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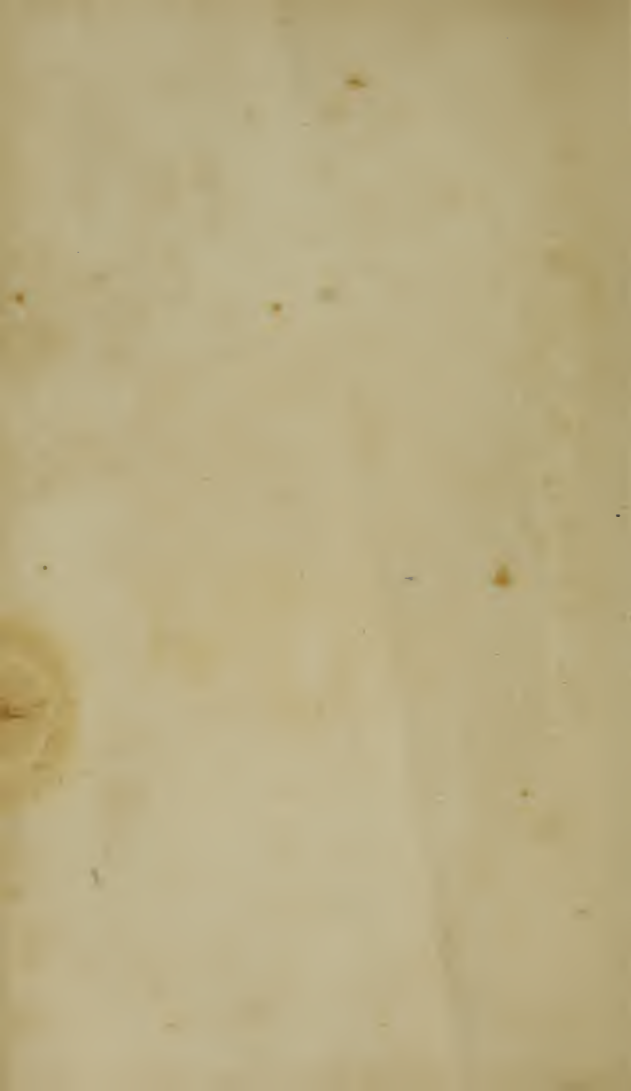
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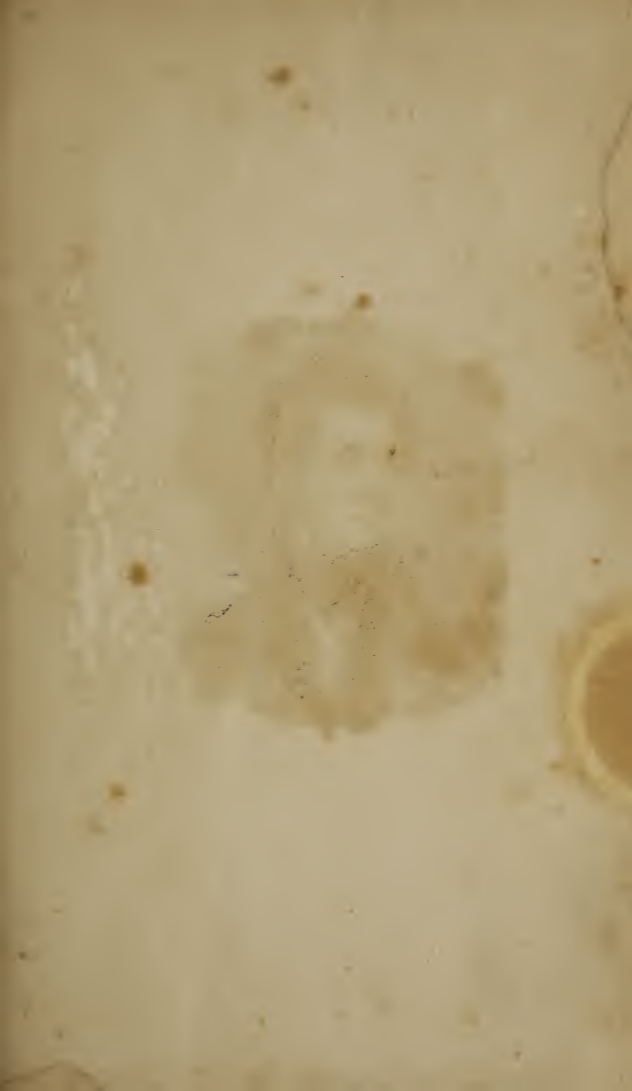
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KATHARINE E. COMAN











WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

THE
P O E M S
OF
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY PERKINS—CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW YORK—LEAVITT, LORD & CO.
BOSTON—PERKINS & MARVIN.

