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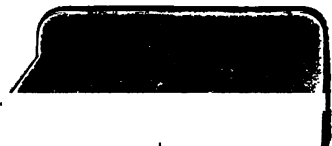
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HOURS OF SORROW CHEERED  
AND COMFORTED.

**ERRATUM.**

Page 8, line 11, *for strange, read strains.*

HOURS OF SORROW CHEERED  
AND COMFORTED.

---

# POEMS

BY

C. E.

AUTHOR OF

"HYMNS FOR A WEEK," "JUST AS I AM," &c.

*SIXTH EDITION.*



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\* The allusion to this hymn on the title-page is justified by the favour it has received at all hands. It has been translated into almost all the European languages, and also, it is believed, into Arabic.

## HOURS OF SORROW.

---

TO THE READER.

NOT for the gay and thoughtless do I weave  
These plaintive strains ; they have not learned  
to grieve,  
Their joyous days, mirth, health, and gladness  
wing ;  
The laughing hours around them dance and  
sing :  
The light within their dwellings is not gone ;  
Their cherished plants no worm has fed upon :  
These are the few in such a world as this ;—  
The many scarcely taste the cup of bliss,

Ere some rude stroke, e'en while its sweets  
they sip,

Dashes it (oft for ever) from their lip.

For such, for such alone, I tune my lay ;

They feel life's path a rough and thorny way ;

And, looking sadly round, no longer find

Those who shed gladness on the track behind,

Strewed it with flowers, illumed it with their  
smile,

And toil, and care, and sorrow could beguile.

These, as they pass along, depressed, forlorn,

Suffering from man's neglect, perchance his  
scorn,

Feeling the world no balsam can bestow,

To soothe the aching heart, or medicine woe,

May, midst their sorrows, lend a listening ear

To strains whose purpose is their grief to  
cheer ;

To tell them where another heart found rest,

Once, like their own, disquieted, unblessed,

And where, though sought in vain on earthly  
ground,

A balm of sovereign virtue may be found.

SONNET TO THE HARP.

Poor tuneless harp! I take thee to my Lord ;  
Though all unmeet to offer at his shrine,  
If he endue my hand with skill divine,  
Sweet melody shall breathe from every chord ;  
And thou to that high use shall be restored,  
Which erst in sinless Paradise was thine :  
I lay thee at his feet, no longer mine ;  
The strings all mute till wakened at his word.  
Oh! thou wert formed in those unsullied days,  
When joy, love, innocence, attuned each lyre,  
To blend thy music with celestial lays ;  
And e'en my notes shall mingle with that  
    choir,  
If He, th' eternal soul of harmony,  
Now, by his Spirit, deign to breathe on me.



INVOCATION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BLESSED Spirit! Thou who deignest,  
 In each bosom where thou reignest,  
     Heavenly thoughts to inspire ;  
 Now, thy gracious influence lending,  
 With my strain its virtue blending,  
     Wake my simple lyre !

Let it breathe some hallowed numbers,  
 Ere in death the minstrel slumbers,  
     Who implores thy skill ;  
 Let it soothe some ear that listens,  
 Let it dry some tear that glistens,  
     Ere my heart be still !

There are bosoms wrung with anguish ;  
 Mourners who in silence languish ;  
     Hidden wounds that bleed.  
 Heavenly comforter of sorrow !  
 Balm for these if I might borrow,  
     I were bless'd indeed.

THE MINSTREL.

WITHIN a darkened room I saw one sit,  
                   Touching a plaintive lyre,  
 Upward she looked, and then her eye seemed lit  
                   With transient fire :  
 But ever and anon I heard her sigh,  
 And ever and anon tears filled her eye.

Deep thoughts oppressed her, and I heard her  
           say,

          “ Oh ! sad is human life !  
 I see dark forms attend the pilgrim's way,—  
           Care, suffering, strife ;  
 His toilsome journey is beset with foes,  
 And death stands waiting at its awful close.

But hush!" she said, and paused; then seemed  
awhile

To hear one speak :

Her dark thoughts vanished, and a peaceful  
smile

Played on her cheek.

Once more she listened, tuned her lyre again,  
Then, soft and low, breathed forth a heaven-  
taught strain.

## ADDRESS TO SORROW.

FROM heavenly mines I borrow  
The gems to form thy crown ;  
In this poor world, sweet Sorrow !  
Thy worth is little known.

And yet no angel's mission  
Can brighter gifts impart,  
Than thou, man's kind physician,  
If welcomed by the heart.

The fatal mists around him  
Disperse at thy approach ;  
The magic spells that bound him  
Are broken by thy touch.

Thou throw'st thy mournful shading  
O'er earth's delusive joy ;  
And then its bright hues fading,  
Nor dazzle nor decoy.

Then when the world looks dreary,  
And when, with grief oppressed,  
The sufferer, faint and weary,  
Seeks out some place of rest ;

Then, Sorrow ! thou dost guide him  
To Penitence and Faith :  
These place fair Hope beside him,  
To cheer his heavenward path.

Sweet thoughts of comfort bringing,  
Peace o'er his heart they shed  
In strange seraphic singing,—  
“ Thou shalt be comforted ! ”

The tree of life disclosing  
Its odorous balm revealed ;  
Beneath its shade reposing,  
His every wound is healed.

And now, thy task completed,  
Thy mission at an end ;  
The weary wanderer greeted  
By Him, “ the Sinner's Friend ; ”

If still thine aid He borrow,  
Thy chastening hand employ,  
Thy sweet associate, Sorrow!  
Will, from that hour, be Joy.

## TO A MOURNER.

A VOICE beloved, thus spoke of late,  
In sad yet chastened tone—  
“ My heart at times *is* desolate.  
“ I feel alone.”

I looked upon that loved one's brow,  
And read the traces there :  
Those who have suffered learn to know  
Of grief and care.

Though now the storms have passed away,  
Enough remains to mark  
That life has been a wintry day,  
Stormy and dark.

So stands some tempest-riven tree,  
Its fairest branches gone ;  
It ne'er what once it was, can be,  
Ere storms came down.

Yet, mourner, though tears filled my eye,  
And dimmed my thoughtful gaze,  
I looked on thee rejoicingly,  
    And gave God praise.

What though thine earthly hopes are crushed,  
Thine earthly wishes crossed,  
Those voices sweet in silence hushed,  
    That cheered thee most :

Does not a voice more cheering still  
New hopes, new joys impart ?  
And thoughts of holiest power instil,  
    To heal thy heart ?

Hast thou not meekly learned to bow,  
With acquiescing love,  
To Him whose hand has brought thee low,  
    His love to prove ?

Does not thy faith strike deeper roots ?  
Blest who that faith possess !  
Are there not formed the peaceful fruits  
    Of righteousness ?



Oh, yes ! The process I behold,  
And joyfully admire,  
Through which thou wilt come forth as gold  
    Tried in the fire.

Concealed from man the dross may lie,  
Now with the metal mixed ;  
But on it the Refiner's eye  
    Is calmly fixed.

Nor will He leave (this thought is joy,)  
The gold He thus refines,  
Till in it, pure from all alloy,  
    His image shines.

## THE WANDERER.

THERE was a wanderer once who sought in  
vain

At earthly fountains to assuage her thirst ;  
For though they sparkled and seemed sweet  
at first,

Soon, unabated, it returned again ;  
But He who marks and pities human pain,  
Whose eye of love seeks out the lost, the  
worst,

Met her, in mercy infinite, as erst  
Another wanderer on Samaria's plain :  
He led her to that living stream which flows  
From heavenly founts, the pilgrim to restore ;  
And there she quenched her thirst, and found  
that those

Who drink that water thirst again no more,  
But hasten on, through strength divinely  
given,

E'en till they reach the fountain-head in  
heaven.

**THE CONTRITE HEART.**

**THERE** is a holy sacrifice,  
 Which God himself will not despise;  
 Nay, more, Jehovah deigns to prize  
                   The contrite heart.

That "high and lofty One," whose praise  
 Inspires the rapt archangels' lays,  
 With favourable eye surveys  
                   The contrite heart.

The Holy One, the Son of God,  
 His presence there will shed abroad,  
 And consecrate, as his abode,  
                   The contrite heart.

The blessed Spirit, from on high,  
 Will listen to its faintest sigh,  
 And heal, and cheer, and purify  
                   The contrite heart.

Saviour ! I make my prayer to thee ;  
Such as thou lovest I fain would be.  
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me  
A contrite heart !

## THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

I HEARD an Æolian harp, when the wings  
Of the soft summer-zephyr flew light o'er the  
strings,  
Waking sounds like the far-distant curfew  
that flings  
Echoes broken and faint down the vale :

But I heard it again, when the winter's cold  
blast  
Swept roughly and rudely each chord as it  
past,  
Then the strange spirit-minstrelsy, wakened  
at last,  
Swelled, fitful and wild, in the gale.

When summer and sunshine breathe perfume  
around,  
And earth by the Christian an Eden is found,  
The notes of his harp indistinctly resound ;  
Too faintly his praises are given ;

But when on his bosom the winter-winds beat,  
When the blast of the desert lays bare his  
retreat,

When the storm which has crushed him wakes  
concord's so sweet,

Angels listen, and waft them to heaven.

## S. MATTHEW, v. 4.

I STOOD in spirit on that sacred mount,  
Where He who spoke as man could never-  
speak,  
With Godlike power and majesty, though  
meek,  
Poured words of life from truth's eternal fount.  
A few poor men, plain and of no account,  
Were nearest to Him: them his eye would  
seek,  
While from its glance love's radiance seemed  
to break,  
And beam o'er multitudes too vast to count.  
I strove, as from an oracle divine,  
To catch some words to treasure in my heart;  
And though a distant place, alas! was mine,  
And those dear accents reached me but in part,  
One hallowed sentence to my ear was borne:  
The words were these; "*Blessed are they  
that mourn.*"

## RETROSPECTION.

O ! HOW oft, unseen, unknown,  
Does " the soul of feeling "   
Muse on friends far off, or gone,  
Memory's stores unsealing.

O'er the track of years gone by,  
Pleased the spirit wanders ;  
Breathes o'er many a spot a sigh,  
Many a record ponders.

Scenes which long have disappeared,  
From their sleep awaken ;  
Sounds by loved lost friends endeared,  
Joys by them partaken.

Funeral tokens rise around,  
The full heart o'erpowering ;  
Urns with many a garland bound,  
Cypress-trees embowering.



Bright and fragrant there appear  
Flowers of recollection ;  
Bathed by many a holy tear,  
Nursed by fond affection.

O ! ye loved, lamented few !  
Once to me united,  
Heavenward by each thought of you  
Be my soul incited !

## THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

WHEN I entered on life, and my fancy was gay,  
When hope's rosy dawning illumined my way,  
When the paths were all flowery, untrodden,  
and green,  
And pleasure and novelty gladdened the scene,  
The sound was unwelcome and strange to my  
ears,  
When they called this fair region 'a valley of  
tears.'

But the days of enchantment flew rapidly past,  
And the sunshine within and without was  
o'ercast ;  
The tints of the morning soon melted away,  
The buds and sweet blossoms proved transient  
as they ;  
And I owned, with a sigh, that life sometimes  
appears  
A sorrowful path through a valley of tears.

Still onward I journeyed, but journeyed alone,  
For I found that with novelty pleasure had  
    flown,

My path grew insipid ; I slackened my pace,  
And longed the fair track I had passed to  
    retrace ;

For I said, " What a different aspect it wears  
From this, which is really a valley of tears !"

But while with reluctance I granted it true,  
My spirit recoiled from so altered a view ;  
And because disappointment had broken the  
    cup

Presented by fancy, replenished by hope,  
She spurned, in her bitterness, all that still  
    cheers

This region of shadows, this valley of tears.

I looked on it now as a desolate spot,  
Where sin, linked with sorrow, wide ruin had  
    wrought ;

And where'er I discovered some lingering trace  
Of its early magnificence, beauty, and grace,

It seemed but to tell me of happier years,  
Ere the world was transformed to a valley of  
tears.

My soul grew impatient and weary of life,  
As a scene of distress, disappointment, and  
strife,  
And beheld in herself, and each pilgrim below,  
But the victims of suffering, delusion, and  
woe,—  
All doomed, for a period of sorrowful years,  
To mourn, or to toil, in the valley of tears.

