him when he fell,  
Say, was not the Godhead there?  
Yet he writhed beneath the rod—  
Anguish sat upon his brow—  
Men have triumphed in his blood,  
And the marble holds him now.

Wherefore then the golden beam,  
Springing up the eastern sky;  
Bright, yet soft as morning's dream,  
When night's empire passes by?

Wherefore then the choral hymn,  
 Floating on the wavy air—  
 Why hath ope'd the marble tomb?  
 JESUS sleeps no longer there!

He hath risen!—crushed his power—  
 Lo, in dust the arch-fiend lies;  
 He hath risen!—glorious hour!  
 We who sleep in him shall rise;  
 Welcome death! each sorrow closing,  
 Now thy features smiles do wear;  
 Welcome grave! to flesh reposing,  
 JESUS is the victor there.

---

WHY SHOULD WE SIGH.

WHY should we sigh when Fancy's dream,  
 The ray that shone 'mid youthful tears,  
 Departing, leaves no kindly gleam,  
 To cheer the lonely waste of years?  
 Why should we sigh?—The fairy charm  
 That bound each sense in folly's chain  
 Is broke, and Reason, clear and calm,  
 Resumes her holy rights again.

Why should we sigh that earth no more  
 Claims the devotion once approved?  
 That joys endeared, with us are o'er,  
 And gone are those these hearts have loved?

Why should we sigh ?—Unfading bliss  
Survives the narrow grasp of time ;  
And those that asked our tears in this,  
Shall render smiles in yonder clime.

---

## WARRIORS OF THE REVOLUTION.

MARK ye the men of other days!  
The true, the tried of yore,  
Even now they come on Fancy's gaze,  
As in might they came before ;  
They come—aye, 'tis a gallant show,—  
These died not for a name ;  
Not to pluck garlands from the foe,  
Or trumpet-songs from fame.

In proud array their ranks again  
Start from the heaving sod,  
They marshal on the embattled plain,  
Their warrior feet once trod ;  
The sainted, the immortal band,  
Forever Freedom's boast,—  
On Recollection's mount they stand,  
A glorious, god-like host.

Clothed in the perils of that day,  
And wounds no longer dumb,  
With honours torn from deadly fray,  
The ghosts—they come! they come!

Each phantom-finger points afar  
To many a blood-dyed field ;  
Behold their wounds! in every scar  
Behold a nation's shield !

They come, exalted from the crowd  
Of all the ignoble dead ;  
To tell of *these* whom grief hath bowed,  
Who bled as they have bled ;  
In the light of every lofty deed,  
Their shadows rise to view ;  
They come from trophied tombs to plead  
For these—the *lingering few*.

The breeze that waves their withered hairs  
Is stirred not with their breath ;  
Voiceless—yet deep that speech, for theirs  
Is eloquence of death :  
*Stretch out the strong, the succouring arm*  
*For these, the faithful Brave ;*  
*The weary-worn—their passage calm*  
*Down to the peaceful grave !*

## REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

I SAW the Evangelist of God ascend  
The holy place. He stood in the beauty  
Of meekness.—He spake, and on my heart  
Fell accents glowing with the prophet's fire.  
I heard thee, mighty one! and was afraid,  
Yea, trembling, listened; for methought no voice  
Of mortal mould could thrill my bosom thus.  
O, sweet as angel's music were the tones  
That breathed their gilead on the wounded heart;  
Strengthened the weary,—bade the broken come  
To Siloa's fountain and in faith be whole.  
I wept o'er blighted hopes—but thou didst draw,  
A willing captive, my admiring soul  
With thee, to brighter regions, where the dream  
Of glad fruition lives, nor is unreal.  
I feared Death—but thou didst deck the foe  
In lovely garb; with softest beauty clad,  
I saw him beckoning to the narrow house  
Of rest, where spicy odours balm the air,  
And resurrection's halo crowns the dead.  
God called thee, favoured one! Thy diadem  
Is wreathed of gentleness, and thick bestrown  
With pearls of nature's forming—they are tears,  
Yea, tears of rapture, holy, and untold.

## WHEN DEATH SHALL LAY.

WHEN death shall lay this bosom low,  
And every murmur hush to sleep,  
When those that give affection now,  
Shall o'er affection's memory weep—

I would not, when life's spark has flown,  
That strangers should receive the sigh ;  
I would not that a hand unknown,  
Should, reckless, close the slumbering eye ;

But, on some throbbing breast reclined,  
That beat alone to love and me ;  
Each parting pang subdued, how kind,  
How peaceful would my exit be !

I would not that this lowly head  
Should pillow, cold, on foreign clay ;  
I would not that my grassy bed  
Should be from home and love away :

But, in my native village ground,  
Near kindred dust, these relics laid :  
How calm my slumbers, how profound,  
Beneath the old tree's sombre shade !

## CONFLAGRATION OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM

AT PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 24, 1822.

'Twas midnight, and the northern blast rode high ;  
Nature lay torpid 'neath the iron power  
Of chill midwinter. From the clear cold sky,  
The stars shed quickened lustre ; 'twas the hour  
Of brooding silence, heaviness and death ;  
    Hushed was the Orphan's prayer,  
    And hushed the holy hymn.

Say, is it real—or but the unquiet breath  
Of fancy, whispering to the startled ear ?  
O God of Mercy ! is there none to save ?  
No powerful arm of blest protection here ;  
No kindly refuge from the burning grave ?

'Twas morning—and the smouldering, blackened  
    pile,  
The throb of agony, the burst of woe,  
The eye of eloquence, the Orphan's tale,  
Spoke the proud triumph of the midnight foe.  
I wept, and long I wept ; yet not for those  
Dear innocents—who fed the funeral pyre ;  
For them, escaped from earth and earth-born woes,  
Their spirits wafted on one car of fire,  
Why should I weep ? No, 'twas the shivering child  
The living wretch, that claimed the pitying tear.  
When lo, a form I saw, of aspect mild,

Fair CHARITY amid the throng appear !  
Her magic voice bade every heart attend,  
Her influence, sweet, each feeling bosom knew,  
And soon the helpless Orphan found a friend,  
And eyes unknown to weep were moist with Pity's  
dew :

Again was heard the Orphan's prayer,  
Again the holy hymn.

---

I KNEW the boy, and he was such an one  
As we can dearly love, nor question why ;  
Of fragile form, yet fair, methinks the sun  
Ne'er shone upon a lovelier, his eye  
Sparkled with hope and innocence, delight  
Dwelt in his motions, every thought was joy ;  
Gentle in heart, attractive to the sight,  
Death ! how could'st thou such comeliness destroy ?

I saw him flushed with health, the opening rose  
Was not more sweet, his cheek had stolen its hue—  
On his fair brow sat childhood's calm repose ;  
His budding lip, surcharged with freshest dew,  
Spake promise of long days, we fondly said  
These charms will flourish—many a genial spring  
Invigorating, will kind influence shed,  
Ripening the plant, and full perfection bring.

I saw him in the agonizing hour,  
When pain was struggling with its victim, there  
Was loveliness remaining, though the power  
Of fell disease, had blighted what was fair;  
He knew me not,—already had he flown  
In thought, to his empyrean, and ere  
Some cherub called, “away!” he sought the throne;  
What should the traveller know of sorrow here?

I saw him,—but the last long strife was o'er!  
'Twas hard, for Death had lingered with the blow,  
Reluctant, seeming:—pale he was, but more  
Of beauty have I never seen; the foe,  
Unwilling to deface so sweet a germ,  
Had left heaven's impress on the sleeping clay,—  
There reigned, sublime, eternity's deep calm,  
Death sat, a smiling victor, on his prey.

---

GETHSEMANE.

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight, and from all removed,  
Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears;  
E'en the disciple that he loved,  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt  
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
 Is not forsaken by his God:

'Tis midnight, from the heavenly plains,  
 Is borne the song that angels know ;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly sooth the Saviour's wo.

---

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S THRONE.

THE slaveholder's throne is the African's grave,  
 Thou hast marked it on Caribbee's shore!  
 He frowns, and the soil of the generous and brave,  
 Is steeped with the innocents' gore.

On those beauteous isles, pearly gems of the deep,  
 All of nature is lovely and fair ;  
 'Tis man, godlike man, bids his fellow to weep,  
 His brother casts out to despair.

Could your griefs, wretched slaves! could your in-  
 juries speak,  
 O, God! what a tale to unfold;  
 Blush, blush, guilty Europe! shroud, manhood, thy  
 cheek,  
 Weep, weep for the passion of gold.

Yet that *here* where our symbol the wild eagle, flies,  
O shame! writhes the African's soul—  
That on fields bought by freedom, an outcast he dies,  
Time! veil it—'twill darken thy scroll.

Why smoke your proud summits, ye hills of the  
slain?  
In days of the battle, why fell  
The thousands, whose bones whitened valley and  
plain,  
When the war-cry was slavery's knell?

Why laud we, exulting, the Festival Day?  
And why to the glorious Dead  
Do our hearts the oblation of gratitude pay,  
As on their cold ashes we tread?

My country! that plightedst to freedom thy troth,  
Redeem it!—thou art not yet free;  
On Eternity's page thou recordedst thine oath,  
'Tis broken! there's Slavery with thee.

## YOU ASKED, I REMEMBER.

You asked, I remember, if those that have flown  
To the regions of sunshine, would visit again  
The scenes of past grief, to mortality known,  
The dream of anxiety, chequered with pain?

From courts of the skies should the spotless e'er  
    bend,  
And delights, once endeared, unimpassioned descry;  
Is there aught that could bid the wrapt spirit descend,  
Or a wish rise unbidden, to waken the sigh?

If so, 'tis the thought of that innocent bliss,  
The sun-ray, expanding affection's young flower,  
Which, caught from yon region, beams brightly on  
    this,  
And to Time lends the hue of Eternity's hour.

If so, 'tis remembrance of love's plighted vow,  
The sweets of communion, once ardent and true;  
And the wish that those veiled in mortality now,  
Should soar disembodied, and friendship renew.

## LOVE.

YES, life is but a waste,  
A cheerless pathway, where  
No healthy fruit allures the taste,  
No flowerets balm the air,  
                  If Love  
The wild rose, ne'er luxuriates there.

Love is a guide, when lorn  
The wanderer is astray,  
'Mid dangers, and no star of dawn  
To smile upon his way;  
                  'Tis Love  
Burns on the cloud, the gem of day !

Along affliction's coast,  
Hard by despair's grim shoal,  
She shines on him, the tempest-tost,  
The light-house of the soul ;  
                  And guides  
Where storms repose, no oceans roll.

O thou Inspirer ! who  
Sang to my infancy,  
And half life's rugged journey through  
Hast still attended me,  
                  I consecrate  
My all to thee, to only thee !

When pleasure's mellow note  
 Allured me to her bowers,  
 Thou had'st kind dreams of fancy float  
 Along the white-wing'd hours;  
                   Thy smile  
 Did strew existence' path with flowers.

The lightning crossed my way,  
 Thou camest and in its scathe,  
 I but discerned the tempered ray  
 Of Love, around my path,—  
                   A pillar given  
 When all was tempest, night and wrath.

Be nigh at the dread hour  
 Of nature's utmost need,  
 When unknown shadowy worlds appear,  
 And unreal scenes recede.  
                   O then the spirit cheer,  
 And bid it on its passage speed!

---

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

LIFT ye my country's banner high,  
 And fling abroad its gorgeous sheen;  
 Unroll its stripes upon the sky,  
 And let its lovely stars be seen.

Blood, blood, is on its spangled fold,  
 Yet from the battle comes it not;

God! all the seas thy channels hold,  
Cannot wash out the guilty spot.

These glorious stars and stripes that led  
Our lion-hearted fathers on,  
Vailed only to the honoured dead—  
Beaming where fields and fame were won:

These symbols that to kings could tell  
Our young republic's rising name,  
And speak to falling realms the knell  
Of glory past, of future shame:

Dishonoured shall they be by hands,  
On which a sacrament doth lie?  
The light that heralded to lands  
Immortal glory—must it die?

No! let the earthquake-utterance be  
From thousand swelling hearts—*not so!*  
And let one voice from land and sea,  
Return indignant answer—*no!*

Up, then! determine, dare and do,  
What justice claims, what freemen may;  
What frowning heaven demands of you,  
While yet its muttering thunders stay;

That thou, forever from this soil  
Bid SLAVERY'S withering blight depart;  
And to the wretch restore the spoil,  
Though thou may'st not the broken heart;

That thou *thy brother* from the dust  
Lift up, and speak his spirit *free!*  
That millions whom thy crime hath curst,  
May blessings plead on thine and thee.

Then to the universe wide spread  
Thy glorious stars, without a stain ;  
Bend from your skies, illustrious dead !  
The world ye won is free again.

---

WEEP NOT.

WEEP not, when sad distress is nigh,  
When bliss and transient pleasures fly ;  
When earthly blessings droop and fade,  
When all is wrapt in sorrow's shade.

Weep not, when death with cruel dart,  
Pierces some idol of the heart ;  
When hallowed friendship decks the bier,  
When tender love would claim the tear.

Weep not, for as the morning cloud,  
Doth nature's radiant smile enshroud ;  
But scatters soon ;—these gloomy woes,  
Shall flee, and all be calm repose.

Weep not, for as the floweret fair,  
Is crushed with winter's blighting air ;

Pressed rudely down, it droops its head,  
And all its varied hues are fled:

With opening spring its bloom revives ;  
Again the beauteous floweret lives ;  
Thus, when life's wintry storms are o'er,  
The friend revives, to die no more.

---

UZZAH :

FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF SAMUEL.

HIS war-tent in Rephaim the godless hath spread,  
That valley is strown with the bones of the dead ;  
Philistia ! the arm of the Strong was on thee,  
When His whisperings were heard in the mulberry-  
tree ;  
And the king hath arisen with men of the sword,  
And nobles to bring up the ark of the Lord,  
Even Him, God of triumphs, Jehovah by name,  
Whose pavilion looks out from the Cherubim's flame.

Rejoice ! for the ark hath gone up with a shout,  
With glory and beauty 'tis compass'd about ;  
To the song of the minstrel the timbrel hath rung,  
And the cloud of His love is with Israel among ;  
Sound cymbal ! sound cornet ! proclaim Jubilee,  
Thy ark, thy salvation, abideth with thee ;  
Thou, Israel ! no longer art scattered abroad,  
With psaltery and anthem give praise unto God.

Why lingers the Covenant at yon threshing floor—  
 And whence is the trembling where Levites adore?  
 Hath God, in his anger, gone up from his own?  
 Hasten, men! and in meekness bow down at his  
     throne ;  
 The ark of his worship by crime is profaned,  
 With presumption the garment of Israel is stained ;  
 That Symbol sought *he* to uphold in his pride?—  
 God accepted him not—he hath touched it and died!

---

TO THE NORTH STAR.

BRIGHT star! while thou thy lonely way  
     Pursuest in yon expanse of blue,  
 Thy gem-like form and steady ray  
     Attract the heedless peasant's view,  
 And his, whose thoughts to unknown regions stray,

Full oft the wanderer, fortune's child,  
     Benighted, sad, and doomed to roam,  
 Beholds with joy thy aspect mild,  
     That tells of happiness and home,  
 And guides him onward 'mid the trackless wild.

Oft, too, the sea-boy marks thy beam,  
     When ocean sleeps in peaceful calm ;  
 While o'er its breast thy gentle gleam  
     Plays wanton, and with sacred charm  
 Lulls the wrapt soul in fancy's pleasing dream.

And oft, sweet star ! at even tide,  
When all around is hushed to rest,  
My thoughts ascend, and pensive glide  
To distant climes and regions blest,  
Where wo-worn care and grief would gladly hide.

And fancy whispers in mine ear,  
That those who once were here beloved,  
To friendship and affection dear,  
Now from this fleeting scene removed,  
Repose, bright star, in thy ethereal sphere.

---

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON;

THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE SIGNERS TO THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE few—the tried—O, where are they,  
Once eager at their country's call—  
That mightiest grew in danger's day,  
That suffered, strove and perilled all ?

Ah, see! from their mysterious clime,  
The sainted shades—they come! they come!  
They're silent as the womb of time,  
Yet at that silence men are dumb.

They speak in every lofty deed  
Conceived, achieved, for freedom's sake ;  
When rousing at a people's need,  
The servile chain they dared to break.

Behold them now—behold them *here!*  
They live in every generous breast,  
In Plenty's smile and in the tear  
That gems the memory of the Blessed.

But who is *he*—alone—the last?  
Go ye and mark the Veteran well;  
Aye, gaze upon the mighty past,  
And to the heart its tidings tell.

'Tis great to view!—a link he seems  
Connecting yon dim world with ours;  
And soothing as the ray that gleams  
On Autumn's latest, loveliest flowers.

Relic sublime, he lingers yet,  
But soon to join that brother-band;  
Aye, soon—too soon, the sun is set  
Of thy last saviour, native land!

The *last*—already o'er his head  
The light of unborn days hath shone;  
Between the living and the dead,  
Wrapt in his years he stands alone.

1826.

## I SAID THUS TO MY GLASS.

I SAID thus to my glass—  
'Twas at a lonely hour,  
When Memory bade pass  
Before the mental eye  
Affliction and her power—  
I said thus to my glass—  
'Twas in a desert spot,  
Screened from the world's cold gaze,  
By it remembered not:  
I said, "Thou art my good,  
Though Evil be thy name,  
I'll quaff thee and forget  
In thy delights, my shame ;  
Pour out libations then !  
The thirsty goblet fill ;  
I'll drink to faithless men,  
To Love, more faithless still.

Have I not scanned the round  
Of all they call sincere ?  
My spirit ! hast thou found  
A kindred spirit here !  
Have I not craved the boon,  
More precious than their gold  
A heart, within whose truth  
I could my own infold ?

They laughed my words to scorn,  
 They jested at my tears ;  
 'Tis good that I were born,  
 For wine hath vanquished fears:  
 Pour out libations, then!  
 Who cannot ills endure  
 That flesh is heir to, when  
 He hath a friend thus sure ?  
 Fill ye the goblet high !  
 Let misery drain it up ;  
 Affliction shall her pearl  
 Dissolve within that cup."

I said, and on my sense  
 Unearthly visions stole ;  
 Ages of old—to come—  
 Passed by my troubled soul ;  
 And One appeared, whose brow  
 Was wounded with the thorn ;  
 And He replied not, when  
 Reviled by men of scorn ;  
 I heard him agonize  
 In prayer—God's holy Son—  
*Father! thy blessed will*  
*Alone, not mine be done!*  
 What said I to my glass  
 At such an hour as this ?  
 I saw the tempter pass  
 Away—transporting bliss  
 Poured its full tide along  
 My bosom, and I said,  
 Or softly murmured, Thou !

Who heard'st me here repine,  
In dust who seest me lie ;  
Forgive, and take me now  
To thy embrace, for I,  
Father! henceforth am thine.

---

## PALESTINE.

LONG hath the crescent's glittering sign,  
On Salem's temple shone ;  
Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine,  
Stood desolate and lone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest  
On Shinah's plains are spread ;  
And wandering feet have rudely prest  
The soil where Jesus bled.

But Shiloh comes to bless the land,  
And Israel's tribes restore ;  
Lo, Edom with Assyria's band,  
On Calvary shall adore.

Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,  
And lands where Jordan flows,  
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,  
And blossom as the rose,

No more shall Zion's daughter mourn,  
 Or captive Judah sigh ;  
 JEHOVAH shall her walls adorn,  
 And bring his ransomed nigh.

---

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

STAR of the East ! the Shepherd's Star !  
 Benignant was thy lustre, when  
 It told of mercy from afar,  
 And beamed Salvation down to men :  
 The mystery, surpassing ken  
 Of angel-powers, revealedst thou ;  
 Celestial were thy glories then  
 That burst and streamed on Midnight's brow :  
 As bright thou burn'st in yon blue field,  
 How dim to thee the toys of kings !  
 Vain the delight their pageants yield,  
 Compared with that which from thee springs ;  
 O, Earth and all her little things,  
 Of real bliss can give no ray ;  
 Her fairest flowers have secret stings,  
 Her splendours shine and pass away.

Star of the East ? no gems that burn  
 Amid these lesser orbs we see ;  
 Or where upon their axles turn  
 The worlds of vast infinity,

Thou peerless one ! can vie with thee :  
*They* never heralded the plan,  
Conceived—performed by Deity—  
That speaks of pardon, peace to man :  
They hold along the empyrean coast  
Their viewless march, unheard, unknown ;  
The least among the radiant host,  
That silent shine, and shine alone ;  
But thou, bright Star ! Redemption's own !  
Didst wander mid the light of song ;  
Thou cam'st with music from the throne,  
Attended by a seraph throng.

Star of the East ! the tempest-tost,  
On life's uncertain billows borne,  
Is by rude gales of trouble crossed,  
By hidden rocks of sorrow torn—  
When breaks the cheering Star of Morn,  
When night and thrall for ever flee,  
O, where the doubts and fears forlorn  
Of him, the wanderer of the sea !  
Break out, blest Star ! with peaceful ray,  
Our pilgrim footsteps to incline ;  
To guide and guard our weeping way,  
Along these doubtful shores to shine ;  
The heavenly beacon light of thine  
That trembled once on Bethlehem's plain,  
Shall guide us to the Source Divine,  
Shall lead us to the Child again.

## CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

WHILE the solemn note of Time  
Warns me of his hasty tread ;  
While the silent march of days  
Tells—" another week hath fled ;"  
While the hum of busy toil,  
Works of care, and labour cease ;  
While the six days' weary strife  
Yields to holy, welcome peace,  
Let me all the past review,  
Much hath heaven bestowed on me,  
Much have I to folly given ;  
God ! what have I done for thee ?  
Nearer to my final hour,  
Am I sealed with Jesus' blood ?  
Nearer to eternity,  
Am I nearer to my God ?  
Hasten, pilgrim ! on thy way,  
Gird thee at the martyr's shrine ;  
Hasten, pilgrim ! why delay ?  
Immortality is thine.

## THE WAIL OF THE DEEP.

I HAVE watched the calm billow when twilight had  
flown,  
And the pale evening star sweetly played on its  
breast,  
When zephyr had slumbered, I've marked the low  
moan,  
Steal on the rapt soul like the songs of the blest.

'Twas the Wail of the Deep! when from ocean's dark  
cave,  
The god of the waters, of bodiless form,  
Arose in his anger to trouble the wave,  
Rejoicing in spoil as he rode on the storm.

O drear is the strife when the portent is nigh!  
O sad is the plaining that calls to the dead!  
The wide waste of waters responds to the cry—  
The shriek of the wretch as he sinks to its bed.

When high in yon vault walks the empress of night,  
And on the lone billow the star-ray doth sleep,—  
From slumber the sea-boy is roused with affright,  
And lists with pale dread to the Wail of the Deep!

## THE FIELD-STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

“ The field-star of Bethlehem is the most ghost-like of flowers. It resembles a large hyacinth, the blossoms almost green, the stalks almost white, with a strange shadowy mixture of tints, a ghastly uncertainty, a sepulchral paleness, a solid, clayey, visible coldness. Dr. Clark found the field-star of Bethlehem on a tumulus, in the Troas, which is called the grave of Ajax. Never was any locality more appropriate. It is the flower of the grave.”

THERE'S a plant of the desert, all lonely 'tis seen,  
It blossoms unknown on the couch of the Brave:  
With the hue of the sepulchre, coldly in mien,  
Blossoms the Field-Star of Bethlehem, the flower of  
the grave.

It seeks not the garden, it shuns the parterre,  
Though lovely, the lowliest of Flora's gay train:  
In the grove, though the choices and sweetest dwell  
there,  
Lives not this shy stranger, the queen of the plain.

The moon in its brightness looks out on this flower,  
But chilly and pale each moist petal appears;  
The night-star, while glowing alone in its bower,  
Still wonders to see the sweet tendril in tears.

The soil of the vanquished hath given it birth,  
The clime of the abject its beauty hath nourished;  
Its home, the degenerate, polluted of earth,  
Yet the spot where the sage and the warrior have  
flourished.

Yea, and shall flourish proudly ! for they that have  
slept

Awake from long night, spurning fear and the chain;  
And where, o'er her ruins, young Liberty wept,  
The smile of the free brightens gladly again.

Bloom, bloom, lovely flower ! but no longer alone,  
Unfold all thy fragrance ! yet not on the grave ;  
A clime unpolluted henceforth is thy own ;  
Bloom thou for the soldier, a wreath for the Brave !

---

#### HOME OF MY YOUTH.

HOME of my youth ! with fond delight,  
On thee doth recollection dwell ;  
Home of my youth ! how gaily bright,  
The scenes that childhood loved so well.

Cot of my fathers ! well I know,  
The spot that saw my infant dawn ;  
Near the green lane, the old elm row—  
The village spire—the grassy lawn.

O ! sweet to me the laughing hours,  
When earth seemed gay, and heaven was fair ;  
When fancy culled her thornless flowers,  
And pleasure reigned, unknown to care.

Home of my youth! this heart away,  
 Recals those moments dear to me ;  
 Often in dreams will memory stray,  
 Home of my youth—to weep o'er thee.

---

THE MAGDALEN'S HYMN.

I KNOW the world derides my claim  
 To healing pity and protection ;  
 I know that to the child of shame,  
 It turns no look of kind affection :

Full well I know the bitter scoff  
 That greets the hapless female ever ;  
 The cold and selfish cast her off,  
 To soothe her and reclaim her, never ;

And some that give the ready smile,  
 Approving, to the gay deceiver,  
 Abhor her, who a prey to guile,  
 Was a too faithful fond believer.

Yet there is gilead for my need,  
 And balm, too, for this bosom's anguish ;  
 For He that marks the bruised reed,  
 Will never let the wounded languish.

Be still, my heart !—away ye fears!  
 Tempests that have my spirit driven,—  
 Even HE who looked on Mary's tears,  
 Hath whispered—“Thou, too, art forgiven.”

## THE ALBION.

The New York Packet ship Albion, captain Williams, on her passage to Liverpool, was lost in a storm on the Irish coast, off Garretstown, near the Old Point of Kinsale, on the 22d of April, 1822, and all on board, with the exception of nine, were lost. She sailed from New York on the first of April, with a crew of 24 men and 28 passengers.

THE storm is weathered, and the fiend Despair,  
Who the long weary day stood sullen by,  
Hath fled. And now is heard the frequent prayer  
From grateful altars wafted; in each eye  
Hope lights her beacon,—busy fancy now  
Sketches fond scenes of bliss, for port is near;  
The proud ship cleaves the foam with steady prow,  
The sea-boy sings of home, by peril made more dear.

'Tis deathly slumber, sure, not calm repose,—  
The sleep of agony hath seized them; why  
Else this deep lethargy? O, can ye close  
Your lids, when desolation marches by?  
Of quiet dream, when horror waits ye soon?—  
Waken, ye tempest-tost! Wherefore?—the wave  
Whose altitude mocks heaven, rolling on,  
Will soon receive ye,—ready is your coral grave.

The morning smiles, the breeze is fraught with balm,  
Hibernia seems freshly from the main  
To spring, beauteous and young. Nature is calm—  
Far, far, unruffled, spreads the billowy plain,

God's handy-work, the world of waters, where  
 The elements disport, and He is seen  
 In strength pavilioned, on His cloudy car,  
 Riding the wild night-storm, and humbling this ter-  
 rene.

The morning smiles, the ocean billow sleeps,—  
 But where's the tall ship that late ploughed its breast,  
 The gallant ALBION?—Pity, shuddering weeps;  
 No more,—only that on the dark wave's crest  
 That night, at times, were dimly seen, 'tis said,  
 Some forms of misery, whose hands in vain  
 Were lift imploring,—they sank with the dead,—  
 And piteous cries and shrieks were heard,—'twas  
 still again.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Yet Thou,\* the child of feeling, shalt receive  
 The tribute of warm tears. Around thy name  
 Mercy will twine her never-fading wreath,  
 Fairer than trophies won by heirs of fame.  
 Thou gavest what ocean had denied, a shroud,  
 With rites of sepulture. I am yet proud  
 Of mankind, for thy sake; God's benison  
 On thee!—the deed shall live when thy sand, too,  
 hath run.

---

\* JACOB MARK, Esq. U. S. consul at Kinsale.

## RETROSPECTION.

'Tis sweet in seclusion to look on the past,  
In life's sober twilight recal the day-dream ;  
To mark the smooth sunshine and skies overcast,  
That chequered our course as we moved down the  
stream.

For there yet is a charm in retracing the morn  
When the star of our pleasure beamed brightly  
awhile,  
And the tear that in infancy watered the thorn,  
By the magic of memory is changed to a smile.

How faint is the touch, no perspective bestowing,  
Nor scenery in nature's true colours arrayed ;  
How chaste is the landscape, how vividly glowing,  
Where the warm tint of fancy is mellowed by shade!

With cheerfulness then, Retrospection! I'll greet  
thee,  
Though the night-shade be twined in thy bouquet  
of sweets,  
In the eve of reflection this bosom will meet thee,  
While to the dear vision of childhood it beats.

And the heart that in confidence seeks its review,  
And finds the calm impress of innocence there,  
With rapture anticipates happiness new,  
In hope yet to come, it possesses a share.

If in climes of the blessed affections unite,  
 And those once dissevered are blended in love ;  
 If thoughts of the past quicken present delight,  
 Retrospection adds bliss to the spotless above.

---

## THE VIGIL.

'Tis night ; from beauteous Palestine  
 The song and minstrelsy have flown,  
 'Tis night ; the priest forsakes the shrine,  
 The holy temple sits alone.

Gone is the boasting Pharisee,  
 The prayer and daily alms are o'er,  
 The unbelieving Sadducee  
 Offends the sacred court no more.

Hushed are the strains that bade rejoice,  
 Silent the weary and opprest ;  
 Lost is the maid and matron's voice  
 For Solyma hath sunk to rest.

But where is Jesus ? where is He  
 The man afflicted and forlorn,—  
 Co-equal with the Deity,  
 The object of rebuke and scorn ?

No follower of the Lord is here ;  
 For Him no eyes their vigils keep ;

They that have mingled tear with tear,  
Forget their woes in reckless sleep.

Closed is each ear to human moan,  
Save His, who wakes to bitter care ;  
Hushed is each grief, but His alone  
Who weeps for man in midnight prayer.

---

#### THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

WHAT story to posterity's dull ear  
Tells Egypt's pyramid ? Only that men  
Some while appeared on God's fair heritage,  
As crouching slaves—the million spawned for one—  
And he, the poor ambitious fool, that fain  
Would live forever, yet unknowing how,  
With blood and sweat hewed out this sepulchre—  
Oblivion's den ; and shrouded is his name  
So deep in the cursed tomb, that toiling Age  
Has lost its faintest shadow. Not such thou,  
Proud Rock ! by sons of Independence reared,  
Sculptured by Immortality. Rear high  
Thy consecrated head ! for thou art based  
Upon no common earth ; the blood and dust  
Of martyrs are beneath thee ; on their bones  
Stand thou !—forever stand, and tell of Glory.  
Forever ?—aye, for thus should virtue live :  
Live, Monument ! though silent centuries heap  
On thee their dust—though at fell Ruin's touch,

Thou crumblest—fallest,—not the cenotaph  
Of mightiest kings, shall be so eloquent,  
Or seem so precious as one stone of thee.

---

WHAT DOST THOU HERE?

O WHY should care disturb thy breast,  
And anxious hopes invade ?  
These cares can never yield thee rest,  
These brilliant hopes shall fade:  
Say, is this world to thee so dear ?  
Say, traveller, “What dost thou here ?”

Why shouldst thou prize these fleeting joys,  
And build thy heaven on earth ?  
Ah, soon each false enjoyment cloy,  
And vain is empty mirth ;  
Say, can they bring true pleasure near ?  
Immortal! say, “What dost thou here ?”

Why shouldst thou deem thy lot unkind,  
When sorrow's boisterous flood  
Has closed around thy 'nighted mind,  
But brought thee near to God ?  
Is He not all ? Is heaven not dear ?  
Say, weeping soul, “What dost thou here ?”

TO A YOUNG FRIEND WITH A POCKET TESTA-  
MENT.

THE charter of a nation's weal  
Is dear to every patriot's heart,  
And he that scorns its sacred seal  
In Freedom's flame can share no part ;

To young Desire, how choice the deed  
That crowns the wishes of the heir ;  
How earnest, anxious, is his heed  
That nought shall the bequest impair ;

But dearer than the sacred scroll  
That shows a rising nation free ;  
Dearer than riches to the soul,  
Is the bequest of Deity.

This guides the weary wanderer's way,  
This tells of a Redeemer's name ;  
And he that on its truths doth stay,  
Shall smile when worlds are wrapt in flame.

---

  
THE WRECK.

THE ocean frowned darkly, the tempest blew,  
And the thunders heavily rolled ;  
The billow, late trembling with cerulean hue,  
Now blackening in anger was scrolled.

'Twas sad, for borne on the echo of night,  
 Came the voice of the furious blast ;  
 'Twas drear, for no ray lent its beacon light,  
 Save the lightning that fearfully past.

'Twas lonely, for nought could the wind-god descry,  
 Save the barque that breasted the foam ;  
 In the moanings of midnight, the mariner's cry  
 Was heard, bewailing his home.

The fires of home burn bright, but ne'er  
 Shall they shine on the mariner's grave ;  
 The smiles of affection, the prattlers are there,  
 But the father lies cold in the wave.

---

THY WILL BE DONE.

WHEN sorrow casts its shade around,  
 And pleasure seems our course to shun ;  
 When nought but grief and care is found,  
 'Tis sweet to say "Thy will be done."

When sickness lends its pallid hue  
 And every dream of bliss has flown,  
 When quickly from the fading view  
 Recede the joys that once were known,

The soul resigned will still rejoice,  
 Though life's last sand has nearly run ;  
 With humble faith and trembling voice,  
 It still responds, "Thy will be done."

When called to mourn the early doom  
Of one Affection held most dear,  
While drops upon the closing tomb  
The silent, the expressive tear ;

Though love its tribute sad will pay,  
And earthly streams of solace shun,  
Still, still the gracious soul will say  
In lowly dust, "Thy will be done."

Whatever, Lord, thou hast designed  
To bring my soul to thee, its Trust ;  
If mercies or afflictions kind,  
For all thy dealings, Lord, are just—

Take all ! but grant in goodness free,  
That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun,  
Support this heart and strengthen me  
To say in faith "Thy will be done."

---

THERE'S REST FOR THE WEARY.

O THOU that hast strayed in a pathway of sorrow,  
Where joy is a stranger and peril is near ;  
With regret for the past and no hope for the morrow,  
The sigh thy companion, thy solace a tear—

Though dark thy horizon, no star of day cheering,  
Though thy way, long and lonely, no pleasures il-  
lume ;

Yet in faith turn thy vision to solace appearing,  
For a ray of tranquillity shines from the tomb.

There's bliss yet in store, let reflection still cheer  
thee,

There's rest for the weary, unfading and true ;  
On the ocean of life, though the billows are near thee,  
Look afar where the haven of peace is in view !

'Tis free from the tempest that here hath long  
shrouded

Thy day, and the false light that shone to decoy ;  
Its waters of life reflect skies still unclouded,  
And Jesus the Lamb is its light and its joy.

---

CHARLES H. PARKER.

PARKER ! there are flowers for thee—  
Friendship's hand shall wreath them :  
Parker ! there are songs for thee—  
Memory shall breathe them !  
Hasten, maidens ! to his tomb,  
All that's lovely there reposes—  
Strew the turf with Flora's bloom,  
Strew the bed with early roses !

Thine was pleasure's halcyon morn,  
Thine were skies unclouded ;  
Weep ! for soon the smiling dawn  
Was in darkness shrouded ;

Thine was talent, worth was thine,  
Thy bosom, feeling's portal—  
Who shall weep?—at yonder shrine  
Thou flourishest immortal.

There are tears when manhood sleeps  
With corruption blended ;  
There is balm when friendship weeps  
Genius, worth, ascended !  
Yes, we wept, when thou didst not—  
Shade ! forgive the error ;  
Yea, we trembled, thou couldst not,  
At the king of terror.

Farewell, farewell—Spirit ! yet  
Say, 'tis not forever ;  
Farewell, farewell!—'tis to meet,  
Meet, where none can sever ;  
Skies shall vanish, earth decay—  
Honour, Virtue, fly not ;  
Worlds on worlds shall roll away,  
GENIUS, FEELING, DIE NOT !

---

## CHILESE WARRIOR'S SONG.

HARK ! comrades, hark ! the trumpet's swell  
Proclaims the note of war ;  
The death-drum roll and bugle tell  
The din of battle far :

To free a bleeding natal land  
From Leon's galling chain,  
The warrior grasps the glittering brand,  
And steeps in blood the plain ;  
While Plata rolls and Andes rise,  
Each CHILESE heart shall Freedom prize.

Awake! too long has bondage hurled  
Its curse on Freedom's soil ;  
Awake! too long a suffering world  
Has groaned with slavery's spoil ;  
The deepened shades of slumbering night  
Enscrolled, are rolling far ;  
The dawn leads on meridian light,  
And dims the risen star ;  
While Plata rolls and Andes rise,  
Each CHILESE heart shall Freedom prize.

Awake! awake! to glorious fight,  
For home and country call,  
The watch-word sounds, "OUR GOD AND RIGHT,"  
The vanquished Foemen fall!  
'Tis Heaven that is the soldier's guard,  
In gory battle-fray ;  
'Tis Virtue wreathes a bright reward  
To crown the victor-day ;  
While Plata rolls and Andes rise,  
Each CHILESE heart shall Freedom prize.

1818.

## REDEMPTION.

ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME. Isa. lx. 1.

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies  
Proclaims redemption near ;  
The night of death and bondage flies,  
The dawning tints appear.

Zion from deepest shades of gloom  
Awakes to glorious day ;  
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,  
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,  
The heralds\* cross the main ;  
On Calvary's awful brow they tell  
That JESUS lives again.

From Salem's towers the Islam sign,  
With holy zeal is hurled,  
And there IMMANUEL's symbols shine,  
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news conveyed afar,  
Remotest nations hear ;  
To welcome Judah's rising star,  
The ransomed tribes appear.

---

\* Missionaries to Palestine.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,  
The choral breaks again,  
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,  
" Good-will and peace to men !"

---

## MY DEPARTED CHILD.

O SAINTED babe! and hast thou sought  
Thus soon, thy home in yonder sphere?  
And is thy every wish and thought  
Purged from the dross that veiled it here?

With faculties enlarged, refined—  
Read'st thou those mysteries unknown?  
Dost thou—a pure immortal mind,  
Stand where the rainbow girds the throne?

