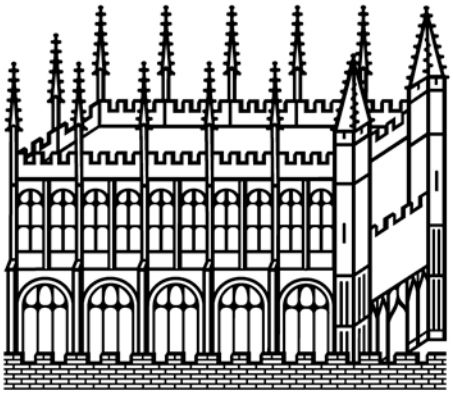


Bodleian Libraries

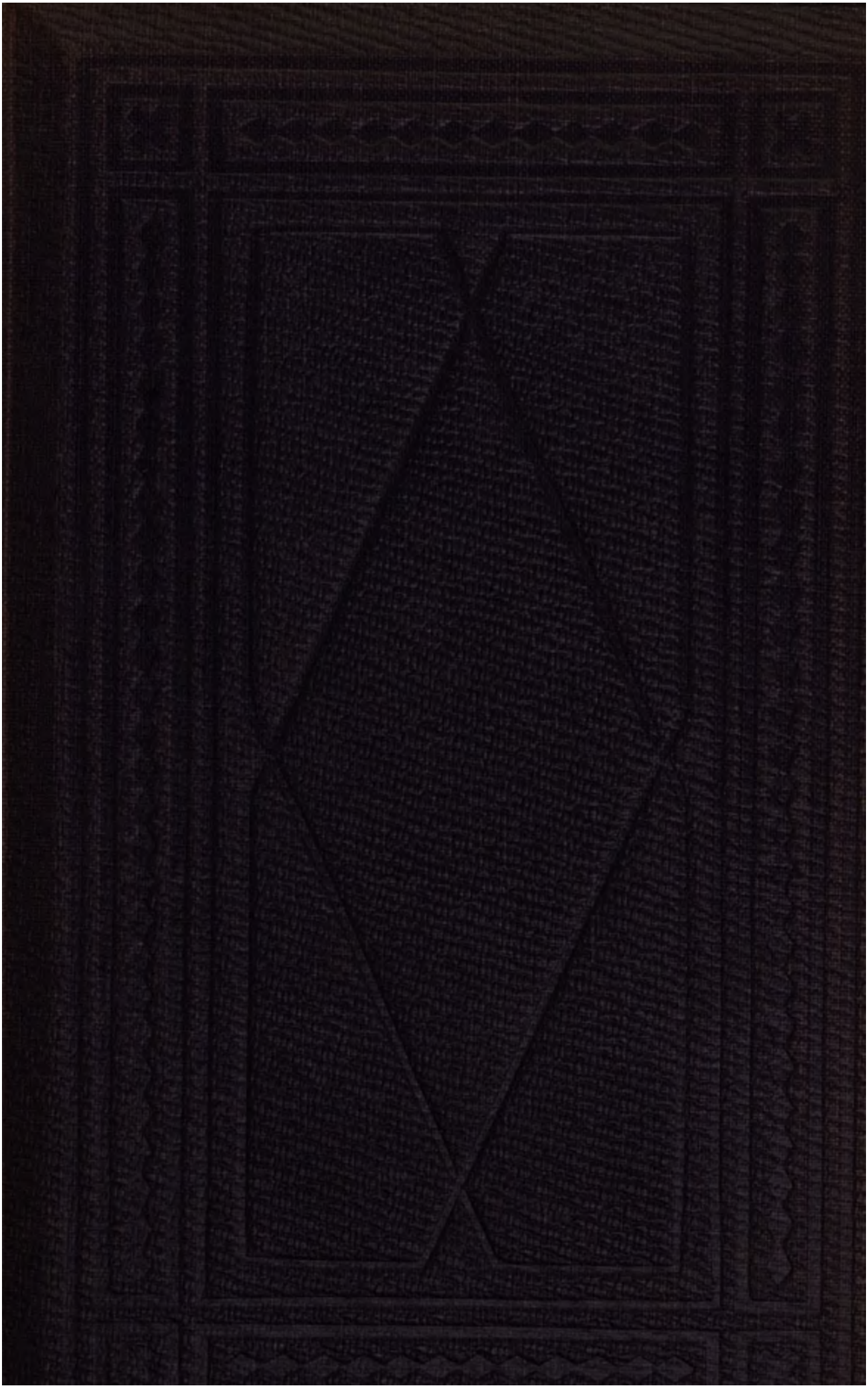
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



THE

CHRISTIAN HARP.

DESIGNED AS A COMPANION TO

The Foreign Sacred Lyre.

BY JOHN SHEPPARD,

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON DEVOTION," ETC. ETC.

"De Poetica adhuc levius omnino et humilius, quam ejus dignitas postulat, existimabimus—nisi eam in sacris versantem, et Religioni ministrantem contemplemur. Hoc primum ei negotium datum est; hoc ita feliciter exequitur, ut in cæteris rebus impositam quandam personam gerere videatur, hic solummodo suam; alibi enim ad artis subsidia semper confugere, hic propria vi niti, aut potius spiritu vere divino sustentari."

LOWTH, *De Sacra Poesi Hebr. Prælect.* I. p. 16.

LONDON:—JACKSON & WALFORD,

18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

1859.

147. d. 65.

LONDON :

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

To
S. A. D. S.

My dearest,

I inscribe these pages to you, who best understand and appreciate the feelings that have prompted many of them, and have warmly admired with me the scenes to which several relate.

I am quite aware that they reach not the rare poetic range and elevation, which high native genius can alone attain; and which the Roman lyrist, satirist, and critic seemed to prescribe as the only warrant for such attempts, when he pronounced that "mediocre poets cannot be." But I wholly disclaim any pretension to that name; nor have these metrical pieces any title to be called poems. They are but verses; expressing metrically what could not be so aptly or succinctly expressed in

prose. There is a kind of topics and of emotions to which the rhythm and style of prose appear inadequate and unfitting. It is true we have specimens of fervid and ornate oratory or eloquence, which, although not metrical, essentially approach to poetry. But there is always the danger, (which it requires unusually nice discrimination to shun,) that such a style will verge too closely upon verse, and become a sort of poetic prose; and this,—either by the choice of words, or the semi-metrical collocation of them, or sometimes both ways,—will be very unacceptable to a right taste and judgment.

Perhaps—though it seem a paradox—one advantage may arise to readers from a verse-writer's "mediocrity." There is less hazard that one who owns no "fine frenzy," but draws only on the more quiet and ordinary stores of sense and taste and feeling, should launch or soar (like some writers of real genius in this our age) into what is "dimly, if at all, intelligible." Archbishop Whately has humorously named such writers "children of the mist;" and he severely says, "Let any one imagine to himself, if he can, a mist so resplendent with gay prismatic colours, that men should

forget its inconveniences in their admiration of its beauty, and that a kind of nebular taste should prevail, for preferring that gorgeous dimness to vulgar daylight; nothing short of this could afford a parallel to the mischief done to the public mind by some late writers both in England and America." *

He quotes also this remark from the Edinburgh Review: "A strange notion, which many have adopted of late years, is that a poem cannot be profound unless it is, in whole or in part, obscure; the people like their prophets to foam and speak riddles."

This—be it deemed a fault or a merit—is, I hope, avoided in the following pieces, perhaps from the inability, as well as by the judgment, of the writer.

If you dislike, as I think you do, what the Archbishop terms "a certain haze," and "a kind of dusky magnificence," you may, by the absence of these, be somewhat consoled for the fact that this verse-writer is neither prophet nor poet.

Had I withholden these papers, and not directed them to be destroyed, leaving it in your option to permit or forbid their publication, I should thus have

* Preface to Bacon's Essays, p. v.

imposed the task of a decision, which might have perplexed and pained you.

The admirable George Herbert, who *was* a poet, gave, in his last illness, the manuscript of his "Temple; Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," to a friend, saying, "Sir, I pray deliver this book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public: if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

I doubt not that most readers prefer to have that unique and charming book just as its devout author left it; yet some will judge, that had it passed through the press under his own eye, certain quaintnesses and conceits might have been expunged, and several slight obscurities removed; and that thus its value,—now so great and indisputable,—might still have been enhanced by the author's own revision.

Of no one more truly than of Herbert could that in the moral and Christian sense be said, which Lord Lyttelton wrote of Thomson,—that his works contained

"No line which dying he could wish to blot."

How happy if this could have been said rightly of *all* poets. But, in the *literary* sense, I question if *any* one with his proof-sheets before him, has failed to find lines which he could wish to blot, and did blot accordingly. That difference of critical estimate which the mere *aspect* of printed lines induces,—the easier yet stricter manner, in which, from habit and association, we review them, may sufficiently account for this.

I wish that in my censorship of the closet I may have blotted or excluded enough.

You and others will perceive defects and blemishes; and perhaps will pronounce that some pieces should have been wholly omitted, or considerably retrenched.

There is, indeed, in the portions of this volume, much inequality of character. Those of Part I. are slight attempts to recall scenes and reflections which have deeply interested me, at different periods, and in different countries. It seems to me that sketches and thoughts in *verse* form the preferable mode of impressing these.

You are aware that this mode was adopted far more largely and connectedly, as well as far more poetically, by the late Samuel Rogers, in his "Italy;" which all travellers thither (who can duly value it) should take among their chosen handbooks. Mr. Rogers said of it himself, "Whatever may be the fate of this poem, it has led the author, in many an after-dream, through a beautiful country."

I have tried somewhat to classify the pieces of the remaining Parts; but it could not be done with exactness: for while those of Part II. are the more directly "Devotional," that name might also be, in some sense, applied to several of the "Miscellaneous" in Part III., and of course it would suit strictly the "Hymns" of Part IV.

A few others, also, might have been not unfitly placed among the Hymns; but it was preferred to class them elsewhere, either as being of too great length, or of less simple style, or for both those reasons.

The greater number of the Notes annexed refer to places and persons named in the first Part. If some of these (particularly Note X.) should be for most readers too long or too dry, it may yet be hoped they will

prove acceptable to a few, as being chiefly citations from excellent authors on subjects of high import.

In Hymns,—which form a small portion of the volume,—the leading aim as to style, ought to be the greatest simplicity. I am very sensible how difficult this is of attainment, and how imperfectly it has in some instances been reached.

Some of the longer pieces, which cannot be classed among Hymns, must be regarded as a sort of metrical prayers. I have met with comparatively few English sacred poems which are strictly of this kind. We have, indeed, very numerous *hymns* of supplication, which, in my esteem, are most valuable *as* prayers. But I know of no English prayers,—strictly so called and intended, —which are metrical. In the old German Manual by Schmolck, very many of the prayers are so. Some devout and judicious persons object to such a method of composing prayers; but I think, without good reason; and perhaps in forgetfulness of the fact, that in the original Hebrew, many psalms, both of supplication and of thanksgiving, are of a poetical and metrical structure.*

* See Lowth, "Prælect. de Sacra Poesi Hebræorum," p. 26, note.

That structure has the advantage—at least in the experience of some—that it facilitates the laying-up and retention of any composition in the memory. It has also frequently more pointedness and conciseness of expression, which, in this and many other cases, ought to recommend it. Pope, in his preface to the "Essay on Man," gave as one reason for putting his thoughts into verse, "I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose."

Some others of these pieces will have little or no attraction for those who judge them by a poetic standard. But what I intimated in prefacing the "Foreign Sacred Lyre" applies equally to this its intended companion,—those whom it is hoped the volume may interest, although quite sensible to the charms of originality, and of elegance or refinement, set a far higher value on Christian sentiment and purpose.

It would be, especially at my age, a palpable folly to be coveting poetic reputation, or vexed at the consciousness that it has been and is unattainable. My only allowed aims are, to render these manuscripts, through the printer's aid, more comfortably accessible and legible by myself and some of our friends,—to

present them to such as I think may not deem the gift of verse, or of sacred verse, an infliction,—to effect a little religious good, or impart a little pleasure of the Christian sort (if, by God's blessing, this may be); and to leave to you, my dearest, without any effort or anxiety devolved on you, this small token or memorial of an unchanging affection. With such aims, I have been partly inclined only to print the sheets for private distribution; but have preferred on the whole to publish them, for the sake of giving opportunity of purchase to the few who may desire it. Any use or acceptance which they may have for immediate friends, will perhaps be thus in a small degree extended.

You know the meanings which I connect with the name applied to yourself in several of the following pages. They would not interest others; but they render that name variously appropriate from

Yours ever,

J. S.

THE COTTAGE, FROME,

October, 1858.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

SUGGESTED BY OBJECTS VIEWED IN TRAVELLING.

	PAGE
After visiting Stonehenge and Sarum	3
Villa Pliniana, Lake of Como	6
"Paradise not here." Arona	8
Bedous, in the Pyrenees	12
Mont Blanc. 1816	16
Mont Blanc. 1856	23
To "Barry." Berne, 1856	30
Lucerne. 1857	32
Iona and Staffa	36
"Cœur de Lion's" Heart. Rouen	45
Minehead, May, 1851	48
The Isle of Wight	51

PART II.

DEVOTIONAL.

In Memory of a Parent	63
Christian Communion	67

PAGE

Aspirations 69
Union with the Saviour besought 72
Prayer for Christian Unity 74
The Spirit of Adoption implored 76
God manifest in Christ 82
Paul and Silvanus at Philippi 86
Thanksgiving, founded on Psalm cxvi. 92
To the Self-existent 94
To a Sick Friend 99
Sunset Hymn in Paradise 106
Written on Blank Leaves 113
Thoughts in Sadness 119
In Declension of Health 123
On Recovery 127
In Convalescence 129

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Epitaph on Bishop Ken 133
To C. H., after the decease of her Sisters 134
Epitaph on "Sober" 136
To R——, on her Mother's decease 138
On Sermons 139
To Mona 141
After visiting my Friend Mrs. ——, 1838 143
With a Rose, to an aged Friend 147
On the Art of Writing 149
Sequel 151
To Sisters, singing sacred Music 153
To Mona, with a Flower 155
To my Friend, J. B—— 157

PAGE
On a Blank Charity Ticket 161
Old Age and sceptical Science 163
To the great Comet 170
After revisiting the Isle of Wight 175

PART IV.

HYMNS.—TRANSLATIONS.

Union with Christ 185
Prayer to the Redeemer 188
The Closing Year 190
Patience of God 192
Prayer for Unity 194
For true Unity 196
For Spiritual Blessings 197
For right Effects from Pain 198
In Public and Private Trials 199
"Now we see in a glass darkly" 201
For Christian Courage 203
Tears of Christ 205
Prayer for Divine Influence 207
"All things are of God" 209
Resurrection 211
Easter-Day 213
Prayer for Spiritual Good 215
New Year 217
The Home of the Redeemed 219
For Sunday Scholars 221
Close of the Year 223
For the Use of the Young 225
Second for the Young 227
Third for the Young 229

PAGE
Fourth for the Young 231
Fifth for the Young 232
"Thy Footsteps are not known" 234

TRANSLATIONS.

Doubt; Longing; Faith; from Lavater 236
On the New Year; from Lavater 243

NOTES.

I. On the term, "Outmost march" 251
II. On the intermitting Fountain near Como 252
III. On a Child's saying at Arona 252
IV. On Bedous, in the Pyrenees 253
V. De Lamartine on the Dog 253
VI. On the Life of St. Columba 255
VII. On the Death of Cynægirus 258
VIII. On Fingal's Cave in Staffa 259
IX. On "Cœur de Lion" 260
X. On the Trinity; from Augustin, John Howe, J. P. Smith, Professor Daniell 262
XI. Reason for reprinting the Sunset Hymn 269
XII. On Pantheism 270
XIII. On the term Nepenthes 271
XIV. On the Opinions advanced in "Vestiges," &c. . . . 273
XV. On Comets 274

PART I.

PIECES SUGGESTED BY OBJECTS VIEWED IN TRAVELLING.

LINES TO A VALUED COMPANION,*

AFTER VISITING STONEHENGE AND SARUM.

1823.

We stood, my friend, amidst those monuments
Of barbarous and unholy power, whose date,
And wondrous structure, lie profoundly whelm'd
In the long night of ages. We survey'd
Those tabular rocks, by stern idolatry
Transported and uprear'd (perhaps before
The lords of Nilus in their Pyramids slept),
Those huge gray stones, within whose mystic round,
It may be, human hecatombs have bled,
Or burn'd, in agony.—Thence quickly borne
Within the ken of Sarum's pointed fane,
Well pleas'd we own'd that "pagans but amaze,
Christians aspire;" then pac'd the solemn aisles,
Which in chill silence shroud the crumbled dust

* The late Rev. W. Innes, D.D.

Of hands once chivalrous and eyes once bright,
Of many a breast elate and mitred brow;
While the poor imagery that tells their tale,
Less massive and more fragile than the blocks
Of Druid strength, itself is crumbling too.

Oh mighty pageants, monitory flight
And evanescence of the pomps of time,
How sad, how still, how awful is your lore!

And soon shall we too stand, my Christian friend,
Beyond the "outmost march" * of time's low realm,
Gazing no longer on a frail and dim
Antiquity, but upon scenes untold,
Unperishing, incorruptible, undefiled!

And shall we stand unparted, rapt in bliss,
Adoring bliss, within that sacred sphere,
That glorious precinct, that celestial home,
Where dwells the First, Last, Happiest, Holiest,
The radiant Lord of manifested Love?
Where He who bare the load of mortal guilt
And burden of earth's griefs, who magnified,
By willing anguish for apostate man,
The spotless glory of heaven's sanctities,
Now reigns—and calls the ransom'd to his joy?
Ah, shall we meet and bow united there?

* Note I.

My honour'd friend, those lichen-tinted stones,
Those Runic carvings, are fit chronicles
Of time and death. But He that died for us,
Once occupant—then conqueror—of the grave,
He reigns ; the ever-living First-fruit now
Of life and incorruption, of a love
Unquenchable, a mercy that restores
The ruin'd, while e'en outrag'd Justice smiles.

Ah, shall we meet within his house on high,
That "building of our God, not made with hands,
Eternal in the heavens ;" that edifice,
Which needs no pencilling of sunny gold
Or silvery moonlight, to illuminate
Its praise-resounding arches—for pure truth
And love divine through all its mansions breathe,—
The light, the air, the sunshine of the blest !

Oh for new rays of each, to make quite sure
The blessed greeting there—for me—for mine—
For all we cherish !
Then our partings here,
And all the sorrows of this changeful scene,
Were but as clouded instants ; soon to yield
To the great Sabbatism's endless noon,
The fulness of inseparable joy.

ON VIEWING THE INTERMITTING FOUNTAIN, DESCRIBED BY PLINY.

Villa Plinitana, Lake of Como, 1816.*

It flows, it ebbs, as when the Roman drank
Its living stream, and pluck'd the pendent grapes
Upon its rocky margin, while he watch'd
The reflux. Seventeen centuries have pass'd,
Like its cold waters, to the deep; and yet
It flows, it ebbs;—but the life-moving stream
That flow'd and ebb'd about the Roman's heart
Hath stopp'd full long: the quick warm tide that rose
With high-born hope, and power, and ample fame,
Soon falter'd and was stagnant. What were man,
If man were not immortal! Could a *name*
Suffice him? Then were this unconscious fount
As blest, as deathless as the scatter'd dust

* From "Letters after a Tour, 1817," now out of print. Note II.

Which once was Pliny ; then the Rubicon
As Julius ; and the piles of Memphian pride
Greater and happier than their nameless lords.

Not that applauding Forum, nor the sweets
Of letter'd converse in his Larian shades ;
Not the proud fasces, nor deputed throne
Of Asia, could elate the Roman's heart
With full, sublime, imperishable joy.
'T was the high meed of those obscurer souls
Whom the proconsul pitied ; 't was the bond
Of those proscrib'd and new conspirators
For purity and truth, who, fearless, met
Ere Sabbath-dawning on Bithynia's plains,
And hymn'd their risen Lord, and hail'd the Sun
Of immortality.*

* See the well-known letter of Pliny to Trajan, respecting the Christians of Bithynia, in Melmoth's Pliny, Book X. Lett. 97, p. 673 ; and in Paley's Evidences, Pt. I. c. 5. Vol. 1, p. 97.

TO A CHILD,

WHO, BEING PLAYFULLY ASKED IF THE STATUE OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO COULD SPEAK, ANSWERED,—

"Ei parla in Paradiso, ma qui no."
"He speaks in Paradise, but not here."

Arona, 1816.*

But is not *here* a paradise, my child?
If the pure fonts that water'd Eden gave
(As fancy well may deem) their rivulets
To mingle in some calm and clear expanse,
Edged by the fruitage of her groves,—methinks
It was like this; for here the wreathed vines
Slope to the brink, and chestnuts with deep green
And varnish'd umbrage from the upland brow.
The choir of day now trill their softest notes
And latest; while the warbler of the night

* From "Letters after a Tour."—Note III.

Tunes her beginning sweetness. Near my seat,
A drooping birch-tree's peel'd and shining stem
And leaf unquivering, like a partial veil
Make what they screen more fair. The sleeping lake
Glimmers in twilight stillness ; and, beyond,
Upon Anghera's mountain battlements
Float the last beams of evening. That slow sail
Of fishermen seems whiter, as the gray
And cloudy hues of nightfall tinge the flood.
With deep and lulling tones a vesper bell
Sounds heavily from each "wide water'd shore,"
As when perhaps our *bard* of paradise
Reclin'd here, in the new found luxury
Of southern climes, his soul collecting sweets
To enrich her fancy's Eden. Yet, my child,
Thou hast said rightly. Eden is not here.
E'en though to-morrow's early glorious dawn
Light up these dim enchantments, flaming through
Portal and arch upon Anghera's height,
Tinting all shadowy summits,—and the sun
Mount in his strength, and fling his brightness forth
Athwart that purple basin, rippling fresh
In the first breath of day, till silvery clouds
A moment hide him, and yon forests throw
Their fringèd outline on the darken'd wave,—
Though this come with the morrow, and much more
Of beauty,—thou hast spoken well, sweet child ;

And Eden is not here. The verdant vine
Unripening now complains, and rural toils
Are heartless ; next its treasures fill the bowl
Of dissolute excess ; the forests cloke
Some cavern'd nest of rapine ; murder steals
Through groves that speak of love ; the fisher heaves
His frequent nets in vain, and penury
Compels him forth when the low thunder's voice
Hath muster'd all the gloominess of heaven,
Till the quick bolt, and surge, and rushing gale
Fight with his bark : Anghera's castled lord
Perchance, unlike his sainted ancestor,
With sleepless conscience wars ; or other foes,
Ere long, may scare his slumbers, and some band
Of licens'd ruffians from transalpine plains
Be rifling his proud villa : that slow bell
Whispers mortality ; it calls indeed
The prayerful peasant to diviner hopes,
But yet to mental servitude, to rite
Fantastic, and delusions dusk as eve.

True, for the warblers of the upland shade
This *is* a paradise ; but many a youth,
That loves the shade and them, may roam to list
Their happy concerts, and in listening sigh.
His baffled hope, his aching heart bereaved,
His wrongs from fortune, or his slights in love,

May make the sweet strain envied, not enjoy'd.
Or deeper far than these, where guilt hath struck,
An inmost discord, earth has not a note
To soothe it.—Even thou, sweet child, with step
Of lightest mood, and poesy of heart,
And scenes to nurse it, thou with us shalt prove
Earth has no Eden, where she smiles the most.

Oh, for that only Paradise! *not here;*
Where nature's hallow'd harp was never jarr'd
By moral evil; where the blessed wake
The full accords of Heaven, that harmonize
With all creation's music; whither soon,
When this short dream of beauty and of joy,
Of pain and fear, hath ceased eternally,
Thou, oh redeeming, oh transforming Love,
Shalt call thy ransom'd exiles to the song!

Poor distant child, be that *thy* paradise!
There may thy sainted patron speak to *thee*
Of changeless joys; there thy new accents greet
The island stranger, and the minds he loves!

AT BEDOUS, ON THE FRONTIER OF SPAIN.

Sunday Morning, July 2, 1854, 4 A.M.*

WITH gladness do I listen, jocund birds,
Sweet tiny minstrels of the Pyrenees,
To your soft gentle song. It hails the dawn
Of summer light anew ; chanting His name
Who rear'd yon glorious mountains, and whose hand
With dewy verdure sprinkled this bright vale,
Which, like a vista into Paradise,
Spreads calm and silent 'neath the orient day.
No breath aërial stirs the poplars' tops,
Which, in their still and long perspective, fringe
The garden's vivid green, and that expanse
Of ripening corn beyond it. Pear-trees group'd
With trellis'd vines, and interspers'd with knots
Of standard roses, and full many a flower
Of bright and various tint, its walks adorn :

* Note IV.

While stretching tow'rd those huge and vapoury heights,
A village path, like a white thread, divides
The farther vale, o'er which at intervals
The herdsman to his early labour wends,
Perchance with step unwilling.
From that plain
Rise the dark ridges of the massive hills
On either hand, in clouded majesty
Front within front receding; richly clad
In fern, or heath, or wood, they lift their bulk
Abrupt; while many a cleft and summit still
Wears its pure gems of snow; and o'er them all
One sterile peak darts from its stony brow
(Stern parapet, alternate ice and rock,)
The dawn's young radiance; and incumbent mists
Brood, louring, on the nearer mountains yet,
Or float and glide athwart their varied crests
In light gray vapour, as a changeful veil:
Yet ever and anon a brilliant streak,
Remnant of winter's spotless robe, starts out
Amid the cloud-wrought drapery.—Rarely aught
Can match this picture. Tranquil, soft and wild,
Sublime and fair, awful and beautiful,
It speaks of might and gentleness. What pen
Or memory shall record, what mortal touch
Or pencil may delineate—how much less

Create, diversify, renew, prolong,
Through all their endless panoramic range,
The loveliness and greatness,—the severe,
Serene, exalted, mild, harmonious whole !

My soul, adore that Lord, who first conceiv'd,
Who wrought, who multiplies, and daily upholds
All these ;—the mountain mass, the sun's new ray,
The ever rushing stream, the flower and fern,
This verdurous plain, and yon perennial snows.

Remember, too, this hallow'd morn,—his *own ;*
Twice blest ; which tells of things more great, more rare ;
Of truths and hopes which all the garniture
Of earth could never promise. Lowly adore
That Lord of life, that ever-during sun
Of righteousness, who veil'd in clouds awhile
His uncreated splendour,—self-abas'd
In most divine humility,—then rose
From lowest deeps, and pour'd the sudden glow
Of his sublime ascension o'er the dark
And groping path of man ; enkindling hopes
And charities to warm unnumber'd hearts.

O Thou that brought'st me,—with my much belov'd—

To view these outward wonders of thy power
And goodness, in their vast effusion here,
Pour, I entreat Thee, thine interior light
And vital fervency of heaven-sent hope
Into each heart,—that mid these glorious views
Of thy magnificence and bounty, we
May serve Thee filially ; devoutly trust
Thy providence ; anticipate thy heaven ;
Sigh for thine advent, and supremely prize
The costlier, dearer wonders of thy love.

TO MONT BLANC.

1816.*

Mountain,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers,
Transcendently, and from that massive crown
Of flaky brightness, dartest down thy beams
Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail!
Unto the souls in hallow'd musing rapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the' invisible,
The' ethereal, the' eternal, thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, though many a weary league
Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil
Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
In vastness almost tangible ; thy smooth

* From "Letters after a Tour."

And bold convexity of silent snows
Rais'd on the still and dark blue firmament.

E'en so when moral fogs of earth are swept
By Heaven's free gale afar,—upon the eye
Of earnest faith and full awaken'd hope
Crowds the bright evidence of things unseen :
In earth's low reckoning doubtful and remote ;
But to that gazer, close and palpable,
Immense, unfading, infinitely sure.

Mountain,—thou image of eternity,—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrain'd aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste.—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturb'd above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round ; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite ?—Hath he won his way,
That young investigator ?—Yes, but now,
Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness ; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion ; the wide scene is dim ;
Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
Deep-rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him, with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,

And blessed sunlight, in his dying eye
Float dubious; and 't is midnight at his heart!

Hence be thou warn'd, youth whose excursive soul
Would range the proudest Alps of intellect,
Surmount opinion's bulwarks, sound all depths,
Question all heights, and inly speculate
With fearless glances down the blue abyss.
I mark thine eagle eye, where thou hast scal'd
The barriers of the vulgar, and look'st down
Exultant on their tame procession, led
By custom or authority, fast link'd,
And poring earthward as they pace the dell.
I love thy conscious freedom. Yet be warn'd!
Thou need'st a chart, and thy soul's needle touch'd
With Heaven's own essence, faithful to its source.
Else, be thou sure, those chill and mystic wilds
Will maze thy keen intelligence; fair truth
Shall seem extinct; the moral universe,
The living rays that light it, the divine,
The fair, the perfect, day-stars of all hope,
Shall fade for thee, and sceptic darkness quench
A glowing spirit, form'd to reach its God.

