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# TALES IN VERSE

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE SEVERAL PETITIONS

OF

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY THE

REV. H. F. LYTE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

MARSH AND MILLER,

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1829.



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# DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. BULLER YARDE BULLER,

OF

LUPTON HOUSE, DEVON.

DEAR MADAM,

WHILE various anxieties arise in my mind on the publication of this very imperfect little work, there is one circumstance connected with it which gives me unmingled gratification, and that is the opportunity it affords me of expressing thus publicly my esteem and respect towards yourself, and my

thanks for the various acts of courtesy and kindness I have received from you and Mr. Buller since I have had the honour of your acquaintance. Allow me, therefore, to dedicate this volume to you. Your kind protection of it may serve in many cases to disarm criticism of its severity towards it; and should it prove useful or acceptable to any of its readers, I know that no one will be more ready than yourself to sympathize in the pleasure felt on that account by,

DEAR MADAM,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

MAY 1826.

## PREFACE.

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THE History of this little Volume is as follows. Some years ago a literary friend of the Author's \* proposed to him to illustrate the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer by a series of short Tales. The idea struck him as a happy one, and being at the time incapacitated by ill health from pursuing his professional labours, he willingly undertook the task, and as he had much leisure, he resolved to attempt it in verse rather than in prose. When however the first rough sketch of the work was drawn up, the author was enabled to resume his usual avocations, and being called to a sphere of laborious exertion, he neglected the Tales and consigned them to his writing desk, where they would in all probability have still slumbered, but for the kind

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\* I must venture to add the name,—Mr. Charles Ollier, author of *Inesilla*, &c.

importunities of those who had seen them in their unfinished state, and who urged their publication. The Author likewise felt it to be due to the Gentleman with whom the work originated, that he should either publish what he had prepared, or relinquish wholly the design and thus afford his friend the opportunity of putting it into other hands, or of following it up himself. Under these circumstances he resolved to send his little volume to the press. There are indeed many things in it which he could wish to see altered, but after waiting long in vain for a little leisure time, which he might employ in correcting and retouching the whole, he finds at last, that if it is to go before the public at all, it must go with all its imperfections on its head. He humbly trusts that whatever may be the defects of the work in a literary point of view, nothing will be found in it offensive to the most rigid moralist. Indeed he can conscientiously affirm that if he did not hope that it would subserve the interests of religion and virtue, no inducement whatever could prevail on him to send it out into the world. He cannot assent to the maxim of a writer of the day of whose talents he has the highest admiration, that the first intention of the poet should be to please. The Author's first and great ambition in his little work is to do good; and he only aims at pleasing in order that he

may be the more extensively useful. This object will, he trusts, plead his excuse with those who may think that themes of grave import are sometimes handled by him in too light and playful a style. He begs of them to consider that there is a great difference between Tales and Sermons, and hopes that they will not condemn without considering the design and tendency of the whole piece. There is indeed, in the Collection, one Tale, the last, which, had time permitted, he would gladly have expunged and re-written altogether. The story is an unpleasing one; and though he must still think, that the details, if rightly received, may prove powerfully, though painfully, instructive, he knows that in publishing such a narrative, he runs great risk of disgusting some, and offending others, while his real object is to benefit all. His business was to shew the power of temptation over the human heart; and in order to exhibit this the more strongly, he determined to instance it in the case of one whose character and office might seem to raise him the most above its influence. He had already, in the preceding Tales, drawn several clerical portraits, and he, therefore, in this case, chose for variety's sake, a Dissenter for his hero. No one, he trusts, will suppose that in acting thus he meant to cast a reflection on any body

of Christians whatever. Far from it. There is, in truth, rather a compliment implied in the proceeding; and the author feels pleasure in saying, that he knows Dissenters whose fall he would account as powerful an evidence of the force of temptation, and as great a triumph to the Enemy of souls as that of any persons with whom he is acquainted. With respect to any little raillery in which he, as a Churchman, may have indulged in speaking of sectarian peculiarities, he knows that liberal Dissenters will only smile at it, and probably return it good humouredly in kind when opportunity may offer. On the whole, however, the Author regrets that he cannot change the story altogether for one less repulsive in its details and catastrophe, and he feels that his best apology for these is his wish to make the moral of the whole as clear and as strong as possible.

**TALE FIRST.**

**HARFORD.**

**“OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED  
BE THY NAME.”**





## HARFORD.

'TWAS Sabbath morning ; and the pleasant sun  
From a blue sky looked smiling out upon  
The day of God,—inviting man to come  
And walk the fields and muse, where even the dumb  
Were eloquent in praise, and dewy eyes  
Looked up their beauteous worship to the skies  
From every bank and hedgerow, and the trees  
Gave song or incense to each passing breeze  
To waft on to high heaven ; for buxom June  
Now pranked the fields, and set the woods in tune ;

And Nature, priestess-like, in full attire  
Stood forth, and called on Man to lead her choir.

I envy not his feelings who is dead  
To such an invitation ; who can tread  
With unimpassioned step, at such an hour,  
On such a day, the dewy herb and flower  
All redolent of God ;—can look on earth  
Young, green, and smiling as it came at birth  
Fresh from His hand, nor feel as then was felt,  
When every eye and tongue and spirit dwelt  
On Him, when morning stars sang joy and love,  
And all the sons of God shouted above  
A new-born world, where the Creator viewed  
His six days' works, and lo they all were good !  
I envy not the man who thus can share  
Morn's pleasant sun, wild music, and free air,

Nor note the present Deity, who stands  
There in his temple not built up with hands,  
Whose footprints and whose handlings may be traced  
On every side now fresh and uneffaced,  
And who from all around receives the praise,  
Which man most favoured most neglects to raise.

'Twas Sabbath morning; but not thus the Sun  
Reached amidst London's vapours dense and dun  
The hero of my tale, and struggling through  
The garret's sky-light pane of yellow hue,  
Shot on his bed a slanting sickly ray,  
That just gave notice of returning day,  
And roused him up, and called him forth to pass  
That morn with nature on the open grass.  
I will not say indeed the Sabbath brought  
To *him* these high emotions; that *he* thought

Of mingling offerings now with bird or flower ;  
That on such day, at such unwonted hour  
He left his comfortable couch, and strode  
So resolute along the City Road,  
And sought escape from pavements, rails and bricks,  
Before Bow-bells rang out the hour of six.

He passed each nuisance of Town's Sabbath morn :  
The coach's rattling wheel and stunning horn ;  
The loitering groups collecting in the street  
With oath and jeer that blessed day to greet ;  
The drunkard reeling from the licensed sink,  
Where his week's hire is spent in one night's drink ;  
The tawdry harlot shrinking from the light ;  
And other prowlers of the lawless night,  
Still found where man his Maker would dethrone  
And shut out God's creation with his own.

Disgusting all: and yet he passed them by  
With small offence to either ear or eye ;  
For daily use had dulled the finer sense  
That gives such sights and sounds due influence.

Sam Harford had behind a counter lived  
For thirty years ; was wealthy, fat, and wived.  
Early and late still constant at his stand  
With ready smile and bow, and yard in hand ;  
A magic wand, whose touch had influence  
To turn whole bales to shillings, pounds, and pence.  
None more adroit to wield the shears or quill,  
To measure, pack, or item up a bill,  
Or deal neat phrases to each customer,  
'As pray sit down, Ma'am,' 'pleasant morning, Sir.'  
His travel through the day was seldom more  
Than now and then from counter to the door,

To just look out, and rub his hands, and then  
Back like a pendulum to his place again.

Sam Harford's thoughts were like his steps, they moved  
One plain small circle, whence they rarely roved.  
The world and the world's business occupied  
His mind, and left small space for ought beside.  
He knew he had a soul, but why or how  
Had never brought one wrinkle o'er his brow ;  
He thought there was a God, and had heard tell  
Of Christ, and future being, Heaven and Hell ;  
But these were matters distant all and dim ;  
He *was*, and that was quite enough for him.  
He deemed the Bible a good book, and those  
That had the time might read it if they chose ;  
Sunday was useful too, to check and state  
The week's accounts, and keep his ledger strait.

But as for Church, prayers, sermons, and the rest,  
He thought the parson managed such things best ;  
He therefore left them wholly to his care,  
And paid his tithes, and kept all matters square.

Still Harford's mind showed one redeeming trait.—  
This man of tills, and ledgers, strange to say,  
Loved Nature, loved the earth and skies. A ride  
On sunday coach, a row up with the tide  
On the broad Thames were life to him. Each void  
Of business was in one small spot employed,  
Where a few smoke-dried flowers with sickly smile,  
And doubtful fragrance overpaid his toil ;  
And on his busiest hours of care and din  
Would rural hopes and visions oft break in,  
And he would pause and think how sweet it were  
To change the dingy town for the fine air



And green fields of the country, and retire  
To his own villa a substantial squire.  
Perhaps in every human bosom lurks  
A yearning towards Nature and her works,  
Which neither cooping, smoking, use, or art  
Can stifle quite, or banish from the heart.  
This leads the pale mechanic forth to pass  
His listless sabbath stretched along the grass ;  
This throngs the parks ; and fills the one-horse chair  
That wheels the cit through summer dust and glare  
His sweltering sunday ride ; and this could lure  
Even Harford forth upon this morning's tour,  
To roam at will for one whole day, and share  
His fill of rural musing and fresh air.

Now pavements, footways, walls, and lamps are passed,  
And on the open turf he stands at last

And breathes and gazes. 'Tis a lovely scene,  
So fresh, so bright, so fragrant and so green !  
The sun up in the sky ; the crops all growing ;  
The cattle brousing round ; the hawthorns blowing ;  
The meads in flower ; the large leaves on the trees ;  
The bees all out and busy ; and the breeze  
Just stealing from the bean-field, where he lies  
Bathing his wings in balms ; the butterflies  
Hovering about like winged flowers ; the swallow  
Skimming the lake that in the grassy hollow  
Trembles in cowering loveliness.—The whole  
Reached even Harford's unpoetic soul ;  
He thought it *vastly* pleasant, and again  
Would *fetch* a sunday ramble now and then.

But time went on : and even scenes like these  
When limbs are weary lose their power to please.

Harford, I've said, was fat; had trudged some miles;  
And climbed o'er sundry hills and gates and stiles:  
And now uprose before him steep and high  
Another hill his nerves and breath to try.  
He sat down, wiped his brow, and called to mind  
The desk and day-book he had left behind:  
"The scene indeed was pretty, and all that,  
But not to spend a day in looking at."  
And what had next occurred I cannot tell,  
Had not the chiming of a distant bell  
Broke on his servile musings apropos,  
And roused him to cross the rise, and know  
What was it and from whence. It was the sound  
Which calls to Sunday prayers the parish round;  
And as he climbed the hill, more clear and clear  
The joyous music rose upon his ear,

Till in a group of elms below was spied  
A tall white spire, and there from every side  
Up to the house of God, a chequered train,  
They gathered in by every path and lane :  
Young lads, and knots of talking girls, and pairs  
Of decent parents with their little heirs  
Scampering before to pull the king-cups ; one,  
The youngest, chubbiest, riding blithe upon  
The father's arm. The labouring man bedight  
In plain smock-frock of more than usual white,  
Heaving along each slow and ponderous limb,  
As if he carried them, and not they him.  
Old goody here in silken cloak of black ;  
There farmer with his dame on Dobbin's back ;  
And then their maid, who runs, and rights the while  
Her ribboned head, in haste to reach the aisle

Ere prayer begins. . And, noted o'er the rest,  
With book in hand, white tippet, and brown vest,  
The little damsels of the sunday school  
Pacing in marshalled file beneath the rule  
Of staid instructress.—On they swarm, and all  
Enter the porch before him great and small.  
The bell is ceased ; the busy crowd is gone ;  
And Harford stands reflective and alone.

The Sun now lorded it aloft in Heaven,  
And from before his burning face had driven  
The bird and brute, who slunk into the glade,  
And, meek and silent, through the leafy shade  
Eyed the strong Monarch. Not a living sound  
Or object crossed the solitude around ;  
Save when by chance a bee that way came humming,  
Or the dry grasshopper at hand was strumming

His monotone ; or from the house of prayer  
The voice of worship floated up the air.  
Dim, but most sweet, like the faint memory  
Of some fair vision.—Harford felt as he  
Were a strange outcast there ; for once he felt  
A wish to bend the knee where others knelt,  
And lift his voice with theirs. He onward prest  
To enter in and worship with the rest ;  
And reached the porch just as the psalm was done,  
And prayer alternate was again begun.

It might do good to any heart to share  
The simple, solemn scene that met him there,  
So peaceful, so devotional ; where eye,  
And lip, and heart, seemed all in harmony,  
All turned to one high object,—to their God ;  
As if they felt him present, and were awed,

Yet not o'erwhelmed. Humility was here  
To check bold zeal, and love to temper fear ;  
And all appeared in singleness of heart  
To come as to a Father, to impart  
Their wants and woes, to tell him all their cares,  
Place in His hands themselves and their affairs,  
Pour their thanksgivings forth for mercies past,  
And humbly beg His blessing to the last.

It was a goodly presence ; and the blood  
Thrilled in the veins of Harford as he viewed  
Their patriarchal worship. 'Sure' he thought,  
'God is in this place, and I knew it not !'  
How suitable the forms of prayer and praise,  
In all their antique simpleness of phrase,  
For hearts indeed in tune ! And how much more  
They spoke than when he heard them jabbered o'er

Mid whisper, cough, and yawn, and rustling gown,  
And all the nuisances of Church in Town.  
Religion here appeared in truth to be  
A Spirt-soothing, sweet reality :  
And as he gazed and listened, o'er his soul  
Unwonted thoughts and feelings 'gan to roll ;  
And wants and wishes never felt till now  
Yearned at his heart, and bathed his anxious brow.

