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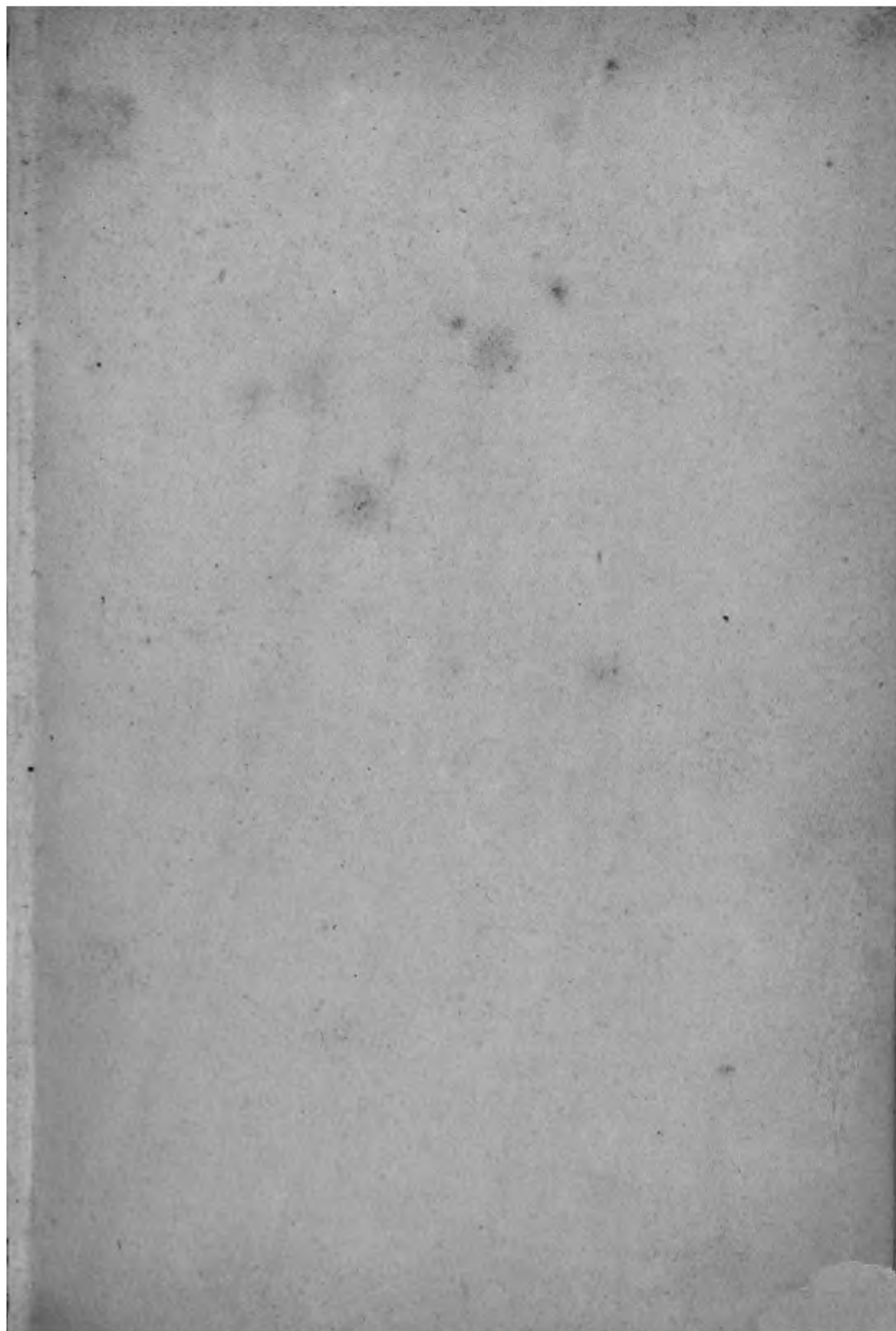
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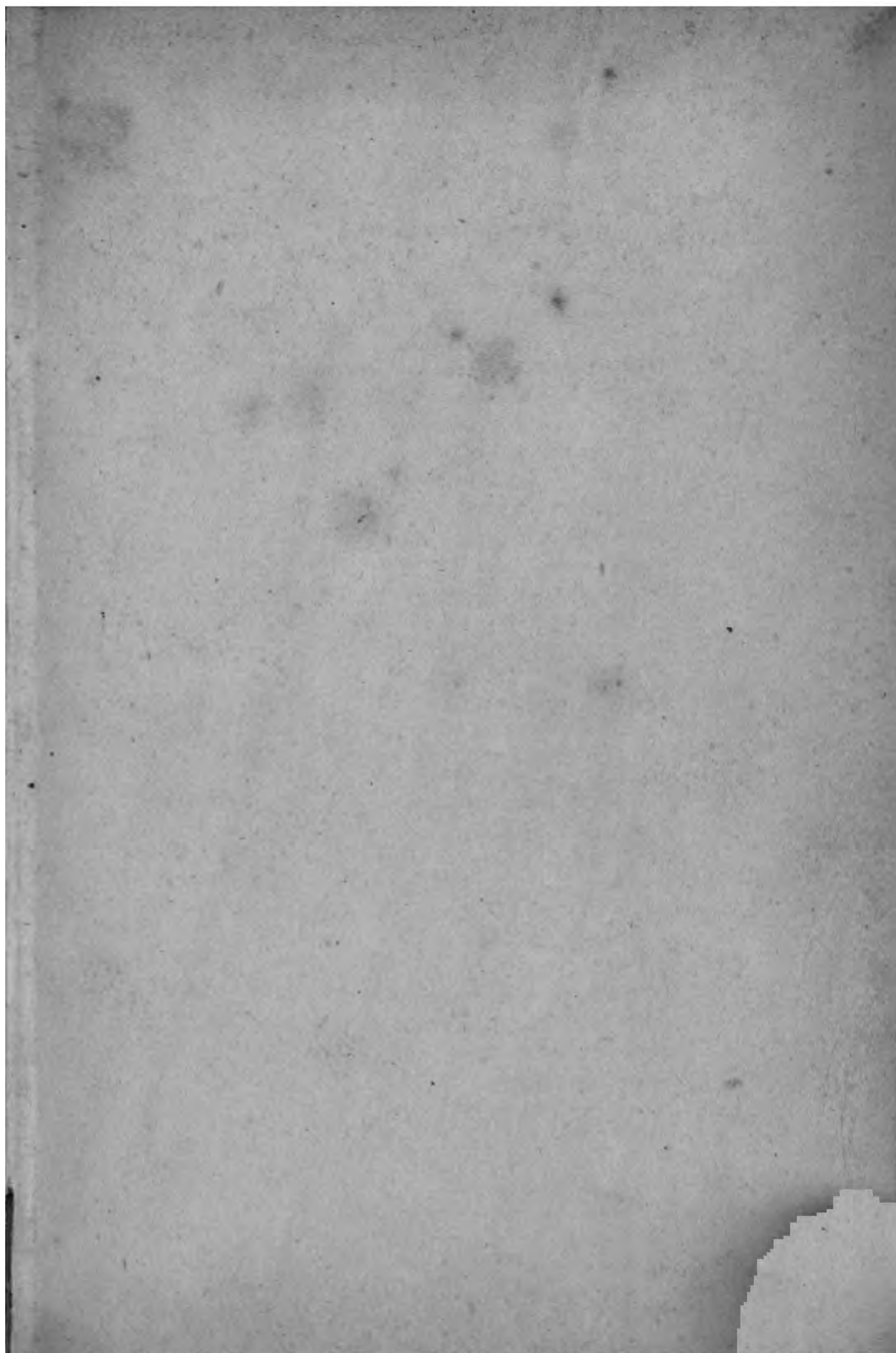