For as yet she discerned not a country more  
bright  
Than that which so early had ceased to de-  
light ;  
Nor sources of pure and more permanent bliss,  
That can spring from a soil so polluted as this :  
She felt not the mercy which gladdens and  
cheers  
The Christian's abode in the valley of tears.

But now, while I keep that fair country in  
view,

With hope and with patience my path I pursue ;

In sadness and weariness sweet the belief,  
That my home is not distant, my journey but  
brief ;

And that, when I have passed a few troublesome  
years,

I shall wander no more in the valley of tears.

## THE SKYLARK.

How sweet is the song of the lark as she  
springs

To welcome the morning with joy on her  
wings!

As higher she rises, more sweetly she sings,  
And she sings when *we* hear her no more.

When storms and dark clouds veil the sun  
from our sight,

She has mounted above them; she shines in  
his light;

There, far from the scenes that disturb and  
affright,

She loves her gay music to pour.

It is thus with the Christian: he sees, from  
afar,

The day-spring appearing, the bright morning-  
star;

He quits this dark valley of sorrow and care,  
For the land whence the radiance is given:  
He sings on his way from this cloud-covered  
spot,  
The swifter his progress, the sweeter his note:  
When *we* hear it no longer, the song ceases  
not;—  
It blends with the chorus of heaven.

## THE MOON OVER THE SEA.

O ! FIX on that beautiful planet thine eye ;  
Observe her bright course as she travels on  
    high,  
And bears, like a vestal, her lamp through the  
    sky,  
    Arrayed in her garments of light ;  
While pure and exalted her pathway she  
    treads,  
O'er the rough sea beneath her, soft radiance  
    she sheds ;  
Where'er she approaches, the darkness recedes,  
    Till, in beauty, she glides from our sight.

Fair orb ! there are some in this world of our  
    own,  
Like thyself, who in light and in silence move  
    on ;



They walk in "white raiment," and calmly  
look down

On life's turbulent ocean beneath :

The noise of its waves at a distance they hear:  
And, shedding soft light from their luminous  
sphere,

This region of darkness and sorrow they cheer,  
And are beautiful even in death.

## ON SACRED MUSIC.

It is said that the exile who chances to hear,  
In the land of the stranger his own native  
tongue,  
Or some strain that in childhood delighted his  
ear,  
Though he listen with rapture, yet weeps  
o'er the song.

For then what bright visions appear to his  
view !  
What scenes of enchantment rise quickly  
around !  
The land where the first breath of freedom he  
drew,  
His home, his loved kindred, he seems to  
have found !

But though sweet the delusion, not long can it  
last :  
In a moment the lovely deceptions are flown :

With the sounds that produced them, too  
quickly they passed,  
And the exile still finds himself sad and  
alone.

And is not the Christian an exile on earth?  
And is not sweet music the language of  
heaven,  
Of that land whence the spirit received her  
high birth,  
And from whence the bright grant of her  
freedom was given?

And thus, while he listens to anthems of praise,  
Or some soft-stealing melody falls on his ear,  
Those regions of joy he in spirit surveys,  
And seems the sweet song of the ransomed  
to hear.

Nay, he seems to have entered that haven of  
rest,  
To have bidden farewell to temptations and  
woes.

Already he joins the bright bands of the blest,  
Already partakes their eternal repose.

But the charm is soon broken; the sounds die  
away;

No mandate, as yet, is sent down of release:  
He mourns to perceive still so distant the day,  
When his suff'rings and labours for ever  
shall cease.

That day of delight, when, an exile no more,  
His country, his home, his loved friends he  
regains,

Tunes his harp to the chorus oft longed for  
before,  
Where "sorrow and sighing" ne'er blend  
with the strains.

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

WHEN music entrances my ear,  
While I yield to its mystic control,  
Still the sounds so delightful to hear,  
Never reach the dark depths of the soul.

She has sighs, and complainings, and woes,  
Which melody charms not to rest;  
And though sweet be the tear as it flows,  
The lone spirit within is unblest.

But, oh! when, as borne from above,  
Hallowed voices breathe accents of praise,  
They waft to that region of love  
The spirit which thrills to their lays.

For then, their sweet melodies bless  
That name which is balm for all woe;  
And the heart, from its inmost recess,  
Echoes back the loved sounds as they flow.

## STANZAS FOR A FRIEND IN SORROW.

It must be so; the feeling heart must oft  
    receive a wound;  
Must often be compelled to part from those it  
    twined around:  
It must be so; life's shadows still must lengthen  
    o'er our way,  
And darkness those bright places fill, where  
    shone joy's sunniest ray.

It must be so; the hopes of youth, the schemes  
    gay fancy wove,  
The fictions we believed as truth, must all  
    delusive prove;  
And e'en in manhood's riper day, with wisdom  
    for our guide,  
The prop selected for our stay oft proves a  
    reed when tried.

It must be so; our hours of bliss, like a sweet  
 April gleam,  
 Just smile on such a world as this, then vanish  
 like a dream;  
 Hope's Iris, with its beauteous braid, melts in  
 the clouds it wreathes;  
 Joy's roseate flower begins to fade, e'en while  
 its fragrance breathes.

It must be so; the friends beloved, who cheered  
 life's earlier day,  
 By time estranged, by death removed, pass one  
 by one away;  
 Till oft, ere half its sands can fall, we look  
 around and sigh—  
 "How many now my tears recall whose smile  
 once blest my eyes!"

While o'er the heart these changes come, and  
 man, earth's transient guest,  
 Learns that the soul has here no home, no seat  
 of tranquil rest;  
 Then whither turns that eye, now dim with  
 disappointed hope?  
 Asks he fair Truth to draw for him, her hea-  
 venly horoscope?

Alas! too oft he turns to grief; calls back  
enjoyments past,  
Lives o'er again those moments brief, too blest,  
too bright to last;  
Forgets that bitters marred the sweet, and  
thorns the flowers, e'en then;  
Feels that his sun of bliss has set, and twilight  
days remain.

Or if from Grief he pass away, to seek a  
sterner guide,  
Philosophy! he courts thy sway, thy loftier  
code is tried:  
But Reason the firm mind may win, and nerve  
its high resolves,  
While on its axis, dark within, the restless  
heart revolves.

'Tis braced and disciplined, not healed; its  
wounds are stanch'd, not cured;  
These moral anodynes but yield calm midst  
the pain endured:  
Not this the kind result designed, by Him  
who, from above,  
Thus breaks each tie too strongly twined, that  
we may seek his love.



E'en as the bird "stirs up her nest," to make  
her nurslings fly,  
He here forbids us to find rest, towards heaven  
to raise our eye:  
The sunshine is from earth removed, that hea-  
ven more bright may seem,  
The heart denied what most it loved, till there  
He reign supreme.

Then all around a light is shed, which ne'er  
will fade away;  
More radiant grows the path we tread, e'en  
"to the perfect day;"  
Each wound is healed, each want supplied,  
joys given which leave us never;  
The heart's deep longing satisfied, and satisfied  
for ever.

## THE REQUIEM.

I POSSESSED a sweet flower; it bloomed for  
a while;

Its sweetness was wont every care to beguile,

But I cherished too fondly the flower:

I viewed it as one of the blossoms of heaven,  
To which beauty and fragrance perennial are  
given,

Nor thought it could fade in an hour.

For it seemed to belong to that region of love,  
And reminded me oft of the climate above,

Where all is refreshing and pure;

It was granted to brighten my sojourn on earth,  
And to raise my poor heart to the land of its  
birth;

But its charms not for me might endure.

While I watched o'er its beauties with anxious  
delight,

It received from some blast an invisible blight,  
Its colours began to decay ;

At length when I sought it, I found it no more:  
It died not:—I trust to a happier shore  
Some angel has borne it away.

Had I prized it less fondly, it still had been mine;  
But He who bestowed it, in bounty divine,  
Took it back, not in wrath, but in love:  
Its fragrance for me formed an Eden on earth;  
And I seldom remembered the land of its birth,  
That lovelier Eden above.

But the charm is now broken, the danger is o'er:  
Life has one joy the less, and one sorrow the  
more,  
And my heart for a season must mourn:  
The sweeter the fragrance the blossom bestows,  
The brighter the colours, the richer the rose,  
The sharper the pang of the thorn.

Sweet blossom, farewell! I shall treasure each  
leaf  
Thou hast scattered around me, to soften my  
grief,  
Thy memory their worth will enhance:

These relics, so sadly endeared to my sight,  
Not now will awaken too fond a delight,  
Too sweetly my senses entrance.

And oh ! when my path through the desert is  
o'er,  
May thy sweet living blossoms delight me  
once more,  
In that land where the plants never die;  
Where enjoyment with danger no more is  
combined;  
Where the strongest yet purest attachment  
will bind,  
And no parting bring tears to the eye.

Till then, sweetest plant! I must bid thee  
farewell;  
Long, long will thy charms in my memory  
dwell:  
Long, long for thy loss shall I mourn:  
No plant of the earth shall succeed thee, sweet  
flower!  
No blossom be nursed in my desolate bower :  
I have felt too severely the thorn.

## ON NOAH'S DOVE.

## A SIMILITUDE.

OH, soul of man! like that poor dove distrest,  
 Winging o'er life's dark waves thy weary flight,  
 Seeking in vain some "isle of beauty bright,"  
 Some spot where thine exhausted wing may  
 rest;

Fly to the *heavenly* ark, that haven blest,  
 Where, till a spring shall bloom which knows  
 no blight,  
 Thou shalt be safe from storms, by day, by  
 night;  
 And Peace, sweet Peace, shall build thy downy  
 nest.

I see one waiting to "put forth his hand,"  
 And take thee in, poor, weary fluttering heart!  
 Fear not his gentle touch; though weak thou  
 art,  
 None like himself thy frame can understand:  
 Such life, warmth, comfort, strength, that  
 touch will bring,  
 Soon shalt thou raise thy drooping head and  
 sing.

## THE VESTAL.

OH! who has not paused, as he read, to admire  
 The tale of that ancient mysterious fire,  
 Never suffered, on peril of life, to expire,—  
     Everlasting, though kindled below?  
 And viewed the pale Vestal, all lonely, at night,  
 Her eye ever fixed on that mystical light;  
 Now feeding the flame, lest it cease to burn  
     bright,  
     Now her features illumed by its glow?

A task as unceasing, though nobler, is thine,  
 O Christian! the priest of a holier shrine;  
 In thy heart has been lit by the Spirit divine  
     A flame which eternal must prove:  
 Like the Vestal, watch o'er it by night and  
     by day,  
 Let neglect never cause its pure beam to decay:  
 Thy life is involved in still brightening its ray,  
     Till removed to the temple above.

## ON A SPRING MORNING.

THOU! who art ever present, though unseen,  
Amid these beauteous shades I feel Thee near;  
I seem to stand beside Thee, and to hear  
That voice which makes the troubled heart  
serene.

I love to think Thou on this earth hast been,  
And once in human form didst sojourn here,  
Where still Thou deignest invisibly to cheer  
Each fainting spirit that on Thee would lean.  
O! while in hill and dale, and stream and flower,  
With tearful joy thy glories I behold,  
On me display thy wonder-working power!  
Bid each long-dormant heavenly seed unfold;  
And while around woods, hills, and valleys  
sing,  
Within my heart wake a celestial spring!

## ON AN EARLY VIOLET.

SCARCELY has one bright sunbeam shone,  
Or vernal zephyr waved its wing;  
Yet is thy fragrance round me thrown,  
Sweet child of spring;

'Mid leafless shrubs, on the cold earth,  
Rises thy soft and beauteous form,  
Familiar, even from thy birth,  
With many a storm.

There, blooming in thy lonely bed,  
Enfolded in thy mantle green,  
Thy solitary sweets were shed,  
Unknown, unseen.

Yet, could the balmiest breath of May  
To thee one added charm have lent?  
Could brighter tints thy leaves inlay,  
Or sweeter scent?



'Tis often thus; the richest flowers  
That in the soul's fair garden blow,  
Are nurtured by rough winds and showers,  
'Mid scenes of woe.

