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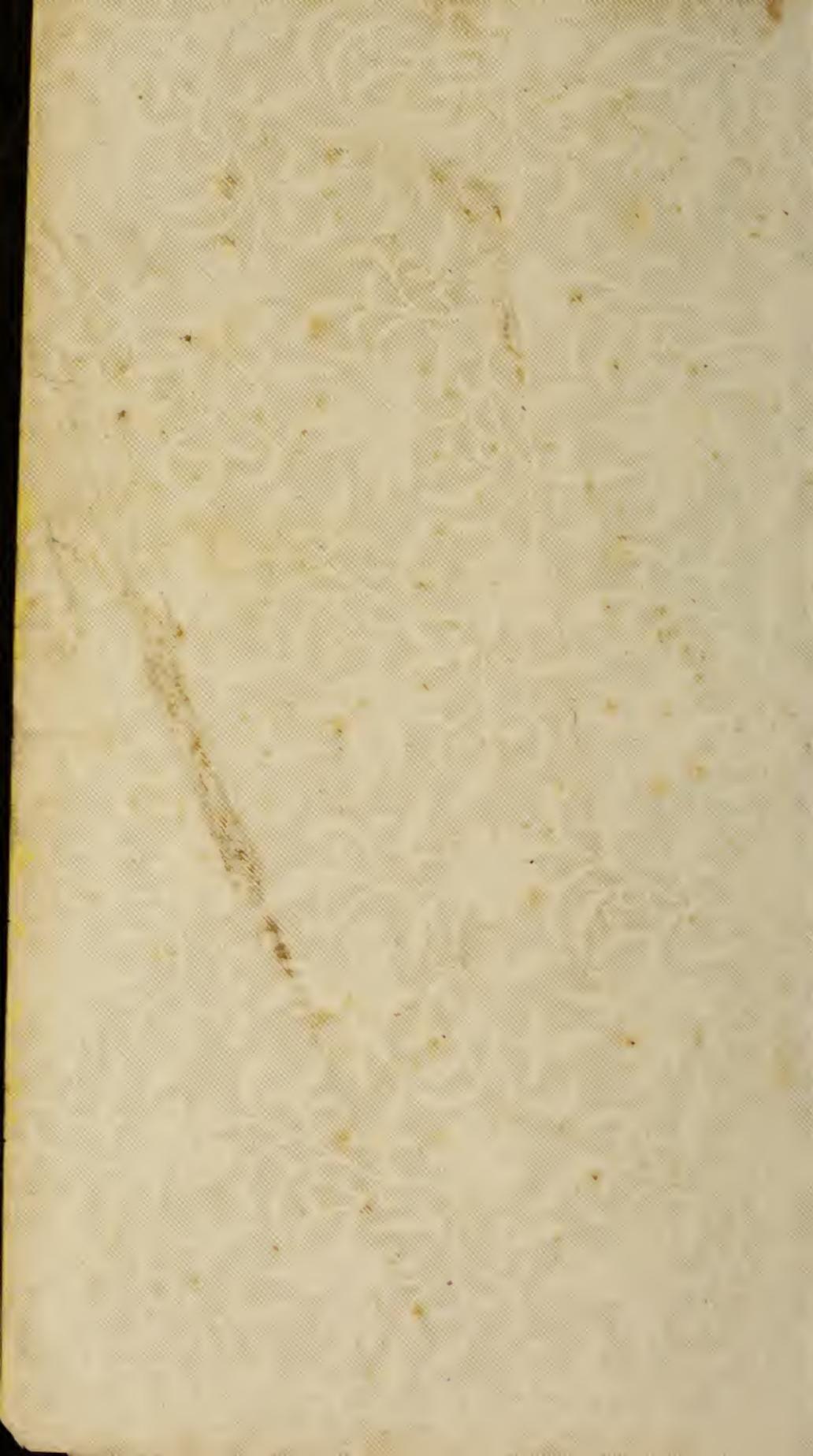
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A. S. Butler

THE REVERIE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

A. S. Butler

8146

THE GREAT

ATLANTIC OCEAN

THE REVERE



AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. D. HULL, A.B.

INCUMBENT OF KILLANEY.

BELFAST:—WILLIAM M'COMB;

L. B. SEELEY AND SONS, AND HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., LONDON;
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MDCCCXXXIII.



THE GREAT

OFFICE

STUART AND GREGG

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STUART AND GREGG, PRINTERS, BELFAST.

P R E F A C E.

“AND though it be most easy and safe for a man to commune with his own heart in silence, yet it is more behooveful to the common good, for which (both as Men and Christians) we are ordained, that those thoughts, which our experience hath found comfortable and fruitful to ourselves, should (with neglect of all censures) be communicated to others.”—BISHOP HALL.

THE following little Pieces were composed in the progress of several years; partly antecedent to the Author's entry on the Ministry, and partly during intervals subsequent to that period, when occasional intermissions of health rendered necessary an intermission of labour. Having collected the compositions, and submitted them to persons for whose taste and judgment he had reason to entertain respect, he was emboldened to publish them; and a favourable opportunity having occurred in a season of leisure, he has been enabled to carry his design into execution.

And here, the writer cannot but express his warmest acknowledgments to those kind friends, by whose exertions

he has been so materially assisted, and who have evinced so lively an interest in the success of his undertaking.

He is aware, however, that in the apprehension of some there is a certain want of suitableness—a species, in short, of literary delinquency—in a Clergyman attempting the composition of poetry. Such persons he would merely remind, that, however degraded the province of the Poet may have been in modern times, it was one originally held in the highest veneration—that many pious pastors of the Waldenses, the Moravians, and the Methodists; that Drs. Young and Watts; the venerable Herbert, and Toplady; and our own bishops, Ken, Hall, and Heber, were poets. And, omitting many illustrious living Authors, when we ascend to elder days, and inspired writers, we find that Moses and David and Isaiah and Solomon, the wisest of men, were poets. Who, then, will condemn a recreation, sanctioned by the authority of such examples? Is not poetry a “talent” given to be cultivated? Because some, forsooth, have vilified and rendered it contemptible, is it, therefore, to be recklessly discarded altogether? Rather, should we not endeavour to retrieve its character—to restore it to its proper use—to cull those flowers of sentiment and imagination, which, in the wilderness of

Nature, have grown wild and noxious, and transplant them into the richer soil of the garden of Grace, in order to their blooming more brightly, and emitting a finer fragrance? Why may not Verse be as effective a vehicle of truth as Prose? Yea, it may be even more so, as calculated more powerfully to strike the fancy, and, consequently, to make the deeper impression on the memory. As Herbert says—

“ A verse may catch him who a sermon flies.”

“ No person,” writes an eminent Critic, “ can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art, which has been employed by writers, under Divine inspiration, and has been chosen as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of Divine truth.”

Surely, too, at a time when the Church is torn in pieces by fierce and fruitless controversies about *non-essentials*, and both the Church and the World by the contentions of politics, it may be permitted to a few, of less pugnacious temperament, to seek relief for themselves, and to attempt the administering of it to others, in the more profitable contemplations of a pious Muse. Ah! the impressions left upon the mind by such studies will remain to nourish it, when

all the whirl and dust and turmoil of present disputations shall have passed away, as the smoke of a battle !

Though a relish for poetry, in general, has confessedly been for some time on the decline, still the writer cannot help thinking, that for compositions of a *religious* character there has been, and continues to be, a growing demand. His own performances, however, are not all strictly religious, but will be found sufficiently miscellaneous. How far they may suit the public taste remains to be ascertained. They do not in all respects satisfy himself ; but, having endeavoured, as opportunity offered, and in the face of not few discouragements, to exercise his talent for the benefit of his fellow-beings, he humbly commends his little Volume to the blessing of the MOST HIGH, with every wish that it may please and improve the Reader.

SAINTFIELD, *December*, 1832.

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THE REVERIE.

PART FIRST.

How fitfully from yonder tower
The village bell salutes the ear!
Its requiem falls with fatal power,
To break the spell which binds me here.
Lo, the advancing throngs appear
In mute procession, sad and slow;
While, from the melancholy bier,
The plumes, as if in mockery, bow
O'er one whom earthly pomps affect no longer now!

Then why should Man, impatient, fret,
 Or his indignant bosom heave?
 Why faded hopes should he regret,
 Or at imagined miseries grieve?
 Let Care his toils around me weave—
 Let Affluence spurn me—shall I mourn,
 While in the assurance I believe
 That, clear of this terrestrial bourne,
 A Land of peace invites the Christian here forlorn?

With such a cheering view unfurl'd,
 All meekly let me journey on;
 'Twere mad to battle with a world
 Of strifes, to be at last undone.
 The unequal war I timely shun,
 And thus my lasting peace revere;
 So, as it will, life's stream may run,
 Or be the waters foul or clear
 Since to resist were vain, I with the current steer.

Some in this vale of tears there are
 That, let them labour as they will,
 Seem with misfortune born to war,
 And, like the squirrel in the wheel,
 Vainly to toil and clamber still.
 Thus, by degrees, the drooping mind
 Bends with the constant blast of ill,
 And to dejection grows resign'd—
 As trees a leaning take from one prevailing wind.

Others, again, may one behold,
 That never seem a care to know ;
 Their bosoms, cast in iron mould,
 Seem proof against the shafts of wo.
 They laugh, and reck not what may flow
 To-morrow : happy wisdom theirs !
 Who 'scape the rack *they* undergo
 Whose strength a ceaseless sapping wears—
 Whose hearts are slowly mined with ever-useless cares.

Thus, oft with weariness oppress'd,
Land of repose, we long for thee!
Long to depart and be at rest,
Yet still in life some witchery see.
We would, and yet we would not, flee
From this mix'd scene, which still we love,
Rooted to earth. Yet, yet must we
For rest, from all below remove,
And with Earth's holier joys Heaven's safety also prove.

To wish were vain, since we are blind
To what would really make us blest,
And He, who hath our lot assign'd,
Hath given the Christian what is best.
Yet, if the fancy of my breast
Were to my fond petitions granted,
I'd flee away, and be at rest,
Far from each scene by Discord haunted—
Far from the cold in heart, and live with Love enchanted.

The set parades of simpering Guile,
 Where each must act his empty part,
 And learn to laugh, and force the smile,
 Though heaviness devour the heart,
 Let those enjoy who have the art :
 But oh ! give me, in separate measure,
 The bliss congenial souls impart ;
 The scenes where Mind unlocks his treasure—
 Where meek Religion reigns—for these to me are pleasure.

But among minds of various tone,
 Enjoyment may but seldom be ;
 Shall each, then, live to self alone,
 And from his kind morosely flee ?
 No ; that were thwarting Heaven's decree.
 Life's magic lyre sounds only sweet
 When every chord keeps harmony ;
 Let none, then, from the choir retreat,
 But each supply his string, to make the strain complete.

They that be raised above their kind,
Bought, as all are, with priceless blood,
Should ne'er be deem'd as unconfined
As if they were their own; but should
Be held created for the good
Of the whole world, and with this aim,
With those pre-eminent gifts endued,
That, as they merit praise or blame,
Mankind, in the award, the censor's right may claim.

Who make this life a life of ease,
Pervert its end and nature quite :
Man should not dare himself to please,
But wage with self a constant fight ;
And steel his heart to low delight,
And learn to labour, bow, and bear,
Waiting his crown hereafter, bright :
If by one word man did declare
What most he needeth now—oh ! that word *patience* were.

Who builds his peace on aught below,
Of that desire becomes the slave.
The less entangling wants we know,
The larger liberty we have.
To lift the thoughts from this, their grave,
From all that's gross and unrefined,
All selfishness at once to waive,
And live to every lot resigned—
This were to triumph—this, true majesty of mind.

Courage! though dim the prospect be,
The path with brambles though bestrewn,
Where'er stern Duty beckons me,
Or sterner Conscience goads me on—
There let me go, and there alone.
Our toils last not for aye; like hills,
They, as we mount, diminish soon,
While Peace unlocks her thousand rills,
To cheer us as we climb, and breast th' opposing ills.

Though from our pristine brightness hurl'd,
 Though fated Sin's sad wreck to see,
This world were still a goodly world,
 If man would only let it be.
But ah! of all creation, he
 (The shrine of that bright pearl, the mind,)
Alone seems fain from bliss to flee,
 To mar the blessings Heaven design'd,
And in the storm of strife a fiendish joy to find.

Misfortunes all must look to brave,
 While travelling o'er life's hilly stage;
These with our birth their being have,
 And clog the wheels from youth to age.
Yet how might kindness these assuage!
 How life abound, instead of woes,
With joys, if Man would only wage
 War with fell passion—not with those
Of his own kind; for hence our deepest misery flows.

Ah me! what little things oft make
 In human scenes commotions great!
A pebble dropt on calmest lake
 The wave far round will agitate;
A drop of water will create
 On brightest steel a spreading rust;
And one rude word will circulate
 Through loving breasts a long disgust,
And spread a gangrene there of strangeness and distrust.

It is indeed a thought of wo,
 How soon the flower from pleasure flies;
That we the moment never know
 When grief may quench our sunniest skies.
When each emotion tranquil lies—
 When all but kindness seems repress,
On sudden will a storm arise
 To stir such tumult in the breast,
That long the waves will roll, and still admit no rest.

But this should *not* be so ; nor would,
If in the heart all gentle were ;
And those fierce adders were subdued
Which coil in treacherous ambush there.
Did Pride the bosom cease to tear—
Did Grace prevail, instead of Sin—
Malignity expelled his lair—
The soul a heavenly peace would win,
And harmony all round would echo that within.

If, mindful how infirm we are,
How each would shun an eye severe,
We thus learn'd others' flaws to spare,
Toward ourselves, not them, austere—
If, like an odorous atmosphere,
Sweet Charity o'er life extended,
'Twould be once more an Eden here ;
Ay, Heaven would seem on earth descended,
As when the sea and sky are on th' horizon blended.

Oh balmy Peace! where dwellest thou—

In what high planet all unseen,

That thou so seldom deignest now

To visit this lone orb terrene?

Thou of the ever-halcyon mien!

Why, why so distantly abide,

Nor with thy seraph-smile serene

Look on our globe, too long denied

Thy presence, better far than this whole world beside?

With all its woes, still life is sweet;

And, in their midnight of distress,

Even the saddest something meet

That makes their irksome suffering less.

The friendly circle's kind caress—

The attachments in the heart, that waken

For others' weal an anxiousness—

The hopes, the ties, by all partaken—

These, in the extreme of ill, ne'er leave us quite forsaken.

Dear is the joy each warm heart knows,
 The thrill of mutual love sincere ;
 Dear is the happiness that flows
 From making others happy here :
 Yea, even the consciousness is dear
 Of warm existence, though unblest ;
 To move upon this sun-lit sphere,
 Creation's beauty to attest,
 And see Almighty Love in all things manifest.

Who has not joy'd to see the Sun
 From Ocean burst on wings of light,
 While birds, their morning hymn begun,
 Would hail the Heavens and mountains bright ?
 Who has not joy'd, as jewell'd Night
 Her tent high o'er the world hath spread,
 To view the grand, the unbounded sight—
 Nor thought, while he the scene survey'd,
 How infinite that Power, which spake, and all was made ?

Oh! for the hour—the extatic hour,
When Winter's raven blasts take wing;
And Rapture's renovating power
Comes bounding in the breath of Spring!
When trees are newly blossoming,
When flowers beneath the sun expand,
And songs through all the ether ring—
What heart the impulse can withstand,
Nor inly bless the GOD, who hath such blessings plann'd?

How deeply blest is he who loves
To mark and study Nature's charms!
He, while 'mong endless sweets he roves,
Right little recks of life's alarms;
Aloof from carnal strifes and harms,
From pride, and Care's malignant spite,
He steals—and still his bosom warms,
As, grown more fond at every sight,
He drinks delicious draughts of ever-new delight.

But beauteous though Creation be,
 Though her sweet charms such bliss inspire,
'Tis the good GOD through all to see,
 That elevates our love still higher,
And kindles Transport's warmest fire:
 As in a face, 'tis not the hue,
Nor features, we so much admire,
 As the expression, best to view,
The eloquence of mind—the goodness beaming through.

Oh! when the soul hath for a time
 Luxuriated over all
Around, so lovely and sublime,
 How she abhors the sensual thrall
That dooms so fast her earthward fall!
 Sad, that the insect spirit, changed
Back to the worm, again should crawl,
 Shorn of the wings whereon she ranged
Free through the sunny air, from all that's vile estranged

What misery, that Man should brook
 To bow those powers, for honour given,
 To weakness: thus to wear the yoke,
 And by the mastering brute be driven.
 Shame! let the unworthy bands be riven!
 Let the roused mind her grandeur see;
 Then shine forth in the smile of Heaven,
 What Heaven intended she should be—
 The ruler, not the ruled, determined to be free!

Vile as Man is, can he recall
 What Christ for him hath undergone;
 How He, the LORD and Life of all,
 Died, for transgressors to atone?
 Can he recall Christ's parting groan,
 And still continue to offend?
 Forbid it, SAVIOUR! Thou alone
 Thy fallen creatures canst befriend
 Touch, touch our adamant hearts,¹ and all thy love commend!

Alas ! what boots it, strengthless man !

To both perceive and loathe thy chain ?

Since free himself no mortal can,

Howe'er his thraldom he disdain.

No ; lacking help, thou toil'st in vain,

A bird in quick-lime. How then may

The struggler cease this strife of pain ?—

Oh ! let him “ without ceasing pray !”

Never to wrestling prayer did Jesus answer, “ Nay.”

What nameless chastisements await

Him who to passion yields the reins !

When rushing, reckless of his fate,

The arrest of Conscience he disdains.

Oh ! when his moon of madness wanes,

And leaves him to remorse a prey,

What dire, what agonizing pains

O'erpower his spirit with dismay,

While he resolves no more from duty's path to stray ?

And O! those conflicts in the breast,
The hurricanes that there rebel!
That come, with intervals of rest,
To make the mind a very hell.
Heaven grant us grace such foes to quell!
Who knoweth how the heart is tried,
How love and wrath alternate swell;
And strong, ungovernable pride
Sweeps the dark soul adrift, with his impetuous tide?

The sorest griefs are those men make
Themselves—unskilled to choose aright;
When, hurrying forward, they mistake
For pleasure some illusion bright;
Some air-built vapour, which the light
Of Fancy lends a charming show;
Till disappointment comes to blight
The elastic spirit's sanguine glow,
And all those castles gay dissolve in showers of wo!

Fancy! dear soother of the heart,
Enchantress of the hours of pain!
How wild, how perilous thou art,
Unless cool Reason strongly rein
Thy vehemence!—What phantoms vain
Around thy magic circle throng!
What idle sallies of the brain
Still to thy votaries belong;
Decoying all, but chief the enthusiast of Song!

Bewitching Song!—there was a time
Me too she held her devotee;
But now it bootless seems to climb,
And thus Detraction's target be.
Unless the thought could comfort me,
That, were I gone, a few might mourn,
And still revere my memory;
And I a wreath might haply earn
To deck my native land—this meed I might not spurn.

And further might it lure me yet,

To hope that Heaven would bless my page,

And make my labours benefit

The present, or some future age—

Or Sorrow's iron hour assuage.

What's Fame?—A fancy at the best,

That we the world's concern engage;—

For how more palpably possess'd

Is that which so uplifts Self-adoration's crest?

Others, like fools, have toil'd and sigh'd—

Like fools, have striven to grasp a shade!

