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June 10

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

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THIS Volume is submitted to the Public in deference to the suggestions of a Friend, whom the Author knows to be a competent, and is willing to regard as an impartial, judge. He considered, that Poems which had been kindly received, when published separately and singly, might anticipate no unfriendly welcome, when presented in a more commodious and much less expensive form. He was also of opinion (and here it is the Author's happiness to agree with him) that the republication of these Poems would in no respect compromise, and might possibly advance, the interests of Christian Morals and of Scriptural Religion.

It may be objected, that with such an end in view, this Volume ought to have consisted exclusively of SACRED POETRY. In reply it may be

urged, that many of the Minor Poems, including the "Historical Sketches," were composed at a period of life when the mind does not willingly confine itself to one subject ; and it was hoped that the variety, which was an agreeable relief to the writer, might not prove unacceptable to the reader, and more especially to that class of readers, for whom the work is peculiarly designed—the young. The Author trusts that this gratification (if it may pretend to so aspiring a name) will not be purchased at the expense of aught that is more intrinsically valuable.

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TO HIS
EARLIEST AND DEAREST FRIEND,

The following Poems are Inscribed

BY

THE AUTHOR,

AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN

OF

AFFECTION AND ESTEEM.

THE
WIDOW OF NAÏN.

A POEM.

I.

“ AND why this look of wild affright,
This burning tear, and pallid brow ;
Doth some dark vision of the night
With terrors haunt thee even now ?
Why thus should shadowy dreams appal ?
Thou seest 'tis but illusion all.
Soft sleep has soothed me—and my breast
Is free from pain, except for thee ;
Calm and unbroken was my rest,
And why should thine less tranquil be ?

Cease, then, my mother,— weep no more,—
Thy dream of agony is o'er :
And look not thus—I cannot bear
That look of horror and despair :—
Thy tears my former pangs renew,
Thou would'st not wish to pain me too.
Forget the fear that made thee weep ;
Be calm—perchance thou yet may'st sleep.
Still dost thou linger ?—If in vain
 I plead the sufferings all thine own
To urge repose, yet think again—
 I plead not for thyself alone.
Think, should exhausted nature fail,
(Which from thy cheek, so deadly pale,
I augur with increasing dread,)
Who then would watch beside my bed ?
Or who, unwearied, soothe like thee
The long, long nights of agony ?
I know 'twould grieve thee to resign
This care—nor should I less repine ;
No hand to me so dear as thine.
Then come, my mother, and recline
Upon my couch—and it shall be
My welcome task to watch by thee,
As thou hast often watched by me.”
Subdued—his mother fondly smiled—

That smile, dissolved in tears, soon fled—
Her words were choked—she faintly said,
“ Jehovah bless thee, oh my child !”

II.

Though still, he sleeps not—ceaseless pain
Throbs in his burning breast again ;
And yet nor sighs nor murmurs break
From his closed lips, lest *she* should wake.
Fitful and faint her slumber seems,
Broken by wild, disordered dreams :—
Oh wretched mother ! o'er thy breast
Dark presage reigns—thou canst not rest ;
On thy cold brow that sleep may press
Which springs from very weariness,
It brings no pause from misery—
'Tis not forgetfulness to thee.
The sight that never yet hath been,
Is present now to Fancy's eye ;
Prophetic visions—dimly seen—
That soon shall close in certainty.
And if, entranced, thou dost not hear
Pain's stifled whispers—in thine ear
A deep groan rings,—a dying groan—
That chills thy life-blood with its tone.
Though misery marked thine earlier date,

And sternly fell the stroke of Fate,
It left thee not *all* desolate—
Lone—widowed—poor ;—in every ill
One solace soothed thy sorrow still :
'Tis fleeting fast—not childless yet ?—
Thou shalt be, ere to-morrow set.

III.

And who reclines expiring there ?—
It is her son—her only son ;—
That child of many a fervent prayer
She loves, as they can love alone
Whose hearts are centred all in one.
She had a husband once—but he
Long since hath been where all must be :—
He fell for Zion—happier far
To die, as he had lived, unchained,
Than mourn that latest, deadliest war,
And view the sacred shrine profaned,
Its glory lost—its God disdained.
She saw,—but could not share his fate,
And exiled now, and broken-hearted,
Far from her native scenes departed
To linger through her joyless date,
In home that more became her state :—

And there in loneliness to mourn,
Until her orphan babe was born.
But from the moment of his birth,
 She strove to check the murmuring tear ;—
 She had a hope, that still was dear ;
A tie, that bound her still to earth :—
And o'er him though at times she wept,
 When Memory traced her past distress,
And gazed upon him as he slept,
 And felt that he was fatherless—
ALL was not suffering—as she prest
Her blooming infant to her breast,
And sought and shared his fond caress,
And watched his opening loveliness ;—
Oft midst her sadness has she smiled
Upon her yet unconscious child,
Till passion's strife began to cease,
And sorrow softened into peace.
Still, as from infancy he grew,
His mother's love waxed stronger too :
It was her sole delight to trace
His father's features in his face,
And fondly deem in him restored
The image of her buried lord.

* * * * *

Alas ! while health and hope were high,

And youth shone sparkling in his eye
And scarce was manhood's spring begun—
Passed the destroying Angel by,
And smote the Widow's Son!

IV.

She saw him—Death's untimely prey,
Struck with the blight of slow decline;
She watched his vigour waste away,
His ardent spirit droop and pine.
The rose upon his cheek, she knew,
Bloomed not with health's transparent hue;
It was a softer, fainter glow—
A tint of fading loveliness,
Which told that canker lurked below:—
So gleams o'er fields of wintry snow
The pale moon, cold and comfortless.
And oft she marked within his eye
A wild, unwonted brilliancy—
The lovely, but delusive ray
Of nature sinking to decay:
And oft she caught his stifled moan—
It breathed a deep and hollow tone,
Which told of death, ere life was gone.
At times, when fever's burning flush
Heightened consumption's hectic blush,

Fond hope—the latest still to leave,
The first to flatter and deceive—
Once more would brighten—but to fly
 When that false flush forsook his cheek,
 And spoke the pang he would not speak,
And froze her fears to certainty.
Nor deem it strange that Hope had power
To soothe her soul in such an hour ;
Where time has rent the lordly tower,
 And moss entwines the arches grey,
Springs many a light and lovely flower
 That lends a lustre to decay.
Thus, while existence wanes away,
 Consumption's fevered cheek will bloom,
And Beauty's brightest beams will play,
 In mournful glory, o'er the tomb.

V.

The spirit of her son to cheer,
 With hopes she now had ceased to feel :
From that dread stroke, which menaced near,
 A few short bitter days to steal ;—
To soothe the languor of decay
 She strove—all other cares were fled ;
And midnight's gloom, and morning's ray,
 Still found her watching by his bed,

To render, with unwearied hand,
All love could do, or pain demand.
The very firmness of despair
Had nerved her weaker heart to bear ;
Or never had that mother borne
 To see him die—and *thus* to die—
Untimely wasting, ere the morn
 Of youth had past unclouded by—
While art essayed in vain to save,
Or smooth his passage to the grave.
Whate'er his inward pangs might be,
 He told not—mute, and meekly still,
 He bowed him to Jehovah's will,
Nor murmured at the stern decree ;
Faith bent submissive to the rod,
And owned a Father in his God.
But still for her, beside his bed
 Who watched with fond maternal care,
 For her he breathed the pious prayer—
The tear of love and pity shed.
Oft would he bid her try to rest,
 And turn his pallid face away,
 Lest some unguarded look betray
The pangs, nor sigh nor sound expressed.
When torture racked his breast, 'twas known
By sudden shivering starts alone ;—

Yet would *her* searching glance espy
The look of stifled agony—
For what can 'scape a mother's eye ?
She deemed in health she loved him more
Than ever mother loved before ;
But, oh ! when thus in pale decay,
So placid, so resigned he lay,
And she beheld him waste away,
And marked that gentle tenderness
Which watched and wept for *her* distress ;—
Then did her transient firmness melt
To tears of love, more deeply felt ;
And dearer still he grew—and dearer—
E'en as the parting day drew nearer.

VI.

“ Tis past—the icy damps of Death
O'er my cold frame resistless steal ;
I draw a pang with every breath,
A pang I soon shall cease to feel.
While aught of hope remained—I strove
The pain that wrung my breast to hide,
Lest it should wound thy watchful love—
I could not thus have died.
Oh no, my mother ! ere we part,
Know thou the faith that cheers my heart,

And calm that wildness of despair ;
If aught can solace thee—'tis there.
I hold no sophist creeds, that say
* When the dark grave enwraps our clay,
The spirit sinks in like decay ;
'Tis but the sinner's specious lie,
I know, I feel, I cannot die.
Far too from me the vain parade,
Of duties done, and laws obeyed,
Which urge presumptuous man to rise,
And claim the meed of Paradise.
Nor tell me,—mother,—as thou wilt,
That I have shunned the ways of sin ;
Thou little know'st the latent guilt,
That dwelt—alas ! that dwells within.
If I have stood where others fell,
And trod the saint's rough path—'tis well—
By prayer and pious deeds were shown
My faith, my hope—but these alone.
Taught by the word of life, I knew
How vain was all that man could do ;

* The Sadducees denied the existence of a future state altogether. The Pharisees admitted the doctrine of the resurrection, but substituted the letter for the spirit—the ceremonies for the duties of religion. The Jewish people was almost entirely composed of these two sects.

I God his holiest acts approve,
 'Tis not in justice, but in love.
 I cast my worthless deeds away,
 My sin with bitterness deplored,
 And sought the mercy of the Lord ;—
 And now, when flesh and soul decay,
 That mercy is my only stay.
 Think not I tremble at the grave—
 Or sigh for life — no ! but for *thee*
 Unkind were they who still would save,
 For Death is victory to me.
 Repine not, though the gift he gave
 Jehovah calls thee to resign ;—
 If desolate and lonely left
 On earth—thou art not all bereft ;
 For thee may endless glories shine,
 And still my God, my heaven, be thine.
 My spirit fails—I can no more—
 Mother ! farewell ! 'twill soon be o'er ;—
 Soon will the last worst struggle cease.
 Father of Mercies ! let thy power
 Sustain me in the trying hour,
 And all shall then be peace !”

VII.

Noon came and fled—and evening grey
 Cast o'er the room its sombre shade ;

Alike to her were night and day—
Her eye was never turned away
 From the low couch where *he* was laid.
She could not weep—she could not pray,
Her soul was dark—and with despair
Devotion mingles not—the prayer,
 Breathed hopelessly, was breathed in vain :
Her all of being centred there,
 And dragged her thoughts to earth again.
Her's was that bitterness of woe,
 Which sighs or tears can never reach,
 Which mocks the bounded powers of speech :—
A recklessness of all below—
 Of all around—above—but one—
 The dying youth she gazed upon.
So looks the mariner on' the wave,
Which onward rolls his opening grave ;—
On battle-fields, with slaughter red,
Where friend by friend has fought and bled,
So looks the dying on the dead.
Her hopes, her love, her earthly bliss,
Her very soul was bound in his ;
And now the fatal hour was nigh,
When all but life with him must die,
And what—when he had ceased to be,
Oh ! what was life but misery ?

A night with cheerless gloom o'ercast,
 A maddening memory of the past ;—
 The desert of the joyless breast,
 Death's apathy,—without its rest.

VIII.

Mute, motionless, as if he slept,
 His head upon her breast reclined ;
 And yet, though horror coldly crept
 Through every vein, she never wept,
 Calm and resolved, but not resigned.
 When Hope's last lingering ray was o'er,
 Despair itself her heart might steel,
 Through all that she had felt before—
 And all that she was now to feel.
 Ha! why that wild convulsive start ?
 The agony has reached his heart ;
 The parting pang, that throbs no more,
 Has withered life, and all is o'er.—
 No! still he lives ; th' unequal strife
 Still nature bears, if that be life—
 A closing conflict—soon to cease—
 A prelude to eternal peace.
 A moment—as the fiery ball
 Flashes, but darkens ere it fall ;
 A moment, waked from that deep trance,

His eye beamed forth, and in its glance
There was a vivid energy—

A lambent ray, life's last endeavour
To sparkle ere it fade for ever—
And summon all its strength—to die.
Still heavenly Hope's undying flame
Shone midst the wreck of nature's frame ;
And through the mortal could she see
The germ of immortality.

He strove to speak—he gasped for breath—
Not all in vain—though instant death
Had touched his heart ; one faltering word

He spoke, and yet another ;
(The rest were as a dying groan,
An indistinct and murmured moan ;)
And all he said, and all she heard,

Was “ Mother ! *dearest* Mother ! ”
Life could no more ; he sighed—he ceased—

His head upon her bosom lay ;
She looked—without a groan released,
The soul had passed away.

A smile was still upon his face,

A holy calmness on his brow,
Which Death itself could not erase ;

These might have soothed her once, but *now*

*

*

*

*

IX.

'Tis eve—the sun's departing beam
Serenely sheds his purest gleam !
The liquid clouds of airy lightness,
Which tempered his meridian brightness,
Float graceful thro' the fragrant air,
And thousand hues reflected there

In varied lustre shine !

Day, like a virgin, whose young bloom,
Lost love, and blighted hopes consume,
Is loveliest in decline.

It beams for all—yet only he,
Whose breast from pining care is free,
(If such, alas : on earth there be,)
Will gaze on that fair eastern sky,
With bounding heart and raptured eye.
To him, whose pride disdains to weep
The cureless grief that will not sleep,

Fair nature smiles in vain :

He only dwells, 'midst such a scene,
On happier hours that once have been,
And ne'er shall be again.

* * * *

So deem the souls that sternly bear,
And madly pride them in despair ;
Presumptuous beings of a day,

Who know no cares beyond their clay.
Not thus did Zion's Bard survey
 The glories of Jehovah's might ;
His spirit kindled, like a ray
 Shot from that orb of living light.
" Lord ! what is man that thou hast given
To him this wondrous frame of heaven ;
This sun, unmated and alone,
Who looks in glory from his throne,
A feeble image of thine own ?
Our God, from whom these wonders came,
How great ! how matchless is thy name !"

X.

Fair smiles that lovely orb above
 On many a varied scene beneath ;
The ray that gilds the bower of love
 Gleams o'er the sable train of death.
But not an eye was upward cast,
Of all that now through Naïn past ;
The fire of youth's undaunted brow
Was quenched in pensive sadness *now* ;
And every maiden's cheek was wet,
With tender tears of fond regret.
Ah ! what avails that sacred tear
To him, who lies on yon rude bier ;

Can grief recall his blighted bloom,
Or pity reach him in the tomb?
No—doomed in Death's cold grasp to lie,
He wakes not—till this earth and sky
Shrink from before Jehovah's eye,
And crumble into vacancy ;
Till the last trump shall cleave the skies,
And bid the dead of ages rise !

XI.

Yes! woe may crush, but cannot bow
Man's spirit of unbending steel ;
He bears the wound that cannot heal,
With haughty heart, and tearless brow,
As if he thought it scorn to feel.
That struggle with despair we see,
With awe too strong for sympathy.
But, oh! in woman's deep distress
There is a touching tenderness :
It needs not beauty that appears
Loveliest when beaming dim thro' tears ;
It needs not youth's disordered grace,
Which not e'en misery can efface ;
Whate'er the mourner's mien or mood.
It is a spell of womanhood ;
And they who weep not for their own

Will melt at her's, and her's alone.
Pensive, yet silent are the crowd,
For heartfelt grief is never loud ;
Their sighs are breathed, their tears are shed
More for the living than the dead.
For whom does Friendship thus lament ?
On whom are looks of pity bent ?
Gaze on the mourners,—thou wilt see
But one who weeps not—*that* is she.

XII.

Her eye is resting on the bier,
Her cheek is cold and colourless ;
The bursting sigh, the burning tear,
Have passed from sorrow's wild excess,
To still unconscious fixedness :—
For strong emotions when they fade,
Cast o'er the brow a deeper shade ;
And sated passion sinks the breast
To silence—apathy—not rest.
Perchance the horrors of that night
Had withered soul, and sense, and sight ;
While memory, overborne by grief,
Had flown to madness for relief.
On all around, earth—mountains—sky,
She gazed with utter vacancy.

They near the rock-hewn sepulchre !
The solemn sight appals not her :
They tremble but to view the spot,
And yet she weeps not—startles not.—
Gaze on her brow ; what mark ye there ?
The deathlike rest of blank despair,
Which spurns the solace of a tear,
 And seems alone to say,
“ The worst that could befall is here,
And nought remains to fly or fear ;—
 I'll bear it as I may.”
'Tis not that wavering woman's grief,
 Which bursts in one impassioned flow ;
But courts and soon admits relief
 Surviving friends may yet bestow,
When hope, and love, and joy remain,
To bid the mourner smile again :—
'Tis that severer weight of woe,
 Which neither finds nor asks redress,
And only seeks, unseen, to know
 Its own unchanging bitterness.

XIII.

Among the train that walked before,
His harp the village-minstrel bore—
He marked, and struck the light chords o'er ;

For well he knew the soft control
Of music o'er the human soul ;
And thought, if earthly solace could,
This yet might wake a milder mood.
His was that simple melody—
 Wild—plaintive—uncontrolled by art,
 Which steals resistless to the heart,
And sets the prisoned feelings free,
Within that gloomy cell compressed,
Deep shrine of woe—the human breast.
Yes ! while those notes of magic last
The present fades into the past ;
The scenes of other days return,
And youth's unquenched emotions burn :
The ardent hopes that charmed and fled—
The fond remembrance of the dead ;—
The gentle eye, that beamed to bless,
The look, whose smile was tenderness ;—
The voice, once wont with love to thrill,
Now mute, yet unforgotten still—
The form that but with life can die,—
Whose monument is memory.
E'en they, whom pride impels to bear,
And quell repining in despair ;
By flushed or faded cheeks reveal
They once have felt—they still must feel.

This meed alone the heart repays
To bards like him, the worthiest praise :
He hears it in the whispered sigh,
And sees it in the glistening eye.
Such is that sweet Helvetian strain,
Whose notes to fond affection dear,
Unman the hardy mountaineer,
And quell the warrior's martial fire,
And warm his heart with strong desire,
To see his native hills again.
To high and holy themes alone,
That sacred harp was wont to swell—
Of Judah's fall, and Zion's moan,
And Him, whom prophet bards foretell
Her present hope, her future King,
The glowing Minstrel loved to sing.
Hushed is that warm enraptured dream ;
The notes of joy have ceased to flow
Responsive to their wonted theme ;
But mournful is the strain, and low—
And all in mute attention hung,
While thus the solemn dirge he sung :—
“ Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is—that thou art free.

And thus shall Faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
Oh ! who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again ?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone ;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
Oh ! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.*

XIV.

Slow ceased that soft and solemn strain,
Faltering his latest accents fell,
Sad, as to friends the last farewell—
And, while he soothed that mourner's pain,
His tears burst forth :—the generous heart,
The grief it seeks to heal will share ;
And calm cold pity can impart
Small solace to despair.
The dying notes were borne away
On the light breeze, deep as the sigh

* Numbers xxiii. 10.

Of orphans o'er a parent's clay ;
 And sad as that low melody
 Which to the rising whirlwind's sighs
 The wild Æolian lyre replies.
 She heard, she yielded—her pale cheek
 The hectic of emotion flushed,
 And all a mother's softness rushed
 Into her eye—she strove to speak—
 The grief, till now in silence kept,
 To shun the pity of the crowd,
 Burst wildly forth—and now she wept
 In tears of bitterness aloud.

XV.

At length she spake—" My son ! my son !
 Sole solace of my waning years !
 Though thou art fled, and there is none
 Whom Nature's sacred tie endears,
 To feel, and do as thou hast done ;
 Yet—not for this my tears :
 Oh no ! afflictions all my own
 Could not have wrung one murmuring groan ;
 And sorrow, sickness, agony—
 Yea, death itself I would have borne,
 (So thou hadst closed my dying eye)
 Ere thus o'er thee to mourn.

Lonely I lingered on through life,
The prey of wretchedness and strife,
Till thou wert lent me to restore
The peace I thought to feel no more.
And blessed have I been in thee—
For thou wert all and more to me
Than duty binds a son to be.
With thee my bliss once more begun,
 Entwined with thine it grew ;
Oh ! since thy transient race is run,
 Would mine were ended too !

XVI.

“ I thank ye, friends—ere this I knew
Your hearts, your friendship warm and true ;
But oh ! forgive me if my grief,
Finds not in sympathy relief ;
It cannot banish my despair,
It cannot aid my soul to bear
 That ye should sorrow too.
Then not for me, but if ye mourn
 For him, I would not check the tear—
From love, from life, untimely torn,
 It proves his memory still is dear,—
 He fell not unlamented here.
My hopes have sunk to rise no more—

But your's may every blessing be ;
 Children, like him ye now deplore,
 And friends, as ye have proved to me.
 Or, if so will the Power Divine,
 Your friends, your child, in peace resign—
 But not with agony like mine.
 E'en yet, those fatal moments seem
 The fever of a hideous dream ;
 Nor dare I trust my whirling brain
 To trace that deadly hour again :—
 To think is madness, and to grief
 Like mine, no words can bring relief.
 No more—in silence let me seal
 What then I felt—what now I feel—
 It is enough—*he* died—and I—
 I loathe to live, and cannot die.

XVII.

“ It must not be. This fixed despair,
 This wild impiety of woe,
 With mad presumption seem to dare
 The mighty Hand that struck the blow ;
 'Tis vain, and I must learn to bear—
 If nought on earth can yield redress,
 Friend of the mourner, hear my prayer,
 Thou yet canst soothe my wretchedness.

Oh ! deign in mercy to control
The guilty transports of my soul,
Bend me submissive to thy will,
And be my God, my Father still.
'Tis righteous, though severe—I know
My sins deserved a deeper blow ;
If none on earth more deep could be,
This wounds not in eternity,
And there a hope may yet be mine :—
 Soon shall the Star of Zion rise,
O'er Judah's scattered race to shine,
 And point the path to Paradise.
For him—despite the maddening thought
With dark and dread remembrance fraught—
For him too would I bless thy name ;
 He died not as the guilty die,—
Thy power sustained his sinking frame,
 And death was lost in victory.
Whate'er his sins had been, he deemed
Far other than to me they seemed ;
He knew them boundless—but he knew
Thy mercy was unbounded too.
That mercy to my soul accord,
And be thy chastening rod deplored,
With meekness, though in tears, O Lord !
Vanished is now the only ray,

That cheered my dark and dreary way ;
 Soon must my wasted frame decay,
 Nor shrink I from my fate—with none
 To watch me on my dying day,
 I sink into the tomb alone :
 So let it be—since *he* is gone
 I ask no earthly hope—be Thou,
 O Israel's God, my portion now ;
 And when the pangs of memory prey
 On my sad heart, be THOU my stay,
 And teach my sinking soul to say,
 ' Thou giv'st, O Lord, thou tak'st away ;
 Thy holy will be done.' ”

XVIII.

She ceased—upon the green hill's brow
 A cloud of dust is gathering now :
 Hark ! through the distance echoing loud
 The murmurs of a mingled crowd.
 Onward the tumult rolls—'tis near—
 They listen, mute with breathless fear :
 Is it the lordly Roman's car,
 The pomp and pageantry of war,
 Where Zion's sons must swell the train
 Of foes their inmost souls disdain ?
 Or those bold warriors—wild, yet free—

The rebel bands of Galilee ?
No—they are brethren—and that cry
Is the glad shout of victory ;
'Tis high Hosanna's loud acclaim,
'Tis royal David's honoured name.
And now they wind the steep descent—
The glance, in swift inquiry bent,
Wandered o'er all, but fixed on One—
Circled by numbers, yet alone.
Robed in the garb of poverty,
Nor King, nor Priest, nor Warrior he ;
Yet—why they know not—in his mien
A latent loftiness was seen ;
A more than mortal majesty,
That daunted while it fixed the eye.
The countless throng that round him pressed,
To him their songs of praise addressed ;
Not thus had Abram's seed adored,
A heathen chief—an earthly lord.
They come—they meet—but, ere they past,
One gracious, pitying look he cast
On that pale mourner—marked her tear,
And bade her “ Weep not ; ”—to the bier
He turned—but, ere he spoke his will,
Each trembled with a sudden thrill
Of conscious awe—the train stood still !

XIX.

The mourner.—speechless and amazed,
On that mysterious Stranger gazed ;
If young he were, 'twas only seen
From lines that told what once had been ;—
As if the withering hand of Time
Had smote him ere he reached his prime.
The bright rose on his cheek was faded,
His pale fair brow with sadness shaded—
Yet through the settled sorrow there
 A conscious grandeur flashed—which told
 That unconstrained, and uncontrolled,
Himself had deigned man's lot to share,
And borne—because he willed to bear.
Whate'er his being or his birth,
His soul had never stooped to earth ;
Nor mingled with the meaner race,
Who shared or swayed his dwelling-place ;
But high—mysterious—and unknown,
Held converse with itself alone.
And yet the look that could depress
Pride to its native nothingness ;
And bid the specious boaster shun
The eye he dared not gaze upon,
Superior love did still reveal—
Not such as man for man may feel—

No—all was passionless and pure—

That godlike majesty of woe,
Which counts it glory to endure—

And knows nor hope nor fear below ;
Nor aught that still to earth can bind,
But love and pity for mankind.

And in his eye a radiance shone—

Oh ! how shall mortal dare essay,
On whom no prophet's vest is thrown,

To paint that pure celestial ray ?
Mercy, and tenderness, and love,

And all that finite sense can deem
Of him who reigns enthroned above ;

Light—such as blest Isaiah's dream,
When to the awe-struck Prophet's eyes,
God bade the star of Judah rise—
There Heaven in living lustre glowed—
There shone the Saviour—there the God.

O ye—to whom the dying Lord
Your sorrows—not his own—deplored ;—
Thou, on whose guilt the Saviour cast
A look of mercy—'twas his last ;—
Ye—who beheld when Jesus died,
Say ye—for none can tell beside,
How matchless grace, and love divine,
In that immortal glance would shine.

And she too felt and owned its power
 To soothe in that despairing hour ;
 Her pulse beat quick—and to her heart
 A ray of rapture seemed to dart :—
 The cloud that hung upon her brow
 Wore off—and all was comfort now.
 And why ? She thought not on the dead—
 Her sight on Him was rivetted,
 Whose look such peace and glory shed :
 So the wan captive, o'er whose cell
 No solitary sunbeam fell ;
 When years and years have lingered by,
 Restored to light and liberty,
 Fixes his first enraptured gaze
 Upon the bright sun's living rays.
 ' Short space he stood '—his lifted eyes
 To heaven a moment raised—he spoke—
 These words the solemn silence broke :
 " Young man, I say to thee, arise ! "

XX.

Where is thy victory, oh Death ?

A nobler, mightier arm than thine
 Hath burst the dark abodes beneath,
 And bade the grave her prey resign !

Jesus, thy victor and thy Lord,
Has rent thy once resistless sword ;
Fell tyrant of the fatal brow,
Where are thy wonted triumphs now ?
He moves—he breathes—he lives—he wakes—
Swift as the vivid lightning breaks,
Through the black tempest's murky night,
His eye unclosed to life and light ;
The crimson to his pale cheek rushed—
To his cold heart the life-blood gushed,
And circled quick through every vein,
And waked the fluttering pulse again.
Round his closed lips—still uneffaced

Had fixed the smile with which he died :
Death's marble look so well it graced,

One only charm seemed still denied—

'Twas life—and what are all beside ?

Where is that mortal paleness fled ?

Is that the cold smile of the dead ?

Away ! thou ' busy fiend ' Despair,

'Tis life itself that kindles there.

'Tis life ! by that Almighty word

His mortal being is restored,

And reason flashes to his brain,

And mind and memory wake again.

Whate'er in other worlds he saw

Man knows not—none can ever know—

But peace—and joy—and holy awe

Still lightened lingering on his brow,

And o'er his face a lustre shed—

Not of the living, or the dead.

“Where am I? whither are ye fled?

Fair visions of celestial light,

That seemed to hover o'er my head—

Oh! bear me with you in your flight.

Can this be earth—and must I deem

'Twas all an unsubstantial dream?

'Tis strange—light faded from mine eye,

And on my brow such darkness fell

As none have ever lived to tell:

That dark mysterious agony

Which throbs—and man has ceased to be:—

The frame is clay—the soul is free.

I deemed this change had passed on me,

And my light spirit soared on high,

I know not where—from memory

All passed with life's returning breath;

Yet still I feel, if such be death,

'Tis blessedness to die.

But speak—what means this sable bier,

This funeral train—whence came I here?

Ha! thou too, mother—thou so near

And I beheld thee not"— * * *

* * * * *

XXI.

Did Nature's last convulsive thrill

Press heavy on her beating brow,
That gentle voice had soothed her still—

And yet she hears not—heeds not *now*.—

She heard in hope and holy dread,
The words of might that woke the dead :

She saw the spirit kindle o'er
His pale cold cheek—she saw no more—

Rushed she not forth to clasp her son ?

No! to that high and holy One,

Urged with resistless zeal she turned,
Her breast with strong emotions burned—

As lowly at his feet she knelt,
Well might her throbbing bosom melt

With faith and love, till now unfelt :

'Twas God himself she gazed upon.

Her favoured soul was given to see

The pure incarnate Deity.

And speech, and sight, and spirit failed
Before the Godhead, though 'twas veiled.

Burning with gratitude and love,
For utterance long in vain she strove :
At length she spoke—" My God ! my Lord !
Oh ! for that mercy all divine
Which deigned to visit guilt like mine,
For ever be thy name adored.
To thee let ransomed Zion bow,
Her King, her promised Saviour, Thou !"

THE
DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

“ O Death, I will be thy plagues; O Grave, I will be thy
destruction.”—*Hos. xiii. 14.*

THE
DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

I.

YE, who can read with searching eye,
The mystic volume of the heart,
And trace each strange variety
Of feelings that in turn impart
Hope, Joy, or Bliss ; Doubt, Dread, Despair,
And all that man can be or bear—
Say, when do fondest parents prove
The fulness of parental love ?
When do the Father's transports glow,
The Mother's tears of rapture flow ?
Is it, when lingering watchful nigh,
The husband hears in ecstasy
His first-born's faint but welcome cry ?

Is it, when first the child can frame
Its lips to speak the Father's name?
Is it, when sons and daughters rise
To youth of gallant mien and mood,
Or the full charms of womanhood;
And deeper, holier sympathies
Spring in the hearts, that joy to blend
The ties of parent and of friend?—
Or is it, when the young are fled,
The lovely numbered with the dead;
When all of promise bright are gone,
And some sweet child survives alone,
The last,—and now the only one?

II.

I know not,—but the tale I tell
Directs me to an aged pair
Of name revered in Israël,
Who had but *one*, a daughter fair:
Ah! need I say they loved her well?—
Too well perchance—for they had known
The grief so many parents feel;
A grief by parents felt alone,
A wound, scarce time itself can heal!
They too had mourned a numerous race
Cut off in youth's first opening bloom,—

They too had watched each budding grace
Fade in the winter of the tomb ;—
And grief was darkening to despair,
And faith and hope were sinking fast ;
When Heaven, in pity to their prayer,
Bade the destroying Angel spare
One gentle child—the last.
She passed beyond the fatal bound
Which none had ever passed before ;
And years on years rolled brightly round,
And still she lived, and still they found
They loved her more and more.
Was it the memory of the past
That round her form such lustre cast,
As though the dead revived in her,
But purer still, and lovelier ?—
For she was all his beauteous bride
To the enraptured lover seems ;—
Yes, all the youthful Mother dreams,
(When gazing with a mother's pride
On the fair child that sports beside)
Matured in loveliness to see
The promise of futurity.

III.

And now on beauty's loveliest years
She verged, when childhood's playful mood

Just mingles with the new-born fears
And thoughts of conscious womanhood ;
When half in sport, and half in shame,
The timid maiden steals away
From youths who shared her childhood's play,
In manner changed, in heart the same :—
When the sweet sudden blush, that dyes
The changeful cheek with deeper rose ;
The downcast, half-averted eyes,
The quick and broken speech,—disclose
That feelings strange, unknown, unguessed,
Are wakening now within her breast,
O woman then is loveliest,—then
Hath charms she ne'er can hope again,
When thus by childhood frank and free
Is tempered maiden dignity,—
Unpractised in her sex's wile,
Untaught to feel Love's piercing dart,
While yet her sweet unconscious smile
Can point it to another's heart !

IV.

But what have I to do with Love ?—
Mine is a tale of Woe :
And if the happier realms above
Their baleful union cannot know,

Yet hand in hand the Sisters rove,
For ever linked below.—
Wherever love hath trodden,—there
Affliction comes,—a kindred power ;
So twines the weed around the flower,
So poison taints the odorous air.
It is the charter of our birth,
That Hope and Joy with fleeting smile
Should bless our pilgrimage awhile,
But find no resting place on earth.
Each is alike withheld or given,
To fit us for their home,—their Heaven !

V.