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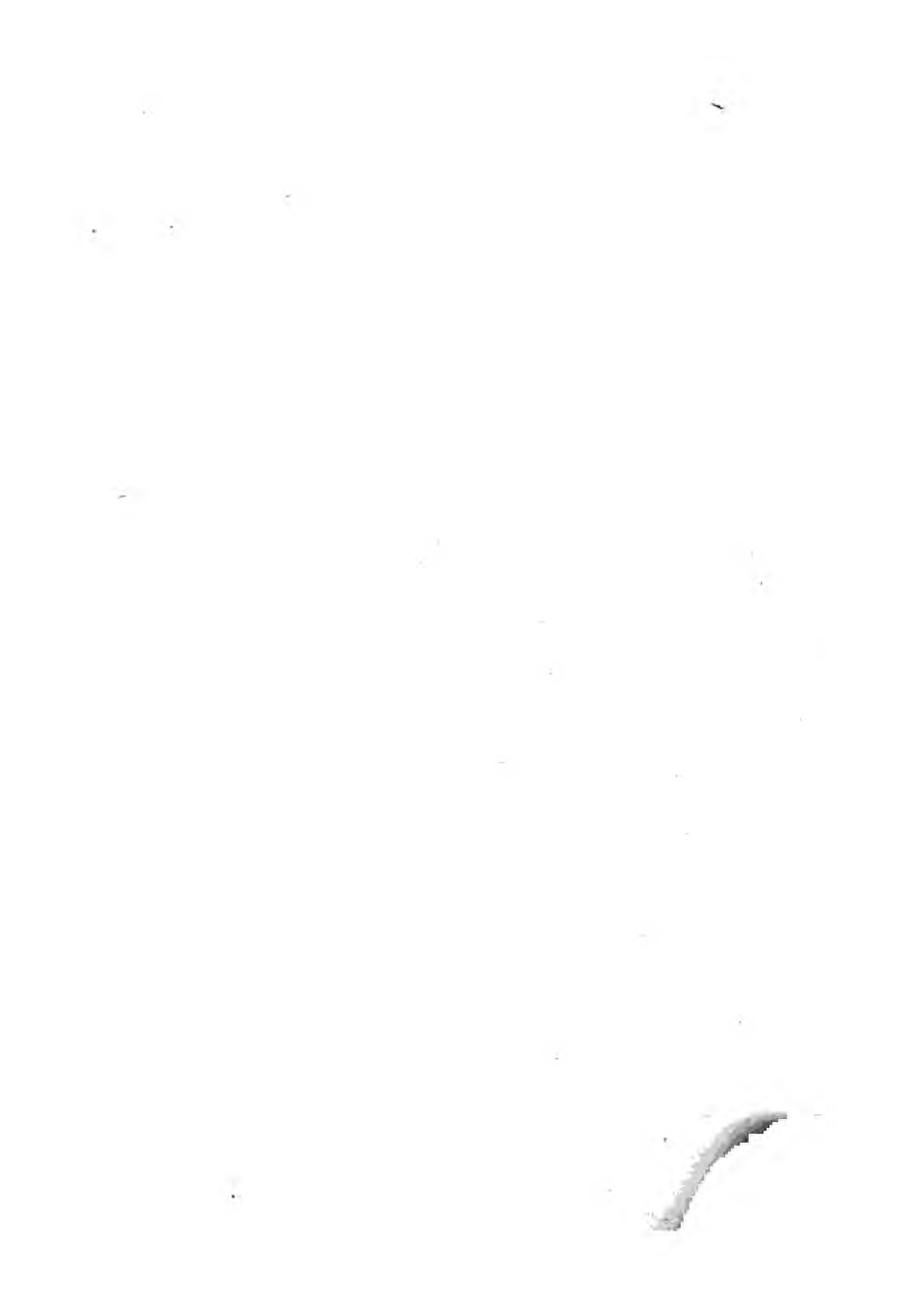
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EYEMOUTH MUSINGS:

OR,

POEMS

ON

HUMOROUS, INTERESTING,

AND

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

BY THOMAS WHITE,

OFFICER OF EXCISE,

“Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point.”—DR. YOUNG.

BERWICK:

PRINTED BY D. CAMERON,
HIGH-STREET.

MDCCCXXXVIII.



THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
INHABITANTS OF EYEMOUTH
AND ITS VICINITY,
BY THEIR
MUCH OBLIGED SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THE Author of the following short Poems makes no pretension whatever to literary merit, neither does he profess to have climbed to the summit of Parnassus ; and, he therefore hopes, that a candid public will behold with a lenient eye any errors or defects which may be discovered in his work, either of a literary or poetical character.

It may be necessary to observe that, though some of the poems appear to represent facts, they have only originated in the imagination of the Author, but they are nevertheless, he hopes, calculated innocently to amuse, if not instruct, those who may read them ; whilst there are other poems which are founded upon facts pleasing and instructive in themselves, however indifferently they may be handled.

On the whole, it is believed that this little volume will be found worthy of the notice of all those who “fear God and work righteousness,” inasmuch, as the direct tendency of its contents is to promote the best interests of mankind.

THE AUTHOR.

EYEMOUTH, 1838.

N. B. Many of the poems, as the *title-page* denotes, have been composed at Eyemouth.

RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE,

BY A FRIEND.

To those who have been taught to relish more
The themes of heaven, than aught of earthly lore :
To those whose eyes are charmed with truths divine,
When in simplicity of guise they shine,
Who honour and adore the God who gave
Freely his willing Son a world to save :
To those who tread the earth with pilgrim feet,—
Deduce a lesson from whate'er they meet ;
Whom Nature's scenes to thought can solemnize,
And human actions teach to moralize ;
Who mark in every incident below
What guidance plain, and plain instruction flow—
To such this little volume not in vain
Smoothly may bear along its varied strain,—
May raise their hearts awhile earth's ills above,
Or hope inspire, or stir their souls to love ;
May waken feeling—though it roll along
No majesty like Homer's pompous song ;
May render pleasure—though its soaring rhyme
Boast not like Milton's lofty strains to tower sublime.

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EYEMOUTH MUSINGS.

NATIONAL,

OUR QUEEN :

OR, STANZAS WRITTEN IN REFERENCE TO THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY, VICTORIA I.

GAY as a summer's morning
Our lovely Queen was seen,
In beauty's bright adorning,
With countenance serene ;
Her eyes with gladness beaming,
Her cheeks of roseate hue ;
Her modesty beseeming
The honour to her due.

**Our Queen, our young and charming Queen,
In all her royal splendour upon that day was seen.**

But worth surpasses beauty,
 And *that* in her is seen,
 'Tis, then, our pleasing duty
 To laud our worthy Queen :
 Her people's brave defender—
 She loves them as her own ;
 And shines with *useful* splendour
 Upon the British throne.

Our Queen, our very worthy Queen,
 May love for all her subjects in all her acts be seen.

She's worthy of the diadem
 That crowns her lily brow ;
 More beauteous than its highest gem
 With all its dazzling show ;
 She's worthy of the sceptre
 That glitters in her hand,—
 The Bible's her preceptor,
 And *glory* of our land !

Our Queen, our ever gracious Queen,
 May virtue's richest graces in her be always seen.

STANZAS TO BRITAIN.

My muse, honour'd Britain, would dwell upon thee,
 The land of the noble, the brave and the free ;
 The land of my fathers, where blessings abound,
 I love thee, I love thee with reverence profound !

Thy laws and thy liberties grounded in truth
 Display all the beauty and vigour of youth,
 'Neath thy shield of protection the weakest may hide,
 And dwell quite securely whate'er may betide.

Thy heroes in battle who dares to defy
 Would to their destruction most certainly fly :
 But peace is thy portion—still may it remain
 Till Christ o'er all nations in mercy shall reign.

How sage are thy statesmen, and how truly great !
 The boast of the people, and bulwark of state ;
 The love of their country burns in them like fire,
 And often calls forth the loud praise of the lyre !

For poets are in thee whose heart-cheering lays
Can brighten the gloom of the most cloudy days;
Their sweet flowing numbers and themes soaring
 high
Translate us from earth to the joys of the sky!

Thy lovers of wisdom innum'able are,
And learning and science are blooming and fair;
The arts in their vigour and usefulness rise—
Upon them we look with increasing surprise.

But where can we find such a kingdom as thee,
Where blessings divine in profusion we see?
Where the truths of the Bible are clearly made
 known,
And justice and mercy encircle the throne.

WAR.

WRITTEN WITH REFERENCE TO THE CANADIAN REVOLT, AND CONSEQUENT CIVIL WAR,—1837 & 1838.

HARK! I hear the sound of War
Echo from yon wilds afar;
Hostile thousands clad in arms,
Spread ten thousand dire alarms!

Hark! the cannon's dreadful roar
Tells us mortals are no more;
On the earth their corse lie,
Where they heaved their dying sigh!

See the battle's most severe—
Groans and cries salute the ear;
And the brave give up the ghost
'Mid the conflict of the host!

Now, a shout of victory
Rends the calm unruffled sky!
Desolation is complete!—
Who can *half* WAR'S woes repeat?

Ruined cities, ravaged plains,
 Where fell misery remains—
 Widows' wailings, orphans' moans,
 Mingled with the dying groans!—

Poverty with direst woe ;
 Comfort's total overthrow ;
 Riven hearts, and empty homes,—
 WAR produces where it comes !

“ Prince of Peace !” * thy peace extend,
 Rebel bands in sunder rend ;
 And dread war with all its woe,
 Into dark oblivion throw.

Blessed Prince the time is near †
 When all nations thee shall fear ;
 Then shall war *for ever* cease,
 And the *world* be *filled* with *peace* !

* Isa. ix. 6.

† Daniel ii. 44.

LOCAL.

EYEMOUTH. No. I.

WHILST higher objects are the theme
Of poets of great worth,
And country hamlets are too mean
To call their genius forth,
Be mine the humble, welcome task
The *worth* of Eyemouth to unmask !

She stands upon the ocean's shore,
From whence her fortune flows ;
The *finny* tribe form half her store,
And better no one knows ;
Whilst on the ever restless main
She sends her able fishermen.

Her harbour is a safe resort
When tempests rage around ;
It forms a neat commodious port,
And has good anchor ground,
Where vessels safely may defy
The ocean, rolling mountains high !

