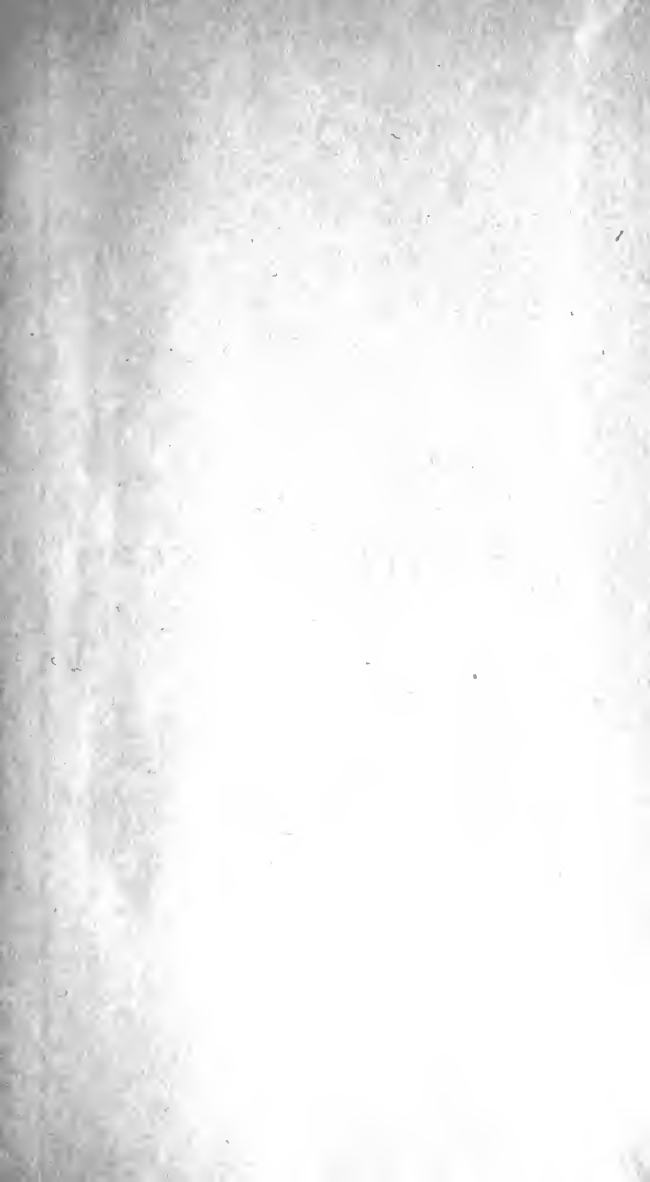


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POEMS AND LYRICKS.



POEMS AND LYRICKS,

BY

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.



BOSTON:

CROCKER AND RUGGLES.

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POEMS AND LYRICKS.

TO ZELIA.

DAUGHTER, daughter, see thy mother !

Lo, instruction 's in the sight ;
Precept, taught thee by no other.

Daughter, in thy mother's night,
Look upon her !

For thy gladness is her light.

Daughter, daughter, love thy mother !
Well, indeed, I know that thou,
With thy prattling, joyous brother —
Art her chiefest comfort now.
Stript, and lessoned,
How the heart should, meekly, bow.

Daughter, daughter, heed thy mother !
Earliest, latest, truest friend ; —
Never canst thou know another ;
None, beside her, Earth may lend.
Firmer, fonder,
Heaven to thee can never send.

Daughter, daughter, all thy being,
Since thy first and feeblest cry —
She has guarded, guided, seeing
What *thou* couldst not — danger nigh ;
Giving, with thee,
Tear for tear, and sigh for sigh.

Daughter, to consult thy pleasure,
 Since her love thy cradle rocked —
To bring forth thy mental treasure,
 Since reflection was unlocked, —
She has freely,
 Time and care and labor mocked.

Daughter, Recollection ponders
 O'er that night, ten years ago,
Where beloved Ohio wanders —
 When by sickness, brought so low ;
Wasted, weary,
 Thou, we thought, wert bid to go.

Sleepless hours had long been given
 To thy mother's tearless eye ;
Food refusing — morn and even,
 To repress thy painful sigh,
Ease thy anguish,
 What did not that mother try !

Hands were there, in death, to dress thee,
Flower, of which we were so proud —
Arms extended were to bless thee,
Lying in thy little shroud ; —
“ Stay ! ” said Goodness ; —
Then thy mother wept aloud.

Daughter, daughter, if He pleases,
Whose is trial, to impart
More, and eager sickness seizes
Her, who holds thee in her heart,
Think, what debtor
To such watchful care thou art !

Think, an orphan ! — should the number
Of her troublous years be run,
And thy mother take her slumber —
All her patient sorrows done ;
Could remembrance
Her yet wakeful presence shun ?

O, while thou wert heedless playing,
Or care wooing, as thou must —
Memory's footsteps would be straying,
Frequent pilgrim to her dust.

Will Remembrance

Make the pathway thither, curst,

When some thought of the departed

Chills thy soul and pales thy bloom,

With the truth, that, broken hearted,

She, thy mother! sought the tomb?

Hide her, rather!

Hide that child, profoundest Gloom!

Daughter, daughter, NO! I never

Shall such fear indulge for thee,

While 't is thy sincere endeavor,

Youthful sins and snares to flee.

While to Mercy,

She and I may bend the knee!

TO MY BOY.

I HAILED thy launching forth to life,
 And gazed on thee with busy joy;
Nor recked I of the frequent strife,
 Thou'dst meet upon that sea, my boy!
Slender vessel on the deep,
Where the angry tempests sweep.

I lingered at thy pouting mouth,
 How often! for the parent's bliss;
And cared not for the fragrant South,
 When taking thence the balmy kiss;—
Talk of pleasure? boasting earth
Yields none of a purer birth.

I watched thy growth, and sometimes fears,
And sometimes precious hopes I had :
These last prevailed, as, swiftly, years
Revealed to me the comely lad.
Health and beauty on that brow —
Pride! with me thou 'rt busy now.

Yet I confess those raptures fade,
Their very recollections die,
Compared with bliss that 's on me laid,
That crowns my cup to-day, as I
See thee thus in early bloom,
Vows, that bind to God, assume.

Of wealth of joy there 's something more
Than Childhood's graces can impart ;
Yet not from earth is delved the store
With which heaven fills the parent's heart,
When, subdued by love, his son
Is to meek Religion won.

THE WAY.

How sweet, beneath the Cross,
At once, subdued, to lie;—
Soon as I feel my loss,
To find my gain is nigh;—
Without the prelude of alarms,
To fall into my Saviour's arms.

How blest, impelled by gales
Of love, the port to win;—
Never to furl the sails,
Till safely moored within.
To anchor in the sheltered bay,
Without one tempest by the way.

A few reach Canaan's land,
Nor meet a single blast ;
They sing with victory's band,
But not of perils past.
No lions on their pathway wait,
No "slough," hard by the "wicket gate."

O such was not *my* course,
When groping for the light ;
Waves moaned and winds were hoarse,
And bitter was the night.
Across a gulph my vessel flew,
To halcyon hope I bade adieu.

Storms rose and swept my deck,
The flying sails were rent ;
And I, a helpless wreck,
O'er dreadful seas was sent ;
A feather by the tempest tost, —
O, no ! — a spirit, well nigh lost.

To storms, the deadly calm
Succeeded, but a curse
Still hung ; — such idle charm,
Than hurricane, were worse.
Storm, calm, fierce wind, smooth sea,
Each, in its turn, was sent to me.

Sometimes, escaped to shore,
I trod the vale of death ;
Now, chilled and frozen o'er, —
Now, by the Simoom's breath,
Stified ; till on the sands I sank,
And at the cheating mirage drank.

At times, I deemed my skill
Could guide me safely through ;
I tasked affection, will,
And understanding too ; —
Yet found, amid the journey rough,
That all my skill was not enough.

I plucked a way-side staff, —
 'T was but a broken reed ;
I rallied song and laugh, —
 They failed me at my need.
Ambition, Pleasure, Riches, Care ; —
They all resigned me to Despair.

Till, to my utmost need,
 The Heavenly Leader came ;
I knew Him — for my deed
 Had put him, once, to shame.
What said He? — to my passions, “ Cease ! ”
And straight my troubled soul had peace.

Methinks, my final song,
 Final, yet ending never, —
Will cheerful praise prolong,
 To my dear Lord forever, —
Who, when I such hard passage trod,
My feet with full deliverance shod.

THE WHITED SEPULCHRE.

YE may set round this stately tomb,
The pots, heaped up with Flora's bloom ;
And bid white violets ope their leaf,
And cypress stand in silent grief ; —

Ye may surround this hallowed place,
With all that Art contrives of grace ; —
The tessellated pavement, walk,
Pebbled or turfed, where Mind may talk ; —

And make this spot of quiet rest,
Outwardly seem an Eden, blest, —
A garden, to the senses fair,
Wooring us to inhabit there ; —

And yet, when all is done, unlock
The iron door! — sight, smell, a shock
Receive, appalling; — loathing, sick,
The dead forsake we for the quick.

Such is the heart, not cleansed by grace,
Such is that foul, unseemly place;
Rich, outwardly, in beauty's bloom,
Within, offensive as the tomb.

And Holiness, that can endure,
Only the fragrant and the pure,
Flies from the path by vileness trod; —
O, *Dead in sin!* canst thou “see God?”

THE WARRIOR-SONG OF PRAYER.

COME Warriors! to the earnest fray;
Enlisted ye for life,
Ye must be up for Christ, to-day;
All eager for the strife.

Your swords all keen, your swords all bright,
Your breast-plates girded on —
Gather ye to the glorious fight;
A Kingdom must be won.

Come on, as mail-clad veterans do,
And let the work be warm;
Your weapons are not frail nor few, —
Take heaven itself by storm.

No fear! — *who* fears? — God's tallest towers,
'T is yours, in faith, to scale ;
And He, himself, will nerve your powers
Against them to prevail.

In His Name venture rock and crag ;
The coward only falls ; —
Come on ! He's honored when your flag
Is planted on his walls.

Yea, to the shout of victor-cheer,
Which, conquerors, ye shall bring —
God will bestow approving ear,
And vanquished Heaven will sing !

SEEN IN THE CROSS.

I HEAR of hell, and fear its flames ;
I cannot but believe
Its terrors are lit up for him,
Who will not truth receive.

But in the Cross I plainly see
More of God's holy ire,
And love of law, than ever blazed
In hell's devouring fire.

That monument of dying love,
If scorned, must surely be
A beacon of tormenting wrath,
Burning eternally.

God's law is pure ; — I see 't is pure
In Sinai's dreadful light ;
I hear it in the voice which shakes
That mountain with affright.

Yet in my Lord, I hear, and see
Its excellence divine, —
Clearer than in that thunder's voice,
Or in that lightning's shine.

Hearing, and seeing thus, may I
Escape the doom at hand,
For him who knows and disobeys, —
Whose house is on the sand.

ENGLAND'S CRY.

“BREAD OR BLOOD,” is the awful inscription upon some of the banners paraded in the provincial towns of England.

THE voice that shakes Old England thus
Comes not, as came the thunder-cheer
From Trafalgar and Waterloo,
Upon a nation's greedy ear.
No Nelson now, nor Wellington,
Nor any other demi-god
Inspires the dreadful cry,
Troubling the just sky —
Of “BREAD OR BLOOD.”

'T is not a nation's ringing shout,
When banners fly from tower and dome,
And million hearts, as one, are out
To welcome heroes home.
Yet here are shouts! — they're not thine own,
O lawful victory's God!
Yet here are banners! and the throne
Trembles at "BREAD or BLOOD!"

At "Bread or Blood!" — in sullen wail
It comes from home and naked hearth;
From mother o'er her babe, whose lip
Is parched with curses for its birth.
From perishing, abandoned men
Borne on to death by penury's flood —
And England's cheer gives place to yells,
Whose agony's akin to hell's —
Of "BREAD or BLOOD"

On! on! in long procession comes
The injured, downtrod, desperate group;
Who wonders, that Destruction rides —
The dreadful leader of the troop?
'T is life or death! and yet no horde
Of plundering Pict, or brawling Dane,
Are these — worse! worse! stern English hearts,
That ask, and will not ask in vain,
When for their households clamoring food,
Withheld by tyrants; — on they come,
For “ BREAD or BLOOD ! ”

From Land's End to the swollen mart,
Throned London — whose far influence goes,
Like pulses of a mighty heart,
Where'er the tide of being flows.
They hear it! those false feudal lords,
The titled traitors of Saint James —
They hear it! those luxurious dames,

And paleness gathers o'er their cheeks,
Who long have Misery's call withstood,
A People, trampled, *risen*, speaks

IN "BREAD OR BLOOD."

She hears it! feeblest of vain things,
A simple girl in other sphere —
But doomed to don the crown of kings!
Away, away, what doth such here?
He hears it! penniless boy-prince —
Who cares not, though an empire bleeds,
And millions perish, if they gorge
Caligula's imperial steeds.*

HE hears it, who the hearts of men
Holds in his hands, yon blessing God!
Not the heart's answering, free "Amen,"

BUT "BREAD OR BLOOD!"

* This imported Prince has squandered £ 70,000 sterling on his *stables*, while countless thousands of his wife's subjects are without bread.

We hear it! our Atlantic's roar
Sinks down beneath its knelling call;
And who but weeps that Death should fling
O'er a whole realm his funeral pall?
And who but wonders that the axe
Should decimate three kingdoms so,
And men should freely give their blood
When bloated courtiers bid it flow?
Who wonders that the cry is up
From wretches for their stolen food?
'T is time, when filled is horror's cup,
For "BREAD OR BLOOD!"

We hear! who blushed to think our veins,
Nourished by Freedom's generous tide—
Were filled at founts so dyed in shame,
So cold to Manhood, Virtue, Pride.
O is it true, ye fields of yore?
Say, Cressy, Blenheim, Agincourt!

Say, Sovereign God!

Did these degraded, patient men
Spring from the glorious Saxon too?
These millions, cowering to a few, —
Submitting to a gilded chain —
Lost, *dead*, to all that's true?
Ha! even so! they live again!
They'd reached extreme of ruin, when
Forbearance was a word shut out;
There's meaning in that dreadful shout,
The race is heard in that one cry;
Doom or Deliverance is nigh

In "BREAD OR BLOOD!"

TO THE ROYAL INFANT.*

WELCOME! welcome! little creature,
Born at sad Starvation's cost,
Nursed by Anguish; — in each feature,
Read we blood of despots crossed.
Welcome! though imperfect numbers
Blend with laureat's at thy shrine,
Power, not will, to laud thee, slumbers,
Lying lyricks are not mine.

* The birth of a Prince has caused congratulations to pour into Buckingham Palace from every quarter, from one class of her Majesty's devoted subjects; and the same mail that brings them to the metropolis brings accounts of the deep misery of another class, who weep and sigh and die! — *Letters of a Traveller*, December, 1841.

Welcome! welcome! royal stranger,
To a suffering, sinking land,
Famine greets thee: frowning Danger
Proffers thee its giant hand.
Welcome! in this day of trouble,
Welcome! in these judgment times,
When to England shall be double
Rendered, for her monstrous crimes.

Bowed are sycophants around thee,
Cringing to thee are the great; —
Victim! they have only bound thee,
Firmer, faster, to thy fate.
True, of gold and gems each fetter
Curiously inwrought may be —
Maketh this thy bondage better?
Pleasanter thy cell to thee?

Not in purlieu of thy palace
English feelings truly dwell, —
Seek thy million poor whom malice
Crushes, they the truth will tell!
Hear'st thou not tumultuous shouting?
'T is the cry of blood from earth;
Mind is Royal bondage scouting,
Groans and griefs salute thy birth.

Hoary heads on dung-hills lying,
Fathers famishing for bread,
Mourning mothers, children dying,
Every household with its dead;
Bosoms with rebellion burning,
Passions kindled to a flame,
Thousands, her who bore them spurning,
Leaving England to her shame; —

This, the bouquet that is blooming —
Given freely for thine own :
Ready, when thou art assuming
Empire, to adorn thy throne ;
And thy mother ! though to send her
Gratulations, cities vote, —
All a ruined realm can render
Is Despair's unending note.

Yes ! though guns and drums proclaim it,
Banners flaunt from tree and tower,
Bells, in silvery sweetness name it
England's haughtiest, happiest hour,
Stern voice than drum hath spoken ;
Deeper tones sweep by than bells ;
Aye, a nation, bleeding, broken,
England's *real* homage tells.

Star of Brunswick! though thy merit
 May be such as suits thy birth,
Equalling all princely spirit
 Which has ever curst the earth, —
Worshipped too by peer and poet,
 Hailed by fond and flattering slaves, —
Yet thy beams — and time will show it —
 Only shine on British graves!*

1842.

* It is computed that 20,000 individuals annually perish in England, through the operation, alone, of the iniquitous Corn Laws.

