
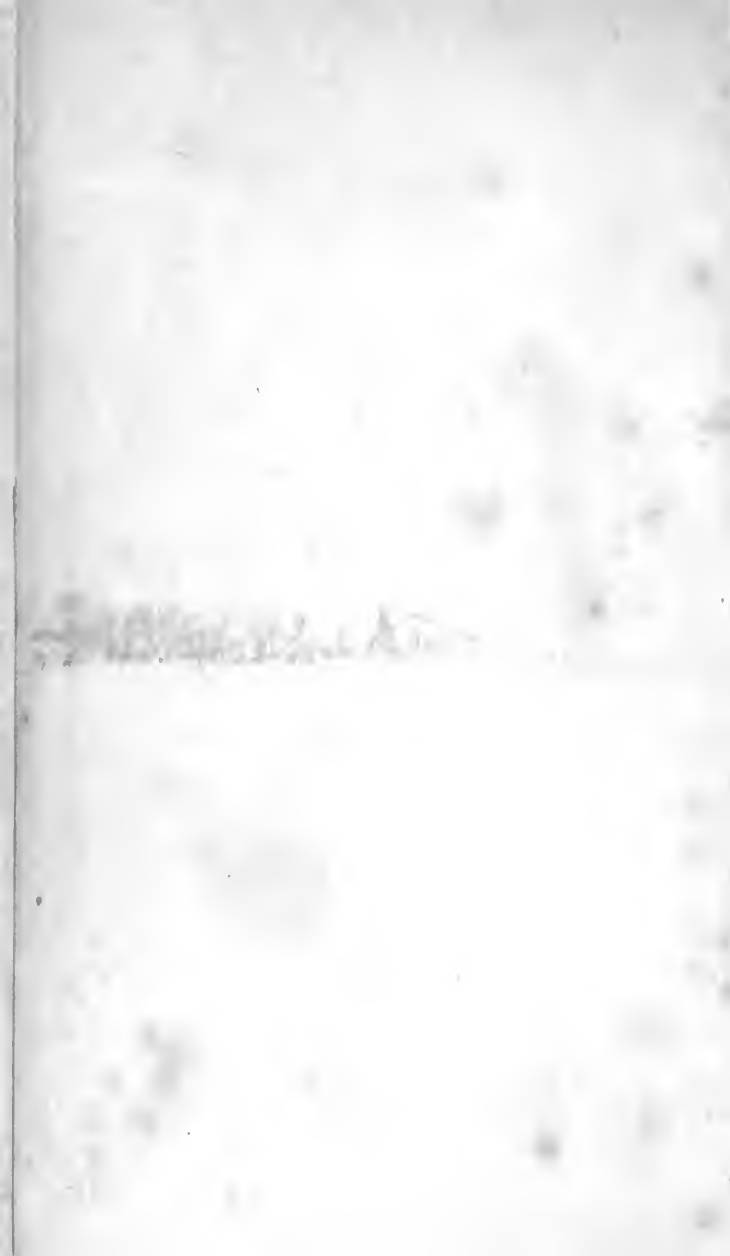




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**P O E M S.**

**VOL. I.**



P O E M S,

CHIEFLY SACRED,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY THE

REV. STEPHEN SANDERSON, A.M.

OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1833.





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THE COUNTESS OF CORK,  
THESE VOLUMES  
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY HER LADYSHIP'S  
VERY OBLIGED,  
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STEPHEN SANDERSON.



## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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THE Writer of the following pages begs to return his very sincere thanks to his Subscribers. He would be indeed sorry to feel otherwise, than deeply sensible of the kindness they have done him — a kindness, the grateful recollection of which it will not be in the power of time to efface from his mind. For such kindness it is only left to him to wish, that he had

something better to offer, than what is now presented to them.

Ill health and several other causes combined, over which there could be no control, have produced a long delay in the publication of the volumes. It was fully intended that the work should appear last Christmas ; but, through the circumstances now alluded to, by far the greater part of the compositions here submitted to perusal, was not written till the summer months of the present year.

The subjects selected are, of necessity, sacred ; or such as possess, for the most part, somewhat of a grave or of a solemn character.

Many of the smaller pieces were composed with designed simplicity of style and sentiment. Elsewhere, a different manner has been attempted; and, it is too much to be feared, *only* attempted.

A few productions of two deceased relatives are inserted amongst the rest.

*December, 1832.*



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P O E M S.

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THE POLAR STAR.

How glows yonder star! in the dark heav'ns  
gleaming,  
As the wintry Bootes slow urges his wain;  
Bright gem of the sky! with hope cheerily beam-  
ing  
To the toss'd on the pathless and loud-sound-  
ing main.

'Mid the perils of ocean, e'en brave hearts as-  
tounding,

And night's blackest horrors high-throned on  
the wave,

While deep gulfs are opening, and billows are  
bounding,

The mariner shrinks—from the verge of the  
grave!

That star, then, how welcome! his lone wander-  
ings lighting,

Which tells him of safety that yet may be  
near,

Casts a ray o'er the gloom which his course is  
benighting,

And stills in his bosom the tumult of fear.

To the beacon sweet-shining his eye fondly turn-  
ing,

Hope's comfort celestial imparts to his breast;

With delight yet unfelt, and with ecstasy burning

On the halycon expanse of his haven to rest.

To mortals the mazes of chequer'd life treading,

The book of God's word is the bright Polar

Star:

By sorrows encompass'd, and more than death  
dreading,

He drinks the pure stream of its light from  
afar.

To the still shades of Eden, the soul—how en-  
raptured!

It points—to calm scenes which no clouds can  
deform;

And leads her, by peace-winged promises cap-  
tured,

To the mountain that smiles at the tempest  
and storm.

## CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS.

THE Saviour wept ! His pitying breast  
O'er the sad desolation moan'd,  
By suffering nature sore distress'd,  
And inward groan'd.

With solemn step the clayey bed  
Of Death he sought, nor linger'd long :  
The vivifying accents sped  
The graves among.

Forth from the cold and murky shade  
Where sits Corruption, wondering came  
The man on Death's lone pillow laid,  
And still the same.

Then beam'd on him an unknown sun ;  
To him all nature fresher seem'd,  
Scarce conscious of the marvel done—  
Like one that dream'd !

Yet soon Affection's tender voice  
He heard, and felt her fond embrace ;  
While rapturous Impulse bade rejoice  
His awe-struck race.

And then for Christ his thanks might flow,  
Who broke Death's adamantine chain ;  
And gave him from the tomb to go,  
                    And breathe again.

And haply Faith could lift his view  
To the pure Lamb's atoning might,  
Who Hell's worse terrors should subdue,  
                    And woful night :

And, Source of life and bliss, should raise  
His own redeem'd above the sky,  
On golden harps to tune His praise,  
                    That ne'er shall die !

## THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

To mortals, Heaven's immortal prize,  
First, fairest offspring of the skies—  
Religion, lovely, sainted maid,  
In purest garb of white array'd,  
With infant Time, by God's command,  
Planted on earth her radiant stand :  
On men benighted in their way,  
To pour the gladsome beam of day,  
She came—their wandering steps to guide,  
'Mid good or ill, that may betide ;



And lead them to the happy shore  
Where storms of earth are known no more.

When Fortune smiles, and skies are bright,  
Still fairer to the raptured sight  
She makes the glittering prospect rise,  
And lovelier visions fill the eyes.  
When too life's darkest shades appear,  
She still, with sounds of comfort near,  
The pangs that tear th' afflicted breast,  
Can mitigate; and charm to rest,  
With more than all a parent's care,  
The tempest's fury raging there :

Downcast Despondence can control,  
And chase her phantoms from the soul ;  
Can bid, with mild and cheering voice,  
The troubled, conscious heart rejoice.  
To her th' obedient Passions bend,  
Else, fierce the bosom wont to rend  
With bitter feuds and jarring strife,  
That poison all the joys of life :  
And she can make the discord cease,  
And light again the lamp of Peace.

Her influence, gentle and benign,  
The hallow'd Virtues gives to shine :

Her genial, fostering wing they know,  
And on from strength to strength they grow ;  
The latent seeds of good arise,  
And live and flourish to the skies :  
The vigorous plants that crown the soil  
Repay the careful owner's toil  
With more than all the shining store  
Of rich Potosi's golden shore.

Man, in his brightest, happiest hour,  
In pride of glory, strength, and pow'r,  
Is but the being of a day,  
That soon Time's scythe must sweep away.

The dangers hovering round his head,  
The snares that lie beneath his tread,—  
The Pest that walks the gloom of night,—  
The viewless dart which kills in light,—  
The direr perils, ills within,—  
The fierce and dark assaults of Sin,—  
These to the mortal state decreed,  
Man knows his weakness, feels his need—  
The need of more than earthly arm,  
His life, his soul, to shield from harm.

Religion points with glistening eye  
To the great Sov'reign of the sky.

She bids him firmest trust repose  
On God, who sees his joys and woes,  
With sure dependence on His pow'r,  
To save him in the dreariest hour :  
In His good time, if such His will,  
With gladness 'gain his cup to fill,  
And circle with a beam his way,  
The herald of a brighter day.  
Whate'er His will, with heart resign'd,  
With thoughts composed, and tranquil mind,  
He bows submissive. Hope sublime  
Bears him beyond the verge of time,  
To highest Heaven's eternal gate,  
Where angel guests his entrance wait.

And when the shades of life descend,  
 In prospect full its solemn end,  
 Religion opes her choicest store,  
 When earthly comforts are no more :  
 Then softer dews than Hermon's fall,  
 As night and darkness cover all.  
 So the fair flow'r \* that decks the meads,  
 His rapid waves where Niger leads,

\* The plant here referred to has been made the subject of a simile by Mrs. Opie, in the following lines :—

Then as the Ixia's fragrance-breathing flow'rs,  
 The snowy pride of Afric's sultry shores,  
 Ne'er to the breeze their slender leaves unclose,  
 While day's bright noon in all its lustre glows ;  
 But wait till Night's o'erhanging shades prevail,  
 And then expand their beauties to the gale.

Though wide it scents the glittering vale,  
And loads with sweets the mid-day gale—  
With incense richer far than these  
Wings the parch'd, sultry, twilight breeze.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S WORSHIP.

ST. JOHN iv. 24.

“ God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him  
in spirit and in truth.”

COULD the off'ring of goats bathed in gore,  
Of bulls on the mountain that stray'd,  
Or sheep which the green valleys bore,  
To Jehovah true worship be made ?  
For Jehovah's they were and they are,  
The herds and the flocks of the hills,



And pastures, where Eve's silent car

The soft sparkling treasure distils.

'Tis the heart's adoration which glows

With a flame gentle, constant, and pure ;

And a fear reverential knows,

That to mortals Heaven's love shall secure.

A mind with the passions subdued,

Refined every hope and desire,

The fierce tempest hush'd, tumult rude,

To the gift of Heaven's love shall aspire.

Arduenna in horrors array'd,

Bloody rites that wild Mona distain'd,

Mithra's dread subterranean cave,

Nor the writhings and groans of the pain'd—

The pangs of poor mortals not He,

Whose mercy embraces them all,

With delight and complacence shall see—

See man on His altar to fall.

God wants not the gloom of the cave,

The cloister or convent's recess ;

Nor the good cast away which He gave,

Nor the blessings with which He would bless.

Benevolent, tender, and bland,

His children He wills to embrace

The comforts which flow from His hand,

The smiles that illumine His face.

By the paths of delight and of peace

God would bring to the vale of their rest,

Where the waters of bliss never cease,

The sanctified souls of the bless'd.

His ear, ever open, he lends

To the praises on earth that arise

From His worshipping people, and bends,

Well pleased, from His throne in the skies !

## HYMN.

## CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

No gorgeous banners floating on the wind—  
Emblem of Ruin, ruthless Pow'r,  
Q'er cities burnt and wasted plains  
Despotic—blazon here the blood-stain'd victor's  
road.

No shouting crowds, attendant on the wake  
Of the fierce conqueror, elate

With proud conceptions, lofty thoughts  
Of his own greatness, swell the triumph o'er the  
slain.

No pensive captives, torn from all that 's dear,  
From all life's joys, affections, hopes,  
With trembling limb and downcast eye,  
Steep with their bitter tears stern Conquest's gory  
bays.

Lo ! 'tis the Glorious One who comes, the Lord,  
In quiet, calm sublimity ;  
Messiah, the Anointed King ;  
By bards and prophets sung—the pure and spot-  
less Lamb !

With mind how lowly moves the Saviour mild !

Still with unearthly grandeur great ;

Of perfect innate deity ;

With viewless splendours robed of Heaven's trans-  
lucent throne.

Him—soon to crush the pow'r of Death and Hell,

With all their terrors, victor—Him,

How sweetly, dove-like Peace conducts

Along His flow'ry way to Salem's sun-bright  
tow'rs !

What glad Hosannas wing their notes to Heav'n

From thick and lauding multitudes,

That throng the meek Messiah's path  
With Nature's verdant wreaths and smiling gar-  
land's strewn!

And so, when Time shall cease, the faithful found  
Of Christ, the blazing pomp shall join  
With song and gratulation high,  
Attending Heaven's First-born to His immortal  
realms—

Through crystal portals, op'ning to admit  
The great I AM—the Prince of Peace,  
To sapphire courts above the skies,—  
The new Jerusalem,—the city built of God.

Him may we follow to the bowers of bliss,

In glory mounting to the stars,

Amid the flaming wreck of worlds—

Redeem'd from endless woe—with hymn and an-

gel lyre !



## DIVES AND LAZARUS.\*

DIVES.

O ! horrors, horrors of this direful place,  
This prison-house of fierce and angry flame,  
With hot and sulph'rous surge  
Around me bellowing !

\* It is hoped it will be at once seen that nothing of the nature of a dialogue is here intended.

## LAZARUS.

How bland and soft the pleasures that compose  
My charmed spirit in these realms of rest,  
Beyond what mortal pen,  
Or angels can portray !

## DIVES.

And yet more rueful—O ! how dread the thought,  
If thought may be where Vengeance rules so wild,  
That never Hope can beam  
Athwart these wastes of woe !

## LAZARUS.

And what still more enhances the sweet Joy,  
That hovers with soft balmy pinions o'er me,

Is the enrapturing thought,  
That bliss shall know no end.

## DIVES.

Alas! alas! that sojourner of earth,  
I took my fill of what has poison proved:—  
’Tis here—the fiery wave—  
The worm that dieth not.

