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τὰ τοῦ κυκνίου, νῦν δὲ λογικὸς εἰμι ὑμνεῖν με δεῖ τὸν  
Θεόν.—EPICLETUS.

---

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1826.



## P R E F A C E.



IN sending forth this little volume to take the place which may be assigned it, the laws of custom demand a preface. If something *must* then be said about its contents, which they will not say for themselves, the reader may be told that, small as the collection is, it is the gradual accumulation of some years. Of that portion which is of Italian extraction, a part had its *birth* also in the classic land of song. Others have afforded some delightful recreation in the intervals of more necessary home occupations. Whatever be their fate hereafter, their meed and their aim have been already in part secured, and placed beyond the reach of public opinion. To that opinion, however, it

would be as foolish to affect indifference, as it is vain to rebel against it. Neither can the author feel unconcerned how far they may prove of any value to others; which involves much of the question, how far, in the leisure thus enjoyed, he has paid

“No moment, but in purchase of its worth.”

If he were appalled by the apprehension of having to encounter a fastidious public, he might take some encouragement from a glance at the quantity and quality of the aggregate of the sacred poetry at present in circulation. It indicates, at least, that the *igneus vigor et cœlestis origo* sought for by the mass of readers of this class of compositions, have reference to higher objects than those of taste or genius.

It will at once be seen, that some of the pieces in this volume are not lyric. To some of those

which are so, names of tunes have been affixed: others are capable of similar adaptation.

The author has now only to take leave of the reader, in the words of good old Quarles:—" I have no more to say: I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewell, Reader."

WIDCOMBE,  
*November, 1826.*



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# SACRED MELODIES,

§c. §c. §c.



## THE SANCTUARY.



*Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place ; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—Isaiah lvii.*



**W**HEN He who veiled his awful name  
Unknown to his own temple came,  
His followers wondering trod,  
Where courts and columned walks arose,  
Stretched in magnificent repose,  
'Mid the green fold of God.\*

\* The superb colonnade surrounding the outer court of the Temple was six furlongs in circuit. The Corinthian

O'er shafts of marble's purest mould,  
 Rose odorous cedar, fretted gold,  
     And carvings rich and rare :  
 Glory, as from a morning sky,  
 Thence caught afar the pilgrim's eye,  
     Who came to worship there.<sup>1</sup>

Yet must the charm dissolve :—there stands  
 The Priest whose house, not made with hands,  
     Must wear a nobler grace :  
 Though incense curl, and choir resound,  
 Can here one living sign be found  
     To mark his dwelling-place ?

columns which composed it were of the finest white marble ; and though they were above forty feet in height, each shaft consisted of a single piece : they supported a ceiling of cedar richly carved. This was the scene of many of our Lord's walks and conversations ; and was often to Him and the Apostles what the *Pæcile* and other porticoes of Athens were to the philosophers : though probably far surpassing the latter in architectural magnificence.—See Josephus.

The fire that heaven alone supplied  
 Had on the holy altar died ;  
     No veiled cherubs bowed ;  
 No more was heard, those wings above,  
 The answer of Jehovah's love,  
     Breathed from the radiant cloud.\*

\* Among the especial signs of the divine favour granted to the first Temple, but wanting in the second, were, the *Ark of the Covenant*, with the *Mercy-Seat*, crowned with the *Shechina*, or visible glory of God's presence, in a luminous cloud between the cherubim ; and the *sacred Fire*, which had descended from heaven on the altar of burnt-offering, at the dedication of Solomon's temple, and which had been maintained day and night by the priests, probably till the destruction of the Temple by the Chaldeans. To these ocular signs, may be added the oracular ones of the *Urim and Thummim*, (which the commentators seem to be unable to explain satisfactorily,) and, without particular reference to the Temple, the *Spirit of Prophecy*. These are the *five signs* enumerated by the Jews, the two first being reckoned as one.--See Prideaux. But unless the *Urim and Thummim* include the *vocal Oracle* from the *Mercy-seat*, the enumeration is imperfect.

A sign there was:—yet this had been,  
 Save to all-seeing eyes, unseen,  
     Amid the pomps of art :  
 One humble gift\* betrayed the shrine  
 Of love expansive and divine,  
     Within a widowed heart.

Thither the lorn one came : and where,  
 But to the God that heareth prayer,  
     Shall want or sorrow fly ?  
 “ Nought can *I* bring !” she seemed to say,  
 And emptied quite the urn of clay,  
     Because the fount was nigh.

The pile is gone :—the sentence just  
 Is written deep in Zion’s dust ;  
     And since her fiery day,  
 Rome’s eagles proud, that homeward fled  
 Filled with the banquet of the dead,  
     Have been themselves a prey.<sup>2</sup>

\* The widow’s two mites.—See Mark xii. 42.

For they but served a higher will,  
God's word unerring to fulfil,  
    On Salem's guilty dome :  
But shall no dove-like pinion bring  
That word, in sounds of comforting,  
    To cheer his humbler home ?

Must the heart's sanctuary be  
Too laid in dust ?—It shall ; yet He  
    Whose work it was before  
Shall raise anew that temple fair ;  
And heaven itself shall enter there,  
    To dwell for evermore.

## PROSPEROUS DAYS.

---

*Judge nothing before the time.*—1 Cor. iv. 5.

*Alius de alio judicat dies, et tamen supremus de omnibus.*—PLINY.

---

THE couch of his rest  
Ere the Thracian press'd,  
In his urn the due pebble was cast,  
To mark, by its hue,  
Each day as it flew,  
Life's record, when life should be past.\*

\* It is said to have been the custom of the ancient Thracians, before lying down to sleep, to drop into an urn a pebble of a light or dark colour, as the day was considered to have been fortunate or otherwise. At the close of a man's life, its tenor was judged of by inspecting the contents of the urn. The classical reader will be already familiar with the origin of such phrases as, *dies candidissimo calculo notandus*, &c.

Like the forest's rude child,  
Are we too beguiled ?  
Could we wake from this feverish dream,  
And view, by heaven's light,  
The mistake of the night,  
How changed would the calendar seem !<sup>3</sup>

That mark smooth and fair—  
Ah, an asp-egg is there !  
And the stone of the dark cloudy day  
May beam forth a gem,  
For a bright diadem—  
For the crown that ne'er fadeth away.

## PASTORAL HYMN.

---

*Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same; the rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God.—Psalm xli. Prayer-book version.*

---

A MIGHTY, a fathomless deep  
Is the purpose of God the Most High;  
And thou, trembling lamb on the steep,  
Dost fear, as the deluge rolls by.

But tho' mountains may quake at the roar,  
Then crumble, and sink in the tide,  
For thee there's a rock on its shore,  
For thee there's a path by its side.

Go, follow—for mighty to save,  
 Thy Shepherd unseen is before,  
 To lead where the tranquillized wave  
 Shall tell thee of terror no more.

Through the land that no vulture hath spied,  
 Through pastures no lion has trod,  
 This current all peaceful shall glide,  
 To glad the whole Eden of God.

Beside those still waters, no breast  
 Of fear or of sorrow shall dream ;  
 And thou, in the fold of the blest,  
 Shalt feed by that life-giving stream.

'Mid flowers immortally fair,  
 Thence fountains of pleasure shall spring.  
 Go, trembler—these billows declare  
 But the might of thy Shepherd and King.

## THE WANDERING BIRD.

---

*The sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young : even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts. - Psalm lxxxiv.*

---

LIKE an ark-banished bird, o'er the waters

My spirit went forth on the wing ;

And turned her where Græcia's daughters

Wove flowers by each time-hallowed spring :—

Sweet flowers, by each time-hallowed spring.

She deemed that the balmy groves covered

Some fair sacred spot for her nest :

Round grey fanes of marble she hovered ;

But found not the place of her rest :—

She found not the place of her rest.

For tho' still dwelt the shade of past glory  
 'Mid the shrines that were mouldering there,  
 No voice, as in days of high story,  
 Thence cried to the spoiler, "Forbear!"—  
 Bade the nest-rending spoiler forbear.\*

Yet she lingered; for mildly before her,  
 With the sunset of ages they glowed:  
 But a storm, as she mused, gathered o'er her;  
 And here was no sheltered abode:—  
 She fled for a sheltered abode.

Far fled she for covert—and found it:  
 On a green hill of pasture and shade  
 The portal arose; and around it  
 The lightnings all harmlessly played:—  
 Loud thunders all harmlessly played.

\* Herodotus tells us, that when Aristodicus rifled the birds-nests, round the sides of the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, a voice was said to have issued from the recesses of the sanctuary, exclaiming, "Most impious of men! How

But the storm, that so fiercely was swelling,

Goes dying away through the air ;

And hark !—lo, she sings in her dwelling,

“ Thy temple, Jehovah, how fair !—

“ Thy courts, oh how peaceful, how fair !

“ These pillars no mortal hand rounded,

“ In Chian or Parian isle :

“ Thou—Builder of worlds !—thou hast founded,

“ And illumed with thy presence the pile :—

“ The rock-placed immoveable pile.