Mountain,—that firm and ardent Genevese,*
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot

* De Saussure.

First bounded o'er thine ice-rents, who disdain'd
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And through a labyrinth of crystal rocks
Press'd his untir'd ascent,—e'en he, and all
His iron band of native mountaineers,
While scaling that aërial cupola
Of Nature's temple, own'd a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel voices, and thy snowbright cope
For angel roamings.—True, his zealous mind
Achiev'd its philosophic aim, and mark'd
And measur'd there; but turn'd to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.

So, Christian, if thy tried and well-arm'd soul
Will mount, with awful speculation, far
Into the Self-Existent, the sole cause
Uncaus'd, the pure eternal fount of good
Permitting streams of ill; mayst thou too learn
And measure there; but most of all shalt learn
To measure from that topless altitude
Humility: and thy confounded thought
Be fain to sink into the safer vale.
E'en he of Tarsus,—whom the wings of love
Caught up to Paradise, and the third Heaven
Own'd for a moment ere his earthly course
Was run, that so he might anticipate
A crown of life,—had to descend as soon,

Resume his mortal burden, and go forth
In patience with the pilgrims of the vale.

Mountain,—the sons of science or of taste
Need not essay such triumph. 'T is more wise
And happier (till a fiery chariot wait)
To scan from lesser heights thy glorious whole;
To climb above the deep though lofty plain
That wrongs thee; pass its line of envious peaks,
And station'd at thy cross, sublime Flegère,*
Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur; while
His host of subject hills are spread beneath:
For scarce till then his own colossal might
Seems disenthrall'd; and mute astonishment,
Unquench'd by doubt or dread, at each new step
Shall own his aspect more celestial still.
There, in some hollow nook reclining, whence
The bright-eyed chamois sprung; with tufted bells
Of rhododendron blushing at my feet;
The unprofan'd recess of Alpine life
Were all my world that hour; and the vast mount
In his lone majesty would picture Heaven.

E'en thus, O Christian, let thy lifted soul,
Contemplative, surpass the subject world!
Go thou apart to pray! and in that hour

* La Croix de la Flegère is a point (so called from a cross raised on it) commanding one of the finest views of Mont Blanc.

Not all the mighty piles that load the plain,
Not marble roofs of wealth, nor towers of pride,
Nor smoke of toil, nor thundercloud of war,
Nor guilty power's volcano, shall obstruct
Thy heavenly visions; thou mayst not forget
The loveliness of nature at thy feet;
But the divine, the everlasting hills,
Seen from thy station at the cross, shall rise
More vast yet fairer, holier yet more mild,
Awful effulgent thrones of Deity,
Whose most intolerable rays converge
In the one centre of exhaustless love.

Bright mountain,—ah, but volum'd clouds enwrap
Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steeps,
And, rising as the orb of day declines,
Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,
Then thy whole self involve—save haply when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and show
Thee not unstable like the earthborn cloud,
Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then, as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumber'd hills, o'er that high zone
Of gather'd vapour, thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,
Clear as the morning, still as the mid night,

More beautiful than noon : for, lo ! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming :—mountain, art thou half divine ?
Sever'd from earth, irradiated from heaven !

Thus e'en the taught of Heaven, with joyless eye
Fix'd on the sable clouds which fear hath cast
On all the landscape of his destiny,
May fail to pierce them ;—but, though legion'd shapes
Of nether evil, though the deep array
Of stern adversities, and murky hosts
Of dark illusion, blot his upper skies ;
Yet, as they change, through that incumbent gloom,
Shall he catch glimpses of the hallow'd mount,
And weep that heaven is bright.—And at the hour
Of stillness, when e'en frightful shadows fade,
When night seems closing on his latest hopes,
And his sun set for ever,—then behold,
Emerging in mid-heaven, thy glistening top,
Oh Sion ! and the God that rul'd his day
Hath *not* departed ; for He poureth now
His radiance on thy summits, glancing back
A thrilling flood into His servant's soul,
"Joy full of glory !"—Was the noon-day dark ?
It was :—but eve is cloudless ; night is peace ;
Rapture shall gild the never-ending morn.

TO MONT BLANC.

1856.

KINGLIEST of Europe's heights, preeminent
As a crown'd giant o'er his lordly train
In uncontested majesty,—once more
I look on thee: once more from the dark slopes
Of Jura gaze athwart thy mirror calm,
The azure Leman; and survey thy cone
Aspirant, snow-clad, towering o'er the chain
Of Savoy's Alps, that skirt its southern marge.

O mountain, four times ten elapsing years
Have glided refluent to the solemn past
And swell'd the gulf-stream of its ages, since
My youthful glance first kenn'd thy peak sublime
And trackless snows.

But all unchang'd art thou,
Thy mighty base unmov'd, thy needle rocks
Unshaken ; and the spotless robe which wrapt
Thy summit, spotless yet : while on this brow
Hath fallen the gradual snow, and age completes
The gather'd whiteness that portends its fall.

Yes, sovereign Alp, thou reignest ; but, alas !
How many a crownèd head and sceptred hand
Hath trembled, sunk to dust, and moulder'd there,
Since first I look'd on thee ! Yet still I live ;
And with unbated wonder pause on all
The' Eternal Master's tints of earth and sky,
And lake and ocean ; meditating thus
With deeper wonder—I have liv'd so long ;
Retracing more devoutly all the way
Which He hath led me ; and now most the train
Of vanish'd years, since first these Alps shone forth
In glorious vision on my trancèd view !

Chief of their summits ! verily—if earth
Own "everlasting mountains," or can boast
Of her "perpetual hills,"—then most of *thee ;*
Enthron'd and fix'd in changeless primacy.

Yet not, Mont Blanc, e'en thy perennial strength
And ponderous mass, surpassing force shall foil,

Nor the slow touch of time! What though no heave
Of earthquake rend thee, nor volcanic spark
Perturb,—yet mightier subterranean fires
May soon thy huge foundations dislocate,
And bid those peaks as melting wax flow down,
Or, like thy shuddering avalanches, fall,
At the Subverter's presence!
But, Lord, Thou,
Sole Rock eternal, Mount immutable,
Who fillest earth and heaven, still compassing
And shielding all this universe of things
As in the boundless hollow of thy hand
And hiding of thy power,—*Thou* changest not,—
Thou wanest never!
At thy bidding, Lord,
The' old Alps must crumble, and the seas be dried
As once for Israel: brilliant stars must sink
In ether whelm'd; fair planets wax and wane;
But Thou, inalterable, pure, serene,
Embracest all the mutable universe,
Infoldest its swift changing elements,
In the strong clasp of Love.
Yes, known to us
Is that all-potent Love: once scarce unveil'd
To man, albeit from great eternity
Subsistent, ardent; but, at the' eventide
Of our world's secular day, made manifest

By that ineffable, transcendent boon,
Which in the Triune purpose and decree
Existed ever,—but hath since burst forth
In act, love's holiest best development,
Whence countless hearts imbibe its healing ray.

Might, wisdom, goodness, on the' eternal throne
All "dimly seen," the patriarchal creed
Confess'd and worshipp'd ;—but our later days
Have felt the fervid Brightness ; have believ'd
Undoubtingly, and in strong hope ador'd.

So, king of mountains, watch'd from Breven's cliffs
Or from the loftier Buet,—so, full oft,
Through the long morn of an autumnal day
Thy mighty pinnacles are deep inwreath'd
In shining mist,—and yet, ere sunsetting,
Sudden the dome emerges, warmly bright
With ruddy lustre, in that evening glow,—
Like a desire of nations ; while the soul
Of the rapt gazer kindles, in response
To those heaven-teaching beams, and his heart bends
In thankful fervency at that great sight,
Mild reflex of benignity divine.

Once more to Thee, sole Source of wonder-works—
Of all creation's miracles,—I turn ;

Ever to Thee, thou true Infinitude
Of holy love ! Let ruin quench this soul
But I must love Thee : yea, if thou wert not,
Chaos would blast all hope, and blackest night
Curtain the destitute and orphan world.

Nay, but Thou art—Thou art ! the absolute Good ;
Imperishable, holiest, ever blest !
Heaven heraldeth thy grandeurs, but thy word,
Thy pure revealèd and revealing word,
Uttereth thy richest mercies ; doth avouch
That Thou, whom not the heaven of heavens can hold
Dost nurse and cherish thy frail creatures still
With kind parental arms ; hast been the home,
The dwelling-place of thine, since earth was fram'd
And life upsprang ; our heavenly Sanctuary
And shield, whom guilt had ruin'd : when the Word
Eternal, manifest, evincing thus
The Father's loving-kindness and his own,
Took manhood into God !

Once more, adieu,
Bright mountain ! O, how eloquent though mute,
In glorious stillness pointing up to heaven
Thy figurative lesson meets my gaze !
Yet allegoric only : for in sooth
Not thy majestic dome—not e'en the range

Of Andes, nor the vaster heights of Ind,
—Nay, not this broad terraqueous globe itself—
Not the great orb that rules it—not the suns
That sparkle in the magic tube of Rosse
From far Orion's cluster, can express
In verity, or e'en duly symbolize,
The Soul that guides them.
Matter is not will :
Extent not spirit : streams electrical
Not " thoughts that wander through eternity ; "
Snows are not pureness ; nor is radiance love.

Even as the pearly buoyant nautilus
Is crush'd 'mid clashing surges, while the frail
And lowly limpet, of its seaworn ledge
Tenacious, clings inseparably there,
Calm in its latent life, though surges roar,—
So, while earth's eddies whirl, and stormy blasts
Lash the white wave, and many a painted bark
Is sorely driven,—O, bid our spirits cleave
Inseparable to Thee, the moveless Rock
Of ages,—and in hidden lowliness
Fix'd to that glorious All, each storm survive !

Adieu, thou kingly mountain. Let my soul,
—And hers with whom I joy to visit thee
And mark thy silent majesty anew,—

Retain thine image ever : treasuring it
As a faint emblem of the living might
Which rais'd erewhile earth's bulwarks, piling up
These monuments that mock at narrow time,
And count our ages but as fluid motes
Of thy own wavy rock-falls ;—shiver'd drops
From time's swift rivulet, flitting evermore
To shoreless deeps that peal the unutter'd Name
And whisper still—Omnipotence is Love.

TO "BARRY,"

A ST. BERNARD'S DOG.*

Berne, 1856.

HEROIC Barry ! how much more thy claim
To embalmings and a sumptuous pyramid,
Than his whose host the Red Sea's billows hid,
Israel's fell taskmaster and Egypt's shame.

Thy tasks compassions were ; thy toil to save ;
Thy perils brav'd to rescue, not destroy :
Yes, noble fellow-creature, thy best joy
Was to snatch wanderers from an icy grave.

* Who, after saving many lives, received a blow, which proved mortal, from the last traveller whom he rescued, but who had mistaken him for a wolf. Barry was brought to the hospital at Berne for cure, where he died, and is now preserved in the museum there.

How stern the doom—that, when thy grasp benign
Had oft redeem'd whom snowy blasts laid low,
The last—benighted—deem'd thee but his foe,
And while his life he ow'd thee, menac'd thine:

Nay, smote the fancied wolf with fatal stroke,
And wrought his mute deliverer mortal harm;
O gallant dog—thy love could not disarm
That blinded passion, nor the blow revoke.

So, many a self-devoting friend of man,
Hath found him, in mistake or malice, blind;
The generous purpose cruelly malign'd,
And love aspers'd by hatred's poisonous ban.

—No, Barry, no! thou canst not *all* be dead!
Thy earnest kindness, sure, must yet be warm:
The brave quick impulses that mov'd thy form
Were not dull clay, nor of mere vapours bred.

Not e'en thy *frame* hath mingled with the sod;
Why may not thy true soul, in some fair scene,
Some gorge of Alpine verdure subterrene,
Await the uprising of the sons of God?*

* Note V.

LUCERNE.

IN CONVALESCENCE FROM SICKNESS.

June, 1857.

Soon, glorious Alps, we part! Strength is not given
Now, as in summers of departed youth,
To tread your heights precipitous, and gaze
Afar, into your roseate wilderness
New tinted at sunrising by his touch
Who sculptur'd all your pyramids, and paints
His radiant frescoes on your passive snows.

But I have *seen* you; *hail'd* you;—gliding by
On the calm bosom of your sinuous lake,
Cradle of Alpine freedom, rock'd in storms
Of ages; where each soft and emerald mead,
And each sheer massy front of uncloth'd rock,
And every breezy forest, hath its tale
Of antique self-devotement. I have had
These evening glimpses of your mountain host,
In all their grandeur!

True, my heart forbodes
This parting final : scarcely may I see
Your hoary pinnacles, your ambient waves,
Your gorgeous magic of bright clouds, again !

—But thought resigns you not :—nay, rather soars
By you to heights more glorious.
Fancy paints
E'en now, with quick and airy pencilling,
Yon callow eaglet in his rocky cell,
Moss-lin'd, outscoop'd by blasts of centuries
In the grim forehead of that perilous cliff
O'er the lone waters beetling ! Him full soon
Maternal wings shall poise, above the flood,
And tow'rd the glowing east : till her new fledg'd,
Conscious of nascent energies, elate,
With free far-darting glances shall look down
Upon the dark-green pines and rippling lake
Profound : then up, with unblench'd flashing eye,
To crimson dawn ; and now with fearless sweep
Sail on strong pinions forth, from Alp to Alp,
And drink the golden daybeams.—Even so,
(Distrust thou not, my heart, that voice of God !)
—The Parent, Nurse, and Healer of all souls,
Thee, whom He made and ransom'd, doth seclude
In languor's cell, as in a lonely nest
Within the eternal Rock ; his wing divine

Taketh—upbeareth—o'er thine eyrie still
E'en like a mother fluttereth ! * Question not
That He, sole Wonder-worker, Lord of life,
Victor of death, immortal Thaumaturge,
Shall loose and plume thee soon ; unfetter'd quite,
Burnish'd, like Iris, in the hues of morn,
To float forth joyous, amid snowy gleams
Of Alps celestial, o'er each dewy vale
And azure wave serene !
Yes, part we must—
O wondrous mountains ! O resplendent flood !
But yet, but yet, we part not. Whatsoe'er
The Living One hath form'd sublime and pure,
Radiant and beautiful, was form'd for *his*
And form'd to shadow *Him !* Yea, in *Himself,*
—The immortal mystery of loveliness,
The perfect Orb and Centre of all good,—
These broken rays of his sublimity,
Strength, beauty, bliss, shall ever glow condens'd ;
Yet ever welling through the Infinite ;
And the freed spirit's retina shall hold
That vision, brilliant, beatific, vast !
Intense, unending !
Thus, O Living One,
From what of fair, blest, glorious,—*can* we part,
If we abide in *Thee !*

* Deut. xxxii. 11.

And, O, my most
Belov'd, my Mona, gently ministrant,
True handmaid of our Sovereign Healer's care,
Beside this couch of weakness patient still
And self-forgetting—take these feeble thanks
From a full heart! Then, Mona, laud with me
Restoring Love!—then, watch we for the dawn
Immortal, when that holy plenitude
Ineffable, of goodness, beauty, bliss,
Shall inundate our spirits, quite made whole,
In Him quite one for ever!—Yea, even him
Who lingers, in protracted feebleness,
No far-off scene re-visiting,—who shrinks
Oft, with debility and fears oppress'd,
E'en from the heathy paths and dells he lov'd,—
Him too awaits the dawning; more divine
As the chill twilight brooded dense and long.

O Mona, watch we for the heavenly day!
He that doth rescue and sustain us here,
Will yet deliver! His munificence,
His loving-kindness for a race undone,
Are free, imperial, boundless; e'en for us
Once lost, now found;—the trophies of his war
With Evil, and of that triumphant grace
Which wakes new rapture in the choirs of Heaven.

ON PRESENTING A SEAL OF STONE

PROCURED IN IONA.

When true affection your acceptance craves
Of a poor sea-green pebble, plainly set,
And grav'd with cheap device ;—the flitting dove ;—
It gives what luxury would scorn : no gem
Of brilliant facets and of lordly cost,
No old heraldic quarterings. But the stone
For me hath many a legend ; is replete
With mystic signatures ; and I am fain
To make those also yours, albeit no scene
Of wondrous or pathetic incident
Will grace my pages ; only the sublime
Of rocks and waves, and relics venerable
Of zeal and art in centuries long gone by.

Five times nine years have vanish'd, since from seats
Where Scotia's students toil, and Edin rears
Her " old romantic" roofs, I journey'd forth

To the' Hebrid isles. Two days on Ulva's shore
We watch'd the whitening billows as they cours'd
To the sea's marge, and e'en stout mariners paus'd
To breast its roughening tide. At length the deep
Grew smooth, a wavy mirror. 'T was a day
For oars alone :—the steamer yet was not :
Expansive vapour had not then begun
Those forceful conquests o'er the main, which now
Have half depos'd old Æolus, and link'd
Earth's uttermost shores by surer swift access,
Spite of his baffling power.—Us the strong boat
Six-oar'd awaited ; and her stalwart crew
Rais'd their wild Gaelic song, which symphoniz'd
With glancing spray, swept by the feathering oar,
And torrents brawling down the cliffs of Mull.
Beneath those cliffs we touch'd the shore, and pac'd
Macdonald's spacious cavern, musing much
Of robber chieftains, and the barbarous days
Of lawless foray.

Then, our course resum'd,
We near'd "the holy isle" ; and the still sea
Consign'd us to Iona's pebbly sand :
Gladsome, yet pensive,—as the thought arose,
How in a creek of this rude islet's beach,
Near thirteen centuries since, a scanty band
—But vow'd, and of unworldly purpose—sprang
Upon its soil, where Druid rites yet reign'd.

Not till that moon, launching the curach skiff
(The wicker barque encas'd in hides) they voyag'd
From Erin,—twelve of apostolic heart;
Colum their leader; all intent to teach
The' ascended Saviour's name: right noble souls
Touch'd by the impulse of the Holiest One,
Mov'd by supernal energies, imbued
With world-wide tenderness from Christ's own heart—
Philanthropy divine.
What though some streaks
Or spots of credulous error ting'd and soil'd
The habits of that saintly Irelander
And his co-voyagers. Still did faith unfeign'd
Shine through their vestments, and sweet charity
Gleam'd from the cowl. Shall she not kindle thence
Our tardy sympathies of brother love,
Like sparks to mingle with their ancient flame
Of world-embracing zeal, till in the glow
Of that ideal contact, all the fumes
Or mists of error, be they theirs or ours,
Sink to oblivion, while with the full heart
Of memory, we salute those Christian lamps
Of darker ages? *
Thoughts and throbs like these
I trust were not quite lacking, as we pass'd
The crumbling cloister and old cemetery

* Note VI.

Where dust of abbots, warriors, knights, and kings,
Once so distinguish'd, but through many a year
All undistinguish'd now, and moveless all,
Sleeps its dead sleep! while their cold monuments,
With the carv'd names and scutcheons half effac'd,
Seem chiding at earth's pageants.
Yet hard by,
Like dark leaves flowering on a glacier's edge
Telling of life 'mid icy death, we saw
The array of antique crosses; still erect
And firm, the symbols of that holy creed
Which lights the grave; the faith Columba grasp'd
And planted; pardon through the atoning blood;
Eternal life through Him that rose, and pour'd
Heaven's radiance round the tomb. It may be, then,
(Though oft already mov'd by things unseen
And infinite,) our giddy minds dismiss'd
Those solemn thoughts too soon: but now, in age,
In the far retrospect and calm retreat,
They press on us: yet not with saddening force,—
Rather as wakening joy for trophies won
From death, by Him Iona's priest proclaim'd
To the stern Druid and the abject Gael.

'T is good beside to know,—what witnesses,
Who lov'd him, in their chronicles attest,—
—The missioner's *life* was saintly: his bold zeal

Temper'd with meekness; gentle, generous, mild;
A peacemaker; still cheerful and benign
Midst toils and vigils; with kind words for all.

You most, my Mona, you so quickly mov'd
To sympathise,—whose melting tenderness
Flows, *beyond* human griefs, tow'rd the mute race
Whom flinty man so oft to suffering dooms
Where he owes thankful favour,—you will love
To image the reverèd priest, who, while
Through toilsome years casting for pagan hearts
His apostolic net, found time to soothe
And solace the old patient steed, that bore
Provisions to the' abstemious brotherhood,
Milk from their kine, or the coarse oaten bread.
Your eye will glisten, while his annalists
Pourtray that good white horse hasting to greet
The sainted abbot where his weary feet
Are resting, and to lay his grateful head
In silent meek attachment, on the breast
Of that best friend, who soon must rest in death.
As if to say—Good Father, thou wast not
Pastor of men alone and children here,
But shepherd for all us the speechless, who
Still toil for man, and, when he shows us love,
Toil willingly; yet are too oft repaid
By hard ingratitude: ne'er so by thee,

Patriarch and friend, whom I shall greet no more :
For soon cold earth thy honour'd form must hide.

Mona, your fond heart lingers, almost loath
To quit that scene ; and I too deem the grave
Of Colum more sublime, than e'en the plain
Where Cynægìrus fell.* The soldier lov'd
His Attica ; the Christian lov'd mankind ;
Lov'd those most wretched, whom the proud disdain ;
Lov'd every brother man ; "wise or unwise,
Greek or barbarian."

But our heaving boat
Now summons us ; for the fresh breezes move
Her keel ; and, reimbark'd, we swiftly steer
Towards Staffa ; whither, in that cloudless noon,
Roll'd the long ground-swell of the Atlantic wave,
Till landsmen, while the surge admiring, shrink
From the cold qualm. Yet admiration quells
Annoyance, as in close approach we hail
The glorious front of that basaltic cliff
Where man's weak structures—all,—not thine alone,
Iona, but the domes and obelisks
Of Rome or Egypt—would seem dwarf'd and slight
Beside this minster of the deep, this fane
Gigantic, where the restless flood's uproar,

* Note VII.

Thundering in lofty caverns, with the dark
Columnar rocks conspires to celebrate
The primal Architect of earth and heaven.

On that bright April day, the' impetuous surf
Propell'd from leagues afar, in liquid snow
Rush'd up the cave, by dim tradition nam'd
From Fingal, Ossian's legendary prince.
There, landing, with a cautious foot we crept
On the high ledge of fractur'd rocks, within
That over-arching cave, and dizzily
Look'd down upon the hoarsely roaring sea.
At ebb of tide, or when all ocean sleeps,
Resting on oars within that natural aisle,
We might have scann'd at ease its roof, ornate
With yellów tints and creamy stalactites
Fringing the junctures. But such smooth access
That hour allow'd not: we more warily
Were fain to step along the moisten'd plinth
Of nature's masonry, and watch that rush
Of foamy waves affronting the dark rock
Which scorn'd them—till the baffled flood retir'd
Repuls'd and scatter'd.*

So, my Mona, so,
Frail man creeps onward, still upon the edge

* Note VIII.

Of death—and hears the' eternal billows roll
Beneath him, till he drops, oft unawares,
In the receding flood,—at once to emerge
In the mid ocean of eternity;
—Like yon white sea-bird—diving 'neath the surge,
Then seen afresh, buoyant from rock to rock,
Within the precinct of old ocean still,
In the calm noon with spotless wing oblique
Wild wheeling, snow-white as the dancing spray,
Free denizen of the main. So, Mona, so
The Christian, whelm'd a moment in dark waves
Of death, emerging at the' Archangel's blast
Shall sail—still nearing the eternal Rock—
On the broad bosom of the Infinite!

Now, steer for Morven!—yet let fancy wend
An instant back, to wander once again,
O Icolmkill, upon thy sacred shore!
The pale green stone recalls us: whether found
By my own eye and hand, or proffer'd me
By cottier's child, is quite from memory gone,
Nor boots it now to know. The seal is yours,
And for us both new mark'd with sanctities
Of old Columba's isle. Why may not that
Which as with magic or electric ray
Depicts the past, become suggestive too
Of the great future? Is not that bright hour

Assur'd and pledg'd by sovereign Faithfulness,
When the Eternal Donor shall dispense
To all his own the palms of victory?
Shall give the "lucid stone," more fulgent far
And durable than adamant, with its deep
Intaglio of the new celestial name
Which but new hearts decypher?*

Strive, ah strive,
My Mona, for those joys which grace reserves
To deck the lowliest,—those true dignities
Which life's true Lord confers; "the morning star"
That radiates from his own immortal hand;
The gems he proffereth freely to the pure
And blameless; to the' unselfish patient heart
"That overcometh:" the ethereal crowns
Which make no temples ache, but which your rapt
Astonish'd gratitude will love to cast
Before his blessed feet;—about whose throne,
On the pav'd sapphire and the crystal sea†
Those crowns lie countless; for each ransom'd one
Brings a new coronal unto Him that toil'd
And agoniz'd—to lift us from despair.

* Rev. ii. 17. Ψῆφον λευκὴν. Compare Matt. xvii. 2.
† Exod. xxiv. 10; Rev. iv. 6.

ON SEEING THE RELIC OF "CŒUR DE LION'S" HEART IN THE MUSEUM AT ROUEN.*

1858.

And only this remains, O Lion heart!
This little motionless heap of pale brown dust
All that is left of thee!
Erst thou didst beat
With dauntless ardour: the bright mailèd coat
Gleam'd on thee, and about thy regnant brow
Wav'd the stern plumes of war. How firm that pulse
And fiery, coursing through thy every vein;
Heading thy fierce Crusaders to the assault
At Ascalon! How hadst thou swell'd, at once
Inflexible and courteous, manacling
The lawless Cypriot prince in dungeon hold,
Yet forging "silver fetters."

* Note IX.

Lion heart,
How didst thou chafe indignant, when thyself
Laden with irons, and harsher ignominy,
In the damp Austrian cell. And how exult,
When the large ransom set thee free for war,
With glad defiant energy to pile
In one short year that stronghold of the rock,
Thy "saucy castle"; whose yet massive towers
In tottering strength frown o'er the placid Seine,
—Thy martial cenotaph.

O Lion heart,
With all thy knightly fervours—all thy love
Of poesy, thyself a Troubadour—
Wert thou not all obdurate,—thrall of vice,
Reckless of evil?

Ah, the helm hath dropt,
The kingly crown is fallen; and thou dost lie,
Poor pulveris'd relic, in thy crystal case—
While solemn meditation, gazing, counts
That total of earth's wealth and majesty,
Weak remnant of thy might!

O Richard, king,
Crusader, lion-hearted—where art *thou?*
Did, at the last, that sternness bend, and light

And warmth from heaven pierce the dark crimson panes
And webs and films that superstition spread
To intercept and cloud the' eternal beam
Of Christ's pure Gospel? Did that beam yet reach
The "Cœur de Lion," and melt it, till it crav'd
In genuine, penitent humbleness, a free
And full redemption from its Saviour God?
—Alas, we know not! O'er thy hidden doom
Hangs death's impervious veil!

But they, full sure,
Who read thy annals with a Christian eye,
Must deem that reckoning fearful. May we scan
The tragic story of thy crimes and pains,
Grateful, but vigilant! Though ourselves indulg'd
With purer rays of truth, and unbeset
By the dire perils that besiege a throne,
Yet own we, most profoundly, our deep need
Of that divine and glorious amnesty,
That sole and true Atonement. The proud king
And the rude carle must this alike implore
Sorrowing and self-abas'd, if they would win
Free entrance and a filial meetness, where
For lowly contrite hearts—though stoniest once
And most revolted—sovereign Love prepares
A sacred Refuge and a sinless Rest.

TO S. AND M.,

AT MINEHEAD, SOMERSET,

May, 1851,

AFTER THE OPENING OF THE FIRST CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHILE hurrying myriads this May,
In Art's glassy palace have met,
And midst all her novel triumphal display
Spring's new exhibitions forget ;

The charms of the West yet withhold
Melissa, and Mona, and me :
Our emerald and ruby, our crystal and gold,
Still the greèn hills, the sunset, the sea.

We have nòt here the " Durria i Noor."
That miniature " sea "-gem " of light ;"
But the true sea expands from our terrace and door,
And smiles as it sleeps in its might.

We have nòt here the great "Koh-i-noor,"
Like fair nùn, within harsh iron bars;
From the greed and the grasp of the spoiler made sure
Where distrust with iniquity wars.

But here, the true monarch of light,
Thro' sòft bars of radiant clouds,
Gleams mildest adieu, ere the curtain of night,
Till new dawning, his lustre enshrouds.

We have nòt here the full thunder-tone
Of organs and choirs swelling high;
But we have the sweet lark on her air-pillar'd throne,
As she carols her chant to the sky.

We have here no elaborate mould
Of vases, in taste's airy forms;
But the bright lavish gorse wreathes her clustering gold,
On thy verdant brow, mountain of storms.

