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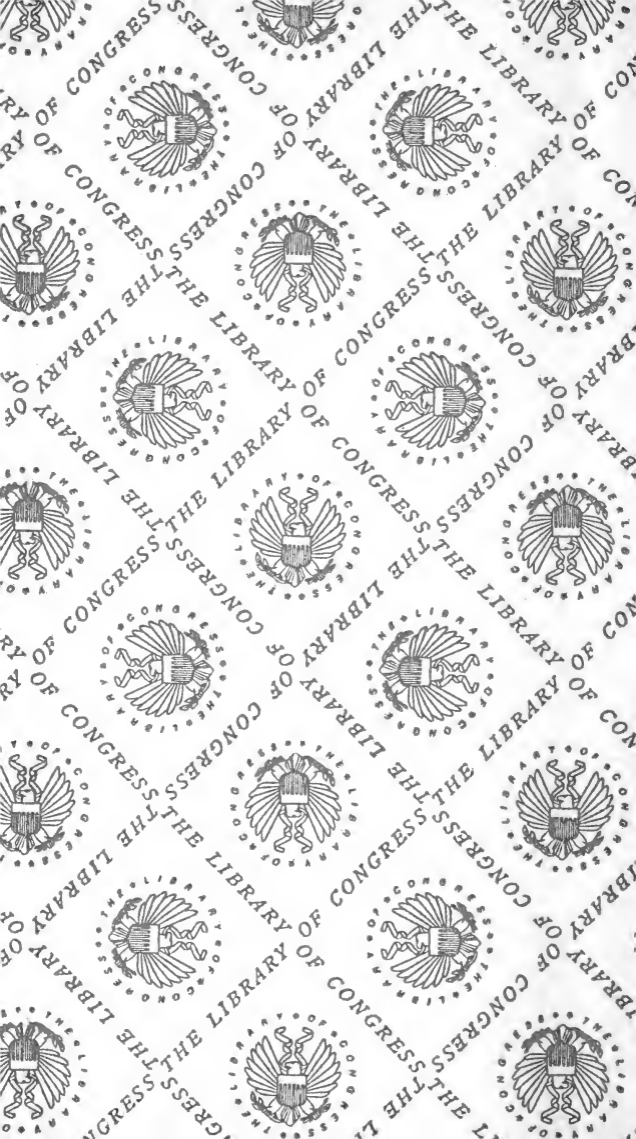
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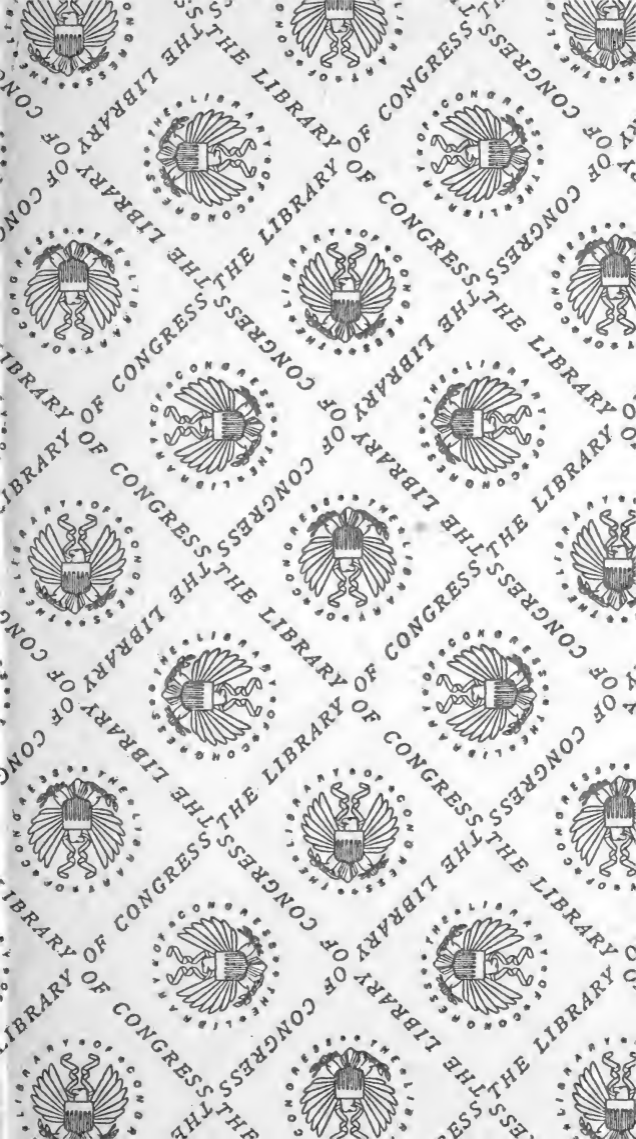
1840

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EMILY,

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OTHER POEMS.

BY J. NEWTON BROWN.

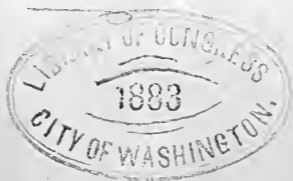
Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse ;
Content, if thus sequestered, I may raise
A monitor's though not a poet's praise ;
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

Cowper.

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL S. BOYD.

1840.



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1840

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STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
D. WATSON, CONCORD, N. H.

TO MY CHRISTIAN PASTOR,

Who first taught me the two important lessons—that poetic talent, like every other gift of God, imposes upon its possessor a responsibility to cultivate and employ it, in obedience to His will, for the benefit of mankind ;—and that, as the world will always continue to read Poetry, so the more of Christian Poetry in the world, the better ;—

REV. AVERY BRIGGS, A. M.,

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES IN WATERVILLE
COLLEGE, MAINE ;

NOW PRINCIPAL OF THE PIERCE ACADEMY,
MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASS. ;

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING a lingering but most blessed sickness, three years ago, the author employed such moments of strength as were afforded him, in preparing for the press the present collection of his earlier poems. About one third of them have already appeared before the public in various prints, and been received with a degree of approbation, that encourages him to present the rest. It is due both to the public and himself to say, that pieces of the earliest date here given, have been generally retouched, some retrenched, and some few extended.

Another volume, composed of his later poems, is in contemplation. Its appearance will probably depend upon the success of this. In the mean time, the author implores the blessing of HIM,

‘ Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper even mine.’

New Hampton, June 29, 1840.

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POEMS.

EMILY.

PART I.

A CHERISHED image is before my eyes—
The image of a sister whom I loved,
With tenderness too deep for earth. Yet I
Must speak of her, if I would speak at all.
Her early character, and that great change
Renewing grace wrought in her youthful soul,
To fit her for the service of the skies.
These are the themes that fill my heart, and these
Must murmur on my lyre; for they are full
Of sweet and mournful music.

She was fair,
In youth's expanding bloom. Her form was cast
In nature's finest mould. Its gracefulness
Drew Admiration's eye and offered hand,—
Offered, but unaccepted. On her brow
Sat a sweet nobleness, and in her eye,
Dark in its brilliancy, intelligence,
And filial tenderness, and innocent hope,
Shown forth in beauty; for her soul was rich

In thought beyond her years. She was the flower
Of all her father's family; the tall
And trembling lily of our common pride.

Quick, yet discriminating, was her mind,
And varied in its power. Intuitive
Seemed her perception. Science was her joy,
And even in its severest forms, to her
Still beautiful, and still its own reward.
She knew not how to live and not to learn.
Reading was recreation; richer far,
In her esteem, than the routine of mirth,
Or fashion's knot, or dissipation's whirl.
Even to excess she loved it. Night was day
In the absorbing pleasure. Her rapt soul
Would wander, on Imagination's wings,
From things that are, to things which Fancy's hands,
Creative, has educed from nothingness,
And robed in rich and rainbow coloring,
Brilliant but transient, to fill up the void
Which this world cannot fill—the void of mind
And heart unsatisfied. Illusions sweet
Were these, and worthy to be truly cherished,
Did they not vanish in the very hour
Of the soul's need, or still more cruel, turn
The dark and haunting traitors to our peace.
O, how unlike Religion's blessed truths,
Which open on the soul a glorious world
Of intellectual realities,
In which it is to live, and live forever!

Such was my sister—such as I describe—
 When fifteen suns had shed their summers round her,
 Adding fresh beauty to her form and mind;
 The moral richness delicately pure,
 The coloring of intellectual life.
 Her name was EMILY. And when I hear
 That name pronounced, a thousand melting thoughts
 Of her I loved with all a brother's fondness,
 Gush o'er my memory, and my sad heart
 Will gather fulness, and at times o'erflow,
 For she is gone! Lulled in the sleep from which
 The light of morn awakes her not—the sleep
 Which even the known voice of fraternal love,
 That wont to break in rapture on her ear,
 Is powerless now to break.

PART II.

A pensive shade

Came o'er my sister's countenance. I saw
 Her altered manner, and the serious air
 Of fixed and deep and tender thoughtfulness,
 The fondness for retirement, and the tear
 Stealing in silence down her youthful cheek,
 As if some secret fount of sorrow lay
 Concealed within her breast. What it might be,
 As yet I know not. Death had not come nigh,
 To throw his shadow o'er her happiness;
 And Disappointment, with his serpent fang,
 Had not a wound inflicted. Every wish
 Which she could form on earth, was gratified.

Hope gave its buoyancy, and Health its bloom.
Friendship encircled her. Parental love
Grew every day more lavish of its smiles.
Books proffered still their unexhausted stores,
And every spring of past enjoyment poured
Its copious streams, as fresh, as sweet, methought,
As when together we had tasted them,
And wondered that the world could ask for more.

I sought to win her back to cheerfulness
By every wonted charm. It was in vain!
Her favorite books awakened no interest—
Fiction, and novelty, and eloquence,
The fruits of genius, and the flowers of taste,
The boasts of wit, the melodies of song,
Which once entranced her eye, her ear, her soul,
Had lost their power. Deep hid within her heart
Some over-mastering principle had changed
The order of her feelings, or at least
Laid a strong check upon their wonted course.
It was in vain to doubt. The cause could now
No longer be concealed. The solemn truths
Of our CELESTIAL VOLUME had impressed,
Indelibly, her long-reluctant mind.

I knew not at the time, and could not know,
The struggles of her breast.—What were the views
Of her condition in the sight of Heaven,
Which struck so silently into her soul,
And showed her to herself; to what a depth

They penetrated ; and with what a power
 Of moral revolution they had wrought,
 I did not know as since, and faintly felt
 The grandeur of those interests which engaged
 Her whole attention. I had then no taste
 For such inquiries, and I let them pass,
 For what to me were far more welcome themes.
 We had been confidants ; but not to me
 Did she unfold these sorrows, for she knew
 I could not sympathize nor counsel here.
 E'en that maternal bosom, where she leaned
 Her drooping head, and poured her secret grief,
 Assured of every soothing sympathy
 And salutary counsel love could give,
 Drawn from the stores of large experience,
 Hallowed by prayer, and breathing strong of hea-
 ven,—

E'en that maternal bosom, faithful, fond,
 And full of feeling as it was, ne'er knew
 The intensity of that internal strife
 That bowed my sister o'er the sacred page,
 And brought her, wrestling, to the throne of God.*

PART III.

Her's was a Godly sorrow, and it wrought
 Repentance not to be repented of.

* Extract from her MS. Journal:—"Known only to Him who seeth the heart were my feelings at that period, and indeed through the whole time I have glanced over, with what emotions I searched His word, with what anguish of soul I bowed before him."

He who came down from heaven, to be to man
The Author and the Messenger of Peace,
And comfort all that mourn, appointed her
Beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy
And robes of praise, for thoughts of heaviness ;
And, faithful to His promises, shed down
Upon her bruised spirit such a balm
As faith alone receives. It was the hour
Of prayer when she received it, and that hour
Forever after lived in memory,
And in its all-controlling influence.
Her soul, which erst had drooped, e'en as a rose
Surcharged with rain, again was lifted up
To meet the healing Sun of Righteousness,
Imbibing deeper and more delicate hues,
And sending sweeter fragrance to the skies.

How was she changed ! When next again we met
The painful heaviness had left her brow,
And in its stead a bright serenity
Spoke of the peace within. If in her eye
A tear would sometimes swell, 'twas rapture's tear ;
And if a sorrow seemed to linger yet,
'Twas but the tender sympathy of love
For those she longed and prayed for, whom she saw
Still in the ruin from which she was saved—
And such was her anxiety for me.
There was an inward majesty of mind,
Unlike what I had ever seen before,
Mingled with all the sweetness of her love,

Attractive, yet o'erawing. 'Twas as though
Her mind had looked on everlasting things,
And caught the image of their majesty,
E'en in the days of youth. It was not pride,
For meekness did invest her as a robe.
It was a fount of heavenly purity,
A deep, deep sense of inward happiness,
Forever flowing from unearthly springs,
With which her soul seemed full to overflowing,
And every feature eloquently gushed.

PART IV.

My mind was stirred with agitating thoughts,
At intervals, about my sister's change ;
Sometimes disposed to think of it with pleasure,
And then again with peevishness and pain.
She seemed not less, but more, to love me now.
Her gentle looks, and tones, and offices,
Were far more constant, tender, uniform ;
Yet still I felt a strange reluctance oft,
Within me, to her sweet society.
For now I could not share her happiness
As heretofore, when, with congenial taste,
Our hearts drank pleasure from the self-same springs
Of knowledge, fancy, memory, hope, and joy.
To these my heart still clung, as innocent,
And, in the judgment of the world, far more
Than innocent, as ennobling, and enough,
Without devotion's higher mysteries,
And talisman of mightier power, to charm

Life's toilsome way ; and therefore wondered why
She should, in leaving them, abandon me ;
As though no more a sister, but superior,
Claiming companionship with higher ranks,
And purer forms of intellectual being.

And yet in vain I strove to shut my eyes
To the improvement in her character.
From what a height, it seemed, she did look down
Upon my follies with a pitying eye,
And on my sins with grief ; as if in them
She saw not only my offence, but hers,
Long past, against ETERNAL HOLINESS !
O'er my forgetfulness of God she grieved—
My disobedience and ingratitude—
My waste of time—abuse of privilege—
Unhallowed tempers—thoughts of vanity—
Pride of appearance—pride of intellect,
Attainments, social virtues, influence—
And, more than all, o'er talents unemployed
For God, and inexcusable neglect
(Too visible, alas ! in all I did)
Of the yet unprized soul, whose fearful peril
She realized too truly. All its worth
She saw in its great ransom ; when from heaven
The Eternal Son came down, shrouding the blaze
Of infinite attributes, to this outcast world,
And gave Himself to the all-perfect Law,
In our dread place, a spotless sacrifice !
O, it was this self-sacrificing love

That stamped its image on my sister's heart!
And there were moments I could not but feel
It was a real and a lovely change.
Old things were passed away. All things were new
In her esteem and her experience,
Since she in Christ believed, and by his cross
Felt the world crucified to her, and saw
A new creation in its light arise,
Fairer than Eden in its primal bloom,
Fixed on the basis of eternity.

It was a happy change, I owned, for her,
But still I felt no gladdening sympathy.
And often in my pride, when she would come,
And sitting by me, with a sister's fondness,
Throw her soft arm o'er my unwilling neck,
And speak to me of JESUS CRUCIFIED,
Until my soul, o'ermastered, bowed beneath
Her voice, dissolved in weeping tenderness—
Even in the midst of such a scene, how oft
I would have torn me from her fond embrace,
And scorned the love that moved me so to tears!

PART V.

As yet the stream of life had gently flowed
In the sweet channels of domestic love,
Nor knew an interruption. I had dreamed
Life was a kind of immortality.
But in an awful and unlooked-for hour,
A storm burst on this quiet of our home.

Death came, in quick succession, and removed
 The father, then the mother, who had watched
 Over our cherished childhood. In their lives
 Lovely—and undivided in their death—
 They left us with their blessings and their prayers,
 (Inestimable legacies indeed !
 Although their worth be little understood,)
 A group of lonely orphans.

Then, O, then,

I first awoke from error's flattering dream,
 To feel the stern realities of life !
 Stung suddenly by the repeated stroke,
 My heart was fearfully wound up to curse
 The Holy Hand which had inflicted it—
 The Holy Hand which woundeth but to heal !
 For it did seem to me that I was made
 A solitary and selected mark
 Of unprovoked and wanton cruelty.
 Such was the madness of my bitter thoughts,
 In that dark hour of horror. O, forgive,
 Father in heaven ! the inward blasphemy
 Of my rebellious passions.

How unlike

To this the bearing of my sister dear,
 Under the awful shock ! To the cold grave
 She followed all her gentle spirit loved,
 (And none could love more deeply,) sorrowing
 With sweet, submissive faith, and holy hope,
 And earnest prayer, to be herself prepared
 To do the work of life, till she might be

Fit to depart from earth, and follow them
To their eternal rest and joy in heaven.

PART VI.

There came a separation ; and a year,
A long, long year of absence passed away,
Ere I again beheld her. In that time
My soul had found the Savior she adored,
And joined in adoration. When we met,
It was as we had never loved before ;
Our hearts were knit in new, celestial ties,
And every hope was shared in unison,
And every sorrow mingled.

Arm in arm

We visited the sacred spot where slept
The ashes of our parents, and reviewed
The soothing memory of their pious worth,
Instructions, and examples ; till it seemed
To weeping fancy, as the day's last beam
Fell on us with a sweet solemnity,
Their yet fond spirits gently hovered near,
And blessed the scene !

Or, to the house of God,

When summoned on the silent Sabbath morn,
Taking sweet counsel, walked in company,
To bow our hearts in worship, and to blend
Our souls and voices in the song of praise,
To drink divine instruction, and put on
The habitudes and spirit of that world,
Where we had fixed our everlasting rest.

But I must cease. Those graves, that house of God,
I visit sad and solitary now !

April 29, 1824—7.

THE GRAVE OF MY PARENTS.

THE bed of my parents is narrow and deep,
Yet soft is their slumber, and sweet is their sleep ;
Their children in vain o'er their damp pillow weep,
And utter their sorrows mournfully.

The pastor lies pillowed in dust by their side,
To whom in close friendship their hearts were allied ;
But in youth he afar from his relatives died,
And there he reposes peacefully.*

* The Rev. HERVEY JENKS, A. M. The author seizes with pleasure the opportunity here afforded of noticing this excellent man and minister of Christ, who, to the deep regret of multitudes of every class in the community, was cut down as a flower, at the age of 28 years. He was a native of Stockbridge, Mass., a graduate of Brown University, and for two years the fondly beloved pastor of the Baptist church in Hudson, N. Y. His talents were of the first order, exalted and consecrated by a piety of the most seraphic fervor. Before his marriage, and for some time after, he was an inmate of my father's family. His widow and one child are, I believe, still living. He died suddenly of a fever, in July, 1814, triumphing in Christian hope. My father watched his dying pillow, and, when laid upon his own, three years after, his dying request was, "Bury me by the side of my dear minister and friend—Mr. Jenks."

They dwell near together, but mute is the tongue
On whose pious instructions with rapture they hung,
And in silence, *the clods of the valley* among,
Are the friends who once loved so tenderly.

Around their dark dwelling the wild tempest raves,
Above it the hemlock still mournfully waves,
But the evergreen lifts its bright leaf on their graves,
Emblem of their immortality !

As in life, so in death, they were strangers to fame,
No sepulchral stone is inscribed with their name,*
And the sculptor ne'er labored with art to proclaim
Their faith, or their hope, or their charity.

But theirs is a *record* emblazoned *on high*,
And although the green turf on their bodies now lie,
Their spirits exult in the bright, blissful sky,
And reign with the Savior gloriously.

Then, while we are mourning the stroke of the rod,
We no longer will dwell on the mouldering sod,
But believe in their Savior, and trust in their God,
And follow the path of their piety.

Then, when the last trumpet resounds in the skies,
And the sleepers in dust from their slumbers arise,
We shall meet them in peace with ecstatic surprise,
And share in their pleasures eternally.

Hamilton, (N. Y.) 1820.

* This was true at the time these lines were written, though not at present.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

SAY, stranger, hast thou e'er in life been led,
By Pity's impulse or Affection's call,
To the sad chamber and the lonely bed,
O'er which Affliction spreads her sable pall;
Say, hast thou ever drank that cup of gall
Which sin has mingled for our wretched race,
What time the hand of stern disease doth fall
On one whom friendship, in its warm embrace,
Hath bound unto thy heart with each endearing
grace?

Yes, thou hast gazed upon that well-known form,
Now slowly sinking in the arms of death!
Thou hast hung o'er, with fond affection warm,
That pale, cold brow! hast watched each gasp for
breath,
And traced each change of hue that travelleth
O'er that dear cheek; and thrilled at every throe
Of thy beloved, Death's fearful hand beneath,
And felt that there were depths in human woe
Beyond what others tell, beyond what others know.
But the dread moment came; and the faint breath
Ceased, and the hand thine own hand clasped,
grew cold,

And all the fearful certainties of death
In one dread moment o'er thy spirit rolled ;
And bitter tears bedewed the lifeless mould,
And earth seemed desolate in thy despair.
O, say what influence sweet thy heart consoled
In that deep agony ?—Faith's holy prayer,
Lifting the heart to Heaven—and its Redeemer there!

This is thy triumph, CHRISTIANITY !
And I, adoring, bow before the shrine
Of Him whose lovely image thou must be—
Thy *nature* proves thine *origin* divine !
O, let thy holy light around me shine,
While traversing earth's darkling wilderness !
Then, though I suffer, I shall not repine,
But evermore the hand that chastens bless—
It is a Father's hand of truth and tenderness !

1821.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—Isaiah.

UNDERNEATH a dark beech sitting,
Faded was the foliage all ;
Close beside me gently flitting,
I beheld a brown leaf fall.

Much, I thought, doth this resemble
Man, although his foolish pride
Would incline him to dissemble,
And his real frailty hide.

Like the leaf before me lying,
Fair and flourishing he grew ;
Youth, the moral spring, supplying
Health and vigor ever new.

Once this leaf was brightly verdant,
Waving in the summer breeze ;
So, in youth, man's hope is ardent,
And the world's gay trifles please.

Swiftly passes by the summer,
Autumn hastens, sear and brown ;
And this cold, unwelcome comer
Flings the withered foliage down.

Thus with man—his life as fleeting—
Swiftly pass his moments all ;

Till the bitter death-blast meeting,
Like the seared leaf he must fall.

But a world there is eternal—
Where, emerging from the sod,
SAINTS shall bloom, forever vernal,
In the paradise of God!
Oct. 1821.

NIGHT SCENE.

I LOOK above—no cloud on high
Veils the deep azure of the sky;
All is serene, and cool, and clear,
And tranquil glory triumphs here!

Yon moon is full—her lustre pure,
Walks radiant through the vast obscure;
And overbears, with splendor bright,
Each feebly glimmering star of night.

Soft is the light she sheds abroad,
The mellow beam sleeps on the road;
While wood, and stream, and hill, and vale,
Rise up beneath her influence pale.

Soft blows the breeze—the air is cool—
The stillness soothes to peace the soul;

At leisure with my friends I walk,
And of surrounding objects talk.

I listen, but I hear no sound,
Save the lone cricket's chirp around;
One now might hear his very breath
Amid this mimic hush of death!

How can I otherwise than draw,
In such a scene, the breath of awe?
How can my heart refuse to feel
A pensive sweetness o'er it steal?

I envy not the man who sees,
Unmoved, such solemn scenes as these;
The mind which, bound in atheist thrall,
Owns not the God that made them all.

I see His hand—I feel His power—
Bow down, my soul, and Him adore!
And let this night begin with thee
The worship of eternity!

A few more moments roll in haste,
And Time will be forever past!
A day will dawn—the night be o'er—
A sun shall rise, to set no more!

July 31, 1821.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE REV. RICHARD CECIL.

His mind with heavenly principles imbued,
Loved the deep calm of holy solitude ;
There his great spirit, as his foot would tread
Their ashes, mingled with the mighty dead,
And, musing on the end of rank and birth,
Felt deep the vanity of things on earth.
And what were wealth, and fame, and pomp, and
power,
But the frail pageants of a feverish hour ?
And what were science, with her ample store,
And letters rich in fancy's various lore,
Affection's softer beam, or friendship's ray,
But dreams that vanish at the dawn of day ?
The world rang hollow underneath his feet,
For death was nigh, and death disclosed the cheat.
Sickened and sad, to Heaven he turned his eyes,
And sought for purer pleasures in the skies,
To faith unfolded, and by promise sure
To all who meekly to the end endure.
Heaven—Heaven he seeks—no respite—no delay—
To Heaven he wings his never wearying way ;
And Heaven appears—and in that blessed abode
His soul forgets the struggles of the road,
In sweet repose upon the bosom of her God.

1821.

THE THUNDER STORM.

SEE, in the darkened west,
The awful tempest rise !
The clouds with their own weight opprest,
Roll slowly up the skies.

Look, how the lightnings gleam,
Bright through the gloom profound,
And pour one broadly flashing stream
Of terror all around.

Steadily comes the storm ;
The heavy clouds are near ;
The thunder sounds the loud alarm
Of elemental war.

High rises the rolling dust,
Darkness involves the town ;
But lo ! the tempest above has burst,
And the rain comes rushing down !

Incessantly, peal on peal,
The crashing thunders break ;
Where is the sense that does not feel,
The ear that does not ache ?

Yet, terror, I bid thee flee !
My God directs the storm ;

I see Him awful in majesty,
And I hush my wild alarm.

Roll on, ye thunders, roll !
I list with tranquil brow ;
Though trembles e'en the solid pole,
Ye cannot daunt me now.

Flash, lightnings, flash again !
Dart fires on fires abroad ;
Rush down in torrents, impetuous rain !
Sweep, deluge, along the road !

Ye are but the servants all
Of the glorious King of kings !
He bids the thunderbolts harmless fall,
And shelters me under his wings.

Hudson, N. Y. Aug. 1821.

A SUMMER EVENING.

THE sun has gone down, and the shadows of even
Have quenched the fierce glowing of earth and of
heaven ;

Care's heaviest pressure is gone with the day,
And the world's thousand murmurs are dying away.

How soft is the breath of the zephyr and cool,
How soothing the thoughts that steal into the soul !

?*

As, locked arm in arm with the friends that I love,
O'er hill and o'er valley at leisure I rove.

I rove, but in silence—entranced is my eye—
Not a cloud veils the face of the beautiful sky!
And its measureless depths are all clearly displayed,
As though fancy might float through the worlds it
surveyed.

The full moon is pouring a silvery hue,
From her slow-moving throne, o'er the ocean of blue;
And far round her presence the stars are unseen,
Their lustre eclipsed in her glorious sheen.

How solemn, how soft, and how holy, the hour!
It touches the soul with a magical power;
And the mind takes the color by nature impressed,
Like the woodland's still height, and the river's calm
breast.

I envy not him, who, mid grandeur like this,
Feels not in devotion a tenderer bliss;
To whom night, with its stillness and stars, brings
no thought
Of the hand which this glorious universe wrought.

O man most unhappy! What shutteth thine eye
To the presence of God in the earth and the sky?
By what spell is the force of thine intellect bound,
That God should be near thee, yet never be found?

For me, the deep calm of this beautiful even
 Expands every thought, and exalts it to heaven ;
 Where, enthroned in His glory, creation above,
 Reigns JEHOVAH OF HOSTS in the might of His love.

Look round, and contemplate the works of his power;
 Thou art in that temple where angels adore ;
 Thou art in that temple—His voice is to thee—
 And He claimeth the homage of heart and of knee.

O, yield Him that homage, for time hasteth fast,
 And there cometh a night which to thee is the last !
 If thou worship Him not ere the day-breaking sun,
 Thy work for eternity is not begun.

1821.

TASTE, NOT RELIGION.

Versified from Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*

WHAT ! must a man true piety possess,
 And all its soul-subduing influence know ;
 Ere from some lofty Alpine wilderness,
 He feels the majesty of scenes below,
 Which nature's hand before his eye may throw ;
 The sounding waterfall—the rugged steep—
 And pinnacles of everlasting snow—
 And the horizon's proudly circling sweep,
 Folding in its embrace the undulating deep !

Ah, no! an infidel himself might feel
His bosom glow at that stupendous sight;
And even the atheist, with heart of steel,
Who sees not God, though manifested bright,
Might catch the thrill of rapturous delight,
Ere that rich vision from his eye be chased.—
Doubtful criterions that the heart is right;
Poor touchstones, Sensibility and Taste;
And woe to him whose hopes on this bright sand
are based!
1821.

THE BURNING BUSH.

Low in the vale, whence, rising high,
Mount Horeb mingles with the sky,
Where the broad rocks their shadow spread,
To shield the fainting shepherd's head,
When in his radiant course the sun
The burning height of heaven has won;—
At dawn of day a shepherd strayed,
Ere yet the mist had left the glade,
In holy meditation lost,
Till the dark stream his footsteps crossed.
He paused—then turned his step again,
Where lay his sheep upon the plain;

Wound round the intervening hill,
Absorbed in meditation still.
But ere his eye beheld his flock,
From underneath the jutting rock
A flame burst forth! He turns his eyes
Towards the strange sight with deep surprise;
A bush was all on fire—yet, still
Stood unconsumed upon the hill!

Unknowing what could be the cause
Of this reverse of Nature's laws,
Silent awhile the shepherd stood;
Then slow approached in anxious mood,
More narrowly to scrutinize
This object of his just surprise;
For ne'er before, he well presumed,
A bush on flame was not consumed;
When from the glowing flame there broke
A voice, which thus, like thunder, spoke:—
'Moses! the Eternal God I am
'Of Israel, Isaac, Abraham!
'Death the relation cannot break
'That binds my servants unto me;
'I love their offspring for their sake,
'And I am come to set them free.
'Think not to me their grief's unknown,
'Who now in Egypt's bondage groan.
'Their prayers I hear, their tears I see,
'And now commission give to thee

‘To rescue them from Pharaoh’s hand,
‘And lead them to the Promised Land.—
‘Fear not; though myriad foes assail,
‘JEHOVAH’s promise cannot fail!’

1820.

MORAL DEATH.

I HAVE sat alone in the dead of night,
The vigils of sorrow keeping;
I have counted the hours in their tardy flight,
While around me all were sleeping.

When the taper burnt dim with a fitful flame,
By turns on the cold wall gleaming;
I have watched the shadows that went and came,
Like spirits of darkness seeming.

Armed as I was with a reckless heart,
At moments, however unwilling,
I have felt the sudden and shuddering start
Of fear through my bosom thrilling.

For stretched on the bed, and but half revealed,
An ashy form was lying;
And the bloodless lips, they were closely sealed,
From them there was no replying.

