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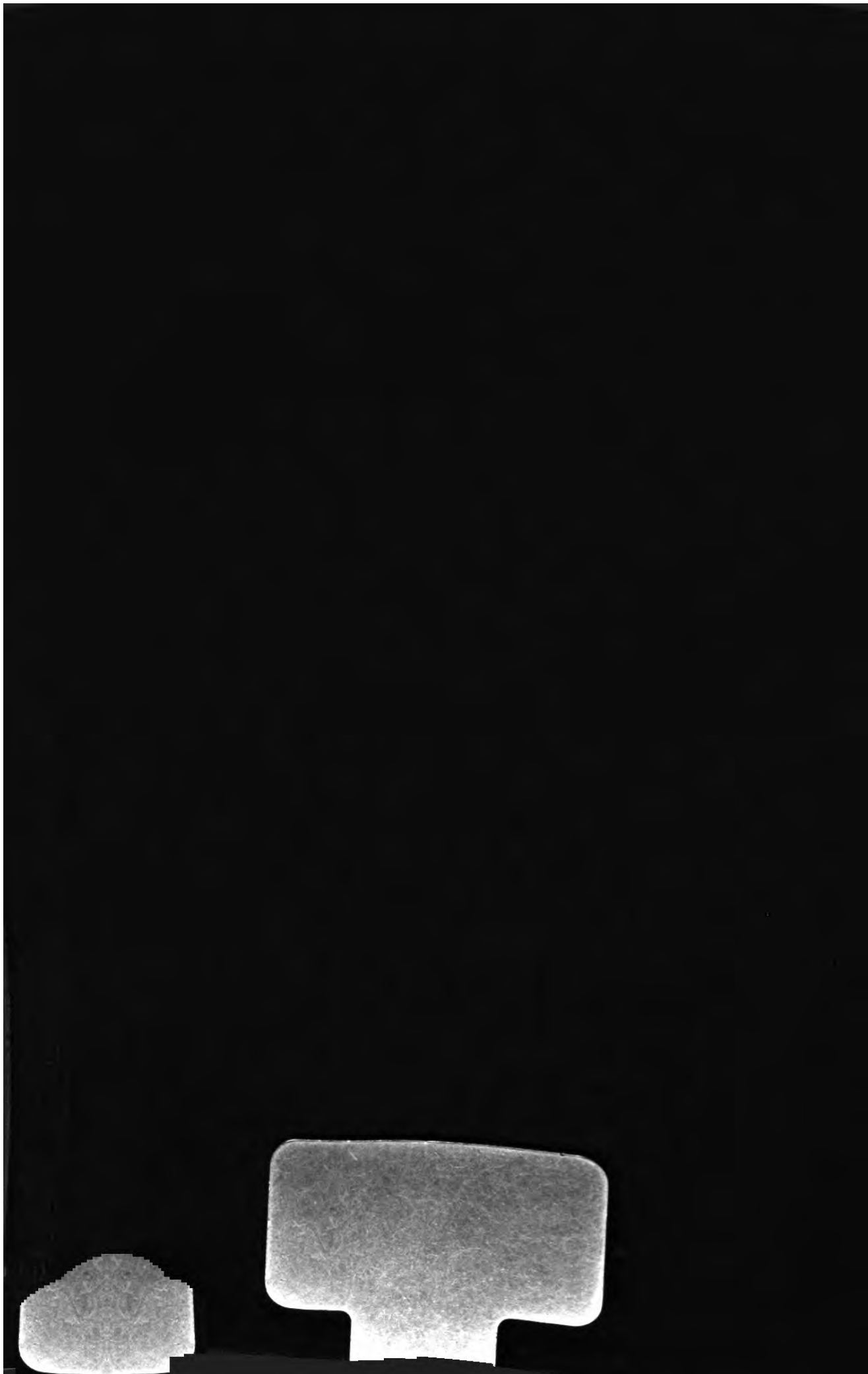


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**MATINS AND VESPERS**

*WITH*  
*HYMNS AND POEMS*

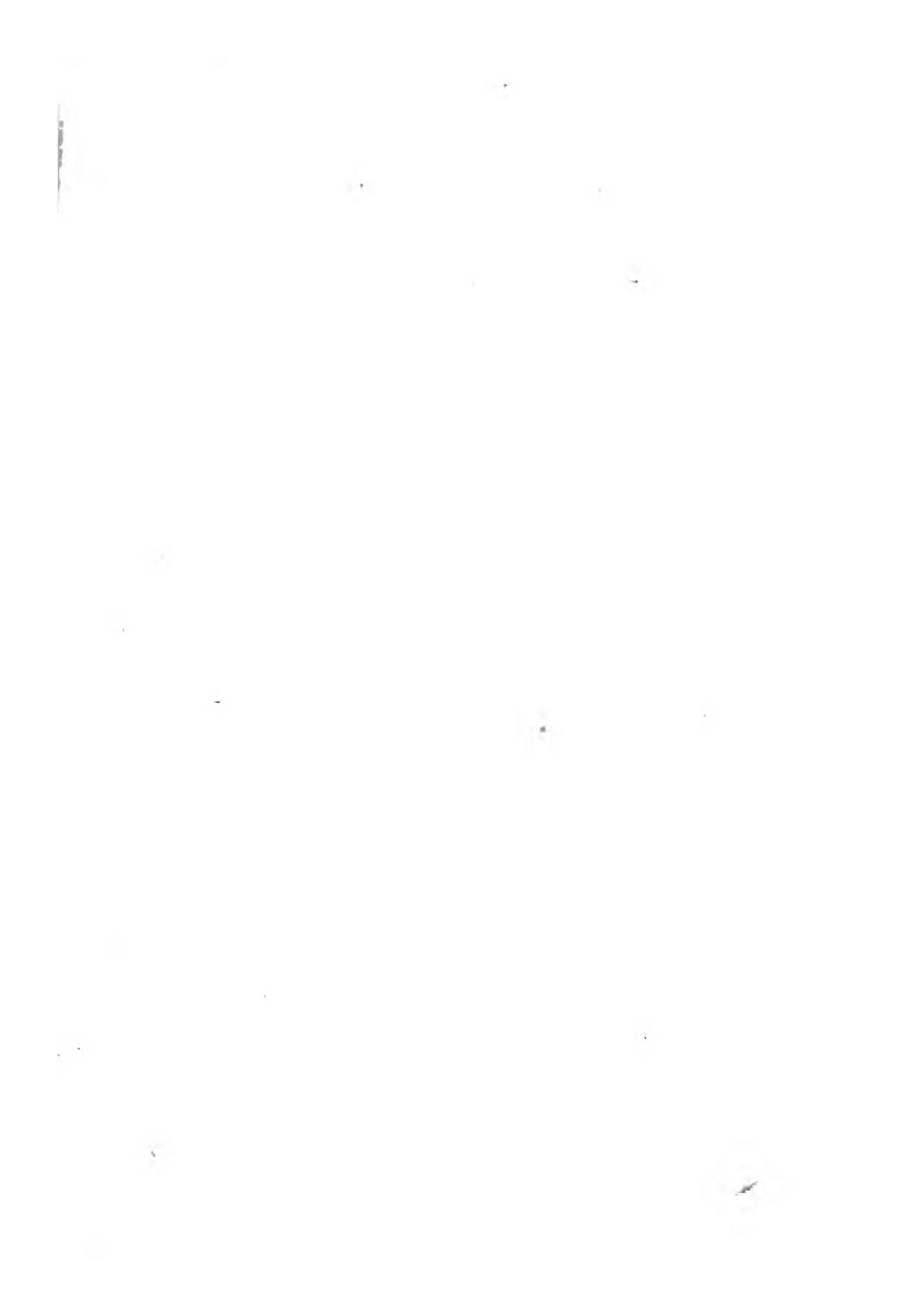
**SIR JOHN BOWRING**

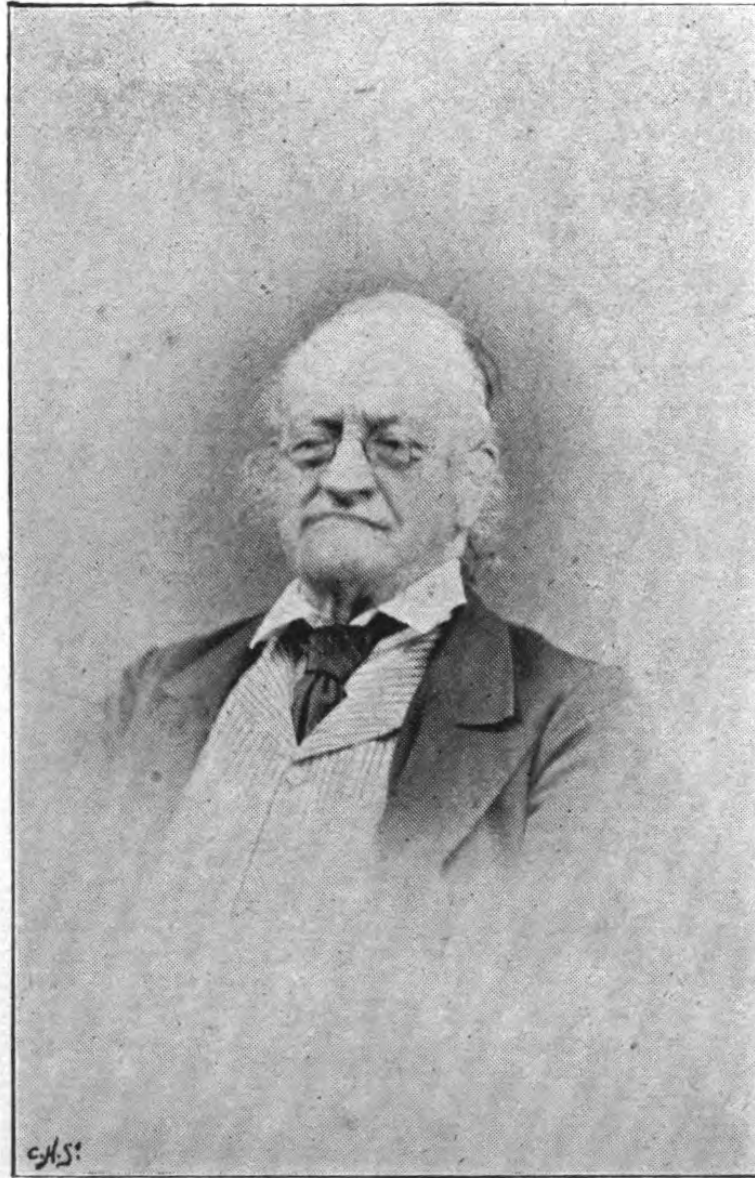






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**SIR JOHN BOWRING.**

*Born 17th October, 1792. Died 23rd November, 1872.*

# MATINS AND VESPERS

WITH

## HYMNS AND POEMS

BY

SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D., F.R.S.

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE

BY

LADY BOWRING



**London**

PHILIP GREEN, 5, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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## PREFACE

HAVING recently learned that the Sacred Poetry, contained in two small books published by my late revered husband, was unobtainable owing to both being out of print, I conferred with the Literary Executors of the Author; and now, with their full and generous approval, I am induced to issue the present reprint in a form which will not, I trust, prove unacceptable.

The volume contains 'Matins and Vespers' complete, with selections from Sir John Bowring's Hymns, and several Poems of later date, not comprised in the books above referred to.

To these I have added a brief account of his life; for I feel that although the events, the circumstances, and the surroundings of so active and varied a career cannot, at this distance of time, be adequately represented, they are still replete with interest.

To those who consider the intellectual culture and activity, combined with the work carried out by Sir



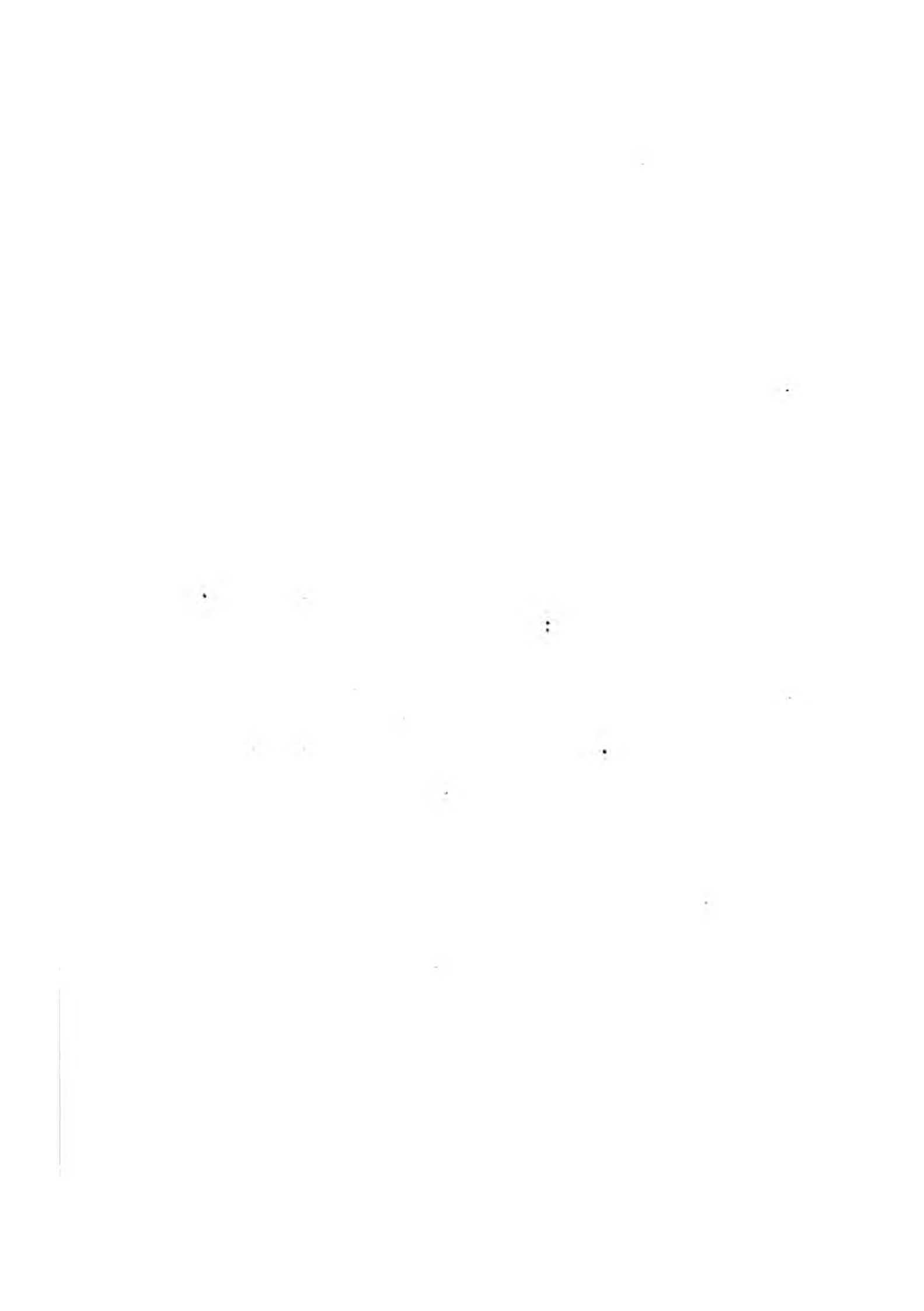
John Bowring, at a period far more beset with difficulties than are these present times, what he accomplished appears marvellous. In the hope that tender and loving recollections of that ardent nature, ever sustained by a strong sense of religion and duty, may be revived by the present memoir, I commend this book to the notice of the public.

D. B.

Exeter, *October*, 1895.

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## MEMOIR

**S**IR JOHN BOWRING, the eldest son of Mr. Charles Bowring, of Larkbeare, was born in the city of Exeter on the 17th October, 1792.

Mr. Bowring was descended from an ancient Devonshire family, which gave its name to the estate of Bowringsleigh, in the parish of West Allington, where they at one time resided. Family records also make mention of a progenitor, one Sir John Bowring, who followed the disastrous fortunes of the ill-fated Charles the First, and to whom the monarch promised a baronetcy, as a reward for services and pecuniary assistance. It is almost needless to add, that owing probably to the troublous political times, and the imprisonment and ultimate decapitation of the unhappy king, this promise was not fulfilled.

Sir John Bowring's ancestors had been for many generations connected with the woollen trade which had for many years been one of the principal industries of the West of England. Towards the

close of the last century it had, however, fallen somewhat into decay. But happily, by the introduction of improved machinery, the manufacture of serges and other textile fabrics has been successfully revived at North Tawton and other parts of the country.

Having received the rudiments of a sound education at the grammar school of Moretonhampstead, in his native county, John Bowring, at the age of fourteen, was employed by his father in his trade, which principally consisted, at that time, in the preparation of coarse woollens for China and the Spanish Peninsula. He was of studious and reserved habits, devoting almost all his leisure to a secluded study, whose walls he had lined with books, objects of natural history, chemical apparatus, antiquities, and various curiosities; a museum, in fact, seldom opened even to the members of his family. To this sanctum he was in the habit of resorting before day-break, retiring to it again, when the labours of the day were over. French was the only language he learned from a master, one of the many clerical Royalist refugees, whom the first French Revolution had flung upon the shores of England. Young Bowring had an intense desire to acquire languages; he mastered Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, and had made considerable progress in German and Dutch, before he was sixteen years old. His habit

was to seek every opportunity of speaking; he discovered that the tongue was by far the most useful organ for learning living languages. He passed such hours as he could dispose of, in company with the Italians who at that time perambulated England for the sale of barometers, &c., or with the Lucchese boys, who then, as now, but with far inferior wares, hawked their plaster casts through the country. He found that the great art of language-learning, is to get rid of the notion of verbally translating the phrase; that the same thought takes another shape, when expression is given to it in another tongue; that the real and exact synonyms of language are few; and that dictionary aid, at least in the beginning of study, is rather pernicious than useful.

To have acquired at so early an age so great an amount of knowledge, it is quite evident that the love of learning must have manifested itself in him from childhood. Referring to those youthful days, and to that quiet retreat, he would relate that he engaged a sister, whom he rewarded with a halfpenny a week, if she punctually fulfilled her undertaking, to call him, in order that he might betimes indulge his taste for study. Yet the quiet and apparently book-absorbed lad, seems not to have been wanting in a love of boyish frolic, nor



deficient in observation of what was passing around him. Far less was he indifferent to the tenderness which was lavished upon him; he was the object of intensest affection to his excellent parents and talented sisters, and a regular and welcome visitor to his grandparents, when his grandmother decorated him with her choicest flowers. The servants employed him as their amanuensis, and not unfrequently made him their confidant. As he rambled during his school days, at Moretonhampstead, over the Dartmoor hills, he made acquaintance with the farmers of the district, who invited the youth to their houses, and unwittingly ministered to his poetical and imaginative tastes, by their recitals of tales of the pixies, mischievous fairies, whose tricks are still to be heard of in the less frequented regions of the moor. The now flourishing town of Moretonhampstead, reached from Exeter by a good road, and from Newton Junction by railway, was in young Bowring's schoolboy days only approached by bridle path. The scenes associated with the memories of youthful enjoyment had a peculiar fascination for Sir John, and he was, when in the midst of the rustic populace, much delighted to be recognised by some of the aged men, and greeted with enthusiasm by the country people generally.

After remaining some time with his father, young

Bowring entered a merchant's house at Exeter as a clerk, but soon gave evidence of a higher order of abilities than those which fitted him for the desk. He became in early life the political pupil of the illustrious Jeremy Bentham, whose principles he maintained in the pages of the *Westminster Review*, of which he was for some years the editor. He now distinguished himself by an unusual knowledge of continental literature, particularly of the lyrical—or rather of the song poetry—of the different European nations; as a proof of which, it may be mentioned, that he published very many translations containing poetical specimens from the Bohemian, Bulgarian, Sclavonic, Russian, Servian, Polish, Slovakian, and Illyrian; Scandinavian, Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish; Teutonic, Esthonian, Dutch, Frisian, Lettish, and Finnish; Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provençal, and Gascon; Italian, with its dialects; Spanish, Portuguese, Catalonian, and Gallician tongues. It was about this time, also, that there appeared selections of hymns, original poems, and other works, amounting altogether, with the translations, to more than fifty volumes. For his two volumes of 'Russian Anthology' he received a diamond ring from the Emperor Alexander the First, and for his works on Holland, some of which have been translated into Dutch, a gold medal from the King of the Netherlands.

At the period to which this narrative refers, there existed in Exeter great opportunities for acquiring much general information and for gaining a knowledge of foreign languages; the quay, more than a century ago, being crowded with the vessels of many foreign nations. Most of the green spaces within and near the city of Exeter, were then known as rackfields, which were employed for stretching, measuring, and drying the various woollen cloths woven in the scattered cottages of the husbandmen, or in the villages and towns of the neighbourhood. The merchants and master-fullers directed the workmen and shared with their dependents in some measure, in the manual labour, the language in which the artisans were addressed was invariably, *socce* (*socii*).

The principal trade was with Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. The merchants of Exeter, many of them travelled men, were thorough masters of the languages of those countries with which they traded, and to several of these gentlemen the young John Bowring was indebted for assistance in the prosecution of his linguistic studies. Thus it came about, that when, shortly afterwards, he landed in Spain during the Peninsular war, and was enabled to indulge that love of travel which he had imbibed through such associations, he was so much at

home in the Spanish language that he obtained the name of *El Españól Ingles*. A great portion of Mr. John Bowring's time, from the age of twenty to thirty, was passed in foreign countries. During the whole of his journeyings, he made it his rule to live more among the natives than among his own countrymen, and by adopting the usages and speaking the languages of the countries he visited, to make himself better acquainted with their peculiar and most interesting features.

He was at this time, also, extensively engaged in several official missions to foreign countries. In 1828, on the recommendation of Mr. Alexander Baring (afterwards Lord Ashburton) and the Parliamentary Finance Committee, he was sent by the late Right Hon. J. C. Herries, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to report on the public accounts of Holland; and it was during this period that he received his diploma of LL.D. from the University of Groningen, and became Dr. Bowring.

In 1829, he collected at Copenhagen the materials for a collection of Scandinavian poetry, and he also translated 'Peter Schlemihl,' from the German of Chamisso, on the recommendation of Adelung. While on a subsequent mission at Madrid, he published, in Spanish, a work on 'African Slavery;' and, about the same time, he also translated into

French, the 'Opinions of the Early Christians on War,' written by Thomas Clarkson.

From the period of his connection with the *Westminster Review*, Dr. Bowring had directed much of his attention to subjects of political economy, especially with respect to the commercial relations between Great Britain and the continental governments; and in 1831 he was nominated, with the late Earl of Clarendon (who at that time held the appointment of First Commissioner of Excise), Commercial Commissioner to France. Though not successful to the extent anticipated, some liberal modifications of the tariff were made. The import trade of French produce into Great Britain and her colonies, was subsequently considerably increased, and two elaborate reports on the state of our commercial relations with France, were presented to Parliament by Lord Clarendon and Dr. Bowring.

After his first marriage Dr. Bowring lived with his family at Hackney. Both there, and at the house afterwards occupied by them, Queen Square, Westminster, they were in the habit of holding weekly receptions, which were frequented by persons of distinction, both foreigners and English people. His intercourse with the continent had already brought him into connection with many celebrities from other lands. A brief quotation from a letter,



alluding to one of these gatherings, may not prove unacceptable. Under date December, 1817, W. J. Fox writes to the lady whom he subsequently married:

‘We had a glorious squeeze at Bowring’s on Thursday night. . . . . Poor Talfourd I pitied; by some bad management, he got fixed at a card table with Aspland, while Miss Rutt was off to the dancers. . . . . In this crowd the youthful appearance of our host and hostess, was very interesting. Mrs. B. has a very young look, full of modesty and simplicity; at first sight, you would look about for her mother and elder sister, but a second glance discovered something of manner that indicated the mistress of the house. With B. you would have been irretrievably in love. Looking divinely; exchanging a bit of French or Italian with ladies who wanted to show off; criticising the last new poem with Talfourd; talking politics with A.; handing out ladies to the dancing-room; conversing in Spanish with a Spanish patriot who had left his country in consequence of having written against the Inquisition, and who speaks little or no English. And all this, and much more, without the least appearance of bustle or effect.’\*

It was while residing at Hackney, after a visit to Paris of a purely commercial character, that Dr.

\**Vide* Memoirs of Mrs. Eliza Fox, pp. 154, 155.



Bowring was arrested in France, in 1823, and thrown into prison for some months. He appears to have been the object of espionage during his stay in the capital, but somewhat recklessly to have disregarded the impending danger. He was supposed to be the bearer of despatches of a revolutionary character; but nothing whatever could be proved against him, and at the instance of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he was ultimately liberated with the intimation that 'there was not a tittle of evidence against him.' During his incarceration, he received the kindest attentions from the British Consul resident at Boulogne, and from other friends. Great anxiety was caused to his relatives by his detention, Mr. Canning himself being the first to apprise them of Dr. Bowring's release.

The subject of political economy, in its varied ramifications, was one that possessed for him an intense interest; and to the latest period of his existence he ever sought to promulgate the principles of that great man, the friend and philosopher whose opinions he shared, and to whom he was so ardently attached. For many years Dr. Bowring lived in Bentham's house, and acted as his private secretary, and the alliance between them ripened into one of an exceedingly affectionate character. He was frequently heard, even in later years, to eulogise his

friend with all the enthusiasm of his loving nature. He spoke of him as one of the greatest and wisest men that ever lived. Undoubtedly there are those still living who recognise in Bentham's writings, a mine of thought which may still be advantageously worked, and his influence has already leavened modern opinion on all the great questions of law reform, more than that of any other writer. Sir John Bowring inherited from his master much of his grasp of mind; while, like Brougham, he possessed physical vigour, versatility of talent, and took delight in public life. He fretted for want of work; he was from early manhood a Radical reformer, and gave a firm adhesion to the League that brought about the abolition of the corn laws. Bentham subsequently lived in a house, Queen's Square, Westminster, which had formerly been occupied by Milton, whose memory he greatly revered. Sir John Bowring, with a countenance beaming with emotion, would relate that the great jurist, on his return from an absence of some duration, folded his disciple in his arms, exclaiming, 'As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, my son.' Bentham died in the arms of his friend, whom he appointed his literary executor. Dr. Bowring fulfilled the task by publishing Bentham's collected works, which, including the *Deontology*, occupy twenty-four large volumes.

According to testamentary directions, the body of Mr. Bentham was embalmed. Clothed in his ordinary attire, and with his stick in hand, it is now to be seen in the Museum of the London University, Gower Street.

Upon the passing of the Reform Bill, Dr. Bowring was called upon, by more than one constituency, to offer himself as a Parliamentary candidate. A requisition was signed to that effect by a majority of the electors of Blackburn; he was not however returned, but was ultimately elected in 1835 for the Kilmarnock boroughs, and took his seat as a Radical reformer. This seat he lost two years later, the principal causes being his supposed heterodoxy; the 'No-Popery' cry; and the part he had taken in the discussions on Sir Andrew Agnew's 'Sabbath' bills; to say nothing of the opposition of Port Glasgow to Free-trade principles. In 1841 he was returned for Bolton, which seat he retained until 1849.

Dr. Bowring's career in Parliament, though comparatively short, was by no means an idle one; and he is said to have surpassed all the Scotch members in regular attendance. His votes were invariably of a Radical cast. He pithily stated, in an address to his constituents, that 'he had never voted *against* the Whigs, except when the Whigs had voted *with* the Tories.' He often spoke in the House of Com-

mons, generally with effect, but never at great length. If we may judge by the reports of *Hansard*, it would appear, that his longest speeches were on the improvements required in the various financial departments. Aided by the powerful support of the Prince Consort, he obtained, after repeated discussions in the House of Commons, the issue of the florin, the first step towards a measure which he never ceased to advocate and support—the introduction of the decimal system into our currency.

He took a very active part in the Committee on the distress of the hand-loom weavers, on that, for Irish Education, and on that, on the state of the Arts, as applied to the manufactures of the country, and spoke ably and eloquently in the House, on the abolition of flogging in the Army.

On two occasions Dr. Bowring visited Belgium, with a view to the modification of their commercial system; and he represented Great Britain at the meeting of the Zollverein in Berlin in 1838. His communications with Sir Robert Peel at that period were not without their influence in bringing about that change in our commercial system which has in its results (as productive of free trade) proved so largely beneficial. It may be mentioned here, that Dr. Bowring wrote the greater part of the report of Mr. Hume's Committee on the Import Duties,—a report

which has been translated into all the commercial languages of Europe, and circulated to the extent of hundreds of thousands of copies, and that many of its recommendations were adopted by Sir Robert Peel.

He received a handsome service of plate from the Manxmen, for the services rendered them by obtaining an Act of Parliament for their emancipation from the tyranny of feudal laws and customs; and another from the Maltese, for his advocacy, as their unofficial representative, in the House of Commons.

In January, 1849, he was nominated to the British Consulship at Canton; and in 1853 he was made Superintendent of Trade, and Plenipotentiary in China. He subsequently held the appointments of Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and Vice-Admiral of Hong Kong and its dependencies;—as also that of Chief Superintendent of Trade, in our dependencies east of the Ganges.

On receiving his appointment as Governor of Hong Kong, and whilst on leave of absence in England, in February, 1854, he received the honour of knighthood. He was also subsequently nominated a Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold, and Commander of the Order of Christ, of Portugal. In 1870, His Majesty the King of Italy, conferred upon him a Knight-Commandership in the noble Order of St. Maurice, on the occasion of the ratification of



the Italo-Hawaiian Treaty; and in 1871 the King of the Belgians decorated him with the Star of a Grand Officer of the Order of Leopold. He also possessed the grand Cordons of Kamehameha (Hawaiian Islands) and of Isabella the Catholic (Spain). He was Knight-Commander of the Swedish Order of the Northern Star, and of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph.

It was during his administration at Hong Kong that the insult was offered to the British Flag by the Chinese Government which resulted in open hostilities between England and China, and which led to considerable discussion in Parliament, as to the steps taken, and to the temporary removal of Lord Palmerston from office, in 1858.

The policy of Sir John Bowring in China, although the subject of a hostile vote in Parliament, was, however, warmly upheld by Lord Palmerston's Government. The parliamentary attack was peculiarly painful to Sir John Bowring, from the fact of some of his former friends and colleagues taking a strong part against him. His generous nature, however, readily pardoned observations which must have been made without that knowledge, which nothing but a residence among Orientals could afford, of all the circumstances which led to the so-called China War. But public opinion, with wonderful unanimity, promptitude and



sagacity, did ample justice to Sir John Bowring. It reversed and repudiated the decisions of the Commons, and the principal movers against him lost their seats. Nor did Lord Elgin, who succeeded Sir John Bowring in China, change the course of his policy—on the contrary, he endorsed, confirmed, and carried it out. What Lord Elgin accomplished was due to the vigorous enforcement of his predecessor's demands, and these demands were carried out by the adoption of measures more hostile and violent than those that had previously been resorted to. It may indeed be truly said, that in the eulogiums poured upon the noble Earl, he was reaping the harvest of the seed sown by Sir John Bowring, who had incurred the risk and the responsibility, and borne the 'burden and the heat' alike of difficulties abroad and of vituperation at home. His policy, however, has brought the abundant fruit of success, and the results afford the amplest justification of his doings.

In the spring of 1855 Sir John Bowring proceeded on a special mission to Siam, and succeeded in concluding a Treaty of Commerce with the two Kings of that country,—a task in which several previous plenipotentiaries had failed. The trade created by that treaty is already of vast amount, and is susceptible of extensive development. Sir John published an in-

teresting account of his travels in that country, in two volumes, entitled 'The Kingdom and People of Siam'

In the earlier stages of the negotiation, some difficulties arose with respect to the proper official recognition being accorded to Her Majesty's Envoy and Suite. The honours due to the English flag being at length conceded, the vessels glided up the Meimam to Bangkok, and their occupants received every attention at the Eastern Court. Sir John Bowring was ultimately admitted to the most intimate relations with the Monarch, and hence probably the secret of his success. In after years, the late first King was in the habit of writing frequently to him, when he would address him in very fair English, commencing his letter with the words, 'My much respected and well-beloved good friend.' During the latter part of his career, Sir John Bowring acted for the Siamese Government as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Courts of Europe, with the object of concluding Treaties of Amity and Commerce with the Western Nations. For these services he was created a nobleman of Siam, and authorized to wear the insignia. He also received the Grand Cordon of the Order of the White Elephant, the jewellery appertaining to which contains specimens of curious and rich workmanship.

Sir John Bowring, when in the East, also visited

the Philippines, and published an entertaining account of the islands and their inhabitants, in one large volume. He frequently contributed to the periodical literature of the day, including *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, *The Fortnightly*, *The St. James's Magazine*, *The Cornhill*, *All the Year Round*, and *Once a Week*, in its palmy days. It was in the columns of the last-named periodical that there appeared the account of the wreck of the *Alma*, which took place in the Red Sea, when, accompanied by his eldest daughter, he was on his return from China. The vessel struck in the dead of the night upon a sunken rock; no lives were lost, but the passengers were for three days under canvas, on a coral reef, before relief arrived. Their sufferings from heat, thirst, and shortness of provisions were great, but self-denial and fortitude were displayed on all sides. Sir John would dwell with enthusiasm on the quiet *heroineism* shown by the English ladies on this trying occasion.