“ Though I wander to field, grove, or bower,

“ Here my home—my heart’s treasure shall be ;

“ And hither, when dark tempests lower,

“ I’ll fly to my refuge in thee :—

“ My refuge unfailing in thee.

darest thou to do thus? Dost thou drive from my temple those who have placed themselves under my protection?”—  
*Lib. I. 159.* See note (4) at the end of the vol.

“ Sweet spices, in Araby growing,  
 “ For incense I’ll gather, and shed  
 “ On coals from thine altar fresh glowing,  
 “ Where the Victim unspotted has bled :—  
 “ Unblemished, unspotted, has bled.\*

“ May it rise ever fragrant before thee,  
 “ Till thy temple above I behold ;  
 “ Till the day when my song shall adore thee,  
 “ Attuned to the psalt’ry of gold :—  
 “ The seraph-touched psalt’ry of gold.”

---

\* \* \* *This piece may be shortened for music, by omitting the  
 third and fifth stanzas.*

\* Under the figurative dispensation of the Old Testament, the incense, the type of the prayers and praises of God’s accepted people, was to be offered only with fire from the altar of EXPIATORY SACRIFICE. Nadab and Abihu had, no doubt, *their* arguments to prove that this was of no consequence. They dared to approach with other fire :—and they perished. These things were “written for our learning.”

## LIBERA NOS DOMINE.\*

---

*In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our wealth ; in the hour of death ; and in the day of judgment—Good Lord deliver us.*

LITANY.

---

SWEET is creation's incense, given  
Back to its source, all-bounteous heaven.  
Lo, flowery vales break forth in song,  
And sunny hills the strain prolong !  
Whence heard we, then, the note of pain,  
Or groaning elements complain ?  
Child of mortality, for thee,  
'Tis nature's voice of sympathy.

\* This substitution, in poetry, of the Roman-Catholic response for our own, will need no apology to those who have witnessed its sweet and plaintive effect, as chanted by a congregation.

From thine, her kindred sorrows grew ;

For she has lost her Eden too.

Hark !—that sigh from sea to sea !

*Libera nos Domine !*

Bring then the solemn harp, and share

In nature's hope, and nature's prayer.\*

And Thou, her Lord, for whom did flow

Deep draughts of more than nature's woe—

By all the paschal moon did see,

In shades of sad Gethsemane ;

By all that was on Calvary done,

Beneath the horror-clouded sun ;

By thine ascent to heaven's high seat ;

By thy thence-mission'd Paraclete ;

Hear, whene'er we cry to thee,

*Libera nos Domine !*

\* “ For the earnest expectation of the creature (the creation, κτίσις) waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. . . . For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth,” &c. Rom. viii. 19, 21.

If thou dost trace o'er pleasant ground,  
 Our path with bloom and verdure crown'd,  
 Forbid the exile's feet to roam,  
 Unmindful of his heavenly home ;  
 Till darkened joys, or closing day,  
 O'ertake the pilgrim on his way.  
 If trouble, wave on wave, shall seem  
 To cross his steps, an endless stream ;  
 And strings erewhile with joy that rang  
 Mute o'er those willowed waters hang ;  
 Thou, who art where we would be,  
*Libera nos Domine !*

But there's a tide remains at last  
 To pass, when all the rest are pass'd.  
 And deep to deep proclaims afar  
 That death's dark billows mighty are.  
 Yet Thou, who mightier art to save,  
 Didst cross that Jordan's parted wave ;  
 And bear into the land of rest  
 The graven jewels on thy breast.

Where thou hast trod, we too will go ;

For there no floods shall overflow.\*

With us in the waters be :

*Libera nos Domine!*

And since once more thou shalt appear,

With trump that e'en the dead shall hear,

Stamp now thine image in this clay ;

And own it there in thy great day :

When wide unfurled, all flesh shall see

Thy perfect law ; and every knee

Shall bend, and every tongue avow,

Thou, Lord, art righteous—only Thou !

If then the voice of prayer we raise,

Ere prayer shall quite dissolve in praise,

Faith shall breathe that latest plea,

*Libera nos Domine!*

\* “ When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”--Isaiah xliii. 2.

## THE CROWN OF THORNS.\*

---

AND did that head—circled with glory now—

Those wreathed sorrows wear?—The tale is true:

Yes, these—these hands did weave them for thy brow;

This bosom was the desert where they grew.

There fell thy early rain, thy evening dew;

And such its first-fruit offerings were to thee!

The burning curse was nigh; † but onward flew,  
Like Egypt's angel:—nought did light on me,  
Save clearing fires, that bring fertility.

\* The leading idea is taken from Filicaja's "*Chi dal tronco vi svelse, e chi v'impresse?*"

† "The earth which drinketh in the rain which cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing: whose end is to be burned."—Heb. vi. 7, 8.

Ah, speed the flame that yet too feebly glows !  
When shall the wilderness like Eden be ;  
And all the desert blossom as the rose ?  
With voice of vernal melody divine :  
Thy name the theme, and all the glory THINE ?

## THE GOD OF NATURE.

---

*"They worship a God 'whose temple is all space;' that is, any where but in the human heart."*—MRS. H. MORE.

---

THOU, dear enthusiast, sayest  
None can like nature preach;  
That in her fane thou prayest;  
That woods and rills can teach:  
Yes, more than e'er Ilyssus  
Taught sages by his stream;  
Or groves beside Cephissus,  
That waved o'er Plato's dream.\*

\* It will be remembered that the Cephissus (or Cephissus) watered the groves of Academus; and that the Ilyssus flowed past the walks of the Lycæum, the haunts of Aristotle and the peripatetics.

Then leave these vales below thee :

    Come, stretch thine eagle eye ;

And nature more shall show thee

    Of Him thou canst not spy.

Gaze on the fire-stream, pouring

    Down Etna's viny steep ;

Go where the billow's roaring

    Is loudest on the deep.

Where earthquakes mutter deadly,

    And domes and turrets reel ;

Where camel-bells pause dreadly,

    Quenched in the hot Samiel ;

Where thunders roll before him,

    And where his lightnings shine,

Bow, tremble, and adore him :

    For this—this God is thine.

Yet see, through clouds storm-broken,

    The dove-borne olive bough !

Take thou, and bind that token  
 Around thine awe-struck brow.  
 Then where his bow He spreadeth,  
 Behold him, dark no more :  
 Him, who the wild waves treadeth,  
 Seek now on yon green shore.

Around his footsteps springing,  
 What wreaths embalm the air !  
 While hills break forth in singing,  
 Go, trace those footsteps there :  
 When morn's first beam from slumbers  
 Awakes the dewy flowers ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Or with that bird whose numbers  
 Charm starry midnight hours.

To Him let rapture wing thee,  
 From heights where eagles dwell ;  
 Or let the glad bee bring thee  
 Home to her thymy cell.

Where'er thou wilt, observe him

In things that fairest shine;

Then, joyful, fly to serve him,

For He—that God—is thine.

## WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

---

*“Io son sì stanco sotto il fascio antico.”*

---

BENEATH the burden of past sin I bow,  
That bands of lengthened habit closer bind.  
My knees are failing by the way, e'en now ;  
And lo, my fell pursuer is behind !  
I had a Friend—with countenance how kind !  
Ineffable !—and he with help was nigh :  
But he, alas, has fled.—Ah, could I find  
Again that gentle hand, that cheering eye !  
Yet, hark !—“Ye weary, laden heavily,  
Mine be your load, and yours my yoke of love.”  
It is his voice, still speaking from on high !  
Oh give me then the pinions of a dove !  
That wishes here below so long unblest  
At length may fly away, and be at rest.

## THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES.\*

---

FROM THE GREEK.

---

MORE glorious than the immortal hierarchy !  
Minist'ring spirits they—Almighty thou !<sup>6</sup>  
In name diverse—ever the one Most High ;  
Creation's Lord, all hail !—for thou wilt bow  
A father's ear : our lips' faint echoes die ;  
Yet breath from thee to thee ascendeth now,  
O God !—and since all breathing things may bring  
The offering of their praise, I too thy praise will sing.

\* Cleanthes, the Stoic philosopher, the pupil and successor of Zeno, was born at Assos, 330 B.C. He first made his appearance at Athens as a wrestler, but catching the enthusiasm for philosophy (or what was then deemed such) so generally diffused there, he resolved to abandon his old profession, and devote himself to the intellectual gymnastics. His funds amounted but to four drachmas (about

Thou, of this wheeling universe the stay !

