



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

To Leonard Dixon from
her affected cousin,

46 Charlotte Square.

May 18th 1842.

29 1132



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/selectremainsofj00prin>





Drawn by J. A. Fringer Esq 1862

Your, the Seat of Alexander Bingley of Whitcomb, Co., N. D.

SELECT REMAINS

OF

JOHN ALEXANDER PRINGLE, ESQ.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY HARRISON AND CO., ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLI.



58
5190
7095

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little volume was selected and arranged by the late Sir Andrew Halliday, K.H., whose lamented death has deprived it of the advantage of being finished by his skilful hand. Perhaps the best preface that can now accompany it, is one or two extracts from Sir Andrew's letters to Mr. Pringle's sisters on the subject. His acquaintance with our brother was of very short duration, but long enough for him to form a very high idea of his character; which, after our brother's death, on the perusal of some of his writings, ripened into an enthusiastic admiration. It might be an indulgence to ourselves, and pleasing to those friends who knew our brother best, and for whom these remains are printed, to quote here some of the no less discerning than flattering expressions regarding him of one whose own character made those expressions peculiarly gratifying to us. But our friends, recalling as we do the sensitive delicacy of that brother's feelings on the least approach to ostentation or display, will rather approve of our merely quoting here Sir Andrew's opinion of his verses.

On January 12, 1839, Sir Andrew writes:—"I have read with more interest than I can express the manuscript and poems of your dear brother. Many of the latter are so truly beautiful that they ought not to be lost. . . . I could

705365

make a little book out of what is now in my possession, and one that I conceive would be highly prized by all who ever knew or loved him ; if you will permit me, it will be indeed a labour of love."

Again, on July 12, he writes:—"The more I have seen of your dear brother's letters and papers, the more have I become impressed with the propriety of their being preserved as one of the most important legacies that he could have left, and as the greatest boon that you, his sisters, can bestow upon the rising plants of the Pringle stem."

To the sixteen dear Nephews, then, of our departed brother, we dedicate this little volume ; with our earnest prayer, that one and all of them may be "followers of him who now through faith and patience inherits the promises."

YAIR,

January 13, 1840.

SELECT REMAINS

OF

JOHN ALEXANDER PRINGLE, Esq

CLASSED ACCORDING TO THE YEARS IN WHICH THEY
WERE WRITTEN.

THE following lines, entitled “Albin go Bragh,” are dated Rajmahl, 12th August, 1814. It has evidently been suggested by some sweet recollections of home, and is written in imitation of the *Exile of Erin*, by Thomas Campbell :—

ALBIN GO BRAGH.

SAD was my heart, when I cross'd the rough ocean,
Far from thy shore, Caledonia, to roam ;
Sad moan'd the blast, as I sigh'd on its bosom,
Fare thee well, Scotia, fare thee well, home.

To the land of the stranger o'er blue billows borne,
 From scenes I love dearest I wander forlorn ;
 And vain is the sigh fondly breath'd for return,
 To see thee, my Scotia, to hail thee, my home.

Where India's green woodland in summer is smiling,
 Where's Gunga's dun wave rolls crested with foam,
 Each scene that is lovely, fond fancy beguiling,
 I'll say it is Scotia, I'll think it is home.
 How sweet the delusion ; too soon it is over ;
 And far from thy lands must I long be a rover,
 Ere the dim mist of time, rolling off, can discover,
 Thy mountains, my Scotia, and show me my home.

For me on thy heath now no breezes are blowing,
 No longer for me do thy green valleys bloom,
 No more must I see Tweed's dimpled stream flowing,
 Wandering from Scotia, I know not a home.
 But can I forget Caledonia ? oh never !
 Though distant thy woods and each wild winding river,
 Though parted, alas, from my country for ever,
 My sigh is for Scotia, my heart is at home.

Rajmahl, 12th August, 1814.

J. A. PRINGLE.

As a specimen of his attachment to his native tongue, I insert here, from a letter to his youngest brother, David, then

a boy at school, some excellent verses on the battle of Waterloo, the news of which had apparently just reached Calcutta.

As frae the tryst I did come down,
I met a chiel frae Brussels town,
Guid een, quoth I, friend, whar ye boun?
Quae tak a cup the night man.

I speer'd the news, quoth he, I've seen
As tough a fight as e'er has been,
The British and the French atween,
It was an unco sight man.

A hunder thousan Frenchmen guid,
Wi Buonaparte bauldly stood,
But sixty thousan British bluid,
Taught them the way to fight man.

The sun was up, and blinkit gay,
Or Wellington begood the fray,
But sic a rout as was that day,
He never coost a light on.

Twad tak a weary time to tell,
Wha bravely feught and bravely fell,
Ilk ane a hero shaw'd himsell
When he begood to fight man.

The English guards drew out their front
Into the yerd o' Hugomont,
And stiffly there they bore the brunt,
And pat the French to flight man.

Troops on troops, the wale o' France,
Upon the British horse advance,
Ilk had an airn coat, or lance,
And wow but they lookt bright man.

Nae airn jacket saved their hide,
Owr hosts o' French our troopers ride,
The lancers tough, yet couldna bide
Our bauld dragoons to fight man.

Three hunder cannon fired for France,
Gart shot like hail among us dance,
Ye'd thought the British stuid nae chance,
But wad be fell'd outright man.

The British guns they roar'd fu loud,
And o' her guns we may be proud,
For ilka gun was bathed wi bluid,
Sac stanch the lads did fight man.

Napoleon's guards in thousans rin,
To fight twa hunder heelandmen,
They threapt to scare us wi their din,
And fell our folk wi fright man.

Nae Scot is he that e'er wad flinch,
They'd see them hang'd, or gie an inch,
And thought but how to fell the French,
Then till 't wi all their might man.

The French, like thistles, maw'd the men,
Like Scotland's flowers they jagged again,
And feught till all the feck war slain,
Ye ne'er saw sic a sight man.

The diels i kilts, the Frenchman cried,
And aff they set, but wae betide,
The Greys clean through their ranks did ride.
And did them up downright man.

The life guards followed Uxbridge stout,
Wi Buonaparte to hae a bout,
And nab the chap made a the rout,
Afore he left the height man.

The gallant Uxbridge lost a leg,
But Buonaparte gat sic a fleg,
He wadna bide, but sprog'd his naig,
And far he fled for fright man.

Ilk Frenchman turn'd upon his heel,
And scour'd as driven by the diel,
And but the pipes they danc'd a reel,
Till they war out o' sight man.

But Britain in her joy maun rue,
 The day she wan at Waterloo,
 For fate wi Britons thiek did strew,
 The field whare they did fight man.

Picton, Howard, Ponsonby,
 And Miller, fell amid the fray,
 And mony a ane that feught that day,
 Was cauld and dead at night man.

Their country aye shall mind wi pride,
 Her sons at Waterloo that died,
 And a that bravely France defied,
 And bled for Britain's right man.

And now that a the fight is done,
 Let's tak a drap to Wellington,
 And here's to George that wears the crown,
 And sets the world right man.

I have room for no more, except to tell you that
 I am your very affectionate brother,

December 31st, 1816.

J. A. PRINGLE.

As a specimen of the ancient style of Caledonian song,
 nothing can be more classic, either as to expression or idiom ;

and few better verses have ever been written on the glorious victory to which it relates.

1819.

LINES WRITTEN TO A PERSIAN AIR.

Rock'd on the ocean, and lull'd by the billow,
'Mid the vessel's rude motion, serene on his pillow
The wanderer slumbers; of what is he dreaming?
He sees not the glare of the lightning gleaming,
He heeds not the wave o'er the shaking ship streaming,
But calm is his rest amid horror and gloom;
His senses have stray'd to a happier clime,
His fancy hath fled to a happier time,
And lightly a smile on his forehead is beaming,
Of scenes far away, of past pleasure he's dreaming,
His spirit is lull'd in the joys of his home.

What cheers the wanderer's days of sorrow?
What cherishes hope for a happier morrow?
What teaches thought to fancy heaven?
No soft soothing power to harmony given;
Not the high heaving wave by the wild wind driven,

When stars frequent flashing illumine the foam ;
Not the blush of the morn, on the mountain that smiles
Like hope's vainest vision that childhood beguiles.
Awfully grand rolls the wave in the storm,
Sweet harmony soothes us, bright blushes the morn,
But if earth hold a heaven, that heaven is home.

Home ! oh, that magical name hath charms,
Bright sun of my hope, my heart it warms,
Its beam through the gloom of my solitude throwing,
Fond friends far away to my memory showing,
Soft on the scenes of my infancy glowing,
It cheers with a prospect of pleasure to come ;
Scotia, my country, its light is on thee,
Fair land of the mountain—land of the free,
The wanderer's bosom for Scotia burns,
My soul's dearest wish to my Scotia turns,
And rests on thy heath, lovely land of my home.

J. A. PRINGLE.

The following letter to his sister Margaret is in the favourite rhythm of Burns. I may observe that the two first stanzas of the dream introduced into this epistle had been composed several years before, as a song to the tune of the " Bush aboon Traquair."



The Residence of S. A. Pringle, Esq. at Natchez, drawn by himself

Your warmest thought can fancy nought
 I felt as hame grew nearer,
 Ance mair to see the braes o' Tweed;
 What braes to me are dearer?
 Ay, Meg, I mind, but ne'er can tell
 My joy when first I saw them;
 The rainbow's tints aboon yon hill!
 What painter e'er could dra' them?
 Though fortune's wheel should crush me still,
 Though care's rough thorns should tear me;
 The day I saw the braes o' Tweed
 I'll mind,—the thought will cheer me.