And in dreamless slumber the eyes were closed,
And the heart, it heaved not ever ;
For the Angel of death had his hand imposed,
And stilled its throb forever.

That scene was awful—but sadder still
Is one sight at which I sicken—
A deeper and darker and colder thrill
Of grief through my soul is stricken—

For there is a death of another kind,
Ere the flight of the soul is taken ;
When the SPIRIT of VIRTUE hath left the mind,
Desolate—cold—forsaken !

Ah ! what then availeth or life or health,
Or the mantling glow of beauty ;
The honors of rank, or the splendors of wealth,
When the heart loves not its duty !

The wretch without VIRTUE may breathe and move,
Yet 'tis but a spectre you're seeing ;
For his heart is void of that vital love,
Which with God gives man a being !*

1821.

* 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

VISION OF HEAVEN.

Now will I look to those blest plains,
Beyond death's swelling flood ;
Where an eternal rest remains
For all the sons of God.

O, what transporting scenes of bliss
Burst on my raptured view !
There God, my heavenly Father, is,
And there my brethren, too.

There my best loved, exalted Friend,
My Jesus, lives and reigns ;
And the sweet smile of rapture sends
Through all the blissful plains.
While, bending round his glorious throne,
Adoring millions fall ;
Confess the glory is his own,
And crown him Lord of all.

There, as the moments sweetly roll,
New thousands reach the shore,
Where love shall every grief control,
And they shall weep no more.
Now their triumphant songs arise
To God's eternal grace ;
And the full chorus of the skies
Joins in the Savior's praise :—

‘ Worthy is He who suffered loss,
And laid his glory down,
For us to bleed upon the cross,
Of Heaven’s eternal crown !
Roll on, roll on, ye heavenly years,
His glory now we see ;
Nor sin, nor death, nor pains, nor fears,
Mar our eternity !’—

But here, o’erpowered with deep delight,
I lose the heavenly strain ;
The blissful vision leaves my sight,
And earth returns again.
Dear Lord, and must death’s narrow stream
Confine me longer here ?
O ! let some glimpse of glory beam,
My longing soul to cheer.

Prepare me for that happy land,
Where sin disturbs no more ;
Then let me hear the sweet command
To leave this mortal shore.
Fearless I’ll plunge in Jordan’s flood,
With Canaan in my view ;
And thine own arm, my Savior God,
Shall bear me safely through.

March, 1820.

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.

THE INTRODUCTION.

SAY, hast thou e'er, at dawn of summer day,
 Breathing the freshness of the morning air,
 Roamed o'er the fields before the sun's first ray
 Had on them poured its eye-bedimming glare,
 Brushing the dewdrops from the green parterre,
 What time the young bird carolled on the spray,
 Praise for his Maker's providential care,
 (Ah, keen rebuke to such as never pray !)
 As if from angel's lips he caught the grateful lay :

What though the nestling had but just begun
 To tune to melody his little throat ?
 What though as yet he soared not to the sun,
 On buoyant wing in the clear air to float ?
 What though some harshness mingled with the note
 Which mellow age, it may be, might o'ercome ?
 Didst thou not on the unfledged warbler dote ?
 If so, then, haply, thou wilt list, at home,
 Strains humbler far than those which greet thy
 morning roam.

O, list, and chide not, though he be so young,*
 Him whose weak essays in these lines are found,

* These lines were addressed originally to a lady, who had requested some poetical composition from the pen of the author, without giving a theme. The author was then 17.

O, chide him not as daring, that he strung
 On such a theme his lyre, whose gentle sound
 Perchance may soothe him when his griefs abound—
 Perchance may breathe in other bosoms peace—
 Or pour some loftier strain of warning round,
 When peril threatens PIETY AT EASE,
 And edifying themes from conversation cease.

PART I. THE REBUKE.

ETERNAL SPIRIT! who, on Bethlehem's plains,
 Taught Judah's king to sweep the hallowed lyre;
 Whose inspiration woke Isaiah's strains,
 Till truth's warm torrent gushed from lips of fire;
 With trembling I invoke Thee. O, inspire
 Thoughts not unworthy of those holy men;
 (And if not more than man may now desire,)
 OMNISCIENT SPIRIT! let thy light again
 Irradiate my mind, and guide my trembling pen.

'Tis in thy light I see, and sadly show,
 How those who have exulted in thy grace,
 And felt the deep unutterable glow
 Of love enfolding in its strong embrace
 Its Christian brethren and the human race—
 As flowers when smitten by untimely frost—
 How these their heaven-born dignity debase,
 By worldly complaisance—how lightly tost,
 As reason's helm were gone, or hope's firm anchor
 lost!

Ah! who dare ask without the blush of shame,
 When haply friends and fellow Christians meet,
 How often the adored REDEEMER'S name,
 His own disciples with delight repeat?
 How often they, in conversation sweet,
 Dwell on the wisdom of JEHOVAH'S ways;
 His works with beauty, grandeur, grace, replete,
 His benefits, which load their rolling days,
 To swell the sum of joy and gush in songs of praise?

In sad reverse of these celestial themes,
 Adapted well to wean the soul from earth,
 Direct thine eye where yonder candle gleams,
 And Christian friends surround the blazing hearth.
 To what employment does the time give birth?
 Do they hold converse high on things divine?
 Ah, no! but subjects of inferior worth,
 On which the Muse is loath to waste a line,
 Are brought as offerings meet, and laid at Fashion's
 shrine.

The Fashion of the world! Away! away!—
 What vain discourse assails the listening ear!
 Deem you that grace may dictate what they say?*

Hark to the idle tale—the laugh—the jeer—
 O God! can these be Christians that I hear?
 Where is their reverence for thy cause and name?
 Where is their love? where, where, their filial fear?
 O for the burning blush of holy shame,
 And tears of penitence, such as from Peter came!

* Let your speech be *always* with grace, &c.—Col. iv. 6.

Who that beheld, could think to them 'twas given,
 Far, far beyond this earth's contracted scene,
 To lift in faith a filial eye to heaven,
 And find a home amid its dazzling sheen?
 That a few moments only intervene
 Their full enjoyment of immortal bliss;
 And these vouchsafed in tenderness to wean
 Their pure affections from the world that is—
 Ah! who that heard them now, could well distin-
 guish this?

What exquisite infatuation blinds
 Their hearts, to spend these precious moments so.
 What dark-wove spell has seized their heavenward
 minds
 Unseen, and chained them down to things below?
 Were they not warned in time? Did they not know
 The arts of the ENCHANTER? Knew they not
 The lying lustre he has power to throw
 O'er the world's veriest bubbles, and to blot
 Eternity from sight?—*They knew; but they forgot!*

Though keenly she rebuke, blame not the Muse
 That she in love assumes the chastening rod—
 At times she ought. O, 'tis a vile abuse,
 If she forsakes the service of her God.
 Unawed by guilty Fashion's tyrant nod,
 The Muse of Truth indignant warning gave,
 Where'er the foot of Vice or Folly trod;

No favor from the vicious does she crave—
 Their clamor she contemns, their vengeance she
 can brave.

PART II. THE ENCOURAGEMENT.

DOING AS OTHERS DO! This is the source
 Of half our errors, and the constant foe
 Of all improvement. But the silent force
 Of bad example, what can overthrow?
 Balance it by a mightier? Let the glow
 In the PIERCED HEART OF CALVARY sanctify
 Thine own. Could earth enchant thee then? O, no.
 On wings of love thy joyful soul would fly,
 And hold communion sweet with those above the sky.

Speak thou, who on the bosom of thy Lord
 Didst lean! the Christian's privilege unfold.
 Tell us the transport which in every chord
 Of the full heart awoke in days of old,
 When Christians met. O, let it wide be told,
 How Christians with each other did commune.
 And what but faith grown weak, or love waxed cold,
 Could check that sacred fellowship so soon?
 Endearing fellowship! Holds earth so rich a boon?

Seest thou yon shepherds, guardians of the flock,
 Now gently slumbering on that starlight plain?

* "These things declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us. And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."—1 John i. 3.

Know ye the charm by which they sweetly mock
The hours of midnight's solitary reign?
Approach, and listen. 'Tis the solemn strain
Of minds long wont to scan the sacred page
Of prophecy. Nor do they scan in vain;
For now has come the long-predicted age,
The great Messiah comes, their boast and heritage!

And who are these that hold their lonely walk
Toward yon small village, at the close of day?
Sadness is on their brow, and still they talk
Of a loved Master death has torn away;
Of hopes too high and holy to betray,
Though clouded now. Lo! ere the daylight dies,
A friendly stranger joins them on their way,
In sacred converse. What is their surprise,
When their loved Master stands revealed before
their eyes!

And thus oft since, O Christian! when thy soul,
Sunk in the sadness of its silent grief,
Has from the bosom of retirement stole,
To seek in Christian intercourse relief.
Were not those moments blest, however brief?
Moments of sweetness, far to be preferred
Before all worldly joy? but chief, O, chief,
When favored with the presence of the Lord,
*Did not your heart then burn within you at his
word?*

Unroll the records of the days of yore,*
 When those who feared Jehovah's glorious name,
 Each to his brother told his feelings o'er,
 And found in him a sympathizing frame;
 And oft the gush of inspiration came
 Through bosoms glowing with fraternal love;
 And mutual converse fanned the rising flame,
 And souls were mingled like the blest above,
 Where broods, with outspread wing, the Everlasting
 Dove!

Blest intercourse! to God and angels known—
 For while they thus commune of things divine,
 Jehovah hears, and from his glorious throne
 Bids heaven's bright record treasure every line;
 And in the book of life their names shall shine,
 When kings and conquerors undistinguished fade.
 Them He appropriates,—'They shall be mine'—
 Them He esteems his glory—they are made
 To glow in jewelled radiance when yon sun is shade.

And does the Lord of all things thus regard
 Those whose delight is in his name below,
 Who love to meditate his sacred word,
 And daily in celestial knowledge grow?
 And will he such transcendent favor show
 To those who oft make mention of his name?

* "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it: and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name," &c.—Mal. iii. 16, 17.

Christians ! this blessedness ye all may know.
And thou, Most Holy ! every heart inflame
With quenchless love and zeal thy glory to proclaim.
Hamilton, N. Y. May, 1821.

THE MUSTARD-SEED.

Matt. xiii. 31, 32.

To what shall I liken the kingdom of God ?
To a man who a very small mustard-seed took,
And, despite of its littleness, carefully sowed
Where the soil was enriched by a neighboring brook.

Beneath the warm sunbeam it sprouted and grew,
And green was the foliage of beauty it wore ;
And lofty and large were its limbs to the view,
Though the seed, of all seeds, was the smallest before.

Now a tree of great size, wide its branches extend,
And shelter and shade to the weary it shows ;
And the birds of the air on its verdure depend,
And beneath its broad shadow in safety repose.

Thus, though small its beginning, the kingdom of
God

Is destined to flourish, to grow, and increase,
And spread itself wider and wider abroad,
Till the whole earth repose in its shadow of peace.

1820.

TO THE AUTHOR OF DON JUAN.

Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

LORD of the lecherous lyre ! away, away !
Ask not for sympathy with such a mind ;
Virtue, indignant, spurns poetic sway,
When basely wielded to corrupt mankind.

Away ! the witchery of thy wanton song
Steals to young hearts voluptuous access ;
But while the notes roll the charmed ear along,
The soul is prisoned in Sin's foul caress.

Sorcerer ! thou holdest an enchanted cup,
Drugged by no fabled Circe's magic art ;
There are who've drunk its fatal contents up,
And felt the venom shoot through all the heart

Away ! and bear with thee that living lyre !
'Tis wreathed with spotted serpents, and its breath,
Like the soft song of Scylla's syren choir,
Though rich in melody, is rank with death.

1821

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S——,

WIFE OF J—— G. S——, ESQ., OF HAMILTON, N. Y.

THE knell of death is tolling in the ear,
 The snowy shroud is dazzling on the eye ;
 And awe-struck multitudes are gathering near,
 To gaze, and weep, and learn that they must die.

Is this our friend ? Hush, stranger—not a breath !
 Perhaps she yet may speak to us again :—
 Ah, no ! this stillness is the hush of death—
 Our love, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, are vain.
 1822.

 EPITAPH ON GRANVILLE MALCOM,

INFANT SON OF REV. HOWARD MALCOM.

SWEET bud of love ! and art thou dead,
 And mouldering in this silent tomb,
 In whom our fond affections read
 Such hopes of life's expanding bloom ?—
 But cease these tears—thou are not lost ;
 We know the Hand that took thee hence ;
 And, though our fondest hopes are crossed,
 We could not, would not, wish thee thence.
 1824.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

THE wing of night o'er earth is furled,
No sound upon the stillness breaks ;
Oblivion wraps the slumbering world,
But my glad spirit wakes.

I feel the deep, exquisite charm
With which this silent hour is fraught ;
Peace sheds upon my soul her balm
Of meditative thought.

My grateful heart ascends on high,
To Him who his own Israel keeps,
And thinks, while we forgetful lie,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

O, from his glorious throne of light,
In wakeful tenderness He bends,
And through the dangers of the night
His helpless ones defends.

And while they slumber on their beds,
He still the play of life sustains
In every power, and softly sheds
Sweet solace on their pains.

E'en in this solemn, silent hour,
His eye of love looks down on me—
My Father ! curtained by thy power,
I think of none but Thee.

Norwich, N. Y. July 30, 1821.

CREATION.

A FRAGMENT

WHEN first the Almighty formed the spacious earth,
And from dark chaos gave fair Nature birth,
With all her vast variety of form,
From the huge mammoth to the insect worm,
The lofty mountain, and the spacious flood,—
His eye beheld, his voice pronounced it good.
Then, chief of all his works, to crown the plan
Of heavenly wisdom, He created man ;
Fashioned the dust that should o'er nature sway,
And stamped his image on the ennobled clay.

1819.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

TIME rolls along. Upon the rugged tide,
An Eye, unseen, incessant watch is keeping ;
A thousand monuments of human pride,
He sees adown the rapid current sweeping ;
He sees fond man o'er many a relic weeping,
With fruitless efforts to regain the spoil,
From rock to rock o'er the dark torrent leaping,
Till, wearied out with unsuccessful toil,
He finds beneath the wave release from mortal coil.

Time rolls along. And now another year
Has from the pregnant future sprung to birth ;

Sweet childhood's jubilee rings far and near,
 And man with joy his fellow hails on earth—
 Alive, while many of superior worth
 Perhaps are sleeping in their lowly bed,
 Shall I then dedicate this day to mirth?
 No! solemn thought and high be mine instead—
 Thee, thee, I haste to meet, O Judge of quick and
 dead!
Hamilton, Jan. 1, 1823.

THE SUN RISING THROUGH CLOUDS.

ADMIRE, my soul, the splendid show
 Presented mid this morning's glow;
 See, see the orb of day arise!
 See, what a flood of light is poured,
 Where but of late the darkness lowered
 O'er the whole circle of the skies!

Behold those clouds, which lately cast
 Their dusky mantle o'er the east,
 As if to shroud the morning ray;
 But, O! in vain that veil was spread;
 See how its sombre hues have fled
 Before the brilliant beams of day.

Sudden transformed, behold them now,
 Flushed with the fiery crimson glow,
 Fling their reflected gleam abroad;

While, like some conqueror, whom foes,
Vanquished beneath his might, enclose,
The sun mounts up the heavenly road.

And so, when sunk in guilt and sin,
The wretched state mankind were in,
Resembled night's substantial gloom;
That gloom was pierced with splendor bright,
From the pure gospel's heavenly light,
The light that shines beyond the tomb.

What opposition fierce was made,
Lest these transforming rays pervade
A world to sin entirely given!
The prince, the priest, the sophist sage,
United strove to blind the age,
And to exclude the light of heaven.

But all in vain! The spreading light
Chased far the clouds of pagan night,
And poured its splendor all abroad;
While the bright Sun of Righteousness
Triumphantly began his race,
And shone the conquering Son of God!
1819.

THE CHILD OF BRADING DALE.

Founded on Legh Richmond's 'Young Cottager.'

O MEMORY! bring me back the scene,
When, with my catechumens dear,
I met on yonder rural green,
Their weekly exercise to hear.

The village churchyard was in sight,
And sometimes I would send them there,
To learn the sweet and simple rhymes,
Which yet the mossy tombstones bear.

Children, I once unto them said,
You know full well you all must die,
You know that you must join the dead,
Who in yon graves forgotten lie.

Children, were you to die this night,
Where, think you, would your spirits go?
Would they ascend to heavenly light,
Or sink to darker worlds below?

Children, you have your Savior grieved,
His kind commands you've often broke.—
I paused. One heart the word received,
And deeply felt the truths I spoke.

Lowly her birth ; but like the flower
That blooms within the lowly vale,
Grace blossomed, with celestial power,
In the sweet child of Brading Dale.

Still, still I hear her fond adieu
As sitting by her dying bed,
She suddenly arose, and threw
Her wasted arms around my head,—

And whispered, ‘ ’Tis to you I owe
My blessed hopes—in Christ—forgiven ;
I can but feebly thank you now—
But we shall meet—in peace—in heaven.’

Yes, we shall meet where thou art gone,
Thou sweetest flower in Brading’s dell !
Though oft for thee my soul shall mourn,
And of thy gentle virtues tell.

Such scenes with pleasure I retrace,
They yield refreshment to my soul ;
They cheer me in my heavenly race,
And make me pant to reach the goal.

Hudson, N. Y. 1819.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS.

JANE P——, OF HUDSON, N. Y.

AGAIN th' alarming knell has struck the ear,
Again th' appalling sight has met the eye ;
And thoughtless mortals once more trembling hear
The solemn truth that they are born to die.

But, O, how sudden was the recent stroke,
That reft the spirit from its robe of clay !
The golden bowl was at the fountain broke,
And life's warm pleasures passed at once away.

When all around was health, and peace, and joy,
The mother sat within her happy home,
And fixed for school her brightly-blooming boy,—
O, who could dream that moment Death could come ?

And yet, as if to dash our hopes from earth,
And prove how brittle life's mysterious chain,
E'en in that moment came the summons forth,
And all the ties that bound her here were vain.

One quick, low groan—but one—was all we heard,
One backward movement faint, was all we saw ;
No farewell look, nor gently-parting word,
Broke the cold chill of overwhelming awe.

Dim was that eloquent eye, and pale the cheek,
The pulse was still, the slender hand was cold ;—
O, who a husband's wo, that hour, may speak
Her children's anguish who with tears unfold?

So, when the young-fledged eaglets try the wing,
The parent mother aids their tender flight,
Till some keen arrow, from a viewless string,
Pierces the breast that beat with fond delight.

In vain her partner, struck with sudden fear,
To rouse her strives with many a plaintive moan ;
In vain her offspring seek to gain her ear—
Her love, her tenderness, her life, are gone !

But we have hope in a Redeemer's word,
And our sad spirits hail the joyful beam ;
For, while she lived, she lived unto the Lord,
And when she died, we trust she died in Him.

Then to the bosom of the faithful tomb,
In humble hope her relics we entrust,
Till an eternal day disperse the gloom,
And Jesus' voice reanimate the dust.

1819.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ONE WHOM THE AUTHOR NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE
AGAIN.

Eccles. xii.

THE bloom is withering on the cheek—
The light is fading from the eye—
The tongue will soon forget to speak—
The ear to welcome melody—
The springs of youth are ebbing dry—
And life's warm stream is waxing cold,
Murm'ring as it passes by—
'Remember thou art growing old.'

* * * * *

When all the joys of earth decay,
And age—if we to age survive—
Shall wither all our strength away,
Yet leave us (painful thought!) alive;
O, when those cheerless years arrive—
And come they will, and come they must,
And mortal skill in vain shall strive
To stay the change of dust to dust:—

Ah, what shall cheer the drooping mind
In that distressing hour of gloom,
And bid it, hopeful and resigned,
Look down into the awful tomb?

When nothing can avert the doom,
And gathering shades portend the night,
What shall the darksome scene illumine
With hopes and joys divinely bright?

Tell me, my friend, O, tell me soon,
For days and years are fleeting fast,
And life's invaluable boon
Cannot, and will not, ever last,—
How much is e'en already past!
And who shall say how near its close?
For, O, perchance, some chilling blast
May blight its bud ere winter's snows!

And should it be? O, speak, my friend!
A voice, a voice within replies:—
'Think, think upon thy latter end!
'Improve this moment as it flies!'
Lo! thy Creator from the skies
Utters his own almighty word:—
'Heir of eternity! be wise—
'Remember in thy youth the Lord!'

And can my friend that voice refuse?
Can she from Jesus turn away?
Will she the hour of mercy lose,
And waste salvation's golden day?
O, turn, and see how bright the way,
That leads thee on to joys on high,
And everlasting love display
The melting scenes of Calvary!

Hark ! o'er yon weeping penitent
 What touching strains of joy resound !
 Angels exult when men repent,
 And golden harps ring out the sound :—
 ' A child was lost, but now is found,
 ' And welcomed to the world of love,
 ' And with its deathless glories crowned,
 ' Shall triumph in the courts above !'

They pause. That solemn pause I take
 To ask if this *thy* lot shall be.
 O, didst thou know the heart's deep ache
 At every thought of heaven and thee,
 Lest thou shouldst *not* that glory see,
 Thou wouldst forgive the tears that fell,
 As—haply till eternity—
 I bade adieu. Farewell, farewell !
 Nov. 10, 1821.

THE FRIEND OF GOD.

' And he was called the Friend of God.'—*James ii. 23.*

EXALTED privilege ! endearing name !
 Illustrious title ! upon whom bestowed !
 Of mortal race who may this glory claim
 To be divinely called the Friend of God ?

'Tis Abraham, when filled with living faith,
At God's command he bound his only child,
His Isaac, doomed of Heaven by him to death,
Upon the altar his own hands had piled.

Behold him now—the glittering blade appears
High raised to sacrifice the son he loved ;
When, lo ! from heaven the joyful father hears
The act forbidden, but the faith approved.

And could the obedience of faith so high
The patriarch raise, when near his earthly end ?
Did God himself this wondrous name apply,
Did God himself call Abraham his friend ?

He did ; for thus that holy Volume saith,
Where God's own record meets our joyful sight ;
And still that holy word assures us, faith
In the same bond of friendship can unite.

He, who a suppliant, seeks the heavenly throne,
And sues for pardon through the Savior's cross ;
He who by faith yields him to God alone,
And bows obedient to his sacred laws ;—

He who can give each earthly comfort up,
When God, his Father, bids him all resign ;
Can meekly drink and drain affliction's cup,
Yet never at its bitterness repine ;—

That man, howe'er by earth despised, is blest
 With the same title, graciously bestowed ;
 And though of nought in this wide world possest,
 This is enough—he is the Friend of God !
 1821.

FAITH AND SENSE.

SENSE, 'stunned at sight of death, recoils and cries,
 ' Behold, O man, the doom that all must share !
 ' Gaze mournfully upon those sealed eyes—
 ' Turn to the grave, and wonder, and despair.' ”

But Faith beholds with different eye the scene,
 Recumbent on the promise of her God ;
 O'er the cold grave she bends, with brow serene,
 And hears unmoved the rattling of the sod.

Sense cannot pierce the future, nor the past ;
 The present, only, fills and bounds her gaze ;—
 Faith has a range immeasurably vast,
 And luminous with revelation's rays.

Sense sees the wasting form—the failing breath—
 The mortal agony—the terrestrial loss—
 The friends that weep around the bed of death :—
 But Faith's clear eye is fixed upon the cross.

Sense at the cross hears but the victim's cries,
Sees but the malice thirsting for His blood;
Faith owns the all-atoning sacrifice,
And warms with rapture at the love of God.

Sense sees the sepulchre—the rock—the gloom—
The watch—the seal—the full moon shining bright;
Faith sees the stone rolled from the opening tomb,
And immortality come forth in light.

1822.

GIBBON.

THEY may tell me that Gibbon, whose elegant mind
Shed a halo of glory o'er Rome's latter day,
With a judgment so just, and a taste so refined,
Has flouted the truth of the Bible away.
But though Gibbon had learning, and genius, and
wit,
And keen were the shafts that his irony threw,
Yet, so blind was the archer, not one of them hit—
My Bible still triumphs, my Bible is true!

1822.

SUNRISE.

'Twas morning, but th' unwearied sun
Had not his wonted course begun,
 When I from sleep awoke ;
I sought the hill, with eye intent
Fixed on the eastern firmament,
 As night's dun shadows broke.

The morning star announced the dawn,
As I sped o'er the verdant lawn,
 Wet with the morning dew ;
At length arrived, awhile I stood,
In fixed, expectant attitude,
 The opening scene to view.

At length, a lucid gleam appeared,
And nature's darkened face was cheered
 By the reviving ray ;
The spreading lustre drove afar
The dusky shades, and morning's star
 Was lost in opening day.

A few dark clouds I marked on high,
Moving in sullen majesty ;
 But as the east they passed,
Sudden they caught its brilliant hue,
And full on my delighted view
 Their streaming splendors cast.

At last, the sun himself arose—
 A living fire his centre glows ;
 Thence issuing, far and wide,
 Like streams of gold, his dazzling rays
 Form an insufferable blaze.—
 Earth laughs on every side !

* * * * *

Effulgent orb ! though mortal sight
 Is cheered and dazzled by the light
 That from thy presence springs ;
 More blest are they, upon whose eyes
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise
 With healing in his wings !
 1819.

—

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND GLORY.

'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter
 into his glory?'—*Luke xxiv. 26.*

PART I.

AND what, then, didst thou suffer, Son of God?
 Fain would my soul go back to Calvary,
 And there behold the crisis of thy woes,
 And learn the straitness of that fearful pass,
 Through which thy way was urged in agony

Up to the gates of glory. Let me taste
 Thy bitter cup, and feel the heavy swell
 Of thine o'erwhelming baptism, as the flood
 Of wrath rolls high o'er thy devoted head,
 And sounds the long-resounding knell of sin.

And is it thou, upon that tort'ring cross,
 Hemmed in by cruel foes, athirst for blood,
 Thou with the thorny crown! that angels see—
 Astonished see, rapt into mute amaze?—
 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! in mortal flesh revealed,
 To make thyself our sacrifice! to bear
 The crushing burden of our ponderous guilt,
 And save us from a ruin infinite!
 Behind Humanity's dark, suffering cloud,
 The glory of thy Deity eclipsed
 To every eye, save of the Cherubim!—
 And still, though centuries have passed away,
 Still are *their* thoughts in wonder riveted
 On what, that day, they saw.

Surprising scene!

Mysterious spectacle! Their glorious Lord,
 Whose praise they erst had hymned in heaven above,
 Now on the tree of shame! his hands and feet
 Pierced by the rugged spikes! fast pouring out
 Life in the crimson streams Yet meek, resigned,
 His fainting head reclining on his breast!
 His soul in pity melting o'er his foes!
 His dying eye still languishing in love!
 His lips, soft murmuring in prayer, 'Forgive,

Father! my murderers know not what they do!
Then closed in death's pale beauty.—

See, around,

Consenting Nature owns her suffering Lord;
Weeps o'er the bloody tragedy; averts
From the tremendous scene the eye of day;
Around her draws dark midnight's awful veil;
A mortal sickness settling on her heart,
And her whole frame with deep convulsion shook,
Like one in sudden terrors.—See yon rocks
Cleave wide, as by the piercing wedge of frost;
And yonder tombs do open in our sight
Their marble lips, as if they did protest
Against the murderers of the Lamb of God!
No wonder yon affrighted multitudes
Homeward return, in wild disorder pale,
Smiting their breasts, as conscious of the deed
That dims the world with this unnatural gloom!

O sinner, come with me, and let us gaze
Upon this scene—this miracle of wo,
Until we realize it was for *us*!
And our full hearts o'erflow with gratitude,
With wondering gratitude, and grief for sin,
Such as doth well become us, sinful men!

PART II.

Rise, now, my soul, in contemplation high,
On faith's celestial wing, arise, arise,

Up to those realms of blessedness, to which
Christ, thy Forerunner, in his glory rose !

See there thy Savior sits ! exalted high
O'er thrones, and principalities, and powers ;
The Godhead shining through the human form,
And smiling joys ineffable on all
The glittering ranks of saints and seraphim,
Who pour around his throne, and fill the house
Of God's almightiness.—O glorious
Transfiguration ! not, as on the mount,
A little space his hidden rays shone forth,
With partial brightness, to a chosen few,—
But public, perfect, permanent, divine !

Bright as the light the robe, whose waving folds
Mantle his limbs immortal, and display
The perfect form of human dignity,
Irradiate with divine intelligence,
Infinite power, and majesty supreme,
Softened with condescension infinite,
And everlasting love ! Not half so fair
The rosy dawn, when, brightening in the east,
The first pure tints light up the smiling morn,
Kindling earth's rapture.

Not the noonday sun,
When, with collected rays in all his strength,
He shoots his splendors o'er the burning sky,
Can with the Savior's countenance compare !
Beneath his glance, tho' fraught with smiling love,

Sink angels and archangels, all abashed,
 Dazzled, o'erpowered, in love and wonder lost,
 Prostrate in adoration. How much more,
 Then, man, for whom he died! to glory raised,
 From infinite depths of guilt, and shame, and wo!

And chief, my soul, my trembling soul, redeemed
 At price so vast! forgiven such deep offence!
 Not once alone, so many times forgiven!
 Nor yet alone forgiven, adopted too,
 A child of God! an heir! joint heir with Christ!
 Partaker of his Spirit and his love,
 And sharer in his blest eternity!—
 Tears, gushing tears, must speak thy thanks on earth,
 Till thou shalt offer worthier praise in heaven.

January 1, 1821.

HEAVEN.

'If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.'—
Col. iii. 1.

THERE shalt thou see, on Zion's holy hill,
 Th' unnumbered millions of the angel host,
 Rank rising over rank in brightness, till
 In the effulgence of the Savior lost!
 Light, by the shadow of a cloud uncrossed,
 Forever pours its radiance all around;

There saints, whom once conflicting billows tost,
 With diadems of endless glory crowned,
 Forget the pains and toils which erst on earth they
 found.

* * * * *

Wake, Christian, wake! Let this delightful
 thought
 Spread its sweet influence through thy sluggish
 mind,
 Till, to the lofty pitch of transport wrought,
 It leave this world of nothingness behind,
 And soar aloft, substantial good to find—
 God, heaven, Christ, angels, saints now perfect
 made,
 Love ever pure, and happiness refined—
 The golden streets of heaven with rapture tread,
 Where Christ, thy Savior reigns, the whole crea-
 tion's head.

1821.

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

O, how supremely blest the place,
 (I fain would die to see,)
 Where Jesus shines in all his grace
 And glorious majesty!