When earthly joys lie all entombed,  
And life looks desolate and drear,  
Then first hope's heavenly flower has bloomed,  
The heart to cheer.

Nay, thus in sorrow's wintry day,  
The soul herself, 'mid blast and storm,  
Gains beauties which joy's summer-ray  
Will rarely form.

Nor shall one blast around her blow,  
One storm on her fair blossoms beat,  
But shall a lovelier hue bestow,  
A scent more sweet.

## THE "STILL SMALL VOICE."

THERE is a voice, "a still small voice," of love,  
    Heard from above;  
But not amidst the din of earthly sounds,  
    Which here confounds;  
By those withdrawn apart it best is heard,  
And peace, sweet peace, breathes in each  
    gentle word.

In the sick chamber, oft when none are near,  
    This voice sounds clear;  
Then o'er the wearied frame, the suffering bed,  
    Repose is shed :  
Its whispers fall like balm upon the soul,  
Each pang to soothe, each murmur to control.

Oft on the day of consecrated rest,  
    This unseen guest  
Visits the lonely and sequestered room,  
    Dispels its gloom,

And pours such sacred melody around,  
That not an angel's harp more sweet could  
    sound.

In that appalling stillness which prevails,  
    Where nature fails,  
When nought is heard save the convulsive  
    breath,

    Struggling with death,  
Then will this voice of mercy gently break  
That saddest silence, and of comfort speak.

Oh! blessed then, the sufferer, though he mourn,  
    To whom are borne  
The gracious accents of this heavenly guide!  
    None, none beside  
Can calm the spirit, bend the opposing will,  
And say, with voice omnipotent, "Be still!"

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET chantress! from every blossoming tree  
There is wafted a song of rejoicing and glee;  
Midst the mirth and the music I listen for thee,

But thy melody charms not my ear.

When the sun shall descend, and the blossoms  
all close,

When darkness and stillness shall usher repose,

Oh then, while the night-breeze refreshingly  
blows,

Thy song from afar I shall hear.

Sweet chantress! a beautiful emblem thou art,  
Of the pure and devoted and tranquillized  
heart,

When, from earthly turmoil and intrusion  
apart,

It holds converse with regions above;

Beneath that blue concave, so peaceful and  
bright,  
Sweet symphonies break on the silence of  
night ;  
While angels bend down, with approving  
delight,  
Taking part in the anthems they love.

## A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

If Happiness be sought aright,  
 She will be found ;—though hidden,  
 Her doors stand open day and night,  
 And none will be forbidden.

Yet thousands seek her still in vain,  
 Bewildered, discontented ;  
 Fatigued they roam o'er hill and plain,  
 In paths she ne'er frequented.

I joined the throng ; I sought the prize ;  
 'Twas long before I found it :  
 I ne'er resigned the enterprise,  
 Till full success had crowned it.

I sought her in an emerald glen,  
 Where *Nature's* charms delighted ;  
 They said, " she dwelt there, once, with men,  
 But long those scenes had quitted."

I next explored the festive bower,  
To which gay *Pleasure* wooed me ;  
And quickly found that Folly wore  
Her features, to delude me.

At length, in *Friendship's* sweet abode,  
Her lovely form I greeted ;  
Oh, with what joy my bosom glowed !  
The hours like moments fled !

But Death, her mortal foe, appeared,  
Those ties of love to sever ;  
She fled that spot, so much endeared,  
Abandoned it for ever !

In *Fancy's* flower-enamelled vale  
Once more my eye beheld her ;  
But Thought was with me:—she turned pale,  
And vanished ere I held her.

Then *Science* said, “ his temple fair ”  
“ Oft gathered groups around her ; ”  
Told me the Muses met her there ;—  
I sought, but never found her !

In *Superstition's* ancient pile,  
Where monks their beads were telling,  
Where, through the dimly-lighted aisle,  
The midnight chant was swelling ;

E'en there for Happiness I sought,  
I wept, and prayed, and fasted ;  
I sought her, but I found her not :  
Prayers, penance, tears, were wasted.

Worn out at last, I raised my eye  
To Heaven, its guidance seeking ;  
At once a gentle sound stole by ;—  
Her own sweet voice was speaking.

“ Pilgrim! a gracious ear is lent  
To thy sad heart's petition ;  
When the heart's cry to heaven is sent,  
At once it gains admission.

“ When asked from Him whom I obey,  
Thus freely He bestows me ;  
None but the heart that owns his sway  
Receives, or even knows me.



“Your world, my blissful seat of old,  
Is now by sin polluted:  
None there, till cast in heavenly mould,  
To dwell with *me* are suited.

“Above yon bright and starry sphere,  
With spirits pure and sainted,  
I breathe a holier atmosphere,  
By sin and woe untainted.

“Mid those immortal shapes I stand,  
Jehovah’s throne surrounding,  
Who strike their harps at his right hand,  
Angelic songs resounding.

“But to the earth my flight I speed,  
Soon as the contrite-hearted  
Need me, to bind the wounds that bleed:  
Thenceforth, we are not parted.

“When, on the Sabbath, they are found  
The sacred courts attending,  
I love to tread that holy ground,  
My voice with theirs is blending.

“ And in the hour of humble prayer,  
Who feels the Saviour’s presence  
Will never fail to meet me there:  
It forms my very essence.

“ Now, through thy life’s short pilgrimage,  
Unseen I will be near thee;  
And in its last, its roughest stage,  
My voice shall calm and cheer thee.

“ Then will I join the convoy bright  
Sent down thy bonds to sever,  
Hail thy deliverance with delight,  
And be thine own for ever !”

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MY GOD ! is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening-star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet,—  
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that hour of solemn eve,  
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,  
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;  
And richer dews descend from thee  
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief  
There for my every want I find,  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear ;  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.

Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to thee.

Dwell on each proof of tenderness he gave,  
Nor doubt his willingness to heal and save !  
Not e'en the fondest love a mother knows,—  
The warmest in a human breast which glows,—  
No loftiest, best conception we can raise,  
E'en the faint outline of his love portrays.  
Poor, doubting mourner! yield not to thy fears;  
Each tear he numbers, and each sigh he hears;  
And though, like Peter, thou hast wronged  
thy Lord,  
Like him, thou mayest be pardoned and  
restored.  
For thee thy Saviour's prayer may yet prevail;  
True faith in him, though weak, shall never  
fail;  
But lead thee, in his strength, henceforth to  
prove,  
Through life, in death, thy gratitude and love.

REST FOR THE WEARY,

Has earthly love deceived thee?  
 Has earthly friendship grieved thee?  
 Has Death's strong hand bereaved thee  
     Of all most dear below?

A love which never changes,  
 A Friend no time estranges,  
 A land Death's shaft ne'er ranges,  
     It may be thine to know.

In vain have men asserted,  
 To cheat the weary-hearted,  
 That powers by sin perverted  
     Themselves can calm the breast.  
 One hand alone unfailing,  
 Sin, grief's dark root, assailing,  
 O'er all within prevailing,  
     Can give the weary rest.

## TO ONE SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS.

WHAT though thine earthly cottage veil  
Some beams that cheer the pilgrim's way,  
The soul's bright senses cannot fail,  
Nor pass away.

Thine ear of faith may listen ever  
To sounds which bid all sorrow cease,  
Which importune or weary never,  
But whisper peace.

It may be that thine outward ear  
Is closed to earth's tumultuous din,  
That those blest accents full and clear,  
May speak within.

What though the "nether springs" run low,  
Which cheered thy pilgrim-path at first,  
The "upper springs" perennial flow  
To quench thy thirst.

If on thy Saviour rests thine eye,  
The loss of sense faith's gain will be;  
For it will closer draw the tie  
    'Twixt him and thee.



## ON A FROSTY EVENING.

WHEN the dark mantle of o'ershadowing night  
Wraps in concealment all the world below,  
With countless orbs yon azure vault doth glow,  
In silence shining, beautiful and bright,  
The midnight wanderer gazes with delight,  
And feels his heart within him overflow.  
"O! what," he asks, "can day's broad sun-  
shine show,  
To rival yon fair field of argent light?"  
—'Tis sometimes thus, when sorrow's mourn-  
ful shade  
Darkens our path, and veils our prospects here:  
Fair worlds, unseen before, are then displayed,  
And in surpassing majesty appear;  
For then to faith's uplifted eye 'tis given  
To view the glories of a brighter heaven.

TO AN AGED CHRISTIAN ON HIS BIRTH-  
DAY.

Now, pilgrim! of thy journey home,  
But one short stage remains;  
And, brightening through the evening's gloom  
Across the distant plains,

Methinks thine eye may catch a sight  
Of that sweet shore of rest,  
Where friends are waiting, robed in white,  
To hail the expected guest;

Where every hope, yet incomplete,  
Each unfulfilled desire,  
Fruition's plenitude shall meet,  
Till bliss can rise no higher.

O! did our hearts indeed receive,  
Faith in her power sublime,  
The Christian would rejoice, not grieve,  
To mark the lapse of time.

Nature may weep o'er life's short span,  
When forms we love decay:  
Faith views the immortal inward man,  
And wipes the tear away.

And when we feel we cannot now  
Shelter one heart we prize  
From many a conflict, many a woe,  
Or hush its secret sighs;

Then, as we see them onward borne,  
By time's resistless flow,  
To that bright shore where none can mourn,  
Where glory crowns each brow;

Should we not hail their nearer bliss,  
When faith's sure hope is given!  
What means "advancing age," but this,—  
The drawing near to heaven?

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHILD'S  
DEATH.

THIS was thy heavenly birth-day, much loved  
boy!


Dost thou not wonder at thy parents' tears,  
And question why so sad that day appears,  
Which crowned their darling with unfading  
joy?

Why do they now their mournful thoughts  
employ

In fondly dwelling on thy few short years?  
For Memory, while she thus the past endears,  
Blends with the sweet her bitterest alloy.  
Oh! if the birth-day of a life like ours,  
In this dark world of trouble and unrest,  
Be hailed with gratulations, gifts, and flowers,  
Should not thine entrance on a life so blest  
E'en as a sacred jubilee be kept,  
And not a tear, but tears of joy, be wept?

## TO A WIDOWED FRIEND.

WHY dost thou haste so swiftly on thy way,  
Like one whose company before is gone?  
What is that stedfast eye so fixed upon,  
Beaming, at times, as with a heavenly ray?  
Alas! that mourning veil, that dark array,  
Tell me that thou from bitter grief hast won  
A disentangled heart, no longer prone  
To make terrestrial things thy staff and stay.  
What though thy cheek be paler, lone thy path,  
What though, unseen, sad Memory tears will  
    shed,  
Now thou wilt live indeed the life of faith,  
Till thou shalt meet again thy "holy dead."  
O! if by grief such blessings here are given,  
What "weight of glory" will be thine in  
    heaven!



“ SHE GOETH UNTO THE GRAVE TO WEEP  
THERE.”

OH! go not to his grave to weep,  
Bathe not with tears his early tomb;  
Angels that precious seed will keep,  
Till thence the immortal flower shall bloom.

O! go not to his grave to mourn  
That he was once so fair, so bright;  
A form far lovelier shall be borne  
From that low bed, to bless thy sight.

O! go not to his grave to sigh,  
Because his transient date is o'er;  
That which we here miscall “to *die*,”  
Means but to *live* for evermore.

Go to his grave, that light to hail  
Which o'er it now from Calvary streams;  
Which shines through death's once mournful  
vale,  
And on thy slumbering infant beams.

Go to his grave, that God to bless,  
Who to his happy soul has given  
More than thine utmost tenderness  
Could supplicate,—a home in heaven.

Go to his grave, to offer there,  
As laid on thy Redeemer's shrine,  
Thy loveliest flower, thy first-born fair,  
And say, "He was not ours, but thine."



## FROM A DYING CHILD.

CEASE, my mother! to deplore me,  
Cease to ask my longer stay;  
Angel-forms are bending o'er me,  
Hark! they call my soul away.

Wipe those tears so sadly falling,  
Upward turn thy weeping eyes;  
Heavenly messengers are calling  
Me, thy child, to Paradise.

Hear'st thou not those sweetest numbers?  
Hear'st thou not that softest strain,  
Sent to bless my dying slumbers,  
Sent to soothe my dying pain?