Thou dearest one!—and art thou far  
Removed from perils that we see?  
Beyond the chambers of the star,  
Ranging the bright empyrion free?

And dost thou from those worlds of bliss,  
Whose depths no mortal sense may know—  
Bend, in an hour of love, to this  
Receptacle of tears and wo?

O, let it be, bless'd one! to teach  
Thy parents how to follow thee;

Bid them forsake this span and reach  
In thought, thy own eternity :

Bid them rejoice : for though in earth  
The beauteous clay they cherished, lies,  
Yet, formed in Christ, a nobler birth,  
A saint is given to the skies.

---

THE MORNING STAR.

I AM THE ROOT AND THE OFFSPRING OF DAVID, AND  
THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR. REV. XXII. 16.

BENIGHTED on the troublous main,  
While stormy terrors clothe the sky,  
The trembling voyager strives in vain,  
And nought but stern despair is nigh ;  
When lo, a gem of peerless light,  
With radiant splendour shines afar ;  
And through the clouds of darkest night,  
Appears the bright and morning star !

With joy he greets the cheering ray,  
That beams on ocean's weary breast ;  
Precursor of a smiling day,  
It lulls his fears to peaceful rest:  
No more in peril shall he roam,  
For night and danger now are far ;  
With steady helm he enters home,  
His guide the bright and morning star !

Thus when affliction's billows roll,  
 And waves of sorrow and of sin,  
 Beset the fearful, weeping soul,  
 And all is dark and drear within:  
 'Tis JESUS, whispering strains of peace,  
 Drives every doubt and fear afar ;  
 He bids the raging tempest cease,  
 And shines the Bright and Morning Star!

---

## SONNET.—THE TOMB.

MAN LIETH DOWN AND RISETH NOT AGAIN TILL THE  
 HEAVENS BE NO MORE. *Job.*

SOFT are the slumbers of the sunless tomb ;  
 Quiet dwells there—its inmate brooding peace ;  
 The still inhabitant heeds not the gloom  
 Of night, nor starts when morn awakes in bloom,  
 The wanderer rests, and cares and sorrows cease.  
 Yet shall these forms forever pillow there ?  
 Shall dust to dust its lasting kin compare ?  
 O, THOU UNSEEN! shall thy creation sleep,  
 Mingled with earth, and dark corruption share,  
 Where silence drear, and death, their vigils keep?  
 We bless thee for the cheering hope revealed,  
 Where INSPIRATION sheds its living ray,  
 Which, quickening vision, shows the grave unsealed,  
 Its slumberers waking to eternal day.

## HYMN TO THE DEAD.

PEACEFUL rest, ye silent dead !  
Rest, ye weary wanderers, rest ;  
Gentle is your earthy bed ;  
Quiet is the aching breast.

Peaceful rest, for o'er the tomb  
Weeping willows love to wave ;  
Rest, for Spring's perennial bloom  
Clusters fairest on the grave.

Rest, for life is but a dream ;  
Bliss is nought but gilded wo ;  
They that live enjoy the gleam,  
They that slumber truly know.

Rest! no sorrow can befall ye,  
Mingle with the valley's clod ;  
Rest, till nature's cry shall call ye,  
Call ye to approach your God.

## MY COUNTRY.

MY COUNTRY, nations proudly say,  
And long be heard the story—  
That thou hast risen, the gem of Day,  
The favourite star of glory:  
And inspiration lends its voice,  
And Time, his page unfolding,  
Bids thee, his cherished one, rejoice,  
Futurity beholding.

The flood of years shall pass, yet lives  
Untouched, thy deeds recorded;  
Yea, Age's chronicle revives  
The meed to thee awarded.  
Since pilgrim-sires pursued their way  
Across the trackless ocean,  
Escaped from persecution's sway  
And bigotry's commotion ;

Since spirit-Freedom hither fled  
From regions where none sought her—  
Her native mountains strewed with dead  
Her yales the bed of slaughter—  
Thou in the plenitude of fame,  
Majestic hast ascended,  
And clustering round thy deathless name  
Are strength and beauty blended.

In contest, the victorious, thou,  
On tented field or ocean ;  
In peace, the fair, whose queenly brow  
Claims and receives devotion.  
When Freedom fires the bosom, can  
Its resolution falter?  
Never ! for here regenerate man  
Rears to his God an altar.

My country ! lives there, can there be,  
O'er worth like thine yet glowing—  
A soul not thrilled to ecstasy,  
A heart not overflowing ?  
If such, from him the recreant slave,  
Let hope her heaven sever,  
For him oblivion ope its grave  
With resurrection never.

Hail to thee, home of Liberty !  
Thy sons, thy glory sharing,  
From toils reposing, find in thee  
The fruits of noble daring ;  
And when, like autumn fruit, our sires  
Have with the valley blended,  
Be ours the never dying fires  
That on their shrines descended.

## WHY DO I LOVE THEE?

WHY do I love thee ?  
Maiden, wilt thou tell—  
Why hast thou round me  
Fastened thy spell ?  
Is it thy fairy form,  
Graceful and gay ?  
Is it thy jet locks,  
Where light sylphs play ?

Is it thy dark eye,  
Bright as gazelle,  
Is 't the bosom-sigh,  
Where fond thoughts dwell ?  
No ! the sigh believing,  
Too late finds the youth,  
That love is deceiving,  
That vows are untruth.

The fairy form it is not,  
Graceful and gay ;  
The jet locks it is not,  
Where light sylphs play ;  
The glance it may not be  
From eyes deemed divine,  
Though orbs I may not see  
Brighter than thine.

But maiden, thy bosom 'tis  
Where truth is throned queen,

Where attendant, the graces,  
Are with modesty seen ;  
'Tis thy heart, dear enchantress !  
So yielding, yet true—  
Its witchery of tenderness  
Binds me to you.

---

FOUNDED ON A FACT THAT OCCURRED IN SEPTEMBER,  
1826.

I LONG have thought man's heart, though formed to  
gentleness,  
And moulded by sweet Mercy, changes soon  
To unrelenting hardness, when exposed  
Unto the bright rays of prosperity.  
For I have seen the meek one chafe and rage,  
Yea, in his anger, tread on him that wore  
A form like to his own. I have beheld  
When he did spurn his fellow, and did curse  
The fatherless and widow in their want !

I followed late unto the narrow house,  
One that I knew in his more prosperous day ;  
Whose heart was ever open to distress,  
Whose hand was liberal to befriend. Yet he,  
Left to Adversity's rude grasp—found those  
That shared his cup and converse, distant now—

Mean parasites, that shunned Affliction's door.  
And at that funeral many tears were shed—  
More, as it seemed, than death, our common lot,  
Alone should claim. I asked of her that leaned  
For needed help upon me, and who shook  
And wept as if her very soul did sob—  
The cause of this, so strange distress, and heard  
A tale of grief—my heart wept as I heard.  
A man of avarice—a pitiless  
Base worshipper of gold, had seized this son  
Of hard Misfortune—from a sick bed too,  
Aye, from a wife and babes, on whom disease  
And wasting sorrow long had fastened;  
Had torn him, and for lack of sordid coin,  
Doomed him to perish in the prison-house.  
His wife, faithful as woman ever is,  
Though stricken, left him not. Even at the hour  
Of his extremity, she closer clung,  
And neither want nor wretchedness could frown  
That tender, virtuous helpmate from his side.  
And, as she saw death hastily approach,  
And marked damps gathering, and no one near  
To aid the sufferer, the screams she sent  
From Misery's abyss one would have thought  
Might stir the dead. Yet no help came, and there  
In that damp prison, in her wild despair,  
She sat, and held his throbbing head, until  
Death's marble impress, fixed upon his brow,  
Told that his heart was broke.

## THE THORN OF LIFE.

WE see in life's wide wilderness,  
Some plants of fair and varied mien ;  
Love's rose springs here, while there, distress,  
The night-shade, rank, is seen.

With choicest care we cull the flowers  
That breathe of beauty and of morn ;  
But while the bouquet charms the eye,  
We feel the secret thorn.

And who is free from sorrow's thorn ?  
Joy's sparkling beverage dost thou sip ?  
Thou mayst—but soon the poisonous dreg  
Shall meet thy quivering lip.

Thy morning, gay, perhaps, hath shone,  
And Hope exulting plumed its flight ;  
At noon, the stern destroyer came,  
With disappointment's blight.

Hast friends ? thou hast, yet the last sun  
That saw thy bliss, hath seen the dart,  
Whose cruel fang shall pierce thy friend,  
And wring thy lonely heart.

Thy wife, thy offspring—whence that sigh ?  
Too well I trace the secret tear,

For thou, who wife and offspring knew,  
Hast wept upon their bier.

Love hath its chill, and Mirth the sigh,  
And who may boast a cloudless morn?  
Mortal! that cull'st the flowers of life,  
Think not to escape the thorn.

---

#### THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

THE twilight had fled, and the night-lamp alone  
Illumined the forest and mellowed the shade;  
The song of the cushat and whip-o-will's moan  
Was over, and solitude reigned in the glade;  
Nought was seen save the meteor that speckled the  
gloom,  
And the pale starry brilliants that studded the sky;  
Nought was heard save the yell where the forest-  
kings roam,  
The moan-breeze and hoarse murmuring break of  
the foam,  
As the barque o'er its snow-mantled breast seemed  
to fly.

'Twas the hour of the heart, to memory dear,  
When fancy, lone wanderer, to the past doth return;  
'Twas sacred to sadness which hallowed the tear,  
As it lingered o'er joys that affection would mourn;  
The BOATMAN absorbed, on the motionless oar,

Recollection indulging, had gently reclined,  
Its strokes the blue billow resounded no more,  
Forgotten the barque and the tall rocky shore,  
For home and its treasures arose on his mind.

From home long a wanderer, he'd traversed the  
main,  
And far had the Boatman from happiness strayed ;  
But now to the woodland returning again,  
The fond smile of hope o'er his rapt vision played;  
And he thought of the cottage that rose in the dell,  
And he thought of the hours that childhood knew  
there,  
And with rapture he thought—but the full bosom's  
swell,  
With emotion forbade what affection might tell  
Of the maiden whose glance could beguile every  
care.

And in fancy the valley that borders the stream,  
To his view seemed as gay, and as sweet shone the  
star  
As the evening when chaste with a tremulous gleam,  
It played o'er the billow and mantled afar;  
When he clasped the true maid to the heart that re-  
vealed  
Its affection sincere by the soft-heaving sigh,  
While she whispered, "we part! but may HE be  
thy shield,  
Who alike on the wave and the red battle-field,  
To the wanderer forlorn with protection is nigh."

O, sweet are the joys that from innocence flow,  
 And pure is the bliss that affection endears,  
 If sorrow is nigh 'tis the gilead of wo,  
 And the wild-flower of love beams brightest through  
 tears ;

O Boatman awake ! for thy perils are o'er,  
 The morn hath illumined the sea's wavy breast—  
 Thy barque gently grates on the yellow sand shore,  
 The valley appears—see! the low cottag e door,  
 In the arms of thy true love, thou wanderer art blest.

---

WHEN THE ROSE IN SHARON BLOOMING.

WHEN the rose in Sharon blooming,\*  
 Sheds sweet fragrance on the air,  
 Each loved tint new grace assuming,  
 Doth its varied charms declare.

When the lily 'neath the mountain,  
 Weeps in Hermon's glittering dew;  
 Pure as Kedron's crystal fountain,  
 Shines its robe of spangled hue.

Fair are Sharon's blooming roses,  
 Rich the lily of the vale ;  
 'Mid each blush, delight reposes,  
 Nectared sweets embalm the gale;

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\* Solomon's Song, iii. 1.

But when JESUS, Lord of heaven,  
He whom Saints with love adore,  
Kindly says to man, forgiven,  
“Go, thou contrite—sin no more”—

Radiant beauty he discloses,  
While he saves from sorrow's doom ;  
Sweeter than the blush of roses,  
Fairer than the lily's bloom.

---

## BEFORE ME LIES THE TROUBLOUS DEEP.

BEFORE me lies the troublous deep,  
Life's ocean, tost by many a storm ;  
Behind me, hushed, the billows sleep,  
Whose calm, wild winds no more deform.

I tempted childhood's sparkling wave,  
And careless toyed with danger nigh ;  
I trod upon the gaping grave  
And smiled at fear, yet knew not why.

In youth I sought a brighter path,  
Yet paused to gaze at childhood's beam ;  
Fled was the angry lightning's scathe,  
For peaceful is Love's early dream.

What dangers press on manhood's prow !  
His barque is tost by every gale,

The shoals of folly thicken now,  
And perils rise and cares assail :

Yet manhood past, how slight appear  
The terrors strown on manhood's way!  
Night's cowering phantoms disappear,  
And bright to memory shines the day.

Before me lies the troublous deep,  
The sea that angry waves deform;  
Yet Faith shall bid the billow sleep,  
And Hope shall soar above the storm.

---

I LONG had loved thee, thou wast dearer far  
Than all mortality beside could boast ;  
My pride, my glory, thou, my chosen star.  
I loved thee well, but I do love thee most  
Since the sad time that sickness writhed this frame;  
For well do I remember all the care  
That, gathering round thee, clouded thy young brow  
The while thou lean'dst o'er me, with looks the same  
Of tenderness, that first taught me to bow  
At Goodness' shrine, a willing votary there.  
A WIFE! what tie, love, can with this compare?  
Best of God's gifts, where all of loveliness  
Is given, to soothe the sojourner below—  
O, hard his passage through life's wilderness  
Who has not Woman to assuage his wo!

I long had loved thee, and in early hours  
Thy image came along with beauty blended ;  
Then Pleasure beckoned me unto her bowers,  
While all of sunshine on my steps attended.  
Dearest! I sought thee in youth's halcyon day,  
Yet more I prize thee, now the mellow ray  
Of calm enjoyment gently steals along,  
Gilding with sober tint our humble way.  
Remote from all the bustle of the throng,  
Our home is in each other, and the din  
Of pomp and splendour, love ! we shall not heed ;  
The world is not for us, and those within  
Who seek their aliment, are rich indeed ;  
To us is given the soul-soothing song  
And love to bless, we ask no other meed.  
Though fond of retrospect—and I confess  
That on the past I've gaz'd with dear delight,  
And, much reviewing, marked new cause to bless  
Heaven and thee, love—yet with fonder ken  
Thought glances onward to the coming night,  
The softly stealing night of being, when  
We two shall downward tread the narrow vale  
That shadows forth into eternity—  
The pathway fraught with Eden's primal balm,  
Leading to heights of peace, where travellers see  
The lightning fork below, but feel no harm,  
And hear the tempest rave, no storms can them as-  
sail.  
While hand in hand we journey on, how sweet  
The converse of departed hours! the tale  
Of other days will 'guile our pilgrim feet.

## TO THE CRESCENT.

MOSLEM Banner! burnest thou  
 Where the Grecian hails the fight?  
 Triumph, balefire! triumph now!  
 Soon thy beams shall shroud in night.  
 Symbol of a recreant power,  
 Thou that gem'st the Soldan's throne,  
 Thou that from proud dome and tower  
 Twice six hundred years hast shone—  
 Crescent! now thy glories wane,  
 Ruin o'er thee flings her pall,  
 Never to revive again,  
 Vaunting Crescent, thou must fall.

Who upon God's chartered soil,  
 Who that's *Man*, would be a slave!  
 Who would swell the despot's spoil,  
 While that earth affords a grave?  
 Who to Turkish tyranny,  
 Coward—bends his abject soul,  
 Let him not in combat die,  
 Let oblivion o'er him roll:  
 Liberty! thy deathless song,  
 Ever noble—still inspires;  
 At its echoes shall, ere long,  
 Quiver Stamboul's thousand spires:  
 Hellespont's oft blood-stained border  
 Hears e'en now the quick'ning cry;

St. Sophia's quailing warder  
Sees the gathering tempest nigh.

Moslem empire! lone not now  
Stainest thou fair Europe's hem ;  
Fouler, deeper spot than thou,  
Blotteth her proud diadem ;  
Fallen Iberia! thy past story  
From neglect awhile may save  
Thy lost name—thy future glory  
Sleeps in a redeemless grave:  
Crescent! though thou gleam'st awhile,  
From tall dome and minaret,  
Yet in peace the Cross shall smile  
O'er the land of Mahomet;  
Yes! and where thou burnest, we  
Freedom's sign may greet again—  
Who, O Heaven! once more shall see  
Disenthralled regenerate Spain ?

1822.

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WHEN COLD IN THE DUST.

WHEN cold in the dust sleeps this bosom of clay,  
And the captive enlarged wanders lightly and free;  
While it treads the expanse of eternity, say,  
Will it then be a stranger to love and to thee ?

Oh shall the pure flame which was kindled below  
From the spark that still burns on the altar above,

Be quenched in the clime where each breast feels  
its glow,  
Where each harp wakes the theme and the choral  
is love ?

Oh no! in those regions of light and of joy,  
Recollection returning, will friendship prolong;  
We shall know as we're known, and its converse  
enjoy,  
As we join in the cordon and mingle the song.

Unclothed with the frailties that fettered us here,  
Each scene of past anguish forgot by us then—  
The cloud that has hovered will there disappear,  
And the sunshine it veiled will illumine again.

Freed alike from each sorrow that reigned in the  
breast,  
And the bliss that shone dimly or sparkled on care;  
The revealings of joy will but quicken its zest,  
Immortality seal what it ne'er can impair!

THEY SHALL LIE DOWN ALIKE IN THE DUST.

YE hapless! who repining, grieve  
At poverty and ill,  
Who doubtful, question heaven's decree,  
And murmur at its will :

Think ye that affluence is the source  
Whence unmixed blessings flow ?  
Think ye that gold can satisfy,  
Or splendour, peace bestow ?

Mistaken race !—alas, how few  
This panacea boast ;  
Ye labour, but for bliss untrue,  
The care and toil are lost.

Go, learn content! for riches yet  
Have never fed the mind ;  
Go, learn content! the coffered wretch  
May ne'er enjoyment find.

The costly robe of Tyrian dye,  
Oft hides some bosom care ;  
And beauty's smile and beauty's wit  
Conceal the latent tear.

Art thou obscure?—the bitter cares  
Of genius are not thine ;

Unknown?—rejoice, for thou art free,  
No slave at folly's shrine.

Thine are affection's purest sweets,  
And thine is love's caress ;  
Approving peace within thy heart,  
A Providence to bless.

Thine are the beauties of the globe,  
The charms that sense allure ;  
For thee yon azure glories burn,  
Say, mortal! art thou poor?

The hopes that shine along life's path,  
To cheer thee, too, are given ;  
The Star that points the wanderer's way,  
Shall lead thee to thy heaven.

And while lamented by the great,  
The rich repose in clay,  
Thou, too, wilt seek thy final bed,  
And slumber sweet as they.

“ In the town of Nunda, (Alleghany county,) upon the farm of Benjamin Earl, Esq. has been found a large number of human bones, in the last stage of decay. They were but very slightly covered with earth, and appeared to have been promiscuously deposited, without any regard to order, in a field containing probably thirty acres. The great size of some of the thigh bones denotes men above the ordinary stature, and the equality and uniformity of their decay prove that they were all buried at the same time. At what period, and by what cause, they were left there, is impossible to determine. We may conjecture that they are the remains of brave warriors who fell on the field of glory—but whose exploits have died away in the lapse of past ages, never to be heard of more.”

YES! they have fled—the war-whoop’s call  
 Shall animate no more to glory ;  
 The trophies of the grave are all  
 Remain, Oblivion shrouds their story.

O, *Glory!* what art thou?—a dream,  
 That cheats the slumberer, yet believing ;  
 Why dost thou, faithless phantom! seem  
 To us so beauteous, yet deceiving?

Short-sighted man! the toil is thine  
 To win the dizzy heights of danger;  
 The goal achieved, thou wilt repine,  
 Thy heart to calm repose a stranger.

And thou! the child of feeling, who  
 Perhaps hast wandered to Hope’s bower,  
 And of the roses plucked a few,  
 To cheer thee in the lonely hour—

Depart!—for tears will nurture not  
The fragile flower of morn to bless thee ;  
It dies, alas! and on the spot  
The night-shade rises to caress thee.

---

## SONG OF THE MARINER.

WE go down on the face of the waters, the Sea,  
The glorious boundless Sea is ours!  
But though on the wings of the morning we flee,  
Can we hide from the eye of HIM, whose decree  
Is heard on the main when the night-storm lowers ?

We go down on the face of the waters, there  
Unimagined, fearful secrets are known ;  
'Tis ours to dwell in the lightning's glare,  
'Tis ours to be rocked by the wave of despair :  
God holds the deep, His ways are unknown.

We go down on the face of the waters, tell,  
Tell, is the God of the billows the same  
Ye worship, who thunders, and who can dispel  
With a smile the evil, whose doings are well ?  
If thus, we his servants will call on his name.

We go down on the face of the waters, say  
Is there place for the mariner, an altar for him,  
To render oblations of sacrifice?—may

The dweller in ships to Jehovah pray,  
When the heart is melted and the eye is dim?

We adore the God whose will hath spread  
Sprinkled with gems, yon canopy ;  
In whose hands are the ashes of the dead,  
Whose majesty lightens ocean's bed ;  
Where the contrite is He surely will be.

Then ye who in temples made by hands  
Worship, forget not the mariner far,  
When borne by the billow to distant lands,  
In perils benighted on folly's sands,  
Deliver him, Master!—shine Bethlehem's Star!

---

VERSIFICATION OF AN EXTRACT FROM THE  
ITALIAN.

I ASKED of Time whose was the name  
That here in ruins lay ;  
What were his deeds of lofty fame ?  
Time hastened on his way.

To Fame I spake—“O thou! to whom  
All that survive belong”—  
Fame fled in sorrow from that tomb,  
Hushed was her trumpet song.

Grieved, then, I turned and saw the form  
 Of One that walked alone ;  
 The Spirit of Destruction's storm,  
 He strode from stone to stone.

“Tell me! for thou alone hast power,  
 For whom arose this shrine?”  
 In voice as of the crumbling tower  
 Oblivion said—*'tis mine!*

---

THE MANIAC.

THOSE eyes that beam so beauteous bright,  
 And all the heaven within declare,  
 May set ere long in starless night  
 Or kindle with demoniac glare.

The thrilling voice, oft heard to bless,  
 Whose accents memory would prolong,  
 May tell the story of distress,  
 Or warble sorrow's broken song.

That heart where feeling holds its throne,  
 Which fondly beats to love and me,  
 Cold as the unsunned marble stone,  
 May lie in frigid apathy.

Lord of all good! thy fiat spake  
 To birth, the blessings that I have ;—

Lord of all worlds! 'tis thou canst take  
Again, the boon that mercy gave :

Take all, but hear my earnest prayer,  
'Tis breathed in tears, reject it not,—  
Take all—but let me never share  
The hopeless, soulless MANIAC'S lot.

---

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

“ Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus said unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God.” *John, xx. 16, 17.*

JERUSALEM is silent now,  
Her priests and warriors sleep;  
And dimly on yon vaulted brow,  
The stars their vigils keep:  
Unheeded is that voiceless gloom—  
That stillness has no dread  
To her that weeping seeks the tomb  
Of the beloved Dead.

The morn on Zion's lonely hill,  
Has cast no beams abroad;  
Yet Mary's footstep lingers still—  
She goes to seek her Lord:

Why stands she wondering?—Hands unknown  
 Have burst the shroud and pall;  
 And rolled away the sealed stone,  
 And rent the prison wall.

Jesus, the Dead, she sees no more,  
 And weeps in fond alarm,—  
 O, shall she not upon him pour  
 Her spices, myrrh and balm?  
 Blessed One! thy love and faith are great,  
 Is not thy triumph near?  
 Yea, He thou seek'st doth on thee wait,  
 Mary! behold Him here.

---

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

In life's early vision when bliss mantles high,  
 And the morning of pleasure beams cloudless and  
 pure;  
 When fond expectation illumines the eye,  
 And hope to the bosom seems brilliant as sure;

How numerous the perils that ambush the way!  
 What dangers to threaten, what syrens to snare!  
 And he that in sunshine hath welcomed the day,  
 At evening is wrapt in the cloud of despair.

For they that in sympathy now would adore thee,  
 While the cup of prosperity, sparkling, is thine;

Ungrateful, will ere long, in mockery smile o'er thee,  
When the sun of thy pleasure in mists shall decline.

And if unexperienced thy heart is deceived,  
And thou in oblivion thy anguish would'st steep ;  
If the faithless hath pierced thee, and those once  
believed  
Unheeding their plightings have left thee to weep ;

O then, thou benighted and lone, look afar  
To HIM that can soften the wounds he has made ;  
The Guide of thy youth who alone is the Star,  
Directing to day-beams unsullied by shade.

---

O THOU THAT PLEAD'ST WITH PITYING LOVE.

O THOU that plead'st with pitying love,  
How large that love and free,  
When sad and wounded here, we prove  
There's rest alone in Thee!

Poor wanderers tired, bereft of all,  
To sin and bondage sold,  
We strive, till freed from Satan's thrall,  
We 're brought to Jesus' fold.

With fervour at the sinner's heart  
Thou plead'st to enter in,

And there the kindly balm impart,  
That heals the wounds of sin.

“Open the door to me, my spouse,  
My love is ever true ;  
My head with drops of midnight flows,  
My locks are filled with dew.”

Who shall not, Lord, with love adore,  
When thus Jehovah pleads ?  
What bosom will deny the door  
When Jesus intercedes ?

Enter this heart my Saviour, God!  
To thee subdue this breast ;  
Shed thy renewing grace abroad,  
And be my constant guest.

---

DEATH OF GENERAL STARK.

HE died,—he fell in the winter of years,  
On the couch of the tomb he has pillowed his head ;  
And fled has sorrow and fled have fears,  
For sorrow and fears dwell not with the dead.

On the green hill-side they made his grave,  
There the oak, the tree of his country grows ;

His bed is holy, 'tis the bed of the brave,  
His slumber is calm—'tis the warrior's repose.

And sweet be thy visions, thy slumbers profound!  
For bright is the halo that circles thy brow ;  
In the thickest of battle thy place was found,  
The wreath is deathless that decks thee now.

To thy country, the prime of thy manhood was given,  
'Mid the foremost thy shining sword was drawn ;  
Thou stood'st a pillar—approving Heaven  
Beheld and put the foe to scorn.

When the palsy of years had scathed thy form,  
And thy head was crowned with the snow of age,  
When poverty came, thou met'st the storm,  
And in greatness of soul defied its rage.

The traveller sought thy desolate cot,  
And he wept o'er the wreck of valour there ;  
The fire of youth had left thee not,  
Thy country, thy idol, was still thy prayer.

Adieu to the dead!—the spirits of those  
Who soared on the battle, see! they vanish away ;  
The warriors have gone to the land of repose,  
Our fathers, our fathers!—O where are they ?

## THE REDBREAST.

In the Gothic church, at a sea-port in the East Riding of Yorkshire, (England) immediately after the sermon, and as the minister was repeating the usual subsequent prayer, "May the peace of God which passeth all understanding," &c. a redbreast, that had taken shelter in the sanctuary from the inclemency of the season, poured forth, as if by inspiration, such a sweetly plaintive song, that the church resounded with its vibrations.

BEAUTIFUL bird! com'st thou to pour,  
—Wanderer from thy native plain,  
Thy simple yet melodious strain  
In walls where mortals God adore?

Why warble here the plaintive lay  
That swells and dies along the air,  
And mingling with the voice of prayer,  
Bears thought in ecstasy away?

Oh, could we, guileless one! like thee,  
Our bosoms thus attuned to love—  
Waft artless orisons above,  
How pure would our devotions be!

Nor vocal hymn, nor organ's swell  
That richly rolls upon the ear,  
Is, as thy untaught thrillings, dear,  
If it *heart-worship* do not tell.

## THE CONVICT BOY.

HE was a father's hope ; on him  
 A mother oft had cast the eye  
 Of secret pride, and though now dim  
 With blinding tears of anguish, I  
 Saw that her gaze was on him still ;  
 Still in her throbbing heart's warm core,  
 She that has borne his weakness, will  
 Shelter her lost one. Oh not more  
 Clings ivy to the fostering tree,  
 Woman! than pity clings to thee :  
 Her boy may mock her hopes, yet ever  
 As he treads Guilt's deceptive wild,  
 By all else shunned, the mother never  
 Can shun—for is he not her child ?

He stood before me in yon hall  
 Of inquisition, held on crime ;  
 He stood, a fair and lovely boy  
 In aspect ; one whose early prime  
 Blossomed with hopes of peace and joy.  
 I saw the big tear frequent fall  
 Down his wan cheek—it might be so—  
 My soul was moved—in truth I know  
 It *was* the tear of penitence!  
 Remorse, regret and bitter shame  
 Stood on his youthful brow ; the sense  
 Of his misdeeds, had vanquished quite  
 His bosom's once proud stubbornness :  
 I said, that boy's now sullied name

Himself will yet redeem; away  
 Shall flee this morning cloud, and bright  
 And pure will be his future day :  
 The aged father yet will bless  
 A son restored,—the glad caress,  
 A mother's fond caress, shall well  
 Declare what lips can never tell.

That lovely boy—that only son—  
 That penitent, whose tender years  
 Pleading for the misguided one,  
 Called not for rigour, but for tears—  
 That child was hurled to the cursed den  
 Of midnight thieves, of convicts foul ;  
 Of those that wear the murderer's scowl ;  
 Fell miscreants, that with forms of men,  
 Are demons in iniquity :  
 Inquired stern Justice—“*and why not?*”  
 Perhaps 'twas well, and yet to me,  
 On MERCY's hem it seemed a blot.

---

TO THE NEW-YEAR.

THOU new-born year! thou span yet undefined,  
 Portion of time unknown, I fain would greet  
 Thy opening dawn with salutation kind,  
 And would, reluctant, fleeting guest! entreat  
 With us sojourning, yet a longer stay ;  
 Or wilt thou like thy parent haste away ?

Thou new-born year! why should the joyous smile  
Of reckless riot, usher in thy name?  
And why should dissipation e'er beguile  
The sons of men, when Reason would proclaim  
Life is a vapour, hastening Time recedes,  
Eternity is near with all its deeds!

What art thou, gliding portent! but the note  
That speak'st, though dumb, existence' passing  
knell?  
Thy warning strains though they unheeded float  
Along our passage, to the traveller tell  
"Depart, poor pilgrim, leave this vale, unblest'd,  
Arise, ye giddy, this is not your rest."

Vision of future days, fair blooming year!  
Thou evanescent! soon, alas, thy flight  
Shall be the theme, for thou wilt disappear,  
Thou too wilt slumber in the iron night  
Of by-past ages, on the hoary scroll  
Be chronicled, whose page none may unroll.

Child of the past,—herald of years to come,  
I greet thy entrance, for thou tellest me  
In accent kind, that soon my reckoned sum  
Of months will be fulfilled, and I shall be  
No more a wanderer in a sunless way,  
Where disappointment droops beneath the world's  
cold ray.

## THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Go! rear the dome whose portals high,  
Gladly receive the child of sorrow,  
Go! wipe the tear from Misery's eye,  
And cheer the sad with hope of morrow.

Go thou, whose yet untroubled bed  
Ne'er knew the midnight burst of anguish ;  
Go where the dream of joy has fled,  
And penury is left to languish.

Affliction's wave *thy* barque may whelm,  
And tempests shroud *thy* sun of pleasure ;  
Then let Compassion sit at helm,  
And be sweet Charity *thy* treasure.

Hear'st thou that mother ask employ ?  
She strives to check the tear that's stealing ;  
*Her* miseries are forgot—the boy  
She fondles, stirs that fount of feeling.

Yon tim'rous girl implores relief—  
Obtained—*O, this shall sooth your sadness,*  
*Dear helpless parents! banish grief,*  
*Your child will turn that grief to gladness!*

I covet not the frozen heart,  
There never throb of love is beating—  
That bids the honest poor, depart!  
That gives not Wretchedness kind greeting.

When active Pity forms the plan  
To meliorate rough Fortune's frowning,  
Oh surely then we see the MAN,  
God's noblest work, His labour crowning.

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## THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

IN a foreign soil he sleeps,  
And lowly is his bed :  
No early wild-flower weeps  
Where he pillows his weary head.

By stranger-hands he was laid  
Where the Siroc sweeps the mound ;  
Where the fierce night-kings invade  
The solitude profound.

The grief of a tender brother  
That hillock ne'er has known ;  
The tears of a yearning mother  
Ne'er dropped on that cold stone.

No cenotaph tells his worth,  
No sculptured wreaths proclaim  
That the slumbering herald of truth  
Has gained the martyr's name.

But the heart of affection true  
Has sighed o'er the sandy wave ;  
And the tears of the wanderer bedew  
The MISSIONARY'S lonely grave.

---

## THE SAILOR'S HYMN.

O EVERLASTING viewless God!  
Thou rid'st the stormy seas,  
And thou controllest with a nod  
The billow and the breeze.

Thy powerful arm alone can save  
Thy children on the deep ;  
Can bear them up the curling wave,  
And down its threatening steep.

Though staunch our barque, and proud her way,  
Though breezes fill the sails,  
Yet, Lord, if thou art not our stay  
The Sailor's courage fails.

Be thou, O God, our kind support,  
Our earnest hopes fulfil ;  
On the wide ocean or in port,  
Be thou our anchor still.

May we escape the dangerous ground,  
And while thy strength we feel,

Help us to keep each timber sound,  
With grace our chosen keel.

And O, when near temptation's shoal,  
No beacon shining far,  
Cheer thou the Sailor's 'nighted soul  
With Bethlehem's holy Star.

Jesus! our helmsman, unto thee,  
We look, and not in vain;  
From quicksands thou wilt keep us free  
And guide us o'er the main.

And soon,—life's chequered voyage past,  
When we have crossed the sea,—  
May we, all hands, be found at last,  
Great Captain! safe with thee.

---

OH COME SMILING JUNE!

Oh come smiling JUNE!  
In beauty arrayed;  
Oh come and bring with thee,  
Young Pleasure, fair maid;  
Oh come from thy mountain,  
Oh come from thy bower,  
Thou queen of the fountain,  
The breeze and the flower!

Oh come smiling June!  
Bid the meadows rejoice ;  
With Health thy companion,  
And Labour thy choice ;  
Where lately in triumph  
Stern winter was seen,  
Pomona shall mantle  
Her livery of green.

No more let the minstrel  
Sing enraptured of MAY,  
Thy beauties, fair season,  
Shall waken his lay ;  
Thy morn is serener,  
And brighter thy noon ;  
Thy evening more lovely,  
Oh come smiling JUNE!

---

THE BARBADOES GIRL TO HER LOVER.

THOU'RT gone, and all of life has fled ;  
Yet I grieve not, for I  
Know thou saw'st not the tears I shed,  
But now their source is dry ;  
Thou'rt gone, and think'st not in yon climes  
Of her with whom thou'st strayed  
At evening, in the walk of limes,  
And 'neath the mangrove's shade.

Forgettest thou the star-lit night  
 Thy hand in mine I pressed?  
 The fire-fly\* shed its em'rald light  
 Where waved the corn-bird's nest :†  
 The flower I gave, forgettest thou ?  
 Thou wor'st it on thy heart,—  
 And mine believed the fond false vow  
 That we should never part.

What is to thee this faded form,  
 And cheek now sicklied o'er ?  
 The bounding spirit—Ah, the worm  
 Has pierc'd it to the core :  
 I can't one flattered beauty trace,—  
 They whisper—and they sigh—  
 That death's hue lingers on my face,  
 And wildness in mine eye.

'Tis well, though thou unto despair  
 My bosom's hope hast given,  
 And hast with shades of bitter care  
 Darkened my all of heaven ;  
 I do forgive thee, often yet  
 For thee I strive to pray :  
 I do forgive—but to *forget!*—  
 My broken heart soon may.

\* This insect of the West Indies, when disturbed, shoots from its eyes two streams of green intense light.

† To secure her eggs from intruders, the corn-bird suspends her nest by a twisted cord of creepers from the outermost limb of the great trees.—*Six Month's Residence in the West Indies.*

## BIRTH OF DUELLING.

MOLoch had fallen and Satan wept  
To see his shrines alone ;  
His rites in dark oblivion slept  
And worshipless his throne ;  
Around him thronged the peers of hell  
Intent on curst debate,  
Yet nought could Satan's ire dispel  
Or sooth the monarch's hate.

'Till Belial, a tall fiend, arose,  
And urged his fell design,—  
And triumph, Chief! he said, thy foes  
Shall own a mightier shrine ;  
What though the vale of Hinnom boasts  
No more its thousands dead,  
And Tophet sees no more its hosts  
Through fire and slaughter led :

On Moloch's ruin, lo! appears  
A new-descended god,  
Whose robe is gemmed with orphan's tears,  
Whose sceptre reeks with blood ;  
Altars shall rise in every clime  
To this divinity,  
And as he hastens, hoary Time  
Shall untold votaries see.

He spake, with shouts the conclave rang,  
Hell trembled with acclaim ;

A god, a god descends, they sang,  
Let HONOUR be his name!  
Columbia, willing, owns his sway,  
And for her Proud and Brave  
He digs, impatient for his prey,  
The DUELLIST'S cold grave.

---

## MY BOY'S GRAVE.

WE visited thy grave, my child!  
Last night, thy mother and I:  
We saw it clad with spring-flowers wild,—  
The bed where thou dost lie.  
We thought of all that's bright and fair,  
As false and fleeting too;  
We looked on that grassy turf, and there  
We saw that Death is true.

And Memory told of every smile,  
Each look was dear as ever:  
Time may a mother's grief beguile,  
Blot out that look?—O, never!  
'Tis her's within the heart's recess,  
To all but Heaven unknown—  
To cherish its image, and to bless  
The spotless cherub flown.

We had marked thy beauties stealing on,  
As we nourished the tender flower;

We, trembling, loved our little one,  
 For frail is childhood's hour :  
 And as we kissed thy infant brow,  
 And clasped thee oft, the fear  
 Of parting wrung our bosoms, but now  
 'Tis over. Thou art not here.

Our dreams of thee were gay, my boy!  
 We have wept those visions fled ;  
 But now the healing tears of joy  
 Are given to the dead :  
 From dying friends, from griefs and all  
 Of being's rude alarms,  
 Thus free—who can lament the call  
 Sweet one, to thy Father's arms ?

---

#### THE PROPHECY OF NOAH.

And he said, Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said, blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.—*Genesis ix. 25, 26, 27.*

THE billows no more on the mountain-tops slept,  
 No longer a world in its agony wept ;  
 With his waves had abated the wrath of the Lord,  
 And the rainbow looked out where of late gleamed  
 the sword.