## LAZARUS.

To earth’s dim planet bound, though ’mersed in ills,  
With heart resign’d I walk’d:—and, my reward,  
The amaranthine bow’rs  
Of Paradise, the bless’d!

## HYMN.

FROM BOETHIUS.

SEATED on Thy throne eternal,  
Founder of the starry skies !  
Heaven with all its pomp and splendour  
In its destined orbit flies.

All the planets in their circles  
Thine impelling laws fulfil :  
And the Moon, night's lovely regent,  
Moves obedient to Thy will.

Now with horns of silv'ry lustre,  
Mirror to the dazzling streams  
From her brother's lamp of radiance,  
Bright she shines with borrow'd beams.

Now her orb, more faint and dimmer,  
Turns towards Hyperion's ray,  
'Merging in a tide of glory,  
As she nears his fiery way.

Hesper o'er the night's blue concave  
Leads the starry hosts along ;  
Then to morning's lucid chieftain  
Glad consigns the glitt'ring throng.

Thou ! when wintry tempests sweeping  
    Strew with leaves the russet plain,  
Bid'st the circling night advancing  
    Quick the steeds of day restrain.

When the summer's sultry fervours  
    'Mid the skies intensely glare,  
Thy firm laws, all nature binding,  
    Night's contracted bounds impair.

Leaves by chilling Boreas wasted  
    Zephyrus calls to live again ;  
Seeds 'neath rough Arcturus scatter'd  
    Sirius wakes to crown the plain.

Nature, through her varied courses

Order'd from the first of days,

Pliant, unresisting, willing,

God's eternal rules obeys.

All her parts, in staid obedience,

His triumphant word maintain ;

Nor their course prescribed abandon,

Heav'n's appointments rend'ring vain !

Man, alone of all creation,

Dares to thwart his Maker's laws :

Rebel man, his ways and actions

Curbs no more the Wond'rous Cause.

Else not fickle Fortune's changes

Undistinguishing would run ;

Nor Injustice, Vice triumphant,

See the innocent undone :

While the wicked, in their grandeur,

Proud and haughty lord it wide—

Spurn the good man's rights and suff'rings,

And his sacred griefs deride.

Virtue, clothed with heavenly radiance,

In her dark and dreary cell,

Lies neglected, no one caring

Saddest woes to hear her tell.



Perjury, that looks defiance,  
    Fraud, assuming Virtue's smile,  
Fearing man nor Heav'n's dread threat'nings,  
    Reckless injure and beguile.

Yet, aroused, do harass'd nations,  
    Eager for the desperate strife,  
Wrest the sceptre from their tyrants,  
    Winning more than light of life.

Gracious Father of Thy creatures !  
    Lord o'er Nature's complex plan :  
Hear to Thee for succour calling,  
    Tempest-tost, yet heav'n-born man.

Quell, O God! the stormy billows,

Stay the rage of human souls:

Bind the fury of the passions

With the laws that guide the poles.

## THE ROSE.

GAY rose, that blushest in the dews of morn  
Which hang bright pearls about thy vermeil leaves,  
How bland the spring-tide air  
With thy soft fragrance teems !

How exquisite thy beauty ! lovely flow'r,  
Bedeck'd with all the charms of Iris, who  
Expands her gaudy arch  
Athwart the stormy skies ;

And lives her fleeting radiance ! Alas !  
How evanescent and short-lived, gay rose,  
    Thy beauty is, and form  
    With its imposing dies !

Soon shall the tempest's wing, the angry storm  
Pass over thee all-merciless, and lay  
    In dust thy blushing charms,  
    Or scatter them in air.

To mortals thou of solemn import can  
A warning give, that Heaven's eternal gifts  
    Should chief the care attract  
    Of wanderers on earth.

THE  
MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

SWEET Innocents ! so roughly torn  
From life, to life but newly born,  
By blood-red hand of Murder slain  
Without a blemish or a stain :

Save what the primal curse of sin  
Dash'd fatal on the soul within,  
And that by Him all wash'd away,  
Who came the sinner's woes to stay—

Sweet Innocents ! on wings ye rise  
Of angels, towering to the skies :  
To golden harps and seraph lyres  
Ye tune your voice in rapt'rous quires.

In radiant robes of glory dress'd,  
Ye cull the blessings of the blest,  
Glad that your souls were snatch'd from clay  
To flourish in celestial day.

Ye sainted babes ! deem'd fit to bring  
Life's blood an offering to your King :  
The mighty Saviour ! Saviour mild !  
With arms of love entwines His child.

THE  
PUBLICATION OF THE GOSPEL.

ISAIAH lii. 7.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; and bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!”

ON the banks where majestic on high  
 Rose Babylon's war-threat'ning tow'rs,  
 And sleeping amid the blue sky,  
 Her palaces—gay festive bow'rs:—

'Twas there Judah's sorrowing race,  
By Euphrates' swift far-sounding tide,  
Wept their woes and their country's disgrace,  
The tyrant's stern sceptre and pride.

On the willows that bent o'er the wave  
Their harps sad and silent they hung :  
No longer sweet warblings they gave ;  
No minstrelsies flow'd from their tongue :  
Unheeded what oft could inspire  
With rapturous emotion the breast,  
And rouse that celestial fire  
Which glow'd in the land of their rest.



They sat and they wept by the stream,

As it roll'd hoarse and mournful along :

Hope shed but a dim distant beam

O'er the gloom of Oppression and Wrong.

Afflicted, still glad would they tell

Of scenes o'er which Memory threw

Brightest tints, and awake with the shell

The visions that kind Fancy drew.

And, the glories of Salem to sing,

They would fain lift exulting the voice ;

And their lutes, lost to melody, string,

And bid the loud harp to rejoice.

But how, in a strange distant land,

Shall the tongue notes of gladness resound ?

Or the chords yield respect to the hand,

Slav'ry's chains clanging horrent around ?

O'er the mountains the messenger brings

The tidings of mercy and joy :

Speed, speed thou, Zeal !—lend him thy wings,

The swiftness of light to employ.

How ! welcome the word he conveys,

That speaks the delight of return

To the scenes of their once happy days,

For which with more fondness they burn.

From servitude, terrors more dire

Than all that the Hebrews befell ;

From God's wrath against sin and God's ire,

From the flames and the anguish of hell :—

From such does the Gospel of Peace

Eternal salvation proclaim

To all, and from bondage release,

Who, in faith, name the Saviour's name.

The Gospel to man can impart

Those comforts which earth never knew ;

And sooth with such balsam the heart,

As earth's sorrows never withdrew ;

And, past Death's dark valley secure,

Be a guide to a haven of rest

For mortals, abiding and sure—

To the tranquil abodes of the blest.

## FROM BOETHIUS.

THE splendours of the King of day  
Mellifluous Homer could display ;  
And his transcendent pomp rehearse  
In all the majesty of verse.  
Th' immortal bard has left untold,  
Nor could his matchless lay unfold,  
The wonders and the mystery  
That deep in earth's foundations lie.

Not so with Him who dwells above,  
The God of pow'r, and God of love.  
His eye with searching glance pervades  
Creation, through its inmost shades :  
The glooms that form the belt of night  
Evanish to His piercing sight.  
The mighty Independent Mind  
By bounds of time nor space confined,  
Can past, and present, and to be,  
In undivided vision see :  
'Tis Nature's God—*the* Sun alone,  
Elancing from His glorious throne  
Beams, such as look all nature through,  
And matter to its end pursue.

## JESUS AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

OFt to the health-imparting wave  
By angel mov'd, to plunge and lave,  
The sick, the maim'd, the halt retir'd,  
By more than human hope inspir'd.  
The pallid cheek, the languid frame,  
The halt, the sightless, hither came ;  
The palsied limb, the sunken eye,  
And writhing look of agony.

To the fount oppressed they,  
With anxious haste, all bent their way :  
With painful trouble, timely care,  
They sought fresh life and vigour there.

But lo ! the mighty Saviour stands,  
Hygeia's blessings in His hands.  
No more the flood's mysterious pow'r—  
No more the hoped, wish'd-for hour  
Is needed. See ! Disease retires,  
And Health relumes her wonted fires,  
As Languor, Pain, and Torture fly  
Swift at the terrors of His eye.



Fleeter than lightning speeds His word,  
By pow'rs immortal, mortal heard :  
The lame exults, and wond'ring springs,  
As instant Strength new spirit brings.

## THE LARK.

SEE! now the cheerful lark arise,  
Soaring amid the clear blue skies  
Joyous to hail the blushing morn,  
On gayly-flutt'ring pinions borne.

He seems to trill the varied note  
Of carols from his little throat,  
As if full eager to repay  
His tuneful thanks for new-born day.

As conscious of a Heavenly Power,  
Who watch'd him through the midnight hour—  
Well pleas'd, sweet bird, as if he knew  
How God His wing around him threw.

And thus should Man, when radiant light  
Night's gloomy terrors puts to flight,  
And morning, rising from the main,  
Springs from her orient couch again :—

So oft should Man, with heavenly fire,  
Attune to God his solemn lyre ;  
So oft should raise a grateful voice  
To good Jehovah, and rejoice :—

Rejoice that He, through Nature's rest,  
His children with protection bless'd ;  
And bade them from sweet slumber rise  
To pour their anthems to the skies.

And so we pour them :—Let us raise,  
On bended knees, our hymns of praise ;  
And, like the early lark, essay  
With pious heart our heavenward way !

THE  
STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

How softly glides, serenely bright,  
'Mid gems that deck yon orient skies,  
At solemn midnight's dewy hour,  
The Star of Bethlehem!

While, too, the golden lamp of day  
His dazzling radiance flings around,  
The lovely Star his course sustains  
With splendour still unquench'd—

To guide the sages on their way  
From soft Arabia's spicy groves,  
Or Persia's mountains big with stores  
That emulate the sun—

To guide them to the humble shed,  
Where the meek Infant Saviour lay—  
His cradle but a manger cold,  
In holy slumbers wrapt.

With rev'rence low, and breast devout,  
They richest, fairest treasures pour,  
Cull'd from regions of the sun,  
At His adored feet.

How blest were they!—the “star-led” blest,  
To gaze the Infant’s face divine ;  
And prostrate, with enraptured heart,  
To watch Its heav’nly smiles ;

To worship at the purest shrine  
That e’er was from the first of time,  
And kneel to Him, the very God  
From all eternity !

May us *our* Star with guidance bless,—  
*That* Star, the Spirit from on high,  
And lead us to the Saviour mild,  
To worship at His courts !

Our holier gifts to offer there,  
Than myrrh and frankincense and gold—  
Celestial virtues, deeds of good,  
The fruits of Faith divine.

O may that Star conduct us safe  
Through the deep gloom of earthly storms,  
To regions pure of living light,  
That circles Heav'n's high throne!



THE  
COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.

BORN of Time for ever fled,  
The New Year lifts his youthful head;  
And thus to mortals seems to say,  
In sober and in solemn lay :—

“ ’Merging from funereal gloom,  
“ Like Egypt’s bird from parent tomb,  
“ And short-lived as has been my sire,  
“ I fain would speak ere moons expire.

- “ Could I but reach the list’ning ear,  
“ By all that’s precious, all that’s dear—  
“ By more than all which earth can give,  
“ By all man’s hopes in heav’n to live :
- “ O ! could I touch the willing heart,  
“ Then might I wisdom’s lore impart :  
“ Of mortal life how short the span !  
“ How ! fleeting are the days of man—
- “ Whilst wand’ring on this earthly scene,  
“ With joys and sorrows far between ;  
“ Where soon the richest banquet cloy,  
“ And life’s best treasures prove but toys.

“ Like mine, your course shall soon be run,

“ As shadows fly before the sun ;

“ Like me, ye must strange lands explore,

“ And traverse waves without a shore.

“ But weigh the difference :—to me

“ God’s laws the term have fix’d to be :

“ Not so with you—ye know not when

“ Ye quit these transient scenes of men.”

THE  
RESURRECTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

WHILE sinking Nature's groans arise,  
Her last expiring agonies ;  
See ! 'mid Creation's ruin wide,  
Dismay and doubt all cast aside,  
Behind Faith's buckler, firm and sure,  
From fear and danger aye secure,  
The loved of Heav'n, immortal band,  
In prospect bright of glory stand.

Each spirit claims its kindred sky,  
Upborne on wing of ecstasy,  
As the victor Saviour's voice  
His sainted followers bids rejoice,  
And enter on their starred way  
To the blest Fount of endless day.  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your portals wide,  
Your crystal doors on either side,  
To let the King of Glory in,  
Who broke the pow'r of Death and Sin.

From the dark chambers of the tomb,  
The victims of one common doom ;  
From the four winds, from every shore,  
At the dread word, that "Time 's no more"—

To take their high celestial prize,  
The pious dead of ages rise.  
The Saviour mild and God of love,  
Who left the courts of light above  
Man from Satan to redeem,  
Of grace divine a gladsome beam  
Sheds on the good and righteous race,  
And smiles illumine His heav'nly face :  
And they with willing eager feet  
Spring forth, the Lord of Life to meet,  
Who led them through the shadowy vale,  
Where Death and Horror's glooms prevail.

They, while on earth, His holy ways  
To walk delighted ; and their days,

With mind submissive to His laws,  
Devoted to their Master's cause.  
Through various life's unquiet round  
Their truest joy His will they found ;  
Their richest treasure this they knew,  
Intent its blessings to pursue :  
And now they see with kindling eye  
Their good and gracious Deity.  
With anthems sweet and high acclaim  
They burn to laud the glorious name ;  
To harps responding hymns of praise,  
And angel lyres the voice to raise :  
And Him to worship and adore,  
Who was, and is, for evermore :

To live with Christ their Saviour God,  
Who stoop'd beneath His Father's rod—  
The Lamb for hapless mortals slain—  
And died lost Eden to regain ;  
And gild the darkness of the tomb,  
And bless with Life's immortal bloom.

All who would bear th' insulted Cross,  
Despise the shame and spurn the loss ;  
And all who would, with lowly mind—  
O'erweening Reason's thoughts confined—  
Mix boldly in the fearful strife,  
The contest for the crown of life,



Unmoved, unwearied, undismay'd—  
 The world's stupendous pow'r array'd  
 Against them in insidious arms,  
 With all its fascinations, charms—  
 Its praise, its censure, or its scorn,  
 Alike contemn'd or nobly borne :—  
 All cast away that e'er could tend  
 To obstruct the one immortal end,  
 He welcomes now, their perils past,  
 To promised seats of bliss at last.