Soon these pangs of struggling nature  
Shall my prison-doors unclose;  
Soon each calm and tranquil feature  
Wear a smile of sweet repose.



But when this poor frame is sleeping  
Cold within the silent tomb,  
Wilt thou still be fondly weeping  
O'er thy babe's untimely doom?

Wilt thou mourn the blissful sentence  
Which invites me to thy rest?  
Wilt thou mourn my early entrance  
On the glories of the blest?

Wilt thou mourn my warfare ended?  
Mourn the prize too quickly gained?  
Life has long enough extended  
When its purpose is attained.

Hark! again those notes are swelling:  
"Happy spirit; take thy flight;  
Quit that frail terrestrial dwelling;  
Wing thy way to realms of light."

Oh! what scenes arise before me!  
Lovelier far than aught beneath;  
Cease, my mother! to deplore me;  
Sweeter far than life is death.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

LOVELY star! serenely shining  
On my heavy tearful eyes,  
Thou shalt check these thoughts repining,  
And repress these mournful sighs;  
Let thy way be dark, or bright,  
Still thou sheddest thy silvery light.

Still thy heavenly track pursuing,  
Rapidly thou hastenest on,  
From that purer region viewing  
This dark world thou shinest upon;  
Passing o'er it but to lend  
Light to gladden and befriend.

Thus, when clouds are passing o'er us, .  
Grief our spirits may subdue;  
But a race "is set before us,"  
And, though faint, we must pursue;  
Lovely star! our model be;  
May we shine through clouds like thee!

And, like thee, while freely lending  
Light to all within our sphere,  
To our unseen centre tending,  
Swift as bright may we appear!  
Then, when thy brief course is o'er,  
We shall rise to set no more.

THE CHRISTIAN NEAR HIS HOME.

I SEE an aged man  
 Climbing the hill's steep side;  
 Long has he trod the pilgrim's way,  
 And now the sun's declining ray  
 Homeward his steps will guide.  
 A seat of rest  
 Among the blest  
 E'en now awaits in heaven the dear expected  
 guest.

His path is rough and steep,  
 More toilsome near its close:  
 The sky looks dark; the winds blow keen:  
 The shadows lengthen o'er the scene,  
 And scarce a flowerlet blows:  
 The pilgrim's eye,  
 Still fixed on high,  
 Sees brighter worlds appear, beyond the dark-  
 ening sky.

At times, indeed, he grieves  
For earlier days more blest;  
When on the wings of joy he soared,  
And, with an eagle's strength, explored  
The land of promised rest;  
But faith still shoots  
Its downward roots;  
The blossoms pass away, but riper grow the  
fruits.

Ill could he once have borne  
His present toilsome path;  
He feels no joy, yet murmurs not;  
This hushes each repining thought,  
"While here, I walk by faith."  
He still can trace  
A Saviour's grace,  
Though he appear far off, and seem to hide  
his face.

The heavenly prize he views,  
And still maintains his ground;  
The steep ascent is hard to win,  
And many a foe, without, within,

Strives to inflict a wound;  
Though closely pressed,  
Hope cheers his breast;  
For soon the strife will cease, the weary be at rest.

Pilgrim, the end is near!  
Though faint, yet still pursue;  
When thou shalt gain the mountain's brow  
A scene beyond conception now  
Shall burst upon thy view;  
Celestial air  
Shall fan thee there,  
And thou shalt bid adieu to toil and pain and  
care.

Then, thou shalt fall asleep,  
And angels waiting round  
Shall waft thee to that blissful shore,  
Seen dimly from afar before,  
Where golden harps resound;  
Where souls set free  
That Saviour see,  
Whose smile is heaven itself:—that smile will  
beam on thee.

## TO ONE RESTLESS AND UNHAPPY.

OH! it ne'er was intended a spirit like thine,  
 Immortal in nature, of birthright divine,  
 Should take up her home in a region like this,  
 Or rest short of perfection in virtue and bliss.

I regret not that oft thou art weary, depressed,  
 In the midst of heaven's bountiful blessings  
     unblessed;  
 For "the weary, the heavily laden" are those  
 Whom a voice others hear not, invites to  
     repose.

Though nature and affluence and taste have  
     combined,  
 To surround thee with charms and enjoyments  
     refined;  
 On them all, looks of sadness or languor are  
     thrown:  
 And why? the true riches not yet are thine own.

Arts, studies, accomplishments, friends, vainly  
still

The void in thy desolate bosom would fill;  
For the smile on thy lip can but faintly dis-  
guise

A heart that, in secret, for happiness sighs.

There is a bright talisman, which, when pos-  
sessed,

Reveals the sweet source of contentment and  
rest;

This stream will renew while it gladdens thy  
heart,

And the lustre of joy to thy features impart.

There is a blest volume:—each page it unrolls

The nature and worth of this treasure extols;

Oh, study that volume! the guidance there  
given

Will lead not to happiness only, but heaven.



“MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

*Proverbs xxiii. 26.*

FEELEST thou disquiet, care, unrest,  
Scarce knowing why so sad thou art?  
In God alone can man find rest:  
Give him thine heart.

Deemest thou thy bosom's secret woes  
Peculiar, from all else apart?  
Thy case he intimately knows:  
Give him thine heart.

Oft does the painful thought arise,  
That slighted, misconceived thou art?  
God knows thee, loves, will not despise:  
Give him thine heart.

Sailest thou alone o'er life's rough sea,  
Without a home, a friend, a chart?  
Thy friend, guide, haven, God will be:  
Give him thine heart.

Dost thou some hopeless sorrow feel,  
Some wound from Death's unpitying dart?  
Thy God will bind it up, and heal:  
Give him thine heart.

Are there some griefs thou canst not tell,  
Not to the dearest friends impart?  
Thy God will understand them well:  
Give him thine heart.

Oh! when without reserve 'tis given,  
Wholly surrendered, every part,  
There shines within the dawn of heaven:  
Give him thine heart.

TO A FRIEND SETTING OUT ON A  
JOURNEY.

MAY heavenly guides attend thee!  
 May heavenly guards defend thee!  
 May heavenly influence send thee  
     Sweet themes of holy thought!  
 Though shades of night infold thee,  
 That eye will still behold thee,  
     The eye which slumbers not.

No evil shall befall thee;  
 No enemy appal thee,  
 Bright messengers shall call thee,  
     Throughout the silent night,  
 To share their high communion;—  
 Sweet pledge of future union  
     With sainted heirs of light!

No *human* voice may cheer thee;  
No *earthly* listener hear thee.  
But, oh! one Friend is near thee,  
    The kindest and the best,  
Whose smile can banish sadness,  
Whose presence fill with gladness  
    The solitary breast.

Thy God will go before thee,  
And day and night watch o'er thee,  
And safe at length restore thee  
    To a loved home of peace.  
His care shall not forsake thee,  
Till to that home he take thee,  
    Where toils and dangers cease.

TO ONE BEREAVED OF MANY  
RELATIVES.

THOU hast laid up so many treasures there,  
Where there is no more sorrow, no more pain,  
That I esteem thee rich in heavenly gain,  
E'en by the loss of those who dearest were.  
Oh, while thy deepest, tenderest thoughts they  
share,  
When, sad and desolate, thou sighest in vain  
Their voice to hear, their smile to meet again,  
Pour out thy heart, pour out thy griefs in  
prayer!  
That blest employ will reunite thy soul  
With those whose adorations never cease:  
That hallowed intercourse each grief control,  
And o'er thy bosom shed celestial peace.  
Though powerless human sympathy be found,  
Sweet converse with thy God can heal each  
wound.

## THE DEATH-BED OF A CHRISTIAN.

AND now the closing scene drew on;  
The tide of life was ebbing fast;  
Yet the firm hope she lent upon  
Sustained her, cheered her, to the last.

The hectic flush had left her cheek,  
The fever's brilliancy her eye;  
Yet calm she smiled, though faint and weak,  
As if she felt it sweet to die.

All on a sudden she beheld  
A form unknown approach her bed,  
Whose hand a drooping garland held,  
Where faded flowers their leaves had shed.

Gently the mantle he withdrew,  
That first his features had concealed,  
And to the dying sufferer's view  
A sweet though pallid face revealed.

Then, in soft accents he exclaimed,  
    " Oh, happy one! be not dismayed;  
Thine hour of freedom is proclaimed,  
    The summons given, the ransom paid.

" I see thee smile, and stretch thy hand,  
    As if to bid me draw more near;  
But wouldest thou not my touch withstand,  
    If my true name had met thine ear?

" I am that last resistless foe  
    Who fills with dread the human breast;  
Whom fear and ignorance love to show  
    In visionary terrors dressed.

" But what's the phantom feared so much—  
    E'en from thy childhood feared by thee?  
What but a stroke, a voice, a touch,  
    That sets the imprisoned spirit free?

" My name the guilty may appal,  
    Because I seal their fearful doom:  
But the believer loves the call  
    That wafts his spirit to her home.

“ Oh, hasten, then, to lay aside  
These earthly weeds which clothe thee now!  
A fairer robe will be supplied,  
A brighter beauty deck thy brow.

“ Look on this pale and faded wreath,  
These flowers that once sweet fragrance shed;  
Chilled by the icy hand of death,  
Their tints are gone, their charms have fled!

“ Thus, at my touch, thou too shalt fade;  
Thy breath shall cease, thy life be gone;  
And that loved form be darkly laid  
In its last resting-place alone.

“ Yet fear me not! with gentlest hand  
I will unloose thy bonds of clay;  
Then shall thy happy soul expand  
Her wings of joy, and soar away!

“ Soon wilt thou pass my shadowy vale,  
Beneath the heavenly hills it lies;  
Nor shall thine outstretched pinions fail,  
Till the bright city meet thine eyes.



“Then to the glorious mansions there,  
 Rejoicing saints will welcome thee;  
 I must resign thee to their care,  
 Those golden gates are closed to *me*.”

He ceased;—the listener sweetly smiled,  
 And seemed some vision to behold:  
 With joy her parting soul was filled,  
 Her heavenward eye of rapture told.

Then faintly, brokenly was heard,\*  
 “A day where no more night shall be!  
 Entrance to me is ministered  
 Abundantly! abundantly!”

Then there was silence;—not a word  
 Uttered the grief of those who wept;  
 Ere long “a quiet sigh”† was heard,  
 And she “in Jesus” sweetly slept.

\* The words between inverted commas were spoken by a dying Christian.

† See Hooker’s death, as described in Walton’s lives.

## A DREAM.

I WALKED upon an unknown shore;  
A deep, dark ocean rolled beside:  
Thousands were wafted swiftly o'er  
That silent and mysterious tide.

Strange was the solemn scene, and new;  
My spirit sank with inward dread:  
No voice proclaimed it; but I knew  
Those were the regions of the dead.

It was no earthly light that shone,  
Casting a shadowy gleam around;  
Ne'er midst an earthly throng was known  
Stillness so awful, so profound.

The only sound which met the ear,—  
And sadly, heavily it fell,—  
Was the dark billow rolling near,  
With measured, melancholy swell.

I sought with anxious eye to trace,  
    Among the crowd that thronged the coast,  
The features of one well-known face,  
    Fondly beloved, and lately lost.

The twilight gleam sufficed to show  
    Full many a face that once was fair,  
Now marked with characters of woe,  
    The sad, sad impress of despair.

No words were needed to express  
    Whose tears of anguish fell too late;  
The dark fixed look of mute distress  
    Declared too legibly their fate.

Some had been lovely once on earth,  
    Caressed, applauded, loved, admired,  
Endowed with riches, talents, birth,  
    Possessing all their hearts desired.

Those hearts, alas for them! were given  
    To earthly pleasures, cares, and toys;  
They found not time to think of heaven,  
    To seek imperishable joys.

Slowly I turned with many a sigh,  
From this sad spectacle of woe;  
And soon I saw the beaming eye  
Of her so fondly loved below.

She had but just been called away  
From husband, parents, children, friends;  
Yet in that eye there shone a ray  
Of joy, with which no sadness blends.

A bright companion at her side  
Looked on her with celestial love;  
Delighting her glad steps to guide  
Towards the bright home prepared above.