Of the thousands that scoffed was there none to tell  
 now

How mighty His vengeance when kindled His brow.  
 The gay and the reckless, and those vexed with cares,  
 The young in their wine-cups, the man of gray hairs,  
 The noble in greatness, the maiden in pride,  
 Alike met the besom—they slept 'neath the tide!  
 The Patriarch lingered on Ararat still,  
 The light of Jehovah yet waved on that hill ;  
 And dear to his heart in that wilderness-world,  
 Was the cloud of rich mercy that over him curled :  
 And in vision he spake, while its hallowed power  
 Woke the soul of the seer in prophecy's hour:  
 A deed of the night, Ham! was known unto thee,  
 And Canaan subdued to his brethren shall be.  
 For Ham is poured out the red vial of wrath,  
 O'er the portion of Canaan hath passed the fell scath ;  
 On the shores of the Ethiop is gathered the flood,  
 Come not on my sight, O ye visions of blood!  
 Why floats on mine ear that harrowing cry ?  
 With the crime-tainted breeze why mingles the sigh ?  
 'Tis the groan of the captive, the shriek of the slave,  
 Ah! he lays down his fetters and stripes in the grave!  
 To the land of the South speeds the merciless barque,  
 'Tis not, O my God! thy delivering ark!—  
 It comes from the white Christian-trafficker's clime,  
 And the Cross of the Innocent wavers o'er crime ;  
 That banner floats high on the death-scented gale,  
 From that sepulchre-barque comes the prisoner's  
 wail,  
 The cowardly taunt is that African's food,  
 His tears are for thirst and his aliment blood ;

Recollections of home with its treasures pass o'er him,  
The long ling'ring watchings of grief are before him,  
Madly he rushes to where the dark billow  
Yields to the wretched its cold dreamless pillow ;  
He sinks—an immortal forever hath flown,  
To wander away from the light of the throne ;  
God! on me and on mine thou hast scattered thy dew,  
Let thy rainbow of love beam on Africa too!

Look afar, my First born! to the regions that lie  
Luxuriant and fair 'neath the young eastern sky ;  
Whose rivers roll onward their silvery flood  
Through vales that are lovely as gardens of God :  
The birth-place of blessings, uncounted and free,  
The land of rich promise I give unto thee ;  
For possession to thee and thy children, to them  
An inheritance worthy the offspring of Shem.  
Yet not for the plains where fertility teems  
In abundance, surpassing the husbandman's dreams;  
Nor yet for the valley, or cedar-clad mountain,  
Or streams that gush out from many a fountain,  
Or rivers that water the wide plain of palms;  
Not for these, O my son—of decay are these charms,  
Do I bless yon possessions, for now to mine eye  
The dim flood of ages rolls fearfully by—  
I see a Deliverer, beneath Syrian skies  
I behold offered up the One Sacrifice!  
Lo, blessings poured out from obscure Galilee  
In floods, shall all nations enrich, yea, I see  
Kings, warriors, and people of languages far,  
Bow down to His sceptre who rides by name JAH!  
Hasten thou, day of wonder! break out holy morn,  
When the Uncreate Godhead, a babe shall be born!

God shall bless and enlarge thee, O Japheth! and  
thou

Awhile shalt repose beneath Shem's fruitful bough ;  
To thee and to thine the portion shall be  
Of lands stretching far to the uttermost sea ;  
Beyond the tall mountain, whose proudest cliff sees  
His base idly washed by blue Euphrates ;  
Even there where the sun on the wave's yielding  
breast,

Descends in the eve of his glory to rest.  
Regions well favoured, my son! shall be thine ;  
Hail shores of the blest! where beneath his own vine  
Each one shall repose. Hail land of the Free!  
And tell me, my spirit! what more wouldst thou see ?  
Why opens to vision the vista of years ?  
Ah, why to one robed in clay-vestment appears  
Fruition of blessings to men yet unknown ?  
Sure the light that waves round thee is caught from  
the throne ;

The cloud big with mercies already is o'er thee ;  
A world disenthralled and redeemed is before thee,  
Arise, O my spirit! thou seest the birth  
Of glories, surviving this heaven and earth!

“*Brother!*—Here were we born. These forests are made dear to us by the recollections of childhood. Where can we find again the pleasant place of our youth? Here are our burial grounds. Can we say to the bones of our fathers, Rise and go with us into a foreign land?” *Speech of an Indian Chief.*

SHALL the warrior flee his home?  
 Shall the Chief a stranger roam?  
 Will the white man in his wrath  
 Chase the Indian from his path?  
 Wanderer from his lakes removed,  
 Exile from the shades he loved?  
 Who shall hurl the ready spear?  
 Who transfix the flying deer?  
 Who the buffalo will meet,  
 Hunted from his dark retreat?  
 Who shall guide the swift canoe?  
 Barb the arrow, bend the yew?  
 Will the Spirit of the mountain,  
 Guardian of the vale and fountain,  
 Give him victory when afar,  
 Spoil and glory in the war?  
 Shall he leave his father's clay?  
 To the hallowed ashes say:  
 Rise! forsake your native bed—  
 Rise—the Desolate have fled!

## I CANNOT BUT SIGH.

I CANNOT but sigh, when the friends of my youth,  
Who repaid with fond ardour the love that I gave,  
Who tendered their pledge on the altar of truth,  
Forgetful return to their rest in the grave.

I cannot but sigh when the visions of joy  
That rose on gay childhood and sought to allure,  
Like the dreams of the wretched but smiled to de-  
stroy,  
Or adorn the bright sketchings they failed to ensure.

I cannot but sigh while reviewing the years,  
When hope in this bosom beat ardent and high:  
O Memory! what art thou? a record of tears,  
Of meteor-enjoyments that sparkle and die.

I cannot but sigh when futurity's scroll  
Unfolding, gives sign of no pleasure in store ;  
When regret for the past still remains on the soul,  
While the present is lost in aspiring to more.

I cannot but sigh when heart-stricken I scan  
The victims of misery that float down the stream;  
And even recounting the bliss of frail man,  
I cannot but sigh, for that bliss is a dream.

## THE CAPTIVE JEWESS.

A Jewish lady of exquisite beauty had with her husband been taken captive by the Saracen commander of a fleet cruising on the coast of Palestine. The brutal captain being about to commit violence on her person, she called to her husband, who was within hearing, but in chains, and asked him in Hebrew, whether they who were drowned in the sea should revive at the resurrection of the dead. He replied in the words of Psalm lxxviii. 22: "The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan, I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea." Upon which she immediately threw herself into the sea, and was drowned.

Though ne'er for thee on Shinar's plain,  
Is reared the sculptured urn ;  
Though Judah's harp ne'er swells the strain,  
Nor Salem's daughters mourn :

Though ne'er the minstrel's lyre of wo  
Shall of thy virtues tell ;  
Though ne'er the dirge in numbers slow  
Shall hymn thy parting knell :

Yet softly rests thy weary head,  
Where ocean's flowerets bloom ;  
Beneath the deep thy coral bed  
Is Virtue's hallowed tomb.

And oft when eve's pale star alone  
In sadness dims the wave,  
The lonely surge will gently moan  
Its requiem o'er thy grave.

Then rest in peace! and when no more  
The troubled billows sleep,  
The LORD JEHOVAH shall restore  
And bring thee from the deep.

---

## TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THOU lovely blushing flower!  
In sweets arrayed—  
Queen of a short-lived hour,  
Why thus afraid?

Emblem of modesty,  
Thou shrink'st with dread;  
If we but gaze on thee,  
Thou hid'st thy head.

Type of the cultured mind,  
With feeling blest,  
Thou fliest the touch unkind,  
Rudely imprest.

Longing for added life,  
Dost thou not know  
'Tis but a scene of strife—  
A dream of wo?

Content thee, floweret! few  
Are boasted years;

And frequent as thy dew,  
Are youthful tears.

Like thee, with morn we smile,  
And pleasure breathe ;  
But languid, droop erewhile,  
And weep at eve.

Yet with new impulse strong,  
May I from thee  
Learn to aspire, and long  
For immortality.

---

#### THE AFRICAN CONVERT.

Here was a human being who had been made to drain the cup of misery to its very dregs by the wickedness of his fellow men ; and yet that very wickedness, by tearing him from his native land, had placed him within the Gospel sound, and thus worked out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory than all the principalities and powers of this world could bestow.—*Tales of an American Landlord.*

THEY have torn thee from thy native soil,  
And girt thee with the chain ;  
Of bones and sinews made their spoil—  
Can blood wash out that stain ?  
They have scoffed at all thy bitter grief,  
And mocked thee in thy need ;  
Yea, from despair withheld relief,—  
God frowns upon the deed.

Yet, foul though be that damning blot,  
That crime, accursed of Heaven,  
To thee, sad one—*they* knew it not—  
Mercy and peace are given;  
For thou that wast in thralldom bound,  
That grace do thou adore—  
Thy heart subdued, hast ransom found;  
In Christ a slave no more.

Unto that Power bend thou the knee  
Who saw thee in thy blood;  
And through wild griefs conducted thee  
To find repose in God.  
The cup of anguish thou hast shared,  
Though full, was mixed by Love;  
O, what are stripes or death, compared  
With crowns of life above!

---

## THE FLOWER OF LEBANON.

IN Lebanon the floweret bloomed,  
With native charms arrayed,  
The skies of Eden lent it hue,  
And Ascalon the shade;  
The breeze of Sharon o'er it sighed,  
It wept in evening's shower;  
The sunbeam woke, while Hermon's dew  
Impearled the beauteous flower.

How proudly rose its graceful stem,  
Like Shinar's clustering vine,  
Queen of Engedi's pleasant vale,  
Fair flower of Palestine!  
Whither has now its beauty flown,  
Oh, where the rich perfume?  
Why should the lovely floweret fade,  
Why dies its early bloom?

The prophet, LORD! beholds no more  
Thy flower its sweets disclose—  
The maids of Syria pass away,  
They shun the drooping rose;  
Return! ye genial suns, return,  
Ye dews of heaven revive;  
Breathe, O ye zephyrs! on this stem,  
And bid the floweret live.

---

I FAIN would know if she who lately fled  
Far from this dream of sad reality,  
Whose mortal shroud, inurned with the dead,  
Recks not of that which drinks eternity,—  
I fain would know if she, the happy one,  
Forgetting self, in retrospection's glance  
Returns not fondly to the scenes well known,  
And quits her heaven awhile, to enjoy the pleasing  
trance?

For when the spirit, borne on wings of bliss,  
Seeks the glad confines of empyrion sky,  
Some tender fibre binds her yet to this  
Dear spot:—somewhat of earth she bears on high;  
The object, here beloved, is loved in heaven:  
The graces that have charmed once, fade not there;  
To her, to sooth the sojourner 'tis given,  
And they who stay to weep, are the departed's care.

For something whispered, when I saw her die,  
“Thy friend departs not—she will hover near,”—  
Yes, and the smile that lingered in that eye,  
Assured this heart she would its anguish cheer.  
And I believe, for while at night I wept  
Affection's tribute to affection gone,  
And fancy sadly hovered where she slept,  
And widowed tears dropt on the cold moist stone;

Methought some presence—sure it was my love—  
Unseen, breathed gilead on my festering smart;  
Unheard, spake consolation to my soul,—  
Upon my grief poured solace from above,  
And bidding him, once broken, to be whole,  
Left resignation in my wounded heart.

## WAKE ISLES OF THE SOUTH!

Written November 1819, on occasion of the departure from the United States of the first Missionary band for the Sandwich Islands. The piece having been translated into the language of Hawaii, and now used by the natives as a national hymn, the translation is here given as sung to the tune of *Scotland*, by the Rev. Charles Stewart, late missionary at those islands, and now chaplain in the United States' Navy.

WAKE, Isles of the South! your redemption is near,  
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;  
The Strength of His chosen in love will appear,  
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

The billows that girt ye, the wild waves that roar,  
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms  
cease,  
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,  
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

On the islands that sit in the regions of night,  
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,  
The morning will open with healing and light;  
The bright star of Bethlehem will usher the day.

The altar and idol in dust overthrown,  
The incense forbade that was offered in blood,  
The Priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,  
And the shrines of Hawaii be sacred to God!

The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,  
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw—

When the beams of Messiah shall gladden each clime,  
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

And thou ΟΒΟΟΚΙΑΗ! now sainted above,  
Wilt rejoice, as the heralds their mission disclose;  
And the prayer will be heard, that the land thou  
didst love,  
May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the rose!

## (TRANSLATION.)

## EARA NA MOKU O KAI RIRO E.

EARA na moku o kai riro e,  
Mai moe mau no i ka kae o ka po,  
E nana oukou ra, ua ana ao nei.  
'Ke maramarama e ora'i oukou.  
"Haleluia ia Iesu, i ko kakou Alana,  
Hiilani hou ia Ia i ka wai loridana."\*

Ko naru a puni e haruru ae,  
Na rakou e amo k'ukana maitai  
E rave ka ko a me ka maranai,  
Ka moku i uka ka me e ora'i.

I na moku i paa i ka pouri mau.  
Uhia 'ka naau po wale rakou,

---

\* This chorus in English is from "The Voice of Free Grace,"  
viz. 'Alleluia to the Lamb who has purchased our pardon,' &c.

Ano nei e puka no maila ke ao  
Hoku Bet'lehema, ka Hoku ao mau.

E ake rakou i nana wave ae  
Ka wehea mai 'ka araura maitai,  
A o ka kukuna o ka Mesia mau,  
"A 'kali na moku kona kanawai."

Huiia ka rere a pau, me ka kii;  
E hoorea ka taumaha a pau;  
I k'Alana ma itai rakou e ora'i,  
E tabu ka Heiau na ke Akua mau.

E OBUKAHAIA i noho runa'e  
'Hauoli no mai 'ka olelo maitai;  
'Rohea ka pule no ko aina nei,  
I pono rakou nei, i nani no nae.

---

I SAW THE OUTCAST.

I SAW the outcast—an abandoned boy,  
Whom wretchedness, debased, might call its own.  
His look was wan, and his sad sunken eye,  
Mute pleader, told a bosom-harrowing tale.  
For he was one, unknown to fostering care,  
That should have shielded and protected him  
In childhood's dangerous hour. No father's prayer,  
In midnight's orison, had risen ever  
Before the viewless throne, to fall again

In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear  
Had dropt in secret for the wanderer. He,  
Dejected, stood before me, and methought  
Resembled much a flower, a ruined flower,  
But lovely once, and might have bourgeoned gaily,  
Had not Adversity's dread simoon passed,  
And blighted all its sweets. The buds of hope  
Bloomed on, but not for him. The morning sun  
Shone gladly out—but all to him was dark.  
His soul was in eclipse—the energies  
Of mind lay dormant, withering in their prime.  
I looked, but he had passed me; he stole on  
Despondingly; irresolute his pace,  
As on forbidden ground. The world seemed not  
For him—haply its frigid boon were much,  
To yield the sufferer Misery's sheltering grave.

I saw the outcast—but to Fancy's view  
Methought a vision, fair and bright, appeared.—  
So changed, I doubted—but intelligence  
Darting in lustre from his mild full eye,  
Assured my throbbing heart 'twas he indeed.  
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast  
Of sorrow, gone, and in its stead, the glow  
Of cheerfulness shone out. His parting lip  
Disclosed the smile content delights to wear,  
When peace within sits revelling. His step erect,  
Told of a heart at peace.—He walked in the beauty  
Of happy boyhood. Wondering, then, I asked  
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome  
Whose hallowed portals tell the passenger  
That the ETERNAL deigns to call it His—  
Known of all nations as the house of prayer:

Here, said the youth, while glistening drops bedewed  
 His beauteous cheek, here Pity led my way;  
 And he that knew no father soon found ONE  
 Able and sure to save. And he, whose tears  
 No mother's hand had kindly wiped away,  
 Found ONE that said, "Come, thou forsaken, come  
 Unto my bosom—rest, poor wanderer, here."  
 He ceased. My full heart, as I went my way,  
 Called down God's benison on the SUNDAY SCHOOL.

---

COMMODORE M'DONOUGH.

THOU shouldst not to the grave descend  
 Unknown to foe, unwept by friend;  
 Nor need the panegyric verse  
 In glowing strains thy deeds rehearse.

We ask not for thy early tomb  
 Ambition's proudest leaf to bloom;  
 Or that a nation should decree  
 Marble or obsequies to thee.

Yet when the recollected charms  
 Of modest worth, *one* heart embalms;  
 When that heart prompts the holy tear  
 To joys once known—no longer here—

Chide not!—the clime to which thou'st fled,  
 Where sighs are not, nor tear is shed,

Is genial to that love, whose birth,  
Like angel's love, was not of earth.

Farewell—and while we say, *Farewell*—  
We weep not that yon narrow cell  
Encloses thee, for there thy head  
Is pillowed on the Hero's bed.

The Hero's bed! how sweet to die  
When victory's won—How sweet to lie  
Where laurels deck the warrior's brow,  
Where tears and smiles attend him now!

---

WE WANDER.

WE wander in a thorny maze,  
A vale of doubts and fears;  
A night illumed with sickly rays,  
A wilderness of tears:  
We wander, bound to empty show,  
The slaves of boasted will;  
We wander, dupes to hope untrue,  
And love to wander still.

We wander—while unfading joy  
The heart will not approve,  
The bliss that sparkles to destroy,  
Secures its warmest love:

Some syren leads our steps astray,  
 But speaks no peace within;  
 We wander in a flowery way,  
 We wander, heirs of sin.

We wander—but though oft we roam,  
 Led by allurements strong,  
 Yet from our heavenly Father's home,  
 We would not wander long:  
 Cleanse us, O Saviour! from this stain  
 In mercy's living flood;  
 Restore the lost, and bring again  
 The wanderer back to God.

---

IS THERE A HEART.

Is there a heart on which thy own  
 May bosom in affliction's hour?  
 Whose pulse, to selfishness unknown,  
 Beats quick with feeling's holy power?

Is there a soul so nobly free,  
 'Twould proudly love, though all beside  
 Had passed thee in adversity,  
 Wrapt in the mantle of their pride?

O, seize that heart! for richer 'tis  
 Than all that glittering dust can boast;  
 Cherish it thou! 'twill yield a bliss  
 To cheer, when worlds on worlds are tost.

Though hard thy lot, Misfortune's son!  
A prey to ills—dare not repine;  
On thee Hope's beacon-light has shone,  
If such a heart in truth be thine.

---

## SUMMER.

SUMMER looks out! how green and gay  
Is earth, how bright her flowers!  
'Tis nature's merry holiday,  
And these her white-winged hours;  
The winter winds are hushed to rest,  
And storms, no more revealing  
Their terrors, sleep,—on ocean's breast  
The wanton breeze is stealing.

Where's now the frost that chained the brook,  
And storm that heaved the sea?  
The wild wind that the forest shook,  
The snow that clad the lea?  
Winter! thou'st fled! and men rejoice,  
And every bird in tune  
Puts forth its little warbling voice,  
To welcome laughing June.

Thus when on the benighted one,  
A weary wanderer driven,

A castaway, unsought, undone,  
 First shines the peace of heaven:  
 When the fair Sun of Righteousness  
 In splendour, brightly glowing,  
 Breaks through the sundering storm to bless  
 That heart, to overflowing—

O where's the tempest that had spent  
 Its fury on the broken?  
 For see! the cloud of anguish rent,  
 Reveals the rainbow token:  
 Lovely, when wintry storms depart,  
 Summer's glad smile to see;  
 Lovelier, when feels my drooping heart,  
 One look, O God, from thee.

---

PRAYER

FOR THE AFRICAN MISSION THAT SAILED IN THE  
 SPRING OF 1820.

THOU Uncreate! whose dread decrees  
 The elements obey;  
 Who rul'st the tempest and the seas,  
 With undivided sway—  
 To Thee, Supreme, we raise the prayer,  
 In Jesus' name we bow—  
 That thou would'st make the Church thy care,  
 And bid Salvation flow.

Be Thou, O God! with those that tread  
The ocean's dangerous way;  
Who go where love has never shed  
Redemption's living ray.  
GOD of the billow! O enfold  
Their barque, when dangers rise,  
And light their course as when of old  
Thy cloud illumed the skies!

And Thou who walk'st the mountain foam,  
And still'st the waves to sleep—  
Deign Thou to pillow those that roam,  
And guide them o'er the deep;  
From sultry heat and burning waste,  
Protect the little band,  
Shine on each heart and bid it taste  
Thy strength in Afric's land.

And O thou Father of mankind!  
Smile ever on thine own;  
The Ethiopian's yoke unbind,  
Hear thou the captive's moan;  
The cause O God, alone is thine,  
We trust the eternal Word,  
And hail thy Missions as the sign  
That all shall know the Lord.

FORSAKEN is Nazareth of fair Galilee,  
 The beauty of Israel is scattered abroad;  
 No more wakes the timbrel on Gadarene's sea,  
 Desolation is seen in the city of God.

Was it thus, O thou Lonely! in days of thy boast,  
 When the lamp of the Mighty illumined afar?  
 When the song of the minstrel was heard on thy  
     coast,  
 When the dawning appeared long foretold by the  
     star?

Was it thus, O Forsaken! when tidings of love,  
 The Cherub that worshipped proclaimed from the  
     skies,—  
 Immanuel with mortals! a God from above!  
 A Shiloh to Israel—the last Sacrifice?

Return ye bright ages, to Nazareth given,  
 Ye days of the prophet! revisit again,  
 When caught from yon altar the sun-ray of heaven  
 Shall bear peace to nations and good will to men.

---

PRAYER FOR GREECE,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE FALL OF MISSOLONGHI.

THOU, Worshipped! Thou! forever nigh,  
 Who wear'st the title, "King of kings,"

Hear the petition, O Most High!  
That feeling to thy footstool brings.

Thou see'st where of thy rites and name,  
The scornful Moslem makes a boast;  
O, from thy chariot wheels of flame  
Look, and confound the godless host.

O'er the once lovely Grecian plains  
Rolls desolation like a flood;  
The solitude of ruin reigns  
Along those valleys, steeped in blood.

The robber and assassin stand  
Where tributaries bent the knee;  
And from that stricken, weeping land,  
Rise spire and shrine, but not to Thee!

And yet her strife—she knew Thee not—  
Thou saw'st, when the shamed Persian fled;  
When Sparta, on one glorious spot,  
Numbered her choicest with the dead.

And Lord! when persecution's star  
In later time, hung o'er *our* night,  
Didst thou not, Mighty One in war!  
Go with *our* armies to the fight?

Leader in that unequal fray!  
Didst thou not smite the spoiler dumb,  
When on that teeming, awful day,  
Fled foemen at thy thunder-drum?

Deliverer! thus to hapless Greece  
Be thou a present help and shield;  
Thine be her battles, Lord! till Peace  
Waves dove-like pinions o'er that field.

Speak! and where mocking crescents wane,  
Behold the Banner-Cross unfurled!  
And Greece, restored, become again  
The beauteous Eden of the world.

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#### FATE OF THE PILOT BOAT.

THE night was lone and the star-ray slept  
All bright on wave and lea ;  
And the tempest-king his vigils kept  
O'er the wide Atlantic sea.

The night was lone, and the murmuring train  
Of slumber stole along ;  
And softly whispering o'er the main,  
Was borne the sea-boy's song.

He sang of home, and the simple charms  
The cot of his fathers knew ;  
He sang of the joy of a mother's arms,  
And he sang of the maiden true.

The note was wild, but the artless lay,  
His dirge—should soon be o'er:

His bosom was light, but ere the day  
That bosom should beat no more!

The ship was proud and gallant her trim,  
Her banner swept the wave;  
But ere the lamps of heaven grew dim,  
That flag should deck her grave!

The LADY watched the beauteous star,  
As o'er the blue waste it shone;  
And busy memory strayed afar,  
And fancy sighed alone.

She thought of bliss and fairy home,  
And affection's smiling store;  
But ah! fond love and a husband's dome,  
That bosom should know no more.

For the pirate crew in revelry  
Had drunk to the dreadful deed,  
And the murderers swore right jovially,  
The innocent heart should bleed!

At the midnight hour was heard the cry,  
The shriek of fell despair;  
At dawn was hushed the billowy sigh,  
And the pale moon glimmered fair.

But the wind-god saw the deed of hell,  
When the fiends forsook the deck;  
He saw the barque as it slowly fell,  
'Till it sank—a viewless wreck!

'TIS TO THE EAST THE HEBREW BENDS.

'Tis to the East the Hebrew bends,  
When morn unveils its brow;  
And while the evening rite ascends,  
The East receives his vow :  
Dear to the exile is the soil  
That reared JEHOVAH's Vine—  
Dear to the wretched heir of toil,  
Thy memory, Palestine!

'Tis to the East the Hebrew turns,  
The clime to prescience dear;  
When kindling recollection burns,  
When memory claims the tear:  
Land of the Patriarch! he recalls,  
The days of promise, when  
The timbrel rang along thy halls,  
And God communed with men.

Where Babel wept Judea's wrongs,  
The banished Hebrew sighs;  
Where Zion swelled her holy songs,  
His tribute seems to rise ;  
And hope still wings his thought afar,  
It tells to those that roam,  
That HE who rode the cloudy car,  
Will guide his people home.

## AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BUILDINGS.

I ask'd the passenger for whom arose  
These buildings, bold, yet in the beauty  
Of due proportion; speaking to the eye  
Of taste and symmetry?—He replied:  
Time was, when knowledge of the Holy One,  
His wisdom and perfections, was confined  
Unto the hoary. Limited to age  
Were things of godliness. Days only spake,  
And Years held converse with the mysteries  
Redemption had disclosed. The aged fed,  
And richly fed, on manna; but the child—  
O, he knew not of Bethlehem, nor heard  
The simple story of the manger, nor  
Of Him, the Blessed! whose early wisdom shamed  
The Rabbi; who unto his love took up  
Young children, and gave honor unto them  
Of Bethphage, when they met the Sufferer  
With palm and song. Thus was the mind a blank,  
Whereon the devil wrote strange language. Here  
His tares the subtle adversary sowed,  
And ignorance and wild disorder flourished—  
A baneful harvest! Childhood waxed to youth,  
Yet knew not God: youth unto manhood grew,  
Yet mocked the father's prayer, and scorned the mo-  
ther's tear.  
One\* came at length, who, imitating Him,  
Israel's kind Shepherd, gently led the young

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\* Robert Raikes.



The fierce has wept, and many a softened heart  
Has owned their power; and many a child,  
Taught by these little messengers, has looked  
From couch of sickness to the Merciful,  
Pleading in faith, "My Father, art not Thou  
The Guide and kind Preserver of my youth!"  
And thus has fled to glory. Who may tell  
In that glad day when God makes up his own,  
How many gems in the Messiah's crown  
Were gathered by these heralds!—Stranger, thou  
Weepest, and much I joy to see thee bend  
The knee, and mingle heart and prayer with mine,  
That heavenly dew may ever gently nourish  
This vine of God's own planting. May the prayers  
Of thousands, wafted to the eternal throne,  
Drop in rich blessings on the Sunday School.

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#### THE CHINESE MISSION.

Go, minister of God,  
To lands where soars the pagoda in pride,  
The soil that pagan footstep long has trod,  
And tell the story of a Saviour crucified.

Go to the clime of night,  
Where sullen, broods the darkness to be felt;  
And point those millions to the star of Light,  
That burned and trembled once, above where Magi  
knelt.

Go, and amid the din  
Of idol bells and heaving multitudes,  
Teach erring men the anthem to begin,  
That whispered below, swells out in blest abodes.

Go! in this mortal strife,  
A Prince, your standard-bearer, leads before;  
Look ever to Him,—they are crowns of life  
He gives: win thou for Christ the Asiatic shore.

Go, and in life's glad morn,  
—If wills the Master here, no more we meet,  
With China's millions by his grace new born,  
He'll gather thee and us unto his feet.

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HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE FORTY-NINTH  
ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE AT PHI-  
LADELPHIA.

THE patriot sires in glory sleep:  
Their sepulchre is holy earth;  
And we upon their ashes, keep  
The sabbath of a nation's birth.

God of our battles! didst not thou  
The right arm of those warriors guide,  
Who laid in blood the foemen low  
And freely gave their own heart's tide?

And didst thou not along our shore,  
    Bid angel Peace extend her wing ;  
And folding banners wave no more,  
    And social arts in verdure spring ?

These are thy works, O God! and *we*,  
    The sons who never could be slaves,  
Who proudly view fair Freedom's tree  
    Expanding o'er our father's graves—

*We* crush the mind, *we* forge the chain,  
    Yea, from the soil by charter given,  
This hallowed hour the sigh of pain  
    Ascends, accusing us to Heaven.

Will mockery ask, this Day, what spoil  
    Shall hearts in glad oblation yield,—  
The first-fruits of a teeming soil,  
    Or choicest cattle from the field ?

Will solemn vows—where pæans swell,  
    Lauding our fabric's goodly plan—  
Atone, while stripes and fetters tell  
    That man is pitiless to man ?

Vain all, the Highest has no need  
    Of our first-fruits or altar's smoke ;  
Dearer to God is mercy's deed,  
    Nobler to break oppression's yoke.

## FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

FAREWELL to the scenes that my childhood has  
known,  
The spot recollection reviews at its own;  
The land of the yeoman, by industry blessed,  
The home of the free, to the exile a rest;  
Thou clime of my birth! though I wander away,  
Thought lingers with thee, it never can stray:  
For dear to this bosom, New England! the soil  
Where Love cheers the cot and Content sweetens  
toil.

Farewell to your waters that peacefully glide,  
To the intervalles rich and the mountains your pride;  
To the marts that the triumphs of enterprise tell,  
To the hamlets, where peace and tranquillity dwell;  
Farewell, native scenery! to me ever dear,  
I give to your charms the heart's tribute, a tear;  
For sweet to this bosom, New England! the soil  
Where Love cheers the cot and Content sweetens  
toil.

Farewell to the homestead, half hid in the glade,  
The orchard and elms where in boyhood I strayed;  
The meeting-house spire that rose from the vale,  
The mill, and the streamlet that watered the dale;  
In vision, the wanderer afar to the west,  
Will stray o'er the objects that childhood loved best,  
For dear to his bosom, New England! the soil  
Where Love cheers the cot and Content sweetens  
toil.

## WHEN O'ER LONG NIGHT.

WHEN o'er long night the bursting dawn  
In youthful bloom appeared;  
When angels hymned the rising morn,  
And songs in heaven were heard:  
Amid the burning orbs that gem'd  
Jehovah's viewless throne,  
In native glory diadem'd,  
One Star illumed alone.

O'er Palestine, fair Solyma,  
Benignantly serene,  
Precursor of a brighter day,  
The harbinger was seen;  
The captive saw the symbol shine—  
His broken fetters fell;  
The Shepherd marked the peerless sign  
That told IMMANUEL!

In latter time we view it burn  
With undiminished ray;  
It leads the Pagan's glad return,  
It cheers the wanderer's way;  
With influence sweet illuming far,  
Its beam to peace inclines;  
From East to West the holy star,  
The star of JESUS shines!

## WHEN THE LAST TEAR.

WHEN the last tear of love is shed,  
And the freed spirit hastes away;  
When joy, desire, and hope have fled,  
And beauty seeks its couch in clay,

O, then, what art or pageantry  
Of worth departed, tells?—what bust  
To ages breathes the memory  
Of those that slumber dust with dust?

For curious art will disappear,  
And time obliterates the urn,  
And those that now bestow the tear,  
Will claim the tribute in return.

Vain is the pageant, vain is art,  
To glean from years a living name;  
One simple deed of virtue's heart  
Alone can consecrate its fame.

ON VIEWING TRUMBULL'S PAINTING OF THE  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

To free from chains a groaning land,  
Inspired by Right and Valour's flame,  
On FREEDOM'S SCROLL the patriot band  
Inscribed Columbia's deathless fame.

Now ceased the clarion of war,  
A nation blooms on slavery's grave;  
Her starry banner floats afar,  
Her conquering navy ploughs the wave.

While robed in peace, true valour's meed,  
Columbia walks in generous pride;  
She ne'er forgets the glorious deed,  
That stemmed oppression's haughty tide.

Though envious Time's unsparing hand  
Has bowed in dust the warrior's plume—  
Though slumber now the gallant band,  
Where fadeless laurel decks their tomb:

The Pencil speaks—again they breathe!  
We see their veteran forms again;  
We see each patriot bosom heave,  
As heaved it on the battle-plain.

And wrapt in awe, we catch the flame  
That kindled by Oppression's spoil,

And swear no tyrant foot shall claim  
A rest on Freedom's natal soil.

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## MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

HAIL to the valley and mist-mantled mountain!  
The scenes of my childhood, to memory dear;  
Hail to the cot by the favourite fountain,  
Where simplicity dwells with affection sincere.

O long have I wandered a stranger to pleasure,  
In search of its shadow, self-exiled to roam;  
But ne'er in yon climes have I found the rich trea-  
sure,  
It dwells unconcealed in my own native home.

How often, soft slumber my eye-lids enclosing,  
With joy to the streamlet and dell would I fly;  
While fancy on scenes of affection reposing,  
Dwelt there with pure transport, but woke with a  
sigh.

O dear to the soul is the secret emotion,  
When fond recollections its impulses move;  
And sweet is the tear which the heart's true devotion  
Bestows to the memory of infancy's love.

Here fain would I wander, a stranger to sorrow,  
 Where the woodbine entwines and the wild roses  
 bloom ;

Confiding with heaven the cares of the morrow  
 'Till the blush of life's twilight shall rest on my tomb.

Hail to the valley and mist-mantled mountain!  
 The scenes of my childhood, to memory dear;  
 Hail to the cot by the favourite fountain,  
 Where simplicity dwells with affection sincere.

---

LA FAYETTE.

SON of valour! Heir of glory!  
 Noble by the patriot's line;  
 Gallant warrior! Chieftain hoary!  
 Immortality is thine.  
 Wreath the laurel, Muses! wreath it,  
 'Tis for no ignoble name;  
 Breathe the song, Inspirers! breathe it,  
 Worthy of the Veteran's fame!

When a people, true to bravery,  
 Saw the storm-cloud gathering nigh,  
 Heard the manacles of slavery  
 Rattle in the turbid sky,  
 Let a nation ne'er forget—  
 Then arose proud Victory's son,  
 Crushed is slavery! LA FAYETTE  
 Wears the meed that valour won!

Haste, ye nobles! vainly borrow  
Lustre from the scroll of peers,  
While it dies, the name of Warrior  
Brightens with the touch of years:  
And though mingled with his fathers  
In the slumbers of the tomb,  
Time, that saps the palace, gathers  
For the Hero, fresher bloom.

Go, and mark him!—shades of even  
Soon shall lurk around his bed,—  
Go, and mark him!—winds of heaven  
Soon shall sweep that wintry head:  
Garlands there shall flourish yet  
Fairer than the poet's dream;  
Perish Silence! LA FAYETTE  
Is a nation's grateful theme.

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THE THUNDER STORM.

THE storm is up!—along the sky  
Swiftly the ebon rack is driven;  
And look! yon curling cloud floats nigh,  
Charged with the panoply of heaven:  
It rends, and gath'ring to a heap,  
Of angry billows takes the form;  
How troubled is that upper deep!  
God! thou art awful in thy storm.

'Tis passed—and see! o'er fields again  
Sunbeams their laughing light unfold;  
On tower and tree the sparkling rain  
Drops like a shower of molten gold;  
On yonder hill-top rests the bow,  
The air is redolent of balm;  
How bright is all above, below!  
God! thou art glorious in thy calm.

So, when the tempest shrouds my skies,  
And grief holds empire in my soul;  
I see the desolation rise,  
The waves already o'er me roll;  
Thou speak'st, and like a tender sire  
Thou dost thy child's frail fears reprove;  
Lofty art thou when storms retire;  
God! thou art dearer in thy love.

---

## RUINS OF JAMES TOWN, VIRGINIA.

WRITTEN WHILE PASSING DOWN JAMES RIVER.

THE town sleeps in ruins and solitude reigns,  
Where nature once smiled with the aspect of day;  
Drear night broods alone o'er the valley and plains,  
And thy shores, Powhatan! nought but sadness display.

The tribute, fair Princess,\* that rose to thy fame,  
The memorial so dear to affection and thee,  
Is scattered afar, and there's nought but the name  
To tell that thy soul was as generous as free.

Lorn now is the structure once hallowed by prayer,  
No longer the organ is heard in the aisle,  
The ivy is festooned, the cypress blooms there,  
And the lonely night-bird nestles sad in the spoil.

In the clefts of the tombstone the tall grass is green,  
The shrub and the lilac commingle their shade;  
'Mid the moss-covered fragments the yew tree is seen,  
It hallows the spot where the fathers are laid.

The relics of sorrow are scattered around,  
The wild flowerets shade them, the thistles appear,  
But the heart of affection oft visits the mound,  
The traveller returns and indulges the tear.

Oh dust of my fathers! still soft be your bed,  
Revered be the trophies which memory endears:  
Ye ruins that hallow the place of the dead,  
Your remembrance shall live while virtue hath tears.

---

\* Pocahontas.

## THE LAST VOYAGE.

HE launches on the waveless deep,  
Sad thoughts crowd on his joy,  
That hour he has beheld her weep—  
The mother o'er her boy.  
Loftily now before the breeze,  
The vessel rides, and fast  
She dashes through deceitful seas,  
That voyage is her last!  
The gallant ship has spread her sail,  
With her did hope depart?  
Day follows day, and wherefore fail  
Tidings to cheer the heart?  
Not unto that bereaved home,  
Will he come, where tears are shed;  
He comes not, and he will not come  
'Till the sea gives up its dead.

They reckon not of the ocean-caves,  
Where men and treasures lie,  
Buried within their dreamless graves,  
Beyond e'en fancy's eye;  
They reckon not dust is given to dust,  
And the coral wreaths his brow;  
And she that was a widow first,  
Childless is written now:  
That noble ship—that cheerful crew—  
Those, what dire scath befel,  
Is it not hidden from our view?  
The last great day shall tell.

Yet we may deem no quiet pillow,  
No death-bed was for them;  
Nought but the wrecked ship, and the billow  
That rushed to overwhelm.

That hour, of friends to sooth, was none,  
Of shipmates, none to pray;  
The gulf before them—each alone  
Must tread the trackless way:  
O, that wild passage! who can know  
Of the spirit's fearful wreck;  
When loosing hold of all below  
She fled from the sinking deck!  
Aye, and how many wander now  
On that dark-heaving sea,  
Whose strength shall soon be taught to bow,  
As Death, lost one, bowed thee!  
Arm of the Lord! haste thou and save,  
Of these may it be said:  
They lie in that unfathomed grave,  
With the Redeemer's dead.