SACRED SONG.

How shall I cherish the desire
That often kindles in my breast,
O distant God! to draw yet nigher
Thy seat of holiness and rest?

I long to loose the hold that clings
To earth, the chain that binds to sin;
When will my spirit plume her wings,
Soar to thy love, and enter in?

When will she cease to follow night's
Meteor that only burns to die —
And turn to the immortal lights
That beckon from the upper sky?

When will she cease to quench her thirst
In streams that mock her with their shine ;
And drink of cool, sweet wells that burst,
Sparkling and true, from founts divine ?

When cease, a prodigal, to feed
On husks that far from home are found ;
And gather, for her daily need,
Manna, which whitens all the ground ?

I loathe this fond, uncertain grief ;
Abhor these evanescent tears ;
This faith, which is not firm belief ;
These weary doubts, these fitful fears.

I hate this changeful flight of prayer ;
Now on the mount, and now below ;
Now building tabernacles there ;
Now grovelling here, in listless wo.

Consistent, fixed, unwavering, true —

I long, I pant, I cry to be ;

Creator ! thine own work renew,

And bid it to resemble Thee.

STANZAS.

How blessed the heir, unvexed by trouble,

Heav'n's legacy who hath not spent ; —

Who, counting earth a passing bubble,

Above its pomp secures content.

Thirsts he along Life's weary journey ?

Its wayside fountains fill his cup ;

Called out with bucklered Care to tourney ? —

He meets the brunt with visor up.

With passions, in Life's earnest races,
Contends he? and that prize the soul?
He presses on, unheeding traces
Of footsteps past, and wins the goal.

Hearts-ease, his flower, he ever weareth;
Subdued and simple is his will;
And while of peace the Proud despaireth,
His, like a river, floweth still.

Mortal — to day he meeteth sorrow,
Such as the thoughtless never scanned;
Yet, darkness past, what light, tomorrow,
Breaks on him from the Spirit-Land!

THE CRY.

WOULDST thou be cleansed from every taint
Of grievous and defiling sin ?
And is it truly thy complaint
That vileness lurks within ?

And do thy heart-strings wail thy wo ?
And pants thy spirit to be free ?
And do outbreathings hourly go
For perfect purity ?

Alone, alone, and passion-tost ; —
Though rescued from destruction's brink,
Still on the seas where souls are lost,
And fearing thou shalt sink.

Spake unto thee, the Voice that charmed
Judea's waters once to rest —
And is not *all* the tempest calmed
To silence in thy breast ?

Hear ! for 't is easy to the heart,
That meekly sits, of Christ to learn ; —
Words, that to darkness light impart,
In such shall clearly burn.

Below thy raging sins sink down,
Nor heed their stormy strife above ;
Thou shalt not meet a Saviour's frown
Within his arms of love.

Down, down in dust ! — the only place
For lips that press despair's full cup ; —
Thence the strong arm of Sovereign Grace
Shall quickly raise thee up.

Humility, at Jesus' feet,
In wondrous beauty stands confest ; —
Take by thy Lord the lowest seat,
A weeping, welcome guest.

'T was on the mount the pilgrim* grew
A boastful man, and proud and vain, —
But in the vale he had Sin's view,
And was a child again.

Trust Him who *saves*, to *cleanse* thy soul ;
To limit boundless Love, beware !
Grace, that begins, completes the whole ;
To prove it, be thy care.

“ For holiness ! ” goes up thy cry ?
'T was mine, is mine, and still shall be ; —
Yet, when I 'm humble, Christ is nigh,
And blessed purity.

* Pilgrim's Progress.

HYMN TO GOD ON THOUGHTS.

It may be, from outbreaking sin
Thy mercy hath me kept ;
I fear me lest o'er faults, within,
My spirit long hath slept.
Faults known to Thee — forgot by me ;
All unconfessed, unwept.

How far I am from outward act
Of grievous error free,
Unstained by damning vice, — the fact
My fellow men may see ;
Not these, not these ; — what I deplore
Is scanned alone by Thee.

And *these!* — not all their wild extent
Can I of surety know ;
How with my beating heart are blent
The pulses of the foe,
Who courses in my purple flood,
And taints it in its flow.

Could I escape Thought's dreadful power,
Nor creep to death its slave,
I'd purchase one such angel-hour
With life, and hail the grave :
Or, doomed to longer pilgrimage,
Life's pilgrim woes would brave.

Could in these bitter waters be
Some branch of healing cast,
I'd murmur not, though yet by me
A desert's to be past,
Of care and toil — not dreary sin —
To Canaan's land at last.

'T is not of sickness I complain,
 Though this hath made me moan ;
Bereavement wakes no angry strain,
 Though this, O God, I've known !
I'd bear these chiders, as I've borne,
 For these are all thine own.

'T is not that thou hast scourged away
 My early, pleasant schemes,
And on my plans of riper day
 Hast written "*empty dreams* ;"
And taught me earth's enchantment is
 Far, far from what it seems.

'T is not that to hope's flower of pride,
 Which grew within my door,
A worm was sent ; the floweret died —
 And joyful hope is o'er. —
He, whom I love, is shipwrecked, tossed
 On seas without a shore.

'T is not that, daily, I may see
How silent grief drinks up
Her life, who is my life to me,
Who took with me that cup,
And drained it to its dregs of pain :
O, *few* such horrors sup !

I, foolish wanderer, truly know
That these are well for me ;
These are but blessed guides to show
The path that leads to Thee —
Yea, in my greatest grief I count
My greatest joy to see.

But 't is vain Thoughts that me perplex ;
And sinful Thoughts, that rise
Like clouds of troops, all armed, to vex
My journey to the skies.
O, how they muster, when my soul
On heaven would fix her eyes !

And when I come to Thee in prayer,
Hell knows the favored hour ;
Lo, all its legion Thoughts are there,
Impatient to devour !
Yea, weeping at my Saviour's Cross,
I feel their cruel power.

My God ! I cry to Thee in pain ;
Thou art my hope at last ;
Free me from the accursed chain,
So strongly round me cast, —
And I 'll Thee praise along my way,
And when my journey 's past.

Yet, "if to suit some wise design,"
I must be longer tried ;
And this stern trouble must be mine,
Perhaps to humble pride —
Help ! THOU, who, in Gethsemane,
Temptation, sore, defied.

FOR CHINA.*

O God, on China look !

And wall her realm about ;

Nor from the nations' varied book,

Let her be blotted out.

* An eminent statesman has lately told us, that the Opium question has nothing to do with the present outrageous attack of the English on China. I am yet inclined to the belief, that had the Chinese continued meekly to receive the drug, the war, notwithstanding other provocations, would have been postponed, if, indeed, it had occurred at all. Immense quantities of Opium are cultivated in India, under the immediate direction of the East India Company—and China *presents the only market for this deleterious article!* This is the key to the conduct of the English in relation to the Chinese.

Oppose the western power,
 To which the empire 's sold ;
Whose Lion rages to devour,
 Whose lust is still for gold.

And if the enslaving drug,
 Barbaric heathen hate,
While Christians yet the fetter hug,
 That binds them to their fate ;

And Christian fleets and men
 Cloud that defenceless coast ;—
O God of battle ! thunder then
 Upon the daring host.

And bow Britannia's heart,
 In this unholy war ;
And stain her flag, and bid depart
 The glories of her star.

Teach her, "whose flag is furled
Never," on land or sea,
"Whose morning drum beats round the
world"—
A Greater rules than she!

Then, bring the Pagan down,
Where all the world must meet;
The monarch, humbled at thy crown, —
The people at thy feet.

PRAYER FOR MY SON AT SEA.

My prayer goes up this Sabbath morn;—
I cannot choose, this morn, but pray
For him, my son, my eldest born,
Now on some ocean, far away—

That THOU, whose presence still is found
Where Day's swift pinions farthest go,
Wilt with that presence him surround—
An Ægis, fronting every foe.

O sacred season! blessed time!
To home and household memories given,
When Sabbath calm and Sabbath chime
So sweetly urge our flight to heaven.

I see its glorious sunshine rest
On field and flower, on spire and tree;
And thoughts, like birds, forsake their nest,
And soar and fly, my God, to Thee.

I hear the first wild hymn that swells
From yonder quiring temple-grove;
I hear discourse those village bells
Of nobler courts and hymns above.

To-day, what thousands from their homes,
In villages and towns, will pour
To throng the heaven-directed domes,
Thee, gracious Father, to adore!

Those at *my* home, my girl and boy,
Arrayed by their fond mother's care—
With willing steps and chastened joy,
Will duly to thy house repair.

But one — whose little hand in mine
 Enclasped — whom I to worship led,
Who early loved the Voice divine,
 Whose early tear for sin was shed —

Whose smile beguiled me oft of cares,
 Whose words, 't was music's self to hear,
Round whom were reared faith's earnest
 prayers,
 For whom was dropt hope's frequent tear ;

Whose manly gait 't was joy to see ;
 Whose open brow was honor's throne ;
Whose morn gave promise unto me
 Of brilliant day — my child, my own,

Is with the sailor, on the deep,
 Where bright and joyous hope is dim.
I think upon my boy and weep ;
 I cannot choose but weep for him,

Whose lot it is, afar to roam ;
 No gentle tones to greet his ear ;
Shut out from all the peace of home ;
 No parent, with instruction, near—

To shield him from the dreadful sins
 That cluster round the sailor's way ;
Exposed to one that woos and wins
 The thoughtless, for a certain prey ;—

Exposed to bitter fears, lest he,
 Our careless, generous, absent one,
May be forgotten !—How could we
 Forget him—our beloved SON ?—

Perhaps thick dangers wrap his form ;
 Now yawns the deep beneath his feet ;
Around him howls the tropic storm !
 The waters weave his winding sheet.

Dark thought flies back ; dark thought flies far,
To home, to Sabbath, and to me ;
O God ! light up for him the star
That leads the wanderer unto Thee.

And hear a father's broken prayer ;
And keep him from a sudden grave ;
Yet rather make his soul thy care ;—
From passion's storm my sailor save.

And where the silent quicksands lie,
Or murmuring breakers tell of doom,
And trooping o'er the angry sky
Are clouds, that deepen midnight's gloom—

There! where strange terrors dimly frown,
And fright his inexperienced youth, —
About his feet flash freely down
The splendors of unerring Truth.

And guard him from the hopeless wreck,
Which Mind so often makes of Mind.

In silent watches on the deck,
Or to his sleepless berth confined,

May his reflections be of God,
And prayer be on his heart and lip,
That He, who once the billows trod,
Who taught the people from the ship, —

May walk the waves of his distress,
And reach to him his helping aid,
And with compassion's teaching bless —
“'T is I! 't is I! — be not afraid!”

Then to what winds his topsails swell,
Then through what seas his keel may drive,
Chainer of Waves when they rebel!
Soother! when tempests are alive, —

MY Boy, preserved, all peril past, —
Kept by thine ever watchful love,
And safe from storms and seas at last,
Shall anchor in the port above.

Sunday Morning,
July 4, 1841.

BEVERLY.

“ They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here.”

Henry Vaughan, — 1614.

YON starry world hath them received,
All through their Saviour's grace ;
And I, by hope once more deceived,
Seek thee, my native place.
Why seek ? — Of their dim footsteps here
Mine eye discerns no trace.

One twelvemonth of my early span,
 They say, I measured here ;
Unknowing of the hopes of man,
 Unknowing of his fear ;
Too young to feel prospective pain,
 Or care, forever near.

Too young to know the tender bliss,
 That's laid about his way,
Who goes to slumber with a kiss,
 From slumber wakes to play ;
His mother's treasure all the night,
 Her treasure all the day.

I would that years could give me back
 That cynosure of joy,
By which alone I'd steer my track,
 Forever but a boy ;
My tiny ocean always calm,
 My boat, a tireless toy.

I would years subsequent I'd given
 To thee, my native place ;
Here lived for earth, here lived for heaven ;
 Like those, who, by his grace,
Their Maker served in this sweet spot,
 And now behold His face.

I would, in Memory's blotted book,
 A leaf I had of thee,
Which I might sometimes turn, and look
 At careless Infancy,
As others do, as others will,
 But which is not for me.

No! — tost on a continual wave
 Am I of sorrow's strife,
That only doth disclose a grave,
 With dole and darkness rife.
He anguish knows, whose barque is beat
 By every sea of life.

My native place! — how falls the word

In sweetness on the heart!

A tear? — away! — it were absurd

For idle tears to start;

Or bitter thoughts to come, where I

Have neither lot nor part.

THE SABBATH AND THE SANC-
TUARY.

RIGHT glad was I, when round me
I heard sweet voices say,
“Come! worship!” — for they found me
All ready for the Day;
The Day of truer pleasure,
Than thousands spent in sin;
The Day of richer treasure,
Than worlds of wealth could win.

Right glad was I, when stealing
O'er wooded hill and glen,
Came call of bells, revealing
Repose for weary men ;
Their joyful music telling,
In soothing Sabbath talk,
That Mind, Earth's care dispelling,
With Heaven, to-day, may walk.

In haste, thine house I entered,
Its beauty whispered, " Come !"
I lowly knelt, where centred
Of all my hopes the sum.
Cool, clear, and living waters
In streams came flowing by ;
Bread for earth's sons and daughters
Was there in full supply.

More happy in a corner
Of these thy courts to be,
Than yonder sceptred scorner,
Who claims the servile knee;
To keep thy door, I'd rather, —
Thy child would love it well, —
Than in the tents, my Father!
Of wickedness to dwell.

To my fond heart how proudly
Goes up that noble song,
When David's anthem loudly
Repeat the earnest throng!
When notes of solemn sadness
Confessions make to heaven;
When chords are swept to gladness,
And public praise is given.

Those truths — my heart believes them,
As coming from my God ;
Those truths — my heart receives them,
As sealed with Jesus' blood ;
Now, the transporting tidings,
My soul leaps up to hear ;
Now, salutary chidings
Impart becoming fear.

I love the Day, if o'er me
The sky in tempest lowers ;
My God is light before me,
And cloudless are my hours ;
I love it, if in splendor
The azure arch is drest ;
My God, what shall I render
For this bright Day of rest !

I love the Day, assisted
By health to spend it well ;
Besetting sin resisted,
And weakened folly's spell ;
That strength and vigor gladly
I consecrate to God,
And mourn young Health so sadly
In thoughtless ways has trod.

And if pale Sickness seizes
This frame, I love the Day ;
Thy messengers, Diseases,
Will not forbid to pray.
My chamber is an altar,
My heart to sing is free ;
Its praises, though they falter,
Are heard, my God, by Thee.

I'll love the Day when dying ;
 How blest the Sabbath time,
In death's embraces lying,
 To hear the Sabbath chime !
On Him, who death is routing,
 In quivering prayer to call,
To Him, who 's Victor, shouting,
 And in his arms to fall !

O tell me not that Zion,
 All pearls and gems, sits queen ;
That splendor 's where the Lion
 Of Judah's tribe is seen ;
But tell me yon broad heaven
 A Temple is to view ;
Its Day, one Sabbath given, —
 And I will worship too !

THE SEAL.*

“FAIR as the moon!” celestial seal,
O for thy mark of blessing!
Meek ornament — I pant to feel
The sign my brow impressing.
To cleanse sin’s spot, and make me fair,
Beyond what beauteous angels are,
Is thy strange power, Religion!

* “When they were returned out of the garden from the Bath, the interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, ‘Fair as the moon!’ Then he called for the seal, wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his Bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they

“Fair as the moon!” — wo’s me! unclean!

Where folly in commotion

Upcasts its mire, I long have been

Disporting in the ocean.

To thy dear Bath, my Lord, I flee;

So! bring the seal — affix on me,

Eternally, Religion!

Now will I tell what wondrous charm

Hath mercy’s crystal waters,

To cleanse the soul, the passions calm

Of misery’s sons and daughters.

might be known in the place, whither they were yet to go; and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces. It also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like those of angels.” — *The Pilgrim’s Progress*.

Now will I sing the blessed seal,
Whose outward impress doth reveal,
Throned in the heart, Religion!

“Fair as the moon!” ingenuous youth!
Who long’st to lift the curtain,
And gaze beyond, and know, for truth,
What now is hope uncertain, —
Wouldst thou, by prescience, ills forego?
Wear thou her seal and thou shalt know
His state, who finds Religion!

Though simple, unsuspecting thou,
Yet constant perils find thee;
Yea, though a willing victim now,
Sin’s dreadful fetters bind thee;
Thou hast no fear, thou know’st no pain,
Nor seest thy cell, nor feel’st thy chain —
Blind, lost, without Religion!

“Fair as the moon!” — along this dark

Wild road, by perils driven, —

O fragile woman! wear the mark,

That pitying Love hath given.

On dangerous land, on stormy sea,

A certain panoply will be

The talisman, Religion!

