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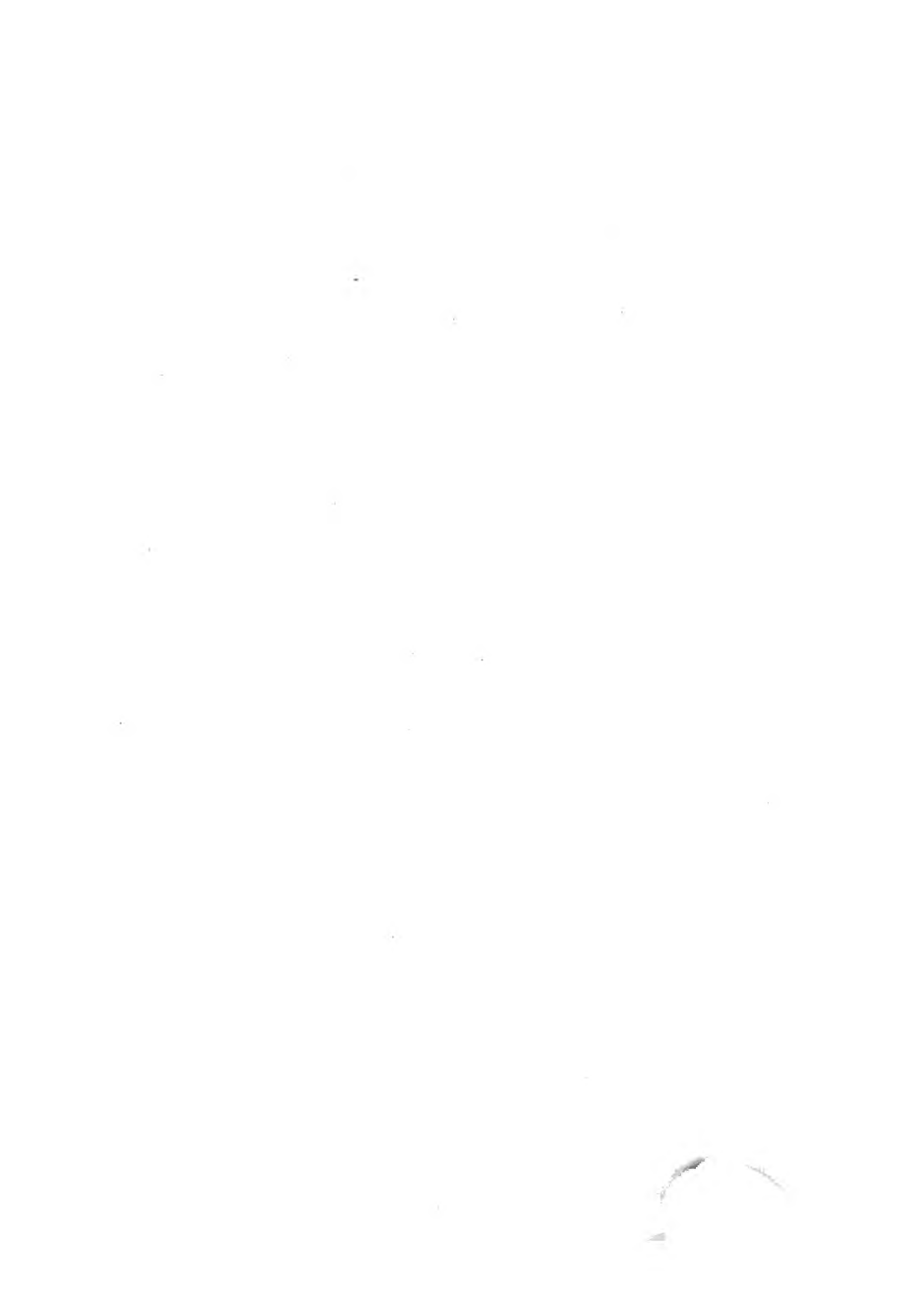
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Rhymes.



BY

A. E.

The profits arising from the sale of this book, will be
appropriated to charitable purposes.

NEWRY:

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1831.

280. i. 152.

SENSIBLE as I am of the demerits of my little performance, I am induced to offer it to the Public, in the hope that, through its instrumentality, an object which I have much at heart may be accomplished. My resources for the relief of the necessitous being very limited, I would willingly have recourse to a sale of fancy articles, in order to increase them, had I leisure and taste sufficient to render such an attempt practicable; but this not being the case, I venture (as the only means of attaining my wish,) to publish my work, hoping that my friends will kindly patronise, and assist me in the

disposal of it. With respect to its contents, I trust, on the one hand, to the indulgence of friendship; on the other, (as it regards the public,) I can only hope that the motive by which I am actuated will disarm criticism. Perhaps it is unnecessary to observe, that this collection of little pieces was written merely for my amusement, and without the slightest idea of its publication.

A. E.

Rhymes.

Rhymes.

RHYMING NO POETRY.

“ I FEEL in a scribbling mood,
Yet know not what to write;
The Muse I but lately have wooed
Will not at my pleasure indite:

“ She turns a deaf ear to my prayer,
And flies to some talented dame;
Perchance Mrs. M—— may share
Her inspiration's flame:

“ And since Mrs. M—— has the knack
To make of her favours the most,
'Tis better my brains I should rack,
Than a line from her pen should be lost.

“ Yet how can I write without
The influence poets invoke,
Who all make a fuss about
The Muses and such like folk?

“ Each cell and each nook of my mind,
I ransack again and again,
In hopes an idea to find:
Alas! all my searching is vain.

“ But what do I see? I have scribbled,
Of verses, two, three, four and five;
Who else, that in poetry's dabbled,
To rhyme *uninspired* could contrive?”

“ Hold, Madam, the feat you’ve achieved,
By numbers is done every day,
Whose verse, if I *may* be believed,
Of poesy boasts not a ray.

“ The Muse, their stupidity loathing,
On genius pours down her beams;
They rhyme *evermore* upon nothing—
The Press with *such poetry* teems.

“ And should you distrust what I say,
And think I unjustly condemn,
Turn over *your* pages, I pray,
And see an example in them.”

December, 1830.

ON WEEPING.

WHEN grief the heart oppresses,
When memory distresses,
What heart-felt wo expresses?
A tear, a tear.

When joy o'ercomes each feeling,
When comfort's balm is healing,
What down the cheek is stealing?
A tear, a tear.

But there are *depths* of sorrow,
Whence nature cannot borrow,
To fill the grief-stampt furrow,
Relief's sweet tear.

TO HOPE.



WE deem thee a friend, then a cheat and a foe,
Yet own thee a syren so fair,
That though to our cost we thy treachery know,
To trust thee what heart can forbear?
We quarrel with thee and abuse thee,
Yet our love cannot refuse thee;
And whatsoe'er our state may be,
'Tis joy to catch one glimpse of thee,
Sweet Hope!

Yet thou, on thy part, too, hast cause to complain
 Of those who thy patronage seek,
 Since, when we have proved thy assurances vain,
 Not too ill of thy name can we speak:
 But when we are some good enjoying,
 Which we've pursued, on thee relying,
 Thy smiles so loved are straight forgot
 In our long wished-for, happy lot,
Sweet Hope!

But still, though repulsed, thou affordest thine aid,
 When eclipsed is the sun of our joy
 By grief's overshadowing, ominous shade—
 Thou then dost thy witcheries employ.
 Ev'n in the darkest night of sorrow
 Thou promisest a joyous morrow;
 And ere its shadows fleet away,
 Thou paintest brightly beaming day,
Sweet Hope!

Thou hence art so dear, that though raised to a throne,
 The sceptre o'er millions to sway,
 With all we could wish which frail mortals may own,
 Shouldst thou leave us our joys would decay:
 They'd wither all and cease to blossom,
 When dark Despondence chilled the bosom,
 Who evermore delights to stray
 Where thou hast lit our gladsome way,
Sweet Hope!

Then come, lovely sprite, and with all thy defects
 I'll take thee "for better for worse;"
 And whilst clouds and gloom grave Experience expects,
 Thy tale of bright seasons rehearse:
 And never, never, be we parted,
 Ev'n when, by sorrow broken-hearted,
 The Hopeless would despair and die—
 To soothe and flatter still be nigh,
Sweet, sweet Hope!

TO JOY.

SWEET Joy! thy brow is graced with roses,
 Resplendent with the gem-like dew
Which, shed by Pleasure's hand, reposes
 Upon their petals' vermil hue.