---

THE LAST VETERAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

I saw the hoary warrior chief,  
Whose sternly proud, but blighted form  
Proclaimed him worn with bitter grief,  
An oak amid the pelting storm.

Of those whose crimson tide embrued  
The fields where Albion's glory fell;  
Of those who oft undaunted stood,  
When cannons pealed the hero's knell—

He was the last—the only head  
Was his, that waved with wintry bloom;  
Surviving all, for all had sped:  
They slept in honour's laurelled tomb.

He gazed—alas! he gazed in vain,  
To meet the comrades of his toil;  
Compatriots on the battle plain,  
Companions in the glorious spoil.

All, all around was sad and drear,  
And nought could grief of years beguile;  
For him condolence had no tear;  
For him affection wore no smile.

I saw—and lo, the old man slept;  
The war-worn veteran joined the brave,  
And none upon his ashes wept:  
Forgotten was the soldier's grave.

## WHAT HEART HAS NOT FALSE HOPE MISLED.

WHAT heart has not false Hope misled  
In fancy's early dream?  
Who has not revelled in the sweets  
Of childhood's careless day?

'Tis painful, 'mid the wreck of time  
Eternally gone by,  
To scan the bliss of other years,  
Bliss that shall ne'er return.

To some, existence is a sea  
Of calm unruffled joy;  
To others, 'tis a troubled deep  
Of wretchedness and tears.

For me awaits no airy dream  
Of pure unclouded joy:  
Anticipation dims my way,  
And retrospection grieves.

And what is Earth?—a wildering maze,  
Alluring, yet untrue:  
The heir of hope may smile—the child  
Of misery may die.

To him by secret wo oppressed,  
The world bestows no sigh;  
Ne'er smooths his pillow, or bedews  
His unobtrusive grave.

Yet there *are* those that keenly feel  
The wounds a friend endures;  
The griefs their own sad hearts have known  
Excite kind sympathy.

I ask not for the false lament  
Wealth's minion would bestow.  
Give me in life's expiring pang,  
The tear of Poverty.

---

## I LOVE AT EVENING'S SILENT TIDE.

I LOVE at evening's silent tide,  
When busy care has flown,  
In some sequestered dell to hide,  
And pensive, muse alone.

'Tis then in solitude refined,  
Reflection feels its zest ;  
'Tis then the contemplative mind  
With reason's charm is blest.

'Tis then the expanding soul ascends  
And roves in fields above,  
And the mysterious Essence blends  
With Uncreated Love.

O Solitude! thy soothing charm  
Can conquer fell despair;

Can sad affliction's sting disarm,  
And banish every care.

While folly's votary hates thy shrine,  
And grandeur fears thy power—  
Still be thy rich enjoyments mine,  
To bless life's fleeting hour.

---

TO AN INTERESTING YOUNG LADY,  
DEAF AND DUMB.

WEEP not maiden, that thou never  
Canst thy ardent love express;  
Weep not fate from thee doth sever  
All that would affection bless.

Wouldst thou strive to lighten sorrow?  
'Tis the sigh thy breast will free—  
Wouldst thou soothing accents borrow?  
All our tears we give to thee.

Though like some sweet opening flower  
Which the blush of morn displayed,  
Pressed by evening's rudest shower,  
Each loved beauty seems to fade,

Yet the orb of glory risen  
Bids the floweret droop no more:  
Thus the cheering dawn of heaven  
All thy graces shall restore.

## ETERNITY.

THE shadowy reign of Time had passed away,  
 Systems had fled, and suns illumed no more.  
 The starry gems were lost in radiant day,  
 The last shrill trump had waked the distant shore;  
 Its clang had ceased, and silence was in heaven.  
 I saw the marshalled cordon of the sky,  
 In glittering ranks bestud the trackless plain;  
 The tomb's pale monarch bound in chains stood by,  
 The prince of darkness with his powers was nigh;  
 While ransomed myriads swelled the countless train.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw the scroll \* \* \* \* \*  
 Endless duration never can unfold!  
 I saw the scroll—The Life of DEITY was there.  
 Its awful signet shall remain untold;  
 No strains of heaven, no curse in hell, may dare  
 Eternity! thy dreadful years declare.

---

 TO THE DOVE.

SWEET warbler of the painted vest,  
 Thou art in fair luxuriance drest;  
 The fondest of the plumaged throng,  
 The lonely bird of plaintive song.

The condor vast, the wren minute,  
The pheasant gay, the falcon brute,  
Though bold or pleasing to the eye,  
Can ne'er with thee, my favourite, vie.

Thou claim'st my sympathy and love;  
For still in some sequestered grove,  
Thou dost indulge thy artless moan,  
And lov'st to sing and sigh alone.

Thy tender strain of hapless wo  
Oft bids the tear of sorrow flow;  
Thy note exceeds the touch of art,  
Thy melody attracts the heart.

Yet blithe and cheerful is thy mien,  
And halcyon mirth with thee is seen:  
Thou roam'st at large, disporting free,  
Fidelity a trait of thee.

---

“ LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE.”

WHEN Jim one day with brother Joe,  
A simple, thoughtless clown,  
With father's leave set out to go  
And see the shows in town:

It chanced, while idly gaping round,  
Each wonder to descry,  
An orange, fair, and seeming sound,  
Caught Joe's attentive eye.

Joe gazed not long, and straight had bought  
With haste and chuckling pride;  
But Jim, a youth of keener thought,  
Said, "Look at t'other side!"

Joe viewed again without ado,  
And questioned well his sight;  
For underneath, half hid from view,  
The fruit was rotten quite.

And since that well-remembered day,  
Whatever doth betide,  
Joe ne'er by wrong is led astray,  
But "looks at t'other side!"

When fools arrayed in fortune's smile,  
Are puffed with haughty pride;  
Joe envies first, then thinks awhile,  
And "looks at t'other side!"

When scandal takes its busy round,  
With huge and sweeping stride,  
Joe heeds it not: with thought profound,  
He "looks at t'other side!"

When urged in DISSIPATION's maze,  
Corroding griefs to hide,  
Joe views the bowl with loathing gaze,  
And "looks at t'other side!"

When sad distress and care are nigh,  
And faithless friends deride;  
With humble hope and tearful eye,  
Joe "looks at t'other side!"

And when—life's raging tempest past—  
 No more he stems the tide;  
 With joy on yonder shores, at last,  
 He'll view "the other side!"

---

THE BROOK KEDRON.

THE day hath fled, on Salem's tower  
 The lovely moon-beam calmly shines;  
 Hushed is the song in court and bower,  
 And worshipless the holy shrines.

'Tis night. Jerusalem is still,  
 And lost in sleep are bond and free;  
 Her streets, her vale, the holy hill  
 Repose in sweet tranquillity.

Repose they all?—have none from sleep  
 Aroused, to sigh o'er Zion's blight?—  
 Retire not some, alone, to weep—  
 Wake not a faithful few this night?

Yes! and along the beetling brow  
 Of his beloved Olivet,  
 The Man, afflicted, wanders now,  
 And there have his disciples met.

How sad the greeting! who may tell  
 The tenderness which in that look  
 Burst forth, when Jesus wept farewell  
 To those he loved by Kedron's brook!

## THE WHITE-HILLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I SEE ye towering—Genii of the North!  
I see ye stand, the monuments of time,  
Clad in the dread sublimity of years.  
Well do I know ye by the frosty robe,  
God's drapery, that wraps your giant forms.

Parents of freedom! on your hoary heights  
The fearless eagle makes her eyry, there  
Plants her domain, approachless to the foe.  
The hardy yeoman vent'rously is seen  
With patient labour toiling your ascent,  
Invading solitudes, where fitful winds  
Talk 'mid the pines,—he treads the dizzy cliff;  
Thence, wondering, surveys the little world  
Of forest, village, lake, that clothes your feet.  
The sailor knows ye—nearing the rough coast,—  
From the tall mast, his lonely weary watch,  
Descries and greets ye as a long lost friend,  
When your hoar summits glittering to the sun,  
Seem to his gaze but fleecy summer clouds.

And what are works of man, the edifice,  
The toil of ages?—what the aspiring dome?  
Yea, what the vaunted mockers of old Time,  
Egyptia's columns—what are they to these?  
Works of God's finger! ye shall lift your heads  
Majestically, when the pride of man  
Shall waste and crumble, yea, when Memphian plains  
Are cumbered with the ruined pyramid.

## HYMN

SUNG IN CASTLE GARDEN, NEW-YORK, BY THE SUNDAY  
SCHOLARS.

*First Voices.\**

Oh, ye bless'd! on yonder plains,  
Worshipping in noble strains,  
Ranks of veiled Seraphim!  
Uttering your melodious hymn,  
Glorious Spirits! as ye bow,  
Bearing victory's palm-branch now,  
Why to Jesus give renown?  
And before him cast the crown?

*Second Voices.*

'Tis His love that stirs our choirs,  
Silent were these breathing wires,  
Mute the crystal courts above,  
If the anthem were not Love.

*First Voices.*

Tell us, bright ones! as ye kneel,  
Whose the richer notes that steal,  
Sweet and soothing, from your throng—  
Silver voices mingling song?

---

\* The first voices by the male children who were in the area of the garden. The female children in the gallery responded in the second voice.

*Second Voices.*

Children, ever near the throne,  
Bow in beauteous bands alone;  
Cherub harps to these are given,  
And the fairest wreaths of heaven:  
Praises float along the strings,  
As they wave rejoicing wings,  
And in lofty chorus cry  
Holy is the Lord, Most High!

*First Voices.*

Warblers! we would waken here,  
Music of your upper sphere;  
We would hymn and worship thus,  
Were those harp-notes lent to us.

*First and Second Voices.*

JESUS! while below we sing,  
Hallowed incense may we bring;  
JESUS, hear us!—take us where  
Children, chosen minstrels are.

---

**WORSHIP.**

HOLY be this, as was the place  
To him, of Padan-aram known,  
When Abram's God revealed his face  
And caught the pilgrim to the throne:

O, how transporting was the glow  
That thrilled his bosom, mixed with fear,  
“Lo! the Eternal walks below—  
The Highest tabernacles here!”

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,  
The glories that the Patriarch saw;  
And when we faint, may we like him  
Fresh vigour from the vision draw.  
Heaven’s lightning hovered o’er his head,  
And flashed new splendours on his view,—  
Break forth, thou SUN! and freely shed  
Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

’Tis ours to sojourn in a waste  
Barren and cold as Shinar’s ground;  
No fruits of Eshcol charm the taste,  
No streams of Meribah are found,—  
But Thou canst bid the desert bud  
With more than Sharon’s rich display;  
And Thou canst bid the cooling flood  
Gush from the rock and cheer the way.

We tread the path thy people trode,  
Alternate sunshine, bitter tears;  
Go Thou before, and with thy rod  
Divide the Jordan of our fears.  
Be ours the song of triumph given,  
Angelic themes to lips of clay,—  
And ours the holy harp of heaven,  
Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

## ABISBAL'S INVOCATION.\*

HASTE, foes of my country! to battle advance,  
To their prey loose the war-dogs of rapine again;  
Let the fleur-de-lis symbol of slavery and France,  
The flag of the tyrant, wave proudly o'er Spain!

Nay, cease not your curses on him that once led  
Your forces, Castilians! to vanquish or fall;  
Who fought for his birthright, his kindred, yet fled  
From the shrine of his worship at treachery's call.

For what is his country or kindred to him  
Who laughs at the birthright by villainy sold?  
Hence, Honour! the light that plays o'er thee is dim,  
Eclipsed by the lustre of royalty's gold.

O, it glads me when vengeance falls ripe on the fools  
Who to anarchy yield the just rights of the crown;  
Base plebeians! they reck not themselves are but tools  
Which the foot of the strong shall to dust trample  
down.

Advance, Angouleme! and deep, deep to its hilt,  
In the heart of the generous bury thy steel;  
Nay, start not, e'en murder is 'reft of its guilt,  
When the hell-brooded act is for monarchy's weal.

---

\* The Spanish General, infamous for his treason, during the invasion of Spain by the armies of Louis XVIII. in 1823.

Thou Genius of Slavery! with pestilent breath—  
 Thou night-angel! compass their armies about;  
 That the swords which have pierced Gallia's eagle  
 to death,  
 At the lily of Bourbon may fear to flash out.

Shout, shout, Imperator! Magnanimous Czar!  
 Protector of nations! thy triumph's complete,  
 Or shall be, when quenched is the patriot's star,  
 When the last pulse of liberty ceases to beat.

---

SCIO.—1822.

BEAUTIFUL Scio! thou wast fair,  
 Gem of the Archipelago!  
 Thou shonest like morning's lovely star  
 Rivalling its sisters;—thine the glow  
 Of skies, deliciously serene,  
 Along thy vales the evergreen  
 The vine and olive flourished,—  
 Thy maidens dwelt with innocence,  
 Thy young men, Liberty had nourished,  
 Her proud invincible defence;  
 Beautiful Scio! thou wast fair,  
 Gem of the Archipelago!  
 At morn, a voice was heard in thee,  
 It was the voice of gladness,—  
 The star of peace arose on thee,  
 'Tis shrouded now in sadness!

Star of the Grecian! thou hast set  
In darkness, o'er yon Eden-isle;  
Thine altars fall'n, the minaret  
Rises o'er tears, and blood, and spoil!  
And thou art now a hideous wild  
Where reckless Ruin drives its share  
O'er hapless mother and the child;  
Beautiful Scio! once so fair,  
Gem of the Archipelago!

---

## I LOVE THE BOSOM THAT CAN FEEL.

I LOVE the bosom that can feel  
The griefs which mortals know;  
I love the lip whose accents heal  
The wounds of tearful wo.

The eye that beams with pity's gem,  
Is bright to every view;  
Its lustre shades the diadem,  
Or ruby's sparkling hue.

In forms that fly to misery's aid,  
To dry the orphan's tear—  
Are winning grace and ease displayed,  
Unrivalled by compeer.

Sweet is Apollo's silver strain,  
And Sappho's melting air,

Sweeter the words that soften pain,  
And banish sad despair.

Woman! while these unite in thee,  
We own thy magic skill;  
And every heart though proudly free,  
Is vanquished at thy will.

---

#### WHY WEEPEST THOU ?

Doth gloomy fate with sullen frown  
Consume thy soul with care ?  
Hast thou the draught of misery known  
Whose dregs are dark despair ?  
Art thou oppressed with sorrow's doom,  
Thy heart with anguish torn ?  
O, soon that sad and cheerless gloom  
Shall wake a brighter morn :  
Then why should sorrow wring thy brow ?  
Say, mourner say, " why weepest thou ? "

Doth tender love bedeck the bier,  
Is dust with dust inurned ?  
Has one, affection prized most dear,  
To heaven and God returned ?  
The beauteous flower that charms the eye,  
And decks the smiling plain,

With winter's blast doth fade and die,  
 But dies to bloom again;  
 Then why should sorrow wring thy brow?  
 Say mourner, say, "why weepest thou?"

---

AND I SAID, O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE, FOR  
 THEN WOULD I FLY AWAY AND BE AT REST.—DAVID.

THE soul that wings her airy flight  
 To yonder fields of starry blue,  
 With rapture greets empyrion light,  
 And basks in pleasures ever new;  
 And if—enthroned in bliss above,  
 She bends a lingering look below,  
 Doth not some throb of pity move,  
 For those that tread this vale of wo?

O! could I stretch my pathless way  
 To climes afar, how small would seem  
 The griefs that cloud this feeble day,  
 The joys that gild life's passing dream:  
 Then would I smile—the secret tear,  
 If tear might wet those courts of joy,  
 Would flee, and love, serene, endear  
 The angel bliss that ne'er can cloy.

Yet, courage! though the angry storm  
 Hath spent its force around thy head;  
 Though sorrow lurks in every form,  
 And all but trembling hope hath fled:

Yet burns there still a steady ray,  
For those that weep in sunless gloom,  
The Star that points the wanderer's way,  
RELIGION—shines beyond the tomb!

---

## YEARS PAST—YEARS TO COME.

YEARS! ended years! tell us, were not  
Your moments given, that man might soon,  
Valued and used, without a blot,  
Or blush, restore the gracious boon?

Yet is the glorious gift defiled  
With deep-writ characters of shame;  
Lust of the world, and passion wild,  
And mad ambition's guilty flame.

Where harps and hymns of beauty sound  
Ye're gone, earth's discord to declare;  
And in eternity is found  
Each wasted hour, a witness there.

Yea, and a ransom is not known,  
Nor bribe, to rescue moments fled;  
All else redeem! but these, once flown,  
We may not—they are with the dead.

Departed hours! and must ye die?  
None rescued, of ye all, for God;

Pearls without price! and do ye lie  
Buried with years beyond the flood?

Not wholly so—across the night  
That else had wrapt us in its shade;  
The finger, dipt in lovely light  
Of holy hope and heaven, is laid:

And in its shining beams is seen  
The christian army's onward march;  
Whose spears are of immortal sheen,  
Whose banner is the rainbow's arch

Of promise, to a fallen world,  
That sin's advancing, whelming wave,  
While Mercy's symbol is unfurled,—  
Shall not be a redeemless grave.

Onward, they go; of various hue,  
And tribes of east and western sun;  
But kindred is the hope in view,  
The warriors of the Cross are one.

And mid their closing ranks, behold  
The Ark, the Church of God! the song,  
Beneath where wings of glory fold,  
Goes up in grandeur from the throng.

Onward! the battle is the Lord's,  
To wage triumphant war with sin;  
To die, and reach sublime rewards,  
To fall, and yet the conquest win.

Years may pass on, and all that earth  
 Imperishable deemed, may fade;  
 And Time, that marked her empires' birth,  
 See them in his sepulchre laid;

Yet onward, o'er the mighty wreck,  
 Shall press the immortal victor band;  
 And rebel nations bow the neck  
 To Him whose is the heathen land.

Till o'er a world by love subdued,  
 High Heaven takes up the conqueror's strain;  
 And voices of earth's multitude,  
 Repeat the joyful song again.

O God! while moments mark their round,  
 Still guard us in that mortal fray;  
 And o'er us, in thy battles found,  
 Reveal the star of victory's day.

---

WHEN THOU CALMLY SLEEPEST.

WHEN thou calmly sleepest in the dust, love!  
 And on thy grave the tall grass grows,  
 Will it be thine to think of him, love!  
 Whose widowed tear, in secret flows?

When thou gladly seekest thy native bowers,  
 And revellest in thy Eden bliss,

Wilt thou not, as thou weavest yon world's flowers,  
Lend a thought to the few Love gave in this?

When mortality's tie is loosed, and never  
Shall delights that have charmed thee, charm thee  
more,

When the cloud of grief has gone, and forever,  
And the sigh and tear alike, are o'er;

Say, wilt thou not, sometimes, love!

Awhile, leave the shrines that ceaseless burn;  
And warmed with the glow of remembrance, love!  
To the scenes of affection, fondly return?

O, surely, thy spirit will meet in heaven,  
Some dear reminiscence of days that have flown;  
And the thought that to the past is given,  
Will be pure as the holiest before the throne!

---

O COME FROM A WORLD.

O COME from a world were sorrow and gloom  
Chastise the allurements of joy;  
A pathway bedimmed, with no rays to illumine,  
Save the meteor that shines to destroy;  
Where the thoughtless have revelled when mirth  
had no charm,  
Where the wounded have wept, but still needed  
the balm.

O come from a world where the landscape is chill,  
Or deceitfully blossoming fair,  
The garden gives promise of bright flowers, still  
The night-shade luxuriates there:  
That sky now serene blushing lovely and clear,  
O heed not its beauty, the storm cloud is near.

O come from a world where the cup of delight  
Now sparkles and foams at the brim;  
For the laurels that wreath it reflection shall blight,  
Its lustre, repentance shall dim:  
The lips that convivial have pledged thee the bowl,  
Shall blanch with confusion when fear rives the  
soul.

O come from a world where they that beguile  
Will lead thee to peril and fears;  
For the heart that confiding has welcomed its smile,  
Has found it the prelude to tears:  
Come then, there's a path by the reckless untrod,  
O come, weary wanderer! it leads to thy God,

I DREAMED of loveliness. The gay romance  
Of vagrant fancy, in fair vision came.—  
Hope waved her wings, and Expectation, big  
With promise, hovered. On a river's brink  
Methought I stood, whose tranquil waters slept  
Beneath the sunbeam. Mighty vessels rode  
Upon the curling billow. The tall barque,  
Her streamers floating on the breeze, urged on,  
With Laughter at the helm, and one  
Built by the hand of Pleasure for her own,  
Sped foremost of the train. A lovely skiff,  
By fairy toil apportioned. Her light prow,  
Glided in beauty o'er the sparkling deep,  
With speed that mocked the dolphin. Her white sail,  
As now it caught the sun's reflected ray,  
Coursing along the waters, to the eye,  
Seemed like a fleecy cloud, with burnished skirts,  
Descending from its height to kiss the wave.  
Her freight was Childhood. Suddenly the sun  
Withdrew his fires, and night usurped the day.  
The tempest gathered, and rude startling peals  
Rolled o'er the firmament. With fitful scream,  
The affrighted sea-bird fled its troubled nest,—  
The deep rose up to heaven, the lurid glare  
Of lightning flashed on death—I saw no more.  
Again I looked, the barque had disappeared,  
But ever and anon the rifted tide  
Disclosed the shattered rib, or broken spar,  
Sole relics of its beauty. Men beheld,  
And some with apathy—some mourned. I dreamed  
Yet once again, and to my view was one

Who walked in youthful beauty, the desired  
 Of many hearts, object of tender love.—  
 O he was fair, his cheek had stolen the dye  
 Of May's first bud,—his eye spake the delight  
 Of artless boyhood. On his open brow  
 Sat the calm look of cheerfulness, and there  
 Truth seemed to dwell. None knew him but to love:  
 Yea, he rejoiced in pure affection's ray,  
 That on his warm heart shone, reflecting thence  
 Its holy peace, its true tranquillity.  
 He looked abroad to heaven in conscious joy,  
 And saw his sun yet in its morning course.  
 The stern death-angel came and he was not!  
 A heart-wrung father pressed his snowy lip,  
 A mother agonized upon her child,—  
 The grave received him,—I awoke and wept.

---

IS IT NOT A LITTLE ONE.

GENESIS, XIX. 20.

Of all the varied cheats in life,  
 To which misguided mortals run,  
 There's none with sorer evils rife,  
 Than "Is it not a little one?"

When strong allurements leads astray,  
 How fair the web by flattery spun—  
 The ready opiate smooths the way,  
 Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Curst avarice, to itself unkind,  
Would even life's best blessings shun,  
And hoarding pelf, deceive the mind,  
With "Is it not a little one?"

The youth, debauched in folly's maze,  
Health, fame, and fortune, all undone,  
Too late the whispering cheat betrays,  
Of "Is it not a little one?"

Intemperance, murdering life, and soul,  
Would fain reflection's moment shun;  
And says: replenishing the bowl,  
Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Beguiled by love's seductive strain,  
The hapless maiden is undone;  
While listening to the falsehood vain,  
Of "Is it not a little one?"

Beware fond youth, its fell control,  
This fatal source of ruin shun;  
Reflect in time, nor cheat the soul,  
With "Is it not a little one?"

---

WEARIED with play, that night, my Mortimer  
Betimes had sunk to slumber, and he now  
Quietly nestled on his pillow, that  
To innocence and childhood lent sweet visions.

He slept, unheeding the wild storm which held,  
That winter night, rude empire. All within  
Was quiet,—midnight's stern serenity  
Dwelt in each chamber, and that house was still  
And calm, in the repose of loneliness.  
He is my eldest, and a parent may  
Indulge his love. Wrapt in his dreams he lay,  
Tranquil and happy, seeming. He is fair,  
Yet fairer seemed he than his wont in sleep.  
His rounded arms were folded, as if toil  
Were ended now, and he in balmy rest  
Should find new vigour for the coming day.  
His flaxen hair lay carelessly upon  
His polished brow, and there many a curl  
Rioted in luxuriance. The red lips,  
That pouted at my lightest kiss, half closed,  
Spake to beholders that within was peace.  
Near him slept Henry, younger, frailer too;  
A tender plant that seemed not formed to bear  
The ruder winds of life. He slumbered where  
He coveted to slumber—in her arms  
Who gave him life. A mother's love was there  
To shield her darling boy; and dearer now  
To her sad bosom was that little one,  
And closer to her heart she pressed him, as if fear  
Had taught her, he too, should that couch forsake.  
For one was *not*—William, that lovely one—  
William, that constantly had slumbered there  
With his twin-brother, shared not now that bed:  
He too had gone to rest—a rest how sweet—  
How holy!—In a farther room he lay,  
Wrapt in the robe of whiteness that adorns

Departed innocence. O, how composed,  
Sublime, was that deep sleep! Still he slept on  
In all the beauty, all the loveliness  
That late adorned him. Sickness had not stolen  
One grace that death had not threefold restored;  
He lay before me in his coffin, there  
So tranquil, that unto my stricken heart  
I said: he is not dead,—my boy but sleeps.—  
Aye, long might I believe so, were it not  
For the fixed impress, still—something severe—  
Even in smiles, that death doth always wear.

---

## MUSIC OF LIGHT.

ERE Eden blossomed wild,  
Or earth received a form,  
Ere the Eternal voice  
Called sunshine from the storm;  
Ere on chaotic deep  
The empire of old night—  
God looked, and tumult fled,  
God spake, and all was Light;  
Music, first born of heaven,  
Left not her natal bower,  
'Till Ages' chronicler  
Proclaimed Creation's hour;  
The strain of harmony  
The depths had never heard,

There Silence reared her throne,  
Till Light and Song appeared.

Then in their choral spheres  
Rejoicing planets ran,  
Then, sovereign of the world,  
Arose immortal Man!  
Then heard the Star of Morn,  
Along the wavy air,  
Soft strains of Music float  
That Seraphim might share;  
Unearthly was the sound,  
It spake to raptured sight;  
And subtle sense received  
The Melody of Light.

Sweet was the dulcet strain,  
Loud the ascending song,  
That o'er the eternal plain  
Mellifluous rolled along;  
And, say! when Deity  
Alone sublimely stood,  
And blest a virgin world  
And called his labour "good"—  
Broke not forth brighter rays  
Of glory, o'er the whole?  
Say, woke not He a chord  
Of Music, to the soul!

Ages passed by, and He,  
The Paschal Lamb was slain;

Death held not Deity,  
 Immanuel rose again;  
 Now o'er the darksome tomb,  
 The couch on which He lay,  
 Lo, Resurrection pours  
 Floods of undying Day;  
 Say! is not Music there  
 Where Light and Life are shed?  
 Yes! and mankind shall share  
 Those strains, when worlds have fled.

---

THE PRISON.

THEY have built ye firmly, frowning walls!  
 With the iron and the stone;  
 And cheerless is your prison house,  
 Where the wretch may sigh alone.

Unto the lost one, here, may years  
 Of grief unnoted roll;  
 Thou art, unsated sullen tomb!  
 The Bastile of the soul.

Within your cold damp-dripping cell,  
 Unseen by human eye,  
 Methinks 'tis horrible to dwell,  
 Less dreadful 'twere to die.

To know that the bright blessed sun,  
It was not mine to see;  
That spring should bloom and summer smile,  
Yet bloom nor smile for me—

To listen for the voice, or tread  
Of man, yet list in vain;  
Thoughts of the dying and the dead,  
Than these, were lesser pain.

Yet to the lost, abandoned one,  
Cast out, yea spurned of all,  
O'er whose fond hopes and early dreams  
Despair has flung its pall—

To him, the dead, is life revealed,—  
His dungeon-walls are heaven,  
When Mercy, breaking through the gloom,  
Whispers, "Thou art forgiven!"

---

TO MY DAUGHTER ZELIA.

My child! my child! I love to see  
Thy careless step, as thou  
Rejoicest in thy infancy,  
And infant beauty now.

My child! my child! thy pleasant way  
Is garnished o'er with flowers;

And thine, as thou pursuest thy play,  
Are young life's truest hours.

They fly!—they fly!—how soon the doom  
Is thine, to welcome wo;—  
And childhood's flowers and childhood's bloom,  
How soon the worm will know!

Perhaps 'twill be thy lot severe,  
To stem dark sorrow's wave;  
And pass—no earthly solace near—  
To an untimely grave;

To tread, in tears, the weary way,  
Thou sawest beloved ones tread;  
Thy aching brow with theirs to lay,  
Where tears no more are shed.

Or to thy God, in early years,  
Perhaps thou'lt yield again,  
—Baptized in prayer and holy tears—  
Thy soul, without a stain.

To slumber where thy brothers lie,  
—One turf above *the four*—  
To bathe in glory where they fly,  
And joyfully adore.

Yet, freed from sorrows scarcely felt,  
And spared life's dreary doom,  
Oh, who, *in bitterness*, e'er knelt  
Beside an infant's tomb?

To think, for recollected sin,  
It ne'er shall give the sigh;  
To know that pure and precious gem  
Is treasured in the sky.

*These* may betide—beyond the veil  
That HE hath round thee thrown,  
Shall dart no bright and searching beam  
Of prescience but his own.

Then be it thine, an early flower,  
To blossom for the grave;  
Or thine to yield, in later hour,  
Fair bloom to Him who gave:

Enough—lives not the promise now?  
Oh God! when storms grow wild,  
And earth's proud expectations bow,  
Thou'lt keep it to my child.

---

TO A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

I GRIEVE not Heaven to thee denies  
The attribute of speech,  
When reading in those kindling eyes,  
All that the mind can teach;  
I grieve not no assuring tone  
Of love, bids thee rejoice;  
Thou favoured one! to thee is given  
The Spirit's soothing voice.

I grieve not that to thee life's scroll  
—Such is the Eternal's will—  
Is unrevealed, thy gentle soul  
Reads not that page of ill;  
O, gentle maiden! trace not thou  
Those characters of fire;  
They tell of wrongs, of bitter strife,  
And blight of fond desire.

The flickering light that gilds *our* day,  
On thee may never shine,  
I grieve not,—yonder steady ray  
Of peace, is ever thine;  
And pure and tranquil is that rest,  
Where thought, untroubled, flows,  
As waveless ocean, on whose breast  
The moon-beam seeks repose.

Shut out from scenes of feverish joy,  
Removed from grovelling sense,  
O, how sublime is thy employ,  
With high Omnipotence!  
Far from the din of this low sphere,  
Its smiles, or frequent wo,  
Thou hearest a voice we cannot hear,  
Of themes we cannot know.

Thou drinkest of the crystal well,  
Whence living knowledge flows;  
Yet on that fount is laid the spell,  
That shuts up human woes;

O, never, never may the sigh  
 Of agony severe,  
 Thy bosom rend, nor that mild eye  
 Be dimmed with Misery's tear.

---

## THE WEST.

O YE to whom God's word reveals its privileges blest,  
 Who hold the pearl without a price—think, think  
 upon the West!  
 And think, as every precious boon of heaven comes  
 up in view,  
 Of those that joyed where now ye joy, that wor-  
 shipped once with you,  
 For we have left our sunbright homes, the scenes of  
 early day,  
 Our pleasant hearths, and all we loved, to wander  
 far away,  
 In wilds where voice of Sabbath bell breaks not  
 upon the air,  
 Where lifted not are hands in praise, nor bent the  
 knee in prayer;  
 And where come o'er the lab'ring heart its white-  
 winged happy hours,  
 While warm tears gush, a tribute given to light that  
 once was ours:  
 O ye who bless its diamond spark, lit up within the  
 breast,  
 Think what it is to mourn it quenched,—O think  
 upon the West!

The past!—we fain would dwell upon the pages of  
the past,  
Though sad it is to read of joys too beautiful to last;  
Yet we will yield in thought again, unto *his* fond  
caress  
Who listened to our lisping prayer, and said that  
God would bless;  
Aye, and we feel the mother's kiss, which only *she*  
could give,  
When teaching us to bow the heart to HIM who  
bade us live.  
We think, too, on the white-haired man who chid  
our careless youth;  
And well remember where his lips dropped sacred  
words of truth.  
And sadly comes to aching thought, with memory's  
quicken'd power,  
The Bible class, the Sunday-school, and Prayer's  
rejoicing hour.  
O ye who revel in this light, who hear the gospel  
blest,  
Give praise to God, and succour *here*;—O think  
upon the West!

Here where tall forests wave their tops, the wild  
beast hath his den,  
The eagle hath her eyry built, unknown to steps of  
men;  
And small birds hang their mossy nests, on many a  
branching limb,  
And yield at evening's peaceful hour, their pure and  
joyous hymn;

But for *us* rise no temple-walls, nor points the spire  
     to heaven,  
 O, *many* faint for Bread of Life,—to break it, *none*  
     are given!  
 Oft, too, by men who lust for gain, these solitudes  
     are trod,  
 Who cast off fear, refrain from prayer, foes to  
     themselves and God;  
 The stillness of these lovely vales is broken by their  
     curse;  
 By reckless sires the children led, soon wax from  
     bad to worse.  
 O ye that hail the Sabbath morn, ye with the Bible  
     blest,  
 Speed, speed the Rose of Sharon here to blossom  
     in the West!

Valley of the Mississippi, 1830.

---

WRITTEN AT LONG MEADOW, MASSACHUSETTS.

O, who would not shun the hurried din  
 That riots, proud city, thy walls within?  
 Who would not turn his pilgrim feet  
 From the crowded hall to the calm retreat,  
 And climb with the sun his native mountain,  
 And seek at noon the favourite fountain?  
 Let such with his joys be far from me,  
 I give, simple scenes! my love to ye.  
 Away, away from the fevered mart,  
 Where avarice rules in the slavish heart,

Where all is soulless and all is cold,  
Save love of self and love of gold.  
I hasten from the enchanter's spell,  
To scenes where nature delights to dwell ;  
To the clime of my earliest, brightest dreams;  
Where on ruder hills, by purer streams,  
Through sunnier vales, 'twas mine to roam,  
Than thought ever imaged—it was my home.  
Yes, land of my childhood! dear art thou,  
New England! dearer to fancy now,  
Than when, as thy mountain breezes free,  
In the laughing hours of infancy,  
From fields and floods, 'twas mine to borrow  
Bliss for the day and hope for the morrow.  
And here, where along romantic shores  
Her waters Connecticut proudly pours;  
Where the yellow and purple harvest is seen  
Gorgeously waving o'er meadows of green;  
Where the village spire is seen to shine  
Like a snowy wreath 'mid groves of pine:  
Where the village bell is heard in a tone  
Of sadness, as it seems to moan  
In music, along the valley and hill:  
Here in the bosom of all that's still  
And pure and holy, the wanderer knew  
The smile of love and the greeting true.  
Who would not shun the hurried din,  
That revels, proud city, thy walls within ?  
Who to the domes of the proud would stray,  
When the heart and its joys are far away?

## MISSION SHIPS.

WHAT on thy boundless path of foam,  
Eternal, heaving sea!  
Of all that hail thee as their home,  
Hast thou most dear to me?

The merchant ship whose precious gums  
And ambergris and gold,  
Are heaped, the price of princely sums,  
Deep in her teeming hold—

The barque that gaily seeks the breeze  
On embassy of state;  
Round which, the willing winds and seas  
Obsequious, seem to wait—

Or the proud bulwark of the deeps,  
Where warring thunders play:  
That, bristling for the combat, keeps  
Stern watch on thy highway?

Not these! not these! for still they bear  
Those of the worldly brow;  
And men disturbed with fruitless care,  
Press o'er thy billows now.

Not these, not these, O Deep! for they  
Man's purposes perform;  
His lusts and passions to obey,  
They court thy frequent storm.

But who are they that as a cloud  
And doves are hovering near;  
Bearing unto the lost and proud  
Their freight of glorious cheer?

None, bird-like, sit upon thy crest  
So beautiful as these;  
None, statelier, have ever prest  
Through thy tall surging seas.

The Mission Ships!—ride on thy waves  
No treasures like to them:  
Ocean, within thy secret caves,  
Is hidden no such gem.

For holy footsteps tread that deck  
Of men that bear away  
Riches, that shall survive the wreck  
Of the last dooming day.

And journeys o'er thy mighty tide  
Embassage, vast and high,  
From the world's Monarch, who has died,  
To man who may not die.

---

DESOLATION OF TYRE.

IT SHALL BE A PLACE FOR THE SPREADING OF NETS, IN  
THE MIDST OF THE SEA. ISAIAH.

High on the rock-embattled steep  
That braved the storm and flood,

Proud mistress of the foaming deep,  
The queen of traffic stood.  
Damascus, Syria, and the Isles  
Enriched her gathering store;  
The ships of Tarshish bore their spoils,  
And Ophir gave the ore.

In broidered robes her virgins shone,  
And kings confessed her sway;  
The costliest odours were her own,  
The nations were her prey.  
Beautiful were her graces all,  
Yea, of that city's praise  
The minstrel sang in bower and hall,  
And strangers came to gaze.

Dim is her glory, gone her fame,  
Her boasted wealth has fled;  
On her proud rock, alas! her shame,  
The fisher's net is spread:  
The Tyrian harp has slumbered long,  
And Tyria's mirth is low,  
The timbrel, dulcimer and song  
Are hushed, or wake to wo!

---

TWILIGHT SONG OF SHEPHERDS OF THE ANDES.

BENEATH the brow of yonder steep  
The tints of twilight fade:  
On Chimberoz' the shadows sleep,  
That in the valley played.

Lorn in the saffron-belted west,  
The star of evening shines;  
The dew is on the plantain's breast,  
And gems the curling vines.

My flocks are sleeping peacefully  
Secure from nightly ill;  
And, watchful guardian over me,  
My dog is faithful still.

How sweet the hour of peaceful thought,  
How rich retirement's calm!  
How free its pleasures, for unbought  
Is bland contentment's balm.

In this sequestered woodland scene,  
Fond love and peace reside;  
While rural health of cheerful mien,  
With labour doth abide.

Then give me still my mountain air,  
My flock and shepherd's nest;  
The loved companion these to share,  
And I am truly blest.

---

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD!

PRAYER for the dead! yet pray not thou  
For him that in repose is blest;  
The calm and cofined sleeper now,  
Where weary travellers are at rest:

Unconscious of the smile or tear,  
Life's blessed sympathies unknown,  
Thy voice falls listless on his ear  
Who with decay is left alone.

Prayer for the dead! yet pray not thou  
For him that girdeth up to fly,  
Where waits prepared for his brow  
The glorious chaplet of the sky:  
For ever free from human ills,  
The billows of this Jordan trod,  
He'll drink the satisfying rills  
That flow fast by the throne of God.

