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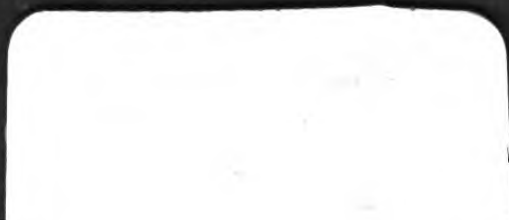


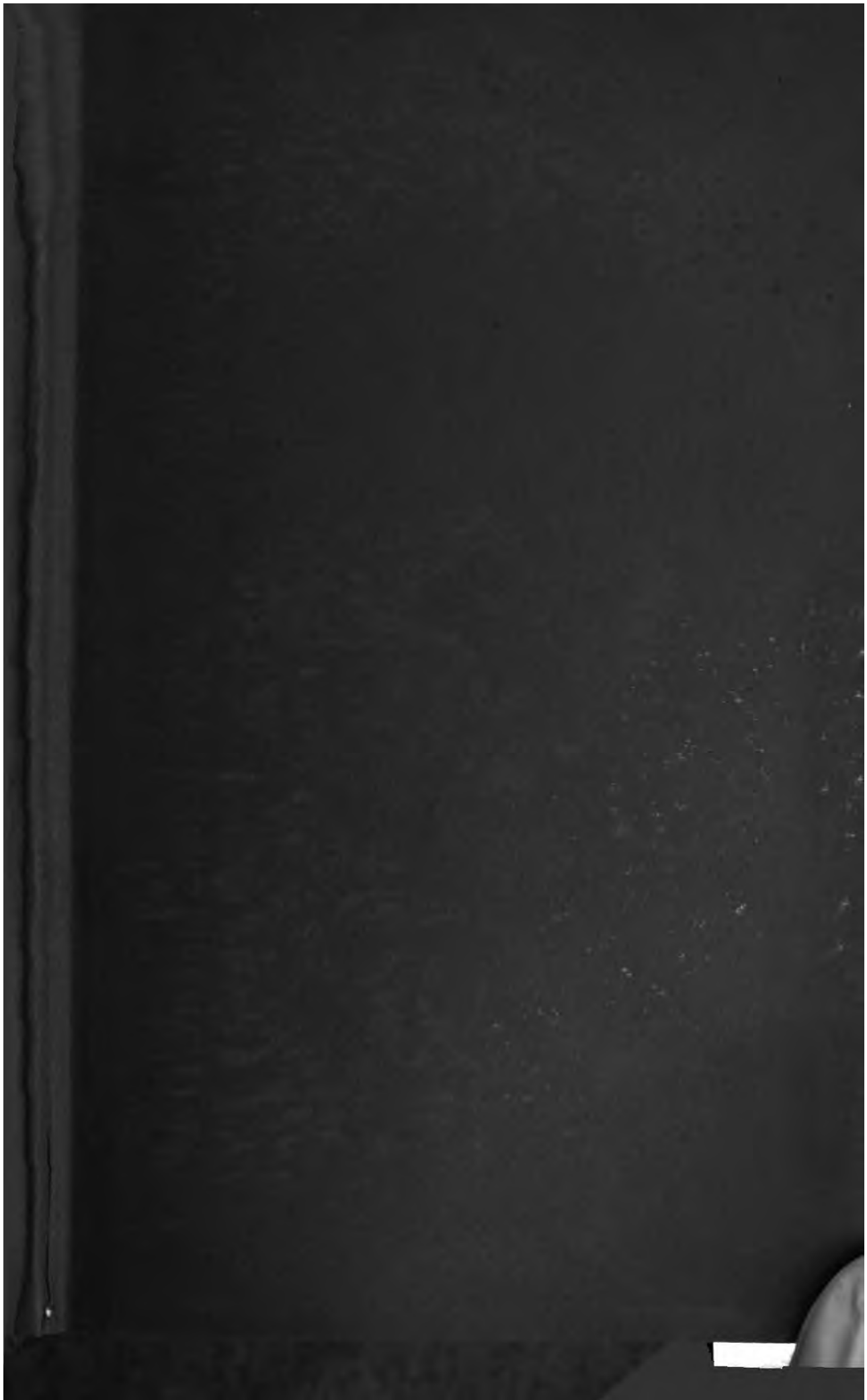
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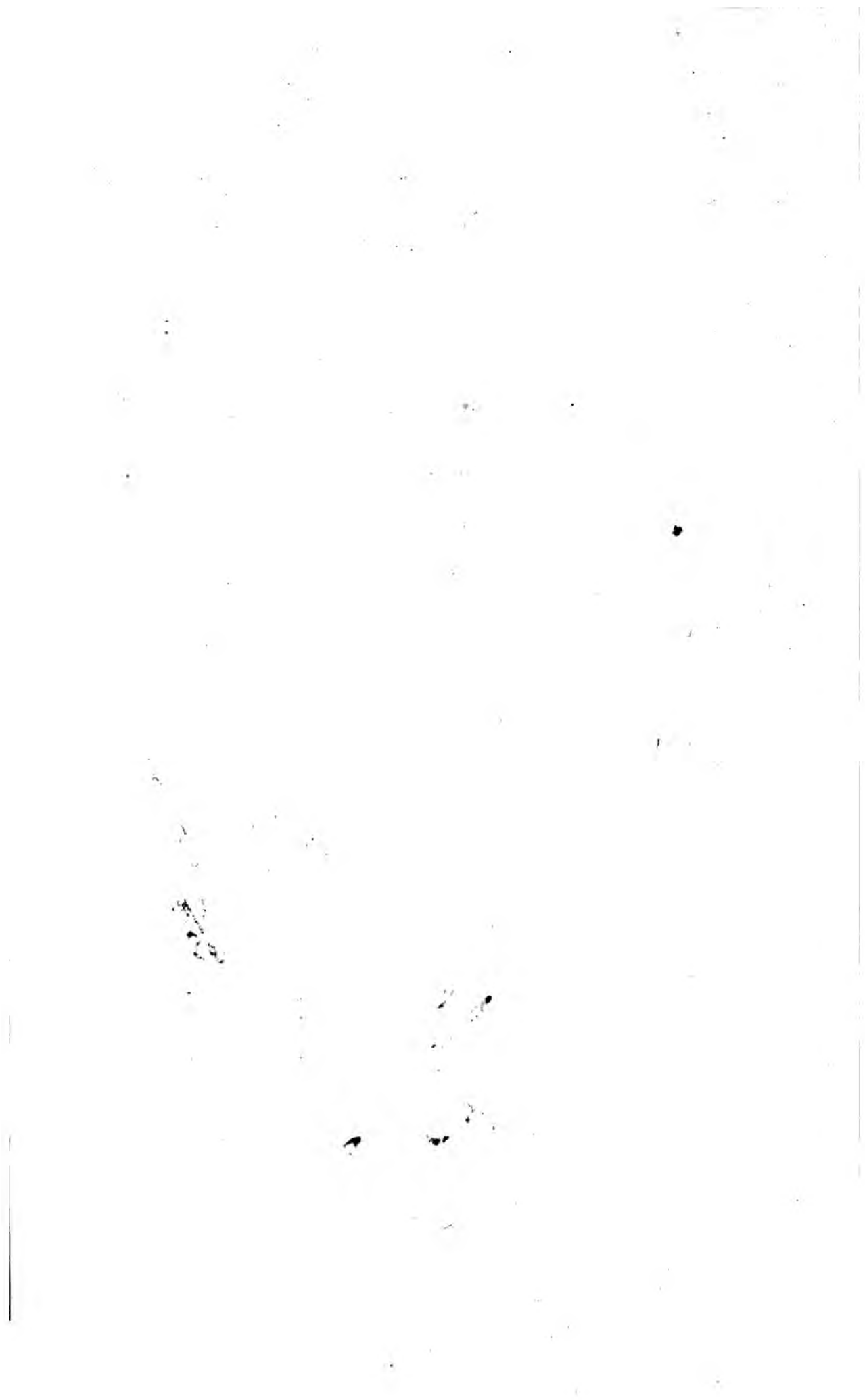




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BULO;
REUBEN ROSS;
A TALE OF THE MANACLES;
HYMN, SONG, AND STORY.

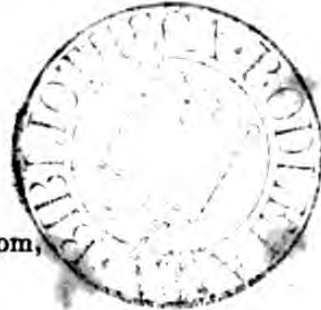
BY JOHN HARRIS,
AUTHOR OF "LUDA," "THE LAND'S END," "LAYS," ETC.

"THE lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedgerow spray,
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom,
The owl amid the cypress gloom,
All sing in every varied tone
A vesper to the GREAT UNKNOWN!"

—*Eliza Cook.*

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OR THROUGH THE BOOKSELLERS.

1871.



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TO
ROBERT ALEXANDER GRAY, Esq.,
OF CAMBERWELL, SURREY, FORMERLY OF CORNWALL,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
HIS CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY, GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP,
AND HIS LOVE FOR AND APPRECIATION OF
THE GENUINE PRODUCTIONS OF HIS NATIVE COUNTY,
THIS VOLUME OF
HYMN, SONG, AND STORY,
IS HUMBLY AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.



DEDICATORY LINES.

WHERE flowering heath and shining moss
Hang over many a Cornish cross,
And Druid relics throned the tarn,
And mighty boulders watch the cairn,
A pensive youth the Muses wooed,
In calm, sequestered solitude ;
And here, apart from busy men,
A vision rose before his ken :
A helper, generous, loving, meek,
Whose hand and heart were with the weak,
With will to do and soul to dare,
And aye in Truth's grand conquests share,
Who paused to hear his simple strain,
Where hawthorns shade the village lane,
And stepped beyond the selfish throng
To cheer the struggling Son of Song
With rays of hope along his way :—
Behold this friend in ROBERT GRAY.





PREFACE.

IN briefly prefacing his seventh volume of Hymn, Song, and Story, the author feels he has but little to offer by way of apology. Had he a certain tenure for a longer sojourn upon earth, he might have desisted from publication for a season ; but feeling the pressure of time's advance, and the uncertainty of all sublunary things, it is only natural he should be anxious to finish his work before the night overtakes him. In early life the path of psalm was opened before him where his father's fields were bright with daisies, and rills went rippling down the rocks ; and he turned upon it with hopeful steps. Poetry seems to be his principal mission to mankind ; and though, as Eliza Cook has justly hinted in a recent communication to the writer, it is too often its own reward, he still pursues the course which Nature appears to

have marked out for him, striving to elevate the class to which by birthright he belongs, trusting ultimately to reap, if he faint not. Having put his hand to the poetic plough, duty prompts him onward in his song-labour, which he prays may humbly accelerate the great harvest of truth in the brotherhood of the world, when green fields shall fill the desert, and the wilderness become a garden of sweets.

The reader is respectfully requested to bear in mind that the poems in the present collection have been written by a working man, whose whole life has been one of labour from his ninth year until the present period. It is but fair to state that he has no quiet place of study to call his own, but has written his verses when favoured with an opportunity, sometimes on the crown of his hat, sometimes on the step of a moorland stile, sometimes on a boulder on the beacon, sometimes in the midst of his rising family, and often in a corner of his little garden with the twilight around him and the pale moon for his

lonely lamp. Had his country in kindness granted him

“ A closet just six feet by four,
With whitewashed walls and plaster floor,”

where he could have wooed undisturbed the Muse, which during nearly half a century he has been desirous to possess, he doubts not he should have been visited with other thoughts which would have been far more worthy of his offering to the world. As it is, he trusts this book, written in moments of leisure from the daily duties of his calling, will not be unacceptable to his friends and the public, and will bring comfort to his fellow-workers in the earnest struggle of life. Many of his early patrons being dead, he would feel grateful to have their places supplied by others ; and to those who still survive, as well as to several new friends, he tenders his heartiest thanks. Hitherto the responsibility of publication has rested alone on the author, making the labour irksome, which would otherwise have been a pleasure.

As in his former publications between the years 1853 and 1868, wherein he claims for his produc-

tions the merit of originality and simplicity, which has long been freely accorded to him, such now he ventures to hope are the characteristics of the present performance. Having among his supporters some of various classes, he makes his volume miscellaneous. Why he has chosen the form of the Drama for his longer pieces he has no reason to assign, and must leave this to the clemency of his readers. Some of the poetic pictures in the present volume are word-paintings from facts and incidents which have from time to time come under the author's own observation. He trusts the Hymns will be kindly received by the Christian community, and ultimately be rendered useful in the Church; which would greatly outbalance the lack of pecuniary gains, and fill the writer's heart with delight.

“ He does well who does his best.”

FALMOUTH, CORNWALL,
September, 1871.





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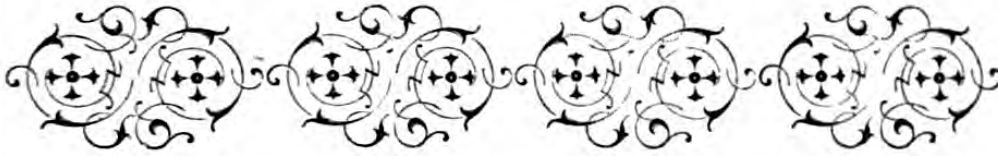
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BULO



BULO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SELANDO	<i>A City Merchant.</i>
ANLEAF	<i>His Wife.</i>
BULO	<i>Their Daughter.</i>
RUPEDO	<i>The Serving Man.</i>
WALLA	<i>A Shipwrecked Mariner.</i>
FARDO	<i>A Shrimp Catcher.</i>
TAMSON	<i>His Wife.</i>
ITARA	<i>A Street Organist.</i>
COUNTRYWOMAN.	
TEEMU	<i>A Lost Child.</i>
AN AUSTRALIAN STOCKMAN.	
DITTO SHEPHERD.	
THE LOST CHILD'S MOTHER.	
FIRST REAPER.	
SECOND DITTO.	

PART FIRST.

SCENE—*A country residence near the sea.* TIME—*Midnight.* ANLEAF and her daughter BULO in their sleeping apartment.

Anleaf. And still this knocking! What intruder scares
The dark-winged Night, and hurries sleep away

Where torrents lift their voices, and the bat
Sports with the moonbeams in the old church lane
Beside the woodman's cottage? Bulo, up,
And call the serving-man. The racket roars
As if a cliff had tumbled headlong on the beach
And dammed the roaring ocean. Ring, I say,
And let the bell cry something terrible,—
That Jeopardy stands frowning. Strange the dark
Should harbour deeds that injure honest worth
Which lives as innocently as the flowers,
And would not harm a beetle: strange, I say,
That brazen Wickedness should swagger forth
In garb unseemly, lifting his harsh voice,
And trampling virtue, honour, so that thorns
Are often scattered on the good man's path,
And prickles in his pillow. So it is,
Whilst we as pilgrims travel o'er the earth,
Which in itself is lapped in loveliness:
The sober suffer for the woes of wrong.
But hark, the door is opened, and methinks
I hear the sound of footsteps. What is it?
Rupedo calls my name.

[*A room below. Enter RUPEDO, the serving-man,
leading WALLA, a shipwrecked sailor.*

Rupedo. I found this poor man, Madam, at the
door.

He says he's shipwrecked. See, his hands are cut

With climbing up the cliff, and the salt sea
Is dripping from his garments. Does he not
Demand great succour in this hour of need ?

[*Exit* RUPEDO.]

Walla. Necessity needs small apology :
A starving man will eat a mouldy crust,
Nor think to growl for butter. If my house
Were burning round me, and the sound of " fire "
Smote on my ears and flamed before mine eyes,
Think you I 'd scorn the only gate of hope,
To leap half-naked in the crowded street ?
What if the ice should break beneath my tread,
Bearing me outward, onward ? think you I
Should be ashamed to shout and shriek for help,
So that the echoes wondered in their caves ?
No, Madam, life is precious. Gold and gems
Are sordid dust compared with such a boon
Alike to prince and peasant : all we have
We give for it, and deem the bargain cheap.
Last night the hurricane o'ertook our bark,
And dragged it on the breakers. I alone
Escaped with life, flung high upon the land,
And, feeling through the darkness, crossed the
 downs,
And found your door.

Anleaf. Right welcome art thou here.
May life surcease when Charity expires !

She is the queen of virtues, suffering long
And ever hopeful; blessing those that curse,
And showering smiles where harrowing frowns are
hurled.

I saw her once in weeds of modesty,
With long hair streaming, leading by the hand
Towards her door her bitter enemy,
To feed him at her table. Ever since
She's been my guest and guardian in my home,
Where now her bright face cheers us.

Walla.

Not alone

With one small nation does this angel dwell,
Or race or people, howsoe'er refined.
Once, marching through the forest, I was lost,
And left by my companions. Eve passed by,
The night closed round me, and another day
Broke burning through the heavens. Hunger and
thirst,

Faintness and fever, had their work fulfilled
And dashed me earthward. Prostrate there I lay,
Gasping away my being. The great winds
Went thundering through the prairies, and wild
beasts

Howled in close coverts, till their voices fell,
Seeming none other than a small bird's chirp.
A few more tugs and life would be o'erpowered
And lose the solemn conflict. O'er me crept

The haziness of watching, and I longed
 To mingle with the sleepers of the past ;
 When from his war-path burst an Indian chief
 As swiftly as a fire-tongue. Armed he was
 With bow and arrow, spear and scalping-knife,
 And on his forehead waved the heron's plume.
 He wore a belt of wampum, a skin cloak
 Hung from his shoulders, and his eagle eye
 Flashed as he scanned the arches of the wood.
 And mark you, Madam, this same warrior chief,
 This red marauder, by his wrongs had sworn
 To be the white man's endless enemy ;
 For they had slain his children, burnt his home,
 Destroyed his all, and sent him naked forth
 Amid the wild and woful wilderness,
 A houseless wretch, the last of all his race.
Bulo. (aside) I never heard a voice like his before,
 Or saw a face so charming. Nature keeps
 Her treasures in the shadow, hid sometimes
 By leaf and rock and water. Speak again :
 If all who go in ships are like this man,
 Then I would wed a sailor.

Walla. Seeing me
 All pale and gasping underneath the leaves,
 With Famine watching on a horrid rock,
 And in the tree-top a big bird of prey
 Whetting his beak against the broken boughs,

And eyeing me with ardour, he drew near,
And in his language spoke most soothing words,
Which fell upon my ear like summer rain ;
And then he brought me water from the stream,
And ripe fruit from the thicket ; took my hand,
And bade me rise, and led me to his tent,
And fed me from his table. Night came on,
When I lay down upon the red man's mat,
And slept till morning. Three whole days I stayed
Within his wigwam : then he gave me bread
And steaks of venison, bade me seek my band,
And took me o'er the deer-tracks, till I saw
Our fort beside the river. O, his words
Were like a harper's echo. "Go," said he,
"And mingle with thy people ; trim their fires
And gladden them with laughter : let fair maids
Rejoice to hear thy music, and young men
Thy pleasant story. Cheer thy mother's heart,
And guide thy father's footsteps to the grave ;
Water the tree of peace, and may its leaves
Hide thee for ever from the flame of war :
Be thou thy nation's blessing. But, amid
The summer of thy comfort, cherish still
The forest warrior whom the white man's hand
Stripped in the blood-feud, cutting off his sons
And loving daughters like hoar frost the flowers,
Leaving his home all winter : think of him

Feeding his enemy with his own bread
 And rendering good for evil : think of him,
 When sitting calmly with thy pale-face friends,
 And go and do thou likewise."

Anleaf. Deeds like these
 Are watched by angels, and by angels loved ;
 So God-like is their nature. Does He not
 Lift up the weak to overthrow the strong,
 And silence wisdom with simplicity ?
 I've seen a beggar tottering on his staff,
 Whose answers were sublime philosophy ;
 And much I've wondered. I remember well
 A palsied man slow hobbling through a lane,
 Of whom a child said, " Mother, can you see ?"
 This smote his ear, and smote the old man's heart.
 He paused upon his staff, and sharply cried,
 " Ay, little maid, and what is it you see ?
 A poor old wanderer in a suit of rags.
 I've been in places where I've seen the king,
 Who ne'er said, ' Can you see ? ' " The moral here
 Is worth preserving. But strip off thy weeds,
 And put on dry apparel ; take some food,
 And rest a little ; then we'll gladly hear
 The *finis* of the matter.

[*Exit WALLA.*

Bulo (aside.)

Yes, he is

A very prince in action. Sweetly shines

A moral dignity upon his brow
Which dwells not with the wasteful. His high
mien

Becomes a monarch. And this kingly man
Has been abroad upon the dreadful deep,
Smote with the hurricane, and tossed ashore
Amid the drift-wood like a useless cork.
Some wondrous genii must have led him here
To fill my soul with longing. My poor life
Was like a flower for ever in the shade,
But he has brought it sunshine. Shine, O sun,
And let no cloud force its black breast between
Until my plant is perfect. Hark, he comes.
I'll watch him like a fowler, and may be
An arrow from my lids, a shaft of light,
May wound him at a venture. [*Re-enter WALLA.*

Anleaf. Once I stood
Beside a roaring torrent. Down it dashed
With foam and shiver, shaking the great ground;
And wondering there my foot slipped, and I fell:
A peasant's arm sustained me. Seeing how
The grass-tufts left my hands, and I slid on
Towards the thunder, he sprang down a rope
And caught me falling. This was Providence;
For chance and luck are liars. Ope thine eyes,
And thou shalt see HE fills the universe.
Now let us hear the story of thy woes.

Walla. It was a night of watching: from the
heavens

Strange voices broke, and muttered in the clouds;
Blue rills of fire flamed through the hemisphere,
Succeeded by the thunder; and the sea
Boiled in the strife, and struggled, surged, and
swelled.

Our bark rose like a feather on the foam,
And then sank down into the horrid depths;
And thus we drifted, losing all command,
The mighty winds being master. Soon the helm
Broke, and the creaking masts crashed overboard.
“Lost,” cried the captain, and the face of Death
Frowned in the flashing foam. We had with us
A lovely maiden from another isle,
Whose tale of love was passing pitiful.
Her look was not unlike your daughter’s here.
A chieftain wooed her, of a noble race,
And came the eve of marriage. Hark! the storm
Is rolling in his chariot! rains descend,
The rivers rise, and valleys overflow;
A hapless wretch is struggling in the flood;
The chieftain strives to save him; both drift down
Towards the ocean, and return no more.
She saw him from the window, shrieked, and fell;
And when she rose another day had dawned,—
The earth had lost its glory. She was rich;

And, gathering up her gold and precious stones,
She bade farewell, and left her home behind,
To seek the sons and daughters of distress,
And cheer them in their sorrow. Gentle maid !
A wave came thundering, and I saw her borne
Into the arms of ocean : her black hair
Streamed on the water, and her white hands
rose,

Then sank for ever on a bed of shells.

Bulo (aside). How much I love the dear old
country lanes,—

The songs they bring, the pleasures they impart !
The flowers have gentle teachings, and the leaves
Are all o'erwritten with the psalms of truth.
And if the bells among the churchyard trees
Peal out in sweet devotion, and I see
A grey tower in the twilight, earth appears
Imbued with much that Eden must bestow ;
The soul is healthier here, breathes more of bliss,
And walks with One who loved to be alone.
But all sweet sounds that changing Nature yields
To his dear words are harshness. I have heard
Woman commended for her soft sweet tone,
Which is a virtue much to be desired,
And one which scatters discord ; but this man
To my poor ears outdoes my gentler sex,
And overpowers me with sweet harmony.

What if the Fates have ordered that I should
Be wedded to a sailor? Let it be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—*A village on the sea-coast.* TIME—*Early morning.* Enter FARDO, *the shrimp catcher.*

Fardo. Hang it! Ill luck attends me. The east
wind

Came blow, blow, blow, banging my net about ;
And, ere I was aware, up came a tide
And hemmed me in a gully. There was I,
With rocks around me, all the blessed night ;
And the grim crags had faces, and great eyes
As big as a chair-bottom. I heard sounds
Unlike to human,—barkings, such as dogs
Make when they dream of robbers,—piercing
screams,

More shrill than wretches drowning,—and my hair
Turned white upon my forehead. I'll go round
And speak to my old woman. Bless her heart !

Tamson (*at the window*). Who's there? I have
been hot with fear and ghostly surmisings all night,
so that excitement has bathed me in perspiration.
I believe my head is much swollen, for the beating
was intolerable. I heard such sounds in the
chimney and on the roof! and every gust of
wind seemed the footfall of my dear old man.

To make the matter worse, the magpie upset my snuff-box, and the cat threw down a flower-pot, and broke a pane of glass. I never passed such a night in my born days. And I all alone here, with no old man to comfort me! But who are you?

Fardo. I'm Fardo the shrimp-catcher, your old man,

Who led you to the altar. Ope the door,
And let me kiss you.

Tamson. Go along with you! You have white hair, but Fardo's hair is as black as the feathers of the raven. Fardo's face is red with the sun and sea, but yours is sallow and sunken. Go along with you! I know that wonderful things happen now-a-days: fire horses run upon wheels, men go up in the air in bladders, and love-letters are sent along on the bottom of the sea: but if your white head belongs to Fardo, why, this is the strangest thing of all. And now I recollect, Fardo was once injured so that his left hand is like a rake: hold it up and I shall know. [*FARDO holds up his hand.*] Well, it must be Fardo or his spirit. I am in one solid tremble, and was never so nervous since the blind fiddler knocked at my lattice. I'll let this apparition in; and may all good angels help me! But it is the strangest thing that has happened since Shakespeare wrote his Hamlet. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter* ANLEAF, BULO, and WALLA.

Walla. O how strange
The last few days with their events appear !
A dream had never such significance.
Allow me, Madam, now my heart is full,
To make another mention. In our crew
There was a man it is a grief to see,—
A desperate drunkard. He had spent his lands
And drunk away his houses ; with them went
His reputation, and he lost his all.
His children suffered ; his heart-broken wife
Sighed in the sorrow of her home's eclipse.
The light of love flashed out, and by the hearth
Sat desolation with black wings outspread.
Friends stared, and left her weeping in her woe.
He fell as low as erring man may fall.
We took the wretch on board ; and when our ship
Sailed from the harbour, on a neighbouring hill
She watched us from the rocks, and we could see
Her rags wave in the distance, and her hand
Pointing to heaven. Just then the half-moon
dipped
Behind a bank of cloud, and she was gone,
And our bark met the tempest. Still he drank,
Though the wild winds marched in dread fury forth,
Grasped the great waves and dashed them in his
face,

And spoke of death and darkness : still he drank,
 Although the thunder in the opening heavens
 Echoed rebuke, and the red streams of fire
 Lit up his horrid visage : still he drank,
 Till madness seized him, when, with yells insane,
 As a fierce thunder-bolt tore up the deck,
 He sprang into the blackness of the night,
 And perished shrieking. Madam, this is sad ;
 But bad ways have bad ends.

Anleaf.

Yes, 't is true,

The way of wrong is oft a smooth incline
 Which tempts the careless footstep. On and on
 The unwary go, till, passed the porch of crime,
 They rush to deeds that shame the face of day.
 Of the first step beware.

Walla.

I love to hear

Your words of wisdom : for they take me back
 To trustful childhood, when my mother's hand
 Passed through my curls, and pointed me to heaven.
 We had a poet with us, one who read
 The secret signs of Nature. Born he was
 Of lowly parentage, and learnt to sing
 Among the breezy moorlands. Streams and flowers,
 Birds, buds, and mosses, taught the truthful bard.
 This was his one great object which he sought
 In joy and sorrow, jingling evermore.
 His brother-toilers up the hill of life

Cared not to pause and listen, and he lay
Neglected 'mid his music : so he left
His native moors and wandered o'er the world,
Taking his song-love with him. I have seen
Him, when the brilliant meteors were abroad,
And the big stars were brightest, feed his thought
With earnest glances up the deep profound
Until his eyes brimmed full of lofty lays.
Some say a nymph was ever at his side,
To us invisible, still breathing airs
As sweet as rose-scents to his listening soul.
He stood amid the storm like one entranced,
And shouted to the thunder. With one hand
He grasped the stern, and gazed into the sea,
So bending forward that the curling waves
Lapped him in foam, at which he strangely laughed.
The hurricane grew stronger ; the crushed ship
Lurched to its fate ; and he went singing down
To meet the mermaids where the sea-weeds shine.
Anleaf. No race is more erratic than the bards ;
This moment low, then towering o'er the hills ;
Sighing in shadow, smiling in the sun,
And visited with visions pearl-beset.
Theirs is a wondrous mission, and the world
Grows brighter for their beauty, deserts bloom,
And crime is chased where wildernesses moan.
That he should perish thus is the world's loss.

Walla. I fain would close with one whom love did
blight,

A native of the forest. He grew up
Amid the pine trees, softened with their sound.
Once, near a brook which shimmered 'neath the
leaves,

He met a maiden. They had met before
Beneath the leafy ceiling of the grove
With interchange of words; but now they stood
Long lingering in the twilight, till the youth
Felt he was passion-wounded. Days passed by,
And months sped onward with an even course,
Opening his love-bloom, when a cloud arose
Which covered him in sackcloth. She was cold,
And shunned his presence, would not heed his
words,

And frowned when he addressed her: it was plain
Her spirit was another's. This great blow
Smote like a hammer, and he reeled and fell.
His native woods grew painful. Battle rose:
He rushed into the thickest of the fight,
And longed to die, but left the field unscathed.
Wherever Danger forced his fiery front
Amid the blazing ruin, there was he.
He sought the seas and sailed to many lands,
Aimless and hopeless, like a wildered bird.
We took him in our bark, that pale, sad man,

With mystery in his eyes ; and when the storm
Rolled o'er our heads, he sat quite motionless,
With his hands clasped, gazing into the gloom,
And sank without a sigh.

Anleaf. Our mortal life
Is rife with wonderful vicissitude,—
Sighs, sorrows, smiles,—to-day a quiet sky,
To-morrow rent and darkened. This should tend
To lift us higher than the hills of earth,
Where truest rest remaineth.

Walla. Madam, good-bye.
I thank you much for what you've said to me,
And much for what you've done. When death
 comes quick,
And snatches all your mates and leaves you lone,
Bruised and bewildered in the sudden strife,
To babble forth the story, much that earth
Calls sterling gold takes wings and disappears.
The honours of the world are but a dream,
And fame a leaf the wild winds howl away.
There is a greater, more enduring good
Which beacons my pursuit. I'll search it out,
And wear the jewel nearest my poor heart ;
My good resolve is strengthened by your speech.
'T is kind of you and your fair daughter here,
This patient audience. When I'm far away,
Amid my native valleys, you shall be

A portion of my study. There in hope
Waits an expectant mother, who is now
This moment praying for me. Ah! her prayers
Have saved her boy and snatched him back from
death.

If you could see her, Madam, love would be
Let loose to bind her captive. Dear old saint!
Her face is shining with the light of heaven.
And there my father dwells; his silver hair
White as the moonlight falling on the hills:
And there my little sister, like a fawn,
Will climb to kiss me on my glad return.
Forgive me, Madam, if I say her eyes
Are love-full like your Bulo's. Thrice a day
She climbs the green to watch the passing ships,
O'er anxious for her brother. Tears are come:
The fount of feeling is fresh broken up,
And down my face it courses. Thus I'll sing:
[WALLA sings.

The fierce, foul winds the ocean tossed,
When ship and comrades all were lost,
And I was cast ashore to find
The fairest form of womankind.

I've seen bright beings o'er the sea,
Where wealth and song for ever be,

But Bulo's beauty makes me blind,—
The fairest form of womankind.

Now, like a star behind a cloud,
Or flower with sudden sunshine bowed,
I bear away within my mind
The fairest form of womankind.

[*Exit* WALLA.]

Bulo (aside). He's gone, and my heart with him.

O, I feel

I've passed from sunlight into sudden gloom,
Blinded with darkness. Hush, ye rising sighs!
'T is only woman's weakness. Let it be.

No king were half so dignified as he! [*Exeunt.*]





BULO.

PART SECOND.

SCENE—*An office in the city.* TIME—*Morning.*

SELANDO, *the merchant, alone at his books.*

Selando. Round goes the world, and round I go
with it

In one wild whirl of business! Day by day
My face is earthward, stained with sweat and dust.
And yet what profit do I win withal,
But raking straws together which ere long
The fretful fire may suddenly consume?
Within my ears are heard for evermore
The wheels and cranks of Commerce. On I go,
Beating the air and clutching at a shade,
My thought self-bound within this narrow arc.
Joy sometimes meets me with a few poor smiles,
And then the blast of sorrow wounds mine eyes.
Accounts to-day, accounts again to-morrow,
And thus my years are made up with accounts.
So hot has been the battle, so severe
The earnest struggle, that this world was all,
Though nought is certain here but grief and pain,

Twin-sisters in the combat. Houses, lands,
Fame, fortune, friends, pass from us like a dream ;
And I've been plodding on step after step,
Forgetting that I have a child in heaven,
A seraph in the city, clad in white,
For ever watching her poor father's feet.
O God, forgive me ! quicken my poor life,
And lift me from the closing webs of care !
Her angel presence visits me again ;
I yield to tears and watching. [*He weeps.*

[*Enter ITARA, a street organist.*

Itara.

Rest I here.

'T is no use playing in the street to-day ;
The town is all excitement : children run ;
Old age is in the doorway, mute with doubt ;
And matrons mount to windows opened wide ;
Youths on the roof-tops huddle,—some climb trees,
And some high garden walls ; whilst two o'er bold
Tall workmen scale the lofty monument,
With eyes towards the north, and all cry, " Fire !"
My organ-pipes are silenced in the din,
With not an ear to heed me. All this morn
I've turned my music-barrel round and round,
Glanced high and low, with face this way and that,
Nodded and winked, and looked what I would say,
Nor won a single farthing, though I know
Not where to get my dinner. Birds have nests,

The fox a shelter, and the mole a bed ;
But I am friendless, houseless. In the heavens
There is a God who fills the world with good,
Who sends the wren his satisfying meal,
And rears the cony by the naked rock,
And He will be my helper.

Selando. Answer me,
In what direction is this fearful fire,
Which so alarms the people ?

Itara. Hearing much,
I climbed a hill and looked towards the sea,
And saw the fire-fiend fling his arms about.
The very waves that broke upon the beach
Were ruddy with his anger, and the sky
Appeared enkindled. Never saw I sight
That flashed me with such wonder. I have been
Amid the ranks upon the battle plain,
Stood face to face with War, and saw him drink
The gore of captains, raze the city walls,
And in his winepress tread the pride of kings.
His fiery breath has scorched the fighting ships,
As if they were a shaving, and whole fleets
Have vanished at his thunder: but this fire
Propels alarm like to a comet's birth.
I'm frightened at the uproar. Let me say,
All wars are wicked, all attacks of arms
The grossest insult to the King of love.

The time is speeding when the reign of swords
And battle-spears shall be for aye o'erthrown,
And peace shall fill the world with holy song.

Selando. Is there a wood beside this monster fire,
The trees in rows and sloping to the creek,
And to the right a castle and a moat,
Where slowly walks the warden on the wall?
Tell me, for I am anxious.

Itara. Even so;
And to the left a river winds along,
With boats upon its bosom. Furthermore,
There are fair farms around it; in the fields
The teams stand idle; for the workmen go
Where the high flames shoot forth and lap the air,
And rooks scream in the tree-tops. Rumour says
There is a damsel 'mid this wasting wreck
More fair than ever decked an Eastern hall
In danger of destruction, and the bells
Throughout the district ring the rage of fire.
How fearful to awake and feel the flame
Upon our foreheads, knowing that our all
Which life has given us smoulders into smoke,
To be regathered never! 'T is a thought
All winter woe and utter wretchedness.
But you are trembling, Master; on your brow
The perspiration stands. Thanks for your coin:
I pray no human life may suffer wrong

In this great conflagration. Thus I go,
And trust for bread and water. [Exeunt.

SCENE — *Farmyard.* TIME — *Moonlight.* Enter
FARDO on horseback.

Fardo. Gee up, gee,
Gee, gee, my Hannibal! Thus I alight,
And the horse goes to stable. I have had
A gleesome time, such riding with the fays!
These little velvet-coated gentlemen
Would perch themselves upon the horse's ears,
And clap their hands, and shake their silver swords,
While their gay helmets, like a bead of dew,
Gleamed in the moon's white fulness. Such a host
Swung on the leaf-tips over Mary's grave
Who died for love, that I could scarcely pass,
And Hannibal grew restive. Then the king
Of all the fays came riding on a moth,
His rein a cobweb crossed upon his neck,
And pressed a shining goblet to my lips,
Which filled me with excitement. I rode on
Through long dark arches lit by glowworm lamps,
While from the distant ruin the dull owl
Shook out his sobs of dolour: so I took
A little drop of whisky from my flask,

Shouted, and sang, and reached this pleasant bed,
And press at once its whiteness.

[He goes in the horsepool and lies down.

Where am I?

Where, where am I? O murder, where am I?

The waters rise around me. What looked sheets
So smooth and thin upon a pleasant bed,

Was only treacherous moonlight, and I'm lost!

O yes, I'm lost! my Tamson, I am lost!

Do you not hear me drowning? I am lost,

And I shall never, never see you more.

O treacherous! treacherous! your own Fardo's lost!

[TAMSON rushes from the house to his rescue.

Tamson. What is here? Fardo in the horsepool!

This is more than I can stand. I shall give way
under this, like the side-wall of Jeremiah's house,
and fall flat upon the ground. Some people are

always ankle-deep in mud, and the reason is, they
take the wrong way in the beginning. The wrong

way! I wonder who isn't going in the wrong
way. As if my poor old shrimp-catcher couldn't

jog quietly home and come in to me without taking
a bath in this green gutter! But it all comes from

the flask of whisky. I should be so glad if all the
whisky in the world was in the bottom of the sea.

A pretty piece of business, isn't it, to be watch-
ing and waiting for him whom I have loved and

cherished for more than forty years, and to hasten forth and find him disgraced like this? O there is a curse in the whisky, a curse in the whisky! But I suppose it is best to pull him out!

[*She pulls FARDO out of the horsepool. Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*A wide common. SELANDO amid the rocks.*

Selando. And is it come to this? In one short hour
Disaster puts his fiery fingers forth;
And what I owned is shrivelled into nought,
And mounts the clouds in smoke. But yesterday
Men called me squire, and doffed their hats and
smiled;

To-day I'm hurled upon the stony ground
With but a beggar's portion. What is life
But the bright gauze upon the insect's wing,
Bruised by the blast, up-broken, and is gone?
The fire which comforts oft o'erleaps its right,
And like an angry giant strips me bare,
And thrusts me naked on a selfish world.
O what a blow is this! my very bones
Seem broken in the struggle, and my flesh
Smarts 'neath the cruel, keen, dissecting blade,
And on the earth has dropped a huge black shroud,
Behind which frown the Furies. Prince Divine,
Have mercy on a sinner!

[*Enter ANLEAF and BULO.*

Anleaf. Here we are
Amid the roots and berries. Nature's hand
Spreads a moss carpet for us, soft as down ;
The clear lakes are our mirrors, and the clouds
And graceful moonbeams curtain us to rest ;
Bright birds our glad domestics, and the sun
In the great heavens our grand chronometer ;
The twilight is our poet, when the dells
Are full of harpers and the heights of praise ;
Our books are leaves and the pure eyes of flowers ;
Our music, murmuring waters, brooks, and streams ;
Our furniture, the drapery of the hills ;
Our friends, the bees and pleasant grasshoppers ;
And more to be desired are they than man,
Whose heart is like a cage of unclean birds,
A desert of deceit, where poison flowers
Flaunt in the woful herbage. God hath given,
And He hath taken what was never ours ;
For all is His, and we too are the Lord's.
Dear husband, do not murmur. From the dust
Jehovah raiseth princes, and the seed
Of the low labourer fills the seat of kings.
In having you I feel I am not poor,
And Bulo, too, is left. Let the winds rise
And rage upon their coursers, let the snow
Come in a whirlwind, burying half the globe,

Let the hot thunder dash his brands about,
Let rivers rise and ocean overflow,
Till the deep din affright the humbled world,—
In having you I'll face it. Hunger, thirst,
Fatigue, and pain are feathers in the scale.
Content can lead me with you over seas
Where icebergs hold their revels, or by tracks
Where lions roar and serpents lick the sand,
Where wild men wander and where mountains
burn.

Think you I'll wound your ears with foul complaint?
No, never, never, though these bristling rocks
Be all the home the wicked world affords.
I'll sing you songs as when our youth was green,
Lull you to rest with tales of other years,
Soothe you in sickness, humour you in joy,
Weep when you weep, kneel by you when you pray,
And travel star-ward with no thought of loss.
Selando. O queen of women, best of mothers,
wives!

Thy words revive me like the richest wine.
Earth had no spring if woman ceased to be,
But darkness would possess it, such as ne'er
Assailed a globe so rich in light as ours.
I sigh no more. The pangs at our great loss
Were much for you and Bulo. Let all go:
I still am rich in the most costly gifts,

Whilst I have you to light me on my way.
What if our table be the solid slab
With lichen fretted, and our seats the sod ?
What if our dinner be a mess of herbs,
In wooden bowls, with water from a shell ?
What if our bed be rushes, and the heath
A pillow for us in the rudest hut ?
What if a fir-cone serve to give us light,
As round the hearth we gather, where the thorns
Crack, flash, and blaze, and suddenly expire ?
What if our clothing be the humblest weeds
A century from fashion ?—I would bear
The whole of this, ay, doubled o'er and o'er,
So you complained not, looking up to Him
In simple confidence for better things.
How beautiful upon the mountain tops
Where Morning walks, and in the silent vales
Where Twilight muses, on the mighty sea,
In the dim wood and echoing wilderness,
Is the dear goddess Nature ! Fair is she
In all her changes, gemmed with sun or star.
Man stains whate'er he touches : his rude hands
Despoil the landscape and corrupt the scene.
Here we shall be her children, loving much,
In her great temple swept with airs Divine.
Anleaf. Still weeping, Bulo ? Dry your maiden's
tears,

And leave with Heaven the future. How He leads
His trusting children o'er the safest path !