Both smiled upon that aged pair :—
They saw their gentle daughter wear
The hue of health—nor other care
Before the grave to them remained,—
The haven of their hope was gained :
All earthly wishes anchored there !
For that sweet child was all to them,—
She was the last and loveliest flower
That blossomed on their ancient stem ;
And screened alike from sun and shower,
As in a garden's sheltered shade
They watched around the blooming maid.—

Thus guarded by a mother's care,
Fenced by a father's fervent prayer,
How could the Spoiler enter there?
Alas for man! since the sad hour
Which exiled Eve from Eden's bower,
Has there on Earth been ever found
A spot of consecrated ground,
Where Guilt and Grief would not intrude
To mar the hallowed solitude?—
Pain, woe, disease, like falling dew,
Come noiselessly, but surely too;—
And if we cannot trace the path
In which the Spoiler's darts are sped,
Unerring still the bolt of wrath,
Strikes the devoted head.
The shaft is hid from human eye,
We only see the victim die.—
Yes—oft in youth, in beauty's breast,
The seeds of death are closely pressed;
As in the rose the worm is bred,
By which itself is withered.

VI.

It was a law to Israel's race,
That thrice within the annual round

His sons should seek their holy place,
Zion, with golden turrets crowned :
There, in Jehovah's stately fane
Their vows were paid, their victims slain ;
When congregated nations trod,
With reverent step, the courts of God.
The pious Father went his way
To hallow there the festal day ;—
He crossed his threshold,—and his child
Half wept, as she was wont—half smiled—
While on her cheek the healthful dye,
And the clear radiance of her eye
Seemed, as he kissed her, to impart
Fresh hope, fresh gladness to his heart ;
Hope, now unchilled by doubt or fear,
And joy, unchastened by a tear.—
Oh, never had he borne till now
A heart so light, so calm a brow !
And when in Zion's hallowed fane
The votive sacrifice he slew,
Again, again, and oft again
With fervent prayer's imploring strain
Deep praise was blended too ;
Praise to the Lord of earth and heaven,
By whom so sweet a child was given !
When too, th' appointed offering paid,

He sought once more his blest abode,
Soon as the homeward path he trod,
His eye glanced anxious for the maid
Who still was first to meet him there,—
Whose glance first beamed, whose lips first bade
His welcome from the House of Prayer.—
Haste in his steps, joy in his heart—
What mean that sudden pause and start?—
As Jephtha from the battle field
Triumphant to his home returning,
His daughter at his gate beheld,
And joy was changed to mourning—
So, as Jairus now drew nigh,
The sight that burst upon his eye,
Was doubt, fear, wonder, agony ;—
Yet stood a form to greet him there,
And yet it was his daughter fair !

VII.

Why looks he thus ? No fatal vow
Binds him to slay that lovely maid ;—
No laurels grace his conquering brow
For which so dear a price is paid !
Oh no ! but there she stood—nor flew
To greet him with the welcome kiss ;
Her eye indeed was fixed on his,

But it was lustreless and dim—
Her cheek indeed was turned to him,
But O how changed its former hue—
The rose of youth and health had fled,
And left the paleness of the dead !
Yes, she *was* changed ! Disease had come
Since last he left his peaceful home
And changed her thus—but she had known
What pangs would rend her Father's heart,
If entering now the halls alone
From which he did not thus depart ;
And therefore had o'er-mastering love
Her weakness nerved, her pain subdued—
And therefore—not in vain—she strove
Her watchful Mother to elude,
And drag without her fevered frame,
And greet her Father as he came !
Sad greeting this—for though the sight
Flushed her wan cheek with fresh delight,
And lit the eye, with languor dim,
O could it nerve the powerless limb ?
It could not—and too well he guessed
Why thus, as one entranced, she stood—
Nought spoke, nor asked—but to his breast
Clasped her in wild and frantic mood :

Sad greeting ;—ever till this hour
Her fond embrace was first to bless
His glad return from Salem's tower
To home, and all home's happiness ;
Now *his* embrace met no return—
Her eye had lost its sudden ray—
Her cheek at once had ceased to burn—
And fainting in his arms she lay.
In agony of speechless dread
He bore within the senseless Maid
And laid her on her Mother's bed,
His rose of Beauty—soon to fade.
Ah! when that Mother saw her lord,
Nor dear embrace, nor kindly word
His welcome bade—one glance was given
To him—the rest to her and Heaven.
For like the gourd, at eve that spread
Its broad leaves fresh o'er Jonah's head,
But, when he sought its shade by day,
Drooped, died beneath the kindling ray ;—
So all they had, or hoped to have
Of shelter from the storm of woe,
Was fast declining to the grave—
And whence or why they could not know ;
They only knew they could not save.—

VIII.

It was no lingering, slow decay,
When hope, still fainting, still revives ;
And love, late yielding to dismay,
Hails the dim eye's returning ray,
And for an instant dares to say,—
“ The bitterness is past—she lives !”
Another and another day
Beheld her living—yet Despair
Came at the first, and settled there !
As in a night without a ray
The frail and shattered bark is driven,
No port on earth—no beam from heaven ;
So did nor look nor sound impart
A fleeting though a false relief
To either parent's bursting heart—
They seemed to hear in every breath,
In every moan, the voice of death.
And now, to pray the struggle brief,
And that their darling might not part
In that convulsive agony
Which makes it worse than death to die—
Was all the Father could—was more
Than could the Mother—would not *this*
Ev'n from her very words dismiss
The hope that in her breast was o'er ?

If ever in her heart the prayer
Arose, 'twas born and stifled there !
Yes ! while she felt Heaven would not spare,
It would have choked her but to breathe
Her Daughter's name with that of Death !

IX.

Once, and *but* once, the Father strove
To feign the hope he could not feel ;
And with dissembling words conceal
The bodings dark that all but drove
His soul to madness—he could steel
His heart indeed, and smooth his brow,
But could he blind a mother's love,
Or deem his inward griefs unknown
To her, who felt them all her own ?
Vain was the thought—for conscious fear
Made e'en the words of solace now
Sound harsh and hateful to her ear,
Though uttered by a voice so dear.
“ How canst thou talk of hope and life,
When all I see, and all I hear,
Forewarns me that the deadly strife
It maddens me to name—is near.
Why, dearest, wilt thou seek to wear
A look of cold disguise to me ?

Am not I worthy still to share
Thy grief, thy anguish, thy despair ;
Whatever thou hast borne, to bear,
Whate'er thou art, to be ?
Then seek not thus in vain to keep
Alive the hope that is not mine—
Thou canst not teach me not to weep,
But I can mix my tears with thine.

X.

“ But oh ! there is a lesson still,
How hardly learned—how lightly taught !
A lesson I have vainly sought
To practise in this hour of ill
The worst—the heaviest—'tis to bow
Without a murmur to the will
Of Him whose hand is on us now !
I know—for thou hast said—our God
Is ever to His promise true ;
I know he never wields the rod
But when it falls in mercy too—
And when the strife of sin is o'er,
I know our blessed child will soar
On angel wings to yon bright skies,
All Angel there, all Paradise—

But she will bless my sight no more
On earth ; and should my frenzy rise
To murmurs rash and unforgiven,
I may not meet her e'en in Heaven !

XI.

“ Then teach me this—for when I gaze
On that pale brow and bloodless cheek,
That aspect, tender still, and meek ;
That eye to which in other days
I looked for all a child could speak
Of comfort, or a mother seek ;
And think on her I loved—on all
She long hath been, and still might be,—
But no—I dare not now recall
The charms that bloom no more for me—
Lest in the tumult vain as wild
My wandering thoughts forget to pray.—
Ah ! when I strive, they can but say,
‘ Would I could die for thee, my child !’
And thus I blame the hand of Heaven,
Which takes but what itself hath given.—
Then tell me not of Hope or Life—
Thoughts that but swell my bosom’s strife,—
But aid me, O my lord, to bear
The storm of guilty, rash despair,—

Lest in the dark impending hour,
When faith and hope have lost their power,
Perchance the Tempter should be nigh,
To bid me curse my God—and die !”

XII.

Nought did the Sire awhile reply,—
Only the motion of his vest
Revealed the heart's deep agony,
The throb that could not be repressed—
For grief that springs to woman's eye
Man locks within his breast.
In lighter ills if he may seek
For comfort from a thing so weak ;—
'Tis his, when doubt becomes despair,
To smooth his brow, to calm his air ;
And, where of hope he cannot speak,
Instruct her how to bear.
And this he tried—yet scarce subdued
Tears that had gushed in solitude ;
Nor words of solace more essayed,
But lifted up his soul, and prayed,—
Yes—prayed—though not a word he spoke—
Prayer from his o'ercharged bosom broke
In groans that seemed to rend in twain
The heart, and made all utterance vain—

Perchance to Him who hears on high
The moan suppressed, the stifled sigh,
And the mute language of the eye,
Ascended thus the father's prayer—
“ Lord, if the child thou canst not spare,
O nerve the Mother's heart to bear ;
Calm the wild frenzy of despair,
And teach us, aid us to resign
Our child to Thee—for she is Thine.”

XIII.

Thus they.—But still she sleeps, she sleeps—
Her father's groans are uttered low—
And silently her mother weeps
Tears, bitterest when they stilly flow,
As deepest streams are sad and slow.
Vain care ! no sound disturbs her now—
There is no quivering of the brow—
No motion of the lips--no start
That tells, when sense and speech depart,
Of lingering life—the faint, quick breath
Is the sole bound 'twixt her and death.—
But while the hopeless Father knelt
With hands close clasped, and eyes upraised ;
With keener pangs than Abraham felt
When on his victim-son he gazed,

And bared his knife to strike the blow
Which left him childless all below ;—
A servant, trusted long and tried,
Who from her birth that maiden fair
Had watched with all a father's care,
And loved with all a father's pride ;
Entering with silent step and slow,
Laid on Jairus' arm his hand,
And drew him from the scene of woe
Unconscious—scarce he seemed to know
The voice—nor did the cause demand,
Or why he led him forth, or where.

XIV.

Haply a proved and aged friend—
One of the Heaven-illumined band
Still thinly scattered o'er the land,
Who watched, till Israel's woes should end,
And, o'er his night of curse and crime,
The Star of Jacob rise sublime ;—
Was passing that familiar door,
Which thus he ne'er had passed before,
When smote upon his startled ear
The voice of maidens wailing near ;
And all, around the friendly gate,
Seemed strangely drear and desolate —

Ah! do his fears too rightly guess?—
Weep they for her, in beauty's bloom,
In the mind's dearer loveliness,
Their brightest, sinking to the tomb?
Sufficed short question, brief reply—
He sought that hospitable door,
Welcomed, as he was wont, no more—
For often would the Maid espy
His steps advancing, and descend
To greet her Father's ancient friend
With look and voice of melody—
Now the lone halls resound his tread,
As though already of the dead.—
Is then her gentle spirit fled?
For when the sad Jairus came,
His quivering lips essayed to frame
The words of welcome—but his tone
Was faint and faltering, and his eye
Fell vacant as on one unknown.
His friend beheld his agony,
And tears of sympathy betrayed
How much he loved the suffering Maid—
How deeply felt the Father's grief—
Ah! could he hope to bring relief?—
Hard is the task, when cold despair
Hath chilled the heart and frozen there—
Yet *this* that steadfast friend essayed.

XV.

“ Be comforted ”—the old man said—
“ Thy child is sinking to the grave—
But mourn not yet as for the dead—
If all of earthly hope has fled,
Say, is there none from Heaven to save?
Oft hast thou loved with me to look
Upon the Prophet’s holy book ;
Oft hast thou traced the promised year
When the pure Virgin’s heavenly Son,
The Light of Israel, should appear—
The hour is come—the Lord is here !—
And hast thou not a hope, that He
Will save in thine extremity ?”

XVI.

“ I have no hope,” he murmured low ;
“ O say not thus—Recall thy faith,
And there is One thou yet shalt know,
Whose voice can stay the stroke of death ;
Yea, bid once more the vital breath
Enter the lifeless corpse—and tear
The victim from the sepulchre !
To Him, to Him thy miseries bear,
To Him prefer th’ impassioned prayer—
Thy tears, thy doubts, He will forgive,
And bid thy dying daughter LIVE !”

XVII.

LIVE! LIVE! Through every vein the blood
Rushed kindling at the joyous word—
And silently awhile he stood
As though some potent spell he heard
Which stilled at once his stormy mood,—
The oil of peace on passion's flood!
“ Didst thou say, LIVE? And is it He,
The Man of Might and mystery,
The miracle of virgin birth?
Walks he a latent God on earth?
For who can stay the arm of Death,
Who can arrest the parting breath,
But God alone? Say, then, is He
A present, potent Deity?”

XVIII.

“ O slow of heart,” his friend replied,
“ To follow Faith, the' unerring guide!
Slow to receive the Prophet's word,
And read the wonders of the Lord!
When visions on Isaiah fell,
Did he not pierce with eagle eye
The clouds that veil futurity,
And look undazzled on that Sun
Which seraphs scarce may gaze upon—

The Hope, the Light of Israel?
Spake not his glowing strains of One,
Whose wondrous names His glories tell,
The 'Father,' though a 'Virgin's Son,'
'Jehovah,' though 'Immanuel?'—
One, who should seal to Abraham's seed
The peace from Adam's fall decreed;
And point the path that leads on high
To life and immortality?
Whose voice should to the captive be,
The welcome sound of liberty—
At whose high word should light relume
The eye long closed in deepest gloom;
Whose frown should scare the fiend away
From the lost wretch, his prostrate prey—
From Death's fell grasp should snatch and save.
And wrest her victim from the grave?—
That One is here.—Mine ear hath heard
The potent, life-restoring word;
Mine eye hath seen the lifeless clay
Torn from the baffled grave away;
My voice hath swelled the loud acclaim
Which hailed the great Deliverer's name—
Jesus of Nazareth—the Son
Of David—ere to earth He came,
By angels called the Holy One.

XIX.

“ Nay, answer not—I read thine eye,
Nor can I wonder that to thee
'Tis marvel all and mystery,
What I have seen, till thou shalt see ;
Till thine expiring child shall be
Revived by his Almighty word,
And thou shalt own and praise the Lord.
Thou knowest that I was journeying late
Amidst the vales of Galilee,
When as I passed by Nain's gate,
I heard the low, deep melody
Which speaks a spirit newly fled—
The mournful music of the dead.—
Onward I pressed—in every eye
Hung the big tear of sympathy—
It was no paid and purchased show,
No heartless mockery of woe.
For not the child of wealth or power
Had met the' inevitable hour ;
None, on whose bounty hundreds fed,
Whose smile was hope, whose frown was dread—
The mourner was a widowed one—
And he, whose earthly race was run,
It was her Son ! her only Son !

XX.

“ Her only Son—and she was there,
Her eye fast fixed upon the ground
In all the stillness of despair.
Her pitying neighbours wept around ;
But not a groan, or tear, or sigh,
Betrayed her inward agony.
I followed to the rocky tomb,
Deploring more the mother’s doom
Than his, who filled the’ untimely bier.
But, ere we reached the sepulchre,
Approached a crowd—amongst them One,
‘ Cirled by numbers, yet alone ;’
On him each eager eye upraised
With awe-struck adoration gazed,
They hung entranced on every word,
Or hailed him Prophet, Saviour, Lord !
He did not pass unheeding by,
But touched the bier—the train stood still—
The childless mother raised her eye
As though she knew the’ unuttered will
Of Him whose voice was heard on high—
Whose fearful thunders rend the sky—
For less He could not be, who spoke
The summons which the dead awoke ;
‘ Young man, I say to thee, Arise !’

XXI.

“ Canst thou thy long-tried friend believe,
Who never knew to frame a lie ;
And with unwavering faith receive
The tale of might and mystery ?—
Then hear !—I saw the dead arise,
I saw the cold and lifeless form,
As but from sleep, unclose its eyes ;
I saw the colour fresh and warm
Flush to the pale and sunken cheek—
His quivering lips essayed to speak,
I heard the accents low and weak,
That mourner, too,—I see her yet—
O never can my heart forget
The tears of mingled awe and love
Which glistened as she vainly strove
For utterance—when I saw her kneel
Before His feet, not childless now ;
And in her eye, and on her brow
Was transport words could ne'er reveal.
I heard—I joined the loud acclaim
That hailed the great Deliverer's name ;
Hosanna to the Lord, they said,
All praise to Him who wakes the dead !—
And He who thus could force the grave
To yield its captive prey,

Whose voice is potent still to save
In nature's last decay,
Is here. E'en now I hear the cry
Which tells of Jesus passing by,—
And wilt thou, when the Lord is nigh,
Leave thy sweet child to droop and die?
Shall not thy course to Him be sped,
Who calms the wave, and wakes the dead?
Ere yet she knew or thought to pray,
His pity raised the widow's son;
Will He then turn thy prayer away
When pleading for thine age's stay,
Like her's, thy last, thy only one?"

XXII.

When storm and tempest sternly lour,
And all is dark as midnight hour;
Hast thou not seen amidst the gloom
That seems to speak but death and doom,
A sunbeam o'er the heaving sea
Sweep radiantly and fitfully,
A ray of hope to those who strove,
Exhausted, with the maddening wave,
And now for pardon looked above,
To ocean only for a grave?

So, o'er the Father's clouded brow
There came a sudden brightness now,
As smote upon his quickened ear
The shouts that spoke the Saviour near ;—
And forth he rushed with impulse wild,
And paused not, even upon his child
To gaze, or ask if yet—

* * * * *

XXIII.

Then heard he not the piercing cry
Which rang from out that darkened room,
Nor the shrill shriek of agony
That spoke too well his daughter's doom ;
Did he not know that all was o'er,
And he a Father now no more ?
None guessed—for not a word he said
To the true friend who thus had spoken—
He looked not on the dying bed
Which but to see, his heart had broken—
But hastened with distracted air
To meet the' advancing concourse there—
He sought amid the' encircling train
The Promised One—nor sought in vain.
For while the crowd around him pressed,

Awed by his look of high command,
None mingled with the chosen band,
None dared to touch his flowing vest ;
While yet a nameless majesty
Had charmed and chained each conscious eye,
And mute his thrilling voice they heard,
As life or death were in the word.
At first the wretched Father saw
Alone the hoped Deliverer ;
But ever, as he drew more near,
A solemn yet a soothing awe
Tempered and quelled his soul's despair—
Prostrate upon the earth he fell,
And twice essayed his tale to tell
In vain—at length he poured his prayer
In brief and broken words, and said,
“ E'en now my daughter, Lord, is dead,
But touch her with thy healing hand,
And she shall live—if thou command.”

XXIV.

HE spake not : but a pitying eye
Upon the prostrate suppliant turned ;—
Was it the spark of Deity,
That in its pure effulgence burned ?
Or how should thus a glance control

The tumult of his struggling soul,
And bid the storm of passion cease,
And calm distraction into peace ?
As if some mute command were given
By viewless messenger of Heaven,
He rose, ere yet a word was said,
And followed where the Prophet led,
Followed with aspect calm, resigned,
Alter'd in mien, as changed in mind.
And ere they reached the house of death,
A miracle of love he saw,
Which, while it thrilled his frame with awe,
Revived his hope, assured his faith :
Then—then, indeed, he knew—he felt
No mortal form before him trod ;
His heart within him seemed to melt,
As conscious of the present God !

XXV.

I said, the listening crowd that pressed
To hear his words, in awe profound,
Dared not to touch the Saviour's vest :
As though his presence breathed around
A charm that made it hallowed ground.
A wan and wasted woman there
Had mingled with the attendant train ;

Deep trace of toil and lingering pain
Her aspect seem'd to wear ;
The pale sunk cheek—the rayless eye
The squalid garb of poverty
Bespoke the child of want and woe,
Whom friends forsake, and kindred fly,
Who hath nor hope nor help below.
And such she was,—but still her prayer
Was register'd by Him on high,
Whose equal love, whose equal care,
The lowest and the loftiest share !
She looked on Jesus passing by,
And knew the Lord was there ;
And in her heart there seemed to spring
A sudden, strange imagining,
A ray of hope,—a beam of faith,
A life amidst her living death ;
And softly through the crowd she pressed,
And, trembling, touched his flowing vest.
O God ! what vast mysterious Power
Was nigh, to heal her in that hour ?
Even with the touch fresh vigour came
Into her shrunk, exhausted frame !
The warm blood leaped through every vein ;
Health flush'd her glowing cheek again,
As when, unconscious of her doom,

In youth, in beauty's opening bloom,
The name was all she knew of pain !
Yes, patient sufferer, thou art freed !
Though not unmarked that noble deed :
For suddenly the Saviour spoke,
And sought her through the circling crowd,
She sunk before his searching look :
For vainly had she striven to shroud
Her form from Him whose piercing eye
Nor man nor fiend can hope to fly,
To whom nor time nor space is known,
And darkness and the light are one !
Disclosed, to earth she meekly fell,
And strove her tale of woe to tell.
And how she touched the healing vest ;
Her tears—her praises told the rest !
Oh ! sure on earth to those was given
A foretaste of their promised Heaven ;
Who gazed upon the Incarnate Lord,
And glowed to hear his gracious word,—
“ Daughter, thy sorrows henceforth cease ;
Thy faith hath saved thee,—go in peace ! ”

XXVI.

Jaïrus heard, and doubt and fear
Passed from his wondering breast away ;

Nor trembled in his eye the tear,
Nor shook his frame with sudden start,
Nor aught more quickly throbb'd his heart,
When now they met the sad array
Which told that all at length was o'er,
And he a parent now no more !
Unmoved, the pageantry of death
He view'd, and heard the minstrel train
Their melody of sadness breathe ;
The Father could not doubt again :
Not when, with tears of fond regret,
Encountering friends and kinsmen said,
“ Thy daughter even now is dead,
Why troublest thou the Master yet ? ”
Oh, no ! he could not thus forget
All he had seen, and felt, and heard :
Yet Jesus spake one soothing word
To calm his fears, and fix his faith,
Then led him to the scene of Death.
A mingled crowd had gathered near,
By friendship or by pity led,
To mourn a Maid so justly dear,
And with the Father's blend their tear.
“ Give place ! ” the' advancing Saviour said,
“ The Maiden sleeps, she is not dead ! ”

XXVII.

But they had gazed upon that form,
Which, calm and lovely as it lay,
Was but a mass of lifeless clay,
A banquet for the withering worm !
And they had seen her full dark eye,
Sealed in that stillness of repose,
Which follows instant on the close
Of suffering, frail mortality,—
Yet seems so like a living sleep,
The mourner half forgets to weep,—
And they had heard the mother's cry
Of loud and hopeless agony ;
And seen the attendant maidens tear
Their robes,—and rend their flowing hair ;—
And thence they knew that life was fled.
That all of human aid was vain—
And spoke derision and disdain
In whispered murmurs, as they said,
“ What—will this dreamer raise the dead ? ”
'Twas but an instant !—At His word,
Forth past the unbelieving band,
For none withstood his high command,
Though none yet knew their Lord.
When all was still, and scarce a breath
Was heard within the house of death

The childless parents first he led
Into the chamber of the dead,—
Then of His train the Chosen Three :
Softly they stepped, and silently
They knelt around the bed
On which the just departed lay :—
Yet the sad Mother turned away
From that pale corpse, so coldly fair :
Faith yet was struggling with Despair ;
And still on Jesus fixed her eye,
Lest Doubt should win the mastery—
The Father's glance was rooted *there*.
Yes, on that form he seemed to look
As if the spirit had not fled,
As if the grave would yield its prize—
And moved not, till the Saviour spoke
His mandate to the' unconscious dead—
“Maiden, I say to thee, Arise !”

XXVIII.

O Father ! dost thou view on earth
The marvel of a heavenly birth ?
O Mother ! dost thou clasp again
Thy child without a mother's pain ?
Do ye, O faithful, favoured Three !
Again behold the victory

O'er Death, or is it on the dead,
Your stedfast glance is riveted ?
No ! 'tis not on the dead they gaze ;—
The wondering father looks not now
On the pale cheek—the still cold brow ;
The mother, rapt in mute amaze,
No longer turns on that closed eye
The glance that vainly asks reply !
For lo ! her fringed lids unclose !
Her eyes with living lustre beam,—
As if she wakes from calm repose,
Or from some bright and blessed dream !
And look ! again the faded rose
Glow's round her lips ;—they seem to move !
Is it a warm and breathing smile ?
Or doth the witchery of love
With false, illusive spell beguile ?
Oh, no ! she rises,—she revives !
'Tis not a dream ! She lives ! she lives !
The life—the glad reality
Beams on her cheek—burns in her eye !
Fresh graces to the Maid are given,
As she had dwelt awhile in Heaven ;
And then returned to lower earth,
To show what forms of Angel-birth
Are tenants of the sky !

XXIX.

They spoke not,—moved not,—all they could,
It was to glance from her to Him ;
And if the dazzled eye was dim,
And scarce could look the gratitude
Which, e'en to bursting, filled each breast,—
To Him it was not unexpressed !
Their hearts before Him open lay !
Emotions, that for utterance strove,
Joy, Wonder, Adoration, Love,
Needed to Him no vain display
Of words : nor paused He but to say,
“ Receive your daughter from the tomb
Undoubtingf—or with mortal food
Soon shall ye hail her strength renewed,
And health restored in all its bloom.
Henceforth in solemn silence seal
The pangs ye felt, the joys ye feel ;
For life restored, for guilt forgiven,
Your praises shall be heard in Heaven !”



THE
OUTLAW OF TAURUS.

This my son was dead, and is alive again :
he was lost, and is found.—LUKE xv. 24.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The narrative, which constitutes the basis of the following Poem, is extracted from Eusebius's "History of the Western Churches." The original, accompanied with a free English translation, is subjoined at the end of the Poem.

August 18, 1820.

THE
OUTLAW OF TAURUS.

I.

I.

REND the dark veil Oblivion wraps around thee,
Cheerless and cold as Beauty's virgin shroud ;
Shine—as when pride and pomp unrivalled crowned
thee,

And at thy gates adoring myriads bowed,
Fane of the bright-eyed Dian!—Though the cloud
Of Desolation o'er thy towers be spread :
Wild Fancy's wand, with potent spells endowed,
Can wake the slumbering scenes of glories fled,
And o'er the waste of Time a fairy radiance shed.

2.

In the proud land of palaces wert Thou,
Alone and matchless, as thine own fair Queen
Shines 'midst the gems of Night's star-crowned
brow,
Veiling their dim rays in superior sheen :
If nought remains where Ephesus hath been,
As thou art now, so Earth itself shall be ;
Then wherefore pause on that deserted scene
Nor turn, with kindling hearts—to gaze on thee,
As erst thou stood'st sublime in perfect majesty ?

3.

But who may paint that dread magnificence
Which scarce the eye can measure, or the mind
Strained to its utmost range with thought intense,
Can level to the standard of mankind.
Like Troy's famed walls, as if by Gods designed,
Towers the vast fabric—yet *one* master-soul,
By Life's ephemeral limits unconfined,
Saw through the night of Time long ages roll,
And fixed the mighty plan, and harmonized the
whole.

4.

The votive treasures of th' adoring Earth
Were lavished on thy bosom, and thy shrine
Beseeming well a Power of heavenly birth,
Was wrought by mortal hands with skill divine.
There did the form of virgin Cynthia shine,
Bearing her silver bow, and shafts of death ;
And the proud youth of Jove's immortal line
In majesty of marble frowned beneath ;
The very guise of life—that only did not breathe.

5.

Thy countless columns gleamed in rich array ;
The gift of monarchs, and the work of men
Whose nobler names, when regal thrones decay,
Shall boast the meed of Fame's recording pen.
The art of Scopas claims the stranger's ken,
Demands his wonder, and enchains his gaze ;
And little recks he of the Despot then
Who lent his wealth the wondrous work to raise,
Not his the matchless skill ! not his the deathless
praise !

6.

Oh splendours soon to fade ! The Sage's plan,
The Sculptor's art must yield to Heaven's de-
 cree ;

And this thy proudest—mightiest work—O man !
Hath met destruction—not from Time—but thee.
What, but immortalize his name—did he
Who wrought its downfall ? Hearts of little worth
Were those, which blazoned crime with flattery,
And fabled Dian watching o'er the birth
Of Him, the self-styled God—the deadliest scourge
 of earth.

7.

Ere long the structure with superior fame
Rose from its wreck, but his insidious grace
Who sought to glory in the Founder's name,
The state rejected by evasions base—
“ What ! could a God of Ammon's mighty race
Rear temples to a sister Deity ? ”
O adulation vile ! can *this* efface,
Rash king ! thy shameless slaughter of the free ?
Could e'en barbarians stoop to own their God in
 thee ?

8.

On undecaying columns rear the wall !
 With gifts more costly grace the gorgeous dome,
 Yet vaunt them not eternal—they shall fall—
 Yea, sink unheeded in perpetual gloom.
 So let thy wrath, O Lord of Hosts ! consume
 The towers of darkness, and the demons' shrine,
 Till Truth's broad sun, triumphant, shall illumine
 Earth's wide waste wilderness with beams divine,
 And man shall bend to Thee, and own no name but
 Thine.

II.

“ Breathe high the solemn strains of praise !
 Loud let the echoing trumpets peal !
 The swell of choral voices raise,
 And low at Dian's altar kneel ;
 There be your votive homage given
 Submissive to the Queen of Heaven.”
 Thus from the Temple's stately towers,
 The herald of the God proclaims,
 And in the name of holiest Powers,
 Calls high-born youths and courtly dames
 To haste and swell the rich array,
 And grace their Dian's festal day.



Joyous the trembling virgin hears,
And to her cheek the conscious blush
Steals kindling with a deeper flush—
And throbs her heart with rising fears—
For—mingling with the white-robed train
In Cynthia's proud and peerless fane,
She too shall raise the choral strain ;—
And there, amidst the youthful band,
Before that gorgeous shrine shall stand
The youth beloved—from whose fond eye
She shrinks in maiden modesty ;
Yet listens to that low soft tone
Which breathes responsive to her own,
As sweet they pour th' alternate lay
To Dian and the God of Day.

III.

And now the festive pomp proceeds
Which Grandeur gilds, and Beauty leads ;
But lo ! amidst th' adoring train
Who circle that majestic fane,
One lonely pilgrim wends along
Unheeded by the busy throng ;
He only breathes no whispered prayer,
Nor bends in adoration there.
Robed in a lowly pilgrim's vest
His arms are folded o'er his breast—

Thin scatter'd locks of purest snow
Wave o'er a wan and wasted brow,
Whence Time's soft touch hath swept away
Each trace of Passion's earlier sway ;
And all that once was wont to move
Hath changed to that meek placid love
Which speaks a heart—a hope above.
But wherefore doth he shrink to bow
Where myriads plight the willing vow ?
When every cheek is flushed with gladness,
Say, whence his brow is wrapt in sadness ?
And why, when mingling choirs prolong
In Dian's praise the votive hymn—
Why turns he from that raptured song
With mien as sad—and eye as dim—
As if that bright exulting train
Were mourners o'er a hero's bier—
That melting lay—so soft—so dear—
Were but a deep funereal strain.

IV.

It is not that he proudly deems
His breast from mortal passions free ;
Not *his* such cold unfeeling dreams,
No rigid heartless Stoic he.—

No lofty philosophic lore
Hath led him to contemn mankind ;
And lured him vainly to explore
The mazes of th' Eternal Mind ;—
And learn—what Nature taught before—
That God is wise, and mortals blind.
The vaunting sophist, weak as proud,
May turn disdainful from the crowd,
And smile in selfish scorn to see
Their blindness and their misery—
More gently *he* hath learnt to scan
The errors of his fellow-man ;
His tears were early taught to flow,
His heart to bleed for others' woe ;
When not a sigh, or murmuring groan
Had spoke the pressure of his own.
And ask ye whence that ray of Heaven
Had flashed, and whence a love was given
No proud philosophy could teach,
No bard's ecstatic visions reach ?
O gaze upon his wasted cheek,
His pensive brow, and lowly mien ;
These lineaments too well bespeak
The persecuted Nazarene.
And such he was ! the tear that steals
Unmarked—his secret soul reveals ;

He turns but from that idol shrine
To seek a Saviour more divine ;
And breathe the meek imploring prayer,
For those who kneel deluded there.—
But know—though driven perchance to roam
Without a refuge or a home—
To meet the sneer of cold disdain --
To pine in peril or in pain—
To share the base marauder's doom,
Or sink unpitied and forgot,
And moulder in a nameless tomb—
Thrice blessed is the Christian's lot ;
In darkest shame—in deadliest ill,
Jehovah is his solace still ;
And hope to cheer his path is given,
While peace and love—from mortals driven—
Await him in his destined heaven.

V.

Yet seems it strange, when Time hath shed
A hundred winters o'er his head ;
When from his eye the fire hath fled,
His limbs are weak and withered ;
Why, bent with sorrows and with age,
He yet pursues his pilgrimage ?
Ah ! man is ever doomed to roam,

Till Peace, that flies a world unblest,
And rarely dwells in human breast,
Shall soothe him in his last long home.
On that pale cheek, and patient brow
Dejection deep is lowering now;
But say, what earthly fears control,
What woes can wring a saintly soul?
'Tis not the frown of regal hate;
This hath he borne, and still could bear—
'Tis not th' impending stroke of Fate;
A Christian knows no terrors there—
Though lone he seems—and desolate,
Tis not despondence or despair;
Yes—guilt may stain our best estate—
But grief like his might Angels share.
A work of mercy leads him on
To seek and save a wandering son;
And oh! though joy may cease to warm,
And Beauty's self forget to charm,
No storms a Christian's faith can move,
No time can quench a Christian's love!
Once in the path of heavenly truth
'Twas his to train a generous youth—
And fondly on his charge he smiled,
Yea—loved him as an only child.