Where every heart and every tongue
Burns with untiring zeal ;
And gratitude inspires the song
They love to sing so well.

Praise to the Lamb that once was slain,
Employs each tuneful breath,
Assured they ne'er shall sin again,
Nor taste the pang of death.
Hark, how they swell the joyful sound ;
And as they sweetly sing,
Not one discordant harp is found,
Not one discordant string !

Now, in some sweet, celestial grove,
They wander, arm in arm,
While Jesus' overshadowing love
Secures from all alarm.

Now, in broad streams of life and peace,
Their joyful spirits lave ;
Nor shall their pleasures ever cease—
Heaven does not hold a grave

And can so vile a wretch as I
E'er share in joys so great,
And mingle in that company
That round the Savior wait ?
O, then, methinks, my thankful soul
The loudest song shall raise,
And, while eternal ages roll,
Dwell on my Savior's praise.

And is there aught on earth to hold,
 Or aught in death to fear,
 When scenes like these above unfold,
 So rapturous and dear ?
 As the beloved disciple lay,
 Reclined on Jesus' breast,
 So would I breathe my life away
 For that eternal rest.
 1820.

CREATION SUBJECT TO VANITY.

Rom. viii. 18—25.

SEE how the curse, by guilty man brought down
 On his own head, lights on creation too !
 All nature groans beneath her Maker's frown,
 And writhes in anguish, or complains in wo.

Inanimate creation lies defaced
 Beneath sin's cold and desolating blight,
 Which turned an Eden to a sterile waste,
 To fields of blood earth's gardens of delight.

Here a vast desert meets the sultry skies,
 Where noxious weeds and prickly briers grow ;
 There barren rocks and precipices rise,
 And mountains clothed in everlasting snow.

Here the tornado roars along the plain,
And nature reels before the furious shock ;
There the dire tempest sweeps the billowy main,
And shattered wrecks bestrew the fatal rock.

The taint of vanity, without, within,
Has seized on nature's universal frame ;
E'en yon bright sun lights man to acts of sin,
And the sweet stars look down on deeds of shame.

Mark how earth's animated tribes all feel
The bitter fruits of our revolt from God ;
Some flee the face of man, or, fiercer still,
With savage fury thirst for human blood.

See, others taught to bow to man's command,
Groan underneath the burden and the thong ;
Unwilling yield them to the oppressor's hand,
The helpless, guiltless instruments of wrong.

The finny race, in ocean's depths that play,
Torn from their element, man's misery share ;
And you, sweet birds ! that wing your warbling way,
Fall by the gun, or perish by the snare.

Unhappy creatures ! shall ye never know
Deliverance from accumulated ill ?
Creation ! shall thine agonizing throe,
Age after age, distress compassion still ?

O, no! Thy groans have reached Jehovah's ear—
O earth! earth! earth! wet with a Savior's blood!
The hour of thy redemption draweth near—
The glorious freedom of the sons of God!
1822.

SORROW SANCTIFIED.

My spirits droop with illness now,
And yet I would submissive bow,
My heavenly Father, to thy will;
I would not breathe a single thought,
With discontent or murmur fraught,
But, suffering, own and love thee still.

And yet there is a pensive air
Steals o'er me ere I am aware,
And clasps me in its soft control;
A mildly melancholy mood,
Of sickness born, and solitude,
Sad and subduing to the soul.

At times I check the starting tear,
And think, my Father, thou art here,
And I am thine, forever thine;
Should blow succeed to chastening blow,
Thou art the very same, I know,
And future blessings dost design.

Whence, then, this sadness that I feel?
Why do these tears unbidden steal,
And on my better thoughts intrude?
Still must I weep? Then vanish, pride,
And let these tears be sanctified
By holy grief and gratitude.

Breathe, Holy Spirit! on my pain,
And I will weep o'er Jesus slain.

His sufferings for my sins I see,
When, in that dreary period
Of insult, agony, and blood,
He languished on the fatal tree.

He was no sufferer once! As God,
He saw me from his high abode,
Deep sunk in sin, and wo, and shame;
Compassion kindled with the look,
For me a servant's form he took,
And down to earth to save me came.

O, it might gush an angel's tear,
To see the Man of Sorrows dear,
Rejected and despised by men
For angels knew how rich before
He was in bliss, and what he bore
To bring me back to God again.

Melt then, my soul! 'Twas for thy guilt
Jesus' atoning blood was spilt;
He could not sink in suffering lower.

O, if thou hast one spark of love
 To Him who left his throne above,
 Go, weeping go, and sin no more.

October 15, 1820.

THE ROSE AND THE EVERGREEN.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST COMPOSITION.

THE rose is but a transient flower,
 That's scarcely worth the garden's room;
 When reared, it blooms but for an hour,
 Though on its stem, unplucked, it bloom.
 Not so the modest Evergreen!—
 Mid summer's heats and winter's snows,
 Its humble form, unchanged, is seen,
 And fragrant as the blooming Rose.

The first is Beauty. While it lasts,
 It draws the admirer's dazzled eyes;
 But soon its transient power is past—
 It sinks, alas, no more to rise!
 But Virtue, like the Evergreen,
 Though poverty may frown around,
 And clouds may dim this mortal scene,
 With immortality is crowned.
May, 1817.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

MAY my young friend the Savior love,
In these her early days;
And may her feet with pleasure move
In all God's holy ways.

And may this precious character,
When dead, of her be given—
Alminaloved her Savior here,
And lives with him in heaven.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MERCY SMITH, WIFE OF
DANIEL SMITH, ESQ., OF HAMILTON, N. Y.

WHY weeps the Muse?
Why droops her languid head?
Why tremble thus the strings?
Alas! she sings

The solemn requiem of the sainted dead!
Nor can her plaintive harp refuse
To speak of worth and virtue fled,
And the pale form in which they dwelt
Laid in its narrow bed.

The notes are low,
And on the listening ear
Strike mournfully, but clear ;
And, now, more near
The gentle gale wafts on the symphony,
In movements tremulous and slow ;
The soul dissolves in sympathy,
While down the cheek the tear drops steal,
Moved by the touch of wo.

For whom doth roll
The dirge by sorrow woke ?
Affection's voice shall tell
How Mercy fell.
Yet while life sunk beneath death's awful stroke,
The active and immortal soul
Felt with surprise her fetters broke,
And, winged with transport, took her flight
Up to her heavenly goal.

Who has not felt,
Ere yet the coffin close,
That there is something sweet
In the repose
That wraps the slumberer in the winding sheet ?
And though the heart within may melt,
How sweet to apply the promise given,
That makes the dying Christian sure
Of happiness in heaven !

O, cease to mourn
That the dim, silent tomb
Should round her relics close ;
Soon shall its gloom
Disperse ; for, as her glorious Savior rose,
So, on the resurrection morn,
Her dust shall wake to life again,
To sing her great Redeemer's praise
In one eternal strain.

Sleep on, blest saint !
Hushed in soft slumber, sleep !
Thy friends, that o'er thee bend,
In silence weep.
But sorrow's deeper tone of fond complaint
Shall ne'er disturb repose so deep
As that which seals thy tearless eye,
Destined to look no more on aught
That dwells below the sky.

Why didst thou look,
Mourner, into the grave,
To see her mouldering there ?
Why wouldst thou crave
A melancholy sight thou couldst not bear ?
Blind love ! its flight the spirit took ;
Dream not it dwells beneath the sod,
For angels bore it far away,
Up to the throne of God.

In that blest place,
 Where sin defiles no more,
 Where sorrow cannot come,
 Nor billows roar,
 Before the glory of Jehovah's face,
 She makes her everlasting home,
 And joyful strikes her harp of gold,
 And bids each sounding string awake
 Her Savior's love t' unfold.

Fond mourner, see
 Thy lost one living there !
 See what new splendors now
 Glow on her brow !
 A seraph's lovely form behold her wear,
 And high her palm of victory bear !—
 But here our weak conceptions fail,
 For glory flings around the scene
 Her mortal-dazzling veil.
 1820.

THE BEAUTY OF ISRAEL.

'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.'—
 2 Sam. i. 19.

ON Calvary's summit no dew let there be !
 Let no shower from above e'er water its plain !
 For there was the Savior exposed on the tree ;
 There, there was the Beauty of Israel slain.

O, never again let it verdure afford !
Most foul the transaction, and foul is the stain ;
And deep is it drenched in the blood of the Lord,
For there was the Beauty of Israel slain.

Ye daughters of Zion, go weep o'er the spot,
Where he died that he might your salvation obtain ;
But tears cannot wash from its summit the blot,
For there was the Beauty of Israel slain.

Ye outcasts of Judah, who wander accursed,
Behold your Messiah now looked for in vain ;
O, weep and bow lowly your heads in the dust,
For there was the Beauty of Israel slain.

And we who have pierced, let us view him, and mourn
O'er the sins which so cruelly put him to pain ;
And reflect, as we slowly from Calvary turn,
That there was the Beauty of Israel slain.

LOVE.

O LOVE, sweet love ! how wondrous is thy power !
What welcome tyranny ! what downy chains !
Thy silken net, though woven in an hour,
Ever, with soft necessity, constrains !
Thou sweet controller of the human heart,
What glorious things, in sooth, are said of thee !
Where'er thy vital influences dart,
Spring peace, and joy, and grace, and dignity.

Queen of affections—of the soul first born—
 Flower of its youth—beginning of its strength—
 Without thee, man must linger on forlorn,
 And die in hopeless misery at length.
 Essence of Deity, and fount of bliss,
 Immortal principle of every good!
 If not too mean a habitation this,
 O, make this heart forever thine abode!

Come, and unite my wandering soul to God;
 Unfold before me his perfections bright;
 Make me submissive to his chastening rod,
 And let his law be my supreme delight.
 Bind, bind my heart unto his children dear,
 Who bear his image, on his name who call;
 And let my Savior live and triumph here,
 My Alpha—my Omega—all in all!
 1820.

MUSIC.

A FRAGMENT.

How oft has music,—soul-entrancing art,
 Gift of indulgent heaven, on man bestowed,
 To breathe his gratitude, and cheer his heart,
 What time oppressed beneath affliction's load,
 And raise his spirit to the throne of God,—
 Been prostituted to the vilest use!

The Muse that erst with warm devotion glowed,
Has been degraded.—But that vile abuse
Let dark oblivion shroud, since nothing can excuse.
1819.

THE BURIAL GROUND, HUDSON, N. Y.

THIS eastern slope, the sun's first ray
Catches as, brightening into day,
Alert he holds his onward way,
Till the last beams of light decay,
 And shades creation blot ;
Then the sweet moon, with lustre pale,
Looks down upon yon dewy vale :—
Here, winding on o'er hill and dale,
Arrived, my weary footsteps fail
 Upon this hallowed spot.

The sun is set behind the hill ;
But the floating clouds his lustre still
In shapes fantastic hold at will,
And the breathing tones of evening thrill
 The soul's most secret place ;
I see grim Death stalk o'er the ground,
But his tread emits no earthly sound,
And a solemn stillness broods around,
Mysterious, pensive, and profound,
 As I his footsteps trace.

O, tell me not that health is strong—
 O, tell me not that life is long—
 Name not to me the dance—the song—
 When here, these very graves among,
 My bed must soon be made ;
 And I, by Death's cold hand oppressed,
 Shall lie me down, a nameless guest,
 Till the last trump shall break my rest,
 And call me forth to join the Blest,
 Or sink in endless shade.
 Sept. 1820.

FENELON'S FOUR RULES FOR PREACHERS.

CONDENSED INTO RHYME.

BE master of your subject—prove
 Its truth—its circumstances paint ;
 In gentle strokes the passions move—
 And of a sinner make a saint.

THE NATIVITY.

Luke ii. 8—14.

It is a lovely night ! The waning moon
 O'er Gaza sheds a sweet beam silently,
 Even unto Bethlehem's dewy plains, and soon
 Will merge her lustre in the silvery sea.

There is no sound on earth. A quiet charm
Is in the heavens—a soft and solemn spell—
Lulled even is the zephyr's breath of balm—
Creation slumbers in her star-light cell.

The snowy flocks, on yon outstretching field,
Repose secure beneath their shepherds' eyes;
Whose arm in peril is their ready shield,
Whose tender vigil guards them from surprise.

Humble and unsophisticated men!
Your heaven-taught wisdom shames the lettered
sage;
In you, simplicity revives again—
In you, returns the patriarchal age.

Ye lowly ones! what glorious visions wait
Your eyes this night, to grandeur's gaze denied!
That greet not Herod in his hall of state,
That mock Augustus on his throne of pride.

And there ye sit at midnight's solemn hour!—
Now sweet discourse, now high and sacred song,
Is theirs, of Him enthroned in heavenly power,
And Him their hope, promised and wished so
long.

What sudden splendor streams along the skies!
What sun at midnight shoots his beams abroad!
The startled shepherds lift their dazzled eyes—
'Tis the Shechinah of the Lord their God!

ETERNAL . who may see thy face, and live ?

The heart of man, e'en of the holiest, falls,
Smitten and withered by thy glory. Give

On earth but glimpses—more, o'erwhelms, appals !

And thus, awe-struck, o'erwhelmed, the shepherds
stood

Before the glory of the angel's form ;
Terror swept o'er their spirits like a flood,
Till his calm voice allayed the inward storm.

'Fear not !'—in accents soft as falling dews,
Thus speaks the bright ambassador of heaven—
'Fear not ! I come to bring the joyful news,
'To you, to all the earth, a Savior's given.

'This very night the PROMISED SEED is born !
'On the deep darkness in which earth is furled,
'Rises the Day-star of a glorious morn,
The great Restorer of a ruined world !

'Bethlehem Ephratah ! humble though thou be,
'Mid Judah's thousands, rise, exulting rise !
'MESSIAH claims his mortal birth from thee,
'Whose goings forth of old built earth and skies !

'Go, seek the Heir of David's royal line !
'Go, see the lowly birthplace of your King !
'Start not—a manger holds the Babe divine,
'Whose birth the seraph choirs descend to sing.

‘What though ye find him in such mean array—
 ‘Born of a woman—cradled in the stall—
 ‘His Godhead vested in a form of clay,
 ‘To bear Man’s sorrows—He is Lord of all!’

Ceased is the seraph voice. But, clear and strong,
 In the still air a strain of music wakes;
 And on the shepherds’ ear the choral song
 Of heaven’s exulting hosts, descending, breaks:—

‘Glory to God most high! in realms above,
 ‘Worlds of eternal light by seraphs trod,
 ‘Peace on the earth—to man transcendent love—
 ‘Through God’s incarnate Son. Glory to God!’
 1822.

THE HERALD OF THE LORD.

A BIBLICAL SKETCH.

WHERE Jordan rolls his crystal wave,
 Through yellow sands of Palestine,
 In attire rude, in aspect grave,
 A herald comes with powers divine,
 And publishes the warning word,
Prepare the pathway of the Lord.

The reign of God is drawing nigh,
 The morning star in glory shines,

Behold the accomplished prophecy,
Repent, confess, renounce your sins;
Let all things be with speed restored—
Prepare the pathway of the Lord!

Ho comes! He comes! by seers foretold,
The great Messiah comes to earth;
Sublimest miracles unfold
The glories of his heavenly birth.
O, be Messiah's name adored—
Prepare the pathway of the Lord!

Vain now is the deceiver's art—
Sinner, thy hopes of heaven are vain;
Messiah's eye will pierce the heart,
And cleave the guilty soul in twain.
Flee from his wrath—his grace implored—
Prepare the pathway of the Lord!

Mourner, whose heart with sorrow breaks,
Bathed in contrition's bitter tears,
Behold the Lamb of God, who takes
Away thy foulest sins, appears.
Baptized into his name—restored—
Prepare the pathway of the Lord!
1821.

KINDRED PARTING.

KINDRED beloved ! to us from far,
Ye did of late in friendship come,
Our hospitalities to share,
And find a momentary home.
And ye have found it, and our heart
Would fondly wish your longer stay,
But, ah, in vain ! and now we part
Until the solemn judgment day.

Kindred beloved ! it must be so—
Your transient visit now is o'er ;
Far, far to other scenes ye go,
And we shall see your face no more :
We who so often have communed,
In other scenes and earlier days,
Of things divine, with voices tuned
In the rich melody of praise.

Together we have mingled thought
Of Him, our dying, rising Lord ;
Together we his house have sought,
And listened to his holy word
Together we have bowed the knee,
Adoring at his glorious throne ;
And felt the heart's deep sympathy,
Sweetly uniting us in one.

The days were sweet, and swift they passed,
As glides a pleasant dream away ;
And sadly we awake at last,
And find you can no longer stay.
As though on life's dread verge we stand—
As though we heard the dying knell—
Kindred ! this once we press your hand,
And softly breathe—Farewell, farewell !

The tender scenes of yesternight
Are rising brightly on our view ;
And long as Memory sheds her light,
Those moments Fancy will renew ;
Again in fond remembrance see,
Around the bed where sickness lies,
The intermingling family,
And listen to their broken sighs.

Kindred ! ye seek a country far—
And ask ye us for you to pray ?
May Jesus be your guiding star,
To light you on your lonely way !
And, now, farewell. O, may our prayer,
Father in heaven ! not rise in vain ;
But may we meet together there,
And never, never part again !

Jan. 14, 1823.

THE HAPPY BOY.

YES, dearest father, I must die,
 And bid you now farewell;
 A mist is gathering o'er my eye—
 Your face I cannot tell!
 Mother, dear mother! do not weep,
 Behold your happy boy!
 Jesus my soul will safely keep,
 And I can die with joy.
 Farewell, young friends! I hold you dear;
 It is my Savior's call;
 You've been my loved companions here,
 But I must leave you all.
 Serve God! and in yon heavenly land
 We shall our Savior view;
 No more to take the parting hand,
 Or sigh a last adieu.

1819.

 HINTS TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

YOUR air is too dogmatic;
 Your tones are too emphatic;
 Your style has too much splendor;
 Your voice has nothing tender;
 Your gestures are too frequent far,
 And quite ungraceful many are.

1822.

8*

BP. LOWTH'S EPITAPH ON HIS DAUGHTER,
WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Original Latin.

CARA, vale, ingenio, præstans, pietate, pudore,
Et plusquam natæ, nomine cara, vale.
Cara Maria, vale. At veniet felicitus ævum
Quandum iterum tecum, sum modo dignum, ero.
Cara, redi, læta tum dicam voce paternus,
Eja, age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

1. LITERAL TRANSLATION.

In English elegiac measure.

DEAR one, adieu. In genius, piety,
And bashful sweetness, how didst thou excel !
And by a daughter's name endeared to me,
Adieu, dear Mary ! cherished one, farewell !
But in that world where death no more alarms,
With thee, if worthy, I shall meet again ;
And say, Sweet child, come to thy father's arms !
Ah, here, dear Mary, evermore remain !
1822.

2. FREE TRANSLATION.

ADIEU, my love ! a sad adieu,
Thy weeping father bids to thee ;—
Thy life's sweet bud, and early dew,
Of genius and of piety,—

The timid sweetness of thy look,
 Thy heart so innocent and kind—
 Though I can scarce the vision brook—
 Still glow upon my anguished mind.

Child of my heart—my Mary dear !
 On thee thy father's thoughts will dwell ;
 But thou hast found a purer sphere,
 And while I bid a sad farewell,
 A happier time, I trust, will come,
 When I—if worthy I may be—
 Shall rise to thy celestial home,
 And meet again, my love, with thee !

There, gazing on thy filial charms,
 Which death shall never more deface ;
 Free from the weak yet fond alarms,
 Which here embitter earth's embrace ;
 With all a father's voice of love,
 And joy unknown, unfelt before,
 I'll say, Return, my gentle dove,
 And from my arms depart no more !

3. ANOTHER.

FAREWELL, my love ! dear, dear thou wert to me,
 Each charming virtue was, my child, thine own ;
 In genius, modesty, and piety,
 Who ever like my lovely Mary shone ?

Long, long, my tears, my bitter tears, will flow—
 In youth's sweet bloom my lovely daughter fell ;
 With trembling voice, and heart dissolved in wo,
 Farewell, I cry, my Mary, O farewell !

And yet, I trust, a happier time will come,
 When I, if worthy of that bliss, shall rise,
 Again to meet thee in a heavenly home,
 Where tears are banished from immortal eyes.

There, with a voice of fond, paternal grace,
 I'll say to her whom here I so deplore,
 Come, my dear Mary, to my warm embrace—
 Return, return, and we will part no more !

ANNIE,

DAUGHTER OF PROF. FARISH, OF CAMBRIDGE, ENG

She died, July 31, 1821, in her fifteenth year.—See the Christian Observer, of September, in that year, where the particulars are given, on which the following lines are founded.

DIM burned the midnight taper in the room,
 Where beauteous Annie on her couch reclined ;
 And round it hung that melancholy gloom,
 Which soothes, yet awes, the sympathizing mind.

That child of sweet simplicity and truth,
 The cherished object of parental love ;

While yet all glowing with the charms of youth,
By death is summoned to the world above.

Long did she languish on her couch of pain,—
For slowly oft death's ministers destroy ;
Yet Faith assured her every pang was gain,
Hope charmed her soul with more than mortal joy.

'Tis her last hour. She whispers those around,
'Haste, haste, and call my honored father here ;
Sweet will his voice in supplication sound,
Once more, in his own dying daughter's ear !'

He came—and could he then his grief control ?
Ah, no, unless his heart to grief were steeled :
With all the yearnings of a father's soul,
He stood, and gazed, and wept, and humbly kneeled.

She heard with rapt devotion ;—when he rose,
'Now call my mother to her suffering child ;
Let her behold my life's triumphant close,
And bless the grace that every pang beguiled.'

Then rose in tones of joy her dying breath,
The voice of triumph trembled on her tongue :
'My Savior won this victory over death,
'When on the cross of agony He hung.

'For me He died—yet not for me alone—
For the whole world my great Redeemer bled ;
Through all the earth, O be his glory known,
To every land, O let his name be spread !'

Clasped were her hands, her eyes uplift to heaven ;
 'Thank God ! my God ! my Christ !' she softly
 cried ;
 Then bright and calm as close of summer even,
 She bade ' Good bye !' and bowed her head, and
 died.

ACROSTIC,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY OF GREAT EXCEL-
 LENCE AND BEAUTY, BUT IN VERY FEEBLE HEALTH
 AT THE TIME.

B R I G H T as the radiant beams of morn,
 E n l i g h t e n i n g all the eastern sky,
 U n i t e d virtues thee adorn,
 L o v e, tempered by Humility ;
 A n d Faith and Hope, celestial-born,
 H a l l o w thy heart, and light thine eye.

B e l o v e d by all who know thy worth,
 U n t o u c h e d by Slander's slightest stain,
 C a l u m n y sinks abashed to earth,
 K i n d l e d are Envy's fires in vain

I n g a z i n g on thy gentle mein—
 N a y, frōwn not, if my fancy warm—
 G r a c e, with such dignity serene,
 H o v e r s around thy fragile form ;
 A l o v e l y rainbow thou art seen,
 M a d e brilliant by the passing storm !

Nov. 7, 1822

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

AND wilt thou stoop, great God! so low,
As to behold with pitying eye,
Thy guilty creatures here below,
Condemned eternally to die?

Why do I ask in doubtful tone,
When, lo! upon the cross I see
Immanuel bleed, from love alone,
From pity to a wretch like me!

God in our nature, wondrous sight!
Endures the curse for man designed;
O, with what ravishing delight
A scene so awful fills my mind!

God of immensity! thy love
Exceeds the grandeur of thy power!
Strike, strike your harps, ye hosts above,
While saints in sweeter strains adore.
1820.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O THOU! the high and lofty One,
Whose dwelling is eternity;
Justice and judgment guard thy throne,
And prostrate angels worship thee.

Dark and unsearchable thy ways,
To man mysterious and obscure !
Beyond the reach of mortal gaze,
The feeblest workings of thy power.

E'en in thine acts of Providence,
Which our unceasing wants supply,
Thy hand, stretched out for our defence,
Is still concealed from mortal eye.

In vain we stretch our sight to scan
The mysteries of thy chastening rod ;
Awed by that voice which says to man,
' Be still, and know that I am God !'
1820.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO MR. E—— B——.

O! FRIENDSHIP has a magic power, when formed
in early youth,
And growing still, through sun and shower, in ten-
derness and truth ;
A letter from the well-known hand, we need not see
the name,
But feel as an enchanter's hand had touched and
thrilled our frame !

What trains of early feelings wake, and recollections dear,
And youthful voices to us speak, familiar to our ear!
The years by-gone, and fled afar, again return to view,
When o'er our life Hope's morning star its tender lustre threw.

The friends we knew, the scenes we loved, come rushing o'er our thought,
Aye, all that melted, all that moved, and could not be forgot!
And happy they to whom the past restores no hours ill spent,
Most happy where Religion cast her heavenly element!

So let us live that oft as comes the voice that wakes the soul,
Till all its youthful haunts and homes again before it roll;
The memory of the past may be as precious odors given,
That steep the sense in ecstasy, and waft the soul to heaven!

May, 1823.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY MISS MARY
BECKWITH, OF HAMILTON, N. Y.

Now brood my thoughts o'er melancholy things,
And all around me wears a pensive gloom ;
Sad is my soul, and sorrowful she sings
The painful prospects that surround the tomb:

Few are the days whose rapid flight has sped,
Since blooming health and vigor flushed my cheek ;
Soft visions of delight were round me spread,
And plighted love in tender tones did speak.

Ah, why such folly as to boast of health,
And fondly form fair plans of pleasure here !
Ah, what avail the glittering stores of wealth
To stay the stroke of Death's uplifted spear !

When late I moved with life's elastic tone,
And gaily dreamed of many a year in store,
Who could have thought the seeds of death were
sown ?

Who could have dreamed that Death was at the
door ?

Scarce can I now believe myself the same ;—
These languid pulses, this laborious breath,
Tell me that on the vitals of my frame
Consumption preys, sure messenger of Death !

Oft, when the burning hectic fires mine eye,
Some poor remains of former strength I feel ;
Again the pulses of my heart beat high,
Again Hope's visions o'er my fancy steal.

Delusive strength ! too soon it ebbs away ;
Delusive hopes ! how soon ye disappear !
Yet faster still the springs of life decay ;
Fails all that rendered life before so dear !

Look here, ye heedless ! that talk light of death,
And seldom think that you yourselves must die ;
Ye thoughtless ones ! that trifle out your breath,
In chace of happiness below the sky.

Look seriously upon this faded cheek—
It is a friend, a suffering friend, adjures !
In faltering tones she would her warning speak—
That cheek was once, perchance, as fair as yours !

And this dim eye—its sparkling lustre fled—
Which now a pitying glance upon you turns,
Once it shot beams as bright as yours now shed—
No more it sparkles, and no more it burns !

No more these lips glow with vermilion dies,
As once when life, and love, and hope, were dear ;
Now the pale portals of th' unbidden sighs,
That faintly fall upon your listening ear !

Look at these hands, that scarcely now retain
Aught of the vigor of the vital tide ;—

Nor let the serious consciousness be vain,
How frail is health, how brief is beauty's pride!

Mark this pale forehead, wet with death's cold dews;
This frame convulsed with many a painful throe;
Nor from a dying friend this prayer refuse;
Prepare, ere Death shall strike the final blow!

Swift and more swift ebbs out the tide of life;
The mortal hour to me draws near apace;
A few short struggles more will end the strife,
And I sink breathless in death's cold embrace.

Tired of the day, I wish that eve may come,
And gently screen me from the glare of light;
For then my weary eyes might cease to roam,
Closed in the slumbers of the peaceful night.

Evening at length with tardy pace arrives,
And earth grows still beneath her solemn reign;
But vainly still my restless nature strives
To find some respite from perpetual pain.

Harsh-racking coughs assault my trembling frame,
And snatch the poor remains of strength away;
Nor can one hour its brief exemption claim
From the slow torture of this sure decay!

Soon yon bright sun these eyes shall cease to view,
All that was dear to me shall be no more;
Earth o'er these limbs decayed her dust shall strew,
And the delusive dream of life be o'er.

O, did no hope support my sinking breast,
Drawn from a world more bright beyond compare;
Might I not on my Savior's promise rest,
Long since my soul had sunk into despair.

But, O, what cause for thankfulness have I!
E'en in the hour when keenest anguish wrung,
My gracious Savior to my soul was nigh,
And poured sweet comfort from his heavenly
tongue.

Yes, well I know in whom I did believe :
Know He is able to secure my trust ;
My parting spirit He will soon receive,
And in due time reanimate my dust.

Then shall I see, with overpowering charms,
The face of Him whom here unseen I love ;
There fall transported in his circling arms,
Nor wish, nor more attempt, again to rove !

While such sweet hopes attend the dying hour,
While such a glory gilds the solemn scene,
I rise superior to Consumption's power,
And wait my exit with a soul serene.

May 1, 1820.

ON VIEWING A SKELETON.

O, HUMBLING sight, and yet instructive too!—
Thou fleshless frame of dead humanity!
Humanity, the crown of all below—
God's handiwork—Creation's masterpiece!
And are these, then, the sole, the sad remains
Of what was once the sacred tenement
Of conscious life—the dwelling of the soul!

Yes! these dry bones were once with sinews strung,
And the soft flesh, and smooth, transparent skin,
Clothed and adorned them, while the crimson tide
Of life ran warm through artery and vein;
And quick sensation thrilled through every nerve,
And living tissue of the breathing frame,
So fearfully and wonderfully made!
Perhaps this form was of the fairest mould,
Graceful in motion, exquisite in tint,
And crowned with the expression of a mind
Beyond the common mass. What now remains
Of all its former beauty? Of the eye,
That shed its radiance o'er the pleasing form,
Nothing is here but yonder hollow socket—
Features, expression, all that charmed, is fled!
The very form itself resolved to dust,
Which once the gaze of admiration drew,
And felt love's thrilling pressure and embrace!
And yet this hideous mass of bones unshapely,

Which strikes an awe and chillness thro my frame,
Tells what it was—and what I, too, must be !

Say, then, my soul, what are the fleeting joys
This world can yield, if all must come to this ?
What are its gains and glories of an hour,
But shadowy dreams of fancied happiness,
From which we only wake to want and wo ?
And what the moral of this spectacle,
Taught and impressed with dread solemnity,
Through every sense, upon the inmost soul,
But this, so oft enforced in Holy Writ :—
' Man ! dying Man ! place not thy hope on earth,
' But put thy trust in God, and look above !—
' Since Death will soon, remorseless, seize thy frame,
' And lay thy soul's frail sanctuary in dust,
' What is thy hope, unless a house be thine,
' Made without hands, eternal in the heavens ?'—

I have a soul, and that I know full well,
Which must exist when time shall be no more ;
And once these bones enclosed a soul like mine.
Where is that spirit now ? He only knows,
Who sits enthroned above. Suffice to say,
It must appear before the bar of God,
And I must meet it there !—These very bones,
In that dread day, though crumbled into dust,
And scattered wide on all the winds of heaven,
Shall hear the trump of God, and gather there,
Reorganized, to meet the judgment doom,
Of life eternal, or eternal death.

