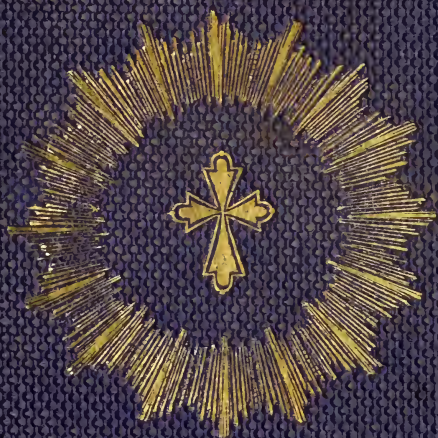


Days of



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LAYS OF THE SANCTUARY,  
AND OTHER POEMS.





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✓  
**Lays of the Sanctuary,**

AND

OTHER POEMS.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

✓ ✓  
G. STEVENSON DE M. RUTHERFORD.

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*“ Now the end of the commandment is CHARITY, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned.”*

I TIM. i. 5.

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LONDON:  
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.  
33 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1859.

LONDON:  
*Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.*



## PREFACE.

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**M**RS. ELIZABETH GOOD, for whose benefit this Work has been published, is the aged relict of a professional gentleman, and the niece of the late Rev. T. Allen, D.D. In times gone by, her family furnished members to the clerical and legal professions; but its fortune, like all earthly things, has changed with the vicissitudes of time.

Mrs. Good has attained her seventy-fifth year, but she is a marvel for her age. She is brisk, lively, and chatty, as a girl in her teens, and evinces unwonted bodily activity in the discharge of her domestic duties. Her faculties are hardly impaired: she can thread her needle by candlelight, and can walk three and four miles in succession. Nor have the snows of seventy winters bleached a hair of her head. Yet, at her age, when the majority of people seek rest, she eats not the bread of idleness, but cheerfully struggles with feeble hands against the difficulties that have beset her path.



Sixteen years ago she lost her husband,—a man much beloved for genuine goodness by all who knew him, and a few poor retain to this day a grateful recollection of his kindnesses; while some, whom his generous heart befriended in their poverty, and who have since enjoyed prosperity, have for former favours returned base ingratitude. At his death she was left in easy circumstances, occupying a well-furnished house on Connaught Terrace, surrounded by smiling friends, who with the first sign of adversity flunk away. By the charity that thinks no wrong—an honest credence which some might call easy credulity—she too implicitly confided in those who, with fair speaking and seeming, were cruelly defrauding her; and at last, from the heartless duplicity and atrocious villany of one, matchless for his audacity in weaving the web of wrong scathless, she not only lost her money, but the greater part of her furniture was sold. From comfort she was at once reduced to indigence, with the growing incapacities of age to aggravate the bitterness of destitution. And for the last ten years she has been tossed hither and thither on a sea of troubles,—often-times exposed to grievous necessity, in need of common necessaries, so keenly pressing as almost to border on the direst exigencies of poverty. Yet with fortitude she drained the bitter cup, and with cheerfulness she bore the uncharitableness of the world,—with a strength and

energy beyond her years, which the possession of a good conscience could alone impart, and with a firm reliance on the mercy of God, who in His own time will set this bewildering scene of wrong right. True to her early teaching, in the midst of the sorrow and adversity that have darkened and embittered her old age, she has steadfastly clung to the Rock that faileth not the children of the "household of faith."

In corroboration, I beg to offer the following testimonials of Mrs. Good's deserts:—

The Parsonage, Rainhill, near Prescot, Lancashire,  
July 17, 1858.

This is to certify that I have known Mrs. Good for more than eighteen years,—that I have always found her to be a lady of most upright, honourable, kind, and industrious habits, willing to be useful in every way that she could, and anxious to promote the happiness and comfort of every one with whom she is connected. It is with extreme pain I hear of her sad losses, and the cruel treatment she has met with from some who ought to have been a help to her. I knew her husband, who was an estimable medical man. Any benevolent individual who may be willing to help Mrs. Good in her plans for her future support, may rest assured that his kindness will be well applied.

THEODORE SHURT, M.A.,  
Of Christ College, Cambridge,  
And late Incumbent of Morton Morrell, Warwickshire.

3 Tonbridge Street, Euston Road,  
Dec. 9th, 1858.

Dear Madam,—I deeply regret to hear that your old age is embittered by trouble and poverty, and shall rejoice to hear that the exertions of your friends have proved a real aid and comfort in the hour of need.

Having known you for upwards of thirty years, I am quite sure, if it had depended upon yourself, your active habits and kindness of heart would have secured you a happy and comfortable lot, but unforeseen events and the unfair dealings of the world have, indeed, saddened your latter days.

Pray put my name down for a copy of the Poems; and if the testimony of an old friend's regard is of any service, use it in any way you think fit.

I remain, yours faithfully,

E. W. HAYES,  
Of the Bank of England.

Acacia Road, N.W.  
Dec. 13th, 1858.

Dear Madam,—It is with great regret I learn the story of your trouble and misfortune—not the result of any want of industry on your part, but arising from the misconduct of others.

Having known your late husband and yourself between twenty and thirty years, I cannot withhold this testimony of my esteem, and shall be happy to subscribe for the Poems, which, with the kind assistance of your friends, you are going to publish; and which, I sincerely trust, may prove a source of permanent relief to you.

I remain, yours very truly,

LE CHEVALIER GEORGE MANDERS,  
Attaché to the Portuguese Legation.

The Poems in this volume are original, and expressly contributed. The Work itself is a noble testimony of the active charities of life,—the golden links that bind humanity in bonds of love. To this Compilation I have brought nothing but friendship and patience; indeed, my share of the labour I may well express in the words of Montaigne,—“I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.”

In tendering my grateful thanks to the Contributors for the generous assistance they have, throughout this “labour that proceedeth of love,” afforded me, I cannot but express a hope that we may meet hereafter on a wider field of usefulness. But whether or not, I shall ever retain a deep and lively sense of their kindness to Mrs. Good. How ever forget the disinterestedness with which they responded to my appeal, and liberally bestowed the rich and delicate fabric of the mental loom for her benefit? Not content with the bestowal of these tokens of sympathy, nor unmindful of the injunction of Christian duty laid on us all to lighten, to the best of our ability, the burden and sorrow of the widow, they have added material gifts too,—scattering a few flowers of comfort on the path to the tomb. How express her gratitude for these offices of love? But, verily, her benefactors will find their best reward for such acts

of beneficence in the deep reality of the inward satisfaction that flows to those who give a cup of water in His name !

“ Those deeds of charity which we have done,  
Shall stay for ever with us ; and that wealth  
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep.”

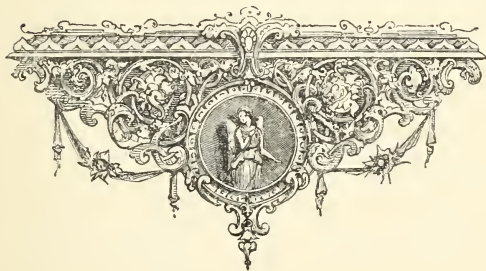
With the launch of the Volume, for weal or woe, on the sea of literary adventure, I take cordial leave of the friends of the cause. Yet not before fervently breathing a prayer of earnest heart, that this sweet offering of the Muse of Benevolence may prove the forerunner of many blessings to Mrs. Good. For poverty, which is often visited as a crime, is at all seasons hard to bear ; but how much harder when it falls to the lot of threescore and ten, with the infirmities of age to aggravate distress ! Yet, making no appeal to morbid feelings by parading her woes and her cares, but simply trusting to our common humanity, I leave the broad outlines of misfortune to speak to the heart, and prompt it to acts of grace from its own native goodness.

If the Work be successful, the proceeds will be appropriated to the purchase of an annuity, or the lease of a small house. In either case, the consummation of a plan of relief so simple will ensure to her few remaining years a home, or a means of subsistence, certain and



definite. And, no longer a prey to the sharp pangs of poverty and its fore disquietude, this unfortunate and aged lady may end her days in the enjoyment of comparative comfort.

In recommending this Volume to the tender mercies of the critic, I beg to remind him that it solicits indulgent consideration on the plea that it is an expression of the best and noblest feelings of our nature—the desire to succour misfortune and solace the helplessness of age.



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\*.\* *As this little Work has been contributed expressly for a charitable purpose, Purchasers of it are most respectfully and earnestly entreated, if they approve of its object, to recommend it to their friends.*

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## LIST OF AUTHORS.

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### *LAYS OF THE SANCTUARY.*

ABDY, MRS.	<i>Page</i>
THE RESTLESS HEART . . . . .	78
THE ORCHARD . . . . .	109
AIDÉ, HAMILTON, ESQ.	
DIFFERENT PATHS . . . . .	142
ALEXANDER, MRS.	
THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS . . . . .	89
ALEXANDER, REV. W., M.A.	
A PRAYER . . . . .	19
CHRIST ON THE SHORE . . . . .	25
THE CHAMBER, PEACE . . . . .	36
REPENTANCE AND FAITH . . . . .	62
ALFORD, THE VERY REV. H., D.D.	
LINES FOR AN ADULT BAPTISM . . . . .	7
AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," &c.	
TRUTH . . . . .	98

	<i>Page</i>
BALFERN, REV. W. P.	
SPEAK THE TRUTH IN LOVE . . . . .	107
BENNETT, W. C.	
LIFE IN DEATH . . . . .	39
BLACK, REV. C. I., M.A.	
CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE . . . . .	118
BLACKIE, PROFESSOR.	
JOHN THE BAPTIST . . . . .	51
BONAR, REV. HORATIUS, D.D.	
HERE AND YONDER . . . . .	174
BOYCE, REV. J. C., M.A.	
SABBATH HOURS . . . . .	84
BRAITHWAITE, REV. G., M.A.	
RESIGNATION . . . . .	40
BRAMELD, REV. G. W., M.A.	
EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL EUCHARIST . . . . .	110
BROCK, REV. W. J., M.A.	
SORROW'S SOLACE . . . . .	150
BRODERIP, FRANCES FREELING.	
GRASS UPON THE HOUSETOP . . . . .	95
BROWN, ROWLAND.	
THE BEST-BELOVED . . . . .	81
B***** , H. M.	
RESOLVE AND DO . . . . .	49
THE HEART . . . . .	69
CAPERIN, EDWARD.	
MONITIONS . . . . .	17