Thine hand moves all, above, beneath, around ;  
Pointing the winged lightning on its way,

When nature starts, then trembles at the sound.  
Thy flaming bolts how terrible !—yet they,

Thine errand done, depart, and are not found :  
Or found but in thy kindly fires, that flow

Throughout this mighty frame, where life and beauty  
glow.

half-a-crown); but there are minds to which difficulties are stimulants. As Cleanthes was seen to frequent the Academus, and the Portico, and as he had no ostensible means of support, he was, according to law, summoned by the Athenians to give an account of himself before the court of the Areopagus. He had consequently the honour of defending his cause, where Socrates had pleaded his, a century before, and where an Apostle was afterwards almost to forget his, in pleading another dearer to him. Cleanthes produced undeniable testimonials of his honest maintenance, in the persons of a gardener for whom he drew water, and a woman for whom he ground corn: for his practice was, to labour during the night, to earn means for the studious leisure of the day. The judges, struck with admiration, ordered 10 *minæ* (about £32.) to be paid to him out of the public

All by thy word is done, through land, or sea,

Or where yon fields of light ethereal beam :

Save that, by minds mysteriously left free,

Perversely wrought.<sup>7</sup> — Things all uncouth that  
 seem

Are fair in that fair order framed by thee ;

And things unlovely share thy love supreme.

O wond'rous harmony ! O mystic band,

That binds both good and ill in thine unerring hand !

treasury ; which, however, Zeno would not allow him to accept. Antigonus is said to have afterwards presented him with three hundred times that sum. He was for many years so destitute of money to buy writing materials, as to be obliged to use shells and bones in taking notes of lectures. He was naturally of slow apprehension ; but overcame all difficulties by persevering application. It is lamentable to add, that his death, in his old age, is said to have been self-inflicted, by starvation. Of his motives for this act, we are not informed : but as his master Zeno strangled himself at the age of 98, because he had tumbled down and broken his finger, the philosophic dignity of poor Cleanthes, and the boasted imperturbable serenity of the school, might possibly gain nothing by withdrawing the veil. Of his numerous writings, nothing remains but some fragments, and the above

Yet man that holy guiding bond would fly ;

Though panting still for good—for bliss, un-  
found,

Save in the law of love that rules the sky.

O madness!—he but makes, at every bound,  
A wounding fetter of that silken tie.

Eager he grasps at glory's empty sound ;  
At treasures of the mart, or of the mine ;  
At joys of grosser sense,—at every joy, but thine.

hymn, which is perhaps altogether the finest composition of the sort that pagan antiquity has left us. The Greek poet from whom St. Paul quotes, in his defence before the Areopagus,

“ For we His offspring also are,”

“ Του γαρ και γενος εσμεν,”

was no doubt Aratus, the Apostle's own Cilician countryman: but the same sentiment is found, almost in the same words, in the Hymn of Cleanthes—“ Εκ σου γαρ γενος εσμεν.”

It must be acknowledged that this hymn is certainly calculated to convey a very far too favorable impression of the sentiments of the old Stoic School; which not only denied *the immortality of the soul*, but held most unworthy ideas of

O ruler of the thunder, and the cloud !

Thou giver of all good !—The heart beguiled  
 Illume, O God !—bend thou the will unbowed ;  
 And look with pity on thine erring child.

Shed there thy harmonies ; and clear and loud,  
 Notes, like unwonted music from the wild,  
 Shall answer thee, and thy last gift desire—

A heart full tuned to swell the UNIVERSAL CHOIR.

the Deity : not even allowing him the attribute of creative power, any farther than as impressing form and motion on matter co-eternal with Him, and subject, like himself, to some law of absolute necessity ; which *κοινος νομος* here assumes, by means of poetic phraseology, the character of supreme controlling wisdom. There are passages, however, which it is difficult, even in this way, to reconcile with the Stoic system. The Hymn may have been the production of one of those moments of feeling, in the glow of which frigid theories melt away.

For more particulars of Cleanthes, see Enfield's *History of Philosophy*.

## TOSSED WITH TEMPESTS.

---

*“The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory  
thundereth.”—Psalm xxix. 3.*

---

THOU tossed with tempests so loud,

Why gaze on each billow's wild form?

Ah, is there no face dimly seen in the cloud?

No voice, but the voice of the storm?

Oh listen!—e'en passion's gay slave

Can hark to the whirlwind and flame;

But who, like the Prophet in Horeb's lone cave,

Hears the whisper that tells why they came?

Couldst thou learn, when the soft summer air

Seem'd reigning o'er weather and wave,

Of thine own feeble skill,—of the hearer of prayer,—

And of Him as almighty to save?

If He is thy pilot, why fear ?

Not a blast, then, may blow upon thee—

Not a billow may roll, but to bring thee more near

To the calm haven where thou wouldst be.

Gales of sweets from the land of the blest

Never wafted the frail vessel there :

And say where the bright bow of promise could rest,

In skies that for ever were fair ?

## THE AGED GENIUS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHELANGELO:—WRITTEN IN THE  
DECLINE OF LIFE.

---

*“Giunto è già 'l corso della vita mia.”*

---

AT length life's stormy voyage well nigh is done :  
These waves shall toss my fragile bark no more.  
But ah !—there waits the Judge, the unerring One,  
Who shall each work, and word, and thought  
explore !  
And is it so ?—The fantasy is o'er  
That made enshrined art my idol still ;\*  
And many a flying shade I chased before  
As my chief good, was but a specious ill !

\* His apology for exclusive devotedness to his favorite pursuits had formerly been, “*Art is a jealous God.*”

What if, when death hath wreaked his power to  
kill,

The living death beyond the grave be mine?

The pencil and the chisel have no skill

To charm such thoughts to rest:—O love divine,

Who didst spread wide thy arms on Calvary,

Be thou my refuge, Lord! for I have none save

THEE!

## ASCENSION CHORUS.

---

FROM PSALM XXIV.\*

---

CHORUS—*of Angels ascending with the Messiah.*

SPREAD, spread the wing, and through the sky,  
Rise with the song of victory.

Bruised is the serpent's head ;  
And the Lord hath triumphed !  
By his Word primæval framed,  
By that Word incarnate claimed,  
This fair world is his, and all  
That doth breathe throughout the ball.

\* The literal subject of this Psalm appears to be the solemn entry of the Ark of the Covenant into the Tabernacle ; its typical and prophetic object, the triumphal entrance of the Mediator of the New Covenant into heaven. It is accordingly one of the Psalms appointed by the Church for Ascension-Day.

His the mighty mountain piles ;  
 His the ocean's thousand isles.  
 There his breath awoke the clay ;  
 There his Spirit breathes to-day.  
 Yielding rebels bend in prayer,  
 Round his throne of mercy there.  
 He shall reign till every knee  
 Worship him from sea to sea ;  
 Bow, and own the Saviour's right ;  
 Or in mercy, or in might.

## SEMICHORUS.

Hear it, every wandering star,  
 Through these azure fields afar !  
 Tuneful orbs, that with us sang,  
 When creation's anthem rang ;\*

\* " Who laid the corner-stone thereof ; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ?" Job xxxviii. 6, 7.

Ye that hailed the balmy morn,  
 When the day-beam first was born;  
 Hymn once more, from sphere to sphere,  
 Till the heaven of heavens shall hear.  
 See, of light a purer robe  
 Rests on yonder lessening globe!  
 Lo, on Judah's mountains shine  
 Holier rays, O sun, than thine!

CHORUS.

Heaven's own presence there doth dwell!—  
 Favour'd world, awhile farewell!  
 Onward still through ether roll,  
 Till the day that crowns the whole:  
 And along thy joyous way,  
 To each sister planet say,  
 “Bruised is the serpent's head!  
 “Sing—the Lord hath triumphed!”

## SEMICHORUS.

See, the starry gates appear :  
Sweet airs breathe, for heaven is near.  
Yet, say who may enter there ?  
Who with arm of flesh may dare  
Draw that veil of light aside,  
Where the Eternal doth abide ?  
Pierce, with unaverted gaze,  
His pavilion's cloudless blaze ?  
Tread his courts, and dwell above,  
In the palace of his love ?  
Where e'en seraphs, while they sing,  
Bend beneath the shading wing ;  
And with rapture-drooping eye,  
Holy !—Holy !—Holy ! cry.  
From a world of sin and care,  
Who, ah who may enter there ?

## CHORUS.

E'en He who, in that world of care,  
Hath taintless breathed the tainted air ;  
Who a soul ne'er stained doth bring  
Back to its immortal spring,  
He may claim—and He alone,  
Boundless blessings from that throne :  
Not for Him—supremely blest ;  
They shall on his people rest :  
Righteousness o'erflowing ever,  
From the fount that faileth never :  
Not for Him—the undefiled ;  
But for sinners reconciled.  
For the chosen fold of God  
Tread the steps their leader trod ;  
They his victories shall share ;  
They the wreaths he won shall wear.

World nor flesh may hold its slave ;  
 Death, nor Hades, nor the grave :  
 Where He rose, they too shall soar ;  
 And be with him evermore.

(*Pause.*)

Seraphs, loose your bars of gold ;  
 Wide your gates of pearl unfold ;  
 And with harp-strings tuned anew,  
 Let the King of Glory through !