But still-went on the service. Prayers were ended ;  
And to the pulpit from the desk ascended  
The man of God, the delegate of Heaven,  
The shepherd of the fold, to whom was given  
To break for them the bread of life, to guide  
The wandering, soothe the wounded, wake and chide  
The slothful and the wayward. On his tongue,  
As if athirst to hear, the audience hung ;



Till from his lips the text appropriate came,  
“ Our Heavenly Father, hallowed be Thy name. ”

His air was gravity with mildness blended,  
His language strong, yet simple ; and descended  
As soft at first as snow upon the stream.  
But as he followed up his lofty theme,  
He kindled like a torch as he went on ;  
His manner grew more earnest ; and his tone  
And features seemed new meaning to acquire,  
Till living thoughts leaped forth in words of fire ;  
And round him shone a glory and a grace,  
Like that which Israel's Prophet on his face,  
Awful and bright, from Sinai once did bring,  
And told with whom he had been communing.

He shewed how God was Father of all men :  
First by mere virtue of creation ; then  
By force of benefits transcendent far  
Beyond what any earthly parents' are.  
He shewed with what solicitude and care  
He watched and kept us sinners as we were ;  
Bade earth give up her increase to our hand,  
And seasons come and go at our demand ;  
Bade light and gladness round our senses play,  
And health and plenty spring up in our way.  
And then His pardoning long-enduring love,  
His angels sent to tend us from above,  
His Jesus dying on the cross for sin,  
His Heaven wide opened to receive us in ;  
As if the Father's bliss was incomplete  
Unless the child might have a part in it.

He turned him next to ask how much was owed  
From children such as we to such a God.  
Should we not love Him, cherish Him, who thus  
So loved, so cherished, pitied, pardoned us?  
Was *His* the spirit we should lightly grieve?  
Was *His* the service we should loathe and leave?  
Or should not rather all within us burn,  
To do some little, make some poor return,  
For so much done? Ah! should not all our aim  
Be still to hallow and exalt *His* name?

“ But set aside the claims of gratitude,  
The gift of life, and every living good,  
The love of self were plea enough to draw  
And bind our hearts to Him and to His law.  
*His* glory and *our* interests are tied  
And linked in bonds which nothing can divide ;

And on what head may blessedness descend,  
If not on his who calls the Almighty friend?  
*His* yoke indeed is easy, and more light  
Than to the bird the wing that speeds his flight,  
Bearing its bearer; and His laws are those  
Which Wisdom of her own accord had chose  
For her own good, and these His love employs  
To speed and fit us for eternal joys,  
Making a duty of our interest;  
Leading us thus through blessings to be blest.  
And then in sorrow, sickness, pain, and strife,  
And all the chances of heart-breaking life,  
How sweet it is to peacefully look up,  
And know a Father fills the bitter cup!  
To feel 'tis mercy lifts the chastening rod,  
To drive us from all other rest—to God!

When fortune frowns, friends fail, and hopes are riven,  
Where should he fly who knows not Him nor Heaven?  
Where should he turn when earth grows dark around,  
To whom all other is forbidden ground?  
Where should he turn? From God he cannot turn.  
Fly from His smile, we meet him dark and stern.  
Refuse Him for a Father, He *will* come  
A King, a Judge, to strike the apostate dumb.  
Seek we the screen of night? those thousand eyes  
Are His that watch us from the silent skies.  
Plunge in the grave? the grave must ope her womb,  
And judgement follow, and eternal doom.  
Where then to fly? there is no refuge where  
The godless may betake him but despair!  
Ah rather seek Him, seek Him! He is good,  
Apt to forgive, and willing to be sued;

More mild, more merciful, more wise and great,  
Than heart can wish, or fancy can create :  
He gave His Son to wash our guilt away ;  
And loves to pardon more than we to pray ;  
The future He can mend, the past atone ;  
Believe, repent, reform, and be His own.

“ If any here has yet to lift his eye,  
And feel he hath a father in the sky,  
Has trodden still that dark and downward way  
Whose course is madness, and whose end dismay,  
Here let him pause. The God whom he has held  
So long in lightness will not be repelled ;  
He will not give him up : He will not lose  
His child, His creature ; but even now pursues  
His wanderings, haply to perdition's brink,  
And calls him while he may to stop and think ;

To fly to Him from that devouring gulf,  
Who loves him better than he loves himself;  
Turn from despair to His protecting breast,  
Hallow Him, serve Him, bless Him, and be blest.

“ And should some yearning spirit here exclaim  
How shall I hallow as I ought His name?—  
Are there not laws of His to keep and do ?  
Rise not His temples in our land to woo  
Our footsteps in? Can nothing for His sake  
Be found to yield, resist, or undertake ?  
Loves He not prayer ? Delights He not in praise?  
Commands He not to train up in His ways  
The infant mind? and do not thousands groan,  
Children of His, and brothers of our own,  
Whom we may aid? Or if our lot denies  
Of outward goods a worthy sacrifice,

We all have hearts to proffer !—give Him them :—  
The simple offering He will not contemn.”

’Tis done. The blessing given, the service closed ;  
The rustics to their homes in peace disposed ;  
And Harford to the City moves again,  
A wiser and a better man than when  
He walked that way at morn. His full heart swelled  
Within him now ; and from its fountain welled  
The unwonted tear : and though words came not, these  
Breathed purer eloquence to Him who sees  
The spirit’s fine vibrations. He discerned  
Melting contrition there, and shame that spurned  
Its own misdoings ; awe and humble love  
That longed, yet feared, to lift an eye above,



And say, "My Father!"—God beheld the whole,  
And sent to calm and reassure his soul;—  
Then praise burst forth, and struggling tears found vent,  
And his heart burned within him as he went.

Duly is Harford now each sabbath day  
With wife and children seen in neat array  
Amidst his neighbours at the house of prayer,  
And none more fervent or attentive there.  
From worldly interests his eye is turned  
To those by Wisdom prized, by faith discerned ;  
He feels that wealth is best employed when spent  
In His high service who the boon hath lent :  
And if his earthly gains are 'minished,  
He has a Heavenly treasure in their stead ;  
And lives to bless the day, when forth he trod  
To ramble in the fields,—and met with God.

**TALE SECOND.**

**THE MISSIONARY.**

**“ THY KINGDOM COME.”**



## THE MISSIONARY.

“RISE, King of Glory, rise, resume Thy throne,  
And make the empires of the earth Thy own :  
Awake, appear, to strike the scoffer dumb,  
Assert Thy sway and bid Thy kingdom come.  
How far shall guilt and violence advance ?  
How long deface Thy fair inheritance ?  
How long shall man Thy dignities invade,  
And push Thee from the world which thou hast made ?  
O glorify Thyself! Our toils are vain,  
And only mock the cause they would sustain.

But let that voice which through primeval night  
Said from on high, "Be light," and there was light,  
Let that Almighty voice again be heard  
To call the nations to their rightful Lord,  
And prayer and praise on every wind shall rise,  
And Thou be served on Earth as in the skies !"

Such were the vows that on the lonely side  
Of Mississippi rose at eventide,  
And mingled with the jackall's plaintive while,  
And with the splash of rushing crocodile,  
With the flamingo's scream, and with the breeze  
Whose wild wing strayed thro' the magnolia trees,  
And with the river walking on his way  
Through nations. There before a hut of clay  
Knelt an old man, and lifted up his prayer  
To the Great Spirit, in whose service there

He long had laboured, zealous to proclaim  
To Indian wastes, his Master's saving name,  
Assert the honours of the dread "I am,"  
And meeken down the wolf into the lamb.

Nor were his toils in vain. Behold yon green  
Savannah, reaching down the woods between  
To the broad flood, and mid the wilderness,  
Smiling as sweet as Hope amid distress.  
There neat inclosures rise, and cattle graze  
And vineyards bloom, and spots of rice and maize  
Dapple the slope, and from a hundred huts  
The smoke in wreathy column upward juts ;  
And where the buskined hunter roved erewhile  
Now harvests wave, and hanging gardens smile ;  
And where the wolf was howling in his den,  
Ascends the social hum of busy men,

And Christian worship swells to God around  
In language newly hallowed with the sound.

O'er that old man were forty summers flown,  
Since from far lands to this wild spot alone  
He came, and built his hut, and lodged his store  
Among the prowlers of this lonely shore.  
Those white locks then were jet, and that meek eye,  
Which twinkles yet with immortality,  
Looked living fire ; and round his form and face  
Glowed high romance, and dignity, and grace. .  
No common man, and with no common aim,  
To his bold task the Missionary came ;  
And left whatever else was bright or dear,  
To walk with God, and spread His Gospel here.

And lurked there no regret in that bright eye ?  
Stole from his bosom no half stifled sigh ?  
So young, so warm, so feeling as he was,  
Thus quitting all, and taking up his cross,  
Mid savage lands and men to live and die,  
No friend but God, no home but in the sky ?  
No ! He had known the world, had proved the worth  
Of all that wears the stamp and hue of earth ;  
Had played deep with Experience, and had quaffed  
From her stern cup a large and bitter draught :  
And finding all was frail and false around,  
He turned betimes to build on stabler ground :  
Steered his poor skiff from life's tempestuous sea,  
And sought a haven in Eternity.

In sooth he ill was fitted for the strife,  
The storms, the buffetings, the stabs of life.



His ardent spirit was not formed to *bear* ;  
And his had been a step-son's portion there.  
In early youth of both his parents reft,  
To all the snares of rank and affluence left,  
The boy grew up into a world of sin  
With scarce a friend to guide his way therein.  
His glowing mind to wild luxuriance ran ;  
His years passed on without an aim or plan :  
Till into life he stepped at last, as wild,  
As simple, and confiding as a child.

Yet deem him not, untutored as he was,  
A thing of sense, a lump of clay and dross.  
His heart was warm and open as the spring,  
A rich toned lyre that thrilled through every string,  
Alive to bliss, and prone to melt and move  
At each appeal of friendship and of love.

He banqueted on music ; and his taste  
Was quick to all of beautiful and chaste.  
He looked on nature with a painter's eye,  
And caught the soul of speaking poesy.  
And though possessed of no outstanding trait  
Which burthened memory cannot put away,  
No character energetic, bold, defined,  
That haunts, and fills, and triumphs o'er, the mind ;  
Yet see him, hear him, and anon there stole  
A spell around that rivetted the soul ;  
And a mysterious interest gradual grew,  
Till all about him strange observance drew,  
And round his influence breathed, and spread a tone  
O'er other minds congenial with his own.

Such, and so circumstanced, it was his lot  
To dwell with those who knew and prized him not.

His sphere was narrow. Fate had set him down  
On the dull confines of a country town,  
Where he was made the idol and the dupe  
Of creatures to whose arts he scorned to stoop.  
Thence friends thronged round him, and professions loud  
And greeting smiles attended him. The cloud  
Fled from all brows before him ; and he moved  
In every circle courted and beloved.  
The ladies thought him sweetly sentimental :  
Their mothers canvassed o'er his handsome rental.  
And though all thought him odd, nay some said mad,  
None could esteem his face or person bad,  
And then how fine a property he had !  
Sure a good spouse and jointure must await  
The maid that might secure her such a mate.

Thus many a sigh was breathed, and not in vain.  
There was one blue-eyed girl among the train,

Retiring, gentle, graceful, fair and tall,  
Who bore the prize away from midst them all.  
Little she said ; but oh that eye!—that eye!—  
What did it not in its blue archery ?  
He shrunk before it ;—yet returned to ask  
Permission in its milder light to bask ;  
Was heard,—received,—and nothing now there needs,  
But fix the day, and draw the marriage deeds.

I say not how the hours from hence were spent ;  
I pass each sigh, and look and blandishment,  
The air-built castle, the sequestered walk  
With trembling arm-in-arm, and all the talk  
'Bout poetry, and trees, and flowers, and skies,  
And young Love's thousand hopes and phantasies ;—  
Nor can I tell how they had matched for life,  
What husband he had made, and she what wife :

For when all else was settled, and there now  
Remained but just the priest, and ring, and vow,  
News came, that one, on whom, as on his soul,  
He rested, and resigned to him the whole  
Of his affairs, was fled, and with him bore  
The bulk of all his patron owned before.

Pursuit was made,—in vain,—and clear away  
The perjured villain carried off his prey ;  
And home his dupe returned, less keenly feeling  
His loss of substance, than the traitorous dealing  
Of one so loved. He felt that he had leant  
Upon a faithless reed, that broke, and went  
Into his heart. A sweet dream was dispelled ;  
A thousand beauteous fancies all were quelled :  
The world lost half her lustre ; her fair dress  
Was rent, and through appeared her nakedness.

The tendrils of his heart, that wont to stretch  
And twine round every object they could catch,  
Were nipped, his sympathies were chilled, and fled  
The curdling life blood to its fountain head.

But there was more to suffer. Ah! the crew  
Were mean and base with whom he had to do!  
Much had been proffered, and it was not much  
To look for some concern, some kindly touch  
Of sympathy to mitigate his shock:  
But all fell off, like waves from round a rock.  
They that were yesterday all cringe and bow,  
Stared in his face, or swaggered past him now.  
At once their smiles and welcomes and respect  
Grew cold civility, or proud neglect.  
He seemed a dead weight on their hands: his pelf  
Was gone, and he a cypher in himself.

But there was yet one breast, where he might hide  
His outcast head, though all were false beside ;  
One faithful friend, one gentle comforter,  
That would not shrink from him ; and O it were  
An Eden still to gather up the wrecks  
Of his past wealth, and fly from all the checks  
And wrongs of a bad world, and be with her  
Beyond the reach of knave or flatterer,  
Nestling in some sweet cottage far removed  
From man's intrusion, loving and beloved !  
On with such thoughts his pathway he pursued  
Up to the well known door, his darker mood  
Clearing and brightening as he went. At last  
He reached the threshold, and would thence have passed  
On to her presence as he wont ; but there  
A servant stops him ere he mounts the stair,

And begs, with many a scrape and bow, to say,  
That his young mistress can't be seen to day.

A letter followed cold and brief, expressing  
Her thanks for past attentions, and professing  
A high esteem ; but she regretted much,  
That circumstances were no longer such  
As would admit their union ; and in fine,  
She begged all future visits to decline.

It was enough. He now had known the worst :  
He wept not, though his heart was nigh to burst :  
He raved not, cursed not, though to both inclined ;  
But calmly turned his back upon mankind.  
He made the woods his mate, and to the breeze  
Poured out his spirit's baleful reveries.