Bethink you how the fire enwrapped our house,
Leaping from beam to beam, while you stood pale
And shrieking at the window ? Know you not
Who scaled the wall, and saved you in his arms ?
The sailor whom we succoured. He, it seems,
When passing by on business near at hand,
Perceived the fire, and rushed to rescue life.
Thus kindness lives insuring its reward.

Bulo. This sudden change has left me quite
o'er-powered,

Like one swift-passed from sunlight into gloom.
I seem not to be Bulo ; yet these hands
Belong to me, and those two feet are mine.
Let me rejoice that I possess so much ;
And since I have my parents, all is well.
I cheerfully bow down to humble things,
Content with you, whatever may betide.
Like a white vision in the vale of night
Comes the young sailor, and my sweetest dreams
Are tell-tales of his presence. Never more
Can I forget a sympathy so strong,
And yearn I to repay it.

Anleaf.

Glad am I

That we so oft the pilgrim's heart have cheered
With the full cup of kindness. Not a child

Or hoary sufferer asked us alms in vain.
And as we sow, so may we hope to reap.
I trust as truly the Eternal Word
As a meek child its mother. Corn and oil
Are for His people as Jehovah wills.
A cup of water given in His name
Shall win rewards which swords cannot attain.
The earth shall be destroyed, the heavens shall burn,
The stars shall rush to ruin, the fair moon
Blush into blood, thick darkness seize the sun,
And Nature fall an overwhelming wreck,
But His sure word shall never pass away.

[*Enter A COUNTRY WOMAN bearing a basket.*
Country Woman. Weeding the corn, I heard of
your distress,

And came with these few trifles. Once you saved
My little maid from starving, when we lay
Beneath the fever's fury, and my prayer
Has been for you e'er since that trying hour.
May His bright sunshine soon dispel the clouds
And fill your sky with glory! Pray accept
What love returns for benefits received.
How oft the good are smitten with distress,
And earthward bowed by sorrow! tears are shed
In homes whose aspects are extreme delight.
How sad that these should suffer! Once I lay
In the cold clime of hunger: work was none,

And sickness smote my husband. He was good,
Gave alms and read his Bible; thrice a day
He prayed within his closet. Round me flocked
My four small children, sobbing sharp for bread,
With features pinched and looks of utter woe;
And I had none to give them. Ah! that cry
Grew sharper, shriller, wounding my poor heart;
And then I prayed that He who fed the flocks
Upon a thousand hills would help afford.
O how I prayed! and succour soon arrived.
Yes; Anleaf came herself on a wild night
With Bulo, smiling, and our wants were met.
My children ate their food and crowed for joy,
Whilst I stood gazing through my mother's tears,
And lifting up my thanks. A love like this
Meets from the Master its supreme reward.
The time may seem to linger, but at last
It comes like spring with cheering song and flower.

[*Exit* COUNTRY WOMAN.]

Anleaf. Eggs, bread, and fish, a knife, a fork, and
spoons,
Cheese, bacon, milk! How kind of the dear dame!
Come, husband, take your dinner. Bulo, round.
This moss well serves us for a table-cloth;
And whilst we eat, our thankful thought shall claim
Elijah and the ravens. See, the thrush
Is watching us on the green holly bough,

And flies buzz o'er the fern-brakes : flowers stand
round

With urns of perfume filling the fresh air,
Whilst over all a watchful presence broods.
A cheerful grace, my Bulo.

[BULO repeats grace, when they all eat.

Selando.

O how sweet
These viands to my taste ! the honeycomb
Was never more delicious. Circumstance
Oft smoothes its own ascent, and on the wild
Creates an arbour where the bramble blooms.
Wealth has no wings when sickness bows it
down.

I'd rather be a herdsman on the height,
Whistling my dog, and watching my few kine,
Surrounded with the mysteries of the moors,
Sustained by humble fare in humblest shed,
Contentment for my guest, than I would reign
A thankless monarch on an irksome throne.
Of all the graces in the golden train
Contentment stands the fairest. Her sweet face
Has never frown nor wrinkle, and she smiles
Alike when barns are full and harvests fail.
Then let us court her presence. She is here
At our moss board, encircling us with love.
Though pain assail us wandering on our way,
Hunger and thirst, and hurricane, and fire ;

Though we plod through bereavement, where the
vale

Is full of bitter waters, and the winds

Wail through the weeping willows; though no friend
Stand by us in our trial, she shall be

Our smiling guest for ever. [*They sing.*

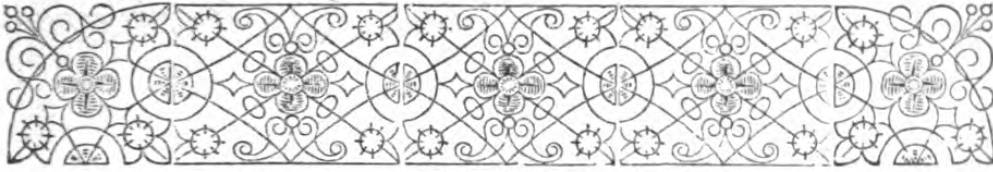
Who hastes to heap up gold shall find
A heavier burden on his mind :
But happy he who is content
With what the hand of Heaven has sent.

Contentment is the loveliest lot :
She dwelleth oft in lowly cot
With him who is of humble mind,
And leaves the palace far behind.

Of all the nymphs in Virtue's train
That haunt the wood, or hill, or plain,
However low my lot may be,
O may Contentment dwell with me !

[*Exeunt.*





BULO.

PART THIRD.

SCENE—*Section of the Victoria gold fields.* TIME
—*Summer evening.* SELANDO, ANLEAF, and
BULO in a shepherd's hut.

Anleaf. How the sun glows behind the western
creeks!

And round about him the soft gorgeous clouds
Are marshalled in much splendour,—purple isles,
With crimson turrets on their floating crests,
Fantastic in their changes. O, I love
To think these cloudlets are the golden gate
Which lets the spirit home to perfect rest,
Behind which shines the city. Do they not
Remind us of a country far away,
Where tower and church would woo the feet to
prayer

When solemn bells are pealing? We have sat
Within the doorway of our dearest home
When Evening walked the meadows, blest with
sounds

From English hill and valley. O what love

O'erflows my heart for precious fatherland !
This well of waters never will dry up
Till the last tear is bottled and I dwell
Amid the upper palms.

Selando. These purple strips
That strangely stream along the firmament
And stain the tree tops, speak to me of home.
I used to watch them from my native hill,
With all a poet's wonder, till they seemed
The paths of angels through the silent heavens.
Our God is with us here : His Spirit fills
This boundless wilderness, and gives us joy.
My wearied thought will oft fly back with yours
To Albion's pleasant valleys, where the springs
Bubble among the mosses, and the lark
Soars singing up the ether ; then the drops
Fall from my eyes unbidden. Oft the smell
Of fragrant hayfields seems to greet my sense,
When rooks are swinging to their evening home,
Which fills me with such longing. Happy years
Were ours in native England, till the fire
Came in swift fury, scorching up our joy ;
Deeds, notes, checks, parchments, fed the furious
 flame.

Alas ! our earthly all, the fruits of life,
Lay at our feet a cinder. This was best,—
A chastisement of mercy.

[*Enter a STOCKMAN, leading a little Boy.*

Stockman.

Audience, all!

My herd was out upon the wilderness,
Where human life puts forth no other sign
Than the dark wild man's trail in the long grass,
Towards the river's angle. Here free winds
Sweep the low myal which the cattle love,
And eagle-hawks and flocks of curious quail
Flash o'er the clear lagoon. The kangaroo
Revels unscared along the river banks,
Where the great emu sometimes comes to drink;
Far off the gum trees nodded, their white trunks
Gleamed in the sunset like the robes of saints;
And crimson parrots, green, and snowy white,
Whistled and shrieked among the winking leaves.
The Day was driving down his twilight path,
Drawn in his crimson car by crimson steeds,
And round about him his attendants hung
Like servants at his bidding, when I turned
My drove towards the sundown.

Anleaf.

Take a chair;

Much standing makes us weary, and the tongue
Runs all the freer when the limbs have rest.

Give the poor child this morsel; he looks thin,
As if a woe had passed him. [*The CHILD eats.*

Stockman.

Three full days

Had we been journeying when we reached the sand,

A wailing desert sick with poison-air,
 And travelling o'er it felt the pangs of thirst.
 Then came a land of blackness, silent, lone ;
 The earth was cracked, the heavens appeared on
 fire ;

I gnawed a leaden bullet, which allayed
 The fierceness of the fever ; and the herd
 With lolling tongues lifted up their heads and
 moaned.

And then came water, verdure, and a prayer
 Rose from my heart to Heaven.

Anleaf. How beautiful

Bubbles a well of water ! No rude sounds
 Foretell its issue as it gurgles forth
 Amid the moss in limpid loveliness,
 Refreshing all around it, murmuring on
 In streams of blessing till it reach the sea.
 So would I choose to pilgrimage through life.

Stockman. As I sat listening a gay cockatoo
 Which kept the marsh in motion, a faint cry
 Rose from the brushwood ; hearing which, my dog
 Did prick his ears and raise a feeble whine,
 Then dashed into the dingle. He came back,
 And licked my hand, and looked into my face,
 Barked, scampered round my feet, then closed his
 teeth

Upon my garment, and I followed him

Into the bush a winding round and round,
The little cry that scarcely stirred the air
Still waxing louder, when he dropp'd his grip,
And barked and bounded from me. By a tree,
With white hands clasped and "mother" on his lips,
I found this little stranger. He came out
To gather berries, when he lost his way,
And could not find his parents. He had called
And called again, and wandered farther on
Until his clothes were torn, his small feet bled,
And his eyes burned with weeping. The full moon
Rose o'er the wilderness, and he sat down
Calling upon his kindred in great sobs,
Even where I found him.

Selando. Is there then no clue
To find his parents? What a vacant place
He makes in one sad household!

Stockman. I have urged
This rumour onward with the speed of tongues;
The pen has babbled it, the printed sheet
Borne it far north and south; but it remains
A mystery of the future, which the scroll
Of other years may open to the light.
To me he looks a wanderer from the stars,
Where he was owned of angels. What bright hair
And loving eyes and pretty mouth are his!
He is too tender for a stockman's tent,

So often pitched, so often struck again ;
And yet 't were pain to lose him.

Anleaf. Leave him here :
We'll feed him at our table, nurture him,
Teach him to read, and fold his hands and pray,
As if he were our offspring. Seek thy herd,
And follow thy employment ; and when time
Permits thy absence, visit us again,
And we will cover nothing.

Stockman. So be it,
And may Jehovah bless the boy and you !
[*Exit* STOCKMAN.]

I could not deem it was so hard to part.
This pretty wanderer rescued in the wood
Has stolen o'er me like the breath of prayer,
Making my life more holy. Seeds of truth
Sometimes spring up thus quickly, growing on
Until the flower is perfect.

Bulo. Pretty child !
He says his name is Teemu, and his home
Is where the parrots flutter. There he left
His wooden horse, his whip, his battledore,
Mother and brother, and his box of toys ;
And now he's pouting for them. Come to me,
And let me be thy sister. Teemu, come !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*A surgery in Victoria. Enter TAMSON.*

Tamson (addressing the doctor). O sir, my husband's ill, my husband's ill!

One eve, when shrimping by the Lady's Rock,
A tall mermaid, with bright shells in her hair
And pearls about her neck, rose suddenly
What time the moon came out above the trees,
And fixed her eyes upon him. They were large
And shining like a furze-brand, and her feet
Were covered o'er with seaweed. Thrice she
waved

A wand of coral, and then disappeared,
Leaving a light upon the yielding wave.
This was a sign, he said, of something wrong;
And five nights after, when the sky was clear,
By some mischance he got into a pool,
From which I dragged him not a tick too soon,
And Fardo has been ailing ever since.

O, he grew worse on shipboard, ay, much worse,
And saw a grim thing standing on the deck,
A week's fair sail from England. Woe is me!
And now he's ill, he's ill, my Fardo's ill!
O come and save him, ply him with your pills.
Hasten, dear doctor, do not risk delay.
He's precious to me, precious! and the means
Are ours to practise: Heaven will do the rest.

Quickly, good doctor, mount your handsome horse ;
Ride to our dwelling ; I'll come on behind.
Carry your phials with you, drench him well.
O save my Fardo, save the old shrimp-man
Who saw the mermaid, and my silver box,
My marriage portion, ring, and all, is yours !
Would I could shout still louder. Save my man,
Good doctor, mighty doctor, save my man !
The tenderest, kindest, very best old man !
Mount, gallop, spur your horse, O save my man !

[*On her return TAMSON meets FARDO.*

Fardo. I'm better, Tamson, better. All my fears
Have taken wings and flown I know not where.
The powerful medicine set me on my legs ;
No second dose was needed, and I ate
A roasted chicken and came off to you.
I hope to-morrow, if the day be fine,
To yoke my oxen to the new swing-plough,
And labour in the paddock. Don't look scared :
Dangers when boldly fronted shrink away.

Tamson. Well, this beats everything. This beats
all,—Napoleon, Shakespere, and everybody. To
think I should leave my old man dying, hasten for
the doctor, and then meet him walking without a
stick on my return home ! I wonder what the world
is coming to ! Perhaps we may soon have flying
ships and railways in the air. Well, I never ! I

am perfectly smashed with amazement. O dear!
 O dear! O dear! [Exeunt.

SCENE—*Settler's home.* TIME—*Morning.* *The*
 MOTHER *in much sorrow.*

The Mother. Heavy blow! O heavy, heavy blow!

The days

Drag on in twilight with the rain of tears,
 And bring no comfort, for they bring not back
 The gentle Teemu to his mother's arms.
 Perchance the wild beasts have him, or he's
 drowned

Within the dull lagoon; perchance he sits
 Starving amid the thicket, and his cry,
 Feebler than when a baby on my breast,
 Lags with the name of mother. If I knew
 That he had crossed life's threshold, and gone o'er
 Into the awful future, it would be,
 Methinks, a glad relief: but this suspense,
 This dread uncertainty, is like a fire
 That scorches up my marrow. Such a woe
 Is surely greatest in the list of ills:
 To lose a child whose tender, pleading face
 Meets you at every turn from Memory's shore,—
 To lose a boy so beautiful as mine,
 With such a brow and such a depth of gaze,

And know not where he lies,—this is a blow
That cannot be repeated. But I bend
Beneath the stroke, and sigh, “Thy will be done!”

[*Enter a SHEPHERD with a lamb in his arms.*
Shepherd. As this white lamb went straying from
the fold,

Torn by the hanging branches, I pursued
And overtook it by a shallow pit
Where coiled the reptiles. The bewildered brute
Knew my familiar voice, and when I spoke
Came bounding at my call, licking my hand
And baaing with delight, as if it said,
“Dear master, pity me!” I took it up,
And bore it in my arms across the bush;
And by a gully where a path was made
I found this chip of paper, which I’ve brought
For your especial reading. May it be
A messenger of comfort! [Exit SHEPHERD.

The Mother. What is this?
A child found by a stockman in the bush,
With curly hair, black eyes, and handsome face,
Whose age is near four summers, and his name
Is only Teemu. This must be my boy;
The angels have been with him, and he’s spared;
And I shall surely see his face again,
Look in his eyes, and read his loving thoughts,
And feel his kiss, and wonder at my joy.

Already the horizon of my hopes
Glow's like the kindling morning. I stand here
And look into the future, and his arm
Supports my feebleness, and leads me down
Into the vale of dimness, where the winds
Leave the same point for ever, and the house
Shakes with its keepers while the grinders cease.
But let me run with this news uppermost
To give my neighbour word. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Selando's hut.* SELANDO, ANLEAF, BULO,
and TEEMU *within.*

Selando. There is a stranger coming o'er the flat,
And he seems much in haste. Lifting his cap,
He wipes the perspiration from his brow,
Swinging his arm, and taking rapid strides,
As does full oft a courtly messenger.
'Tis evident he makes our house his aim ;
He's o'er the fence, and nearing the fruit trees.
I'll ask him in. Thus hospitality
Has sometimes sheltered angels.

[*Enter* STRANGER.

Stranger (embracing TEEMU). Yes, 'tis he !
Thou art my darling brother. Why is it
Thy little feet have borne thee thus away ?
Dost know thy mother has refused her food ?

That smiles have left her face, and light her home?
 That tears have been her portion, and Distress
 Sat by the hearth in sackcloth? Her dear boy,
 Her younger-born, had left a vacant seat,
 Nor could she catch a whisper of report
 Whither her love had drifted. How she'll clasp
 Her treasure to her bosom, sing for joy,
 And cover thee with kisses! Thanks to those
 Who rescued thee from ruin, and who gave
 Thy hapless head a shelter.

Bulo (aside).

'Tis no dream

That thus o'erpowers me with deliciousness:
 I am awake and conscious, and I hear
 A voice like falling waters. What is this
 That overtakes me as the news of home?
 I wander in a garden, and appear
 Like one swift passed from utter barrenness
 Into a land of blossoms, where the birds
 Warble among the roses, and the air
 That fans the lake is thick with harmony.
 I'll screen me in this pleasant summer bower,
 Peer through the leaves and listen.

Anleaf.

Take a seat.

This child was brought to us by one who found
 Him starving in the swamp. An unseen chain
 Of many links full oft unites events,
 And draws the whole together. Didst thou not

In thy loved England rescue from the fire
A timid maiden, as the beams gave way,
And roof and rafters flashed into the hall?
Behold her in this dwelling!

Bulo (aside). Yes, 'tis he!
The mystery of my being, the one star
For ever twinkling in the sky of love:
A star no longer, but a blazing sun.
I would I were the little earth it warmed
And kissed into perfection.

Walla. This great joy
Flows o'er me like a tide, and leaves me stunned
Amid the waters. I have this to crave,
Which if denied me fills the world with shade,—
Your daughter's hand in marriage. I have gold
And flocks of kine enough for us and you.
Come, let us live together. Three months since,
When with a comrade digging by a tree,
We found a nugget in the native soil,
Which I struck with my pick, and when unearthed
We sold the monster for nine thousand pounds.
It was God's hand that led me, whom I serve.

Selando. We place no barrier in our daughter's
way,
But leave her free to take or to refuse.
This, not because thou art increased in goods,
And that much gold is added. What is gold?

A glittering ruler seizing on the heart,
A shining burden crushing comfort out !
How hardly shall a rich man enter heaven !
No, not because of this, but for His grace
Who calls thee to repentance. Hear me out.
I would not have my Bulo wed a man
For money only, whose all-grasping hands
Are stained with avarice, whose eyes are dull
To beauty's vision and affection's power,
Who views the world through the false glass of self
And barter truth for gain, who ever weighs
Life's dearest interests in the scale of wealth,
And stoops to coin more than to sterling worth.
I would not have my Bulo wed this man
If he had half Golconda. Verily
I'd rather pick a carrier from the yard,
Whose soul was glowing with the beautiful,
Who felt the force of Heaven-born charity,
Than she should marry such a gilded clod.
How many limbs are torn on Mammon's wheel !
How many homes are darkened by his wings !
How many lives are yearly sacrificed—
Daughters and sons—upon his altar fire !
Unions for gold are marriages for strife.
One drop of love is worth a titled name ;
One spark of pure affection is more dear
Than the most noble dowry. Give me love,

And then let Fortune treat me as she will.
Love makes an Eden of the wilderness,
A palace of the cottage, and green fields
Where only dry reeds rustle. Would my voice
Could girdle the great globe, I'd raise it high
Until it marched like thunder through the land,
Till hill and valley caught it, and 'twas rolled
From clime to clime upon the hurrying winds,
Arresting human ears like shrill cloud-trumps:
"Don't wed for gold! let marriage be for love.
Beware ye be not yoked unequally;
This brings a blight upon the lovely world.
Follow affection, prize it more than pelf.
Begin with Heaven; and let Heaven's finger guide,
And earth shall yield the fruits of Paradise."

SCENE—*A moonlit arbour. Enter BULO and WALLA.*

Walla. On this old tree trunk by the river side
We'll bathe ourselves in moonlight. See what
 spires
Of shining silver gem the forest boughs,
And shoot along the hill sides in a shower.
What purity of sweetness! far more pure
Because thy lips are here to welcome mine.
The little fays are fairer in thy smile,

And loveliness more lovely. Ne'er a king
With dainty helpmeet was so blessed as I:
So perfect is my measure of delight
Another drop would mar it. Bend thy face,
And kiss me once again. On these white clouds
Slow sailing through the ether, it is said,
The angels glide at evening, looking down
Upon this little planet. Can their bliss
In saintly vesture far exceed mine own?
Methought sweet sounds rose from the distant
bank:

'Twas the dear music of thy beating heart.
Still rest it on my bosom, it is thine,
While stars shine down approval. When the sun
Creates another day, we two are one,
Blent like the light and rose-leaves. Blessed hour!
I seem to bathe in nectar, and the waves
Come murmuring round me more delicious still,
A preface to my volume of delight.
Now let me lead thee homeward at slow pace,
Loitering at every turn, as lovers will,
Creating seraphs out of every leaf,
And theme for dalliance from the softest sound.
Thus we depart with kisses. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Harvest field.* TIME—*Noon.* Enter TWO REAPERS.

First Reaper. O how cool
The shade of this old tree! Let's rest awhile,
And listen to the music of the bells
Across the woody dingle. It is sweet
To pause sometimes amidst our earnest toil,
And think how we are steering o'er the tide
Of solemn waters all so fleetly cross.
The bells teach much if we would understand.

Second Reaper. Oft when my sickle cuts the
precious stalk,
And it lies flat upon the stubble ground,
I think of human life and human ends,
And pray that when the silent mower comes
I may be ripe and ready. But to-day
It seems ill-timed to hurry sadness on,
To cloak the brow, and play the hypocrite,
When Joy has wings and Mirth is drunk with bliss.
The miner leaves his gold, the smith his fire,
The shepherd boy his flock upon the plain,
The stockman's axe is silent; in the shade
The driver's team is resting, and the boys
Throw up their caps and wildly dance and shout.
Ring out, sweet bells, over the vales away;
Let the world know 't is Bulo's marriage day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE — *Stockman's dwelling.* TIME — *Sunset.*

WALLA and BULO standing before the hut.

Walla. Dost like this lodge, my Bulo? To mine eyes,

A cottage home among the watching hills,
Where the brook babbles, and the roses cling,
And hawthorns guard the gateway, is more fair
Than towering palace in the city's roar.
And when I die, methinks if I could choose
The place of my departure, it would be
A lonely dwelling by the waterfall,
Encircled with the mountains, from whose tops
My ransomed spirit should escape to heaven.
See how the roses o'er the doorways hang
Along the fair verandah! The high posts
Look fragrant pillars sweetly budded o'er,
Festooned with creepers and bright passion-flowers;
Grapes hang about the lattice; on the roof
Of strong tree bark the water-melons grow,
And bees hum here when morn is in the vales;
Behind it rise the fruit trees. Here the beans
And blossomed peas stand up in even ranks,
While fowls are roosting on the spreading boughs.
Dost like this lodge, my Bulo?

Bulo.

Beautiful!

No fairy ever had a home more sweet.

Mine eyes drop tears to see it. Blessed spot!
Which cherubs visit when the night is young.
Its influence moves me like a sacred psalm
From lips prophetic. O if it were mine!
Walla. And it is thine, my Bulo! all is thine;
These hands have reared it for thee. Day by day
I've toiled and tugged with sunshine in my heart;
And when I fixed a stake, or raised a beam,
Planted a rose bush or an apple tree,
Fashioned a lattice, or planned out a door,
Modelled a path, or raised a rural fence,
Delved the rich soil, or pruned the pleasant vine,
I felt 'twas all for Bulo. This great joy
Of yielding it to my dear lady love
Knocks at my soul for language, but it fails;
The bliss is far too exquisite for words.
See how the sunset lingers 'mid the leaves,
Kissing the rose-buds in their bowers of green,
As if to sanctify our future home.
Here we will dwell in Love's own tenement,
Watched by the smiling Graces. Future years
Shall only mellow what has been begun,
Which ripens in the fields without a cloud,
Beyond the swelling Jordan. I have been
Year after year like poor neglected bard,
Longing for quiet, chased from room to room
And door to door, nursing his new-born thought,

Till driven forth beneath the pitying sky
 To woo his Muse : so have I longed for rest,
 To find it here with Bulo. Come, my love,
 Let 's ope the gate and enter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Room in Walla's dwelling. A table spread
 with provisions. Enter SELANDO and ANLEAF.*

Anleaf (embracing Bulo). Darling child!
 This is a home befitting thy true love,
 And thou art worthy of it. May no wind
 With foulness laden ever blight its walls,
 And its green roof-tree have perpetual spring,
 Fed with the dews of goodness! Well thou
 know'st

The Gospel precepts lodged within thine heart :
 Now let them sway thy future. Without this,
 The fairest bower becomes a brambled brake,
 Where wild beasts tread the thicket. Live for love,
 And rather bleed thyself than wound thy friend.
 Serve only for thy husband. Be his sun
 When clouds assemble, his adviser sweet
 When foes assail or dreadful crosses burn.
 His harp in storms, his lute in piercing winds,
 His star in sorrow ; and when sunshine bathes
 Your groves in beauty, his expanding flower !
 Then in your lives shall earth and Eden meet.

Selando. I'm pleased with all I see, with all I feel,
With all my ears are greeted. It is good
To stand upon life's hill-side, and look o'er
The history of our journey. One great Hand
Upholds and governs all things : let this be
The comfort of my daughter.

[*Enter WALLA'S MOTHER, leading TEEMU.*

The Mother. Sit, my boy,
And wait till all is ready. Bulo comes
To kiss thy face and stroke thy shining curls :
She now is Teemu's sister. Pretty place,
Where all is ordered in simplicity !
How bright and shiny are the knives and forks
Laid on the strong deal table ! Of blue delf
Are all the plates and dishes. On the hob
Potatoes steam, and simmer pease and greens ;
The smell of pork, peach-pie, and orange tart
Mingle with beef and mutton, and a smile
Is on the faces of our honest friends.

[*Enter ITARA the organist.*

Itara. You meet with grumblers, walk which way
you will.

The world, say they, is drifting on through space
In a false orbit, soon to be a wreck.

There is no order : everything is launched
Upon a sea where false winds roar and rage
And roll from every quarter. Government

Is on the shoulders of poor sightless Chance,
To toss and writhe for ever. Out on ye !
I dare not hug such jargon. Earth has love,
And love makes heaven: the strongest power is love.
And earth has smiles and sunshine, light and
flowers,

Music and friendship, and fair childhood's wiles,
And hopes in rainbow clothing. For my part,
I seem o'erwhelmed with blessing; and my woes
Are as a feather weighed against my gifts.
I thaw to see you, friends, to feel your joy,
And quaff your cup of welcome. We will keep
Our glad hearts warm with praises, then the clouds
Dare only show their frontlets in the sky,
And hurry off like shadows. Let us leave
Rank weeds and thorns, and pluck the fragrant
flowers

That cluster ever round our daily track,
As free to reach as thistles. By your leave
We'll sit and dine, and then in simple tones
My organ-pipes shall greet you.

[They surround the table, after which ITARA sings.]

Along the streets and through the lanes
I long have woke my simple strains,
And love has been from year to year
The theme which I have sung so dear.

The shepherd-boy upon the moor,
The maiden by her mother's door,
Have paused amid their sighs to hear
The theme which I have sung so dear.

In every clime it telleth true ;
'Tis ever old and ever new ;
It bringeth on the cheek the tear,
The theme which I have sung so dear.

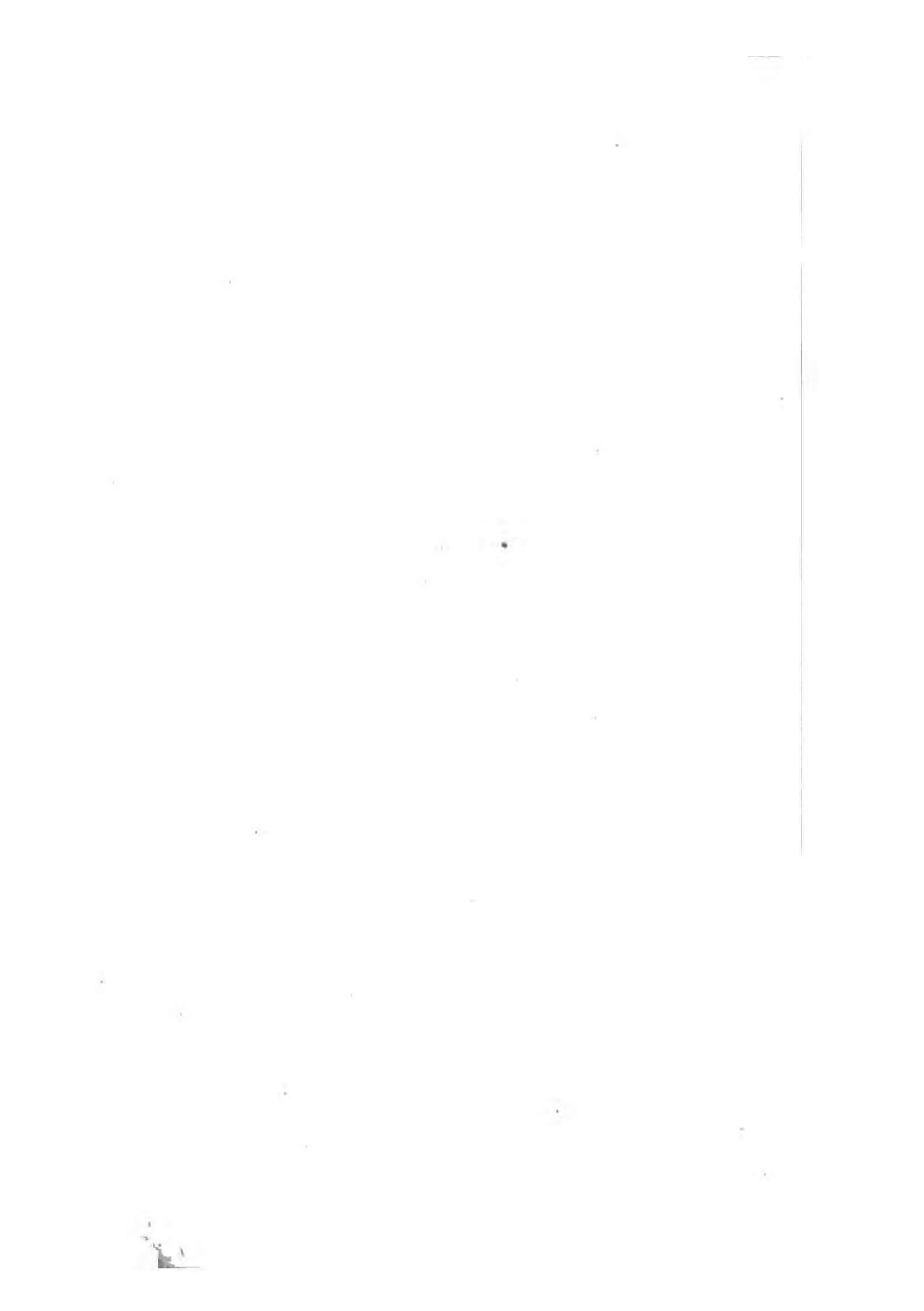
And thus its power will ever be
Acknowledged wide from sea to sea,
The sweetest strain from year to year,—
The theme which I have sung so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]





REUBEN ROSS.





REUBEN ROSS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

REUBEN ROSS *A returned Emigrant.*
A WOODCUTTER.
A COUNTRY WOMAN.
MATA *A Village Maiden.*
A COTTAGER.
A WELL DRESSED MATRON.
AN AGED WIDOW.

THE STORM KING, &c.

PART FIRST.

SCENE—*Hill-Top.* TIME—*Noon.* REUBEN ROSS
alone on the heath.

Reuben Ross. On this hill-top whose face looks
up to heaven
Again I'm breathing freely. Years have passed
Since last I left it with a great resolve,
Which filled my soul like water fills the sea,
Or air the welkin to the distant poles,
Leaving no vacuum for a lesser good ;

And I have won it, which the years shall tell
And marriage bells shall jingle. This fresh air
Lifting my locks is like the kiss of love,
When the moon gilds the ash leaves. Thus it is
In life's encounter: from the conquered heights,
The thorny plain, and moor with boulders strewn,
And rough ascent, seem nothing. Conflicts past,
Fierce storms outrode, and dangers overcome,
Give zest to our existence. True, the scars
Of wasting warfare are upon my flesh,
And my arm fails in fighting; the reward
Of honest labour recompenses all;
So that the earth rejoices in the wealth
Of summer suns, blue seas, and lovely flowers,
Whence incense rises ever. Birds have wings
To sweep the air above the loftiest pines,
Where blast to loud blast rattles: fishes sport
In ocean's chambers which the heart of man
Has never sounded: beasts are fleet of foot
To scour the earth with hoofs that aid their flight,
With instinct strong and mighty as their speed:
But man is king of all: he holds the rein,
And beast and bird obey him. [*He still soliloquizes.*

Let me turn,
And view the scene all other scenes beyond —
My own dear birthplace. There the old house
stands,

With woodbine wall and windows near the eaves,
With roof of thatch, and hawthorn by the gate,
And white lambs feeding in the quiet fields,
As when I was a boy. Long years have passed
Since last I saw it, when a mother's lips
Were pressed to mine, with the sad slow farewell ;
And I passed forth beyond its sacred porch,
With the great world before me, a lone man,
To tread the way of life, to face its frowns
And guard against its smiles. I crossed the yard,
Passed o'er the stile, and entered on the leas ;
Then turned and saw her standing by the door,
Holding her apron to her weeping eyes,
Watching her child depart. This was enough :
I could hold out no longer, and a sigh
Which seemed to rend my bosom scared the birds
Among the withs, and tears ran down my face ;
My heart beat loud and knocked against my side,
And my knees trembled like the branches shake
When Thunder leaves his closet, and pours out
His smoking censer on the quaking hills.
I thought I should have fallen to the ground,
But her prayer smote my ear and smote my heart,
And I passed onward. O how oft since then
Have I in fancy seen her by the door,
Watching my slow departure ! and her prayer
Like some sweet spell has lingered round my steps,

And o'er the roar and tumult of the world
My mother's voice has sounded. Is it well?
Does she still live, and is my father here?
And by the shoulder of that sloping moss,
With one tree near it like a watching saint,
Does Mata dwell,—the fair, the beautiful?
The Maiden of the Mountain, whose love-gleams
Lit up my path and sunned my soul with hope
When youth was in its morning? Sporting round
The gentle birds hop on from twig to twig
With bright eyes turned upon me; but their notes
Have no revealings which I fain would grasp
Like miser hugs his hoard. I soon shall know.
But, hark, a footstep! [*Enter a VILLAGE WOMAN.*
Village Woman. It is pleasant here.
Art thou a stranger 'mid our silent moors,
Where wild birds breed, and airy echoes hide,
And Cupid shoots his arrows? Hast thou heard
The news that our small valley gives the world?
The parson's maid is married, and the hind
Of Farmer Ford is much in love with Meg,
The thatcher's younger daughter. Felix Fir
Has oft been seen near Widow Watson's cot,
What time his horses have left off the yoke,
Returning home by moonlight: gossips say
There must be something brewing in the wind.
Last night the seines were shut by Raddo's Rock,

Enclosing fish in hundreds. Miner Joe
Has cut a lode of copper in his croft.
Ben White has signed the pledge ; 'twas time he
should,
For drink had stripped him to the very skin.
Old miser Riff has starved himself at last,
And his poor bones are buried. I have seen
Him hobbling forth with holes along his hose,
And in his shoes tied up with draggling yarn,
Through which his blue skin gazed like hungry eyes
Upon the frowning Winter. Bless you, Sir,
His clothes were rags, his bed a heap of filth,
His food dry crusts and water. When he died
They found a brown bag underneath his head
Stuffed full of gold he had no heart to spend.
They say the old fool's ghost is in the lane
When midnight stars are shining ; but I think
He's far too lean to walk this world again.
Reuben Ross. Thy words bring pleasure to my
listening ears ;
Like one long pent in darksome prison house,
Longing to flee, but cannot break his bars,
Who, when his cup of sorrow is o'errun,
Hears the sweet voice of Mercy. Dost thou know
Aught of a damsel living by the brook
With a fair face and air of gentleness,
Modest, retiring, bashful in her speech,

As full of goodness as a bubbling well,
Whose name is Mata?

Village Woman. Bless you, know her! yes!
A gentler soul ne'er walked the whispering world.
She would not bruise a spider, and they say
She has a love for every living thing.
I saw her once beside a widow's bed,
In a small cottage underneath the oaks,
Reading the blessed Bible. On her brow
A light was resting which was not of earth,
And her words floated through the sufferer's room
Like whispers at the sunset. Gifts were there,
And little services her hands had wrought,
Which drew the tears upon the sick one's face.
I sat in silence overcome with awe,
And felt the place was holy. If this world
Has one fair angel, Mata must be she.

Reuben Ross. That there are angels we cannot deny,
Whose wings sweep by us at the hour of prayer
And in the time of danger. Let me hear
A little more of Mata: speak, I pray:
Thou canst not talk too much of such an one.
My ears would not be weary, though thy speech
Ran on into the thickest of the night,
Or till the day broke smiling.

Village Woman. It is well
To feel we have a watcher at our side,

Upholding us in conflict. By the brook
Grew up a stripling straight as river reed,
In all his actions just. He scorned to walk
In the dissembler's path, made God his Guide,
And studied Nature with an artist's eye.
No wonder, Mata loved him. Like the leaves
Expanding in the perfect light of heaven,
Or the corn-stalk to ripeness, so their love
Grew into fulness in the fields of hope.
But duty called him unto other climes,
From whence his letters cheered her, till the sound
Of wailing rose that he was fading fast
Under the hand of sickness. Then the maid
Sighed in her chamber, calling on his name ;
Her joyfulness departed ; sorrow's shade
Blent with the lines of beauty on her face.
The weight became too heavy : she arose
And packed her trunk and paid her passage fare,
And now awaits the stately steamer's sail.
A love like this makes our poor world a heaven.
Reuben Ross (aside). How oft the heart is glad-
dened in its grief
By lips unconscious ! Gold could not procure
What this good dame has brought me. Mata lives,
And loves her Reuben. This is everything.
I walk through roses and by lily lakes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Wild moor.* TIME—*Midnight.* Enter the
STORM KING.

Storm King. Amid these boulders let me raise my
throne,

And cease awhile to ravage. Thus I fold
My ebon wings, and on these huge blocks sit,
Resting my chin upon my cloudy hands,
Swift-staring through the blackness. Strange
exploits

Have been performed by me and my compeers,
Since Night sat in his chamber. O'er the hills
I've turned my steeds, where they have raced
unreined,

Pawing the clouds beneath them, champing loud,
With manes of flame, and hoofs of thunder-stone.
Beside a well, where ferns and ivy grew,
And rushes raised their plumes, two lovers sat,
When Eve came forth to sing her twilight song;
No fairer she than this delightful maid.
Her eyes were like the beams of Jupiter,
When no cloud walks the farthest firmament:
Her hair was bright as gold; her cheeks were pale,
Her fair hands small and snowy, and her waist
No bigger than a brook-nymph's. Down we came,
And smote her lover with the roar of fate,
Dashing him headlong in the treacherous spring;

And while her cry went up in agony
For him who struggled there and grasped at leaves,
Her foot slipped, and they perished. In the vale
She had an aged mother, he a sire ;
And when the tidings reached them, overpowered
With a great sorrow, they fell suddenly
As the fruit falls when blasted.

[*He still soliloquizes.*

On the cliff

A young wife watched a ship upon the sea,
And raised her handkerchief with words of cheer
When she beheld her husband on the deck,
And felt how soon he'd press her in his arms,
And give the kiss of welcome. In her home,
Among the woodbines near the narrow creek,
The cottage fire was burning, the cloth laid,
The supper cooked, the favourite book prepared,
His chair wheeled in the corner, and the lamp
Ready to be rekindled. Fierce I spoke,
And at my roar the angry waters rose,
And swallowed the proud bark and all the crew,
As if it were a nutshell ; down it went,
With a great shriek that shook the shattered trees.
She stood upon the beach and saw it all.
Her hair blew wildly round her. Once she spoke,
In piercing tones which rose above my rage,
" O God, I am a widow ! " Days and nights

Beheld her watching on the lonely cliff,
And then she wandered far from sight and sound.

[*He still soliloquizes.*

A straw-thatched dwelling rose beside a wood
Where an old dame was knitting. Years had passed
Since first she owned it, led there a young bride
By him whom storms can never more affright.
Beside it towered an elm which was a tree
At her own mother's wedding. Far it spread
Its knotty arms, and swung them in the air,
And its huge trunk noteworthy was for girth;
Fair childhood loved it, and old age admired;
It was the praise and glory of the glade.
This tree was in our passage. With one shout
We rent it like a giant rends a reed,
And hurled it on the cottage. Morn arose
With tears upon her eyelids, but the dame
Lay 'mid the ruin, raised beyond alarm.
A ferryman came rowing in his boat
A pleasant damsel: half the passage crost,
She sat admiring Nature. Up we came
And rolled our fury on them, driving back
The rended craft against the broken quay,
Shivering it into fragments. The old man
Clung to the railing with a desperate grasp,
While the white waves beat o'er him. Tiles were
tossed

From warehouse roofs, tall chimneys quick destroyed,
And slates went hissing by the traveller's ears.
The maiden had sunk once, and when she rose
The boatman caught her by her spreading dress,
And soon the two were safe upon the land.
I drove my coursers onward at swift pace,
And the proud bent to hear me ; the young child
Clung to its mother, the dumb cattle moaned,
Woods rocked, and were uprooted : but I know
There is a Power that holds my might in thrall,
And chains my rage within a given sphere.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Hill-Top again. Enter REUBEN ROSS
and a WOODCUTTER.*

Woodcutter. Good day, young master ! May I
make so bold,
Is not this prospect charming to the eye,
Where wood and waters mingle, and blue hills
Rise in the distance with a crown of clouds ?
O what a place to breathe in ! It was hard
And much exhausting, toiling up the turf,
And twenty times I wiped the sweat away
Amid the pauses of my upward march ;
But here I am, with heaven above my head,

O'errun with beauty, and great thoughts like ships
Gliding across the waters of my soul ;
The earth below me like a teeming mart.
So renovated, so refreshed am I,
If I had wings I'd flash into the air,
And strive with all the marvel of a sage
To grasp this growing grandeur. In the woods
At summer twilight, I have heard strange songs
Travelling among the shadows, and my strength
Grew as the notes waxed louder, till I felt
The sinews of a giant, and strode on
With supple limbs through seas of solemn sound,
Feeling no weariness, forgetting pain,
And followed by an angel. But this height,
So near the chamber of the Mighty One,
Brings organ swells, and crash of lifted trumps,
And sounding odes from choirs whose wings are
flame,
Whose harps are moulded in the fires of love,
That I grow big with blessing.

