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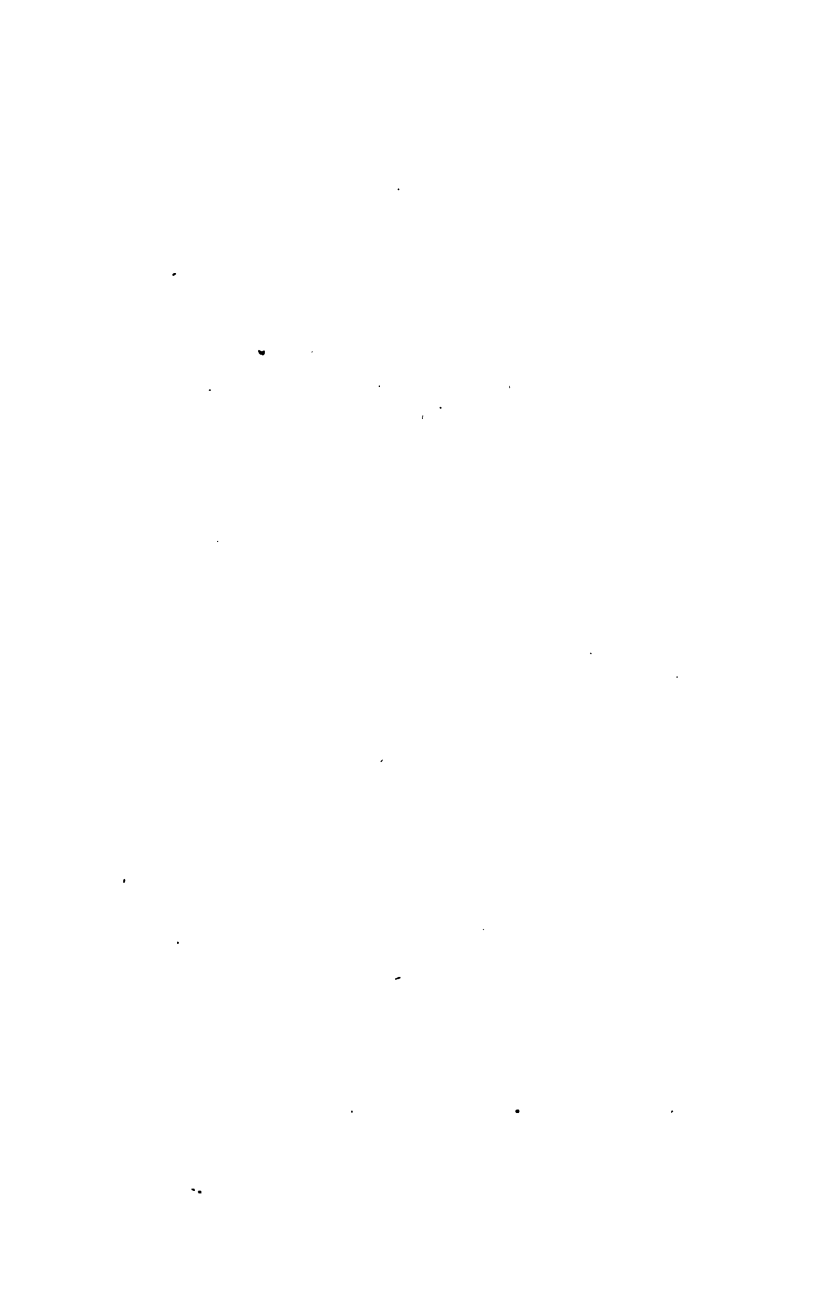
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THE
SABBATH,
WITH
SABBATH WALKS, &c.



THE
SABBATH,
WITH
SABBATH WALKS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES GRAHAME.

Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest ;
that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid,
and the stranger, may be refreshed....Exod. xiii. 12.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

IN the first of the following Poems, I have endeavoured to describe some of the pleasures and duties peculiar to the seventh day. The appropriation of so considerable a portion of human life to religious services, to domestic enjoyment, and to meditative leisure, is a most important branch of the divine dispensation. The extent of the boon appears in its most striking light, when we consider the days of rest in any given period, as accumulated into one sum.—He who has seen three-score and ten years, has lived *ten years of Sabbaths.*



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THE
SABBATH:
A POEM.

*Euce sacra requiescat humus, requiescat arator,
Et grave, suspenso vomere, cesset opus:*

THE
SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song:
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of teded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,

The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods :
The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, SABBATH ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.

On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely ; the ground
Both seat and board ; screened from the winter's cold,
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree ;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, SABBATH ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke ;
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on HIM, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,

He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one SABBATH without end.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls :
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe :
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground :
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleased ;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God ; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel ; with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise, and read th' anointed shepherd's lays.
His locks of snow, his brow serene,—his look
Of love, it speaks, “ Ye are my children all,
The gray-haired man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye .

Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."

Loud swells the song: O, how that simple song,

Though rudely chaunted, how it melts the heart,

Commingling soul with soul in one full tide

Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust!

Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,

Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low,

But earnest.—Altered is the tone; to man

Are now addressed the sacred speaker's words.

Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,

Flow from his tongue: O chief let comfort flow!

It is most wanted in this vale of tears:

Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy;

The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield

Held o'er his friendless head; the orphan child

Feel, mid his tears, I have a father still!

'Tis done. But hark that infant querulous voice!

Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear:

And see the father raise the white-robed babe

In solemn dedication to the Lord:

The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretched hand
The face of innocence ; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of Him,
Who said, *Let little children come to me ;*
Forbid them not * : The infant is replaced
Among the happy band : they, smilingly,
In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
Remembered long.

Nor would I leave unsung
The lofty ritual of our sister land :
In vestment white, the minister of God
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.

* " And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK x. 13, 14, 15, 16.

The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full :
The people rising, sing, *With harp, with harp,*
And voice of psalms ; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend ; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a mellowed stop controuls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recal the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud-rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir : Sublime,
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward : afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch :
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still : his heart is cheered ;
He smiles on death ; but, ah ! a wish will rise,—

"—Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
 No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow ;
 My heart would sing ; and many a Sabbath-day
 My steps should thither turn ; or, wandering far
 In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
 There would I bless His name who led me forth
 From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets ;
 Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
 Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

It is not only in the sacred fane
 That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
 There is a temple, one not made with hands,—
 The vaulted firmament : Far in the woods,
 Almost beyond the sound of city-chime,
 At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
 When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
 Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;
 When not a flowret bends its little stalk,
 Save where the bee alights upon the bloom ;—

There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon ;
Silence his praise : his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.—

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps : the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unscen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,

Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they homely resort. O blissful days !
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame ! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name ! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture, and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death ;—old men, and youths, and simple maids.

With them each day was holy ; but that morn
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*
Was laid, joyous arose ; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, thro' woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas : Fast by such brooks,
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, SCOTIA, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host),
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud

Acclaim of praise ; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear *
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed ; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice : He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake : Over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest:—
Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
I am the resurrection and the life.
Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years:—'twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could;
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,

That ne'er besought in vain, save when she prayed
For longer life, with heart resigned to die,—
Rejoiced to die ; for happy visions blessed
Her voyage's last days *, and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh :—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips ! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused ! Those eyes are closed :
But all her loveliness is not yet flown :
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile ; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

* Towards the end of Columbus's voyage to the new world, when he was already near, but not in sight of land, the drooping hopes of his mariners (for his own confidence seems to have remained unmoved) were revived by the appearance of birds, at first hovering round the ship, and then lighting on the rigging.

Again that knell! The slow procession stops :
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick-embossed
With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age), appears
Unveiled, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite. Oh! hark that sullen sound!
Upon the lowered bier the shovelled clay
Falls fast, and fills the void.—

But who is he,
That stands aloof, with haggard wistful eye,
As if he coveted the closing grave?
And he does covet it, his wish is death:
The dread resolve is fixed; his own right-hand
Is sworn to do the deed: The day of rest
No peace, no comfort, brings his woe-worn spirit:
Self-cursed, the hallowed dome he dreads to enter;
He dares not pray; he dares not sigh a hope;
Annihilation is his only heaven.
Loathsome the converse of his friends! he shuns

The human face ; in every careless eye
Suspicion of his purpose seems to lurk.
Deep piny shades he loves, where no sweet note
Is warbled, where the rook unceasing caws :
Or far in moors, remote from house or hut,
Where animated nature seems extinct,
Where even the hum of wandering bee ne'er breaks
The quiet slumber of the level waste ;
Where vegetation's traces almost fail,
Save where the leafless cannachs wave their tufts
Of silky white, or massy oaken trunks
Half-buried lie, and tell where greenwoods grew,—
There, on the heathless moss outstretched, he broods
O'er all his ever-changing plans of death :
The time, place, means, sweep like a stormy rack,
In fleet succession, o'er his clouded soul,—
The poignard,—and the opium draught, that brings
Death by degrees, but leaves an awful chasm
Between the act and consequence,—the flash.

Sulphureous, fraught with instantaneous death ;—
The ruined tower perched on some jutting rock, .
So high that, 'tween the leap and dash below,
The breath might take its flight in midway air,—
'This pleases for a time ; but on the brink,
Back from the toppling edge his fancy shrinks
In horror ; sleep at last his breast becalms,—
He dreams 'tis done ; but starting wild awakes,
Resigning to despair his dream of joy.
Then hope, faint hope, revives—hope, that Despair
May to his aid let loose the demon Frenzy,
To lead scared conscience blindfold o'er the brink
Of self-destruction's cataract of blood.
Most miserable, most incongruous wretch !
Dar'st thou to spurn thy life, the boon of God,
Yet darest to approach his holy place !
O dare to enter in ! may be some word,
Or sweetly-chaunted strain, will in thy heart
Awake a chord in unison with life.

What are thy fancied woes to his, whose fate
Is (sentence dire !) incurable disease,—
The outcast of a lazar-house, homeless,
Or with a home where eyes do scowl on him !
Yet he, even he, with feeble step draws near,
With trembling voice joins in the song of praise.
Patient he waits the hour of his release ;
He knows he has a home beyond the grave.