He walked the mountain tops ; and loved to lie  
And follow the light clouds along the sky,  
And shape and name them in his moods : he pryed  
Into the cups of flowers ; and o'er the side  
Of streams would lean and watch the fish at play :  
Or at the close of evening roam away  
Among the dews, and linger till the sky  
Grew beautiful with stars, and sounds from high  
Came to him through the stillness of the night,  
And his soul mingled with the infinite  
And rose from earth ; and here it was that first  
Upon his intellectual darkness burst  
The Majesty of God : amid the woods,  
The solemn rocks, blue skies, and sounding floods  
He grew familiar with Him, learnt to trace  
His power, His love, His wisdom, and His grace,

From suns and planets down to the poor blade  
That trembled at his foot. His spirit made  
A friend of God ; and with the flowers and birds  
Breathed up a worship which no earthly words  
Could adequately utter ; till with Him  
Conversing, this poor earth grew dark and dim ;  
And the large spirit bursting every bond,  
Rose on immortal wing and soared beyond  
The bounds of time and space, and joyed to roam,  
And drink the glories of its native home ;  
And heavenly longings swelled within his breast,  
And his heart thirsted for eternal rest.

“ A few more suns and moons,” he thought, and then  
A long farewell to earth and earthly men ;  
A full release from guilt, and guile, and woe,  
And all the spirit weeps or fears below.

O it is joy to think the day shall be  
When all chains will drop off, and we be free ;  
When every cloud shall pass from off our sky,  
And every tear be wiped from every eye !  
Roll on, ye seasons, bring that blessed time  
Unstained with grief, unspotted with a crime !  
O wheel this ruin of a world away,  
And usher in that long bright Sabbath-day !”

There are fond hearts that cannot do without  
Some object upon which they may pour out  
Their overflowing love, and his was one ;  
And now that earthly objects all were gone,  
He turned for such to Heaven ; and there he gazed  
Till every feeling was refined and raised  
From earth, and he appeared to stand the last  
Lone being of some generation past,

Longing and reaching to a better place,  
With little wish to linger on his race ;  
For he had other aims and views than they  
Through whose strange land his transient journey lay.  
His eye was fixed on God ; and there had dwelt  
So long and earnestly, he almost felt  
Identified with Him. God was his bliss ;  
God's glory, was his glory ; God's cause his ;  
He had no being but in God ; no rest  
Nor happiness apart from Him. He blest  
The very flower that breathed its balm on high,  
And would not trample on it. In his eye  
The poorest leaf grew precious, for it bore  
The impress of Almighty hands : nay more,  
The very scorn and hatred he had felt  
To faithless men before, began to melt

Down into love and pity ; for they were  
Children of God's and objects of His care,  
Although they knew Him not, they loved him not—  
There was a desolation in that thought—  
He could not brook to think there should be one  
Who knew not Him his soul so hung upon :  
And when he turned his eyes the world around,  
And thought how many were to whom the sound  
Of their Creator's name was all unknown,  
His heart bled in him, and he longed to own  
An angel's voice. He saw from every shore  
Ten thousand hands outstretching to implore  
His guidance, pleading for the sacred bread  
On which his own more favored spirit fed ;  
And God's sweet promise fired him, "blessed they  
Who feed my sheep, and gather those that stray."

Then came the voice of prophecy, and told  
Of whiter days, when all should be one fold *brighter*  
Under one shepherd; when the brows that bled  
Beneath the platted thorns should wear instead  
The crown of Glory, and descend to reign  
O'er Earth subjected to her God again.  
When Eden's hours once more on golden wing  
Should visit man, Creation laugh and sing,  
The billows clap their hands, and to the skies  
On every wind glad hallelujahs rise,  
Sorrow and sin, and violence, and fraud  
Disperse before one kindling look from God,  
And the Redeemed around their Saviour prove  
On earth a foretaste of the joys above.

Musing on themes like these his soul took fire,  
And sprung up in him an intense desire

To bear the cross to foreign lands, and dare  
A Missionary's toils and dangers there.  
A momentary pause, a passing swell  
Of heart ; a line to her he loved so well :  
Then rose his sail before the vagrant wind,  
And calm he left his native land behind.

“Beloved and lovely,” (thus his letter ran)  
“Hear the last words of a devoted man.  
I write not to implore, reproach, or grieve :  
I simply send to say that I forgive :  
Blest if that word from any pang may free  
A heart I would not have distressed through me,  
A heart round which I wish more joys to twine  
Than thy repulse once seemed to snatch from mine.  
But this is over now. My soul, though late,  
Has found a nobler aim, a higher mate ;

God is the object of my love; and I  
Go forth to distant lands to lift on high  
His glorious ensign. We no more shall meet,  
Till thou shalt see me to their Judge's feet  
Leading my little flock. O may this be  
A joyful meeting to both thee and me!  
May we be joined in better bonds than e'er  
Our fondest thoughts anticipated here!  
Farewell! my prayer shall rise when far away  
For thy dear sake to Him I there obey;  
And ah do thou at times a thought bestow  
On him who scarce knows how to let thee go  
So loved, so lost;—I feel I must not dwell  
On themes like these; once more, Farewell, Farewell!



The bounding deep is passed, and lo he stands  
A stranger now on Transatlantic lands,  
Mid giant lakes, and streams, and woods, and plains,  
Where nature in eternal grandeur reigns ;  
And as he passes through them to his charge,  
He feels his spirit mount, his thoughts enlarge ;  
And "here indeed," he cries, "are works of thine  
Worthy Thyself, my God ! These depths of pine  
Are pathless but to Thee ; to Thee these floods  
Lift up their voices. In their various moods  
Of terrible or tranquil they pourtray  
Thy image, shew Thy majesty, and say  
"Behold Omnipotence ! And thou bright eye  
Of heaven, thou Sun, that walkest here on high  
A king indeed, methinks one look at thee  
Were all enough to set the spirit free,

And chase the mists of error, and declare  
The God whose minister thou standest there!"

So spake fond hope, so thought romantic youth,  
But sage Experience told a sterner truth ;  
And many a toilsome day and sleepless night  
Checked his enthusiast zeal, and set it right.  
He learnt a simpler, soberer way to try,  
And point by plainer precepts to the sky.  
He settled mid a fierce uncultured train  
Wild as the wind and lawless as the main ;  
And sought in vain for many a darkling year  
To charm the deaf dull adder in their ear :  
To raise to human what before was brute,  
And lead the wanderers to their Saviour's foot.

He found them dark, the slaves of sin and sense,  
Preoccupied with thoughts and aims intense,  
Snatching from danger's lap their daily bread,  
And hourly shaking hands with pain and dread,  
Strong in delusion, proud, self-satisfied,  
Married to earth, and spurning all beside.  
Yet patience, perseverance, faith and prayer  
Found in the end their promised blessing there ;  
And precept upon precept, line on line,  
Awoke at length a sense of things divine :  
Gave conscience a new sanction, and o'erawed  
The rising passions with a present God.  
Upon the night of many a heathen mind  
The Sun of righteousness arose and shined,  
And ushered in that morn serene and bright  
Whose noon goes on into eternal light.

Rapine and force their wonted seats forsook,  
The spear was changed into the pruning hook,  
The heart of stone grew flesh, and mid the wild  
The Arts and Charities sprung up and smiled.  
Old Mississippi saw with proud surprise  
The cot and vineyard on his side arise :  
And smoothed his wave, and lingered in his race,  
Young culture's footsteps on his banks to trace,  
To kiss the all unwonted flowers, and hear  
The voice of Christian worship swelling near ;  
Then sullen flung him onward to the main  
To meet no more such sights and sounds again.

And ah what felt our Missionary there ?  
How looked he on the children of his care ?

With what sensations did he watch and trace  
The gradual progress of reclaiming grace ?  
And see the savage scene beneath his eye  
Rise into life and form, and harmony ?  
'Twas bliss, but not for human tongue to shew ;  
'Twas pride akin to that which angels know  
Tending their charge to Heaven, all unallied  
To earth, and shaming every joy beside.  
Here in an Eden of his own he moved,  
And led the worship of the God he loved ;  
Brought the blind sight, and language to the dumb,  
And saw the kingdom of his Father come.  
Here undisturbed he mused on things above,  
And praised amid His works the God of love ;  
To Him his voice arose with morning's light,  
And when above his lonely hut at night

The wind made solemn music in the trees,  
God came down to him walking on the breeze,  
And brought him awful joy. And thus afar  
From earthly heed or hindrance, care or jar  
His life ran smoothly onward. God from high  
Looked on his labors with approving eye,  
The spirit loved within his breast to dwell,  
And angels often whispered all is well.  
With late and gentle call he was removed  
Hence to the home he sought, the God he loved.  
He closed his eyes to rest one happy night  
To ope them wondering in eternal light.  
Still may be seen on Mississippi's side  
The little hut the good man occupied ;  
The old oak spreading o'er the grassy mound  
From which he taught his people standing round.

And still the pious traveller loves to stay,  
And kneel down by his lowly grave to pray,  
And hear his converts tell with honest pride  
How holily he lived, how calmly died.

**TALE THIRD.**

**THE WIDOW.**

**“THY WILL BE DONE.”**

**D 5**





## THE WIDOW.

“ HERE, peep in through the window. I will pull  
This knot of woodbine back that hangs too full  
Across the leaded lattice. Do not fear,  
Our presence will not interrupt her here.  
She cannot note us : to her aged sight  
Nature is blankness now, and day is night ;  
And all her thoughts are occupied. See, where  
She kneels in yonder nook in quiet prayer.  
And mark that lifted face, which beams as bright  
As if an angel, hovering near, shook light

Down from his wings upon it. Looks it not  
Most beautifully tranquil? Then her cot,  
You note how orderly and neat 'tis kept,  
The tiled floor crisp with sand, the hearth clean swept,  
The dresser with its well-washed range of delf,  
Her five good volumes set out on their shelf,  
And then the four old chairs with backs so tall,  
And all the bible prints around the wall—  
It is a pretty picture. Take one gaze ;  
Then turn we hence a moment while she prays ;  
And as we go and come, receive from me  
The old blind widow's simple history !”

We crossed the little court, and entered in  
Through a latched wicket in a privet screen,  
The fence of a small garden, where there grew  
Sweet marjoram, and thyme, and mint, and rue,

And star-eyed marigolds ; and in one spot  
Of bashful flowers a solitary knot.  
Here the black currants good for colds appear,  
And there a few old plums and apples rear  
Their mossy trunks. The rest is planted thick  
With cabbage and potato, bean and leek  
In useful alternation. At the end  
Where yonder group of long lithe osiers bend,  
Out wells a little spring, and onward passes  
Hiding itself among the flags and grasses,  
From whence with playful foot it leaps anon,  
And o'er the neighbouring field runs laughing in the sun.  
Hard by the well a little arbour stood,  
Here we sat down, and thus my friend pursued.

“That poor old widowed thing we just have seen  
Of all the country side was once the queen ;

With temper, form, and manners that could move  
Each maid to envy, and each youth to love.  
Her father, a substantial churl, had piled  
A goodly portion for his only child ;  
And 'twas his fondest wish on earth to see  
His darling Jessy married suitably."

" Young Richard Gray was handsome, frank and boon,  
Pleasant as nature in her own sweet June ;  
In all the neighbouring hamlets none could tell  
A blither tale, or dance, or sing as well.  
Happy the maid who might on holiday  
Walk on the green and chat with Richard Gray ;  
And merry 'twas in alehouse or in fair  
When rattling Richard laughed and revelled there.  
Dressed out on sunday in his best attire  
He looked and moved as brave as any squire."

“So thought poor Jessy, in whose simple ear  
Richard had breathed what she had blushed to hear;  
He met her oft in lane and field and grove  
And whispered there the music of his love.  
Her sire indeed the growing friendship saw,  
And sternly tried to check it and o’erawe.  
“Marry a clown? my child? who might aspire  
To win and wear a captain or a squire?—  
Look on an idle, dangling, thriftless sot?  
Break with him, girl, this moment; or if not,  
Take your own course! aye do! and starve and rot.”

But there were words which soon sent these aside.  
“Come, lovely Jessy, come and be my bride!  
My little cot stands white upon the hill,  
The roses clamber round its porch at will;

Before, my garden and its blossomed trees  
All bright with flowers and musical with bees ;  
Behind, my little farm and sheep and kine ;  
Come, lovely Jessy, come, they all are thine !  
Fly from a frowning father, and with me  
Come live and love, secure and fond and free."

"She went,—they wedded,—and all things awhile,  
Save an offended father, seemed to smile.—  
Richard was kind, and for his Jessy's sake  
Gave up his jollities at fair and wake ;  
He laboured hard all day, and home at night  
Returned to lay before her with delight  
His earnings, and sit down in peace to share  
The frugal meal prepared by Jessy's care.  
And then in chatting, working, reading, fled  
The evening swiftly till the hour of bed ;

When down in peaceful sleep betimes they lay  
To wake up to their wonted toils with day.

Thus all went well, and Jessy shortly came  
To add a mother's to a spouse's name.  
And a fair boy, bounding with health and grace  
Looked up his father in her happy face.  
The crops were good, the cattle thrived, the rent  
Was paid, and all was comfort and content.—

Why must I paint this picture's dark reverse ;  
Why shew how canker-like a father's curse  
Clung to them ? first a rainy season came,  
And lodged their corn ; and then their horse fell lame ;  
Their best cow died in calf, provisions too  
Grew scarce and dear ; and there was nought to do.—



And as their substance 'minished, with it fled  
Poor Richard's ease ; and gloom and care instead  
Grew on him, soured his temper, checked his tongue,  
And o'er his brow a cloudy blackness hung.  
His house grew cheerless to him, and his farm  
Presented nought but ruin and alarm ;  
While idleness, the sufferer's restless curse,  
Hung on him too, and made all crosses worse :  
Moody and dark he sauntered from his home  
In fretful discontent to sigh and roam.  
His former haunts and habits by degrees  
Won on him, promising a transient ease ;  
Till in the alehouse soon he daily sought  
A desperate refuge from himself and thought !