Shortly after his return from the East, towards the close of the year 1860, he was requested by the English Government to inquire into the state of our commercial relations with the newly-formed Kingdom of Italy, with a view to the formation of a Treaty. When visiting Turin he saw Count Cavour, and obtained in various quarters valuable information on the subject. But when at Rome, shortly afterwards, indis-

position seized upon a frame exhausted by climate, and still suffering from the effects of the arsenical poisoning, administered by the Chinese, during his residence among them. In all about three hundred persons suffered, including himself, his family, and servant. His first wife's death had also been accelerated from having partaken of the poisoned bread. For months, in Italy and Malta, he hovered between life and death, on beds of sickness. Many were the friends who, in various places, sympathised with his sufferings, and it constantly appeared as though the angels of God were present in human form ministering to the needs of the invalid and encouraging the wife who accompanied him, and strengthening both by their words and active kindness. When only partially recovered, he received a severe blow in hearing, at Genoa, of the death of the great Italian statesman, his friend Count Cavour, and diplomatic arrangements were at once abandoned; the invalid, under the care of wife and son, returning to his native air.

Some of his noblest and best work still remained to him, and from the time of his restoration to health, in 1862, until within a week or two of his death, he was ever occupied.

He threw the weight of his influence into all movements, social and economic, which tended towards the elevation or improvement of the people.

His leading characteristic was his burning sympathy with the advancement of the human race, and the industry, activity, and intense eagerness of his life were simply wonderful. Of him it might be truly said

‘Life is real! Life is earnest!’

He regarded its occupations and its engagements as sacred duties, and frequently when, from physical weakness, it had been thought desirable to endeavour to dissuade him from self-imposed tasks, he would reply, ‘I must do my work while life remains to me; I may not long be here.’ Thus would mind triumph over matter, and of late years the frail body was constantly sustained by the soul within.

He was regular in his attendance as a county Magistrate, and was always to be relied on for his countenance and support to the various local scientific or educational institutions of Exeter. He succeeded in inducing his confrères of the Bench to adopt an improved system of public accountancy, and to admit of some modifications into the former method of dealing with prisoners in gaol. In the discussions to which these innovations gave rise, it has been truly said of him, ‘that however keen he sometimes was in controversy, he had the art of conducting it without making enemies of his opponents; and frequently he made them his personal friends.’



The whole subject of Prison Discipline, including that of the Reformation of the Criminal, engaged much of his time and thoughts, and only a few weeks before his death he published a pamphlet on the subject.

He attended during the last year of his life the International Prison Conference in London, the Meeting of the British Association, and the Social Science Association. At all these gatherings he took an active part in the debates. His knowledge of languages, added to his information and experience of the subjects under discussion, rendered his presence most valuable at the assembly of Deputies from various lands. Never did he utter words more feelingly eloquent than when, in the Geographical Section of the British Association at Brighton, he responded to a sudden call from the President, Mr. Galton, to welcome the Japanese Ambassadors, who were present, escorted by Sir Harry Parks.

Most touchingly was the hand of fellowship and the heart of brotherhood proffered by him from the West to the East. The assembly, by their silence, showed themselves in unison with his thrilling words, and mutely acknowledged that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.' At the Devonport and Plymouth Meeting, Sir John Bowring, of the Social Science Congress, was, at the eleventh

hour, called upon to take the chair of the Economic Section, and worked hard in that position. He daily presided over the meetings, and delivered a most interesting and varied address, bearing upon the principal topics embraced within the wide range of social Economics.

A brief sketch has now been traced of the career of one whose superior mental aptitudes and benevolent sentiments were supported by his constant and unwearied energy. Imperfect as so short a notice must necessarily be, the writer trusts that she has succeeded in conveying some idea of the work accomplished by him, to whom it relates. But who shall render justice to that ordinarily calm, yet deep religious principle that actuated his whole being? Yet it was this sentiment, so pure, so innate, so abiding, that was the key-note of all he accomplished. He had intelligent convictions; he held a theory of life based upon observation, reflection, and experience. He looked a wrong thing in the face, and could never believe that it should be left in possession because backed up by majorities. What he believed, both in religion and politics, he knew, and knowing, he mastered and did not disguise his knowledge, and never shrank from an avowal of his conscientious convictions.

The earnest desire of the youth had been to



enter the Unitarian Ministry, and his temperament in many respects would doubtless have fitted him for such a position. But his worthy parents had already observed in their talented son, John, indications of a character that might have proved unsuitable for such a sphere of action. His activity and love of travel and of the interests therewith associated, together with his aptitude for diplomacy and politics, combined in later years to assure him, that the friends who directed his early course acted wisely in choosing for him a mercantile career, and he never regretted in later life the decision made for him. His experience of life had taught him that it is in the power of a layman, from his less fettered platform, to render equal, though possibly different, services to the cause of religion and virtue, from those of the regularly appointed preacher. His devotional sentiments early found an outlet in sacred song, which flowed from his pen, and was ever upon his lips, like a fountain from a deep well of religious harmonies, pervading his inmost being. His ideas of God were so full of beauty and of trust; his views of man so bright and so hopeful; his confidence in the future so radiant with light. His whole soul thrilled at the contemplation of the work of the Divine hand in nature; and he loved to recognise in the prevalence of the reign of law and order, evidence of the unity

and universal wisdom of God. His all-embracing mind found in the great and good of every creed, clime, and colour, the children of the same common Father, and traced everywhere a bond of brotherhood sufficiently Catholic in spirit, to overcome the shackles and the dogmas of human beliefs.

His hymns breathe the best thoughts of the writer. They proclaim the rights and responsibilities of each individual soul, while they recognise religion as meeting the wants of our common nature, and as given in answer to our aspirations after the supreme good.

His first published volume of original poems was 'Matins and Vespers,' a little book which has passed through several editions, both in England and America. It consists of religious meditations in verse for the four seasons, to which are appended a selection of hymns. The poetry is imbued with a reverence for nature, the result of deep study and of intense devotion to the Infinite. A small volume, entitled 'Hymns by John Bowring,' followed in 1825, which contains some of his best known sacred songs. They breathe a spirit of religion and reliance on the Divine Will in all the various chances and changes of this mortal scene. Sacred verse was the solace and delight—the very charm of existence to their author. Within a few days of his decease he was engaged

upon a collection of 'Hymns for Children'; and at eighty years of age his morning tribute of praise to the Creator constantly broke forth in song.

After a life of some vicissitude, Sir John Bowring may be truly said to have enjoyed a green old age. He lived in the country, in the vicinity of his native city, in the midst of a circle of friends, his love of life and unfailing cheerfulness, the sources of the highest felicity both to himself and to those who shared his pleasures. To his progressive mind, the great events of the day, and the recent scientific discoveries, were at once known. He retained his habits of punctuality and of early rising; was a constant reader, while his retentive memory, added to his extensive and varied knowledge, and his connections with many remarkable characters of a past generation, rendered his conversation alike interesting and profitable. It was a real pleasure to him to obtain for a deserving youth a situation adapted to his abilities, and he would take some trouble to find what was suitable. 'You are now launched,' he would say to those whom he had thus aided; 'your future rests with yourself. I trust that, by steadiness and diligence, you will do credit to my recommendation.' He was highly appreciated by his fellow-citizens; he was what they termed 'approachable,' and they frequently sought his advice, which he cheerfully gave, setting aside his occupations

to attend to their tales, or to write letters for those who were unable to advance their own claims. Thus, in several instances, he succeeded in recovering from foreign countries their dues for poor women who knew not how to set about obtaining their rights.

He was endued with a temperament susceptible alike of intense pleasure and pain. If his countenance glowed at the sight of a familiar face, his grief was equally poignant at hearing of the death of a dear friend or relative. But the habitual serenity and buoyancy of that happy nature, soon restored sunshine to his breast, and he never sorrowed as one without hope; while his implicit confidence in the love of God, and faith in Divine wisdom, permitted him not to murmur even at the sharpest bodily suffering.

Sir John Bowring was twice married. His first wife was Maria, daughter of Samuel Lewin, Esq., of Hackney, by whom he had nine children, of whom five survive. This lady, who was accompanied to England by one of her daughters while her husband was detained in China, died at Taunton. His second wife was Deborah, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Castle, of Clifton, who survives him. On the memorable occasion of their marriage, which was celebrated at Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, before leaving the altar, the couple were much gratified at receiving, at the hands of a deputation, consisting of their friends,

the Rev. Brook Aspland, Mr. Wansey, and others, two magnificent Bibles, being gifts from the Unitarians of the civilized world. The book presented to Sir John Bowring was polyglot, and a very rare work; that to his wife an elegantly bound volume, Baxter's edition. Both contained appropriate inscriptions, and were fitted with suitable cases; that given to the linguist being also provided with a handsomely carved oak reading desk.

Those only who had the privilege of being associated with Sir John Bowring in the familiar intercourse of life, can know how real and innate was his love of truth and goodness—how sincere his feelings of affection and benevolence. In him were blended the wisdom of the philosopher and the simplicity of the child. He delighted in the society of young people, and would readily afford them assistance in the pursuit of their studies. The little ones too he loved, and they were readily attracted to his side, to listen with wondering looks to those tales of mingled adventure and instruction which fascinated them and their friends.

Such a being as this shrank not from death. 'Resigned to die, yet reconciled to live,' he desired not to survive the decay of his powers. His prayer was granted; his last illness endured but a brief fortnight.



His last act was one of kindness—the dictating of a letter from his bed to a lady, a stranger, who had made an inquiry of him. His last intelligible words expressed his gratitude to those who had ministered to him; and, when language failed, a beaming smile of unutterable tenderness fell upon one who in sorrow and sadness received his last peaceful sigh.

He breathed his last on the 23rd November, 1872, at the age of 80.

Memorials expressive of sympathy with Lady Bowring, and adverting to the great loss the city had sustained through the death of Sir John Bowring, were received from the Mayor and Corporation of Exeter, and nine other public bodies of that city. From several societies of even greater importance, at a distance, similar intimations of respect and regret were received by the mourning family.

But in no one of these expressions of sympathy was his widow more interested than in the letter from the body of fellow-worshippers assembling in George's Meetings. The Unitarians of Exeter, shortly afterwards, announced their intention of marking their high sense of appreciation of Sir John Bowring's character, of his literary tastes and varied talents, and more especially of the conscientious and consistent zeal with which he ever advocated the cause of

religious freedom, by erecting a memorial to his honour. In pursuance of this idea, a marble bust, executed by the late Mr. Edward Bowring Stephens, adorns the commodious Vestry of the Chapel in South Street. It is an expressive likeness and a fine work of art, and is much valued by the Congregation.

Sir John Bowring was interred at the New Cemetery, Exeter, where an appropriate spot was selected for his last resting-place. Though late in the month of November, the day on which the funeral took place was one such as he would have rejoiced in—bright and beautiful. The mourning cortége was followed by a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens, desirous of testifying by their presence their respect for his memory.

A simple tablet is erected over his grave, which, together with a brief inscription, bears the appropriate opening line from one of his well known hymns,

‘In the Cross of Christ I glory.’





MATINS AND VESPERS



# MATINS AND VESPERS.

## FIRST WEEK.

—  
*S P R I N G.*  
—

### Sunday Morning.

**T**HOU whose high praise in heaven and earth is  
    sung,  
Each heart pervading, tuning every tongue;  
Thou, whom my soul devoutly would confess  
In joy's bright hour—nor in affliction's less;  
Whose mercy in the sunshine and the storm  
Alike is active—whose invisible form  
Rides in the hurricane;—Thou, whose depths pro-  
    found,  
And heights sublime, not earth nor heaven can sound;  
Infinite power, and goodness without bound!  
Thou unseen Cause, Conductor, End of all,  
We know Thee not—yet God and Father call!  
We know Thee not—but know and feel Thou art!  
Our eye can see Thee not—but, Lord! our heart  
Is touch'd as with thy Spirit—and even now  
I feel Thee—feel Thee in this holy glow,

A peace which none but Thou couldst give inspires  
 My bosom ; heavenly aspiration fires  
 My towering thoughts. O God ! what breath but Thine  
 Could kindle aspirations so divine !  
 Benignant condescension ! that Thy ray  
 Should send its brightness through a clod of clay,  
 And raise to Thine abode—to Heaven—to Thee—  
 The poor, weak children of mortality !  
 Thus privileged, let my spirit-rousing thought,  
 Which vainly seeks to praise Thee as it ought,  
 Pour forth its humble strains. Eternal Lord !  
 Thy Majesty might crush the embryo-word  
 With its gigantic presence ; but Thy love  
 Gives it a voice, and wafts its tones above.  
 Grant me, Eternal One ! Thy light to cheer,  
 Thy hand to guide me, whilst I journey here ;  
 Thy grace to help, Thy peace my soul to fill,  
 And sorrow's storm may thunder if it will.  
 I am supported by Thy holy arm—  
 The cloud may burst—but O, it cannot harm.  
 I say not, 'Shield me, Father, from distress,'  
 But, 'Wake my heart to truth and holiness.'  
 I ask not that my earthly course may run  
 Cloudless—but, humbly, 'Let Thy will be done.'  
 The peace the world can give not nor destroy,  
 The love which is the greatest, and the joy  
 That's given to angels—to perceive and own  
 That all Thy will is light and truth alone  
 And bliss-producing ;—these, and such as these,  
 Be mine ;—the vain world's fleeting vanities—  
 Poms, pleasures, riches, honours, glory, pride,

(Idols by man's perverseness deified,)  
I envy not.—Do Thou my steps control—  
Erect devotion's temple in my soul ;  
And there, my God! my King! unrivall'd sway:  
So let existence, like a sabbath day,  
Glide softly by, and let that temple be  
A shrine devoted all to truth and Thee.

---

**Sunday Evening.**

**H**OW shall I praise Thee, Lord of light?  
How all Thy generous love declare?  
Though earth is veil'd in shades of night,  
Thy heaven is open to my prayer ;  
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns—  
That glorious heaven, which knows no bound ;  
Where the full tide of being runs,  
And life and beauty glow around ;  
From thence—Thy seat of light divine,  
Circled by thousand streams of bliss  
Which calmly flow and brightly shine—  
Say, to a world so mean as this,  
Canst Thou direct Thy pitying eye?  
How shall my thoughts expression find,  
All lost in Thine immensity?  
How shall I seek, Eternal mind !  
Thy holy presence? God sublime,  
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,  
Are greater than the round of time,  
And vaster than the bounds of space !

Gently the shades of night descend;  
Thy temple, Lord! is calm and still;  
A thousand lamps of ether blend,  
A thousand fires that temple fill,  
To honour Thee; 'tis bright and fair,  
As if the very heavens, imprest  
With Thy pure image smiling there,  
In all their loveliest robes were drest.  
Yet Thou canst turn Thy friendly eye  
From that immeasurable throne;—  
Thou, smiling on humanity,  
Dost claim earth's children for Thine own,  
And round their path Thy watch dost keep  
Through all life's scenes of joy and gloom;  
Till life is past—and then they sleep  
Protected in their quiet tomb.

Thou, Father! hast a gentle breath  
That bears our soaring souls on high;  
Thy angels watch the bed of death,  
Thy torch directs us to the sky.  
Thou bidst the cares of earth depart—  
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;  
A sabbath-stillness fills my heart—  
Devotion's calm, and virtue's love.  
Thy laws with rays divine illumine;  
Sweet is Thy call, Thy burthen light,  
Thy words like heavenly music come,  
Thy promise like a seraph bright.  
And Thou, from Thy sublimest height  
Of glory—in Thy mercy deignest  
Earth-wandering pilgrims to invite



Tow'rds the blest palace where Thou reignest.  
And man—a speck of dust—may rise,  
Borne on the pinions of Thy grace,  
Up to angelic mysteries :  
Heaven is his home—his resting place.

Even as the seed that autumn's breath  
On to its destin'd dwelling bears,  
Springs from its earthly tomb beneath,  
And its fair crown of beauty rears :  
Mortality itself contains  
The germ of immortality,  
And bursts life's cold and fettering chains,  
Rising from mortal bondage free.  
Not ours alone a varying doom,  
Checker'd with fleeting joys and cares ;  
For us the portals of the tomb  
Lead onwards to eternal years.

When trembling on the awful bourn  
Which bounds life's transitory stage,  
Tranquil my dying thoughts shall turn  
Back on the well-spent pilgrimage :  
While visions, robed in glory bright,  
Beam thro' life's evening-shades serene,  
From heaven's eternal isles of light ;  
What tho' the waters roll between ?  
The arm that oft hath saved, shall save ;  
Death has no terrors now for me—  
Where is thy sting, O where ? thou grave !  
O death, where is thy victory ?  
Methinks I see the flowrets bloom  
Even now on Eden's vernal shore ;

Methinks I feel the breezes come  
 To waft th' enfranchis'd prisoner o'er—  
 Methinks a light as soft as sweet  
 Smiles on me as the pale moon's ray ;  
 Methinks I hear the angels greet,  
 ' Come hither, Spirit, come ! '—they say.  
 I hasten : as my eye grows dim  
 And darkens on this fading sphere,  
 I see the smiling seraphim  
 Wax more and more resplendent there ;  
 And as my ear grows deaf and dull  
 To the vain sounds of earthly art,  
 The music, soft and beautiful,  
 Of heaven absorbs my raptur'd heart.

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**Monday Morning.**

**T**HOU, Lord ! art all in all—and man is nought :  
 For tho' in privileged hours his soaring thought  
 Would seem to catch a glance of Thee—Thy light  
 Soon becomes dazzling, and he sinks in night.  
 Yes ! we are blind—and when we most aspire,  
 Most feel our weakness and our vain desire.  
 We trace the comets in their orbits—fly  
 From star to star, across the crowded sky,  
 And, far beyond what natural powers discern,  
 Guided by art, we nature's mysteries learn :  
 But when we think of Thee—confounded, lost,  
 From one proud billow to another tost,  
 Our reason wreck'd—the horizon shaded o'er,

We dash upon a dark and dangerous shore.  
What art Thou, Lord? By what high name—what  
word

Of majesty, shall we address Thee, Lord?  
God! awful sound—recess of mystery!  
God! what strange notions of infinity,  
Infinity of wisdom, power, and love,  
Thro' the still'd heart in shadowy visions move—  
Link'd with all space, all being, deep and vast:  
'Tis a vague sense of future and of past—  
Of things beyond the stars—of death—of birth—  
Of a wing'd Spirit wandering o'er the earth—  
Travelling from sun to sun—of whispering wind—  
Of thunder—of a more than mortal mind,  
That sometimes visits man:—a rolling flood  
Invisible—an infinite tide of good,  
O'erflowing all—a presence in the air,  
Upon the land, the waters everywhere!  
God! God! word written on the waves—imprest  
Upon fair Nature's universal breast,—  
Wafted by every breeze, and borne along  
By every motion that has sense or song—  
Splendent above and beautiful below,  
The soul of all the universe art Thou!

We find Thee there—we revel in the thought—  
Forgive the daring, Lord! we know Thee not.  
When man hath scaled the heavens, and weighed the  
sun,

And visited the stars—then, Infinite One!  
Then may he, then, tho' still unworthily,  
Lift up his thoughts and turn his eyes to Thee;

To Thee, whose glorious brightness human eye  
 Ne'er gazed on yet in its intensity.  
 O God! I tremble when on Thee I think;  
 I feel, as if I shudder'd on the brink  
 Of profanation—yet I love Thee:—read  
 My doubting, fearing heart—it loves indeed!  
 Loves, and would fain obey—O touch the chord  
 That vibrates at Thy name,—and tune it, Lord!  
 To reverence and to virtue:—all beside—  
 The vain desires of folly or of pride—  
 All, all I throw, an offering at Thy feet—  
 Accept that homage, Being Infinite!

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**Monday Evening.**

**M**Y eye look'd round upon the vast expanse  
 Of glorious Nature—and my raptured vision,  
 Revelling in the early day-beams' waken'd glance,  
 Saw rocks, and streams, and woods—like scenes  
     Elysian,  
 Uncurtain'd slowly from the realms of sleep;  
 There the sun drove his golden chariot proudly,  
 And the sonorous ocean thunder'd loudly,  
 What time the waters rushing down the steep  
 Lifted their voice harmonious—everywhere  
 The spirit of love was brooding—and the smile  
 Of vernal freshness and of beauty rare:  
 There was a gentle music in the air,  
 That hung around the mist-robed mountains, while  
 A calm and quiet influence seem'd to breathe

In fragrance o'er the vales and on the hills :  
The dews had hung up many a diamond wreath  
On herbs and budding flowers—and the meek rills  
Trembled at morning's first salute, and thrill'd  
And murmur'd joy.—Slowly and silently  
The vapours which the lap of earth had fill'd,  
Melted away in light!—the all-present eye  
Of heaven beamed brightly : and methought the day  
Look'd beautiful as when an infant wakes  
From its soft slumbers—and in every ray  
I trac'd the visible presence—dark and dim—  
But still the presence visible of Him,  
At whose first call the early morning breaks  
Thro' twilight's curtain.—Higher yet, and higher,  
Rose the great central orb above our globe,  
Till heaven was girded with one azure robe,  
And none could look upon that throne of fire,  
On which perchance some spirit sits, and keeps  
An awful reckoning with our earthly sphere :  
For the Great Eye that sees us never sleeps ;  
It has its ministering angels wheresoe'er  
Existence is—beneath us, and above,  
Around us and within us, He has there  
His delegates ; they watch us when we rove,  
And to the oft-abandon'd, narrow track  
Of truth and virtue, gently call us back ;  
They read our thoughts—our actions they record,  
And bear the transcript of each idle word  
Up to the great tribunal.—Now the Noon,  
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls  
Into the mellow Eve,—the West puts on

Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls  
And towers, all carved of the unstable cloud,  
Welcome the calmly waning monarch—he  
Sinks gently 'midst that glorious canopy  
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud  
Ruler of earth and ocean.—He being gone,  
All his attendant ministers take their flight,  
And leave the dark and desolate earth alone—  
To all the gloom and horror of the Night.  
But no! for He who made that glowing Sun,  
Still watches o'er His children—and He spreads  
A roll of starry brightness o'er our heads,  
Waking the stars and planets one by one.

So rolls the varying day—and morn and noon  
And even-tide and night—alike proclaim  
The ne'er-decaying splendour of His name ;  
His love, that's never wearied, shed on man ;  
The never-bounded influence of His might ;  
The never-erring wisdom of His plan.  
In Him, all, all is glory—knowledge—light—  
Truth—beauty—joy ; and both in what we see  
And what we see not—both in what we know  
And what we know not—kindness, mercy glow  
In the refulgence of Infinity.



**Tuesday Morning.**

**W**HEN the arousing call of Morn  
Breaks o'er the hills, and day new born  
Comes smiling from the purple east,  
And the pure streams of liquid light  
Bathe all the earth—renew'd and bright,  
Uprising from its dream of rest—

O how delightful then, how sweet  
Again to feel life's pulses beat ;  
Again life's kindly warmth to prove ;  
To drink anew of pleasure's spring ;  
Again our matin song to sing  
To the great Cause of light and love !

To Him, whom comet, planet, star,  
Sun, moon, in their sweet courses far,  
Praise in eternal homage meet ;  
While thousand choirs of seraphs bring  
Their sounding harps of gold—and fling  
Their crowns of glory at his feet.

Thou ! who didst wake me first from nought,  
And led my heaven-aspiring thought  
To some faint, feeble glimpse of Thee :  
Thou ! who didst touch my slumb'ring heart  
With Thine own hand—and didst impart  
A portion of Thy deity.

O teach me, Father ! while I feel  
The impress of Thy glorious seal—  
And whence I came—and whither tend :



Teach me to live—to act—to be  
 Worthy my origin, and Thee,  
 And worthy my immortal end.

O not in vain to me be given  
 The joys of earth—the hopes of heaven !  
 O not in vain may I receive  
 My master's talents—but, subdued  
 And tutor'd by the soul of good,  
 To God—to bliss—to virtue live !

Heaven's right-lined path may I discern,  
 Nor, led by pride or folly, turn  
 A handbreadth from the onward road ;  
 Fight the good fight—the foe subdue,  
 And wear the heavenly garland too—  
 A garland from the hand of God !

---

**Tuesday Evening.**

'TIS now the solemn hour, when spirits come  
 To alarm credulity—'tis now the hour,  
 When disembodied ghosts have awful power  
 To burst the imprisoning portals of the tomb.  
 Such vain creations from the midnight's womb  
 Has superstition summon'd, and array'd  
 In all the hideous forms that fear has made.  
 Spirits there *are* indeed that walk the night,—  
 Not such as these—but heavenly tongues, that call  
 In nature's hallow'd eloquence, on all,

To wing themselves for a diviner flight,  
The wise man hears their voices: darkness, light,  
To him are equally momentous things,  
And each a monitory warning brings  
From th' other side of death. The sun goes down:  
But truth that never sleeps, still rides sublime  
Thro' all the strange vicissitudes of time—  
Speaks in the noon-tide's smile, the midnight's frown.

Now in the stillness of the eve serene,  
The calm of meek devotion's influence,  
Upsoaring from this dark detaining scene,  
Appealing from what is, and what has been,  
To that which *shall* be—from a world of sense,  
To spiritual worlds; inviting down from thence  
Rays of the light that gilds heaven's holy place—  
I turn my thoughts, appalling Power! to Thee.  
Appalling Power! Thine awful majesty  
Might scatter us in dust—but lo! Thy grace,  
Milder and softer than the early dew,  
Invites us to Thy presence. Lord! forgive  
Thy trembling children—Father! Friend! receive  
Their tribute, humble and unworthy too.

'Tis sweet, in journeying thro' this vale of tears,  
To gather its fair flowers; to pay, and prove  
Blessings and sympathies, and acts of love,  
And so to sink into the lap of years:  
But sweeter, when life's evening star appears,  
To see religion's holy visions bright,  
Hover on wings of righteousness and light,  
Smiling kind invitations from above.  
What tho' a thousand or ten thousand graves

Arrest our stumbling footsteps—they are nought  
 But seats of rest, where the life-wearied thought  
 Reposes—while divinest glory waves  
 Her palms of triumph o'er the grassy heaps.—  
 Life's journey is oft wearisome and wild ;  
 And there Affliction's tired and troubled child  
 On nature's all-composing bosom sleeps.

There is a land where everlasting suns  
 Shed everlasting brightness—where the soul  
 Drinks from the living streams of love, that roll  
 By God's high throne!—myriads of glorious ones  
 Bring there th' accepted offering. O how blest  
 To look from this dark prison to that shrine,  
 To inhale one breath of paradise divine—  
 And enter into that eternal rest  
 Which waits the sons of God! Remote from care,  
 Remote from disappointment, to employ  
 Hours never-ending in the courts of joy,  
 And wear a crown of heavenly splendour there!

With such a destiny, what earthly fear,  
 What earthly woe shall cloud my spirit? None.  
 Forward, then, forward to the golden throne!  
 Why should our restless wishes linger here?  
 See from the clouds a smiling angel calls,  
 'Come hither, Christian!—Open is the door—  
 The path is straight—delay not—doubt no more—  
 Lo! thou art welcome to the heavenly halls.'  
 Father—I go! I hear th' inviting sound—  
 No more shall earthly objects dim my eyes—  
 Away, away the world's dull vanities!  
 I hasten on—to heaven—to Eden bound.

**Wednesday Morning.**

**W**HEN Morn peeps o'er the mountain's height,  
 And the last star has left the sky,  
 And dews disperse at waking light,  
 And Earth puts on her robes of joy,  
 And flowers look out, and woods are gay  
 With birds and breezes—O, 'tis meet  
 To join the universal lay,  
 And Nature's chorus to repeat ;  
 To lead the aspiring soul to Him,  
 Whose is the darkness, whose the day—  
 Who kindled first the sunny beam ;  
 Pour'd forth the wand'ring milky way ;  
 Fill'd all heaven's lamps with ether ; spread  
 The canopy above—whose hand  
 The valleys scoop'd—the mountains weigh'd—  
 Fathom'd the ocean—piled the land,  
 And crowded all with life and bliss.  
 See life and bliss around us glowing !  
 Wherever space or being is,  
 The cup of joy is full and flowing.

Yes ! Nature is a splendid show,  
 Where an attentive mind may hear  
 Music in all the winds that blow—  
 And see a silent worshipper  
 In every flower, on every tree,  
 In every vale, on every hill—  
 Perceive a voice of melody  
 In waving grass or whispering rill ;  
 And catch a soft but solemn sound

Of worship from the smallest fly,  
The cricket chirping on the ground,  
The trembling leaf that hangs on high.

Proud, scornful man! thy soaring wing  
Would hurry tow'rds Infinity;  
And yet the vilest, meanest thing  
Is too sublime, too deep for thee;  
And all thy vain imagining  
Lost in the smallest speck we see.  
It must be so—for He, even He  
Who worlds created, form'd the worm—  
He pours the dew, who fill'd the sea—  
Breathes from the flower, who rules the storm:—  
Him we may worship—not conceive;  
See not and hear not—but adore:  
Bow in the dust—obey—believe—  
Utter His name—and know no more.

His throne is o'er the highest star  
That wanders heaven's blue vault along;  
He drives unseen His glorious car  
A million viewless worlds among.  
A thousand—aye! ten thousand suns  
Are darkness in His piercing eye!  
Thy life runs on—and while it runs,  
Vainly to know Him dost thou try:  
That is a bliss for realms on high,  
When thou shalt breathe diviner air,  
And drink of heaven's felicity;  
For knowledge knows no boundary *there*.

O, if joy be here thy doom,  
Give it anchorage above;

If thy path be dark with gloom,  
Steal a ray from heavenly love.  
Source of joy!—my Friend! my Father!  
In Thy presence let me be,—  
Here the flowers of Virtue gather,  
Blooming for eternity.

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**Wednesday Evening.**

**A**LMIGHTY Being! wise and holy  
Who has to each his portion given;  
To the poor worm his station lowly,  
And to the choirs of angels—heaven;  
My faith is in Thy righteous keeping,  
Ruler of worlds!—unbounded One!  
While to weak man in error sleeping,  
Thy awful course is all unknown;  
Far from Thy light immortal streaming,  
From heaven—resplendently afar,  
Man's ray is but the feeble gleaming  
Of evening's palest, farthest star.  
With hope upon his path descending,  
Life's darkness soon gives way to light;  
Some holy sunbeams hither tending,  
Chase the dark clouds of doubt, of night.  
O, had our journey, wasting, weary,  
No ray like these to gild the gloom,  
Life were a desert dark and dreary,  
A midnight prison-house—a tomb!  
Merciful Being! Friend! Creator!



To Thee I look, to Thee I call ;  
On Thee I rest my fragile nature ;  
Not on this transient world, nor all  
The world's foundations. Thou, who kindly  
Smil'st on my path, conduct me still ;  
Conduct me while fatigued and blindly  
I climb up life's deceitful hill ;  
Smile in Thy light of mercy o'er me,  
And form me to Thy holy will ;  
Thy hope shall sweetly beam before me,  
Thy rays my little lamp shall fill.  
Could I control my future being,  
No thought of pride should e'er rebel ;  
Thou, all-designing—guiding—seeing,  
Wilt direct all things wisely, well.  
Disturb not, dreams of care ! to-morrow ;  
Enough the evil of to-day :  
My destined sum of joy and sorrow  
The scales of perfect wisdom weigh.  
He, for ten thousand worlds providing,  
Yet condescends to think of me !  
My little skiff securely guiding  
O'er Time's now still, now troubled sea ;  
Calm as the night, and soft and vernal  
As the spring's breath, my bark shall move,  
Till, launch'd into the gulf eternal,  
It anchors in a port above.

**Thursday Morning.\***

**T**HE heavens, O Lord! Thy power proclaim,  
 And the earth echoes back Thy name;  
 Ten thousand voices speak Thy might,  
 And day to day, and night to night,  
 Utter Thy praise,—Thou Lord above!  
 Thy praise—Thy glory—and Thy love.

All things I see, or hear, or feel,  
 Thy wisdom, goodness, power reveal.  
 The silent crescent hung on high,  
 So calmly sailing through the sky;  
 The lowliest flower that lights the dells;  
 The lightest wave the stream that swells;

The breeze that o'er the garden plays;  
 The farthest planet's glimmering rays;  
 The dew upon the distant hill;  
 The vapours that the valley fill;  
 The grove's untutor'd harmony—  
 All speak—and loudly speak of Thee.

Thy name, Thy glories, they rehearse,  
 Great Spirit of the universe!  
 Sense of all sense, and Soul of soul,  
 Nought is too vast for Thy control;  
 The meanest and the mightiest share  
 Alike Thy kindness and Thy care.

Beneath Thy all-directing nod,  
 Both worlds and worms are equal, God!

\* Zollikofer's Sermons, Vol. VI. p. 253.

Thy hand the comets' orbits drew,  
And lighted yonder glow-worm too ;  
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,  
And form'dst yon snow-drop's silver cup.

And nature with its countless throng,  
And sun and moon and planets' song,  
And every flower that light receives,  
And every dew that tips its leaves,  
And every murmur of the sea—  
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

Yes! all below and all above,  
Drink of Thy flowing stream of love ;  
Yes! wheresoe'er existence is,  
There, there is greatness, hope, and bliss :  
There never was a mortal eye  
Which has not shone with smiles of joy.