Say, who is there of mortal birth,  
 Ah ! where's the sojourner of earth

That has not felt the torturing hour,  
When the dread King's resistless pow'r  
Has torn some object of his care  
From his fond heart he cherish'd there :  
Broke some sweet charity of life,  
Of parent, brother, sister, wife,  
Or smiling cherub—artless child,  
Whose little ways his toils beguiled ?  
When God's high will and dark decrees  
From souls of love has sever'd these—  
No more the form departed seen,  
At whose approach joy oft had been—  
Pure from alloy and dross of earth,  
And more like plants of heav'nly birth,

How shall they clasp them to the breast,  
The dear partakers of their rest,  
Safe landed on the happy shore,  
There to live on and part no more !

Affections pure, sublimed desires,  
And Sympathy's bright hallow'd fires—  
Delights—how holy and refined !—  
And lasting pleasures fill the mind.  
Improved each feeling, every sense,  
The charm which Virtue can dispense—  
The goodly Passions tranquil lie  
In soft and blended harmony.  
Nor yet a dull repose they know,  
But gently-moving joys bestow.

So oft, on wavy pinions borne,  
Zephyrus salutes the vernal morn,  
And, sporting in the purple skies,  
Bids airy undulations rise.  
And so the fanning breezes wake  
The pleasing ripplings of the lake:  
The crisped waters softly flow,  
Nor slumber nor excitement know.

Thus call'd to bliss, as man from dust,  
Th' exalted spirits of the just,  
Are 'live to all that moves delight,  
Beyond what charm'd terrestrial sight.  
Earth and its sorrows nigh forgot,  
Its fleeting fortunes, varied lot,

Disturb not now the calm repose  
Which Heaven's applauded servant knows.

For, if celestial souls would dwell  
On scenes of earth, and fondly tell  
What they might ling'ring entertain—  
Scenes of commingled joy and pain—  
At Memory's call so blandly kind,  
Now only pleasure to the mind ;  
To enhance delight her sole design  
From the rich treasures of her mine :—  
Lo ! such twilight visions rise,  
And float before th' entranced eyes,  
As serve to paint with fairer hue  
The present by contrasted view.

All see in all to love, admire  
Virtues more chaste, of purer fire ;  
More grace to win the spell-bound heart,  
Diviner feelings to impart.  
All in themselves an impulse find,  
A new-born bias of the mind  
Its unknown energies excite—  
Each latent seed evolve to light  
Of goodness struggling to be free,  
Itself the gift of Deity !—  
While streams of light unknown before  
The very inmost soul explore,  
As she enlarged perceptions tries  
To grasp new subjects as they rise ;

As Reason's keen and piercing ray  
Through tracts of Wonder speeds its way,  
And Truth from her high throne descends,  
And pleased in willing homage bends.  
See ! all the ransom'd blessing all,  
Safe from the ruins of the fall :  
All circle all with glad embrace,  
Though sever'd once by time and place,  
Through love of Him for all who bled,  
And bow'd in death His sacred head.

Transported they with holy joy,  
Words of instinctive lips employ,

In gratulations sweet that roll  
Reflected bliss from soul to soul.

Long toss'd on life's tumultuous wave,  
And then the victims of the grave,  
How! blessed on their Canaan's shore,  
Their griefs, their cares, their troubles o'er,  
The grateful heart and voice of praise  
To Nature's God—to Christ they raise,  
Who led them by His strong right-arm  
Through Earth's temptations, Sin's alarm;  
And virtue, fortitude supplied,  
With which they lived, in which they died;



Whose shield repell'd the sting of Death,  
And calm'd the hour that closed their breath.

And ye shall dwell in happier bow'rs  
Of fairer Eden fresh with flow'rs ;  
And your Truth-pledged joys shall be  
The guerdon of eternity !

## A HYMN.

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

O ! THOU who reign'st enthroned on high,  
Of Nature's wide expanse the God ;  
The earth, the seas, and spacious sky,  
All trembling feel thy awful nod.

Thy quiet courts shall mortals tread,  
And breathe the solemn tones of Prayer ;  
Or else by seraph Praise be led  
To live in holy raptures there.

.

To Thee while vital heat remains,

Man's heart a grateful voice shall raise ;

And while life's current warms his veins,

Be never silent in Thy praise.

Whene'er he shall Thy works admire,

And view creation's ample space ;

So oft shall burn Devotion's fire—

He shall a hand celestial trace.

What though by dangers compass'd round,

He still may recognise Thy will :

To good since seeming ills redound,

May pleased adore Thy mercies still.

Thus onward treading Virtue's road,  
And trusting to Thy boundless love ;  
Firm he may hope to taste, O God !  
Th' immortal streams of Life above.

## THE LILIES.

Behold the lilies of the field how they grow : they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—MATT. vi. 28-29.

Thus the Saviour spake again  
To wondering crowds of guilty men,  
With awe and doubtful fear impress'd  
And passions labouring in the breast—

The tumult fierce!—but He would lay  
In heav'nly calm the stormy fray ;  
Bid Peace her hovering wings unfold,  
More precious far than pearls or gold.

On His Almighty Father's love,  
Great Lord of nature, throned above,  
He would they all their cares repose,  
At morning's dawn and evening's close.

Ye, beauteous lilies of the field !  
Were taught by Jesus' lips to yield  
Instruction goodly, comfort sweet,  
To all who would with willing feet—

Pursue the paths of promised rest  
With guilt o'erwhelm'd, or pain distress'd;  
Or when disasters dire assail,  
And life's last pillars seem to fail.

Your lesson preach, ye flowers so fair,  
To all oppress'd with doubt, despair:  
To all Affliction's sons impart  
Your healing balsam for the heart.

Tell them that ye, in robes so gay,  
Such gorgeous pomp, and proud array,  
Of more than Tyrian purple's bloom,  
Or all that sprang from Sidon's loom—

In more than kingly splendour dress'd,  
Ye still proclaim this truth confess'd:—

“ Our richest ornaments we owe

“ To Him from whom all blessings flow.”

“ And so shall God His fav'rite man,

“ Who crowns His bright stupendous plan,

“ With arm of tenderest love caress—

“ With good and peace and comfort bless.”



## FROM BOETHIUS.

OF various form and various race  
God's humbler creatures we may trace  
Their course pursuing: some that sweep  
The surging waters of the deep;  
And some that lowly crawl, with breast  
Along the furrow'd soil depress'd:  
Others that sounding pinions bear  
In easy triumph through the air;  
That 'mid wide tracts of radiance run,  
Disporting in the glittering sun:

While some the flowery meadows tread,  
Or shady grove or mountain-head :  
But all to earth inclined we see,  
Though form and figure disagree.

'Tis man alone with look sublime  
That towers above the mists of time.  
His nobler mien and port elate  
Proclaim his more exalted state ;  
And bid him raise to Heaven his mind,  
By earth and matter unconfin'd—  
Stern master of its mortal clay,  
That lives its short and feverish day.

## CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

MIGHTY Saviour ! God of all,  
Creator of this earthly ball,  
Enthroned above all heav'nly things,  
Thou Lord of life, and King of kings !

How dread the tortures, pangs that tore  
That breast divine, those limbs which wore !  
When drops ensanguined o'er Thy frame  
In hot and fierce profusion came.

The conflict awful ! Yet 'twas sin  
Which harrow'd up Thy soul within :—  
'Twas mortal sin which stirr'd such strife  
As forced Thee to the verge of life.

Thou, Holy Jesus ! Thou didst know  
The endless tortures, anguish, woe :  
Full well didst know the fiery doom  
Which Guilt awaits beyond the tomb.

In tend'rest, softest pity led,  
For men who Sin's dark mansions tread,  
Thy pure and heav'nly soul was wrung  
With grief, untold by angel's tongue.

Triumphant Saviour ! O ! may we,  
With hearts of flame, remember Thee—  
Remember how these suff'rings sore  
For us were borne—and Thee adore !

Secure beneath Thy guardian wing,  
To Thee we 'll sweetest incense bring—  
Thy faithful followers strong to save,  
And crown with life beyond the grave.

## ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

## AN ODE.

To Mars' steep, tow'ring hill, with winged speed,

Impatient, breathless crowds repair ;

As idle thought, or steadier motives lead,

To while the golden moments there.

He stands sublime—

Nor elder Time,

Through the far tract o'er which his wheels had

roll'd,

Within the war-clad walls had seen

Such mortal virtue—high, majestic, bold—

As Cynthia, lovely and serene.

Sublime he stands : Heav'n's adamantine shield

Around Faith's champion life and safety

throws :

To him the Spirit gives the sword to wield,

And energy divine and God's own strength be-

stows.

In intellectual grandeur great

He towers above the human state :

Salvation's helmet guards his head ;

His sober, fix'd, and solemn tread

The Gospel's Preparation pure,  
Firm, self-sustaining, and secure,  
Steep'd in the flowings of its peace defends.

Full o'er his soul

Rich mantling roll

The streams of wondrous grace that from Heav'n's  
throne descends.

Radiant glories veil his brow,

As o'er the breathing masses now

He darts his keen and ardent eye,

Or lifts it to the list'ning sky.

Hark his voice ! Those accents heard—

The tones that thrill—the Seraph word—



Like Heaven's electric fires, in their own virtue  
strong,

From lips of living flame they rush elanced along.

Fair Colonus' solemn hill,

Groves, where Meditation still,

By Ilissus' tuneful stream,\*

Loved to muse on heav'nly theme ;

Porches, where th' imbowed shade

Oft could win the holy maid,

Wist not to break their sacred still repose,

Such sounds of torrent force—such mighty spells  
as those—

\* “ Ilissus pure devolved his tuneful stream.”

Bursting on the soul amain,  
As when th' usurping wave sweeps o'er the wasted  
plain.

Oft had Parne s' echoes caught  
Strains of high immortal thought,  
Or return'd the rapt'rous tale  
To the breezes of the vale.  
Oft Callirrhoe, lovely rill !  
Tones that woke the neighb'ring hill,  
As they reach'd the calm retreat,  
Mingled with her warblings sweet.  
He, beneath whose voice alone  
Trembled Philip on his throne :

Sages, whose excursive mind  
Bless'd with light their fellow-kind :  
Nor Plato, Socrates, nor patriots all,  
From their impassion'd lips e'er felt such power to  
fall.

Poets of celestial fire  
Had swept with varying hand the lyre :  
And in undying verse divine,  
Of Atreus' or of Pelops' line,  
With sweetest minstrelsy had sung—  
The sorceries of their honied tongue :  
Had pleas'd— shall pleasure aye impart,  
And ever win and mend the heart.

But yet not they,  
With heav'nly lay,  
And the rich treasure of the skilful muse,  
Could hold that one dominion o'er the soul  
Which the pure Martyr claim'd ; or e'er infuse  
What gave each struggling sense obnoxious to  
control.

Hear him Heav'n's attributes aloud proclaim,  
The one true God—eternal and the same ;  
Who arch'd the skies, and framed the beauteous  
earth,  
Rules, and has ruled, all nature from her birth :

The mighty Power, whose hand conveys  
What human virtue ne'er repays :  
The blessings which His bounty gives,  
In whom man breathes, and moves, and lives—  
“ The unknown God ! ”—whom Superstition's  
    reign  
With darkness and thick night  
Had veil'd, to mortal sense he renders plain  
    In full unclouded light—  
High throned o'er Nature—all created things,  
Maker of shining worlds, enduring King of kings !

Not made by earthly hands was He,  
    Of silver, gold, or stone ;

Man's adoration thence to be—

Before man's work alone.

But He the breath of life to mortals gave ;

He of Himself upholds, and He has pow'r to save.

From men, his creatures, worship true

He demands—allegiance due :

Jehovah bids them walk the ways

To the temple of His praise ;

Who gives the sun-shine, sends the show'r—

The vernal and autumnal hour ;

The milky corn that life sustains,

The fruits which gild the woods, and grass that

clothes the plains.

They,\* the sons of Pleasure, who  
 Gods acknowledged none, or knew,  
 Save who, wrapt in soft repose,  
 Cared not for human joys or woes :  
 They,† whose stern complacent pride  
 The ills of life would turn aside ;  
 Who raised their idol Virtue high—  
 Their very god and deity :

Those,‡ who to matter gave no Great First  
 Cause

To call it into birth, obedient to His laws :

And they,|| whose doctrines more refined  
 Pronounced o'er nature One Presiding Mind—

\* Epicureans.

† Stoics.

‡ Peripatetics.

|| Platonists.

All with mute wonder hear a creed so high,  
As of some heav'nly form descending from the  
sky.

But when the holy man would tell  
Of death and judgment, heav'n and hell ;  
Of the last dread and solemn day  
When earth and skies shall melt away ;  
Of conscious Sorrow bathed in tears,  
Repentance with her hopes and fears ;  
Of Mercy, Righteousness, and Truth,  
Revered to age, from op'ning youth ;  
Of Sin, and whence the monster rose  
Of everlasting joys, and everlasting woes :



They list the soul-subduing tones  
With sighs perchance suppress'd, and groans ;  
Whilst haply Conscience bids them view  
With other eyes the past, and other ends pursue.

## GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

HE plants His footstep on the floods ;

He mounts the fiery car of day ;

He dwells amid the night of woods ; \*

He smiles in Cynthia's silv'ry ray :

\* Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum

Per invias rupes, fera per juga,

Clivosque præruptos sonantes

Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.

GRAY.

In the rough rage of storms, the calm serene,  
He moves the same, the God of Heav'n unseen :  
His awful Presence earth's foundations own,  
And the pure empyrean forms His crystal living  
    throne.

He blushes in the lovely rose,

    Blooms in each flow'r that scents the gale ;

On ev'ry branch that sweetly blows,

    And in the verdure of the vale.

The pearl that beams beneath th' unquiet wave,

The coral sleeping in its sea-wash'd cave—

The gold, the gem that sparkles in the mine,

With His pervading lustre beautifully shine.

To Him the tide of music floats

From burning rows of seraph quires ;

He lists the spirit-soothing notes

That burst from their eestatic lyres.

He hears th' Elysian sounds of Nature's song,

Which wakes the wild woods and the vales

among :

He lists the cheerful sky-lark's matin lay,

And the lone pensive bird that sings the night

away.