My dream's gane by, I scarcely see,
 Saut's the tear that dims my e'e,
 And in my craig a lumpy wee
 Has stopt my lilt;
 Deep, deep's the sea 'twixt Yair and me,
 Ere I win tilt.

It's *bairny* like for folk to fret,
 For ilka dye they canna get;
 I'm blythe and weel, at ony rate,
 Though far awa;
 And we may see ilk ither yet
 In spite o' a'.

He's daft, he's daft, ye'll say it's clear,
 I'm easy what ye say, but hear,
 It cost me three good hours, my dear,
 To write to you;
 They might been better spent, I fear,
 Nae help for't now.

So to the parlour "toddle ben,"
 Wun down the ink,—tak' up yere pen,
 And tell's your cracks, an' how ye fen?
 In prose or jingle
 I am your brither, Meg, ye ken,
 Ca'd J. A. PRINGLE.

Inclosed in this letter he sent the annexed sketch, in which the epitaph is a little altered.

1827.

From the date of these beautiful lines, his muse seems to have fallen asleep; for of the next eight years not a line has been preserved. This year only produces two pieces; the following Paraphrase on John vi. 15—22, and what he is

pleased to call a *translation* of a Wouh-wo-wo-wo-wo-woh!
or little Doggy's Dirgee*.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL, CHAP. VI., VER. 15—22.

THE sun has gone down, but all lurid and red,
The last of his rays on the water was shed ;
Night closes around, and the sea rises fast,
How dismal the moan of the gathering blast !
Pale, pale is the moon, and her watery beams
Are lost in the flash when the lightning gleams.
The mariners watchful have furled their sail,
And anxiously wait for the rush of the gale.
More swift o'er the moon scud the gray storm clouds,
More hoarsely the wind rustles now on the shrouds ;
They lash down the helm and the storm-sail spread,
And the deep rolling ship meets the wave with her head.
She bounds o'er the billow—but hark ! what a crash !
How swiftly that thunder-clap follow'd the flash !
The wind shifts about, and the hurricane's sweep
Roars awfully over the face of the deep.
Now waves against waves in confusion are hurl'd,
And white foaming breakers high o'er them are curl'd ;

* The description given by a lady of the death of *Bustle*, a mutual friend's favourite lap-dog, so amused Mr. Pringle, by the grave way in which she told him how "he seemed to feel he was dying, and never wandered, but laid himself down on the rug, and prepared himself."

And tempest meets tempest, and frequent and far
Red lightnings illumine the elements' war.
Among the dark billows the vessel sinks down ;
Now she rides through the spray as a crest on their crown ;
And mountain-like seas on the tempest-toss'd wreck
Dash rudely, and roll o'er her quivering deck.
Oh ! who, while the storm and the hurricanes rave,
Walks over the foam upon Galilee's wave ?
'Tis a spirit the terror-struck mariners cry ;
Be cheerful, and fear not, he said, " It is I."
The tempest is hush'd at his mighty command,
And gently the vessel is wafted to land ;
With wonder they witness the power of his word,
And they worship the Saviour Christ Jesus our Lord.
Omnipotent Father, wherever we be,
May the eye of our Faith be directed to Thee ;
When we wander in doubt, may thy word be our guide,
May we know that our Saviour still walks by our side ;
When dangers surround us on sea or on land,
May we feel that thy Providence still is at hand ;
In joy or in sorrow, in life or in death,
May we look to our Maker who gave us our breath ;
When thy voice through the tempest proclaims in our ear.
That our souls are requir'd, and thy coming is near,
May we welcome the Saviour who beckons us home,
And exclaim, Even so holy Jesus, O come !

Support us, O Lord ! when with terror we sink,
 Be with us, O Lord ! on eternity's brink ;
 And, oh ! when our hour of mortality's past,
 May we rest with our Saviour in heaven at last.

J. A. PRINGLE.

S. Lat. 34° 48'. *E. Long.* 24° 56'.
At sea, 2nd of May, 1827.

TRANSLATION OF A WOUH-WO-WO-WO-WO-WOH !

OR,

LITTLE DOGGY'S DIRGEE,

AS LAMENTABLY SUNG BY OLD JESSY, AT POOR OLD BUSTLE'S WAKE.

BUSTLE'S dead and Bustle's buried,
 Bustle's dead and Bustle's gone !
 To his grave is Bustle hurried,
 Poor old Jessy's left alone !

Fancy little Jessy's sorrow,
 Fancy, fancy how she cried !
 Oh could she but die to-morrow,
 And lie by pretty Bustle's side.

Curly was his coat all over,
 Curly, curly were his lugs,
 Never fault could man discover
 In this best of little dogs.

But vain his worth, and vain each curl,
Bustle's time was come to go,
Grim death, that settles all the world,
Has laid poor pretty Bustle low.

A dog of wisdom Bustle was,
He never wander'd in his illness,
But on the rug he stretch'd his paws,
Just kick'd a kick, and all was stillness.

Green's the turf o'er Bustle's head!
Green's the grass on Bustle's tail!
And round the mound are violets spread,
Sweetly mix'd with lilies pale.

Oh, Bustle's dead and Bustle's buried!
Bustle's dead and Bustle's gone!
Bustle to his grave has hurried,
And left old Jessie all alone!!



1828.

While at Inverness on a Sunday, in July, he composed the following beautiful Prayers, which are written on the blank leaves of his Bible,—his constant companion. They are indeed worthy of being preserved*.

A PRAYER;

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF HIS BIBLE.

ETERNAL Majesty, great God of all,
 Ruler omnipotent, omniscient,
 To human thought incomprehensible,
 O'er all supreme, all perfect in thyself!

Our ignorance is great, we do not know
 What in thy sight is fit that we should ask,
 But trusting to thy wisdom and thy power,
 Most bounteous God, we humbly now presume

* These two prayers are the only poems in this selection in which the sister of the writer feels a scruple in adhering to Sir Andrew Halliday's arrangement, remembering as she does the retiring delicacy of her departed brother's character. This scruple, however, is overcome by the consideration, that the boys for whose benefit this collection is principally intended may here see that we should not be strangers to God in prosperity, if we would have Him to "know our souls in adversity." These two prayers, composed just before his marriage, when the world was to him unclouded, show that He who was in after life his "shelter from the storm," was no less at this time his "shadow from the heat."

To kneel in prayer before thy glorious throne.
O pour thy holy Spirit on our souls,
That we may worthily adore thy name,
And worship Thee in spirit and in truth.

The smallest of thy creatures feels thy care,
The greatest own thy power, and worship Thee ;
Thy will created worlds, and at thy word
In fire and smoke they are consumed away ;
Each little insect lives through Thee alone.
Thou guidest every planet in its ~~own~~ course ;
Thy Providence supplies our wants by day,
And, when we close our weary eyes in sleep,
Still Israel's keeper watches o'er our heads.

Father beneficent ! we bless thy name
For life, for health, for all that we enjoy,
For hope of heav'n through faith in Jesus Christ :
Thee grateful we adore.—Our many sins
With penitence and sorrow we confess ;
Thy wrath is just, great God, and none may stand
Before thy face upon the judgment day ;
Corrupt and wicked, we can only cry,
Good Lord, be merciful to sinful man !
And Thou art merciful, and dost accept
The sacrifice of Jesus for our sins,
Who died upon the cross that we might live.
O wash out our transgressions in his blood !

And for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Hear Thou our prayer for pardon and for grace :
And strengthen us against the power of sin.
Teach us to love Thee, Lord, with all our souls,
To love our neighbours as we do ourselves,
And steadfastly to keep thy holy law.
With humble gratitude cause us to use
The blessings that thy mercy doth bestow.
With pious resignation may we bear
Each trial that thy chastening hand inflicts.
In riches, poverty, and every snare,
And false allurements that the world holds out
To make our sinful souls forget their God,
Support us we beseech Thee with thy grace.
Defend us through this day from every ill ;
Assist us to perform with honest zeal
Each duty that our lot in life requires ;
Guide Thou our hearts to follow what is right,
And bless the work we undertake through Thee.
Oh, hear our prayer for all who dwell on earth ;
Restrain the wicked, bring them back to Thee,
Protect the good, and prosper all good acts.
Crown Thou their labours with complete success,
Who preach redemption for our Saviour's sake,
That all the world may praise his holy name,
And seek the blessings which his blood hath bought.

Great God! give understanding to the king,
And all whom under him we must obey,
That they may act according to thy law,
And rule the land in holy fear of Thee.

Oh listen to our supplication, Lord!
For all our dear relations and our friends.
Lead Thou them in the path of righteousness,
Give them that peace the world cannot give;
Grant of thy mercy that we often meet
In happiness and love before we die,
But if it be thy high and holy will,
That we no more should see our friends on earth,
God, amidst grief give hope and strength to say,
Father, thy will be done, for Thou art good!

Yet hearken to our prayer! our earnest prayer!
O 'stablish thou our faith in Jesus Christ!
That we thy servants, through the Comforter,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
May live to Thee, and finally possess
The joys eternal that Thou hast prepared
For those who love thy law, and trust in Christ:
In whose most holy name and words we pray,
Our Father, &c., &c.

EVENING PRAYER.

O HEAR us, God of mercy, God of grace!
And let thy holy Spirit help our prayer,
Which with a lowly heart we offer up
To Thee, the giver of all perfect gifts.

We praise Thee, holy Father, for thy care
Experienced by us throughout this day,
And now when darkness closes round our heads
We lay us down to sleep and take our rest,
And unto Thee our God commend our souls,
For Thou redeemest us, O God of truth!
Protect us through this night, Almighty God,
And may we wake refreshed from our sleep,
To praise thee, Lord, and glorify thy name;
Extend thy saving grace to all mankind,
And bless the work of those who preach thy word,
And labour to increase the flock of Christ.