CAYLEY, GEORGE J., ESQ.	<i>Page</i>
TIME BREAKS UPON ETERNITY . . . . .	21
FAITH . . . . .	87
CECIL, HENRY, ESQ.	
THE SANCTUARY OF GOD . . . . .	73
COBBOLD, REV. RICHARD, M.A.	
THE CHRISTIAN'S OLD AGE . . . . .	166
COLTON, THE LATE REV. W., B.A.	
A CANTICLE . . . . .	11
CRAIG, MISS ISA.	
SERVANTS OF ALL . . . . .	8
IN AFFLICTION . . . . .	158
FAITH THE LAMP TO THE PATH . . . . .	169
DAYMAN, REV. J., M.A.	
BAPTISMAL LAY . . . . .	80
DOBELL, SYDNEY.	
THE HARPS OF HEAVEN . . . . .	41
EMMET, JOHN, ESQ.	
A LITANY . . . . .	22
GOD BLESSETH EVERYWHERE . . . . .	96
ENGLISH, EMILY.	
THE DEWDROPS . . . . .	20
ESSINGTON, REV. R. W., M.A.	
THE KING SIN . . . . .	103
FLETCHER, JOHN W., ESQ.	
THE DEAD . . . . .	32
TIME, DEATH, AND LOVE . . . . .	77



	<i>Page</i>
FORD, REV. D. E.	
STARS OF GLORY . . . . .	50
OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION . . . . .	124
FRENCH, MISS E. W.	
ENDURE AND WAIT . . . . .	151
G***, E. F.	
THE TRUE FRIEND . . . . .	141
GORDON, REV. A., J.L.D.	
HELP IN TROUBLE . . . . .	99
HALL, REV. NEWMAN, LL.B.	
DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE . . . . .	76
HERVEY, THE LATE T. K., ESQ.	
THE LAY OF THE LOWLY . . . . .	65
HINDS, THE RIGHT REV. S., D.D.	
CHRISTMAS SUNRISE . . . . .	3
THE DREAD OF DEATH . . . . .	102
HOW, REV. W. W., M.A.	
CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY . . . . .	88
BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT . . . . .	138
HOWITT, MARY.	
THE WILLING DISCIPLE . . . . .	1
HULL, REV. J. D., B.A.	
THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS . . . . .	162
HUNT, MISS CAROLINE.	
THE LAMB OF GOD, THE LION OF THE TRIBE, ETC. . . . .	71
IRENE.	
EVENING . . . . .	82

JEWITT, LLEWELLYNN, ESQ.	<i>Page</i>
HOME . . . . .	68
JOHNSTON, MRS.	
GOD AND MAN . . . . .	60
THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS . . . . .	101
KEBLE, REV. J., M.A.	
HYMN . . . . .	27
MATIN HYMN . . . . .	113
VESPER HYMN . . . . .	115
KING, REV. J. MYERS, M.A.	
CONSOLATION . . . . .	92
KITTERMASTER, REV. F. W., M.A.	
EASTER-DAY . . . . .	126
KNOLLIS, REV. F. MINDEN, D.D.	
THE ONE FAMILY . . . . .	134
L., AUTHORESS OF POEMS BY.	
TRUTHS AND FANCIES . . . . .	154
LANGFORD, MRS. J. A.	
BE THANKFUL . . . . .	31
LANGFORD, J. A., ESQ.	
THE BURDEN OF TYRE . . . . .	164
LAWSON, REV. J., M.A.	
I'LL THINK ON GOD . . . . .	63
SONNET . . . . .	117
LEMON, MARK, ESQ.	
MY PRAYER . . . . .	48
MACDONALD, GEORGE, ESQ.	
MARRIAGE SONG . . . . .	18

MACFARLAN, JAMES.	<i>Page</i>
GOD GLORIFIED . . . . .	45
MANT, REV. F. W., B.A.	
ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR . . . . .	165
MATSON, REV. W. TIDD.	
THE MERCY OF GOD . . . . .	171
MUNBY, ARTHUR J., ESQ., M.A.	
GOOD FRIDAY . . . . .	168
NEALE, W. R., ESQ.	
THE WIDOW OF NAIN . . . . .	132
NORTON, THE HON. MRS.	
REST . . . . .	24
PIOUS TRAINING . . . . .	57
THE CRY OF THE POOR . . . . .	144
OXENFORD, JOHN, ESQ.	
MY REDEEMER LIVETH . . . . .	122
PARKINSON, REV. W., M.A.	
HEAVEN OUR HOME . . . . .	136
PENNEFATHER, MRS.	
THE HARVEST-HOME . . . . .	159
POSTLETHWAITE.	
1 LIFE SONG . . . . .	94
2 LIFE SONG . . . . .	170
POSTLETHWAITE, M. J.	
PARTING . . . . .	108
ROLLS, MISS E. H.	
THE SEPULCHRE . . . . .	120
THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS . . . . .	131

*List of Authors.*

xix

RUTHERFORD, G. S. DE M., ESQ.	<i>Page</i>
SONNET . . . . .	55
SALWEY, REV. T., D.D.	
THE MOURNER'S LAMENT . . . . .	147
SAWYER, WILLIAM, ESQ.	
VICTORY AND DEFEAT . . . . .	46
WORSHIP . . . . .	143
SEARS, REV. SEPTIMUS.	
ART THOU IN HEALTH? . . . . .	58
SEDGWICK, REV. J., D.D.	
PARAPHRASE . . . . .	10
SIMCOX, EDWIN W., ESQ.	
ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER . . . . .	156
SIMPSON, MRS. J. C.	
ASPIRATION . . . . .	38
WAITING . . . . .	65
SMALL, REV. J. C.	
SPRING THOUGHTS . . . . .	75
SMITH, REV. GILBERT N., M.A.	
DARKNESS THE SHADOW OF DEATH . . . . .	125
STIRLING, WILLIAM, ESQ., M.P.	
THE LAMENT OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN . . . . .	153
SYMINGTON, ANDREW J., ESQ.	
COMFORT . . . . .	2
THE SNOW . . . . .	70
TAYLER, REV. C. B., M.A.	
MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS . . . . .	4

*List of Authors.*

THRUPP, REV. J. F., M.A.	<i>Page</i>
GRACE FROM PRAYER . . . . .	29
TOUGH, MISS.	
PRAISE WAITETH . . . . .	128
WATTS, ALARIC A., ESQ.	
A PROVERB PARAPHRASED . . . . .	79
WHITE, MISS ELLEN E.	
THE ISRAELITES AT THE RED SEA . . . . .	56
WHITEHEAD, MRS. TRAFFORD.	
JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	47
WILLIAMS, REV. ROWLAND, D.D.	
THE STRIFE OF THE CHURCH . . . . .	139
WRATISLAW, REV. A. H., M.A.	
CHRISTIAN LOVE . . . . .	130
VICISSITUDE . . . . .	173

---

*URBAN THE MONK.*

BY J. STANYAN BIGG, ESQ.

---

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

ADAMS, REV. H. C., M.A.	
SORROW . . . . .	286
AIDÉ, HAMILTON, ESQ.	
STARS . . . . .	201



	<i>Page</i>
ANON.	
BEAUTY . . . . .	242
THE PEARLS OF TIME . . . . .	226
AUTHOR OF THE "MEMORIALS OF HEDLEY VICARS," ETC.	
THE LAST DAY IN AN OLD HOME . . . . .	219
BALLANTINE, JAMES, ESQ.	
THE CHILD-TEACHER . . . . .	244
BOWRING, EDGAR, ESQ.	
EPITAPH ON NIOBE . . . . .	211
BRADBURY, S. H. (QUALLON).	
THE PRAYING MAIDEN . . . . .	202
BRAITHWAITE, REV. G., M.A.	
TO A THRUSH . . . . .	235
BUCHANAN, R. W., ESQ.	
TRIAL . . . . .	239
YEARNING . . . . .	291
BUERGER, FROM THE GERMAN OF.	
COMFORT . . . . .	233
BURGESS, REV. HENRY, LL.D.	
SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR . . . . .	234
CHESTER, REV. G. J., M.A.	
GOOD IN EVIL . . . . .	214
CYPLES, WILLIAM, ESQ.	
THE LIVING CROSS . . . . .	24 <sup>o</sup>
DAVIS, REV. T., M.A.	
THE FALL OF THE OAK . . . . .	259

EDMONSTON, MARY S.	<i>Page</i>
THE WIND'S MISSION . . . . .	229
EMMET, JOHN, ESQ.	
WE CANNOT STAY . . . . .	223
LEARNING FROM NATURE . . . . .	271
EXTON, REV. R. B., M.A.	
THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE . . . . .	207
FOTHERBY, MARIE J. EWEN.	
IN A CATHEDRAL . . . . .	273
G * * *, E. F.	
FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE . . . . .	204
HINDS, THE RIGHT REV. S., D.D.	
LET HER STAY . . . . .	203
HOOK, THE VERY REV. W. F., D.D.	
SONNET . . . . .	224
JACKSON, REV. E. D., B.C.L.	
EVENING . . . . .	210
THE BIRKENHEAD . . . . .	264
KING, J. W.	
THE SAILOR'S BRIDE . . . . .	255
LINWOOD, J. SMART, ESQ.	
AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE . . . . .	237
MAGNAY, REV. CLAUDE, M.A.	
GLASTONBURY ABBEY . . . . .	274
MARSTON, WESTLAND, ESQ.	
SONNET. LOVE: A WOMAN'S THOUGHT . . . . .	204
" GENIUS . . . . .	213
" PEACE AND WAR . . . . .	230