How blest to-day avails thee not;

How free life's book from sorrow —

The smile's there now — a tear will blot

That various leaf to-morrow!

Let light shine down upon the page

Of youth, maturity, and age —

The *only* light, Religion!

'T is all thou need'st, thou village maid!

To make thy beauty glorious;

Though in unequalled charms arrayed,

And o'er all hearts victorious —

One thing thou lackest — part with gold,
Yea, all, to buy, what can't be sold
For worldly dross, Religion!

Thou city's pride! — the speaking face,
Where mind informs each feature;
The faultless form, and matchless grace,
Which make the perfect creature —
These, that thou thus rejoicest in,
Win earth; but heaven they cannot win;
Nought doth it, but Religion!

'T is all thou need'st to make short life
A day of white-winged hours;
From all its care-paths weeding strife,
The thorn from all its flowers.
'T will soothe away thy latest sigh,
'T will cheer thee when thou art to die;
Nought doth it but Religion!

Yea, when before Him thou 'lt appear,
Whose ways are everlasting,
Thy gentle spirit need not fear,
But, crowns and praises casting
Before His feet, thou shalt rejoice,
And with the ransomed lift thy voice —
Who wear the seal, Religion !

THE BURDEN AND THE CROSS.*

WE bear along our toilsome way
A burden, taken at the birth ;
How deeply, sadly, none may say,
It bows the wearer down to earth !
'T is written, like the prophet's scroll,
All sighs without, all woes within ;
It lays upon the fainting soul
The grievous malison of sin.

* " Now I saw in my dream, that the highway which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation ; Is. xxvi. 1. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run,

Go where we may, it goes with us ;
At home, abroad, or well, or ill ;
In mirth, in joy, the constant curse
Is woven with existence still.
It shames us in the open mart ;
It dyes our cheek in secret hour ;
It sits, a vulture, on the heart,
And tortures with unsparing power.

but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his Burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more." — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There is no peace around the board,
 Though heaped with meats and crowned
 with wine ;

There is no peace, where heaven hath stored
 For man domestic bliss divine.

There is no peace in balmy sleep ;
 No angel there, to bid it seem
Like Eden, where immortals keep
 Watch o'er the lips of those that dream.

To madness urged, we leave our home,
 God knows with what disturbed intent,
To crush reflection as we roam, —
 To wander, till his grace is spent !
Yet vain to us the painted fields,
 Or valleys smiling with the sheaf ;
The roadside flower no sweetness yields
 To journeyers in guilt and grief.

Across the desert lies the way
 To that high place of fearful name ;
We choose it, and regardless stray
 To Sinai's awful mount of flame.
The tenfold trumpet, waxing loud
 And louder, warns the sinner thence ;
How may he shun — the lost, the proud —
 The Law that slays for one offence !

Shall we, with CHRISTIAN, take the path,
 Which points, as worldlings deem, to loss,
But, leading from impending wrath,
 That brings the Pilgrim to the Cross ?
O, we may travel folly's road,
 Bowed with our burden to despair ;
Yet, *never*, NEVER drop the load,
 Till, taught by grace, we leave it there !

How many painful steps he took !
What heavy groanings rent his breast !
Till casting on that sight a look,
At once he found relief and rest.
And thus 't is ever with the heart
That turns aside to solace, vain ;
It cannot with its anguish part ;
The guilt and burden must remain.

O God! when finding out the cheat
Of this delusive world below,
We turn away our weary feet,
And to the Cross with weeping go,
How blest to feel, while gazing, *all*
That weighed our spirit down before,
Loosed by thy love, forever fall
Where Mercy ne'er shall see it more !

And such *was* I, and such *am* I;
Once sorely burdened, now released;
Who could not from his anguish fly,
Whose efforts but the load increased;
Till taught by Him to lay it down,
To Him thought, love, and will resign—
I choose my Lord should wear the crown;
What is my will?—O Christ, 't is thine!

COLLOQUY.

HIGH PRIEST

THOU, who look'st to Cæsar's seat,
Claiming to be called a King —
Yet for purple, sceptre, ring,
Showest coarsest covering,
Crownless head and naked feet ;
Wanderer ! for sedition ripe ;
Poverty's true prototype ;
Monarch ! with no lictors, guards ;
Lauded not by courtly bards ;
With no symbol, save a scrip ;
With no herald, save the lip
Of these stricken Fishermen ;

Thou, whom stirred Jerusalem
Sees, a prisoner, forlorn,
Hither dragged in scorn ;
Homeless one !
Thou, God's Son ?
Thou claim the diadem ?
Flouted by the base,
Spit upon the face,
Scourged, a very slave,
Canst *thou* save ?
Bound, at my palace gates,
Where ready Justice waits
The traitor ; — thou
Of open brow,
And all unblushing face,
Who canst our temple rase,
And in three days each tower
Build again with devilish power ;
Art thou, a wretch undone,

Whom Jew and Gentile shun,
On whom the thief hath trod,
Indeed, the Blessed Son
Of God ?

JESUS.

Yea, listen, Priest !

Who countest me as least ;
Who dost the Judge assume,
Exulting at my doom ;
Who seest me thus uncrowned,
With malefactors bound ;
Where, at thy palace gates,
Stern Justice waits
The traitor. Now
Listen ! for thou
Shalt stand,
When, at the high right hand
Of Power, I sit, as SON,

My rebel kingdom won ; —
What time men leave their shrouds,
Heaven lost, hell gained ; —
Thyself, a trembling one,
Myself, the Judge, on clouds ;
The universe arraigned
Before my righteous bar,
While every world that seemed a star
Shall crisp in flame ;
Thou shalt behold my Name !
On him, of Bethlehem,
Mark the diadem,
And in the Nazarene —
The base, the mean —
Shalt see revealed
The Everlasting Shield,
And Hope of Israel ! Yea,
When *thy* hopes flee away,
Shalt know, indeed, the Lamb,

Slain, vainly, for thy sin —
Who lost that thou might'st win,
Is He, Son of the Blessed!
Who now — mid Roman wrong and Jew-
ish jest,
The cries of Hell and Death —
The High Priest answereth :
I AM!

ZACCHEUS.

HE sought the Saviour's face to see,
And climbed the sycamore, that he,
Secure above the crowding mass,
Might mark the wondrous prophet pass.

Stinted in soul, dishonest, mean,
A publican; worse than unclean
Was he; the people's common hate,
Beyond the heathen in the gate.

Yet must he needs that face behold,
Of more, said Fame, than human mould;
And hark! a thousand voices' hum
Heralds his coming! see Him come;—

The theme of David's chorded lyre ;
Of whom spake seers in words of fire ;
When everlasting years saw shine. —
My hope to-day, O saint, and thine !

He comes, in meek and lowly guise,
Though shouts of welcome shake the skies.
He comes ! and kingly crowns are dim
To light unseen, that circles Him !

In auburn locks, his parted hair
Lies on a brow, surpassing fair ;
His beauteous eyes are upward cast,
Scanning his home, when trial's past.

Zaccheus saw the Man, the God ; —
Yet knew not, He, who toiling trod
With weary feet the dusty way,
Was One whom eager worlds obey.

He met that upward glance with fear :

“ Ah, publican ! he sees thee here,
And to the rabble’s rage will give
The wretch, they deem not fit to live.”

He sees ! — but those mild eyes reveal
Thoughts of a heart that knows to feel ;
He hears ! — but music’s self is flung
Forth in each accent of that tongue.

“ Make haste, Zaccheus ! from the tree ;
To-day I must abide with thee.”

Abide with thee ! — his heart was broke
For sin, and healed, as Jesus spoke.

Fruits for repentance, straight in thought
Conceived, sprang up, and ripe were brought ;
He stood, redeemed — a man new-made
By quickening, living grace, and said :

“Behold, O Lord! the half of ¹all
My own the poor’s I henceforth call;
If others’ goods by fraud I hold,
I now restore the law’s fourfold.”

Redeemer! has thy gospel power
Thus sweetly, in auspicious hour,
To win the heart, the stubborn break?
Such change can Love and Mercy make,

By thy good Spirit’s blessing? — then
Instruct *me* thus to plead with men;
Nor, with a rash, repelling frown,
Command the sinning rebel down.

But ever may I kindly prove
His heart with messages of love;
And speak, when wanderers I accost,
Like Thee, who cam’st to save the lost.

And ever ready be, as Thou,
To woo, and win, and gently bow
The honored lordling — foe to Thee —
Or scorned Zaccheus in the tree.

OPIUM.*

PAUSE not here, ye generous men !

One is vanquished, yet the foe,
Hydra-headed, lives again ;

Deal again the righteous blow.

* At a recent medical temperance meeting held in New York, a physician presented statistics, by which it appears, that there are at least between 3,000 and 5,000 persons in the city of New York, who habitually use Opium in substance, or some of its preparations. — *New York Evangelist*.

Though a thousand Stills are dumb,
 Though ten thousand are reclaimed,
Though the advocate of Rum
 Slinks from truth, convinced, ashamed, —

Though the weeping, joyful wife
 To her woman's love hath prest
Him, the dead, restored to life,
 Though the poor man's home is blest, —

Though around the rich man's board
 Tempting cups no longer shine,
Whence in ceaseless streams is poured
 Sparkling and deceiving wine, —

Yet the labor is not done ;
 Up! and toil, and pray, and plan.
From the regions of the sun,
 From the wily Musselman,

Comes the deleterious drug,
Subtler than the Upas tree ;
Deadlier than the murderous Thug,*
Famine, Fire, and Slaughter be.

Shall we entertain the thief,
That beguiles us with a dream,
Causing earth's retreat of grief
Folly's paradise to seem ?

To our fireside joys admit
One that surely poisons bliss ?
Clasp a serpent of the pit,
Feel his sting and hear his hiss ?

* Thugs, a tribe of murderers lately discovered in India.

We, of many a glorious hill,
Sacred valley, stream, and plain,
Meekly own a Master's will,
Who the Ottoman hath slain?

We, of that delivered land,
Which for Temperance rose as one,
When her millions took in hand
Effort, and the work was done?

Let the heathen teach us! let
Patriotic, fearless LIN*
Show us how by man is met
Man-destroying, fatal sin.

* A noble-minded pagan, who has succeeded in banishing this destroyer from his country.

See his nation vexed and sold
By the followers of Christ ! *
Mind, the dupe of British gold, †
Mind, unpurchased and unpriced.

* “ Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our laws ? That vile drug has poisoned my son, ruined my brother, and well nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. You cannot wish me well, — your religion cannot be better than mine. Go first and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and then I will listen to your instructions on the subject of Christianity.” — *Remonstrance of a Chinese.*

† “ The opium trade is the child of the East India Company’s adoption. They have employed all the resources of science, wealth, and unlimited power, to force it to its present height ; and they have prostituted the means of government to an unlawful end.”

Mind is every where the same ;
 Mind, below base matter trod,
Will at length assert its claim ;
 Mind alone proceeds from God.

China from her slumber wakes ! —
 British Christians freely scoff ; —
China, strong in virtue, breaks
 Hell's infernal fetter off.

Which the " Christian " nation — say ; —
 She that shackles gives for gain,
Or the land that doth obey
 Virtue's call to snap the chain ?

Sound the trumpet ! sound alarm !
 Who, that dug his tyrant's grave,
Will, subdued by sensual charm,
 Be another's *viler* slave !

COMPLAINT TO THE STRANGER,
YET NIGH.

PART FIRST.

O STRANGER! yet to me forever near;
Light ever shining round me, though I walk
Often in darkness;—Voice, of accents clear, —
Though earth-stopt ears shut out thy heavenly
talk;

Where art thou?—If about me, why these fears?
If in my soul, why is this midnight there?
If smiling on my spirit, whence these tears?
If whispering peace — this silence of despair?

Why go I, mourning, to the mercy-seat ?
And why so cold before inviting Love ?
Why, when heart-prostrate at thy bleeding feet,
Will not this heart with real feeling move ?

How can I hear the agonizing groan,
Which, hourly, from Gethsemane I hear,
Nor my rebellious passions much bemoan,
Nor for my base transgressions give the tear ?

How can I think upon the rabble-scorn,
The horrid laugh, the soldier's mocking cry,
The whip, the robe, the crown of cruel thorn,
Nor bid my sins once and forever die !

How can I gaze upon thine awful Cross,
Where faith beholds thee daily racked for me,
Nor count this idolized vain self but loss,
And viler than the vil'st, compared with Thee ?

How can I greet thy day of blessings, when
Weekly reminded by its Sabbath light
Of victory over hell and hellish men,
And not essay sin's victory in thy might?

How can I gaze upon thy pictured life,
All perfect, all transparent, and divine—
And not with raging lusts wage deadly strife,
If so the Exemplar may indeed be mine?

How look at my own life with other thought,
Than sorrow, loathing, unforgiving hate!
O thou, by whose one purchase I am bought,
Incarnate Sufferer, God Immaculate,

I cling to thee!—all doubting, trembling, cling
Only to thee!—for am I not thine own?
Didst thou not call me?—did I not thee bring
And give thee all?—O, leave me not alone!

Am I not thine?—whose else?—from sin I shrink;
I cannot fellowship with thy lost foe;
Think of thy blood, my Saviour! and bethink
Thyself of me, for whom that stream did flow.

PART SECOND.

Body and soul I gave thee in that hour;
Body and soul, redeemed for aye by blood;
A slave, set free from satan's captive power;
A slave adopted as a Son of God!

By thy sad passion in the Garden, hear!
By thy dread pangs, to mortal men unknown,—
By thy last superhuman cry, O hear!
My Lord, my Saviour! *leave me not alone!*

Though thee not loving, as I know I should ;
Though sin not hating, as I feel I may ;
Though holiness not having, as I would ;
Though stricken oft, yet wandering oft away ;

Yet I do love thee, and in thee delight ;
And hate I sin and self yet more and more ;
In holiness' true way, though not the light
I've gained, yet entered am within the door ;

And think I see its glimmerings, like a star,
Beckoning me on. Thou, that art midnight's gem,
Burst out in glory on me, and afar
Guide *me* — no shepherd-king — to Bethlehem.

Doubting and fearing, to Emmaus, lo,
I travel ; mourning, till the shut of day ;
With me that journey, blessed Stranger, go ;
My heart shall burn within me by the way.

Groping, and stumbling, do I take thy hand,
And grasp it — for salvation's self is there ;
And thou shalt lead me to the "better land,"
And with such staff I may not — can't despair.

And, irrespective of thy purpose, me
To save, I'll worship thee for what thou art ;
And as I'm thine, thou mine wilt ever be ;
My Lord! my God! I give thee all my heart.

My Lord! my God! I covenant yet with Thee
Over and over. By a tenfold cord
Stronger than Death — volition all left free, —
And soft as Love, bind me to thee, my Lord!

Now, in my darkness, I believe thee nigh ;
Now, with my Comforter, in grief I'm blest ;
Come near me ; so that heavy laden, I
Thee, all-possessing, may in thee have rest.

Come nearer! — All desires are lost in ONE;
One mighty prayer to be set free from sin;
And thou canst grant it. Grant it, holy Son,
And this poor, happy soul forever win!

THE UNSPOKEN AT SEA.

WHY don't one of the thousand ships
That cross each other's different way,
On Tropic waters, or where dips
The rudder in some Orient bay,
Meet *her* that left us months ago,
With him on board, so dear to me —
And give to winds that westward blow,
Report of "Spoken far at Sea?"

Why don't some homeward barque make sign,
And catch the signal from her mast,
Though there might not be word or line
Of greeting, as each hurried past?
Such kindly act would hundred hearts,
Now dark with doubt, light up with glee;
I'm sure 't would *mine*, for hope departs,
She is so long Unspoke at Sea.

I seize in haste the daily sheet;
Nor business, news, nor fashion's call
Allures me, so I may but see 't,—
That name more welcome than them all!
I shudder at "Disasters," skip
The "Cleared,"—"Arrived" detains not me,
Then dash it down with quivering lip;—
She is Unspoken still at Sea.

I speculate on chances ; think
How many sail o'er that blue main,
Who meet and hail, depart and drink
To such brief challenge yet again, —
And wonder, in this lapse of time,
These weary days, thrice told to me —
Through various latitude and clime,
She yet sails on, Unspoke at Sea.

While yon great highway is alive
With canvass, waving like sea-wings,
And homeward countless vessels drive,
And "homeward" every sailor sings,
Say, is *she* of that caravan
Companionless? and yet must *she*
Of that long file be rear or van, —
The lonely ship, Unspoke at Sea?

'T is false! that dream of yesternight,
When sorceress Fancy conjured up
Ghosts of the past — each jeering sprite
The prophet of a sadder cup;—
'T was not *that* ship I saw go down!
'T was not *my* boy who called on me,
When ocean, gathering in one frown,
Closed over her, Unspoke at Sea!