Reuben Ross.

This bright world
Has much good gifts to comfort cheerfulness,
Which grumblers never win. If I have light,
And bread and water, and a soul to feel,
This is full theme for praising, and I hear
A thousand harps among the ripening corn.
That cottage yonder by the forest side

Is my own birthplace. It has power to draw
The hot tears from their fountains, though I've been
'Mid other scenes for long eventful years,
Struggling with hardships which I overcame,
And left behind in ruins. O how sweet
To view the porch, the walls, the roof of home,
After long travel! Trees have disappeared,
Boulders have vanished, lakes have left the land,
And barren wastes grown fruitful; but below
Is the dear sanctum of my early life,
Wooing me like a vision, and I weep,
And clasp my hands in prayer.

Woodcutter.

Coming here

I passed a poet where the moss was close,
And rushes waved, and willows. By his side
A gray rock rose with lichen on its front,
And overhead from out the great hill steep,
With roots half bare for lack of helpful mould,
A tree gave grateful shadow. He was pale,
Much worn with musing, and his pensive eyes
Were wells of thought where hallowed figures hid,
Ready to flash forth at the sound of song.
I saw he had been weeping. By him lay
A written fragment, moistened with his tears;
And when I spoke of homes and warm firesides,
With books and loved companions, I could see
Him freely use his kerchief, and I knew

The mountains were his closet. Oft I hear
 Sublime intonings when my sharp axe strikes
 The monarch of the forest : then the woods
 Are full of murmurs solemn as the sea,
 Nor need I other harpings.

Reuben Ross. Ever flows
 From Nature's lyre the voice of harmony.
 Has this provincial bard the holy fire
 Which the Divine One to His true-born gives ?
 And has he written words which stir the soul ?

Woodcutter. The world should thank him for his
 wondrous book,

Which lives when tombs are ashes : but he's poor,
 And hence neglected. Money rules the world
 And bridles genius. By him dwells a man
 Whom Fortune has much favoured : gold and land
 Have come almost unsought for, and he's rich.

He gives of his abundance to the poor ;
 He builds a home to shelter widowhood ;
 And praises crowd upon him. Slaves bow down
 And worship at his footstool, and his deeds
 Shine in the columns of the journalist.

Men meet in conclave, and their voices shout,
 " His charity shall be his monument :
 A noble man, the noblest of his kind."
 And they are satisfied, and so is he.
 Amid this swell of praise the bard is lost,

Although his lofty thoughts shall burn and blaze
When monuments are powder. Comes the moth,
The rust, the ravage, water-fiend, and fire ;
And riches vanish : but the poet's lay
Shall gild the globe with glory evermore.

[*Exit Woodcutter.*

Reuben Ross (aside). How like the full moon o'er
the castled hill,

With scarce a sign to herald her approach,
Wooing the earth to watch her loveliness,
Steals the true poet on the wakeful world !
No flash of arms, no boom of brazen guns,
No sound of trump, no clang of ringing bells,
Announce him to his fellows ; but he spreads
His thoughts before them like the silent heavens.
Hark ! hark ! what music ! these dear vales are
full,

And every moss bank has a harper on't ;
The doors of song seem open and out pours
More melody than this small sphere can hold.
Is it some angel wandering near the world ?
Again the music ripples on mine ears,
Again it swells and rises, and the flowers
Shake with the sweetness. On my fancy steals
A lovely vision, which was wont to cheer
Me in the bliss of morning when my life
Was heavy with the honey of delight.

My precious Mata ! it is surely she.
Thus I repose and listen.

MATA *sings in the distance.*

There grew a flower on Albion's strand,
The fairest flower in all the land :
But came the winds one cloudy day,
And swept my gentle rose away.

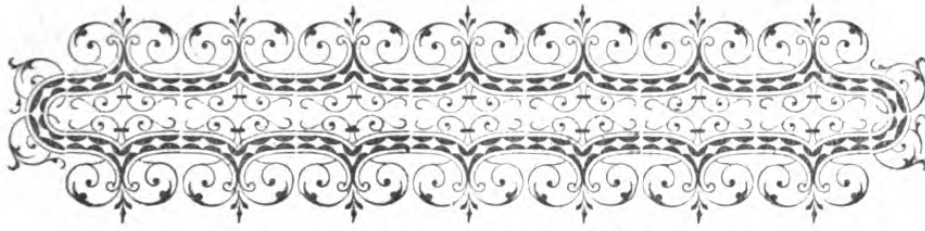
There sang a bird by English lakes,
No sweeter carol'd from the brakes :
But sighed the seas, my thrush was flown,
And now I'm in the world alone.

In British woods a sapling throve,
A greener never graced a grove :
But burst the lightning's livid glare,
And pass'd my plant I know not where.

O Reuben, Reuben, where art thou !
My rose, my thrush, my greenwood bough !
The hills may melt, the valleys flee,
My love shall not depart from thee.

[*Exeunt.*





REUBEN ROSS.

PART SECOND.

SCENE—*Cave on the cliff with REUBEN ROSS before it.* TIME—*Morning.*

Reuben Ross. No Providence! The thought itself
is sin,
And burns like cinders. Hence, ye cloudy doubts,
And hide with Error in his vault of gloom,
Where never daylight pierces! In the heavens
I see His hand, and trace it on the earth.
The hurricane that travels in the dark
With ruin on his wings; the northern winds
That twist the oaks like straws; the thunder roar
That awes the rocking mountains; the great sea,
The forest-trumpets, the swift river's voice,
The changing seasons, sun and moon and stars,
Comets and clouds, the hues of morn and eve;
Birds on the boughs, the flowerets of the fields,
The rain among the roses, sounds and sights
At every angle, fill their cups of praise,
And gladly hymn the God of Providence.
He feeds the widow and her weeping babes,

Though to the cold world strangers. The poor man
With sackcloth on his loins, begging his bread
From door to door, the road his only home,
Has his wants met by Him who succours all.
Once in a cottage by a shelly creek
I saw an aged matron at her meal,
A crust of bread and water. I had found
Her door half open : so I entered in
Somewhat abruptly. At her table's end
By a small window, sheltering a few flowers,
Sat this contented pilgrim. Need I say,
Her linen weeds and linen cap were clean
As when they left the mangle? Her two hands
Were clasped together and her eyes upraised.
I watched her face, and saw two tears upon't
Shining like crystal, slowly gliding down
Where wrinkles long had wasted. 'Twas a sight
To fix the gaze of angels, a fit theme
To engage the artist's pencil, this grey saint
Left lonely in the desert, praising God
For a dry crust and water. May not kings
And thankless princes learn a lesson here?

[*He still soliloquizes.*

“There is a Providence,” the hills reply,
When shouting to each other: valleys urge
The echo onwards to remotest dells,
And wood and waste proclaim it. Cities vast,

And hamlets brown, and cottages of reed
Tell the same holy story. Cornfields wave
The truth in living billows, and the vine
For ever whispers its Creator's name.
I see Him in the firmament of stars,
And in the blue of ether; in the clouds
Marshalled at sunset round the crimson west,
With banners stained with glory; in the flowers
That fringe the skirts of Nature; in the leaves
That rustle music to the milkmaid's song;
In the proud eagle's wing-flash, as he leaves
The highest peaks behind him; in the wren
That chirps among the brambles; in the rain,
The ice, the snow, the sunshine, and the gloom;
The merest atom, the sublimest height,
The heavens, the earth, are full of Providence.
Nor do I fail in meaner things to trace
The hand of the Upholder. The poor swain
Whom ills detained to reach the bark in time
Which foundered in its passage; the young girl,
Met in her sorrow by the hand of love
Which led her to the altar; the old pair
Drifted with adverse winds o'er angry seas,
Swift-sailing till the currents drew the hulk
Safe into harbour where the woods were green;
The book left open where the scoffer read
Words sharp as arrows, leading him to light

And bliss which never endeth : these attest
The grace and guidance of the Power Divine.
Nor do I fear to trust Him, though the way
Is blocked with marble higher than the hills,
And no path lies before me. He is God,
And will not leave His people.

[*He still soliloquizes.*

Hear, ye hills,
And list, ye solemn valleys! Did I not
Do all for Mata? labour, live for her,
Keep her before me like a rose-leaf shrine,
All purity and odour? Did she not
In fancy follow me from place to place
With silent footstep, raining on my soul
An influence steeped in Eden? Did I stand
Among my fellows trafficking for gold?
Her bright eyes seemed to scan me. Did my gains
Swell more and more, as the slow years crept by,
Until the wine of riches warmed my brain,
And the great earth put out her garden flowers
To Summer's fullest music? on me beamed
A smile like Mercy's from my Mata's face.
Did I encounter winds, and dismal rains,
And thunder shocks, and rushing lightning fires,
'Mid barrenness and blackness? Mata's mien
Shone in the conflict, till the mighty storm
Staggered amid its triumph, and fell back

Tamed with its own great passion. She was all,
My light, my life, my sum of happiness,
The spring of every action; and the sky
Which canopied my future, seemed to be
All blue with beauty. Home I came at last
To claim her as my own for evermore
Without a jot of hinderance, when a spell
Mysterious as the darkness covered all:
I heard her voice, a living voice it seemed,
Where harebells bent their faces. Thrilled I was,
And ran to meet her at the cottage porch,
Where we had whispered love in other days:
But Mata was not there. I shrieked her name
Till echo mocked me and the rocks replied,
And yet she came not; no, she never came.
The earth grew dark; its glory disappeared:
I sought this cavern. Oft the little birds
Come twittering round me; but they cannot tell
Where I may find my Mata. Silence, speak:
Is she on earth, or dwells my love in heaven?
Does she wear weeds that fairy fingers weave,
Or is she clad in robes which angels own?
How big are my surmisings! but no sound
Reveals the secret; and I harbour here
Amid the trumpets of the mighty crags,
Till death shall solve the riddle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE—*Mountain Top.* TIME—*Twilight.* Enter
the STORM KING.

Storm King. What of tears ?
Think you my heart will soften for a sigh
From weaker woman ? that a few poor moans
From stricken starvelings will affect my soul ?
Think you a prayer from Agony's lean lips
Would thwart my purpose, or my plans subvert,
Stay my ripe fierceness, or impede my march ?
Shall I for shrieks from a few timid swains
Fold my black wings, and cower behind the poles ?
Shall babes affright me on their mothers' knees ?
No truly ! Though old age twitch his white hair,
And beat his hard palms gory ; though the rose
Fade out of Beauty's visage, and her eye
Lack all its living lustre ; though the voice
Of wailing rise like ocean in his wrath,
And hot tears roll in rivers ; though Distress
Lift up his wrongs in thunder, I'll go forth
With savage tread, and on the humbled earth
Pour out the vengeance of my fury-cup.
How will I shake the mountains by their hair,
Until the valleys tremble ! how arouse
The spirit of the ocean, till the waves
Boil in their anger, surging ship and crew !
The pines shall ring for fear ; the awful rocks

Grind in their chambers ; the grand cedars mourn ;
Man in the uproar of the earth and heaven
Shall lowly bend and worship. Love shall sigh,
Mirth drop his mask, and Pleasure hide her head.
Fair habitations built upon the rock
Shall reel and waver, wailing to their fall ;
The strong trees raise their arms, to be dashed
down

And rise no more for ever. A great swell
Shall surge across the land and smite the sea,
Hiding the heavens from vision. Babes shall
cling

Close to their mothers, wondering at the woe,
And lift their eyes to scan the saddened face.
Cloud shall meet cloud, and wreck ride over wreck,
As 't were the end of all things ; but I 'll sit
Upon my throne, and lift my hands, and roar
At the tremendous frolic. Thus I blow
My azure trump, and call my servants round.
Go ye and do my bidding ! [Exit.

SCENE—*High cliff.* TIME—*Morning.* Enter a
COTTAGER.

Cottager. All night long
I 've heard oppressive moaning, and dull sounds
Have walked the moors with Midnight. I came
out

And paced my little garden, musing much ;
Then leant upon the wicket. O how black
Was everything around ! I strained mine eyes
In vain to pierce its thickness, raised my hand,
But could not see it, thrust it in the gloom,
And drew it back with a mysterious chill.
The mighty heavens and the big earth seemed one.
And still those sighs ! I sought my door again ;
Crept to my chamber ; pressed my pleasant bed ;
But sleep forsook me. So when morn arose
With dew upon her hair, before her veil
Was laid aside, I sought this lofty cliff
To look and listen. Yonder comes a boat
Without a rower, drifting here and there,
At mercy of the billows. Strange indeed !
Let me descend this pathway to the sea,
And labour to secure it. [*He secures the boat.*

What is this ?

No oar, no oarsman, but a maiden fair
Lies in the small boat's bottom. On her face
The curls are clustered. O how white that face,
How beautiful those hands ! That snowy neck
Is full perfection ; and that lovely brow !—
Can so much beauty be in league with death ?
I almost fear to test it. Heavens ! she breathes.
Still lives the gentle maiden. From what isle
Has such a blossom drifted ? and where dwells

The idol of her being? Is her home
Where palms are graceful, and the honey-bee
Lays up her stores, where the gay red-bird breeds?
Or is her garden by this beetling cliff,
Where sea flowers woo the waters? See, she
 moves,
And opes her eyes like Summer to the dawn.
But comes a stranger singularly clad,
Prying about him with an earnest look,
As if he sought adventure. [*Enter REUBEN ROSS.*
Reuben Ross. Truly this
Has been a night of roaring. Down and dell,
And fen and forest, earth, and sea, and sky
Appeared one awful trumpet, uttering woe.
My cave became too small to hold my thoughts,
And so I left it for the great sea-shore,
To watch the waves and wonder. In the rage
Of loosened elements methought I heard
A voice like Mata's, calling on my name:
A hundred times I heard it, as I paused
A hundred times to listen to the gale.
What mean these symbols in the arc of strife?
The sweetest word that ever charmed mine ear
Is hurled along the air in shocks of doom
With horror and the thunder. It foretells
Intelligence as rapid as the roar
Of whirlwinds on the desert. What is this?

A peasant with a boat upon the sand,—
Perhaps a smuggler. Ho! what have you here?
Cottager. As I stole out to watch the angry deep,
This boat came tossing, which with my two hands
I pulled where now thou see'st it. Start not back:
It holds a damsel fairer than a queen,
The diamond of the waters. Speak to her,
If thou hast aught that presses to thy lips.
Reuben Ross. A precious freight! Why is it thou
art here,
Voyaging across the salt sea all alone,
Like daughter of the ocean? Is the ship
That bore thee wrecked, and thy companions gone?
Or didst thou lose thy way, and lose thy oars,
And toss thou knew'st not whither? Let me know:
Tell me thy name, and wherefore art thou thus.
Maiden. Give me a little water, and I'll speak.
I had a lover once, a kindly youth;
And if he lives, I'm sure he loves me still.
He left me for the seas, and came no more:
But night and day I seemed to see his face
And hear his voice, so like an April bird;
And then a rumour reached me he was ill
And fading among strangers. This was sad;
And every hour it sadder, heavier, grew,
Till I no more could bear it. Tears I shed
And burning sighs, until the listening Night

Grew paler as it watched me, and a voice
Was strangely sounding, sounding evermore,
"Go seek him where he suffers." So I turned
From home and its endearments, sire and friends,
With a great love like fire within my soul,
Burning more fiercely as the dangers swelled ;
And in a ship careering o'er the sea
I met the raging tempest. Days and nights
Our bark was tossed and battered, driven back,
And then advancing, then again repelled
With sevenfold fury, till the timbers groaned
And the seams sucked the water. Back we came,
And neared the shores of England, when a rock
Drew her upon its flint, and all was lost.
I sprang into a boat, and drifted here.
The rest I need not tell you. God is good :
He willeth not the sinner's overthrow,
But rather all should turn to Him and live.
Now guide me to my mother : by the wood
Is her abode, with ivy overgrown,
Where, when the swallows wheel along the moors,
I'll kneel and pray for Reuben.

Reuben Ross.

Maid, thy name :

Thou hast not told me this. What is thy name ?

Speak quickly, firmly : gaze into my face.

Thou canst not tell the weight that hangs on it :

No alchemist had ever such a power :

It has a spell to change these rocks to gold,
 To turn December into pleasant May,
 My painful night to morning. Speak, O speak;
 A world of sweetness hangs upon thy name.
Maiden. If my poor name is such a weight with
 thee,

I blush not to reveal it. Ever since
 I've known the sweetness of a mother's love,
 And at her feet put up my evening prayer,
 When all the earth was holy; ever since
 I've worn a necklace of dear daisy-flowers,
 When hand-in-hand with Innocence I walked,
 And shouted to the cuckoo; ever since
 I've been a child, and now when older grown,
 They simply call me MATA.

Reuben Ross. Blessed girl,
 Come to my arms, thy Reuben meets thee here:
 Misfortune's winds which strangely stranded us
 Have brought us thus together. Night is gone,
 And sudden morn has dazzled me with joy.
 Let's kiss thy face, more lovely in distress:

[*He kisses her.*

Another, and another. Precious maid!
 This is no dream: no, no: I am awake,
 A spirit cannot charm as Mata does.
 I seem to tread a sphere where goodness dwells,
 And sin approaches never. This great bliss

Walks with me like a moon, so that my path
Is on through glades of silver. Kiss me, love :
I have a history long and intricate,
Which if unravelled now would tire thine ears ;
Suffice it that this hour all pleasure-fraught
Atones for years of anguish. Let it go.
I grasp the future, 'mid the rush of song
From copse and corn-field ; and sweet marriage-
bells
Seem floating o'er the waters. Mata, come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Country lane.* TIME—*Evening.* Enter
REUBEN ROSS and MATA.

Reuben Ross. How sweet these woodbines arching
overhead !

But sweeter is thy breath than honey-flowers ;
Thy speech than lark's spring warble. Look on me,
And let me read the mystery in thine eyes :
Within their depths are images of light
With snowy wings, reclining in their dreams
On emerald banks, where droop the buds of peace.
How lovely does my Mata make the world !
Her presence fills the desert with perfume,
And clothes the waste an Eden ; the dry ground
Is barrenness no longer ; verdure smiles,

And lilies grow amid the water-springs.
The coming years, with plenty in their arms,
Rise on my vision like a pleasant poem,
Which it is rapture to bend o'er and read.
We'll walk the world together; let it frown,
And both our hearts are wounded; let it smile,
And summer suns shall kindle up our souls:
Thus will we share the bitter and the sweet.
Lean on my arm, dear Mata. Did I hear
A murmur in the thicket? It was Love
Wooing us to her arbour. Here we'll sit,
And lose ourselves in kisses. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—*A small Village.* TIME—*Noon.* Enter
a well-dressed MATRON.

Matron. O how true!
Whate'er we sow, that shall we also reap;
The thistle-seed will never bring forth figs;
Nor yields the hawthorn grapes. A life of wrong
Will cause remorse and sorrow, and the stings
Of deep contrition, wretchedness, and woe.
Sobriety shall win its own reward,
And gain a solid footing. Give me this,
Although the struggle ends where heaven begins.
Let Reuben Ross this truthful lesson teach:
He gave his hand, his heart, to honesty,

And in a land where strong temptations lure,
He struggled with his fate. Slowly he rose,
Step after step, gaining the world's esteem,
And adding gold to gold, till he was rich.
And now he comes to pass his latter days
Beside his native fountain. Hark, the bells
Among the oaks are ringing merry peals,
And maids in white come tripping o'er the stiles ;
It is a wedding : Reuben takes to wife
My only daughter Mata. Thus 't will be
When the young world grows older, bells will ring,
And bridal feet go brushing through the flowers,
While mourners pass them with the silent bier.

[*Enter an aged WIDOW.*

Widow. My prayers for Reuben. Those are
truly good

Who live for others, overcoming self.

How many hearts have Reuben's gifts made glad !
How many widows thanked him ! Wreaths of
praise

Have circled up to heaven, and reached the throne,
Which shall descend in blessings on his path,
Like rain upon the verdure of the fields.

O how much better would the wide world be
If there were other Reubens, men who fed
The fatherless and widow, and where'er
The toiling pilgrim trod with weary feet

Would hail him as a brother ! It will come,
Although the clouds are congregated now
Upon the distant mountains, and the roar
Of rude artillery rattles : it will come,
The golden age of plenitude and peace,
When Friendship's arms shall circle all the globe.
Bless you, these bells are ringing showers of joy,
And wafting gladness to a hundred hearths ;
'Twould do you good to see the gladdened dames
In straw-roofed sheds, with clean washed garments on,
Talking of Mata, Reuben's happy bride,
And calling her an angel. Earth has frowns,
Which often chill the tender leaves of Hope,
And on the face of Meekness force the tear ;
But days like this bring balm for other hours.

[*Exit* WIDOW.]

Matron. 'Tis always best to take the pleasant
path,
And leave sharp thorns behind us ; always best
To hand the cup of kindness, and to greet
Mankind as brethren on the march of life :
How many are there using rough command,
And treading on their fellows, causing pain,
Where kindness would bring pleasure ! Not a
blow
Should fall on human form to cause a tear,

Or harsh word wound the spirit, could my prayer
But win an echo in the soul Divine.
A traveller climbing up a rugged hill
Beheld before him in the hanging mist
An object which he thought was some wild beast
Slow-prowling through the stubble. On he passed,
The huge thing getting nearer, and it seemed
More hideous than before. He wiped his brow
And struggled onward ; but when face to face,
He found 'twas his own brother. Thus it is
Upon the highway to the upper hills.
But here is Reuben's home. I'll enter in
Amid the bridal music.

[*Singing in the distance.*]

The world may seem an endless round,
Through briars and thorns and stony ground,
Still up the steep with strife and strain ;
But virtue its reward shall gain.

The winds may frown, the earth be bare,
And we like those who beat the air ;
But courage ! courage ! danger's past,
And virtue wins the prize at last.

Why should we hang our heads and moan ?
The shepherd sometimes gains a throne ;
And perseverance shall succeed,
For virtue wins its honest meed.

Gay vests of silk and broadcloth rare
Oft hide a bosom genius-bare ;
And though from these we be debarred,
Yet virtue wins its own reward.

Then let us chant our songs to-day
In praise and hope, as well we may,
And pour our psalms forth full and fast ;
For virtue shall succeed at last. [*Exeunt.*]



MINOR POEMS



MINOR POEMS.

A SPRING WARBLE.

THE setting sun, the purple dell,
The orchard bud, the tolling bell ;
The violet's eye among the moss ;
The linnet chirping by the cross ;
The primrose 'neath the old oak-tree :
These sounds I hear, those sights I see.

The winding lane, the bursting may ;
The happy children at their play ;
The robin's nest beside the stone
With fern and ivy half-o'ergrown ;
The milkmaid singing from the lea :
These sounds I hear, those sights I see.

The passing peasant's earnest smile ;
The lovers loitering by the stile ;
The dewy mead with daisies drest ;
The ploughboy whistling to his rest ;
The twittering wren where blue-bells be :
These sounds I hear, those sights I see.

The stream that tinkles long and late
By crag and creek and meadow-gate ;
The sporting lamb, the cuckoo's call ;
The halo hanging over all ;
The swallows floating up the lea :
These sounds I hear, those sights I see.

But comes the time when I no more
Shall pace these lovely uplands o'er,
When, lying low where worms reside
And sounds of music never glide,
No longer it remains for me
These sounds to hear, those sights to see.

DAVIE DRAKE.

A COTTAGE 'mid the moorland reed
Smiled by the fairies' turning ;
And there it was that Davie Drake
First saw the light of morning.
He had a pleasant loving face ;
His eyes with joy were beaming ;
And he among his native flowers
Appeared like April dreaming.

The seasons ran their annual rounds,
The sun and stars grew older ;
Ambition seized his thoughtful soul,
And Davie Drake was bolder.
A voice seemed sounding on the hill,
And whispering through the brier :
“ Climb, Davie, climb ; the way is free
To higher things and higher.”

His friends were poor, his kindred few ;
His father was a hedger ;
His only uncle on the cliff
A weather-beaten dredger.
He had no one his mind to guide
To teach him e'en the letters :
So Davie said, “ I'll teach myself,
And climb towards my betters.”

The way was long, the hill was high,
The rough ascent distressing ;
But Davie boldly persevered ;
Still step by step progressing.
Hope walked beside him, chanting sweet,
In rainbow-rich attire :
“ Climb, Davie, climb ; the way is free
To higher things and higher.”

The people raised uncertain sounds,
Which through the air were sighing,
As they looked on with folded arms,
 "'Tis no use, Davie, trying."
He placed his fingers in his ears,
 Impelled by warm desire,
And upwards through the mist arose
 To higher things and higher.

At last he reached the golden height
 With streaks of glory laden ;
He gained the Lily of the Loch,
 The banker's matchless maiden.
He gained the honour of his race,
 Who bowed before his lyre.
Still Davie Drake this motto bears :
 "'To higher things and higher."

WILLIE WHITE'S RETURN.

IN foreign countries Willie White
 Roamed seeking gold and fame,
Leaving behind him in the glen
 A poor but loving dame ;
Leaving a sister and a sire,
 A brother by the streams,
And Mary, cherished more than all,
 The angel of his dreams.

The sun was shining on the lake,
The lark was in the sky,
The milkmaid carolled by the bridge,
As Willie White passed by.
He saw the mill-wheel in the vale,
Which filled his heart with joy,
Where oft he whistled by the brook,
A careless happy boy.

And then his cottage came in sight,
He marked it through his tears ;
O, he had not beheld its roof
For many, many years.
Conflicting feelings filled his soul,
As he stood listening there ;
And from his lips warm praises rose,
And from his heart a prayer.

His brother ploughed the hill-side farm
Beside the orchard hedge,
Where little robin built its nest
Among the moss and sedge ;
His sister to the great round pond
Drove down the thriving kine ;
He waved his cap, and called their names,
And they returned the sign.

His father shouted from the yard,
Where he the reed did spin,
“ Here’s our own Willie home again !
Come in, my boy, come in ! ”
His mother left the cake unturned
Upon the great fireplace,
And rushed into his open arms,
And wept upon his face.

The hours sped fast, as tales went round ;
And when the day was flown,
Two blue eyes met him in the dusk :
O, they were Mary’s own !
He clasped the maiden to his breast,
And all his secret told ;
And she that night had Willie’s heart,
And Willie’s bags of gold.

LOST AND FOUND.

THE garden-gate wide open swung ;
A blooming pair passed by ;
The old man ’neath the beech-tree sat
With sorrow in his eye.
He heeded not the lark o’erhead ;
His gaze was on the ground :
For he that morn his daughter lost,
And she a husband found.

He watched them down the lonely lane,
And o'er the village stile,
Beyond the hollow by the wood
Where honeysuckles smile ;
And birds were singing by the brook,
And whistling on the trees ;
And oft the maiden's handkerchief
Was waving on the breeze.

Full soon beyond the old man's view
The youthful couple pass'd :
He dropped his face upon his hands,
And tears fell free and fast ;
And other days came back to him
With hopes and fears sublime
When earth with buds was beautiful,
And love was in its prime.

And then a mystic stillness fell
Upon his waiting soul,
And echoes from the higher hills
Over his spirit stole.
He lifted up his furrowed face,—
Serene it was and mild,—
And breathed these earnest words of prayer :
“ O Heaven, direct my child ! ”

Days passed, and months, and then there
came

A little stranger fair,
With million mysteries in her eyes,
Soft cheek and shining hair ;
And smallest feet were toddling round
Upon his cottage floor,
And sunny smiles went up to him,
And he was glad once more.

And thus the tale of human life
For evermore is told :
To-day the sky is overcast,
To-morrow tinged with gold.
One joy departs, another comes
To fill the vacant place ;
And so 'twill be till death assails
The last of Adam's race.

SAMSON SIDD.

AMONG the miners, Samson Sidd
Was underground a digger ;
He loved a damsel of the down,
A graceful fairy figure.
They told him gold shone in the ground
A month's fair sail from Dover,
And those who sought it always found :
Said Samson, " I 'll go over ! "

So he took ship, and sailed away,
Leaving the maiden weeping ;
And through the years their first fresh love
She in her soul was keeping.
The winds blew loud, the winds blew still,
Through all the seasons swelling ;
But she was faithful to her vow
Within her mother's dwelling.

One eve when bats flew by the church,
Where yew-trees stood so stilly,
The tea was on the cottage-board,
Where sat the gentle Milly ;
When on the porch a timid tap
Came in the sparrows' chatter,
And up the mother gently rose
To see what was the matter.

And when the door was opened wide,
Among the wall-rose bushes,
A handsome man was standing there,
And, O, how Milly blushes !
You 'll guess, I know, 't was Samson Sidd,
With gold and jewels laden,
And a true heart within his breast,
Come back to claim the maiden.

The old man rose to welcome him,
And held his hand out lightly,
Stepping across the kitchen floor,
And Samson grasped it tightly.
His wife smiled much to see him come
As she the biscuit buttered,
And brought the fresh cream in the cup,
While Milly's bosom fluttered.

They placed the best chair on the mat,
And kindly him they greeted ;
Blush after blush warmed Milly's face,
And Samson soon was seated.
And oft along the table-top
With deep delight he glances ;
As Milly meets his look of love,
Her heart with pleasure dances.

And then he told them how his path
Had been where gold was shining,
And that his fortune still held on
Without the least declining.
And ere a month had passed away,
Its blissful visions bringing,
For Samson Sidd and Milly May
The marriage bells were ringing.

TO BE WHERE MAN IS NOT.

AMID the emerald meadows
The lark unfolds his wings,
And in the blue of ether
He high and higher sings :
The slender harebell bendeth
Where mosses mark the spot :
How sweet in silent musing
To be where man is not !

To walk by falling waters,
And little lonely rills,
Which murmur 'mid the rushes
Among the watching hills :
O, here the swallow glideth
By many a fairy grot :
How sweet in solemn silence
To be where man is not !

The murmur of the forest,
The woodbine and the rose,
The thorn and tangled thicket,
Along the dingle flows.

No music is like Nature's,
By bird and breeze begot :
How much the soul may profit
To be where man is not !

O, could my wish be granted,
My dwelling-place should stand
Alone amid the mountains,
With woods on either hand,
Where limpid runnels ripple,
And thrush-notes link the thought ;
Contented thus for ever
To be where man is not.

Full oft through sorrow's portals
I sadly enter in
Where want and wrong are lying
Upon the couch of sin ;
And pallid faces meet me
In many a mouldy spot :
How yearn I in the clamour
To be where man is not !

And oft where woe is wasting,
Where noise and tumult reign,
Where pomp and pride are worshipp'd,
And crown'd with wondrous fame ;

Where merit lies in shadow
To struggle with its lot ;
I long with tears for ever
To be where man is not.

CILDA AND THE SAILOR.

DAYLIGHT on the yellow moors
With the dusk was dying,
Cilda by the empty board
In their cot was sighing.
“ We are hungry, mother dear,
Sadness is our measure ;
Can we have another meal ? ”
“ I have none, my treasure !

“ And we owe a twelvemonth’s rent,
Which augments our sorrow ;
The hard landlord turns us out
In the lanes to-morrow.
Houseless, homeless, we must be,
Smote in form and feature ;
But there is a Providence
O’er the meanest creature.

“ Sure I hear a manly step
Where the elms are rocking :
'T is a sailor clad in blue :
Hark ! my love he 's knocking.
Ope the door and let him in,
Our sad secret keeping :
Do not show the mariner
That we have been weeping.”

“ Can you tell me, mistress, say,
Where lives Thomas Tilly ?
Is it somewhere hereabouts
Where the fields are hilly ?
Years have passed since last we met,
Ere I was a whaler,
Sailing over swelling seas :—
Hear an honest sailor.”

“ In the grave he lieth low ;
There the thrush is singing ;
Freshly too the churchyard grass
O'er his head is springing.
I'm his widow : Cilda here
Is his only daughter :
For the sake of Tilly gone,
Welcome o'er the water ! ”

“ Thomas Tilly lent me gold
When I was in trouble :
Jack will nothing do by halves,—
Here it is, and double ! ”
Saying this, ten guineas shone
In her hand together :
“ Honesty shall win at last,
Spite of wind and weather ! ”

O'er the threshold then he stepped
While their tears were flowing,
And along the river walked
With a bosom glowing.
“ Bless the Lord ! ” the mother cried ;
“ He hath seen our sorrow.”
“ Yes,” said Cilda, “ He will give
Strength for every morrow.”

EMMA.

STILL moon by moon she faded,
As in the cold the flower ;
And yet her beauty lingered,
Increasing every hour.

We never heard her murmur
At her false lover's deed ;
While life's light faded slowly,
Like evening in the reed.

Beside the porch where roses
Hung o'er the garden-rail
She sometimes sat, while sounded
The church-bells through the vale.
O then her mien was saintly,
In meditation deep,
And oft we turned our faces
Among the leaves to weep.

And Emma still grew paler,
As on her bed she lay,
Where the small Gothic lattice
Looked out upon the bay.
In loveliness she lingered,
With prayer in every breath ;
Nor ever blamed her lover,
Whose cruelty was death.

And then was given the slumber
Which His beloved know,
Who wake where mystery ceaseth,
And trees of healing grow.

She lieth by the chancel,
And here the robin sings,
The solemn cypress whispers,
The humble daisy springs.

FATHER COMES TO-DAY.

“HASTE, mother, to the garden gate,
And look across the moor:
The train is hurrying by the wood;
I see it from the door.
Whilst you did rub the pewter cans,
I heard you softly say
That we must make our cottage neat,
For father comes to-day.

“And borne upon the wandering breeze
The engine-puffs are loud;
And see the steam which evermore
Doth follow like a cloud.
O Benny, Benny, clap your hands,
And cease awhile to play;
And let us watch beside the door,
For father comes to-day.”

Full soon a traveller, staff in hand,
Came walking o'er the green ;
And oft he paused beside the stile,
To mark the pleasant scene.
He saw his children by his home,
And dashed the tear away,
And shouted as they raised their arms,
" Your father comes to-day."

And then his footsteps quickened so,
As he drew near the gate,
Like one whom royal duty urged,
So that he dare not wait.
And soon they felt his warm embrace,
And on his bosom lay,
While Sarah sobbed amid her tears,
" Your father's come to-day."

Beside the fire they chatted long,
How little Pedro's feet
Would take her out no more to sell
Her cresses in the street ;
And Benny would be clothed and fed
Beneath affection's ray :
And O what prayers arose to Heaven
For father come to-day !

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

SHE held her kerchief to her eyes,
As by the door she stood :
Two pretty children heard her sighs,
And did what children could.
“Hush! mother, hush! the spring returns,
With violets in the lane,
And our dear father from the wars
Will then come home again.

“ He kissed us as he went away,
Leaning upon his gun ;
And his bright arms were gleaming so,—
How flashed they in the sun !
Hush ! mother, hush ! he 'll come again
When buds are on the tree,
With much for you, and lots of things
For little Carr and me.”

“ No, no, my loves ! The spring returns
With leaflets in the lane ;
Your soldier-father comes no more,
He slumbers with the slain.
His grave is on the trodden field,
Where he in armour fell,
By foemen rushing to the charge ;
They say he sleepeth well.

“ They say that honour marks his deeds,
And much of knightly fame ;
That reputation holds his tomb,
And glory crowns his name :
And yet they leave us here to starve,
Or beg our daily bread :
Is this the glory which he won ?
I would that we were dead.”

Then down the lane they slowly went,
Along the barren moor,
Leaving their early home behind,
To see its roof no more.
And oft she stooped with anguish keen
To wipe her children's eyes :
Is this the hero's poor reward ?
O ! when will men be wise ?

THE PRODIGAL'S RECEPTION.

“ STILL wait we for him, Reuben,
Although the year is old ;
And down the barren ridges
In wild gusts sweeps the cold :

To-night the stars are hidden,
The moon has lost her way.
Still look we for him, Reuben,
And wait, and watch, and pray.

“ Five summers have departed,
Five lingering autumns fled,
Since we one morning missed him,
And mourned our boy as dead.
Still we for him are waiting,
Though he in rags may come,
To give him warmest welcome
To father, mother, home.

“ Did not the gate clink, Reuben,
Beside the rose-tree's stalk ?
And now I hear a footstep
Upon the garden walk ;
Now at the door a knocking
As timid as can be :
O ! ope it quickly, Reuben,
My precious boy, 't is he ! ”

The fire was soon rekindled ;
The milk was in the can ;
The best cheese on the table ;
The meat hissed in the pan ;

The china left the cupboard ;
The lost was in their home ;
The kiss upon his forehead ;
The prodigal was come.

REMINISCENCES.

FAR down a narrow straggling street
Where crumpled casements stared,
An old pair sat beside the grate,
Where shipwreck fragments flared :
And thus they talked, while March winds
roar'd,
And many a rafter bared :

“What pleasing pictures,” Walter said,
“In these primroses rise,
Which Dan has from the dingle brought,
Where many a swallow flies,
And hyacinths and daffodils
Look up on summer skies !

“How joyed we oft, when evening shades
Were lengthen'd on the lea,
To sit where violets gemmed the banks
Beneath the white thorn tree,
And Walter whispered Mary's name,
And Mary mentioned me !

“ But now how stiff our joints are gone !
The keepers tremble so ;
The grinders cease, because so few ;
The sound thereof is low.
How great the change ! A staff must help
Our footsteps where we go.”

“ Yes, Walter, yes : I see it still,
The stile beside the gate,
Where trifles would detain us long,
And still we loved to wait ;
Nor till the eve-star gemm'd the west
Deem'd we the hour was late.

“ These early scenes of other days
Like white-robed seraphs stand
Along this wilderness of care,
With rocks on either hand :
And still the tears of memory fall
Upon life's shifting sand.

“ We've borne the heat and burden long,
And shared each other's woe ;
And mutual have our pleasures been
Through garden glades below ;
And mutual are our future hopes
Where very soon we go.”

Thus fondly talk'd this aged pair,
While winds did wildly roar ;
A bunch of flowerets from the fields
Call'd up this hidden store,
And fill'd their souls with golden gleams
From memory's pearly shore.

THE HEROIC MINER.

THE world has real heroes,
Whose minds with truth are stored,
Who never bled in battle,
Who never wielded sword :
True helpers of the people,
In moral warfare strong ;
Whose lives have passed unheeded,
Whose names are not in song.

And such I deem the miner
Who, when his work was done,
Ascended in the bucket,
He and his little son.
O, how they fondly chatted,
As up the shaft they sped,
Of those who waited for them
Where their own board was spread !

When, hark! a crack which fills them
With sharp and sudden pain :
The rope, the rope is breaking,—
Two strands are snapped in twain ;
One, only one remaineth,—
The strain doth it destroy ;
It cannot bear much longer
That father and his boy.

O noble, noble parent !
“ Sit still, my child,” said he.
“ ’T will bear you up in safety,
And do not grieve for me.”
And then that loving father
Sprang out into the gloom,
And found within the darkness
A Christian hero’s tomb.

How grand is such an action
In this full world of strife !
Such deeds are deeply graven
Within the Book of Life :
And coming years should honour
The noble miner’s name
In metal and in marble
With everlasting fame.

SUSIE SANDS.

BENEATH a thorn sat Susie Sands,
Reading an ancient lay,
The sun behind the western woods
Shot down his latest ray,
And fragrance floated through the fields
From waving corn and hay.

Her shining hair of beauteous brown
On her white shoulders flowed,
And oft her black eyes strangely fell
Upon the distant road ;
And then she sighed, as if her breast
Sustained a heavy load.

Her lover to the wars had gone
To follow fife and drum,
Leaving a darkness in her soul,
A shadow in her home ;
And oft she closed the book, and sighed,
“ O when will Walter come ?

“ The cruel wars, the cruel wars !
O when will they be o'er,
And men be brethren everywhere,
And cut and kill no more,

But cultivate the plant of Peace
On every smiling shore ? ”

She quickly wiped her loving eyes,
And rose to leave the place,
When, lo, a footstep in the grass,
A kiss upon her face.

“ ’T is Walter’s self ! ’t is Walter’s self ! ”
And fondly they embrace.

“ By yon full moon uprising now,
I will no longer stray,
But wed my lovely Susie Sands,
And put my arms away ;
Nor longer lead a soldier-life,
Or earn a soldier’s pay.