And bubbling on Oblivion's tide,

Have deem'd their efforts well repaid.

But they within their "long home" laid,

Where are their works of conscious merit?—

Soon, like themselves, in dust decayed!

And who, such guerdon to inherit,

Would waste his precious years in vexing of his spirit?

Howbeit, a certain ardour burns
Unquench'd within the natural mind,
Which at the thought indignant spurns
Of passing like the vulgar kind ;
For who was e'er at once resign'd
To live, to merely fill his place
Below—then sink, nor leave behind
Aught whereby future men might trace
His wake along Time's sea, ere darkness all efface ?

Thus, will it oft return with pain—
The restless, flickering, fond desire ;
As trees cut down shoot up again,
Or as some deep volcanic fire
Revives—until at length it tire,
And waste itself away ;—while me
The loftier Glory will inspire,
From all vain strife and envy free,
Which, when all else would fade, shall but begin to be.

THE REVERIE.

PART SECOND.

'Tis not the actual good or ill
That makes men blest or wretched here,
So much as that hue, which at will
Wild Fancy flings, to make our sphere
Seem or delectable or drear ;
As the same landscape will look bright
When Morning's sun is shining clear,
And seem all gloominess at night,
When yet the only change is in the colouring light.

How dark soever be our fate,
Still, what we know, we eke may bear ;
Not so the ills our fears create,
When glooms of guilt their terrors rear ;
Like droppings, these the bosom wear :
These steep the thoughts in hues of night,
And plunge us in a depth so drear,
That, till the phantoms take their flight,
There is no earthly thing can yield the least delight.

But little will the bosom care
For real, or for fancied woes,
While Conscience' stainless mirror there
Bright Purity's sole image shows ;
For as a lake which hills enclose
Retains the same untroubled mien,
Howe'er the wind around it blows—
So keeps the spiritual mind serene—
So looks aloft to Heaven, 'mid Trial's stormiest scene.

So dimly is the Future seen,

Our destiny's a land unknown—

A dark horizon spreads between,

And dark retires, as we move on;—

'Tis to Omniscience clear alone.

Then care is impious: let it be

Thy only care—His wrath to shun.

While thou with Him hast walk'd, hath He
E'er proved unfaithful yet, or will He prove, to thee?

Truly, weak man is strangely made,

Between contending moods distraught;

So quickly gay, so quickly sad,

Without consistency in aught.

A mere automaton of thought,

Day after day he ponders on,

Until, by late experience taught—

Peace in externals ne'er is won,

Her sanctuary the breast of Piety alone.

How the mind changes! in a day
How oft its resolutions veer!
The sport of circumstance, whose sway
Seems absolute in life's career.
In all there's such a *mixture* here;
The right and wrong seem so entwined;
And things such different colours wear,
Through different media of the mind,
That with no trifling thought the truth at length we find.

How wondrous are the subtle links
Connecting all the events that flow
From the great Fount!—The more one thinks,
The more the things discover'd show
How little of the entire we know.
This truth, at least, Man may attain—
Nought terminates in itself below;
But, throughout Being's boundless reign,
Each trifle forms a link of one all-circling chain.

Yet, to the Universe's bound,
 Could we the vast machine survey,
Whose wheels keep, viewless, rolling round,
 And with a noiseless motion play—
Beyond the sun's remotest ray,
 Or where the uttermost stars are whirl'd—
Nought works with so immense a sway,
 An energy so widely hurl'd,
As Truth—the engine-beam, whose action turns the world!

Truth is the wise, the worthy plan
 On which the Almighty moveth all
His works—from Angels down to Man,
 To the minutest things that crawl
Along this low terrestrial ball.
 Truth is the sage's stone—which find,
And every thing obeys thy thrall;
 For, from eternity combined
With her, Joy, Glory, Peace, shall never be disjoin'd.

There is a harmony divine
 'Twixt truth and good—a binding spell :
There is a sacred, golden line
 From which none deviate, and do well.
In wisdom wouldest thou excel ?
 No strictest precept once transgress ;
Else Truth, fastidious, will repel
 Her suitor, nor be won unless
They each punctilio guard, who soar to her caress.

The body in subjection must
 Be kept by rein of temperance ;
No cloud of earthliness or lust
 Must dim the mind's ethereal glance.
Tranquil and pure, as lake's expanse,
 The soul must to the SPIRIT lie ;
Waiting in prayer and studious trance,
 To catch the influence from on high,
Pour'd in illapses blest, like dew-drops from the sky.

" Knowledge is power;" and knowledge too
 Is pleasure, if it be of good ;
 But all that shines to mortal view
 Is a mere bubble midst a flood,
 To what remains misunderstood,
 And ever must, this side the tomb ;
 For who is he with power endued
 To draw aside the veil of gloom,
 When, to develop all, Time only may presume ?

Of all the doubts midst which we err,
 Of all that's dark to human eye,
 Time is the grand interpreter,
 The Œdypus that must untie
 The knot of every mystery.
 Time tries the heart, if truly fond ;
 Makes Truth to triumph, Grief to fly ;
 And Time shall see this world abscond.
 While from th' uncurtain'd space another bursts beyond.

But who that moment's throb may tell,
 When Soul shall drop her coil of clay,
 And, like a free bird from the shell,
 Exultingly escape away,
 And dart up to the realms of day;—
 May tell the unspeakable transition
 From dimness to that full display,
 When all that's bright, sublime, Elysian,
 IMMANUEL himself, shall blaze upon the vision?

Oh! to reflect on all that we
 Inevitably *must* behold!—
 So passing all that now we see,
 Yea, all that in her musings bold
 Imagination may unfold;—
 To think that we shall still retain,
 Through ages endlessly unroll'd,
 Our changeless state of weal or pain,
 When the free'd soul her full developement shall gain!

It were a stretch all too sublime,
 Even to conceive how we shall feel;
 Since we shall be so changed, ere Time
 Those awful grandeurs shall reveal;
 For strictly with our present weal
 Our present faculties agree;
 But let Death's signal once unseal
 The portals of immensity,
 And instant, like the scene, the soul shall boundless be.

This world is not the spirit's home;
 And though no better Book had been,
 The very bosom were a tome
 To inform us of a future scene;
 For something here aye comes between
 Man and the joy he wishes his;
 Nor had this quenchless thirst, I ween,
 Been given, unless a world, a bliss
 Remain'd to sate the soul, unsated still in this.

If Man had hope on earth alone,
His lot, in sooth, most sad would be :
There's nothing breathes beneath the sun
That knoweth aught of care, save he !
But when this world goes wearily,
When woes on woes come clouding o'er,
How sweet to think *one* Friend doth see
And pity us, afflicted sore ;
And that a rest remains, where Misery comes no more.

Yet even on Earth sweet gleams there are,
Dear harbingers of full delight ;
Cheering the spirit, like a star
That twinkles on the verge of sight,
Then vanishes in distant night.
And there are moments when the ray
Of thought expands more purely bright—
These all till then illumine the way,
When Man shall rise redeem'd to Glory's perfect day.

But ere we can know genuine bliss,
 The soul's diseases must be heal'd;
 Christ must be loved supreme, and His
 Bright image on the heart be seal'd.
 Then only is true peace reveal'd—
 Then only we to live begin,
 When unto Him the heart we yield:
 Till then, our life is death—till then,
 Our every hour is lost, our every action, sin.

Can loveliest flower impart delight
 If lacking the delicious scent?
 Or fairest form enchant the sight,
 If from its partner-spirit rent?
 And say, will the Omnipotent
 Our dead and hollow service prize,
 Nor rather the affront resent?—
 No; never could his holy eyes
 View, but with utter hate, a *heart*-less sacrifice!

" My son, resign thy heart to me ;"
 Such the Eternal Sire's behest ;
 And should it not our glory be
 To love the loveliest Being best ?
 Him, who all-beauteous stands confest
 By ranks of radiant seraphim,
 In sight of GOD supremely blest :
 Oh ! dire to keep the heart from Him,
 On this vile, painted world to lavish its esteem !

If purity, the most complete—
 If wisdom, ne'er to be outworn—
 If love, which nothing can defeat,
 Hatred, ingratitude, nor scorn—
 If every charm which can adorn
 A GOD, may our affections move,
 And toward one Point their flowings turn—
 Then Thou, all rivalry above,
 Deserv'st, redeeming Lamb ! our first, our deepest love.

All hail, Religion! thou alone
Art the sufficing friend below;
Thou art the never-setting sun
That warms and lightens with its glow.
In every scene of joy or wo,
In seasons whether foul or fair,
One steady beam thou dost bestow,
To dissipate the glooms of care—
To glad the mind, and make perpetual summer there.

The proud may scorn, the bad revile,
And hate thy aspect from afar;
But oh! that Sin's deceptive wile
Should thus an angel's beauty mar!
How miserably fool'd they are!
How to themselves, as thee, unjust;
So purblind to the heavenly Star
That forms the Christian's present trust—
His triumph when his bones shall mingle with the dust.

Religion is a heavenly seed
 Implanted in the inmost soul—
 A salt into that fountain shed,
 To make the imbitter'd waters whole.
 A flame it is, which spurns control,
 And fills and purifies the breast ;
 Pointing aloft to that high goal,
 Where, far above the comet's rest,
 Man gains his destined clime in regions bright and blest.

'Mongst many mists and errors here,
 One fount of truth alone is pure ;²
 'Mongst many hindrances severe,
 One only solace will endure.
 Whatever lights our course allure,
 Whatever glories gild the tide,
 Religion is the cynosure
 That can alone the vessel guide
 Safe o'er the treacherous reefs, that 'neath the surface hide.

While all pursue their swift career,
Mid schemes that quite absorb the mind,
Each year entombs its parent year,
Till life is run. The many find
Their toils at length have reap'd—the wind!
Ah! happy, if amidst this chace
They have not to their weal been blind;
But reck'd of their last resting-place,
The grave, that general bourne, where ends the eager race.

And yet is GOD our being's end—
Is Heaven the great, the only prize?
Why then to earth so madly bend
The soul created for the skies?
Wake! let us cease from vanities!
Earth's pleasures leave such poignant stings,
That griefs are “blessings in disguise;”
Since, one by one, they cut the strings,
Till, like the air-borne car, aloft the spirit springs.

Is there an hour for all to die?

Is there a final dooming day?

Each moment brings the time more nigh,

When each his summons must obey.

Then, while below I still delay,

Let me be given to Christ alone ;

That when this world shall pass away,

And I shall stand before his throne,

He, 'mongst the myriads there, may rank me with his own.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MEMORIAL OF THE

LINES

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

UNHAPPY ERIN! long hath been the day
Since from thy shore mild Peace was scared away;
She sought a far asylum o'er the flood,
While Time hath writ thy History with blood.
And thou, like fabled Sisyphus of old,
Still up the steep Oppression's rock hast roll'd;
Which, ever when thy toil seems almost o'er,
Runs down again, and leaves thee as before.
And yet thy face the same sweet aspect wears,
Most beauteous still, though beauteous in thy tears;

And few can look on thee afflicted so,
Nor sigh to see such loveliness in wo.
Sure ne'er was land, whose children seem'd so bent
To mar the happiness that Heaven meant—
Sure ne'er was Isle whose look so promised peace,
Yet nursed such wars, that never, never cease!
What, though no reptiles in thy climate stay,
While Men remain, more mischievous than they;
That, with a peace-abhorring taint imbued,
For private ends forego their country's good;
And will not rather wave their wretched ire,
When, to have rest, needs only the desire.
Ah, when the serpents from the soil were driven,
To human bosoms was their poison given!

Oh my dear Country! when will come the day,
Destined to close thy long night of dismay;
When thou no more shalt show to every clime
Such an arena of distress and crime?—

Not till thy children learn for thee to feel ;
Till Hell-born faction cease their hearts to steel ;
Till Truth, no longer but in glimpses seen,
Shall o'er thee smile with perfect ray serene ;—
Then, then at length, lorn Erin ! may we see
Thy breast from blood, thine eye from weeping, free—
Then, not till then, thy frightening tumults o'er,
Shall Peace on Summer-wing fly back once more.

TO THE SHAMROCK.

OH emblem of a disunited land,
By Nature planted on a soil so fair,
Did not fell Discord mar th' ALMIGHTY's care,
What joy, what plenty were on every hand
But ah! she, pitiless, with burning brand,
Withers thy leaves, that sunbeams loved to share;
And drops of blood lie sacrilegious there,
Where pearly dews delighted to expand!
Oh, how I long to see thee pure again,
With gems adorning thy dear Mother's breast;
To see *her*, wash'd from Discord's crimson stain,
Of dove-like Peace become once more the nest,
And, shining 'midst the waters of the main,
An envied Island of the good and blest!

ERIN'S APPEAL.

YE, that abandoning your native Isle,
Pursue in other regions Rapture's smile;
That drain the toil-won pittance of the poor,
To squander wild in Dissipation's tour;
That, Vampire-like, exhaust your helpless prey,
Then let them, faint and bloodless, pine away—
Look, inconsiderate! and blush to see
What scenes ye cause behind of misery!
Oh! can ye any real rapture feel,
While ye have conscience—while the thought will steal
Athwart you, ghost-like, that the gold you give
To levity, might bid so many live?
That the same means, you thus on self destroy,
Might cause unnumbered hearts to sing for joy!

Ah! where are climes more lovely than your own?
Are ERIN'S landscapes pleasureless alone?
Can change of country, change of mind impart,
Or charm the asp of sorrow from the heart?
If not, return!—cease guilty thus to roam,
And learn to estimate the sweets of home.
Return ye to your own “delightful land,”
That well may claim your fostering, filial hand;
Heal the sick hearts, revive the brows of care,
Drive Famine from the dwellings of despair;
Give all the BREAD OF LIFE! and let them find
The true emancipation—that of Mind:—
Cease not your efforts, till your country be
What every true-born Son should long to see;
And then—while triumph in your bosom glows,
While Light, while Liberty around you flows,
While you, the centres of your systems, move
In all the glory of reflected love—
Say, if in all your heartless, wandering bliss,
You ever own'd a joy that warm'd like this?

TO ERIN, 1825.

My Country! too long, like the mist on thy mountains,
The cloud of affliction hath sadden'd thy brow;
Too long hath the blood-stream impurpled thy fountains,
And Pity been deaf to thy cries—until now.

Thou wast doom'd for a season in darkness to languish,
While others around thee were basking in light;
Scarce a sunbeam enlighten'd the gloom of thy anguish,
In “ the Island of Saints ” it seem'd still to be night.

Of thy children, alas! some in sorrow forsook thee,
They could not endure to behold thee distrest;
“ In the land of the stranger ” did others o'erlook thee,
Unworthy the life-stream they drew from thy breast.

And the song of the Minstrel was hush'd in thy bowers,
For Discord's dire trump, thy own harp was thrown by ;
While, strong as the ivy that grappled thy towers,
The gripe of Oppression scarce left thee a sigh !

That is past, and for aye let its memory perish ;
The day spring arises, while heaviness ends ;
Wake ERIN ! forbear thy dark bodings to cherish,
The wheel hath revolved, and thy fortune ascends !

Yes—thy cause hath been heard—men have wept at thy story ;
Alas ! that a land of such beauty should mourn !
Have thy children ne'er graced the high niches of glory—
Was kindness ne'er known in their bosoms to burn ?

Ay,—rich as the mines which thy native hills nourish,
Are the veins of their genius which Nature imparts ;
And sweet as the flowers in thy valleys that flourish,
The fragrance of feeling that breathes from their hearts.

When stung to despair, in their wildness what wonder
If sometimes their souls from affection should rove?
That frenzy subsiding, their feelings, the fonder,
Will seek their own halcyon current of love.

Let the past be forgotten!—Yet shalt thou, fair ERIN,
Fling off the base spells which thy spirit enslave;
Thou shalt, like a sea-bird a while disappearing,
Emerge with thy plumage more bright from the wave.

Once more, in the verdure and dew of thy mountains,
The Shamrock shall ope its moist eye to the sun;
While fondly thy Muse shall recline by thy fountains,
And warble her strains to the rills as they run.

And Plenty shall smile on thy beautiful valleys,
And Peace shall return, the long wandering dove;
And Religion, no longer a covert for malice,
Shall spread out her wings o'er an Eden of love.

Then tuning thy wild harp, whose melody slumbers,
As high on the willow it waves in the breeze,
Let Poesy lend thee her liveliest numbers,
To sound thy reveillie—thy anthem of praise.

And say unto those that have left thee forsaken—
“Return, oh return to your lone mother’s arms :
Other lands in their sons can a fondness awaken—
Shall ERIN alone for her race have no charms?

“Oh! blush as ye roam, that it e’er should be taunted,
That strangers have felt what my own could not feel;
That when Britons stood forth in my trial, undaunted,
My children slunk back, unconcern’d in my weal.

“Oh! if yet in your bosoms one last spark ye treasure
Of love for the land of your sires—of your birth—
Return! and indulge in the soul-thrilling pleasure
Of hailing that land as the brightest on earth!”

Then joy to thee, ERIN! thy better day breaketh,
The long polar night of thy wo speeds away,
And as o'er thy chill breast the warm sunlight awaketh,
Each bud of refinement evolves in the ray.

Yet remember, the blossom is barren and fleeting,
So long as the canker of strife, unsubdued,
With its poisonous tooth at thy core remains eating;—
If e'er thou art glorious, thou first must be good.

TO ERIN,

ON THE REMARKABLY WET SUMMER OF 1829.

COMPLAIN not, ERIN, that thy sky

In sackcloth³ is so often shrouded,

While deeds are done of such a die,

It scarce can look on thee unclouded.

Could'st thou expect that Heaven would smile,

And gaze with tearless beams of glory

Upon a wicked, godless Isle,

Branded by crimes so foul and gory—

While through the land Intemperance reels,
And selfish Feud, with base intention,
Keeps sounding loud his larum peals,
Fain to perpetuate dissention—

While Murder prowls, prepared to wound,
Cain-like, with heart and tramp of terror ;
And Blasphemy walks boldly round
With Infidelity and Error—

Is it while deeds like these are done,
We are to look for sorrows ended—
While thoughtless Man keeps sinning on,
Nor sees through all a GOD offended ?

Then think, while falls the flooding rain,
'Tis Heaven venting thus her sadness,
And striving to expunge the stain,
By malice caused, and party-madness

ON MUSIC.

HARK! how deep comes the sound

Of those liquid tones meeting!

How the heart's happy bound

Feels in unison beating!

How each soul-gnawing pain

Like a charm'd adder slumbers;

E'en Care slacks his chain,

While he lists to the numbers.

Oh, 'tis amid care

Music deepest entrances;

As the desert's hot air

The Spring's coolness enhances.

For in moments of glee,
 No soft anodyne needed,
Like rain on the sea,
 Drop the sweet notes unheeded.

But when clouds wrap the mind,
 And no bright star befriends us,
What a bliss unconfined
 Soothing Melody lends us!
Slow and sad it begins,
 Then, with gentle transition,
The rapt soul it wins
 With a magic Elysian.

For, as fast as each tone
 From the instrument breaketh
An answering one
 In the bosom awaketh:

As the harp-string resounds
To the hand o'er it stealing,
The soul-chord rebounds
To the fine touch of Feeling.

Oh! if in a sphere
Where some note is still wanting,
The strains which we hear
Be so sweetly enchanting—
What a joy will inspire
The believer hence taken,
When Glory's full quire
On his ear shall awaken!

THE LAST OF THE DRUIDS.