I know that Fear loves well to sketch
The reeling mast, the shattered side,
And lingers strangely round the wretch,
Who sinks in the remorseless tide;
And yet in after days such thought
Has served for jest and laughter free,
When favoring gales to port have brought
The ship, so long Unspoke at Sea.

I saw her sit upon the deep ;
She floated like a perfect thing,
And conscious that she was to keep
A gem, and back the treasure bring.
I saw her beating first, as though
But coy to try her powers, — how she
All proudly leaped, at length, and so
She left us — the Unspoke at Sea !

That voyage, *her first* ! we prosperous deemed
Would be, when to the outward breeze
She flung her sheets, like one that seemed
Self-confident, and at her ease,
Our cheers receiving as she past ;
The proud, good ship ! it cannot be, —
O no, that voyage is not *her last*,
Though she is long Unspoke at Sea.

Her taper masts, her frame of oak,
Grace, strength, in due proportion gave ;
From stem to stern, a braver woke
Never the sleeping giant wave.
She must, she shall outlive the blast,
That sends down navies ! does not she
Hold precious freight ? Aye, she, at last,
Will come, though yet Unspoke at Sea.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

WHAT a sweet silence lies upon thy hills,
And solemnizes thy fair vales to-day,
New England! As it every passion stills,
Unholy thoughts take wing and flee away;
While the glad passengers the influence feel
Of Sabbath sights and sounds, such as them
greet

When sloping upland, lawn, and field reveal
The thronging yeomanry with willing feet
Hasting to Zion. Hark! the village bells
Joyfully call each to the other, telling,
As their rich music o'er the landscape swells —
That the Great King of Kings to-day is dwelling
In temples made with hands. O haste, and bow
Before the Lord, the Sovereign Maker, now!

THE WIDOW'S OIL.*

“ BRING forth the vessels! borrow more,
Of all thy neighbors, not a few;
God, who regards the widow's store,
Her slender pittance will renew.”

Then did the widow's heart rejoice;
No more in penury's depths to toil;
Those vessels, at the prophet's voice,
She sees run o'er with precious oil.

* “ And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, ‘ Bring me yet a vessel.’ And he said unto her, ‘ There is not a vessel more.’ And the oil stayed.” — II. *Kings*, iv. 6.

“And yet bring more!” No more were
brought,
And straight the flowing treasure stayed;
O God, how fully we are taught
That *thus* we bound thy Spirit’s aid.

For when the Oil of Grace, in store
Unmeasured, flows for ready hearts, —
Hearts, emptied of their pride, no more
Appear, and slighted Grace departs.

BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT
LEXINGTON.*

I.

THE flames advance with sweeping stride,
Impatient to devour ;
And cast their lurid light upon
The scene of awful stour.

“O cling, my child ! O cling to me !
Yet nearer ! for I dread
Those flames that wreath so fearfully ;” —
The mother wildly said.

* “A child, partly scorched, was seen floating near the boat, quite dead ; its face was covered with a green veil.”

And closer to her throbbing heart,
Where harm might ne'er annoy,
With all a yearning mother's force,
She pressed her little boy.

And fiercer blazed the fiery doom ;
She knew its presence near ;
For self, amid her mightier care,
She had no thought or fear.

“O mother ! save me ! for I feel
The dreadful fire is nigh ;
It burns ! it burns ! O clasp me close ;
O closer ! or I die.”

The frenzied mother, taught by love,
Which only mothers know,
To shield her little trembling boy
From the devouring foe,

Tears off her veil, and on his face
 Binds fast the fragile screen ;
If thus she might that foe and him
 A barrier put between !

O God ! on that disastrous page
 Of anguish, fear, and fate,
How sweet to read, in touching lines,
 Our holy Nature's trait, —

Which sadly soothes the bitter thought,
 That will the heart employ,
When dwelling on that frightful wreck
 Of love, and hope, and joy !

And Thou, who didst across the gloom
 Of horror, such as this,
Fling that bright ray, canst well bestow
 For pain eternal bliss.

II.

Night's dream pursueth me by day; — *
Still fancy doth behold
Those upraised hands, to keep away
The pitiless, keen cold.

O Boy! thy suffering toucheth me
Yet more than theirs, who met
With manhood's stoic constancy,
The doom that them beset.

* "A little Boy, four years old, was found in the boat, frozen; with both hands pressed against his ears — the emblem of helplessness in suffering."

More eloquent thy helpless woes
And thy imperfect pain,
Than all the mightier pangs of those,
Who battled fate in vain.

For in the terrors of that hour
Thou couldst not understand
How *she*, whose watchful, shielding power
Had ever been at hand,

To screen thee from the stormy strife,
Which mortals here betide,
How *she*, who, to protect thy life,
Would willingly have died,

Could see thee in that icy boat,
Nor fly to save, nor why,
Mid those strange horrors doomed to float —
Thou shouldst be left to die.

Methinks, as Cold around thy frame
Its dreadful mantle flung,
And chilled thy heart, thy mother's name
Dwelt on thy moaning tongue.

What thoughts of rescue briefly past,
What fears, 't were vain to say ;
Didst thou expect her till the last,
To snatch her child away

From the insidious, fatal sleep
Of those who sleep to die ?
From the expectant, eager Deep,
That, frowning, curled on high ?

And, frantically, her babe from harms,
To save such wealth too blest —
To clasp within her straining arms,
And hush upon her breast ?

Too busy *she* to heed thy fate!

She, too, has work with Death!

On child and mother angels wait,

To take the parting breath.

O Boy! the separation made,

Was short, indeed, to thee;—

A sigh— and on that bosom laid,

To rest eternally.

1840.

PRESBYTERIAN.

“The word Presbyterian, anagramatized, is *Best in Prayer.*”

Not so! — in unambitious day

Of her first love, indeed, it might, —

Not now she cares who best can *pray*,

But who is best approved in *Fight*.

Of Paul are some, Apollos others, —

And thus the world would have it be;

Which quotes no more their love as brothers,

But “how these *Christians* disagree!”

Weep! that her elders faint in prayer ;
Weep! that her young men turn to sin ;
Weep! that her arm is palsied, where
She conquered once, and still should win.
Weep! that her lamp so dimly burns,
And by her influence, loathing light,
That Mercy's cloud of brilliance turns
On the *whole Church* its edge of night.

1838.

A LATE LOSS.

HE is not dead! O, can *he* die
Who quits the Earth and seeks the sky?
Who, prisoner here, his prison breaks,
And sickness, death, and chain forsakes?

He is not dead! O, is *he* dead,
Who, hungering here, has found new Bread?
Who, thirsting in the weary strife,
Drinks at the goal Eternal Life?

He is not dead, who wears a crown;
He is not dead, who casts it down
At Jesus' feet, and with the throng
Swells the high harp and victor song!

Not dead ! though here his voice of love
No longer wins to worlds above ;
Not dead ! though here Corruption calls
His beauty to its marble halls.

He lives ! *he lives !* and *only* he,
Who is with Christ, and still shall be.
He lives, who from Sin's thrall has fled ;
We feel its power ; *we are the dead !*

TO MY COUNTRY.

A SORRY spectacle dost thou present

Unto the world's broad gaze ;

The garment of thy comeliness is rent ;

Cast out in the highways,

And lying in thy blood, naked, abhorred,

Art thou, of hopes so high !

Whose infancy was blessed of the Lord,

Whose youth, beneath his eye,

Flourished, approved. For thee, the world hath
tears,

That thou, — who with such grace,

Beauty, and glory, didst among thy peers

Assert, and take thy place,

Fairest of all the nations ; o'er whose head

Was victory's banner flying ;

A new world for thy empire, whither fled

Freedom, for the old sighing, —

Shouldst put at fault all prophecy, all hope,

Which have the Ages blest —

That boundless Mind should revel with free scope

In the exhaustless West ;

That here, at length, the desolating wave

Of Cruelty should be stayed ;

That mad Oppression, in its deep, deep grave,

Should here for aye be laid.

Repent thee ! — Nations for thy daring crime

Weep sorely ; shouldst not *thou* ?

Nineveh once to put off sin had time,

For *thee* that time is NOW !

Do it! and take thy place, the highest, where
 Sit the old crowns; thine own
Brighter, and lovelier, beyond compare,
 Than ever decked a throne.

Do it! and fireside talk, and hymns of home
 Shall be where rings the whip;
And blessings on the rich man's field and dome
 Be on the poor man's lip.

Do it! and in America's *new* song
 Sincerely shall join all;

Do it! and unto God, in shouts, loud, long,
 What freeman will not call?

LYDIA.*

SELLER of purple ! Listener to the word
Brought to thy heart by Silas and by Paul,
Baptized with all thy household ; thou wast
stirred —

By the great debt incurred to grace ; by all
The blessed love which converts have for them,
Who teach stray feet the way to Bethlehem, —
To show true hospitality of heart,
To entertain each God-sent, gracious guest,
Unwilling from such benison to part,
Thy humble dome with such how greatly blest !
Thou wast indeed judged faithful in thy love,
And holy footsteps honored thy abode ;
Nobler, thus sheltering heralds from above,
Than proudest hall by proudest monarch trod.

* Acts, xvi. 14.

THE LATE REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN;

AFTER READING A SKETCH OF HIS LAST HOURS.

I KNEW thee once where sweeps Ohio's tide;
An exile thou from thy New England home;
Yet not in western solitudes to hide,
Nor to acquire rich knowledge, didst thou
roam.

Knowledge thou hadst, and taste; and thou
couldst please

With various lore; thou didst not stray for these.

But to disperse thy wealth of learning; so
Thy fellow men should profit by it well;
That Lowliness the glorious Cross might know;
That Pomp might turn aside and with Re-
ligion dwell.

This was thy aim, if thee I read aright,
Thou page of modesty, and love, and light!

Yes, and to show in action, word, and look, —
 The which the world most eagerly doth scan —
That all was modelled from the sacred Book,
 Whose pages pattern out the Christian man ;
Who only knows, in spite of learning's pride,
The alphabet divine of Christ the Crucified.

And therefore 't is no wonder unto me,
 That near thy dying couch the Saviour stood ;
And angels' wings shook round thee fragrancy,
 The while they bore thee over Jordan's flood.
Such thy departure ; *so* the righteous die
Who *live* the righteous, and O thus may I.

THE REFORMED INEBRIATE'S
PRAYER.

O God, that I no longer lie
In horrid depths of sin and shame,
Degraded, reckless, ruined — I
Owe unto thee. — I bless thy Name!
My fellow-men had cast me out
To perish; and the brutal shout
Was all I heard to comfort me.
I saw but scorn, — I worship Thee!

There 's joy where rained but tears before ;
This withered heart revives ! — 't is warm !
Long tossed, I touch at last the shore,
And from my soul has passed the storm.
My wife ! — she never lived till now !
My girl ! — ha ! here 's a quiet brow ;
My boy, with love above his years,
A father's frown no longer fears.

Restored, I take his lawful place,
Who well fulfils great Nature's plan ;
I tremble at no mortal's face ;
I write myself, to-day, A MAN !
Whereas in sin I once was lost,
A foolish wanderer, vexed and crossed —
I'm found ! I'm found ! — I lift my head,
Who lately lay among the dead.

I joy! I triumph! yet I *fear*!

I am but dust, thou knowest, Lord;

If Thou who led'st me, *leav'st* me *here*,

I falsify my plighted word.

That broken vow the entering wedge

Will be to deeper guilt. — THE PLEDGE,

If kept, an *angel* nigh will be;

If broke, a *devil* unto me!

What can I do, if Cunning wear

The mask of Wisdom, and to pass

The weary hours, with smiles declare,

There's nothing like the social glass?

This I'd resist — put down — but what

If from the cleansing yet one spot

Escaped — and lurks some inward will —

The leprosy remaining still!

What, if in an unguarded hour,
I, left alone in Virtue's pride,
And seeing not the tempest lower,
And hearing not the coming tide, —
Beneath the Pledge my fortunes screening,
All-proudly on my own works leaning,
Should find how insufficient all
My feeble arm can do — and *fall!*

Fall! never, never, to regain
My station; — hope forever crost;
On wife, and child, and self, a stain
Written in tears of blood, — *all lost!*
O God, it must not, cannot be:
It will not, if I trust in thee;
Then as Thou art, be still my friend,
And keep me **EVEN TO THE END.**

He that had been possessed, and whom
The Saviour did from chains unbind, —
The living inmate of the tomb,
Clothed, and restored to his right mind —
Put up *one* prayer* — his prayer is *mine!*
O Jesus, that I may be Thine ;
That where Thou art I may abide,
Clinging, a child, to Thy dear side.

* St. Mark, v. 18.

CHAINS.

CHAIN a man to abject labor,
Yoke him with the stupid brute ;
Then, from thy unrighteous sowing,
Watch the true unholy fruit.

From immortal Mind 't is springing,
Mind, that bondage has debased —
Mean, contemptible to vision ;
Loathsome, bitter to the taste.

Stubborn man, with base dishonor,
Struggles madly for a day ;
Yet at night he loves his prison,
And his fetters are his play.

Chain a *woman* — if thou darest —
Task her, mock her, crush her low;
Scourge her — if thou art a devil —
Is *she* sordid? abject? — No!

Meanness reaches not the temple
Hallowed in her inner part;
Anguish, chain, and lash and mockery
Never soil a woman's heart.

Selfishness becomes more selfish
In the fretting storms of life;
While the pure, exalted spirit
Waxes purer in the strife.

A THOUGHT IN NONANTUM VALE,
BRIGHTON.

I WALK among these plants and flowers, —
The air is charged with sweets;
I live, as this Arabian gale
My fainting spirit greets.

I go : — my garments bear away
The fragrance on them laid;
And with their many-voiced perfumes
Tell where to-day I've strayed.

And so the soul that seeks delight
In interview with God,
And hath his garden of chief spice,
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, trod,

Will find, wherever he may go,
That fragrance with him stay ;
And heaven, still lingering on his steps —
More odorous than May.

VERSES AT MACHIAS;

AFTER ATTENDING THE MAINE CONFERENCE OF
CHURCHES.

I 'VE journeyed o'er thy noble hills, O MAINE!
And seen their torrents leaping, wildly free;
And threaded wooded vale; and trod the plain,
Where hastes the shining river to the sea.

“ 'T is beautiful ! ” I said — and joyful prayer
For blessings on thee rose, that I could look
On lessons written out so wondrous fair,
For my instruction, in the Maker's book.

Yet not the noble hill, nor torrent free,
Nor wooded vale, nor plain, whose shining flood
Hastens unto its lover, the great sea —
Reveals to me so much a present God,

As doth the quiet lesson, taught by this
Communion of the hearts that grace hath knit,
The while I read, imparting solemn bliss,
Which, if not Heaven, doth much resemble it.

And well instructs me, that though pilgrims
may
Seem separate in the path that leads above,
Yet ever, in that sole and narrow way,
Where *Christians* walk, they walk in CHRISTIAN
LOVE.

FOR AMERICA.

GOD — of earth the only Ruler —
Why should earth forget thee so!
God of nations, shall the nations
Thee, their only Ruler, know?

Old dominions, proud dominions —
How they rose, the boast of men!
But they knew not God, and therefore
Sank they into dust again.

Where art thou, imperial Tyre?
City from the ocean won —
Hundred-gated Thebes and Memphis,
Nineveh and Babylon?

God, how slow to learn are nations !
Else should *we* have spelled thy Name ;
In their end have read thine anger ;—
Grant that ours be not the same.

New Republics, tall Republics,
Homes of free and fearless men —
As the ancient, proud dominions,
Thou wilt sink to dust again,

If they know Thee not. — O Ruler,
Let not *ours* forget Thee so ;
God of nations, let our nation
Thee, its only Ruler, know.

THE EXILE.

AN altar, in a foreign land,
The Hebrew worshipper may raise ;
And priest and viol, harp and band
Be gathered there in prayer and praise :
And glory — heaven-descended beam —
May wrap the place where buds the rod ;
The awful ark, itself, may seem
The dwelling of a present God.

In vain, in vain, I see him weep,
And hang his harp upon the trees ;
His hand of skill forgets to sweep
The strings to “ Maschil ” or “ Degrees.”

By that strange river thought recalls
Siloa, and the blessed hours
Of prayer, within Moriah's walls,
Of praise, beneath his Zion-towers.

For Israel is an Exile still.

How can the Exile render thanks,
Far from the city, temple, hill —
By Egypt's Nile, on Chebar's banks?
Those wandering tribes, that fainting priest —
They are not Israel here; for them
No home is like the glorious East,
No city like Jerusalem.

The Christian worshipper, below,
An altar rears to faith above;
And on it flames his zeal, and flow
Around it streams of hope and love.

And sometimes in ascending praise,
And sometimes in prevailing prayer,
Glory, most sweet and awful, plays
About him, as if God were there.

In vain, in vain, I see his tears, —
In Kedar's tents constrained to dwell —
What trials, toils, temptations, fears!
The end! the *end!* — O who may tell?
And e'en if rainbow-hope returns,
Thought climbs its arch, and seeks the gates
Within, where purer worship burns,
Where holier hymn the pilgrim waits.