Sweet Joy! from thy blue eye are beaming
 Sunlike rays, which grief dispel;
While, on the breezes lightly streaming,
 Thy golden tresses aid the spell

Which, sprite, thou o'er our senses castest,
 As on thy flowery path thou goest;
But over which, alas! thou hastest,
 And leavest a gloom thou never knowest.

Sweet Joy! the summer dims her glories
When thou revealest not thy form;
Thy smile, Enchantress! quells the furies
Who ride upon the wintry storm.

When Spring puts forth her myriad blossoms,
They brighten 'neath thine ardent eye,
But fail to charm our cheerless bosoms,
Unless they're viewed when thou art by:

And Autumn's tints, more quickly fading,
Seem to mourn thee when not near;
But when thy charms are nature's aiding,
Beauty decks the circling year.

TO A DEAR FRIEND,

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A SHORT BUT SUDDEN AND SEVERE
FIT OF SICKNESS, 1827.

SAW'ST thou the dense o'ershadowing cloud,
Before the tempest driven?
Saw'st thou the rent which ere long showed
The cheering face of Heaven;
How nature smiled, each scene looked gay,
When brightly glowed the face of day?

With sickly hue thy face o'ercast,
O'erspread our hearts with sadness;
But health beams through the cloud at last,
And fills those hearts with gladness.
Long may that face with health be bright,
Whilst gladdened hearts reflect its light!

TO TIME.

WRITTEN IN 1827.

WHEN Pleasure rules the joyous hour,
When faces loved around me smile,
O Time! thy harsh, tyrannic power
I fain would paralyse awhile;
I fain would stay thy rapid flight
To lengthen scenes of dear delight.

But when, with heavy, leaden sway,
Affliction rules the weeping hours,
On whirlwind's wings then speed away,
Thou Ruler of all earthly powers!
O then urge on thy course amain,
Till Pleasure lead the hours again.

But, cruel Time! my suit is vain,
Attention's ear thou wilt not lend;
Whilst Pleasure's hours are quickly slain,
The hours of grief when wilt thou end?
With meteor speed those fleet away,
Whilst these oppress me by their lengthen'd stay.

SONNET. THE PASSING THOUGHT.

FEBRUARY, 1830.

MUSING, in melancholy mood, I sate,
 Whilst Memory, with ceaseless, noiseless tread,
 Ranged the wide past, held converse with the dead,
And viewed the sad scene with look disconsolate.
 Offspring of care and gloom, one spectral thought,
 Glancing the mind across, (though sorrow-fraught,)
Vanished at once in "dim obscurity."
 To summon that idea back was vain!
 It had not left one trace upon the brain
By which it might be tracked by Memory;
 A sense of wo, the feeling it *had been*,
 Was all of it remained.— And thus, I ween,
Shall I, ere long, no more be found, if sought—
Passed from the earth like that lone, troubled thought!

TO A FRIEND,

AT TUTBURY, IN STAFFORDSHIRE. 1829.

WHEN thou viewest that beautiful scene,*
Where captivity's tears erst did flow
From the eyes of a too lovely queen,
O say, does thy bosom still glow
With pity for Mary, the frail and the fair,
And friendship for one who has *felt* with thee *there*?

Those towers once in lordliness frowned
Defiance on war's hostile band,—
Once Mary, with royalty crowned,
In beauty defied time's rude hand,—
And *once*, with mixed feeling of pleasure and pain,
We rambled where Mary "lamented in vain."

* The ruins of Tutbury Castle.

But the red hand of violence laid
Proud Tutbury's battlements low;
And the tongue of the envious bade
That hand deal poor Mary's death-blow ;
And whilst through her prison the tempest now sweeps,
O'er the woes of the fallen humanity weeps.

Though the strength of that fabric is fled,
The power of the oppressor's no more;
Though Mary *calm* sleeps with the dead,
And I tread a far distant shore,—
Yet say, do not Pity and Friendship arise
From the grave of the past, when that scene meets thine eyes?

TO THE SAME.

My dear lazy Jane, pray what have you been doing?
 Full long you've neglected the friend you once loved;
 Your silence and coldness for months I've been ruing,
 If blameless you are, then *pray let be it proved!*

We thought, when we parted, our love could ne'er perish;
 From childhood 'twas forming, maturing with years;—
 Though parted we are, *with our pens* we might cherish
 That friendship which brightens this dark vale of tears.

If to meet on this earth we be never permitted,
 That God who protects us has ordered our lot!
 At least 'tis our privilege, with care unremitted,
 To prove old companions are never forgot:

So seize wax and paper, and, whetting your pen-knife,
Your pens put in order, your ink-bottle fill;
Then sit down and lighten the gloom of this *short* life,
By *proving* to Anne you remember her still.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

FEBRUARY 13, 1830.

FAIR bright-eyed Hope, with dazzling mien,
Illumes ⁱⁿ life's most dreary scene,
And with her pinions wafts away
The mists of grief 'mid which we stray;
Or pictures some more cheering hour,
When brighter suns exert their power;
Or points, with smiles of holy love,
To cloudless realms of joy above.

Sweet pallid Memory breathes a sigh,
Alike to joy and wo gone by;
Or tries, with languid, pensive smile,
Our melancholy to beguile:

She smiles, perchance, at griefs we thought
 Severe, 'till life's sad lesson taught;
 Or sighs o'er those lost, precious hours,
 Consumed in Pleasure's roseate bowers.

Yet Hope is mortal, and she must
 Die when our forms return to dust;*
 Whilst Memory shall more joyous rise,
 Our blest companion, to the skies;
 Shall there still mark our travelled way,
 By contrast brightening Heaven's own day;
 And shall, whilst we its glories share,
Endear the Hand that fixed us there.

* "Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy." PRIOR.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN IN 1827.

LOVELY baby,—dubious treasure,
Source of painful anxious pleasure, —
Thy guileless smile, thy fond caress,
Excite a blissful tenderness;
But when thy fates my thoughts employ,
Oh! are they fraught with grief or joy?
As some rare bird, of plumage bright,
Var^{ies} in hue with varying light,
(As viewed in sunshine or in shade
More brilliant or more sombre made,)
Ev'n thus appears to my mind's eye,
Sweet babe! thy future destiny;
As viewed by hope,—or seen by fear,—
As grief may darken,—joy may cheer;

Or rather, should the Christian say,
As under God's or Satan's sway!

Calm as thy smiling face appears,
I'd wish, my babe, thy future years;—
But no! that wish I *must* recall—
That granted, might thy soul enthrall.

I crave not for thee jewell'd state,
I'd have thee far more nobly great;
Thyself the gem, prepared on earth,
To deck the clime that gave thee birth:
In Heaven a star, I'd wish to see
Thee brightening through eternity—
In Jesu's Diadem divine
I'd have thee ever, ever shine!

TO THE SAME

THY wayward desires, sweet infant, remind me
Of the longings I cherish within my own heart,
Regardless that gifts, which were never designed me,
Would inflict but a wound—but occasion a smart :
That the joys which my foolish heart, fondly desiring,
Solicits, if gained, would *such* happiness bring
As the golden-hued insect, which childhood, admiring,
Pursues, and receives its envenoming sting!

Then may this reflection, kind Father! prevent the
Aspiring to gifts which thy wisdom denies ;
May love's tender negative ever content me,
And longings alone for thy favour arise :
And oh! may the light of thy countenance darken
The meteor pleasures which dazzle my sight;
Henceforth to the "voice of thy Word may I hearken,"
And seek those pure joys, which are lasting as bright.

SONNET. TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

FEBRUARY, 1830.

I've mourned thee, Eliza, I've wept o'er thy grave,
 Since I stretched forth the hand,—oh! too powerless to save!
 When I 'tended the couch whereupon thy form lay;
 Since I knelt when thy partner attempted to pray;
 Since I marked the drear death-shades that darkened thy brow;
 And saw thee before the grim conqueror bow;
 I've mourned thee, thou blest one! I'll mourn thee no more;
 But the love that has taken thee humbly adore;
 I know thy glazed eye shall beam kindness again,
 With its azure unclouded by sorrow or pain;
 I know we shall meet when life's race shall be run,
 And the happier she who her crown has first won!
 I know 'tis thy gain that thy babes are bereft,
 And I weep not for thee, but for those thou hast left.

ON THE SAME.

O YES! she has passed from the love
That fain would have held her below;
She has soared to the glories above,
For to him, the Beloved, she would go.

No rival had he, her soul's Lord,
And she hasted unfearing to him,
"Whom, not having seen, she adored,"
Whilst her earthly affections grew dim.