Unseen I followed: It was sweet,  
O! passing sweet, her voice to hear:  
No earthly language could repeat  
The sounds that then entranced my ear.

Swiftly we passed that gloomy shore;  
Darkness and clouds were all withdrawn:  
And then a light not known before  
Began upon our path to dawn.

With growing strength I saw her tread  
Her upward, brightening, heavenward road,  
With joy she lifted up her head,  
To hail the city of her God!

As nearer to that world we drew,  
Immortal fragrance filled the air;  
But soon the increasing radiance grew  
Too bright for mortal sense to bear.

I only caught a distant glance  
Of glories never to be told;  
I saw a beauteous band advance;—  
I heard them strike their harps of gold.

And then I lost her.—Faint and dead  
I sank beneath the eternal beam.  
The sights, the sounds, the glories fled!  
“I woke,—and found it was a dream.”

## A VISION.

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM IN THE NIGHT.

**METHOUGHT**, as silently I lay  
 On death's cold narrow bed,  
 I heard the archangel's trumpet sound,—  
 The voice that wakes the dead.

I woke as from a long, long sleep,  
 And blissful was the hour;  
 That mortal frame in weakness sown,  
 Was "raised," indeed, "in power."

I woke with such a sense of bliss,  
 As seemed the dawn of heaven,  
 With nobler faculties endued  
 Than e'er on earth were given.

Restored to consciousness and thought,  
 Some whisper seemed to say,  
 "The Lamb, whose blood thy ransom bought,  
 Now summons thee away."

Scarce had the welcome sounds been heard,  
Scarce had my heart replied,  
When o'er my head the earth was rent,  
My prison doors flew wide!

A great and mighty earthquake shook  
The agitated world;  
The mountain huge, the solid rock,  
From its firm base was hurled!

'Twas all unlike the peaceful scene  
Which met my closing eyes  
On that last eve, when autumn's sun  
Purpled the glowing skies.

That sun was darkened now in heaven,  
Quenched were its golden rays;  
A fearful conflagration's glare  
Began, far off, to blaze.

Then thunderings such as ne'er were heard,  
And lightnings filled the sky;  
Expiring nature seemed convulsed  
With mortal agony.

The graves were rent, the dead arose,  
The sea gave up her own;  
And all were summoned, "small and great,"  
Before the eternal throne.

Amidst the ruin and dismay,  
A voice was heard on high,—  
"Ye saints! with joy lift up your heads,  
For your redemption's nigh!"

Then I looked up;—I looked around;—  
My soul was strong and calm;  
I knew "in whom I had believed,"  
And felt secure from harm.

I recognised, on every side,  
Those I had loved below,  
All clothed in white, and glorified;  
Joy was on every brow.

O! there was higher, purer bliss  
In that brief glance of love,  
Which then we silently exchanged,  
Than souls on earth can prove.



But soon one uncreated Form,  
Glorious in majesty,  
"Fairer than all the sons of men,"  
Fixed each adoring eye.

It was the Saviour,—loved unseen,  
So "full of truth and grace;"  
Now Faith obtained her great reward,  
To see him "face to face."

Circled by myriads of the blest,  
"To judge the world" he came;  
To be admired in all his saints—  
His ransomed flock to claim.

All prostrate fell, and, in that hour,  
Were filled with joy so vast,  
As would have richly overpaid  
Ages in suffering past.

## ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

OH, could I pierce that deep abyss  
Which parts the unseen world from this,  
I would behold your seats in bliss,  
Sweet babes!

Would view your souls without a stain,  
In God's own image bright again,  
And feel that death for you *was* gain,  
Sweet babes!

And I would hear that matchless song,  
Swelled by the bright celestial throng,  
And catch *your* notes the choir among,  
Sweet babes!

Thrice-happy travellers! how soon  
Your task is o'er, your work is done,  
How short a race your prize has won,  
Sweet babes!

No toil nor care need ye bestow  
To make the flowers of virtue blow;  
Spontaneous in that clime they grow,  
Sweet babes!

There, sown in a congenial bed,  
Each heavenly blossom rears its head:—  
There blooms, and there is perfected,  
Sweet babes!

And can we mourn that God, in love,  
Saw fit so early to remove  
Your spirits to his courts above,  
Sweet babes!

In this dark world, with dangers fraught,  
What snares your footsteps might have caught,  
What woe and ruin sin have wrought,  
Sweet babes!

There was a heavenly Friend who knew  
What perils would your path bestrew,  
And in his arms he sheltered you,  
Sweet babes!

From earth's polluted region far,  
He bade you breathe a purer air:  
How pure! when God himself is there,  
Sweet babes!

Could those who now their couch bedew  
With bitter tears, your glory view,  
Ne'er would they weep again for you,  
Sweet babes!

But feel love's earthly tie was riven,  
Only to be for ever given,  
A golden link 'twixt earth and heaven,  
Sweet babes!

## ANTICIPATIONS.

WE gaily said, that when the spring  
Her opening buds and flowers should bring,  
And happy birds begin to sing,  
    We three would meet.

We planned full many a golden hour  
Of bliss, within our favourite bower;  
And never thought a cloud would lower,  
    That bliss to o'ershade.

While thus we framed our fairy schemes,  
Adorned with Hope's enchanting beams,  
And smiled at Fancy's lovely dreams,  
    And thought them truth;

Death saw the visions Hope portrayed,  
The joys on Fancy's eye that played;  
And cast o'er all the chilling shade  
    Of his dark wing.

And now the scene so bright before,  
For us can never brighten more;  
Hope's fond illusions all are o'er,  
And Fancy's dreams.

And, if we meet in that loved bower,  
No festive mirth will wing the hour;  
For every plant and every flower  
Will wake our tears;

Will tell of her who loved to view  
Each varied leaf, each beauteous hue;  
Whose smile such sweet enchantment threw  
O'er all the scene.

When last we lingered, late and long,  
Those moonlit woods and bowers among,  
To woo the Nightingale's sweet song,  
She shared our joy.

Little we thought that when again  
That bird should pour its plaintive strain,  
For *her* its melody in vain  
Would charm the sense.

Little we thought, when next the spring  
Sweet flowers and happy birds should bring,  
Those flowers would bloom, those birds would  
sing,  
Around her grave.

But hush! ye sad repinings, cease!  
Her life was blest; her death was peace:  
And now her joys will still increase  
Through endless years.

Her's is a fairer world than ours;  
She walks among unfading bowers;  
And higher joys and nobler powers  
To her are given.

Indulge no more that rising sigh,  
Turn not again thy tearful eye  
To that sad spot, where mouldering lie  
Her loved remains:

They do but slumber in the dust;  
While angels guard their sacred trust,  
Till all the bodies of the just  
In glory rise.

ON THE WORDS UTTERED BY A DYING  
CHILD SPEAKING OF JESUS.

SWEET child! and was thy Saviour nigh,  
And did he close thy dying eye,  
And teach that soothing, sweet reply,  
“ He comforts me?”

And was thy weary, aching head,  
On thy Redeemer's bosom laid?  
And saidest thou on thy dying bed,  
“ He comforts me?”

O! now thou hast gained that shore,  
Where sin and death have lost their power,  
Thou wilt have cause to say no more,  
“ He comforts me.”

The bitterness of death is past,  
Thy dying anguish was thy last;  
And then the God whose child thou wast,  
Did comfort thee.



It is for those who, sunk in woe,  
Lie crushed beneath the o'erwhelming blow,  
To seek the peace thy words bestow—  
“He comforts me.”

Those dying words will prove a balm,  
Thy father's rising grief to calm;  
And sorrow of its sting disarm,—  
“He comforts me.”

Thy mother's woe will be beguiled;  
She will recall her angel-child;  
And answer, in his accents mild,  
“He comforts me.”

O! when they weep upon thy grave,  
And mourn the hopes thy blossom gave,  
May He who chastens but to save,  
Their comfort be!

And when their latest hour draws nigh,  
Like thee, sweet infant, may they die!  
And say, with their last fleeting sigh,  
“He comforts me.”

## ON A YOUNG FRIEND'S ILLNESS.

*She* does not feel the morning breeze,  
 So sweetly every sense pervading;  
 Touched by the blight of wan disease,  
 Her bloom is fading.

I see not now that face so dear,  
 That soft blue eye that beamed so brightly;  
 Nor that young graceful form appear,  
 Tripping so lightly.

Sweet counsel we were wont to take,  
 For ever now on earth suspended:  
 Soon, though so many hearts will ache,  
 All will be ended.

They say that lovely to the last  
 Are all her looks, (those silent teachers:)  
 Care, anger, grief, no shade have cast  
 O'er her sweet features.

But though so gentle and serene,  
 Her's was a thoughtful look, revealing  
 That oft beyond this transient scene  
 Her mind was stealing.

We often feared her earthly date  
    Would ne'er be long: her heart was lowly;  
And she seemed ready for that state  
                    Where all is holy.

The lily was her emblem-flower,  
    So modest, fair, and unassuming,  
Concealed within its leafy bower,  
                    Its home perfuming.

Oh! could I shield it from the cold,  
    And see it bloom a little longer,  
And watch its silken buds unfold,  
                    Its stem grow stronger!

Alas! the wintry wind so keen  
    Has o'er it swept; its leaves are withered!  
Yet safely, by a Hand unseen,  
                    They will be gathered.

Weep not! to heaven's fair clime removed,  
    Where wintry winds can reach it never,  
Follow and see this flower beloved  
                    Blooming for ever!

## ON A RESTLESS NIGHT IN ILLNESS.

MY Saviour! what bright beam is shed  
Around my dark and suffering bed,  
Though downy slumbers thence have fled?  
It is, thy peace.

When the sad fear of future ills  
My trembling heart with sorrow fills,  
What balm sweet quietude instils?  
It is, thy peace.

When awful thoughts of death's dark hour  
Like gathering clouds around me lower,  
What to dispel them all has power?  
It is, thy peace.

When weary night and lonesome day  
Cast mournful shadows o'er my way,  
What then becomes my staff, my stay?  
It is, thy peace.

If suffering be my lot below,  
Lord! till my tears shall cease to flow,  
In life, in death, one boon bestow!  
It is, thy peace.

ON HEARING A CANARY-BIRD SING IN  
LONDON.

I HEARD a bird singing whose notes were so  
sweet,  
That I sought to discover its tuneful retreat;  
A cage hanging near me (I found) was the  
cell  
Whence the melody rose which had pleased  
me so well.

I looked at the songster, his feathers of gold  
A tale of misfortune and banishment told;  
The orient hue of that plumage so bright  
Belonged to some island of splendour and light.

Then I thought on the palm-groves, the myr-  
tles, the vines,  
Where the stream ever sparkles, the sun ever  
shines;

Where the plaintain's broad leaves their rich  
verdure display,  
And the tufts of the cocoa-nut shine in its  
ray.

I pictured the charms of those tropical skies,  
Where the night with the day in magnificence  
vies,  
Where unknown constellations so vividly glow,  
And the fire-fly emits its wild flashes below.

I pictured the colours, far brighter than ours,  
Which adorn the gay insects, the birds, and  
the flowers;  
And I thought this poor captive, those beauties  
among,  
First woke to existence, first warbled his song.

Poor chorister! sadly thy lot has been changed,  
From climate and home and companions es-  
tranged!  
Immured in a city, forbid to take wing,  
Oh! what can induce thee so sweetly to  
sing?

Not a tree nor fair blossom refreshes thy sight,  
The dark gloomy buildings obscure the sun's  
light;  
Each sound is discordant around thee; yet  
still  
Thy notes the dull air with their melody fill.

There is one who has taught the sweet lesson  
before,  
A native like thee, of a lovelier shore;  
She too, is a prisoner, sad and alone,  
Yet her song, tuneful Melodist, rivals thine  
own.

*Thou* must die in thy bondage, poor bird; not  
for thee  
Is there hope e'er again thy fair country to see,  
But *she* soon will take wing for her bright  
natal shore,  
And never know pain or captivity more.

ON AN INFANT WHO LIVED ONLY A FEW  
MONTHS.

OH! there is much to soothe our grief  
In such a life and death as thine,  
So pure, so beautiful, though brief,  
So free from sin.