	<i>Page</i>
MASSEY, GERALD.	
OUR LITTLE CHILD . . . . .	225
MULREADY, MRS. R.	
ON A MONUMENT TO HAVELOCK . . . . .	280
MUNBY, ARTHUR J., ESQ., M.A.	
THROUGH THE VEIL . . . . .	236
MÜNSTER, MRS. ALFRED M.	
THREE SCENES . . . . .	215
PARKINSON, REV. W., M.A.	
AN APRICOT-TREE'S EXPERIENCE . . . . .	262
THE MAGDALEN . . . . .	281
POSTLETHWAITE, MRS.	
LIFE : A SONG OF PRAISE . . . . .	276
RICKMAN, T., ESQ.	
THE STREAM OF TIME . . . . .	248
ROBERTS, EDWIN F., ESQ.	
TO MY LITTLE LOUISA . . . . .	256
SAWYER, MRS. W.	
PARTING . . . . .	205
BEAUTY IN DEATH . . . . .	24
SAWYER, WILLIAM, ESQ.	
ST. OUEN . . . . .	227
SCOTT, PATRICK, ESQ.	
THE TWO DEATHS . . . . .	231
SEYTON, MISS MARY.	
QUEEN GUINIVERE . . . . .	253
SHURT, REV. THEODORE, M.A.	
THOUGHTS ON THE SEASHORE . . . . .	275

SLIPPER, REV. R. B., M.A.	<i>Page</i>
REGRET . . . . .	221
SMITH, REV. C. LESINGHAM, M.A.	
MOCHRAS . . . . .	267
SWAIN, CHARLES, ESQ.	
WHO KNOWS THE HEART? . . . . .	252
TENNYSON, F., ESQ.	
TO THE REDBREAST . . . . .	243
THORNBURY, WALTER, ESQ.	
THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES . . . . .	247
THE MAGNET IN THE CLOUD . . . . .	290
TINDAL, MRS. ACTON.	
VISION ON THE EVE OF ALL SOULS . . . . .	249
TOMLINS, REV. R., M.A.	
THE MARTYR-BOY . . . . .	277
TOUGH, MISS.	
THE MIRAGE OF LIFE . . . . .	212
TUPPER, MARTIN F., ESQ.	
SONNETS . . . . .	285
WALLER, JOHN F., ESQ., LL.D.	
MUTABILITY . . . . .	218
WATTS, ALARIC A., ESQ.	
EPITAPH ON AN IDIOT GIRL . . . . .	222



LAYS OF THE SANCTUARY.





AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

*This Volume*

IS INSCRIBED

TO

JOHN H. GURNEY, ESQ., M.P.,

AND

THE GOOD SAMARITANS,

WHOSE UNOSTENTATIOUS OFFICES OF

*CHARITY*

ARE AN EARNEST OF THEIR ABIDING LOVE IN CHRIST







# Lays of the Sanctuary.

---

## *THE WILLING DISCIPLE.*

BY MARY HOWITT.

LET me suffer ; let me drain  
Life's cup, vinegar and gall ;—  
If Thou only, Lord, remain  
To uphold my soul through all,  
Pain and anguish cannot be—  
All is merged, O Lord, in Thee !

Let me bear the heaviest cross,  
To the world be crucified ;  
If Thou, Lord, amid all loss  
Art but found, whate'er betide,  
Loss or injury cannot be—  
All is overpaid in Thee !

Take whate'er I treasure dearest,  
 Joy of heart, or pride of eye ;  
 Only let me know Thou hearest,  
 Only feel that Thou art nigh,  
 Then 'tis easy to resign,  
 Knowing all I have is Thine,  
 And that Thou, dear Lord, art mine !

---

COMFORT.

By A. J. SYMINGTON, Esq.

*Author of "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life," &c.*

OH, shut not out the light of God,  
 Within—around—above thee !  
 Life's darkest lanes have sky o'erhead ;  
 Look up—One there doth love thee !

Look up with true and humble heart,  
 No self-trust can avail thee ;  
 Shall He, who suffer'd—bore a part  
 Of every sorrow, fail thee ?

Bestir thyself ! work while 'tis day,  
 Blest, though the world should hate thee,  
 Fulfilling duty—work and pray,  
 And gladness shall await thee !

CHRISTMAS SUNRISE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. HINDS, D.D.

*Late Bishop of Norwich.*

O THAT yon Sun could tell to me  
The sight his lustrous eye did see  
In Bethl'em, on that blessed morn  
When unto us a Child was born !

Bethl'em and Bethl'emite are gone ;  
Thou silent witness, thou alone  
Survivest—tell thou unto me  
Thy tale of the Nativity.

Here to thy dawn I come, to gaze,  
And hail each ray that faintly strays  
Through mist and cloud, and think how they  
Thus o'er the sleeping Babe might stray,  
Entwined with rays of glory shed  
From angels' wings about His bed,—  
Emblem and shadow of Light given  
By that same Child, the Light of Heaven.

O Thou who once in childhood's guise  
Didst show Thyself to mortal eyes,  
Bless us, too, Lord ; give us, we pray,  
The power to see Thy natal day,  
By faith, that better sight—to see  
And feel the glorious mystery.

*MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.

“Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.”—  
LUKE, ii. 19.

MOTHER of that mysterious mortal birth,  
By which the Eternal Son, as man, was born,  
Taking a lowly place on this sad earth,  
To bear its pain and sorrow, shame and scorn—  
Virgin and mother mild  
Of that most holy Child,  
Thou, of all womankind most blessed, most forlorn!

Who could portray thy feelings deep and calm,  
When that fair Babe lay cradled on thy breast;  
His cherub form encircled by thine arm,  
His soft cheek to thy tender bosom prest?  
Ah! who could read thy mind,  
Its musings undefined,  
Its memories sadly sweet, its joys supremely blest?

Was there no cloud to dim the prospect bright,  
That open'd on thy Child's advancing years?  
No thought of coming griefs thy hopes to blight,  
Of speechless agonies, and heart-wrung tears?  
No vision of the sword,  
From aged Simeon's word,  
To thrill thy loving heart with dark, foreboding fears?

Or did each dim and gathering shade arise,  
Mist-like, to melt before the morning ray?  
Did the clear light of that sweet Infant's eyes  
Chase every dark and dismal thought away?  
And childhood's joyous spring,  
Its bloom and brightness bring  
To banish from thine heart the distant wintry day?

Didst thou forget the terrors of that night,  
When, stealing forth a little trembling band,  
To Egypt's sultry plains ye took your flight,  
Across the desert's drear and scorching sand?  
Till there your wearied feet  
Had found a safe retreat,  
Far from the rage of Herod's murderous band.

Oh! did no thought of Bethlehem's piteous scene,  
The infant's cry, the mother's frantic shriek,  
Cloud the calm beauty of thy brow serene,  
And blanch the roses of thy fair young cheek?  
Didst thou not closer press  
Thy Child, with fond caresses,  
And love intense towards One so holy, yet so weak?

Or did experience of God's truth awaken  
Calmness and strength within thy thoughtful mind,  
Bracing thy spirit meek to faith unshaken,  
To perfect confidence and will resign'd,  
Till every danger past,  
To Nazareth at last  
Brought by thy heavenly guide a quiet home to find?

Still from that innocent and wondrous Child,  
 'Twas thine to learn faith's lesson high and holy,  
 Whenever He look'd up, and gently smiled  
 In thy sweet face, His mother pure and lowly ;  
 While His untroubled sleep  
 Taught thee thine heart to keep,  
 Unmoved by earthly joy, or downcast melancholy.

Oh ! if thou wert, as we may well conceive,  
 Of thy sweet sex the lowliest, meekest known,  
 Above all others thou wouldst deeply grieve  
 That aught like worship should to thee be shown ;  
 The incense and the shrine  
 Would never have been thine —  
 With horror deep disclaim'd, as due to God alone !

“ For thou wert woman only, born in sin,”  
 The heir with all alike to that deep taint  
 Of the first Adam, and defiled within ;  
 Till unto joy was turn'd thy sad complaint,  
 As thou didst cast thy load  
 On thine incarnate God,  
 Made by His grace alone a lovely, lowly saint.

And still we hear thee in the inspired Word,  
 Singing thy song with sweet exultant voice,—  
 “ My soul doth magnify the living Lord,  
 My spirit in my Saviour doth rejoice !”  
 None e'er a Saviour sought  
 But contrite sinners, bought  
 By His most costly blood, the objects of His choice.

*LINES FOR AN ADULT BAPTISM.*

BY THE VERY REV. H. ALFORD, D.D.

THOU child of man, fall down  
 With contrite heart and low—  
 Inheritor by fleshly birth  
 Of exile, death, and woe.

Thou child of man, rejoice—  
 The Righteous One hath died :  
 Behold by faith thy seals of love,  
 His hands, His feet, His side.

Thou child of man, that Blood  
 Upon thy door we trace ;  
 The signal of that mighty Cross  
 We stamp upon thy face.

Servant of God, go forth,  
 Clad in thy Saviour's name :  
 Like Him, must thou endure the cross ;  
 Like Him, despise the shame.

Servant of God, hope on,  
 Through tempests and through tears :  
 The Pillar of His presence see,  
 Lighting the waste of years.

Servant of God, farewell !  
 Thy bed of death is made :  
 Go, with His glorious countenance  
 To light thee through the shade.

Servant of God, all hail !  
 The bright-hair'd army waits ;  
 And greeting angels round thy path  
 Throng from the jasper gates.

“SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE !”  
 The judgment is His own :  
 Pass to the inner Light, and sit  
 With Him upon His throne !

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*SERVANTS OF ALL.*

BY MISS ISA CRAIG.

ONE sway'd a mighty sceptre,  
 And wore a lofty crown,  
 And head and hand they weigh'd him  
 With a heavy burden down ;  
 To be true king in his kingdom  
 He must serve the meanest clown.



One was leader of a nation —  
Not in name — the man was great ;  
Thinking for its many millions,  
Lifting many a burden's weight  
From the peasant at the ploughshare,  
From the beggar at the gate.

One was master of dull thousands  
Who served him day by day —  
Served him ! he served the thousands !  
Travailing forer far than they ;  
While their work he gather'd for them  
From the world's ends where it lay.

The strong limbs bear the burden  
Of our conflict with the clay ;  
And cleaving through the shadows,  
Sending back a guiding ray,  
The thinkers clear the darkness  
In the world's advancing way.

Some think to serve till kingship,  
Till mastership be won :  
Higher honour only meaneth  
Greater service to be done,  
Perfect self-renunciation —  
The reward and work is one.

For He before whose sceptre  
The nations rise and fall,  
Who gives no least commandment,  
But come to pass it shall, —  
Said, He who was the greatest  
Should be servant unto all.