She is gone! and oh! where shall we find
That sweetness that made her so dear?
A heart so unchangingly kind,
A brow so uncloudedly clear!

We mourn her, but not with the gloom
Which hopelessness spreads o'er the dead,
Since there falls a bright beam on her tomb
From the Heav'n to which she is fled.

Might thus a pure spirit descend,
From that region of love and delight,
On earth, our weak steps to attend,
To support and to guide us aright;

Methinks, of the myriads there,
More gentle than her's there is none;
Though each is as perfect as fair,
In the Heav'n to which she is gone.

But ah! she escaped from the love
That fain would have held her below;
And she tastes, in His presence above,
Such joys as she *would not* forego.

COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

APRIL 13, 1827.

OFT, wearied with a world of care,
 My thoughts to happier scenes arise;
 But sense of guilt confronts me there,
 And solace even Heaven denies.

Unfitted for this troubled earth,
 Less suited to those realms above, —
 Lord, grant that new, that heavenly birth,
 The seal of thy redeeming love !

Then, whether left in scenes thus drear,
 Or called to that fair world of light,
 Thy love shall form my comfort here,
 Or there shall confidence excite.

O may thy love my spirit cheer,
 Whatever ills beset my path,
Illumining affliction's tear,
 Whilst shielding from satanic wrath;

And confidence in thee alone
 Attend me now and on that day,
When, placed before Jehovah's throne,
 Vain, vain were every other stay!

ISRAEL.

DISPERSED o'er various lands, despised where known,
 " A proverb and a by-word" now become,
Still, still refusing His sweet name to own,
 Whose sheltering wing had formed thy happiest home:

Spurned, scorned, and scoffed at, Jacob, as thou art,
 An outcast and a wanderer on the earth,
Thine outward miseries form thy happier part,—
 More sad that sin which gives those miseries birth.

While day around thee dawns, thou dwell'st in night,
 In darkness worse than that which Egypt felt;
Thine eye still turned from Zion's glorious light,
 Beneath whose influence long thy fathers dwelt.

O may that heavenly light soon pierce the veil
Which shrouds thy hardened heart and darken'd eye;
And may'st thou soon the true Messiah hail,
And at his feet in meek submission lie;

And may his blood be on thy guilty race,
To cleanse, and not condemn, thy progeny;
And may the power of all-subduing grace
Soon force to seek whom thou didst once deny;

Then Zion-ward, O Israel! shall thy face,
With songs of joyfulness, ere long, be turned;
With everlasting joy shalt thou retrace
The exiled steps thy Saviour's self has mourned.

“WASH YOU, MAKE YOU CLEAN.”—*Isaiah* i. 16.

DISEASED with sin in every part,
Like ulcers sore and foul,
What stream can cleanse the human heart,
What ointment heal the soul?
The blood of Christ, that cleansing blood,
With healing virtue flows;
Wash in the purifying flood,
And soon thy wounds shall close.

TO SIN.

O SIN, I hate thy power,
Yet bow, full oft, beneath thy sway;
O when shall come the hour
When I can firmly "say thee nay!"

O throw away thy mask,
And *look* as hideous as thou *art*;
Thy face to see I ask,
That it may *scare* away my heart.

Thy pestilential breath,
Exhal'd o'er Eden's blooming joys,
Soon withered them in death,
And still earth's choicest gifts destroys.

With ignis-fatuus ray
 Thy pleasure's shine but to mislead;
 Who tread the dangerous way
 May well be numbered with the dead.*

Thy offspring, Pain and Death,
 Less dreaded are, O Sin, than thou
 By mortals who beneath
 The Saviour's sacred influence bow.

'Twas, Sin, thy blood-stain'd hand
 That crucified the Lord of Life;
 'Tis Sin still fills the land
 With misery, with pain, and strife.

Then, Saviour! let thy might
 The fell Destroyer soon destroy:
 Extinguish that false light
 Which gilds her paths with seeming joy.

* Eph. ii. 1, 2.

FOLLOW ME.

IF pleasure lead her giddy train
Beyond the Gospel line,
Say, do our carnal hearts remain
Inactive and supine?
No! lead she wheresoe'er she may,
We rise and tread the devious way.

But when thy gentle words we hear,
Poor sinner, "follow me!"
Unless thou "circumcise the ear,"
We keep our hearts from *thee* :
Yea, charm thou with the "voice of love,"
Our ears are closed—we *will not* move.

So much of sinful ignorance I find
Within the deep recesses of the mind,
That in despair my soul might sometimes be,
But that my darkness I have light to see,—
One ray of light affording hope that soon
The soul's deep midnight shall be changed to noon.

“MERCY AND TRUTH ARE MET TOGETHER, RIGHTEOUSNESS AND
PEACE HAVE KISSED EACH OTHER.—*Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

WHEN the Ancient of Days,
Before Israel's sight,
Appeared in a blaze
Upon Sinai's height,
Earth quaked at the sound
Of the Lawgiver's voice,
For justice then frowned,—
How could *evil* rejoice?

“Be cursed the man
Who my laws shall transgress;”
Thus our death-sentence ran
Ere our God came to bless;

But the tables were broken,
(The covenant vain,)
Faith sees here a token
That Mercy should reign.*

And Mercy did reign upon Calvary's height,
And Justice was soothed at the soul-moving sight;
Then Mercy and Truth were for ever agreed,
My soul praise thy God for that wonderful deed!

* The decalogue was written a second time ; but it was by the hand of Moses,
the type of the Mediator of the new covenant.

HYMN.

WHILST this mazy desert threading,
Jesus, my Lord!

Folly's paths full often treading,
Jesus, my Lord!

Though I grieve thee, ne'er forsake me,
What thou'dst have me, deign to make me,
And at thy good pleasure take me,
Jesus, my Lord!

When death's terrors are approaching,
Jesus, my Lord!

On my soul its floods encroaching,
Jesus, my Lord!

When the tempter's taunts confound me,
And his arrows gleam around me,
Let thy mercies all surround me,
Jesus, my Lord!

Then be nigh to sooth my terrors,

Jesus, my Lord!

Blotting out my slightest errors,

Jesus, my Lord!

Then the foul one's weapons shiver;

Still the waves of death's dark river;

From all foes my soul deliver,

Jesus, my Lord!

“A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE WAS WRITTEN.”—*Mal.* iii. 16.

• —————

A BOOK of remembrance! how awful the sound,
When, alas! in my conduct such errors abound;
I picture, with horror, the evil I've done,
As on the broad road of destruction I've run.

A book of remembrance! If mercies abused—
If the record of talents I've hid or misused—
If aught adverse inscribed in its columns may be,
Can I bear that dread book of remembrance to see?

But that book of remembrance is sprinkled with blood,
And Christ's righteousness stands where our sins might have stood:
It is thine, blessed Saviour! life's volume to trace;
Grant my name in its pages, through mercy, a place.

WHEN SUMMER'S SKIES GLOW.

WHEN summer's skies glow, and its winds gently blow,
Scarce putting the gay-streaming pennant in motion,
We spread our glad sail to the soft-breathing gale,
And fearlessly tempt the *then* bright smiling ocean;
But tempests arise, and fierce blackening skies
Oft threaten our bark with destruction;
Then, driven by fear, for our haven we steer,
And seek its encircling, its sheltering protection.

Thus sin brightly smiles, and exerts her soft wiles,
To illumine the joys which flow over perdition;
We trust pleasure's breeze, and essay those false seas,
Which allure but to death, or to bitter contrition:
But Mercy oft spreads frowning woes o'er our heads,
To warn us of death, and direct us
To flee to that Power, which, in danger's dread hour,
Alone can from death and destruction protect us.

I COR. X. 12. PSALM XXXVII. 24.

THAT Satan may have us and “sift us as wheat,”
The subtle seducer lays snares for our feet;
But, though caught in his toils, let despair never rise,
“Save, Lord, or I perish!” can pierce through the skies;
And surely thy right hand of mercy will be,
O Saviour! stretched forth the poor captives to free.

But oh! not in us be such wickedness found,
As the thought we *may* sin, since thy mercies abound;
May thy blood be too precious, too sacred thy pain,
For those they have purchased to pierce thee again;
May we crucify sin in ourselves, and no more
Grieve the spirit of Him who our “sicknesses” bore.

May the love thou hast shown us constrain us to love,
And a life of obedience our gratitude prove;
What thy Mercy affords, may we thankfully take,
And may what it withholds, too, our praises awake;
Convinced that the *good* which we seek would prove *ill*,
If, like Israel of old, we best love our own will.