And all are bending to the spot  
Where disappointment enters not ;  
The seed of man's mortality  
Shall on earth's bosom scatter'd be,  
And from its germs at last arise  
Fair blossoms, fit for paradise.

And we, creation's princes, we  
The favourites of the Deity,  
The wise—the strong—whose thoughts can soar  
Heaven's brightest, highest concave o'er ;  
And hold, above created things,  
Communion with the King of kings—

Shall we not praise and worship Thee,  
Thou infinite Divinity?  
Thank Thee for what we know—and own  
Thou hidest what is best unknown;  
And kindly, wisely, hast conceal'd  
The future, from our vision veil'd?

Shall *we* disturb the harmony  
Which all creation tunes to Thee;  
Those sweet concordant notes, that sound  
The arched hall of nature round;  
That fill the earth, the sea, the air,  
And reach Thy throne—accepted there?

No: rather our according voice  
Shall in the general praise rejoice,  
And join the ever-during hymn  
With cherubim and seraphim—  
With all to whom a tongue is given,  
To worship Thee, the Lord of heaven.

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**Thursday Evening.**

PEACE 'neath the stars may fix her seat,  
And bliss look smiling from on high,  
When spirits hold communion sweet  
With brighter spirits of the sky.  
The earth is resting calmly now  
Beneath the curtain'd shade of night,  
The sun behind the mountain's brow  
Has veil'd his last and lingering light.

Reviving sleep ! thy sheltering wing  
Is o'er the couch of labour spread ;  
Sweet minister—unearthly thing—  
That hovers round the tired one's head.  
As calm and cold, as mortal clay  
When life is fled—earth soundly sleeps ;  
When evening veils the eye of day,  
And darkness rules the ocean deeps.

But, lighted in heaven's temple arch,  
Ten thousand stars are shining round,  
And all on their imposing march  
Thine everlasting praise resound.  
A thousand, thousand joyful tongues  
Are heard in heaven when earth is still ;  
And echoes of unnumbered songs  
The vast extent of nature fill.

O then thy spirit, Lord ! anew  
Enkindles strength in sleeping men ;  
It falls as falls the evening dew—  
And life's sad waste repairs again.  
While mildly o'er the deep repose  
Peace smiles from her exalted throne,  
In sleep a million eyelids close—  
Heaven watches—and heaven wakes alone.

Preserving, blessing, guarding all,  
The night and day His smile inspires ;  
He sits beneath His star-roof'd hall,  
And never slumbers—never tires :

No rest requites His ceaseless toil—  
He never faints, He needs not rest :  
Man sinks to deep repose awhile ;  
God reigns untired—immortal—blest.

Then let me, led by Him, pursue  
My path, from folly's slavery free ;  
Throw off my chain--and then renew  
My journey towards eternity.  
Be nature's gentle slumbers mine—  
And lead me gently to the last,  
Until I hear Thy voice divine—  
'Awake ! for death's long night is past.'

---

**Friday Morning.\***

**S**ING thy Creator's praise, and own  
Him greatest—wisest—God alone,  
He wraps himself in robes of light,  
And clothed in garments pure and bright  
Of honour and of majesty,  
He makes the skies His canopy.

The pillars of His temple are  
Built on the ocean ; and His car,  
The clouds of heaven. Th' Eternal Mind  
Rides on the pinions of the wind :  
A thousand spirits wait His will,  
And, touch'd with fire, His word fulfil.

\* Psalm civ.



He rear'd the universe sublime  
On arches of unshaken time—  
And wrapped this vast terraqueous globe  
With the deep waters as a robe—  
And bade the eternal hills sustain  
The o'erhanging pregnant clouds of rain.

At His decree the waters fall—  
They hasten at His thunder's call;  
Down from the rocky heights they gush,  
And thro' the thirsty valleys rush  
On to the vast receptacle,  
Where He hath bid the waters dwell.

There hath He girt them with a shore,  
That they may flood the earth no more :  
While thousand and ten thousand rills,  
Wand'ring among the mazy hills,  
Fresh from their sparkling fountain burst,  
Where the wild asses quench their thirst.

'Tis there along the streamlet's side.  
The winged fowls of heaven abide;  
Among the waving boughs they sing,  
That overhang the crystal spring ;  
The hills are water'd from above,  
And earth reflects a heaven of love.

He bids the emerald verdure grow,  
He makes the smiling flow'rets blow ;  
He plants the roots, He sows the grain,

A common feast for beasts and men:  
To each He gives his portion'd food—  
He, ever active, wise, and good !

He bids the loaded vine produce  
For man its generous, joyous juice ;  
And oil that makes his face to shine,  
And bread to nourish—All is Thine,  
Thou great, life-giving Deity !  
Yes ! all we have we owe to Thee.

The life-sap at Thy bidding flows  
Thro' the young trees—the cedar grows  
Tow'ring above the mountain's crest,  
Where the wood songster builds her nest ;  
While 'mid the solitary pines,  
The careful stork her home enshrines.

To the rude rocks the conies fly ;  
The wild goats seek the mountains high ;  
While o'er them the benignant moon  
Shines mildly—and the night, the noon,  
In their appointed courses fall,  
Governed by Him who governs all.

'Tis night—thou spreadst the darkness deep :  
The wild beasts from their hidings creep,  
And the young lions seek their prey  
From their Creator—till the ray  
Of morning calmly dawns, and then  
They slumber in their lairs again.

Man to his daily labour goes,  
 Until the evening brings repose.  
 O Lord ! how great, how manifold  
 Thy works, how glorious and untold !  
 Their ever-during songs proclaim  
 The vast perfections of Thy name.

The mighty, the unbounded sea,  
 (Image of Thine immensity !)  
 Fill'd with ten thousand creatures—all  
 Sharing Thy care, the great, the small :  
 The whale's gigantic mass—the swarms  
 Of unseen myriads' insect forms.

The ships the busy billows crowd ;  
 And 'midst the waters rushing loud,  
 (He owns not the control of man)  
 The huge, the dread leviathan,  
 Sits on his ever-shifting throne,  
 And claims that kingdom for his own.

On Thee they wait, on Thee depend—  
 While Thou their ever present friend,  
 Provid'st their food ;—Thy plenteous hand  
 Outstretch'd, fills all the sea, the land,  
 With good, which they delighted gather  
 From Thy great store, Thou gracious Father !

Thy face is hidden—darkness clouds  
 The trembling earth ;—Thy frowning shrouds  
 Existence with its gloom ;—Thy ray

Is hidden from them—they decay :  
Thou dost withdraw Thy breath—they die,  
And in the clayey valley lie.

Thy Spirit is sent forth again,  
And life resumes its joyous reign ;  
Again is nature's face renew'd  
And love, and bliss, and gratitude.  
Clad all the face of earth with light,  
And hope, and bliss, and promise bright.

His glory shall endure for ever—  
His praise shall perish never, never !  
Rejoicing in His work, and pleas'd  
With the proud fabric He has rais'd,  
Blest 'midst the blessings He has given—  
In heaven directing all to heaven !

A thousand worlds His presence greet ;  
The mountains smoke beneath His feet ;  
The earth His presence fears ;—but I  
Will sing His praises joyfully,  
While I have life or breath to sing,  
In His existence triumphing.

How sweet to meditate, O Lord !  
On Thy great name, Thy glorious word,  
In Thy blest presence to rejoice,  
To Thy blest praise attune my voice,  
And from Thy cup to drink the stream  
Of gladness and of joy supreme !

If daring worldly ones contemn  
 That Power whose glance might scatter them—  
 I, in my honest purpose, still  
 Will own Thy hand and do Thy will ;  
 Blest, blest unutterably, to be  
 Devoted, Lord ! to truth and Thee.

---

**Friday Evening.**

**A** HOLY stillness fills the sky,  
 While evening tunes its vesper song  
 And, like a sacred lamp, on high  
 The solitary moon is hung.  
 Repose, upon her downy pinion,  
 Lights on the pilgrim's couch serene,  
 And holds her undisturb'd dominion,  
 O'er the dark silence of the scene.  
 O then the spirit loves to turn  
 Upon its inward self ; and then  
 Those hallow'd fires of virtue burn,  
 Which, born of heaven, ascend again  
 To their high source ;—all wordly care,  
 All earth's pursuits and pleasures seem  
 Unworthy trifles, as they are,  
 Too grov'ling for the soul's esteem.  
 Then the Divinity within  
 Lights the freed soul, and heaven appears  
 Like some fair star, the clouds between  
 Soft smiling thro' the night of years.  
 Then with new life the spirit flies

Up to its primal, proud abode ;  
Reads all the secrets of the skies,  
And holds high converse with its God.

O let me turn to heaven my eye—  
Heaven is my portion, is my home—  
And, steering onward joyfully,  
Be welcomed by the harboring tomb.  
Thus in serenest holiness  
Let days and nights roll sweetly past ;  
And if a tear—a tear of peace—  
Shall tremble in my eye at last ;  
Enough to think that I am Thine—  
Enough for sorrow's darkest hour—  
If I may call Thee, claim Thee mine—  
God of my life ! I ask no more.  
Father ! O let Thy light, Thy love,  
Guard to his tomb Thy wanderer  
And when his spirit soars above,  
Be all his errors buried here.

---

**Saturday Morning.**

**A**S from the vapours of the east  
The sun o'er morning's twilight steals,  
So truth illumines the pious breast,  
When man his inmost soul unveils ;  
When the still monitor within  
Holds meet communion with his heart,  
And self-approval gilds the scene,  
As hours and days and weeks depart.



How wise, departing weeks to call  
To stern inquiry's solemn bar,  
And take a strict account of all !  
For all in heaven recorded are :  
The talents lost—the moments run  
To waste—the sins of act, of thought,  
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,  
And countless virtues cherish'd not.

A towering spirit, born of heaven,  
And tending up to heaven again,  
By earthly cares and errors driven,  
And chain'd to all those errors vain ;  
A temple worthy of a God,  
Degraded to an earth-worm's cell ;  
A soul sublime—become a clod,  
Dark, heavy and insensible.

Can such a reckoning then appal,  
To the heart's secret inquest given ?  
How dreadful—if unveil'd to all  
Th' assembled hosts of earth and heaven !  
Deceive thee not, vain man ! for so  
Shall time thy inmost self declare,  
And the great day of days shall show  
Each vice thou wrapp'st so fondly here.

Delusion ! rend the shading veil ;  
Hypocrisy ! come forth—and pride !  
Thy naked form no more conceal ;  
Come, fierce intolerance ! nor hide

Thy serpent-sting in folds of zeal,  
In pious words thy tiger-tooth !  
Come forth, ye long-mask'd fiends ! and feel  
The all-discovering touch of truth.

How many fancied *saints* that wear  
Self-gratulation's starry dress,  
Shall stand unrobed—astonish'd *there*  
In trembling, tottering nakedness !  
How many a humble one, whose eye  
Scarce dares look up to heaven's bright throne,  
Shall bear the robes of majesty,  
And put the golden garland on !

---

**Saturday Evening.**

**H**OURS, days, weeks,—so our life-time flows—  
Gently, as melt the vernal snows  
Beneath the sun ; they pass away,  
Like dew-drops in the eye of day,  
One by one—till all are gone :—  
The mists disperse—the twilight's o'er,  
And the monarch bursts from the orient door,  
And the clouds impede his march no more.

Such is the fate of man ! and so  
His night of life rolls by,—the wave  
Of darkness sweeps across his grave—  
Then o'er the gloomy hills of snow,  
That seem life's boundary—brighter suns  
Emerge in glory—suns immortal—

Bursting thro' the deep tomb's portal—  
And the tide of being runs  
In living light—eternal—bright,  
While everlasting ages flow.

Why should the grave be terrible?  
Why should it be a word of fear,  
Jarring upon the mortal ear?  
There repose and silence dwell:—  
The living hear the funeral knell,  
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.  
Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew  
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream  
Refuse to bathe it? or the beam  
Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,  
Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?  
No! the moon is there, and smiling too!  
And the sweetest song of the morning bird  
Is oft in that ancient yew-tree heard;  
And there may you see the harebell blue  
Bending its light form—gently—proudly,  
And listen to the fresh winds, loudly  
Playing around yon sod, as gay  
As if it were a holiday,  
And children freed from durance they.  
But 'tis the kingdom of decay!  
So is the world—and all we see,  
The sport of mutability.  
Think ye the mountains never change,  
Nor the vast ocean?  
There's not an hour—but swift, and strange,  
And secret workings—the commotion

Of all the elements goes on ;—  
There's not a spark of yonder sun,  
Which does not perish at its birth ;  
For life itself is but the child  
Of death—and this life-giving earth  
Is dissolution's parent mild.  
Death is the gate thro' which we come  
Into the world—and every day  
We die—and when dissolved away,  
'Tis death conducts us to our home.  
Death hath no terrors—while we are,  
Death is not—when we cease to be,  
Then death begins. Eternity  
Is life,—not death. What cause for fear  
Of death—when this same death we dread,  
Is life continuous,—and to die  
    but to live immortally ?  
Here, every, every step we tread,  
Is on a grave—and every breath  
Heaved, is a messenger of death.

'Tis well. If life have a joy worth giving,  
'Tis not the fragile joy of living,  
Except as it leads us to the door  
Where life's delusions cheat no more ;  
They will soon be over—and then, O then,  
Rapture 'twill be to live again,  
Where man in his glory shall inherit  
What's brightest and best of his earthly spirit ;  
And blend—and not in a perishing hour—  
Beauty and wisdom, and light and power.

## SECOND WEEK.

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### *SUMMER.*

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#### **Sunday Morning.**

**T**HOU art my glory—Thou my song, whose throne  
Is built upon the highest heavens—and thence  
Rollest the spheres by Thine omnipotence—  
Thou art my song, O Lord ! and Thou alone !  
Thy kingdom is of subject-worlds. The arch  
Above us, deck'd with stars as dust, Thou treadest  
Beneath Thy feet in Thy resplendent march ;  
And, in the twinkling of an eye, Thou readest  
The eternity that's past—and that to come.  
All time concentred in one ray to Thee ;  
All being is Thy will—all space Thy home ;  
And all Thine attributes—infinity.

Thou art my song ! which from such thoughts as  
these  
Where our poor reason wanders in the abyss  
Of undiscoverable mysteries,  
Turns from sublimer, higher worlds, to this ;

And in its lowly flowers—and silent meads  
And gentle waters—and sweet solitude—  
Its valleys and its plains and mountains—reads  
That Thou art good—immeasurably good.

Thou art my song! and when Thy name I breathe  
Light seems descending from Thy seat—to bear  
On wings of hope the trembling worshipper,  
To realms beyond the frozen clime of death.  
Then do the doubts and fears that overcast  
Man's perilous way depart, and rays divine,  
Tho' faint and feeble, o'er his pathway shine,  
Which point him to a resting-place at last,  
Whose very dreams are blessedness—for he  
Who has been tost upon a turbulent sea,  
Can by the distant shores encouraged be.

Thou art my song!—tho' in life's dreary maze,  
Sorrow and darkness seem to be my lot,  
And 'midst their heavy clouds I trace Thee not,  
Yet Thou art there—and gratitude shall raise  
Its early voice in reverence. Shifting days  
And opening weeks, shall—as they flow along,  
Leave some bright record of harmonious praise  
To Thee who art my glory and my song!

Thy sun awakes and sets—the world grows old  
And is renewed again. The seasons flow  
Unchanging in their changes—joy and woe  
Preside by turns—and then we are enroll'd  
Among the slumberers of the grave—but Thou  
To whom past, present, future are as *now*,  
Art still the same—still watching—still intent  
On Thy high purpose—from the labyrinth vast,



Where good and evil, joy and grief are blent  
 In common fate, to perfect—and present  
 A future,—gathered from the chequer'd past,  
 Where bliss shall be predominant—and spread  
 Wider and wider—till it shall embrace,  
 All the great family of the human race,  
 And give a crown of light to every head.—  
 O may I join that never-number'd throng,  
 And sing Thy praise eternal—Thou my song !

### Sunday Evening.

**L**ET not your hearts be troubled, but confide  
 'In me as ye confide in God ; I go  
 'A mansion for my followers to provide ;  
 'My Father's heavenly dwelling is supplied  
 'With many mansions ;—I had told ye so,  
 'Were there not room ; I hasten to prepare  
 'Your seats,—and soon will come again, and say,  
 'Be welcome :—where your Lord inhabits, there,  
 'There should his followers be : ye know the way ;  
 'I am the way, the truth, the life.'—'Twas thus  
 The Saviour spoke—and in that blessed road,  
 What flow'rets grow, what sunbeams shine on us,  
 All glowing with the brightness of our God !  
 Heaven seems to open round, the earth is still,  
 As if to sanctify us for the skies ;  
 All tending to the realms where blessing lies,  
 And joy and gladness, up the eternal hill.

As the heaven-guided prophet, when his eyes  
Stretch'd wearied o'er the peaceful promised land,  
Even as he stood on Canaan's shores, we stand.  
O night! how beautiful thy golden dress,  
On which so many stars like gems are strew'd ;  
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,  
So bright, so glorious in thy solitude !  
The soul soars upwards on its holy wings,  
Thro' the vast, ocean-paths of light sublime,  
Visits a thousand yet unravell'd things ;  
And, if its memories look to earthly time  
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream—  
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem ;  
While heaven is substance, and eternity.  
This is Thy temple, Lord! 'tis worthy Thee,  
And in it Thou hast many a lamp suspended,  
That dazzles not, but lights resplendently ;  
And there Thy Court is—there Thy court, attended  
By myriad, myriad messengers—the song  
Of countless and melodious harps is heard,  
Sweeter than rill, or stream, or vernal bird,  
The dark and melancholy woods among.  
And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,  
And roll in brightness, in their orbits vast ;  
And there the future mingles with the past,  
An unbeginning, an unending *now*.

Death! they may call thee what they will, but thou  
Art lovely in my eyes—thy thoughts to me  
No terror bring ; but silence and repose,  
And pleasing dreams, and soft serenity.  
Thou wear'st a wreath where many a wild flower blows

And breezes of the south play round thy throne;  
 And thou art visited by the calm bright moon;  
 And the gay spring her emerald mantle throws  
 Over thy bosom; every year renews  
 Thy grassy turf, while man beneath it sleeps;  
 Evening still bathes it with its gentle dews,  
 Which every morn day's glorious monarch sweeps  
 With his gay smile away: and so we lie,  
 Gather'd in the storehouse of mortality.  
 That storehouse overflows with heavenly seed;  
 And, planted by th' Eternal Husbandman,  
 Water'd and watch'd, it shall hereafter breed  
 A progeny of strength, no numbers can  
 Or reach or reckon. It shall people heaven;  
 Fill up the thrones of angels;—it shall found  
 A kingdom, knowing nor decay nor bound  
 Built on the base by Gospel promise given.

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**Monday Morning.**

**O** SWEET it is to know, to feel,  
 In all our gloom, our wand'rings here—  
 No night of sorrow can conceal  
 Man from Thy notice, from Thy care.

When disciplined by long distress,  
 And led through paths of fear and woe;  
 Say, dost Thou love Thy children less?  
 No, ever-gracious Father! No.

No distance can outreach Thine eye,  
No night obscure Thine endless day :  
Be this my comfort when I sigh,  
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

Unseen, yet everywhere Thou art ;  
Felt everywhere, yet all unknown !  
In the frail temple of my heart,  
As on Thine everlasting throne.

Where'er I turn, where'er I go,  
Spirit sublime ! Thy light, Thy love,  
Are there : in ocean-caves below,  
On yonder farthest orb above.

Thy presence in the shade is seen,  
As in the sunshine ; in a worm,  
As in a world ; in eve serene,  
As in the thunder of the storm.

Weak are our thoughts : our sight is dim,  
Or our uncurtain'd eye might see  
A sweeter, purer, holier beam  
In sorrow, than in revelry.

The fairest flow'rets of the mead,  
The sparkling gem, the insect gay,  
From the dark womb of earth proceed,  
And borrow from the dust their ray.

The glow-worm sparkling thro' the night,  
The star that twinkles in the sky ;

Take from surrounding gloom their light—  
Their splendour from obscurity.

And not the vilest, not the worst,  
His discipline of mercy proves :  
His chastening hand descends the first  
On those who love Him—those He loves.

Pride, power, would seem to pass their hours  
Basking in an unclouded day ;  
On them the dew of comfort showers,  
And crown'd with flowery wreaths are they !

'Tis false, 'tis vain ! those dews are cold—  
They fall—but they refresh not them ;  
And those fair-seeming flow'rets hold  
A canker in their budding stem.

In His just scales, the meanest thing  
That bears the name of man, when weigh'd  
Is dear as is the proudest king  
In all his glittering robes array'd.

The wretch who in the common street  
The victim of oppression falls,  
Is noble as the titled great  
Who dies in luxury's painted halls.

Men are deceived by idle names—  
'Tis easier to be rich than wise :  
And wisdom less distinction claims  
Than fortune's idle vanities.

But God the naked soul surveys—  
Its dress deserves not His regard :  
'Tis worth alone obtains His praise,  
And holiness His bright reward.

---

**Monday Evening.**

**T**HE evening twilight gently dies ;  
The air is cool ; the silent night  
Serenely reigns ; the curtain'd skies  
To contemplation's shrine invite ;  
The labours of the day are done :  
That man how exquisitely blest,  
Who, with the calm declining sun,  
Is shrouded in untroubled rest !

Thrice blest, who steals 'neath twilight's smile,  
Tranquil as yon fair arch above,  
To sleep, securely sleep awhile,  
In the kind arms of heavenly love ;  
With no reproaching voice within,  
To break upon the calm of bliss ;  
As evening's earliest dew serene,  
And gentle as the twilight is.

The sun of virtue while it glows  
Resplendent in its mid-day power,  
An ever-during radiance throws  
On every distant future hour ;



'Tis like the rose, whose beauties fade,  
But whose sweet odours, saved by art,  
A sphere of wider space pervade,  
A fragrance more condens'd impart.

O wretched he whose vanish'd past  
No promise for the future leaves ;  
Whose present is a joyless waste,  
Where gloomy disappointment grieves  
O'er pleasures pall'd—o'er hopes destroy'd—  
Time wasted—talents buried—life  
Trifled—neglected—unenjoyed—  
'Midst folly's whims, and passion's strife.

And life is such a flitting thing,  
And joy is such a glancing star,  
And such vain sprites, on shadowy wing,  
The train of earth's delusions are,  
That he who builds his towering schemes  
On surge-like bases—such as these—  
Rears but a pyramid of dreams  
Upon the ever-shifting seas.

Alas ! the brightest and the best  
Of earthly pleasures soon decay ;  
The sweetest and the loveliest  
Glide, like a passing breeze, away.  
Yes ! e'en like nature's fairest birth,  
The flow'rets blushing thro' the dew,  
The rude wind sweeps them from the earth—  
But not like flowers, to smile anew.

E'en like the fell'd, the fallen tree,  
That east or west, in ruin lies—  
Crush'd by the stroke of destiny,  
Man, with the dull dust blended, dies.  
But he shall from that bed arise,  
Renew'd by heaven's eternal spring ;  
And in the garden of the skies  
Bloom in eternal blossoming.

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**Tuesday Morning.**

**H**OW wisely is the stream of life controll'd  
In its mild course—exhausted and renew'd ;  
When toiling day its hurried tide has roll'd,  
Comes night's sweet season ;—a vicissitude  
Of labour and of rest ;—the day-rays shine  
Upon the mountains,—and I *live again* :  
Yet blest it is our spirits to resign  
To the calm influence of midnight's reign.  
Land of pure freedom—kingdom of repose !  
I lay and slept—the day had hid his beam,  
And my tired spirit at the evening's close  
Slept with the sun—while many a lovely dream  
Play'd with my wandering intellect, and spread  
It's soften'd colouring round me,—and I breath'd  
In new existence, by bright fancy led  
To realms, in which eternal garlands wreath'd  
The enfranchised spirit. What a blessedness,  
Tho' for a moment only, to take wing  
To the fair regions of eternal peace,

The paradise of everlasting spring,  
Whose life-source is immortal ! E'en this world  
Were a most privileged, most bright abode,  
If hence—imagination's wings unfurl'd  
Could sometimes waft th' aspiring soul to God.  
Man's hopes and fears may seem confined, to him  
Whose vision stretches not o'er mortal things ;  
But the most distant star's invisible beam,  
Or comet in his farthest journeyings,  
Or all the extent which philosophic ken  
Has given to infinite space—th' elastic soul  
Springs over ; these, and more than these, in vain  
Her free and untir'd wand'rings would control.  
At will, she travels on from sun to sun—  
System to system—peoples as she flies  
Unnumber'd stars—an all-creating one !  
Dives into nature's deepest mysteries ;  
Unlocks the gates of death, and holds communion  
With spirits of the tomb ; and yet this spark,  
So bright and beautiful, is held in union  
With mortal clay,—unintellectual, dark,  
And seems to perish. It can perish never.  
Born of the heavens, again to heaven it speeds  
To dwell in its own home—to shine for ever,  
Divested of its dull and mortal weeds.

Great Being ! who hast placed Thy pilgrim here,  
In the dull twilight of this shadow-land,  
O lead me to that brighter, better sphere,  
'Neath the mild influence of Thy guiding hand.  
Let me partake Thy gifts, Thy gifts improve ;  
Enjoy Thy sunshine here, and pluck the flowers

Strew'd on my path by Thy benignant love ;  
Inhale the freshness of the morning hours,  
The fragrance of the evening breeze ; and see  
In all things Thy directing spirit, Lord !  
Thou, in all nature visible—all in Thee :  
And hear Thy voice, Thine all-impressive word,  
In every sound of air, or earth, or sea ;  
For all—O God ! are pregnant with Thy praise—  
And I thus join the general harmony,  
And my low song of grateful worship raise.

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**Tuesday Evening.**

**T**O Thee, my God ! to Thee I bring  
The evening's grateful offering ;  
From Thee, the source of joy above,  
Flow everlasting streams of love ;  
And all the rays of light that shine,  
And bless creation, Lord ! are Thine.

From the green valley, glad and gay,  
Among whose flowers the zephyrs play,  
Up to the azure hill, whose height  
And distance bound the far-stretch'd sight,  
Rearing its proud head silently ;  
All, all is eloquent with Thee.

And from the little worm, whose light  
Shines palely thro' the shades of night,

Up to the sparkling stars that run  
Their evening rounds—or glorious sun,  
Rolling his car to twilight's rest—  
All, all in Thee is bright and blest.

The morn, when stepping down the hills—  
The noon, which all creation fills  
With glory—evening's placid fall—  
The twilight—and the raven pall  
Of midnight—all alike proclaim  
Thy great, Thine all-impressive name.

When in the darkness deep and dull  
The shining stars look beautiful ;  
When the blue heavens that we behold,  
Are sprinkled o'er with living gold,  
And the calm breeze speaks whisperingly—  
We hold communion, Lord ! with Thee.

A thousand suns around us rise,  
As bright as lamps of paradise ;  
While countless stars, commingling, play  
In yonder devious milky way ;  
And the tall hills and valleys deep,  
Are wrapt in calm and solemn sleep.

And softly sink night's shades again  
Upon the shifting tents of men ;  
And welcome is the evening hour,  
And sweet the midnight's magic power,  
Which thro' the silence of the air  
Visits the heart, and triumphs there.

'Tis still, and darkness' mild control  
Revives, renews the wearied soul—  
Its mild, benignant influence,  
Strengthens again th' exhausted sense ;  
And when the morning twilight breaks,  
A re-created man awakes.

On the green branch the slumb'ring bird  
Broods calmly—in the woods is heard  
Nor voice, nor echo—silent all,  
Except the untired waterfall,  
That seems to glide more sweetly on,  
Because its song is heard alone.

But over all—above, below,  
We see *Thee*—ever-present Thou !  
In every wand'ring rill that flows,  
In every gentle breeze that blows ;  
In every rising, setting sun,  
We trace Thee—own Thee—holy One !

Yes ! in the mid-day's fervid beams,  
And in the midnight's shadowy dreams,  
In action and repose, we see  
We recognise and worship Thee ;  
To Thee our worthiest songs would give,  
And in Thee die, and to Thee live.

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**Wednesday Morning.**

FATHER! at whose awakening nod  
 The early day-break gilds the hills;  
 'Tis Thine almighty mandate, God!  
 Which mountain, valley, sea and sod,  
 With light and joy and glory fills.

To Thee my spirit fain would soar,  
 To Thee my trusting eye would look,  
 In holiest confidence adore,  
 And read with sweetest pleasure o'er  
 Nature's impressive, varied book.

'Tis Thy benignant hand, that sheds  
 Its light, its wisdom thro' our breast;  
 And, like a gentle shepherd, leads  
 Thy wandering flocks thro' fruitful meads,  
 To the calm fold of peace and rest.

The peace which earth hath never given,  
 The pure, self-sacrificing love,  
 The joy which flows alone from heaven,  
 The silent bliss, like summer's even,  
 The hope, which has its shrine above;—

All these, and more than these, are Thine!  
 The truth, which has its source in Thee,  
 Who art all truth! the strength divine  
 Of virtue, and the golden mine  
 Of dignified humanity.

These are Thy gifts ; and these shall be  
My pure, habitual offering ;  
Accept, great God of purity !  
Accept, forgive benignantly,  
The imperfect tribute that I bring.

Lord ! when I seek Thy face, I feel  
I am but dust—the sprinkled dew  
Of morning,—but the tow'ring will  
That soars to heaven, is heavenly still—  
And man, tho' clay, is *spirit* too.

Yes ! I can feel that, tho' a clod  
Of the dark vale, there is a *sense*  
Of better things—the fit abode  
Of *something* tending up to God—  
A germ of pure intelligence.

I know not how th' Eternal hand  
Has moulded man—but this I know,  
That while 'midst earth's strange scenes I stand,  
Bright visions of a better land  
Go with me still, where'er I go.

And surely dreams so pure, so sweet,  
Friendly to hope and joy and worth,  
Are not the phantoms of deceit,  
Delusions sent to blind, to cheat  
The weary, wand'ring sons of earth.

No! no such dazzling errors these,  
 As when, in Zara's deserts vast,  
 The exhausted, panting traveller sees  
 Bright lakes, that mock his miseries,  
 And prove but burning sands at last.

If in the breast of man there be  
 (And sure as he exists there is)  
 The seed of immortality,  
 Who bids it grow there? Who, but He  
 Who *destined* him to endless bliss.

My God! we are thine offspring—time  
 Is but our infancy—the earth  
 Our cradle—but our *home's* a clime  
 Eternal, sorrowless, sublime—  
 Heaven is the country of our birth!

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### Wednesday Evening.

THE day is past,—night's gentle power renews  
 Its holy influence o'er created things;  
 The earth is bathed in evening's gentle dews,  
 And over man sleep waves its plummy wings,  
 So roll's life's day of brightness—and its eve  
 Comes softly stealing, when the pilgrim tires!  
 We rest upon earth's silent lap, and leave  
 Its busy cares, to sleep where slept our sires.  
 Lo! that sweet infant on its mother's breast!  
 The proud world smiles around him, glad and gay;

But soon that bosom will be sooth'd to rest—  
And death shall sweep that laughing child away.  
No place is crowded like the peopled tomb ;  
Death from his victories reposes never ;  
Each moment's pregnant with some mortal's doom,  
And hearts are breaking—myriads mourning ever.

Thou God of life ! thou Arbiter of death !  
Thou wip'st the death-sweat from the cold pale brow,  
Thou listenest to the last departing breath,  
And linkest our hereafter to our now.  
O let that *now* roll tranquilly along,  
Gilded by that *hereafter*. Spirit of love !  
Let Thy kind angels round my footsteps throng,  
And point my hopes, my thoughts, my prayers above ;  
And in the bed of sickness—or the tomb  
Of desolation, when my ashes rest—  
There may these holy visitations come,  
Ministering spirits from their regions blest.  
And while I linger in this forest dark  
Of mortal life, let my aspiring eye  
Catch from the heavenly world one smiling spark  
To light my onward pilgrimage on high.

Dull is the lightning to the meanest beam,  
Which e'en from heaven's extremest bound is driven ;  
The sun is darkness, to one ray from Him  
Who kindled all the fires of earth and heaven.  
All-kind, all-holy Father ! Thou, whose grace  
Illumined every star that's hung in air ;  
Guardian of nature ! Thou, whose glorious face  
Is shadow'd forth in all that's bright or fair !  
There are ten thousand blessed spirits that roam

O'er this dark world—and voices numberless—  
 We hear them, but we know not whence they come ;  
 Ten thousand golden harps are strung, and bless  
 With their soft music the delighted ear—  
 It is from heaven, and heavenly is its tone—  
 'Holy!' they cry—those choirs of angels hear!  
 'Thrice holy One!' they sing, 'Thrice holy One!'

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**Thursday Morning.**

**C**OME forth in thy purple robes again,  
 Thou brightest star of heaven!  
 Another day the Guardian of men  
 Has to His children given.  
 Receive the gift with gratitude ;  
 My soul! to thy Maker ascend,  
 And bear thy songs to the source of good,  
 To thy Father and thy Friend.

Bring him thy morning tribute meet,  
 Devotion's offering ;  
 How privileged to hold communion sweet  
 With thine and creation's King!  
 I look around,—a thousand things  
 Enjoy the sunny beam ;  
 And nature her million voices brings  
 To form an anthem to Him.