UPON IONA'S hallow'd strand, methought,
Last of his race, a reverend father stood,
Like some lone tree, which Time hath left unsmote,
Surviving all its brethren of the wood :
The sun was sinking o'er the burnish'd flood,
And mildly on the old man's visage shone ;
Which many a trace of thought and feeling show'd,
Of withering cares, and griefs familiar grown—
On him the storms of life seem'd to have rudely blown.

His aspect had been stern, but time had given
A bland expression to that meeken'd face,
Which spoke resignation to the will of Heaven,
As if his woes had found some soothing grace.
But Earth had ceased to be his resting-place :
Perish'd was all that once had made it dear ;
And left alone of all his ruin'd race,
While pondering now upon his fate severe,
His overflowing soul vented full many a tear.

Anon, reviving from his deep emotion,
He turn'd his dim eye tow'rd the day-star bright,
Just then reclining on the breast of Ocean,
That softly heaved beneath the tremulous light.
There was a speaking sweetness in the sight,
Which seem'd his spirit to have tranquillized ;
For, starting from his reverie, black as night,
Like prophet by an angel's touch surprised,
The parting King of Day he thus apostrophized :—

“ Bright Orb, yet lingering on th’ horizon’s verge,
So grandly beautiful in thy decline !
How glad at morn I mark’d thy rays emerge,
And earth, sea, sky, with freshened beauty shine !
But clouds soon rose to dim thy beams benign,
And o’er thy face the tempest’s shadow pass’d ;
Thus hath thy pilgrimage resembled mine,
With many a cloud of sadness overcast,
And tranquilly, like thee, I would depart at last.

“ Like thine, my race is ended ; I shall sleep
Beside the wave in solitary gloom ;
While o’er the last of Druids none shall weep,
Nor lay his lifeless relics in a tomb.
But thou, blest Orb ! surviving this brief doom,
To-morrow shalt again in grandeur soar,
And shining unto ages yet to come,
Daily thy warm beams on my couch shall pour,
As I shall slumber cold upon this desolate shore.

“ And shalt *thou* be renascent? and shall I,
 This inward mind, whose musing heavenward towers,
 Decaying, yield to loath'd mortality,
 Evaporating like the life of flowers?
 Hath Man for this received celestial powers?—
 No; if these emigrate to other forms,⁴
 (A thought at which my riper reason cowers,)
 'Tis still the same ethereal fire that warms,
 This *must* immortal be, however Death transforms.

“ Oh yes;—my soul anticipates a scene,
 A future scene, how dim soe'er it seems;
 There, my lamented brethren that have been,
 To meet ye soon again, my spirit deems!
 And on my mind a ray prophetic gleams,
 That yet upon these lands a Light shall come,
 Which shall disperse, with soul-illuming beams,
 This present mystery of direst gloom,
 And give dark Man to see what lies beyond the tomb!”⁵

He said, and sunk exhausted ; for it seem'd

As if his energies, long worn and weak,

Were now entirely spent. No longer beam'd

His eye with wonted lustre ; a slight streak

Of warmth just hover'd on his hectic cheek,

As from his frame, stretch'd stiffening on the ground,

The spirit seem'd insensibly to break ;

Till, like the low vibration of a sound,

Life gradual sank away, and darkness closed around.

STANZAS.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

“ A wounded spirit who can bear ? ”—PROVERBS xvii. 14.

THERE is a grief, whose gloom can dart
A panic through the proudest heart—
 Can bend the haughtiest brow ;
There is a thought, that through the brain
Can send the keenest shaft of pain,
 Though tears refuse to flow.

It is not want, nor sickness sore,
Nor heaviness for friends no more,
Nor hope that hopes in vain ;—

The mind, that has the peace of Heaven,
Howe'er by earthly anguish riven,
Can smile at all the pain.

No ;—'tis regret for sinful deeds,
That on the awaken'd bosom feeds,
More fell than any worm ;
When Conscience rears her mirror true,
Displaying to the astonish'd view
Our self-affrighting form !

Remorse's settled, marble eye
Then casts on blissful days gone by
Her vainly-wistful glance ;
While Fancy paints our future path
More grim with phantom-forms of wrath,
The farther we advance.

'Tis scarcely in the mind to bear
That shadow haunting everywhere,
That heart-depressing load,
Which can relief from nothing win—
The sense of unremitted sin,
Of an offended GOD!

Oh! 'tis a horror, whose dire sight
Transmutes glad noon-day into night,
And prompts to wild despair;
'Tis like a falling tower of dread,
A scimitar, which o'er the head
Hangs by a single hair!

Then whither may the mourner turn?
Oh! Heaven did ne'er that offering spurn—
The wounded spirit's prayer!
But rains a balm, which, like the shower,
Clearing the sky when thunders lower,
Makes all again look fair.

The mind no more, salvation-arm'd,
By lingering terrors is alarm'd,

For Faith its shield is given—
Faith, which no clouds can quite destroy,
Whose beams can fling a bow of joy
Athwart the darkest heaven!

Oh! life is then a vista sweet!
At every step some flower we meet;
And, as the way we measure,
Fair Zion's towers, in prospect seen,
Make all the lessening vale between
One pilgrimage of pleasure.

ON SENSIBILITY.

“ The melting tear, the tender sigh,
The language of the speaking eye,
The thrill of ecstasy divine,
Imagination’s airy dream,
And the rapt poet’s wildest theme,
Sweet Sensibility, are thine.”

STUART’S POEMS, p. 12.

IN life’s fickle weather, now dark and now bright,
Let us labour and pray for an equable breast ;
Where the heart’s flow may range at one moderate height,
Nor in joy too elate, nor in sorrow depress’d.

For sad is the lot of the sensitive mind,
To each varied emotion so wildly alive ;
Like the strange leaf that trembles to ev’ry light wind,
With a rude world of storms all unfitted to strive.

Oh! how may a word of unkindness convey,
Like a poisonous arrow, a wound of such pain,
As will need the slow balm of full many a day,
To restore to such mind its composure again!

What though in the season of bliss, when anew
The excitement returns, that in sadness was gone,
The soul of the tender be warm'd through and through,
While the ray thaws of others the surface alone?

Ah! the hearts that in gladness the fullest swell know,
The depressions of grief will most keenly deplore;
As the tides that rise highest in time of their flow,
The farthest, in ebbing, recede from the shore.

ON A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT.

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty!”—MILTON.

WHETHER we gaze upon that sky serene,
Freckled with gorgeous clouds, where Beauty lights
As on her throne ;—or where each tint unites
To attire the earth in robe of summer sheen,
How fair is all !—what mind, distain'd with spleen,
Could mark, and say—“ This world hath no delights ;”
While bliss, above, below, to praise invites,
And revels in the richness of the scene ?

NATURE ! how far more exquisite art thou
Than Art ! How much thy paragons outshine
The mimic works of Man ! Considering now,
That all I see comes fresh from hands Divine,
The idea makes the meanest spire of grass
Earth's proudest pile in interest surpass !

ON A VIEW FROM SPIKE-ISLAND, NEAR
COVE, 1828.

OH, could I catch the features of that scene !
The satin splendour of the wave serene ;
Yon noble mansion shining from the West,
Set, like a brooch, upon the Landscape's breast ;
Grey Monkstown rising on the adjacent ground,
With antique castle, 'mid dense groves around ;
The buildings rank'd in many a costly pile,
That crown with dignity Haulbowline's isle ;
The stately flag-ship, empress of the tide,
With her arm'd satellites moor'd near her side ;
The new, trim aspect of the neighbouring town ;
The frequent steamer darting up and down ;

The vivid colouring of the circling shores,
Where Summer lavishes her choicest stores ;
The pleasure-yachts, those genii of the scene,
Flaunting, like butterflies o'er meadow green,
As the bay bends afar upon the right,
Where grand Rostellan glitters on the sight ;—
Such are the charms that, wheresoe'er I rove,
Shall still make bright thy memory—beauteous COVE !

ON AILSA CRAIG,

AS SEEN AT A FEW MILES' DISTANCE, ON AN EVENING
IN JUNE, 1829.

How grandly from calm Ocean's breast
 Swells nearer that stupendous cone!
Now in a robe of radiance dress'd
 By yonder Summer-evening's sun.

Rearing its giant summit high
 Above the waters' beryl plain,
It lets our world the monarch spy
 Of loftier Alps below the main.

Oh! who can tell what portions vast
 Beneath the belt of waves lie drown'd?
Or yet how deep its base is cast
 Down in the Earth's dark womb profound?

All is in hopeless mystery hid:
 The pile in haughty silence stands;
The sea-fowl's home—a pyramid
 Constructed by Eternal hands.—

So, o'er the depths of guilt and care
 The "Rock of ages" once arose,
Whither the weary might repair,
 And find a rest from all their woes.

Man may that splendid Rock adore,
 And all his sweet asylum prove;
But who his vastness can explore,
 Or his immeasurable love?

ON A VIEW FROM THE MIDDLE GLANMIRE
ROAD, NEAR CORK, 1825.

GENIUS of MILTON! come, inspire
My soul with thy transcendent fire,
While, lingering on this leafy height,
Commanding yonder prospect bright,
Wider than pencil's scope could trace,
I strive to sketch each sparkling grace!—
Afar beneath me, all serene,
Winding round many a headland green,
Where slanting groves bend down their arms,
As worshipping the River's charms—
Winds the smooth LEE, in haste to gain
His home in yonder distant main,
And on his breast of silvery blue
Continual sails the eye may view,

Flitting in noiseless pageant by,
Like Summer-clouds across the sky ;
Or sights, that in succession pass
Along the magic-lantern's glass.
Still, winding downward toward the deep,
The waters gain an ampler sweep,
Forming a sheet, whose shores beyond
Rise painted hills, that swell around
To the horizon's furthest bound.
Right fronting me a landscape lies,
That well for cultured charm defies
All rivalry ;—whole regions strown
With villas, from their verdurous crown
E'en to the water's margin down :
And nigh the centre of the scene,
Bosom'd in groves of every green,
A country-church, with steeple high,
(A silent preacher,) as we spy,
To Heaven still points the wandering eye.

Hard by, a spacious convent shines,
Where many a wretched votary pines,
In cloister's loath'd, unnatural gloom
Dungeon'd for life, as in a tomb.
But turning farther tow'rd the right,
Lo, the glad city spreads in sight!
A labyrinth of roofs and domes,
Whence, ever and anon, there comes
A murmur on the fitful breeze,
Like the low brawl of distant seas.—
Such are the sights that greet my view,
And raise a rapture ever new.
Here, then, on this high steep lying,
To paint the scenery round me trying,
That friends beloved, but far away,
May eke behold what I survey—
Let me adore the peerless Hand
That this fair panorama plann'd;
And o'er His wond'rous universe
Was pleased such glories to disperse—

Glories in such profusion too,
Which ever way we bend our view;
For O! the Deity ne'er intended,
In garnishing a world so splendid,
And giving us power both to see
And taste its endless charms, that we,
Like children, should the banquet share,
Nor heed who spreads the viands there!
No; He, in forming, had regard
To his just praise; and hath declared,
His hand should still our thought employ
In all He gives us to enjoy.
This is the Heaven-taught secret—this
Sweetens and sanctifies each bliss.
Now, from this natural Volume, spread
With truths which he who runs may read,
Let me some lesson strive to glean,
And seize the moral of the scene.—
These woods and lawns, so lovely now,
Lay lately one blank page of snow;

On the bare bough no rich robe hung,
No warbler tuned his silvan song ;
But o'er the Land's pale, widow'd form
Ravaged amain the Winter-storm :
Till presently the jocund Sun
Brought the genial season on ;
Then beneath his influence Earth
Burst into another birth ;
And now through all her blooming isles
With her wonted witchery smiles !—
And is it not so with the soul,
By nature dead 'neath Sin's control,
With scarce one flower of goodness graced,
Lying a bleak and barren waste ?
But o'er its face, when breathes abroad
The life-inspiring Spring of GOD,
Quickly, replete with animation,
It brightens with a new creation,
And, warming in IMMANUEL'S rays,
Yields its due fruits, to speak his praise.

Then, oh thou Sun of Righteousness!
Leave not my bosom comfortless,
But o'er its wintry desert dread
Thy renovating influence shed!
And visit too this hapless land;
Allay her wounds with unguents bland,
From those blest leaves, whose applications
“ Are for the healing of the nations;”
That Erin, to new life restored,
May bloom a garden of the LORD,
And her moral verdure vie
E'en with the soil's fertility:
Yea, send to every nook of Earth
This energetic SPIRIT forth,
That so thy Truth's resistless sway
Satan's dark rule may sweep away,
And swiftly waft the golden time,
When thou shalt reign in every clime!

AN EVENING IN SEPTEMBER, 1824.

THE day has sweetly smiled his last,
Calm as a Christian falls asleep ;
The skies, with dewy clouds o'er cast,
The day's departure seem to weep.
A darkling breeze comes o'er the deep,
Like sadness on the spirit stealing ;
Slow from their cells the pale stars creep,
Heaven's arch revealing.

The distant mountains melt from view,
As round their peaks the vapours soar ;
Till, wrapp'd in Night's prevailing hue,
Their dusky forms are seen no more.

The ocean chafes against the shore,
Like one that strives to break his prison ;
And lo ! the Moon, the waters o'er,
Is just arisen !

It is the bonny harvest-moon,
To bless the weary reaper come ;
As, his diurnal labour done,
Exultingly he hastens home.
How different doth she shine to some,
Haply in lonely durance weeping !
Or, on some deck, 'mid Ocean's foam,
Their far watch keeping.

Slow she ascends, but firm the while,
Amid the welkin wild and drear ;
As Patience with her chasten'd smile
The night of grief essays to cheer.

But now, across her brow so clear,
A darkness comes, her beauty masking ;
While the fringed clouds and waters near
In light are basking.

Thus, modest Worth behind a screen

Full oft is fated to repine—

Thus, Charity retires unseen

To shed abroad her rays benign—

Thus, Thou, Beneficence divine,

Thyself in clouds impervious vailing,

Still shin'st to this bless'd world of thine

With Light unfailing!

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT E——, ON AN EVENING IN JULY, 1830.

BEFORE me smiles a spacious plain,
In Summer's pride array'd;
Blue mountains in a waving chain
The far horizon shade.

Above—the Heaven's translucent frame
Floats like a hanging deep;
While still as vessels in a calm
The sun-bathed cloudlets sleep.

Below—the warbling woodland night
Alive with songsters seems ;
And hark ! from out the mansion by
A tide of music streams.

Bright meads, blue mountains, sunny skies
With music well agree :
If such the pleasure Earth affords,
Think, what will Heaven be !

EXTRACT

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Scene—A Lough in the North of Ireland; Summer-evening.

OH! can I e'er forget one glorious eve?—
Scarcely a sunbeam yet had taken leave,
As, smoothly distancing the western shore,
Our light boat darted on with beaded oar.
Quickly she gain'd a point amid the lake,
From which we could a circular survey take.
It was an amphitheatre: quite nigh,
Heaved the dark mountains, in as clear a sky
Of amber as e'er fix'd a painter's eye.

From them, with waving fall, on either side
A wreath of sunny hills ran round the tide ;
While towns and hamlets, mirror'd in the wave,
To Nature's look new animation gave.
The Lake was in its very sweetest mood ;
One flush of joy the entire expanse imbued ;
While brilliant as it was, more brilliant yet
An effluence from the orb about to set
Fell over it, too poignant to behold,
A pillar of the most resplendent gold.
Heaven was unstain'd ; earth, water, sky that even
To deck the scene their choicest charms had given ;
While, heightening all, where'er the eye might roam,
A rich transparent light hung over, as a dome.

Proceeding on, we presently espied
A fairy pinnace on the southward tide ;
Whence, to complete the spell, now wafted clear,
The bugle's note came swelling on the ear.

'Twas calm ; yet foam-wreaths, frequent drifting nigh,
Reminded that a storm had late blown by,
And look'd, thus posting to the distant sea,
Like creatures hurrying to Eternity !

Meanwhile, behind the red-tipp'd clouds, the sun
To gather in his glories had begun ;
And as he sank, and as the Lake would lose
The rich enamel of her thousand hues,
'Twas sadly sweet, to mark how gradual there
The yellow yielded to the silvery flare ;
And on the dusk clouds, how the ensanguined fringe
Died, shade by shade, into a colder tinge.

But ere the western glow had much decreased,
The half-waned moon came softly up the east ;
But yet so pale, before the day-king's blaze,
She seem'd to shrink from his o'er-ardent gaze,

And hiding oft behind the cloudlets light,
To hold a parley, which should rule the night.
At length the Sun, deep blushing, own'd her sway,
As Vice by Virtue's look is awed away ;
And she, while yet a single star was seen
To be her page, along the blue serene
Kept floating sweetly, like a silver bird
Spread on the evening air with pinions all unstirr'd !

It fell about the close of June ; so now
Day's orb just dipp'd beneath th' horizon's bow ;
While still we could the level light descry
Taking its circuit tow'rd the northern sky ;
So that, the glimmering never quite withdrawn,
The summer night kept there a constant dawn.

PARAPHRASE,

ATTEMPTED FROM PSALM LXXVII. 16TH TO 19TH VERSE.

THE waters saw Thee, oh my GOD ;
They saw—and trembled in their flood :
Convulsive heaved the depths below,
The clouds dissolved in streaming flow.

Thy thunder's voice through Heaven did sound ;
Thine arrows gleam'd the world around :
The Earth, astounded at thy look,
Down through her inmost entrails shook.

Thy way is in the untrodden tide ;
Thy path is o'er the waters wide :
Thy noiseless footsteps are unknown,
Save to thyself, great GOD, alone !

RETROSPECT, 1822.

As one who leaves his native shore,
While wafted fleetly with the wind,
Oft turns to cast a look once more
Tow'rd the loved land that fades behind—
So turns my sadly-musing mind,
To view the scenes of by-gone days,
Relief from present gloom to find,
In what the dark'ning past displays.

But as I pore on time mispent,
On opportunities past by,
What pangs awake of discontent—
How much I see to make me sigh!

Regretful now, methinks were I
 To tread that morning path again,
 From Folly, as from Death, I'd fly,
 To 'scape such retrospect of pain.

But ah! how fruitless to repine!
 Since we the past can ne'er reclaim;
 Such plaints the spirit undermine,
 Unnerving it for nobler aim.
 Within I feel a mantling shame;
 Away, ye mournful musings, hence!
 RELIGION'S zeal-enkindling flame
 Prompts me to deeds of excellence.

She bids me, for the future, strive
 The lost occasions to redeem;
 The bonds of dull Despair to rive,
 To rouse from Sloth's enslaving dream;

And (since, against Temptation's stream,
Experience proves resolves are weak,)
The needful, constant strength from HIM
Who heareth prayer—she bids me seek.

TO NATURE, 1820.

NATURE, still charming! in thine every change,
In all thy forms how beautiful thou art;
And he how blest who loves with thee to range,
And feel thy influence stealing o'er his heart.
To him thou canst sublimer bliss impart
Than all that earth-born pleasure can bestow;
Thine is the charm to soothe Affliction's smart,
To win the wounded soul from self and wo,
And o'er the enchanted mind to shed a heavenly glow.

Who but delights the rapturous scene to view
Of landscape waving into hill and dale ;
Its motley-tinted robe of every hue,
And groves disporting in the rambling gale—
To trace the river winding through the vale,
Like a glad traveller, as he homeward hies ;
And the broad sea, bedeck'd with many a sail,
And ever changing colour with the skies,
As o'er its pictured plain Heaven's rack careering flies ?