And God's all-searching sleepless eye

Of man can pierce the inmost soul—

His thoughts which yet in embryo lie,

When round them thickest shadows roll :

See infant Virtue struggling into birth,  
Blest heir of Heav'n, bright habitant of earth ;  
And see high-crested Vice her orgies tell,  
The scourge of mortal bliss, the doom'd to death  
and hell.

God knows the heart with troubles prest ;  
He hears the penitential pray'r ;  
He sees the sorrows of the breast,  
The pangs that live and torture there.  
He lists th' aspiring tones of heav'n-ward Praise,  
Her ardent eye sees Faith exulting raise,  
Who burns to burst the cumb'ring bonds of clay,  
And seek her native home, far in the realms of  
day.

## THE LAST SUPPER.

'Tis He—th' Incarnate God, the Saviour mild,  
Of mien celestial, gentle as a child,—  
The Host—th' anointed King of all the earth,  
Swift at whose mandate Nature sprang to birth.  
He sits, and living rays of glory shine,  
Pure and unearthly, round His head divine ;  
While beams of love, soft kindling in His eye,  
Commingle with the blaze of Deity ;

And sweetest accents, of no mortal sphere,  
In heav'nly cadence fall upon the ear.

The guests—most favour'd of the sons of man,  
From first when Time his circling course began—  
The chosen few, whom rank nor pow'r adorn—  
Nor smiling Fortune bless'd their natal morn ;  
Nor Science led them to those sacred springs,  
Whence the rapt soul sublimest treasures brings ;  
Who never paused the solemn groves among,  
To list the sage's lore or drink the poet's song :—  
The chosen few, who walk'd the quiet vale  
Of lowly life, which less of storms assail ;  
But simpler manners Nature's Author gave  
From their first op'ning being to the grave :—

They whose free minds ne'er fierce Ambition's fires  
Inflamed with thirst of sway and mad desires ;  
And never Lucre to their witched eyes  
Held out the glitter of her dangerous prize :—  
They were the guests, whom Innocence combined  
And Goodness made the worthy of their kind.  
For such alone th' Omniscient God could please,  
Minds calm, content, and spirits pure as these.  
He sought not kingly pow'r, the pomp of state,  
But man's best part, in dignity elate.  
Far from the learn'd, the affluent, the gay,  
From all retired, He held his heav'n-ward way.  
The meek, the docile, and the lowly few,  
With their loved Master here in peace withdrew.



The feast celestial!—Say, can words of fire,  
Can harp of angels to the theme aspire?  
The promised Saviour of a guilty world,  
To death devote, to condemnation hurl'd,  
In tend'rest sympathy for erring man,  
Hastes to the triumph of His wond'rous plan.

Blest was the banquet! emblem of that love  
Which brought Messiah from His throne above,  
To die, though guiltless, for a race forlorn,  
Charged with the sin of ages past, unborn:  
Blest too the banquet! earnest of the joy  
Which tongues of happy myriads shall employ,  
For ever landed on that tranquil shore,  
Where tears shall cease, and sorrows be no more.

*The* bliss in full fruition—there to dwell  
With Him they served on earth, and loved so  
well.

And ye, His friends, how did unbidden steal  
Your tears, and grief the inmost soul reveal,  
As His blest lips the solemn truth disclosed,  
To the frail wishes of your hearts opposed,  
That He no longer on the darkling way  
Of transient being should a Pilgrim stray :  
No more should tread the thorny paths of life,  
Sublimely battling with its ills and strife :  
That ye no more should view that face divine,  
Where Virtue—seraph form !—was wont to shine ;

No more be moved beneath the winning force,  
'Th' alluring wisdom of His sweet discourse.—  
For Friendship, not yet lighted at the skies,  
Dared not far o'er terrestrial views to rise ;  
Knew not to burst the coil of mortal Fear,  
That urged the silent pray'r—" But still be here."  
Yet, holy Hope ! the transports and the fires  
Thou didst accord, the pure, serene desires,  
Might break, in part, the darkness of the soul,  
And heav'n-ward Peace your rising doubts control.  
Then radiant visions opening on the sight,  
Faint and dim semblance of the realms of light,  
Might bear your spirits to the happy bow'rs  
O'er which no shadows move, no tempest low'rs.

There the Great Shepherd, on His changeless  
    throne,  
Shall count his flock and kingdoms all his own ;  
Blest and still blessing, at th' immortal feast,  
The sons of short-lived man from woe and death  
    released.

## L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. \* \* \* \* \*

LATE OF \* \* \* \* \* COLLEGE, OXFORD.

SERVANT of Christ ! thy soul to heav'nly rest

Is gone, how summon'd in life's rosy prime !

Calmly surrender'd at thy God's behest—

Beyond the bounds of darkness and of time.

Yes, thou art gone—and how lamented here

By soft Affection bending o'er thy tomb !

She sheds the crystal sympathetic tear,

So lost in anguish at thy early doom.

But why so grieve? why so deplore thy fate,

Thou faithful servant, in this world of woe,

Of Him who died—though mighty to create—

On mortal man life endless to bestow?

Past Death's drear valley—past his terrors there,

Rest, gentle spirit, in thy Master's care!

## FROM BOETHIUS.

HAPPY, how happy were the days,  
When man amid his fruitful fields,  
Contented lived in quiet ways,  
And charm'd with all that Nature yields !  
Then silken Lux'ry's withering coil  
Ne'er wasted sinews strung with toil :  
The late and simple feast was made  
Of rustic acorns strewn beneath the sylvan shade.

The honied sweets that bees produce,  
From alien mixtures yet apart,

Own'd not the grape's rich-flowing juice  
Beneath the magic hand of art ;  
Nor the fleece tinged with Tyrian hue  
Then adventitious colours knew :  
The vales supplied man's flow'ry bed,  
And Sleep his pinions waved soft o'er the slumberer's head.

His drink was of the crystal wave  
That rippled through the meadow grass :  
The dark-green pine its shadows gave.  
Where he the noon-tide hours might pass.  
No vessel plough'd the ocean foam,  
Nor man for wealth had learn'd to roam,



And unknown seas and lands explore,  
Safe in his native fields, pleased with his native  
shore.

No clarions on the battle-plain  
Loud blew the blasts of mortal strife ;  
Nor 'mid ensanguined heaps of slain  
Fierce Hatred stalk'd, profuse of life.  
For who would kindle War's alarms,  
And wake the din of hostile arms ?  
When once he saw the fateful blow,  
Who, with the heart of man, would turn man's  
deadliest foe ?

No prize contending nations knew  
That steel'd the soul, the bosom fired.  
Would that our age, to Virtue true,  
Like them to its high meed aspired !  
But hotter than the fearful blaze  
Which Ætna's murmuring vault displays,  
The thirst of gain inflames the mind,  
No more by Heav'n above, or Nature's laws con-  
fined.

Say, who was he, unblest'd of men,  
Who deep in caves of earth descried,  
And first, with eager, anxious ken,  
Gazed,—dug the gifts which she would hide ?

The sparkling gem and golden ore,

The pearl that shines where oceans roar,

Who reckless show'd to heav'n's pure light !

The dang'rous treasures who exposed to human  
sight ?

## THE HARVEST-FIELD.

SEE! all adown the smiling plain  
In golden richness waves the grain:  
The swain beholds the glorious sight,  
And beats his heart with full delight:—

Exulting that the vernal mead  
Which from his hand received the seed,  
Had all his fondest hopes fulfill'd,  
And fruitful been the soil he 'd till'd.

So God his vineyard loves to view,  
Sweet water'd with celestial dew,  
The gifts of Virtue's dawn to bring,  
The plenteous fruitage of its spring.

And if man in his early bloom,  
Yet onward journeying to the tomb,  
Shall walk in God's pure holy ways,  
His meed shall be His love and praise—

Removed at His good time and care,  
To blissful regions, mansions fair,  
Where countless, countless ages run,  
Bless'd with the light of Judah's sun.

## THE VIOLET.

In quiet and sequester'd shades,  
On sunny bank, in rural glades

The violet loves to dwell :

There, in retiring beauty blows,  
And emulates the fragrant rose,

In hedge-row, grove, or dell.

Shunning the gazer's curious eye,

In solitude content to lie,

Still unambitious there—

Yet lavish of its little power,  
Which wanes with every fleeting hour,  
In sweets it steeps the air.

So God delights his children dear,  
Who His all-glorious name revere,  
Should thus pursue their way:  
And steady Virtue's placid star  
Should shoot, from Folly's revels far,  
A salutary ray.

## SABBATH EVENING.

How soft the lapse of dews

Which gem the shepherd's way !

Track'd by his homeward step

Beneath the moon's pale ray.

Refreshing breezes sport

Upon the brow of eve ;

And with soft-waving fan

Life's languid powers relieve.



How! does celestial Peace

The Christian's heart console ;

Bid sorrows cease awhile,

And wrap in rest his soul !

Descending from on high

With balmy wings outspread,

She soothes the suffering mind,

And lifts the mourner's head.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.\*

RESTING sublime upon the breezy top  
 Of Tabor's echoing hill, † what cloud with folds  
 Of light unearthly—lucid as the orb  
 Of placid Cynthia, when she glides so fair  
 Along the starred pathway of the heav'ns,  
 The mountain circles round, deep in the robe

\* See the *Lectures* of Bishop Porteus.

† If e'er your secret footsteps linger still  
 By Siloa's fount or Tabor's echoing hill.

*Palestine.*

Reposing of its glory? From on high  
In living lustre falling, swift it forms  
A gorgeous canopy of ambient beams  
For Heav'n's Eternal Majesty : yet these  
Shine but in glimm'ring emblem of the light,  
The never-fading splendors which invest  
That throne, where wielding His all-conquering  
power,  
One with the Father, at the Father's side  
Sits the Great King of kings, o'er countless worlds  
Supreme.

No marvel that the astounded three,  
The highly favour'd of the humble few,  
Messiah's servants on the earth's dim orb,

Burn'd, as they view'd the radiant prospect rise.  
No marvel that the grand and mystic scene,  
With wish instinctive mov'd their glowing breast  
To rear enduring tents, wherein to dwell  
In bliss and glory with the Lord of Life:—  
And they how bless'd on whom His smiles He shed !

Earth, though His footstool, yet was not His  
throne.

Heav'n's golden portals to the Prince of Peace  
Must open, and the crystal courts receive,  
With songs of triumph and with angel lyre,  
Him before whom thrones, dominations, powers,

Above, below, fall prostrate, and obey.  
For though th' Incarnate Word all space pervades,  
Sustaining, as He first created, all ;  
Yet in the heav'n of heav'ns alone, that fount  
Of light, His Presence all-sufficient shines—  
Of uncreated essence, worshipp'd there,  
Whilst freely of the streams of bliss He gives,  
With adoration of devoted worlds.

In characters, to minds yet little firm  
Behind the shield of Faith, though haply cheer'd  
By Hope's far scenes—thus wondrous and illumed  
With evidence transcendent of the might  
Of Him whom Truth unchangeable proclaim'd

The Rock of ages, God's beloved Son  
For ever blessed—His high claim to assert  
And pow'r divine before a wavering world,  
To mortal weakness stooping, Christ beams out  
Th' eternal Godhead of the throne of heav'n.

What dangers and what sufferings compass'd  
round

Him the despised, rejected! How had He  
The keenest darts which Jealousy and Hate  
And torturing Malice, rancorous Envy flung  
With demon ingenuity and craft,  
Against His patient, unprotected head,  
From their envenom'd quivers reckless flung,  
With soul submissive and serene endured!

Toss'd on the rough and stormy waves of life,  
He prov'd the gales of Fortune : all the ills  
Which mortal men involve, though pure of sin,  
And clad in Righteousness' translucent robe,  
Lamb-like He met : and though in prospect full  
Far bitterer woes He saw—vindictive death—  
The superhuman agonies—the cross—  
His lips divine no murmuring accents pass'd.

Beyond the brightest forms which Fancy paints  
With glowing colours of the arch that spans  
The summer skies, to spirits sweetly lull'd  
In Leuce or Elysium's dreams—sublime  
And wonderful and fair, to the frail fears

Of doubting men—at best the shadowy hopes—  
The Saviour with surpassing glory crown'd  
Is imaged in His Greatness, which He had  
Erst in the highest heav'ns ! There had He dwelt  
From unborn ages, ere was call'd the world  
From out of chaos, all its beauties call'd,  
The ocean and the earth, sun, moon, and stars :  
Whom the heav'ns op'ning must again admit,  
Man's righteous Judge, ascending from the earth,  
By thousands and ten thousands of His saints  
Attended, angels, habitants of light,  
When He for ever, ever shall be All in all !

Upon the mountain's consecrated height  
The guileless Prophet who ne'er tasted death



And Founder of the Hebrew law appear,  
Parts worthy of the glorious scene to act.  
They point direct to endless life, the lot  
Of man—th' Archangel's summons loud and dread,  
Calling the multitudes of ev'ry tongue,  
Kindred and nation to the judgment-seat.  
The one embraces in the gorgeous type  
The dead of all past times ; the other those  
Who yet shall breathe the genial air of heav'n,  
On the last morn, the denizens of earth :  
And both with equal majesty begirt,  
Beyond compare, and new to mortal eyes,  
Th' o'erpow'ring certainty of future bliss  
To all of Adam's race, obedient prov'd,

Eternal in the skies, unfold to view,  
As with a golden sun-beam. Christ they show  
The Way, the Truth, the Life, by whom alone  
The door is thrown of immortality.  
With hand inviting open—the First-born  
Of ev'ry creature, over glowing worlds  
Of birth immortal, everlasting King!  
With whom the righteous like the stars of God,  
Shall shine thro' ages that must know no end.

For with the grandeur of th' astounding scene  
The Seer and Chief, fade instant from the sight—  
The one exhibiting the Prophet's harp  
Unstrung, at length, and hush'd : whose tones had  
swept

The lonely waste of ages as they roll'd,  
With rich and richer pomp, now merg'd and lost  
In the full tide of harmony divine,  
That circling warbled the Messiah round :  
The other yielding with expansive heart  
Of glowing love the rigour of the Law  
To the mild Gospel of the Prince of Peace—  
The Law, like Sinai's thunders, wing'd with fear—  
The Gospel, as the lambent light that beam'd  
On Tabor's cliff, in Mercy's vest array'd.

## THE MAJESTY OF THE DIVINE BEING.

God dwells supreme above the sky,  
And untold worlds beneath Him lie ;  
High on a bright enduring throne,  
The Sovereign dread of Heav'n alone.  
Ages in rolling circles move,  
And still the One Eternal prove :  
They view the Great Jehovah still the same,  
And through their march sublime sound high His  
awful name.