Especially we pray for all our friends,
And relatives, and brethren in the Lord;
Inspire our hearts with gratitude and love
For all the mercies that Thou dost bestow,
And chiefly for the knowledge of thy Son,
The blessed Saviour Jesus Christ our Lord.
O 'stablish Thou our faith and hope in him,

That we may be through his atoning blood
Redeemed and purified from all our sins,
And through the Comforter, whom He doth send,
May we be guided in the way of truth,
Abide in Christ, and keep thy holy word.
Make all our actions, all our words and thoughts,
Acceptable to Thee, our God and Lord,
And when it pleaseth Thee to call us hence,
May we through Christ receive eternal life,
And with the Saints for ever praise thy name.

Amen !

During the same month that he composed these solemn addresses to his Maker which have just been recorded, he also wrote the following beautiful Song, to the tune of "Auld Robin Gray."

SONG, WRITTEN JULY, 1828.

WHEN the bright blue lightnings flash,
And the wild winds round me rave,
And the groaning mast goes crash,
And the wreck rides on the wave :

When nought but gloom I see,
 Then, bonny lassie, say,
 Will ye pray a prayer for me,
 Wandering far away.

When the summer's sun is set
 On the woodland down the gait,
 And the mavis on the hazel
 Sings merry to its mate :
 Forlorn by its lane,
 Gin ye see a herried dow,
 Oh think for ance o' ane
 That maun aye think o' you.

How sweet, but oh, how vain,
 To think that a' for me,
 You would leave your bonny hame :
 But, love, the thought forgie.
 Oh ! wae, wae's my heart,
 To leave the land I loe,
 But break it maun to part,
 Sweet lassie, frae you.

Listen to me, love,
 Oh say ye'll gang wi' me,
 Or heartless I maun rove,
 And bless the day I dee.

I had little I could gie
 But a warm heart and true,
 That heart ye've stown frae me,
 It maun aye bide wi' you.

The world speak o' wealth,
 But what can siller gie?
 Can it win me back my heart,
 That ye've twined awa frae me.
 Oh, ae look o' love,
 In my bonny lassy's ee,
 Were worthy a' the wealth
 O' the world to me.

Having made a drawing of Mount Annan, the seat of General Dirom, and the home of his beloved, he wrote under it, in her scrap book, the following :—

LINES,

WRITTEN BELOW A DRAWING OF MOUNT ANNAN.

HEARD ye that breeze? oh, its music is dear
 As the song of a mother to infancy's ear;
 It whispered, as lightly it blew through the glen,
 Rest, wanderer! welcome to Annan again.

It kissed the green woodland, it toy'd with the trees,
 The dark foliage rustled as rock'd by the breeze;
 And oh, I could fancy it join'd in the strain,—
 Rest, wanderer, welcome to Annan again.

Like a smile on the cheek of an infant asleep,
 It play'd on the Annan and dimpled the deep,
 And each wimpling wave, as it roll'd to the main,
 Sang, Wanderer, welcome to Annan again.

There's a breeze that I love,—o'er Mount Annan it blows;
 There's a water I love,—in the Annan it flows;
 There's one thought that can soothe a worn wanderer's pain,—
 'Tis the hope that I'll see thee, dear Annan, again.

J. A. P.

1829.

This year I have only found the following lines, written off
 the Land's End on the 23rd of July, on his way to India with
 his young wife.

"THY last land, my country," fades from my sight,
 Thy mountains have set in the shadow of night;
 Swift sails our vessel upon the blue sea,
 And day will dawn on us far distant from thee.

O! the lands where we wander have mountains as light,
 And the sun of the East shines on valleys as bright.
 But we miss in those valleys, though lovely they be,
 Those spells so enchanting which bind us to thee.
 Fond fancy can trace in thy heathery hill
 Those footsteps so dear to our memory still,
 And oft o'er those mountains we hear on the blast
 The voices we loved in the days that are past,
 And the visions of those that are far far away
 Seem still by the murmuring waters to stray,
 And fond recollections, wherever we rove,
 Can fill thy lone glens with the forms that we love.

J. A. F.

The following appear to have been written in Mrs. Pringle's scrap book either during the voyage or very soon after their arrival at Jessore.

INDIA: AN ODE.

SIXTEEN thousand miles of sea
 Lead us to our destiny,
 To the land of golden dreams,
 Washed by weighty Ganga's streams,
 Land of tigers and of apes,
 Land of monsters of all shapes,

A Native Hunter on his Canoe, during the Floods at Natchez.





Land of crows, and kites, and frogs,
Land of pups and pariah dogs,
Land of cats, and rats, and mice,
Land of curry and of rice,
Land of lawyers without wigs,
Land of political intrigues,
Land of riches and distress,
Land of hovels—palaces!
Land of ladies and of dancing,
Land of singular financing,
Land of browns, and blacks, and whites
All deprived of their just rights,
Land of disappointment, where
All the ills of life we share,
Where the people called elect
Milk, and wine, and oil expect,
Where another class doth find
Misery and want combined;
While others, should they chance to live,
Take such things as chance may give.
But suppose we put in rhyme
All the blessings of the clime,
Thunder, lightning, storms, and rains,
Cholera, rheumatic pains,
Head-ach, heart-ach, stomach-ach,
All disorders man can take,

Doctors recipés and pills,
Horror at our monthly bills,
Burning sun and scorching winds,
Bungolows with close-shut blinds,
Breath exhausted, heat oppressive,
Liver twinges—most expressive,
Hope deferred our hearts to blight,
Injuries we dare not right,
Damp that blots, and spoils, and stains,
Nora's book for all my pains,
Such is India—such its plan,
Oh, who would live in Hindoostan?

THE DREAM OF CALDERWOOD.

SWEET vision of life's morning stay,
Let fitful fancy have her way,
While back to Calderwood I stray
 Through glade and glen so green.

Scene to happy childhood dear,
Friends whose smile that scene could cheer,
Sleep's witching wand will waft you near,
 Though oceans roll between.

From yonder cliffs, see, Calder throws
His foaming flood, now gently flows
Where hawthorn sweet, with many a rose,
Hung round the rock is seen.

Bright thoughts of happy moments past
Like sunbeams fall—they fade as fast!
Yet o'er the gloom a ray they cast,
To light life's dreary dream.

Still may they beam on yon gray towers,
Where careless fled my early hours;
Still seek the tangled woodbine bowers,
By Calder's wimpling stream.

Stay, lovely vision, yet a while,
The wanderer's weary heart beguile,
And, for a moment, try to wile
It back to what has been!

J. A. PRINGLE.

Mrs. Pringle had taken with her a book, or album, which she promised to fill with drawings and poems for her sister, Miss Dirom; on the first page of this book, Mr. Pringle, as a preface, writes:—

NORA, dear sister, say, is it not sweet,
When distant so far, that our spirits may meet,
While in fancy we ramble, each hour of the day,
To the hammts that we love, with our friends far away?
Oh, it's sad, but it's sweet, to picture the scene,
Where last in our land we together have been:
Till faces we love, in our fancy, arise,
And their smiles and their looks seem to gladden our eyes.
Too sweet is the dream,—we awake, and it flies,
In the roar of the waters around us it dies:
Yet still, while we wander and rock on the sea,
The moments fly fast when devoted to thee.
And with pens and with scrap books we chase away time,
Transcribing a poem, or writing a rhyme,
While our pencils would waft you, in fancy at least,
To the loveliest scenes that we see in the East.
Our rhyme may be doggrel, and wretched to read,
We would give you our best—take the will for the deed.

If faults in perspective you chance to detect,
 We did not intend them, in mercy correct—
 Yes, kind is the critic, her heart's on our side,
 And the failings she finds, her affection will hide.

1830.

The following was written in consequence of Mrs. Pringle detailing to him the incidents of a dream she had soon after the news of her brother's death had reached Jessore; and when, as is said by his sister, "she knew her first sorrow,"—at least such is believed to have been the origin of it.

A DREAM.

"BROTHER! thou art come from the land of the blest,
 Thou art come from the place of thy spirit's rest,
 Thou art come, thou art come, dear brother, for me
 O give me thy wings and I too shall be free!"

"I have wandered, indeed, an angel guest,
 To earth—from the land of the spirit's rest,
 I am come, dear sister, but not for thee,
 For thine still is the chain of mortality."

“How radiant thy hair with its glossy hue,
 How bright beams thine eye of heaven’s own blue!
 And it looks as if never a tear-drop laid
 Upon the soft fringe of its silken shade.”

“Sister, I’ve been beyond that bright sky,
 Where no tear is shed—where is heard no sigh:
 No! these belong to the mortal ~~and~~ *coil*
 To earth, and her children of care and toil.”

“Ah! why did thy lingering spirit not wait?
 At the portal of heaven, at its golden gate,
 I have wept, I have watched, I have waited for thee;
 Then give me thy wings, let me soar and be free.”

“I may not, I may not; for stronger the wing,
 On which thy freed spirit hereafter shall spring;
 On the pinion of faith, it shall purified soar,
 The ransomed of earth—and her pilgrim no more.”

Jessore, 1830.

I have met with nothing more beautiful than the following lines addressed to Mrs. Pringle on the second anniversary of

Though *our* shade the scene hath clouded, since this day we welcomed last,
 Though a brother's death hath shrouded many a dream of pleasure past,
 From Religion comfort gather, let her beam the gloom dispel,
 May our chastened hearts say, Father! Thou hast ordered all things well!
 Thus upon our Lord relying, peace shall light our prospect here:
 Christian hope shall soothe our sighing, Christ will dry the mourner's tear.
 Dearest! may His mercy shield thee,—prosper thee in all thy ways,
 And each returning season yield thee reason new His name to praise!

Jessore, Friday,

J. A. PRINGLE.

10th September, 1830.