Or turn thee to that house with studded doors,
And iron-visor'd windows ;—even there
The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, though faint ;
The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)
Have time to visit him ; the blossoming pea,
That climbs the rust-worn bars, seems fresher tinged ;
And on the little turf, this day renewed,
The lark, his prison mate, quivers the wing
With more than wonted joy. See, through the bars,
That pallid face retreating from the view,

That glittering eye following, with hopeless look,
The friends of former years, now passing by
In peaceful fellowship to worship God :
With them, in days of youthful years, he roamed
O'er hill and dale, o'er broomy knowe ; and wist
As little as the blythest of the band
Of this his lot ; condemned, condemned unheard,
The party for his judge :—among the throng,
The Pharisaical hard-hearted man
He sees pass on, to join the heaven-taught prayer,
Forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors :
From unforgiving lips most impious prayer !
O happier far the victim, than the hand
That deals the legal stab ! The *injured* man
Enjoys internal, settled calm ; to him
The Sabbath bell sounds peace ; he loves to meet
His fellow-sufferers, to pray and praise :
And many a prayer, as pure as e'er was breathed
In holy fanes, is sighed in prison halls.

Ah me ! that clank of chains, as kneel and rise
The death-doomed row. But see, a smile illumines
The face of some ; perhaps they're guiltless : Oh !
And must high-minded honesty endure
The ignominy of a felon's fate !
No, 'tis not ignominious to be wronged ;
No ;—conscious exultation swells their hearts,
To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
The mark which rashness branded on their names
Shall be effaced ;—when, wafted on life's storm,
Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies ;—
As birds, from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast
Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,
But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,—
Swept o'er the deep to ALBION's genial isle,
Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
And join in harmony unheard before.

The land is groaning 'neath the guilt of blood
Spilt wantonly : for every death-doomed man,
Who, in his boyhood, has been left untaught
That *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,*
And all her paths are peace, unjustly dies.
But ah ! how many are thus left untaught,—
How many would be left, but for the band
United to keep holy to the Lord
A portion of His day, by teaching those
Whom Jesus loved with forth-stretched hand to bless !
Behold yon motley train, by two and two,
Each with a Bible 'neath its little arm,
Approach, well-pleased as if they went to play,
The dome where simple lore is learnt unbought :
And mark the father 'mid the sideway throng ;—
Well do I know him by his glistening eye,
That follows stedfastly one of the line.
A dark sea-faring man he looks to be ;
And much it glads his boding heart to think,

That when once more he sails the valled deep,
His child shall still receive Instruction's boon,
But hark,—a noise,—a cry,—a gleam of swords!—
Resistance is in vain,—he's borne away,
Nor is allowed to clasp his weeping child.

My innocent, so helpless, yet so gay!
How could I bear to be thus rudely torn
From thee;—to see thee lift thy little arm,
And impotently strike the ruffian man,—
To hear thee bid him chidingly,—begone!

O ye, who live at home, and kiss each eve
Your sleeping infants ere ye go to rest,
And, 'wakened by their call, lift up your eyes
Upon their morning smile,—think, think of those
Who, torn away without one farewell word
To wife, or children, sigh the day of life
In banishment from all that's dear to man,—

O raise your voices, in one general peal
Remonstrant, for the opprest. And ye, who sit
Month after month devising impost-laws,
Give some small portion of your midnight vigils,
To mitigate, if not remove the wrong.

Relentless Justice ! with fate-furrowed brow !
Wherefore to various crimes of various guilt,
One penalty, the most severe, allot ?
Why, palled in state, and mitred with a wreath
Of nightshade, dost thou sit portentously,
Beneath a cloudy canopy of sighs,
Of fears, of trembling hopes, of boding doubts ?
Death's dart thy mace !—Why are the laws of God,
Statutes promulged in characters of fire *,

* “ And it came to pass on the third day in the morning,
that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud
upon the Mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud ;
so that all the people that was in the camp trembled.”—
Exod. xix. 16.

Despised in deep concerns, where heavenly guidance
Is most required? The murderer,—let *him* die,
And him who lifts his arm against his parent,
His country,—or his voice against his God.
Let crimes less heinous, dooms less dreadful meet,
Than loss of life ! so said the law divine,
That law beneficent, which mildly stretched,
To men forgotten and forlorn, the hand
Of *restitution* : Yes, the trumpet's voice
The Sabbath of the jubilee * announced :

* “ And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years ; and the space of the seven Sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month ; in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof : it shall be a jubilee unto you ; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.”—
LEV. xxv. 8. 9. 10.

The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
At once, in every city, echoing rings,
From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
So loud, that far within the desert's verge
The couching lion starts, and glares around.
Free is the bondman now, each one returns
To his inheritance: The man, grown old
In servitude far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way; no hills are steep,
Smooth is each rugged path; his little ones
Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers:
At length the hill, from which a farewell look,
And still another parting look, he cast
On his paternal vale, appears in view:
The summit gained, throbs hard his heart with joy
And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more:
Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
Where first he saw the light: his youngest born

He lifts, and, pointing to the much-loved spot,
Says,—“ There thy fathers lived, and there they sleep.”
Onward he wends ; near and more near he draws :
How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bowered brook !
The sun-beam slanting through the cedar grove
How lovely, and how mild ! but lovelier still
The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
Scarce known at first ! and dear the fig-tree shade,
'Neath which on Sabbath eve his father told *
Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,
Led through the desert to the promised land ;—
With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,

* “ And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart : And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.—Thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt ; and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand.”—DEUT. vi. 6. 7. 21.

And with his tears the furrowed bark bedews ;
And still, at midnight-hour, he thinks he hears
The blissful sound that brake the bondman's chains,
The glorious peal of freedom and of joy !

Did ever law of *man* a power like this
Display ? power marvellous as merciful,
Which, though in *other* ordinances still
Most plainly seen, is yet but little marked
For what it truly is,—a miracle !
Stupendous, ever new, performed at once
In every region,—yea, on every sea
Which EUROPE'S navies plow ;—yes, in all lands
From pole to pole, or civilized or rude,
People there are, to whom the *Sabbath* morn
Dawns, shedding dews into their drooping hearts ;
Yes, far beyond the high-heaved western wave,
Amid COLUMBIA'S wildernesses vast,
The words which God in thunder from the mount

Of Sinai spake, are heard, and are obeyed.
Thy children, SCOTIA, in the desert land,
Driven from their homes by fell Monopoly,
Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
Assembled under loftiest canopy
Of trees primeval, soon to be laid low,
They sing, *By Babel's streams we sat and wept.*

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent !
In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,
Though round our board smile all the friends we love,
The face of nature wears a stranger's look.
Yea, though the valley which we loved be swept
Of its inhabitants, none left behind,
Not even the poor blind man who sought his bread
From door to door, still, still there is a want ;
Yes, even he, round whom a night that knows
No dawn is ever spread, whose native vale

Presented to his closed eyes a blank,—
Deplores its distance now. There well he knew
Each object, though unseen ; there could he wend
His way, guideless, through wilds and mazy woods ;
Each aged tree, spared when the forest fell,
Was his familiar friend, from the smooth birch,
With rind of silken touch, to the rough elm :
The three gray stones, that marked where heroes lay,
Mourned by the harp, mourned by the melting voice
Of Cona, oft his resting-place had been ;
Oft had they told him that his home was near :
The tinkle of the rill, the murmuring
So gentle of the brook, the torrent's rush,
The cataract's din, the ocean's distant roar,
The echo's answer to his foot or voice ;
All spoke a language which he understood,
All warned him of his way. But most he feels,
Upon the hallowed morn, the saddening change :
No more he hears the gladsome village bell

Ring the blest summons to the house of God :
And,—for the voice of psalms, loud, solemn, grand,
That cheered his darkling path, as with slow step
And feeble, he toiled up the spire-topt hill,—
A few faint notes ascend among the trees.

What though the clustered vine there hardly tempts
The traveller's hand ; though birds of dazzling plume
Perch on the loaded boughs :—“ Give me thy woods,
(Exclaims the banished man), thy barren woods,
Poor SCOTLAND ! sweeter there the reddening haw,
The sloe, or rowan's * bitter bunch, than here
The purple grape ; dearer the red-breast's note,
That mourns the fading year in SCOTIA'S vales,
Than Philomel's, where spring is ever new ;
More dear to me the redbreast's sober suit,
So like a withered leaflet, than the glare
Of gaudy wings, that make the Iris dim.”

* Mountain-ash.

Nor is regret exclusive to the old :
The boy, whose birth was midway o'er the main,
A ship his cradle, by the billows rocked,—
“ The nursling of the storm,”—although he claims
No native land, yet does he wistful hear
Of some far distant country, still called *home*,
Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills ;
Where gold-specked fishes wanton in the streams ;
Where little birds, when snow-flakes dim the air,
Light on the floor, and peck the table-crumbs,
And with their singing cheer the winter day.

But what the loss of country to the woes
Of banishment and solitude combined !
Oh ! my heart bleeds to think there now may live
One hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,
Cast on some desert island of that main
Immense, which stretches from the Cochin shore
To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,

As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days,
With wandering eye, o'er all the watery waste ;
Now striving to believe the albatross
A sail appearing on the horizon's verge ;
Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope
Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary hours,
Till welcome evening warn him that 'tis time
Upon the shell-notched calendar to mark
Another day, another dreary day,—
Changeless,—for in these regions of the sun,
The wholesome law that dooms mankind to toil,
Bestowing grateful interchange of rest
And labour, is annulled ; for there the trees,
Adorned at once with bud, and flower, and fruit,
Drop, as the breezes blow, a shower of bread
And blossoms on the ground : But yet by him,
The Hermit of the Deep, not unobserved
The Sabbath passes.—'Tis his great delight.
Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,

And loves, and sighs to think,—that setting sun
Is now empurpling SCOTLAND'S mountain-tops,
Or, higher risen, slants athwart her vales,
Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat
Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below
Chaunt in the dewy shade. Thus all night long
He watches, while the rising moon describes
The progress of the day in happier lands.
And now he almost fancies that he hears
The chiming from his native village church :
And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain
May be the same that sweet ascends at home
In congregation full,—where, not without a tear,
They are remembered who in ships behold
The wonders of the deep * : he sees the hand,
The widowed hand, that veils the eye suffused ;

* “ They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”—PSAL. cvii.

He sees his orphan'd boy look up, and strive
The widowed heart to soothe. His spirit leans
On God. Nor does he leave his weekly vigil,
Though tempests ride o'er welkin-lashing waves
On winds of cloudless wing *; though lightnings burst
So vivid, that the stars are hid and seen
In awful alternation : Calm he views
The far-exploding firmament, and dares
To hope—one bolt in mercy is reserved
For his release ; and yet he is resigned
To live ; because full well he is assured,
Thy hand does lead him, thy right hand upholds †.

And thy right hand does lead him. Lo ! at last,

* In the tropical regions, the sky during storms is often without a cloud.

