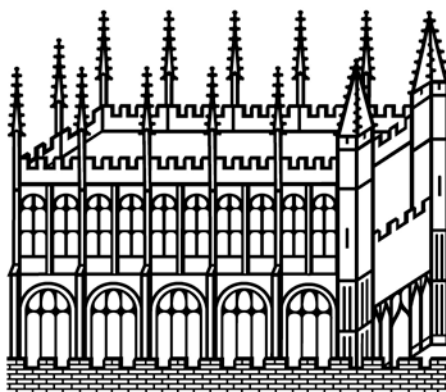




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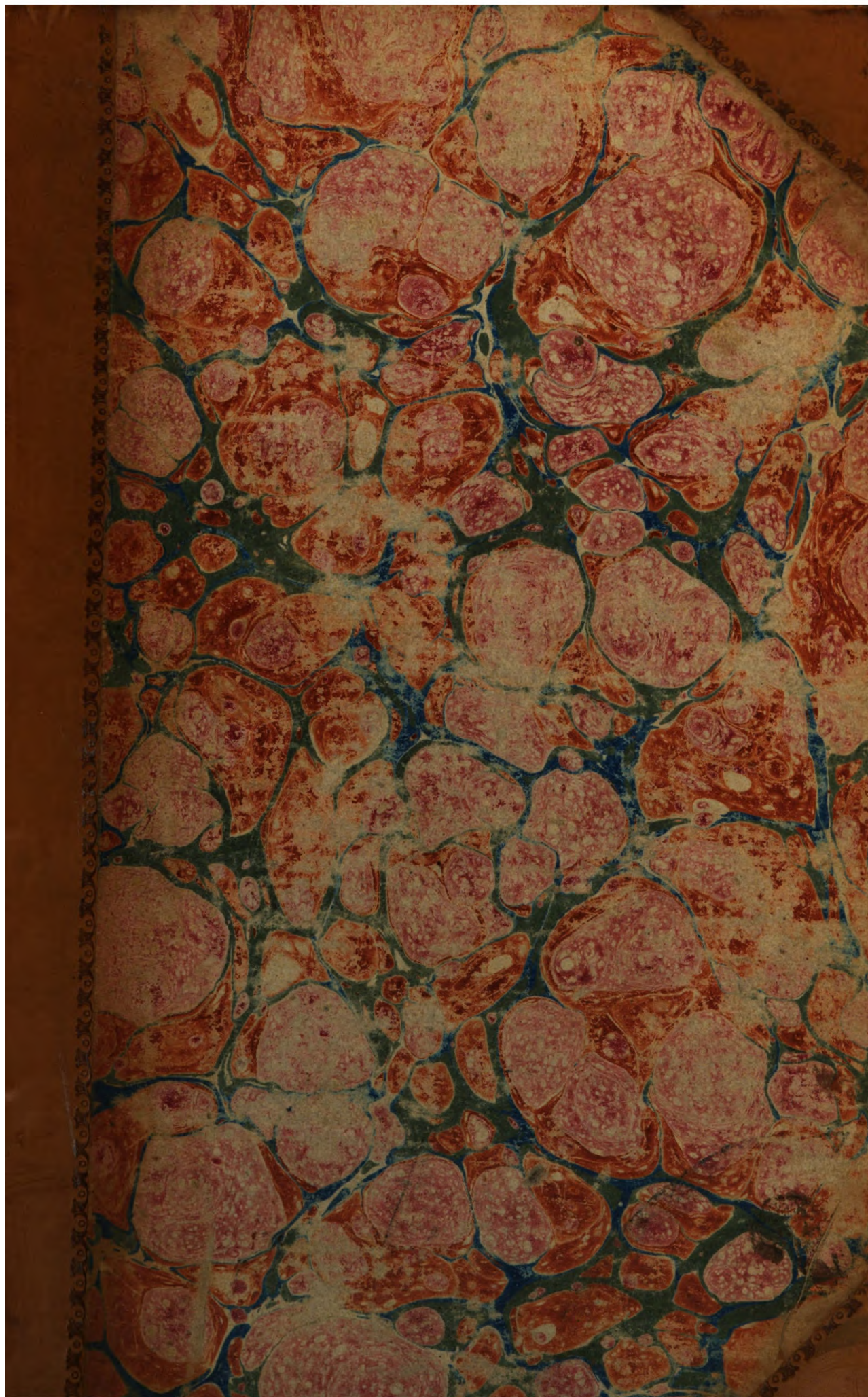
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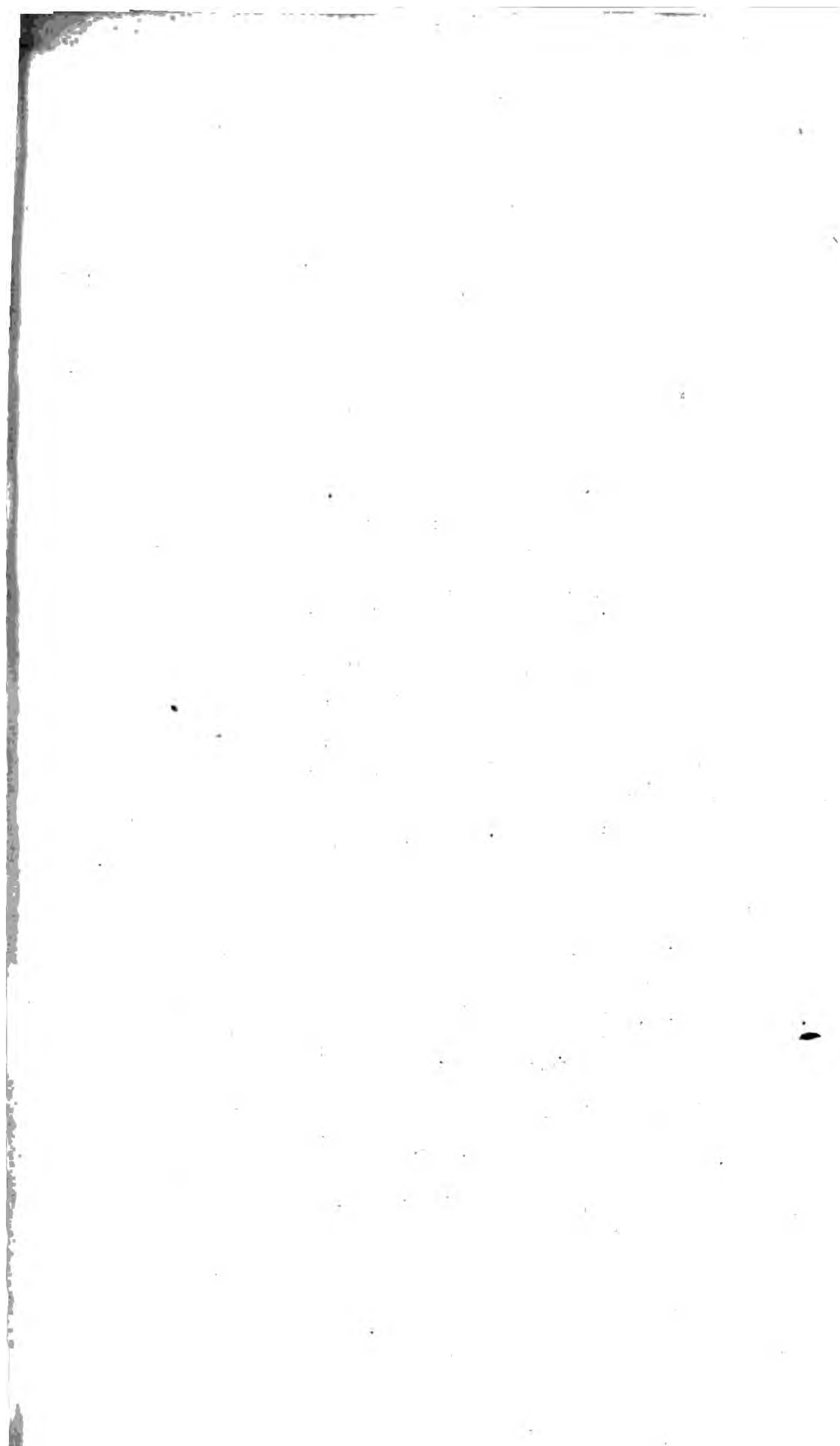
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P O E M S,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE HUGHES.

Vox et præterea — nihil.

LONDON:
THOMAS CADELL.

1822.



London : Printed by John Nichols and Son,
25, Parliament-street.

DEDICATION

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

MADAM,

IN an age abounding with poetical productions, whose loftiness of conception and sweetness of verse win the ready admiration of the world, (while the mischievous opinions they unblushingly inculcate have a direct tendency to demoralize it,) it is a considerate act of condescension in your Ladyship to sanction a collection of "Poems," containing little that deserves your patronage beyond the moral which breathes through them.

The subjects embodied in the several Poems are chiefly such as relate to the consolations

and the hopes of Religion, — the virtues that should distinguish domestic life, — the moral charms that most adorn and beautify the gentler sex. Aware of the superior efficacy of example over precept, I cannot conceal the gratification I feel in being honoured with the patronage of one whose life is a practical comment upon every duty taught, and every grace recommended, in the following pages.

If truth wear the appearance of flattery, and this Dedication the character of panegyric, “the fault,” to adopt the language of a modern writer, “lies in the original, and not in the portrait.”

Grateful for your Ladyship’s kindness to me on this and many former occasions,

I remain,

Madam,

Your Ladyship’s faithful

and obliged servant,

GEORGE HUGHES.

Walthamstow, May 1, 1822.

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ERRATA.

- Page 22, l. 16, *for* "mother's own," *read* "mothers own."
 45, l. 11, *dele* comma after "erring."
 65, l. 1, *dele* t in "hast."
 75, l. 10, *for* "awhile," *read* erewhile."
 138, l. 10, *for* semicolon after "wear," put a comma.
 151, l. 1, *for* "How," *read* "Now."
 154, l. 1, *place* comma after "noon," *instead of* after "night."

—

—

THE
FAITH OF THE ELDERS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed.—The promise of a Redeemer.—Hopes held out to Faith.—
The Deluge.—Faith and preservation of Noah.—Conduct of Moses.—His
faith under calamity.—Its reward.—The faith of Abraham.—Of Elijah,
and the widow of Zarephath.—Destruction of Baal's Prophets.—Elijah
fed by angels.—Converses with God.—Carried up into Heaven.—Faith of
Naaman.—His cure.—Apostrophe to Faith.—Conclusion.

THE

FAITH OF THE ELDERS.

By faith the Elders obtained a good report. HEB. xi. 2.

TO clothe Instruction, that the maid may wear
A garb as graceful as her form is fair,
That man may gaze, and gazing may be won,
To make the graces he approves his own ;
To lead the soul, by some new impulse driv'n,
To hold communion with its native Heav'n ;
To point where Faith's inquiring eye may scan
The present, past, and future hopes of man ;
Where Hope, sweet foretaste of a world of bliss,
A world whose balms will heal the wounds of this,
Wings the rapt soul to happier realms above,—
Where Charity, whose Gospel-name is love,

With charm more during than on earth she bore,
Survives when Faith and Hope shall be no more,—
Alas ! the steep how fearful ! and the toil
Mocks the weak step that climbs but to recoil ;
Wistful the muse surveys the dazzling height,
And half forgoes her meditated flight.

Not yet had Heav'n deplor'd her creature's birth,
Not yet had shame and sorrow met on earth,
Not wither'd yet the rose of Eden's Spring,
Where every breeze bore blessings on its wing ;
Not yet from earth, the eldest-born of Heav'n
Her loveliest child, had Innocence been driv'n,
When bade the Fiend his poisonous vapours rise
And taint the cherish'd gales of Paradise ;
Unblest was now the life man lov'd before,
And heav'n-born Innocence, alas ! no more ;
Eden, grown lovelier by her charmed breath,
Bloom'd at her birth, and wither'd at her death.

In such dark moment of despair, when all
Man cherish'd, fell with man's unhappy fall,
'Twas thine, All-merciful, to chase the gloom
That, gathering, darken'd man's eternal doom ;
With charmed sight inform the eye of Faith,
And speak of life amid the sleep of death.
Yes ! in that hour when Satan sway'd the earth,
Faith, from the creature's ruins, sprang to birth,

Bade Day shine forth where all around grew Night,
And cheer'd the world with intellectual light.
Tho' dimly seen, her infant eye could trace
The structure rear'd on Revelation's base :
That distant morn, when Bethlehem's Child should bring
A healing balm on his redeeming wing.

Thus fed by Infinite Wisdom, Faith was taught
To paint the days to come with glory fraught,
With future hope to soothe the present pain,
And Eden seem'd awhile to smile again.

But faint and transient are the smiles of Sin ;
There is no source of lasting joy within.
Lo ! dealing death and ruin as they sweep,
Come rushing o'er the fountains of the deep,
Thron'd on the flood, destroying Angels ride,
Pour forth the waste of waters far and wide,
In one vast deluge whelm a world of sin,
And leave no vestige of what man has been.
Erewhile from darkness grew a world to light,
That world 's no more—and all again is night.
Oh ! child of disobedience—once how lov'd !
Form'd at a breath, and at a breath remov'd.
Not more stupendous evidence of Might,
When wak'd to being at the birth of light,
Than now from earth by wasting waters driv'n,
A viewless monument of the wrath of Heav'n !

But tho' control-less be the sweep of death,
There is a refuge for the sons of Faith.
Sprung to some unseen arm, and dim descried,
Firm o'er the world of waters taught to ride,
The Ark of Safety, shadowing hopes to come,
Rears for the faithful few a Heaven-sent home —
The boon that Mercy gives and Faith has won,
The promis'd boon for Lamech's righteous son.
This be thy refuge, Patriarch — this thy rest
Unharm'd around thee those thou lov'st the best!
Here, as thy kindred cling to thy embrace,
The scanty remnant of a guilty race,
Here sav'd of Heav'n — be here thy resting place !

}

And shall Creation's hymning voice be mute?
Has God forgot his favourite attribute?
No! on her homeward wing behold the Dove
Bears the glad token of returning love!
Nature wakes smiling — the wide waters fast
Subside — the day of wrath is overpast —
Yet lovelier blooms the renovated Earth,
And springs Creation to its second birth!

Whence, but by Faith in his Jehovah's love,
In ardent hope of recompence above,
Was Moses won, Egyptian joys to flee,
Her treasur'd wealth, and lap of luxury?

Bright tho' the charms his distant Canaan wore,
Trouble, and toil, and woes unfelt before,
Throng'd the rude pathway to the promis'd plain,
And thought of Egypt woo'd him home again !—
Clings his sad heart awhile to days long fled,
When Angels hover'd o'er his rushy bed,
Bade Egypt's daughter heed his feeble moan,
And, childless, claim the infant for her own.
But storms may sway the land, and sweep the main,
Danger and death may threat the murmuring train,
Faith whispers hope, where Terror speaks despair,
Lo! wakeful Heav'n lists her leader's pray'r !
Seem guardian seraphs sent the storm to ride,
And point the pathway where the waves divide !
Borne on the cloudy pillar, that by night
Wears for his guidance brighter robes of light,
Elim for him with palms adorns her waste,
And bitter Marah sweetens to his taste !
Falls heavenly food at the command of God,
And Horeb streams to the miraculous rod !
What tho' from Pisgah's height his eye can trace
Those beauteous plains denied to his embrace ;
Tho' fruitful Canaan beam her sweetest smile,
And wear a charm that woos but to beguile ;
Tho' life be fleeting, and his eye grow dim,
There is reserv'd a brighter land for him,

A lovelier Canaan than has bloom'd on earth,
Where bliss, the meed of Faith, springs to eternal birth.

Exult, Thou Founder of a race divine !