1834.

I. Ashmead & Co. Printers.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE NATIVITY	13
To the Stars	14
My Boy Sleeping	15
There is an hour of peaceful rest	17
Filial Love	18
One hundred years from now	19
Ode for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill	20
Prayer written during a Pestilence	22
There is a Harp	23
Sixteen	23
The Departed	25
The Maternal Prayer Meeting	26
Christ Rejected	28
Christ Risen	29
Why should we sigh	30
Warriors of the Revolution	31
Rev. John Summerfield	33
When death shall lay	34
Conflagration of the Orphan Asylum at Philadelphia	35
I knew the Boy	36
Gethsemane	37
The Slaveholder's Throne	38
You asked I remember	40
Love	41
American Slavery	42
Weep not	44
Uzzah	45
To the North Star	46
Charles Carroll of Carrollton	47
I said thus to my Glass	49
Palestine	51
Star of Bethlehem	52
Close of the Week	54
The Wail of the Deep	55
The Field Star of Bethlehem	56
Home of my Youth	57
The Magdalen's Hymn	58
The Albion	59
Retrospection	61
The Vigil	62
The Bunker Hill Monument	63
What dost thou here	64
The Wreck	65

To a Young Friend with a pocket Testament	-	Page 65
Thy Will be Done	- - - -	66
There's Rest for the Weary	- - - -	67
Charles H. Parker	- - - -	68
Chilese Warrior's Song	- - - -	69
Redemption	- - - -	71
My Departed Child	- - - -	72
The Morning Star	- - - -	73
Sonnet—the Tomb	- - - -	74
Hymn to the Dead	- - - -	75
My Country	- - - -	76
Why do I love thee	- - - -	78
Founded on a fact that occurred Sept. 1826	- - - -	79
The Thorn of Life	- - - -	81
The Boatman's Return	- - - -	82
When the Rose in Sharon blooming	- - - -	84
Before me lies the troublous Deep,	- - - -	85
I long had loved thee	- - - -	86
To the Crescent	- - - -	88
When cold in the dust	- - - -	89
They shall lie down alike	- - - -	91
Yes they have fled—the war-whoop's call	- - - -	93
Song of the Mariner	- - - -	94
Extract from the Italian	- - - -	95
The Maniac	- - - -	96
Mary at the Sepulchre	- - - -	97
To a Youthful Friend	- - - -	98
O thou that plead'st with pitying love	- - - -	99
Death of General Stark	- - - -	100
The Red Breast	- - - -	102
The Convict Boy	- - - -	103
To the New Year	- - - -	104
The House of Industry	- - - -	106
The Missionary's Grave in the Desert	- - - -	107
The Sailor's Hymn	- - - -	108
O Come Smiling June	- - - -	109
The Barbadoes Girl to her Lover	- - - -	110
Birth of Duelling	- - - -	112
My Boy's Grave	- - - -	113
The Prophecy of Noah	- - - -	114
Shall the Warrior flee his Home	- - - -	118
I cannot but sigh	- - - -	119
The Captive Jewess	- - - -	120

INDEX.

v

To the Sensitive Plant	-	-	-	-	-	Page 121
The African Convert	-	-	-	-	-	122
The Flower of Lebanon	-	-	-	-	-	123
I fain would know if she who lately fled	-	-	-	-	-	124
Wake Isles of the South	-	-	-	-	-	126
Translation of do.	-	-	-	-	-	127
I saw the Outcast	-	-	-	-	-	128
Commodore M'Donough	-	-	-	-	-	130
We Wander	-	-	-	-	-	131
Is there a Heart	-	-	-	-	-	132
Summer	-	-	-	-	-	133
Prayer for the African Mission	-	-	-	-	-	134
Forsaken is Nazareth	-	-	-	-	-	136
Prayer for Greece	-	-	-	-	-	136
Fate of the Pilot Boat	-	-	-	-	-	138
'Tis to the East the Hebrew bends	-	-	-	-	-	140
American Sunday School Union Buildings	-	-	-	-	-	141
The Chinese Mission	-	-	-	-	-	143
Hymn for the Celebration of the Forty-Ninth Anniversary of American Independence	-	-	-	-	-	144
Farewell to New England	-	-	-	-	-	146
When o'er long night the bursting dawn	-	-	-	-	-	147
When the last tear	-	-	-	-	-	148
On viewing Trumbull's Painting	-	-	-	-	-	149
My Native Village	-	-	-	-	-	150
La Fayette	-	-	-	-	-	151
The Thunder Storm	-	-	-	-	-	152
Ruins of James Town, Va.	-	-	-	-	-	153
The Last Voyage	-	-	-	-	-	155
Last Veteran of the Revolution	-	-	-	-	-	156
What heart has not false hope misled	-	-	-	-	-	158
I love at evening's silent tide	-	-	-	-	-	159
To an interesting Young Lady deaf and dumb	-	-	-	-	-	160
Eternity	-	-	-	-	-	161
To the Dove	-	-	-	-	-	161
Look at 'tother side	-	-	-	-	-	162
The Brook Kedron	-	-	-	-	-	164
The White Hills of New Hampshire	-	-	-	-	-	165
Hymn sung in Castle Garden, New York	-	-	-	-	-	166
Worship	-	-	-	-	-	167
Abisbal's Invocation	-	-	-	-	-	169
Scio—1822	-	-	-	-	-	170
The Infant School	-	-	-	-	-	297