† “ If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”—*PSAL. CXXXIX.*

One sacred eve, he hears, faint from the deep,
Music remote, swelling at intervals,
As if the embodied spirit of sweet sounds
Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave :
The cadence well he knows,—a hymn of old,
Where sweetly is rehearsed the lowly state
Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced
In midnight music, by an angel choir,
To Bethlehem's shepherds*, as they watch'd their flocks.

* “ And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”—LUKE ii. 8.—14.

Breathless, the man forlorn listens, and thinks
It is a dream. Fuller the voices swell.
He looks, and starts to see, moving along,
A fiery wave *, (so seems it), crescent formed,
Approaching to the land ; straightway he sees
A towering whiteness ; 'tis the heaven-filled sails
That waft the missioned men, who have renounced
Their homes, their country, nay, almost the world,
Beating glad tidings to the farthest isles
Of ocean, that *the dead shall rise again*.
Forward the gleam-girt castle coastwise glides.
It seems as it would pass away. To cry
The wretched man in vain attempts, in vain,
Powerless his voice as in a fearful dream :

* " In some seas, as particularly about the coast of Malabar, as a ship floats along, it seems during the night to be surrounded with fire, and to leave a long tract of light behind it. Whenever the sea is gently agitated, it seems converted into little stars ; every drop as it breaks emits light, like bodies electrified in the dark."—DARWIN.

Not so his hand : he strikes the flint,—a blaze
Mounts from the ready heap of withered leaves :
The music ceases, accents harsh succeed,
Harsh, but most grateful : downward drop the sails ;
Ingulphed the anchor sinks ; the boat is launched ;
But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn :
O then the transport of the man, unused
To other human voice beside his own,—
His native tongue to hear ! he breathes at homo,
Though earth's diameter is interposed.
Of perils of the sea he has no dread,
Full well assured the missioned bark is safe,
Held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand.
(And signal thy deliverances have been
Of these thy messengers of peace and joy.)
From storms that loudly threaten to unfix
Islands rock-rooted in the ocean's bed,
Thou dost deliver them,—and from the calm,
More dreadful than the storm, when motionless.

Upon the purple deep the vessel lies
For days, for nights, illumed by phosphor lamps ;
When sea-birds seem in nests of flame to float ;
When backward starts the boldest mariner
To see, while o'er the side he leans, his face
As if deep-tinged with blood.—

Let worldly men

The cause and combatants contemptuous scorn,
And call fanatics them, who hazard health
And life, in testifying of the truth ;
Who joy and glory in the cross of Christ !
What were the Galilean fishermen
But messengers, commissioned to announce
The resurrection, and the life to come !
They too, though clothed with power of mighty works
Miraculous, were oft received with scorn ;
Oft did their words fall powerless, though enforced
By deeds that marked Omnipotence their friend :
But, when their efforts failed, unweariedly

They onward went, rejoicing in their course.
Like helianthus *, borne on downy wings
To distant realms, they frequent fell on soils
Barren and thankless ; yet oft-times they saw
Their labours crowned with fruit an hundred fold,
Saw the new converts testify their faith
By works of love,—the slave set free, the sick
Attended, prisoners visited, the poor
Received as brothers at the rich man's board.
Alas ! how different now the deeds of men
Nursed in the faith of Christ !—the free, made slaves !
Torn from their country, borne across the deep,
Enchained, endungeoned, forced by stripes to live,
Doomed to behold their wives, their little ones,
Trembling beneath the white man's fiend-like frown !
Yet even to scenes like these, the SABBATH brings

* Sun flower. " The seeds of many plants of this kind are furnished with a plume, by which admirable mechanism they are disseminated far from their parent stem."—DARWIN.

Alleviation of the enormous woe:—

The oft-reiterated stroke is still ;

The clotted scourge hangs hardening in the shrouds.

But see, the demon man, whose trade is blood,

With dauntless front, convene his ruffian crew,

To hear the sacred service read. Accursed,

The wretch's bile-tinged lips profane the word

Of God : Accursed, he ventures to pronounce

The decalogue, nor falters at that law,

Wherein 'tis written, *Thou shalt do no murder* :

Perhaps, while yet the words are on his lips,

He hears a dying mother's parting groan ;

He hears her orphan'd child, with lisping plaint,

Attempt to rouse her from the sleep of death.

O England ! England ! wash thy purpled hands

Of this foul sin, and never dip them more

In guilt so damnable ! *then* lift them up

In supplication to that God, whose name

Is Mercy ; then thou may'st, without the risk
Of drawing vengeance from the surcharged clouds,
Implore protection to thy menaced shores ;
Then God will blast the tyrant's arm that grasps
The thunderbolt of ruin o'er thy head ;
Then will he turn the wolvish race to prey
Upon each other ; then will he arrest
The lava torrent, causing it regorge
Back to its source with fiery desolation.

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
'Tis War alone that never violates
The hallowed day by simulate respect,—
By hypocritic rest: No, no, the work proceeds.
From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags *,
That give the sign to slip the leash from slaughter.
The bells, whose knoll a holy calmness poured:

* Church steeples are frequently used as signal-posts.

Into the good man's breast,—whose sound solaced
The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire—
Pealing with sulphurous tongue, speak death-fraught
words :

From morn to eve Destruction revels frenzied,
Till at the hour when peace-ful vesper-chimes
Were wont to soothe the ear, the trumpet sounds
Pursuit and flight altern ; and for the song
Of larks, descending to their grass-bowered homes,
The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they slake
Their thirst in hoof-prints filled with gore, disturbs
The stupor of the dying man ; while Death
Triumphantly sails down the ensanguined stream,
On corses throned, and crowned with shivered boughs,
That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide *.

* After a heavy cannonade, the shivered branches of trees, and the corpses of the killed, are seen floating together down the rivers.

And what the harvest of these bloody fields?
A double weight of fetters to the slave,
And chains on arms that wielded Freedom's sword.
Spirit of TELL! and art thou doomed to see
Thy mountains, that confessed no other chains
Than what the wintry elements had forged,—
Thy vales, where Freedom, and her stern compeer,
Proud virtuous Poverty, their noble state
Maintained, amid surrounding threats of wealth,
Of superstition, and tyrannic sway——
Spirit of TELL! and art thou doomed to see
That land subdued by slavery's basest slaves;
By men, whose lips pronounce the sacred name
Of Liberty, then kiss the despot's foot?
HELVETIA! hadst thou to thyself been true,
Thy dying sons had triumphed as they fell:
But 'twas a glorious effort, though in vain.
Aloft thy Genius, 'mid the sweeping clouds,
The flag of freedom spread; bright in the storm

The streaming meteor waved, and far it gleamed ;
But, ah ! 'twas transient as the Iris' arch,
Glanced from Leviathan's ascending shower,
When mid the mountain waves heaving his head.
Already had the friendly-seeming foe
Possessed the snow-piled ramparts of the land :
Down like an avalanche they rolled, they crushed
The temple, palace, cottage, every work
Of art and nature, in one common ruin.
The dreadful crush is o'er, and peace ensues,—
The peace of desolation, gloomy, still :
Each day is hushed as Sabbath ; but, alas !
No Sabbath-service glads the seventh day !
No more the happy villagers are seen,
Winding adown the rock-hewn paths, that wont
To lead their footsteps to the house of prayer ;
But, far apart, assembled in the depth
Of solitudes, perhaps a little groupe
Of aged men, and orphan boys, and maids

Bereft, list to the breathings of the holy man,
Who spurns an oath of fealty to the power
Of rulers chosen by a tyrant's nod.
No more, as dies the rustling of the breeze,
Is heard the distant vesper-hymn ; no more
At gloamin hour, the plaintive strain, that links
His country to the SWITZER's heart, delights
The loosening team ; or if some shepherd boy
Attempt the strain, his voice soon faltering stops ;
He feels his country now a foreign land.

O SCOTLAND ! canst thou for a moment brook
The mere imagination, that a fate
Like this should e'er be thine ! that o'er these hills
And dear-bought vales, whence WALLACE, DOUGLAS,
BRUCE,
Repelled proud EDWARD's multitudinous hordes,
A Gallic foe, that abject race, should rule !
No, no ! let never hostile standard touch

Thy shore : rush, rush into the dashing brine,
And crest each wave with steel ; and should the stamp
Of Slavery's footstep violate the strand,
Let not the tardy tide efface the mark ;
Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood !

Thrice happy he who, far in Scottish glen
Retired, (yet ready at his country's call),
Has left the restless emmet-hill of man !
He never longs to read the saddening tale
Of endless wars ; and seldom does he hear
The tale of woe ; and ere it reaches him,
Rumour, so loud when new, has died away
Into a whisper, on the memory borne
Of casual traveller :—as on the deep,
Far from the sight of land, when all around
Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell,
That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

O SCOTLAND! much I love thy tranquil dales:
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the gray-haired man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone
Into his garden-plot, or little field,
To commune with his God in secret prayer,—
To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
His children are about him: Sweet, meantime,
The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought; he joys to think
His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
More happy far that man, though bowed down,

Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
The glorious promise of the life to come,—
Clinging to death.

Or mark that female face,
The faded picture of its former self,—
The garments coarse, but clean ;—frequent at church
I've noted such a one, feeble and pale,
Yet standing, with a look of mild content,
Till beckoned by some kindly hand to sit.
She has seen better days ; there was a time,
Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give
To those who were in want ; but now old age,
And lingering disease, have made her helpless.
Yet she is happy, aye, and she is wise,
(Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown),
Although her Bible is her only book ;
And she is rich, although her only wealth

Is recollection of a well-spent life—
Is expectation of the life to come.
Examine here, explore the narrow path
In which she walks ; look not for virtuous deeds
In history's arena, where the prize
Of fame, or power, prompts to heroic acts.
Peruse the *lives* themselves of men obscure :—
There charity, that robs itself to give ;
There fortitude in 'sickness, nursed by want ;
There courage, that expects no tongue to praise ;
There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep hid,
With no alloy of selfish motive mixed.
The poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
Is prized more highly in the sight of Him
Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
That scarce can know their countless treasures less * :

* “ And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury ; and many that

Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's breast
To see distress, and feel his willing arm
Palsied by penury, ascends to heaven ;
While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.

And should all bounty, that is clothed with power,
Be deemed unworthy?—Far be such a thought !
Even when the rich bestow, there are sure tests
Of genuine charity: Yes, yes, let wealth
Give other alms than silver or than gold,—
Time, trouble, toil, attendance, watchfulness,

were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."—MARK XII. 41.—44.

Exposure to disease ;—yes, let the rich
Be often seen beneath the sick man's roof ;
Or cheering, with inquiries from the heart,
And hopes of health, the melancholy range
Of couches in the public wards of woe :
There let them often bless the sick man's bed,
With kind assurances that all is well
At home ; that plenty smiles upon the board,—
The while the hand, that earned the frugal meal,
Can hardly raise itself in sign of thanks.
Above all duties, let the rich man search
Into the cause he knoweth not, nor spurn
The suppliant wretch as guilty of a crime.