O join the songs of the air, the grove,  
 And the chorus of the sea ;  
 For, hark! the spirits of light above  
 Re-echo the harmony.

And see! ten thousand angels smile  
    Thro' the firmament's golden doors ;  
And from silver clouds, heaven's hand the while  
    Scatters our path with flowers.

The senses indeed must be dark and dull,  
    That in nature no charms can see ;  
For beauty's self is more beautiful  
    To the eye of piety.  
And deaf indeed is the clay-cold ear,  
    That no sounds of music greet ;  
Tho' nought as the music of praise and prayer  
    Is half so exquisite.

And why should a man a distant bliss  
    So eagerly, fondly chase,  
While the holy joys of a world like this  
    Invite his present embrace ;  
Are the unknown beings of yonder zone  
    More privileged than we ?  
Does a shorter year, or a brighter sun,  
    Imply felicity ?

They may wander perchance in groves of palms,  
    And dwell in palaces bright ;  
They may breathe an air as sweet as balm,  
    And be clad in robes of light ;  
Yet there, as here, the fatal grave  
    Will o'er their possessions close ;  
And the more they hope, and the more they have,  
    The more they are destined to lose.



O let our portion content us then,  
 The portion which God has given ;  
 For man is the fair earth's denizen,  
 And the heritor of heaven.  
 Above him are gorgeous, golden clouds,  
 That roll in glory afar ;  
 And the night, which its bosom in darkness shrouds  
 Is sprinkled with many a star.

And brighter and fairer than star or sun  
 Is the light that beams from on high ;  
 A light which conducts its pilgrims on  
 To the shrine of eternal joy ;  
 And thither our towering thoughts shall soar,  
 And there the tried spirit shall rest ;  
 While hope bursts open the heavenly door  
 Of the mansions of the blest.

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**Thursday Evening.**

**C**ALM is the eve, and nature's wasting strength  
 Is, by the gentle influence of repose,  
 Repair'd, rekindled ;—with the morning's dawn,  
 As if new-born, the world awakes ; and throws  
 The wearying burden of existence down,  
 When night invites to rest.

And such new birth  
 In soul and spirit well beseemeth man ;  
 His grosser part decays and dies away ;  
 Then let him fan that bright, immortal spark,

Glimmering in the recesses of his heart,  
That light's up virtue's flame, and wisdom's torch—  
The torch of heavenly wisdom ;—that pure star,  
Which shines as sweetly as Aldebaran  
Thro' the dark grating of a prison-house ;  
Guided by this, man shall be free indeed  
In the transcendent glorious liberty  
Which our Deliverer wrought and perfected.

He who is born of the corporeal sense,  
Is but a heavy, useless mass obscure,  
Till lighted by the Spirit, that gives life  
And beauty and perfection. Then indeed  
A glorious birth succeeds—the power of death  
Is broken, and the enfranchised prisoner walks  
In the expanse of heaven and blessedness ;  
So privileged is regenerated man !  
His influence is as gentle and as sweet  
As that of evening's breath, which silently  
Steals over nature—musical its voice,  
Unseen its workings,—but upon its wings  
Sit cheerfulness and health. The pilgrim feels  
Its fresh and honest greeting, and moves on,  
Cheer'd and supported. He has raised a pile  
To wisdom, and there worships, and there keeps  
Habitual court, and every morn and night  
Lights up pure incense at the holy shrine,  
And takes another step tow'rds heaven and God.

O Thou ! whose light-encircled throne is built  
Upon eternity—listen ! May his lot  
Be Thy now-worshipping servant's ; let my path  
Thus lead me to thy presence. Even here

I see Thy glory beaming thence—I hear,  
 Amidst the harmony of thousand stars,  
 Some angel-voice inviting ;—and I feel  
 As if the garlands of celestial growth  
 Had touch'd my forehead. O transporting dream !  
 Beautiful visions of that land of joy,  
 Unveil'd by God, and clad in starry light !  
 O privileged moment ! when the gates of heaven  
 Glitter resplendently upon my view ;  
 In that soft light so sweetly shining now,  
 Amidst those visions thro' the shades of time,  
 Beneath those stars which so serenely smile—  
 My heart shall be devoted all to Thee.

---

**Friday Morning.\***

**F**IRST, Mightiest Deity ! Eternal Mind !  
 Revealed—but hidden One !  
 Thou in a veil of fadeless glory shrin'd,  
 Yet to all seen and known !  
 Holy Jehovah ! whose immortal essence  
 I weigh not,—but confess—  
 And feel Thine influence, Thy celestial presence,  
 In all my happiness.  
 All lives, all breathes, all vegetates in Thee ;  
 Thy power all being gives ;  
 The bird upsoars, the fish divides the sea—

\* Address to the Incomprehensible God, from the Spanish of Melendez.

Man understands, and lives.  
The farther my inquiring thoughts advance,  
The farther dost Thou fly—  
And nought I see, but mine own ignorance  
And Thine immensity.  
Thee, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain,  
How should those thoughts embrace?  
My feeble reason strives and soars in vain  
Thy cloud-wrapt path to trace.  
That reason in the infinite recess  
Of dazzling light is drown'd,  
And, blinded in its night of nothingness,  
Bows, humbled to the ground.  
For if to man to know Thee it were given,  
He would be like to Thee ;  
Would wrest Thy sceptre, and usurp in heaven  
Thy throne of majesty.  
But Thou art far beyond my knowledge, Lord !  
Filling all space—all time.  
The first—the last—ungovern'd and ador'd !  
Thou mak'st Thy path sublime—  
Thou givest motion to the heavens—Thy hand  
Pours out the deep, proud sea ;  
And the adamantine pillars of the land  
Are rear'd and propp'd by Thee.  
Thy way is in th' empyreum—and Thy feet  
Tread the eternal hills ;  
Yet Thy glance visits death's profoundest pit,  
And night with brightness fills ;  
And from that car of light where Thou dost ride,  
Thine eye serene and holy,

Mourns over man's intolerable pride,  
Laughs at his towering folly.  
But Thou art vaster than the unbounded sky,  
And the unfathom'd ocean ;  
Thou art—and wert before eternity—  
Before or rest or motion.  
How shall I praise Thee?—Seraphs, when they bring  
The homage of their lyre,  
Veil their bright face beneath their flaming wing,  
And tremble and retire.  
Eternal Majesty—Immense Abyss !  
Light and Infinity !  
Canst Thou unveil Thee to a worm like this ?  
No ! 'Tis all dark to me.  
Who art Thou ? Where ? O condescend to speak,  
And let Thy servant hear :—  
O lend me wings—and I my God will seek  
Thro' every rolling sphere.  
I'll ask the rapid wind, I'll ask the storm,  
I'll ask Orion bright—  
Say, hast thou seen His venerable form,  
The shadow of His light ?  
I'll meet the comet in his fiery way,  
Stay Sirius on his road—  
I'll stop the hurrying night, the hastening day,  
To tell me—where is God ?  
I'll ask—forgive my daring, gracious One !  
And lead the wanderer home ;  
O may I catch one light-beam from Thy throne,  
Thro' ages yet to come !  
For how should earthly dust presume to rise

So daringly, so high?  
And how should dim and dying mortal eyes  
Bear splendours of the sky?  
I cannot bear them;—but I feel and know,  
That Thou art everywhere;  
And worms and worlds—the lofty and the low,  
All, all Thy power declare;  
All, all Thy love proclaim—Thy power and love,  
Obvious to every sense;  
And heard in all, around, beneath, above,  
In varied eloquence.  
I see Thee in the flower—I feel Thee still  
In every breath of air;  
I hear Thee in the music of the rill,  
God! Thou art everywhere.  
This is enough all sadness to control,  
All doubts and fears to chase;  
And to shed over my enraptured soul  
The rivers of Thy grace.  
To contemplate—enjoy—admire—adore—  
And send sweet thoughts tow'rd heaven;  
What can an earthly spirit ask for more?  
What more to man be given?  
Lost in Thy works,—yet full of humble trust,  
I close the worthless lay;  
Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,  
And in meek silence pray.

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**Friday Evening.**

**H**OUR after hour steals rapidly away,  
 Bearing past pleasures on its airy wings,  
 E'en like the sunny clouds, which evening's ray  
 Gilds with ten thousand bright and beauteous things  
 Where are the million million actors now  
 That once this busy scene of being trod ?  
 All garner'd underneath the grassy sod,  
 Sleeping yon heaps of turf, or stone, below !  
 'Tis fleeting all,—all false ;—in life's rude sea,  
 Religion is the only towering rock ;  
 A thousand ages roll on hurriedly—  
 It stands unshaken by the billow's shock ;  
 It stands unshaken. Mountains tottering fall,  
 Hills bow,—and forests, cities, shrines decay ;  
 There's no security, no staff, nor stay—  
 Time's mighty curtain must envelop all.  
 But thou, heaven's daughter, hast in heaven thy throne,  
 Thy chariot moves with the unclouded sun ;  
 Thy light, thy strength, immortal and alone,  
 Roll in their full career of glory on.  
 What tho' the door of evening's twilight close ?  
 What tho' the voice of death may call aloud ?  
 In midnight's gloom a star of Eden glows—  
 A beam of heavenly hope illumines the shroud.  
 Fulfil thy journey, pilgrim ! all may fade,  
 Fail, perish round thee—death shall dim thine eye,  
 Shall freeze thy beating heart—and thou shalt lie  
 A silent slumberer in the realms of shade ;  
 Yet faint not,—fear not ! let thy nobler sense

Look upward—it shall see delightful gleams  
Smiling from heaven—catch pure intelligence  
From realms of truth—and from the idle dreams  
Of earth escaping, build a holy fane  
To those high principles, unshaken, real,  
Tow'ring above these passing scenes ideal,  
And chase the flitting clouds of time and pain.

Ours is a faith, nurtured and nourished  
In the inmost heart—but not imprison'd there—  
With holy thoughts and aspirations fed,  
The object of its worship always near ;  
That object—the all-present Spirit of God—  
A Spirit more diffused than is the light,  
(For it no twilight knows, nor clouds, nor night,)  
Beaming thro' all—yet fixing its abode  
In the recesses of the pious breast.

Ye soft and beautiful dreams ! whose origin  
Is, when life's day is purest, holiest,  
Ere tinged by suffering, or stain'd by sin ;  
Growing with our growth, and strength'ning with our  
strength,

And glowing in our full maturity,  
Till, mingled with our being, they shall be  
The link that binds us to our heaven at length.

This world has nought to soothe or satisfy  
The spirit, save the lustre it receives  
(Like sun-beams glimmering thro' the dewy eaves)  
From the bright influence of eternity.

**Saturday Morning.**

THE sand of another week has run,  
All but its last and closing day :  
And its few remnant moments soon  
The common ruin will sweep away.  
Time hurries, as the sparkling ray  
That dances on the fleeting stream.  
Is life a dream?—Ah! if a dream,  
A dream of sad reality.  
Whether we trace the days gone by,  
Or to the cheating future look—  
'Tis all a dark and gloomy book,  
Which vice and folly, stubborn will,  
And silent blanks, and sorrow fill.  
And so we are driven—driven ever,  
Down time's impetuous, wintry river.  
One is unchanged—and He alone ;  
Th' Immutable—the glorious One !  
His plans are never thwarted—He  
For each his destined portion pours ;  
Drives these along the troubled sea,  
Those lands upon the peaceful shores.  
Who reads His mysteries?—Who can tell  
The deep recesses of His plan?—  
Who sees the great Invisible ?  
Who can unveil a God to man ?  
None!—but His love to each hath given  
A holy visitant from heaven ;  
A guardian spirit from that sphere,  
For an attending angel here ;—

'Tis virtue! and her kingdom stands  
Firmly erected in the breast :  
O see her lift her welcoming hands,  
And call her children to her rest.  
What fear they?—Ever onwards prest  
From good to better, still improving—  
Now their bright thoughts o'er Eden roving,  
Now, in the midst of earthly night,  
Stretching an anxious, eager eye  
To realms of immortality,  
And drinking in pure streams of light,  
From the eternal fountains flowing ;  
Gifts of joy on all bestowing—  
Wiping off the dewy tear  
That drops upon the sufferer's cheek ;  
Smiling on the pure, the meek,  
Like a heavenly comforter ;  
Thro' life's discords sweetly breathing  
Music, soft as twilight hours ;  
With the thorny garland wreathing  
Lilies, roses, fairest flowers ;  
Looking beautifully through  
All the clouds of grief or scorn,  
As the primrose thro' the dew,  
Scatter'd by the hand of morn :  
Now on pinions of the air—  
Now on ocean—now on land,  
Tracing the Almighty hand  
All-directing everywhere.  
In the blue expanse above—  
On earth's robe of green below

Strewing beauty, shedding love :  
 Stars that shine, and flowers that blow,  
 Rills that musically flow,  
 Mountains that majestic rise,  
 Torches, altars, melodies—  
 All Thou lovest, ledest, lightest :  
 Thou, of all things holiest, brightest,  
 Greatest, best ! Thy glorious praise  
 Thus I utter lowly, lonely :  
 Thou, my God, my Father only—  
 Thus to Thee I tune my lays !

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### Saturday Evening.

**T**HRO' the thick trees the evening breezes speak,  
 And ripple the calm surface of the lake ;  
 And heaven is clad in its star-spangled robe ;  
 While stillness lulls to rest the weary globe ;  
 Thus days and weeks roll on—thus all things tend,  
 Thro' various issues to one common end.

Now night resumes her rest-compelling rod,  
 And all is hush'd to soft repose, but God !  
 Now let my soul direct its flight to *Him*,  
 And, soaring o'er this shadowy darkness dim,  
 Reach the lov'd threshold of His throne divine,  
 And bring accepted tribute to His shrine.  
 The week is past—the sabbath dawn comes on :  
 Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done ;  
 And standing as thou standest, on the brink

Of a new scene of being, calmly think  
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be—  
As one that trembles on eternity.  
For sure as this now-closing week is past,  
So sure advancing time will close thy last ;  
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light  
Of the eternal morning hail thy sight.

Spirit of Good ! on this week's verge I stand,  
Tracing the guiding influence of Thy hand ;  
That hand which leads me gently, kindly still  
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill :  
Thou, Thou in every storm hast shelter'd me  
Beneath the wing of Thy benignity ;—  
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,  
And I exist—Thy mercy's monument !  
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain—  
I live—and pleasure flows thro' every vein.  
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand—  
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.  
How can I praise Thee, Father ! how express  
My debt of reverence, and of thankfulness ?  
A debt that no intelligence can count,  
While every moment swells its vast amount.

For the week's duties Thou hast given me strength,  
And brought me to its tranquil close at length ;  
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise  
A fresh memorial to Thy glorious praise :  
And if inspired by reverent trust,—and free  
From vain presumption, it may reach e'en Thee ;  
But ah ! the least of all Thy gifts exceeds  
The best, the holiest of my thoughts or deeds.



Were I but worthy of Thy love !—I will—  
If Thy pure Spirit help me to fulfil  
This solemn pledge : I will—Thy blessing, Lord,  
Shall give a sacred influence to the word,  
And hallow and confirm the humble vow—  
My Friend, my Father! O confirm it now !

## THIRD WEEK.

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### *AUTUMN.*

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#### **Sunday Morning.**

**O**F all the gifts conferr'd by heaven,  
Time is the brightest—is the best ;  
Through time eternity is given ;  
By earthly labours—heavenly rest.

While days and weeks pass gently by,  
How little do we deem that these  
Are germs of immortality—  
The buds of mightiest destinies !

Yet not too fondly let us trust  
The flitting, fading morning's ray :  
All earthly promises are dust ;  
All earthly pyramids are clay.

Time's visions are but treachery,  
Soon wreck'd on dark oblivion's wave ;  
Its paths, however bright they be,  
Lead to one common spot—the grave.

The grave may bound the views of some—  
To me it is no boundary ;  
For the dull prison of the tomb  
Is but the gate of life to me.

I will not seek my birthright here ;  
A few vile pageants—grasp them—they,  
Tho' bright and shining they appear,  
Melt into air, and pass away.

My hopes are higher, nobler far—  
They are immortal, splendid, bright ;  
Pure, lofty as yon morning star,  
That shines with clear and holy light.

My thoughts ascend above the earth,  
And seek their primal, proud abode ;  
The country of their heavenly birth,  
The land of peace, of joy, of God.

My mortal robes I'll cast aside,  
And there be clad as angels are—  
And with the sun in glory ride,  
On his fire-girded, dazzling car.

Wherever joy or virtue is—  
Farther than eye could e'er discern :—  
Strange that a world so mean as this  
Should e'er engage my chief concern.

Strange ! that these fleeting, fading forms,  
Which Heaven has named *immortal men*,

Rising from dust like reptile worms,  
So turn to vilest dust again.

Strange ! that this nobly-fashion'd mould,  
In which a very god might dwell,  
Should only live to dig for gold—  
And perish in its narrow cell.

Strange ! when that shining, shifting ore  
Is but delusive, dazzling clay—  
A shell men grasp—and grasp no more,  
E'en while they throw the pearl away.

A higher destiny is mine,  
And brighter hopes, and holier cares ;  
Thoughts stretching on to joys divine ;  
Hours pregnant with eternal years !

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**Sunday Evening.**

**W**ELCOME the hour of sweet repose,  
The evening of the sabbath day !  
In peace my wearied eyes shall close  
When I have tuned my vesper lay  
In humble gratitude to Him  
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,  
In the calm solitude of even,  
To hold with heaven communion meet,  
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven ;  
And, in this wilderness beneath,  
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe !

It may be that the Eternal Mind  
Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss  
Where should we then His presence find,  
But in an hour so blest as this—  
An hour of calm tranquillity,  
Silent, as if to welcome Thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,  
Descending from His seat divine,  
May deign upon this earth to dwell—  
Where shall He find a welcoming shrine,  
But in the breast of man who bears  
His image, and His spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade  
My soul,—and let my heart prepare  
A throne :—Come, veil'd in awful shade,  
Spirit of God! that I may dare  
Hail Thee!—nor, like Thy prophet, be  
Blinded by Thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wand'ring thoughts within,  
To hold communion, Lord! with Thee;  
And, purified from taint of sin  
And earth's pollutions, let me see  
Thine image,—for a moment prove,  
If not Thy majesty, Thy love.

That love which over all is shed—  
Shed on the worthless as the just;  
Lighting the stars above our head,  
And waking beauty out of dust;

And rolling in its glorious way  
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To Him alike the living stream  
And the dull regions of the grave :  
All watch'd, protected all, by Him,  
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,  
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,  
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand  
Drops in the hour-glass, never still,  
So gather'd in by death's rude hand,  
The storehouse of the grave we fill ;  
And sleep in peace, as safely kept  
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here?—To tend  
From good to better—thence to best ;  
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend  
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;  
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,  
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun  
Of our existence sinks in night,  
Memorials sweet of mercies done  
May 'shrine our names in memory's light ;  
And the blest seeds we scatter'd, bloom  
A hundred fold in days to come.



**Monday Morning.**

**W**AKED by Thy sun, again my thoughts ascend  
 To Thee, my heavenly Father! and they blend  
 In one devotional hymn of praise and prayer.  
 All-present Being! now the morning air  
 Is calm, is fragrant with Thy spirit—bright  
 With the reflected influence of Thy light.  
 The trees are bending with Thy rich supplies ;  
 It is Thy beauty-giving hand that dyes  
 The purple grape—that thro' the vales, the meads,  
 The many-colour'd flowers wide-blooming spreads ;  
 Crimson the downy peach,—and skirts the wood  
 With many a golden ridge,—and tips the flood  
 With radiance stolen from heaven ; the praise be Thine,  
 Father, Creator, Leader, King Divine !  
 Eternal Source of joy ! 'tis *Thou* dost bless  
 With all we hope for, all that we possess ;  
 When the world sleeps in darkness, Thy pure eye  
 Looks sweetly out on its obscurity ;  
 Until the awaken'd sun his standard rears,  
 And in his glorious crown of light appears  
 Rising o'er the orient mountains ; life, renew'd,  
 Re-animates the busy multitude  
 That swarm upon earth's bosom.—Joy again  
 Waves her bright wing over the countless train  
 Of beings, whom heaven's never-sleeping eye  
 Watch'd thro' the night, and now to the energy  
 Of day recalls.—I bow myself in dust,  
 And feel Thy awful hand sublime and just,  
 And own Thy hallow'd presence—for I see

O'er all, and in all, Thy benignity.  
And I would kiss Thy rod—and to *Thee* fly,  
As my best refuge : Thou art ever nigh,  
E'en in the shades of earth—and brighter still,  
Beyond the summit of that clouded hill  
Which veils futurity.—Now hear my prayer,  
And be Thy staff my guide, my steps Thy care ;  
Thy call I follow ; summon where it may,  
Thy hand shall guide—where'er it points the way  
Thy light illumine, and Thy Spirit cheer ;  
Thine influence, ever active, ever near,  
Shall gild the smiling hour with brighter ray,  
And give to darkness some sweet gleams of day ;  
Shall lead us gently through our pilgrimage,  
And drop us safely in the lap of age ;  
And watch our bed of slumber,—and awake  
From the grave's dreams, when the great morn shall  
    break  
Upon the realms of death—and waft us on,  
Borne on faith's pinions to the Eternal's throne.

---

**Monday Evening.**

**O** GOD ! Thy kingdom is a mansion bright,  
    Where peace and joy and truth and love and  
    light  
Mingle harmoniously ; while like a sun  
Thine eye of holiness looks sweetly down.  
There the heart rests 'midst sacred visions, beaming

From yon side death,—whence tides of splendour  
streaming,

Bear from heaven's throne—heaven's glowing golden  
seat,

An effluence of glory infinite ;

Covering the earth with hope and blessedness,

And wiping the wet eyelids of distress ;

Guiding the blind, encouraging the weak,

And teaching even infant tongues to speak

In accents of devotion ;—those who fall

Upraising, lighting, leading, blessing all.

In the soft stillness of obscurity,

The hour of calm, the hour of ecstasy,

In hope, in memory, in the thoughts that rise

Beyond the clouded mansions of the skies,

In all on earth that's heavenly—all above—

Temp'ring with earthly memories, earthly love—

Where'er there's joy, Thy shadow'd Presence is,

And the whole universe is full of bliss ;

For earth is link'd to heaven—and all we see

And suffer, ripens to felicity.

There is a Spirit o'er creation spread,

Tho' darkness draw its curtains round our head,

And sorrow's streams flow at our mortal feet,—

There is a Spirit, sanctified and sweet,

That breathes of other scenes and holier things,

Broods o'er the earth with healing on its wings,

And is an angel-messenger from heaven :

There is a Spirit to our spirits given,

Which holds communion with our nobler part,

That sheds a hallow'd influence on our heart ;

Gives pinions to our thoughts, and to our prayers,  
And harmonizes all our doubts and cares  
To meek submission—an Intelligence  
That gladdens with its living influence  
All space, all time,—and trains our earthly eye  
To bear the blaze of immortality.

As in the silence of a cloudless night  
The gentle moon disperses her soft light  
Thro' the low murmuring trees, which evening's gale  
Plays on in sportiveness 'midst shadows pale,  
And the earth sleeps beneath the sway serene  
Of midnight's chaste and glory-circled queen ;  
So, in the calm of holiness, the soul  
Reposes 'neath religion's blest control,  
Lighted with radiance from a higher sphere :  
Nor shall that radiance e'er desert us here,  
Till all our earthly labours shall be done,  
And we be gathered homeward one by one.

---

**Tuesday Morning.**

**T**HE stars have sunk in yon concave blue,  
And the sun is peeping thro' the dew ;  
Thy Spirit, Lord ! doth nature fill—  
Before Thee angels' tongues are still,  
And seraphs hush their golden strings  
In Thy high presence, King of Kings !  
How then shall I, a clod of clay,  
Or lift my voice, or tune my lay ?

Thou ! who the realms of space and time  
Dost people with Thy might sublime ;

Whose power is felt below, above,  
Felt in Thy wisdom, in Thy love ;  
Whose awful voice is heard around,  
Heard in its silence as its sound ;  
Whose lovely Spirit doth pervade  
Alike the sunshine and the shade,  
And shines and smiles in sorrow's night  
As clearly as in pleasure's light.  
Thou in the evening's silence deep  
Cradlest the weary world in sleep ;  
And, when the sun mounts o'er the hill,  
Call'st us our duties to fulfil.

'Tis Thou who o'er the billowy sea  
Dost ride in awful majesty,  
Walkest sublime on the winds, and greetest  
The spirit of day, when fairest and sweetest  
It fills the bosom of nature with bliss—  
In moments as calm and holy as this.  
We see Thee then in light arrayed,  
Dispersing all the twilight's shade,  
Tuning the music of the bee,  
Painting the flowers' variety,  
Waking the thousand smiles that are playing  
On morning's cheeks,—and viewless straying  
With the mild breeze, over hill and plain,  
Turning to gold the autumnal grain,  
Giving the rose its blushing hue,  
Changing to diamonds drops of dew,  
Gathering the vapours from the main,  
Scattering them o'er the earth again :  
Then it is, that nature's throng

Join in the joyous, general song ;  
Then Thy Spirit shines brighter, clearer,  
Then Thy voice speaks softer, nearer ;  
Then Thy sun would seem to wear  
His festival robes of beauty rare,  
And all creation glad and gay,  
Revels as in a holiday.

Lord! Thou hast thunders—but they sleep ;  
Storms—but they now their prisons keep :  
Nothing is breathing below, above,  
But the spirit of harmony, joy, and love ;  
Nothing is seen or heard around,  
But beauty's smiles, and music's sound,  
Music re-echoed in earth and air,  
Beauty that's visible everywhere ;  
Join the concert—share the joy ;  
Why should the cares of earth alloy  
Pleasures which heaven itself has given,  
Heavenly pleasures which lead to heaven ?

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**Tuesday Evening.**

**S**TILLNESS reigns—the vapours steal  
Slowly down the mountain's brow,  
And the evening shadows veil  
Nature's face of brightness now ;  
Flowers put off their glorious dress,  
All the morning smiles are fled,  
Earth is wrapt in loneliness  
And the silence of the dead.



Thus beneath the hand of God  
Nature wakes and sleeps; but still  
All-obedient to His nod,  
All-submissive to His will.  
So we flourish, so we fade :  
Drinking now life's cup of joy,  
Now on nature's bosom laid,  
Treasured for eternity.

All is mortal but the soul,  
Whose undying energy  
Spurns the fettering world's control,  
And upsoars, my God, to Thee.  
When life's evening twilight shrouds  
All our thoughts with care and gloom,  
Then Thy sunshine breaks the clouds  
Gather'd o'er the wintry tomb.

Desolate the path appears  
To the dim and distant eye ;  
Yet that path of darkness bears  
Flowers of immortality.  
O'er it shine eternal lamps ;  
And the mists so dark that seem,  
Are like morning's chilly damps  
Heralding the sunny beam.

Father ! Thy paternal care  
Has my guardian been, my guide ;  
Every hallow'd wish and prayer  
Has Thy hand of love supplied ;

Thine is every thought of bliss,  
Left by hours and days gone by ;  
Every hope Thine offspring is,  
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray ;  
Every moon that shines serene ;  
Every morn that welcomes day ;  
Every evening's twilight scene ;  
Every hour which wisdom brings ;  
Every incense at Thy shrine ;  
These—and all life's holiest things,  
And its fairest,—all are Thine.

And for all my hymns shall rise,  
Daily to Thy gracious throne :  
Thither let my asking eyes  
Turn unwearied—righteous One !  
Thro' life's strange vicissitude  
There reposing all my care,  
Trusting still, thro' ill and good,  
Fix'd and cheer'd and counsell'd there.

All beside is weak indeed,  
Dreams of folly—baseless hope ;  
Earth is but a broken reed :  
Heaven the best, the only prop.  
Who would live, to raise on earth  
Some frail pile of dust—and die ?  
Man is of immortal birth  
Living for eternity.

**Wednesday Morning.**

**E**XTINGUISH'D is the last lone star,  
The shadows of night are gone,  
And lo! in the east, day's golden car  
Is fill'd by the glorious sun.  
And list! for a thousand voices call—  
The spirits of life and love—  
Attune your hymns to the Father of all,  
The Sovereign who reigns above.

'Tis He who opens the eastern gates,  
Who kindles the morning's ray ;  
'Tis He whose spirit all animates,  
And the darkness and the day.  
All the glories of the field are His,  
All the music of the sky ;  
The light of hope, and the smile of bliss,  
And nature's song of joy.

His temple is yon arch sublime,  
Its pillars the eternal hills ;  
His chorus the solemn voice of time,  
Which all creation fills.  
His worshippers are the countless train  
Which the lap of nature bears,  
And the boisterous wind, and the raging main,  
And the silence of the spheres.

He rides unseen on the hurrying storm,  
He sits on the whirlwind's car ;  
He wraps in clouds His awful form,  
And travels from star to star.

A thousand messengers wait His will,  
A million heralds fly  
His glorious mandates to fulfil,  
On the wing eternally.

He smiles—and worlds spring forth to birth,  
And suns in new glory rise ;  
He frowns—and darkness clads the earth,  
And mantles the frighted skies.  
Dost thou think He speaks in the thunder's roar,  
Or shines in the lightning's beam ?  
Vain man ! no thought of thine can soar  
To any conception of Him.

His strength nor perishing tongue can tell,  
Nor immortal hymns rehearse ;  
'Tis high as the heaven, 'tis deep as hell,  
And wide as the universe :  
The ocean to Him is a dewdrop small,  
The mountains an atom of sand ;  
And the sun and the stars, and this earthly ball,  
Are dust in His mighty hand.

And O ! can a Being so great as He  
Bend down to the earth His ear ?  
Can children of clay, so frail as we,  
In His awful presence appear ?  
O yes ! to His throne even we may rise ;  
To us is His promise given,  
For a broken heart is a sacrifice  
Which will find its way to heaven.

**Wednesday Evening.**

THE evening star is aloft in heaven,  
 Palely it shines alone ;  
 And nought is awake in the eye of even,  
 But the never-sleeping One.  
 He mildly looks from His throne sublime,  
 Higher than mortal ken,  
 On the strange vicissitudes of time,  
 And stranger follies of men.

From thence our insolent race he scans ;  
 They flutter and pass away,  
 And all their pursuits and all their plans  
 Are e'en more fragile than they.  
 They build vain visions of hope, and all,  
 All for their own undoing ;  
 They raise the pile of folly—and fall  
 Buried beneath its ruin.

Is all then folly?—O heaven forbid !  
 Is all delusive beneath ?  
 No ! virtue may build her pyramid,  
 Peace twine her myrtle wreath.  
 Is all then darkness, all despair,—  
 Is all then discord?—No !  
 Earth has joys as bright as sunbeams are ;  
 There's music of heaven below.

Follow yon holy pilgrim there,  
 His path is as clear as day :  
 A thousand angels hovering near  
 To guide him on his way :

Tho' mountains tremble and rocks should break,  
He is firmer far than they ;  
If he slumber, his spirit shall soon awake  
To a glorious morning's ray.

Our bark is driven by joy and woe  
O'er the everchanging wave,  
And the moon which lights our footsteps now,  
Will shine upon our grave.  
And then for ever the glorious one  
Shall sink in the tomb-like main :  
O blest, if a brighter, purer sun  
Shall beam on our rising then !

Great day ! when a million lamps shall shine,  
With heavenly ether blaze ;  
When a thousand rainbows of light divine  
Shall arch the eternal space.  
Above the highest worshipper,  
On His star-encircled throne  
He sits—whose hand shall then confer  
On merit its amaranth crown.

The meekest servant, the humblest son  
Of virtue, His smile shall bless ;  
And shall put a wreath of glory on  
The spirit of lowliness.  
The children of pomp and wealth and pride,  
Shall be met with a cold disdain,  
There's many a slave shall be deified,  
And many a scorn'd one reign.



There are eyes that have never shed a tear  
 Of sympathy or distress,  
 That shall weep and wail for ages there  
 In trembling hopelessness.  
 There are cheeks that misery's dewdrops now  
 Have furrow'd with agony,  
 That then shall be bright with the holy glow  
 Of eternal felicity.

Then let the sands of existence fall,  
 The current of life flow fast ;  
 Our times are in God's own hand, and all,  
 All will be well at last.  
 If bitterness dreg our earthly cup,  
 If sorrow disturb our career ;  
 Eternity's joys can well fill up  
 The chasms of suffering here.

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**Thursday Morning.**

**T**HE orient is lighted with crimson glow,  
 The night and its dreams are fled.  
 And the glorious roll of nature now  
 Is in all its brightness spread.  
 The autumn has ting'd the trees with gold,  
 And crimson'd the shrubs of the hills ;  
 And the full seed sleeps in earth's bosom cold ;  
 And hope all the universe fills.

Hope gladdens the world with its living ray,  
    And smiles serenely on all ;  
It scatters a thousand charms in its way  
    Over this earthly ball :  
It has streams of peace, and joy, and love,  
    To water this valley of death ;  
And brings the flowers of heaven from above  
    For virtue's undying wreath.

O say hast thou watch'd the maternal care,  
    Smiling on infancy ?  
O say, hast thou seen the joy-born tear,  
    Bright in a mother's eye ?  
Hast thou mark'd the babe on her bosom mild :  
    Slumbering in innocence yet ?—  
O she may forget that lovely child :  
    But God can never forget.