To fish her mart is not confined—
 Her timber trade is good ;
 In this respect she's not behind
Some which have higher stood ;
 For towns or cities though they were
 They cannot be compared to her !

Her market, too, 's well stocked with grain
 Of every kind you need ;
 'Tis held upon the Thursday, when
 The sales are good indeed !
 If therefore you would profit by't,
 Make haste, make haste at once and try't.

Her bank,—a handsome little place,—
 Is useful in its way,
 And far from being a disgrace,
 It brightens the dark day—
 By causing "*notes*" to circulate,
 The low in mind become elate !

And then I'm sure you need not fear
 To buy good whisky low,

A fine distillery is near—

Gungreen's the place "you know :"
 If whisky make your nausea move,
 Here's water pure as virgin-love.

A daily post comes through Eyemouth,
 No mean advantage sure ;
 From east and west, from north and south,
 We may the news ensure ;
 And from our friends we soon can hear,
 Be they far off, or be they near.

If health and vigour you would have,
 When summer glories shine,
 Come to the *mouth of Eye** and bathe
 Yourself in ocean brine ;
 And fierce disease will flee away
 Like to a frightened bird of prey !

* A small river which falls into the German Ocean, between Dunbar and Berwick-upon-Tweed, and gives name to the village or town.

But **BEST** of *all* two sacred piles
Have been erected here,
Where gospel truth in diverse styles
Is taught in language clear :
And thus the people learn the way
That leads to everlasting day.

EYEMOUTH, Dec. 1837.

EYEMOUTH. *No. II.*

WHEN late we sung of lov'd Eyemouth,
Chill winter's angry blast
Was felt, and heard in tones uncouth,
But those drear days are past ;
And beauties bloom on ev'ry hand,
Along its bold majestic strand.

The *fort*, round which the billows roar
When tempests rage aloud,
Commands a view of all the shore,
With rocks romantic strewed ;
And there the children gaily play,
Where once artill'ry held the sway.

There smiling verdure clothes the ground,
And healing breezes blow ;
There various ruined mounds around
With humble flow'rets glow ;
How much unlike its former face,
When warlike vassals trod the place !

But hark ! what sound salutes the ear ?
 'Tis measured, loud and slow,
 And comes from yonder noble spire
 Which marks the church below,
 Where news celestial sinners hear,
 Which "scatters all their guilty fear."—

The clock strikes *eight*,* which with the bell
 The villagers apprise
 That day declines,—O may the knell
 Instruct them to be "wise
 Unto salvation," while they may,
 For soon fell death will close *their* day.

Here invalids in numbers come
 To bathe in ocean's tide ;
 And find in dear Eyemouth a home,
 Where comforts sweet abide ;
 Then convalescent, glad return,
 All cheerful like a vernal morn !

* The Church Bell is rung in the evening about 8 o'clock.

Here merchandise and health unite
Their streams of earthly joy ;
Here worthy ministers delight
Sin's empire to destroy ;
And mercy's blessings richly flow
To heal the rankling wounds of woe.

EYEMOUTH, *July* 1838.

THE
BANKS OF THE RIVER EYE.

How cheering to walk on the banks of the Eye,
 And on their gay vestments to gaze,
 While Sol in his glory illumines the sky,
 And num'rous glad chorists in harmony vie
 In chanting their wild charming lays.

Those tall stately trees in their grandeur appear ;
 The landscape with flow'rets is spread ;
 Whilst serpentine Eye in its lovely career
 Makes the music of waters so sweet to the ear,
 As it flows o'er its pebbly bed.

Those prominent rocks, which in majesty stand,
 A pleasing diversity show
 In the scene so enchanting on ev'ry hand,
 As onward we pass to the beautiful strand,
 Where Eye meets the Ocean below.

How changeful the scenes that we witness on
 Now beauty and harmony vie [earth !

Where the storm in its fury had deadened all mirth,
And nature was chilled with the blast of the north,
Which "ice bound" the waters of Eye.

But in yon blest region *no* changes are known,
Its joys are eternally sure ;
There DEITY dwells in the midst of HIS own—
And *rivers* of pleasure still flow from HIS throne,
May *we* their enjoyment secure.

A SCENE

EARLY IN A SPRING MORNING NEAR EYEMOUTH.

My muse would fain on rapt'rous wing
The beauties of the morning sing,
When tinged with gold the mountains glow,
And light o'erspreads the vale below ;
And when the lark, ascending high,
With music greets the op'ning sky.

How sweet and pure the fragrant air !
Creation how sublimely fair !
Faint emblem of those realms above,
Where dwells supreme the " God of love ;"
Whose glory's seen by us below
In all His works, where'er we go.

At morn, to stand on yonder hill
And see the Sun creation fill
With life and joy, whilst all around .
The dew-drops sparkle on the ground
Like pearly beads, whose lustre bright
The fair one views with proud delight ;—

And whilst the birds of ev'ry wing
 Begin their matin lays to sing,
 In swelling notes of various tone,
 But all uniting as in one,
 Like those who chant the song on high
 In music's sweetest harmony ;—
 And whilst gay flowers of ev'ry hue
 Display their tints with freshness new,
 As Sol pours forth a flood of light,
 Which makes them look like stars at night,
 That glitter in the azure sky,—
 How charming is the landscape nigh !
 'Tis sure a paradise where we
 The Deity may *feel* and *see* !

And from this eminence is seen
 The Ocean's glassy face of green,
 On which the Sun with lustre shines
 'Till lovely day in eve declines.
 How gently heaves the glist'ning deep,
 Whilst howling winds in quiet sleep !
 As calm as when, in days of yore,
 The Saviour hushed the tempest's roar ;
 Or as the mind, where virtue's reign
 Has all unruly passions slain.

But in this soul enchanting hour,
To walk by yonder garden bower,
And view the blushing roses there,
And hear the hum which fills the air,
Whilst bees innum'rous hoard their store,
And swiftly fly in search of more :—
How pleasing ! and instructive too !
May we like them our duty do.
And here, while gentle zephyrs play,
We'd taste the sweets of rising day ;
And drink deep draughts at pleasure's fount,—
And soar in mind to Sion's mount,
Where morn is ever new and gay,
And matchless beauties ne'er decay !

THE FISHERMEN

EMPLOYED IN THE HERRING FISHING.

WHILE the glories of Summer are glowing around,
 And plenty smiles sweetly o'er mountain and
 vale,

The treasures of ocean in fulness abound :
 And the goodness of Providence never shall fail ;
 While gratitude soars from our hearts to His
 throne,
 Whose love in his bounty to all is made known.

The fishermen now that their harvest is come,
 The long oar ply bravely, and spread the wide
 sail ;
 All cheerful they over the vast waters roam,
 Quite heedless of danger while slumbers the
 gale.

The Sun's kissed the sea in the fast fading west, *
 And the gentle breeze sighs as if sinking to rest.

* The fishermen employed in the Herring Fishing go out to
 sea in the evening.

Now rocked on the breast of the wide spreading
ocean,
The fishermen cast forth their nets with much
skill,
Then borne to and fro by the tide's changing
motion,
The prospects of plenty their anxious minds fill,
Whilst waiting and watching they long for the
prize
To make their hearts dance, and to gladden their
eyes.

In the translucent waters the herrings appear
All beauteous like silver, as through them they
glide ;
While clear as a mirror, the waves gently rear
And kiss the light vessels as o'er them they ride :
How pleasing and grand on the sea's vast expanse
To see the live shoals as they glitt'ring advance !

Now night her dark mantle has cast over all,
And chill is her breath as she sits on the deep,

But her golden lamps sparkling enliven the soul
 Of him who beholds them, regardless of sleep ;
 The fishermen through her lone hours toil till
 morn,

When prosperous and joyful they homeward return.

Tho' smooth's now her surface, how treach'rous
 the main !

When lashed by the wind how she rages and
 foams !

While fishermen, back to the port safe again,
 View her fury unmoved from their humble
 " sweet homes ;"

But sometimes, alas ! all victorious she's been,
 And swallowed her victims—no more to be seen !

O fishermen fly to the Maker of all ;

He stilled the wild tempest in Galilee's sea ; *
 And his arms are now stretched, from Sin's galling
 thrall

To save you, and bless you with peace flowing
 free ;

Then list to his mercy while welcome you may,
 And from sinful pleasures turn quickly away.

* Matth. viii. 24, 26.

Then when the storm raging shall sweep o'er the
sea,

And dangers terrific upon you shall frown,
The love of your Saviour your anchor shall be,
And sooner or later His glory your crown;
Then fly to this refuge, and in Him confide,
Till you rise to His kingdom, and *with Him reside!*

FAMILY.

THE BACHELOR.

“It is not good that the man should be ALONE.”—GEN. ii. 18.

AH, tell me not of “Bachelor’s fare,”
 I love connubial bliss to share
 With her I dearly prize :
 “It is not good” to “be *alone* ;”
 So said the “high and lofty ONE”
 Whose throne is in the skies.