CHORUS—*of Angels within the gate of Heaven.*

Lo, the King of Glory, bright,  
 Sits e'en here, enthroned in light :  
 Who, with voice of Jubilee,  
 May this King of Glory be ?

CHORUS—*of Angels without.*

Veiled in flesh, the Lord Most High  
 Of the armies of the sky.  
 Palms and crowns unnumbered He  
 Hath won, the God of victory !  
 He comes the seats of bliss to claim,  
 In his own ransomed people's name.  
 Drop ye then your bars of gold ;  
 Wide your pearly gates unfold ;  
 Tune your holy harps anew ;  
 And let the King of Glory through !

CHORUS—*of Angels within.*

Tell once more the wondrous story ;  
 Say, who is this King of Glory ?

FULL CHORUS—*as the Celestial Train enters  
in triumph.*

'Tis He—'tis He, whose sovereign will  
All the angelic hosts fulfil.  
Who yet another host shall bring,  
To join our choirs, and with us sing,—  
To Him—to Him all glory be,  
Who won and gave the victory !  
To Him—to Him all glory be !

## THEN IS THERE NO SUNNY ISLE?

---

*“Nos manet oceanus circumvagus : arva, beata  
Petamus arva, divites et insulas.”—HOR. Epod. 16.\**

---

THEN is there no sunny isle,  
In seas so bright and fair;  
Where the storms come not, and the green shores smile,  
Undashed by waves of care?  
No summit so near the skies,  
Where weary feet may flee?  
Where sorrow's dark deluge can never rise?—  
Ah no!—it may not be!  
Ah no! &c.

\* “Come, seek we, on the mighty ocean's breast,  
“Those favoured fields, those islands of the blest.”

Such was the advice of the Roman Poet to his unhappy countrymen, harassed and torn by an age of still renewed civil conflict. Had the wished for shore been discovered, the elements of Marian and Syllan mobs would have made a strange paradise there.

Yet an ark is on the tide,

For anxious bosoms given :

And the flood that whelms each refuge beside,

But lifts it nearer heaven.

It waits, of an Eden rare

The eternal hills to see :—

But may it be wrecked, ere it anchor there ?

Oh no !—it cannot be !

Oh no !—&c.

The hues of the faithful bow

Shall fade unmourned away :

For the tints in that pure, pure sky shall glow

More bright and warm than they.

From that shore, no tear shall fall

Into the crystal sea ;

Not even the holiest tear of all :

Oh no !—it cannot be !

Oh no !—&c.

## THE MAGDALEN.\*

---

YES weep, O woman frail and fair ;  
    Though tears that fall so fast  
Amid that bright unbraided hair  
    Can ne'er efface the past.

\* The popular appellation for this well-known subject of painting and sculpture is here adopted, in default of any other convenient one ; though the tradition which identifies the nameless penitent of Galilee (see Luke vii.) with Mary of Magdala, seems very insufficient authority for the liberty constantly taken with the historically unimpeached character of the latter. Mary the Magdalene has also an especial claim to respect, as one of those honourable representatives of woman-kind in the grand scene of our Redemption, who in their sublimely simple, uncalculating, tender faithfulness, were unconsciously conspiring to put the other sex for ever to the blush.

“ She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave :

“ Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.”

Though other drops, whose power divine  
 Can wash thy stains away,  
 Must plead e'en more than tears like thine ;  
 More holy still than they.

Mary, the sister of Lazarus, in anointing her Lord's *head*, a few days before he suffered, may have imitated, as a significant act of self-abasement which would be well understood by Him, the conduct of the penitent in question : as it appears, from John's account, that she anointed his *feet* also, and wiped them with her hair.

It may also be as well to explain to those who are not readers of the Greek Testament, that the penitent woman did not attempt to *wash* Christ's feet with her tears : the word is *βρῆχειν*, to *sprinkle* or *water*. Her tears falling on his feet, the wiping them away, as they fell, with her dishevelled hair, was a perfectly natural action. See Doddridge, *in loc.* This mistake may be traced to the terms in which our Lord throws her conduct so gracefully into contrast with the high professor's neglect of the unobtrusive duty of little social attentions to an humble individual. "Thou gavest me no water for my feet ; but *she*, &c."

It is, however, more important to remark, with reference to a prevailing and a fundamental error, that our translators have been unfortunate in conveying a very incorrect impression, by a strictly faithful *verbal* translation, in the words, "Wherefore I say unto thee that her sins, which are many, are forgiven her, for she loved much :" as though this im-

Had He who pardons bid thee bring  
 Those tears, his love to buy,  
 That word had ne'er unsealed the spring  
 That fills thy streaming eye.

plied that her sins were forgiven in consideration of the fervour of her love, and the intenseness of her sorrow; whereas it appears most evident from the context, to say nothing more, that her love and her tears were the *result* of a sense of pardoning mercy: *for* here implying the *sign*, not the *cause*. Christ taught the Pharisee to infer by analogy, from the case of the two debtors, which had just been related, that *many* sins had been forgiven her, since she loved *much*. See Hoogeveen, De Partic. *ὅτι*.—"Ubi *ὅτι* non designat causam; nam charitas non est causa remissionis peccatorum, sed potius effectus. Sed servator argumentatur ex mulieris charitate, tanquam signo, ipsi remissa esse peccata."

That the mistake is not that of the ignorant alone, is proved by its conspicuous appearance in Moore's elegant verses on the subject.—A popular continental poet has availed himself of the same ambiguity, to a purpose truly disgusting and abominable.—Thus much, to show that the obscurity is worth noticing; and that this is not one of the justly complained of cavils at our venerable translation. Martin's is much worse here:—"C'est pourquoi je te dis que ses péchés . . . . lui *seront* pardonnés."

Ah 'twas not Sinai's flash that taught  
That frozen fount to glow :  
No—milder, mightier rays it caught ;  
And lo, the waters flow !

Pour then thine odours—pour, and see,  
In Him on whom they fall,  
The vase of clay that holds for thee  
Balm costlier far than all.

More fragrant unction on that brow  
Rests, where his Father smiled :  
He bears a brother's name ; for thou,  
Thou too art called a child.

Oh wondrous !—pour a heaven of tears :—  
When sin's erased above,  
How dark that record torn appears,  
In the full light of love !

## THE PROPHET'S HYMN.

---

FROM HABBAKKUK, CHAP. III.

---

THOUGH the fig-tree my bower that o'ershaded  
Refuse what it scattered before ;  
Though the vine's wreathed curtain, all faded,  
Refresh with its clusters no more ;—

Though the olive, lov'd symbol of heaven,  
Be guarded and cherished in vain ;  
Though the field, for the blessing once given,  
But the thorn and the thistle retain ;—

Though the home where the herd is retreating  
Its sweet-flowing stores should withhold ;  
Nor voice of the flock's tender bleating  
Be heard in the desolate fold ;—

These joys are the moon-beam that waneth;  
While the sun, whence it sprung, is the same :  
Jehovah my Saviour remaineth ;  
And I will rejoice in his name.

Undried is that fountain of pleasure,  
Whose drops 'mid this wilderness fall :  
Still safe, still untouched is my treasure ;  
For mine is the Giver of all.

HE BOWED THE HEAVENS AND  
CAME DOWN.

PSALM XVIII.

---

PLUNGED in the deeps—a whelming tide,  
Hadst thou thy refuge known,  
My soul, had there been help beside?—  
But there was one alone.

Thy all was prayer:—the feeble cry  
No mortal power might hear  
Rose to the holy place on high;  
E'en to Jehovah's ear.

Those spreading wings of cherubim,  
His mercy-seat that shade,  
Became a moving throne for Him,  
To waft him to my aid.

Though wheeling winds with fury roll'd,  
 They but his chariot bare ;  
 High billows but the waving fold  
 Of his pavilion were.

That gloomy darkness !—'twas to veil  
 Thy path, O thou Most High ;  
 Those clouds, that held the sounding hail—  
 They were thy canopy.

But lo, thine hands the veil remove !—  
 The clouds of terror fly ;  
 And lightnings turn to beams of love,  
 Mild, from a Father's eye.

Rescued, I grasp the holy ground :  
 And ere the sinking sea  
 Is still, I mingle with its sound  
 My hymn of praise to thee.

Then calm, above the reflux wave,

I'll raise my altar there ;

And on the faithful marble 'grave,

TO HIM WHO HEARETH PRAYER.

## LET THERE BE LIGHT.

---

*“The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was light of the Sense ; the last was the light of Reason ; and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his SPIRIT.”—LORD BACON.*

---

WHEN suns first blazed, their beam divine  
From Thee, O Fount of glory, sprung :  
Yet small to thee, that work of thine  
By morning stars in chorus sung ;  
For thou, through darker, gloomier night,  
Hast said, once more, “LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

The sweet bird sings, ere golden morn  
Is through his foliage curtain shed ;  
And I, ere well my day be born,  
Ere yet the shadows all are fled.  
O Father, from this dawning ray,  
Let there be light—the perfect day !