It droops as o'erladen with wealth;
Its thorns never pierce to the heart;
Its pèrfume comes fresh on the breezes of health,
Unmatch'd by the odours of art.

The foxglove is budding apace;
It will blossom on Greenaleigh soon;

The springtime, all vital with variable grace,
Still brightens from April to June.

Dear Mona, Melissa, be glad ;
Your Father presides o'er the year :
Not e'en shall our dreariest winter be sad,
If the light of his love be still here.

O Flora, Lucinda, revere
And trust Him through youth's golden hours,
And pray for the sever'd, the distant, the dear,
Who gaze upon Antwerp's gray towers.

We'll pray for the infant, the old,
The suffering, the frail, whom we love :
O "Shepherd," Almighty One, clasp and enfold
All—e'en the despairing—redeem and uphold
All—all—till thy triumphs of mercy be told,
By the pure "living fountains" above.

TO M. AND J.,

AFTER VISITING THE ISLE OF WIGHT,

August, 182—.

My sisters, when the chill December storm
Returns, and far beyond—when Age, perhaps,
Hath bound his winter garland on your brows ;
And farther yet—when colder arms have lull'd
Some one of us to rest,—or *left* but one
To tell these little ones of pleasures past,—
O then let thàt one, in deep pensiveness,
Yet not despondingly, the hours review,
When round sweet Vecta's most luxuriant shore,*
We pass'd together ; link'd with other friends
Endear'd ; and o'er the wavy yellow brink
Of harvest, gaz'd on the contrasted sea ;
A boundless blue ; save where its southward waves,

* It was called by the Romans Vecta or Vectis.

Quick-sparkling, mingled with the slanting blaze
Of August ;—tell how next the deep green woods
Rais'd a dark margin to that brilliant main ;
And how, thro' oaken shades, some flagging sail
And narrower sheet of azure gleam'd afresh.
—Retrace the wooded path, the grassy knoll,
The leafy coppice, and the thorn-crown'd rock
Of Ventnor (wildly soft), while o'er your head,
The chalky "steep-hill" smooth with sun-brown turf,
Met with its bending ridge the quiet sky.

Then think how quickly, from those loveliest glades,
Not far diverging inland, we regal'd
Our sight with *Art's* choice treasures ;* by the power
Of magic tints to other landscapes led,
And richer climates ; summon'd far away
By Claude and Rosa to the glowing vales
And savage heights o' the Apennine ; then borne
By Titian's genius to the Holy Land,
And holiest wonders ; to the birth Divine
At Bethlehem ; and the proto-martyr's smile
In agony.—Recall the' autumnal night,
When with reverted steps, we look'd again
On the star-spangled vault and breezy flood :
And next at morning, when her orient eye

* At Appuldurcombe.

Burnish'd the glassy deep, and westward stream'd,
Casting long shadows from each dewy grove,
Gray rock, and upland.
Tell how thence we wound
Thro' bowery lawns, and by the gushing fount,
Whose cool clear affluence brims its stony shell ;*
While midst deep foliage, fann'd by softest gales
That ever curl'd the billow, a white skiff,
Now gliding swift, the sudden vista cross'd.
—Think of the beetling ledge, in àrbutus
Embosom'd, and the woodpigeon's soft note
Heard from some mountain ash, or ivied elm
Not distant : then the mossy streamlet, pour'd
From steep St. Lawrence ; and that miniature
Of sanctuaries, which peers upon the deep ;
Whose chime, on summer waves faint-floating, tells
The reckless sea-boy of a Sabbath morn.

Beyond, let memory trace the western clift,
Lengthen'd and loftier there, whose crumbling front
The storms and suns of many an age have ting'd,
And wrought its rounded strata to the hue
And shape of strength ; while yet at intervals
Its recent crash betrays the brittle rock,
In sandy fragments strown. How beautiful

* At Steephill Cottage.

At the cliff's base those slop'd and tangled brakes;
Where climbs the woodbine, droops the pendent ash,
And polish'd ivy, with its verdant gloss,
Crowns some antique and jutting stone, as rich
As when in classic lands it lent its wreath
To deck at festivals the Parian bust
Of bard or sage.
Think of the waving grain
And pastur'd herd upon that ruinous marge,
Betwixt the ocean and the rampart whence
In olden time it sank. Methinks its green
And golden garb, its new and genial wealth
Sprung from that fall, are emblems fraught with hope.
They tell us how a laps'd and blasted earth
May blossom, and in latter days of joy
(Ah, heavenly mercy, wing their glorious speed!)
From out its chaos moral beauty spring;
The cedar and the myrtle and the rose,
And fountains in the waste!*
My sisters, muse
On all that lovely tract, in darker hours;
Yes, in the darkest: and let more of joy
Beam thro' that sadness, than of sadness now
Was blended with your smiles; for well I ween
What saddening thoughts mingled in social joy,

* Isaiah xxxv.

And tears were not far off. Remembrance turn'd
To the departed ; and to more than one
Who would have gaz'd upon those scenes with calm
But warm delight, redoubling at the thought
That we partook the gladness.
Yet could you,
Could I, my sisters, wish those blest ones here,
Or e'en in that fair islet's fairest scene ?
Ah no ! the scene enchanted—but it pass'd.
It fled—it fades—it dies in memory too,
Ev'n as in waning autumn. While you read
This simple verse (fain to arrest its flight)
The blasts are howling round those scenes and us,
As if to chant the dirge of earthly joy
And summer's bloom.
But where those lov'd ones rest,
Unearthly and undying joys are born ;
The quenchless sunlight of the spirit wakes,
To which the brightest colourings earth can yield
Are but as shadowy emblems.—Grovelling, cold,
And powerless sceptic, who dost strive to erase
The world of spirits, to make vanishing types
Thy universe, and, if perchance constrain'd
Vaguely to own the uncaus'd Intellect
That fram'd it, and combin'd its fair array,
Wouldst yet blot out created mind, and prove
These vast but perishable pomps, the all

Which that Infinitude devis'd and form'd;
—Learn, sciolist, in fancied wisdom blind,
Learn that these are but parables, which Heaven
Unrolls for mortal weakness; pictures brief;
First rudiments,—to teach our infant souls,
(While thro' these organs of the dust we gaze)
That there *is* beauty, pure and spiritual,
And grandeur èlsewhere, which can never die.

These are fair sketches, varied and renew'd,
Still marr'd by thousand winters, and retouch'd
By vernal rays as oft, till the great scroll
Of heaven and earth that holds them, sink in flame.*
But O, vain man, when all these transient forms
Have perish'd, still the archetypes shall live;
Material forms more excellent than these,
And incorporeal being, o'er all forms
Ineffably exalted; the Supreme,
Fathomless Mind—the Sempiternal Source—
And thence all creature minds, or never stain'd,
Or from the stains of sin by heavenly Love
Redeem'd and spotless, shall for ever flow,
While the full tide of spirit-light shall quench
Thy sparks of error, and annihilate
The darkness thou hast lov'd!

* Isaiah xxxiv. 4. Rev. vi. 14.

My sisters, come
Soar to the region where those lov'd ones dwell;
Let this earth's fleeting imagery waft
Our spirits to the immortal and the true!
There is the plenteous harvest of the just;
There are the Spirit's fruits, the love, the joy,
The peace, the goodness, by Heaven's sun matur'd
To life eternal! There the boundless deep
Of mercy radiates with the mingled beams
Of holiness and truth; a sea of love;
Itself the illimitable sanctuary
In which the anthems of all worlds resound;
Now softly float—and then with choral swell
Of mighty hallelujahs, rush abroad.

There, like an arching and umbrageous grove,
"Thy gentleness"* divinely shades the blest,
A refuge from thy glory; lest its fires
Light on them unallay'd. Omnipotence,
Eternal fortress, ever-during rock,
Unmoveable, tho' Nature's bulwarks fall—
Omnipotence their heavenly Eden guards:
And underneath the shadow of that rock,†
Still in heaven's dawn, they breathe the gales of love,
And watch with ecstasy the growing day

* Ps. xviii. 35. † Isaiah xxxii. 2.

That knows no sunset. There, as by a rill,
Fresh from the Rock of Ages, gushing forth
In copious brightness, whom we love recline,
Bend to the well of life, and wait for you,
For us, for all the dear—till we shall lave
With them, enraptur'd, at that inmost source,
In new-pour'd streams of bliss!
O hear His voice,
Who bids us taste e'en now; proffers the cup
Of blessing, and would have you never thirst!
If such the foretaste, such the scantier shower,
What, what the heavenly wellspring, quaff'd with them?
And in His presence, whose descending love
Op'd all the springs of life for dying man!
Him too the lov'd behold! not in the guise
E'en of a Titian's faint imaginings,
Not in the form which those "two bosom friends"
Own'd as He brake the bread, but in such robes
As the resplendent cloud envelop'd when
Their Lord ascended. They had known Him long;
Known Him "in part;" but then the "perfect" came;
Faith was transform'd; and hope look'd down for *us;*
And love, unfailing love, for ever burns! *

My sisters, when you trace our pleasures past,

* 1 Cor. xiii.

Quell, quell the saddening sense of buried joys !
Mount from the withering sod, the flower of grass,*
Mount to the fix'd, the real, the Divine !
O'erpass the stars—embrace the Infinite !
Rise to the Prince of Love, who stoop'd to you ;
Press to his feet, for there the lov'd ones rest !

* 1 Pet. i. 24.

PART II.

DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

IN MEMORY OF A BELOVED PARENT:

1806.

My tears, where are ye? where the flowing tide
Of filial sorrows? But a few short hours
Have mingled with the dark and limitless past,—
Yes—only thrice the orb of day hath fill'd
His shining circuit—since I had a father!
When, rous'd from silent slumbers, we beheld
The assault of death on his enfeebled frame
Press fearfully, and, with reluctant speed
I fled the mournful close, constrain'd to seek
For unavailing succour; while, in the' arms
Of gentler love, the husband breath'd his last,
Where was the mountainous and heaving woe
That wrings a tender heart?
And when—as now

I hasted back—heaven's sudden messenger,
In the mid-darkness, quickly convoy'd hence
The unimprison'd soul, and left to earth
All that this earth can claim—the kindred clay,—
Where were ye then, ye sharp tumultuous throes
Of a child's pain, acutest darts of woe?
Where was the bursting torrent wont to rush
From nature's recent wound!
Ye were not there;
No quick emotion this chill'd bosom rent;
Slow dropt the scanty tear—then ceas'd to flow.
—But did light vagrant thought escape death's home,
Unaw'd and heedless?
No, that might not be;
Add but that lineament—no darker seek
To paint a loveless heart.
It *could* not be:
Wrapt in still musings, on the mournful stroke
Remembrance ponder'd; and each image came
In sad review, a brief surprising scene
And vision of the night: where, in sad haste,
The best belov'd press to a parent's couch;
The parent loves in death, and looks adieu.
Children and wife his sinking form by turns
Sustain—and see the calmly closing eye
Forget to gaze—the genial streams of life
Back to their fountain roll; a pallid dew

Is on that honour'd brow ; the labouring breath
One moment summons its expiring sigh—
Then stops :—all stillness !—
Is it so to die ?
Has the' unseen spirit, in that moment's strife,
From its frail fetters of mortality
Sprung to celestial freedom ?—
Yes, e'en so.
This motionless cold ruin, where no more
Swift pulses beat (life's fine and subtle springs
Snapp'd and uncoil'd), in mute inaction lies !
But was this *all ?* O no, the spark from heaven
But lately tenanted those dear remains,
Inspiring what endear'd them : prompting all
The generous sympathies with which they glow'd ;
The fond paternal eye, suffus'd full oft
With drops of tenderness ; the kindly smile
Of pleas'd affection, and the frame, though press'd
In long infirmity, still unsubdued :
Love still postponing rest,—nay, strenuous yet
For the dear hearts whose every grief it shar'd,
And smooth'd life's path, and pluck'd the thorns away.
That soul whose faith, engrafted on the stem
Of true humility, a fragrant herb
Bedew'd with heaven's own blessing (while the weed
Of baneful pride, unblest, uncherish'd lay),
Put forth its blossoms—ùnfeign'd thànksgiving

To the All-bounteous; on the All-wise and good,
Resign'd affiance; purity unstain'd,
Which aw'd the lip of vice; affections loos'd
From earth, and fervent for the promis'd rest;
That soul whom still the penitent consciousness
Of frailty and of sin forbade to raise
An airy dream-built pillar of desert,
And, from that baseless self-elation, grasp
At glorious hopes;—whose humbleness sincere
Embrac'd the Altar of redeeming grace,
Refuge from judgment, portal to God's home;
That happy soul, when dropt the veil of clay
Which shrouds our mortal sojourn, as from bonds
Unmanacled, or as from potent spell
And life-long trance emerging, scarce could own
The access of rapture, scarce assur'd of those
New unaccustom'd splendours, and awhile
Mistrustful of the strange o'erwhelming joy.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

ONCE more convening in this house of prayer,
We tread the aisles our pious fathers trod;
Once more the solemn simple feast we share,
In which their faith invok'd a pardoning God.

Not till his Lord, to him in death most dear,
Had a fond parent's trembling soul enlarg'd,
And, from the suffering form that moulders here,
With sudden welcome stroke the saint discharg'd;

Not till he ceas'd within these courts to shed
The contrite tear, the grateful hymn to pour,
Did my lips here partake the hallow'd bread,
Or cup of grace his hands receiv'd before.

O Saviour, if I sought these holy rites
With pure intent; if aught of faith and fear,
And love to Him whose grace the weak invites,
Then urg'd my purpose, feeble yet sincere;

If penitence scarce seal'd by tears or sighs,
  If sin by faint and wavering vows repress'd,
Then turn'd the mild Redeemer's pitying eyes
  On me, his worthless yet accepted guest,

How deep my debt of thanks, that Love Divine
  Thus smil'd on broken off'rings of the heart!
And O, how thousandfold a debt is mine
  If still that injur'd Love its healing grace impart!

What dark relapses aggravate my need;
  What storms of doubt my faltering hopes o'erbear;
Yet contrite sighs the' eternal Ransom plead,
  Shine—O redeeming Brightness—shine on self-despair!

ASPIRATIONS.

—— When shall my soul conceive
Of Thee, my Saviour-God, with thoughts of *thine*,
Sublimely thine, by special grace infus'd,
Deep—simple—penetrating—earnest—pure?

O grant but one such thought, to fix on Thee;
On Thee, the' Eternal, manifest in flesh,
And in that flesh a Sufferer; pouring forth
The priceless medicine of all-holy love
For ruin'd man, unholy, helpless, vile;
For sinners yet unborn; for guilty me!
Fix'd to a cross, redeeming from despair
And misery the victims of the fall!

Ah, what are these but cold and powerless words!
And yet the thought is thine; a sovereign thought;
Deeper than hell, from which it pluck'd the lost;
Higher than heaven, to which it wafts the sav'd;

Old as eternity; and strong to uphold
Its victory, through eternity to come.

My Saviour-God, it is not thought I need;
O grant the living hold of potent hope,
The grasp of strong desire, the vital glow
Of ardent feeling. Quicken, O mighty One,
Triune Eternal, Father, Word, and Spirit,
Quicken this soul, and purge the eye of faith
To gaze devoutly on the awful cross,
And Him that languish'd there: those tender hands
Which gently touch'd the blind—which lifted up
The palsied—clasp'd the infant—cruelly pierc'd;
That brow whence beam'd the rays of truth and grace
Scarr'd by the torturing thorns; those feet, so swift
To deeds of mercy, now transfix'd and crush'd
By the stern iron.
Lord, do I believe
That vision? Can I meditate these woes—
And still not love? whilst Love in agony,
Immense, eternal, and immaculate Love,
Speaks from each vein—in lavish'd crimson pleads?

O Fancy, weak enchantress, thou hast play'd
With this poor heart too long! 't is time it break,
And melt, and marvel, and exult, and love,
For death will freeze it soon.

Melt, melt, dull heart;
Burn, to behold the Lord of angels bleed;
Melt, to behold the Prince of life expire!
Exult, to watch thy conquering Lord ascend!
Take wing, and soar to bleeding Love enthron'd!
And prèlude, with his dearest and with thine,
The rapturous endless anthem of his joy!

SPIRITUAL UNION WITH GOD THE SAVIOUR IMPLORED.

LORD, let this heart be thine alone,
Identified with Thee !
Embrace, enfold it, in thy own
Divine Humanity !

With faint and yet supreme desire,
I thirst all thine to be !
Draw me to Thee, lest hope expire,
O Filial Deity !

Here let me own the band divine,
That clasps my soul to Thee !
Saviour, make all thy graces mine,
Thy glorious sanctity !

My soul unbind, refine, absorb,
Earth's waning dreams dispel !
And raise me in the blissful orb
Of holy love to dwell !

Ah, lift me from this restless globe,
From this vain world estrange;
And wrap me in thy godlike robe
Of love which ne'er can change!

PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Divine in greatness, human in thy grief,
Lowly in sympathy, supreme in love,
O hear of weak and faithless hearts the chief,
Which all thy plenitude of grace would prove !

Divinely human,—count us one with Thee,
E'en us, the stain'd, the helpless, the forlorn ;
—O, was it not for such thy joy to be
Emptied of glory, and in weakness born ?

O heavenly Vine, each drooping branch restore ;
O glorious Head, each languid member nerve ;
Let each frail tendril clasp the nearest more ;
Each eye, foot, hand, its kindred members serve !

For all we pray to Thee, O Friend divine,
To Thee whose heavenly grace is not asham'd
To call us brethren : make all doubly thine,
Compacted in thyself, and fitly fram'd.

To heartfelt oneness heal each rent or scar,
Which selfish envious hate or stern disdain
Makes in the body: all our passions' war
To hallow'd concord let thy love constrain!

And where thou hast to closest union led,
Let thy own graces knit the sacred band;
O bind us, Lord, to Thee, our vital Head;
O join us, Lord, with thy own piercèd hand!

THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION IMPLORED.

Eternal, Infinite, all-present Lord,
When I would mete thy greatness, or explore
"Terrible majesty,"—my spirit shrinks
Before the boundless: thought in vain would climb
Toward those unmeasur'd glories.
Lord, inspire
Within my labouring soul a happier scope
And utterance of pure worship, unconstrain'd,
Meek, simple, tender; such as thy own word
Prompts, and thy Spirit dictates. Let this heart
Cry, with aspiring hope and thankful love,
"My Father, O my Father!" Lord, unite,
Or, if united, yet more closely bind
This spirit, by thyself inbreath'd, to Thee,
The increate, essential, perfect All!

Thus, Father, Saviour, Spirit, let my nought,
This feeble frame, this atom nothingness,

Have part in thine immensity : recall'd
To thy communion, fatherly, divine.
Guilty, but penitent, in the one blest name
Of Him thy best belov'd, reveringly
Will I draw near and come; thy rebel child,
Relapsing, faithless, disinherited,
But yet, O yet thy child. For hast Thou not,
In the divine prophetic word, proclaim'd,
That, "as a father pitieth his child,
So doth Jehovah pity them that fear Him;
For all our frame He knoweth?" Hath not God
Utter'd,—"Come out, and be ye separate
From all transgressors; touch not the unclean;
And I will be a Father unto you,
And ye shall be my sons and daughters;—yea,
I, even I, am He that comforteth;—
I will send forth the Spirit of my Son
Into your hearts; who shall cry fervently,
In the full spirit of adoption cry,
O Abba, Father?"
Lo, thine infant comes
To Thee, the Infinite. A flitting mote,
Speck, molecule of this our atom world;
But drawn, unutterable Love, to Thee :
Drawn by the sovereign magnet, the All-good,
All-perfect, all-communicative Lord,
Preserver, Father, reconcil'd in Christ,

In Him well pleasèd ; who, with parent-like
And yearning gentleness, dost bend thine ear
To thy frail child's soliciting :—how great
The peace and joy, the benison and delight,
To' approach the heart of God ; to verify
His tender love and most paternal care !
Our filial words, how cursory and unweigh'd !
The kindred they express, how marvellous !
"Our Father,"—yes; and how ineffably
More such than it were possible should be
Our earthly parents, "fathers of our flesh."
—For what were they, save instruments at first
To life's beginning? And what more, thenceforth,
Than instruments, to aid, at intervals,
By weak, imperfect, intermitted means,
Its nurture and its conservation here !

But Thou, my Father, who didst once educe
This vital conscious being from the void
Of blank nonentity—who didst inbreathe
The spirit of life—who dost each moment move
And guard life's quick pulsations—who dost watch
With Providence unceasing all my way;
—Thou that didst yield up thy Eternal Son
To' assume our flesh, to take a brother's name
And nature, and to make us heirs of God,
With Him co-heirs ;—O, with what emphasis,

What deep reality, what complex truth,
Art Thou indeed my Father, I thy child!
Thy very little one! e'en to this hour
In knowledge, strength, duration, still a babe,
A frail, dependent babe, if only view'd
And measur'd by the standard of thy works,
The mighty wonders of thine earth and heavens.
How much more, gaug'd by the stupendous scale
Of thy own true infinitude! My Father,
Ah make me docile as a babe should be!
Give earnest sorrow, grateful lowliness,
Thoughts of a wandering child, repentant now,
Who trespass'd much, and hath had much forgiven.

Take Thou away proud unbelief, distrust,
Suspicions of thy gracious wise design;
In brief, all thoughts unfilial! Give true love,
With child-like hope and peace: instruct this heart
To yield to Thee in all things; welcoming
Cares, troubles, crosses, pains, adversities,
As from a father's hand! Indulgent Lord,
O quicken, multiply, make inly bright
To my dull, languid spirit, the blest hope
Replete with joys unfading,—the true hope
That now, accepted and adopted here
Through the "one offering,"—and thus consciously
Thy reinstated child,—I may be kept

Unto thy full salvation ; made quite meet
For thine inheritance ; and as an heir
Associate with the Lord of life, become
Quite "like him, when I see Him as He is ;"
Coparcener in his holiness and joy.

Ah let this sacred hope, reviv'd, enlarg'd,
Still brightening, warm and purify my soul ;
Elating it to fervent vigilance
And to glad service : now, alas, too cold !

My Father, full of grace—mine heritage
Perpetual, and my veritable All—
Let not this weak, perverse, and sensual will
Sever or loosen the parental bond
From Thee to me. Permit not earthborn aims
And low desires to brood upon this heart,
Till promises most dear become all dim
And dubious.
When my fallen nature tends
Earthward, and the base world its nether bent
With strong delusions and entangling snares
Accelerates, till I with shame confess
The blunted, torpid, or decaying sense
Of unseen good,—unapt and slow to taste
Joy spiritual, in which the ransom'd just,
Made perfect, find their heaven,—oh, renovate,

Awake, restore! Uplift me from the depths!
—My Father, heavenly Father, by thy hand
Lead back thy self-destroy'd, benighted child
Into sure paths of filial love anew!

GOD MANIFEST IN CHRIST.*

Oh, Thou Uncaus'd—Unseen—Immense—
But who can those high thoughts impart?
Ah,—not thine own omnipotence
Can teach a creature all Thou art.

Infinite Good—All-perfect One—
What words but make thy grandeur less?
What heaven-strung harp may yield a tone
To tell thy glorious loveliness?

How then could souls in dust have found
Or imag'd whom they mean to' adore?
Whom not the heaven of heavens can bound,
Nor musing seraphs half explore!

Eternal thanks—ye souls in dust!
Jehovah hath Himself portray'd;

* Reprinted from a periodical of 1821.

His "Brightness" came, to save the' unjust,
E'en lower than His angels made.

Soar then, my soul, though link'd with clay;
For see, the Word, the Life, the Love,
For thee,—once infant of a day,—
Still wears a brother's form above.

Wouldst thou adore the all-perfect One?
Ascend to Him that burst the tomb,
And rise with that triumphant sun
From sin's foul mist and death's low gloom.

Rise e'en to Him: let evening shroud
This rolling earth's inferior scene;
Gaze thro' new heavens of gorgeous cloud,
On purple ether's depth between!

There see the massive emerald bow
Athwart that starry ocean thrown:
What argent mass now floats below?
It comes; Immanuel's chariot-throne.

Flashes the sphere with winged fires
From all his ardent seraphim:
Hark, where the tones of countless lyres
Swell to their soft extatic hymn.

But fixèd stars and wingèd fires,
Sirius and Michael, both grow pale ;
List, while the strains of myriad choirs
The many-crownèd conqueror hail.

The crowns his godlike brow doth bear,
Divinely pour a radiant flood ;
Each star-eclipsing ruby there
Sublim'd from "drops of richer blood."

Mark how you emerald arch is dim,
And wanes your blush, each ruby crown,
When, 'neath that brow, the eye of Him
Who wept and bled—on heaven looks down.

There is more splendour in that bow,
More softness, than in vernal morn ;
But ah, more tender gleamings flow
From the' awful brows once bound with thorn.

Gaze on the orbèd rays from them ;
How shrin'd in love their lightnings play !
How faint to these each noon-tide gem
That fills the coronet of day.

Look yet again, adoring soul,
See the pierc'd hand refulgent too :

Its beck doth heaven's high host control;
Children of dust,—'t was pierc'd for you!

You 't is extended still to save;
Still strong his ransom'd church to shield;
Its touch unseals the twofold grave,
And guilt and death their victims yield.

See,—through that eye, that hand, that heart,
The triune rays of Godhead beam;
Thence the paternal glories dart,
Thence the Consoler's quickening stream!

My soul, forget not, while the blaze
Majestic strikes thy trancèd sight,
Truth, wisdom, grace, compose its rays;
Power, though supreme, hath none so bright.

If light immortal radiate there,
Its kindling soul is love divine:
Breathe, O my heart, thy deepest prayer,
Thirst, pant, aspire;—that love be thine!

Then—joy for ever!—melt the bow,
Drop, mighty brilliants of the sky;
One Sun eternally must glow—
Nor can the spark He lent thee die!

My brother :—we will link us, by His aid
Who lifts the drooping saint,—to the blest choir
Of martyrs, hymning in some hidden realm—
Some waiting mansion of the perfected—
The glories of their King. We will send up,
Through the chill arches of this dreary hold,
Far happier sounds than those poor veterans speak
Into the silent night,—till they shall start
At notes of gladness, in these gloomy wards
Till now unheard.
Would only that our lov'd
Timotheus, and that hospitable friend,
The generous Lydia, and our faithful Luke,
Could, without sharing in these rigours, hear
And join our midnight anthem. But they too,
Sustain'd by heaven-born faith, albeit they mourn
Our durance, shall not sink in hopeless grief:
By weeping supplication re-assur'd,
Ere now perchance they tune the hymns of praise:
And we, my fellow-prisoner of the Lord,
Shall *we* be silent?
No, Silvanus; thus
I raise the strain,—and thou wilt sure respond.

PAUL.

Hear us, O King of kings and Lord of lords,
Who through eternity inhabitest

Light unapproachable,
In holiest splendour veil'd !

O hear us—for thy Presence doth pervade
The blackest night that shrouds thy suffering saints—
And through the prison gloom
A beam of heaven diffuse !

Hear us, O Thou that by Damascus erst
In all thy conquering glory manifest,
Triumphant Son of God,
Bad'st the fierce rebel fall !

SILVANUS.

Hear us, Thou spirit of celestial truth,
Who, in similitude of lambent flame,
Didst thine adoring band
Of witnesses inspire !

O heavenly Paraclete, to us, to us,
In secret bring the flame of love and hope,
That, midst these dungeon damps,
Our hearts may inly burn !

Father in heaven, attend thy servants' cry,
And let thy joy be our unfailing strength ;

If heart and flesh shall faint,
Waft the free soul to Thee !

PAUL.

O God of comfort, Thou wilt not despise
The heavenward breathings of devout desire :
The arms of suppliant faith
Thy rich compassions fill.

Thee will we praise, while the fleet hour of woe—
The lightness of a transitory pang—
Augments the coming weight
Of uncomputed joy.

SILVANUS.

Thee will I bless, who through the prevalence
And might of thine apostle's ardent prayer,
Dost raise and renovate
A faith so weak as mine !

In my Redeemer God exulting now,
And panting for the vision of thy face,
I spurn the' oppressor's power
And half forget the pain !

PAUL.

Thou knowest, Lord, our spirits thirst to bear
Through the wide world the story of thy love.

O quell the wrath of man!
O set thine heralds free!

Saviour and Judge, that lightning of thine eye,
Which pierc'd and melted Saul's obdurate heart,
Could shake the triple wall
And rive the bolted steel.

BOTH.

Yet not in vengeance, Lord, in mercy come;
Let power and terror work the work of grace,
And from enthrallèd souls
Strike off the Demon chain!

"And suddenly there was a great earthquake; so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately, all the doors were opened, and every one's bonds were loosed."—Acts xvi. 26.

THANKSGIVING,

FOUNDED ON PSALM CXVI.