My pretty puss must let me play poet laureate on this fine day, for I am in a very rhyming, very happy humour,—*Ci, Ci*.

The following, entitled “Our little Station Church,” bears an earlier date, and is also beautiful.

OUR LITTLE STATION CHURCH.

EZEKIEL XL. 16.

The Sabbath bell we may not hear¹,—
 No gorgeous gothic fane be near,—
 And two or three may scarcely meet
 To kneel before the mercy seat:

¹ Lam. i. 4—7.

The idol-altars round may stand²,—
 This world's spirit may fill the land,
 While scatter'd, few and far between,
 The followers of Christ are seen³.

Yet, still, the Lofty One and High⁴,
 Who dwelleth in Eternity,
 The contrite spirit's prayer will hear,
 And deign the lowly soul to cheer.
 From breathings of a broken heart,
 Thy mercy, Lord, will not depart⁵:
 To mark the humbled sinner's sigh,
 The Holy One is ever nigh.

And will He not descend to bless
 His temple in the wilderness⁶?
 To hear our feeble voices raise,
 With heart sincere, our prayer and praise:
 Come boldly then without the camp⁷,
 Let ways, not words, profession stamp,
 And, grateful, glory in his Name⁸,
 Who died for us, despising shame⁹.

² Psalm iii. 2.³ Ibid. lxxiv.⁴ Isaiah lvii. 15—18.⁵ Psalm xxxiv. 18.⁶ Ibid. lxiii.; xc. 17.⁷ Heb. xiii. 13; Matt. vii. 21—27.⁸ Rom. v. 1—10.⁹ Heb. ii. 9—18.

Come, let us join to praise the Lord¹⁰,—
 Come, let us read his holy Word,
 And pray for grace to understand,
 And strength to keep each high command.
 Lord! when before Thee we appear,
 Hear Thou¹¹! In heaven thy dwelling, hear!
 And, while Thou hearest, O forgive¹²!
 And, in thy favour, bid us live!

Lesson, April, 1830.

J. A. PRINGLE.

In a small paper book, which is inscribed the **JAW-HOLE**, and in which several of his verses are inscribed, he has chosen as his motto the following lines from **VIRGIL**, *Georg.* iv.

IPSE Cæve solans agrum testudine amore,
 TE, dulcis CONJUX—TE solo in litore secum,
 TE veniente die, TE decedente canebat.

All lonely on the shore forlorn he strays,
 Breathing his woes to broken-hearted lays;
 For THEE, sweet Love! for THEE the lyre he strings,
 Of THEE from dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn he sings.

¹⁰ Psalm xcv. 3. c.

¹¹ 1 Kings viii. 28—30, 57—60.

¹² Psalm lxx. 5.

And indeed this may be taken as the burthen of every line he wrote from the death of his beloved Christina.

The following are all beautiful, and display the feelings of his bereaved heart, after he had laid in the "cold grave," her in whom all his earthly happiness had been centred. I have numbered them according to their apparent dates.

I.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

MARK XVI. 1—3; MATT. XXVIII. 2—4; MARK XVI. 4, 5;
MATT. XXVIII. 5—7; and LUKE XXIV. 5—7.

With heavy heart and throbbing breast,
 She sought the tomb at dawn of day,
 Where they had laid her Lord to rest,—
 But, who shall roll the stone away?
 Oh who is He who may remove
 The barrier rock that lies between
 The mourner and the Saviour's love,
 When hope hath fled,
 And grief hath shed
 Despair and darkness on the scene!

See, the solid earth doth shake—

The angel of the Lord appears!

The rock is rent—the keepers quake!

Christian mourner calm thy fears.—

He lives—the first-fruits of the tomb!

Come, see the place where He was laid.

Let his own promise chase thy gloom.

This is the day,

Oh haste away!

Why seek ye the living with the dead?

A light hath shone upon the grave.

And Jesus lives! He is not here!

And He, who died, thy soul to save.

Revives, the mourner's heart to cheer

So spake the messenger of God.

While, awe struck, Mary bow'd her head

Thy Lord hath left death's dark abode.

The heavenly way

He leads to-day:

Why seek ye the living with the dead?

So speaks He still to Christian faith.

While all life's loveliest blossoms fade.

Yes, even at the tomb, He saith

Seek not the living with the dead.

The soul, that flash'd with love and light,
 Beneath that dark eye's deepest shade,
 To heaven hath wing'd its joyous flight,
 In seraph lays,
 The Lamb to praise ;
 Why seek ye the living with the dead ?

Oh, peaceful is the slumber deep
 Of those we lov'd to look upon ;
 They rest from care, in gentle sleep,
 Who trusted in the Lord alone ;
 Their spirits, to the Saviour's fold,
 The Shepherd of their souls hath led ;
 ——Look up, each glorious guest behold !
 Praise God on high !
 They joyful cry ;
 Why seek ye the living with the dead ?

But joys more perfect still remain
 For all who, faithful, keep the word ;
 Immortal friends shall meet again,
 And be for ever with the Lord.
 When they that sleep in Jesus wake,
 To dwell with Christ our risen Head :
 Then, mourning Christian, comfort take,
 Wait, watch, and pray,
 Unto the day
 Of Him who liveth and was dead.

II.

JOB XXIII. 8, 9, 10.—Behold I go forward, but He is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him : On the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him. But He knoweth the way that I take : when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

FORWARD I look, but look in vain,
 My God I cannot see ;
 Backward I turn, I look again,
 But He is lost to me.

Above—beneath—on every side,
 His awful power is shown,
 But still from me dark shadows hide
 His mercy's radiant throne.
 Yet all my ways are known to Thee,
 Thou dost my heart behold ;
 O grant, when Thou hast proved me,
 I may come forth as gold !

With patience may I seek thy face.
 Resigned to thy will ;
 And though thy path I cannot trace,
 O, let me trust Thee still !

So may I have that peace divine,
 This world can never give :
 The peace thou leavest Lord with thine,
 To know thy love and live.

J. A. P.

Calcutta, November, 1830.

III.

JOB xxx. 31.—My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.

A WANDERER in a dreary land,
 Alone in careless crowds I stand :
 In sleepless nights and pain by day,
 I plod through life my weary way.
 The joys of time all sunk in gloom—
 The brightest buried in the tomb.
 Great God, who rulest all, be nigh ;
 O listen to the mourner's sigh !

Bow'd low in dust beneath thy frown,
 Lord, make me feel the sins I own ;
 Yet, hear in mercy while I pray,
 And cast me not from grace away.

Though clouds and darkness round Thee dwell,
 Though o'er me all thy billows swell,
 Yet, from the deep to Thee I cry,
 O listen to the mourner's sigh !

Lord, who hast died that man might live,
 My Saviour, all my sins forgive.
 O shed thy Holy Spirit's ray
 Of comfort round the pilgrim's way !
 With faith and love my bosom fill,
 And meek submission to thy will ;
 Thus, Lord, the tear of sorrow dry,
 So soothe thy mourning servant's sigh !

J. A. PRINGLE.

Calcutta, November, 1830.

IV.

In sorrow's dark moments,
 When no one is near,
 Thy form is before me,—
 I fancy thee near !
 But thy place, Love, is empty,
 These day-dreams—how vain !
 Thou art gone,—and I never
 May see thee again !

Still there's comfort for sorrow
 In the place where I flee.
 Receive me, my Saviour,
 I cling unto Thee.
 Be thou with my spirit,
 While wandering alone ;
 And the heart, Thou hast broken,
 Lord, make it thine own !

J. A. PRINGLE.

Calcutta, December, 1830.

V.

My eye's desire !—My blooming lovely one !
 Sweet partner of my bosom's joys and woes ;
 The weary wanderer's comfort, and his only one,
 Droops low in death ; and faded is my rose.

Ye cannot feel, by every friend surrounded,
 Who ne'er are destined through the world to roam,
 The desolation of a heart thus wounded,
 Bereft of her whose breast was all his home.

Far through this vale of tears dark shades are glooming,
 Where once to me the wilderness look'd fair,
 Where once each way I turn'd life's flowers were blooming,
 But then my sweet one wander'd with me there.

Yet stay !—Is that a star, that, softly shining,
 Beyond the gloomy vista sheds its ray,
 To chide the lonely wanderer's repining,
 And guide his steps to everlasting day ?

Bright star of Bethlehem, that led the stranger
 To where the Prince of Peace and Glory lay,
 Poor for my sake, and cradled in a manger,
 Thine is the light—thine the reviving ray !

Oh, leave me not in night that knows no morrow,
 Within the darkness of despair to stray !
 Shine on, shine on ! where, low and bow'd with sorrow,
 For Faith to heal a broken heart I pray.

To Thee I pray, who dried the eye still weeping,
 And sooth'd the mourner's spirit with thy word :
 "Weep not for her, she is not dead but sleeping."
 Be Thou my strength, my consolation, Lord !

May I be led by Thee to seek thy glory,
 And, with a chasten'd heart and spirit poor,
 Strive, in the path of life that lies before me,
 To make my calling and election sure :

And, when I sleep with her whom Thou hast taken,
 In thine own day, our slumbering bodies raise :
 Then to eternal joy may we awaken,
 And hymn, in heaven, our great Redeemer's praise.

VI.

THE PATRIARCH'S PROSPECTS.

- JOB xiv. 7—10.—For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock die in the ground; Yet at the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
- JOB vii. 8—10.—The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more. Thine eyes are upon me, and I am not. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house; neither shall his place know him any more!
- JOB xiv. 11, 12.—As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: So man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

WITH mist and with gloom the pale landscape is clouded,
 The deep drifted snow hill and valley hath shrouded,
 Lifeless and bare the gray branches are waving,
 Where winter's wild storm through the forest is raving.
 Yet, the soft breath of spring the young foliage will nourish,
 Again, in each glen, the gay blossom will flourish,
 And the moorland will bloom with the sweet blushing heather,
 When summer again brings the sun-shiny weather.