Vain is the sceptic's doubt, the atheist's scorn ;—
 Fool ! is it then with thee incredible,
 That God should raise the dead ? It should not be,
 To him who knows, beyond a lingering doubt,
 The certain miracle—God at first gave life !—
 I trust the power that gave it, to restore,
 And in that trust I triumph o'er the grave.
 Loud o'er the call of appetite and lust,
 And through the busy stir and smoke of earth,
 I hear the clangor of the archangel's trump,
 And see, far off, the Savior's coming shine.

Amazing scene !—Art thou prepared, my soul,
 To stand before the presence of thy Judge,
 Before the glory of whose countenance,
 This earth, these heavens, shall flee ? Bethink thee
 well.

When reïmbodied, reinvested, there,
 The stream of an immortal life shall rush
 Through every keen, quick sense, and the whole train
 And compass of thy mortal history,
 Shall in one glance roll back upon thy thought
 And the dark riddle of thy character,
 In that new light be read, and all resolved ;
 Not now as in thy private consciousness,
 But in the assembly of the universe,—
 The quick and dead, thy friends, thine enemies,
 And the pure spirits that surround the throne ;
 And every sin is on thee charged afresh,
 In all its height, and depth, and breadth, and length,

And shade, and hue, of fearful aggravation,
Within the range of God's eternal law—
And every eye is fixed on thee—each ear
Waits in dread wonder—what wilt thou reply?

Canst thou there plead, Not guilty? Thou canst not,
For thou art guilty, and thy Judge is just,
And sentence can no longer be delayed.—
When sink the wicked to eternal fire,
One plea alone arrests the stroke of doom
From falling on thy head 'the Savior died,
And I confided in Him, and his Spirit
Became my pledge of pardon, peace, and heaven.
Thy Book of Life records my humble name;
And can the Judge who justified, condemn?'

August 16, 1819.

MRS. FRY AT NEWGATE.

'JAILER! must I entreat in vain—
Can I not, then, admittance gain?
And must these hapless females be
Forever doomed to misery?
Must the same laws that placed them here,
Add to the penalty severe—
The fruit, I grant, of shameful crime—
By holding back those truths sublime,

Unfolded in the word of God,
And meet to cheer their dark abode—
Tidings of peace to sinners given,
Of hope on earth and bliss in heaven?’

Moved was the jailer to the soul ;
Through his stern breast new feelings roll :
For never, since he kept the door,
Had accents, sweet as these, before
From human lips so strongly plead
Through that dark prison to be led,
As hers who now before him stood,
With sparkling eye and earnest mood,
Begging admittance to the cell
Where the unhappy females dwell.

Pausing awhile, he shook his head—
‘Think not,’ at length he mildly said,
‘Fair stranger, that the laws exclude
Hope from this dreary solitude,
Or lock the door against the plea
Of Christian-like philanthropy :
The laws forbid not, nor do I.—
Yet, stranger, still forbear to try ;
Others have made the attempt before,
To win these wretched females o’er
To Virtue’s long-abandoned ways.
The attempt, at least, demands our praise—
But all in vain ! The truths they taught
Were counted as a thing of naught.

I could not bear that insult rude
Should wound thy heart's solicitude
Better the effort were forborne,
Repaid by ribaldry and scorn.'

'It matters not,' the stranger said,
'How others failed, how others sped ;
To each God makes his duty known,
Each must account to God alone.
The Gospel bids us love and try—
Love hopeth all things—so do I.
The trial, then, at least, be mine ;
Success is from a power divine.'

The bolts roll back ; the iron bar
Falls down with harsh and ponderous jar ;
The door unfolds ; she enters there,
Mid guilt, and fury, and despair !
Yet still her accents are as mild,
As mother's to a suffering child ;
While inly breathes her silent love
For strength and blessing from above,
To pour the Gospel's heavenly light
On the deep shades of sin and night,
And cheer the Bridewell's guilt and gloom
With hopes that reach beyond the tomb.

Now let Philosophy, the while,
Look on this scene with scornful smile,
And ask what new and magic wand

Of power she bears within her hand,
 To raise to moral hopes sublime
 These most profound adepts in crime ;
 To melt to penitence the heart
 Hardened by each deceitful art,
 And practised deep in every wile
 Which can the human breast beguile ;
 To bid the streams of sorrow flow
 For sin, and not for following wo ;
 And lead their thoughts, through sins forgiven,
 To pant for holiness and heaven.

Hence, false Philosophy ! retreat,
 Thy sage predictions of defeat,
 Boldly, yet meekly, we defy—
 Experience gives them all the lie !—
 She bears a wand, like Moses' rod,
 Charmed with the mighty power of God—
 THE BIBLE !—

Scorner, while she reads,
 The heart, long callous, melts and bleeds ;
 Tears flow, and penitence succeeds.

That humble love—that holy book—
 Have pierced and changed the vilest nook ;
 And Christian virtues bloom and dwell
 In Newgate's most abandoned cell.

1822.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

An imitation of Isaiah xxxv.

THE desert and the wilderness
Shall brighten where he goes
The solitary place rejoice,
And blossom like the rose.

And Lebanon his pride shall yield,
And Carmel grace afford ;
And every waiting soul shall see
The glory of the Lord.

The feeble knee, the trembling hand,
The fearful heart, grow strong ;
For God will surely visit them—
Their God expected long.

His love shall ope the blinded eye,
To deafness sounds impart ;
The dumb with grateful joy shall sing,
The lame leap as the hart.

The gush of waters then shall cheer
The desert's lonely waste ;
From glowing sands to dimpling pools,
The parched traveller haste.

A glorious highway shall be there,
The way of holiness ;

And foot unclean shall not be seen
That hallowed path to press.

For those alone that path is made
Who burst the toils of sin ;
And the way-faring men, though fools,
Shall never err therein.

No lion shall go up thereon,
Nor ravenous beast of prey ;
But the redeemed of the Lord
Shall walk that pleasant way.

His ransomed ones shall all return,
And Zion's glory see ;
Eternal joys shall crown their heads,
And sorrow's sighing flee.

1820.

ON THE

DEATH OF REV. EDWARD W. WHEELOCK,

AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO BURMAH.

Is Wheelock dead? Then give a loose to wo,
Let tender sorrows in abundance flow!
Lamented youth! scarce was thy course begun,
Ere our pain'd eyes beheld thy setting sun;
And the sad tidings shed a mournful gloom,
That Wheelock slumbers in the silent tomb.

Was it for this, thine early hopes were formed—
 That Jesus' love thy generous bosom warmed?
 Was it for this, in enterprise sublime,
 Thine eager footsteps sought an Indian clime—
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and home,
 O'er stormy seas and foreign shores to roam ;*
 Tempestuous deeps and raging whirlwinds brave—
 To find at length a tomb in ocean's stormy wave !

And, thou, fair partner of his joy and care !
 Was it for this thou didst so early wear
 The nuptial tie, by love to souls inspired ?
 Was it for this thy gentle soul was fired,
 With thy loved consort, Jesus' name to spread ?—
 A widow now, to mourn thy fond companion dead !
 Alas ! how dark the scene !—Religion, weep !
 Thy hopes, with ours, are buried in the deep !

But cease these murmurings ! Can such thoughts
 as these,
 Flow from a heart that bows to God's decrees ?

* In his letter to the Board of Missions, April, 1817, Mr. Wheelock writes thus :—" I had rather be a Missionary of the Cross, than a king on a throne. Let the men of this world possess its glittering toys ; let the miser grasp his cankered gold ; let the voluptuary enjoy his sordid pleasures ; let the ambitious ascend to the pinnacle of earthly honor ; but let me enjoy the sweet satisfaction of pointing the poor pagans to the Lamb of God. I court no greater good ; I desire no greater joy ; I seek no greater honor. To Burmah would I go ; in Burmah would I live ; in Burmah would I die ; in Burmah would I toil ; and in Burmah would I be buried."—See *Am. Bop. Mag.* March, 1820.

Do such repinings well beseem the tongue
 That daily prays—Father, thy will be done?—
 No, God forbid! We sorrow, not as those
 Who have no hope, grief's cruel wounds to close.
 Wheelock! thy race on earth, though short, was run;
 Thy Master called thee, and thy work was done!
 Thy flesh may slumber in the silent deep,
 Yet there, secure in blessed hope, 'twill sleep
 Till the last pealing trump shall bid it rise,
 To join thy spirit in the blissful skies.—
 Let this sweet hope revive the drooping heart,
 And joy to sorrow, peace to grief impart.

Yes, Wheelock! yes. No more we sing thee lost.
 Lo! brighter scenes our wondering eyes have crost.
 Then softly sleep thee in the ocean wave;
 Its murmuring billows shall but gently lave
 Thy sacred dust.—Eliza, weep no more;
 In heaven ye soon shall meet, though Wheelock's
 gone before.

March, 1820.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I WAS a wanderer once—a mazy wild,
 With briers overgrown, my footsteps pressed;
 From kindred, friends, and home, alas! exiled,
 And vainly seeking for a place of rest.

Ah, fool! to leave my dear paternal home,
I wildly cried, in chace of false delight!
Now doomed a wretched wanderer to roam,
While gathering clouds transform the day to night.

Thus while I spoke, a furious storm arose,
The fierce wind whistled through the gloomy wood;
Dark o'er my head the thickening shadows close,
And rising terror chilled the vital flood.

Sudden 'twas calm—the wild wind ceased to rave;
Black, sullen, awful, moved the storm, but slow;
Incessant lightnings met the anxious gaze,
And peals of thunder round me muttered low.

Some friendly shelter I essayed to find,
Now here, now there, my fainting footstep turned;
But still the maze perplexed my dubious mind,
And Heaven, methought, my supplication spurned

Even Hope, fond flatterer of the troubled breast,
Quelled by despair, within my bosom died;
Yet still the last resource of prayer I pressed,
In agony that could not be denied

Nor pressed in vain!—the wrathful clouds gave way,
Forth broke the sun, where late the thunder pealed;
A glorious light shone on my darkened day,
And safety, hope, and home, at once revealed!

In that dear home securely sheltered now,
 I warn the young of sin's bewildering maze ;
 And pay deep gratitude's immortal vow,
 And sing, O Sun of Righteousness, thy praise !
 1820.

SYMPATHY.

WHAT means this melancholy gloom,
 That shrouds my eye, and swells my heart ?
 Alas, a youthful stranger's doom
 Affects my soul with pity's smart.
 —Methinks I see her throes of anguish
 As fevers in her pulse beat high ;
 Methinks anon I see her languish
 In faint, exhausted lethargy !

And now, methinks, that lovely form,
 Soft fashioned by the Almighty's hand,
 Sinks like the flower beneath the storm,
 And yields to Death's severe command.
 —But, O, that sweet, immortal spirit,
 Washed pure in Jesus' precious blood,
 Forsakes the dying flesh, to inherit
 An endless happiness with God !

Ye mourning friends, that o'er her weep,
 Is she not free from sin and pain ?
 Why would ye rouse her from that sleep,
 Till Jesus shall return again ?

—O, then before his Father's glory,
 Her faultless beauty He'll present ;
 And Heaven's own high, immortal story
 Tell what this early summons meant !
 1819.

ON RETURNING FROM A JOURNEY.

My praise, though humble, yet sincere,
 God of the traveller ! approve ;
 The eye that sheds the grateful tear,
 The heart that glows with sacred love.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAST CONFLICT.

Scene—The Valley of the Shadow of Death.—Ps. xxiii. 4.

Chris.—I come, O Death ! No fears my breast assail,
 Mid the still horror of this gloomy vale ;
 Though stern thine aspect, and tho' keen thy dart,
 To me a welcome messenger thou art !

Death.—What means this language ? Ill beseems
 thee here,
 Poor wretch ! to hide in boasts thine inward fear.
 For mid the countless multitudes that throng,
 Age after age, this dreary vale along,

Of every sex and age—the prince, the slave—
 The rich, the poor—the coward, or the brave—
 Whate'er their aspect be—all inly feel
 One common terror o'er their spirits steal.
 Deem'st thou I cannot pierce the vain display,
 That bids defiance to my sovereign sway?
 Hast thou a shield more sure? Canst thou repel
 The dart whose barbed point is dipped in hell?

Chris.—Yes, O inexorable king!—Though dressed
 In thy most dread array, my tranquil breast
 Invites, not fears, thy stroke! My happy soul
 Longs to go forth to her appointed goal.

Death.—Methinks thou dost but mock! Can such
 desire,
 In guilty Man, be aught but that false fire,
 From vain and wild enthusiasm bred,
 In ignorance of what awaits the dead?—
 Know'st thou *thyself*—and HIM thou art to meet,
 Amid the terrors of the judgment seat?

Chris.—I do.—Yet, Death, I still defy thy power!
 Sin is thy sting—but that I fear no more.
 Know'st thou not Him of Calvary? For me
 He bore the curse of sin, and I am free.
 He broke thine iron sceptre when He rose
 In glorious triumph over all his foes.
 His Spirit now within me is my pledge
 Of pardon and of heaven. There is no edge
 Of thine can hurt me, monster! Though I die,

Thine utmost malice boldly I defy ;
 Not in my strength, but His, I greet thee well,
 Assured of victory over Death and hell.

Death.—Dost thou defy me thus? This thirsty dart
 Shall drink the life-stream from thy panting heart ;
 Thy lifeless corpse shall feel and own my power,
 Corruption seize it, and the worm devour !

Chris.—Strike then ! for reckless of thine utmost
 A willing victim, lo ! I cross thy path. [wrath,
 This feeble flesh I yield a helpless prey,
 Till thy great Conqueror's triumphal day.
 But then, O Death ! thy delegated power,
 The dread of ages, sees its final hour !
 Then shall I triumph ! At the trumpet's tone,
 Corruption, incorruption shall put on ;
 This mortal rise in immortality,
 And Death be swallowed up in victory !

Death.—The stroke thou dost defy, shall make thee
 bow—
 Whate'er thy *hope* be, mine's the victory *now*.

Chris.—Thanks for that blow !—From earth it set
 me free.—

Now breathes my soul celestial liberty !
 On swift and joyful pinions now I rise,
 Where God, my Savior, reigns above the skies ;
 Suns, systems, stars recede, beneath me rolled,
 And heaven above me wide expands her gates of gold.

1820.

STRIKE THE LOUD LYRE.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF
MY SISTER EMILY.

STRIKE the loud lyre o'er the grave of the just !
For the spirit has burst from its thrall,
And clapped its glad wings o'er the motionless dust,
As it rose to the Father of all !
Yes ! strike it, through tears, o'er the grave of the
just,
For they sleep on the bosom of Peace ;
And though we may weep o'er their ashes, we must
Exult in their happy release.

Strike the loud lyre o'er the grave of the just !
For the chain of mortality's riven ;
And though dark was the sweep of that terrible gust,
'Twas a whirlwind that bore them to heaven !
As Elisha at first, when Elijah was gone,
Gazed with awe on the chariot of flame ;
Then, seizing his mantle, went steadily on—
May we in our grief do the same !

Strike the loud lyre o'er the grave of the just !
For they see HIM on earth they adored ;
And free from the bondage of darkness and dust,
They walk in the light of the Lord !
O rich is the rapture that thrills through them now,
As their course is divinely approved ;

And the crown of the victor is bound on each brow,
By the hand of their Savior beloved.

Strike the loud lyre o'er the grave of the just!
For the millions, imprisoned erewhile,
Away from the grasp of Corruption have burst,
And hailed Immortality's smile!
Subject no longer to death or decay,
Temptation, affliction, or pain;
A palace of joy for a prison of clay,
The spirit exults to regain.

Mark how the soul is expressed in the eye,
Intelligence, virtue, and joy!
As lightly they rise to their home in the sky,
To begin their eternal employ.
What vigor, what grace, and what glory are theirs!
How it shines on each eloquent brow!
The redeemed ones of Jesus—God's children and
heirs—
What is wanting to happiness now?

Strike the loud lyre—but the grave is no more!
The new earth contains not a tomb!
But a life, whose perfection they dreamed not before,
Shall around them eternally bloom.
While such is their triumph,—and such is our trust
In JEHOVAH's unchangeable word,
O, strike the loud lyre o'er the grave of the just,
For they rest in the love of the Lord.

And thou, my sweet sister! just gone to the grave,
 Thy grave is the grave of the just!
 Thou didst lean on the Arm that is mighty to save,
 His word was thy buckler and trust.
 I have given to Nature her tenderest tears—
 O'er the loss of a treasure I've mourned;
 But grace in thy life so triumphant appears,
 That my tears to thanksgiving are turned.

I bless, O, I bless Him from whom I received
 Such a sister—my senior in years—
 And when of my father and mother bereaved,
 My guide in this valley of tears.
 And though thou art silent and cold in the dust,
 And Affection weeps over thee now,
 I strike the loud lyre o'er the grave of the just,
 For such, my dear sister, wast thou.
Hamilton, May, 1823.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE.

ARE there not moments, Christian! when the heart
 Seems to burst forth to freedom from the sphere
 Of dim mortality—and gladly part
 With that adhesive selfishness, which here
 Checks Virtue's generous growth—and nobly rear
 Its warm affections to a heavenward aim?
 When objects of eternal worth are dear,
 In somewhat the proportion which they claim,
 From Reason's sober voice, and the Redeemer's name?

These sacred moments were thy happiest! Then,
 How sunk to nothingness the things of earth!
 How all that stirred the tide of passion, when
 Thou knew'st no joy save the light flash of mirth,
 Lost its illusive, perishable worth!
 And thou couldst part with all, without a sigh,
 Sustained by precious hopes of heavenly birth—
 Consoled by promises from HIM on high—
 And joying in HIS love with untold ecstasy!

Such were my feelings, that calm Sabbath even,
 When o'er my much-loved sister's grave I hung,
 And thought of her.—Over the bright blue heaven
 The setting sun's last lingering rays were flung;
 The soft rich clouds round the horizon hung,
 Like curtains of another world appeared!
 And groups of living forms were seen among
 The silent dwellings of the dead. All feared
 To break that awful stillness, to the heart endeared.

It was an hour for high and solemn thought—
 The very silence of those stones did preach
 Lectures with more than mortal wisdom fraught,
 In language far more eloquent than speech.
 And what triumphant lessons did they teach
 Of HIM who slept in Judah's guarded tomb— [reach
 Yet rose DEATH'S VANQUISHER! The soul could
 Forward in faith through time's dissolving gloom,
 And hail the risen saints in their immortal bloom!

Such glorious lessons at the grave are taught
 To Man—and Man may learn them if he will;
 And every visit to the tomb be fraught
 With purer, richer influences still.—

And thus I felt, as that calm scene did thrill
 Upon my thoughts a sweetness mixed with awe :—
 ‘ Some little nook this weary frame shall fill,
 ‘ When I, obedient to the general law,
 ‘ Shall from the shadowy scenes of mortal life withdraw.’

The full-orbed Moon rose beautiful, as Hope
 Upon the sunless evening of Despair,
 And shed upon that gentle eastern slope,
 Her soft and solemn glory—and the air
 Breathed forth so fresh and cool—the landscape fair,
 Lay stretching out before me in its green
 Attire of beauty—and star after star
 Came forth above, with lustre so serene,
 It seemed that earth and heaven had met to grace the scene.

’Twas then I thought of EMILY ! and long
 In sacred musing at her grave I stood.
 I did not weep. With consolation strong,
 And sweet as mine for EMILY, who could ?
 No, mine was not a melancholy mood—
 I felt my heart expanding, and my love
 Took hold on the vast universe of good !
 What though our last loved friend on earth remove,
 Doth not our FATHER live ? Is not our HOME above ?
Hamilton, July 1, 1823.

THE DEATH-BED WARNING

OF MISS L—— W——.

My dear young friends, who stand around
 My bed to catch my dying sigh ;

O, if you have not mercy found
 From Him who reigns above the sky,
 Unto the Savior quickly fly,
 And pour your sorrows at his feet ;
 He will not let your spirits die,
 But give you consolation sweet.

But, O, the pangs of those who dwell
 In realms of everlasting gloom !
 Such fate is theirs, who dare rebel
 Against their God in early bloom.
 Warned by my unexpected doom,
 O, tread the path the Savior trod !
 Then, though Death call you to the tomb,
 Your spirits shall ascend to God.
July, 1817.

FROM ZION'S HILL.

AN APPEAL FOR THE HEATHEN.

FROM Zion's hill, crowned with celestial light,
 Where life immortal heaves in every breath,
 Direct, O Christian ! thine exploring sight
 To yon dark region in the shade of Death !

See Superstition, in her direst form,
 Reign o'er thy fellow-men without control ;
 See Lust defile, and Cruelty deform,
 And Guilt enthral and desolate the soul.

How absolute the arch-destroyer reigns !

His power concealed with such consummate art,
That souls in bondage love their very chains,
And revel in the madness of their heart.

Mark yon poor Burman, whose benighted mind

Was never taught to know the Name divine ;
To all the glory of the Savior blind,
Bow down at Gaud'ma's mercenary shrine.

Hark ! what loud shriek is quivering on the air ?

It comes, O Christian ! from yon bed of fire ;
Where the dark Brahmin mutters words of prayer,
And the son lights his living mother's pyre !

Christians, awake ! the time for sleep is past—

Wake, or on *you* must come the guilt of blood !
A world's loud misery swells upon the blast—
Wake to the summons of the Lord your God !
1822.

SAPPHIRA.

ACTS V. 9—11. A FRAGMENT.

How is it ye could thus conspire

To tempt the Holy Spirit's ire ?

To lie unto your God !

Thou that couldst join, or forge, a lie,

Stamp'd with such dread hypocrisy,

And think to cloak the deed of shame
Beneath the Christian's hallowed name,
Must reap as thou hast sowed!
Behold, the feet of them that bore
Thy husband forth, are at the door—
They bore him to his grave!
And thee, most wretched woman, too,
Accomplice of his guilt and wo,
Shall the same awful doom betide;
Soon shalt thou cold lie by his side—
No mortal power can save!

1821.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
The victim He ordains,
To expiate, with sacred blood,
Sin's dark malignant stains.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Whom Abraham prophesied,
Though Isaac dimly understood,
God would Himself provide.

Behold the Lamb of God!
The antitype divine,
Of that which turned the avenging rod
From Israel's holy line.

11*

Behold the Lamb of God,
 With touching meekness stand ;
 While monsters, thirsting for his blood,
 Bare high the murderous hand !

Behold the Lamb of God,
 Immaculately pure,
 Bound mutely on the accursed wood,
 Our burden to endure !

Behold the Lamb of God !
 In agony he dies !—
 Sinners ! can you that precious blood
 In wantonness despise ?

1822.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I.

YEARS may roll on, but never shall their race
 Bring to my eye another sight like this ;
 Nor shall the rushing flood of Time efface
 The sentiments profound of awe and bliss ;—
 No ! never can my mind hereafter miss
 The images so strongly there engraved ;
 That overwhelming Fall—that dread abyss
 From which the living torrents rose and raved :—
 Whatever it may lose, this scene, at least, is saved.

II.

And I have seen thee, wonder of the world!

Unequall'd cataract! my country's pride!

With all thy weight of waters downward hurled,

As if in earth's deep bowels thou wouldst hide

Superior, Huron, Erie's blended tide!

And I that foaming tide emerge have seen,

As winding down the precipice's side,

Dipt by thy spray in everlasting green,

At thy dread foot I stood, and viewed the wondrous
scene.

III.

And shall I now attempt to body forth

Its mighty features in descriptive song?

Bold effort! and perhaps of little worth;—

Yet, it would seem, some tribute doth belong

To Nature's master-work, from mortal tongue;

And thou, my friend,* the effort dost demand:

Rouse then thy spirit to conception strong,

And come with me, in fancy take thy stand

Amidst the TERRIBLE, the BEAUTIFUL, the GRAND!

IV.

The sweep majestic of the river's brow,

Which, far above, extends from shore to shore;

The island, like a foam-encircled prow;

Heaven's bright blue arch rising behind and o'er;

The lake-born torrents, as with ceaseless roar,

Over the everlasting rocks they roll,

* This description was addressed to a friend.

Impatient, to the dizzy leap before ;
All rush at once upon the startled soul,
At the first rapid glance your eye throws o'er the
whole.

V.

But sight is mingled at the heart with sound—
The loud, the deafening thunder of the Fall ;
Which seems at first sensation to confound,
The brain to madden, and the breast appal,
And spread annihilation over all !—
The dazzling whiteness of the sheeted foam,
Which to the eye appears a snow-built wall,
On which is reared a bright cerulean dome,
That poets well might take for Fancy's airy home !

VI.

The clouds of rising and dissolving spray,
Which wave and wanton in the gusty wind ;
On which the sunbeams hold their magic play,
Painting gay rainbows of each glorious kind,
That change their shape and color, like the mind
Of soft and ductile youth with every scene ;
Now swelling upward free and unconfined,
In matchless beauty and resplendent sheen ;
Now bursting—leaving but the black abyss between !

VII.

The dark and dripping cliffs, which overhead
Rise like the war-built towers of ancient time,
Breathing defiance, and inspiring dread ;
Which echo back, with emphasis sublime,

The cataract's awful sounds, in measured chime,
 Rolling along the deep and distant pass,
 Until at length the blood-stained heights they
 climb,

Where swelled the roar of battle—where, alas!
 Our country's sons and foes fell in one mingled mass.

VIII.

Then, the still darker torrent at your feet,
 Whose green-wreathed floods boil up from the
 abyss;

To whose unfathomed depths, in one broad sheet,
 They thundering fell—whose tides with horrid
 hiss,

Like venomous serpents vast, do seem, I wis,
 Writhing in pain, and madly rushing by
 Toward far Ontario's bed,—all, all of this,
 Must have struck on the heart, the ear, the eye,
 To give the awful sense of its sublimity.

IX.

O, there I thought—and thought did well beseem
 A scene so full of fearful majesty—
 If with such wonders his creation teem,
 What must the glory of their Author be!
 With what deep reverence and humility,
 Ought we to bow before his mighty hand!—
 Lord of creation and eternity!
 Shall human pride not quail at thy command?—
The thunder of thy power, O, who can understand!

Buffalo, July 6, 1823.

TO CAROLINE.

AN ACROSTIC.

CALLED by your Savior in the bloom of youth,
 A meek disciple at the shrine of truth ;
 Reflect, O Caroline, with grateful sense,
 On the rich mercy of Omnipotence,
 Lavished upon your soul with lustre rare,
 In that dark hour when sinking in despair !
 Nor cease to own it is through Jesus' love,
 Enraptured now you seek the glorious life above.

What humble gratitude, what love sincere,
 In all your future conduct must appear !
 Let each day's first inquiry with you be—
 Command me, Lord ! what I may do for thee.—
 On high behold a bright and palmy throng,
 Xerxes' vast host outnumbering, cheer you on.
 O, keep their bright example full in view,
 Nor ever be ashamed of Him who died for you.
Peterboro', N. Y. 1820.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SISTER OF A
 FEMALE MISSIONARY.*

THY sister is gone to a distant land,
 And her face thou canst not see ;

* Mrs. Wade.

For the last time thou hast pressed her hand,
And heard her speak to thee.

I do not marvel that thou wert moved,
In parting with one so much beloved.

Yet hushed be every murmuring thought,
To the stillness of the tomb ;
That cloud was with richest mercy fraught,
Though it spread a transient gloom.

What was on yesterday sown with sorrow,
Perhaps thou mayst reap in joy to-morrow.

The ship is afloat on the ocean now,
And before the freshening gale ;
Dost thou not hear her rushing prow,
And see her snow-white sail ?

To the Burman shore has the helmsman bound her,
And all is sea and sky around her !

O, weep not now for that sister dear,
As though she were left of all !
Indulge not a single faithless fear,
As to what may her befall.

Dread not the rage of the troubled ocean,
For her God can quell its wildest motion.

Yet thou full oft will think of her,
At the morning and evening hour,
When thoughts of those we hold most dear,
Have a soft and soothing power.

Think then of her on the rolling billow,
And breathe a prayer o'er thy peaceful pillow.

O, do not deem that thy prayer is vain,
 When thou askest for her a blessing ;
 Though ye may not meet on earth again,
 All a sister's love expressing.
 To the prayer of love will the Savior listen,
 And wipe the tears in her eyes that glisten.

Many a month o'er the dark blue deep
 Will the Missionaries sail ;
 O, let not thy love one moment sleep,
 Nor thy prayers one moment fail,
 Till her voice in Burmah thy sister raises,
 And tears and prayers become smiles and praises !
July 1, 1823.

ENTRANCE INTO HEAVEN.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MISS
 LUCY ANN PRATT.

How sudden, yet soft, did the Summoner come !
 In a moment her spirit had made the exchange ;
 And the Shining Ones bore her aloft to the home,
 Where her hopes had aspired in their infinite range.

But who shall describe the new objects she saw
 The sounds which she heard, the sensations she felt ;
 The mixture of wonder, and rapture, and awe,
 With which at the throne of her Savior she knelt !

Encircled with glory that never shall fade,
 How enlargèd was her love, and how full was her
 joy,
 As she gazed at the myriads around her arrayed,
 And mingled at first in their happy employ !

These thoughts shall assuage, not extinguish our
 grief—

Roll on, years of sadness and suffering, roll !
 To the lone widowed mother ye bring not relief,
 Till ye open the portals of heaven to her soul !
Buffalo, July, 1823.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. L— J—.

'Tis well ! Her mortal part is gone
 From earth to join its kindred clay ;
 And now by weeping friends is borne,
 On yon slow-moving hearse, away.

What though the dust returns to dust,
 Ashes to ashes turn again !
 The immortal spirit of the just
 Is freed from sorrow, sin, and pain.

Her Savior called her from the earth ;
 To his dear arms her spirit flies ;
 How welcome was the stroke of death !
 How peacefully the Christian dies !

Now in a far more happy clime,
 Her soul has found its blest abode ;
 And, with immortal gaze sublime,
 Beholds the glory of her God.

There, while ten thousand years roll on
 In those bright realms of peace and joy,
 Her love shall rise in higher tone,
 And praise shall be her sweet employ.