*That* God in his equal scales hath weigh'd  
    Our share of evil and good ;  
He hath blended our portions of light and shade  
    In a wise vicissitude.  
He has temper'd our sunshine with sober gloom,  
    Lest its glare should dazzle our sense ;  
And has given a warning voice to the tomb,  
    To summon our thoughts from hence.

To Thee will I look, in Thee confide,  
    For my times are in Thy right hand ;  
And O ! to my spirit be sanctified  
    Whatever Thy wisdom has plann'd.

My heart shall never 'gainst Thee rebel,  
My soul no murmurer be ;  
For all is conducted wisely, well,  
Since all is conducted by Thee.

O ne'er be that Father forgotten by me,  
Who never His children forgot :  
The fountain of wisdom and virtue is He,  
To each He apportions his lot.  
He is light and knowledge, and purity ;  
We darkness and doubt alone :  
The fragile children of dust are we,  
And He—The Eternal One.

His years decay not—He sits sublime  
On eternity's glowing car ;  
His ages are measured not by time,  
And the days that departed are  
Add nothing to His existence ;—nought  
Shall be added by coming years :  
But here man's utmost stretch of thought  
Helpless and vain appears.

Our days like the leaves of autumn fall ;  
And yet a few mornings more,  
And the bell shall toll for our funeral,  
And the dream of life be o'er.  
The sun may in clouds and storms descend,  
And the shades of night appear ;  
My Father is there, my heavenly Friend,  
O what should my spirit fear ?

## Thursday Evening.\*

WHERE'ER I turn my restless eye,  
Wand'ring from earth to heaven, from sphere  
to sphere,

Great God ! I feel Thy present Deity,  
Everywhere feel Thee—Thou art everywhere.  
Yes ! Thou art there—above th' empyrean high,  
Veiled all in light :  
Filling creation with Thy presence bright,  
With the proud splendour of Thy majesty.  
The little flower that grows  
Beneath me, the gigantic mountain steep,  
Whose brow is cover'd with eternal snows,  
Whose roots are planted in the deep ;  
The breeze that murmuring blows  
Among the green leaves, rustling in the sun,  
And yonder glorious star, advancing on,  
Gladd'ning earth, heaven, and all things as he goes :  
These tell me that 'tis Thou  
Who giv'st that sun his brightness—Thou whose wing,  
Upon the rapid whirlwind journeying,  
From the Aurora to the West doth go ;  
And that the mountain's towering height  
Is Thy majestic throne ;  
And that the flower which breathes and blooms alone,  
Breathes, blooms in Thy pure sight.  
'Tis Thine immensity  
Which compasses all this, and more ; confest,  
As in the greatest,—in the least,

\* From the Spanish of Melendez.

Atom—or comet blazing through the sky :  
Thine is the circling robe  
Of darkness—Thine the subtle veil  
Of the opening morning pale,  
When first she throws her glories o'er the globe.  
And when the spring descends  
On the wide world, and decks her joyous bowers,  
Thou smilest gently in her loveliest flowers :  
Thy spirit with their sweetest odour blends.  
When the red Sirius bears  
His burning ardours thro' the summer hour,  
Thy breezes play among the swelling ears,  
And calm and temper his too furious power.  
I seek the leafy shade,  
And Thou art there ;—among the welcoming trees  
I feel Thy visitings in the freshen'd breeze ;  
My spirit rests—my cares, my sorrows fade.  
Then a religious fear  
Troubles my bosom—and I hear a sound :  
' Humbly adore Him here,  
In this mysterious solitude profound.'  
Thou art upon the mighty waves  
Of the deep sea ; and Thou dost bind  
The bursting fury of the wind—  
Or let it loose, when the wild tempest raves.  
Where'er I go, where'er I turn,  
I see Thee, feel Thee ;—in the flowery mead,  
As in the starry field above our head,  
Where such unnumber'd torches burn.  
Thou art the God of atoms—as of suns!  
Of the poor, perishing worm

That in the dust the eye of mortals shuns ;  
Or angels pure, who veil their dazzled form  
Before Thee !—Thou dost hear the hymn  
Of this Thy lowly worshipper :—of the poor  
And innocent lamb the bleatings—as the roar  
Of the fierce lion,—or of seraphim  
The anthem ; and to all beneficent  
Thou bendest down Thine ear, and givest  
Their destined portion. Thou, who reignest, livest  
Eternally, the offering I present  
Accept in mercy,—mercifully view  
This transitory being,—let me stand  
As ever in Thy presence—see Thy hand  
In all things, and in all Thy wisdom too.  
Fill up my mounting soul  
With holy ardour,—that where'er I tread,  
Like Thee I may a blessed influence shed,  
And own Thee, trace Thee thro' the extended whole  
Of the wide universe. The race of man  
Are all Thy sons—the Tartar, Laplander,  
Rude Indian, and the sun-burnt African—  
Thine image all—and all my brethren are.

---

**Friday Morning.**

**T**HIS is the day, when prejudice and guilt  
The blood of innocence and virtue spilt !  
'Twas in those orient Syrian lands afar,  
O'er whose high mountains towers the morning star ;  
Lands now to tyranny and treachery given,



But then the special care and charge of heaven ;  
 Lands, now by ignorance and darkness trod,  
 Then shining brightest in the light of God !

Holiest and best of men ! 'twas there thou walkedst,  
 There with thy faithful, privileged followers talkedst ;  
 Privileged indeed, listening to truth divine  
 Breath'd from a heart, and taught by lips, like thine !

He that from all life's strange vicissitude  
 Drew forth the living, hidden soul of good ;  
 And in the strength of wisdom, and the might  
 Of peaceful virtue fought, and won the fight :  
 His armour righteousness—his conquering sword  
 A spiritual weapon—his prophetic word,  
 The arms of truth,—his banners from above—  
 His conquests meekness, and his warfare love.  
 He stands a pillar 'midst his children ; grace  
 And majesty and truth illumine his face ;  
 He bows his head and dies ! The very rock  
 Is rent, and Zion trembles at the shock !  
 But tho' he dies, he triumphs—and in vain  
 Would unbelief oppose his conquering reign ;  
 A reign o'erspreading nature—gathering in  
 Kindreds and nations from the tents of sin  
 To virtue's temple. O how calm, how great,  
 A death like this !—Come, then, and venerate  
 Your Saviour and your King. All hail ! All hail !  
 The songs of gratitude shall fill the vale,  
 And echo from the mountains, and shall rise  
 In one consenting tribute to the skies.

Sow then, thy seed—that seed will spring, and give  
 Rich fruits and fairest flowers, that will survive

All chance, all change : and tho' the night may come,  
And tho' the deeper darkness of the tomb,  
A sun more bright than ours shall bid them grow,  
And on the very grave hope's buds will blow,  
And blow like those sweet flowers that pluck'd, ne'er  
lose

Their freshness, nor their fragrance, nor their hues.

Now the day calls us with its eloquent ray ;  
O let us toil unwearied while 'tis day,  
For the night cometh, all enveloping  
But virtue, that on spiritual soaring wing  
Flies to its rest ! 'Tis but a pilgrim here,  
Shaping its course towards a better sphere,  
Where its own mansion is ; yet, in its flight,  
Its pinions scatter healing and delight ;  
And from the darkest shades, like some fair star  
Of night, diffuses beams of light afar.

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**Friday Evening.**

**F**ATHER ! Source of light and love !  
Thou, whose throne of majesty,  
Fix'd yon thousand suns above,  
Gladdens all the earth with joy :  
Mercy-streaming, promise-beaming,  
Let Thy praise my soul employ.

What is man, that he should share  
Goodness bright and blest as Thine ?

What is man, that heavenly care,  
Heavenly kindness, power divine,  
Ever guiding, joy-betiding,  
Should be his, and should be mine ?

From this narrow vale of clay  
Let me waft my thoughts to Thee ;  
Soar from night to heavenly day,  
And in Thy benignity  
Seek my pleasures—hoard my treasures :  
Earth can be no home to me.

On Thy holy name I call ;  
At Thy sacred footstool stand ;  
All sprung forth from good—and all  
Tends to good beneath Thy hand :  
Streams the purest, joys the surest,  
Flow and smile at Thy command.

When the earth is clad in gloom,  
And the dark clouds coldly frown,  
Nature—like a wintry tomb  
Wrapt in mists—its brightness gone,—  
Lustre shedding, pleasure spreading,  
Then Thy sun shines out alone.

Grey mists gather o'er the waves,  
Dry leaves rustle in the rain,  
Visions haunt the hilly graves,  
And death's hour-glass turns again :  
Solemn warning—night and morning,  
To the careless crowds of men.

Know ye how, ye idle ones !  
Sporting by the torrent's side,  
Know ye how existence runs  
To the eternal ocean's tide,  
Bliss alloying, hope destroying,  
Scattering joy in ruins wide ?

Careless wanderer, ne'er forget  
All the dangers threatening o'er ;  
Do hope's dreams delude thee yet ?  
Soon they shall delude no more :  
Hope is faithless, tired and breathless ;  
Oft 'tis wreck'd on sorrow's shore.

Hope, that builds its airy schemes  
On time's transitory star,  
Revels in delusive dreams,  
Which an ignis fatuus are ;  
Ever smiling and beguiling,  
Still misleading pilgrims far.

But the hope, the faith, whose tower  
Stands upon heaven's arches high,  
Well-supported by the power  
Of eternal prophecy,  
Firm-erected, heaven-protected,  
Never can in ruins lie.

**Saturday Morning.**

**T**HE sun comes forward in his purple robe  
 From the dark chambers of the tranquil night!  
 The smiles of morning gild the gladden'd globe,  
 And all the world is bath'd in liquid light.  
 Now love and pleasure sing their choral song ;  
 And, springing to a renovated birth,  
 A thousand forms of joy and music throng  
 The wide, magnificent expanse of earth.  
 As fresh, as if the intelligent former's hand  
 Had waked its earliest smile of bliss to-day ;  
 Bright as if even now the enamell'd land  
 First sprung to being 'neath his living ray.  
 So rises nature from her nightly sleep  
 Joyous,—till evening's dark'ning shades descend,  
 And then she sinks again in silence deep :—  
 Emblem of man! whose hurried footsteps tend  
 With daily impulse tow'rd's the welcoming tomb.  
 Father! to Thee my eager spirit turns,  
 While joy and gratitude my path illumine,  
 And with rekindled praise my bosom burns.  
 Mine eye looks far beyond the stars; I breathe  
 The breath of heaven; angels of peace, of light,  
 Wave their wings o'er me—and the vale of death  
 Is with Thy radiance beautiful and bright.

Yes! Father! all that's lovely is from Thee ;  
 All that is pure and excellent is Thine.  
 Praise Him, thou morning sun of majesty !  
 Thou moon of midnight, in His glory shine !  
 Him worship, thou fair stream of life ! adore  
 His name, thou sad machinery of decay !

Sing His high praise, ye planets shining o'er !  
Ye worms of dust, come, join the general lay !  
My soul shall speak Thy glory—hymn more sweet  
Never inspired the lyre ;—and never seer  
Nor prophet sought a theme more pure, more meet,  
And never pilgrim, saint, nor worshipper,  
Found a sublimer thought to dwell upon ;  
Thy glory!—'tis a thought absorbing all—  
E'en like the splendid, ever-radiant sun,  
Scattering the mists that with the morning fall.

And thus let week on week roll swiftly by,  
Each in its hurrying career must bring  
Our spirits nearer to eternity ;  
And every moment in its course shall fling  
Some mortal vestments down—until at last,  
Hope smiling sweetly thro' the future hours,  
And joyous memory gilding all the past,  
The soul shall reach those amaranthine bowers  
Which dawn upon the dreaming poet's eye ;  
And, resting there on immortality,  
Drink in the stream of never-dying joy.

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**Saturday Evening.**

**T**HE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,  
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us ;  
All nature wears her garb of grief ;  
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men  
Are to their beds of silence creeping ;



The pale, cold moon looks out again  
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O! in an hour so still as this,  
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,  
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—  
To meek devotion's holy feeling ;

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand  
Unroll'd the golden map of heaven ;  
Mantled with beauty all the land ;  
Gave light to morn and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might  
The laws of countless worlds disposes ;  
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light—  
Their beauty to the blushing roses.

Thou, Ruler of our destiny !  
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us,  
Hidden from our view futurity,  
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and damp,  
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,  
And immortality's pure lamp  
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene  
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking,  
Celestial music breathes between,  
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade  
Wrap's nature's breast in clouds of sadness;  
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,  
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him  
Who looks beyond in visions holy,  
Than passion's fires, or splendour's dream,  
Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetch'd sigh,  
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,  
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,  
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot;

Smiles from a conscience purified,  
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory  
Conferr'd in all a monarch's pride,  
Embalm'd in all the light of story.

This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll—  
And let them roll—our bark is driven  
Safe to its harbour—and our soul  
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

## FOURTH WEEK.

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### *WINTER.*

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#### **Sunday Morning.**

**G**OD of the morning ! Thou the sabbath's God !  
Round whose bright footsteps thousand planets  
roll :

A million beings at Thy mighty nod  
Are born ;—and perish as they reach their goal.  
How great art Thou !—an unimagined deep  
Of wisdom and of power !—Thy laws how sure—  
Thy way how full of mystery !—Thou dost keep  
Thy court among the heavens, sublime and pure  
And unapproachable : the tired eye breaks  
Ere it can reach Thee.—Who can fathom Thee?  
Who read Thy counsels? Thought exhausted seeks  
Thy path in vain. 'Tis o'er the mighty sea,  
On the tall mountain, in the rushing wind,  
And the mad tempest.—In a cloudy car,  
Wrapt in thick darkness, rides th' Eternal Mind  
O'er land and ocean, and from star to star.

Hast thou not seen Him in His proud career,  
Or heard His awful voice? O look around,  
For He is always visible, always near.  
Listen to His eloquent words, in every sound  
Of zephyr, waterfall, or birds, or bees,  
Or thousand songs, these sweet and those sublime ;  
All nature's intellectual harmonies,  
And the soft music of the stream of time.  
See Him in the vernal beauty of the flower,  
In the ripe glory of the autumnal glow,  
In summer's rich and radiant festal hour,  
In winter's purest, fairest robes of snow :  
There art Thou !—not in temples built by the hand  
Of vanity—by the unproductive toil  
Of the hot brow, or by the fierce command  
Of tyrants, or with shame-collected spoil.  
Thy temple is the universe ! Thy throne  
Raised on the stars : Thy light is everywhere :  
And ceaseless music hymns th' Eternal One  
All-eloquent—nor can the listening ear  
Mistake that homage, which all time, all space,  
Pours forth to Thee ; and shall while worlds endure.  
Who sees not Thy bright smile in nature's face ?  
Who Thy high spirit, beautiful and pure,  
Marks not throughout existence ? All we have  
And all we hope for is Thy gift : and man  
Without Thee is a faint and fetter'd slave,  
Driven by the winds of passion, without plan  
Or purpose, or pursuit becoming :—Thou  
Art great, and great are all Thy works, and great  
Shall be Thy praise. Before Thy throne we bow ;

To Thee our prayers, our vows we consecrate.

O Thou eternal Being ! clad in light,  
 I in the dust before Thy presence fall,  
 And ask for wisdom in Thy hallow'd sight,  
 To lead my steps to Thee. How calmly all  
 Sleeps in the stillness of the sabbath morn,  
 As if to sanctify the sacred day !  
 The spirit of peace, on the mild zephyrs borne,  
 Glides gently on the tranquil morning's ray ;  
 And in a solemn pause all nature seems  
 To feel the present Deity ; He speaks  
 In the twilight melodies—smiles in the fair beams  
 Which from His locks the star of morning shakes.  
 Heaven is His canopy, His footstool earth,  
 A thousand worlds His throne ! O Lord, to Thee,  
 Holiest and mightiest ! Source of light—of worth—  
 Be praise and glory thro' eternity !

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**Sunday Evening.**

**S**WEETLY is the Sabbath fled,  
 Day of peace and rest to me ;  
 'Let Thy name be hallowed.'  
 Now my spirit soars to Thee,  
 Darkness deep, or distance wide  
 Cannot man from God divide.

O'er heaven's thousand burning lamps  
 Towers thy glorious palace high ;  
 Thro' the evening's twilight damps,  
 O'er the morning's splendid sky ;

From the orient to the west,  
Thou art present, Mightiest !

Wisdom sees Thee shining brightly  
In the starry worlds above ;  
Virtue hears Thee speaking nightly  
From those orbs of light and love ;  
Smiling youth and hoary age  
Praise Thee in their pilgrimage.

Wheresoe'er Thy name is known—  
Everywhere—an altar stands  
Raised to Thee, the Eternal One,  
By devotion's holy hands ;  
Thou art an undying flame,  
Shining thro' all time the same.

Piety, Thy favourite child,  
Gently leads our hearts to Thee ;  
Virtue, like an angel mild,  
Heralded by piety,  
Guides us with her torches bright,  
Thro' time's solitary night.

Hallow'd be Thy holy name,  
Lord of spirits and of men ;  
Ne'er may virtue's sacred flame  
Die within our souls again ;  
But conduct Thy pilgrims on  
To Thy high and heavenly throne.



Be our journey short or long,  
 Yet we know not ;—but we know,  
 Days and weeks and ages throng  
 Time's unintermitting flow ;  
 And to-morrow, or to-day  
 Shall our bark be swept away.

Roll, thou ever-flowing tide ;  
 We upon the billows driven,  
 O'er the mighty stream shall ride  
 To the peaceful port of heaven ;  
 There no shipwrecks strew the shore,  
 There nor waves nor tempests roar.

Trim we then our little sail ;  
 Calmly let us onward steer ;  
 Blow, thou heaven-directing gale !  
 Ocean, waft the mariner !  
 See thy haven, see thy home ;  
 Come thou weary traveller, come !

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**Monday Morning.**

**A**ND so the active week again  
 Its course begins—and so renew'd  
 Our moments' busy multitude,  
 Falling like rapid drops of rain,  
 Sink in the grave ; and so we die ;  
 The woods will have lost their harmony,  
 Life's sun sink down in the gloomy west—  
 The beauty that gladden'd the eye is faded,

The spirit of joy is hush'd to rest,  
The smiles which delighted the soul are shaded,  
The stars of heaven are clouded,  
And the glorious brightness of day ;  
And he who on rapture's bosom lay,  
In the funeral bier is shrouded.  
Peace smiled from her sanctuary,  
She smiled—but smiles no more ;  
For the grave has closed its prison-door  
On the pilgrim weak and weary.  
In frowns and storms the morning calls ;  
And man, who was yesterday glad and gay  
As the evening ephemera,  
Like the ephemera falls.

Long and sweet is the tired one's sleep ;  
But calmer his sleep and softer his bed  
Whose pillow is made of the grave-clod deep,  
With the green grass over his head.  
Curtain'd is he by the vapour's damp,  
Lull'd by the song of the even ;  
Lighted is he by the pale moon's lamp,  
Watch'd by the eye of heaven.  
Others may hear the heavy bell toll,  
Others the funeral train may see ;  
He hears no dirge for his slumbering soul,  
He is sleeping tranquilly.  
There let him rest,—he toiled awhile,  
And now he throws off his burden of toil.

There is a world whose cares, like this,  
Can never disturb the calm of bliss,  
Where He, who is the great light of all,

In His own peculiar glory shineth ;  
Who turn'd in His hand this worldly ball,  
And its hopes and its memories sweetly entwineth.  
He raised heaven's azure arch sublime  
On pillars of strength that totter never ;  
Man is the victim of death, of time,  
Thou remainest the same for ever.  
These shall perish, while Thou endurest,  
These as a vestment shalt Thou change ;  
Thou remainest strongest, surest,  
Thro' eternity's endless range.  
Thou Thyself art Eternity—  
'Tis but another name for Thee !  
Suns may be darken'd, and planets shake,  
Earthquakes may stony mountains break,  
Comets may swallow up the sea ;  
But Thou, unmoved as the splendid sun,  
This sandy desert shining on,  
Lookest on creation and decay,  
And still pursuest Thy glorious way,  
Wrapt in Thine own immensity.

What should we fear ? waking or sleeping,  
Man is alike in Thy holy keeping.  
Let him not shrink, tho' his bark be driven  
By the mad storm—let nought alarm him ;  
The tempest may burst, but cannot harm him ;  
Safely he steers to his port in heaven.  
God is around us, o'er us, near us,  
What have his children then to fear ?  
Is he not always present to hear us,  
Willing to grant, as willing to hear ?

**Monday Evening.**

**T**HE night has thrown its shadows o'er the land,  
 And rest revisits nature.—Evening's train,  
 With day's extinguish'd torches in their hand  
 Have pass'd the twilight's western gates again.  
 On the damp hills the stars are glittering,  
 The mists are hanging round the forests deep,  
 While from their silver thrones the cold frosts fling  
 Their fetters o'er the vanquish'd earth—and keep  
 The streams in icy bondage. Happy he  
 Who to his bed of slumber can retire,  
 To rest in sweet and sound tranquillity ;  
 While untormented by a vain desire,  
 Or a reproaching spirit, he may dwell  
 Securely and serenely.—To the good  
 The conscience is a fearless citadel,  
 Where nought of doubt or danger can intrude,  
 The darkness mantles him,—and till the hour  
 When sleep upon his eyelids sinks, he takes  
 Sweet counsel with that ever-present Power,  
 Who out of night His robes of brightness makes ;  
 And from beyond this narrow-bounded vale,  
 Water'd by tears—by vapours curtained round—  
 And canopied in clouds—his thoughts can hail  
 That awful Majesty whose light is found  
 Descending and pervading the pure heart  
 That seeks His presence, while its cheering glow  
 A lustre and a smile of light impart  
 To all the shades of solitude and woe.

Though the earth tremble at thy coming, Lord !  
 Thy children may approach Thee—may adore ;

There is salvation, Father ! in Thy word,  
And Thy diffusive Spirit shining o'er  
Earth's valley, makes earth cheerful. In its rays  
We move rejoicing onwards—bent beneath  
The burthen of our nothingness, we praise  
And magnify Thy name. In life, in death,  
Alike we see Thy glory. From Thy throne  
Rivers of strength and life roll forth, that lave  
All the created world.—On Thee alone  
The world and all its tribes depend. The grave  
Has for Thy love a tongue.—E'en as the night  
Its starry garlands and its hymns—I hear,  
I hear the voices of the sons of light,  
Blending and circling round from sphere to sphere.  
Each star a chord of music—a wave's flow  
In the majestic sea of song that rolls  
In ceaseless tides of harmony, which know  
No rest—no discord. There departed souls  
Join the eternal chorus. Thence they speak  
To us poor pilgrims wandering still on earth—  
They bid us soar above earth's vale—and seek  
The country where our holier parts had birth,  
And whither they are tending. Father ! thither  
My eager heart aspires—and when this scene  
Fades round me—and its passing flowerets wither—  
There let me rest rewarded and serene.

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**Tuesday Morning.**

**A**LMIGHTY One! I bend in dust before Thee,  
 Even so veil'd cherubs bend;—  
 In calm and still devotion I adore Thee,  
 All-wise, all-present Friend!  
 Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast given,  
 Or curtained it in snow;  
 And the bright sun, and the soft moon in heaven,  
 Before Thy presence bow.

Thou in Thy wisdom spread'st the map of nature  
 That map so fair and bright;  
 Reared'st the arch of heaven—on every creature  
 Pouring its streams of light.  
 Thou feed'st with dew the early spring-rose glowing,  
 Quickenest the teeming sea;  
 Thine is the storm thro' the dark forest blowing,  
 Thine, heaven's soft harmony.

Thine is the beam on ocean's bosom glancing,  
 Thine is the thunder-cloud,  
 Thine are the lamps that light our steps, advancing  
 To the tomb's solitude.  
 Thou speakest—and all nature's pregnant bosom  
 Heaves with Thy mighty breath;  
 Thou frownest—man, even like a frost-nipp'd blossom,  
 Drops in the lap of death.

A thousand worlds which roll around us brightly,  
 Thee in their orbits bless;  
 Ten thousand suns which shine above us nightly,  
 Proclaim Thy righteousness.



Thou didst't create the world—'twas Thy proud mandate  
That woke it unto day ;  
And the same power that measur'd, weigh'd, and  
spann'd it,  
Shall bid that world decay.

Thou Power sublime ! whose throne is firmly seated  
On stars and glowing suns ;  
O could I praise Thee—could my soul elated  
Waft Thee seraphic tones ;  
Had I the lyres of angels—could I bring Thee  
An offering worthy Thee,  
In what bright notes of glory would I sing Thee,  
Blest notes of ecstasy !

Here is my song, a voice of mortal weakness  
Just breathing from my breast ;  
A mingled song, of worthlessness and meekness  
And feeble hope, at best.  
In heaven that voice, up to Thy throne ascending,  
Should speak as angels speak,  
And joy and confidence and glory blending,  
Thy seat of light should seek.

Eternity ! Eternity !—how solemn,  
How terrible the sound !  
Here, leaning on Thy promises—a column  
Of strength—may I be found.  
O let my heart be ever Thine, while beating,  
As when 'twill cease to beat ;  
Be Thou my portion—till that awful meeting,  
When I my God shall greet.

## Tuesday Evening.

**T**HE earth again puts on its evening dress ;  
 And wakening yon innumerable stars,  
 A twilight, milder than the eye of day  
 And fairer than the calm of night, is spread  
 O'er universal nature ; from above  
 Shadows descend, solicitous to veil  
 The sins of the reposing world ;—to soothe  
 Hearts beating with anxiety,—to lull  
 The tumults of ambition,—quell the thirst  
 Of greedy avarice,—and to cheat the care  
 Of wantonness, that crowns its head with thorns.  
 The perjured tongue, the rapine-scheming head,  
 The murderous hand, the vile and counterfeit heart,  
 The eye that sheds false tears—thou, darksome night !  
 Veil in thy charity—be the o'erarching tomb,  
 Tho' for a moment, to the mass of sins  
 Which morn, alas ! shall wake again,—and day  
 Let loose like bandits on the unshelter'd world.  
 And O ! if in the visions of the night  
 A ministering angel might descend,—a voice  
 Be heard in the still silence, to recall  
 Those wanderers to the fold of blessedness !  
 Yet midnight shade, tho' dark and deep it be,  
 Will hide them not from Him, to whom the gloom  
 Is bright as noon-tide. Let the solemn thought  
 Come o'er my soul, that even as now in sleep,  
 So shall we lay us down in death, ere long,  
 And for a gloomier season. Kings and slaves  
 Shall then repose upon the self-same bed ;  
 That bed the cold clods of the valley. There,

There must all sleep, seed in the bosom of earth,  
 To shoot as weeds or flowers, when the fair spring  
 Of immortality shall dawn; and then  
 Be gather'd with the general harvest in,  
 And garner'd in the stores of heaven,—or swept  
 With the vile chaff away. Eternal God!  
 Thou who art wrapt in robes of majesty  
 And dazzling light—the Lord, the Judge of all!  
 To Thee we would commend us—Hear our prayers,  
 Do all Thy will on earth as done in heaven,  
 And be Thy law, our law,—Thy will, our will!  
 Thou will'st Thy children's happiness!—Thy hand,  
 Thy guardian hand, has given us that pure joy  
 Which angels share—that silent source of bliss,  
 That sweet anticipation of Thyself,  
 Flowing from a pure heart;—Thy will be done.

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### Wednesday Morning.

**A**LL-SEEING God! before whose throne sublime  
 Lies open the thick-crowded book of time;  
 Whose eye, when glancing o'er the varied page,  
 Reads the departed, or the coming age;  
 Thou, whose resistless energies control  
 The aberrations of my wandering soul,  
 Whom, in the midst of darkness and distress,  
 I see, and feel, confide in, and confess:  
 Lord! if one thought devout, one prayer divine,  
 Break from my breast, accept it—for 'tis Thine!

God! in Thy presence, glory's glittering gleam  
And pomp's parade are desolate and dim.  
What is ambition's gay and garish ray?  
Less than the glow-worm in the eye of day.  
Before Thee folly drops its darling dress,  
And stands unveil'd in its own nakedness.  
Proud as he is—and, towering, tho' he can  
Erect himself—man is at best but man;  
Tho' high his destiny, and deck'd in state,  
Great in possession, and in purpose great;  
Tho' honour gild his bright escutcheon o'er,  
And heralds oft have told its fame before,  
What boots it? Time, whose devastating sway  
Sweeps crowns and coronets, sceptres, swords, away;  
Time will not spare him,—wherefore should it spare?  
Look at yon gravestone—he shall slumber there,  
Privileged, if when he rests in peace below,  
One flower obscure should o'er his ashes grow.  
Is he lamented? If a tear should wet  
One faithful eye, to-morrow 'twill forget  
Its object;—yet another day, that eye  
Shall in eternal night be dark and dry.

Gloomy are evening's shadows when they fall  
And wrap the face of nature with their pall;  
But these are brightness to sin's moral night;—  
Dark is the grave; but e'en the grave is light  
To crime's domain of terror. Tempests sweep  
The swelling billows of the threatening deep;  
The storm may burst, the madden'd billows roll,  
No ocean rages like a tortured soul.

O holy virtue—pure and fair thou art!

Thy robes are light ; thy unpolluted heart  
 Is spotless as the falling snow ; thy face  
 Beams with supernal youth, and joy and grace.

E'en like a summer's night our life rolls by,  
 And time still calls us to eternity.

Soon life's last sand shall drop—another scene  
 Shall in its awful dawning then begin.

Say, art thou ready ? Has the grave's dark room  
 For thee no terrors ?—Lo ! its darkest gloom  
 A light from heaven illumines—and a voice  
 Speaks from the clouds, 'Awake ! come forth, rejoice !'

All-seeing God ! in lowliness I bow  
 My proud heart in the dust before Thee now.  
 Thou giv'st to each his portion ; and to each  
 His forward way to heaven and Thee dost teach,  
 My lot is in Thy hand—the night, the day,  
 The moon's pale glimmering, as the sunny ray,  
 Are Thine—and Thine the midnight of the grave :—  
 O be Thou there to strengthen and to save ;  
 To light death's valley with Thy beam of love,  
 And smile a welcome to Thy throne above.

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### Wednesday Evening.

**T**HE hour of peace resumes again  
 Its tranquil, silent, solemn reign ;  
 Sorrow a short cessation knows  
 On the soft couch of calm repose,  
 And all is still—The Eternal One  
 Hath risen from His glorious throne,

And on the midnight's raven pinions  
Surveys His infinite dominions.

And who but Thou the world could keep,  
When buried thus in evening's sleep?  
Who bid that sleeping world awake.  
When o'er the hills the day-beams break?  
Who call those day-beams from their bed,  
When nature is by darkness led?  
Thou, Lord, alone! Thy mighty hand  
Doth all create, and all command,  
In everything that hand we see,  
And more than everything in Thee.

But who can count the countless throng  
That wakes to hear the morning's song;  
Or tell the infinite train that rest,  
O'erwatched by Thee on evening's breast;  
All from Thy presence joy receiving,  
All on Thy generous bounty living?  
And we, the lowliest and the least,  
With heaven's peculiar favour blest!

Did earth upon *our* care depend,  
Decay would soon with misery blend;  
Were we the counsellors of heaven,  
All, all would be to ruin driven.  
We, helpless as the ephemeral fly,  
And sightless as the adder's eye.

But Thou, in wisdom's chains hast bound  
The mighty universe around;  
And mountain's height, and vale's recess,  
Speak Thy unwearied watchfulness;  
And every sun that splendour gives,



And every orb that light receives,  
And solemn night, and joyous day,  
And mountain stream and forest lay,  
And waves and waterfalls and showers,  
And trees and shrubs and fruits and flowers,  
And all that nature's face reveals,  
And all that nature's womb conceals,  
Space, earth, heaven, time, eternity,  
Are all upheld, great God! by Thee.

Ours is a hurried pilgrimage,  
Youth beckons to the steps of age,  
And youth and age too swiftly meet,  
The angel of the tomb to greet;  
And soon the rays of life are gone,  
And soon the time-enduring sun,  
Which shines so brightly o'er our head,  
Shall shine upon our funeral bed.

Enough—if while we journey here,  
Some visions from that holier sphere,  
Where the great Spirit sits, array'd  
In splendour, light this vale of shade.  
Enough—if in this vale of tears,  
Some heavenly strains should reach our ears,  
Remotely echoed from the hymn  
Of cherubim and seraphim.

Enough—if in these earthly bowers  
Some leaves of those immortal flowers  
Which bloom in living fragrance sweet,  
Should grow spontaneous at our feet.

Yes! such Thy servants, Lord! have known,  
Such effluence from Thy burning throne:

And such be mine—and when at last  
Life's summer evening shall be past,  
The shades of night shall curtain me,  
And I shall slumber, watch'd by Thee.