Joy o'er his birth — a gifted child is thine —
Blest in the promis'd boon thy God has giv'n !
Solace of earth, and recompence of Heav'n !
Staff of thine age, whose mightiest Seed shall bring
Pardon, and peace, and healing on his wing !
Exult, glad Abraham ! hail the new-found joy !
Unnumber'd blessings circle round thy boy !
Through him shall ages yet unborn be blest —
The appointed path to everlasting rest.
His be the welcome task, thy life's last stay,
To soothe the sorrows of thy winter's day,
Chase the rude storms it were not thine to brave,
And bear thee, blest and honour'd, to thy grave.

These are the joys thy later life shall cheer, —
But hark ! what dire commandment meets thine ear ?
Heard ye not, loud and awful as it rode
On yon dark cloud, the appalling voice of God ?
Yes — 'tis the mandate of mysterious Heav'n !
" Shall he thus early fall, the latest giv'n ?
" Where now the blessings of a race divine,
" The joy, the hope, but yesterday were mine ?
" Where the long train of glories ? lifeless all
" With him they flourish'd, and with him they fall."

Oh! from a child so blest, so lov'd, to part,
Were worse than torment to the father's heart.
But God commands — to man it is but giv'n
To curb the rebel thought, and meet the will of Heav'n.

Where many a mount is seen to soar on high,
And lift its steep in rival majesty;
Where Moriah's loftier summit threatens the skies,
The Patriarch has prepar'd his sacrifice.
Nature has hush'd her music, as to share
The grief that rends the parent's bosom there!
And there are tears of sadness in the wild —
A father's tears — the victim is his child!
But though the falling tear, and fond farewell,
And lingering gaze, the father's feelings tell,
Not captive to his weakness is he won,
His faith to sacrifice, and spare his son, —
No! 'tis decreed — and God must be obeyed; —
Stretch'd on the wood the fated youth is laid;
Now in his trembling hand is rais'd the knife,
To drink that blood more dear to him than life.
A moment more! the aged parent's pride,
His joy, his hope, lies bleeding at his side.
But, ah! rejoice! an Angel stays his hand,
An Angel's voice brings welcomer command!
Bursts the devoted boy the grasp of death,
And blessings grow upon the Patriarch's faith.

Thus Faith her fruits matur'd in later day ;
As Mercy fell, thus Mystery track'd its way ;
Thus late bestow'd, to soothe life's coming night,
New blessings cheer'd the childless Shunamite ;
Thus doom'd her child to perish, thus restor'd,
Thus living, lost, reanimate at a word.

What time remorseless Ahab sway'd the land,
And Famine rose at the divine command.
(For Retribution rides the wings of Time,
And Suffering follows on its parent Crime,)
Hope sprang from Faith, and Mercy from on high
Beam'd radiant forth the meed of Piety.
Its needed succours bless'd the prayer of grief,
Firm was its faith and promis'd its relief—
Not then his own Elijah God forsook,
Speeds the warm prayer,—and lo ! at Cherith's brook,
At earliest morn is heard the raven's wing,
And evening shades their welcome succour bring ;
Rapacious Nature learns, less savage grown,
To hush his wants and half forget her own.
Nor less revealed the aid and arm of God,
(Israel yet bending to the Chastener's rod)
When healing woes too soon herself might feel,
Sarepta's daughter from her hoarded meal,
By faith impell'd the famish'd Prophet fed,
The scanty pittance of her daily bread ;

Burns her warm heart his daily wants to still,
But cope her pow'rs unequal with her will ;
The failing oil, alas ! and wasting meal,
Have left thee, widow, but the heart to heal,
Yet not, tho' fix'd on her's in anguish wild,
The asking eye of her expiring child,
Not hovering famine, stay the liberal hand —
And lo ! miraculous, at the high command,
Forbid to fail, the multiplying food
Daily supports and daily seems renew'd
Re-gathering all it gives—till pitying Heav'n
Pours plenty forth, and Israel is forgiv'n.

Repine not, widow ! tho' there yet be stor'd
New trial of thy faith—a new reward,
Unhop'd deliverance shall be thine—and he
The grateful Tishbite, heeds thy misery.
Not unrequited is the aid ye gave,
In those dark days when Famine fed the grave ,
The love not unremember'd that supplied
Wants to thine own so fearfully allied—
Tho' the full tear be gathering to thine eye,
Thou hast a friend shall bid thy sorrows fly,
The mother's heart may fail thee—yet believe !
Trust in Almighty aid—thy child shall live—
The Prophet's prayer is heard—the unseen Pow'r
That gave relief in Famine's darkest hour

Now bids Elijah, tho' the life be gone,
Bring hope to thee, and healing to thy son.

Trembling she owns the supernatural care
And speeds the homage of her faith in prayer.

Still bless'd the sons of Faith descending aid,
Still angels listen'd as Elijah pray'd.
When the fierce fires invok'd devouring fell,
Revealing the true God to Israel.
Not Baal thus vouchsaf'd a listening ear,
No boon responded to the Idolater.
No falling flames the idol's altars fed ;
No God reveal'd, when number'd with the dead,
At Kishon's brook, by stern Elijah slain,
Clos'd the unhallow'd seers their falsehood's reign.
Unharm'd Elijah then, tho' hate oppress'd,
And faith awhile grew feeble in his breast,
To the lone wild by vengeful Ahab driv'n,
Fast tracks his step pursuing love from Heav'n.—
Rude though the pillow where to rest his head,
The branch his covering, and the root his bed,
Yet dreams of safety bless his brief repose,
Celestial succours healing earthly woes.
Wak'd to his dream's reality, a voice
Wins on his ear, and bids his heart rejoice !
There is a ministering Angel at his side, —
His faith recruited, and his wants supplied,

Girt with imparted strength, that he may brave
The toilsome journey to the mountain cave ;
There, as old Horeb's top the strong winds rend,
Earth quakes beneath him, and the flames descend,
Though, mid the fearful storm, his heart be bold,
Well may he shrink within his mantle's fold ;
Well may his heart be faint, his spirit bow'd —
As meets his list'ning ear, the "still small voice" of God!

Wherefore this high communion? what forebode
These awful tokens of the present God?
Say, is it more to fortify his faith,
To arm his courage for approaching death?
No! 'tis to whisper rapture to his soul —
Nor death shall grasp him, nor the grave control!
Throned on the whirlwind, heav'n-ward is he borne —
Borne from life's troubles, never to return.
But, though his life's probation be no more,
Still dwell below his spirit and his pow'r.
To the descending mantle as he clings,
Elisha hails the heav'nly hopes it brings,
Feeds on th' inspiring faith, now sprung to birth,
And walks a new Elijah on the earth!

Could honours make thee happy, or the fame
Admiring thousands couple with thy name,
The valorous deeds thine own brave arm has wrought,
The frequent field for Syria's glory fought,

The lofty station, and the circling bays,
Thy master's favour, or the people's praise ;
Thy lot, proud Naaman, wert richly blest,
A morn of glory, and a noon of rest !
But not the honours heap'd upon thy brow,
Not the high fame that conquest can bestow,
Not kingly patronage, nor Syria's wealth,
Can, all combin'd, atone thy wasted health.
Thine is a suffering life, ill-fated Chief !
A life that dares not, must not, hope relief !
No potent charm can Syria's clime impart
To soothe the sorrows settled at thy heart !
No balm is borne for thee on Hermon's gale ;
No stream flows healing through Damascus' vale ;
No rest awaits thy sufferings but the grave ;
No friend to cheer thee, and no hand to save !
Hush ! heard ye not the hope that voice convey'd,
The whisper'd pray'r of Israel's captive maid,
(Israel, the shelter'd under Heaven's own wing,
God for her Lord, her Refuge, and her King,)
Speed, Naaman, speed ! where points the captive's pray'r,
Unhop'd deliverance waits thee, leper ! there :
What though thine own Abana roll more deep,
And Pharpar's waters more majestic sweep,
There winds a stream whose proud-commission'd wave
Shall cling to cleanse, to heal thee, and to save !

Speed where Samaria's founts miraculous play :
Speed, Chieftain, speed ! Faith calls thee — haste away !

'Tis done — he bends believing o'er the stream, —
Cleans'd at each plunge, as from a doubtful dream
He wakes, and wond'ring as he wins the shore
Springs to new life, a leper now no more !—
But oh ! more blest deliverance !—o'er his soul
Proud Jordan bids her saving waters roll,
While heal'd alike of sin and suffering's load,
The Syrian convert kneels to Israel's God !

Fram'd is the eagle's eye alone to gaze,
And drink, undazzled, the meridian blaze
Of yon bright Ruler of the Day, whose light
Mocks, as it meets, the fainter orbs of sight :
So Faith's more perfect vision may descry
Those brighter days that glow beyond the sky !
So form'd its full and intellectual sight
To bear the blaze of everlasting light !
Toss'd on the surface of the angry wave,
The plaything of the storm he's doom'd to brave ;
Where one unvaried blank salutes his eye —
Ocean around — above a cheerless sky !
Wearied and worn, the mariner awhile
Broods o'er his fate, and rests him from his toil.
But when, on sudden, flash before his eye
The wish'd-for haven, and the toil gone by,

His native country and deserted home,
And the long train of welcome joys to come —
The imag'd blessings nerve his arm—the storm
Wears to his bolder eye less hideous form ;
In future hope subsides the present pain,
And his heart beats to cheerfulness again.
So Faith, by cares of stormy life opprest,
Points to the haven where its woes shall rest ;
Forgets the present toil in bliss to come,
And hails, beyond the storm, its everlasting home !

Fain would my song prolong its note, and tell
By faith who triumph'd, and in faith who fell ;
Of martyr-hosts, to whom alike were giv'n
A life of trial and the hope of Heav'n,
To what good fruit faith's kindling influence led,
What woes it solac'd, and what hopes it led,
But in unmeet accordance ever flow
A theme so lofty and a strain so low.

“ Of Man's first disobedience,” when of old,
And “ loss of Eden” gifted numbers told,
The Bard, as conscious of a theme inspir'd,
Seem'd with a keener thirst of glory fir'd !
The magic harp responded to its Lord !
Harmonious music liv'd on ev'ry chord !

The seraph-host, in rapt attention hung,
Hush'd its own melodies as Milton sung,
And gave to silence all its harpings, won
By the sweet strain that spoke of what itself had done.

Oh! that such light were now vouchsaf'd to men!
But one faint beam of what was splendor then,
Less lab'ring thoughts, and purer numbers giv'n,
And heav'nly aid to him that sang of Heav'n!
Proud in its course the equal verse would flow,
Verse that before had never learned to glow;
And more than earthly minstrelsy again
Win seraph hosts to listen to its strain!

But, when his course of light and heat is run
And veil'd the splendor of the noon day Sun,
Fair Cynthia's beam, lest darkness rule the night,
Pours o'er the world her broad tho' fainter light —
Herself withdrawn, around the pilgrim's head
Their feeble light the lesser glories shed.
And when perchance grows darkness fast around,
And danger rides on every coming sound,
Cheer'd by the welcome aid the glow-worm gives,
The heart beats lighter, and to hope revives.

Thus (if so bold a flight may be forgiv'n,
And things of Earth compare with those of Heav'n,)
When heard no more, the loftier child of song
Pours his full tide of melody along,

18 THE FAITH OF THE ELDERS.

Their votive lays less gifted bards may bring,
Tho' lowlier numbers clothe their offering,
Shed from their borrow'd lamp a guiding light,
And dissipate the gloom of Error's night !

THE
YOUNG DEMONIAK.

THE
YOUNG DEMONIAC.

WHAT mean those looks of wild despair
That eye in its wildness flings?
Speaks not the grief those features wear
Bitterest inward sufferings?
Is it that Sickness' cankering worm
Feeds on that weak emaciate form,
Lending to Life's sufficient woes
Grief that would gladly hail its close?
Is it that Death, by pray'r unmov'd,
From her bosom has torn the child she lov'd?
The Destroying Angel, in merciless mood,
Made of her life a solitude?
No! lighter a load to her heart, I ween,
Had life with its custom'd infirmities been,
And welcomer far the stroke that gave
Her dearly-lov'd child to an early grave!

There broods dark suffering on that brow
No human hand can heal,
There riots at that heart such woe
As few are doom'd to feel!
Art thou a mother? thou hast smil'd,
Mid suffering on thy new born child.
Thou well hast lov'd in fond embrace
Her dawning energies to trace,
The ray of bright intelligence,
The mother's happiest recompense;
Her morn fast ripening into day,
Her varying mood from grave to gay;
The promise of her cultur'd spring
To virtuous summer blossoming;
And thousand other joys, that none
But fond and feeling mother's own!
If such have been thy happy lot,
Life's pleasures ne'er to be forgot,
Too well thy mother's heart will feel
The grief those wretched looks reveal.
A mother—but forbid to share
The joys maternal bosoms wear—
No young endearments greet her gaze
No answering smile of fondness plays
Around the features of her child,
But all unnatural and wild,

The phrenzied laugh and maniac stare,
That meets the anguish'd parent there !
No hope is hers—the days to come
Bear on their wing a happier doom !
Alas ! maturing days but bring
Their weightier load of suffering !
Untaught a healing to supply
For such unearthly malady,
To dispossess the fiends that rack
The frame of her young Demoniac.—
Perchance, that as her darken'd soul
Own'd not a sovereign God's controul,
Such suffering in her child was sent,
Her own awakening punishment.

To finite man it is not giv'n

To fathom Infinite !

To thread the mysterious maze of Heav'n,

Nor drink celestial light !

'Time rolls his many years away :

O'er the young heart alternate sway
Hold Joy and Sorrow : but the grief
Of youth soon seeks and meets relief.
Save where a prey to mental pain,
Life wears a ceaseless galling chain,
And its dreary day of bitterest sorrow
Knows no alternate joy to-morrow.

Scarce yet a momentary smile,
Preluding calmer thoughts awhile,
Had chas'd the Gentile mother's tear,
When sudden wins her hearkening ear
(For Anguish wildly lists the tale
That 's borne on every passing gale)
Strange rumour, that in Judah's land
Had sprung a Seer, whose mighty hand,
From some unearthly fount supplied,
Had dealt deliverance far and wide ;
Whose wond'rous fame the loosen'd tongue
In loud adoring praise had sung ;
Whose magic voice, the deaf to cheer,
Had healing met his quicken'd ear :
That blind, recover'd to their sight,
In rapturous awe had hail'd the light ;
And e'en the vanquish'd grave restor'd
Her prisoner at his mighty word.

She hears the tale, and loves to hear
Alternate doubt, and hope, and fear,
Reign in the mother's breast ;
But doubt and fear subsiding fast,
The new born hope is seen at last
Its sole and cherish'd guest.

Where now the desolate grief, that late
Thron'd on that care-worn forehead sate ?

Where now the dimm'd and sunken eye?
And where the deep and frequent sigh
And cheek of paleness, wont to tell
Of sorrows deem'd incurable?
That grief has fled its wonted throne;
That look of wild despair is gone;
That heart has still'd its throb of woe;
That tear of anguish ceas'd to flow.
E'en now her fancy hears the voice
That bids her suffering child rejoice!
Hope daily its new healing brings,—
To hope tenaciously she clings.
Unwonted musings haunt her breast;
Unwonted dreams disturb her rest:
Seems daily the relief more near,
Daily her Sufferer grows more dear.