Who can contemplate Ocean's summer smile,
When not a breath deforms his face serene,
Nor own a like tranquillity the while,
A feeling sympathetic with the scene ?
What soul at Morning's blush unmoved hath been,
Or Evening's softer, meditative hour ;—
Or who, when Spring attires the valleys green,
But feels within, with each new-risen flower,
Joy, gratitude revive, and Love's entrancing power ?

By pondering on thee, Nature! we become
 More wise, as well as happy; for the mind
 From every hill, or tree, or floweret's bloom,
 Some moral may extract, of sweetest kind.
 But here, alas! thy boundary is assign'd—
 Here to each worshipper thou bidst farewell:
 How the fall'n spirit may a ransom find,
 How re-ascend that Heaven from which it fell,
 Ah, Nature! 'tis not thou, but Heaven itself must tell.

And Heaven *hath* told;—the lamentable night,
 In which the nations slumber'd long, is o'er;
 Now Immortality is brought to light,
 And Superstition drowns the world no more.
 Redemption, like the mission'd dove of yore,
 When the deep waters fled at GOD'S command—
 Flies with her olive-branch from shore to shore,
 Till the glad tidings reach to every land,
 And o'er enfranchised Earth JEHOVAH'S reign expand.

CARE CONQUERED.

“ Casting all your care upon him.”—1 PETER v. 7.

WITH Reason's dawning on my mind

The monster had his birth;

And far as I can glance behind,

In high relief I ever find

Him standing forth.

Into whatever sphere I stray'd

He still attended me,

As if he were my spirit's shade!

No place so sacred, but, dismay'd,

Him must I see.

Oft, in the gay and gladsome crowd,
While Joy look'd all serene,
I've mark'd him, 'midst the laughter loud,
Bringing his black, invidious cloud
To blast the scene.

E'en when, with daily toil oppress'd,
I flung me down to sleep,
In thousand forms fantastic drest,
He'd flutter round, compelling rest
Aloof to keep.

If Mercy ever brought a time
That screen'd him from my sight,
'Twas when o'er Heaven's blest Book sublime
I breath'd awhile a happier clime,
With keen delight—

Or, when I would in secret kneel
At my Redeemer's throne,
And there a glimpse of Glory steal;
Till my coop'd thoughts their cage would feel,
Alas, how soon!

And still would Care's creations prove
False as himself to be;
As, when amid the dark they rove,
Men think they see some goblin move,
And lo, a tree!

If freed from all substantial ill,
From reason for alarm,
'Twas quite the same—he enter'd still
With busy pests the brain to fill,
And break the charm.

Thus, in the bud of every joy,
Was Care the constant worm ;
Of golden hours the sure alloy ;
Thus was he hastening to destroy
My fainting form.

To purchase from him my release
What ransom should I make ?
With life alone was he to cease,
Nor sooner should my heart, at peace,
Forget to ache ?

(So, the insatiate beast of prey⁶
Ne'er of his victim tires ;
But still sucks on from day to day,
Until, its life-stream ebb'd away,
His prey expires.)

Religion brought the wish'd-for aid ;

She led my weary soul

To HIM whose blood the Atonement made

On Calvary's mount ; and suasive said—

“ Thy grief on Jesus roll.”

Obedient to the heavenly voice,

To Him I bent my prayer ;

And He, whose grace doth still suffice,

Soon bade my heart and tongue rejoice

O'er conquer'd Care !

Now, sunny peace my bosom warms,

And when dark storms draw nigh

I get me to my SAVIOUR'S arms,

And in that haven, 'midst alarms,

All calmly lie.

TO A LADY IN DELICATE HEALTH, 1823.

OH! thou art fast fading away,
Yet how lovely in thy decay!
More beautiful still to the last,
As the forest, till bared by the blast.

Thine eye is as calm and serene
As the sky, when no clouds intervene;
And it sheds an unearthly light,
As if Heaven e'en now were in sight.

No tears down thy blanch'd cheek flow;
For thou art well pleased to go
From a world that has long ceased to be
A rest and a home unto thee.

The Land which the weary desire,
Ah, thither thy wishes aspire ;
And whither the saintly depart,
Are pointed thy hopes and thy heart.

Dark billows have over thee pass'd,
But their end draweth nigh at last ;
Heaven's fight thou hast valiantly fought,
And, through grace, hast the victory wrought.

Thus, fast are thou fading away,
Like the leaves on lorn Autumn's spray,
That tremble off, one by one,
Until every sweet tint is gone.

Yet the Spring will the verdure restore ;—
And thou too wilt blossom once more
In a brighter, a happier Clime,
Where no Winter will wither thy prime.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

THE night is still, the stars are sweetly shining ;
Blithely the moonbeams dance along the sea ;
Escaped from toil, escaped from vain repining,
My thoughts are happy, for they are of thee.

Often, as now, I solitary wander
Beside the margin of the whispering main,
And while on hours, with thee enjoy'd, I ponder,
Say—" Will such pleasure ever come again ?"

Oh yes ! again the day of joy returning
Shall heal the anxious, longing heart once more ;
And Hope, meanwhile, amid the night of mourning,
Some chequering gleams of consolation pour.

As yonder orb, along the blue depths sailing—
A ship of light—her course unswerving steers,
And though oft lost in shades, her lustre vailing,
In heaven's unstain'd expanse at length appears.

So let us travel through the clouds of sadness
In Wisdom's heavenly path, till all be past ;
So let us trust, an element of gladness
Will bless our aim of purity at last.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

DELIGHTFUL Book! that opes the gate
Of Bliss to the disconsolate ;
That, like a sword of heavenly art,
At once can wound and heal the heart ;
That rends the curtain from the tomb,
And shows the future freed of gloom—
Here let me meditate, and scan
The amazing words of GOD to Man ;
See justice, truth, and mercy blend,
The sinless One the sinner's friend.
Oh, boundless power ! oh, boundless love !
Weak human thought how far above !—

Thee, Book of books! still let me prize
Above each treasure Time supplies ;
Still keep thee near, whate'er betide,
Through wildering ways my steps to guide ;
In weal or wo, in life or death,
The lantern of my Homeward path ;
An amulet in every hour
Against Temptation's evil power !

VERSES

ON REVISITING SOME FRIENDS AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

OH! many a cloud of saddening care,
I once had little hope to bear—
Oh! many an hour of painful thought,
While far from those I loved remote,
Has flitted o'er me, dull and drear,
Since last we met together here!
And many a prayer my lips have said,
And many a tear my heart hath shed;
While faded hope, and lingering sin,
Had made my soul almost begin
To doubt, amidst her dream of pain,
Of ever being blest again!

Yet here I find myself once more,
And all as happy as before ;
(No trivial wonder, to have been
Unchanged, amid a changeful scene!)
Again the same sweet eyes I view
Beaming as bright, and warm, and true ;
Again I meet the fond caress,
And all Love's little kindnesses ;
Again the circling converse share,
And kneel in the united prayer.—
Then to the LORD all glory be,
For all his goodness shown to me ;
Who hath not his poor suppliant spurn'd,
But into joy my mourning turn'd.
He can with grief the spirit bend ;
Yet even in grief a balsam send
To heal the heart ;—His smile can dress
A garden in life's wilderness ;
And raise up all the roses there,
Ay, sweeter than they ever were!

HOME,

ON RETURNING TO IT IN SPRING, 1823.

THE time is short, but yet such fears,
Such hopes and griefs may there be traced,
That now to memory it appears
An age of care to have embraced.

Oh! who can mingle with the world,
And come forth pure as he went in?
Can touch that vortex, nor be whirl'd
Into the giddy gulph of sin?

For, in its haunts of syren joys,
Where guile and vanity prevail,
Vice, like a lurking viper, lies,
The unsuspecting to assail.

What, though against Temptation's spell,
Of wise resolves the breast be full?—
The finest edge of principle
With base attrition soon wears dull.

Ay, in the purer circles too,
Where friends with friends are freely met,
How many things we say and do,
That afterwards we much regret!

Blest Home! I am thy guest once more,
Sweet sanctuary of love and peace!
And once within thy friendly door,
How every care appears to cease!

Like what *he* feels, who long hath been
Toss'd sick upon the stormy brine,
When entering quick some port serene,
Seems the repose that now is mine.

Oh! when the well-known bed receives
Its weary charge to welcome rest,
How the absorbing calm relieves
The soul, with absence long oppress'd!

Scene of my childhood, hail to thee!
Sweetly thy joys steal o'er my mind;
Joys from polluting vice so free,
Which, therefore, leave no sting behind.

Loved books, the lyre, the walks through fields
Where quavering quires sing welcome round;
The joy reviving Nature yields,
And all with health, with *quiet* crown'd;—

Yet more than all—the smile of those
Whose friendship, proved in hours of ill,
Howe'er the storm of Trial blows,
We trust will stand unshaken still.

These render home so passing sweet :—

Where, city noises far remote,
 No carriage, thundering through the street,
 Morosely snaps the chain of thought !

Here, from my solitude, I view

A scene that overflows with bliss ;
 The prospect smiles with every hue—
 Ye towns ! what transport equals this ?

Her baby flow'rets Spring brings forth ;

The groves their garniture recall ;
 The warblers tune their pipes to mirth—
 All nature keeps a carnival !

Along the wide sea's waveless flow

Scarce stirs a breath ; while, mellowy bright,
 The sun-clouds, mirror'd from below,
 Blush, as in love with their own sight !

Lo, o'er the waters, rich and still,
 A snow-white boat in silence moves ;
 The wind just serves her sheet to fill,
 And waft her to the home she loves.

And still, as beautifully she steers,
 Her image, moving at her side,
 Like an attendant sprite appears,
 Bodied within the glassy tide !

Now, the fair vision gleams no more ;
 Yon island screens her graceful form ;
 The port is won, her passage o'er,
 Secure she rests from tide and storm.

LORD, grant *me* thus through life to glide
 To where eternal calm prevails ;
 Th' o'ersetting squalls of wrath untried,
 While airs of love just fill my sails !

DISAPPOINTMENT, 1824.

DAY after day, for anxious weeks, I've nurs'd
Hope's golden vision, of enchanting ray ;
And still each morn have said—" Perhaps to-day
Joy will at length allay my bosom's thirst."
But still I'm doom'd to see the bubble burst,
Whose orient colours shine but to betray ;
And with chagrin my heart is gnaw'd away,
By rankling darts of disappointment pierc'd.
Thus, drop by drop, my patience hath run out,
And vainly with my feelings have I striven ;
Become so sicken'd by distracting doubt,
I care not if the gaude be kept or given ;—
Proving, how wide of peace he roams about,
Who builds his bliss on aught that's under Heaven.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO ONE IN DEJECTION.

WHEREFORE, say, dejected spirit,
Art thou thus with gloom o'erspread,
While the thought of thy demerit
Makes thee more disquieted?

Think how He, who launch'd creation,
Who for thee came down to die,
Who achieved the "great salvation"—
Think, how He is King on high.

His aid, sought, is always render'd,
But still most in straits of wo;
His own SPIRIT lifts a standard
'Gainst the inundating foe.⁷

Only with Faith's buckler arm thee;
Let thy sword the Gospel be;
Trouble will not long alarm thee,
Girt from Heaven's own armoury.

Trust thee, for a gracious reason
Comes this nightmare of distress;
Thou wilt find, some future season,
'Twas in very faithfulness.

Thou wilt find, some brighter morrow,
Taught, thy GOD alone to fear,
Thinking of this time of sorrow—
It was good to tarry here.

Whom He loveth, as a Father,
Him He shows the scourging hand ;
From the burning thus to gather,
Timely, the consuming brand.

Different minds have each their nature ;
Some more gently are subdued ;
Others yield subjection later—
Most must grieve, ere they be good.

Many sins thy frailty flatter'd ;
This their meet correction take ;
Many snares were round thee scatter'd,
Of thy danger warn'd, awake !

But may mortal comprehension
The ALMIGHTY'S counsel scan,
Or unfold his full intention
When He deigns to chasten man ?

No; yet leaning on the assurance,
That his attribute is "love,"
Wisely wait with meek endurance,
Till his hand the rod remove.

Cheer thee, child of sorrow! droop not;
Happier days may yet be near;
To the power of darkness stoop not;
Pray—and nothing need'st thou fear!

TO BRITAIN,

ON THE PESTILENCE, JULY, 1832.

“Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.”—JOHN v. 14.

Now is the nation, to her utmost bound,
 Like one vast body low in sickness laid ;
 Heaven’s Messenger, in fearful guise array’d,
 With sword unsheathed, performs his fatal round.
 On all sides, grief, and grievous sights abound :
 The hypocrites in Zion are afraid.
 Oh ! where shall the devouring pest be stay’d—
 When shall the doleful death-bells cease to sound ?
 Not till our true repentance we begin !—
 Those vials dire our own offences fill.
 Once let us turn, and make an end of sin,
 Then shall there quickly be an end of ill.
 Oh Britain, bow !—confess the hand of God—
 REPENT—or else, expect some heavier rod !

VERSES

TO A YOUNG OFFICER, PROCEEDING TO REJOIN HIS
REGIMENT.

DEAR WILLIE—Since thou need'st must go,
The LORD of Hosts protect thee ;
And through life's maze of sin and wo,
A faithful Guide, direct thee.

Keep thee from each surrounding snare,
From vice and bad example ;
And teach thee, on the tinsel glare
Of Vanity to trample.

Well know I, thou wilt still be found
At Duty's post unshaken ;
Nor e'er inflict one needless wound,
Nor mock thy foe forsaken.

But ne'er forget, a higher War,
A higher SOVEREIGN calls thee ;
And thou must fight the fight of prayer,
Or, worse than death befalls thee.

Thy country's foes were quell'd in vain,
The foe within neglected ;
The noblest victory, yet to gain,
Is that o'er self effected.

Remember, thou Christ's soldier art,
" The Captain of salvation ;"
Oh ! never His bright ranks desert,
But baffle each temptation.

Not unprotected 'midst alarms
Thy Leader forth doth send thee ;
He furnishes celestial arms,
All-powerful to defend thee :—

His “ piercing Word ” He bids thee wield ;
A sword that's never gory ;
Strong faith He proffers for thy shield ;
For helm, the hope of Glory.

Heaven save thee, then, from all thy foes,
Or mortal or infernal ;
And when thy life and warfare close,
Be thine a crown eternal !

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

I WELL remember, valued friend,

From fields of Science to have glean'd

This truth 'mongst many in them—

That should two vessels chance to be

Nigh one another on the sea,

The water smooth between them—

Thus, hinder'd by no bar or chain,

They will not long apart remain

In state of cold inaction,

But each tow'rd each, their fondness such,

They'll move, until at last they touch,

Through some conceal'd attraction.

E'en thus it seems that thou and I,
By the kind Providence on high,
 In hour of happy weather,
Were on Time's frith adjacent cast,
Then, by conformity of taste,
 In friendship verged together!

STANZAS.

If, like the stars, our hopes be fix'd
Above this changeful scene ;
Though clouds may sometimes roll betwixt,
Their soothing light to screen ;
They, like the stars, with shades unmixt,
Will still emerge serene.

What though in Time's "hand-breadth"⁸ career
We may encounter pain ;
If we in Joy's unclouded sphere
A rest at length obtain ;
There meet the friends we part from here,
Never to part again ?

There see the ETERNAL! 'midst the host
Of countless angels bright;
There see the spirits of the just
Walking in robes of white;
And the Redeemer of our trust—
And drink of their delight!

Oh! in the hour of grief and gloom,
When cherish'd joys have set,
And the heart sinks beneath its doom,
The victim of regret—
Let the bright hope our sky relume,
That bliss abides us yet!

SIMILIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.

“ I have used similitudes.”—HOSEA xii. 10.

I SAW within the flowing glass
A small bright particle of air,
Long time it struggled with the mass
Of water, that still held it there.

At length, its term of durance past,
From its low chain it broke away,
And through the wave ascending fast,
Regain'd the ambient clime of day.

Thus grace, once lodged within the soul,
Though long in deep corruption pent,
At length will rise, through all control,
To Heaven—its native element.

II.—THE WANING MOON.

THE waning Moon looks less and less,
She leaves her walk of loneliness,
And o'er her face, so wan and fair,
Gathers a darkness, like Despair.
I've mark'd her small as even now,
Then smiling with a broader brow ;
Unfolding, like some timid flower,
Unto her fullest, loveliest hour.
But now she fadeth fast away,
And other orbs shall bless her ray ;
While here no more her vestal light
Shall gild the shadowy dome of night :—
So shines the joy we doat on here ;
Its beams awhile our darkness cheer,

But scarce the brightest hour hath shone,
It wanes, it melts away—'tis gone!
And yet, we madly woo the smile
Of what endures so short a while,
And give to such a frigid ray
The heart we turn from Heaven away!

III.—THE DOVE.

As, when upon the deluge dark
Drifted the remnant-saving ark,
Despatch'd abroad, the pilgrim dove
Was destined long forlorn to rove,
Without a cliff whereby to cling,
Or tree to rest her weary wing,
Or mate to sweeten her distress
Amid the watery wilderness ;
Yet found at last, to soothe her grief,
That symbol glad, the olive leaf :—
Thus, should it be thy lot to roam
Without a friend—without a home ;
To meet, amidst a waste of wo,
No rest, no landing-place below—

Oh, then, may Grace direct thy flight
To find in CHRIST a point to light ;
A peak of safety, where the wave
Of trouble shall forget to rave ;
There wrest from care a long release,
And pluck the olive-branch of Peace!

IV.—THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

THE wanderer leaves its native shore,
And hies away, the wide seas o'er,
Whither the viewless climes inspire
An irrepressible desire.
With panting heart and pinions weary,
While skies above scowl dark and dreary,
By night and day, 'midst tempests hoarse,
It holds its undiverted course ;
Still piercing on, 'twixt wave and sky,
Afraid to fall, yet weak to fly,
Like one unfriended and unknown,
Seen struggling in the world alone !
And now its winglets wax more slow,
And now 'tis like to drop below ;
Again each quivering nerve it strains,
Again the level poise sustains.

Ocean his hungry billow rears,
As if at once to quench its cares,
While to the anxious eye appear
No prospects that might tend to cheer—
No continent, where flocks and herds
Might crop the flowery vales, and birds
Might warble round the woodlands green,
To break the dull, the desert scene.
Th' horizon's purple cincture bound
The unwieldy Ocean's waist around,
And the still-varying rack on high
Cruising along the endless sky—
These form, throughout the dreary day,
The only scenes it must survey ;
Save when, perchance, some distant sail,
Through the dark curtain of the gale,
Gleams, like a sheeted spectre pale.
Right gladly, then, it greets a sight
Where its exhausted form may light,

And gaining strength, anon pursue
The perilous pilgrimage anew.
E'en should some island cross its way,
That cannot woo its wings to stay,
Like Constancy, the bird speeds on,
Lured by one chosen charm alone—
One nursed attachment, which nor joy,
Nor grief, nor absence, can destroy;
Till, like a lengthening line of blue,
Faint pencill'd on th' enraptured view,
On utmost margin of the main,
Rises the land it longs to gain.
Now, as it lifts the brightening shore,
Love instigates still more and more :
Onward it darts, and, peril past,
Reaches the bower of bliss at last !