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**Thursday Morning.**

**T**HOU best of Beings!—now the night is fled,  
And day awakes in all its bliss again ;  
Man, rising from his heaven-protected bed,  
Is launch'd on duty's ever-flowing main.  
Thou art the Lord! alike the day, the night,  
Thy love proclaim—for each Thy love pervades ;  
Thou smilest in the Aurora's purple light,  
And wrapp'st Thyself in evening's solemn shades.  
GOD! Thou art Love! repeats the youthful spring,  
GOD! Thou art Love! the summer days proclaim ;  
GOD! Thou art Love! the autumnal valleys sing,  
And hoary winter echoes back the name.  
Thou rock'st the cradle of sweet infancy,  
Lead'st active youth thro' its fair path of flowers,  
And manhood owes its golden fruit to Thee ;  
To Thee old age its calm and lovely hours.  
Thou deck'st all nature with its swan-like robe,  
Coverest the snow with million diamonds' gleam,  
Bid'st icy pyramids tower above the globe,  
And build'st Thy crystal bridges o'er the stream.  
How infinite Thy works! the great, the small,  
Rich with Thy bounty, teeming with Thy love,  
All fraught with true intelligence. and all

Tending to perfect bliss,—where Thou above  
Shalt justify Thy purpose. We below,  
The moral subjects of vicissitude,  
Would to Thy holy dispensations bow,  
Secure that all must end in boundless good.  
How mild, how wise, how beautiful Thy reign !  
Thy sun—an image of Thyself—O Lord !  
Shines e'en upon the unthankful ; and Thy rain  
Is on the unrighteous, as the holy, pour'd.  
Existence hangs upon Thy fostering cares,  
And even the worst partake those cares divine ;  
Ingratitude itself Thy favour shares—  
Ingratitude !—'midst favours such as Thine !  
Ingratitude to Him, whose bounty gave  
Life, and the joys of life ; who leads us on  
With gentle guidance even to the grave !  
But who, alas ! is not ungrateful ? None.  
His love protects us, leads us, lights us, cheers ;  
Gives to our morning, brightness, beauty, bliss ;  
Conducts us gently to the eve of years,  
Crowns us with hope and peace and happiness.  
My God ! my Father !—on Thee will I rest—  
Rest with unbounded confidence on Thee ;  
No slavish fears shall now enthral my breast,  
I stand erect in holiest liberty.  
Thou dwell'st in light unsearchable—and here  
Thy children in a night of darkness roam ;  
But earth shall not detain the wanderer ;  
Heaven is his destiny, and heaven his home.  
There peace and love, in holiest union bound,  
Shall gild with everlasting smiles the scene,

And God's pure presence scattering light around,  
Fill every heart with joy and bliss serene.

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**Thursday Evening.**

**T**HE day is done ;—the night comes calmly forth,  
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even :  
The golden wain rolls round the silent north,  
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of heaven.  
Like yon celestial torches, let me press  
Forward—and heavenward—on my destined way ;  
Clad like the stars, in robes of holiness,  
Bright, like the stars, with joy's enrapturing ray.  
Calm evening ! whose mild presence can restore  
The peace ne'er found amidst the world's rude cares,  
Can bid the weeping eyelids weep no more,  
And chase all misery—all, except despair's !  
When round the world we look, how many a grief  
Invites the soul to sober thought, and checks  
The gush of daring pride ;—pangs that relief  
Approaches not,—and melancholy wrecks  
Of once fair-flattering happiness, now scatter'd  
On life's tempestuous shores ! What prospects  
    blighted !  
What piles of fond anticipation shatter'd,  
And gaudy dreams in which the soul delighted !  
These all may serve to loosen the dull fetter  
Which binds us to this world—and bid us look  
Beyond it to a brighter and a better ;  
And read the page of that imposing book,

Where are the records of all ages past  
And present, and all ages yet to come ;  
Existence' infant moments, and its last,  
From the earth's first awaking, to its tomb.

Life's scenes are rich in eloquence, and truth,  
And wisdom !—and their flow'rets sweetly grow  
In the dark valley of affliction's ruth,  
As in joy's gay and summer-sunshine glow.  
Be it our lot to pluck them, and to twine  
Their separate beauties in one moral wreath,  
To decorate life's ever-crumbling shrine ;  
To hang upon the canopy of death.  
The steady stream of virtue flows serenely,  
Till in eternity's vast ocean lost ;  
Tho' the rude winds of chilling time blow keenly,  
And bind its surface in the fettering frost ;  
Still it flows calmly on—and still shall flow,  
And fertilize the earth ;—And can it ever  
Sleep in its energetic progress? No !  
Its course shall never be impeded—never !

Day after day, the light of heaven appears ;  
Night after night, dark curtains wrap the skies ;  
And man sinks downward in the vale of years,  
Buds, blossoms, bears his fruit, decays and dies :  
He fills the spot his fathers fill'd of old ;  
Their ashes now mix with the cheerless clay—  
And he soon, slumbering on earth's bosom cold,  
Shall lie as low, and sleep as sound as they.  
And other generations rise and fall,  
Till the all-embracing plan shall be complete,  
Christ own'd the Saviour and the Judge of all,

The power of evil vanquish'd at his feet,  
And death extinct for ever!—O to share  
His triumphs,—and from his benignant voice  
The approving 'Welcome to thy home!' to hear—  
Were all of earthly hopes and all of heavenly joys.

**Friday Morning.**

**L**IKE a priestess from her temple's shade,  
In her holiest robes of light array'd,  
The morn walks forth;—day's glorious star  
Towers o'er the misty mountains far;  
The heavens are bright with celestial blue,  
The earth is sprinkled o'er with dew,  
And all is bright and gay and fair;  
The spirit of joy and love is there—  
Fit temple for that Glorious One,  
Who form'd the earth and woke the sun.

If any soul of harmony  
Is waken'd in humanity,  
Thine is the music, Father! Thine  
The morning minstrel's songs divine.  
Thou first didst string devotion's lyre;  
Thine is the daylight's holy fire,  
Thine is the evening's twilight ray,  
And thine the veil that shades the day.  
Above yon arch sublime of heaven,  
Is Thine eternal chariot driven;  
Above the visible stars Thou reignest,



Yet sometimes in Thy mercy deignest,  
To bless the world with beams of light,  
Reflected from Thy presence bright.

Bow Thee down to this lowliest sphere,  
Thou, whose wisdom never can err ;  
Thou, whose power no limit boundeth ;  
Thou, whose love all space surroundeth !  
If Thou wilt speak, there are thunders near Thee ;  
Millions of ministering spirits hear Thee,  
Ever on the wing to obey ;—  
Eternal splendour lights Thy way,  
Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills,  
Thy voice is heard in the music of rills,  
In the song of birds, and the heavenly chorus  
That nature utters, around us, o'er us.  
Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,  
That cannot perceive Thee everywhere ;  
Everywhere—and in everything ;  
The motion in the insect's wing,  
As the unmeasured comet's march,  
Rolling sublime in yon boundless arch ;  
Beautiful in a drop of dew  
As in the rainbow's glorious hue ;  
In the light zephyrs audible  
As in the storm-wave's loudest swell ;  
In everything Thy glory beameth—  
From everything Thy witness streameth ;  
Silence itself hath a voice for Thee,  
In the thick darkness Thy light we see ;  
Even the cold grave, dreary and damp,  
Is illumed by Thine eternal lamp.

Calmly on! the grave's dormitory  
Hath its sweet visions of hope and glory;  
Heaven shall cheer its stillness deep,  
Heaven shall watch its holy sleep,  
O'er it a brighter sun shall rise  
Than ever lighted the visible skies.

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**Friday Evening.**

**T**RUE! Spring renews the faded year;  
And renovated fruits and flowers  
In re-awaken'd charms appear:—  
They deck the plain—they crown the bowers—  
Their blush was past—their odour fled—  
They only slept—they were not *dead*.

They were not *dead*—for tho' the breath  
Of winter o'er their beauties swept,  
They were not visited by death;  
They only bow'd their heads and slept.  
For let them die—their charms again  
Shall decorate nor bower nor plain.

True! visions haunt the general breast  
Of man—of worlds beyond the skies;  
But that may be a dream at best,  
Like other dreams and vanities;  
For man is but a breath, betray'd  
By every sense, by every shade.

Around him, o'er him, he creates  
A thousand fancies to delude,  
Which time, truth-trier, dissipates ;  
Bright though they be, and fair and good,  
They are but dreams at last—that leave  
Our disappointed hopes to grieve.

True ! power and pride and insolent thought,  
Our trust in heaven severely try ;  
The wicked rule the world—and nought  
Is left to virtue but—to die ;  
And sure, if God be strong and just,  
It shall not perish in the dust.

Vain hope ! In virtue's path who treads,  
Treads surely,—all we feel and see  
Is a triumphant march that leads  
Truth, knowledge to its victory ;  
'Tis sorrow's sternest discipline  
That makes our mortal man divine.

There is no pain but is the seed  
Of pleasure ;—wretchedness and woe  
Are steps to virtue. Oft the weed  
Shelters the tender flowers that grow  
Beneath its shield. Each day—each hour—  
Give power to truth—to virtue power.

Such are the thoughts and such the fears  
Of pilgrims, in that gloomy way  
Where heaven no glorious pillar rears  
Of fire by night—of clouds by day ;

Such as the sons of Israel led,  
When wandering thro' the desert dread.

Yet happier—O how happier!—he,  
Who from the waste of grief and care  
Retreats to immortality,  
And builds his tabernacle there,—  
And smiles, as from a splendid star,  
On dews and mists beneath him far!

Yes! happier who from earthly woe  
Turns his fix'd vision to the skies,  
And knows and feels that Jesus rose,  
And is assured that *he* shall rise;  
With faith as stedfast and sublime  
As ever vanquish'd doubt or time.

All else is vain—the days to come  
Are shrouded in obscurity:  
But Jesus burst his mortal tomb—  
And I shall not death's prisoner be.  
There's bliss enough in this to cheer  
All the dim woes that vex us here.

Yes! Jesus rose—and while the wreck  
Of nature leaves that thought to bless;  
The sigh of bursting grief I'll check,  
And still the tumult of distress:—  
For Jesus rose—and I shall rise,  
Tho' this poor crumbling body dies.

**Saturday Morning.**

**A**NOTHER portion of life rolls on,  
The week glides calmly by ;  
And down the swift stream of time we run,  
To the sea of eternity.  
Who knows how soon the hour will come  
When the sun shall put out his light,  
And the Master shall call his labourers home,  
To sleep in the valleys of night ?

And then shall He take a strict account  
Of duties neglected and done,  
And millions shall read their vast amount  
Recorded one by one.  
And every bosom shall be unveil'd,  
And every secret known ;  
And none another's sins shall shield,  
And none shall hide his own !

We live in this narrow world below,  
The victims of self-deceit ;  
But in the bright world to which we go,  
No artifice can cheat.

Folly can there no more assume  
Wisdom's imposing dress ;  
Nor hypocrisy wear the towering plume  
Of conscious righteousness.

Yes! each his burden of sin must bear,  
At the high tribunal above,  
For nothing will then avail us there  
But deeds of mercy and love ;

To have train'd our spirits to forgive,  
    As we hope to be forgiven,  
And have lived on earth as they should live,  
    Whose hopes and home are heaven.

We are weak and vain, but God is strong ;  
    We are blind, but His piercing eye,  
To whose orbit all space and time belong,  
    Embraces infinity.

We wander—His spirit leads us back  
    To the heavenward path of peace,  
And His glory lights the holy track  
    That ends in eternal bliss.

He smiles on all—and tho' drear and dark  
    Our journey may seem to be—  
A joyous, a bright, tho' lonely spark,  
    Shines from eternity.

As beneath the curtains of silver snow  
    The flowers of the valley are hid,  
So the flowers of hope and beauty grow  
    'Neath the grave's pyramid.

Even in the shadiest, darkest night  
    The stars shine on unseen ;  
And the sun is clad in his robes of light,  
    Tho' mists intrude between.  
And the grave, tho' dreary and dull and deep,  
    Is bright with a heaven-born ray,  
And its long and seemingly listless sleep  
    Shall be crown'd with eternal day.



**Saturday Evening.\***

**L**ORD! to whose being ages are but moments,  
 Fugitive moments! Thou, eternal Father!  
 Listen in mercy—for life's passing shadows  
 Soon will be scatter'd.

'Tis Thy bright presence makes all nature pregnant,  
 Pregnant with beauty—'tis Thy sacred presence  
 Fills all creation.—I am but an atom—  
 Deign, Lord! to hear me.

Glorious and mighty! Thy right hand of greatness  
 Upholds existence.—What is man before Thee?  
 Vanity, ashes—indigence and folly:  
 Smile, then, benignly!

Fountain of wisdom! Spirit of creation!  
 Life-source of blessing!—hear the humble praises  
 Of Thy poor pilgrim, whose short day of sadness  
 Soon will be over!

Thy searching spirit sees departed ages,  
 Ages in embryo—ages veil'd in darkness,  
 Present and future—all alike unravell'd:—  
 I am but blindness.

Highly exalted on Thy throne of glory,  
 Being unchanging! do Thou help my weakness  
 From the o'erflowings of Thy strength, O Father!  
 Help Thou my weakness.

\* Translation.

'Tis Thy proud arm that yon abyss divideth,  
Blots out the planets, gives the stars their splendour,  
Rules o'er infinity, uncontroll'd and mighty ;—  
I am as nothing.

E'en the plumed songster, wandering thro' creation ;  
E'en the poor insect, living in the sunbeam ;  
E'en the scorn'd earth-worm, at our feet extended,  
All share Thy mercy.

Deign, then, to hear me, Father ! deign to bless me !  
Nothing too lowly for Thy smiles benignant ;  
Nothing too trifling for Thy care, Thy kindness—  
I, too, may share them.

Infinite Being—Living One ! Eternal !  
Wise and unchanging—Father, Holy Father !  
Look from Thy Throne of brightness and of glory  
On this Thy suppliant !



# HYMNS



## HYMNS.

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### The House of God.\*

A HOUSE to God the Monarch built,  
For altars high and incense sweet ;  
'Twas richly carved,—'twas gaily gilt,—  
For sacrifice and worship meet.  
Then said the Monarch, 'Lord, I see  
My house is all unworthy Thee.

Unworthy Thee, whom highest heaven,  
Whom heaven of heavens, cannot contain ;  
Whose greatness human thought hath striven  
To compass, or conceive in vain.  
Yet in Thy house my heart shall be,  
Hallowing Thy name perpetually.'

We, too, have raised our temple pile  
Unworthy Thee,—and yet we pray,  
Father! for Thy benignant smile  
To bless the deed, to bless the day

\* Written for the Dedication Services at Oakfield Road Church, Clifton. 13th Nov., 1864.



Which dedicates another shrine  
To holy thoughts and hopes divine.

Here let the songs of praise be heard,  
The earnest reverential prayer,  
And Truth's sublime eternal word  
Be ever boldly uttered here ;  
And worshippers and worship be  
Acceptable, O God, to Thee !

**God with us.**

**A**M I lonely? No! with God  
Solitude can ne'er be mine :  
Everywhere my foot hath trod  
Feels His influence divine :  
And where'er I yet may stray,  
He shall guide and light my way.

Am I cheerless? No! with Him  
Peace and pleasure lead me on :  
Nought is dark, or drear, or dim,  
Where His sunny rays are thrown ;  
And His presence kindles bright  
Beams of beauty, love, and light.

Am I helpless? No! His hand  
Wields the sceptre of all time ;  
Worlds and systems shake or stand,  
Waiting on His nod sublime :  
Yet there's none too mean to share  
All His kindness, all His care.

**Adoration.**

**A**NCIENT of ages ! humbly bent before Thee,  
Songs of glad homage, Lord! to Thee we  
bring :

Touch'd by Thy spirit, oh ! teach us to adore Thee,  
Sole God and Father ! Everlasting King !

Let Thy light attend us,  
Let Thy grace befriend us,  
Eternal, unrivall'd, all-directing King !

Send forth Thy mandate, gather in the nations,  
Through the wide universe Thy name be known ;

Millions of voices shall join in adorations,

Join to adore Thee, Undivided One !

Every soul invited,

Every voice united,

United to praise Thee, Undivided One !

**Confidence in God.**

'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'—Matt. iv. 34.

**A**WAIT not with dismay  
To-morrow's threatening things ;  
Sufficient to the day  
The evil that it brings.

O take no anxious thought  
If clouds of gloom prevail ;  
The past its blessings brought,  
The future shall not fail.

Who feeds the fluttering birds,  
 Who paints the lily's cheeks,  
 In gracious smiles and words  
 To listening children speaks.

Sufficient to the day  
 The evil that it brings ;  
 To-morrow's brighter ray  
 Has healing on its wings.

In God's paternal care  
 Find safety, comfort, rest ;  
 Its bounties boundless are,  
 Its visitations blest.

**Dedicatory Hymn.\***

**B**EYOND the immeasurable space  
 Where glimmers the remotest star ;  
 Beyond those cycles whence we trace,  
 Though faintly, what we were and are ;  
 The only lights that smile and shine,  
 And elevate, are Thee and thine.

From Thee to thine we grope our way,  
 But feel more vigour as we grope ;  
 While darkness brightens into day,  
 And faith is born of trembling hope :  
 And on still-strengthening pinions we  
 Soar up from what is thine—to Thee !

\* Composed for the opening of Chapel Lane Chapel.

Be with us now ! The pile we rear  
 In reverence—may the worshipper  
 Who seeks Thy presence, find it here ;  
 Thyself the Great Interpreter  
 To unveil the veiled—to pour Thy light  
 In all its glories—infinite.

**Past, Present, and Future.**

**B**Y what a charm is life attended,  
 Led from activity to rest,  
 The past, the future, sweetly blended,  
 To make the present blest !

The memories of the time departed,  
 The hopes that light the days to come,  
 Life—busy, brief, and eager-hearted,  
 And death—a quiet home.

Yet, in its earthly course, the spirit  
 Through all creation's orbit flies,  
 And its expansive powers inherit  
*Two* vast eternities,—

The eternity unroll'd before us,  
 The volumes of recorded time ;  
 The light of ages beaming o'er us,  
 Instructive and sublime :

And that eternity whose portal  
 Is opened by the hand of truth,  
 Where man and virtue are immortal,  
 And wear immortal youth.

**Thy Kingdom Come.**

**C**OME Thy kingdom! of all blessings,  
 Of all prayers the first is this ;  
 All heaven's hopes,—all earth's possessings,  
 Grace and glory, peace and bliss,  
 Cent'ring in the holy word,  
 In the kingdom of the Lord.

Let Thy kingdom come! its coming,  
 By the Gospel-light assured,  
 In the distant dawn is looming,  
 Sanctioned, sanctified, secured ;  
 By the Great Creator's plan  
 Heaven's unveiled, and rescued man.

Yes! Thy kingdom shall be founded  
 On the eternal base of truth,  
 By its crystal walls surrounded,  
 Bright as diamonds, pure as youth.  
 Kingdom of the Lord! appear,  
 Speak the word! and lo 'tis here!

**Hallelujah!**

**C**OME to God's temple, come!  
 There let us make our home,  
 There let us dwell:  
 Yes! from this sacred floor  
 Anthems of praise outpour,  
 And with full hearts adore  
 Th' Invisible.

Great is our gracious Lord,  
Greatly to be ador'd—  
Language must fail :  
Yet shall his praise be sung,  
Rev'ence shall tune our tongue,  
And every harp be strung—  
Glorious One ! Hail !

And when to Thee we turn,  
May our glad souls discern  
Mercy's bright rays  
Streaming around Thy throne,  
Holy One ! Holy One !  
Thee we would praise alone  
Thee we would praise.

### **The Righteous.**

**E**ARTH'S transitory things decay,  
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;  
But the sweet memory of the good  
Survives in the vicissitude.

As 'midst the ever rolling sea,  
The eternal isles established be,  
'Gainst which the surges of the main  
Fret, dash and break themselves in vain—

As in the heavens the urns divine,  
Of golden light for ever shine ;  
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,  
They still shine on from age to age.—



So through the ocean-tide of years,  
 The memory of the just appears ;  
 So through the tempest and the gloom,  
 The good man's virtues light the tomb.

Happy the righteous ! come what may,  
 Though heaven dissolve and earth decay ;  
 Happy the righteous man ! for he  
 Belongs to immortality.

### Confidence in God.

**E**VER present in thy sight  
 To Thy gracious will I bow,  
 For Thou wilt conduct me right,  
 Though I know not always how.  
 What is mist and cloud to me  
 Is transcendent light to Thee.

Guide on earth, and Judge in Heaven,  
 Teacher, Comforter divine,  
 Noble were the missions given  
 By the Father ;—ours and thine,  
 Guide and Judge ! O save us here,  
 Pardon and accept us there.

All the discipline of woe,  
 All of man's infirmity,  
 Thou the Son of man did'st know,  
 Thou wert tempted, Lord ! as we.  
 'Tis most merciful, most meet,  
 Thou should'st fill the judgment seat.

Father, God ! in all the plan  
 Which concerns our privileged race,  
 All displays Thy love for man,  
 Elevating—saving grace,  
 Love beyond expression sweet,  
 Grace beyond conception great.

⊙ **Omnipresence of God.**

**F**ATHER and Friend ! Thy light, Thy love  
 Beaming thro' all Thy works we see ;  
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
 And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,  
 Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
 Involv'd in clouds—invisible,  
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallow'd part  
 Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be ;  
 But *this* we know, that where Thou art,  
 Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

And thro' the various maze of time,  
 And thro' th' infinity of space,  
 We follow Thy career sublime,  
 And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
 Sustain'd by this delightful thought,  
 Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,  
 They cannot be where Thou art not.

**Father, glorify Thy Name !**

‘ **F**ATHER ! glorify Thy name,  
 Whatsoe’er our portion be ;  
 Wheresoever led by Thee,  
 If to glory—if to shame—  
 ‘ Father ! glorify Thy name.’

Let Thy name be glorified !  
 If in doubt and darkness lost,  
 Hope deceived, and purpose crost,  
 Nought amiss can e’er betide—  
 Let Thy name be glorified !

‘ Father ! glorify Thy name ;’  
 Vain and blind our wishes are :  
*This* can be no idle prayer,  
*This* can be no worthless claim,  
 ‘ Father ! glorify Thy name.’

**Trust in God.**

**F**EAR not, faint not, though thou stray  
 In thy doubts and thy distress ;  
 God can make a flowery way  
 Even through the wilderness.

Faint not, fear not, e’en if woe  
 Devastate Thy path around ;  
 God can make the streamlet flow  
 Even o’er the barren ground.

If He lead thee, if He guide,  
Cease thy doubt, thy sorrows cease :  
For thy course is sanctified,  
And its end is joy and peace.

**God alone the object of Worship.**

**F**OR whom but Thee, to whom but Thee,  
Shall praise be pour'd, shall prayers ascend ?  
Creation—space—eternity—  
From Thee derived, on Thee depend.

Prime Cause uncaused, All-sight, unseen !  
Unknown, all-knowing—who but Thou  
Art, must be, will be, and hast been  
Infinite—unapproach'd—as now ?

Thy wisdom is an endless day,  
That bathes a million worlds in light ;  
Thy goodness an eternal ray,  
Unbounded in its bliss-led flight.

To whom but Thee—for whom but Thee,  
Shall prayers ascend—shall praise be pour'd ?  
Thy glory fills immensity—  
Being of Beings ! God ador'd !

**The God of Glory.**

**G**IVE unto the Lord, ye mighty !  
Strength and glory give the Lord !  
In the beauty of devotion  
Praise His name and bless His word !

Hear the God of Glory thundereth  
 Thundereth on the stormy sea ;  
 Awful is that voice of thunder,  
 Full of might and majesty !

Lo ! that voice the cedar breaketh  
 On the brow of Lebanon,  
 And the wilderness of Kadeth  
 Shakes before the eternal One !

Now he maketh bare the forests  
 And above the lofty storm,  
 Sitting in eternal glory  
 Veiled in dazzling light his form.

There He sitteth—king for ever  
 Lord of all the heavenly powers ;  
 Peace and joy and glory giver,  
 Let His peace and joy be ours !

### **God is Love.**

**G**OD is love ! His mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove ;  
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love ;

Chance and change are busy ever,  
 Man decays and ages move ;  
 But His mercy waneth never :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will His changeless goodness prove ;  
From the mist His brightness streameth,  
God is wisdom ! God is love !

He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere His glory shineth :  
God is wisdom ! God is love !

God is love ! His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :  
God is wisdom ! God is love !

### **Happy Hours.**

**H**APPY hour in which I rise,  
From the mists of selfish cares,  
From this vale of vanities,  
From this scene of woes and tears,  
Seeking a sublimer goal,  
For a heaven-aspiring soul.

Happy hour in which I hold  
Sweet communion with my God ;  
When the book of life, unroll'd,  
Shews the upward, onward road,  
Which conducts to heav'n, where rest,  
Peace, and joy, await the blest.



Happy hour in which I taste  
 Some sweet promise of the day,  
 Which the present and the past  
 Light with hope's serenest ray ;  
 Throwing o'er a future bliss,  
 All the brightest beams of this.

**Come, and Rest !**

**H**OW sweet the words, and how benignly spoken  
 By him whose blessings age to age have blest ;  
 ' All ye who labour, and are heavy laden,  
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest !

' Come unto me, however great the burden,  
 Come unto me, I can its weight remove ;  
 And from these scenes of woe and war transport ye  
 To fields of blessedness, and peace, and love.

' Come unto me—a sweet and heavenly welcome  
 Waits for the weary, waits for the opprest ;  
 Come unto me, ye pilgrims of earth's valley,  
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

' Come unto me, ye feeble and ye fainting,  
 Come unto me, dejected and distress ;  
 Weeping and wasted, troubled and tormented,  
 Come unto me and I will give you rest !'

**The Teaching of Jesus.**

**H**OW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his follower's way :  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

'Come wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones and rest !'  
Yes ! sacred teacher,—we will come—  
Obey thee,—love thee and be blest !

Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

**The World to come.**

**I**F all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prison'd in life's narrow bound ;  
If, travellers thro' this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond ;  
O what could check the rising sigh,  
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?  
O who would venture then to die—  
O who could then endure to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,  
 Where mists and clouds eternal, spread  
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
 And tempests thunder overhead:  
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
 And not a flow'ret smiles beneath;  
 Who could exist in such a tomb?  
 Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray  
 From our divine religion given;  
 'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;  
 'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.  
 Bright is the golden sun above,  
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom;  
 And all is joy, and all is love,  
 Reflected from a world to come.

### **Agar's Petition.**

**I**F we may breathe a prayer to Thee,  
 Our Father and our Friend,  
 Let neither wealth nor poverty  
 Our earthly steps attend.

But Thou, who knowest all, dost know  
 What's wisest—kindest—best;  
 We at Thy feet our off'rings throw,  
 Do Thou direct the rest.

Thou can'st not grant our idle prayers  
 When evil they intreat;

Though urg'd with sighs, implor'd with tears,  
Thy mercy is too great.

Thou wilt deny us, Father! nought  
That's good, or kind, or right,  
Though never ask'd in word, or thought;  
Thy love is infinite.

### **The Happy Dead.**

I HEARD a voice which sweetly said,  
'Happy, thrice happy, are the dead  
Who from their earthly labours rest—  
They slumber well—for they are blest.'

But while in dust at peace they lie,  
The holy memory cannot die  
Of deeds of virtue and of praise  
Which cheer'd and crown'd their mortal days.

Those deeds can never die, though they  
To the cold grave have pass'd away;  
But speed to heav'n and welcoming wait  
The spirit at the eternal gate.

And there around th' Almighty's seat  
In holy concord they shall meet;  
A cloud of witnesses—to cheer  
The path which leads the spirit there.

Then happy, happy are the dead  
Who on their way to heaven have sped;  
Whose holy deeds are gone before  
To wait them at th' eternal door.

**The Cross of Christ.**

**I**N the Cross of Christ I glory,  
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the Cross forsake me—  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the Cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the Cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

**Submission to God.**

**I**N the spirit of devotion,  
 To Thy earthly dome we come,  
 And with pure and calm emotion  
 Call our wandering fancy home.

Bid our thoughts, so often straying,  
Fix themselves on heaven and Thee :  
Praising all Thy will—and praying  
For Thy guidance fervently.

'Tis a blessing to repose us  
'Neath Thy ever-shelt'ring wing :  
Thou, whose bounty overflows us,  
Everlasting joys shalt bring :  
And in Thee alone confiding  
Onward shall our footsteps tend :  
And, whate'er our path betiding,  
Feel Thou art our God and Friend.

### **Pious Worship.**

**I**N Thy courts let peace be found,  
Be Thy temple full of love ;  
There we tread on holy ground,  
All serene, around, above.

While the knee in prayer is bent,  
While with praise the heart o'erflows,  
Tranquilize the turbulent !  
Give the weary one repose !

Be the place for worship meet,  
Meet the worship for the place ;  
Contemplation's best retreat,  
Shrine of guilelessness and grace !

As an infant knows its home,  
 Lord ! may we Thy temple know ;  
 Thither for instruction come—  
 Thence by Thee instructed go.

**Forgive, as we hope to be forgiven.**

**K**IND Father of the human race  
 From whom we came, in whom we live,  
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
 And when Thou hearest, O ! forgive.

We know there's much to be forgiven—  
 Our meaner thoughts of earthly birth ;  
 We know we cannot hope for heaven  
 In these inferior realms of earth.

And yet of heaven we have a taste,  
 Of brighter blessing from above,  
 When over our mean earthly waste  
 There beams Heaven's radiant light of love.

**Life's Pilgrimage.**

**L**EAD us with Thy gentle sway,  
 As a willing child is led ;  
 Speed us on our forward way,  
 As a pilgrim, Lord ! is sped ;  
 Who, with prayers and helps divine,  
 Seeks a consecrated shrine.



We are pilgrims, and our goal  
Is that distant land whose bourn  
Is the haven of the soul,  
Where the mourners cease to mourn  
Where the Saviour's hand will dry  
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither. Thou dost know  
All the way ; but, wanderers, we  
Often miss our path below,  
And stretch out our hands to Thee :  
Guide us, save us, and prepare  
Our appointed mansion there.

### **Forgiveness.**

' Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do.'

Luke xxiii. 34.

**L**OOK to Jesus—sufferings gather  
Round him, piercing through and through :  
Hear him—' O forgive them, Father,  
For they know not what they do !'

Great their crimes, but his compassion  
Than those crimes is greater still,  
While he bends in lowliest fashion  
To the Father's sovereign will.

When injustice, when oppression,  
Our unguarded steps pursue,  
Let us make the sweet confession,  
That ' they know not what they do.'

And in patience and in meekness  
 To the tempest bow our head,  
 And with sighs for mortal weakness,  
 Dwell on what the Saviour said :

Words of holiest resignation,  
 Soothing words and strengthening too,  
 Words of hope and consolation—  
 For ' they know not what they do.'

### **The best Gifts.**

**L**ORD ! I would humbly seek Thy throne,  
 And supplicate for that alone  
 Which Thy kind mercy will supply ;  
 Thou art all strength—all weakness I.

I would not ask for worldly power,  
 Which oft Thy liberal hand doth shower  
 Upon the vilest. Pride and gold  
 Held by the worthless I behold.

I would not ask for lengthen'd life,  
 Which oft is but continued strife  
 And hopeless sorrow. Better far  
 Meekness and peace and wisdom are.

Then give me wisdom, meekness, peace ;  
 All other vain desires shall cease.  
 Peace, meekness, wisdom—these alone  
 Will make both earth and heaven my own.

**God the chief Good.**

**L**ORD! to live, to die to Thee,  
Ever, ever to be Thine;  
Now and for eternity;  
Father! Friend! to call Thee mine,  
And when death shall overtake me,  
Calmly to repose me there  
Till Thy awful voice awake me,—  
Hear the wish and grant the prayer!

If that prayer may soar to Thee  
Not for wealth, nor power, nor pride,  
Lord! shall my petition be:  
I would turn my thoughts aside  
From the dreams so vain and idle,  
Which too long have driven me on;  
Every wish and passion bridle,  
Fixing them on Thee alone.

**Mysteries of Affliction.**

**M**YSTERIOUS are the ways of God,  
And fear and blindness oft repine;  
We murmur 'neath His chastening rod,  
Because we read not His design.

Impending clouds His love has spread  
O'er this low vale where mortals dwell;  
And oft we mourn His spirit fled,  
When adverse tempests round us swell.

But in those storms that sometimes roll,  
 Our mortal dwellings dark above,  
 Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,  
 Dwells the bright presence of His love.

We cannot see Him—not a ray  
 Of all His glory there appears,  
 And oft we thread our darkened way,  
 Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.

Yet faith still looks beyond the gloom,  
 While hope's bright star illumines our night;  
 Pilgrims of earth! though dark the tomb,  
 It leads to scenes of bliss and light.

### **The Teachings of God in Nature.**

**N**OT in shifting undulations  
 Has the word of God been spoken,  
 But in constant revelations,  
 Never silent, never broken.

Not in sudden brightness glaring,  
 Soon to be obscured in night,  
 But in glories ever streaming  
 From an ever-loving light.

Not alone in books we read His  
 Lessons, always broadly given;  
 Man will find them where his need is,  
 Everywhere in earth and heaven.

Every sunbeam is a letter  
In the ever glowing word ;  
Yet more eloquent and better  
In the heart's responses heard.

Heard when the astounding thunders  
Burst upon the listening ears,  
Yet more plainly in the wonders  
Of the music of the spheres.

Sound and silence ever giving  
Equal witness—weal and woe—  
Sleeping—waking—dying—living,  
All around, above, below.