YES, I love :—for Thou, Jehovah, hast my supplication heard,
And thy mighty arm uplifts me, from the gloom of hope deferr'd.
Deep within that cave of sorrow sank my failing heart depress'd,
Where the pains of nether darkness whelm'd me all in dire unrest.
In the tempest of affliction hasty passion dar'd complain :
" Weak and fruitless is your solace, earthly helpers false and vain!"
——But to me, O helpful Saviour, hath thy willing ear inclin'd,
And the iron bands of anguish now no more my spirit bind.
God is just, yea, God is gracious, and in mercy still delights,

Heavy-laden souls unburdens, every contrite heart invites.
Childlike souls the Lord preserveth; tribulations brought me low;
Yet its rest my soul regaining, ampler mercies round me flow.
Thou from death my soul hast rescued, eyes from tears, and feet from falling,
Till I walk in light anew, all thy matchless grace recalling.
Precious in my Ransomer's sight, is the death of all His saints,
And His holy love matureth, spirit-life, where nature faints.
What, my Saviour, shall I render for thy favours so divine?
With my kindled heart's effusion let my lips and hands combine!
Let all words and works of kindness, meekness, truth, and purity,
Still attest my soul's devotion, prompt to serve and copy *Thee!*
Now within my silent chamber, then in echoing courts of prayer,
Shall my heart extol thy bounties, and thy sovereign love declare.

TO THE SELF-EXISTENT.

O THOU that art! the' inscrutable I AM!
The sempiternal Cause; discrete from all
Created,—who dost all comprise, pervade,
And as the unextended, infinite,
Immutable Spirit, dost uphold and rule
This universe—Thou that inhabitest
Eternity, who fillest earth and heaven
With thy own Essence,—evermore the same
Ere earth or heavens were form'd—Thou wast when time
And space were *not*;—in thy sublime and true
Infinitude; the Perfect, the Divine,
The essential Life which could not cease to be,
The essential Love which could not cease to burn
With pure unfaltering ardour!
Thou, Most High,
Dost in thy own Triunity subsist;
The Father—Fount of Deity—the Word
That emanates, and is the Son belov'd

From everlasting, and the Spirit, from these
Eternally proceeding ; one true God
In mystical plurality, yet one
By awful Inexistence ; Oneness more
Intense, ineffable, than is found in aught
Created or conceiv'd ;—more intimate
Than " spirit, soul, and body ;" than the bands
Of sense and reason, intellect and will.

Father of all, the Godhead's primal source,
What heart shall apprehend that underiv'd
Original self-existence, all replete
With glory and with love ? Eternal Word,
Sole Light of light, the very God of God,
Who shall thy co-eternal beams explore
Inseparable ? and thine, O Paraclete,
Effus'd divinely thence ? O most august
Unique Triunity, what seraph's lore
Unfolds thine Essence ? what created mind
Can fathom half thy bliss, or explicate
That sacred love, immense, unsearchable,
Wherewith the all-holy Father doth embrace
The' indwelling Word, where with the Holiest
And ever-living Spirit inexist
The Father and the Son ?

Who may conceive
Those secrecies of unimagin'd joy,
Those colloquies inaudible, of Love,

Truth, Kindness, Wisdom, infinitely high
Above created ken, where Wisdom spans
Unmeasur'd heights, and Love in boundless depths
Expatiates, and transporting blessedness
O'erflows ; consummate peerless unity,
Oneness, not loneness, perfect and supreme,
In most divine endearment ? *
——What inspir'd
Intelligence, or archangelic power,
Can scan interiorly or dare unveil
That inaccessible Oneness, the triune
And transcendental Being—passing thought !—
The communings which creation knows not of,
Which ne'er commenc'd, which ne'er can terminate,
And were no less eternal, had no orb
Been summon'd forth to be ?
Not angel choirs
Nor harpings, like the voice of many streams
Link'd in celestial music, can express
That holy blissful Unison ; that profound
Reciprocal Indwelling ; those abstruse
And indivisible glories of the Word,
The Comforter, the Father, all Divine !
——Who penetrates that love, more potent far
And quenchless than the sunbeams, or the fires

* Note X.

Magnetic, or the spirit-fervencies
Of cherubim?
And O, thou triune Lord!
When the creative mandate of thy might
Went forth, what stores outflow'd,—what amplitude
Of good from Thee, Parent of all, from Thee,
Fountain of good, whose gift unspeakable
Crowns all beside; from Thee, Eternal Word!
Thyself the priceless Gift, and yet thyself
The co-eternal Giver; and from Thee,
Thrice Holy Spirit, who outpourest Heaven
In souls that live anew,—all life-giving,
All-renovating Power,—in unity
With the One Father and co-equal Son!
O ever-blessed All, adorable
Above all thought and all emotion own'd
By creatures, teach us, midst infirmity
And earthliness, before thy throne to sink
In self-annihilation, and adore!
Sole Father of undying joys, effuse
On us thy fulness! O Eternal Son!
Incorporate us with Thee! Blest Comforter,
Plenteous in grace, enrich our waiting souls!
Triune, immortal, never-setting Sun
Of spirits, all-illuminating sphere,
Whose vital rays involve us,—now relume,
As with a spark of vivifying fire,

Our nothingness ! Lend Thou the' intensest beam
And purest, of thy holy love : that thus,
Self-abnegating and devoted souls
May the true radiance own, and in thy light
Immortaliz'd, unendingly repose,
—Eternal sanctuary of bliss—in Thee !

1858.

TO A FRIEND CONFINED IN EARLY LIFE BY PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

"Yea, they may forget."—ISAIAH.

TRUE, my chastis'd but unrepining friend,
They *may*, they *do* forget; e'en they whose thoughts
Fly not "the house of mourning;"—for the claims
Of daily life, its trifles and its toils,
Its passing pleasures and revolving cares,
Divide, if not absorb them.
Nay, the fond,
Patient, restrain'd solicitude, that moves
A *Christian mother's* heart, must yet have pause
While slumber stills it; and her very *dreams*
Of love in deeper sleep must sometimes fade.

But, O my chasten'd, unforsaken friend,
There *is* an eye, a mind, a soul of love,
Parental, sovereign, infinite, unchang'd,
Whose vigil hath *no* pause: yes, there is One

Far nearer "than a brother;" there is One
"That keepeth Israel," One "that keepeth *thee*,
Who will not slumber." Even *Him* too oft
We may forget; but hear His gracious words:
(Oh, shall they shame us or console us most?)
—"Yet will *I* not forget—*I* not forsake:"
—"I will instruct and counsel: I will watch
And guide thee with mine eye."

Another year,
My friend, expires. It flies from us in cloud
And storm and rushing flood.
But he "that makes
The clouds His chariot," is around you still;
His children's "dwelling-place," His people's "shade."
"The Lord that sitteth on the floods is king
For ever;" His eternal *Now* transcends
Duration; and His "voice of majesty,"
Though heard in tempests, speaks to you of peace.

—Oh, what were this life else! from heavenly life
Dissever'd, and from Being's glorious source!
A troublous "vapour"—a "vain" fugitive "show,"
A swift pale meteor sunk in starless night!—

But such to you, my friend, it ne'er can be,
Though compass'd with distress. To those who seek

Its perfect Author, who with penitent joy
Invoke His love that rescues and exalts
The ruin'd, 'tis a discipline for heaven,
An institute to train them for the skies.
—Yet ah, what slow proficients! In the school
Of bliss, how puerile still! how listlessly
We seek the prize! how oft with downward gaze
And truant step recede! how dull to mark
On nature's boundless page the vivid lines
Of her Creator's bounty! how remiss
To scan the mystic leaves of providence,
And, midst their awful intricacy, trace
The hand that cannot err! how vague and weak
The eye of faith (by mists of sense confus'd)
To read the crimson legend of the cross,
And as in open vision contemplate
The eternal joys it purchas'd!

Oh, my friend,
Pain is our surest lesson, though severe!
To be detain'd in its ungentle grasp,
Or bound in spells of weakness, is to be
Advanc'd in life's great school to more divine
And intimate tuition. The vain crowd
Then less distracts; the hum of idlers dies
In distance, and the omniscient teacher comes
With holier wealth to endow the humbled mind.

Though unindulg'd his "living oracles,"
Amidst revering saints to hear, and lift
With them the grateful anthem; though the arch
Of azure, and the verdant face of earth,
Were curtain'd from your sight, nor morning sun,
Nor setting star, nor opening leaf, should speak
Of Deity,—yet Deity can speak
In that seclusion to your waiting soul;
In that propitious stillness can reveal
The unseen treasure which His grace reserves,
And all things yours in *Him*. His touch can part
The clouds terrestrial, and infuse a beam
Of heavenly sunshine through your aching breast:
His strength elate your spirit towards the choir
Circling His throne, the countless multitude
Who wait for *ransom'd* millions to begin
Their never-ending sabbath. He that wept
And died to save, that lives to sympathize,
Can pour into your cup of tears a peace
Which passeth knowledge, and a heaven-born hope
Which, though it still may fluctuate, ne'er betrays.
E'en if it ebb too deeply, and the stream
Of sacred comfort seem awhile cut off,
One grace by sorrow perfected may soothe
The mourner; resignation yet may calm
His bosom, leaning on the Eternal All.
By chastening love to deep dependence wrought,

We give our utter frailty up to Him
That made us, and can mould us as He will;
Can make the germ an oak, the babe a sage,
The sinking spirit a seraphic flame.
What though we feel as though no power surviv'd
Of high communion, of aspiring hope,
Of thought itself; what though our being droop
Towards mute annihilation, and we seem
Like dying tapers in the ambient gloom,
Like shadows in a pageantry of death,—
He that first struck the spark can fan it too,
Can shelter though all blasts of ruin strive,
Can save it 'mid their last and mortal shock,
Can kindle it to "shine forth as the sun"
When grosser suns are falling!

——Friendship *here*
Has ventur'd strains as wintry as my heart.
No quick emotion burns along the line,
But embers of depress'd and feeble thought
Smoulder, as if in earth and ashes quench'd.
Methinks these languors of the *soul* are more
Repressive of whate'er were great or good,
Than "ills that flesh is heir to." But the Lord
Of matter and of spirit can dispel
E'en these; can lift us from the "miry clay,"
From the defiling dust, and give to blaze,

Where life is life indeed !
Are these the thoughts
Of inexperienc'd confidence, as if
Affliction seem'd a light or joyous thing
Which I with smiles might welcome ? Such would ill
Befit a nature weakly prone to shrink
From the sharp cure ; though conscience testify
The sharpest were but needful. Let that pass :
Confession was no purpose of my page,
Save that first offer'd, " we may oft forget :"—
And yet not *always*. In the moments when
We speak to Him that made us, if the soul
Expatiate from her little world of self
To waft the woes of thousands on her wing,
That interceding flight can rarely leave
Your trials quite unglanc'd at, or neglect
From the great fount of blessedness to seek
Its amplest gifts for *you*. Be sure, my friend,
Your griefs have sometimes been remember'd thus ;
Have thus in kindred minds not seldom wak'd
The hallow'd sympathies that most avail.

——Requite then, with a more " effectual prayer,"
Those feeble intercessions. Ask of Him
With whom in secret stillness you commune,
To renovate, inflame, sustain, pervade
Each treacherous heart ; that we may firmly clasp

The pillars of eternity ;—may seize
The steadfast anchor fix'd within the veil ;
Till in the mansions which His love prepares,
We strike the chord of raptur'd gratitude
To Him whom, *there*, we can "forget" no more.*

* These lines, or portions of them, were printed by a valued friend, the late Elizabeth Maurice, in her excellent "Suggestions for the Sick:" but from a very imperfect manuscript, and consequently with material errors.

SUNSET HYMN IN PARADISE.*

ADAM AND EVE.

LIGHT of our loving soul,
Creator, Lord, and Friend,
Who, while the day-star, thy faint emblem, sinks,
Now in thy mildest majesty dost rise,
A gentle Glory, midst the cooling shade,—
Our gladsome voice anew
Thine evening advent hails.

O Brightness of the Unseen,
Eternal Word, give ear
Propitious to our evening song of love;
Of love in all its joyous just ascent
Up through the diverse but harmonious scale
Of thine own works, which lead
Through earth and heaven, to Thee!

* Note XI.

EVE.

I love yon fragrant rose
Which sheds thine incense forth,
And meekly bends her dew-besprinkled head
As with glad tears and blushes to thy praise!
How gratefully I love
Thy vermeil-tinctur'd rose!

ADAM.

I love the stately palm,
The broad banana's wealth,
Whose ample foliage waving to thy breeze
Gives fruits and umbrage to these happy bowers;
I love each giant leaf
Thy bounteous hand unrolls.

EVE.

I love the glow-worm's lamp,
The fire-fly's quivering flame,
Illuming as with softest sparks minute
Of thy own lustre, the now gathering dusk
With fond delight I watch
Thy insects' vital fires!

ADAM.

I love thy lucid star,
Clear harbinger of day,

Whose liquid gleamings pierce the odorous grove
Where our first symphonies invite the dawn.
Exultingly I love
Its brilliant stainless ray!

EVE.

I love the pliant moss,
Our couch in noontide's glow;
Its yielding leaflets rich with vivid green,
Fann'd by thy zephyrs, freshen'd by thy showers.
Admiringly I love
The lowliest life Thou breath'st!

ADAM.

I love the gnarlèd oak,
The smooth magnolia's shade,
Beneath whose mingled canopy we own
Thy hand which planted Eden in the wild.
That plastic hand I love,
In all their garniture
Tracing its touch divine!

EVE.

I love the playsome fawn,
Which in yon bubbling rill
Bathes her young lips, and to my side rebounds,
A trusting suppliant for the new pluck'd spray.

Her agile gentle step
Parentally I love !

ADAM.

I love the tall giraffes,
Which from yon summit gaze
O'er the world's desert far,
With neck high arch'd, and meek dilated eye ;
As if they knew and priz'd thy sylvan gift,
Our paradise and theirs !
Half with a brother's heart
I love each life thou giv'st !

EVE.

I love thy cherub choir
Who float on purple wing,
And wake high music in our starlight glades,
Hymning thy secret glories yet to come !
With almost fear I love
Those harpings to thy name !

ADAM.

I love thy seraphim,
Sons of the lightning flash,
Who dart like meteors through our twilight calm,
And pour the glowing torrent of thy praise !

I emulously love
Their ardour in its might!

EVE.

I love his radiant eyes
For whom thou bad'st me be!
Whence thy blest spirit, Lord of Glory, beams!
Soon as my own to conscious being woke
They met those mutual rays!
I love—O, fervently,
My bosom's lord and friend!

ADAM.

I love the tenderer light
Which pours its gentle streams
From the deep fountains of my Eva's brow,
Sweet effluence of thy gentleness divine!
That better, dearer life,
How ardently I love!

BOTH.

True Life of all that lives,
Lord of our Eden's joys,
Thou gav'st her sweetness to the dewy rose,
Flame to the glow-worm's dust, the seraph's wing,
Speed to the tall giraffe,
Light to the morning star!

And all thy dews and fires, and light and life,
From the great deep—thy loving-kindness—flow.
Thee,—how supremely, Thee,—
How filially, we love!

EVE.

Lord of my bosom's lord,
Life of my bosom's friend,
Thou lend'st the radiance to his beaming eye,
Thou the bright smoothness to his lofty front,
The polish'd, arch'd expanse
That pictures thought sublime!
Thou, Thou, dost nerve the arm whose tenderness
Upholds this feebler step, and clasps this heart!

BOTH.

The image Thou hast wrought,
The spirit Thou hast breath'd,
'T is thine, Immortal Word, to immortalize,
And guard for each thy best-lov'd boon for aye!
Thee, Lord, transcendently,
In that best boon we love!

ADAM.

Lord of my life's new life,
The self than self more dear,

Thou gav'st this priceless treasure to my soul ;
Light'st the sweet dayspring in her waking eyes,
And mov'st each loving pulse
In her fond faithful breast !

BOTH.

None else, O Light of light,
Can shield, inspire, renew,
For evermore, with thine infinitude,
The pure ethereal spark of life and love
Lit in that soul for me,
Yet first and last for Thee !
Whom each, eternally,
Adoringly, shall love !

WRITTEN ON BLANK LEAVES OF A VOLUME OF POEMS,

FOR MRS. ——, OF EDINBURGH,

183—.

EIGHT swift-wing'd years, my honour'd friend, have flown
Since, in a pencill'd half-colloquial verse,
I crav'd for me and for my infant self
Thus much at parting: that sometimes when prayer
Should rise within the household sanctuary
From your united hearts, it might include
That child—that parent.

Eight swift years are past;
And though minute and slight the share that friends
May severally hold—or fitly ask—
In Christian intercession,—well I know
We' have nòt been unremember'd. Glancing thought
Hath reach'd us; and the Christian's kindest thoughts

Are virtual orisons. Shall then the flight
Of changing years dispose me to revoke
That past request,—or feel that now, for him,
For me, the aids of interceding love
Become less needful or are grown less dear?

Ah surely not for him.—
Those rolling years
(Where infancy scarce feels one tempest rage,
Nor owns one *inward* winter as they roll)
Bore infancy away: and boyhood now
Rushes toward youth; and siren pleasure comes
To meet youth's ardours, with her rose-deck'd vase
Of bloomy fruits, and aspics couch'd beneath:
Dark unbelief beside her, prompt to stanch
All stings, and mix each deadening anodyne;
And deal, with bitter smile, her opiates round.
The world, in fair and Protean guise, draws nigh
To greet each rising passion of the breast,
And wreathe her gilded chains. What armour here,
What victory, what succour, but from heaven?
Who then can question that my suit for him,
And the kind plea of each that holds him dear,
Should grow more urgent!

But may years annul,
Or aught abate, the need of prayer for *me*?

This conscious heart as promptly answers—no.
Those years, weeks, instants, in their chequer'd scenes
And stealing flight, have brought us closer still
To the' awful last! and ah, which "little month"
Bore not uncounted stains upon its wings,
Or on that viewless page which tells its tale
In heaven's high registry? O how then cease
Ourselves to pray,—and plead for friendship's prayers!
Nay, new years bring new foes: the' insidious world
Can change its dominoes, and lurk beneath
Grave care, and sober praise, and all the' array
Of idol robings: while, unmark'd, beside,
A sable group of *seeming* foes steal on;
O may we make them friends! In stern disguise
See where they come: no Sirens: not the choir
Of earthly hopes: not the bright pageantry
Of evanescent half unreal joys;
—But pains, bereavements, sorrows: these *must* come,
—Swift, although gradual—except swifter death
With sudden interposal shut the scene.

Eight years have borne them nearer; but *eighteen*
(Elaps'd since first I felt, remote from home,
The kindness of your welcome)—yes, *eighteen*—
Oft summ'd by memory, more darkly show
Life's downward line; and point to coming days
—Whether soon number'd or successive far—

Which have "no pleasure in them;"—none from earth—
Ah! shall we therefore beg them none from Heaven?
And when all "nether springs" are failing, cease
To lift our hands, though weary, and invoke
New drops of blessing from the Fount above,
The' alone exhaustless—or forbear to ask
At friendship's hands an office so benign?
May grace forefend! Yea, may God's Spirit prompt
Such kind effusions of believing hearts;
Till, at his holy bidding, they shall grow
More instant, earnest, quick, reciprocal,
Breathings of faithful love.

So let us crave
Of Him that heareth and inspireth prayer,
From whom all pure effectual wishes flow;
—O make all kind remembrances henceforth,
Devoutly kind! Each cordial thought imbue,
Hallow, exalt, with wishes warm from Heaven!
With sacred aspiration; with the sense
That else all thoughts, solicitudes, regrets
Were idle; but thus fruitful; teeming thus
With hope from Thee!

Accept this strain, my friend,
For though too close to measur'd prose it glide

Or wind,—'tis all I can: the fervent gush
Of lays impassion'd, forceful, geyser-like,
Was never mine; and had it been, perchance
Those eighteen winters would have stay'd the jet
Or chill'd it:—but this volume, whose blank leaves
I make my tablet, offers to your eye
And ear more vivid strains; that richer flow,
Those symphonies of sound, that consonance
Of tones and feelings, which the poet's soul
Pours forth felicitous, till many a stream
In shining confluence swells his various verse.
Such strains I can but purchase: not less pleas'd
To proffer, that I own'd them not unbought.
For—let not envy or despondence reign,
Though poesy *quite* fail us. Even its form
And cadence may one day refuse to "come
When we do call for them:" but if that grace
Which "never faileth," animate our souls;
If love to Him who lov'd us, and to all
His brotherhood, and all the race for whom
He mourn'd and died, amidst the gathering snows
Of age be vital yet, then must our strain
One day be fervent too, nay, burn at length
With pathos and with ardours earth knows not,
When earth's high strains have sunk, and fame's last swan
Out-breath'd his latest melody. The harps

That hang by "living fountains"—whispering
Eolian notes unto the heavenly gale,
As if to' invite their longing minstrels home,—
Shall make new poets: rather, they that love
The Lord and Leader of heaven's harmonies,
Are born anew to grasp them; and shall press
Through life, woe, darkness, death, to reach the realm
Where their tun'd harps await them, tun'd as one;
Tun'd to that inmost voice which Love divine
First wakes, then proves and modulates and checks
And sometimes quenches into muteness here,
But shall unlock to raptur'd freedom soon
And glorious fulness, to be quench'd no more!

THOUGHTS IN SADNESS.

182—.

When fancy droops, by recent sorrows chill'd,
By vernal hope unsunn'd, (as the lone shrub
Bends to December, and no eye of green
Opes on its frosty stem,) why vainly task
Reluctant thought for cold and languid lays?
While fancy droops, the cynic reason holds
Her sternest inquisition—and reproves
Each ill-tim'd impulse, each abortive aim:
Points to the hasty throng, whom young delight
In numbers, and seducing aptitude
To shape them, have beguil'd to the fond dream
Of a sublime vocation;—shows their strains
Consign'd to dusty sleep before the hand
Or eye that trac'd them sinks in "dusty death;"

And with her cheerless foresight warns my heart
How soon, how surely, these will slumber too.
And be it so—the heart, the eye, the hand,
The page alike : each laid aside in dust
And mouldering.
Yet some few to whom the heart
Was open, whom the eye was lighted up
With welcoming beam to greet, to whom the hand
Spake with a cordial pressure, may take down
This page from its dull sleep, and think of him
Whose hand is in the tomb.

Great Arbiter,
Who hast brought low, and through these weary weeks
Depress'd my soul with melancholy thought
And overmastering fears, I would adore
Thy sovereign kindness, that the burden now
Is by degrees less painful! Still those dark
Forebodings are but fainter, not dispell'd,
And weak and doubtful yet the struggling dawn
Of hope.—Almighty Saviour, be thy grace
Shed in its copious fulness! let thy love
This failing heart revive!
Thy energy
Could lift it in one moment from the dust
To the full flow of fervent aims and hopes

All heavenly. But, Lord, if thy sacred will
These boons withholding, shall restrict me yet
To rare or dubious solace, O enure
My soul to wait submissive, nor distrust
Thy mercies though delay'd: when hope deferr'd
Sickeneth the heart, and all my powers exclaim—
Alas, how long!—let patience meekly 'abide
Thy pleasure, and with silent longings, watch
The tardy day-spring: and whene'er, at length,
It dawns, then, Lord, let this whole being rise
In solemn, grateful earnestness to Thee,
Its most benign Restorer!

Though the change
May linger, and no sudden gleam of joy
May mark its advent, yet with deep-felt thanks
I own thy healing power, and silently
Ponder thy mercies. But a few days since,
This spirit sank in hopelessness: yet now,
Though but in joyless calm, it half forgets
That awful gloom: scarce verifies the depth
Of its past anguish!

Perfect, O my Lord,
Thy own compassions: let more cheering rays
Of vivid gladsome thought, arise and shine
Within me! Be the riches of thy love

Laid hold on ! Cause " good hope thro' grace " to' uplift
My renovated soul ! Then shall this tongue
Awake to fervid praises, and loud chants
Of gratitude thy loving-kindness hail.

ON DECLENSION OF SPIRITS AND HEALTH.

184—.

WELL-SPRING of life, whence health and gladness flow,
In whom we move and are,—behold this heart
Conscious of failing energy—my soul
Yielding to pensive doubt—the vivid beams
Of fancy dimm'd—the light of faith and hope
Wavering, while fear, midst gathering shadows, points
To that dark region of despondent thought,
From which, through many a cheerful day, thy hand
Hath rais'd me!

Holy Sovereign, I confess
This soul's demerits well may cast it down
Into that gloom anew and heavier woes
Might crush thy frail relapsing child;—but yet
Presume I, leaning on exhaustless grace,

To intreat,—forsake me not !—Behold the One
Belov'd, Divine, all-powerful Advocate
For rebels, e'en the chief ! Thy pitying love
In Him supremely manifest, can absolve,
And sanctify, and crown with holy peace,
E'en souls perturb'd as mine. Indulgent Lord,
Rebuke the gathering tempest ! Ah, disperse
These ominous clouds which all my future veil ;
Save me from murmurings—accents of revolt—
Reluctant shrinkings from life's daily tasks
And low monotonous cares ! Let patient hope,
And waiting resignation to thy will,
Again possess this spirit ! Thou art God,
And hast all hearts in thine almighty hand :
O bid the storm subside ! Quell every wave
Of restless passion and distracting thought,
And let submissive calmness now pervade
My powers, until thy own divinest joy
With heavenly visitation touch my heart,
And bathe it all in light and strength from Thee.

O thou all-bounteous Donor, infinite
And vital Spirit of the universe,
Who my whole state discernest, quicken me,
I do beseech Thee, to the things unseen !
Thou know'st this lethargy, this unbelief,
That broods upon my soul. Ah, wherefore thus

A languid, paralys'd, and death-like life
That cannot seize the real—but doth creep
Amid the visible and palpable,
Without an impulse heavenward?

Thou that art
Spirit, Life, Truth,—O move my grovelling soul!
Arouse it from its apathy, to new
And earnest ardours! O my living Lord,
How languish—slumber—loiter—tow'ard the brink
And utmost margin of life's brief career!
Ah, why this latent inward faithlessness
To my exterior seeming? Why the' assault
Of haunting doubts—the spirit all unhing'd
And grasping nought securely?—why unmov'd
By truths and hopes inestimably dear?—
O Saviour, come! In thy own gracious hour
Grant, I implore thee, streams of vital joy
Salient, upspringing, to thy inmost heaven
Aspirant! Give that softening beam of love
Which melts the frozen heart, and pours its rills
Abroad in pure unfeignèd charity,
And with anticipative rapture soars
Toward Thee and Thine, in yon celestial home.

ON RECOVERY.

O FATHER of my spirit, fill it now
With earnest thankfulness, that Thou hast given
A glad reprieve from fetter'd anxious thoughts;
Blest liberation from their dismal sway!
O let me praise Thee that fresh vigour wakes,
And calmness is restor'd; that I can think
With tranquil comfort, and reviving hope;
With a pleas'd heart conceive and meditate
Designs of service, and though fleeting months
To come be few, can yet in hope devise
Some "loving aims."
O let me ne'er forget
The recent darkness; mournful apathy,
Stern anguish; hopelessness of serving Thee
Aright, and dread of vague but countless ills.
Make me to recognise with heart devout

The peaceful contrast; how my thoughts have mov'd
In various effort through successive weeks
With healthful tranquil freedom; how my cares
Have been devolv'd afresh,—and are so yet—
Upon thy guardian Providence. My Lord,
My sole Deliverer, my long-suffering Guide,
Aid me to love Thee with a child's true love,
To trust Thee with a child's undoubting trust,
To wait in filial patience, to rejoice
With filial trembling!
And, if at some hours,
—Or as the new felt renovation wanes,—
The tide of thought seem ebbing, or a cloud
Of brooding care and dark presentiment
Flit o'er my spirit—aid me to shake off
The saddening mist, and summon my weak heart
To feel and own thy mercies; to confide
On thy sustaining arm, to gird myself
With thy own panoply, and firmly stem
The transient swellings of life's wintry stream,
Breasting each troublous wave, and toiling still
Through each vex'd eddy, till at length we rest
In the "fair havens" of eternity.

IN CONVALESCENCE FROM ILLNESS AND DEJECTION.

1.

UNSEEN Guardian, who hast led me,
Through the dark and desert wild;
Storms of care and clouds of sadness
Louring round thy faithless child;
O revive me; freshly pouring
Gentle gleams of hope in Thee!

2.

Bid me praise Thee! while despondent,
Hopeless of returning peace,
Thou didst shield me through the tempest,
Till thy word should bid it cease.
"God of comfort," I will bless Thee,
Thee my Strength, my vital Sun.

3.

Though in darkness long I journey'd,
And in gloominess till now,
Hoary mists float hence "like morning
Spread upon the mountain's" brow;
  Haste my praises—hail the dawning!
Greet its earliest beam divine!

4.