*A Paraphrase.*

And in conflict with the evil  
 Which His bright creation mars,  
 Laid He not aside that sceptre  
 Which can reach to all the stars? —  
 Of the service which He render'd  
 See on His hands the scars!

*A PARAPHRASE.*

THE COLLECT FOR QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. J. SEDGWICK, D.D.

**L**ORD of Life! whose words have taught us  
 How to serve Thee and obey:  
 Lord of Love! whose deeds have brought us  
 Wond'ring at Thy feet to pray:  
 Fill our hearts with ample measure  
 Of th' abiding Graces three;  
 Most of all, with Thy dear treasure,  
 Never-failing Charity:—

Charity, that ever bindeth  
 Mortal men with cords of love;  
 Charity, that still remindeth  
 Earthly souls of Heaven above.  
 Charity, the Spirit's token  
 Sinners have received of Thee:  
 He whom Jesus loved hath spoken—  
 “God Himself is Charity.”

*A CANTICLE.*

BY THE LATE REV. W. COLTON, B.A.

YE works of God, on Him alone  
 (In earth His footstool, heaven His throne)  
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;  
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,  
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,  
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, who, with loud acclaim,  
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,  
 And hail'd the Eternal King,  
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,  
 Again your thankful voices raise,  
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise Him, ye bright ethereal plains,  
 Where in full majesty He deigns  
 To fix His awful throne ;  
 Ye waters, that above them roll  
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,  
 Oh, make His praises known !

Thrones, dominations, virtues, powers,  
 Oh, join your joyful songs with ours,  
 With us your voices raise !  
 From age to age extend the lay,  
 To heaven's Eternal Monarch pay  
 Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb, whose powerful ray  
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,  
    Whose influence all things own ;  
Praise Him whose courts effulgent shine,  
With light as far excelling thine  
    As thine the paler moon.

Ye glittering planets of the sky,  
Whose beams the absent sun supply,  
    With Him the song pursue ;  
And let himself submissive own,  
He borrows from a brighter sun  
    The light he lends to you.

Ye showers and dews, whose moisture shed  
Calls into life the opening seed,  
    To Him your praises yield ;  
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,  
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,  
    And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep  
The ruffled surface of the deep,  
    With us confess your God ;  
See through the heavens the King of kings,  
Up-borne on your extended wings,  
    Comes flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,  
Humbly with just submission bow  
    To His superior power ;  
Who stops the tempest on its way,  
Or bids the flaming deluge stay,  
    Or gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
By turns in long succession roll'd,  
    The drooping world to cheer ;  
Praise Him who gave the sun and moon  
To lead the various seasons on,  
    And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the watery plain,  
Ye silent showers of fleecy rain,  
    Pursue the heavenly theme ;  
Praise Him who sheds the driving snow,  
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,  
    And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne,  
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,  
    Alternate glide away ;  
Praise Him whose never-varying light,  
Absent adds grandeur to the night,  
    But present gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs ;  
Darkness, whose wide expanded wings  
    Involve the dusky globe ;  
Praise Him who, when the heavens He spread,  
Thick darkness His pavilion made,  
    And light His regal robe.

Praise Him, ye lightnings, as ye fly,  
Wing'd with hot vengeance through the sky,  
    And red with wrath divine ;  
Praise Him, ye clouds, that scatter'd stray,  
Or fix'd by Him in close array,  
    Surround His awful shrine.

Exalt, O earth, thy heavenly King,  
Who bids the plants that from thee spring  
    Renew the annual bloom ;  
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,  
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,  
    And blefs the fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,  
And lift your summits to the skies,  
    Revere His awful nod ;  
Think how ye once affrighted fled,  
While Jordan fought his fountain-head,  
    And own'd the approaching God !

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene ;  
Ye flowers, that o'er the enamell'd green  
    In native beauty reign ;  
Oh, praise the Ruler of the skies,  
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,  
    And clothes the thankful plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,  
That murmuring rise amongst the hills,  
    Or fill the humble vale,  
Praise Him at whose almighty nod  
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,  
    And form'd a springing well.

Praise Him, ye floods and seas profound,  
Whose waves the spacious earth furround,  
    And roll from shore to shore ;  
Awed by His voice, ye seas subside,  
Ye floods within your channels glide,  
    And tremble and adore.

Ye whales that stir the boiling deep,  
Or in its dark recesses sleep  
    Remote from human eye ;  
Praise Him by whom ye all are fed,  
Praise Him without whose heavenly aid  
    Ye sicken, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,  
Begin and with the important theme,  
    Your artless lays improve ;  
Wake with your songs the rising day,  
Soft warbles breathe from every spray,  
    And fill the vocal grove.

Praise Him, ye beasts, that nightly roam,  
Amidst the solitary gloom,  
    Th' expected prey to seize ;  
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,  
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,  
    And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, His praise display,  
Whose vital breath informs your clay,  
    And gives it power to move ;  
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,  
From age to age successive tell  
    The wonders of His love.

Let Aaron's race the lay prolong,  
Till angels listen to the song,  
    And bend attention down,  
Pleased while they hear a mortal strain ;  
Let wonder seize the heavenly train,  
    So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,  
That oft in Salem's sacred shrine  
    Before His altar kneel,  
Where throned in majesty He dwells,  
And from the mystic cloud reveals  
    The dictates of His will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,  
That, eager for the bright abode,  
    To heavenly mansions soar ;  
Oh, let your songs His praise display,  
Till heaven itself shall melt away,  
    And time shall be no more.

Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,  
Ye faints whom His decrees ordain  
    The boundless bliss to share ;  
Oh, praise Him till you take your way  
To regions of eternal day,  
    And reign for ever there !

Let us, who see the enclosing fire,  
Divested of its rage aspire,  
    And innocently blaze ;  
While thus we triumph in the flame,  
Rise and our Maker's love proclaim,  
    In hymns of endless praise.



*MONITIONS.*

BY EDWARD CAPERN.

**H**AST seen the rainbow of the flow'ry May  
Stretch through the heavens its many-colour'd band,  
And crown the day ;

A dimpled, fair, and bonny blue-eyed maid,  
A lily with two violets in a nook,  
In smiles array'd ;

An infant nestling in its mother's arms,  
Looking into the bright heaven of her eyes,  
A group of charms ;

A rose, rich as a cherry-parted lip,—  
A dew-pearl, which the little honey-bees  
Delight to sip ;

The sun walk proudly from his orient gate,  
The star of eve attend the queenly moon  
In regal state ;

The Spring, whose happy duty all day long  
Is just to wash her robe of gold and green  
And sing her song ;

The Summer in her heyday of delight ?  
Then hast thou lost them as the stars are lost  
Some darksome night ?

If so, live for the world that is to be,  
Where more than all the beauty thou hast seen  
Thine eyes shall see.

MARRIAGE SONG.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, Esq.

*Author of "Within and Without," &c.*

“THEY have no more wine,” she said.  
 But they had enough of bread ;  
 And the well beside the door  
 Held for thirst a plenteous store :  
 Yes, *enough* ; but Love divine  
 Made the water into wine.

When should wine in plenty flow,  
 But when wanderers homeward go ?  
 And when soul in soul hath found  
 Rest, in bonds of freedom bound,  
 He hath said, by act divine,  
 Water well may turn to wine.

Good is all the feasting then ;  
 Good the merry words of men ;  
 Good the laughter and the smiles ;  
 Good the wine that grief beguiles ;—  
 Crowning good, the Word divine :  
 Jesus made the water wine.

He beside you, all the years,  
 Into laughter turn your tears ;  
 In the earthly tones around  
 Make you hear the heavenly sound—

At your table Love divine  
Often make the water wine.

Earth is heaven in homelier drefs ;  
Hope is unfeen joyfulnefs :  
Walking in the heavenly light,  
Soon, with eyes of heavenly fight,  
You fhall know, by vifion fine,  
Earthly water — heavenly wine.

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*A PRAYER.*

BY THE REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

**O**H, when my hour is come, if fo Thou wilt,  
Let the sweet bloffoms of the bough of Love  
Hang o'er my bed ! But, howfoe'er it be,  
Through the night-watches, till the birds awake  
Their sad importunate mufic, till the morn  
Pale on the pane, oh, let me wait for God !  
Gently, my Saviour ! ftand befide the door ;  
Gently, my Saviour ! through the lattice glide ;  
Dip my life's leaves, aduft with thought and care,  
In facramental dews, and make them gold.  
Reft over me in love, O piercèd One !  
Smile on me fadly through my mift of fin,  
Smile on me sweetly from Thy crown of thorns.  
As the dawn looketh on the great dark hills,  
As the hills dawn-touch'd on the great dark fea,  
Dawn on my heart's great darknefs, Prince of Peace.

## THE DEWDROPS.

BY EMILY ENGLISH.

THE morning sun with gems lit up the plain,  
 Where dewdrops shone beneath the rising ray,  
 As though each little blade of grass were fain  
 A loving tribute to its Lord to pay :  
 I gazed, admiring, on the jewell'd mead,  
 Then asked, " Fair dewdrops, whither do ye speed ?"  
 The trembling diamonds whisper'd soft and slow,  
 " Led by our God, to yonder rill we go."

Onward by moor and mountain-side I sped  
 To where, with gladsome voice, the sparkling rill  
 Sang, as it danced within its pebbly bed,  
 A song of praise that echo'd from the hill :  
 Then in its silver path I bid it stay,  
 To tell me where it took its mazy way ;  
 With gushing laugh the rivulet replied,  
 " I go to swell yon river's rapid tide."

In midday skies the sun had set his bow,  
 When I beside a rolling river stood,  
 To mark its measured, deep, mysterious flow,  
 And list the deep-toned voices of the flood :  
 " Tell me," I cried, " ye waves of rippling foam,  
 What haven waits your wanderings—what home ?"  
 With fullen roar they answer me, " We sleep,  
 Rock'd on the bosom of the mighty deep."

'Twas night,—and through the city's streets I went,  
Where sorrow, need, and suffering met my sight ;  
But hearts were here on mercy's message bent,  
And 'mid the gold shone forth the widow's mite :  
“ To gifts so small,” methought, “ what place is given ? ”  
“ None is too small,” said one, “ to reach to heaven ;  
We lend them to our gracious Lord, and He  
In every dewdrop doth an ocean see.”