O'er all thine infant features fair  
There was diffused a heavenly charm:  
'Twas like the look that angels wear,  
So sweet, so calm.

Thou wert not long enough on earth  
To lose the smile of tranquil love,  
Brought from the country of thy birth,  
The realms above.

Nor could thy transient sufferings here  
Cast o'er thy soul a shade of gloom;  
She knew the dawn of bliss was near,  
Her heavenly home.



And if for a few fleeting days

'T was thine to feel distress and pain,

They will but teach thee now to raise

A sweeter strain.

Thine earthly life was surely given,

That thine might be the sweetest claim—

A mortal's claim—to sing in heaven,

“Worthy the Lamb!”

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DEPARTED  
BABE.

THOU art not gone! Thou hast but risen  
To fairer worlds, and left thy prison;  
Unfettered art thou now, and free,  
“E'en as the thought that follows thee.”

Thou art not gone! Thy form of light  
Still lingers near me, veiled from sight;  
Oft with a youthful cherub's love  
For me thou leavest thy home above.

We cannot part: my soul with thine  
Is linked in such a bond divine,  
As time can never render weak;  
As death itself can never break.

Thou art not gone! But, when below,  
I differed from thee less than now;  
My knowledge then exceeded thine:  
How much thine now surpasses mine!

Thou art not gone! Thou'rt very near me!  
Thy angel-pity longs to cheer me!  
Methinks I hear thy whisper sweet,  
“ Ere long, my mother, we shall meet!

“ Soon, very soon, the clay-built wall  
Which now imprisons thee shall fall;  
Then thou shalt see me by thy side,  
Thy happy spirit's angel-guide!”

## EPITAPH.

THE lamb is gathered into that blest fold  
 Where dangers cannot enter, nor alarms,  
 Led by her Shepherd, carried in his arms,  
 She passed through earth, scarce tarrying to  
     behold

The "waters still," which near her gently  
     rolled,

On the "green pastures," decked with flowery  
     charms;

But though we thought her sheltered from all  
     harms,

This damp terrestrial climate prove too cold.  
 Her Shepherd watched her drooping, and  
     meanwhile

"The everlasting arms" were underneath:  
 Cheered by his voice, encouraged by his smile,  
 She reached the dark unfathomed gulf of death;  
 He hushed its waves:—then to his fold above  
 Wafted safe o'er the object of his love.

## TO A BEREAVED CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

MOURNER! is thy heart still grieving,  
 Secret tears sad traces leaving,  
 Frequent sighs thy bosom heaving?—  
 Why dost thou weep?

Dost thou mourn those gone before thee?  
 Lost is not the love they bore thee.  
 They may now be watching o'er thee.—  
 Why dost thou weep?

Though thy path on earth be shaded,  
 Has not death left uninvaded  
 Worlds of bliss and joys unfaded?—  
 Why dost thou weep?

Hath not Christ thy sins remitted?  
 Will not thy glad soul, when fitted,  
 Into heaven be soon admitted?  
 Why dost thou weep?

Should the ills of life distress thee?  
Grief, care, loneliness depress thee?  
With thy Saviour near to bless thee,  
Why dost thou weep?

Ever near, to walk beside thee,  
Near to counsel, guard, and guide thee;  
Say, can any ill betide thee?  
Why dost thou weep?

TO A CHILD OF GREAT MUSICAL  
TALENTS.\*

WHERE didst thou learn thy science, wondrous  
child?

Heardest thou the morning stars before thy  
birth?

Or, by "the music of the spheres" beguiled,  
Lingered thy spirit on her way to earth?

Or wert thou, while an infant, snatched away,  
By viewless beings, to Titania's land,  
Where fairy concerts 'neath the moonlight ray,  
Awoke the magic of thy tuneful hand?

Those tiny notes which suit thy age so well,  
Those soft aërial cadences so sweet,  
Didst thou not learn them in some charmed  
dell,  
Attuned to fairy songs and fairy feet?

\* Called at that time "the Infant Lyra."

'T was not for thee with patient toil to climb  
Th' ascent by slow degrees which others gain:  
Thy sportive fingers snatched from hoary Time  
The golden key to unlock Apollo's fane.

To thee, of right, the poet's lays belong;  
The star of genius glitters on thy breast;  
The sons of science and the sons of song  
Thy brow with mingled laurels should invest.

Thy country's jewel, and thy parents' pride,  
In each admirer thou must meet a friend.  
E'en Envy lays his poisonous shafts aside:  
A nation's flattering smiles thy course attend.

Yet even while thy music charmed my ear,  
I looked with anxious thought, sweet child!  
on thee.

Thou breathest a heated, dangerous atmosphere:  
And full of snares thy flowery path must be.

Me thought, though now the scene appear so gay,  
And listening crowds admire thy tuneful  
skill,



Ere long, life's pageant will have passed away,  
Thy harp be silent, and thy hand be still.

Then, what will it avail thee to have won  
The brilliant prize of transitory fame,  
If no unfading garland be thine own,  
If no immortal record bear thy name?

Who gave the graceful form, the gifted mind,  
The glow of health thy blooming features  
wear,  
That strength of memory, and that ear refined—  
All tokens of celestial love and care?

One who has larger bounties to bestow;  
Joys, powers untasted in a world like this;  
Powers thou mayest gain, and joys thy soul  
may know,  
In worlds of perfect harmony and bliss.

If thy heart kindle with that Saviour's love,  
And hail the mysteries heavenly truth dis-  
plays,  
Then shall thy *golden harp* in realms above,  
Be ever tuned to thy Redeemer's praise.

**PRAYER FOR THE CONSECRATION OF  
TALENT.**

**OMNISCIENT Saviour! glorious Power!  
Who deignest on man rich gifts to shower,  
May Art and Science grateful bring  
To thee each various offering!  
May Genius lay his starry crown  
Before thy footstool humbly down,  
And every high-born faculty  
Be stamped with "Holiness to thee!"**

## THE PILGRIM.

I AM a passing stranger here;  
A traveller hastening on  
Through scenes which quickly disappear:—  
E'en while I gaze they are gone!

This gay and busy world would strive  
My footsteps to detain:  
But the poor pleasures she can give  
Are transient all and vain.

O! there's a different world above,  
On which I fix my eye:  
A world of happiness and love,  
Of truth and purity.

Admitted there I fain would be;  
Thither my steps I turn.  
E'en now, far off, its light I see,  
Its glories I discern.

E'en now I almost seem to hear  
The voice of many a friend  
Once loved on earth, rejoicing there,  
Who o'er me fondly bend.

And thus, with one accord, they cry,  
"O! linger not below!  
Turn from that world thine heart, thine eye!  
Then thou our bliss shalt know."

Then once again, vain world! to thee  
I bid a long farewell:  
In heart a pilgrim I will be,  
Till there with them I dwell.

## TO A MOTHER.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF GREAT PROMISE.

"He cometh up and is cut down like a flower."

"LIKE a flower," she rose to view,  
Sweet in fragrance, fair in hue;  
Not as yet unfolded quite;  
Therefore lovelier to the sight.

"Like a flower," she graced the spot  
Where was cast her early lot;  
And wherever she appeared,  
Smiles were wakened, hearts were cheered.

"Like a flower," she blossomed sweet  
In a sheltered loved retreat;  
'T was a bank of mossy green,  
Where for her no thorn was seen.

“Like a flower,” she nothing knew  
Of the world in which she grew,  
But the blessings it bestows,—  
Shielded from its cares and woes.

“Like a flower, cut down at noon,”  
She has faded, ah! how soon!  
And the place she decked before,  
Knows her now, alas! no more.

“Like a flower,” concealed awhile,  
Till perennial summer smile,  
That fair germ which sleeps below  
An *immortal* flower shall blow.

## TO A MOTHER,

BEREAVED OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER.

SHE is gone! and thou art left,  
Through a lonely life to sigh:  
But though stricken, crushed, bereft,  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!

All her transient day of life  
In unsullied bliss went by,  
Free from sorrow, care, and strife:—  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!

Peace and gladness at her side,  
Piety, sweet guardian! nigh,  
Playmates she had none beside:—  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!

Ere the blossom was transplanted,  
'T was prepared to bloom on high;  
Could a lot more blest be granted?—  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!

O'er the past thy mind may rove,  
E'en as bees o'er flower-beds fly:  
Fragrant every thought will prove:—  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!

Ne'er will now her future lot  
Wake an anxious fear or sigh;  
Blest beyond thine utmost thought:—  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!

Scarce could more *on earth* be given.  
What *in heaven* will God deny?  
View, oh! view thy child in heaven!  
Turn to what is bright thine eye!



## TO FAITH.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

COME, holy Faith! beside me stand,  
 With look inspired, with eye serene!  
 Unfold the bright celestial land,  
                   The world unseen!

Pleasant was once the earth's pure air;  
 With rapture on its scenes I gazed:  
 • Yet, not to Him who made them fair  
                   My heart was raised.

E'en by the beauty of his works,  
 That heart, too oft, was led astray:  
 Such danger unsuspected lurks  
                   In pleasure's way.

But now those charms no more delight;  
 Earth's beauteous face is hid from me:  
 Still, holy Faith! in thy pure light  
                   Much I may see!

I shall not sigh to breathe the gale,  
Perfumed with buds and flowers of spring,  
If thy pure ray heaven's scenes unveil,  
And near me bring.

A brighter sun will cheer my sky,  
And make e'en this dark chamber sweet,  
Than e'er in crimsoned canopy  
Has risen or set.

And sounds more blest than song of bird,  
Or rills and whispering boughs impart,  
Shall in this silent room be heard,  
And cheer my heart.

“HAVE I NOT REMEMBERED THEE ON  
MY BED ?”

THERE are refreshments sweeter far than sleep;  
    THOUGH its soft power  
MIGHT gladly close the vigils I now keep  
    FROM hour to hour,  
AND hush these vain imaginings to rest,  
WHICH silence in my heart its dearest guest.

O! I have heard His voice, His voice of love,  
    IN the still night;  
SWEET as the songs from seraph-harps above,  
    TRANSED in delight.  
IT haunts my memory, lives within my heart,  
AND makes me long, yea, languish to depart.

Those who have heard it once, can ne'er forget  
That voice divine;  
With it compared earth's accents are not sweet.  
My God! I pine  
A dweller in those palaces to be,  
Where I shall hear it through eternity.

Then I shall ne'er be harassed by the din  
Of earthly thought:  
All will be holy and serene within:  
My spirit fraught  
With deepest reverence, with intense desire,  
Will listen to that voice, and never tire.

TO ONE WHOSE MIND WAS DISORDERED  
BY GRIEF.

MOURNER! thy spirit was too finely strung  
 For the rude climate of a world like this:  
 And while it breathed its notes of love and  
     bliss,  
 On which the listener's ear delighted hung,  
 And deemed that such to heavenly harps are  
     sung,  
 Too suddenly did that sweet music cease:—  
 Some angry blast the slender chords had wrung,  
 And changed its notes to murmurs of distress,  
 Mourner! that "harp of thousand strings" was  
     framed  
 To breathe its music in a happier clime:  
 There shall its power melodious be reclaimed,  
 Though broken now, and tuneless, for a time:  
 Chords ever tuned, and ever strong be given,  
 And no rough wind the "new song" mar in  
     heaven.

THE WIDOWED HEART.

Is thine a widowed heart?  
 Each tie asunder torn,  
 Does one sad wish alone remain,  
 Swiftly to travel till thou gain  
 The parted spirits' bourne?  
 Wouldst *thou* fain sleep,  
 Where death doth keep  
 That slumbering form beloved, in delved  
 chamber deep?

Poor, bleeding, widowed heart!  
 Man's words less heal than probe,  
 Not in man's pity canst thou find  
 Balm for thy wound, or power to bind;  
 Still must it bleed and throb!  
 Friends pitying mourn,  
 Then sadly turn,  
 To hide their fruitless tears, and looks that  
 o'er thee yearn.

Alas! poor widowed heart,  
What sorrows press on thee!  
Each object that now meets thine eye,  
Each hour that wearily goes by,  
Remembrancers will be  
Of joys all fled,  
And smiles that shed  
Bliss o'er that rifled heart, where all but grief  
seems dead.