### **The Unknown Future.**

**O** HOW wise that God hath hidden  
All the future from our view !  
O how well that 'tis forbidden  
Coming darkness to look through !  
If time's page of hurrying fleetness  
Were unveil'd to readers here,  
Joy itself would lose its sweetness,  
Sorrow would become despair.

Now if storms the ocean cover,  
Hope declares a calm is near ;  
And when discord's tones are over,  
Softened music meets the ear.

If the shadows of affliction  
 Round us gather as we go,  
 Soon some heavenly benediction  
 Wakens peace from slumbering woe.

### **P**atience and Trust.

**O** LET my trembling soul be still,  
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,  
 And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,  
 Wrapt yet in fears and mystery ;  
 I cannot, Lord ! Thy purpose see ;  
 Yet all is well—since ruled by Thee.

When, mounted on Thy clouded car,  
 Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,  
 I can discern Thy light afar,  
 Thy light, sweet beaming thro' Thy frown ;  
 And, should I faint a moment—then  
 I think of Thee,—and smile again.

So, trusting in Thy love, I tread  
 The narrow path of duty on ;  
 What tho' some cherish'd joys are fled ?  
 What tho' some flattering dreams are gone ?  
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain :  
 Why should my spirit then complain ?

### **P**ure Worship.

**O** THOU to whom all praise belongs,  
 Thou all-controlling One !  
 Say, what shall consecrate our songs,  
 What waft them to Thy throne ?

The offerings to Thy throne which rise,  
Of mingled praise and prayer ;  
Are but a worthless sacrifice  
Unless the heart is there.

Upon Thy all-discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude :  
No tribute—but the vow sincere,—  
The tribute of the good.

My offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by Thee ;  
If Thy pure spirit touch my breast  
With its own purity.

O may that spirit warm my heart  
To piety and love ;  
And to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays from heaven above.

**Aspiration after higher Truth.**

**O**NE and universal Father !  
Here in reverent thought we gather,  
Seeking light in honouring Thee ;  
Free our souls from error's fetter ;  
Make us wiser—make us better ;  
Be our guide—our guardian be !

Not in mean and vile prostration  
Pour we out our adoration ;  
No! to Thee, to Thee we turn,



Looking onward, upwards ever,  
 Following light and truth wherever  
 Light and truth may beam and burn.

To the paths of life to win us,  
 Thou, O God, did'st plant within us  
 Aspirations high and bright ;  
 Bring us to Thy presence nearer,  
 Let us see Thy glories clearer,  
 Till all mists shall melt in light.

**'God is One.'**

**O**NE ! One ! One ! art Thou,  
 Judge and King and God alone :  
 Thee we worship—and allow  
 None to share Thy glory—none ;

Great, great, great, art Thou,  
 Undivided greatness Thine :  
 Other gods we disavow ;  
 None but Thee we own divine.

Wise, wise, wise, art Thou ;  
 Wise beyond our highest thought :  
 Nought, when at Thy throne we bow,  
 Shall distract our praises—nought !

Good, good, good, art Thou ;  
 Thine th' unfathomable sea  
 Where each thought that fills us now  
 Is o'erwhelmed with thoughts of Thee.

Great, wise, good, art Thou!  
Thou our God that reign'st alone:  
Consecrate Thy servants' vow;  
Incommunicable One!

### Looking Upward.

**O**NWARD! forward! upward! heavenward!  
These our watchwords ever be;  
These engraved upon our standard,  
Lead us on to victory:  
Victory over all that's evil,  
Victory certain, great, and glorious;  
Over sin, the flesh, the devil—  
O'er the grave victorious.

Onward! forward! upward! heavenward!  
This is Heaven's divine decree:  
This the experience of the peoples—  
This the tide of tendency.  
Lord! complete that consummation  
Promised in Thy faithful word,  
Give to all—to all salvation  
In thy kingdom, gracious Lord.

### God always Nigh.

**O**UR God is nigh;  
He watches all we think or do:  
Rolls o'er all time His penetrating eye,  
And tracks the round our steps pursue.

By night, by day,  
 Waking or sleeping—o'er the sea,  
 Up to the heaven—where'er thou take thy way  
 Down to the grave—He follows thee.

Thou canst not hide  
 From Him thy weakness or thy strength  
 His guardian angel tarries at thy side,  
 And guides thee to thy home at length.

The joys, the cares  
 Which crowd our earthly being here,  
 He portions in His wisdom, and forbears  
 When heavier than our strength can bear.

All we possess  
 Is His—and all we hope for, His ;  
 Pilgrims of earth, His holy name we bless,  
 And look to Heaven for peace and bliss.

### **Rejoice with Trembling.**

**R**EJOICE! rejoice! this glorious earth,  
 A far more glorious heaven resembling,  
 Is vocal with the sound of mirth,  
 Rejoice! but oh, rejoice with trembling!

For soon those chords with joy that thrill,  
 Time's ruthless hand shall snap asunder,  
 And that sweet music shall be still  
 Which waked such passion, praise and wonder.

Rejoice! for there is cause for joy,  
And warm and cordial be our greeting;  
Yet tremble—bliss hath this alloy,  
That it is far less bright than fleeting.

**Rejoice with Trembling.**

**R**EJOICE with trembling! yet rejoice;  
For in the stillness of the soul  
A voice is audible, a voice  
No will can silence or control;  
And this the language mortals hear,  
Tears have their joy, and joys their tear.

Rejoice with trembling! every good  
Has shadows darkening; every grief  
Has bliss for its vicissitude—  
Toil, rest, affliction, and relief,  
The cheering sound, the chastening rod,  
But over all the hand of God.

**Salvation.**

‘**S**ING no more the song of Moses!’  
Sing a loftier, louder lay!  
For the time of twilight closes,  
And then dawns th’ eternal day.  
A still nobler revelation  
Beams resplendent from above,  
Bearing on its wings ‘Salvation,’  
Scattering truth, and light, and love.

‘ Sing no more the song of Moses ! ’  
 Sing with a diviner breath !  
 Fairer flowers than Sharon’s roses  
 Have been culled in Nazareth.  
 Ancient fetters have been broken ;  
 Heaven is opened, earth is free ;  
 A sublimer voice hath spoken,  
 ‘ Come ye weary ones, to me.’

### The Son of God.

‘ SURELY ’tis the Son of God ! ’  
 Thus the Roman soldier spoke  
 As the earth on which he trod  
 Trembled, and the lightnings broke  
 Through a mid-day darkness—when  
 Jesus on the cross his breath  
 Yielded up, for mortal men :  
 Triumphant o’er sin and death.

‘ Surely ’tis the Son of God ! ’  
 Shall our grateful hearts repeat,  
 While along life’s rugged road  
 Hopes, ineffable and sweet,  
 From that cross in glory beam :  
 In our grief and gloom and care,  
 Still our thoughts shall turn to *him*  
 Gath’ring peace and comfort there.

**Acceptable Worship.**

**T**HE secret—nay, the silent prayer,  
Which the meek spirit wafts above,  
Will meet with sweet acceptance there,  
And bloom around the throne of love ;  
As buds which spring-time sunshine bids  
Burst through their wintry coverlids.

The eloquence that charms the ear,  
The songs of art which fascinate,  
Can give no upward wings to prayer,  
Nor speed it through the Eternal's gate.  
To Him, the music of the bee  
Is sweeter than man's vanity.

He is not deaf to human praise,  
When human praises are sincere ;  
He turns not to the lowliest lays  
Of humble souls a careless ear :  
O no ! Devotion's sainted tone  
Is met with welcome at His throne.

**They are Risen.**

**T**HEY are not gone—whom death's dark shroud  
Hath curtain'd from our mortal eye ;  
They are not gone :  
Down to their bed of rest they bow'd—  
It was their portal to the sky,  
The pathway to their throne.

They cannot die—whose being here  
 Is by its worth immortal made ;  
 They cannot die :  
 Though the time-wasted sepulchre  
 In which their vestiges are laid  
 Crumbled in dust may lie.

They are not dead—whose ashes fill  
 That melancholy house of clay ;  
 They are not dead :  
 They live in brighter glory still,  
 Than ever cheer'd their earthly way,  
 Full beaming round their head.

**God's Will be done.**

**T**HU will be done ! In devious way  
 The hurrying stream of life may run ;  
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
 Thy will be done !

Thy will be done ! If o'er us shine  
 A gladdening and a prosperous sun,  
 This prayer will make it more divine—  
 Thy will be done !

Thy will be done—though shrouded o'er  
 Our path with gloom ; one comfort—one  
 Is ours—to breathe while we adore—  
 Thy will be done !



Thy will be done— above—below—  
Here and hereafter. We have none  
Holier desires to proffer—No !  
Thy will be done !

**Unity of God.\***

**U**NDIVIDED Unity !  
Thankfully and reverently,  
Father, God ! we raise to Thee  
This memorial pile !  
Smile upon Thy servants now,  
Hear their prayer—accept their vow,—  
Source of light and love, do Thou  
On our worship smile.

Here may Truth her wings extend ;  
Here may zeal and knowledge blend ;  
Here may friend encourage friend,  
In the onward road,  
Which through gladness and through gloom,  
Thorns that wound, and flowers that bloom,  
Cradle, pilgrimage, and tomb,  
Leads us all to God ! Amen.

**The Sacred Presence.**

**W**HEN before Thy throne we kneel,  
Fill'd with awe and holy fear,  
Teach us, O our God, to feel  
All Thy sacred presence near.

\* For the opening of Christ Church, Devonport.

Check each proud and wand'ring thought  
 When on Thy great name we call;  
 Man is nought—is less than nought :  
 Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we  
 In this vale of darkness dwell ;  
 Yet presume to look to Thee,  
 'Midst Thy light ineffable.  
 O forgive the praise that dares  
 Seek Thy heaven-exalted throne ;  
 Bless our off'rings, hear our pray'rs,  
 Infinite and Holy One !

### Devotion.

WHEN pure devotion lifts the soul  
 To holier thoughts and higher spheres,  
 New orbs of beauty round us roll,  
 A lovelier light pervades the whole,  
 And softer music charms the ears.

Not to this valley's dark abyss,—  
 Not to this narrow world confined  
 Is man ;—for nobler scenes than this,—  
 For vaster worlds, for mightier bliss,  
 For higher realms was man designed.

Oh ! be it ours to know, to feel  
 The upward impulse ; still to rise,  
 As turns life's ever-moving wheel,  
 Till stopped by death,—and death reveal  
 The opening splendours of the skies.

**Immortality.**

**W**HEN shall mortal man be crown'd,  
Crown'd with immortality?  
Shadows here our path surround;  
Nothing is reality.  
Mists and darkness cover us—  
When shall they disperse?  
Waves and storms roll over us—  
O'er the universe.

Scenes like these shall pass away,  
Brighter scenes succeeding them;  
Angels bring a cloudless day,  
Joy and promise leading them.  
Then shall heaven's reality  
All its glories shed—  
Then shall immortality  
Gather round our head.

**Perpetual Praise.**

**W**HEN wakened by Thy voice of power  
The hour of morning beams in light  
My voice shall sing that morning hour,  
And Thee who mad'st that hour so bright.

The morning strengthens into noon,  
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair;  
And noon and morning shall attune  
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

When 'neath the evening's western gate  
 The sun's retiring rays are hid,  
 My joy shall be to meditate,  
 Even as the pious patriarch did.

As twilight wears a darker hue,  
 And gathering night creation dims,  
 The twilight and the midnight too,  
 Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,  
 My constant inspirations be :  
 And every shifting scene of time,  
 Reflect, my God ! a light from Thee.

### **Look on the Bright Side.**

**W**HILE through life's tangled paths you rove,  
 Watch every onward footstep duly ;  
 And if there's little left to love,  
 O love that little warmly,—truly.

Should pleasures rays be faint and few,  
 Let them their every smile retain,  
 And hope some future may renew  
 The half-extinguished light again.

While through this troubled world you rove,  
 Be not to its attractions blind ;  
 And if you find not much to love,  
 Love well the little that you find.

Thy visitations all-benign  
The earth illumine—the earth o'erflow ;  
That ever-gracious smile of thine  
Brings light from mists and joy from woe.

**Light and Joy.**

**W**HY should dreams so dark and dreary  
Fill my thought ?  
Is there nought,  
Nought to soothe and bless the weary ?  
Night may wrap the arch of heaven—  
Soon a ray,  
Bright with day,  
Cheers the morn and gilds the even.

I have seen the mountain hidden  
In a shroud—  
Mist and cloud ;  
Say, was hope or joy forbidden ?  
No !—I knew its summit hoary  
Soon would rise,  
'Midst the skies,  
Girt with green and crown'd with glory.

Many a stream with song of gladness,  
Many a rill,  
Silent, still,  
Winter binds in chains of sadness,—

Many a waterfall and river :—  
    Summer's wand,  
    Breaks their band,  
And their music ceases never.

Is the sun in heaven no longer,  
    When the rain  
    Sweeps the plain ?  
Soon he blazes brighter—stronger.  
Is the flow'ret's sleep eternal,  
    When its cup,  
    Folded up,  
Waites the smiles and breezes vernal ?

Why should man, then—child of sorrow !  
    Mourn his doom ?  
    Present gloom  
Will be light and bliss to-morrow.  
Why should man, then, bound his vision  
    To the cell  
    Where we dwell ?  
Worlds are his—and worlds elysian.

Even here all pain is fleeting ;  
    Even here,  
    Joy and care  
Join in constant, earnest greeting :  
But where all our hopes are tending,  
    Peace and love  
    Reign above—  
Bliss unbroken—joy unending.

**The Innocence of Infancy.\***

**W**ITH gentle words and gracious look,  
The loving Saviour spoke and smiled ;  
When in His welcoming arms He took  
A happy child, and blessed the child.

For childhood's earliest day begins  
In the bright heaven of innocence,  
Ere wand'ring thoughts or tempting sins  
Seduce its erring footsteps thence.

Would that, as following years roll on,  
Life's infant brightness might endure,  
And leave us, when those years are gone,  
Pure, as a happy child is pure !

O God ! who veil'st the future o'er,  
Through whose thick darkness none can see,  
Protect, preserve, redeem, restore  
The innocence of infancy.

**God ever Present.**

**Y**ES ! Thou art with me, and with Thee  
I cannot be alone,  
For joy shall bear me company,  
And peace shall be my own.

\* Hymn written to be sung by the Children of Dissenting School. 1860.



The solitude Thou hoverest nigh  
Is peopled all with bliss :  
The sandy waste, when Thou art by,  
A verdant landscape is.

There is no night where Thou art seen :  
No light can day afford  
Without Thy rays to gild the scene—  
Without Thy presence, Lord !

Be with me ever ! Ever bless,  
And ever guide—and be,  
In life's decay and death's distress,  
On earth, in heaven, with me.

END OF HYMNS.

POEMS



## POEMS

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### Buddhism.

**A**BSTRACTION from all thought, all care, all love,  
All hatred and all sympathy ; can *this*—  
This soul-annihilation—be Heaven's bliss ?  
*This*, virtue's highest recompense above,  
After life's turbulent troubles ? *This* Divine—  
*This* worthy of the Godhead ? Higher far,  
Even as infinites to nothings are,  
The very feeblest dawns which enshrine  
*Our* God, *our* Father ! for though faint and dim  
Our visual organs, yet we see in *them*—  
All active as creation—neither rest  
Nor weariness, but from the source of might  
He pours out ceaseless tides of love and light—  
Blessing with busiest energies, and blest !

### ⊙mnipotence.

**A**S planets round the central sun  
In their eternal orbits shine,  
So million lamps of light divine  
Circle about *The only One*.

That *only One*—the first, the last,  
 Lord of the future,—present,—past,  
 He over all,—alone,—supreme,  
     The unseen,—the unapproachable,  
 Near whom all other lights are dim.

### Joy after Sorrow.

**A**S, when the deluge-waves were gone,  
 Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst,  
 And nature's earliest rainbow shone  
     On scenes more lovely than the first :

Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove,  
     The promise branch of olive bore,—  
 Pledge of returning peace and love  
     That beamed more brightly than before :—

So when affliction's waters glide  
     From the enfranchised soul away,  
 More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,  
     The soul emerges into day.

And then as with the olive bough,  
     The heavenly dove of old drew near ;  
 Some gentle words of truth will flow,  
     In holy music on the ear.

O'er all the transient things of time,  
     The oblivious foot of years hath trod ;  
 But all that's sacred and sublime  
     Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

**Slavery.**

CAN a vast interest veil a monstrous curse  
And make it like a virtue? can the din  
Whose thunders drown the wail of slavery's sin  
O'erwhelm the voice—the sanctity divine  
That stamps oppression with the Eternal's curse  
And makes the tyrant hateful to the soul?  
Foul is the very fact of servitude,  
But the vile pleadings that defend it, worse :  
Enough to reap the harvest with the shame,  
Enough to bear the burthen and the blame,  
But to hold up the fetters of the poor  
And prostrate slaves as trophies, and to claim  
A Gospel heritage, a Christian name,  
O this is more than patience can endure !

**Resurrection.**

'Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits  
of them that slept.'—1 Cor. xv. 20.

CHRIST is risen from the dead—He is risen,  
First fruit of the sleeping is He ;  
He rose from death's desolate prison,  
He hath made all His followers free !  
He is risen—is risen ! Our voices,  
To hail the great triumph unite,  
While earth from its centre rejoices,  
And heaven re-echoes delight.

He is risen—is risen! The tiding  
 From planet to planet afar  
 On the wings of the lightning is riding;  
 Star heralds the vict'ry to star.  
 Generation salutes generation,  
 With the mighty, the magical word;  
 All space and all time shout, 'Salvation!'  
 In the name of the conquering Lord.

### **Evils of Ignorance.**

**F**ROM hollowest things the harshest noises  
 Come forth,—from trumpet, fife, or drum;  
 From shallowest minds, the loudest voices  
 In overwhelming cataracts come!  
 Where ignorance is most apparent,  
 There stands presumption, close ally;  
 Where darkest folly dwells inherent,  
 There is the boldest shout and cry.

### **The Spirit's Prayer.**

**F**ROM the recesses of a lowly spirit  
 My humble prayer ascends—O Father! hear it!  
 Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,  
 Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy  
 The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;  
 What can I offer in Thy presence holy,  
 But sin and folly?



For in Thy sight—who every bosom viewest,  
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;  
Thoughts of a hurrying hour ; our lips repeat them,  
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us ;  
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us ;  
And then we turn away—and still Thy kindness  
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,  
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing  
And, as if man were some deserving creature,  
Joys cover nature.

O how long-suffering, Lord ! but Thou delightest  
To win with love the wandering—Thou invitest,  
By smiles of mercy,—not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call—appealing  
To every generous thought, and grateful feeling ?  
That voice paternal—whispering, watching ever,  
My bosom ?—never.

Father and Saviour ! plant within that bosom  
These seeds of holiness—and bid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,  
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;  
Where every flower that creeps thro' death's dark portal,  
Becomes immortal.

**Brotherhood of Humanity.**

**F**ROM the sacred banks, where Ganges  
 Pours its strong, majestic flood,  
 From Himalaya's mountain ranges  
 Come the strains of brotherhood ;  
 Brotherhood's fraternal strain,  
 Which the West shouts back again.

In the warmth of love's embraces,  
 Brothers all of every tongue,  
 Of all colours, ranks, and races,  
 To one family belong ;  
 Marching on their various road,  
 Children of a common God.

**Burial.**

**G**ATHER up, O earth ! thy dead ;  
 Grass ! thy peaceful pillow spread,  
 Add another mortal's bed,  
 To the bed where mortals sleep :  
 Where they sleep—but not to rise,  
 When morn's sunlight clears the skies,  
 But to rest—while centuries  
 Their long-during watches keep.

Centuries shall pass away ;  
 Earth shall hasten to decay :  
 Days will bring of days the day  
 When the exhausted cycles end ;

Then,—earth's every fugitive  
Shall appear; the grave shall give  
Up its dead—the dead shall live,—  
And the Eternal Judge descend.

Day of wonders! day of woe!  
Day of evil's overthrow!  
Day of joy! when all shall know—  
Know, and see the Lord of heaven!  
Then, oh, then, may hope appear,  
Faith our fainting spirits cheer,  
Love dry up the trembling tear,  
Whispering sweetly, 'sins forgiven!'

### **Christian Hopes.**

**G**RANDEST of heritages, to be taught  
To embrace the immeasurable realms of thought,  
Beyond the lofty firmament to soar,  
The deepest of abysses to explore;

Up to the farthest stars of heaven to fly,  
And master all the mysteries of the sky,  
To see the sights unseen by mortal eyes,  
To hear the unheard, celestial melodies;

To bring the past transparent to the view,  
And to unveil the hidden future too;  
And of all time, all space, to read and tell  
The hidden things alike of heaven and hell;

To solve all doubts—all darkness to disperse,  
And bathe in sunshine all the universe;

And as the seraphs bask in light divine,  
 May the same bliss ineffable be mine.

**God our Strength.**

**H**AVE ye not seen? have ye not heard?  
 And hath it not been told to you?  
 'From the beginning,' that the Lord  
 Will strengthen, will uphold you?  
 If, struggling through life's weary race,  
 You keep His law, and seek His face.  
 Yes! ye have heard, and ye have seen,  
 The Wise,—the Great,—the Holy,  
 Will ever be what He hath been,  
 The refuge of the lowly;  
 Who from the depth of prayer's recess,  
 Seek strength from His almightiness.  
 Was it not told you from the first  
 He faints not, tires not ever?  
 He still is merciful as erst,  
 His glory waneth never!  
 We pine in pain and pass away,  
 He knows nor darkness nor decay.

**Faith, Hope, Charity.**

'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the  
 greatest of these is charity.'—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

**H**EAVEN'S great triad still abideth,  
 The divinely blended Three,—  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity,—  
 Over all supreme presideth.

*Faith* in Him whose love protecteth,  
And through sorrow, sin, and strife,  
As His power to all gave life,  
All controlleth, all directeth.

*Hope*—that like a constellation,  
Ever smiling from above,  
Brings with ever-living love  
God's bright promise of salvation.

*Charity*—of all supremest,  
Greatest, noblest of the three—  
Beam upon us, Charity!  
Bringing blessings as thou beamest.

### **Jesus Wept.**

**H**E wept, as he approach'd the place  
Where the departed Lazarus slept ;  
The clouds of sorrow veil'd his face,  
And, in his anguish, ' Jesus wept.'

Yes! sainted are affection's tears,  
And purified from sin or shame ;  
Each drop that's shed by virtue bears  
The sanction of the Saviour's name.

Yet, if ye weep, as wept your Lord  
Over his friend—now weep no more ;  
But hear his all-consoling word,  
And dry the tears he dried before :

‘ I go before you to prepare  
 A mansion of felicity ;  
 And where my faithful servants are,  
 There shall their Lord and Master be.

‘ There shall eternal years renew  
 The scenes of peace which death destroys,  
 And God in me, and I in you,  
 Dwell ’midst unutterable joys.’

### Introspection.

**H**OW much the uncharitable leaven  
 Is mingled with our daily fare !  
 How little do we think of heaven  
 When earth absorbs us everywhere !  
 We see our neighbour’s fault and sin,  
 But quite forget to look *within*.

We sit in judgment on another,  
 And with impatient zeal condemn  
 The slightest failing of a brother :  
 If they to us, and we to them,  
 Deny forgiveness,—have we not  
 The lessons of our Lord forgot ?

Would we who scan a neighbour’s eye  
 To find a trifling mote alone,  
 Remember that we might descry  
 A blinding beam within our own,  
 It would a marvellous lesson be  
 To check and cure uncharity.

**Matter and Mind.**

I F in the vast material world  
No atom ever perished—though  
In multitudinous changes hurl'd  
Upwards and downwards, to and fro,  
And all that in the present orb'd  
From silent growth and sudden storms,  
Is but a former past absorb'd  
In ever-shifting frames, and forms,—  
If He who made the worlds that were,  
And makes the worlds that are to be,  
Has with all-wise, all-potent care  
Preserved the smallest entity  
Imperishable—though it pass  
From shape to shape, by heat or cold  
Dispersed, attracted, monad, mass—  
A wind-blown sand, a solid mould,—  
Shall he not save those nobler things,  
Those elements of mind and thought,  
Whose marvellous imaginings  
Have the great deeds of progress wrought?  
Those instincts, be they what they may,  
Of which the soul of man is made,  
By which he works his wondrous way  
Up to light's very fountain head?  
From earth's untold materials, man  
Can build, unbuild, can break or bind;  
But from mind's elements who can  
Transform, create another mind?



Who rear new piles of thought from aught  
 Of thought surviving its decay—  
 Who ever from the grave has brought  
 A spirit that had passed away ?

If God have left no blank—no void  
 Unfilled,—if in Creation's reign  
 Nothing is born to be destroyed  
 Or perish—but to live again ;—  
 If in the cycles of the earth  
 No atom of that earth can die—  
 The soul, which is of nobler birth,  
 Must live,—and live eternally.

### **Doing Good.**

**I**F the hours of life are fleeting,  
 Let those hours be well employed !  
 Working, resting, parting, meeting,  
 Life was given to be enjoyed.  
 And the enjoyment that is meetest  
 In this life's vicissitude,  
 Best, and holiest, and sweetest,  
 Is the bliss of doing good.

Doing good ! 'tis this that measures  
 Every merit, every claim :  
 Life's a school, and books are treasures  
 To direct us in our aim.  
 Wisely taught and well directed,  
 May our fleeting hours be passed,  
 And by Heavenly care protected,  
 May we meet in heaven at last.

**Scepticism.**

**I**F to deny that God hath cursed the child,  
 And doomed it to perdition—to deny  
 That He, who sits and reigns above the sky,  
 Hath in His unquenched wrath and vengeance wild,  
 Doomed man to endless misery, then am I  
 An unbeliever bold ; and though reviled,  
 Will lift an energetic voice on high,  
 And call on heaven, as merciful as mild,  
 To help me to denounce the calumny  
 Which outrages Thy Providence and Thee,  
 Making Thee not a Father, but a fiend.  
 No this is not religion—this is not  
 A divine beauty, but a damnèd blot—  
 Wash it out, every wave ! disperse it, every wind !

**The Beauties of Creation.\***

**I** KNOW not why a well-trained mind  
 Should aught but light and beauty find  
 In this mysterious home of earth.  
 It seems to me more bright, more fair,  
 More gay and radiant everywhere,  
 From its first budding into birth.  
  
 And when we, like the Ephemerae,  
 After a season pass away,  
 The earth will not be wrapped in gloom ;  
 But sweeter music, lovelier flowers,  
 And brighter suns, this world of ours  
 Will bless in happier days to come.

\* 'Christian Record,' January, 1873.

Yet we—the mists and cloud between—  
 Have heavenly rays of comfort seen,  
     Rays that will never die ;  
 The darkened clouds are changing ever,  
 And suns and planets never, never  
     Fail to illuminate the sky.

They rose at first, are rising still  
 Obedient to that Heavenly will  
     Which rules alike the great, the small :  
 It marked our path, it guides our way  
 Towards that everlasting day  
     Where blessed light shall beam on all.

### God's Beloved.\*

**I**N our unreason and unrest,  
     How little know we what is best !  
     How little can explore the deep  
 Whence emanates our weal and woe !  
 But this we feel, and this we know,  
     ‘ God giveth His beloved sleep.’

He, while we ramble far about  
 In realms of darkness and of doubt,  
     Doth His eternal counsels keep ;  
 Watches our ways, supplies our needs,  
 Strengthens the weak, the wanderer leads,  
     And ‘ giveth His beloved sleep !’

\* Suggested by Mrs. Barrett Browning's beautiful paraphrase of Psalm cxxvii. 2.

But gifts there are which, though pursued  
 With passion by the multitude,  
 Who idly sow, and blindly reap ;  
 Rank, fortune, fame, not these—not these—  
 Are God's supreme benignities :  
 ' He giveth His beloved sleep ! '

His own belovèd,—they are not  
 Of princely pomp or lofty lot,—  
 The gay, the vain, the proud, who sweep  
 The noisy paths of life along ;  
 To some serener joys belong—  
 ' He giveth His beloved sleep ! '

Sleep, sweetest dowry ! gift divine  
 To thirsting souls, to hearts that pine,  
 To world-o'erwearied eyes that weep ;  
 To these He brings a blest release,  
 Prepares a bed of endless peace,  
 And ' giveth *His* beloved sleep ! '

### The Divine Apocalypse.

**I**N the apocalypse sublime  
 The new created world shall see  
 Eternity embracing time,  
 Space swallowed in infinity ;  
 Each sun, each star, each heavenly orb,  
 Shall one pervading light absorb.

No temple there, for boundless heaven  
 Shall be a temple ; not a prayer

Shall by the trembling lips be given,  
 For all shall be devotion there ;  
 All day, no darkness, no eclipse  
 In that divine apocalypse.

This world, these cycles, mortal life  
 And mortal death are but the scene  
 Of shifting, surging, struggling strife,  
 The powers of good and ill between :  
 Though in that strife, so rough and rude,  
 We see the conquering march of good.

But in the glorious time reveal'd  
 Each form of ill shall fade and fall ;  
 And every, every wound be heal'd,  
 And God, our God, be all in all ;  
 All light, all love, all God, all good,  
 An infinite beatitude !

### **The Blessed Dead.**

**I**S it not death to summon all  
 'The records of the past—to call  
 From every niche in Memory's hall,  
 The fancies of departed hours,  
 And find a desolate blank around  
 A stormy sea—a barren ground—  
 Pitch darkness—and a sullen sound  
 That fades, while gathering silence lowers ?

Is it not death ? The dead are free,  
 The past is past, for them and me

To all that was—and ceased to be ;  
And far as they—and lost as they  
To childhood's joys—to youth's gay dream—  
To manhood's early gladdening gleam—  
Time's stream—time's ever-rolling stream—  
Hath borne us, e'en like them, away.

Time ! they are slumbering and are blest,  
We slumber, but with aching breast,  
We die—but do not know the rest.

Yet know—they have no earthly care,  
No earthly discords shock their ears,  
No earthly sorrows force their tears,  
No earthly dangers rouse their fears,  
At rest ! O could we join them there !

### Confidence.

**I**S it not strange that men who loudest boast  
Of the unshaken basis of their faith,  
Are those who tremble most and threaten most,  
If any thought or word of doubt gainsayeth  
Their bold asseverations ? They are lost  
In their perplexities, if e'er the torch  
Of light intrude into their dark recess ;  
They fly like midnight spectres from the porch  
Of Truth's resplendent temples, where the sun  
Shines with mist-scattering majesty upon  
Their fears, their follies, and their feebleness.  
Sad contrast to that greatly gifted one  
Whose counsel was : ' Prove all things, and hold fast  
By what is good !—for what is good will last.'

**Christian Unity.**

**K**EEP the unity of spirit,  
 Keep it in the bonds of peace,  
 So alone shall we inherit  
 Hope, and truth, and blessedness.  
 Unity—the link'd communion,  
 Which with spirits, spirits hold,  
 Love, the all-entrancing union,  
 Scattering blessings manifold.  
 To the Christian feasts, invited,  
 Welcoming and hallowing each,  
 All accordant, all united,  
 What sweet sympathy they speak,  
 Willing service, free allegiance,  
 Dear dependence, peaceful bond ;  
 Earth, the scene of love's obedience ;  
 Heaven the recompense beyond.

**God Everywhere.**

**K**NOW the minutest grain of sand,  
 The smallest drop of sparkling dew,  
 Bear impress of the Almighty hand  
 As much as suns and systems do ;  
 For all proclaim and all record  
 The all-potent, omnipresent Lord.

The slightest movement of the breeze  
 Which bends the flowers or shakes the trees,  
 Or ripples river, lake, or stream,  
 Would man but listen—speaks of Him,



As does the loud tornado, when  
It thunders down the echoing glen.

**To a Mother on the Death of a Child.**

‘**L**IKE morning dew  
He sparkled; was exhaled, and went to  
heaven;’  
That promise for the innocent was given,  
And is divinely true.  
All that is left on earth  
Shall be a sacred, sainted memory,  
For he is raised to an exalted birth,  
And heaven his home shall be.

What could he know  
Of all the mysteries of life and death?  
He lightly drew his short and passing breath.  
Poor child! departing so  
He found his early rest:  
Then mourn not, Mother! keep the recollection  
Shrined in the inmost seat of thine affection,  
Knowing that he is blest!

**The Reign of Law.**

**L**ITTLE by little groping through  
All nature’s arteries and veins,  
Our varied musings lead us to  
Some general law, that all contains.

Through fictions and through fancies rude,  
 Some safe conclusions we may draw,  
 That all, when rightly understood,  
 All—all is order—all is law.

And if by contradictions vexed,  
 And pulled by various strings astray,  
 In darkness lost, by doubt perplexed,  
 We cannot see nor feel our way,  
 Still let us know the Hand that guides,  
 Will guide us through the clouds of night,  
 That over all things law presides,—  
 The law of love, the law of light.

### **Jesus the Day-Star.**

**L**ONG had the darkness of ages surrounded  
 Earth and its sons, when the day-star on high  
 Broke from the mists, and with glory unbounded,  
 Held its high course through the gratulant sky.  
 Angels of peace and of virtue attended,  
 Blessing and blest as it moved on its way ;  
 And in its glory that day-star ascended,  
 Lighting and cheering the world with its ray.

