

---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



821-87

# NORFOLK & NORWICH LIBRARY

Guildhall Hill

Norwich.

Subscription  
25/-  
per  
Annum.



Rooms  
Open  
10 a.m.  
till 9 p.m.

In order to promote the general convenience of Subscribers  
the Committee requests the early return of books to the Library.



NORFOLK & NORWICH  
 ✻ LIBRARY ✻  
 Guildhall Hill, Norwich

Presented by

*Charles Williams, Esq.*  
 1905

FINES

*Members are liable to pay the full price of any book, or the work of which it is a part, which shall be lost, defaced, or in any way injured, while in their possession.*

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Terms of Subscription | Hours of Attendance |
| 25/- per annum        | 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.   |

LECTOREM DELECTANDO  
 1784

NORWICH  
 Public  
 Library  
 1784

NORFOLK  
 & Norwich  
 Literary  
 Institution  
 1822

PAPITERQUE MONENDO  
 1822

UNITED  
 1886

821-89

J: SB-21

vol 2.



ALFORD'S  
POETICAL WORKS.

Not war, nor hurrying troops from plain to plain,  
Nor deed of high resolve, nor stern command,  
Sing I ; the brow that carries trace of pain  
Long and enough the sons of song have scanned :  
Nor lady's love in honeysuckle bower,  
With helmet hanging by, in stolen ease :  
Poets enough I deemed of heavenly power  
Ere now had lavished upon themes like these.  
My harp and I have sought a holier meed ;  
The fragments of God's image to restore,  
The earnest longings of the soul to feed,  
And balm into the spirit's wounds to pour.  
One gentle voice hath bid our task God-speed :  
And now we search the world to hear of more.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY ALFORD.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

*Munus ecce fictile  
Inimus intra regiam salutis;  
Attamen vel infimam  
Deo obsequiam præstitisse prodest.  
Quidquid illud accidit,  
Juvabit ore personasse Christum.*  
PRUDENTIUS.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING  
THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART, MINOR POEMS,  
AND HYMNS.

---

LONDON:  
FRANCIS & JOHN RIVINGTON,  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE.

M.DCCC.XLV.





## The School of the Heart.

### LESSON THE FIRST.

---

“ Whether it be love, or it be science, that we handle, or whatever art pursue into its more secret places and higher forms, we must confess that we shall have found at length something (and that whereon all doth depend) which neither is, nor belongs to, ourselves.”

---

In converse with a dear companion, the sources, progress, and accessories of youthful love are shewn; and how this was not sufficient for the heart which yearned after the glories of God's church.

THE spring is coming round—the buds have burst,  
And on the coppice-path, and in the bower,  
The leaping spray of sunlight leaf-inwrought  
Sports to the gentle bidding of the breeze:  
And far away into the inner grove,  
Bright green, the mosses cluster on the stems,  
Till where the thickest arbour doth embower  
Sweet solitary flowers of meekest eye,  
That dwell for ever with the silent dews.

Sweet partner of my hopes, who through the young  
And sunny years of life hast been to me  
An opening bud most delicately nursed,  
Methinks this day hath risen upon us two

As on the joyous earth and teeming wood—  
To summon into life the folded flowers,  
And bid our plant of love spring boldly up,  
Fearing no check from frost or blighting dew.

No one is present with us ; none is here  
But thou and I ; so I may tell my thoughts,  
Now thou hast picked thine apron full of flowers ;  
For I have much to tell.

Along the east  
The clear pale light of the morn is brooding still ;  
And down our favourite path, on either side,  
The little leaves are glittering in the sun ;  
So we will talk away the morning-tide  
Under the soft bright April. Let us sit  
Together on that slope, where cluster thick  
The full-blown primroses, and playfully  
The tender drooping wood-anemones  
Toss to the breeze in turn their silver bells.

'Tis long since we were free to while away  
So many hours in converse : and I feel  
Strange yearnings to pour out my inner soul,  
To open forth unto thee all the stores  
Whereby my spirit hath been furnished  
For the great war with evil.

Few have lived  
As we have lived, unsevered ; our young life  
Was but a summer's frolic : we have been  
Like two babes passing hand in hand along

A sunny bank on flowers. The busy world  
Goes on around us, and its multitudes  
Pass by me, and I look them in the face,  
But cannot read such meaning as I read  
In this of thine : and thou too dost but move  
Among them for a season, but returnest  
With a light step and smiles to our old seats,  
Our quiet walks, our solitary bower.  
Some we love well ; the early presences  
That were first round us, and the silvery tones  
Of those most far-away and dreamy voices  
That sounded all about us at the dawn  
Of our young life,—these, as the world of things  
Sets in upon our being like a tide,  
Keep with us, and are ever uppermost.  
And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,  
Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls have past  
Out from the nether darkness, and been born  
Into a new and glorious universe,  
Who speak of things to come ; but there is that  
In thy soft eye and long-accustomed voice  
Would win me from them all.

For since our birth,  
Our thoughts have flowed together in one stream :  
All through the seasons of our infancy  
The same hills rose about us—the same trees,  
Now bare, now sprinkled with the tender leaf,  
Now thick with full dark foliage ; the same church,  
Our own dear village-church, has seen us pray,  
In the same seat, with hands clasped side by side ;  
And we have sung together ; and have walked

Full of one thought, along the homeward lane ;  
And so were we built upwards for the storm  
That on my walls hath fallen unsparingly,  
Shattering their frail foundations ; and which thou  
Hast yet to look for,—but hast found the help  
Which then I knew not—rest thee firmly there !

When first I issued forth into the world,  
Well I remember—that unwelcome morn,  
When we rose long before the accustomed hour  
By the faint taper-light ; and by that gate  
We just now swung behind us carelessly,  
I gave thee the last kiss :—I travelled on,  
Giving my mind up to the world without,  
Which poured in strange ideas of strange things,  
New towns, new churches, new inhabitants :—  
And ever and anon some happy child  
Beneath a rose-trailed porch played as I past :  
And then the thought of thee swept through my soul,  
And made the hot drops stand in either eye :—  
And so I travelled—till between two hills,  
Two turf-enamelled mounds of brightest green,  
Stretched the blue limit of the distant sea,  
Unknown to me before :—then with strange joy,  
Forgetting all, I gazed upon that sea,  
Till I could see the white waves leaping up,  
And all my heart leapt with them :—so I past  
Southward, and neared that wilderness of waves,  
And stopt upon its brink ; and when the even  
Spread out upon the sky unusual clouds,  
I sat me down upon a wooded cliff,  
Watching the earth's last daylight fade away,

Till that the dim wave far beneath my feet  
Did make low moanings to the infant moon,  
And the lights twinkled out along the shore ;  
Then I looked upwards, and I saw the stars,  
Sirius, Orion, and the Northern wain,  
And the Seven Sisters, and the beacon-flame  
Of bright Arcturus,—every one the same  
As when I shewed them thee.—“ But yesternight,”  
I said, “ she gazed with me upon those stars :  
Why did we not agree to look on them  
Both at one moment every starlight night,  
And think that the same star beheld us both ? ”

But I shall weary thee.—That very night,  
As I past shorewards under the dark hills,  
I made a vow that I would live on love,  
Even the love of thee ;—this all my faith,  
My only creed, my only refuge this.  
So day past after day ; and every one  
Gave me a fainter image of thy face,  
Till thou wert vanished quite : nor could I then—  
No, not with painful strain of memory,  
Bring back one glimpse of thy lost countenance.  
Then I would sit and try to hear thy voice,  
And catch and lose its tones successively,  
Till that, too, left me—till the very words  
Which thou hadst written had no trace of thee—  
But it was pain to see them. So my soul,  
Self-bound and self-tormented, lingered on,  
Evermore vainly striving after love,  
Which evermore fled from her, till at last  
She ceased to strive, and sunk, a lifeless thing—

No sense, no vigour—dead to all around,  
 But most to thee. Meanwhile the golden hours  
 Of life flowed on apace, but weary seemed  
 The universe of toil, weary the day ;  
 I had no joy but sleep, rare visitant  
 Of my lone couch.

What times of purest joy  
 Were then my brief returns :—what greetings then,  
 What wanderings had we on our native slopes :—  
 What pleasant mockings of the tearful past.  
 And I remember well, one summer's night,  
 A clear, soft, silver moonlight, thou and I  
 Sat a full hour together silently,  
 Looking abroad into the pure pale heaven :  
 Perchance thou hast forgotten ; but my arm  
 Was on thy shoulder, and thy clustering locks  
 Hung lightly on my hand, and thy clear eye  
 Glistened beside my forehead ; and at length  
 Thou saidst, “ 'Tis time we went to rest ;” and then  
 We rose and parted for the night. No words  
 But those were spoken, and we never since  
 Have told each other of that moment. Oft  
 Has it come o'er me, and I oft have thought  
 Of sharing it with thee ; but my resolve  
 Has been spread over with a thousand things  
 Of various import, till this April morn,  
 And we have shared it now.

But soon again  
 I left my home. There was no beauty now  
 Of lands new seen, but the same dreary road

Which bore me from thee first. I had no joy  
In looking on the ocean ; and, full sad  
With inward frettings and unrest, I reached  
That steep-built village on the southern shore.

Sometimes I wandered down the wooded dells  
That sloped into the sea, and sat me down  
On piles of rocks, in a most private place,  
Not without melody of ancient stream  
Down-dripping from steep sides of brightest moss,  
And tumbling onwards through the dark ravine ;  
While the lithe branches of the wizard elm  
Dangled athwart the deep blue crystalline.—  
Often the memory comes o'er me now,  
Like life upon a long-entranced corpse.  
I knew not then aught of that inner soul  
That giveth life to beauty—knew not then,  
How moments of most painful vacancy,  
In beauty's presence, print their footmarks deep  
On the soul's pathways, and how glory and light  
Shine from them at a distance ;— how we gather  
Our treasures in the shade, and know them not  
Till they steal lustre from the living sun,  
Flattering the new-born vision of our souls  
With richest stores of unprovided joy.

Sometimes I sat and strove to gather hope  
Out of the blank cold future ; but the years  
Of onward life grew darker as I looked :  
I saw sad shapes mustered along the path,  
Beckoning with silent finger, and young hopes,  
That bloomed most delicately, stretched clay-cold



And ghastly pale upon the earth ; and then  
 Hot tears burst from me, and my sinful soul  
 Wept herself dry in utter solitude.

Tears may not wash away the spirit's stain :—  
 The soul that sitteth down in dreariness,  
 Telling her sorrow to herself alone,  
 Is not the purest ; for the very sting  
 Of the heart's bitterness hath power to spread  
 Most pestilent corruption, and its wound  
 Festereth within untended. Sin is a fire  
 Self-hated, self-tormenting—a wild pest  
 Of rabid flame, that roareth to be quenched,  
 And may not but in blood. Sin will have blood ;  
 And if it find it not, will wrench abroad  
 The very heart that holds it, and will dip  
 Its hissing fangs deep in the purple stream,  
 Tainting the very issues of all life  
 With foul black drops of death ; and not so quenched,  
 Feed on the young supplies of vital joy,  
 Scorching the inner fountains of the soul.

But, like the sunrise on the dark wild sea,  
 There rose upon my spirit a great light :—  
 I was like one fast fettered in a cave,  
 Before whose dull and night-accustomed eyes  
 Some naphtha-fire, up-flaring from behind,  
 Marshals strange shadows on the rifted vault,\*—  
 Till there came by One of mild countenance,  
 And beautiful apparel, at whose touch

\* Plato, *Repub.* b. vii. § 1.

My chains fell round me, and I followed on  
 Up rugged steeps into the outer day :  
 But so sight-blasting was that lurid night,  
 That the clear light was all too pure for me,  
 The gentle moon too beautiful : but soon  
 I shall look forth undazzled ; and ere long,  
 With purified and unbeclouded sight,  
 Gaze the broad sunshine in his place on high.

— ‘ *She hath loved much, and therefore is forgiven :*’

Then Love is first ; and, in the sleep of sin,  
 Come sudden startings of brief consciousness,  
 And breaks in the dull slumber, as from sounds  
 Of sweetest music, that give instant joy,  
 But mix the after-dreams with strange regret ;—  
 As one who, wandering in the summer night,  
 Is ware of sudden light, and, looking up  
 Betwixt Orion and the Pleiades,  
 Sees pass along a trail of white star-fire,  
 That fades upon the night and leaves no trace ;  
 One moment he rejoices, but the next  
 His soul is sad, because he is alone :—  
 Or (for we love to chase similitude  
 Into its close recesses when we speak  
 Of things but shadowed forth and half-defined)  
 Like one who hath seen play across his path  
 A glimmer of faint lightning, and stands still,  
 Breathlessly waiting, till the deep long moan  
 Of far-off thunder from a low-hung cloud  
 Hath died into the air,—then sets he forth,  
 By slopes of bright green larch, and hedgerows sweet  
 With thickest roses, to the cottaged knoll,

Where gleams against the blackness pinnaced  
From out its elms, his light tall village-tower.

What can be purer than a soul forgiven?  
He who hath never fallen, may err perchance  
In the admission of a vague desire;  
But when the spirit hath come out from thrall  
Into the upper air of liberty,  
She hath no backward longings, but looks on  
Up the steep pathways of unfolding light.  
Knowest thou not that it is sweetest far,  
After the languid pulse and sunken eye,  
To go abroad beneath the sunny heaven,  
Freely to breathe, and feel through all the frame  
The indifference of justly-balanced health?

It may be that all evil teems with good:  
It may be that the sorrows of this state  
Are but the birth-pangs of a glorious life,  
And all the hindrances of mortal flesh  
A grosser matter that shall polish off,  
Brightening the silver which it erst obscured.—

But stay we here, for we may search no more:  
The heart is deeper than the power of words,  
And language, many-voiced, doth not suffice  
For all the combinations of pure thought;—  
Even in the reasonings of the over-wise  
Speech hath a limit, which she may not pass,  
Then how much rather, when we talk of Love.

I have been somewhat cruel to thy flowers,

For I have cheated them of a few days  
Of modest pride ; they might have lived, perchance,  
Hung round our shady arbour, duly fed  
From the evening water-pot ; — or, for quaint show,  
Stuck deftly among leaves that knew them not,  
Puzzled the after-thoughts of passers-by.  
Their bloom is shed ; but I have fetched for thee  
Flowers blooming in the inner grove of thought,  
Sweet nurslings of a never-fading spring —  
The sunshine trophies of a victory  
Fought for in frosts and darkness, and achieved  
Only by light from heaven to see my foes.

---

## LESSON THE SECOND.

---

“ And in the temple-service of our souls, it does not become us, because we have sometimes seen the cloud fill the house of the Lord, and all our ministering has been lost in the glory, not to take our daily blessedness out of His mild and usual presence, or to think that we may prescribe to Him His occasions of brighter manifestation.”

---

The teaching of the young heart new washed from sin, by the wonderful works of God ; and how, in the well-ordered soul, all nature hath its set and appointed place.

My sweet companion, who hast ever been  
Beside me in all toils, refreshing oft  
My weary spirit with low whisperings  
Of hope that spoke not falsely ; in whose sight  
My young life floweth pleasantly along ;  
Sit thou beside me once again, and take  
Thy magic pencils—they will serve thee well  
To help thy patience ; for my heart is full,  
And I perchance may wander waywardly :  
Besides, this bank is known to us of old ;  
For yonder is the ivy-girded trunk,  
Bright mouldering timber, clothed with darkest green ;  
And yonder those two ashes on the steep  
And grassy slope ; and underneath, the moor  
Stretches its pastured level far away  
To the grey mountains and the Severn sea :  
And from that very brake, the nightingale,

In the sweet silence of the summer eve,  
Poured forth a wavy stream of melody,—  
Signal to one who waited with thick breath  
And throbbing bosom, all afraid to speak  
One low-breathed word,—that evening thou wert mine.

Sit thou beside me—we will talk no more  
Of dim and cloudy childhood, ere the spring  
Burst on us, when with searchings wearisome  
We sought some centre for our errant hopes ;  
But underneath this sky of clearest June,  
We will discourse, as we are wont, of things  
Most gentle, of most gentle causes sprung,  
That make no wave upon the stream of life,  
That are not written in the memory's book,  
That come not with observance ; but from which,  
As from a myriad stones, costly though small,  
Is built the mansion of the blessed soul.

Look out upon the earth, or meditate  
Upon the varying glories of the sky ;  
As we have looked on them from windy hills,  
Or from the moonlit window ; fullest joy  
Flows on thy heart, and silent thankfulness  
Drowns all thy struggling thoughts ; doth not this bliss  
Wax ever deeper with the years of life ?  
And when past pleasures come upon the soul  
Like long-forgotten landscapes of our youth,  
Are not these spots clad with peculiar light,  
The brightest blossoms in the paradise  
Of recollections of a soul forgiven ?  
There is no joy that is not built on peace ;

Peace is our birthright, and our legacy,  
 Signed with a hand that never promised false.  
 And we have fed on peace ; and the green earth,  
 With all that therein is, the mighty sea,  
 The breath of the spring-winds, and all the host  
 Of clustered stars, give fittest nourishment  
 To the peace-loving soul.

*' Not as the world*

*Giveth, give I to you ;'* for what have souls  
 Whose vision labours with the film of sin,  
 Who struggle in the twilight of eclipse,  
 To do with beauty and the joy of thought ?  
 Our very joys have been redeemed with blood ;  
 Our very liberty is bought anew :  
 The unforgiven pleasures of the world  
 Are but a dance in chains ; freedom of thought  
 Owes fealty to sin ; and Fancy's self,  
 That airiest and most unfettered thing,  
 Is but the prisoned maniac's dream of bliss.

Oft have I listened to a voice that spake  
 Of cold and dull realities of life.  
 Deem we not thus of life : for we may fetch  
 Light from a hidden glory, which shall clothe  
 The meanest thing that is with hues of heaven.  
 If thence we draw not glory, all our light  
 Is but a taper in a chambered cave,  
 That giveth presence to new gulfs of dark.  
 Our light should be the broad and open day ;  
 And as we love its shining, we shall look  
 Still on the bright and daylight face of things.

Is it for nothing that the mighty sun  
Rises each morning from the Eastern plain  
Over the meadows, fresh with hoary dew ?  
Is it for nothing that the shadowy trees  
On yonder hill-top, in the summer night  
Stand darkly out before the golden moon ?  
Is it for nothing that the autumn boughs  
Hang thick with mellow fruit, what time the swain  
Presses the luscious juice, and joyful shouts  
Rise in the purple twilight, gladdening him  
Who laboured late, and homeward wends his way  
Over the ridgy grounds, and through the mead,  
Where the mist broods along the fringed stream ?  
Far in the Western sea dim islands float,  
And lines of mountain-coast receive the sun  
As he sinks downward to his resting-place,  
Ministered to by bright and crimson clouds :  
Is it for nothing that some artist-hand  
Hath wrought together things so beautiful ?  
Noon follows morn—the quiet, breezeless noon ;  
And pleasant even, season of sweet sounds  
And peaceful sights ; and then the wondrous bird  
That warbles like an angel, full of love,  
From copse and hedgerow side, pouring abroad  
Her tide of song into the listening night.  
Beautiful is the last gleam of the sun  
Slanted through twining branches ; beautiful  
The birth of the faint stars—first, clear and pale—  
The steady-lustred Hesper, like a gem  
On the flushed bosom of the West ; and then  
Some princely fountain of unborrowed light,  
Arcturus, or the Dogstar, or the seven



That circle without setting round the pole.  
 Is it for nothing, at the midnight hour,  
 That solemn silence sways the hemisphere,  
 And ye must listen long before ye hear  
 The cry of beasts, or fall of distant stream,  
 Or breeze among the tree-tops—while the stars,  
 Like guardian spirits, watch the slumbering earth?