Not so with the breast where life's latest sigh lingers,—
 With the pale faded cheek touched by Death's icy fingers;
 Oh, Death's chilling blast every prospect doth wither!
 Thou art gone! Thou *art* gone!—But who shall say whither?

Affection's embrace may no longer enfold thee,
 Affection's fond gaze never more shall behold thee,
 And thy dear happy home, and its glen, and its river,
 Will smile—but on others—as lovely as ever !

Thou wert light as the cloud that at sunset is glowing,
 Thou wert bright as the rill down the green valley flowing ;
 But the blush of the evening is melted in shadow,
 And lost in the deep is the rill of the meadow !
 Thine eye too is dim, and Death's shadows surround thee,
 His spell in its still, stony slumber hath bound thee,
 In the sleep of the dead the cold grave doth enfold thee,
 And the heavens must fade ^eer again we behold thee !

Winter, 1830.

J. A. PRINGLE.

The last poem I shall insert of this year is written on the last page of the unfinished Scrap Book, of which the preface has already been given, and which Mrs. Pringle had taken great delight in preparing for her sister Nora.

Finis, The volume has come to an end.

Finis, We weep o'er the grave of a friend ;
 And memory sighs as she fondly retains
 Each relic of love that among us remains ;

And this labour of love that she wrought while alive,
Will be dear to the bosoms of those who survive.
If a page be found spotless, oh let it remain
Unsullied and pure, as her heart without stain.
If a page be found empty, oh still let it rest
As a sign of the blank that is left in my breast.
She sleeps! My beloved! No more may I hear
The sound of her voice that fell soft on my ear;
And closed is that eye once in joy beaming sweet,
And her heart full of love—does it no longer beat?
She sleeps! My beloved! Oh bitter the tear
That is wrung from my bosom and drops on her bier.
Joy dwelt with me once; with her spirit it fled,
And for ever is lost in the grave of the dead.
For ever?—Oh no! Let us trust she has gone
To the mansions of heaven where grief is unknown.
For ever?—Oh no! Let us turn from the grave,
And come to our Father who wounds but to save.
Let us listen to Him who hath said in his Word,
That He blesses their slumber who sleep in the Lord;
Tho' sinking in sorrow, come earnestly pray
For strength in our labours, while yet it is day.
May that comforting Spirit our Saviour doth send,
Still dwell in the heart of each sorrowing friend;
For a soul that is contrite and kisses the rod,
And a heart that is broken, is dear to our God.

Calcutta, 25th November, 1830.

J. A. P.

The following beautiful lines betray his feelings at the opening of another year, and when "lone was his dwelling."

LONE is my dwelling now,
 Gloomy, dark, and dreary;
 Love's voice hath ceased to flow—
 I wander woe and weary.
 Hark! a sound—I look around—
 'Twas but the cypress sighing;
 Or echoing walls of empty halls
 To my own voice replying:
 For lone is my dwelling now,
 Dark its hall and dreary;
 Love's voice hath ceased to flow—
 Where I sit woe and weary!
 The eye so bright, that chased to flight
 Each care that could oppress me,—
 O! quenched its light in death's cold night,
 No more its beam may bless me;
 But dark is my dwelling now,
 Gloomy, dull, and dreary;
 Love's light hath ceased to glow—
 She's left me woe and weary!
 And cold as lead, and dull and dead,
 This heavy heart lies sleeping,
 And burning ~~day~~, this tearless eye
 The night long watch is keeping;

For lone is my dwelling now,
 Dark its hall and dreary;
 Love's light hath ceased to flow—
 Worn am I and weary.

J. A. P.

Champapoka Palace, Moorshedabad,
 12th January, 1831.

THE sun will shine as bright above
 In other days,—
 The moon, we used to look on, love,
 Still wins my gaze;
 The flowers, that shared thy gentle care,
 May still bloom on,—
 Thy bird pour forth his song——but where
 Wilt thou be gone?

'Tis all too true—that faded cheek—
 That sunken eye!
 Those accents tremulous and weak,—
 That tear—that sigh!—
 With idle hope I've watch'd thy brow
 From day to day:
 'Tis vain——a little while——and thou
 Wilt pass away!

The same strain is continued on his birth-day this year.

ON the brink of Time I stand,

Mourning alone;

I sigh for that happy land

Where care is unknown.

Soon, soon, love! with thee,

To join in Heaven's minstrelsy,

While golden harps melodiously

Sound around the Throne.

Time and toil will soon be past,

The weary one will sleep,

The night of death will come at last,

The slumber, long and deep.

Soon, soon! this spirit free,

Fleeting to eternity,

Dearest! yet may smile with thee,

Ne'er again to weep.

J. A. PRINGLE.

17th April, 1831.

Another beautiful ode this year is :—

SUNSET.

SOFT is the beam o' the sun in the West,

When his daylight is done, and he sinks to his rest :—

Though he leave us in night, yet, o'er the dark sea,

His path lies in light to my ain countrie.

So,—chasten'd, but bright was her last look o' faith,
 Ere she sunk from my sight in the darkness o' death,—
 But is she no gane where nae darkness can be,
 Where hope has her hame in a fair countrie?

There's a rest for the wearied—the cauld sleepy bed,
 Nae wish can come near it to waken the dead.
 There's a rest for the spirit, that the faithful can see,
 For faith shall inherit that fair countrie.

And the bleak blast o' time on the gray head may blaw,
 The nest may be herried, my best taen awa;—
 But I'll meet wi her yet, where the blast winna be,
 Nor a sun ever set in that fair countrie.

J. A. PRINGLE.

Moorshedabad, Bengal,
10th September, 1831.

The last of the poems of this year that I have been able to discover, is the following paraphrase of John xi. 40.

JOHN xi. 40.—Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?

I WOULD believe Thee, blessed Lord!
 Help thou mine unbelief!
 And let thy promises afford
 This weary heart relief.

Beyond the gloomy vale of death,
 Raise all my hopes to Thee,
And with the piercing eye of faith
 May I thy glory see.
Lord, Thou hast wept to see the grief
 Of mourners round the tomb,
And Thou canst give eternal life
 To all that to Thee come ;
With happy hope revive my heart,
 That, through thy saving grace,
The friends, who here in sorrow part,
 In heaven may see thy face.
Jesus ! when unto Thee at last
 My spirit I resign,
On Thee my care O let me cast !
 Lord save me, I am thine !

J. A. P.

Moorshedabad, 20th September, 1831.

1832.

The first verses of 1832 were, I believe, the following application of Mrs. Pringle's dying words.

OH LOOK ON HIGH!

2 COR. iv. 17, 18.

I KISS'D her cheek—her death-pale cheek!

I closed her death-cold eye!

But, hush! Oh hear that voice so dear,—

“Seek Heaven! Oh look on high!”

I put her to sleep in the dark grave deep,

With the dust of the dead to lie;

But a voice on the breeze, o'er the cypress trees,

Sigh'd, “Weep not! Oh look on high!”

When I mourn alone by yon gray grave stone,

And dream of all joy now bye,

Her own sweet smile may I see, the while

When she said, “Oh look on high!”

And still may I hear, when starts the tear,

And swells the woe-drawn sigh,

These words of rest to the Christian's breast,

“*Seek Heaven! Oh look on high!*”

J. A. PRINGLE.

Moorshedabad, 1832.

They were the last words of a dying Christian, at the close of a conversation, a few days before she was to resign her soul to the hands of her Saviour. Often do they come over the memory in the lonely hours, like a ray through the dark cloud that shades a heavy heart.

His birth-day this year produced the following :—

MY BIRTHDAY.

DEUT. viii. 2, 5, 6.—And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no. Thou shalt also consider in thine heart that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee. Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God to walk in his way and to fear Him.

THE toil-worn traveller, from the mountain's brow,
 When lengthen'd shadows mark the setting sun,
 Looks anxious for a shelter lone and low,
 Where, weary, he may rest,—his journey done.
 Yet on the long wild wilderness now past,
 With all its chequer'd scenes of shade and smile,
 Oft will he pause, a lingering look to cast,
 Where a gray stone records the by-gone mile.
 Thus, pausing, I review my lengthening way,—
 Its joys, its griefs, in memories light appear,
 Where time, with wrinkled cheek now old and gray,
 Notes the conclusion of another year.
 And, while along life's wilderness I trace,
 Goodness and mercy marking all my days,
 My own unworthiness, my Saviour's grace,
 Great Spirit ! wake my soul to thankful praise¹.

¹ Psalm lxxvii. 11—14.

Thy wisdom, Lord, these forty years hath led
 Thy servant through this world's dangerous wild²;
 Thy bounty clothed him, and thy mercy fed,
 While love unwearied spared the froward child.
 This broken heart, deep in the vale of tears,
 Thy grace hath taught to kiss the chastening rod³;
 In sorrow's hour, thy Gospel soothed my fears,
 I heard a Father's voice, I own'd my God⁴.
 While back I look upon the changeful scene,
 Teach me, in *all*, thy Providence to see⁵ ;
 This lesson from the past, O let me glean,
 In humble faith to cast my care on Thee⁶.
 And leave me not, unfriended by thy light,
 To wander on in error's winding way⁷;
 Beam o'er my soul in sorrow's gloomy night,
 And shade it, Lord, from pleasure's dazzling ray⁸.
 From all self-glory and presumptuous pride⁹,
 To keep me pure, thy mighty aid afford¹⁰;
 This helpless heart, O deign my God to guide,
 To love thy law and keep thy holy word.
 Forsake me not, I pray, in mine old age,
 When heart and strength are failing, still be nigh¹¹ ;

² Psalm ciii. 8—14.³ Ibid. cxvi. 5—8.⁴ Ibid. xxxi. 7.⁵ Ibid. xciv. 17—19.⁶ Ibid. lxii. 8 ; liv. 22.⁷ Ibid. li. 9—12.⁸ Ibid. lxix. 16—18.⁹ Ibid. xix. 12—14 ; cxix. 124, 125.¹⁰ Ibid. cxix. 124, 125.¹¹ Ibid. lxxi. 9.