Alas ! ere yet his work was done
Constrained by duty's urgent power—
The Saint, reluctant—left his son—
And left him in an evil hour.—
'Reft of his father and his guide
Too soon his new-born faith was tried—
Misled by Glory's meteor-flame
He burnt to wear the wreath of Fame,
And win the hero's vaunted name.
His dreams by night—his thoughts by day
Were all of that delusive ray
Which beams with radiance false as fair—
And leads to darkness and despair.
But 'tis a joyless tale to tell ;
Enough—the wily snares of hell
Were spread around him—and he fell.
Oh had he rested with the dead,
Ere from the Christian's home he fled !
And now he rears the flag of war,
Where snow-crowned Taurus towers afar ;
And wields the red unhallowed brand,
And madly leads the robber-band.
For this—o'er mountain and o'er wild,
The Father seeks his erring child ;
Though force may crush or fraud betray,
And bathe in blood those locks of grey ;

Nought recks he of impending ill,
When 'tis to work Jehovah's will ; ~
And oh ! how welcome were the grave,
Should Heaven yet deign his son to save.—
God prosper thee, thou Pilgrim old—
For sure the smile of Love Divine
Must rest upon a deed like thine—
Proceed—thy name unknown, untold :
But oh ! if splendours vainly bright,
The meed of science or of strife,
Shed o'er that name no transient glare—
In characters of living light,
'Tis graven in the Book of Life—
With deathless praise recorded there.

VI.

But little boots it here to tell
What ills the aged Saint befel ;
Enough—his weary wandering past,
He reached the distant hills at last.
But near that towering mountain's base,
Nought could the wondering Pilgrim trace
Of sordid want, and slow decay,
Sure omens of tyrannic sway—
O'er plains, enriched with Autumn's spoil,
Blithely the hind pursued his toil ;

In his bold brow and placid mien
Content and Quiet smiled serene ;
And beamed from his undaunted eye,
The pride of conscious liberty.
“ Peace to thee, friend,” the Wanderer said —
“ Say, hath not Fame my steps misled ?
'Tis said, 'mid yon drear mountain-caves,
With ruthless sway an outlaw reigns ;
The power of outraged Rome he braves,
And scatters ruin o'er the plains.
But here, where Peace and Plenty smile,
Is this the bandit's famed defile ?”
“ Nay, reverend sire,” rejoined the youth,
“ Rumour for once hath blazon'd truth.
Here dwells that Chief, so known to fame :
Hence leads his yet unconquered crew ;
If he deserve an outlaw's name,
I would our lords were outlaws too.
For know, since gallant Leo's sway
The mountain bands did first obey,
No ruffian hands have dared despoil
The happy peasant's hard-earned toil ;
And here, in native beauty pure,
The blushing maid hath bloomed secure.
The friend of peace, of freedom he,
The foe of nought but tyranny.

Yet, stranger!—turn thee from the hill
For lawless bands are lurking there :
And though the chief thine age would spare,
His train are dark and desperate still—
Know too, the armed bands of Rome
Have sought to scale his mountain home,
And, though repulsed with scorn and shame,
Their force may still his caution claim.
Nor deem, by peaceful garb, O Sire !
To shun the watchful warrior's ire ;
Thou know'st contending armies call
The friend of each a foe to all.”

“ I thank thee for thy care, my friend,
But Duty calls, and I must on !
The ambushed mount I still ascend,
To-night a soul is lost or won.
Farewell—and for thy courtesy
An old man's blessing rest with thee.”
“ Father, farewell!—may woe and wrath
Be far from thine adventurous path ;
May favouring Dian's beam divine,
May Jove's almighty aid be thine.”

VII.

Fearless and firm, the man of God
An unfrequented pathway trod,

Through groves, by Nature's hand arrayed
In that rich luxury of shade,
Which blooms, where no rude hands repress
Her own unstudied loveliness.
Here lifts the pine its graceful form,
And there the proud oak braves the storm,
While the light tendrils of the vine,
Round each in wild luxuriance twine.
On that blest clime Heaven's favouring eye
Looks down in all its radiancy,
And rears Elysian bowers on earth,
And kindles beauty into birth.
Yes ! nurtured there by genial dews
The golden-crowned narcissus blows,
There, with its deepest, loveliest hues,
Spontaneous springs the virgin-rose ;—
And there unnumbered flowers exhale
Soft odours to the fragrant gale,
And waft that incense to the skies,
Perverted man too oft denies.—
'Mid scenes like these, the Grecian lyre
Enraptured woke its earliest fire ;
The young bard glanced his beaming eye
On the fair earth, and fairer sky,
Till each assumed a brighter hue—
And scenes of wild enchantment grew—

And Hope believed what Fancy drew.
With grace divine, through every grove
He saw a virgin Dryad rove —
Beneath each pure transparent rill
There bloomed a Naiad—purer still—
In the sweet warbled strains that rung
Incessant through the echoing grove,
A choir of heavenly Sisters sung
The lay of rapture and of love—
A Goddess swayed the moon's pale beam
More lovely than her own chaste gleam ;
While on yon burning Orb of pride
A Power more glorious seemed to ride —
A Youth of matchless beauty he --
The God of light and poesy.—
Alas ! that pure devotion's fire,
Proud impulse of the deathless soul,
Should thus to Heaven's bright orbs aspire ;
Nor rise to that Eternal Sire,
Whose mandate formed and fixed the whole.
Yet let not bigotry presume
To trace the erring heathens' doom,
Or pride their baseless creed contemn—
To God their secret souls were known—
Their sentence rests with Him alone—
And man may pity—not condemn.

VIII.

So thought the aged Saint, I ween,
As, faint beneath the sultry beam,
He sate him by a rippling stream,
And gazed on that enchanting scene—
With orient morn his course began,
Now burnt the fierce meridian ray ;
And yet no tread—no trace of man
Had crossed his solitary way.
Oh, dear to him was loneliness !—
For, while that mazy path he trod,
High thoughts his raptured besom bless—
He holds communion with his God.
Love warmed his soul with quenchless fire,
Nor gave his faltering limbs to tire ;
And He, whom heaven's high hosts obey,
Sustained the Wanderer on his way.
E'en now—though *youth* might well confess
The languid sway of weariness—
Short rest he took—a slight repast
Of sylvan herbs—perchance his last—
A cool draught of the limpid wave—
An orison to Him who gave—
A tear for his deluded son—
Then onward—till his task be done.
O honoured Saint ! if hallowed tears

Of friendship and of filial love
Are dear to Him who reigns above—
If Faith's meek fervent prayer He hears—
Those tears, that holy prayer—are thine—
An armour and a shield divine.
Go then! may Angel-guides attend thee!
May Heaven's protecting arm defend thee!
For ere yon orb, that beams so bright,
Hath veiled his waning rays in night,
The wild commingling yell of war
Shall burst upon thee from afar—
The shock of hostile legions meeting—
The tramp of routed bands retreating—
The fierce pursuers' frantic cry
Of vengeance and of victory.
E'en now the pealing trumpets swell,
And Fancy wings her airy car
And bears me to the battle plain—
Where scenes of blood, and deeds of war
Demand a louder—bolder strain.—
Then, Pilgrim, for a while farewell;
And may we meet in peace again!

IX.

But oh! when stern, relentless foes
In dark and desperate contest close;

What breast from soft emotions steeled,
Would linger o'er the fatal field ?
What eye can trace—what accents tell
The horrors of that earthly hell ?
Then wherefore pause we to portray
The tumult of the maddening fray ?
Enough—the mortal strife is o'er—
The harsh shrill clarion sounds no more ;
And on the crags, and o'er the plains,
A cold unnatural silence reigns,
More fearful than the frantic yell
Which thundered in the battle-swell.
How many a youthful heart of flame
That burnt for conquest and for fame,
Has withered in eternal gloom,
And fled for glory to the tomb !
Mark, on the pale, distorted brow
What deadly scorn is lowering still ;
Stern Hate, that half disdains to bow
To mightier Death's constraining will—
Last lightens in the closing eye,
And pants to reach eternity.
For when the warrior fights despairing,
His cooler courage fires to daring ;
Little he recks, when fixed to perish,
On all he once most loved to cherish—

Prostrate on heaps of carnage lying,
Why looks he wistful o'er the dying ?
Say, doth he watch for that loved eye
Whose tear might soothe his agony ;
And doth he listen for the balm
Of that sweet voice, that still might calm ?
He only looks to see the foe
Who struck his death-wound, laid as low ;
And listens for the dying groan
Wrung from the author of his own.
Vengeance demands his latest breath,
And soothes his parting soul in death.
He dreams not of his future doom,
Nor casts one look beyond the tomb ;
His Gods desert him in the grave :
What Gods were they, who could not save ?

X.

A ready brand—a dauntless hand,
Nerved by the firmness of despair ;
A soul, by perils trained to dare,
Outnumbering foes may well withstand :
No marvel then, the smaller band
Remained the victors there.
Safe moored within his mountain-hold
The outlaw chieftain, young and bold,

Had long th' insulted state defied,
 With words and deeds of tameless pride.
 "Ay, let them come," elate he said—
 "And rouse the lion from his den :
 Oft have their craven legions fled,
 For how should slaves contend with men ?
They talk of justice ! *they*, who wring
 The hard-earned pittance of the poor
 To swell their sordid, shameless store !
 If weapons like their cause they bring,
 Their vaunted bands are marched in vain,
 And conquest crowns my sword again."
 They came—the orient orb of day
 Gleamed radiant o'er their proud array,
 But now the pure pale evening star
 Beams on their routed ranks afar—
 Save those, who—gasping on the plain—
 Shall never join those ranks again ;
 Whose day of fight, of life is done—
 Whose dread eternity begun.

XI.

But who, on yon steep crag's rude brow,
 In pensive attitude doth stand ?
 No conquering pride his looks avow,
 And who that saw would deem him *now*

The chieftain of the victor-band ?
His crested helmet's flowing pride,
His sword, in carnage deeply dyed ;
His arms, with dust and gore defiled,
Beneath his feet are rudely piled ;
He moves not—and his fiery eye
Rolls wildly round in vacancy ;
Unseen the dead beneath him lying—
Unheard the deep groans of the dying.
Yet foremost in the desperate fray,
Through the thick legions of the foe,
His arm shot panic and dismay—
His sabre struck no second blow ;
And chiefs, who never quailed before,
Had braved him once—and braved no more.
Crowned with triumphant laurels now,
What strange dejection clouds his brow ?

XII.

The warrior feels not, 'midst the strife
The dread of death, the love of life ;
And the loud yell of battle's din
Bears down the warning voice within.
Far from his soul is Memory hurled ;—
The battle-plain becomes his world ;

Nought fills his heart, or fires his eye,
But vengeance—fame—and victory.
But when the storm of strife is o'er,
When Fancy's fever burns no more ;
When all the madness, all the pride
Of conquest and of wrath subside ;
Then, then her throne will Truth assume,
And wrap the haughty soul in gloom.
Whate'er oppressed that musing chief,
He wore a frown too stern for grief ;
'Twas some wild passion's keener force,
Perchance repentance or remorse.
His band in mute amazement viewed
Their leader's harsh repulsive mood ;
But none, uncalled, might dare intrude
Upon his hour of solitude,
Save *one*—nor deem it strange that *he*,
Though youthful and unwarlike still,
The friend of Leo's soul should be—
Affection, chainless, roves at will—
And souls unbending—bold—and high—
With gentlest bosoms oft combine
In Friendship's fondest—firmed tie—
As the light tendrils of the vine,
Round the tall elm delight to twine !

XIII.

Not his the form, nor his the face
That spoke him sprung of bandit race ;
For modest was his mien, and meek—
And though a rooted paleness shed
Its wan hue o'er his faded cheek,
Whence youth's transparent rose was fled ;
When to its wonted seat would rush
The sudden and unconscious blush,
Its bright tints told—though faintly seen—
How fair in health that rose had been.
A melting softness in his tone
Breathed music—and his pensive smile
Was such in grace—in all but guile—
As Beauty had been proud to own :
And in his dark-blue eye, which told
Of grief consuming though controlled,
There was a placid hopelessness,
Which dimmed—but did not charm the less :
Such is the mild and mournful ray
Of Beauty, while it wastes away.
Softly he spoke—his accents stole
Resistless on the Outlaw's soul—
“ What gloom thy martial spirit shrouds ?
Thy brow what strange dejection clouds ?

Dost thou, O chief! in sadness pine,
When conquest and when fame are thine?
I own, my weaker heart hath bled,
To view the dying and the dead;
Nor would I shrink to tell, in sooth,
(Thou wilt not blame a wayward youth,)
To set the pining captive free,
To raise the fallen, more dear to me
Than all the pride of victory.
Such thoughts, I know, the warrior spurns;
For Glory's meed alone he burns;
And is not thine the wreath of Fame,
And thine the Victor's envied name?"

XIV.

"Oh Azor!" thus the chief replied,
And deep and heavily he sighed;
"That laurelled wreath, that vaunted fame,
Are now my hate—my scorn—my shame.
Their pleasure scarce deserves a thought;—
If rapture, 'twere too dearly bought
By those whom Passion's blast hath driven,
Till they—like me—for fame have given
Their peace on earth, their hope of heaven.
When from my sabre shrunk the foe,
Thou know'st not—and thou canst not know—"

What nerved my stern unsparing hand,
What thought gave keenness to my brand.
It was not Hate that fired mine eye,
Nor even the pride of victory
No—Azor—no—I feared to die.
Doubt darkens o'er thy clouded brow,
And half exclaims, 'It cannot be !'
Thou deem'st it strange my soul should bow
To lay its weakness bare to thee—
But mark me, youth !—nor hostile sword,
Nor sabre in my life-blood gored ;
No insult of a vaunting foe,
No abject craven's heartless blow ;
Not the keen throb of life's last sigh—
Not all of shame and agony
That Wrath can wreak—or Guilt can bear,—
It is not these—'tis HEAVEN I fear.

XV.

“ O reverend guardian of my youth !
O herald of eternal truth !
How have I mocked thy pious prayer !
How blasted thy parental care !
Thou good old man ! a venom'd dart
My guilt hath planted in thine heart ;

And dimmed thine age with all the woe
A saintly soul—like thine—could know.
How oft doth keen Remembrance trace,
In lines not Guilt can e'er erase,
Thine aspect meek—thine accents mild—
Thy fondness for a worthless child.
Would the vain dream of pomp and pride
Had never lured me from thy side!—
The Seer unveiled before mine eye
The mysteries of Eternity—
He raised me to the throne of fire
Where dark clouds veil th' Almighty Sire :
He bade me look beyond the tomb,
And watch the deathless worm consume.—
He led me to the mountain-side,
Where—oh may lips of guilt and shame
Dare but to breathe that hallowed name?—
Where Heaven's incarnate Sovereign died—
And yet from this stupendous scene,
False dreams my wavering soul could wean ;
And bid me basely, weakly, sever
The faith I vowed to hold for ever.—
Lured by the wily arts of Hell,
I languished—murmured—doubted—fell.

XVI.

“ Oh where was Reason’s vaunted light,
To guide me in that fearful hour ?
And where was Virtue’s arm of might,
To guard me from the Tempter’s power ?
And where that ‘ still small ’ voice, that wakes
In darkness, and in silence speaks,
That well had warned me from despair,
And thundered on my soul ‘ Beware !’
Ah ! vain alike were each and all
To save or shield me ere my fall.—
And well to that accursed deed
Hath Heaven repaid its deadly meed ;—
Like the dry leaf, at random cast
By every bleak autumnal blast ;
Each path my soul is doomed to trace,
And never find a resting-place.
No soft reviving dews of sleep
My brows in calm oblivion steep ;
Through Night’s still shade dread thunders roll
Prophetic o’er my conscious soul,
And spectres shriek my future doom,
And dark fiends beckon to the tomb.
Oh how I wake and watch for day
To drive those dreary dreams away !

And what is Fame, so dearly won,
Whose earlier rays so brightly shone ?
'Tis faithless as the clear blue stream
Which veils the deep abyss below ;
'Tis fleeting as a lovely dream
From which the dreamer wakes to woe ;
It proffers rapture, false as fair,
And gives distraction and despair.
Not e'en *thy* gentle cares can bless
The soul that pines in hopelessness ;
I cling to life—yet curse my breath—
And sigh for rest—but shrink from death ;
That would not soothe mine agony—
The worm of conscience cannot die.
O could I wander like a Cain
With branded brow, and burning brain ;—
Or lingering live as others die,
Each breath like nature's parting sigh,
'Twere welcome—if I could but fly
From judgment and eternity."

XVII.

He ceased—o'er Azor's faded cheek
A flash of wild emotion flew ;
But soon that momentary streak
Changed to a paler, deadlier hue—

His soft bright eye of living blue
In agony of tears grew dim—
And o'er his brow his hand he drew,
As light and earth before him swim ;
Yet nought his quivering lips express—
Say, therefore did he *feel* the less ?
No ! burning cheeks and labouring brow
The soul's deep struggle best avow ;
What need of words ? the heart alone
Is Pity's dearest, holiest throne,
And, when the tale of woe she hears,
Her softest answer is in tears.
Nor Leo waited more reply,
But spoke on low and mournfully.
“ And now thou know'st the secret strife,
The ceaseless—cureless pangs I feel ;
But mark me, Azor !—on thy life
That galling truth to none reveal
Which here I charge thee to conceal.
Thine is the guileless heart of youth,
And thine its tenderness and truth ;
Nor cold distrust nor scornful pride
In thee forbid me to confide.
And in thy form and in thy face
The cherished lineaments I trace
Of one—I dare not name her now—

Who claimed my earliest, fondest vow :
And for *her* sake—most dear art thou.
But haste—our task is long delayed,
The wounded loud demand our aid—
Check not thy gentle cares, nor know
Distinction here of friend or foe ;
Here let our former variance end—
The fallen is the warrior's friend.”
And instant to the plain they sped
To soothe the dying—grace the dead.
O gentle youth ! on earth recline,
And softly raise the drooping head,
And staunch the wound that long hath bled—
Alas ! a joyless task is thine !
The heart that still with vengeance burns,
Though light and life are waning fast,
Thy proffered grace indignant spurns—
And only seeks to breathe its last
Unheeded there—nor deigns to owe
Such mercy to the conquering foe.—
Yet should thine aid avail to save
One victim from the opening grave,
A purer, holier wreath is thine,
Than Fame—with all her boast—can twine
Around the patriot and the brave.

XVIII.

'Tis night—and o'er that field of blood
No pale star sheds its lonely ray ;
The morn with radiant beams that glowed
Hath past in gathering clouds away ;
And chill blasts moan, and viewless gloom
Lowers darkly o'er the warriors' tomb.—
Now in his deep, secluded grot
The outlaw-chieftain seeks to share
That sweet repose from human care,
When tears are hushed, and griefs forgot—
(Soft Sleep, the welcome boon of Heaven,
To want and woe is freely given :
'Tis guilt alone that shares it not.)
And watchful near his chief reclines
That faithful youth—more pale—more fair
Than the lone lovelorn maid who pines
A lingering victim of despair—
What doth a form so gentle there?—
But ah ! repose is sought in vain
To calm and cool his burning brain,
For while in seeming slumbers now
Oblivion steals upon his brow,
From his rude couch behold him start
As Death's cold hand had touched his heart,

And half unclose his wandering eye,
And writhe as if in agony.
Or when that transient torpor breaks,
And sense returns, and memory wakes,
While fierce around his rocky cell
Loud thunder roars—and wild winds swell,—
Amid the horrors of the storm
Still Fancy paints some spectre-form,
And each deep echo seems to be
A summons to eternity.
For Conscience to the troubled breast
Accords no hope—no peace—no rest—
The worm that gnaws insatiate there
Dies but in madness or despair.
Oh ! yet may Heaven's reclaiming power
Avail to ward that fearful hour—
The wanderer's soul in mercy save,
And tear her triumph from the grave !

XIX.

But hark ! what sudden sounds of fear,
The warrior's tread—the clang of arms—
Burst on the Outlaw's listening ear,
And thrill his breast with cold alarms ?
If o'er that gallant generous soul
No *human* fear might claim control ;

Yet oh ! when holiest bosoms shrink
Appalled from Nature's shuddering brink—
What conscious dread—what pangs are his
Who hovers o'er that dark abyss,
And sees no refuge from despair ;
And hopes no sheltering Saviour there !
Yet still his desperate brow he manned
With stern resolve—his firm right hand
Already grasped his well-tried brand.
O sheathe thy sword ! thy fears are vain—
'Tis but thine own undaunted train :
Perchance some captive foe they bear,
Or tidings for their Chieftain's ear.
Now through the arched entrance streaming,
The flickering torch is dimly gleaming,
And naked brands and lances bright
Are glancing in that trembling light.
Well knew that Chief his own wild clan—
Yet in the midst a stranger-form
His keen eye marked—a weak old man—
Perchance some wanderer of the storm ;
But here the robber-guide who led
Bending in lowly reverence said—
“ My chief, as on the' allotted post,
Observant of the routed host
Our warriors watched the pass around,
This aged captive lone we found.

'Twere marvel how he 'scaped the foe
Who lurk in every cleft below ;
And some, whose blind and fiery zeal
Denounced him as a traitor spy,
(Whom vengeance justly dooms to die)
Had buried in his breast the steel ;—
Yet—for I deem thy nobler sword
In guiltless blood is never gored—
I stayed them—till thyself might know
If true or false—if friend or foe.
'Twas strange—no terror blanched his cheek—
He breathed for life no frantic prayer—
He stood, with mien resolved though meek,
Undaunted and unshrinking there.
And, questioned, this his sole reply—
To thee his name and race were known,
His errand was to thee alone—
Should'st thou his stainless truth deny,
He would not then refuse to die.—
Enough—his sentence to assign,
To punish or release be thine.”
“ Well hast thou done,” the chief rejoined,
Thy mercy speaks a generous mind ;
The triumph of the truly brave
Is—not to conquer—but to save.

Yet haste thee—to thy post repair,
For still the foe demands thy care ;
And for thy meed—not strange to thee—
Accept thy Chieftain's eulogy."

XX.

The bandit and his troop are gone—
The Captive-Saint is left alone—
And oh ! that struggling pang intense—
That agony of keen suspense—
That mingling strife of hope and fear—
Of visions bright—and bodings drear—
When love in all its fervour burns,
And on his child the father yearns :
Yet dark-recurring doubts repress
His soul's awakening tenderness ;
And paint his son, cut off from Heaven,
False to the last, and unforgiven.
While dimly yet the pale lamp threw
Its beam through deep, encircling shade,
Nor—glimmering—yet revealed to view
His features, or his form betrayed ;
One solemn moment all was still ;—
And oh ! what wild emotions wake ;
What tremors through his bosom thrill,
As if that aged heart would break !

Gently at length the Chieftain spake ;
“ Old man, whoe'er thou art—draw near ;
If true thy tale—thou need'st not fear ;
If false—no vengeance waits thee here.
What power through circling foes could guide ?
By whom to me thine errand given ?”
Firmly the aged Saint replied,
“ THE LORD OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.”

XXI.

That voice went straightway to his heart—
And instant from his couch he sprung
With sudden and convulsive start,
As by some keen remembrance stung :
And pale as lifeless marble grew
His sunken cheek's sepulchral hue ;—
And shuddering dread—and deep amaze
Were mingled in his first wild gaze,
As if the forms that frowned by night,
Arose to blast his waking sight.
So, when the Phantom-Seer arose,
Dread herald of impending woes,
Aghast the destined Monarch stood—
Fear fixed his eye—and froze his blood.
But soon—that causeless awe controlled—
No bloodless shade *his* eyes behold—

No spectre of unearthly mould :—
It was his friend—his guide—his sire—
That hallowed Saint—whose eye of fire
Had pierced where marshalled Seraphs shone ;
And seen THE MIGHTIEST on his throne ;
To whom, with looks of love divine,
Ere yet the chain of nature broke,
The agonizing Saviour spoke—
“ Behold that mother—she is thine !”
Oh ! when the Prophet-saint he knew,
How burnt his cheek with shame’s deep hue—
O’er his wan brow, with sorrow shaded—
What mixed emotions flashed and faded.
But words that burn are all too faint,
The struggle of the soul to paint ;
As well might human art essay
In living colours to portray
The glories of departing day ;
And trace the thousand tints of even ;
Vain hope ! unless to man were given,
To bathe his brush in hues of Heaven.
Where is that glance of martial pride,
That lightened through the battle-tide ?
That lip of scorn— that eye of fire—
Beneath whose hate—disdain—or ire—

The brow of bold Presumption quailed,
And Vice its demon-darkness veiled?
That eye hath drooped, unarmed to brook
The meek Apostle's piercing look ;
The glance, e'en warriors shrunk to scan,
Hath sunk before a weak old man.
And as he turned his head aside,
(Oh! was it penitence—or pride)
Struggling with sighs, that seemed to choke
His utterance—thus the Patriarch spoke:—

XXII.

“ I will not chide thee, O my son !
Though thou hast wrung thy Father's heart ;
I will not do as thou hast done,
Or in thy bosom plant the dart
That wounds so keenly in mine own—
No ! rather would I ward the blow,
Aimed by thy soul's relentless foe,
And rend thee from his grasp away,
Though life itself the forfeit pay.
Could peril teach my breast to fear,
Thou know'st, I ne'er had sought thee here ;
But love like mine superior glows
To human fears, and human foes.

In the sweet wayward hour of youth,
When all the Tempter's wiles were tried ;
To watch thee walk unmoved in truth,
To be thy Father and thy guide,
Earth held for me no bliss beside.
How oft this aged heart hath glowed
To hear thee plight the solemn vow
That bound thee to thy Saviour-God—
And could I leave thee now ?
Leave thee to infamy and sin—
To pangs that ne'er can sleep within ?
To share the false Apostate's doom,
And feel the deathless worm consume ?
I could not leave thee—and I came,
Though age unnerved each palsied limb,
And languid were mine eyes and dim—
And Friendship urged a stronger claim.
Nor Fear nor Love my steps detain ;
I thought on thee—and both were vain.
I came—but if thou coldly spurn
My proffered love—no more return—
For thine my latest look shall be,
My parting prayer be breathed for thee.

XXIII.

“ What lured thee from the hallowed dome
Of piety and peace,

Where Truth hath fixed her favourite home—
Where earthly sorrows cease ?
What won thee from the band who seemed
With thine their hearts—their hopes to blend ;
And all were dear—for each was deemed
A Father—or a Friend ?
Was it the false but specious flame
Of earthly pride—of earthly fame ?
Was it the ardour of a soul
That spurned the Gospel's mild control ?
If rightly here, my son, I deem,
Where is that wild romantic dream ?
Where are those joys—so falsely fair ;
That ecstasy of glory—where ?
Is not thy bosom like the billow
Which warring winds forbid to rest ?—
Say, do not thorns corrode thy pillow,
And rankle in thy joyless breast ?
Nor thou the sad confession speak,
Enough thy faded looks avow ;
I read it in thy withered cheek—
I trace it on thy altered brow—
So calm before—so troubled now !
Think not, with harsh resentful pride
On thy changed looks I coldly gaze ;
Those looks my tenderest pity raise,

But wake no sterner thought beside ;
For in thy Father's heart to thee
Oh how could scorn or sternness be ?
Thou wert my hope—my bliss—my pride !
And—save to do Jehovah's will—
I only lived to be thy guide ;
In weal or woe—in good or ill—
I loved thee then—I love thee still.

XXIV.

“ O think, my son ! how wild and vain
Are all the dreams of earthly pride !
Shouldst thou the height of glory gain,
What countless ills the great betide !
Superior pomp—superior pain—
The madness of th' insatiate brain
That looks on earth with proud disdain,
And sighs for worlds beside !
Where is the meteor flash that shone
O'er Ecbatane and Babylon,
And smote the Persian from his throne ?
Where is the self-exalted God ?
The Hero of immortal birth—
The Lord of Macedon—and earth—
Is now a vile and nameless clod.
A few short hours—and they who bowed

The meanest of the servile crowd,
Had spurned the mass of lifeless clay,
As on its kindred earth it lay,
In loathsomeness of foul decay.
Great Cæsar rued the hour that gave
The free-born Roman for his slave ;
And who—for all his sated pride—
Would wish to die as Marius died ?
Know—heroes were by Heaven designed,
(If heroes men like these we call,)
To rise upon their country's fall,
To glut the grave, and scourge mankind.
And what their guilty toil repays ?
That falsehood of dissembled praise
Which Flattery's glozing tongue adorns,
And Vice extols—while Virtue mourns.
Yes—e'en the fame, for which was given
The love of man—the bliss of heaven—
The tale of after times—nay—worse—
Becomes a proverb and a curse.
Say then, if pomp and high renown,
Thy martial deeds—like theirs—might crown ;
Say, wouldst thou wish to share with them
The miseries of a diadem ?
Oh spurn, my son, the hero's name,
And shun the infamy of fame ;

To thee let nobler praise be given,
The Friend of Man! the Loved of Heaven!"

XXV.

In one unvarying attitude,
While spoke the Saint, had Leo stood:
His bosom heaved with many a sigh,
And tears from his averted eye
With more than woman's weakness fell—
Strange tears he strove in vain to quell.
The Patriarch paused. Now, fiends of hell,
Once more your dark delusions try,
For life and death are on the die—
To-night a soul is lost or won,
The stake is for eternity.
Rouse to your aid fell Passion's train,
Ambition—wrath—despair—disdain—
And man's arch-tempter, pride—'tis vain!
The glorious deed is done!
The spell is broke—the chains are riven—
There's rage in hell—and joy in heaven.
He turned, "Away, away," he cried,
"Ye faithless dreams of desperate pride!
Too long I mourned your baleful sway;
False ministers of hell, away!"

Alas ! a double guilt was mine,
While Sin's bewildering maze I trod,
Much against *thee*, O Saint Divine !
But more against my God.
Friend of my youth ! my Guide ! my Sire !
O tell me, may I yet return ?
Will not thy God in righteous ire
The false apostate spurn !
But no—when *thou* no toil didst shun
To seek and save a faithless son—
(To slight a love so pure as thine
What base ingratitude was mine !)
Shall one, like me, by man forgiven,
Presume to dread repulse from Heaven ?
Though mine is yet a wayward will,
And pride and shame are struggling still ;
Aid thou my guilty soul to bear,
And shield me—save me from despair.—
Remorse and scorn are justly mine.
I merit all—nor will repine,
So happiness and peace are thine.
O teach my contrite soul to bow,
My more than Friend—than Father thou !
Though I—degraded—lost—undone
Deserve not to be called thy son.”

XXVI.

That old man felt his bosom swell
With strong parental tenderness :
Tears spoke that transport's wild excess
No words had pictured half so well :
Weeping on Leo's neck he fell—
That fervour of the soul was his,
That bright, unutterable bliss
Which fires the blest where angels dwell.
Such in the kindling seraph burns,
When to his God the wanderer turns.
Not thus—the deed of death undone—
The glowing Patriarch clasped his son ;—
Child of his age—his only stay—
The staff of his declining day ;
But rescued from the tomb was he—
This—ransomed from eternity.
'Tis strange that tears alike should flow
In brightest bliss and darkest woe ;
So closely linked is each extreme,
That hounds our troubled transient dream.
That dream ere long shall fade and die
In one eternal certainty,
No cheering ray shall soothe despair,
And rapture know no limit there.

Calmer at length the Patriarch grew—
Yet strong emotion shook his frame,
And tears his pale cheek still bedew,
As thus the stifled accents came :—

XXVII.

“ O welcome to thy Father's heart,
Child of my hopes—my prayers—my tears !
O welcome—never more to part—
Till, worn beneath the weight of years,
I calmly sink into the tomb,
And thou bewail—yet bless my doom.
For know—no dread has Death for me,
His stroke but sets my spirit free ;
Then ends the reign of Woe and Sin,
Then purity and bliss begin.
Long, long this lonely heart hath pined
To leave the realms of earth behind,
And hail once more, in heaven restored.
My King, my Saviour, and my Lord ;
One only wish remained beside—
To see and bless thee ere I died.
That bliss is mine—my sorrows cease—
Lord ! let me now depart in peace.

XXVIII.

“ But thou, my son ! awhile attend
The counsels of thine aged friend ;
While yet the vital spark remains,
And throbs the life-blood in my veins.
Ne'er be thy grovelling hopes confined
To shine on earth's contracted sphere ;
No worthy guerdon wilt thou find,
For all is false and fleeting here.
The deathless soul—the chainless mind
By Heaven's dread Father were designed
To flourish by his throne on high,
And share his immortality.
Then let me snatch thee from the grave,
And point once more thy hopes to heaven—
To Him who all *my* sins forgave,
By whom thine yet may be forgiven ;
He never spurns the suppliant prayer,
Or dooms the contrite to despair.
That Star of David's royal line —
The promised King—the Seed Divine—
The Lord who reigns enthroned above —
In human guise to know and love—
The favoured lot was mine.
For me, though meanest far of all,
The Saviour deigned his friend to call ;

And while he lived—and when he died,
I still was nearest to his side.
I saw him in the judgment-hall,
Denied by one—renounced by *all*—
I stood the cross of horror by,
And watched him in his agony.
I marked the sun's meridian light
Slow dárken in impervious night ;
As if he loathed to lend his ray
To shine on that accursed day :
I felt the sullen earthquake's shock —
The heaving ground—the rending rock—
When the pale tenants of the tomb
Arose from earth's convulsive womb—
Oh ! never, never canst thou know
What then for thee the Saviour bore ;
The pangs of that mysterious woe
That wrung his frame at every pore ;
The weight that prest upon his brow,
The fever of his bosom's core !
Yes ! man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave,
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved expire,
From love—or piety—or pride—
But who can die as JESUS died ?—

A sweet but solitary beam,
An emanation from above
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream—
We hail that beam, and call it Love—
But fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day ;
And lighter than the viewless sand
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
Is all of Love that man can know—
All that in angel-breasts can glow—
Compared, O Lord of Hosts ! with thine—
Eternal—fathomless—divine !
That love—whose praise with quenchless fire
Inflames the blest seraphic choir ;
Where perfect rapture reigns above,
And Love is all—for THOU art Love !"