Jessy with dread beheld the change, and tried  
By every art to charm this mood aside ;

Made light of every ill, plied all her wiles,  
Locked up her cares, and tasked her face to smiles.  
She placed her little babe upon his knees,  
Hung on his neck, looked up, and sought to seize  
His wandering vacant eye,—in vain, in vain ;—  
Instead of answering tenderness again,  
Disgust in harsh impatience ill concealed  
Repulsed her efforts and her spirit chilled ;  
And forth anon she saw him blindly go,  
To seek his cups and leave her to her woe.  
Still she forbore, nor by one look expressed  
The storm of feelings working in her breast.  
She spoke not ; chided not ; but conscious shame  
Read in her kindest acts reproach and blame ;  
And brutal violence, the more inflamed  
By sense of wrongs inflicted and *unblamed*,

Burst out on her in language loud and high—  
Which, save in quiet tears, found no reply !

“ Month after month rolled on, and brought no  
change  
Till neighbours shunned them, and old friends grew  
strange ;  
Her father in his anger sternly smiled  
On the just meed of a rebellious child,  
And he, who should have been her stay, her friend,  
Looked but to frown, or spoke to reprehend.  
Where could she turn for comfort ? Ah it came  
But cold and cheerless through a husband's blame ;  
And less she deemed it to abide the press  
Of boding thoughts, and wrongs, and loneliness  
Than words that wounded him. She therefore kept  
Her feelings down, and plied her hands, and wept.”

“One night her husband o’er his cups delayed,  
And she, as oft accustomed now, afraid  
And anxious for his safety, took the road  
To find and lead him to his lone abode.  
She dared not seek the alehouse, and support  
Its drunken inmates’ coarse and ribbald sport ;  
But still he must not walk alone where lay  
The long canal beside his reeling way.  
And here, her little Richard in her hand,  
Beneath the silent moon she took her stand  
Most desolate, and heard at times from far  
Their loud wild laughter, and their brutal jar.  
She looked upon her infant, and the whole  
Of her lone state came rushing on her soul.  
She thought of father, husband, wrong, and crime,  
Herself, her helpless offspring, and the time

When she for common food might hear him cry,  
Nor have wherewith to soothe his agony.  
She saw the waters sleeping 'neath her there,  
Breathing, and bright; the frenzy of despair  
Came o'er her; here was shelter, here was rest  
For her and hers; there now remained no breast  
To feel her loss, nor would her baby stay,  
Like the young bloom that opens on the spray  
In March, ere yet a leaf is on the trees  
To screen the trembler from the bitter breeze.  
Strong was the conflict of that trying hour,  
And hard she struggled with the tempter's power;  
But God at length controlled the desperate strife  
And led her back again to peace and life,  
Even as in frantic agony she stood.  
Strange contrast, o'er that still and placid flood,

And strained her wondering infant to her breast  
And on his lips her last wild kiss impressed,  
A light broke in on her, a sudden ray  
Of hope and comfort, (how she scarce could say,)  
That shewed at once her madness and her sin,  
And calmed and settled all the storm within.  
She deems herself it was the child she held  
Who named the name of God, and with it quelled  
Her agonies ; who with a random word  
Remembered from the task he daily heard  
From her own lips his erring mother taught,  
And bade her turn for comfort where she ought,  
Sending her dark and wandering thoughts away  
To Him the Widow's friend and Orphan's stay.  
She paused, she trembled, on her teacher looked  
With awe and shame, owned God and stood rebuked ;

Saw the full horror of her guilty aim,  
And home returning in an altered frame  
In penitence and prayer a course began,  
Which on to lasting peace, and full submission ran

“ Within her home now Jessy sits no more  
In lonely desolation as before.  
A Friend is hers who leaves not nor forsakes,  
A peace the friendless world nor gives nor takes ;  
God has looked in upon her mental night,  
The clouds are passed away, and all is light.  
She sees a plan unveiled to earthly eyes,  
Finds all her ills but blessings in disguise,  
Learns on her God to rest with faith and prayer  
And trust her cause to His paternal care ;  
Content in His appointed path to run,  
And meekly say “ my Father’s will be done.”

“ But sickness seized at length the man of drink  
And nailed him to his bed, and forced him think.  
The long delusion from his spirit passed,  
And his true state rushed full on him at last.  
Robbed of excuse, and stripped of all disguise,  
His guilty self rose up before his eyes;  
And crimes and wrongs in fast succession came,  
And fanned his inward fever into flame.  
He spurned all solace, and refused all aid,  
And night and day against himself inveighed :  
He called upon his injured wife and child,  
And bade them curse him, till his brain ran wild.  
They brought him medicines, but he took them not ;  
The body's pangs were in the mind's forgot ;  
And every soothing word and act from them  
Seemed but anew his baseness to condemn.

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In vain his faithful partner o'er him hung,  
Love in her looks, and comfort on her tongue ;  
In vain his infant round him smiled and played,  
His angry conscience would not be allayed ;  
“Curse me,” he cried, “the worst that ye can do  
Is all too little for my wrongs on you.”—  
A friend of mine beheld him ere he died ;  
His consort's words and prayers had then supplied  
A ray of peace, and taught the poor distrest  
To seek his refuge in a Saviour's breast.  
There never died a deeper penitent ;  
And charity may hope the prayers he sent  
For mercy to his God, were heard in heaven :  
But by himself he never was forgiven ;  
And his last bitter words and tears in life,  
Deplored his conduct to his generous wife.

“But it is time we seek her cot again  
And learn from her own lips what may remain.”

“We rose, and to the cottage bent our way,  
And found her there in the same neat array;  
Seated and knitting in a window, where  
The sun looked warmly on her, and the air  
Flung in at times a perfume as it flew.  
She heard the sound of our approach, and knew  
The steps were friendly, and with pleasant smile  
Rose to receive and greet us; in a while  
We freely talked together, and my friend  
Induced her thus her simple tale to end.

“It was” she said, “a heavy thing to lose  
A friend so dear, so needful, when his views

Were now corrected, and his heart reclaimed,  
And his new efforts might have still redeemed  
Our sinking cause from ruin. But 'twas not  
For me to strive, where God had dealt the lot.  
They seized our little stock for debt, and sent  
A writ to drive us from our tenement;  
And sad and helpless as I was, (for then  
The time was near when I must feel again  
A mother's pangs and fears) I took the road,  
And left with aching heart my loved abode ;  
And to the parish workhouse turned to share  
Their coarse hard lodging and unwilling fare,  
And take the common pittance of the place,  
Without one soothing word or friendly face.  
And here mid want and sorrow, noise and strife,  
My second infant struggled into life ;

And a wild fever followed close, and cast  
A shroud round thought and feeling ; present, past,  
And future, all were dark for many a day ;  
And when the strange delusion passed away,  
Ah me! I heard my babe for nurture cry,  
And found my withered breast could none supply.  
It was a trying season, and my cup  
Required but one drop more to fill it up ;  
And this too came, my angry father came  
To curse me at my hour of grief and shame ;  
Yes, sir, my father came to curse me here ;—  
But ah! he could not do it. God was near  
To check and change his purpose ; and one look  
At me and my affliction staggered, shook,  
Subdued him ; tears burst forth without control,  
And all the father rushed into his soul.

He fell upon my neck and sobbed "my child;"  
And my poor heart within me leaped and smiled.

" Thus in my anguish God forsook me not,  
But in his own good time assistance brought.  
My father took me to his home once more,  
And life flowed swift and smoothly as of yore,  
A quiet by-path of my own I trod,  
And read my bible and conversed with God :  
And taught my little ones, and saw them rise  
Two pleasant plants beneath my widowed eyes.  
Peace crowned my nights, and pleasure winged my days,  
And half my prayers were gladdened into praise.

" But bliss like this is not for earthly breast;  
And God was kinder than to let me rest,

In any object short of Him and heaven ;  
And when at length a darker lot was given,  
Though flesh and blood recoiled, the spirit stood  
Strong in her sense that He was wise and good.  
I knew myself an heir of sin and pride,  
And felt it useful for me to be tried ;  
What He ordained 'twas not for me to shun,  
Nor say my will, and not my God's, be done.  
My father now was dead, and all he had  
Devolved on us ; and soon my eldest lad  
Bright as the morn and active as the wind  
Took charge of all his grandsire left behind ;  
Worked, marketed, farmed, bargained, sold and bought,  
And joy and increase to our dwelling brought.  
'Twas balm indeed to a fond mother's heart  
To see her child so nobly play his part ;

And blind with joy, and drunk with empty pride,  
I saw no foes nor dangers at his side;  
I feared no snares to one so young as he,  
Even in such dealings, scenes, and company.  
My frank, my generous, my manly son!  
Why should I tell you how he was undone?  
Why call the steps by which he fell to view  
And bid each wound within me bleed anew?  
I saw *my* error, and *his* change too late,  
But had no power to save him from his fate:  
He rushed on blindly in his father's way,  
And prayers and efforts were in vain to stay.—  
The soldiers of a passing regiment  
At last seduced him, and before he went  
He came to ask my blessing.—Here I took  
My last embrace, my last foreboding look

Of my poor boy ; and gave with many a prayer  
A little favorite bible to his care,  
And bade him keep and read it for my sake,  
The last best gift a mother's love could make.—  
Then, Sir, I gave him up to God ; and forth  
He went, to bless my eyes no more on earth.

“Excuse these tears ; they give my heart relief ;  
And God forbids not unrepining grief.  
The very Saviour wept when He was here ;  
And nature claims the comfort of a tear.  
I would not strive against my Father's will  
Nor reckon aught that comes from Him an ill ;  
But ah ! I felt, I feel the chastening rod !  
And it smote hard though in the hand of God.  
Five years went by, nor heard I of his fate.—  
At last, one night, a man came to my gate,



A war-worn veteran, but of aspect mild,  
Who brought, he told me, tidings of my child.

“Sir, I must weep, my feelings must have vent.—  
This man had marched, had slept in the same tent,  
With my boy Richard. He had been his friend  
And shared his toils and dangers to the end.  
He was a christian and a man of prayer,  
Who loved his God, and served him every where.  
My wanderer’s follies he had seen with pain,  
And warned him from them kindly, but in vain ;  
Yet joined he not the common laugh and jeer,  
Nor mocked the precepts he refused to hear.  
Thus things continued, ’till the corps was sent  
On foreign service on the Continent ;  
And there mid exile, danger and distress,  
A graver mood on Richard ’gan t’ press ;

His eyes were opened to the path he trod,  
And his heart yearned to find a friend in God.  
He sought his pious comrade's company,  
And read his bible much, and spoke of me;  
O sir! that bible my own hands had given,  
And sure my prayers brought down that grace from  
heaven.

At length in deadly strife they met their foes,  
And my poor boy was missing at the close;  
And when they found him he was cold and dead,  
And by his side his little bible spread.—

The old man kept and brought the book to me,  
And O my soul within me thrilled to see  
My child's own life-blood still the pages stain,  
A mournful pledge that we should meet again.

“Well, sir, I wept; but they were blessed drops,  
And bright with high remembrances and hopes:  
I looked too on the youth that still was left,  
And felt with him I was not quite bereft.  
For he was mild and docile, kind and good,  
The light and comfort of my solitude.  
He loved his home, and o'er a favorite book,  
Would spend whole evenings in our chimney nook.  
Our little garden 'neath his culture thrrove,  
And the moss-rose and woodbine learned to rove  
Upon our cottage wall; my joys and fears,  
My prayers, my occupations, smiles and tears  
He shared with daily love, and sense beyond his years.  
But now it pleased my God again to lay  
His hand on me, and take my sight away;

And anxious for the welfare of my son,  
Whom my fond eyes no more could look upon,  
I forced my heart to give him up, and bade  
A kind relation teach my boy his trade.  
He wept to leave me; but I hid my pain,  
And talked of joy when we should meet again.—  
And we did meet,—but not with joy;—a year  
Was scarce elapsed ere tidings smote my ear  
That George was sick, and that his native air  
Was recommended for him. To my care  
They sent him. O! sir, what I felt to trace  
His hollow voice, his wasted form and face!  
How have I sat beside his bed, and staid  
His burning brow, and watched, and wept, and prayed,  
And talked of hope, when there was hope no more;  
And whispered comfort, while my heart ran o'er

With desolation. But his spirit rose  
Above this little world of crimes and woes,  
And asked no earthly comfort. Many days  
Before he died he dwelt within the rays  
Of Heaven; he saw his Saviour face to face,  
And stood with angels at the throne of grace;  
And spoke such blessed words to all around,  
Grief stood rebuked, and love in awe was drowned.  
Bright as the closing of a summer's day,  
Soft as a sabbath hymn he passed away.  
The soul, they said, departing to its place,  
Left a still marble smile upon his face,  
A sweet assurance of the bliss he gained,  
A pledge of peace to those that yet remained.

“Here, sir, my story closes. I was left  
A poor lone thing, of all, save God, bereft.

I now had nought to do but weep and pray,  
And kiss the hand that gave and took away.  
I know Him good and wise, and scarce would dare  
To wish that things were other than they are.  
All that I loved are gathered safe above,  
Better and happier far than earthly love,  
However warm, could wish them. There they live  
In all the bliss the Father's self can give,  
Or the Redeemer earn; and I shall there  
Meet them again, bright, blooming as they were,  
To praise the God we served together here,  
And dry in glory's rays each earthly tear.  
My eyes behold no more this world of sin,  
But brighter worlds light up my eyes within.  
And here in my lone cot I sit, and try  
My soul to keep, my God to glorify,

Take what he gives with thankfulness of heart,  
And feel His mercies more than my desert,  
And calmly wait His own good time, to say  
“ Come to thy rest, poor pilgrim, come away.”

**TALE FOURTH.**

**EDWARD FIELD.**

**“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.”**





## EDWARD FIELD.

UPON a rise near Sydney Grange is seen  
A small neat house with lawn of velvet green ;  
A shrubbery skirts and screens it from the wind,  
And a snug garden woos the sun behind.  
Here with his wife and rosy children twain,  
A man and maid, and chattels few and plain,  
Some years ago from distant town or shire  
Came Mister Field, or Edward Field Esquire,  
The neighbouring village gossips o'er their tea  
Have not yet settled his precise degree.