Can human energies be scattered all  
 In a long life—a slumber deep and chill  
 Settle upon the soul—a palsy bind  
 The spiritual limbs—and all the strings  
 Of that sweet instrument, the mind of man,  
 Remain untuned, untouched?—What if in dreams  
 The struggling fancy from her prison break  
 And wander undirected, gathering up  
 Unnatural combinations of strange things,  
 Of sights, it may be, beautiful and wild,—  
 Long gleaming reaches of some slow-paced stream,  
 And boats of gold and pearl, with coral masts,  
 Floating unguided in a faint green light  
 Of twisted boughs, and heavy-plumaged birds  
 Of many colours, roosting all the night  
 On rambling branches of a giant wood?—  
 And what if voices in the middle night  
 Full on thine ear in chimy murmurs rush,  
 That warble of deep skies and silver sheen,—  
 And bright eyes twinkle, far away but clear,  
 Receding as they twinkle, and with charm  
 Unknown the ravished spirit drawing on?  
 These are not wholesome nurture for the soul,  
 Nor sounds and sights like these the daily bread

It asks from heaven : these are the errant paths  
Of those great flaming brushes in the sky,  
Now dangerously near the maddening fire,  
Now chill and darkling in the gulfs of space,  
Unlike the steady moderated course  
Of habitable worlds.

There lie around  
Thy daily walk great store of beauteous things,  
Each in its separate place most fair, and all  
Of many parts disposed most skilfully,  
Making in combination wonderful  
An individual of a higher kind ;  
And that again in order ranging well  
With its own fellows, till thou rise at length  
Up to the majesty of this grand world ;—  
Hard task ; and seldom reached by mortal souls,  
For frequent intermission, and neglect  
Of close communion with the humblest things ;  
But in rare moments, whether Memory  
Hold compact with Invention, or the door  
Of Heaven hath been a little pushed aside,  
Methinks I can remember, after hours  
Of unpremeditated thought in woods  
On western steeps, that hung a pervious screen  
Before blue mountains and the distant sea,  
A sense of a clear brightness in my soul,  
A day-spring of mild radiance, like the light  
First-born of the great Fiat, that ministered  
Unto the earth before the sun was made.

Evening and morning—those two ancient names

So linked with childish wonder, when with arm  
Fast wound about the neck of one we loved,  
Oft questioning, we heard Creation's tale—  
Evening and morning ever brought to me  
Strange joy ; the birth and funeral of light,—  
Whether in clear unclouded majesty  
The large Sun poured his effluence abroad,  
Or the grey clouds rolled silently along,  
Dropping their doubtful tokens as they passed ;  
Whether above the hills intensely glowed  
Bright lines of parting glory in the west,  
Or from the veil of faintly-reddened mist  
The darkness slow descended on the earth ;  
The passing to a state of things all new—  
New fears and new enjoyments—this was all  
Food for my seeking spirit : I would stand  
Upon the jutting hills that overlook  
Our level moor, and watch the daylight fade  
Along the prospect : now behind the leaves  
The golden twinkles of the westering sun  
Deepened to richest crimson : now from out  
The solemn beech-grove, through the natural aisles  
Of pillared trunks, the glory in the west  
Shewed like Jehovah's presence-fire, beheld  
In olden times above the Mercy-seat  
Between the folded wings of Cherubim ;—  
I loved to wander, with the evening star  
Heading my way, till from the palest speck  
Of virgin silver, evermore lit up  
With radiance as by spirits ministered,  
She seemed a living pool of golden light :  
I loved to learn the strange array of shapes

That pass along the circle of the year ;  
Some, for the love of ancient yore, I kept ;  
And they would call into my fancy's eye  
Chaldæan beacons, over the drear sand  
Seen faintly from thick-towered Babylon  
Against the sunset—shepherds in the field,  
Watching their flocks by night—or shapes of men  
And high-necked camels, passing leisurely  
Along the starred horizon, where the spice  
Swims in the air, in Araby the Blest ;  
And some, as Fancy led, I figured forth,  
Misliking their old names ; one circlet bright  
Gladdens me often, near the northern wain,  
Which, with a childish playfulness of choice  
That hath not passed away, I loved to call  
The crown of glory, by the righteous Judge  
Against the day of his appearing, laid  
In store for him who fought the fight of faith.

I ever loved the Ocean, as 't had been  
My childhood's playfellow : in sooth it was ;  
For I had built me forts upon its sands,  
And launched my little navies in the creeks,  
Careless of certain loss ; so it would play  
Even as it listed with them, I were pleased.  
I loved to follow with the backward tide  
Over rough rocks and quaintly delving pools,  
Till that the land-cliffs lessened, and I trod  
With cautious step on slippery crags and moist,  
With sea-weed clothed, like the green hair of Nymphs,  
The Nereids' votive hair, that on the rocks  
They hang when storms are past, to the kind power  
That saved their sparry grottoes.

And at night

I wandered often, when the winds were up,  
Over the pathless hills, till I could hear,  
Borne fitly upon the hurrying blast,  
The curfew-bell, with lingering strokes and deep,  
From underlying town ; then all was still  
But the low murmuring of the distant sea ;  
And then again the new-awakened wind  
Howled in the dells, and through the bended heath  
Swept whistling by my firmly-planted feet.

Eternal rocks — that lift your heads on high,  
Grey with the tracks of ages that have past  
Over your serried brows, with many a scar  
Of thunderstroke deep-riven, from out whose clefts  
The gnarled oak, and yew, and tender ash,  
Poured forth like waters, trail adown the steep —  
Ye stand to figure to our human view  
The calm and never-altering character  
Of great Eternity — like some vast pier  
Fixed, while the fleeting tide of mortal things  
Flows onward from its sight. The mighty men  
Of ages gone have past beneath your crest  
And cast an upward look, and ye have grown  
Into their being, and been created part  
Of the great Mind ; and of your influence some  
Hath past into the thoughts that live and burn  
Through all the ages of the peopled world.  
Your presence hath been fruitful to my soul  
Of mighty lessons ; whether inland far  
Ye lift your jutting brows from grassy hills,  
Or on the but of some great promontory  
Keep guard against the sleepless siege of waves.

Once I remember when most visible light  
Shone from you on my spirit—'twas an eve  
In fall of summer, when the weaker births  
Of the great forest change their robes of green ;  
On such an eve, I climbed into a nook  
Bowered with leaves and canopied with crags  
On the loved border of the western shore.  
Over the topmost cliff the horned moon,  
Not eight days old, shone mildly ; under foot  
The mighty ocean rolled its multitude  
Of onward-crowding ridges, that with crash  
Of thunder broke upon the jutting rocks ;  
And in the northern sky, where not an hour  
The day had sunk, a pomp of tempest-clouds  
Passed wildly onward over the calm lines  
Of the hue of faded sunset. Wearily  
Sighed the thick oaks upon the seaward steep,  
And the melancholy sea-bird wailed aloft,  
Now poised in the mid-air, now with swift sweep  
Descending ; and again on balanced wings  
Hovering, or wheeling dismally about,  
With short importunate cry.

But ye the chief,  
Trees, that along our pleasant native slope  
Pendant with clustering foliage, in the light  
Of parting evening sleep most peacefully,  
Gathering to the eye your separate heads  
Into a dark and misty mass of green ;  
Ye can bear witness how with constant care  
I mourned your tribute to the autumn winds,  
And hailed with you the sweet return of spring,

And watched with fondest care the tender green ;  
Ye sleep the winter through, and burst abroad  
In the morning of the year ; and sweetest songs  
Sound through your arbours all the happy May,  
Till callow broods take wing, and summer's sun  
Darkens the tender green upon the leaf ;  
And then ye stand majestic, glorying  
In strength of knotted trunk and branches vast,  
Daring the noonday heat, that withers up  
The orchis-flower and foxglove at your feet,  
Save where your mighty shadows gloomily  
Recline upon the underlying sward.

I looked upon you when the April moon  
Sprinkled your forms with light, and the dewball lay  
All night upon the branch—listening each year  
When the first breeze might stir your boughs new-clothed,  
Or when the rain all through the summer-day  
Fell steadily upon the leaves, mine ear  
Soothing with the faint music's even chime.

These, and a thousand things that men pass by,  
Served for my spiritual nourishment :  
Nor wanted high example, to my heart  
Laid often, and in secret cherished up  
With oft-recurring sweet encouragement ;  
Nor words of import deep, that fall on us  
In solemn places, when we note them not ;  
But most one sacred thought, linked in my breast  
To a thousand memories that can never die—  
Sounding upon me in the hallowed hour  
Of Sabbath-service from the wondrous book ;—  
It was that He, the only Son of Heaven

That took His joys and woes from things below,  
When He would pour His holy soul in prayer,  
Went forth beneath the moonlight- through the lines  
Of trembling olive-leaves, to where the path  
Came sudden out upon the open hill;—  
There He stood waiting till the flame from heaven  
Lighted upon the inward sacrifice  
Of thoughts most pure—and then the holy words  
Came musically forth upon the night,  
More sweet than tinkling Kedron, or the pipe  
Of distant nightingale:—or on the cliff  
Above the tossing lake He prayed and stood,  
And through the flight of jarring elements  
Came unimpeded swiftly gliding down  
From the Father's hand a healing drop of peace  
Upon His wounded soul. On mountain heights  
All the mid-hours of night, with serried crags  
Towering in the moonlight overhead,  
And through a channelled dell stretching away  
The plains of Galilee seen from afar,  
Till morn alone He prayed—whether the cup  
Of self-determined suffering passed athwart  
His forward vision, and the Father's wrath  
Upon His human soul pressed heavily,  
Or for the welfare of His chosen flock  
He wrestled in an agony of prayer  
That their faith fail not. Even the love of Him  
Now mingled in my bosom with all sounds  
And sights that I rejoiced in—and in hours  
Of self-arraigning thought, when the dull world  
With all its saws of heartlessness and pride  
Came close upon me, I approved my joys



And simple fondnesses, on trust that He  
 Who taught the lesson of unwavering faith  
 From the meek lilies of green Palestine,  
 Would fit the earthly things that most I loved  
 To the high teaching of my patient soul.  
 And the sweet hope that sprung within me now  
 Seemed all-capacious, and from every source  
 Apt to draw comfort; I perceived within  
 A fresh and holy light rise mildly up;  
 Not morning,<sup>1</sup> nor the planet beautiful  
 That heads the bright procession, when the sun  
 Hath sunk into the west, is half so fair.  
 This was that Light which lighteth every man  
 That comes into the world; from the first gleam  
 Of momentary joy, that twinkles forth  
 Brightly and often from the infant's eye,  
 To that which seldom comes on common days,—  
 The steady overflow of calm delight  
 In the well-ripened soul; all thoughts which spring  
 From daily sights and sounds, all active hopes  
 Brought from the workings of the outer world  
 Upon the life within, here have their fixed  
 And proper dwelling-place.

As on the front

Of some cathedral pile, ranged orderly,  
 Rich tabernacles throng, of sainted men  
 Each in his highday robes magnificent,  
 Some topped with crowns, the Church's nursing sires,  
 And some, the hallowed temple's serving-men,

<sup>1</sup> οὐθ' ἔσπριος, οὐθ' ἴως οὐρα θαυμαστός — Aristotle, *Ethics*; said of δικαιοσύνη.

With crosiers deep-embossed, and comely staves  
Resting aslant upon their reverend form,  
Guarding the entrance well ; while round the walls,  
And in the corbels of the massy nave,  
All circumstance of living child and man  
And heavenly influence, in parables  
Of daily-passing forms is pictured forth.  
So all the beautiful and seemly things  
That crowd the earth, within the humble soul  
Have place and order due ; because there dwells  
In the inner temple of the holy heart  
The presence of the Spirit from above :  
There are His tabernacles ; there His rites  
Want not their due performance, nor sweet strains  
Of heavenly music, nor a daily throng  
Of worshippers, both those who minister  
In service fixed — the mighty principles  
And leading governors of thought ; and those  
Who come and go, the troop of fleeting joys —  
All hopes, all sorrows, all that enter in  
Through every broad receptacle of sense.

---

## LESSON THE THIRD.

---

“The deuyll they say is dead!  
The deuill is dead!  
It may wel so be;  
Or els they wold see  
Otherwise, and flee  
From worldly vanitie,  
And foule covetousnes  
And other wretchednes,  
Fickell falsenesse,  
Varyablenesse  
With vnstablesse.  
\* \* \*  
Farwel benignity!  
Farwell simplicitye!  
Farwell humilite!  
Farwel good charity!”

SKELTON.

---

How parables look forth from the face of the world; and while Nature is the body, Truth is the soul. A yearning for the meekness and faith of the days that are past; and a lament over our waywardness and pride.

THE dews descend—the soft and gentle dews;  
Over the homeward meadows, stretching forth  
Far into the grey mist, the cattle lie  
Most tranquilly; the river’s silver swathes  
Move not, or slumber silently along;  
The cups of the water-lilies are not stirred  
By passing eddies, but with countenance  
Turned up to Heaven, they lie and let the dark

Come down on them, and then they pass beneath  
 Into their wat'ry bed, till the young morn  
 Looks slant upon the surface of the stream.  
 And there, among the golden company,  
 Floats like a queen that grand and ancient flower,  
 With name<sup>1</sup> that passing from the charmed tongue  
 Reminds us of low melodies in sleep,  
 So honey-sweet, so musically soft—  
 Like Artemis<sup>2</sup> on Erymanthus' ridge  
 Taking her pleasure in the mountain chase,  
 With the field-nymphs around her playing blithe,  
 Her beautiful brow she lifts among them all,  
 And easy to be known, though all are fair:—  
 That flower of many honours, dwelt upon  
 By old prophetic light, in time of yore  
 A mighty parable of mystic things,  
 All sacred, leaf and bud and banded stalk,  
 And root that struck into the bed of Nile,  
 Or by the lake Mæotis—or perchance  
 Under the bank of Jordan fringed with palms:—  
 Fit and accepted emblem of that first  
 Great resurrection of the chosen few,  
 When from the waters blank and desolate  
 They rose like thee; and token not unknown

<sup>1</sup> The lotus-flower.

<sup>2</sup> οἷη δ' Ἀρτεμις ὕσι κατ' οὐρεὺς ἰοχίαιρα,  
 ἢ κατὰ Τηθύγιτον περιμήκετον, ἢ Ἐρύμανθον,  
 τετραπόμινη κάπερσι καὶ ἀπείης ἰλάφοισι·  
 τῇ δὲ θ' ἄμα Νύμφαι, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,  
 ἀγρονοῖμαι παῖδες· γίγνηθε δὲ τε φρένα Λητώ·  
 πασάων δ' ὕπερ ἤγα κέρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μίτωνα,  
 εἷα δ' ἀριγνώτη πύλαται, καλαὶ δὲ τε πᾶσαι.

Hom. Od. ζ.

Of other and of deeper tendencies  
Of all things on this earth—how in the track  
And visible procession of events  
One tale is told, one moral figured forth,—  
Birth, death, and resurrection—birth, and death,  
And resurrection, ever and anon  
Held up in clearest light to human thought.  
The milky tender seed is fashioned first  
From the flower that dies in birth; through cruel blights  
And under adverse skies, with pain and toil,  
If not self-known, yet rendered evident  
By the careful nurture that it looketh for,  
It ripens into age; and then it dies  
In the brown ground, and chilly nights and snows  
Pass over it; at last the kindly sun  
Bursts out upon it, and it breaks its grave,  
And issues forth, a beautiful green thing,  
A fresh and lively scion. And in things  
That look less like our own humanity,  
If we would search, the same great parable  
Is ever taken up and told abroad,  
And will be till the end. Beauty and Truth  
Go hand in hand—and 'tis the providence  
Of the great Teacher that doth clearest shew  
The gentler and more lovely to our sight,  
Training our souls by frequent communings  
With her who meets us in our daily path  
With greetings and sweet talk, to pass at length  
Into the presence, by unmarked degrees,  
Of that her sterner sister; best achieved,  
When from a thousand common sights and sounds  
The power of Beauty passes sensibly

Into the soul, clenching the golden links  
 That bind the memories of brightest things.  
 So to that queenly virgin<sup>1</sup> on the shore  
 Of old Phæacia, neither mortal man  
 Nor woman might be likened, but one branch  
 Of budding palm, in Delos that upsprung  
 East by Apollo's altar from the ground.  
 Thus, irrespective of all names of kind  
 Is heavenly Beauty—spread along the earth,  
 In all created things, always the same.

Many have held that pure and holy truth  
 Dwells only in the solitary soul ;  
 That man with man conversing may not share  
 Aught of the spiritual inward life ;  
 That soul approaching within reach of soul  
 Fosters a longing after things cast off  
 With the first slough of Nature :—some have said  
 That the green earth, with all her leafy paths  
 And her blue hills, hath nothing of delight  
 Fitted for holy men ;—yet they have loved  
 To wander in the twilight—to recline  
 In the cool shade of a fresh-bursting tree—  
 To look into the night, when from the sky  
 The moonlight broods upon the charmèd earth ;  
 Yea, they have loved to take their playfellows  
 From simple children, and to loose awhile

<sup>1</sup> οὐ γὰρ πω τοιαῦτον ἴδον βροτῶν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
 οὔτ' ἀνδρ' οὔτε γυναῖκα· σίβας μ' ἔχει εἰσορῶντα.  
 Δύλακ' ἄν ποτε τοῖον Ἀπόλλωνος παρὰ βωμῶ  
 φοίνικος νῖον ἔργος ἀνερχόμενον ἐνόησα.

*Hom. Od. ζ.*

The rigid bands of hardship self-imposed :  
And then they tell of youth, and innocence,  
And for a little moment sunshine bursts  
Upon their souls—a transitory gleam ;  
For soon the clouds roll onward thick and fast,  
Darkening the light within, till a deep night  
Sets in, a damp and freezing night, wherein  
Prowl evil beasts, and most unbridled crime  
Walks unreprieved.

As one in summer-tide  
Pacing a weary road in evening light  
After the sun hath set, with the young moon  
Looking upon him from the purple mist  
That floats above the west, saddens to think  
That each step bears him further from his love ;  
So in the interchange of daily words  
With proud and heartless men, comes weariness  
Upon my spirit, and my thoughts look back  
To solitude, or sweet society  
Of chosen souls, when two or three in peace  
Gathered together, for a little hour  
We held discourse in all humility  
Of common dangers and of common hopes ;  
Till there came One among us who declared  
Why all these things were so ; till our hearts burned  
Within us at the thoughts that flowed abroad  
From one into the other ; till we looked  
And saw Him in the midst, as He had said,  
Known in the feeding of our spirits: known  
For that He blessed and brake as He was wont ;  
Known to be present in His messengers,

The daily calls and offices of life,  
Which, like their Master, to the human kind  
Go about doing good.