Lo ! earth and all created things  
Bow to the mighty King of kings.  
What works declare the ruling God,  
And are, or perish at His nod !  
The sun, with vivifying ray,  
Who lives<sup>1</sup> along the heav'n's arch'd way—  
The silver moon, with soft and mellow light,  
That shines the wand'ring lamp of solitary night.  
  
The stars in golden clusters glow,  
And twinkling beam on earth below :  
Or life-destroying lightnings glare,  
And sultry vapours fire the air :

<sup>1</sup> " The immortal lights that live along the sky." BYRON.

Appalling earthquakes shake the ground,  
And thunder peals its solemn sound :  
And hark ! is heard the angry tempest's roar  
Heaving the foamy waves that rock th' affrighted  
shore.

Minist'ring angels take their stand,  
And silent wait Heav'n's high command :  
They range the boundless tracts of space  
To do His will in time and place.  
His will mysterious they perform,  
And breathe the calm, or rouse the storm ;  
On errands rigid bent, or purport mild,  
The messengers of love, or woe—of Wrath the  
child.

Man at God's fiat lives or dies,  
And Fortune smiles, or swiftly flies :  
His will alone accords him breath,  
Or sinks him to the shades of death.  
The gloom of sickness, joys of health ;  
The plaint of want, and pomp and wealth  
He gives ; and man shall feel His pow'r to save—  
Or groan in fiery vaults that flame beyond the  
grave.

## REFLECTIONS.

GENESIS XXIV. 63.

“ And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide.”

RETIRING from the noise and cares of life,  
With calm and pensive Solitude, he sought,  
Pensive, yet pleasing still, the quiet cool  
Of evening mild ; while haply Cynthia's car  
Glided—how lovely !—o'er the far blue hills ;  
And rock and vale, and deep umbrageous wood  
Beneath the wide-diffusive radiance slept.



As balmy Zephyrus breath'd in fragrance round,  
Then Isaac took his meditative walk.

With thoughts adjusted to the soothing scene,  
In soft and well-tuned harmony, he joy'd  
To seek high converse with the Pow'r Supreme,  
By whose sustaining Presence Nature lives.  
Her beauty and magnificence conspire  
To wrap the Patriarch's mind in grateful peace,  
And weave a glorious halo round his heart.

No swoln o'erweening sentiments—no thoughts  
Or vain imaginations of the strength  
Of human Virtue, and her innate pow'r

To steer in safety through the shoals of life  
The frail inheritor of mortal flesh,  
Could o'er his soul their with'ring influence hold.  
No high pretensions nurtured in the school  
Of Zeno's proud disciples, him estranged  
From the Almighty Father's tender love ;  
Nor his dependence on Jehovah's care.  
Bade him with mad disdain to cast away.

He humbly sought communion with his God,  
Th' unfailing Succour of his infant days :  
With fervent spirit and confiding heart,  
He pray'd that Heav'n's choice blessings might  
descend

Upon his head, and brighten all his paths.  
And well on him might God's choice blessings fall ;  
And well might Glory in her radiant car<sup>1</sup>  
Bear his exalted race.

The evening walk

Of the good man, as, with secluded step,  
In contemplative mood, he careless bends  
Along the dewy meads his wonted way,  
Is more illustrious in the eye of Heav'n  
Than fiery march of War's triumphant chief,  
With glist'ning arms of thousands in his train.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> " —Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru."—HOR.

<sup>2</sup> " If we suppose that there are spirits or angels who

look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and Revelation; how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! \* \* \* \* We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or amongst the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes—in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men."—ADDISON.

## FROM BOETHIUS.

Say, why should mortals wake such woeful strife —

Why speed the stroke of Death with impious  
hand ?

Death, ever watching at the gates of life,

Nor waits nor wants man's summons or com-  
mand.

His gloomy steeds with sure and pointed dart,

He guides impetuous on their headlong way :

Man acts the savage and the monster's part,

And heartless makes his fellow-man his prey.

But the fell tribes that fearful forests roam,  
The tiger's fang, and subtle serpent's sting;  
The lion, bear, that make the wilds their home,  
All to man's ill-starr'd race destruction bring.

Can differing manners, or can distant place  
The links dissever of Affection's tie?  
The noblest, holiest sympathies efface,  
And kindred hands with kindred slaughter die?  
Nor Justice, Reason leads the desperate way,  
Which stern relentless Cruelty pursues:  
Consenting hearts let heav'nward Virtue sway,  
And Vice be wept with tear that Pity's cheek  
bedews.

INSTRUCTION TO THE POOR UNDER  
THE GOSPEL.

ILLUSTRIOUS lights of periods swept away,  
Of Egypt and Chaldea, Greece and Rome—  
Teachers sublime ! what change has lapse of days,  
Big with immortal interests, given to man !  
No more Religion's solemn fane is closed  
To eager multitudes and erring crowds,  
To find a ready entrance pressing round—  
By innate wish impell'd and heav'n-born hope,

To see her awful mysteries unroll'd ;  
And hear her lessons to their thirsting minds  
By patient toil, elucidation clear,  
Inviting made, and palpable, distinct.

But the poor lowly wanderers of the earth,  
Though fellow pilgrims in the flesh, and born  
To all that, by your creed, yourselves could claim  
From the dark prospect of a world to come ;  
And heirs like you to what the Mortal State  
Of real sorrow or of actual joy  
Pours from the cup to all—distinction none—  
Despised, neglected, were shut out as vile.  
The favour'd few, the rich in this world's goods,



The train'd to wisdom in the pride of schools :--  
To these alone was held the lamp to guide  
Their doubtful steps amid th' incumbent gloom.  
Yet dim and feeble was the light which shone,  
Great priests of Nature, from your brightest lamps,  
Bewild'ring oft, and leading wide astray.

Your lives how blessed to your fellow-men !  
Had ye, constrain'd by condescension mild,  
And love, imparted of the treasures hid  
Deep in the mazes of your restless minds,  
That swept through time and space on thought  
sublime,  
To them who lack'd—unheeded all their wants.

But little jealousies, of your great names  
Unworthy, from the multitude withheld  
The knowlege fair, with wonders rich emblazed,  
By your immortal energies struck out :  
Lest they should tread with foot profane the  
ground

Of your high privilege, exclusive deem'd ;  
And learn too well to feel, too well to know  
What to her children all, with equal care,  
Kind Nature had design'd, and will'd to all.

But lo ! the Saviour comes : and op'ning wide  
Truth's golden portals to benighted men,  
He bids—with voice how bland, and look benign !—

The weary, fainting crowds to enter in—  
Words with surpassing joy and gladness fraught,  
And precepts—doctrines not of earth—to hear,  
And take His easy yoke and burden light.  
So the good shepherd leads his drooping flock,  
When sultry Sirius rages in the skies,  
To the green pastures and the cooling shades,  
And streams that murmur through the grassy  
vales.

The Saviour comes! The lowly of the earth,  
The poor and needy, His especial care,  
His untired thoughts and holy pity claim—  
The very fulness of His wondrous love.

No costly sacrifice, no mode of garb  
Distinctive, and no culture of the mind,  
By prescript, in recondite lore pursued :  
No tribe nor race exclusive He required—  
Such as the Paynim teachers oft of old  
The stern condition made, on which they deign'd  
To grant the light that beam'd to them alone :—  
Not such the meek and gentle Master sought  
To form disciples worthy His regard.  
The Christ, th' eternal God, whose hand divine  
This lovely scene of things, yon heav'ns sublime,  
Brought out of nothing ; and whose care sustains  
The gorgeous pageantry of Nature's frame—  
He to His feet invites, the wisdom mild

And comfort from His lips that flow'd to taste,  
In heart the lowly, contrite and forlorn,  
The poor in spirit and the bruised reed—  
Affliction's sons and daughters—num'rous race!  
To these Messiah with parental love  
Proffers the blessings of the rich repast.

E'en they to whom in thunder were reveal'd,  
Clouds and thick gloom, Jehovah's dread decrees,  
God's chosen race, with admiration saw  
His condescension, manners that would win,  
And modes unknown before to bend the will,  
And guide the simple to Religion's paths.

Proud of their fancied stores, their Rabbis saw  
With dumb amazement and with scornful hate  
The boasted *Mishna*\* past unheeded by—  
Its glories sullied and its wisdom spurn'd :  
Saw Truth her radiant banners wave afar,  
Alike to all her records hence unroll'd.

And time shall be, the Truth from pole to pole  
Shall spread and flourish, bliss and comfort yield :

\* The use of the term *Mishna* is hazarded in this place, to designate the traditionary learning of the Jewish Rabbis, as it existed in the time of our Saviour ; though it was not reduced to writing under that title, till a century and a half from the Christian era.

In thirsty wilds shall Elim's waters spring,  
And Sharon's roses scent the desert air.\*

But not, as mortal frail, the Saviour taught :  
The most exalted of man's race, with minds  
Most highly gifted, elevate, and who  
The purest waters at the sacred fount  
Of Learning had drunk deep, no power could  
wield  
To hold in bondage the rebellious heart.  
Not Athens' burning light, the martyr'd sage,  
With purport and with aim how'er remote

\* "And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

From interest or ambition's sordid views—  
His motives holiest and the most sublime—  
Not he, nor such as he, could know and feel  
The weight, the force, the energy and fire,  
With which Messiah's heav'nly doctrines made  
Forth to the scope direct their easy way.

Messiah such a charm around each thought  
And utterance threw, as mortals ne'er shall hope  
To clothe withal the lessons they impart.  
Well might the poor, the helpless and despised  
And destitute, to list the Saviour's voice  
Speed with delight away. The gracious Lord  
Of life immortal and seraphic bliss,



The very soul of Sympathy divine  
Nursed in the sacred cradle of His breast.

He knows how precious in Jehovah's sight  
Is every soul that lives, whate'er man's lot,  
Grade, or condition, on this lower orb.  
Touch'd with a sense of mortal ills, He would  
With equal mercy hold in His embrace  
The universal family of man.  
He knows the glories of His Father's house,  
The rest eternal of the bowers of bliss,  
And joys at God's right hand prepared for them  
Who love Him, and obey His holy will.  
All would He lead, with silken cords would lead

Of sweet affection, to their destined home—

Present them blameless at Heav'n's sapphire  
                  throne,

Pure, through His blood, of blemish, spot, or guilt—

Not one of countless generations lost—

To take the crown of never-ending life.

## FROM BOETHIUS.

WHO'E'ER with calm and steady soul  
Can Fate's far-wielded pow'r withstand ;  
And, holding Fortune in control,  
Can look serene on either hand :  
Him not the threats of Pontus hoar,  
Whose heaving surges lash the shore,  
And shake their darkest deepest bed,  
With torpid fear and pale affright o'erspread.

To him the redd'ning mount, whose fires  
    Flame o'er Campania's fertile fields,  
Whence lurid smoke to heav'n aspires,  
    No fear 'mid wildest ruin yields.  
Composed he views the lightning's glare  
Flash through the hot and sulphurous air,  
Whose angry course, with sullen sound,  
Hurls Art's sublimest glories to the ground.

Say, why does thoughtless man alarm  
    The haughty tyrant's empty rage?  
Minds shall the fiercest ire disarm,  
    Which hopes nor fears nor doubts engage.

While such as bend to Passion's sway,  
Their shield of safety thrown away,  
Shall cow'ring hug the recreant chain,  
Nor dare their birth-right freedom to maintain.

## THE PURE IN HEART.

MATT. v. 8.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Thus spake the Saviour, Son of God,  
 When Tabor's neighb'ring hills He trod,  
 To list'ning crowds that anxious sought  
 To learn the wisdom which He taught:—

The word of truth, the heav'nly bread  
 With which their craving souls He fed—  
 All hast'ning to the wells of Life,  
 Where ever-gushing streams are rife.

The pure in heart !—how bless'd are they  
Who walk in God's peace-guiding way—  
Their hearts inflamed with grateful love  
That 's steep'd in unction from above :

Who, all-submissive, all-resign'd,  
With meekness, lowliness of mind,  
Bend to their Sov'reign Father's will—  
In all adore and love Him still.

How bless'd are they ! who glad control  
The earthly passions of the soul,  
And calm and tranquil keep the breast—  
Fit mansion for the Heav'nly Guest.

And bless'd are they whose virtues shine  
As gems that glitter in the mine,  
With prompt and active hand inclined  
To serve the good of all mankind.

All such are bless'd.—They read and see  
In Nature's works the Deity:  
The golden sun and moon's soft beam  
Conduct them to the glorious theme.

The stars and planets—floods of light  
Which stream along the arch of night,  
All point their high-aspiring mind  
To Him who made and who design'd—



To them the earth her glory shows,  
Whose grandeur awes—whose beauty glows :  
Her mountains, woods, and verdant plains,  
Trace out to them the Lord who reigns.

The howling desert, stormy deep,  
The gurgling rills 'mid flowers that creep—  
In all they view the Mighty Power,  
Their guardian from the natal hour.

But when their course on earth is run,  
In regions far beyond the sun,  
Their God shall stand, in fullest light,  
Reveal'd before their wond'ring sight.

Their bliss how pure!—in mansions fair,  
Crown'd with undying glories there,  
They then shall taste celestial Love—  
Redeem'd of Christ, the Lamb above.

## HYMN : FROM THE LATIN.

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

SON of Him, who rules on high !

Sov'reign Lord of earth and sky !

Light of purest light above ;

God of God, and truth and love !

Lo ! the sombre shades of night

Fly the orient beams of light,

Purpling all yon heav'ns again,

And these nether scenes of men.

Buried 'mid a night of clouds,  
Our breasts a gloom incumbent shrouds—  
Error's darkest, deepest shade  
O'er our mental vision laid.

Purest Sun, benignant rise,  
Light of Light, to bless our eyes !  
With the brightness of thy ray  
Chase dark error's shades away.

From the cold soil of the breast,  
Dank, with stiff'ning frosts comprest,  
Let the noxious vapours fly,  
Thy lamp all-radiant burning nigh.

Blissful dews from heaven be shed,  
Softly o'er our bosoms spread!—  
Then shall seed celestial spring,  
And forth abundant fruitage bring.

## SERGIUS PAULUS.

WHERE smoking altars clouds of incense roll,  
And in Arabian odours bathe the pole—  
As, on some festal day, the sprightly throng  
To lutes soft-sounding lead the dance along ;  
On Paphos' sunny isle the Apostle stands,  
Unaw'd, with Heaven's credentials in his hands.