And, when I close my weary pilgrimage,
 Receive me, Father, in thy rest on high¹².
 Hear, Thou who ledest Israel like a flock¹³ !
 Support me through the deep with thy right hand¹⁴,
 In Jordan's whelming flood be Thou my rock¹⁵;—
 Lord Jesus, lead me to thy Promised Land !

Moorshedabad, 17th April, 1832.

J. A. PRINGLE.

The following lines upon the Motto of a Seal his beloved wife wore, all breathe the same mournful strain.

Dal core ! 'Twas the motto on her seal,—
 'Twas graven on her looks where love was beaming,
 Her voice the truth of it would still reveal,
 It sparkled in her deep dark eye.—
 Through pity's tear, or when it laugh'd in joy,
Dal core was the charm that in her eye was gleaming.

Dal core !—Yes !—Whene'er she sought her God,—
 Of humble piety and faith the token,—
 Thence joyful praise for every mercy flow'd,
 And, when the Christian to her Saviour pray'd,
 In holy light upon her brow it play'd,—
 Tho' hush'd in awe her breath !—tho' not a word was spoken.

¹² Psalm lxxiii. 24.

¹³ Ibid. lxxx. 1.

¹⁴ Ibid. lxix. 1, 2.

¹⁵ Ibid. cxxxviii. 7, 8 ; lxi. 1 ; xxxi. 1, 2, 3, 5.

Dal core be our motto while we strive,
 Like her, in purity and meek submission,
 To live as Christian Pilgrims ought to live,
 Bending our wishes to God's holy will,
 Seeking for grace his precepts to fulfil,
 Till glad, we meet, through Christ, where faith is lost in vision.

J. A. PRINGLE.

Moorshedabad, 1832.

1833.

I have not been able to find any earlier verses in the year 1833 than the following :—

JOHN X. 11—18.

WHY close thine ear against the word
 That might thy comfort be, sinner?
 Why steel thy heart against the Lord,
 Who gave his life for thee, sinner?
 His righteous wrath no longer brave,
 But to the Refuge flee, sinner;
 Oh trust his holy word, who gave
 His only Son for thee, sinner.

To ransom thee, thy Lord was slain,
 And hung upon the tree, sinner,

His blood alone could cleanse thy stain,
 That blood He shed for thee, sinner.
 And wilt thou still refuse the grace,
 And from his mercy flee, sinner ;
 Ungrateful wilt thou hide thy face,
 When Christ would set thee free, sinner ?

Oh rather fall before his throne,
 And, low on bended knee, brother,
 Thy guilt, thy grief, to Him make known,
 He will not turn from thee, brother.
 No—gently He thy doubts will chide,
 And lead thee in the way, brother ;
 Come follow then our glorious Guide,
 To everlasting day, brother.

J. A. PRINGLE.

Moorshedabad, March 31, 1833.

PSALM XXXI. 1—7.

IN Thee is my trust, O Lord !
 Now by thy righteous word,
 Comfort and aid afford,
 Save me, O save me !
 Rock of my strength be nigh,
 Bend from thy throne on high,
 Hasten to hear my cry,
 Save me, O save me !

Lord, in the evil hour,
 Keep me from Satan's power,
 Thou art my strength and tower,
 Save me, O save me !

Wanderers in vanity,
 Far be your ways from me,
 My soul I commit to Thee,
 Save me, O save me !

Glory to God on high !
 Still in adversity,
 Thou, O my God, art nigh,
 Save me, O save me !

Again on his birth-day, this year, we have the warbling of
 a sorrowful spirit.

ISAIAH LVII. 18.—I have seen his ways and will heal him : I will lead him also, and will
 restore comfort to him and to his mourners.

ANOTHER year, my God ! hath fled,
 Since first I saw the light.—
 Still, weaker runs life's shortening thread,
 As down the vale of time I tread,—
 Soon to be numbered with the dead,
 In dark and dreary night !

Oh ! may thy Spirit be my guide,
 To lead me on my way.
 Lord ! let me in thy strength abide,—
 Still in thy promises confide,—
 Teach me to trust in none beside,
 In trouble's gloomy day.

To inward peace, to holy joy,
 My weary heart restore ;—
 To comforts that can never cloy,
 Like those that worldly thoughts employ,—
 Bright hopes, unmingled with alloy,
 That shine for evermore.

When Christian friends are called from me,
 Their loss while I deplore ;
 Thy mercy let the mourner see,—
 Though broken here each tie may be,
 Lord ! bind my loosened heart to thee,
 In heaven, for evermore.

Moorshedabad, April 17, 1833.

J. A. PRINGLE.

The following lines were written during a dangerous illness at Moorshedabad, October 4, 1833, and are thus prefaced by himself in the MS. book from which they are taken :—

IT has pleased our Heavenly Father in wisdom infinite to visit me with a fever, which may yet prove fatal. I myself feel that this is probable, and I know it from the remarks that pass between others. . . . My very dear ones of Yair and Mount Annan, my own, my beloved relations! what passes in my own heart at the prospect of this separation, assures me that you, too, will grieve for it. I can but say to you, what she did to me before she fell asleep: "Seek Heaven! O. look on high! Call on the Lord in your trouble, and He will hear you." Now, whether my days are numbered and reduced to a span, or I am spared still longer in this life, may I be enabled heartily at its close to say to those I love and leave behind me,—

WEEP not for me, my race is almost run ;
 Mourn not, rejoice, the prize will soon be won ;
 My soul, through grace restored, soon wing its way
 To glory far beyond the beam of day.
 Yes ! for the weary one with sin oppress'd,
 Our Saviour calls to come to Him for rest ;
 He calls who died our sinking souls to free,
 And sinless bore our sin upon the tree.
 I know in whom I trust,—in Him alone
 Who pleads for man before his Father's throne,
 Who prayed that his redeem'd with Him might be,
 And in his kingdom all his glory see.

Earth and earth's toys are fading from my sight !
 Dull grows my ear to all that could delight !

Does reason totter?—do I dream?—I see
 Bright messengers of Heaven beckon me.
 Oh, say, does sound deceive me, that I hear
 Sweet songs of angels melting on mine ear?
 How my poor prison'd spirit pants to fly,
 And seek my Saviour in his rest on high;
 There with the choir of Heaven my voice to raise,
 And tune the harp to sound my Maker's praise.
 What joy to meet upon that happy shore
 My heart's *one love*,—to meet—and part no more!
 Shall I with her I mourn'd so long alone,
 Yet worship God in Heaven before his throne?
 With her kneel hand in hand all clothed in light,
 While in his praise our mingling souls unite?
 O lovely vision! near and nearer come,
 The guides of glory sent to lead me home.

The icy waters of the gulf of death
 Chill all my limbs and check my lab'ring breath:
 Thy servant, Lord, is ready;—in this hour
 Preserve my soul with thine almighty power,
 Home to thy fold the way-worn wanderer bring.
 Dark tomb—where now thy triumph?
 Where, O Death, thy sting?





John Alexander Pringle, Esq., in his Boat on the Ganges, 1833.

The following note and verses were written in a book along with the Psalm, "By Babel's Marshy Stream."

SICK, wasted, and worn, when looking over the long, flat, weary plains through which the broad Ganges rolls his turbid tide, the wanderer who has sighed to cool his fevered lips with one fresh breeze from the brown heathery hills, so sweet to childhood, so dear to memory, and who can even, while sinking strength and ebbing life show too plainly how vain the wish, still long for one last look of Scotland, and those friends whose sweet society did make her hills indeed his home—yes! that wanderer *can* feel, to his heart's heart, the exquisite natural but mournful beauties of the Psalm, which the following is an attempt to imitate in English.

PSALM CXXXVII. 1—8.

By Babel's marshy stream we sat,
 Fast down our cheeks salt tears were falling,
 For, aye, our hearts sought Sion's gate—
 Far, far from home, home thoughts recalling!
 Our harps, neglected and unstrung,
 With music's voice no longer blending,
 Upon the willow trees we hung,
 O'er Babylon's dark waters bending.

For spoilers taunt our captive band,—
 They seek for songs amidst our sadness;—
 The song we sung in Judah's land,
 When Sion bloom'd in days of gladness:

Can exiles on a distant strand,—
 To holy hymns the harp awaking,—
 Can captives, in a stranger land,
 Sing Sion's song when hearts are breaking?

Yet, oh, this voice must cease in death,
 Ere aught can from my heart remove thee!
 Jerusalem! my latest breath
 Shall sweetly sing how dear I love thee!
 Ere I forget thee, lovely land,
 My fingers, now the harpstrings sweeping,
 Must lose their charm, this skilful hand
 In cold forgetfulness lie sleeping!

O Lord! remember Edom's pride,
 When thy dread day hung o'er our nation,—
 Ruin'd be her towers! they cried,—
 Low laid in dust and desolation!
 Dire retribution yet shall meet
 Proud Babylon's ill-fated daughter;
 Thy mangled babes shall strew thy street,
 While foes exult o'er infant-slaughter.

J. A. PRINGLE.

Moorsheadabad, October, 1833.

There is no date to the following lines, but they appear

to have some reference to his visit to the tomb of her he mourned.