Poor desolated heart!  
If yet some joy remain,  
If in thy lonely path so drear  
One lingering uncrushed flower appear  
To bid thee smile again,  
Who now partakes  
The smile it wakes,  
Or culling it for thee, of tenfold value makes?

Alas! poor widowed heart!  
No signs thy grief express;  
No human eye beholds thy tears;  
No ear thy sob of anguish hears,  
In utter loneliness!

Calm, nay, serene,  
Midst anguish keen,—  
Thy deep, deep hidden wound by God alone  
is seen.

Alas! poor widowed heart,  
The charms of infant glee,  
Thy little ones' unconscious smiles,  
Their prattled words and artless wiles,  
Wake only grief in thee.  
The eye they blessed,  
The lip they pressed,  
On them no longer beams, nor smiles, nor is  
caressed.

Alas! poor widowed heart!  
What now will be thy stay?  
The staff so fondly leant upon,  
Thy guide, thy counsellor, is gone,  
For ever torn away!  
Each link unbound  
Which clasped thee round,  
No second self for thee, left all alone, is  
found!



For thee, poor widowed heart!  
In vain sweet spring returns;  
The charm of vernal songs and flowers,  
The joys reviving nature showers,  
Touch not the heart that mourns;  
Or touch it so,  
As wakes fresh woe  
For one all darkly laid, this blooming earth  
below!

Yet, still, poor widowed heart!  
Though desolate and sad,  
The thought thy mourned one ne'er can  
know  
Thine own unutterable woe  
Almost might make thee glad!  
The blest deplore  
Earth's griefs no more;  
And thought thy joys are fled, thy loved one's  
tears are o'er.

Poor, broken, widowed heart!  
To God disclose thy pain!  
Earth yields no cure; but Heaven has given  
A balm for hearts bereft and riven, .  
A balm ne'er tried in vain:  
THAT VOLUME BRIGHT,  
WHERE BEAMS OF LIGHT  
ILLUME THE ETERNAL WORDS, reveals it to  
thy sight.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

MY God and Father! while I stray  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
O! teach me from my heart to say,  
“ Thy will be done!”

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me “ be still ” and murmur not;  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
“ Thy will be done!”

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
“ Thy will be done!”

Though thou hast called me to resign  
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:  
I have but yielded what was thine:—  
“ Thy will be done!”

Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay;  
My Father! still I strive to say,  
“ Thy will be done!”

Let but my fainting heart be blest,  
With thy sweet spirit for its guest;  
My God! to thee I leave the rest:  
“ Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day!  
Blend it with thine! and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
“ Thy will be done!”

## PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!  
The faint, the weak, on thee may lean:  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When as the branches to the vine  
My soul may cling to thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,  
Here she has found a place of rest;  
An exile still, yet not unblest,  
While she can cling to thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss;  
My joy, my recompence be this,  
Each hour to cling to thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove;  
With patient uncomplaining love  
Still would I cling to thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, " Still cling to me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside:  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to thee!

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since thou art near, and strong to save;  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;  
Because they cling to thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,  
Saviour! I cling to thee?

ON THE MIDNIGHT PRECEDING GOOD  
FRIDAY.

O MY Redeemer! can I sleep  
With heart at ease, with spirits light,  
When thou for me such watch didst keep  
On this sad night?

Shall I not "watch with thee one hour,"  
And strive, by importuning prayer,  
Through faith and love's constraining power,  
Thy griefs to share?

This night there fell on thee the shock,  
By thine omniscience long foreseen,  
Of treachery midst thy little flock:  
Yet thou, serene,

With words of holiest tenderness,  
Didst only strive their grief to calm,  
Their fainting hearts to soothe and bless  
With heavenly balm.

O! what a Passover they shared!

Nor them alone didst thou include:

For *us* that feast was then prepared,—

Faith's mystic food.

The hidden manna then bestowed,

Endued with undecaying power,

Has nourished the whole church of God

E'en to this hour.

Thence would I follow thee, in thought,

To that lone spot so dark for thee;

For us with light and gladness fraught,

Gethsemane!

Thy unknown anguish suffered there,

Thy soul's dismay, the wrath of God,—

All were endured, that we might share

Thy bright abode.

How can I choose but weep and wake,

When such a night, my God! was thine?

Thou all the *penalty* didst take:

The *guilt* was mine.



## THE MAN OF SORROWS.

DOST thou complain of sorrow? Look on Him!  
 His visage marred, His eye with suffering dim;  
 The load of unknown agony He bore  
 Forced out great drops of blood from every  
 pore.

Sharest thou His sorrows? Oh! how small a  
 part!  
 For God's rebuke did even break His heart.

Dost thou complain of want? Thy Lord, thy  
 Head,  
 Was meanly lodged, was coarsely clothed and  
 fed;  
 He hungered and was thirsty; faint with heat;  
 He walked from place to place with weary  
 feet;

What couch of rest was His who came to save?  
 A manger first, a cross, and then, a grave.

Dost thou complain of coldness, slighting, scorn?  
Look on thy Lord, deserted and forlorn!  
Who had such right devoted love to expect,  
Yet met with such unparalleled neglect?  
E'en in His bitterest grief no friend was given,  
Denied alike all help from earth and heaven.

Dost thou complain of shame and deep disgrace?  
Look on thy sinless Lord, and hide thy face!  
Stripped, crowned with thorns, scourged, spit  
on, set at nought,  
To trial, as a malefactor, brought—  
Then crucified with thieves, in public view  
The death of vilest criminals the due.

Dost thou complain of that worst evil, sin?  
And mourn its deep defilement spread within?  
Lay thy sick soul beneath that cross one hour,  
The deadly venom loses there its power—  
A stream flows thence which, though of crimson glow,  
Makes the polluted soul as white as snow.

Dost thou complain of agonizing pain?  
Behold that cross! Behold it not in vain!  
View those racked limbs, that torn and bleed-  
ing brow,  
Hark! from that tortured form what accents  
flow!  
Prayer for His murderers' pardon! words of  
balm,  
His mother's anguish to console and calm!

Dost thou complain because thou soon must die?  
Look on thy Lord, nor dread the latest sigh!  
Drinking the bitterest potion death could steep,  
He changed it to a beatific sleep:—  
In death, in life, in want, pain, guilt or grief,  
Look to that cross, there seek and find relief.

“WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.”

When earth's support and comforts fail?  
 When shadows lengthen o'er the vale,  
 When those who loved us fall asleep,  
 And leave us still to watch and weep,  
 Then, grasp the hope so freely given,  
 Then turn from earth, and look to heaven.

When still, where'er the eye be cast,  
 It meets a lone and dreary waste;  
 And stripped of all its summer leaves,  
 Life's wilderness thy spirit grieves,  
 Then to faith's eye new worlds are given;  
 O turn from earth, and look to heaven.

His hand, whose guidance cannot err,  
 Thy Father, Saviour, Comforter:  
 His, whom thine heartfelt praises bless,  
 Guides, guards thee through the wilderness;  
 And hourly cordials shall be given,  
 Till earth shall be exchanged for heaven.

**“BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.”**

O! FAINT and feeble-hearted!  
Why thus cast down with fear?  
Fresh aid shall be imparted;  
Thy God unseen is near.  
His eye can never slumber:  
He marks thy cruel foes,  
Observes their strength, their number;  
And all thy weakness knows.

Though heavy clouds of sorrow  
Make dark thy path to-day,  
There may shine forth to-morrow  
Once more a cheering ray.  
Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,  
Conceal heaven's fair abode;  
Yet now, faith's power prevailing,  
Should stay thy mind on God.

WRITTEN FOR ONE NOT LIKELY TO  
RECOVER.

“ Leaning on her Beloved.”

LEANING on thee, my Guide, my Friend,  
My gracious Saviour! I am blest;  
Though weary, thou dost condescend  
To be my rest.

Leaning on thee, this darkened room  
Is cheered by a celestial ray:  
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom,  
Turns night to day.

Leaning on thee, my soul retires  
From earthly thoughts and earthly things;  
On thee concentrates her desires;  
To thee she clings.

Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,  
To thee the future I confide;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,  
Though faint with languor, parched with  
heat:

Thy will has now become my own:  
That will is sweet.

Leaning on thee, midst torturing pain,  
With patience thou my soul dost fill:  
Thou whisperest, "What did *I* sustain?"  
Then I am still.

Leaning on thee, I do not dread  
The havoc slow disease may make;  
Thou, who for me thy blood hast shed,  
Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
"Be of good cheer!"

Leaning on thee, no fear alarms;  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink.  
I feel "the everlasting arms."  
I cannot sink.

TO ONE DEPRIVED OF HEARING AT  
CHURCH BY DEAFNESS.

O CHRISTIAN! though thine "outward man"  
 decay,  
 And silence guard the ear's once-echoing cell,  
 Yet thou canst calmly feel that "all is well,"  
 And chase desponding, murmuring thoughts,  
 away:  
 For, kindled in thy soul, there shines that ray  
 Which care, and fear, and sadness can dispel:  
 And she, serene, though poorly lodged, can  
 dwell,  
 Renewed and perfected from day to day.  
 What though on this, the Sabbath's holy rest,  
 The external ear insensible may be?  
 Let not the sigh of sorrow heave thy breast,  
 Since God, thy God, in communing with thee,  
 Asks less the listening ear than listening heart,  
 And there his sweetest comforts will impart.



“RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL.”

OH! when the exile views his home;  
The banished child his father's face;  
The traveller, long condemned to roam,  
His native fields, his resting-place;

What sweet emotions fill the mind!  
What joy, what blessedness they feel!  
My God! these joys are all combined,  
When at thy mercy-seat I kneel.

Thou art my dwelling-place, my rest,  
My Father, in whose smile I live:  
All I desire to make me blest,  
That smile alone can amply give.

No longer now my thoughts I waste  
On earthly things once loved by me:  
Far sweeter, purer joys I taste,  
My God, in communing with thee.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FRIEND'S  
DEATH.

THE slow and melancholy year  
At length brings back the mournful day,  
Which called thee to yon upper sphere,  
And took thee from our arms away.

It could not take thee from my heart;  
No! there are bonds too firmly tied  
To yield to death's relentless dart,  
E'en though it sever all beside.

And I have followed thee in thought  
From month to month, from day to day;  
While fond imagination sought  
To track the soul's untravelled way.

My heart has oftener turned to thee  
Since thou hast gained thy home above,  
Then e'en when thou wert wont to be  
The object of my earthly love.

Perchance I should not know thee now,  
Clothed in thy angel-ropes of light:  
But still my thoughts, though poor and low,  
Picture thee often to my sight.

I know not what thy joys have been,  
Through the long months I've wept for thee;  
What thou hast heard, and felt, and seen,—  
The wonders of eternity.

But this I know: thou'rt fully blest;  
Thy frame is glorious and divine;  
God's holy image is impressed,  
His beatific vision thine.

Then, till the few and fleeting years  
Which now divide us shall be o'er,  
These thoughts shall check my selfish tears,  
And bid me weep for thee no more.



“ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW.”

O HEAVENLY traveller! hasting  
 From scenes where nought is lasting,  
 Its glimmering lamps all wasting,  
                   Earth darkens on thy view;  
 While now, the world forsaking,  
 The pilgrim's path thou'rt taking,  
 What light around thee breaking,  
                   Makes every object new!

When earthly joys have faded,  
 And when, by grief invaded,  
 Those spots are all o'ershaded,  
                   Once bright in life's fair morn;  
 Then, beams from heaven descending,  
 With each dark shadow blending,  
 A lovelier radiance lending,  
                   The Christian's path adorn.

Nor fear to lose their shining,  
Like earth's poor stars declining;  
No! more, yet more refining,

This light will bless thy way.

O'er hill and valley streaming,  
O'er death's dark river beaming,  
The dawn progressive seeming  
Of heaven's eternal day.

## THOUGHTS ON A BIRTH-DAY.

**DAY** before which I was not! day ordained  
 Life mortal and immortal to bestow!  
 First, that in which the soul for 'heaven is  
 trained,  
 Then, that of glory, which no end shall know,  
 Day of my birth! I welcome thee, and pray  
 Each year may lend new brightness to thy ray.