The Roman Chief, who sway'd the Cyprian  
shore,  
Rome's eagle guardian o'er the trust he bore,

Bids the great messenger of truth appear—  
Far more than prophet or than earthly seer—  
To tell the doctrines of his hallowed tongue,  
Unknown to sages and by bards unsung.  
And who shall impious dare to thwart desire,  
Or hope to quench, perchance, the secret fire,  
The still small flame yet trembling in the breast,  
Devotion's flame, the purest and the best ?  
Shall he with sigils dark and mystic spell,  
The shadowy portents of the depths of hell—  
Say, shall he dare, in vain and senseless pride,  
To turn, may be, the will of Heav'n aside ?  
Th' indignant champion of the Christian creed,  
Its terrors fierce bids instant vengeance speed.

Swift as the lightning shoots athwart the skies,  
Night's blackest darkness shrouds the sorcerer's  
eyes.

Hopeless, aghast—extinct the visual ray—  
In vain he searches for the beam of day :  
O'er his awed soul still direr horror breaks,  
Where conscious Sin her rueful orgies wakes.

Appall'd the chief!— To Heav'n he turns his eye,  
Unsteady, trembling—lest the op'ning sky  
Should strike a deadlier blow—its angriest fire—  
And 'neath its blast himself and Fear expire.  
Yet may he prostrate, humbled, suppliant dare  
To pour to God the penitential prayer.



The truth comes rushing o'er his mind and views—

His life, his spirit to itself subdues:

And hence Jehovah on th' eternal throne,

He worships, serves, and venerates alone.

THE MORAL EFFECTS  
OF THE  
CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE'S WORKS.

WHEN man self-collected, his spirit at rest,  
Finds a pause, for a while, from the cares of the  
breast ;  
And parting from folly and tumult and noise,  
A bliss, not of earth, in his bosom enjoys—  
Sublimed with emotions of kindness and love,  
His eye he casts round him, below and above.

God's greatness and goodness strike deep to his  
heart,

As His bright works he contemplates whole, or in  
part.

The sun, moon and stars, and blue arch of the sky,  
The low vales, the hills with their summits on high ;  
The wide waste of waters, confined by the strand ;  
All that varied and lovely can please of the land,  
Make him think, make him feel, in his lone  
musings, more

Than he thought, or he felt, or he mused on before.

The wonders that flash on his view shall impel  
To the praises of Heaven, though prone to rebel,

His heart, as it glows with a steadier fire,  
Still strength'ning and bright'ning and wing'd to  
aspire.

Thought, holier and purer, shall bid him arise  
From the shadows of earth to the light of the  
skies.

In the temple of Nature he walks,\* and her frame  
In its mantle of glory sees ever the same—

\* “ In a *moral point of view*, I shall not, I believe, be contradicted, when I say, that, if one train of thinking is more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of every thing which is religious. The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.”—PALEY.

Magnificent, vast, the effect of His skill,  
Who matter creating subdued to His will :  
The beauty and grandeur to charm him combine,  
And his pleasure is drawn from a rich hallowed  
mine.

How much of the subject of sight is design'd  
For man's purest delight by the Great Causing  
Mind !  
And man feels, and he owns that he breathes by  
God's power,  
Who has guarded, still guards him, from life's  
dawning hour.

His health and his peace and his comfort still flow  
From Him who can bless, or can plunge into woe.  
On His goodness dependent, the thanks of his  
    heart  
Are pour'd for the joys which God's mercies im-  
    part.

He sees the Great Father of all His kind hand  
Charged with blessings for frail erring mortals  
    expand,  
Who sends forth the sunshine, and scatters the  
    rain,  
For the just and the meek, for the wicked and  
    vain.

With the arms of His love He embraces them all,  
The striving to stand, and the heedless to fall.

Man's soul sympathetic instinctively glows

With benevolence streaming diffusive for those,

Whom God so regards with His all-watchful eye,

Whom the wing of His mercy protects from the  
sky.

## CHRIST IN THE GRAVE.

THE tomb shall not confine Him!—Can the earth  
Imprison Him who gave all Nature birth,

And hold Him in its dark and rueful cave?

Shall the Great Lord of Life with sin-born Death  
Have commerce, and, for aye resign'd His breath,

Dwell the lone tenant of the murky grave?

His all-sufficient might He shall display,

And break Death's ruthless bonds, and vindicate

His sway.



When what was subject to the mortal doom  
Descended to the chambers of the tomb,  
Like all of human and terrestrial race ;  
Then did His spirit, holy, spotless, pure,  
Th' entire of man's allotment to endure,  
Far wing its flight unwearied to the place  
Of intermediate life—the unknown clime,  
Thick with the assembled dead, e'en from the first  
of time.

There, as on earth, with bland and cheering voice  
The spirits of the just He bade rejoice.

See ! o'er their state of quiet and repose

Sustaining Hope her full and gladsome ray—  
The golden earnest of eternal day

In Heav'n's immortal vales of glory—throws.  
His blood, on earth, for man Messiah shed ;  
Celestial peace He preach'd in Hades to the dead.

The Saviour !—He the shades of Death has trod,  
To win man's bliss. Beneath the Father's rod

The Sinless died that sinners might be blest.\*  
The grave's dread gates He enter'd—yet has He  
Its barriers burst, and made the darkness flee,

\* “ And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died.”

Bishop HEBER'S *Hymns*.

And the dull mansion smile—the place of rest :—  
Whence at the trumpet's sound the saints shall  
    rise,  
And join, with crowns of gold, their Master in the  
    skies.

Finish'd on earth His self-appointed race,  
Still did His Godhead dwell through boundless  
    space ;

Still all creation's ample fields pervade.  
Unnumber'd worlds above that nightly glow,  
Bright empyrean tracts, earth's orb below—  
    Where beats the sunbeam, broods Tartarean  
    shade—

Matter did still His awful Presence own,  
Supreme o'er all that is on His unshaken throne.

Still Nature felt His vast upholding pow'r,  
Which no suspense can know of age or hour,  
His never-ending, all-sustaining care.

Else, had Death snatch'd the sceptre from His  
hand,

This gorgeous fabric — heaven, and seas, and  
land,

With all in them of wonderful and fair—  
Might deep in chaos wild have sunk again,  
And rampant Ruin far resumed his ancient reign.

When Death the venom of his sting had spent,

And Hell's grim Lord his direst horrors lent,

Still did He rule, the Universal King :

And when along the star-bespangled road

He went triumphant to His blest abode,

And sat Him down where living waters spring,

His sceptre firm He held—He still maintains,

And God who was, to be, and is, for ever reigns.

What is, exists through His stupendous Might ;

He call'd up worlds from nothing and from night,

One with Jehovah on the throne of God :

'Mid powers angelic in the realms above,

Eternal scope of worship and of love,

O'erlooking Nature all those realms He trod :  
Afflicted Pilgrim in this mortal state,  
Still God He was, in changeless glory great.

## LINES.

SOFT on the plain descends the genial shower,

The warm and vivifying breezes play ;

While purple Spring asserts her wonted power,

And Nature's children at her call obey.

From the chill slumbers of the snow-clad earth

That Winter with his icy fetters bound,

The laughing flowers, awaken'd into birth,

With freshest tints now paint the verdant ground.

Congenial feelings move around his heart,

As beat to pleasure man's pulsations high :

But may his holiest sympathies depart,

In fervent adoration, to the sky !



## CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

TERROR-WAKING was the morn,

Blessed still to fallen men,

When Jesus of His glory shorn

Died, them to raise again!—

Mortals from the fearful strife

Of Sin—from death—a fiery doom—

To joys undying, endless life,

And scenes of bliss beyond the tomb.

Thou Holy Saviour ! Lord of all !

Oh, let Thy love our hearts inspire ;

And may we at Thy altars fall,

And worship with thrice-hallow'd fire !

By us Religion's paths be trod,

And spurn'd all earth's allurements gay—

The ransom'd of the Son of God,

Expectant of the judgment-day.

## H A R V E S T.

## A H Y M N.

LET thankful mortals praise,  
Wondrous in all his ways,  
With soul of rapturous fire,  
    The God of love :  
And may such love inspire  
Man's heart to sound His name  
In fervent bursts of loud acclaim—  
    The King above !

He gave the varied year ;  
And treasures rich declare,  
Which swell the stores of wand'ring man,  
    God's care alone :  
Since Time his course began,  
Plenty has crown'd the vales,  
The sloping hills and dewy dales,  
    With gifts her own.

And now the golden grain  
Waves on the laughing plain,  
And glistens in the dazzling light  
    Of Titan's ray :

Beneath the starry night  
The groaning barns are stored,  
And take the gladd'ning precious hoard,  
Of life the stay.

And be it man's to fear,  
And Nature's Lord revere :  
On Him dependent, helpless, weak,  
His wants confess !—  
God's care and favour seek ;  
His goodness more and more  
Spread far from shore to shore,  
And ever bless !

## THE BIRTH OF MOSES.

THE soul with Virtue's glowing visions fired,  
And emulous of praise and deeds of good  
'Mid bold Exertion's steep and rugged paths,  
Shines out with special lustre, and outvies  
The golden radiance of those starry orbs,  
Whose burning pomp from night's ethereal brow  
Sheds light and glory on this lower sphere.  
Like them, she holds a more exalted course,  
Sublimely moving far above the mists

Which other minds involve : a heav'n she breathes  
Serene, and pure from vapours of the earth.

Upon her proud and lofty eminence,

She wins th' assenting voice of gazing crowds

That wander in the darkling vale below : \*

Her best, most valued meed, most loved reward,

The smiles of Conscience, and her angel voice.

Her goodly actions, works of high emprise,

A ready passage find to ev'ry heart,

And fix a dwelling there, whilst ardent Fame

Stamps on her records, blazing in the skies,

\*

“ ——— *Templa serena,*

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre*

*Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.”*

LUCRETIVS.

The shouted name ; and to the faithful charge  
Of future ages gives it.

Such the lot

Of those whom Virtue's unassisted powers  
And innate strength force up her arduous steep.  
There they command the glorious prospect round,  
More charming to the soul than scenes from height  
Of Andes, more delightful than the gale  
That gathers fragrance from Sabæan groves.

But when th' Eternal Prototype, the Pure  
Essential Cause of all that lovely is,  
And fair and perfect, by His Sov'reign will



Accords peculiar favour, grace divine,  
To one of Adam born, some purpose high  
In Mystery's shades impenetrable hid  
To execute appointed—on his head  
Transcendent Glory pours intensest beams.—  
Such shine immortal round the brow of Him,  
The chosen Leader of those tribes oppress'd  
Who drank the dregs of woe on Egypt's coast.

No voice of angel heralded th' event  
Which, hidden in Futurity's dark womb,  
Running the round of ages, Time evolved.  
No sign or blazing portent usher'd in  
The natal morning of the Hebrew Sage,

The destined Saviour of God's chosen race  
And Abraham's honour'd line, 'mid burning tears  
And groans perpetual, from Slavery's hand  
Eating the bitter bread, in grief extreme.  
Along her wonted course fair Nature walk'd,  
Still undisturb'd, unconscious of the birth  
Of deepest, liveliest, interest to man:—  
And Amram's son was powerful to control  
Her laws, and force her from her Heav'n-mark'd  
way.

Yet guilty Misraim's seer with prescient mind  
Foresaw the coming day\*—th' avenger dread,

\* On this particular, as well as one or two others  
glanced at in the course of the piece, see JOSEPHUS.

Who should with ills unheard and scourges  
strange

Afflict his madden'd unrepentant land.

So sings th' Historic Muse : and she too  
sings,

How the rapt sire, in visions of the night,

On wing of Hope elate, exulting saw

Born to his wishes fond a wondrous child,

Of Israel's harass'd sons the future stay,

And firm defence in danger's darkest hour :

Who should the tyrant's utmost rage defy,

And trample in the dust his pride and pomp :

Whose fame should travel from the star of  
morn

Forth to the crimson chambers of the west,  
And live and shine till Nature's self expire.

With fiend-like joy, about the new-born babe,  
Self-torturing Jealousy, of restless eye,  
Planted her fearful nets and death-fraught toils,  
In hope to quench the spark of infant life.  
But His protecting hand and sleepless care,  
Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls,  
A shield mysterious threw of safety round.  
Beneath its shade from ills and storms secure,  
The little tender bud expanding grew.

Lo! cradled on the lap of Sihor's \* stream,

\* Name of the Nile.—Jer. 11. 18.

Its nurse the Genius of the surging wave,  
Lies the sweet infant in its restless couch,  
By howling tempests sung to its repose.

How was rage baffled, and the thirst of blood !  
A blooming princess of the tyrant's house,  
Born of the haughty Pharaoh's kingly loins,  
To nature's gentlest sympathies alive,  
Pluck'd from its dang'rous bed the flower so fair  
With tender hand, and pluck'd transplanted it  
In Royal Favour's rich and nurturing soil,  
Where genial suns and mild and fostering gales  
Bade it its peerless beauties open wide.\*

\* Acts vii. 20. The words of Josephus on this occasion, are remarkable.

Moved by the spirit of its full-blown years,  
The scornful child dash'd from its careless hand  
Egypt's proud diadem—the dazzling toy—  
As a thing worthless, loathsome—to the ground.

As winged Time leads on maturer years,  
See Pleasure woo him with her syren smile,  
In Thebes' or Memphis' gilded palaces :  
The flow of mirth is there, the dance, the song,  
And the lute's silver tones and swelling lyre.  
Th' indignant youth is deaf to all her charms,  
Spurns all her blandishments and high-wrought  
joys.

Glancing an angry glare on Egypt's treasures,

Instant he casts th' alluring bane away :  
He tramples each temptation, as it springs  
Along his path, unyielding, in the dust.  
Yet can the field of glory, and the toils  
Of stirring warfare rouse his generous soul.—  
Beyond the perishable things of earth,  
Haply his spirit, full of Heav'n itself,  
Expatiates freely o'er immortal scenes,  
And drinks of waters at the Fount of Life.

The fuller blossoms of those radiant hopes  
That erst beam'd out, congenial with the bud  
Of beauteous Virtue, struggling to be free,  
Are seen in all their energy and grace.