“ Oh ! thou my lov'd and dearest child,
“ What tho' a changeless scene of wild
“ And clouded aspect the young morn
“ Of thy mysterious life has worn,—
“ Tho' all unwont mine eye to meet
“ The smile to mother's eye so sweet,—
“ Tho', 'mid the mind's convulsion nurs'd,
“ By some indwelling spirit curs'd,—
“ Tho' all without thee dark has been,
“ And worse than darkness all within,—

“ Oh ! deem not, dearest, less I ’ve lov’d,
“ A mother’s fondness less have prov’d!
“ Tho’ helpless, heartless ! still thou ’rt mine ;
“ Thy torments have but serv’d to twine
“ Thee more around my heart, and make
“ Thee dearer for that torment’s sake.
“ And oh ! if Fame may be believ’d,
“ Nor this too credulous heart deceiv’d,
“ If Hope’s young bud to blossom shoot
“ And blossom ripen into fruit,
“ There is sprung up a fount shall heal
“ What woes afflicted man may feel ;
“ There comes a Friend to hush thy woes,
“ And bring thy troubled breast repose ;
“ From his strong hold the fiend remove .
“ To speak thee joy and save thee, love ;
“ And lend thy life’s meridian peace
“ That but with life itself shall cease.”

Daughter of Canaan ! this the seed,
Of Faith to fruitage sprung, shall lead
To joys thy daughter most can need.
That Faith with ripening time matur’d,
Bliss waits thy sufferings well endur’d, —
A bliss that, bosom’d in the skies,
Not Faith’s young vision yet descries.

Hark ! on the Tyrian border swells
A shout, prolong'd and deep, that tells
 Unusual scenes are there !
New hopes the trembling mother feed ;
With ardent eye, and lightning speed
 She hastes to urge her pray'r.
Glad Gentile ! lift thy voice—'tis He !
In lowliest homage bend the knee !
Miraculous healing tracks his way—
The impulse of thy faith obey !
There lives suspended on that breath
Deliverance from more than death—
 The slavery of the soul !
Before the lightning of that eye
Forth shall the vanquished dæmon fly,
 Confessing his control !
Beneath some stranger roof awhile,
A momentary rest from toil
And curious eye, the Saviour fain
Would meet, but asks the boon in vain ;
Not his the common bliss, to know
Recruiting rest from care and woe !
The day not yet in darkness set,
The few and faithful scarce are met, —
There is a strife of tongues within,
As though unbidden guests would win

Their eager way to Him, whose hand
Has pour'd such mercies o'er the land :
'Tis she ! the Gentile Mother, — wild,
And worn, and weeping for her child ;
Now frantic with the hop'd success,
Now trembling for its hopelessness !
Half cheer'd by that mild beaming eye,
Half aw'd before its majesty —
But all resolv'd to dare the deed,
Her cause with all her soul to plead.

To fall in prostrate worship there,
To clasp his feet, and urge her prayer ;
To search those placid features o'er,
What omen of success they wore ;
If haply she might there divine
Her hope's fulfilment or decline ;
To grow in faith, as in his glance
Her fancy reads deliverance !
This but a moment's work has been —
But, sufferer, there must intervene
Faith's fearful trial, ere thy breast
With hope of recompense be blest.

And, child of Darkness, dost not fear
To meet the awful Presence here ?
Thine heart has never learn'd to rise
To Israel's God in sacrifice ;

Nor on thine altars incense burn'd,
Nor faith impell'd, in pray'r been turn'd
To Israel's God thine ardent eye
The homage of thy piety.
Far darker deeds thy days have known,
Far other thoughts and feelings own
The children of Idolatry!
To gods of earth they bend the knee,
The imag'd idols of their heart
Creation of the creatures' art!—
Presumptuous! bid thy sorrows sleep—
No hope is thine—to Israel's sheep
Is Israel's Shepherd sent,—of old
His favorite, tho' his erring fold.
Ah! not for thee, denied of God,
Are borne that shepherd's staff and rod—
Unblest thy birth, thy life, thy grave,
No voice to cheer, nor hand to save,
Oh! haste thee, Gentile, to thine home,
Betake thee where thy daughter's doom
Asks all the succours thou canst lend,
Her best, and ah! her only friend!
And has she heard, and trembles not?
Still dares she hope her weary lot
May wake to joy? the heathen's grief
From Israel's Shepherd meet relief?

Yes! chilling tho' the truths that flow
Responsive to her plaint of woe,
Tho' taught the Gentile flock may hold
No fellowship with Israel's fold,
Still hope is hers, that not in vain
Her pleadings may be urg'd again.

“ And is it deem'd a crime in me.”—

'Tis thus she muses fervently—

“ That, born a stranger to his love,

“ The day-spring darting from above

“ Beam'd not for me its saving light,

“ As for the favorite Israelite?

“ I murmur not, if such be will'd,

“ The child of promise first be fill'd ;

“ For him the banquet first be spread,

“ And He the first to mercy led ;

“ But shall the heathen world despair

“ The fragments of the feast to share?

“ There grows conviction in my breast,

“ That not alone for Israel's rest

“ Comes forth this great Deliverer :

“ That, in whatever form prefer

“ The laden sons of earth their pray'r,

“ They will not be unpitied here,

“ Be but their faith and hope the same,

“ His saving mercies all may claim ;

“ Alike his woe’s deliverance seek,
“ Or chosen Jew, or alien Greek.”

Such holy thoughts her breast that feed,
Fast ripen into holy deed ;
’Tis past ! her faith is now matur’d,
Its trial o’er—and well endur’d—
And, as He bids his convert rise,
The cloud that veil’d his mercy flies,
The approving Saviour’s glances greet
The mother trembling at his feet—
Seems darting from its home her eye,
Her bursting heart is beating high—
And oh ! that shrill and deafening cry
And, born of bliss, the gushing tear,
As melts the music on her ear—

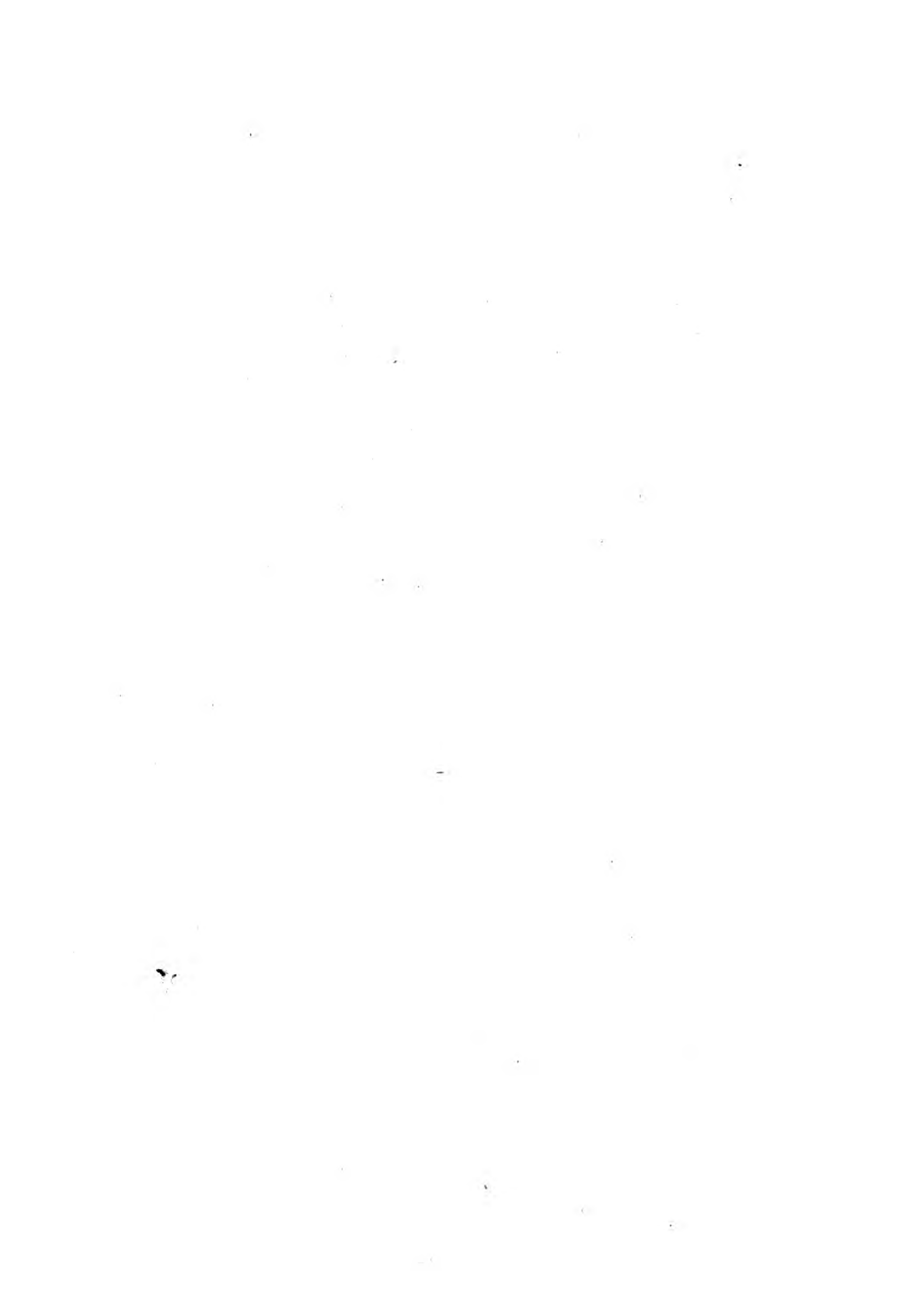
“ *Thy daughter’s torments are at rest.*”

But who can paint a scene so blest ?
The mother’s heart will paint it best ;
The mother’s heart will feel it most,
If e’er the child she deem’d was lost,
In some glad moment, freed from pain,
Has sprung to her embrace again !

But more than common joys are there,
By more than common woes preceded ;
And faith to meet them shap’d her pray’r,
For more than mortal aid was needed.

On that rewarded faith await
Her country's as her daughter's fate.
Her hopes confirm'd, the Gentile race
Now glories in its God's embrace ;
To Him, with Israel's children led,
Whose mercy is illimited.
And oh ! be Israel's rebel son
With the believing Gentile won,
 To plead for pardon from on high
Folded beneath his healing wing
Their Shiloh, Shepherd, Saviour, King,
 One universal Family.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.

PRAYER.

IS thine heart by the world and its sorrows opprest,
And despair in dark character stamp'd on thy brow ?
Has the future no hope for thy suffering breast,
On thy dreary and dark way no light to bestow ?

Oh ! Pray'r is the balm that will soothe every sorrow,
And hurl from his hold the dark dæmon Despair !
It will cheer to-day's griefs with the hopes of to-morrow,
And a lovelier form bid the wilderness wear.

Faithless is he, the dear friend once so cherish'd,
The bosom wherein all thine own had confided?
What tho' the young hopes of Life's morning have perish'd,
And its promising beams into darkness subsided.

Yet, mourner, forsaken and friendless, in prayer
Bodied forth, let thy sorrows to Heav'n ascend;
Thou shalt find an unspeakable recompence there,
And a good and unchangeable God for thy friend.

In some moment when life seems to wear a sweet smile,
Bringing freshness and peace and content to the heart,
And earth's dearest intercourse gives for awhile
Enjoyment wherewith it were torment to part.

If suddenly death shed its dread desolation,
And steal from your joys some lov'd partner away,
When all that was rapture is now tribulation,
The heart and its newly-born freshness decay.

Yes! even in this, the dark day of your grief,
Is the promise to Pray'r of a Comforter giv'n,
Speaking peace to the soul, and imparting relief
In the whisper'd assurance—"He's happy in Heav'n."

But, alas! tho' the voice of the sufferer win
An ear to its pray'r, and a balm for its woes,
Ah! where is the answering balm for sin,
For the toil of the heavily-laden repose?

Hark! penitent, hark! 'tis Emmanuel's voice,
"Come to me, and your sorrows and sins shall have rest;"
Lift aloft thy humility's pray'r, and rejoice!
It shall turn to thy bosom and thou shalt be blest.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

If the voice of Faith to the ear of Heav'n
May ardently win its way,
And a boon to its suppliant pray'r be giv'n
To cheer thy declining day—

Oh ! fervently ask of all-merciful God
The gift of a daughter's love !
It will gladden thy journey, and half the load
Of anguish'd life remove.

What tho' for the wife of thy bosom, glow
At thine heart a perpetual fire !
Yet Passion has taught the flame to grow,
And love is alloy'd by desire.

The father will love and be proud of his boy,
To the heir of his house will cling ;
But ambition too oft is the source of his joy,
And the stream is impure at its spring.

But pure, and more nearly allied to the feeling
That animates angels above,
Is the fondness that all her young heart revealing,
Breathes in a daughter's love.

In pain or in pleasure, in hope or in fear,
Her heart to thine own will grow ;
An answering smile for thy mirth, and a tear
And relief for thy every woe !

Remember ye not, how the Roman maid
Bade the healing succours flow,
From the fount of her own pure breast allayed
A perishing Father's woe !

Oh ! then, as to stay the old man from his grave
The feeling fair one strove,
Did not the nourishing draught she gave
Spring from a daughter's love ?

Mark ye not where, on her homeward wing,
 Borne thro' Siberia's wild,
Hastes the rich fruits of her toil to bring,
 The wearied and way-worn child?

And see, the rapturous Exiles come,
 Their affectionate hearts to prove,
And welcome the Liberty, Life, and Home,
 Won by a daughter's love.

As around the old ruin the woodbine plays,
 And its delicate covering flings,
So twines her fond arm, and, as life decays,
 More tenderly still she clings !

Thus, as Earth's dreary pilgrimage draws to its close,
 Her bosom still pillows thy head ;
And when call'd by thy God to his blessed repose,
 Thy daughter's love hallows thee dead !

ON FRIENDSHIP.

If a joy there be most priz'd on earth,
A joy that knows not an ephemeral birth ;
If considerate Heav'n a boon hath sent,
And to Life a sacred stimulus lent ;
If the waters of Time to Eternity flow,
And its stream with perpetual sunshine glow,
And silently lead to our happier Home
Through the Life we breathe to the Life to come ; —
Oh ! Friendship 's the joy, the boon we prize,
The stream on whose bed all our happiness lies, —
The twin-born sister of Love, revealing
A chaster joy and a holier feeling,
Breathing around a purer fire,
All the ardours of Love, but without its desire !
Are there not gentle hearts can tell
The charms of a guest they love so well !

As it soothes their cares and allays their strife,
And smoothes the precipitous path of life ;
As it changes to Eden this wilderness scene,
And strengthens the heavenly bond between
Two hearts, by a similar impulse driv'n
To raise their united hopes to Heav'n !
A feeling each following age outliving,
Tho' it sleep with the dead, in the child reviving, —
That, gathering bliss as it onward steals,
Communicates all the joy it feels ;
Yes ! it doubles our joys, and divides our cares,
Our rejoicing alike as our misery shares, —
It heightens each blessing of Being giv'n,
And binds us to Earth, yet prepares us for Heav'n.
'Tis an Angel come down from his brighter abode
To bind man to his brother, and both to God ;
Unceasingly speeding the rapturous prayer
Immortality's joys that each may share, —
That the moment detaching their souls from earth,
The close of their time, be Eternity's birth.
Oh ! Friendship 's the joy, the boon we prize,
The stream on whose bed all our happiness lies ;
It sweetens the heart and the hopes of man,
And Futurity crowns what Life began.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

There have been seasons, when the thought
Of days, with shame or glory fraught, —
That future, when our life shall be
Reviv'd to all eternity,
Where joys beyond belief shall spring
To everlasting blossoming, —
Or Sorrow claim, at its new birth,
A darker heritage than earth,
With all its nameless troubles, gave; —
There have been seasons, when the grave
Has bounded not the thoughts that stole,
Resistless, o'er my captive soul! —
Oh! then the past career of time,
Its days (if haply not of crime
Or error of too dark a dye
To hope a blest eternity!)

At least of duty unfulfill'd,
Of many a deed forbidden will'd,
Doom'd, by a guardian God, to die
Ere reaching its maturity!—
The past, of such sad feelings rife,
An all unprofitable life,
Has rush'd unbidden on my view, —
Its errors and its sorrows too. —
And well nigh prey to dark despair,
In strong and supplicating prayer
The soul, by conscious feeling driv'n,
Would waft its sacrifice to Heav'n,
And ask, in pity, not for worth,
Forgiveness to the sins of earth;
And, sighing o'er deserv'd distress,
Weep bitterly its worthlessness.