“THE SUMMER IS ENDED, THE HARVEST IS OVER, AND WE
ARE NOT SAVED.”

O DOLEFUL, dreary, soul-appalling cry,
From which hope, joy, and peace affrighted fly:
How lost the heart from whence such sounds proceed—
Sounds, as 'twere vain for mercy more to plead;
As if, at once, in misery's blackest hue,
A whole eternity of wo burst on the troubled view!

“LORD, SPEAK THE WORD ONLY.”—*Matthew viii. 8.*

“GREAT drops of blood” imbathed his head
 Ere suffering on the cross he bled,
 When anguish dire, and shame, and pain,
 The “sinless” did for “sin” sustain;
 Yet, is my sin-fraught heart so dead,
 All feeling from it so far fled,
 That scarce a tear o’erflows mine eye
 For *that* which caused his agony.

Nor have I, oft, one hymn to raise
 In celebration of His praise,
 Whose peerless merits far exceed
 The holiest archangel’s meed;
 Though, when “he to his own was come,”
 Had thankless man been wholly dumb,
 The very stones had found a voice
 To bid a senseless world rejoice!

And where 's the love I sought to show
The saints, his members here below,
When self 's the idol I adore?
Would that her tyrant reign were o'er!
O thou, whose voice can raise the dead,
Whose power has bruised the serpent's head,
Speak now the life-inspiring word,
And bid me live—to *love thee* Lord!

Then, then, how joyfully should I
Seek thy name to glorify;
Love thee in thy works and word;
Prize thee more than good conferred;
At thy bidding take my cross;
For thy worth "count all things loss;"
Bow my idol—lay it low,
And for thee life itself forego!

June 6, 1829.

MY SAVIOUR.

**WHEN, doomed to death and endless pain,
The hope of earning Heaven was vain,
Whose love did Heaven for me regain?
My Saviour's.**

**When born into a world of care,
Its sin-bought sorrows doomed to share,
Whose love my tender years did spare?
My Saviour's.**

**When clouds of grief o'ercast my way,
As through life's wilderness I stray,
Whose love emits a cheering ray?
My Saviour's**

When health shall fail, and strength decrease,
 When vital energy shall cease,
 Whose voice of love shall whisper peace?
 My Saviour's.

When death has struck the final blow,
 My heart has felt life's parting throe,
 Whose arm shall vanquish life's last foe?
 My Saviour's.

When from the grave I wing my way
 To regions of eternal day,
 Whose hand shall "wipe all tears away?"
 My Saviour's.

When with the choirs around the throne
 I reap the joys in sorrow sown,
 Whose love shall form our Heaven alone?
 Our Saviour's.

Then let us join our every aim
To magnify His glorious name,
Who for us death and hell o'ercame,
1827. Our Saviour's!

THOU art strong, and I am weak,
May the sense that thus am I
Urge me from thee quick to seek
Strength, thou only canst supply:
I am proud, whilst thou art meek,
Graft in me humility.

THE HEAVENLY ZION.

O ZION! on thy shining towers
By times I fix my wistful eye;
But soon, alas! dense vapour lowers,
And overcasts the mental sky:
The bitter streams from mammon's source
Exhale the mists which cloud my sight,
And from its soaring, heavenward course,
Soon turn my flagging spirit's flight.

And yet, how peaceful are the hours,
When, 'mid a world of noise and strife,
My soul, concentrating her powers,
Contemplates Heaven, and heavenly life:
And what are all the gilded toys
That, in exchange, the *sense* receives
For that soul's pure, blood-purchased joys,
Which vain delights for Jesus leaves?

Soon be ye dried, ye deadly streams!

Ye clouds and mists, dispersing, fly
Before that Sun's transcendent beams

Which shine from cloudless skies on high:
And on the scenes where rise those towers,

My soul, thy faculties employ,
Till thou, when past time's tedious hours,
Shalt enter into Jesus' joy.

“HE CARETH FOR YOU.”—1 *Peter* v. 7.

“’Tis a point I long to know,”*
 Does the Saviour *care* for *me*?
 Did he bliss for *me* forego,
 Brave contempt and misery?

Did he shed his vital blood,
 Wrath endure on Calvary’s height,
 That my soul, washed in the flood,
 Might be clean in God’s pure sight?

* “’Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?” NEWTON.

If he did, why thus am I,
 Leprous and defiled with sin?
 Yet, if not, why do I sigh
 At the vileness found within?

If, in *anger*, he looked down
 From his sapphire throne above,
 Though I felt or feared his frown,
 Should I wish to gain his love?

Is not *nature* so perverse,
 So opposed to all that 's right,
 From the Saviour so averse,
 As to dread and shun his sight?

If, unlike the golden flower,*
Sinful nature shuns the face
 Of her sun of matchless power,
 Seek I not his beams from *grace*?

* "As the sun-flower turns on her God," &c. MOORE.

Is not *mind* in chaos still,
 Formless, void, and dark as night,
 'Till the Saviour's sovereign will
 Give it beauty, shape, and light?

Whence, then, is the ray that gleams
 On my lost, benighted soul,
 If not one of those pure beams
 Which the universe control?

Whence this earnest, fond desire
 For that love which knows no bound,
 Which than Heaven's heights is higher,
 Deeper than the dread profound?

Whence the loathing and disgust,
 Which, at times, I feel of sin?
 Come from Him they surely must—
 Nought could furnish them *within*.

Reasoning thus, faint hopes arise
That the Saviour *cares for me*;
That, love-winged, he left the skies,
Died for me in agony:

That the water and the blood,
Streaming from his steel-pierced side,
Flowed, that in the cleansing flood
My soul might be purified!

Oh, it did! his word declares,
All who will to him may go:
Lord, to thee my soul repairs,
Wash it pure and white as snow.

"FOLLOW ME."—*Matthew ix. 9.*

MANY a shadow do we follow,
Trust in many a "fair deceit,"
Listen to professions hollow,
And with disappointment meet;
But, the substance of all glory,
Truth in human nature clad,—
Christ, the hope of young and hoary,
Scarce is in remembrance had;
He, the *one* who ne'er deceived,
Is rejected, disbelieved.

Hence, dear Lord, the words thou speakest
Fall unheeded on the ear;
Ev'n the lost ones whom thou seekest,
Lack, full long, the "ear to hear:"

Though to bliss beyond conception,
Thou thy purchased ones wouldst lead;
Heaven but seems a bright deception,
And thy death a doubtful deed,
Till thy word be sent with power
In thy self-appointed hour.

Has thy spirit wrought compunction
In my breast, for slighting thee?
Is that word yet come with unction—
“All forsake and follow me?”
If it be not, Jesus, send it,
Let it now with power be spoke;
Is my neck still “hardened,”—bend it
To thy light and easy yoke;
Let me thy command receive,
Follow thee—and all else leave.

ON THE POWER OF DEATH.

APRIL 27, 1830.

Thou art in *every* place, O Death!*

And holdest every element in thrall;
 The soft south breeze thou taintest with thy breath,
 And seared, like autumn's leaves, we withering fall.

Thou ridest on the bleak north wind,
 And youth, and infant innocence, and age
 Are swept before the blast, nor may they find
 A refuge from thy fierce unsparing rage.

* See "The Hour of Death," by Mrs. Hemans.

Thou wrappest round thy form the flame,
And, urging onward thy appalling way,
In fury, which no human power may tame,
Thou snatchest thousands from the face of day.

Thou openest wide beneath the wave,
Thou huge leviathan! thy hideous jaws,
Preparing for whole multitudes a grave;
Nor piteous pleading thy hard purpose thaws.

On earth, in various guise, art thou;
Not seldom,—clad in frost-bleached vestment hoar,
As from their towering heights the mountains bow,
Thou thunderest in the avalanche's roar;

Or, hid in garb of brightest hues,
Thou visitest hill, mine, and verdant plain,
And shedding o'er their products poisonous dews,
With humblest instrument thy hosts are slain.

Thou art a mighty prince, O Death!
And holdest all things here in iron thrall;
Thou pourest on the winds of Heaven thy breath
And prostrate at thy feet our glories fall.

But know, thou potent, ruthless Power!
One, mightier than thou, o'errules the skies,
And near, and yet more near, rolls on the hour
When He shall nullify thy victories!

SONNET.