Such should the Christian's passage be,
To whom this world is but a sea,

O'er which he hastes, with feelings fond,
To gain his home in Heaven beyond.
From that blest prospect, firm in view,
Not joy itself should ever woo ;
In mediate things, howe'er caress'd,
He findeth but a transient rest—
A breathing-place, whereon to light,
Until refresh'd for further flight.
Thus, 'midst the tempests of distress,
Can faith support, and even bless
The soul that droops, through long endurance,
With the divinely-breath'd assurance
Of that bright Country, where remains
The sweet repose from all his pains.
Unto the bird all viewless is
The clime it seeks of promised bliss ;
Shall Man then faint, because there's given
To him no nearer glimpse of Heaven ?
No ; let the inspiring thought have power
To brighten Grief's most boisterous hour—

That every moment nearer brings
That rest to Faith's triumphant wings.⁹
The feather'd emigrant again,
When Summer's o'er, must brave the main;
But once the land of Glory's won,
Grief's season is for ever gone,
While endless Summer shines abroad
Around the radiant throne of GOD!

V.—TO A GOLDEN FISH CONFINED IN A
GLASS GLOBE.

A DULL, monotonous life is thine,
Bright finny captive! daily found
Closed in thy narrow crystal shrine,
Coasting the same unvarying round.

Thou art not of *our* climate cold;
But brought from some more sunny sphere,
Where rivers glide o'er sands of gold,
Through orange-groves, green all the year.

Though joy and splendour round thee wait,
What can they cheer thy pensive mood,
Poor pining prisoner of state,
Dissever'd from thy native flood?

Ah, thou art but a type of Man !

Thus doom'd round Care's routine to roam ;

Prison'd within life's little span,

An exile from his native Home.

Yet, if in Heaven his treasure be,

A glorious liberty is his ;

Though link'd to Earth in person, he

In spirit swims the Stream of Bliss

VI.—ON A PINE-APPLE PLANT.

A TENDER plant I tried to rear,
I nursed it through the darkening year,
Shielding it in a shelter'd bower,
In hopes to see its glorious flower
 In Summer glad mine eye.

It flourish'd through the Autumnal blast,
The Winter's dreaded storms were past,
When with the Spring there fell a frost,
And all my care and hopes were lost—
 It caused my plant to die.

Sadly I view'd its life depart,
And felt the thought affect my heart —
How often thus, long-cherish'd joys
Some unexpected blight destroys,
When least we think it nigh.

Not so the pleasures Jesus yields
Above in yon bright pendent fields ;
They, crown'd with amaranthine bloom,
Where no vicissitudes can come,
Survive eternity !

VII.—ON SEALING A LETTER.

THE task is done : the news is told ;
And fairly on the paper's fold
The small, round sanguine locket shines,
Which every secret safe confines.
And brightly will the impress stay,
Till time shall wear its lines away ;
Or some one, in the haste of joy,
Its fragile form at once destroy.—
How like the heart is to this seal !
At first so soft, so warm to feel ;
Then, kindling with religious flame,
It guards Truth's image long the same.
Oh ! fondly then it thinks to keep
The impression still as strong and deep,

Nor deems that aught can e'er efface,
Or even mar, the heavenly trace.
But when by trial 'tis estranged,
How soon the heart, like wax, is changed ;
And, yielding to some worldly ray,
Truth's impress all but melts away !

VIII.—THE FLY IN THE WATER.

A LITTLE witless fly, one day,
A vase of water spied,
And, tempted by the margent gay,
Straight lighted on its tide.

I chanced to see it in the wave,
Hard struggling there for life,
And, lest it fast should find a grave,
Released it from its strife.

Methought, could I this care bestow
On that weak flutterer's breath,
And the Supreme less pity show,
To snatch from endless death?

Could human heart, with sin so foul,
Respect an insect's lot,
And Mercy's self not spare the soul
His very hands have wrought ?

Then, doubting mortal ! doubt no more
The goodness of thy GOD,
If thou His succour dost implore
To save from Horror's flood.

Though thou hast flutter'd on its verge,
In Folly's headlong flight,
Christ's hand will pluck thee from the surge,
Nor let thee perish quite.

IX.—ON SEEING A GOLDEN CROSS

APPENDED TO A HEART, HANGING FROM A LADY'S NECK.

WHEN, to suspend from Beauty's neck,
The artist form'd that trinket fair,
I wonder did his fancy take
The omen mine imagines there.

For, when adown thy heedless breast
That *cross* so nigh the *heart* is hung,
Seems not each actual cross express'd,
Wherewith in life the heart is wrung?

Yet, at the augury do not start,
Nor be dismay'd with much alarm ;
Let JESU'S cross be next thy heart,
And 'gainst all others it will charm !

X.—THE BUTTERFLY.

IN th' enlivening sunshine of May
A beautiful butterfly sported ;
Its wings shone with tints the most gay,
While delight in each blossom it courted.

All day round the garden it roved,
With pleasure its only employment,
Till its fate in the evening proved
How insidious such reckless enjoyment.

For, lull'd in the leaves of a rose,
Which the twilight in dew-drops was steeping,
It sank into balmy repose,
And was caught, while unconsciously sleeping.

And how may its story remind

Of youth, when life's morning thus wasted,
He rambles, fresh transports to find,
Till no flower be remaining untasted.

Then, sooth'd with the opiate sweets

With which Vice her rank venom disguises,
Destruction untimely he meets,
When Death's sudden finger surprises.

No more, then, ye gay! follow Sin;

Let her perilous chase be forsaken;
Lest your moments of waking begin,
When it may be too late to awaken.

Oh, seek ye the grace to despise

Her bright lures, to calamity dooming;
And aspire to the charms of the skies,
In the gardens of Light ever blooming!

XI.—ON OBSERVING A CANARY GROW SILENT
AFTER SUNSET.

SAY, did ye mark, some hours ago,
The bird that sits so tuneless there,
How, in the sunlight's cheering glow,
It pour'd its music on the air?

Why droops it now?—The light is gone;
The bliss that waked its song is o'er:
And thus it mourns, all mute and lone,
Waiting till morn the light restore.

E'en so, when GOD shines from above,
Straight is the bosom fill'd with joy:
Transported with a sense of love,
In praises we the hours employ.

But when the shades of coldness come,
And for a time his smiles depart,
What earthly glare can chase the gloom,
Or wake one anthem in the heart ?

LORD ! till I leave this mortal stage,
Oh, never thy blest beams deny ;
Then may my spirit quit her cage,
And join thy choirs beyond the sky !

XII.—THE RED-BREAST.

HARK ! what moan the lake is waking,
Note of Winter, nearing fast,
On the ear in dirges breaking,
As it floats upon the blast.

Angrily the welkin lowers,
All with sombre drapery hung ;
Naked now, and mute, the bowers,
Where the busy revellers sung.

Borne afar on dastard pinions,
Summer's tribes o'er sea have gone ;
Like the crew of heartless minions,
Flying as distress comes on.

One sweet throat alone is cheering,
With its song, November's plain ;
Round our path once more appearing,
Distant through the flowery reign.

Welcome, welcome, trusty stranger !

In thy golden gorget drest ;
How thy visit, pretty ranger,
Reads to man a lesson blest ;—

How, like thee, when joy is over,
Kind Religion closer clings ;
And, when troubles darkest hover,
Ever then the loudest sings !

XIII.—TO A BROOK.

BLEST little brook, that through the garden glidest,
Here let me pause, and contemplate thy course :
Clear flow thy waters from their viewless source,
And in perpetual calmness thou abidest.

When stones obstruct thy way, thou sweetly chidest
Their checks unkind, but with no murmurs hoarse ;
Then, passing round, without or noise or force,
Thou stealest on, till from the eye thou hidest.

Emblem thou art, sweet brook! of wisdom true—
That loves not noise, nor strife, nor vain display ;
But rather lists, aloof from vulgar view,
To steal through life her calm, sequester'd way,
With bosom pure, like thine, and face serene,
Till, lost on Earth, she rise in realms unseen.

XIV.—THE CHRISTIAN DUEL.

“ And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.”

ROMANS xvi. 20.

WHERE Southern climes their glories spread,
Exists a petty quadruped,
The serpent's mutual foe:—where'er
They meet, they instant war prepare.
And oft the animal so oppress'd,
So bitten is, and sore distress'd,
That, for the time constrain'd to yield,
He leaves, reluctantly, the field.
In those same climes a simple grows,
Which well the little warrior knows;
This herb, once tasted, soon retrieves
All hurt in battle he receives.

Hence, reinforced with rallied life,
He presently resumes the strife,
Till, by repeated bruises dread,
The serpent at his feet lies dead.

So, Christian! in thy conflict, too,
With the "old Serpent,"¹⁰ must thou do;
Though foil'd full oft, and struck with fear,
Thou ne'er must faint, but persevere:
When wounded by his fang impure,
Quickly to JESUS run for cure—
The blest specific, pitying Heaven
To heal the bleeding soul hath given.
Thus still recover'd from thy pain,
Up, and commence the war again;
With doubled might the foe assail,
And thou, too, wilt at length prevail;
Yea, more than victor shalt thou be
Through HIM that fought, and bled, for thee.

XV.—TO THE NEW MOON.

BEAUTEOUS Moon, so meek and pure,
Smiling through yon vault obscure,
How like thine, the SPIRIT'S ray
Cheers us on our darksome way!

Gladly thee again I view
Floating o'er thy seas of blue,
Like the nautilus forlorn,
O'er the expanded Ocean borne.

Or, to Fancy seemest thou
Some fair barge with golden prow,
Fill'd with happy angels bright,
Bound to distant isles of light?

Far above our orb thou ridest ;
Oft behind the clouds thou hidest ;
Let the tempest rage below,
Still sits Calmness on thy brow.

Lonely outcast of the heaven !
On thy pallid visage graven,
As on marble, may we see
Lines of deep philosophy.

Oh, like thee, may I but rise
O'er this scene of storms and sighs ;
So move on in peace profound,
Smiling 'midst the turmoil round.

Oh, may I, by prayer and faith,
So hold on my Heaven-ward path ;
Borne sublime through Sorrow's night,
Giving, while receiving, Light !

THE WAY OF PEACE.

“ And the way of peace have they not known.”—ROMANS iii. 17.

SAY, in what sphere may peace be found,
That more than bliss below ?
Is it in power, or pleasure's round,
Or fame's career ?—ah no !

The charms that Mammon's child adorn,
Are oft a fair deceit ;
A rosy wreath, whose rankling thorn
Far countervails the sweet.

The prize is found in Christ alone :
A stream it is, whose source
Is Paradise—which murmurs down
By Duty's quiet course.

'Tis found in comforting the sad,
In conscience kept serene ;
In prayer, and meditation glad
Upon "the things unseen."

Who thus with GOD hath learn'd to walk,
Counts Earth's best glories dim ;
Its stir, its strife, its empty talk—
What are they all to him ?

Sequester'd from its noisy flood,
He lets the world roll by ;
Aware, that all must work their good,
Who seek a Home on high.

How seldom dreams Ambition's son
Of joy like this?—His breast
Is a black sea, where tempests moan,
That ne'er allow it rest.

Oft Ocean's face is ruffled, while
The depths are calm below ;
But ah ! while he appears to smile,
His heart is toss'd by wo !

Oh, cease, fond votary ! cease to chase
What proves thy plague, if won ;
Be wise—and timely seek His face,
Whose love can bless alone.

Still deeper wilt thou wade in sin ?
Then bid to peace adieu !
We must make choice, we scarce may win
This world, and Heaven too.

STANZAS.

“ Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.”

ROMANS xii. 15.

HASTE we where the voice of Wo

Never more may waken Sorrow ;

Where our days shall calmly flow,

Fairer than the last, each morrow ;

Where, as rivers blend their tide

With the waters of the ocean,

Soul to soul may free confide,

Sweetly mingling each emotion.

Yet, while here, should Grief annoy,

Sympathy the gloom may lighten ;

And the beams of rising joy

Friendship's smile still better brighten.

So the sea, that long retains

Light to cheer, when day is ended,

Makes the glow, when Morning reigns,

By reflection doubly splendid.

SONNET.

“But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man’s judgment.”—1 COR. iv. 3.

“Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.”—1 SAMUEL xvi. 1.

ALAS, how little should we reckon what they,
 Who scan so dimly, of our state may deem;
 Who oft-times hold the bad in high esteem,
 While from the good they turn in scorn away.
 Ah! did we to th’ OMNISCIENT still display
 That purity, which we to mortals seem!
 But oh! His eyes, beneath this glittering stream
 A filthy mire of vileness oft survey.
 Then let us strive, God’s praise, not Man’s, to win,
 Since He, not Man, shall judge us: let it be
 Our prayer to be refined from pride and sin,
 Through faith in HIM who hung upon the tree;
 That so our souls, like fountains, heal’d within,
 Heaven may their depths, what men their surface, see.

STANZAS.

“Set your affection on things above.”—COL. iii. 2.

How needful is it in our exile here,
Where all so fearfully unstable is,
To stay our hearts upon some steadier sphere,
And draw from Heaven our sweetest springs of bliss.

We sail through life, as o'er a tropic sea ;
No cloud is seen, and every storm is still ;
When lo, our sun is overcast, and we
Look but to founder in a gulf of ill.

E'en such a mark to Grief's o'erwhelming blast
Are all who lean on aught below the sky ;
Thus many a loving heart hath died at last,
The victim of its own idolatry !

Ah me! how inconsistent in his course

Is wretched Man!—his own severest foe:

He would be wise, yet turns from Wisdom's Source—

He would be blest, yet loves the ways of wo!

Unnumber'd wrecks, bestrew'd on either side,

Warn him where thousands have before him struck;

Yet, on he drifts, unheeding, o'er the tide,

Till he too shivers on the fatal rock.

And will we ne'er this foolishness unlearn?

Still shall we doat on idols of a day?

Nay, in our own defence we must return,

And seek in CH^RIST our sole abiding stay.

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

THRICE welcome, baby mild!
Though born into a world of death and care;
CHRIST can preserve thee from its poison'd air
Unharm'd and undefiled.

How sweet to turn awhile
Away from this sad, wicked, weary scene,
And view thee, lock'd in slumber, so serene,
And watch thy rapturous smile!

Oh, who could think of aught
But what was good, while gazing thus on thee?
That face, so calm, so innocent, to see,
Might soothe a demon's thought!

Yet, in thy breast doth lie
The awful embryo of a deathless soul.
A race thou hast begun, to reach whose goal
Shall ask Eternity!

And who, so sage, may tell,
Weak as thou art, what yet thou mayest be?
Or what blest changes may be thine to see,
Ere bidding Time farewell?

Heaven save thee, sweet! from ill:
Thy birth is usher'd 'midst momentous days;
And strange events our expectation raise
Of others stranger still.

Mankind are waking fast,
And don their armour; soon will th' Evil power
Against the Good be driven:—a little hour,
And the dread shock is past!

Haply, ere thou art gone
 To take thy rest among the holy dead,
 Thou may'st behold the reign of darkness fled,
 And the Millennium dawn.

Then welcome, baby mild !
 Though born into a world of death and care :
 If thou be " born of God "—as pleads my prayer—
 Then, who shall harm His child ?

SONNET.

WHEN fond Affection weeps her object flown,
Ah! what so well may wipe the frequent tear,
As those prized signs that give assurance clear,
That the departed is to glory gone?
E'en Faith unfeign'd, whose vital power was shown
In acts of love to all within its sphere;
Meek Patience under hours of pain severe,
And tempers, every day more saintly grown.
As oft the evening cloud in smiles is drest,
Cheering it still, albeit its orb be set;
So, when the Christian's sun retires to rest,
Those gracious beams, delay'd in memory yet,
Gild the moist clouds that brood on Sorrow's breast,
And change to smiles the darkness of regret.

ON PRAYER.

OH, what displays our fatal fall,
Like our neglect of prayer?
Whither for happiness should all,
But to the Fount, repair?

Forth from the middle throne of Heaven
Joy's river rolls its tide;
And prayer, the "golden pipe," is given,
Whence all may be supplied.

Yet Man, by Satan led, perverse,
The proffer'd bounty spurns;
And flies to every poison'd source,
To fill his broken urns.

But happy he whom Christ hath taught,
The privilege to prize ;
Who loves to seek the secret spot,
And traffic with the skies.

The heavenly unction on him pour'd
His fragrant life betrays ;
While " HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD "
Is stamp'd on all he says.

Near him no cloud of sadness lowers,
His peace and joy abound ;
While daily, round his tent, fresh showers
Of manna strew the ground.

To GOD, in Jesus, reconciled,
He seeks his Father's land ;
Leaning on Him, like dauntless child,
Led by its parent's hand.

Thus blest, he "goes from strength to strength,"
Until he gain that shore,
Where every wish is crown'd at length,
And prayer is made no more.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!”—PSALM lxxxiv. 1.

WHEN pious groups to meet their GOD repair,
 At the loved summons of the Sabbath bell,
 And round the roof the mingling voices swell,
 As soars the incense of the ardent prayer;
 What bosom hath not own'd a sweetness there—
 A honey-shower—a sublimating spell?
 What spirit hath not burn'd to burst its shell,
 And plume its wings to seek its native air?
 Oh then Faith opens to us yonder skies,
 By beings crown'd with bliss eternal trod;
 Where, from seraphic choirs, incessant rise
 Glad hallelujahs to the Lamb of GOD;
 And bids us cease for earthly things vain sighs,
 And strive to inherit too that blest abode.

MEDITATION.

“ And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the even-tide.”—GEN. xxiv. 63.

WHEN Day has ta'en his flight
Behind the mountains' height,
Spreading o'er Summer's vale the shadows wide;
While Silence reigns profound,
And dews fall gently round,
What joy, to ramble forth, at even-tide.

The air, all incense now
From breathing flowers that bow
Their sorrowful heads, like penitents in prayer—
The dusk—the lonely hour,
All wield a magic power,
That wins the mind from each terrestrial care.

Then suits it to call home
The thoughts, that wont to roam
Around the world, throughout the garish day ;
Each action to review,
Each speech and motive too,
And see wherein we've wander'd from the righteous way.

To count our mercies o'er,
Ever an unknown store,
And think of all we've 'scaped, of all enjoy'd ;
To note each new-born thought,
To con each lesson taught,
And mark what hence to follow, what avoid.

Then too will Scripture's page
The musing mind engage ;—
That glittering field, with truths besprinkled, sweet
As pearl's from Morning's womb,
Or dropping honey-comb,
Admitting man to eat of angel's meat.

But chief we turn to Him,
In Heaven the darling theme,
Who once for our life render'd up his own ;
We view Him victor now,
A rainbow round His brow,^{1 1}
Sitting in bliss, "a Priest upon his throne."

We turn to Him, as one
Aye sweet to think upon,
The soul's blest centre, and sole point of rest ;
Oft on his glory gaze,
Still brightening in its rays,
Till on our hearts His image be imprest.

Last, will that Land employ
The soul with unmixt joy,
Whither she looks, unchain'd at length, to fly ;
There range o'er realms of light,
With more than eagle's flight,
And grow in grandeur through Eternity.

Such are the thoughts that glance
On Meditation's trance,
Shedding, like Evening's tears, a mollient balm ;
Thus, day by day we rise
In meetness for the skies,
Till ripen'd for our rest in bowers where all is calm.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”—MATTHEW XXV. 21.

HE hath gone to his glory, the faithful and just ;
He hath gone to that Saviour in whom was his trust ;
Far, far from this low scene of trial and care,
In Heaven the bright “ crown of rejoicing ” to wear.