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*TIME BREAKS UPON ETERNITY.*

By GEORGE J. CAYLEY, Esq.

**T**o the Eternal Infinite  
Nothing is mighty—nothing mean :  
Each glistening grain, each star of night,  
Distinct in space-pervading light  
To the All-searching Eye serene.

The rolling waters ebb and flow—  
The sands are more from tide to tide :  
The starry systems come and go,  
The rolling ages ebb and flow,  
And moving worlds are multiplied.

Our Earth is but a grain of sand  
That tumbles in the surging sea !  
HE holds Creation in His hand,  
With worlds as countless as the sand—  
Time breaks upon Eternity !

*A LITANY.*

By JOHN EMMET, Esq.

**L**ORD, leave us not to wander lonely  
 Through this dark world unloved by Thee ;  
 All other friends are helples only,  
     Though full of love as friends may be.  
 Drear are the fondest homes around us,  
     Sad like our hearts when Thou art far ;  
 When Thou hast fought us, heard us, found us,  
     How sweet Thy consolations are !  
     Hear us, cheer us,  
     Lord, and leave us not !

Leave us not when pride and anger  
     In the heart would dare rebel ;  
 Claim us in our utmost danger,  
     Calm us at the mouth of hell.  
 Leave us not till we inherit  
     Charity that works no ill,  
 And we hear Thy gentle spirit  
     Inly whisper, " Peace, be still !"  
     Hear us, cheer us,  
     Lord, and leave us not !

Leave us not in days of trial,  
     Let us act at duty's call,  
 Though it lead to self-denial,  
     Though we have to give up all.

Raised on high, or humbled lowly,  
Praised or scorn'd from land to land,  
Bear us up, our Father holy,  
Bear our burdens in Thy hand.  
Hear us, cheer us,  
Lord, and leave us not !

Leave us not when all has left us,  
Health and vision, strength and voice ;  
When of friends death hath bereft us,  
Let us still in Thee rejoice :  
Near us when in doubt, to guide us ;  
Near us when we faint, to cheer ;  
Near in battle's hour, to hide us ;  
Nearer ever, and more dear.  
Hear us, cheer us,  
Lord, and leave us not !

Leave us not when foes come nigher,  
Cheer us when the grave looks cold ;  
Lead us onward, upward, higher,  
Forward to the gates of gold.  
Leave us not when ailing, failing,  
Sore deprest'd, and bending low ;  
Be Thy love then most availing,  
Then to aid us be not slow.  
Hear us, cheer us,  
Lord, and leave us not !

Leave us not till Thou hast brought us  
To the holy, wealthy place,  
There to see Thee who hast bought us,  
Fought our fight, and won our race :

There to hear no more the shouting,  
 And the thunder of our foes ;  
 Danger past, and past all doubting,  
 And the grave's austere repose.  
 Hear us, cheer us,  
 Lord, and leave us not !

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*REST!*

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

**B**ECAUSE we toil and suffer from our birth,  
 Since Adam's sentence cursed offending earth ;  
 Therefore, through every change Life's pilgrim knows,  
 His watch-word of best comfort is *Repose*.

*Rest* for the weary heart and weeping eyes,—  
 From careless labour, and from careful sighs :  
*Rest* even from Joy ; let Joy's wild tumult cease,  
 And lull the aching gladness into Peace !

Yea, when prophetic musing soars away,  
 Wing'd like the Dove, to realms of brighter day ;  
 When our strain'd senses, from their dim world driven,  
 Strive to imagine an All-perfect Heaven,—

The heart, still haunted by that human thirst,—  
 That baffled wish, so long, so vainly nursed,—  
 Dreams what this earth denied, at length possess'd,  
 And calls the Heavenly joy **ETERNAL REST**.



*CHRIST ON THE SHORE.*

BY THE REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

IN the filence of the morning,  
 Of the morning grey and clouded,  
     Mist-enfrouded,  
 On the shore of Galilee,  
 Like a shape upon a column,  
     Sad and solemn  
 Christ is standing by the sea,  
 In the filence of the morning.

On the waters cold and misty,  
 Like a rock its dark back lifting  
     Through the drifting  
 Vapours, heaves the fisher's boat.  
 Still, through grey-fog hood and mantle,  
     That most gentle  
 Watcher looketh where they float  
 On the waters cold and misty.

Hearts are waiting, eyes are weeping :  
 Comes a voice, a susurration ;  
     Tribulation  
 Melteth, melteth like the mist ;  
 Yet, like music rich and olden  
     Hiding golden  
 Words, that sweet voice hideth Christ  
 From the hearts that wait and weep Him.

In another morning-silence,  
 When a greyer fog falls dreary,  
 And we weary  
 With the sea's beat evermore,  
 Cometh One, and, pale and wounded,  
 Mist-surrounded,  
 Looketh from another shore,  
 In another morning-silence.

Other waters cold and misty,  
 On the wet sands grandly finging,  
 Bear a fwinging  
 Little bark, call'd Life by men ;  
 While the bark is fwinging slowly,  
 That most Holy  
 Watcher looks : Light filvers then,  
 On the waters cold and misty.

Hearts are waiting, eyes are weeping :  
 Falls a voice, O sweet, but broken !  
 Falls a token  
 Light, bedimm'd with blinding mist.  
 Take us where there are no ocean's  
 Wild commotions ;  
 Where we shall not know, O Christ !  
 Weary hearts, or tear-wet eyelids.

## HYMN.

BY THE REV. J. KEBLE, M.A.

“ And He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow.”—  
MARK, iv. 38.

LORD, lift my heart to Thee at morn,  
 For Thou art very near ;  
 Thy voice upon the waves is borne,  
 Thee in the winds I hear.

The winds and waves that chime all night,  
 Where I am dreaming laid,  
 A tune so soothing in its might,  
 I scarce can be afraid.

And yet 'tis awful music, fraught  
 With memories scorn'd at home ;  
 And whispereth many a boding thought  
 Of trial-years to come.

O Love unseen, we know Thee nigh :  
 When ocean rageth most,  
 Thou bidd'st us come to Thee, and cry,  
 “ Lord, save us, we are lost ! ”

Thou seem'st to sleep, that we may pray ;  
 Full deeply Thou dost hide,  
 Forgotten through the calm, clear day,  
 Nor own'd at even-tide :

But when the darksome gales begin,  
The rude waves urge their race,  
Man, startled from his sloth and sin,  
Seeks out Thine hiding-place.

Well if we pray till Thou awake :  
One word, one breath of Thee,  
Soft silence in the heart will make  
Calm peace upon the sea.

Lord of our homes and of our graves,  
If ever, while we lay  
Beneath Thy stars, amid Thy waves,  
Our souls have learn'd to pray,

Revive that prayer, morn, night, and noon,  
In city, mine, or dale ;  
Else will the sounds of earth too soon  
O'er the Dread Voice prevail :

Help us to sing Thine ocean song,  
Each in his home on shore ;  
The note Thou gav'st, do Thou prolong  
Through life, and evermore.

*GRACE FROM PRAYER.*

BY THE REV. J. F. THRUPP, M.A.

“ And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.”—  
MARK, i. 35.

FULL, full of toil the ended day,  
 Full, full of toil the coming morrow ;  
 And in that toil, ah ! who shall say  
 What cause for care, and pain, and sorrow ?  
 'Tis no light task to toil for God,  
 To bear for Him the daily load  
 Of rude reproaches on thee hurl'd,  
 And still, in faith on Him, to love a thankless world.

Rise, Christian, rise, and if aright  
 The pattern of thy Lord thou readeſt,  
 Ask in each early dawning light  
 The grace that for the day thou needeſt ;  
 Grace that thy gracious work may be  
 From jar of worldly temper free,  
 And thou thyself, where'er thou move,  
 A reflex of God's love to other souls mayſt prove.

'Tis not enough thy aim be good,  
 If evil broiling mar the doing :  
 For holy task a holy mood  
 Is meeteſt, every fault eſchewing :

Fresh oil thou needest from above,  
To keep alive the flame of love,  
'Mid the rude, chilling blasts that blow  
Athwart thy daily pathway on this earth below.

Thy wearied frame its strength renews  
In grateful rests of nightly slumber :  
Thou'lt to thy spirit not refuse,  
O'erpress'd with cares that vex and cumber,  
That it in peaceful morning prayer  
May for its daily task prepare,  
And in high communing with heaven  
May nurse the eagle-strength that all thy work shall leaven.

Rise, Christian, rise, while yet alone,  
Before the chains of work have bound thee ;  
Rise, while the hours are yet thine own,  
Before thy fellow-men surround thee ;  
Hold converse with thy God awhile,  
And then go forth, with radiant smile,  
His messenger throughout the day,  
To all the sons of sin that cross thee in thy way.

Thou shalt not seek a heart of steel,  
That will not grieve in others' grieving ;  
But ask a heart all woes to feel,  
In patient love those woes relieving ;  
That so, when from thy Father's feet  
Thou issue forth the throng to meet,  
In pearly brilliancy may shine  
'Mid tears of human sympathy thy smile of peace divine.

*BE THANKFUL.*

BY MRS. J. A. LANGFORD.

**F**OR funny fields, and shelt'ring trees  
 Whose green leaves furr to every breeze ;  
 For brooklets murm'ring soft and low ;  
 For ocean's deep unceasing flow ;  
 For sweet green grafs, and daifies fair ;  
 For lilies bright, and roses rare ;  
 For life, and for our power to love,  
 Let us give thanks to Him above.

For Spring's glad promise, Summer's glow,  
 Autumn's rich fruits, and Winter's snow ;  
 For morning's East-illuming ray ;  
 For the calm time of closing day ;  
 For sleep with soothing dreams and rest ;  
 For children's merry laugh and jest ;  
 But most for those dear friends we love,  
 Let us give thanks to Him above.

For holy peace in grief conceal'd ;  
 For knowledge gain'd, and truth reveal'd ;  
 Religion's aspirations high ;  
 For Faith, for Hope, for Charity ;  
 For memories of joys long past ;  
 For time, which brings the right at last ;  
 For death, uniting all who love,  
 Let us give thanks to Him above.

## THE DEAD.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, Esq.

*Author of "The Battle of the Alma," "Cloud-Shadows," &c.*

"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

MARK, v. 39.