“ My uncle died a week ago,
And left me half his store :
I give it all to Susie Sands,
The maiden of the moor.
How happy will our future be,
Now we shall part no more ! ”

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

THE full moon laboured on through clouds,
The north blast bent the tree,
Which fell in fearful heavy squalls
Upon the troubled sea.
Beside the lattice Martha stood
Beyond the lonely bay,
And sighed, amid her pressing tears,
“ Why does he so delay ? ”

And then she sought her little room,
And trimmed her fading fire,
And o'er the cradle bent, where smiled
The image of his sire,—
Their darling boy, their fair firstborn,
'T was luxury to survey.
She kissed his brow, and sadly sighed,
“ Why does he so delay ? ”

The moon went down, the wind rolled on,
The trees rocked wilder still,
And like a fire the great sun rose
Above the eastern hill.
Beside her lattice Martha stands
In morning's early ray,
With this sad burden on her lips,
“ Why does he so delay ? ”

The storm blew out, the winds were hushed,
The sea was rough no more ;
The sparrows piped upon the eaves,
The robin by the door.
The thatcher on the lonely barn
Shaved the white reed away ;
And still she by her lattice sighed,
“ Why does he so delay ? ”

And then a man came travelling fast ;
His step was on the stone,
His well-known carol in her ear,
His arms around her thrown.
A kiss was on her upturned face ;
The tear was brushed away ;
And Martha sobbed, amid her smiles,
“ Why did you so delay ? ”

ROBIN RIDGE.

“ BRING me my Bible, Janie :
My mind is much cast down ;
Misfortunes press upon us,
And disappointments frown ;

These manifold vexations,
This heavy cross and care,
And wounding of the spirit,
Seem more than I can bear.

“How fast come rolling onward
The angry waves of woe ;
'T is darkness, utter darkness,
Above me and below ;
My cup of bitter waters
Is running o'er the rim :
Bring me my Bible, Janie,
That I may read of HIM.”

And then the holy volume
Upon the board was spread,
And o'er its words of promise
Was bent his hoary head.
He reads of many mansions
Whose walls with glory flame,—
The rest which yet remaineth
To those who love His name.

He reads of Christ's compassion,
His pity for the poor,
Who giveth strength in weakness ;
Until his eyes run o'er ;

And sweetness soothes his spirit,
And all his being fills,
The calm of living waters
From the eternal hills.

O, then life's cares no longer
Upon their spirit weighed ;
Fair forms around them gathered,
In robes of white arrayed.
Praise rose upon the twilight
That lingered in the dell ;
And Jane and Robin whispered,
" He doeth all things well."

ELLEN DEE.

HE waited in the moonlight
Where ash and ivy gleam,
Perchance to see her passing
Beside the village stream ;
When down the lane she cometh
Where folded roses lie,
As graceful as a fairy ;
And Nathan's heart beat high.

And then he stepped full lightly
Forth from the elder tree,
And spoke in words of sweetness,
“ Good evening, Ellen Dee.”
She blushed not as she saw him,
Nor shrank away with fear,
But took his hand, and whispered,
“ O Nathan, are you here ? ”

Then on they walked together,—
Each pleased the other well,—
Where Ellen’s reedy cottage
Rose in the rushy dell :
And by the porch they parted,
With pressure of the hand,
And other silent symbols
Which lovers understand.

His rival strove to woo her,
Too noisy and too bold :
He followed in the sunshine,
He followed in the cold.
But Ellen’s heart was Nathan’s ;
The treasure was his own,
Bestowed without beseeching ;
They loved for love alone.

O, pure was their affection,
Like balm which eve distils
Or honeysuckle fragrance,
Or silver-blending rills.
For Ellen Dee and Nathan
The bells were ringing soon,
And long did they remember
That walk beneath the moon.

THE WANDERER'S WELCOME.

AROUND the blazing fire of pine
The son and sire were sitting,
The sisters laid aside their work,
The mother stopped her knitting,
And gazed into the flickering flame
Which up the chimney sputtered,
So silent in her old arm-chair,
And not a word she uttered.

Meanwhile the darkness closer grew,
The misty silence deeper ;
The church-clock sounded on the moor,
O'er many a silent sleeper.

Yet in her chair the mother sat,
In holy calm devotion,
And gazed into the fitful flame,
With neither voice nor motion.

The sisters rose and left their place,
Nor could they converse gladly ;
The brother walked across the room,
And oft he listened sadly :
The father sighed, " My son, my son ! "
And then his heart grew chiller ;
While in her chair the mother sat
As silent as a pillar.

When, hark ! the tramp of horse's hoofs,
Which each tick nearer counted ;
The gate is reached, the yard is crossed ;
The rider has dismounted.
The door swings wide ; the wanderer
comes ;
O ! there is sweet caressing,
As on his mother's neck he weeps,
And feels his mother's blessing.

His brother grasped both hands at once ;
His sisters sobbed for gladness ;
His father shouted lustily,
" This is no time for sadness :

Serve up the bacon and the eggs,
And bring the elder-jerry ;
And sing thy psalm of praise, dear wife,
And let us all be merry."

THE DEPARTURE.

THE OLD MAN shivered in the snow,
As if he knew not where to go,
With ice above and ice below.

Far off upon the southern shore
Was heard the raging battle's roar.
O when will rifles ring no more ?

Said I, " OLD MAN, with frozen hair,
'Tis sad to see you standing there :
Come in, come in and take a chair.

" Perhaps you bring good news of peace,
That war and wretchedness shall cease,
And love and purity increase ;

" That wrong and hate shall be no more,
And man to man his right restore,
And worth prevail from shore to shore."

The OLD MAN strangely shook his head,
And not a single word he said,
And, O, he looked as look the dead.

A sadness seized my yielding heart,
Like one who with his friend doth part,
And drops did from their fountains start.

The snow fell faster from the skies,
The northern winds began to rise,
And tears came in the OLD MAN'S eyes.

He turned at last to face his doom,
To meet the midnight in the gloom,
And give the young NEW COMER room.

And then by secret signs I knew
'T was Nature's order ever true,—
The OLD YEAR yielding to the NEW.

WIDOW WARE.

AN honest dame was Widow Ware ;
She dwelt beside the Fal,
With fruit-trees by her cottage-door ;
Her only son was Hal ;

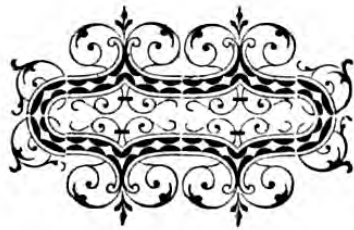
A stately youth of twice eight years ;
His mother's staff and stay ;
With too much spirit for his state,
And so he ran away.

The Fal, as seasons ever changed,
Went rushing in its pride :
And Widow Ware oft suffered much,
Whilst Hal was wandering wide.
Her wardrobe worn and scant became ;
Her hearth was often cold ;
And yet she waited for her boy
With hopefulness untold.

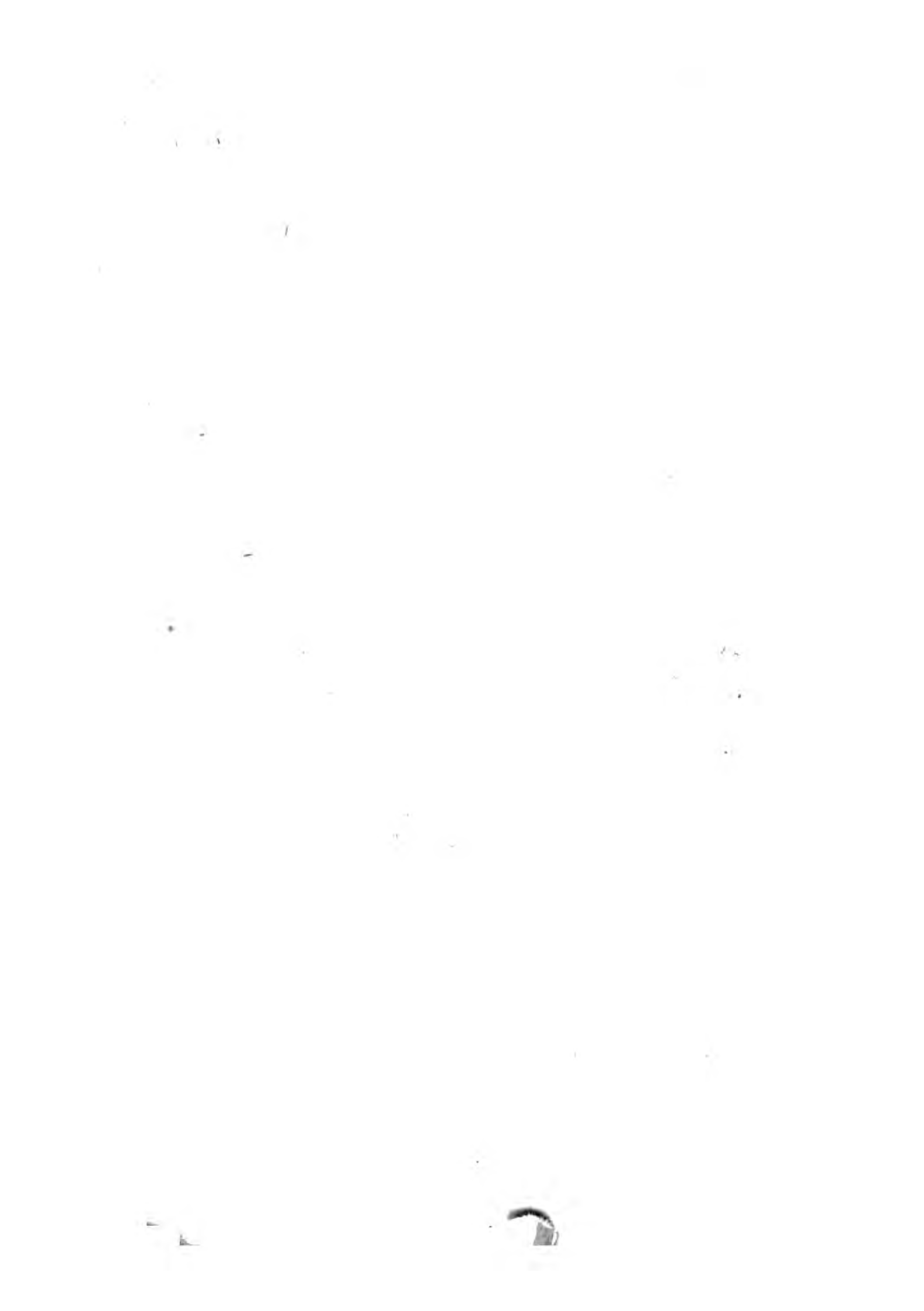
The distant hills were growing dim,
A halo marked the sea,
When at her door a stranger stood,
" Good evening, dame," said he.
" Methinks," she sighed, " I ken that voice :
O do you know my Hal ?
Who left me, when the woods were green,
Alone beside the Fal."

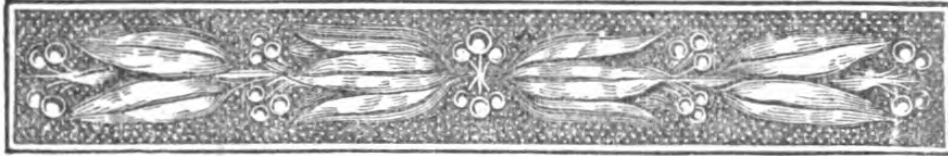
He looked upon her saddened face,
As earnest as could be,
Then rushed into her open arms,
" O ! mother, I am he ;

My conscience would not let me rest :
O take your sorrowing Hal !”
And there was princely joy that night
Beside the flowing Fal.



HYMNS





HYMNS.

I. IN SORROW, ON MY BENDED KNEE.

“ I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”—
GENESIS xxxii. 26.

IN sorrow, on my bended knee,
I come again, O Lord, to Thee :
The road is rough, the hills are high,
And dangers in my passage lie ;
Dark clouds shut out the cheering sun :
Reveal Thy presence, Holy One !

Thou know'st that I have nought to plead,
But utter helplessness and need,
And His great love so full and free,
Who gave His precious life for me.
O, for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Reveal Thy presence, Holy One !

I dare not let my Saviour go
Till some small blessing He bestow,

Although the mountains far away
Are brightening in the beams of day :
Arise, O soul-reviving Sun,
And cheer my spirit, Holy One !

Along life's course be Thou my Guide ;
Till, crossed at last the swelling tide,
I walk the heavenly shores of joy,
And join the angels' glad employ ;
My rest attained, my labour done ;
For ever with the Holy One.

II. REJOICE, REJOICE! THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

“ We have found Him, of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.”—
JOHN i. 45.

REJOICE, rejoice ! The Light of Love
Has reached us from the realms above,
He whom the bards and seers of old
In strains of wondrous song foretold ;
The great Beginning and the End :
O ! we have found the sinner's Friend.

The mountain-tops are bright with day,
The clouds before His light give way,

The flowers appear, the streams have birth,
And verdure decks the smiling earth ;
Sweet hymns arise from valleys green ;
O ! we have found the Nazarene.

The prisoner now shall lose his bands,
The chains fall off the captive's hands,
The broken-hearted sigh no more,
The Gospel cheer the bruised and poor,
The blind behold His beams afar ;
O ! we have found the Morning Star.

O ! may we learn to prize His worth
Beyond the dearest things of earth,
And as we travel on our way
Look up to Him from day to day ;
Whose boundless love shall never cease :
O ! we have found the Prince of Peace.

His promise is our only stay ;
He takes the sinner's load away ;
He makes the wounded spirit whole,
For none but Christ can save the soul.
O ! may we ever heed His call,
Since we have found our All in All.

III. LIKE RAIN FROM HEAVEN ON THIRSTY ROOTS.

“For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater : so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth : it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”—ISAIAH lv. 10, 11.

LIKE rain from heaven on thirsty roots,
Or snow that melts among the shoots,
Causing the earth prolonged increase,
That bread for man may never cease :
So shall Thy word, Jehovah, be,
Returning with Thine own to Thee.

The hills shall shout in tuneful bands,
The trees lift up their leafy hands,
The fir supplant the prickly thorn,
The myrtle glades of green adorn ;
Which is to Him a solemn sign,
That never, never, shall decline.

The blind shall His compassion see,
The captive's faith shall set him free,
The weary wanderer rest attain,
The broken spirit peace regain,

The high before His footstool fall,
And crown Immanuel Lord of all.

Go forth, and sow the precious seed
On stony ground and fruitful mead,
At morn, at noon, at daylight's fall,
In open space, or crevice small ;
With trust in His Divine decree ;
And fruit shall wave from sea to sea.

IV. THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS.

“This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.”—
LUKE xv. 2.

WERE ever words so tender,
Were ever words so true ;
This Man receiveth sinners,
The Gentile and the Jew :
No matter where he dwelleth,
On continent or isle,
This Man receiveth sinners,
The vilest of the vile.

Behold it plainly written
Upon the blue above,
And on the sloping mountain
Where tremble hymns of love ;
It floateth o'er the waters,
And through the forest-aisle,
This Man receiveth sinners,
The vilest of the vile.

And when the tall trees murmur
Beneath the rising moon,
And the fresh breeze is blowing
Upon the brow of Noon ;
It flows in solemn whispers
Along each deep defile,
This Man receiveth sinners,
The vilest of the vile.

Old age with erring hoary,
And manhood's walk of sin,
The first forsaking footstep
May turn and enter in ;
The door of hope is open,
And Mercy pleads the while,
This Man receiveth sinners,
The vilest of the vile.

Thrice welcome, precious teaching !
To Christ's own arms I flee :
This Man receiveth sinners ;
Then He receiveth me,
A wanderer in the desert,
An erring child of guile,
Who am the chief of sinners,
The vilest of the vile.

Far down the mighty river
Towards time's setting sun,
In waves of welcome sweetness
This holy theme shall run ;
Till every hill and valley
With Sharon's Rose shall smile,
And Jesus claim victorious
The vilest of the vile.

V. TOILING OVER DESERTS WIDE.

“Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.”—PSALM lxxiii. 24.

TOILING over deserts wide,
Thou, O Lord, shalt be my Guide,
And Thy counsel my sure stay,
As I travel on my way ;

Till the home of rest I gain,
Evermore with Christ to reign.

Like a child, O Prince Divine,
Would I place my hand in Thine ;
Not a single footstep take
If Thy presence me forsake :
O how soon my feet will slide
If I leave my heavenly Guide !

Here the way is long and lone,
There with briars overgrown ;
Here are precipices high,
With their frontlets to the sky ;
Dangers crowd on every side :
Lead me, lead me, heavenly Guide !

Shall I murmur that the land
Is so barren on each hand,—
That no watersprings are near
To refresh the desert drear ?
No ! I dare not leave Thy side :
It is best to trust my Guide.

Take my hand, and lead Thy child
As Thou pleasest o'er the wild.

What I now receive from Thee
Will at last be best for me,
Till my bark the winds outride,
Anchored safely with my Guide.

VI. ALL HIDDEN THINGS, AND THINGS WE SEE.

“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.”—MATT. x. 29, 30.

ALL hidden things, and things we see,
Are governed by His wise decree.
He feeds the varied living race,
And gives to each its proper place ;
Nor does the little sparrow die
Without the notice of His eye.

The very hairs upon our head
Are known to Him who gives us bread ;
He watches o'er us day by day,
And guides His people on their way ;
Till pain is past and labour done,
The journey closed and heaven is won,

O let this thought our spirits cheer,
While far from home we travel here,
Refreshed sometimes with airs of love
Which greet us from the land above,
He feeds the birds where'er they be,
And He will much more care for me.

O may our faith in Him increase
Whose love and mercy never cease ;
And though our path be sometimes dim,
Still let us put our trust in Him
Who feeds the birds where'er they be,
And He will much more care for me.

VII. IT IS MY DAY OF TROUBLE.

“ Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee,
and thou shalt glorify Me.”—PSALM 1. 15.

It is my day of trouble,
The sky is overcast,
The sun withdraws in shadow,
The wild winds hurry past ;
Distress o'erwhelms my spirit,
Deep sorrows round me roll ;
The melancholy waters
Are come into my soul.

It is my day of trouble,
The way to walk is dim ;
I cannot see my Saviour,
Yet will I trust in Him.
Lift up Thy lovingkindness,
And chase away my night ;
O let me gain Thy favour,
And travel in Thy light.

It is my day of trouble,
My tears to Thee are known ;
My sighs in secret places
Where bitter waters moan.
Thus come I heavy-laden
With sorrow sore distressed,
Nor seek I aught but Jesus,
Whose love will give me rest.

I plead the mighty promise,
Thine own Divine decree,—
“ Call in the day of trouble :
I will deliver thee.”
Behold me brokenhearted
Before Thy footstool bow :
O answer my petition,
And come and save me now.

The light of life is breaking ;
Deliverance comes to me :
The Saviour whispers pardon :
My captive soul is free !
My heart shall sing His praises,
Who to my rescue came ;
And ever travelling homeward,
Shall glorify His name.

VIII. IN THE PLACE PREPARED FOR THEE.

“ And the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in.”—MALACHI iii. 1.

In the place prepared for Thee,
Hear us, mystic Trinity :
Lowly at Thy feet we fall,
Hiding nothing, owning all ;
Seeking pardon for our crimes,
Acted o'er so many times.

O forgive our wanderings wide
For the sake of Him who died ;
Show us Thy forgiving face ;
Now enrich us with Thy grace.
Wash us in the purple tide,
Flowing from the Saviour's side.

May we at this solemn hour
Feel the Spirit's healing power ;
In the silence of the soul
Worship Him who fills the whole,
Looking off from earthly love
To our great High Priest above.

Not that men may hear our prayer
Sounding on the solemn air ;
Not to wear a saintly face,
Meet we in this holy place :
Rather would we worship here
In the silence of the tear.

Dear Redeemer, Prince Divine,
On our natural darkness shine ;
With Thy erring children stay ;
Speak our numerous sins away.
May we feel that Thou art nigh,—
Jesus Christ is passing by.

IX. FROM HEIGHTS WHERE ANGELS GATHER.

“ And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.”—
MARK xiii. 37.

FROM heights where angels gather,
From depths where mortals moan,

Where rills leap down the mountain
From shining stone to stone ;
Far up where pines are swaying,
Deep down where waters fall,
“ Watch, watch,” is ever floating ;
The echo is for all.

It murmurs in the laurels
Around the rich man’s door,
And by the humble cottage
Upon the lonely moor.
It travels through the city ;
It soundeth on the sea :
“ O weary not with watching,
But put your trust in Me.”

O may we heed the warning
Of God’s eternal Son,
The Lord of life and glory,
Who spake and it was done ;
And evermore be watching
Upon the silent tower
For the bright beams of morning
O’er Eden’s holy bower.

What wisdom to be ready
To meet the Man of Might,

Whose summons may o'ertake us
Ere evening's fading light !
Our hearts to Thee are lifted
For guidance on our way :
O precious Intercessor,
Help us to watch and pray.

Though weary oft with waiting.
And the wide landscape dim,
The promise never faileth,
Our hope is still in Him.
The King of glory cometh ;
He will not long delay
Over the earth to scatter
The beams of perfect day.

X. SINK THE DAYS INTO THE SERE.

“ And we all do fade as a leaf.”—ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

SINK the days into the sere,
Pensive, old, decrepit year :
Earth has dampness and decay ;
Sigh the winds along their way :
Like the leaves that round us lie,
So we fade away and die.

In the morn our step is strong ;
Oft we halt ere even-song :
Fail the fields with verdure drest :
This we know is not our rest.
Like the leaves when cold winds sigh,
So we fade away and die.

Teach us wisdom, King of love,
Lift our wandering thoughts above :
O'er our heart's affections reign :
May we all Thy favour gain.
Fit us for our home on high,
Ere we fade away and die.

In the land of light unseen
Hill and vale are ever green,
Roses die not by the stream,
Where the living waters gleam.
Jesus, take us to the sky,
When we fade away and die.

XI. AT OUR HEART'S DOOR THE KNOCKER.

“ Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear
My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will
sup with him, and he with Me.”—REVELATION iii. 20.

At our heart's door the Knocker
Still strives our thought to win :

He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
O let us let Him in !
His locks are wet with waiting,
He gives one warning more :
Hark ! how He knocketh, knocketh ;
Now let us ope the door.

In spring, in pleasant summer,
When Autumn strips the tree,
When winter snows are falling,
That Knocker knocketh He.
He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Although the wind may roar ;
And still His hand is lifted
To give one warning more.

How oft the solemn Knocker
Is in the firelight heard,
And when the sigh of sickness
Our inmost soul has stirred.
He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
When household flowers are fled ;
He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
When stars are overhead.

He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
When verdure fills the trees,
When sounds from summer songsters
Are floating on the breeze :
And when the sleet is driving
In fury up the hill,
And the storm lifts its trumpet,
He knocketh, knocketh still.

He knocks in life's young morning,
In manhood's powerful prime,
And when the locks with watching
Are silvered o'er by time.
He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Still standing at the door,
In wind and rain and tempest
Yet knocking evermore.

Now let us open quickly
And give the Knocker room,
Ere He depart for ever
And leave us to our doom.
He knocketh, knocketh, knocketh ;
Here will we seek His face,
And feast upon His favour,
The supper of His grace.

XII. STRIPT OF ALL BUT SIN AND SHAME.

“My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”—PHILIPPIANS iv. 19.

STRIPT of all but sin and shame,
Call I on my Saviour's name.
Hear me from Thy home on high ;
May I feel my Helper nigh ;
Nought but Jesus do I plead,
He is all the sinner's need.

None who travel to the sky
Can be half as poor as I.
Wandering oft where willows be,
Struggling to look up to Thee ;
I am feebleness indeed,
Yet Thou wilt supply my need.

O the riches of His grace
Now within the holy place ;
Though my wants may number more
Than the sands upon the shore,
Christ for me doth intercede ;
Jesus will supply my need.

He is near to quell my fears
When my path is wet with tears ;

He will not desert my side
In the midst of death's dark tide ;
Christ, who for my sin did bleed,
Will supply my every need.

XIII. THE LORD SHALL CHOOSE FOR ME.

“He shall choose our inheritance for us.”—PSALM xlvii. 4.

I ASK Thy heavenly guidance
In all things here below :
Do Thou direct my footsteps
The way that I should go.
O teach my heart submission,
Whate'er my lot may be,
Contented that my Father
Should ever choose for me.

With Thee I do not falter
To walk the dim unknown :
The yet untrodden future
Is in Thy hands alone ;
And be it sun or shadow,
Rough waves or smiling sea,
A garden or a desert,
The Lord shall choose for me.

If up the stony mountain
My painful pathway lie,
Or through the darksome valley,
I dare not question why.
The fields may lose their verdure,
And leafless rise the tree ;
All things are ordered wisely :
The Lord shall choose for me.

If in deep shades I wander,
Where clouds obscure the sun,
And flow no streams of comfort,
Thy perfect will be done :
What now appeareth dimly
I soon shall fully see,
Where God's own glory shineth ;
The Lord shall choose for me.

And when the cord of silver
At last shall lose its hold,
And in the strife is broken
The mystic bowl of gold ;
When loving friends are watching,
And earthly shadows flee ;
As heaven's first beams are breaking,
The Lord shall choose for me.

XIV. BENEATH THE LEAFY BRANCHES.

“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.”—MATTHEW vi. 6.

BENEATH the leafy branches
With hues of evening drest,
I seek my silent closet
Where Nature is at rest.
The sighing winds shall strengthen
The ardour of my prayer,
While pensive forest murmurs
Fill up the summer air.

Drip, drip, the falling waters
Upon the pebbly shore;
Folded in evening's curtain
Now let me shut the door,
And pray to Him who dwelleth
High in the secret place,
Who openly rewardeth
The seeker of His face.

HE loved the silent mountain
When stars were on the deep,
And there the precious Saviour
Would oft His vigil keep;

And now His cheering presence
Is everywhere made known,
Each coppice is a closet,
Each crag an altar-stone.

The mighty murmuring forest,
The fields with flowerets fair,
The green well-watered valleys,
Are all perfumed with prayer.
The universe is hallowed
Wherever man may trace,
And hangs o'er all creation
The mystery of His grace.

Within my quiet chamber,
Out on the lonely hill,
Where honeysuckles clamber
Beside the village mill,
Where busy feet are passing,
In Zion's palmy shade,
On land, or on the ocean,
My closet can be made.

Thus kneel I here where roses
Are bending o'er my brow :
Almighty Resurrection,
Lift up my spirit now ;

Clothe me in holy vestments
From the celestial plains,
And fill this leafy arbour
With high seraphic strains.

XV. THE DAY DEPARTS, THE SUNBEAMS FLEE.

“Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.”—PSALM xxvii. 14.

THE day departs, the sunbeams flee,
Yet wait we here, O Lord, for Thee;
The dew falls fast on flower and spray,
Yet shall our courage not give way;
He will all needful grace impart,
And cheer the earnest seeker's heart.

No matter where our prayer may rise,
'Neath temple-roof or spreading skies,
In every place the Lord is near,
To mark the sigh and see the tear,
To make the wounded spirit whole,
And renovate the waiting soul.

We need no words from sin to flee,
We need no words to come to Thee;

The silent sorrow of the soul,
The sigh that Christ may make us whole,
The waiting heart, the fond desire,
Will bring the peace our minds require.

Thus do we here in silence bow ;
O blessed Spirit, hear us now !
Down at Thy feet we lowly lie,
And wait for Him who passeth by,
Whose love can cheer the weakest heart,
Assured that He will strength impart.

XVI. TAKE MY HAND : THE WAY IS STEEP.

“Thou hast holden me by my right hand.”—PSALM lxxiii. 23.

TAKE my hand : the way is steep,
And the mire is dark and deep.
O, I know not where to tread ;
Clouds are gathering over head.
Do not let my footsteps stray :
Dearest Father, lead the way.

Take my hand : my faith is weak :
Let me hear Thee inly speak.
May my spirit drink again
Balm from Gilead's palmy plain :

Now divinest strength impart :
Dearest Saviour, cheer my heart.

Take my hand : the waters roar,
Breaking on the barren shore ;
Shake the branches on the hill :
Jesus, whisper, " Peace, be still."
Light of Life, break forth at length,
Calm the ocean's raging strength.

Take my hand : on Thee I rest ;
Where Thou leadest it is best :
Whether it be foul or fair,
Whether it be bleak or bare,
Over waste or fragrant dell,
Where Thou leadest, all is well.

XVII. THOUGHTS CROWD THE SPIRIT'S PORTAL.

" In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts
delight my soul."—PSALM xciv. 19.

THOUGHTS crowd the spirit's portal
Of sad or gentler mood,
In daylight and in darkness,
An endless multitude :

When rise the summer vespers,
When falls the chilling snow,
Forth on their mystic mission
In silent ranks they go.

They come with looks of sadness,
They smile with faces bright ;
Some wear the weeds of mourning,
And some are clothed in light ;
Some have the hues of Mammon,
And some display the tear,
With meekness in their features
And gentleness and fear.

Some bear a worldly burden,
Some seek a lowly place,
Some wander 'mid the shadows,
And some are fraught with grace.
Yet in this mighty army
How very few there be
Which bear upon their banners
Remembrances of Thee !

Amid this busy legion,
Close-marshalled on my way,
This wasting war of silence,
Thy comforts are my stay :

Thy promise is the pillar
Which glitters in the gloom,
The everlasting beacon
To light me through the tomb.

How precious are Thy comforts
Which flow on wings Divine,
In morning's balmy breezes,
Or at the eve's decline !
O come, restoring Spirit !
The wounded heart make whole ;
And may the Saviour's presence
Delight my waiting soul !

XVIII. LOWLY LET ME EVER LIE.

"Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak."—JAMES
i. 19.

LOWLY let me ever lie
At the feet of the Most High,
In the valley take my place,
Learning lessons of His grace,
His unerring guidance seek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak.

As I calmly onward go
Through this changeful scene below,

May I ever strive to be
Prized when most it pleaseth Thee ;
Only strong when I am weak,
Swift to hear and slow to speak.

Seek I here my Saviour's aid
In the lowly valley's shade,
Overhung with Gospel vines,
Where Humility reclines,
Underneath the pointed peak,
Swift to hear and slow to speak.

Thus may I pursue my race,
Thankful for the lowest place ;
Though the world may pass me by,
In the valley let me lie ;
Ever prayerful, ever meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak.

XIX. THOU ART OUR SUN, DEAR SAVIOUR.

“For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.”—PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

THOU art our sun, dear Saviour,
To light us on our way ;
The shield of our protection
In every trial-day.

How sweet to feel Thy favour
For evermore the same !
Thou wilt give grace and glory
To all who love Thy name :

Grace in this lower region,
Where oft Thy people sigh,
Weighed down with tribulation ;
And glory in the sky.
O glory which excelleth !
O brightness without stain,
Which man can not imagine
Nor angel-mind explain !

Grace in the hour of trial ;
Grace when the heavens are bowed,
And the far sky of comfort
Is hidden in a cloud ;
Grace when the spirit faileth ;
Grace when the foe is near ;
And glory everlasting
Where never falls the tear.

To those that walk uprightly
The promise is not slack :
No blessing Thou withholdest,
No good thing shall they lack.

Thou wilt give grace and glory
Which cannot be expressed,
The splendour of the city,
The beauty of the blest.

Thus rest we on Thy promise,
Our sure unfailing stay,
Which ever more upholdeth,
And never can give way.
Do with us as Thou pleasest ;
Whate'er Thy will may be,
Thou wilt give grace and glory :
We leave it all with Thee.

XX. WHEN THUNDERS SHAKE THE CITY.

“I will bless the Lord at all times.”—PSALM xxxiv. 1.

WHEN thunders shake the city,
When tempests smite the sea,
When torrents sweep the valleys,
And winds uproot the tree,
When earth is wrapped in shadow,
Through which the lightnings flame,
Amid the great commotion
Still let me bless Thy name.

And when the spirit droopeth
For lack of heavenly rain,
And tribulations thicken
Upon the barren plain ;
When sorrow leaves me lonely,
And sickness bows my frame,
Amid forsaken friendships,
Still let me bless Thy name.

And when the harvest faileth,
And there is no supply
To meet the stricken reaper,
And all the wells are dry ;
When poverty approacheth
And want assails the frame,
O teach my heart submission ;
Still let me bless Thy name.

Sit with me, Great Refiner,
And watch beside the clay,
O purify my spirit,
And take the dross away.
May I be trustful ever,
In life and death the same ;
And whether sun or shadow,
Still let me bless Thy name.

XXI. WHERE SHALL WE FLY FOR SUCCOUR?

“Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”—JOHN vi. 68.

WHERE shall we fly for succour
But to the Prince Divine,
Whose word is life eternal,
The ever-living Vine?
Thou art the sinner's refuge,
Our only hope and stay;
O none but Christ the Saviour
Can take our sins away!

The name of Jesus only
Is to the guilty given,
To guide us o'er the desert,
And bring us home to heaven.
O precious, precious Saviour,
We at Thy footstall fall,
And worship Thee in spirit,
Our Advocate, our All.

With Thee is present pardon
For all our sinful race;
Thy boundless lovingkindness
Doth all the world embrace.
The voice of Jesus pleadeth,
He waiteth to forgive:

O wonderful compassion !
The worst may turn and live.

How sweet these heavenly tidings
To hearts oppressed with care !
How precious round Thine altar
To kneel in praise and prayer !
The kingdom of the Blessed,
Foretold so long ago
Through mystic type and shadow,
Abides with man below.

Be with us on our journey,
To guide us in the way :
O do not let us wander !
O do not let us stray !
Till, crossed the rolling river,
We cease our earthly race,
And on the mount of glory
Behold Thee face to face.

XXII. PRINCE OF PRINCES, GIVE US GRACE.

“ And let us run with patience the race that is set before us,
...looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.”
—HEBREWS xii. 1, 2.

PRINCE of princes, give us grace
To pursue the heavenly race,

Never in our duties slack,
Never, never looking back,
Life and all things to resign,
Striving for the faith Divine.

Grant us patience day by day,
Step by step along our way :
Guided may we ever be
In the path marked out by Thee :
From our fears and doubtings cease,
Striving after perfect peace.

Lead us on through pastures new,
With the Prince of Life in view.
He the Author, He the End,
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend ;
Who will give us here His love,
And the rest of heaven above.

Lift we now our anxious eyes
To the Ruler of the skies :
O descend our souls to bless,
Clothe us with Thy righteousness.
Let Thy power on us be shown,
Then transport us to Thy throne.

XXIII. SEEK WHEN THE FLOWER IS FRESHEST.

“But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”—**MATTHEW vi. 33.**

SEEK when the flower is freshest,
Seek when the morn is young ;
Seek when the shining dewdrops
Upon the boughs are strung ;
Seek when the heart is tender,
Seek when the world is fair ;
Seek in the early dawning ;
Bow down to Him in prayer.

He loves the opening blossoms
Which April suns awake ;
He loves the smallest effort
Put forth for Zion's sake ;
He loves the first fair fruitage
On Reason's sacred tree :
Seek first the Saviour's kingdom,
And all is well with thee.

Seek first this heavenly blessing
Of holiness and peace,
The righteousness of Jesus
Whence pure delights increase ;

And favour shall be added,
The bountiful, the free,
From His eternal storehouse,
Whate'er is best for thee.

O leave it to His choosing ;
Whatever is thy lot ;
It were not well possessing
The idols of thy thought.
In this thou wouldst be erring ;
Then let it calm thy breast,
That in thy daily travel
He knoweth what is best.

All needful things are promised
To those who seek His love,—
His presence on their journey,
And purer joys above.
Seek first Messiah's kingdom,
The mighty Prince Divine,
Whose love all love excelleth ;
And everything is thine.

XXIV. ASK WHEN THE WATER RISETH.

“Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you : . . . For every one that asketh receiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.”—MATTHEW vii. 7, 8.

Ask when the water riseth,
Seek when the sunbeams flee,
Knock when the tears are falling,
And Christ shall answer thee :
For every one that seeketh
With all his heart, shall find
The ever-blessed Saviour,
The Friend of human kind.

How positive the promise
The Holy Spirit gives !
The poor awakened sinner
Repents, believes, and lives.
The face of Nature changes ;
The darkness flies away ;
And gladdened hill and valley
Bathe in the beams of day.

Ask, and the clouds shall vanish,
Bright sunlight fill the sky ;
Seek, and the vine shall flourish,
Although the land is dry ;

Knock, and the door of mercy
Shall open at the sound ;
For every one that striveth
Shall walk on holy ground.

He shall remove the hardness,
The stupor of the soul :
The precious balm of Gilead
Shall make the wounded whole.
Again we bow in spirit
Before the Great Unseen,
Believing that the fountain
Can wash the foulest clean.

We need no more, dear Saviour,
Here is enough for all.
O may we seek Thy favour,
And listen to Thy call ;
Embrace with deep contrition
What Thou dost freely give
To every one that thirsteth ;
Pray earnestly and live.

XXV. O COME, MY SAVIOUR, BRING ME LIGHT !

“ He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no
might He increaseth strength.”—ISAIAH xl. 29.

O COME, my Saviour, bring me light ;
To-day Thou see'st I have no might ;

My strength is gone, my hands hang down,
And tears shut out the conqueror's crown.
My faith is small, my foes are strong :
O Saviour! do not tarry long.

I plead Thy sovereign saving grace,
Vouchsafed to me and all my race.
Whoever humbly asks Thine aid
Shall feel Thy healing power displayed ;
The weak shall walk, the low shall rise,
The feeble enter Paradise.

From babes in Christ shall praises rise
Which will confound the great and wise ;
The faint Thy favour shall enjoy,
The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The drooping pilgrim strength obtain,
Refreshed anew with heavenly rain.

Enough, enough! The weak shall be
Restored to perfect power by Thee.
I'll take the grace Thou hast bestowed,
And travel on my homeward road,
Although through faintness and through fear:
My Jesus will be ever near.

XXVI. THERE IS NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

“If God be for us, who can be against us?”—ROMANS viii. 31.

THERE is no friend like Jesus,
Whose own arm sets us free :
If heaven's high King is for us,
Who can against us be ?
Our foes may rise in armies,
Like giants fierce and tall,
In overwhelming numbers :
His breath shall quench them all.

If God, the great Creator,
The everlasting Light,
Uphold us in the conflict,
Support us in the fight,
What foe shall dare withstand us
In travelling to the skies ?
In spite of warring legions
Our faith shall win the prize.

He who in wondrous pity
Restored us from the fall
By His dear Son our Saviour,
Will surely give us all.
The riches of His glory
No human thought can reach,
Nor highest angel utter,
Nor burning seraph teach.

Then let all doubt be scattered
Before His rising ray :
All hail the true Messiah !
Bring in the perfect day,
When lamb and lion fondle,
Where cruelty shall cease,
Within the flowery valleys
Of everlasting peace.

XXVII. THE KING IS COME, FORETOLD SO LONG.

“ For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.....Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” — LUKE ii. 11, 14.

THE King is come, foretold so long :
The earth is now one strain of song :
O'er town and tower the billows swell,
O'er mead and moor, o'er down and dell :
The wilds rejoice, in glory clad,
And every mountain-top is glad.

Behold Him in a manger laid :
The star appears in heaven's high glade :
The shepherds hear the angelic strain,
And leave their flocks upon the plain ;
While overhead bright seraphs sing
In honour of our Saviour King.

O precious, precious guiding Star,
Which cheers the sinner's eye afar,
And lights us through the deeps of time
To regions holy and sublime !
O may we our best offerings bring
In honour of our Saviour King !

Still swells the song through every sky,
" All glory be to God on high !
Goodwill to men : from shore to shore
Let peace prevail for evermore."
And rivers roll and forests ring
In honour of our Saviour King.

Then let all hearts rejoice to-day
In every cot and castle grey :
The Prince has left His holy place,
To ransom all our fallen race.
Rejoice, rejoice : let nature ring
In honour of our Saviour King.

XXVIII. HOW OFTEN ON OUR JOURNEY.

" Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—PSALM xxx. 5.

How often on our journey
The silent tear will fall !

A measured sum of sorrow
Is portioned out to all.
The indigent, the wealthy,
The sick man in his room,
The widow, and the orphan,
Have all their share of gloom.

The night of dark contrition,
Of penitence and prayer,
For so much sin committed
With lifted arm and bare
Against the loving Father,
Whose hand upholds the whole,
Will bring a joyous morning
Of beauty to the soul.

A life of inward striving
Till worldly walking cease,
With much of tribulation,
But in the Saviour peace.
A night of solemn weeping,
Of battle and annoy
From foemen in the darkness,
And then the morning joy ;

The melting of the vapours
The glistening peaks above,
The sound of angel-harpers
Upon the shores of love,

The sea of flaming crystal,
The seraph's soaring wing,
The anthems of the holy,
The glory of the King.

Then let us wipe our eyelids,
And lift our hearts on high ;
The golden morning breaketh,
Its tints are on the sky,
When sin and sorrow vanished
Shall cloud the earth no more,
And Christ's abiding kingdom
Extend from shore to shore.

XXIX. PURSUE THY WAY WITH PATIENCE.

“ But go thou thy way till the end be : for thou shalt rest,
and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.”—DANIEL xii. 13.

PURSUE thy way with patience,
Whate'er thy lot may be :
Throughout thy earthly journey
Thy God shall choose for thee.
The Lord is thy protector,
He knoweth what is best :
O leave it all with Jesus,
And heaven shall be thy rest.

How rapidly approacheth
The end of all things here !
With Jesus for thy leader
Thou hast no cause to fear :
He strengthens the believer
To walk His blessed ways,
So that with joy he standeth
At the full end of days.

Pursue thy way with meekness
And nothing shalt thou lack :
Heed not the false deceiver
Who strives to turn thee back.
Thy crown is with thy Captain :
O give Him perfect praise !
He shall reward His servant
At the full end of days.

Then rest upon His promise ;
With God's own truth comply ;
Gird on the Gospel armour ;
Jehovah cannot lie.
The earth, the heavens, shall vanish
In one consuming blaze ;
But in thy lot thou standest
At the full end of days.

Go on thy way believing
Towards the heavenly goal,
And higher revelations
Shall beautify thy soul.
Till 'mid the trees of Eden—
Where Israel's prophets sing,
And martyrs chant their story—
Thou walkest with thy King.

XXX. WHETHER MY BURDEN PRESSES.

“In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”—PROVERBS iii. 6.

WHETHER my burden presses,
Whether my load be light,
Whether I sigh in secret,
Or journey on through night ;
Whether my conflicts thicken,
Whether the shadows flee,
In barrenness or verdure,
May I acknowledge Thee !