Ye blessed with *wealth* ! (another name for *power*
Of doing good), O would ye but devote
A little portion of each seventh day,
To acts of *justice* to your fellow men !
The house of mourning silently invites :

Shun not the crowded alley ; prompt descend
Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp ;
Nor seem impatient to be gone : Inquire,
Console, instruct, encourage, soothe, assist ;
Read, pray, and sing a new song to the Lord ;
Make tears of joy down grief-worn furrows flow.

O Health ! thou sun of life, without whose beam
The fairest scenes of nature seem involved
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
Once more ; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope,
That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray !
Though transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,
Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
Music ! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul ;—
So light its loveliest effect displays
In lowering skies, when through the murky rack

A slanting sun-beam shoots, and instant limns
The ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendour from the gloom :
O Music! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
This breast perturbed; thy voice, though mournful,
 soothes ;
And mournful ay are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs,—
The autumn of the spring. Enchanting power !
Who, by thy airy spell, canst whirl the mind
Far from the busy haunts of men, to vales
Where TWEED or YARROW flows ; or, spurning time,
Recal red FLODDEN field ; or suddenly
Transport, with altered strain, the deafened ear
To LINDEN'S plain !—But what the pastoral lay,
The melting dirge, the battle's trumpet-peal,
Compared to notes with sacred numbers linked
In union, solemn, grand ! O then the spirit,
Upborne on pinions of celestial sound,

Soars to the throne of God, and ravished hears
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices rise
In halleluias,—voices, that erewhile
Were feebly tuned perhaps to low-breathed hymns
Of solace in the chambers of the poor,—
The Sabbath worship of the friendless sick.

Blest be the female votaries, whose days
No Sabbath of their pious labours prove,
Whose lives are consecrated to the toil
Of ministering around the uncurtained couch
Of pain and poverty ! Blest be the hands,
The lovely hands, (for beauty, youth, and grace,
Are oft concealed by Pity's closest veil),
That mix the cup medicinal, that bind
The wounds, which ruthless warfare and disease
Have to the loathsome lazar-house consigned.

Fierce Superstition of the mitred king !

Almost I could forget thy torch and stake,
When I this blessed sisterhood survey,—
Compassion's priestesses, disciples true
Of Him, whose touch was health, whose single word
Electrified with life the palsied arm,—
Of him who said, *Take up thy bed, and walk,—*
Of him who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth.*

And he who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth,*
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transformed and purified) to angel souls.
Extatic hope ! belief ! conviction firm !
How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
When hope arose to faith ! Faintly at first,
The heavenly voice is heard ; then, by degrees,
Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
Has dwelt in city crowds, wandering afield

Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
Checked by the chill ungenial northern breeze ;
But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
And still another soars on loftier wing,
Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,
Poised welkin high, harmonious fills the air,
As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.

SABBATH WALKS.



SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice ! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor ;—
He thinks not of himself ; his Master's words,
*Feed, feed my sheep**, are ever at his heart,
The cross of CHRIST is ay before his eyes.

* “ So when he had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith unto him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son

O, how I love, with melted soul, to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! What though the opening spring be chill!
Although the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod,
That still o'ertops the blade! Although no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand,
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream!
What tho' the clouds oft lower! Their threats but end
In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.

of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved, because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."—JOHN xxi. 15.—17.

Sweet is the sunny nook, to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Unheeding where,—so lovely all around,
The works of GOD, arrayed in vernal smile.

Oft at this season, musing, I prolong
My devious range, till, sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the breast,
And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark,
Descending, vocal, from her latest flight ;
While, disregardful of yon lonely star,—
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host,—
Sweet Redbreast, SCOTIA'S Philomela, chaunts,
In desultory strains, his evening hymn.

SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness ; it calms
My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnight whisper speaks :
How peaceful every sound !—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,

That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying midst the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills ; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air : Grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples ! smiles the plain
Spread wide below : how sweet the placid view !
But O ! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him, who gave the Sabbath day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy

The coolness of the day's decline ; to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned ;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush ! the torrent's channel, dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along !
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin ; now it dies

Away, now rises full ; it is the song
Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs
Of choiring Seraphim,—delights to hear ;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door : Behold the man !
The grandsire and the saint ; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray ; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever new delight !
While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

AN

AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
love to linger in the narrow field
of rest ; to wander round from tomb to tomb,
and think of some who silent sleep below.
And sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms
hakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass :
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
What list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
his guide for many a day, now come to mourn
his master and the friend—conjunction rare !

A man he was indeed of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep : the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range ;
(It was not wide :) no dog would bay at him :
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship ;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit ! that now looks on me,
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod

That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears ;
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath,
That circles Autumn's brow : The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn ; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks : Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chace, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam ;
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene ! deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard.—Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes, save that, here and there,
Arc seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered key-stone of the church-yard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell ; the tombs lie buried ;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er ; the clouds disperse,
And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire ;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below !
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold !
There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep sunk dell,
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
Soon closes ; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. O! then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away :—
—So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers : Then to the pastures green
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

BIBLICAL PICTURES.



THE
FIRST SABBATH.

SIX days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along,
In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Arising from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
In Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
Freshest beauty from JEHOVAH's hand,
Creation bloomed; when Eden's twilight face

Smiled like a sleeping babe: The voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work:
Mildly the sun, upon the loftiest trees,
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude; the human pair
Their orisons poured forth; love, concord, reigned.
The falcon, perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay;
Among the artlered herd, the tyger couched
Harmless; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave,—of that dread tumult
Which raged, when Ocean, at the mute command,
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore;
While, on the swell, the sea-bird with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored;

Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular, till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose ; then wide the flying circle oped,
And seared, in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of Seraphim ;
No harp resounds, mute is each voice ; the burst
Of joy and praise, reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that Earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook :
But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound, tremendous,
Swelled through the realms of space ! The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy ! Loud was the peal ; so loud,
As would have quite o'erwhelmed the human sense ;
But to the Earth it came a gentle strain,

Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
Day of the Lord ! creation's hallowed close !
Day of the Lord ! (prophetical they sang)
Benignant mitigation of that doom,
Which must, ere long, consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe !

THE

FINDING OF MOSES.

SLOW glides the Nile: amid the margin flags,
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left,
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river bank; approach the spot
Where sleeps the innocent: She sees them stoop
With meeting plumes; the rushy lid is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,—
As when along a little mountain lake,
The summer south-wind breathes with gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

PHARAOH upon a gorgeous throne of state
Was seated ; while around him stood submissive
His servants, watchful of his lofty looks.
The Patriarch enters, leaning on the arm
Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the glare
Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
Upon the pageant show ; for from his youth
A shepherd's life he led, and viewed each night
The starry host ; and still, where'er he went,
He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
His eye is bent on Joseph, him pursues.
Sudden the king descends ; and, bending, kneels
Before the aged man, and supplicates

A blessing from his lips : the aged man
Lays on the ground his staff, and, stretching forth
His tremulous hand o'er Pharaoh's uncrowned head,
Prays that the Lord would bless him and his land.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

FROM conquest JEPHTHA came, with faltering step,
And troubled eye: His home appears in view;
He trembles at the sight. Sad he forebodes,—
His vow will meet a victim in his child:
For well he knows, that, from her earliest years,
She still was first to meet his homeward steps:
Well he remembers, how, with tottering gait,
She ran, and clasped his knees, and lisped, and looked
Her joy; and how, when garlanding with flowers
His helm, fearful, her infant hand would shrink
Back from the lion couched beneath the crest.
What sound is that, which, from the palm-tree grove,

oats now with choral swell, now fainter falls
 on the ear? It is, it is the song
 he loved to hear,—a song of thanks and praise,
 sung by the patriarch for his ransomed son.
 Hope from the omen springs: O, blessed hope!
 It may not be her voice!—Fain would he think
 it was not his daughter's voice, that still approached,
 sent with the timbrel's note. Forth from the grove
 the foremost glides of all the minstrel band:
 Heaveless he stands; then grasps his hilt, still red
 with hostile gore, but, shuddering, quits the hold;
 He claspeth, in agony, his hands, and cries,
 "Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me low."—
 The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

SAUL AND DAVID.

DEEP was the furrow in the royal brow,
When DAVID's hand, lightly as vernal gales
Rippling the brook of Kedron, skimmed the lyre:
He sung of JACOB's youngest born,—the child
Of his old age,—sold to the Ishmaelite ;
His exaltation to the second power
In PHARAOH's realm ; his brethren thither sent ;
Suppliant they stood before his face, well known,
Unknowing,—till Joseph fell upon the neck
Of BENJAMIN, his mother's son, and wept.
Unconsciously the warlike shepherd paused ;
But when he saw, down the yet-quivering string,

The tear-drop trembling glide, abashed, he checked,
Indignant at himself, the bursting flood,
And, with a sweep impetuous, struck the chords :
From side to side his hands transversely glance,
Like lightning thwart a stormy sea ; his voice
Arises 'mid the clang, and straightway calms
The harmonious tempest, to a solemn swell
Majestical, triumphant ; for he sings
Of Arad's mighty host by Israel's arm
Subdued ; of Israel through the desert led,
He sings ; of him who was their leader, called,
By God himself, from keeping JETHRO'S flock,
To be a ruler o'er the chosen race.
Kindles the eye of SAUL ; his arm is poised ;—
Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

SORE was the famine throughout all the bounds
Of Israel, when **ELIJAH**, by command
Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook.
No rain-drops fall, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn,
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale ;
The withering herbage dies ; among the palms,
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
An autumn rustle ; no sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches ; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silvered head
Upon the flowerless bank ; serene he sleeps,

Nor wakes till dawning: then, with hands enclasped,
And heavenward face, and eyelids closed, he prays
To Him who manna on the desert showed,
To Him who from the rock made fountains gush:
Entranced the man of God remains; till roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

Descended slowly in a spiral course.
Near and more near it draws ; then, hovering, floats
High as the soar of eagle, shedding bright,
Upon the folded flocks, a heavenly radiance,
From whence was uttered loud, yet sweet, a voice,—
Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy ;
For unto you is born this day a Saviour !
And this shall be a sign to you,—the babe,
Laid lowly in a manger, ye shall find.—
The angel spake ; when, lo ! upon the cloud,
A multitude of Seraphim, enthroned,
Sang praises, saying,—*Glory to the Lord*
On high ; on earth be peace, good will to men.
With sweet response harmoniously they choired,
And while, with heavenly harmony, the song
Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throne
Illumed the land : the prowling lion stops,
Awe-struck, with mane upreared, and flattened head ;
And, without turning, backward on his steps

Recoils, aghast, into the desert gloom.