Yes, on Arctic night He riseth,
With all healing in his wings;
The new glow my soul surpriseth,
Melting fast her ice-bound springs;
  —Leaping—hasting—heavenward gushing—
All my spirit weeps and sings.

5.

O my Mona, friend in sorrows,
Constant, tender, generous friend,
Seize the joys that ne'er can fail us,
Grasp the bliss that owns no end:
  Heart in heart thus—through the tempests,
To our glorious goal contend!

6.

If, still, after shower and sunshine,
Clouds on menacing clouds return,
Trust we still the' Eternal Day-star ;
—What can quench his radiant urn ?
Mercy leads us, Power can bear us,
All his heights of love to learn.

7.

Storms may veil his glories from us,
Hide his glowing beams of grace :
But a universe of horrors
Not one ray shall e'er efface :
Mercy prompts us—Might shall waft us—
Love's own depths of Love to learn !

PART III.

—

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

EPITAPH

PROPOSED FOR THE MONUMENT OF BISHOP KEN, IN THE CHURCHYARD OF FROME.

HALLOW'D and "single unto Christ," while here,
This earthly Ken ; yet bounded, weak, unsure ;
But now, that holier Ken, in heaven's high sphere
May vie with glance of angels, brightly pure.
Oh, to the' immortal Ken what scenes unveil'd
Where, for the mortal, brooded shades unknown :
In death's lone cave what though the mortal fail'd,
—E'en there, the' immortal—death's sole Victor hail'd,
And still drinks radiance from the Victor's throne.

TO C—— H——,

AFTER THE DECEASE OF HER SISTERS.

(In imitation of the German of Anna Schlatter.)

SEE, they look from their repose in glory ;
Angel-sisters on thy couch look down ;
With those latent glances stilly soothing
All thy spirit, whom their love would crown.

See them now more ardent thanks outpouring,
That thy faith, thy patience, still endure ;
That in life's dark wave, since bitter partings,
Hope's celestial anchor still is sure.

Now they know, they feel,—that earth's deep sorrows
Founts of ceaseless boundless joy shall prove ;
Gently whisper to thy fainting spirit—
" Hope, believe, awhile—then rest in love !"

Long for thee have been those months, and lonesome,
But for them, bright moments—full of peace :

Still a few more stormy hours await thee,—
Then the dawning glories, ne'er to cease!

Nearer now, by thousand steps, uplifted,
Helen, Anna, to their Lord and thine,
Soon with thee shall share, in blissful oneness,
The full wealth of his free gift divine.

Soon they lead thee to his heavenly mansions,
Bind for thee the dear-bought amaranth on,
Bought by bleeding Love—yet won by toiling
Up thy drear and flinty path, alone.

Love Himself shall join in that blest greeting;
—"Friend, Deliverer, Brother, Shield, Reward;"—
O, for that sublimest, purest union
Toil thou, trust thou,—triumph like thy Lord!

Yes, let thron'd and sovereign Love constrain thee;
Through life's desert trace Love's vital stream;
Grasp that wounded hand whose fervid healing
Draws and binds the wounded heart to Him.

Let no cheerless speculation freeze us;
Griefs and doubts no more faith's glass bedim;
Watch, endure, and conquer, with Christ Jesus;
One with His departed and with Him.

EPITAPH

ON THE GOOD HORSE "SOBER."

Obiit October, 1853.

HERE rests the head of Sober, faithful horse,
Who in a good old age fulfill'd his course ;
With docile step, with prompt and steadfast toil,
For twice ten years and more, he trod the soil ;
Shrank from no effort, no ascent refus'd,
Nor e'er by wilfulness his strength misus'd ;
But brought his owner to the wish'd-for place,
With calm good temper and unwearied pace.
Good Sober, while thy virtues thus we mark,
Thought ponders on life's mysteries—deep and dark.
—Who can that lowly spirit's sojourn tell,
Which fleeted "earthward" as poor Sober fell?
Who knows that will, with active vigour fraught,
(While lifeless atoms last) is sunk to nought?
Why must that being—now, blank nothing be?

Why actuate no new form more swift and free?
With grateful thought I view thy humble grave,
In hope that Heaven still guards the boon it gave,
And on the life which mov'd thy patient frame
Confers some loftier shape and nobler name.

Good Sober, take these thanks, this poor adieu!
To Him we leave thee who "makes all things new;"
Who lists and heeds the pain'd creation's groan
With thoughts of rescuing kindness all his own,
Deep as the' abyss of grief, high as our Father's throne!

TO R——,

ON HER MOTHER'S DECEASE.

RESCUED from all earth's conflicts, 'mid the bands
And joys of waiting saints, that parent rests,
Counting celestial hours whose shining sands
Have nought to stain them : yet though safe and blest,
Expectant still and pensive, till her own,
Left in earth's war, shall greet her near their Saviour's throne.
Forewarn'd of perils, 'mid Christ's pilgrim train
Lowly yet fearless may this daughter move,
Earnest to eye the mark, the race to gain,
To share at last that greeting, and that deathless love :
Choosing by grace divine, the "good" and "old,"
Her parents' path ; though arduous, happy still ;
Ending in that bright glimpse from Pisgah's hill,
Rude mount of death's calm trance, where endless hopes unfold !

ON SERMONS.

ALONE Revealer of all truth, whose grace
Hath given Thy holy oracles, but leaves
The feeble ministrations of frail man
To interpret and enforce them,—Thou discern'st
My sense of shallow sameness in their lore
And in my own ; our narrow grasp of truth,
And all the fallible and pedestrian cast
Of customary teaching : thou hast seen
My thirst for flashes of celestial thought
And heaven's emotions ; for the magic touch
And tone electric, which would pour their swift
And thrilling impulse through the waken'd soul !
Forgive me, if sometimes in weariness
I muse, while iterations trite and weak,
Re-issued by myself or others, tire
And disappoint !—O Thou the only Wise,
Grant patient candour still to recognise

And prize the diamonds of thy own pure truth,
Though feebly heralded, and clouded oft
By a "lack-lustre" setting.
—But in sooth
The brightest gleams of man's imaginings,
The rarest sparkles of ethereal thought
And hope—what are they, when compar'd or weigh'd
With seraph musings, with the eloquence
That wells forth from the Holiest Place, amidst
The glorified!—Nay, if angelic tongues
Should utter it in angel perfectness,
Oh, what were these to the' uncreated Source
Of wisdom, and of utterance all divine?
What to the speech and thought "unspeakable"
Of Love supernal, when from Him "the Word,"
Great Teacher of Creation, forth shall flow
Discourse transcendent, fraught with awful power
And heavenly sweetness,—like the soothing "voice
Of many waters," which profusely gush
Down from some Alp or verdant Apennine
In vast but gentle flood,—inundating
All holy spirits attent, with holiest truth
And heavenliest, as truth's Author only may.

TO MONA.

FRIEND of my inmost heart,
Friend of my heavenward soul,
Hail as we meet, hail as we part,
The glorious goal!

Thou that didst make us one,
Divinely one in Thee,
O light us as our race we run,
Thy prize to see!

Victor of hell and death,
O let our souls descry
Yon soon uniting endless wreath
Held out on high!

Thou blest Forerunner, guide
And guard us quite to Thee!
And make us one thy streams beside,
Glad, faultless, free!

Free from earth's hard control,
Its stains, its fears, its groans;
While thy full joy our mingled soul
In transport owns!

Free where thy rest is won,
And lost each pulse of pain;
Where beats in endless unison
One heart in twain!

Ah, bear us strongly on!
Shield when we part awhile!
Uphold till all the fight be done,
Then, then, Thy smile!

AFTER VISITING MY FRIEND Mrs. —— OF ——.

1838.

Still seem I musing in your rustic bower,
Under that moss-deck'd roof; and gaze in thought
Down the soft turfy vista, where, between
Those aged pines (friends of your infancy),
The fleeting sunshine and the broader shade
Picture our path to heaven. I trace the walk
Where at this noontide hour no foot perhaps
Is seen; but thought hath peopled it.—I see
In fancy's telescopic mirror, forms
Of some, that were—that *are*—that *would be* there.

I mark the forms that *were* there: those who walk'd
With God, and spake to artless minds of Him:
And with them one who pour'd a sylvan strain
Of meek devotion in those quiet shades,
Bequeathing thence her Christian heart and hope
To other generations.

I discern
Those that *are* sometimes there :—the elder long
Inscrib'd in friendship's year-book, and the young
In early days caress'd elsewhere—but now
Seen with a heart more tranquil, since the pains
Of other days have faded, and a hope
That sets not, brightens while the mortal wane.

I look too on *new* infancy, whose foot
Unconscious totters where forefathers trod,
While the still spirit of the darksome firs
Seems mutely greeting it, as if to say—
—O prattling scion of the planter's stock,
Spare our sere branches! some perchance shall live
To shade *thine* offspring too.
I look on her
That *would be* there : whom tender cares detain,
But must not always, from the antique grove
Where gentle meditation lov'd to roam.

Musing on all that group—till my full eye
Glistens,—and the sun-chequer'd vista gleams
With many a living light—the scene is chang'd :
—I see no more the dark and failing trees
Whose interrupted ranks and sever'd boles
Speak the great lesson—all of earth must die—
(Still less that sombrous unique avenue

Of solemn yew-trees on the bordering hill,
Which preach of churchyard paths, and the sharp
twang
Of hostile bow-shots ;—like a grove of death ;)
But, in my vision, from yon moss-clad cove
The vista blooms anew : o'erarching palms
Have risen where roots yet mark the fir-trees' fall ;
The verdurous perspective seems the same,
But yet another : soft celestial gales
Wave through the ample leafage, and the air
Is vital sweetness.
Those that *were*, return—
Return with tones and aspects like their own,
Yet *un*like ; loftier, nobler, heavenlier far.

And they that *are*—and they that *would be*—there,
Have pass'd the hour of *true* nativity,
The glorious all-renewing dawn :—that hand
Which "took the infants up,"—which gently rais'd
The penitent,—which with all might can soothe
The vex'd, benumb'd, or self-accusing heart—
Foster in age the faltering spark of joy,
And in death's embers rouse its quenchless flame,—
That loving hand hath touch'd them—and they come
Swift, gladsome, deathless, bright, harmonious, pure,—
And I—to hail—with blest presentiment—
Friendships, thus hallow'd, in his home divine.

But ah, the vision fades :—all earthly must :
Yet the true glory, built on God's own truth
And man's best intuition, sent of God,
These cannot fade. Life's frailest, dearest ties,
When twin'd with Faith's imperishable clew,
Shall hold e'en through the fiery night of doom,
And vibrate praises while the spheres must fall.
Oh, then, may Christian friendship, not far off,
Watch with delight the lasting rapture given
When, to the cares that part the good, succeeds
Their feast of filial and parental bliss,
And He that "bought" all, crowns all ;—for his smile
Must make and gild the joys his griefs have won.

WITH A SINGLE ROSE, BLOSSOMING DECEMBER, 1857.

TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND, J. B. ÆTAT. 88.

O BEAUTEOUS flower, O lonely rose,
Who bloom'st in dark December,
Like spark on cottage hearth, that glows
E'en midst the latest ember,—

I know a Christian, who, like thee,
Still lives through chill Decembers—
Her youth's fond mates all gone, while she
With pensive musing sympathy,
Their vanish'd bloom remembers.

Yet herself in latest age blooms *more*,
With hope and love divine;
For on heart and brow her Lord doth pour
Bright dews of his grace to shine.

With those, the lov'd, that bloom'd erewhile,
Ere long she in heaven shall bloom ;
A Saviour's hand, a Saviour's smile,
Uplift her from the tomb.

Ah, then the flowers that *ne'er* shall close,
The bliss without alloy !—
—Where each new rose immortal grows,
Lord, make us share with her, with those,
Their fragrance, and thy joy !

ON THE ART OF WRITING.

TO M——.

18—.

MIRANDA, how homely, how precious, how strange,
These early-taught symbols of thought and of feeling,
These quick-flowing curves which so deftly you range,
The mind so minutely, though mutely, revealing.

How happy that love can thus speak far away
To the eye fill'd with sorrows—the bosom desponding,—
And silent devotion her solace assay
To the mourner in solitude,—stilly responding.

How blest that the hand can perpetuate the signs
And pledges of hopes that in heaven shall glow,
And the voice of eternity breathe from its lines,
When the fingers, that trac'd them, in stillness lie low!

A wise and affectionate "word" fitly written
(Like citrons in chalice of silver convey'd),
How oft on the heart's inmost chord hath it stricken,
Where quartos in type would seem lifeless parade.

I joy that the bèst hopes, in life's vernal day,
By friendship are foster'd, are welcom'd by you :
Without them, life's pleasures but smile to betray,
And with them, joy beams in its latest adieu.

SEQUEL.

1858.

So—in years now remote—did my quill shape its lays
To laud the familiar art-magic of writing ;
Extolling the current where friendliness plays,
The stiffly-set lines of compositors slighting.

And now—though oft chiding my wayward steel-pen,
I yet prize the freedom of rough, plain autὸgraphy ;
Am liberty's votary, e'en now as then,
Nor yet quite a captive in bonds of typography.

Albeit I have thought and have wrought for the printer
(Who hath lighten'd my purse, nor the hours can restore
Expended on types from life's May till its winter),
Still good words in manuscript charm me yet more.

Our age in fair types and in choice illustrations
Excels : but *handwriting* best pictures the mind :
Types are drill'd into line, but have no variations ;
While in pen-strokes some index of *temper* we find.

Not seldom the characters trac'd by our inks,
Betoken the scribe's inner character too ;
This one we deem hasty ; that timidly thinks ;
This vacillates : that is bold, downright, and true.

But, avaunt be the crossings of frugal profusion,
The net-work and maze of illegible lines,
Where impatience half shrinks from dear friendship's
effusion,
Since affection so hardly its meaning untwines.

Be the current all clear ; never baffling conjecture
With curves to decypher, and stops to supply,
Till the words of true kindness become a hard lecture,
A torture of temper, a toil to the eye.

There are hearts most poetic, still guiltless of verses ;
And minds philosophic, who edit no prose ;
Yet eloquent each, if they soothe our reverses
With kind simple lines in which charity flows.

Ah, covet not fame : from distress cannot shield you
That fast-failing prize of the wit and the bard :
Ne'er envy renown, if sweet gratitude yield you
The hand's cordial pressure, the heart's true regard !

TO THREE SISTERS (L. A. H.)

SINGING SACRED MUSIC.

1838.

HALLOW'D song—like a beautiful rill
Which from three limpid fountains o'erflows,
While each, as they mingle, reflects
The verdure and flowers whence it rose,—

Ah why, when life's summer is o'er,
Must the vocal stream scantily flow?
Its affluence of melody gone,
And "the daughters of music" brought low?

And, at length, why must death's chill eclipse
Quench all the soft gush of their lays—
His icicle wand on the lips
Which their Lord, and his Victor, would praise?

'Tis that He—the great Victor of ill,
Who a voice e'en to dumbness can give,
Who spake to the tempest, "Be still,"
And to death's fetter'd prisoner, "Live,"

May the ice of those sepulchres break
With tones at which marble shall glow,—
Awake, blessed sisters, awake!
Flow forth, hallow'd harmony, flow!

Yes, rise the bright river to swell,
Where each glad melodious wave,
With sweetness unending, shall tell
That Love was unwearied to save!

TO MONA,

WITH A FLOWER, GATHERED NEAR KILLARNEY.

1840.

Flowers in earth's wild, must die!
Ah, we have seen them fade!
Whom *you* lov'd—and whom *I*—
Have sunk in death's cold shade.

Flowers—in heaven's warmth revive:
'Tis their own Father-land!—
Their softest hues survive,
Clasp'd by the Owner's hand!

We would have shelter there:
Those bowers for all have room:
Who droop the most, may wear
Ere long their best perfume.

Then may *this* failing stem
With all their sweets entwine!
Grafted, with you, with them,
Upon the "Root" divine!

TO MY AGED FRIEND, J. B——.

O FRIEND of all my days, belov'd, rever'd
From infancy to life's declining hour,
Whose gentle wisdom youth's aspirings cheer'd,
Whose kindness wanes not yet, though wintry shadows
lour.

That guiding hand, and lenient eye, could bend
To childhood's pencil in its first essàys ;
And to the playful lines which boyhood penn'd
Award the welcome meed of undissembled praise.

When with stern feature and funereal hue,
—In fancy's trembling mirror seen tenfold,—
The phantom shapes of fear and sadness grew,
That heart indulgent listen'd, and that voice consol'd.

Or if this mind, incapable awhile
Of solace, with the o'erburdening cloud hath striven,
How oft have you—and yours—with patient smile
Endur'd this gloomy brow, these lifeless lips
forgiven.

When manhood droop'd at real pangs severe,
—Keen disappointment—death's bereaving wound—
Still grief had àccess to your faithful ear,
Still in that friendly bosom true condolence found.

And now, my lov'd and venerated friend,
Full many a head once honour'd is laid low,—
Our parents, kinsmen, guardians, long since blend
Their silent dust, where still our footsteps go

To meet their Lord: and while our lowly bands
Show forth His death who all our sorrows bore,
How sad the thought, that tender, faithful hands
Which oft have press'd our own, partake that bread no
more.

But O, be all the faithless gloom controll'd!
While their dust "sleeps in Jesus," and its form
Hath vanish'd, doth not his own Spirit "hold
Their souls in life" sublime? and their affections
warm

With glorious hope?—shall their immortal King
When, thron'd midst angel myriads, He descends,
Those parted spirits "with Him" fail to "bring,"
Nor to Himself unite all whom his love defends?

O for hope's growing brightness: tyrant fear
Too oft, my friend, assails your heart and mine.
But Love cries—"Faint not"—still your Lord is here,
With might, grace, truth, forbearance, sympathy divine.

'Tis by his strength you meet life's darkening years
With smile unquench'd, or resignation's calm;
And still with kindness which each boon endears,
Pour through the poor man's heart compassion's holy balm.

Still, as you walk your long-accustom'd way,
Thoughts of esteem around you ne'er can cease;
E'en heartless guilt, in secret oft will say,
Mark well the good, the upright—for her end is peace.

Far happier thus than when the' admiring crowd
Gaze on their idol,—warrior, statesman, bard,—
Yours are the Christian's blessings, deep not loud,
Which rise to heaven, and crave your free, but "full reward."

And if the summoning angel come, before
He bears me hence, to take my friend to rest,
—O deep the grief! yet grief itself shall soar,
And watch the ecstatic welcomes of the blest.

When the mild lamp of midnight gently wanes
At harvest home,—then quits the' autumnal sky,—
We mourn her vanish'd light; but no—those plains
Of ether do but veil her softly beaming eye.

Our Sun of grace, his people's covering shield,
Hides his own stars while earthly storms assail,
—Ere long in his own light they rise reveal'd
Full orb'd, serenely bright, in joys no more to fail.

PENCILLED ON A BLANK CHARITY TICKET,

SENT TO MRS. ———,

AFTER HER ACCOUNT OF DONATIONS,

1812.

Your stewardship so faithful, your reckonings so true,
Might claim a *carte blanche*, my good lady, for you:
Yet I venture these words, though I guess 'tis your fashion
To waive all applause in your kindly vocation,
And obliterate thanks with new marks of compassion.
So now—may the Muses forgive such barbarity—
You will soon cancel praises to make room for charity.
—Rub compliments out to put mendicants in?
O pause, ere so graceless a work you begin!

"Fie on compliments"—say you—"I know them of old;
Those worst of all mendicants, empty and cold,
Coarse, canting, or counterfeit, fawning yet bold:
As vagrants with ballads, so flatterers in verse." . . . . .
—Ah spare them, kind lady; some knaves are still worse.
And while every trace of these lines you efface,
Don't quite every stroke of my pencil mistrust;
Truth, once on a time, may be couch'd e'en in rhyme,
And the sketch though but slight, yet the features be just.

OLD AGE AND SCEPTICAL SCIENCE.

1858.

A FEW times only more, a very few—
Nay, not once more, it may be, shall these eyes
Behold the vernal scene, which, pleas'd, to-day
I mark unfolding. Soon for the last time
I look on summer's pride, and watch the stems
And sprays of winter, late in frost benumb'd,
Reviving, put their verdant vesture on.

True, these again will bud,—with freshest hues
New waken'd,—while I press the couch of pain
Or languishing, or when this frame shall rest
On the still bier. That shadowing beech will ope
Her silky leaflets ;—pine and cedar bend
Their graceful spires, new tipp'd with softer green ;
And yon sweet roses bloom : but these clos'd eyes
Will look on them no more ; these silent lips

Inhale no breezes, nor this lifeless ear
List the young carol of the gladsome birds,
Welcoming springtide.

And ah, what the while,
What boon, what solace—what bright destinies,
Doth creedless Science proffer, quite divorc'd
From hope, and "positive" all hope to quell?
Vain erudition, cold philosophism,
Dogmatic, stern, full-arm'd in steely mail
Of hard conclusions, bold to disabuse
Youth of its loftiest aims, and rob old age
Of its last peace; ignoring the divine;
Counting all wonders round us the harsh fruits
Of mere impersonal fate; all miracles
Of matter,—spirit,—but effects of law;
Law unenacted; sequence of itself;
With no true Legislator. Yes, ye bring,
With supercilious front and heart unmov'd,
Your lectures of despair.
—The Perfect hath
No actual being. Blessedness divine
Exists not; the presentiments of like bliss
Are worn-out fallacies. 'T were sought in vain
Through nature's vast phenomena: for they grow
And sink successive—evanescent all
And mortal. Thus, for mortals to aspire

To their one Lord's imagin'd Perfectness,
His pure and boundless joy,—is but a dream ;
A dazzling phantom of the restless brain.
Thus—life to come, with every deathless hope,
A fond illusion.

Ah, vainglorious ones,
Self-idolizers, worshipping the "Us"
Behind your screen of vaunted certainties
All privative of good,—who ever choose
Negation, and ignobly substitute
For our great mystery of love and hope,
Your homilies of ruin—have ye strength,
To make, or *un*make ? Can your skill create
The instincts of the geometric bee,
Or the poor spider's tissue ?—Can ye cause
One blade of corn, one dew-drop, or one grain
Of common earth ?—Your *dream* may parcel out
The infinite, depose the Lord of all,
And shut out from your orphan universe
The personal and parental Mind Divine :*
—But your whole power—in act—sufficeth not
To bid one atom *not* be. So, in sooth,
Your dream is nought. Yourselves but yesterday
Began to theorize,—and the next month's sun
May shine upon your gravestones.—Is it for you

* Note XII.

To shake the pillars of immortal hope,
And with your puny science abrogate
God's holiness and mercy?—

We may mourn
That youth, too oft, charm'd by the fine-wrought web
Of curious Science, lur'd by promises
Of high emancipation from the track
Of reverential thought, quaffs eagerly
Your much extoll'd nepenthes,* and forgets
Destruction in the bowl. But our old age,
—Grave manhood,—nay, ingenuous youth itself,—
Divinely taught a nobler truth to' explore
And prize, repels the poison,—and still clasps
With firmer hold that only Truth, by which
A discipline *from* heaven, a Future *there*,
"A Father at the helm," a life like His,
A home within the precinct of his joy,
Are own'd, felt, realiz'd.

And wilt thou still,
Recusant rash, and zealot to destroy,
Affirm—a self-originating Law—
—A rigorous blank necessity—is All?
—Prayer childish, fruitless, null—no Providence
Sovereign to change or rule the' unbending course

* Note XIII.

Of facts, develop'd from their primal type
Eternally ?

Then what if this same Law,
Impersonal, inflexible, unchang'd
As things eternal are, which thee, O son
Of science, erst develop'd, and uprear'd
Through mollusc, reptile, mammal, up to man,*
This tact magnetic, or electric fire
Which from the piscine through the simial type
At length shap'd Newton, Howard, Ravaillac,
St. Paul, and Borgia,—should conserve and mould
Some subtile relic of thy actual self
And bid it *further* be : should re-endow
Some vesicle or globule with new vague
Perceptions of existence, such as we
The uninitiate (with the unletter'd herd)
Deem consciousness ?

Thou wilt be sure, O sage,
That such new phase of being can be ne'er
Entirely good ; for hath not "positive" truth
Refuted all perfection, and annull'd
It through all worlds ?

But what then if the Law
Necessitates or portends, that thy next grade
Shall be an exaltation to more Ill,

* Note XIV.

A sinistrous preferment to unrest,
And dire sublime disorder: which the herd
May call Satanic, miserable?—What though
It *prove* so, thou wilt not repine; thy Law
Inalterable, can hear no vex'd appeal
From thy few atoms, vibrating dim thought
Or querulous emotion. Wisdom, e'en
In thy *anterior* phase of reason, crush'd
Such figments, and demonstrated, for thee,
That the' effete dreams of holiness and joy,
—An ever-blessed Lord, a life with Him,—
High science quite abjures. No murmur then,
If thy new phase of life organic prove
(Except thy meed of nothingness be won)
What it behoov'd:—a dark and giant stride
In *non*-perfection,—yielding drearier sense
Of dire inherent evil. Be content!
It was thy doom: doom irremediable
Of universal being. Nature's Law
Did interdict aught else: and doth preclude
By pantheistic ukase, unrevok'd
For ever!—Such *thy* system! It assumes,
Like that once "pleasant" fruit in Eden, all
Of scientific gust, "to be desir'd
To make one wise."—Thou' hast tasted:—but old age
Nurtur'd on hallow'd bread, doth nauseate thine,
And covet only the true bread from heaven;

Leans not on rigid, pitiless destiny,
But on a Saviour's bosom ; on the One
Divine and perfect Will ; the loving Heart
Of the' Infinite ; the Spirit who yet shall live
(Absolving, healing, perfecting the just,
Treasuring and crowning these when "perfect made,")
Though worlds dissolve, and Time's last cycles melt
Into the' eternal !

Old age, thus enrich'd,
Can with meek peacefulness confront decay
And bide death's final frost : for all the flush
Of summer gone, and the last parting glow
Autumnal, leave his brightest hopes undimm'd.
Though all on earth be transient, and he soon
Cease e'en to note the change, there comes for him
A vernal day unfading, and a youth
Perennial as that Saviour's endless life,
Whose bliss no age abates, no orb confines !

TO THE GREAT COMET

(OF 1811 OR 1835.*)

CELESTIAL stranger, how thy radiant train,
Gleaming through heaven's expanse, bedwarfs and dims
Yon myriad sparkles of the dusky sphere!
Arresting these dull eyes that rove too oft
With idle glance athwart the starry deep,
Nor mark its ancient splendours.—If thou fix
A *heedless* eye—with what intenser gaze
Must the true students of that boundless scroll
Which night unveileth, scan thy legend there
In its far streaming grandeur. At this hour

* Note XV.

The sons of Science point their optic tubes
Of mightiest reach, up through the dark serene,
From many a clime where Science hath uprear'd
Her watch-towers, and with silent zeal renews
Her heavenward inquisition. Now their quest,
Fix'd and far penetrating—points to thee!

Meantime, on errant pinion unrestrain'd,
Impatient fancy, lawless æronaut,
Vies with aspiring science;—fain to' explore
Thee from the equator of some nearer star
Where thy wild-streaming brightness fiercely glares
On its red zones; and our Vesuvian blaze
Were but as flashings of a lurid torch
All unregarded.
Ah,—what fleshly forms
Or organs might confront thy glowing mass
New fraught with solar flame; emerging bright
From forth those central ardours; hurl'd, more fleet
Than lightnings, toward the chill profound of space!

—Those coruscations of thy trailèd fire
What mortal eye could meet? What earth-born ear
Endure that rending and terrific surge
Cleaving the ambient ether—whose uprôar
May be the trumpet crash of a world's wreck
Or dire combustion!

Wherefore not of *ours?*
—For e'en if science, by sublime research
Assur'd, could fix *thy* path, far evermore
In the broad ocean of immensity
From this terrestrial bark—what Mind, save One,
—The' Eternal One that rules them,—shall compute
Or name the host, the course, the multitude,
The destinies, of all thy bright compeers
Innumerous; whirling through the abyss of heaven!
—Who knows but his creative energy
In that primæval moment, launch'd at once
Earth, and earth's stern destroyer—bade them roll
Co-eval, and our world reiterate
Its annual flight undevious, while the bolt
That must enkindle it, 'mid thousand suns,
—In realms which earth's enlightener scarce hath pierc'd—
Sweeps through its vast ellipse!
Behold, it comes!
The fiery star of doom is rushing on!
Not then remotely through the azure cope
Like thee, stupendous voyager, but amain
Right earthward, broadening on the pale survey
Of gather'd nations.
Twilight's faintest shades
Brighten the' appalling miracle: no more
The witching hour convokes a festive throng,

Nor veils the mute despiser; who must read
Earth's fate, high branded on the dome of heaven.