Farmer he was not ; stock nor land he kept,  
A few small fields around his house except ;  
Nor yet like neighbouring squires he entertained,  
Nor drank, nor swore, nor dogs nor hunters trained,  
But still he was the parson's friend and guest,  
And all the poor around his bounty could attest.

Well! Squire or Mister Field, (just call him which  
You please) inhabited this quiet niche ;  
Milked his three cows, and made his bread and beer  
On just four hundred annual pounds in clear.  
Sleek were his kine. His yard was peopled thick  
With turkey, guinea-fowl, and hen and chick,  
All of choice kinds ; and o'er his lawn there went  
Six sheep, kept less for use than ornament.  
O'er a neat paddock gate all free and tame,  
Neighed his one horse in answer to his name.

I pass swine, ducks, and things of like degree,  
He kept them out of sight, and so shall we.

His wife, good Mrs. Field, Heaven bless her face!  
Was one might well adorn a higher place ;  
Accomplished, mannered, lady-like and fair,  
Though not quite all that some fine ladies are.  
She read few novels, seldom screamed, or fainted,  
Dangled no reticule, was flounced nor painted ;  
And thought her hands were made for something more  
Than nursing up in kid, or running o'er  
Piano keys. She could both mend and make,  
Wash and get up small linen, boil and bake ;  
And her made-wines, her puddings, and preserves,—  
What tongue can speak of them as each deserves ?  
Her dress was simple ; but you might suppose  
The Graces helped her to put on her clothes.

Her house too perfect neatness ; yet not such  
As makes one half afraid to step or touch ;  
And all things there appeared to go or stand  
Rather by secret clock-work than command ;  
Then in the healing art how vast her skill !  
How deep her lore in herb and salve and pill !  
Buchan and Reece right well she understood,  
And even in Thomas dipped, and Underwood.  
The ailing poor for miles around confessed  
The sovereign virtues of her medicine chest ;  
And lean the village doctor grew, and bare,  
Since Mrs. Field began to practise there.

Her husband had his avocations too :  
He kept, I've said, a garden, where he grew  
The earliest peas in all the country round,  
And fruit for size and flavour far renowned.

Here were his bees in hives of curious form,  
And there his greenhouse, to keep off the storm  
From favorite flowers of every scent and hue,  
Tended by him, and ranged in order due.  
To bud and graft he was supremely skilled ;  
And aye a pruning knife his pocket filled.

His other tasks were various. On his land  
He commonly employed a labouring hand.  
His poultry likewise 'twas his due delight  
Himself to serve with barley morn and night.  
He taught his boy and girl ; and taught them so  
That will and duty hand in hand might go.  
For he had still for them a smile in store,  
A playful word, or tale of pleasing lore :  
A happy knack, that tired not while it taught,  
And rarely failed to gain the end he sought.

A school then in the village he maintained,  
Where boys to write, and girls to sew were trained ;  
And where on sunday all the neighbouring young  
Hymns, catechisms and collects said or sung.  
The poor there claimed his frequent inquest too,  
For truest suffering oft is least in view ;  
And not content to notice, and redress  
The loud, bold plaint of petulant distress,  
He loved affliction to its home to trace  
And by inspection learn its real case ;  
See who might dress or baby-clothes require,  
Or Madam's Thursday soup, or wine, or fire.  
He was not one whose charity found vent  
In very fine but empty sentiment ;  
None of the simpering, soft poetic crew,  
Who talk, and feel, and weep, but never do.

Where'er were wants to succour, woes to share,  
There was his haunt, though none might see him there.  
He loved to seat him in the poor man's cot,  
And hear the annals of his humble lot,  
Joy round the widow's lonely heart to shed,  
And weep and pray beside the sick straw bed.  
And ' what sweet tears they were, pure, bright, as flow  
' From angel eyes o'er earthly sin and woe!  
' What luxury of sorrow,' (he would say),  
' And how unskilled in true enjoyment they  
' Who ne'er the full uplifted eyes have viewed,  
' Nor drank the wild warm voice of gratitude ;  
' Seen the poor children's smile their steps attend  
' And the dog bark not at his master's friend,  
' And all the simple joys that God hath given,  
' To light the steps of charity to Heaven !'



Then there were other lighter rambles, when  
He and his boy went up the neighbouring glen,  
Old Walton for their guide, and from the brook  
Wiled the lithe trout, but not with baited hook.  
Or all together in a one-horse chair  
They went at times to breathe the fresh sea air,  
In summer, picking shells along the sand,  
Or watching while the ocean o'er the strand  
His lordly crest smoothed down, his thunders mute  
Crept like a tame thing up to lick their foot.  
Or when at eve along the fields they strayed,  
Just when the cattle ventured from the shade ;  
When the tall grove upon the neighbouring rise,  
Stood in relief before the Western skies ;  
And pleasant murmurs on the ear would come  
Of lowing kine, and rooks returning home ;

And every breeze brought in some varied sweet ;  
And grass more soft than sleep wooed on their feet :  
Till dancing insects humming round their way,  
And the wild thrush's lessening roundelay,  
And stars faint twinkling through the twilight blue  
Warned them in home from darkness and the dew.

On other evenings, when rough weather brings  
Us friends with fires, rugs, shutters, and such things ;  
And when the Vicar, or some neighbour friend  
Dropped not in on them to take tea, and spend  
An hour in chat ; nor when the county news  
Came once a week, nor monthly the Reviews :—  
The children then would either draw or write,  
Or cut out forms in paper blue and white,  
Or sing together at their mother's side ;  
Or while the female part their needles plied,

The others read aloud ; perchance with Cook  
From isle to isle their way through Ocean took ;  
Or else with Bruce or Park the desert thrid,  
Or learned what other ages felt and did :  
And traced the lore of England, Greece, and Rome,  
With safer guides than Gibbon or than Hume.  
Thus bed-time stole upon them unawares ;  
And the night closed, as morning oped, with prayers.

Such was the dwelling, such the simple life  
Of Edward Field, his children, and his wife.  
Here from the world, its toils, and snares, he fled  
To serve his God, and eat his daily bread.  
Retired, but active ; useful, though forgot ;  
The world owed much to him, that owned him not.  
His aim was not men's notice, but their good,  
To have his actions felt, enjoyed, not viewed.

And like the tree that bows its head the lower  
The heavier it is hung with fruitful store,  
He lived humility ;—unlike to those  
Who wear it in their manners, looks and clothes,  
Who tell their frailties, spread their sins abroad  
To man who disbelieves them, not to God ;  
Then triumph in their hypocritic sham,—  
“ How humble must the world suppose I am !”  
His *heart* was humble, for he knew its state :  
He had no claims to guard and vindicate ;  
Made no pretensions, took offence at none,  
And notice oft but for endurance won ;  
As in the grass the wild thyme we discover,  
Smelling most fragrant when most trampled over.  
The judgement of the vulgar, small, or great,  
In praise or blame with him had little weight.

He chose his path in life, and walked right on,  
And yet, if possible, offended none.  
Ambitious of no martyr's lot and name  
From gibbets, racks, and fires of worldly fame:  
Nor swift to take the lists, and hew and hack  
In controversial parry and attack,  
Where seldom aught is gained, though much is spent  
Of temper, time, and breath, and argument.  
His object Heaven, and God his Judge alone,  
Busy, yet quiet, moved the Christian on.  
Like home-bound vessel through life's voyage hied,  
Leaving no track along the closing tide:  
Took what of joy he might with safety there,  
And for his perfect bliss looked on elsewhere.

Who now would think this simple plain good man  
Had once been joined to fashion's lightest clan?

Had chased Ambition's wildest meteor down  
And shared the idlest follies of the Town ?  
Yet such had Edward Field. The earliest air  
He breathed was in a smoky London Square ;  
Where in a dingy brick and mortar pile  
His high-born parents lived in handsome style,  
Kept their state coach, with many a liveried knave,  
And large sad parties once a fortnight gave ;  
Using a world of pother and address  
To make themselves and others comfortless.

To Eton, thence to Oxford, was he whirled,  
To make acquaintance there, and see the world.  
And then pro formâ to the Continent  
The graduate dunce was with his tutor sent,  
To just learn how to dress, and cook, and stare,  
And say of places, " O ! yes ! I've been there ! "

Thence must he pass through fashion's usual paces,  
Learn the right manners, jargon, and grimaces,  
Acquire the one sublime indifference  
To all that smacks of feeling, thought, or sense.  
In friendless intimacy day by day  
With grinning things must languish life away :  
Must go to bed at four and rise at two,  
Then ride out in the park as others do ;  
Or lounge at five in Bond Street, with a score  
Of just such stiff, starched, stayed poor creatures more.  
To dinner then at eight, and thence away  
To formal rout, the club-house, or the play,  
For which till the fifth act he never starts,  
And talks aloud through all the finest parts.

From thence in time his genius onward passed,  
And left this wooden life behind at last.

But who, all inexpert may think to trace  
Each new gradation of his hopeful race ?  
Now in his tandem, now in ring or pit,  
A gudgeon here, and there a blood and wit,  
He did in fact what others like him do,  
And found in all as much enjoyment too.

Meanwhile his parents their own path pursued  
And with complacency his progress viewed ;  
Saw their three hundred friends each fortnight still  
And took their share of scandal and quadrille ;  
Still smiled and simpered with the same dull set,  
Kept up appearances, and ran in debt.  
Yet while so smooth and fair in public eyes  
They doffed at home the cumbersome disguise ;  
And fretful words were heard, and frowns were seen,  
And angry squabbles with short truce between.



At last one night at cards Miss Farley said  
"You've heard the news, that Mrs. Field is dead."  
"Good Heavens! poor Mrs. Field!" another cried,  
"Diamonds are trumps,—do tell us how she died."

The hatchment now was hung up o'er the door,  
The family their decent mourning wore ;  
The spouse went through the usual routine,  
And for due time in public was not seen :  
And, to speak truth, in spite of every cross,  
And every pet and humour, felt his loss.  
He had no longer one to scold and flout,  
To order dinner, and to nurse his gout.  
The servants too had all things their own way  
And bills besieged him which he could not pay.  
Beset with all these complicated ills,  
Vexation, ennui, pilferers, duns and bills ;

He saw no better speedier antidote  
And so one morning coolly cut his throat.  
His property was so secured, no dun  
Could claim, he knew, a farthing from his son ;  
And on his table this advice was found,  
“ Pay them my boy, a penny in the pound.”

Edward was shocked, astonished ; and decreed  
To make no profit of this fearful deed.  
A generous spirit that too long had slept  
Awoke within him, scorning to accept  
At the red purchase of a parent's blood,  
And tradesmen's ruin, such ill-gotten good,  
And with a nobleness foreseen by few  
He sold up all, and gave to each his due.

A monied man of fashion now no more  
A different path must Edward Field explore ;  
And though it was some pain at first to meet  
His old friends tittering by him in the street ;  
And though his pride some passing shocks received,  
His mind upon the whole felt lightened and relieved.  
He took to letters, and began to mix  
With graver men, and talk of politics,  
With authors and new books became acquainted  
And Mister Murray's drawing room frequented ;  
Wrote articles for magazine Reviews,  
And was in high request among the blues ;  
Kept common-place book, talked in learned strain,  
And praised his rivals to be praised again.  
As mangy horses in the fields we see  
Scratching each other where they scratched would be.

Fired with his progress he new courage took,  
And set him down at last to write a book ;  
A pamphlet by Ignotus. O what paper,  
What pens and ink were spent upon the labour!  
What brows were knitted, and what nails were bitten,  
Before this mighty work was planned and written !  
And lo, in cover blue it now appears,  
To set the wondering public by the ears,  
To fill the world with envy and delight,  
And make the critics bark that cannot bite.  
What questions will be asked! what tart replies,  
And brisk rejoinders from all sides will rise !  
But weeks, now fortnights, now whole months go by,  
And no critique, rejoinder, or reply ;  
The world alas ! jogs on the very same,  
And neither readers buy, nor rivals blame !

At last a friend in some obscure Review  
Gave it a fillip; but it would not do.  
Puffs and advertisements in vain are penned,  
Copies, in vain sent round to foe and friend;  
And the whole matter ere six months were shotten  
Was born, and dead, and buried, and forgotten.

So much for authorship. His next design  
For wealth and fame was in another line.  
Lord Littleworth, prime minister of state,  
Had been his father's friend and intimate;  
And many handsome offers once had made  
If he would bring his son up to the trade.  
He met poor Edward's application now  
With many a flattering smile, and courtly bow,  
And bade him dance attendance with a bevy  
Of would-be placemen at his Lordship's levee.

Long were to tell his harassments and trials,  
Mid marble looks, smooth lies, and kind denials.  
Long were to tell his various dirty jobs  
In public and in private ; and the throbs  
Of wounded honour rankling in his breast,  
And scorn and wrath that dared not be expressed,  
And hopes and fears so tempered as to keep  
The heart half-drowned, half floating in the deep.  
Suffice to say a year or two went by,  
And still promotion failed, and still was nigh :  
When an event occurred to calm his fever,  
And burst his bonds, and set him free for ever.

It chanced that Edward, when at Oxford, had  
Among his college friends a lively lad,  
Who afterwards assumed the sacred gown,  
And held a living three-score miles from Town ;

And when his friend he happened there to meet  
He often asked him down to his retreat ;  
And Edward now was in a mood and station,  
To take advantage of the invitation.  
He found the Rector living on the skirt  
Of a neat village, safe from noise and dirt,  
With sister, wife, and rosy children seven,  
Enjoying earth, and looking on to heaven ;  
In a fair house with pleasant glebe embraced,  
Where grace and comfort well were matched by taste.  
There Duty walked ; there decent Order dwelt :  
There Quiet nestled, and Religion knelt.  
There might the needy for assistance turn,  
And there the erring ever look and learn.  
Amid his books, his children, and the poor  
Loving and loved, the good man dwelt secure ;

A sun within his little system shone,  
Still bright, and brightening all he looked upon.  
Mild on his face good nature seemed to sleep,  
Forth at each call in smiles to wake and leap :  
And kindness, cheerfulness, and strong good sense  
To higher graces added influence.