A trembling joy the astonished shepherds prove,

As heavenward re-ascends the vocal blaze

Triumphantly ; while, by degrees, the strain

Dies on the ear, that self-deluded listens,—

As if a sound so sweet could never die.

BEHOLD

MY MOTHER AND MY BRETHERN.

WHO is my mother, or my brethren?—

He spake, and looked on them who sat around,
With a meek smile, of pity blent with love,
More melting than e'er gleamed from human face,—
As when a sun-beam, through a summer shower,
Shines mildly on a little hill-side flock ;
And with that look of love, he said, Behold
My mother and my brethren: for I say,
That whosoe'er shall do the will of God,
He is my brother, sister, mother, all.

BARTIMEUS

RESTORED TO SIGHT.

BLIND, poor, and helpless BARTIMEUS sat,
Listening the foot of the wayfaring man,
Still hoping that the next, and still the next,
Would put an alms into his trembling hand.
He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle
Among the sycamores ; it is the tread
Of thousand steps ; it is the hum of tongues
Innumerable : But when the sightless man
Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,
He cried, and said,—“ JESUS, thou son of David,

Have mercy upon me !” and, when rebuked,
He cried the more, “ Have mercy upon me.”—
Thy faith hath made thee whole ; so JESUS spake,
And straight the blind BEHELD THE FACE OF GOD.

LITTLE CHILDREN

BROUGHT TO JESUS.

*SUFFER that little children come to me,
Forbid them not. Emboldened by his words,
The mothers onward press ; but, finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To strangers' hands : The innocents, alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of JESUS, beaming love
And pity ; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.*

JESUS

CALMS THE TEMPEST.

THE roaring tumult of the billowed sea
Awakes him not: high on the crested surge,
Now heaved, his locks flow streaming in the blast ;
And, now descending, 'tween the sheltering waves,
The falling tresses veil the face divine :
Meek through that veil, a momentary gleam,
Benignant, shines ; he dreams that he beholds
The opening eyes,—that long hopeless had rolled
In darkness,—look around bedimmed with tears
Of joy ; but, suddenly, the voice of fear
Dispelled the happy vision : Awful he rose,

Rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
Peace, be thou still! and straight there was a calm.
With terror-mingled gladness in their looks,
The mariners exclaim,—*What man is this,*
That even the wind and sea obey his voice!

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA,

AND

CALMS THE STORM.

Loud blew the storm of night ; the thwarting surge
Dashed, boiling on the labouring bark : dismay,
From face to face reflected, spread around :—
When, lo ! upon a towering wave is seen
The semblance of a foamy wreath, upright,
Move onward to the ship : The helmsman starts,
And quits his hold ; the voyagers, appalled,
Shrink from the fancied Spirit of the Flood :
But when the voice of JESUS with the storm

Soft mingled, *It is I, be not afraid,*
Fear fled, and joy lightened from eye to eye.
Up he ascends, and, from the rolling side,
Surveys the tumult of the sea and sky
With transient look severe : the tempest, awed,
Sinks to a sudden calm ; the clouds disperse ;
The moon-beam trembles on the face divine,
Reflected mildly in the unruffled deep.



THE
DUMB CURED.

His eyes uplifted, and his hands close clasped,
The dumb man, with a supplicating look,
Turned as the Lord passed by : JESUS beheld,
And on him bent a pitying look, and spake :
His moving lips are by the suppliant seen,
And the last accents of the healing sentence
Ring in that ear which never heard before.
Prostrate the man restored falls to the earth,
And uses first the gift, the gift sublime
Of speech, in giving thanks to Him, whose voice
Was never uttered but in doing good.

THE
DEATH OF JESUS.

'Tis finished : he spake the words, and bowed
His head, and died.—Beholding him far off,
They, who had ministered unto him, hope
'Tis his last agony : The Temple's veil
Is rent ; revealing the most holy place,
Wherein the cherubim their wings extend,
O'ershadowing the mercy-seat of God.
Appalled, the leaning soldier feels the spear
Shake in his grasp ; the planted standard falls
Upon the heaving ground ; the sun is dimmed,
And darkness shrouds the body of the Lord.

THE
RESURRECTION.

THE setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and, on the dewy sward,
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretched,—when in the east arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger: No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot:
Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The holy One: but, lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow:
The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath,

Drifted by storms into a mountain cave:
Bright, and more bright, the circling halo beamed
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Of death ; the eyes that wept for human griefs,
Unclose, and look around with conscious joy.
Yes ; with returning life, the first emotion
That glowed in JESUS' breast of love, was joy
At man's redemption, now complete ; at death
Disarmed ; the grave transformed into the couch
Of faith ; the resurrection and the life.
Majestical he rose ; trembled the earth ;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away ;
The keepers fell ; the angel, awe-struck, sunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

JESUS

APPEARS TO THE DISCIPLES.

THE evening of that day, which saw the Lord
Rise from the chambers of the dead, was come.
His faithful followers, assembled, sang
A hymn, low-breathed ; a hymn of sorrow, blent
With hope ;—when, in the midst, sudden he stood.
The awe-struck circle backward shrink ; he looks
Around with a benignant smile of love,
And says, *Peace be unto you* : faith and joy
Spread o'er each face, amazed :—as when the moon
Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth,
Silvering a circlet in the fleecy ranks.

PAUL ACCUSED

BEFORE THE

TRIBUNAL OF THE AREOPAGUS.

LISTEN that voice! upon the hill of Mars,
 Rolling in bolder thunders than e'er pealed
 From lips that shook the Macedonian throne ;
 Behold his dauntless outstretched arm, his face
 Illumed of heaven :—he knoweth not the fear
 Of man, of principalities, of powers.
 The Stoic's moveless frown ; the vacant stare
 Of Epicurus' herd ; the scowl and gnash malign
 Of Superstition; stopping both her ears ;
 The Areopagite tribunal dread,
 From whence the doom of SOCRATES was uttered ;—

This hostile throng dismays him not ; he seems
As if no worldly object could inspire
A terror in his soul ; as if the vision,
Which, when he journeyed to Damascus, shone
From heaven, still swam before his eyes,
Out-dazzling all things earthly ; as if the voice,
That spake from out the effulgence, ever rang
Within his ear, inspiring him with words,
Burning, majestic, lofty, as his theme,—
The resurrection, and the life to come.

PAUL ACCUSED**BEFORE THE*****ROMAN GOVERNOR OF JUDEA.***

THE Judge ascended to the judgment seat ;
Amid a gleam of spears the Apostle stood.
Dauntless he forward came, and looked around,
And raised his voice, at first, in accents low,
Yet clear ; a whisper spread among the throng :—
So when the thunder mutters, still the breeze
Is heard, at times, to sigh ; but when the peal,
Tremendous, louder rolls, a silence dead
Succeeds each pause,—moveless the aspen leaf.

Thus fixed, and motionless, the listening band
Of soldiers forward leaned, as from the man,
Inspired of God, truth's awful thunders rolled.
No more he feels, upon his high raised arm,
The ponderous chain, than does the playful child
The bracelet, formed of many a flowery link.
Heedless of self, forgetful that his life
Is now to be defended by his words,
He only thinks of doing good to them
Who seek his life ; and while he reasons high
Of justice, temperance, and the life to come,
The Judge shrinks trembling at the prisoner's voice.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



PARAPHRASE.

*Who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life
from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving
kindness and tender mercies.—PSALM ciii. 3. 4.*

THESE eyes, that were half-closed in death,
Now dare the noontide blaze ;
My voice, that scarce could speak my wants,
Now hymns JEHOVAH's praise.

How pleasant to my feet, unused,
To tread the daisied ground !
How sweet to my unwonted ear
The streamlet's lulling sound !

How soft the first breath of the breeze
That on my temples played !
How sweet the woodland evening song,
Full floating down the glade !

But sweeter far the lark that soars
Through morning's blushing ray ;
For then unseen, unheard, I join
His lonely heavenward lay.

And sweeter still that infant voice,
With all its artless charms ;—
'Twas such as he that JESUS took,
And cherished in his arms.

O Lord my God, all these delights
I to thy mercy owe ;
For thou hast raised me from the couch
Of sickness, pain, and woe.

'Twas thou that from the whelming wave

My sinking soul redeemed ;

'Twas thou that o'er destruction's storm

A calming radiance beamed.

ON VISITING MELROSE,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

YON setting sun, that slowly disappears,
Gleams a memento of departed years :
Aye, many a year is gone, and many a friend,
Since here I saw the autumn sun descend.
Ah ! one is gone, whose hand was locked in mine,
In this, that traces now the sorrowing line ;
And now alone I scan the mouldering tombs,
Alone I wander through the vaulted glooms,
And list, as if the echoes might retain
One lingering cadence of her varied strain.

Alas ! I heard that melting voice decay,
Heard seraph tones in whispers die away ;
I marked the tear presageful fill her eye,
And quivering speak,—I am resigned to die.
Ye stars, that through the fretted windows shed
A glimmering beam athwart the mighty dead,
Say to what sphere her sainted spirit flew,
That thither I may turn my longing view,
And wish, and hope, some tedious seasons o'er,
To join a long lost friend, and part no more.

THE

WILD DUCK AND HER BROOD.

How calm that little lake! no breath of wind
Sighs through the reeds; a clear abyss it seems
Held in the concave of the inverted sky,—
In which is seen the rook's dull flagging wing
Move o'er the silvery clouds. How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck and her brood!
Fearless of harm, they row their easy way;
The water-lily, 'neath the plummy prows,
Dips, re-appearing in their dimpled track.
Yet, even amid that scene of peace, the noise
Of war, unequal, dastard war, intrudes.

Yon revel rout of men, and boys, and dogs,
Boisterous approach ; the spaniel dashes in ;
Quick he descries the prey, and faster swims,
And eager barks ; the harmless flock, dismayed,
Hasten to gain the thickest grove of reeds,
All but the parent pair ; they, floating, wait
To lure the foe, and lead him from their young ;
But soon themselves are forced to seek the shore.
Vain then the buoyant wing ; the leaden storm
Arrests their flight ; they, fluttering, bleeding fall,
And tinge the troubled bosom of the lake.