Is it a voice from heav'n above
 That calls the wand'rer home?
 Is it our Saviour's voice of love
 That bids the weary come?
 Is it a hand of heav'n I see,
 Through the gloom, that beckons me,
 Where lightsome day, most gloriously,
 Beams beyond the tomb?

And may a sinful man presume
 To smile upon the grave?
 And calmly sink into the tomb,—
 The King of terror's cave?
 Yes!—Death hath lost his sting!
 Harken! Holy Angels sing,
 "Hell is vanquish'd! Christ our King
 The ransom'd soul doth save!"

J. A. P.

PSALM XXX.

THY praises my God will I sing:
 Thou, Lord, hast still been my aid;
 My soul from the snare Thou didst bring;
 Thou hast heal'd me, O Lord, when I pray'd;

From the gloomy grave—
 From death's dismal cave,
 Thou my soul dost save and raise.
 Still, still my song shall be,
 My God, in hymns to Thee,
 O join, ye Saints, with me in praise ;—

Swift is God's wrath in its flight,
 His favour brings life on its wings ;
 Though the mourner sat weeping at night,
 For joy in the morning he sings.
 In life's sunny hour secure,
 Though clouds may lower,
 I fancied still my tower stood alone,
 Thy favour made me proud.
 Thou didst thy face but shroud,
 My vaunting once so loud was gone ;

I cried to the Lord, and I prayed,
 My God, in my death is there gain,
 Hear me, and help me, I said,
 In mercy restore me again.
 Thou my wounded breast
 Hast restored to rest,
 And me in gladness dressed again ;
 Join the song with me,
 To Thee, O God, to Thee,
 Loud shall the shout be.—Amen.

1834.

The first piece of this year, are the following lines.

HEBREWS xiii. 5.—Be content with such things as ye have ; for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

In the original Greek :

Αυτος γαρ ειρηκεν, ου μη σε ανω, ουδ' ου μη σε εγκαταλίπω :

For He hath said, “No, I will never leave thee! No, no, I will not forsake thee.”

GENESIS xxviii. 15.—And behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land : for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

PILGRIM, though these weary sighs¹
 Breathe of pain and speak of care²,
 Oh covet not what God denies,
 Be content the cross to bear³.

Time may of health and wealth bereave thee,
 Ruthless death, all-lonely make thee⁴,—
 Still He saith, “I will not leave thee,
 No ; I never will forsake thee⁵.”

Let no repining wish intrude,
 Blighted though they prospect be⁶,

¹ Psalm xlii. 5, 3.

² Luke xxii. 42.

³ Heb. xii. 1 ; James v. 11.

⁴ Isaiah xl. 1 ; xlix. 14, 15.

⁵ Ibid. xli. 10 ; xlii. 16.

⁶ Ibid. xlv. 7, 9, 22 ; Lam. iii. 39 ; Isaiah lvii. 15.

Cast all thy care upon thy God,
Thy Redeemer cares for thee⁷.

Not willingly the Lord would grieve thee⁸,
Though trouble now may overtake thee,
He hath said, "I'll never leave thee,
Christian, I will not forsake thee⁹."

Then, through the Saviour, seek thy God¹⁰,
Thy heart in supplication raise¹¹,—
Bow beneath his chastening rod¹²,
He can turn each prayer to praise.

Oh, call on Him who can relieve thee¹³,
In trouble to thy God betake thee ;
He hath promised not to leave thee¹⁴,
"Never will thy God forsake thee."

Poor weary weeping one ! to Christ
Come in faith, and calm thy fear¹⁵ ;
To give the heavy-laden rest¹⁶,
To bring thee home, thy Lord is near¹⁷.

⁷ Psalm lv. 22 ; 1 Peter v. 6, 7 ; John iii. 16.

⁸ Lam. iii. 31—33.

⁹ John xiv. 18 ; Matt. xxviii. 20.

¹⁰ Heb. iv. 16 ; Hosea vi. 1.

¹¹ Lam. iii. 41.

¹² Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, 11.

¹³ Psalm l. 15.

¹⁴ Dent. xxxi. 8.

¹⁵ John vi. 37 ; Matt. xiv. 31 ; John vi. 20.

¹⁶ Matt. xi. 28.

¹⁷ John xiv. 1—3.

No longer let the world deceive thee¹⁸,
 Hear his voice—to life awake thee¹⁹ !
 Christ hath said, “ I’ll never leave thee.”
 Pilgrim ! God will not forsake thee.

J. A. PRINGLE.

Moorshedabad, April 6, 1834.

GENESIS XXVIII. 16.—And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, “ Surely the Lord is in this place ; and I knew it not.”

I rather think the following lines were written on his birth-day, April 17, this year, though they do not bear that date.

IN the sunburnt jungles of dark Hindustan,
 While wasted and worn I roam,
 How oft is my heart in my own native land,
 Far away among visions of home ;
 Where the silvery wave in each river and rill
 To me is the fairest that flows,
 Where the breath of the blast on the brown heather hill
 Is the sweetest—the freshest that blows !

When listless and lonely I pant for the breeze,
 In the feverish fens of Bengal,
 While drooping and damp are the leaves on the trees,
 That hang o’er yon moss-covered wall ;

¹⁸ 1 John ii. 15—17 ; Rom. viii. 32.

¹⁹ Eph. v. 14.

O what would I give just to breathe once again
 The blast as it blows over Yair,
 To quaff, as they glide down the dear native glen,
 Tweed's waters so cool and so fair!

Time was—it is past—when, unclouded with care,
 All nature looked lovely to me,—
 Thy heart for my home—e'en Bengala was fair,
 Sweet love, when enlivened by thee.
 Ay—past is my day of romance, and its glow,
 That tinted each landscape with light,
 Long quenched in the tear-drops from sorrow that flow,
 Soon will set in the grave's gloomy night.

Yet, why am I sad? Here Thou seest me, Lord!
 And the desert shall bloom as the rose;
 Thy comforting Spirit still breathes in thy word,
 Where the water of life ever flows.
 Though fainting and weary, Thou lookest on me,
 Thou guidest the wanderer's way;
 Wherever I am—never lonely with Thee—
 O still be my strength and my stay!

J. A. P.

*Near Bikrumpore, Zilla Kishnuqua,
 April, 1834.*

The above written on a blank leaf at the end of Baxter's Saint's Rest.

1835.

The following lines were inclosed in a letter to his sister Margaret from the Cape of Good Hope, a name he said he liked.

THE SUNSHINY MORNING.

PSALM XXX. 5.

THERE'S a stage in life's journey when, careless and gay,
Through dreams and delusions delighted we stray,
While little we fancy a dreary dark day
 May follow the sunshiny morning.

If health be our portion, if wealth be our pride,
If home look all lovely, on thoughtless we glide ;
Do the gifts to the Giver our gratitude guide,
 While we bask in life's sunshiny morning !

But sickness may follow, and riches may fly,
Affliction may change the glad smile to a sigh,
As a cold gloomy cloud will come over the sky
 To sadden the sunshiny morning !

O let not such changes unheeded go past,
Prepare for the tempest, and hasten to cast
The anchor of hope in the Rock that will last,
 And wait for a sunshiny morning.

'Tis sweet, when the clouds of adversity lower,
 The soft beam of mercy to see through the shower,
 As the raindrops that hang on the wet drooping flower
 Reflect the bright sunshiny morning.

In grief or in danger, in want or in pain,
 Despair not then, Pilgrim, but stedfast remain ;
 The night that is cloudy may clear up again,
 And change to a sunshiny morning.

April 17, 1835.

The following translation of the 84th Psalm, which I find in a letter to his sister Charlotte, from the Cape also, May, 1835.

PSALM LXXXIV.

LORD God of Sabaoth, how lovely, how sweet,
 In the place Thou hast chosen, to kneel at thy feet !
 The wish of my soul, the desire of my heart,
 Is to dwell in thy presence, to be where Thou art.

The sparrow, O Lord, in thy temple doth rest !
 For the swallow thine altars have furnish'd a nest !
 And there her young nestlings enjoy an abode,
 They dwell where Thou dwellest, my King and my God !

Thrice happy are they who may meet in thy place,
 To sing in thy praises, to pray for thy grace ;
 And blessed the people whose strength is the Lord,
 The guide of whose hearts is the way of thy word :

Who find it a spring in the valley of grief,—
 A well of refreshment to bring them relief ;
 Still onward, still upward, their footsteps shall be,
 Till the God of their glory in Zion they see.

Lord God of Sabaoth, O bow down thine ear !
 The prayer of thy servant, thou Holy One hear !
 Through Christ thine anointed in mercy look down,
 Our strength, our preserver, O look on thine own !

One day in thy courts is more pleasant to me
 Than ages devoted to folly could be ;
 And the least in thy temple is happier far
 Than the great in the tents of ungodliness are.

For the Lord is a sun and a shield to his own ;
 All grace and all glory proceed from his Throne ;
 No gift that is good will his mercy refuse
 To such as the pathway of holiness choose.
 Blessed, oh blessed for ever is he,
 Lord God of Sabaoth, who trusteth in Thee !

J. A. P.

MALACHI IV. 2.—But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise
with healing on his wings.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Lord, let thy light appear!
Thou wilt not humble prayer despise,—
Thee, Lord of Hosts, we fear.
Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
With healing on thy wings;
Thy beam the tear of sorrow dries,
And heavenly comfort brings.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
O shed abroad thy ray!
For Thee we look—with longing eyes,
We watch thy dawning day.
Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
And shine from pole to pole!
Dispel the gloom that round us lies,—
Enlighten every soul.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Within our bosoms glow!
Draw from our hearts sin's deepest dyes,
And make us white as snow.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
 Thy goodness may we see;
 And, where thy glory lights the skies,
 Lord, let our dwelling be!