Despise not thou  
The yearnings of a spirit ill at ease  
To dwell with men that have no love for God—  
Men of devices new and manifold—  
Men who would disenshrine the heavenly crown  
From the bright pole, and seek their best reward  
In being catalogued with printed names,  
And blazoning records of schismatic strife  
In the far quarters of the world. O Love,  
O Charity, that erst ascendant crowned  
Our land with calm light like the star of eve!  
Fast o'er the ocean fares the gathered gold,  
Gathered from Britain's heart, while in her arms  
Her famished myriads curse each coming morn;  
And they who feed their thousands far away  
By cold machinery that asks no toil,  
Grudge the poor pittance of a labouring hour  
To the home-duties of unwitnessed love.

Methinks I could have borne to live my days  
When by the pathway side, and in the dells,  
By shady resting-place, or hollow bank  
Where curved the streamlet, or on peeping rock,  
Rose sweetly to the traveller's humble eye  
The Cross in every corner of our land;  
When from the wooded valleys morn and eve  
Past the low murmur of the angel-bell;  
Methinks I could have led a peaceful life .



Daily beneath the triple-vaulted roof  
Chanting glad matins, and amidst the glow  
Of mellow evening towards the village-tower  
Pacing my humble way ; — most like to that  
He in the spirit from the lonely isle  
Saw, the beloved Apostle, round the throne,  
And Him that sat thereon, glad companies  
Resting not day nor night their song of praise.

Go ye about and search — set up a place  
And fetch a compass — in the brightest fields,  
And by the dwelling of the mighty sea,  
The everlasting witness ; go and seek  
The sweetest flower that ever bloomed on earth ; —  
See ye search well, for this our land hath borne  
Full many a fragrant cluster — there hath come  
From other times its sweet remembrance down ; —  
'Tis low, but ye may scent it from afar,  
And ye may know its presence where it blooms,  
Even in the faces of the men ye meet,  
And in the little children. Many a quest  
There hath been undertaken ; many a man  
Of tender spirit and soft step hath gone,  
Lured on by specious promises, far forth,  
And bitterly returned. We boast ourselves  
In pride of art, and lift our heads on high,  
Dangerously climbing, without care bestowed  
To assure well the ground whereon is fixed  
The ladder of our vaunting — where our sires  
Laid deep and strong foundation, there we raise  
Story on story vainly stretched aloft.  
Celestial Meekness — purity of heart,

With all beloved and gentle memories  
 Of soul-refreshing things, up from the din  
 Of this most blasphemous and boasting age  
 Have taken flight into some purer air :  
 They have departed—never seek for them  
 In beautiful green places, or on slopes  
 Facing the west in any lovely land ;  
 No sweet memorials of the sacrifice  
 By which man liveth, greet him on his way ;  
 He walks in drear and dim disquietude,  
 Gathering no store for rest.

Eternal shame

Cleave to the mention of the men, whose hands  
 Pulled down from pathway-side and village-green  
 The holy emblem of our faith ; whose trust  
 Lay not in truth, but power ; to whom in vain  
 The word of caution was pronounced which bid  
 Take heed, lest with the tares ye sacrifice  
 Wheat also ; doubly blind and faithless men,  
 Nursed in the gall of carnal bitterness,  
 Without one gentle spiritual thought ;  
 Who in the end approved themselves to him  
 Who was their captain and their father, him  
 Who loves not order, hates all beautiful  
 And seemly things ; when in their hour of dark  
 And devilish misrule, sceptre and crown—  
 The sacred types of firm and centred power,  
 Patterns of mighty things invisible—  
 Were trodden under foot of men ; when full  
 On the calm face of Christ's own spouse, were blown  
 Pestilent slanders, and fell poisons poured  
 Into her holy cup.

D

They reasoned hard  
Of so-deemed spiritual truths, and taught  
The life of God to spend itself on words,  
Objections, and divisions, and false depth  
Of sentence intricate; they led the soul  
Of human kind—already prone to ill,  
But now, in course of wholesome discipline,  
Trained to bow down to heaven-appointed rule,  
And keep the harmony of God's great reign—  
To break its bonds in sunder, and in pride  
To feel its strength and self-entrusted power,  
And tempt alone the perilous path of life,  
Where once the saints, a meek and comely band,  
Walked, strong in union. Trust me, it is hard,  
It is most hard for gentle souls to live,  
And not to burst abroad with very woe,  
When words and offices of heavenly love  
Win not an answer in the heartless world;  
When all our piety and all our zeal  
Lie like a level swamp. Oh, slow the hearts,  
And deaf the ears unto the voice of Heaven,  
*"I came not to send Peace upon the earth!"*  
True, we have tamed, or think that we have tamed  
Outbreakings into blood; true, that the edge  
Of persecuting sword is turned and dull;  
The fierce depravity of human act  
Roughs not our surface now; but with false care  
Full deeply we have mixed our portion in,  
Till the fell poison festers in all ranks,  
And even the hearts we fold unto our breast  
Are bitten, deadly bitten. Where is love?  
Where is the blessed fold, that we may run

And shelter us? O God! they should have kept  
A light upon the corners of thy fold,  
To guide the wanderers in the desert wide:  
But they have fought for words, and striven for names,  
And fallen down dead among the famished sheep,  
And round us howls the desolating wind,  
And each the other knows not; there hath fallen  
Darkness that may be felt upon our path;—  
But Thou art just, and righteous are Thy ways;—  
Where are the calm retreats our fathers gave  
To holy meditation? Where the fanes  
That rolled their tribute of unceasing praise  
Up to the gates of heaven? And where the towers,  
Thick rising o'er the twice-converted land,  
Warning the peasant in his simple toil  
With never-failing memories of God?  
From their sad ruins and their crumbling shafts  
Hath gone a cry to Heaven. Ere now, methinks,  
This island-home of ours should have been spread  
With mighty temples, morn nor solemn eve  
Wanting the voice of prayer. Oh, I could weep  
Even at the thought of ancient blessedness:—  
But we must pray and toil:—the vengeance-cloud  
Stoops tempest-laden on our godless land:  
But we will forth, sweet love, and speak with God;  
It may be we shall find a saving band  
Of ten meek-hearted men;—blessed and wise,  
Could we but win so many.

But the night  
Falls down the heaven, and mists of silver dew  
Strike chill upon the sense, and mournful thoughts

Come thick upon me, and the truant tears  
Stand hot upon my cheek. Then cease we here,  
And at some fitter time take up the lyre  
In peaceful mood, and meditate sweet strains  
For future years, of sorrow stayed on hope.

---

## LESSON THE FOURTH.

---

Heaven-gates are not so highly arched  
As princes' palaces; they that enter there  
Must go upon their knees.

WEBSTER. *Duchess of Melfi.*

---

A journey into regions whence a prospect is taken of the world; into which is brought a view of the soul of man and its teaching, and a vision is related, with a prophecy, which Time hath proved to be true.

REMEMBEREST thou that solemn eventide  
When last we parted? we had wandered forth  
Down that steep hill-path to the level moor;  
It was not long before the golden sun  
Wheeled sloping to the western mountain's brink,  
And presently a canopy of clouds  
Folded him in with curtains of deep fire—  
And so he sunk, slow and majestic,  
Leaving a wake of glory; every bird  
Sung his last carol, poised upon his branch  
Of night-repose, and every little flower  
Closed in its beauties in its drooping breast.

We sat upon the green marge of a stream  
Reed-skirted, and the fragments of faint light  
Leapt in and out among the yellow stalks,  
Or peacefully reposed within the breast  
Of the mid-river. Our discourse had been  
Of infancy and youth: the hills of fern

And meadows of thick cowslips, floated past  
Our mental vision, and a faint sweet smell  
Seemed half to come upon some inward sense.  
But we had ceased to speak, and on our ear  
Dwelt the last words with oft-recurring sound,  
Mingling most fitly with the distant fall,  
And the low booming of the passing dorr.

I told thee, ere we parted home that night,  
A thousand undistinguishable fears  
Of heavy days to come ; I mourned to see  
Beauty and freedom—in the daily talk  
Of men heard frequent, on the lips of all  
A constant theme, undying sounds that set  
The slumbering spirit of mankind on work—  
That they were names alone ; that the dull age  
Knows not their presence passing daily by,  
And seeks them where they dwell not ; that we throw  
Our dowry of sweet peace unto the winds ;  
That we have proudly sought and duly earned  
A desolating curse from righteous Heaven.

Perchance thou art too young, and that smooth brow  
Built upwards through thy gently-crisped hair,  
Hath not those records stamp'd indelibly  
Which Care, severe historian, writes aloft  
That all may read ; perchance the tender blue,  
So deep within thine eyes, is all too bright  
And cloudless yet—perchance I spake of things  
By thee unheeded. Purity and light,  
Thy blessed chamber, thy beloved home,  
Brothers and sisters, and in humbler life

Some chosen spirits of first thoughts and few,  
 These are thy helpmates ; all thine outward world  
 Our wooded hills and thickly cottaged vales ;  
 Thine inward nurture fetched from communings  
 With the great Comforter, in stillest hours,  
 And from the pages of that wondrous Book  
 Which deepens as we search, whence we may draw  
 Waters, that spring into eternal life.

As every day windeth its train along  
 Of sunny hours chequered with passing clouds,  
 We grow in spirit, and the holy work  
 Of God goes forward still. Each rising morn  
 Calls us from lightest slumbers to give thanks,  
 And every night we weave a wreath of praise  
 With sweeter blossoms of our rising Spring.  
 The holy leaven works, and all the lump  
 Ere long will penetrate : for all our life  
 Will speed as doth a dove upon the wing ;  
 The day will seem no longer, when the sun  
 In age sets on us, than in this our morn  
 Seems the young dawning but an hour gone by.

Dear genius of my musings, let us now  
 Rise to the middle heaven, and thence look down  
 On the tossing waste of cares, and from the wall  
 Of love's serenest temple, catch afar  
 The beatings of the fevered heart of the world.  
 Canst thou, bound to the chariot-path of God,  
 Traverse the dread circumference ? Canst thou  
 Keep pace with the errant moon ? or trace the star,  
 Night after night, that wanders over heaven ?



Canst thou, the nursling of thy peaceful home,  
Look without trembling down the dizzy height,  
And see the flaming vapours rolled around  
The journey of the day-god, and far off  
Fringing the borders of the pendent world,  
Dark cloudy heaps, that love to gather gloom  
Even from the fields the sun hath sown with light?  
Come, let us rise together: and as He  
Whose raiment glistened on the wondrous Mount,  
In sweetest converse with the Sons of Light,  
Yet spoke of human pain, and that decease  
He should accomplish at Jerusalem;  
So take we into nearer sight of Heaven  
Thoughts that are born of mortal suffering;  
Thither ascending, where in open day  
Of the full shining of God's countenance,  
Lie treasured all the secret sins of earth.

As one who wandering in the western land  
Over a hill of golden-blossomed furze,  
Amid grey rocks, where the red cup-moss grows,  
Above the straggling fern, when now with toil  
Of straining limbs he gains the beacons top,  
Looks over into valleys wonderful,  
Thick-timbered valleys, with their fair church-towers,  
Stretched into hazy distance, till a bank  
Of bright blue hills with outline gently curved  
Stands up before the sunset; so my soul  
Hath gained a vantage-ground, and we can see  
A stretch of airy prospect opening wide.  
Dost thou not hear, beloved, how the air  
Is trembling with the whisper of light wings?

These are the passengers that make their road  
From God to men, and traffic in our hearts,  
With cargoes of rich grace and help divine ;  
Repentant tears for nectar take they back,  
Mourning for song—and there is joy in heaven.  
Dost thou not see the underlying world  
Clad with an outer zone of brooding light,  
Whence inward ever sparkles leap and flash  
Like the sea-spray beneath the evening star?  
These are the tides of hope, that daily fill  
Life's river : thus it is decreed on high.  
Because all light and gladness speeds away  
Into the dark ; and from the life of man  
There floweth daily forth a stream of joy  
Into a chasm whose depth we know not of ;—  
Therefore the soul doth day by day demand  
Fresh food for strong desire ; and therefore Hope,  
Like ever-youthful Hebe to the throng  
Of the immortals on Olympus' top,  
Stands ministering, and from her golden cup  
Deals sweetest potion to the thirsting soul.

It sorteth well with weakness to have need  
To lean upon a stronger, and depend  
Even for each step upon another's will :  
It suiteth well with man's infirmity  
To be linked fast with onward-looking hope,  
And doubt, and strong desire ; to see but part  
Of all before it, and but now and then  
Gain a bright glimpse of beauty ; now and then  
To feel a sprinkling of the pleasant spray  
Of the great ocean-stream of truth, that laves  
With living floods the walls of the city of life.

But wherefore doth infirmity still haunt  
The mournful destinies of human kind ?  
Why, since the earth is full of beauty, lacks  
Her best inhabitant in his best part  
His rightful share apportioned ? Why doth man,  
Sole heir of misery, walk the happy earth,  
Feeding on poisons, shut from perfect joy ?

Because the beauties of this nether world  
Are born, and live and die, and their reward  
Is, that from them one particle of bliss  
Makes way into the life of higher things,  
Nourishing that whence nourishment may flow  
Up to the soul of man, the holy place  
Of this great natural temple. The small flower,  
That was our favourite in the happy years  
Of childhood, in each scheme of riper days  
Hath borne its part ; but it hath long ago  
Passed into earth and laid its beauty by :  
And some that seem eternal—the dark hills  
And thickly-timbered valleys, the great sea,  
The never-changing watchers of the sky,  
Are daily testimonies, by whose word  
Speaks the great Spirit to the soul of man.  
So that their place is finally assigned  
In universal being, and their rank  
Defined, and to what end they minister,  
And to that end how far.

But who shall set  
Definite limits to the human soul,  
Or bound the mighty yearnings of desire  
Wherewith the spirit labours after truth ?

All natural teaching—all the thoughts that owe  
Their being to the multitude of things  
Which crowd upon us daily from without,  
Go forward without labour—and when spurred  
By call for mightier energies, the soul  
Summons its hidden forces, and springs up  
Mail-clad in most unvanquishable might,  
A bright aspirant to a higher meed  
Of beauty and desire ; thence to look up  
To some yet loftier spiritual throne.  
Because the heart of man is capable  
Of all degrees of purity and power ;  
Because the purest heart is mightiest  
For strife with evil ; therefore is the life  
Of man encompassed with infirmity ;  
And therefore to the kingdom of our God  
Much tribulation is the beaten path.

Shall miserable Man, the sport of winds  
And the keen breath of the eager winter air,  
Think condescension to bow down in woe,  
To court his brother dust, and lift his cries,  
Wafting against the thunder-thrones of Heaven  
The incense of his wailings ? Not that power  
Is thereby sacrificed, or human souls  
Lose aught of marvellous splendour—know ye not  
That he who kneels is higher than who stands ?  
The prostrate than the upright—the opprest  
Than the oppressor—how more heavenly light  
Breaks in upon the spirit through distress ?  
The reed that waves along the river's brink,  
Spearing its way into the summer air,

Is not so glorious, as when, laid by winds,  
It rests upon the mirror of the flood,  
Gemmed with bright globes of dew ; the stream that winds  
Through unopposing flats its teeming way,  
Floated with merchandise to the broad sea,  
We love not like the tumbling mountain linn,  
That hath not where to flow, breaking its path  
Through fragments rough, and over mossy crags,  
Down to the headlong cliff that tops the waves.

Hast thou not marked, how close together linked  
Glory and Sadness walk—how never flower  
Were half so beautiful, did we not know  
That it must droop and wither? deem not then  
That all the anguish-cries of this great world  
Which reach us where we stand, find not in heaven  
Fit greeting ; there are those who minister  
Outside the golden gates, to purify  
The sorrow and the joy that enters there ;  
And I have heard from that bright visitant  
Who comes to me each night, when my small flock  
Is folded safe, by wearied Nature left  
To the great Shepherd who can never sleep,  
That oftentimes the pale and weeping souls  
Dazzle them as they pass to meet their Lord  
In glittering frost-ropes of the purest spar  
Circled with many crowns ; and oftentimes  
One who was joyous all, and in the world  
Shone like a star, comes drooping in a mist,  
And falters at the steep and narrow stair ;  
Nor enters, till with sprinkling and with words  
The shadow of the earthy melt away.

Hear thou a vision — fitly told thee now  
When we are parted from the nether world,  
A dream of import strange, and prophecy  
Which after-time shall prove. 'Twas on a night  
Such as my spirit loves — moonlit and calm,  
But veiled with amber mist, wherein there dwelt  
Light, clothing equally the arch of heaven.  
I had flown upwards on the stripping wings  
Of meditation through the ample sky ;  
By the Queen-crescent, and past many a star  
Thronged with unsinning shapes, whose atmosphere  
Made clearer shining round me as I fled,  
Reluctantly bound onward through the vast  
And peopled universe : and now a light  
Fell on me as from some self-shining tract,  
Broad and uncentred, and I felt my thoughts  
Grew pure and wonderful, and even this flesh  
Into a glorious temple purified,  
For such a saintly soul as now it shrined  
Not all unfitting. And methought in sight  
Full opposite, a beautiful green land,  
In light not clear nor dark ; a mellow day  
Shed its soft influence over hill and dale,  
And tenderest foliage down a hundred dells  
Spread over paths that wound beside the bed  
Of tinkling streamlets. Thickly scattered stood  
Elm-shaded cottages, and wreathèd smoke  
In bright blue curls went up, and o'er the vales  
That lay toward the waves, slept peacefully.  
'Twas such a land as summer travellers see  
On Britain's western shores, who from the hills,  
Painfully climbed, beyond the Severn sea

Look over into Cambria, facing south,  
To Aberavon, by the stream of Taff,  
And old Glamorgan.—Then my fancy changed ;  
'Twas the third morning since my angel-guide  
Landed me from strange voyage ; scarcely yet  
The search of this new home had given repose  
To my way-wearied eyes. Thou canst not tell  
How bright a morn it was ; never such sun  
Looked on the nether earth, as now above  
Heaven's everlasting hills with perfect orb  
Rose joyous, and from every brake the birds  
Under the thick leaves, starred with prisms of dew,  
Crowded their mellow warbles. Shapes in white  
Over the lawns and by the hedge-row sides  
Moved glorious ; all the breathings of the air  
Were full of joy, and every passing sound  
Thrilled through me like the touch of her I love.  
And on a sudden from an upland copse  
Tangled with woodbine and lithe virgin-bower,  
Broke forth a river of full melody,  
Gushing like some long reach of pouring linn  
In underlying valley, when the stars  
Are out upon the mountain. Mute I turned  
And listened, till the music of that voice  
So took my senses captive, that I stood  
Emptied of thought and human consciousness ;  
Like her who from the sulphur-steaming vale  
Hurrying away in olden time, looked back  
On Admah and Zeboim, and the plain  
Of fruitful Sodom lately loved, and there  
As in her fondness she had looked, stood fixed.  
“ Hither,” it said, “ come hither, child of earth,

Curb thy wild leapings of unquiet thought,  
And glide into the calm of hope fulfilled.  
Here is no sport of words, nor lying smile  
Of rash undowried promise ; hither come,  
And I will shew thee blest realities  
More bright than earthly dreams." As by a charm  
Led on, I followed, through the scented air  
Moving with speed of thought, till in a shade  
Most like to that, where in the morn of life  
I opened forth to thee mine inner heart  
When thou hadst picked thine apron full of flowers,—  
I saw an angel form, serene and tall,  
Far lifted into blessedness of look  
Above our mortal state ; and yet methought  
I knew her eyes, I knew her cast of shape,  
As when we see a new-acquainted face  
Fixed on us strangely with accustomed looks.  
"Draw near," she said, in that same wondrous voice  
That filled the air of heaven, heard nigher now,  
Like some clear organ, when the swell of song  
Tempers the long-drawn music ; "let me look  
Into thy face, and read thine open soul,  
For blessed angels see not as ye see  
Down on the nether earth ; each fleeting spark  
Of high desire, and each conception bold  
Of worthy daring, to the insight keen  
Of heavenly spirits hath its proper form  
And presence, as to thee its earthy veil :"—  
And as she spoke, a flush of sudden love,  
Like shade athwart a sunny upland thrown,  
Passed on her cheek — "dear child, the child of tears,  
Thou didst not know me ; scarcely had thy face



Learned to acknowledge with uncertain calm  
(Which mother-love would fain hear called a smile)  
My careful ministrations, when a voice  
Mysterious called, first softly and scarce heard,  
Then loud and louder waxing—‘Come away’—  
Till the dread sound struck on my throbbing brain,  
And I was carried from thee. Ever since  
In the pure summer air of this sweet land,  
God hath been ripening for enjoyment high  
My patient spirit; but thine earthly speech  
Hath not the signs that might disclose to thee  
By what enlightening what blessed sight  
These eyes have gained; or how the faithful sense,  
Close-leaguings with the soul, searches unchecked  
Things that lie hid beyond the visible blue  
And past the flickering stars.