XXIX.

A kindling fervour—bold and high—
Breathed in his tone—his upraised eye
With more than mortal radiance glowed,
And both proclaimed the present God.
So when to Amram's son was given
To stand unharmed, 'mid flames of heaven,
Wreathed round his brows—a living crown—
The glory of Jehovah shone.

Nor Leo heard the Saint unmoved,
Nor weak nor vain emotion proved ;
The warring waves of scorn and pride
Before the words of truth subside ;
A ray of that celestial love,
A beam of mercy from above
Glows in his beating bosom now,
And kindles on his beaming brow.
No lingering pride—no scorn he feels—
As prostrate now on earth he kneels,
And pours his inmost soul in prayer,
To Him who knows what thoughts are there.
For not on proud majestic fanes,
(Where tapers glare, and anthems peal,
And few adore, though thousands kneel)
His grace the God of glory deigns ;
No—on the meek and lowly breast
Jehovah's eye delights to rest—
Grief's still, small whisper He can hear,
And read the mute, expressive tear—
And trace the burning thoughts that spring,
Borne upward on Devotion's wing :
No costly fane—no gorgeous shrine
Incense can breathe to Him so dear,
So pure—so sacred—so divine.
Leo arose—his dark eye burned

With fire that told of guilt forgiven,
Of hopes restored—and peace with Heaven ;
Instant where Azor stood he turned—
“ Thou too hast heard, O youth beloved !
Heaven grant thou hast not heard unmoved ;
But may thy yielding soul incline
To make the faith of Christians thine !
As on the battle-plain serene,
In meek, unsullied loveliness
The modest wild-flower blooms unseen ;
Midst guilt hast *thou* untainted been,
And soft among the pitiless.
Thou, who didst soothe my soul's despair,
Shun not my holier hopes to share !
Oh, turn thee from the idol-train,
To Him no suppliant seeks in vain ;
That linked to thine my soul may be
In Time—and through Eternity !” —

XXX.

Young Azor spoke not—yet that word
Passed not ‘ unheeded or unheard,’
Though lost awhile he seemed to be
In deep, abstracted reverie :—
What tremors in his cheek are blushing,
What fevered hues his pale brow flushing ?

Those varying dyes—so softly fair—
What deep emotion kindles there ?
He bends on earth his bright blue eye,
Beneath its fringed veil retiring ;
So shrinks young virgin-modesty
From the bold gaze of crowds admiring.
Yet, deeply struggling to control
The hidden tumult of his soul,
Once more he raised that humid eye,
And gazed on Leo tremblingly—
Such fears let gentler woman claim,
But what hath man to do with shame ?

XXXI.

The winged interchange of thought
Is quickly kindled—quickly caught—
Yea—swifter than the sunbeam breaking
It thrills the startled soul awaking,
And bids another's breast be known,
Or in one glance betrays its own.
With instant impulse, through his heart
Young Leo felt its lightning dart—
No fears control—no doubts recall—
One glance had met—and answered all.
The sight Hope never dared to deem—
Which vivid Fancy never drew—

Wilder than Love's first ardent dream,
Is present to his raptured view ;
Unless the spirit's chain is riven,
And earth has brightened into heaven.
To Azor's soul—whate'er it be—
Like feeling shot electric flame,
Its aspect changed—its power the same,
Not less of fire in him we see,
But more—far more—of purity ;
As sunbeams in the lucid stream
Reflected, shed a lovelier gleam.
Less fair the Boy of godlike mien
Who spurned the smiles of Beauty's Queen—
Less fair that bright youth, whom the Sun
Checked his red car to gaze upon.
Yet still his dim eye drooped and fell,
His bosom heaved with conscious swell—
Such fears let gentler woman claim,
But what hath man to do with shame ?

XXXII.

Away ! away ! thou frail disguise,
Thou canst not blind a lover's eyes ;
Youth may the virgin's vest assume,
And emulate the virgin's bloom ;

With eye as bright, and smile as warm,
And equal symmetry of form—
But *one* soft spell remaineth—*one*
Which woman claims, and claims alone—
It is the breathing, burning dye
Of Love controlled by Modesty.
That conscious crimson blush revealed
The truth, so long—so well concealed ;
And Leo in that moment knew
His own loved maid, whom Fancy drew
The idol of his raptured dream,
When young Hope shed her fairest gleam ;
To whom his first fond vows were given,
Dearer than Fame—than all but Heaven.—
But when the timid, conscious maid
Perceived her secret soul betrayed ;
Chill tremors shook her faltering frame—
Her varying colour went and came—
The circling scenes—confused and dim,
Like shadowy visions round her swim—
Nor knew she then what arm sustained—
Nor felt th' impassioned clasp that strained.
But when returning reason shone
O'er the fair brow he gazed upon ;
Oh, how his throbbing heart beat high
In strong and speechless ecstasy !

Less dear the watchfire—whose red light
Forbids the tossing bark to err—
Less welcome, 'mid the storm's black night,
The moonbeam to the mariner.
Once more the bright hue to her cheek
Returns—she—faltering—strove to speak ;
'Though faint at first her accents came
Withheld by fear, and maiden-shame ;
That youth with fond emotion heard,
Yea—hung entranced on every word.
For when with deep tumultuous flush
Played o'er her cheek the mantling blush,
By that soft blush he knew full well—
Whate'er her fate—no tale was near
Might wound a virgin's pride to tell,
A lover's heart to hear.

XXXIII.

“ Father !” she cried, “ forbear to deem
Too harshly of a child of woe,
Though scenes like these, full well I know,
The modest virgin ill beseem :
Once in the sight of Earth and Heaven,
I pledged the Christian's hallowed vow—
By Misery's blast resistless driven,
Oh deem me not unfaithful now !

Hear me my tale of grief recall,
And—pitying—thou wilt pardon all—
Nor thou, my Leo, own a fear
To find the lost Irene here.

XXXIV.

“ Retrace that hour of deepest gloom
When desolate and broken-hearted
Near Smyrna’s fatal walls we parted,
Sad presage of our future doom!—
Thou know’st, my stern indignant Sire,
With brow of scorn, and eye of fire,
That plighted faith asunder tore,
Himself had joyed to bind before.—
‘ My daughter’s hand I freely gave
To thee—illustrious—generous—brave—
Yet would I watch Despair consume
With ruthless blight her vernal bloom,
And strew with flowers her virgin tomb,
Ere she should wed a thing so mean
As thou—an outcast Nazarene ;
Renounce thy God—thy faith resign
And still my heart—my child, are thine.’
Oh ! since that hour—when cheerless gloom
The smiling dream of youth o’erclouded,
And bleak Despair in darkness shrouded

All refuge—but the friendly tomb—
One loved remembrance yet could dart
A transient solace to my heart,
When rose the past before mine eye,
And Memory woke thy firm reply ;
This let thy sainted Father hear,
And know, his son was justly dear.
' Thy daughter's love I freely sought,
And prized it, as a warrior ought—
Well for a heart like hers were given
Wealth—glory—grandeur—all but Heaven.
But know, though peril and though pain
Had torn her from my soul in vain,
Yet, if thou bidst my faith resign,
Then never be Irene mine !'

XXXV.

“ He led me breathless from the spot,
Nor I withstood my Father's will ;
Whate'er I felt—my grief was still ;
And if I wept—he marked it not.
Yet deem not *thou* wert e'er forgot—
No frowns the chainless soul confine,
No tears the page of Memory blot,
And still my heart was only thine.

But soon the restless strife of thought
Its wonted work of ruin wrought ;
Nor was he backward to descry
The sufferings I forbore to speak ;
I could not veil the rayless eye—
I could not shade the bloodless cheek—
And then my sire forgot to chide,
Nor urged the vows I still denied ;
And calmer grew his mood—and mild,
As fits a parent to a child.
Yet I forbore to breathe *thy* name—
His aspect changed—his soul the same—
It had but roused the slumbering flame ;
And, though I mourned his wayward will,
I loved him as a Father still.

XXXVI.

“ One vernal eve—as lone we strayed
Through Cytherea’s fragrant grove,
Though beauty brightened through the shade
I bowed not to the Queen of Love ;
My prayers were breathed to One above—
And my stern Sire—I knew not how—
Forbore my silence to reprove,
Or urge the vain unhallowed vow ;
When, lo ! before the idol’s shrine

An old man stands—his streaming eye,
His outstretched hands, are raised on high—
He speaks of Love Divine.

O reverend Saint—I know thee now—
Thine aspect meek—thy placid brow—
That minister of Heaven wert thou !
And while thy burning words approve
The mysteries of eternal Love,
Still as I gazed upon my sire,
Strange hopes my wondering bosom fire—
What need of words?—Truth's kindling ray
Drove Error's lowering clouds away—
So, at Jehovah's word, the light
Flashed instant through primeval night.
When thou hadst ceased, and all were gone,
And we were left—unseen—alone—
Long rooted to that spot he stood,
Pondering in solitary mood ;
Nor might I dare, whate'er it be,
To break that solemn reverie.—
Oh ! who may rashly seek to scan
The mazes of th' eternal plan ?
If that blest hour might rapture give
Too high for man to feel and live
I know not—keen the night-winds blew,
And o'er him chilled the evening dew ;—

If Death's winged shaft that instant flew,
It brought eternal glory too.
O happy soul! thy rest was near—
Thy prayer was heard—thy race was run;
Yet sad the parting and severe—
And hard to say of one so dear
'The will of Heaven be done!'

XXXVII.

“ Know'st thou this fondly-treasured scroll,
This pledge our plighted love endears?
The solace of my father's soul,
'Twas watered by his dying tears;
By thee in happy moment given,
It raised his brightening hopes to heaven;
It soothed his pangs, till all was o'er,
And life with anguish strove no more.
This too, O reverend Saint! was thine,
Record of life and love divine.
Oh! when thy soul released shall rise
Triumphant to its destined skies,
While winged choirs seraphic greet thee,
There shall my sainted father meet thee,
And guide thee to Jehovah's throne,
A gem in thine eternal crown.

XXXVIII.

“ When from his heavy half-closed eye
The dim faint light of life was waning ;
While Nature’s last worst agony
In each cold powerless limb was straining ;
When Death’s dissolving dews e’en now
Stood thick upon his throbbing brow ;
The mightier soul unvanquished shone
Through all we shrink to gaze upon.—
He looked—he spoke—in deadliest ill,
The Father and the Christian still.
Oh ! if to watch the quivering limb,
The eye bewildered—wandering—dim—
To meet the close convulsive clasp
Of death’s wild agonizing grasp
In one we know not—love not—dart
Cold tremors to the sternest heart ;
What keener pangs the bosom rend
When ’tis a father—or a friend ?
But never, while Remembrance reigns,
And Reason here her sway retains ;
Oh ! ne’er shall brighter hours efface,
Or Time his parting words erase.
For when the souls we loved are fled
A sacred charm invests the dead—

Fond Memory lingers saddening o'er
Each act of love—unmarked before—
And the last charge, by Friendship given,
Is hallowed as a voice from heaven !

XXXIX.

“ ‘ Child of my fondest—firmest love !
My own Irene—let it be
As wills the gracious Power above ;
Thou must not, dearest ! weep for me—
Hope soothes my else-lamented doom,
And glory shines beyond the tomb.
But to the point, ere utterance fails—
My daughter ! when impending fate
Thy father’s sight in darkness veils,
And thou, an orphan desolate,
Last of thy race, art left alone
To pine unpitied and unknown ;
In Tarsus’ walls thou must not stay—
For guilt and rapine would intrude
On thine unguarded solitude,
Or foul deceit thy youth betray :
And insult, keener far than death,
Awaits the maid of Christian faith.
Awhile forget thy virgin-pride

And be thy form, in manly guise,
Securely veiled from Pagan eyes—
Our aged Claudian be thy guide;
Faithful, thou know'st, from earliest youth,
Now doubly fixed by Christian truth.
All gracious Heaven! one moment more '—
He gasped—and death was in his tone,"—
' To Ephesus thy course explore,
And seek the 'loved Apostle John';
He will confirm thee in the truth,
And be a father to thy youth.
Bless thee, oh bless thee, dearest child!
May He—whose arm is mightiest—guide
Thy steps through Life's dark perilous wild!—
Sustain thee when thy faith is tried—
Illumine thy soul with hopes divine,
And make a crown of glory thine!
He is the refuge of distress;
The Father of the fatherless.
And if'—but strong convulsions shook
His struggling and exhausted frame—
Love strove with anguish in his look—
His last faint accents breathed *thy* name—
He sighed—relaxed his iron grasp—
His cold hand stiffened in my clasp—

The chain that bound to earth was riven,
The soul had winged its flight to heaven.

XL.

“ Short tale remains—of grief and gloom
I speak not—for to speak were vain ;
I wept above my father’s tomb,
For love may weep—though not complain.
I turn disguised from Tarsus’ walls,
And straight to Ephesus repair—
No virgin-pride my step recalls,
For well I knew *thou* wert not there—
And, when the silent tear I shed,
It fell not only for the dead.
Across these hills our journey lay ;
Thy band arrest us in our way ;
And here my faithful Claudian fell,
Proving his stainless truth too well.
The rest thou know’st—O reverend Sire !
Once more I pledge the sacred vow ;
Let not my languid faith expire,
But be my guide, my father thou ;
I have no earthly parent now—
Then let me seek that mightiest One,
Who, while adoring seraphs bow,
Looks down from his eternal throne

The widow's lonely lot to bless,
And soothe and save the fatherless.—
The faith of childhood I resign,
Henceforth the Christian's God be mine.”

XLI.

The Patriarch looked upon that maid—
Then raised his tearful eyes above :
What fervent bliss was there pourtrayed !
What eloquence of holy love !
One fleeting moment hath repaid
The long, long pause of doubt and dread
While for his son—beguiled—betrayed—
The tear of blighted hopes he shed.
O loveliest is the orient ray
When through the storm resplendent breaking !
And dearest is the light of day
To one from fearful dreams awaking—
So sweetest to the heart long bleeding
Is rapture, when to woe succeeding.
Such bliss, triumphant Saint ! is thine,
Pure ecstasy of love divine ;
A transport this without alloy,
Meet presage of eternal joy.
“ May He who erst on Calvary bled
With all his love, my daughter, bless thee !

Soft dews of mercy o'er thee shed !
Sustain thy soul when woes oppress thee !
May his unfading rays illumine
Life's wilderness of guilt and gloom ;
Thy Star of hope—thy Rock of faith—
Thy Light in darkness—Life in death !
Though clouds invest that awful throne
No mortal eye may gaze upon,
One kindly beam breaks forth above,
One ray of everlasting love.
On earth 'tis but a meteor streaming—
In heaven a sun of glory beaming ;
The gauds of earth are frail as fair—
Fix then thy warm affections there ;
To Him thy hopes immortal raise,
And win the love that Angels praise.

XLII.

“ Ere yet I heard thine artless tale
I marked the flame thou couldst not veil—
I know the conscious shame that now
Fades on thy meek ingenuous brow,
Or wakes the deep tumultuous streak
That kindles o'er thy burning cheek—

It is the look—the blush of love—
Nor I the virtuous flame reprove ;
Ne'er be, by man's rash will, restrained
The tenderest tie by Heaven ordained :
Here, while before your God ye bow,
I plight the long-contracted vow :
May He your genial union bless
With all of earthly happiness.
Be life's rough path together trod,
Its duties done—its burdens lightened ;
And may the gloom of earth be brightened
By the glad presence of your God ;
Till, with celestial favour blest,
Ye pass to your eternal rest ;
Triumph o'er Death's sepulchral gloom,
And rise to glory from the tomb !

XLIII.

“ But what are earth's vain fleeting charms
To that bright blest eternity
Which waits—O favoured maid—for thee ?
The very thought my bosom warms,
As when in rocky Patmos lone
I communed with the Holiest One,
And o'er my head dread thunders broke,
And thus the viewless Seraph spoke—

‘Mortal ! from earth awake ! arise !
And view the secrets of the skies.’
Hearken, my children—and behold
The glories of the latter day ;
When heaven its portals shall unfold,
And earth and skies shall pass away.
It is th’ Eternal Sire’s decree,
That thus the final hour should be—
Pomp—glory—grandeur shall decay,
But his high word endures for aye.

XLIV.

“ One foot on earth, and one on sea,
A mighty Angel towers to heaven ;
Before his glance the mountains flee ;
Beneath his tread the depths are riven—
Wreathed radiant round his brows divine
The bright hues of the rainbow shine ;
His aspect—like the broad red glare
Of the fierce sun’s meridian ray,
Beams forth intolerable day—
The glory of the Lord is there.
Loud as the maddening lion’s roar,
Or as the wild surge beats the shore,
He speaks—blue lightnings rend the sky,
And heaven in thunder gives reply.

Ne'er be those sounds, in mystery sealed,
To human ear on earth revealed.
And when that fearful sign was given,
He raised his dread right hand to heaven,
And thus the oath he swore—
' Ye spacious skies—thou rooted earth—
By Him who called you into birth
Your destined date is o'er ;
I swear by Him, whose sovereign sway,
The bright angelic hosts obey—
By Him who died, and lives for aye,
That Time shall be no more.'
Earth trembled at the sound, but O
What shrieks of wailing and of woe,
What frantic yells of wild despair,
Tumultuous rend the troubled air ;
In vain—the day of grace is o'er,
And love and pity plead no more.
Mark—where the rock-hewn cavern breaks,
And to his doom th' Oppressor wakes ;
Mark—where the fear-struck Despot now
Dashes the diadem from his brow—
Beneath his foot the firm earth rends—
The heavens are darkening o'er him ;
The Judge—the Sovereign Judge descends—
And who may stand before him ?

XLV.

“ He comes! he comes! I see Him now—
Ye Seraphs! spread your eager wings,
Thou, Earth, to thy Redeemer bow!
A bright sun burns upon his brow,
And round his path red lightning flings
Its awful radiance—on his thigh
Is graven the name of Mystery,
THE LORD OF LORDS, AND KING OF KINGS!
O Thou, on earth beloved, adored,
My Friend, my Father, and my Lord!
I see thee now without a veil—
Help! or my dazzled sight will fail.
Oh bear me to that burning throne
I scarce can brook to gaze upon;
And give my kindling soul to prove
The raptures of ecstatic love;
And learn unutterable lays,
And hymn thee in eternal praise!
Shrink like a scroll, thou frightened sky!
Earth—‘ tremble into vacancy!
List to the pealing trumpet’s swell,
Ye hideous depths of Death and Hell—
Burst your strong chain—your gates unclose;
And break the long—the last repose.

Blest train of martyred Saints, arise !
Look upward to your native skies ;
Arise and claim your rich reward,
And share the triumphs of your Lord.
Behold the promised golden throne—
The conquering palm ! th' unfading crown—
And more than all—that beaming eye
Whose glance is love and ecstasy !—
Where is thy stern imperial brow,
Where are thy vaunts—dark Despot ! now ?
In vain thou call'st the rending rock
To whelm thee in its thundering shock,
Or bidst the mighty ocean roll
Its billows o'er thy conscious soul—
Thy doom no prayers—no tears delay—
Hell yawns, and Death demands his prey.—
But, lo ! what sudden splendours beaming
O'er heaven's illumined arch are streaming ;
What hues of varied beauty blending,
What fair celestial towers descending !—
O Salem ! city of our God !
The Saints'—the Martyrs' blest abode !
I see thy gates of pearl unfold,
I see thy streets of burnished gold !
I see thy towers in crystal shine,
Meet temple for a King Divine.

Hail! perfect, pure in virgin pride,
The Victor Lamb's resplendent bride!
Within thy hallowed courts are found
No lurking cares to vex or wound ;
No dim eye sheds the hopeless tear,
No bosom throbs with doubt or fear ;
And hushed is Shame's tumultuous thrill,
And Passion's warring storm is still.
No bright sun beams by day—by night
No pale moon sheds her feebler light—
But from that throne of living fire
Where sits revealed th' Eternal Sire,
Where Seraphs raise their loudest strain
To hail the Lamb that once was slain—
Though faith and hope have passed away,
Love sheds a pure unchanging ray,
That faintly shone on earth before—
Now beams and burns for evermore.

XLVI.

“Blest visions of unearthly light,
Why vanish from my straining sight ?
Oh fade not all—*one* lingering ray
To glimmer o'er my parting day !
One beam to bless my coming doom,
And gild my passage to the tomb !

Nor ye—my children—vainly deem
These words a wild enraptured dream—
For faithful—true—and just is He
Whose voice proclaimed that this should be ;
May ye that heavenly Zion share,
And win a crown eternal there !”

Eusebii Ecclesiasticæ Historiæ, cap. 93.

NARRATIO DE JOHANNE APOSTOLO.

Ἐπειδὴ γὰρ τοῦ τυράννου τελευτήσαντος, ἀπὸ τοῦ Πάτμου τῆς νήσου μετῆλθεν εἰς τὴν Ἔφεσον, ἀπῆει παρακαλούμενος καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ πλησιόχωρα τῶν ἐθνῶν, ὅπου μὲν ἐπισκόπους καταστήσων, ὅπου δὲ ὕλας ἐκκλησίας ἀρμόσων, ὅπου δὲ κλήρω ἔναγε τινα κληρώσων τῶν ὑπὸ τοῦ πνεύματος σημαιομένων. Ἐλθὼν οὖν καὶ ἐπὶ τινα τῶν οὐ μακρὰν πόλεων, ἧς καὶ τὸν ὄνομα λέγουσιν ἔνιοι, καὶ τᾶλλα ἀναπαύσας τοὺς ἀδελφοὺς, ἐπὶ πᾶσι τῷ καθεστῶτι προσβλέψας ἐπισκόπων, νεανίσκον ἱκανὸν τῷ σώματι καὶ τῇ ὕψι ἀστείον, καὶ θερμὸν τὴν ψυχὴν ἰδὼν, “Τοῦτον,” ἔφη, “σοὶ παρακατατίθεμαι μετὰ πάσης σπουδῆς, ἐπὶ τῆς ἐκκλησίας καὶ τοῦ Χριστοῦ μάρτυρος.” Τοῦ δὲ δεχομένου καὶ πάνθ’ ὑπισχνουμένου, καὶ πάλιν τὰ αὐτὰ διελέγετο, καὶ διεμαρτύρετο. Εἶτα ὁ μὲν ἀπῆρεν ἐπὶ τὴν Ἔφεσον· ὁ δὲ πρεσβύτερος ἀναλαβὼν οἴκαδε τὸν παραδοθέντα νεανίσκον, ἔτρεφε, συνέιχεν, ἔθαλπε· τὸ τελευταῖον ἐφώτισε, καὶ μετὰ τοῦτο ὑφῆκε τῆς πλείονος ἐπιμελείας καὶ παραφυλακῆς, ὡς τὸ τέλειον αὐτῷ φυλακτήριον ἐπιστήσας τὴν σφραγίδα τοῦ Κυρίου. Τῷ δὲ ἀνέσεως πρὸ ὥρας λαβομένῳ, προσφθείρονται τινες ἡλικες ἀργοὶ καὶ ἀπερβῶγοτες ἐθάδες κακῶν. Καὶ πρῶτον μὲν δι’ ἐστιάσεων πολυτελῶν αὐτὸν

ἐπάγονται· εἰτά που καὶ νύκτωρ ἐπὶ λωποδυσίαν ἐξιόντες συνεπάγονται· εἰτά τι καὶ μείζον συμπράττειν ἤξιον. Ὁ δὲ κατ' ὀλίγον προσειθίζετο· καὶ διὰ μέγεθος φύσεως, ἐκστὰς ὡσπερ ἄστος καὶ εὐρωστος ἵππος ὀρθῆς ὁδοῦ, καὶ τὸν χαλινὸν ἐνδακῶν, μειζόνως κατὰ τῶν βυράθρων ἐφέρετο. Ἀπογνοὺς δὲ τελέως τὴν ἐν Θεῷ σωτηρίαν, οὐδὲν ἔτι μικρὸν διενοεῖτο· ἀλλὰ μέγα τι πράξας, ἐπειδήπερ ἄπαξ ἀπολώλει, ἴσχυε τοῖς ἄλλοις παθεῖν ἤξιον. Αὐτοὺς δὴ τούτους ἀναλαβὼν, καὶ ληστήριον συγκροτήσας, ἕτοιμος λήσταρχος ἦν, βιαιότατος, μαιφονώτατος, χαλεπώτατος.

Χρόνος ἐν μέσῳ· καὶ τινος ἐπιπεσοῦσης χρείας, ἀνακαλοῦσι τὸν Ἰωάννην. Ὁ δὲ, ἐπεὶ τὰ ἄλλα, ὧν χάριν ἦκε, κατεστήσατο, “ Ἄγε δὴ,” ἔφη, “ ὦ ἐπίσκοπε, τὴν παρακαταθήκην ἀπόδος ἡμῖν, ἣν ἐγὼ τε καὶ ὁ Χριστὸς σοι παρακατεθέμεθα ἐπὶ τῆς ἐκκλησίας ἧς προκυθῆξή μάρτυρος.” Ὁ δὲ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον ἐξεπλάγη, χρήματα οἰόμενος ἄπερ οὐκ ἔλαβε συκοφαντεῖσθαι· καὶ οὔτε πιστεύειν εἶχεν ὑπερ ὧν οὐκ εἶχεν, οὔτε ἀπιστεῖν Ἰωάννην. Ὡς δὲ “ Τὸν νεανίσκον,” εἶπεν, “ ἀπαιτῶ, καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν τοῦ ἀδελφου,” στενάξας κάτωθεν ὁ πρεσβύτερος, καὶ τι καὶ ἐπιδακρύσας, “ Ἐκείνος,” ἔφη, “ τέθνηκε.” “ Πῶς καὶ τίνα θάνατον;” “ Θεῷ τέθνηκεν,” εἶπεν, “ ἀπέβη γὰρ πονηρὸς καὶ ἐξώλης, καὶ τὸ κεφάλαιον ληστής· καὶ νῦν ἀντὶ ἧς ἐκκλησίας τὸ ὄρος καπείληφε μεθ' ὁμοίου στρατιωτικοῦ.” Καταρρηξάμενος οὖν τὴν ἐσθῆτα ὁ Ἀπόστολος, καὶ μετὰ μεγάλης οἰμωγῆς πληξάμενος τὴν κεφαλὴν, “ Καλὸν γε,” ἔφη, “ φύλακα τῆς ταδελεφου ψυχῆς κατέλιπον. Ἄλλ' ἵππος ἤδη μοι παρέστω, καὶ ἡγεμῶν γινέσθω μοι τίς τῆς ὁδοῦ.” Ἦλθον οὖν ὡσπερ εἶχεν αὐτοθεν ἀπο τῆς ἐκκλησίας· ἐλθὼν ὑπὲρ εἰς τὸ χωρίον, ὑπὸ τῆς προφυλακῆς τῶν ληστῶν ἀλισκεται, μήτε φεύγων, μήτε παραιτούμενος, ἀλλὰ βοῶν, “ Ἐπὶ τούτ' ἐλήλυθα, ἐπὶ τὸν ἄρχοντα ὑμῶν ἀναγάγετέ με.” Ὡς τῶς ὡσπερ ὥπλιστο, ἀνέμενεν· ὡς δὲ προσίοντα ἐγνώρισε τὸν Ἰωάννην, εἰς φυγὴν αἰδεσθεὶς ἐτράπετο· ὁ δὲ

ἐδιώκειν ἀνακράτος, ἐπιλαθόμενος τῆς ἡλικίας τῆς ἑαυτοῦ· κεκραγώς. “Τί με φεύγεις, τέκνον, τὸν σαυτοῦ πατέρα, τὸν γυμνὸν, τὸν γέροντα; ἐλέησόν με, τέκνον, μὴ φοβοῦ· ἔχεις ἔτι ζωῆς ἐλπίδα. Ἐγὼ Χριστῷ δώσω λόγον ὑπὲρ σοῦ. ἂν δέη, τὸν σὸν θάνατον ἐχὼν ὑπομενῶ, ὡς ὁ Κύριος τὸν ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν· ὑπὲρ σοῦ τὴν ψυχὴν ἀντιδώσω τὴν ἐμὴν· στήθι· πίστευσον. Χριστός με ἀπέστειλεν.” Ὁ δὲ ἀκούσας, πρῶτον μὲν ἔστη κάτω βλέπων· εἶτα ἔρριψε τὰ ὄπλα· εἶτα τρέμων ἔκλαε πικρῶς· προσελθόντα δὲ τὸν γέροντα περιέλαβεν ἀπολογούμενος ταῖς οἰμωγαῖς ὡς ἐδύνατο, καὶ τοῖς δάκρυσι βαπτιζόμενος ἐκ δευτέρου, μόνην ἀποκρύπτων τὴν δεξίαν. Ὁ δὲ ἐγγνώμενος, ἐπομνύμενος ὡς ἄφρασι αὐτῷ παρὰ τοῦ Σωτῆρος ἠΰρηται· δεόμενος, γονυπετῶν, αὐτὴν τὴν δεξίαν ὡς ὑπὸ τῆς μετανοίας κεκαθαρμένην καταφιλῶν, ἐπὶ τὴν ἐκκλησίαν ἐπαναγάγε. Καὶ δαψιλέσι μὲν εὐχαῖς ἐξαιτούμενος, συνεχέσι δὲ νηστεύεισιν συναγωνιζόμενος, ποικίλαις δὲ ῥήσεσι λόγων κατεπάδων αὐτοῦ τὴν γνώμην, οὐ πρότερον ἀπῆλθεν, ὡς φασι, πρὶν αὐτὸν ἀποκατέστησε τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ· διδοὺς μέγα παράδειγμα μετανοίας ἀληθινῆς, καὶ μέγα γνῶρισμα παλιγγενεσίας, τρόπαιοι ἀναστάσεως βλεπομένης.

TRANSLATION.

When after the death of the tyrant Domitian, the Apostle John had returned from the isle of Patmos to Ephesus, at the solicitation of the brethren he undertook a tour through the provinces adjacent to that city. His objects in this journey were the ordination of bishops, the personal superintendence of the churches, and the separation of such persons as were indicated to him by the Spirit, to the exercise of the clerical office. On his arrival at a city not far from Ephesus, (the very name of

which is mentioned by some writers,) after he had consoled the brethren by exhortations, he beheld among his audience a certain youth, whose commanding stature and engaging aspect bespoke a corresponding nobility of mind. Turning to the bishop whom he had just ordained, he exclaimed, "In the presence of the church, and in the sight of Christ, I commit this youth to your utmost diligence." He having received the young man, and given the required promise, the Apostle, having solemnly reiterated his charge, returned to Ephesus.

The Presbyter admitting into his own family the youth who had thus been consigned to his care, after having instructed,* strengthened, and cherished him, administered to him the ordinance of baptism. After this, however, he relaxed his former vigilance and caution, imagining that he had secured him by the most effectual restraint, the seal of the Lord. But certain of his former companions, dissolute, debauched, and abandoned to every species of vice, endeavour to corrupt the youth, who had been too early released from restraint. And first they entice him by magnificent banquets; afterwards, stealing out by night for purposes of robbery, they persuade him to accompany them; and, in a short time, excite him to attempt some action of greater atrocity.

But he, becoming gradually inured to vice, like a spirited and unbridled charger galloping from his right path, and champing his bridle, is hurried, by the very nobility of his soul, more deeply into the abyss. Having renounced all hope of salvation in his Redeemer, he meditated no trivial action; but, as one reduced to utter desperation, determined to perpetrate

* *συνεῖχε*, properly, kept within compass.

some great exploit, disdaining, even in guilt, to be on an equality with the rest. Having therefore collected his associates into a band, and procured himself to be appointed their leader, he surpassed all others in violence, slaughter, and atrocity.

In the course of time, some exigence requiring his presence, John is once more summoned to the same city. Having arranged all the circumstances, on account of which he came, "Now," said he, "O bishop, restore to me the deposit which Christ and I committed to your custody in presence of the church over which you preside." He at first stood mute with astonishment, imagining that money which he had never received was required from him through some calumny; he could neither believe that what had never been entrusted to his care was demanded from him, nor could he impeach the veracity of the Apostle. But when he exclaimed, "I demand the young man, even the soul of my brother," the old man groaning deeply, and bursting into tears, replied, "He is dead." "And in what manner did he die?" "He is dead to God," rejoined the Bishop: "he hath departed, being impious, and abandoned, and a most desperate robber. And he now occupies a mountain opposite the church, with his equally lawless associates."