Hold—venturous fancy; other thoughts than thine
(Rash visionary) guide and guard His works,
Who works in all.
The most eccentric orb
Of brilliance or of terror, hath its scope,
Its bounds, its sure career; not wildly cast
A fell incendiary to scatter war
On happy worlds, no corsair of the skies
Licens'd to scare creation, piloted
By that arch-foe, or his false crew malign;
But thou, soft-streaming wonder of the North,
And *all* His wonders, utter tones of love
E'en to the ruin'd.
True, the All Holy One
Ordains funereal flames, to purify
This earth deep-stain'd with crime, whose atmosphere
Wafts groans of guilt and woe: but whether mark'd
For cometary fires, or subterrene,
Man asks in vain: still less can mortal might,
Or science, change its doom.
Yet He that came
Not to condemn but save; if we but yield
To reconciling love, doth bid us hail
The fires of renovation. He controls

Your courses, all erratic stars : his hand
Prepares the crown of life, and they that wear
His heavenly likeness must reflect his joy
Immortally, though suns or stars shall wane.

TO M. AND J.

AFTER REVISITING THE ISLE OF WIGHT.*

182—.

SISTERS, with whom in other days I rov'd
Beside these shores, and then retrac'd their charm
In roving verse,—well pleased do I resume
The desultory strain.
Five years have cast
Their changeful shadows on that verdant isle
Since last we travers'd it.
Oh ! that is much
Of this our little life, and many a care
Hath chequer'd it, and many a heavenly boon
Hath strown the devious road. In every year,

* This piece, by the Author's oversight, is misplaced. It should rather have been in Part I. as a sequel to that at page 51, above.

The scarce perceptible ceaseless touch of time
Writes lines on fading cheeks; that so, in all
This mutable life, its growth and its decay,
—In all that waxes and in all that wanes—
Creation's dial may afresh present
Its voiceless but divine monition; mark'd
In ever-varying index; "Wake, arise,
Aspire, depart,—for earth is not thy home."

But the fair isle, my sisters, seems unchang'd:
No new depression bends her sunny brow,
No recent scar is on her fairy face
Grav'd by the wintry storm; her lap is full
Of plenty, and her aspect as of old
Bright; like a Nereid on her briny rocks,
Waving her shadowy tresses o'er the flood.
Unchang'd the isle: yet some that lately own'd
Her sweetest dells are gone:—for "pallid death
Steals as of old time, through each rustic porch,
And treads beneath the kingly turrets still."

See, the new occupant, with rigorous bolt
Secludes his fountain and his mossy glades
From the too frequent stranger. Wait we not
To murmur at his chosen privacy,
(For *we* perchance might choose it;)—rather haste
From the soft "under-cliff" and all its bowers,

To the bold West ; where the fair isle expands,
And towers majestic.
Leave the myrtle shade
And tangled rose—forego the mazy walk
And glittering streamlet, for yon ample down
Which bends its terraces on either hand
Quick to the abrupt and dazzling precipice,
Where wings, more bright, in slanting circlets glide,
And mix the cheerful dissonance of their cry
With the soft rippling of the shallow waves
That lave its weedy base.
Thence look abroad
With pure delight upon the glorious sea,
Which mirrors, with its countless diamond gleams,
The great meridian day-star. Gaze beyond,
Where now the deep sea's azure softly dies
In the dim blueness of its kindred heaven !
Let the sublime inspire us ! Breathe the skies—
The cliffs—the ocean—nor regret the glen !
Thus, if a Father's hand, severely kind,
Exclude us from the bower of social bliss,
Where Love entwines his myrtle, and the pure
And sparkling font of home-born joy is full,
Then, with resign'd devotion, let us climb
The heights of hallow'd thought, and mark the paths
Of blessed spirits through ethereal realms,—
The snowy splendour of each angel wing

Enhanc'd by beams divine : the diverse tones
Of their free hymning, all accordant still,
With nature's sacred harp,—while here and there
Some brighter pinions, hovering o'er the choir,
Nearer the heavenly sunlight, float more bless'd
In stillness, pausing for the choir to come,
Hailing its promis'd flight from earth's dark shore
To bathe in light, and be replete with love.

Now to yon beach descend, which gently curves
Its crescent to the island's western cape.*
Smooth are its sands, but stony fragments, fring'd
With the bleach'd sea moss, yield us happier seats
Than Canute's regal chair, than Cæsar's throne.
—Thence view the cool clear billow's waving line,
And the bright cliff in parallel bend within,
Its near heights tinged with vivid colourings
Almost grotesquely. From those yellow crags
A rosy pinnacle uplifts its point
Like Savoy's peaks at sunset : deeper reds
Blush interspers'd ; while stains of blackness streak
The fragile rock, and grassy spots are seen,
Though sparely, 'midst the variegated sand.

But not far westward, those unwonted hues

* Allum bay.

Are lost ; there yielding to a loftier cliff,
Tintless ; except when evening's rays oblique
With shades more deep indent its giant wall.
Above it, the High Down, with lawn-like slope,
Shoots to the white and level brink, where lambs
Browse fearless, capering on that giddy verge,
Reckless of friendly tower and lamp aloft
So dear to the' homebound mariner.
Beyond
The outmost point, mark how those seaworn rocks
Detach'd, rise steep from the encircling wave,
Crown'd with no speck of verdure. If the name
Given to their massive points may not be chang'd,
It claims a comment. Be it Needle still,
But in the dauntless chamois-hunter's tongue,
That e'en the vast "Aiguilles" of Alpine wilds
May not disdain it.
To the Christian's eye
Such towering Needles point *above* the Pole ;
Echoing, like spires, to dying man,—Aloft !—
Excelsior !—heavenward !—to thy destin'd home !

Yes, all creation to the Christian's eye
Must speak in hallow'd symbols. Glance again
Along that lofty ridge ; it seems to paint
The good man's varied course ; his rugged path
Of pilgrim toil, beside the shallow wave

Of time, that flows and ebbs along the marge
Of his eternity.

In youth's bright hours
The rainbow hues of fancy and of hope
May tinge his skies : he treasures up the sands ;
Climbs every ruddy peak ; but finds them soon
Distain'd with passion, dark with frequent guilt,
And streak'd with disappointment's murky shade.
Even the verdure of his choicest deeds,
If e'er luxuriant, may be blighted soon,
Or weeds may choke it. But as he ascends
With sun-ward step still climbing, his last track
Grows smoother, brighter, till its earthy tints
Have well-nigh vanish'd, and the springing sward
—Ne'er now luxuriant, but of lowliest growth—
Carpets his way with quiet fruitfulness,
And peace, more nurtur'd e'en by threatening clouds.

Thence too may shine, as his great Lord enjoin'd,
Some beams of right example ; oft indeed
Dimm'd in the blast ; oft wavering ; yet supplied
Anew with unction for the sinking flame
From its pure source : till in the sunset hour
Of life's still eve, almost from life unloos'd,
On its last shore he sees the' eternal tide
Flow round him, welcomes the cold buoyant wave,

And from that one sure Lifeboat which life's Lord
"Doth steer,"* now bids receding earth farewell.

'Tis evening, sisters: ere the day-star sink
We quit this cove. Yet look forth earnestly
Beyond the Needles, o'er that shining sea.
Mark (where it mingles with yon golden west)
Those lessening masts that seem at once to touch
The deeps of ocean and the deeps of air,
Quick fading in the soft horizon, yet
As lingering for their consorts, till the fleet
—No white sail missing—in glad company
To balmier climes with jocund songs shall steer.
So some that trode, with us, life's seaward rocks,
Some too the dearest, who had walk'd with God
In faithful meekness—one by one have stept
On death's rude plank. For some the gloomy wave
But rippled,—and for some the surges roar'd.
Some earlier parted on the unebbing flood
Of new existence,—some but lately launch'd
In wonder from its brink.
—Yet see, they watch:
Like mariners that reef the swelling sail,

* —"He doth steer
E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art.
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart."
HERBERT, "*The Bag.*"

For us they wait, and to our island shore
Seem signalling, and hailing each true bark
Which from death's confine bears a freight of joy.

Not many suns shall gild the western main,
Not many springtides fill these echoing caves,
Not many winters beat upon those cliffs,
Ere *we* too launch from the' islet earth away ;
What matter whether in hoarse boisterous surf
Or in the stillness of a summer's sea,
—So we but join the blessed voyagers
That have embark'd erewhile—so we be join'd
Soon by the dearest whom, with keen distress
Of parting sorrow, we must leave below.

To view fair pennons which no storm shall rend
Brightening that true Pacific,—to o'ertake
With prows of gladness the one fleet of peace
And with them anchor there, O will not that
Be heaven's best prelude ?
But, yet more,—to hail
That Prince of Life, who came to minister,
And bleed, and save,—who stemm'd the floods of woe
For us—who bears us from this deathful shore—
To recognise, with them, that Friend divine,
Share in his love, participate his joy,
—This, this, my sisters, will be more than heaven !

PART IV.

—

HYMNS.

TRANSLATIONS.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

1.

O HOW deep the condescending—
O how limitless the grace!
When "Christ Jesus, apprehending"
Our forlorn and fallen race,
  Stoop'd to save us,
And enfold in his embrace!

2.

Ah, what loving-kindness brought us—
Us, lost children—back to God:
Deign'd "to call us brethren;" pouring
In our hearts his love abroad:
  By his mercies
Rich yet humbled, blest while aw'd.

3.

O how priceless, how ennobling
That dear union, Lord, with thee!
Lifting us to true communion
With the manifest Deity—
  Still enshrining
Glorified Humanity!

4.

Holy Vine, O let the branches
Living sap derive from Thee!
Twine with grateful close embracing;
Verdant thus and fruitful be:
  Brother—Saviour—
Fit us for the joys with Thee!

5.

Thou that art the heavenly Manna,
Quicken us to share thy store!
Like the meek and earnest Hannah*
Teach us at thy feet to' adore:
  Loving Saviour,
Vital oneness we implore!

* 1 Samuel i. 10—28.

6.

Grant the nurture of thy Spirit :
Grant the pure celestial food :
"Bread of God," by thy descending
Be our spiritual life renew'd :
Feed us, cheer us
From thy godlike plenitude !

7.

Glorious Lord, albeit thy human
Form above all heaven resides,
In supernal glory thronèd
O'er seraphic "thrones" presides,
Yet thy Spirit
Here thy ransom'd flock still guides.

8.

Let us live by Thee surrounded,
Breathe the essence of thy love,
Till at length we rise enraptur'd,
Enter thy bright home above,
And expatiate
In thy shoreless sea of love.

PRAYER TO THE REDEEMER.

1858.

Saviour-God, by love victorious
Claim and win each rebel heart!
In thy kingly grace all-glorious,
Teach us how divine thou art—
Full redemption,
Free abounding grace impart!

What, O Saviour, can we proffer
For compassions deep as thine?
With the contrite heart's outpourings
Let the voice of praise combine,
And with fervour
To thy sway our all consign!

Lord, reclaim this heart unwatchful,
Self-deluding, treacherous still;

Spirit of Christ, O now conform it
To thy good and perfect will !
Let thine unction
Fruitful joy and peace instil !

O constrain this heart, relapsing,
Mutable, and self-deceiv'd ;
Raise it from the harmful wanderings
Which have thy good Spirit griev'd ;
Be it nò more
Thus of peace and joy bereav'd !

Sinless Lord, immaculate Jesus,
Let not sin rend ùs from Thee !
Let not sloth and torpor freeze us,
Nor the world's low tyranny
Them lead captive
Whom the' Eternal Son makes free !

Saviour-King, exalted Jesus,
Be our true supreme delight !
Let no severing passion seize us ;
Guard us by thy heavenly might :
Then no enemy
Us from Thee can disunite.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Dec. 31, 1857.

Now the year's last hours are waning,
All its moments well-nigh flown,
Weeks and months elaps'd and vanish'd,
Gone—irrevocably gone!

Soon life's days will fill their number,
Soon its final sun must set!
O my spirit, canst thou slumber?
Loiter, linger, trifle—yet?

Dar'st thou still misuse the golden
Swift-wing'd minutes which remain?
Now—in health and peace upholden—
Lavish latest days in vain?

Soon thy torch of life must tremble,
Soon be quench'd in cold decay ;
Soon will mourning friends assemble,
Following slow the coffin'd clay.

O my soul, God's love adoring,
Grateful own his mercies past,
Then, his richest grace imploring,
Seek to have thy best at last !

PATIENCE OF GOD.

1.

LORD, if thy pure Word awake us
To our sin and helplessness,
If thy Spirit conscious make us
To thy loving-kindnesses,
How delay we, how refrain we
To extol such tenderness!

2.

We are base, perverse, ungrateful,
Loving earth, by sense subdued;
Many a trespass hath been hateful;
Yet thy patience is renew'd;
Still thy pity, thy forbearance,
Crown our days with various good.

3.

Ne'er hast Thou our guilt requited
With stern penalties extreme ;
Nay, while we thy grace have slighted,
Still on us its treasures stream.
Be thy mercy, Lord,—thy precious
And long-suffering love,—our theme !

4.

Let more true and deep contrition
Bind us to our Saviour's side ;
Let each lowly heart's ambition
Rise to Him that lov'd and died !
Ever thirsting, in his likeness
And his holy joy to' abide !

PRAYER FOR UNITY.

1.

UNITE, O Lord, thy scattered flock :
Thy wise and gentle hand
Can guard us by each frowning rock,
And o'er each barren strand !

2.

Thou cam'st the lost to seek and save,
And gather into one ;
Till, in thy home beyond the grave,
Their glorious rest is won.

3.

Bind those in love's cementing band
Whom sins and strifes estrange,
And give them in thy heavenly land
A bliss which cannot change.

4.

O raise us, gracious Lord, to see
The brightness of thy throne :
Awake our hearts to cry to Thee,
And live for Thee alone !

5.

O prompt us, move us, Lord, to meet
In loving-kindness now ;
Then, near thy seat, in Thee complete,
Beneath thy smile, to bow !

FOR TRUE UNITY.

1.

FATHER, reconcil'd in Jesus—
Saviour from our guilt's distress,
Who from hopeless terrors frees us,
And procures our new access
To thy grace-throne,—
Now thy ransom'd children bless.

2.

Let all classes, sections, parties,
By thy Spirit coalesce:
Lord, where'er thine own the heart is,
Growing peace and love impress:
Let thy mercy
Give thy holiest truth success.

3.

Make true charity, pacific,
Pure, diffusive, rule each soul;
Give thy own divine specific,
Pour that balm and make us whole;
Heal us, save us,
Spread thy love from pole to pole!

FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

1.

In these fallen souls, estrang'd from Thee,
Thy sacred likeness, Lord, renew ;
From guilt and misery set us free,
Our sterile hearts with grace bedew !

2.

The second Adam's heavenly life
Infuse throughout each dying frame !
Rescue from falsehood, wrath, and strife,
From base desire, from sin and shame !

3.

O make us wise and pure and blest,
No more from Thee and peace to roam,
But of thy glorious self possess'd,
Prepare us for thy blissful home.

4.

From fatal sin our sorrows flow :
Thy sinless offering, Saviour, give !
Teach us its priceless worth to know,
And in thy new creation live !

FOR RIGHT EFFECTS FROM PAIN.

My Saviour and Lord, hast Thou sent a sharp thorn,
(The angel * employing who came from thy foe),
Which, piercing the flesh, e'en the spirit hath torn,
And brought all my powers and my heart very low?

O let not the sharpness, Lord, make me rebel;
O let not the tediousness urge to despair,
O let not the pang—without *healing* repel;
Lord, make it thy medicine for heaven to prepare!

Let its point be the probe, or the lancet, for pride;
Its ranklings the cure for pernicious desire;
Its pain the keen impulse to steps which will guide
My lowly devotion toward *Thee* to aspire!

Yes, Saviour, let sadness the more make me thine;
This thorn in the flesh prove a thorn from thy crown:
At length let thine image, thy glory, be mine;
Assur'd of thy favour, redeem'd from thy frown!

* 2 Cor. xii. 7—ἄγγελος Σατᾶν—angel of Satan.

IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE TRIALS.

1.

God and Father, if thy hand
With sore judgments smite our land,
If no food the fruit-trees yield,
And the hail-storm blast each field,

2.

Though the flocks, the herds should fail,
Though fierce foes our hearths assail,
Help us still to adore thy choice,
Still in thee, our Lord, rejoice !

3.

Teach us thy best gift to own,
Him that left the eternal throne !—
Gift ineffable, divine,
O within our bosoms shine !

4.

Grant us faith to triumph thus!
Wake unwavering hope in us!
Then our spirits shall confess
In chastising thou dost bless.

5.

Though disaster superabound,
Though no wish'd relief be found,
Show us that our Father God
Holds and moderates the rod.

6.

Holy Saviour! amply pour
Thy good Spirit, evermore,
Thro' each struggling tempted heart,
Till we see Thee where Thou art!

7.

Till our ransom'd souls shall prove,
In the realm and home of love,
All earth's wants and griefs were sent
To promote heaven's full content.

"NOW WE SEE IN A GLASS DARKLY."

1.

O THOU supreme eternal Source
Of knowledge and of hope,
How small, in this terrestrial course,
Man's dim and clouded scope!

2.

Yet here we learn, in part, to know
The glories of thy grace;
And Thou canst growing light bestow
Till we behold thy face!

3.

Now can our thoughts but feebly range
Through thy mysterious way;
But Thou canst work a glorious change
While "heart and flesh" decay.

4.

O help us evermore to trust,
Though oft research be vain;
Remember, Lord, that we are dust,
And faltering hope sustain!

5.

Give us to seek, believe, foresee,
The bliss of thine abode:
And in meek patience wait for Thee
Through all the devious road!

FOR CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

1.

THOU whose deep love its course pursued
Through spite and obloquy and scorn,
Arm us with thine own fortitude,
Our high vocation to adorn.

2.

Let not the scoffs of levity
Our earnest faith and hope defeat,
Subvert our reverent trust in Thee,
And scare us from thy mercy seat !

3.

Aid us, with courage meekly firm
To meet the jest, the taunt, the sneer ;
Nor dread our dying brother worm,
But Thee, the' all-wise, the' Almighty, fear !

4.

Let fear be mix'd with filial trust,
Obedient love, good hope toward Thee ;
And raise us, Saviour, from the dust,
Thy glorious face with joy to see.

5.

While folly moans in mute despair,
And guilt in outer darkness pines,
To view thy form, majestic, there
Where Love in endless lustre shines.

TEARS OF CHRIST.

1.

Did the holy Saviour weep?
Weep for sorrow, blindness, sin?
Do his mercies never sleep—
Earnest still our hearts to win?

2.

Wept He with the friends bereav'd
Whom his power was soon to cheer?
While the sisters fondly griev'd
By their brother's sepulchre?

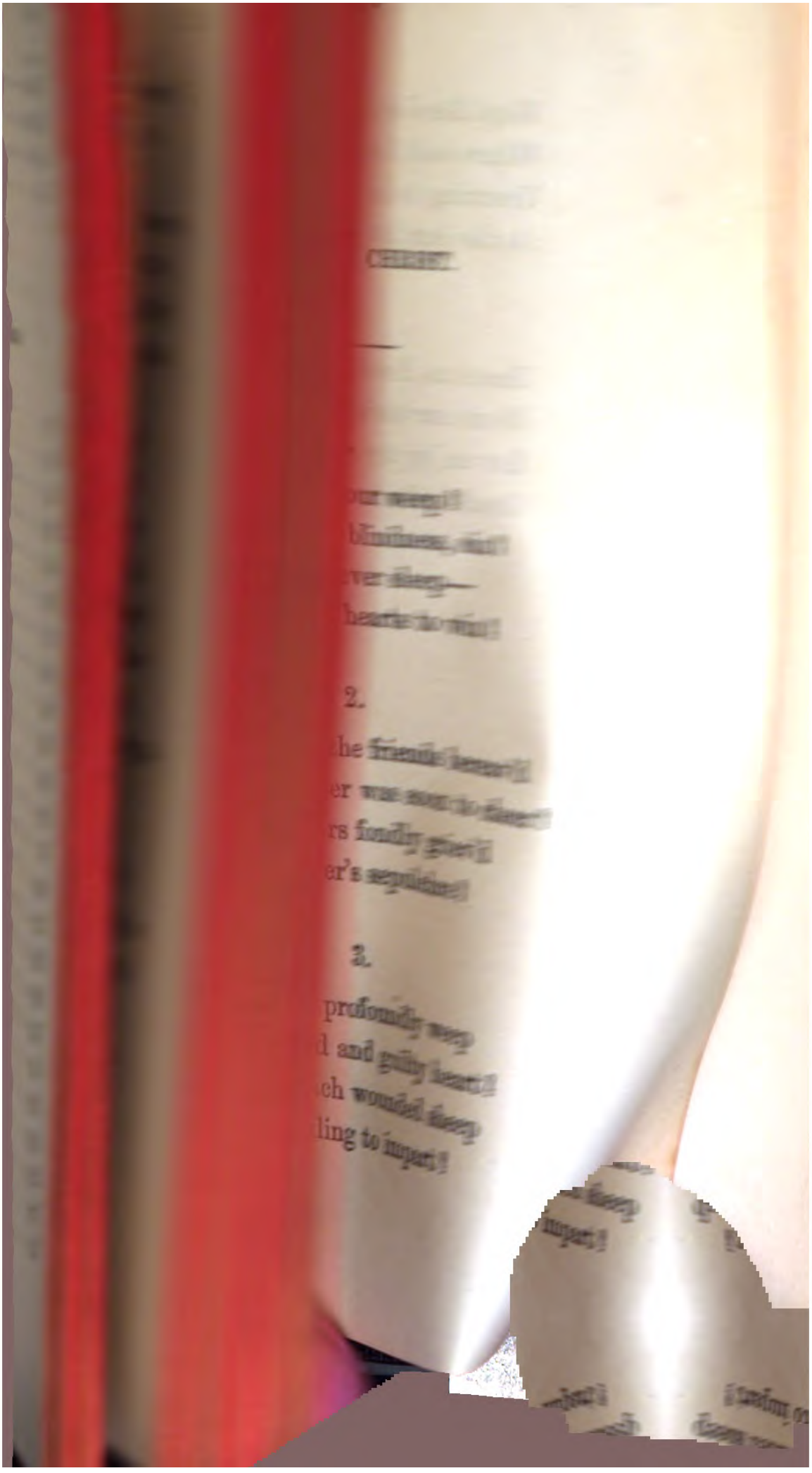
3.

Did the Lord profoundly weep
O'er each hard and guilty heart?
Anxious to each wounded sheep
Help and healing to impart?

Aspirations . . . .
Union with the Saviour b
Prayer for Christian Unit
The Spirit of Adoption in
God manifest in Christ.
Paul and Silvanus at Phili
Thanksgiving, founded on
To the Self-existent . .
To a Sick Friend . . .
Sunset Hymn in Paradise
Written on Blank Leaves
Thoughts in Sadness . .
In Declension of Health
On Recovery . . . . .
In Convalescence . . .

MI

Epitaph on Bishop Ken .
To C. H., after the decease
Epitaph on "Sober" . .
To R——, on her Mother's
On Sermons . . . . .
To Mona . . . . . .
After visiting my Friend M
With a Rose, to an aged Fri
On the Art of Writing . .
Sequel . . . . . .
To Sisters, singing sacred M
To Mona, with a Flower .
To my Friend, J. B—— .



4.

Wept He o'er Jerusalem
Where such hearts his grace withstood,
Yearning to have gathered them
As the hen her callow brood?

5.

Teach us, Lord, for sin to mourn;
Move our tears at love like this!
Let us, by thy grace upborne,
Reach and share our Ransomer's bliss!

PRAYER FOR DIVINE INFLUENCE.

1.

Holy Lord of earth and heaven,
Who, when wildest tempests roar,
Dost restrain the darting levin,
Bind all ocean with its shore,

2.

Thou canst bend the heart and soften
By thy efficacious powers;
Make thy Word be felt more often,
Cause its blessings to be ours.

3.

O let not thy favours harden,
But thy grace our lives control;
Give, through Jesus, peace and pardon;
Save, renew, and make us whole!

4.

To thy glorious home ascended,
Bless us from that bright abode ;
Let our souls, by thee befriended,
Rise above their mortal load !

5.

Burden'd here by sin and sorrow,
Snar'd too oft in ruin's ways,
Grant us *now*—and for each morrow—
Light, love, strength, to live thy praise !

6.

Let thy griefs our hearts make tender,
And thy joy our hope revive ;
May we all to Thee surrender,
Thee, from whom we all derive !

"ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD."

1.

O God, the earth and heavens are thine :
Whate'er we offer is thy own ;
Not e'en my being, Lord, is mine :
My powers, my prayers, are thine alone.

2.

Saviour, Thou fillest earth and heaven,
Thy glorious feet our plains have trod ;
From pole to pole, from dawn to even,
The rolling world is full of God.

3.

But in thy church, most holy Lord,
Thy richest grace more amply flows ;
There do thy saints thy love record,
And there in mutual love repose.

4.

O teach us, Lord, thy grace to feel ;
Thy saving glories to express ;
Our sins forgive, our spirits heal ;
And grant us thy own blessedness !

RESURRECTION.

1.

FATHER in heaven, Thou know'st our frame,
This wondrous fabric rais'd from dust ;
From earth it at thy bidding came,
And into earth dissolve it must !

2.

Thy mercy, Lord, protects us now ;
Our feeble life thy power enfolds ;
The infant form, the silver'd brow,
Thy hand with gentle care upholds.

3.

O grant us heavenly life with Thee ;
Saviour, our souls with grace renew ;
Then raise the dust, refin'd and free,
Thy glorious smile with joy to view !

4.

Our life is like the withering flower
Which gales of autumn roughly sweep ;
And soon perhaps the destin'd hour
May doom us to death's icy sleep.

5.

O Lord of life, thy life bestow ;
To thy blest self our souls unite ;
Then but the dust shall death lay low,
And yield the soul to life and light.

EASTER-DAY.

1.

LORD, as on this day, hast Thou risen
A mighty Victor from the grave ;
Bursting from death's sepulchral prison,
Attesting all thy power to save.

2.

O grant us, Lord, with Thee to rise,
To wake, transform'd in spirit, now ;
At length to share thy paradise,
And 'mid thy ransom'd hosts to bow.

3.

For us, Lord, let death's ancient gloom
By thy blest triumph scatter'd be :
That we may hail the dreary tomb
As the true gate to life with Thee.

4.

O Saviour King, ascended Christ,
Teach us thy gracious work to plead :
In all our woes thy love suffic'd,
And Thou in heaven dost intercede.

5.

Help us with earnest contrite soul
Thy glorious advent to await ;
Look up to heaven's immortal goal,
Nor seek the crown of life too late.

PRAYER FOR SPIRITUAL GOOD.

1.

UNERRING Lord and Guide,
Through all our perils here,
Protect and keep us near thy side
In holy loving fear !

2.

Unseen All-present One,
O wake our slumbering thought,
Thee to discern, our spirits' Sun,
And love Thee as we ought !

3.

Where *Thou* art, *goodness* reigns
With gracious healing light :
Melt by thy touch our sensual chains,
And to thyself unite !

4.

Thy nearness, Lord, impress
Profoundly on each heart;
And let none deem that nearness less
Because unseen Thou art.

5.

Grant us thy joy to share,
On thy true Image gaze,
And to the' incarnate "Brightness" there
Our hymns with seraphs raise!

NEW YEAR.

1.