Day of deep thoughts and feelings! when the  
 past  
 Borne on the tide of memory, rises dark,  
 And many a plank, and shivered sail, and mast  
 Tell of the storms that well-nigh wrecked  
 my bark;  
 Day of regrets and sorrows! welcome still!  
 There's medicine in the bitter they distil.

Day of high hopes and arduous resolves,  
 And kindling thoughts, which grasp things  
 unattained

When the fixed mind its history revolves  
All it has learned, felt, suffered, lost and  
gained;  
And asks that deep within, each lesson taught  
May there, by thee, indelibly be wrought.

Day of bright retrospection! when the soul  
Swells high with gratitude for mercies  
showered,  
Counts o'er the record twelve brief months  
unroll,  
But sinks beneath the summary, over-  
powered;  
Day of adoring thankfulness and praise,  
To higher strains of love my spirit raise.

Oh be thou to me, each revolving year,  
A monitor more welcome and more dear;  
A heaven-sent messenger, glad news to bring,  
And added swiftness to my spirit's wing;  
Pouring within, around, a purer ray,  
"Brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

## LINES TO A WANDERER.

*Isaiah, lv. 2.*

POOR wearied spirit! Like the dove  
Out of the ark, fatigued, distrest,  
Why o'er the waste of waters rove  
With panting breast?

The storms of life have gathered round,  
On the changed earth no bowers appear;  
No spot to build thy nest is found,  
'Tis stripped and drear.

Lookest thou beneath thee? Wave on wave  
Heaves darkly, preludeing the storm;  
Not long canst thou the tempest brave  
With that frail form.

Already has the rough hail beat  
On thy young plumage, and thy wing  
Struggling against the driving sleet  
Needs sheltering!



And thou art faint for want of food,  
Thy song is now a plaintive cry,  
On the wide sea no crumbs are strewed,  
There thou must die!

I see thy fluttering pinions droop,  
Fly to the ark, poor bird! make haste;  
Struggle no longer, meekly stoop,  
Till there embraced.

Driven by the tempest, shouldst thou sink,  
Ere thou hast reached that rest divine,  
My heart with anguish bleeds to think  
What fate were thine!

## TO ONE WHO HAD LOST AN ONLY SISTER.

SHE is in heaven!—That thought alone  
 Should chase the grief which clouds thy brow:  
 'Twas said, from her Redeemer's throne,  
 "Into my joy now enter thou!"

She is in heaven!—How sweet the phrase!  
 Yet its high import who can tell?  
 Here like a glimmering beam it plays,  
 Of light, of joy ineffable.

She is in heaven!—lest earthly love,  
 So sweet, so strong, as hers and thine,  
 To both might too attractive prove,  
 Stealing the place of love divine.

She is in heaven!—to form a link  
 Between thy heart and worlds unseen;  
 That there where nature's powers must sink,  
 Faith's holier virtue may be seen.

She is in heaven! that thou mayst waste  
 No thought, no care on earthly things;  
 But travel with an angel's haste,  
 And soar as on an angel's wings.

She is in heaven! that thou, like her,  
    Mayst shine with pure and stedfast light;  
Attract their eye whose footsteps err,  
    And guide their wandering feet aright.

She is in heaven! but still, unseen,  
    With hers, thy notes of praise may blend;  
On the same Rock thy soul may lean,  
    To the same centre hourly tend.

She is in heaven! that thou mayst prove  
    How blest the Christian's darkest lot:  
Earth's joys may fail, earth's props remove;  
    But God, thy portion, changes not.

She is in heaven! when thou art faint,  
    And wouldst thy weary race were run,  
Think that the voice of that loved saint  
    Whispers, " The prize will soon be won!"

She is in heaven,—has crossed, ere noon,  
    The stream which bounds th' eternal land;  
And wilt thou not rejoin her soon?  
    Yes! though till eve thou waiting stand.

## HYMN FOR A DYING BED.

WHILE ceaseless love and ceaseless care  
 By all are fondly shown,  
 A voice within me cries, "Beware!  
 For thou must die *alone*."

That solemn hour is come for me,  
 Though all their charms I own,  
 When human ties resigned must be;  
 For I must die alone.

Terrestrial converse now is o'er;  
 My work on earth is done;  
 And I must tread th' eternal shore,  
 And I must die alone.

But oh! I view not now with dread  
 That shadowy vale unknown;  
 I see a light within it shed;  
 I shall not die alone!

One will be with me there, whose voice  
 I long have loved and known:  
 To die is now my wish, my choice,  
 I shall not die *alone*!

## PRAYER FOR A DEPARTING SPIRIT.

FATHER! when thy child is dying,  
 On the bed of anguish lying,  
 Then, my every want supplying,  
     To me thy love display!

Let me willingly surrender  
 Life to thee, its gracious lender:  
 Can I find a friend more tender?  
     Why should I wish to stay?

Ere my pulse has ceased its beating,  
 Ere my sun has reached its setting,  
 Let me, some blest truth repeating,  
     Shed round one parting ray.

Ere my soul her bonds has broken,  
 Grant some bright and cheering token,  
 That for me the words are spoken,  
     “Thy sins are washed away!”

If the powers of hell surround me,  
 Let the accuser not confound me;  
 All for which thy law once bound me,  
     Thyself hast deigned to pay.

When, though tender friends are near me,  
 Their kind pity cannot cheer me,  
 And they strive in vain to hear me,  
     Turn not thy face away!

When, each well-known face concealing,  
 Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,  
 Then, thy gracious smile revealing,  
     Unfold eternal day!

When the lips are mute which blessed me,  
 And withdrawn the hand that pressed me,  
 Then, let sweeter sounds arrest me,  
     Calling my soul away.

When in silent awe suspended,  
 Those who long my couch have tended,  
 Weeping, wish that all were ended,  
     Oh, hear them when they pray!

When the last sharp pangs oppress me,  
Or benumbing chills distress me,  
Let "a quiet sigh" release me  
From this poor house of clay!

When my soul, no path discovering,  
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,  
Then, with wings of mercy covering,  
Be thou thyself my way!

## HYMN OF THE EMANCIPATED SOUL.

O WONDROUS glories! beatific change!  
Is this the hour,  
Of which, through groundless terrors, fancies  
strange,  
I feared the power?  
Had I then seen what death alone brings nigh,  
My dread had been to live, and not to die!

'Tis well the imprisoned soul can ne'er conceive  
The boundless bliss,  
Beyond what hope could picture, faith believe,  
Of life like this  
Earth's accents falter! thoughts within me burn  
To tell which, heaven's own language I must  
learn!

That wall opaque, for ever broken down,  
Veiled from my sight



Forms, beauties, glories, mysteries unknown,  
Scenes of delight,  
Which now entrance me, while my quickened  
soul,  
All eye, ear, feeling, sense, can grasp the  
whole.

Ye radiant spirits! while with smiles of love  
Ye share my joy,  
Is it to welcome *me* to realms above,  
Ye deign to employ  
Harps which breathe round such thrilling  
melody?  
To hear them only once, 't were well to die!

Oft while I wandered in yon earthly vale,  
And upward gazed,  
I longed your forms, your golden harps, to  
hail:

But now, amazed,  
I feel no mortal fabric could sustain  
Such sights, such sounds: "To die indeed is  
gain."

Yet this is but the dawn of heaven's bright  
day.

What will it be,  
There, where His glory shines with cloudless  
ray,

That God to see,  
Who pours through all my soul this gushing  
tide

Of "joy unspeakable and glorified?"

## A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

I SAW one walking softly,  
Along a twilight shore;  
Far in the hazy distance,  
A bark was coming o'er.

She did not doubt its errand,  
It came to take her home;  
By many a solemn warning,  
She knew it soon would come.

For this, her destined voyage,  
She long had stood prepared;  
Each day, both night and morning,  
No labour had been spared.

The place which long has known her,  
The home she long has blest;  
These may not now detain her,  
She *here* is but a guest.

She looks on all around her,  
As soon to look no more;  
She turns to that dark ocean,  
The vessel nears the shore!

I saw some standing, weeping;  
They gazed upon her face:  
Then, shuddering, eyed those waters.  
The bark approached apace!

While they were clinging round her,  
While they implored her stay,  
She heard th' appointed signal,  
Which summoned her away.

She looked in silence on them:  
Their hearts were nigh to break.  
E'en 'mid its marble paleness,  
A tear stole down her cheek.

And then she fondly blest them;  
They strove to speak, in vain:  
"We part for a short season,"  
She said, "to meet again."

I saw the vessel mooring—  
    Th' expected call was given;  
She answered "all is ready:"  
    And, calm, looked up to heaven.

Then to the brink she hastened;  
    The Pilot ready stood,  
To place her in his vessel;  
    The tide was at the flood!

I marked her still, intently;  
    And striking was the scene;  
The dark expanse spread boundless;  
    The rising wind blew keen.

'T was night—the white waves dashing,  
    Cold spray around them flung;  
A moment, she felt shrinking,  
    A moment, backward hung.

"Be not afraid," he whispered,  
    "Safe is the passage o'er."  
*That* voice at once revived her:  
    She knew it well, before.

'T was then her fond companions,  
Loth, very loth to part,  
Besought they might go with her;  
Grief overpowered their heart!

'They strove that bark to enter,  
Spite of the surf and swell;  
It came to take *her* only:  
A sweet voice said, "Farewell!"

“NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS  
DARKLY.”

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

As through a glass, half clear, yet half concealed,

I view those glories soon to be revealed;  
But who can comprehend, till he shall die,  
What “life and immortality” imply?

A life without a want, without a tear,  
Freed from our inward conflict, and its fear;  
Where none shall witness, none experience  
pain;

I strive to realise such life, in vain.

And then, that awful hour (on earth the last);  
That strange, mysterious transit will be passed;  
Will o'er the future cast its shade no more;  
What will it be to feel that Death is o'er?

Thou! who hast oped once more those golden  
gates,

Closed by the sin of Adam, where awaits  
The bright-winged form of *Immortality*—  
There let her bid *me* welcome, when I die.



“ AFTER THE FIRE A STILL SMALL VOICE.”

“ COME UNTO ME.”

*Matt. xi. 28.*

MOURNER! to thee the Saviour speaks;  
 Turn from the stranger's voice and flee:  
 Thy weary, wandering soul he seeks:  
 He whispers, “ Come to me.”

The stranger paints Him, harsh, austere,  
 Doubts whether hope remains for thee;  
 Points to a pathway dark and drear,  
 Augments thy misery.

But Christ proclaims the mourner blest;  
 Bestows salvation full and free;  
 Promises peace, refreshment, rest;  
 He whispers, “ Come to me.”

Why are thine eyes with weeping, dim?  
 Why presses guilt so heavily?  
 Thy sins have all been borne by *Him*;  
 Yea *thine*, on Calvary.

Fix on his cross thy tearful sight;  
There thy *propitiation* see;  
“ Easy his yoke—his burden light;”  
He whispers, “ Come to me.”

O'er thee with tenderest love He yearns;  
Thy guilt, thy grief, thy misery,  
These are th' inducements He discerns,  
For loving thee.

Mourner! canst thou such love resist?  
Those arms outstretched to welcome thee?  
Be every doubt and fear dismissed!  
He whispers, “ Come to me.”

“ HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN  
NO WISE CAST OUT.”

*John vi. 37.*

Just as I am—without one plea  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though toss'd about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—of that free love,  
“The breadth, length, depth, and height” to  
prove,  
Here for a season, then above—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

## CLOSING SONNET.

THOU! who all seasons rulest, and canst bless,  
 Dark sorrow's winter and joy's summer bright,  
 Whose smile preserves our life's sweet flowers  
     from blight,  
 And gives its richest bloom to happiness,—  
 That smile sheds radiance even o'er distress:  
 And if it beam, these winter-flowers to dress  
 In hues refreshing to the aching sight  
 Of those whom this world's flowers no more  
     delight,  
 The gatherer's heart will glow with thank-  
     fulness.  
 I place them on thy shrine, to bloom or fade,  
 As it may please thee,—worthless at the best,  
 Still by this offering love may be expressed,  
 Which thinks on griefs it vainly longs to aid.  
 O, should they cheer one sufferer,—one alone,  
 Thine be the glory! all the praise thine own!

THE END.