Prayer for the dead! yet pray not thou  
For dwellers 'neath the stormy cloud,  
O'er which mild Mercy flings no bow,  
The fainting, faithless, and the proud:  
For them that in their spirit-powers,  
And in immortal madness strong,  
Still buffet the unwasting hours,  
And shout in agony, "*How long!*"

Prayer for the dead! whom from their sleep  
Time's solemn footfall fails to wake,  
Whose midnight dreamings, still and deep,  
The judgment-trumpet may not break:  
Yet in whose soul, if *there* be shed  
Light from the Cross, new life begins ;  
They cluster round your hearths—the dead!  
The dead in trespasses and sins.

SWEET ORB OF NIGHT! I SAW THEE RISE.

SWEET orb of night! I saw thee rise  
In cloudless lustre o'er the plain;  
I saw thee climb the azure skies,  
With radiant splendours in thy train:  
I marked thy mildly pensive beam  
At midnight's still and hallowed hour;  
I watched the fitful, lonely gleam  
That played on yonder ivied tower.

Sweet orb of night! I often love  
When day with all its cares is o'er,  
To wander in the silent grove,  
And there the Source of Light adore:  
O then, how false all else appears,  
While wrapt in awe thy course I view,  
And see thee mount the starry spheres,  
And tread the fields of heavenly blue!

---

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

THOU'ST seen the boy in his bright glow  
Of spring-like promising;  
Thou'st seen him in Guilt's vortex low,  
An unnamed loveless thing:  
And thou hast, Levite-like, passed on,  
Or given the fruitless sigh  
To hopes that budded and were gone,  
To promises that die.

Shouldst thou not, parent, weep o'er him ?

*Thou* hast a darling boy!

O, what if that pure ray were dim,

That lights up now thy joy?

Mother! that closer to thy breast,

Pressest thy guileless son—

O, what if thou shouldst deem *her* blest,

The *childless* stricken one ?

And he at that tribunal now,

Was he not one to love?

Aye, on that early-troubled brow,

Sat meekness like a dove:

And those bent eyes, in happiness,

Gave once the laugh to care;

And that wan face wore cheerfulness,

That boyhood loves to wear.

Is't fit that one so fair and young,

Should be cast out from men?

Be heedlessly to ruin flung,

As though he ne'er had been?

Bethink thee, Admonition's lip

Might win him from that way;

And now, well warned, he would not sip

The sweets where danger lay.

O, save him!—yea, I know thou wilt,

Thou canst not bid him dwell

Where the cursed air breathes only guilt,

Within the felon's cell:

THE REFUGE! angels bless the plan,

That, while it holds the rod,

Restores a fallen man to man,  
A wanderer to God.

---

When the British army was advancing upon Plattsburg in solid column, a small detachment of the American artillery with a single field-piece, kept up an incessant retreating fire upon their enemy. These discharges made dreadful havoc ; but the voice of the British commander was distinctly heard, saying, *Fill up ! fill up ! fill up !*" and the column closed, as if regardless of the effect, and were not retarded by the loss of a number killed and wounded.

The case is applicable to the Christian cause. When some fall in one station and some in another, methinks I hear the great Captain of our salvation saying to his faithful soldiers, " Fill up ! fill up ! fill up !" And I rejoice to know that their places are filling up with heroic ardour ; and that the progress of the gospel will by no means be retarded because death makes his inroads ; but rather that the whole Christian army will be excited to double their efforts, till the last victory is achieved.—*Chr. Watch.*

A THOUSAND warriors to the charge,  
Bold-hearted men—have sprung ;  
In thunders of the cannon's voice  
Their passing dirge is sung:  
And thousands more at call of drum  
Are rushing on the foe ;  
*Fill up ! Fill up !*—like those they come—  
Like those to slumber low.

They fall, and 'tis a fading leaf  
Earth gives unto her slain ;  
They die, 'tis in Fame's trumpet song  
Her heroes live again.

And such her glory!—who has not,  
In bitterness of soul,  
Mused on the mighty, now forgot,  
Once blazoned on her scroll ?

Not such is your triumphant gain,  
Ye followers of the cross!  
Compared with that which ye obtain,  
The universe were loss:  
Your leader is the Crucified,  
Whose death was Death's defeat;  
And with him battling at your side,  
Your victory's complete.

Not such your banner-folds that wave  
To endless life alone,  
That float above the soldier's grave,  
And flash upon his throne.  
Yea, from the consecrated field  
Where Christ's brave legions lie,  
Is rising other monument  
Of names that cannot die.

Then see, where press the vigorous siege,  
Yon gallant, glorious few;  
They give their heart's-blood for their liege,  
And straight are wrapt from view:  
In Afric, China and Bengal  
Their bones in waiting lie;  
“*Fill up our ranks!*” to us they call,  
“*Fill up! fill up!*” we cry.

Yea, from the nurseries of the church,  
The youthful conscripts come ;  
And as their martyr comrades fall,  
Rejoicing, take their room:  
And deeper joy that mother knows  
Than in her first-born's kiss,  
When, strong in faith, that first-born goes  
On warfare, such as this.

---

## HAPPINESS—WHERE IS IT?

Is it in wealth? Go, probe the breast  
Of fortune's favourite heir:  
And why doth woe that heart infest,  
And anguish canker there?

Is it in fame? Its empty breath,  
Inconstant as the breeze,  
Will blast, ere long, the laurel wreath  
That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship, or in love?  
Alas! they soon decay:  
The tears of disappointment prove  
How feeble is their stay.

'Tis not in all that here excels,  
'Tis not in Folly's round;  
Look upward, mortal, there it dwells,  
And only there is found.

## I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE RIGHTEOUS FORSAKEN.

I've seen the heir of guilt and wo,  
And watched his wandering eye;  
I've seen the tear of anguish flow,  
And heard the troubled sigh.

I've seen the victim of despair,  
A prey to want and sin;  
I've looked upon his brow when there  
Was writ the curse within.

I've seen the lordling roll in state,  
And swell with bloated pride;  
I've seen when at the poor man's gate,  
The wretched outcast died.

I've seen the youth, whom pleasure's round  
Had early taught to stray;  
And those that by intemperance found  
The flowery, fatal way.

These I have seen, but never yet  
Have seen the child of prayer  
Abandoned by his God, to eat  
The bitter bread of care.

ON MY FRIEND PRESENTING HIS INFANT AT  
THE BAPTISMAL FONT.

THAT cherub bloom which vies the rose,  
Was wet with fond paternal tears;  
The love that but a parent knows,  
Has dewed the child of hopes and fears.

With rapture has the father prest  
Those parting lips of coral hue,  
While, pillowed on the mother's breast,  
Her wistful smile has blest it too.

But other dews have wet that brow,  
And other, brighter gems are there,  
The drops that from the altar flow—  
The tears of mingled faith and prayer.

Sweet the emotions that reveal  
Affection's ever living flood,  
But lovelier, holier is the seal  
That consecrates the child to God.

---

YE DEAD!

YE Dead! ye Dead! your rest is sweet,  
From dreamy trouble free;  
The labouring heart forgets to beat  
Beneath the alder tree:

O, gladly, 'neath the grassy turf  
The care-worn would recline;  
Or 'neath the wave where fairy hands  
Bedeck the lowly shrine.  
Ye Dead! ye Dead! he comes! he comes!  
And he that woke to weep,  
Shall bosom every secret ill  
Where ye long vigils keep.

Ye solitary relics, pent  
In earth, to earth a prey;  
Ye voiceless lips how eloquent  
To me is your decay!  
O, sweet the consecrated soil,  
Where pilgrims cease to roam,  
Where fainting mortals end their toil,  
And misery finds a home:  
And sweet the couch where coral wreaths,  
Deep in the surging brine,  
In ocean's dark unfathomed caves,  
The sleeping dust entwine.

Unwept, they sank to lasting sleep,  
When tempests rode the cloud;  
Or when the night star paled the deep,  
The deep became their shroud.  
Think not for those who press that bed  
No seemly knell is rung;  
Think not no rites embalm the dead,  
Nor holy hymn is sung;  
Heard ye not on the midnight wave,  
When whispered anthems stole?

'Twas o'er the sea-boy's early grave,  
A requiem for his soul.

Dear to the shipwrecked is the port  
Where, on a stormless sea,  
His barque rides safe from every gale,  
From shoals and quicksands free.  
Dear to the wanderer is the star  
That points his doubtful way,  
That cheers and guides him when afar  
His faltering footsteps stray.

And dear the hour when I this head,  
May pillow on its rest,  
When I, amid the thronging dead,  
Shall be a welcome guest;  
O, dear to me that last repose,  
Where I this wasting form  
May shelter 'neath the opening rose,  
That knows no wintry storm.

---

ARARAT.

OCCASIONED BY READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE PRO-  
JECTED JEWISH SETTLEMENT ON GRAND ISLAND,  
NEW YORK.

And the Ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat.—*Bible.*

ARARAT! on thy brow of blighted green,  
That morn, the pilgrim-ark was seen,

When the waste of waters, rebuked, had fled,  
And a world restored, looked out from the dead.  
That weeping world—Could Jehovah forget  
The work he had made and blessed! O yet  
That hour was seen, a God revealing  
Himself in love to the patriarch kneeling.  
The light of his mercy shone abroad  
On the mighty wine-press, Wrath had trod;  
And above, in glorious pomp reclining,  
The beautiful bow of promise shining,  
As it flung along the rejoicing sky  
Its noble arch of Eternity's dye—  
Seemed in its strength to link, like some  
Bright chain, this world with the world to come.  
The bow of God abides in its splendour,  
And His love who spanned it, is yet tender  
And bright and warm in its living glow,  
As the mellow tints of that radiant bow:  
Ararat in verdure lifts its head,  
As it did ere that morn of life, from the dead;  
And greener its olive flourishes now,  
Than when the spent dove reposed on its bough.  
That messenger-bird found her wonted nest,  
But Israel! where is the place of *thy* rest?  
In love, God withdrew his curtain of billows  
From the world he had whelmed, where men made  
    their pillows  
In death, when the Just, the Avenger was there,  
Yet not for support in that dream of despair.  
The light of his anger forever passed by,  
When his rainbow of peace blushed out on the sky;

In its scabbard is hidden the flame of the sword,  
Where then is his temple—the ark of the Lord?  
Rejoice! for the ark of the Lord is here—  
His glory looks out in the penitent's tear;  
With the humble in heart Jehovah is found,  
Where the contrite prays is holy ground.  
Then ye that build!—O build to His Name,  
Who died, who rose, and lives to reclaim  
From sin and its pains his ransomed own;  
Whose was the suffering—whose is the throne.  
To JESUS the City of Refuge raise,  
Call its walls Salvation, its bulwarks Praise.

---

## DEATH-BED OF THE PIOUS.

THERE is a smile of purer ray,  
Than fancy's features wear;  
A flame whose wavy pinions play,  
With glow divinely fair.

There is a holy vestal calm,  
That breathes of bliss and heaven;  
A solitude of lovelier charm,  
Than dews the wing of even.

There is a bright and pleasing hour,  
When all is love serene;  
When angels whisper from their bower,  
And joys untold are seen.

That smile on Faith's pale brow has shone,  
 That calm is yielding breath;  
 That hour is to the righteous known  
 Upon the bed of death.

---

COME!

WHEN God his wrathful stores called out  
 To whelm a world beneath the curse,  
 'Mid wild uproar and thundering shout  
 Of waters, Mercy whispered thus:  
 "Come thou, until the overflow  
 Of this, mine anger, passeth by:"  
 Secure, Noah tarried, till the bow,  
 Beautiful signet, spanned the sky.

And when again the cry went up  
 From earth, accusing to the throne;  
 And guilty man had filled his cup,  
 And Sodom must be overthrown:  
 "Come ye, my people!" in that hour  
 The voice of kind alarum rung;  
 And Heaven delayed the burning shower,  
 And round its own its mantle flung.

In latter time Redemption's plan,  
 Conceived ere worlds in space were hung—  
 Unfolded, and the Son of Man  
 Sojourned a ruined race among:

And still the Incarnate Teacher cried,  
“Come, thirsty, come! and thirst ye never:”  
And till in pangs he bowed and died,  
He bade men come and live for ever.

Now speaketh out Jehovah's love,  
In tones to chide, entreat, alarm,  
He bids the wounded Come, and prove  
How kind is Gilead's healing balm.  
Of all the injured law reveals,  
Or gospel woes, is this the sum:  
Jesus for sin a pardon seals,  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!

---

#### THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

THE soldiers of the cross  
Led by the anointed Son,  
Know not of shame or loss,  
Their watchword still is “On”—  
Onward! till o'er a rebel world  
Victorious banners are unfurled.

Whose flag looks o'er the field  
Idolatry hath trod?  
On waving folds revealed,  
Behold the Word of God:  
Barbaric kingdoms gather round,  
Jehovah! where thy name is found.

Who next?—a lamb-like throng,  
The joyous infant train  
Approach and hail with song  
Their Shepherd's peaceful reign:  
And he shall lead with gentle rule  
His chosen of the Sunday School.

And see! a noble band,  
Whose lifted sheet of heaven  
Displays from land to land  
The leaves for healing given;  
Where'er its spangled glories burn  
The nations from the dead return.

One army of the Prince,  
One note their trumpets tell,  
And theirs the battle, since  
Their leader vanquished hell.  
To perish is to win renown,  
To fall, to reach a sparkling crown.

To arms! 't were glorious boon  
With these stout hearts to die ;  
To arms! for victory soon  
Shall be the stirring cry:  
Yet every crown and palm shall meet,  
Where victory dwells, at Jesus' feet.

APOSTROPIE TO THE BRIG TONTINE,  
BOUND FOR GREECE, FROM PHILADELPHIA, WITH PRO-  
VISIONS FOR THE SUFFERING GREEKS:

March 23, 1827.

SAIL on! and cheer men that have waited  
In sadness, trodden down, yet free;  
Sail on! for barque more nobly freighted  
Ploughed never the dark-heaving sea.

Smooth be the storm-swept deep before thee;  
And may that God whom winds obey,  
While rainbow skies are laughing o'er thee,  
Speedily bring thee on thy way.

O, as thy track thou'rt proudly cleaving  
On Mercy's errand o'er the main,  
Millions, upon the shores thou'rt leaving,  
Prefer the prayer—'tis not in vain—

For Greece, her truly Spartan daughters,  
Blessings on these, her sons and sires;  
For Stamboul, guilty seat of slaughters,  
Just Retribution's chastening fires.

Sail on! sail on! thou bearest burden  
Richer than priceless diadem;  
And thy *avails*—aye, they're the guerdon  
Of meek Compassion's holiest gem.

## TO GEORGE B. ENGLISH, ESQ.

ON HIS RENOUNCING THE CHRISTIAN, FOR THE MOHAM-  
MEDAN FAITH.

WHY, in error's wilds astray,  
Youth, aspiring, art thou found?  
Why forsake the former way,  
Tempting thus forbidden ground?  
Wears Mohammed's glittering crown,  
Pageant, stained with guiltless blood—  
Truer glories than have shone,  
On the blessed Son of God?

Shines the robe of Moorish mail  
Brighter than the Christian's gem?  
Lovelier glows the crescent, pale,  
Than the star of Bethlehem?  
Youth, return! the Prophet's shrine  
Burns not with descended flame;  
Youth! the incense is not thine,  
Incense of a Saviour's name.

In the contrite heart is seen  
Treasures, known not to thy heaven;  
Yea the tears of Magdalene  
Dim the charms to Houries given.  
Songs of mirth are thine, to me  
Dearer is the music, holy,  
Such as from Gethsemane  
Comes in tones of melancholy.

Blossoms Sharon's shady bower,  
 -Fairer than thy sensual seat;  
 Loftier rises Salem's tower,  
 Than Stamboul's proud minaret.  
 Hasten thee to yon bannered steep  
 Where the Iman beckons thee;  
 Hasten thee!—I will go and weep  
 At the foot of Calvary.

1822.

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The loss of the breath from a beloved object, long suffering in pain and certainly to die, is not so great a privation as the last loss of her beautiful remains, if they continue so. The victory of the grave is sharper than the sting of death.—*Moore's Life of Sheridan.*

O, LET her linger yet awhile  
 With me—that lovely clay,—  
 Those features where death seems to smile—  
 O, let her longer stay.

Let me again adorn her hair  
 With flowers she loved so well;  
 Again that bosom seek, and there  
 My every grief dispel.

She'll not reprove, though love detains  
 Her here awhile, for she  
 Was dear, yet dearer those remains;  
 O, let her stay with me.

I'll sit beside her and I'll deem  
I do but watch her sleep;  
She looks so heavenly in that dream,  
I cannot choose but weep.

It may not be—that altered brow  
Tells of corruption's hour;  
It may not, must not be, and now  
O Death, I feel thy power.

To thee my wedded love I gave,  
In silent sorrowing;  
Yet is the victory of the grave,  
Severer than thy sting.

---

OCCASIONED BY AN INCIDENT DURING A STORM.

THE parent-bird had built its nest  
'Mid poplar boughs secure,  
On high where ills might ne'er infest,  
Nor treacherous foes allure.  
'Twas hers with never wearied toil,  
The toil that mothers love—  
To gather for her young, the spoil  
Of field and flowery grove.

Ah, happy brood! we heard their notes  
With every rising sun;

Joy bade them swell their little throats,  
When day its course had run.  
O, might such *bliss of home* remain,  
A lesson for the proud,  
Who daily seek, but seek in vain,  
For peace amid the crowd!

But sorrow came, to let us know  
The bliss that mortals prize,  
Can never thrive unmixed below,  
Its home is in the skies.  
Is even innocence like yours,  
Sweet birds! a prey to ill?  
Then, what to *guilt* repose ensures,  
Or whispers, "peace, be still!"

The midnight thunder burst afar,  
The whirlwind rode on high;  
The tremblers shrunk, for them no star  
Looked out upon the sky.  
Fierce came the blast, and spire and tree  
Quivered beneath its power;  
Mankind were safe, alas, for ye  
Poor birds! 'twas misery's hour.

The morning came and nature shone,  
Yet heard we not the song,—  
O, heart-subduing was the moan  
That mother poured along:  
The tempest passed not harmless by,  
The lightning scathed the bough;  
Abroad the scattered fragments lie,  
Where are her offspring now!

## THE INCARNATION.

JERUSALEM awakes,  
Her giant shadows flee ;  
Night's sentinel forsakes  
The hills of Galilee:  
And scattering tints of morn have met  
Above the brow of Olivet.

In ruins slept a world  
Once innocent and fair ;  
His banner sin unfurled,  
And Death trod proudly there.  
Darkness held empire till afar,  
Symbol of hope, rose Bethlehem's Star.

The angel choir that night  
Brought tidings down to man ;  
On floods of wavy light,  
Celestial music ran:  
"Glory to God! Good will to earth,  
Salvation by Immanuel's birth!"

Light broke on Syrian plains  
To cheer a world in wo;  
And there were heard the strains  
That none but angels know:  
That light shall shine from sun to sun,  
That song through every clime shall run.

The chambers of the tomb  
 Yield renovating breath ;  
 He snatched from these their gloom,  
 And victory from death :  
 Now spices flow along that bed,  
 Now Resurrection crowns the dead.

---

EPITAPH,

TAKEN FROM A TOMB IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENNA.

“ Wine gives life ! it was death to me. I never beheld the morning sun with sober eyes ; even my bones are thirsty.—Stranger ! sprinkle my grave with wine ; empty the cup and depart.”

THUS VERSIFIED :

EVEN here where I long vigils keep,  
 Do thou the goblet fill ;  
 In generous wine these relics steep,  
 My bones are thirsty still.  
 Pour out oblations on my grave !  
 Dost start ?—nay, do not fear,  
 For of that cup, the maniac slave  
 Now powerless lies here.

Is it not life ? Yet unto me  
 The blight of hope it was ;  
 My years were given to misery ;  
 I curse thee, wine ! the cause :  
 Brighter than morning was my lot,  
 But serpents wreathed the bowl ;

Give me of wine ! death quenches not  
Thirst that consumes the soul.

Cheerily laughs thy sun?—its beams  
Thou welcomest, yet I  
Never beheld these, save when dreams  
Of madness floated by.  
Aye, where in peace dust should recline,  
The worm gnaws on my heart ;  
Sprinkle the feverish turf with wine,  
Pour out the cup—depart!

---

THE AMERICAN BANNER.

O'er the thousand hills of fame,  
O'er unnumbered hearts of flame,  
O'er a nation's deathless name,  
Peerless banner! waviest thou.  
O'er the subject sea that laves  
Shores that never nourished slaves,  
Soil that yielded martyr-graves,  
Beam the stars of glory now.

Years have fled since bold hearts high  
Reared thee, and by earth and sky  
Swore that free they'd live, or die  
'Neath the symbol of the free:  
That proud oath, where storm-clouds curled

They redeemed, and thou unfurled,  
Venerated by a world,  
Wavest, flag of liberty!

Eyes beheld thee on that field,  
Where thou gleamd'st a meteor shield,  
That are dim this day, or sealed  
In the warrior's stirless sleep.  
Banner of the sainted dead!  
Wave in triumph o'er his bed,  
Whom thy folds to victory led,  
Immortality to reap.

Standard! float forever thou  
From our proudest mountain's brow;  
Shine, a heaven-lit beacon now,  
Cheering nations—cheering *Greece!*  
Spirit, that hast thither flown,  
Crush the Moslem on his throne;  
Where the crescent long has shone,  
Hover, angel-dove of peace.

1825.

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TO WINTER.

WINTER! there are among the race of men,  
Strangers to thought who slander thee;  
Thy frowns appal, thy smiles escape their ken,  
Far lovelier the garb thou wear'st to me.

I love thy rocking storms to hear;  
Thy blasts, that bid the aged mountains nod,  
Thy winds are music to mine ear,  
To me their murmuring is the voice of God.

Thou of the kindly charities!  
'Tis thine to thaw man's heart—the frigid soul,  
Stern than frost, is melted, nor denies  
Its aid to bid the tempest-tost be whole.

Yea mother! thou art not austere;  
Though frozen be thy aspect, bliss is thine  
Unknown to fairer May. Upon thy shrine  
Ever is seen the grateful orphan's tear.

Parent of treasures, thou!  
Should I not love thee? O, can aught compare  
With thy dear fireside joys?—the tranquil brow,  
The wife's warm smile and children's kiss are there.

---

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

WHEN thy own Israel, God of love,  
Forth from Egyptian bondage came,  
Thou didst before her armies move,  
In thy pavilion car of flame.  
And brightly shone thy power about,  
To guide and guard the chosen band,  
'Till thou hadst safely brought them out  
From peril, to the promised land.

So wast thou, Lord! our fathers' shield,  
When they were feeble and alone;  
Thou, from thy war-cloud, on that field  
Look'dst, and the vaunting foe was gone.  
So didst thou guide them, when no more  
Flashed banners out and glittering swords;  
And thou hast blest the sea and shore,  
Whose toil and battle were the Lord's.

We worship where those warriors stood,  
When drum and trumpet sounded long;  
And on the soil that drank their blood  
In peace we pour the festive song.  
That soil!—it nourished Freedom's tree,  
The plant that freshly bourgeons now;  
O God, may unborn nations see  
Our sons rejoice beneath its bough.

We worship—but where are the Brave  
That warred and watched in manhood's bloom?  
Their locks are hoar, and some do wave  
Amid the breezes of the tomb.  
Yet thou, with more than angel's wing  
Wilt overshadow Freedom's coasts;  
As did their sires, the children bring  
Homage to thee, Lord God of Hosts!

## TO LAFAYETTE.

ON HIS EXPECTED VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES—  
WRITTEN IN MAY, 1824.

THOU wilt seek, aged warrior! once more  
The soil of the grateful and free;  
With thy presence wilt gladden the shore  
Whose millions will recognize thee,  
The ally that came from afar,  
When arose the Revengeful and Proud:  
When the storm-burst was heard, and the star  
Of freedom looked out from a cloud.

Thou wilt come and exulting survey,  
Where that beautiful gem of the night,  
With splendour that mocks at the day,  
Beams out on the field of the fight.  
Thou wilt come in the autumn of years,  
To reap what thy spring-time had sown;  
To the grave, hoary man! thy compeers  
Have descended, and thou art alone.

Thou wilt meet those whose glory and pride,  
Whose feeling bid scorn to forget  
The Man whom adversity tried,  
The friend of his species, *Fayette!*  
In their sons live the fathers again,  
And each bosom will throb to its core,  
When thou treadest the hills of the slain,  
And the vales fertilized with their gore.

We remember—what freeman will not!—  
 The Man of the People, whose name  
 Time's 'scutcheon reveals without blot,  
 Ye ages! eternize his fame.  
 Be it joined yet with his who shrunk never  
 From the toil of humanity's friend;  
 Their bosoms were one—and forever  
 With WASHINGTON, FAYETTE should blend.

The land of the sceptre and slave,  
 Thy birth-place—is alien to thee;  
 Yes, Europe, accursed, is the grave  
 Of all that is generous and free.  
 Hasten then gallant one! and repose  
 'Neath the peace-branch thou helpedst to rear;  
 Not a heart but whose warmest pulse glows,  
 Lafayette! to welcome thee here.

---

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE EXPECTED PRESENCE OF LAFAYETTE IN THE UNITED STATES, AT THE FORTY-NINTH CELEBRATION OF THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

He has stood in his years, on the bed of the slain,  
 The fields where his comrades perished;  
 And memory, the tie has renewed again  
 With those his heart had cherished.

On the heights where the champions of freedom fell;  
At the hour of a nation's glory,  
He has bidden the column rise, and tell  
To ages, its deathless story.

In the tent he has rested, that sheltered **THE CHIEF**,  
In the day of doubt and danger;  
His tomb he has wet with the tears of grief,  
They were not the tears of a stranger.

He departs!—we could wish *here* his autumn of bliss  
Might ripen—kind winter before him—  
In vain, for the waters that gave him to this  
Loved clime, to his own will restore him.

Yet, ere millions who fondly love that Name,  
Ingratitude ever spurning—  
With mingled emotions shall falter acclaim  
To their Guest, o'er the billows returning:

Ere the *Great and the Good* from his dear native  
land  
Receives the Patriot's greeting;  
Ere he clasps to his own, on that idolized strand,  
The bosom, where love is beating:

With the sons of the tried who in peril were true,  
He will hallow the Day of Oblation;  
Ye manes! hover near us, and gratefully view  
The smiles and the tears of a nation.

He will witness the rapturous homage of love,  
That man is sublimely bestowing

On him, whose achievements are written above,  
Whose worth in the heart is glowing.

At that board he will honour the time-stricken head  
Once known 'mid the cannon's rattle;  
At that feast he will pledge the Valiant—the Dead—  
Who rest in the shroud of battle.

Then go, Friend of Man! at the shrine of whose  
name  
Our holiest love is burning;  
The nation that welcomed, will render acclaim  
To its Guest, o'er the billows returning.

---

## LAFAYETTE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

MY Father! my Father! when hosts were embattled,  
The cordons beheld me, thy son, at thy side;  
Where freedom's flag hovered, her thunder-drums  
rattled,  
I fought to defend her—to avenge would have  
died.

A stranger I came, yet thou didst not reject me,  
In thy councils, thy thoughts, didst invite me to  
share,  
Thou didst honour and love me, my Father! and  
bless me,  
That love thrilled my heart's core—it still lingers  
there.

I return to the fields of the patriot's glory,  
Those fields wave their harvests like Eden in bloom;  
But the deeds of the warrior live only in story,  
And thou, too, my Father! hast gone to the tomb.

My Father! my Father! one war-tent did shield us,  
Companion in perils thy joys too were mine;  
In death not divided, one grave shall receive us,  
I hasten to mingle my ashes with thine.

---

## THE SLAVE SHIP.

THE tall ship bounds across the wave,  
Her canvass gaily spread;  
She hastens past the billowy grave,  
And over ocean's dead.  
Now tempests revel round her mast,  
And now the gale is gone;  
Unheeding tempests, proud and fast,  
The tall ship hurries on.

Now lessening to the weary eye,  
The flying vessel seems  
A pigmy thing of vanity,  
That mocks men in their dreams.  
Dimly she climbs along the steep,  
A bubble of the breeze;  
Then flashes o'er the yielding deep,  
The meteor of the seas.

And whence that speed? Her flag on high  
Waves it for glory now?  
Where undiscovered worlds may lie  
Points she her daring prow?  
Nobly to cheer the patriot's toil,  
Bears she high hearts afar?  
Or to the 'nighted pagan's soil,  
The light of Bethlehem's Star?

Onward she flies. Thou saw'st that deck—  
The warrior treads not there;  
In gallant trim she sails, the wreck  
Of bosoms in despair!  
And who may tell what bolt of God  
Against her forth is gone?  
Aye, while his anger is abroad  
The Slave Ship hurries on.

---

#### THE INCENDIARY.

HIS brow is stern and his cheek is cold,  
In his scowl is fierce despair;  
His visage is sunk his eye is bold,  
The deed of darkness is there.

For him affection nurtures no charm,  
No tear has the ruffian shed;  
Kind mercy to him can whisper no balm,  
His bosom is seared and dead.

For him no dream of innocence rose,  
 No rapture can memory impart;  
 The genial tide of compassion is froze,  
 Revenge has withered his heart.

The bliss of a home he ne'er can feel,  
 Its sweets his curses would blight;  
 He grasps the brand and the thirsty steel,  
 Desolation and death his delight.

In the cavern of crime his haunt is known,  
 There the furies of blasphemy dwell:  
 At midnight the torch of destruction is blown,  
 And he writhes with the laugh of hell.

---

#### WHAT IS ETERNITY?

Go thou and mark the holy preacher's tones,  
 And fix thy gaze intently, as he lifts  
 The separating veil, and to thy sight  
 Unfolds the secrets of Eternity:—  
 The bliss that knows no pausing—pains that roll  
 In whelming billows, ever, ever on.  
 Thou hear'st, thou seest, appalled; yet knowest not  
 To answer me, what is Eternity.

Go, bend thee o'er the impenitent sick one;  
 Mark well—'tis mortal sickness—the deep pangs  
 Expressed by nature's eloquence. The groans

The tossings, writhings, the unutterable  
Commotions of a body racked; a soul  
Already steeped in hell; and as thou hear'st  
The super-human cry break fearful forth,  
"Oh what is this Eternity?" despair,  
Despair, Oh man, to answer—thou know'st not.

Go to the grave-yard—seek out yonder tomb—  
Descend, fear not—thou seest that mouldering lid;  
Now handle the dark corse—the clammy bones  
Tell of corruption, tell of the foul worm  
That long hath here held banqueting.  
Hark! from this coffin, broken into dust,  
These bones, these damps, this melancholy gloom,  
A voice disturbs the chambers of the tomb:  
Canst thou reply? Oh no—thou know'st not yet,  
Nor learnest *here*, what is Eternity.

Go to! and let God teach thee—let the grasp  
Of sickness, bring thee down unto the gates  
Of death, and as thou shuddering seest in light  
Unknown before, the past, the present, and  
The solemn future—though thy hopes on Him,  
The Everlasting Rock, be built: though thou  
Art safe through riches of His blood, and thou  
Canst say, exulting, "Death! where is thy sting?"  
Yet, Man, a veil is lifted up to thee;  
Revealing things, undreamed, unfelt, nor told  
In the wide range of providence to men.  
And *now* thou canst reply, "Eternity—  
Oh more than tongue can tell, or thought devise;  
More than imagining can fathom—God!  
Eternal God! 'tis thy duration all."

## THE BETHEL FLAG.

O BRING the peaceful banner nigh  
Whose blazon tells of holy love;  
And spread the standard to the sky  
Whose wavy folds reveal the dove.

'Tis done, and on the soft winds now  
I see its streaming curls recline,  
And deem it as a second bow  
Of promise, and the blessing mine.

Flag of the pure and azure heaven!  
How lovely is thy bearing here—  
Free as the breezes round thee driven,  
Is thy sweet errand on the ear.

Thou markest not the hurrying keel,  
Whose foamy path leads on to gold;  
Thy nobler freighted barques conceal  
Gems, Tyre and Tarshish never told.

Thou ledest not the armed host:  
Thou art not in the battle's hum;  
No trump sings of thee, round thee roll  
No thunders of the stirring drum.

But unto thee are gathered men,  
Whose only panoply is prayer;  
And where thou wavest, lofty hymns  
Discourse along the listening air.

Thou giv'st to patriot gaze no star  
Nor stripes, a glorious augury;  
Yet token of victorious war  
Thy beaming symbols seem to be.

For they type One, whose tempered shield  
Shook off the hurtling darts of sin;  
When he trod once no doubtful field,  
Imperishable crowns to win.

They tell unto the ocean tost,  
That He who spans its floods can save;  
And that for him, the well nigh lost,  
The Ark yet lingers on the wave.

They herald joy to the opprest,  
And ransom to the sons of thrall:  
And shadow forth to labour rest  
In music of Salvation's call.

With voice of psalms then to the skies  
Unfurl the flag, a type of love;  
The answering anthem's shout shall rise  
When they reveal the Holy Dove.

## THE CASTAWAY.

“ The impression has very generally obtained that the reformation of drunkards is a hopeless undertaking. Facts teach us to renew our efforts to pluck them from the fire, though half consumed. They may yet be recovered and become useful members of society.”

THOU’st snatched the youth from ruin’s grave,  
And dashed to earth his chain ;  
And bade him sit, no more a slave,  
A man, with men again.

Thou’st rescued from the sorcerer, when  
Hope failed to chase the spell;  
Thou’st broken caste, that sundered men  
Wide as the doors of hell.

To crush the cup, concealed in flowers,  
Its garlands to untwine,  
Is godlike toil—the fruit is ours,  
The triumph, Temperance, thine.

Nor mean that victory—with its song  
Is stirred the warriors’ graves:  
And cries ring thence, in trumpet-tongue,  
“ Our sons no more are slaves!”

Magician of unequalled power!  
Who but thyself could dare  
To seek the lion in his hour,  
And beard him in his lair?

'Tis well—'tis more—'tis nobly done ;  
Thy recompense, by far  
I'd choose, than jewelled sceptre won  
By emperor or czar.

Yet, angel, or whate'er thou art,  
Thy gaze turn thou on him,  
For whom this world hath little part,  
Whose hope beyond, is dim.

For fell remorse is his, and fast  
The serpent hath him bound;  
With gripe of death, its folds are cast  
His inmost soul around.

He bathed his boyhood in the cup,  
In poison quenched his prime;  
Its fires have drunk existence up,  
And now he "bides his time."

There are fond ones to share his wo,  
He will not sink alone;  
His spirit's lease is linked unto  
Jehovah's moveless throne.

And him—eternity's proud heir—  
Shouldst thou, for aye, pass by,  
And leave in all his still despair  
A castaway, to die?

O strive till longer that dark way  
He will not, cannot tread;  
But walks forth into cheerful day,  
The living from the dead.

MRS. A—— R——.

WE saw thee in thy gladness,  
 When peace sat on thy brow;  
 The solacer of sadness,  
 The faithful friend wast thou.  
 To thee, in bounteous measure,  
 The things below, to love,  
 Were given, and yet thy treasure  
 Was fondly laid above.

We saw thee test the power  
 Of confidence divine;  
 To charm life's chequered hour  
 With gentleness, was thine.  
 And still, 'twas thy endeavour  
 To take the lowly seat,  
 And sit with Mary, ever  
 At thy Redeemer's feet.

We stood where thou wert lying  
 In suffering, and so deep  
 That holy calm, that dying  
 Was seemingly to sleep,  
*To sleep?* Oh no! the portal  
 Thus gently rent away—  
 Thou unto life immortal  
 Wokest then in perfect day.

We knew that while were glooming  
 O'er thee, the shades of night,

Thou saw'st in vision blooming;  
 The fields of living light.  
 We deemed—so sweetly given  
 Was thine to cheer the heart,  
 'Farewell! we meet in heaven'—  
 'Twas little pain to part.

The grave hath closed around thee,  
 And hidden what was fair;  
 But yesterday, upon thee  
 We wept, and left thee there.  
*Left!* No! the grave holds never  
 What we have loved in thee,  
 The spirit that forever  
 Searcheth eternity.

Farewell! farewell! in glory,  
 —With thee for aye begun—  
 If thought of earth's brief story  
 Yet lingers, blessed one—  
 Is't not the sometime glancing,  
 The watch at gates of gold,  
 That *these* in bliss entrancing,  
*Thy loved*, thou may'st behold?

---

THE BLIND.

Pity the Blind!—what is his lot  
 Whose all of life's a wasting dream—  
 To whom the pleasant earth's a blot,  
 To whom the skies a mockery seem.

Whose eye in gladness never met  
In infancy, a mother's eye;  
Nor mother's smile that none forget—  
Nor mother's tear, when ills were nigh.

Pity the Blind!—who, not without  
Some vision of a world of bliss,  
Is in his secret grief shut out  
From all the kindly joys of this.  
Who ne'er above, may trace the hand  
That curtained out that starry hall,  
Nor mark below, on sea and land,  
The skill that formed and fosters all.

Joy for the Blind! for unto him  
Has knowledge her pure ray revealed;  
And intellect, that long lay dim,  
To life and light is now unsealed.  
And cheerfully his gladdened eye  
Looks o'er the broad expanse afar;  
The uncertain hope that vexed his sky  
Has trembled out a lovely star.

Joy for the Blind!—the favoured Blind!  
Who revels in discovered store,  
And gazes with the eyes of mind  
On beauty dimly known before.  
O Thou, that once did'st chase the night  
From the blind men that cried to thee,  
Here art thou loftier in thy might,  
For mind and soul are bid to see.

## THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

I'VE worshipped where the mighty kneel  
Before the Mightiest in prayer;  
And with the noble organ's peal  
My mingling hymn has risen there.

I've met where "two or three" have met  
Before the throne in tears to lie;  
Nor would my soul that hour forget,  
When in communion God passed by.

Yet higher privilege for me,  
I covet not to be revealed,  
Than a glad worshipper to be  
Where children have in beauty kneeled.

To mingle mine with their pure prayers  
When they like infant cherubs bend:  
To join my voice and heart with theirs  
In anthems to our heavenly friend.

That melody! it knows not art,  
That simple prayer! I feel 'tis true;  
In Jesus, children have a part,  
'Tis theirs to love and worship too.

And *there*, before the eternal throne,  
Censers to such dear ones are given;  
Their lispings harps of silver tone  
Ring sweetest 'mid the choirs of heaven.

O, brighter shone the Godhead out,  
 When taking children to his arms,  
 Than when confessed by Jewish shout,  
 By regal pomp and waving palms.