In things of smallest measure,
In deeds of higher grade,
In all my daily duties,
In travel and in trade,

In lying down, in rising,
Whether engaged or free,
In time, in holy talent,
May I acknowledge Thee !

In winter, spring, in summer,
And when the leaves are dry ;
When painful disappointment
Brings tears into mine eye ;
In health, in solemn sickness,
Thy goodness may I see,
In life, in death, for ever
Acknowledge only Thee !

How like a star the promise
Shines with unfailing ray !
Along the lonely desert
The Lord shall mark my way.
If Him my heart acknowledge,
Direction will be given,
So that my path shall issue
In holiness and heaven.

O help me, Prince eternal,
To follow Thy command,
To seek in each condition
The guidance of Thy hand.

Whate'er Thy mercy orders
For ever be my guest,
Till in the groves of glory
My happy spirit rest.

XXXI. HIDE NOT THY FACE, DEAR SAVIOUR.

“Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”—JOB xiii. 15.

HIDE not Thy face, dear Saviour ;
I fall before Thee now :
The tears are on my eyelids,
A cloud is on my brow :
My hands to Thee are lifted,
My heart to Thee I raise :
O come and cheer my spirit,
And let me sound Thy praise.

O help me, holy Jesus,
Out of myself to flee ;
So utterly unworthy
To lift mine eyes to Thee,
So very, very sinful,
So apt to turn astray
Amid forbidden pastures,
And leave the narrow way.

O heed a sinner's sorrow,
Whose feet are in the dust :
Come quickly, dear Redeemer :
In Thee is all my trust.
Lift up the feeble-minded :
O draw my thoughts above,
And let me feel Thy favour,
And take me to Thy love.

Although Thine axe descending
Should smite the barren tree,
And slay me in Thine anger,
Yet will I trust in Thee.
Yet will I cling to Jesus
Amid the anxious fight,
Although it waxeth hotter
In darkness and in light.

Thy love no tongue explaineth
Which man and angel drink :
O no, Thou wilt not suffer
My fainting soul to sink.
In Thee the grave is conquered,
And death has lost his sting :
None other name but Jesus,
My Saviour and my King.

XXXII. THIS IS THE LAND OF PARTING.

“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”—PSALM xxvii. 10.

THIS is the land of parting ;
We go from whence we came ;
Dust unto dust returneth ;
But Jesus is the same.
The hills shall leave their places,
The sea forsake its shore ;
But Jesus Christ the Saviour
Remains for evermore.

How oft our kindred leave us,
And vanish from our track
Over the world's wide surface,
And never more come back !
Near friends, too, may deceive us,
So that we suffer blame,
And sigh among the thickets ;
But Jesus is the same.

And now He loves as truly,
His mercy is as free,
As when He fully pardoned
The poor of Galilee :

His heart is still as tender
As when from heaven He came
To rescue us from darkness :
O ! Jesus is the same.

How are His people strengthened
To take the painful cup !
If father, mother, leave us,
The Lord will take us up ;
Will feed us at His table,
Will give us home and rest
Within His holy mansion,
The palace of the blest.

Then let us labour onward
Till time and toil are done,
And bear the cross with patience
Until the crown is won,
And in the land of prophets
With angels we repose,
Amid the trees of beauty,
The olive and the rose.

XXXIII. THE SLAIN ARE IN THE VALLEY.

“ Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.”—EZEKIEL xxxvii. 9.

THE slain are in the valley,
Dry bones and nothing more ;

O they are very many :
Who can this host restore ?
How thickly are they lying
Upon the open plain,
A sadly-silent army,
Whitened with sun and rain !

A melancholy murmur
Arises on the air :
The mother and the maiden,
The old and young are there ;
The ignorant, the scholar,
The wealthy, and the poor,
The monarch and his people,
Are bleaching on the floor.

Who can this mass awaken ?
Who the free unction give ;
Reanimate the carcase,
And bid the dry bones live ?
None but the King Almighty ;
None but the Great, the Wise,
Whose mercy never faileth ;
O speak, and these shall rise.

Ye four winds, leave your chambers,
Waft on the Breath Divine,

And in the gloomy valley
The Light of Life shall shine ;
The song of deep thanksgiving
Arise from hearts forgiven ;
And earth possess a measure
Of purity and heaven.

The distant reeds are shaking,
The joyous pines are stirred ;
The Holy Spirit cometh,
The prostrate bones have heard.
They rise a living army,
The Breath has set them free,
And Christ receives due homage
On every land and sea.

XXXIV. IN THE SAD RAIN FALLS A SOUND.

“We spend our years as a tale that is told.”—PSALM xc. 9.

IN the sad rain falls a sound,
Echoing o'er the gloomy ground,
Sobbing on by hearth and home,
Rolling in the river's foam,
Smiting through the dark my brow :
'T is the OLD YEAR dying now.

Like a tale when fires are bright,
Like a meteor of the night,
Like an arrow swift and strong,
Like the twilight's solemn song,
Like the blossom on the bough—
So the OLD YEAR dieth now.

O renew me with Thy grace ;
Quicken, Lord, my sluggish pace ;
Let me see my Father's hand,
Follow Thy Divine command,
Firmer grasp the Gospel plough—
As the OLD YEAR dieth now.

Looking back as on I go,
I have much to lay me low,
Much to rouse my anxious fears,
Much to humble me in tears ;
Sorrowing at Thy feet I bow,
As the OLD YEAR dieth now.

Shouldst Thou grant me future days,
May I spend them to Thy praise ;
More obedient let me be,
Ever learning more of Thee.
O accept my solemn vow,
As the OLD YEAR dieth now.

XXXV. IN A CLIME OF FLOWERS I STRAYED.

“Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word.”—PSALM cxix. 67.

IN a clime of flowers I strayed,
Roses hung in every glade,
Health by crystal fountains lay,
Song arose from mead and spray,
Sunshine glimmered through the trees,
Beauty carolled on the breeze.

But amid those pleasant things,
Flower and song and water springs,
Health and friendship's holy ray,
I had wandered far astray,
Heeding not my Father's love,
Lifting not my heart above.

Came a dark mist o'er the scene,
Hiding mount and meadow green,
Rolling up in awful bars,
Shutting out the sun and stars,
Stretching over sea and shore,
And the earth was fair no more.

Felt I then how I had erred ;
Turned towards the living Word ;

Sought a refuge from my woes,
Till the Sun of Love arose,
And my prisoned soul was free :
Thus these ills were good for me.

Saviour, hear a suppliant pray,
Guide me in the narrow way ;
Where Thou leadest it is best ;
Cheer me with the thought of rest ;
Till I gain the upper shore,
And my tent is struck no more.

XXXVI. ALL NIGHT UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

“ And it came to pass in those days, that He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.”
—LUKE vi. 12.

ALL night upon the mountain
Where dews and damp airs be ;
Within Judea's dwellings
There is no room for Thee.
Although the world's great Maker,
Thy night companions now
Are beasts that leave the thicket,
Or birds upon the bough.

All night upon the mountain
The great sky overhead,
And burning constellations
Along the wide heavens spread ;
While rivers hurry onward
Through dells of deep renown ;
And o'er the mighty cedars
The cold moon looketh down.

All night upon the mountain
Alone with God in prayer,
While wings of lofty seraphs
Sweep through the silent air ;
Here clearer visions gladden,
Apart from mortal strife,
And we are nearer heaven
Than in the shock of life.

All night upon the mountain ;
Yes, it is even so :
How often in the darkness
I utter forth my woe !
But soon the morning dawneth,
And daylight comes. Behold,
The glowing eastern portals
Lift up their bars of gold !

Enough that feeble servants
Should as their Master be :
If sorrow smote my Saviour,
It surely comes to me.
Ah ! He who had no dwelling,
No settled place of rest,
Will raise the lowly-hearted,
And succour the distressed.

XXXVII. TO THY COURTS, O LORD, I FLEE.

“According to your faith be it unto you.”—MATTHEW ix. 29.

To Thy courts, O Lord, I flee,
One great good to crave of Thee,
One great favour to request ;
Saviour, now Thy love attest ;
Grant in answer to my call
Faith, the greatest gift of all.

Do not leave me in my woe ;
Thou art all I have below ;
I have none in heaven but Thee ;
Manifest Thy love to me :
Grant in answer to my call
Faith, the greatest gift of all.

As my trust on Thee is stayed,
So Thy power shall be displayed,

So the bitter springs shall cease,
So my life of love increase :
Grant in answer to my call
Faith, the greatest gift of all.

Having this, I need no more ;
Barrenness shall then be o'er ;
Fruit shall flourish, fair to see,
Clustered on the goodly tree :
Grant in answer to my call
Faith, the greatest gift of all.

This the bow which spans the gloom,
Cheers the pathway to the tomb,
Gilds with light the lower shore,
Opens heaven for evermore :
Grant in answer to my call
Faith, the greatest gift of all.

XXXVIII. AGAIN I WALK IN DARKNESS.

“ Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light ? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.”—ISAIAH I. 10.

AGAIN I walk in darkness,
A mist is on my sight,

High hills shut out the Saviour :
When shall I see the light ?
O Thou in heaven that dwellest,
With glory on Thy brow,
Alone in kingly greatness,
Shine on my spirit now !

Shine on this vale of shadows,
Shine on the mist of sin ;
O let the beams of beauty
With healing power break in !
So shall the clouds be scattered,
So shall the darkness flee,
And living sunlight gladden
The soul in Jesus free.

Where'er Thy Spirit worketh
He brings eternal day ;
The goodly fir shall flourish,
The thorn shall pass away.
Along the moral desert,
O'er all the barren ground,
Shall fruits of love and mercy
And holiness be found.

O what a sign unfailing
Of the Messiah's sway,

Which evermore remaineth
Till sin is past away !
Break in upon my spirit
From purer skies above,
And let me feel Thy presence,
O Sun of perfect love.

I would believe Thy promise
And rest upon the rod,
Wait patiently before Thee,
And stay me on my God.
I dare not doubt Thy wisdom,
Thou knowest what is best.
O, after sterner conflict,
The luxury of rest !

XXXIX. ALL HAIL THE LIVING SAVIOUR!

“Fear not; I am the First and the Last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.”—REVELATION i. 17, 18.

ALL hail the living Saviour,
The Christ who intercedes !
He ever for His people
Before His Father pleads.

The tomb has lost its tenant,
The reign of Death is o'er,
And Christ the Saviour liveth
For ever, evermore.

The silent gates which open
Within the unseen land,
His eye for ever watcheth ;
The keys are in His hand ;
And not a footfall stealeth
Along this mighty shade
Without His full permission
By whom the worlds were made.

How oft, when trouble presses,
How oft, when hope is strong,
When roses kiss the lattice,
And home is rich with song,
When earthly props are broken,
When worldly comforts flee,
The blessed Saviour sayeth,
“ Fear not ; lo, I am He !

“ I am the Resurrection,
The entrance to the sky :
Whoso in Me believeth
Shall never, never die.

I suffered but to conquer
The latest foe for thee,
And purchase heavenly treasure :
Fear not ; lo, I am He."

And onward swell the tidings
Along their course sublime,
To cheer the true believer
Until the end of time.
O marvellous Beginning!
O all-absorbing End !
All hail the living Saviour,
Our interceding Friend !

XL. A GLORY ON MOUNT TABOR.

"And they feared as they entered into the cloud."—LUKE
ix. 34.

A GLORY on Mount Tabor,
A mist of dazzling light !
A splendour which surpasseth,
Too grand for mortal sight,
The halo of the Highest,
The shining rifts between ;
A wondrous upper brightness
The world has never seen.

O, Christ the Saviour prayeth,
While breezes round Him blow;
His countenance is altered,
His raiment white as snow.
'Mid Moses and Elias
A voice of pleasant cheer:
"Divine and loving Master,
'Tis good to meet Thee here."

And then the glory vanished,
The dreadful darkness bowed,
And feared His loved disciples
To enter in the cloud.
But Christ was in the shadow;
The awful vault is stirred,
And in its solemn chambers
His loving voice is heard.

Even now, when trouble gathers,
And fears start up within,
When gloom hangs o'er the portal,
We fear to enter in.
But Christ is with His people,
To guide them on their way,
Until the light of morning
Shall end in perfect day.

Dear Lord, support our weakness ;
If clouds surround the hill,
Still help us onward, upward ;
For Thou art with us still,
Above the storm a rainbow,
A voice within the gloom,
The presence of Jehovah
To light us through the tomb.

XLI. HOMEWARD, HOMEWARD EVER.

“ And the sheep follow Him : for they know His voice.”
—JOHN x. 4.

HOMEWARD, homeward ever,
Slowly day by day,
Guided by our Shepherd
In the narrow way ;
Speaks He words of comfort ;
On His arm we lean ;
In the vale He leadeth
Where the fields are green.

There the living waters
Through the flowerets flow,
Murmuring songs of Beulah,
As we homeward go.

Here are healing fountains ;
Here are corn and wine,
And delicious fruitage
From the living Vine.

Long had we been straying
On a toilsome track,
Till the loving Saviour
Gently called us back,
Saying, " I am Jesus :
Endless life I give,
If you keep my precepts :
Follow Me and live."

Now we love to travel
Where the Shepherd leads,
Cheered with pleasant pasture
From the fruitful meads ;
And where grapes in clusters
Hang the arches o'er,
Oft He sweetly speaketh,
" Jesus is the Door.

" Do not trust a stranger,
Hang upon My love :
Then eternal glory
Shall be yours above,

In My Father's mansion,
In the land of gold,
Where Divine affection
Never will grow cold."

How our eyes are gladdened
By Thy kingly crook!
Zion music floateth
From the crystal brook,
Rise the sounds of praises
From unnumbered strings:
Holy, holy, holy
Is the King of kings.

XLII. OFT WHERE SHINES NO SUN OR STAR.

"And Peter followed afar off."—LUKE xxii. 54.

OFT where shines no sun or star,
Follow I my Lord afar,
Where no voice is near to bless,
In a land of barrenness.
More in earnest let me be,
Draw my footsteps nearer Thee.

Why where thorns and thickets are
Do I follow Thee afar?
Where is heard no cheering strain,
Come and break the prisoner's chain;

From lukewarmness set me free,
Draw my spirit nearer Thee.

How I fail like him of old,
Shivering in the outer cold,
Slowly walking day by day
Where the sun emits no ray !
Lowly let me bend the knee,
Draw me, Jesus, nearer Thee.

How amid Thy trees I stand,
Like a shrub upon the sand ;
Or the heath upon the rock,
Which the angry seasons mock !
May I Thy perfections see ;
Draw my weakness nearer Thee.

Quicken, Lord, my growth in grace,
Show me Thy forgiving face ;
Let my footsteps lag no more,
Travelling to the sinless shore,
Where I shall for ever be,
In Thy palace, nearer Thee.

XLIII. UP, AND DO THY DUTY.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”
—ECCLESIASTES ix. 10.

UP, and do thy duty ;
Time brooks no delay :
Wait not for a morrow
Brighter than to-day.
Whether cloud or sunshine,
To Thy Saviour cleave,
Rest upon His promise,
Labour and believe.

Day by day advanceth,
Night succeedeth night ;
What thy Master biddeth,
Do with all thy might :
Stand in Gospel armour ;
Force thy way through care ;
Gain a higher footing,
Breathe a purer air.

Sleep not on thy weapon :
Foes are round thee spread ;
At thy feet is danger,
Danger overhead.
Quick the moments hurry,
Fades the golden light ;

What thy Master biddeth
Do with all thy might.

Sound the solemn warning,
Call thy brethren in,
Bid them heed the Spirit,
Leave the husks of sin :
Feed upon His favour,
In His love delight ;
What thy Master biddeth
Do with all thy might.

Death may come to-morrow ;
O arise and pray !
Call upon thy Maker,
Shake the dust away.
Thou hast but the present,
Gird thee to the fight ;
What thy Master biddeth
Do with all thy might.

XLIV. OVER THE HILLS A RIVER.

“ And there shall be no night there.”—REVELATION xxii. 5.

OVER the hills a river,
Beyond the river light,

Green palms and stately cedars,
And skies where all is bright ;
A land of golden summer,
A clime beyond compare,
Where verdure never ceases,
And flowers are always fair.

No tongue can tell its beauty,
Or heart its love express ;
Here flow the living waters
'Mid banks which angels press ;
Here wave the snowy lilies,
The exquisite, the rare ;
Here dwells the Prince of Glory :
No night is ever there.

No sin is in its valleys,
No blight upon its hills ;
Here sickness cannot enter,
No wasting fever kills :
The balmy breeze is laden
With sweets divinely fair
From richest rose and myrtle :
No night is ever there.

Within it dwells no sorrow,
And tears are shed no more,

No sigh disturbs its quiet,
The former things are o'er:
Here kings lay down their glory
Its loveliness to share,
And walk the golden city:
No night is ever there.

And in this angel-kingdom
Our friends are with the blest ;
Beyond the silent valley
They beacon us to rest ;
In robes of purest whiteness,
Palms in their hands they bear :
O blessed home of Jesus,
No night is ever there !

XLV. THE EARTH IS HOLY GROUND.

“ But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth : for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.”—JOHN iv. 23.

“ For the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”—EXODUS iii. 5.

DRAW near in solemn worship
To heaven's eternal King,
Under the leafy arches,
Where nature's minstrels sing ;

By rills where reeds and rushes
And rising rocks abound,
Or where the great sea floweth :
The earth is holy ground.

Whoever gains His favour
Must in the spirit pray,
Beneath the vaulted ceiling,
Or on the moorland grey,
When moonlight fills the cloisters
And gilds the hallowed mound,
Or noon is in its brightness :
The earth is holy ground.

The heart may reach the Highest
From overshadowed lane,
Where ivy holds the ruin
Upon the tangled plain,
And silver water falleth
With a religious sound,
Amid the twilight shadows :
The earth is holy ground.

The plougher in the furrow,
The mower on the mead,
The poor man in his dwelling,
The thatcher on the reed,

The sailor on the ocean
Amid the blue around,
May worship God in spirit :
The earth is holy ground.

And such the Father seeketh,
And such the Father hears,
Whose prayers go up through Jesus
In words, or sighs, or tears :
And sendeth He the answer
Of peacefulness profound,
Which passeth understanding :
The earth is holy ground.

Strong Angel of the Promise,
We at Thy footstool kneel ;
Be present by Thy Spirit,
Our sinfulness to heal ;
Come in a voice of stillness,
Or with a rushing sound,
And let us feel Thy presence :
The earth is holy ground.

XLVI. AND KNEW NOT IT WAS JESUS.

“And knew not that it was Jesus.”—JOHN xx. 14.

AND knew not it was Jesus,
Although they felt that day

Their glad hearts burn within them
When talking by the way,
Towards the lonely village,
Among the watching hills,
Where lie the lovely lilies,
Beside the gentle rills.

And knew not it was Jesus,
Though His sweet words of love
Had lifted up their spirits
To higher worlds above :
How Christ their King should suffer
A sacrifice for sin ;
And ope the doors of Zion,
To let His people in.

And knew not it was Jesus :—
Oft when the dawn appears,
And the low willows tremble
Amid the rain of tears,
His presence passeth by us,
Hallowing the holy spot,
Gilding the awful shadows,
And yet we knew it not.

And knew not it was Jesus :—
Although in striving long

We walk through secret places
Where floateth holy song,
Faint murmurs from the valleys,
Where heaven reveals its light,
And the strong arm of Mercy
Is guiding us aright.

And knew not it was Jesus :—
Though oft we faintly pray,
And the unfailing Presence
Is with us on our way.
And knew not it was Jesus :—
Until the solemn shade
Is broken by His whisper,—
“ 'T is I, be not afraid.”

XLVII. BY JACOB'S WELL HE SITTETH.

“ I that speak unto thee am He.”—JOHN iv. 26.

By Jacob's well He sitteth
When noontide fills the air,
And comes a lonely woman
Bringing her pitcher there ;
A dweller of Samaria
Where Sychar youths rejoice ;
And how her heart is gladdened
To hear the Saviour's voice !

O woman of Samaria,
What sweetness fills thy tale,
When Jesus faint and weary
Toiled onward through the vale!
We see thee by the fountain,
The blue bright heavens above,
Conversing with thy Saviour,
And wondering at His love.

“ I know Messiah cometh,
The faithful One and true,
Whose peaceful kingdom maketh
The whole creation new.
How would my song awaken,
This holy Seer to see ! ”
And Jesus sweetly answered,
“ O woman, I am He ! ”

Then thrilled her soul with gladness :
How oft in lonely place
We sigh amid the darkness,
“ O could we see His face ! ”
Until the living waters
That evermore flow free,
Refresh our thirsty spirits :
“ O woman, I am He ! ”

Though in a land of dryness
Where roses gem no bower,
And the short herbage withers,
And falls no cheering shower;
Amid the mighty murmur
Of mountain side and sea,
The voice of Love ariseth,
“O woman, I am He!”

When in the dusky chamber
The silent step is heard,
And the pale lips are breathing
The latest loving word;
Along the mystic landscape
Of Heaven's sublime decree,
The voice of Mercy floateth:
“O woman, I am He!”

XLVIII. WHILE THE SUN IS IN THE SKY.

“Buy the truth, and sell it not.”—PROVERBS xxiii. 23.

WHILE the sun is in the sky,
While the roses round thee lie,
While thy step is firm and strong,
And the morn awakes with song,
Praise Him for thy lengthened lot:
Buy the truth, and sell it not.

If upon the bed of death
Quickly heaves thy labouring breath,
And the twilight fades away
As thy friends around thee pray,
Praise Him for thy lengthened lot :
Buy the truth, and sell it not.

Have thy days been spent in crime,
Rushing down the march of time ;
Herding with the sons of sin,
Though thy conscience spoke within ?
Turn and wonder at thy lot :
Buy the truth, and sell it not.

He who traffics here is wise :
This the costliest merchandise :
This the gold that will not rust ;
Gems to it are sordid dust.
Christ demands thy highest thought :
Buy the truth, and sell it not.

Better part with all things here,
Friends, and home, and kindred dear,
Health, and strength, and worldly worth,
Life, and all the joys of earth,
Than forego the pilgrim's lot :
Buy the truth, and sell it not.

XLIX. NOT BY WORKS WHICH MAN MAY NAME.

“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.”—EPHESIANS ii. 8, 9.

Not by works which man may name,
Not by deeds of might or fame,
Not by hunger, thirst, or pain,
Can we, Lord, Thy favour gain,
Nor by sighs or deep distress,
Toiling through the wilderness.

Though I with my worldly store
Clothe and feed the hungry poor;
Though I in religion's name
Give my body to the flame;
This will gain no meed for me
If I have not faith in Thee.

Not by works, lest man should sin,
Boasting how he enters in;
Not by labour lone and long,
Wrestling with temptations strong;
But by living faith Divine,
In the seed of Jacob's line.

Faith the wing that soars to Thee;
Faith the wondrous golden key;

Faith the Christian's conquering rod ;
Faith the greatest gift of God :
Crave I now this precious store ;
Having it, I need no more.

This the glorious Gospel plan,
Leaving nought for boasting man.
Thus before Thee, Lord, I bow ;
Let my faith be strengthened now ;
Every outward arm forego ;
Only Jesus would I know.

L. LIFT UP YOUR SHINING PORTALS.

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in....Who is this King of glory ? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.”—PSALM xxiv. 9, 10.

LIFT up your shining portals !
The grave has lost its prey :
The mighty King of glory
Has left the tomb to-day ;
And heavenward He ascendeth,
That earth may Eden win.
Lift up your bars of beauty,
And let the Conqueror in !

Who is this King of glory ?
The Prince beyond compare,
In battle ever mighty,
Whose strong arm layeth bare.
Fall back, ye ranks of seraphs,
The fields of light within :
Lift up your bars of beauty,
And let the Conqueror in !

He cometh up from Edom
With garments strangely red :
The winepress of Thine anger
Did He in sorrow tread.
His own arm brought salvation
From the dark night of sin :
Lift up your bars of beauty,
And let the Conqueror in !

Let your bright heads be lifted,
Ye doors of golden light !
The Lord of Hosts ascendeth,
The awful Man of Might.
His life He freely offered
A sacrifice for sin :
Lift up your bars of beauty,
And let the Conqueror in.

His Spirit through all ages
Shall fall like gentle rain,
And kings bow down before Him,
The poor His favour gain.
He shall endure for ever ;
Subdued are death and sin :
Lift up your bars of beauty,
And let the Conqueror in !

LI. ART THOU TOSSED, MY BROTHER ?

“ But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves : for the wind was contrary.”—MATTHEW xiv. 24.

ART thou tossed, my brother,
On the ocean's foam ?
Is thy vessel drifting
Far away from home ?
Roar the billows round thee ?
Rise the waters high ?
Courage, brother, courage :
Holy help is nigh.

There is One who guideth
Every wind that roars ;
O'er the stars He sitteth,
By their silver doors :

His abiding presence
Filleth earth and sky.
Courage, brother, courage :
Holy help is nigh.

Do the billows buffet
With a sound of dread ?
Past those foamy shallows
There is land a-head,
Where the life-tree groweth,
Where the lilies lie.
Courage, brother, courage :
Holy help is nigh.

Leave it with thy Pilot :
Though the tempests swell,
And the foam is flying,
All will yet be well.
Sweetest rest remaineth
In the quiet sky.
Courage, brother, courage :
Holy help is nigh.

Once the harbour entered,
Storm and strife are o'er.
Hark, what cheering music
Floateth from the shore !

Never more to suffer,
Never more to sigh.
Courage, brother, courage :
Holy help is nigh.

Therefore meet with patience
Troubles great and small :
Once within the city
Maketh up for all.
Here no shadow stealeth
O'er the tranquil sky.
Courage, brother, courage :
Holy help is nigh.

LII. WHY STAND HERE ALL DAY IDLE ?

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ? ”—MATTHEW xx. 6.

WHY stand here all day idle
Within the market-ground,
Whilst other earnest workers
Are toiling much around ?
There is no time for wasting,
No hours to spend remiss :
All should be earnest purpose
In such a world as this.

Ask what thy Father willeth :
He shall direct thy hand
To train the fruitful branches,
Or plough the stubble land ;
To keep the temple's portal,
To guide the wretched in.
The smallest Gospel service
A rich reward shall win.

Along the world's wide desert
How many pilgrims sigh !
What griefs there are to soften !
What gushing tears to dry !
The aged need thy succour
Far down the shadowy vale,
The widow and the orphan,
Whom winter winds assail.

And in the shed of sickness
Where the light burneth dim,
And sighs the weary watcher,
O speak a word for HIM !
Thy ever-loving Master,
The humble sinner's Guest,
He succours those who suffer,
His presence bringeth rest.

Then stand no longer idle
Within the market-ground,
While various kinds of labour
For each and all are found.
The weakest oft are strongest
To spread the Saviour's fame,
And gather holy honours
Which cluster round His name.

LIII. IT IS ENOUGH, MY FATHER.

“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.”—PSALM ciii. 13.

It is enough, my Father,
Thy pity reacheth all,
To every land extendeth
Where light and sunbeams fall;
And as a loving parent
Doth o'er his first-born bend,
So are Thy tender mercies,
Which never, never end.

Ah! who can bear the sorrow,
The suffering and the tear,
The ringing cry of anguish,
From infancy so dear?

Who, if his child in hunger
Ask bread with bitter moan,
Could turn away unheeding,
Or offer him a stone ?

Than love of parent stronger,
Through changing years the same,
Is the Redeemer's pity
For those who love His name.
The firmament shall darken
With Nature's last decay ;
But His Divine compassion
Will never pass away.

Then let this cheer us onward
From rising sun to sun,
Through every tribulation,
Until the heights are won,
And in the blessed kingdom,
Our holy home on high,
We dwell with Christ for ever,
Whose pity cannot die.

LIV. WITHIN AN UPPER CHAMBER.

“ And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.”—ACTS ii. 41.

WITHIN an upper chamber
The loved disciples wait,

Until the promised Spirit
Should all things new create ;
When, lo ! like wind He cometh
To run His heavenly race,
The mighty rushing tempest
Filling the holy place.

A radiance brightly golden
Doth with the daylight blend,
The cedar-rafters tremble,
And tongues of fire descend :
The Holy Spirit speaketh,
Nought can His influence stay.
O what a grand awakening,
Three thousand in a day !

Three thousand brought to Jesus :
The swarthy and the fair,
The servant and his master,
Are all converted there.
In other tongues they utter
The wonders of His fame :
Three thousand brought to Jesus :
O glorify His name !

O rich display of mercy
And blessing from above !

How is the truth attested
Of the Redeemer's love !
The Comforter delighteth
With sinful man to stay,
Nor will His power diminish—
Three thousand in a day.

Now pray we for Thy coming,
Thou all-creating Power ;
O bless Thy waiting people
At this devoted hour !
And grant to each believer
A measure of Thy grace,
And let Thy saving presence
Descend and fill the place.

LV. FORTH FROM THE TANGLED DESERT.

“ John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins ; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.”—
MATTHEW iii. 4.

FORTH from the tangled desert,
In cloak of camel's hair,
Girt with a leathern girdle,
With strange and stately air ;
His simple food the locusts
And honey of the wild ;

Comes the inspired Forerunner
Of the anointed Child.

His garments smell of cedar,
And the untrodden wood,
Where Nature rears her altars
By forest arch and flood.
His hair so richly flowing
And lofty gait accord ;
And hues are on his visage
The wilderness afford.

And as he walks he utters
The burden of his lay :
“ Repent, repent ! He cometh
Who bringeth endless day.
Prepare His path of honour :
In welcomes warm conspire :
I you baptize with water,
But He with heavenly fire.

“ The vale shall be exalted,
Brought down the mountain chain ;
The crooked paths be straightened,
And the rough places plain ;
The thorn shall be uprooted,
New flowers adorn the sod ;

And every ransomed nation
Behold the Lamb of God."

O may we see Thee ever,
Our refuge in distress,
The sum of our salvation,
Our perfect righteousness,
Our gracious strength in weakness!
O hear us when we pray!
In life, in death's dim shadow,
Thou art our only stay.

LVI. HOW CAN I DOUBT MY FATHER'S CARE?

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—MATTHEW vi. 34.

How can I doubt my Father's care,
Whose love appeareth everywhere,
In spring's first sigh, in summer's breeze,
In thoughtful autumn's changing trees,
In all I feel, or hear, or see?
Sufficient is Thy grace for me.

Why should I forward look with fear,
When Christ my King is ever near?
How dare mistrust His mighty hand,
Who scatters blessings o'er the land,
Whose voice is in the sounding sea?
Sufficient is Thy grace for me.

Why should I shrink from storms which rise
And gather over distant skies,
Or passes dim where twilight broods
In thickly gathering solitudes,
Or fear the approaching days to be ?
Sufficient is Thy grace for me.

Why should I doubt that powerful Name
When sickness stealeth o'er my frame,
When friends withdraw and foemen reign,
And I alone go forth with pain ?
Amid the swellings of the sea
Sufficient is Thy grace for me.

O let me take my daily share,
And leave to-morrow in Thy care,
Enjoy the sunshine Thou hast sent,
And learn the lesson of content ;
Still trusting, whatso'er may be :
Sufficient is Thy grace for me.

Sufficient when the sun is high,
And when it gilds the evening sky ;
Sufficient in the hour of strife,
When death is entering into life,
And heaven appears and shadows flee :
Sufficient is Thy grace for me.

LVII. STRANGE DARKNESS RODE THE WATERS.

“Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God.”—
MATTHEW xiv. 33.

STRANGE darkness rode the waters,
A black wind smote the wave,
The ocean tossed and tumbled :
Who can the storm outbrave ?
The little ship is drifting
Upon the angry deep,
While the distressed disciples
Can only wait and weep.

Ere the fourth watch had ended
With anguish on their lee,
The ever-loving Saviour
Came walking on the sea :
And while they laboured greatly,
With doubt and fear dismayed,
“ Be of good cheer,” He whispered ;
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid.”

Then Peter trod the tempest ;
But when the winds were high,
He sank into the billows
With a beseeching cry.

And Christ vouchsafed His mercy
In answer to his prayer,
And took him to His favour,
And saved the suppliant there.

And soon the winds were silent,
The waves were rough no more,
The white moon kissed the waters,
Sweet music swept the shore.
Glad voices swelled the murmur
Which o'er the still sea trod
From the rejoiced disciples,
"Thou art the Son of God."

How oft the Saviour cometh
When winds and waves are high,
And stills the mighty tempest,
And bids the darkness fly!
The leaves of hope are freshened,
Bright flowers adorn the sod,
And whispers fill the morning :
"Thou art the Son of God."

LVIII. LISTEN, AS THOU JOURNEYEST ON.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."—JOHN ii. 5.

LISTEN, as thou journeyest on,
To the voice of God's dear Son,

In the hum of noonday light,
In the stillness of the night.
Whatso'er He saith to thee,
Do it with a spirit free.

Does He bid thee climb the hill ?
Onward, never standing still.
Heed not what thy fears may meet ;
Tread distrust beneath thy feet.
Gird thine armour on thy breast :
On the summit there is rest.

Does He lead where in the vale
Sing the thrush and nightingale,
Where the waters sparkle free,
And the land is fair to see ?
On, with thankfulness and prayer :
Jesus wills that thou art there.

Does He call thee to possess
Pain and anguish and distress,
Guiding where prostration pines,
And a blast is on the vines ?
Whatso'er He orders thee,
Bear it with a spirit free.

Does He bid thee front the foe ?
Onward to the battle go :

Aim to slay the man of sin :
Call the sons of suffering in
To the Gospel's welcome cheer,
Spread for every sinner here.

There is earnest work for all :
Some are builders on the wall ;
Some are drawers from the well ;
Some are hewers in the dell.
Whatso'er He saith to thee,
Do it with a spirit free.

LIX. IT IS THE SABBATH STILLNESS.

“ And He healed them all.”—MATTHEW xii. 15.

It is the Sabbath stillness,
A type of heavenly rest :
A halo crowns the mountain,
And wraps the valley's breast.
The gathering hush is holy
Which thus enfoldeth space,
And every tree a teacher
Of the Redeemer's grace.

Amid the corn He walketh
Along the pleasant land ;
And now His mercy healeth
The man with withered hand.

Behold, the people follow,
And on the Saviour call,
The blind, the brokenhearted,
And Jesus healeth all.

None are by Him rejected ;
To all His love outflows ;
No matter what their sickness,
No matter what their woes.
His great compassions reach them,
And raise them from their fall ;
He bids them go rejoicing :
O, Jesus healeth all.

The hoary-haired transgressor,
Whose deeds are dark with sin ;
The stained in youthful folly,
Whose conscience speaks within ;
Nought is beyond His goodness ;
The worst may on Him call,
And find His full forgiveness :
O, Jesus healeth all.

The heaviest load He lightens,
The saddest heart He cheers :
Ask, and His lovingkindness
In thy behalf appears.

Whoever prayeth gaineth
A blessing great or small,
An influence from the Highest :
O, Jesus healeth all.

LX. ALWAYS WALKING, WATCHING.

“Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.”—I PETER
i. 17.

ALWAYS walking, watching,
Serving Thee in fear,
Knowing that our journey
Quickly endeth here.
Short the longest sojourn,
Fleet the farthest flight :
O for holy wisdom,
Thus to walk aright !

Poor is earthly pleasure,
Like the burning thorn,
Cracking, flashing, dying,
Gone as soon as born.
O for heavenly manna !
O for angels' cheer !
Which the Saviour breaketh
To the soul sincere.

Not with gold and silver,
Not with bread and wine,
Are His people ransomed,
But with blood Divine ;
With the solemn slaughter
Of his precious Son.
Quicken us, dear Jesus,
All the race to run.

May we ever follow
Christ the Lord in fear,
Guided by His presence
On our journey here,
Burning like a pillar,
Floating like a cloud ;
Till our sojourn endeth
Where the palms are bowed.

There is earnest labour
For the willing hand ;
Helping on a brother
O'er the silent sand ;
Speaking for the Saviour
On our homeward way,
Ere the night approacheth,
Shutting out the day.

LXI. FROM CARMEL'S SIDE IT COMETH.

“How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him.”—1 KINGS xviii. 21.

FROM Carmel's side it cometh,
Where Baal's own prophets stand,
And like the strong wind rusheth
Across the thirsty land,
O'er Kishon's silvery waters,
On to the mighty sea:
“Between these two opinions
How long, how long halt ye?”

“If Baal be your protector,
Then serve him with your might.
If God be God, then give Him
His undivided right.
Take ye the severed victim,
And lay it on the pyre,
And let the truth be tested
By heaven's descending fire.”

How rave these wicked prophets!
They cut themselves, and cry;
And yet no fire descendeth,
No voice is in the sky.

They leap upon the altar ;
The stones are scattered round ;
Yet unconsumed the victim,
The heavens afford no sound.

The shades of eve are falling
On Carmel's lovely brow :
Elijah wraps his mantle
More closely round him now.
His eyes to heaven are lifted ;
His lips have breathed the prayer ;
The holy flame descendeth ;
Jehovah conquers there.

Why halt ye in your folly ?
On this side sorrows rise :
The dreadful hail, the tempest,
The death that never dies.
On that, the trees of Eden,
The waters of His love,
The fulness of the Saviour,
Jerusalem above.

LXII. WHERE SHALL UTTER WEAKNESS HIDE ?

“ A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench.”—MATTHEW xii. 20.

WHERE shall utter weakness hide,
Save in Christ the Crucified ?

What shall utter weakness do,
But rely for succour too,
Feeling ruined and undone,
On the love of His dear Son ?

Saviour, see me spirit-bowed,
Toiling underneath a cloud,
Of all heavenly help bereft,
In a land of darkness left.
But, though ruined and undone,
Let me hope in His dear Son.

Still the light of life is dim :
I can scarcely come to Him,
Scarcely see the narrow way,
Scarcely lift my heart to pray.
But, though ruined and undone,
I will hope in His dear Son.

Jesus, come ; a suppliant bless ;
Pity, Lord, my feebleness.
Never sued for help Divine
One whose weakness equalled mine.
Yet, though ruined and undone,
I will hope in His dear Son.

Breaks He not the bruised reed
On the peaceful Gospel mead,

And the smoking flax shall rise
In a flame to Paradise.
Thus, though ruined and undone,
I am safe in His dear Son.

LXIII. NOT BY BURDENS MAN MAY BEAR.

“What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.”—JOHN vi. 28, 29.

Not by burdens man may bear,
Heaven is won by faith and prayer.
Build thou not on works of thine,
Rest upon the Word Divine.
Nothing do, and nothing give :
Come to Christ, believe, and live.

Come with all thy sore distress,
All thy woe and wretchedness,
All thy anguish, all thy grief,
All thy sin and unbelief,
To the Son whose side was riven ;
And thy wrong shall be forgiven.

Come with all thy load of care :
He the pilgrim's part shall share.
With thy doubt and darkness come :
He shall guide the helpless home.

Wait not for a brighter day ;
Clouds shall thicken, shouldst thou stay.

Come to Jesus as thou art ;
Now with all thy idols part ;
Lay thy burden on His breast ;
He shall give thee perfect rest.
He shall make thy weakness strong,
He shall fill thy soul with song.

Come with all thy sin and shame,
Plead the merits of His name.
Nothing mention of thine own,
Cling to Christ by faith alone ;
And His love's delicious store
Shall be thine for evermore.

LXIV. OPEN MINE EYES, DEAR SAVIOUR.

“ I see men as trees, walking.”—MARK viii. 24.

OPEN mine eyes, dear Saviour,
That I may plainly see
The riches of Thy mercy,
So bountiful, so free.
How weak my aspirations,
Which slowly rise to Him !
How indistinct my vision,
Like trees when woods are dim !

Open mine eyes, dear Saviour ;
Me to thy mercy draw.
O teach my spirit daily
The wonders of Thy law !
May I increase in wisdom,
Still more and more like Him,
Nor longer see His beauty
Like trees when woods are dim.

Open mine eyes, dear Saviour ;
Diffuse Thy Spirit's ray.
O may I see Thy glory
In the clear light of day !
May faith's weak hand be strengthened
To touch Thy garment's rim ;
Nor longer may I view Thee
Like trees when woods are dim.

Open mine eyes, dear Saviour :
O cheer me with Thy love !
May I behold distinctly
My hidden home above,
The land of living waters,
The clime of harp and hymn,
Where nought on high appeareth
Like trees when woods are dim.

LXV. WITH THE PROMISED STAFF IN HAND.

“ But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”—MARK xiii. 13.

WITH the promised staff in hand
Walk we o'er a dangerous land ;
And the Saviour's voice we hear
Rising in the desert drear :
“ Grace for all is full and free ;
Win eternal life through Me.”

If we falter halfway o'er,
We shall never reach the shore,
Never gain the home of rest,
Never mingle with the blest,
Never wander where the trees
Whisper over crystal seas.

Ever ready may we be
To endure as seeing Thee,
Guided by Thy perfect love,
Till we reach our home above,
Far from sorrow, pain, and strife,
In the land of endless life.

Only these who persevere
Till has dropped the latest tear,

Till has ceased the aching breast,
Gain the mansions of the blest.
Gracious Saviour, may we be
Saved at last to heaven and Thee.

LXVI. WITHOUT THE BUSY CITY.

“What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?”—MARK x. 51.

WITHOUT the busy city,
Beside the broad highway,
Blind Bartimæus sitteth,
And beggeth out the day.
The birds are on the branches,
The cedars bathe in light ;
But all to him is darkness,
O, all to him is night.

He hears the children's voices,
He hears the matron's hymn,
And Jordan's murmuring waters
Across the lowlands dim ;
When, hark ! the tramp of footsteps,
Which quickly draweth nigh ;
And how his heart is gladdened,
For Jesus passeth by !

He prays the Lord for pity
In language strong and clear,

Though chided by the people :
" Thou Son of David, hear ! "
And casting off his garment
In answer to His call,
He rose and came to Jesus,
And told the Saviour all.

" What wilt thou, Bartimæus,
Poor blind one, at My hand ? "
" Let me receive, dear Saviour,
My sight at Thy command. "
" Go on thy way rejoicing,
Thy faith hath made thee whole ; "
And happiness unuttered
Filled his delighted soul.