But haply, won by some new feeling
To search where God, his love revealing,
Proclaims the world in Jesus blest,
And calls the laden soul to rest;
Pours o'er the world Salvation's stream,
And bids man from Despair's dark dream
Awake, and to the fountain fly
That flows to far futurity, —
And, with Samaria's convert daughter,
Drink of the stream of living water,

The healing fount for sin and pain,
And, drinking, never thirst again!—
Oh! these are tidings breathing peace,
And bidding every sorrow cease,
And winning man, of every age
And clime, to read Redemption's page, —
And tread the path, of old where trod,
Clad in humanity, his God,
And love the toil to which is giv'n
The promise of repose in Heav'n! —
Or erring, hence (as all must err,
For Frailty, in dark character,
On every human brow is grav'n),
Through Christ to hope the promis'd haven,
And, all refresh'd by heavenly aid,
Retrace the pathway whence he stray'd,
And, penitent and humbled, bring
Beneath Redemption's healing wing
His sorrows, shame, and suffering,

STANZAS.

Young Edward's days were happy—for he wore
 A heart that own'd Contentment for its guest,
 And idly deem'd he that of joy no more
 He needed, to make life supremely blest :
 But suddenly there sprang within his breast
 A joy more rapturous than had yet been giv'n —
 He wooed, and won Matilda, and confess'd
 That Earth now bore similitude to Heav'n.

He dearly lov'd her, and he eager vow'd
 And inly felt, a firm fidelity ;
 Before the Viewless Presence as they bow'd
 There breath'd around unmix'd felicity !
 Seem'd every cloud with conscious speed to fly
 As fearful in its passing course to shade
 The Heaven, whose features, in bright harmony,
 Smil'd on the hearts that blissful morn had made.

Dear grew his home to him—and o'er his brow
Play'd the bright beams of happiness and love !
His was a peace no guilty breast could know,
Peace not the world's unkindness might remove.
One hope was at his heart :—for this he strove,
With all the Christian's soul of energy,
That those on earth he lov'd so well, above
Might share his converse to eternity.

And deem ye not Matilda lov'd ?—less true
The shadow to its substance—to the slave
Less dear his freedom—than the love that grew
And rooted at Matilda's heart, and gave
New being to its chosen Lord—and save
The holier thought that interven'd of Heav'n,
And bliss that waits the good beyond the grave,
All her young heart and hopes to him were giv'n.

Years glide away—and their domestic joy
Has changed its date, but not its high degree !
Theirs is a bliss no common cares alloy,
That, fading when the close of time may be,
Shall shoot again, and bloom eternally !
And when to this succeeds the life to come,
Link'd to its sister heart shall either flee,
From Earth, its resting place, to Heav'n its home.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

He ascends ! and yon bright cloud, his glory revealing,
 Heavenward bears its King !
 But it bears not away the miraculous healing
 He brought on his mighty wing.

What tho' from our earth be the PRESENCE departed,
 The POWER remains below :
 There's virtue from Heaven's pure fount imparted,
 A balm for the sons of woe.

Lo ! where, by generous kindred borne
 To the beautiful Temple's Gate,
 Yon sufferer ceases not to mourn
 The ills of his earthly fate :

Denied, from his being's earliest day,
Freedom from earthly pain,
Life, though around its sunbeams play,
Wears a perpetual chain !

" Alas ! to the helpless lame no more,
" Is the hope of deliv'rance giv'n !
" Jesus, who all our infirmities bore,
" Heeds not our prayers in Heav'n !"

Peace ! murmuring man ! thy prayer is heard,
Thy sufferings heeded still ;
The stream, that miraculous sprang to his word,
Flows healing at his will !

And listen ! as laid at the Beautiful Gate,
The importunate prayer he speeds,
New hopes on the piteous pleader wait,
And rapturous joy succeeds !

" Silver and gold have I none to give,"
The benevolent Peter cries ;
" But, sufferer, all that I have, receive, —
" In the name of Christ, arise !"

SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

Have ye forgotten the love ye bore
To the haunts of your earlier hours,
When your heart an elastic lightness wore,
Shall never again be yours ?

And did ye not bitterest anguish know,
When doom'd from those scenes to fly ?
Flow'd not the eloquent tear of woe ?
Nor heav'd the heart-drawn sigh ?

Oh yes ! and that heart's prophetic sigh
Spoke a fearful change to be ;
And the tear as it fell from that eloquent eye,
Foreboded a fall to thee !

How oft 'mid the wilderness walks of life,
Has thine heart in its fancy rov'd,
Far from th'unnatural scenes of strife
To the home it had earliest lov'd!

And hast thou in later day been won
To revisit the native plain?
And musing on joys that have rapidly flown,
Has not memory pain'd thee then?

In vain as the childhood-scene ye range
Do ye trace a similitude there,
Yet has nothing around you known a change
But the heart and the hopes ye wear.

The world and its follies have blunted that heart,
To pleasures once lov'd so cold,
And to scenes wherewith once it was torture to part,
Is thy satiate heart grown old?

HOME.

I love thee, Home, for all around
Wears cheerfulness with thee !
I love thee, for I've ever found
A welcoming for me !

Tho' borne, perchance, on wandering wing,
To other scenes away,
Where not its wonted welcoming
Has bless'd the dawning day,

Yet thoughts of thy lov'd joys to come,
The tedious day beguile !
Seems doubly dear to me my Home,
And doubly sweet its smile !

And, oh ! if all without be drear,
And friend or fortune fail,
If life unkindly aspect wear,
And adverse blow its gale ;

Oh ! thou canst teach the fount to flow
That charms my cares to rest !
And head and heart forget their woe,
When pillow'd on thy breast.

I love thee, Home, for thou dost wear
Perpetual charm for me !
I love my Home, for centres there
My life's felicity !

WOMAN.

From Heav'n's perennial fountains there flow
Rich streams of enjoyment to cheer us below ;
But, of all the dear blessings vouchsaf'd from above
The dearest is Woman, the daughter of Love!
Tho' fair be her features, yet fairer than these
The charm that incessantly labours to please !
And the beautiful beaming those features impart
Has its light from the lamp that glows pure at her heart ;
The smile will play outwardly sweet on her cheek,
And the glance from her eye in bright eloquence speak,
And the tear will dominion dispute with the smile,
And Woman be lov'd and endearing the while !
For the smile on her cheek and the glance that she flings,
And the tear on her eye, and the grief that it brings,
Are fed from the fountain that inwardly springs.
Yes ! the beauties that blossom on Woman's fair cheek
The richer attractions of virtue bespeak ;

And, with the rose they resemble, their sweetness retain,
Tho' wither their bloom, and their loveliness wane!
'Tis the end of her being! mid the troubles of life
To cheer us in sorrow, and solace in strife!
To chase the deep grief that might lead to despair,
And with loveliest soothing to recompense care!

Then, fairest created! in life's lovely morning
Forget not that inward and mental adorning,
Arraying thy natural grace with a charm
No blight can destroy, and no violence harm!
There are eyes that glance brightly, but falsehood they wear;
There are tongues that speak softly, but poison is there;
There are honied seductions, thine heart all subduing,
They woo thee to love, but they end in thy ruin!
Oh! listen distrustful, when soft on thine ear
Fall strains that sincerity's semblance may wear, —
If a cloud the fair face of thine innocence shades,
The rose of its loveliness momentarily fades!

TO THE MEMORY OF —.

When to thee, my young Muse! in her happier day,
Her first glad offering made,
And the praise she lov'd best was vouchsaf'd to her lay,
And her toils so well repaid.

Pleas'd then, as she told of Emmanuel's praise,
Her numbers with piety fraught,
And endeavour'd the rapturous hymn to raise
Thy fatherly kindness taught!

Ah! little she deem'd the next tribute she gave
Would be to thy memory dear!
So early and bitterly sung at thy grave,
Forbidden to meet thine ear!

But chas'd be my sad and disconsolate tears,
And still'd my throbbing breast !
Why mourn the considerate fate that bears
The soul to its heavenly rest ?

Then, dearly remember'd ! tho' far remov'd
Thy cherishing hand from me, —
Oh ! ever be truly and tenderly lov'd
The lesson that flow'd from thee !

Thus may thy fond and unperishing love
The guide of my life remain,
And, chast'ning, lead to thy home above,
Never to part again !

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Two lovelier plants there never bloom'd on earth !
Alike in feature, and in form the same,
The same bright morn the sisters gave to birth !
Her blushing charms pre-eminent beauty claim
For dark-eyed Margaret — and there plays a flame
On hers, that not on Mary's fair cheek glows :
Far, mid their fellows, spread their beauty's fame,
And they were ever hail'd — the Lily and the Rose !

Oh ! both were beautiful — tho' roseate Health
O'er Margaret's features shed a lovelier grace,
Seem'd Mary's colouring but a blush by stealth ;
Yet, as that moment's blush illumed her face
And her blue eye grew animate apace,
Shone Mary then confest the loveliest maid ;
And, ere the rose-bloom vanish'd, ye might trace
How beauteous she had been in blushing health array'd !

Their love was changeless, for their heart was truth,
And blest the days of childhood as they flew
Unnotic'd by and brighten'd into youth ;
Joy was not joy to Margaret, till there grew
In Mary's breast the joy that Margaret knew ;
Untaught each heart for its own woes to bleed,
Till seem'd its sister heart partaker too —
Then Sorrow's bitter cup was bitterness indeed !

Light are their dreams, and sweet their hour of sleep,
For sweet the love and light the hearts they wear ;
Their nightly rest commission'd Angels keep,
For praise has paid its homage, and, as pray'r
Rose to its God, descended Safety there !
Thoughts of the happy past their dreams employ,
Or hope of bliss the Morrow's wing may bear ;
And Day but brings its glad reality of joy ! —

Their pray'r was common, for their hope the same,
Peace here, hereafter everlasting rest, —
The gift of Mercy merit may not claim ;
Their praise was fervent, for their life was blest,
Of either heart was holiness the guest ;
And, save the dark inheritance of sin,
The canker common to the human breast,
There fed no wasting worm of wickedness within !

Oft they would range the smiling plains together,
Gleaning from Nature all that Nature taught,
And climb the mountain steep, and brave the weather,
Leaping their hearts to pleasure, as they caught
The breeze that play'd around them, till o'er-wrought
Her spirit, and subdued her strength to roam,
Seeking from casual rest a new support
A weary traveller turn'd young Mary to her home !

Thus cradled their young hearts in bliss — but soon
Came darkening o'er the fortunes of the fair
An ill-foreboding change — and on the noon
Of life's brief day fell pleasure — blighting care.
Oft as her searching glances wander where
Grows marble paleness to her sister's brow,
And her flush'd cheeks the flattering hectic wear,
First learn heart-broken Margaret's bitter tears to flow !

Where Hope beams brightest most the bosom bleeds
When Hope's bright-beaming Sun is clouded o'er ;
So to the summer's azure sky succeeds
A storm more dark from days that glow'd before !
Thus bled the warmest heart e'er maiden wore,
Thus clouded life's bright morn, and as declin'd
Her best belov'd yet daily more and more
Fled Hope's young fairy visions mingling with the wind.

The lamp burns dimly — and the fatal truth
Of wasting life grows hourly more defin'd ;
Worn is the strength and spirit of her youth —
Her frame enfeebled and her soul resign'd ;
All, save the deathless energy of mind,
Fast fails, and Fate has mark'd her for his own !
Sweet are the charities of earth that bind
The soul to love of life — but ah ! that life has flown !

Thus withering the pale Lily droops — and faded
All that was loveliest in the Rose's bloom !
The sun of her young life for ever shaded !
Her best hopes sepulchred in that cold tomb,
Where cypress lends expression to the gloom,
Shading the marble as it darkly grows ! —
All share her sorrows who survive the doom
That gave to blighted love — the Lily and the Rose !

MUSIC.

Strike, Lady! strike the harp for me,
A mirthful measure bold and free!
My heart, attun'd to harmony,
 Wears light and cheerily to day.
Oh! Lady, strike the harp, and fling
Thy magic fingers o'er the string,
And bid melodious Music bring
 The charms that chase my cares away!

Hush, Lady! hush those sounds of mirth,
And wake a softer strain to birth;
A strain that less partakes of earth,
 According more with thought of Heav'n.
A lay of sadness now for me;
My heart has chang'd its tone of glee,
Oh! gently sweep the chords, and be
 My fancy's waywardness forgiven.

But, Lady! grave or gay my mood,
Be thus each changing feeling wooed,
And Music still its favourite food,
 Its happiest recreation.

Yes! light or laden tho' my heart,
Thy strains a magic spell impart
To wake its smile or soothe its smart
 With Music's fascination.

Young Music's charm, in earlier age,
To quell the savage bosom's rage
Recorded lives in Fancy's page,
 Unfolding her Divinity!
All nature lends a charmed ear —
Check'd in mid course, the strain to hear,
The rapid rivers murmuring near,
 List the Orphean Melody!

So, in the days when Music sprang
To birth, and wild Amphion sang,
And on the gale was wont to hang
 A more than mortal strain of fire,
Pleas'd Echo bore the note along,
The Greek enraptur'd heard the song,

And hail'd his Theban fortress sprung*,
Magic creation of the lyre!

Thus taught the human heart to sway,
Subduing song, in later day,
As bidding milder feelings play,
She sweetly tam'd the wild Arcadian.
The Lesbian † thus, with minstrel art,
To softness won the Spartan heart,
And play'd a mediator's part,
And rul'd the rebel heart of man!

But wherefore thus the deeds of old
From History's chronicles unfold;
Or tales by fairy Fiction told
Of infant Music's magic charm?
There lives on her maturer lyre,
Tho' charmed less, a chaster fire,
The heart all potent to inspire,
And every sterner thought disarm.

* It is fabled that the walls of Thebes sprang to the inspiring sounds of Amphion's lyre.

† Terpander.

Hast not thy bosom own'd a glow
Of joy unfed from fount below,
As from the deep-mouth'd organ flow
 Its awe-inspiring harmonies ?
Steals not a fervour o'er thy breast,
And knows it not a holier zest,
As, lulling thoughts of earth to rest,
 They mingle with thy sacrifice ?

What bids the warrior's heart beat high,
Danger and Death alike defy,
And every meaner passion fly ?
 'Tis Music's powerful agency !
Telling of glory or the grave,
Where laurel wreaths or cypress wave,
She wakes the spirit of the brave
 To nobly conquer or to die !

Say, Lady ! when, his love revealing,
To win thy woman's heart of feeling,
The youth, beneath thy lattice stealing,
 Pours forth his passion ere he part ;
Breathes not his fondest, best farewell,
In those melodious strains that tell
The cares within his breast that dwell,
 Resistless winding round thy heart ?

Then, Lady ! strike the harp for me,
And tune thine own sweet voice, to be
Companion of its melody —

 A plaintive strain to meet my sorrow !
Oh ! gently touch the chords awhile,
Sounds that my sorrows may beguile,
And, with my heart's returning smile,
 Oh ! tell a merrier tale to-morrow.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

Of our limited life, if enjoyment be part,
'Tis so nearly to pain allied,
That the stream as it flows bringing joy to the heart,
Bears grief on its reflux tide! —

And what thy resource in the moments of grief,
When the venom of life shall sting thee?
In vain dost thou seek a more cheering relief,
Than Sympathy's Tear will bring thee!

When fail thine own fast flowing-tears to impart
A solace to wounded feeling,
Her sorrows flow healing the grief at thine heart,
A balm for its wound revealing! —

Oh! charm'd is the tear that for woes of another,
Forgetting awhile its own,
Falls feelingly soothing the breast of a brother,
And bidding his grief be gone!