Yea, loftier than a conqueror, came  
 The Saviour to his suffering,  
 When they of Bethphage sang acclaim,  
 And gave hosannas to their King.

---

CHAPEL IN LIBERIA.

While a collection was making for the purpose of erecting a Chapel in Liberia, which was also to serve for a school house, little S—— an orphan girl, who had listened to the account of that colony, with the deepest interest, came forward, and eagerly tendered her little box of savings, saying "*take it all.*"

NAY, take my gift, and spurn it not,  
 My heart obeys that call;  
 Others may bring their gold, yet more  
 I offer—'tis my all.

My all—for sorrow gave to me  
 Early, its bitter cup;  
 My God! I am an orphan child,  
 But thou wilt take me up.

O, I do deem them brothers now,  
 Who have of misery known;

And love as sisters, those that weep  
And feel like me, alone.

Alone, alone, the motherless,  
Whom each one seems to shun:  
Cast out upon the cold wide world,  
A solitary one.

Yet more I pity those that have  
Mothers they ne'er may see;  
*My mother went*, but then I know  
She is where angels be.

And while I call upon her name,  
And weep where she doth lie,  
Her lofty spirit-hymns are heard  
Above the star-lit sky.

Then take my gift and haste to build  
To God a house of prayer,  
For those whom cruel hands have made  
The orphans of despair.



GOD, OUR GOD, HIS POWER REVEALING.

God, our God, his power revealing  
In this latter harvest time,  
Bids his sun, with wings of healing,  
Rise on each benighted clime:

See! o'er vale and humbled mountain,  
 Rolls his conquering car to day;  
 See! his brightness, like a fountain,  
 Flooding all the glad highway.

By the mission ships that wander,  
 Messengers to every sea,—  
 By his servants toiling yonder,  
 Where stern idols claim the knee,—  
 Bibles, news of peace declaring  
 To the wretch by sin undone,  
 Tracts, obedient missives, bearing  
 Liberty to thralldom's son:

By the tender mercies, glowing  
 Where reigned hatred and misrule:  
 And the thousand blessings, flowing  
 From his chosen Sunday School—  
 He is error's night dispelling,  
 Bidding grace in rivers flow,  
 From Antarctic, to the dwelling  
 Of the lowly Esquimaux.

Wake the harp, ye angels! ever  
 Warble, ye melodious choirs!  
 Sweet your minstrelsy, yet never  
 With Redemption, thrill those wires.  
 'Tis *our* song, and all your glory  
 Starry crowns and hymns above  
 Fade, while children lisp the story  
 Of a Saviour's dying love.

## TO CERTAIN DUELLISTS.

Go ye that fain would sit on high  
In Legislation's halls;  
That proudly boast, yet quail to die,  
Save when false Honour calls—  
Go—and with witless mockery  
Scoff at your fellow, then  
Let blood wash out the insult, ye  
Are honourable men.

Go, smite the stripling in his bloom,  
'Tis Honour prompts the deed:  
Send down gray hairs unto the tomb,  
Bid woman's bosom bleed,  
Go, speed your brother to the goal,  
Where shines not Mercy's Star;  
And with hot blood upon the soul,  
Rush ye unto that bar.

Go, bravely rend the holiest ties;  
Shrink not!—shall *Honour* fear?  
Go, laugh to scorn the orphan's cries,  
Jest at the widow's tear:  
What boots it that her secret curse  
Is written on your brow?  
The world sees not, nor deems ye worse,  
Though blood be on ye now.

O, no—Derision's withering blot  
Will never dim your fame;

*He* is the recreant who dares not  
 With murder gild his name;  
 Yet smile, vain world!—when whets God's sword,  
 With *him* it shall be well;  
 That smile—the Duellist's reward—  
 Is but the laugh of hell.

---

OCCASIONED BY READING GORDON HALL'S LAST  
 APPEAL FOR THE HEATHEN.

A VOICE—a voice—from the land of death,  
 Uncheered by the day-beam, revived by no breath;  
 A voice—a voice—it breaks from that gloom,  
 Appealing to men ere 'tis hushed in the tomb.

A voice!—it comes on the pestilent gale  
 From Juggernaut's slain,—with the Suttee's wail,  
 With the mother's shriek, with the innocent sigh  
 Of babes, in their martyrdom, mingles that cry.

A voice to the Church!—from your slumbers wake  
 The maddening spell of cruelty break;  
 The mighty have risen with buckler and sword,  
 Speedily send to the help of the Lord.

A voice to the Young Men!—hear ye that call?  
 Do ye gird for the battle and fear ye to fall?  
 By that path to their crowns your brothers trod,  
 March ye where beckon the banners of God.

A voice to the Old Men!—speed ye the prayer,  
 That these on the deep may benisons share;  
 O, bravely the mission ship walks the wave,  
 When the Stiller of Waters is nigh to save.

A voice to the living! it comes from the dead;  
 By the prayers they have uttered, the tears they  
     have shed,  
 By their nights of sighs and days of toil,  
 To win of the heathen for Jesus a spoil,—

By the stillness that lingers round their graves  
 Where the beautiful palm in verdure waves;  
 By the tear to their ashes the Convert hath given,  
 By the soul of that saved one—a gem of heaven—

It calls ye, invites—*demands* ye, and know  
 'Tis peril to linger—O, fear not to go  
 Where dangers wait, where deliverance is nigh,  
 To death—to your songs and your harps in the sky.

---

SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE.

WE praise thee, Lord, for light that shone  
 On England first, revealed from thee,  
 And now hath noon-tide splendours thrown  
 Around our festive jubilee.

In gladness and in peace it came  
To win the troubled wanderer nigh ;  
Its symbol was a Saviour's name,  
Its token toil, its watchword " Try ! "

Its eagle track is high in air ;  
Its standard sheet is wide unfurled,  
Whose waving folds of victory bear  
Release and ransom to a world.

Joy for its blessings to the child  
That ages saw flung back on sin ;  
Now gathered from destruction's wild,  
And brought the Shepherd's fold within.

Joy for its Christian-soldier bands  
Whose high emprise hath millions blest ;  
Whose march is o'er the Eastern lands,  
Whose conquests reach the distant West.

O, as this hour, the world's deep gaze,  
Withdrawn from its own dark misrule,  
Is fixed in wonder on the rays  
That cluster round the Sunday School ;

In that pure brightness bid it see  
The day-dawn blushing o'er the skies,  
In whose meridian every knee  
Shall bend, while earth's hosannas rise.

## SUPPLICATION IN PROSPECT OF THE CHOLERA ·

WRITTEN ON HEARING IT HAD ENTERED CANADA.

O God! thine oriental scourge  
Its errand bade to run,  
Has measured realms and seas to hail  
Climes of the setting sun.

Above his chariot is seen  
The victor's flag unfurled;  
And Ruin ready at his wheel  
To sweep the western world.

And on our troubled border, now  
The mighty Terror stands;  
And scares us with his dreadful spoils  
Won from a thousand lands.

A moment stands—his steady march  
Is onward, rousing fears;  
Before him is a paradise,  
Behind him only tears.

Our land, is it not valour's land,  
The beautiful and free?  
Yet, if the chosen of the earth,  
We owe it, Lord, to thee.

And vainly fling we round its hem  
The sanitary line;

And crowd its walls with watch and guard,  
To keep is only thine.

O rashly have we deemed our spear  
Our stay, nor sought the throne;  
We've plucked the honour from thy brow,  
To bind it on our own.

Now wisely taught our helplessness,  
Thy justice and thy power,  
Bid thou this time of waiting be  
Mercy's propitious hour.

Then come, not by thy messenger—  
*Thyself* thy children meet;  
And see a people humbled low,  
A nation at thy feet.

---

PRAISE FOR DELIVERANCE FROM PESTILENCE.

To God, who gave thee joys for tears,  
And when it brooded o'er thee so,  
Rebuked the cloud that burst in fears,  
And on it bent his beauteous bow—  
Go, *Man!* that didst to judgment feel  
Strange nearness, then, and trembled there;  
Go, and before thy Maker kneel  
In deepest penitence and prayer.

And *Woman!* o'er whose heart has swept  
The angel's wing—whose trusted stay  
Of hope is fallen, and who'st wept  
O'er joys forever past away—  
O spared that thou should'st perish not,  
In lowliness approach the Power,  
So oft invoked, so soon forgot—  
That shielded thee in peril's hour.

*Child!* to thy mother's joy restored,  
In fairest beauty blossoming;  
Yield, now, in offering to the Lord,  
The budding freshness of thy spring.  
For he preserved thee yet below,  
And shed upon thee dews of love,  
That tall, and strongly, thou mayst grow,  
A lovely plant for bowers above.

And *ye!* whose dwellings, hedged about,  
The stern destroyer passed by,  
Who, when sad voices wailed without,  
Within, heard not the midnight cry—  
Go, with your songs, to him that threw  
Salvation round your borders then,  
And in that night of horror drew  
His curtain o'er ye—troubled men!

Hark, from those beds of pain, a voice—  
Hark to the whisper from those graves :  
“Rejoice with fear, and yet rejoice,  
In Him that slays, in him that saves!”

To God, that gave us joy for tears,  
To whom our ransomed lives belong,  
To God, that chased away our fears,  
We come with prayer and sound of song.

---

## PEACE.

I ASK no voice of trumpet tone,  
To tell of nations overthrown,  
Of armies crushed, or ships in pride,  
Buried by navies in the tide.

I would not laud the valiant dead,  
Who vainly for ambition bled;  
Nor pledge the loftiest demi-god,  
That ever bathed in seas of blood.

The clarion cry to me doth tell  
Of all that's blessedness, the knell;  
Yon standards, sprinkled o'er the plain,  
Wave brightly, 'tis to fold the slain!

I love thee, O, my natal land,  
I love thy sons, a brother band;  
Thy rocks and hills and vales, to me,  
Are temples of the truly free.

Long be they such, and death to him  
That seeks thy altar's light to dim;

Chastisement to the footstep prest  
Rudely upon thy virgin breast.

Yet never would I speed thee on  
To bootless fight, nor, warfare won,  
Invoke for thee undying fame,  
Or deck with coronals thy name.

Hateful, who leads his hosts to die  
Where war-drums roll and banners fly;  
As hateful, who would honour heal,  
Base coward—with the duel's steel.

Cursed be the song whose sparkling cheer  
Is stolen from the orphan's tear;  
Perish your laurels, O ye brave!  
They bourgeon only on the grave.

O thou, whose name, when heaven stood still  
To listen, woke on Judah's hill—\*  
Come, and with gladness in thy train  
Visit a weeping world again.

---

\* On earth, Peace, Good will to men.—*Song of the Angels.*

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON,

MISSIONARY TO BURMAH.

The Baptist Board of Missions had passed a resolution, inviting Mr. Judson to visit the United States for the purpose of stirring up the churches to the great work of evangelizing and saving the world.

WELCOME to thee! long lapse of time  
Hath come and glanced and gone between;  
Since thou for yonder idol clime,  
A wanderer from our coasts wast seen.

Of toil and watchings nigh to death,  
And bonds, we've heard, 'mid wrathful foes  
And war's wild stir, where once the breath  
Of worship, from thy Zayat rose.

We wept, when persecution's rod  
Gave type to thee of Satan's hour;  
And joys gushed freely forth, when God  
For succour, bared his arm of power.

Well hath he owned the men of toil,  
—Foes to their ease, the friends of man—  
Who gather souls, a precious spoil,  
From Burmah and from Indostan.

The breezes thence have flung along  
Sweets, richer than their spices are;  
Hark to a voice!—'tis India's song—  
Her pagan sons are bowed in prayer.

Welcome to thee—thou wilt not leave  
The god-like embassy undone;  
There yet are fadeless wreaths to weave.  
And lofty conquests to be won.

More mothers, taught aright to pray,  
Will point their lisping ones to Boodh  
No more,—but from the Pagoda  
Will lead them to the Great and Good.

And, stilled some little orphan's moans,  
Will it not lift its heart on high,  
While warbling hymns go forth in tones  
Rich as the beautiful Pali?\*

Yet while Idolatry its bands  
Links closer round the heir of thrall,  
Upon our ears in Christian lands  
His far-off cries but faintly fall.

On these thy native shores to men  
Who bask in beams of living light;  
Thou'lt tell of those beyond its ken—  
Of Burmah's millions wrapt in night.

And other pleaders thou wilt bring—  
The wan cheek and the sunken eye;

---

\* A dialect of the Sanscrit, rich and harmonious, now a dead language. Malte Brun affirms that the Pali is the language of Religion.

Tokens, that round *her* memory cling,  
Who fled before thee to the sky.

Whose smile illumed thy prison's gloom,  
Whose noble spirit soothed thy care,—  
Who kneels in yonder bowers of bloom,  
With raiment bathed in glory there.

Welcome!—and *Newell* shall we greet?  
And *Hall?*—forbear—they will not reck  
His lone return, whose eager feet  
Once trod with theirs the mission deck.

Ah no—on them is shed the calm,—  
The heavenly sabbath of the just;  
Away, beneath the leafy palm  
They sleep, and God beholds their dust.

Then on!—his joys cannot be dim,  
Who, trusting, goes to seek the lost:  
O there are coronals for him,  
Who toils for Christ, nor shuns the cost.

## CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

“AND HE AROSE AND REBUKED THE WIND, AND SAID  
UNTO THE SEA, PEACE, BE STILL.”

NIGHT mantles Judea but the star has not shone  
On thy bosom, Galilee,—  
The tempest is loud, yet the barque alone  
Is labouring o'er the sea:  
The Master, entranced, rides the turbulent wave,  
O say, shall its depths yield the Godhead a grave?

Heeds not the Redeemer the thunder's increase?  
Shall he not the proud whirlwind disarm?  
For see, he has gone to the slumbers of peace,  
With Jesus all is calm.  
By his waves and his tempest the Maker is tost;  
In his innocent dreams the Sleeper is lost.

The disciples in terror have sprung from their rest,  
Yet vain is the shipmen's skill,  
Till aroused HE of Nazareth proclaims the behest:  
“Ye billows, peace, be still!”  
The billows obedient have sunk on the shore,  
The sea sleeps in murmurs, the tempest is o'er.

O thus, when my soul on life's ocean is tost,  
That sea without a calm—  
When faith shines but dimly each hope is lost,  
And all is rude alarm:

When the waves of remembrance in mountain  
wreaths roll,

When the billows of sin have gone over my soul:

At the Cross of the Sufferer while humbled to weep,  
I mourn my stubborn will;

Do thou, in compassion, rebuke the deep  
And whisper "Peace! be still!"

The billows obedient will die on the shore,  
The sea sleep in murmurs, the tempest be o'er.

'TIS WELL THAT YE REJECT THE CUP.

'Tis well that ye reject the cup

Whose dregs are poison all;

Nor round your hearth the beverage sup,

Nor at the banquet hall.

The foaming draught ye dash away

From temperate lips—'twere well

Could ye the thousands check, who stray

Madly, unto that hell.

O God! the generous youth to see,

Their country's truest pride;

Who to that 'whelming vortex flee

And perish in the tide.

O God! the maniac-tribe to know,

That swell the guilty scroll;

And writhe 'neath *self-inflicted* wo,

The vulture of the soul.

Sword, flesh thy yet unsated blade;  
 Of thousands drink the gore;  
 Yet hath the cup inglorious laid  
 In death, its thousands more.  
 Arrow of night, seek out the host,  
 And bid its thickest bow;  
 Yet shall that chalice trophies boast,  
 Pestilence, more than thou.

Beware! nor yonder goblet grasp,  
 Now sparkling to the brim:  
 Though pearls of price 'twere thine to clasp,  
 Though gems shone round the rim.  
 The purple juice mantling aright,  
 That far its fragrance flings—  
 Avoid it—'tis to reason's sight  
 A serpent armed with stings.

---

DEATH OF THE PATRIOTS, JOHN ADAMS AND  
 THOMAS JEFFERSON, JULY 4, 1826.

THE trump of war rings loudly, yet  
 Burns brighter Glory's flame;  
 Where the Sons of Liberty have met  
 To seal the scroll of fame.  
 They pause! that band—it is not fear  
 That bids the life-pulse start;  
 O, no! the high and resolved are here,  
 And those of the valorous heart.

They shrink not from the unequal fray,  
These noble, godlike men;  
And yet, O heaven! to thrust away  
Cords that bind not again—  
Now cheer ye! cheer ye to the strife!  
For God the lot is cast;  
To arms! to arms! the combat's rife,  
The Rubicon is passed.

Years that have flown, ye gave to birth  
Deeds of the lofty Brave;  
A nation free among the earth,  
Sits queen on Slavery's grave.  
And those renowned, her Men of might,  
That battled, toiled, and bled,  
Have gone in the ray of Victory's light  
To join the martyr-dead.

Blest is their lot, no common mould  
Inwraps the veteran's form;  
He slumbers, gathered to that fold  
Where beats not Sorrow's storm.  
But ye, hoar *Sires!* 'twas fit that ye  
Thus hallowed your Proud Day,  
When in thunders of that Jubilee  
Your spirits passed away.

Yea, while our anthems rolled afar,  
And our banners floated high,  
Glory sublimely wreathed the car  
That bore ye to the sky.

Released, ye wait in flesh not now  
 The spirit-stirring call;  
 O, God, 'tis lofty *thus* to bow,  
 'Tis glorious *thus* to fall.

---

VERSES.\*

TOUCH not that gift! it is hallowed to feeling,  
 To the virtues of him that in glory has fled;  
 An offering, a nation's emotion revealing,  
 'Tis sacred to fame, it belongs to the dead.

Lay it, ye worthy, with hearts proudly beating,  
 On altars lit brightly with gratitude's fires;  
 Bless to his memory the home of kind greeting,  
 Preserve to his offspring *the hall of his sires*.

He has fled in his griefs, even now to that spirit,  
 Haply it lingers around us in love—  
 Give reverence ye, who this moment inherit  
 Blessings bequeathed by the sainted above.

Ye unrevealed ages! eternize the glory,  
 That already a star on your vestibule glows;  
 Men! letter the rock with the deeds of his story,  
 Honour the spot where his ashes repose.

---

\* Occasioned by the proposition that the Jefferson Fund should, in consequence of the death of the patriot, be appropriated to other than the original design of liquidating his debts.

His pageant is dimmed with the tears of a nation,  
Blest are the tears that such relics bedew;  
Yet richer and purer the grateful oblation\*  
That soothed e'en when time was receding from  
view.

---

REQUIEM,

Written for the 24th of July, 1826—Observed in Philadelphia as a  
day of mourning for Adams and Jefferson.

In glory wrapt, the Sages sleep—  
How venerable are the dead,  
When freemen gather round to weep,  
Upon the hoary patriarch's bed!  
Garnered in ripeness, to the tomb  
They sank by nature's kind decay;  
Earth! take their dust, 'till thou in bloom  
Yield it, when skies have fled away.

We mourn the chiefs of that proud band  
That rose in Freedom's trying hour;  
To sound her trump and save the land,  
Their native land from Slavery's power.  
Their mighty souls no terror knew,  
They blenched not at the rebel's name

---

\* Alluding to a remittance of seven thousand five hundred dollars from New York, which satisfied some craving creditors, and enabled the benefactor of his country to die in peace.

When, calling heaven the deed to view,  
They gave themselves to deathless fame.

As Israel's covenant went before  
Her hosts, a sign and guide to them,  
So these the sacred charter bore,  
A leading and a cheering gem.  
And through the frequent scath and fight,  
That beacon led our fathers on,  
Till o'er Columbia's weary night  
In splendours broke the noonday sun.

Glorious in life, to them 'twas given  
In hallowed hour to pass away;  
Blest hour! marked by approving heaven,  
A Natal and Triumphant day.  
The thunders that will ever tell  
To future time our Jubilee,  
Patriots! shall ring a mournful knell  
Of grief—of gladness too, for ye.

While one by one the ancient sires  
Have joined the dead at glory's call,  
To us be given their holy fires,  
On us may their bright mantles fall.  
Ye bending spirits! hover nigh,  
Inspire us, while anew we swear  
The boon ye left we'll guard, and die  
Ere we that birthright do impair.

## TO MY MOTHER IN NEW ENGLAND.

MOTHER! six summer suns have flown  
Since thou and I have met;  
And though this heart has wept alone,  
It never could forget  
The happy hours of infancy,  
Those hours unknown to care—  
When sheltered in a mother's love  
It fondly nestled there.

Mother! I well remember thou  
Wouldst smile upon thy boy;  
And warmly on his childish brow,  
Imprint the kiss of joy.  
I wondered why my gladness then  
Was changed to sudden fear,  
When on my glowing cheek I felt  
The traces of a tear.

And memory lingers at the hour  
When, leaving all my play,  
I sought her presence, from whose smiles  
I was not wont to stray.  
I was a mother-boy I knew,  
Yet was I much to blame?  
For pleasure of the heart like this,  
The world has not a name.

I slept—but thou couldst not, for oft  
My sleep, unquiet, told

Of sickness stealing o'er my frame,  
And midnight saw thee hold  
Thy child within thy wearied arms,  
Whilst thou, to nature true,  
Wouldst sooth my frequent pain with all  
A mother's love could do.

Long years have wandered by since then,  
And I have sped my way  
Far from New England's hills, where I  
First hailed the laughing day;  
Yet, Mother! truant thought returns  
And lingers oft with thee;  
Hast thou not, O my parent, yet  
A blessing left for me?

Thou art not what thou wast, for age  
Has silvered o'er thy hair;  
Thy eye is dim, thy cheek is pale—  
Time sets his signet there;  
Yet dearer, dearer to this heart,  
Thy reverend hoary head,  
My Mother! than the auburn locks  
That youth upon thee shed.

How could it fail to touch my heart  
With filial thought, when I  
Knew it was care for me that paled  
Thy cheek, and dimmed thy eye?  
Yes, eloquent the tender glance  
That thou dost turn on me;  
Dimly, yet kindly—in that look,  
How much of love I see!

Be it my lot to smooth the way,  
    Before thy pilgrim feet;  
And cause the heart that yearned for me,  
    Long, long with hope to beat.  
Be it my lot to pillow where  
    Thou seek'st thy last repose;  
One little flower shall mark the spot—  
    The simple church-yard rose.

---

## MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

SINCE thou betook'st thee to thy rest,  
    Long time, my father, has passed by;  
And gathered now upon thy breast,  
    The dust of twenty years doth lie.  
Corruption, too, its work has done,  
    With many that wept then for thee;  
And those thou lovedst, one by one,  
    Have slumbered in tranquillity:  
I was but young, and yet the day  
    Has never from remembrance gone,  
When I beheld thee borne away,  
    When I was left, and felt alone.  
O, there's a throb of dreariness  
    That mere affliction never gave;  
Earth seems to him a wilderness,  
    Who bends upon a parent's grave.

How many visions, opening bright,  
     Have dazzled, cheated, and have fled;  
 How many hopes have sunk in night,  
     Since thou hast tenanted that bed—  
 And multitudes whose looks were high,  
     Like waves, have sparkled, heaved and gone,  
 The voice of war hath thundered by,  
     And thou, regardless, hast slept on.  
 That dreamless couch! that peaceful tomb!  
     O, they do greatly err that tell  
 Its chambers are abodes of gloom,  
     Where death and terrors only dwell;  
 For me, I love to think upon  
     That only refuge of repose,  
 Along whose depths—cheered by no sun—  
     The light of resurrection flows.

Thou art one of the chosen band  
     That ring high harps where splendours glow;  
 I do rejoice—and yet thy hand  
     I've needed to guide me below.  
 In boyhood's path I missed the care  
     That thorns detected 'mid the flowers;  
 O, I had few or none to share  
     As thou would'st share, and cheer my hours.  
 For I have wandered in a wild  
     Where disappointment still appears;  
 Where wast thou Father, when thy child  
     Trode ways uncertain—oft in tears?  
 Yet brighter hopes have sometimes shed  
     Their rays, and I have triumphed too

In thoughts of that untroubled bed  
Whose slumbers are forever true.

Though many years have wandered by  
Since I have looked upon thy face;  
Though thou, hid from my gaze dost lie,  
And far from me thy resting place—  
My Father! hallowed is the thought  
That dwells, and fondly dwells with thee;  
Dearer in this dim world there's nought,  
Than is thy memory to me—

'Tis joined with love of her, whose love,  
A mother's—cheers my lonely way;  
And while I mourn thee now above,  
My heart to her would tribute pay.  
Rest thou!—I strew not on thy bed  
The early flower, yet green and fair  
The spot where thou reclin'st thy head,  
The memory of the Just is there.

April 29th, 1826.

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MATERNAL LOVE.

FAIR is the opening grace  
That blooms and blushes on the artless maid;  
Beauty, unfolding, we delight to trace,  
To innocence and youth our earliest vow is paid.

Yet youth is like the flower  
That rears its petals on the lap of May;  
Who that admires, laments not its brief hour,  
And cherishing its sweets, asks not a longer stay?

Far lovelier than these,  
And dearer to the heart of sober joy  
Is she whom the delights of home can please,  
Who to her bosom clasps her much-loved smiling boy.

O, surely none can tell,  
What nought but love, parental, e'er can feel—  
How strong, how tender is the witching spell  
These dear ones round us fling, from life what cares  
they steal.

Graces, though prized, must die;  
Yea, even that form of symmetry, shall age  
Relentless, humble, and the love-lit eye  
That speaks and sparkles now—Time shall its fires  
assuage.

Maternal love still new  
Still precious, brightens with the touch of years;  
O, cheerless is the heart that never knew  
All of its joys and pangs—its secret smiles and tears.

## PAGANISM COULD NOT REPLY.

A Hindoo of a reflecting turn of mind, but devoted to idolatry, lay on his death bed. As he saw himself about to plunge into that boundless unknown, he cried out, 'what will become of me?' 'O' said a Brahmin who stood by, 'you will inhabit another body!' 'And where,' said he, 'shall I go then?' 'Into another!' 'And where then?' 'into another, and so on, through thousands of millions!' Darting across this whole period, as though it were but an instant, he cried, 'Where shall I go then?' and Paganism could not reply.

THOU canst not whisper to that soul  
 Now pluming for her flight—  
 Of other worlds that dimly roll  
 Beyond those orbs of light;  
 Thou canst not guide her trembling barque  
 O'er yon uncertain sea;  
 That ocean-path is wild and dark,  
 Benighted one to thee.

Thou canst not, boaster as thou art,  
 Discern another clime;  
 Nor calm the pulses of the heart  
 That beats no more for time:  
 For thou hast never known nor dreamed  
 Of wisdom's only way;  
 Upon thee yet hath never beamed  
 Salvation's guiding ray.

What shall assure thee of a shore  
 Where dwell the shadowy band,  
 That ages by-past, went before  
 To seek that unknown land?

Thy immolations?—can the sigh  
 Of agony, reveal  
 Mercy to him, self-doomed to die  
 Beneath the bloody wheel?

Thine idols?—though the costly gem  
 Sparkles around their shrine;  
 Though thou in blindness, unto them  
 Yield homage, deemed divine—  
 Know, Pagan! one such secret tear  
 As penitence lets fall,  
 Is unction to the heart, more dear,  
 More holy than them all.

---

THE YEAR.

THOU unknown fragment of that scroll  
 Whose signet was, ere Time began;  
 Ocean, whose waves were wont to roll  
 Ere God from nothing fashioned man—  
 Whence art thou, evanescent Year?  
 Atom! declare, what dost thou here?

Is it, perchance, to mock awhile  
 With added moments, life's poor day?  
 With cheating vision to beguile  
 Man that appears and hastes away?  
 Deceitful tide! thy meteor wave  
 Buys him, yet bears him to his grave.

Wilt thou not like the other years  
 That were before thee, disappear?  
 Why com'st thou with thy dreams and tears,  
 Thy burdens, melancholy year?  
 'Tis fit thou too should'st come and go,  
 For nought unchanging is below.

'Tis fit that all should fade and die,  
 Yea, Ruin's voice shall shake the spheres;  
 The yellow leaf that sails on high  
 The weary date of days and years  
 Alike pass on and are forgot,  
 Once here, but now remembered not.

And let them pass, for what but dust  
 Are wheeling worlds, and what are we?  
 Creatures, from frailty formed at first,  
 Yet, linked to an eternity,  
 When ruined worlds on worlds shall roll  
 Then lives the disembodied soul.

---

REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF COMMODORE  
 PERRY TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

WENT he not out in proud array,  
 Wreaths on his youthful brow?  
 He went from fields of well-won fray  
 Forth to bid others bow.

He went as the devoted should,  
Even at a nation's call ;  
Why weep that for the brave and good  
Is wove the funeral pall ?

Ended the watchful warrior's toil,  
His mightiest conflict o'er,  
Returns he now with glorious spoil,  
Unto his native shore:  
He comes, but not with song and shout,  
He comes, and eyes are dim;  
The muffled drum and fife ring out  
Their melancholy hymn.

How loftily ran his career,  
Let vanquished veterans tell;  
Briefly, we know by sorrow's tear  
'Tis whispered in that knell.  
Yet for him, leader in the fight,  
Freshly survives a name;  
Upon his 'scutcheon falls the light  
Of high and spotless fame.

Hence! ye that weep o'er blighted bloom,  
Wailing that youth should die;  
Hence! his is not the timeless tomb  
Where hopes unbudded lie.  
O, for the glorious death of them  
That live beyond our tears—  
O, for the name, the unwasting gem,  
That mocks the touch of years!

1826.

## TO ONE THAT MEDITATED SUICIDE.

THOU, whom stern anguish wastes away,  
Whose sallow cheek is token  
That angel-peace makes not her stay  
With thee, the lost and broken—  
Thou shudderest at the many pangs  
That weary ones inherit;  
Misery, with relentless fangs,  
Hath fastened on thy spirit.

Too weak to bear the petty strife  
And vanquish by enduring,  
Wilt thou a recreant, rush from life,  
Remorse, unknown, ensuring?  
The secret strings that have their birth  
In kindness, wilt thou sever?  
And snap the cords that link to earth,  
Aye, rudely, and forever!

And, rash one! darest thou deface  
His tabernacle given,  
Whereon is left the matchless grace,  
The dignity of heaven?  
Exist not ties to bind thee still  
To those of thy own nature?  
Imperious duties to fulfil  
Unto thy great Creator?

Bethink thee!—is there not a heart  
Whose pulse to thine is beating?

And dost thou not possess a part  
In childhood's guileless greeting?  
Stay thee! a soothing hand is near  
To dry the tear that's stealing:  
And Hope, the bright enchantress, here  
Her rainbow is revealing.

'Tis sad, in sorrow's bitter doom  
This gay cold world to cumber;  
Yet who within the sullen tomb,  
Uncalled, should seek a slumber?  
O, Thou, the framer of my lot,  
Who gav'st and who has taken,  
Do what thou wilt, but leave me not  
Thus hopelessly forsaken.

---

#### SIMEON'S PROPHECY.

THE Temple of the Lord is still,  
Forsaken are the golden shrines;  
Upon Moriah's holy hill  
The day-beam of Salvation shines.  
And hark! a voice along her halls  
Is heard, in strains of prophecy:  
"Awake, Jerusalem—thy walls  
Rebuild, thy glory draweth nigh.  
  
"Now, Israel, shall thy tumults cease,  
Up, Judah and with songs adore;

My waiting spirit! go in peace,  
    *Thou hast beheld*—what need'st thou more?"  
'Tis Inspiration's awful voice,  
    The utterance of fleeing breath;  
The soul recalled to bid rejoice,  
    When quivering at the gate of death.

Yes, favoured one, 'tis thine to trace  
    His lineaments who dwelt of old;  
Those withered arms, in strong embrace,  
    The HOPE of Israel enfold.  
I see thee, man of wintry hairs!  
    I see the lightning of that eye;  
I tremble, while its glance declares  
    The mystic Godhead passes by.

Thou holy Seer! what visions rise,  
    In long perspective, on thy soul;  
Ages of glory meet thine eyes,  
    And unborn years before thee roll.  
Who would not die as thou would'st die,  
    When Light and Life attend the bed?  
Who would not wish, like thee, to lie  
    Where blessings crown the faithful dead?

## SONG

OF THE WARRIORS THE NIGHT PRECEDING THE BATTLE  
OF BUNKER-HILL.

THIS night, ye hardy yeomen! wield  
The spade, on glory's fallow field;  
And ne'er shall garnered harvest yield  
A richer meed of victory.  
Toil on! toil on! ye true and brave,  
Dig for yon foe his gory grave,—  
Aye, share that pillow!—'tis to save  
Your sires and sons from slavery.

Who sleeps when lustful tyrants wake?  
Who in her peril will forsake  
His country? let the dastard quake  
At Lexington's artillery.  
Toil on! toil on! 'tis glorious cheer—  
Our swords well tried, the Briton near,  
Fame's monument shall yeomen rear  
'Neath heaven's starry canopy!

On Charles's tossing wave below  
His vessel rides and he, the foe,  
Unconscious of the whelming blow,  
Shouts in his scornful revelry;  
Toil on! toil on! the yeoman sings,—  
Unheeded yonder red-cross flings  
Its fires—we fear no wrath of kings,  
God builds the Patriot's sepulchre.

## YE SPIRITS OF THE JUST.

YE spirits of the just, that soar  
 Beyond those starry fields sublime,  
 Dwellers in light with whom are o'er  
 The pageants and the tears of time,—  
 Say, are the thoughts we entertain  
 Of yonder unknown worlds, untrue?  
 Are those high mysteries but vain,  
 Dissolved, or unrevealed to you?

Prophets—a long and awful train,  
 Pilgrims, that bowed beneath the rod,  
 And martyrs who from racks of pain  
 Soared to the presence of your God—  
 Earth gave ye not her poor renown;  
 Humility your only gem—  
 'Twas yours to seek a nobler crown,  
 Say, wear ye now that diadem?

Thou disembodied one whom here  
 'Twas ours, in fellowship, to know;  
 Who, buoyed by Faith, without a fear,  
 Fled from endearments prized below;  
 On the dear hopes that soothed thy bed,  
 Hath disappointment flung its pall?  
 Or dost thou bosom now thy head  
 On HIM, thou chocest as thy All?

Forbear—yon ministering one  
 Thine eyes, in flesh, shall never see;

The dull cold sepulchre, its own,  
 Mortal! shall never yield to thee.  
 See, on futurity's long night  
 A cheering beam of heaven is shed;  
 Receive thou Revelation's light,  
 And not the visions of the dead.

---

## TO THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

SLAVES of royalty advance!  
 Russia, leader of the host;  
 Perjured Austria, crouching France,  
 Welcome, welcome to our coast!  
 Aye, the welcome freemen show  
 To the base, we give to ye;  
 Death to him whose coward blow  
 Strikes at heaven-born Liberty.

Touch our soil, and that true spirit,  
 Spark, ethereal, given to MEN—  
 Which from patriots we inherit,  
 Shall, resistless, rise again.

Touch our soil—dare not! 'tis holy,  
 Every clod would rush to life;  
 Heroes from their cerements gory,  
 Starting, would renew the strife.

Shame that men—God's image wearing—  
 Scorn his work and crush the Free;

Men they are not, whose curst daring  
Rivets chains of slavery.  
Shrink ye traitors, for the sword,  
Righteously unsheathed, shall never  
Rest, till wrath's red vials poured  
On your crimes, blot ye forever.

Holy despots! not in regions  
Warmed with Liberty's fair beam,  
Should the tyrant halt his legions,  
Should the sword of bandits gleam:  
Haste to yon inglorious clime,  
Where of earth abide the stain;  
Nations sunk in sloth and crime;  
Haste to Naples, haste to Spain.

Rise ye Patriots, to recover  
Vantage-ground, by treachery lost;  
Gallant veterans, fight over  
Battles with the craven host;  
MINA, yet, the lion-hearted,  
To redeem his race shall fly;  
Chiefs shall rally, though long parted,  
Roused by RIEGO's dying cry.

1826.

## DEATH OF FISK,

AMERICAN MISSIONARY AT PALESTINE.

WENT he unto that holy land,  
In panoply arrayed,  
With banner and with gleaming brand,  
In that high and bold crusade?  
Fought he where Christendom its hosts  
Poured forth of warlike men,  
When Cœur-de-Lion smote the coasts  
Of the scornful Saracen?

Or unto Helena's\* proud shrine  
Did the votary ascend?  
Did he at altars deemed divine,  
With kings and warriors bend?  
He wept where martyrs wept, and prayed  
O'er the ruins of that land,  
Where sleep, beneath the palm-tree's shade,  
The seer and the patriarch band.

He trod not Olivet's ascent  
With thought of high emprise;  
He went as sandalled pilgrims went,  
In meek and lowly guise.

---

\* The original building, erected A. D. 326, was destroyed at the beginning of the eleventh century, and rebuilt by a Greek emperor in 1048. Nicephorus enumerates twenty-six churches and chapels, built by the empress Helena in the Holy Land.—*Clarke's Travels*.

And dearer to his love, thy name,  
 Thy peace, Jerusalem—  
 Than the trumpet's loudest note of fame  
 Or the coronal's brightest gem.

Sped not to Palestine, men, who  
 Should fearless heralds prove?  
 Aye, they went forth and they were two\*  
 In form, but one in love;  
 The field is ripe, and where are they?  
 Their path is now untrod;  
 Send labourers!—*these* have winged their way  
 To the city of our God.

---

EXPOSTULATION,

OCCASIONED BY THE REMOVAL OF THE CHEROKEES.

STAY, yet, white man, heaven no longer  
 Can thy lust of gain endure;  
 Stay thy hand, yet, bold oppressor,  
 Crush not the defenceless poor.

“Lo, the Indian!”—child of sorrow,  
 Remnant of a mighty race;  
 Grief is his, no ray of gladness  
 Beams upon his dwelling place.

---

\* Messrs. Fisk and Parsons.

Free as were his mountain breezes,  
Once he roamed, the son of kings,  
Boundless was his rude dominion,  
Where he drank his native springs.

Wouldst thou chase him from his covert,  
Bid him to the desert fly?—  
Wouldst thou tear him from the hill-side,  
Where his father's ashes lie?

Thou hast seen upon his reason  
Science her mild influence pour;  
Thou hast seen the ray of Bethlehem  
Shine, where all was night before.

MAN! of *these* wouldst thou despoil him?  
Filch his heaven—drive hope afar?  
Yes, for sordid gold, the white man  
Would blot out Redemption's Star.

God of justice, though pavilioned  
'Mid the thunder, misery's sigh  
Claims thy notice. Thou'rt a Helper,  
When no other help is nigh.

MRS. SARAH J——.