Alone in sorrow’s hour to sigh,
 Without a sympathizer nigh,
 Whose heart can feel our woe,
 Is worse than human tongue can tell ;
 O may I ne’er the anguish feel,
 Or *mine* the mis’ry know !

Alone when care distracts my breast,
 And anxious thoughts prevent my rest,
 O may I never be !
 But may I then and always prove,
 The sweets of matrimonial love,
 In mutual sympathy.

Alone when racked with torturing pain,
 And fever burns in ev'ry vein,
 Without a *bosom* friend!
 Oh! may it never be my lot,
 Long as I occupy a cot—
 Till life's short journey end.

Alone whilst others happy are
 Mid sons and daughters lovely, fair,
 And dutiful withal:
 Nay, family joys are mine to prove,
 My children I sincerely love,
 O yes, I love them all.

Then tell me not of "Bachelor's fare!"—
Alone in ev'ry grief and care,
 A *unit* in his day;
 A poor uncomfortable elf,
 Whose love remains within himself;
 A sun without a ray!

At length he unregretted dies;
 And soon forgotten, mouldering lies
 In his unheeded tomb!

Posterity knows not his name,
 Or what he was, or whence he came,—
He lived and died ALONE !!



THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

“Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth
 favour of the Lord.”—PROV. xviii. 22.

SEE him happy in his cot,
 Seated by his lovely wife ;
 Rambling thoughts disturb him not,
 Settled is a married life.
 Round him are his progeny,
 With their young hearts full of glee.

He embraces every one,
 Each the “envied kiss” receives,
 Each returns the favour done,—
 O how happily he lives !

Cares he has, but they seem light,—
And are carried with delight.

Sorrow's wound he sometimes feels,
But his dearest still is nigh
To apply the balm which heals,
And relieve his ev'ry sigh :
By her constant love and care
All his bitters sweetened are.

Like the patriarch * of yore
He his children trains aright,—
Fills their minds with heavenly lore,
Which becomes their chief delight ;
And they walk in wisdom's ways,
Comforting his latter days.

But at length the hour arrives
When his earthly course is run ;
'Midst them all he droops and dies—
Husband now and father's gone !
Blest whilst here, he's fled to be
Happy in eternity.

* Abraham.

Gladdened by his consort, he
 Through life's changing scenes was led ;
 And when death approached, she
 Never left his dying bed,
 But in the o'erwhelming gloom,
 Smoothed his passage to the tomb.

Now his children, left behind,
 Venerate his honoured name ;
 They remain to bless mankind,
 And prolong his humble fame ;
 Whilst their widowed mother they
 Comfort through her lengthened day.

Is he not then blest indeed
 Who a " prudent wife " obtains ?
 Help he has in time of need
 Whilst he here on earth remains :
 Happy they who married are,
Better their's than " Bachelor's fare !"

THE SMILE OF MY WIFE!

WHEN weary and faint I return to my cot,
 The toil of my journey is quickly forgot ;
 There seated at home, the sweet arbour of life,
 I'm soon quite reliev'd by the smile of my wife !

When tired with labour or troubled in mind,
 I see my beloved, complacent and kind ;
 My cares and vexations, though ever so rife,
 Are soon quite reliev'd by the smile of my wife !

And when by afflictions I'm sorely oppress'd,
 By achings and pains most severely distress'd,
 The smile of my dearest and her tender care
 Preserve me from sadness and ruthless despair !

But with my loved consort's, I long to enjoy
 The smile of Jehovah, when troubles annoy ;
Hers only can brighten, but *His* can impart
 A permanent calm to the grief-riven heart.

THE ENQUIRER AFTER HAPPINESS.

A TALE.

TRUE happiness—O tell me where
The lovely goddess reigns?
Does she make glad the mountains bare,
Or smile on verdant plains?
Or are her joys in cities known?
For somewhere she must have her throne.

See you that little cottage there,
Upon the mountain's side?
There dwell an honest, loving pair
In whom you may confide;
And they can answer you, I'm sure,
Though they are very, very poor!

Nay! say you so! I'll go enquire
However mean they be;
It is not far, you cannot tire,
Come with me, and we'll see
How in that humble cot they live,
And hear what answer they will give.

Ere long they entered Alfred's cot,
 And found the good man there,—
 They soon perceived his *happy* lot
 With Rose his lovely dear,
 Who with their “bairns”* looked neat and clean—
 Their cottage was a *happy* scene!

You happy are, the querist said,
 To Alfred sitting bye;
 To whom with modest look he made
 The following reply:—
 O yes, I'm happy in the way
 That leads to joys which ne'er decay.

I also taste the sweets of life
 Amongst my family,
 For no man has a better wife,
 As you may plainly see:
 And who that tastes of wedded bliss
 Would live in “single blessedness!”

My lovely “bairns,” likewise, you see
 In whom I much delight,

* Children.

They often fill my heart with glee
 When I come home at night :
 Though weary with my labour, they
 Chase all my weariness away.

My eldest reads that *blessed* book,
 The youngest mounts my knee,
 And whilst I *hear*, and *kiss*, and *look*—
 There's none more bless'd than me ;
 Some talk of family care and woe,
 But family joys are mine to know.

'Tis true, I have my sorrows too,
 But then I'm not *alone*,
 And sure, you are aware that "two
 Are better far than one ;"
 In all the changing scenes of life
 I have a help-mate in my wife.

The visitors now left the cot,
 And he who anxious seemed
 That happiness should be *his* lot,
 Forever after deemed,

That **ONE** *essential* thing must be
To have a *wife* and *family* !!

But family comforts may abound,
And earthly sirens sing,
True happiness is only found
In heaven's eternal King :
'Tis he alone true peace can give,
And make us ever happy live.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

“ Honour thy Father and thy Mother.”

WHEN Etna's mount in days of yore,
 Poured forth its liquid fiery store,
 And flames terrific darted round
 O'erspreading the adjacent ground.
 With horror struck the people fled,
 And to a place of refuge sped ;
 All anxious, ere they went to save
 Some treasure from the burning wave,
 That, happy they might there enjoy
 The sweets of life, without annoy.

Two youths,* whose names in hist'ry's page
 Shall be renowned from age to age,
 Who, whilst they saw their neighbours take
 Their richest goods, would not forsake
 A treasure to them far above
 The things that sordid mortals love :

* Anapias and Amphinomus.

Their *parents* dear, infirm with age
Did their affections most engage ;
And each upon his shoulder took
A *parent*, and the place forsook !
Thus they lost *all*, that they might save
Their PARENTS from an awful grave !
“ Where,” cried these generous youths, “ shall we
Than those, more precious treasure see
Who gave us being ?” And each son,
From an admiring public won
That high respect, which ever shall
Upon affectionate children fall.

MY MOTHER.

“ Honour thy * * * Mother.”

My Mother! how sweet is the sound
Of thy name to thy children dear ;
With honour's blest wreath be thou crowned,
Entwined by affection sincere.

'Twas from thee we drank the sweet stream
Which nurtured while infants were we ;
And often thine arm was our screen
From danger that we could not see.

'Twas by thee our infantile tongues
Were taught to articulate words ;
And soon our glad nursery songs
Made vibrate thy heart's tender chords.

'Twas thou who by day and by night
Watched o'er us when tortured with pain ;
And saw with a mother's delight
Our health re-established again.

'Twas thou who admonished in youth,
When heedless we wandered astray ;

And taught us those lessons of truth
Which guide to the regions of day.

Then Mother, how can we forget
Thy tender affection and care?
Oh no, we remember them yet,
And *yet* we rejoice them to share.

Though grown up to manhood, we still
Thy kindness to us-ward behold:—
Its blessings a volume would fill;
The half of them have not been told!

My Mother! how charming's the sound
Of thy name to thy children dear!
With honour's *just* wreath thou art crowned,
For IT thou art *worthy* to wear.

THE

BEREAVED MOTHER.

THERE sat upon his mother's knee
A lovely laughing child,
His little heart was full of glee,
His aspect sweet and mild ;
No care disturbed his placid brow,
Or sickness marred his rosy hue.

She, full of expectation, smiled
Upon her darling boy ;
But oh ! ere long her " gourd " * was spoiled,
" A worm " came to destroy !
Beclouded was her prospect bright—
The morning closed in pitchy night.

She fondly hoped her dearest boy
Would up to manhood grow,
And fill her cup with sweetest joy
When age had brought her low ;

* Jonah iv. 7.

But low'ring disappointment frowned,
And hope lay prostrate on the ground !

By faith, a cherub see him sing
 Before the throne divine,
Where roses bloom in endless spring,
 And suns eternal shine ; *
For ever freed from earthly ills,
Celestial joy his spirit fills.

Then weep not!—though thy “gourd” is
 Thy much beloved one [lost,
Now dwells among the heavenly host,
 And wears a fadeless crown ;
There, there he waits to welcome thee,
With music's sweetest melody.

Learn from this unexpected stroke,
 To trust in God *alone* ;
And whilst on earth, His name invoke
 For blessings, through *His* SON ;
So shalt thou here his mercy prove ;
And die to live in realms above.