How few were his days, yet his goodness how great ;
A martyr—he saw, but ne’er shrank from, his fate :
His post was the *stake*, where he droop’d to decay,
And his zeal the swift *fire*, that consumed him away.

Now, walking in glory with seraphs on high,
He marvels how men for aught earthly can sigh ;
And wishes, belike, he might tell them again,
How, all sighing and care, save for Heaven, is vain.

Ah! Heav'n was the prize, ever first in his view;
 Thence comfort in long years of labour he drew;
 And now he hath conquer'd; and, flown to her rest,
 His spirit with GOD is eternally blest.

How short is the time, since with us he remain'd;
 And oh! what an infinite height he hath gain'd;
 That never through ages, and ages to be,
 Shall he cease the loved face of his SAVIOUR to see!

Inspiring reflection!—what earth-born delight
 But wanes in a moment from transport so bright?
 Who, who would not long for his safety and bliss,
 Nor brave any toil, for a triumph like this?

EDWARD.

“ I am distressed for thee, my brother.”—2 SAMUEL i. 26.

HE had been cast in Nature's tenderest mould,

Of feeble habit from his earliest day :

O'er his young infancy the fleet years roll'd

In noiseless flow ; while, far from Peril's way,

In a calm home—so calm there be but few—

A prized exotic, he to manhood grew.

Of manners gentle, and of temper blest ;

Meek, playful, pure, affectionate and kind ;

Of every art of pleasing well possesst,

No wonder if around each heart he twined.

Though genius may our admiration move,

Still it is gentleness that wins our love.

Yet genius was no stranger to his soul,
By Nature gifted with a taste sublime ;
O'er him each elegance held strong control,
And he, 'midst busier hours, from time to time
Would steal away, where Learning's devious page
Would, with a powerful charm, his opening mind engage.

The sweets of poesy, the painter's art,
Music's soft spell, and Nature's varied view—
All own'd an ardent votary in that heart,
To each fine impulse exquisitely true.
His breast was a tuned instrument—no key
Of sweetness, but found there a ready symphony.

I've said his frame was feeble : he was not
Of those adapted with this world to strive :
And oft across our minds would lower the thought—
The dismal thought—that he not long would live.
Oh ! direr than the thunder's deepest roll,
Broke that conviction on a brother's soul !

Still there was hope, that, after some few years,

His frame would gather strength; and for a time

That hope appear'd to triumph: and our fears

Departing, lit each aspect with a smile:

For, 'midst Despair's black night, if shine one ray,

Gladly we hail the slightest sign of day.

'Twas vain! he grew, but with him likewise grew

That scourge—Consumption! as, beneath a leaf

Works the fell caterpillar, hid from view,

Eating the tender fibres, till with grief

We mark the plant's destruction; so Decay

On this sweet flower kept feeding day by day.

Long time youth struggled with the pitiless foe,

And oft appear'd the victory to gain;

And he would suffer much in silent wo,

His manly spirit scorning to complain.

Aye was his look most cheerful, but at length

His friends perceived too well his wasting strength.

One chance remain'd ; it lay in change of clime ;
And 'twas resolved that last resource to try :
A ship was haply sailing at the time
For the mild shores of sunny Italy :
On board he went ; taking, with tearful face,
Of his fond sire and friends—'twas doom'd—a last embrace.

Fair shone the day ; the sky was warm and clear ;
A favouring breeze the laughing waters fann'd :
With eyes, bedimm'd with many a flowing tear,
They mark'd from shore the vessel's wings expand.
And many a prayer was offer'd up, in vain,
That Heaven would send him back in health again.

Aye, all in vain : the vessel may return,
Wafted in pride before the prospering breeze ;
Vows may be made to Heaven, and bosoms yearn,
And many a look be cast along the seas ;
But ne'er again, over those waters blue,
Shall that sweet youth return to bless our view !

He left his home, but not his plague, behind ;

Disease still clung to his determined prey :

Through many a savage wave, and ruthless wind,

He reach'd at length Livorno's distant bay ;

Goal of his life, as voyage !—worn with woes,

He found to both a sweetly-welcome close.

Methinks I see him on his pallet lie,

His slender form exhausted to a shade ;

I see him lift, in prayer, his meek blue eye

To Him whose blood our awful ransom paid ;

Imploring Christ to take his soul, resign'd,

And comfort, by his grace, the friends he left behind.

Yes, oft, I ween, at midnight's lonely hour,

When sleepless lying, would his memory stray

To his far home ; and if a thing had power

To wile his heart from holier thoughts away,

And prompt a wish to live—it would be when

He mused on those he left—ah, ne'er to see again !

Guess, ye of soul! the sorrow that ensued,
When reach'd his home the tidings of distress;
What streams of bitterness each cheek bedew'd;—
Sore, sore they wept, nor wish'd their suffering less!
All that had known, lamented him—if so,
Think, think how utter was his kindred's wo.

Yet 'tis not all at once, that on the mind
Comes the full consciousness of all we've lost
In one beloved: and it is thus design'd
By Him who "knoweth that we are but dust,"
In mercy; seeing that our strength would fail,
Unless the storm were broke in its assail.

Rather in gusts the weight of grief is pour'd;—
When Solitude brings back the bye-gone scene;
Each trifling incident in memory stored,
Each tone of tenderness, and look serene;
And we reflect that such are gone for aye—
This opes each wound afresh, to bleed for many a day.

Then, if we recollect some kindness shown

To the departed, 'tis peculiar joy :

If we remember aught e'er said or done

Unkind, the memory will long destroy

Our happiness ;—O ! would that this might teach

Love to our brethren, while within our reach !

Now, in the time of trouble, whither flies

The soul for solace ?—whither *should* it fly ?

Ah, blest Religion !—though we may despise

Thee, when no cloud of sorrow dims our sky,

Yet when dark, dread Calamity comes on,

To thee we must repair, or be undone !

With “ still small voice ” thou whisperest in the ear :—

“ Weep not for him, the loved one now no more ;

When ye were furthest, Jesus was most near,

The consolations of his love to pour.

He sooth'd the soul with sense of sin forgiven,

And it hath gone on angel's wings to Heaven.

“ And passing thus, what pangs hath he been spared ;
What disappointments dark, and cares unknown !
Say, canst thou weep, that these will be unshared,
That he, thou lovest, is from anguish flown ?
Nay, rather, grateful, kiss the chastening rod
That call'd thy friend, from suffering, to his God.

“ Think not affliction springeth from the dust ;
'Tis sent from Heaven, our monitor to prove ;
To school the heart from sin and earthly trust
To Him who claims our first desire and love.
'Twas by affliction, that thy Edward, tried,
Came forth, like gold from furnace, purified.

“ By distance parted from terrestrial ties,
He was on GOD more absolutely thrown ;
The charms of Earth grew fainter in his eyes,
While those of Heaven with greater brightness shone.
Thus was his soul renewed from day to day,
Until, without a sigh, it flew to bliss away.

“ But, could he leave awhile his blest abode,
Again to visit this sublunar sphere,
What would he counsel?—‘ Walk ye close with GOD;
Make *Him* your joy, your habitation here;
So, when your spirits break their mortal chain,
To you, that lived to Christ, will death be endless gain.’ ”

Gentlest of creatures!—thou shalt never come
To us, though we may haply go to thee:
But if, recumbent from thy starry Home,
The feelings of sad mortals thou may'st see,
Bear witness to the love that warm'd this heart—
Bear witness to the pain, that will not soon depart.

Adieu, dear youth! never on Earth again
Shall thy loved vision glad my longing eyes;
Here must I linger out what years remain,
In hopes to join thy spirit in the skies.
To tender to thy worth this tribute brief,
Has been a grateful balm to a fond brother's grief.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. HENRY
MARTYN.

“ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.”—REV. xiv. 13.

O'ER many a sea and desert vast
Had the way-worn pilgrim wended ;
But the wish'd-for goal is attain'd at last,
And “ the days of his mourning are ended.”

No pitying bosom composed his head,
With anguish and fever burning ;
No tear beside his dull couch was shed,
As the spirit to God was returning.

He dies far away from his native land,¹²
From the friends of his deep affection ;
While barbarous infidels round him stand,
To embitter each dreary reflection.

Yet, though lonely and stricken, to mortal eye,
One Comforter still was near him ;
And an angel-band was hovering by,
Aloft in their arms to bear him.

Then deem not so cheerless and dark his lot,
Though by suffering mark'd severely ;
He hath enter'd the rest, by his Saviour bought—
The Saviour he prized so dearly.

Ah ! bright seems the warrior's wreath, while Renown
Keeps extolling his brave endeavour ;
But how few heed the *Christian* hero's crown,
That shines, as the stars, for ever !

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. JAMES
GRAY, A.M.¹⁵

“He shall enter into peace; they shall rest upon their beds; each one walking
in his uprightness.”—ISAIAH lvii. 2.

ALAS! it was true then, that heart-wounding tale—
No more upon Earth our loved friend we shall hail!
Oh, seldom hath soar'd to her mansion of rest
A spirit more tuned for the joys of the blest.

But who all the charms of that soul may declare,
That blended together in union so rare;
The ardour of friendship, the fancy, the taste,
The learning, the mind—all by Piety graced?

Though transplanted so late to that withering clime,
The tree of his strength look'd so green for a time,
We yet hoped to meet, after some dreaded years,
And share with each other our triumphs or fears.

As the generous palm of those orient plains,
The more it is burden'd, the more it sustains,
His fruit-laden branches, the older they grew,
Only rose the more fresh to our wondering view.

But now he hath pass'd, through the "Rock" that was cleft,
Into regions e'en brighter than those he hath left ;
Where sights more superb on his vision shall break,
And to still higher strains his sweet harp shall awake.

He hath lent a new flow to those waves of delight,
That undulate wide where the day has no night ;
He hath brought a new star to that seraph-like band,
Where, with Martyn and Swartz, now a GRAY takes his stand.

Loud wept the young king, as he bade thee farewell ;
And millions unborn of the *Sahib* shall tell,
Who toil'd to unroll them the records of grace,
And cheer their parch'd plains with the waters of peace.

But welcome to thee was thy rest and thy home—
Thou art “ taken away from the evil to come ;”
For *us*—but one ray gilds the fast-falling tear—
The hope we shall meet in that happier sphere.

SAUL AND DAVID.

See 1 SAMUEL xvi. 14.

“ The evil spirit is still dispossessed by the harp of the son of Jesse.”

BISHOP HORNE.

SAUL upon his throne was sitting,
'Midst his lords of high degree,
O'er his mind the dark thoughts flitting
Marr'd the sheen of Royalty.

Clouded was his brow with sadness,
Writhing 'neath the demon's sway;
Wildly roll'd his eye in madness—
What may charm the fiend away?

“ Ye, our royal person tending,
Quick procure some minstrel’s skill ;
Though Distress my heart is rending,
Song may bid his rage be still.”

Soon before the awful presence
Stood the tuneful shepherd-swain ;
Bending low, in meek obeisance,
He commenced a soothing strain.

Hark ! the lyre what seraph sweeping
Wakes such tones as seem from Heaven ?
Every listener now is weeping,
Now to utter transport driven.

And the demon is departed,
Like a whirlwind from the sea ;
And the king, once more light-hearted,
Owns the power of Melody !

LAMENT OF DAVID FOR SAUL AND
JONATHAN.

2 SAMUEL i. 19.

THE beauty of Israel's gone ;

How lowly the mighty are laid !

The stars that so peerlessly shone,

How suddenly quench'd in the shade

Oh, silent in Gath be your voice ;

Tell it not within Askelon's wall ;

Lest the daughters of Gentiles rejoice—

Lest they triumph in Israel's fall.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, now
 No more be ye freshen'd with dew ;
 No more let it rain on your brow,
 Nor your fields let the offerings strew.

For the shield of the mighty is there
 Cast vilely away for a spoil ;
 And clotted with gore is his hair,
 As though never anointed with oil.

The shafts, sent from Jonathan's bow,
 Loved to bathe in the blood of the slain ;
 His sire ne'er return'd from the foe,
 With his sabre ungirded in vain.

In their lives they were lovely and sweet,
 Nor divided in death's fatal hour ;
 They were e'en than the eagles more fleet,
 And surpassing the lions in power.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep
Over Saul, for his heart is now cold;
In the grave he is fallen asleep,
Who adorn'd you with scarlet and gold.

How lowly the mighty are laid!
In the midst of the battle's domain;
On the mountains, abandon'd of aid,
Beloved of my soul, thou wast slain!

Oh my brother! I languish for thee,
Such a joy thy companionship cast;
The strength of thy fondness to me
The affection of women surpass'd.

How lowly the mighty are laid!
All silent and cold in the grave!
How perish'd the shield and the blade,
Once worn by the lovely and brave!

SKETCH FROM SCRIPTURE.

MARK iv. 36—41; LUKE viii. 22—25.

ON Galilee's water the storm brooded dark,
And the high-crested waves had enveloped the bark,
Despair on each visage sat sullen and pale,
As louder, and louder, increased the dread gale.

But where is the LORD in so awful an hour,
When the elements clash in their frenzy and power?
While wrath is in heaven, and death in the deep,
Can the Saviour on deck be laid calmly asleep?

Yes ; all calmly He lies, 'mid the uproar around ;
 And the blast thunders by, but He heeds not the sound ;
 While, still from his brow, as it lifts the bright hair,
 The rays, shining through, show the DEITY there !

('Tis thus when dark tempests of Trouble oppress,
 And the hearts of the multitude melt with distress,
 Unmoved by the shocks timid worldlings endure,
 The mind of the Christian reposes secure.)

“ Awake, LORD, awake ! for destruction is nigh :
 Mark, mark how the fierce waves are curling on high !
 And yawning beneath is a foam-sheeted tomb,
 Oh save, or we sink to a merciless doom !”

“ Oh ! why are ye fearful, ye little in faith ?
 Why tremble your hearts at the hurricane's wrath ?
 Peace, peace, ye loud winds—and ye billows be still !”
 He spake ;—and His voice seem'd all nature to thrill.

The sky grew serene, and the tumult was hush :
O'er the face of the sea stole a beautiful blush ;
And the bark, in the beams of the warm smiling sun,
Like a bird o'er a stream, glided tranquilly on.

The SAVIOUR hath gone from the scene of his wo ;
But his *word* still remains with his people below :
And thus it can bid the soul's tempest to cease,
While it breathes o'er the bosom the calmness of peace.

WORDS

ATTEMPTED TO THE AIR—"AR HYD I NOS."

Lo, IMMANUEL in the manger!

Oh, how He loves!

Born a homeless, houseless Stranger;

Oh, how He loves!

He hath left a throne of splendour,

Cheerfully himself to render

Ransom for each lost offender—

Oh, how He loves!

View Him 'midst the desert roving;

Oh, how He loves!

Long the Dragon's venom proving,

Oh, how He loves!

View Him on his journey wending,
 'Neath the weight of sorrows bending,
 All his powers for man expending—
 Oh, how He loves!

View Him in the garden kneeling;
 Oh, how He loves!

From his frame what "drops" are stealing;¹⁵
 Oh, how He loves!

See Him to the cross retiring,
 Justice there his blood requiring,
 Wounded, bleeding, pang'd, expiring—
 Oh, how He loves!

Now His kingdom He inherits;
 There still He loves;
 There He pleads his boundless merits,
 Oh, how He loves!

Well may we, His banner o'er us,
Fight the fight of faith victorious,
Till we in His presence, glorious,
Prove how He loves!

THE CHRISTIAN'S LOT.

"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the
LORD?"—DEUT. xxxiii. 29.

"For all things are yours; things present, or things to come."—1 COR. iii. 21, 22.

How matchless is the genuine Christian's lot!—

Given from above the garden key of Bliss,

A thousand fruits he finds, that others miss,

He 'scapes a thousand snares, where they are caught.

His will into his SAVIOUR'S sweetly wrought,

Duty becomes delight—Earth, Paradise:

He blesses, and is blest!—while to his eyes

Still some new star of heavenly truth is brought.

Do trials lower? O'er him the thunder-cloud

Passes innocuous, and drops a blessing.

Nay, death itself, with spirit still unbow'd,

He braves, as to superior joys progressing.

Thrice happy state! so hidden from the crowd,

Who would not long thy sweets to be possessing?

A STAR-LIGHT CONTEMPLATION.

“ When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars,
which thou hast ordained.”—PSALM viii. 3.

DRAWN on yon vault, this clear calm night,

What wondrous characters I trace :

Like random drops of quenchless light

Sprinkled amidst the waves of space

Yet not without some wise design

Those worlds are steer'd—though dark to us—

But speed along their paths benign

For purposes right marvellous.

Just as in life's low hemisphere,
While we some city's bustle view,
Men a disorder'd mass appear,
Yet all their several aims pursue—

So, 'mongst that bright-robed multitude,
Peopling so dense yon heavenly plains,
Though seeming mix'd in medley rude,
Each orb some glorious end maintains.

But not so numerous every where
Those floating islets do I view;
Yonder seem group'd whole myriads—there
Yawn vasty gulfs of vacant blue.

(So, in the Church's cloudier clime,
God gives not always equal light;
What stars adorn some tracts of time;
While others mourn in murkiest night.)

Beam on, ye ever-wakeful eyes!

Meet types of His, who kindled you!

Surely the gems we mortals prize

Are mock ones only—ye the true.

Oh! what a gorgeous sight ye yield;

A fabric worthy of a GOD!

E'en though upon no grander field¹⁶

His excellence were blazed abroad.

I marvel more, the more I gaze,

That scenes, so fine, so little charm:

Ah! if but annual were their blaze,

How would your fires our bosoms warm

How numberless, how high ye are!

Baffling the ken of all our skill:

And yet your very furthest star

Views firmaments more lofty still.

Still higher, and yet higher skies,
In calculation infinite,
Like golden galleries arise
Up to the last great Realm of light.

My soul! these matchless stories scale;
Mount to the Heaven of heavens, and see
Who brightest shines "within the veil"—
HE who built all—yet died for thee!

TO THE UNITED CHURCH.

“ We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, LORD?—O remember not against us former iniquities, let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us: for we are brought very low. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name.”—PSALM lxxix.

O MY own Zion! Glory of our land!

How have thy holy martyrs, who were slain

For thy sake and Religion's, died in vain;

Since still new enemies thy life demand.

Around thee, lo! like ravenous hawks they stand,

Tearing thy bleeding breast; nor heed thy pain:

Nay, some, that 'neath thy sheltering wings have lain,

Now pluck their plumage with relentless hand!

Ay! let them pluck, and persecute, and maim,

Till they have murder'd thee!—what fruits ensue?

Then, Learning, Virtue, Freedom, Britain's fame,

That with thee rose, would with thee perish too;

While *they* should leave an execrated name,

And latest times the atrocious rapine rue!¹⁷

ON SPRING—MILLENNIAL.

OH! the extatic feeling,
When, freed from Winter's chain,
In genial blushes stealing,
Loved Spring returns again!
That moment brings a pleasure
So link'd with life and bloom,
It soothes us for the pressure
Of tedious months of gloom.
Then, what will be the gladness
The CHURCH shall know that day,
When, rising from her sadness
In beautiful array,
She sees for ever banish'd
Her long, long wintry time;
And every vestige vanish'd
Of wretchedness and crime!

That glorious day is coming,
 On wheels of fire it hastes ;
Soon roses shall be blooming
 Amid our bleakest wastes.
Though Darkness o'er us lowers,
 Though Error yet hath sway,
Not Hell, with all her powers,
 The season shall delay.