At these words the Apostle rent his garments, and with a bitter groan striking his forehead, exclaimed, "To what an excellent guardian did I entrust the soul of my brother!—But procure me instantly a horse and a guide." He hastened, even as he was, directly from the church; and, having arrived at the place of his destination, is captured by the advanced guard of the robbers, neither endeavouring to fly, nor imploring life,

but exclaiming, " For this very purpose I came! conduct me to your chief."

The leader, armed as he was, awaited his arrival. And when he recognised John advancing towards him, overpowered with shame, he betook himself to flight. But the Apostle, forgetful of his age, eagerly pursued him, exclaiming, " Wherefore do you fly from me, oh my son! from your father, aged and unarmed? Pity me, oh my child, and fear me not: you still possess a hope of salvation. I will render account of you to Christ. Willingly would I endure death on your behalf, even as the Lord died for me. I will give my own life as a ransom for you: stop, and believe: Christ hath sent me." The youth hearing these words, at first stood still, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: next he threw off his arms, and, trembling, burst into a flood of tears. He then met the old man advancing, and with bitter sighs and lamentations implored his pardon, being, as it were, baptized a second time in his tears, only concealing his right hand. Then the apostle pledging his faith and vowing that he would obtain pardon for him from his Redeemer, having fallen on his knees and prayed, kissed the right hand of the young man as if it had been purified by repentance, and led him back to the church. Having besought God on his behalf with many prayers, and striving together by frequent fastings, and soothing his soul by many scriptural * exhortations, the Apostle, as they say, did not depart till he had restored him to the church, having afforded a signal example of sincere penitence, an illustrious instance of regeneration, and a trophy of a conspicuous resurrection.

* Ῥήσει λόγων, literally, sayings of the Scriptures.

There are strong presumptions in favour of the authenticity of this legend. Irenæus, who lived A.D. 178, (that is, within less than a century after the death of St. John,) and Clemens Alexandrinus, affirm that all the Presbyters, who were in habits of intimacy with the Apostle, professed to have received the tradition immediately from himself.

Eusebius calls it *μῦθον, οὐ μῦθον, ἀλλὰ ὄντα λόγον, περὶ Ἰωάννου τοῦ Ἀποστόλου παραδεδομένον, καὶ μνήμη πεφυλαγμένον.*

IRAD AND ADAH,

A TALE OF THE FLOOD.

In the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noë entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away.—MATT. xxiv. 38, 39.

IRAD AND ADAH;

A TALE OF THE FLOOD.

PART I.

GUILT.

I.

FAIR art thou, Syria! when the summer rose
Wreathes thy green laurels in its virgin-prime;
Fair, when the mellowed ray of Autumn glows
On the hoar summits of thy hills sublime;—
But thou wert fairer in the morn of Time,
In Earth's young loveliness, when bounteous Heaven
Shed all its splendours on thy cloudless clime;
Nor yet wild Ocean's vengeful waves were driven
O'er thy devoted plains, to whelm the unforgiven.

II.

And thus I sing thee, ere the foaming flood
Had swept thy vallies ;—while the smiling land,
By God's approving voice recorded " Good, "
Bore the fresh impress of His Master-hand :
A bluer wave broke sparkling o'er the strand ;
With broader radiance beamed the Orb above ;
And softer gales with richer fragrance fanned
A clearer fountain and a cooler grove,
And all beneath the sky was harmony and love.

III.

All save the heart of Man. Enshrouded there
A Sorceress lurked, whose rancour fierce and fell
Could shed pollution o'er a scene so fair ;
And, by the potent poison of her spell,
Transform Mankind to Demons—Earth to Hell ;—
Yea, e'en to God's own seat th' Enchantress soared,
Raising a feud *His* arm alone could quell ;
Then Seraphs sunk beneath her wiles abhorred,
And now on guilty man she draws th' avenging
sword.

IV.

But all as yet is Beauty. From his throne
Of Glory, crowned with those meridian beams
Which daunt up-soaring Eagles, the high Sun
Looks down resplendent: earth, sea, mountains,
streams,
Smile in his lustre, till Creation seems
To emulate the splendours of the skies ;
Bright as the rapt Arabian fondly deems
Of promised fountains pure, and suns that rise
To set no more for aye o'er plains of Paradise.

V.

Yet the full blaze of noon's pervading ray
Descends in vain o'er yon umbrageous grove,
Where the tall cypress and o'ershadowing bay
And brown beech mingling with the plant of love
Form many a fragrant bower, and arched alcove ;
While flowers of matchless beauty deck the sod ;
Such as the first and fairest Virgin wove
To wreath her brow ;—such, where th' Eternal trod,
Glad Earth spontaneous poured: meet homage to
her God.

VI.

There too from every cleft transparent gushing
Unnumbered rills their devious course pursue ;
From crag to crag with wanton wildness rushing ;
Tinging with silvery foam their waters blue ;
Or smoothly flowing, like the mirror true
Of that clear fount, where young Narcissus viewed
His own dark eye, and soft cheek's blooming hue ;
With plaintive prayers th' illusive image wooed ;
Then rushed with fond embrace, and clasped the
faithless flood ;

VII.

He clasped and maddened. But of this sweet grove
Shall future bards in pensive numbers sing
A lay of fonder and more hopeless love ;—
How, as fair Daphne in the lucid spring
Pranked her light tresses, Day's enamoured King
Chased the coy maid—in breathless wild dismay
She fled, but Dian stooped her aid to bring ;
The plant which, like his love, knows no decay,
By Phœbus hence was worn, the pure perennial bay.

VIII.

Alas ! that scenes, where Man might almost deem
His Paradise restored, his fall forgiven ;
And hail the presence of the Great Supreme
As in the Eden whence his Sire was driven,
Should only lead him more astray from heaven !
Alas ! that souls perverse, in worse than madness,
Should bind the chain, which Mercy else had riven ;
And change the bowers of bliss, the hymn of glad-
ness,
To scenes of bleak despair, and harrowing shrieks
of sadness.

IX.

On that famed mount, from whose cloud-mantled
brow,
While the still earth is yet in darkness sleeping,
The eye entranced can trace Day's orient glow
The Eastern skies in golden glory steeping ;
The youths and virgins of the land are keeping,
With sacrifice and song, their rites divine ;
And while on many an altar Priests are heaping
Sabæan odours, round each stately shrine
They raise the votive lay ; the graceful dance en-
twine.

X.

Away ! nor listen to the silver lyre,
Nor heed the music of the choral strain ;
The minstrel youths, the white-robed virgin-choir
Breathe empty vows to Idols worse than vain ;
Those lovely maidens are the race of Cain ;
But oh ! enthralled by woman's wanton wile
Seth's holier offspring stoop to rites profane !
Alas ! that aught so false as Beauty's smile
Should thus to deeds accurst the Sons of Peace be-
guile.

XI.

'Twas ever thus. A glance—a sigh—a tear—
The downcast eye—the bosom's fluttering swell
Can tame the mightiest—and, but Heaven were
near,
Could win the wisest—holiest to rebel.
A world was lost by one seductive spell.
Yet think, vain boaster, ere thou proudly dare
Condemn or curse thy hapless Sire who fell,
Hadst *thou* withstood a form so fond and fair ?
If thou art still untried, be grateful, and beware !

XII.

Alas ! still Beauty works, as then it wrought,
The wreck of nations, as of worlds before ;
Still in the wanton's lure the soul is caught,
Till Conscience slumbers, Faith forgets to soar,
And Wisdom, vanquished, wakes and warns no
more ;—

But pause we here the mournful tale to tell
How that deluded tribe, whose Fathers bore
The image of their Maker, darkly fell,
By woman's wiles betrayed, and subtle snares of
Hell.

XIII.

Long in sequestered glens, and mountains wild,
Peaceful and pure, the tribes of Seth abode ;
Pleased on his favoured race JEHOVAH smiled,
And Seraphs hailed them as the Sons of God ;
To tread the path their sainted Sires had trod ;
To till the teeming vallies, or to tend
Their flocks on hills where stately forests nod ;
Around the social sacrifice to bend,
And to their Fathers' God glad hymns of transport
blend ;

XIV.

Such was the blameless tenor of their life ;
While, unrepining, to the Sons of Cain,
A race inured to rapine and to strife,
They left the spicy groves, the cultured plain,
And the rich harvest of the golden grain ;—
Nor vainly left—from that Apostate brood
Fled Peace, and Hope, and Joy, a lovely train !
To seek asylum in those mountains rude,
Till Eden bloomed anew in that blest solitude.

XV.

Ah how from such abodes of bliss serene
Could guests like these be exiled ? How could Hell
Win its foul path, unheeded and unseen,
E'en to the spot where saints had loved to dwell ?—
Small marvel Man should fall when Angels fell !
Ambition—Pride—the baleful lust of sway
Can pierce the peaceful Anchorite's lonely cell,
The Sage's calm seclusion ; and betray
The heedless heart to cast immortal joys away.

XVI.

Oft from their hills the Sethite youth surveyed
The pomp of legions rushing to the war ;
Warriors and Chiefs in glittering mail arrayed,
And shouting myriads thronging from afar
To hail the Victor on his trophied car ;—
Till, in the troubled thoughts of hope's wild dream,
Fame rose before them, like a lovely star
Rich and resplendent with a brighter beam,
Than passion yet had learnt of earthly bliss to deem.

XVII.

O with what fervour did each sacred Sage,
The holy Lamech, and his reverend Sire,
The first of men in wisdom as in age,
Mathusala, to curb that rash desire,
With all a Father's anxious love conspire ;
While—more than both—the consecrated Seer,
The righteous Noah, with prophetic fire
Bade the bold youth their Maker's mandate hear,
His proffered mercy prize : his menaced vengeance
fear.

XVIII.

Had but Ambition Wisdom's voice withstood,
Virtue perchance had conquered; but alas!
Hell hath a charm with stronger spells endued,
And framed with wiles more fatal! This it was
Which lured the Father of Mankind to pass
The limits of his Eden, and consign
His countless progeny, a wretched mass!
To long, long exile from that home divine:—
Ah who can trace the toils that round the *heart*
entwine?

XIX.

In evil hour to that time-honoured shade,
(Once the loved home of him* who never died,)
Alone, unguarded, came a stranger-Maid;
Of that sweet age, when Beauty's conscious pride,
Chastened by virgin modesty, hath dyed
With Shame's first blush the fair cheek's snowy
whiteness;
When youth and graver womanhood divide
The lovely prize, and Childhood's playful lightness
Lurks in the sportive smile; beams in the eye's
young brightness.

* Enoch.

XX.

A son of Seth descried her. Had she smiled
Perchance his heart its oft-pledged faith had kept,
Nor female blandishments again beguiled
The frail to disobedience ; but she *wept*—
And with her tears subduing softness crept
Through his whole frame resistless, till he proved
Though Passion's power had long in silence slept.
It lived to conquer still : his soul was moved
With specious pity first—he solaced next—then
loved.—

XXI.

She told a simple tale of meek distress ;—
From venal vows her shuddering soul forbade
She fled an outcast to the wilderness ;
To pine or perish in the lonely shade
Ere wed a Lord she loved not. She had strayed
Since Morn's first beams were brightening in the
sky,
And now one little boon was all she prayed—
Nor let his wrath her lowly suit deny—
She only asked in peace and purity to die.

XXII.

Low at his feet the suppliant Virgin knelt—
 She spoke no more—but oh! that pleading sigh!
 Those white hands clasped in prayer; would they
 not melt

The frozen heart of age? And why, oh why
 Should cold suspicion doubt, or weakness fly
 A simple maiden? Must he turn and leave
 A form so lovely to despair and die?
 It cannot be that guileless heart can weave
 A web of fraudulent arts: that open brow deceive!

XXIII.

But know'st thou not, rash youth! that Falsehood's
 lure

Is ever framed the stamp of truth to bear;
 That man is weakest still, when most secure,
 And Beauty's smile oft falsest, when most fair?
 A woman tempts thee, but a fiend is there!
 Wilt thou then shame thy yet untainted line?
 A guiltier Adam, wilt thou madly dare,
 Like him thy peace, thy Paradise resign?
 Canst thou repeat *that* fall, and hope forgiveness
 thine?

XXIV.

It was not that he pitied ; for the thrill
Of heaven-born pity aye to heaven is dear ;
It was not that he solaced ; for to still
The throbbing breast, and wipe the mourner's tear
Is Virtue's proud prerogative, and here
Had seemed perchance like mercy—but to *love* ;—
'Tis the first plunge in Folly's rash career.
And whirls him to destruction : 'tis to prove
A recreant Traitor, false to holier ties above.

XXV.

Is't then a crime to hang on Beauty's smile,
Burn at her blush, and sink beneath her tear ?—
'Tis worse than guilt when Beauty would beguile
Her spell-bound captive from a Father's fear,
And bid him brave th' Eternal ! Oh revere
Thyself, thy Sires, thy God, and rend the chain
That round thy heart is twining. Wake ! and hear
The warning voice ; thy venturous foot restrain !
And be the child of faith, the loved of Heaven again !

XXVI.

He paused a moment—for the dark abyss
Rushed on his soul, and all beyond the tomb ;
He paused in vain ; her tearful eye met *his* ;—
That look hath stifled conscience—sealed his doom—
And sentenced myriads to eternal gloom.
'Tis o'er ! the chain is fixed—the deed is done—
The flame breaks forth whose fury shall consume
A faithless world : the Fiend his prey hath won,
For Guilt is in the heart, and Guilt is Hell begun.

XXVII.

Nor deem his trespass venial, for he knew
The maid a daughter of that lawless race,
Whose Sire accursed to woods and wilds withdrew
To hide the mark no Time could e'er efface,
And shun the All-pervading. Still the trace
Of blood was on his offspring ; still the cry
Of wrath and war was in their dwelling-place ;—
They knelt to idols ; and would Heaven ally
Its own loved seed with Guilt's apostate progeny ?—

XXVIII.

What need of words? Seductive beauty won
The mountain-fortress Force had stormed in vain;
The deadly plague that fatal hour begun
Spread like devouring fire: soon to the plain
By frantic ardour borne, the youthful train
Impetuous rushed; in vain the Patriarchs strove
To awe by terrors or by tears restrain;
They recked not Sires below, nor God above;
So strong were woman's charms, and such the
power of Love.

XXIX.

But said I Love? Oh no! When Man was driven
From his lost Eden to a world of woe;
Superior Love to soothe his griefs was given,
And lead him back to virtue. In its glow
There is a transport Guilt can never know,
Or, knowing, could not cherish. On the ties
Of social tenderness that bind below
Love sheds its ray: but for its native skies
Reserves a purer beam—for True Love never dies.

XXX.

But Seth's lost children loved not, though the name
Of love might gloss their falsehood; and they
glowed
With warmer transports and a wilder flame;
Love never lured a mortal from his God;
But Passion bore *them* onward, till they bowed
At idol-altars, and with prayers profane
Invoked the Orb of Day, and disavowed
The God of Enoch for the Gods of Cain;—
Such deeds could Justice mark, and bear the sword
in vain?

XXXI.

Oh with what anguish was thy bosom rent
Thou Sire of many sons! earth's eldest born!
How saintly Lamech poured the vain lament!
How fearless Noah raised his voice to warn
And braved the trifler's scoff, the warrior's scorn,
And e'en the coward's contumely that still—
Ere from its strong foundations earth was borne
And Death came forth to smite, the wayward will
Of man might yet be turned, and shun th' impend-
ing ill.

XXXII.

Yes—oft the Seer foretold the day of doom,
And saw in visions o'er the lowering skies
O'ershadowing tempests spread unearthly gloom,
And from his depths beheld fierce Ocean rise
To whelm a world of traitors, 'mid the cries
Of shrieking myriads ; but he saw in vain ;
And when he closed his aged Grandsire's eyes,
Seth's once pure offspring with the race of Cain
Were blended all—alike polluted and profane.

XXXIII.

All save his own bold Sons, who firmly clave
To their dear Father, and their dearer Lord :
Held their ancestral faith ; nor shrunk to brave
The coward's mockery, or the ruffian's sword,
When duty called to daring ;—At the word
Of their sage Sire, through circling years they
 raised
A wondrous work, predestined to afford
Refuge from storms to come : the crowd amazed
Beheld the rising ark—yet mocked them while
 they gazed ;

XXXIV.

And, still unmoved, through each revolving day
Held their light revels on the verdant plain,
Or gaily listened to th' impassioned lay,
And drank fresh poison from the beauteous train,
Those forms of angels, with the soul of Cain :—
“ Heaven shines above, while Earth is fair below,
Why should a doting dreamer's frantic strain
Chill the warm hope, or damp the generous glow ;
Why quit substantial bliss to shun ideal woe ?”

XXXV.

Return we to our tale.—I said, the Sun
Shone in full splendour o'er yon laurelled grove,
Where now the festal joyaunce is begun,
And o'er the mead in sportive mazes move
The graceful virgins : on each gale above
Responsive strains of sweetest music rise ;
While, ranged around, the gazing youths approve ;—
Each following his loved Maid with eager eyes,
Meets the reverted glance that to his own replies.

XXXVI.

And many a chief is there, whose lofty name
Was whispered once in darkness and in fear
Till Vengeance tore it from the scroll of Fame ;—
And many an Aged Man, whose brow severe
Betrays a troubled spirit, mingles here
To calm the bodings of his anxious breast—
In vain—still Conscience murmurs, Death is near ;—
And how should Mirth or Music charm to rest
The pangs of keen remorse that must not be sup-
pressed ?

XXXVII.

But lo ! secluded in yon deep alcove,
Formed by the fragrant rose and clustering vine
And jasmine with green myrtles interwove,
On the soft slope what youthful pair recline ?
Still firm and faithful to their King Divine
Sage Noah's seed the rebel race contemn,
Or that young warrior of a lofty line
Had seemed—a branch of Seth's primæval stem,
Bold Japhet's port sublime, or Heaven's beloved,
Shem.

XXXVIII.

Such was his mien—so graceful. But his brow ?
Ah ! there full vainly mightest thou seek to trace,
Though all unbent by Love's full transport now,
The inward calmness of that chosen race ;
The peace that springs from virtue. To efface
The deepworn print of that corroding woe,
Whose source is locked within the dwelling-place
Of conscious Memory, rests with nought below ;
Nor Joy nor Love, can e'er Oblivion's balm be-
stow ;—

XXXIX.

Though each may charm to slumber, as they seem
To charm in this bright moment, when his heart
With new-born gladness, as a hideous dream
Dispels all memory of its former smart ;—
But dreams may vanish ; *this* can ne'er depart ;—
Its empire is eternal ! 'Twill resume
Its potent sway ere long : and shouldst thou start
From Love's brief raptures to thy final doom,
Oh ! canst thou hope to find Oblivion in the tomb ?

XL.

A moment gaze we on that beauteous maid—
But no! I will not sing of hopes and fears,
Of love's long latent tenderness betrayed
By burning blushes, or unconscious tears;—
Of all that wins—enraptures—and endears.
I will not sing, in Passion's glowing strain,
Of all the Virgin feels, when first she hears
The Lover's tale! I may not dare profane
My theme of import grave with aught so wild and
vain.

XLI.

For what, alas! avails it, though she shone
The loveliest far of all, where all were fair;
Though every eye from thousands turned to one,
Caught by the smile that Kings had sought to share;
Though her ingenuous brow the impress bare
Of stainless truth, that could not range or rove;—
Woman! the fond! the faithful! oft may dare
Pain—Peril—Ruin for an earthly love,
Without one thought of Him who claims the soul
above.

XLII.

Of lineage high the beauteous Adah came,
From saintly Seth descended ; yet how vain
Was the pure lustre of that hallowed name !—
She bowed before the Idols of the Plain,
And her loved warrior is a child of Cain :—
But lo, he speaks ! and ere his vows prevail
To bind *that* heart in earth's seductive chain,
Which Heaven hath failed to reach—and yet may
fail ;—
Pause we, while Hope survives, and list the Lover's
Tale.

XLIII.

“ If long I lingered to avow
The flame no maiden-frowns reproved ;
Yet, fairest Adah ! deem not thou
I feebly felt, or lightly loved.
I came not with the happier throng
Who poured impassioned vows to thee ;
Yet, Maiden ! I have loved thee long,
And not the less, though hopelessly.”

For well, in clouds of deep despair
Might Hope's glad star be veiled from One,
Whose heart and hand would madly dare
And do as mine have dared and done.
I knew full oft the gentle child
Of Seth had on the Stranger smiled;
Yet oh! I deemed it could not be,
That thou shouldst deign to smile on me.
For how should friendless Misery gain
The prize by Monarchs sought in vain;
How should the Vulture meet that Sun
Which Eagles dare not gaze upon?
Or how should gentle Maid be wooed
By heart of guilt and hand of blood?—

XLIV.

“ Said I mine hand was stained with *blood*?
'Tis blood of foulest—deepest dye;
For not in equal strife I stood
To meet my mortal enemy
Amid the battle flood;—
No—by a base assassin's deed
I doomed a kindred heart to bleed;
And stooped my crest of martial pride
To skulk a midnight homicide.—
I will not, Maiden! tell thee now,

The wrong I cannot yet avow
With cheek unflushed, unaltered brow—
It would have stirred the calm—the cold—
The meanest thing of mortal mould,
To seize the deadly sword—and die,
Or sheath it in his enemy.
I met my foe—I hurled my dart ;
Hate nerved my hand, and fired mine eye ;
I saw it quiver in his heart—
I heard his shriek of agony !
Oh had it rankled in mine own
Ere that unnatural deed were done !
For though his stifled sob came dear
As softest music to mine ear,
Full soon my own was doomed to be
Wrung forth by tenfold misery :—
When first the fatal dart was thrown
I knew him by his guilt alone ;
But when returning morn revealed
That form the gloom till then concealed ;
I gazed upon his lifeless brow ;—
That glance is fresh in Memory now ;—
No more—I dare not breathe his name ;
Or what his secret crime, and how
He wrought a *brother's* shame.

XLV.

“ Becoming thus a second Cain,
His curse fell on me, and I fled
Far from the spot, but fled in vain ;—
A flame still burnt within my brain,
As when upon the reeking dead
My first wild glance was riveted.
Though native pride and high disdain
Forbad my stubborn soul to weep ;
With nought of vengeance but its pain,
And all of madness but its sleep,
Deep in my bosom’s inmost core
From clime to clime that curse I bore ;
The ceaseless pang no words can tell ;
A living death—an earthly hell.
And if no mark upon my brow
Were branded by the bolts of Heaven,
Yet from my race—I knew not how ;—
Like some loathed Demon was I driven,
A wretch unpitied, unforgiven.
E’en when I sought the desert lair
To shroud me from mine own despair,
The wildest monsters of the wood
Forgot their thirst for human blood !
And howling fled in strange dismay
A fiend more foul, more fierce than they.

I was the common scorn and hate,
Abhorred of all, and desolate ;
None came the den of Misery nigh
With words or looks of sympathy ;
Nay, at my very sight Men fled,
For I was mad, the cowards said,
And mad I was, if madness be
To crouch beneath the withering weight
Of hopeless, cureless agony ;
To curse the lingering arm of Fate,
And strive, in vain desire to clasp
The death that courts, yet mocks the grasp.

XLVI.

“ And thus for equal crimes I bore
The curse dark Cain endured before !
Like him from year to year I pined
A wandering Outcast from my kind,
The slave of some mysterious spell
A Being not of Earth or Hell :—
Where'er I roved, by night, by day,
It was as if th' Allseeing Eye
Shone fierce upon me from on high,
Till from its bright and blasting ray
I sought the wood—the wild—the wave—
I sought—but could not find the grave.

Alone amid the arid waste
Which foot, save mine, had never traced ;
Oft have I watched the lowering skies,
And waited for the fell Simoom,
Or panted for the sands to rise,
And whelm me in a living tomb :
I've listened to the thunder crash
And bared my bosom to the flash ;
While o'er my head innocuous broke
The flame that smote the rooted oak ;
And while blue lightnings clave the sky,
Oh how I looked and longed to die !
But no ! as if the dread decree
Had passed o'er earth—and skies—and sea —
That wave and whirlwind, sand and storm
Should spare and shun th' accursed form ;
Where'er I sought to rest or die,
Still came the Curse I could not fly ;
To human haunts my path pursued,
And tracked my steps to Solitude.

XLVII.

“ Such, Maiden, are the pangs I bore,
And such again my lot may be ;
For oh ! the light thy smiles restore
In darkness soon may fade or flee ;

As o'er yon smooth and glassy deep
Ere long conflicting storms may sweep,
So the frail temper of my brain
May change to frantic fire again.
If then thou doubt, at once resign
A lot deserted—dark as mine ;
And go ! some happier bosom bless
With those fond smiles I may not share ;
And I will seek to love thee less ;—
Full dearly have I learnt to bear ;
And what is life but bitterness,
If love outlive despair ?”

XLVIII.

The Maid replied not, but a sudden tinge
Of deeper red suffused her conscious cheek ;
And in the covert of its sheltering fringe
Her downcast eye seclusion seemed to seek ;—
Awhile she spoke not—it were vain to speak—
Oh to the silent language of the tear
How cold is Passion, ‘ Eloquence how weak !’
What smiles of soft assent were half so dear
As that mute pledge of love, so simple yet sincere ?

XLIX.

Long Irad stood in ecstasy entranced,
While Joy, Hope, Wonder, in his full eye shone ;
And ever on that blushing maid he glanced
As some kind Angel, stooping from the throne
To whisper peace and pardon—he had run
A race of arduous conflict—but the prize
Which crowned his course of agony, was one
Full cheaply purchased by the sacrifice
Of Pomp, Pride, Glory, Rest—of all beneath the
skies.

L.

Alas for human raptures ! they are frail
As the brief flash that dazzles, and is gone ;
To future times a marvel and a tale,
While they who felt, unknowing and unknown,
Sleep in the grave's cold silence. *That* alone
Which beams triumphant e'en in Death's deep
gloom,
Is lightly prized, and oh ! how rarely won !
We pluck Life's fading flowrets as they bloom,
But spurn the only bud that blows beyond the
tomb.

PART II.

PROPHECY.

I.

How lovely is the still clear brow of Eve
When Heaven is bathed in brightness, and the fold
Of many a floating cloud doth interweave
Its silvery vesture with celestial gold
To wreath its sinking Monarch ! Bards have told
Of regions radiant with eternal day ;
But ne'er, oh ! ne'er did mortal eye behold
Such hues of beauty, or so pure a ray,
As now yon parting Sun, yon varied skies display.

II.

But who can paint thee, thou Majestic Orb !
Robed in thy setting lustre, whose broad light
Millions of meaner Splendours doth absorb,
Lost in thy beams, though in thine absence bright ;
Thou movest like a Giant in his might
From conquest and to glory. Thou dost shine
Meet image of thy Lord, the Infinite !
The Pure ! the Gracious ! Of His works divine
To shadow best His praise, transcendant Sun ! is
thine.

III.

Yet art thou but a Symbol, and to bow
Before thine altar with adoring knee
Were foul and rank idolatry—for Thou
Art sprung from nothing, and shalt cease to be
As once thou wert not—at thy King's decree.
But Man endures, and must endure for aye—
And what shall aid him in Eternity
When thou, his God, hast perished ?—*Yet* they play
As if no warning voice had told th' impending day :

IV.

For, as yon skies are beauteous, so on Earth
All wears the mask of happiness and love ;
Still the bland voice of melody and mirth
O'er each flower-sprinkled mead, through every grove
Rings resonant : still in their green alcove
The plighted lovers sweet communion hold ;
While many a breast congenial flame doth prove ;
And many a gentle tale of Love, half told,
Is met by answering sighs that will not be con-
trolled.

V.

But who, when yon blue arch is calm and clear,
Dreads the low thunder muttering from afar ?
Who, in the home to fond affection dear,
Heeds the harsh clangour of returning war ?
Yet oft, alas ! the late imprinted scar
Is but the prelude to a deadlier dart ;
And sudden storms with blighting influence mar
The dawning raptures of the thoughtless heart ;
Hopes flatter to deceive ; Joys dazzle to depart.

VI.

These hopes have flattered and must now deceive;—
These joys have dazzled, and shall soon expire ;—
For both on Guilt were founded ; and shall leave
Their memory graved in characters of fire
On the deluded heart. Hark ! the sweet lyre
E'en now is dying on the breeze ; e'en now
The light dance ceases, and the youths retire ;
And while yon Priests to their false Baal bow,
The prayer is half unsaid : unsealed th' unballowed
vow.

VII.

Nought had the lovers heard of lyre or lute,
Or the sweet music of the vocal lay ;
The stillness smote them now ; for all was mute ;—
The votive hymn had drooped and died away
In discord, and to silence ; pale dismay
Succeeds to festive mirth. But who may dare
Invade the joyaunce of the hallowed day,
And bid th' Adorers from their rites forbear ?
What rash intruder courts his doom ? Behold him
there !

VIII.

An Aged Man he seems, whose pensive brow
Is wan, yet more with sorrow, than with Time ;
For there no troubled lineaments avow
The pangs of conscience, or the curse of crime ;
No ! there are sorrows sacred and sublime,
And such are his : for still his piercing eye
Beams with the brightness of its youthful prime,
And in his glance a fervour bold and high
Reveals th' undaunted soul that will not faint or
fly.

IX.

What charm is in his presence ? All around
Are hushed to breathless silence, and he stands,
Alone 'mid all : a Monarch, though uncrowned,
And, though unarmed, a Warrior. The dark bands
Of Cain recede as if a God commands,
And yet he speaks not—Sure some Power hath
bowed
Each heart with bonds it knows not, nor with-
stands ;
Or how should One control a murderous crowd ;
The Weak repel the Strong ; the Lowly awe the
Proud ?

X.

Yet, if no symbol of superior sway,
Around his brow no gemmed tiara shone,
Yet shall his honoured name survive for aye
Adorned and hallowed with a holier crown ;
When guilty greatness to the grave goes down
Unwept and unremembered, *that* pure wreath
For ever blooms, decay or change unknown ;—
So laurels spurn the lightning's fiery breath,
When the huge oak lies low, and woods are rent
 beneath.

XI.

It is the Righteous Noah. Uncontrolled
By lawless might ; unmoved by vengeful ire,
Oft hath the Seer on that false train foretold
Impending woes, and desolation dire ;
But never, never hath his eye of fire
With fearful presage fraught, so sternly glowed
As now it glows : the conscious crowd retire ;
So through the Assyrian camp the Angel trod,
And mailed myriads crouched before the present
 God.

XII.

Yet, ere he spoke, a sudden sadness past
O'er his grave aspect, glistening in his eye ;
His lips convulsive quivered, and the last,
The last meek prayer that e'er must soar on high
For that doomed world rose heavenward on his sigh;—
Then, like the Prescient Bard, who weeping poured
O'er Zion's towers the fatal prophecy ;
His voice denounced the woes his heart deplored,
And faltered as it breathed the mandate of his
Lord.

XIII.

Nor thou his tears condemn. Th' Avenging Rod
Is wielded only by the hand of Heaven ;
Nor Man arraigns the justice of his God,
While yet his tears—nay more—his prayers are given
To all by Guilt from hope and mercy driven :
While yet o'er Salem's towers the thunder slept,
Ah ! know'st thou not what purer heart was riven,
To what diviner eyes compassion crept,
When o'er the destined towers He gazed, and
“ JESUS WEPT ? ”

XIV.

“ Once more, and yet once more, I breathe
The monitory strain,
The mournful prophecy of Death,
So oft proclaimed in vain.
O pause amid your mad career
The summons of your God to hear ;
His voice could curb and calm to rest
The wave that boils on Ocean’s breast ;
Could stay the lightning in its flight,
The Sun on his meridian height ;
Or bid th’ Apostate Angel rise
From lowest hell to loftiest skies :
And shall presumptuous Man accord
Less reverence to th’ Almighty Lord ;
Shall Earth’s ephemeral sons defy
The Monarch of Eternity ?
O pause—for Vengeance sleeps no more ;
The measure of your guilt runs o’er ;
Your destined date is fleeting fast ;
List then mine errand ; ’tis the *last*.

XV.

“ Ye who by lawless love impelled,
Against your Father’s God rebelled ;

Forsook the living Lord, and prayed
To Powers that could not hear or aid ;
Think ye, though vaunting fools blaspheme,
JEHOVAH is not still Supreme ?
Can ye, who spurn His grace, withstand
The might of His avenging hand ?
O yet your frantic crime forbear,
While Mercy loves and longs to spare ;
Nor deem the warning voice I breathe
By some deluded dreamer given ;
'Tis certain—as the shaft of death ;
Unerring, as the bolt of Heaven !

XVI.

“ I heard the Herald of th' Eternal God
In voice of thunder seal the dread decree !
I saw a dark cloud rest upon the sea,
And straight the Angel of his Presence rode
On fiery car sublime—dun night and storm
Wrapped their dense mantle round his viewless form,
Yet, as he passed, intolerable light
Smote, like the blasting flash, upon my sight,
And my heart failed within me, while my brow
Grew chill as with the damps of death—till now
A strange low voice came ringing on mine ear,
A Voice of Might ! it bade me rise and hear.