For Amram's son (so eastern story tells)  
The Æthiop's swarthy hordes, with puissant arm  
And wise and prudent counsel, headlong drove  
Back to their native wilds and sultry wastes,  
Where bleak Sierras pierce the with'ring skies,  
And giant Simooms sweep the groaning plain :  
When far o'er Pharaoh's realms the columns spread,  
Lured by the plenty of those happier vales—  
The citron groves and vine-empurpled hills,  
The corn-thick lands, the pastures and the herds,  
That rich repay the Nile's usurping wave.—  
Prelude sublime to deeds untold before !

Led by the viewless arm of Heaven alone,



To dangers gathering thick on either hand—  
To the fierce efforts of barbaric foes—  
The dark insidious wiles of Judah's sons—  
The Prophet rose superior to all.  
Dauntless he moved on his unwearied way,  
Nor cast his eye averted from the goal,  
To God's high will submissive. Yet the vales  
Of Horeb, and the quiet calm retreat ;  
The rich luxuriance of woods ; the fall  
Of brooks hoarse leaping down the broken hills ;  
The wealth of numerous flocks, Arabia's pride,  
Might well have bound him to those pastoral  
    scenes,  
Contented with a lot he knew to prize.

What aspirations lift the expanding soul  
Of Israel's chieftain, as he onward goes  
To crown the destinies which God's decrees  
Inscrutable ordain'd him to fulfil!

Not Israel's race alone, their temporal good  
And earthly blessings, spirited his heart,  
Gave it to quenchless zeal, and strung his  
                  nerves  
Above the common pitch of mortal vigour :  
Not for such ends his Heaven-directed sword  
Amid the giant ranks of Bashan's king  
Dealt fierce destruction, and from Sihon's hands  
The sceptre dash'd, and palaces despoil'd :

Not for such ends alone the prophet-rod  
Waved high in air, call'd dread inflictions down  
On the portentous guilt of Egypt's shores,  
When Pestilence outspread her fetid wings,  
And Death grim-smiling made the winds his  
    throne :

Not for such ends alone th' obedient sea,  
Where Judah's people pass'd in safety through,  
Swept o'er the Pharian hosts with ruthless force,  
And whelm'd them in its dark and howling caves :  
Not through a nation's woes and galling chains :  
Not for the transient good of Abraham's line,  
Nor yet the promised joys of Canaan's rest :—  
'Twas not for these alone the holy man

Forced to their end his energies sublime,  
And firm on God's high arm his trust reposed.

By signs and mighty wonders compass'd round,  
And gorgeous miracles' unceasing blaze,  
His prescient soul, upborne on seraph wing  
Of Faith triumphant, saw the countless sum  
Of all from Adam sprung, through Jacob's race,  
In Him, the future Branch of Jesse's root,  
Become the heritors of other joys,  
Than those of Canaan's vales—celestial life.

Immortal Prophet! brightest type of Him,  
Who came to save from suff'rings direr far,

From ills and bonds more cruel, than were those  
Which round thy people hung, thine arm did  
break ;

How was thy entrance on the troublous scene  
Of earth's poor pilgrimage allied to His !  
Like thine, around His infant being lurk'd  
Insidious Danger, offspring of dark Guilt,  
And frantic Jealousy and tyrant Hate,  
Burning to loose the silver cord of life :  
Like thee, His heavenly Father's watchful care  
Bore Him in safety through the threatening  
storm,  
And bade its pointed arrows harmless fall.

And ye, descendants of the Prophet's line,  
Well may ye boast your kindred, well exult  
To know the blood that mantles in your veins :  
To know its fount illustrious, and to point  
With oft-reverted eye to Arnon's vales.\*  
What earthly lineage can with yours compare !  
What pomp of ancestry its brilliance match !  
Your Prophet !— He the mightiest of your  
race—

The very name might make your hearts to burn  
At the bare sound with rapt'rous pride within you.  
But from the Prophet's face Messiah shone

\* Deut. xxx. 6. The river Arnon flowed on the northern frontier of the land of Moab.

With majesty and lustre, dim albeit,  
Reflected shone.\* His glad and kindling eye  
Rested, with vision steady to the end,  
Upon the dawn of that expected day,  
When, healing gather'd on His golden wings,

\* “ At first, with the first men and early Patriarchs, we are introduced to the thin dawn and twilight of Revelation; the covenant taught by the mystery of the serpent's head, and by the institution of bloody sacrifices. Then came the dawn of day, but faint and cloudy still with ceremonies and allegory, and Christ appeared afar off, and reflected from the face of Moses. Still it grew lighter and more light as, to successive generations, successive prophets announced, with increased precision, the approach of the destined Messiah; till bearing in Himself the full brightness of the Godhead bodily, with healing on His wings the Sun of Righteousness arose.”—Bishop  
HEBER.

The Sun of Righteousness, in living light,  
Should o'er the darkling world unclouded shine !  
Your Prophet !—What though his capacious mind  
Was richly furnish'd with the noblest gifts  
Of Science, and had pluck'd her fairest fruits  
In Heliopolis' and Memphis' groves :—  
Yet not the pride of Learning, nor the wiles  
Of vain Philosophy, could turn aside  
From Truth's illumined path his yielding step  
To the chill damps of Error's baleful shade.  
No sensual worship of the idol gods,  
Before whose shrines the prostrate nations bow'd  
The willing knee : not Chemosh high enthroned  
In the Sun's chariot, or the wanton Queen



Astarte,\* worshipp'd with the nightly vows  
Of Syrian virgins, hymning tender song,  
Whose fragrant altars on Sidonis' shore  
Roll'd frequent clouds of incense to the skies :—  
No fascinations of the world below,  
Its power or splendor, pleasures or its pomp,  
From just allegiance could his heart seduce,  
And fealty due to Him—the mighty Lord,  
The Prophet, Priest, and King of all the earth.

\* “ With these in troop  
Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns ;  
To whose bright image nightly, by the moon,  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs.”

PARADISE LOST, Book II.

For Christ's reproach he spurn'd the empty prize,\*  
The enticing glories of a shadowy life:—  
He the Deliverer of a partial race,  
But Christ the Saviour of a fallen world.

\* HEB. xi. 26.

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

THRICE welcome to these quiet shades,  
Where dove-eyed Peace delights to dwell ;  
And gentle vot'ries—village maids,  
Frequent her cell.

Where \* Fashion rears her temples proud,  
And Grandeur casts a dazzling ray,  
Where Folly holds her revels loud  
With wildest sway -

\* Cheltenham.



And, happy Girl! thy mother's pride,

Her best delight, and purest joy—

To thee a bliss is not denied,

Without alloy—

*The* bliss—to watch with anxious care

A Parent's ev'ry wish, desire ;

With incense sweet to worship there,

And heavenly fire.

Then welcome to these quiet shades ;

These breezy hills, this rural scene,

Where rosy Spring has deck'd her glades

With cheerful green.

There may'st thou Flora's offspring tend,  
Her choicest sweets and balmy flow'rs,  
While softly round thee circling wend  
The gentle Hours.

## MEDITATIONS AT NIGHT.

NIGHT reigns incumbent : now the jarring hum  
Of busy multitudes is heard no more :  
The plaint of grief is hush'd, the noise of mirth :  
The melody of lute and harp is still,  
Nor wanton Bacchus braves the list'ning skies  
With his discordant and unhallowed orgies.  
Health lies inwrapt in sweet and airy slumbers,  
Wanting not bed of down to win repose :  
Sickness herself, tired out at length, reclines,

Lull'd by bland visions of Affliction's stay,  
Enduring Hope—perchance, so soon to vanish,  
Nor hold their place among the things that are.

The mind or willing or unwilling turns  
Upon herself the keen and searching eye.  
She makes herself the judge, and will be heard,  
Speaking with voice or peace or anguish bear-  
ing—

Her verdict founded on great Nature's laws  
Eternal. Conscience her assessor sits,  
And ratifies the record of the past.  
Be grief or joy the issue, man himself  
The author of the joy or grief he finds.



Life and its scenes from day a colouring take,  
Alien from sober stern reality.

Night draws aside the veil which life disguises,  
And strips her of her meretricious show.\*

Yet to the thoughtful, meditative mind,  
Day's transient beam shall useful lore impart.

Day she regards the mirror of her lot,

Toss'd on the billows of the mortal state :

Its shadows and its sunshine, calms and storms,

Are but the semblances and counterparts,

Though still more swift to live their little hour,

\* " By day, the soul o'erborne by Life's career,  
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,  
Reels far from Reason." YOUNG.

Of life's serene and dark contingencies.

The bloom of health, the languor of disease,

The smiles or frowns of Fortune, prove the bright

Or cloudy aspect of a longer day—

Are but the flitting changes of a sky,

As sudden and uncertain as are these.

The closing shades that wander o'er the heavens,

And quench the light that cheer'd man's waking

hours,

Drawing a curtain around Nature's sleep—

Are but the emblems of that coming season,

Which all of human birth shall sweep away,

And give them to the stillness of the grave.

Night is a ready monitor, who strikes  
Deep to the soul's recesses, and evolves  
Thoughts that her solemn hour alone can rouse.  
The holy precept of the Sage of old  
By Samos nurtured, wins its way unsought,  
Spontaneous moving the consenting heart.  
Divine philosopher ! Oh ! had he fallen  
On happier days, how had his voice been heard !  
What streams of wisdom from his lips had flow'd !  
Truth's purest light had beam'd on Error's shade,  
Nor eager crowds the master's lamp misled.

Nor does a vivid reminiscence claim  
Th' uncourtly answer of the man who dared

To wound the sacred ear of Lydia's King:—  
A warning how mysteriously fulfill'd,  
In tragic, bitterest circumstance of woe !

    Officious Mem'ry wanders o'er the past,  
And crowds the mind with images of pain,  
Or such as carry unrepented joy—  
Of good and evil done the sure reporter.  
The one she magnifies, and busy clothes  
In garb more hideous still, and more appalling :  
The other, like a fond and anxious parent  
Encouraging to fair deeds of higher praise,  
She paints all-lovely to the eye ; and gladdens  
The self-applauding heart with conscious peace.

And then, man's Resolutions to amend,  
Will take a stronger impulse—to control  
His inmost thoughts, to watch their secret  
    springs,  
And guide with care their progress to its end.

And it may be, comes flitting o'er the mind  
Whate'er of human Passions has disturb'd  
Our own repose, and marr'd the joy of others ;  
With sharp misgivings that we lent our aid  
To infuse more bitters in the cup of life,  
And planted thorns where roses else had bloom'd.

Then too Affection will evoke the tear,

To tend'rest, fondest recollections sacred  
Of them in life we loved, in death deplore.

Perchance a nobler thirst may fire the soul  
To toil her way ambitious up the steep,  
Where Truth eternal with unfading wreaths  
Crowns Glory's fane sublime : for she may burn  
With goodly purpose, sped the fleeting span  
Of mortal being, still on earth to cast  
A halo round her name—on earth to shine  
And live to distant ages. Such may be  
The vast desire that stirs her energies.

Sublimar wishes, more exalted views,

The tow'ring grandeur of celestial hopes,  
Stand as the goal to which the anxious eye  
Of restless mortals is intensely turn'd.

Whate'er pursuits the mind of man engage ;  
Whether his lot in tranquil shades be cast,  
Or on the noisy bustling stage of life  
He act his busy part ; his care will reach  
Beyond the present scene of good and ill.

The brave, high-minded soldier—he who fought  
And gather'd laurels on Ramilia's field,  
Who ran seductive Pleasure's wildest round—  
Might tell :—but quiet, thou adventurous Muse,  
And hush'd th' unbidden accents of thy tongue!—

## HYMN.

O! MAY our souls to God aspire,  
To Him our Gracious Father, rise ;  
His wonders and His works admire,  
On earth, yet lifted to the skies !

On troublous waves of Passion toss'd,  
Beset with cares, o'erwhelm'd with sin ;  
By sorrows and afflictions cross'd,  
Stunn'd with the tumult and the din :—



On us descend the cherub Peace,  
The bright inhabitant of day !  
And bid each fierce commotion cease,  
And ev'ry stormy conflict stay !

## THE SPRING.

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

Lo ! now again the balmy spring,  
Fair, wafted on ambrosial wing ;  
And soft array'd in flow'ry vest  
Of various hue,  
Advances, smiling, lovely dress'd  
In beauty new.

All now is gay : the leafy trees  
Wave their green heads amid the breeze :

The streams in limpid currents stray

    Their banks along ;

While warblers pour on verdant spray

    The melting song.

How sweet ! to wander o'er the vales,

The sloping woodlands, dewy dales,

Cheer'd by the music of the grove—

    As through the sky

The western breezes fragrant rove,

    And whisp'ring fly.

And happy he who lies reclin'd,

In calm content and peace of mind,

Beneath the cool of oaks that spread  
A dancing shade ;  
And bend their branches o'er his head,  
In musings laid !

But soon these varied charms decay ;  
Too soon the Summer's flaming day,  
And darting Phœbus' burning power  
With piercing beam  
Shall mar the bloom of vernal flower,  
And drink the stream.

So mortal strength and beauty fade,  
Like dew that gems the grassy blade,

When morning shines, and skies are bright ;

Or like the course

Of waters tumbling from the height

With headlong force.

As oft as vernal suns return,

So oft they preach the fatal bourn :

Tell short is life ; how transient youth—

And, as they fly,

Aloud proclaim the solemn truth,

That man must die !

## FROM BOETHIUS.

WHEN Phœbus, golden fount of day,  
From Cancer hurls his fiery ray,  
The man who 'neath the sultry sign  
His hopes to Ceres should resign,  
And scatter o'er the furrow'd soil  
The seed, would lose his care and toil.  
When Nature's glories prostrate lie,  
And icy Boreas chills the sky,

And raves across the wintry plain,  
The search for violets is vain :  
And think not then in purple fields  
To pluck the fruit that Autumn yields.

The God of all, unseen, unknown,  
His foot-stool treads of earth alone ;  
Who set the bounds that aye shall last,  
Nor e'er innocuous be past.

The stated duties to be done  
By erring mortals 'neath the sun ;  
And what the Uncreated Mind  
Distinct has order'd and defin'd,

Let not presumptuous Guilt confuse—  
Nor dare to thwart Heaven's secret views.  
For, wand'ring from their destin'd round,  
Should things terrestrial e'er be found,  
No glad Success man's hopes would crown,  
But sad Despondence bear him down.