For he is banished from his love;
And he, an Exile, wanders long;
And pants for sacrifice above, —
The Priest, the altar, joy and song.

Yet shout, my soul, for prospects given,
A Saviour, Temple, Diadem ;—
No home is like the glorious Heaven ;
No city like Jerusalem !

THE CHILD REDEEMER.

I CANNOT doubt, that Jesus met,
In childhood, jeers and scorn ;
Ere purple mocked him, or beset
His regal brows the thorn.

I cannot doubt, that Nazareth's cry
Pursued the holy boy,
Ere Herod's men of war did try
The martyr to destroy.

He walks abroad — the same, whose feet
Prest heaven's eternal floor,
Ere skies were taught the earth to greet,
Or seas to kiss the shore.

His patient mien, his look of love,
His eye of tempered flame,
That showed the eagle with the dove,
Might surely reverence claim.

His parted hair of graceful curls,
His innocence and youth,
The words, that from his lips, in pearls,
Dropt out, of precious Truth —

Might teach, methinks, those rabble-boys
To bless the ground he trod;
Yea, join in one, each eager voice
To shout a present God.

They worship not — nor know that He,
Who in their midst is seen,
Is One, the Chaldean quaked to see
His darting fires between.

Nor deem they that the "Fourth," in form,
Who trod that furnace then,
Is here to quell a hotter storm,
That's kindled up for men.

And so they mock him, flout him, vex
Themselves, to vex his soul ;
In vain — they cannot him perplex,
Who can himself control.

How often, Saviour, in thy walk,
Thou'st met with sinful me ;
Thy look was love ; all love thy talk ;
And yet I knew not Thee.

My heart misgives me, that with scorn
I used the heavenly Guest ; —
Break, break my heart ! the pride be shorn,
That rises in my breast.

Yet, as I could not vex thy peace,
Though sore thy grace I grieved—
O bid this warring tumult cease,
As when I first believed.

Unchain these faculties, that lie
Imprisoned thus in sense;
And bid the fogs, that blind me, fly
With sin forever hence.

And lift my spirit, that inclines
Thus earthward, to thy throne;
Undazzled by deceitful shrines,
To bend to Thee alone.

TO SPRING.

HAIL, beauteous Spring !
Attendant queen of flowers —
Who smiles dost bring
From Pleasure's fairy bowers .
Hail, beauteous Spring !
Parent of virgin dews —
With thee are seen
The Dance and laughing Muse.

Hail, beauteous Spring !
We greet thy charming reign ;
Thy vocal choirs
Shall wake the groves again.

Thy song we hear,
At eve and early morn,
When rosy May
With Flora treads the lawn.

Hail, beauteous Spring!
Daughter of early Love;
'T is thou dost bring
Joy to the mated Dove.
All nature smiles,
Hope plumes her halcyon wing,
Sweet peace beguiles,
Hail to thee, beauteous Spring!

1819.

RUTH'S PETITION.

MOTHER ! in Judah's favored land,
Thou seek'st thy distant kindred band.
Thy father's country claims thee now ;
Thy home, and God that hears thy vow.
The oil of gladness waits to shed
Its healing, there, upon thy head.
But shall relentless barriers be
Between this widowed heart and thee ?
Let Orpah to her gods repair,
To Heaven shall Ruth address the prayer.
For where thou goest I will go,
Thy lodging and thy rest will know.
The people claim thou claim'st as thine,
The God thou serv'st be ever mine.

Where thou shalt sleep in peaceful death,
There will I yield my willing breath.
The dust, that gives Naomi rest,
Shall be my bed by friendship blessed.
And may the Power that rules above,
That sees this heart and scans its love —
Do thus and also more to me,
If aught but Death part me and thee.

1820.

THE MOTHER.

A MOTHER'S love — how great that love !
Nor crime nor folly makes it less ;
The world may scorn, and God may frown ;
She only knows her child to bless.

A Mother's care — how great that care !
Increasing with the flight of years ;
Watchful in youth ; in riper age,
Still following with its prayers and tears.

God, thou this burden laid'st ; — O God,
Thou only know'st its depth of woe,
Or gladness. Shall she, all alone,
Bear it unhelped, unnoticed? NO!

AN OLIVE LEAF FROM GETH-
SEMANE.*

AND was this plucked by Friendship's hand?
And was this kindly borne to me,
From the heart's treasure-land,
Gethsemane!

* Presented to me by F. W. Moores, Esq., Sailing Master, U. S. Navy; whose descriptive note, from which the following is an extract, enhances the value of the gift.

“We wound our way beneath the Hill of Zion, and below us on our right lay the valley of the Son of Hinnom. Proceeding onward a little, we dipped our bottle and bathed our faces in the Pool of Siloam. The spot seemed indeed sacred, where our Redeemer had condescended to show his divinity to men. Still

The conscious soil, that gave to birth
Its venerable parent tree,
Was 't thy blood-moistened earth,
Gethsemane !

On whose cold bosom, that sad night,
The Guiltless sank for guilty me ;
When angel-wings made bright
Gethsemane !

onward, and following the windings of Moriah, we halted at the Garden of Gethsemane. We walked silently and sadly beneath the shades of the Olive ; calling up the scenes of the agonized suffering and the betrayal of our Blessed Lord. And as we noticed the spot in the depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, encompassed by the wall, olive grove, and hill side, and marked its shaded retirement, we exclaimed, ' O ! how fitting the place ! ' We could have lingered and wept — but were hurried onward to other scenes of thrilling interest."

When darkness o'er a God in tears
Drew solemn veil, that none might see
How wrath divine woke fears,
Gethsemane !

When, that might pass the dreadful cup,
The Sufferer prayed in agony ;
Yet, bade to drink it up,
Gethsemane —

His prayer had answer in new power,
Strengthened, he should the victor be,
Though hell was strong that hour,
Gethsemane !

O garden of Hesperides,
I seek thy golden-fruited tree,
Whose apple heals disease,
Gethsemane !

Eden, where, if I take and eat,
'T is life, immortal life to me ;
My soul's uncloying meat,
Gethsemane !

O thoughts, how sweet and full of heaven,
That rise, and throng, and cling to thee ;
Wings ! wings ! — if wings were given,
Gethsemane !

Not thee I'd seek ; *thou* art too *far* ;
The Crucified is nigh to me ;
Life's joy, day's sun, night's star ;
Gethsemane !

All day, his presence here to keep,
I need not such memorial see ;
All night, Love doth not sleep,
Gethsemane !

Yet will the frequent thought return,
All redolent of bliss and thee —
Quickening cold love, till love shall burn,
Gethsemane !

No pledge shall wake my joy ; my grief
Shall few memorials stir, like thee,
Thou sacred Olive Leaf ; —
Gethsemane !

Eyes, with delicious tears be dim ;
Soul, leap ! for Love hath set thee free ;
Voice, join with Calvary's hymn
“ Gethsemane ! ”

Anticipate the theme, the same
That sung by rescued worlds will be,
When worlds expire in flame,
“ Gethsemane ! ”

Thou brooding Dove, thou Spirit, come!
And bring the wanderer home to thee;
Earth, Earth is *not* my home,
Gethsemane!

PITY IN WOMAN.

RICH is the drop from the soft lid of sorrow,
When Pity no more its emotions can hide ;
'T is a gem which the trappings of splendor
 would borrow, —
A brilliant, surpassing the symbols of pride.

Dear are the accents that, misery disarming,
Flow out in music and thrill through the soul ;
Sweet is the strain which, the lone bosom charm-
 ing,
Bids the unhappy admit its control.

Bright is the glance of Compassion when beam-
ing,

It tells, O how gladly, it hastes to relieve ;

Purer the ray than when Diana, gleaming,

Softly alights on the mantle of eve.

O WOMAN! when Pity, thy bosom possessing,

Lends radiance to beauty and charms to its hue,

Mortality surely is crowned with its blessing,

Heaven's last, fairest gift is revealed to the view.

1819.

HYMN,

Written for the Anniversary of the Hammond Street Sabbath School Association, Bangor, Maine, December 14th, 1840.

THEE we heard not, when thy footsteps
Told the Children's Friend was nigh;
Thee we saw not, when their shoutings
At thy presence rent the sky.
Yet beyond those Hebrew warblers
We, of Gentile race, are blest;
Short with them thy tarrying— with us
Thou hast taken up thy rest.

“Taken up thy rest” — Redeemer !

Yes, though not on Jewish ground ;
Here the youthful heart may find thee,
If that heart is *contrite* found.
And though thunder not “ hosannas ”
Where thy foot our street hath trod,
Yet we feel in hymns of worship
Thy sweet presence, Son of God.

Thou didst never, while Incarnate,
Take us in thine arms of love,
Saying, with thy lips of mercy,
“ Such compose my realm above ; ”
Yet thy children, if accepted,
We redeemed and crowned shall be ;
And with those shall find protection,
Who are folded, Lord, by Thee.

HYMN,

Written for the Dedication of the Church of the Pilgrimage ; Plymouth, Massachusetts.

O God, what clouds of glory rolled
Around, within, thy house of old !
To dedicate that house, what throngs
Its pavement trod ! — what prayers ! what songs !

Moriah's awful mount was there,
And thoughts of Abraham's faith and prayer
Came up where Israel's thousands knelt,
Where God between the cherubs dwelt.

Yet not less glory's cloud around
This house is seen, and o'er this ground ;
Not less sweet thoughts of faith appear,
Not less the Hebrews' God is here.

Yon Bay, whose stormy waters bore
The Child of Promise to this shore,—
Yon Mount, where sacrifice was made,
And where the patriarchs' bones are laid,

Are holy. — Thou that led'st thy flock,
Our Pilgrim Fathers — to this Rock,
As thou wast *then* their staff and rod,
Be thou *to-day* the children's God.

On ground wet with their frequent tear,
Ye Gates, that now with joy we rear,
Be lifted! — “ Yet to *whom* lift we ? ”
O TRINITY ! TO THEE ! TO THEE !

1840.

ROOM IN MOUNT AUBURN!

Room in Mount Auburn!—for the traveller*

Room!

Who comes from pilgrimage to seek a tomb.
Where throng the wise, the gifted, holy dead,
The greatly wept for, *he* should lay his head.
And the same spotless robe, that winter throws
On these, should wrap *him* in a kind repose.

* A young American clergyman, of great promise, went to Europe in pursuit of health; died at Paris, and his remains were brought home for interment in Mount Auburn.

The same sweet warblings when the small birds
grieve,

The same fair flowers that early May will weave,
Shall be for *him*; — none nobler, purer, rest
Until the resurrection of the blest.

Room! Room! for him, who, seeking distant
Seine,

Discovered rivers fringed with heavenly green.

Who went for life and gained it — yielding
breath,

Life, everlasting Life he found in Death.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

O FREEDOM! how shameless the falsehood, to-
day,

And insult that will at thy altars obtain —

As slaveholders there in hypocrisy lay

Oblation, with hands that have fastened the
chain.

Yea, insult and falsehood from men in whose
veins

Flows the blood of the Sumpters and Pinck-
neys of yore ;

Who thrive and wax fat on iniquity's gains,

Yet flushed with their plunder are eager for
more.

Of thee, Child of Heaven! how deeply are these
Unworthy, who boast that they sprung from
the brave, —

Who revel in liberty, yet to the leas
Have urged the sad chalice that's mixed for
the slave.

Unworthy — who trippingly take on their tongue
The names of old glory, YORKTOWN and EU-
TAW ;

Can it be that such words to the winds may be
flung

By these scorers of faith and humanity's law ?

Of what is his lofty and chivalrous soul
Made up, whose nobility lives on the lip, —
Who, lord of his brother, can wickedly dole,
Great God, to thy image the fether and whip !

O, it sickens my spirit, when men of the South
Stalk proudly o'er lands that are scathed with
a curse ;

Nor deem themselves leprous, as, wiping their
mouth,

They prate of the sinews that fatten the purse.

Of their deeds, whose hot natures would boil up
with hell,

Should a lie spot a wife or a daughter's fair
fame,

Thou Midnight! with tongue of the trumpet
canst tell,

Ay, couple their honor with bottomless shame.

Of incest and rapine that covet not day,

Of wrongs which their footsteps make haste
to commit,

Of blood, which the ocean can ne'er wash away,
Will a record be shown, when the judgment
shall sit.

Yes, then, to men's eyes almost sinless shall be
The vilest that groped in iniquity's night,
As a universe, shuddering and scorning, will see
The CHRISTIAN MAN-SELLER come out to the
light.

1835.

ON VISITING THE SCENES OF
CHILDHOOD.

HAIL former scenes of childhood's early day!
When peaceful joys beguiled my infant hours;
These simple scenes demand a tuneful lay,
Assist, O Muse, with all thine artless powers.

Hail, dear abode! I love the well known place,
Where time, methinks, on downy pinions flew;
Here rolling years, with pensive thought I trace,
For here was peace, here happiness I knew.

Beneath that elm, which spreads its rural shade
In native grandeur o'er the smiling plain,
My early vows to truthful Love I paid,
Nor knew of care, nor thought of future pain.

See yonder stream, whose gentle current flows,
Calm and secure from every threatening
storm, —

Pure as that stream are joys which youth be-
stows,

No grief disturbs, and each fond hope is
warm.

Ye quiet scenes of sweet and hallowed peace!

Your halcyon hours I view with pleasing pain;
They quickly flew, and saw my joys increase,
For then Contentment owned its happy reign.

Fled are those hours — those hours to me so
dear ;

And nought is left but memory and a tear.

1814.

TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

THE Genius of Freedom to earth had descended;
The steeds were Apollo's, his wreath decked the
car —

With the laurelled tiara the cypress was blended,
No temple was reared, and no votary was there.

She smiled! then burst the glorious dawn;

She spake! and Washington was born;

The avenger of Freedom, the pride of the world.

Shouts of triumph rend the skies,

Pæans of joy to heaven arise,

For Oppression and Slavery to darkness are
hurled.

Hail to the dawn of Columbia's glory,
That ushered to being her favorite son ;
Infants and youth, with veterans hoary,
Exult in the freedom his valor has won !

The star of glory left its sphere,
And shone with radiant lustre here.

On the fields where they fought, on the heights
where they bled,
On land and on ocean,
In war's dire commotion,
The bright star of Freedom to victory led.

Shade of the Hero ! with radiance surrounded,
From regions of glory thy spirit looks down,
And joyful beholds the oppressor confounded,
Columbia triumphant, the first in renown.

Her canvass whitens distant seas,
Her banners float on every breeze ;

“The star-spangled banner” that proudly shall
wave.

This standard unfurled

Displays to the world

The ensign of Freedom, or shroud of the brave.

The trident of Neptune, from Britain removed,

Is wielded by every American tar ;

Our sailors, undaunted, a bulwark have proved

In peace ; and most terrible, banded for war.

With bold majestic strides

Our gallant navy rides ;

With laurels unfading — they ’re victory’s spoil !

The clarion no more

Awakes on our shore ;

The olive of PEACE deeply strikes in our soil.

Hail to the dawn of Columbia's glory!
That ushered to being her favorite son;—
Infants and youth, with veterans hoary,
Exult in the freedom his valor has won.

Sons of Columbia, raise the song;

Let heaven with earth the strains prolong.

While the laurels that flourish on Liberty's
shore,

To ages proclaim

Our WASHINGTON's fame,

This day shall be hallowed till time is no more!

1818.

TO THE BIBLE.

O Book! that bright and burning Day,
To which all other days are dim,
With those who kneel in white array,
Cherub and saint and seraphim,
With those who testify for truth,
Battlers for God with rebel sin,
Shining in their immortal youth,
All light without and light within —
That Day shalt thou, a witness stand,
Awful and swift, at Christ's right hand.

Against the hours of gross neglect
Suffered o'er thee to idly pass,
When thou wast cheated of respect
Given freely to the mirrowing glass, —
When Fashion sought thee not with half
The earnest zeal and love it gave
The revel; when the trifling laugh
Did conscience nerve, thy threats to brave;
And Beauty said thy page of gloom
Produced no flower of pleasant bloom.

Ah! heard she not thy sacred voice,
When from the closet's corner thou
Bad'st her in folly's dream rejoice,
And bathe in every pleasure now,
As one not to reflection woke;
Yet bade her too remember well,

That taking thus sin's willing yoke
On earth, 't would gird thy neck in hell ;
And God in judgment all would bring,
Thou saidst, for every secret thing ?

Him too, engaged in hoarding pelf,
Whose thoughts on schemes of grasping ran,
Thou, from thy silent, dusty shelf
Didst sometimes warn, " Remember man !
Bethink thee of thy narrow bed,
Lit only by the reptile's light,
Where thou must quickly lay thy head, —
Then whom shall this, thy wealth, delight ? "

He answered not, but hated thee
The more for thy fidelity.