*“God is greatly to be feared in the congregation of his
Saints.”—Psalm lxxxix. 7.*

LET those who meet to lift their hearts to God,
 With reverential awe his presence seek;
 Yea, *fear* the Power, who shall his vengeance wreak
 On the bold rebels who despise his rod,
 And, ere their forms be laid beneath the sod,
 Shall steep, in flamy waves, their souls unmeek,
 Therein to writhe in agonies which speak
 His killing might; a Saviour's ransom-blood
 Unprofiting in hell.— Yet should this fear
 But stimulate their souls to new obedience,
 And having sprung from faith in what they hear,
 And being blent with holy reverence,
 And filial love, should lead them to the Lord,
 Whilst winging their swift feet to flee the avenging sword.

SONNET,

*On Romans vii. 24, &c.*FEBRUARY, 1830.

SORELY at variance are the will and life,
Gendering internally a ceaseless strife
Between our nature, carnal and renewed,
Disturbing hence the unearthly quietude
That else upon the saintly soul would rest:
Who shall repress the turmoil of the breast?
Who shall deliver from the loathsome load
That mars our progress on the heavenward road,
And bows the spirit to the worthless clod?
He who the path in sinlessness hath trod!
He shall the war of mind and members still;
And, with the force of his resistless will,
At his good pleasure, all our hope fulfil:
Through Him, be thanks to God.

"LITTLE CHILDREN KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS."—1 *John* v. 21.

PRONE to idolatry, whose is the heart
Which does not, in some way, from God depart,
And let some creature deity, some idol god,
Usurp the Saviour's right, the regal rod?
Such monstrous folly has been mine; but now,
Before no idol let thy servant bow:
Cleanse, Lord, my heart from each accursed thing,
And reign therein supreme, my God and King!

MATTHEW xi. 28.

THY master is Satan, thy service is Sin,
All is folly without and vexation within;
O quit thou the tyrant, and flee to the Lord,
Who rest, ease, and freedom will to thee afford.

CAIN,

AFTER RECEIVING HIS SENTENCE.

I.

A MONUMENT of sin's desert he stands,
And God's deep hatred of iniquity;—
Vengeance the voice of Abel's blood demands,
And vengeance flows in answer to the cry.

From Heaven to earth it sweeps; but *where* shall end
The widening stream of God's avenging ire?
Whither shall Cain his ruined footsteps bend,
Where turn, or how escape that torrent's fire?

He sees the mighty flood toward him roll;
In vain he seeks some Babel-height to climb;
Those flames already seize upon his soul,
Which shall consume him to the grave of time:

And then,—Oh! for an ear to list his wo,
 The voice of sympathy, parental love!
 But in each being he foresees a foe;
 Vengeance and death around, beneath, above!

And weeps he now a brother's life-blood spilt?
 Or soothes he the fond hearts that deed has wrung?
 Not so: he cannot, *will not*, rue his guilt,
 And may not wither where his childhood sprung.

II.

But doomed a wretched fugitive to roam,
 The earth on which he trod with him at strife,
 Denying to his need, or food, or home,
 And exiled from the Power that breathed his life;

He lived—the father of a godless race:
 He died—Jehovah's curse still on his head.
 Our *brother's* death *restores* to God's embrace
 The fratricides by whom his blood was shed!

“TO DIE IS GAIN.”—*Philippians* i. 21.

“SAYEST thou to die is gain?

Dying seems but pain and wo;

Much we lose, but *what* obtain

When we're laid low?”

“When, ere reason dawn, God's will

Summons us *from* grief and pain,

In Heaven his pleasure to fulfil,

To die is gain.

“When in early youth we're taught,

And the task, through grace, attain,

To serve the Lord in deed and thought,

To die is gain.

“ When, denying grosser *sense*,
 We live by faith on Jesu slain,
 And give our days to penitence,
 To die is gain.

“ When the fight of faith is fought,
 We the victor’s wreath obtain:
 When we ’re sealed as well as bought,
 To die is gain.

“ Ev’n though we a sceptre sway,
 Earthly glories round us play;
 Yet, if we can them disdain,
 While to God our hearts we give,
 And ’tis truly Christ *to live*,
 To die is gain.”

And oh! how rich a gain it is,
 Nor mine nor mortal tongue can tell;
 ’Tis your’s to say, whose life is bliss,
 With Christ who dwell!

THE PILGRIM. 1827.

A PILGRIM, doomed to wander
On earth, no home to find,
Those ties soon burst asunder
Which infant love entwined:

With feelings lorn and dreary,
Benighted oft I stray,
Of sin and sorrow weary,
I yearn for Heaven's own day.

Though strangers oft befriend me,
Though much of good I find,
Though blessings oft attend me,
Yet seldom peace of mind:

I long my heart to sever
 From worldly cares and friends,
 To court that peace which ever
 The heaven-born soul attends.

By God's blest Word directed,
 I'd seek the eternal hills,
 Where, by his love protected,
 I'd fear no earthly ills:

Whilst, "with the preparation
 Of Jesus' Gospel shod,"
 In humble imitation,
 I'd tread the path he trod.

Could I thus walk in spirit,
 By faith, and not by sight,
 In Jesus' robe of merit,
 Prepared for heavenward flight;—

More glad I'd *cease* to wander
Across earth's desert plains,
Burst earthly ties asunder,
And *rest* where Jesus reigns.

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 16.

MOURN not for strength or beauty fled;
Though faded cheek, though hoary head,
Though wrinkled brow, though beamless eye,
Speak nature's dissolution nigh.

What though "the outward man" decay;
The soul, "renewed from day to day,"
Gains strength as earth-born vigour dies,
And ripens for her native skies!

Not riches, nor honours, nor power would I crave,
Nor aught but His love, who is mighty to save;
Having this—all things else for the body he'll grant;
Having this—nothing else for the soul can I want.

SONNET.

WORLDLY PLEASURES, OR THE "PLEASURES OF SIN."

WHEN, from thy countenance of light and love,
 I turn to Pleasure's gay, alluring smiles,
 I find her joys
 But Sin's decoys,
 And nauseate her vain, heart-sickening wiles;
 An "aching void" I feel, nor peace, nor comfort know—
 All worldly joys prove vanity, and work a weight of wo.

Then glad I seek again thy sun-bright face,
 Thou Author of all life, and light, and joy!
 And long to prove
 Thy quickening love,
 And joys which satisfy but never cloy;
 'Tis then, and only then, I peace and comfort find,
 And taste the joys which strengthen, cheer, and purify the mind.

“AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST, AND ARISE FROM THE DEAD,
AND CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.”—*Eph. v. 14.*

SLEEPER, awake! lo the voice which thus calls thee
Spake into existence each planet[&] star;
Arise from thy death-sleep, ere evil befalls thee,
And worship the Maker of all things that are.

Sleeper, awake! in thy sins cease to slumber,
'Tis those only sleep who are children of night;
Beseech thou the Lord, of his mercy, to number
Thy soul with the sanctified children of light.

Sleeper, awake! *now* the tempest is brewing,
Which, ere long, may plunge thee in that fiery sea,
Where, through countless ages, lost spirits are ruing
That from wrath approaching they deigned not to flee.

Sleeper, awake! ere, a son of perdition,
In darkness and torments thou lift up thine eyes,
And view, afar off, brightest scenes of fruition,
Which serve but to deepen thy anguish-fraught sighs.

Sleeper, awake! and thy God, who ne'er sleepeth,
Shall lighten thine eyes that they close not in death;
The light of thy soul is the Saviour, who keepeth
That soul from destruction, prolonging thy breath.

Sleeper, awake! and, low bending before him,
Entreat that his countenance on thee may shine:
So shalt thou hereafter with angels adore him,
Conformed to his image, in glory divine!

1829.

**"THEY THAT BE WHOLE NEED NOT A PHYSICIAN, BUT THEY
THAT ARE SICK."—*Mat. ix. 12.***

WHILST the Physician of the soul
Neglects the proud, the fancied "whole,"
Poor sinners, who their misery feel,
He kindly condescends to heal:
But soon the self-styled "whole" shall be
Proved the sons of misery;
While the sin-sick shall be found
The only healthy, "whole," and sound.

JAMES v. 16, 17.

If the prayer of Elias God graciously heard,
And answered the suit which the Prophet preferred,
Can we doubt that rich showers of blessings will fall
On those who upon him in Jesus' name call?

IF IN THY WISDOM.

If, in thy wisdom, thou see good,
By some "alarming stroke of fate,"
Or trials, "hard to flesh and blood,"
To fit me for a future state,
Should angry, swelling thoughts arise,
Like billows menacing the skies,
Calm, Lord, my proud, rebellious will,
With thy effectual "Peace, be still!"