Yes, be there light—though visions gay  
    With phantom terrors vanish fast ;  
Though seeming pearls that strew the way  
    Should prove but dewy tears at last.  
Lo, yonder bursts the prospect bright !  
Still shine—oh still, let there be light !

And wherefore mourn the fading gleam,  
    When joys that cannot last decay ?—  
Who mourns when stars that loveliest seem  
    Grow dim before the rising day ?  
What though e'en suns no more may shine ?  
Be there but light, O Lord, from THINE !

## PRAYER.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHELANGELO.\*

---

*“ Len sarian dolci le preghiere mie.”*

---

How sweet shall be the incense of my prayer !

Since He who bids me, gives the power to pray,  
I may draw near, and bring those spices rare,  
That spring not forth from my unfertile clay.

Source of all perfect gifts !—ah who shall lay  
Aught at thy feet, save that by thee bestowed ?

Thine is the softening dew, the quickening ray ;  
And thine the right to reap where thou hast strowed.

\* The liberty here taken with the original passes the bounds even of free translation.

Forerunner to the purchased abode !

Oh shed thou then upon me—e'en on me,

Thy light to find, thy strength to tread the road

To where the pure in heart shall dwell with thee.

Take all thine own :—inspire, enkindle, raise,

My thoughts, my tongue, my life, to thy immortal  
praise !

## PETER WEEPING.

---

“*The Lord turned and looked upon Peter.*”—LUKE xxii. 61.

“*Negavit primò Petrus, et non flevit, quia non respexerat Dominus ; negavit secundò et non flevit, quia adhuc non respexerat Dominus ; negavit et tertio : respexit Jesus, et ille amarissimè flevit.*”<sup>\*</sup>—ST. AMBROSE.

---

O STRONG in purpose—frail in power !

Where now the pledge so lately given ?†

Coward—to creatures of an hour !

Bold—to the challenged bolts of heaven !<sup>s</sup>

\* “Peter denied for the first time, and wept not, because the Lord had not looked on him ; he denied the second time, and wept not, because still the Lord had not looked on him. He denied the third time :—Jesus looked upon him ; and he wept very bitterly.”

† “Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.”—MATT. xxvi. 35.

Shall that fierce eye e'er pour the stream  
 Of heart-wrung tears before its God?—  
 Thus did the rock in Horeb seem,  
 One moment ere it felt the rod.

But Jesus turns :—mysterious drops  
 Before that kindly glance flow fast !  
 So melt the snows from mountain tops,  
 When the dark wintry hour is past.

What might it be that glance could paint ?  
 Did one deep-touching impress blend  
 The more than sage—the more than saint—  
 The more than sympathizing friend ?

Was it, that lightning thought retraced  
 Some hallowed hour beneath the moon ?  
 Or walk, or converse high that graced  
 The temple's column'd shade at noon ?

Say did that face, to memory's eye,  
    With gleams of Tabor's glory shine ?  
Or did the dews of agony  
    Still rest upon that brow divine ?\*

I know not :—but I know a will  
    That, Lord ! might frail as Peter's be ;  
A heart that had denied thee still,  
    E'en now—without a look from Thee !

\* Peter, it will be recollected, was one of the favoured three, selected to be present both at the transfiguration, and the agony in the garden.

THE LORD HEAR THEE IN THE  
DAY OF TROUBLE.

PSALM XX.

---

THE name of Jehovah defend thee !

For he, from his dwelling above,  
Shall hear thee in trouble, and send thee  
The might of his covenant love.

His rod of dread powers  
Shall bud with sweet flowers,  
In the ark of his covenant love.

Then kneel : for the prayer of the lowly,  
As incense, all odour shall be,  
In the cloud of the holocaust holy,  
That pleads in his presence for thee.

His word, like strong mountains,  
Still sheds forth the fountains  
Of strength from his presence, for thee.

Is it so?—then what foe shall confound me?

While chariot and horse lie o'erthrown,

Be my watch-word, when legions surround me,

The name of my Saviour alone :

In the battle's thick shower,

Be my shield and my tower

Jehovah the Saviour alone.

HARK! FROM YON PALACES OF  
LIGHT.

ASCENSION HYMN.

---

PSALM XLVII.\*

---

HARK!—from yon palaces of light,  
What may that joyous chorus be?—  
HIS NAME whose holy arm of might  
Hath won immortal victory.  
In triumph, lo, He mounts on high!  
While all heaven's sapphire arches ring  
With praise : and let our tongues reply,  
High praises—praises to our King!

\* Also one of the Psalms appointed by the Church for  
Ascension-Day. See note on the *Ascension Chorus*, p. 31.

'Tis He, the victor o'er our foe,

Shall wreath our brows with conquering love ;  
 Shall choose our portion here below,  
 Who purchased our bright home above.

For He is risen in triumph there,  
 With choirs of angels on the wing :  
 They bid our spirits rise, and share  
 In praises—praises to our King !

Lo, Gentiles drop the hostile shield ;  
 Heralds the Prince of Peace proclaim :  
 Oh come the day, when all the field  
 Shall pile one trophy to his name.  
 For He, along the starry road,  
 In triumph shall his ransom'd bring  
 With praises to his blest abode :—  
 High praises—praises to our King !

WHAT DOST THOU, O WANDERING  
DOVE ?\*

---

WHAT dost thou, O wandering dove,  
From thy home in the rock's riven breast ?  
'Tis fair—but the falcon is wheeling above :  
Ah fly to thy sheltering nest !  
To thy nest !—wand'ring dove—to thy nest !

Frail bark, on that bright summer sea,  
That the breezes now curl but in sport—  
Spread cheerly thy sail, nor, though pleasant it be,  
E'er linger till safe in the port.  
For the port !—little bark—for the port !

\* Partially imitated from a sonnet of Domenico Cerasola.  
—“ *Ecco, alma mia, il tuo Dio, &c.*”

Tired roe, who the hunter dost flee,  
 While his arrow e'en now's on the wing—  
 In yon deep green recess there's a fountain for thee :  
 Go, rest by that clear secret spring.  
 To the spring !—panting roe—to the spring !

My spirit, still hovering, half blest,  
 'Mid shadows so fleeting and dim—  
 Ah know'st thou thy rock, and thy haven of rest,  
 And thy pure spring of joy ?—then to Him !  
 Then to Him !—flutt'ring spirit—to Him !

## THE HYMN OF UNION.\*

PSALM CXXXIII.

*“ Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !”*

---

(TUNE—O love, all love excelling.—HAYDN.) †

---

WHILE earth-born strifes are swelling,  
How cheering to behold  
Peace, love, and joy, still dwelling  
In God's own gathered fold !  
Though climes or names may sever,  
Though wide the pasture spread,  
That flock is one—one ever,  
In its immortal Head.

\* Both the subject and the measure were intended for adaptation to a tune in the collection of the Church of the Moravians, or United Brethren.

† In Latrobe's Selection.

What spicy odours blended  
     O'er Aaron's locks were roll'd!—  
 O'er Aaron's robes descended,  
     Down to the fringing gold!  
 But there are sweets more holy  
     Than eastern groves may yield;  
 Or laden gales waft slowly  
     From Sheba's fragrant field.<sup>9</sup>

Perfumed with costlier treasure,  
     Our Priest anointed prays:  
 'Twas poured, and without measure,  
     On Him of endless days.  
 His people too shall share it;  
     For still it downward flows:  
 His robe, whoe'er may wear it,  
     Sheds sweetness as it goes.

As blooms the lowly flower,  
     On Hermon's mighty side;\*

\* When Maundrell describes the dew of Hermon as

And drinks the dew's soft shower,  
To distant plains denied—

wetting the tents of his party during the night, as though it had rained hard, he seems to be speaking of the smaller Hermon, near Tabor: this fact, however, may serve for illustration, *a fortiori*.

Our translators, to avoid the unintelligible idea of the dew of Hermon descending on the mountains of Zion, which are thirty miles distant, on the other side of Jordan, have endeavoured to interpret the passage by supplying an ellipsis, "As the dew of Hermon; *and as the dew* that descended on the mountains of Zion." The still remaining obscurity may be removed by a very simple alteration of the inserted words:—"As the dew of Hermon, *so is that* which descended on the mountains of Zion." <sup>10</sup>

Hermon is the highest point of the Anti-Libanus chain; and appears, from the maps, to be so far south, as very much to avoid the immense skreen, which, as Burkhardt informs us, the Libanus opposes to the refreshing western breezes that blow all the summer. These winds, coming from the Mediterranean, would of course be charged with moisture; and, about the sides and summits of such a mountain as Hermon, would meet with an atmosphere of a much lower temperature. Rapid condensation during the night, and consequently copious dews, would naturally follow.—As Hermon, then, draws down on the trees and herbs around it those fertilizing dews, which they would otherwise want in vain; so do the spiritual dews of heaven

Bloom they a home possessing  
Where Zion's summits soar :  
For there—there rests the blessing ;  
E'en life for evermore.

descend on *the Mount Zion* where God has placed his name, and established his covenant. There alone is the blessing promised ; and there it must be sought, in a faithful and spiritual use of Christian ordinances.