* Matth. xiii. 43.

Our path with sharpest thorns is strewed
Throughout this wilderness,
But Gilead's balm, * through Christ be-
Can give us health and peace ; [stowed,
Till through the vale of death we go
To *endless* bliss, *unmixed* with woe.

* Jer. viii. 22.

THE
BEREAVED FAMILY:

OR, STANZAS OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. PETER
DRUMMOND, SUPERVISOR OF EXCISE, WHO DIED
AT CAMPBLETON ON MARCH 22D, 1838.

IN early life a lovely pair
Thought nought on earth than each more fair,
 More beauteous to the sight;
The rose and lily both they saw
Upon each other's visage glow,
 With rapture and delight.

O yes, and admiration grew,—
And soon they to each other flew
 On wings of purest love,
To be united heart and hand,
By Hymen's soft and silken band,
 And bliss connubial prove.

Ere long with children they were bless'd,
Whom they with love and joy caress'd,
 And taught to fear the Lord:

“ Like olive-plants” the young ones grew ;
 Their lovely forms and pleasing hue
 Did pleasure sweet afford.

Their father clasped them in his arms—
 But, while delighted with their charms,
 Affliction’s poisoned dart,
 Shot from the bow of tyrant death,
 Drank up his spirits, stopped his breath,
 And chilled his loving heart !

His dearest wife, bereft, forlorn,
 Of earth’s most precious comfort shorn,
 In “ doleful black” appears ;
 Her children’s guide and shield is gone,
 And they with her are left alone,
 In this dark “ vale of tears.”

Be thou their *all*, O God of love !
 And may they still thy goodness prove
 In providence and grace ;
 A *husband* to the widow be,
 A *father* to her family,
 Till both shall see thy face !

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO A DEPARTED SISTER :

*Or, Lines on the Death of Elizabeth White, who died,
May 23d, 1825. Written about that time.*

ALAS ! alas ! and is she dead ?
Is her immortal spirit fled ?

O yes, 'tis now in heaven :
The pearly gate hath opened wide—
She's seated by her Saviour's side,
And her reward is given.

Sweet Elizabeth's now no more,
Her battle's won, and warfare's o'er,
The conquest she has gained ;
A crown of righteousness she wears,
And palms of victory she bears,
Which she's by faith obtained.

In robes of white she now is dressed,
And placed amongst the truly bless'd
Who dwell in heaven with God :

“ Hallelujah to the Lamb,” they cry,
 “ Who for our sins did bleed and die,
 And bought us with his blood.”

Her sorrows all are gone and past,
 She dwells in realms of bliss at last
 Where pain can never come :
 No more afflictions now she'll have,
 But is for ever from them safe
 In her celestial home.

“ Glory to God” no more she sings
 In this vain world,—in nobler strains
 She swells the song above ;
 There with the grand angelic choir
 She chants His praises,—sweeter,—higher,
 Their theme's redeeming love.

Permanent rest she's there obtained,
 Unfading glory she has gained,
 Immortal bliss she shares ;
 Perpetual happiness and joy—
 And Jesu's praise her lips employ ;
 Eternal life is hers.

Farewell, dear Sister, now farewell,
Till I am raised with Christ to dwell,
 (Where thou already art,)
Then, then the happy time will be,
When I shall meet again with thee—
 Shall meet—and *never part*.

THE SEASONS.**SPRING.**

A MORNING IN SPRING.

THE beauteous orb of rising morn
With glory fills the sky ;
His beams the mountain tops adorn
With streaks of heav'nly die.

The hills and vales but lately clad
With winter's fleecy snow,
Now smile with verdure and are glad,
And vernal beauties blow.

The lark ascends his lofty height,
And pours his joyful strain ;
Whilst num'rous songsters with delight
Make ring the lowly plain.

How sweet the air, and how serene
The healthy atmosphere ;
No low'ring cloud obstructs the scene
Whose charms our spirits cheer.

Great God! thyself this change hast wrought;
O work a change in me,
That I may love THEE as I ought
And live alone to THEE.

So shall the beauties of thy grace
Adorn my ev'ry deed;
So shall I daily sing thy praise—
Then 'twill be Spring indeed!

SPRING.

THE orb of day is shining
In the clear azure sky,
And cold is fast declining—
The heat of summer's nigh.

A fragrant breeze is blowing,
Refreshing all around ;
And beauties bright are glowing
O'er all the lower ground.

And on the distant mountains
The cattle graze with glee,
Close by those crystal fountains
Which trav'lers love to see.

The prancing steed is snorting,
He snuffs the fresh'ning breeze ;
And playful lambs are sporting
Amongst the lowland trees.

The hawthorn gay is blooming,
 'Tis decked in snowy white ;
 And fruit-trees are assuming
 A most delightful sight.

The butterflies are flying
 About the garden bower ;
 And busy bees are hieing
 To ev'ry op'ning flower.

The river soft is flowing
 Through yonder pasture green,
 Where milch cows are heard lowing
 At eventide serene.

At morn the lark ascending
 His joyous note prolongs,
 Whilst num'rous birds are blending
 Their sweet harmonious songs.

Both hills and vales are ringing
 With music's charming sound—
 The husbandman is singing,
 As glad he tills the ground.

All nature now is teeming
 With life, and looking gay,
 Whilst Sol's bright rays are streaming
 Throughout the lengthened day.

JEHOVAH ! thee adoring
 For all thy goodness seen,
 Our minds to heaven are soaring
 Above this beauteous scene ;

Where Spring is never ending
 In matchless grandeur dress'd ;
 And saints in glory spending
 An everlasting rest ;

Where melody increasing
 Produces purest joy,
 And music never ceasing—
 Shall our glad tongues employ ;

Where beauty in perfection
 Shall feast our wond'ring eyes ;
 And bliss without defection
 Shall be our endless prize.

AUTUMN.

“WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.”—*Isaiah.*

THE morning breeze I wish'd to share,
And took a walk abroad ;
'Twas in the Autumn of the year,
And *leaves* o'erspread the road.

Leaves which erewhile some stately tree
Adorn'd, were *faded* now,
And emblems of mortality,
To which we all must bow !

But shall we see life's Autumn, ere
The with'ring blast shall blow ?
How many *budding* leaves turn sere,
Nipp'd by their dewy foe.*

* The hoar frost.

In spring the fatal storm may come,
 Whilst health and beauty bloom :
Surviving spring, the summer's sun
 May smite with instant doom.

“ We all” shall “ fade,” yea, droop and die,
 And drop into the tomb ;
Where our forefathers mould'ring lie,
 'Midst death's unbroken gloom !

The bodies of the saints lie there,
 Their souls are “ with the Lord ;”
But those ere long shall rise and share
 With these a “ full reward.”

O may “ we all” prepare for death !
 That we at last may rise
Above the various ills beneath,
 To yonder happy skies,

Where blighting frosts, or chilling blasts,
 Shall never, never come ;
Where matchless beauty ever lasts,
 In that celestial home.

THE REDBREAST.

THE Redbreast now, a welcome guest,
Around our dwellings comes,
And picks with a peculiar zest
His daily fare of crumbs. *

He's left the woods where chilling blasts
Shake off the faded leaves,
And come to share our home repasts,
And cheer our winter eves.

List how he warbles, though 'tis cold,
How charming is his song;
Methinks it never can grow old
Throughout the winter long!

Sweet little bird! I learn of thee
When earthly griefs assail,
To look to God believingly,
Whose "storehouse" cannot fail.

* It is common for people to feed the Redbreast during winter with crumbs of bread.

And while I of his bounty share
I'll gladly sing his praise,
And cast on Him my ev'ry care,
And serve him all my days.

Then I at last shall join to sing
The anthem of the skies,
And dwell with the eternal King
In life that death defies.

WINTER.

WINTER.

THE leafless trees and naked bowers,
The absence of a thousand flowers
That decked the verdant plain ;
The silence of the “ shrill toned thrush,”
And of the warblers of the bush,
Proclaim drear Winter’s *reign*.

The chilling blast that whistles round,—
The snow that overspreads the ground,—
The nipping frosts severe ;
The darkness that so much prevails,
And frequent, dire, destructive gales,
Proclaim drear Winter’s *here*.

The pelting rain that oft descends,
The howling wind that with it blends,
(The seaman’s direst foe,)

The rushing flood that soon shall sweep
Whate'er obstructs into the deep ;
 Proclaim drear Winter's *woe*.

But having Autumn's ample store,
O may our minds to heavenward soar,
 From whence our blessings come ;
Then happy we shall gladly sing
Of the return of lovely Spring,
 Nor *feel* drear Winter's *gloom* !

REFLECTIONS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE OLD, AND COMMENCEMENT
OF THE NEW YEAR,—1837—1838.

How quickly ages flee away,
And generations soon decay—
 This life is but a dream!
Where are the Seers of ancient days?
And poets, whose harmonious lays
 Enlivened many a scene?