A REDBREAST,**THAT FLEW IN AT MY WINDOW.**

FROM snowy plains, and icy sprays,
From moonless nights, and sunless days,
Welcome, poor bird ! I'll cherish thee ;
I love thee, for thou trustest me.
Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest !
I'ndly I'll warm thee in my breast :—
How quick thy little heart is beating !
As if its brother flutterer greeting.

Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom ;
No ; freely flutter round my room ;
Perch on my lute's remaining string,
And sweetly of sweet summer sing.
That note, that summer note, I know ;
It wakes at once, and soothes my woe ;
I see those woods, I see that stream,
I see,—ah, still prolong the dream !
Still, with thy song, those scenes renew,
Though through my tears they reach my view.

No more now, at my lonely meal,
While thou art by, alone I'll feel ;
For soon, devoid of all distrust,
Thou'lt, nibbling, share my humble crust ;
Or on my finger, pert and spruce,
Thou'lt learn to sip the sparkling juice ;
And when (our short collation o'er)
Some favourite volume I explore,

Be't work of poet or of sage,
Safe thou shalt hop across the page ;
Unchecked, shalt flit o'er VIRGIL'S groves,
Or flutter mid TIBULLUS' loves.
Thus, heedless of the raving blast,
Thou'lt dwell with me till winter's pest ;
And when the primrose tells 'tis spring,
And when the thrush begins to sing,
Soon as I hear the woodland song,
Freed, thou shalt join the vocal throng.

EPITAPH

ON A BLACKBIRD KILLED BY A HAWK.

WINTER was o'er, and spring-flowers decked the glade ;
The Blackbird's note among the wild woods rung :
Ah, short-lived note ! the songster now is laid
Beneath the bush on which so sweet he sung.

Thy jetty plumes, by ruthless falcon rent,
Are now all soiled among the mouldering clay ;
A primrosed turf is all thy monument,
And, for thy dirge, the Redbreast lends his lay.

THE

POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

YON motley, sable-suited throng, that wait
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale
Of woe; the husband, parent, is no more.
Contending with disease, he laboured long,
By penury compelled; yielding at last,
He laid him down to die; but, lingering on
From day to day, he from his sickbed saw,
Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of want
Veiled in a clouded smile; alas! he heard

The elder, lispingly, attempt to still
The younger's plaint,—languid he raised his head,
And thought he yet could toil, but sunk
Into the arms of death, the poor man's friend.

The coffin is borne out ; the humble pomp
Moves slowly on ; the orphan mourner's hand
(Poor helpless child !) just reaches to the pall.
And now they pass into the field of graves,
And now around the narrow house they stand,
And view the plain black board sink from the sight.
Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mixed mould.
The turf is spread ; uncovered is each head,—
A last farewell : all turn their several ways.
Woes me ! those tear-dimmed eyes, that sobbing
breast !
Poor child ! thou thinkest of the kindly hand
That wont to lead thee home : no more that hand

Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke
Thy sun-bleached head, and downy cheek.
But go, a mother waits thy homeward steps ;
In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page,—
Her thoughts are in the grave ; 'tis thou alone,
Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze
Of woe profound. Haste to the widowed arms ;
Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,
And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

THE
THANKSGIVING
OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR.

UPON the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale, that late tremendous roared,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:

The white-robed Priest his upraised hands extends ;
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends ;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Flout o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart ; yet Home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain ;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On halleluiahs wing their heavenward way .

TO

MY SON.



TWICE has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground,
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
O! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
O! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than Beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.

Ah, no ! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power ! his harmless life defend,
And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give !
For, O ! it would a joy in death impart,
To think, I still survived within his heart ;
To think, he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look, bedimmed with tears ;
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke ;
What walks I loved ; where grew my favourite oak
How gently I would lead him by the hand ;
How gently use the accent of command ;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child ;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn ;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.

But, far and farther still my view I bend,—
And now I see a child thy steps attend ;—
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play ;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, *There thy grandsire lies !*



NOTES.



NOTES.

THAT the religious observance of one day in seven was a point of main importance under the Jewish and Christian dispensations, is evident, from the very strong terms in which the law commanding its observance is couched; from the anxious repetitions of that law, the judgments which the prophets denounced against its violation, the fulfilment of those denunciations, the strict observance of the Sabbath during the best times of the Jewish polity; and its observance by Christ, the apostles, and the primitive Christians. What is more material, —that the Sabbath was instituted, not as a mere *ritual observance*, but as an essential article of *moral duty*, is proved by this consideration, that one of the *objects* of the institution was—the amelioration of the lot of the laborious part of the creation, animals as well as men.—But the spirit of this admirable institution will be best illustrated, by bringing into

one view some of those passages of scripture, whether preceptive, prophetic, or historical, in which the SABBATH is mentioned.

“ Keep the Sabbath day, to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; *that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou.* And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by an outstretched arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day.”—DEUT. v. 12.—15.

“ Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.”—LEV. xix. 30.

“ Six days shall work be done; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation: ye shall do no work therein; it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings.”—LEV. xxiii. 3.

“ Six days shalt thou do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, *that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed.*—EXOD. xxii. 12.

“ Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be

his servants, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant ; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer : their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar ; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people."—ISA. lvi. 6.-7.

" And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias ; and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to *preach the gospel to the poor* ; he hath sent me to *heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised* ; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—LUKE, iv. 16.—19.

" And that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on. And the women also which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments, and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment."—LUKE, xxiii. 54.—56.

" But when they departed from Perga, they came to Antioch in Pisidia, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down. And after the reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them, saying, Ye men and brethren, if you have any word of exhorta-

tion for the people, say on. Then Paul stood up, and, beckoning with his hand, said, "Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience."—"For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him."—"And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought them that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath."—ACTS, xiii. 14. 15. 16. 27. 42.

"Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? That we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat."—AMOS, viii. 4.—6.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."—ISA. lvii. 13. 14.

"And on the Sabbath, he went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made."—ACTS, xvi. 13.

"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples

came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight."—ACTS, XX. 7.

The toil-worn horse set free.—P. 4. l. 13.

"A Sabbath day's journey," says a late able and faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, "was, among the Jews, a proverbial expression for a very short one. Among us it can have no such meaning affixed to it. That day seems to be considered by too many, as set apart, by divine and human authority, for the purpose, not of *rest*, but of its direct opposite, the *labour* of *travelling*; thus adding one day more of torment to those generous, but wretched animals, whose services they hire; and who, being generally strained beyond their strength the other six days of the week, have, of all creatures under heaven, the best and most equitable claim to suspension of labour on the seventh. Considerations such as these may perhaps appear to some below the dignity of this place, and the solemnity of a Christian assembly. But benevolence, even to the brute creation, is, in its degree, a duty, no less than to our own species; and it is mentioned by Solomon as a striking feature in the character of a righteous man, that 'he is merciful even to his beast.' HE, without whose permission 'not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' will not suffer even the meanest work of his hands to be treated cruelly with impunity. He is the common Father of the whole creation. He takes every part of it under his protection. He has, in various

passages of scripture, expressed his concern even for irrational creatures, and has declared more especially, in the most explicit terms, that the rest of the Sabbath was meant *for our cattle and our servants*, as well as for ourselves."—BISHOP PORTEUS.

Their constancy in torture and in death.—P. 12. l. 12.

The following passage from Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, will give some notion of the *kind*, though not of the *extent*, of that hideous persecution, from which the people of Scotland were delivered by the Revolution. "When any are to be struck in the boots, it is done in the presence of the council; and upon that occasion almost all offer to run away. The sight is so dreadful, that without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be forsaken. But the Duke, while he had been in Scotland, was so far from withdrawing, that he looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference, and with an attention, as if he had been to look on some curious experiment. This gave a terrible idea of him to all that observed it, as of a man that had no bowels nor humanity in him. Lord Perth observing this, resolved to let him see how well qualified he was to be an inquisitor-general. The rule about the boots in Scotland was, that upon one witness, and presumptions, both together, the question might be given: But it was never known to be twice given, or that any other species of torture, besides the boots, might be used at pleasure. In the courts of inquisition, they do, upon suspicion, or if a man refuses to answer upon oath as he is re-

give him the torture ; and repeat it, or vary it, as they think fit ; and do not give over, till they have of their mangled prisoners all that they have a mind from them.

is Lord Perth resolved now to make his pattern ; and little too early in letting the world see what a govern- e were to expect under the influence of a prince of igion. So, upon his going to Scotland, one Spence, is a servant of Lord Argyle's, and was taken up at , only upon suspicion, and sent down to Scotland, was l to take an oath to answer all the questions that e put to him. This was done in a direct contradiction :press law against obliging men to swear, that they wer *super inquirendis*. Spence likewise said, that he might be concerned in what he might know ; and it inst a very universal law, that excused all men from g against themselves, to force him to take such an o he was struck in the boots, and continued firm in al. Then a new species of torture was invented : he t from sleep eight or nine nights. They grew weary ing this ; so a third species was invented : Little f steel were made use of, that screwed the thumbs exquisite a torment, that he sunk under this ; for rth told him, they would screw every joint of his ody, one after another, till he took the oath. Yet s the firmness and fidelity of this poor man, that even :xtremity, he capitulated, that no new questions should to him, but those already agreed on ; and that he

should not be a witness against any person, and that he himself should be pardoned : so all he could tell them was, who were Lord Argyle's correspondents. The chief of them was Holmes, at London, to whom Lord Argyle writ in a cypher, that had a particular curiosity in it. A double key was necessary : the one was, to show the way of placing the words, or cypher, in an order very different from that in which they lay on the paper ; the other was, the key of the cyphers themselves, which was found among Holmes's papers when he absconded. Spence knew only the first of these ; but he putting all in its true order, then by the other key they were decyphered. In these, it appeared what Argyle had demanded, and what he undertook to do upon the granting his demands : but none of his letters spoke any thing of any agreement then made.

“ When the torture had this effect on Spence, they offered the same oath to Carstairs : and, upon his refusing to take it, they put his thumbs in the screws, and drew them so hard, that as they put him to extreme torture, so they could not unscrew them, till the smith that made them was brought with his tools to take them off.”—BURNET.

July 22. 1668. Anna Ker, relict of Mr. James Duncan, was brought before the council. “ The lords caused bring in the boots before her, and gave her to five of the clock to think upon it, apprizing her, if she would not give her oath in the premises, she was to be tortured. In the afternoon Mrs Duncan continued firm to her purpose, and had certainly been put to torture, had not Rothes interposed, and told the council,

It was not proper for gentlewomen to wear boots."—WODROW, Vol. I. p. 994.