I gazed again : and lo ! the Spirit stood
Self-borne on ocean, while the conscious flood
Lay shuddering—all was silent as the grave.
Till the swift rushing of his raven plume
Came like a rising whirlwind—earth—skies—wave
Were instant veiled in more than midnight gloom ;
A blackness like the blackness of the tomb.
I saw no more—till through the burdened air
Pealed mighty thunders—but he was not there :
Next the deep sound of heaving earthquakes past—
He was not in the earthquake—at the last
A still small voice with fearful murmurs broke
Through that dread silence—*then* the Seraph spoke.

XVII.

“ ‘ Thus saith thy Lord, the Lord of Hosts, to thee,
Vast universe of waters ! pathless Sea !
Arise, and spurn the bursting bonds away,
That else had curbed thy warring waves for aye ;
Arise ! and work thy dread Creator’s will,
He bids thee rage, who bade thee first be still.
Roll on ! till Earth and Earth’s rebellious brood,
Be whelmed for ever in thy trackless flood ;
Till to yon skies thy swelling waves aspire,
Then shall he quell thy wrath, and bid thy foam
retire.’ ”

XVIII.

“ He spake—and instant on the troubled gale
Arose the dying shriek, the funeral wail ;
The clouded skies terrific lightnings clave,
Peal answered peal, and wave was heaped on wave.
Hell burst her chain, and hideous Death unfurled
His sable pinions o’er the shuddering world ;
Proud man was vanished as a dream forgot ;
I looked for Earth, and Earth itself was not.

XIX.

“ And dare ye still, presumptuous worms ! defy
That Power whose anger rends th’ affrighted sky,
Or do ye think to brave his lifted rod,
Meet Heaven in arms, and wrest the sword from
God ?—

Reflect ! if such your frantic purpose be,
The rebel Angels stood not—and shall ye ?
And oh, when Justice bares the flaming brand,
And Mercy stays not Wrath’s unsparing hand,
Whom will ye seek in that defenceless hour,
To snatch and shield you from Almighty Power ?
When yon fair Sun shall veil his conscious light,
Fade on his throne, and tremble into night,
From him, your Idol, refuge will ye crave ?
Alas ! ye trust in one who cannot save ;

Ye only lean on Man's delusive foe,
Who wrought your ruin—who will mock your woe.
And think not *then* by prayers your God to bow ;
His pity still would spare you. Hear him NOW—
NOW—while around the swift Destroyers stand,
And curb their whirlwinds till He gives command ;
NOW—while the storm yet slumbers at His feet,
And His high throne is yet a mercy seat.
A moment—skies shall darken at his nod ;
Earth quake—seas madden at the frown of God ;
Then Love is hushed—Hope's parting ray is o'er,
And penitence itself avails no more.
Enough ! if any yet would shun the grave,
And cling to Him whose arm alone can save,
Swift let them now His menaced vengeance flee,
Renounce their Idol-Gods, and follow me !”

XX.

The Prophet ceased—yet none awhile replied—
The warrior's arm hung palsied, while the thrill
Of withering horror quelled each heart of pride ;
And the hoarse murmur of revenge was still ;
For one foreboding presage seemed to fill
Each awe-struck bosom : e'en the Sons of Cain,
Obdurate—fierce—inflexible in ill,
Shrunk from the Seer abashed, and strove in vain
To rouse their native pride, their latent wrath again

XXI.

Aye! there are feelings in the conscious breast
Which antedate its doom. The wretch may seek
O'er earth—on sea—the false illusion, Rest—
It flies before him, Nought so wild or weak
That cannot chill his blood, and blanch his cheek.
The clouds that darken and the storms that rave
Still to his soul one solemn warning speak;—
They lift the sable veil that shrouds the grave;
They point the quenchless flame: They ask him,
“Who shall save?”

XXII.

Tend then such fears to Penitence? Alas!
Like spectral forms, and shapes of mystery
That scare the slumberer from his couch—yet pass
All unembodied by the waking eye,
Those brief impressions daunt—dissolve—and die.
When Conscience feels but will not break its chain,
Then most the Tempter's specious sophistry
Steals to the heart, and lulls Remorse again,
Till Love persuasive pleads, and Vengeance warns
in vain.

XXIII.

Here both are bootless. Lo ! on many a brow
To shame succeeds defiance—scorn to fear—
And many an eye is sternly bending now
Its glance indignant on the Royal Seer,
Who meets their gaze unwavering. Circled here
By ruthless rebels, leagued in dense array,
He stems the torrent in its mid career ;—
The vile may spurn him, or the vengeful slay ;—
It recks him not—God spake—'tis His but to obey.

XXIV.

While fierce around him swept the clamorous crowd
Muttering deep menaces of vengeance—One
High o'er the rest upreared his stature proud,
As on the heights of lordly Lebanon
Towers the cœval cedar. From a Son
Of Cain descended, and himself a Cain,
With glance of purpose fell he glared upon
Th' unshrinking Prophet—and with high disdain
Thus to the Man of God rejoined in vaunting strain.

XXV.

“Dotard or vain deceiver as thou art ;
False to the Living Orb that sways the sky !
In soothe I scorn me, that with craven heart
I tamely brooked thy self-styled prophecy,
Vision, of lying wonders. Thou shouldst die
The instant death convicted Traitors prove ;
Save that to mar this fair festivity,
And stain with blood the consecrated grove,
Were sacrilege and scorn to Him who beams above.

XXVI.

“Away ! and hide thee in thy ponderous ark,
That miracle of folly, till yon skies
With death-denouncing storms grow dull and dark—
There brood o’er dreams and hideous phantasies ;
Thee and thy fond predictions we despise.
Away ! the bold and brave disdain to flee ;
The Sun will shield his faithful votaries ;
Let abjects like thyself—if such there be,
Thy empty visions heed—come forth—and follow
thee.”

XXVII.

The Patriarch lingered—shadows of deep thought
Rushed with swift workings o'er his troubled brow ;
And his swoln heart throbbed high ; as if it wrought
With feelings language failed him to avow :
His cheek was deadly pale—yet deem not thou
That Men or Fiends, to doubt or dastard fear .
The settled temper of his soul could bow ;
He recked not then the Scorners' sullen sneer ;
The Giant's menace stern he did not heed or hear.

XXVIII.

The fervour of his aspect did but change
To that sublime dejection, which can bear
Wrongs unsubdued, and seeks but to avenge
By pity or by pardon, and doth wear
A settled sadness, rooted as despair,
Yet calm and patient ; ere the die were cast
He would have wooed the vilest menial there,
To snatch him from destruction—but 'tis past—
Justice unsheaths the sword, and Love hath spoke
her last.

XXIX.

And, if thou marvel that to all in vain
The latest boon of hope and life was given ;
Oh think, what bonds the captive soul enchain !
How oft the dread of man's brief ire hath driven
A wavering wretch to brave the wrath of Heaven !
So here, though all remorse and fear forebode,
In many a conscious breast hath deeply striven ;
By terror chained, they madly wait the rod—
To shun a Tyrant's frown they meet an angry God.

XXX.

Once more the pitying Patriarch turned, ere yet
He left the guilty to despair and die ;
But turned in vain : e'en while his cheek was wet,
His frame convulsed with speechless agony,
Again the frantic rebels raised on high
Their shouts of keen derision—and when One
With throbbing bosom and reverted eye
Looked round again to mark him—he was gone—
His destined task was o'er—he went, and went alone.

XXXI.

“ Strike the silver lyre resounding,
Raise the choral lay responding ;
And, the graceful dance renewing,
Float in sportive maze pursuing ;
While, from every altar breathing,
Clouds of fragrant fumes are wreathing.
Sires, and sons, and maidens bright !
Bend and bow in deep devotion
To the Living Lord of light,
Ere he sinks and sets in ocean :
While around his chariot beaming,
Clouds of thousand tints are streaming,
Let your vows ascend before him !
Let your mingled strains adore him !”

XXXII.

Again the virgin-choir on high
Swell the glad hymn's soft symphony ;
Again the answering youths advance
To mingle in the mazy dance ;
The Minstrel-Bard attunes again
His melting lute to bolder strain.
It will not be—the lute's full tone
Comes like the low blast's midnight moan ;

The vesper hymn and votive lay
In broken echoes pass away ;
Doubt seems on every brow to press,
And every step is heaviness.
The Lover checks—he knows not why—
His whispered vow, and pleading sigh ;
The Maid forgets his tender tale,
And her flushed cheek grows cold and pale ;
For Love's impassioned dream is o'er,
And Virgin-tremors throb no more.
Ah!--Guilt hath power to cloud the eye,
And chill the heart with agony ;
And what but wakening Conscience gave
A deeper shade to wood and wave ;
And when the sinking sun withdrew
Enrobed in clouds of blood-red hue,
What bade his lowering Orb assume
A tint that presaged Death and doom ?
'Twas GUILT that veiled the vault of blue,
And wrapped the world in gloom !
A mute, mysterious horror ran
From rank to rank, from man to man ;
Ceased dance and song, till one by one,
Pensive and pale, the crowd are gone ;
Each bears within him to his home
A dread of darker woes to come,

And oh ! what transient pang intense
Can wound like sickening slow suspense ?
It longs for tears, yet cannot weep ;
It sighs for rest, yet shrinks from sleep ;
Rends the racked breast with ceaseless strife,
And looks for death, yet clings to life :
'Tis hope's false flush, without its charm ;
'Tis the quick throb of wild alarm ;
It starts at every sound it hears,
And antedates the fate it fears.

XXXIII.

Nor past that monitory word—
(The latest grace their God would deign)
By Irad or his bride unheard :—
Ah ! wherefore did they hear in vain ?
Perchance they feared the Tyrant proud,
The mockery of th' infuriate crowd ;
Or shrunk from scorn's malignant eye,
Or shunned the murmured contumely ;
Perchance in Love's absorbing fire
All other feelings might expire.
But woe to man, when earthly bliss
Deludes him from the Power Divine ;
Such joy, like vapoury mists that shine
Most brilliant o'er the deep abyss,

Is but a sunbeam o'er the tomb,
A meteor ray in midnight gloom.
And soon, dismay and death appalling,
Too late the warning voice recalling,
Shall they with fruitless prayers implore
The mercy that returns no more.

XXXIV.

Six days of fearful presage past
To those who dared the Seer deride ;
Six dreary nights the hollow blast
Howled o'er the agitated tide ;
While Earth, by strange convulsions riven,
Seemed blasted by the curse of Heaven.
Dark prodigies and omens dire
Came fraught with horror and despair ;
The red Sun on his throne of fire
Shone with a broad unnatural glare ;
And swarthy clouds around him rolled
The slowly gathering storm foretold ;
While the clear vault of living blue
Changed to a dull and lurid hue ;
And every gale, whose balmy breath,
Fanned the cool grove with fresh perfume,
Came fraught with pestilence and death,
As though it swept the fetid tomb.

Oft, when the sullen breeze was still,
Nor waved the cypress on the hill,
Across the ruffled breast of Ocean
The billows broke in strange commotion—
It was as if the captive sea
Lay bound—yet struggling to be free.
And frequent through the gloom of night
Red meteors flashed unwonted light ;
And voices of dread mystery
And fearful sounds were heard on high ;
And ever, as the lightning glare
An instant o'er the waters streamed ;
Or fear discerned, or Conscience dreamed
Dim forms of shadowy spectres there,
As if the bands of Hell might rise
To hail Man's coming agonies.
And ever in the whirlwind's moan
There rung a deep portentous tone ;
Faint—fearful as the smothered sigh
Of death, or deadliest agony.
Ah ! now the festive dance is o'er ;
The melting lay delights no more ;—
In equal fears, and like despair,
The young, the martial, and the fair
Kept vigil in the Sun's high tower,
To soothe the visionary Power—

In vain they watched and wept and prayed,
Hell scorned the dupes her wiles had made ;
Yea, should they to the Holiest bow,
Their prayer would pass unheeded now !

PART III.

JUDGMENT.

I.

OH for a voice of thunder ! for a blast
Of that appalling trumpet, which shall break
Hell's shivering bolts, when Death has smote his last,
And Time becomes Eternity,—to shake
Earth to its very centre, and awake
The nations from their torpor—Man can sleep,
Fond fool ! with immortality at stake !
Sport on the wave that whirls him to the deep,
And smile when Conscience warns to tremble and
to weep !

II.

For some there were who smiled—or feigned to smile—

E'en in that pause of horror, when each sound
Came like the call to judgment—if such wile
Lulled not *their own* dark bodings, yet the wound
That inly bled was veiled from all around ;
The pangs they could not stifle, Pride suppressed ;
With roseate wreaths their brows they gaily crowned ;
And strove to calm the wildly-throbbing breast
With revelry profane, or win a transient rest.

III.

Rest ! aye, *such* rest the fettered Felon feels
On the drear night whose morn must rise his last ;
Such rest in sleep the weary wanderer seals,
When, prostrate panting on the trackless waste,
He hears the howling Tyger on the blast !
Fear chills his heart, though Slumber close his eye ;
Or if in dreams he views his peril past,
It only points with keener agony
The pang with which he starts, and, starting, wakes
to die.

IV.

So these awoke, when o'er the guilty world
Arose the seventh dread morn, if morn it were ;
When vapours dense round every mount were curled,
And black clouds hovered in the stagnant air,
Till all was dimness, save a swarthy glare
That pointed mid the darkness, where the Sun,
Deaf to the wild entreaties of despair,
Sate veiled and viewless on his shrouded throne,
As if his beams were quenched—his latest race was
run.

V.

And o'er the bosom of the mighty deep
Though yet the slumbering waves were strangely
still ;
Like the pale Sufferer, when Exhaustion's sleep
Nerves his racked frame to meet the parting thrill ;
The frightened seabirds flit with screamings shrill
Above the smooth slow waters ; as the sky
Grows darker, voices of deep wailings fill
The burdened ether ; each discordant cry
Strikes heavy on the heart : each tone is prophecy

VI.

From yon proud city, crowned with dome and tower,
Lo ! swarming myriads seek the spacious plain—
The Warrior quits his hall, the Maid her bower,
The hoary Priest forsakes his glittering fane,
Looks on the skies, and mutters prayer in vain.
While Seth's lost sons with tears of blood deplore
The charms of beauty and the wiles of Cain,
And smite their breasts in agony, and pour
The flood of late remorse to Him who hears no
more.

VII.

Yes—now indeed the prostrate Sons of Earth
Crouch to the God whom late they dared defy ;
In vain. He gives them heaviness for mirth,
And weeping for the voice of melody.
When Vengeance warned they would not fear or fly,
They would not turn when Mercy wooed to save ;
The doom they chose awaits them : they must die ;—
Yet 'tis not Death that daunts the truly brave ;—
But where shall Guilt find peace or pardon ;—in
the grave ?

VIII.

Oh no—or whence that vain yet desperate strife.
The lingering horrors of that drear delay,
When the scared soul, recoiling, clings to life,
Yet sees grim Death fast aiming at his prey
The shaft no shield can ward, no prayers can stay—
Why doth the dying wretch so crouch and cower?
Ah! Hell begins ere Earth has passed away,
Demands her slave, and arms Remorse with power,
To crowd the crimes—the pangs of years within an
hour.

IX.

Lo! where the Mother locks her hapless child
In the close clasp of agonized despair;
Lo where with frantic mien and wailings wild
Clings to her plighted Lord the Virgin fair;—
Alas! he cannot save her. If in prayer
The Suppliant lifts her tearful eyes to Heaven,
No orient ray of mercy meets her there;
The gathering storms, the rising whirlwinds driven,
Proclaim to every heart, “*Thou* canst not be for-
given!”

X.

And some were there, in whom each tender tie
Of earthly love seemed severed or forgot ;
For many a Father glared with vacant eye
On his own child, as One remembered not ;
And many a Youth, from her whose smile could blot
Heaven's image from his heart, while Vengeance
 stayed,
Abhorrent turns : Ah could he shun her lot!—
But no ! the hour is past—his choice was made ;
One doom awaits them all—betraying or betrayed.

XI.

It comes ! It comes ! The clouds condensing swell,
And, like a rushing cataract, downward pour
A mass of prisoned waters ; as it fell
A whirlwind swept the sea, and shook the shore ;
While Ocean rose, and with reverbering roar
Dashed its high billows o'er the rocky strand,
Responsive to the thunder-peal, that tore
The boundless firmament, while Death's dark band,
Storm, Fire, Wind, Hail, went forth to work their
 Lord's command.

XII.

O then what prayers and shrieks and blasphemies
Rung mid the din of waters ! while the glare
Of broad blue lightnings cleft the clouded skies,
And answering thunders seemed to crush the prayer,
And bid the conscious criminal despair ;—
Bowed in the dust, they dared not gaze on high :
They said, the Angel of Destruction there
Urged his red car ; around his presence fly
The arrows of his wrath ; to mark him were to die.

XIII.

In sooth, that lightning was no earthly flame,
No earthly peal those fearful thunders poured,
With dazzling blaze the dread effulgence came,
Bright as the sheeted fire by Israel's Lord
Hurl'd on the troop, who strove with spear and
sword
To seize or slay his Prophet—and the swell
Of thunder echoed like that Angel-word,
Which shook Creation to the lowest hell,
When Thamud's rebel race heard—tottered—
gasp'd—and fell.

XIV.

Midst the wild scene of darkness and dismay,
A moment seek we for that maiden fair,
Who left her God for love's delusive ray,
And found too late it led but to despair.—
Where too is he, whose proffered heart to share
She madly gave her hope—her heaven—her all?—
In yon proud fane, while myriads mingle there
Seeking brief refuge, do they vainly call
On its unheeding Lord to aid them ere they fall?

XV.

High o'er the vale a rugged mountain rose,
Round whose huge breast impervious vapours
threw
A mantle of dark clouds. Coëval snows
Crested its brow. O'erhanging forests grew
On its green sides, and many a fountain blue,
Meandering murmured through the deep-wove
shade,
Where never sunbeam o'er the silvery dew
Shone tremulous, or tinged the clear cascade,
Or kissed the pure pale flowers that blossomed in
the glade.

XVI.

Here, on the morn of that appalling day,
Ere yet the torrent o'er the heaving shore
Dashed its o'erwhelming flood—far, far away
His beauteous bride the faithful Irad bore :
For often had he scaled the summit hoar,
Wound the steep sides, and gained the snow-
wreathed brow ;
And oh ! if Hope were quenched and Joy no more.
A mightier impulse lived that could not bow
To doubt or chill despair, and urged him onward now.

XVII.

Love was not changed to hatred, though in gloom
Its fairy dreams had vanished, for he knew
Himself the author of th' impending doom :
Not that unhappy Maid ! to him most true,
Though to her God as faithless. And *she* too
In that wild hour of anguish, deeply proved
On her *own* head the cup of wrath she drew :
Nor keen remorse her shuddering bosom moved
Him to arraign, whom yet, if love remained, she
loved.

XVIII.

Bearing his bride, he trod the upward path
Till o'er each limb resistless languor fell ;
Then screened his Adah from the whirlwind's wrath
Beneath a far-protruding pinnacle ;
While ever and anon the startling swell
Of piercing shrieks rose heavier on the blast—
From *this* he could not screen her. Flames dispel
The mirk and misty gloom around them cast ;
But oh ! what hideous scenes in swift succession
past,

XIX.

Till Memory tottering scarce retained her throne,
And Reason verged on Madness, while the eye
Instinctive closed, as if it sought to shun
That spectacle of horror, and would fly
From sight and sense to wild insanity
Or night eternal—but it will not be :
Though life is suffering, yet they dare not die,
For death is not oblivion—earth—sky—sea
Alike reveal the fate they fear—and cannot flee.

XX.

Look they to earth? Though, like a lonely rock
Rearing aloft its barrier stern and steep;
The Sun's proud temple still withstands the shock
Of foaming billows round its base that sweep;
Yet, far, as eye can trace yon stormy deep,
With ceaseless swell redoubling floods arise,
As if th' indignant Ocean sought to heap
Wave upon wave, to scale the lofty skies—
While Heaven with thunders dread the raging foe
defies.

XXI.

At length o'er all Night drew her ebon veil
Black as the curse of Egypt—while a cry
Rose from the plains, wild as the funeral wail
Of millions maddening in their agony,
When each scared Mother watched her first-born die
Throughout the guilty land. *All* perish here—
The Parent with his offspring. None can fly
Their doom—no Mother hallow with a tear
Her first and fondest hope—the dutiful—the dear.

XXII.

On the bare rock the lonely lovers lay—
Oh what a couch for gentle Beauty's rest !
If rest it be, when sense and soul give way,
And close, by very weariness comprest,
The heavy lids ; and o'er the powerless breast
Cold stupor steals, which yet can darkly dream
Of things by human lips untold, unguessed
By human heart ; and only wakes to deem
Those visions of despair more hideous than they seem.

XXIII.

When the bold hunter from a pendent bough
Swings shuddering o'er the fathomless abyss ;
When the lost Indian feels his frail canoe
Whirled by the tide to that dread precipice,
Where black Niagara's downward waters hiss
With noise that drowns his death-shriek—their dark
doom
Were rest—joy—rapture to a lot like this.
They dread the eddying wave, the gulf's deep gloom—
But these would pant for Death were nought beyond
the tomb.

XXIV.

Morn in its wonted round came lingering on,
Though morn from night the Sufferers scarce could
tell;

Save by a fitful glare, that dimly shone
Like the lone lamp that lights a dungeon-cell;
Or the dim ray that gleams perchance in hell
To mock the prisoned Spirits, and display
The gloom nor might nor mercy can dispel;
Fit prelude to that night, whose silent sway
No dawn of hope shall cheer for ever : *such* was day.

XXV.

Yet Irad rose, and roused his bride to fly—
If flight were vain and hopeless, still he knew
It rent a fragment from eternity :
He feared no human agonies, but who
Can wrestle with perdition ?—And she too ;—
“ Is there no mercy for a form so fair ?”
Thus struggled hope with conscience as they flew,
“ Oh may not deepest penitence and prayer
Wing to th’ Eternal’s throne, and win him yet to
spare ?”

XXVI.

No! dream it not. In yon polluted grove
Did ye not mingle in the rites profane?
And when JEHOVAH warned, by earthly love
Your hearts were hardened, and he warned in vain.
Ye spurned his pleading Prophet with disdain
Or reckless unconcern — and hope ye still
By prayers and tears that moment to regain?
Such hope is now presumption. His high will
Is fixed—and cannot change—He spoke, and shall
fulfil.

XXVII.

Where then, devoted victims, would ye fly?
Ah! could ye seize the strong Archangel's plume,
And scale the ramparts of the boundless sky—
Or sink to that unfathomable gloom
Where, plunged in fiery ocean, with his doom
The fierce Arch-Fiend is writhing,—it were vain—
JEHOVAH'S slightest word could pierce the tomb,
Bow the broad skies, and search the pathless main,
And in resistless grasp the fugitive detain.

XXVIII.

And oh! how Irad felt his spirit droop—
As on a cleft, where crumbling rocks were piled,
His wandering eye surveyed a simple groupe—
A lonely mother bending o'er her child.
Sweetly th' unconscious infant slept and smiled,
Rocked but to deeper slumbers by the blast—
But oh! what anguished horror, wan and wild,
That weeping woman's marble brow o'er cast,
As thus she poured her plaint, proclaiming hope was
past.

XXIX.

“Sleep on,” she said, “sweet infant! o'er thy head
Though the Death-Angel speed his dread career;
Though Earth and Skies with vengeful flames are red,
Sleep on, my infant—thou hast nought to fear.
Still to thy God thine innocence is dear—
Thou hast not spurned his pity—not for thee
I breathe the sigh, and shed the burning tear—
The Paradise of God *thy* home shall be,
When Mercy's gate is closed—for ever closed on me.

XXX.

“ Said I for ever ? Oh that harrowing word !
Is then Repentance bootless in the tomb ?
Must Misery’s prayer for ever pass unheard ?
Shall Hope be shrouded in eternal gloom ?
There, babe beloved ! not e’en *thy* happier doom
Shall give thy Mother’s anguished heart to share
One joy ’mid pangs that evermore consume—
But yet I live—and yet the contrite prayer—
Oh God ! I dare not hope—I cannot all despair.”

XXXI.

She ceased in agony — and shuddering raised
A glance of horror to that frowning sky,
Then by the lightning on her infant gazed.
Waked by her tears, the babe unclosed its eye
And smiled upon its mother—with deep sigh
She strained the guiltless victim to her breast,
Kissed its fair cheek, and laid her down to die—
Her last fond act a Mother’s love confest,
That love, which reigns supreme till suffering sinks
to rest.

XXXII.

But upward sped the Lovers, upward still,
Though congregated clouds, from brow to base
In spiry volumes wrapped the towering hill—
Yet foot may tread where Eye in vain would trace ;
And now they gain a loftier resting place.
Ah what avails the pause that cannot save ?
'Tis but a breathing in the onward race
Whose goal is death—a moment—ere the wave
Rears high its foamy crest to plunge them in the
grave.

XXXIII.

Away ! Away ! the fateful word is given !
Flames flash—rocks quiver—earth and skies are
blent
In strange confusion. If yon spacious Heaven
Were one vast thunder-cloud, it had not rent
With shock like this the boundless firmament ;
Yea, if the struggling mass of smouldering fire
From Nature's dawn in Ætna's caverns pent,
Had rent the rock to atoms in its ire,
It had not wrought a wreck so desperate and so dire.

XXXIV.

With that stupendous crash his footstep reeled,
And to a crag with maniac-gripe he clung
Like drowning seamen to their mast—congealed
The lifeblood in his heart—deep echoes rung
In his stunned ear, as if some Spirit sung
His dirge of death—then strangely stupified
He sunk the shattered shivering rocks among
Himself a thing as lifeless, and his bride
Torn from his straining arms, lay senseless by his
side.

XXXV.

Long, long, he slept, till, starting with a gasp
To consciousness of life and agony,
From that rude rock he scarce could loose his grasp
Bound as by grappling gyve—his vacant eye
Fell first on Adah, dull and dizzily
As on a form unknown—but Love's true ray
Though dimmed was not extinct—it could not die
While the fond heart yet beat—clouds passed away—
He saw where pale and cold his best beloved lay ;

XXXVI.

And hung distracted o'er her, till her breast
Heaved with faint flutter, and her wan cheek glowed
With passing hectic, while the hand he prest
Feebly returned his pressure. Strange tears
 flowed—

And Horror ceased an instant to forebode
Death's darker consummation, till the roar
Of waters smote his ear—he looked abroad—
The City of the Plain was seen no more—
Beneath him rolled alone a sea without a shore.

XXXVII.

True were thy words, O Prophet. Fierce and free
From chains that curbed its struggling floods before
With all its waters rose the mighty Sea ;
Earth's central caves disgorged their secret store
To swell the rushing torrent, till it tore
Huge forests from their place—and on its tide
The ponderous wreck of shattered cities bore
Frail as the floating sea-weed—e'en the pride
Of that vast mount could scarce the shock of waters
 bide.

XXXVIII.

But lo ! what sudden glare o'er Heaven is thrown ?
What beams are breaking through encircling Night ?
“ O welcome ! welcome ! thou emerging Sun !
An Angel thou of mercy to the sight,
And hope and life dawn with reviving light—
He comes ! He comes ! our God returns to save.”—
Ah ! wherefore shrink they back in wild affright ?—
The circling gloom at Heaven's behest he clave
To mock his shrieking dupes—and guide them to
the grave.

XXXIX.

Round him a dusky tabernacle hung
Of ambient mists—in pyramid and spire
The broken clouds their folds fantastic flung,
And in the midst flashed forth, with omen dire,
His huge and swollen orb—a sea of fire.
Is this their King, their God, their Saviour-Sun ?
He comes the Herald of JEHOVAH'S ire ;
And storm and tempest round his car are strown,
Like armed bands of wrath around a Tyrant's throne.

XL.

O never! never! since the Lord of Light
Rushed into day from chaos' womb profound,
Did such a scene of woe and wild affright
O'erspread Creation to its utmost bound ;
Nor ever shall, till that last trumpet sound
When skies shall shrink—seas vanish—earth
consume
In its own flames, till not a trace be found—
And Man, alone immortal, from the tomb
Shall rise renewed to hear th' irrevocable doom.

XLI.

Where is the stately city of their pride,
Whose coronet of towers rose proudly o'er
The blue expanse of waters, and outvied
High Babylon's broad bulwarks, famed of yore,
Whose bulk had stood, till Time had been no more,
But Heaven forbade—or those fair domes which
graced
Palmyra, when her Victor-Monarch wore
The Cæsars' diadem—and undebased
By servile shame, she rose an Eden 'mid the waste?

XLII.

Where is the city that hath swayed a world?
Go ! seek it in the desert of the sea !
Like a tall vessel in the vortex hurled,
It sunk beneath the waters, and shall be
Henceforth a thing forgotten. Bold and free
Like infant Rome, or sunk in foulest shame
Like Rome's degenerate grandeur, Destiny
Hath wrapped in outer darkness. E'en the name
Its unknown Founder gave, hath perished. Such is
Fame !

XLIII.

And that sweet grove of beauty and of bliss,
Secured and shaded from the sultry beam ;
Where blue rills gushed, and wild flowers stooped
to kiss
The cool clear crystal of the sparkling stream,
What is it now ? A desert and a dream—
And those soft Syrian virgins, whose young bloom
Might well the Dryads' heavenly choir beseem ;
Where now are they ? One yet awaits her doom—
The rest in yon wild waves have found their
common tomb.

XLIV.

But oh ! to gaze o'er yon unmeasured Ocean,
Whose restless billows, swelling to the sky,
Roll on, and on, in never-ceasing motion—
Forth shadowing well that dread Eternity,
Whose drear expanse, when ages have gone by
With untold myriads, ever must remain
Unbounded as when first we seemed to die,
And first began to live—to think that pain
No respite hath nor end, while sense and soul retain

XLV.

Their consciousness of suffering—and the past
Is present still to memory—and the day
When Mercy pleaded and when Madness cast
The boon of immortality away,
Now, like a serpent, on the heart must prey ;—
To mark—more fearful than th' avenging rod—
His withering frown whose smile is lost for aye—
Oh rend, ye rocks ! ye quivering mountains, nod !
And crush the guilty wretch, and hide him from
his God,

XLVI.

Still, like a Warrior-Chief who stands alone
Bearing the brunt of battle, and doth brave
The shock unmoved, till legions quail to One ;
That stately mountain to the rushing wave
Bids stern defiance ;—while in cleft and cave,
Like shipwrecked mariners, by tempest hurled
On some far rock where none can see or save ;
The trembling Lords of what was once a world
Await, till Love relent, and Wrath's red flag be
furled.

XLVII.

Aye ! they may wait for evermore. The Sun
Hath wrought his Master's bidding—his brief glare
Is fading into gloominess—'Tis done !
And darkness comes—and with it comes despair.
Some to their Idol howl the frantic prayer—
Alas ! their very prayers are blasphemy—
But souls of sterner mould, impelled to dare
By utter madness—with upbraiding eye
Gaze on the waning Orb—and curse their God—
and die.

XLVIII.

In reckless desperation to the flood
Some headlong plunged—the tumult of their brain
Had risen to frenzy, and the boiling blood
Circled with maddening thrill through every vein,
Till in that wild intensity of pain
E'en conscience sunk o'ermastered.—Like the slave
Who calls the lightning-flash to rive his chain
Though Death be linked with Freedom—to the grave
They rushed—the nameless fate they could not shun,
to brave.

XLIX.

And, might we dare to measure Earth by Heaven,
It was, as when victorious Vengeance flung
From their lost skies the Spirits unforgiven ;
And downward to the yawning gulf they sprung
To shield them from th' Eternal, though among
Those dungeons deep, where fire unquenchable
Must be their couch for aye.—So sternly rung
The thunders of Omnipotence—so Hell
Oped her insatiate mouth while Man's lost millions
fell.

L.

Where now was Irad ? On a loftier cliff
Clasping his hapless consort, still he lay ;—
Small marvel if his limbs were strained and stiff ;
His eye bewildered by the dazzling ray,
Or weakened by the gloom. Through years by day
A wandering Maniac, and a thing by night
For fiends to sport with—all had passed away
Like storms upon a rock—his manly might
Endured through all—but now a more devouring
 blight

LI.

Doth wither all his fortitude, and quell
The fervour of his spirit. Ask ye why ?
It needs no Seer or Sage to trace and tell ;
I said indeed his soul was bold and high—
But he was mortal—and shall Man defy
The fearful hour of judgment ? Shall he dare
Vaunt on the verge of frail mortality,
When Conscience reads his own dark portion there,
Irrevocable wrath—and infinite despair ?

LII.

Thus Irad lay—by troubled thoughts oppressed—
The lapse of Time unnoted. Day or Night
It recked not—each was utter darkness. Rest—
How could He rest, whose spirit in its flight
Shot through the dark and dreary infinite
As if to find a refuge? Nought was there
Around, above, but anguish and affright—
Yet still th' unconquered heart was nerved to bear,
Though ear, eye, memory, all were inlets to despair.

LIII.

Hark! 'mid the tumult of conflicting waters
A murmur of far wailing strikes his ear,
Like some lone wanderer, on the field of slaughters,
Weeping o'er all her widowed heart held dear;
Still louder, louder, rung those sounds of fear,
Such moans as echo from the sinking bark,
Vain cries for aid, which none but Heaven can hear;
And Irad starting looked—but nought could mark—
No mortal eye could pierce that mist so dense and
dark.

LIV.