O with what joy he witnessed
The lovely earth around,
The hills beyond Judæa,
The fruitful pasture-ground,
The waving woods, the waters,
The human face Divine ;
And praises filled the valleys
Above the loftiest pine.

'T was well the blind man rested
Where olives whispered low,

That, when appeared the Saviour,
He might His footsteps know,
And to the gracious Healer
With earnest zeal apply.
So let my soul be waiting
Where Jesus passeth by.

Christ might have blest the beggar
Without his earnest call :
But this is not like Jesus,
Whose pity reacheth all.
Ask, and His mercy floweth
As freely as the light ;
And the kind Son of David
Giveth the blind one sight.

LXVII. EVER LEARNING MAY I BE.

“ Learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”—MATTHEW xi. 29.

EVER learning may I be
Living lessons, Lord, of Thee,
From the ever-cheering light,
From the mystery of the night,
From the stars that spread thy fame,
Whispering through the heavens Thy name.

Let me learn from all things here,
Bird and brook and floweret dear,
Valley low and mountain high,
Ocean vast and spreading sky,
Meadow green and forest tall ;
For Jehovah made them all.

Let me in the knowledge grow
How Thou didst abide below ;
Wear Thee ever in my heart,
Meek and lowly as Thou art,
Who the scoffer's insult bore,
And the crown of mockery wore.

Let me learn from sin to flee,
More and more to copy Thee,
In Thy pity for distress,
In Thy life of lowliness,
In Thy deeds of love to man,
Perfecting the Gospel plan.

Let me learn from hour to hour
More and more Thy saving power,
More and more Thy counsels sweet,
Sitting lowly at Thy feet ;
On Thy steadfast truth rely ;
Learn to live, and learn to die.

LXVIII. WHERE PALMS O'ERHANG THE SILENT SHORE.

“They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord.”—JUDGES v. 11.

WHERE palms o'erhang the silent shore,
And noisy archers stir no more ;
Where matrons meet with comely grace
Around the ancient watering-place,
Where hangs the richly clustered vine,
Would they rehearse His acts Divine.

Here sound of bow and tramp of steed
Break not among the murmuring reed ;
The crystal waters, rippling low,
As o'er the cypress roots they flow,
With whispering winds and waves combine,
Where they rehearse His acts Divine.

O sweet to be delivered here,
Where wavelets sparkle cool and clear,
From wasting noise and rude alarms
Of gathering multitudes in arms ;
Where Peace and Piety recline,
And thus rehearse His acts Divine.

So would we gather here to-day,
Beside Life's Fount to watch and pray.

O Saviour, hear us from above,
And feed us with the bread of love.
Now, Holy Spirit, seal us Thine,
As we rehearse His acts Divine.

LXIX. A FAIR BARK RIDES THE WATERS.

“And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.”—ACTS xxvii. 44.

A FAIR bark rides the waters,
The skies assume a frown,
The fretful winds are sighing,
The angry storm comes down,
A mighty moving tempest,
Which grandly thunders on,
Driving the foam before it,
The great Euroclydon.

The labouring ship was lightened,
The sails were rent away ;
The waters rose and rumbled,
And flashed the blinding spray.
All hope of life had vanished,
As they the quicksands neared,
And through long days of darkness
No sun or star appeared.

And then in robes of beauty,
Whose garments wore no speck,
Girt with a golden girdle,
An Angel walked the deck.
O how the cordage glittered
With glory unsurpassed,
Which tinged the surging waters,
And streamed upon the mast !

“Fear not,” the Saviour whispered ;
“Your lives are in My hand ;
The ship alone shall founder,
The crew shall reach the land.”
The dreadful tempest conquered,
The vessel ran aground,
And the great sea swept o’er it
With a sublime rebound.

And some were saved by swimming ;
Some grasped the floating oar ;
Some, portions of the vessel ;
And all escaped to shore.
So shall the Church of Jesus,
The days of darkness past,
The toiling and the tempest,
Arrive in heaven at last.

And when we drift in darkness
Upon the roaring wave,
The Angel of the Promise
Is ever near to save.
Across the foamy waters
He guideth with His hand,
And all who trust His mercy
He bringeth safe to land.

LXX. THE CRIMSON CROSS WAS LIFTED.

“And sitting down they watched Him there.”—MATTHEW
xxvii. 36.

THE crimson cross was lifted,
Its foot was on the land ;
The thorns upon His temples,
The nails were in His hand.
The scourge had marred His visage,
O sorrowful to see !
And sitting down they watched Him
Extended on the tree.

And then the sun was darkened ;
The solemn valleys sighed ;
The mighty mountains murmured,
When Christ their Maker died.

The work of love is finished ;
The temple's veil is torn,
And type and shadow vanish
Before the perfect morn.

'T is finished, yes, 't is finished,
The wondrous Gospel plan :
The King has brought salvation
To erring guilty man.
The flinty rocks are rending,
The startled dead arise,
And angel lyres are ringing
The welcomes through the skies.

Within thy courts, O Zion,
Where palm and cedar stand,
And living waters murmur
Along the holy land,
In humble adoration
We bow the willing knee,
And supplicate Thy favour,
And watch and wait for Thee.

O come with holy comfort
From vales of light above,
And let Thy free forgiveness
Delight our souls with love.

Descend, O promised Spirit ;
Our sinful souls restore ;
And may we feel Thy presence,
And wonder and adore.

LXXI. FAR BACK, WHEN MORNS WERE GOLDEN.

“Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,
according to Thy word : for mine eyes have seen Thy salva-
tion.”—LUKE ii. 29, 30.

FAR back, when morns were golden
With beauty that should be
More bright in the hereafter,
Illuming land and sea,
An old man had a vision,
By God the Spirit given,
That he should see Messiah
Before he entered heaven.

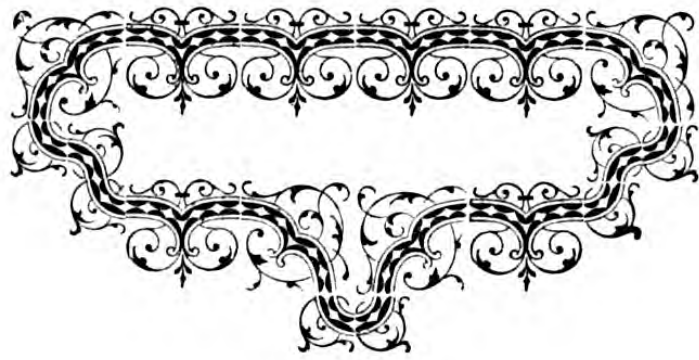
With quenchless hope he waited
As summer sweets disclose,
And the broad olive widened,
And the grand cedar rose.
Yet still with holy patience
His eye was on the star,
Which edged the blue horizon,
And cheered him from afar.

At length the Light of Mercy
 Beamed on this world of strife ;
 Old Simeon saw the Saviour,
 The lowly Lord of Life.
 Within the temple's halo
 He cheered his trusting heart :
 " Now lettest Thou Thy servant,"
 Said he, " in peace depart.

" Mine eyes have felt Thy glory
 Upon my spirit fall,
 The Healer of the people,
 The Light to lighten all."
 And o'er the mountain summits,
 Through deserts dark and dead,
 On by the whispering waters,
 The kindling beauty spread.

So wait we for Thy Spirit,
 The Comforter of Love.
 O take away our blindness,
 And lift our hearts above !
 Assist us by Thy mercy
 From sin and self to flee,
 And in our heart to worship
 And wait alone for Thee.





MEENA

A TALE OF THE MANACLES.



MEENA:

A TALE OF THE MANACLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEENA *The Drunkard's Wife.*
ERNO *A country Maiden.*
FIRST BOATMAN.
SECOND DITTO.
MEENA'S DAUGHTER.
COTTAGE WOMAN.
RIDO *Meena's Son.*
MEENA'S HUSBAND.

STORM SPIRITS, &c.

SCENE—*A Common in Cornwall.* TIME—*Evening.* MEENA *walking up the hill.*

Meena. The sky is red and glowing ; all below
Is streaked with beauty, whether cloud or crag,
Wind-waving fern or wondrous firmament,
Pine-clump and peak and river fringed with reeds ;
And there are echoes from the hollow hills
And mystic marshes, which the busy noon

In the full swing of labour heedeth not.
My mother oft, when Eve lay down to dream,
Watched by the gathering twilight, called me near,
And bade me listen while the moon arose
Above the crags that watched us, turning tears
To beads of silver on her thoughtful face ;
And then she pointed westward, where the light
Was like a crimson curtain, whispering low,
As if her words were harsh 'mid such a psalm
From lutes unstrained by action : " List, my child,
These murmuring voices are the sounds of prayer
From thickets thronged with trumpets, each a
tongue

Which utters praises in the ear of God !"
Then came a blast with poison on its wings,
Smiting her in its march, and she dropped down
Where bitter dews were falling, and the sigh
Of sickness swelled upon the leaden air.
A second blast, and when a third arose,
Rushing with rolling force, she smiled no more,
But lay upon her bed in love with death,
Pale as a lily when the storm descends ;
And through the portals of the purple sky
Her spirit passed into the field of flowers.
From the high hills of heaven she watches me,
And knows my path of sorrow. [*She weeps.*
Let me weep !

These thoughts bring tears, and tears will ease my
load.

They have not flowed like this for many a day ;
For the cold hand of Care has dammed them up
With walls of tribulation. Blessed tears !
I'll thank the Giver for these rills of truth,
In which I see the hopes of other days,
Fair plans and prospects, figured and achieved.
Then from the poison-marshes rolled a stream,
Thick black and burning, bearing life away,
Leaving behind it brokenness and death.
What am I now but a storm-wrangled wall
Which the great sea of grief has undermined,
And still the waves come dashing to its doom ?
My home is a wild wreck upon the deep,
Swept with big billows, where sea-monsters herd
And shapes unnamed by mortal : on it drives
By shores of thunder with the lightnings torn.
No food is in my dwelling ; on the straw
A dying daughter with no fire to warm
Or cordial to refresh her. By the hearth
With brand unkindled, Famine sits and scowls,
And sparrows pick the casement paper-blotched,
Alarmed to hear her wailings, fluttering off
To other doorsteps joyous for a meal.
Methinks her sorrow, like a phantom slim,
Follows for ever, treading in my steps,

And sighing in mine ears, and meeting me
With ashy features wheresoe'er I turn.
Her father is a drunkard. Once his light
Illumed our dwelling, chasing gloom away;
She ran to meet him when his work was done,
And in his arms he held her high in air,
At which she crowed and clapped her pretty palms.
She told him stories sitting on his knee,
Shared in his meals and laughter, nor withheld
Her earnest kisses, sweet as gales of May.
O, home was holy then! beneath our vine
An angel sat with benedictions bright,
And the soft music awed us into prayer.
Too soon was it supplanted: in its place
A thing of gloom lay cowering all day long,
And moaning until morning: light was gone
And darkness crammed it to the very roof.
The voice of prayer died out, and fiercely wild
Rose words of clamour. Drink has done it all,—
Affection, friends, health, happiness, and home,
Reason and right, wisdom and heaven for drink!
In these poor rags I've wandered through the lanes,
If haply I might meet the wretched man,
And lure him to his dying daughter's side,
Whose wasting cry is lifted up for help,
So soon to be a seraph. Let me go
Where all the miseries meet!

[*Enter ERNO, a country maiden.*]

Erno. Is sorrow thine
Beyond a pilgrim's portion, that thy face
Is channeled like a hill-side by the sea,
Where meet the four winds, followed with the rain
And sounding thunder? Sighs thy bosom heave
Like her deserted when the rose of love
Seems bending to her fingers, and thine eyes
Deep-set and shining flash forth more than words.
Would talking ease thee?

Meena. I have much to bear.
Mine is a great woe wresting life away,
Filling the land with hailstones. Summer fruits
Are changed to rottenness, and the green grass,
By the huge grief-cloud drifting up my path,
To prickly stubble where strong reptiles brood.
Thou mayest draw near and look with pitying eyes,
But canst not reach such agony as mine.

Erno. All have their suffering: some a greater
share,
And some a lesser: some have grievous ills
Out-jutting on their journey, sharp as swords;
And some have angry seas where waves run high,
And whirlpools roar, and winds come tumbling
down;
And some have valley, meadow-path, and stream:
Sunshine have some, clear sky and level plain;

And some more days of darkness than of dawn :
Thrice happy he who takes what Heaven assigns
With grateful heart, and rests upon His rod !
Meena. What is there in the feverish swamp of ills
With mien more mournful than the drunkard's
 wife,
Crushed out of comfort by a weight of wrong,
Heaped on by him whose hands should hold her up?
And such am I, with all my garments stained.
Far better be a watcher in the fields
Till the moon rises, lonely as the lark
Whose mate fell when the winter winds were wild.
Pass by our garden : there the nettle stings,
And brier and bramble riot ; thistles wave,
And dock-weeds flaunt and frolic. The low fence
Is broken to the turf, and the lean hog
And hungry horse prowl o'er it at their will.
The hovel's roof is greatly reft of reed,
So that the wood lies bare. The monster blast,
One muttering night when darkness drowned the
 moon,
Thrust in his hands, close followed by the snow,
And opened cruel gaps which wider stared
As the north raised its trumpet. The porch rose
Is draggling in the earth, with no fond hand
To train it to the timber : once it won
The praise of all who saw it ; now, like me,

It is a target for the darts of scorn :
Yet still I trim the lingering lamp of love.
Erno. 'T were ill to banish hope, and let the mind
Drift like a feather. I have had my share
Of what the world calls trial. Once a fire
Came in the darkness when the city lay
In a still sea of slumber, stretching out
Great lurid arms which stained the firmament ;
And when I woke the room was full of sparks,
And red tongues smote the lattice. Then a hand
Came through the sulphur, taking hold of mine,
And the next moment there were shouts of joy.
Ah ! I was but a child, and my first care
Was for my mother, whom I saw no more.
My father too fell ill from harms received
That fearful hour, and shortly after died,
Leaving an orphan in the workhouse walls.
Soon I was sent to service. Cruel hands
Inflicted bruises on my tender frame,
Which would command the tears from eyes like
thine.

Long suffered I in silence with a prayer
To Him who seeth in the secret place ;
And when my grief increased with stripes of pain,
I ran away and begged from door to door.
Sometimes I hungered much, and lay in barns,
Or by the rich man's pillar ; oft a crust,

Soaked in the stream on whose green banks I sighed,
Sustained me from the morn till morn again.
My feet were shoeless, my thin garments torn,
My tangled hair uncovered. Once a voice
Rang in me when the hunger pang was high :
“*Steal!*” and I trembled as my wasted hand
Was stretched to take what never had been mine :
I drew it back, and cried, and cried again ;
Then prayed for help, and soon the Helper came.
A lady found me on the rift’s rough edge,
And led me thence, and placed my willing feet
In other paths, where flowers of knowledge grew ;
But trouble followed still. Beyond the woods
Young Rido dwelt, of aspect delicate
And loveful as a river. We met oft
Where branching elms gave shadow, and one theme
Entranced us ever, murmuring in the brook
And ringing in the echoes of the trees.
He sought for me when eve came down the west,
And led me to the door, and talked of love ;
And oft some little present would he bring :
But stern his father. When the truth came out,
How his son wooed an orphan, he was wroth ;
And in the night, when rain-floods roused the hills,
And torrents rumbled through the rocky gorge,
He drove him forth with many a bitter word
And stamp of foot, forbidding his return

Till the pure love-plant perished in his soul.
I cried until my tears appeared like fire
Burning upon my lids, and my limbs shook
With daily fasting ; yet he never came :
And still I listen when the eve is calm,
And the mill-brook is gurgling round its banks,
To hear his whistle ; but no whistle rings.
'T is dark without him : when will it be light ?
Meena. 'T is even so : the earth has woes for all.
But mine are blacker, bolder, more intense,
More fraught with horrors, saddening human ears,
Than those that throng the pathways of the world.
What blighted being is so sad as she
Who shivers in the ruin of her home,
Made blank by drink which scorches like a fire ?
I stand like one for whom the ocean roars,
Cast lorn and naked on the hungry strand,
Whose earthly all is in the waves entombed.

[*Exit ERNO. MEENA soliloquizes.*

How strange the leaflets of our human life !
Some are replete with conflict, some as smooth
As lakes in summer ; some have jets of song,
And some adventure-cramming half the page.
Why has this maiden crossed my weary path,
Murmuring for love ? and Rido is my son.
Yes, Rido is my son. His angry sire,
When full of drink and swaggering in his weeds,

Bade him be gone and seek his home no more,—
Bade him be gone because an orphan girl
Had won his heart's affection. O how sad !
He did not know her beauty or her worth ;
Dowerless and friendless was enough for him ;
There was no gold, and so the balance turned,
And merit was rejected. This is life,
Or be he bard or barber. Show your purse,
And cunning tongues will praise your cleverness.
If you have none, why, you have friends to seek.
No strains of music can atone for this ;
No lofty talent, no invention huge ;
The gilded idol wins the bended knee.
And yet she loves our Rido, weeps for him,
And watches all the passes of the hills
With eyes that weary not and heart that yearns.
And what is gold to this ? a water-drop
To seas of milk and honey ! Shame, O shame !
This maiden is a treasure unsurpassed,
A garden of sweet spices. Who wins her
Will have a fortune *in* her. Once our boy
Has written, and the letter reached our shed.
Rough seas were crossed, and plains and rivers
wide ;
And in a country thick with tangled wood
He trod the lion's track, and heard the wolf
Howl in the coming darkness : the wild man

Peered from the bushes, and the condor screamed.
He may be on the sea or on the land,
Or in his grave : God knoweth, and not I.
But for this damsel's sake I'll pray once more
That Heaven may shield him. Now I sadly go
Where ills are gathered, shutting out the day,
Worse than Egyptian darkness. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—*A cottage on the Cornish cliff.* TIME—
Midnight. A storm. Enter TWO BOATMEN.

First Boatman. Perils huge !
I've been abroad in gloom and savage strife,
When heaven and earth were roaring, and the
sound
Was like a falling mountain ; but to-night
The waves rise high until they burst themselves
In frantic fury, weltering o'er their bounds,
And flash and foam into the very streets.
No craft can stand such anger. Craggs are torn
From their primeval footing, and great trees,
That watched the centuries, cry as if in pain,
Uprooted like a bulrush. Hark ! a gun
Speaks in the tumult. Let us to the door,
And watch the flash upon the heaving sea.
Second Boatman. A flash again ! If my discern-
ment serves,

It must be near the jutting Manacles,
Which all night long are watching for their prey.
Methinks I hear the shouting mariner,
Or was it the wild echoes of the mere ?
Another gun, and there the signal lights !
Let's to the rescue : duty needs no guide.

[*Exeunt* BOATMEN. *Enter* MEENA, *leading her daughter.*

Meena. We have no home, my daughter, but the
heath

Where vapours haunt the marshes ; rain and storm
Vent their ill humour on us, and the cold
With wakeful harshness maketh life severe.
O, we had friends when sunshine was our lot,
And mirth and music, conversation bright,
Nod and hand-shaking ; but when trouble came,
Stark want and ruin, by the demon drink,
Then friendship's face was hidden, and cold eyes
Froze sheer into the spirit. I stood lone
Among my sex with a great gulf between,
Which wider yawns with desperate doors of doom,
As my thin rags grow thinner where they hang.
It grieves me, child, to mark thy pallid face.
Severely hast thou fasted, till thy life
Seemed swinging by a hair ; then the sun shone,
And the crushed lily rallied. Mine own woes
Are limping dwarfs, nor worthy to be named,

And dwindle into straws, whilst thine are trunks
Whose girth might shield a lion. Watched I long
And saw thee sinking with a dearth of bread,
And heard thy sorrow while relief's high gates
Were barred up by thy father, and dark waves
From whose cold chambers issued wailing words
Went washing through my dwelling. How I
sighed

None but Jehovah and the angels know.

And then came food from whence I cannot tell,
But it was Heaven who sent it. Yet he drank,
And reeled from slope to slope still lower down,
Whirling with greater force, till the last plunge
Was most terrific, levelling every hope
And dashing it in anger to the ground.

Then my brain reeled, thick darkness veiled mine
eyes:

A shadow lay before me. When I woke,
My home was gone and its endearments changed,
A heap of wasting ashes. A great sigh
Swelled to the clouds, and underneath the stars
We wandering went, thou whispering in mine ear,
"I'll go where mother goes, and starve with her;"
Till the wide south grew angry, and huge clouds
Rose from the roaring waters; darkness dropped
Upon the mountains, and along the rifts
Walked the wild thunder,—we were in the storm.

Thanks for the safety of this reedy shed
And a kind-hearted hostess !

Cottage Woman.

Let my hands

Be free to help a sister in distress,
And shield the daughter of calamity.
We all are drifting on a sea of change,
And know not where the tide may carry us.
Monarchs to-day in regal vestments clad
Are mendicants to-morrow, and the hall
Where music sits enamoured of itself,
And painting spreads the canvas, yields to cells
Where stone and plaster are the ornament.
Right welcome are you to abide the gale,
Which its own rage must shatter in the clouds.
As now I help, let timely aid return.

Meena. I have two storms which roar upon me now
Like fields of icebergs,—one a ruined home,
And one the horror of this hurricane
Marching the earth in fury. On the sea
My boy may now be drifting, thrust with winds
And thunder-heavings. If I look above,
There is a black arch which I cannot pierce,
And on each side a fearful wall of black,
And black beneath me. Once the sky was fair,
And bright stars journeyed with the watery moon,
And gay flowers decked the landscape : now I stand,
Like some fond lover of the beautiful,

With lakes beneath, beyond the waving pines,
Behind bluff tarns and peaks with sunset stained,
And in the distance barks and the blue sea,
And a high hymn of praise to gladden all.
I stand like one thus blest with loveliness ;
And as I gaze the glory disappears,
And a waste wilderness, where monsters breed
And reptiles batten, quickly hems me in.
The children know me, strangers read my curse,
Neighbours forsake, the wealthy wag their heads,
And gather in their garments as they pass
For fear of great pollution ; and the brutes
Which stand on their own level seem to feel
By wondrous instinct I'm the drunkard's wife.
Like one who toils through trial, treading on
And struggling eve and morn until he rears
A dwelling by his birthplace, saying oft,
" Now I shall rest securely," but whose door
Is much besieged by callers whose free talk
So interrupts his quiet ; or like him
Whose hand did aid his fellows, struck with age
And withering sickness, pushed aside and scorned
As if unworthy of the ground he trod ;
Or the poor wretch who labours for a fire,
And when it is enkindled, is thrust out,
And others feel the comfort of the flame :
Too faint these emblems are of woes like mine.

O, why do not the elements unite
In rage unwonted, and with one vast turn
Of the strong key which looses the dread bolt,
Unravel the great future? Better lie
In the still grave, watched by the loving moon!
Cottage Woman. O what fierce arrows of blue
scorching fire
Shoot through the heavens! The wild, crag-
shaking war
Of thunder rises, roaring as it rolls
More stunning still the last ear-piercing peal.
Disaster's catalogue will swell to-night,
New widows mourn and orphans, and the sea
Entomb its sleepers without board or shroud.
Hear'st thou the minute gun? Trim the night lamp
Which blazes in the window: it may be
A guide to some poor sailor. Now sit down
And take this cup of tea and slice of bread.
You both look famished. Never part with hope:
It is the spirit's anchor; and a calm
Follows the storm and lulls the ruffled wave.

[MEENA *and her daughter eat.* Enter the STORM
SPIRITS, *singing in a circle.*

From cloudy chariots we unchain
The noisy winds that march the main.
Uncurbed, unchecked,—away, away,—
They sweep the earth, they lift the spray,

They hoist the sea with haughty swells
Around the mighty Manacles.

The stately vessel homeward bound,
Where wealth and absent friends are found,
Rich-freighted from yon spicy shore,
Shall plough the emerald waves no more.
Her keel shall bruise the hidden shells
That stud the mighty Manacles.

The maiden at their base shall sleep,
While mystic watch the mermaids keep ;
The ancient mariner shall rest
With ocean-pearls upon his breast,
Where everlasting silence dwells,
Down by the mighty Manacles.

Here dirges rise from deep sea-caves,
And foam is ever on the waves,
In storm and calm, by day and night,
When boards are cleared, when fires are bright,
And roar the waves the rock repels,
“ Beware the mighty Manacles.” [Exeunt.

[Re-enter the Two BOATMEN, leading a youth.
First Boatman. A splendid bark, with all her boards
unbulged
And not a stain upon her ! yet she seemed
A very plaything on the angry deep,

Rocked like a fairy's cradle, till she fell
Right in the rage of the stern Manacles,
Which ground her to destruction. Sounds arose,
And muffled echoes which I dare not name,
And shrieks which rent the darkness; then the roar
Of the great ocean overwhelmed the whole.
All hands were lost, except this ruddy youth,
Who bound himself to the disabled mast,
And when the timbers parted, washed ashore.
We found him lying in the awful surge,
Cut the wet ropes, and set the prisoner free.
His eyes were closed, his locks were wet with brine,
Part of his clothing wrested from his limbs,
And a black bruise upon his shining brow.
With proper treatment he was soon restored,
And we have brought him hither.

Meena (aside). Do I dream,
Or gaze I on a vision? This fair youth,
Sea-washed, sea-smitten, surely is my son!
He has his eyes, his hair, his smiling mouth,
His graceful bearing, and his look of truth.
His speech will soon convince me. Passions
strange

Light up their fires, and heat me at the blaze,
And such a shaking overtakes my limbs
As I have never witnessed. See, his lips
Tremble to speak! I wait to catch the word.

Youth. I thank you, friends, for these your deeds
of love.

I have a mother somewhere on this moor,
Bruised with an early sorrow, whose kind eyes
And gentle words have followed in my steps ;
And, looking homeward, I have seen her tears.
I left a sister, too ; a staggering sire,
Draining the cup of wrong, whose liquid light
Dazzled the halo of our holy home,
And piled around it hills of horrid gloom.
His anger fell upon me like a rock,
Crushing and grinding ; and when I came forth
With hideous scars and bruises, I was forced
To leave the maiden whom my soul adored,
And face the cold world and its freezing frown,—
This at my father's bidding. I took ship,
And on the deck beheld the hills recede,
The play-paths of my childhood, and through tears
The cot where roses hung and Erno dwelt.
O how I mourned the maiden ! Day and night,
In sun and rain, my heart was sad for her ;
And every wave which washed the vessel's side
Would murmur, " Erno ! " I have suffered thirst,
Cold, nakedness, and hunger : savage men
Have been my rude companions, and my feet
Bled with excessive travel. Once a bear,
Warm from his bolster, rushed forth for a meal,

And I escaped him favoured by a tree.
In this great storm our ship was overwhelmed ;
But more I need not mention. Know you now
If my dear mother lives, and Erno too,
My sister and my father ?

Meena (rushing into his arms). Precious boy,
Behold thy loving mother ! Let this kiss

[*She kisses him.*]

Suffice for thee that tenderness like mine
Is not extinguished by the winter winds
Or frosts of dark December. Frowns may drop
Like two-edged swords upon a mother's soul,
Lean-featured Want confront her on the way,
The cry of hunger murmur through her house,
The night of separation fill the void,
And those she bore neglect her,—but her love
Outlives the fire, the flood, the fever's touch,
The flight of days, the changing hues of years,
The blast of desolation, and survives
The roughest rigour and the keenest care.

SCENE—*A narrow valley.* TIME—*Evening.* Enter
RIDO and ERNO.

Rido. Does not this mound of moss with ferns
o'erhead,
And at our feet the river, seem a shrine
Where lovers worship when the moon is young ?

List to the waters ! What a low sweet hymn
They murmur forth upon the ear of Eve !
I never heard the wavelets washing so.
Methinks the reeds are harpers, and the flowers
Upon its margin throng with tuneful elves.
It is thy presence, Erno ! all the earth
Is music where thou walkest, and thy steps
Are pretty poems musical as May.
The sorrows of my life, my wrong, my woe,
My parting struggle, my distress and fear,
Hardship and hunger, bonds, imprisonment,
Stripes, shipwreck, travel,—all appear as nought,
Light as the seed-down wafted by the wind,
Now thou art with me. O ! thy precious smile
Uplifts me like the morning, and the light
Of thy dear eyes imparteth second life.
Bend on me now another tender gaze,
Like those bestowed by angels. Seas of bliss
Smile in the distance, on whose silver tide
Sail ships of merchandise and vessels fair,
From climes where blaze the topaz ; on their shores
Are trees of orange, grape, and cinnamon,
Where birds of every colour flutter free,
And rich fruits ripen for us. In our bark
We'll float among the islets where the rose
Dips in the crystal water, and the world
With lovely Erno shall be Paradise !

Such tenderness doth now abide with me,
 'T is Paradise already, and the sky
 And earth and ocean burn with hues Divine.
 Come, love, a little nearer. One kiss more,
 One goblet of pure nectar, and we leave
 This holy place where cherubim abide,
 And ere another moon shall gild with light
 The ivy of the chapel, we shall be
 One in our joys and sorrows.

Erno.

It is sweet

To hear the falling waters, and afar
 The murmur of the forest, the rich song
 From yonder cottage window, where a girl
 Sings at her sewing ; but my Rido's voice
 Is more delicious, far more exquisite :
 Nor find I on the teeming earth around
 The faintest shadow of similitude.
 I revel in the future, which spreads out
 In lawn and shining laurel. Let it be
 As Rido willeth ! [*Singing in the distance.*]

How many homes in every land
 Made sacred by the household band,
 Where prayer arose when night had fled
 And friendship's smile was hourly shed,
 Have had their altars overthrown
 By darkly, deadly drink alone !

How many wives in England dear
For ever shed the bitter tear,
On whom the winds and rains have power
In scanty clothing hour by hour,
Whose hopes and hearths are overthrown
By darkly, deadly drink alone !

How many damsels bright and fair,
With flashing eyes and flowing hair,
A brother's pride, a mother's stay,
A father's prop when hairs are grey,
Now sleep beneath the churchyard stone
By darkly, deadly drink alone !

Then let us aid as best we may
To lift this cruel curse away,
The source of untold wrongs and cares,
The darkest blot which England bears,—
To such unkind proportions grown,—
The darkly, deadly drink alone ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Farmhouse in an orchard.* TIME—*Noon.*
Enter RIDO, ERNO, MEENA, *her* DAUGHTER *and*
HUSBAND.

Meena's Husband. Bright and blessed time !
I need not tell you that my happiness
Is only now completed. I have been

Like some lone traveller floundering through a
marsh,

And every plunge, drawn by the *will-o'-the-wisp*,
Increased my blindness. Dawn at last appeared,
And then day broke along the splendid skies ;
The green trees clapped their hands ; and from the
reeds

The rills sent up an anthem. I beheld
The glowing landscape, and rejoiced to feel
The healing breezes. O, what music rose
From valleys new-created, where the dews
Of morning glittered on a thousand flowers!
Bright birds of beauty flashed along the lakes,
And winged the woody mountains. The strong
chain

I forged myself with liquid links of fire,
And wrapped so tightly round me, was rent off
And hurled into the darkness. I went forth
Without my shackles. The Almighty King
Has sent His angel, and the lion's mouth
Is closed on me for ever. My dear wife,
So crushed with care and watching, now revives
In social sunshine, kindled by our love.
Unnumbered blessings on her ! When the waves
Of bitter waters rolled her hopes away,
And she sat cold and hungry, shedding tears
As salt as sin can mingle ; when the heavens

Were brass above her, and the earth was ice,
And I drank on in spite of fearful dreams
And shrieks and visions; her affection burned
As steadily as starlight. Words of scorn
And bitter menace, rough as raging fire
And rude as thunder, could not quench the flame
Or thrust the idol from its saintly throne.
She watched for me when night-newts were abroad,
And phantoms throng the moorlands, when the bats
Float by old ruins, and the churchyard gates
Creak in the silence, and bold chancicleer
Proclaims the day-streak. Yes, she watched for me
With tears upon the furrows of her face,
And hunger in her bosom. Then her love
Won me to deep repentance. I stole forth,
And kissed her brow, and bade her hope and live.
She smiled as angels do, and I shed tears,
And lifted up a cry to the great God
For help in time of need; and succour came.
Thou knowest this, my Meena. Like a plant,
Long trodden in the mire, now lifted up
And cherished and restored, so dost thou raise
Thy gladdened eyelids to another morn.
Meena has saved me with the power of love.
How beautiful along this fallen world
Stands lovely woman, perfect in herself!
Her footsteps leave a sweetness where they pass,

And cheer the desert like the gentle rain,
 Refreshing man with visions of the skies.
 Without her earth would have small trace of heaven.

Rido. The trees which bend above us seem to
 bear

A record of our pleasure, and the birds
 Are full of grateful welcomes. For my part,
 I feel like one surprised with sudden calm
 After a night of tempest most intense.
 Erno makes May, and May is beautiful.
 A thousand blessings on that holy man,
 Who, in the chapel by the torrent's track,
 Twined the white bonds about us, love-impelled,
 To be unravelled with the hand of death.

Meena. My husband gives to you these fruitful
 lands,

Orchards, and tenements,—an uncle's gift,
 Bequeathed by will: enjoy them and live long.
 We have enough to last life's passage out,
 And satisfy the sexton. Darkness reigns
 Throughout the night, but at the morning's dawn
 Joy floateth on the sunbeams.

[Singing in the distance.]

The wells are clear, the rivers free,
 A glory hangs upon the sea;
 A mystery fills the shady wood,
 Expands the flower, unfolds the bud,

By lonely cave or fountain's brink :
But earth is darkened by the drink.

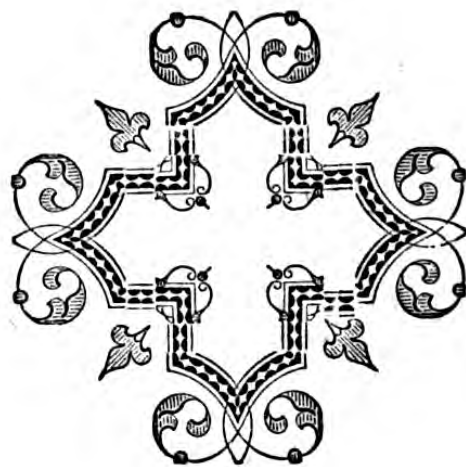
The heavens receive a solemn strain
From waste and water, mount and main ;
And notes of sweetness float along
Where hamlets chant their vesper-song,
And sparrows 'neath the thatch-roof clink :
But earth is darkened by the drink.

The seasons speak by moor and mead,
That he who runs may ever read ;
Their voices rise in holy lays,
However long or short the days,
When skies are black or moonbeams blink :
But earth is darkened by the drink.

Yet comes the time when love shall reign
From vale to vale, from plain to plain ;
When strife and hate shall be o'erthrown,
And peace extend from zone to zone,
When truth shall conquer link by link,
Nor earth be darkened by the drink.

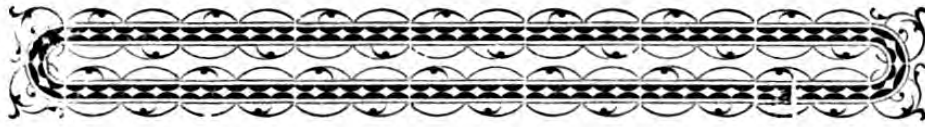
[*Exeunt.*]





HARRINGS

FROM HISTORY.



HARPINGS FROM HISTORY.

URSULA COTTA.*

SHE watched him from the window,
The schoolboy in the street ;
O, he looked pale and hungry,
And sang his carol sweet :
“ Bread for the striving student
Who weary on doth plod ;
Bread for the fainting scholar ;
Bread for the love of God ! ”

A pleasant comely matron
With sweetness in her face,
She loved the Eisenach children,
And all their winning race.
In George Street stood her dwelling
Beside the grey church spire,
Where she had heard him singing
Amid the Latin choir.

* It is well known that Ursula Cotta, the wife of a citizen of Eisenach, took pity on Martin Luther's friendless condition as a schoolboy when begging his bread in the street, opened her door to him, and forthwith granted him the food and kindness for which he pined.

Her neighbours looked with coldness
Upon that Saxon lad ;
This moved Ursula's pity,
She longed to make him glad.
Her door she opened to him,
And, like a parent kind,
Gave the poor famished Luther
The food for which he pined.

She proved his second mother,
His storehouse in the dearth :
O how his soul expanded
Beside Ursula's hearth !
The great world changed around him,
Beset with gloom so long ;
And he excelled in classics,
In rhetoric and song.

And how their converse murmured
When Eve her hymns would bring,
Like rills among the willows
Where crystal fountains spring.
Perchance she had a stripling
Far from her household band,
And knew how sharp the struggle
Without a helping hand.

And well did he repay her,
That simple miner's son,
Whose path of endless honour
Had humbly thus begun.
In entertaining Luther
And lifting off his cares,
She cheered in the Reformer
An angel unawares.

That voice which sadly caroled
Along the streets for bread,
In after years rolled onward,
And wide and wider spread,
Throughout the farthest nation
Where Christian influence speeds,
Until the great earth echoed
The wonder of his deeds.

O well did he repay her
For help when sorely tried !
Throughout all time her story
On wings of love shall glide.
Till sun and moon are darkened,
Ursula Cotta's name
Will share a worthy measure
Of Martin Luther's fame.

THE HOONGA CHIEF.*

HE stood beside her cabin door,
And whispered, "Maiden, flee!
The foe has sworn to take thy life;
O trust thyself with me!
Mete not my love by haste like this,
Or throbbing of the breast:
The passion I have felt for thee
Can never be expressed.

"Fly, fly! This is no time to trill
Sweet love-lays in thine ear;
The tyrant's breath is on our vines,
His hand upon his spear.
Hark to the tramp of warrior feet
Beside the breadfruit tree,
The rustling plumes, the crackling boughs!
O maiden, fly with me."

She bent her head upon his hand
And let the tear drops fall,

* The authenticity of this romantic incident is vouched for by a writer in the "Quarterly Review." See "The Excitement," for 1839, p. 198.

Then silently she followed him
Like moonlight on the wall ;
And soon they reached the coral creek
'Neath the o'erhanging rock,
And in his little light canoe
Went gliding down the loch.

When out a few yards from the shore,
They quickly dived below,
Where lay a cavern strewn with shells
He found so long ago ;
The crystal ocean was its door,
Its roof with minerals shone,
And gems were flashing from each side,
And sparkling in each stone.

And here he brought her choicest food,
Fair matting for her bed,
Sweet sandal-wood, and clothing rich,
And plumes to deck her head :
Secure behind these water gates
The maiden dwelt apart,
And here the Hoonga chieftain wooed
The angel of his heart.

One morn before the rising sun
Had kissed the coral strand.

He and his relatives resolved
To leave their native land :
And sailing by this cavern strange
He dived into the sea,
“ Come, love ! come, love ! in other climes
There is a home for thee.”

How startled were his friends to view
The lovely damsel rise,
The salt wave dripping from her hair,
And wonder in her eyes !
The little boat sped swiftly on
Across the waters clear ;
The Hoonga chieftain shouted loud,
“ Now we have nought to fear !”

And when the bold oppressor died,
And with his warriors lay,
They to their native isle returned
To bear unbroken sway ;
And here they lived 'mid trees and flowers,
As time sped on apace,
With wealth and honour at command,
The happiest of their race.

COUNT UGOLINO AND HIS SONS.*

I've read a classic story
In an old book of song,
A tragical recital,
Italia's hills among.
So cluster round the chimney,
While falls the sleety shower,
And weep for Ugolino,
Who perished in the tower.

He once lived in a palace
Where everything was gay :
How shone the gold and silver !
What banquets day by day !
Attendants waited on him,
And at his bidding ran ;
And friends sat at his table,
And praised the wealthy man.

Then came a band of ruffians,
With fierce o'erwhelming power,

* The Archbishop devised means to betray the Count Ugolino, and caused him to be suddenly attacked in his palace. The Pisans who had imprisoned the Count with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren in a tower on the Piazza, caused the tower to be locked, the key thrown into the Arno, and all food to be withheld from them. In a few days they died of hunger.—Notes to DANTE'S "Vision."

And dragged him from his mansion,
And locked him in the tower.
'T is said that in the Arno
The dungeon key was thrown,
And with his sons and grandsons
The Count was left alone.

Yes, left alone with famine
To stare them in the face ;
No bread or cooling water
Was in this dismal place.
No food was offered to them,
As slowly day by day
They, pining, sank with hunger,
And ebb'd their life away.

One morning early, early,
Before the light had spread
Along Italia's arbours,
The dear boys asked for bread :
O how the Count was smitten!
O how his heart did grieve !
To see them die of hunger
Whom he could not relieve.

They sat in utter silence
Until the day had passed,

And night gave place to morning
With sun and song at last ;
And then his arm he lifted
And bit the flesh away :
His son at once beheld it,
And to his sire did say,—

“ O do not so, dear father,
Mine own I freely give !
I offer it to save you :
O take of it and live ! ”
Two days and nights in silence
Then lay they side by side,
“ Hast thou no help, my parent ? ”
And precious Gaddo died.

No tears gave Ugolino,
He had no tears to shed ;
And when the sixth day darkened,
The four brave boys were dead.
Then blindness came upon him,
And sorrow loud did he
For three long days in anguish,
Till death did set him free.

How good the dear boy Gaddo !
What love was in his heart

Towards his precious parent,
Thus with himself to part !
So let us love the Saviour,
Our hearts to Jesus give,
The fallen world's Redeemer,
Who died that we might live.

BRENTIUS.

IN Wurtemberg, in Germany,
Three hundred years ago,
The learn'd and godly Brentius
Was called to suffer woe ;
Was called to suffer for the truth
He shielded with his pen ;
But He who drew him by His power
Was with His servant then.

As he sat quiet in his house
In musing mood one day,
A band of frowning soldiers came
To take him swift away.
Then down the street the good man ran,
And to a hay-loft crept,
And soon his hot pursuers' feet
Upon the landing stepped.