Ever thus the sweet solace of Sympathy's sorrow
Calms suffering's throb of woe, —
Changing tears of to-night into smiles of to-morrow,
Ceasing their fount to flow! —

The compassionate Saviour to Sympathy gave
The unperishing charm she wears,
When, as wept the sad Sisters at Lazarus' grave,
He mingled his tears with theirs!

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

It was a soft and tranquil eve ;
Veil'd by his western skreen the Sun ;
Such scene as days of summer leave
When their own bright career is run :
The warbling world was in its nest,
All but the nightingale at rest !

I gazed upon the face of Heav'n —
Or all of Heaven man may see —
No cloud was o'er its surface driv'n !
The stars grew brighter momentarily ;
They seem'd their gayest robes to wear,
And every sparkling sister there !

It was a moment for reflection,
And came remembrance o'er my breast
Of early friends, whose fond affection
Gave all of joy that life possess'd ;
But Time had seen those joys decay,
And torn those early friends away !

As springs the radiant star to birth,
So brightly shone their dawning day !
As fades its transient beam from earth,
So sudden was their life's decay !
And they are gone to scenes of bliss,
Where glows a lovelier world than this !

But there is hope that re-united
The friends of Earth shall meet again,
To more than earthly friendship plighted,
And unalloy'd by earthly pain ; —
Yon star, tho' lost to mortal sight,
Again shall beam abroad its light !

And we must follow where have flown
So many fleeting lives before ;
The fate we mourn shall be our own, —
This checquer'd pilgrimage soon o'er ;
To-morrow chase the smiles that play
So cheerfully on life to-day.

The body mingles with the earth,
 Whence first to life the creature rose;
The spirit, wak'd to happier birth,
 Soars to original repose;
The grave our home, but not the last,
The Victory of the Grave is past!

Eve fast subsided into night,
 And I had borne me to my rest,
But thought of what had charm'd my sight
 Still strangely tenanted my breast;
My midnight musings fed the theme,
And grew into a midnight dream.

For flight beyond that starry sphere
 Soon Contemplation's wing was plum'd,
Where purer beings than are here
 By brighter glories are illum'd! —
Ideal musings borne on high
Grow conversant in mystery!

Methought, upborne from scenes of woe,
 I saw from far the realms of Love;
And what I most had priz'd below
 First met my raptur'd gaze above,
Such bliss the sweet delusion bore
I could not wish the dream were o'er!

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

Seem'd to my brief and dazzled view
 (For more than moments were not giv'n)
The cherish'd friends on earth I knew
 Now number'd with the blest in Heav'n.
In faint resemblance what they died,
But oh! so sweetly beautified!

They wore a welcome on their smile,
 So mildly playing o'er each feature;
It wooed to oblivion awhile
 My miseries as an earthly creature.
A strange and mingled feeling stole
Impetuous o'er my tranced soul.—

But it has pass'd, — and never morn
 Beam'd forth on one so loth to greet it;
Oft have I hop'd my dream's return,
 But never have been blest to meet it!
Yet has that heavenly dream imprest
A fadeless lesson on my breast!

SORROW'S MEMORY.

“ Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While Sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.”

Doge of Venice.

O'er the grave of your early lov'd joys as ye muse,
Lo ! Memory starts from the scene ;
What was bliss to the past will the present refuse,
And the tear flow for smiles that have been !

But if re-array'd to your memory's view
The grief that has tarnish'd your course,
The waters of sorrow will gather anew
And re-flow from their primitive source.

For the heart will grow dead to its pleasures gone by,
And revive to its sorrows awhile,
As the wild flowers spring to the tears of the sky
That droop to its withering smile.

Yes, Byron, the heart, when o'er-master'd by grief
It retraces the days that are past,
Seeks in vain recollections of joy for relief,
And turns to its sorrows at last.

THE PARTING CAUTION.

Plum'd is thy woman's wing to roam,
And days of misery leave behind thee,
While desolate Silence rules the home
Where I was ever wont to find thee :

And say, shall other eyes than mine
With fond and welcome gazing seek thee?
And other sighs respond to thine,
And false and faithless fair bespeak thee?

Oh! think how blest our hearts have been,
The mutual passion vow'd awhile,
Nor seek another's love to win
With thy resistless seraph smile.

There is a glance thine eye can fling
 May win thee an unguarded heart, —
There is a charm thy smile shall bring
 May play a faithless lover's part.

When plighted love is waning, dearest,
 And early faith and friends forgot,
The blue flow'r near thine heart thou wearest
 Shall breathe its prayer, "Forget me not."

But oh! if chang'd the heart ye wore,
 Thy love for ever lost to me, —
And other smiles have pleas'd thee more,
 And fled is Love's fidelity.

Remember, beauty's charm how soon
 With days of thoughtless youth will flee,
And Time, devouring, win the boon
 Unfeelingly denied to me.

And ah! the maid that once has prov'd
 A trait'ress to the vow she gave,
In life is never truly lov'd,
 And sleeps forgotten in the grave.

FUNERAL HYMN

ON THE DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.

Life's busy scene of woe is past, —
That sigh of sadness was his last ;
Spoke in that short and lab'ring breath
The herald of approaching death !

Calm are the features of the dead, —
To loftier realms the spirit's fled ;
Hope points to man's eternal doom —
To happier scenes beyond the tomb.

Speed, little flock, to list'ning Heav'n, —
The wish by grateful feeling driv'n,
The Steward, when the trump shall sound,
May be among the faithful found.

Oh! bid the fervent prayer ascend
To God, thy Guardian and thy friend;
And may He, in that fearful night,
The Shepherd and his flock unite.

SLEEP IN CHRIST.

Oh ! why should wear the garb of Death
Such fearful horrors to the eye,
When lives upon our latest breath
The hope of Immortality ?
No fears our nightly slumbers keep,
And death is but a calmer sleep !

And is it thus we ask from sleep
A momentary recreation,
Nor hope from dreamless death to reap
An everlasting consolation ?
Oh ! sleep in Christ, and there shall be
A morn of blessedness for thee.

No hope awaits the worldling's morrow,
No peace his bosom's nightly guest,
He slumbers but to dream of sorrow,
Broken and feverish is his rest;
And say, are better hopes suspended
On Sin's last sleep when life is ended?

The generous arm of Mercy may,
In love for a repentant brother,
The lifted bolt of Justice stay, —
And, all forgiving in another,
Throw o'er this erring life its shield,
And bid her soften'd sister yield,

But, live to Christ! — and, thus fulfill'd
Thy better hopes of bliss above,
On his sufficient merits build
A life of holiness and love!
Death has no sting in store for thee,
A traveller to Eternity!

Oh! sleep in Christ, and thou shalt wake
More light of spirit from the grave,
To more of joy for Jesus' sake
Than ever sweetest slumbers gave,
To life restor'd and glory giv'n, —
The Christian's recompence in Heav'n!

MISTAKEN HONOUR.

There are hearts that beat high to the patriot call,
That bids for their land or their liberty fall ;
And pure is the spirit and precious the worth
Of bosoms that bleed for the land of their birth ; —

Lives the prayer for its peace on their latest-drawn breath,
And, as Victory smiles, oh ! how happy their death !
Still glows the brave deed in the pages of story
When “ the warrior’s death was the birth-day of glory * !

* The well-known exclamation of Epaminondas at his death.

“ Oh! rich in the love of a generous Heav’n,
“ And blest the brave hero to whom it were giv’n
“ To die for his land, and, re-animate then,
“ Return to the struggle, and die once again *!”

And the widow will weep o’er her warrior’s bier,
And the fatherless pour forth their sorrows’ warm tear;
But the thought of his glory their grief shall abate,
And smiles for his fame chase the tears for his fate.

But short is his triumph, and poor is his fame,
And the curse of the fatherless hangs on his name,
Who, forfeiting hopes he can never retrieve,
Has murder’d the friend he ’s too proud to forgive!

He lives but to feed on the fruits of his shame,
The smile of the world, and the murderer’s fame;
No memorial marble is rear’d on his grave
Who falls to his pride or his passions the slave.

* Sentiments imputed to a patriot.

Uncheer'd by the hopes that inspirit the brave,
He rushes on death, and he sinks to his grave ;
And brief are the moments to penitence giv'n,
For the guilt of revenge and defiance of Heav'n.

Oh! Sin is the sophist our peace that destroys,
And the world is the instrument Satan employs ;
Its honour our shame, and its smile our reproach,
When the sanctions it gives on our duty encroach.

Then pause ere ye follow where blindly will lead
A too credulous faith in a ruinous creed ;
Its morals unsound, and its promises vain,
And the meed of its martyr a future of pain.

WEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Erst, as they roam'd the silent banks together
Where Isis pours along her tranquil wave,
Musing on what should be their future fortunes,
Gaily young Henry vow'd, if e'er he wed,
Beauty and Wealth should be his matchless bride,
And he would mingle where admiring eyes,
Looking their lowly homage, might proclaim
The maid he lov'd the loveliest of her peers.

Soon days of academic life were past,
And Frederick wedded first;—a gentle maid
He chose for his companion — rich in all
That lends to life its happiness — a heart
Sweetly attemper'd, and elate with hope
Of earthly joy and better hope of Heav'n. —
Smil'd his incredulous friend, as, far remov'd

From scenes of busy pleasure, for a life
Of rural peace, the gay world was foregone.

Grew Henry's hopes to their reality,
And Wealth and Beauty listen'd to his suit.
A beauteous day beam'd on their bridals;
But, oh! more beautiful than rosy morn
The blooming bride, Rosina! — richly portion'd,
And with a light gay spirit at her heart.
Proudly he led her to the spacious halls
That had been home to many of his name,
The happiest now to him; and, as he press'd
Within his own the soft and yielding hand;
Expressively he smiled upon his friend, who came
The welcomest of his many guests — a smile
That seem'd to ask, "Am I not happy now?"

But Wealth and Beauty, where there is not worth
Within, are insufficient to our bliss.
Born to life's splendid hopes, and nurs'd in courts,
Where brief reflection of the world to come
Mingles with joys of the gay world around!
The glad disciple of an easy creed,
Matur'd came forth Rosina — all untaught
To bridle her young passions, and improve
To moral strength a heart that, chasten'd thus
To better hopes, had shone the purest gem
In Henry's lovely bride: oh, shame! the world

Had not more priz'd its beauties, and bestowed
A lustre to perpetuate its worth.

Three happy years on Frederick's peaceful home
Had shed their joys, and scarce alloyed by grief;
And seems life speeding on a swifter wing
From young and happy hearts; unconscious they
Of passing days, be but their passage joy.
A sorrowing and unbidden guest, repair'd
Young Frederick to his friend — but, oh! how chang'd
From the light-hearted Henry he had been!
Time, as he wafted blessings on his gale
For Frederick, bore to his heart-broken friend
A laden wing of misery, guilt, and shame!

There came, among the many who e'er throng'd
His hospitable halls — ill-fated morn! —
A youth of comely bearing, and high born.
They call'd him noble — but his heart wore not
The impress of the “true nobility.”
With natural grace, combin'd the courtly air,
And soften'd speech, the honied arts of crime,
And Admiration's ever-stealing glance,
Deluding the weak hearts they play upon.
Rosina's welcoming smile had beam'd on him
With all its wonted sweetness; and that smile
Flash'd forth the herald of a darker storm
Than clouds the natural landscape, — for it won

To his determined purposes of crime
The base adulterer! — oh! had she known,
In that dark, dangerous hour, her utmost need,
The angry weapons of her innocence
To wield, confounding the fell destroyer,
She had not blush'd to mingle with her sex,
And Henry, hapless Henry! yet been blest
In all that virtuous beauty can bestow!
But the fiend flattered, and she fell — her hope
Blighted on earth! how faint her hope of Heav'n!

And what of hope has earthly life for him,
Deserted and dishonour'd? — No relief
Is his, in folding to his bleeding breast
The growing image of a faithless wife —
'Tis but to bid his sorrows flow anew.
The memory of the past is bitterness,
And bitterness the evil days to come!
Yet clings he to his child, as though he sees
Coiling the serpent round her, and would save
The only earthly being he may love!

FAREWELL!

Where days of joy, on rapid wing,
Have flown in bright succession,
And lighted eyes have lov'd to fling
The happy heart's expression —

Forget those beaming eyes to play,
No heart to pleasure beating,
When dawns the dark, unwelcome day,
That breaks the friendly meeting!

Then who may tell within each breast
What bitter feelings dwell?
Oh! all its bitterest pangs attest
That eloquent "Farewell!"

Where oft the lover's sigh has fail'd,
His burthen'd heart revealing,
Nor e'en the speaking eye prevail'd
To wake a kindred feeling,

There breathes in this sad parting word
Far more than glances tell ;
And sighs have told their tale unheard
Till mingling with " Farewell."

We sport with happiness, — nor feel
Its influence at the heart,
Till o'er the breast conviction steal,
And tell that we must part.

By chasten'd feeling then impell'd,
The rebel heart we quell,
And all that playful love withheld
Is whisper'd in " Farewell."

And there are hearts can well attest,
'Mid sorrows of their youth,
How parting moments pain'd the breast,
And tried the strength of truth ;

When o'er a lov'd and falling friend
The tear of anguish fell,
And seem'd each cherish'd hope to end,
As rose his faint " Farewell !"

REFLECTIONS IN A STORM.

The summer skies are overcast,
Their reign of azure blue is past,—
No more is heard, on happy wing,
The plum'd creation carolling,
Save where the hov'ring sea-birds bear
Loud omen to the mariner,
And seem a whiter wing to wear
Beneath the clouds that darker grow
Reflected on the waves below !
Reigns brief and awful stillness round,
Contrasting with the following sound
Of loud and angry menace sent
From every battling element,
With furious zeal contending all
To drown that silent interval !

The awful moments that precede
The lightning's sudden flash of flame,
In guilty breasts are wont to breed
The fear of what their guilt may claim! —
Oft fail the stormless days of life
A wakening lesson to impart,
Where scenes of elemental strife
Have sent their moral to the heart.
A cloudless sun and beaming day
Wear not for man the chastening rod;
But fearfully his storms array
The image of an angry God.
His eye informs the lightning's flash,
His voice the pealing thunder's crash, —
And Fear and Trembling know not where
To hide them from the fate they bear.
Man, conscious, shrinks his breast within,
And, aw'd awhile, repents his sin,
Thus imag'd to his shrinking eye
The terrors of futurity!
Oh! then the "still small voice" will tell
The truths that Conscience knows too well,
And thought of darker days to come
The unrepentant sinner's doom
A holier zeal awhile begets,
Too soon the morrow's calm forgets;

For with the storm is borne away
Repentance' momentary sway ;
Nor, till renew'd its angry reign,
Is the heart won to thought again.
But there are gathering o'er his head,
 Clad in more dark and hideous form,
Clouds that shall tenfold fury shed,
 More permanent than earthly storm,
Bearing a ruin on their gale,
Remorse nor trembling can avail,
Nor bitterest tears of sorrow shed,
To ward from his defenceless head ;
Yet darkening more as raging by,
They reign to all eternity.
And man were timely wise to glean
A caution from the troubled scene,
And shape his earthly life to meet
Its trial at the judgment seat !
 But never form array'd in wrath
The darkest day that rages forth
Shall wear for him whose lighter breast
And calmer conscience are at rest.
And whether storms the earth may sweep,
Or life in sweetest sunshine sleep,
Still beats his heart, to calmness giv'n,
Still meets his eye a gracious Heav'n ;

And " God the same," or in the storm,
Or when the day wears lovelier form.
Fix'd his fond hope on days to come,
His heart is ever at its home !
That promis'd land of peaceful rest,
Where never angry storms molest,
But one serene and smiling sky,
Bright through its own eternity !

GODLY SORROW.