A father's holy counsel given,
A mother's often bended knee,
Both now before the throne of heaven —
That he should love and ponder thee,
Forgotten ; — in his desert hour
Where for consoling shall he look ?
Tremendous is thy wakened power,
Eternal, wondrous, hated Book !
Would that the sons of men were wise
To seek the treasure of the skies.

THE DEATH-BED.

SHE had his holy influence felt,
Who woos with strong, yet gentle call;
And, yielding, to her Lord had knelt,
And freely, gladly, given him all.
So deemed she, and so others deemed;
The world believed her as she seemed.

Yet not to self was self revealed;
Deceived even there, where Christians pray,
Where mercy oft its own hath sealed,
Not in the open face of day, —
Her wanderings had beginning where
Arose the formal, closet prayer.

She lost her love — a grievous loss !

Though reckoned as of small account
By lukewarm followers of the cross,

Who seek not, prize not Tabor's mount.
Who from its wondrous glories turn
To where earth's little cressets burn.

Yet, sometimes, troubled conscience woke ;

She more than doubted all was wrong ;
Where was the joy she knew, when broke
Light on her darkness ? Where the song,
When she salvation's highway trod,
A pilgrim-maid, betrothed to God ?

Why shunned she thus the speech of those
Who talked of Christ, and loved the theme ?
Why left she thus the Rock, whence flows
Answer in one perpetual stream ?

Where sisters in their circle meet,
And hearts are mingled at his feet.

O'er wanderings which no worldling knew,
And by the Saviour's friends unseen,
She, blinded and presumptuous threw
The self-deceiver's failing screen.
From her own heart her heart to hide,
She, leaving God, conferred with Pride.

And yet no overt act of sin,
To scandalize the church, was there ;
She wore the semblance that could win
Others, and to herself was fair.
Mild, modest, courteous, free from strife,
Of good report, of blameless life.

She sat, as thousands sit, to hear
The Sabbath's gospel-trumpet blown ;
Like thousands, she that feast drew near,
Spread only for the Saviour's own.
And who might judge ? — who dare to say
She was not truly sealed as they ?

She lived, as *thou*, false one, dost live ;
Had hopes as strong, as bright, as *thine* ;
Such evidence, as *thou* canst give,
Was hers of claim to life divine ;
Alternate joys, alternate tears,
Ecstatic visions, shadowy fears.

Till that "detector of the heart,"
A DEATH-BED, came! — They looked to see
How a young Christian might depart,
How put on immortality.
They gathered round to mark the power
Of Faith, in nature's trial-hour.

Mysterious Faith, which bids the old
Tread that dark vale without alarm ;
And to the youngest of the fold
Shows the kind Shepherd's helping arm,
Who leads the lambs a gentle way,
Where flowerets bloom and waters play.

How could *she* hail that blessed state,
Which claimed no earnest, constant care?
How could firm Faith a death-bed wait,
Where Love stood not attendant there,
Ready at the first word to fly,
And bear its precious charge on high?

What saw they? — fear, beyond the fear,
Which those who lean on Christ should know,
Who have his promise to be near
In Jordan's deepest overflow;
Who at the grave of victory sing;
Who ask for death the monster's sting.

What heard they? — sounds which never fall
From lips by sweet forgiveness prest,
When saints on Jesus faltering call,
And sleep in Jesus, truly blest;
When near them are the convoy-band,
And glory from the "better land."

Despair gave meaning to those eyes,
Whose lustre mocked the film of death ;
Despair gave terror to those cries,
Which struggled with the struggling breath ;
“O God ! O God ! art *thou* so nigh ?
I cannot ! — no, I WILL NOT DIE !”

She died — she died *so poor*, who yet
Had hopes, *like thine*, of treasure stored ;
She died — she, *starving*, died, who met,
Like thee, with Christ around his board.
Stand *thy* best hopes on *surer* ground ?
Hast *thou*, in truth, a Saviour found ?

I WALKED IN PORTSMOUTH.

I WALKED in Portsmouth ; 't was the place
Of boyhood, and though changed its face,
Though to the grave had journeyed down
The fathers of that ancient town ;

Though of its thousands very few
Returned my greeting, whom I knew,
And I was stranger to the door,
That sheltered once my only store ;

Yet was it pleasant, and 't was sad ;
I sorrowed straight, and straight was glad ;
For those, who long had ceased to be
On earth, came back and walked with me.

They looked the same ; and yet they seemed
More spiritual — as I have dreamed
Angels may seem ; and in their eyes
Was something of the starry skies.

They smiled on me ; but sadly smiled ;
As pitying the imprisoned child
Yet doomed for heavy days to groan,
In folly's desert left alone.

I knew them ! — one of matron grace ;
One had sweet girlhood in her face ;
Heirs of perennial beauty, they,
Gained when earth's beauty passed away.

And one was there of reverend mien,
Our pastor, when with mortals seen ;
Another — my dull heart waxed warm :
I strove to clasp my father's form.

I strove to ask him, why these years
He'd left me to my weary tears;
"O father, I've had need of thee,
I've missed a hand to strengthen me."

Wings sparkled — they were gone — the air
Grew redolent; 't was fragrance there.
The gales of Beulah sighed along,
And breathed aroma out in song.

I may not say what string was swept;
'T was tenderness, 't was love — I wept
To join them. O my soul, how blest
To flee away and be at rest!

The memory of the righteous lives;
Their name perpetual odor gives;
They're here — and heaven about is spread,
When with us are the precious Dead.

THE MISSION SHIP,

ON HER WAY TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

SOFTLY blow, ye favoring breezes!
Winds of heaven! propitious smile;—
Speed the tall ship o'er the ocean
Safely to her destined isle.

Now she rides the bounding billow,
Proudly urging on her way:
He, who holds the storm is with her,
God, the Missionary's stay.

Fathers! faint not, those departing
To a friendless heathen shore,
Go to toil mid scenes of peril,
Where the Spirit goes before.

Mothers! weep not, these, your offspring
Bound to yonder pagan coast —
Go to reap the martyr's laurel,
Go to seek the poor and lost.

Who are these that haste to greet thee,
King of men! in gathering crowds?
Who are these that fly to meet thee,
Rapidly as summer's clouds?

Lo, the ships of Tarshish, bearing
Nobler freight than Ophir saw,
Thither, where the isles are waiting —
Waiting the Messiah's law.

Roll, Pacific, roll thy billows,
Proudly to the whispering wind;
On thy bosom floats a treasure,
Richer than remotest Ind; —

Waft it quickly, O, ye breezes!
Winds of heaven, propitious smile!
Speed the tall ship o'er the ocean,
Safely to her destined isle.

SONG OF THE DELIVERED.

HURRAH! hurrah! we've burst the chain;
O God! how long it bound us!
We run! we leap! O God, again
Thy light, thy air surround us.
From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,
We hail hope's rising star;
Ho, comrades! give the hearty shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The world has kissed the tyrant's throne,
The Beast! the Man of Sin!
"Legion!" "Apollyon!" * better known
As Brandy, Beer, or Gin!

* The title Apollyon, Abaddon, *the destroyer*, the name ascribed to the angel of the abyss; king and head of the apocalyptic locusts, may well be applied to PRINCE ALCOHOL, emphatically "THE DESTROYER."

Roused up at Reason's clarion cry,

We go to holy war,

To slay the dragon, *or to die!*

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! there's joy within,

Where all before was wo;

And sunk is passion's dreadful din,

And crushed for aye's the foe.

Yet *one charge more* in glorious strife,

Stout hearts! to end the war;

'T is done — our spoils, the babes! the wife!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Debased by drink, we'd lost the sign

Of manhood, God imprest,

The open face, the look divine —

To show what He had blest.

Behold! erect! with honest brow,
Restored to Nature's law —
We're MEN! we're MEN! heaven knows us *now*:
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Of ten, all cleansed, did *one* return
To bless the healing hour?
ALL of our rescued thousands burn
To praise redeeming power.
Come! bless God now! and what for us
He's done — so reads the law —
WE'LL DO FOR OTHERS, and the curse
Root out — hurrah! hurrah!

Tom Moore may drug the golden cup
With costly pearls, that shine
Bright as his face! and drink them up
Dissolved in rosy wine;

In undiluted streams *we* dip
Our crystal glasses — nor
Refuse the pledge will WOMAN'S lip —
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! we've burst the chain;
O God! how long it bound us!
We run! we leap! O God, again
Thy light, thy air surround us.
From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,
We hail hope's rising star;
Ho, comrades! give the hearty shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

1841.

TO THE STEAMSHIP PRESIDENT.*

PROUD barque! we freighted thee with gold;
Our choicest gems we gave to thee;
Thou hadst our all; — to have and hold,
And bear in safety o'er the sea.
Art thou unfaithful to the trust?
Wilt thou fulfil 't? — Be just! be just!

* This noble vessel left New York, in the spring of 1841, with passengers and freight for Liverpool, and was heard of no more.

We left our treasures with regret ;

 We counted them, for they were dear ;

Some laughed, as care they would forget,

 And some in sadness dropt the tear.

The veriest miser of us knew

His hoards were safe, for thou wert true.

Hadst thou not often borne for us

 Rich household gifts of price unknown ?

And didst thou ever wrongly thus

 Keep back, what was not all thine own ?

O who mistrusted ! or would shun

Thy faithless care ! — not one ! not one !

We saw thee leave us in thy pride ;

 And many a prayer pursued thy track,

That He, who ebbs and floods the tide,

 And chains the sea, would bring thee back.

Yet not one bosom harbored doubt

Of her return, that thus went out.

Nay! there *is* one* who doubts not *now*!

She fondly thinks thee just and true ;

In dreams she sees thy march, as thou

All proudly cleav'st thy path of blue!

Man deems thou dost no longer roam,

But Woman waits to hail thee home.

We trusted God, yet trusted much

Thy noble frame of steel and oak ;

Strong as thy mates, we said that such

Could brave the tempest's fiercest stroke ;

Nor pitch too deeply down, nor reel,

Though timbers shivered to the keel.

* The wife of one of the ill-fated passengers still believes, with all a woman's love and hope, that the President is safe, and that she shall soon behold again her husband.

We trusted God, yet trusted too
 To science and the perfect skill,
Which could a trackless way pursue,
 And make a distant port, at will.
We trusted man, well tried of old ;
We trusted *thee* — give back our gold !

Give back the light of friendship's day ;
 The hearts that bound us in their spell ;
We parted not with these *for aye!*
 We had not said a last "farewell!"
Give back, O Journeyer of the Sea,
Our own, and blessings be on thee.

In vain, in vain, to earnest cry
 Of widow and of fatherless,
The sullen winds bring no reply ;
 Though for the tidings, we would bless
The sullen winds, the cruel sea,
If tidings they would give of thee.

In vain, in vain! no pitying friend
Beheld thee climb the dreadful wave,
And from that altitude descend
To an unfathomable grave.
Yet thou *wast* faithful, as we knew,
For with thy trust *thou 'st* perished too!

1841.

LINES,

ON RECEIVING FROM THE AUTHOR A COPY OF
SCENES IN THE HOLY LAND.

“SCENES in the Holy Land!” — and I have
walked

In Palestine; breathed Syria's air, and talked
With elder Hebrews; — and I have drawn near
Apostles, yea, my Lord, without a fear!

The glory seen that over Bethlehem hung;
The anthem heard that shining angels sung;
And star-led with the Shepherds to a stall,
An Infant found the Monarch, Sire of All:
Yea, seen him, who a little one became,
That little ones may lisp and love his Name;

In riper years beheld him children bless,
Of such his kingdom ; sickness seen, Distress,
And Death, the victor, vanquished, from him
fly ;

Seen him rebuke the storm — walk waters, and
with eye

Of sorrow bent on lost Jerusalem,
Discern her miseries and weep o'er them ;
Beheld him at the Supper — sinful me !
Seen tears of God bedew Gethsemane ;
Seen him, a felon, led to Pilate's hall, —
Die on the Roman Cross — earth wrapt in pall
Of pitying Darkness ; — marked him from the
tomb

Rise, and bid o'er it Resurrection bloom.
Thanks for such " Scenes " ! — Not idly have I
scanned

That blessed progress " in the Holy Land."

The busy world awhile has stept aside,
Faith seems exalted, and depressed my pride.
Desires flame up, like Him, in grace to shine ;
Where he has placed his footprint I would mine.
I would be holy, harmless, undefiled ; —
Like him, the perfect Man, like him, the spot-
less Child.

A PSALM OF REMEMBRANCE.

CHILD ! remember thy Creator,
While thy thought is young and new ;
Yield thy odor, morning blossom !
While 't is fragrant with the dew.
Ever blest the early offering,
Years are doubtful, Childhood true.

Youth ! remember thy Creator,
Ere shall come the evil day,
When thy dreamy joys forever
Will, like dreams, have past away ,
“ And in them I have no pleasure ,”
Worn and weary, thou shalt say,

Man! remember thy Creator,
Now in this thy vigorous time;
Give thy strength to thy Redeemer,
Ere in weakness sinks thy prime;
Ere thy sun, below meridian,
Journeys to another clime.

Age! remember thy Creator, —
Spring and Summer, Autumn, fled —
Lo, the locks of grisly Winter,
Streaming tokens o'er thy head,
Speak to thee in silent message,
Wailing, warning of the dead.

Beauty! think of thy Creator;
Witching as thy charms may be,
They are fleeting; — there's a reptile
Waiting in the grave for thee.
Think of Him who gives the beauty
Blooming for eternity.

Wealth! O think of thy Creator ;
 Why should riches be a screen,
Through which God, the willing Giver,
 By the ingrate is not seen ?
Think of Him, before whose treasures,
 Worlds on worlds up-piled are mean.

Penury! think of thy Creator ;
 None more reason has than thou ;
If the wanton world is frowning,
 If thou must unaided bow,
Think of Friendship that 's unfailing ;
 Think of Help that 's ready now.

Debtor! in a Christian prison,
 Felon! to the scaffold doomed,
Weary wanderer! vile transgressor!
 In sin's sepulchre entombed —
Hopeless drunkard! soul in darkness!
 Mind! by heavenly light illumed,

Freeman! boasting of the purchase
By thy noble fathers made, —
Wretched slave! the freeman's chattel,
Soul and sinews formed for trade —
Thou! who hast from virtue wandered,
Thou! whose footsteps never strayed ;

Sailor! on the treacherous ocean,
Watching wind or boding clouds ;
O remember thy Creator's
Voice is piping in the shrouds.
Fainting pilgrim in the desert,
Solitary, or in crowds —

Worldling! Christian! Doubtful! Thoughtful!
Man of hope and man of none ;
Careless, Fearful, Timid, Daring ;
Thou of friends, and thou alone —
Gathered out of Egypt's darkness ;
Thou, whose star has ever shone ;

Taught from being's dawn how only
Thou mayst truly, safely walk ;
Left, from birth, to struggle sorely
With the clogs that spirit balk ;
Never taught of thy Creator,
Taught Him by thy mother's talk ;

Household ! Hamlet ! Country ! City !
Honor, Intellect, and Sex ;
Kingdom ! Dukedom ! Province ! Empire !
Crowned, or crushed, whom cares perplex ;
Patient, Restless, Joyous, Mourner,
Whom life's weary sorrows vex ;

Citizen ! or Stranger ! Moslem !
Sultan ! brother of the sun ;
Arab ! Jew, or Gentile — humble
Thee before the Mighty One !
Japanese, and China man !
Greenlander, and Thug, undone,

Thou, with lease of life before thee,
As thou fondly deem'st, and thou,
Faltering in the final struggle, —
Death's cold signet on thy brow;
Sickly! Healthy! Living! Dying!
On the mount, or in the slough.

Earth! remember thy Creator;
Systems! as ye haste along;
Hell! that moveless is forever; —
Yea, thy fires to him belong —
Him, in dreadful wail, remember!
Heaven! remember Him in song.

Thou that writest! Thou that redest!
Idler! Toiler! Quick! or Slow!
Thou that preachest! thou that hearest!
This, the only lesson know:
Now, remembering thy Creator,
Shun the lost, *forgetful's* wo!

WILLIAM LADD* — NAPOLEON BONA-
PARTE.

THIS is thy grave. I'd rather sleep
Thus, with a guardian God alone,
Than helmed by ranks of cowering men,
To occupy Napoleon's throne.

THIS is thy grave. Such resting place
Be mine, wet with the earnest tear,
Rather than, heaped with gems and crowns,
The monarch-murderer's guilty bier.

* The distinguished Advocate of Peace.

This is thy grave. I'd choose the sigh,
Which wakens at thy honored Name,
Before the shouts that thundered round
The living, lost Napoleon's fame.

This is thy grave. Such funeral step
I'd choose, for me, of honest men,
Before the kingly pomp that bore
The dead Napoleon home again.