With him now Edward sat, and chatted o'er  
Their various boyish feats and whims of yore ;  
Talked of the scenes and facts of other years,  
And what was come of these and those compeers.  
With him around the village Edward strolled  
To see and minister to sick and old,  
And learn their simple histories, and gain  
Truths that are rarely heard in prouder fane.  
Oft with the ladies too abroad he walked  
Along the pleasant fields, and sweetly talked



Unheeding, till the evening round them fell  
And roosting blackbirds twitted through the dell:  
Or else with music or with books at home  
Taught bed-time all unconsciously to come.  
And then the little farm and garden too  
Were rife with occupation sweet as new,  
The children also twined them round his heart  
As in their plays and tasks he bore a part ;  
Nay even the very family devotions,  
So ill according with his former notions,  
Grew grateful in the end ; and when he knelt  
On Sabbath in the decent Church, he felt  
An awe and interest all unknown before,  
A new reality religion wore ;  
And as the man of God its truths proclaimed,  
Rebuked, alarmed, exhorted, urged, and shamed,

His altering mood bore witness to the word,  
And listening conscience echoed all she heard.

This simple, useful, unambitious life  
Unwarped by passion, undisturbed by strife,  
To Edward's fluttering heart was new and strange ;  
Yet sense approved, and taste enjoyed, the change.  
Weeks rolled away, and still the rector pressed,  
And Edward still remained his willing guest ;  
And as the time of parting nearer drew,  
The more his heart revolted to renew  
His former wretched course, and bid his friends adieu:  
'Here man,' he thought, 'his destiny fulfils,  
'And finds the goods of life with half its ills.  
'Here mind and heart have both their ample play  
'And chance grows stable 'neath religion's sway.

‘ Ah happy life ! where simple joys abide,  
‘ And calm content makes up for all beside !  
‘ Where man exalted, hallowed, and refined,  
‘ Lives for his God, himself, and humankind !  
‘ How shall I leave thee ? how return to trace  
‘ My former round of folly and disgrace,  
‘ And stand again a blot on fair creation’s face ?’  
And then a conscious shame upon him grew  
And his heart sickened at the bleak review,  
And awful thoughts arose of God offended,  
With strong compunctions and forebodings blended,  
A sense of wasted years for ever flown,  
And deeds of shame no more to be *undone*,  
And all the fearful images that press  
On the lone hours of trembling consciousness.  
It was a time of trial, harsh, but good ;  
His heart was ’neath it humbled and subdued.

Remorse became repentance ; and despair  
Changed her dark groan at last for faith and prayer :  
A sweet assurance o'er his spirit crept,  
And at his Saviour's feet he wept,—he wept.

Each day confirmed the temper ; and he passed  
From strength to strength, till all was Heaven's at last.  
His former views and sentiments were gone  
And every past ambition lost in one,  
And that unearthly ; for beneath the sky  
He now found little to detain his eye.  
Life seemed a passage to a place of rest ;  
A road the lightest-laden travelled best.  
He had no wish to fix his dwelling there  
Or take too largely of its cumbering care ;  
As much of earthly goods he still possessed  
As nature craved, or wisdom would request.

Enough had to a faithless world been given ;  
It now was time to live for self and Heaven.

His friends with joy beheld the change ; and none  
Beheld it with more interest than one,  
Of whom, though tempted much, I've little sung,  
The Rector's gentle sister, fair and young,  
Bright and unearthly as a star of light,  
Pure !—But I check my fancy in her flight.  
I've said before that she could mend and make,  
Wash and get up small linen, boil and bake,  
Could keep the heart, and keep the house beside,  
And elegant with useful well divide.  
Their dwelling, mode of life, and all the rest  
My rhymes already have at large expressed.

**TALE FIFTH.**

**THE BROTHERS.**

**"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THEM  
THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US."**



## THE BROTHERS.

SOME years ago, remote in Erin's isle  
There dwelt in good old hospitable style,  
In huge stone house, and large enclosed demesne  
Shane, Master, Squire, nay Prince of Castleshane,  
O'er miles of naked, ill-farmed acres round  
His woods and walls in lonely grandeur frowned ;  
And hundreds there of ragged, trembling knaves  
Lived on his looks, and joyed to be his slaves.  
His cellars with the best of wines o'erflowed,  
And groaned his table 'neath its smoking load ;



And poor relations round it day by day  
Ate, joked, and sang, and swore their hours away.  
The priest and parson met in friendship there ;  
And all were welcome, so they drank their share.

Shane was a county magistrate ; but took  
His law from his own brain, and not from book.  
And when a puzzling case came up, his worship  
Settled the matter by a general horsewhip.  
To Dublin every year in state he went  
To attend the Castle and the Parliament,  
And learn improvements in the useful arts,  
And bring down Scottish stewards, ploughs, and carts.  
Each guest that came must see and praise in full  
His drilled potatoes, and Merino wool,  
And all his undertakings and expenses,  
In breeds, plantations, crops, and drains, and fences.

But these, and much else of his state and glory,  
I now must pass and hasten to my story.

Shane (for he scorned all adjunct to a name  
Which straight from Erin's ancient monarchs came)  
Was married twice, and had from either spouse  
A young supporter of his regal house.  
An heir indeed had been for years delayed,  
While daughter after daughter came instead ;  
And when at length his prayer was heard, his wife  
Paid for the infant blessing with her life.  
The widower's vacant eye was after caught  
By the fair English Governess, who taught  
His elder girls, and tempted, yet denied  
His suit so well, she was at length his bride ;  
And ere twelve months had o'er their union sped,  
The wife had borne a son, the sire was dead.

The land was on the elder youth entailed,  
But the young widow on her spouse prevailed  
To leave by will both property and heir  
To his dear wife's sole management and care.

Strange changes now were seen at Castleshane ;  
Gone were the dinners, claret and champagne.  
No errant friends, or poor relations there  
Put up their steeds, and took their welcome fare.  
The old domestics all were turned away,  
The tenants' rents demanded to a day.  
Sold were the ploughs, the cattle, horse and hound,  
The whole demesne let out to farmers round,  
The ancient timber felled, and broken up the ground  
And to complete the wreck, when all beside  
Was gone, the lady too to England hied ;  
And a stern agent to the castle sent  
To screw the tenants, and transmit the rent.

The boys were put to school, to college then,  
And grew apace, and ripened into men :  
But as their minds unfolded day by day  
The more diverse they shewed in every trait.  
Edmund the elder from his earliest youth  
Was free and fearless, full of warmth and truth,  
Frank, unsuspecting, sensitive, and kind,  
And graced alike in person and in mind.  
His brother James was secret, smooth, and sly ;  
He spoke nor acted but with reasons why :  
He weighed each look and word with nicest skill,  
And checked and feigned all passions at his will.  
He early learned his interests, and the art  
To wind him round his brother's honest heart ;  
And watched his moods and motions, and indulged  
In hopes and views that might not be divulged.

While Edmund lives, he best can help his ends,  
But Edmund dead, and all to James descends.

On thoughts like these he brooded, till they grew  
A part of his existence ; gave a hue  
And turn to all within him ; sent their root  
Deep in his soul, and upward bore their fruit ;  
Grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength,  
Till in one foul ambition all at length  
Was lost ; one viper passion filled his breast,  
And like the prophet's rod devoured the rest.  
No pains were spared, no practice was untried,  
No tempting lure unsought and unapplied ;  
And his fell spirit, like a stream up pent,  
But gained new strength from each impediment.  
Yet on through baffled project, plot, and snare,  
Young Edmund walked secure, though unaware :

Till came at last the proud eventful age,  
That burst the tedious bonds of pupillage.

Time passed. And still o'er Edmund's easy soul  
The son and mother held their strong controul.  
James, now a lawyer, kept his brother's deeds,  
Received his rents, and furnished all his needs :  
While the base mother fed his appetites,  
And kept him quiet, while they filched his rights.  
This was however a precarious game  
And soon might end, perhaps in loss and shame ;  
But could poor Edmund once aside be thrown,  
Then all for ever were by law their own.

At length the troublous year of ninety-eight  
Arrived ; and on the Castleshane estate,

Oppressed, deserted, as the tenants were,  
They blindly rushed into rebellious snare ;  
Held nightly meetings, laws and arms defied,  
And rents and taxes to a man denied.  
The case was urgent, and confirmed a vow  
Which Edmund long had formed, but which till now  
Had always met some hindrance, to go o'er  
Their real state in person to explore,  
Hear their complaints, their grievances reform,  
And quell, if possible, the rising storm ;  
And “ come, my friend, my brother and my guide  
“ Assist me in the generous task,” he cried.

They went. The kingdom wheresoe'er they came  
Boiled like a crater, ere it bursts in flame ;  
Rolled like the ocean when a storm is near ;  
And haste, and trouble, and suspense, and fear

Sat in all faces. Fierce debate was heard;  
And fiercer thoughts indulged, that breathed no word,  
But kept their angry energy to aid  
The avenging arm, the liberating blade.  
Edmund although in England nursed and trained,  
Still for his native land a love retained;  
And oft had stood the champion of her wrongs  
From foreign prejudice, and sneering tongues;  
And argument and declamation here  
Found quick reception in his partial ear.  
His country's claims, and injuries, and woes  
Before him through enlarging medium rose;  
And liberty her strong appeal addressed  
To a misjudging, though a generous breast.

Now was the time for James. With villain eye  
He watched his brother's moods nor failed to ply



His spirit with incentives, and to wind  
The chains of error fast around his mind.  
From step to step he led his victim on  
Till fear and moderation both were gone ;  
And forth he stood in Freedom's fancied cause  
An open rebel to his king and laws.  
Meanwhile intelligence was duly sent  
Of each proceeding to the Government,  
And means soon used their projects to avert,  
And bring the leaders up to their desert.  
Edmund with sudden consternation learned  
All his fond aims detected and o'erturned.  
He saw the danger rushing on his head,  
One desperate effort at resistance made,  
Failed ; but escaped pursuit by James's timely aid.

Think not the wolf had now begun to feel ;  
Think not that any generous appeal  
Had reached the heart of James. He only thought  
Of what might best advance his fiendish plot.  
If Edmund had to open war proceeded,  
There was a chance his cause might have succeeded ;  
If made a prisoner, as matters were,  
The law had power, and there were pleas, to spare ;  
And on himself the office and the stain  
Of traitor and accuser must remain.  
Besides he saw another readier way  
To gain his objects. In a secret bay  
Near Castleshane a lawless privateer,  
With his connivance, anchored twice a year.  
Thither 'twas easy Edmund to enshare,  
And quietly dispose of him when there.

He knew the crew were fit for any deed,  
At least when (as they should be) duly feed.

The pirates put to sea, their grand concern,  
Their sanguinary recompense to earn.  
But as they came to put their plans in force,  
Among them rose strange scruples and remorse.  
A something in their victim's case and air  
Won on their hearts, all ruffian as they were ;  
And when the bloody deed was to be done,  
They slunk back from the office one by one.  
At last three fellows, bolder than the rest,  
Took it upon them. Edmund now had guessed,  
From certain looks and whisperings, that some plot  
Was hatching, though he scarce conjectured what.  
But when the villains to the cabin came  
Stealthy and armed, at once he saw their aim,

And rose, and rushed upon them for his life.  
The foremost was struck down; another's knife  
Just grazed him as upon the deck he sprung,  
And snatching up a random weapon, flung  
Back on his hot pursuers, and engaged  
Hand to hand boldly with them. Fiercely raged  
The unequal conflict; back retired the crew,  
And stood aloof the deadly sport to view.  
Edmund meanwhile fought backward o'er the deck,  
Till at the poop he held all three at check;  
And dealt his blows so ably round him there,  
He soon brought one to ground. The other pair  
Pressed the more hard on him, all efforts plied,  
And wounds were shared and dealt on either side;  
But a good cause gave weight to Edmund's blade,  
And soon another at his feet was laid.

The last assassin fled : and from the rest  
A general shout his gallantry confessed.  
The captain then stepped forth, disclosed the whole,  
Doubt and amaze bewildering Edmund's soul ;  
Till, all made clear, the feelings struggling there  
Passed on through wrath and scorn to blank despair.  
He bared his breast. " Come on, come on," he cried ;  
" Here in my heart your murderous weapons hide :  
" Obey the traitor : let him have his will."  
" Nay, cheer up," cried the captain, " take not ill  
" Our usage: 'twas a job we never loved,  
" Though bribes like his might better men have moved.  
" But it shall ne'er be said that one of us  
" Killed any man for hire in cold blood thus.  
" Cast in your lot with us, my lad, and dare  
" A bold sea pirate's joys and gains to share.

“ Thou lovest freedom. We are of the free,  
“ The untamed lovers of the rolling sea.  
“ Quit the false land, its traitors, and its slaves,  
“ And take with us the fortune of the waves.”

Alas, he had no choice ; for death was now  
On shore, life and the deep before his prow.  
He cursed the treacherous caitiff, joined their cheer,  
And roamed the world a reckless buccaneer.

No more was heard of him. The contest closed,  
And Ireland was to sullen peace composed ;  
And James, as heir at law, the objects gained  
At which he had so long and basely strained.  
But rumours somehow rose, that all had not  
Been managed well and fairly as it ought.  
The neighbouring gentlemen were cool and shy,  
And shunned him though they gave no reason why.

A closer scrutiny he feared to face,  
So wisely let the lands, and left the place.

He left the place, but could not leave behind  
The heavy burthen of a rankling mind.  
Fly whom he might, himself he could not fly ;  
His worst accuser, conscience, still was nigh ;  
Made all his riches poor, his splendours dim,  
And flattery but a tuneless taunt to him.  
From place to place, from scene to scene he pressed,  
And found in restless change his only rest ;  
No friend nor home in the wide world enjoyed,  
And all beyond was madness or a void.