I love the bosom that can feel	-	-	-	Page 171
Why weepst thou	-	-	-	172
The soul that wings her airy flight	-	-	-	173
Years past—Years to come	-	-	-	174
When thou calmly sleepest	-	-	-	176
O come from a World	-	-	-	177
I dreamed of Loveliness	-	-	-	179
Is it not a little one	-	-	-	180
Wearied with play that night	-	-	-	181
Music of Light	-	-	-	183
The Prison	-	-	-	185
To my Daughter Zelia	-	-	-	186
To a Deaf and Dumb Girl	-	-	-	188
The West	-	-	-	190
Written at Long Meadow, Mass.	-	-	-	192
Mission Ships	-	-	-	194
Desolation of Tyre	-	-	-	195
Twilight Song of the Shepherds of the Andes	-	-	-	196
Prayer for the Dead	-	-	-	197
Sweet orb of Night I saw thee rise	-	-	-	199
The House of Refuge	-	-	-	199
A thousand Warriors to the charge	-	-	-	201
Happiness—where is it	-	-	-	203
I have never seen the righteous forsaken	-	-	-	204
On my Friend presenting his Infant at the Baptismal Fount	-	-	-	205
Ye Dead	-	-	-	205
Ararat	-	-	-	207
Death Bed of the Pious	-	-	-	209
Come!	-	-	-	210
The Soldiers of the Cross	-	-	-	211
Apostrophe to the Brig Tontine	-	-	-	213
To George B. English, Esq.	-	-	-	214
O, let her linger yet a while	-	-	-	215
Occasioned by an incident during a Storm	-	-	-	216
The Incarnation	-	-	-	218
Epitaph in the Cathedral of Sienna	-	-	-	219
The American Banner	-	-	-	220
To Winter	-	-	-	221
Fourth of July	-	-	-	222
To Lafayette	-	-	-	224
Occasioned by the expected presence of Lafayette	-	-	-	225
Lafayette at the Tomb of Washington	-	-	-	227
The Slave Ship	-	-	-	228

INDEX.

vii

The Incendiary	-	-	-	-	Page 229
What is Eternity	-	-	-	-	230
The Bethel Flag	-	-	-	-	232
The Castaway	-	-	-	-	234
Mrs. A. R.	-	-	-	-	336
The Blind	-	-	-	-	237
The Children's Church	-	-	-	-	239
Chapel in Liberia	-	-	-	-	240
God our God his power revealing	-	-	-	-	241
To certain Duellists	-	-	-	-	243
Occasioned by Gordon Hall's Appeal	-	-	-	-	244
Sunday School Jubilee	-	-	-	-	245
In prospect of the Cholera	-	-	-	-	247
For Deliverance from Pestilence	-	-	-	-	248
Peace	-	-	-	-	250
Rev. Adoniram Judson	-	-	-	-	352
Christ in the Tempest	-	-	-	-	255
'Tis well that ye reject the Cup	-	-	-	-	256
Death of the Patriots Adams and Jefferson	-	-	-	-	257
Verses—the Jefferson Fund	-	-	-	-	259
Requiem	-	-	-	-	260
To my Mother in New England	-	-	-	-	262
My Father's Grave	-	-	-	-	264
Maternal Love	-	-	-	-	266
Paganism could not Reply	-	-	-	-	268
The Year	-	-	-	-	269
Removal of the Remains of Commodore Perry	-	-	-	-	270
To one that meditated Suicide	-	-	-	-	272
Simeon's Prophecy	-	-	-	-	273
Song of the Warriors	-	-	-	-	275
Ye Spirits of the Just	-	-	-	-	276
To the Holy Alliance	-	-	-	-	277
Death of Fisk	-	-	-	-	279
Occasioned by the Removal of the Cherokees	-	-	-	-	280
Mrs. Sarah J.	-	-	-	-	282
To my two Children	-	-	-	-	283
Invocation	-	-	-	-	285
Revolutions	-	-	-	-	286
Departure of the Missionaries	-	-	-	-	289
The Burman's Question	-	-	-	-	292
Obey your Parents	-	-	-	-	293
Edward Payson	-	-	-	-	294
The Missionary	-	-	-	-	295