Amid the woes that cling to earth,
And those thy fancies feign,
Springs Sorrow ne'er to darker birth,
The heart to acuter pain,
Than when, thy fondest hopes o'erpast,
And life on its decline,
Beams forth its faintest, and its last,
The meek eye turn'd to thine.
If thou hast wept o'er one so dear,
Withhold not thou a list'ning ear.

But, mourner, cease to haunt the scene
Where sleeps thy parted friend ;
Weep not o'er what the past has been,
But bid thy thoughts ascend
Where He to whom, in fondest trust,
He ever lov'd to cling,
Is gone, preparing for the just
A heavenly welcoming.
The mortal moulders here — on high
The child of immortality !

Or, if reluctant thy sad heart
Its sorrows to forego,
With those so cherished days to part,
Still loves to feed on woe ;
Oh ! dwell on the untarnish'd name,
The Christian heart he wore,
And strive to emulate the fame
Thou oft hast priz'd before :
Awake to sorrow thus divine,
The treasure may again be thine.

Remember how his warm heart glow'd
When thine its Maker serv'd,
How bitterly the warm tears flow'd
From duty as it swerv'd !

And think'st thou less of pleasure's glow
 His heavenly features wear?
 Or less the Angel sorrows now
 Than griev'd the mortal here?
 And wouldst thou pain the heart whose love
 Still watches o'er thee from above?

Oh! doubt not this — for thus we're taught
 Where truth illumines each hallow'd page,
 As Angel hearts, with sorrow fraught,
 Mourn o'er Life's erring pilgrimage;
 So, when the paths of sin forsaking
 The soul-repentant prodigal,
 There are celestial breasts partaking
 A joy of heart unspeakable;
 Raptur'd as springs the hope to birth
 Of their own Heav'n for friends of earth!

Then, mourner, cease to haunt his grave, —
 The soul thou lovedst sleeps not here;
 The dust that crumbles in yon cave
 Breathes not reanimate to thy tear!
 Oh! cease to mourn the fate that bore
 Thy friend where kindred Angels rest,

And hope the joy, when life is o'er,
That lives in bosoms of the blest!
Nor shed the bitter tears of those
Who dare not hope a Heav'n's repose.

MEMORY'S TEAR.

Awhile when, the light heart glowing
To pleasures that life can lend,
From Heav'n's pure fount are flowing
The joys that on life descend,
Blest is the bosom reviving
The moments that happily flew,
And seems to new rapture living,
As they brighten to Memory's view.

But my heart, now a prey to sorrow,
Seeks not in past joy relief,
And knows it were vain to borrow
From Memory balm for grief.
The day that awoke to gladness,
And joys to be shar'd with thee,
Will bitterly change to sadness,
When thou art remov'd from me.

What once to my life was pleasure,
Was pleasure with thee partaken ;
But lost to my heart its treasure,
By all it best lov'd, forsaken !
Oh ! ne'er can I joy recalling
The scenes I was wont to tread,
When thou, from my fond love falling,
Shall sink to the sleep of the dead !

*“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it
be afraid.”*

Earth's numberless anxieties corrode thy feeling breast,
Thy life has not enough of hope to lull its woes to rest;
Oh ! list to Him whose mighty voice thy sorrows hath
allay'd,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Thy tears are flowing ceaseless o'er a dearly loved friend,
And the sorrowings of memory thy feeling bosom rend,
But the Saviour that redeem'd thee, to Sorrow's child
hath said,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

102 LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, &c.

Tho' pitiless the storms of life may sweep around thy head,
And o'er thy darken'd pilgrimage collected fury shed,
The Gospel pours its saving beam, — oh! be its light
obey'd, —

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

There's a fountain in the wilderness whose never-ceasing
spring

For all thy earthly sufferings a cheering balm will bring,
Then be thy daily orisons to list'ning Heav'n paid,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Thy Redeemer here below will be thine advocate above ;
He *can*, for “ he 's Omnipotence,” — he *will*, for “ he is
Love !”

Thy soul the Holy Spirit hath his tabernacle made, —

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Unyielding be thy trust in Him, tho' sad thy bosom bleed,
He will not hide his face in wrath, nor “ break the bruised
reed ;”

In contrite and confiding prayer implore his mighty aid,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, &c. 103

His merits all thy guilt exceed in infinite degree,
And, clad thy sins in penitence, there's mercy yet for thee;
The more thy life is won to God, the more its sorrows
fade,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Be thine heart to Heav'n turn'd, as is the needle to the
pole,

Like the Temple's fadeless fires, the devotion of thy soul;
Eternity has bliss for thee when time shall have decay'd,
“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Not clos'd are Heaven's portals yet, nor past the day of
grace,

A Father's fond and saving arm still stretch'd to thy
embrace,

Where glows an ever-beaming sun no moment's cloud
may shade,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

THE
WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

THE WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

Whence is it, oft where fail to bind
Most hallow'd laws the human heart ;
To Nature's silent claims resign'd,
The parent plays a parent's part.

Oh ! is it not that from above,
In unrespecting course descending,
Flow healing forth the streams of love,
All sons of earth alike befriending ?

'Tis not that, borne to distant clime,
We lose the feeling born within us ;
'Tis not the speedy flight of time
From ties of natural love may win us.

108 THE WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

No ! years may swiftly glide away,
And distant lands our fate controul,
But time nor absence can allay
The secret sympathy of soul.

Whate'er of bliss to life may lend
A home of wedded love,
If joy on wedded hearts descend
From blissful fount above ;
If more to bless that happy state
And mutual love perpetuate,
And, binding more to generous Heav'n,
Affection's living pledge be giv'n —
Time never fled on calmer wing,
Or sweeter blessings shed,
Than those his flight was wont to fling
Around young Clifford's head.
Oh ! he was blest in all that life
Of freedom knows from earthly strife,
Or future hope when present peace
And joys of present life shall cease ;
Nor less the hope of Heav'n was his,
Tho' thus partaking earthly bliss.
Where Fancy has not idly led,
By more than earthly hoping fed,

To dreams of rapture that above
 Alone reign undisturb'd by woe,
 Alone where unalloy'd is love,
 And streams of pleasure ceaseless flow,
 On life's domestic hearth there play
 The brightest beams of sweetest day,
 Where Friendship, Honour, Duty move
 Responsive to the march of love,
 And parent, brethren, children, wife,
 The richest joys adorning life,
 Bid closest semblance wear our home
 That life can bear to life to come.
 The faithful heart untaught to swerve
 When prosperous blows the gale,
 Its fallen fortunes least unnerve,
 If prosperous breezes fail.
 When mingled Clifford's hopes above
 With joys his life's frail being bore,
 And, chasten'd thus his earthly love,—
 Oh ! wisdom was his counsellor !
 Arm'd with its bitterest woes came trial,
 His steadfastness essaying,
 Yet ceded not his self-denial,
 A weaken'd heart betraying ;
 And tho' it wear a various form,
 The human heart deceiving,

110 THE WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

Oh! never sweeps a darker storm,
Our life of peace bereaving,
Than from the anguish'd breast when torn,
From love's fond hopes for ever borne,
Its dearly lov'd associate,
The dreams of earth we fondly cherish'd,
And pleasure's charm so sadly perish'd,
In this the bitterest stroke of fate.
It were not needful tale to tell,
Borne from the home he lov'd so well,
What fate unpitying bade him brave
The dangers of the ruthless wave.
But least when love of life prevail'd,
And death in hov'ring horror fail'd
To daunt his spirit, and had been
A boon of mercy, 'mid the scene
Where mingled suffering's various sound,
And death was dealing mis'ry round ;
To live had then been Clifford's fate;
And, 'whelm'd by the devouring wave,
The cherish'd lives he might not save,
His own was left him desolate.
But he had struggled with the storm,
And bravely met th' unequal strife,
And borne above the waves the form
Of her more dear to him than life.

The struggle such as man will make
 For that so cherish'd creature's sake
 With whom the past of life has been
 A calm, if not unclouded scene ;
 And 'reft of whom, no charm can bring
 Life's future on its cheerless wing.
 But weaker grew the pow'r to save,
 Fast followed angry wave on wave,
 And sank his burthen to her grave.

Scarce welcome was the life extended
 Beyond that day of desolation !
 Seem'd all of earth's enjoyments ended,
 And lost its charm in her privation !
 If, sunk to momentary rest

His widow'd heart's affliction wild,
 Sudden came saddening o'er his breast

Remembrance of his helpless child !
 Alas ! when Death array'd the storm,
 And hover'd o'er the cherish'd form

Of each beloved relative ;
 Where equal danger aid implor'd,
 For beings most his heart ador'd ;

Oh ! 'twas a sad alternative !
 Ere plunging where the merciless wave
 Ask'd all the husband's powers to save,
 Be nerv'd the father's bleeding heart

From this his last embrace to fling
 The child that closer seem'd to cling
 As conscious they were then to part,
 And part to meet no more! — And now
 What bliss to earthly life may grow?
 No healing hope of joys to come
 Rose ministering a balm to woe;
 The partners of his heart and home,
 The cheerful source of joy below,
 One sleeps her last — and both are gone,
 And he must roam the world — alone.
 Though rumor bid the faint hope live
 His child may yet the wreck survive,
 Oh! scarce to Hope's endearing name
 Might such foreboding thought lay claim.
 What heart would glow in her embrace?
 What soothing voice her sorrows chase?
 What hand to guide through scenes of strife,
 And the wild labyrinth of life?
 Oh! worse than death to live for this!
 'Twere better in yon vast abyss
 Had clos'd her young career — her fate
 Less doubtful, nor more desolate.
 Bereft of all he lov'd, there stole
 Awhile deep sorrows o'er his soul —
 But faithful e'en his heart in grief,

Its woes asylum sought in prayer —
 The Christian's refuge in despair —
 For there it hoped and met relief :
 And it is well at that pure fount
 Of healing waters, ever flowing,
 We seek the balm that may surmount
 The sorrows that to life are growing.

And have not tears of sorrow quench'd
 The flame of life in Clifford's breast ?
 Nor yielding yet his spirit blench'd
 From suffering, still his constant guest ?
 No ! — Time has roll'd his years away,
 Nor sorrow's worm has known decay,
 Nor, worn beneath its ceaseless smart,
 Has ceas'd to beat to life his heart.
 But bitterly that heart still bleeds,
 As Memory's warm sigh frequent speeds
 To days long fled, and thoughts that bring
 New food for Sorrow's welcoming.
 Still haunts his heart the doubtful fate,
 Or, living yet, the wandering state
 And cheerless life, perchance, of one
 No friendly smilings beam upon,

114 THE WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

No mother's watchful cares caress,
And worse to him than fatherless.

It was his last resolve to roam
From scenes in early life so cherish'd,
Far from his sad and widow'd home,
Whence every early charm had perish'd;
Nor reck'd he to what clime his fate
Might win a heart so desolate.
Life yet was his, — but not enjoyment ;
His woes were chasten'd, not subdued ;
To vanquish grief, his mind's employment, —
But grief was yet his daily food.
There seem'd a struggle at his heart,
As loth from long-lov'd friends to part,
Contending passions there were met,
He could endure, but not forget.
Yet oft, as Sorrow's sisters strove,
Clad as the creatures of his love,
The gloomy past to re-array,
Came Resignation's angel train,
And balmy Hope, subduing pain,
And chasing Sorrow's tears away.

The child of guilt, when draining deep
 The cup that lawless pleasures bring,
 Can ne'er the peaceful comforts reap
 Of virtue e'en in suffering ;
 For Sorrow's very act reveals
 A soothing to the pain it feels,
 And every tear that flows in grief
 Flows but to bring the heart relief.

The spirit to its toils will spring,
 And courage to the conflict bring,
 And yet a buoyant freshness wears
 When sinks the body that it bears,
 Its burthening frail associate, —
 No more recruiting aid prevails,
 The worn and weaker sister fails,
 To no supplies re-animate !
 It chanc'd, to distant region borne,
 By toil and lengthen'd travel worn,
 Where thought of what his life had been
 Would, oft recurring, intervene, —
 Unchang'd his heart by change of clime,
 Nor vanquish'd grief by lapse of time, —

A fever's more than wonted rage
 Arrests his sorrowing pilgrimage ;
 And where a dwelling lone and rude —
 More welcome from its solitude —
 Held forth to his inquiring eye
 Its lowly hospitality ;
 Awhile the traveller there sojourn'd
 Till wonted heart and health return'd ;
 Or yield, if so ordain'd, his breath,
 And close his many cares in death.

On deeds of charity intent,
 The fair and earthly instrument
 Of heavenly love, a maiden came
 Where suffering most preferr'd its claim
 To generous stranger's aid,—her brow
 Shew'd maiden not unknown to woe,
 And, save that gentler meed of fame
 Which few solicit, fewer claim,
 To sorrowing hearts the sweetest food —
 The luxury of "doing good,"
 In this her bounded sphere she mov'd,
 Here only known to be belov'd ;
 Heedless of honours that await
 More coveted and loftier state.
 And stranger's curious eye might glean
 That not unmark'd by care had been

Her early life, tho' few the years
 That little life had number'd yet,
 And faint the traces sorrow wears
 Where youthfulness and health are met,
 And the lit eye of peerless beauty
 E'er beaming on a life of duty.
 Tho' whence she sprang? what fortunes bore
 The maiden to that distant shore?
 The village tales unfolded not.
 But her unfriended cheerless lot,
 The voice that bade the foundling hail,
 And find a home in that lone vale,
 The charity soon won to send
 Her guardian angels to befriend
 The child preserv'd from stormy strife
 And angry waves to unhop'd life, —
 Of these the village tongue was rife,
 Nor lov'd it less on deeds to dwell
 That told of care repaid so well,
 Of kindness e'er at hand to bless
 The piteous pleadings of distress,
 And grateful heart for blessings giv'n,
 And life preserv'd by guardian Heav'n.
 There is a spell in woman's care
 Can cheat of half the pain they wear,
 The sorrows at the heart that prey,
 And win the thought of pain away :

Where utmost art will frequent fail
 Her zeal and gentleness prevail,
 And well her sweet and soothing smile
 Can lone captivity beguile.

So cheering fell on Clifford's ear

The stranger's voice, his woe's relief,
 And ever as her step drew near

Seem'd fast subsiding all his grief.
 E'en Memory's pains were hush'd awhile
 Before her charm'd and healing smile.
 Dreary and lengthen'd seem'd the day,
 The charm that cheer'd its flight, away,
 And far from welcome guest would be
 The consciousness that he was free,
 So light had worn his slavery's chain
 He scarce had hail'd his freedom then.

It was not Love — if thus ye name
 The passions that disturb our frame —
 For all of passionate love had fled
 With her long number'd with the dead.
 Some more than magic spell had wrought

Upon his heart so sudden change;
 A heart erewhile with misery fraught,

To long-lost calmness won — a strange
 And peaceful charm revealing,
 Not unallied to natural feeling.

Springs sudden hope within his breast,

Subsiding to as sudden rest —

For on that blasted hope would grow

A new and a severer woe!

And Charity had wrought her deed

Of love, and met the brightest need

She sought, her own heart's approbation —

To hail, recovering to her care,

The sufferer she had nurtured there —

Her love's sufficient consolation.

But more defin'd as hourly grew

The stranger's features to her view,

More searching as her glances fell,

Feelings she vainly strove to quell

Came rushing o'er her heart — and more

Of thought upon her brow she wore —

And her voice trembled — and the smile,

That shed a healing balm erewhile,

Seem'd vanish'd from her pale-grown cheek ;

And her eye wandered as to seek,

In the keen eager glance it threw,

Bearing conviction to her view

The dear unknown, whose likened form,

The treasured relic of the storm,

Hung ever to her heart the nearest,

Of all the wreck had spar'd the dearest.