A stream of sudden light the gloom dispelled,
A raft was on the deep—the breeze had sprung
And borne it swiftly onward—he beheld
A female form, who, wildly shrieking, clung
To one in manly garb—*his* arms were flung
Loose o'er the floating mass, and lifelessly
From side to side with every wave he swung ;
As if the last long sleep had closed his eye ;
The strong had sunk to rest—the weak survived to
die.

LV.

And *thus* to die ! Of all that Guilt hath wrought
To dreg our cup of bitterness, if *one*
Black drop is quaffed with deadlier venom fraught—
It is to live beloved, and die alone
When Death is not re-union. Though unknown
The doom of parted spirits, *this* we know ;
Love dies or brightens when our race is run :
To endless joy it gives a livelier glow,
But never, never dawns to soothe eternal woe.

LVI.

Now neared that raft the cliff's o'erhanging brow
While sea and skies were wrapt in broader shade—
A sudden whirlwind swept the wave—and now
He heard the hapless victim shriek for aid.
In the still slumber of Exhaustion laid
E'en Adah startled at that piercing cry—
Looked on her Lord once more—and faintly said—
“One pang at least spared be me, *thus* to die!”—
'Twas all she could!—again chill torpor closed her
eye.

LVII.

Now, as the flash shot swift along the tide,
He marked a giant wave rush foaming on,
Itself an ocean—on the mountain side
It smote—the broad rock quivered—it is gone.
Amid the strife of waters, a faint moan
More fearful than their howlings, smote his ear;
Oh there was mingled in its harrowing tone
The yell of madness and the shriek of fear,
And all that Mortals quake, and Hell exults to hear!

LVIII.

Irad had wandered lone and desolate
 An Exile and an Outcast, till to him
 Were horrors grown familiar—all that Hate
 Could wreak, or Guilt endure—the dull eye, dim
 With tearless languor—the faint faltering limb—
 The gnawing of remorse—the choking swell
 Of passions strong, when Sense and Reason swim
 In dreary dizziness—the fancied spell
 Which raised around his couch the furious fiends of
 Hell ;

LIX.

These he had borne undaunted—but that cry
 Roused all the slumbering furies of his breast,
 With pangs that passed his former agony—
 He felt not thus when first Remorse imprest
 Cain's mark upon his brow. Love—Joy—Hope—
 Rest
 Were lost for evermore—this he might bear
 As he *had* borne—but oh ! that she who blest
 His dream of promised peace—that *she* must share
 Such doom—this barbs the dart, envenoming de-
 spair.

LX.

But 'tis no time for thoughts like these. Away!
If thou wouldst shun destruction—for the grave
With rapid strides is hastening to its prey—
And to protract the life thou canst not save
Is all that now is left thee! Shall the wave
O'erwhelm thee lingering? No! one respite more—
Yet—while thou may'st—the boon of Mercy crave:—
Struggling he rose, and in his arms he bore
His Adah, soon to part for ever—or no more.

LXI.

Where mingled with the clouds that mountain bleak,
Like a tall Angel, touching Earth and sky.
Its brow divided to a double peak?—
A deep gulf yawned between, where the strained
eye
Was wont to lose its gaze in vacancy—
Now the swift lightning's fleeting lustre flew
O'er one vast sheet of waters, while on high
Their frothy spume the rising billows threw,
E'en to the topmost crag where lay the Lovers
true.

LXII.

Just gleamed enough of intermittent light
To shew the circling horrors. Round them swoop
The screaming Vultures, and with strange affright,
Their flagging plumes the lordly Eagles droop,
Skimming the troubled wave. In many a group
With fell unnatural tameness herding there,
The birds obscene their fearful deathsong whoop—
As if they longed e'en now to rush and tear
The living as they lay—their unforbidden fare.

LXIII.

And many a pyramid of quivering flame
Danced o'er th' expanse of waters, till the Sea
In the broad lustre of that light became
A sheet of fire, as if the high decree
Had set the subterranean embers free,
From first creation pent in earth's vast womb—
And there, in close restraint, ordained to be
Till Time revolving brings the day of doom—
Then shall they burst their bonds, and earth, sea,
skies consume.

LXIV.

One hour of struggling conflict—and 'tis done—
One pause of dreariness, and all is o'er—
The strife is ended and the field is won,
Or lost—distraction ! lost for evermore !
The disembodied soul must sink or soar
To peace or to perdition, Hell or Heaven—
Then Hope is certainty—and Man no more
O'er the wild sea of wavering doubts is driven—
Free—or the slave of Hell—absolved—or unfor-
given.

LXV.

The close draws on—Are yon red skies on fire ?
For heaven is circled with a burning zone,
As if the Missioned Angel in his ire
Flashed through encircling tempest. Light is
thrown
Full o'er the mountain's bare and rifted cone ;
What Giant Form on yon tall peak doth stand ?
Is it the Arch-Fiend, come to gaze upon
The fearful wreck his own deep treachery planned,
And bear to endless woe the souls for ever banned ?

LXVI.

No ! that Apostate Spirit might not dare
To burst the fetters of his loathed abyss ;
Fling his black pinions on th' abhorrent air,
And howl exulting o'er a scene like this ;
E'en in his triumphs foul defeat is his—
The present terrors of th' All-Seeing Eye
Aye quell his pride—The souls cut off from bliss,
Lured by his own infernal wiles to die,
Sate not his quenchless wrath—but swell his agony.

LXVII.

But if no restless Spirit from his lair,
'Twas yet a Demon—'twas the Son of Cain
Who spurned the warning Prophet. Mark him
there !
Behold the baffled Boaster, fled in vain
From vengeful waves pursuing ! Still disdain
Clothes his dark brow, though fear is in his soul—
Still with a rage not Horror can restrain
While frequent thunders ring from pole to pole,
He rears his arm on high, and mocks them as they
roll.

LXVIII.

Dost thou then brave the Mightiest—dost thou dare
The vengeance of the Eternal? Fool accurst!
If myriads of thy murderous tribe were there
And million Fiends to back thee—do their worst—
A nod—and such destroying flames should burst
From His dread presence, on His crouching foe
Or Man, or Demon, as he hurled, when erst
The Angels fell. Thy vaunted Sire could bow
Submissive to his God! vain Scorner! what art
Thou?

LXIX.

His blasphemy is heard—his race is run—
A flood of swift effulgence cleaves the air,
And Irad closed his eye, but scarce could shun
The splendour of its track, as if the glare
Of that Dread Majesty were burning there
Which none could see and live—then mid the peal
A shriek of mingled mockery and despair
Rung dissonant—but stupor seemed to seal
Each sense, and in each vein the creeping blood
congeal;

LXX.

Till sudden mid the elemental strife
Headlong to Ocean plunged a mighty mass,
And yet it seemed not like a thing of life ;—
A moment—and the muttering echoes pass
In tomb-like silence—where the Giant was
When o'er the wave the next blue glimmering
shone,
And sight returned, he strove in vain to trace ;—
The Giant and the peak alike were gone ;
Last of their race, his bride and he survived alone.

LXXI.

Then lives she still, that Maiden fair,
And still within her drooping form
Doth lingering love withstand despair ?
How should the fragile lily bear
The fury of the withering storm,
When stateliest Oaks lie prostrate there ?
While those devouring flames were driven
To blast the wretch who scoffed at Heaven ;
While rolled hoarse thunders, deep and dread,
As those foredoomed to raise the dead,
Hushed as in sleep on Irad's breast,

A sleep too still for living rest,
Mute, motionless his Adah lay,
As soul and sense had passed away.—
Yet oh ! the rayless eye may close—
The brow with keenest pangs compressed
Unbend, as if in calm repose—
While yet within the conscious breast
There lives a struggling sickening thrill,
When all without seems soothed and still :
To meet—yet not return the grasp
Of friendship with responsive clasp ;—
To pass unmarked the patient sigh
Of meek affection's sympathy ;—
Without one fond consoling token
To leave the best-beloved heart-broken ;—
Without a farewell sign to die—
Oh this indeed is agony !
And such perchance that Maiden felt,
If all of Life not yet were fled ;
When on the bare rock Irad knelt,
And softly raised her drooping head,
And whispered each endearing name
That Love could prompt, or Passion frame ;
Fond words that wooed and won before—
Now charm not—and shall charm no more.

LXXII.

Yes ! flames may flash, and deeper thunders roll,
He heeds them not—the storm is in his soul ;
These strike not *now* with horror and despair,
One deadlier sight absorbs him—both are *there* !—
He only sees that cheek of lifeless hue ;
The livid lid that shrouds that eye of blue ;
He only listens for the whispered tone
Of that soft voice, which cannot meet his own.
Ha ! doth the fleeting flash illusive swim
Before his eye, with woe and watching dim ?
Or did he mark her pale lips faintly quiver
As if to breathe his name—and close for ever !
Was it a moan, that murmured through the gloom,
Of some sad Spirit sinking to his doom,
Or did she heave that faint and fluttering sigh
Which tells the close of human misery ?
If such it were, the last convulsive thrill
Hath passed—the sound returns not—all is still.
He kissed her cheek—that cheek was deadly cold—
He clasped her hand—it stiffened in his hold—
He shrieked her name in desperate agony—
The roaring billows only raved reply.

LXXIII.

Call as thou wilt! but till thy cries can break
The trance of Death, and bid the Slumberer wake ;
No voice shall breathe responsive to thy prayer,
Save the loathed echo of thine own despair.
Thou art alone in Nature—art the last
Of thy lost race—a Being of the past ;
A wretch, escaped the common wreck, to die
A lingering death of tenfold misery ;
Who sinks, with none to solace or to save
Whom Hope forsakes, and Earth denies a grave.
Why dost thou clasp that mass of senseless clay ?
She is not here—thy bride is far away !
The interchange of hearts—the plighted vow,
Love's holiest ties, are torn asunder now ;
Her pure affection blest thee to the last—
It won—wept—solaced—gladdened—and is past.

LXXIV.

Break, thou obdurate heart !—his beauteous one—
Star of his hope—his all on earth—is gone,
And he may follow—for his task is done.
He soothed—supported—stayed her—would have
striven
With legioned fiends to win her path to heaven ;

All mortal could—he saved her to the last :
 Till hope was quenched in horror—and she passed ;—
 Passed from a frail and fleeting world to share
 The mansions of eternity—but *where* ?

LXXV.

With that dread thought came madness. He had
 borne
 Remorse, pain, exile, infamy and scorn—
 Yea, borne them all without a tear or sigh,
 Braved Death itself—though now he shrinks to die ;
 For now his eyes are open, and he knows
 Death is no senseless sleep, no cold repose ;
 From the dark dungeon of its mortal clod,
 Th' immortal spirit soars to meet its God—
 That God, to whom in life he would not bow ;
 Who will not hear him—will not save him now ;
 Whose fearful wrath already seems to roll
 In voice of thunder on his conscious soul.
 And how, oh how should mortal spirit brook
 To dream, though darkly, of that withering look,
 Whose fearful frown the wandering Fiends can quell
 Where'er they rove, an Omnipresent Hell ?
He bore it not. Smote as by lightning-shock
 He fell extended on the blasted rock ;

Forgot his present woe, his future doom,
For Slumber came, and kind Oblivion's gloom,
To snatch a few brief moments from the tomb.

LXXVII.

He fell—but oh ! in Nature's parting hour
Th' ethereal spark retains a latent power ;
Oft from their couch of pain, while round the heart
Life faintly struggles, will the dying start ;
The tale of Guilt with late remorse to tell ;
To fold some loved one in a fond farewell ;
Or urged by stern unconquerable pride
To die erect, as erst the Roman died.
So, ere the tumult of the last sad strife
Was hushed in stillness, Irad waked to life ;
What sound could reach and rouse him as he lay ?—
He heard the death-birds rushing to their prey,
And Love still nerved his arm, to smite and scare
The foul destroyers from a thing so fair.
Then in his arms he screened th' unconscious form—
As though it still could suffer—from the storm—
On the pale lips a last long kiss he prest,
To his cold bosom strained that colder breast ;
Then sank to die. Ere long the waves arose
Meeting the tempest like encountering foes ;

Full o'er the rock the flood impetuous rolled—
Yet could not tear her from his desperate hold ;
But swept at once the living and the dead
From that bleak couch to their eternal bed.—
Said I the living ? No—with one wild thrill
The bursting heart throbbed—struggled—and is
still!

LXXVIII.

But oh ! let none in curious pride presume
To raise the shadowy mantle of the tomb ;
To seal their pangs—or hope their fault forgiven ;
'Tis ours to pity—Judgment rests with Heaven.
This only lesson learn—presumptuous Man !
Revere that Power whose ways thou canst not
scan !
And know, when Mercy calls thee to thy God,
To slight his warning is to brave his rod.

LXXIX.

“ Rest, thou destroying Angel, and recall
Thy winged heralds, storm and lightnings dread !”
How can he rest, till this dispeopled ball
Lie desolate, the dwelling of the dead ?
Thus was the mandate of the Mightiest said ;
What then were Mercy but Rebellion here ?
No—let the arrows of his wrath be sped—
Let Ocean onward urge its fierce career
Till none are left on Earth their force to feel or
fear.

LXXX.

Now it is done. The swelling floods may rise—
None live to perish in the gulf profound ;
Devouring flames may dazzle o'er the skies—
None hear to startle at the thunder-sound ;—
There are but clouds above and waves around !
The universe is ocean. One wide sea
Appears, without a barrier or a bound,
As though it ever was, and still shall be
Ascending upward, upward through infinity.

LXXXI.

But *wilt* thou rise, proud Ocean? Shall thy flood
Through the vast void for evermore expand?
Shall not the Power, whose mightier will withstood
Thy rage through rolling ages, *yet* withstand?
Hark! from his throne the Voice of dread command
Goes forth—and calms the tempest. He hath said,
Whose word returns not, “Angel, stay thine hand!”
Instant the lightnings heard—the winds obeyed;
The conscious thunders cease—the Angel’s hand is
 stayed.

LXXXII.

Once more grim Chaos o’er the boundless deep
Claims its primeval empire; each rude wave
Sinks like a wearied giant to its sleep;
The surge hath ceased to roar, the blast to rave,
Till o’er the surface of that pathless grave
No sound is heard the horrid stillness breaking;
Where virgin, warrior, sovereign, priest, and slave,
By myriads or by millions are partaking
That dull and dreamless sleep which knows no
 earthly waking.

LXXXIII.

Oh there was terror in the storm's deep gloom,
 And wrath and vengeance in the lightning-glare,
 And in the thunder-peal the voice of doom,
 And Death on ocean, and o'er Earth despair—
 These human eye and human heart might bear :—
 But the cold silence of that drear abyss—
 Methinks the very Angels shudder *there*—
 And pause an instant mid their songs of bliss
 To weep—if Seraphs can—and mourn a scene like
this!

LXXXIV.

Where is the world? Alas! there is no Earth—
 JEHOVAH cursed it, and it passed away ;—
 Where is the Sun? The Power that gave it birth
 Hath quenched in darkness its retiring ray—
 And bade it beam no more—perchance for aye :—
 What recks that Orb where closed is every eye?—
 And Earth and Sun were formed but to decay—
 Yet is there *one* who shall not—cannot die ;
 Oh where is Man, sole heir of immortality?

LXXXV.

He lives—but would'st thou question whither now
 Are fled the guilty train, who madly spurned
 To Mercy's voice in Mercy's hour to bow?
 Know, none from those dark regions have returned
 To tell their tale of horror—none discerned
 The worm that dies not, and th' insatiate fire
 That ever burns. This only have we learned—
 Forbear by guilt to rouse Jehovah's ire,
 Nor dare provoke the frown which bade a world
 expire.

LXXXVI.

But Light not yet was quenched, nor yet had Time
 Fulfilled its fated round. The fortieth Sun
 Again through ether rolled his car sublime—
 But who survived to hail his rising? None—
 Towers, Temples, Priests, Adorers, all are gone.
 As, ere JEHOVAH summoned Earth to be,
 Light, new-created, hung in Heaven alone;
 So beams that Sun o'er one unbounded sea,
 For all beside have passed—Rocks! Mountains!
 where are ye?

LXXXVII.

Mountain of mighty brow,
Where are thy cedars now,
Lebanon, where art *Thou*?
Low lies thy cedar-wood,
Deep in the pathless flood,
And the wild waters flow
High o'er thy helm of snow.
Where, on broad Hermon's breast
Dark clouds were wont to rest;
Where on his storm-wrapped throne
Sate stately Sirion;
There the sad surges rave,
There howls the restless wave;
There is thy stately cone,
There art thou, Lebanon!

LXXXVIII.

Art *thou* too vanished, Rival of the sky!
Dread mount of might and mystery!
Olympus! doomed the high abode
Of many a vain and visionary God?

Could not thy future Jove
The rebel-storm reprove ;
Could not thy Neptune awe his subject sea ?
Or she, the Martial Maid,
In victor arms arrayed,
Who launched the Thunderer's bolts, avert their
rage from *Thee* ?

LXXXIX.

Rock ! bleak and horrible,
Seared by the blast of hell,
Where, as dark legends tell,
Erst the pale Titan sate,
Dauntless though desolate ;
And with unyielding pride
Jove and his Gods defied ;
Where is thy dreary brow,
Where are thy Vultures now ?
Here nor the scream is heard
Of the Avenging Bird,
Nor the torn Victim's sigh,
Wrestling with agony ;
Here dwell but Night's twin brood—
Silence and solitude.

XC.

Thou too, Imäus, whose unmeasured brow
Towers from eternity untrod,
Unseen, save by the eye of God,
Monarch supreme of mountains, where art Thou?
Do none a refuge seek
On that gigantic peak
Where Mahadèo rears his viewless throne?
No! for the loftier sea,
Rolls o'er thy God and Thee,
And all beneath the sky seems watery waste alone.

XCI.

Yet the Creator-Spirit from above
Is moving on the waters; through the gloom
Of desolation beams superior Love,
And Mercy tempers Justice. To their tomb
Mankind have sunk in one unvaried doom;
But yet may Heaven reverse the stern decree;
And yet again may cheering suns illumine
The world emerging from its dungeon sea,
And beam the light of life on millions yet to be.

XCII.

Survey yon world of waters : a faint speck
Seems on th' horizon's farthest verge to lie ;
Lone as 'mid ocean some deserted wreck ;
Dim as the first small star that beams on high,
Or the swift Eagle lessening into sky—
'Tis yet a thing to gaze on mid the scene,
A resting-point where all is vacancy—
It is the wreck of worlds that once have been—
The germ of latent life—the pledge of years serene.

XCIII.

Onward it floats. Admiring Angels, mark!
Safe from the storm—triumphant o'er despair,
A living miracle—yon lonely Ark,
Borne o'er the billows by JEHOVAH's care :
The Father of a future world is there.
His stedfast soul the idol-rites abhorred,
And breathed to Enoch's God the pious prayer ;
And when, oh when, didst thou, All-gracious Lord !
Reject the lowly plaint by meek contrition poured ?

XCIV.

Reader! be thine the moral! If no more
From its calmed deeps shall rise the fettered sea;
If Heaven's fair bow proclaim *this* peril o'er;
A wreck more fearful yet remains for thee:
Time only bears thee to Eternity.—
Tread then the path thy bright Exemplar trod;—
Think on the day when this vast Earth shall be
In bursting flames dissolved—yon skies so broad
Shrink like a shrivelled scroll—“Prepare to meet
thy God!”

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

DIONYSIUS OF PHOCÆA.

Herod. Erato XVII.

I.

MY own Ionia ! since I may not see
Thy freedom rescued and thy rights restored,
I will not pine in fetters, though for thee,
Nor crouch, the vassal of a Persian Lord !—
Once have I bared, and will not sheathe, the
sword ;—

Eternal be the strife, as strife should be,
Between the tyrant-race, accursed, abhorred,
And those who, like their fathers, would be free.

Farewell ! thou land of loveliness—farewell !
Beloved Phocæa, city of my sires !

Henceforth the spoiler in my halls must dwell,
My childhood's home must feed the vengeful fires ;
And thy sweet maids, a weeping band, must swell
A despot's train, and wait a despot's wild desires.

II.

But from this hour to me shall Ocean prove
A country, and the gallant bark my home ;
By Persia's bonds unshackled, will I rove
Where the breeze freshens, and the free waves foam ;
And though full oft before me as I roam,
Ionia's well-remembered shores will rise,
Ne'er shall my native land delight mine eyes,
Till Persian blood hath well avenged her doom.

And should the base marauder cross my path,
Jove ! on this head hurl down thy bolts divine,
But I will meet and crush him in my wrath,
For he is Freedom's foe, and must be mine.
Though darker taint the ruthless spoiler hath
Than mine or Freedom's foe — Ionia, he is thine !

III.

Yet, O my country, O Ionia ! yet
How shall I thus forsake thee ? I have dwelt
Entranced on thy past triumphs, and have felt

Thy wrongs, thy woes, until mine eyes were wet
With tears of wrath and madness—not regret ;
And I have bared my sword, and sternly sworn,
Dearly thy woman-lords should rue the scorn
Which thou canst ne'er forgive, nor I forget.—

And I must now forsake thee.—Hadst thou stood
True to thyself, thou hadst been free ;—but now
Thy noblest sons are stiffening in their blood,
And I must quit thy shores, or lie as low ;
Yet, like the storm that hovers o'er the flood,
I only wait to strike a deeper, deadlier blow.

THEMISTOCLES IN EXILE.

I.

Now I have all that earth can give
Of pageantry and pride ;
Yes, all for which the kingly live,
For which the brave have died.
A thousand slaves obsequious wait
My nod, as 'twere the frown of fate ;
And what remains beside ?
The empty name is all I need,
To seem, to be a king indeed !

II.

Yet—am I happy ? When my brow
The bright tiara bears,
Is there no trace of withering woe,
Of heart-corroding cares ?
Oh, what is sadder than the smile

Assumed, and worn but to beguile?
 Yet pride the mask still wears;
 I would not Persian eyes should see
 O Athens! how I pine for thee.

III.

Thy towers are still before mine eye,
 Thy temples on my heart!
 Thence never but with memory
 And life, shall they depart.
 By day they fill each waking thought,
 By night in dreams are backward brought—
 Until from sleep I start
 To feel *he* is no longer free,
 Who lived, and would have died for thee.

IV.

Who *would* have died!—Why died I not
 On thy triumphant day?
 Then had my name, without a blot,
 Thine annals graced for aye;
 While *now*—but Earth at length shall know
 I was not, could not be, thy foe;
 Though thrust in scorn away
 From the loved land *mine* arm had saved,
 To despot-lords, and lands enslaved.

V.

Yet, though my foes have been the free,
The Lord of slaves my friend,
Yet, Athens, is my heart with thee,
And shall be, to the end.
The Persian asks my aid in vain :—
One way remains to burst his chain,
And thee in death defend :
How could I bear to work thine ill,
Despite my wrongs, who love thee still?

VI.

I loved thee, when my sun of fame
In noontide glory shone ;
Now it hath set in scorn and shame,
Yet love I madly on.
'Twere vain to say I love thee more ;
I knew not how I loved before :
Now know I—but 'tis done—
And, when thine exile's head lies low,
Then, Athens, then, *thou* too shalt know.

SONG OF AN ATHENIAN EXILE

IN THE DAYS OF LYSANDER.

I.

O ATHENS, dear Athens! the land that I love,
Thy form is before me wherever I rove ;
From the bleak hills of Thrace,—on the far-rolling
sea,—
The heart of thine exile turns fondly to thee.

II.

Still Fancy reverts, as dejected I roam,
To the tombs of my sires, to my childhood's loved
home ;
The plains of the East in their beauty I see,
But the loveliest is that which reminds me of thee.

III.

I've gazed on the monarch of kings in his state,
Whose servants are princes, whose menace is fate ;
But the trappings of tyrants are chains to the free,
And my own rock-built Athens was dearer to me.

IV.

I've wandered where Freedom is lingering still,
In the lone, barren isle,—on the snow-covered hill ;
Yet sad were my days, though I dwelt with the
 free,
For Athens was dearer than Freedom to me.

V.

Though the sword, with the blood of thy foemen
 once wet,
Now sleeps in its scabbard, I cannot forget ;
Yet, yet shall it wake for the land of the free,
And strike in the conflict, dear Athens ! for thee.

VI.

To-morrow once more shall thy banner wave high ;
We doubt not to conquer, or dread not to die ;
The Queen of proud Hellas again shalt thou be,
Or thy children, O Athens, shall perish for thee.

VII.

Then, then may fell Sparta in anguish deplore
The blood-sprinkled trophies she vaunted before ;
And think, in her fall, of the wrongs of the free.
And pay, in her ruin, a ransom for thee.

THRASYBULUS AT PHYLE.

I.

STILL unextinguished through the land
Was Freedom's sacred fire ;
Nor with the nobly fallen band
Did Glory's light expire ;
Though long, too long, has Athens borne
The Spartan's sway, the Spartan's scorn ;
Yet bolder thoughts inspire
Hearts, still resolved to dare or die
For Athens, and for liberty.

II.

In night's mid gloom, on Phyle's tower
See Thrasybulus stand :
'Tis now the patriots' mustering hour,
And this the patriot band.

Scattered and few the warriors came—
But *he* was there who fanned the flame ;
Whose voice of high command
From forest-cave and snow-crowned hill,
Had roused them, and could rouse them still.

III.

And, “ Welcome to the hour,” he said,
“ Of vengeance or of death ;
Yes, welcome to the warrior’s bed,
Or to the victor’s wreath.
A brother each, and each a friend,
I knew, I knew ye could not bend
The Tyrant’s sway beneath :
I knew that all, who scorned to fear,
Hither would come—and YE are here.

IV.

“ From home, from friends, from country torn,
To breathe a foreign air,
Have ye not long in exile borne
What galls the brave to bear ?
Or, if ye deemed it nobler still
To stay, and share your country’s ill,
Though Freedom was not there,—
By all ye saw, and all ye heard,
Is not the blow too long deferred ?

V.

“ Our own wronged Athens ! thou hast been
The mother of the brave !
Of Greece, in arms and arts, the Queen !
And shalt thou be a slave ?
Thou, proved in many a strife severe,
On land detested Sparta’s peer,
Her conqueror on the wave,
Shalt thou her prostrate vassal be,
While gallant hearts still throb for thee ?

VI.

“ Forbid it, ye whose sires alone
The Persian’s host withstood
Till the proud field of Marathon
Ran purple with their blood ;
And when his thousand galleys came
To Salamis, immortal name !
Were foremost on the flood ;
And on Plataea’s plain outvied
The Spartan, fighting side by side.

VII.

“ Apart as foes, as friends abreast,
On earth and o’er the sea ;
Our Fathers never stooped their crest
To Sparta—and shall *we* ?

Hers is indeed the vantage-hour,
And hers the pride of boundless power—
But is there nought for thee ?
Yes—thine is Freedom, name divine,
And this true band of heroes thine.

VIII.

“ Then forward to th’ unequal strife,
We triumph or we die ;
Warriors, the loss can be but life,
The gain is liberty !
What though our hearts’ best blood should flow,
The tyrant band shall lie as low :
And with the parting sigh
’Twill even in death a solace be,
Dear Athens ! to have died for thee.”

REGULUS.

I.

Urge me no more—your prayers are vain,
And vain the tears ye shed;
When I can lead to Rome again
The bands from Rome I led;
When I can rouse your legions, slain
On swarthy Libya's fatal plain,
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will I claim once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome.

II.

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death;
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like his own serpents wreath

Round every limb—if lip and eye
Betrayed no sign of agony ;
Inly I cursed my breath ;—
Wherefore, of all that bled, was I
The only wretch who could not die ?

III.

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's fitting doom,
I recked not—could they chain the mind,
Or plunge the soul in gloom ?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown ;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth, perchance to die—
Oh ! in that hope was ecstasy.

IV.

But no—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a shackled slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed, perchance, my sterner mood
Was quelled by chains and solitude—
That he who once was brave—

Was I *not* brave?—had now become
Outcast from honour as from Rome.

V.

Fathers ! to you they bade me bear,
The offers these have borne ;
They would have trained those lips to swear
Which never yet have sworn ;
Silent their base commands I heard ;—
At length I pledged a Roman's word,
Unshrinking to return—
I go, prepared to brave the worst ;—
But I shall gall proud Carthage first.

VI.

They sue for peace—I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear ;
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare.
Fools as they were—could not mine eye
Through their dissembled calmness spy
The struggles of despair ?
Else had they sent this wasted frame
To bribe you to your country's shame ?

VII.

Your Rome—I must not call her mine,
No country has the slave ;
His father's name he must resign,
Nor share his father's grave—
Your Rome shall triumph—Carthage lies
Beneath your mightier destinies ;—
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours—she knows it well—and you
Shall know—and make her feel it too.

VIII.

Ay—bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me :
Ye know no longer is it hers,
The empire of the sea ;
Ye know her fleets are far and few,
Her bands a mercenary crew,
And Rome, the bold, the free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your worn and wasted powers.

IX.

One path alone remains for me ;
My vows are heard on high ;

Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see—
For I return to die :
Then tell me not of hope or life—
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
No smiling progeny :
One word concentrates for the slave
Wife, children, country, *all*—THE GRAVE.

THE LAST WORDS OF
"THE LAST OF THE ROMANS."

I.

Go—slaves and cowards as ye are,
Go—crouch before the conqueror's car ;
To Cæsar breathe the suppliant prayer,
And sue the Lord of Rome to spare :
But never shall *my* knee be bowed,
Among the pale and prostrate crowd :
Ne'er will *I* quail with downcast eye,
Beneath the frown of tyranny ;—
In freedom I have lived ; in freedom will I die.

II.

How gladly could I die for thee,
Fair Rome, if still thy sons were free ;
Ah ! would that I had died before
Ere thou and they were free no more ;

Ere yet thy once unsullied name
Was linked with servitude and shame ;
Ere yet thy sun of fame had fled ;
The crown had fallen from thy head ;
Thy deeds were of the past ;—thy warriors with the
dead.

III.

Why should I live ? Friends, fortunes, all,
Have perished in my country's fall ;
For they are friends no more, who bow
Before triumphant Cæsar now :
I pass from earth unmourned, nor leave
One faithful heart o'er me to grieve :
Brutus ! my friend ! I wrong not thee—
Thou art, or wilt be soon, with me—
Thou canst not live in Rome, when Rome no more
is free !

THE LAMENT OF MOWBRAY.

I.

FAREWELL, farewell, my Father-land ;
I would the glance might be
That lingers on thy lessening strand
The last on earth for me :
I would the pang that rends my heart
Thus speeding from thy shore,
Could bid this load of life depart,
Since thou art mine no more !

II.

It is not that I lightly grieve
For honours, wealth, or fame ;
My native shores I might but leave
To win a nobler name :
Nor yet to ties of kindred love,
I mourn to bid adieu ;
For these in other climes might prove
As tender and as true.

III.

But O ! in this desponding breast
A darker thought must dwell ;
A thought no wealth can bribe to rest,
No fond affection quell :
Henceforth must I, an exile lone
And homeless, stray thro' earth ;
Tenant of every clime, save one ;—
The land that gave me birth.

IV.

The warrior, whom the trump of war
Hath lured across the flood,
To seek a fleeting fame afar
In fields of toil and blood ;
The mariner, by fate consigned
To plough the restless wave ;
Each in his country hopes to find
A death-bed and a grave.

V.

But I in stranger-land must live,
In stranger-land must die ;
The tyrant knows not to forgive,
Nor formed to crouch am I.

Then O farewell, my native land !
I would the glance might be
That lingers on thy lessening strand
The last on earth for me.

TO THE GREEKS, 1823.

I.

ARISE to the strife of the sword !
Advance like the rush of the flood !
Nor e'er be one brand to the scabbard restored,
Till the despots have dyed it in blood.
Your chains have been galling and keen ;
Ye have slept the dull sleep of despair ;
Yet awake for the glories of days that have been,
For a spell that should rouse you is there.

II.

Long ages of sorrow and shame
Have rolled o'er the land of your birth ;
Though once without peer in the bright page of Fame,
'Tis the taunt and the by-word of Earth.
The wrongs which your Fathers have borne,
The wrongs which your children must bear ;
O your souls are subdued by the bonds ye have
worn,
Or a spell that must rouse you is there !

III.

The Lion is tame and debased
While chained in the dwellings of men ;
But restore the Wood-King to his own native waste,
And his fury will kindle again :
And thus, though degraded are ye,
The yoke of the Mussulman spurn ;
And the faith and the courage that dwell with the
 free,
To you shall with Freedom return.

IV.

Then awake to the strife of the sword !
Advance like the rush of the flood !
Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,
Till your tyrants have bathed it in blood.
O think on the days that have been,
Till they rouse you to do and to dare ;
O think on your bondage, so galling, so keen—
A spell that **MUST** wake you is there !

THE WARRIOR'S BLOOD.

I.

THERE is a crimson hue
Of purer, lovelier dye,
Than beams in blushing clouds that strew
Soft evening's varied sky—
'Tis in the life-blood of the free
Poured freely forth for liberty.

II.

There is a drop more dear,
More sacred and sublime,
Than virgin pity's tender tear
O'er others' curse or crime ;—
It is the life-blood of the free,
When nobly shed for liberty !

III.

There is a voice more sweet
Than music's softest lyre ;
Which gives a prouder pulse to beat,
And wakes a wilder fire :
It is the death-sigh of the free,
Who fights and falls for liberty !

IV.