“But thou mayest know  
Thus far, that there are many globes, as this  
Hung in the middle firmament, where dwell  
Pure spirits, ruling or obeying each  
The gentle course of those their shining homes,  
Or resting after lives of over-toil,  
Or from the sources, at whose distant streams  
They loved to drink on earth, feeding at will  
Their ever-new desire; some by the flood  
That girds the city of God, hold communing  
With those that pass, or muse along the brink,  
Or cull the lavish flowers; some that love best  
To dwell in conflict, on the verge extreme  
Sit of this tract of heaven, where night and day  
The various plunging of the chafed sea  
Doth homage to their restless thirst of change.

' This isle of ours (to which I marvel how  
 Thy steps have come,) its own inhabitants  
 Hath portioned, a blest tribe, who love the calm,  
 And tend these mystic plants, and night and morn  
 (For night and morn we mark as on the earth,  
 Though not with setting or returning light,  
 But with alternate song, and visits new  
 Of blessed ones from God) for worship meet,  
 Drawing the lengthened chant, and marrying  
 The raptures of Earth's sweetest melodies  
 To pure assurance of untroubled souls.  
 Thou sawest, if thy way I right divine  
 To have lain upward, for thou art not yet  
 As one of us, and shalt return to earth,  
 Where many valleys meet, a gulf of air,  
 Quiet, and full of this our ether-light ;  
 Call this ' the Haven of Lost Hope'—for here  
 Speed all the holy souls who left the world  
 While Hope was young, and Promise in her bud ;—  
 Hither they speed, and wait, till there shall sound  
 A call to higher meed of blessedness,  
 The second in Heaven's roll, (if we may trust  
 The songs of the bright quires that hover round,)  
 Next to the sainted ones, that fought the fight  
 Against the sword, or fire, or piercing scorn,  
 Enduring unto death. If truly rise  
 Thoughts on my spirit (and responses false  
 Have seldom place in temples purified),  
 Thou to this island after certain days  
 Shalt send a blest inhabitant, thyself,  
 Or other, from the chambers of thine heart  
 Unwilling parted, friend of hopes and fears.

- Weep not,'—for one large tear, born first of joy,  
 And fully ripened by a throe of grief,  
 Rolled on my cheek,—' Weep not, for ill thou knowest
- That earthly hope is like the precious ore  
 Rough and unseemly, till unwelcome force  
 Crush it in sunder, and the glittering wreck  
 Refine with fire, till its calm shining face  
 Give back the unbroken sky. Thou canst not tell  
 How rich a dowty Sorrow gives the soul,  
 How firm a faith, and eagle-sight of God.  
 So mayst thou see upon the Earth at night,  
 After a day of storms, whose sun hath set  
 In sorrow, when the horizontal round  
 Is hemmed by sullen clouds, there opens forth  
 High in the zenith a clear space, in which,  
 As in a gulf embayed, broods quietly  
 The glory of the Moon, from underneath  
 Her misty veil sent upwards ; and the stars  
 Far up the avenues of light disclose.'

She ceased to speak—and ought of joy or fear  
 That might be left me from that voice divine  
 Not long was present ; for along the shade  
 A troop of blessed children sporting past—  
 Oft have I mused ere now on ancient gems,  
 And sculptured forms of godlike symmetry,  
 And grace of pictured limbs ; but never yet  
 Saw I such beauty, nor in song attained  
 So fair conceit, as now in light of Love  
 Shone in my sight these little ones of Heaven.  
 Naked they were, if that were nakedness  
 Which clothed the spirit pure with glorious veil,

The richest dress of God's own fashioning ;  
With perfect liberty and sport of limb  
They gambolled by us on the summer turf,  
Each chasing other, and in meetings fond  
Twining their innocent arms, and snatching oft  
Kisses of playful love ; and then they stood  
As children might have stood if children were  
In the first Paradise, arm over arm,  
Clad with a crimson glow, listening our talk,  
Their little breasts panting with joy and play.  
For there had flowed afresh from that sweet fount  
Words of high import, and oft questioning  
I dwelt upon her lips ; and thus had stayed  
Contented ever, but the light began  
Slowly to wane around me, and her form  
Dimmer and dimmer grew, her voice more faint,  
Her answers rare and short ;—the sporting band  
Of holy children last remained in sight,  
And parted last ; and all around me then  
Was darkness, till our grange and humble Church,  
And row of limes that eastward fence our home,  
Now visible against the waking dawn,  
Came slowly into presence, and this Earth  
Flowed in, and loosed the avenues of sense.

---

## LESSON THE FIFTH.

---

——“ Churchyards are our cities, unto which  
 The most repair, that are in goodness rich  
 There is the best concourse and confluence,  
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence  
 Begins God's city, New Jerusalem,  
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them :  
 At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou  
 Begin thy triumph.”

DONNE.

---

By a pilgrimage to a village-churchyard, occasion is taken to speak of death ; its wonderful and deep things, and some few of its records, not triumphs.

FROM the great sun light flows upon the earth ;  
 And every thing that lives this summer morn  
 Looks joyous ; all along the hills that stretch  
 Far southward, slowly sail the dazzling heaps  
 Of whitest vapour ; but the upper heaven  
 Is deep and clear—above the yellow fields,  
 Some thick with grain, and some with pointed sheave  
 Spread as with tents, and some but yesterday  
 Joyed over with loud shouts of harvest joy,  
 The dizzy air swims onward—in thick groups  
 Over the slopes, and in the cottaged dells,  
 Gathered in undistinguishable mass  
 Of dark luxuriance, elm, and solemn oak,  
 And tender ash, sleep in the lavish light.

Come, let us forth, my best beloved, and roam  
Along the bowered lanes that thread the vales ;  
For on the bank beneath the arching shade  
Hang purple strawberries, and interchange  
Of leafy arbour, and field-path, and hill,  
And the far sea, and underlying dells,  
Will prompt sweet themes of never-failing talk.

Oft have I seen, when on the mighty hills  
That curve around our bay, in a close nook  
Upon the westward slope, a village tower :\*  
And I have stood and gazed upon its top  
That looks above the trees, and thought my life  
Would pass full pleasantly beneath its crest ;  
So quiet is it, so without pretence  
Most lovely, that the throng of restless hopes  
That ever leap unquiet in the soul  
Might well be charmed, in such a presence, down  
To sweet contentment—and the mellowed voice  
Of the past hour hath come upon mine ear  
So sweetly, that I waited where I stood  
To hear its sound again, rather than risk  
Echoes less gentle on a near approach.  
Bend we our journey thither—for the day  
Is all our own, for ramble or for talk,  
Or seat by the cool mountain stream, or hour  
Of meditation by that modest church ;  
For, if I guess aright, there should be there  
Ancient stone monument of honest men,  
Or mouldering cross ; and from that arbourd nook

\* Selworthy, Somerset.

Yon hills will shew most proudly. 'Tis not far :  
Thou art a denizen of mountain air ;  
And the fresh breezes from the sea will fan  
Our brows as we mount upward.

Gentlest Girl,

Thou wert a bright creation of my thought  
In earliest childhood—and my seeking soul  
Wandered ill-satisfied, till one blest day  
Thine image passed athwart it—thou wert then  
A young and happy child, sprightly as life ;  
Yet not so bright or beautiful as that  
Mine inward vision :—but a whispering voice  
Said softly—This is she whom thou didst choose ;  
And thenceforth ever, through the morn of life,  
Thou wert my playmate—thou my only joy,  
Thou my chief sorrow when I saw thee not :—  
And when my daily consciousness of life  
Was born and died—thy name the last went up,  
Thy name the first, before our Heavenly Guide,  
For favour and protection. All the flowers  
Whose buds I cherished, and in summer heats  
Fed with mock showers, and proudly shewed their bloom,  
For thee I reared, because all beautiful  
And gentle things reminded me of thee :  
Yea, and the morning, and the rise of sun,  
And fall of evening, and the starry host,  
If aught I loved, I loved because thy name  
Sounded about me when I looked on them.  
So that the love of thee brought up my soul  
To universal love ; and I have learned  
That there are voices in the silent earth

That speak unto the heart ; that there is power  
Granted from Heaven unto the humblest things ;—  
And that not he who strives to gather up  
Into his self-arranged and stubborn thoughts  
The parables of Nature, meets with joy ;  
But he who patiently submits his soul  
To God's unwritten teaching—who goes forth  
Amidst the majesty of earth and sky  
Humble, as in a mighty presence ; waits  
For influence to descend ; and murmurs not  
If in his present consciousness no trace  
Of admiration or of lofty thought  
Be shewn—in patience tarrying the full time,  
Till the Beauty that hath passed into his soul  
Shine out upon his thoughts.

Therefore I love  
All calm and silent things—all things that bear  
Least show of motion or unnatural force ;—  
Therefore I love to mark the slow decay  
Of ancient building, or of churchyard cross,  
Or mouldering abbey—and as formerly  
I mourned when I remembered how of old,  
Where crumbling arches ivy-prop their shafts,  
The proud aisle stood, and the full choir of praise  
Rolled solemn from an hundred tongues ;—so now  
I seem to see that mighty Providence  
Is justified ; that more hath been revealed  
On which the human soul hath lived and grown  
In the departure of old glories—more  
In cherished memories that keep at home  
Within our breasts, than in the maintenance



Of busy action, which hath wrought their charm.

But we are drawing near—this bowered lane,  
With glimpses of the southern bank of hills,  
And ever through the bents the blessed sea  
Far to the west, might stir a heavier heart  
Than thine and mine to leap with childish joy.  
Thanks to the arching boughs for stir of breeze  
Scarce sensible but in their rustling leaves,  
Yet even thus most cooling ; thanks for shade  
Dark and continuous as we further climb,  
Like magic corridor deep down in earth,  
Thickening to perfect black ; whence, in the glare  
Of sickly noon upon the autumn fields,  
I have scared night-birds, and have watched the bat  
Pass and repass alternate. How the sense  
Hails the dense gloom, and hastens to the cool :—  
Now rest thee here, where scarce the sun may see  
Our pleasant refuge ; where we scarce can tell  
There is an outward universe, so close  
And hallowed is the shade ; save where, through length  
Of dark perspective, yonder shine a group  
Of sunny tombstones, and one window-pane,  
Lit with the noon, is glittering like a star  
Down even unto us.

I heard one say, —  
It was an aged dame, whose humble cot  
Fronted our churchyard wall,—she loved to look  
When from the windows of the hallowed pile  
The sunbeam came reflected ; she could think  
Fondly, she said, that there were those within

Whose robes were shining, thronging the deep aisles,  
And the promised glory of the latter house  
Would crowd upon her vision.

Think we thus :

And in yon vista of uncertain light  
If we behold in fancy this our life  
Chequered with dark and bright, and at its head  
The emblem of our end—let yonder gleam  
Tell us of glory fetched by angel-hands  
To spread upon us : be to us a spark  
Lit at the altar of the Holy One,  
Over the majesty of patient Death  
Hovering, and waiting its appointed time  
To kindle all to life.

But fabling thus

I've led thee from thy rest ; and now at once  
Opens upon our sight a goodly range  
Of fretted buttresses, and the low porch  
Invites us, with its antique seat of stone,  
And cool religious shade. But as we climb  
The churchyard steps, look back and see arise  
As if in show, far o'er the bowering leaves,  
The southern mountains—see o'er half the sky  
Spread out, a mixture wild of hill and cloud.

Stand by me here, beloved, where thick crowd  
On either side the path the headstones white :  
How wonderful is death—how passing thought  
That nearer than yon glorious group of hills,  
Ay, but a scanty foot or two beneath

This pleasant sunny mound, corruption teems ;—  
 And that one sight of that which is so near  
 Could turn the current of our joyful thoughts,  
 Which now not e'en disturbs them.

See this stone,

Not, like the rest, full of the dazzling noon,  
 But sober brown—round which the ivy twines  
 Its searching tendril, and the yew-tree shade  
 Just covers the short grave. He mourned not ill  
 Who graved the simple plate without a name :

“ This grave's a cradle, where an infant lies,  
 Rockt fast asleepe with Death's sad lullabyes.”

And yet methinks he did not care to wrong  
 The Genius of the place, when he wrote “ sad :”  
 The chime of hourly clock,—the mountain-stream  
 That sends up ever to thy resting-place  
 Its gush of many voices—and the crow  
 Of matin cock, faint it may be but shrill,  
 From elm-embosomed farms among the dells,—  
 These, little slumberer, are thy lullabyes :  
 Who would not sleep a sweet and peaceful sleep  
 Thus husht and sung to with all pleasant sounds ?

And I can stand beside thy cradle, child,  
 And see yon belt of clouds in silent pomp  
 Midway the mountain sailing slowly on,  
 Whose beaconed top peers over on the vale ;—  
 And upward narrowing in thick-timbered dells  
 Dark solemn coombs, with wooded buttresses  
 Propping his mighty weight—each with its stream,

Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,  
Now smoothed in clear black pools—then in the vales,  
Through lanes of bowering foliage glittering on,  
By cots and farms and quiet villages  
And meadows brightest green. Who would not sleep  
Rocked in so fair a cradle ?

But that word,  
That one word—‘ death,’ comes over my sick brain,  
Wrapping my vision in a sudden swoon ;  
Blotting the gorgeous pomp of sun and shade,  
Mountain, and wooded cliff, and sparkling stream,  
In a thick dazzling darkness.—Who’ art thou  
Under this hillock on the mountain-side ?  
I love the like of thee with a deep love,  
And therefore called thee dear—thou who art now  
A handful of dull earth. No lullabyes  
Hearest thou now, be they or sweet or sad—  
Not revelry of streams, nor pomp of clouds,  
Not the blue top of mountain—nor the woods  
That clothe the steeps, have any joy for thee.

Go to, then—tell me not of balmiest rest  
In fairest cradle—for I never felt  
One half so keenly as I feel it now,  
That not the promise of the sweetest sleep  
Can make me smile on Death. Our days and years  
Pass onward—and the mighty of old time  
Have put their glory by, and laid them down  
Undrest of all the attributes they wore,  
In the dark sepulchre : strange preference,  
To fly from beds of down and softest strains

Of timbrel and of pipe, to the cold earth,  
The silent chamber of unknown decay ;  
To yield the delicate flesh, so loved of late  
By the informing spirit, to the maw  
Of unrelenting waste ; to go abroad  
From the sweet prison of this moulded clay,  
Into the pathless air, among the vast  
And unnamed multitude of trembling stars ;  
Strange journey, to attempt the void unknown  
From whence no news returns ; and cast the freight  
Of nicely treasured life at once away.

Come, let us talk of Death—and sweetly play  
With his black locks, and listen for a while  
To the lone music of the passing wind  
In the rank grass that waves above his bed.

Is it not wonderful, the darkest day  
Of all the days of life—the hardest wrench  
That tries the coward sense, should mix itself  
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods  
A not unwelcome visitant—that Thought,  
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot  
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form  
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself  
To his mysterious converse ? I have roamed  
Through many mazes of unregistered  
And undetermined fancy ; and I know  
That when the air grows balmy to my feel,  
And rarer light falls on me, and sweet sounds  
Dance tremulously round my captive ears,  
I soon shall stumble on some mounded grave ;

And ever of the thoughts that stay with me,  
(There are that flit away) the pleasantest  
Is hand in hand with Death : and my bright hopes,  
Like the strange colours of divided light,  
Fade into pale uncertain violet  
About some hallowed precinct. Can it be  
That there are blessed memories joined with Death,  
Of those who parted peacefully, and words  
That cling about our hearts, uttered between  
The day and darkness, in Life's twilight time?—  
Oh! I could tell of one whose image comes  
Before my inner sight—I knew her not—  
That ancient dame I told thee of, whose eyes  
Sought for Heaven's glories in the light of Earth,  
She would speak of her, till her heart was full,  
And I would weep for childish waywardness,  
And long to be as she was. 'Twas her own  
And only child; and never from her side  
Long years, she said, had parted her; in joy  
And beauty she grew up, ever her sire  
Gladdening with smiles, and laying on his heart  
Ointment of purest comfort. On a day  
Heaven sent a worm into this summer flower  
She told me how they watched her fade away,  
As we have watched the clouds of evening fade  
After the sun hath set. Slow were her words,  
And solemn, as she reached the parting tale :  
' 'Twas thus we sat and saw our only hope  
Go down into the grave : for many months  
It was a weary weary life to lead :  
She weakened by degrees; and every day  
Less light was in her eye, and on her cheek

Less colour ; and the faint quick pulse that beat  
In the blue veins that laced her marble wrist  
Stole without notice on the wary touch.  
Sometimes by day she asked if it were fair,  
By night if it were starlight ; that was all.  
Ye should have seen her but a night and day  
Before she died, how she sat up and spoke,  
How of a sudden light most wonderful  
Looked forward from her eyes, and on her cheek  
Flushed colour, like a bloom from other lands,  
The bloom that shews in flowers beyond the skies.  
And then the words came forth most musical,  
Low-toned and solemn, like the final notes  
Of that grand anthem whose last strain is ‘ *Peace.*’\*  
She spoke of angels, seen in a half light ;  
She spoke of friends, long-severed friends, that died  
In early youth, some fair and tall, and some  
Most innocent children, that with earnest gaze  
Looked ever in upon her all the night,  
And faded slow into the light of morn.  
And so she passed away ; and now her grave  
Ten summers and ten winters hath been green ;  
We dug it in a still and shady place ;  
There is no headstone ; for we deemed it vain  
To carve her record in a mouldering slab,  
Whose name is written in the Book of Life.’

I am not one whose pleasure is to weave  
Tales highly wrought of sudden accident,  
Unlooked-for recognition, or desire  
Strangely fulfilled ; but yet I have a tale

\* The ‘ *Gloria in Excelsis*’ of Pergolesi.