J. A. PRINGLE.

Calcutta, December 25, 1835.

1836.

The first piece of this year is the following, on his birth-day:—

MATTHEW xi. 23.—Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

HATH conscience discover'd the sin of thy heart,—
 Hath reason revealed how helpless thou art¹,—
 Are science and learning unable, combined,
 A cure for thy terrified spirit to find?
 Contrite sinner, come to Jesus,
 A bruised reed He will not break,
 From sin and wrath his ransom frees us,
 Pray for mercy for his sake.

Doth nature give way beneath poverty's frown²,—
 Hath the blast of adversity over thee blown,—
 Hath friendship been false, or hath malice been bold,—
 Hath the sun of this world set cheerless and cold³?

¹ 1 Cor. i. 17 to end.

² James ii. 5.

³ Eccles. vii. 14; Psalm cxviii. 5—9.

Take the cross and follow Jesus,
 Look for comfort in his word,
That never did nor will deceive us,
 Cast all thy care upon thy Lord.

Hath the eye of affection and sympathy smiled,
 To lighten thy toil in life's wilderness wild,—
 Hath the loved, and the lovely, sunk into the tomb,
 And changed to a desert the joys of a home⁴?
 Christian mourner, lean on Jesus,
 He hath wept for human grief;
 In solitude our Saviour sees us,
 Hears our prayer and grants relief.

In the darkness of danger, of dread, and despair,
 Doth confidence fail thee when evil is near⁵?
 When sickness o'erwhelms thy labouring breath,
 Doth terror alarm with a prospect of death?
 In all thy troubles come to Jesus,
 Pray to be with patience blest;
He hath promised to release us,
 Christ will give the weary rest.

J. A. PRINGLE.

April 17, 1836.

⁴ Job v. 6—11.

⁵ Rom. viii. 35—39.

The next is the following beautiful burst of feeling, on seeing the remains of his beloved sister at Durie.

JEREMIAH XV. 9.—She that hath borne seven languisheth ; she hath given up the ghost ;
her sun hath gone down while it was yet day.

PALE is that placid face, faded its glow !
Spirit that kindled it, where art thou now ?
Clingest thou still to clay, sleeping in dust ?
Spirit that cannot be,—God is our trust !

Soul of the loved one, where hast thou fled ?
Where is thy dwelling-place, soul of the dead ?
High o'er the starry sky, far through its dome,
Angels have wafted thee hence to thy home.

Light of the lonely one, brightest and best !
Where hath thy spirit flown, where doth it rest ?
For ever with Jesus, joyous, and bless'd,
Robed in His righteousness, there is thy rest !

J. A. PRINGLE.

Durie, December 6, 1836.

As a sequel to these lines, I insert here some verses by Mrs. Christie, of Durie, which her brother admired much, and had placed among his precious relics :—

ON THE CREST AND MOTTO OF THE PRINGLES OF
WHYTBANK.

“SURSUM,” and a Winged Heart.

How glorious were the days of old,
When noble knights and warriors bold
Arose at love or honour's call,
Bravely to conquer or to fall;
And oft a higher aim inspired
Their souls by warm devotion fired,
Nor could they brook that Islam's race
Usurped the Christian's noblest place,
But left for Syria's rugged strand
Their much-loved home and native land,
From impious Pagans' power to save
Their great Redeemer's hallowed grave,
That Pilgrims from afar might come
To worship at his lowly tomb.

But, born in more enlightened years,
How vain to us this strife appears!
How vain that spot to watch with care!—
The Saviour's image is not there,
But dwells in each believer's heart,
From whence it never will depart.
But while their ignorance we blame,
Their zeal at least respect may claim,



*Remains of Whitebank, 'twixt the ancient residence of
the Kings of Whitebank and Smalbheine.*

Drawn by J. A. Kneller Esq. 1828



And sure a lesson they afford,
How Christians ought to love their Lord.

Like them I seek my life to spend
In living for life's noblest end ;
Beneath the banner of the cross
Would count my richest gain but loss,
And, careless of this world's renown,
Seek to obtain a heavenly crown.

And while each warlike crest I view,
With each device sublime and true,
I'd seek among these crests to find
Some motto still to bear in mind ;
And surely none appears so fair
As that my fathers used to bear.
Then let me choose it for my own,
Be this my aim and this alone,
That *upwards* on the *wings* of love
My *heart* may soar to realms above,—
And may no mean or grov'ling thing
Make me descend or droop the wing,
Till, life's temptations safely past,
I rest in heavenly peace at last !

ELIZABETH PRINGLE. YAIR.

The date of this beautiful hymn is not given, but it must have been about this period.

HYMN.

WHEN unto Thee, O God, our voice we raise,
Upon our souls thy Holy Spirit shed,
That Thou may'st, while we sing thy holy praise,
In spirit and in truth be worshipped.

Our life, our breath, our all we owe to Thee,
Thy Providence supplies our daily food,
Thy power protects us, and thy hand we see,
Where'er we turn, extended for our good.

But chief of all we magnify thy grace
For the glad tidings in the Gospel given,
That to our sinful, lost and ruined race,
Through Christ our Saviour, shows the way to heaven.

Almighty Father! we will sing thy praise,
Thy name, O blessed Saviour, we adore,
Spirit of truth, to Thee our hymn we raise,
Glory, O God, to Thee for evermore!

J. A. P.

On the opening of the new Church at Bridekirk.

THOUGH weak and unworthy,
 Great God, to adore Thee,
 We come to thy temple our homage to pay ;
 Thou Holy One hear us,
 Thy Spirit be near us,
 Oh, dwell in us richly on this thine own day !

By thought, and commission,
 Word, deed, and omission,
 We've broken thy laws, and, as sheep, gone astray :
 Our trespass is grievous,
 In mercy forgive us,
 To grace, through our Saviour, restore us we pray.

Our sin while confessing,
 We pray for a blessing
 On all that we think, that we do, that we say.
 Oh, shed from above
 Christian Faith, Hope, and Love,
 To beam in our bosoms, and lighten our way !

Though ills may oppress us,
 Let nothing distress us,
 Thy peace be our portion, thy strength be our stay ;

Till, summon'd to meet Thee,
 Our glad spirits greet Thee,
 "Our Lord and our God," through eternity's day.

J. A. PRINGLE

Brydkirk. Sunday, October 9, 1836.

1837.

On his birth-day this year, he writes:—

MARK vii. 37.—He hath done all things well.

 LORD, ere I sink to rest,
 O wake my soul to song!
 And may thy Spirit in my breast
 The note of praise prolong.
 Thou hast done all things well:
 God is our God always;
 Thy mercies every thought excel,
 And all our power thy praise.

 For mercies ever new
 Thy name I'll joyful bless.
 And in affliction's lessons too
 Thy goodness I'll confess.
 Thou hast done all things well,
 Thy ways are just and right,
 In praise let all our voices dwell,
 And weary hearts unite!

But O, to think upon
 Thy love, that for us gave
 Our Saviour Jesus Christ, thy Son,
 Our sinful souls to save!
 Oh! Thou dost all things well,
 Our Saviour and our Lord!
 Age unto age thy love shall tell,—
 Thy glory shall record.

J. A. P.

The following is a reply to one of his sisters, who wrote to him from England, requesting a Christmas song.

Oh seek not the song of the old,
 When the tale of his youth hath been told;—
 The muses are mute,—unstrung is the lute,
 The spirit of poesy cold.
 To the young and the joyous belong,
 Mirth, music, and dancing, and song,
 While the dear ones they prize live to gladden their eyes,
 And hope in the bosom beats strong.

Oh seek not the song of the old,
 When the tale of his youth hath been told;—
 The minstrel is mute, and broken the lute,
 The spirit of poesy cold.

And sorrow hath clouded the day,
Life's summer hath faded away,
And the time hath gone by, when a smile or a sigh
Could gladden or sadden the lay.

But yet may the song of the old
Revive when his days have been told;—
When lull'd is his breath on the bosom of death,
And he sleeps in his sepulchre cold,
Oh then may his glad spirit rise,
Soaring high over sorrow and sighs,
And, with Seraphim, raise a loud anthem of praise,
Where the Lord wipeth tears from all eyes!

J. A. PRINGLE.

1838.

The last piece I have it in my power to give, was composed a short month before his decease, and written in a book of his verses set to tunes, which he gave his sister Charlotte, November, 1838.

On the lark eye sings the sweeter
The higher that it flies,
And the heavy heart's eye lighter
When to God its breathings rise;

But the wing will droop that's weary,
The lark sits silent down,
So the sinking heart grows dreary,
Its music ceases soon.

Then let it not surprise thee,
That when I take the lyre,
Sweet memories of mercy
The lowly song inspire.
The heart unhurt, unhealed,
Another lay may choose,—
God's love to man revealed
Shall wake the grateful muse.

The eye in morning brightness,
Unclouded by a tear,
Sheds its own sunny lightness
On all that dazzles here ;—
Cast sorrow's shadow o'er it,
And shorn of every ray,
He only can restore it
Who wipes the tear away.

Then let it not surprise thee,
That when I take the lyre,
Sweet memories of mercy
The humble song inspire.

The heart unhurt, unhealed,
 May look for other lays,
 Our peace in Jesus sealed
 Shall wake my bosom's praise.

J. A. P.

“And as the lark sweetly sings while she soars on high, but is suddenly silenced when she falls to the earth, so is the frame of the soul most delightful and divine, while it keeps in the views of God by contemplation. Alas! we make there too short a stay, fall down again, and lay by our music.” BAXTER'S *Saint's Rest*.

“The above,” says his sister, “was a favourite passage of his, marked in the book.—he made me read it to him one evening, November, 1838.”

THE END.





THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 382 356 4

7e