WHERE are the dead? and are they past  
 Away for ever like a blast,  
 Or the last lines of sunset cast  
 Along the west?  
 Are they securely placed in vast  
 Dim realms of rest?

Are we to think of them as lost,  
 Like some bright meteor which crost  
 Our earthly bark, when tempest-tost  
 And rudely driven,—  
 That smiled, then faded off like frost  
 In yonder heaven?

And is their memory but a beam,  
 The starlight shadow of a dream,  
 Whose glory past shall never gleam  
 Upon us more,—  
 The silent stillness of a stream  
 Without a shore?



The spirit pass'd beyond recall,  
The vacant seat, the darken'd hall,  
The shroud, the bier, the sable pall,  
    The hush of mirth,  
The gloom, the grave, the rattling fall  
    Of earth to earth ;—

And is this all? As clouds forget,  
When the great sun they loved has set,  
The royal beams that used to fret  
    Their forms with fire,—  
Shall we, like them, unworthy let  
    Our love expire?

Ah, no! the dead are with us here,  
As much as when their look did cheer  
Our eye, their music charm our ear,  
    Their presence fill  
Our soul's horizon,—never fear,  
    They love us still!

They love us, though the sapphire light  
Of heaven has gleam'd upon their sight;  
They love us, though the knell, the night,  
    The noise of time,  
Has pass'd into a view more bright  
    And more sublime.

They love us,—they still love to keep  
Guard o'er us while we sigh and sleep,  
And watch and work, and wake and weep;  
    While smiles and tears,  
Like clouds and sunbeams o'er the deep,  
    Chequer our years.

They love us ! Happy thought, when care  
 With venom'd vapour loads the air,  
 When thunders howl and lightnings glare,  
     When winds fling wide  
 Their banner—like the sound of prayer  
     At eventide,

The presence of the dead shall rest  
 Upon the sorrow-burden'd breast,  
 As the wind whispers from the west  
     Benignant balm,  
 And bows the billows' foaming crest  
     To cradled calm.

Death is no phantom fierce and fell,  
 Weaving some wild, mysterious spell,  
 Whose summons is the passing bell,—  
     Whose home the grave,—  
 Whose prey the lost we loved so well,  
     But could not save.

Oh, not in wrath doth Death descend  
 Our hopes to blight, our ties to rend ;  
 He cometh rather as a friend,  
     He whispers low,  
 He bids the wild life-battle end,  
     He bids us go.

He bringeth rest to those who weep,  
 He giveth God's beloved sleep,  
 He laps them in a calm as deep  
     As God's own love,  
 And o'er the flood's tempestuous sweep  
     He sends the dove.

He smoothes the ruffled brow of care,  
Removes the load so hard to bear,  
Which few could see, and none could share :  
    To those who roam,  
He brings the love, the sense, the air,  
    The heaven of home.

With those we love 'tis hard to part ;  
The flesh will feel, the soul must smart ;  
And grief wrings from the stricken heart  
    A mournful cry :  
And yet our loved ones but depart,  
    They do not die !

They live, the beautiful, the dead,  
Like stars of fire above our head ;  
They truly live who have been led  
    To God's right hand,—  
Have found beyond earth's doubt and dread  
    The better land.

There is a windless, stormless calm ;  
There is a heaven-sent, healing balm ;  
There is a fountain and a palm,  
    And heaven's own dew ;  
The sound as of a chanted psalm,  
    For all who view

Above the sighing of the shroud,  
Above the thunder low or loud,  
Above the storm, above the cloud,  
    Above the foam,  
A rest, God-given, God-endow'd,  
    Their Father's home !

*THE CHAMBER, PEACE.*

BY THE REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

A SUMMER night that blows,  
Fragrant with hay and flowers, on copse and lawn—  
A window muffled round and round with rose  
Fronting the flush of dawn.

O Pilgrim! well is thee  
Till the day break, and till the shadows cease,  
Resting the faint heart and the failing knee,  
In that sweet Chamber, Peace.

The white moon through the trees  
Sails—but thou singest to a heavenly tune,  
“Needeth no sun the land my spirit sees,  
Neither the silver moon.”

Before thine eyes half closing,  
Like ink-black plumes their tops the willows shake;  
Through them thou seest a little boat reposing  
Upon a moonlit lake.

“And oh,” thou say’st, “my soul  
Was like those inky plumes the night-winds toss;  
But now it hangs, in one great silver roll,  
Over a hidden Cross.

Ever on life’s wild swell  
My heart went drifting, drifting on remote;  
But now within the veil ’tis anchor’d well,  
Safe as that little boat.”

Or if the shower, that lingers  
In fleecy clouds of moonlight-tiffued woof,  
Falls, and the soft rain, with a hundred fingers,  
Taps on the chamber-roof,—

“Christ,” the lone pilgrim faith,  
“My Saviour, comes, this heart’s poor love to win;  
Thy locks are fill’d with drops,” he murmureth,  
“O that Thou wouldst come in.”

So rests the Pilgrim, ever  
Hearing at solemn intervals a swell,  
Music as of a grandly falling river  
On hills delectable.

So rests he, till he knows  
The morning redden in the eastern skies,  
And fronts th’ unfolding of heaven’s fiery rose—  
The beautiful sunrise.

Another chamber yet—  
Its curtain is of grass, and closely drawn;  
But the pale pilgrim, in its portal set,  
Looketh toward the dawn.

Oft-times red roses lie  
On the green curtain of that chamber low,  
And blossoms like the deep-blue summer sky,  
Or like the winter snow.

And when the eves are calmest,  
Up in the incense-laden aisles of lime  
Some sweet bird meditateth, like a psalmist,  
His poesy sublime :

So lay the pilgrim down —  
 Set thou his feet, and face, and cloſed eyes,  
 Where they may meet the golden-raying crown  
 Of Chriſt's own great ſunriſe.

So let him reſt, unheard  
 Thy faithleſs mourning : let thy murmur ceaſe :  
 Tranſlate the grave into a gentler word —  
 Call it the Chamber, Peace !

### ASPIRATION.

BY MRS. J. C. SIMPSON,

*Authoreſs of "Piety of Daily Life," &c.*

**N**EARER, yet nearer, — oh, to be ſo near  
 The great good Preſence, that, above all fear  
 For this ſcene or the next, my ſoul might move  
 Beneath the ſhadow of that perfect Love —  
 That Wiſdom infinite — Power firm and faſt,  
 Which form'd, upholds, and will diſcern at laſt !  
 I know His eye is ever on my heart, —  
 Wake I or ſleep, His arm is round my way :  
 Oh, why of Him ſee I ſo ſmall a part,  
 While me He ſearcheth cloſely day by day ?  
 I would be nearer, holier, higher brought  
 By earneſt aims, untouch'd by earthly leaven :  
 Lord, let the daily fountain of my thought  
 Flow ever 'mid the golden fields of heaven !

*LIFE IN DEATH.*

BY W. C. BENNETT.

DEATH! we speak the word and tremble —  
 Gazing on this cold fix'd face,  
 Little seems it to resemble  
 All life show'd late in its place ;  
 Here there seems of life no trace,  
 Yet here life does but dissemble.

Death is life ; what life we know not—  
 What we can but trembling guess :  
 Through the darkness our eyes go not  
 To the day beyond : no less  
 Is it there, the eyes to bless  
 That here sign of being show not.

Lo ! the Spirit has but shifted  
 These its by-laid robes of earth  
 For those wherewith it is gifted  
 In that life of higher worth ;  
 Where it knows a nobler birth  
 In the world to which 'tis lifted.

Lifted—yes, for our great sorrow  
 Grows more peaceful in the thought,—  
 From which love peace well may borrow,—  
 That so here thy pure soul wrought,  
 It may well, unfearing aught,  
 Sleep, to know a blessed morrow.

Lifted—yes, if time may train it  
 To a higher world of light,  
 If the tried soul may attain it  
 By a life of truth and right—  
 Lived as ever in God's fight,  
 Surely thou, O soul, shalt gain it!

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### RESIGNATION.

BY THE REV. G. BRAITHWAITE, M.A.

O GOD, forgive the impatient thought,  
 And listen not to me,  
 If, discontented with my lot,  
 I murmur against Thee!

My portion and Thy Providence  
 Run parallel, I know;  
 And from that source alone from whence  
 Flow comforts, sorrows flow.

To Thee, repentant, I resign  
 My rebel will, content  
 To suffer for Thee, and as Thine,  
 Whatever lot be sent.

Yet help me, Lord, in Thine own strength,  
 This purpose to fulfil;  
 And onward lead, till I at length  
 Stand perfect in Thy will.



*THE HARPS OF HEAVEN.*

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

ON a solemn day  
 I clomb the shining bulwark of the skies :  
 Not by the beaten way,  
 But climbing by a prayer,  
 That, like a golden thread, hung by the giddy stair  
 Fleck'd on the immemorial blue,  
 By the strong step-stroke of the brave and few,  
 Who stir'd by echoes of far harmonies,  
 Must either lay them down and die of love,  
 Or dare  
 Those empyrean walls that mock their starward eyes.  
 But midway in the dread emprise  
 The faint and fainter footsteps cease ;  
 And, all my footing gone,  
 Like one who gathers samphire, I hold on,  
 And in the swaying air look up and down :  
 And up and down through answering vaults descry  
 Nor Earth nor Heaven ;  
 Above,  
 The sheer eternal precipice ; below,  
 The sheer eternal precipice.  
 Then when I,  
 Gigantic with my desperate agony,  
 Felt even  
 The knotted grasp of bodily despair  
 Relaxing to let go,

A mighty music, like a wind of light,  
 Blew from the imminent height,  
 And caught me in its splendour ; and, as flame  
 That flickers and again aspires,  
 Rose in a moment thither whence it came ;  
 And I, that thought me lost,  
 Pass'd to the top of all my dear desires,  
 And stood among the everlasting host.  
 Then turn'd I to a seraph whose swift hands,  
 That lived angelic passion, struck his soul  
 Upon a harp—a seraph fair and strong,  
 And faultless for his harp and for his throne—  
 And yet, among  
 The Strength and Beauty of the heavenly bands,  
 No more to be remember'd than some one  
 Poor warrior, when a king of many kings  
 Stamps on the fields, and rears his glittering crop  
 Of standing steel, and the vex'd spirit wings  
 Above the human harvest, and in vain  
 Begins from morn till eve to sum the embattled plain ;  
 Or when,  
 After a day of peace, sudden and late  
 The beacon flashes and the war-drums roll,  
 And through the torches of the city gate,  
 All the long winter night a martial race  
 Streams to the nation's gathering-place,  
 And, like as waterdrop to waterdrop,  
 Pour on in changeless flood th' innumerable men.