Which will bring tears of pity to thine eyes,  
And summon all thy sadness to attend  
A willing mourner in a funeral train.  
Within our hilly bay,\* hard by the beach,  
Dwelt one whose nightly service was to watch  
All deeds of outlaws on the Channel trade.  
Him on the cliff-side pathways we might see  
Early and late, and meet in the dusk eve  
Up the steep tracks, threading the oaken copse  
That delves into the sea. One summer morn,  
When the bright sun looked down upon the earth  
Without a cloud, and all along the shore  
Twinkled the restless sparkles, he rode by,  
And passing offered salutation gay,  
As one who in the beauty and the warmth  
Of that most blessed morning bore a part.  
That day we wandered, my dear friend and I,  
Far off along the hills, up perilous paths  
Gathering the rock-plants, or with hollowed hand  
Scooping the streams that trickled down the dells:  
Till from a peak we saw the fiery sun  
Sink down into the sea, and twilight fell;  
And ere we reached our cot, the distant lights  
Shone from the Cambrian coast, and from the isle  
Unseen in the mid-channel. From his cot  
There looked into the bosom of the bay  
A steady light—and when we reached our home  
We slept and thought not of him. In the morn  
Rumour was busy—and her minister,  
Our bustling hostess, told how all the night

\* The Bay of Porlock. The incident here recorded happened in the summer of 1833.



His anxious bride (for one short month ago  
They gave their troths) had watched for his return ;  
How there came by a stranger with his horse,  
Who answered not, when breathless she inquired  
Where he was left, and why. Many with search  
Hopeless and wearisome toiled all the day ;  
And when the evening came, upon the beach  
Below that awful steep where winds the road  
Cut in the mountain-side above the sea,  
They found a cold and melancholy corpse  
With outstretched arms and strangely-gathered limbs,  
Like one who died in sudden and sharp pain ;  
And deeply gashed on either side the brow  
The gaping death-marks of a cruel fall.  
Thou wouldst have wept to see her as she past  
To snatch her scanty comfort of a look,  
And then to see him, warm but now and gay,  
And full of soft endearments, hidden deep  
In the cold ground :— it was a blank still face,  
But bearing trace of tears, and ashy pale,  
Stiffened to stone by strong and sudden grief.  
Her little stock of hopes, just anchored safe  
In a calm port, were sent adrift again  
Upon the howling wintry sea of life :  
And she is fain to gather up afresh  
The cast-off weeds of past prosperity,  
And deck her as she may. But a sad rent  
Hath sorrow made in her : nor can she now  
Knit up her ravelled hopes, nor summon heart  
To enter on Life's journey all alone,  
A new and weary way. But time will come  
When memory of her woe shall be to her

A sweet companion— Sorrow shall have past  
 Into her being, and have chastened well  
 The lawless risings of unquiet thought.

Nearer this tale hath carried me to think  
 Of mine own grief: should I not weary thee  
 With record of affliction, I would dwell  
 On playful hopes too pitilessly crushed,  
 And voices that made glad my soul erewhile,  
 Quenched in cold earth—coming like saddened bells  
 Far off and faint beneath the muffling clay.  
 'But one there was that left me, whose fresh loss  
 Time, nor the changeful world, hath never healed.  
 I am not skilled with robe of artful verse  
 To cheat the destitution of deep woe:  
 Sorrow and I in the sunny years of youth  
 Have been but rare companions; I have loved  
 Rather in Beauty's temple ministrant  
 To treasure up sweet music, and enshrine  
 Thee, the bright Saint of my best holyday,  
 In some deep-fretted niche of Poesy;  
 But those short tidings reached me—and my heart  
 Was sorely stricken, and the bitter springs  
 Were broken up within me.

Gentle soul,  
 That ever moved among us in a veil  
 Of heavenly lustre; in whose presence, thoughts  
 Of common import shone with light divine;  
 Whence we drew sweetnèss, as from out a well

<sup>1</sup> The following lines are a humble tribute to the cherished memory of Arthur Henry Hallam.

Of honey, pure and deep; thine earthly form  
 Was not the investiture of daily men;  
 But thou didst wear a glory in thy look,  
 From inward converse with the Spirit of Love.  
 And thou hadst won in the first strife of youth  
 Trophies that gladdened hope, and pointed on  
 To days when we should stand and minister  
 At the full triumphs of thy gathered strength.

The twain were rent asunder in an hour  
 Of which we knew not; and the face we loved  
 With common earth is mingled; but the Soul  
 Drinks deep of Beauty, and in vision clear  
 Searches the glorious features from whose light  
 Flows every joy that shines on us below.

It was a question wonderful and deep,  
 'Who knoweth if to live be but to die,  
 'And Death be Life?'<sup>1</sup> In an unblessed time  
 It past from one whose lips were passages  
 For sweetest music, whose unwearied soul  
 Dwelt among human griefs; who loved to find  
 The wrecks of Joy and faded flowers of Hope.  
 Since have the wide earth and the arch of Heaven  
 Rung with blest answer;—and all Poesy,  
 And dreams of holy men, and crystal tears  
 Of the grave-circling mourners, have been blent  
 With light of Promise that can never fade.

'Twas the faint dawn; and from the waking Earth  
 Soft prayers were rising to the gate of heaven;

<sup>1</sup> τίς αἶδει, εἰ τὸ ζῆν μᾶν ἴσται καρθανῶν,  
 τὸ καρθανῶν δι' ζῆν;

EURIPIDES.

The busy lark had been before, and sung  
Floating in middle air, whether she love  
To swell the incense of the offering Earth,  
Or to be first of all created things  
To give glad welcome to the peering Morn.  
In old Verona sweetly slept the while  
That Bard of blessed soul,<sup>1</sup> to whom pure dreams  
Ministered ever, and sweet strains of song  
Lulled him the night-hours through.  
Stole not so softly now the slow-paced light  
Into that chamber dim, as moved before  
His sight the vision of his Laura's form ;  
All still and heavenly, and her lustrous eyes  
Quietly bent upon him, angel-mild,  
Not in the restlessness of earthly love,—  
Most like (but more serene) the look of one  
Who hath drunk deep of woe, and rests in faith.  
They had been severed long—meeting like this  
Might seem to warrant question. She replied,  
(Thou can'st not tell, love, how she said those words,  
But thou hast heard those sweetest notes of all,  
Prest from the rapturous breast of nightingale,  
That have their airy dwelling here and there  
Circling thee where thou standest in the gloom),  
' I live, beloved ; but 'tis thou art dead ;  
' Time is when thou shalt live.'

See how the light  
Dwells on yon mountain-side—marking each dell  
And every buttress of the velvet turf,  
So that we see the ribbed shadows stretch

<sup>1</sup> Petrarca.

Lengthened, as by the westering sun, along  
 This northward slope—and yet the day is high :  
 But turn we homeward—and that favoured hill  
 That overlooks our bay, reach, when the sun  
 Dips in the ocean brim. We may not lose,  
 After a day all consecrate as this,  
 The holy influence which on human souls  
 Flows from the sunset. Life and earthly things,  
 And calls importunate for daily toil,  
 Grant not such respite often as this day  
 We two have freely shared. Thankfully rise,  
 Dear Sister of my heart, from thy low seat,  
 Thankfully rise, and softly move away—  
 Move, like a dream ; for all around us hangs  
 The balanced calm of hills and arching sky,  
 And the solemn sleep of Death ; one startling word  
 Breaks the fair spell for ever.

Pass we hence ;

And as that reverend Priest of Poesy,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose presence shines upon these twilight times,  
 Hath, in THE CHURCHYARD IN THE MOUNTAINS, done  
 One sacrifice whose scent shall fill the world,  
 So shall this hour be fresh in memory,  
 A time to speak of in our thankful prayers,  
 If hallowed light of universal love  
 Each rising thought have steeped, and there have passed  
 Into our spoken words, aught that may teach  
 To the world's restless heart the bliss of calm,  
 The heavenly joy of well-assured Hope,  
 And the strong searchings of the soul for God.

<sup>1</sup> William Wordsworth.

## LESSON THE SIXTH.

---

"Now to withdraw my pen,  
 And now a while to rest,  
 Me semeth it for the beste.  
 The fore castel of my ship  
 Shal glide and smothely slip  
 Out of the waves wode  
 Of the stormye floude:  
 Shote anker, and lye at rode,  
 And sayle not farre a brode,  
 Till the cooste be clere  
 That the lode starre appere:  
 My shyp now will I pere  
 Toward the port salu  
 Of our Saviour Jesu."

SKELTON.

---

The strain is changed, and the song is of the day of triumph:  
 of the beauty and glory of earth as they minister to that  
 day: of the yearnings of Man's heart for it: of the high  
 blessedness of that day of all joy. The end, and a pro-  
 mise of more.

EREWHILE of Death and human suffering  
 Spoke we, and lingered, as in some dark wood  
 The pilgrim lingers, ere he dare approach  
 The golden shrine, where on his sight shall break  
 Light of pure grace from Heaven;—the end of toil  
 Is near—and through the trembling intervals  
 Of over-arching boughs, rich pinnacles  
 Spire up into the sky—the music deep  
 Of prayer-inviting bells fills all the air,

No longer heard in fitful swells and falls  
 Over far fields and waters, but poured forth  
 As if the voice of the cathedral pile  
 From tower and transept, and the thousand forms  
 Of sculptured saints and angels, sent at once  
 Its hymn of holy rapture up to God.

As' when the stars in heaven around the moon  
 Shew brightly, and the under air is calm,  
 All headland tops, and beacon-towers, and steeps,  
 Are clothed with visible light, and from above  
 The glory of the boundless firmament  
 Flows downward, and the heavenly host is seen,  
 The heart of him that watches by the fold  
 Swells in his breast for joy ; so riseth now  
 My labouring bosom, and the choking tears  
 Are thronging on my voice for very joy  
 At prospect of the inner life divine.

Light from afar—the night is well-nigh spent,  
 The day at hand ; no more of earthly woe,  
 Of conflict now no more ;—the laver pure  
 Of new Baptismal innocence, the Ark  
 That bears us through the flood which fell for sin,  
 And lands us in the country far away,  
 All love, all knowledge of divinest lore  
 Regained—the pathway shining like the light

<sup>1</sup> ὡς δ' ἔτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαίνον ἀμφὶ σιλήνην  
 φαίνετ' ἀριπεπέια, ὅτι τ' ἰπλιτο νήνεμος αἰθῆς,  
 ἱκ τ' ἴφρον πᾶσαι σκοπιαί, καὶ πρῶνις ἄπροι,  
 πλὴ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ' ἀε' ὑπερῆγγη ἄσπιτος αἰθῆς,  
 πάντα δὲ τ' εἶδεται ἄστρα, γίγνηθι δὲ τι φρένα ποιμήν.

That shineth ever to the perfect day,—  
These be our converse now ; yon solemn Church,  
The sanctuary of Earth, with its flushed tower,  
Is full in view—and we are here in peace  
With the sunset falling round us, by our hearth ;  
Meet time for talk of mystic truths and high,  
Best pondered on, when every fleeting thing  
Is shut from our observance, and the sight  
From outward lures turns inward on the soul.  
And thou art with me, who hast ever been  
The spirit of my song—no longer now  
Half-known, untried, a theme of restless thought,  
By self-distrusting fondness glorified ;  
But tried and known, approved and manifest,  
Partaker of a thousand wakeful thoughts,  
And cares of daily love.

The April moon,  
When she looks over thickets fresh in green  
Whose young leaves tremble in her golden light,  
Tempereth not with such a peaceful charm  
The rapturous gush of bowered nightingale,  
As doth thy quiet look my struggling thoughts ;  
Nor, if I guess aright, doth the full song  
Of the night-warbler with more life endow  
The slumbering moonlight, than these tuneful words  
Thy patient spirit, rapt in holy calm  
Of contemplation, married to desire,  
Wandering or resting as affection leads.

We have been dwellers in a lovely land,  
A land of lavish lights and floating shades,



And broad green flats, bordered by woody capes  
That lessen ever as they stretch away  
Into the distance blue ; a land of hills,  
Cloud-gathering ranges, on whose ancient breast  
The morning mists repose ; each autumn tide  
Deep purple with the heath-bloom ; from whose brow  
We might behold the crimson sun go down  
Behind the barrier of the western sea :  
A land of beautiful and stately fanes,  
Aërial temples most magnificent,  
Rising with clusters of rich pinnacles  
And fretted battlements ; a land of towers  
Where sleeps the music of deep-voiced bells,  
Save when in holyday time the joyous air  
Ebbs to the welling sound ; and Sabbath morn,  
When from a choir of hill-side villages  
The peaceful invitation churchward chimes.  
So were our souls brought up to love this earth  
And feed on natural beauty : and the light  
Of our own sunsets, and the mountains blue  
That girt around our home, were very parts  
Of our young being ; linked with all we knew,  
Centres of interest for undying thoughts  
And themes of mindful converse. Happy they  
Who in the fresh and dawning time of youth  
Have dwelt in such a land, tuning their souls  
To the deep melodies of Nature's laws  
Heard in the after-time of riper thought  
Reflective on past seasons of delight.

But what is beauty ? why doth human art  
Strive ever to attain similitude

With some bright idol of creative mind ?  
Why do the trembling stars, and mighty hills,  
And forms of moving grace, and the deep fire  
Of tender eyes, and gloom, and setting suns,  
All feed in turn one unfulfilled desire ?

Deep theme is this for youthful lovers' thought ;  
And fittest dwelt on when thy presence sheds  
Sweet Peace around me ; when then if not now,  
When in the clearest light of tranquil love  
Disrobed of Earth's unrest, like some fair star  
Thou rulest in the firmament of thought.

Begin we then in humble strains, and search  
With patient hope—it may be we shall find  
If lowly caution guide our steps ; for oft  
Truth veileth back her bright and queenly form  
From eyes of mortal men : and seek not we  
To look within, for fear with too much light  
One glimpse benight us : let it be enough  
To rule the spirit into harmony  
With the great world around : for every thing  
That therein is beareth a separate part  
In the soul's teaching : let it be enough  
Not by a stretch of thought, or painful strain  
Of faculty acquired, but with pure love,  
Pure and untaught, save what the inner light  
Of the great Spirit teacheth, to lay bare  
The soul to the influence of each little flower  
That springs beneath our feet ; and go our way  
Rejoicing in the fond companionship  
Of every humblest thing ; communion blest

In the unpitied and unmurmured woes  
And all the simple joys of Nature's babes.

Deep in a chamber of the inner soul  
The folded principles of action lie  
As in a bud enclosed, which ere the time  
Of leaf-awakening Spring comes kindly on,  
Containeth sprays and flowers that are to be ; —  
Thus think thou of the soul ; for better thus  
Than to desert the mighty parable  
That falls unceasing on the ear of man,  
And seek new processes of laboured thought  
That have no fellows in the world of things.

*Law is the King of all*;<sup>1</sup> we live and move  
Not without firm conditions guarded well  
In the great Mind that rules us. Manifold  
Are the inward workings of the soul ; — now seen  
And open to the sense, as when we teach  
Unto our anguished hearts sufferance of woe ;  
Now only visible to Angel sight  
Or to the eyes of God — gradual and deep,  
Owing no homage to the tyrant will.  
But each and all, the wrested soul of man  
Brings nearer to the course of laws divine :  
Whether by strong self-chiding, or by length  
Of intercourse with heavenly messengers,  
Who veil their presence in the things of Earth.  
And therefore Beauty is not spread in vain  
Upon this world of man — God is not left

<sup>1</sup> νόμος πάντων βασιλεύς.—PINDAR.

Without his witness ; and the daily task  
 Of human kind is bound in closest ties  
 To natural beauty ; whether in the field  
 The lavish blessings of the open sky  
 Are shed around him, or in city vast  
 The Sun in crimson guise lift up his orb,  
 Clothing the mist, distinct with domes and towers,  
 In wreathed glories.

God doth nought in vain ;  
 And from the searchings of benighted souls  
 Before the light arose, hath flowed to us  
 Great store of Truth — for in that mighty quest  
 Nought that was fair on Earth or bright in Heaven  
 Wanted its honour, or its place assigned,  
 Or careful culture ; and all lovely things  
 Were ranged for guides along the path to God.

From his fire-beacon for a thousand years  
 The searching spirit of the lorn Chaldee  
 Held converse with the starry multitude ;  
 He<sup>1</sup> knew the lamping potentates that bring  
 Summer and winter, when they wax and wane :  
 Soothing his solitary soul with song  
 Low-hummed, of mighty hunters, or the queen  
 That blazed in battle-front ; or if perchance  
 Of gentler mood, of Nineveh's soft king

<sup>1</sup> ἄστρων κάτοιδα νυκτίων ἐρηγυρίν,  
 καὶ τοὺς φέροντας χῆμα καὶ θίρος βρότους  
 λαμπροὺς δυνάστας ἰμπερίοντας αἰθίρῃ  
 ἄστρίων, ὅταν φθίνωσιν, ἀντολάς τε τῶν.

ÆSCHYL. *Agamemnon*.

Sardanapalus, that on roses slept,  
 Lulled by the lingering tremble of soft lutes ;—  
 Deep melodies, whose echoes left the world  
 Before the empires rose, whose wrecks are we ;—  
 How proudly in his Paradise of Art  
 The old Egyptian must have worn his pomp,  
 Nature's first moulded form of perfectness  
 Wrought in her sport, and playfully destroyed  
 That she might try her artist hand again ;  
 How beautiful was Greece—how marvellous  
 In polity, and chastened grace severe—  
 In nicely-balanced strains, and harmonies  
 Tuned to the varying passion ; flute or lyre  
 Not unaccompanied by solemn dance  
 In arms, or movement of well-ordered youths  
 And maids in Dorian tunic simply clad ;—  
 How rich in song, and artful dialogue,  
 Long-sighted irony, and half-earnest guess  
 At deeply-pondered truth.

But spirits pure

Deep drinking at the fount of natural joy,  
 Grew sad and hopeless as the foot of Death  
 Crept onwards ; and beyond the deep-blue hills  
 And plains o'erflowed with light, and woody paths,  
 No safe abode of everduring joy  
 Lifted its promise to the sight of Man.

“ Farewell, farewell for ever—never more  
 Thy beautiful young form shall pass athwart  
 Our fond desiring vision ;—the great world  
 Moves on, and human accidents ; and Spring

New-clothes the forests, and the warm west-wind  
 Awakes the nightingales;—but thou the while  
 A handful of dull earth, art not, and we  
 Insatiable<sup>1</sup> in woe weep evermore  
 Around the marble where thine ashes lie.”  
 Such sounds by pillared temple, or hill-side  
 Sweet with wild roses, or by sacred stream  
 Errant through mossy rocks, saddened the air,  
 Whether ripe virgin on the bier were borne,  
 Or youth untimely cropped; or in still night  
 The moon shone full, and choir of maidens moved  
 Through glades distinct with shadow, bearing vows  
 Of choicest flowers and hair,—fearful the while  
 Of thwarting influence or uncautious word,  
 Till round the tomb they poured their votive wine  
 And moved in dance, or chanted liquid hymns  
 Soothing the rigid silence. “Fare thee well:  
 A journey without end, a wakeless sleep,  
 Or some half-joyful place, where feeble ghosts  
 Wander in dreamy twilight, holds thee now;  
 Thy joy is done: and thine espousals kept  
 Down in the dark house of forgetfulness.”