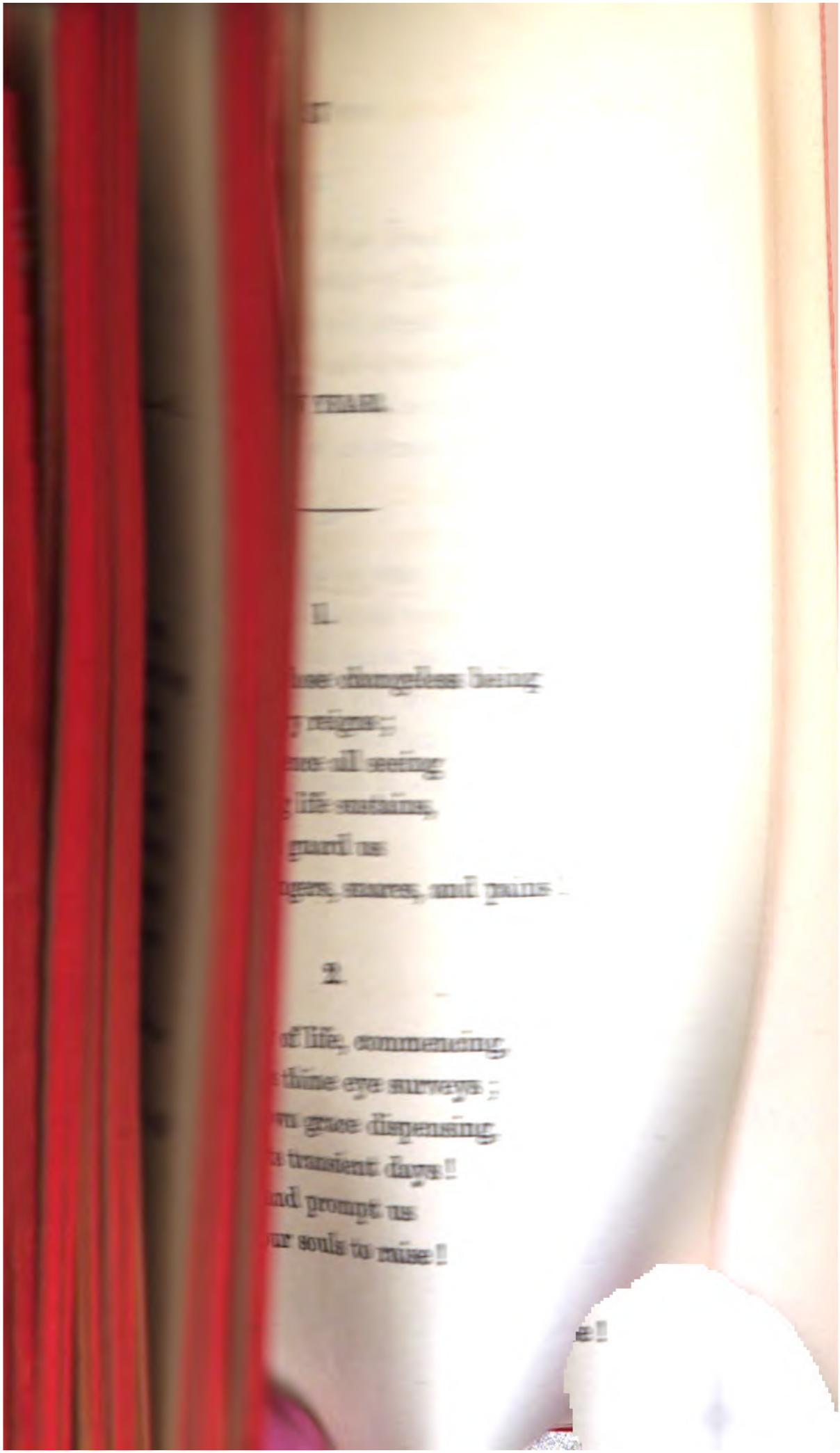
SOURCE of life, whose changeless being
In unfading glory reigns;
Whose omnipotence all seeing
Still our fleeting life sustains,
Guide and guard us
Through all dangers, snares, and pains!

2.

This new year of life, commencing,
Veil'd from us thine eye surveys;
Father, thy own grace dispensing,
Bless to us its transient days!
Teach and prompt us
To thyself our souls to raise!

Aspirations . . .
Union with the Savio
Prayer for Christian
The Spirit of Adopti
God manifest in Chri
Paul and Silvanus at
Thanksgiving, founde
To the Self-existent .
To a Sick Friend . .
Sunset Hymn in Para
Written on Blank Le
Thoughts in Sadness
In Declension of Heal
On Recovery . . .
In Convalescence .

Epitaph on Bishop Ke
To C. H., after the de
Epitaph on "Sober"
To S——, on her Moth
On Sermons . . .
To Mona . . . . .
After visiting my Frie
With a Rose, to an ag
On the Art of Writing
Sequel . . . . . .
To Sisters, singing sac
To Mona, with a Flow
To my Friend, J. B——



3.

Help us, Lord, with meek endurance
Still to walk by faith in Thee!
Grant at length the blest assurance
Our Redeemer's face to see.
Gracious Saviour,
Thine for evermore to be!

4.

When our years on earth are vanish'd,
And we enter death's dark vale,
O let not our souls be banish'd;
Let not, Lord, thy mercies fail;
Save, and keep us,
Till thy grace in heaven we hail!

THE HOME OF THE REDEEMED.

1.

GREAT Leader, help! Thy pilgrim faints;
Uphold and guide him home!
Home to the' abode of waiting saints,
Where grief can never come.

2.

Home—where the spirits of the just
From earth's hard warfare cease,
And, till thy trump shall wake their dust,
Repose in sacred peace.

3.

Home—where the Saviour's heavenly smile
On all the ransom'd glows;
And from the souls that know not guile
Responsive bliss o'erflows.

4.

Home—to the realm where saints embrace
In tenderness divine;
And read in each enraptur'd face
The lineaments of thine.

5.

Home—where, all perfect, pure, and free,
The re-united rise,
And, in their oneness, gaze on Thee,
With love that never dies!

FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

1.

LORD, for all thy Word's pure light
We would learn thy name to bless ;
If untaught,—in nature's night
We were lost, and fatherless.

2.

But thy Son, thy Truth, thy Love,
(Who can all his name express ?)
Came to seek us from above,
And we are not fatherless.

3.

Us, his lambs, that Shepherd sought
In the world's rude wilderness ;
By his death our life He bought,
And redeem'd the fatherless.

4.

If through Him, thy Holy Child,
We with humble prayer address
Thee, our Parent reconcil'd,
Ne'er can we be fatherless.

5.

Save us, Father, from all ill,
With all grace our souls impress,
Give the meek and child-like will,
For we are not fatherless.

6.

When our earthly parents die,
Though we feel the keen distress,
If Thou guide us with thine eye,
We shall not seem fatherless.

7.

Give to them, and us, to see
All thy heaven of holiness!
Gazing with thy saints on Thee,
None shall there be fatherless.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

1.

GREAT God, who art, and wast,
And evermore wilt be,—
For us one more swift year hath past,
Into eternity.

2.

That solemn hour must come,
—How swift it hasteneth on—
When each frail pilgrim's lessening sum
Of hours will quite be gone.

3.

How vain life's pride and prime,
Its joys, its gains have been,
When the swift silent tide of time
Shall sweep us from the scene.

4.

Lord, shine in every heart
With thy own sacred light,
Ere the pale rays of life depart,
Extinct in sunless night.

5.

Not with our outward eye
We here thy glories see;
But, Lord, to faith Thou canst draw nigh
In gentle majesty!

6.

O Saviour, grant us strength
To choose the better part,
Embrace thy mercies, and at length
Adore Thee where Thou art!

FOR THE USE OF THE YOUNG.

1.

LORD, may we meekly learn through whom
Thy mercy is express'd !
In whose redeeming cross and tomb
Thy love is manifest.

2.

Save us from thoughtlessness and pride,
Neglecting Heaven's best aid ;
Help us to trust the Lord who died,
And all thy love display'd.

3.

Attract us, Saviour, quite to Thee,
To love Thee as we ought !
Fain would we thy bright advent see,
And to thy home be brought !

4.

Teach us our sinful selves to yield
To thy transforming grace:
O be our strength, our sun, our shield,
Our shade and hiding-place!

5.

Great Shepherd, make us quite thy own,
In thy true flock enroll'd;
Give the new name, the shining stone,
The hallow'd bliss untold!

6.

O let thy grace our hearts sustain
When gloomy death is near:
Midst grief, bereavement, sickness, pain,
Let love still cast out fear.

7.

Be thou, good Lord, through all our race
Our kind unchanging Friend:
And lead us to the heavenly place
Where pleasures cannot end.

SECOND FOR THE YOUNG.

1.

Our Father, who didst love us so,
As not thy dearest Son to spare,
O give us grace to feel and know
How vast, how dear, thy mercies are!

2.

Our feeble faith and hope increase
In Jesus, our ascended Lord;
In life with Him which ne'er shall cease,
The heavenly life, the free reward!

3.

Our souls were sunk in sense and sin,
Unblest, unfruitful, lost to Thee;
O grant us that true life to win,
Redeem'd, enliven'd, sav'd, made free.

4.

Thy pardon, Father, make us prize,
Thy holy blessedness pursue ;
And ere the mortal fabric dies,
Our fallen spirits quite renew !

5.

Give now, we pray, that heavenly breath,
That sacred pledge of life indeed ;
And bear us through the gulf of death,
From sin and woe for ever freed !

THIRD FOR THE YOUNG.

1.

SAVE us, Father, we implore Thee,
From a hard and blinded heart !
All our wanderings are before Thee ;
Let not, Lord, thy grace depart !

2.

In thy day of visitation,
Where shall reckless rebels hide ?
From the hour of desolation,
What shall screen the' unsanctified ?

3.

How may grandeur, wealth, or pleasure
Then the pains of death abate ?
—Who those fears and woes can measure
Which the' impenitent await ?

4.

Turn us, Lord, from paths of ruin,
Wake us from that doom to flee ;
Aid us, thy rich mercy suing,
Early to return to Thee !

5.

Let thy holy counsels guide us,
Bring us to thy promis'd rest ;
Then, whate'er may here betide us,
We are safe and pure and blest.

6.

Guard from snares and wiles infernal,
Which to death's dark chambers lead ;
Let us grasp the life eternal,
And from endless death be freed !

FOURTH FOR THE YOUNG.

1.

CONDESCENDING Prince of peace,
Make us thy own peace to know ;
Yet ne'er let our warfare cease
With all sin—thy deadly foe.

2.

Teach us, Lord, thy cross to bear,
Every truce with evil shun ;
For thy rest our souls prepare,
When the fight of faith is done.

3.

Gird us early with the sword
Of thy Spirit, and the shield
Of unfeignèd faith, good Lord,
That we ne'er to vice may yield.

4.

Shelter us from fiendish darts,
Make us faithful till we die ;
Renovate our treacherous hearts,
Guide us to thy home on high !

4.

Turn us, Lord, from paths of ruin
Make us know that cleave to thee;
Lift us, thy wish merry using,
Help to return to Thee!

5.

Let thy holy counsels guide us,
Bring us to thy promised rest;
Thus, whate'er may have befide us,
We are safe and pure and blest.

6.

Guard from snares and wiles infernal,
Which to death's dark chambers lead;
Let us grasp the life eternal,
And from endless death be freed!

FIFTH FOR THE YOUNG.

1.

FATHER divine, instruct us each
Thy holy will to' obey ;
Let thy Eternal Spirit teach,
And guard our perilous way !

2.

Give courage, gracious Lord, to brave
The godless smile and frown :
From Thee our help and strength we crave,
From Thee at last our crown.

3.

That crown of life thy grace will give
To every child of thine :
Grant us by faith in Christ to live,
Then share his joys divine !

4.

Through these our early dangerous days,
Conduct us, Lord, to Thee !
Where we shall chant our Saviour's praise,
From pains and perils free.

5.

E'en in life's latest, darkest hour,
Supply, defend, uphold ;
That we may laud thy saving power
In thy celestial fold.

"THY FOOTSTEPS ARE NOT KNOWN."

1.

AWFUL Power! whose path of wonder
Cleaves the dark unfathom'd deeps;
Whom the secret place of thunder
Veils, while trembling frailty weeps:
  Yet, O guide us
With thine eye, which never sleeps!

2.

Glorious when thy ways concealing,
Light withholden, hope deferr'd;
When our souls implore thine healing,
And their anguish seems unheard,
  Help our faintness,
Still to grasp thy faithful Word!

3.

Father, Thou canst love severely ;
Thou the blood-bought joy dost weigh ;
All our pangs a moment merely,
Measur'd by the' unending day :
  Yet, O cheer us,
Cheer us with its dawning ray !

4.

Sun of Hope, who changest never,
Let not clouds of mortal night
Us from Thee and glory sever ;
Make e'en death's cold shadows bright :
  Wake us—own us—
In thy likeness—in thy light !

DOUBT; LONGING; FAITH.

FROM J. C. LAVATER'S HYMNS.

Ah, I pine for strong persuasion!
Without this I faint, I die!
O my Lord, for thy revealing
How I thirst, and thirsting cry!
Still I grope in wilds of darkness,
Dreams and doubt my soul o'ershade:
All my lisping tones and efforts
Without light or fervour made.

Void of truth, of strength, of impulse
Are my utterance and my quest:
Error in my thoughts and strivings,
Folly both in toil and rest.
Sinfulness o'erbears and rules me
—Jesus—when I cease to feel
That Thou, Lord, once slain, now reignest,
Near to quicken, near to heal!

Not for visions crave I—marvels,
Jesus, ask I not of Thee.
But—ah, let these doubtings vanish ;
Send thy light, life, truth to me !
O thou nearest, O thou truest,
All-compassionate ! Spring of joy !
God revealer, God incarnate,
Send new life ! behold I die.

What though all the world deride me ;
Since thou liv'st, I pray to Thee !
Though earth held no other suppliant,
Still I 'd cry—replenish me,
Lord, with faith in thee once slain !
No—my cry cannot be vain ;
Though unseen thy heavenly face,
Whilst on earth my dwelling-place.

When I cease to trust, to witness
Fòr Thee,—and relapsing, grow
Pusillanimous, God-denying,
By my pride and flesh brought low,
Jesus, then, may'st thou my pleadings
And my mournful tears despise :
But—ah, no ! this thirst for Thee, Lord,
Is thy gift, and Thou wilt prize.

Many a thousand tongues are scoffing,
Jesus, at thy glorious name :
Thine—the Lord of dead and living !
And shall mine be mute through shame ?
Have these lips avow'd thy Gospel,
Yet disown it when that horde
Mock and sneer at grace and glory,
Asking—where is now thy Lord ?

Heal or soothe my anguish'd longing ;
Grant assurance, Lord, from Thee !
Joy like Saul's when grace subdued him,
Bliss, like Thomas, owning Thee !
Lord, *I* own Thee ! raise this glimmer
Into flame.—Else fainter, dimmer,
Still the trembling spark must grow :
Breathe Thou on it—make it glow !

Must not Peter quite have sunken
When he dar'd the wind-tost wave,
Hadst not Thou, while faith was failing,
With thy hand been swift to save ?
Wilt Thou not *my* faith rekindle ?
Soon, ah soon ! it sinks, it fades,
Half-expiring : Lord, have pity !
Lend thine arm while doubt invades.

More than all this heart solicits,
Lord, to faith and hope impart!
Still may I, for life imploring,
Never from thy feet depart!
Still, more earnest in believing,
Thee, though silent, never leaving,
Thee, my Lord, who all hast heard,
Though thine answer seem deferr'd.

If thy silence be distressful,
Thy response, Lord, comes at length:
O my joy! when Thou vouchsafest
Light and solace, peace and strength.
Let me now thy joy possess,
Help me through all woes to press;
King, triumphant o'er the grave,
Lead the blind, the wanderer save!

Though I could all worlds inherit,
Yet not Thee my Saviour call,
—Not invoke thy grace, thy merit—
Who were then my Life, my All?
If Thou art,—how vast thy gift!
Who to this can thought uplift!
Ransomer, O Thyself impart—
Thus give all, for all Thou art!

Must I, vainly, mourn and languish ?
Still unvisited, unblest ?
Who can satisfy my spirit,
Except Thee, my Joy, my Rest ?
Heavenly Friend of John the loving,
Martyr'd Stephen, rebel Saul,
Canst Thou still thy grace deny me
While in grief on Thee I call ?

Nay, Thou canst not :—when this narrow
Globe thy hallow'd feet once trode,
For forgiveness to thy murderers
All thy heart in prayer outflow'd.
No ! that heart which Love surrender'd
Lives to' accept my fainting plea,
And will grant what contrite sorrow
Doubting, trusting, craves of Thee !

While this heart in thirsting pineth,
Wilt not Thou refresh it soon ?
All is chill and dreary shadow
Without thy life-giving noon !
Silent ?—I can not keep silence :
I must witness, Lord, for thee !
Ah, regard, respond, and bless me
All thy truth and grace to see !

What I seek I must attain to,
For thy Word can ne'er betray :
Yea, in Thee at length must triumph,
If unceasingly I pray.
And when thus at last I conquer,
And have found, Lord, found e'en Thee,
Who can count my joys,—exclaiming—
" God, my Saviour, lives for me."

Ah, how deep my soul's prostration !
Dust no more—an angel then—
To thy will and counsel yielding
Prompt obedience—heart's Amen.
O what near and far-off myriads,
Glorious Saviour, make Thee known !
E'en the scorners' tongues proclaim Thee,
While thy love the ransom'd own.

Give—O give—divinely able !
—If not able, why this prayer ?
Liv'st Thou ? Of thy life assure me !
Give me light thy life to share !
Round me lour thick clouds of sadness ;
Liv'st Thou ? thy right arm extend !
Thou who didst the dead awaken,
Grant me life—O sinner's Friend :

Light amid my gloomiest darkness,
Joy-streams all my pains to' allay ;
Be thy heart in pity melted,
Since with breaking heart I pray !
Saviour, ah thrice blest my portion,
To live—strive—endure for Thee,
If thou whisper—" Fear no evil,
It is I,—recline on Me !"

ON THE NEW YEAR.

FROM LAVATER'S HYMNS.

How quickly—quickly—the old year hath run
Its fleeting course, and a new year begun!
Begun by me, blest Saviour, in thy name,
Who wast, art, wilt be endlessly the same.
With this day's dawning light to Thee I raise
My heart and voice in tones of fervent praise;
And magnify thy heavenly grace alone
That I yet am,—this fragile life yet own.
This day I live, as of *new* life possess'd,
In Thee rejoice, and pour my large request
That all my brother men may in thy love be bless'd.
To Him that erst this wondrous being gave,
Alone belongs it to sustain and save.
Of all our powers be He the aim and end;
Let every deed to his sole glory tend!

To us what diverse lots his rule assigns,
Which year by year subserve his vast designs.
—*This* ventures God's own Gospel to proclaim ;
These own it joy to *learn* that Saviour's name.
—This walks a master ; those as menials stand ;
Let each his task fulfil with faithful hand !
—Here moves a Father, yon the children stray ;
Here dwells the just, there sinners throng the way ;
Here sons of strife, and there of peace are found ;
Here friends assemble, yonder foes abound ;
Here oft the wretched pine for food in vain,
There wealthy pride too oft contemns their pain ;
Here smiles the prosperous, but blasphemes his God ;
There sufferers weep, yet kiss the chastening rod.

How various, Lord, thy wise appointments are,
Yet all o'errul'd by thine unerring care ;
The poor, the rich, all equal in thine eye,
All of one blood, from one sad ancestry ;
Alike all capable of bliss on high !
Their life, like sport of shadows * though it flies,
Is yet the race for an eternal prize.

Prompt each, good Lord, his powers and aims to try.
—What wish prevails ? What acts bear rule ? and why ?

* "Schattenspiel," Magic lanthorn.

Do I now "occupy" my wealth, strength, time,
As one whose mark is godlike, pure, sublime?
Be this, my soul, each new day's deep desire
Toward hopes unseen and endless still to' aspire.
Ah, set not bounds to hallow'd effort; weigh
Thy lightest thoughts; for each at that great day
Shall rise—all clearness—to thy spirit's view!
O give me, Father, both to will and do!
Perfect what weakness falters to attain;
In thy own path my feeble steps sustain!
And if sometimes my tottering feet should slide,
Uplift me, Saviour, and be still my Guide!
To thy own flock all strength and growth supply,
The number of the faithful multiply:
Let this new year all bygone years excel;
Extend thy glorious reign; the powers of evil quell!
Make all our race obey the heavenly call
To glory and virtue: their disastrous fall
In thy compassion heal: till all in Thee
Rejoice, and meekly bend the suppliant knee!
Thus, heavenly Father, all thy children bless;
Each day the sum of sins and woes make less!
Shield with kind might my much-lov'd father-land!
Through the wide world let all that hold command
In wisdom rule; be all their acts design'd
With righteousness and peace to bless mankind!
Let faithful shepherds, and each Christian fold,

Be of one heart, by sovereign grace controll'd ;
Let each the flock with vigilant zeal o'ersee,
And all, O Saviour, yield their souls to Thee !
To elders grant, who intercede this day,
Joy in the children for whose weal they pray ;
By thy good Spirit's might, O make them be
True, virtuous, wise,—devoted, Lord, to Thee !
Our Father, bless the youthful and the old,
Unveil thine arm, the feeblest to enfold,
Yet smite with awful force the' impenitently bold !
Let not thy people's prayers or tears be vain ;
Send help to those who mourn in hopeless pain,
For whom no earthly friends or helps remain.

Me, Lord, with love inspire, from sins withhold,
Arm with right zeal, in blameless paths uphold,
Fix on thyself my wavering heart's desires,
Be thou my Friend ; no more my soul requires.
Then, though affliction's flames or floods draw near,
Cheerful I follow whom my soul holds dear.
Art Thou, O supreme God, my Saviour-Friend ?
Then faith is dauntless still, till the good fight shall end.
Then, though the deepest darkness prompt dismay,
To Thee I still will trust my pilgrim way.
No ills can then appal. My Lord is near

Though terrors rise, and death cut short the year.
Therefore, my Father, to thy parent hand
My life, my soul, my being I remand.
Thou giv'st me (henceforth be all doubtings still)
New grace, new strength to do thy perfect will!
Fresh suns ascend, then fades their wintry ray;
The past year dies, the new hath dawn'd to-day.
Thus ages wane: but Faith exults to view
Her Saviour-God, all holy and all true,
Immense, eternal, all-sufficient too;
Himself immutable, yet "making all things new!"

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

P. 4. *The "outmost march."*

The word "march" is here used in the ancient sense of boundary. Johnson on the term "marches, borders, limits, confines," states it to be "without singular."

The singular is perhaps only a Scotticism. It occurs in the letters of the devout and vehement Rutherford, who writes, "O! when Christ and ye shall meet about the outmost march and borders of time, and the entry into eternity, ye shall see heaven in his face at the first look." And again,—"Remember, when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the outmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a blaze of thorns or straw—then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles, than if ye had the charters of three worlds for aye."

Those letters,—although they have phrases and figures which are quite unseemly, and accordingly were "jested on" (says his biographer) "by the profane wits of the age,"—contain sublime flights of devotion, and admonitions the most earnest, forcible, and solemn.

Note II.

P. 6. *Villa Pliniana.*

"Many villas surround this city (Como), which was the birth-place of the younger Pliny. Embarking on the lake, which is close to the city, we enjoyed those romantic and luxuriant views that have made its banks a chosen retreat. As we did not propose to see its whole extent, our excursion was limited to a classical object, the remarkable fountain described by Pliny, in a letter to Licinius Sura.* The villa through which (after falling in a cascade down the rocks) it flows into the lake, now belongs to the Marquis Canaricci.

"It has been supposed that one of Pliny's residences near the lake was at this spot, and it is accordingly named the *Villa Pliniana.* The identity of the fountain is not doubted; but we neither had time to observe, nor could we ascertain, the continued regularity of its ebb and flow. The scenery round it is striking, the cascade itself beautiful, and its connexion with the writings and visits of a distinguished ancient, awakens peculiar interest."

Note III.

P. 8. *Arona.*

"As we drove through a wooded plain, the Lago Maggiore, disclosing itself on our right, with its distant mountains, and the castles of Anghera and Arona on its opposite shores, offered an evening prospect which I shall long remember; but still more that of twilight, soon afterwards enjoyed on an eminence near the latter town. We walked thither to see the colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, whose honours are not confined to the crystal shrine of Milan, but extend throughout the country

* Melmoth's Pliny, Book IV. Lett. 30.

where his splendid beneficence was exercised, and in which his family are still rich and powerful. This statue is hollow, formed of beaten copper, and of very large dimensions."

NOTE IV.

P. 12. *Bedous.*

A little town in the Vallée d'Aspe (Basses Pyrenées), near the strong fort of Urdos, which has been constructed and excavated in the rock at great cost by the French Government, to guard the defile on the frontier of Spain. In front of Bedous rises the sublime chain of the Pyrenées. Besides its magnificent views, the place is interesting from the costume of the Spanish peasants and contrabandistas who frequent it, and the passage of large flocks of sheep to and from the mountains in spring and autumn; sheep which had a physiognomy that appeared peculiar to those districts. One of these Pyrenean shepherds offered to bring the writer a lamb: and had the party intended a lengthened stay, such a supply would hardly have been rejected; for Bedous itself did not afford very acceptable provisions of any sort, except its noble feast of contemplation for the eye and for the mind.

NOTE V.

P. 31. "*No, Barry, no! thou canst not all be dead!*"

In a former publication by the writer, "An Autumn Dream," will be found citations from Dr. Bentley, Dr. Thomas Brown, Bonnet, Hartley, Cudworth; the Bishops Warburton and Butler; John Wesley, Leibnitz, and Clarke; favouring the opinion that the lower animals have souls which may exist hereafter; a dissertation also is there subjoined in defence of that opinion.

The subjoined lines from De Lamartine relate to the same subject. Though his suffrage may not be of great weight, the beauty and kind feeling of his verses will fully warrant their insertion here.

" O mon chien ! Dieu seul sait la distance entre nous,
Seul il sait quel degré de l'échelle de l'être
Sépare ton instinct de l'âme de ton maître ;
Mais seul il sait aussi par quel secret rapport
Tu vis de son regard et tu meurs de sa mort,
Et par quelle pitié pour nos cœurs il te donne
Pour aimer encore ceux que n'aime plus personne ;
Aussi, pauvre animal, quoiqu'à terre couché,
Jamais d'un sot dédain mon pied ne t'a touché,
Jamais d'un mot brutal contristant ta tendresse
Mon cœur n'a repoussé ta touchante caresse.
Mais toujours, ah, toujours en toi j'ai respecté
De ton maître et du mien l'ineffable bonté,
Comme on doit respecter sa moindre créature,
Frère à quelque degré qu'ait voulu la nature !
Ah ! mon pauvre Fido, quand, tes yeux sur les miens
Le silence comprend nos muets entretiens,
—Que, comme un clair miroir, ma joie ou mon chagrin
Rend ton œil fraternel inquiet ou serein,
Que l'âme en toi se lève avec tant d'évidence,
Et que l'amour encore passe l'intelligence ;
Non, tu n'es pas du cœur la vaine illusion,
Du sentiment humain une dérision,
Un corps organisé qu'anime une caresse,
Automate trompeur de vie et de tendresse !
Non, quand ce sentiment s'éteindra dans tes yeux,
Il se ranimera dans je ne sais quels cieux.

* * * * * * * *

Partout où l'amitié consacre un cœur aimant,
Partout où la nature allume un sentiment,

Dieu n'éteindra pas plus sa divine étincelle
Dans l'étoile des nuits dont la splendeur ruisselle,
Que dans l'humble regard de ce tendre épagneul
Qui conduisait l'aveugle et meurt sur son cercueil !
Oh ! viens, dernier ami que mon pas réjouisse,
Ne crains pas que de toi devant Dieu je rougisse.
Lèche mes yeux mouillés ! met ton cœur près du mien,
Et seuls à nous aimer, aimons nous, pauvre chien !

Note VI.

P. 38. "*Christian lamps*
Of darker ages."

Columb, or Colum, (as his name was originally before it was Latinized,) is said to have been a lineal descendant of the great Niell, king of Ireland. On his mother's side he was descended from Lorn, one of the earliest princes of the Scots ; or, as they were called, the Dalriads of Argyleshire.

"It was in the year 563 or 564, that Columba reached Iona, on the evening of Whit-monday, according to the annals of Innisfallen. He made the passage in a *curach*, or wicker-boat, covered with hides, accompanied by twelve friends, whose names have been preserved. It is said that the Druids, who still occupied the island, used all means to prevent his settling there." —"Of him it might without exaggeration be said, that devotion was the element in which he lived. If he administered medicines for the cure of any disease, he accompanied them with prayer to the God who healeth." He was once about to undertake a voyage. "When do you purpose to sail?" said Briochan, a Druid or magician, who was his enemy.

"On the third day," he replied, "if it be the will of God, and I be then alive."

"You shall not," said Briochan ; "for I will raise contrary winds, and mists."

"All things," rejoined Columba, "are under the control of the omnipotent God, and every motion of mine is undertaken in his name, and entirely guided by his direction."

"How ardently he loved peace," says Dr. Smith,* "may be inferred from its having been one of three things which he is said to have solemnly asked of God at *Tulach nan Salm* (the hill of psalms): the first, that he might never refuse any person in a reasonable demand, lest this should hurt his usefulness; the second, that the love and zeal which he had for God in his heart should never be abated; the third, that all his friends and relations might live in amity and peace: and if at any time they should not, that God would rather punish the fault himself, than allow them to hurt one another."

His disciples and servants he always addressed by the affectionate title of "children," or "brethren." When he thought them exposed to danger, he would spend hours in earnest intercession to God on their behalf. In the labours of the field, he would visit and encourage them. For all he had a kind word; and his reproofs were so tender and so wise, that they corrected without wounding. Columba's knowledge of medicine enabled him to confer great advantages on those around him. His advice was always gratuitous, except when he made it conditional on some good act to be done by the party; as when he exacted from a rich slaveholder the liberation of one of his thralls, in return for advice and medicines given.