And Sages too, whose ample lore
Made priests and kings their names adore?
 Answer ye shades of gloom!
Alas, alas, the flood of years
Has swept them from this “vale of tears,”
 Into the *silent* tomb!

Another year has just flown past,
To *thousands* it has proved the last—
 We miss the well-known face!
And ere the present year has fled,
We in the regions of the dead
 May find a resting-place.

Farewell departed year, farewell ;
 Swift time has tolled thy funeral knell,
 Thou *wast*—but art no more.
 E'en time itself shall soon expire,—
 This globe dissolve in flames of fire,
 With all its precious store !

Already numerous years are gone,
 And numbered with the things unknown
 In dark oblivion's grave ;
 And soon “the Angel” will proclaim
 The end of time's momentous reign—
 Then mercy cannot save !

Think, O my soul, with solemn awe,
 On that event which all must know,
 The judgment-day of God ;
 For he will come “in flaming fire”
 And infidels shall feel his ire—
 The vengeance of his rod !

But saints in heavenly beauty dress'd,
 Shall share the regions of the bless'd,
 Brought home from ev'ry clime ;

Then songs seraphic they shall sing,
In praise to their triumphant King,
In sweetest strains sublime.

O may we now prepare to meet
The Saviour at the judgment-seat,
By righteousness of soul ;
Then should we *this* year hence depart,
In “ *glory* ” we shall have a part,
Whilst *years eternal* roll !

THE
SNOW STORM.

Lo ! in the east a dark and low'ring cloud
Begins the distant horizon to shroud,
Whilst on the passing breeze some snow flies past,
Foretelling a severe and bitter blast.

At length the flakes descend with rapid flight,
And soon the fields are robed in purest white :
The half-starved flutt'ring birds, with anxious
look,
Fly to some calm retreat or sheltered nook.

And on yon distant hills the bleating flock
With patience bears the Storm's relentless shock ;
Their Shepherd's watchful care of no avail—
His willing efforts to relieve them fail !

And now two weary trav'lers wend their way,—
Far distant from their homes they cannot stay,—
Whilst drifts of frozen fluid, tow'ring high,
Obstruct their progress, and excite a sigh !

The wind howls loudly from the distant hills,
 And from their tops the plain adjacent fills ;
 Around the welkin raves with awful roar,
 And fills their souls with dread unknown before !

Unwelcome night her sable curtain draws—
 What dangers may beset them neither knows ;
 Imagination paints a thousand snares,
 And fills their minds with many anxious cares.

But on they press with slow and heavy pace,
 The snow is deep, the wind is in their face ;
 Till weak and faint one of them prostrate lies
 Beneath the frowning and inclement skies !

He lies ! and sleep steals o'er his languid limbs,
 Benumbed with cold—his head delirious swims ;
 A stupor soon puts out the flame of life,
 And ends at once his earthly care and strife !

He lies ! and now all vital warmth hath fled ;
 He lies upon a lone and chilly bed !
 No friend was near to hear his dying groan,
 Alone he passed into a world unknown !

His dear companion, ere the fatal stroke,
 Would for some help a little further walk ;

But still the storm did not at all abate,
And he himself forebodes an awful fate !

Lo, in the distance now he sees a light—
How welcome to his half-bewildered sight !
As with new strength he plods his weary way,
His mind is cheered with hope's enliv'ning ray.

He shouts aloud, but no one seems to hear,
And hope alternate yields to gloomy fear ;
He calls again with weak and failing voice,
But no one hears the distant feeble noise.

At length some cotters hear his plaintive cry,
And by the aid of moonlight him espy ;
But now, alas ! his oral powers are gone,
He sinks through weakness, and is like a stone !

They forthwith bear him to their humble cot,
Where, soon revived, his friend is *not forgot* ;
He tells them where he left him on the snow,
Or rather, strives the place to make them know.

At once they all proceed with hurried haste,
To seek the other on the trackless waste ;
They search with care, but all in vain they try
To find the place where he may sleeping lie.

Till at a distance they discern a dog
 Almost beclouded with a gath'ring fog,
 And "all with one consent" repair to see,
 If near the dog the hapless stranger be.

The faithful cur seems glad as near they come,
 He whines and looks—they think he's not alone ;
 And soon his worthy master, in a drift
 Of snow, they find,—of life's last spark bereft !

His dear and lovely wife meanwhile at home,
 With weeping eyes, desires that he would come ;
 Whilst dreadful fears her anxious mind appal,
 And ev'ry passing blast thrills through her soul !

She hears her infant prattling boy enquire
 For his belov'd and much respected sire,
 And with maternal sweetness answers, mild,
 " I hope he'll come before 'tis long, my child."

A blazing fire—an empty elbow chair,
 With all those comforts that love can prepare,
 Await his much and long-desired return,
 Whilst *all* his friends his absence deeply mourn.

His wife's most ardent and unceasing prayer
 Ascends to HIM whose providential care

Is over all His works—with tears aloud
 She begs that he would now remove the cloud.

The men, at length, with their lamented load
 Are heard, at no great distance on the road ;
 Whilst she with glad surprise awaits to see,
 If they her husband and his neighbour be !

They've come—the *corse* is brought before the
 door :

She sees it ! and falls prostrate on the floor !
 All hope is gone, she sinks in deep despair,
 Alike the prey of grief and anxious care.

Oh, would she look into GOD'S blessed WORD,
 Its promises would sweet support afford,
 And dark despair would henceforth flee away,
 Like sable night at the return of day.

But not by land alone the storm is seen,
 The main presents a much disordered scene :
 It foams and rages with perpetual strife,
 And threatens the poor sailor's valued life.

See ! yonder vessel borne along the surge,
 Full often from the gaping deep emerge ;

She heaves and reels, and human effort mocks,
Till, lo, she dashes on the fatal rocks !

Wave after wave with awful sullen roar
Wash her a wreck upon the rugged shore :
Her crew have sunk into the foaming deep,
Where now in death they sleep their final sleep.

What cries and shrieks were heard from them afar,
Whilst struggling 'midst the elemental war !
But earthly power and skill could not avail,
And now the billows over them prevail !

On ev'ry hand is heard the tale of woe !
The ill-clad poor, exposed to frost and snow,
Demand the philanthropist's early care ;
O yes, and they his gen'rous bounty share.

But ah, *too many* live in wealth at ease,
Who seek alone their pampered taste to please :
The wretched poor by them are quite forgot,
They hate their name, and shun their humble cot !

More wretched *they*, though splendidly they live !
To them the cup of vengeance God will give,

When from their beds of down they're justly
driven
To realms of woe—far from the bliss of heaven !

The wind has ceased, the storm resigns its sway,
But num'rous sparkling drifts obstruct the way ;
The post retarded brings us not the news,
Whilst calm reflective thought the mind imbues.

The faithful shepherd hastes to seek his sheep,
But some are buried in the new-formed heap !
Whilst others, faint with hunger, prostrate lie,
And through the rigour of the season die.

And here and there a feathered songster's found
Quite dead, and frozen on the snow-clad ground ;
Whilst those alive, tamed by fell hunger, come
And claim a pittance at our very home.

The welcome thaw has come, the rain descends,
A mild and gentle breeze its influence blends ;
And soon the pleasant field our eyes shall greet,
As forth we walk with glad and willing feet.

Thou blessed God of love! whose sovereign sway
 Makes clouds, and winds, and storms Thy will
 obey,
 May we at all times trust alone in THEE,
 And we in *all* Thy goodness then shall see—

That storms are useful to the human race,
They cleanse the air, and renovate the face
 Of nature's wide domain, where, in gay spring
 Ten thousand beauties shine and chorists sing!

✚ The above poem was composed at the request of a Gentleman, during the very severe winter of 1837. And though the leading incidents upon which it is founded (or, many of them) did not come under the immediate notice of the author, as facts, he presumes that not a few of a somewhat similar nature have often taken place.



HYMN.

THE dreadful storm is o'er,
 With its loud piercing blast;
 And calm as heretofore,
 Gay spring approaches fast;

Already, though it still is cold,
The snow-drop's milky leaves unfold.

The fields appear again,—
With joy we hail the sight,—
And soon their blooming train
Will our glad eyes delight,
When various sweet and pretty flowers,
Will glitter in the sunny hours.

The lark aloud will sing,
Ascending to'ard the sky;
And hill and valley ring
With music's melody;
And thus the birds will glad proclaim
The end of Winter's gloomy reign.

May grace our hearts inspire,
Through Jesu's mercy given,
To praise our common SIRE,
Who fills both earth and heaven,
For his protecting power and love,
Till we shall swell the song above.

RELIGIOUS.

**THE
MORNING STAR.**

THE precursor of day is now yonder appearing,
And the shadows of darkness will soon flee
away ;

The Sun in his splendour and glory is nearing,*
And ere long I shall see the return of the day.

The beautiful streaks of the dawn of the morning
Are gilding the tops of the mountains afar ;
And “the garment of praise” shall be my adorn-
ing,
When the light of the sun follows that of *yon*
star.

Sweet emblem of hope ! with what pleasure I
view thee,
As I gaze on the bright'ning expanse of the
sky ;

* A nautical term.