I turn'd, and as from footing in mid-seas  
 Looking o'er lessening waves thou mayst behold  
 The round horizon of unshadow'd gold,  
 I, standing on an amethyst, look'd round

The moving Heaven of Harpers throned and crown'd,  
And said, "Was it from these  
I heard the great sound?" And he said—"What sound?"  
Then I, grown bolder, seeing I had thriven  
To win reply—"This that I hear from thee,  
This that everywhere I hear,  
Rolling a sea of choristry  
Up and down the jewel of Heaven;  
A sea which from thy seat of light,  
That seems more loud and bright  
Because more near,  
To the white twinkle of yon furthest portal,  
Swells up those circling shores of chrysolite,  
And, like an odorous luminous mist, doth leap th' eternal  
walls,  
And falls  
In wreaths of melody  
Adown the azure mountain of the sky;  
And round its lower slopes bedew'd  
Breathes loft beatitude,  
And far away  
Low, low, below the last of all its lucent scarps,  
Sprinkles bewildering drops of immortality.  
O angel fair, thou know'st what I would say—  
This sound of harpers that I hear,  
This sound of harpers harping on their harps."  
Then he bent his head  
And shed a tear  
And said,  
"I perceive thou art a mortal."  
Then I to him—"Not only, O thou bright  
Seraphic Pity! to a mortal ear  
These sacred sounds are dear,

Or why withholdeth not thy ceaseless hand ?  
 And why,  
 Far as my dazzled eye  
 Can pierce the lustre of the radiant land,  
 See I the rapt celestial auditory,  
 Each, while he blessed hears, give back his bliss  
 With never-tiring touch from golden harps like this ?”  
 Then he to me — “ Oh, wherefore hast thou trod  
 Beyond the limit of thine earthly lot ?  
 These that we bear  
 Within our hands are instruments of glory,  
 Wherewith, day without night,  
 We make the glory of immortal light  
 In the eyes of God.  
 As for the sound, we hear it not ;  
 Yet, speaking to thee, child of ignorance,  
 I do remember that I loved it once,  
 In the sweet lower air.” —  
 Yet he spake once more, —  
 “ But thou, return to the remember’d shore ;  
 Why shouldst thou leave thy nation,  
 Thy city, and the house of all most dear ?  
 Do we not all dwell in eternity ?  
 For we have been as thou, and thou  
 Shalt be as we.”  
 And he lean’d and kissèd me,  
 Saying, “ But now  
 Rejoice, O child, in other joys than mine ;  
 Hear the dear music of thy mortal ear  
 While yet it is the time with thee,  
 Nor make haste to thine exaltation,  
 Though our state be better than thine.”

## GOD GLORIFIED.

By JAMES MACFARLAN,

*Author of "City Songs," "Lyrics of Life," &c.*

"Praise ye Him, sun and moon : praise Him, all ye stars of light . . . .  
ye dragons and all deeps . . . stormy wind fulfilling His word."—

Pſalm cxlviii.

"WHAT is thy ſong, O ſea?"  
I aſk'd the toiling waves that clomb the beach ;  
When all the ocean ſeem'd to gather ſpeech :  
"Mine is the mighty voice that bears abroad  
The power and grandeur of the living God,—  
His wonders, glory, and immenſity!"

"What is your ſong, ye ſpheres?"  
And through the night I turn'd up queſtioning eyes :  
When, lo! a mightier reſponſe ſhook the ſkies,—  
" 'Tis ours to chant throughout the myriad years  
The hymn of Heaven's almighty myſteries!"

"What is thy ſong, thou ſtorm,  
Blowing the trumpet of Euroclydon,  
Or, heralded by thunder, leading on  
The lightnings unto battle?" Then there broke  
From out the darkneſs of that fearful form  
A voice ſublimely terrible, and ſpoke,—  
"Though from the earth an awful voice I raiſe,  
I do but whiſper in Jehovah's praiſe!"

Then, turning to my soul,  
 "Hast thou no song?" I cried; "still art thou dumb?  
 Hast thou nor hymn, nor chant, nor offering meet?  
 This music without thine is incomplete:  
 Oh, lift thy voice, until those songs become  
 Together blent, one great harmonious whole!"

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### VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER, Esq.

*Author of "Thought and Reverie," &c.*

WREATHS to him who from the glorious  
 Strife of forces comes victorious,  
 Pæan and triumphal greeting,—  
 This the measure of man's meting.

All for triumph: nothing heeding  
 Valour fallen, trampled, bleeding,  
 Battle's hottest brunt sustaining,  
 Only short of victory gaining.

But, O brother! crush'd, defeated,  
 Not thus is God's measure meted;  
 Strictly just, the Father ever  
 Sees the end in the endeavour.

And between earth's pure and fainted  
 And her outcast, foul and tainted,  
 Haply all the gulf extended,  
 In His fight is bridged and ended!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. TRAFFORD WHITEHEAD,

*Authoress of "Gertrude and Emmeline," and other Poems.*

THE hosts of Israel stood encamp'd 'gainst Ammon's  
ruthless pride,  
And to the Lord for victory in anguish Jephtha cried :  
" Oh, give me but the battle, Lord, and I will vow to  
Thee,

Whatever from my house comes forth to bless and honour  
me,

When back in peace to Mizpeh a conqueror I go ;  
Lord, let the flag of Israel wave when Ammon lieth low !"

Victorious from battle came the flower of Jephtha's host—  
Jephtha, the chief of Gilead, of Israel's power the boast ;  
From Aroer to Minnith, and the vineyards of the plain,  
He hath triumph'd o'er the mighty in fields of blood and  
flain.

The din of warfare over, to Judah's lasting fame,  
Back to his house at Mizpeh the mighty conqueror came ;  
And when upon a sudden hill the scene before him spread,  
Behold a maiden dancing came, with a timbrel o'er her  
head !

He rein'd his chariot on the hill, his horses back he drew ;  
But on the maiden came in glee, the ground beneath her  
flew ;

She waved her snowy arms on high, she beat the timbrel  
loud,—

Clear rang her song of welcome, then at his feet she bow'd.

He stood erect in mute despair, like a lion in the toils ;  
What then to him his conquests, their glory and their  
spoils ?

He gazed upon the maiden, and the drops stood on his  
brow,—

“ O God ! it is my daughter,—my daughter is my vow ! ”

Oh, lonely star of Jephtha, fair flower of filial grace,  
Too well may Israel mourn for thee, last scion of his race !  
The hope of Judah's maidens may never now be thine,  
But honour for thy father's vow around thy name will  
shine :

The lesson of the sacred page lies not in Gilead's slaughter,  
But in the patient loveliness of Jephtha's fated daughter.

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*MY PRAYER.*

By MARK LEMON, Esq.

**T**HREE hath my foeman wrong'd me, Lord,  
And I have let him live ;  
Still may Thy hand keep back my sword ;  
Lord, teach me to forgive !  
For three times three, and thrice again,  
Have I offended Thee,  
By selfish deeds, thoughts proud and vain,  
And want of charity.



## RESOLVE AND DO.

BY H. M. B.

“Work your work betimes, and in His time He shall give you your reward.”—ECCLES. li. 30.

TO know the number of my mortal days  
I ask not; be they many, be they few,  
Each moment the sad voice of suff’ring prays,  
“Resolve and do.”

The temple of thy God in ruin stands:  
Go up and build, and take thy truest arms;  
And grasp the gospel-trumpet in thy hands  
To sound alarms.

Lay firmly every stone; long years may be,  
And stormy winds may rend, ere all be done:  
But lay the *first*; thou mayst not live to see  
To-morrow’s sun.

Build for the future; let our children say,  
“His mind was finely toned and deeply set:”  
But look around thee, nor be slow to pay  
The present debt.

The “vision and the faculty divine”  
Come not by dreaming: he whose eye is clear  
To read the present, reads the future sign,—  
The truest seer.

God deigns to need thy weakness ; heed His call,  
 " Unhasting, yet unresting : " short or long  
 The days that wait thee, they are His — yea, all  
 To Him belong.

*STARS OF GLORY.*

BY THE REV. D. E. FORD,

*Author of " Decapolis," " Damascus," &c.*

" One star differeth from another star in glory."—ST. PAUL.

**D**IVINELY blest, the infant soul,  
 On angel-pinions borne away,  
 Ere it could feel this world's control,  
 Or find the path that leads astray !

But happier far the veteran faint  
 Who lays his long-worn armour by,  
 And quits a life of hard restraint  
 To share the victory on high !

His warfare done, he leaves the field,  
 And enters on his heavenly rest ;  
 While some young warrior grasps that shield  
 Which erst he bore, and wears that crest.

So, when the prophet's mantle cleft  
 The stream to make Elisha way,  
 Elijah pilgrimage had left  
 For realms of everlasting day.

*JOHN THE BAPTIST.*

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

**W**HO is he in hairy raiment  
 Clad, i' the wilderness  
 Preaching freely without payment  
 Truth and righteoufness ?  
 Whofo hears, and not despises,  
 Him with water he baptizes,  
 In the contrite hour :  
 Whofo hears with haughty scorning,  
 Him he smites with holy warning,  
 And with prophet's power.

Swarms the city from its corners,  
 Motley bad and good ;  
 Thoughtless hearts and hoary mourners  
 Haste to Jordan's flood :  
 Some for sin their souls abasing ;  
 Some to feed their eye with gazing ;  
 Some to searh and try  
 With captious craft the shaggy preacher,  
 And themselves to teach the teacher ;  
 Some they know not why.

Comes the Rabbi, with a stately,  
 Measured gravity ;  
 With a solemn air, sedately  
 Comes the Pharisee ;

Wide his robe, and on the border  
 Sacred texts, in well-march'd order,  
     Show his purpose plain—  
 With a nice and fenced existence,  
 Far to keep, at holy distance,  
     Every touch profane.