W. B. P. of England	- - - -	Page 298
The Camp Meeting	- - - -	299
For the Orphan	- - - -	302
The Sailor as he was—as he is	- - - -	303
Thy Wandering Boy	- - - -	305
The Cross	- - - -	307
Children's Worship	- - - -	308
Pilgrimage of the Dead	- - - -	310
Joseph Eastburn	- - - -	311
Who is my Neighbour	- - - -	313
Tributary	- - - -	314
Feast of the Dead	- - - -	315
G. W. of the U. S. Frigate Constitution	- - - -	316
Launch of the North Carolina	- - - -	317
The heavens were still	- - - -	318
Spain	- - - -	320
To the surviving Defenders of the Castle of St. Juan de Ulua	- - - -	321
Away, away through Trackless Space	- - - -	323
The Bearing of the Cross	- - - -	324
The Ransomed Spirit to her home	- - - -	325
Unholy Thoughts	- - - -	326
Idols Rejected	- - - -	327
What is Death	- - - -	328
'Twas Deity that died	- - - -	330
Union—Nullification	- - - -	331
Beauty in the Grave	- - - -	333
Precious Dust is that	- - - -	335
E—— B—— C——	- - - -	337
Hast thou seen the Cloud of Morning	- - - -	337
Sunday School Hymns	- - - -	338—342
My Country—Liberty	- - - -	343
All are not Free	- - - -	344
An Evening Thought	- - - -	345
Music	- - - -	346
The Children of America	- - - -	347
Yes it is sweet to Contemplate	- - - -	349
Cape May	- - - -	349
The Father Mourned his Only Son	- - - -	351
For my Child	- - - -	352
Verses on an ancient Pear Tree imported from Holland	- - - -	354
Europe—1826	- - - -	356
We may hallow the spot	- - - -	357
The Weary Wheels	- - - -	359

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.

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.

P O E M S.

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 bad'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 unfold?

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,
Blooms 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 cloys,
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 vales 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 it 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 avar'ce—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 cottage 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;

* 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.

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.

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 controll'est 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 FAİN 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 faİN would know if she, the happy one,
Forgetting self, in retrospectiōn'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 OBOOKIAH! 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 lorida."*

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.

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

* Robert Raikes.

Out of sin's path into the narrow way
 Of life. And he of the proud look was taught
 Humility; the tongue of blasphemy
 Lisped Canaan's accents; stubborn knees were
 bowed

And God's high Sabbath witnessed Wisdom's call
 Unto the young. It was a goodly work:
 It prospered;—'twas *His* own! Behold the assem-
 bly, now

That throng the Sunday School! See, on each brow
 Dove-like, sit blessedness and joy. 'Thou hear'st
 Their sweet and holy hymn: 'tis Jesus' name
 Inspires the melody. To list that song,
 Warbled from lips so lovely, well might stir
 The flinty heart, and bid the infidel,
 Rebuked, with tears exclaim, "Lord, I believe!"
 They kneel—the infant worshippers, and they
Prevail in prayer; for has He not declared
 Those that seek *early*, early me shall find?

Stranger! this noble pile is consecrate,
 Devoted to the Lord. Hence flow the streams
 That irrigate the land: yea, that refresh
 The thirsty world. Hence goes the Missionary
 To plant God's nurseries, and to the work
 To stimulate His servants. Hence the page
 Of sound Instruction, in the winning guise
 Of artless story, and the narrative
 Of holy children, early loved of God,
 And early gathered to the white-robed choir,
 Wing their glad way alike unto the hall
 Of opulence, and to the low abode
 Of poverty. Their mighty influence felt,

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
Weapest, 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 reckon 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 lead 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 coffined 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 alarm 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.

APOSTROPHE 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.
 Haste thee to yon bannered steep
 Where the Iman beckons thee;
 Haste thee!—I will go and weep
 At the foot of Calvary.

1822.

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 gleam'dst 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.

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,
Sternier 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.
Haste 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 leadest 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 Still 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.

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
Buoys 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 vanish 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.

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 possess,
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?

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 disparting 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 sattest 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 overwhelm 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,
Glows 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 THEU!—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 illume;
 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 lispings 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.

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.

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.

* 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.