Home of our spirits, whether terraced high  
 From Kedron's brook in thy Judæan hills,  
 A pleasant place, and joy of all the earth;  
 Or in a brighter vision opening forth  
 Thy gold-paved streets and jasper architraves,

<sup>1</sup> At nos horrifico cinefactum te prope busto  
 Insatiabiliter defebimus, æternumque  
 Nulla dies nobis mœrorem e pectore demet.

LUCR. iii. 919.

Above, and free, and Mother of us all ;  
 To thee my step would turn — to thy new songs  
 Fain would I tune the harp, that lightly skilled  
 Essays high music ; in the eternal calm  
 Of thy pure air, and by thy living streams,  
 Drink long forgetfulness of earthly woe.  
 For thy sweet port this little bark long bound  
 Hath wandered on the waters — or my steps  
 Devious through many a land, each pleasant hill  
 Each mossy nook hath stayed on search for thee ;  
 Still somewhat finding of wide-scattered joy,  
 Some thoughts of deep sweet meaning ; but desire  
 Grows with my spirit's growth ; and nought on earth  
 Is glorious now as it hath glorious been,  
 So doth my forward vision search, and read  
 In the dim distance tracks of severed light  
 Forerunning thy descent, by prophets seen  
 Of old in prospect, out of heaven from God ; —  
 Our earth hath nought so blessed ; not the grove  
 Budding in Spring, with choir of nightingales  
 Vocal in shadowy moonlight ;<sup>1</sup> not the crest  
 Of old Olympus, seat of Gods secure

<sup>1</sup> Οὐλυμπόν δ', ὅθι φασὶ θεῶν ἔδος ἀσφαλὶς αἰεὶ  
 ἱμμεῖναι· οὐτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται, οὐδὲ ποτ' ὄμβρον  
 δύνεται· οὐτε χιῶν ἐπιπίπτεται· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰθέρη  
 πίπτουσαι ἀντίφαιλος, λευκὴ δ' ἐπιδίδρομον αἴγλη.

Hom. Od. ζ. 40.

Apparet Divûm numen, sedesque ̄quietæ :  
 Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis  
 Adspargunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina  
 Cana cadens violat : semperque innubilus æther  
 Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

LUCRET. iii. 18.

Through the eternal ages, which nor wind  
With rude breath dares to shake, nor rain to wet,  
Nor flakes of floating snow; but ever stretch  
The boundless fields of ether without cloud  
Above, and dazzling sheen of whitest light  
Plays round the holy summit.

—Art thou one

Before whose eyes bright visions have unveiled  
Of peace and long-expected rest—to whom  
There hath been shewn some timber-shadowed home  
In a fair country all prepared for thee,  
Just shewn, and then withdrawn—to whom some heart  
But yesterday in firmest union bound,  
Hath vanished from the wide world utterly,  
Leaving upon thy breast a dreary want,  
As doth a strain of melody broken off  
In a sweet cadence, on the longing ear?  
Hast thou in very hopelessness of soul  
Bowed down to tyrant power, cheating thy life  
Of the sweet guidance of the will, and toiled  
Bridled by strong necessity, unnamed  
Save by proud reasoners on the mass of men,  
An unit in the aggregate, a wheel  
In the base system that unsouls our race—  
While human feelings deep and pure within  
Flow out to wife and child, brother and friend,  
And thy tired spirit looks forth in faith to Him  
Who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong?  
Art thou a child of Nature's own, and lovest  
To hold sweet communings with this fair world  
More than to search thy heart, or interchange



Thought with the thought of other— Is the Earth  
To thee a well of never-failing joy —  
Dost thou affect the charms of budding Spring,  
Seat beneath arching shade, or with slow feet  
To pace the flowery-mantled field, and cull  
With careless hand the glory and delight  
Of motley meadows—art thou deep in love  
With the glorious changes of the dappled sky,  
Whether the circle of the golden Sun  
Shower the heavens with brightness, newly risen,  
Scattering the morning frost, or glorify  
The liquid clearness of the Summer heaven,  
Or the West fade in twilight, till the dark  
Fall on the fields, and Silence and sweet Peace  
Pass hand in hand along the slumbering Earth—  
Then looking from a chamber-casement high  
Over paternal groves, beneath the moon,  
Listlessly pondering, hear the village-clock  
Strike in the voiceless night ?

All natural joy

From the dull heartlessness of mortal men  
Set free for ever— Liberty and Peace,  
Desire and its fulfilment, side by side  
Ranged ever, all the long bright days of heaven,  
These shall be thine, in that fair city of God  
Dwelling, where ever through the blessed streets  
Serene light vibrates, and the starry gulfs  
Of ether lie above in perfect rest.

But why delay and parley with delight  
On this side of the river—steeply rise

The woody shores beyond, with palace-towers  
 And golden minarets sublimely crowned,  
 All full of light and glorious ; and the stream  
 Is calm and silent, flowing darkly on  
 Among strange flowers, and thickets of deep shade :  
 Weary with toil, and worn with travel, plunge  
 From the green margin sweetly without fear ;  
 Softly put back the wave on either side,  
 And skim the surface with thy nether lip ;  
 Soon shalt thou press the flowers on yonder bank,  
 And rest on yielding roses. 'Tis not given  
 To trace thee—but most like some mighty stream  
 Under a rocky barrier working deep  
 With hollow gushings, soon to burst afresh  
 Over a new land faintly pictured forth  
 Each day on our horizon—such art thou.

The righteous souls are in the hand of God—  
 No harm shall touch them—laid securely by  
 Even in an infant's slumber, or perchance  
 In gradual progress of their mighty change :  
 The summer Sabbath is not half so calm  
 As is the blessed chamber, where repose  
 After their earthly labours, fenced around  
 With guardian Cherubim that weary not,  
 The spirits of the just : not cave of sleep  
 In ancient Lemnos, murmured round by waves ;—  
 Not the charmed slumber of that British king  
 Resting beneath the crumbled abbey-walls  
 In the westward-sloping vale of Avalon ;—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> King Arthur, buried at Glastonbury in a sleep, from which legends say he shall awake and reign again.

Nor the ambrosial trance of Jove's great son  
That fell beneath Troy walls—whom Death and Sleep  
On dusky-folded wings to Lycia land  
Bore through the yielding ether without noise.<sup>1</sup>

But who can tell the glories of the day  
When from a thousand hills and wooded vales  
This Earth shall send her tribute forth to God,  
Myriads of blessed forms—when her old wound  
Shall have been fully healed—the Covenant  
Rule in the bright ascendant—while above  
Throb through the air from new-awakened harps  
Pulses of ancient song: and God's own Bride  
Drest for her Husband, lift her sky-clear brow  
Out of the dust?

She dwells in sorrow long:  
Her sun of life and light hath sunk away;  
Her night, far spent it may be, yet is thick  
And hangeth heavily along the sky;  
We cannot see her flowers that bloom around,  
Save where in dazzling clusters through the dark  
Her virgin lilies drink the scattered light:  
She feedeth upon dew distilled from earth  
And air, and transitory vapour dim;  
But still there is a brightness in the West  
Painfully traced by all her watchful sons;  
Even the glory, at whose parting track  
The men of Galilee stood gazing up

<sup>1</sup> πέμπτε δὲ μιν πόμπησιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,  
ὑπὸ καὶ θανάτῳ διδυμάσιν, αἱ εἰ μιν ἅμα  
κάτθεσαν ἐν Λυκίᾳ ὑρέϊς πῖνον δῆμοι.

With shadowed foreheads, till the white-robed pair  
Spoke comfort ; and along the hopeful East  
A clear pale shining, promise of a day  
Glorious and wonderful ;— the fainting stars  
Have lost their lustre— voice of wassail mirth  
Is none, for the revels of Earth have past away ;  
All chivalry and pomp that was of yore,  
And fields of cloth of gold— all delicate work  
In metal and in stone, the pride of kings  
And task of captive tribes, have ceased to be :  
Man misseth his old skill ; but ever wins  
Upon the world the calm and steady light  
Forerunning the great Sun ; that lighteth now  
Perchance fair orbs around us ; soon to burst  
In perfect glory on the earth we love.

Rise up, thou daughter of the brightest King  
That ever wore a crown ; awake and rise,  
Forget thy people and thy father's house ;  
Thou that wert yeaned in winter dreariness,  
Swathed in the manger of thy Love and Lord,  
Shake off thy dust and rise— thine hour is come,  
The marriage-morn is come, and all the bells  
In heaven are whispering with their silver tongues ;  
And the faint pulses of the sound divine  
Are swimming o'er thee where thou liest yet  
Unwaked ;— the pomp of Seraphim ere long  
Will be upon thee, and the sheen of Heaven  
Fall on thy brow, as doth the glimpse of the East  
Upon the folded flower.

My task is done :

The garlands that I wreathed around my brow  
 Are fading on it, and the air of song  
 Is passing from me. Thou art standing by,  
 Bent o'er thy Poet with Love-lighted eyes,  
 And raptured look of ardent hope, that tells  
 Of holiest influences shed forth within.  
 I have not talked with one who cannot feel  
 Every minutest nourishment of thought ;  
 For I have seen thee when the western gale  
 Blew loud and rude upon our native hills,  
 With bonnet doffed, courting the busy wind ;  
 And I have looked on thee till my dim eyes  
 Swam with delight, and thou didst seem to me,  
 As I stood by thee on the aery steep,  
 Like a young Seraph ready poised for flight ;  
 O sweet illusion—but in after time  
 The truth shall follow—for we two shall stand  
 Upon the everlasting hills of heaven,  
 With glorious beauty clothed that cannot die ;  
 And far beneath upon the myriad worlds  
 All unimaginable glory spread,  
 Brighter than brightest floods of rosy light  
 Poured by the sunset on our western sea.  
 It will not matter to the soul set free  
 Which hemisphere we tenanted on earth ;  
 Whether it sojourned where the northern wain  
 Dips not in Ocean,<sup>1</sup> or beneath the heaven  
 Where overhead the austral cross is fixed  
 Glistening in glory, or amidst the snows  
 Under the playing of the Boreal lights ;

<sup>1</sup> οἷη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λαίτραν ὠκεάνοιο.

We shall be free to wander evermore  
In thought, the spirit's motion, o'er the wide  
And wondrous universe, with messages  
To beautiful beings who have never fallen,  
And worlds that never heard the cry of sin.  
As one who in a new and beauteous land  
Lately arrived, rests not till every way  
His steps have wandered, searching out new paths  
To far-off towers that rise along the vales ;  
So to a thousand founts of light unknown  
Our new-enfranchised souls shall travel forth,  
Rich with strange beauties—some, it may be, clad  
With woods, and interlaced with playful brooks  
And ever-changing shades, like this our home ;  
And some a wilderness of craggy thrones,  
With skies of stranger hue ; and glorious  
With train of orbs attendant on their state,  
Mingling their rays in atmospheres of Love.

But yet one word. Yon silver-fringed clouds  
That scale the western barrier of the world  
Pile upon pile, seem to have borrowed gleams  
Of that ethereal light I told thee of ;  
And the clear blue, so calm and deep behind  
On which they sail, is like the mighty Soul,  
Thus fathomless, thus dwelt in by strange things,  
On which the forms of multitudinous thought  
Float ever, bright or dark, or complicate  
Of light and darkness ; and the quiet stars  
Are fountains of far-off and milder fire,  
Nearer the throne of God ; the hopes and joys  
Of which I sung to thee, that make no wave

Upon the stream of memory ; but from which  
The spiritual senses take their power,  
And from a myriad stones, costly though small,  
Is built the mansion of the blessed soul.

---

THUS far in golden dreams of youth, I sung  
Of Love and Beauty — beauty not the child  
Of change, nor love the growth of fierce desire,  
But calm and blessed both, the heritage  
Of purest spirits, sprung from trust in God.  
Further to pierce the veil, asks riper strength,  
And firmer resting on conclusions fixed  
By patient labour wrought in manly years.  
Here rest we then : our message thus declared,  
Leave the full echoes of our harp to ebb  
Back from the sated ear : teaching meanwhile  
Our thoughts to meditate new melodies,  
Our hands to touch the strings with safer skill.

---

Written January 1, 1832.

---

THE year is born to-day — methinks it hath  
A chilly time of it; for down the sky  
The flaky frost-cloud stretches, and the Sun  
Lifted his large light from the Eastern plains,  
With gloomy mist-enfolded countenance,  
And garments rolled in blood. Under the haze  
Along the face of the waters, gather fast  
Sharp spikes of the fresh ice — as if the year  
That died last night, had dropt down suddenly  
In his full strength of genial government,  
Prisoning the sharp breath of the Northern winds;  
Who now burst forth and revel unrestrained  
Over the new king's months of infancy.

The bells rung merrily when the old year died;  
He past away in music; his death-sleep  
Closed on him like the slumber of a child  
When a sweet hymn in a sweet voice above him  
Takes up into its sound his gentle being.

And we will raise to him two monuments;  
One where he died, and one where he lies buried;  
One in the pealing of those midnight bells,  
Their swell and fall, and varied interchange,  
The tones that come again upon the spirit



In years far off, mid unshaped accidents ;—  
And one in the deep quiet of the soul,  
The mingled memories of a thousand moods  
Of joy and sorrow ;—and his epitaph  
Shall be upon him—“ Here lie the remains  
Of one, who was less valued while he lived,  
Than thought on when he died.”

---

## Midnight Thoughts.

---

'Tis just the moment when Time hangs in doubt  
Between the parting and the coming day :  
The deep clock tolleth twelve—and its full tide  
Of swelling sound pours out upon the wind :  
The bright cold stars are glittering from the sky,  
And one of large light, fairer than the rest,  
Looks through yon screen of leaf-deserted limes.

Not undelightful are the trains of thought  
That usher in my midnights. Thou art there  
Whom my soul loveth ; in that calm still hour  
Thy image floats before mine inward eye,  
Placid as is the season, wrapt in sleep,  
And heaving gently with unconscious breath ;  
While thy bright guardian watches at thy head,  
Unseen of mortal, through the nightly hours,  
Active against intrusion on thy mind  
Of aught unholy : careful to preserve  
The sanctuary of thy spirit swept and pure  
For early worship when thine eyelids wake.  
Sleep softly, and wake softly !—may thy dreams  
Be all of Heaven, as mine are all of Thee !

I HAVE found Peace in the bright earth  
And in the sunny sky :  
By the low voice of summer seas,  
And where streams murmur by ;

I find it in the quiet tone  
Of voices that I love :  
By the flickering of a twilight fire,  
And in a leafless grove ;

I find it in the silent flow  
Of solitary thought :  
In calm half-meditated dreams,  
And reasonings self-taught ;

But seldom have I found such peace,  
As in the soul's deep joy  
Of passing onward free from harm  
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,  
And lift our hopes too high ;  
The constant flowers that line our way  
Alone can satisfy.

## A Doubt.

---

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop  
Than when we soar.                      WORDSWORTH.

---

I KNOW not how the right may be:—  
But I give thanks whene'er I see  
Down in the green slopes of the West  
Old Glastonbury's towered crest.

I know not how the right may be:—  
But I have oft had joy to see  
By play of chance my road beside  
The Cross on which our Saviour died.

I know not how the right may be:—  
But I loved once a tall elm-tree,  
Because between its boughs on high  
That Cross was opened on the sky.

I know not how the right may be:—  
But I have shed strange tears to see,  
Passing an unknown town at night,  
In some warm chamber full of light,  
A Mother and two Children fair,  
Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.

I know not how it is—my boast  
Of Reason seems to dwindle down ;  
And my mind seems down-argued most  
By forced conclusions not her own.

I know not how it is—unless  
Weakness and strength are near allied ;  
And joys which most the spirit bless  
Are furthest off from earthly pride.

---

To-MORROW—'tis an idle sound,  
Tell me of no such dreary thing—  
A new land whither I am bound  
After strange wandering.

What care I if bright blossoms there  
Unfold, and sunny be the field ;  
If laded boughs in summer air  
Their pulpy fruitage yield ?

While deck to-day my pleasant bower  
Upon my own loved mountain-side  
The azure periwinkle-flower,  
And violet deep-eyed ?

Tell me not of to-morrow—calm  
In His great hand I would abide  
Who fills my present hour with balm,  
And trust, whate'er betide.

## Amor Mundanus.

---

FREED from the womb, and from the bounds  
With which the stepdame infancy  
Our days of pupillage surrounds,  
We spring up beautiful and free ;  
Divine in form, divine in grace,  
All wonderful to those who look  
Upon the heavenly-printed face,  
In which, as in a living book,  
The characters of high descent  
Are seen with air and motion blent.

Behold the curious Babe exploring  
The furniture of its new earth ;  
And Time with ministrant hand restoring  
The bloom and strength it lost in birth ;  
It is as though some magic power  
Had shut the senses of a Bride,  
And in strange air from hour to hour  
She breathed away the summer-tide,  
And woke and found herself alone,  
And all her sweet fore-castings gone.

It is as though she should not wear  
The weeds of sober widowhood,  
But just to memory give a tear,  
Then rise with stirring hope renewed ;

And ere the period of the Sun,  
    In joyful garments habited,  
Leaning upon another One,  
    Should walk the flowery path to wed;  
And build among new children's eyes  
A home of rooted sympathies.

Child — that dost evermore desire  
    For something thou canst call thine own ;  
In summer-sun, by winter-fire,  
    Jealously bent to rule alone ;  
Thou gatherest round thee plenteous store  
    Wherewith to sate thy longing sight ;  
Thou ever hast, and wishest more,  
    And so thou schoolest thy delight  
To drink at every little stream,  
And bask in every daily beam.

And when thy limbs are proud and strong,  
    Thou seekest out a home to last,  
Among the dainties that belong  
    To the strange shore where thou art cast ;  
For kisses and kind words bestowed  
    Thou quittest hope, and all content  
Thou takest up thy calm abode  
    In the country of thy banishment ;  
Careless of tidings that relate  
To winning back thy lost estate.



## Amor Coelestis.

---

I HAVE a longing to be free ;  
The soul that in me hides  
Its mouldering fires, unwillingly  
Its day of liberation bides.

Clouds, that above the flowery earth  
Float onward in the air,  
Rejoice as each day hath its birth,  
They hurry on they list not where :

Birds, that along their gladsome way  
Flutter in wavy flight,  
Pipe in their arbours all the day,  
And rest upon their branch at night;

Stars, like a fleet of glittering sail  
On the upper ocean driven,  
At the western haven never fail  
To cease from earth and enter heaven;

And then forth issuing from the east,  
When night-winds softly blow,  
They ride in order bright and blest,  
Their clustered myriads none may know :

Only this breath of life divine  
    May not escape away,  
Nor move in the gold rays that shine  
    Around the blessed eye of day.

Only this bird of sweetest strain  
    Must hide its notes in gloom ;  
Only this purest flower from stain  
    In secret places veil its bloom.

Only this star of clearest light  
    Hath not its course above :  
But, undistinguished from the night,  
    It dwells on earth, and wins no love.

I STAND upon the margin of our level lake ;  
The daylight from the west is fading fast away ;  
The rooks above the wood their evening concert make,  
And in the gleaming pool the fishes leap and play.

Eastward, appearing dimly through the golden haze,  
The Moon in perfect circle lifts her solemn light ;  
The waters tremble ever with a restless blaze,  
With ripples and wood-shadows dappled dark and bright.

Why is my deathless spirit bound to minister  
To transient matter ? fettered to this vision fair,  
I seem to lose all breath, no thought hath power to stir :  
Ye take too much upon you, sights of earth and air !