Then, mourning friends, dry up your tears,
 And weep no more for her that's dead ;
 For, O ! a few more rolling years
 Will lay *us* in our lowly bed.
 1818.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

LONG had she lingered 'neath the load of life,
 Too oft a prey to doubts, temptations, fears ;
 Oft had she witnessed sin's distressing strife,
 Oft wet her couch with penitential tears.

But now her painful pilgrimage is o'er,
 And should we mourn at such a thought as this ?
 Since death to her threw wide the glorious door
 Of entrance into everlasting bliss.

When from the shackles of this world set free,
 Her joyful soul triumphantly could sing—
 O vanquished Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 And where, O Death ! where is thy dreaded sting ?
 1818.

TO THE MOTHER OF LUCY ANN.

WITH the care of thy youth, and the hope of thy age,
Thy life's sweetest solace, and sunshine of heart,
In the season most fitted thy love to engage,
Thou art called—O, how sore is the trial!—to part.

The desire of thine eyes was removed at a stroke,
And joy was extinguished, and hope fled afar;
But thy Savior will bind up the heart that is broke,
And revive the soft lustre of memory's star.

Thou shalt muse on the virtues of her thou hast lost,
On all which in Christian remembrance endears;
Till Time the dark torrent of grief shall exhaust,
And thankfulness spring in the midst of thy tears.

For no wearisome languor had worn her away,
No anguish protracted the bosom to rend;
In the springtide of health, in the morn of her day,
In the freshness of beauty, she came to her end!

While the joys which the hopes of the future impart,
Were undashed by the dregs of Adversity's gall;
While domestic affections beat warm in her heart,
Where grace had breathed over and hallowed them
all:—

While her faith in the Savior was steady and strong,
And the hope of salvation shone lovely and bright;

While the love of her Lord was her solace and song—
 She slept—and was borne to the mansions of light.*

To those mansions of light let thy hopes then ascend,
 Lone mourner ! till life's rapid course shall be o'er ;
 And the mother and child in eternity blend
 Affections now severed, to sever no more.
Buffalo, July, 1823.

TO THE SISTERS OF LUCY ANN.

BLOOMING on this rude tract of earth,
 A modest floweret raised its head,
 And in despite its humble birth,
 Beauty revealed, and fragrance shed :
 More full each day its leaves were spread,
 Brighter became its tints each hour ;
 And strangers as they passed it said,
 They ne'er had seen a sweeter flower.

But He who knew and loved it best,
 Designed it for a spot more fair ;

* The pious and accomplished young lady to whom these lines refer, was drowned, at the age of eighteen. But a moment before this sudden and overwhelming catastrophe, she was singing those beautiful lines of Cowper—

‘ Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,’

as if almost in anticipation of her approaching fate.

He saw its opening bloom repressed
By the rude soil and sultry air ;—
Of darkly gathering storms aware,
He plucked it from its earthly bed,
And set it in heaven's bright parterre ;
But strangers thought the flower was dead.

Sisters of Lucy Ann ! her worth
Must still your tenderest sorrow move ;
Words are but vain to picture forth
The fondness of a sister's love :
O, it were all in vain to prove
Your loss is great beyond compare ;
Unless you meet in climes above,
To bloom in stainless beauty there.

'Tis true, you cannot bid, at will,
The calm of soul succeed distress ;
Hearts formed as yours will cherish still
The memory of her loveliness :
Again in fancy will you press
Her image to your aching heart,
And dream that from your fond caress
She never, never more will part.

'Tis but a dream ! The light of truth
The sweet illusion will dispel ;
For in the brightness of her youth—
But who that tale of wo may tell ?
Dimness that day upon us fell !
Age shook his hoary locks, and sighed ;

And Youth turned pale when rung the knell
That told us Lucy Ann had died.

Yes, though Affection bade her live,
And Virtue said she could not die ;
Though every pledge that earth could give,
Bound her to life's soft witchery ;
Even while her pulse was beating high
With hopes that fill the stainless breast ;
And health sat sparkling in her eye—
She sunk to her eternal rest.

* * * * *

Lucy is in her shroud !—Her cheek
Is pale, and cold her ivory brow,
And mute her tongue. But could she speak
From her eternal dwelling now—
As spirits speak in glory—how
Would she enforce with touching truth—
'Remember your Creator now,
'My sisters, in the days of youth !'
Buffalo, July, 1823.

CALL TO ZION.

Awake, awake ! put on thy strength, O Zion !—Isai. lii. 1

Rise, church of Jesus ! rise,
Break from thy long repose
Awake, fair daughter of the skies,
And triumph o'er thy foes.

Array thyself in grace
And majesty divine ;
Come forth in freshest loveliness,
And in full glory shine.

Shake off the yoke of sin ;
Thy Savior's name adore ;
And never let the foot unclean
Pollute thine altars more !
1822.

AT COMMUNION.

O, WHY, in this season of gladness, should wander
One thought of my heart, blessed Savior, from
thee ?

Seal, seal me thine own, while I silently ponder
Thy love to a sinner and outcast like me !

Thou hast sought me, and saved me ; and now at
thy table

I meet thee and thine, in the wine and the bread ;
O, in this sweet communion thy servant enable
To learn the devotion that follows the dead !
1823.

EPITAPH ON MRS. N— B—,
WIFE OF F— P— B—, ESQ.

STRANGER! the form that slumbers here,
Embalmed in many a bitter tear,
Was once as rich in charms divine,
Graceful, gay, eloquent, as thine.
O, but as yesterday she moved
In life—so loving, so beloved!
But paleness gathered on her cheek—
The rest doth not this marble speak?

Never did form of beauty hold
A spirit of a lovelier mould;
Both, both belonged to God alone;
But, O, in Him, they were my own.

I loved and sought them many a year,
Buoyant with hope, or chilled with fear.
And I obtained them. Rapture hung
Upon my thought—upon my tongue.
Months were but moments—only four
Were fled, and Naomi was no more!

My heart is desolate—yet still
Bows reverent to my Savior's will.
He gave in mercy, and removed—
O, may he still be praised and loved!
1824.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

How wondrous a scene did the desert once know,
When the Savior of men was assailed by the foe ;
When hell's haughty leader, disguised as a friend,
With the art of a pleader, led on to his end.

When he parleyed with Eve, he accomplished his
Her soul to deceive, to the ruin of Man ; [plan,
Now choosing the season of Jesus's need,
With what show of reason the tempter did plead !

To distrust the kind care of his Father above,
Was the first subtle snare which for Jesus he wove ;
But Jesus, perceiving the plot that was laid,
Repulsed him, believing his Father would aid.

When he could not succeed to awaken distrust,
The tempter would lead to presumption the Just ;
To Scripture appealing—O, who could have thought
He thus was concealing the evil he sought !

Thus with Scripture he lied ! But the lie was in vain ;
For Jesus replied, ' It is written again !'
The perversion correcting, with wisdom divine—
Truth's lustre reflecting—how bright did he shine !

Thus signally foiled by the Savior once more,
The serpent uncoiled, who was hidden before ;
Though nor doubt, nor presumption, with Jesus
prevail,
Another assumption, he thinks, cannot fail.

That passion which, deep in the core of the heart,
 Like an adder will sleep, till his voice bid it start,
 He calls—but ambition in Jesus was not !
 And deep to perdition sunk Satan's vile plot.

Hell howled at the sight of its leader's defeat,
 Heaven smiled with delight at the triumph complete;
 The Father hath crowned him and blessed him aloud,
 The angels around him adoringly crowd

With rapture I see the victory gained
 By him who for me the conflict sustained.
 But was my Lord tempted, and can I expect
 I shall be exempted through Satan's neglect?

No! the race which he run, we like him must run
 through,
 The triumph he won, we are called to win too!
 Awake me, awake me, to conflict, my Lord!
 Nor ever forsake me while wielding the sword!

IMPROMPTU.

The following lines were hastily sketched with a pencil in the register of visitors at the Seneca Mission House, near Buffalo, N. Y., September 22, 1823.

STRANGER! whosoe'er thou art,
 Visiting this humble spot;
 From the bottom of thy heart,
 Own the blessings of thy lot.

Why wert thou not born as these,
Far from sweet salvation's light;
All thy dawning infancies
Wrapt in clouds of pagan night?

Who has thus distinguished thee?
'GOD!' with gratitude reply;
'He controlled my destiny!
He in privilege raised me high!' —

Hast thou praised him as thou ought—
Stranger! hast thou praised the Lord?
In the living glow of thought,
Be his glorious name adored!

Stranger! for thy brethren feel—
Brethren, born of kindred clay;
Brethren, whose immortal weal
Trembles on life's transient day.

Dost thou love the Throne of Grace?
Bear them on thy heart in prayer!
The remnants of a dying race,
Pity, aid, relieve, and spare!



ON HEARING THE BELL TOLL FOR A
STRANGER.

How distressing to die in a distant spot,
Where friends and connections know it not!

THE APOLOGY.

When the author resided in Buffalo, N. Y., it was customary for clergymen, at weddings, to kiss the newly-married couple. His extreme youth and diffidence having prevented him from complying with this custom on the first occasion where he was present, though the parties concerned were his particular friends, he addressed them these lines, the next morning, as a sort of apology.

TO MR. AND MRS. B.

O, do not deem that my love was weak,
Because I approached you not
To imprint upon your glowing cheek
My rejoicings in your lot!
That love as deep and as pure may be,
Which ascends on high in its secrecy!

Blessings that earth can never give,
That love sought for its friends;
Blessings in life and in death that live,
And spring up when nature ends—
To flourish and blossom in brighter spheres,
Through the silent lapse of unnumbered years.

Unbidden thoughts, with a touching power,
Brought back sweet Lucy's doom;
And dimly spoke of a coming hour,
That shall change the bridal bloom:—
But He who knoweth the heart can tell
That my heart in its fulness wished you well.

And although a cloud might shade my brow,
 While amid that circle gay,
 From a feeling I need not mention now,
 It sprung—nor will pass away,
 Till the friends of my heart shall have made a choice,
 Over which the angels in heaven rejoice !

And when the visions of time are gone,
 And heaven and earth are fled,
 And the awful voice from the judgment throne
 Has summoned the quick and dead—
 You shall know far better the cause, than now,
 Of the cloud that shaded that night my brow.

September 24, 1823.

VOICE OF DEPARTING DAY.

O, THERE are lovely lights that rest
 Upon thy landscape, Buffalo !
 When the broad sun has gained the west,
 And sheds from thence his softest glow.

Oft have I marked the lingering gleam
 On village bright and woodland brown,
 As if from heaven a glorious stream
 Of molten gold were rolling down !

And I have seen the dewy cloud
 Flung loosely o'er the azure sky,

Like regal robe of monarch proud,
Tinged with the richest Tyrian dye

I've watched till all these tints would fade,
The golden light—the mellow glow—
And evening in her tranquil shade
Had wrapt the varied scene below;—

And thought, as day's departing beam
Shone lovelier far than all the rest,
Its voice was as a gentle dream—

Man! thy last days should be thy best!
October, 1824.

A CHARACTER, FROM REAL LIFE.

“Many, whilst they live, stand in a light so dubious, and die under conjectures so painful, as to furnish no criterion upon which their final condition may be decided. All our inquiries, as to the true character and leading bent of their hearts, are negatived by the rigid neutrality which they maintained betwixt Christ and the world. For many traits of moral goodness they may have been distinguished; probably they have worn about them Virtue's upper garment, and appeared clad in the robes of Decency; but their hearts have never yielded to God in vivid charity, nor felt the exalted glow of brotherly love, nor, for aught we can tell, have they known what it is to be born again.”—*Brantley.*

WHAT are those deep and solemn tones
Now swelling on th' autumnal gale?
Now sinking, like the dying's moans,
Now rising, like the mourner's wail?

Those solemn tones have each a voice,
Formed not by any human breath;
To speak the end of earthly joys,
To sound the awful knell of death.

And who has left this mortal sphere?
What new and never-dying soul
Has closed life's vanishing career,
And reached the everlasting goal?

O, let me breathe the name on high,
Responsive to affection's call,
Soft as the winds of Summer sigh,
Sad as the leaves of Autumn fall!

The DAUGHTER—who, when life was young,
Was justly deemed a mother's pride;
On whom a father's fondness hung,
While gently blushing by his side.

The VIRGIN—who, in years gone by,
Arrayed in modest youthful charms,
The light of beauty in her eye,
Was given to a husband's arms.

The WIFE—who, still in every scene,
Her patient constancy would prove;
Whose brow still wore its smile serene;
Whose eye, whose voice, whose soul, was love.

The MOTHER—who, from earliest years,
A numerous offspring gently trained;

Who for their welfare watched with tears,
And fondly every toil sustained.

The MATRON—who, when care was laid
Aside, and quiet evening come
To her fond family still made
A little paradise of home.

The FRIEND—in every varied sphere
Of action where she brightly moved,
To many a social circle dear,
By many a breaking heart beloved.

The CHRISTIAN—but a mournful veil
Here her true character conceals;
And bitterly did she bewail
The void her social life reveals.

A sinner—who against her God
In unprovoked rebellion rose,
Keenly she felt his chastening rod,
Ere life's prolonged and painful close.

Nor all her social virtues, then,
To comfort her the least availed;
They could not bear the Omniscient ken,
And hope and joy forever failed.

Sunk in her long and deep decline
Were all her active mental powers;
Feebly she sought for aid divine,
To soothe and cheer her mortal hours.

The peace of faith, the light of hope,
 Blest not her dim and drooping mind ;
 And prayer incessant, offered up,
 No bright and sweet response could find.

But, O ! perchance her penitence
 And faith, though feeble, were sincere ;
 Perchance the Savior's blood might cleanse,
 And she may yet in heaven appear.

Fondly to this frail hope we cling,
 While weeping o'er the cherished dust,
 And wait the awful day to bring
 The retribution of the just.

* * * * *

The knell that rolls upon the breeze,
 Speaks long and loudly in our ear ;
 And every blast that strips the trees,
 Cries with a warning voice, ' Prepare !'

So when the Fall of age is past,
 And the cold death of Winter o'er,
 We shall revive in Spring at last,
 To wither and to die no more.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE music of the Sabbath bells !
 Waking the hush of holy time ;
 How sweet the solemn concert swells
 How swells the soul with thought sublime !

TIME.

A THOUGHT ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.

As Erie pours his ceaseless ocean stream,
 So pours the noiseless tide of Time along :
 What is the Past? A dim remembered dream.
 What is the Present? An entrancing song.
 What is the Future? Splendid visions throng
 Of coming scenes and joys—how vain, alas!
 Of all that to this perished earth belong,
 Nothing remains, but the unperished mass
 Of deeds and words and thoughts, that on to judgment pass!

MY SISTER

THOU meek, thou pure, thou patient one,
 Bright heir of heavenly bliss,
 O! is it true that thou art gone
 To a better world than this?
 That the damp cold turf doth bury deep
 That form to me so dear—
 No more to pray, to watch, to weep,
 A lonely mourner here?

That warm fond heart, on good intent,
 And is its beating o'er?
 Shall those dark eyes, so eloquent,
 Then greet my own no more?

That gentle voice, whose blessed strain
 Was as an angel's tone,
 My Christian virtues to sustain—
 O! is it—is it flown?

Why do I ask? I may not doubt
 Thine earthly ties are riven;
 And heart and life like thine speak out,
 That thou art gone to heaven!
 And, O, may piety so pure
 A pattern be to me!
 May I unto the end endure,
 And meet my EMILY!

THE WORK OF LIFE.

‘The night cometh.’—John ix. 4.

THE glow of day is fading fast,
 The chill of eve is on the blast;
 The sun is sinking in the sky;
 The gloom of gathering night is nigh.

‘Servants, work till close of day!’
 (Thus I heard the Master say,)
 ‘Short the time assigned to you—
 ‘Much, O, much remains to do.

‘Servants, cease! the time is o’er,
 ‘Earth must claim your toil no more.

‘ Each must now receive reward
 ‘ In the reckoning with his Lord.

‘ Hence, ye slothful ! leave my sight,
 ‘ Bound and borne to utter night ;
 ‘ There receives the righteous due—
 ‘ Heaven has not a place for you !

‘ Rise, ye faithful ! take the throne ;
 ‘ Well the work of life is done !
 ‘ Rest in glory now with me—
 ‘ Yours is my eternity !’

The glow of day is faded now ;
 Cold is the blast upon the bough ;
 The sun has sunk in darkened skies ;
 Who were the foolish ? who the wise ?
 1823.

A YEAR OF LIFE.

I HAVE closed another year of life,
 And commenced anew to-day ;
 And I fain would mark my spirit’s strife
 To maintain her heavenward way.

Her heavenward way ! And can it be,
 That to heaven my pathway tends ?
 That with calm and devoted constancy,
 Toward heaven my footstep bends ?

It does, it does, through richest grace !
Though from that blessed goal
A wandering path I sometimes trace,
Yet God restores my soul.

O ! let me weep over every track
Of error that mars my way ;
And rear to the love that has brought me back,
A monument to-day !

Another and most eventful year
Its hurried flight has sped ;
And many a change, in its swift career,
It has poured upon my head.

I would, but I cannot, realize
These changes that mark my lot,
Though they have torn from my weeping eyes
One never to be forgot !

My Emily—my best beloved—
The sister of my heart !
Is now, alas ! from the world removed,
Where she filled so bright a part.

She who rose with me side by side,
In childhood's sweetest hours ;
Who led me on, with a sister's pride,
Through learning's fragrant bowers ;—

She who before me so early walked
In religion's holy ways,

And with cheering voice of affection talked
 In the blest Redeemer's praise ;—

Whose example was like an inspiring breath,
 For years amid perils dread ;
 And whose smile came bright thro' the cloud of death,
 Now rests in her clay-cold bed !

When last, May came with her laughing hours,
 Others might join the ring ;
 But my sister was crowned with the deathless flowers
 Of an everlasting Spring.

She is gone to our Father's house above,
 Where her heart had gone before ;
 And she dwells in the light of that holy love,
 Which at distance we adore.

* * * * *

So one by one do my friends depart,
 So leave me, my kindred all ;
 And in accents that pierce my inmost heart,
 Comes God's most solemn call.

Ye cherished ones that have gone before,
 Though your names I may not tell,
 Till we meet again on a pangless shore,
 A sweet, but brief farewell !

January 1, 1824.

TO AMANDA.

AN ACROSTIC.

A MANDA! let me strike for thee
 My lyre of simplest melody ;
 And wake within thy breast the glow
 None but the pure in heart can know,
 Divinely called like thee in youth,
 And turned to holiness and truth.

Press on! press on! thy path pursue ;
 A world most glorious is in view !
 Resplendent gleams the sacred prize,
 Kept for the faithful in the skies ;—
 Enduring to the end, that crown
 Resplendent shall be soon thine own.

FEMALE DIGNITY.

HAPPY the female who, amid the bloom
 And brilliant promise of life's early day,
 Raises her kindling eye beyond the tomb,
 Refulgent with hope's ever-living ray ;
 Intent on higher objects than assume
 Enchantment in the day dreams of the gay,
 Till death dissolve the dream, and tear the mask away.

Firm in her purpose, in her faith sincere ;
 Redeemed from every low and grovelling aim ;
 Aspiring to a purer, happier sphere ;
 Nobly aspiring, struggling still to claim
 Companionship with angels, rising near
 Eternal glories, with ingenuous shame,
 Seeing her defects still—herself alone to blame.

Noble indeed the mind, that thus can look
 On life, as on the restless rapid stage,
 Revolving much, I deem, the Sacred Book
 To count it so) of heavenly pilgrimage !
 O, can she pause on her high path, and brook
Novels, and *plays*, and *balls* ?—With ‘noble rage’
 She spurns them as the vile corrupters of the age !
 1824.

RELIGION.

ADDRESSED TO MY YOUNG FRIEND, J—— P——.

THERE is a pure and brilliant gem
 That trembles in life’s diadem ;
 Refulgent in the living light
 Of heaven’s own sun, it sparkles bright.
 A gem so pure, so rich, so rare,
 It glows on earth beyond compare :
 Golconda’s mines afford it not ;—
 Who, then, this brilliant gem hath got ?

All that shall seek it, and succeed,
Though poor before, are rich indeed.
All who this brilliant have not won,
Are poor, and beggared, and undone.

A boon so rich—so bright a meed—
May not be earned by human deed.
It comes unborrowed, and unbought,
From heaven, whene'er 'tis humbly sought.
O Julia! seek it from above—
An interest in the Savior's love!

THE FALL OF TURKEY.

THE storm of war is gathering fast,
Dark in the north and east it lowers!
The Caspian feels the rising blast,
And loud the troubled Euxine roars.

Turkey has seen the awful sign,
Portentous of her coming doom;
Russia and Persia's arms combine
To crush her empire to the tomb.

They come! they come! their banners wave—
Their armor flashes to the sun;
Their plumes are nodding o'er the brave,
Ere yet the work of death is done.

The Moslem shrinks. Where now is Greece?
 Rising in all her ancient might,
 She spurns a vile inglorious peace,
 And rushes dreadful to the fight.

See Freedom's banners proudly toss!
 The Greek has struck! the Greek has won!
 The Crescent fades before the Cross—
 Wo, wo, unto the Ottoman!

In vain the Prophet's standard streams—
 Vain is the sultan's haughty call;
 In pale cold light the Crescent gleams,
 Presage of its approaching fall!
 1822.

MY NATIVE LAND.

A GEOGRAPHICAL FANCY.

My native land! my native land!
 I see thy glorious soil expand;
 I see thee stretch from sea to sea,
 Whose ocean waves encircle thee,
 As doth some soft and swelling vest
 A virgin's fair and spotless breast.
 East, the Atlantic's billows roll,
 To Europe and to Afric joining;
 West, the Pacific's meek control
 With Asia is thy coast combining.

St. Lawrence shines thy northern crest,
 Thy lakes like plumes in beauty flow ;
 While by thy southern foot is prest
 The mighty Gulf of Mexico !

THE SEA OF BLOOD.

2 Kings iii. 9—24.

SEVEN days, the sun rolls o'er their fainting heads,
 As move the allied hosts through Edom's vale ;
 Still, still before, the lengthening vista spreads,
 And all their hopes in dread despondence fail.

One fate—one horrid fate !—See every tongue
 Is swollen and throbbing with unsated thirst.—
 The pitying chiefs o'er dying warriors hung—
 Till thus the wrath of Israel's monarch burst :—

'This is Jehovah's working! Well I know,
 'The jealous God, provoked at my disdain,
 'To glut the fury of our rebel foe,
 'Has bound our armies to this fatal plain.'—

'Jehoram, cease! Breathe not the lightest word
 'Against that NAME,' cried Judah's pious king :
 'Is there not here a prophet of the Lord ?
 'Haste, guards, the son of Shaphat hither bring.'

Three monarchs stood before the holy seer,
 And Israel's had already silence broke ;
 The man of God eyed him with look severe,
 And thus with lofty indignation spoke :—

‘ This voice from thee, Jehoram ? What have I,
 ‘ Wretched idolater, to do with thee ?
 ‘ To the false prophets of thy father fly,
 ‘ Nor tempt me with such impious mockery.’

The monarch shrunk before that glance and word ;
 But smothering deep the gloomy fire within,
 ‘ Nay, son of Shaphat, tell us, hath the Lord
 ‘ Doomed us to perish here for ancient sin ?’—

‘ Thy heart is veiless in the light divine !—
 ‘ As the Lord liveth in whose sight I stand,
 ‘ Jehoram, thou shouldst hear no voice of mine,
 ‘ Were not the king of Judah at thy hand.

‘ Bring me a minstrel.’ Forth the minstrel came ;
 The harp of Zion ruled the troubled hour :
 The prophet's eye beams with celestial flame,
 His spirit feels Jehovah's awful power.

‘ Thus saith the Lord : Deep in the burning vale,
 ‘ Dig the broad trench in haste. Prepare, prepare !
 ‘ Ye shall not see the rain, nor hear the gale,
 ‘ Yet streams shall rise, roll, and refresh you there.

‘ Thus saith the Lord : This thing alone were light ;
 ‘ I give the host of Moab to your hand,

‘Cities, and fruits, and fountains. Ye shall smite
‘With desolation all the guilty land.’

The prophet ceased. Obedient to his voice,
With broad deep pits they trenched the spreading
vale;

In fresh-sprung hope the fainting hosts rejoice,
And wait to see the morning light prevail.

The morn has broken o’er the mountain steep,
On which the Moabites in arms repose;
The warriors spring exultingly from sleep,
And turn their eager glance upon their foes.

What sight of horror meets the startled eyes,
The vale below appears one sea of blood!
A moment fixed they stand in mute surprise,
Then cry in ardent and exulting mood,—

‘On, Moab, on! Death fills the purple vale!
‘The work is done, and we are saved the toil.
‘Thus ever triumph, O propitious Baal!
‘On, Moab, on! secure the golden spoil.’

As torrents bursting from impending steeps,
In wild confusion, and with hoarse uproar,
So rushed the host of Moab, heaps on heaps,
Down to that bloody sea’s tremendous shore.

It was illusion all! The sun’s first beams,
From purple skies and crimson clouds, alone,
Reflected on the newly-gushing streams,
Dazzling the eye, in gaydelusion shone.

Delusion gay, but deadly!—Gathering soon,
 The allied hosts rose like a sudden flood,
 And ere that rising sun had gained his noon,
 Moab was floating in a sea of blood.

Thy word, Jehovah, stood!—Unthought-of means,
 Betray the guilty to the avenger's hand;
 And still, throughout time's ever-changing scenes,
 Thou art the same—Thy word, Jehovah, stands!

THE LATIN HYMN OF FRANCIS XAVIER.

SURNAMED 'APOSTLE TO THE INDIES.' BORN, 1506;
 DIED, 1552, Æ. 46.

O DEUS! ego amo te,
 Nec amo te ut salves me,
 Aut quia non amantes te
 Æterno punis igne.
 Tu, tu, mi Jesu! totum me
 Amplexus es in cruce;
 Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
 Multamque ignominiam,
 Innumeros dolores,
 Sudores, et angores,
 Ac mortem; et hæc propter me,
 Et pro me peccatore.
 Cur igitur non amem te,
 O Jesu amantissime!

Non ut in cælo salves me,
 Aut in æternum damnes me,
 Aut præmii ullius spe;
 Sed sicut tu amasti me,
 Sic amo, et amabo te;
 Solum quia Rex meus es,
 Et solum quia Deus es.

Of this celebrated hymn, many translations into English verse have appeared; no one of which is thought to 'come near the simplicity and tenderness of the original.' The following is an attempt at

A NEW TRANSLATION.

- 1 O MY God! I do love THEE,
 Not because thou savest me;
 Neither springs my strong desire
 From the dread of endless fire.
- 2 Thou, my Jesus! thou didst die
 On the cross of agony;
 And the fulness of thy grace
 Folded me in its embrace!
- 3 Thou didst bear the nails, the spear,
 Ignominy dark and drear,
 Sorrows numberless and sore,
 Sweats that broke from every pore.
- 4 Now they drag thee from the hall;
 Now they mock thy thirst with gall;
 Now I mark thy laboring breath;
 Now thy head is bowed in death!

- 5 Didst thou all these sufferings take,
Savior! for a sinner's sake?
Why then should I not love thee,
When such love as this I see,
O Incarnate Charity!
- 6 Not because secured from hell,
Do I love thee, Lord! so well:
Not because I am forgiven,
Not because I hope for heaven.
- 7 No! the hope of no reward
Prompts my heart to its regard;
But for undeserved good-will,
I love thee, and must love thee still!
- 8 As my glorious King alone,
Reigning on a rightful throne;
Only as my God above,
Thee, my Jesus! thee I love.
March 20, 1824.

ANOTHER.

O God! I do indeed love thee!
Yet not because thou savest me;
Nor springs my ardor of desire
From dread of everlasting fire.

Thou, my Jesus, didst engross
My heart upon the fatal cross!
O, thou didst bear the nails, the spear,
And matchless ignominy there!

Innumerable sorrows wrung
Thy bosom, Lord! in anguish hung;
While the cold sweat, the laboring breath,
Hasten the dreadful work of death.

And all for me; for me was borne
The pangs with which thy heart was torn!
For me a sinner! Tell me why
My love should not to thine reply?

'Tis not to gain salvation. No!
That could not warm my bosom so;
No hope of heaven, no fear of hell,
Could make me love thee, Lord, so well.

But 'tis thine own most generous love
Doth every power within me move;
This, this, alone, has won my heart,
My King, my God, alone thou art!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

It was the lot of the author to lose both his parents in a single month, before he had reached the age of fourteen. The following lines, with a few alterations chiefly verbal, were written, on that occasion, and are of course one of his earliest compositions in poetry. This circumstance will account for any thing juvenile, or even puerile in the turn of thought; as the author has felt a wish to preserve as perfectly as possible

his natural impressions at that early period, and on an occasion at once so important and melancholy. It is perhaps almost unnecessary to add, that his serious impressions at the time issued, he humbly trusts, in leading him to the pursuit and ultimate attainment of that Christian piety, which formed so conspicuous a feature in the character of his departed parents. Never, never can he cease to bless God for them. He can truly say in the beautiful language of Cowper—

“ My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From thrones enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

AND is it so—my father—mother—gone ?
Are they *both* dead ? Alas ! it is too true.
And I am then an orphan, left to mourn
O'er blessings perished ere their worth I knew !

Forgive, blest spirit of my father dear !—
If e'er thou lookest from thy bright abode—
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
To crown my days with many a needful good.

And thou, my sainted mother ! thou wilt join
In this forgiveness of a soul oppressed ;
Though never, never more shall love like thine
On earth appear to soothe this sorrowing breast.

O, how neglectful was I of your love,
While yet I had your presence and your prayers ;
Alas ! how seldom could your smiles approve
A son unworthy of your tender cares !

Now, now, my sin and shame upon me roll—
Beneath this burden, O, how can I live?
My parents, speak, and calm this troubled soul—
Even from the grave your guilty child forgive

No sculptured marble tells your humble name—
Of men ye never sought nor valued praise;
No minstrel's lyre your virtues gives to fame,
Or sings your sorrows in immortal lays.

But still this faithful memory shall keep
Its record bright, engraven on my heart;
Still o'er your name shall fond Affection weep,
And every wound with dear remembrance smart.

Large gratitude is due to Heaven, I know,
That such kind parents were conferred on me;
What do I not to their instructions owe,
Of all I am—of all I hope to be!

Yes, ye did teach me, in my earliest years,
That virtue's paths are pleasantness and peace;
And still with mild reproof and melting tears,
To warn me of my follies did not cease.

And, O, may God, in his rich mercy, grant
I may on earth a Christian's name sustain;
And each good precept ye did here implant,
May ever rooted in my heart remain!