They searched with eyes that flashed with
rage,
They uttered piercing screams,
They thrust their bayonets between
The open old board-seams.
But God preserved His trusting one,
And kept him by His grace ;
For soon they gave the searching o'er,
And turned and left the place.

And lay he in his hiding-loft :
But if long days should sped,
How will the follower of the Lord
In such a place be fed ?
The same strong Hand that guided him,
Is with His servant still,
Sustaining him from day to day,
And so He ever will.

For fourteen days a hen came up
Within the loft to lay,
And fourteen eggs did Brentius find
Among the pleasant hay ;
And when had failed this strange supply,
It was a sign to go.
O how the Lord supports His own
In every passing woe !



RADO REEF



RADO REEF.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RADO REEF	<i>The reformed Inebriate.</i>
POLLY PEER	<i>The Story-teller.</i>
PHILIP REEF.	<i>Son of Rado Reef.</i>
MYLA	<i>An Orphan Maiden.</i>
FLOWER GIRL	<i>Daughter of Rado Reef.</i>
POOR WOMAN	<i>Wife of Ditto.</i>

CHILDREN OF RADO REEF, SINGERS, ETC.

SCENE—*A sea-port.* TIME—*Noontide.* RADO REEF
walking from the quay.

Rado Reef. How longs my soul for quiet! Like
a spar

On the wild waters where the rocks are rude,
Now wafted landward, now drawn back again,
Bleached, blackened, bended, scarred with jostlings
huge

Into the boiling billows,—so am I
Upon the sea of trouble. Mates, farewell
For a long season! and our own good ship,

Which bore me safely, unimpaired by leagues
And change of seasons, heat and piercing cold,
Hailstone and thunder, o'er the endless deeps,
From clime to clime and distant isle to isle,
Until the years wore on, like silken threads
Unravelling by Time's fingers, fare thee well !
We part like brothers when the harvest fails
And provender is little. In my heart
I'll wear thee like a jewel, though the surge
Of the world's warfare welter to my feet.
But who is this in cloak of crimson drest,
And curious long-shaped bonnet, creeping down
The narrow lane that leads into the wood ?
'Tis Polly Peer, or I am not alive ;
Old Polly Peer, the story-telling dame,
Who lived in a reed cottage on the carn,
Built with rude boulders, with one boulder stack
And two quaint casements. How we loved to sit
The twilight out beneath her cottage-eaves,
Whilst she her knitting handled, listening much
To histories tinged with fiction, though we deemed
In boyish rapture they were sterling truth !
I'll much my footsteps quicken, and perchance
Shall soon o'ertake her. Thus I walk the world.

[He overtakes her.]

Good day to Polly ! Let me have your hand,
The same that stroked my curls by boyhood worn

When other summers filled the earth with joy.
Well met where roses cluster! I have been
A wanderer from my kindred, with no rest,
No solid footing; now upon the sea,
Driven like a vapour; now upon the land,
Toiling and wasting. Yes, your eyes are dim.
Wipe from your spectacles those grains of dust,
And then survey me. Ah! I know I'm changed
As much as man can be; this bushy beard,
These cheeks of bronze, and brow where furrows
hide,
Are not like Rado Reef's. But I am he,
Come back to home once more.

Polly Peer. A welcome then
With all the warmth of age! My strength is
changed

Since thou hast left us, and is changing still;
My knees are weaker, weaker are my hands,
And my feet fail me, while my feeble gaze
Deals oft in fiction, and the trees go round
The fields and hedges; but my heart's the same.
I welcome Rado back to home and rest.

Rado Reef. To rest thou sayest? let me find it so,
And cease my wanderings, though it may not come,
Shut out of Saturn. How the love of home
Burns in my bosom standing by this stile,
And overpowers me like the rush of song

From master spirits ! See, the road-side trees
 Reach out their arms of greeting, and the leaves,
 Shook with the murmur of the gentle air,
 Are like melodious voices heard at eve
 When the dew droppeth, each a welcome home.
 The faces of the hills assume no change ;
 Their sun-crowned heads are lovely, and the vales
 And shadowy hollows wear their ancient hues,
 And great tarn-temples, while the little brook
 Glides through the grass as ever. Where, O where,
 Are those that loved me, father, mother, wife,
 My sons and daughters ? to the grave gone down
 Where all is dust and darkness ? Or alive
 Breathe they upon these moorlands with sad
 thought

For him who grieved them, wandering from their
 fire ?

He cometh ! yes, he cometh with the tear
 Of penitence unbottled. Knowest thou,
 Good Polly Peer, aught of the suffering Reefs,
 And where located ?

Polly Peer. Small my scrap of news,
 And scarcely readable. Bethink I now
 These voices by the fire one winter's eve,
 When the great comet awed us, and the heavens
 Seemed full of thrusting swords and horsemen huge
 That pawed the staggering moon,—bethink I now

How through the darkness came a struggling voice,
“The Reefs are scattered!” Then my fire died out;
The flaming comet through the door of stars
Passed on its orbit, the white moon went down
Behind a sea of silence, and the morn,
Like a green hunter, travelled through the woods.
I listened near the lattice, and a rush
Passed by my grating, sharp as eagle’s wing,
And in the rush the same mysterious words,
“The Reefs are scattered!” and I heard no more,
Save overhead the wailing of the wind
Which smote the thatch and left the rafters bare.
They travelled none knew whither. May’st thou
have

Much joy in meeting! [Exit POLLY PEER.
Rado Reef (soliloquizing). Let me say Amen,
Though with a faintness lagging from my lips!
But He who giveth darkness bringeth light.
The Reefs are scattered! Yes, like towering sparks
When Boreas blows the embers. Have I not
Passed through more anguish than my fellows
share,
Riddled with doubt, and stunned with monster
thrusts
From enemies in armour, who came down
In sheets of mist and left me with the slain?
Have not the clouds of famine lowered their wings

And hemmed me in with barrenness and death ?
Have I not stood among the naked peaks,
With arm uplifted, calling on the winds,
Whose war-trumps rattled through the rended skies,
To whirl their chariots, by the Furies drawn,
And I would ride with them through watery ways
Over the edge of the tremendous globe ?
Have I not sat on ledges with my heels
Dangling o'er gulfs a hundred feet below,
Till the great burden of my loneliness
Drank the clear rill of reason, and I raved
Like one whose finger-tops were burnt with fire ?
Have I not drifted on a doleful log,
Washed with the moaning waters, till my limbs
With the salt sea were hardened like a rock,
And my orbs gave no vision save quick gleams
Like wild-wood flashes ? Have I not stood lone
And shivering in the tempest, craving help,
And earning thongs of hate and cords of jeer,
Till my knees smote together and my tongue
Declined its office, dry as withered leaf ?
Have I not wept till tears would come no more,
And my hot temples burned with fever-pain,
And great sighs mocked each other as they rose ?
And why all this ? Ah ! I have played the fool,
And the game overmatched me ; down I fell,
To rise with ashes in my twisted hair.

I pressed the fire-cup to my heated lips,
And drank my senses wild. Oft was I warned
And oft entreated with the voice of love ;
And yet I kept within this dangerous clime,
Where maniacs rove, and lords in foul attire,
And women dry and shrivelled, wrapped in weeds,
With fierce eyes flashing ; merchants clad in rags,
With ruin on their foreheads, and good men,
Brought down to dust, raved by the boiling springs
Where herbage withered and the hollow earth
Was hot and smoking as a burning hill !

[*He still proceeds.*

No tears could move me, no appeals avail ;
The voice of childhood charmed not : hunger-cries
And Famine's awful groan smote my deaf ear.
Winter and cold and nakedness and want
Lifted their hands in anguish, but no sound
Touched my seared spirit. 'Mid the ranks I reeled,
Where foaming tankards in foul fulness winked,
Till all my honour vanished, and my name
Was like a rag thrown to the muddy street.
My children starved, or begged, or died for me,
And curses pierced my wife like points of steel.
High Heaven was challenged : I could sink no
more ;
Then justice seized me. To avert its arm
I fled my native place, and far away

Sorrowed and sighed and sought the Lord in
prayer,
Dashing the dregs of misery to the ground,
Trailing my chain of suffering, till the links
Left fearful channels which will never fill.
And now I come to seek those precious ones
Whom my shame bruised and bended, and a voice
Sobs from the moorland and the wide morass,
“The Reefs are scattered!” This the fruit of sin;
And I must reap what I have swiftly sown.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Path on the cliff.* TIME—*Evening.*
Enter PHILIP REEF and MYLA.

Philip Reef. Art thou an orphan in this world of
wrong,
Drooping unpropped, like a luxurious rose
O'erfed with richness? Lean upon my arm:
I'll be thy glad supporter. Nevermore
Shall bramble wound thee when my hand is near,
Stone strike thy foot, or prickle pierce thy frame.
Dost thou remember our first meeting-place?
The moon was full just as she is to-night,
And in the woods the murmur had begun
Which comes at twilight, when from distant stars
Good spirits visit us with hymns of heaven;

Beside the lake, pulling white tufts of down
From bending rushes, thou alone didst stand.
My sheep were penned and I was loitering home,
Humming an ancient ditty which describes
The blessedness of loving, when my feet
Bore me towards the mere. Beside a bank
With one hand on my crook lake-ward I looked,
And on the further side beheld thy face
Reflected in the water. Pardon me,
But I stood speechless, pulseless, feeling sure
It was an angel; nor was I deceived.
Thou art an angel, Myla, pure and good,
And wearing in thy soul the gem of truth.
I glided round and bade good eve to thee,
Met thy sweet gaze and wondered. Then I pulled
Some feathery rush-tufts, offering thee the whole,
Bringing the thanks upon thy pretty lips.
No farce was used, no artifice contrived;
But love grew up uncultured, growing on
Until the tree-boughs bend with ripened fruit.
The next eve found us there, and eve by eve.
The rest needs no narration. Here we are
In moonlight chambers where no sound is heard
But love's soft footfalls on the mossy floor,
Enriched with one another. Winds may howl,
Wild winters beat, huge thunders split the heavens,
But nought shall sever the eternal cord

That binds our souls together. Myla, speak !

Myla. Thou know'st my portion. Little birds
have nests

And beasts their shelter : I have nothing here,—
No gold, no silver, no ancestral fame ;
Nought but a spirit overcharged with love
Which pours it out to bless thee. Seek'st thou
more ?

Thou canst not have it, for I give thee all.

Philip Reef. I am contented, gladdened, over-
joyed,

Delighted beyond language. My poor heart
Is like to burn with sunshine. In mine ears
Are shafts of music like the summer trees
Shake when the rose is brightest. This is love,
And gold to it is granite. These two hands,
If God gives health, shall bring whate'er we want ;
And kings can have no more. A shepherdess
Shall Myla be among the little hills,
And all the lambs shall love her. We will live
Where flowers are freshest by the waterfall,
And birds are building in the hollow glen
Where echo follows echo, dingle-born,
Attended by the seasons ; and our songs
Shall blend with morning matins and eve chimes.
The spreading globe in all its gear of green
Shall seem created for us : rivers, woods,

And rising mountains shall be ours alone.
On the weird heights we'll offer sacrifice
Of praise and prayer and loving gratitude,
Like priest and priestess. The great God above
Created us to cheer each other's hearts
Along the journey of our mortal life.
Thy mother sleeps where the lone belfry stands
With ivy arches, and the restless sea
Entombs thy father; sister thou hast none,
Nor loving brother. I am these to thee;
And more than brother, more than father, friend.
Rest thou on me, and I will bear thee up.
We met like two stray fawns where leaves were
green,

Who sought companionship, and fondly found
A well to slake their thirst and food to cheer.
Our lives were lonely, till love's crown of flowers
Adorned thy temples; then the weariness
Of winter vanished, and sweet spring returned,
And the glad turtle triumphed in the trees.

[*He still proceeds.*]

Thou know'st my father through the wine-cup fell,
And with him all our house. 'T was a sad day
When mother wept, and little sisters sighed,
Because he went and never more returned.
We waited until midnight, and the moon
Bent down behind the castle; then our tears

On the worn floor fell splashing. Food and fire
 Were long extinguished, and no candle burned ;
 And in the agony I plainly heard
 Our hearts beat wildly. Morn awoke like fire
 Where sand-plains widen, and my mother's voice
 Rose in a shriek that scared the early bird,
 "The deadly drink has triumphed!" She went
 wild,

And then they tore her from us. With my hands
 On a lone hill held star-ward, I resolved
 Never to taste the poison, that my drink
 Should be the sparkling waters cool and pure
 From Nature's fountains, which the midnight
 heard,

And the great darkness, spreading out its wings,
 And over all the Presence of the heavens ;
 And I have kept it, and I hope to keep
 This earnest vow till silence sealeth all.
 But, see, a stranger ! On his face are lines
 By travel written : he essays to speak.
 Let's step behind these willows !

[RADO REEF *advancing*.

Rado Reef (aside). It is sad
 To lay our hopes in disappointment's tomb,
 And bury up our prospects. It is sad
 When early love is overborne by wrong,
 Nipt with the hoar-frost of a sudden fall ;

And sad it is to tread our native land
After an absence of a few brief years,
And find no face to greet us. Such am I
Among my mountains, like some wandering bird
Which man can name not. Old familiar spots,
The spring, the lane, the seat beneath the vine,
The hamlet trees, the old barn near the stile,
The cottage where we dwelt when joy was ours
And bliss and blessing, seem to wear no smiles
Or looks of greeting. Why had I not died
Ere the great foe o'ercame me, and I fell
As falls a city when the earthquake roars?
Beneath the ruins lay my little ones
And loving wife, with haughty heaps hemmed in;
And when they crept into the searching light,
Their countenances altered, and they sat
Amid the wreck and moaned to the great moon,
Whose pale gleams showed their faces paler still.
Thick rains fell splashing down, the wild winds rent
Their hair in anger, thunder-echoes rolled,
Hunger and famine mocked them, their bare limbs
Stiffened with frost, and ice drank up their blood,
Whilst I stood swaggering by,—the cause of all,
Without one thought to help them. Wicked man!
The censer of His vengeance then o'erturned,
And my scorched spirit yielded. I went forth
To wet my bread with weeping, where the hills

Were smote with bitter blasts and cut with storms ;
And no man cared to take me by the hand,—
The woful wages the inebriate earns.
And now, unknown, where childhood lay in dreams,
And wove the web of fancy with bright threads,
Supremely golden, would I raise my voice
So that the farthest hill-tops catch the cry,
And the deep hollows all reverberate,
“ Look not upon the wine when it is red ;
In it an adder coileth which will sting
Thy soul to sadness shouldst thou not forbear !
Receive what nature giveth : fountains clear
And wells like crystal gushing at thy feet.
Receive it, and be grateful ; then thy life
Shall be as pure as the breeze-breathing roe
Or chamois of the fastness. Lofty thoughts
Shall visit thee at even, when the stars,
Those angel-ladders, throng the heights of space ;
And to the grave thou shalt at last go down,
Crowned with hoar hairs, the glory of thy lot.”

[*Exit* RADO REEF.]

Philip Reef. How like my father ! His warm
words were winged

With fire enough to shake me where I stood,
And bring the scalding tears upon my face.
I scarce refrained from rushing to his arms,
So strongly was I drawn, and a whole life

Seemed centred in a circle. This foretells
A future hung with fruitage, where bright streams
Glide over golden pebbles, and the lawns
With kine are studded for my love and me.
But, hark! a canzonet among the cliffs!
Lean on my arm and listen. [*Singing in the distance.*

'T is sad, 't is sad, where all is gay,
Where little children dance and play,
Where old men talk and matrons sing,
And maidens linger by the spring,
Where tales of love and song have birth,
To be a stranger at the hearth.

The buds are bursting on the trees,
The corn is springing in the leas,
The swallow floateth o'er the plain,
The wild rose bloometh in the lane,
The valley-bowers are gay with mirth;
But I 'm a stranger at my hearth.

The wren is twittering 'neath the leaves,
The thatcher shaves the cottage-eaves,
The lark is singing overhead,
The flowers adorn the path I tread,
The woodman trills of trodden worth;
But I 'm a stranger at my hearth.

'T is sad, 't is sad, 'mid scenes so dear,
Which witnessed many a pleasant year,
And where I deemed my life would close
In quietude and dear repose,
To feel this sympathetic dearth,—
A stranger at my native hearth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE — *Ruin on the sea-shore.* TIME — *Noon.*

RADO REEF *amid the ivy.*

Rado Reef. Much I love
To muse where ruin moulders, where the stones
And broken fragments lift their voice in sighs
For beauty bowed for ever. Every block
Where ivy fastens and smooth mosses blend
Is an historic chapter, graven o'er
With strange occurrence and unique event,
Which should command the study of the wise.
Our human hopes, our human plans and schemes,
And best contrivances, too often fail
Like these rent walls and loopholes. On the arch
Sits Desolation, with a mocking laugh
At his own mischief, huddled at his feet.
Is not this ruin emblematical
Of my poor state amid the ways of men ?
I bring my sorrows to it. Fall, my tears,
And wash the ivy from these prostrate stones !

'T will ease a heart where Misery long has lodged,
And his dark-visaged partners. Here we feel
How little earth can offer from its store
To ease a wounded spirit. List! a voice :
Some wandering maiden selling summer sweets.

[*Enter a Flower Girl.*

Flower Girl (singing). Primroses from the lanes!

Who buys? who buys?

With fragrant lips and pretty yellow eyes!

Rado Reef. Come hither, little maid, and speak
to me.

Thou lookest worn and hungry, and thy dress
Like one who sits where suffering beareth rule.

Hast thou no father to supply thy wants?

Where is thy mother? Where thy humble home?

Do let me hear: thy voice will comfort me.

Flower Girl. You judge me hungry, and you
judge me right.

I have not tasted bread since yesterday,
And then I earned a crust by selling flowers,
And shared it with my brother; but to-day
I've travelled through the town from end to end
Without one ear to heed me: so I turned
With sad steps homeward. Is it very wrong
To ask you if you ever purchase flowers

For your dear children? Pray forgive me, Sir.

Rado Reef. Go on, go on! I wait to hear the end.

Here, take this money-piece ; 't will do thee good.

[*He gives it to her.*]

(*Aside.*) A wondrous mystery shineth in her eyes!

Flower Girl. My thanks are many more than I
can speak.

How will it help my mother, pale and thin,
And overcome with watching ! 'T is the Lord :
He brought you here to cheer her broken heart.
When I knelt down this morn, and clasped my hands
To say my prayer, she sweetly told me this,
That all our blessing cometh from His love ;
And prayed I in the street from door to door
As I walked onwards, knowing 't would be so,
Though all hearts hardened : and relief has come.
I thank you, Sir, with gratitude unfeigned.

Rado Reef. My precious child, thou hast not told
me all.

Where is thy father ? where thy home ? and where
Thy loving mother, teaching thee so much,
A knowledge above rubies ?

(*Aside*) O what strength
Has simple innocence ! Her words refresh
My sinking spirit as a water-spring
The traveller of the desert. On my ears
Old tones come back I had forgotten long,—
The music of my merry marriage bells,
And hymns which floated round the festal board.

Flower Girl. There is a cabin halfway down the cliff:

You see it from this arch-stone. There we live,
And there you'll find my mother. Poverty
Weeps on the woven rushes; and long grass,
Rent from the hollow, is our only bed.

I have no father here; he ran away;
Perhaps he's dead, perhaps he's living yet,
And may come back again and kiss his child;
For every day at morn and even-star
I pray for him, with face upturned to heaven,
"O blessed Saviour, send my father home!"
I know he'll come to make the promise sure.

Rado Reef. What was thy father's name, my pretty child?

Flower Girl. The people simply call him Rado Reef.

They say the drink destroyed him. But the low
Are not too prostrate never more to rise:
Our Father helpeth those who help themselves.
Would he were come! then I should have a sire,
Like other children, and be clothed and fed;
For every day I pray he may be good.
Now let me lead you where my mother mourns.

[*They enter the hovel.*]

Rado Reef (addressing the Woman). I met your child beside the abbey walls,

And she has brought me hither. You look pale,
Much searched by sorrow, and your pensive eye
Tells of a pressure wearisome to bear.

You have a treasure in this pretty girl:
She told me how the dark cloud rose and fell
With heightened horror on the hills of hope,
Leaving no streak of glory on your path;
And yet she prays that father may come home.
Has he sent letters? know you if he lives,
And whether you may hope his safe return?

Poor Woman. The whole is so mysterious I am
blind.

What I have suffered let no chronicler
Reveal to mortal. Shipwrecked mariner,
Bound to the mast, dashed onward through the
dark,

Bruised, thunder-smitten, was not more forlorn,
Or miner in the cavern, with his lamp
Crushed out and blackened. Once the sun was
high,

And beauty filled the landscape, birds sang sweet,
And flowers were filled with perfume. Love arose
And stocked the universe with hidden sweets,
Matured by seasons and the march of years.
I little thought the wind would come so soon
And overturn my hive, and fill with dust
My cells of honey, whirling all around.

Yet so it was. The husband of my youth,
The idol of my girlhood, tore away
The prop that stayed me, leaving me to fall,
Like a bruised tendril draggling on the stones.
Suffice it that the fire-wave scorched his soul,
And burnt affection out. And yet I loved,
Though bruised by hands I oft had kissed before,
And would kiss then, but that his rage was high.
And then he left me,—left me with my babe
And other children,—left me without food,
Or fire, or raiment, or a single friend,
Like a dismasted hulk amid the seas:
And yet I loved him, and I love him still,
Although he should despise me, and his words
Wound me like daggers,—though his hard hand
falls

Upon my face, leaving its trail behind,—
Though he should spurn me from him with his foot,
And lift his threatenings higher than the hills:
I still will love him, faithful unto death!

Rado Reef. My dearest wife! come to my arms
once more! [*Embracing her.*

I am thy Rado, softened and subdued,
Unworthy of a treasure like thyself:
But let the past be buried. Coming years
Shall prove my true repentance, and great griefs
Shall be outbalanced by thy greater joy:

Thy woes and wrongs are ended. Lift thine eyes,
 And see a summer spreading o'er the earth ;
 The blackness has departed, and soft airs
 Come stealing up the valleys. Let this kiss

[*Kisses her.*

Atone for long desertion, crime, and care.
 And come, my darling daughter, fling thine arms
 About my neck, and kiss thy father's face.

[*They embrace each other.*

Thy prayer is answered and thy heart made glad.
 Thou wert my guide to lead me to your door.
 Without thee I might long have stumbled on,
 Not knowing where you sheltered. From hence-
 forth

Your lot is altered. I have gold and lands
 Enough to fill the year with ripened fruits.

Come, leave this hovel !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Village in the valley.* TIME—*Morning.*

Enter POLLY PEER.

Polly Peer.

Ding! ding! dong!

Ding! dong! the bells are swinging! Philip Reef
 Has married Myla, and the village rings.

His father now is rich, and Woodclose Farm
 Is given to Philip as his marriage dower.

I'll linger here and mark the wedding train

Pass on among the lindens. It is meet
To make a holiday and fling joy-shouts
Upon the air of summer. May their path
Be overshadowed by the wing of peace,
As free from envy as their hearts from guile,
Till in the western sky their red sun sinks.

The scattered Reefs are sweetly gathered home!

[*Exit* POLLY PEER. *Enter* PHILIP REEF, MYLA,
RADO REEF, *his* WIFE and CHILDREN.

Philip Reef. Beyond these trees thou see'st that
pretty home:

It is thine own, my Myla. There thy hands
Shall twine the rose and woodbine, and sweet birds
Shall sing thee to thy slumbers. In Love's bower
The months shall glide so smoothly that old Time
Shall be astounded at his rapid march,
And rub his brow and ponder. We will drink
Nought but dear Nature giveth pure from wells
And bubbling fountains and rush-hidden rills.
Our moderation shall be known to all.
Under the purple heavens we'll worship God,
And thank Him for our mercies. Swaying pines
Shall give us music, and clear waterfalls,
And far-off rivers thundering down the steeps;
And the true seasons, as they travel round,
Shall teach us solemn lessons, till we fall,
And loving children sorrow o'er our tomb.

Myla. Joy fills my heart so that it overflows,
And my poor lips are silent. Let it be!
In weal or woe thy Myla clings to thee.

Rado Reef. One sweetness brings another. Not
alone

Is he who tastes it: other hearts rejoice,
And so the circle widens, widening still,
So that a whole community is cheered.
This is our portion. These good people round
Catch the contagion, and shouts wound the clouds.
Of all my days wove in the loom of Time
This has the happiest visage, and I feel
Like one awakened from some dismal trance,
Walking where blossoms dip into the pools.
Your joy, my children, gives my joy new wings,
So that I soar where goodness sits enthroned,
And majesty and beauty, and the air
Is one vast concert of eternal praise.
The trial-land from which we have emerged,
Led by our guardian angel, leaves a voice
Of mercy in our souls, a lesson sage
Which we should hold with hands that slacken not,
And strength that never wanes,—to trust in God,
And never hang an issue on ourselves;
Forego the poison, use what Nature gives;
Love all as brethren; rather give than take;
Uphold the weak, encourage those who strive;

Thrust not a suppliant from the beaten path ;
Labour to bring upon the sons of men
The reign of the millennium, when the earth
Shall bud and blossom with the trees of heaven.

[Voices singing in the orchard.]

The earth in spring and summer dress
Has much of Eden's loveliness !
What purity appears below,
Even in its winter robe of snow !
Nor God nor Nature has decreed
That man the tempter's voice should heed.

Resist thy foes on every hand,
And He shall give thee power to stand ;
Pursue thy way with zeal unfeigned,
And love and fame and gold are gained !
Due strength be thine till day is done,
The conflict past, the victory won !

Along the heavens a voice is heard ;
The vales, the mountain-peaks are stirred :
On, on it speeds throughout all lands ;
The listening nations clap their hands :
That sword and strife and wrong shall cease,
And earth repose in perfect peace. *[Exeunt.]*





LOCAL LYRICS



LOCAL LYRICS.

TREGEDNA AND JOSHUA FOX.

OUR western isle of broom and brake,
Of winding stream and glassy lake,
Of woodland bower and echoing moor,
Where hawthorns hide the woodman's door,
Has nought more fair on fen or fell
Than dear Tregedna in the dell.

Here dwells amid the laurel green
The genius of this tranquil scene,
Whose love has won the feathered race
To follow him from place to place,
To flutter through this pleasant land,
And pick the bread-crumbs from his hand.

He knows the tones that fill the breeze,
He knows the language of the trees ;
He knows the crystal cascade's sound,
The rose-leaf psalms that tremble round ;
The silent sighs from rush and reed
All find an echo in his deed.

And here, when bats float by the eaves,
And glowworms twinkle through the leaves,
When o'er the earth a halo steals
Which oft the waiting spirit feels,
Beneath the boughs of evergreen
His spirit worships the UNSEEN.

And may we not in covert lone,
By silvery stream and silent stone,
In wild-wood shade and forest fair,
Draw near to God in praise and prayer?
O yes, O yes! His presence fills
The whispering valleys and the hills.

I've travelled much the ways of men
O'er shaggy down and rushy glen,
Where cities yawn and hamlets doze,
And listless solitudes repose;
But never music filled mine ear
Like his who feeds the robins here.

O, if it were my lot to dwell
In such a dear poetic dell,
I'd stop my tears, and pass my days
In sweetly singing hymns of praise,
So that the crowd should sometimes heed
The gentle murmur of my reed.

To me this dear retreat how blest,
Who pine so oft in vain for rest,
Chased here and there with careless smart,
With song-tones ringing in my heart !
But I submit to Heaven's decree,
And in the tumult sigh for thee.

Who sees him views a chieftain strong,
A child of nature and of song,
A genuine bard, a man of might,
Whose soul is yearning for the right,
When love shall reign from zone to zone,
And tyranny be overthrown.

Go, hear the wonders of his voice,
And let your bounding heart rejoice.
Go, mark his generous aspect bold,
And think of England's seers of old.
Go, ask yourself, if ask you can,
" Does nature hold a nobler man ? "

GYLLYNGDUNE.

How pleasant here at cool of day
Along the winding walks to stray,
Where ebbs and flows the murmuring main,
Whose music fills the woodbine lane,
High on the beach with shingles strewn,
As rise thy vespers, Gyllyngdune !

It is not meet to pass through life
For ever in the city's strife,
Where noise and clamour bear the sway :
Then, weary worker, come away ;
Its gentle calm shall cheer thee soon,
Though thou drop tears at Gyllyngdune !

I care but little for the crowd,
Whose empty caskets rattle loud ;
Or towns o'erflowed with selfish men,
Where guilt exists in darksome den ;
Or gilded hall, or gay saloon :
No ; rather give me Gyllyngdune.

How fresh the waves break on the shore !
How gently drips the boatman's oar !
How grandly the white sea-gulls ride !
How gracefully the swallows glide !
While floats the sailor's merry tune
Upon the breeze at Gyllyngdune.

And old Pendennis on his height
Looks down well-pleased on such a sight.
There stands he like a warrior bold,
Nor heeds he heat nor heeds he cold,
From burst of morn till night's dark noon,
To guard my lovely Gyllyngdune.

When last I chanced to ramble here,
The winds were still, the skies were clear ;
Two lovers sat upon a seat,
With ocean shining at their feet,
Whispering their loves beneath the moon,
Which filled with silver Gyllyngdune.

Dear home of love ! sweet haunt of peace !
Here weary life's dark bickerings cease.
A sacred song is on the air
Which lulls to rest the storm of care,
And lifts the heart to heaven's high noon ;
My beautiful, my Gyllyngdune !

EARLE'S RETREAT.

THE dew is on the rose,
Morn in the valleys, sun-streaks on the hills ;
And glowing Summer in her robe of leaves
Sings by a thousand rills.

The world o'erflows with praise,
Swelling in wavelets to the doors of light ;
And there are echoes which the soft breeze sways,
Steps of the Infinite.

Where the tall foxgloves shine,
And honeysuckles front the southern sea,
Wanders a bright face in the sun's red line,
In boyish ecstasy.

And from the rosy skies
A Voice fell, "It is righteous to obey.
What thou receivest wilt thou yield to Me?"
And George Earle answered, "Yea!"

Then came the shock of years,
The manly muscle, the strong vigorous limb;
And forth he went to wrestle with his fate,
And the Voice followed him.

Yet still he struggled on,
With Hope beside him, with white wings outspread,
And finger pointing to more flowery fields,
With the Voice overhead.

His track lay o'er the seas,
And in the West a settler's home he made,
Where roved the hunter through the forest aisles,
And the Red Indian strayed.

The King who giveth all
Rewarded much the labour of his hands;
And still his goods increased from year to year
In silver, gold, and lands.

And when his cup was full,
That Voice came sounding, "Why so long delay?
What thou receivest wilt thou yield to Me?"
And George Earle answered, "Yea."

He sought his native land,
And laid an offering at his Master's feet,
A HOME to shelter the deserving poor,
A free untaxed RETREAT.

And here the aged dwell ;
And here the widow with her thoughts on high ;
And here the friendless with their friends above,
Lodged in the quiet sky.

And wisely has he reared
A solemn CHAPEL, where they kneel and pray ;
And I have seen them at the name of Christ
Wipe the free tears away.

And prayers go up for him,
When Sabbath glory through the stained glass
streams,
And in the west has sunk the god of day,
And the fair Venus gleams.

And prayers go up for him,
When on the hearth the household fire sinks low,
And Age is kneeling in his quiet bower,
And words rise faint and slow.

And prayers go up for him,
Where glides the vessel o'er the boundless main :
The sailor knows his aged mother safe,
And wipes the tears again.

And prayers go up for him,
Where harvests whiten, and where rivers run,
Where smokes the smithy by the old road-side;
And the Voice cries, "Well done!"

And prayers shall rise for him,
And rise for his, from those with bended knee,
When morn awaketh, and when evening wanes,
For many days to be.

Better his honest fame
Than warrior-wreath by blood and battle won,
To smooth the downhill of the Saviour's own,
And hear His glad "Well done."

And from his gift of love,
This faithful index of his honest heart,
An echo rises ever rolling forth,
"Go thou, and do thy part."

Directed by his Guide,
May fruits of love and happiness increase,
Till old age crown him with entire content,
And George Earle's end be peace.

MARRIAGE OF MY ONLY DAUGHTER.

THE Cornish child, the Cornish child,
Whose birthplace was the moorland wild,

Where song ascends from bower and brake,
From whispering lawn and limpid lake,
Has left her parents' roof to-day :
O, for her and her partner pray !

No pealing bells from belfry tower
Announce her loving bridal hour ;
But Nature's minstrels carol free
By gentle brook, on budding tree ;
And flowerets cluster in her way
Upon the summit of Carn Brea.

Where Druid feet have often trod,
And boulders rise above the sod,
Where winds their Maker's might attest
Around the ancient castle's crest,
She parted from us on life's way :
O, for her and her partner pray !

Peace be their lot, light be their cares,
Still followed by a parent's prayers !
A daughter's worth is unexpressed,
A daughter's love was ne'er confessed ;
And gold is dust by doubt defiled
In contrast with the Cornish child.

O, pleasant days again pass by,
When song was new, when hope was high.

From moon to moon, from year to year,
She marked my musical career ;
Before I felt men turned away,
Nor listened to my simple lay.

The world is wide before her now,
With youth and brightness on her brow.
O may her arm on Him be stayed
Who gilds the blossoms of the glade,
Whose presence fills the wood and wild,
The Guardian of the Cornish child !

May 11th, 1871.

IN MEMORY OF CAROLINE FOX.

HER time of rest is come ;
Her travel ended, feebleness and pain :
Another labourer on the Gospel mead
Falls 'mid the ripening grain.

Another footfall less,
Where sickness pines, and widowhood in tears,
And orphan ones on whom the world's waves beat,
O'ercharged with chilling fears.

Another empty chair,
Another severance of the household band,
In the dear home, of homes the beautiful,
The loveliest of the land.

Another crown is won ;
Another seraph in the realms of joy ;
Another victor in the place of palms,
Joining the sweet employ.

Where Jesus reigns she dwells,
Supremely blest, in robes of spotless white ;
Where prayer gives place to pure unsullied praise,
And faith is lost in sight.

She gave what she received,
Her time, her talent, and her earthly store ;
And gently bore in Mercy's holy name
The Gospel to the poor.

When the first snowdrops came,
We laid her down within her quiet bed ;
And hearts were moved with holy tenderness,
And silent tears were shed.

And here she lieth low,
Where flowerets cluster, and green branches bend,
And birds are singing in their loveliness
For her the widow's friend.

She sleepeth in her Lord,
No more to waken till the sun shall cease,
And the fair moon forsake the firmament :
Her end was perfect peace.

Farewell ! a long farewell !
And yet not long : full soon is crossed the plain,
And in the land where partings never come
Shall we not meet again ?

January, 1871.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CORNISH TOLMEN.

A DRUID link is broken which long joined
The Past and Present, rudely wrenched and snapped
By cruel fingers. Shame it is to spoil
This ancient temple for the greed of gain,
To flash and flare it in the eye of heaven
For three whole days with the destroying charge,
Until this throne of wonders toppled o'er,
Leaving a wreck that diamonds can't replace.
Shame ! shame ! The rising echoes of the moors
Cry Shame, and the great hill-blocks Shame ;
And through the air a swift-avenging sprite
With arm uplifted shouts the dark word Shame !
If some fierce Vandal from the shore of wrong
In a wild hour had scathed it where it stood,
We could have better borne it : but to think
The scions of the land of cross and carn,
Our own immediate kinsfolk, who should stand
Resolved to shield it with the sword of Fate,

And guard it like a child at their own hearth,—
That they should drag its glory to the ground,
O this is dreadful.

Ill canst thou afford

To lose such relics, Cornwall, where at eve
The Roman joyed to ramble, fanned by winds
That travelled music-tracts, and lulled by sounds
From far-off minstrels. Here, when soft airs spake
The fragrant language of the lowly thyme,
Oft stole the Druidess in robe of white,
Like Beauty mid the moonbeams, leaving lays
That linger still among the grand old blocks ;
And here the priest, and here the warrior came,
The Bowman bold whose blood was in his face,
To hear the horrors of the haughty Dane.
These murmur, " Spare the Tolmen." Ah! their
words
Are like the rhyme of poet, overborne
By the fierce flutter of the world for gain.

The coming years will miss it. Anxious eyes,
Stained deep with indignation, oft shall turn
To scan the site it dignified so long ;
And the wild bird, the haunter of the hills,
Shall flounder in his passage, seeing not
His ancient landmark : whirling round and round
In strange bewilderment, with shriek and cry

He'll leave the heights for ever. Much I feel
To lose a boulder from my native moors,
As if a sister perished. Ye who love
The poetry of the mountains, guard, O guard
Our curious cromlechs ! Let no hand of man
Destroy these stony prophets which the Lord
Has placed upon the tarns and sounding downs
With tones for distant ages.

PERRANPORTH.

(INSCRIBED TO SIGNOR AND SIGNORA GUERRA.)

I LOVE it for its rustic dress,
Its spirit-speaking loneliness,
Its fences quaint, its footpaths rude,
Its silent fanes of solitude,
Whose sea-notes soothe the strife of care,
Which murmur not where cities glare.

I love it for its level sand,
Which holds it like a silver band,
O'er which the ceaseless waters flow
In music, as they come and go ;
Whether the moon is on the mead,
Or Darkness rideth his black steed.

I love it for the mighty waves
Which force an entrance in its caves,

Whence issue Nature's odes sublime
At vesper-hush or matin's prime,
In ceaseless roll throughout the years,
Which still are murmuring in mine ears.

I love it for the heath which glows
By creeks where ocean-nymphs repose,
Where swallows glide, and sea-gulls flash,
And rabbits to their burrows dash,
And beds of thyme and stonecrops lie
With timid glances at the sky.

I love it for the lark which sings,
And soars with sunlight on his wings,
Whose music fills the listening land,
And trembles o'er the shining sand,
While holy feelings fill the breast,
Replete with rapture unexpressed.

I love it for the healthy breeze
Long-lingering over solemn seas,
Which fans my brow as here I roam,
Where cliff-flowers hang o'er fields of foam,
And Silence on yon craggy stair
With folded hands invites to prayer.

I love it for the silken cord
Which drew my feet to Friendship's board,

Spread here in Nature's calm retreat
With ocean murmuring at our feet.
For this and more of equal worth,
My love shall dwell with Perranporth.

A BIRTHDAY HYMN.

INSCRIBED TO F. C. (*Tenax Exon.*)

LIKE a traveller on the road
Leading to his dear abode,
Left in childhood in the dell
Near the moss-encircled well,
Gazing onward through his tears,
So thou view'st thy fifty years.

O'er thy path strange airs have swayed,
Like the mystery of the glade.
O what love thy Lord has shown,
As the months have onward flown,
Better than thy doubts and fears,
During all thy fifty years !

He who guides us to the goal
Asks the service of the soul,
Cheers us with His Spirit's light,
Claims our influence for the right.
How thy Father's love appears,
Sparing thee those fifty years !

Not a trial has been sent,
 Not a generous blessing lent,
 Not a cross or landscape bright,
 But has been ordained aright
 By the Hand that rules the spheres,
 Sparing thee those fifty years.

Take the verse I offer thee
 On thy solemn Jubilee :
 Keep thy hand to Friendship's oar ;
 Strive to lift the weak and poor,
 Till the Son of Man appears,
 Who has spared thee fifty years.

January 17th, 1870.

COME-TO-GOOD.

(INSCRIBED TO LOVELL SQUIRE.)

I KNEW not, though I've lingered long
 Through dear Cornubia's glades of song,
 By tinkling stream fair-fringed with moss,
 By crag and carn and curious cross,
 That our own land of wild and wood
 Owned sweet sequestered Come-To-Good.

Yet here it is, with lawn outspread,
 With brook and breeze and dew-cup fed,
 Where twittering birds from bush and brake
 Their ever-murmuring notes awake

O'er many a pilgrim's grassy mound
Within the humble burial-ground.

And sleep they low on beds of clay,
When roses bloom, when leaves decay,
Watched by the ever-spreading sky,
The silver moon, the stars on high,
Till on the resurrection morn
They rise, on angel-wings upborne.

The hue of Spring is on the earth,
Which feels again a living birth,
Green shoots and flowers from hill to hill,
From creek to creek, from rill to rill ;
While wandering cuckoo's welcome note
Doth o'er the golden furze-flowers float.

Here stands in reed-roof fair to see
The meeting-house beside the lea,
With shaven eaves and lattice low,
Where GEORGE FOX preached so long ago,
And where from lips by Heaven unsealed
We heard the Saviour's love revealed.

O Come-To-Good ! O temple meet
To bow in silence at His feet !
O fitting place for bard to dwell,
And wake the mysteries of his shell ;
Where bank and bower, and lawn and lea,
And wood and water, tell of THEE !

THE DECEIVER RECEIVED.

ROODS west of the Cheesewring, a butcher by trade
Of the pale face of Famine was rather afraid,
Or envious, ambitious, or something or other :
So he sinfully settled to rob a poor mother ;
And, thus to accomplish his purposes evil,
To go if he could in the form of the devil.
He tricked himself off in a bullock's black hide,
And his face was made fearful with charcoal beside ;
A tail hung behind, with two horns on his head,
And his large rolling eyeballs looked fiery and red :
And thus he stalked off to her cottage of mud,
As much like Old Nick as he possibly could.
He entered the room through some mystical cranny,
And gazed with a groan on the quaking old granny,
Shook his long bushy tail, while his horns seemed
to rise,
And the fire-flaps successively flashed from his eyes,
And the breath of his nostrils with brimstone was knit :
She thought he had come from the bottomless pit.
Approaching her bed, he cried with gruff air,
" I'm the monarch of darkness, the prince of
despair ;
I don't want your body, though I know you are old,
But I'm come for your money, I'm come for your
gold.

I've come a long way from the pit of destruction,
And I must have your gold without any reduction."

"O Virgin, assist me! St. Francis, appear!

O come to my rescue! the devil is here!

The grim-visaged black one, with horns on his head,
O murder! O murder! is close by my bed.