Let clouds the landscape cover ;
 They bind the Spring in vain—
Thus, through all storms that hover,
 Still nears JEHOVAH'S reign.¹⁸
And when its dawn shall lighten
 The world from shore to shore,
How will Creation brighten
 With tints unseen before !

SONNET.

“ I chase the moments with a serious song.”—DA. YOUNG.

No laurels, (but the willow,) wreath my lays—
My pen, undipp'd in that immortal spring
Which bards have feign'd of fame unwithering,
To the charm'd spirit small delight conveys.
For I have flutter'd far from public gaze,
A weak ephemera, with inglorious wing :
Or, like a bird that to itself doth sing,
Beguiling in some cell its captive days.
Yet, should the plaintive tinkling of my lyre
In one pure breast a chord responsive raise,
Or from my GOD one gracious smile acquire,
'Twill fire my fancy with a brighter blaze,
And in my heart a deeper joy inspire,
Than all the lustre of a Laureat's bays !

H Y M N S.

“ Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.”—EPHESIANS v. 19.

HYMN I.

“ For with thee is the fountain of life.”—PSALM xxxvi. 9.

WHEN hours of tranquil solitude
From life's delirium set me free,
From objects too, too fondly woo'd,
My waking heart returns to Thee!

Ah! 'tis not, LORD, 'midst pleasures gay,
And strifes that come, a rushing storm,
Chasing the mind's bright calm away—
One worthy view of Thee we form.

Yet pardon, LORD, the ungrateful crime,
That thoughts of Thee so soon depart—
Thee, that should'st live, at every time,
Shrined in our very heart of heart.

Upborne on Hope's unwearied wing,
We fly for comforts, where we will ;
But, heedless of the living spring,
The heart, the heart is thirsty still.

For all Earth's joys are dash'd with care ;
And O, how soon the sweetest die !
To Thee we must at length repair,
Thou, only Thou, canst satisfy !

HYMN II.

“ Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.”—PSALM iv. 6.

As opes the flower its bosom sweet,
 When Morning's genial light hath shone ;
 But closes when the sunny heat
 In Evening's gloom is quench'd and gone—

So, LORD! whene'er thy heavenly ray
 Is o'er my breast enlivening sent,
 My soul, that shut in darkness lay,
 Expands with joy and sweet content.

But when in wrath Thou art conceal'd,
In sadness all my senses mourn ;
Nor any grateful incense yield—
Disconsolate till thy return.

Then, haste Thee to my longing sight,
Blest Day-spring ! and no lingering make ;
Shed o'er my heart thy balmy light,
Nor leave it in distress—to break !

HYMN III.

“ Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world.”—1 JOHN iv. 1, 2.

'MID endless tenets, daily coin'd,
 How requisite a sober mind,
 To shun the moulds of Error's mint,
 And hold by those of heavenly print.

How requisite, by constant prayer
 To CHRIST, our “ wisdom,” to repair ;
 Close to his oracles to cling,
 And quaff Life's water at the spring.

This world's indeed a wildering maze,
Cross'd by ten thousand divers ways ;
But while' all else to anguish run,
The path of Truth can be but one.

Not seldom, too, the fiend of night
Assumes the form of angel bright ;
And his black heresies commends,
Through passport of our seeming friends.

O, lovely Fount of light and bliss !
In whom no speck of darkness is ;
Thyself my Teacher deign to be,
For, SAVIOUR ! who can teach like Thee ?

Forbid it, that my soul be lost,
By every wind of doctrine tost ;
But keep me, safe from Satan's shock,
On Thee, the everlasting Rock.

So shall the Arch-impostor's wiles,
Wherewith the unwary he beguiles,
Work good, instead of ill, to me,
By driving me more near to Thee.

So shall the blasts of error fail
To shake my peace; and every gale
But serve to fasten more profound
My roots of faith, in Gospel ground.¹⁹

HYMN IV.

“ Will the Lord absent himself for ever? Will he be no more entreated ?”

PSALM lxxvii. 7.

SUN of my soul! my Hiding-place, my SAVIOUR!

Oh, that to Thee we e'er should traitors prove:

That we should e'er so disesteem thy favour,

Forgetting all thy sufferings—all thy love!

How blest is life, while with thy presence lighted;

How fleets, with roseate tide, the enraptured day!

Till sin o'ertakes; then, all the sweetness blighted,

The cloud of wrath suspends thy heavenly ray.

But is thy smile withdrawn from me for ever ?

Say, must I sigh away my soul in pain ?

Wilt Thou not turn, thy suppliant to deliver,

And glad me with thy countenance again ?

Turn, SAVIOUR ! turn : yet show me thy salvation ;

Rend now the skies, and Heaven's own sunshine ope ;

For Oh ! in this my spirit's desolation,

On Thee she hangs, the prisoner of hope !

HYMN V.

“ O visit me with thy salvation.”—PSALM.

As swell the soft tides of the ocean,
When moonlight is full in the sky,
So, oh LORD, swells my soul with devotion,
When Thou art reveal'd from on high.

Then I struggle, in seeking thy favour,
To burst from the world's heavy chain ;
But my thoughts, making vain the endeavour,
Still gravitate earthward again.

O, when will this contest be ended ?

O, when shall my heart be set free ?

'Tis thy strong arm alone which, extended,

Can rescue a captive like me.

Thou promisest light to the lowly,

The mists from his soul to remove ;

Thou makest him peaceful and holy,

Through faith in the Son of thy love.

Without Thee, dark, helpless, and lonely,

Through Him for thy SPIRIT I call ;

'Tis He that can satisfy only,

With Him, I have Heaven—I have all !

HYMN VI.

“ Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.”—PSALM.

LORD, Thou of love the Ocean art,
Thy bliss is to give bliss !
Then hear the prayer that heaves my heart ;
Nor my warm suit dismiss.

Rich are the blessings, LORD, I need ;
Yea, rich as Heaven can shower—
A mind from all pollution freed,
From Pride's tyrannic power.

I want a heart enlarged with love,
Simplicity of aim;
A spirit raised this world above—
Dead to its praise or blame.

I want more light; I fain would be
All "full of eyes within:"
That so, what with my mind I see,
May cleanse my heart from sin.

I want more grace: to make my will
With thine harmonious move;
To cause me take thy crosses still
As tokens of thy love:

To neutralize the love of ease,
Each selfish thought renew;
And make it my one aim to please
My GOD, in all I do.

I want, in brief, a heavenly soul,
From earthliness estranged ;
Refined, exalted, perfect, whole,
Into thine image changed.

Such are the blessings, LORD, I crave,
Immense for worm like me ;
Yet, in the wish, thy pledge I have,
That all will granted be.

HYMN VII.

“ O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? ”

ROMANS vii. 24.

O, SIRE of all mercy, as Source of all mind,
Who hast, in my being, my welfare design'd,
How long shall thy purpose seem thwarted and vain,
While, bound to this “ body of death ” I remain ?

Persuaded that Thou art the Well-spring of bliss ;
That the nearer to Thee, the more sweetness there is ;
Oft, oft hath my heart, with the consciousness fired,
To a settled communion with JESUS aspired !

But clouds have still risen, my ardour to blight,
And the Star, that once led me, thus lost to my sight,
The strong sweeping flood of this world, and its care,
Swift hurries me back to the brink of despair.

Two rivals contend for my bosom's control ;
And Peace thus abandons her seat in my soul ;
Nor, oh LORD, till thy Spirit there absolute reign,
Can I hope she will seek that asylum again.

Oh! unfold then thy light, that these shadows may flee ;
And my warm heart may send up her incense to Thee ;
Still to Thee fondly turn, like the flow'ret, that seems
Thus adoring its sun, in return for *his* beams !

HYMN VIII.

“ There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”—HEBREWS iv.

BUT when shall I behold that Shore
 In living beauty drest ;
 Where, toss'd by Trouble's wave no more,
 The weary are at rest ?

There sin, our bitterest heart-pang here,
 Shall ne'er again annoy ;
 Nor Satan, once expell'd the sphere,
 Return to blast the joy.

How blissfully their moments run
 Beneath that endless day !
 Which needeth nor the light of sun,
 Nor moon's auxiliar ray.

Their light is His all-lustrous face,
Who ransom'd them from wrath,
And through this howling wild, to peace
Led them the narrow path.

Redeem'd, they drink their fill of joys,
Where Life's pure river flows ;
While their delight no fear alloys
That it must find a close.

No ; fearless, sinless, fully blest,
Beyond all ill remote,
Theirs is indeed a "glorious rest,"
Transcending human thought.

To lose a heritage so high,
Were sure a double death ;
Then, LORD, lest I such death should die,
Help me to live by faith !

HYMN IX.

“ Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.”

PSALM li. 10.

VOUCHSAFE me, LORD, a quiet mind,
 Content to wait below ;
 And, when thy mandate comes, resign'd,
 And eke prepared, to go.

Meanwhile, whate'er may be my lot,
 Or seeming good or ill,
 Still let my solace be the thought—
 That thus it is thy will.

Yes, let the thought all care remove,
 That I am still *thy* care ;
 Who lov'st me with e'en stronger love
 Than to myself I bear.

Though Thou nor rank, nor riches, grant,
Be this my opulence—
To live on CHRIST for every want,
The child of Providence!

He, who the berry on the tree
Hangs, for the bird to feed,
Ah! will he not provide for me,
In all my times of need?

Father! for sake of thy dear Son,
Blot from thy book the past;
Since I the years of sin bemoan,
Return'd to Thee at last.

Each evil that my heart infests,
Subdue, or take away;
But chiefly Pride, that pest of pests,
Ever the last to stay.²⁰

Yea, make my heart a Bethel, LORD!

And let thy light divine

Be there in warm effulgence pour'd,

To consecrate the shrine.

And present be Thou ever found,

That, when I fondly flee

From sorrows darkly mustering round,

Thou may'st my fortress be.

Even as the mists, from Earth that rise,

With purest ether blend,

Till favours from the balmy skies

In answering rains descend—

So, when to Heaven escapes my sigh,

In time of brooding wo;

LORD, let thy Spirit from on high

In "showers of blessings" flow!

HYMN X.

“ There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.”

ROMANS iii.

OH! what a night of darkness blind
 Involves the unawaken'd mind!
 Unlit by one celestial gleam,
 Such walk through life, as in a dream.

That were indeed a worthy fire,
 Did all to win their GOD aspire;
 But most to every meanest thing
 With child-like desperation cling.

Like the sad tree, that loathes to rise
 Toward the fostering sun and skies;
 Man turns from Heaven, his native end,
 While all his habits Hell-ward bend.

But, oh! how fearful, e'en in thought,
The infatuated victim's lot,
When from beneath him melts away
That world, which was his only stay!

JESUS! since Thou hast bled for me,
Henceforth Thou my ambition be;
And if aught here a wish may claim,
Let it ne'er damp that holier flame.

Nay, since Thou art the sum of all
That lovely, great, or good we call;
Let nought on earth be prized by me,
Save only as it points to Thee.

HYMN XI.

“ How are the mighty fallen ! ”—2 SAMUEL I.

A NOISOME cage of birds unclean ;

A field with weeds o'errun ;

A lazar-house, all death within ;

A world without a sun ;—

A deep, unsearchable abyss,

Where never calm appears ;

A mystery, a wilderness,

Whose waters are but tears !

Such, such the heart by nature is—

Polluted, dark, derang'd ;

Propense to all that is amiss,

From all that's pure estrang'd.

Where glory smiled, now settles gloom ;
Care prowls where Peace abode :
Corruption stands in Virtue's room,
And Self in place of GOD.

There, Wisdom banish'd from her throne,
Stark Folly reigns profound ;
The fabric's corner-stone is gone,
And ruin spreads around !

Look, SAVIOUR ! from thy seat on high ;
Behold this speaking case :
Expel the heart's malignity,
And fill, thyself, the space.

Rebuild, rebuild thy fallen fane ;
Each scatter'd stone restore :
Enter thy Holy place again,
And never leave it more.

HYMN XII.

“ They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.”

MATTHEW ix. 12.

SAVIOUR! how every moment may I see
 More my own misery and need of Thee!
 With sin within me, and seduction round,
 I seem to stalk o'er plague-infected ground.

This hour, some fair resolve I fondly make,
 Only the next, that fair resolve to break;
 Then, by my naked effort think to pray,
 And, in the very thought, my senses stray.

If to my mind some Scripture now shine clear,
To-morrow marks the meaning disappear ;
At present, if in Wisdom's path I glide,
Anon, like wandering star, I start aside.

Thus seems my hope, by turns obscure and bright,
To wane and wax, like some revolving light ;
While, now to pride, and now to meekness given,
I move, a pendulum, 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

But 'midst these moods my bosom can rejoice,
That Thou art still her love's deliberate choice ;
And this pure flame, o'erpowering all control,
Shall yet refine, and sweetly fill my soul !

HYMN XIII.

“Looking unto Jesus.”—HEBREWS xii. 2.

ALAS! we must not look within,
 Tranquillity to find;
 For still some lingering stain of sin
 Bedims the purest mind.

No; we must turn away our eyes
 To Calvary's scene of gloom;
 And view the bolt from vengeful skies
 Our Substitute consume!

This is the genuine, single source
Which living comfort brings ;
Hence only, the delightful course
Of heart-obedience springs.

When we believe our guilt forgiven
Through the beloved Son,
Then serve we, not to win our Heaven,
But joy'd for Heaven won.

'Tis sense of wrong, to any wrought,
That hatred of him breeds ;
But when we know th' offence forgot,
The greater love succeeds.—

(Adam, while yet he sinless stood,
Rejoiced, his King to meet ;
The presence of “ the glorious GOD ”
Made Eden's self more sweet.

But fallen, how he dreads and flees
The Being, late so loved ;
The Almighty's voice among the trees
To him as thunder proved.)—

Thus, legal dread is Satan's wile
To deepen us in sins ;
While, magnet-like, blest Mercy's smile
The soul attracts and wins.

Then, grant me, LORD, a clearer view,
Of all thy love to me ;
That I may give Thee glory due,
And live from terror free.

Since Jesus, my exclusive trust,
Did once my guilt sustain ;
Thou, holiest One ! art all too just,
To avenge that guilt again.

HYMN XIV.

“ A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse.”—SOLOMON'S SONG.”

INTO the Gospel Eden come—
Where flowers the fairest ever bloom;
Never by gust or whirlwind tost,
Never by chills of Winter lost.

No fatal Serpent e'er is found
Within this angel-guarded ground;
For the pure clime, inhaled therein,
Is certain death to aught of sin! ²¹

“ The Lily of the valleys ” spreads
Delicious perfume o’er the meads ;
While there, in peerless splendour, blows
That plant of fame, bright “ Sharon’s Rose.”

“ The Sun of Righteousness ” is there,
Diffusing, bland, his quickening air ;
The drooping flowers his rays renew,
His grace, their sweet refreshing dew.

Then, all ye virtuous, all ye wise,
Come, enter quick this Paradise ;
See all the wonders joined in one—
JESUS—the Lily, Rose, and Sun !

HYMN XV.

“ My son, give me thine heart.”—PROVERBS xxiii. 26.

THE heart is that sole gem below
Christ counts of any worth :
Brother ! on Him thy heart bestow,
Not on this idol Earth.

Thou, the created of his power,
The purchased of his death ;
His pensioner from hour to hour,
For each successive breath.

Oh ! let his charms thy heart engage,
Yea, set thy soul on fire !
It is thy highest privilege,
Him mainly to admire.

Nor a mere privilege alone,
'Twill prove thy highest bliss ;
Angels themselves experience none
More exquisite than this.

A heart, turn'd earthward, is the source
Whence misery begins ;
Rebellion in its blackest course ;
The root, the sin of sins !

Vainly all outward forms we yield,
Till we the heart devote ;
Give what we may, the heart withheld,
God deems we give him nought.

Ah, LORD! Thou must the power impart
To keep thine own commands :
Until thy SPIRIT touch the heart,
A very rock it stands.

But once display thy sun-bright beam,
That we thy beauty see,
And, all the world will sordid seem,
And black, compared with Thee!

HYMN XVI.

“ Praise him according to his excellent greatness.”—PSALM cl. 2.

WHO can express thy greatness, LORD,

Or half thy praise set forth ?

Who from the womb of Chaos dark

Didst speak Creation's birth !

Thou sowest the boundless fields of space

With systems, as with grain :

And thy dread word could sweep them all

To eldest Night again !

This goodly globe, whereon we dwell,
 ' Thou dost on nothing hang,'
E'er since thy sons, "the morning stars,"
 For joy together sang.

Thick darkness thy pavilion forms,
 'Midst clouds and waters shrin'd;
A cherub is thy chariot fleet,
 Thy wings, the volant wind.

Who would not fear Thee, lofty ONE!
 Against Thee who'd rebel?
Thee, who canst call to highest bliss,
 Or hurl to lowest hell.

Yet man, presumptuous man, will dare
 Still, still refuse to yield;
As if, from thy hot thunderbolts
 Earth's round could prove a shield!

Oh Thou, whose love is like thy power,

Infinite, free, and full ;

Thy mightiest marvel yet perform—

New-make the ruin'd soul !

Into its drear, chaotic night

Shine with immortal day ;

That we, who once in Adam died,

In CHRIST may live for aye !

HYMN XVII.

“ I waited patiently for the Lord, and he heard me.”—PSALM xl. 1.

WITH patience, LORD, through grace I waited,
Till the season should arrive ;
When, Sorrow's silent storm abated,
Thou should'st bid my heart revive.

Yet, 'midst the despotism of sadness,
How the secret hope consoled,
That soon, a bright serene of gladness
Would from clouds so dark unfold !

For Thou, who each petition hearest,
Every faintest sigh we pour ;
Art still in time of trouble nearest,
As the sun in Winter's hour.

The lofty heart with grief Thou bendest,
Like the larch beneath the wind ;
But 'tis in wo, Thou wisdom sendest,
Strengthening, while thou strik'st, the mind.

Thou, LORD, hast known my soul dejected,
While for man my smiles I kept ;
My heart-breath'd prayer Thou hast respected,
Thou wast near, while lone I wept.

For, as a slow, but constant river
Round the vale is seen to glide,
Scattering flowers and fruits, wherever
It winds on its sea-ward tide—

So, LORD, thy love, its course pursuing,
With incessant kindness teems ;
Invariably most mercies strewing,
When to us it slowest seems.

HYMN XVIII.

“ So he bringeth them to their desired haven.”—PSALM cvii. 30.

SINCE so blest is the haven we hope to attain,
Why should we lament, if our passage have pain?
Bear up, ye tired pilgrims, a brief moment more,
And your sorrows and fears will for ever be o'er!

Let Satan assault us—let darkness and care,
For the trial of Faith, all their phantoms uprear;
Let even some joys, like false lights on a coast,
Allure where our bark may be shatter'd and lost—

What then?—if we, firm, from our course never swerve,
The LORD amid danger his own will preserve ;
While CHRIST is the load-star, kept constant in view,
The voyage we cannot but safely pursue.

Then, if mariners sing, when their port is secured,
Rejoicing the more for the risks they've endured ;
Think, think how unbounded will then be our joy,
When Eternity's self shall our praises employ !

HYMN XIX.

“ The voice of my beloved ! ” — SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 8.

'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant, as Spring-time returns
On the pinions of joy-breathing gales ;
When Nature no more in her widowhood mourns,
But beauty enlivens the vales—
To mark how the flow'rs their new dresses display
To the sun, looking blithe from above ;
And to list to the children of Music, all day,
With ecstasy waking the grove.