"Some time after Bothwell, George Forbes, a trooper in Captain Stewart's troop, then lying in Glasgow, came out one morning with a party of soldiers to the village of Langside, in the parish of Cathcart, not two miles from that city, and by force broke open the doors of John Mitchell, tenant there, his house, who, they alleged, had been at Bothwell. John was, that morning, happily out of the way, whereupon they seized Anna Park, his wife, a singularly religious and sensible country-woman, whose memory is yet savoury in that place, and pressed her to tell where her husband was. The good woman peremptorily refusing, they bound her, and put kindled matches between her fingers, to extort a discovery from her. Her torment was great; but her God strengthened her, and she endured, for some few hours, all they could do, with admirable patience, and both her hands were disabled for some time."—WODROW, Vol. II. p. 77.

A people doomed, &c.—P. 12. l. 19.

By the tyrannous and sanguinary laws that were passed between the year 1661, and the ever-memorable year of the Revolution, the whole inhabitants of extensive districts in the Lowlands of Scotland might be said to have lived under sentence of death.

Old men, and youths, and simple maids.—P. 12. l. 20.

^d One morning, between five and six hours, John Brown,

having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guide through the muirs, if they had heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' He said, 'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times: one time that he stopped him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you have begun to preach;' he turned about upon his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of praying nor preaching, that calls this preaching;' then continued, without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take goodnight of your wife and children.' His wife standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire, I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon

them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six men to shoot him : the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, ' What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman ? ' She said, ' I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, ' It were justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, ' If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length ; but how will you make answer for this morning's work ? ' He said, ' To man I can be answerable ; and for God, I will take him in mine own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her, with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her-plaid, and sat down, and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her : the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that, before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusioq ; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled. His corpse

was buried at the end of his house, where he was slain."—*PEDEN'S Life*.

Claverhouse was rewarded by his master, James, with the title of Viscount Dundee, and with the confiscated lands and goods of the sufferers. A late memoir-writer, the slanderer of *Sydney and Russell*, apostrophises this dastardly murderer of the unarmed peasantry, as a generous and heroic character.

James Stewart, a boy, "came in from the west country to see a relation of his in prison at Edinburgh. By what means I know not, the other got out, and he was found in the room whence the other escaped; whereupon he was brought before a committee of the council, and soon ensnared by their questions. When he was silent on some heads, and would not answer, some papers before me bear, that Sir George M'Kenzie threatened to take out his tongue with a pair of pincers. Precisely on his answers he was condemned, and in a few days after he was taken with the rest, (six others), and executed at the Gallow-lee."—*WODROW*, B. III. c. 5. § 4. year 1681.

"Marion Harvie, a young woman, not twenty years of age, on her way to the place of execution, was interrupted in her devotions; on which she turned to her fellow-prisoner, Isabel Alison, and said, 'Come, Isabel, let us sing the 23d Psalm;' which accordingly they did, Marion repeating the psalm line by line, without book. Being come to the scaffold, after singing the 84th psalm, and reading the 3d of Malachi, she said, 'I am come here to-day for avowing

Christ to be the head of his church, and King in Zion. They say I would murder ; but I declare, I am free of all matters of fact : I could never take the life of a chicken but my heart shrank. But it is only for my judgment of things that I am brought here. I leave my blood on the council and the Duke of York.' At this, the soldiers interrupted her, and would not allow her to speak any."—*Cloud of Witnesses.*

But that morn.—P. 13. l. 1.

The resurrection happened on the morning of the first day of the week, which is now observed as the Christian Sabbath.

By Cameron thundered.—P. 13. l. 19.

" The last night of his life, he was in the house of William Mitchell in Meadowhead, at the water of Ayr, where about twenty-three horse and forty foot had continued with him that week. That morning, a woman gave him water to wash his face and hands ; and having washed, and dried them with a towel, he looked to his hands, and laid them on his face, saying, ' This is their last washing ; I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them.' At this the woman's mother wept. He said, ' Weep not for me, but for yourself and your's, and for the sins of a sinful land, for ye have melancholy, sorrowful, and weary days before you.'

" The people who remained with him were in some heal-

tation whether they should abide together for their own defence, or disperse, and shift for themselves. But that day, being the 22d of July, they were surprised by Bruce of Earls-hall; who, having got the command of Airly's troop and Strahan's dragoons, upon notice given him by Sir John Cochran of Ochiltree, came furiously upon them, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when lying on the east end of Airs-moss. When they saw the enemy approaching, and no possibility of escaping, they all gathered round about him, while he prayed a short word; wherein he repeated this expression thrice over, 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.' When ended, he said to his brother, with great intrepidity, 'Come, let us fight it out to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the day that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies: this is the day that we will get the crown.' And to the rest he said, 'Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly; for all of you that shall fall this day, I see heaven's gates open to receive you.'

" But the enemy approaching, they immediately drew up eight horse with him on the right, the rest, with valiant Hackston, on the left, and the foot in the middle; where they all behaved with much bravery, until overpowered by a superior number. At last Hackston was taken prisoner, and Mr Cameron was killed on the spot, and his head and hands cut off by one Murray, and taken to Edinburgh. His father being in prison for the same cause, they carried them to him, to add grief unto his former sorrow, and inquired

at him, if he knew them. He took his son's hands and head, which were very fair, being a man of a fair complexion, with his own hair, and kissed them, and said, ' I know, I know them; they are my son's, my own dear son's; it is the Lord, good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days.'—After which, by order of the council, his head was fixed upon the Nether-bow Port, and his hands beside it, with the fingers upward."—*Cloud of Witnesses.*

The assembled people dared, in face of day.—P. 14. l. 6.

" The father durst not receive his son, nor the wife her husband; the country was prohibited to harbour the fugitives, and the ports were shut against their escape by sea. When expelled from their homes, they resided in caves, among morasses and mountains, or met by stealth, or by night, for worship; but whenever the mountain-men, as they were styled, were discovered, the hue-and-cry was ordered to be raised. They were pursued, and frequently shot by the military, or sought with more insidious diligence by the spies, informers, and officers of justice; and on some occasions, it appears, that the sagacity of dogs was employed to track their footsteps, and explore their lurking retreats."—*LAING'S History, Vol. II.*

The mark which rashness branded on their names.

P. 22. l. 10.

I am convinced, that in England, and especially in Lon-

don, (such is the *dispatch* used in criminal proceedings), unwarranted verdicts are sometimes pronounced. The mechanical notion of *weighing* evidence seems to have got an unfortunate hold of the minds of jurymen; and it thus happens, that if there be something like evidence on the one side, and no evidence on the other, the one *scale* (as it is called) of the judicial balance sinks, and the proof is estimated, not by what it is *in itself*, but by what it is *in comparison* of something else. The law of England recognises the evidence of *one* witness, as sufficient to warrant a *capital* conviction. The law of God was different:—"Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses; but *one* witness shall not testify against any person, *to cause him to die.*"—NUMB. xxxv. 30.

"At the mouth of *two* or *three* witnesses shall he that is worthy of death be put to death; but at the mouth of *one* witness *he shall not be put to death.*"—DEUT. xvii. 6.

Each one returns to his inheritance.—P. 27. l. 6.

Lycurgus's contrivance of iron money, as a preventive of the corruption arising from the commercial system, was clumsy and inefficient, compared with that part of the Mosaic institution here alluded to.

Driven from their homes by fell Monopoly.—P. 30. l. 3.

The utility of all such agricultural improvements, as diminish the *quantum* of human labour employed in the cultivation of the soil, is very questionable. In the Highlands

of Scotland, black cattle were the produce which in former times was cultivated. Afterwards it was discovered, that the rearing of sheep was a mode of farming which required a much smaller proportion of hands than the rearing of black cattle did : In other words, the Highland proprietors discovered, that by the substitution of sheep for black cattle, nine-tenths of that fund, which formerly was consumed in the maintenance of a numerous tenantry, might be added to the amount of their rent-rolls. The consequence has been, that large districts of the Highlands have been nearly depopulated. Make the supposition, that an improvement, similar in its effects, should be made on the agricultural system of the low country ; suppose, for instance, that a new kind of grain, or root, should be discovered, the cultivation of which should require no more than one-tenth part of the manual labour necessary for the cultivation of our present crops ; or suppose, that there should be invented a machine for turning up the soil, as much superior to the plough, as the plough is to the spade ; and that the other implements of husbandry should be improved on a proportional scale ; the consequence undoubtedly would be, that the peasantry of this country would be nearly extirpated. It is true, that the supposed improvements would not only increase the revenue of the landlord, but would add to the quantity of agricultural produce, and that an increase of produce would tend to an increase of population. I, however, doubt very much, whether the increase of agricultural produce is always attended with a *proportional* increase

of population. At any rate, the population that is in this way acquired, must be added to the already overgrown mass of manufacturing towns. No doubt the apparent strength of the nation would be thus increased. But a healthy and a virtuous populace constitute the *real* power of a state; and it will not be said, that crowded towns are favourable either to health or to morals. The country and the village inhabitants are, in truth, the *source* of the national population; and, if *it* be drained, the towns themselves must of course decay; since the demand for live-supplies, consequent on the consumpt of human life in towns, could no longer be answered. But how are the evils arising from the abridgment of agricultural labour to be counteracted? They may be partially counteracted by a limitation of the extent of farms. If the arable districts were parcelled out into possessions not exceeding a hundred and fifty acres; and if every landlord and tenant were bound, either to keep up a certain number of inhabited cottages, in the proportion, let it be said, of one to each thirty acres,—or else to pay triple land-tax and poor rate, our crops would, perhaps, not be quite so abundant as in process of time they may come to be, under the present system of weeding out the small farmers and cottagers; but the nation would be richer in a more important kind of produce,—a numerous peasantry; and even the landlords themselves would find more real comfort and enjoyment in contemplating a populous and happy neighbourhood, than in surveying large deserted domains, teeming with all the means of virtuous and

happy existence, but barren of inhabitants to reap the benefits so liberally spread out by the Father of mercies. Perhaps another expedient to check rural depopulation might be suggested,—an equalization of the right of succession. Commercial accumulation has, during the last half century, gone far in re-uniting those enormous estates which at one time commerce had disjoined. Every great merchant and money-dealer wishes to be the founder of what is called *a family*. Now, I would indulge this vanity, by allowing such persons to found, not one family, but a number of families, in proportion to the number of their children. To the peerage, and perhaps to families that have been long established in their possessions, the law ought to be left as it now stands. But if it be expedient *to keep things as they now are*,—to check the rapid progress of a hideous Oligarchy, the old law of inheritance, as it existed in England prior to the Norman conquest, and as it now exists in the county of Kent, ought to be made the general law of the land.

O England! England! wash thy purpled hands.