PLEAD MY CAUSE, O LORD.—Ps. xxxv.

---

*“We have an Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ the righteous.”*

1 John. ii 1.

---

(TUNE—Take back the virgin page.\*—IRISH MELODY.)

PLEAD Thou—oh plead my cause !  
Each self-excusing plea  
My trembling soul withdraws,  
And flies to Thee.  
Where Justice rears her throne,  
Ah who, save thee alone,  
May stand, O spotless One?—  
Plead thou my cause !

\* Moore.

Ah, plead not aught of mine,  
 Before thine altar thrown :  
 Fragments—when all is thine—  
     All—all thy own !

Thou seest what stains they bear :  
 Oh since each tear, each prayer,  
 Hath need of pardon there,  
     Plead thou my cause !

With lips that, dying, breathed  
 Blessings for words of scorn ;  
 With brow where I had wreathed  
     The piercing thorn ;  
 With breast to whose pure tide  
 He did the weapon guide,  
 Who hath no home beside,  
     Plead thou my cause !

Plead—when the tempter's art,  
 To each fond hope of mine,

Denies this faithless heart

Can e'er be thine.

If slander whisper too

The sin I never knew,

Thou, who couldst urge the true,

Plead thou my cause !

Oh plead my cause above :

Plead thine within my breast ;

Till there thy peaceful Dove

Shall build her nest.

Thou know'st this will—how frail ;

Thou know'st—though language fail—

My soul's mysterious tale :—

Plead thou my cause !

## PSALM CIII.

---

ROUSE thee, my soul, from thy slumber, and sing :  
All thine emotions in harmony bring,  
Tuned, like the harp of a seraph above,  
Full to the praise of the God who is love.  
Say is it thou that forgetful shalt be  
Of thy Lord's name, and his dealing with thee ?  
Thou wast all guilty—thy sin he forgave ;  
Sick—and his healing was nigh thee to save ;  
Claimed as death's prey—and thy ransom he paid ;  
Living—thy life of his mercies was made ;  
Faint by the way—and what heavenly food  
Filled all thy frame, from his table, with good :  
Cheer'd thee, and strengthened, and gave thee to fly,  
Plumed like an eagle, and winged for the sky.

Turn thee, my spirit, oh turn thee, and cast  
Glances of vision through ages long past.

How, when the cry of his people ascends,  
That captive flock from the spoiler he rends :  
Through the rude wild, to the faith-descried land,  
Led by his pillar, and fed from his hand.  
How is that gracious, that long-waiting rod  
Spared when the smitten return to their God !  
Where had we been, had he wholly withheld ?  
Where—had he hurled it as we have rebelled ?

Wide as the sweep of the blue vault above,  
Spreads o'er his own his pavilion of love :  
Still they that fear him, wherever they roam,  
Stand in the centre of that mighty dome.  
See, from the beams of yon orient sky,  
Darkness turns westward, and hasteth to fly :  
Brighter the day-spring, more holy the ray,  
That chases our sins and our sorrows away !

God, like a father—a father how mild !—  
Tenderly looks on his penitent child.

We have a Lord all our nature who knows,\*  
 Well as the dust whence his creature arose.  
 Frail though it be, as the frail summer flower,  
 Faded and flown on the breath of an hour,—  
 We, since the word of his mercy we trust,  
 Cast on his promise this perishing dust.  
 Firm is that promise, that word cannot fade :  
 Sure as his throne, for eternity made.  
 Pledged to his covenant people, that still  
 Press for his likeness, and aim at his will.

Praise him, fleet angels, his bidding that do :  
 When shall we praise him, and serve him like you ?  
 Bless, O creation, thy Maker divine !  
 And thou, O my spirit—what strain should be thine !

\* “For we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”—  
 Heb. iv. 15, 16.

## EASTER HYMN.

---

*"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."*—John xi. 25.

---

(AIR—Lo! he comes in clouds descending.—ITALIAN.)

JESUS died :—what night descended  
O'er the conflict there begun !  
Jesus lives !<sup>11</sup>—the fight is ended ;  
And the victory is won !  
Awful was that closing day :  
But how bright the morning ray !

Jesus died :—come, where he's lying  
Odorous gums and spices bring.  
Jesus lives !—go, seek the dying  
With a sweeter offering :  
There infuse the holy trust  
That embalms the slumbering dust.

Jesus died :—our debt's full measure  
 Those unsparing veins supplied.  
 Jesus lives !—for lo, that treasure  
 Bought immortal life beside !  
 Be our souls—that prize in view—  
 Steadfast unto suffering too.

Jesus died :—'twas he drank deepest  
 Of the woes that grieve us now.  
 Jesus lives !—O thou who weepst,  
 Hark, he says, “ Why weepst thou ?”  
 Gilead's fragrant bleeding tree  
 Sheds its tears of balm for thee.

Jesus died :—o'er sin that slays us  
 Thence must all our victory flow.  
 Jesus lives !—O Saviour, raise us  
 To thy life, e'en here below.  
 Raise us, when the combat's o'er,  
 To be with thee evermore.

## HOLY ! HOLY ! HOLY !

---

(TUNE—*The Seraphim of God.*—MORAVIAN.)

---

JEHOVAH dwells on high :  
Pure light—pure light his panoply ;  
His throne eternity !  
Some gleams, of old, half unrevealed,  
His temple's broidered veil concealed :  
Yet with the spicy cloud, ascended there  
High praise and solemn prayer.

On the Seer's vision'd gaze,\*  
Burst forth—burst forth the unprisoned rays ;  
While seraphs hailed the blaze.

\* Isaiah, in his sublime vision, so beautifully prophetic of the New Dispensation (see Lowth on chap. vi.) seems to have beheld the Holy of Holies unveiled ; and Jehovah, in the person of the Redeemer (for so the Apostle explains it,

Columns, like trembling chords, replied ;  
 Heaven's glory filled the temple wide ;  
 Rapturous the HOLY !—HOLY !—HOLY ! rung  
 From tongue to answering tongue.

The vision was not vain :  
 The veil—the veil is rent in twain !  
 Faith hears the angelic strain :  
 And we, amid the radiant glance,  
 The light, Lord, of thy countenance,  
 That HOLY !—HOLY !—HOLY ! back repeat—  
 SIRE !—SAVIOUR !—PARACLETE !

--John xii. 41.) exalted on his throne above the mercy-seat ; whilst the Shechina or visible glory of God, before confined to this his peculiar sanctuary, was now diffused through the whole temple ; and the pillars of the vestibule vibrated at the voices of the seraphim celebrating, in their responsive anthem, the full revelation of the TRIUNE JEHOVAH :

“ HOLY ! HOLY ! HOLY ! JEHOVAH, GOD OF HOSTS !  
 THE WHOLE EARTH IS FILLED WITH HIS GLORY !”

It is in the midst of these awfully magnificent accom-

If sweet yon hymn to aid,  
 Not yet—not yet with palms arrayed,  
 With wreaths that cannot fade,  
 How blest, when all thy sons, once more,  
 Shall with bright morning stars adore ;  
 With seraphs, HOLY !—HOLY !—HOLY ! cry—  
 One choir—to thee, Most High !

paniments, that this evangelical prophet receives, in deep prostration of soul, the solemn inauguration to his ministry ; his lips being touched, by a seraph, with a live coal from the *altar of Atonement*. The voice of the Redeemer himself is then heard:—“ And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, . . . . &c.”

## THE APOSTLE WHO HAD BEEN IN HEAVEN.\*

---

*“It is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit.”—1 Cor. ii. 12.*

---

OH what is heaven?—Did he not say  
    (The saint who entered there)  
How fair the shades where angels stray?  
Told he, to cheer the pilgrim’s way,  
    What joys blest spirits share?

And drank the ear that wond’rous tale,  
    Till kindling faith could spy  
Bright hills beyond this shadowy vale?—  
Till sweets perfumed the wintry gale,  
    From flowers that never die?

\* St. Paul: “He was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words.” 2 Cor. xii. 3.

He speaks—beside the Ægean shore,  
 And by Mæander's stream :\*—  
 List!—if his transports, as they pour,  
 May mingle with the sage's lore,  
 Or with the poet's dream.†

‡ “ Brothers farewell!—Before me roll  
 “ Visions of future ill ;  
 “ But do not—cannot move my soul :  
 “ The step that's nearest to the goal  
 “ To me is dearest still.

\* At Miletus, near the mouth of the Mæander.

† Among the many philosophers to whom this place gave birth, were two of the seven sages of Greece—Thales and Pittacus. It was also the birth-place of Timotheus the poet and musician; who must not, however, be confounded with the performer at Alexander's Feast.

‡ See the beautiful and affecting parting address of the Apostle to the Ephesian clergy, when he was about to embark at Miletus. The following are a few passages alluded to above.