When from the bustle of the noisy crowd,
At early morn, and eventide, set free;

Then, then, my parents, is my spirit bowed,
In fervent prayer, that such my lot may be !

Then, too, my loss, my love, my grief, revives—
All that lay buried in my mourning breast,
Again in fond imagination lives,
In nature's hues with softened beauty drest.

Then, then, your image rises on my view—
I stretch my arms to clasp the empty shade ;
But only bitterest agonies renew,
By disappointment doomed to be betrayed.

Again with anguish I your loss deplore—
Those eyes of love must beam no more on me !
I see your face—I hear your voice no more—
Your graves are raised beside yon aged tree !

Yet why, ye blest ones, why should I complain
That ye have left a world of pain and strife ?
When well I know for you to die was gain—
Yours is a better and a happier life !

For blest the dead, who die as Christians die !
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they sweetly rest
From earthly labors, and their souls on high,
In full fruition of their God, are blest.

For such we mourn, with fond affection warm,
Yet not as those whom hope can never cheer ;
Nor are we left, unauthorized, to form
A wild conjecture how they shall appear.

No! when the Lord, their Righteousness and Hope,
 Returns to break the slumber of the tomb,
 Then shall their glory reach its brilliant scope,
 And triumph in its amaranthine bloom!
 1817.

ADORATION.

ALMIGHTY One! before whose eye, unrolled
 From everlasting, lies the map of man,
 And the whole volume of his history!
 We, Time's frail children, but the destined heirs
 Of thine eternity, invoke thy name
 With fear and trembling. To thy throne we come,
 Where majesty, with uncreated ray,
 Mingles with mercy in its loveliest form,
 And awes our bold approach.

Thee we adore,

O'erwhelming Being! as the first and last,
 Author, supporter, and consummate end
 Of all existence! intellectual source
 Of the whole worlds of matter and of mind!
 Sovereign disposer, architect sublime,
 And owner of the glorious universe!
 High legislator of the human soul!
 Its constant witness, and its righteous judge!
 Our eyes are dazzled by thy glory's blaze;

Our faculties confounded in the vast
Of thine immensity. Our fancy faints,
And fails to summon worthy thoughts to thee.
Without the aid thy holy Word supplies,
Our understanding wanders without rest!
Without the energy thy Spirit gives,
Our weak affections slumber in their chains!
Without the intercession of thy Son,
Our guilty conscience shrinks beneath thy frown!
But with thy Son, thy Spirit, and thy Word,
The way, and life, and light, we venture near,
And touch the outstretched sceptre of thy grace,
And feel the thrill of love and ecstasy,
The peace of pardon and the bliss of hope,
Before unfelt, unknown!

Thou art our all!

God ever blessed, ever pure and good,
And we are thine forever. O! for faith
To fix our wavering thoughts, exalting still
Our high conceptions of thy character!
To calm all fear, reanimate all hope,
And fill, and ravish, and inflame our hearts
With love and trust perpetual as thy praise!

1824.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet.

Cowper.

ELSEWHERE the mind in every age has roved,
Than where the public cares their train disclose
To thy sweet shades, by Wisdom most beloved,
O Solitude! to find serene repose.

Disturbed by no ill-timed intrusions there;
Left to enjoy what nothing else can give,
The sweets of Friendship, without cankering care,
And in the presence that it loves, to live.

Contempt and Discord here together cease,
And softened Sorrow finds her pensive hours;
And smiling Innocence is linked with Peace,
Mid vales, and streams, and songs, and shady
bowers.

Sweet Solitude! how amiable thou!
Nurse of the virtuous Smile and tender Tear;
Truth, Wisdom, Friendship, at thine altar bow,
And own that happiness is only here!

1824.

BANKS OF THE BUFFALO.

I.

WHAT spirit of peace in this sweet landscape dwells?

Still is thy stream of silver, Buffalo!
Save where in softest undulation swells
Thy living bosom, moving to and fro,
The shadowy masses that appear below,
In the clear mirror of thy faithful breast;
And trembling there is seen the horizon's glow,
And broken clouds rolled far along the west,
In which the glorious sun wraps him and sinks to rest.

II.

O, at this mild and melancholy hour,
Along thy winding banks I love to stray,
To catch the sweetly tranquillizing power,
And yield my soul to meditation's sway.—
Stay yet awhile, ye lovely landscapes, stay,
That I once more upon your charms may gaze,
In the soft mellow light of closing day—
More beautiful than is the noontide blaze,
Or morning's dazzling beam, or evening's shadowy haze.

III.

Vain wish! for in the horizon's distant verge,
I mark the mist of twilight stealing on;
And busy labor's ever-sounding surge

Sinks all around. The daily task is done.
 To his loved home the laborer is gone ;
 And even the traveller's step is heard no more
 On bridge, or bank, or sand, or pebble stone ;
 And scarce distinguishable is the roar
 Of Erie's restless wave, slow dashing on the shore.

IV.

O, 'tis not given to mortal man to stop
 The steady roll of Time's eternal wheel,
 Save when to give a more extended scope
 To Heaven's high purpose, and that man might
 feel

The presence of that great INVISIBLE,
 Whose dread omnipotence he dared deny ;
 And stamp with Heaven's inimitable seal,
 The volume of celestial prophecy ;—

The sun o'er Gibeon's towers hung blazing in the
 sky.

V.

One only pause, an awful pause ! since earth
 Rose into light, and the dread march began,
 Which ends not till creation's second birth
 Is known of thee, majestic orb ! by man.
 But human intellect may dimly scan

These mighty workings of the Eternal Mind ;
 And some there be, forgetful of their span,
 Who question miracles. How vainly blind

To these illustrious ends for which they were de-
 signed !

VI.

Man would not be a sceptic, for the love
 Of dim and drear uncertainty alone ;
 Nor yet that he might proudly soar above
 The herd of vulgar minds, and plant his throne
 Where they might bow in dazzled awe, and own
Him as a God in science and in power :
 For doubt is misery ! And who hath not known
 That other cause than science rules the hour,
 When man begins to doubt of revelation's dower !

VII.

'A *violation* of the *eternal* laws
 'Of nature,' thus an infidel defines .
 A miracle ; and then profoundly draws
 An argument in the succeeding lines,
 From his own definition ; undermines,
 By process brief of verbal sophistry,
 Not only our belief in them as signs
 Of the unseen attesting Deity,
 But even our faith in their bare possibility.

VIII.

'For *we* by uniform experience know,'
 Such is his reasoning, 'that the laws arranged
 'To govern nature, change not. And if so,
 'Tis fairly argued they were *never* changed.
 'Men may have thought so. They might be
 deranged,
 'Or duped by some acute impostor's plan .

‘ And thus the dark-wove fallacy have ranged.
 ‘ And proof is ample that imposture can
 ‘ Usurp dominion o’er the faith and life of man.

IX.

‘ Must man give credence to each ghostly tale
 ‘ Which Superstition to her dupes hath told?
 ‘ Must he resign his reason to the gale
 ‘ That swept to fatal shores his bark of old?
 ‘ Priests, politicians, raised from lust of gold;
 ‘ Ere yet the compass of philosophy
 ‘ Taught him to steer where Truth waits to
 unfold
 ‘ Her ample treasures to her votary,
 ‘ Uninjured by the sword, or dread *Auto da Fe.*’

* * * * *

X.

But pause, proud sophist! Tell me, where wert
 thou,
 When the foundations of the earth were laid?
 Whence sprung the harmonious universe? And
 how
Arose the order, nature since obeyed?
 Question thine own experience. Will its aid
 Throw light upon the dark of ancient years?
 Was there no *miracle* when man was made,
 And earth, and sea, and yonder glorious spheres?
 Or is *creation*, then, what every day appears?

XI.

Know there have been, even on this little earth,
 (The proofs irrefragable lie around,)
 Such marvels wrought even in creation's birth,
 As *our* short-lived experience must confound.
 And was the mighty Worker's hand thence
 bound?
 O thou, that limitest Almighty Love,
 How canst thou say no reasons can be found,
 In fallen man's deep wretchedness, to move
 That mighty Hand once more, to raise the soul
 above?

XII.

Vain-glorious mortal! base immortal! clay
 With spirit in alliance! know thy span.
 Ere thine own shadowy life shall flit away,
 And earth reclaim thee, know thyself a man.
 And knowing this, affect not thus to scan
 The infinitude of thy Creator's ways;
 And say what He has done, will do, or can,
 For the redemption of a dying race.—
 Turn, turn, and sun thy soul in truth's immortal
 blaze.

XIII.

Though sophistry must ever move the scorn
 Of man, as man, with vigorous reason blest;
 Yet tenderer thoughts and sentiments are born
 Of Charity within the Christian's breast.
 For well he knows the cause of thy unrest—

Why thou *canst not* believe the BIBLE true :—

Since SANCTITY, the seal by Heaven impressed,
Around its pages sheds a bright halo,
That shows the sinner's shame, and sin's tremendous due.

XIV.

And therefore is his pity stirred for thee,

Sceptic, or scorner, sophist, or *savan*!

He knows thy present inward misery,—

Ay, from thyself conceal it, if ye can!

How often hast thou groaned beneath the ban

Of thine own conscience, till the wish arose,

That thou wert any other thing than Man!

So thou mightst 'scape the agonizing throes

That wring thy bosom now, and haunt life's fearful close.

XV.

Yet wilt thou hide repentance from thine eyes,

And madly plunge into the crowd again;

As if to lull the worm that never dies,

And stifle, if not quench, thy spirit's pain.

Attempt, alas, preposterous and vain!

The hour of recollection must arrive,

When Conscience will assert her dreaded reign;

And thou in vain against her voice shalt strive,

And Truth, resisted long, shall fearfully revive.

XVI.

But thou wilt still, perhaps, thyself deceive—

Nor is, alas, such self-deception rare!

And say thou *wouldst* indeed the truth believe,
 But to believe the BIBLE must despair—
 That credibility is wanting there,
 And Reason holds thee back in doubt or scorn.—
 Yes, thou wouldst follow Truth, didst thou but
 dare!

But thou hast not the moral courage born
 Of a pure heart! and hence dost wander on forlorn.

XVII.

O, first of all, be honest with thyself!
 Thy keel hath struck upon a hidden reef—
 The love of pleasure, power, distinction, pelf,
 O'ermasters thee—holds thee in unbelief!
 Thou wouldst love Truth, too; but she is not
 chief

In thine affections, and her voice is drowned
 Amidst thy bosom's uproar! What relief
 From aught but true Repentance can be found,
 Though evidence be poured in noonday blaze around?

XVIII.

And there *is* evidence! That very BOOK,
 So wronged, and spurned, and garbled, and
 belied,

Hath witnesses so strong, that they have shook
 Thy soul at times, in spite of all its pride.
 Let once the character of JESUS glide
 Across thy thoughts in beauty all divine!—
 Forsaking HIM, hast thou a safer guide?—

‘Reason.’—Whose reason, whose?—Alas for thine,
Which hath so widely erred from Truth’s unerring
line!

XIX.

Turn! and with tears of penitence bedew
The bitter *source of doubt* within thy breast!
GUILT MAKES THE SCEPTIC! clouds the mental
view;
Robs the palled heart of that delightful zest
Of Virtue, without which the soul, unblest,
Wanders from Truth’s eternal track of light,
Unmindful whither, wildering after rest:
For who, when conscious guilt appalled his sight,
But shuddered at himself, and shrunk back into
night!

XX.

I would not be a sceptic!—doomed to float
And toss on Doubt’s dread ocean all my days;
From the calm bay of Confidence remote;
Shrouded in sullen, dim, disastrous haze,
Illumined only by the frequent blaze
Of signal guns, which bear along the deep,
Report of fate.—Tempt not such dangerous
ways!
O, how can life’s frail bark her balance keep,
Or Reason hold the helm, when Passion’s whirl-
winds sweep?

XXI.

Nor yet would I be credulous, nor think
 That every light which gleams along the sea,
 Is safety's beacon. Rather let me sink
 In the dark ocean of Uncertainty!
 O, from those fetters be my spirit free,
 Which Superstition binds on shipwrecked man!
 There is one star that streams o'er Calvary—
 A changeless one! whose steady lustre can
 Guide o'er this desert world Time's wandering
 caravan!

XXII.

Star of the soul! how sweetly dost thou shine!
 Thine is no dazzling or deceitful ray;
 Through every cloud thy radiance, all divine,
 Lights earth's dark pilgrims on their heaven-
 ward way.
 Not sweeter doth the dawning light of day
 The night-worn wanderer's weary eye accost;
 Not dearer shines, high o'er the billowy spray,
 The polar beam to seamen tempest tossed,
 Than shines salvation's beam, unto the sinner lost!—

* * * * *

XXIII.

But I have wandered, in these musings cast,
 Far from the village, and the chill dews warn
 Me to my home. The darkness thickens fast,
 And gathering clouds obscure the moon's pale
 horn.

Yet though of her soft silvery lustre shorn,
Mid yon moored shipping twinkling tapers wake,
To cheer the deepening gloom; and until morn
Upon the sailor's wishful eye shall break,
Yon beacon tower* shall gleam across the darkened
lake.

Buffalo, May 1, 1824.

VISIT TO MY NATIVE PLACE.

I HAVE come to the land where my being sprung,
And in earliest boyhood rose;
I have come to the spot where my mother sung,
My infancy to repose.

I have seen the house where my father dwelt,
Where my memory first began;
And the thoughts that were then so deeply felt,
Afresh o'er my bosom ran.

Fourteen summers their suns have shed,
Since this spot was left behind;
Fourteen years of my life have fled,
And, O! what a change I find!

Now, when returned to my natal soil,
I survey each much-loved scene;

* The Light House, on the pier that forms the harbor

Time has been here with his wonted spoil ;
It is not as it once hath been !

I have found the rocks where my childhood roved,
Still lifting their foreheads gray ;
But where are the bowers that my childhood loved ?
They are withered all away !

I have found the homes where my grandsires dwelt,
Where in prayer to God they kneeled ;
But where are the forms that within them knelt ?
—In the deep, dark tomb concealed !

* * * * *

Oft do I muse on the days that are past,
As I tread these dear scenes o'er ;
And think—this visit, perhaps the last—
I shall gaze on them no more !

I must leave my loved ancestral home,
And my infant brother's grave ;
And far in the rising West must roam,
The lost to seek and save.

And the spot where my father and mother sleep,
And a sister forever dear ;
I must pass—and I may not pause to weep,
Nor raise my tombstone near.

I must haste where the waters of Erie roll,
And his torrents in thunder fall ;
I must go in the sadness of my soul,
For it is my Savior's call.

* * * * *

But vanish, ye visions of sombre hue !
 For ye veil that Savior's love ;
 Far other visions demand my view,
 -And bless me from above.

Have I not gazed on the brilliant beams
 That break from his Holy Place ?
 Have I not drank of the living streams
 Of his o'erflowing grace ?

Has not his Spirit's reviving breath
 Breathed o'er my soul the while ?
 And over my kindred who sleep in death,
 Did not his mercy smile ?

And in many more that still survive,
 Hath he not salvation wrought ?
 Are they not now unto God alive—
 And O, shall I praise him not ?

Hath he not blessed me in every place,
 That I have so lately viewed ?
 And can I receive this excess of grace,
 Unglowing with gratitude ?

I cannot ! This heart which in fulness swells,
 Shall its soft thanksgivings pour ;
 And Affection's tide, which within it wells,
 Shall gush in its freshness o'er !

* * * * *

Farewell, ye scenes of my native land !
 Though ye still are dear to me ;

Your suns are as bright, and your gales as bland,
As in joyous infancy.

Farewell, ye friends of my early youth !
Ye are twined around my heart ;
And, linked in the bonds of eternal truth,
Our spirits can never part.

Bowing now to our Father's will,
I haste to a distant shore ;
But He who hath loved us, will love us still,
Though on earth we meet no more.

On our spirits his peace He'll shed,
Like Hermon's holy dew ;
And a hope like the star which the Magi led,
To guide us our journey through.

And should our way be dark or bright,
On him we may still depend ;
A cloud by day, and a fire by night,
Till we reach our journey's end.

And he will uphold the fainting head,
When Death's cold hand is near ;—
And when we are laid to our kindred dead,
And those that in life were dear—

He will watch over our couch of rest
Till the morn eternal rise,
And in immortality we are drest,
For communion in the skies.

New London, Conn., May 20, 1824

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

O, CAN the MORAL MUSE forget
 That years are stealing life away ;
 That those who list enraptured yet
 To the soft breathings of her lay,
 Are on the torrent of decay,
 Hurried unconsciously along ;
 And, ah ! to-morrow where are they,
 And where is she who raised the song ?

Can she forget ? Ah, yes, she may !
 How oft, when lulled in Fancy's bowers,
 Day dreams have held their aery sway,
 And robed the changeful earth in flowers—
 Still blooming on through suns and showers,
 Still shedding forth their perfumed breath—
 Even while around the tempest lowers,
 And roars the cataract of Death !

Enchanted earth ! enchanted earth !
 What is the magic of thy spell,
 That beings of immortal birth
 Should love thy very wreck so well ?
 When conscious that the coming swell
 Of Time's chill wave will sternly sweep
 O'er every form of life.—A knell !—
 Eternity its own will keep.

MUSE OF ETERNITY! awake!

The wind of Death is on the lyre!
O, when thy dream of earth shall break,
To heavenly heights shalt thou aspire;
Shalt glance around an eye of fire,
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
On all the objects of desire,
Which were, or are, or are to be!

Earth's panorama;—they shall pass,
As once before the Savior's eye;
All, all within Time's measured glass,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, authority;—
All that is doomed with man to die,
For one offence with him accurst;
Heirs, not of his eternity,
But of his vanity and dust.

And, O, shall man presume to rest
In this unstable, turbid state?
On the wild wave to build his nest,
The victim and the sport of fate!—
Is there no ark, whose steady weight
May breast the ocean billow's shock;
And safely bear its precious freight
To rest on Heaven's eternal Rock?

There is! To Faith's unclouded eyes,
See, holding on her course sublime,
An ark, the CHURCH OF GOD, arise,
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time!

Millions from every coast and clime,
 Charmed by her welcome, haste on board ;
 Hark ! how they swell in hallowed chime,
 GLORY TO CHRIST, OUR SAVIOR LORD !
Buffalo, Sept. 1824.

TO SOPHRONA.

AN ACROSTIC.

S HALL youth and beauty fade away and die,
 O r shrink to nothing in your Maker's eye ?
 P erish the spell that to this world would bind,
 H arden the conscience, and the judgment blind.
 R eason ! Religion ! come and break the sway
 O f every object doomed to pass away.
 N o real satisfaction they afford,
 A nd yet the heart they sever from its rightful Lord.

W hy should the soul, born for eternity,
 I nfatuated with the present be ?
 L o ! fairer scenes and purer pleasures rise,
 B right in perspective, far above the skies.
 U nfading youth and beauty flourish there,
 R ise, dear Sophrona, rise ! that fadeless glory share.
 1820.

TO THE MOON.

BEAUTIFUL Moon! Thou lookest down,
So sweetly pure, so calmly bright,
Thy smile of love appears to crown
Each living thing beneath thy light.
What pure and exquisite delight
To many a heart thy smile is raying—
Sweet smile! I cannot deem it night,
While on my brow so brightly playing.

Yet, lovely orb! didst thou enshrine
A spirit of superior mould;
Who in a circuit vast as thine,
Round the whole earth, could, as he rolled,
Thence with discerning eye behold
All on our guilty planet passing;
How would his heart turn deadly cold,
To see the crimes and woes amassing!

O, there are those who wildly talk
Of chaste Diana's vestal fires;
Mere apes of sentiment! who mock
That purity the world admires;
Who when the end they seek requires
A veil to hide thy virgin splendor;
Unblushing cant of pure desires
Woke in thy beam so chaste and tender.

Yet thou art pure and innocent,
Fair orb! though many a passion vile,
In human bosoms, darkly blent,
Hath fed upon thy lovely smile.
O, there are eyes that weep the while
They gaze upon thy cloudless beauty,
O'er vows by moonlight made in guile,
To draw them from the path of duty!

But there are other, dearer scenes,
Earth's beauteous regent! known to thee;
Where no base passion intervenes,
To taint their spotless purity.
As when thou Jesse's son didst see
Upon thy train of radiance gazing;
In wrapt adoring ecstasy
Thine infinite Creator praising.

And oft, from thy cerulean sphere,
Thou lookest down with placid charm
On youthful forms to friendship dear,
At leisure walking, arm in arm;
While sympathies so pure and warm,
To heavenly themes their spirits tuning;
Angels might stoop without alarm,
And listen to their high communing.

And they do listen!—though unknown
To those around whose path they move,
Seraphs who stand before the Throne,
And there their high allegiance prove;

Commission in the world above,
 From the Eternal Word receiving,
 Descend on ministries of love,
 To watch the steps of his believing.

And well they watch, those guardian choirs!
 To ward the blow with danger woke:—
 When o'er Rangoon's refulgent spires,
 The cloud of war in thunder broke;
 When fled her chiefs mid fire and smoke,
 Their cruelty with terror blending;
 Who saved God's servants from the stroke
 Of glittering steel above impending?*

Sweet image of the dazzling sun!
 Thou givest us a softened light;
 And art an emblem fair of ONE,
 Who standeth in the FATHER'S sight,
 The object of supreme delight,
 The glory of his grace reflecting,
 Far down on man's deep moral night
 His wandering feet to Heaven directing.

O, once o'er sad Gethsemane
 Thy beams of beauty softly strayed;
 In dimness hovering there to see
 The Lord of life to death betrayed;

* See the narrative of the almost miraculous escape of Messrs. Wade and Hough, American missionaries to Rangoon, on the occasion here alluded to, in the Am. Bap. Magazine for December, 1824.

The blood drops gushing as he prayed,
On the cold earth where he was kneeling ;
With a world's guilt upon him laid,
And agony past human feeling !

And thou, as full, as bright, as now,
Upon the sepulchre didst gleam ;
Where stood the guards with gloomy brow,
And armor flashing in thy beam ;
Thou sawest the awful lightnings stream,
As the celestial form descended ;
And earth convulsed with awe supreme,
As from the tomb God's Son ascended.

Beautiful orb ! in thy blue path,
Star-paved, a pilgrim sweet and lone ;
Even till the final day of wrath,
From age to age thou travellest on.
Still shine on me as thou hast shone,
Unclouded Moon ! until my spirit
A purer glory from the throne
Of God—my God,—the Lamb ! inherit.
December 1, 1824.

THE APOSTATE.

THE current of peace and enjoyment has fled,
Its channel in emptiness winding ;
And the hopes that once bloomed on its margin are
dead,
Their wonted support not finding.

For the Spirit of truth has abandoned his soul,
And the breathings of love departed ;
And sin has usurped the supreme control,
And the horrors of guilt imparted.
1821.

THE DYING SISTER.

HAST thou e'er lost a sister? one who loved
Thee with a love most cordial and most pure ;
One whose attachment had been often proved,
And found through every trial to endure ;—
A tie affliction only made more sure,
More closely clinging round the suffering breast ;
O, that from Death's stern grasp it could secure !
Hast thou seen such a one, with pain opprest,
Languish upon her couch, and vainly seek for rest ?

Hast thou with me gazed on that delicate form,
Now slowly yielding to the waste of death?
Hast thou bent o'er, with fond affection warm,
Her cold, damp brow, and watched each gasp
for breath?

And hast thou thought, as she would feebly writhe,
The child of lingering death! in anguish keen,
The grasp of the all-conquering foe beneath,
That there was something in that solemn scene,
Of deeper import far, which tells of worlds unsewn?

Yet though so trying be that solemn hour,
Know that Religion can relief impart;
Through the deep gloom her heavenly radiance
pour,
And soothe to soft repose the aching heart;
Aye, pluck the sting from sorrow's venom'd dart,
And teach the dim and closing eye to smile,
Brilliant in death! with sorrowing friends to part,
Submissive, joyful! as sweet Hope, the while,
Points to a blissful rest from mortal pain and toil.

O, I have felt thy power, Christianity!
Daughter of Heaven! and bow before the throne
Of Him whose image beams so bright in thee;
By that bright image thy descent is known!
Still shine on me, fair Light! as thou hast shone,
While threading still this world's dark wil-
derness;

And kindle still that elevated tone
 Of meek and unrepining thankfulness,
 Which prompts me now the Hand that chastens me
 to bless!

1821.

THE

DEATH OF MIDSHIPMAN ROBERT B. COFFIN,

(OF THE U. S. SHIP OF WAR FRANKLIN,)

Who, with Lieutenant James A. Perry, and seven others, was
 drowned on the coast of Chili, South America, in 1822.

BRIGHTLY the morn breaks o'er the mountain steep,
 The blue mist sleeps on Chili's distant shore ;
 The Franklin rides majestic on the deep,
 Which breaks around her with incessant roar.

The boat is launched, and o'er the rolling sea,
 Nine gallant youths, Quintera ! seek thy vales ;
 The dash of oars gives back their song of glee,
 And echoes far upon the sounding gales.

No woman's heart is there ! With giant arm,
 On through the wildly heaving surge they
 sweep :—

But see, yon mountain billow, like a storm,
 Bursts o'er the bark, and whelms them in the deep.

Perry! where art thou? Through the surf and foam,
 I see, I see him vainly strive to save
 His hapless comrades—till at length o'ercome,
 They sink in death beneath the dashing wave.

Grief-struck he turns away; in fretted pride
 Around him roars the tumult of the sea;
 But, hark! a shout comes o'er the foaming tide;
 That shout, O gallant Coffin! comes from thee.

'Tis gone!—Again above the rush and roar
 Of the mad waves, that voice has burst its way;
 'Courage! brave Perry—see, we near the shore.'
 'Courage! now, Coffin, dash through yonder
 spray.'

The suffering heroes thus with cheers sustain
 The strength that buffets the impetuous wave;
 Tost back, drenched deep, still every nerve they
 strain
 Life from the black and billowy deep to save.

But fainter now the cheering voice is heard,
 And fainter still, and fainter. It has ceased!
 From Coffin's eye his friend has disappeared,
 Gone to his long, unbroken, dreamless rest!

Sick grows his heart, and paralyzed his arm;
 'Why should I strive when Perry is no more?'
 'My sun is set, and life has lost its charm—
 'O brother! O my mother! all is o'er.'

One anguished cry escapes his yearning soul,
The words, half formed, are murmuring on his
breath ;

High o'er his head the rising billows roll,—
His lifeless form floats on the surge of death.

Rushed the broad sun behind the gathering clouds ;
The sea-bird's shriek is heard along the wave ;
The fitful blast sings through the Franklin's shrouds,
And dirge-like moans o'er Robert's early grave.

July, 1822.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

THE arrow of Death was on the bow,
And aimed full rightly to lay him low,
Yet little, I ween, did the stripling know
Of the wiles of his last and lurking foe
To work his early doom ;
And cheerily he went on his way,
Nor dreamed of his fastly closing day ;
For who could have fancied, when all was gay,
That the setting sun's first rising ray
Would shine upon his tomb ?

The shaft in secret flew !—He fell !
'Twas night when we heard the funeral knell,
And we wept over him whom we loved so well
As we laid him down in his narrow cell,

To moulder in the clay ;
But, O, we did not sorrow as those
O'er whom Despair his dark mantle throws ;
For we knew, as we witnessed his dim eyes close,
That his spirit with joy from the death-shock rose
To mansions of endless day.

1821.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIAN CENTINEL, JAN. 1, 1822.

HIGH on his watch-tower, when afar
Dark Midnight rolls his ebon car,
Begemmed with stars, in silence deep,
O'er half mankind involved in sleep,
The faithful CENTINEL appears,
Watching the steady flight of years,
If haply he from each may gain
Some lessons worthy to retain,
Ere they shall vanish from his ken,
And be as though they had not been.

The hours roll on—till robed in white,
Through eastern portals comes the light,
The virgin skies receive the dawn
Blushing, and brighten into morn.—
Watchful he sees, and lifting high
His voice, afar he sends his cry :

17*

'Mortals, awake! the rising sun
 'Proclaims another year begun.
 'Mortals, awake! awake, and hear
 'The record of the by-gone year.'

Wo! wo! the impious hand betide,
 That dares presumptuous draw aside
 That awful veil, the Only Wise
 Hangs o'er the secrets of the skies,
 To shelter them from mortal eyes.
 Ill does it boot, with curious eye,
 To scan a dark futurity,
 When all we know of things to come,
 Is—nothing! Why should fancy roam?
 To-morrow boast not. Who shall say,
 'Twill dawn on him who breathes to-day?
 Deep in the dust, vain mortal, hide!
 Thy frailty own—renounce thy pride—
 In humble silence sit and hear
 The lessons of the by-gone year.

Placed on a mountain's height sublime,
 We look adown the vale of Time,
 Where various scenes successive rise
 In retrospect before our eyes;
 And dimly mid the group is seen
 The faded form of ENGLAND'S QUEEN.
 No more she blooms in youthful charms,
 Thrust scornful from a husband's arms.
 Accused, condemned, degraded, now,
 Grief sits upon her care-worn brow,

And vainly does she press the claim
Of ancient Brunswick's royal name,
Plundered of every virgin gem
That sparkled in her diadem.
Ill-fated Caroline! the tear
That pities fallen greatness, here
Has dropped, and glistens on thy bier!

Hark! heard you not the cannon's roar
Echoing along the rocky shore,
And rolling o'er the sullen wave?—
It rose above NAPOLEON'S grave!
Ambition! from thy dizzy steep,
Descend and linger here and weep.
Gaze on thy foster-child, and own
How vain the sceptre and the throne
To give enduring bliss, and poor
Indeed the man that has no more!

Heroes of earth, and sons of fame!
Ye bold aspirers to a name!
Approach the death-bier! This is he,
Whose nod was Europe's destiny—
Whose voice of thunder, heard afar,
Poured death along the ranks of war—
Whose eagle banner, wide unfurled,
Menaced destruction to the world.
What blood-won trophies wreathed his brow,
It matters not—behold him now
A stiffened corse! The soul is gone
For judgment to the Eternal Throne!

Ask ye his doom? 'Tis wrapt in night.
Shall not the Judge of all do right?
There leave we him, and slowly turn
This lesson from his fate to learn:—
'The grave, the coffin, and the shroud,
'Await the proudest of the proud:
'And better far was Lazarus' doom,
'Than the rich man's, beyond the tomb.'