P. 42. l. 15.

The slave-trade has been attempted to be defended by appeals to the authority of the Old Testament. The existence of *slavery* appears, indeed, to have been tolerated among the Jews; but where is the authority for any thing like the *slave-trade*? Is it in the following express law? “And he that *stealeth* a man, and *selleth* him, or if he

be found in his hand, he *shall surely be put to death.*—
EXOD. xxi. 16.

Down like an avalanche.—P. 46. l. 7.

“ After having descended about three hours, from the time of our quitting Meysingen, we refreshed ourselves and our horses in a delightful vale, strewed with hamlets; a sloping hill, adorned with variegated verdure and wood, on one side; on the other, the Rosenlavi and Scharzwald glaciers, stretching between impending rocks; and before us the highest point of the Wetterhorn lifting its pyramidal top, capped with eternal snow. As we were taking our repast, we were suddenly startled by a noise like the sound of thunder, occasioned by a large body of snow falling from the top of the mountain, which, in its precipitous descent, had the appearance of a torrent of water reduced almost into spray. These *avalanches* (as they are called) are sometimes attended with the most fatal consequences; for when they consist of enormous masses, they destroy every thing in their course, and not unfrequently overwhelm even a whole village.”—COXE.

The plaintive strain that links, &c.—P. 47. l. 6.

“ After dinner, some musicians of the country performed the *Rens de Vaches*, that famous air which was forbid to be played among the Swiss troops in the French armies; as it created in the soldiers such a longing recollection of their native country, that it produced in them a settled melan-

choly, and occasioned frequent desertion. The French call this sort of patriotic regret *maladie du pays*. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the tune; but, as it is composed of the most simple notes, the powerful effect of its melody upon the Swiss soldiers in a foreign land is the less remarkable. Nothing, indeed, renews so lively a remembrance of former scenes, as a piece of favourite music which we were accustomed to hear among our earliest and dearest connections."—COXE.

Till beckoned by some kindly hand to sit.—P. 50. l. 11.

It is most melancholy to see old respectable persons standing in the passages of a church. In former times, the area of churches was common to all. The appropriation was certainly an encroachment. To bring matters back to their primitive state, would now be impracticable. But surely a very large portion of the house of prayer ought to be allotted to the Lord's poor. Or why should not *free* churches be established in all the considerable towns? There are several in England. To the hardship of exclusion from divine service, or of precarious and mendicant admission, may be traced the dissipated and idle habits of many originally well-disposed persons.

Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give.

P. 50. l. 13.

The character here described is well pourtrayed in the following passage of *Newton's Letters*: "We have lost

another of the people here ; a person of much experience, eminent grace, wisdom, and usefulness. She walked with God forty years. She was one of the Lord's poor ; but her poverty was decent, sanctified, and honourable. She lived respected, and her death is considered a public loss. It is a great loss to me : I shall miss her advice and example, by which I have been often edified and animated. Almost the last words she uttered were, ' The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.'

I have known many instances of such persons. The character is, indeed, most highly respectable ; but it does not obtain that respect and support which it so well merits. In truth, wealth is so devoutly worshipped, that virtuous poverty must, of necessity, be neglected, if not despised. Every man is aspiring to the *imaginary dignity* of the person who happens to be a little *richer* than himself. The distinction of wealth is gradually absorbing every other. I would prefer the aristocracy of pedigree to that of riches.

There courage, that expects no tongue to praise.

P. 51. l. 10.

To private soldiers and sailors the voice of praise very seldom reaches ; yet is their courage not less conspicuous than that which their superiors in rank display. Our military establishment, both at sea and on shore, is indeed penurious in reward, while it is liberal in punishment. By extending the one, and restricting the other, the regular army would be more expeditiously recruited than by increase of bounties:

Let the experiment of less severe punishments be tried. The immediate consequence would be, (to speak in mercantile phrase), a fall in the price of the *article*. But there is still another, and a more effectual way of recruiting the army. Follow the advice of that man, who, through good report and through bad report, stood the steadfast friend of justice and of freedom,—to whose intuitive ken the most complicated subjects were simple, the most opaque transparent. His advice (but, alas! his prescient advice has been seldom regarded until the event verified the prediction) was, to restrict the term of service to a moderate period,—to five, six, or seven years. If a man, engaging himself for half a year as a common servant, were asked, for what higher rate of wages he would bind himself during life? his answer would probably be, that no reward would tempt him to bind himself for life. Or, if he were to be so allured, would he not ask an *enormous* hire? To indent one's person for life is a tremendous engagement. But a limitation of the term of service would be highly expedient in another view. Reckoning the regular troops of Britain at 200,000,—if each man were to be discharged at the end of seven years from the time of his enlistment, is it not obvious, that we should have a yearly addition of about 27,000 thorough-bred soldiers, ready to fall into the ranks of the strictly defensive department of our national armament? Say that the addition were to be only 20,000, what an accession of real strength, of discipline, of experience, of confidence, would be the result! In five years, there would be nearly 100,000

veterans (for a soldier who has served seven years, I would call a veteran) added to our home force. No one can form a probable guess at the duration of the present war; nor is it likely that many of the present generation will see the day, when they may with safety turn their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. We must *continue* in the attitude of an armed nation. We must labour with the one hand, and wield our weapons with the other*.

Or cheering with inquiries from the heart.—P. 53. l. 3.

In some hospitals, the patients are supposed to be treated with all due justice, if the *bolus* and the knife be liberally administered. Nothing is done to amuse or to console.

Blest be the female votaries.—P. 56. l. 7.

The nuns called Beguines devote the whole of their time to attendance on the sick, whether in hospitals or in private houses. They are habited in black, and, when going abroad, they wear deep black veils.

* The above note was inserted in the first edition of the Sabbath. The just, the humane, the wise proposal of enlistment for a *limited time*, was afterwards enacted into a law; but its efficacy is likely to be completely counteracted by the recently introduced power of enlistment for life.

*Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transformed and purified) to angel souls.*

P. 57. l. 10. 14.

Every one has experienced how much *contrast* enhances pleasure, and aggravates pain. Perhaps in created beings, perfect happiness is impossible, without the contrast of recollected misery. This consideration affords an answer to those persons, who censure the resurrection of the body as a provision unnecessary and unwise,—who say, that the joys of a blessed spirit cannot be increased by a union with a material body, however excellent in form, structure, and powers. I would ask, what *other* provision could possibly furnish the pleasure derived from contrast, so vividly, so constantly? A celestial form, the habitation of that being, who formerly dwelt in a body, frail, diseased, mortal!—To the man who had been blind in his earthly abode, what a change! His sightless orbs transformed into eyes of telescopic ken!—To the palsied! That body which could not move itself—endowed, perhaps, with electric velocity! that once feeble, faltering voice—attuned to the harmonies of the heavenly choirs, “who sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are all thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints: Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”

To think that now the townsman wanders forth.

P. 66. l. 18.

There cannot be a more pleasing or a more consolatory idea presented to the human mind, than that of *one universal pause of labour* throughout the whole Christian world at the same moment of time; diffusing rest, comfort, and peace, through a large part of the habitable globe, and affording ease and refreshment, not only to the lowest part of our own species, but to their fellow-labourers of the brute creation. Even these are enabled to join in this silent act of adoration, this mute kind of homage to the great Lord of all: and, although they are incapable of any *sentiments* of religion, yet, by this means, they become sharers in the *blessings* of it. Every man of the least sensibility must see, must feel, the beauty and utility of such an institution as this; and must see, at the same time, the cruelty of invading this most valuable privilege of the inferior class of mankind, and breaking in upon that sacred repose, which God himself has, in pity to their sufferings, given to those that stand most in need of it. It was a point in which it highly became the majesty and the goodness of Heaven itself to interpose. And happy was it for the world that it did so. For had man, unfeeling man, been left to himself, with no other spur to compassion than natural instinct, or unassisted reason, there is but too much ground to apprehend, he would have been deaf to the cries of his labouring brethren, would have harassed and worn them out with incessant toil;

and when they implored, by looks and signs of distress, some little intermission, would perhaps have answered them in the language of Pharaoh's task-masters, "Ye are idle, ye are idle. There shall not aught of your daily tasks be diminished; *let more work* be laid upon them, that they may labour therein."—EXOD. v. 9. 11. 17.

"That this is no uncandid representation of the natural hardness of the human heart, till it is subdued and softened by the influences of divine grace, we have but too many unanswerable proofs, in the savage treatment which the slaves of the ancients, even of the most civilized and polished ancients, met with from their unrelenting masters. To them, alas! there was no Sabbath, no seventh day of rest! The whole week, the whole year, was, in general, with but few exceptions, one uninterrupted round of labour, tyranny, and oppression."—BISHOP PORTEUS.

Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot.

P. 74. l. 11.

During the winter season, there are many shepherds lost in the snow. I have heard of ten being lost in one parish. When life-boats, for the preservation of shipwrecked mariners, and institutions for the recovery of drowned persons, obtain so much of the public attention and patronage, it is strange that no means are ever thought of for the preservation of the lives of shepherds during snow-storms. I believe, that in nine instances out of ten, the death of the unhappy persons who perish in the snow, is owing to their losing their

way. A proof of this is, that very few are lost in the day-time. The remedy, then, is both easy and obvious. Let means be used for enabling the shepherd, in the darkest night, to know precisely the spot at which he is, and the bearings of the surrounding grounds. Snow-storms are almost always accompanied with wind. Suppose a pole, fifteen feet high, well fixed in the ground, with two cross spars placed near the bottom, to denote the airts, or points of the compass;—a bell hung at the top of this pole, with a piece of flat wood attached to it, projecting upward, would ring with the slightest breeze. For a few hundred pounds, every square mile of the southern district of Scotland might be supplied with such bells. As they would be purposely made to have different tones, the shepherd would soon be able to distinguish one from another. He could never be more than a mile distant from one or other of them. On coming to the spot, he would at once know the points of the compass, and of course the direction in which his home lay.

And with the forming mass floated along.—P. 77. l. 4.

May we not suppose, that the mass of the earth, while yet forming, received its progressive and rotatory motions?

The dumb cured.—P. 101.

This miracle, the reality of which the Pharisees could not deny, (Matth. ix. 34.), is one of a higher order than those which consisted in healing diseases. Dumbness implies, in

general, not only a defect in the organs of speech, or of hearing, or of both, but *ignorance of language*. Here, then, was a miracle performed on the mind.

The Judge ascended to the judgment-seat.—P. 108. l. 1.

This representation of Paul I have not founded on the circumstances of any *one* of his appearances before the Roman governors. I have alluded to facts, which happened at his apprehension, as well as at his arraignments before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa.

THE END.

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