And there's a deeper sound
Than earth asunder riven ;
A voice that rises from the ground,
And *will* be heard in heaven :
It is the death-shout of the free,
Who dares and dies for liberty !

THE DYING CHIEFTAIN.

I.

HE sets in the noon of his fame ;
He falls in the hour of his pride ;
But myriads lamenting shall hallow his name,
And tell how the conqueror died.
He died for the land of his birth !
He died that her sons might be free !
And long shall his memory be hallowed on earth,
Most honoured, fair Hellas ! by thee.

II.

Though ties might have chained him to life
The strongest affection can bind ;
He fled from them all to the scene of the strife,
And his love to his honour resigned.
He paused not to wipe the big tear
That fell from a mother's fond eye ;
He turned not to look on a mourner more dear ;
Unshrinking he left them—to die.

III.

Yet say not the Hero is dead ;—
For glory can never decay :
From the scene of its triumphs the spirit hath fled,
But memory enshrines it for aye.
For he set in the noon of his fame,
He fell in the hour of his pride ;
And nations lamenting shall hallow his name,
And tell how the conqueror died.

LAYS
OF
THE EARLY MARTYRS.



THE CHURCH'S LAMENT FOR ST. JOHN.

I.

HE hath gone to the place of his rest,
He is safe in the home of his God ;
And we who have loved him, forsaken, oppressed,
Submissive would bow to the rod.
Though his accents can cheer us no more,
His love yet may speak from the grave ;
And thus on the broad wing of Faith may we soar
To One who is mighty to save !

II.

Our friend and our father we heard
On earth, paint the glories of heaven ;—
But now the lone church, like a wandering bird,
To the home of the desert is driven.
Entranced, on his visions we hung ;
Our hearts and our hopes were above ;
For the words of Persuasion fell soft from his tongue,
And the soul of his teaching was Love.

III.

In vain the stern Tyrant assailed
With threats of the dungeon or grave—
He spoke but the word, and the timid ne'er quailed,
In pangs that had mastered the brave.
The babe hath endured, while its frame
With the scourge and the torture was torn—
The maiden, the mother, in chariots of flame
To glory triumphant were borne.

IV.

For what were thy terrors, O Death?
And where was thy triumph, O Grave?
When the vest of pure white and the conquering
wreath
Were the prize of the scorned and the slave?
Oh! then to our Father was given,
To read the bright visions on high;
He gave to our view the full glories of heaven;—
We heard and we hastened to die!

V.

Some died—they are with thee above—
Some live—they lament for thee now—
But who would recall thee, blest Saint, from the love
That circles with glory thy brow?

Long, long didst thou linger below,
But the term of thine exile is o'er,
And praises shall mix with the tears that must flow
From the eyes that behold thee no more.

VI.

Praise—praise—that thy trials are past !
Joy—joy—that thy triumph is won !
The thrones are completed—for thine is the last
Of the twelve that encircle the Son !
O Lord ! shall the time not be yet
When thy church shall be blessed and free ?
Thou who canst not forsake, and who wilt not forget,
Come quickly—or take us to Thee !

THE MARTYR'S CHILD.

I.

ONCE more I clasp thee to my breast,
Child of my first and fondest love,
Ere yet I enter into rest,
Ere join the ransomed hosts above :
And earthward though my thoughts must rove,
From saints and seraphs bending there,
Who shall a parting sigh reprove,
O'er one as pure and scarce less fair ?

II.

My bud of beauty ! thou must bloom,
'Mid the chill rains, and wintry blast,
Where skies are wrapt in starless gloom,
And summer-suns have beamed their last.
Yet, though dark clouds the heaven o'ercast,
He, at whose word the winds are still,
Can screen thee till the storm be past—
I know He can—I trust He will.

III.

Yet, who shall form thine infant sighs,
To syllable the first brief prayer?
And who shall point thee to the skies,
And say, "Thou hast a Father there?"
And who shall watch with ceaseless care,
Lest thy young steps unheeding stray—
Where Pleasure plants the secret snare,
And Hope's seductive smiles betray?

IV.

O! could I bear thee hence, while yet
The strife of passion is unknown,
Ere guilt her fatal seal hath set,
Or earth has marked thee for its own.
While Nature's debt of death alone
Is all mortality must pay,—
To gaze upon th' eternal throne,
And swell the glad unceasing lay!

V.

But now I leave thee—not alone—
More welcome far were solitude;
For He, who ne'er forsakes his own,
E'en in the desert, vast and rude,

Might bid the ravens bring thee food,
Or streams gush forth amidst the wild;
Or guide the wanderings of the good
To seek and save his handmaid's child.

VI.

I leave thee to thy mother's foes,
I leave thee to the foes of Heaven—
Yet do I leave thee but to those?
Lord, be the guilty thought forgiven!
O! if she strive as I have striven,
With stormy winds on life's rough sea,
May she by warring waves be driven
To find a haven, Lord, with thee.

TEMPTATION.

I.

CEASE, Tempter, cease! I would not live
The scorned of earth, the loathed of Heaven,
For all that Cæsar's hand hath given.
For all that Rome could give.
Since, how could pomp, and power, and pride,
Avail to banish from mine eye
The Cross for which I vowed to die—
The Cross I had denied;—
Or teach me, though my limbs were free,
To bear the spirit's slavery?—

II.

Yet to mine eye, 'mid darkness dim,
How welcome were the light of heaven:
How sweet to feel the chains were riven,
That bind each aching limb!

How sweet, unshackled all and free,
To feel once more the light breeze blow ;
To gaze around, above, below,
On earth, and sky, and sea !—
O ! pomp and pride are nought to me,
But my soul yearns for liberty.

III.

And wilt thou give the summer gale
A moment through my cell to play ?
And wilt thou give the summer ray,
That gilds my native vale,
To glad me with its genial beam—
And dost thou this in mercy ?—No !—
I see the guile that lurks below ;
And vainly dost thou dream
That I would quit my hopes on high,
And barter heaven for liberty.

IV.

Cease, then ! my heart is changeless still ;—
Though chains awhile my limbs control,
Mine is the freedom of the soul,
And mine th' unconquered will.
Yes—thou art more a slave than I ;
I can but bear a despot's yoke,

Till death shall rend with welcome shock
The spirit's earthly tie.
But, false one ! then, when I am free,
Begins thine endless slavery.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN TO HER
APOSTATE LOVER.

I.

OH lost to faith, to peace, to heaven !
Canst thou a recreant be
To Him whose life for thine was given,
Whose cross endured for thee ?
Canst thou for earthly joys resign
A love immortal, pure, divine ?
Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
And cleave unchanged to me ?

II.

Thou canst not—and 'tis breathed in vain—
Thy sophistry of love !—
Though not in pride or cold disdain
Thy falsehood I reprove !—

Inly my heart may bleed—but yet
Mine is no weak—no vain regret ;
Thy wrongs to me I might forget—
But not to Him above.

III.

Cease then—thy fond impassioned vow,
In happier hours so dear ;
(No virgin pride restrains me now)
I must not turn to hear ;
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love ;
And tears — though feigned and false — might
 move,
And prayers, though insincere.

IV.

But no ! the tie so firmly bound
Is torn asunder now ;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
It recks not to avow ;
Go`thou to fortune and to fame ;
I sink to sorrow—suffering—shame—
Yet think, when Glory gilds thy name,
I would not be as thou.

V.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
The bosom all thine own ;
Thou know'st, in Joy's enlivening beam,
Or Fortune's adverse frown,
My pride, my bliss had been to share
Thy hopes; to soothe thine hours of care ;
With thee the Martyr's cross to bear,
Or win the Martyr's crown.

VI.

'Tis o'er ; but never from my heart
Shall Time thine image blot ;
The dreams of other days depart ;—
Thou shalt not be forgot ;
And never in the suppliant sigh
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky ;
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remembered not !

VII.

Farewell ! and oh ! may He whose love
Endures, though Man rebel,
In mercy yet thy guilt remove,
Thy darkening clouds dispel :

Where'er thy wandering steps decline
My fondest prayers—nor only mine ;—
The aid of Israel's God be thine ;
And in his name—Farewell !

THE MARTYR TO HIS APOSTATE JUDGE.

I.

No!—think not I could ever be
False to my Saviour's honoured name,
For aught that thou canst offer me—
A little life—a little fame :—
'Twere weak indeed to lose for them
A never-fading diadem.

II.

Thou hear'st my fixed resolve ;—and now
The guards—the rack—the flame prepare ;
And count me weak and false as thou,
If I fall back, or tremble there.
Go thou, thy bleeding Lord disown ;
Be mine the faithful Martyr's crown.

III.

Ay ! thou may'st smile—but not in scorn,
Proud minion of a despot's will ;
Thy direst vengeance have I borne,
And stand prepared to bear it still ;
My pride, my triumph it shall be,
To die for Him who died for me.

IV.

And if one passing pang I feel,
Deluded man ! 'tis felt for thee ;
I stand prepared the truth to seal,
But what shall thy departing be ?
Blest Saviour ! Lord of earth and heaven,
Oh ! be his sins—and mine —forgiven !

THE WIFE'S ADIEU.

I.

I SOAR to the realms of the bright and the blest,
Where the mourner is still, and the weary at rest ;
I rise to my glories, while thou must remain
In the dark vale of tears, to reproach and to pain.

II.

And hence, though my heart throbs exultant to die,
And visions of glory unfold to mine eye,
The bosom that struggles and pants to be free,
Still cleaves to the dust with affection for thee.

III.

I dread not another, more fond and more fair,
When I am forgotten, thy fortunes should share ;
Oh ! find but a bosom devoted as mine,
And my heart's fondest blessing for ever be thine !

IV.

I fear, lest the stroke that now rends us apart,
From the faith of thy Saviour should sever thy
heart ;
Lest, seeking in anguish relief from despair,
The vain world should lure thee to look for it
there.

V.

But oh ! should it tempt thee awhile to resign
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine ;
Should the light of his glory be hidden from thee,
In the hour of thy darkness, O think upon me !

VI.

Remember the hope that enlivens me now,
Though the damps of the conflict are cold on my
brow ;—
The faith that has nerved me with transport to see
The hour of my doom, though it tears me from
thee.

THE BEREAVED HUSBAND.

I.

I stood beside the parting bed
Of all I ever loved below ;
I gazed until the soul had fled
From earthly pangs, and earthly woe :
Then the first tears were felt to flow,
Which thou, sweet angel ! didst not share ;—
Then first my heart was doomed to know
The loneliness of cold despair.

II.

Till then, though many a grief was mine,
That well might wring the sternest breast,
With loveliness and love like thine,
I was not, could not be, unblest.

For when, with causeless wrongs opprest,
From the false world I fled to thee ;
Thy smiles could charm the thought to rest,
Which, but for thee, were agony.

III.

Now I am left to beat, alone,
A shattered bark on life's rough sea ;
To muse on joys for ever gone,
On hopes that ne'er can beam for me.
Once to have been, and not to be ;—
THIS wakes the pang that cannot die,
As none but those who once were free.
Feel the full weight of slavery.

IV.

But oh ! I may not thus repine—
Guilt mingles with the vain regret ;
And though the prize that once was mine.
I cannot, save in death, forget ;
E'en while the mourner's eye is wet
With nature's tears for nature's woe,
There is a balm, a solace yet
For all that wrongs or wounds below.

V.

My griefs remain, but thine are o'er ;

My loss thy endless gain shall be ;

I weep, but thou canst mourn no more,

I still am bound, but thou art free.

My joy was ever bliss to thee ;—

Then be thy bliss my solace now,

Until thy perfect charms I see

In happier regions—blest as thou.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

I.

A YEAR hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead ;
And yet my bosom's cureless wound
Still bleeds, as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm—
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed ;—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget ?

II.

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe—yet cannot flee ;
And thoughts in solitude have birth,
That lead me back to thee.

By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird,
That struggles to be free ;
It longs to leave a world unblest,
To flee away and be at rest.

III.

Rest ! how, alas ! shall mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream ?—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beseem
The child of sin—the heir of woe—
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
On life's wide waste ?—'tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on *alone*.

IV.

It was no charm of face or mien
That linked my heart to thee,
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see.
It was a strong though nameless spell,
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me
And *will* remain—thy form is fled,
But this can e'en recall the dead.

V.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art ;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow,
Are graven on my heart ;
And when on living forms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays :—
Ah ! would it ne'er depart !—
And they alone are fair to me,
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

VI.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear ;
I seem, when all is hushed around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear.
Oh ! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn, as if to breathe reply—
The waking—how severe !
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness !

VII.

A year hath pass'd !—another year
Its wonted round may run ;

Yet earth will still be dark and drear
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still should sigh for *one* ;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside ?

VIII.

Yes, dearest ! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all ;
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not yet recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share ;
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may still befall ;
But I *can* share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot—all guilt forgiven.

SCRIPTURE SKETCHES.

THE NATIVITY.

I.

A LIGHT is kindling o'er the midnight sky
 Of broad unwonted brightness ;—the hushed air
 Is filled with sounds of strange sweet melody,
 As though an Angel-choir were hymning there
 Celestial strains ;—and each aërial Power
 Had lit the starry lamp within his beacon-tower.

II.

And hark ! fresh sounds ; and lo ! the scatteren
 beams
 Condense into a wreath of living light ;
 Pure as the chaste, cold moonbeams, yet more
 bright
 Than the full noontide blaze, behold it streams
 Above, around an earthly dwelling-place—
 Heaven sheds its purest rays on some of mortal race !

III.

Why shine ye thus, ye Heavens? and wherefore,
Earth!

Art thou thus graced by splendour not thine own?
Say, who and where is He, at whose glad birth
Revealed, the glory of the Lord hath shone?
Not thus it kindled, when the Law was given,
And through its central caves was startled Sinai
riven!

IV.

Is it the hoped Deliverer, whose dread sword
Shall smite the Heathen hosts in holiest war?
Is it the sceptre, now at length restored
To Judah's royal line? The Sacred Star
That shall outshine the day's proud orb, and bless
Glad Israel's rescued seed, a Sun of Righteousness?

V.

'Tis all! 'tis more! Upon a lowly bed
Within a lowliest dwelling, there is One
Not earthly, though on earth; and though the Son
Of God, yet born of woman! Round his head
Those rays are circling, till they seem to shine
With such resplendent blaze as gilds the Throne
divine!

VI.

Well may they shine! It is the promised Son,
EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US; revealed on earth
The living image of the viewless One!

Well may they shine! By His auspicious birth
Peace comes to dwell on Earth—joy reigns in
Heaven—

Hell trembles—Sin is chained—Death vanquished
—Man forgiven!

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

I.

Tis noon—the sun is in the sky ;
And from his broad and burning ray
To groves and glens the shepherds fly
Where welcome shade excludes the day ;
Or rest, where sparkling waters play
Like fairy streams of liquid gold—
Such as mysterious legends say,
Around the Fire-King's palace rolled.

II.

Behold yon scattered group recline
Beneath a tall oak's ample shade ;
A form of manly port benign,
And one, who seems a loveliest maid,
Save that within her arms is laid,
An infant, like his mother fair ;

Though never earth-born babe displayed
Such beauties, as are blended there.

III.

No tints of healthful crimson glow
In that fair Infant's polished cheek ;
Paler his brow than mountain snow,
His dove-like eyes—serenely meek.
No smiles around his lips bespeak
The joy of heart to childhood given ;
But vain, O vain it were to seek
For charms of earth in Child of Heaven !

IV.

For this is He, the Mystic Child !
Yea, this the Virgin's promised Son !
Behold the Mother undefiled !
Behold her babe—the Holy One !
And do they wander forth alone,
By Israel slighted or forgot ;
And, when the Highest seeks "his own,"
Do even "his own" receive him not ?

V.

Yes !—from a despot's fell decree,
To seek a foreign home they fly ;

And, EGYPT, once again in thee
Shall dwell the Holy Family.—
Where erst in bitter slavery
Sad Israel mourned his joyless doom ;
There shall he now his Light descry ;
Thence shall his God, his Glory come !

VI.

O happy Mother !—happiest far
Of all who felt a Mother's throes ;—
What though no more the Mystic Star
Above thy path through darkness glows ?—
When gazing on the calm repose
Of Him, thy cherished Babe divine ;
The bliss earth's fondest Mother knows,
O can it give a thought of thine ?

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

I.

WHEN from Thy beaming throne
O High and Holy One !
Thou can'st to dwell with those of mortal birth ;
No ray of living light
Flashed on th' astonished sight,
To shew the GODHEAD walked his subject earth :

II.

Thine was no awful form,
Shrouded in mist and storm,
Of Seraph, walking on the viewless wind ;
Nor didst thou deign to wear
The port, sublimely fair,
Of Angel-heralds, sent to bless mankind.

III.

Made like the sons of clay,
Thy matchless glories lay
In form of feeble infancy concealed ;
No pomp of outward sign
Proclaimed the Power Divine ;
No earthly state the heavenly guest revealed !

IV.

Thou didst not choose thy home
Beneath a lordly dome ;
No regal diadem wreathed thy baby brow ;
Nor on a soft couch laid,
Nor in rich vest arrayed,
But with the poorest of the poor wert Thou !

V.

Yet she, whose gentle breast
Was Thy glad place of rest ;—
In her the blood of royal David flowed :
Men passed her dwelling by
With proud and scornful eye ;
But Angels knew and loved her mean abode

VI.

There softer strains she heard
Than song of evening bird,
Or tuneful minstrels in a queenly bower ;
And o'er her dwelling lone
A brighter radiance shone
Than ever glittered from a Monarch's tower.

VII.

For there the Mystic Star
That sages led from far,
To pour their treasures at her Infant's feet,
Still shed its golden light ;—
There, through the calm, clear night,
Were heard Angelic Voices, strangely sweet.

VIII.

O happiest thou of all
Who bare the deadly thrall
Which, for *one* mother's crime, to all was given :—
Her first of mortal birth
Brought Death to reign on earth,—
But THINE brings Light and Life again from
heaven !

IX.

Happiest of Virgins thou,

On whose unruffled brow

Blends maiden meekness with a mother's love !

Blest in thy Heavenly Son,

Blest in the Holy One.

Whom man knows not below, though Angels hymned
above !

THE SAVIOUR AS A CHILD WITH
FLOWERS.*

I.

BLEST age of innocence and truth,
Of open heart as open brow ;
When thoughts are free and words are sooth :—
Ere the warm blood of wilder youth
Boils in the veins, and in the eye
Glow with unquiet brilliancy—
Childhood, how fair art thou !
Fair even in the sons of earth ;
But thou wert fairest when the Saviour smiled,
When He of virgin birth
Stooped to the semblance of an earth-born child.

* Illustrating a Picture by Carlo Dolci.

II.

And did he spend the vacant hour
Child-like, in ranging plain and wood ?
And did he seek the shadowy bower,
And, sportive, twine the summer-flower,
While, as the rustic crown he wreathed,
Each conscious flower fresh odours breathed ;
And e'en the blossoms, strewed
As though unheeded, o'er the ground,
Drooped not, nor withered ; but unfading shed
A balmier fragrance round
Than when they glittered in their parent-bed ?

III.

Yet blame we not the venturous dream
Of painter-poet—who hath traced
What some, perchance, may lightly deem
Of Him, in whom the Heavenly Beam
Though latent in a fleshly shroud,
Was, like the sun behind a cloud,
Though dimmed, yet undefaced !—
For who could mark that fair young brow,
The ringlets of that wildly-clustering hair.
That look serene—nor know
No child of sin, no heir of death was there !

IV.

Mark too that varied coronal,
Where the rich eastern flowers combine
Their hues of beauty,—are not all
His work who framed this earthly ball?
Flowers spring on earth—stars deck the sky—
Alike in each his inward eye
Knew his own work divine.
Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
On earth, or sea, or sky—at morn or even—
Flower, star, wave, vocal bird,
To Him were fraught with memories of Heaven!

V.

Yes—when this low, terrestrial sphere
He deigned—a seeming child—to tread,
Heard he not sounds none else could hear?
And were not viewless Seraphs near
To hold communion with their Lord?
And where th' Angelic Host adored,
Did not glad Nature shed
Her sweetest flowers,—and if He wove
What seemed a wreath to human eyes,
By Angels borne above,
Might not that wreath outshine the crowns of Pa-
radise?

CHRIST EXPOUNDING THE LAW.

I.

THE Voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words, "Let there be light!"
And light was kindled as th' Eternal spake ;
While Hosts Seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed Heaven, Earth, Sun, Sea, and crowned
the work with MAN.

II.

The Voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit, wrapped in midnight gloom ;
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flashed devouring flame ;
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
"Veil, Lord, thy terrors ; cease thy thunders, or we
die !"

III.

The Voice of God was mighty, when alone
 Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast
 Rent the huge mountains as JEHOVAH passed,
 And the Earth quaked beneath the Holy One ;
 When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning
 glare—
 And but the “still small voice” was heard—yet God
 was there.

IV.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
 The voice of God was mighty, as it came
 From the red mountain, or the car of flame :—
 When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form ;
 When Jesus came to work his Father’s will,
 HIS was the Voice of God—and it was mighty still.

V.

He chid the billows—and the heaving sea
 Lay hushed,—the warring winds obeyed his word,—
 The conscious demons knew and owned their Lord,
 And at his bidding set the captive free.—
 But is not Hatred strong as wave or wind,
 And are the Hosts of Hell more stubborn than man-
 kind ?

VI

These, too, he vanquished. When the Holy Law
From his pure lips like mountain honey flowed :
Still, as he spake, the haughty heart was bowed,
Passion was calmed, and Malice crouched in awe—
The Scribe, perversely blind, began to see,
And mute conviction held the humbled Pharisee.

VII.

“Man never spake like this man,” was their cry,—
And yet he spake, and yet they heard in vain :
E'en as their Sires to idols turned again
When Sinai's thunders shook no more the sky—
So these went back to bend at Mammon's shrine,
And heard that Voice no more, yet felt it was
Divine !

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

I.

'Tis still thine hour, O Death !
Thine, Lord of Hades, is the kingdom still ;
Yet twice thy sword unstained hath sought its
 sheath,
Though twice upraised to kill ;
And once again the tomb
Shall yield its captured prey ;
A mightier Arm shall pierce the pathless gloom,
And rend the prize away :
Nor comes thy Conqueror armed with spear or
 sword—
He hath no arms but prayer—no weapon but his
 Word.

II.

'Tis now the fourth sad morn
Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,
To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen borne
Hath parted, dust to dust.
The grave-worm revels now
Upon his mouldering clay—
And He, before whose car the mountains bow—
The rivers roll away
In conscious awe—He only can revive
Corruption's withering prey, and call the dead to live!

III.

Yet still the sisters keep
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,
Watching for Jesus—"Comes he not to weep?
He did not come to save!"—
But now *one* straining eye
Th' advancing Form hath traced;—
And soon in wild resistless agony
Have Martha's arms embraced
The Saviour's feet—"O Lord! hadst thou been
nigh—
But speak the word e'en now—it shall be heard on
high."

IV.

They led him to the cave.—
The rocky bed, where now in darkness slept
Their brother, and his friend—then at the grave
They paused—for “JESUS WEPT.”
O Love, sublime and deep!
O Hand and Heart divine!
He comes to rescue, though he deigns to weep—
The captive is not thine,
O Death! thy bands are burst asunder now—
There stands beside the grave a Mightier far than
thou!

V.

“Come forth,” He cries, “thou dead!”
O God! what means that strange and sudden sound,
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a LIVING FORM—
The loved, the lost, the won,
Won from the grave, corruption and the worm—
“And is not this the Son
Of God?” they whispered—while the sisters poured
Their gratitude in tears: for THEY had known the
Lord.

VI.

Yet now the Son of God—
For such he was in truth—approached the hour
For which alone the path of thorns he trod ;—
In which to thee the Power,
O Death ! should be restored—
And yet restored in vain,—
For though the blood of ransom must be poured,
The spotless Victim slain ;
He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,
And make the cold, dark grave a portal to the skies !

CHRIST BLESSING THE BREAD.

I.

ONWARD it speeds ! the awful hour from Man's first
fall decreed,
When the dark Serpent's wrath shall bruise the
Woman's spotless Seed ;
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly
He trod,
But now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the Son of
God !

II.

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the
conscious Heaven,
While in Jehovah's inmost fane the mystic veil is
riven !
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid
mountains rend,
The yawning graves shall yield their dead ; the
buried Saints ascend !

III.

And yet amidst his little flock, still JESUS stands,
serene,
Unawed by suffering yet to be, unchanged by what
hath been ;
Still beams the light of love undimmed in that be-
nignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him
soon to die !

IV.

He pours within the votive cup the rich blood of the
vine,
And, " Drink ye all the hallowed draught " he cries,
" This blood is mine !"
He breaks the bread: then clasps his hands and lifts
his eyes in prayer,
" Receive ye this, and view by Faith my body sym-
bolled there !

V.

" For like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood
shall soon be shed ;
My body broken on the cross, as now I break the
bread :

For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the
Hand Divine
Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets
the blow be mine !

VI.

“ And oft your willing vows renew around the sacred
board,
And break the bread and pour the wine in memory
of your Lord :
To drink with me the grape’s fresh blood to you
shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless Vine that blooms in blest
abodes of Heaven !”

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

I.

A WREATH of glory circles still his head—
And yet he kneels—and yet he seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony :
On his pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, his eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas ! and is there strife HE cannot bear
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the dead ?

II.

There is ! there is ! for now the Powers of Hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When Death exerts his last permitted power ;
When the dread weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him, who deigned to dwell—
A Man with men,—that he might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and burst the captive's yoke—
But O ! of that dread strife what words can tell ?

III.

Those—only those—which broke with many a groan
From his full heart—“ O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day—
Yet, Father, not my will, but thine, be done !” —
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure, and strong to save ;
Nor would Jehovah leave him in the grave,
Nor could Corruption taint his Holy One.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN WITH MARY.

I.

LOVE is not of the Earth !
A Ray that issued from the Throne of Heaven
First warmed it into birth !
And then to dwellers of the dust 'twas given ;
Their pearl of price, their gem of peerless worth,
Ere from blest Eden's shade their first frail Sire was
driven.

II.

But Love, the pure, the bright,
Hath lost on earth its glory, and hath fled
To its own realms of Light ;
Scarce lingering o'er the unforgotten dead,
Where in the lonely place of tombs, by night,
The mute, fond prayer is breathed—the silent tear
is shed.

III.

Love is no more divine,
Save when it seeks the Source whence first it
came—
Forsakes its mortal shrine,
And, like the Prophet, on a car of flame
Mounts to the Holiest ! Such, dear Saint ! was thine,
When thine expiring Lord endured the cross of
shame !

IV.

THOU didst not heed the cry
Of myriad voices, clamouring fierce for blood ;
The truest turned to fly,—
The boldest quailed,—but firm the weaker stood !
Thy heart endured to watch his agony,
Unawed by scoffing Priests and warriors fierce of
mood.

V.

Yea, when his parting groan
Smote, like Death's fearful summons, on thine ear,
Thou didst not seek alone
Idly to shed the fond yet fruitless tear ;—
By thee the last sad cares of Love were shown—
Composed the stiffening limbs, and spread the decent
bier.

VI.

They laid him in the tomb—
Thou followedst still—and morning's earliest ray
And midnight's latest gloom
Still found thee watching where the Saviour lay ;
The earth was there thy bed, the cave thy home,
Till the sealed grave was rent—the stone was rolled
away.

VII.

The Victor Victim rose—
And what, true Saint, was then thy meet reward ?
The eye that watched his woes
Was first to hail the rising of the Lord !
O when were tears so pure, so blest as those
Which gushed, when at his feet she knelt—gazed—
wept—adored !

JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY
PIECES.

I.

STILL echoed through the dark divan
The shouts that hailed the doom of blood;
When lo ! a pale and haggard man
Before the stern tribunal stood !
He strove to speak—awhile his breath
Came fitful as the gasp of death;
Nor aught those hollow sounds express—
Save guilt and utter wretchedness !

II.

Yet in his wildly-glaring eye
Such fierce unnatural brightness shone ;
They deemed some outcast Maniac nigh,
Some victim of the Evil One :

Even the High Priest, in mute amaze,
Fixed on that form a shuddering gaze ;
As if a spectre near him stood
That chained his eye and chilled his blood !

III.

An instant—and the stern old man
Grew cold and reckless as before—
A moment flushed his aspect wan ;
It past as in a moment o'er.
He knew the form that trembled there—
Knew whence that madness and despair—
And the brief awe his brow had worn
Changed to a smile of withering scorn.

IV.

There on his knees the Traitor fell—
There dashed to earth the price of blood—
And twice essayed his tale to tell,
And twice th' o'er-mastering Fiend withstood.
Faltering, at length, his accents came,
Words, more than anguish, worse than shame—
“ Oh ! I have sinn'd—I have sold
The guiltless blood for guilty gold !

V.

Then curled that proud Priest's lip of scorn—
Hate flashed from his indignant eye—
“ And go,” he cried, “ thou wretch forsworn—
Accursed live—unpardoned die !
The deed is done—the price is paid
For Him thy coward-soul betrayed ;
His blood may sate the wrath divine—
But who, foul traitor, recks of *thine* ?”

VI.

He heard—and with a frantic yell
Of agony and wild despair—
With guilt, that not a Cain could tell ;
Remorse, that not a Cain could bear ;
He rushed—Oh ! whither ?—Human eye
Saw not the doomed Apostate die !
He fell—unpitied—unforgiven—
Outcast alike of Earth and Heaven !

THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

I.

THERE was a seal upon the stone,
A guard around the tomb ;
The spurned and trembling band alone
Bewailed their Master's doom—
They deemed the barriers of the grave
Had closed o'er Him who came to save ;
And thoughts of grief and gloom
Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,
Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

II.

He died—for justice claimed her due.
Ere guilt could be forgiven ;
But soon the gates asunder flew,
The iron bars were riven :

Broken the seal—the guards dispersed,
Upon their sight in glory burst
The risen Lord of Heaven!—
Yet one—the heaviest in despair,
In grief the wildest—was not there.

III.

Returning, on each altered brow
With mute surprise he gazed—
For each was! with transport now,
Each eye to Heaven upraised.
Burst forth from all th' ecstatic word
“Hail, brother! we have seen the Lord!”
Bewildered and amazed
He stood—then bitter words and brief
Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

IV.

Days past—and still the frequent groan
Convulsed his labouring breast—
When round him light celestial shone,
And Jesus stood confessed.
“Reach, doubter! reach thy hand,” he said—
“Explore the wound the spear hath made,
The print by nails impressed—
No longer for the living grieve,
And be not faithless—but believe!”

V.

O if the iris of the skies
Transcends the Painter's art,
How could he trace to human eyes
The rainbow of the heart ;
When Joy, Love, Fear, Repentance, Shame,
Hope, Faith, in swift succession came—
Each claiming there a part—
Each mingling in the tears that flowed—
The words that breathed—" My Lord ! My' God !"

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

I.

'TWAS not in porch or studious Academe
He heard the words of wisdom—and his seat
Was not with Paul at sage Gamaliel's feet ;
But in the desert, by the gushing stream,
On the bare rock, he wooed the heavenly theme ;
And ever, as the trackless waste he trod,
Whispered in every breeze the voice of God,
And that Bright Presence blest his nightly dream.

II.

What recked he, though the desert was his home—
It was the House of God, the Gate of Heaven ?
What recked he, though to him was never given
To pore, entranced, on Learning's mystic tome ?—
Mature in wisdom, when his hour was come
He left his lonely dwelling, and became
The Herald of the Mightiest, to proclaim
His presence, and denounce the sinner's doom.

III.

On that strange form the crowd admiring gazed,
As on Elijah from the dead restored—
So grave the Prophet's brow, so stern his word,
What time the cry of loud reproach he raised
On Baal's idol priests, abashed, amazed—
So trembled now the Scribe, so cowering shook
The Pharisee beneath the Baptist's look—
So Pride was humbled, and the Lord was praised.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe :
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow ;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony ;—
THIS is a Mother's grief.

II.

Through dreary days and darker nights
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with the close;—
THIS is a Mother's grief!

III.

To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a Father's prayers,
How vain a Mother's tears.
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
THIS is a Mother's grief.

IV.

Yet, when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is *there*!"—

This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a Mother's grief.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

I.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek ;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak ;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

II.

When languor from her joyless couch
Hath scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day ;

To mark the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

III.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead ;
To look unconsciously for *her*,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look *in vain*,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

IV.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast ;
To mark that once illumin'd eye
With death's dull film o'ercast ;
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

V.

And not when that dread hour is past
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath clos'd
O'er her so lov'd before ;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

VI.

For, oh ! to dry a mother's tears
Another babe may bloom ;
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb ?
To think his child is blest above—
To hope their parting brief,
'These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

OH breathe no more that simple air,—
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
 Is cold despair !
I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone,—
Now I am left on earth alone,
 And she is—where ?

II.

How have those well known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strewed,
 With fairy flowers !—
Then all was bright, and fond, and fair—
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,—
And heart, and hope are with the dead,
 For she is—where ?

III.

Can I then love the air she loved?
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again
 Calm and unmoved?—
And thou to blame my tears forbear,
For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, "such was she,"
 And she is—where?

THE END.

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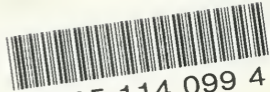
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