He suffered with the sufferers, and was weak with the weak; with those who wept he always wept, and sometimes too with those who wept not. Even the lower animals shared his sympathy and care. He seems to have deserved, not only in reference to Iona, but to North Britain, the name which he had applied in a Latin ode to his tutor Ciaran, respecting Ireland, (Lucerna hujus insulæ,) "The lamp of this Island."

The following sketch of Columba's last days is drawn from the narratives of Cumin and Adamnan.

* Gaelic Antiquities.

It was the month of May, and the good old man had gone out in his car to visit the brethren who were labouring in the field, on the western side of Iona. To them he said, "At the recent paschal solemnity in April, I earnestly desired to depart to Christ my Lord; but that your day of joy might not be clouded with sadness, I was willing rather that my transit should be delayed a little longer:" after which, turning his face to the East, he blessed the island and its inhabitants, and then returned to the monastery. On the following sabbath, as he was celebrating Divine service, he suddenly looked up to heaven, and his countenance became suffused with a ruddy glow. He afterwards said, that he had seen an angel, who had borne to him a message from the Lord. It was supposed by his attendants to refer to his approaching death. Perhaps the whole was the result of one of those strong presentiments of the approaching presence of Christ, through his messenger death, which are often vouchsafed to his servants who have nearly finished their course.

On the morning of the next sabbath, Columba went into the barn of the monastery, and gave thanks to God for the abundant supply he had provided for the wants of the monks, adding,—"I congratulate my friends, since I must soon leave them, that they have food enough in store to furnish them with daily bread for this year." Dermid, his faithful servant, hearing this, asked why so often he made mention to them of his decease. To which Columba replied, "In the sacred volume, this day is called *sabbath*, which means *rest:* and truly, to-day is to me a sabbath, for of this my toilsome life this day shall be the last; on it, after my vexatious labours, I shall keep sabbath,—this night of the day of the Lord I shall go the way of the fathers."

Returning to the monastery, he sat down midway to rest. As he sat, an old and faithful servant, a white horse that had been used to carry milk to the monastery, came up to him, having doubtless learned by experience, as horses invariably do, the gentleness and kindness of his aged master; and laid his head on his breast, as if mourning his approaching departure. Dermid

would have driven the animal away, but Columba said, "No; suffer him, suffer this creature which loves me: why should not the poor irrational brute lament the loss of its master as well as you intelligent men?" When he reached the college, he employed himself in transcribing the Psalter. Having written as far as Psalm xxxiv. 10, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good," he paused, and said, "Here let the page and my work finish together: what follows, let Baithen write."

At midnight he arose, and hastened to the church: arriving before the rest, he prostrated himself in prayer. His servant Dermid followed, and lights being brought, the saint was found lying before the altar. Dermid then supported his head on his breast. Columba lifted up his eyes, with wondrous brightness and joy beaming on his countenance, as if he beheld angels gathering round him. Summoning his last effort, he raised his hand, that by the gesture, though unable to speak, he might leave them his benediction. This done, he breathed his last.

These passages are abridged from "Iona," by W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., a pleasing and instructive little volume published by the Religious Tract Society. The same account in substance is given in Bost, Histoire du Christianisme, Vol. II. pp. 165—172.

Note VII.

P. 41. "—— *the grave*
Of Colum more sublime, than e'en the plain
Where Cynægirus fell."

The allusion here is to Dr. Johnson's often cited passage, concluding, "That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon;* or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona.*"

Cynægirus was brother of the great tragic poet Æschylus. After the battle of Marathon (in which both were distinguished), Cynægirus pursued the flying Persians to their ships, laid hold

of one by the stern, and having endured the loss of both his hands by an axe, fell slain. His bravery is commemorated by Herodotus, and by Justin.

NOTE VIII.

P. 42. *"The cave by dim tradition nam'd*
From Fingal."

Fingal's Cave, the great natural curiosity of Staffa, was first described by Sir Joseph Banks in a letter to Mr. Pennant. He may almost be styled its discoverer, the knowledge of it having been entirely confined to a few individuals in the neighbourhood, previously to his visit in 1772. He observes,—"Compared to this, what are the cathedrals, or the palaces, built by man?—The mind can hardly form an idea more imposing than such a space supported on each side by ranges of columns, roofed by the bottoms of those which have been broken off in order to form it; between the angles of which a yellow stalagmitic matter has exuded, which serves to define the angles precisely, and, at the same time, vary the colour with a great deal of elegance. The whole is lighted from without, so that the farthest extremity is very plainly seen; and the air within being agitated by the flux and reflux of the tides, is perfectly dry and wholesome, free entirely from the damp vapours with which natural caverns in general abound. We asked the name of it. The guide said, 'the Cave of Fhinn.' 'What is Fhinn?' said we. 'Fhinn MacCoul, whom the translator of Ossian's works has called Fingal.'"

Macculloch has written more recently, "Even if this cave were destitute of that order and symmetry, that richness arising from multiplicity of parts combined with greatness of dimensions and simplicity of style, which it possesses,—still the prolonged length, the twilight gloom half concealing the playful and varying effects of reflected light, the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, the transparent green of the water, and the

profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene, could not fail strongly to impress a mind gifted with any sense of beauty in art or in nature, and it will be compelled to own it is not without cause, that celebrity has been conferred on the Cave of Fingal."

Sir Walter Scott remarks, "I am not sure whether I was not more affected by this second than by the first view of it. The stupendous columnar side walls, the depth and strength of the ocean with which the cavern is filled, the variety of tints formed by stalactites dropping and petrifying between the pillars, and resembling a sort of chasing of yellow or cream-coloured marble filling the interstices of the roof, the corresponding variety below, where the ocean rolls over a red, and, in some places, a violet-coloured rock, the basis of the basaltic pillars, the dreadful noise of those august billows so well corresponding with the grandeur of the scene, are circumstances elsewhere unparalleled."

These passages are quoted from "Caves of the Earth," published by the Religious Tract Society.

Note IX.

P. 45. *Cœur de Lion.*

In the cathedral at Rouen small marble tablets let into the pavement of the choir, mark the spots where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the bodies of some other princes, were interred. Richard's body was interred at Fontevrault; but he bequeathed his heart to Rouen, on account of the great affection which he bore to the Normans.

In 1838 a rude effigy of him was dug up on the left of the high altar. His "lion heart" was also found still perfect, but shrunk in size, enveloped in a sort of greenish taffeta enclosed in a case of lead; and is deposited in the Museum of Anti-

quities; it is now fallen into dust, and is seen through a case of glass or crystal.

Richard, on his voyage to the Crusade (A.D. 1190), was driven with his fleet and army on the coast of Cyprus, and they were barbarously treated by Isaac, prince of that island, who assumed the title of Emperor. The king took ample vengeance for those outrages. The Greek prince being thrown into prison and loaded with irons, complained of this severity, upon which Richard ordered *silver* fetters to be made for him, and Isaac, "pleased with the distinction, expressed a sense of the generosity of his conqueror." So Hume states (Hist. V. II. p. 13); while Rapin, perhaps more rightly, speaks of Richard as thus "insulting over his enemy's misfortune."

After the king's great victory over Saladin, when returning from Palestine, he himself was arrested by order of the Duke of Austria, confined in a dungeon, and loaded with irons. Subsequently to his liberation and a war with the king of France, a peace was concluded at Louviers, but their mutual antipathy engaged them again in war before two months expired. King Richard then built the *Château Gaillard*, now the most picturesque ruin on the river Seine. It was built in defiance of the treaty, by which he had bound himself not to fortify Andelys, the town beneath, on the river side. He thus broke the treaty in substance, while he kept to the letter; and exulting in his stronghold, he named it, in the pride of his heart, his "saucy castle." Richard has been accused of the most odious vices; and Hume (who does not refer to those charges), while he describes him as "open, frank, and generous," adds "he was revengeful, domineering, haughty, and cruel."—He was a passionate lover of poetry. There remain some poems of his composition, and he bears a rank among the Provençal poets or Trobadores (troubadours). Thierry cites a poem, composed by him during his captivity, in which he complains of his friends for not promptly paying his ransom.*

* Conquête de l'Angleterre, tom. IV. pp. 51, 279.

NOTE X.

P. 96. *On Plurality and Unity in God.*

AUGUSTIN.

"O una Trinitas et trina Unitas Deus," &c.—*Medit.* c. 30.

"O GOD, thou one Trinity and triple Unity, whose omnipotence possesseth, ruleth, filleth all things which it hath created! We say not that Thou so fillest all things as that they contain Thee, but rather that they themselves are contained by Thee. Nor dost Thou fill all things in parts, nor is it any way to be thought that each one created thing in proportion to its bulk receiveth Thee, the greatest more, and the least less; inasmuch as Thou art rather thyself in all, or all things in Thee:—whose omnipotence includeth all, nor can any creature find a way to escape thy power. For he who possesses Thee not as reconciled, would in vain seek to escape thy wrath.

"Such is the immensity of thy divine greatness, that we may understand Thee to be within all yet not inclosed, without all yet not excluded. So interior art Thou as to comprise all (or cause all to consist)—so exterior, that Thou encompassest all by the immensity of thy uncircumscribed greatness. By this, therefore, that Thou art interior, Thou art shown to be Creator; by that—that Thou art exterior, art Thou declared to be the Governor of all. Also Thou art interior, lest all things which are created should subsist without Thee; but exterior, that all may be encompassed by Thee, not by thy local magnitude, but by thy potential presence; who art present everywhere, and all things present with Thee; although some understand this, and some understand it not.

"The inseparable unity, therefore, of thy nature cannot have separable persons; for as Thou art Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, so Thou canst not have separation of persons. Those

persons indeed are sometimes named severally, but Thou hast so willed, O Triune God, to show thyself inseparable in persons, that there is no name for Thee in any person which is not referrible to the others according to the rule of relation. As the Father to the Son and the Son to the Father, so the Holy Spirit to the Father and the Son is most veritably referred. And those names which signify thy substance, or person, or power, or essence, or whatever is properly called God, equally suit or apply to each of the persons, as the great, the omnipotent, the eternal God, and whatsoever is fitly spoken, O God, of Thee. There is therefore no name of nature which may so avail to suit Thee, O God the Father, that it can be inappropriate to either the Son or the Holy Spirit. We say that Thou, the Father, art by nature God, but by nature also the Son is God, and by nature the Holy Spirit likewise God: yet not three Gods, but one God by nature, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. For this cause art Thou inseparable, Holy God the Trinity, in persons to be understood by the mental sense (or reason); but although Thou hast names separable in utterance, yet Thou dost in nowise receive plurality in names of thy nature; and thus it is shown that the persons cannot be divided in the Holy Trinity, which is the one true God, inasmuch as the name of each divine person is ever referrible to the other. If I speak of the Father, I declare the Son; if I name the Son, I proclaim the Father; if I call on the Holy Spirit, it must needs be the Spirit of some one, *i. e.* of the Father and of the Son. This is the true faith, derived from sound doctrine.

"Thee I invoke, happy and blessed, glorious and only Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, God the Lord, Paraclete, Charity, communicative Grace, Author, Begotten, Regenerative, true Light from true Light, true Illumination. Fountain, River, Irrigation! From One all things: by One all things: in One all things. Living Life, Life from the Living One—Vivifier of the living ones! One from Himself: One from the One: One from Both: existing from Self, existing from another, existing from

both. The Father Truth: the Son Truth: the Holy Spirit Truth. One Essence therefore (the Father, the Word, and the Paraclete); one Virtue, one Goodness, one Blessedness, from whom, by whom, in whom all things are blessed, whatsoever are blessed."

Symbols of the Trinity in Man.

AUGUSTIN.

"Trinitatem omnipotentem quis," &c.—*Conf.* L. xiii. c. 11.

"The omnipotent Trinity who can understand? And who does not speak of it though he understands it not! How rare the soul, which when it speaks of this, knows what it speaks! Men contend and war; yet no one beholds that vision save in peace. I would have men think of three things within themselves. Far other indeed are these three than that Trinity; but I tell them that they may exercise and prove themselves, in order to feel *how* far. I speak of *these* three,—to *be*,—to *know*,—to *will*. For I *am*, and I *know*, and I *will*. I am knowing and willing, and I know that I exist and will; and I will to exist and to know. In these three, therefore, how inseparable is life,—and one life, and one mind, and one essence; —how *inseparable*, finally, is the distinction, and yet *distinction*, let him discern who can. Surely it is before him; let him attend within himself, and discern, and tell me.

"But when he has found out and uttered somewhat on these points, let him not now think that he has searched out that which is above these, and is incommutable, and knows incommutably, and wills incommutably."

JOHN HOWE.

Calm Discourse of the Trinity in the Godhead.

Works, Vol. II. p. 550. Fol. Ed. Abridged.

"Nor is it any prejudice against our thus stating the notion of the Godhead, that we know of no such union in all the creation,

that may assist our conception of this union. What incongruity is there in supposing, in this respect, as well as in many others, somewhat most peculiarly appropriate to the Being of God? . . . . Upon the whole, let such an union be conceived in the Being of God, with such distinction, and one would think the absolute perfection of the Deity, and especially the perfect felicity thereof, should be much the more apprehensible with us. When we consider the most delightful society which would hence ensue, among the so entirely consentient Father, Son, and Spirit, with whom there is so perfect rectitude, everlasting harmony, mutual complacency, unto highest delectation; according to our way of conceiving things, who are taught by our own nature (which also hath in it the divine image), to reckon no enjoyment pleasant, without the consociation of some other with us therein, we cannot but hereby have in our minds a more gustful idea of a blessed state, than we can conceive in mere eternal solitude.

"God speaks to us as men, and will not blame us for conceiving things, so infinitely above us, according to the capacity of our natures. Some likeness we may (taught by Himself) apprehend between Him and us, but with infinite (not inequality only but) unlikeness. And for this case of delectation in society, we must suppose an immense difference between Him, an all-sufficient, self-sufficient Being, comprehending in himself the infinite fulness of whatsoever is most excellent and delectable, and ourselves, who have in us but a very minute portion of being, goodness, or felicity, and whom He hath made to stand much in need of one another, and most of all of Him. But when, looking into ourselves, we find there is in us a disposition, often upon no necessity, but sometimes from some sort of benignity of temper, unto conversation with others,—we have no reason, when other things concur, and do induce and lead our thoughts this way, to apprehend any incongruity in supposing He may have some distinct object of the same sort of propension, in His own most perfect being too, and therewith such a propension itself also.——If we so form our conceptionof divine bliss, as not to exclude from it

somewhat, whereof that delight in society which we find in ourselves may be an imperfect faint resemblance, it seems not altogether disagreeable to what the Scriptures also teach us—when they bring in the eternal Wisdom, saying, as one distinct from the prime Author and parent of all things,—Then was I by him, as one brought up with him, and daily his delight."

Dr. John Pye Smith.

Scripture Testimony. Vol. III. p. 448.

"The notion of Supreme and Infinite Perfection, cannot but include *every possible* excellency, or, in other words, every attribute of being which is not in the nature of defect. . . . . But, if the Unity of the Divine Nature be such a property as excludes every kind of plurality, the properties of active life, tendency to diffusion, and reciprocity of intellectual and moral enjoyment (which are perfections of being), must have been through that infinite duration,* in the state of *absolute quiescence.* It seems to follow that *from eternity* down to a certain point in duration, some perfections were wanting in the Deity;—the Divine Mind stood in an immense solitariness;—the infinitely active life, which is a necessary property of the Supreme Spirit, was from eternity inactive: no species of communication existed; there was no development of intellectual and moral good, though in a subject in which that good has been necessarily, infinitely, and from eternity inherent. I feel the awful ground on which I have advanced—and I would beseech the Divine Majesty to pity and pardon me, if I am guilty of any presumption. I am, also, fully attentive to the attribute of *All-sufficiency* as a necessary property of the Blessed and Adorable Nature. But when I have given every consideration of which I am capable, to this most profound of subjects, I cannot but perceive it as a strong and even invincible deduction of reason, that the denial of such a plurality in the

* That is, before any thing was created.

Infinite Essence, as shall admit of a development from eternity of the ever active life, and a communion from eternity in infinite good, is a denial to the Supreme Nature of something which is *essential* to Absolute and Infinite Perfection."

Extract from Letter on Clerical Education. By the late J. F. DANIELL, D.C.L. *&c. &c.*—Pp. 33—37.

"I venture to suggest, with diffidence and humility and awe, that a 'help to belief' in this fundamental doctrine (One God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity), may, by the true believer upon the all-sufficient authority of the Scriptures, be found in our recent wonderful increase of knowledge with regard to the operations of the electric fluid.——The powers of electricity have been submitted to the investigation of man; and in their subdued state, speak to us typically, in 'a still small voice,' of other mysteries of the Godhead.

"Let us look to that which we designate as an *electric current:* and let us remark, first, the inaptness of the language by which we labour to describe and represent the nature of forces which are beyond our comprehension. Fluids! and Currents! and Undulations! What are they? Conventional forms of expression, derived from ponderable substances, which, avowedly but ill and clumsily, express the agencies of imponderable essences.

"What do we understand by the Electric Current? It is represented as one undivided power, consisting of three essentially different forces, so inseparably connected, that where one is, there *must* the others be also with it. These are distinguished as the forces of Affinity, Heat, and Magnetism; and they manifest themselves by actions so different, that the imperfections of our intellect oblige us to separate them into three great branches of science, and to investigate them separately. In other language, they are represented as three imponderable fluids,—the Electric, the Calorific, and the Magnetic; and yet they are not three, but one Electric Current. With the conductor in my hand, which

transmits for a time this wonderful current, I can, at different points of a limited space, exhibit at the same moment the working of these correlated forces in the forms of chemical decomposition, fusing metals, and strong magnetic attraction; or, if one force only be manifested, the others, I can satisfy the most sceptical, will be present, though in abeyance.

"It is equally impossible to divide them in their essence, or to confound them together.

"When the Electric Current is made to detach itself from ponderable matter, and to manifest itself at a given point in empty space, it exhibits itself in the form of a glorious light, comparable in intensity to that of the sun alone; a light which no eye can bear for any length of time without injury.

"The three forces of this wonderful triad are, moreover, so related, that in action they are all equal, and the measure of one is the measure of the others. We cannot assign any limits to their existence, for with a sunbeam may we call them into action; and who will doubt the similarity of the light of the fixed stars?

"The mode of operation of the magnetic force is too peculiar and remarkable, in every point of view, to allow of my excluding it from our illustration; it acts by induction or influence upon distant bodies. No material medium, or form of ponderable matter, is required for its communication; and it has lately been shown, that a flash of lightning may be made to induce magnetism in a needle of soft iron, even when its thunder is lost in distance.

"In this statement of faith in the particulars of a physical mystery, which all must hold who are acquainted with the subject, I purposely abstain from drawing a close parallel with the statement of the Catholic Faith. There might be a sound of levity about it to the unthinking, from which my mind recoils. But has not enough been stated to justify our saying to the Rationalist—who would insult our understandings with the arithmetical difficulty of three in one—in the reproving words of

the apostle:—'Thou fool!' thou canst not deny or explain this triad of forces in one electric power; confess, then, upon thy own principles, that a Trinity in Unity, however above reason, is not contrary to reason! Thou art forced to admit in thy philosophy that, by these co-related imponderable fluids, matter can act upon matter through distant space by induction; and canst thou doubt that the Almighty Creator of these powers can act upon the soul of man by the influences of his Holy Spirit? Thou canst not understand the natural mystery, and thou art forced to believe; but because thou canst not understand the spiritual mystery, thou wilt not believe? In thine own view of the matter, how irrational is this!

"The mystery of the resurrection of the body could never have been brought to light by the contemplation of a grain of wheat; but our faith in the revealed doctrine is confirmed by the process of its germination.

"The mystery of 'One God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity,' could not have been revealed by 'flesh and blood;' but the faith being once received into our hearts, may we not rejoice in the increased steadfastness which it may derive from the consideration of such natural analogies as I have endeavoured to unfold?"

Note XI.

P. 106. *Sunset Hymn of Adam and Eve.*

This piece, being contained in a small publication by the writer, which is still *in print*,* would *not* have appeared here, if he had not happened to find it inserted in a volume entitled "A Visit to the Indians of Orialla," by a clergyman, the Rev. William Blood,† without *any acknowledgment* of its source; and with such a context as to give the impression that the lines were that author's *own*.

* Three Essays, on Reunion and Recognition, &c. Jackson and Walford, 2d edit. 1853.

† Whittaker and Co.

Of such a mode of borrowing nothing more shall be said than that the real writer of those lines—however inconsiderable their value—thinks it right, in these circumstances, with this announcement to reclaim them. In his volume above referred to ("Three Essays"), the hymn is supposed to be recited by an inhabitant of the planet Ceres, who prefaces it thus:—"Some of us were permitted to visit the terrestrial Eden, and to hear the songs of praise in which your first parents celebrated their Maker's gifts, ascending from the lowest to the best and dearest, expressing love to all as from Him, and in and through all, supremely to Him. Of one of these hymns of love, to the manifested Deity and to his creatures, certain portions have been preserved among us. It suffers from imperfect tradition, and still more from version into your language; yet these disadvantages, and my free irregular metre, will not prevent your discerning somewhat of the spirit which pervaded it."

Note XII.

P. 165. *"Parcel out*
The Infinite—depose the Lord of all," &c.

In a pamphlet entitled "Manuel Philosophique de l'Éternel," published at Paris, 1858, are these passages:—"Par les noms de Dieu, d'Éternel, &c. je désigne la Nature, l'ensemble de tout ce qui existe." "L'Éternel est composé du nombre infini des corps et des êtres distincts répandus dans l'immensité." "Rien n'est *immortel.* Ce mot est de trop dans la langue, car *Immortel* signifie avoir eu un commencement et n'avoir point de fin. Cette opinion est absurde." "Il n'y a rien de *surnaturel* et *d'immortel:* il n'y a que l'Éternel ou Nature qui soit infini dans ses attributs." "Rien n'est surnaturel, ni immortel, ni créé."

"La Divinité n'est pas autre chose que l'ensemble de tous les êtres et de tous les corps qui composent la nature."

"Dieu n'est pas supérieur ni extérieur à la Nature, il est la

Nature même ;—il est en *substance* l'ESPRIT et la MATIÈRE, en *forme* le nombre infini des ÊTRES FINIS."

" J'ai déjà prouvé que Dieu n'a jamais parlé aux humains, vu qu'il n'est point un Être personnel."

" Si Jésus eût accompli sa mission de nos jours, il aurait évidemment été panthéiste." " Dieu ne juge personne, ce sont les hommes vertueux qui rendent justice." " Nous devons être persuadés que l'Éternel n'est point un être qui peut et qui veut, n'est point un être souverain qui juge ou protége quelqu'un : mais il est un nombre infini d'êtres ayant chacun la faculté de se mouvoir ou de penser, &c." " L'Éternel n'agit point intégralement, et, par conséquent, il ne juge personne."

" L'espoir d'un bonheur d'oûtre-tombe nous prive toujours d'un bonheur réél que nous offre la nature. Tout être raisonnable ne doit pas désirer une jouissance heureuse dans un état futur, puisqu'il est libre d'en jouir pendant sa vie."

This pamphlet has the " Timbre impérial " on its fly-leaf, and again on page 38. The Imperial Government has expressed, on the subject of colportage, a desire to *protect* religion and morals. The above quotations—which I leave untranslated—may serve to show in what degree the censorship of the press secures those ends.

NOTE XIII.

P. 166. " *Nepenthes.*"

This term, used by Pliny " for a kind of herb which being put into wine drives away sadness," appears to have been derived from an epithet applied to the drug which Helen infused into the wine for Telemachus and Pisistratus : *—

> Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον,
> Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

Cowper, in his version, has this note on the passage : " Plutarch, Macrobius, and Eustathius were all of opinion that by this drug

* Odyss. δ, 220.

we are to understand, not what the word imports, a medicine, but the discourse of Helen, so admirably adapted to interest and to console Telemachus. But," he fitly adds, "how she can be said to have fetched that discourse from Egypt, these learned expositors and lovers of allegory have not told us."

Madame Dacier, in the notes to her prose translation of the Odyssey, sides with those ancients. "This drug," she writes, "is nothing else than the agreeable stories (*contes agréables*) which she told them; for there is nothing more capable of making the most afflicted forget the subject of their tears than a story made *àpropos*." Yet she quotes at the same time the historian Diodorus * as having understood Homer's words quite literally. Nothing, certainly, can be more circumstantial than Homer's account that she "had these good, well-devised drugs, which the Egyptian, Polydamna, the wife of Thonis, gave her." It would seem also rather absurd to make Helen's talent for "discourse" or "agreeable stories," such as could dry all tears of the sufferer—

> "Although
> His father and his mother both were dead,
> Or though his brother or his much lov'd son
> Had fallen by the sharp sword before his eyes."

On the other hand, it suits quite with Helen's previous life to suppose her but too well acquainted with cordials and narcotics.

Since my writing this note, the following has met my eye in Laharpe's critique on the Odyssey: "Do we not recognise in the effects of this wonderful powder, which the Queen of Egypt had presented to Helen, *opium*, the use and abuse of which was always familiar to Eastern nations?" †

The whole matter, it is true, would not be at all worth discussion here, except as affording a strong and useful illustration of that love of allegorising, and of discovering, or rather inventing, recondite meanings, which not a few critics and commenta-

* Cited in Eusebius, Præp. Evang. lib. x. c. 8.

† Cours de Littérature, tom. I. p. 156. See also Pope's Odyssey; note, vol. I. p. 185.

tors, both ancient and modern, have indulged. Madame Dacier amusingly exemplifies it, when she proceeds to write: "Le poéte a voulu faire entendre que ce secret d'amuser les hommes et de leur faire oublier leurs maux, est l'effet de l'éloquence, de la science de bien conter, qu'il appelle *Polydamna*, c'est à dire, *qui dompte toutes choses.* Et que cette science est la femme du Roy *Thonis*, nom formé de l'Égyptien *Thoust* ou *Thoth*, qui signifie *Mercure*, le Dieu de l'éloquence."

One is reminded, by this passage, of a French *jeu d'esprit* entitled "Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé;" * in which the sceptical attempts to upset, or allegorize away, all history, sacred and secular, are satirized with admirable wit and ingenuity, by a process and in a style somewhat resembling the above.

Note XIV.

P. 167. "*Through mollusc, reptile, mammal, up to man.*"

The author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" holds "that the simplest and most primitive type, under a law to which that of like-production is subordinate, gave birth to the type next above it, that this again produced the next higher, and so on to the very highest, the stages of advance being in all cases very small—namely, from one species only to another; so that the phenomenon has always been of a simple and modest character." †

He afterwards gives a "scale of the animal kingdom," beginning in "Zoophyta," and ascending to "Bimana (man):" ‡ subsequently remarking that "the intelligence and teachableness of the Simiadæ rise to a climax in his (man's) preeminent mental nature." § Afterwards we learn that "Man is now seen to be

* Paris, Borel et Varenne, Rue Mazarine, 74. 1836.

† Vestiges, edit. 2, p. 223. ‡ Ibid. p. 228. § Ibid. p. 274.

an enigma only as an individual; in the mass he is a mathematical problem. Mental action, being proved to be under law, passes at once into the category of natural things. Its old metaphysical character vanishes in a moment, and the distinction usually taken between physical and moral is annulled." * Such, or of like tendency, were the doctrines of Helvetius, Lametrie, Fray, &c. The last quoted, respecting the distinction between physical and moral, is elaborately maintained by Mr. Buckle, in his recent History of Civilization. No doctrine could be more adapted to *retard* or *destroy* true civilization.

Note XV.

P. 170. *The great Comet of* 1811 *or* 1835.

The writer, of course, saw each. "That of 1811 was the most remarkable which has appeared in modern times since the comet of 1680.

"Schroeter calculated the central globe of light, or nucleus, in the comet of 1811, to be 50,000 miles in diameter, nearly six and a half times the diameter of the earth.

"The train, or *head veil*, as he terms it, swept around the nucleus and appeared as unconnected as the ring of Saturn with its body: its exterior diameter being about 947,000 miles.

"Herschel estimated the *greatest length* of the tail, as seen on the 15th of October, to have been a hundred millions of miles, a space larger than that which is between the earth and the sun. The period of this comet's revolution has been calculated to exceed 3000 years." †

"The great comet of 1680 was remarkable for its very near approach to the sun. At its perihelion it was only about 146,000 miles from the surface of that luminary. According to Sir Isaac Newton, its velocity when nearest the sun was 880,000

* Vestiges, edit. 2, pp. 333, 334. † Dick's Sidereal Heavens, pp. 318—321.

miles an hour. At this period the sun's diameter, as seen from the comet, must nearly have filled its whole hemisphere."

" From Dr. Halley's determination of its orbit, it appears that when in its aphelion, or greatest distance, it cannot be less than thirteen thousand millions of miles from the sun,—that is, seven times the distance of Uranus." *

* Ibid. p. 308.

THE END.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

BOUNDBY
WESTLEYS
& CO
LONDON