“ And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there :

“ Yet the glad tidings of the sky  
 “ May well my flight detain :  
 “ For I would teach—O errand high !—  
 “ To dying mortals, ere I die,  
 “ Through WHOM to die is gain.”

He speaks from Macedon :\*—and he  
 Can tell—what hero more ?—  
 Of hard-fought fields of victory ;  
 Perils in city, wild, and sea ;  
 Cares Philip’s son ne’er bore.

save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus.”—Acts xx. 22--24.

\* See the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, written from Macedonia.

“ Are they ministers of Christ ? (I speak as a fool) I am more ; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings

“ Stoned, I have died on Asia’s ground ;\*  
 “ His vengeful rods, for me,  
 “ Thrice hath the lictor’s hand unbound ;  
 “ And welcome, too, the axe shall wound,  
 “ Whene’er its hour may be.”

He speaks, where broad on Tiber fall  
 The golden gleams of Rome :†—  
 “ How poor earth’s brightest, mightiest all !  
 “ The joys I freely lose, how small !—  
 “ I see my crown—my home.”

often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.”—Chap. xi. 23—28.

\* Died, as to all the agonies of death—at Lystra.

† See the Epistle to the Philippians, written from Rome, then in the full splendour of Nero’s wanton magnificence.

“ I have suffered the loss of all things ; and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him,

“ The world may hail her favor’d son,  
 “ In purple triumph drest ;\*  
 “ The race of higher meed I run :—  
 “ Ah, what the robes I yet have won ?  
 “ I see the spotless vest !”

My soul—what eloquent replies,  
 To thy fond query given !  
 Nor his alone that potent prize :—  
 Go—stretch thy pinions for the skies ;  
 But ask not WHAT IS HEAVEN.

not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is by the faith of Christ, even the righteousness which is of God by faith.”—Chap. iii. 8, 9.

“ Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended : but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”—Ver. 13, 14.

\* Nero had presented himself as candidate for a prize at the Olympic Games ; and though unsuccessful, had returned to Rome with the triumphal honors due to a victor. The allusion is, of course, not meant to be actually attributed to the Apostle ; but it exhibits a singular contrast to his sentiments cited in the note.

## NOW TO HIM WHO LOVED US.

---

*“Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father—to him be glory for ever and ever.”—Rev. i. 6.*

---

(TUNE—O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.)

Now to him who loved us—gave us  
Every pledge that love could give;  
Ope'd his heart's pure fount to lave us;  
Gave his life, that we might live—  
Give we glory—  
His be glory,  
By whose death—whose life, we live.

Yes, to Him who loved us—made us  
Reign where we were slaves before;  
In his priestly robe arrayed us,  
The Most Holy to adore—  
Sing we glory—  
His be glory,  
In his church for evermore.

## MOONLIGHT AND SUNSHINE.

---

*"The true light now shineth."*—1 John ii. 8.

---

THE moon all radiant smiled,  
Where sat the minstrel child ;  
But 'twas frost wove the foliage of his bower :  
Bright sparks from diamond caves,  
White coral from the waves,  
Were mimick'd in the tracery of the hour.

Though growth of winter's sky,  
To that visionary eye,  
Some wond'rous fairy charm did it seem ;  
And 'mid that lustre mild,  
His fancy revelled wild,  
In the wonders of an eastern dream.

But a dawn arose : how bright !  
 With so pure and holy light,  
 Sure no created sun ever blazed :  
 Yet soon the minstrel's lute,  
 Beneath his hand lay mute,  
 As strangely and mournfully he gazed.

For those gems of sparkling hue,  
 That in silvery fret-work grew,  
 Were dissolved in the beams of that morn :  
 And ah ! on every spray,  
 Where they melted away,  
 He found but a tear and a thorn.

Then a lyre he saw not rang,  
 And a voice he knew not sang,  
 Simple boy, tune those chords once more :  
 Hail—hail you glowing power,  
 That alone can make thy bower  
 To bloom as it ne'er bloom'd before.

Kindled from Him, to the skies  
Bid each morning's incense rise ;  
Be his light around thy steps all the day ;  
Let it smile upon thy breast,  
Ere the balmy hour of rest :—  
Lo, warbling days of spring are on their way.

Then shall the turtle's voice  
In the odorous boughs rejoice,  
'Mid blossoms no blight may destroy ;  
And thou shalt gather there  
Such wreaths as angels wear ;  
And the notes on all thy strings shall be joy.

# THE ALPINE RIVULET:

## AN IDYL.

---

*I'onda dal mar divisa  
Bagna la valle e'l monte ;  
Va passeggiera  
In fiume,  
Va prigioniera  
In fonte.*

METASTASIO.

---

O SHEPHERD, reclined where the western beam <sup>12</sup>  
Rests soft on the slope o'er my flying stream ;  
Where golden gleams through the light leaves play,  
On the rock's green moss, and the lichen grey—  
That musing eye, that is owning the power  
Of the bright, the serene, and the holy hour,  
Is gazing on me ; and I hear thee say,  
“ So all that is brightest goes fleeting away !”  
I hear thee say, “ Oh stay thee, and smile ;  
Nor murmur that pensive tale awhile.”

I may not stay me, O shepherd, with thee :  
 Yet muse not alone on pleasures that flee ;  
 For blessings still flow, from a mightier store  
 Than that whence I came, on the mountain hoar.<sup>13</sup>  
 They come, they charm, thy spirit to cheer :  
 They fly, lest that spirit should linger here.  
 I passed the green spot on yon airy brow,  
 Where thy fathers slumber, and there wilt thou.  
 A dead wreath hung on the symbol of God ;\*  
 And love-planted flowers had drest the sod.  
 The wither'd I wept not : sweet ties, that die  
 On the holy pledge, shall bloom on high.  
 The living I bathed with a pitying shower :  
 For dear and hallowed is memory's flower.  
 But I staid not :—and wherefore my tears employ  
 Where sorrow too dies on the grave of joy ?<sup>14</sup>  
 Onward I passed : and the nightingale sung ;  
 And o'er my waters the roses hung.

\* The small cross planted on a recent grave, with a faded garland attached to it, is a familiar object to travellers in Roman-Catholic countries.

In mingling cadence, the songster I bless'd ;  
 And the garland fair to my bosom I press'd :  
 Yet not for song, nor for roses I staid ;  
 For the bird will be mute, and the rose will fade.  
 I have turned me, and watered thy garden o'er ;  
 I have filled the clear fount by thy vine-hung door ;\*  
 I have kiss'd the limbs of thy rosy child ;  
 I have smiled again, when his young mother smiled ;  
 Thy flock's thymy haunts have drunk of me ;  
 Then shepherd, say why should I linger with thee ?  
 The hour of thy balmy rest is near :  
 I too have a rest, but it is not here.  
 Seest thou yon lake's still waters, that glow  
 With the tints of heaven, in the vale below ?  
 How the summits that rise in the spotless air—  
 How the green mountain shadows are mirror'd there !  
 I long to repose in its pure calm breast ;  
 Thither I hasten, for there is my rest :

\* A clear fountain is the constant appendage of a Swiss cottage.

Where peace and rapture are melting in one,  
In the last warm smile of the golden sun.<sup>15</sup>

Yon sapphire clouds, and those gleams divine—  
Ah, they tell of a rest far brighter than mine :  
A land of all that is hallowed and dear ;  
A land of love undashed with a tear ;  
Of spring whose warblers no winter shall dread ;  
Of flowers ne'er braided to die o'er the dead.  
Thy land is fair ; but how fair and bright  
Shall it be, if thy road to the land of light !  
And if dark clouds lower, what are they to him  
Who can spy yon world through the vapours dim ;  
Whence guiding rays on his pathway shine ?—  
That home, that heaven, gentle shepherd, be thine.

## THE BANNER.\*

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*“Thou hast given a Banner to them that fear thee; that they may triumph because of the truth.”—Psalm lx. 4.*

---

(TUNE—We sat down and wept by the waters. †—HEBREW MELODY.)

PEACE! peace! swelling trump, that repeatest

The praises to victory given!

Let the harp, with the chords that are sweetest,

Sound softly—“The banner of heaven!—

“Oh bring forth the cross-bearing banner!

“The banner!—the banner of heaven!”

\* “We do receive this child into the congregation of Christ’s Flock, and do sign him with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of CHRIST CRUCIFIED, and manfully to fight under his BANNER, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ’s faithful soldier and servant unto his life’s end.”—*Baptismal Service.*

† Byron.

Never blood of the vanquished imbrued it :

Those drops from the Victor did flow ;

And the tears that alone have bedew'd it

Were shed o'er the wounds of a foe.

There is victory dwells in the banner

Of the Leader that bled for his foe.

Yon standard, inwoven with flowers

From groves where the sages have trod,

And from Paradise too—how it towers !

'Tis all, save the banner of God.

Oh give us the banner !—the banner !

Bring forth the true banner of God !