But pleasanter far than the vernal day's smile,
And the melodies charming the ear,
Is thy glance, my loved SAVIOUR ! unskill'd to beguile,
And thy peace-speaking voice, utter'd clear.
Ah ! we tremble for storms on the sunniest sky,
To hush all the hymns of the bird ;
But the sun is still changeless, that beams in thine eye,
While truth tunes thy every word !

HYMN XX.

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.”—PSALM ciii. 2.

Now let me doubt thy truth no more,
My ever gracious, tenderest LORD!
Whose goodness in so rich a shower
Has on my worthless head been pour'd.

Through youthful years of sin and shame,
(Years which till death I must regret,)
Thy love to me flow'd on the same,
Though Thee I loved not, knew not, yet.

Ever, amid the scene of care,
When far from home and kindred cast,
In some kind friend Thou didst prepare
A Palm, to cheer me 'mid the waste!

And though I oft would doubt and sigh,
Thou ne'er to weariness wert driven;
The ill, I dreaded, still pass'd by,
The good, I scarce dared hope, was given.

Then, when the era nigher drew,
When Thou my wandering heart would'st turn,
With what blest fire Thou didst renew
That which in Hell deserved to burn!

Mild on my long-benighted soul
Rose the glad morn of glorious grace;
Dread Sinai's thunders ceas'd to roll,
While spake the "still small voice" of peace.

LORD! of thy still unwearied love
Each moment brings some token new;
Oh! let thy pillar ne'er remove,
But guide me all the desert through.

Then, while in Heaven, with clearer eyes
On thy long course of truth I gaze,
The eternal groves of Paradise
Shall echo loud my songs of praise.

HYMN XXI.

“ Praise him all ye people.”—PSALM cxvii. 1.

WIDER than the rainbow's span
Be the SAVIOUR's praise extended,
In whom justice, love to Man,
Like the rainbow's tints were blended !

He, to raise a ruin'd world,
Left, himself, Heav'n's highest station ;
Mercy's flag of truce, unfurl'd,
Waved to Earth's remotest nation.

O! the pity for a Race,
Drown'd in sin, that did constrain Him !
Ev'n his Father's dear embrace
Could not from his task detain Him.

From the darkness that o'erspread
Mortals help in vain were seeking,
Till Redemption's light was shed,
Like the morn on mountains breaking.

Then appear'd th' expected Sun,
Not in fiery clouds of thunder;
No proud pomp around Him shone,
Meek, He scorn'd the gaze of wonder.

In the East, a golden star
Went before the wise descrying,
Leading to a lovelier far—
Jesu, in the manger lying!

Faith, our star, thus shining clear,
Haste we where its ray invites us;
Seeking our MESSIAH here,
Till to Him in Heaven it lights us!

HYMN XXII.

“ Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire
in comparison of thee.”—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

LORD, I adore thy mercy vast,
In deigning thus to hear my call;
Thy hand hath loosed the snares at last,
That held my fluttering heart in thrall.

I choose Thee now my chiefest joy;
My strength, my portion, and my love;
Henceforth may'st Thou my thought employ,
All objects whatsoe'er above.

Full long hast Thou been teaching me
The vanity of earthly trust ;
And oft for mine idolatry
Pierc'd me with disappointments just.

Such be thy kindness to me still :
Ne'er suffer earth my heaven to be :
Still keep me on Faith's holy hill,
Above the world, and near to Thee.

Glorious, but much-neglected LORD !
How lost to genuine joy are they,
Who, for some worldly charm ador'd,
From Thee, their welfare, turn away.

The rivers tow'rd the ocean tend ;
The trees and flowers affect the sky ;
All creatures own their proper end ;
Man, only Man, dares his deny !

Thou art the Joy of joys ; the Spring
And Ocean of unmingled good :
The mine, whence sprang each radiant thing
Around thy vast creation strew'd.

Though, brightest in Redemption's plan,
Thine attributes display'd we view ;
There may the mightiest mind of man,
Or angel, still find wonders new.

And oh, what bliss to turn aside
And contemplate those wonders bright ;
And feel the spirit purified,
While drinking in the streams of light !

“ Chiefest among ten thousand !” Thou
All-spotless Sun of excellence !
Still keep my heart on Thee, as now,
Let life, nor death, e'er drive it hence !

HYMN XXIII.

“ Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord ! ” — PSALM c.

KING of universal nature !
 While, in wonder lost, we gaze,
 Every thing, benign Creator,
 Speaks thy power, proclaims thy praise.

Look we to those spheres of splendour,
 Which above in beauty roll ?
 All to Thee their glory tender,
 Thee with music they extol.

When the heavens explode with thunder,
 'Tis thine awful organ peals ;
When their vail is rent asunder,
 Thy dread glances it reveals.

When the rainbow, softly gleaming,
 'Mid the stormy cloud appears,
'Tis thy tender pity beaming
 Through Affliction's falling tears !

On this earth no flow'ret springeth,
 But its incense soars to Thee ;
Seas that sound, each bird that singeth,
 Laud Thee with their melody.

Then, while all around are chaunting
 Praise to Thee, their bounteous Cause,
Shall weak man alone be wanting
 In his tribute of applause ?

Man, by Nature's sweets surrounded,
 Blest enjoyer of them all;
Man, for whom his GOD was wounded,
 To redeem from ruin's thrall!—

No!—to Thee we glory render
 For the gifts we all receive;
Planets, thus, their Sun's own splendour
 Back in bright reflections give.

HYMN XXIV.

“ Surely I come quickly ; Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.”—REV. xxii. 20.

THE glorious prospect, oh, how dear,
When sin is raging fierce around,
That yet a time advances near,
When sin no longer shall be found.²²

When all shall their Redeemer know,
Far as the circling sun surveys ;
And every sound of war and wo
Be changed to songs of joy and praise.

When Sion, all her wrongs redrest,
Shall, like a Princess, sit secure ;
And o'er the world, from bosoms blest,
Sweet incense rise, and offerings pure.

Oh! ye that know IMMANUEL's name,
With ceaseless prayer besiege his throne,
That He may soon assert his claim,
And take Earth's kingdoms for his own!

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

Touch, touch our adamant hearts, &c.

“ They have made their hearts as an adamant stone.”

ZECHARIAH vii. 12.

NOTE 2.

One fount of truth alone is pure.

“ The holy Scriptures.—2 TIMOTHY iii. 15.

NOTE 3.

In sackcloth is so often shrouded.

See ISAIAH l. 3.

NOTE 4.

No; if these emigrate to other forms.

It will be recollected, that the Druids held the Pythagorean tenet of the transmigration of souls.

NOTE 5.

And give dark man to see what lies beyond the tomb.

When it is considered, that Christianity was introduced into Iona, previously to the extinction of Druidism, the sentiments, here conceived, will not appear altogether unsuitable.

NOTE 6.

So the insatiate beast of prey, &c.

The Glutton.—See BUFFON.

NOTE 7.

His own Spirit lifts a standard, &c.

“When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.”—ISAIAH lix. 19.

NOTE 8.

What, though in Time's "hand-breadth" career.

See PSALM xxxix. 5.

NOTE 9.

That rest to Faith's triumphant wings.

See ROMANS xiii. 11.

NOTE 10.

With the "old Serpent" must thou do.

See REVELATIONS xx. 2.

NOTE 11.

A rainbow on his brow.

Emblem of the Covenant of Grace.—See REVELATIONS iv. 3.

NOTE 12.

He dies far away from his native land, &c.

“At Tocat, on the 16th of October, 1819, either falling a sacrifice to the plague which then raged there, or sinking under that disorder,

which, when he penned his last words, had so greatly reduced him, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer."— *Memoir of the Rev. Henry Martyn*, pp. 473, 474.

NOTE 13.

To the Memory of the late Rev. James Gray, A.M.

The subject of this memorial was born in Berwickshire, in Scotland, about the year 1770. Having, by his talents, industry, and perseverance, risen to a very honourable eminence, both as a scholar and a writer, and acquired the acquaintance and esteem of some of the most distinguished literary characters in Britain, he was subsequently elected President of the Belfast Academy. While holding that office, he was admitted to holy orders by the present Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; and, in the course of a couple of years, conceiving a strong desire of imparting the Gospel to the heathen, obtained the appointment of a chaplaincy to the East India Company, at Bombay. Shortly after his arrival in that presidency, he was located at Bhouge, in the kingdom of Cutch, (to the north of Bombay,) and nominated tutor to the young *Rao*, or prince of that country. He now applied himself with the most devoted diligence to the various duties of his new situation, preaching regularly as resident Chaplain, and proceeding with the education of his royal pupil, whom he attended at the palace four times in the week, and who, under his instruction, made the most promising progress. In addition to these labours, and notwithstanding his advanced age, and the enervating influence of the climate, so indefatigable was his zeal, that he contrived to translate the Scriptures of the New Testament, and part of the Old, into the native language. He found the Cutch an *unwritten tongue*, and, with great skill and industry, digested both a dictionary and a grammar of that neglected dialect. At length, worn out by these complicated exertions, his health gradually declined, and, full of faith and hope in his Redeemer, he expired in a very tranquil manner, in the month of September, 1830. The demise of Mr. Gray was most honourably lamented in an official consolatory communication from the Governor of Bombay to the young *Rao*; and so distressed was the latter at the loss of his venerated preceptor, as to weep, and al-

most forego his food, for several days. He has since testified his attachment and respect for the deceased, by erecting over his remains a splendid mausoleum.

NOTE 15.

From his frame what "drops" are stealing.

"He thus did sweat in the garden, when others felt cold within; this was much: but to sweat blood, thick blood, clotted, congealed blood, (for so the words bear it,) not like that in his veins; and yet it came through his garments, and fell to the ground; this is a thing not to be comprehended."—*Sermons by Archbishop Ussher, D.D.* London, 12mo Edition, 1831.

NOTE 16.

E'en though upon no grander field, &c.

The work of Redemption.

NOTE 17.

*While they should leave an execrated name,
And latest times the atrocious rapine rue!*

With the foregoing Sonnet the following sentiments of Dr. Chalmers, on the subject of the Establishment, may not seem unsuitable. That great and good man, in a sermon, preached not very long since, in the vicinity of Bristol, is reported thus beautifully to have expressed himself— "I hold the establishment to be not only a great Christian good, but one indispensable to the upholding of a diffused Christianity throughout the land. In spite of all the imputations and errors which its greatest enemies have laid to its door, we hold, that on the alternative of its existence or non-existence there would hang a most fearful odds to the Christianity of England. We are ready to admit, that the working of the apparatus might be made greatly more efficient; but we must, at the same time, contend that were it taken down, the result would be tantamount to a moral blight on the length and breadth of our land. We think it might be demonstrated, that were the ministrations of your Established Church to be done away, they would never be replaced by all the zeal, energy, and talent of

private adventurers. Instead of the frequent parish church, that most beautiful of all spectacles to a truly Christian heart, because to him the richest in moral associations, with its tower peeping forth from amidst the verdure of the trees in which it is embosomed, there would be presented to the eye of the traveller only rare and thinly-scattered meeting-houses. The cities might, indeed, continue to be supplied with regular preaching, but innumerable villages and hamlets, left dependent on a precarious itinerancy, would be speedily reduced to the condition of a moral waste. Our peasants would again become Pagans, or, under the name and naked form of Christianity, would sink into the blindness and brutishness and sad alienation of paganism."

Nore 18.

Still nears Jehovah's reign.

At a period when the nature of the Millennium continues to be subject of so much speculation, and so much unhappy controversy, the following sage reflections of the eminently learned, and no less eminently pious, Bishop Hall, cannot, methinks, be too widely circulated, and I willingly enrich my pages with so rare a gem—"Oh blessed Saviour, what strange variety of conceits do I find concerning thy thousand years reign! What riddles are there in that prophecy which no human tongue can read! Where to fix the beginning of that marvellous millenary, and where the end; and what manner of reign it shall be, whether temporal or spiritual, on earth or in heaven, undergoes as many constructions, as there are pens that have undertaken it; and yet, when all is done, I see thine apostle speaking only of the souls of thy martyrs reigning with thee, not of thy reigning on earth so long with thy martyrs. How busy are the tongues of men; how are their brains taken up with the interminable construction of this enigmatical truth, when, in the mean time, the care of thy spiritual reign in their hearts is neglected! O! my Saviour, while others weary themselves with the disquisition of thy personal reign here upon earth for a thousand years, let it be the whole bent and study of my soul to make sure of my personal reign with thee in heaven to all eternity."

To those who wish for what the writer considers sound divinity on the subject of the Millennium, the following works are humbly recommended—Two Sermons, by Dr. Wardlaw, at the end of his last volume of Discourses; also, a Sermon on “The Final Judgment,” by the Rev. Andrew Reed, published by Holdsworth & Ball, London.

NOTE 19.

The writer feels assured that, in these sentiments, he will have the concurrence of every sound and well-disposed mind. The times in which we live are pre-eminently “perilous;”—times, in which the adversary is unusually busy in sowing tares among the wheat. “The devil is come down unto us, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.”—Rev. xii. 12. Accordingly, new sects are springing up almost every week, and it seems to be totally forgotten, that there is such a sin as “*schism*.” What a ground for grief!—what a cause for prayer! Were the Church—I mean the Church Universal—indeed as “a city at unity with itself,” she might bid defiance to all her besiegers; but the misery is, that, while “without are fightings,” within are fightings also. She has enemies within the walls—she is wounded in the house of her friends—she is rent, and torn, and divided, and distracted, by those who profess themselves her children. O! what reason have they to fear that denounced by the Apostle, (Gal. v. 12,)—“I would they were even cut off which trouble you!” What need have they to be reminded of that which is written, again, (1 Cor. i. 10,)—“Now, I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.” How happy would it be for mankind, if that wise counsel of Bishop Hall to his brother, a candidate for the ministry, were more attended to, and acted upon—“Let me advise you, to walk ever in the beaten road of the Church; not to run out into single paradoxes. And if you meet at any time with private conceits, that seem more probable, suspect them and yourself; and if they can win you to assent, yet smother them in your breast, and do not dare to

vent them out, either by your hand or tongue, to trouble the common peace. It is a miserable praise, to be a witty disturber."—*Bishop Hall's Works*, folio edition, p. 333.

In fine; let all, who wish well to Zion, be more "instant in prayer," that GOD may "inspire continually the Universal Church with a spirit of truth, unity, and concord; and grant that all they that do confess his holy name, may agree in the truth of his holy word, and live in unity and godly love." "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love her."—PSALM cxxii. 6.

NOTE 20.

Ever the last to stay.

"Pride, a vice which cleaveth so fast unto the hearts of men, that if we were to strip ourselves of all faults, one by one, we should undoubtedly find it the very last and hardest to put off."—*Hooker's Learned Sermon of the Nature of Pride.*"

NOTE 21.

For the pure clime inhaled therein, &c.

An allusion to the atmosphere of Ireland, wherein, it has been supposed, though I believe erroneously, that no reptile of a venomous nature is able to survive.

NOTE 22.

When sin no longer shall be found.

"All will be righteous in that day." Every vessel in the Lord's house, from the greatest to the least, will be holiness to the Lord; nor shall there any more be the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of Hosts.—*Sermon on the Millennium, by the Rev. C. Simeon, M.A.*

See PSALM xxii. 27; ISAIAH lx. 17—21; ZECHARIAH xiv. 20, 21; REVELATIONS xx. 2, 3.

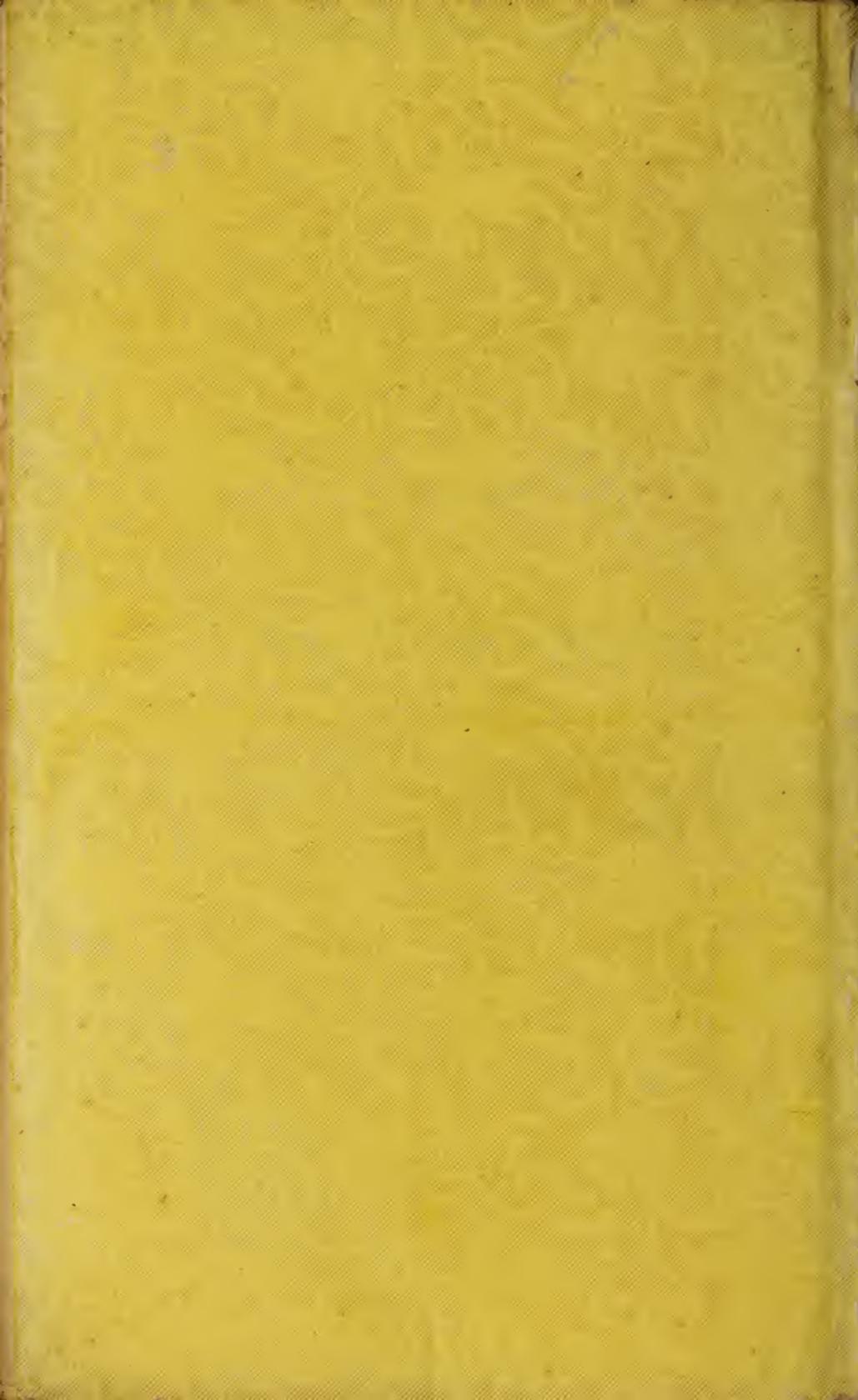
ERRATA.

Page 29, for *a bliss* read *of bliss*.

76, for *This energetic Spirit* read *Thy energetic, &c.*

84, for *Earth affords* read *Earth supplies*.





1-6