The sole remaining clue on earth
 Whereby the labyrinth of her birth
 She hop'd to thread ; — and now her gaze
 Would hurried on the portrait fall —
 And now again, in wild amaze,
 On him the hoped original.
 Nor lives there less of dread suspense,
 At Clifford's heart — nor less intense
 The busy thoughts, and painful feeling,
 And feverish hopes, that fast are stealing
 Alternate o'er his beating breast,
 And waking from its moment's rest,
 The grief of other days — his eye
 Fixes on hers inquiringly.
 Yet more of confirmation win
 Nature's soft whisperings from within,
 And added strength from kindred feeling
 The trembling maid is there revealing.
 Seems momentarily the cloud to part
 That veils the truth from either heart ;
 And strives conviction now to trace
 Similitude in form and face
 To one — oh ! yes ! — the mother's smile
 That won his youthful heart erewhile
 Is playing still — to new life growing
 Each charm he lov'd yet sweetly glowing !

“ Yes! yes! tis she! — oh! generous Heav’n!

“ Oh! boon by guardian Mercy giv’n!”

She springs to his embrace — and well
The windings of the heart he knows,
Who in that hour of joy might tell,
The heart that most to rapture rose,
Who most was won to transport wild
The Father or his new-found Child *.

* The above illustration of “The Whisperings of Nature” is founded on a paper in the Spectator, entitled, “Sympathy of Souls.”

POESY.

The numbers that softly stealing melt on the list'ning ear,
And wake from its home of feeling Sympathy's smile or
tear,
The melodies sweetly blending, around the rapt heart
that twine,
To enjoyment a new bliss lending, — sweet Poesy, these
are thine!

Oh! thine is the charm that winning its way to the
wavering breast,
Breathes on life's young beginning the truth it should
love the best,
The soul to its best hopes waking and holiest thoughts
of God,
The treasures of earth forsaking for a better and brighter
abode.

The wide field of creation ranging, thy boundless and
beautiful sphere,
The theme of thy numbers changing with the dawning
and dying year —
Now spreading thy fanciful flow'rs to win on the heart of
youth,
Now quitting the fairy-land bow'rs for the welcomer
walks of truth.

Nature's soft scenes pourtraying, clad in her sweetest
guise,
In loveliest garb arraying the loveliness most we prize,
To the rapturous eye beholding the charms that are blossoming there,
Each beauteous plant unfolding its mightiest Maker's
care.

To follow where captive-leading, flows Milton's sublimest
lay
O'er fairest and forfeited Eden, the home of man's happier day;
Or roaming with kindred sorrow "sweet Auburn's" deserted plain,
A chasten'd delight to borrow from the moral and musical page,

'Mid melodious scenes to ramble, gleaning solace for life
of earth,
With the beautiful muse of Campbell, waking "pleasures
of hope" to birth,
O'er the garden of Nature stealing by the bard of the
"Seasons" trod,
The eloquent whole revealing a Present and Provident
God, —

Of the numberless garlands wreathing fair Poesy's hal-
low'd shrine,
Oh! these are the numbers breathing a strain and a spirit
divine!
And such be my pride if ever more loftily flow the line,
More blessing my faint endeavour the invok'd and re-
lenting Nine.

LINES ON THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

Oh ! born to conquest, and to glory giv'n,
Nursling of peril, but preserv'd of Heav'n,
Fearless of spirit, and untaught to yield,
To blot whose glories not *one* vanquish'd field
Check'd the career of triumph ! if the fame
That clings tenacious to thy warrior-name
May yet with added breath inform the gale,
And fainter greeting bid the Conqueror hail !
Illustrious Chieftain ! fain would Britain twine
Memorial laurel round thy valour's shrine.
Now when, with freedom blest from wasting war,
Contending nations seek thee from afar ;
Bid their rich streams of grateful feeling flow,
And wreath with liberal hand thy victor-brow ;

126 LINES ON THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

'Mid these the fruits of fame thy deeds have earn'd,
Oh! be not lowlier gifts of homage spurn'd;
Art bids her sons their lighter weapons wield,
And grave thy glories on her trophied shield.
The mimic conquests glitter o'er the plain,
And Victory waves her banners once again.

Where yon proud steed the reining hand obeys,
See, all the hero brightens to the gaze, —
The eye that spake commandment where it fell,
His wakeful and most trusted centinel, —
Ideas that flew — the lightning of a mind
Whose secret paths no curious step could wind, —
Quick-vision'd thought, and courage that o'ercame,
And the calm bearing of the Conqueror's fame;
While group'd in light-chas'd characters of gold,
Circle their Chief the faithful and the bold, —
Smiling on death, and strangers to despair,
For he, their own brave Wellington! is there.
Bright are the scenes that throng the burnish'd ground,
Breathing a voiceless eloquence around,
While the light chisel earns a loftier name,
And British sculpture grows to Grecian fame!

Where the vast Ganges rolls his worshipp'd wave,
There sprang to life the first fruits of the brave;
With happiest skill the light-limb'd Sepoy wrought,
To days long-fled wins back the captive thought,

LINES ON THE WELLINGTON SHIELD. 127

While pleas'd reclining 'neath his own tall palm,
The fierce Guerilla softens to the calm,
Half clad in arms, and half in rudest gear,
The warrior now, and now the mountaineer.
And loos'd from slavery's chain at Wellesley's call,
The patriot son of suffering Portugal.
But dearer scenes the Briton's gaze await,
As seeks his eye yon proud triumvirate,
Calm, yet collected, at the column's base,
Each the bright emblem of a free-born race,
Allied in conflict, and, as conflicts cease,
A goodly brotherhood 'mid paths of peace.
Erin's brave Child, to dangerous scenes soon won,
Erin, who claims the Hero for her own ;
And Scotia's mountain Son, than whose no heart
More restless beats to play the patriot's part ;
With him, the Island-youth, where freedom grows
True to the soil, as sweetness to its rose —
And strewed the arms around that gave the World repose.

THE FEELING HEART.

Oh ! woman is not the loveliest when
Her dark eye beams the brightest,
Nor most she wins on the hearts of men
When her own is beating lightest ;
As the beautiful Iris gilds the sky,
And beams on the storm retreating,
So rainbow beauties light the eye,
When its smiles and tears are meeting.

Her melodious voice shall lift its lay,
And her step, in answering measure,
To the gay dance beat, as lighted play
Her smiles with the changing pleasure ;
But her voice is never so dulcet-sweet
To the ear so divinely gifted,
As when, to solace the woes they meet,
Are its angel accents lifted.

Nor her step so lightly bounding forth,
 So glowing each graceful feature,
So forgotten the fallible child of earth,
 So reveal'd the heavenly creature,
As in that hour of grief for others,
 The sense of its own subsiding,
When beats her heart to a suffering brother's,
 Life's sorrows with him dividing.

ETERNITY.

Time has its enjoyments, though mingled with grief,
And the woes of an hour meet a moment's relief;
But no dark alternation of misery know
The joys that to life of Eternity grow.

Forbidden to mingle the waters of strife
That poison the current and calm of our life,
Unruffled the stream of Eternity flows,
And no storm is permitted to shake its repose

On earth is our trial, on high its reward —
For the sufferer here, there is happiness stored;
Though multiplied woe be his portion, 'tis giv'n
To chasten him more for the mansions of Heav'n.

But, oh ! if to solace thy life have been sent
The joy that grows sweeter to hearts of content,
And the blessings of friendship or love, that entwine
The home of earth's calmest enjoyments, been thine,

There are borne for thy hopes on Eternity's gale,
And there woo thee to bliss in Eternity's vale,
A friendship that fades not, and love that shall bloom
A more purified plant in a happier home.

And He who, unseen, on our pilgrimage pours
Each bountiful boon that His creature implores,
Revealed, shall redouble the blessings of earth,
When the trump shall awake to Eternity's birth !

There the Parent we lov'd, and the Friend we bemoan —
The Friend and the Parent united in one —
Shall chide the warm tears that unceasingly flow'd
When earth was resign'd for so blest an abode !

Then hail the glad hopes that Redeeming Love brings,
And tremblingly follow the light that it flings ;
And dried be the tears of affliction we shed,
Since Eternity smiles on the sleep of the dead !

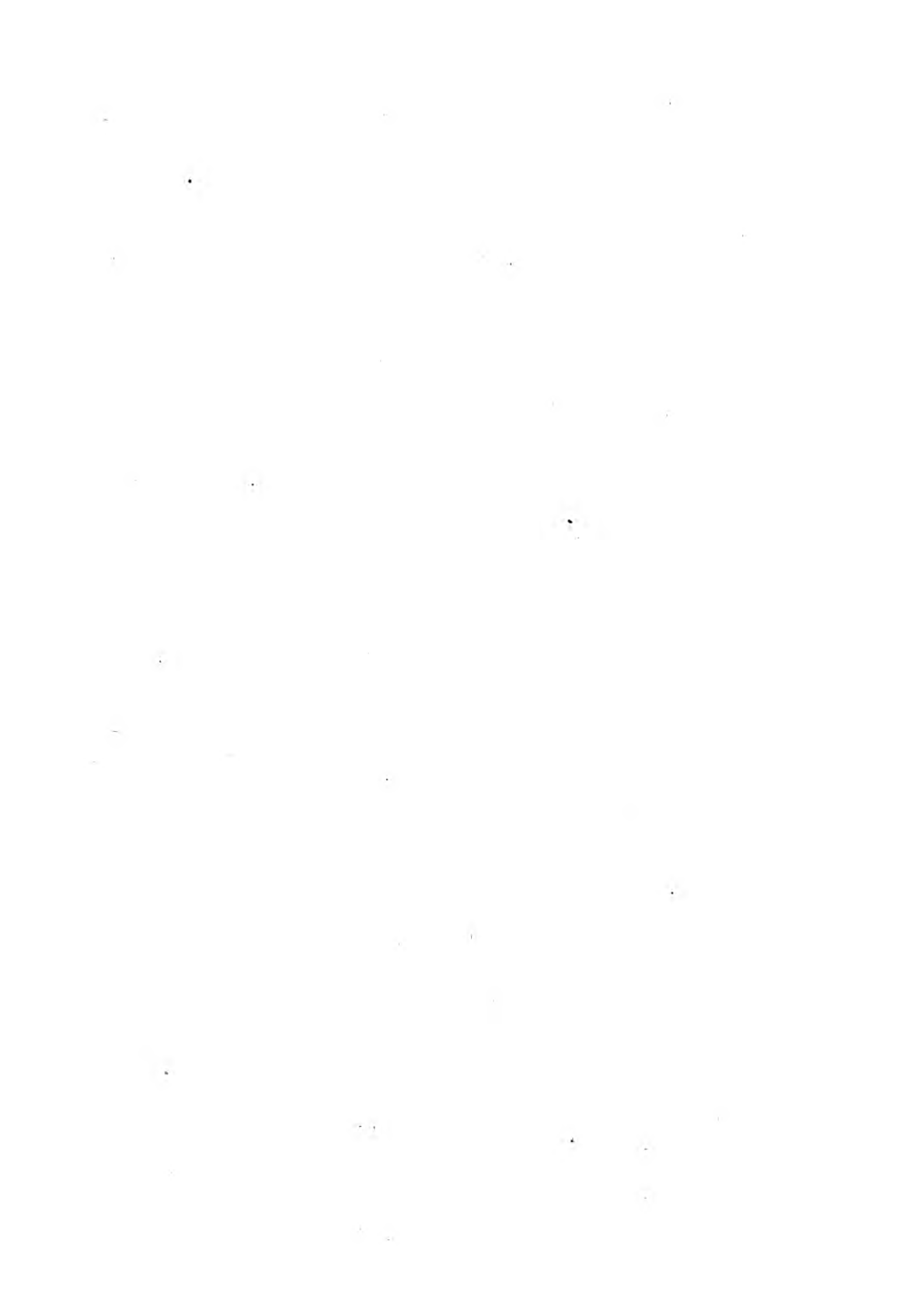
WERTER TO CHARLOTTE.

Oh! be the smile thy features wear
Reposing thus for ever!
The eye so sweetly beaming there
In sorrow set — no, never!
And could I thus deceive thee, love,
And play the traitor's part! —
For ever let me leave thee, love,
Ere breaking thus thy heart!

There is a grace thou wearest, love,
Than beauty more divine, —
A charm to me the dearest, love,
Oh! ever be it thine.
May Werter never thus remove
Thy seraph-soul's composure,
Nor see the charms that court his love
Fade at its disclosure.

Thy peace, my love, is all to me, —
Then perish each endeavour
To win that angel smile from thee,
Oh! let it play for ever!
Nor e'er be thine the care-worn feature,
Tearful eye, and roseless cheek,
That *thee* — a fading fallen creature,
Me — a faithless friend bespeak!

THE
YEAR OF LIFE.



LIFE'S SPRING.

Oh ! life is sweet when storms are past,
And desolate Winter breathes his last,
Before the soft-breathing gales of Spring
Slowly and sullen seen retiring ;
And the light heart is blest between
Rejoicing o'er Winter's parting scene,
And hailing the numberless blessings borne
On re-animate Nature's morn, —
Springing to life the perfum'd flower,
Maturing more to each following hour, —
All that is loveliest o'er the earth
Recovering to its beauty's birth,
And the sweet warbling strains that bring
Their welcoming song with the new born Spring, —

Oh! the heart beats to new life again
When o'erpast is the moody Winter's reign
And this is Nature's smile, — disclosing
On her own calm and cheerful face
A host of young glowing charms reposing,
Wooing the heart to her embrace.

And man may the eloquent volume read,
His gaze on the beauties of Nature feed, —
Her sweet voice melt on his raptur'd ear
Till, won to the moral for him they wear;
On the laughing landscape dwells his eye,
And traces young Life's analogy.

Of old when, to charm the captive sense,
And win the young heart to innocence,
There glow'd on the moralist's gifted page
The numbers that told of "a golden age,"
He taught, a blest reign of undying Spring
That season of golden life would bring.

And ye who over the dawning day
Of infancy hold a natural sway,
To cheer whose connubial lot kind Heav'n
Young vernal blossoms of love has giv'n,
Yet more to strengthen and brighter adorn
The plant on whose stem the fruit is borne, —
Be it thine in this their new-born day,
While the sun beams forth its brightest ray,

And scarce in its passing course is seen
A shadowing cloud to intervene,
Nor moment-scenes of natural strife
Ruffle the Eden days of life, —
Be it thine to stamp on the yielding heart
The lesson that natural scenes impart
While its loveliest landscape life yet wears,
And a heart of unbroken hope is theirs;
To teach, tho' the bud may beauteous shoot,
'Tis but the forerunner to the fruit,
That, ripening fast to the Summer's ray,
Matures for the autumnal reaping day;
And tell that uncultur'd wasted Spring
Seasons of barrenness oft will bring,
And tears, and trouble, and bitterest woe
Weeds to neglected life that grow
Spring where, responding to timely toil,
Had smil'd a rich fruitage o'er the soil.

Mark ye the fond and considerate care,
The watchful and far-pursuing eye,
When first and reluctantly tempt the air
The tremulous feather'd family.
There are busy cares in the father's breast,
And feelings of fear on this ominous morn,
As fluttering forth they fly their nest,
On a new and pityless element borne.

Ah! little they deem beneath those skies
Of cloudless and beautiful blue there lies,
Array'd in a dark and dangerous form,
Bearing fate on its wing, the gathering storm.
Still are parental hearts awake
As each more adventurous flight they take,
And on fearless and wandering wing they roam
Far borne from their safety and their home.
For perils on that bold flight may fall,
And man, the most dangerous foe of all,
With his wasting weapon and merciless arm,
And no father to shield his young from harm.