Is it some purpose high of fête or festival  
For Beings never pierced by edge of mortal sight ;  
And are there poured around me, camping within call,  
A beautiful throng of Angels triumphing in delight ?

Is it for some pure Spirits torn on earth asunder,  
Who long, long years have pined in solitude and woe,  
To meet together here, and speak their love and wonder,  
And-feast on joy that none but risen souls can know ?

Might I but reach the secret of that hidden power  
That dwells in the mute children of our parent Earth,  
The magic that can bind together in one hour  
Contented joy and yearnings for our mightier birth !

**THERE** is a wood, not far from where I pass  
My unrecorded hours in pleasant toil ;—  
Each tangle of the spreading boughs I know,  
And where each bird doth nestle ; every pool  
That makes a mirror for the quivering leaves ;  
The days are past when I could wander on  
And lose myself, expecting at each turn  
New pillared avenues of stately trees,  
And glimpses of far waters.

Even thus  
Will all the joy and beauty of this Earth  
Become familiar things ; wonder shall yield  
To cold arrangement ; and the voices deep  
Of the great Kings of Song shall cease to stir  
Mine inner fount of tears. The power of God  
Shall not be thereby shortened in my soul,  
But in my weakness rather perfect made,  
In the sure progress of untroubled Love  
That heals the fevered heart ; as in the morn  
Upon the fading of the partial stars  
Wins the calm Daylight, over all diffused.

## Written in an Artificial Pleasure-Ground.

---

'Tis pretty, doubtless : water, grass, and trees,  
The man who hath a heart must always please :  
The morning glories from yon steaming lake  
A thousand colours into being wake ;  
The naked sunlight of the summer day  
Is veiled by boughs that overarch the way ;  
And moonlight sweetly in her silver flood  
Bathes the long reaches of the lawn and wood.

But ever comes upon the sated breast  
A sense of incompleteness and unrest,  
A loathing of the fretfulness of men,  
And yearning for Earth's natural face again.

Thus when surprised our family circle bend  
Over some token sent us by a friend,  
Admire the traces of his happy art,  
Turn every side, and criticise each part,—  
Emblazoned in the tradesman's mystic lines,  
Lo at the back a three-and-sixpence shines !

## Palinode to the Foregoing.

---

THUS sung I in these grounds erewhile, perchance  
Tempted by sudden aptitude of words  
Into that measure which least pleaseth me,  
Sacred to Satire and unquiet thought.  
Forgive me, shades—forgive me, thou calm lake  
Of spreading water, quietly asleep  
Between thy fringing woods: Man is not less  
Than Nature holy; and these records fair  
Of striving after likeness to the forms  
Of natural beauty may not be despised  
By man, as them imperfect; rather stored  
Within the patient spirit, if perhaps  
The slow-learnt lesson of obeying God  
By them be furthered, and the complete soul  
Pass from the fretful crowd of hopes and fears  
Into her silent oratory, where,  
With calm submission and unshaken trust,  
She may lay out herself to imitate  
All forms of beauty spiritual, and make  
A pleasure-ground within, for angels fit,  
And Him whose voice was heard among the trees,  
Walking in Eden in the cool of the day.

## Anticipation.

---

In the bright summer weather  
We twain will go together,  
By the river's silver swathes,  
Where the melilotus bathes  
    Its blooms gold-bright ;  
And along the distant stream  
Broods the white silent steam,  
Thickening onward like a dream  
    In the first sleep of night.

In the warm summer weather  
We twain will go together,  
On the west side of the hill,  
While the leaves are keeping still,  
    As the sun goes down ;  
And the long straight streams  
Of the mellow setting beams  
Light up with rosy gleams  
    Mountain, moor, and town.

In the calm summer weather  
We twain will go together,  
When the western planet's light  
Is full, and warm, and bright,  
    Above the western flood ;  
Only the impatient rill  
To itself is talking still,  
By the hedge-row down the hill,  
    On the border of the wood.

THE cowslip standeth in the grass,  
The primrose in the budding grove  
Hath laid her pale fair breast  
On the green sward to rest :  
The vapours that cease not to rove  
Athwart the blue sky, fleet and pass,  
And ever o'er the golden sun  
Their shadows run.

He is not in the glittering mead,  
Stooping to fill his hands with flowers ;  
He is not in the wood  
Plucking the primrose-bud ;  
He doth not mark the bloomy hours,  
The joy and May he doth not heed :  
Under the church-wall in the shade  
His bed is made.

---



## An Easter Ode.

---

THE calm of blessed Night  
Is on Judæa's hills ;  
The full-orbed moon with cloudless light  
Is sparkling on their rills :  
One spot above the rest  
Is still and tranquil seen,  
The chamber as of something blest,  
Amidst its bowers of green.

Around that spot each way  
The figures ye may trace  
Of men-at-arms in grim array,  
Girding the solemn place :  
But other bands are there—  
And, glistening through the gloom,  
Legions of angels bright and fair  
Throng to that wondrous tomb.

“ Praise be to God on high !  
The triumph-hour is near ;  
The Lord hath won the victory,  
The foe is vanquished here !  
Dark Grave, yield up the dead—  
Give up thy prey, thou Earth ;  
In death He bowed His sacred head,—  
He springs anew to birth !

Sharp was the wreath of thorns  
    Around His suffering brow ;  
But glory rich His head adorns,  
    And Angels crown Him now.  
Roll yonder rock away  
    That bars the marble gate ;  
And gather we in bright array  
    To swell the Victor's state !”

“ Hail, hail, hail !  
    The Lord is risen indeed !  
The curse is made of none avail ;  
    The sons of men are freed !”

---

**Wednesday in Easter Week, 1844.**

---

THE lovely form of God's own Church  
It riseth in all lands,  
On mountain sides, in wooded vales,  
And by the desert sands.

There is it, with its solemn aisles,  
A heavenly, holy thing,  
And round its walls lie Christian dead  
Blessedly slumbering.

Though sects and factions rend the world,  
Peace is its heritage;  
Unchanged, though empires by it pass,  
The same from age to age.

The hallowed form our fathers built,  
That hallowed form build we;  
Let not one stone from its own place  
Removed ever be.

Scoff as thou passest, if thou wilt,  
Thou man that hast no faith —  
Thou that no sorrows hast in life,  
Nor blessedness in death.

But we will build, for all thou scoff,  
And cry, "What waste is this!"

**The Lord our God hath given us all,  
And all is therefore His.**

**Clear voices from above sound out  
Their blessing on the pile ;  
The dead beneath support our hands,  
And succour us the while.**

**Yea, when we climb the rising walls  
Is peace and comfort given ;  
Because the work is not of earth,  
But hath its end in Heaven.**

---

**First Sunday after Easter, 1844.**

---

MY blessed child ! Last Sunday morn,  
That Feast of all the year,  
We held thee in our wearied arms,  
Distraught with hope and fear.

We soothed thee with caresses fond ;  
With words, alas, how vain,  
We strove to still thy piercing moans,  
And set to sleep thy pain.

But still the thought would ever rise  
In stern reality,  
Ill balanced by returning hope,  
That our dear child would die.

Another Sunday morn is come,  
But all is altered now :  
Pilgrims upon this earth are we,  
A blessed saint art thou.

No mother now beside thy bed  
Lest fall her burning tears ;  
No father bathes thy fevered head,  
Nor whispers rising fears.

That form so fair, those eyes so bright,  
Are laid in hallowed ground,

And over them the churchward chimes  
A peaceful requiem sound.

But thou, dear glorious child, art fled,  
And on thy Saviour's breast  
Dost for the resurrection-morn  
In holy quiet rest.

Oh, never would we change this hour,  
With blessed hope so bright,  
For that sad day of fainting prayers,  
For that last anxious night.

The earth and all that is therein  
Are hallowed to us now :  
In work, at rest, at home, abroad,  
Where'er we turn, art thou.

Thou blessed child in Paradise,  
Safe fled from sin and pain ;  
Oh, not for all thy life could give  
Shouldst thou be here again.

---

I THOUGHT, if I could go and stand  
Beside our dear one's grave in faith,  
And lift the voice, and stretch the hand,  
And call on Him who conquered Death ;

And then in my reliance deep,  
Bid the new-buried corpse come forth,—  
The call of faith would break that sleep,  
And animate that lifeless earth.

But while I pondered thus, within  
A gentle voice reminded me  
That I was weak, and soiled with sin,—  
That Faith must strong and holy be.

“ Raise up the deadness of thy soul,  
Be pure, and watch, and fast, and pray ;  
Then mayst thou bid the sick be whole,  
Then shall the dead thy voice obey.”

Lord God the Spirit ! purify  
My thoughts— bind fast my life to Thee ;  
So shall I meet my babe on high,  
Though he may not return to me.

*Wymeswold, May 9, 1844.*

## The Passion of St. Agnes.

---

From Prudentius *πρὸς ἁγίαν*.

---

NEAR the town of Romulus,  
Faithful Maid and Martyr blest,  
Agnes hath her sepulchre ;  
From her holy place of rest  
She can see the city-towers,  
She can hear the city stir.

Double crown of martyrdom  
She hath granted her ;  
Chaste unspotted virginal,  
Glory of a willing death.  
Christ-devoted, she had scorned  
Idol-sacrifice to pay ;—  
They had searched her long and sore,  
Balancing her soul between  
Offers thick of ease and bliss,  
Iron-hearted threats of pain ;  
Mild and proud she looked on them :  
“ Ye may take and try me here ;  
So believe me, as ye see  
Joy look from me in the fires,  
Praises when ye list for cries.”



Then the stark tormenter said,  
" It is easy to hush down  
Struggling pain when life is cheap ;  
But she hath a precious gem ;  
Do she not our sacrifice,  
Into public place impure  
Be she led, and peril make  
Of the pearl she loveth best ;  
Life she selleth but to buy  
    Visions of untasted bliss ;  
    May be she will sell her dreams  
To redeem her chastity."

Then the holy Agnes said,  
" Deem ye never that my Christ  
Will forget His chosen so,  
As to let the golden crown  
Of my virgin brow be dimmed ;  
Ye may crust your steel with blood,  
But my Christ and I have sworn  
These His members bright and pure  
Earthly lust shall never soil."

Thus she boasted, and was led  
Blessed, in unblessed wise,  
Where the public pavements meet ;  
There she stood, and every face  
Of the reverential crowd  
Turned away in fear and shame,  
That they might not lightly look  
On the holy treasure there :  
One alone with slippery eye

Rashly dared her form to scan ;  
Swiftly leapt the winged fire  
Down upon his truant sight ;  
Dazzled with the glory-flame  
Prone he fell, and quivering lay ;  
Him his comrades lifting slow,  
Bore away with words of dole.

She in holy triumph went  
Hymning Christ with liquid song ;—  
One step hath she neared the door  
Of the palace of the skies,  
Yet another she must climb ;—  
Angry shouts the vanquished foe  
Fierce defiance — Bare thy sword,  
Do our hest, and strike her low.

When the blessed Agnes saw  
Near her gleam the naked blade,  
“ This,” she cried with lightsome cheer,  
“ Is the lover shall be mine ;  
Rather this, though icy-chill  
Be its edge and pitiless,  
Than some youth of odours breathing,  
Falsest vows in roses wreathing.  
I will go to meet its suit ;  
So with Christ above the arch  
Of yon heaven, a Virgin Spouse,  
Shall my marriage-feast begin.

Husband, roll thou back the doors  
Of thy golden banquet-house ;

Call me, I will follow thee,  
Virgin Victim, Virgin Spouse.”

So she spoke, and bent her head  
Blessed, in adoring wise ;  
Once above her gleamed the steel,  
Then the sacred river flowed  
That makes glad the city of God  
Then her spirit bounded forth  
Free into the liquid air ;  
Angels lined her upward way  
With a path of snowy light.  
Marvelling she beholds the earth  
Underspread her mounting feet,  
Sees the shades beneath her roll  
Round about the monstrous world ;  
Laughs to scorn the life of men  
Tossed on waves of vanity ;  
Laughs the pomp of kings to scorn,  
Robes, and gilded palaces,  
Thirst of gold, and lust of power,  
All our envy, all our hope.

Agnes, in her triumph high, .  
Faithful Maid and Martyr blest,  
Treading in her victory  
On the ancient dragon's crest,  
Crowned by God with double crown  
On thy clear and shining brow,  
Happy Virgin, looks she down  
On the souls that wrestle now.

## A Night Scene.

JULY 1830.

---

WE looked into the silent sky,  
We gazed upon thee, lovely Moon ;  
And thou wert shining clear and bright,  
In night's unclouded noon.

And it was sweet to stand and think,  
Amidst the deep tranquillity,  
How many eyes at that still hour  
Were looking upon thee.

The exile on the foreign shore  
Hath stood and turned his eye on thee ;  
And he hath thought upon his days  
Of hope and infancy ;

And he hath said, there may be those  
Gazing upon thy beauty now,  
Who stamped the last, the burning kiss  
Upon his parting brow.

The captive in his grated cell  
Hath cast him in thy peering light ;  
And looked on thee, and almost blest  
The solitary night.

The infant slumbereth in his cot,  
And on him is thy liquid beam ;  
And shapes of soft and faery light  
Have mingled in his dream.

The sick upon the sleepless bed  
Scared by the dream of wild unrest,  
The fond and mute companionship  
Of thy sweet ray hath blest.

The mourner in thy silver beam  
Hath laid his sad and wasted form,  
And felt that there is quiet there  
To calm his inward storm.

---

WHEN I am in my grave,  
The busy clouds will wander on ;  
This Moon, that silver-tips each dancing wave,  
Will shine as it hath shone.

When I am low in ground,  
The Spring will call and wake the flowers,  
And yonder little knoll will shew as gay  
As it hath bloomed when ours.

When I am in the sky,  
Long leagues above the evening-star,  
The city-hum shall sound as fitfully  
As now it comes from far.

When I am spirit clear,  
More pure than is this Ocean-moon,  
The false world in the great Eternal's ear  
Shall make no better tune.

God, lift me from the power  
Of flesh-corruption : how shall I  
Bear to be borne along with stainless flower  
And fleecy cloud on high ?

God, lift up unto me  
The sinning heart of human-kind ;  
How can I flutter down the skies and see  
Their errant souls and blind ?

Or wrap me in the light  
That folds thy glory's outer zone ;  
Be Thou the sole horizon to my sight,  
Content in Thee alone.

---

## H Y M N S

FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS IN THE YEAR OF THE CHURCH.

---

### St. Andrew's Day.

---

OF all the honours man may wear,  
Of all his titles proudly stored,  
No lowly palm this name shall bear,  
"The first to follow Christ the Lord."

Such name thou hast, who didst incline,  
Fired with the great Forerunner's joy,  
Homeward to track the steps divine,  
And watch the Saviour's blest employ.<sup>1</sup>

Lord, give to us, Thy servants, grace  
To hear whene'er Thy preachers speak ;  
When Thou commandest, Seek my face,  
Thy face in earnest hope to seek.

Thus with the glorious company  
Of Thine Apostles may we raise,  
Through all eternity to Thee,  
Glad hymns of never-ending praise.

<sup>1</sup> St. John i. 39.



## First Sunday in Advent.

---

### I.

THE voice of one that cries  
Along the wilds untrod ;  
“ Prepare ye in the wilderness  
A highway for our God.

Be every valley raised,  
And every hill made low,  
The crooked straight, the rugged plain ;  
For God hath willed it so.

The glory of the Lord  
To all men shall appear ;  
His word shall sound throughout the world,  
And every nation hear.

Man's glory is a flower,  
The flesh of man is grass :  
Only the promise of our God  
Is now, and ever was.”

## II.

COME to Thy temple, Lord,  
Thy waiting Church to bless ;  
Let here Thy glory be adored,  
Give here Thy word success.

Our inmost hearts refine,  
And for Thyself prepare ;  
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,  
And reign triumphant there.

Thy servants, Lord, we are,  
Baptised into Thy name ;  
All hurtful things put from us far,  
All works of sin and shame.

Come to Thy temple, Lord,  
Thine own assembly bless ;  
That all may offer with accord  
Off'rings of righteousness.

## Second Sunday in Advent.

---

EARTH is past away and gone,  
All her glories every one,  
All her pomp is broken down ;  
God is reigning — God alone !

All her high ones lowly lie,  
All her mirth hath passed by,  
All her merry-hearted sigh ;  
God is reigning — God on high !

No more sorrow, no more night ;  
Perfect joy, and purest light ;  
With His spotless saints and bright,  
God is reigning in the height !

Blessing, praise, and glory bring,  
Offer every holy thing ;  
Everlasting praises sing ;  
God is reigning, God our King !

### Third Sunday in Advent

---

WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,  
His messenger before Him went,  
The greatest born of mortal birth,  
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend  
Hath honour greater far than he ;  
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,  
His Body and his Spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,  
Of water and the Spirit born ;  
He the last star of parting night,  
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word,  
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice ;  
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,  
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.

## St. Stephen's Day.

---

Go forward in your course,  
Ye armies of the sky ;  
Because the Lord your God  
Doth lead to victory.

Press onward to the mark,  
Ye that have life and breath ;  
Resolved for good or ill,  
For peril or for death.

The first who dared to die  
Had blessed visions given ;  
The glory on Him shone  
Down from the open heaven.

Look up into the skies,  
Ye of the latter day ;  
The shining of that light  
Shall never pass away.

Your bitter foes in vain  
Their storms of malice shower ;  
Behold your Captain stand  
At God's right hand in power.

Each scattering of the Church  
The word of God shall sow ;  
For every cruel stroke,  
The holy plant shall grow.

Lift up the voice of prayer  
Before your enemies ;  
And from their very ranks  
Fresh martyrs shall arise.

---

## St. John's Day.

---

“ LITTLE children, dwell in love ;  
New begotten from above,  
Ye by this your birth may know,  
That ye dwell in love below.

God your Father reigns on high,  
Unbeheld by mortal eye ;  
Him ye see not ; love Him then  
In His types, your fellow-men.

Not in semblance nor in word,  
But in holy thoughts unheard,  
But in very truth and deed,  
Share their joy, and help their need.”

Thus the Saint whom Jesus loved  
Spoke in word, in action proved :  
Lord, may Thy disciples be  
Like to him, and like to Thee !

## The Holy Innocents.

---

THE Lord our God is full of might,  
And reigns in highest bliss;  
All wisdom, power, and majesty  
For evermore are His.

He needeth not the strength of man  
To stand upon His side;  
Out of the mouths of sucking babes  
His name is glorified.

The race is not unto the swift,  
Nor to the strong the prize:  
An infant band for Christ hath died,  
And enters first the skies.

Thus every station, every age,  
The creatures of His will,  
His high behests of Providence  
In life and death fulfil.

Full many a soul by God held dear  
Man's pride hath overpast;  
For there are last that shall be first,  
And first that shall be last.



## Circumcision of Christ.

---

THY Blood, O Christ, hath made our peace  
Not only that whereby  
The ground of Calvary was stained  
When Thou wert hung on high :

Nor only that which, in Thine hour  
Of fear and agony,  
Distilled upon Thy trembling frame  
In dark Gethsemane :

But that shed from Thee when at first  
In childhood Thou didst deign  
Thus to endure for sinful man  
The legal rite of pain.