But, should the inward stream of life,
By thy o'erruling, tender care,
Flow on, unsurged by wo or strife,
O bid me of the *calm* beware,
Lest, lulled into a deathful sleep,
My soul her "watching" cease to keep;
And, whilst I dream of peace with thee,
I sink to *endless misery*.

LIFE.

How bright are our visions in youth,
What magical scenes we pourtray—
Scenes, lit by the semblance of truth,
With bright but illusory ray!

We long to embody our dreams,
To visit our fairy-land bowers;
To *prove* Life's domain what it *seems*,
A land of rich gems and fair flowers.

We fancy a sky—ever bright,
An ever-green garden—our way;
Whilst love, joy, and pleasure unite
To crown Life's long, gay, gala-day.

As Life, in her sombre array,
Unveils her sad face to our view,
Our phantom delights pass away;
In vain we'd th' illusion renew.

The briers and thorns of Life's waste
Replace our lost jewels and flowers;
Life's bitters for sweets we now taste,
And gloom chases sunshiny hours.

It seems as though some fairy queen,
Reversing the wand which she held,
Had blighted the fairy-land scene,
Which late our enrapt fancy beheld.

With sickness and sorrow opprest,
Disgusted with Life's varied woes,
We find that "this is not our rest,"
And yearn for some land of repose.

If grace shed a ray from above
T' illumine the spiritual sight,
We long for the region of love,
The land of unfading delight.

We learn to delight in His ways,
Whose service is freedom and joy,
And, clothed in the "garment of praise,"
We Life to His glory employ.

'Tis then that true pleasure we find,
(If 'tis to be found in "the flesh,")
Contentment and sweet peace of mind
The grief-stricken spirit refresh.

WRITTEN AFTER A SNOW STORM.

THE drifted snow has covered, far and near,
With purity's own hue, earth's varied face,
Deformity and filth concealing *here*,
But proving *there* the wanderer's burial-place.

Thy robe immaculate, O Lord, shall grace
The souls which trusting in thy name depart,
Effacing from the view sin's odious trace,
Shall life, instead of death, to man impart.

THE THAW.

(A CONTRAST AND A COMPARISON, AS IN THE FOREGOING.)

THE orb of day, with wonted grandeur bright,
Resumes his empire o'er the snow-veiled earth;
Features, long hid, again reflect his light,
And promised plenty stills the dread of dearth.

Thy rays, O Sun of Righteousness! diffused,
 Create a snowy whiteness where they shine,
Whilst fervid love, within the heart infused,
 Engenders those “good fruits” which mark man thine.

1 PETER iv. 2, 3.

To pleasures, honours, rank, and power,
The idols of life's passing hour,
Sufficient homage has been given,
Now let us turn our thoughts to Heaven:
There greater pleasures shall we know
Than any this world can bestow;
And there with higher honours live
Than thousands of such worlds could give.

“OFFER THE SACRIFICES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND PUT YOUR
TRUST IN THE LORD.”—*Psalm iv. 5.*

SEEK him, the Advocate you need,
Whose eloquence alone can plead,
With sure success, that cause, which, lost,
The soul's salvation must defray the cost.

Love Him, whose love you hourly prove,
Whose essence is unchanging love;
Who, ere the sun was hung on high,
Signed the great covenant for man to die.

Trust Him whose faithfulness you trace
In every sinner saved by grace;
Whose word is truth, and proved to be
Firm as the rock which braves the storm-lashed sea.

Fear Him with reverential fear,
Who, as your judge, shall soon appear;
Whose arm can kill, and make alive,
And who alone can Heaven and glory give.

Ask of Him gifts his blood has bought,
Be ceaselessly his favour sought;
And let each effort be employed
To hold that presence you have once enjoyed.

And, for your daily sacrifice,
Let love's sweet-smelling incense rise;
And on the altar God has given
Be self and substance offered up to Heaven.

WRITTEN IN 1827.

Is life too long for pleasure,
That part we spend in strife?
Is ease too great a treasure,
That we embitter life?
Why add to necessary toils
Vain animosities and broils?

If Heaven sent us disquiet,
We'd think th' infliction hard;
If God commanded riot,
His law we'd disregard:
Thus we delight to oppose his will,
And our perverse ones to fulfil.

Frail vessels on life's ocean,
 With death on every side,
 Why court we a commotion
 Whence evil must betide?
 Be calm our life from every ill
 Which does not God's behest fulfil.

The sin-sick, contrite spirit
 Delights to think of "rest:"
 If Heaven we would inherit
 With peace we must feel blest:
 Then let not from the earth be driven
 The boon we'd reckon bliss in Heaven.

But let us pray to Heaven
 For Christian love and peace;
 Since, would *we be forgiven*,
 All enmity must cease:
 O how can we the being hate
 Which "Love" did like himself create!

THE SAME SUBJECT.

Poor insects of a wintry day,
 (That day's dawn some hours past,)
Why not on love's warm sunbeam play,
 And shun hate's deadly blast?
 O let our day be spent in peace,
 The night 's at hand when life must cease.

“ HAVE FERVENT CHARITY.”

THE snow upon the mountain's height
In sullen grandeur lies;
But when the sun puts on his might,
The vallies it supplies:
Dissolved by summer's piercing beams,
It flows in fertilizing streams.

Thus frigid, dead, and void of use,
Remains the selfish heart,
Till love its fervency infuse,
Its melting rays impart;
With kindly feeling then it glows,
And in benignant deeds o'erflows.

EPHESIANS vi. 10. REVELATION iii. 21.

THOUGH hosts of enemies, with deadly rage,
In warfare with the powerless soul engage,
An arm of might the Lord of Hosts will give
To those who on and to him daily live,
Which shall successfully their aims oppose,
And in triumphant peace the contest close :
This were rich grace; but praise him evermore,—
Our God will crown the victor when the conflict's o'er!

I JOHN ii. 15.

SEEK to be His who this vain world o'ercame,
Nor worship Satan under *any* name,
For various shapes and names the tempter tries,
By which to take the unwary by surprise:
Give to your God the love and honour due—
Love not the world, or love the tempter too.

“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH: YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.”—*Rev. xiv. 13.*

How happy they, most happy, who depart
 From out this care-fraught world, to reign above
 With Him, who heretofore reigned in their heart
 By faith, that living faith, which works by love!

Yea, blessed are the dead henceforth who die
 Believing in His name who died for them;
 His hand shall wipe all tears from every eye,
 And grace their temples with life's diadem.

For death a messenger of mercy is—
 His office but to loose the silver cord
 Which binds them down from flight to heavenly bliss,
 And hold^s them absent from their sovereign Lord.

They long have groaned in tenement of clay,
Being burdened here with pain, and wo, and sin;
And they have yearned to soar to realms of day,
Christ's service in his presence to begin.

On earth they 've loved him, and have served him too,
Nor shall love's labour die forgotten here;
Again shall faith's fair fruits be brought to view,
And shine resplendent in a brighter sphere.

For though the Saviour's righteousness alone
Can justify them in the sight of God;
Though nothing may for their *best* deeds atone
But his all-precious, his all-cleansing blood;

Yet God a gracious recompense in store
Reserves for those who faithful stewards proved,
("To him who hath there shall be added more,
Whilst he who hath not has his all removed:")

And they shall rest from all their toils and cares,
Their troubles, and the trials of their faith,
And, being freed from sin's entangling snares,
Most blest shalt be: for thus the Spirit saith.

“PONDER THE PATH OF THY FEET.”—*Proverbs* iv. 26.

WHITHER art thou going? Sinner say,
 Whither thy footsteps bending?
 Treadest thou the strait and narrow way,
 Or the broad one downward tending?
 That—which leads to Heaven, the seat of bliss;
 Or this—which ends in Satan's ^{dark} abyss?
 Pause, ere thy life's short journey 's o'er,
 When time to *turn* shall be no more.

“WALK AS CHILDREN OF LIGHT.”—*Ephesians* v. 8.

“WALK as children of the day, and be not of the night,
 Giving thanks as meet inheritors among the saints in light;”
 “But we are born in darkness and our minds ^{are} clouded o'er,
 O make thy face shine on us until darkness be no more.”

“ My way is plain before you, walk therein, nor from it turn;
 Let your loins be girt with righteousness, your lamps, too, brightly
 burn;
 Ye shall run and not be weary, ye shall walk and not be faint,
 Till each shall enter Jesus’ rest, a sinless happy saint.”