This is thy grave. When he's forgot,
Or only named as "Anger's rod,"
Thou'lt live in Virtue's heraldry,
Thy title, "FRIEND OF MAN AND GOD."

STANZAS.*

PERHAPS it is an idle thought,
Yet if I could be free
From stain ; nor needed to be bought
By blood, poured out for me ; —

* On Sabbath morning, soon after the commencement of the forenoon discourse, a beautiful canary bird made its appearance in the Rev. Mr. B.'s church, and continued flying about during the forenoon and afternoon services. The little songster would startle the audience with an occasional chirp, as if in response to the eloquent passages of the sermons. This pretty incident brought to our mind the thought, that if men

No house of prayer, no welcome news
Of pardon for my sin, —
Would I such state of being choose
To that I now am in ?

To see, without sweet Mercy's ray,
The Godhead shine but dim ;
Like Adam, when in "cool of day,"
The Lord God talked with him ;
Not know how in the cold dark heart
Love's flames leap up and live,
When Jesus bids despair depart,
And says, "I thee forgive !"

were innocent and happy as this little winged visitor,
they would need no meeting-houses, no Gospel, and
no Saviour. — *Hartford Patriot.*

Not drop the sad, delicious tear
Which from repentance springs?
To hear of Calvary, as I hear
Of other common things?
To see no blessed bounty spread
For me, a fainting guest —
No cheering wine, no living bread,
By my kind Master blest?

To lose that bliss, not found in heaven,
That song no angel knows —
The secret bliss of sin forgiven, —
The happy song which flows,
When heart and hand and soul and voice
Essay each tuneful chord,
And earth seems hastening to rejoice,
And with me praise the Lord?

To weep in Sorrow's bitter night,
As I am made to weep —
Nor deem that ONE, in robes of light,
Doth with me vigils keep?
To lay in death my aching head,
With no assurance there,
That Jesus makes such dying bed
His own peculiar care?

To wear, above, a harp and crown,
Yet never thanks repeat?
Yea, never, *never* cast them down
At my Redeemer's feet?
To bathe my soul in splendors bright,
Yet miss the starry gem,
To which heaven owes its fairest light —
My Saviour's diadem?

And where the thousand thousands cry,
Dominions, thrones, degrees —
In one majestic harmony,
Even as “the sound of seas,”
“Worthy the Lamb!” — to hear no hymn
His attributes proclaim,
Nor vie with quiring Seraphim
In honors to his Name; —

It is, indeed, an “idle thought;”
I would not be made free,
Though worthless, wandering, vile — from aught,
My God prepares for me.
Content — yea more, I choose that state
Which doth his plan fulfil;
And only pray that I may wait
And *do* his perfect will.

ENTERING IN AT THE CELESTIAL
GATE.*

WOULD I were with them! — they are free
From all the cares they knew below;
And strangers to the strifes that we
Encounter in this vale of wo.
From storms of sorrow and of pain
Forever are they garnered in,
Secure from sad defilement's stain,
The mildew and the blight of sin.

* “ Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the Men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing

Would I were with them! — they embrace
The loved ones, lost, long years before ;
What joy to gaze upon the face
That never shall be absent more !
There friends unite who parted here,
On death's cold margin, O how sadly !
Forgotten is the sigh or tear,
Their hearts are leaping, O how gladly !

Would I were with them! — they behold
Their Saviour, glorious and divine ;
They touch the cups of shining gold,
And in his kingdom drink new wine.

praises withal." — " There were also of them that had wings ; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, ' Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the Gates ; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them." — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

How flash, like gems, their brilliant lyres
Along the sparkling walls of heaven,
When, from his radiance catching fires,
The song of songs to Christ is given !

Would I were with them ! — while without
Are sighs and weeping, they, within,
For very joy and gladness shout,
And well they may, who 're free from sin.
O this, indeed, is heaven above ;
This fills the bliss of every soul —
To grow in holiness and love,
As age on age shall ceaseless roll.

THE SOLEMN PETITION OF JOHN
SMITH;*

TO THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS,

HUMBLY SHOWETH :

THAT the marrow and the pith
Of his grievance is, John Smith,
Being cognomen in use,
Is exposed to great abuse.

* From the Boston Morning Post, January 17, 1842.

“ In the House of Representatives, on Saturday, the following petition was duly presented and referred.

“ *To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, assembled —*

“ ‘ Whereas, my son is called John Smith, Jr., and

Such a number in our town,
Farmer, trader, cobbler, clown,
Wear it, makes it inconvenient; —
Briefly, therefore, his intent,
From your Body, is redress
To implore for this distress.
Your petitioner, so please ye, —
Not designing long to tease ye,
Knowing legislator's time is
Very precious; though his rhyme is
Rather "lengthy" — is in trouble;
Being somewhat more than double;

there are a number of persons in town who bear the same name, which makes it quite inconvenient. Therefore, I would pray that your Honorable Body would suffer him to take the name of John Wesley Smith, instead of John Smith, Jr.; and as in duty bound will ever pray

‘JOHN SMITH.’ ”

Filling, true as he respects ye,
Fifty pages of Direct'ry.
More than all, and here's the evil,
Hath a strapping son, as civil,
Likely, well-to-do a lad,
As should make a father glad.
By ill luck *he's* John Smith, too ;
" Junior " tacked on, it is true.
Yet that does not greatly help it,
Every puppy tries to yelp it.
John Smith Juniors hourly greet
John Smith Juniors in the street.
Your petitioner's heart is breaking —
He's a father ! — and a taking
Awful bad the Ma'am is in ;
Not to help *her* would be sin.
Please your Body, deuce is in 't,
That his name, in daily print,
Showeth to disparagement ;

All conceivable ill brewing,
Every sort of mischief doing.
John Smith now in county prison,
Now a Jack upon the mizen,
Batchelor to-day — to-morrow
With nine children, to his sorrow.
All professions, every trade
Claiming still his ready aid.
At a stall, quack nostrums vending,
Flaws in musty parchments mending,
Holding forth with pulpit thump,
Caucusing on western stump,
Drawing phrenologic chart,
Tumbling out of drayman's cart,
Writing novels, like Sir Walter,
Candidate for gallows-halter,
Jockey, betting on his nag,
Deacon, handing round the bag,

Quoted for connubial bliss,
Snatching the forbidden kiss,
Pattern to all married life,
Choking nigh to death his wife,
Never known to mingle drink,
Picked up drunk from kennel sink,
Peace between his neighbors making,
Caged for brawls and window-breaking ;
Charitable, very, — curst
Of all misers as the worst,
Of the women dreadful 'fraid is,
Rude and saucy to the ladies,
All too young his teens to fill,
Sole survivor Bunker Hill,
Published, shortly to be wed,
Solemnly announced as dead.
Time would fail to tell your worships,
Barns don't burn in quiet, nor ships,

Well insured, go down at sea,
Theft or suicide, but he
Has a finger in the pie ; —
Every Charley tips the sly
Wink, as if forsooth to say
“ We have met before to day ; ”
Every loafer claims acquaintance,
Every pauper asks a maint'nance.
Your petitioner, to his shame must
Still be greeted by this name curst,
But, kind legislators ! spare
John Smith Senior's son and heir.
Let it please the General Court,
That his boy may 'scape such sport,
By the adding of a letter,
To his middle, or much better,
By a name of goodly sound,
Filling up, complete and round.

Any one that's serious, proper,
That to witlings may be stopper.
And as your petitioner "Wesley"
Has been reading lately, bless ye —
Why not call him Wesley? John
Wesley Smith? — and father, son,
And all the little Smiths will pray,
Ye may flourish many a day,
In virtues, honors, pleasures, health —
God save the Commonwealth!

JOHN SMITH.

DIRGE FOR HARRISON,

Sung at Newton, on the day of the National Fast,
14th May, 1841, in commemoration of the death of
President Harrison.

GIVEN is to earth its treasure ;
Relics ! slumber in the dust ;
Yielded is to God the spirit, —
Spirit ! mingle with the Just.

“Earth to earth” — if *this* were only
Wailing in our hymns of wo,
God, what darkness thy creation,
Soulless, hopeless, lost, would know !

In that cry, in yonder palace,
 Spirit unto spirit calls;
See! the Reaper lays the Mighty, —
 Yet the body only falls.

Not a city, not a province,
 'T is a nation hears the rod;
Awful is the lesson taught us: —
 O Appointer! THOU ART GOD!

Humbled at the throne of Heaven,
 Whose rebuke a people feel —
Let the tear for sin be given,
 Where, to-day, our millions kneel.

Warrior! Chieftain! Statesman! Ruler!
 Honors heaped upon thy brow —
Filled, Ambition's golden chalice —
 What are these! and what art thou!

Father! Brother! Patriot! Christian!

Titles graven on the heart, —

These are names by which we know thee,

These and thou can never part.

Given is to earth its treasure ;

Relics! slumber in the dust ;

Yielded is to God the spirit, —

Spirit! mingle with the Just.

THE GREATEST HONOR.

To waken Mind by skilful touch;
To call up Mind's sequestered light,
And bid it shine for God, is much;
And asks for Mind's collected might.

To find the spot within the heart,
Where dwells contrition's pearly tear;
And by the Spirit's holy art,
To see it flow in sorrow here;

To quicken thoughts that slumbered long,
And bid them spread an eagle's wing,
And gain the fields of flower and song,
Where thoughts yield sweets without a sting;

To follow him who loves to roam
In ways by folly only trod ;
And bring the wanderer back to home,
The rebel outcast to his God ;

Is highest joy. — To better thought
It has an honor greater far
Than thrones have ever seized, or bought,
Than clusters round their proudest Czar.

Earth knowledge has of real bliss ;
“Heaven lies about” the spirit then ;
Nay! Heaven can have no joy like this,
To plead for Christ with erring men.

THE SCAPE GOAT.*

AWAY to the desert the Scape Goat flies ;
On him the sin of the people lies ;
Confession is made with the laying of hands,
And he bears the transgression to desolate lands.

* “ And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness ; and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited.”

Leviticus, xvi. 21, 22.

To desolate lands, with an errand of woes,
And a curse for his burden, the fugitive goes ;
And none may stay him while on his path —
The heavily-prest with Jehovah's wrath.

Now Israel! be glad;—let the timbrel and song
Through thy tents the thank offering of music
prolong ;

From sin and transgression and bale thou art
free,

Thy God from the cherubs communeth with thee.

'T is past! and the altar no longer is red
With blood, or with flame of the sacrifice fed ;
The Scape Goat no longer with burden of woes,
And the curse due for sin to the wilderness goes.

And where are the sinning nations now?

Do earth's kingdoms no more to idolatry bow?

Transgression and crime, are they found not
with us ?

And *who* shall bear off the burden of curse ?

No Aaron is here with the laying of hands
On the goat, that conveys to desolate lands
The guilt of the people, without and within,
To leave them released from the thralldom of sin.

Did Israel return to his folly again ?

Type, symbol, and substance — for him were
they vain ?

Where shall the wild Gentile appear in his pride,
When the olive of God even withered and died ?

O Priest of Melchisedek ! only to Thee
Appealing he looks — for Thou only canst free.
Not a family, tribe, not a nation alone —
For a WORLD that has wandered thy blood can
atone.

In the Garden on Théé all its guilt that had
past,

And all that the future uncounted could cast,
Was confessed, when the hands of Infinite Power
Were laid on the Infinite in agony's hour.

On the Cross, Thou didst take it, and bear it
away

To lands, where dark Death and Corruption
have sway,

And though fanned, in their triumph, by arro-
gant wing,

Thou saw'st not their reign, and thou knew'st
not their sting.

Now, now, to that Cross, in my sorrow, I fly,
Assured by the mercy that beams from thine eye,
That from sin, by thy suffering, forever made
free,

I'm safe, Blessed Sacrifice! only with Thee.

STANZAS.

'T is strange, that I should plant or build,
Or schemes of busy pleasure plan ;
So simple and so all unskilled
In what concerns my span ;
Uncertain whether my next breath
May not be lost in death.

'T is strange, that I so lightly go
Where slumber doth the senses steep ; —
What if, all unaware, the foe
Steal on my sleep ;
And from soft rest and visions bland
I journey to the spirit-land ?

'T is strange, that in the crowded mart
I do not Death, the toiler, see ;
None busier in his proper part,
More faithful none, than he.
Out of these thousands, what if I
Am bid to shut up shop, and die ?

'T is strange, that at the bed of pain,
Where some poor sufferer sinks away —
And soul, soon to be free again,
Peeps from its cage of clay —
I stand, nor timely lesson learn,
That I must go, and not return.

'T is strange, that when my precious one,
A cherub, took him wings and fled,
I only deemed my little son
Was with the early dead —
Nor looked where sinless infants bow,
Nor knew he was an angel now.

'T is strange, where grasses thickly wave
Above the churchyard's narrow beds,
As thoughtfully I scan each grave,
And envy these unaching heads,
Hope flies not to a happier shore,
Where I shall grieve and sin no more.

'T is strange, that mortals act awhile
Such meagre parts in every age,
And strut their hour, and weep, and smile,
And wearied, quit the stage, —
And still the drama hurries on ;
O God, what prize is lost and won !

THE ELECT.

Question.

ELECT OF GOD! and who is he?

What path by him is trod,
Shut up to few — to all men free,
Where throng the Elect of God?
Unriddle ye the maze, who can;
The mystery explore
For me, a weary, wildered man,
Who longs to find the door.

Answer.

Elect of God! — he who repents;
Reforms, without, within;
Who loathes all evil thoughts, intents,
And every darling sin;

Hating his lusts and loving Christ,
He unawares hath trod
The happy path to peace unpriced ;
He is Elect of God.

Question.

But what, if wandering far from home,
A beggar in his wo —
He chooses, though rebuked, to roam,
As rebels love to go ;
What if, sin-wrecked, and idly tost
By every wind and wave,
He joins the innumerable lost,
Whose voyage is to the grave ?

Answer.

Still, if he turns, with suppliant knee,
Though viler never trod
This earth — by HIM who stained the tree,
That Man's Elect of God !

And God will find him, though he dwell
Where darkness hath its seat, —
Will reach him, though the waves of hell
Were surging at his feet.

Question.

Yet what, if, having tasted bliss
Unspeakable, he goes
Away from Christ, and with a kiss
Betrays him to his foes?
Is he, who takes the Bread and Wine,
And takes the price of blood,
Yea, gloats upon that silver's shine,
Indeed, Elect of God?

Answer.

Thou art the man! — what hast thou done!
Say, wretch, for which of all
His gifts, thy treason, that hath won
For thee such dreadful fall?

Yet turn thee! turn thee! WONDROUS LOVE,
Though thou the depths hast trod,
If thou repent, will lift above
Thy sin, the Elect of God.

ENCHANTED GROUND.*

WE, travellers, find our homeward way
By many a subtle foe beset ;
We war with sin, and many a fray
Must prove our trusty armor yet.
Snares, trials, combats, as we go,
We yet shall find, as we have found ;
And these to us will surely show
We still are on Enchanted Ground.

* CHRISTIAN. — “ Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground ? ” — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Vexed with ourselves, how often we
O'er indecision grieve, and sloth, —
To Earth and Heaven we bow the knee,
Yet feel we cannot worship both.
We haste to duty ; then go back,
Again to follow Pleasure's round ;
And, with the thousands in her track,
Discern we 're on Enchanted Ground.

How bright the perfect pattern given
By HIM, who marked the narrow way !
May we not, creeping thus to Heaven,
Walk as he walked ? — we know we may.
And lo ! we leap — we run — we fly —
We proudly spurn earth's scanty bound —
Till, weary, falling from the sky,
We kiss once more Enchanted Ground.

A follower of the Cross behold —
A young disciple pressing on ;
How zealous, active, cheerful, bold !
The “ shining light ” is almost won.
But slumbering sins awake ; — a host
Comes up with hostile show and sound ;
Alas, is lovely Beulah’s coast
Approached through this Enchanted Ground ?

Our Church, so lately shadowed o’er
With wings of the Eternal Dove, —
So rich in faith, yet asking more ;
So honored, yet so full of love ;
Our Church, that on her way erect,
All-glorious moved, to Zion bound —
Why droops the church we deemed elect ?
Our church is on Enchanted Ground.

The Sabbath School — that little flock,
Feeble or strong, as is the church—
Once could the accuser's malice mock ;
Once fearless ask the faithful search ;
Why is this precious fold unsafe ?
Why is the wolf within it found ?
O teacher, ne'er at conscience chafe,
That says, thou 'rt on Enchanted Ground.

The frequent season of delight,
When saints looked up for promised aid ;
Or when, in watches of the night,
Each in his secret Bethel prayed ;
The place where once those mothers met,
And blessings for their children found ;
Why, dreaming, do ye these forget ?
Be warned ! ye 're on Enchanted Ground.