What thrilling voice is this I hear?
What clangor breaks upon the ear?
What mingling sounds come on the breeze?
'Oppression!' 'Liberty!' and 'Greece!'
Lo! mid the gloom that clouds the strife,
I see the desperate tug for life,
Where fiery youth and feeble age,
And noble patriot hearts, engage
The Moslem's strength, the Moslem's rage,
And, glaring through the troubled skies,
Bold Ypsilanti's banner flies.
Rouse, rouse thy valor, hapless land!
Dash thee against the oppressor's hand,
And never may the voice of peace
Rise but from independent Greece!

Is it the battle's roar again
Comes echoing loud o'er Darien?
No! 'tis the shout of victory
Reverberating through the sky.
Brave Bolivar, it is thy fame!—
The South has caught the patriot flame,

And glorious deeds the stain efface
Of fair Columbia's disgrace.
Her sons have burst their galling chain,
And triumphed o'er the arts of Spain,
And, aided by the Almighty hand,
Swept the oppressor from the land!

Enough of scenes of war and blood—
As when of old the Prophet stood
On Horeb's mount before the Lord,
Attentive to the inspiring word,
The tempest came with headlong course,
And the rocks rent beneath its force,—
When the rude earthquake in its birth
With strong concussions shook the earth—
When last the fire loud-rushing came,
And wrapt all Horeb in its flame—
'*God was not there!*'—so here in vain
We seek him on the ensanguined plain.
'Tis in the 'still small voice' we trace
The footsteps of the God of Grace.

America! my native land,
My soul awakes at thought of thee;
The Muses wave their magic wand,
And strike the lyre of Liberty.

Here FREEDOM holds her happy reign,
And equal laws her rights maintain;
Sweet Peace her dove-like wing extends
O'er one wide family of friends;

PLENTY with golden horn appears,
Scattering the fruits of bounteous years ;
And COMMERCE spreads her whitening sail
To catch the breath of every gale.
Here ART assiduous plies her tools,
And SCIENCE walks amid her schools ;
And all combine the land to bless
With wisdom, worth, and happiness.

O GOD OF GRACE ! how manifold
The blessings we receive from Thee !
Cold is the heart—the heart is cold,
That here can still ungrateful be,
And not with warm affection glow
To HIM from whom such blessings flow.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE HAMILTON RECORDER, JANU-
ARY 1, 1823.

THE sun had hid him in the west,
The bell had rung the hour of rest,
When the Recorder sought his room,
With cheerful fire dispelled the gloom,
Took up the volume of the past,
And, reckless of the stores amassed,
Turned to the chapter of the year,—
Saw that the closing line was near,

Reviewed the storied page, and then
Finished the line, and dropt his pen.

By Curiosity now led,
Ask you what in those lines he read ;
Ask you if aught recorded there
Be worthy of the public care ?
Patrons ! of this we only say,
Judge ye what we before you lay.

Not yet the trump of war is hushed ;
Not yet tyrannic power is crushed.
And well ye know the fate of Greece,
 Struggling against her ruthless foes,
When scorning an inglorious ease,
 The might of other days arose ;
Leonidas, once more returned,
In gallant Ypsilanti burned ;
And such as fought for Grecia once,
 At Marathon and Salamis,
Again enrolled themselves her sons,
 To gain her long-lost liberties.
Then rose her drooping eye once more
To Freedom, as in days of yore ;
And Hope foretold a glorious peace,
To bless emancipated Greece.

— Sudden the iron tempest broke ;
Her bravest reeled beneath the stroke ;
And Scio sank ! The tyrant's hand
To blood and pillage gave the land.

Then scenes of wo and death ensued,
Such as the tongue may never speak ;
Read it in wide-spread solitude !

Behold it on the orphan's cheek !—
The deadly work is done, and o'er ;
But Scio's captive sons will smile no more !

— Not fallen yet !—not fallen yet !

Though dark the day, and red the strife,
Thy sun of glory has not set !

Thy gallant sons are yet in life,
O land of heroes ! and thy name,
Liberty yet shall give to fame.—
But awful vengeance on thy foes,
Red in the dark horizon glows ;
And soon the thunderbolt of wrath
Shall break upon the Moslem's path,
And fatal as the Siroc's breath,
Blast all his guilty power in death.

Joy to the Cross ! the Crescent wanes ;

The night is wearing fast away ;
And soon on Islam's darkened fanes,
Shall burst the radiant light of day ;
And rock and hill, and tower and stream,
Shall kindle in the ardent beam.

That hallowed beam, so bright to bless,
Is thine, O Sun of Righteousness !

O come the time ! O come the time !

When demon-wakened war shall cease ;

And Freedom o'er each weary clime
Shall wave the olive branch of peace.
The very soul is sick, to see
The mountain woes of anarchy.

While Science spreads her light through earth,
While Arts are springing into birth ;
While Truth her torch is waving wide,
Where'er the forms of Error hide ;
While darkling Superstition's flee,
With giant-born Idolatry,
Before sweet Christianity,
Arrayed in youthful purity,
Fair as the moon mid evening's blue,
Bright as the morn with sparkling dew,
And, in her march from coast to coast,
Majestic as a bannered host ;—
Let earth rejoice, and every shore
Its thundering halleluia pour !

Not yet the missionary's feet
Have prest the soil of every land ;
Not yet the tides of Mercy meet,
A sea unbounded by a strand !
Not yet the Bible, book of Heaven !
Boon beyond price to mortals given !
The Bible—on whose hallowed page
Ten thousand truths in beauty shine,
And still the virtuous heart engage,
With energy supreme, divine ;—

Not yet the Bible finds its way
 To all who see the light of day.
 There is a sinner still who feels
 His need of truth that book reveals ;
 There is a mourner still who knows
 Nought of its solace for her woes !
 Ah, yes ! and o'er those sorrows deep,
 How long shall Mercy's angel weep ?
 How long shall her imploring voice
 Solicit aid from us in vain ?
 Rise ! rise ! be ours the generous joys
 To shower the Word of God like rain
 Upon the parched and barren soil,
 Till Earth with moral verdure smile.

Not yet has every nation known
 The glories of Messiah's throne : —
 Yet it must be ; — that kingdom come,
 As erst by prophecy foretold ;
 And Gentile converts welcome home
 The chosen Israel of old ;
 And both together bow the knee,
 Redeemer of mankind ! to thee.

* * * * *

Patrons in years ! a few more suns
 Shall round this earthly sphere have rolled ;
 When hearts that beat with ardor once,
 Shall in the grasp of Death be cold ;
 And while in slumber they repose,
 The stream of Time shall o'er them close.

Long, long may Heaven avert from you
The awful debt to nature due !
But when it may no longer be,
And you shall bid your sons farewell,
O, may you leave us peacefully,
And go in happier worlds to dwell !
While those who linger still on earth,
Cherish the memory of your worth.

Patrons in middle age ! the year
Which the Recorder's pen hath traced,
Is blotted o'er with many a tear,
And mortal friendships are effaced.
Have ye not heard the village bell
Toll out the sad funereal knell ?
Hush ! 'tis the widow's secret wail,
Rising from unknown depths of grief.
Why is her faded cheek so pale ?
Her orphans—do they seek relief ?
Friends of her youth ! they look to you ;
Visit, console, relieve, anew.—
And oft, full oft, as you return
From visiting the lowly cot,
And see your own sweet fireside burn,
You'll think how happier is your lot ;
How blest your own dear children are
Beneath their living parents' care !

Patrons in youth ! turn not away
From grave remark on festal day ;

Such festal days will soon be past—
 Haply your eyes have seen the last!
 Yet on this thought we will not dwell—
 Patrons in youth! we wish you well.
 May the new year you've now begun,
 Be rich in joy to every one;
 In worth and wisdom all improve,
 And bless you with a Savior's love!

Patrons! one word, and we have done--
TIME IS ETERNITY BEGUN!

REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1824.

WRITTEN AS A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS FOR THE
 BUFFALO EMPORIUM, JAN. 1, 1825.

I.

ANOTHER year, upon the rapid tide
 Of Time swept down toward Death's expand-
 ing bay,
 While thousands more have sunk even at our side,
 PATRONS! we hail you on this joyous day.
 'Tis meet that we take up our artless lay,
 And bid the rude lyre wake its echo clear;
 First to the great PRESERVER homage pay,
 Then kindly greet you with accustomed cheer,
 And wish you from our heart a truly HAPPY YEAR!

II.

Voyagers upon the flood of years !
Ere yet the destined port appears,
Ye may, perchance, a season rest
In the Emporium of the West.
Thence turn the eye of memory back,
O'er the past year's eventful track ;
And, glancing toward your final home,
Lay in new stores for time to come.

III.

What have we seen? The deep blue sky
Swelling in silent majesty ;
Glowing beneath the beam of day ,
Lit by the stars with dewy ray.—
What have we seen? The landscape fair,
Lake, village, wood, and green parterre ;
A various scene of magic power,
Changing with every sun and shower.—
What have we seen? The storm come forth
In Winter from the roaring north ;
The efflorescence of the Spring ;
The Summer's sunshine lingering ;
The ripeness of the golden fruit,
The rich reward of Autumn's suit.

IV.

The triumphs of improvement rise,
Success attends our enterprise.
New ground is broke, and healthful Toil
Treads with a firmer foot the soil,

Wipes his wet brow, and smiling stands
To view the labors of his hands.
Commerce new plumes her snowy wings,
Flies o'er the seas, and gayly sings;
Cleaves the canal, and cuts the road,
And cowers at once o'er land and flood.
Art bids his wheels impetuous roll,
And bounds exulting to the goal.
And Science bids her lights expand,
To cheer and bless our native land.

V.

What have we seen? The form, the eye,
Of beauty and of dignity;
The stranger's glance before us flitting;
The group around our fireside sitting;
Some that have smiled on us for years,
And some whose smile now first appears
Dimpling upon the infant cheek,
Ere yet the tongue its love can speak.

VI.

What have we seen? The year is fled:—
Tears, deep-wrung tears, have wept the dead,
And Memory fondly lingers o'er
Forms that on earth are seen no more.

VII.

What have we heard? The bird of morn
Awake us with his piercing horn;
The sprightly music of the woods;
The murmur of the rippling floods;

The rattling thunder, and the roar
 Of the chafed lake and echoing shore.—
 What have we heard? The daily hum
 Of busy men that go and come :
 The laborer's loud and cheerful song ;
 'The table talk—more low, but long.—
 What have we heard? A thousand voices,
 That tell us the living world rejoices !
 What have we heard? A thousand sighs,
 That tell us the loved and the lover dies !—
 What have we heard? Yon house of prayer
 Of this may serious witness bear

VIII.

What have we felt? The joys that spring,
 Pure, under Law's maternal wing ;
 The blessings of the free !
 Who crouch not to a tyrant's sway,
 Who hold the oppressor's arm at bay ;—
 Our government the common choice,
 Our rulers raised by public voice ;
 In whose firm wisdom we confide
 The powerful helm of state to guide,
 Secure from anarchy.
 Did they turn venal—use their power
 Corruptly? In an awful hour,
 The Public Spirit woke,
 And down from their dishonored height,
 Dashed them in her indignant might,
 And every fetter broke.

IX.

Yes, ours are liberty and peace ;—
 All, all for which illustrious Greece
 The red right arm of death hath bared,
 And nobly done, and nobly dared,
 All perils in her righteous war
 Against the Turkish scimeter.

X.

Land of Leonidas ! in vain
 The Moslem wreathes the galling chain ;
 Oppression's wide and wasting sea
 Is checked at stern Thermopylæ,
 And backward rolls, a broken flood,
 Drained as it rolls, and red with blood ;—
 And now in Samos' strait,
 See, see, it meets the Grecian fires—
 Hisses—recoils—explodes—expires !—
 Greece, yet regenerate,
 Shall kneel on her untrampled shore,
 Her great Deliverer to adore !

XI.

Nor hath the South less nobly done ;—
 The meed of Valor there is won,
 And Freedom's banner floats,
 Triumphant, in the closing year,
 O'er the whole Western Hemisphere,
 And Freedom's joyous notes
 Swell where her banner is unfurled,
 And wake the echoes of a world.

XII.

Is there a man who refuses to feel
A generous joy at his country's weal?
Is there a man who is not content
With the fruits of our liberal government?—
The lips of that man are unworthy yet
To pronounce the name of a LA FAYETTE!
And his eyes to gaze on that generous son
Of our own immortal WASHINGTON!
And his heart to taste of the rapture sweet,
That rolls like a wave at the veteran's feet,
And swells in triumph in every breast,
That hath loved and welcomed 'THE NATION'S
GUEST.'

XIII.

What have we felt? The joys of Health.
No pestilence, with midnight stealth,
Hath passed our streets, and stole the bloom
Of life, to hide it in the tomb.—
The sweets of Plenty. Famine, dread,
Hath from our fruitful borders fled;
Where timely sun and shower were given
In mercy by indulgent Heaven,
Whose goodness still forbears the stroke
Ingratitude doth still provoke,
And bids alike his creatures share
His tenderest providential care.—
O, who such goodness can despise,
Nor yield his heart in sacrifice?—

XIV.

What have we felt? The sacred joys
That rise at pure RELIGION'S voice.
The peace that flows from pardoned sin,
And purity begun within ;
And gratitude that fills the breast
With rapture not to be expressed,
In Him who is our only pride,
Our boast, our song—the CRUCIFIED !
The light that still to Faith is given
To guide our wandering feet to heaven ;
And Hope, glad Hope, which upward springs
On Faith and Love's expanding wings ;
Devotion breathing from the heart
To Him whose promises impart
A consolation, strength, repose,
The unbeliever never knows ;
Fraternal Love, which smiles to see
The church of God's prosperity ;
And Charity, which burns to bless
A world of guilt and wretchedness.

XV.

O, learn, ye rich ! in wealth secure,
To share your blessings with the poor,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed ;
In works of mercy rich indeed !
Instruct the ignorant—impart
The light of heaven to cheer the heart ;
Console the desolate—and share
The widow's song, the orphan's prayer !—

XVI.

O, could the Chart be but once unfurled,
Which records the track of the living world,
Could the curious eye of the mind peruse
Distinctly the feelings, and facts, and views,
What a panorama would then appear
Of shifting scenes in a single year!
And who could catch, as they flitted by,
Their moral hue for eternity!

XVII.

Yet know, O man! there is an EYE hath seen
All that within earth's ample bound hath been.
There is an EAR which hath in secret heard
Each breathing wish and softly-whispered word.
There is an INTELLECT, whose mighty thought
Hath treasured every deed that man hath wrought.
Lift up thine eye above yon dazzling flood,
Whose drops are suns—behold THE THRONE OF GOD!
From HIM proceeds whatever good is found,
Seen, heard, or felt, as years complete their round.

XVIII.

O, may his awful presence breathe
A sanctity on all beneath;
And every retrospect be fraught
With odors of immortal thought!—

XIX.

Come, brethren, come! o'er the year reviewed,
Let us weave the CHAPLET OF GRATITUDE,

And deck it with every illumined gem
 That befiteth a royal diadem !
 Let us search the earth for the freshest flowers
 That bloom in her wilds or her cultured bowers ;
 Let us cull them out with the choicest art,
 And bathed in the dews of a grateful heart,
 Form them into a crown for the Monarch dear,
 Whose richest goodness hath crowned the year !

XX.

And now, farewell. When yet a few more days,
 Like this, have circled round the burning sun,
 The harp that erst poured forth these simple lays,
 Shall sound no more—its earthly labors done !
 PATRONS beloved ! where then will ye be gone ?
 Will time have borne you to the eternal sea ?
 Grant then, O grant us, ALL-DISPOSING ONE !
 To meet and hold celestial jubilee
 In the EMPORIUM OF OUR IMMORTALITY !

 THE BARD'S FIRST AMBITION.

SHALL Homer sing, and shall his verse remain,
 Unmatched, undistanced, by some nobler theme ?
 Shall Virgil, too, wake that bold song again,
 And as the stars of morn and evening gleam,
 Filling the soul of youth with fancy's dream ?
 O, be it mine to raise a loftier strain

Than e'er was sung by bard of earlier days,
 Save when the Psalmist swept on Bethlehem's
 plain,
 That sacred lyre which rung but with JEHOVAH'S
 praise !

Or when bold Milton, though deprived of sight,
 Illustrious bard ! o'er those high numbers run,
 His towering Muse disdained a meaner flight,
 But soared to heaven, and endless glory won ;
 And yet his noblest theme was but begun !
 That noblest theme, my happier Muse, be thine !
 Concentrate all thine energies in one ;
 Then stretch thy pinions for the flight divine,
 If thou wouldst sing THE LOVE OF GOD'S ETERNAL
 SON !

Hamilton, July, 1819.

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

THEE we adore, and sing, our Father God !—
 Whose boundless love, whose wisdom infinite,
 But Thine, conceived the everlasting plan
 Of our redemption ? Finite thought had failed
 To fathom the profound of our distress ;
 How much more, then, to find a remedy !
 But Thou hast found it, and the mystery,
 Hidden from ages and from generations,
 Is now at once accomplished and revealed !

Glory forever to thy glorious name!—
For now Thou canst be just—thy throne remain
In full integrity and firmer strength—
Thy perfect law immensely magnified
In every eye, whether in heaven above,
Or earth below, even while Thou justifiest
The guilty suppliant trusting in thy Son!—

How hast thou loved us, who deserved thy frown,
Forever and forever! Thou hast given
Thine own, thine only, thy beloved Son,
For us to suffer, and for us to die,
Our mighty Ransom!—More Thou couldst not give.
And having Him bestowed, hast bid us think,
What lesser gift Thou canst from us withhold,
Through the long circle of eternal years!—

O'er this immense, unfathomable love
Our glowing hearts dilate. And then we turn
Our swimming eyes, Immanuel! on thee,
Bright Image of the Father! to behold
Thy love with his in blissful unison,
For Thou didst bear our sorrows! Though before
Earth was, thy glory with the Father's shone,
Immixed and equal, in the heaven of heavens,
Yet didst thou take a servant's form for us,
Humbling thyself to the accursed cross,
To raise us up to more exalted joys
Than tongue can utter, or than heart conceive.
This, this inspires our songs! this fill our souls

With such successive scenes of ravishment,
 Amazement, deep abasement, and delight,
 Transport on transport thrilling, that, o'erpowered
 By the vast wonders of redeeming love,
 Prostrate we fall before Thee, and confess,
 'GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS!'
New Hartford, (N. Y.) Aug. 1819.

ON A VERY SUDDEN AND AFFECTING DEATH.

O, WHAT a victory was here,
 Dread tyrant! o'er the mortal part;
 Long, long, affection's bitter tear
 Shall mourn the triumph of thy dart.

And was there then no meaner breast,
 Wherein thy shaft might entrance found,
 Where fewer claims of Nature prest,
 Where fewer hearts would feel the wound.

O'er yon pale form a husband bows;
 Around, her lovely children grieve;
 The church, who heard with joy her vows
 The poor she may no more relieve.

Alas! that bosom now is cold,
 So warm, so pure, so good, so kind!
 Alas! that thou shouldst be so bold,
 O Death! or man should be so blind!
Hudson, April, 1819.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

AWAKE, O world, and sing
Your glorious Sovereign's praise ;
Adore your heavenly King
In all his works and ways.
High on his throne supreme he reigns,
And well his majesty maintains.

'Twas his almighty word
Gave all creation birth ;
He spread the arching skies,
And the extended earth ;
All things to him existence owe,
In heaven above, or earth below.

One universal law
The eternal Monarch laid,
On creatures whom his power
For his own glory made ;
To love his name with all their heart,
And never from his will depart.

How just was such command,
For creatures to obey !
How happy were they all,
Who yielded to its sway !
The King of truth and righteousness
Deigned still their peaceful souls to bless

But when the angels dared
Against him to rebel,
His holy arm was bared,
And thrust them down to hell;
There bound in gloomy chains to stay,
And wait the last great judgment day.

Yet when our guilty race
Joined that rebellion too,
Not from his awful face
The insulted Monarch threw
Us rebels, but in mercy stayed
The sword of vengeance o'er our head.

Ay, more his sovereign love
For us hath freely done;
Behold his bosom move!
He gives his only Son,
To bleed and die for guilty men,
And bring us back to God again.

Hosannah to our King
Of glorious sovereignty!
Let all creation ring
With love's great victory!
While countless ages roll along,
This, this shall swell our grateful song!
1821.

ON SINGING.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

AND 'I will sing.'—Ye saints, rejoice,
 As this resolve ye hear;
 And let the Apostle's holy voice
 Fall sweetly on your ear.
 Can music's soft and swelling strain
 Improper be for you?
 Shall such example plead in vain?
 Are not your praises due?

And 'I will sing.' But when, or how?
 'I'll with the Spirit sing ;'
 Breathe, blessed Spirit! on us now,
 Till the heart's chords do ring!
 Till every heart, and every tongue,
 In sacred union join,
 And make devotion's hallowed song
 Rise to the throne divine.

And, O, shall aught be wanting still,
 The concert to complete?
 Shall discords rise for want of skill,
 Where harmony should meet?
 No: I will sing, ye tuneful band!
 With study so applied,
 That all who hear, may understand,
 And all be edified.

1820.

A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

WHY shines the morning sun so bright,
Why sing the birds the woods along?
Our Lucia cannot see the light,
Our Lucia cannot hear the song!
Why should the fragrant Spring return
With smile serene and balmy breath?
It cannot soothe the souls that mourn,
Since Lucia's smile is lost in death.

Whither, ah, whither can I go,
But Lucia's image meets me there,
To touch afresh the springs of wo,
And nurse the grief I cannot bear!
Even in the silent hours of rest,
Her image haunts my broken sleep;
I dream I clasp her to my breast,
But only wake, again to weep.

And when, to find relief, I try
To pour my heart out, love, to thee,
The tear that trembles in thine eye
Is inward agony to me.
O, why do we so fondly love,
Where love itself but feeds our pain?
But HE is just who reigns above,
And I should wrong him to complain.

Eternal Wisdom must have seen
 Some cause for this we do not see ;
 Else this affliction had not been,—
 He does not love our misery.
 He knows, my love, full well He knows,
 How prone we are to cling to earth,
 And thus that heavenly will oppose,
 That forms us to sublimer worth.

He gave, He gave our Lucia dear,
 Pledge of our chaste and wedded love,
 To be awhile our comfort here,
 And to be trained for joys above.
 But we perhaps too fondly prized
 The gift, and Him who gave forgot ;
 And, Him forsaking, idolized
 The blessings of our earthly lot.

Perhaps He wished to loose the tie
 That binds us to this fleeting scene,
 That we might gently learn to die,
 Nor feel the parting pang so keen.
 O, let us search his sacred word,
 And kneel, my love, before his throne,
 And give up meekly to the Lord
 Ourselves and all we call our own.

* * * * *

What sacred peace is this I feel
 Upon my troubled spirit shed ?

What hopes are these that sweetly heal
The bosom that so lately bled?
Can FAITH produce so sweet a calm,
Can PRAYER such sanctity impart?
Hath RESIGNATION such a balm?—
Where then has been my wandering heart?

Why did our loss so sorely try
Our souls—deserved we not far worse?
Yet God gave up his Son to die,
His only Son, to die for us.
O, what a sacrifice is here!
Lord, we are dumb before the Cross;
No more we deem our lot severe—
Thy love can make up every loss.

Pale lily of our pride, farewell!
The mental agony is past;
Hushed is the bosom's heavy swell,
The tide of grief subsides at last.
With love that words may never speak,
With tears that without murmur fell,
We left our kisses on thy cheek—
Pale lily of our pride, farewell!

Deep in our breasts thy name embalmed,
Thine image, Lucia, oft shall wake;
But the same thoughts that now have calmed,
The rising wave of wo shall break.
Still will we charge our souls to keep
The SAVIOR'S name embalmed with thine;

And if at times our eyes will weep,
Never, O, never to repine !

By Tonawanda's winding stream,
Where lies thy loved and lonely grave,
We'll go what time the sun's last beam
Is silvering o'er the silent wave ;
And while the soft and dewy eve
Is stealing on o'er earth and sky,
We'll pray that we may learn to grieve
As those that feel a SAVIOR nigh.
Tonawanda, N. Y. April, 1825.

ELEGIAC LINES,

WRITTEN AT BUFFALO, N. Y. MARCH, 1825.

FAIR village ! *thrice* the piercing gale
Swept sternly o'er thy smiling spring,
And many a flower to-day is pale,
That yesterday was blossoming.

And shall they fade and fall unsung ?
Sweet babe ! one tear shall fall for thee,
O'er whom for months a mother hung
In mutest, fondest agony.

O, softly enter yonder room !
There patient Piety expires ;
Faith's radiant torch dispels the gloom,
Hope kindles her immortal fires.

Turn to this pale, this lovely boy,
And how canst thou forbear to weep?
A father's hope, a mother's joy,
Is sunk in death's oblivious sleep.

What, then, is life? and what are we,
Who boast so fugitive a state?—
Eternity! Eternity!
In thee, thee only, man is great!

ELIZABETH.

THERE is a fresh and vivid picture hung
By Memory's hand before my eye of one
Whom I would not forget. A voice has sung
Her funeral dirge. Upon the simple stone
Which in yon church-yard fond affection reared,
Her name is graven. Epitaph there's none.
And none was needed; for who ever feared
Oblivion of her virtues? They were grown
One with her name to all, to all her name endeared.

O, I have looked for her! the graceful form
And beaming features, in this very room;
For here I saw her first, when life was warm,
And the sweet blush was on her cheek of bloom.
O, I have looked for her, until a gloom
Gathered upon my soul—for then I thought
That she was sleeping in her early tomb!

Her God hath taken her, and she is not ;
But, O, within this heart she cannot be forgot !

Thou lovely lost one ! Ever shall thy name
With my lamented sister's be embalmed,
In fragrant recollection. Thou the same
To me wert as a younger sister, armed
With equal power—the tenderness that calmed
The throbs of sorrow—the sweet piety
Which, nurtured at the Cross, hath softly
charmed

The soul to penitence and prayer. O be,
Elizabeth ! companion of my Emily !

I saw not thy decay. In fancy, still,
Thy form wears all its freshness, and thine eye
Its eloquent expression. Never will
The living image of thy beauty die.
The fixed bright picture of my memory
Can never change or fade. Thus shalt thou
stand,
Enshrined within the mind's eternity,
So meek, so pure, so beautiful, so bland,
Like Virtue's self to smile, to charm, and to com-
mand.

Homer, N. Y. May, 1825.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

WHERE is my loved Elizabeth ?

Why with her sisters comes she not ?

Ah, victim of untimely death !

When shalt thou ever be forgot ?

Yet why forgot ? Her dying look,

So calm, so sweet, I seem to see,

When she in faltering accents spoke,

'Lord Jesus ! take my soul to Thee !'

Child of my love ! the lily pale,

Was not so beautiful as thou,

What time beneath the piercing gale,

I saw thy head in weakness bow.

Yet still a glow was on thy cheek,

A smile still lingered in thine eye ;

How could I think thou wert so weak,

How could I dream my child must die ?

Fondly I hoped the storm had swept,

That chilled awhile thy living bloom

But, ah ! that blighted hope I've wept,

And bent me o'er thine early tomb.

Yes, thou art gone ! Yet visit me—

O, visit me in dreams, my love !

And whisper hope that I shall see

Thy face again in worlds above.

Elizabeth, my daughter dear!
On thee a father's thoughts will dwell—
But thou hast found a happier sphere,
And I submit—my child, farewell!

TO ADELINE.

I HAVE heard thy petition, dear Adeline,
And fain would thy wish obey;
O, that this humble response of mine
Could some blessing to thee convey!
But the simplest strain may some joy impart,
If it come from a warm and a feeling heart.

And what is the blessing I wish for thee,
For Elizabeth's sister dear,
But a double share of her piety,
And a confidence sincere
In Him who on Calvary bore the load
Of our guilt, to recover our souls to God?

O, when thou shalt visit the lowly grave,
Where thy sister is laid to sleep,
Remember that nothing on earth can save
Thyself from that slumber deep;
And thy spirit must go, as went hers, to see
The secrets of souls and eternity!

Can aught then enlighten the gloomy path,
Which the vanished dead have trod?
Is there One who can rescue thy soul from wrath,
And present it all pure to God?
There is! and that Savior, dear Adeline,
Let him be thy hope, as He hath been mine.

TO LOUISA.

LOUISA, thou hast early owned
The Name that seraphs love to sing,
Of Him who sits on high enthroned
Heaven's august and eternal King;
Youth's first bright blossoms thou didst bring,
An offering to his glorious shrine;
If Autumn shall mature the Spring,
What a rich harvest shall be thine!

O, what a privilege to be,
At such an early age, enrolled
In that celestial family,
Whom everlasting arms enfold!
A portion and a place to hold
Among the gifted heirs of heaven,
To whom the diadems of gold,
Wrought by the Savior's hands, are given!

Louisa, why thy stay on earth?
O hear, and ponder in thy heart.

It is that thine immortal birth
 May its high energies impart ;
 That, trained by every sacred art,
 Thy lovely spirit may be meet
 O'er the cold flood of death to dart,
 And worship at thy Father's feet.

TO SARAH ANN.

YES, Sarah Ann, while others twine,
 Or cull sweet flowers to grace their friend,
 Surely this humble hand of mine,
 At least, may one small tribute lend,
 My heart's warm wishes to express
 For thine increasing happiness.

My simple lay may never speak
 In Flattery's soft, seductive tones ;
 No blush shall mantle on thy cheek,
 Which sweet Humility disowns.
 JESUS shall our example be ;—
 Knowest thou what He would say to thee ?

O, should that glorious One whom thou
 Prizest all earthly friends above,
 Inscribe the page I'm filling now,
 Would He not charge thee by his love—
 'Beware, dear girl, each worldly art ;
 'Be simple, meek, and pure of heart ?'

LOVELINESS OF YOUTHFUL PIETY.

I LOVE to see a mind whose youthful powers
 Expanding rapidly, dear child, like thine,
 As beautiful and fresh as morning flowers,
 Which, dripping with the dew, their buds incline
 To catch the beams of heaven. O Adeline,
 I love to see the soul in early bloom,
 Thus heavenward turned to meet the light divine,
 Whose radiant beams dispel earth's deepest gloom,
 And turn to glory even the midnight of the tomb!

It is, in truth, the most enchanting sight
 Which this world offers to the thoughtful eye ;
 And he who estimates its worth aright,
 Feels his full heart within him beating high,
 And breathes his warm thanksgiving. At least, I
 Have felt so, and still feel. And, O, may you,
 Aspire, dear child, daily to exemplify
 This fair conception ; thy young soul imbue
 With truth and love more sweet than morn's sweet light
 and dew.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

CHILD of affection ! sweet blossom of youth !
 The eyes of thy parents rest fondly on thee ;
 They behold thy mild virtues adorning the truth,
 And their hearts overflow with a pure ecstasy.