Thus matters stood with each. Time travelled on.  
At last, when many years were passed and gone,

To a small parish town in Devon came  
A reverend priest of meek and holy frame.  
He lived retired, and a strange mystery hung  
Around him. Who he was, and whence he sprung  
None knew ; or how, or where his youth was spent.  
Yet there was somewhat in each lineament  
That caught the notice he desired to shun,  
And told discernment he had seen and done  
More than he chose to mention. On his face  
Toil more than time had left its harrowing trace :  
The hue of other climes was there displayed ;  
And words at times dropped from him, that betrayed  
A knowledge from strange scenes and manners brought,  
And ill consorting with his present lot.

Yet be he who he might, each sterner trait  
Religion's influence much had smoothed away.



A moonlight stillness in his looks was seen,  
And all his air was thoughtful and serene.  
A trace of melancholy thrid the whole,  
Entendering, chilling not, where'er it stole.  
Perhaps dark recollections o'er him came,  
Constraining self what God forgave to blame ;  
Perhaps he long had erred from him, and now  
Resolved his penitent for aye to bow ;  
Retaining still a deep and humbling sense  
Of what he had been, and should feel from thence.  
Howbeit among his little flock he moved  
Active, though sad, though distant, yet beloved ;  
Straight by the line of even duty steered,  
And fearing God, no other object feared.

This man was injured Edmund. Here he came  
Altered in views, in features, lot, and name ;

Come to repay by such a life as this  
A morn of trouble with a noon of peace.  
The long-lost wanderer by his God was found ;  
The broken spirit by its Saviour bound.  
Heaven had recalled him from his fierce career  
Of lawless daring, and had sent him here  
To give to God the remnant of his days,  
And lead in others to his hallowed ways.

The little town where Edmund thus abode  
Lay, as it happened, on the public road  
To a large watering place upon the coast,  
Where fashion yearly sent her restless host.  
One day a carriage, journeying thither, met  
Close to the town a frightful overset.  
A well-dressed man who sat alone within  
Was wounded much, and to the village inn

Was brought, and there in great distress and pain  
Now lay, and all assistance seemed in vain.  
The faculty at last gave up the case,  
And now the priest was summoned in their place.

Edmund approached, upon the stranger looked,—  
It was his brother James.—But he rebuked  
His strong emotions, and his face withdrew.  
“ Leave,” said the man “ the chamber to us two.”  
They went. “ Sir,” he continued, “ I have learned  
“ Much of thy worth and goodness, and have yearned  
“ To lay my case before thee, and receive  
“ What comfort thou a dying man canst give.  
“ I feel it is no season to dissemble,  
“ When in a few hours longer I must tremble  
“ At God’s dread bar, and all the truth display  
“ In the broad light of everlasting day.

“ These, sir, are things I’ve tried to disbelieve,  
“ But am constrained to shudder and receive :  
“ The frail supports such reasonings can supply  
“ May serve whereon to live, but not to die.  
“ I want, I feel it, now a surer stay ;  
“ And haply, sir, thy long experience may  
“ Suggest such comfort ; only with me deal  
“ In candour, nor compose where thou shouldst heal.  
“ Thou seest a wretch before thee who has erred  
“ Deeply and grossly : if thou hast a word  
“ Of peace for such, say on ; I need not add  
“ How sounds like these a dying ear will glad.”

Edmund a moment paused. His soul was moved  
Within him ; but the mood he soon reprov’d,  
And calm replied, “ ’tis well to know our guilt :  
“ A sickness to be healed must first be felt.

“ None are exempt from sin ; but grace is sent

“ To all that look to Jesus and repent.”

“ But mine, sir, mine is a peculiar case,

“ Beyond the reach of ordinary grace.

“ No venial errors, common to mankind,

“ Have stained my life, and now oppress my mind.

“ But guilt so black, that tears of blood might fail

“ To rase it. Memory sickens, Hope turns pale

“ To look at it. And here upon the verge

“ Of that dark Ocean, whose next rising surge

“ May sweep me in, I tremble now, nor find

“ Whereon to rest before me or behind.

“ If then thou ownest aught of stronger power

“ To comfort such a wretch, at such an hour

“ O speak it.”

“ Sir, this language makes me bold,”

Said Edmund, “ and were all more plainly told,

“ Some mitigating feature might arrest

“ Another’s eye ; the case itself suggest

“ Its own peculiar comfort : but be sure,

“ Whate’er thy guilt, it is not past a cure.

“ The Saviour died that none might feel despair

“ Who turn to Him with penitence and prayer.”

“ Suppose then, Sir, the blackest and the worst

“ Of all that’s mean, base, devilish, and accurst.

“ Suppose the use of every trick and art

“ That mars and desecrates the human heart ;

“ A show of candour o’er a knot of wiles,

“ A soul of hell beneath a face of smiles,

“ Worth undermined, and confidence betrayed,

“ And love and truth with wrong and hate repaid.

“ Suppose one mammon project long pursued,  
“ And sealed at last with perfidy and blood—  
“ Suppose the victim of all this to be  
“ A brother.—O ! the kindest ! best !—and he  
“ Duped, beggared, outlawed, murdered—all by me !—  
“ Is there still hope ?”

“ Thy guilt indeed is great ;  
“ But God forbids me to set bounds or date  
“ To his redeeming mercy. Lo the thief  
“ Who on the cross found pardon and relief !  
“ To the same Saviour be thy prayer up sent,  
“ For sure thy language says thou dost relent.

“ Relent ! O yes ! If days and nights of tears,  
“ If sorrow eating on my joyless years,

” If this false head, all prematurely grey,  
“ If pangs that cannot rest, and dare not pray,  
“ If Heaven grown black above, and earth beneath  
“ Become one gloomy vault, one waste of death ;  
“ If taunt and scorn descried in every face,  
“ And hunting me forlorn from place to place ;  
“ If to seem less among my fellow men  
“ Than the poor scribble of some idle pen ;  
“ If envy of the meanest thing that crawls,  
“ The idiot’s leer, the maniac’s chains and walls ;  
“ If death desired, yet dreaded”—

“ Hold, O, hold,  
“ Enough, enough to mortal ear is told.  
“ Turn to thy God. With him for mercy plead :  
“ All is not lost while he can hear and heed.

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“ My heart bleeds for thee. Lift with me thy prayer.

“ Why shouldst thou yield to Satan and despair ?”

“ I cannot pray. I dare not look on high,

“ My brother's form is there to meet my eye.

“ His voice is there my conscious plea to drown.

“ Yes! his least glance will hurl me headlong down

“ From heaven, will be enough my soul to scare

“ Down to its place of judgment and despair.

“ See where he stands! my murdered brother! see

“ He turns his still reproachful eyes on me!

“ O! calm this mood, thy wandering thoughts recall!

“ Thy brother? O! he pities, pardons all!

“ Has he not sins himself to be forgiven?

“ How could he look up to his God in Heaven,

- “ And ask the mercy which himself denied ?  
“ Has he not seen thee ? has he not descried  
“ Thy deep remorse, thy bitterness of soul ?  
“ He has, he has. He knows, forgives the whole.  
“ He was not wont to own a mood like this:  
“ And anger cannot dwell where Jesus is.”

“ Ah, could I think it so ! ”

“ Then look on me.

- “ This face is not so changed but thou may'st see  
“ A brother's likeness in it—Yes, I live !—  
“ Live to console, to cherish, to forgive ! ”

There have been looks of power ; and souls have shook  
And shrunk and quailed before one awful look.

The eye of Marius struck the slave to stone  
Who came to slay him fettered and alone.  
A look from Christ pierced Peter like a sword  
In Pilate's hall, when he denied his Lord.  
The hosts of Pharoah in the deep were awed  
And checked, and scattered by one look from God.  
As strong, as thrilling though with love they gushed,  
The looks of Edmund on his brother rushed.  
He started up as lightly from the bed,  
As if his pain and weakness all were fled ;  
Held back and glared awhile in Edmund's face,  
Then dropped exhausted in his spread embrace.  
" He lives ! thank God ! thank God !" he faintly cried,  
Then back upon the pillow sank, and died.

**TALE SIXTH.**

**THE PREACHER.**

**“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER  
US FROM EVIL.”**



## THE PREACHER.

THE meeting now was o'er, and up the street  
Rang through the dark the clink of pattened feet.  
Dame closed her cloak around her head with care,  
To screen her heated face from the night air.  
Miss with one hand clung closely to her brother,  
And held her sunday skirt up with the other.  
One good man here was humming low and dim  
A favourite stave of the concluding hymn.  
Another, as he went, his head perplexed  
With all the drifts and bearings of the text ;

And now and then the ear ' good night ' might catch,  
Commixed with screaming lock and lifted latch.

On the dark margin of a puddle flood,  
Doubtful how deep, Miss Bridget Wilkins stood.  
With lanthorn Mrs. Green came up at last,  
And showed a passage o'er, and o'er they passed ;  
And as together up the street they strayed,  
Thus to the widow spake the ancient maid.  
" What, if such question may be asked of her,  
" Thinks Mrs. Green of our new Minister ?  
" How felt she under his discourse to night ?"  
" Indeed Miss Wilkins it o'erpowered me quite ;—  
" So close, and so awakening, I declare  
" Paul might himself have owned it. Then his prayer,  
" Say did you ever hear a finer gift ?"  
" Why, Ma'am, we must not over closely sift

“ So young a man : but if I might determine,  
“ His prayer had less of unction than his sermon,  
“ Yet give him more experience, and through grace  
“ I trust he'll prove a blessing to this place.”  
“ You see,” said Mrs. Green, “ even now the meeting  
“ Is grown so throng one scarce can find a sitting;  
“ And the trustees, I'm told, expect to clear  
“ The whole debt off it in another year.  
“ I must say too, myself and all I've heard  
“ Have found already good beneath the word.”  
“ O, doubtless ! but you know, dear Mrs. Green,  
“ Gifts are not graces, that is all I mean :  
“ 'Tis easier too to call in them that stray,  
“ Than build up souls already in the way.  
“ His sermons may do many hearers good ;  
“ But old professors look for stronger food.”



“ Well, ma’am,” cried Mrs. Green, “ old Mr. Bray  
“ Came down into my shop the other day  
“ To buy some snuff; (he always buys of me,)  
“ And so he said, good Mrs. Green, says he,  
“ You’ve heard our preacher; la, sir, yes, I says;  
“ And don’t you think him quite a Barnabás?  
“ Says Mr. Bray; and he was called, you know,  
“ Under John Dunn full forty years ago.”  
“ O ma’am,” Miss Wilkins answered,—but a rut  
Just here tripped up her argument and foot,  
And called her thoughts from loftier objects down  
To spattered stocking and soiled sunday gown.

George Jones, the minister, whose powers and claims  
Were settled thus by these loquacious dames,  
Readier to scan and criticise their preacher,  
Than meekly use him for their guide and teacher,

Had for a few months past with much renown  
Filled the dissenting pulpit of their Town ;  
And all his flock had of him heard or seen  
Quite justified the praise of Mrs. Green.  
His parents born and bred, good worthy people,  
In due disdain of prayer book and steeple,  
Kept in a neighbouring town a grocer's shop,  
Where passing preachers oft were wont to stop.  
And little George soon caught an admiration  
Of their grave manners, and high occupation ;  
And a desire grew on him day by day  
To dress in black, and look and talk as they.  
His parents saw, encouraged the ambition,  
And in due time obtained the boy's admission  
To a renowned Academy, from whence  
The youth anon stepped forth your Reverence.

A call soon came, and forth our preacher went  
With many a glowing hope and high intent ;  
His head with needful learning well informed,  
His heart with zeal and ardour duly warmed,  
Correct in dress, in air, in gait, in phrase,  
And all the other nice et ceteras.  
Doddridge and Henry, Williams, Owen, Gill  
All helped to whet his controversial skill.  
On the five points he learnedly could speak,  
Could talk of Hebrew roots, and sport some Greek ;  
Cut up Establishments from flank to centre,  
And prove that Enos was the first dissenter ;  
From Scripture on all subjects aptly quote,  
And preach an hour without a book or note :  
And when to heaven he raised his fluent prayer,  
You'd almost think he'd spent his lifetime there.

His private walk consisted with the rest ;  
He fared with plainness, and with plainness dressed.  
His looks were grave, his conduct circumspect,  
His whole demeanour decent and correct.  
Fond of his books, retirement, and his pen,  
He seldom joined the busy throng of men ;  
He seldom came where folly laughed around,  
And if thrown there, he rather sighed than frowned :  
Watchful to win them from their ribbald mood,  
And lead to sensible if not to good ;  
Or bid some moral from their trash to rise,  
As muddiest pools send tribute to the skies.  
At home you found him on his knees at prayer,  
Or o'er his bible bent with studious care.  
Abroad you met him gliding to the shed,  
Where sickness tossed upon her restless bed ;

Or death's approach taught folly to be grave,  
And vice grow humble as a new-whipt slave.

Such gifts, united to such worth and zeal,  
Could hardly fail of finding many a seal.  
The hardened heart beneath the word was moved,  
Mourners consoled, and backsliders reprov'd.  
His sermons well-delivered, bold and striking,  
Were much adapted to the general liking.  
And to the meeting crowds from far and near  
Came the new minister to praise and hear.  
The Gospel seemed to lose its due offence,  
And pleas'd even where it fail'd to influence.  
Religious coteries were held around,  
Where he was asked to take tea and expound.  
He urg'd at public meetings with applause  
The Bible and the Missionary cause.

And at the neighbouring towns on state occasions,  
Preached by desire to crowded congregations.

O popular applause, the poet cries,  
What heart of man can stand thy sorceries ?  
How can'st thou bring the lofty motive down,  
And pick the jewel out of virtue's crown.  
Jones, unalarmed pursued his high career,  
And drank the pleasant poison through his ear ;  
His growing triumph with complacence eyed,  
And all the while scarce knew that it was pride :  
With other feelings mingled and connected,  
The passion rose and flourished undetected ;  
And like the ocean current's secret force,  
That draws the vessel from her destined course,  
And leads her grimly on, while winds are fair,  
And hopes are high, to shipwreck, and despair ;

So this one passion upon Jones's soul  
Urged its incessant, unobserved control ;  
Led him from step to step, till God began  
To share the homage of his heart with man ;  
And truth and boldness yielded by degrees,  
To the omnipotent desire to please.  
And though he still went through the same routine,  
Prayed thrice a day, and read good books between,  
Yet were his prayers less warm than eloquent ;  
And when he read, 'twas more with the intent  
Of finding some neat phrase, or happy thought  
For his next sermon, than applying aught  
To his own erring heart. He likewise took  
New pains concerning dress, and gait, and look,  
Aimed at a nice correctness of expression,  
And made to favorite foibles large concession.