“ COUNT IT ALL JOY WHEN YE FALL INTO DIVERS TEMPTATIONS
 (OR TRIALS.)”—*James i. 2.*

Not words alone, but suffering dire
 Our Saviour’s love to man exprest,
 Why does not gratitude inspire
 At least less horror of this test?
 Our faith is weak, our love is cold,
 We shrink from persecution’s touch;
 Unlike those holy men, of old,*
 Who joyed to suffer, *loving* much.

* Acts v. 41. Rom. v. 3—5.

“ DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY.”—*Hebrews xi. 16.*

PILGRIM, weep not—an hour draws nigh
 When ecstasy shall light thine eye,
 When sorrow far away shall flee,
 And joys unheard thy solace be.*

Pilgrim, taste not,—a poison lies
 Mixt with each opiate earth supplies;
 For thee a rest is near at hand,
 More sweet than boasts this treacherous land.

Pilgrim touch not the tempter's baits,
 More pure enjoyment thee awaits,
 Pursue thy course, nor turn aside,—
 Whom pleasures lure do ills betide.

Pilgrim, bow not at Mammon's shrine;
 Soon Heaven's own treasures shall be thine;
 O lay aside each weight which may
 Thy onward, heavenward progress stay.

Pilgrim, choose not thy portion here,
 To yon fair realm thy footsteps steer;
 And 'till the night be turned to day*
 The "lamp of life" shall cheer thy way.

Pilgrim, trust not thy power to run,
 But lean thou on the Holy One;
 So shall not weariness prevail,
 Nor terrors daunt, nor "patience" fail.

Pilgrim, pause not, here danger lowers
 Alike o'er cities, wilds, and bowers;
 Press on where all is safe as bright,
 And nought shall mar the soul's delight.

* Rom. xiii. 12.

Pilgrim, faint not, thy crown behold
Where Zion rears her towers of gold;
Nor fear thee, Pilgrim! Jesus' power
Shall guard thee in fate's darkest hour.

Pilgrim, shrink not from Jordan's tide,
Soon streams of life for thee shall glide;
Death's river passed, thy griefs are o'er,
In Canaan thou shalt weep no more.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

THIS earth is called a Vale of Tears,
 (And yields full many a source of wo) ;
But flowers and fruits divine *it* bears,
 When from the fount of grace *they* flow.

The man of griefs passed through this vale;
 With tears of blood he blent its clay:
Now many a smiling scene we hail,
 Where erst the howling desert lay.

The change,—effected through his pain;
 The joys it bears,—sown by his love;
O let us now begin the strain
 Of praise we hope to sing above.

**This Vale of Tears, the avenue
To Eden's scenes of pure delight,
Shall serve but with its dusky hue
To brighten tearless realms of light !**

"SIN SHALL NOT HAVE DOMINION OVER YOU."—*Rom. vi. 14.*

MARCH 3, 1827.

How loth is the winter to leave us,
 Returning again and again,
 Of spring's wished-for joys to bereave us;
 Converting our pleasure to pain.

Thus, as we'd "go on to perfection,"*
 Th' "old Adam" opposes our way,
 Besets us in every direction,
 O'ercomes us and makes us his prey:

As sure as the winter is fated
 To perish beneath a bright sun,
 So sure shall the "old man," so hated,
 Be slain by th' all-conquering One!

* We must seek advancement in holiness as well as knowledge, that our path may "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

AS WHEN SOME DENSE FOG.

As when some dense fog, o'er the landscape far spread,
 Conceals from our view every object it covers,
 Till dispelled by bright sunbeams our sight, in its stead,
 Earth's late hidden, various features recover;
 So the long sin-dimmed sight oft new compass acquires,
 When the last scene of man's chequered life is nigh over,
 In their true shapes and colours past deeds and desires,
 With soul-startling clearness, their semblance discover.

Then O may the mountains of sin be removed,
 By the strong arm of faith, and in deep waters buried;
 May the "life of the branch by its clusters" be proved,
 (Ere the soul from its frail habitation be hurried,)
 That, when the last scene of our life is nigh o'er,
 As "death's" icy touch "stills the bosom's" commotion,
 Hope's sunshine may beam on life's vanishing shore,
 And warm and enlighten "eternity's ocean."*

* The veil which covers our past lives will, on our death-beds, be uplifted: may we so live that the scene which will then present itself may be viewed with the light of hope spread over it.

HYMN.

As the wretch, with hunger dying,
 Earnestly employs our aid,
 So my soul, with ceaseless sighing,
 Seeks the heavenly, living bread.

As the drowning grasps with anguish
 Aught to bear him from the wave,
 So, though even hope should languish,
 Clasp the Rock which souls can save.

Bread of Life! my faint soul nourish,
 Antidoting inborn sin;
 Rock of Strength! on thee I'd flourish,
 Saved from depths of guilt within.

Soon shall cease each sinful motion,
With the Source of Life I'll be;
Soon I'll pass life's troubled ocean,
And the Rock of Ages see.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

“COME OVER AND HELP US.”

“COME over and help us !”—that pitiful cry,
By wretchedness wrung, oft assails fancy’s ear,
And seems as though brought by the gale passing by,
To prove if fair sympathy dwell with us here.

It sounds as if borne from some region of death,
Where fell superstition erects his jet flag;
Where babes by *fond* parents are ’reft of their breath,
And *friends* to the flames widow’d relatives drag.

Where Satan, the murderer, sways Adam’s race
To crimes which humanity scarce could conceive;
Where Christ is unknown, all unsought-for his grace;
Where none go to preach, none are led to believe ;

Where misery reigns; and where man is debased
 Beneath the brute beasts he was destined to rule;
 Where God's holy image is wholly defaced
 By ignorance, Satan's soul-murdering tool.

“Come over and help us!”—we come, O! we come,
 “With Christ in our hearts, and his Word in our hands:”
 Now hymns to his praise burst from lips that were dumb,
 As the light of the Gospel spreads over those lands.

SONNET.

CHRIST AT THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.

EMBATHED in tears for him so newly dead,
While hope scarce ventured yet to soothe their woes,
To greet their heavenly guest the sisters rose,
Then to the stone-closed cave, commanded, led;
Christ wept, while sorrow o'er each feature spread!
"Where lies the source whence that strange grief-stream flows?
He surely loved; yet loving, if he chose,
Could he not save?" But speculation fled
When, "Lazarus, come forth!" was straightway heard:
That voice dissolved the icy bands of death,
And at the summons the late corse appeared,
Restored the spirit, re-inspired the breath:
The many marvel; rather let us bless
The Godhead's power, blent thus with human tenderness.

EARTH.



How many are thy charms, thou fallen Earth !
Though exiled from the Paradise which bloomed
For that first pair, to whom we trace our birth,
And with whose fall each hope appeared entombed
Of a far fairer Heaven—we here are doomed
To live, oppressed by sickness, toil, and care;
Yet when her worst our darkling fate has gloomed,
We find in thee much excellent or fair,
Which we with our deserts may thankfully compare.

Though thou hast been full fed upon the blood
 Of those who from thy bosom sprang to life,
 By brothers' hands drawn forth the sanguine flood,
 And thou all-impotent to quell the strife
 In every age, and land, and climate rife;
 Yet, in surpassing beauty, fair as light,
 (As though unknown the fratricidal knife,)
 Spring's lovely offspring teeming gaily dight,
 Refresh our senses with a sweet and pure delight.

Nor is it beauty in external things
 With which alone our earthly state is blest,
 Full many a relic bright of Eden springs
 To deck the internal desert of the breast—
 The flowers of happiness and peaceful rest:
 And hence let praise to mercy's God be given!
 That love inwoven in the stern behest,
 By which we from our Paradise were driven,
 Still left the heart and mind memorials of a Heaven.

Nor flowers alone, but gems, bright gems, abound
 T' enrich the mental world, of which the rays,
 Enwreathed the head of genius around,
 Form a rare diadem, whose dazzling blaze,
 Brighter than royalty's, arrests the gaze;
 But when the buds of piety are 'twined
 With wit's pure brilliants, ev'n the conqueror's bays,
 In which the multitude such glories find,
 Wither before the crown of richness thus combined.

And here and there we view some social scene
 Of joy, and holy blessedness, and love,
 Like islet fair, upon whose bosom green
 Rests the effulgence of the orb above;
 While sullenly and proudly by it rove
 The restless waves, or mimic the mad rage
 Of man, whose breast infernal passions move
 With man the unfraternal war to wage,
 And all his noble powers in slaughter to engage.