O'er us it shines, and shall shine on for ever,  
 Fixed like a sun in the centre of all ;  
 Never shall darkness o'ershadow us—never  
 Sorrow and sadness our hearts shall appal.

Clouds may roll by—but they cannot conceal it ;  
    Tempests may frown—they shall break into light ;  
Ages shall fly—but while flying shall hail it,  
    Shining and smiling in glory and might.

### **Mysteries of Providence.**

**L**ORD ! in the unbeginning years  
    Whose course is wrapt in trackless night,  
Ere Thou hadst launched the heavenly spheres,  
    Or waked this wandering world to light.  
What were Thy words, Thy works,—and how  
    Didst thou Thy glorious march record ?  
For Thou wert great and good, as now,  
    Of love the source, of light the Lord ?

And in the unending ages, far  
    Beyond the utmost reach of mind,  
When all that is, and all that are,  
    Shall leave not e'en a wreck behind :  
Oh ! what shall be Thy bright career,  
    Lord of the eternal, changeless will ?  
Thou wilt be there supreme, as here—  
    All wise—all good—almighty still !

Yes ! shrouded in the mystery,  
    The past,—the future's dark abyss,  
Bright clouds of splendour circle Thee,  
    And light Thy path from bliss to bliss,

This is our faith, our hope, our trust,  
 Through thought's immeasurable range,  
 Time is a dream, and man is dust—  
 But Thou—but Thou canst never change !

### **Man's Destiny.**

**M**AN is not wholly vile though he  
 May here a passing pilgrim be ;  
 For he can speed across the sea—  
 Soar to the sky, or delve the mine ;  
 From world to world exploring run,  
 Measure the distance of the sun,  
 And, touched by the Divinest One,  
 Feels he has impulses divine !

Earth is a noble pyramid,  
 Upreared by Heaven :—if Heaven forbid  
 Our reading all that may be hid  
 Behind death's veil, let no distrust  
 Disturb our peace—for God is there.  
 As He is here, and everywhere,  
 The Saviour and the Comforter,  
 All-wise, almighty, and all just.

Our Father and our Friend ! around,  
 Above, below, we see Him crowned  
 With beauty, and from light profound  
 Sowing His blessings full and free ;  
 His providence, when understood,  
 Will out of evil bring forth good  
 And all earth's sad vicissitude  
 Melt into heaven's felicity.

**Mourn not as those without hope.**

**M**Y wife! my children! when death's hour is come,  
Dry every, every gushing tear, I pray,  
And rather smile, that I am welcomed home,  
And to a better country take my way.  
'Tis I who rather ought to weep for you,  
Who struggle onwards, through a life of pain,  
Until you reach the eternal rendezvous,  
Where widowed spirits shall be linked again.

No idle eloquence upon my grave!  
It were ill placed; for what at best am I  
But a poor sinner? Yet the Hand to save  
Was stretched by Love paternal from on high.  
I b'lieve in God, who sent His holy Son  
To spread the Gospel glory through the earth;  
My spirit I resign to Him alone,  
Waiting another and eternal birth.

Farewell! farewell! time shall unite us all,  
On the green borders of the immortal shore  
Where boundless blessings are the lot of all,  
And sin and ignorance mislead no more.  
But, revelling in peace, and hope, and love,  
Our lives shall a perpetual offering be  
To the kind Father who presides above,  
And on His children showers felicity:

Till when, submitting to His holy will,  
Your spirits shall obey the sweet control,  
And, by His mighty hand supported still,  
Celestial light shall kindle in your soul.

Following the example by the Saviour given,  
 Let His great law its sacred sway maintain ;  
 Loving with all your heart the God of Heaven,  
 And loving as yourself your fellow-men.

### Chivalry.

**N**OW tell me, what is chivalry ?  
 To battle in the foremost fight  
 For anything—for wrong—for right,  
 For some fair lady's scornful smile,  
 For what is virtuous, what is vile,  
 Come, tell me, is this chivalry ?

No! in the men for truth who pant,  
 In wretchedness and woe and want,  
 Who bear the world's contemptuous hate,  
 With patient soul, with heart elate.  
 No! in the woman in whose home  
 No peace is found, no comforts come,  
 Yet bends in silence,—feeling still  
 'Tis God's most kind, most holy will,  
 This—this is truest chivalry !

### Elevated Aims.

**O** GARLAND not the worthless weeds  
 Which shade the sweet flowers in the meads,  
 Neglecting the most bright and fair  
 Like undiscerning zealots do,  
 Who rather love the false than true,  
 And to the grain prefer the tare.

Strange, that so many set their store  
Not on the glorious golden ore,  
    But in the very worthless dross ;  
Their minds with heaps of rubbish filled,  
Untrained—unexercised—unskilled  
    To sever mental gain from loss.

Ours be a brighter, nobler goal,  
To cultivate the sense and soul,  
    Not with the useless and the rude ;  
But with truth's ever-during charm  
The powers of darkness to disarm,  
    And fill the world with light and good.

### **Divine Influence.**

**O** HUMBLE thy heart in His sight,  
    Who all that heart's weaknesses knows ;  
His o'erflowing of mercy and might  
    All strength, all salvation bestows.  
Our clouds are dispersed by His light,  
Our blindness is cleared by His sight.

In the coldness of life, in the ashes  
    Of death, there is hidden a spark,  
Which, breathed on by Deity, flashes  
    Its rays on the destinies dark  
Of man—in his pilgrimage drear,  
Of man—on his deathbed and bier.



**The Dawning of the Day.**

**O** THE world is full of woe !  
When will it pass away ?  
These heavings to and fro  
Till the dawning of the day,  
Like the ocean when 'tis vexed,  
And the whirlwinds tear the waves,  
So the nations are perplexed  
With their sovereigns and their slaves.

The battle-hour is come  
'Twixt the many and the few,  
And the blood of Christendom  
Is scattered like the dew.  
Great Heaven ! conduct them, do,  
In the terrible affray—  
That the tossings to and fro  
Bring the dawning of the day.

The dawning of the day  
Of the Gospel promises,  
When Freedom shall display  
Her panoply of peace ;  
And the peoples shall be one,  
And know no name but friend—  
Millennium's day begun,  
And never, never end !

**Ohne hast und Ohne Rast.**

‘**O**HNE hast und ohne Rast,  
Is the immutable decree  
Of the present,—of the past,—  
Of the future,—and shall be  
Long as time itself shall last,  
Even through eternity.

Never resting, never hastening,  
Cycled centuries roll away :  
Time repairs what time is wasting.  
Years restore what years decay :  
Laws eternal rule the whole,  
Charm the sense, and raise the soul.

O what marvellous Eye, inspecting,  
Sees the immeasurable scene ;  
O what wondrous, Hand directing,  
Guides the complicate machine :  
Tiring, wandering, lingering never,  
Lasting unimpaired for ever !

**Heaven the Christian's Home.**

**O**N light beams flowing from above  
Man's course of mortal being runs ;  
And with the loadstone of His love  
The Eternal Sire attracts His sons.

What an entrancing sight for him—  
The enraptured prophet—when his eye

Saw Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Descending from their native sky !

Ten thousand indications given  
 Console us in our life's career !  
 They link us more and more to heaven,  
 And will at last conduct us there.

The working of celestial love  
 In this bright consummation lies ;  
 It brings down angels from above,  
 It raises mortals to the skies.

Howe'er on earth we rove or roam,  
 From heaven we came, to heaven we tend ;  
 Heaven is our final happy home,  
 Where joys begin and sorrows end.

### **Unchanging Changes.**

**O**UR lives are into cycles cast,  
 They seem to linger while they last,  
 But are dim dreamings when they're past.

The summers of the past have left  
 No traces,—rolling years have cleft  
 All memories,—of all signs bereft.

All melted are the winter snows,  
 And where they perished, whence they rose,  
 No now-existing record shows.

And yet there reigns eternal *Law*,  
And seasons after seasons draw  
Their lines without a fault or flaw.

So man, the noblest work of God,  
Treads where his vanished fathers trod,  
And views the skies and turns the sod.

Where'er he looks, above, around,  
Scattered o'er earth's prolific ground  
The seeds of coming man are found.

It was so—is so—so shall be  
While rolls the ever-flowing sea  
Into thy gulf, Eternity!

### **The Good Samaritan.**

PASSING Berytus' ancient strand,  
I journeyed in the Holy Land,  
And made my way to Sychar's wall;  
And there, within his princely hall,  
By the kind ruler of the place  
Was welcomed. Stretching out his hand,  
With wonted Oriental grace;  
Then said he smilingly: 'Now come,  
And make my house your own—your home.'  
He led me to his soft divan,  
Where stood a grave Samaritan,  
One of the few of that sad band,  
Thin scattered o'er their native land,

Where still they chant their grateful hymn  
Upon the sainted Gherizim.

He took me to the temple there,  
And with a reverential air  
Placed in my hands, while he unrolled,  
That record, so revered of old,  
Which speaks in language clear and bold  
What seemed celestial words to him :

‘ Avoid the tempting words of them  
Who worship at Jerusalem :  
Go thou and thine to Gherizim.’  
‘ What brings you, Christian, to this place ?  
What interests you in our poor race ? ’

He asked. I told him smiling too,  
Of that sweet tale our youth had heard,  
And charmed the wondering sheikh appeared,  
Exclaiming—‘ O, that tale is true ! ’

This was the tale. A certain man,  
While journeying from Jerusalem  
To Jericho, met robber bands,  
And fell into their treacherous hands :  
They robbed him, wounded him, and fled,  
Leaving their victim nearly dead.

A certain priest passed there by chance,  
And turned with an averted glance  
On t’other side. A Levite then  
Came—looked, and with cold disdain  
He marched away. But lo ! at last,  
By pity moved, a traveller passed,  
And raised the weary, wounded man—  
That traveller, a Samaritan !

He gave him wine to drink : he poured  
The fragrant oil upon his breast ;  
And heart, and hope, and strength restored,  
He placed him on his cherished beast ;  
Conveyed him to an inn, and there  
Commended him to every care ;  
And ere he left, he called the host,  
' And here are pennies two,' he said :  
' Know that thy kindness is not lost ;  
All, all, shall amply be repaid :  
All that thou spendest I'll repay,  
Thankful, at some not distant day.'  
Now hear the voice of Jesus say,  
' These are the deeds I ask of you :  
This is the friend, the neighbour true,  
My follower is this pitying man,  
And he is a Samaritan.  
So learn the lesson now from me,  
And diligently do as he.'

**Sonnet.**

'**P**EACE!' shall the world out-wearied ever see  
Its universal reign? Will states, will kings,  
Put down those murderous and unholy things  
Which fill the earth with blood and misery?  
Will nations learn that love—not enmity—  
Is heaven's first lesson—which beneath the wings  
Of mercy, brooding over land and sea,  
Fills earth with joy, by its soft ministerings?  
'Twere a sad prospect—'twere a vista dark

As midnight—could this wearied mortal eye,  
 Thro' the dim mists that veil futurity,  
 Discern not that heaven-bright, though distant spark,  
 Lighted by prophecy—whose ray sublime  
 Sheds a soft gleam of hope o'er the dull path of time.

### Peace.

PEACE with God, through Christ our Lord !  
 Promise sweet ! celestial word !  
 Peace, of all God's gifts the best ;  
 Peace, of all that's blest most blest ;  
 Peace, whose advent angels taught ;  
 Peace, whose promise Jesus brought.

### Love of Home.

SOME spot there is, some cherished spot,  
 We love, all other spots above ;  
 And few so wretched that have not  
 Some early-cherished spot to love.

The mountain-heights are dear to some,  
 To some the valley's deep recess ;  
 To some the desert is a home,  
 With thoughts to cheer and joys to bless.

To some the tempest-troubled sea  
 Is music ;—while the snows and ice  
 That gird earth's arctic scenery,  
 To some bring dreams of paradise.



The fervor of the tropic beams,  
The darkness of deep woods,—the fall  
Of dangerous cataract-shaken streams,  
All scatter joys around them—all.

Yes! all, some spot, some cherished spot,  
Love,—every other spot above;  
And none so destitute as not  
To have some spot on earth to love.

### **Resurrection.**

**S**PRING is but another birth,  
From the grave of earlier springs,  
Which to renovated earth  
Other resurrection brings.

God hath moulded all that God's  
Power could mould, from mortal dust;  
Flowers and fruits, from clouds and clods,  
Life from ruin and from rust.

'Twas a wondrous hand that laid  
In the seed the unborn tree;  
Bud and blossom in the blade,  
Future ripened fruit to be.

Still more wondrous was the might  
That, from night's obscurest shrine,  
Brought forth intellectual light,  
Souls with thoughts and hopes divine.

Yes! 'twas a transcendent power  
 Which, from earth's contracted whole,  
 Gave to Heaven a worthy dower,  
 Gave an ever-living soul.

Less than earth to heaven, and less  
 Than to ages moments seem,  
 Is the world we now possess,  
 To the world of which we dream.

Earthly love is faint and small,  
 When compared with the embrace  
 Of a love encircling all,  
 Through all time and o'er all space.

### **Eternal Punishment.**

**S**TRANGE faith! strange fancy! that can revel  
 In doctrines which, if true, would make  
 Of man, a wretch;—of God, a devil—  
 And our salvation a mistake;  
 And the eternal proclamation  
 A very fiat of damnation!

### **The Lord's Prayer.**

**T**EACH us to pray! ' attentive at His word,  
 His true disciples listened to their Lord.  
 And these the gracious sounds which He repeated:  
 ' Father! our Father! who in heaven art seated,  
 Be thy name hallowed, let thy Kingdom come,  
 E'en as in heaven in this our earthly home,

Thy will be ever done. Our wants relieve,  
And daily, daily bread in mercy give ;  
Forgive our debts, as to our debtors we  
Would theirs forgive, and not less cheerfully.  
Save us from all temptation. Strength divine !  
The kingdom, power, and glory all be Thine.'

### **Scriptural Hymn.**

**T**HAT Christ who o'er His Lazarus wept  
And said, 'The dead again shall rise !'  
Is 'the first fruits of them that slept,'  
Their head,—their herald to the skies.

Not to this wretched life alone  
Our hopes are bounded ; Christ hath given  
To those He loves a nobler zone,  
And calls them to a higher heaven.

But earth's anxieties and cares,  
And prayer and praise and deeds of love,  
Are but the lowly ladder-stairs  
By which we reach that heaven above.

'Tis here life's history begins,  
When day and night's vicissitude,  
And suffering's discipline, and sins,  
And weal and woe, combine for good.

For God and goodness are the same,  
On all those rays benignant fall,  
Love is the ever-during name,  
Embracing and pervading all.

**Evening Thoughts on Death.**

**T**HE good man dies—it grieves us :  
 Why should the good man die ?  
 He dies—but, dying, leaves us  
 A lasting legacy.  
 And this becomes our comforter ;  
 And sweeter is the thought  
 Of him who is departed,  
 Than all that death has left :—  
 No longer, broken hearted,  
 Deem that thou art bereft ;  
 For, O ! the good man’s memory  
 Is sweeter far than aught.

No sorrows now disturb him,  
 No disappointment there ;  
 No worldly pride to curb him  
 In his sublime career :  
 Heaven’s azure arch is over him,  
 Earth’s tranquil breast beneath.  
 The stars are brightly glowing,  
 The breezes play around,  
 The flowers are sweetly blowing,  
 The dew is on the ground ;  
 And emerald mosses cover him—  
 How beautiful is death !

His life—a summer’s even,  
 Whose sun of life, tho’ set  
 Amidst the clouds of heaven,  
 Leaves streams of brightness yet ;

And thus he sinks victoriously  
Into his ocean throne :  
Then darkness gathers round him—  
'Tis but a night :—again  
He bursts the chains that bound him—  
He rises from the main,  
And marches heavenward gloriously  
In splendours of his own.

Yon gems so sweetly sparkling  
On heaven's cerulean deep,  
What time the twilight darkling  
Brings nature's hours of sleep,  
Are perhaps the bright receptacles  
Of disembodied souls :  
Of souls that, long desiring  
Some more than mortal joy,  
Burst in their proud aspiring,  
And fix themselves on high ;  
And on this earth look tenderly,  
That low beneath them rolls.

Yes! in those orbs of glory  
Methinks I see the ray,  
Which wisdom's sages hoary  
Have scatter'd o'er my way,  
With brighter wisdom perfected,  
All strength—all purity.  
In yonder gentle star-light  
I see the holy tear,

Glistening in fair tho' far light,  
Which once consoled me here—  
Till I was left in wretchedness,  
And none to weep with me.

Roll on, fair worlds! and over  
Earth's vale your torches blend :  
In each my thoughts discover  
Smiles of some cherish'd friend,  
Whose melancholy pilgrimage  
Wearies the heart no more.  
O yes! I hear their voices,  
O yes! their forms I see ;  
And then my soul rejoices,  
And, raptured, seems to be  
Their momentary visitant ;  
But soon the dream is o'er.

I'll build a fane elysian  
Among those towers divine,  
And there in hallow'd vision,  
When gloomy thoughts are mine,  
Will soar in glowing ecstasy—  
There shall my joys be stored ;  
And there my soul, reposing  
On contemplation's breast,  
When earthly scenes are closing,  
Shall find a place of rest,  
And leave this lowly solitude  
Forgotten—undeplored.

**Address to the Deity.**

**T**HE heavenly spheres to Thee, O God! attune  
their evening hymn ;  
All-wise, All-holy, Thou art praised in song of  
seraphim ;  
Unnumber'd systems, suns and worlds, unite to wor-  
ship Thee,  
While Thy majestic greatness fills space—time—  
eternity.

Nature,—a temple worthy Thee, that beams with light  
and love,  
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, whose stars  
rejoice above ;  
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs that rise along the  
shore,  
Whose anthems, the sublime accord of storm and  
ocean roar :

Her song of gratitude is sung by spring's awakening  
hours,  
Her summer offers at Thy shrine its earliest, loveliest  
flowers ;  
Her autumn brings its ripen'd fruits, in glorious luxury  
given,  
While winter's silver heights reflect Thy brightness  
back to heaven !

On all Thou smil'st—and what is man, before Thy  
presence, God ?  
A breath but yesterday inspired,—to-morrow but a  
clod :



That clod shall moulder in the vale,—till kindled,  
 Lord, by Thee,  
 Its spirit to Thine arms shall spring—to life,—to  
 liberty.

### **The Life of Christ.**

**T**HE *Life* of Christ!—that loveliest book,  
 Of all man's trust, the history;  
 On which admiring ages look  
 With ever-growing sympathy.

The *Life* of Christ!—could miracles  
 Make that bright history brighter shine?  
 Add to the touching tales it tells,  
 The works of love,—the words divine?

The *Life* of Christ!—that life survives,  
 And speaks with an undying breath,—  
 A life more grand than other lives,  
 A life which triumphs over death.

The *Life* of Christ!—that man whom men  
 Have deified,—yet through the glare  
 Have less of truth and virtue seen  
 Than in its natural grace, is there.

### **The Infinite.**

**T**HE minstrel harp of Poetry  
 Has touched the sunbeam on the sea,  
 And to the music of the spheres  
 We listen with enchanted ears,

Singing His praise whose spirit burns  
Resplendent in these golden urns.

We soar aloft in Fancy's car  
Beyond the smallest, farthest star,  
Which, having reached, we onward move  
To regions higher still above,  
Onward—still onward—for no height  
Nor depth can gird the Infinite.

Creator!—that infinity  
Is but an atom-speck to Thee,  
And what is man? and how can he,  
With stammering lips and bended knee,  
Look upward—upward? Yea, he can,  
Because Thy grace has beamed on man.

### **Blessings.**

**T**HE multifarious blessings Heaven has given,  
Great, various, wonderful, in their amount,  
Are but the reckoning which man holds with Heaven,  
And for which Heaven demands a strict account.

### **Pleasures of Memory.**

**T**HE old have had their days of hope,  
They worked as through a telescope,  
On years to come;—which came and fled,  
But left sweet vestiges behind,  
In Memory's heart of hearts enshrined,  
The joys of love—the sainted dead.

And Memory stands where Hope once stood,  
 Musing on the vicissitude  
 Which in the future blinds the past,  
 The will be,—has been,—shade on shade  
 Succeeding,—till time's scenes are made  
 A twilight dimly traced at last.

### **The Restless Sea.**

**T**HE restless—restless sea,  
 By night,—by day,—in ebb and flow,—  
 Yet every shifting tide, we know,  
 Is driven by that eternal law  
 Which has no failing, fault, or flaw,—  
 Which ruled, and rules eternally.

It takes its course from day to day  
 In changeless change, resistless power,  
 Rises and falls from hour to hour,  
 Impelled by an Almighty sway.  
 We know the present,—know the past,—  
 And know that it will ever last.

For the same Wisdom which at first  
 Created all, and all maintains,  
 Will be omnipotent as erst,  
 While twilight, light, or darkness reigns ;  
 But to the mind that views aright,  
 There is no darkness,—all is light.

**Brotherly Love.**

**T**HE strong and sovran links that bind  
The sympathizing mind with mind,  
Were moulded in the courts above ;  
And kind design of Heavenly love,  
For wondrous workings to be done,  
By mingling many hearts in one.  
In one ! That holy unity  
Which in God's purposes we see,  
Doth all in one communion blend ;  
Love is their origin and end,  
While the best fruits of love we bless,  
In peace, and truth, and happiness.

If any thought could make us blest,  
And put all doubts, all fears at rest,  
'Tis this—that God, who all controls,  
Shepherd and Saviour of our souls,  
Has unto us the promise given,  
And made us sons and heirs of heaven.  
And while our eyes, around us glancing,  
Streams, fountains, plains, and forests see  
Unchanged, while man is still advancing,  
Immutable his destiny.

And what his fathers saw of old,  
He and his children will behold ;  
The seasons, in their wonted bounds  
Still following their eternal rounds.  
While man is marching—marching on,  
Until his earthly race is done ;

And other generations will  
 Follow his course—progressive still,  
 In that divine and upward path,  
 Which neither end nor limit hath.

'Tis in this forward march that man  
 To man is most allied, and can  
 So best promote that brotherhood  
 Which, being better understood,  
 Will most extend the field of good ;  
 And be a mighty talisman,  
 Working its wondrous mission out,  
 In spite of weakness, fear, and doubt.

### **The Light of the Spirit.**

**T**HE summer was made by Thee,  
 There's joy and hope in its birth,  
 There's joy in its memory,  
 'Tis the festival of earth.

In the rays of the summer sun  
 Its beauty,—its light,—its love,  
 We may trace the Eternal One  
 As He rules and smiles above.

But where is the summer of mind,  
 And where the sun of the soul,  
 To brighten, to bless, to bind,  
 And overlook the whole ?

From the same creative Might  
Which the glorious noon has given,  
Descends the Spirit's light,  
And all shines down from Heaven.

### Private Devotion.

**T**HERE are no hours so sweet as those  
When the tir'd spirit finds repose  
In the calm peace of virtuous thought,  
And makes the heart a throne, where God  
And goodness make their blest abode ;  
While sin and folly are forgot.

O only then, if ever, then  
Doth God delight to dwell with men,  
And men become almost divine ;  
When heaven's own purity can chase  
Defilement from its dwelling-place,  
And consecrates man's bosom-shrine.

O teach and train my spirit, Lord !  
With Thy own wisdom and Thy word,  
To welcome and to watch for Thee ;  
And in its hour of virtue come  
And make my heart a heaven, a home  
For Thy own peace and purity.

### Gospel Teachings.

**T**HERE was a *day* in ancient time  
 (It took its name from the bright *Sun*  
 That beams upon the orient clime),  
 When in the ripened corn-fields One  
 Of God's most eloquent instructors, wheat  
 Plucked from the ear, and to the crowd  
 Uttered His gentle mandate loud,  
 ' These are Heaven's gifts—rejoice and eat.'  
  
 ' The Sabbath,' said the holy sage,  
 ' Was made for man a cheerful day ;  
 When those I teach, from age to age,  
 Should be both gratulant and gay.  
 I bring them no lugubrious word,  
 I call them unto love and light,  
 And little they obey the Lord  
 Who make religion gloom and night.'

### The Tide of Tendency.

**T**IS the same great all-influencing Cause,  
 The source of those inexorable laws  
 Which gives its motion to the mountain rill,  
 And by the self-same impulse guided ever,  
 Leads on the widening, deepening, gathering river,  
 The ocean's vast receptacle to fill.  
 And every wandering bee the flower that sips,  
 And every bending cowslip-leaf that dips



Into the flowing rivulet—is held  
And in resistless vassalage compelled  
Onward, by that strong tide whose course sublime  
Sinks into vast eternity from time.  
'Tis the same Power which from the womb of night  
Calls up the dawn, and with his presence bright  
Bids the sun waken into glorious birth,  
And pour his spreading splendours o'er the earth  
With ever-glowing, ever-growing strength,  
Till reaching his meridian height at length :  
It is the same mysterious, mighty Power  
That helps the cause of progress every hour,  
And—part of Heaven's benign transcendent plan—  
Develops all that's great and good in man,  
And makes him worthier in this world to be  
The heir of Heaven,—the son of Deity.

**Laborare est Orare.**

'**T**O labour is to pray'—a truth  
Brought from old times for me and you,  
Fit to be learnt by age and youth,  
A word as useful as 'tis true :  
In healthful labour, silent prayer,  
A welcome offering may be there.

**Upward.**

' Più elevato

' Nel affocato rido delle stelle !'—DANTE.

**U**NDER the canopy of holy thought  
 I turn to Thee ; and in the silent awe  
 Of Thy felt presence, reverently draw  
 Nearer Thy light ; while marvellously brought  
 Within a sphere diviner, I am taught  
 New revelations and sublimer law  
 Unearthly, and I see what prophets saw  
 When on their spiritual souls Thy glory wrought  
 The work of inspiration. Thou absorbed  
 In Thine own self, and all that's pure inorbed  
 With an ineffable beatitude—  
 Freed from all worldly taint, all element  
 Unworthy—I become a light-beam blent  
 In the grand Fountain-Sun of Joy or Good.

**Watchman ! what of the Night ? \***

**W**ATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are :  
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman ! doth its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Traveller ! yes ! it brings the day,  
 Promis'd day of Israel.

\* Frequently used as a Hymn.

Watchman ! tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends :  
Traveller ! blessedness and light  
Peace and truth its course portends.  
Watchman ! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Traveller ! ages are its own,  
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn :  
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman ! let thy wand'rings cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home :  
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

### What is Truth ?

**W**HAT is truth ? said Pilate, groping  
In the darkness of his ire.—  
Trembling, doubting, fearing, hoping,  
Calmer souls may well inquire,  
What is truth ?—that prize whose worth  
Far exceeds the gifts of earth.

Truth—of love and light the presence,  
Truth—the stepping-stone to heaven,  
Truth—of knowledge soul and essence,  
Truth—celestial pole-star given,

Wandering barks to cheer and guide  
Through the tempest and the tide.

### **Inquiries.**

**W**HAT need we care for when or where  
The seed was grown, the harvest grew,  
If in its fruits, when gathered there,  
We find the good, the wise, the true  
Bringing the beautiful and bright,—  
Why ask me whence the heavenly light ?

'Twas not alone on Gherizim,  
Not only at Jerusalem,  
That man has heard the holiest hymn,  
That man has seen the loveliest gem  
From Heaven above, descending down  
T'illumine the cave—or deck the crown.

### **Felix Trembled.**

**W**HEN the great Apostle spoke  
To Judea's tyrant lord,  
Felix trembled as he woke  
Conscience, with his awful word.

When he told of fraud and wrong,  
Sin and shame and judgment near,  
Felix trembled as his tongue  
Laid the cherished vices bare.

When he reasoned thus—‘ Canst thou  
 Judgment shun, who shunn’st not crime?’  
 Felix trembling cried, ‘ Not now;  
 Wait a more convenient time!’

Did that season ever come?  
 No! his heart was sear’d and steel’d!  
 No! death sped the sinner home,  
 Unrepenting—unanneal’d.

There is *no* convenient time  
 In the future. Now—to-day,  
 You may wake, may conquer crime;  
 But, alas! to-morrow—nay!

### Where? When? How?

**W**HERE? Tell me what shall be the spot  
 Where I shall rest from earthly care?  
 You need not tell—it matters not  
 To senseless dust and ashes—where!

When? Shall it be my mortal fate  
 Longer or shorter to remain  
 Waiting for death or soon, or late?  
 How little does it matter when!

How? That is wrapt in mystery;  
 I ask not its solution now:  
 He who directs all issues,—He,  
 And He alone, can order—how!

But this my trust, my joy shall be,  
 The where, the when, the how, are His  
 Whose infinite benignity  
 Is love and light, and peace and bliss !

### **The Bible.**

**W**HO is my Christian brother linked with me  
 In true communion? He, with whom I look  
 In common reverence on that sacred Book,  
 Where, mingled with divinest truth, we see  
 The vestiges of man's infirmity ;  
 The ignorance which, half-informed, mistook  
 The seeming for the real. As the brook  
 Conveys the worthless pebbles to the sea,  
 With the rich waters, which in mists ascend,  
 And will fall down in earth-refreshing showers,  
 So are the blessings of the Bible ours !  
 Where truths sublimely, beautifully blend,  
 With the records of virtue, where abide  
 More light, more love, than in all books beside.

### **Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten.\***

**W**HO leaves th' Almighty God to reign  
 Supreme, and trusts alone in God,  
 Him shall th' Almighty One maintain ;  
 Though dark and dismal be his road,  
 Yet he may rest in peace, for he  
 Is shelter'd by the Deity.

\* From the German Psalm-book.

How vain are sighs ! how vain regret !  
Complaint could ne'er subdue distress :  
E'en though with grief our couch be wet,  
We shall not therefore weep the less.  
No ! tears but add a gloom the more  
To that which was so dark before.

Be still—be silent—wait a while ;  
There's comfort yet from God for thee :  
His light amidst the gloom shall smile,  
All-wise, all-good, all-seeing He :  
He made us, and from Him there's nought  
Conceal'd of deed, or word, or thought.

When joy should dawn, He joy decrees ;  
But only sends that joy to bless :  
But oft his searching vision sees  
Joy in apparent wretchedness :  
He comes unlook'd for—and whene'er  
He comes, both peace and joy are there.

Then deem not, in thy gloomiest hour,  
That God abandons thee to woe :  
Wilt thou mistrust His awful power,  
Or wilt thou doubt His goodness ? No !  
Yet a few hours—and time shall prove  
His changeless, countless, matchless love.

His rule is wondrous—at His will  
This mighty universe, with all  
Its beings, vibrates, or is still—  
And kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall :



He lifts the lowly, sinks the high,  
In His uncounsell'd majesty.

O then be calm—and tread serene,  
With prayer and praise, life's varying road;  
'Tis gay with flowers—its paths are green,  
And thou art guided by thy God :  
Be calm—for at the worst, thy rest  
Is near—and heaven will make thee blest.

### **Hopes of Futurity.**

**W**HY is the voice of wisdom hushed  
At some stern despot's harsh command ?  
Why the inquiring spirit crushed  
By prelate, or by princely hand ?

Why is the uptending reason kept  
In some foul prison, dreary, dark ?  
Why must we sleep as those who slept,  
Stark-blinded, to the heavenly spark ?

Are we not born for brighter days,  
By nobler guides securely led ?  
May we not on the sunshine gaze,  
And walk where flowers and fruits are spread ?

While circling stars and central sun,  
And moons and moons and planets roll,  
And rivers in their currents run,  
Say, what shall stop the advancing soul ?

**Lamentation over Jerusalem.**

**W**ITH heavy heart the Saviour turned  
Towards the loved city of his race,  
And o'er its sinful history mourned  
Its coming ruin and disgrace:

'How oft beneath the wings of love  
Thy wandering children had I brought;  
But strongest pleadings fail to move,  
And heaven-sent warnings profit nought.

'Oh, why so backward to discern  
The lesson taught by years to years;  
They will not listen—will not learn :'  
The Saviour ceased—he ceased in tears.

That solemn voice is speaking yet,  
From age to age its echo flies;  
And still the lesson we forget,  
And still the warning we despise.

The scourge of desolation swept  
The holy city's holiest fane,  
In vain the Saviour prayed and wept;  
Still shall he weep and pray in vain?

**Truth in Progress.**

**Y**ES! hopeful—trustful—onward ever,  
Each helping each—all urging all;  
The mighty stream, receding never;  
The rippling flow—the waterfall.  
Slow—swift, but irresistibly,  
Rolls the grand tide of tendency!

There are who moor their heavy barge,  
 As fain to stop the river's course,  
 But there it rots upon the marge :  
 While with untired, majestic force,  
 As planets circling round the sun,  
 The confluent current hastens on.

Whither? we know not; but we know  
 The law of progress—better, best;  
 More thought, more truth, more beauty glow,  
 As in their varying race or rest  
 Our still advancing spirits move,  
 Towards wider spheres of light and love.

### **Adam's Fall.**

**Y**OU tell me Adam fell,—he fell,—  
 What has his fall to do with me?  
 If we but walk erect and well,  
 What matters it to us that he  
 Fell,—listening to the Syren tongue  
 Of one who on his bosom hung?

The offence, whate'er it was, was his!  
 As my offences must be mine;  
 And all that was, and all that is,  
 Beneath the Sovereign Eye divine,  
 Fit pain or penalty shall meet,  
 From the all-judging mercy-seat.

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