The darkness of sorrow has long brooded o'er
me,

But the day of deliv'rance is fast drawing nigh.

Jehovah hath promised—can I doubt his per-
forming?—

That the night of our grief shall be turned
into day :

His word is *fulfill'd*—I behold the blest morning
Which wakes into rapture the notes of my lay !

TO A MINISTER

WHO HAD SOME EXPECTATION OF GOING AS A MIS-
SIONARY TO THE HEATHEN.

Written at his special request.

CALLED by Jesus hence away,
Gladly his behest obey ;
Clad with zeal and filled with love
To thy distant station move ;
There the heavenly Lamb proclaim,
Once for rebel sinners slain.

Parents, brethren, sisters—all
Must be left at Jesu's call ;
Home, with all its comforts dear,
Thou must quit ;—Without a tear ?
Nay ! affection's keenest smart
Rends thy unresisting heart !

But, to Jesu's will resigned,
Thou canst leave them all behind,
Quit thy friends and quit thy home,
In a foreign land to roam !

They are loved, but He alone
Is *thy* “well-beloved” ONE.

Now borne o’er the briny deep,
Anxious thoughts prevent thy sleep ;
Hopes and fears alternate rise,
Sink—or raise thee to the skies !
Oh what conflicts fill thy breast,
But in Jesus thou hast rest.

On His word thou canst depend ;—
“ I am with you to the end,” *
And divine support is given—
Consolation streams from heaven :
All thy fears are fled away,
Like the night at break of day.

Now the distant shore is seen,
Of thy future work the scene ;
Heathens there in darkness sit,
Thou must raise them from the pit ;
Lead them to the fount for sin,
Bid them wash and be made clean.

* Mattl. xxviii. 20

Lo, at length the "wilderness"
Smiles with fruits of righteousness ;
Blooming "roses" now appear—
Jesus has a people here !
Joyful with thy happy charge
Strive his kingdom to enlarge.

And when all our toils are o'er
May we meet to part no more ;
Meet amongst the heavenly throng—
Chant with them the endless song ;
Meet with CHRIST, and with Him be
"Blest to all eternity."

THE
SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

“The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD.—ISA.

YE honoured, chosen band,
Commissioned from above,
Proclaim “the word” in ev’ry land—
Blaze forth redeeming love.

The knowledge of the LORD
Shall spread from sea to sea ;
The nations all shall hear His word,
And His salvation see.

The happy period now
Is drawing near apace,—
Lo, heathens at His footstool bow,
And own his sov’rign grace.

Haste ! ever-blessed day,
When matchless love unfurled,
Shall cause one sweet and heav’nly lay
To burst from all the world !

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

COME, Holy Ghost, my humble breast inspire
 With holy, heavenly, and poetic fire ;
 My chosen theme be pure as angels sing,
 Before the throne of the eternal King :
 That potentate, made ours by special grace,
 Requires, demands, my most exalted lays.

Whilst o'er the truly sacred page I pore,
 And with a mind intent, its truths explore,
 One noted circumstance arrests my eye
 As clothed with more than earthly dignity,—
 'Tis Christ on Tabor clad with heavenly light.
 Methinks the beautiful and splendid sight
 Was such as sinful man ne'er saw before,
 And such as he on earth shall see no more,
 Till Jesus as our judge in glory come
 His precious ransomed ones to gather home.

But HIM transformed on Tabor now we view,
 And with him Moses, and Elias too ;
 Who both arrayed in robes of milky white,
 As worn by them in realms of endless light,

In sweetest conversation with HIM join,—
 Their theme's His wonderful and blest design
 To rescue wretched man from Satan's thrall,
 And raise him from his dire and cursed fall
 To purest bliss immense and glory great,—
 Exceeding far his first and happy state !

Peter, and James, and John, the scene behold,
 And hear the more than pleasing story told ;
 Till lo, through sleep their languid eyelids close,
 O'ercome with dazzling splendour they repose
 On grassy beds at ease—nor hear the whole.
 Such heavenly grandeur quite o'erpowers the soul ;
 Enshrined in feeble flesh, we cannot bear
 To see our blessed God in glory here :
 But HIM we soon shall see—our vision strong—
 When 'scaped from earth we join the blood-wash-
 ed throng.

But now their slumber past, the happy *three*
 Behold awhile the Saviour's dignity ;
 And Peter, bold and forward to express
 The joyous feelings he could not repress,
 Said, “ Lord, here it is *good* for us to be ;
 And let us now make tabernacles *three*’—

No doubt he wished upon the mount to stay
 Till raised to realms of everlasting day.
 But while he spoke an august cloud appeared,
 Which while they entered the disciples feared ;
 And from the cloud a voice divine was heard,
 Of which they too were very much afraid,—
 They heard the FATHER from his throne proclaim,
 “ This is my SON *beloved*, therefore hear him ?”

The scene's now changed, the cloud and voice
 are gone,
 And with their Lord the three are left alone,
 The heavenly strangers have gone up on high—
 Resumed their seats in yonder blessed sky.

Transformed in heart, by grace, *we* all must be,
 Ere we can join them, and our Saviour see
 In *all* HIS *glory*, in yon realms above,
 Where all is harmony, and joy, and love.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

THE day declines, the ev'ning shades
 Fall softly and serene ;
 And nature's face in darkness fades :
 How solemn is the scene !

The day of life will soon decline,
 The night of death draws near ;
 But in that night a light shall shine
 The saints to bless and cheer.

And in the tomb their bodies laid
 Shall there repose in hope,
 Till the last solemn "cry" is made—,
 "Awake, ye dead, rise up."

And then an *endless* day shall burst
 Upon their welcome sight !
 For they shall ne'er return to dust,
 Or see returning night ;

But in the kingdom of their God,
 Eternal glory see ;
 And in that ever-bless'd abode
 With Christ and angels be.

THE LAST ADIEU.

ALAS, alas, I'm summoned hence !
 Adieu my weeping friends ;
 Adieu ye " things of time and sense,"
 My mortal journey ends.

— Time *was* when I with those could join
 In earthly hopes or fears ;
 — Time *is* when I must these resign,
 And quit this " vale of tears."

But must I leave my *dearest* friends ?
 How can it—can it be !
 The poignant thought my spirit rends,
 But I'm resigned to THEE.

Ere long and we shall meet again
 Where friendship never dies ;
 Ere long and thou wilt summon them
 To meet me in the skies.

Adieu, adieu, the convoy's come,
 The angels of the Lord

Now wait to bear me to my home,
My great and last reward.

We part to meet in realms above,
Where death cannot dissever
The bonds of unity and love—
We part—to meet—*for ever.*

THE NECESSARY

UNION OF FAITH AND WORKS.

“ Faith without Works is dead.” -- ST. JAMES.

BOTH faith and works must still combine
 To form the character divine ;
 Of faith some zealots make a boast,
 Whilst others in obedience trust :
 That both alike have zeal in vain
 Is from the sacred scriptures plain.

By faith we come aright to God,
 And wash in the all-cleansing blood ;
 By works our faith is then made known,—
 And thus they neither are alone.
 In Abraham they both shone forth,
 Whilst he a pilgrim dwelt on earth.

As “ father of the faithful,” he
 Our pattern in good works may be ;
 As “ friend of God” his law he knew,
 And loved it and obeyed it too.
 By *faith* in Him he had the grace
 To run in *works* the heavenly race.

CONTENTMENT.

“I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”—PHILIPPIANS iv. 15.

I SAW a beauteous lovely form,
In godlike robes arrayed,
Who smiled amid a thunder storm,
Nor seemed at all afraid
Of blazing fire and frowning skies,
Peace beaming in her heavenly eyes.

Again I saw her all alone
In a most wretched cot,
There seated on a chilly stone,
Earth's comforts she had not,
But still a smile illumed her face,
Which shed a radiance through the place.

The goddess I beheld once more,
Opposed by earth and hell ;
That raged and foamed with dreadful roar,
This raved with awful yell ;
But neither could her visage move,
She smiled like one in realms above.

Whilst I beheld with curious eye
 Her still unclouded smile,
 Amid the various ills gone bye,
 I could not help the while
 To wish I might but know her name,
 That I might spread her worthy fame.

And soon I saw a heavenly ONE,
 With aspect all serene,
 Round whom a bow of glory shone,
 Who thus explained the scene :
 Yon stranger's from the realms above,
 And dwells below with *faith* and *love*.

CONTENTMENT is her blessed name,
 And wheresoe'er she goes,
 In weal or woe, she's still the same,
 'Mongst friends or hostile foes :
 But only him she happy makes
 Who her good counsel always takes.

But list! she speaks :—Give Christ thy heart
 And trust in him alone ;
 From ev'ry evil way depart—
 Then I'll erect my throne

In thy neat, humble, little cot,
And peace shall be thy envied lot.

For though the storms of life may rave,
And earthly comforts rend,
In Christ the Lord thou still wilt have
A never-failing friend :
Resigned to him—*his will is thine*,
And therefore thou wilt ne'er repine.