*She wakes not*—she whose look was love,  
Whose voice was music's breath—  
That angel-smile is caught above,  
That voice is lost in death.  
She that was beauteous and sincere,  
To man's last foe hath bowed;  
Each grace is now companion here  
Unto the worm and shroud.

*She wakes not*—aye, from that long sleep  
When shall earth's tenant wake?  
Dreams of the sepulchre are deep,  
What shall those visions break?  
Unto that cell of gloom and damp,  
Earth's tumults come not nigh;  
She wakes not at the hurried tramp,  
Nor at the battle-cry.

*She wakes not* till the trumpet's tongue  
Stirs shuddering sea and earth;  
When worlds on worlds, in ruin flung,  
Shall heave as at their birth.  
The heart that knew affliction's power,  
The oft-dimmed eye, now sealed,  
Shall beat not, beam not, till that hour  
In thunders is revealed.

*She wakes not* early ills to brave,  
That bade her spirit bow;

The tears she unto sorrow gave,  
Are gems of beauty now.  
She wakes not—yea, she *hath* awoke!  
Escaped from night below;  
What floods of morn have on her broke,  
That bright one, who may know?

---

## TO MY TWO CHILDREN.

YE are alive to bliss, my boys,  
Your pulses beat to healthful play;  
Visions of peaceful heartfelt joys—  
Do they not hover o'er your way?  
Your bounding bosoms, light and free—  
Nor past nor future is their care;  
Sufficeth it alone, that ye  
The bright alluring present share.

'Tis transient all—yet who shall break  
The fair frail mirror of your mirth?  
Ye are but dreamers; who shall wake  
Ye to realities of earth?  
Dream on, dream on, it cannot last,  
With boyhood will depart that dream;  
And soon, to retrospect, the past  
But shadows of the dead shall seem.

Who would forget, that when a child,  
Life put on lovely robes for him?

That then imagination wild,  
    Flashed to the eyes that now are dim;  
Who can forget when hope danced high,  
    And Syren-Love of witchery sung?  
Some may forget, but ne'er shall I,  
    The white-winged hours when joy was young.

Yea, though upon my tempered brow  
    Romance hath ceased to bind her flowers,  
'Tis pleasant as I wander now,  
    To linger o'er my childish hours.  
Green spot of life! how sweet to gaze  
    On bliss so simple, yet sincere;  
To turn from the wild waste of days  
    And feast my aching vision here!

Aye, smile my boys, 't were better so,  
    Than darkly read the coming ill;  
That chequered page the gray-haired know,  
    But heedlessness is childhood's still.  
Blest ignorance! Compassion's balm,  
    To drug the life-cup of our tears;  
Existence, thou wouldst wear a charm  
    Did prescience come not with thy years.

Laugh on, my children, while ye may,  
    Yours now is not the actor's part;  
That laugh, perchance, in future day,  
    May vainly hide a broken heart;  
Yet lingers in your perfect bliss,  
    Ingenuous feeling, brightly new;  
And childhood's love, and childhood's kiss,  
    Are ever holy, ever true.

## INVOCATION.

WE ask thee not, O God! to bow  
Thy heavens, these sighs to hear;  
Unto those seats of life and song  
They fly, and reach thine ear;  
For thou art condescending still,  
When suppliants come to thee;  
Though thy pavilion is the cloud,  
And low and poor are we.

Thou know'st we tabernacle where  
Envy and wrong abound;  
In bosoms of our dearest trust  
Deceit is oft'nest found.  
Thou know'st that man to fellow man  
Is oft the direst foe;  
The streams of kindness in his soul  
Are tainted as they flow.

For who hath pillowed all his heart  
On seeming honour's breast,  
Nor found, in sorrow's bitter doom,  
That refuge but a jest?  
Who hath not sought some lofty hope,  
And said, *here is my stay*,  
Yet saw how like the summer sun,  
It passed in clouds away?

Yea, he, the heritor of ill,  
In silence must it bide;

The world that wrings out bitter tears,  
 Will yet those tears deride—  
 But thou, O God! art not of clay;  
 To shield the wretch is thine;  
 'Tis good to tell our cares to Thee,  
 Who will to help incline.

Man may administer to him,  
 The hapless child of need;  
 Yea, and bind up the broken heart  
 When interest prompts the deed;  
 But Thou lov'st those that know Thee not,  
 And thus dost man reprove;  
 Thou art—and there is none beside—  
 Disinterested Love.

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REVOLUTIONS.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—FRANCE.

“Tidings, my lord the king!”—*Cushi to David.*

TIDINGS from the Sea! its isles,  
 Centuries begirt in night—  
 Burnished by the day-spring's smiles,  
 Shine, the lovely pearls of light.

Tidings! tidings! ocean's King,  
 Who the islands in his hand

Taketh, as a little thing,  
Speaks to sea and speaks to land.

Startled from his ancient prey,  
Flies the vampyre, bird of blood;  
Pe-le, vanquished, hastes to pay  
Holocausts alone to God.

Tidings! tidings! fast and far,  
Winds and waters urge it on,  
From the occidental star,  
To the chambers of the sun.

Weepers o'er the slain, rejoice,  
And new vigour strongly draw  
Ye of heaven-beseeching voice,  
Now the pagan waits his law.

Where is gladness, God! to view  
Mau-i sitting at thy feet?  
Temple domes of O-a-hu,  
Swelling over Satan's seat?

Broke, the tabu's guilty power—  
Stilled, the sacrificial drum?—  
Christendom, Jehovah's hour  
Seest thou, and art thou dumb?

Tidings! Gaul hath woke at length;  
In her thousands burns the flame,—  
And an injured realm, in strength,  
Rising, treads it foes to shame.

Tidings! tidings! Freedom's cry  
Breaks for ever Bourbon's trance;  
And her broad tri-colour, high,  
Streams above thy lilies, France.

Hymns to Orlean's dawning glory,  
Where the fleur-de-lis hath set;  
Marble for the martyr's story,  
Civic crowns for Lafayette.

Tidings thunder o'er the wave;  
Despotism goads no more;  
And the story of the brave,  
Rocks the transatlantic shore.

Flies not gladness through our coasts,  
And the voice of mirthful men?  
Yea, a shout, the shout of hosts,  
Rang in cheer and triumph then.

Yet, O God, when sceptres fall,  
Empires down to dust are hurled—  
Thine shall flourish, all in all,  
Throned above a ruined world.

1830.

## DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARIES,

MESSRS. ALEXANDER AND THOMPSON, FROM THE WEST;  
FOR PALESTINE AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, NO-  
VEMBER, 1831.

AWAY unto Jerusalem!  
An alien to us be;  
And henceforth for thy fellows choose  
The men of Galilee.

Thy father's house—thy native land—  
Another lot is thine;  
Thy kindred are the mission band,  
Thy country Palestine.

Thy embassy is glorious,  
Thy feet with peace are shod;  
Go forth and herald Christ to them  
That tread where He hath trod.

And speak where FISK and PARSONS spake  
The words of holy balm,  
And, haply, thee to rest betake  
With them, below the palm.

*Thou, too*, away, and tempt the wave,  
And should its sullen womb  
Yield thee the christian-martyr's grave,  
It were a noble doom.

Yet live! for thou must errand bring  
That shall the pagan draw  
Unto the new-discovered King  
Who gives the islands law.

Up! seek thee ΟΒΟΟΚΙΑΗ's land,  
There's toil, and men are few;  
Dispersed is superstition's band,  
And broke the fell tabu.

Away—wrung out is Pe-le's cup,  
Her altar's light is dim;  
And where her song and shout went up,  
Thou'lt hear the children's hymn.

Up both! and from this infant soil  
This land, but late possest,  
Go forth to oriental climes,  
The first fruits of the West.

Exil'd from us for Jesus' sake,  
Ere yet, for time, ye part,  
To climb the mission-vessel, take  
The farewell of the heart.

Yet how may *she* that farewell give?  
This hour live all the past—  
Or *he*, whose sands are well nigh run  
Take that sad look, *the last?*

Ye may not watch her final pang  
Who watched your boyhood's bloom;

That aged sire—ye may not lay  
His gray hairs in the tomb.

Enough, enough, a hand unseen,  
Waves onward to the prize;  
They know that their Redeemer lives,  
And this may well suffice.

'Tis done—in yon horizon now,  
Where she sails on, a speck;  
A cloud of heaven-directed prayer  
Is wafted o'er that deck.

Propitious breezes fill the sails!  
O God of mercy, keep  
Yon richly freighted ship that rides  
In stateliness the deep;

Bearing from hearth and sepulchre,  
Those holy names and high—  
The men that hear but to obey  
The Macedonian cry;

That calls to perils, calls afar  
To suffering, shame and loss;  
Yet points to that immortal star,  
Which shines above the cross.

## THE BURMAN'S QUESTION.

'Do the Disciples in America drink Spirits?'—*Wade's Speech.*

Men, crossing the blue wave, have told  
To Burmah of the God that first  
Spake out this starry world of old,  
To whom the stars and worlds are dust.

His voice is to us—we obey,  
Nor fear contempt or shame, or loss;  
Once proudly vile, we joy to lay  
Glory and pride beneath the cross.

We'll bear reproaches for His sake,  
Who for poor Burmans died; and we  
Will freely persecution take,  
For Him, whose blood hath stained the tree.

Yet the reproach how may we meet,  
That spots religion's lovely robe,  
And lifts an idol to the seat  
Of Him that grasps and guides the globe?

For far beyond the Indian sea,  
Where heaven lets down unwonted light,  
His purchased followers give the knee  
Unto the *spirit-fiend* of night.

*Our* hearts for God!—yet while we doubt  
And fear, like those, to yield him up,

Around us rings the scornful shout,  
“Do yon disciples kiss the cup?”

“Yea, do yon Christians fondly reach  
The goblet to a sealed lip;  
What powerful Boodh durst never teach,  
What Paganism may not sip?”

Men of the clime where truth has trod,  
Earth's glittering falsehood to condemn;  
Tell us!—seek they another God,  
Is not Jehovah help to them?

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## OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

The tale here versified, is from Mrs. Virginia Cary's letters.

Two brothers, once, of merry mood,  
Were sporting in their simple play;  
When chafed and furious from the wood,  
A Lion roared against his prey.

Between them and the help they claimed,  
Was interposed a lofty wall;  
And hark! beyond it, each is named—  
It is the anxious father's call:

“O, children, haste! ye shall not fail  
Of safety, with your sire and friend,”

“Folly” said one, “for us to scale  
Yon stones, which men can scarce ascend.

“See you not that so rough the path,  
So high the wall, its topmost stone  
Ere we could gain, the beast, in wrath  
Might rend and break us bone by bone?”

“I,” said the other, “come what may,  
Will not despise our father’s call;  
’Tis safest always to obey,  
I’ll strive to climb yon lofty wall.”

He ran, and saw, when drawing nigh,  
A *ladder* reaching from its height;  
Safe now, he turned a wistful eye,  
His mangled brother met his sight.

---

## EDWARD PAYSON.

SPIRIT! arise—’tis blest to go,  
When skiey visions call away;  
Dust! seek the grave—there spices flow,  
There gushes out Redemption’s ray.

THOU of the flaming steeds and car!  
We tremble at our father’s call;  
And, weeping, watch his flight afar,  
And see the ungathered mantle fall.

Weep ye! Oh weep your leader gone;  
Yet mark the way that prophet trod;  
Through peril's path he wandered on,  
Till, lost to men, he's found with God.

What glories canopied his bed!  
What music lingered on his ear!  
He saw whose hand sustained his head,  
He knew the voice that calmed his fear.

Would'st die like *him*?—Live thou the life  
Of holy hope, of love divine;  
And faint not in the weary strife,  
Thou wilt not, if his faith be thine.

Deny me not!—I ask with awe;  
Give *me*, O Lord, thou hast the power;  
The bright apocalypse *he* saw,  
In nature's weakest, mightiest hour.

---

MISSIONARIES.

ONWARD, ye men of prayer,  
Scatter, in rich exuberance, the seed  
Whose fruit is living bread, and all your need  
Will God supply—his harvest ye shall share.

To him child of the bow,  
 The wanderer by his native Oregon,  
 Tell of that Jesus, who, in dying, won  
 The peace-branch of the skies—salvation for his  
 foe.

Unfurl the banneret  
 On other shores. Messiah's cross bid shine  
 O'er every lovely hill of Palestine;  
 Fair stars of glory that shall never set.

Seek ye the far-off isle;  
 The sullied jewel of the deep,  
 O'er whose remembered beauty angels weep,  
 Restore its lustre and to God give spoil.

Go, break the chain of caste;  
 Go, quench the funeral pyre, and bid no more  
 The Indian river roll its waves of gore.  
 Look up, thou East, thy night is overpast.

To heal the bruised, speed;  
 Go, pour on Africa the balm  
 Of Gilead, and her agony to calm  
 Whisper of fetters broken, and the spirit freed.

And thou, oh Church, betake  
 Thyself to watching, labour—help these men.  
 God shall thee visit of a surety, when  
 Thou'rt faithful—Church that Jesus bought,  
 awake! awake!

## THE INFANT SCHOOL.

THE *Infant School!* 'twas Mercy's thought  
To calm religion's direst fear;  
And Hope her brightest visions brought,  
And Woman gave her truest tear:  
The Infant School! away, away  
Ambition's dreams of prouder name;  
Humanity shall tribute pay  
To toil that wins, yet asks not fame.

*The Infant School!* O, true, it lends  
No voice of high and daring deed;  
Yet whispers it of home and friends,  
And welcome to the child of need;  
Of it the trump that calls to death  
And glory, when sad eyes are dim,  
Sings not, yet lives it in the breath  
Of pure thanksgiving's holy hymn.

*The Infant School!* who here shall say  
What buried worth the seer hath seen?  
What arm, high destinies to sway,  
What herald of the Nazarene?  
O, for these snatch'd from misery's doom  
And nurtured for their native sky,  
Believ'st thou not, for thee shall bloom  
Some brighter heritage on high?

*The Infant School!*—then crime no more  
Shall with cursed fruit my country chide;

Nor ignorance, nor sorrow pour  
 O'er moral wastes the angry tide.  
*Thou!* once an Infant in distress,  
 Now Occupant of David's throne,  
 Look, and approve and ever bless  
 The godlike labour, 'tis thine own.

W. B. P. OF ENGLAND.

WHAT though across Atlantic's wave  
 Thou wand'redest to the setting sun;  
 And left, to seek a stranger-grave,  
 The snow-white cliffs of Albion :

Where our Ohio's silver tide  
 Tracks the broad valley, thou as sweet  
 Shalt rest, as by the velvet side  
 Of Rother's streams where Mersey's meet.

The flower that springs above thy tomb,  
 And dies to type thee, is as fair  
 As loveliest plants that rise and bloom  
 In yonder isle, and perish there.

What though stood not where thou didst die,  
 Companions of thy boyhood's band;  
 The hallowed touch that closed thine eye,  
 Was kind—it was a mother's hand.

What though thou fledd'st from paths below,  
Where thorns abound, in trouble trod;  
Thou gatherest leaves of healing now,  
And drinkest at the throne of God.

Farewell! we give no pitying tear,  
Though grateful tears have flowed for thee;  
Oh no, thou need'st it not, who, here  
Dying, in heaven begins *to be*.

---

## THE CAMP MEETING.

ABOVE is flung the arch of heaven,  
Beneath is spread the sod,  
And from these thousand hearts is given  
The stirring hymn to God.

Around his wreathed pillar stayed,  
Clouds piled on clouds, lend light;  
A girding wall by day displayed,  
A beacon-fire by night.

This woodland for his temple claimed,  
These trees of lively green,  
Its columns, which his fingers framed,  
And cast his light between,

Are holy : hark, the sound of song  
Swells up from tent and tree;

'Tis audience-hour unto that throng,  
Alone with Deity.

How glorious is this canopy!  
And gorgeous daybreak brings  
Its curtains, bathed in golden dye,  
Wrought for the King of kings.

'Tis seemly with its regal rays,  
Thus to pour out to him  
Our songs, before whose throne the blaze  
Of burning noon is dim.

'Tis beautiful in such a spot,  
To note from lip of men  
His praise, where Art's proud dome is not,  
By stream and wooded glen.

And list, from yon white tents, at eve,  
Where worshippers are bowed,  
The sighs of those for sin that grieve,  
Among that waiting crowd.

They rise on evening's wing, which seems  
To fan a holier air ;  
As flows from humble hearts, in streams,  
The melody of prayer.

And One draws near this peopled bower,  
Whose are these chosen now ;  
And walks their camp at offering-hour,  
Recording every vow.

And at that banquet sitteth he,  
Where banners twine above;  
Men know their guest, and long to see  
More of his heaven of love.

If, bright ones! from your world of gold,  
Ye look for aught, in this  
Resembling that, this hour behold  
Its counterpart of bliss.

More glorious than when morning reigns  
In splendour o'er your skies;  
More touching than when twilight stains  
The clouds with sunset dies:

It is the face to look upon  
Of such, new born again;  
To mark the glow of victory won,  
The peace of passions slain.

Expression of a deep-felt rest,  
Wearing the hues of heaven;  
It beams the quiet of the blessed,  
The joy of sin forgiven.

## FOR THE ORPHAN.

HAST thou marked the scourge of God?  
Didst thou tremble at his rod,  
When thou lately saw'st him stand  
At the portals of our land;  
When he looked and waved it *here?*  
Haste to dry the widow's tear!

Mother! didst thou in that hour,  
Give to earth its fairest flower?  
'Twas in anguish—He hath given  
For thy bruise, the balm of heaven;  
Thou art comforted—go, bless  
In its woes, the motherless.

Did the Angel hush his wrath,  
As he crossed thy midnight path?  
Then, when thousands rose to shed  
Bitter tears upon their dead,  
While without, was heard the cry,  
None thou lovest sealed to die?

Has thy lip been spared the cup?  
*These* have drank the mixture up;  
*These* were basking yesterday  
In a kinder sun—as they  
Sit beneath dark shadows now,  
Sister! brother! so mayst *thou*.

Haste with offerings, large and free,  
Wings of mercy sheltered thee;

Mercy's sacrifices bring,  
Cause the weeper's heart to sing;  
Heard above is blessing-prayer,  
Grief and Want have power there.

What are pearls of brightest hue,  
Diamonds, like the drops of dew,  
In the loveliest tresses glowing,  
Nature's fainter beauties showing,  
To the gem of splendour here,  
Gratitude's impressive tear?

---

THE SAILOR AS HE WAS—AS HE IS.

THE sport of yon deceitful wave,  
He toiled where dangers oft appear;  
And careless trod the billowy grave,  
Stranger to thought or fear.

Unknown the power that stayed his youth,  
The God that holds the sea unknown—  
On his dark soul no ray of truth  
With kindly impulse shone.

Fierce, the careering midnight storm  
In anger mingled wave and sky;  
While the red lightning scathed his form,  
His curse was heard on high.

The thunders shook the reeling mast,  
The vessel rent by every sea—  
No tear was given to the past,  
Nor to futurity.

Then burst the cry of agony,  
Then quailed the stoutest on that deck;  
The toiling barque hath climbed on high,  
To plunge, a buried wreck.

No prayer was wafted to the throne—  
Could the profane, the scoffer pray?  
No! wretched, trembling and alone,  
His spirit fled away.

Weep, Sailor! for thy comrade weep,  
For he was noble, generous, free;  
Yet passed he in transgression deep,  
To his eternity.

Oh, had he scanned the living chart,  
By which the unerring course is laid,  
His vision purged, made clean in heart,  
The wanderer ne'er had strayed.

Weep for the dead! yet with thy tears  
Blend earnest love for grace divine;  
Sailor! a happier dawn appears—  
Hope's beaming star is thine.

The Man of Nazareth calls to thee,  
He bids thy toils and sorrows cease;  
The voice that calmed proud Galilee,  
Speaks to the weary, Peace.

And He—or be thy peaceful way  
 The dark blue wave, or when afar,  
 By gathering perils led astray,  
 Will be thy Morning Star.

Safe in the tempest as the calm,  
 Art thou that seekest the mercy seat;  
 Sailor! rejoice, death boasts a charm,  
 Leading to Jesus' feet.

---

THY WANDERING BOY.

HAs he thy tireless love forgot?  
 Thy early anxious care—  
 Are thy gray hairs remembered not?  
 To prayer, then, sire!—to prayer!  
 For if thy boy has turned aside  
 And chosen folly's way,  
 And for thy tears with scoffs replied,  
 What can'st thou do but pray?

Is he a wanderer from thy dome  
 On the world's tossing sea;  
 Where dreaming not of heaven or home  
 Thy son is lost to thee?  
 Still, as sad rumor to thy ear  
 Tells heavily, how frail thy stay,  
 To Him who bottles every tear,  
 Go, stricken man, and pray.

Perhaps upon the bed of pain,  
    Away he lies a victim now;  
And seeks a father's hand in vain,  
    Whose touch might cool his burning brow;  
While thinking of the holy joy  
    Thou knew'st, e'er sin knew to betray,  
For him, that lovely, ruined boy,  
    Do thou in earnest, pray.

By the bright spring of childhood's love,  
    That in his countenance once shone;  
The eyes where meekness like a dove  
    Sat once—the brow, contentment's throne:  
The beauty that unto thy heart  
    Appeals with power of boyhood's day,  
Go, aged father! weep apart  
    And trembling, hoping, pray.

And if, for thee, there linger yet  
    The dregs of this world's bitterest cup,  
The God thou servest, will not forget  
    To give thee grace to drink it up;  
Yet no! not thus will prayer be lost,  
    Thou yet shalt bless that castaway,  
And see for him the folly-tost,  
    The penitent, 'twas good to pray.

## THE CROSS.

SYMBOL of shame—mysterious sign  
Of groans, and agonies and blood,  
Hail, pledge of love and peace divine  
From God.

Symbol of hope to those that stray,—  
The pilgrim's step is led to thee ;  
Star of the soul thou guid'st the way  
To Calvary.

Symbol of tears—I look, and mourn  
His woes, whose soul for mine was riven;  
Where, wanderer, is thy due return  
To heaven ?

Symbol of empire—thou shalt rise  
And shine, where lands in darkness sit,  
On Indian domes that greet the skies  
And minaret.

Symbol of glory—when no more  
The monarch seeks a fleeting throne,  
Thy victim once, shall worlds adore  
The God alone.

## CHILDREN'S WORSHIP.

## FIRST VOICE.

O, TELL me, while the blessed ones  
Their wings in worship fold;  
Discoursing words of melody  
To instruments of gold;  
While thousand thousands pass the praise,  
Where kneeling ranks are seen;  
And voices, as the talk of seas,  
Are heard the songs between;  
Why should the Saviour turn aside  
From notes that ravish so,  
And hearken, while inferior chords  
Sound up from earth below?

## SECOND VOICE.

Once, unto Him in Palestine,  
Was sung an infant hymn;  
When children of Jerusalem  
Abashed the Sanhedrim;  
And own'd the lowly Teacher, who  
Incarnate, was from high;  
Whom Jewish men nailed up in scorn,  
With murderers to die.

Now, Lord of all, unto his ear  
Well pleasing is the song,  
That rises with the Sabbath sun,  
From childhood's happy throng;

For he that spans the rolling worlds,  
And marks the seraph's way,  
Never disdains when infant years  
His perfect will obey.

But kindly through departing skies  
His shining way he rends,  
To hear the early hymn that with  
His upper music blends;  
Descending to the lowly praise  
That breathes from lips of love,  
Unmindful of the song that breaks  
Around his throne above.

## FIRST AND SECOND VOICES.

Then while in blessedness we walk  
Where angels never trod,  
We'll give, with holy cheerfulness,  
The humble heart to God;  
On this the Saviour looketh down  
From place of cherubim,  
And for this worship leaves awhile  
The everlasting hymn.

## PILGRIMAGE OF THE DEAD.

A rich Jewess, who lately died in London, directed by her will that her body should be taken to Jerusalem by twelve of her friends, (Jews,) to whom she left 400*l.* each, for their trouble.

UP, and away for Palestine,  
Away, and with the dead embark;  
That soil I covet to be mine,  
Where slumber Seer and Patriarch.  
Away, away, my pilgrim feet  
Have long in weary sojourn trod;  
In thee I seek a last retreat,  
Clime where my fathers worshipped God!

O land of beauty, desolate,  
Who now to trump and song shall tell  
Thy triumphs, for the scornful hate  
And smite thee, hapless Israel!  
And God hath hid his face from thee;  
Thy God, whose pillar led thee on,  
Heeds not where base ones bow the knee  
In mockery of the Holy One.

And who unto thy hill shall roam?  
Alas! no glory beckons there;  
Where thy first temple heaved its dome,  
The haughty Islam calls to prayer.  
O royal Salem! David's seat,  
The queen of cities sattetst thou,  
When humbled nations at thy feet  
Laid gorgeous spoil—what art thou now!

Yet dearer is Jerusalem  
Though trodden as the olive wild,  
Of cities, than their proudest gem,  
Unto her stricken weeping child;  
Away! too long the wanderer  
Hath tented with the gentile band;  
Ye palms of Judah! shelter her,  
Receive her ashes, native land.

---

JOSEPH EASTBURN,

LATE PASTOR OF THE MARINERS' CHURCH.

QUIETLY lay him in his narrow bed,  
Where flesh may slumber. Grave! yield thy repose  
Unto the patriarch, whose aged bones  
Thou wilt not long possess; for well he knew  
That his Redeemer liveth. Dust to dust  
Is given now. The spirit hath sought out  
A fairer region, and joins minstrelsy  
In lofty worship with the Elders' hymn.

Yes, thou may'st weep, for silent is the voice  
That warned thee, Sailor! in much faithfulness,  
Of fatal shipwreck, and the mocking billow  
That rolls in beauty o'er dark sepulchres.  
Yes, thou may'st weep; ever are hush'd the tones  
That in paternal fondness unto thee

Spake of Salvation; teaching thee, sad child  
 Of peril, from thy waves and storms to look  
 Where trembleth out upon faith's horizon  
 Beautifully and bright, the Star of Bethlehem.

Thou wilt remember him, when on the deep  
 Thou'rt rocked; and by thy hammock will his form  
 Flit in fair dreams. Thou'lt see him in the storm,  
 When memory whispers of the covenant  
 Made between heaven and thee, and solemn hours  
 Will pass before thee, even those thou knewest  
 In yonder Bethel, where before the throne  
 Thou gavest thyself in tears to God alone.

Yes, thou may'st weep; I saw thy manly tear  
 Drop on his clay, and as thy trembling hand  
 Parted with reverend awe, the few white hairs  
 That lingered on his forehead, well I knew  
 The agony was big that heaved thy breast.  
 Thou lovedst the good old man—wilt thou not strive  
 To follow him? O, by thy soul's worth shun  
 The rocks that cluster on Temptation's coast.  
 He whom thou mournest, wanderer! beckons thee  
 From these dark waters to the starry shores  
 Of immortality, whereon his feet  
 Now stand in holiness. Seek thou to meet him there!  
 O, could'st thou, mariner, the curtain rend,  
 That shuts out now *thy father*; for brief space  
 Grasp heaven, Earth's gayest laugh would ring  
     but dim,  
 As on thy charmed ear brake his rejoicing hymn.

## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Not he that basks in fortune's ray,  
Of proud unfeeling soul;  
Not he whom sycophants obey,  
Who rules with wide control :

Not he that seeks my open door,  
With fair profession free;  
Not he that takes my daily store,  
And shares his mite with me:

Not he that with the name of friend  
Is prompt at every need;  
Not he that kindness doth intend,  
Yet falters in the deed:

Not he, though prized, for whom the sweets  
Of fellowship, are known;  
Not he for whom this bosom beats,  
Who calls its love his own.

But he, whose miseries proclaim  
That nought but tears are his;  
He, he alone can boast the name,  
And he my Neighbour is.

## TRIBUTARY.

C—— C—— OF M——

'Tis past! the voyage of life is o'er,  
The wanderer hails another clime;  
On perils borne to yonder shore,  
He views afar the waves of time;  
The storm that muttered o'er his head  
The flame that quivered round his path  
Are sweetly hushed, the cloud hath fled,  
And gone the angry lightning's scathe.

'Tis past! and grief is changed to songs  
That angel cordons love to hear;  
The harp that to delight belongs,  
In softest murmur soothes his ear;  
The secret sigh that rent his breast,  
Now breathes of balmy peace alone;  
The tear that told the heart opprest,  
Is gemmed around the eternal throne.

Blest voyager! how happy thou,  
Safe moored within the port of peace;  
Once heir of death—immortal now,  
Of pain—thy toils forever cease;  
O may I too, thus sweetly rise,  
Thus tread yon bright empyrion free;  
With joy regain those native skies,  
Secure at last, in love like thee.

## FEAST OF THE DEAD.

ONTARIO! thy billow hath sunk to its rest,  
The mantle of twilight envelopes thy wave;  
On the forest of pines sleeps the gleam of the west,  
And the breeze of the mountain hath fled to its cave.

Near yon beetling rock, see the tall Indian glide!  
His barque cleaves the flood with the speed of the foe;  
The warrior is there—but no spear decks his side;  
The hatchet is buried, unbent is the bow.

Hark! hark—'tis the death-song that swells on the  
gale,  
All wild is the cadence, and mournful the strain;  
'Tis the war-whoop that bids the dark foeman assail,  
'Tis the cry whose dread signal hath crimsoned the  
plain.

O say what red ruin illumines the gloam,  
What foes skulk in ambush, or rush to the deed?  
What youth scalped in slaughter, what captive shall  
roam,  
What chief, cruel fate, in the wigwam shall bleed?

No red ruin tells that the foeman is nigh,  
No whiteman shall languish a captive afar,  
The chieftain at midnight hath uttered the cry,  
The death-song is echoed, but hushed is the war.

'Tis the Feast of the Dead—see! in yon lonely isle,  
The Iroquois weep o'er the bones of the slain;

The remnants of valour, the war-trophied spoil  
Are gathered afar, from the valley and plain.

They weep, as the relics of time and the grave,  
All hideous, and mournful, the night-fires disclose;  
They hymn the exploits of the Werowance brave;  
They howl the sad requiem of lasting repose!

The dawn is advancing, all hushed is the cry;  
The souls, long departed, flee lonely and far;  
Nought is heard but the billow responding its sigh,  
Nought is seen but the twinkling of night's fading  
star.

---

G—— W——, OF THE UNITED STATES' FRI-  
GATE CONSTITUTION.

FAREWELL! and if the frequent tear  
Of those, once loved, be for thee shed,  
Although it wets no costly bier,  
Nor gems the gorgeous marbled bed—

Spirit! it consecrates the tomb,  
Where youth's fair buds of promise lie;  
Nourished by this, in beauteous bloom  
The floweret lives, no more to die.

Farewell! and if the sigh be given  
For hopes, that early sank to rest,  
Though borne not by the winds of heaven  
To him, whose couch is ocean's breast,

Spirit! that bosom-sigh hath flown  
 In meekness, on the wings of prayer;  
 Wafted to yonder sapphire throne,  
 It finds for thee acceptance there.

We saw thee not, though thine was pain;  
 We knew not ill, though thou hadst fled;  
 We smiled to meet thee here again,  
 And fondly dreamed—when thou wast dead.

Thou livest!—we will not, cannot grieve,  
 Hope shows thee to our longing sight,  
 For, taught by thee, we gladly leave  
 These stormy seas for shores of light.

---

LAUNCH OF THE NORTH CAROLINA 74, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1820.

NORTH CAROLINA! peerless queen,  
 Our infant navy's pride,  
 Thou proudly rid'st in lofty mien  
 Along the swelling tide.

I saw thee, gaily, quit thy bed,  
 And plough the yielding foam;  
 Full gallantly, the Ship of Dread  
 Descended to her home.

Columbia's sons begirt the strand,  
 Her youth and manhood's flower:

Her daughters, too, a beauteous band,  
Lent lustre to the hour.

And kindling was the bosom's glow  
That hailed thy brilliant name;  
A terror to the daring foe,  
A pledge of glorious fame.

Long may thy flag protect the Free;  
Long may'st thou walk the wave;  
Thy deck the home of victory,  
Or valour's gory grave.

Though Albion's cross a thousand years  
Has floated on the breeze,  
Thy Union Star to-day appears,  
The beacon of the seas!

And broad shall wave that deathless sign  
O'er Liberty's proud steep;  
And bright that starry gem shall shine  
Along thy native deep.

---

THE HEAVENS WERE STILL.

THE heavens were still. High on his ebon car  
Night rode sublimely.—Earth its vigils kept,  
And nought looked out on Midnight's holy hour,  
Save her pale tenant, the sweet vestal star,

That, twinkling in its solitary bower,  
 Seemed, lovely portress, watching while men  
 slept.

In safety sleep they? mark yon curling flame,  
 Whose tow'ring columns, wreathing with the sky,  
 Tell of destruction's triumph. Hear that cry!  
 Witness that burst of anguish! these proclaim  
 Thy horrors, Desolation! See, the foe  
 Exultingly comes on; the work of art,  
 The costly pile, the curious and the rare,  
 Now sate his horrid gorge. The shriek of wo,  
 The furious shout, the sigh deep from the heart  
 Are heard.—The throb of agony is there.  
 Yea,\* he hath fled—saw'st thou the mounting spire  
 Of billowy flame? Even on that sea of fire  
 His barque was wafted to the port of peace.

Spirit! we weep, yet weep not thy release  
 From toil and suffering. Thine it was to know  
 The interchange, whose high communion, sweet,  
 Partakes of heaven.—Can worlds such peace be-  
 stow?

The garment of thy heaviness is now  
 Changed to the robe immortal hands have wrought.  
 Joy, like a cherub, sits upon thy brow,—  
 The pearl is thine, of price unknown, unbought,  
 And he that wept below now sits at Jesus' feet.

---

\* Founded on fact.

## SPAIN.

WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF THE INVASION OF  
SPAIN, BY THE ARMIES OF LOUIS XVIII. IN 1823.

Yes! march ye forces, in array,  
Yon peaceful state invade;  
Pounce, eager falcons, on your prey,  
Draw forth the unrighteous blade!

Go, Autocrat! thou foe to man,  
Go bind the free-born soul!  
And ye base kings, that dare not scan  
His vengeance, bid it roll.

Yet know, the desolating tide  
Ye impious, loose again,  
Back shall recoil, to whelm your pride,  
From free, unconquered Spain.

Go forth, ye slaves! although the light  
Of victory gilds your plume,  
That ray shall shroud in fearful night,  
Those laurels deck the tomb.

Enters within God's canopy,  
In mockery to the throne,  
One hireling prayer of slavery?  
It enters not alone.

Ten thousand, thousand, as one heart,  
Spain! lift the prayer for thee;

Ten thousand thousand swords will start  
For Spain and Liberty!

Hear ye not voices? 'tis the shout  
That, kindling, swells on high;  
See ye not light? those brands are out,  
They flash upon the sky.

Sooner those tongues shall writhe in gore,  
Those swords be drunk with blood,  
Than Spain prove false to days of yore,  
False to herself and God.

Then onward, onward, vaunting band!  
Rear Slavery's symbol high;  
Yet halt, proud legions! Freedom's land  
Is holy—touch and die.

---

TO THE SURVIVING DEFENDERS OF THE CASTLE  
OF ST. JUAN DE ULUA.

MEN of the hostile ground!  
From yonder field shall spring  
A greener leaf than the victor wears,  
Plucked for a tyrant king.

Though your blood ran rivers there,  
Each drop is a costlier gem,  
Than the priceless pearl that proudly shines  
In Ferdinand's diadem.

The trumpet calls to war!  
And the true and tried obey;  
And the sons of Freedom hasten forth,  
In their bright and bold array--

'Tis glorious when they draw  
The sword with unfaltering hand;  
'Tis godlike when they rush to death,  
A heaven-devoted band.

They go, for a nation's gratitude  
Awaits the victor brave;  
They go, for the tears of woman wet  
The faithful soldier's grave.

But ye have given your lives  
For nought, ye valiant dead!  
And ye that rushed to the bootless strife,  
By a phantom were ye led.

For the tyrant's heart is cold,  
'Tis shut to fame forever;  
It may rouse to hate and festering pride,  
But to gratitude, honour—*never!*

All is not lost, ye brave!  
Your swords reflect no stain;  
Though yon leaguered walls, of all your host  
Frown only on your slain.—

The craven king shall hear—  
Why waxes his cheek pale?  
Tidings, that Spanish men are found,  
Whose hearts can never fail.

All is not lost, ye brave!  
Ye have bled—what could ye more?  
Yet Liberty's banner wantons now  
Where Slavery's drooped before!

---

AWAY, away through trackless space,  
The disembodied soul shall fly;  
Of all once known and loved, no trace  
Shall greet her passage in the sky;  
The dust remains, the beauteous form  
Changed to a tenement of clay,  
And all the graces that could warm  
The answering bosom, passed away.

Thus shall this spirit hover soon,  
Impatient, quit its narrow sphere,  
Earth, yielded for a brighter boon,  
Shall not detain the wanderer here;  
O, then I'll ask a swifter wing  
To waft me from this thorny wild  
To fields, whose living flow'rets bring  
Their gilead to misfortune's child.

Yet, would I not at once forsake,  
Methinks, the heart I vowed to love—  
O, no! I would not wholly break  
The ties below, confirmed above:  
But when around the sapphire throne,  
Glow the wrapt thrill of holy birth,  
Heaven will forgive the impulse, flown  
To meet its kindred throb of earth.

## THE BEARING OF THE CROSS.

And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him;—and he bearing his cross, went forth.—*Evangelist.*

CURSES rang loud as they his thrall  
Beheld, and proud lips curled,  
When bowed within that marble hall,  
The Saviour of the world;  
When the fell glance of hell he met  
With unreprieving eye;  
And for reproach, implored yet,  
Forgiveness from on high.

More to be worshipped in his grief  
And meekness, there alone,  
On that stern floor, than loftiest chief  
That reared or razed a throne;  
More to be loved, the Sinless then  
In his agony and cries,  
Bruised by the Father's hand, than when  
He curtained out the skies.

Not in the scoff and maddening shout,  
The cup—it was not there;  
But in the wrath that hung about,  
And the silence for his prayer;  
Oh! when he sank 'twas not the tree  
That crush'd the God within;  
But the withering frown of Deity,  
The malison for sin.

## THE RANSOMED SPIRIT TO HER HOME.

THE ransomed spirit to her home,  
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;  
No more on stormy seas to roam,  
She hails her haven in the skies:  
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,  
The cloudless clime no pleasure yields,  
There is no bliss in bowers above,  
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

The cherub near the viewless throne  
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;  
And One with incense-fire hath flown  
To touch with flame the angel-band;  
But tuneless is the quiv'ring string,  
No melody can Gabriel bring,  
Mute are its arches, when above  
The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,  
In harmony that soothes the soul;  
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,  
And when on thunders thunders roll:  
That voice is heard and tumults cease,  
It whispers to the bosom peace,  
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above  
And cheer *our* hearts, Celestial Love!