Thus bright, and thus unmoved, the circle dwells,
 O'er which, with golden sceptre, Love presides;
 With lightest touch, that sceptre Discord quells,
 And where it rules the dove of peace abides,
 Fleeing the turgid waves of Hatred's tides !
 And Happiness delights to grace the dome,
 Wherein the love of God and man resides ;
 In search of her the many idly roam,
 Unknowing that thus courted she would bless their home.

But thou, fair globe! whose loveliness appears
 So all-attractive, hast been *steeped* in *blood*,
 And though the Heavens have washed thee with their tears,
 Thou must again be deluged with a flood—
 A flood of *fire*, and by it purged till "good,"
 As He who made pronounced thee at thy birth:
 Then shalt thou in primeval beauty bud,
 And bloom, and bear, a glorious, joyous Earth,
 Unsullied with the curse of misery and dearth.

SACRAMENT SUNDAY.

OCTOBER 17, 1830.

O LET me celebrate the day
On which I've pledged my faith to Him,
Who, "cradled in a manger," lay;
Who pressed the cross with quivering limb;
Who laid his princely vestments by
To live in abject misery,
And die in untold agony,
For man—for worthless me!

I've viewed the rite which represents
Th' accursed death of him, the "Good;"
I've tasted of the elements
Which symbolize the flesh and blood

Of Christ, the holy, harmless One,
 The King of Heaven's eternal Son,
 Who stooped to death, and dying won
 O'er death the victory!

And now I am the Lord's betrothed;
 I've signed the covenant to be
 His own; let sin, all sin, be loathed,
 And be my soul at enmity
 With all earth's pomp, and all its pride;
 With every lust that crucified
 The Lord who lived, the Lord who died,
 And rose again for me!

OH, MAKE ME AS THE LILY, FAIR.

Hosea 14. 5.

OH, make me as the lily, fair,
 (Clad in thy vestment white,)
 Whose fragrance fills the ambient air,
 Whose beauty glads the sight:
 And make me as the cedar, strong,
 (Rooted in thee, my Rock,)
 Which, while rude seasons roll along,
 Still braves the forceful shock
 Of warring winds, and to the sky
 Erects its towering form on high.

THE gathering shades of coming night succeed the glare of day;
 And where bright suns diffused their light the milder moon-
 beams play:
 Thus gently do declining years o'ershade the Christian's face,
 Whereon the soul's calm joy appears with sweetly chastened
 grace.

DAUGHTERS OF BRITAIN, WEEP!

WEEP and lament for those who see no cause for tears,
Tremble for those who stifle sin-convicted fears;
And, heedless of approaching wrath,
Unshrinkingly tread pleasure's path,
And shun the only refuge given
To shield them from the bolts of Heaven.

Jesus, pitying, wept the direful doom of those
Who, reckless of their guilt, dreamt not of sin-earned woes;
But whilst he wept not less he warned
That danger, howsoever scorned,
Impended threatening over all,
And in destruction soon would fall.

Cry thus aloud, nor spare the thoughtless and the bold,
To Britain's daughters tell the judgments long foretold;

And bid them teach their tears to flow
For past misdeeds and coming wo,
Beseeching Heaven's offended Lord
To turn aside his glittering sword.

For lo! the day draws on, that dreadful, vengeful day,
When God girds on his sword, omnipotent to slay;

When those who spurned his dying love
His fierce, ^{relentless} wrath shall prove,
And meet, unscreened, that look of ire
Which wraps the elements in fire.

Then at his footstool lie, ye giddy and ye vain!

O kiss his gentle rod, ere he in judgment reign;

And, calm as infancy's sweet sleep,
In peace your trusting hearts he'll keep,
And prove, when death-doomed sinners rave,
Your God—OMNIPOTENT TO SAVE!

June, 1829,

THE SECOND ADVENT.

YE know not the day, and ye know not the hour,
When the Lord shall descend in his pomp and his power,
The pride of the nations to blast with his breath,
And to free his elect from the cold clasp of death.

He shall come like a thief, while his foes still are sleeping;
His saints are their garments in purity keeping:
He shall come with the speed and the splendour of lightning,
From the east to the west the wide universe brightening.

The beams of his glory shall warm the bleak graves
Of the loved ones he died for and joyfully saves;
The beams of his glory the rebels shall slay
Who refused to submit to his sceptre's mild sway.

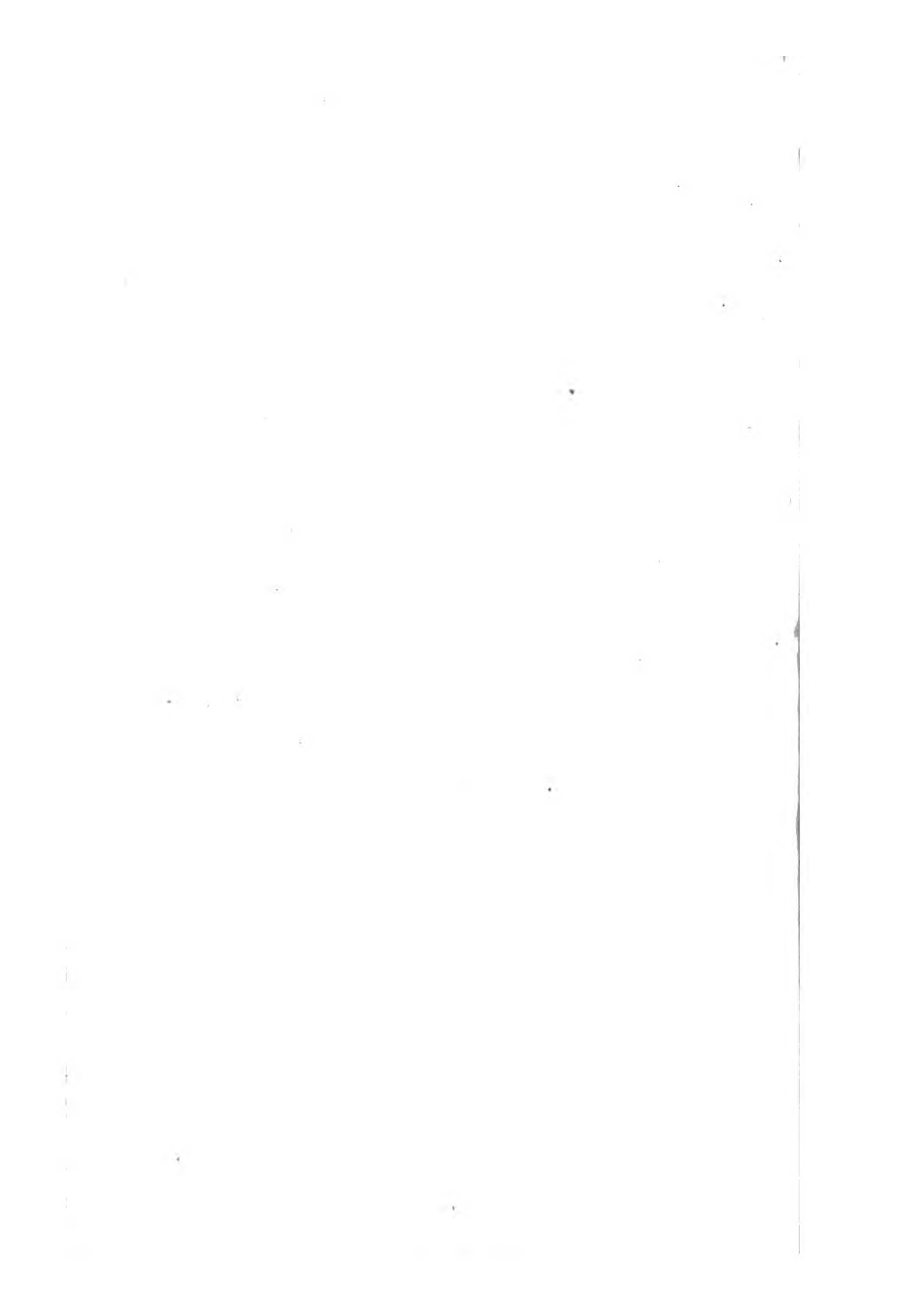
The earth shall dissolve at the fire of his coming;
The scoffers shall writhe in the hell of his dooming:
But she shall be purged from her curse by the burning;
And they shall consume in the flames of their earning.

Then watch for the day, and prepare for the hour,
When the Lord shall be clothed with his glory and power,
That when in his kingdom Messiah appears,
Ye may hail him with joy, not with wailing and tears.



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