Can a daughter so dear,
 But in gratitude fear,
 To dim that delight with dark misery's tear?

Oft wilt thou dwell on their wishes and prayers.

How anxious their efforts! how tender their love!
 How transporting the hope that the child of their
 cares

Shall be fully matured for the glory above!

To unite again there,

And eternity share!

Canst thou ever convert such a hope to despair?

Canst thou ever? My daughter, forgive me the
 thought!

That eye in its tears meekly lifted to heaven,
 With a pure and a precious assurance is fraught,
 That the grace of the humble to thee shall be given.

O daughter most dear!

It shall hallow thee here,

And exalt thee at last to a happier sphere!

ADELAIDE.

THOU art young, thou art young, dear Adelaide!

But Youth cannot shield from the shafts of death;
 The earliest blossom that scents the glade,
 Is blighted first by the north wind's breath.

Thou art fair, thou art fair, young Adelaide !

But Beauty will fade in the rayless tomb ;
And the rose which the richest tints displayed,
Is the soonest reft of its lovely bloom.

Thou art gay, thou art gay, fair Adelaide !

But Mirth will chill in the snowy shroud ;
The beam which in summer the brightest played,
Is quenched in stern Winter's deepest cloud.

Thou art loved, thou art loved, gay Adelaide !

But Love itself hath no power to save ;
Its last sad office must soon be paid,
And its tears be shed o'er the sod-wrapt grave.

Thou weepest, thou weepest, dear Adelaide !

But holy Sorrow will mend the heart ;
As Spring, with its showers and its passing shade,
Which ' greenness and beauty and strength ' im
part.

Thou smilest, thou smilest, young Adelaide !

For thy Trust is strong in thy Savior's truth ;
And Heaven shall flourish, when earth shall fade,
In the glow and bloom of immortal youth !

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

REFLECTIONS DURING A SABBATH MORNING'S WALK
FROM HAMILTON TO SHERBURNE, N. Y. IN MAY,
1822.

I AM going forth in hope to-day,
To proclaim with joy a Savior born ;
And every object around my way
Seems with me to rejoice in the Sabbath morn.

How bright, how calm, how holy the scene !
The sun is shining in beauty now ;
And Nature is drest in her robes of green,
And the birds are singing on every bough.

And beneath that dear domestic roof,
I have left behind this very hour,
I have seen a fresh and a living proof
Of religion's pure and blissful power.

The sire, whose locks unwilling Time
Hath lightly touched with silver now ;
The mother, whose fair unfaded prime
Still lingers bright on her open brow ;

The children, bright in the bloom of youth,
Together bowing at Mercy's throne ;
With hearts alive to the voice of Truth,
And a Christian love, to the world unknown.

Such is the dear, the hallowed scene,
 On which my thoughts delight to dwell ;
 Fairer by far than the brightest green,
 That Nature sheds o'er bosk and dell !

For Religion around the domestic hearth
 Doth sweetly breathe in tones of love,
 And waft the soul from the scenes of earth,
 To thoughts of a brighter world above.

There are statelier domes that proudly rise,
 Where wealth and taste combined I see ;
 But they have no charms in the Christian's eyes,
 Like the Home of that Happy Family !

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE MUSE of TIME ! Can she forget
 His touch is marked by swift decay—
 That scenes which glitter bright as yet,
 Will soon be vanished all away—
 And ere a few brief years are fled,
 We shall be mingled with the dead ?

She cannot ! for the mournful thrill
 Of feeling waked by Memory's hand,
 Is trembling o'er her besom still,
 Unawed by Reason's stern command ;

And still she looks for scenes sublime,
Beyond the withering touch of Time.

Nor looks in vain ! For, lo, secure,
Messiah's kingdom now appears,
Destined in brightness to endure,
Uninjured by the lapse of years :—
Aye, rising still in brighter bloom,
When earth has met her final doom !

Empire of Peace ! The passing year
Hath wider spread thy gentle sway ;
And gazing on thy triumphs dear,
We hail the dawn of holier day ;
When God's high will on earth is done—
All nations blest in Christ his Son !

See, every hill, and vale, and plain,
Echoes the Missionary's tread !
See, souls redeemed from endless pain,
Are up to heavenly glory led !
And from earth's hosts one shout is sent—
'REIGN ON, LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT !'

The kingdoms of this world may pass,
As billows on the restless sea ;
Bright wealth may waste, and as the grass
The pride of youth and beauty be ;
But souls that own Messiah's sway,
May smile amid a world's decay !

Empire of Love ! The ravished eye
 Wanders o'er all thy scenes of bliss,
 And owns that all beneath the sky,
 Is poor and mean compared with this ;
 Here rests the soul with joy divine ;—
 O, be my interests linked with thine !
 1822.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.

O THOU, in whose presence I would not dissemble !
 All hearts are revealed in the light of thine eye ;
 Enwrapt in thy glory the Seraphim tremble,
 Thy name fills the harps of the holy on high.
 Such a richness of mind, such a depth of emotion,
 No being besides could awake, or impart ;
 Every thought is delight, every feeling devotion,
 Thou, thou art the portion, the bliss of my heart !
 Thou, Lord, art my portion, my infinite portion !
 Thou, thou art the portion, the bliss of my heart !

How dark were my days when I knew not thy beauty !
 My heart was a waste in life's earliest bloom ;
 I forsook my true dignity, pleasure, and duty,
 And Reflection was shrouded in anguish and
 gloom.

I remember the time with a tender confusion,
 My Savior ! how could I forget thee so long ?
 What mercy was thine to dissolve the illusion !

Thine, thine be the glory, and mine be the song.
Thine, thine be the glory, the infinite glory!

Thine, thine be the glory, and mine be the song.

And ah! is it possible I can still wander,
This heart vainly flutter, grow faithless and cold?

These tears of affection and penitence ponder,

O Lord, and restore me thy smiles as of old.

I will clasp the dear Cross where thy glory hung
bleeding,

Till every vain idol of earth shall depart;

And thy Spirit alone with thine image succeeding,

Shall dwell evermore in the shrine of my heart.

Thou, Lord, art my portion, my infinite portion!

Thou, thou art the portion, the bliss of my heart!

Hudson, June, 1825.

H Y M N S .



PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

OUR Father and our God !
Attend our humble cry ;
Send thy victorious truth abroad,
With blessing from on high

Come, Jesus, King of saints !
With thine effectual grace ;
And turn our long and sad complaints
To songs of joyful praise.

And thou, celestial Dove !
Most holy Spirit, come ;
And form our hearts like those above,
Thy temple and thy home !

Come, blessed Trinity !
With undivided powers ;
O, break, and heal, and purify
These sinful souls of ours !

July 21, 1819.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

AND will thy Spirit, O my God !
 Descend and dwell within my breast ?
 Where Sin so long has made abode,
 Deceitful and detested guest !

Come, then, possess this wandering heart,
 Which would from thee no longer rove ;
 Come, purify it, and impart
 The vital influence of thy love !

May every fruit of grace be found,
 To speak thy presence and thy care ,
 And peace and love and joy abound,
 And Christian virtues flourish there.

May every energy of mind,
 And active power, devoted be ;
 And by thine influence raised, refined,
 Call many a wandering soul to Thee.
Hudson, March, 1819.

 THE KING OF TERRORS.

INEXORABLE King ! how vast thy power !
 No mortal skill can e'er arrest thy hand ;
 Thy blasting breath withers the fairest flower
 'hat bloomed in beauty o'er the smiling land.

And must this frame of shrinking weakness feel
 Thy grasp, more cold than winter's northern sky?
 From thine arrest lies there no soft appeal?
 Hath earth no covert from thy withering eye?

None, none! for God thy dread commission gave;
 'Go, Death, where'er the foot of Guilt shall tread!'
 I then must sink into the dreary grave,
 I, too, must slumber with the silent dead

Great God! prepare me for that awful day,
 Mine be the victory, mine the heavenly prize,
 And when I quit this tenement of clay,
 A house not made with hands, above the skies!
April 17, 1819.

THE CHURCH IN SARDIS.

FROM heaven a solemn voice I heard,—
 Unto the church in Sardis write:
 These things affirms thy sovereign Lord,
 Sole giver of salvation's light.

I know thou hast a name to live;
 But thou to duty's call art dead!
 Thou dost not ask, nor canst receive,
 The Spirit that on mine I shed.

And yet I would not give thee up;—
 O watch! and strengthen what remains

Of faith, and love, and humble hope,
And purge thee from thy worldly stains.

O, watch, I charge thee on thy life!
Lest unexpectedly I come,
And close my Spirit's warning strife,
With words of unrelenting doom.

Ye blessed few, whose robes are pure,
A little longer faithful be;
Your recompense in heaven is sure,
And ye shall walk in white with me.
May, 1819.

SELF-ABASEMENT.

How little does my life afford
A witness that I love the Lord!
How seldom do my lips express
How much my soul admires his grace!

How oft my inbred lusts rebel!
How hard temptation's force to quell!
How oft I find the struggle vain,
And sin o'erpowers my soul again!

O, were I to my weakness left,
My heart would sink, of hope bereft;
Such painful cause I find to fear
God never stamp'd his image here.

Yet though to sin so much inclined,
My guilt lies heavy on my mind ;
I groan beneath the painful load,
Humbled in dust before my God.

Deeply I mourn for what I've done ;
I spread my guilt before his throne ;
With trembling lips I own my shame,
And plead the dear Redeemer's name.

But, O, at times I can but fear
He will not listen to my prayer ;
That I have so abused his grace,
He now will spurn me from his face !

I know, I feel, it would be just ;
No righteousness of mine I trust ;
But, O, a Savior gives me hope,
And bears my sinking spirit up !

Low at his feet I choose to lie,
There, if I perish, let me die ;
Mercy is his supreme delight,
And if withheld—it must be right !

Sept. 30, 1819.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

And thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins.—Mat. i. 21.

JESUS ! thy name is all divine,
 And with transporting sweetness sounds
 To souls that in despondence pine,
 And groan beneath sin's deadly wounds.

For thou didst leave thy bright abode,
 The glory of thy Father's face ;
 The bliss, the grandeur, of the God,
 To take the ruined sinner's place.

Water of Life ! why dost thou thirst ?
 Why dost thou hunger, Bread of Heaven ?
 The just One suffers for the unjust,
 That mourning Guilt may be forgiven !

And where is love, if 'tis not here ?
 What else to earth had brought thee down ?
 What name besides should be so dear,
 Or rise to such deserved renown ?

O Savior of thy people ! take
 Entire possession of my heart !
 And every snare of evil break,
 And every grace of heaven impart.

May, 1820.

MILLENNIAL TRIUMPH.

Isaiah lxiii. 1—6.

WHAT conquering form salutes my sight,
Adorned with such surpassing grace?
As one returned from recent fight,
He moves with slow majestic pace.

From Edom's vale his steps proceed,
And Bozrah's towers behind him gleam:
No trumpet tells of martial deed,
No fluttering banners o'er Him stream.

And whose is this majestic gait,
Illustrious form! and tell me why,
When thou art travelling thus in state,
Thy robes are stained with crimson dye?—

'I trod the press of wrath alone!
My garments drank the bursting blood;
The powers of hell are overthrown,
And trampled by THE WORD OF GOD!
1820.

INVITATION TO CHRIST.

COME, sinner! At our Lord's command,
We would persuade thee now to come;
O, shrink not back, but yield thy hand,
And, wanderer! we will lead thee home.

Thou need'st not tell how vile thou art,
Salvation's fount is gushing free;
Thou need'st not tell how hard thy heart,
One look from Christ will soften thee!

O, linger not! Thou lost one, come,
And give each sinful pleasure o'er;
Is not thy guilt a countless sum?
Why wilt thou, lingerer! make it more?

Hast thou no pity on thy soul,
Whose deep defilement thou hast seen?
Come where the streams of mercy roll;
O, wash! and be forever clean!

For thee a Savior's heart hath bled;
To give thee peace, He bore thy pain.
O, stay not till thy day is fled;
O, crucify Him not again!
1820.

EFFICACY OF THE CROSS.

YET dost thou love thy sins so well,
That thou canst not forsake them now;
Those sins that reared the gates of hell,
And kindled all the flames below!

O sinner! is it thus with thee?
No longer must we linger here;
But such a sight thine eyes must see,
As well may wring from thee a tear.

Behold yon Cross; its lessons weigh;
There Jesus hangs, and bleeds, and dies!
He dies for thee! Approach, and say,
Canst thou this suffering love despise?

The very sins thou lovest, alone,
That thorny crown around him wreath;
They draw that deep and torturing groan
Of wo, and agony, and death

Thy bosom heaves! Thy heart, I see,
Yields to the force of love divine!
Come now, all bathed in tears, with me,
And own this suffering Lord as thine!
1820.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.

SEE, O, my soul! how sinners rage,
In yonder wild, tumultuous throng!
See how their hearts and hands engage
To do that heavenly Sufferer wrong!

See cruel thorns enchase that brow,
Beaming with dignity and love!
Hark, how they jeer and mock him now,
And all his love and patience prove!

And now the heavy thong they ply—
O, be his patience ne'er forgot!
To Heaven he lifts his pleading eye;
He suffers, but he threatens not!

See, as the bloody scourges fail,
Spite of divine and human laws,
Bold sinners shudder not to nail
The Lord of Glory to the cross!

One moment is his silence broke—
My soul, and didst thou hearken true?
'Forgive!' methought the Sufferer spoke,
'Father, they know not what they do!

Not for himself that pleading call,
Though rushes forth the crimson tide;
O, had his outward pangs been all,
How calmly had the Savior died!

Within, within, the thunders roll,
While fiery Justice makes her plea,
And pours upon his sinless soul
The flood of guilt and agony.

And yet amid that storm of wrath,
The blest Redeemer meekly stands,
Though blood and anguish crowd his path,
And bleed his feet, and stream his hands.

My soul, he suffers in thy place !
He bears these bitter pangs for thee !
Thy sins obscured the Father's face,
And nailed him to the accursed tree !

My sins ! and shall I love them still ?
Forbid, forbid, O love divine !
O, be my mind, my heart, my will,
Forever, Lord ! and only thine !
May, 1820.

REDEEMING LOVE.

O GRACE, all other grace above !
O love beyond degree !
Redemption in a Savior's love,
For such a wretch as me.

Sinner ! he cries with melting voice,
For thee, for thee, I died ;

In my redeeming love rejoice,
For thou art justified.

And when I hear him gently say,
Be pure as I am pure ;
My free heart bursts from sin away,
And feels salvation sure.

Through all the struggles I sustain,
I look to him alone ;
He sympathizes in my pain,
With tenderness unknown.

O, how can my full heart repay
This grace all grace above ?
I can but give myself away ;
Love only pays for love !
1820.

THE BELIEVER'S BURDEN.

Good is the Lord, supremely good,
How kind are all his ways !
His favors, day by day bestowed,
Demand my constant praise.

Fain would my soul, with glowing zeal,
Fulfil his sweet commands ;
But, ah ! this weight of sin I feel,
Palsies my willing hands.

Beneath the hateful load I groan,
 And sigh with every breath ;
 O, take away this heart of stone,
 The body of this death !

And, O, the mercy of my God !
 My sigh arrests his ear ;
 I see a Savior's precious blood,
 His pardoning voice I hear.

I feel the chain of sin unbound,
 I feel my spirit free ;
 While round my willing heart is wound
 Love's sweet captivity !

July, 1819.

COMPLETE SAFETY IN CHRIST.

WRETCH that I am, with guilt replete,
 How can my soul, O God ! appear
 Before thy righteous judgment-seat,
 And hope to find acceptance there ?

Can I expect to hear thy voice
 Pronounce upon my life, ' Well done !'
 And welcome to eternal joys
 The faithful servant of thy Son ?

Would it were so! But pause, my soul,
As in the presence of thy God;
And ask what principles control,—
Love, or the terror of the rod?

All legal hopes renounce, renounce!
Dream not in vain the law was made;
And Conscience hears that law denounce
Its fearful curse upon thy head.

‘The soul that sinneth it shall die;’—
Before that doom how canst thou stand?
Or how, or whither, wilt thou fly
For shelter from the Avenger’s hand?

To thee, to thee, dear Lamb of God!
On thee I rest my trembling plea;
For thou hast poured thy precious blood,
A sacrifice for such as me!

O thou, my Judge! thou wilt not spurn
The poor transgressor at thy feet!
But thy benignant eye will turn,
And say, ‘In me thou art complete!’

‘My spirit’s searching hand shall probe,
And heal the deadly wounds of sin;
My righteousness, a glorious robe,
Shall o’er thy soul in beauty shine.

‘Into the family of God,
I place thee, an adopted child;

Within thee shed his love abroad ;
He is thy Father reconciled !

On earth I crown thy life with grace,
With glory I from earth dismiss ;
Heaven is thy future dwelling-place,
Eternity thy date of bliss !

1819.

A WANDERING HEART LAMENTED.

O, WHAT a wretched heart is mine,
So prone to wander from the Lord ;
So easily seduced to sin,
Against the warnings of his word !

Well may my soul within me grieve,
And ask if thus it still must be,
That I should love, and yet should leave
That heavenly Friend who died for me !

Is there, in all the world beside,
One object worthy to compete
With him who loved, and bled, and died,
To raise me to his holy seat ?

O, when I first beheld his face,
In faith's pure atmosphere of light,
I saw such majesty and grace,
As riveted my ravished sight.

But I have wandered far away
From Jesus, once so justly dear ;
In dark, forbidden paths I stray,
Where his sweet smiles no longer cheer.

And do I now his absence mourn,
And say that Jesus hides his face ?
O, no ! He calls me to return,
And taste the sweets of pardoning grace !

Amazing mercy ! thus to call,
In love's soft tones, to one like me !
Lord ! at thy feet in tears I fall,
And give this wandering heart to thee !

SUPPLICATION.

YES, I will pray, O God, forgive !
Let an imploring sinner live !
Turn not away thy face, O Lord !
Deny me not one pardoning word !

'Tis for thy love I plead, I mourn,
When will that love to me return ?
I would not be rebellious still ;
O, teach me, Lord, to do thy will !

Hear me, O, hear, and at my call,
Release my soul from Satan's thrall,

From guilt and anguish set me free,
My only Help, I look to thee !

Is not the life of grace begun
By faith in thine incarnate Son ?
And can that gracious life begin,
Yet fail beneath the power of sin ?

Not so thy holy word I read ;
Not such the promises I plead ;
Not for this end was grace applied ;
Not for this end a Savior died !

O, then thy work of grace renew !
I trust thy word to bear me through ;
I trust the great Redeemer's blood,
To seal my peace with thee, my God !

Save me from each besetting sin
That works without, or works within ;
To my own weakness leave me not,
But keep me pure, without a spot.

Remind me of my heavenly birth,
And wean me more and more from earth,
That days and years, as on they roll,
May bear me to my heavenly goal !

Oct. 5, 1819.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Ephes. vi. 10—17.

BRETHREN in Christ! this day we meet
Upon our earthly battle field ;
And cordially each other greet,
For still the Spirit's sword we wield.

Assembled at our Savior's call,
We rally round his banner bright ;
Sworn in this glorious war to fall,
Or put the hosts of hell to flight.

The hosts of hell are deadly foes ;
We war not here with flesh and blood ;
In sterner strife we daily close
With every enemy of God !

Brethren in Christ! no truce is here,
And sleepless vigilance alone
Can guard us from the foe we fear,
Or seat us on our Master's throne !
Buffalo, 1824.

IN A TIME OF DECLENSION.

SMALL our success of late ! Our Chief
Withholds him from our faint request ;
And we are drunk with bitter grief,
While others are in triumph blest.

Is this a time for us to sleep—
A time to think of selfish ease ?
Is it not time for us to weep,
And supplicate his sympathies ?

Who is there here so base to-day,
That he would slumber on the field ?
Who is there, in this battle fray,
Would vilely throw away his shield ?

Would we not share the glorious spoils,
When loud the shouts of triumph rise ?
Who then would shun the transient toils
In this, his Savior's enterprise ?

Rouse, brethren, rouse at his command,
Gird on your panoply divine ;
And compact, as the Spartan band,
For Christ, and for salvation, join !
1824.

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

Ephes. iv. 3—6.

WELCOME, welcome, dearest brothers,
Welcome, welcome, sisters dear!
Each one's joy the joy of others,
Springs and smiles to meet you here.

ONE the HOPE of our high calling,
ONE the SAVIOR that we own;
He will keep our feet from falling,
As we travel towards his throne.

But ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM, knowing,
Children of ONE FATHER'S heart;
But ONE SPIRIT in us glowing,
What should keep our souls apart?

Meeting in the name of JESUS,
We his gracious promise claim;
He from sin and sorrow frees us,
And reveals his charming name.

While our fervent prayer is rising,
While our choral hymn ascends;
Sweet communion realizing,
Rapture with instruction blends
1824.

REFLECTIONS AT A SOCIAL MEETING.

Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

BRETHREN and sisters, are we met
In our exalted Master's name ?
And are our glowing spirits set
On him whose love is still the same ?

This moment, from his glorious skies,
He looks upon this little band ;
And can we meet his piercing eyes,
Can we his righteous judgment stand ?

Would we from sin be wholly free ?
Would we be trained for joys above ?
And wish our friends and foes to be
Made happy in the Savior's love ?

O fellow Christians, loved and dear !
Awake ! the trump of glory calls ;
Our heavenly Leader meets us here,
And triumph shouts on Zion's walls.

1824.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and expansion. From a small collection of colonies on the eastern coast, it grew into a vast nation that spanned the continent. The early years were marked by struggle and conflict, as the colonies fought for their independence from British rule. The American Revolution was a turning point in the nation's history, leading to the birth of a new republic. The years following the revolution were a time of rapid growth and development. The United States expanded its territory westward, and its economy flourished. The nation's population grew, and its influence on the world increased. The American dream of freedom and opportunity became a reality for many people. The United States emerged as a major power in the world, and its values and ideals were spread across the globe. The history of the United States is a testament to the power of the human spirit and the pursuit of a better life.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM THE MSS. OF MY FATHER.



RESIGNATION.

God is holy, wise, and good,
He's the kind, unchanging God ;
What He does can ne'er be wrong—
This shall be my constant song.

If He choose that I shall share
Largely in domestic care,
Why should I complain of this ?
Doing right affords me peace.

If He choose that I shall live,
And increasing joys receive
All the praise to Him is due,
Let me live to Him anew.

Since His way is hid from me,
Let me never anxious be ;
But submissive to His choice,
Live, and in His name rejoice.

He has all things at command :
From His wise and gracious hand,
When we need them, blessings flow,
And his children cheer below.

If the lure of earthly charms
Tempt us from his gracious arms,
He will hedge up every way,
Where our heedless footsteps stray.

Dearest Lord, be thou my guide,
In thy name may I confide ;
Ceaseless praise to thee is due,
Thou hast helped me hitherto.

Guide and guard me to the end,
O thou kind, unchanging Friend !
Till I in thy bosom rest,
Perfect and forever blest.

1807.

THE REVIVAL OF 1807.

AUSPICIOUS time of light and love !
Our God has blest us from above ;
With power divine the word of truth
Arrests the heedless mind of youth.

Their gay delights, their golden schemes,
Now all appear like idle dreams ;
Their hearts for sin are whelmed in grief,
Nor can the world afford relief.

On thee, kind Savior, now they call,
Low at thy feet they humbly fall ;
They mourn their sins and follies past ;
O let them pardoning mercies taste !

Thy pardoning mercy freely flows ;
Thy Spirit life divine bestows ;
They rise forgiven from thy feet ;
They live, thy wonders to repeat.

With rapturous joy we hear them speak,
They call their friends thy grace to seek ;
They tell of that unbounded love,
That gave them hope of joys above.

They mourn that any should despise
Their gracious Friend above the skies ;
And by their sins his frown insure,
And everlasting pains endure.

Dear Savior ! let thy glory shine ;
Let sinners see thee all divine !
And let thy bright, celestial charms
Allure them to thy gracious arms.

ALL IS WELL.

IN God's dealings with mankind,
Wisdom is with goodness joined ;
This should quiet every fear,
Day by day, and year by year.

Why for me a path He chose,
Where so much of sorrow flows,
Is not in my power to tell,
But in all things He does well.

In my God I fulness see ;
All his dealings towards me,
Flow from his paternal care ;
Why, O why should I despair ?

When I turn my thoughts above,
And behold his boundless love,
Lovely doth the Savior shine,
To a needy soul like mine.

Though I have a painful lot,
Yet my Savior changeth not ;
Though the world despise and frown,
He can shower his blessings down.

1807.

DIVINE FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, thou sweet, endearing tie !
If I'm a stranger to thy charms,
Fly quick, my soul, to Jesus fly,
And rest in his celestial arms.

Although our earthly friends forsake,
In the dark hour when troubles rise ;
Our hearts with sorrow seem to break,
Yet faith to Heaven lifts up her eyes.

There she beholds our gracious Friend,
Waiting to send his blessings down,
To guide and guard us to the end,
And then confer Life's glorious crown.

Then let my troubles here increase,
I still will run my Christian race ;
From him will draw my strength and peace,
And, dying, rest in his embrace.

1808.

THE CHOICE.

GIVE me honor, give me pleasure,
Give me affliction or disgrace ;

Give me poverty or treasure,
But grant me, Lord, thy smiling face.

To thy gracious care and keeping,
My dearest friends will I resign ;
Every billow o'er me sweeping,
Shall purify this heart of mine.
1808.

PRIDE.

TEMPTATIONS oft my mind assault,
And strongly urge me to find fault
With that sublime, mysterious plan,
Through which salvation flows to man.

Perhaps my reasonings are from pride,
That false, delusive, dangerous guide ;
That foe to every thing that's good,
Opposing all the ways of God.

That pride by which the angels fell,
Which plunged them in the depths of hell,
Has all my mortal powers defiled,
And made my thoughts and notions wild.

God has a just and sovereign right
To sink me in eternal night ;

Yet my proud spirit will complain
That this frail body suffers pain.

Each thought, each reasoning, and desire,
Which God does not by grace inspire,
Is mingled and defiled with sin,
Is all unholy and unclean.

'Tis from this vile, polluted source,
Millions, forced from bad to worse,
Despise the most essential good,
And perish, enemies to God.

Sure such had been my wretched case,
But for the influence of grace ;
This only turned my steps from hell,
Where I so much deserved to dwell.

If I could weep my life away,
And mingle with my native clay,
Or sink to everlasting pain,
It would not cleanse a single stain.

From pride, self-will, and unbelief,
May Heaven in mercy grant relief ;
And in each dark and dangerous hour
Uphold me with Almighty power.

1809.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

THE many changes I've past through,
With wonder, grief and joy I view ;
Astonished that on one so vile,
A Savior could in mercy smile ;

Yet fear that I deceived have been,
By some unknown and secret sin ;
Afraid to trust my sinful heart,
So much defiled in every part.

I fear presumption or despair
Will prove at last my fatal snare ;
Yet hope some rays of heavenly light
Still shine to guide my steps aright.

To heaven at times I lift my cry,
For fresh assistance from on high ;
At times my sorrow vent in tears,
That sin so much defiles my prayers.

O would my God my soul inspire
With humble faith and pure desire ;
Then I should not his Spirit grieve,
But ask, and as a child receive.

1809.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN AFFLICTION.

O YE tried and mourning children
Of the kind and gracious God ;
Though you walk through tribulation,
'Tis the way your Savior trod.

Why then sink ye in dejection,
When your gracious Friend on high,
Still affords his kind protection,
Still to you is ever nigh ?

Soon to you the heavenly portal
Will unfold the bliss above ;
You shall feast on joys immortal,
In the realms of ' perfect love.'

In the whole of your behavior
Show your heart is centred there ;
Where you'll see your loving Savior,
And his full affection share.

There you'll gaze upon his glory,
With the ransomed saints above ;
Dwelling on the rapturous story
Of his free and boundless love.

Why then sink in deep dejection,
 Why then faint beneath the rod?
 His is an unchanged affection,
 He is an unchanging God.
 1810.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

THE glorious Friend of sinners,
 His blessing doth bestow
 Upon his humble children,
 While they sojourn below.

He sends his holy Spirit
 To call them by his grace
 To trust in Jesus' merit,
 And see his smiling face.

By faith they see the Savior,
 And on his beauties gaze;
 Thus every true believer
 Will love, adore, and praise.

Their hearts enjoy a union
 With their celestial Friend;
 They live in sweet communion,
 And on his grace depend
Athens, N. Y. 1810.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

CHARMED with the pleasing prospect
Of glory all divine ;
Where everlasting beauties
In full effulgence shine ;
My soul with sweet emotion,
Those beauties would pursue ;
And drink rich consolation,
While glory is in view.

The moments are delightful
We spend in such a frame ;
They yield sweet confirmation
We love the Savior's name.
No doubts, no fears disturb us,
Our hearts are drawn above ;
By faith we view the Savior,
And feast upon his love.
1810.

HEAVEN NEAR.

Soon shall we leave earth's dreary clime,
And to celestial mansions rise ;
Where Virtue holds her court sublime,
And pure Devotion never dies

There pain, and fear, and mortal care,
Sorrow, and sin, shall never come ;
The world no more shall spread its snare
In the believer's heavenly home.

Let worldlings boast of all the bliss
That earthly grandeur can bestow ;
They're strangers to the solid peace
And joy that true believers know.

Then, Christians, wait a little space,
And on your Savior cast your care ;
With patience run your heavenward race,
And in those blessings you shall share.
1810.

MY LOT.

My mind, perplexed with frequent cares,
Increasing with increasing years,
Is brought to know and feel the sting,
That adverse changes often bring.

No pleasing prospects cheer my mind
Of better days, of friends more kind ;
No firmer health is mine to know,
While I remain on earth below.

Yet in this melancholy state,
With calm submission I would wait ;
And leave my cares with God above,
Who shows me still such marks of love.

The joys he gives are all refined,
They cheer and animate my mind ;
From anxious fears my soul release,
And fill me with celestial peace.

Hudson, N. Y. 1815.

MY HOPE.

SURE there is a heavenly mansion,
Where immortal beauties shine ;
And the soul with sweet expansion
Feasts on pleasures all divine.

Thither souls by grace refining,
When they leave this cumbrous clay,
To their Savior's will resigning,
Swift as thought will wing their way.

Doubts and fears forever ceasing,
In that world of endless joy ;
Light and love and bliss increasing,
Praise shall be their sweet employ.

Though unworthy my behavior,
There I hope to share a part ;
Through the friendship of my Savior,
Whose dear cause lies near my heart.
1815.

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