Whence came that fierce zeal that is glowing—

That would call down the flame from above ?

Proud spirits their missiles are throwing :—

Ah, where is the banner of love ?

The banner !—oh bring forth the banner !

Bring forth the mild banner of love !

There are songs that break forth at its beaming,  
As of warblers when dawning is bright ;  
And hark ! lo, the night-bird is screaming,  
As he flies from the banner of light.  
’Tis holiness beams from the banner :  
It breathes round the banner of light.

Hurl it not where the trampler hath found it :  
Serene to the breeze be it given ;  
And soft airs shall whisper around it,  
“ This, sure, is the banner of heaven ! ”  
Unfurl then—unfurl all the banner !—  
Every fold !—’tis the banner of heaven !

## WHEN THE PILGRIM RESTS.

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IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN. \*

---

WHEN the pilgrim rests in his cot so dear,  
Whence he no more would stray,  
What glad fond listeners press to hear  
The tales of the long, long way.

Just so, a spirit came weary home ;  
For spirits will wander too :  
So, the bosom friends he had left, to roam,  
Asked kindly from whence he flew.

He answered not ; but the heart-drawn sigh—  
How much that sigh did say !  
And ah, they read, in that glistening eye,  
What never might tongue convey.

\* Maggi's sonnet, "*Dal pellegrin che torna al suo soggiorno.*"

What prize had the eager wanderer brought  
From passion's wreck-strewn shore ?  
One lesson—O lesson dearly bought !—  
To trust to those waves no more.

## N O T E S.



### NOTE 1, page 2.

*Glory, as from a morning sky,  
Thence caught afar the pilgrim's eye,  
Who came to worship there.*

According to the description of Josephus, the brilliant white marble of which the Temple was built, and the profusion of gold which decorated it, produced a splendour so dazzling, as to make the beholder turn away his eyes. Its situation appears to have been very elevated and conspicuous, as from one of the neighbouring towers—that of Psephinus, where Titus pitched his tent—the view stretched eastward as far as Arabia, and westward to the coast of the Mediterranean.

### NOTE 2, page 4.

*Rome's eagles proud, that homeward fled, &c.*

“Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.”—Matt. xxiv. 28.

In these prophetic words of our Saviour, relating to the

destruction of Jerusalem, the probable allusion to the eagles of the Roman standards might be cited as a fine instance of the enigmatic sublime of prophecy.

NOTE 3, page 7.

*How changed would the calendar seem!*

The moral is so obvious a one, that it may be hardly worth while to say that it was not borrowed from the following passage of Pliny, which has furnished the motto, and is also the authority for the fact.

“Vana mortalitas et ad circumscribendum seipsam ingeniosa, computat more Thraciæ gentis; quæ calculos colore distinctos, pro experimento cujusque diei in urnam condit, ac supremo die separatos dinumerat, atque ita de quoque pronunciat. Quid quod iste calculi candore illo laudatus dies, originem mali habuit? Quam multos accepta affixere imperia? Quam multos bona perdidere, et ultimis mersere suppliciis? Ista nimirum bona, si cui inter illa hora in gaudio fuit! Ita est profectò, alius de alio judicat dies, et tamen supremus de omnibus.” Plin. L. 7. c. 40.

NOTE 4, page 12.

Προς ταυτα ὁ Ἀριστοδικος ἐκ προνοιης ἐποιεε ταδε·  
περιῶν τον νηον κυκλω, ἐξαιρεε τους στρουθους, και  
αλλα ὅσα ην νεοσσευμενα ορνιθων γενεα εν τῷ νηῷ.

Ποιειντος δε αυτου ταυτα, λεγεται φωνην εκ του αδντου γενεσθαι, φερουσαν μεν προς τον Αριστοδικον, λεγουσαν δε ταδε· “Ανοσιωτατε ανθρωπων, τι ταδε τολμας ποιειν; τους ικετας μου εκ του νηου κεραιζεις;” Herodot. lib 1. c. 159.

NOTE 5, page 22.

*When morn's first beam from slumbers  
Awakes the dewy flowers.*

Poetry is here only sober fact. The curious experiments of Linnæus, detailed in his treatise “*De somno Plantarum*,” first ascertained that plants, for the most part in the absence of the sun's rays, are actually subject to a pause of the vital functions, analogous in many respects, and, no doubt, in its purposes, to sleep in the animal economy.

NOTE 6, page 25.

*More glorious than the immortal hierarchy!  
Minist'ring spirits they—almighty thou.*

Κυδιστ' αθανατων . . . . . παγκρατες αιει—  
*Most glorious of immortals . . . . . ever almighty*:—such is the somewhat slender foundation of the two lines above; which may seem to have been christianized by a sort of compulsory conversion. However, I do not know that

either the *periphrasis* or the *antithesis* contains any thing irreconcilable with the author's meaning. I leave to others the task of reconciling the plural term *immortals* with a system which attributes immortality to the supreme Deity alone: it is singular that Cudworth should pass it unnoticed. The Stoics held that not only the souls of men, (which they allowed to exist for awhile in a future state,) but all the inferior divinities, and in short the whole universe, was, after a certain period, to be annihilated, or reabsorbed into the *numen* of Jove; who, after a pause of cogitation, was to begin a new creation (or rather a new arrangement of self-existing matter) and worlds, gods, men—all were to begin afresh, in order to end and begin again, as before.

It may be proper, moreover, to observe, that the Hymn of Cleanthes is a hymn to *Jupiter*; the merging of whose name has been deemed quite in accordance with the spirit of the original: it was, indeed, the only way to exclude the idea of our old friend the hen-pecked spouse of Juno; an idea apparently very remote from the author's conceptions.

NOTE 7, page 27.

*Save that by minds mysteriously left free  
Perversely wrought.—*

Πλην ὅποσα ρεζουσι κακοι σφετερησιν ανοιαις.

Though the precise term *free-will* is not found here, it

would seem to be implied, at least as relates to the wicked, however inconsistent with the absolutely necessitarian scheme of the Stoics.

NOTE 8, page 57.

*Coward—to creatures of an hour!*

*Bold—to the challenged bolts of heaven!*

“C'est un vilain vice, que le mentir! et qu'un ancien peint bien honteusement, quand il dit, que c'est donner tesmoignage de mespriser Dieu, et quant et quant de craindre les hommes. Il n'est pas possible d'en représenter plus richement l'horreur, la vilité, et le desreglement. Car que peut-on imaginer plus vilain, que d'estre couart à l'endroit des hommes, et brave à l'endroit de Dieu?”—*Montaigne*, referred to by Lord Bacon—*Essay on Truth*.

NOTE 9, page 67.

*Or laden gales waft slowly*

*From Sheba's fragrant field.*

—————“Now gentle gales,

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
These balmy spoils. As when to them who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea, north-east winds blow  
 Sabeau odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay  
 Well pleased, they slack their course ; and many a league,  
 Chear'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

Milton, Par. L. book 4.

NOTE 10, page 69.

Since this was written, I find, in Scott's Commentary, the passage interpreted in the same manner ". . . . so is *this* which descends, &c."

NOTE 11, page 76.

*Jesus lives !*

This burthen is borrowed from Gellert's "*Osterlied*."

"Jesus lebt : mit ihm auch ich."

NOTE 12, page 90.

*O shepherd, reclined where the western beam, &c.*

If a critical reader should object to the personage here introduced, as entirely incongruous with the sentiments

attributed to him, it may suffice to say, that I could tell such reader of a peasant, met with fortuitously in the remote recesses of the Alps, who spoke of "*the immortal Young*" (this was his expression) whose Night-Thoughts he had read in a translation. I would not offer this man, however, as quite a fair representative of his race, any more than I would an Italian village boy, whom I saw reading Metastasio on the shore of the lake of Thrasymene, and who could talk sensibly about the battle.

NOTE 13, page 91.

. . . . . *from a mightier store*

*Than that whence I came, on the mountain hoar.*

Our rivulet is supposed to flow from snow-fed springs ; which, filtered through the veins of the mountains, reach the valleys clear as crystal. The streams which flow *immediately* from glaciers or melted snows, are directly distinguished by their muddy hue.

NOTE 14, page 91.

*Where sorrow too dies on the grave of joy.*

Παντα, ὅσα ὄρας, ταχιστα φθαρησεται· και ὁι φθειρομενα αυτα επιδοντες, ταχιστα και αυτοι φθαρησονται.

M. Antoninus, lib. 9. § 33.

NOTE 15, page 93.

*I long to repose on its pure calm breast :  
Thither I hasten ; for there is my rest.*

“ Libre de ce corps qui l'enchaîne,  
Qu'en le quittant, Seigneur ! mon ame aille en ton sein ;  
Pareille à l'eau de ma fontaine,  
Qui fidèle à sa pente arrive au lac voisin.”

Bridel (Pasteur de Châteaux-d'Œx, Suisse)  
*Cantique du Matin d'un Anabaptiste du Mont Jura.*

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