When rich, though lax, professors gave their dinners,  
He went and sat with publicans and sinners ;  
And heard discourse he should not calmly hear,  
But passed it by, not to be thought austere.  
And among others made acquaintance there  
With a rich merchant's daughter, young and fair :  
Not a decided Christian it was true,  
Nor one whom he could well aspire to woo ;  
Yet there was kindly interchange of eyes,  
And hopes indulged, which time might realize.

Alas! Alas! what thought and care are here !  
Where is that single eye, that aim sincere,  
That rich enthusiast energy of soul,  
Which breathed through word and act, and warmed the  
whole ?



Where is that high devotedness of mind,  
Which left the world and all its cares behind?  
Which drew its every impulse from above,  
And deemed all base that sprung from less than love?  
Now self with God maintained divided sway,  
And earth from heaven stole more than half away.  
Loose on the world's false stream his bark was cast,  
And to the rocks below was drifting fast:  
While he who should the rescuing oar assume,  
Smiled on the wave that whirled him to his doom.

Worse grew the symptoms. Prayer at morn and night  
Was first slurred over, then neglected quite.  
His sermons grew more flowery and correct,  
But failed in point and practical effect.  
On doctrine now exclusively he dwelt,  
Though clear, yet cold, more understood than felt.

No cot he entered, and no poor relieved,  
Or if he did, took care to be perceived.  
He sought the rule of conduct to reduce,  
And fit its standard to his private use :  
And every word and act betrayed the case,  
Of one declining fast from God and grace.  
Whispers indeed arose, and hints were dropped  
Even in his presence, but his ears were stopped ;  
And that which should have roused, but gave offence,  
And was resented as impertinence.  
A party too upon his side was made,  
Who puffed and praised whate'er he did or said ;  
And all who differed from their special creed,  
Were scoffed till they were silent,—or agreed.

But there was one whose voice he could not drown,  
One strong accuser not to be put down :

Conscience, the faithful witness of her God,  
By arts unbiassed, and by fears unawed.  
Close by the spring of thought with watchful eyes  
She sits, and notes its bubblings as they rise,  
And passes sentence on each aim and plan,  
The voice of God within the soul of man.  
Her warnings heard drop manna in their train ;  
Her warnings spurned, they come, they come again,  
Their still small pleadings swelling into wrath,  
And hang vindictive on the sinner's path,  
Watching the hour of weakness and distress,  
To rise and hurl his hopes to nothingness.  
Yes! she will find her time, when shift and art  
No more shall serve to screen the guilty heart ;  
Nor sophistry's dark spell, nor laughter's din  
Disarm or drown her thunders from within.

She tracks her victim down into the tomb ;  
She rises with him at the trump of doom ;  
Meets him in heaven, his worst accuser there ;  
Confounds his pleas, and awes him to despair :  
Nor quits him even in his hell below,  
But feeds the eternal fire, and points the penal woe.  
This best of friends, and fearfullest of foes,  
Left not poor Jones to error and repose.  
She gave him timely warning when he strayed,  
And oft returned to check him and upbraid.  
Mid triumphs, praise, and partisans, he yet  
Was ill at ease. He looked back with regret  
To days when love was pure and hopes were high,  
And all his wishes tended to the sky.  
But worldliness and weakness, shame and pride,  
Their tenfold chain around his spirit tied ;

And urged him onward in his cheerless course  
Of smiling pain, and prosperous remorse.

Now Jones with an old lady lodged ; who kept  
Nor man, nor maid, save a young niece, that swept  
The chambers, made the beds, and all the rest.  
And in the afternoon when she was dressed,  
Her day's work done, or when she sat on high  
On Sabbaths in the meeting gallery,  
No prettier lass was there, at least in Jones's eye.  
Strange thoughts for Jones ! in such a place most strange !  
But loose the will, and who shall bound its range ?  
Who, the least opening once allowed to sin,  
Shall keep the worst from forcing entrance in.  
As the girl passed before him to and fro,  
As to his room he saw her come and go,

As she sat up to let him in at night,  
And daily moved and tended in his sight,  
New feelings in his heart began to rise,  
And new desires looked lightly from his eyes,  
And liberties were taken,—and allowed ;—  
The simple-hearted girl in truth felt proud  
Of his attentions ; and perhaps her hope  
At matrimonial schemes might vaguely grope ;  
And all she meant was haply but to lure  
Her prey so far as made his capture sure.  
Yet as she yielded little boon on boon,  
Met him in times and places opportune,  
Toyed and coquetted with him, passion grew,  
And caution, fear, and awkwardness withdrew,  
And matters fell into that fatal track,  
Where power is none to stop or to go back ;

Where every feeble effort to retire  
Serves but to add fresh fuel to desire ;  
And each so much has granted or has done,  
That fear and shame compel them to go on.  
Virtue's frail outworks all to earth down-cast,  
And every favour granted, but the last ;  
Alas ! this followed soon,—soon all was o'er—  
And infamy and woe made theirs for evermore.

Now came the restless day, the sleepless night,  
The loathing of all pure and calm delight,  
The inward fire that nought could sate or tame,  
The lawless will, the life without an aim,  
The long remorse succeeding transient joys,  
The shame that festers and the glut that cloy ;  
Repentance marring' sensual gust, and sense  
Mocking in turn resolve and penitence ;

The dread of every eye, and all the mean  
Resorts that pride must stoop to, for a screen ;  
The sense of deepening guilt, and tanglement  
In fetters daily harder to be rent :  
And strong subjection to each shifting mood,  
Each weakness, want, and wish of womanhood.  
For she his paramour must now be pleased,  
Her fancies humoured, and her fears appeased ;  
Her tell-tale tears, whate'er the cost, be dried,  
And soothing sophistries at large supplied ;  
And each high principle before professed  
Renounced, disproved, to give her scruples rest.  
Humbling all this ; and yet he must be tame,  
Be mute, though charged with wrong, and urged with  
claim,  
Bear each outbreking fierce and unrefined  
Of a weak, headstrong, selfish, harassed mind.



And come what may, indifference, disgust,  
Still prudence must supply the place of lust;  
Else jealousy may note and take offence,  
And who can tell each dangerous consequence?

Such was his abject life; but words are faint  
The deepening horrors of his state to paint.  
His loathings, degradations, fear and shame,  
And still constrained to smile and smile the same,  
In seeming love mistrust and scorn to slur,  
And be reproached at once by self and her;  
And feel himself, his all, within the power  
Of one he scarce can still from hour to hour.  
O to retrace his course of guilt and pain,  
And what should tempt him thus to stray again.  
O for one respite, one resource to bless  
With faintest ray his gathering distress.

But no—none comes!—he still must fawn and hate,  
Soothe, and yet dread—be calm, and desperate.

See where he moves a troubled downcast man,  
Moody and vague, without intent or plan ;  
How sits dejection on his sallow face !  
How dull his eye, how halt his leaden pace !  
His spirit tamed, his energies o'erthrown,  
All faces, all pursuits oppressive grown,  
Now forth he treads the long and level sand,  
Where the big waves roll booming up to land,  
Now saunters up the cliffs forlorn and slow,  
To sit, and gaze down on the tide below,  
Pouring his anguish out upon the breeze,  
And mingling murmurs with the murmuring seas,  
Till gathering night, or duty's irksome chain  
Drags him back home to agony again.

But sterner cause comes now of grief and shame ;  
Another claim appears, a mother's claim ;—  
She stands before him calling him to give  
A father to the babe that soon must live.  
She stands before him in her helplessness,  
And tells her state, and sues him for redress ;  
Sues him to pity her distress and shame  
And screen her frailty with a spouse's name.  
What shall he do? ah! names and rites are vain,  
From either now to wipe the branded stain!  
But stilled she must be, till despair may shape  
Some unthought means of refuge or escape.  
At times he thinks of fleeing from the place,  
At times of boldly facing his disgrace ;  
A thousand plans are formed, resigned again,  
And things move on in just the same dark train ;  
She urgent, he distracted, and the day  
Approaching fast that must the worst display.

'Tis night. The wind is up, and o'er the Heaven  
The clouds are like a routed army driven;  
Across the moon's pale disk they pass, and throw  
Fits of alternate light and shade below.  
There is a tumult in the air, the roar  
Of billows tumbling on the lengthened shore,  
And now and then the solitary wail  
Of the wild curlew screaming down the gale.  
Who rushes forth so strangely to the night?  
Who to the beach pursues his hurried flight,  
And climbs the cliffs, and takes his station there  
Tragic and stern, a statue of despair?  
'Tis Jones! He quits his home of strife and fear,  
To cool his forehead in the fresh breeze here;  
To vent his burthened heart without restraint,  
And seek dark ease in uncontrolled complaint:

And lo another follows close! Tis she  
Pursuing him with her relentless plea.  
Rash girl! ah tempt him not too far! his brain  
Is wild, his thoughts are dangerous; refrain  
To urge a desperate man in such a place!  
He springs upon her,—in his fierce embrace  
Has grasped her;—hark! they struggle,—and a cry  
Above the night wind shrills out piercingly!  
Then one loud splash into the boiling deep,—  
And all is hushed again,—save the long sweep  
Of waves upon the rocks, and the low moan  
Of the fresh breeze that drives the light clouds on  
Across the moon, still shining out as bright  
As if no foul deed met her here to night.

The morning comes,—and she is gone,—and none  
Know or conjecture whither. Days pass on,

And still she reappears not. Hope and fear  
Alternate sway, and draw and dry the tear.  
Research is made—in vain—nor clue nor trace  
Is found whereby to extricate the case.  
In night's close womb the horrid secret slept;  
The stars declared it not; the dark waves kept  
Their counsel, nor the conscious winds confessed.  
And all was still,—all save the boding breast  
Of Jones. One fear from thence, one foe was gone,  
But ah! a feller, deadlier now comes on!  
Conscience arises in her strength, and shakes  
Her terrors on his soul. At night he wakes  
And trembles, and by day he cannot rest.  
Detection hangs on him; his thoughts are pressed  
With chains and gibbets; dark suspicions lie  
In each light word, and lour from every eye.

She too is at his side, and ah ! her pleas  
Are heard more loud than ever. Now he sees  
Her smiling in her first fair innocence ;  
Anon she comes the thing of shame and sense  
His baseness made her. Then that fatal night  
Returns. Her looks, her words of wild affright  
Rush on him. On the lone cliff's dizzy verge  
They stand, they struggle. Down into the surge  
He hurls her thence ; she shrieks, she sinks, she dies.  
But hark ! the trumpet sounds, the dead arise  
To Judgment ! he is there ; and she, aye she  
Comes to sear up each hope, and drown each plea !  
His friends too all are round to see, to hear ;  
And Jesus !—Jesus gracious once and dear,  
But ah ! how wronged, insulted, outraged now,  
Scorn on His lip, and sternness on His brow.

Wretch ! and he still must smile ! must try to throw  
A veil of calmness o'er the storm below ;  
Still in the pulpit take his usual place,  
Still bend the knee, and formalize the face,  
Preach, and exhort, and warn, and yet feel all  
Back on his head in keen reproaches fall,  
And treat of themes divine of God and Heaven,  
And be the while dark, hopeless, unforgiven.  
He cannot long stand this ; to whine and prate  
Of holy things, himself a reprobate ;  
To hear men call his counsel and his prayers  
Down on their souls, his own a hell to theirs.  
Without a tear to wet his hot red eye,  
Loathing to live, and yet afraid to die,  
His friends a load to him, and these away  
God and his own wild thoughts still worse than they,



Reason at last sank down, and strong despair  
Usurped her place, and reigned triumphant there.  
He hurried forth regardless where or why,  
Flying he knows not whom,—but he must fly ;  
And 'neath night's covert left his joyless home,  
Far from all eyes at will to rave and roam.

The neighbouring peasants met him the next day,  
Roving the open heath in strange array ;  
His looks were gaunt and pale, his head was bare,  
And his black locks streamed loose upon the air ;  
He fled before them like a thing distraught,  
And to their calls and queries answered nought.  
At length they seized, conveyed him back to town,  
And to his bed there bound the maniac down.  
A burning fever maddened in his brain,  
And the hot blood flew scalding through each vein.

But light the body's to the mind's disease.  
His pious friends thronged eager round to seize  
His precious words, his whispered hope and bliss,  
His prayer and praise :—but ah! what speech is this?  
“ Talk not of God and Heaven ; I want them not,  
Let me lie still within my grave, and rot.  
Is there no rest in death, no nook where I  
Down with the earthworms undisturbed may lie?  
I want repose ;—must all come up, and face  
That sad, stern, solemn eye? must every case  
Be full exposed? and will they hoot and hiss  
Their fellows into hell?—O spare me this,  
Keep back that angry girl!—she cannot say  
The child was mine,—I own it not ;—away,  
Poor wretch! I did not kill thee.—Who was near?  
Who saw me do it? Well but hear, Lord, hear,—

One moment more,—I own it all,—I own  
I have no claim to mercy, I shewed none,—  
I would not hear *her* pleas.—Yes, I have been  
A wretch, a hypocrite, a thing obscene.—  
I've knelt and breathed bold blasphemy in prayer,  
Preached my own sentence, sealed my own despair;  
But I have had my hell,—and is not one,  
One hell enough for even what I have done?"  
Such were his words. His friends stood round amazed,  
By turns on him and on each other gazed;  
With lifted hands, and looks of blank dismay  
They heard without the power to speak or pray.  
He saw them knew them not; but still he glared,  
And muttered on, still struggled and despaired;  
Till failed his clammy tongue, and forth at last  
In one strong groan his soul to judgment passed.

FINIS.