Is he come for my money? I pray, Mr. D.,

What is it? what is it you want here with me?"

"I tell thee, old grandam, I don't want thyself,

But all that I wish is thy long-treasured pelf.

Thy money! thy money! I must have the whole,

Or else I'll devour thee, both body and soul."

"O! what shall I do? Will you leave me to fall?

For I've not a farthing to give you at all:

For in order to save my dear gold from the canker,
I let it all out in the hands of the banker."

"Well, never mind, granny, you can't help it, no,

But get it to-morrow; so now I will go.

And when the next midnight shall be on the wane,
I'll call at your snug little cottage again."

And having so said, o'er the staircase he leapt,

And according to custom up the chimney he crept.

When the butcher had vanished, the old woman
arose,

And away to the banker she instantly goes;

Related her story; demanded the gold,

Determined to hand it to hard Mr. Bold;

Resolved the next time the devil should call
To yield him her silver, her copper, and all.
The day passed away, and the night came again,
With its mantle of darkness o'er mountain and main,
And granny lay down on her pillow once more,
And blocked up the window and bolted the door,
Expecting old Satan would come as he told,
And rob without mercy her long gathered gold.
The banker, suspecting some trick was on hand,
Had got two police in her chamber to stand,
To wait the approach of this father of fire,
And try if again they could prove him a liar ;
And when the grim goblins were starting from sleep,
And Silence was dipping her locks in the deep,
When owlets were screaming, and sprites filled the
lane,

The butcher dropt down through the chimney again,
Equipped as before in his imp-mimicked dress,
A frightful old fellow, and flushed with success.
But no sooner had he settled down on the floor
Than he got a hard rap, and he gave a loud roar ;
And granny, suspecting no doubt it was thunder,
And that the black monster had clutched all the
plunder,

Wrapped the bedsheet in folds round her grey-
hooded head,
And without any motion lay down in the bed,

While the butcher was bleeding and groaning and
crying,
And she wished in her heart that old Satan was
dying.

Having stript off his scales, they bound the old wag,
And bore him away on a wind-broken nag
To a part of the town where a structure has risen,
And the joke goes around that Old Nick is in
prison !

1842.

PAUL PARSONS : OR, WHAT NEWS AT HOME ?

PAUL Parsons married hastily
The woodman's daughter Nell :
They lived until a babe was born
Beside Bolenowe well :
And then the hungry wolf of want
Came prowling round their door ;
Paul Parsons bade his wife good bye,
And left Cornwallia's shore.

Long wrought he where the gold lay hid
In many a precious stone,
And heard the songs of summer swell,
The winds of winter moan ;

And as the seasons hurried by
Like waters in the dell,
His thoughts throughout his busy life
Were with his babe and Nell.

His bags grew heavier year by year,
Amassed with toil and pain ;
And then he left his mates behind,
And home he sailed again.
And now he climbs the craggy hill
So near his native goal :
“ What news at home ? what news at
home ? ”
Slow ringing in his soul.

He gains the old mount's breezy top,
As sounds the curfew bell ;
And sees, through tears that fill his eyes,
His cottage by the well ;
And hastens on with strength renewed,
Beset with hopes and fears :
“ What news at home ? what news at
home ? ”
Still ringing in his ears.

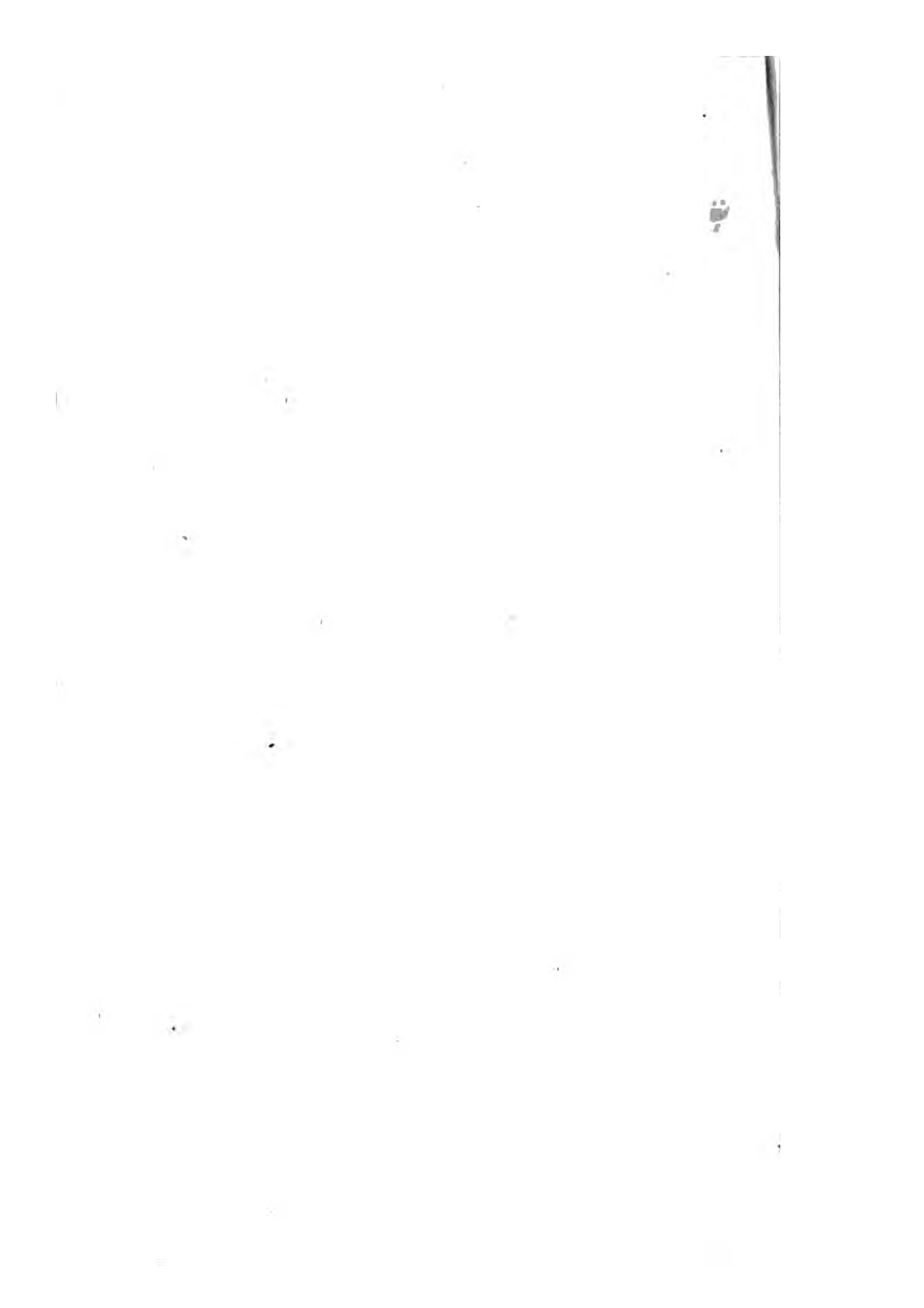
And now he's past the roadside gate,
Now knocking at the door :

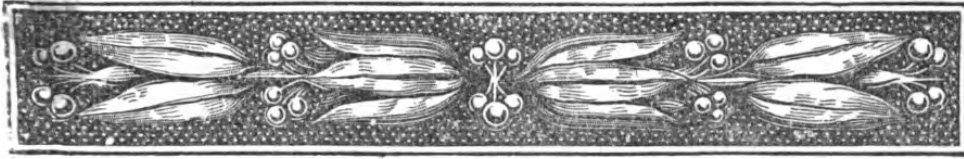
A gentle hand is on the latch,
A small foot on the floor.
O how he kissed his wife and child,
O'erjoyed to find them well!
"Good news at home! good news at home!
God bless my babe and Nell!"



RILLA ROCK

THE MAID OF THE MOOR.





RILLA ROCK :

THE MAID OF THE MOOR.

ONE autumn evening a traveller might have been seen hastening over a common near Boscastle, in Cornwall, with a little bundle at the end of his staff, which he carried on his shoulder. He was a young man of some two-and-twenty summers, tall, good-looking, and his intelligent face was somewhat brown with apparent travel. The evening sun was disappearing behind the rough hills of the Land's End, and the lichened rocks of the ancient tarn up which the traveller climbed were tinged with gold. Now and then he would pause and look around, as if the scenes were familiar to his sight; and then, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, would wipe the perspiration from his face. It was evident that he was bending his steps towards a cluster of old thatched houses, situated in a hollow of the hill. As he approached them he appeared to tremble, as if some strange misgivings had taken possession of his mind.

This moorland hamlet presented a forlorn appearance to the eye of the stranger. The reed had left the roofs of several of the dwellings, the doors and windows were broken, the gardens grass-grown, and only one of the hovels was inhabited. In this dwelt an aged woman, who supported herself by spinning, gathering water-cress, elder-blossom, and camomile flowers, which she sold in a neighbouring town, the gains of which were added to a weekly pittance from the parish. There was a mat of rushes at the door, on which the traveller wiped his feet; and then, complying with her invitation, he entered her home, and sat upon a cushioned chair near the hearth, which could not be much unlike the one described by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village :"

"While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row."

Her little room was a picture of cleanliness and comfort. Every thing was in its place, and she had a place for every thing. The candlesticks on the mantel-piece were rubbed as bright as silver: the Bible lay near the hour-glass in a snug recess: the floor was strewn with the finest sand: on the top of the clean uncarpeted stairs ticked the old family clock: the cat lay sleeping on a portion of the

hearth, where smouldered the red furze-brands : a cage hung to one of the wooden beams, in which a favourite canary sang his fill : and, O, how white the kitchen table was scoured ! The old woman gave the young traveller some goat's milk, in which she put a few sops of brown bread, which he ate with uncommon relish ; and then he asked her several questions respecting the village among the rocks.

DOROTHEA—for that was the old woman's name—was very obliging, and appeared highly gratified to receive a visitor, for this was a rare thing in her rocky height ; and she soon became as chatty and communicative as possible. From her he learnt the history of the several families who once occupied these homes, now scattered and peeled by the blasts of succeeding winters ; but nothing interested him so deeply as the story of Rilla Rock, the beautiful maiden of the moor. She dwelt here in the eastern cottage, the foundation of which is on a large boulder ; and over the porch the rose and honeysuckle still carelessly climb in all their fragrant loveliness. She had several brothers, but no sister, and the light of her eyes was the sunshine of their home. She played among the rocks with the sunny curls of girlhood falling on her shoulders, and told them stories in her innocence, giving each

of them a name. She wove the green rushes into ribbons to decorate her brow, and strung up the daisies on long shining grasses, and hung them round her neck. The white lambkins knew her voice, and came at her call, and the little nimble kids would feed from her hand. The robin dropped from the elder, and picked up the crumbs which she scattered at the door, and the sparrows on the eaves twittered loves for Rilla Rock.

Rilla owed much to the Sunday school which she attended in the village, about half a mile from her moorland home. Here she first felt herself to be a sinner, and learned to love the Saviour, who gave His life that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but attain the felicity of heaven. It was indeed delightful to witness the attention she always paid to her teacher, and how she joined in the prayer with closed eyes and clasped hands. Whilst too many of her schoolmates were indifferent to advice, Rilla treasured up truths to cheer her in days to come. "I am an early traveller," she would say, "in this world of wrong; but Jesus Christ has promised to make me His little lamb, and I commit myself into His hands. O Lord, pardon my sins, make me good, guide me through life, and then admit me into Thy fold above, for

Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." And she became a little Gospel teacher at home; for her pious example served in no small degree to lead her father and mother to Christ. And who can estimate the worth of Sunday schools? Are they not the strength and wealth of the Church, the pride and glory of our land? Their influence for good will never be known, till the great, grand song of the redeemed shall float over the sea of glass mingled with fire.

Thus Rilla Rock grew on, and every year added fresh beauties to her form. Her mind, too, expanded and brightened, so that she became more beautiful within than without. Her love of nature increased her love for the God of the universe, and she bowed before Him in adoration and awe. She saw Him in the flowers that fringed the mossy banks, and heard His voice in every note that soared from field or forest. She loved her Bible which was given her at the Sunday school, and often read it and other good books in the ivy pews of her mountain chapel. And here would Rilla remain alone for hours, communing with her Father and her own heart, till twilight fell, and the little wren crept to his mossy chamber to pass the night with his gentle mate; and then with fairy feet she

brushed the dews from the grasses on her homeward way, to gladden their pleasant hearth with her smile of love.

But when Dorothea made mention of a young man who came up the hill one summer morning, and spoke to Rilla as she stood before the door of her mother's home, sewing her younger brother's vest, a flush of crimson passed over the face of the stranger, and his voice slightly trembled as he said, "Go on, go on with your story." So she told him how the youth wooed the maiden, how she listened to his love, and how they had sometimes spoken of the joy that awaited them in the future, when a cottage-dwelling by the wood-side should be theirs. Then came poverty and woe, sickness, distress, and want, which it is painful to name. The mineral in the mines of the neighbourhood became for a time exhausted; no fresh supplies were discovered; the price, too, fell considerably, owing to the large quantities of foreign ores imported into England, and the wasting war on the Continent: consequently several mines were abandoned, and the labourers thrown out of employ. A few took to farming, some to portering in the nearest town; but the majority emigrated to other countries, to seek by honest labour the bread denied them in their fatherland. Amongst these was the young

man who was so ardently attached to Rilla, with a promise to return to her at no very distant date, with all his savings, to make her his for life. His name, she said, was Percy Paul.

And Dorothea went on to speak of the tidings that soon reached them, of Percy Paul being assailed by savages, struck down in the forest, and no one knew where his grave was made. And she told how Rilla drooped to hear it, like a precious flower which the fingers of the northern blast have savagely handled, and the sunshine of summer can no more revive. And as she spoke, the young man's eyes filled with tears, and he turned his head aside to wipe them away. Soon sickness fell upon the household, a sickness unto death. The father, the sole support of the homestead, was the first to fall; and he died in firm reliance on the merits of his Saviour, entreating his wife and children to meet him in heaven. And then the youngest lamb of the flock grew sick, and the great Reaper came, and folded him for ever in the rest above. One after another the children departed, and then the mother fell, and Rilla was left alone in the world. Poor girl! Dorothea sheltered her under her roof for some time, until she went to live in service on the opposite side of the carn. A few days ago Rilla had visited Dorothea. She had made it a matter of prayer, and at

length came to the conclusion to take ship, and sail across the sea in search of him who was dearer to her than life ; and that very morning the vessel which bore the maiden sailed out of the Bay.

The traveller appeared much agitated at this recital, and after thanking Dorothea for her kindness was about to wish her good bye and depart, when, looking out, he saw that the heavens were overcast with clouds, the windfretted and fumed among the crags, so that it was evident a storm was approaching. Dorothea entreated him to remain under her roof until the tempest was over ; and then, if he wished, he could reach the town by moonlight, as the road was plain and wide, and the gale would probably spend itsfury by that time. He gladly consented, and soon the rains came down very heavily, and the deep thunder muttered among the rocks. The wind blew loud and wailed as if in sorrow, and the lightning flamed from valley to valley. As night came on the storm increased, and the young man was right glad to have found shelter in Dorothea's shed. She added peat to her fire on the hearth, covered some potatoes with the hot ashes, which were soon roasted for the traveller ; and these, with a little milk and butter, made a somewhat savoury repast. Then she took down her Bible from the recess, replaced her

spectacles, and read by the light of the candle her favourite words of life; after which she retired to rest in her little chamber upstairs, as full of trust as a child in his father's house: and the traveller lay down on an oaken bench by the chimney fire, and slept till morning.

After a homely breakfast of fish and bread made of wheat ground in the village mill, and due thanks having been paid to his hostess, the traveller departed, slipping a piece of money into Dorothea's hand. She stood in the doorway, and addressed him as he shouldered his staff: "The Lord of the harvest is ever ready to strengthen the labourer who works in the whitened field. I have seen much of sorrow, and tasted the cup of grief; but the Strong One has ever been beside me to cheer me with thoughts of home. Bread has been given me, water has been sure, and my poor cottage has sometimes been radiant with the glory of God. Often in my solitary devotions have I heard the sweep of wings, and the tingle of lyres, which surely proceeded from the upper land. The religion of Jesus Christ is no visionary dream, but a grand and growing reality, to blossom into beauty throughout eternity. Go: and may the God of Peace go with thee, direct thy steps to His altar, and finally to the mount of undying praise!"

The grateful youth waved an adieu, and walked on, with Dorothea's words still ringing in his ears. He soon reached the town, and went at once to the quay, and the first object that arrested his attention was a large ship lying at anchor near the break-water. Her sails and masts showed signs of the storm of the past night, and several able seamen were busy at repairs. He asked a stout-looking tar, who was standing by, the name of the vessel, and he told him it was the "Drake," which had been driven back by the late gale. She had left the port on the preceding morning, bound for the gold country, and had encountered the wind in the offing; and, after vainly buffeting with the blast for several hours, she put back, and it was reported that the captain intended to sail again at noon that day.

On hearing this the traveller hired a boat, and was speedily on board. Sitting on a little chest he discovered Rilla. She was sad and pale, and tears were shining on her face. He approached her slowly, and spoke so gently, that Rilla lifted her eyes to his, and answered his questions with lips of sweetness. She told him that her friends were all dead, and buried in the churchyard under the trees; that the world to her was now a gloomy prison, but for the thought of one who left

her several years ago, and promised to make her his. Rumour reported that he was dead; but her guiding spirit had told her that he was still alive. So she had determined to search land and sea, and felt confident that she should find him at last. The God of providence would go with her, and direct her footsteps over the earth.

Here Rilla blushed at the freedom she had taken in thus addressing a stranger: but he drew nearer, and replied, "Thy voice is like the voice of one of old, whose music charmed me in her dwelling among the rocks. We often walked forth by the rivers and reeds in the glow of sunset, and the lark on high seemed to repeat her name. There was no sound like her song, and no light so beautiful as that which shone in her eyes. To me she was an angel, and an angel is she still. But poverty came upon me like an armed man, and the wolf of famine howled loud at my door. I tore myself from her embrace, crossed the ocean, and prospered in a foreign clime. Even then her image on my mind nerved my hand to do and my heart to dare. Had I peril to encounter, or danger to face, or difficulty to conquer, she was ever with me, and it was all accomplished for her. Yes, I prospered and returned: and here I stand before my own loving Rilla, her long-lost Percy Paul.

Surely thou knowest thy faithful Percy come back to claim his Rilla."

It would be vain to attempt to describe this happy meeting, the embraces which were given, and the tears which were shed. Rilla had found him who was all the world to her, the bright vision which ever haunted her steps. She had determined to brave the dangers of the deep, and traverse climes which appeared fabulous, in search of her dearest treasure, asking direction of Him who feedeth the birds of the bush; and her prayer was answered almost as soon as uttered, and the earth was a wild no more. Suffice it to say that they were soon on land, and the vessel left the harbour on her outward voyage without the Maid of the Moor. A few weeks passed away, and then the village bells were pealing, and the twain were made one. Many a villager blessed them on their return to their pretty home; and the general subject of conversation was the happy union of Percy Paul and Rilla.

But there is no earthly Eden, however beautiful, that, sooner or later, does not feel the blight of time. This sublunary scene is not our final rest: it yet remains in store to the followers of the Lord. No walls of stone, or gates of brass, can bar the entrance of disease, which comes, as Providence

wills it, to all upon the earth. Affliction came to the Pauls. When a younger Rilla was born, the mother faded: and too soon it was evident she must pass away. One morning in the early dawn, as she lay in much weakness, she thus spoke to her husband, who, with tearful eyes, sat watching the gentle dropping of life's sands: "My pilgrimage on earth is drawing to a close, and soon I must leave my precious Percy and my darling babe. But Rilla knows that Heaven will defend you, and support my sorrowing husband, and be the guide of my only child. I have no fear—none at all. Jesus has long been my Shepherd, and His tender care was never more precious than now. All power is His, both in heaven and earth, and soon He will send His angels to waft me to the land of love. Already there are sounds celestial in my abode, and the cherubim and seraphim are ascending and descending from the golden gates of Beulah. Yes, precious Jesus, I am coming." And the beautiful Rilla closed her eyes on earth, to open them in Paradise.

In a green corner of the quiet churchyard of her native place her grave is made: and over it the whispering ash now spreads its graceful arms, and the daisies are clustering over her head. The robin sings there; the wren twitters his sharp,

shrill snatches as of old, and the moon and stars look calmly down upon the holy earth. The village children know the grave of Rilla: and Dorothea is sleeping by her side. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."



List of Works by the same Author.

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LUDA: A LAY OF THE DRUIDS.

HYMNS, TALES, ESSAYS, AND LEGENDS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the ATHENÆUM, December, 12, 1868.

Two true flowers of the fields appear in the books which come next from the pile before us. These are represented by "Luda, a Lay of the Druids," &c. Of the author of (Luda) we have ere this had pleasure in writing with praise as a simple, natural poet, such as every race but too rarely produces, and of a kind which differs to the core from that of the sentimental and whining bards who so frequently publish what should be hidden. Mr. Harris was a Cornish miner, who has written verses which, compared with those that spring from some ardent claimants on the public purse, are as the wine of flowers to the stagnant water of a froggy pool. We are sorry to read that former publications by the Cornishman have been "next to nothing" in profitableness, and that his health is feeble. Without *any regard* to the circumstances of the author or his original position,—for we are sure so manly a man and cheery a thinker would rather have it so,—we testify fully to the freshness, vigour, and

beauty of most of his verses ; to wit, this fragment from the poem "Caleb Cliff: "—

"The larks sing April welcomes," &c.

"My Little Wife and I," "Kate," "The Dressmaker's Daughter," and many more of the minor poems here, have the freshness of natural poetry, and none of that griminess which so often offends in popular and pathetic verses with domestic subjects.

From the BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE, January, 1869.

CORNWALL is not deficient in its names on the record of honest literature, antiquarian, historical and metaphysical fame; but till lately it did not shine amongst the poets. There has, however, arisen one star, which has been very steadily increasing in lustre and magnitude, until it now shines with undoubted brilliance and stability. This is the more honourable because he to whom this distinction belongs, in issuing this sixth volume within twenty years, observes: "Most of the pieces in this collection have been written out of doors, in the lanes and fields, by the sea-side or open heath, and not a few on a rude narrow seat in a corner of his little garden with the sparrows chirping overhead." From his thirteenth to his thirty-seventh year, Mr. Harris had to toil hard for his daily bread in one of the oldest and deepest mines of Cornwall, by day and by night; and yet under such circumstances he wrote his earliest publications, which were kindly received by the public; and now that he has become a decidedly favourite author, not only in his native county but in circles far beyond, a new volume from his pen is heartily welcomed by the public, and the author's aim is evidently manifest to do his utmost to make his book worthy of the patronage vouchsafed. Of the two principal pieces in this volume, "Luda" is based on scenes and events belonging to the Druids, and traceable to the famous hill of Carn Brea, which is still covered with Druidical remains. "Caleb Cliff" is a dramatic fragment based on an occurrence which is recollected in Cornwall within the last fifty years. The greater part of the volume is occupied with minor poems, hymns, essays and legends. All these are marked by earnest strong common sense, breathing thoughts that elevate, and sentiments which arrest the attention, and will instruct the mind and improve

the heart. Mr. Harris is no man-made poet: Nature has bestowed her gifts, and like a wise man he has given them full work and free scope; and in this volume he stands before the world with fresh laurels wisely earned and richly deserved. With his hymns we have been delighted, and feel assured that some of them will soon find a permanent place in the collections of the day. We heartily wish his book a wide circulation: it well deserves it.

From the BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE, Dec. 14, 1868.

OUR readers are familiar with the name of John Harris, the Cornish Miner and Poet. We have frequently welcomed the true poetry of this true son of the soil, who knew how to sweeten the hours of labour with the music of his heart. John Harris is a genuine poet—a true singer, and his simple lays coming from his own heart reach the heart of the reader, and make strangers love the cheery thinker and honest singer who from “his home in the west countree” sends forth such admirable stories in verse and such sweet domestic lyrics for their pleasure and delight. The volume which we have now before us is equal to either of its predecessors in lyric flow, while practice has added strength to the verse, and experience *body* to the thought. The story of “Luda” is told with a clearness of aim and a mastery of versification which leave nothing to be desired. No one would suspect from such a poem that its writer had passed a great part of his life in working in a Cornish mine. We quote the opening lines of the second book of this “Lay of the Druids:”—

“The furze and heather are in bloom,” &c.

The minor poems offer many temptations to quote, but the following delightful lyric must suffice:—

“My Little Wife and I.”

To such a singer we can indeed give a hearty welcome. His poetry is fresh, honest and healthy. Mr. Harris has a true spark of the *mens divinator*, and has been blest with his own portion of the “faculty Divine.” We wish him that success which in these prosaic days the poet now rarely obtains. For now, as in olden times, we delight in the songs, but neglect

the bard; and from what we read in the preface, we fear that Mr. Harris is no exception to the general practice, and he deserves a better fate. If we were not only too familiar with the truth that no prophet is honoured in his own country, we should commend Mr. Harris to the especial consideration of his fellow Cornishmen: as it is, we commend him to that larger audience which is still ready to acknowledge and, we trust, reward genius wherever it may be found.

From the WEST BRITON, December 3, 1868.

JOHN HARRIS by his several volumes of prose and verse has already earned a high and honourable position amongst the poets of his country; and this fresh addition to his "stock of laurels" will undoubtedly enhance his fame. "Luda, a Lay of the Druids," is a very excellent poem, and although it treats of very remote times, it is written in a pleasing Scott-like style and is highly instructive. John Harris is essentially a moral and religious teacher; a man ever anxious to promote the education and social welfare of the class from which he sprung. Some persons may not care much for the effusions of the moral muse; yet perchance some poor man, whose lot in life is hard work and meagre pay, may find a genial companion in a volume of verse. Such a man may feel a tranquil pleasure in taking from his thinly-stocked bookshelf the poems and essays of the Cornish minstrel, green and beautiful in their silent influences, and may experience the same sweet relish as the author sensibly experienced in musing over his Druidical and Cornish themes. When the shadows of evening or the deeper shades of life hover around us, then it is that such a poet as John Harris with his genial ministrations of consolation and hope will be welcome. This interesting volume opens with "Luda, a Lay of the Druids," in three cantos,—the Alarm, the Suspense and the Attack; and in its scenery and characteristics is eminently Cornish, as the first paragraph will show:—

"Is there not on the ground we tread," &c.

Another extract from the poem is well expressed, and evinces the writer's love of his country, especially of Cornwall:—

"My Cornwall! what a land is thine," &c.

With such national passages as those we have cited is the sweet story of "Luda" interwoven. The dramatic fragment, entitled "Caleb Cliff," which the author hopes "will not be unwelcome to the friends of temperance," is founded on an incident within the knowledge of the poet, and is prettily worked out with considerable poetical skill and dramatic ingenuity. The several lyrics are in no way inferior in style and spirit to John Harris's similar productions in previous volumes. We would call attention especially to, "My Little Wife and I," "The Dressmaker's Daughter," "The Widow Worshipper," "The Mountain Boy and little Christy," and several others of a kindred type. The tribute to the memory of Edmund Fry is also a graceful recollection of a man who, while he lived, was actively employed in promoting many a good cause. The section of the volume devoted to the legends of Cornwall will be most acceptable to those who may take an interest in legendary lore. Among the tales and essays we find a genial and ably-written sketch of Robert Bloomfield, author of "The Farmer's Boy," who wrote poems in a shoemaker's London garret, and played his fiddle on "Shooter's Hill." John Harris has given a very readable account of poor Bloomfield. Not the least interesting portion of this volume is the series of beautiful hymns, which may fairly be classed with those of Cowper, Newton, and James Montgomery; and with one of these hymns we conclude our notice of a good book by a worthy man.

"Pilgrim, kneel: the day is done."

From the DURHAM CHRONICLE, June 4, 1869.

THE Scotch have a proverb, "It is a far cry to Lochow;" and it is a "far cry" from the coal-mines of Durham in the extreme north to the tin-mines of Cornwall in the extreme south-west of England; but poetry overleaps space, and the ex-miner of the south who has with his own hands brought the white and shining mineral to the surface, sends forth poems which may be read with pleasure. The author tells us in his preface that twenty years ago he toiled "in one of the oldest and deepest mines of Cornwall, more than 240 fathoms under the surface;" yet now he strikes a vein in the mine of poesy, and very pure is the ore he brings forth. This is his sixth work, a fact which speaks well for the encouragement his muse has met. John Harris has all the poet's eye for nature, and picture

scenery with the colours of a painter. This "Lay of the Druids" reminds us forcibly of Scott. It has the rhythmic flow of "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and nothing could be finer than some of the descriptive passages. Here is a perfect picture of twilight stillness.

"'Tis eve, 'tis calm; the winds are still," &c.

And this stands not alone. Such pictorial descriptions are scattered throughout the poem, or rather clustered in the poem and scattered throughout the volume, for "Caleb Cliff" is not without them. The "Cornish Legends" are very acceptable. "The Little Burn" is a deliciously refreshing lyric. Its beauties are many.

From the CORNISH TELEGRAPH, August 4, 1869.

To those who can enjoy a really pleasant poem under the summer trees, or by the cozy fireside, this interesting book will prove an agreeable companion. John Harris by untiring labour and continued effort has won a distinguished position in the field of poetic literature; yet, strange as it may appear, despite his numerous contributions to the legendary and poetic literature of Cornwall, his writings have not met with that practical recognition to which their striking merits fairly entitle them. Literature in intellectual England too often means hard work and no pay. Few men who have been dependent on letters alone have been able to make a livelihood. Almost all our great writers, fortunately, have been in a position which has rendered them independent both of publisher and the public, and given the necessary leisure for undisturbed literary exercise. There is scarcely a great work in our language which has been written by a man whose daily bread depended upon his literary exertions. It is a melancholy and humiliating fact that in wealthy England a poor man of any order of inventive genius must *die* before his labours will be publicly appreciated. We have, it is true, a Royal Literary Fund, with its accumulated and unused thousands; also an annual doling out of literary pensions, frequently to obscure writers of mediocre abilities, but who happen to have the introductory influence of a lordly name.

John Harris, formerly a miner, is a writer of uncommon merit, one who has struggled from the dark sunless bosom of the earth to its sunny flowery surface; he has produced six

volumes of prose and poetry, comprising lays, legends, essays, stories, and lyrics. The remotest parts of Cornwall are all the richer for the radiance of his hopeful muse: he has reared a pyramid of beauty upon the summit of Carn Brea, and woven a fairy chaplet about the rocky caves of Kynance, while "Luda" adds another charm to the county of the poet's birth. We remember one of the sayings of the witty Douglas Jerrold, which seems applicable to the Cornish poet: "Goodness, like wild honey, is often hived in the stoniest corners of the earth." Many of the poems of John Harris have been conceived in stony places, among the rocks and by the seashore, out of doors in the lanes and fields. To one long accustomed to be "in populous city pent," this rural picture of a poet is delightful, and intimates that Nature is kind, even though man may be unmindful of the poet's ceaseless toils. The author of "Luda" lives apart from prosaic routine among the wild flowers of western Cornwall in a golden world of his own sweet fancies; his poems bear the impress of his kindly nature, and are flavoured with Cornish fragrance and bathed in their own mountain dew. The present volume, besides "Luda," contains "Caleb Cliff," a dramatic fragment illustrative of the advantages of a temperate life; some twenty lyrics, a number of Hymns, Tales, Essays, and Legends. "Luda" is a story of the Druids, and presents a fair outline of the life and manners of a past age. The story is worked out with such logical accuracy that to make a judicious selection becomes a difficulty. We venture to introduce a brief extract:—

"Adown the glen, on palfry white," &c.

We regret that we have not space to enter minutely into the merits of this graceful volume. We need only say that its general contents sustain the author's credit for poetic composition; that the legends and essays are particularly attractive, while the lyrics and hymns exhibit the poet's happy mode of communicating moral and religious thoughts.

From the WESTERN TIMES, December 7, 1869.

THIS is a handsome volume of 272 pages, and will prove an acceptable gift-book for this gift-giving season. The author is a remarkable man, self-taught, and a miner of six-and-

thirty years' experience of underground labour. He is now following the honourable and Christian path of a Scripture reader at Falmouth, which, if the purity of his verse be taken as an index of his mind, he is well fitted to tread. The present is the sixth volume with which the ex-miner has ascended into the realms of song. His verse is fresh and fragrant with a natural charm and sterling ring about it entirely out of the common. "Luda" is a story of the Druids, descriptive of the customs of that ancient people, and is written in a rhyme similar to that of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Carn Brea near Redruth is the scene of the story, from the opening of which we extract the following description of a palmer in the ascent of Carn Brea :—

"His face was brown, his hair was long," &c.

From the ROYAL LEAMINGTON CHRONICLE, January 30, 1869.

A NEW volume from the active pen of John Harris, the Cornish Miner-poet, is always welcome, because always entertaining and instructive. The author is a pleasing and industrious writer, and "Luda" with its dreamy attractions and well-drawn pictures of far-back scenes will assuredly enhance the enduring lustre of the author's honest fame. As Sir Walter Scott by his wonderful romances threw a veil of enchantment over Scotland's mountains and vales, so the author of "Carn Brea" and more recently of "Luda" seeks by means of song to invest his native Cornwall with a halo of poetic interest, and well has he succeeded in the work before us. "Luda" contains many passages of pathos and beauty, which, as far as we are capable of judging from our reading, are historically correct. We have read of those ancient people, (the Druids,) of their strange doings and barbarous rites, and of their poetic veneration for the mistletoe and the oak. Those, to us, singular customs and wild phases of Druidical life, are richly and skilfully set before us in these pages of graphic beauty; as, for example :—

"They reached the oak, a sturdy tree," &c.

This beautifully descriptive poem is in three cantos, and is illustrated with copious explanatory notes. The next poem, entitled "Caleb Cliff," is a dramatic fragment in two parts, written in favour of temperance, and breathes throughout a healthy moral lesson. In this poem Mr. Harris gives evidence

of his powers as a dramatic writer, for which department of literature his muse seems to be admirably adapted, as the annexed brief passage indicates :—

“ O, what a storm we 've had ! the wild sea rock'd,” &c.

The plaint of the poor wife of drunken Caleb Cliff is finely described, and her sorrowful words will find an echo in many a sorrow-stricken breast. The volume contains many minor poems pleasingly and exquisitely wrought. Such lyrics as “ My Little Wife and I,” “ The Dressmaker's Daughter,” “ The Little Missionary,” “ The Sailor Boy,” and “ Thoughts on Spring,” must surely be admired by all those readers who love that which is beautiful and true in the world around us. The Hymns and Cornish Legends are not without considerable merit. Among the prose sketches especially would we call attention to “ Seno Sill,” the essay on Bloomfield the poet, and “ Ralph Rind and his son Seth.” We trust this venture may be the means not only of widening the author's fame, but of adding to the pecuniary comforts of himself and family.

From the W. TIMES, July 20, 1870.

AN acceptable gift-book for the young, either in families or schools. The Minor Poems are seventeen in number, the Hymns twenty-one, the Tales and Essays six, and the Cornish Legends eight. The Legends have the following titles :—“ Giant Bolster,” “ The Silver Table,” “ The Buried City,” “ Gulval Well,” “ The Silent Tower,” “ Milliton,” “ St. Nectan's Kieve,” “ The Heir of Renew.” Let us remember that the author of this book is a working man, and has been so ever since his ninth year. For twenty years he was an underground miner ; and some of the poems in his five previous volumes have been written on iron wedges used to split the rock, and on the crown of his hat. From his earliest attempts at writing poetry, when a boy at school, to the present period, he has had no place for study, save the lanes, the fields, and the woods of his native place. A heath-covered arbour on his craggy birthplace, Bolennowe Hill, is thus touchingly alluded to in his “ Luda,”—

“ I can't forget a lonely bower,
O'ergrown with moss and many a flower,” &c.

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SHAKSPERE'S SHRINE:

AN INDIAN STORY: ESSAYS AND POEMS.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

From the ATHENÆUM, December 1, 1866.

WE are very glad to welcome another volume of poems by Mr. Harris. He writes well, with great freshness and simplicity, and with what is evidently a true love for nature. "The Cannon in the Lane" is a charming poem. This book contains a score of pretty verses, all innocent and good enough to please the most rigid taste, often reverent in their simplicity.

From the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, April, 1867.

SOME portions of the volume now before us appear to surpass anything which Mr. Harris has hitherto produced, both in power of thought and finish of style. We heartily commend our readers both to this book and all the other productions of Mr. Harris. He is a poet of no common gifts, and there is a ring of truth and genuineness in his works which convince us that he is an honest and worthy man. Men less richly endowed by nature have been placed by the patronage of the wealthy in a more conspicuous position.

From the WESLEYAN TIMES, October 22, 1866.

ONE of Nature's true poets, a man of refined taste, natural genius, elevated thought, and pure imagination. The Shakspeare Essays and Poems will raise the author's reputation to something of a national character. A volume which possesses many charms, really good poetry, is full of instruction, and is admirably suited as a presentation book on festive occasions either in families or schools.

From the ROYAL LEAMINGTON CHRONICLE, *December 22, 1866.*

AN excellent Gift Book for Christmas and the New Year is the new volume by the Cornish Poet.

From the BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE, *November 12, 1866.*

THERE is a deep vein of piety running through all his poetry. This volume contains the Ode which won the first prize on the Tercentenary of Shakspeare. Mr. Harris is indeed a true poet.

From the WEST BRITON, *October 26, 1866.*

A NEW volume from the graceful pen of the Cornish Poet, full of imagery, tenderness, and beauty. The marvel is that the Poems of John Harris should not have found their way into ten thousand English homes.

From the BRISTOL MERCURY, *December 15, 1866.*

NOTEWORTHY both for its intrinsic merit and for the difficulties surmounted by the author. Mr. Harris is the poet of his native county.

From the CORNISH TELEGRAPH, *November 14, 1866.*

HIS fifth volume of prose and verse, of which his intelligent countrymen may well and justly be proud. The "Shakspearean Reminiscences" form a rich tribute to the shrine of England's greatest poet. "Malvern in the Mist" is a noble poem, reminding us of the splendid fragments of Coleridge. We have a set of twelve sonnets to the months, in which the characteristics of each month are depicted with Claude-like fidelity, and with all the natural minuteness of poor John Clare. This volume is full of beauty.

From the TIVERTON GAZETTE, *November 13, 1866.*

His poems bear evidence of much depth of thought and genuine feeling, expressed with an originality which gives them a charm peculiarly their own.

From the MORNING STAR, *October 29, 1866.*

WELL written.

N.B.—This volume contains the Prize Poem which won the gold watch at the Tercentenary of Shakespere, April, 1864; the adjudicators being the Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton, George Dawson, Esq., and Charles Bray, Esq.

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A STORY OF CARN BREA, ESSAYS AND POEMS.

Critique from the ATHENÆUM, May 9, 1863.

IN many parts of "A Story of Carn Brea" the reader encounters the same simplicity of thought and gracefulness of expression which made us call attention to the earlier publications of the Cornish Miner. As a writer of verse, John Harris has earned a place by the side of Robert Bloomfield.

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THE MOUNTAIN PROPHET, THE MINE, AND OTHER POEMS.

Review in the ATHENÆUM, January 10, 1861.

WE have before now had occasion to speak encouragingly of Mr. Harris and his poems, and to admire the courage of a mind which could cultivate verse under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Mr. Harris was, until lately, a Cornish miner, a hard worker who found food for fine fancies in the very bowels of the earth. What we admire in his poetry is its simplicity, its honest piety, and the limitation of its matter to facts of his own experience. For example, we have in the volume before us a collection of very readable rhymes, all more or less confined to well-known associations, and among them one poem of remarkable truth and beauty, "The Mine." Mr. Harris fully deserves the approval of all those lovers of self-taught talent who may subscribe to or buy his books.

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THE LAND'S END,
KYNANCE COVE, AND OTHER POEMS.

Critique from the NEW BRITON JOURNAL, (America.)

A MAN of whom Cornwall may well be proud. A true poet, who has written and published poems full of lyric beauty, and with all the pastoral freshness of a pure-hearted child of nature.

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LAYS FROM THE MINE,
THE MOOR, AND THE MOUNTAIN.

SECOND EDITION.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

From the CRITIC.

A HIGH-TONED collection of poems, the value of every poem being intrinsic. Not because Mr. Harris is a miner, but because he has the true instincts and perfect skill of the artist, we welcome a second edition of his poems. No man can read these poems without feeling that at least one luminous and gifted soul dignifies "daily toil in the darkness of the mine." No man can read these poems without rising from their perusal a better man. A beautiful contentment shines from every page. Would that every King were like this man! We are loth to part from these poems which are so homely

and so ennobling; but we have done good service, less perhaps to the author than to mankind, if we have helped the sale of them.

From the ATHENÆUM.

HIS writing to any other age would have been a marvel, and it is a phenomenon even in our own. We subjoin a tale of a miner's heroism. The recital of such deeds as these, however simply told, stirs the blood like wine, and fills us with a fuller strength.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
FALMOUTH: THE AUTHOR.

PRESERVATION OF THE MS. OF THE SHAKSPERE PRIZE POEM.

THE Shakspeare Prize Poem, to which was awarded the Gold Watch at the Coventry Tercentenary Festival in 1864, has just been contributed by Mr. I. E. M. VINCENT, to the Museum at the Poet's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, where it has been gladly received by the custodian and trustees. This interesting contribution to the memory of Shakspeare is especially noteworthy from the fact that its author, Mr. John Harris, of Falmouth, is a working man, he having toiled for twenty years in a Cornish mine. The poem, it will be remembered, was selected by the adjudicators, Lord Lyttelton, George Dawson, Esq., and Charles Bray, Esq., from upwards of eighty productions received from all parts of the United Kingdom and from America. The MS. has been suitably framed and mounted by Mr. VINCENT for preservation in the Museum.—*Coventry Herald, March, 1870.*