And as with suffering and with Thee  
Our yearly course begins ;  
So teach us to renounce the flesh,  
And put away our sins ;

That in the Israel of Thy Church  
We may not lose our part ;  
In spirit and in body pure,  
And circumcised in heart.

## Epiphany.

---

THOU that art the Father's Word,  
Thou that art the Lamb of God,  
Thou that art the Virgin's Son,  
Thou that savest souls undone,  
Sacred sacrifice for sin,  
Fount of piety within ;  
Hail, Lord Jesus.

Thou to whom Thine angels raise  
Quiring songs of sweetest praise,  
Thou that art the flower and fruit,  
Virgin-born from Jesse's root,  
Shedding holy peace abroad,  
Perfect man and perfect God ;  
Hail, Lord Jesus.

Thou that art the door of heaven,  
Living bread in mercy given,  
Brightness of the Father's face,  
Everlasting Prince of peace,  
Precious pearl beyond all price,  
Brightest star in all the skies ;  
Hail, Lord Jesus.

King and Spouse of holy hearts,  
Fount of love that ne'er departs,  
Sweetest life and brightest day,  
Truest truth, and surest way  
That leads onward to the blest  
Sabbath of eternal rest ;

Hail, Lord Jesus.

---

## **Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.**

---

From St. Bernard.

---

Lo, the storms of life are breaking,  
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking ;  
For our succour undertaking,  
Lord and Saviour, help us !

Lo, the world, from Thee rebelling,  
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling ;  
With Thy word their madness quelling,  
Lord and Saviour, help us !

On Thine own command relying,  
We our onward task are plying ;  
Unto Thee for safety sighing,  
Lord and Saviour, help us !

By Thy birth, Thy cross, and passion,  
By Thy tears of deep compassion,  
By Thy mighty intercession,  
Lord and Saviour, help us !

## **Sexagesima Sunday.**

---

O THOU, at whose divine command  
Good seed is sown in every land ;  
Thine Holy Ghost to us impart,  
And for Thy word prepare each heart.

Not among thorns of worldly thought,  
Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,  
Nor lacking depth the root to feed,  
May we receive Thy Spirit's seed.

But may it, while Thy sowers toil,  
Fall in a good and honest soil ;  
And springing up from firmest root,  
With patience bear abundant fruit.

## First Sunday in Lent.

---

JESUS our Lord, who tempted wast  
In all points like as we ;  
And didst achieve in that dread fight  
Undoubted victory ;

Behold Thy Spouse, a season laid  
Beneath the tempter's power ;  
Led up into the wilderness  
To wait her trying hour.

May she her forces ready make,  
And gird her weapons fast ;  
And with the armour of her God  
Stand fearless to the last.

Teach us, when, angered at our lot,  
Our faithless souls repine,  
Man liveth not by bread alone,  
But every word divine.

When we would rush on danger's point,  
And dare the lifted sword,  
Speak in our ears the warning voice,  
" Thou shalt not tempt the Lord."

And when, deceived by pride or power,  
Earth's idols we espouse,  
Teach us that Thou art God alone,  
And on us are Thy vows.

Thus shall we more than conquerors  
With Thee pass through the strife ;  
And angels come and minister  
Around the heirs of life.

---

## Sixth Sunday in Lent.

---

From St. Bernard.

---

GLORY of Thy Father's face,  
Fountain deep of love and grace,  
Who, Lord, can repay Thee thus,  
As Thou gav'st Thyself for us ?

What to Thee shall we reply,  
Who for us didst bleed and die,  
When Thou shalt the question make,  
“ What have ye done for My sake ? ”

Hard in heart, in action weak,  
Lord, Thy grace divine we seek :  
Set us from our bondage free ;  
Draw us, and we follow Thee.



## Good Friday.

---

From St. Bernard.

---

HAIL that head with sorrows bowing,  
Crowned with thorns, with anguish flowing ;  
And that body pierced and shaken,  
Mocked of man, of God forsaken,  
Marred beyond the sons of men !

By Thy death of life the giver,  
When we suffer, O deliver !  
In our sorrow and our weakness,  
Thou who didst prevail by meekness,  
Think upon Thy woes again !

When the hour of death is near us,  
Be Thou present, Lord, to cheer us ;  
In that time of fear and sadness  
Tarry not, our help and gladness,  
Saviour of the sons of men !

When our latest breath is failing,  
Be Thy Spirit all-prevailing ;  
When the tempter's wiles shall prove us,  
Shew Thy sacred sign above us,  
Hold us, save us, free us then !

## Second Sunday after Easter.

---

From St. Bernard.

---

THOU, Saviour, who Thyself didst give,  
That all the world might turn and live,  
Who dost the careless sinner draw  
With cords of love to Thy pure law,  
Who dost Thy Church with fondness call,  
And by Thy grace receivest all ;

Behold us, Lord, before Thy throne,  
Inspire and make our hearts Thine own ;  
Bind to Thy Cross our wandering will,  
Each act with holy purpose fill ;  
Our weakness let Thy strength defend,  
Thou Author of our faith, and End !

## Ascension-Day.

---

Psalm xxiv.

---

THE earth is God's, the fulness too  
Of all that therein is ;  
Upon the floods He founded it,  
And built it on the seas.

Who shall go up the hill of God,  
And in His dwelling stand ?  
Even the man of pure intent  
And undefiled hand :

Who hath not lifted up his heart  
To trust in vanity ;  
Nor dealt untruly by his friend,  
Nor sworn deceitfully.

The family of Israel,  
The men who seek His grace,  
These shall be blest and righteous held  
Before the God of grace.

## Whit-Sunday.

---

SAVIOUR, Thy Father's promise send ;  
Spirit of holiness, descend ;  
Lo, we are waiting for Thee, Lord,  
All in one place with one accord.

Come, and convince us all of sin,  
Lighting Thy lamp our hearts within ;  
Thy temples,—but, alas, how slow  
Thy presence and Thy voice to know !

Convince us all of righteousness :  
By that great work Thy people bless,  
Which our High-Priest hath wrought alone,  
And carried to His Father's throne.

Of judgment, Lord, convince us too ;  
Teach us in Christ all things to view :  
O make us pure, with lightened eyes,  
Harmless as doves, as serpents wise !

### Third Sunday after Trinity.

---

HARK, through the courts of heaven  
Voices of angels sound :

“ He that was dead now lives again ;  
He that was lost is found.”

God of unfailing grace,  
Send down Thy Spirit now ;  
Raise the rejected soul to hope,  
And make the lofty bow.

In countries far from home,  
On earthly husks we feed ;  
Back to our Father's house, O Lord,  
Our wandering footsteps lead.

Then at each soul's return,  
The heavenly harp shall sound :  
“ He that was dead now lives again ;  
He that was lost is found.”

**Seventh Sunday after Trinity.**

---

Psalm xlvii.

---

**GOD is our refuge and our strength  
When trouble's hour is near ;  
A very present help is He,  
Therefore we will not fear :**

**Although the pillars of the earth  
Shall clean removed be ;  
The very mountains carried forth  
And cast into the sea :**

**Although the waters rage and swell,  
So that the earth shall shake ;  
Yea, and the solid mountain-roots  
Shall with the tempest quake :**

**The Lord of Hosts our refuge is  
When trouble's hour is near ;  
The God of Jacob is with us,  
Therefore we will not fear.**

## **Eighth Sunday after Trinity.**

---

O THOU who hast Thy servants taught  
That not by words alone,  
But by the fruits of holiness  
The life of God is shewn ;

While in Thy house of prayer we meet,  
And call Thee God and Lord,  
Give us an heart to follow Thee,  
Obedient to Thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,  
Give Thou us grace to bring  
An offering of unfeigned thanks,  
And with the Spirit sing.

And in the dangerous path of life,  
Uphold us as we go ;  
That with our lips and in our lives  
Thy glory we may shew.

## Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

---

FORTH to the land of promise bound,  
Our desert path we tread ;  
God's fiery pillar for our guide,  
His Captain at our head.

E'en now we faintly glimpse the hills,  
And catch their distant blue ;  
And the bright city's gleaming spires  
Rise dimly on our view.

Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,  
The flood of death past o'er,  
Our pilgrim-hosts shall safely land  
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

There love shall have its perfect work,  
And prayer be lost in praise ;  
And all the servants of our God  
Their endless anthem raise.



## St. Thomas the Apostle.

---

WE walk by faith, and not by sight ;  
No gracious words we hear  
From Him who spoke as never man,  
But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side,  
Nor follow where He trod ;  
But in His promise we rejoice,  
And cry, “ My Lord and God.”

Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief ;  
And may our faith abound,  
To call on Thee when Thou art near,  
And seek where Thou art found :

That when our life of faith is done,  
In realms of clearer light  
We may behold Thee as Thou art,  
With full and endless sight.

## Conversion of St. Paul.

---

THE great Apostle, called by grace,  
Weaned from all works beside,  
Preached the same faith he once abhorred,  
And Christ, whom he denied.

In perils and in troubles oft,  
His toilsome life he past ;  
But He who turned his heart at first,  
Upheld him to the last.

A chosen vessel of His will,  
He fought the fight of faith ;  
And gained the crown of righteousness,  
Obedient unto death.

Thus, Lord of grace, to all Thy will  
Obedient may we be ;  
And follow meekly in his steps,  
E'en as he followed Thee.

## St. Matthias's Day.

---

THE highest and the holiest place  
    Guards not the heart from sin ;  
The church that safest seems without,  
    May harbour foes within.

Thus in the small and chosen band  
    Beloved above the rest,  
One fell from his apostleship,  
    A traitor-soul unblest.

But not the great designs of God  
    Man's sin shall overthrow ;  
Another witness to the truth  
    Forth to the lands shall go.

Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways ;  
    Long as the worlds endure,  
From foes without and foes within  
    Thy Church shall stand secure.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die ;  
    But Thine shall never fail ;  
The word of grace no less shall sound,  
    The truth no less prevail.

## Annunciation of the B. V. Mary.

---

THE first sad hours of shame  
One promise bright bestow ;  
The woman's seed shall rise at length,  
And bruise the deadly foe.

Where sin abounded once,  
Grace shall abound much more ;  
Woman, the first gave ear to sin,  
The great Redeemer bore.

Blest was her favoured womb,  
Happy her sacred breast ;  
The sojourn of the Lord of life,  
And where His lips were prest.

But doubly blest are they  
Who hear and keep His will ;  
In them by faith is Jesus formed,  
And dwells within them still.

And still the gracious words  
To each believer sound ;  
“ Hail, highly-favoured ; with the Lord  
Thou hast acceptance found.”

## St. Mark's Day.

---

EVANGELIST, by whom the Lord  
His last commission did record ;  
We praise His holy name, that we  
Such grace and comfort have by thee.

Not yet the everlasting Word  
Hath been by every creature heard ;  
Not yet the new baptismal birth  
Saves the repentant tribes of earth.

Why slumbereth then each promised sign ?  
Why worketh not the grace divine ?  
Why should the foe unchecked remain,  
The Holy Name invoked in vain ?

Thy chastening justice, Lord, we own :  
On us be guilt and shame alone ;  
How can we hope those gifts to share  
Which come by fasting and by prayer ?

Weak in our faith, in duty weak,  
Rather Thy pitying love we seek ;  
Father, Thine arm of vengeance stay ;  
Saviour, O cast us not away !

## St. Barnabas the Apostle.

---

BRIGHTLY did the light divine  
From his words and actions shine,  
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,  
“ Son of Consolation” named.

Full of peace and lively joy,  
Sped he on his high employ ;  
By his mild exhorting word  
Adding many to the Lord.

Blessed Spirit, who didst call  
Barnabas and holy Paul,  
And didst them with gifts endue,  
Mighty words and wisdom true ;

Grant us, Lord of Life, to be,  
By their pattern, full of Thee ;  
That beside them we may stand  
In that day, on Thy right hand.

## St. Peter's Day.

---

WHEN, within sight of danger's hour,  
We boast of self-possessing power,  
Teach us, O Lord, betimes to know  
How weak are we, how strong the foe.

And when, beset by snares around,  
Faithless to Thee our hearts are found,  
Look Thou upon us, and renew  
Our wandering thoughts, our vows untrue.

Then though Thou doubt us, and our love  
By question and temptation prove ;  
Faithful to Thee we shall abide,  
In honour as in weakness tried.

## St. Bartholomew.

---

BLESSED are they whose hearts are pure,  
From guile their spirits free ;  
To them shall God reveal Himself,  
They shall His glory see.

Their simple souls upon His word,  
In fullest light of love,  
Place all their trust, and ask no more  
Than guidance from above.

Who in meek faith unmixed with doubt  
The engrafted word receive,  
Whom the first sign of heavenly Power  
Persuades, and they believe ;

They, as they walk the painful world,  
See hidden glories rise ;  
Our God the sunshine of His love  
Unfolds before their eyes.

For them far greater things than these  
Doth Christ the Lord prepare ;  
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,  
No human voice declare.



## St. Matthew.

---

“ARISE, and follow me!”  
Who answers to the call?  
Not Ruler, Scribe, or Pharisee,  
Proud and regardless all.

“Arise, and follow me!”  
The Publican hath heard;  
And by the deep Gennesaret sea  
Obeys the Master's word.

Thenceforth in joy and fear,  
Where'er the Saviour trod,  
Among the Twelve his place was near  
The Holy One of God.

His is no honour mean,  
For Christ to write and die:  
Apostle, Saint, Evangelist,  
His record is on high.

**St. Luke.**

---

LIFT high the song of praise  
For him whose holy pen  
Gave down the hymns of other days  
To glad the sons of men !

Glory to God on high,  
And peace upon the earth,  
Goodwill to men, be now proclaimed,  
As at the Saviour's birth.

The Lord to magnify,  
Be lifted every voice,  
And in our God and Saviour  
Let every soul rejoice.

With benedictions high  
Let Israel's God be praised ;  
Who hath salvation's mighty horn  
Up for His people raised.

And when around our path  
The call of death is heard,  
Lord, let Thou us depart in peace,  
According to Thy word.

## St. Simon and St. Jude.

---

LET the Church of God rejoice,  
For the Apostles' fostering care,  
For the sounding of their voice,  
For their preaching and their prayer ;

Whom the Lord our God did choose,  
To the farthest lands to go ;  
Whom the Husbandman did use  
Holiest seed on earth to sow.

In the new Jerusalem  
Twelve foundations firm are laid ;  
On the Apostles of the Lamb  
Is the glorious structure stayed.

Firmly built on them, may we,  
Bound to Christ, our Corner-Stone,  
In the heavenly temple be,  
One in heart, in doctrine one.

## Holy Baptism.

---

In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own,  
We print the cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for His own ;  
And may the brow that wears His cross  
Hereafter share His crown !

## Holy Communion.

---

Lo, the feast is spread to-day,  
Jesus summons, come away !  
From the vanity of life,  
From the sounds of mirth or strife,  
To the feast by Jesus giv'n,  
Come, and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,  
Spurn His mercy once again ?  
From amidst life's social ties,  
From the farm and merchandise,  
Come, for all is now prepared ;  
Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessed are the lips that taste  
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast ;  
Blessed, who on Him shall feed,  
Bread of Life, and drink indeed ;  
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er ;  
They shall never hunger more.

Make then once again your choice,  
Hear to-day His calling voice :  
Servants, do your Master's will ;  
Bidden guests, His table fill ;  
Come, before His wrath shall swear  
Ye shall never enter there.

**For a Fast-Day.**

---

Psalm cxxx.

---

Out of the deep we call to Thee ;  
Lord, we are weak and faint :  
O let Thine ears consider well  
The voice of our complaint.

Wert Thou our sins extreme to mark,  
O Lord, who should be spared ?  
But there is mercy with Thee, Lord,  
Therefore Thou shalt be feared.

We look for Thee ; our spirits wait ;  
Our trust is in Thy word :  
Even before the morning watch  
We flee unto the Lord.

Trust in the Lord, O Israel,  
For there is mercy there ;  
And He His people shall redeem  
From sin, and guilt, and care.

## For a Thanksgiving-Day.

---

LIFT high the sound of thanks and praise :  
Hallelujah !  
In God's own Church your voices raise :  
Hallelujah !  
For all the mercies of His love  
Our lips and lives shall grateful prove :  
Hallelujah !  
He is our Strength : He is our King :  
Hallelujah !  
He will His Church to glory bring :  
Hallelujah !  
To God the Father, Spirit, Son,  
Be everlasting honour done :  
Hallelujah !

## **For Morning.**

---

Jam lucis orto sidere.

---

Now hath arisen the star of day,  
And with his rising let us pray,  
That we throughout his course be freed  
From sinful thought and hurtful deed.

O may the Lord our tongues restrain  
From sounding strife, and converse vain :  
And from His servants' eyesight hide  
The toys of vanity and pride.

May He our inner thoughts make pure,  
From sins presumptuous us secure ;  
Grant us to use such abstinence  
As may subdue the things of sense.

That we, when night succeeds to day,  
And this bright sun hath past away,  
Unspotted from the world may raise  
To God, our Saviour, songs of praise.



## After Harvest.

---

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home !  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin :  
God our Maker doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied :—  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home !

We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall purge away  
All that doth offend that day ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast ;

But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home !  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There, for ever purified,  
In God's garner to abide :  
Come, ten thousand angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-home !

---

## Judgment Hymn.

---

Dies iræ.

---

### PART I.

DAY of anger, that dread day  
Shall the sign in Heaven display,  
And the earth in ashes lay.  
O what trembling shall appear,  
When His coming shall be near,  
Who shall all things strictly clear !  
When the trumpet shall command,  
Through the tombs of every land,  
All before the throne to stand !

Death shall shrink and nature quake,  
When all creatures shall awake,  
Answer to their Judge to make.  
See the Book divinely penn'd,  
In which all is found contained,  
Whence the world shall be arraigned !  
When the Judge is on His throne,  
All that's hidden shall be shewn,  
Nought unpunished or unknown !

What shall I before Him say?  
How shall I be safe that day,  
When the righteous scarcely may?  
King of awful majesty,  
Saving sinners graciously,  
Fount of mercy, save Thou me!  
Leave me not, my Saviour, one  
For whose soul Thy course was run  
Lest I be that day undone.

---

## PART II.

THOU didst toil my soul to gain,  
Didst redeem me with Thy pain;  
Be such labour not in vain.  
Thou just Judge of wrath severe,  
Grant my sins remission here,  
Ere Thy reckoning day appear.  
My transgressions grievous are,  
Scarce look up for shame I dare:  
Lord, Thy guilty suppliant spare.

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,  
And didst hear the dying thief:  
Even I may hope relief.  
All unworthy is my prayer;  
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,  
And from fire eternal spare.

Place me with Thy sheep—that band  
Who shall separated stand  
From the goats, on Thy right hand.

When Thy voice in wrath shall say,  
Cursed ones, depart away !  
Call me with the blest, I pray.  
Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow ;  
Broken is my heart and low :  
Guard of my last end be Thou.  
In that day, that mournful day,  
When to judgment wakes our clay,  
Shew me mercy, Lord, I pray.

---

## For Family Worship.

---

SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee,  
Once more, with supplicating cries,  
We lift the heart, and bend the knee,  
And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,  
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven ;  
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,  
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,  
Or walk temptation's slippery way,  
Be still, to steer our steps aright,  
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.

Be ours Thy fear and favour still,  
United hearts, unchanging love ;  
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,  
No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,  
Support us when the hour shall come ;  
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,  
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,  
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.











83-21

135