## FROM BOETHIUS.

THOUGH countless, when the tempests roar,

As sands that crowd the rocking shore,

Her treasures Wealth bestow ;

Or as the stars which stud the night,

And twinkling o'er th' Olympian height

With pure effulgence glow :

Not then th' insatiate Love of Gain

The boon yet distant would attain,

Or grasp th' untasted good :

Still, not the bliss, though Fortune shower  
With lib'ral hand the splendid dower,  
Should e'er be understood.

Her hoarded heaps pale Av'rice sees  
With heart that feels nor thanks nor ease,  
And spreads her eager hand :  
No laws control her wild desires,  
Or check the ever-growing fires,  
And curb with firm command.

When sordid Passions cloud the soul,  
And round their chilling shadows roll,  
Kind Fortune's gifts are vain :

The spectre form of Want appears,  
The troublous heart is torn with fears,  
And knows no rest from pain.

## MORNING.

RADIANT o'er the arch of morn

See the sun in glory rise ;

And Nature's varied scenes adorn,

As he proudly climbs the skies.

Glad to meet his cheerful beam,

Spring the brutes that walk the plain :

The birds that haunt the wood, the stream,

Wake to their native joys again.

Let man the welcome summons hear,

Prepar'd to move in Duty's ways :

And prudent Wisdom, sacred Fear,

His soul o'er earth's temptations raise !

## STANZAS.

How sweet, when on the wing  
In new and shining beauties gay,  
Her healthful breezes sends the od'rous Spring,  
And, blandly smiling, glides the genial day!—

How sweet to list the song  
That brisk contented Labour plies  
The rough woods and the laughing vales among,  
As envious Time on sun-bright pinion flies!

And sweet the sounds to hear,  
Bursting from thicket, dell, or plain,  
That fall so grateful on the charmed ear,  
And tell of little lives unknown to pain !

The herds that graze the hills,  
The flocks that crop their flow'ry way  
Where through the meadows glide the limpid  
rills—  
Who could unpleas'd among their green haunts  
stray !

The breast may sorrow know,  
And grief disturb the springs of life ;

Yet scenes like these shall make the cup to flow  
Of Joy, in hearts where fest'ring pain is rife.

Delight shall soothe the mind,  
Reflected from a happier race,  
To its own lot with feelings more resign'd,  
And glad with borrow'd light the hov'ring gloom  
to chase.



## HYMN.

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! God on high !

Look down on them that fear

Thy righteous vengeance : hear their cry,

And number ev'ry tear.

They call for mercy at Thy throne,

Through Him for mercy pray,

Who men repentant deign'd to own—

The seed of mortal clay.

For He, Messiah, reigns supreme,  
The King of heaven and earth,  
Who lent the sun his golden beam,  
And gave all Nature birth.

Triumphant o'er the gates of Hell,  
The victor of the Grave :—  
Beneath His fearful arm they fell,  
Omnipotent to save !

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

How soft those sounds which fill the gale,  
From leafy grove, or flow'ry vale !  
The lone plaints of the bird of night,  
When moon is up, and stars are bright.

Retired beneath the solemn shade,  
For holy thought and Virtue made,  
With soothing tones she charms the mind,  
To Meditation's power resign'd.

As if she would, all far away  
From noise and folly, teach and say :—  
“ Ye sons of men ! like me retire  
In peace, to praise your Heavenly Sire.”

And let man, then, this modest bird,  
Beneath still midnight's shadows heard,  
Resemble ; and, in quiet ways,  
Lift up the hands in prayer and praise :—

In praise—for all His wonders done—  
For all His mercies pass'd, begun :  
In prayer—that His protecting wings  
May keep him till the morning springs :

That when the sun, with cheerful ray,  
Awakes him to the cares of day,  
He may with Virtue's purport rise,  
His trust still resting on the Skies.

THE STRENGTH OF THE NATURAL  
AFFECTIONS.

*Πόθος καὶ κακῶν ἄρ' ἦν τις.*

*Καὶ γὰρ ὁ μηδαμῆ δὴ τὸ φίλον, φίλον,*

*Ὅποτε γε καὶ τὸν ἐν χεροῖν κατέϊχον.*

SOPHOCLES.

Who shall gainsay great Nature's primal laws?

Who thwart her just designs? And how shall

man

With rebel purport contravene the will

Of Him, who framed her in accordance nice

To the Eternal Archetype of good?

Still may we hope to find the nobler part  
 Of the Affections that dominion hold  
 Strong o'er the heart, assert a high control  
 And vindicate man's nature from the shame  
 Of full corruption in his fallen race.  
 Still shall the better Principle maintain  
 Some power amid the darkness to shine out,  
 And Virtue's smile and approbation win.

So 'mid some hallowed ruin, over which  
 Has swept the flight of ages,\* ling'ring still  
 Of Grandeur past away, some trace is found,  
 Column or cornice of Corinthian mould :

\* "Annorum series, et fuga temporum."—HOR.

In mournful beauty o'er the wreck of Time  
And all the elements, the relic lives.

How fondly o'er the couch where fell Disease  
Had laid full many a long and tedious moon  
A mother's wasted limbs and pallid cheek,  
Eugenia bent ! Her cares, her ev'ry thought,  
Were fix'd, in one undeviating stay,  
Upon the adored object of her love,  
And of her anguish and her sorrows too :  
For that alone in circumstance of joy  
And woe her heart possess'd, with the firm hold  
Of still unbroken sway. Sun after sun  
Beheld her at the self-appointed post,



In sure and faithful watchfulness, untired.  
Sleep scarce could lure her to his arms, as o'er  
The star-bespangled heavens the solemn Night  
Wheel'd her mid course, inviting to repose ;  
And the still Moon from her aerial tower  
Pour'd the cold radiance of her paly lamp.  
She loved to keep her vigils through the hours  
Of quiet and of solitude, intent  
On that which form'd her sacred sole delight,  
Her anxious labour and her richest joy.  
The very pain was pleasure to her soul.  
Nought for herself she cared : her waning health  
And failing spirits had no force to turn  
Her heart one moment from its precious charge.

No gaily-glitt'ring scenes, where Luxury spreads  
Her silken streamers to the summer breeze,  
And laughing Pleasure bids the pulse beat high  
To her enrapturing call and potent spell,  
Could wear a charm for her. All these she  
deem'd

As empty as the dust beneath the tread,  
Or chaff that 's scatter'd to the viewless wind,  
With her pursuits compar'd, and secret bliss.  
Thou pious maiden!—blessed e'en in woe!

The lingering hours, as Time on leaden wing  
Moved heavily along, with converse sweet  
And utterance of Affection's breathings, she

Beguil'd ; and ev'ry happy moment seized,  
Swift as it rose, and each contingency,  
To steep them in the honey-drops of love  
Fresh from her heart distill'd. And oft would  
    she,  
With words for ever ready to the work,  
Pensive but not displeasing, turn the thoughts  
Of the dear parent to evanish'd scenes  
Of ease and tranquil days and calm delights—  
To which with fairy footstep, as through power  
Of wizard charm, Memory obedient might  
Hasten—how rapt !—away : or else she bent  
The mother's view to hopes of future joys  
In radiant prospect rising, of serene

And kindred aspect—when with flow'ry tread,  
Health, roseate goddess, by her side again,  
Beaming soft smiles, should walk. And oft of  
    books,  
Such as no vigilance of mind require,  
The subject keen pursuing—but which bring  
Amusement only and reflection bright  
And glad associations, oft would she  
Unfold the pages ; and her voice would make,  
With caution nice adjusting to the task,  
Her mild and cheerful voice would duteous  
    make,  
The vehicle of pleasure to the heart  
Of her whom she so revered.

But when Sleep,

Though slow perchance to come, at length had  
placed

His soothing hand upon the sufferer's head,  
And wrapt his mantle round her—then the good  
And anxious daughter to the farthest verge  
Her ever-waking, fearful care would press,  
Lest haply sounds obtrusive might invade  
The Silence deep that hover'd o'er her slumbers.

Sometimes the tear unbidden would essay  
To burst its sacred fountain,\* and bedew  
Eugenia's faded cheek ; when she had caught

\* Παρὰ δακρύων.--SOPH.

The glance—the force of which, ah! who shall  
tell

That has not felt!—the mother's glance of love,  
Sent from the eloquent eye, that would express  
Thanks, which 'twas agony to her heart to take.

The charms of Nature could not call her forth  
To rest the languor of her eye upon them.  
Spring's heav'nly smiles—the sweets upon the  
air—

The purple skies—the health-inspiring gales—  
The soft and genial sunshine—lent in vain  
Their fascinations to the glowing scene.  
Delights so pure evok'd no transient wish.

She would not hail the glist'ning star of eve,  
Or bathe her brow in breezes of the morn.  
Nor would she Flora's lovely offspring tend  
With gentle hand, and watch their tender growth :  
Or teach the timid plant to lift its head,  
And drink the sun-beam and the silver dew.

How Hope lit up her brow, as oft as signs  
Of health returning stirr'd her inmost soul—  
The golden promise fearful to embrace !

But ah ! what grief, what anguish wrings her  
heart,  
Of peace its just reward so reckless ! now

That cruel Fate's inevitable hour  
Has torn the mother from the daughter's arms,  
And snatch'd her ever—ever from her view.  
Her soul's bereavement who, alas ! shall tell,  
And number all her sighs ?

Shades of deep gloom,  
And solitudes where human foot may not  
Break on her pensive dreams and musings lone—  
Tenacious of a theme she will not part from,  
Though to her life-blood it shall poison prove—  
Are suited to her mind—congenial still  
With its sad sombre tinge.



And frequent she,  
When Evening's shadows fall, her way delights  
To wind amongst the solemn beds of Death,  
With holy Melancholy, and indulge  
All her soul's softness ; and the springs afresh  
Of Sorrow open. Round the sepulchre  
Which wraps the relics of what once was life—  
A mother's cherish'd relics—oft she glides,  
Like the pale spectre of the night, with step  
Suspended, ling'ring, silent. At each pause,  
She seems to hold unearthly communing  
With her blest spirit hov'ring o'er the scene ;  
And looking sweetness on the fondest grief

Of daughter most angelic. Then her tears  
Will gush, and bathe the grave's cold solitude  
With the heart's overflowings. Comfort none  
Can reach the desolate soul : nor does Delight  
Spread out her sunshine there. The nights and  
days

How does she wish to bring, but vainly wish—  
And in that thought her keenest torture lives—  
Again their wonted round of tender toils !

Ah ! how does day and night's succession bear  
To her the images of things gone by,  
In vivid colouring pictured on the mind—

Most mournful reminiscences !—though Time,  
Waving his rainbow pinions, as they pass'd,  
Painted the fleeting forms so smilingly,  
May be, with brightest, pleasure-waking hues.  
Her duties ended, now she knows not bliss,  
And o'er her perish'd cares the mourner weeps.

## HYMN TO HEALTH.

FROM THE GREEK.\*

OF the bless'd Powers that shine above,  
And tread the mansions of the sky,  
Health ! thee the brightest, thee I love :  
No more thy gladd'ning charms deny ;  
No more withhold thy smiles, no more thy vot'ry  
fly.

\* The original, with Dr. Johnson's translation, may be seen in 'The Rambler.'

With me, O Goddess ! deign to dwell,  
The sweet companion of my cell.  
Without thee, vain as shadows fall  
The treasures, fascinations all,  
Which still below to man arise,  
And win his heart, and lure his eyes.  
Ah ! what can Grandeur, Wealth bestow !  
Where the delights from Power that flow,  
From kingly Power ? and where the state,  
The pomp which glitters round the great,  
When thou art fled ? Their golden beam  
And glory vanish like a dream.  
When thou art fled, the raptures where  
Which children yield—our loveliest care !

The bliss which springs from chaste desires,  
When pure Affection fans the fires?  
His other gifts if mortals prize,  
Who wields the sceptre of the skies :—  
With thee they grow, and bloom and live,  
The blessings all which Heaven can give,  
Without thee earthly joys are vain,  
And life's best pleasures prove but pain.

## N I G H T.

WHEN the sun in western skies  
Has sunk 'mid softly-fading dyes,  
And the moon's pale mellow light  
Sits upon the glooms of night ;  
When the stars, the planets glow,  
And glisten o'er these scenes below ;  
And Nature, hush'd in sweet repose,  
Hails again the day-light's close ;

How welcome then seraphic sleep !  
As Angels round their vigils keep—  
While conscious Virtue charms to rest  
The wearied thoughts, and soothes the breast.



## FROM BOETHIUS.

HE that would till a grateful soil,  
Repaying care and pains and toil,  
From thorns first clears the squalid ground  
From briars and weeds the surface round ;  
That joyous harvests thence may rise,  
And Ceres yield her rich supplies.  
The honied produce of the bee,  
From all alloy its sweetness free,

A nicer sense to tastes can give  
Where savours harsh were wont to live.  
When the shrill blasts have ceased to blow,  
And rain from clouded skies to flow,  
The stars with purer lustre shine,  
And shed an influence more divine.  
And when the star of morning bright  
Has chased the shadows of the night,  
The rosy steeds of orient day  
Through lucid fields pursue their way.

When thou by Reason's sober eye  
Hast learnt false pleasures to descry ;

And hast removed the cumbrous chain  
Of follies and allurements vain,  
Then solid bliss shall fill thy mind,  
And joys unknown an entrance find.

## TO THE RAINBOW.

LOVELY ARCH! whose seven-fold radiance  
    Comfort beams on human eyes ;  
How thy presence, soft and gladd'ning,  
    Lends its beauty to the skies !

Though may rage the blackest tempests,  
    Fiercest lightnings fire the air,  
Loudest thunders shake heaven's concave,  
    Thou shalt live in glory there.

Pledge of firm enduring promise !

Thou shalt smile with Mercy's ray,

Till in flaming ruins sinking,

Heaven and earth shall pass away.

## TO THE RED-BREAST.

SWEET bird ! in grove or plain,

Attendant on the train

Of dewy Evening gray,

Or the fresh-breathing Morn,

On rosy pinions borne,

Welcome thy lay !

Thy pliant tender tone,

So soothing and so lone,

Changed with the changing year,

The meditative soul,  
Still varying can control,  
    And triumph there.

When Nature's beauties shine,  
And Spring—earth, heav'n, combine  
    To lift the buoyant mind ;  
Thy cheerful notes conspire  
Man's charmed breast to fire  
    With joy refin'd.

When Autumn's waning hour  
With sure though tardy power  
    The Summer's pride subdues ;

Thy slow and plaintive song  
Can solemn thought prolong,  
And calm infuse.

END OF VOL. I.





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