## UNHOLY THOUGHTS.

IF, o'er the heart, in Prayer's still hour,  
—The holiest hour that earth can know,—  
But one unbidden thought hath power  
Its blighting influence to throw:  
How quickly, all enjoyment gone,  
The Spirit spreads his pinions then;  
The bosom left of God alone—  
When will the vision smile again?

While Inspiration, sacred joy  
Pours through the eye upon the heart;  
Should thoughts that quicken to destroy,  
Enter, and bid the bliss depart,—  
Sealed then, is the life-giving Word,  
Its thunders and its mercy-tone;  
Stern Justice waves a dreadless sword,  
And harder is the heart of stone.

When to the Paschal-feast I go  
With Him, who bore the cross and curse;  
And wish, as heaven seems bent below,  
It might be ever with me thus:  
How soon, by guilty thoughts, the tear  
Of blessedness, is turned to pain;  
For humble hope my soul hath fear,  
The sin revives that once was slain.

How high and holy the delight,  
—By God bestowed, by heaven possessed,—

That glows and burns from thrones of light,  
From rank to rank, throughout the blessed;  
Yet should an angel-bosom own  
One thought of guilt, no voice may tell  
What furies there might fix a throne,  
That bosom, how 'twould teem with hell.

Whether to thee, my God, I kneel,  
Or in thy Bible seek thee out;  
Or, trembling, touch the cov'nant seal,  
O, Wing of Love! shield me about:  
And aid my spirit—break the thrall  
Of guilty thoughts, and set her free;  
That, purely, I may offer all  
To him, who rendered all for me.

---

## IDOLS REJECTED.

SHE listen'd to the appeal  
For heathen far away;  
I saw the tear of pity fall,  
And heard the beauty say:

O God! these glittering toys,  
Unreal as they be—  
Have to my erring eyes outshone  
The light that beams from thee.

This chain of virgin gold—  
Gift of my mother's love—

Has linked unto the world below  
Thoughts due to worlds above.

This coronal of pearls  
That wantons on my brow,  
I hate it, for the pagan's tear  
Blots out its lustre now.

The sparkling diamond, more  
This bosom shall not wear;  
Its rays would beacon to the world  
The folly hidden there.

Nor shall my heart refuse  
Earth's baubles to resign;  
Is not salvation's priceless pearl,  
The gem of heaven, mine?

Thus on the altar laid,  
This sacrifice shall burn  
In purifying flame, from which  
No idol shall return.

---

#### WHAT IS DEATH ?

I ask'd the laughing bright-haired boy,  
As he bounded on in his innocent joy;—  
His eye with accustomed lustre shone,  
To him it was a word unknown.

I asked the fair as she flew along  
The mazy dance, to the sound of song;  
She paused not on her giddy way,  
She answered not, but turned away.

I asked the man of silvery hairs,  
As he tottered on with years and cares;  
He shook his head and was eager yet  
To bear that load and Death forget.

The toiling fool, as he passed by  
With hurried step and anxious eye,  
I asked next, and heard a groan  
From his hoarded heaps, but of answer, none.

I bent me o'er the bed of death,  
And asked as I watched the passing breath;—  
But by the foe that heart was crushed,  
The voice of reply was forever hushed.

I searched amid the place of tombs,  
And fearfully asked of its silent glooms:  
Surely, surely, ye can tell,  
None are so drear, none know so well.

O, tell me sepulchres! I said,  
And Echo answered from the dead;  
I only heard among the trees  
By the hollow graves, the moaning breeze.

In tears I sought the Bible then,  
And saw, writ by Jehovah's pen;  
*To the wicked 'tis undying pain,*  
*To the righteous 'tis eternal gain.*

## 'T WAS DEITY THAT DIED.

IF He that in the manger slept,  
 When visions broke on Beth'lem's plain;  
 Whose voice spake balm to those that wept,  
 And silence to the surging main—  
 If that meek ONE, who, to fulfil  
 All prophecy, the winepress trod,  
 And bore up Calvary's weary hill  
 The cross, and died, was not the God—

Why should I, while these life-storms beat,  
 Aid of *his* finite arm implore,  
 Or when joy revels round my feet,  
 For this the Nazarene adore?  
 And why, in shuddering nature's hour  
 Invoke *him* to receive my breath;  
 Or ask his shielding wing of power  
 To guard the slumberer in death?

O ΤΗΟΥ!—when thou didst lay the beams  
 Of thy broad chambers, and from far  
 Didst call thy worlds and break the dreams  
 That long had held the morning star—  
 Dwelt not with Thee thy equal Son  
 Who made his couch among the dead;  
 And rising thence—the victory won,  
 Poured aroma upon that bed?

O did no portent speak from high,  
 To Jew and Roman when HE fell;

The darkness, earthquake and the cry,  
Messiah's true descent to tell—  
Yet would my heart rejoice to own  
Unto that seat his rightful claim;  
I know it, bending at the throne,  
I weep and find it in his name.

---

## UNION—NULLIFICATION.

THEY spake of *Union*—and the words  
Recording angels wrote on high:  
They asked a pledge—and leaping swords  
Flashed out upon the troubled sky.

God of our patriot fathers! when  
Invading footsteps vexed their coasts,  
And banners of those unmoved men  
Waved glory o'er the smitten hosts.—

Why heap'd they monumental stones,  
Which trembling kings in vain forbid;  
And freely laid their martyr bones  
Beneath the rising pyramid?

And why doth thy wide wing of power  
Fold their immortal labours still;  
And homage wait, to this good hour,  
From land and sea, a nation's will?

Why thus—if yon misguided men  
 May scorn and cast away the tie,  
 And whisper *Dissolution*, when  
 It means such toil, such fruit must die?

Yea, meaneth that the star of light,  
 Which streamed and burned to every shore,  
 The world's last hope—in low'ring night  
 Must sadly set, to rise no more?

What boots it all, if coward kings  
 May hush their terror with the dead;  
 And they may scoff--yon titled things—  
 The dream that *warned*, not *woke* them, fled?

And if, forever, be forgot  
 The hills, once wrapt in battle's flame;  
 And perished every holy spot  
 Whose greener covering tells of fame?

*Dissolve the Union?* aye, 'tis well;  
 Break kindred with the glorious Slain;  
 And freedom for a pottage sell,  
 And clasp, without a blush, your chain!

Oh no! oh no! ye will not dare  
 To name it where ye laid the brave;  
 Ye could not murmur treason there,  
 Ye could not mock the soldier's grave.

No! breathe it far, far off, where beat  
 Wild storms, in some accursed clime;

Or where their wail, the seas repeat  
In cadence, to the tread of time.

Yet madmen, stay! 'twill not be long;  
Oh stay! till of that hoary band,  
*The last* has join'd the upward throng,  
Nor mourned a mighty, fallen land.

*December, 1832.*

---

BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

On seeing an ancient picture of a beautiful Lady.

How loudly rang her ready praise  
In her ancestral hall,  
How beauteous at the levee, once,  
How graceful at the ball:  
It matters not—that fair one now,  
The idol of the brave,  
The pageant of a former hour,  
Is Beauty in the Grave.

How much admired for sparkling wit  
And prized for virtues true;  
How by the multitude esteemed,  
Beloved by the few,  
It matters not—alike the same  
To him, as is the slave,  
The sordid worm holds banqueting  
On Beauty in the Grave.

The well-proportioned shape, the grace  
Of woman's queenly tread,  
The speaking eye, the budding lip,  
Of nature's dewy red;  
The thousand witcheries that still  
Our warmest homage crave,  
What are they in Death's arms, and what  
Is Beauty in the Grave?

Go ye to whom are faultless forms  
And lovely features given,  
To manifest that still below  
Is something left of heaven;  
Go! in humility forget  
The charms ye cannot save;  
Look hence a little hour and see  
Your Beauty in the Grave.

And look upon the laughing earth,  
Where spring in careless play  
Puts forth its fairest blossoms, but  
To deck them with decay.  
And look upon the face of all  
That's beautiful and brave,  
On every blessing lent to man  
Are traces of the Grave.

Yet gaze on ONE from whom that trace  
May never pass away,  
Though he corruption never saw  
Nor in its realm could stay:

And see in the immortal scars  
 That may the sinner save,  
 The victory of him who came  
 In beauty from the Grave.

*June, 1834.*

---

PRECIOUS DUST IS THAT!

“Do you see the end of that coffin there?” asked the sexton.  
 “Precious dust is that.”—*Pastoral Sketches.*

As looking down this silent vault,  
 You seek the wasting dead,  
 Dost see, just by the narrow door  
 Reclined, that coffin's head?

And that is *William's* humble couch,  
 His quiet dwelling, where  
 He resteth from his pilgrimage;  
 And precious dust is there.

And blessed is his memory,  
 Though thundered not by fame;  
 'Tis treasured in our Sabbath school;  
 The children lisp his name.

He had no garnered gold, yet he  
 In faith was rich indeed;  
 Only to plant sufficed him not,  
 Prayer watered too the seed.

He had no learning. What could one  
Thus poor and lowly do?  
*Much* in that whitened field, whose gains  
Are neither small nor few.

And there he toiled, and watched, and wept,  
Believing from the root  
Thus nurtured, would the Spirit bring  
Immediate, living fruit.

And now he resteth. Pure in life,  
How calm in death was he!  
Like him, a bright and blessed one,  
O, Jesus, may I be.

As I look down this sepulchre,  
*His* coffin meets me first:  
I moved it there, for pleasant 'tis  
To me, to see his dust.

His friends oft cluster here. Of peace  
What thoughts come over them,  
While whispering of the casket, where  
Is hid so rich a gem!

Not so. The gem across whose ray  
Death's shadow was not thrown—  
So beautiful, God's hand hath set  
With jewels of his own.

And in that day of beams, to which  
All other days are dim,  
Who would not, 'mid the shuddering flight  
Of worlds, be found with him?

## E—— B—— C——

WAS she not lent ye? and ye weep  
When God would rightly claim his own;  
O fondly deem not ye may keep  
What he has beckoned to the throne.

He speaks in mercy, as he spoke  
When to your prayer a soul was given;  
When he this deathless germ awoke,  
Whose principle should live in heaven.

“And take this child,” was the behest,  
“And wisely nurture it for me;”  
This done, O surely ye are blest  
To yield it back at his decree.

Yea, blest, whose bosom tide below  
Thus follows what ye purely love;  
And only turns from earth, to flow  
Untroubled, in a world above.

---

HAST thou seen the cloud of morning  
Veil with gloom the azure sky?  
Hast thou marked the rosy dawning  
Wrapt in boding darkness fly?  
Thus each hope is fleeting ever,  
Pleasure meets us, soon to sever!

Hast thou seen—the tempest over—  
 Radiant suns again illumine;  
 Threatening storms no longer hover,  
 Nature bud with fresher bloom?  
 Thus, through darkest clouds of even,  
 Smiles the opening dawn of heaven.

---

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS.

I.

THE angel-ranks that gird the throne  
 Of Majesty, stand not alone;  
 To mortals, disenthralled, 'tis given  
 To join the choral hymn of heaven:  
 Hark! even now a richer strain  
 Comes floating o'er the eternal plain;  
 To infant choirs those harps belong,  
 And children's voices swell that song.

Gabriel ne'er touched a sweeter string,  
 His legions listen as they sing;  
 O, whence those cherub minstrels,—say,—  
 Clad in Immanuel's bright array?  
 In scenes where thoughtless worldlings dwell  
 Their lot was cast, whose lyres now swell  
 The thrilling melody above;  
 Thine be the praise, O God of love!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL! Earth has no name  
 Worthier to fill the breath of Fame;

The untold blessings it hath shed,  
 Shall be revealed when worlds have fled:  
 O thou of Bethlehem! once a child,  
 Jesus! compassionate and mild,  
 Approve thy work, be this the sum  
 Of all our toil—"THY KINGDOM COME!"

—

## II.

If this low vale of strife and tears  
 Were never sunned by Mercy's beam,  
 Where gladness now, O God, appears,  
 How dark would thy creation seem!  
 Revealed in splendours was thy name,  
 When morn her banners first unfurled;  
 Yet lovelier is the Light that came,  
 Shedding Redemption o'er a world.

To this high impulse man has bowed,  
 And frigid hearts have learned to love;  
 The fierce are humbled—on the proud  
 Sits meekness, like a peaceful dove:  
 Now are the mighty of the earth  
 Workers with God—now hoary age  
 Pants to partake the second birth;  
 Now children are his heritage.

Earth has a theme allied to heaven,  
 And joys like those that linger there,  
 When to these lisping ones is given  
 The artless eloquence of prayer;

They waken, too, a trembling string,  
 While holy rapture warms and thrills,  
 With hymns as sweet as seraphs sing  
 Upon those everlasting hills.

Our hearts rejoice—our bosoms glow;  
 This hour what cheering visions rise!  
 These children, nurtured thus below,  
 Shall swell the assemblies of the skies.  
 Glorious will be his diadem,  
 And songs and ecstasies unknown,  
 Who forms for God one beauteous gem  
 To sparkle on the eternal throne.

—

## III.

Our fathers rose in peril's day,  
 To die, or life and land to free:  
 O, thou! who nerv'dst them for that fray,  
 The arms and victory were from thee;  
 And thou that didst for them decree  
 A passage through the countless host,  
 Saviour from chariot and from sea,  
 Thou art the God in whom we boast!

Upon our fair and favoured land  
 Descends abundance in a shower;  
 And many a bright and joyous band  
 Their banners rear to peace this hour;  
 Convened beneath our leafy bower,  
 The turf our shrine—the sky our dome

We praise thee, thou Protecting Power!  
For blessings past—for hopes to come.

And Lord! from thy pavilion shine  
Upon the offering, as thou'st shone;  
And be each heart's inscription thine,  
To God unseen, yet not unknown!  
And O, propitious from thy throne  
Of starry light, behold us now:  
And let the thought of thee alone  
Possess our bosoms as we bow.

Long look, and kindly on the soil  
Once watered with the pilgrims' tear;  
And grant that all their prayers and toil  
May yield to thee a harvest here;  
And as thy hand metes out the year,  
Bless thou the ruled and those that rule;  
And O, our God! be ever near  
In love, to bless the SUNDAY SCHOOL.

—

#### IV.

O SAVIOUR! were thine arms of love  
Around Judea's children thrown,  
When thou didst say that such above,  
Thou would'st before thy Father own?

Then we, to seek thy face to-day,  
In simple confidence will come;  
And where thy chosen offspring stay,  
The gentile, too, shall find a home.

Are not the world's rebukings stilled  
As infant lips their warblings raise,  
And heaven its promise sees fulfilled,  
That thou from babes wilt perfect praise?

Then we will join the noble strain,  
Heard first, when stars their courses trod;  
And later, on the Shepherd's plain,  
Of Peace to Man and Praise to God.

O let this hour, the thundering drum  
Proclaim the triumphs of the free;  
We'll sing, away from tumult's hum,  
The peace that purely flows from thee;

From thee, that led'st our fathers' bands,  
And taught their arms the fight to win;  
Give victory to the children's hands,  
Now break for them the chains of sin!

And as thou with the upper spring  
Hast freely blest the eastern soil,  
O bid the nether waters fling  
Refreshings o'er this valley's toil:

And send thy light and send thy power  
And love, the waking world abroad,  
Till earth resemble Eden's bower,  
A second garden of the Lord.

*Cincinnati, July 4, 1832.*

## MY COUNTRY—LIBERTY.

YET on thy lovely robe of light  
Where starry gems in glory lie,  
One spot is seen, that's dipped in night  
One cloud yet stains thy brilliant sky.  
'Tis slavery—yea, the negro's tear  
Has steep'd the soil where martyrs bled;  
His withering curse has met the ear,  
Breathed o'er the bones of Freedom's dead.  
Farewell to Liberty for thee,  
'Till these, thy basely thrall'd, are free.

---

Shall slavery triumph? let the dust  
Of slaughtered patriots answer thee;  
Shall slavery triumph?—freeman! first  
Extinct thy land and name shall be.

Look up! look up! the charter lives,  
'Tis lettered with thy father's blood;  
Yet false the promise that it gives,  
A lure to man, a lie to God.

“All men are free”—and free are they,  
The noble words though thou heed not;  
And sooner earth will pass away,  
Than of their truth shall pass one jot.

The haughty—let them still defame,  
And stir their vassals to the strife;

In such a conflict what's a name?  
To glorious freedom, what is life?

And, let them rage and overturn,  
And gnash upon us if they will—  
Our temples, dwellings, raze and burn;  
Earth's Ruler mocks their madness still.

We care not, if the slave repeat,  
Released, our humble deeds in prayer;  
We care not, so our names but meet  
With WILBERFORCE, in blessings there.

---

ALL ARE NOT FREE !

ALL are not free!—My country, is it thus?  
And is thy consecrated soil deep stained  
With Ethiopian tears of bondage? *Free?*  
And art thou free, whose thousands till and curse  
Thy soil, unfriendly? Never canst thou claim  
That god-like title till the slave is free.  
True, some are found among thy sons, that scorn  
Their fellow beings to retain on terms  
So abject, damning, to the name of Man.  
Who envies not, and envying, would not seek  
The pearl, of price unknown, Philanthropy?  
To see the enfranchised African look out  
From misery's abyss, to the glad light  
Of beaming cheerfulness, and on the face

Where anguish lately sat, to see the tear  
 Of gratitude and joy—who would not part  
 With hoards of avarice to win that smile?  
 With slavery's gains to buy that holy tear!  
 Soul of Benevolence! thou that below  
 Dwellest, a bright and pure Intelligence,  
 Lending to our gross earth somewhat of heaven—  
 Thou art not seen in the recorded deed  
 Of purse-proud grandeur, nor dost thou delight  
 In Ostentation's alms, whose left hand knows  
 And trumpets forth its fellow's charity:  
 'Tis the disinterested act that claims,  
 And truly claims, applause of man and God.

---

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

HAST thou, my soul, improved each power,  
 With zeal, THIS DAY, for God and man?  
 Has diligence marked every hour,  
 As though this day might close the span?

O! if another opening morn  
 On earth, should never smile on thee—  
 Wert thou to meet another dawn  
 In yon unknown eternity—

Should'st thou with grief review this day,  
 And tremble at JEHOVAH's rod?  
 Or, would'st thou calmly soar away,  
 To welcome an approving God?

## I LOVE THE BLUSH OF EARLY MORN.

I LOVE the blush of early morn,  
That beams with rosy hue;  
When sparkling o'er the verdant lawn,  
It gems the crystal dew.

'Tis then I muse on Mary's smile,  
That dimpling bright and fair,  
My sorrow always can beguile,  
And charm each latent care.

I love the mildly pensive ray,  
That lonely twilight cheers:  
When gleaming at the close of day,  
It shines through evening's tears.

'Tis then fond memory softly says,  
While throbs my bosom move—  
That such is Mary's tender gaze,  
And such her glance of love.

---

  
MUSIC.

THOU dear enchantress of the soul!  
Whose magic skill life's ills can calm,  
Whose nod can bid the whirlwind roll,  
Whose whisper can its rage disarm:

Sweet Music! I invoke thy power ;  
Thou bid'st the aspiring spirit rise ;  
Thou charm'st existence' tearful hour,  
And pointest hope to yonder skies.

In life's drear maze I've wandered long,  
And sought for peace, but none could find,  
Till listening to the thrilling song,  
My bosom owned its influence kind.

O, if to finite state be given  
Some emanation from above,  
Some foretaste of a brighter heaven,  
'Tis Music from the lips we love.

---

#### THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA.

WHERE warrior feet once press'd the soil,  
And Freedom led her thousands on,  
Hath Knowledge gather'd goodly spoil,  
And meek Religion trophies won.

O'er valleys where repose the brave,  
Her lovely stars hath Peace unfurled ;  
And harvests on the hill-tops wave,  
Where once the cloud of battle curled.

There bowed the hostile ranks in death—  
There bent our sires the willing knee,

And from that ground, Lord God! the breath  
Of glad thanksgiving rose to thee.

Thou who didst nerve their dauntless hosts,  
And give them victory on that field,  
From deadlier foemen guard these coasts,  
From *sin*, O God! the children shield.

Thou went'st before them, King of kings!  
And on their camp thy power shone out;  
O, that the shadow of thy wings  
Might ever compass *these* about.

Make thou this land a heritage  
Refreshed by kindly sun and shower—  
Whose youth shall bloom, from age to age,  
Thy right-hand plants of fairest flower.

Thy smiles they need, their care to crown,  
Who watch the gate or build the dome;  
Lord! on *our* toil send unction down,  
And gather these immortals home.

And be the pearls of lustre ours,  
The gems that heaven might seek to wear—  
Children arrayed in yonder bowers,  
Led by our tears and watchings there.

## YES IT IS SWEET TO CONTEMPLATE.

Yes it is sweet to contemplate  
The awful, pleasing hour,  
When yielding to relentless fate,  
We own death's iron power.

'Tis sweet to rest the aching head  
In yonder peaceful tomb,  
Where the tall grass around the bed,  
Luxuriantly doth bloom.

And O, when by the world forgot,  
I sleep unconscious there—  
Will not some wild-flower deck the spot.  
Nourished by friendship's tear?

Sweeter will this cold bosom rest,  
If prized in memory;  
Lighter the clod upon my breast,  
Bedewed, my friend, by thee.

---

CAPE MAY.

NEW JERSEY! thy blue hills are fair to the vision,  
Serene are the beauties thy valleys display;  
Thy streams are romantic, thy gardens elysian,  
And dear to this bosom thy sea-beat CAPE MAY.

How pleasant to wander where nought but old ocean  
Is heard interrupting calm nature's repose;  
Or gaily to mingle where pleasure in motion  
Waits on the first day-beam and hallows its close.

Sweet innocence, beauty and fashion uniting,  
See the votaries of health and good-feeling appear;  
Gay wit wreaths the bowl with rich humour inviting,  
And Pleasure is queen of the festival here.

How tranquil the scene, when Atlantic's proud billow  
Sleeps calm 'neath the moon-ray! When tempests  
deform;

'Tis truly majestic, as roused from his pillow,  
The god of the waters careers on the storm:

When deep calls to deep and the surge mocks the  
mountain,  
And the voice of the tempest is heard on the main,  
When the storm-cloud, in anger, has opened its  
fountain,  
And the torrent has deluged the valley and plain!

Soon the gale dies in whispers, the billows are  
bounding,  
The moans of the tempest in sympathy cease;  
While I gaze at new beauties the prospect sur-  
rounding,  
My heart is expanded to pleasure and peace.

Though thy blue hills, NEW JERSEY! are fair to the  
vision,  
Unnumbered the beauties thy valleys display;

Though thy streams are romantic, thy gardens ely-  
sian,  
Yet lovelier, I reckon, thy sea-beat CAPE MAY.

---

In the British Museum I viewed a tombstone, that parental affection had reared in a city of Greece, two thousand years ago. I reflected that the parents had followed their son to a dark and cheerless grave—Two thousand years ago, in Greece, a future life and immortality were unknown.—*Letters of an American.*

THE father mourned his only son,  
And who might check those tears?  
The grave was now to close upon  
The hope of waning years;  
But *she* unto her bosom pressed  
Her child, in agony;  
For never more upon that breast,  
Might he, her loved one, lie.

And who the wild despair may tell,  
That o'er her spirit past,  
That mother—when she sighed farewell,  
And drank that look—the last!  
O, she knew not the babe she wept  
\* Now trod yon sparkling plain;  
That he who in corruption slept,  
Should wake to smiles again.

They gave that infant to the earth,  
But graved not on the stone

Of resurrection's living birth,  
When wasted worlds were flown;  
Yet what of mercy *now* appears  
To heal death's dart of wo,  
We, who lament with chastened tears  
Our buried ones, may know.

---

## FOR MY CHILD.

O LORD my God! I would not seek  
Those glances that the guilty shun;  
Only that thou hast said, the weak  
And tried, are fellows with thy Son.

And though earth's proud ones may not meet  
Acceptance, where thy chosen pray;  
In helplessness, before thy feet,  
Where angels kneel, a father may.

He comes to thee in confidence,  
A pleader for his offspring now;  
Thou'lt hear! for in Judea once  
The robe of childhood worest thou.

And only thou didst give these ties,  
Pure kindlings—this dark world to cheer;  
To whom then, should a father's cries  
Be gathered, save unto thine ear?

Thine ear, that drinks the lightest sigh  
Breathed from this vale of sighs, as soon

As trumpet tones that ring on high  
The joys of thy eternal noon.

I know what hope's revealings are,  
Though frail—what faith's supportings be;  
When with the giant arm of prayer  
I lift my child aloft to thee.

Thou'lt hear!—and yet what form of speech  
Shall all a father's heart reveal,  
When every pulse the throne would reach,  
When strong desirings bid me kneel,

And ask that he who stills the wave,  
Who touches, and in wrath 'tis curled,  
Will save him who goes forth to brave  
The deeps of an unquiet world!

Thou who didst mould his perfect form,  
And round it bid the current roll:  
And lighting up the life-blush warm,  
Informed it with a conscious soul:

God—whose own breath in infant hour,  
His budding graces cheered and fanned,  
Till ripening out in boyhood's flower,  
Their charms confess the Maker's hand;

Who else but thee can cause to run  
In holy ways, his faltering feet;  
And fling around that trusting one,  
The arm that back the storm shall beat?

But thee, to whom I gave him when  
 Baptismal waters bathed his brow?  
 Thy promise calmed my spirit then,  
 Renew it, for I yield him now.

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VERSES,

ON SEEING AN ANCIENT PEAR TREE, WHICH WAS  
 IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND IN 1647.

THOU ancient tree,  
 Survivor of the storm,  
 Wondrous to me  
 Thy venerable form.  
 The blast of years  
 Has strewed the neighbouring soil,  
 While thou survivest  
 The angry whirlwind's spoil.

Long hast thou flourished  
 Liberal of richest fruit;  
 And various soils have nourished  
 Thy healthy root.  
 From Holland's moistened clime  
 Our fathers bore the prize,  
 In early time  
 To thrive 'neath western skies.

Perhaps thy shade  
Has often screened our sires  
From summer's ray,  
And autumn's milder fires:  
Beneath thy boughs reclined  
Visions of ages rose;  
They saw a nation free,  
Triumphant o'er its foes.

Perhaps, in each fond heart  
Was liberal feeling found;  
They, too, wept sorrow's smart,  
And smiled in pleasure's round:  
The voice of friendship  
Could lull each bosom care;  
The song of love  
Could waken rapture there.

Where are they?  
Thou sawest them disappear—  
They sleep in clay  
Forgotten is the tear.  
And we shall follow;  
Yes, hoary tree!  
Thy arms will brave the blast,  
When we to our eternity  
Have past.

## EUROPE—1826.

EUROPE! vicissitudes are thine,  
The tyrant's scourge by thee is felt;  
Thou bendest at the idol shrine  
To which our fathers darkly knelt.  
Unhappy Spain! thou once wast free  
As are the waves that lash thy shore;  
Yet hath the bigot vanquished thee;  
Yon heaven, that saw the ruffian pour  
Thy blood, as water on the ground,  
Yon heaven, that heard the vow accursed  
That binds the holy miscreant band,  
Shall smile on thee, ill-fated land;  
And, starting from thy depth profound,  
Thou shalt arise, and from the dust  
Of these, thy martyr'd, swords shall leap  
To tell that justice cannot sleep.  
Rejoice, fell spirit of despair!  
Inquisitorial demons, hail!  
I see your vengeance darkly glare,  
Already death-shrieks load the gale;  
Yet, mock not, France! thy victory's vain,  
Thy ruthless hand hath forged the chain,  
The iron, true, is deeply driven,  
Cursed be the bolt that slaves have riven—  
At freedom's soul-inspiring call,  
Which Spain shall hear, and hearing live,  
The bolt and chain will, scattered, fall;  
The dead in bondage shall revive—

Aye, and of them that crush thee now,  
Those fiends of an unthought-of hell—  
If one survive, his gloomy brow  
Stamped with that Cain-like guilt, shall tell  
To wondering men the quenchless shame  
Of him that scorns the patriot's name.

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## WE MAY HALLOW THE SPOT.

We may hallow the spot where the warriors rest,  
Where their record we've blazoned on stone;  
We may call to our shores Europe's thousands op-  
pressed,  
That have fled from the cottage and throne.  
We may weave it in song that Columbia's fame  
Is of earth's coward despots the ban;  
And wherever seas roll that her glorious name  
Is the watchword of freedom to man.  
Vain all! if in chaplets that circle her now,  
Shall no leaf of Religion be seen;  
If Science bloom not in the light of her brow,  
With the amaranth-garland of green.

We may love the stern purpose that trustingly laid  
The rock of her greatness in prayer;  
And the virtue and valour that constantly stayed  
The storm, may our gratitude share.

Vain all, if not cherished—for God, whose decree  
Has exalted her destinies high,  
Proclaims that the nation made mighty and free  
By the Truth only, never can die.  
Near this beautiful stream, on the soil of our PENN,  
The shrine\* to that truth which we rear  
We will base on Religion, and Liberty then  
Shall rejoice in her worshippers here.

While time lays the altars of nations gone by  
With the shafts of their temples in dust,  
From this, shall pure incense ascend to the sky,  
When the foot-fall of ages is hushed.  
The fire that came down on their offerings, untrue,  
Is quenched—'twas unhallowed and dim;  
But the flame that burns here, will Jehovah renew,  
For its brightness is borrowed from him.  
O! our beautiful land in its breadth and its length,  
By the pilgrim and patriot trod—  
With the wreck of the past shall not lie, if its  
strength  
And its glory be given to God.

*July 23d, 1834.*

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\* Bristol College on the Delaware, Pennsylvania.

## THE WEARY WHEELS.

THE weary wheels—the weary wheels—  
O, when will they at length stand still?  
Yet hush, this toiling fabric feels  
It must perform its Maker's will.

The days of pain—the days of pain—  
O, when will these at last be o'er?—  
Yet are complainings only vain,  
I kiss the rod and still adore.

The nights of tears—the nights of tears—  
O, when will come the welcome morn?  
Yet hope, the solacer of fears,  
Shall to my darkness bring the dawn.

The buried friend—the buried friend—  
Joys! ye are confined with his dust;  
Yet this bereaved heart shall blend  
With his, that fled from sorrow first.

The quiet earth—the quiet earth—  
When shall I on its bosom lie?  
Yet he that called me into birth  
Alone may bid me when to die.

The joyful heaven—the joyful heaven—  
Remaineth there for me a rest?  
Yet sins and follies all forgiven,  
I may be numbered with the blessed.

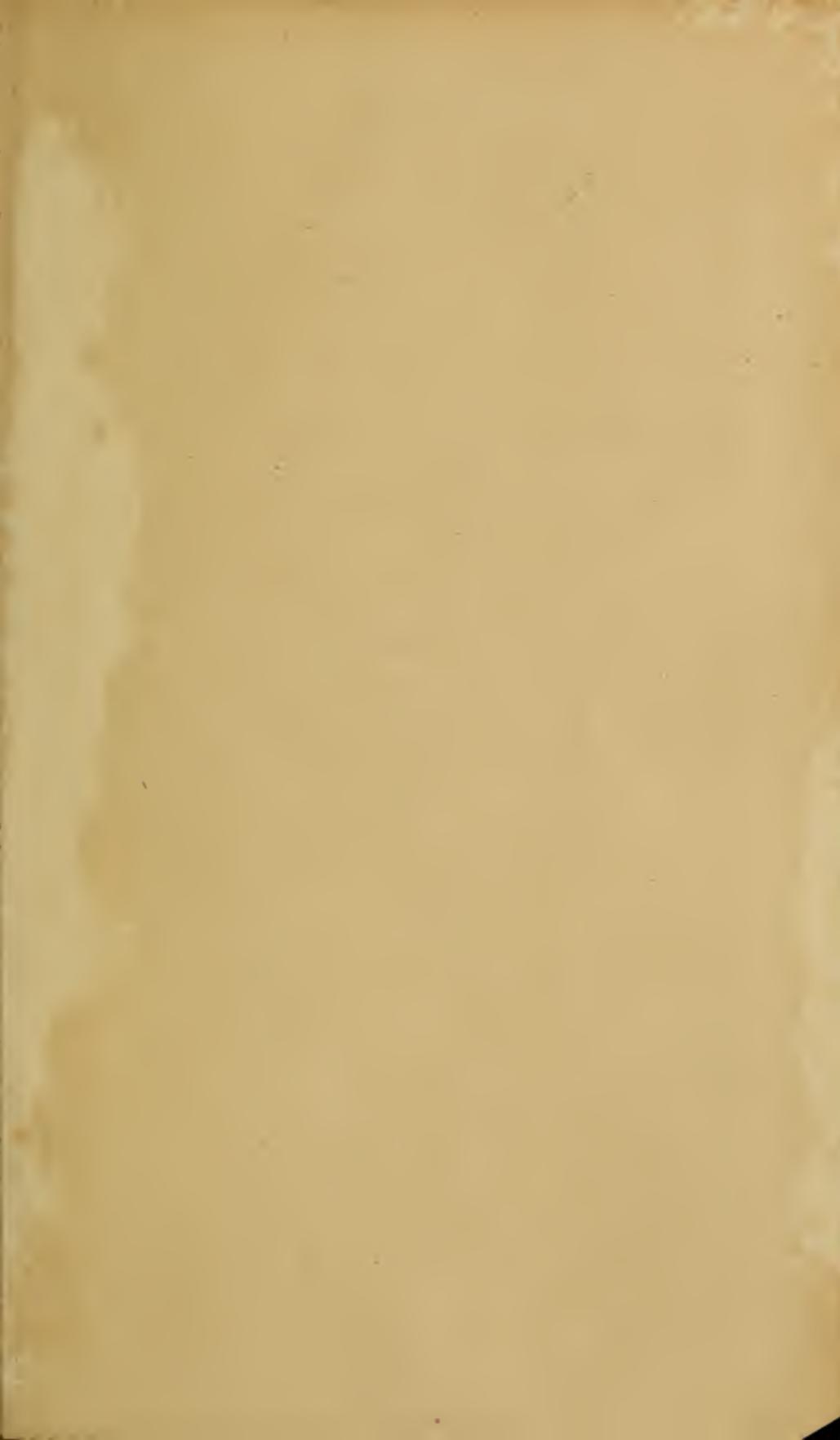
The wondrous cross—the wondrous cross—  
Its shame the proud refuse to share;  
Yet unto me the world is dross  
To gems that shine and cluster there.

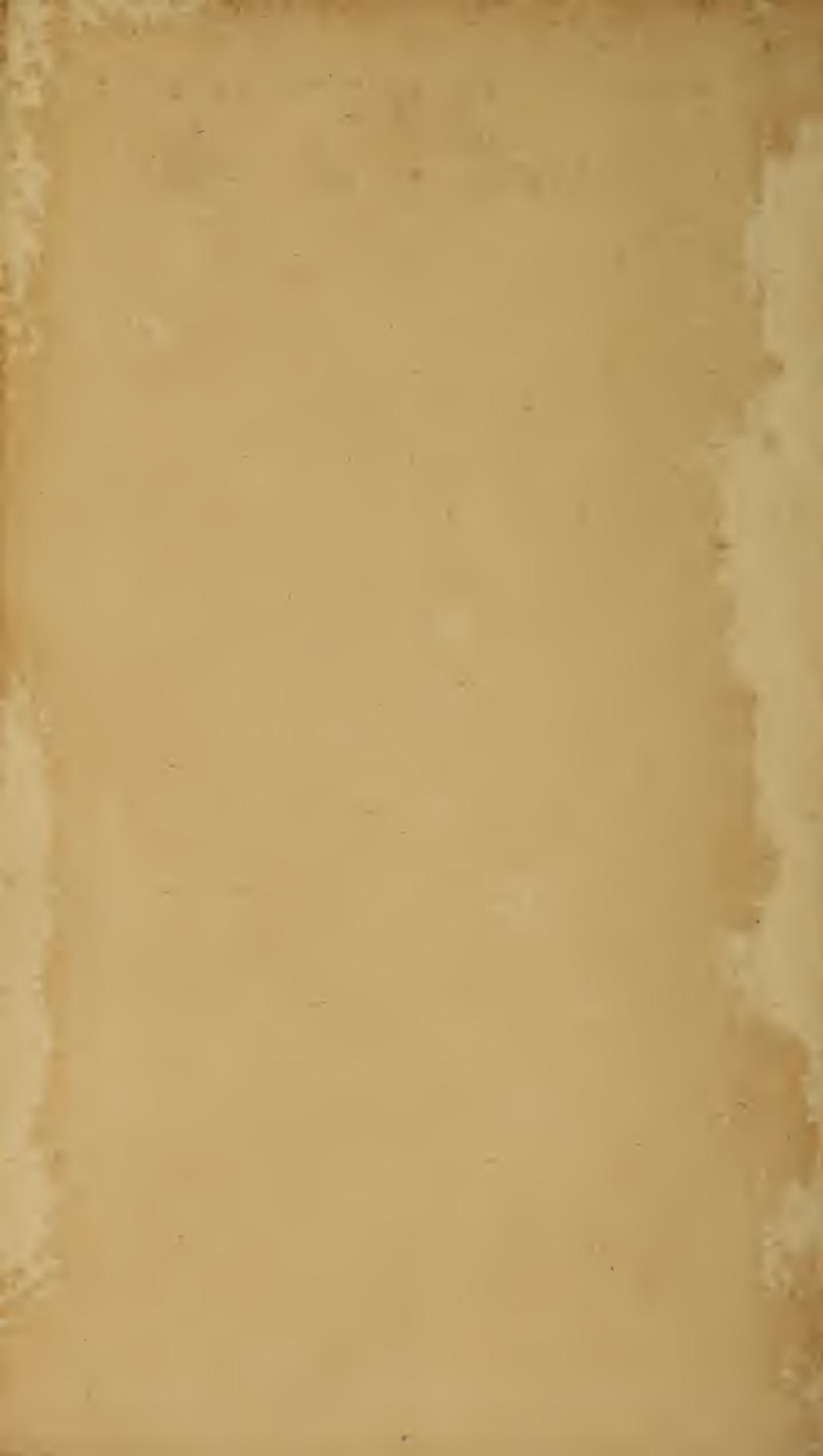
Then weary wheels—then weary wheels  
Roll onward at my Father's will;  
For as a child my spirit feels  
Submissive at his feet, and still.

THE END.









Rochester  
May 21 95 35