And thus CONTENTMENT is the lot
Of *righteous* men while here ;
Be their's a palace or a cot,
Or skies look dark or clear,
Their confidence is in the LORD,
And he does sweet support afford.



THE
THUNDER STORM.

SEE yonder clouds, arrayed in awful grandeur,
Piled in majestic heaps—a scene of wonder,
When, lo, at once they're riven all asunder,
The lightning blazing !

Hark, how the distant thunder loud is roaring,
And torrents from the skies amain are pouring,
While lonely trav'lers deeply are deploring
Their sad condition !

Still nearer's heard the dread aërial crashing,
While yet more frequent flies the zigzag flashing,
And foaming floods are down the mountains
dashing
In wild confusion.

All nature stands appalled while God is speaking !
And guilty man alarmed, His smile is seeking,
Afraid the cloud of vengeance may be breaking
On him for ever !

All the lovely scenes of nature
 Are excluded from the sight,—
 Nay, there is no living creature
 To behold the solar light !

Save the few who're safely sailing
 In an "ark of gopher-wood ;"
 O'er the rest God's wrath's prevailing
 By a universal flood.

Does this flood your fears awaken ?
 No ; you think you're far from harm :
 Do not—do not be mistaken,—
 You have cause for much alarm !

Though the flood of Noah's over,
 There's another at your door ;
 Look, and you will it discover
 In the drunkard's "one glass more."

Thousands in this flood are dying ;
 Would you 'scape their awful doom ?
 Fly to Jesus Christ, relying
 On his grace to take you *home*.

Like an "ark," he'll safely bear you
 To the realms of endless light,
 O'er the flood that would prepare you
 For the pit of endless night.



"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."—*Job* vii. 16.

ARE there Elysian plains where settled peace,
 And sweetest pleasures evermore abide?
 Where we, when fleeting time with us shall cease,
 Shall have of joy a never-ending lease,
 And from the storms of earth for ever hide?

O yes, in yon blest world where angels sing
 In heaven-enchancing notes their songs of
 praise,—
 Where reigns enthroned the ever-blessed King,
 And where the "just made perfect" to him bring
 And cast their crowns, through everlasting
 days :

There freed from *all* the griefs of this short life ;
With all its fair but oft delusive ways,
Our ears shall ne'er be din'd with earthly strife—
Our eyes behold sad scenes with anguish rife ;
But perfect bliss excite our constant praise.

Then who would “ live alway ” in this dark vale,
Where 'neath the rose a thorn is always seen ;
Where all our much-loved founts of pleasure fail,
And oft an awful and o'erwhelming gale
Of bitter woe, destroys our peace serene !

Through Jesus Christ alone we can arise
To that supreme and ever-blessed abode ;
He is our great and only Sacrifice,
By faith bound to His cross our “ old man ” dies,
And we with wings outstretched ascend to God.

THE

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.—*John.*

METHINKS I see the Saviour stand
 With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes,
 Near to the tomb where Lazarus lies,
 And, listening, hear the great command
 To Lazarus, the *dead*, to rise !

See ! at his word his “ friend ” arise :
 Lazarus now no longer “ sleeps ; ”
 The Lord of life no longer “ weeps ; ”
 His “ glory ” shines without disguise,
 This “ mighty work ” his Godhead speaks.

See how the Sisters glad, rejoice ;
 And gaze and wonder at the sight
 Of their dear brother, with delight :
 Their tears are wiped, and sorrow’s voice
 Is hushed and still as lonely night.

O Jesus, may I trust in thee !
 Thou canst the dead in sin revive ;
 To mourners thou wilt comfort give ;
 And all believers soon shall see
 Thy glory—and for ever live !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWO EARLY FLOWERS;**OR, YOUTHFUL VANITY REBUKED.**

Two flowers, both anxious to display
Their beauties to the gaze of day,
Opened their budding leaves too soon,
And perished ere the blaze of noon.

The first a lily pure and white,
Which, if she had kept out of sight
A little longer, would have been
The finest lily ever seen.

And next, a bold and blushing rose
Would to the world her tints disclose—
But ah! her head was quite laid low
Ere she could to perfection grow.

And thus *some* youths of worth possessed,
With various splendid talents bless'd,
Through ostentatious pride, *too soon*
Seek to obtain the world's renown.

Then critics blow their with'ring breath,
And the young flow'rets sink in death !
A doom which many justly see
As the reward of *vanity*.

Would ~~they~~ but walk in wisdom's ways,
Humility would be their praise,
And in due time their mental powers
Would beauteous bloom as full-blown flowers.

THE SLUGGARD.

THE Sluggard's too idle to work,
 Though pining in hunger away ;
 He loves in his dwelling to lurk,
 And sleep at meridian day.

“ A lion,”* he says, “ would me meet
 If I was to venture from hence ;
 I'm sure there is one in the street,
 'Gainst which I could make no defence !

Moreover, the cold is intense,*
 I feel it, though still at my home ;
 To my bed I'll retire, from whence
 No int'rest shall prompt me to roam !”

Thus fearful ! he sluggishly spends
 The days of his sojourn here ;
 And indigent wretchedness ends
 His useless and worthless career !

* Solomon's Proverbs.

THE
NEGRO SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

Written some time ago.

I MOURN, I weep, when I reflect
On all my suff'rings past ;
And tremble when I recollect
That they are not the last.

O how the thought now wrings my heart,
That on fair Afric's coast,
A cruel tyrant made me part
From those I lov'd the most.

And how can I forget the day
When freedom I possess'd,—
When ne'er a Sun's enliv'ning ray
Shone on me thus distressed.

But, O the woes, the horrid woes !
Since then I have endured ;
The great Creator only knows
To what a Slave's innured !

The driver's whip—the scorching sun,
 And toil both night and day,
 With scarcely food to live upon,
 Soon wears his strength away.

Death oft' invoked, at length doth come
 To set his spirit free ;
 His body drops into the tomb—
 Thus ends his misery ! *

My tortured frame in ruin lies ;
 My wretched state I mourn ;
 Whilst Massa's avaricious eyes
 Do all my sorrows scorn !

* This is only intended to apply to the Misery a Slave
 endures as a Slave.

THE HEAVENS AT NIGHT.**A FRAGMENT.**

YON gold-bespangled arch,
God's mighty power displays ;
The moon and planets in their march
To all make known His praise :
May I, like them, His praise proclaim,
And "shine" to "glorify" His name.

THE WRECK OF THE
FORFARSHIRE STEAM-VESSEL.*

HEARD you the tempest's awful sullen roar?
 Saw you its foaming and terrific rage,
 When beating on the rugged rocky shore?
 Of ills the gloomy and too sure presage
 To those who in the "Steamer" trembling stood,
 Afraid their grave would be the ocean's flood!

The fierce wind blew, and o'er the hapless crew
 Night, sable goddess, reigned with dismal
 scowl;
 One glimm'ring light alone was in their view,
 And danger's horrors seemed aloud to howl;
 While feelings filled each panting troubled breast
 Which hope's faint beamings could not lull to rest.

Oh! 'twas a night of fearful anxious dread,
 When darkest clouds obscured the frowning
 skies,—

* Which was wrecked on one of the Fern Islands, Sep. 7, 1838.

The Captain saw the breakers round them spread,
 With heavy heart and sad despairing eyes ;
 And soon the vessel on a rock was dashed,
 While whirlwinds raved and mountain-billows
 clashed !

Methinks I hear the shriek,—the *last* farewell ;
 Methinks I see the tears in rivers flow ;
 While some foresee their fate with frantic yell,
 And, struggling, shut their eyes on mortal woe ;
 Then washed away by the tremendous sea ;
 Their souls have passed into eternity.

The mother, whose dear children lay in sight
 Of life bereft upon the stormy wave,
 Would be in wretched and most awful plight,
 Still lab'ring hard her own faint life to save.
 Oh, who her feelings can in words express,
 Or paint the anguish of her deep distress !

By light of welcome morn at length descried,
 Brave Darling * *felt* the suff'ers' piteous case,

* William Darling and his Daughter Grace, who live at the
 Light-House.

And Grace (right named) with him her strength
applied

To row a small boat to the mournful place,
While still the foaming sea was raging high,
And they themselves might be o'erwhelmed and
die!

The wreck they reached,—O what a welcome
sight

To those who'd sat for hours with death around,
Upon a chilly rock, through the lone night,
While many perished in the deep profound;
And now, safe taken from the fatal spot,
They soon arrive at Darling's humble cot.

Brave man, with daughter worthy of her Sire,

To dare the ocean's tempest those to save
Who long as life your conduct must admire,—

Nay, gratitude will sure survive the grave,
And scent the regions of the blest above,
Where we shall meet our friends and those we
love.

But we should all for heavenly bliss prepare,
Where storms shall ne'er our happy souls
affright ;
Where we with angels perfect joy shall share,
And scenes of anguish ne'er shall pain our
sight ;
And where the friends of Jesus all shall meet,
To praise, adore, and worship at his feet.

FINIS.