O minister of Jesus! thou
Whose privilege it is to lead
The thirsty where sweet waters flow,
The hungry with true bread to feed —
Should now thy hands drop helpless down,
Because no Hur nor Aaron's found?
"Play thou the man," and win thy crown,
Nor halt on this Enchanted Ground.

Myself, where marchest *thou* to-day?
Myself, art thou as firm for God,
As when, years past, this pilgrim way
Thy eager steps delighted trod?
Is prayer as fervent, faith as strong?
Dost thou in labors blest abound?
To travellers true dost thou belong?
Or art *thou* on Enchanted Ground,

Delaying, trifling, sleeping? Wake!

Wake! for the shadows of the night
Are stealing on thee; — rest forsake;

O sworded one, be up for fight.

There's not a few that sleep or stray;

Yet he who's wakeful, watchful found,
Will walk in light, although his way

Lies through this dark Enchanted Ground.

ANNUAL CONCERT OF PRAYER
FOR THE WORLD.

Now up ! ye that have interest
In heaven's holy love, —
Ye that for Zion travail sore,
Look to her help above.
And up ! ye Christian men and true,
And to the throne repair ;
And storm and take it in the bold
“ Conspiracy of prayer.”

Not for a single household Christ
Calls out his ranks to day ;
Not for a town or province ye
Are marshalled up to pray.
The trumpet is for mighty lands ; —
And we have flag unfurled,
And girded sword, by countless bands,
In struggle for a world.

And not alone, or few, are we ;
From sultry Orient's shore,
A cry has reached God's majesty
Which rent the West before.
And where Pacific's corals lie,
From Smyrna and Japan,
From London and Jerusalem,
The cry goes up for man.

Not prayer and praise alone! — your gifts
Upon the altar lay;
Who gives not, cannot for a world
Importunately pray.
Give of abundance. Give ye, too,
By poverty opprest;
Here, if at all, the widow's mite
Hath honor o'er the rest.

Up! ye, that signs discern, in crowds;
There's muttering in the air;
Up! for the bow is on the clouds,
The storm has past at prayer.
And while the worldling asks for wealth,
Ambition for its goal,
We, at that open Mercy seat,
Will wrestle for the soul.

AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA.*

LAUGHING Ocean image true
Is of passions found in us,
Never still his waves of blue,
Laboring with the restless curse ;
So is man ; though o'er his face
God threw pleasant smiles, that he
Might reflect his Maker's grace, —
Man is restless as the Sea.

* Revelation, xxi. 1.

Sometimes ocean gaily danceth,
Like a bridegroom seen of bride;
Reined and ruled, he sometimes pranceth,
Like a war-horse, in his pride.
Now he chafeth in his might;
High as Alps his terrors be;
Wo to men, about whom night
Gathers on the stormy Sea!

When I'm vexed with crossing cares,
When I'm weary of the strife,
Thought grown moody, listless prayers,
Asking nothing for this life —
Then I look beyond the graves,
Where they rest, once sad like me,
To a shore unswept by waves;
Calm, untroubled — no more Sea!

When this frame of wondrous skill
Loses motion, life, and breath,
And the hungry worm at will
Banquets in the hall of Death, —
Trouble over, passion fled,
Sorrow's sources dry shall be ;
All the spirit's tumults dead —
Dead ! — there shall be no more Sea !

When this world of gorgeous show
Shrouded is in dreadful gloom ;
And the fiery tempests blow
Round it, o'er it, urging doom, —
Mountains melted, valleys fled,
Ocean's channels dry shall be,
Then to judgment wake the Dead —
Dead ! — there shall be no more Sea !

“ MARY! — RABBONI! ” *

SHE turned her from the empty cell,
Where late the Prince of Glory lay;
A shadow on her spirit fell, —
Her Lord was borne away.

“ If thou hast spoiled the tomb,
And for its new-born light
Hast left the pall of ancient gloom,
O wanderer of the night —
Tell me ! ”

HE looked into her earnest eyes,
Where lately shone hope's dazzling dew;
Her lips, of the carnation dyes,
Now of the lily's hue,

* John, xx. 16.

He saw were quivering with dismay.

One word could light those eyes again,
And banish every grief away ;
One word bring back the lips' sweet red,
One word restore the dead, —
And pleasure substitute for pain ;
'T was music when he spake it :

“ MARY ! ”

She turned herself — and from that face
Of beauty every care was fled ;
And in its stead
Was much of grace,
And something meekly proud.
As look our skies, when midnight's cloud
Is chased, and they are overspread
With morning's early blush, so she,
The spirit of young Piety —
Divinely looked, when answering :

“ RABBONI ! ”

MINISTERING.*

O SAVIOUR! wert thou now below,
'T would be my joy to follow thee;
Where thou wouldst lead, I'd freely go,
And naught should keep my Lord from me.

* "If Jesus were still a man of sorrows, not having where to lay his head, Piety might spread him a table and provide him a home, Affection might weave for him the seamless garment, or break the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, for his burial. Poverty herself might wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with her hair. Wealth might find him a new sepulchre, hewn in the rock, where never man was yet laid. And as a final act of homage, Gratitude might bring her spices and ointments, about a hundred pounds weight, as the manner was of the Jews to bury." — *Decapolis*.

I'd haste to serve thee ; and to wait,
In humblest duty at thy feet,
Prefer to thrones of mortal state,
Or e'en a burning seraph's seat.

How sweet to minister to thee,
Who once our earth in pity trod ;
How blest, a household guest, to see,
The Man of grief, the very God !

Yet though I cannot do as they,
Who waited on thy earthly need —
To serve thy heavenly state I may ;
And minister to thee indeed.

I may bring thee the soul undone,
That ne'er before had sought thy face ;
I may win home a wretched one,
Who far has wandered from thy grace.

Thou wouldst be honored more, by toil
Of mine to save some erring soul,
Than if I could the countless spoil
Of worlds submit to thy control.

Thou wouldst discern more real love
In act of mine, the lost to gain —
Than if such praise as peals above
I gave thee — could I peal such strain.

Then let me ne'er lament, that I
May nothing do for thy dear Name —
While deathless ones are near to die,
While sons of God are heirs of shame.

THE PLAGUE.

“THE Plague! the Plague! bring out your
dead!”

Through all our land the cry
Rang shrilly forth. “We bring our dead!”
Was murmured in reply.

And still no art could stay the sore,
By night and day it ran;
Till written on our nation’s door,
Was “Lazarett of Man.”

Beyond the pestilence that sweeps
The Oriental power,
Where Death, the busy toiler, reaps
A province in an hour.

To touch and taste, and taste and die,
And fill the maniac's grave,
Millions essayed, till from the sky,
Came ABSTINENCE to save.

Now we are healed! yet at the pool
Lie many in their sin;
The "moderate" mad, the ruined fool —
No angel puts them in.

Ay, angel Temperance never tires,
But healing wing doth plume,
Where soaring faith itself expires,
And hope is in the tomb.

Shout, Drunkard! shout! your chain of steel
Is sundered, link by link;
Shout, Maker! Vender! you can feel;
Shout, Children! you may think.

And Woman, in whose halcyon breast
The star of hope doth shine,
Would shout — but tears reveal the rest —
Lord God, the work is thine.

STAND AND SEE!*

STAND ye, on whom, in duty's path,
Innumerable open dangers press;
On whom awaits some secret scath,
Along the howling wilderness;
Stand still, and trust, and so shall ye
The fiery Cloud and Pillar see.

Stand ye, on whose devoted head
Stern poverty in tempest lowers;
Or chained to wasting sickness' bed,
Or counting melancholy hours,
Or shedding tears on love's lone grave,
Stand, and behold an Arm to save.

* "And Moses said unto the people, 'Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day.'" — *Exodus*, xiv. 13.

Stand ye, between whose soul and Heaven
Is interposed the veil of fear,
Which shuts out all the glory given
From God, to bless his children here.
O wherefore did ye doubt his grace?
Look up, and see your Father's face.

Stand ye, of every name, who wear
The colors of our common King—
His soldiers, hemmed, and faint, prepare
To see him blest deliverance bring.
Up! through this Red Sea take your way,
And see salvation-work to-day.

And stand, *my spirit!* — none like thee,
Methinks, so apt to fear and fall;
Rest on His mercy, who can free
And ransom from the sinner's thrall.
Who bids His goodness pass before
The heart that pants to love him more.

Yet one more wilderness thou 'lt pass,
But Mercy will conduct thee through,
Till gladly on the Sea of Glass
Thou 'lt stand, and serve, and worship, too.
Till then, the victory expect,
Which crowns the host of God's Elect.

THE PULPIT STAIRS OF RURUTU.*

BARBARIANS of the Southern Sea,
As the wild waters round them, free,
Were slaves to folly, fear, and sin ;
What could *such* to Religion win ?

They knelt to idols, carved of stone ;
To fish and fowl, to block and bone ;
They entered hell to find a god
Worse than the rest, and gave him blood.

* " The last pulpit that I ascended in the Society Islands was at Rurutu ; where the rails, connected with the pulpit stairs, were formed of warriors' spears."
— *Rev. Mr. Ellis, Missionary to the Society Islands.*

The mother dug with fierce delight
For one, just new to this world's light,
A grave — and she, a devil, vampt,
The earth *upon the living* stampd.

The son led out his old, sick sire,
Where waves come in, and waves retire,
And left him for their rage to sweep
Into the black, returnless deep.

All ranks pollution understood ;
To search its dreadful depths, seemed good ;
Daughter and sister, father, son,
To work its evil work were won.

Warrior on warrior made attack ;
Death followed fast the arrow's track ;
And those, whom battle spared, were doomed
To be in human gorge entomb'd.

By Cruelty and bloody Lust,
By Drink, inflaming cursed thirst,
By Sickness, War, and Want were they
Death and Destruction's easy prey.

Knew they not God? — deemed they that Fate
Had formed them for malignant hate?
Their sentient thousands brought to birth,
Objects of the Creator's mirth?

Knew they not God? — and glowed no hint
Of Goodness in his sunrise tint?
Knew they not God? — nor saw confessed
Forbearance in his sunset west?

Knew they not God! — They might have seen
His beauty in the glorious green
Of those fair islands; — heard his voice
In Nature's song, which bade "Rejoice!"

And witnessed, in the soil they trod,
Heaved up in coral wonder — GOD !
And marked his footsteps, bathed in wrath,
On the volcano's fiery path.

Yet HE, who these bright isles had cast,
Gems on HIS robe of waves — The Past,
The Present, Future, Known, Unknown,
Who wheels on willing worlds his throne,

Who, on *our* virgin world of bliss
Prest, when HE made it, Love's first kiss ;
And mid his angels' glad acclaim,
“ Good ! ” only “ Good ! ” pronounced its name,

Was here unnamed ; — though every hill
Its Maker knew ; each conscious rill,
Leaping and sparkling, told of HIM ;
Morn's blush, and Evening's twilight dim

Proclaimed the God ; — those valleys rung,
In music, “ GOD ! ” Pacific sung,
“ GOD ! ” mountain, mead, rill, rock, replied,
“ GOD ! ” “ GOD ! ” — they heard not, raved and
died ; —

Till missionary feet made glad
Those solitudes, by sin made sad ;
Till apostolic feet to view
Was beautiful on Rurutu !

Till songs to CHRIST took place of cries,
Shrieked o'er the monarch's sacrifice ;
Till tears were seen his robe to gem,
Outshining his starred diadem.

Now speaks Redemption's herald — spears
Flash round him ! Cease, ye busy fears !
Festooned are they in comely rails,
For what GOD promised never fails.

Mementos they where thousands kneel,
Of wounds, which only Grace can heal;
Reminding of the Spear that slays,
And brings to life, when man obeys.

Harmless of blood they fence the place
Where beams with heaven the teacher's face;
Nor, like the Sword o'er Eden burning,
Hinder one wanderer from returning.

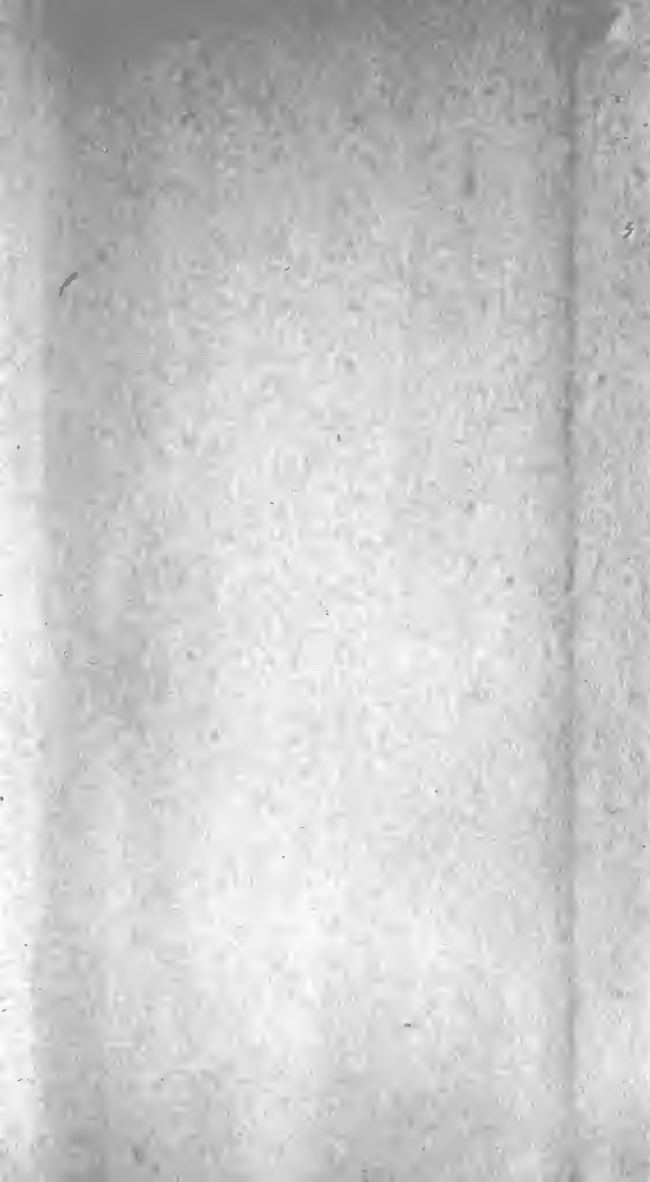
Barbarians of the Southern Sea,
Or Northern continents, though free
As fiends incarnate are to sin —
Grace, that has won *my* soul, can win !

E N D .

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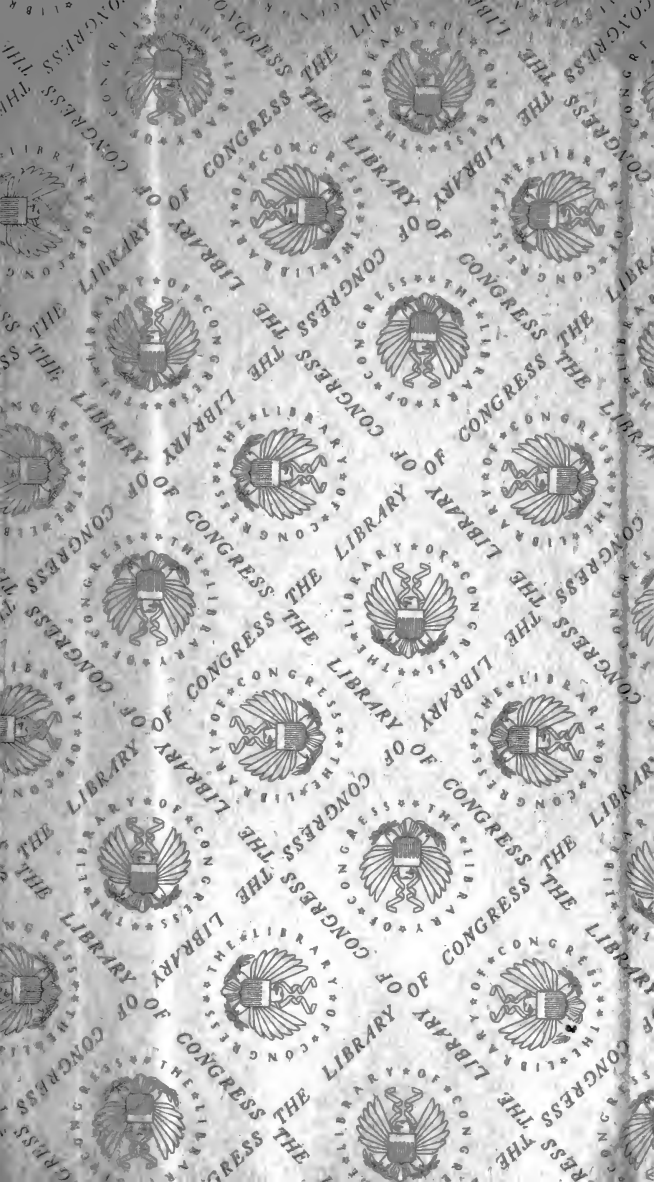


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