Thus glowing on childhood's earliest years
Life its serenest sunshine wears,
Thus cheering young hearts its bright beams play,
Clouded suddenly thus its loveliest day!
Thus danger besetting the path we tread,
And beating the dark storm round our head.
Oh! thus, ere thy natural sway be o'er,
And thy fatherly voice be heard no more,
And thy child cast forth on the wilderness scene,
No more on thy succouring aid to lean,
Thus follow with fond and watchful eye
The unconscious steps of infancy,
And point where, borne on the moral storm,
Tho' yet unclad in their threatening form,

Comes Danger descending on wavering hearts,
And Temptation its sweeten'd lure imparts.
Oh ! thus be it thine, by Nature taught,
The young with provident wisdom fraught
To guide thro' the manifold scenes of strife,
And troubles and toils that wait on life,
Unharm'd to preserve the treasure giv'n,
Purified and prepar'd for the hope of Heav'n.

LIFE'S SUMMER.

The blade, as it greenly waves over the land,
Is sprung from the small seed sown,
And the plant that we tended with cherishing hand
To the strengthening trunk is grown;
And Infancy, tracking the march of both,
Advances to fuller and firmer growth.

And is the smiling season of Spring gone by,
Her varied and animate scene?
Her glowing sun, and her cloudless sky,
And her beautiful leaf of green?
And her blue-cheek'd flowers, that momentarily rise,
And her thousand enchanting melodies?

Yes, clos'd is the reign of the beauteous Spring,
But its loveliness not o'er-past :
Comes a Spring yet more sweet in its blossoming,
To maturity ripening fast ;
With a bluer sky, and a warmer sun,
Winning all to joy that they shine upon !

See Aurora, with fingers of rosy hue,
Upborne from his ocean bed,
His garment of gray, and his feet of dew,
And a glory around his head !
And Vesper, array'd in her radiant fold,
Enthron'd on her pillar'd clouds of gold !

But, sunk though the Sun in the glittering West
His cheering and brighter light,
Not the softness of Summer is all at rest
In the moments of doubtful night :
Soon, spher'd in his beaming and boundless sky,
He bids the faint shadows of twilight fly.

And man is still roving from clime to clime,
Intent on the present pleasure,
And carelessly floats on the stream of time,
Nor dreams of his fleeting treasure ;
Life's gay morn lost in a noon less bright,
And subsiding its evening shades in night.

The opening bud in the garden of Nature,
When Nature seem'd springing to birth,
Now blooms to the gaze the bright master-piece feature,
Of the sweetest face smiling on earth
Alone the endow'd and the conscious partaker
Of beauties faint-modell'd on those of his Maker.

Yes! thou, whose morning of life began
With the smiles and the sweets of Spring,
The miniature then of the future man,
To warmer beams now maturing,
Of the numberless beauties the Summer scenes wear,
Art the stateliest flow'r seen blossoming there!

Hast thou, in the season of Spring, been won
To the charm Life's purity brings?
And thine heart, in its moments of pleasure, grown
To the fount whence true joy springs?
Thy Summer will thus be a scene of delight
Not its storms, though they desolate sweep, may blight.

As the branches that wear the most promising bloom,
A proportionate fruitage bring,
So thy life will its moral complexion assume
From the colours it bore in Spring;
And care or contentment be borne on the gale
As it sternly or silently rules the vale.

Whatever of charm to Life's Summer there grows,
Thy virtues shall heighten its bloom ;
More cheering its labours, and soothing repose,
And chasing its transient gloom ;
Glad promise of plenty their blossomings wear,
And bliss is the natural fruit they bear.

And Friendship is there, with the sweets that beguile
The sorrows that earth may own ;
And Love, ever seeking, with fondest smile,
The treasure he makes his own ;
With their thousand endearments, that, born of Spring,
Are shed from the ripening Summer's wing !

As the Summer wakes blossom and fruit to their birth,
And ripens the waving plain,
So Charity's beamings fall smiling on earth,
And blessing the child of pain ;
Redoubled the joy at her heart she feels,
O'er another's as happier feeling steals.

Dost thou love, where around the light zephyrs are blowing,
To recline on the flowery bed
Where roses are blooming and fountains are flowing,
And the senses with rapture fed ;
And momentarily seems the soft charm more to win thee,
And gladness is rapidly growing within thee ?

Oh! turn thy pleas'd eye for a moment away

From the mirror those calm scenes wear,
And seek in thy breast if as placidly play
The passions that meet thee there,
And the fountain of feeling as purely flows,
And thine heart on as tranquil a bed repose!

For passions are harpies that feed on our breast,
And the hopes at the heart deform,
As the sun-beams subside to their primitive rest
When chas'd by the gathering storm :
Thus our sorrows the season of life shall sway,
Like the lengthening shadows of Summer's day.

Then remember, though Life wear its loveliest form,
And the skies unobscur'd by a cloud,
In a moment its loveliness yields to the storm,
Heard awfully raging aloud ;
So thine heart by its passions is suddenly torn :
Oh! reclining on roses, beware of the thorn!

Not the chalice of pure and unqualified bliss
Is a draught for the life below ;
There are seasons of storm for the sunshine of this,
And skies that less smilingly glow.
The heart is most soften'd when watchfulness fails,
And most o'er the soften'd heart trial prevails.

And if it be thine from youth to bring
The passions that shake the soul,
Engrafting on Summer the wild-shoots of Spring,
Unyielding to just control,
Oh! the Autumn is barren of fruit to thee,
Or thou reapest an harvest of misery!

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

But one there comes, with fainter tread,
The hot rays levell'd at his head,
In checquer'd garb array'd,
Bending beneath the load he bears
Of ripen'd fruits, and gather'd years,
By trembling step betray'd.

Attendant with her reaping train,
Lo! Ceres, playing o'er the plain,
Invites the gatherer's hand;
And Plenty strews the laughing vale,
And bids the fruitful season hail,
Re-animate o'er the land!

Autumn ! though fair thy features now,
Less lovely to the eye art thou
Than sister Seasons fled ;
Thou ledest not, as Spring, to days
Where lovelier landscapes court the gaze,
And brighter beams are shed !

What though matur'd thy laden ear,
And ev'ry plant its fruitage bear,
Support of life to-day,
To-morrow, emblem of a brief
And fading life, thy falling leaf
Prefigures man's decay.

Life is but as the ripen'd corn,
The full shock in its season borne,
And gather'd to its home ;
Proportionate to the early toil
Its answering produce yields the soil,
The hour of harvest come.

And good and ill, and peace and strife,
The wheat and weeds of human life,
A mingled harvest lie ;
But ah ! suspended o'er the land,
Is stretch'd the mighty Gatherer's hand,
Waving how awfully !

Awhile, if thy calm soul reflect,
And pleasing be life's retrospect,
The thought of duty done,
Tho' beam thine evening sun less brightly,
Thy cheerful heart shall beat as lightly
As when its day beams shone.

The ear approving lists the theme
That man's a shadow, life a dream,
The lesson fast forgetting :
The eye, as seasons glide away,
Sees nature fade and life decay,
No change of heart begetting.

The leaf is checquer'd, — so is thine,
And falling, — so is life's decline,
And dying — so art thou :
Soon o'er the grave, where both shall sleep,
The winter storms shall sternly sweep,
That darkly threaten now.

'Tis thus, though signs of death abound,
And ominous the sear leaves around
Sink hourly to the earth,
We glean no moral from the scene,
And think our leaf of life as green
As first it buds to birth.

How if perchance thy pain'd breast glean
From dying Nature memory keen
Of some dear parted one,
Scenes of returning life may feed
Thine heart with hope, though now it bleed
For hope untimely flown.

Fondly and fearfully bending o'er
Thy friend, and won to feeling more
As more that friend decays ;
The plant, remember, fading now,
To greenest life again shall grow
Where the sunbeam brighter plays.

But, gathering fast its shades around thee,
If thy autumnal day has found thee
Prepar'd to meet its close,
Scarce less of peaceful joy is thine,
Nor lovely less thy day's decline,
Than its bright morning rose.

Thou reapest fruits of love and peace,
And joy that but with earth shall cease,
To bloom again in Heav'n ;
And it is sweet when round thee smiles
The harvest of life's virtuous toils,
A plenteous produce giv'n.

Not such, when life's best years are gone,
And well nigh its brief race is run,
The fruits that sinners share :
Oh ! bitter are the tears that bring
Remember'd errors on the wing
Of trembling and despair !

Dark though retiring Autumn frown,
And desolate be life's landscape grown,
Yet darker days will come,
And more of desolation wear
The wintry scenes that crown the year
Of life — man's last, long home.

And tremblest thou, as fast advancing,
The present griefs of life enhancing
Its dreariest, latest scene ?
Oh ! think, ere dawn yet drearier day,
Thine heart what dangerous passions sway,
And what thy life has been !

And learn to lift thy heart to Him
Who bids the failing eye grow dim,
Life's flowing fountain cease :
For thee array'd the changeful year,
For thee its various seasons wear
An ever fruitful theme.

There glows a sky no storm may shade,
A tree whose blossoms never fade —
 Its garb for ever vernal ;
A landscape ever bright and fair,
And sunbeams ever playing there,
 And joys that are eternal.

LIFE'S WINTER.

And morn is chang'd to noon and night,
With sable mantle veils the light !
And fast revolving seasons flown,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are gone !
To days of manhood grown the young,
And manhood into age is sprung ;
And age, like Nature, to its last
Of life is onward stealing fast.
Time with impetuous torrent bears
Its stream of moments, days, and years, —
An ever-flowing tide that ne'er
Shall ebb till reach its waters where
A boundless ocean, gliding by,
Flows waveless to eternity.

And this is Nature's hour of death !
Oh ! learn, ere speed her latest breath,
What may be timely tale for youth,
And wears for age alarming truth.
Yon plant, so bare and leafless now,
Erewhile wore greenness on its brow,
And youth and health a freshness lent,
We deem'd a deathless ornament.
The stream, whose waters calmly flow'd
While sunbeams on its surface glow'd,
And, like the streams of early life,
But rarely mov'd by storm or strife,
Now fetter'd by their icy chain,
Sleep as they ne'er would wake again.
The feather'd race, whose matin-song
Pour'd its sweet melodies along,
Now borne from human ear remote,
Has hush'd that once enchanting note.
Oh ! man, the truths these scenes impart
Shew forth thy frailty's counterpart !
Where now the health and freshness borne,
And greenness on thy life's young morn ?
Alas ! that plant's rude lifeless state
Beseems thine own approaching fate,
As yon stream bound in icy chain
Thy life's blood stagnates in its vein.

As all unheard is now the strain
That pour'd its music o'er the plain,
So, soon shall human voices fail,
And silent scenes of death prevail.
But, ah ! again the plant shall bloom,
The ice-bound stream its course resume,
The warbler re-attune his strain,
And thou — yes, thou — shalt wake again —
But not to sorrowing scenes of earth
Shall be thy resurrection's birth ;
No more to meet an earthly Spring,
As Nature on her new-fledg'd wing,
To bud and blossom into life,
And walk the checquer'd paths of strife,
And sink a cripple to the tomb —
Thy second birth far other doom
Awaits — but whether life of bliss
(Whose foretaste scarce is known to this)
Or deep, unutterable woe,
Faint-shadow'd forth in grief below,
A life of never-dying sorrow,
Shall greet thine everlasting morrow,
On His almighty will must rest,
The Searcher of the secret breast.

We are not all alike design'd
To wield the weapons of the mind,

To wind its labyrinth, and live
To honours that its conquests give,
To climb the steeps of earthly fame,
And wear a great and glorious name.
But not on great and glorious state
E'en earthly blessings ever wait.
There is a pathway all may tread,
To far less doubtful joys will lead :
There are, with happier hearts endued,
And *great* is lighter fame than *good*.
All are to hope of glory born,
When earth and its frail hopes are gone :
And means of bliss to all are giv'n,
Sent undistinguishing from Heav'n.

The vessel ploughs the liquid plain
Before the fav'ring wind,
Majestic moving o'er the main,
And leaves no trace behind ;
The eagle cleaves the yielding air,
Nor may ye track his pathway there ;
Borne on a swift and whizzing wing,
Flies the forc'd arrow from the string,
Nor faintest token meets the view
Of where it past or whither flew,

Instant the parted air recloses,
And in its wonted calm reposes :
Thus, sprung to momentary birth,
Man passes through the scenes of earth,
Lives o'er his brief and clouded day,
Falls to forgetfulness away,
And, soon supplied the vacant place,
Succeeds another thoughtless race
Like him, with busiest hopes elate,
As reckless of approaching fate,
But onward hurried "to the bourne
Whence never traveller may return."
Thus momentarily though thousands fall
Scarce scenes of death our hearts appal,
Still stream we on life's ocean wave,
While others feed the storm they brave,
Untimely sinking to repose,
And o'er them the rude billows close ;
Soon fades the moral of the scene
All memory that they once had been —
Nor deem we tempests as they fly,
Are charg'd with our own destiny.

Yes, Death *must* come, and Life is brief —
Its hopes lie scattered like its leaf —
As gathering darkness deepens round,
Oh ! think, while safety may be found,

Of Him, the accepted sacrifice
For Sin, in whom securest lies
Thy humble hope of promis'd peace,
Where tears are dried and sorrows cease —
As the light smoke upborne to Heav'n,
Or dust before the wind is driv'n,
So light the hopes in sinner's breast,
And transient as the parted guest,
His hour of tarrying gone by,
And lost to memory instantly.
Instructed thus, the eye reposes
On scenes that Winter's reign discloses,
Where scarce a wreck of life is seen,
 To tell that life has ever been.
Man, turn awhile from Nature's grave
 And look upon thine own,
From whose firm grasp no hand can save,
 Unmov'd by Terror's moan;
And Death and Darkness round thee reign,
 As they would reign for ever,
And captive Nature wears a chain
 'T would seem no chance could sever!
But, mark ! where glows, beyond the storm,
 A sky, though faintly beaming,
Maturing momentarily to form
 And face of calmer seeming.

Yes, Winter leads his storms away,
And softer zephyrs round thee play,
And well-remember'd voices bring
Glad tidings of returning Spring.
So, Life's dark wintry season o'er,
And earth's probation-scene no more,
Lo! dawning on the grave of Time,
The beamings of a lovelier clime,
A Spring where suns for ever glow,
And founts of bliss perpetual flow,
And life unbounded by the grave,
Through Him "omnipotent to save."

FARE THEE WELL.

Child of my hopes, and solace of my leisure,
To nurse whose growth has been my pride and pleasure :
Thy form tho' graceless, and thy beauties rare,
I know thee virtuous, and believe thee fair.
There will be friends to greet thine earliest gaze,
Prepar'd to love thee, and dispos'd to praise,
Hail thy forth-coming with a smile, and cheer
Thy footstep trembling on its new career.
Thus blest thy course, by partial kindness driv'n,
Thy virtues cherish'd, and thy faults forgiv'n!

To win the praise of those thou lov'st the best,
And wake new interest in their generous breast, —
Yet more to bind to thine the hearts of friends
Whose patron hand a liberal aid extends, —
To wear the laurels blooming round thy home,
That court thee earliest, and the most become ;
Be this the boundary of thy pride, nor aim
At loftier honours or a fairer fame.

It is not thine to charm the ravish'd sense, —
To pour the strain of magic eloquence,
Lift thy sweet voice with minstrel maiden's art,
Gain on the ear, and captive lead the heart, —
To win and wear a never-dying fame,
And born to patronage, mature to fame, —
Not thine the hopes that lovelier sisters own,
Stranger to beauty, and to fame unknown !
Oh ! seek not scenes where friendly hearts may fail,
Less prosperous breeze, less smiling sky prevail,
Where keener glance shall criticise thy worth,
And crush thy bold pretensions in their birth.
No ! dwell, where beats for thee more feeling breast, —
A not unbidden, not unwelcome guest.
Tho' each faint beauty have its hundred foils
The heart will love thee, when the eye recoils ;
And where some latent spark of richest worth
Asks but a feeble hand to give it birth,
Be this the proudest meed thy hopes may claim —
To wake the slumb'ring fire, and feed the growing flame.

THE END.

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