Came fat Priest, and Pontiff portly,  
     With a bloated face ;  
 Came Herodian, smooth and courtly,  
     With a gay grimace.  
 Came the Essene from his station  
 Of secluded contemplation ;  
     And (strange sight to see)  
 With an eye of twinkling keenness,  
 And a smile of cold serenity,  
     Came the Sadducee.

Came the soldier firm and steady,  
     Frolicsome and gay,  
 With his quick hand ever ready  
     For the rising fray.  
 Came the usurer, dry and meagre ;  
 Came the publican, keen and eager  
     For great Cæsar's penny.  
 With a train of silken pages  
 Comes the rich man ; with scant wages  
     Come the burden'd many.

What faith he, the wayside preacher,  
     To this motley crew ?  
 Doth he come a cunning teacher  
     Of lore strange and new ?

Hath he drawn without omission,  
Point for point, a long confession,  
    To inform the brain ?  
Piled a fabric theologic,  
Fenced it round with bristling logic  
    And distinctions vain ?

Hath he wove a girth to measure  
    God, a chain to bind  
The Infinite, and mapp'd at leisure  
    The omniscient Mind ?  
Hath he trimm'd an old theogony,  
Cumbrous rear'd a new cosmogony,  
    To employ the schools ?  
Not with speculation vainest  
Preacheth he ;—with wisdom plainest,  
    And with simplest rules.

Thus he speaks — “ Repent ! Repentance  
    Smooths Messiah's way ;  
'Tis an old and weighty sentence,  
    Weigh it well to-day.  
Hast thou nursed a sin ?—confess it ;  
Hast thou done a wrong ?—redress it :  
    And with just desire  
Ask no more than what is due thee ;  
Be content, when offer'd to thee,  
    With thy lawful hire.

“ Say not, with vain pride elated,  
    ‘ God's own people we,’  
Tracing high a hoary-dated  
    Patriarch pedigree.

Peopled earth is thickly studded  
 With the children, common-blooded,  
     Of the great I AM.  
 From the hard flint, at His pleasure,  
 God can raise up without measure  
     Sons to Abraham.

“Hear, whose barren trunk hath cumber’d  
     Now too long the ground,  
 Saith the Lord, your days are number’d ;  
     Hark ! with crashing sound,  
 Falls the axe that fells the fruitless !  
 Toils He not with labour bootless  
     Who now smites the tree.  
 He my winnow’d wheat shall garner,  
 But like empty chaff the scorner  
     Burn with fire shall He.”

Thus he preach’d to great and small men,  
     Of the human right ;  
 Like the blessed sun, on all men  
     Shedding simple light.  
 O ! wise are they who hear such preaching,  
 Not too high for common teaching  
     In life’s common ways ;  
 Not with proud pretence ballooning,  
 Not with gay parade festooning,  
     To catch the vulgar gaze.

Flap who will the air-borne pinion,  
     Sweeping far and free ;  
 Solid earth be my dominion,  
     Baptist John, with thee !

In the plainest path of duty,  
 Stamping daily things with beauty,  
 I with thee will tread ;  
 Where thy warning finger pointed  
 I would follow, where the anointed  
 Saviour lowly led.

---

SONNET.

BY G. S. DE M. RUTHERFORD, Esq.

STRAY from Thee? No! The spirit in my breast,  
 That mock'd Thee first, will love Thee to the last ;  
 And if my life be wreck'd, all hope o'ercaft,  
 Still unto Thee 'twill turn, its haven of rest.  
 Come to Thee? Yes! For there are links divine,  
 That bind me to Thee, Lord, great as Thou art ;  
 And when the dying pulse shall throb my heart,  
 Death will but nearer draw it unto Thine.  
 When drifted on the waves without a guide,  
 When helpless borne without a helm or sail,  
 When Love's bright eyes grew cold at Danger's side —  
 My faith nail'd to Thy mast, Thou didst not fail.  
 Then, dear Lord, e'er be my abiding guest,  
 While life, like brooding dove, dwells in my breast.

*THE ISRAELITES AT THE RED SEA.*

BY MISS ELLEN E. WHITE.

**B**EHIND them lies the desert waste ;  
 Before, the pathless deep ;  
 And on their track with vengeful haste  
 Egypt's dark squadrons sweep ;  
 Till in the sunset's last red glow  
 Flashes the armour of the foe !

Then rose to heaven a mighty cry ;  
 A people's voice was on the air —  
 In every heart, in every eye,  
 Rebellion and despair :  
 " Why didst thou thus our steps beguile ?  
 Were there no graves beside the Nile ?

" Where are the pleasant things and fair  
 That grow by Egypt's streams ?  
 Is this lone waste, the lion's lair,  
 The Canaan of our dreams ? —  
 This dark blue sea, this barren strand,  
 The pathway to the Promised Land ? "

The word is spoken ! — o'er the wave  
 Is stretch'd the leader's mystic rod ;  
 And safely, through the yawning grave  
 Where human foot had never trod,  
 They reach at dawn the distant shore —  
 Their buried foes are seen no more !



O Lord ! when, like Thy fons of old,  
We wander through a barren waste,  
Where Hope is faint and Love is cold,  
And bitter to our earthly taste  
The stream that in the desert flows,  
The daily bread Thy hand bestows,—  
When haunting dreams of pleasant things  
Make the lone wilderness more drear,  
Where every hour in passing brings  
Some present pain, some threat'ning fear,  
And stretch'd before our shrinking eyes,  
Like a dark sea, the future lies,—  
Then, Lord, be Thou at hand to guide,  
Thy Cross be there our path to mark :  
Though high may swell the stormy tide,  
In heaven is light, though earth be dark :  
Like those who cross'd that Eastern sea,  
We *shall* be safe who trust in Thee !”

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*PIOUS TRAINING.*

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WRITTEN IN MY GODCHILD'S BIBLE.

**B**LEST is the home where childhood's pious training,  
Like a clear sunrise, ushers in Life's day ;  
Our noon beholds the steadfast light remaining  
On flowery track, or thorn-encumber'd way :  
And when that orient light hath westward shifted,  
Serenely still the tranquil radiance shines,  
While to the eye of faith, in joy uplifted,  
Heaven shows more glorious as earth's day declines !

*ART THOU IN HEALTH?*

BY THE REV. SEPTIMUS SEARS,

*Author of "Sacred Musings," &c.*

COME, feeble faint, why lean from day to day?  
 Has thy feebleness no cause?  
 Come, let me act the surgeon's part, I pray,  
 And try thee by my Master's laws.

Thy pulse is beating high towards wealth or fame;  
 A worldly fever wastes thy might;  
 A feebleness of beating towards the Saviour's name  
 Is proof thy heart with God's not right.  
 That tongue, film'd o'er with levity and earth,  
 Not moist with earnest cries to God,  
 Nor wet with godly moans nor godly mirth,  
 Nor pleading hard a Saviour's blood;—  
 That eye, inflamed with lust or dim with care,  
 Not looking to yon bleeding cross,  
 Not wash'd with godly grief nor raised in prayer,  
 Nor counting all for Christ but loss;—  
 That chest, so little heaving by the Spirit's grace,  
 So little breathing at the throne,  
 So seldom panting after Jesus' face,  
 And longing after Him alone;—  
 That sadly crooked walk; that stooping gait;  
 That feebleness; the frequent fall;  
 That strengthlessness to rise, to fly, to wait,  
 And grasp the Saviour as thy All;—

That want of appetite for things divine ;  
That lack of hunger for the Living Bread ;  
That little thirsting for the heavenly wine ;  
Those few heart-fights to Christ, thy Head ;—  
All prove thy inward health is truly bad,—  
Thy soul with sickness droops and faints.  
But, listen ! Though thy case, indeed, be sad,  
There's One can ease thy heart's complaints ;  
Balm in abundance in His love is found ;  
He's tenderness and skill combined :  
Fly to His throne—He'll make His grace abound,  
And heal the sickness of thy mind.  
I'll tell thee why thy soul continues sick,—  
Some idol's harbour'd in thy heart ;  
Thy hands will always droop, thy knees be weak,  
Till thou and thy dumb god shall part.

Lord ! wilt Thou take the work in Thine own hands—  
Chase out the Dragons from my breast ?  
They must obey Thy high and great commands,  
Who hush'd the stormy sea to rest.  
Lord ! make my heart at length sincerely say,  
“What with dumb gods have I to do ?”  
I'd smite upon my thigh, repent and pray,  
Bemoan my sins, forsake them too :  
I'd come, with all my heart, to Thy dear cross,—  
Thy blood can cure the guilt of sin.  
Oh, wash away my stains and purge my dross,  
And make me from my idols clean !  
Let me through life show forth Thy praise,  
Yet sink to nothing at Thy feet ;  
A fruitful branch, yet trusting in Thy grace,  
Hide in the dust, for me so meet.

Through grace I'd serve my generation here,  
 Then lay me down and calmly die ;  
 Passing the river, free from doubt or fear,  
 I'd soar seraphic to the sky.

There, while for ever circling years roll on,  
 The victor's palm to Thee I'll wave,  
 Shout to the praise of sov'reign grace alone,  
 And sing His love who died to save.

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*GOD AND MAN.*

BY MRS. JOHNSTON,

*Authoress of "Lays of the Lost One," &c.*

**G**OD keepeth watch, with never-sleeping eye,  
 Over the souls of men :  
 Angels, with earnest faces, round us fly,  
 And upward soar again.

Man, with a laugh, a jest, from moon to moon  
 Pursues his short career !  
 With, now and then, a thought—forgotten soon—  
 Of death that may be near.

God thunders, in His just and holy ire,  
    Against that vile thing, sin ;  
And writes upon heaven's gates, in words of fire,—  
    “ No finner enters in.”

Man toys with this thing which his Maker hates,  
    And smiles as in a dream ;  
While those great words, that blaze on heaven's gates,  
    To him unreal seem.

God, with a love so great that, in amaze,  
    All heaven adoring stands,  
Comes down to earth, and bears with human ways,  
    And dies by cruel hands.

Man reads with serious face, at stated times,  
    Of God's great love to men ;  
But worldly joys ring out their idle chimes,  
    And steal his heart again.

God calls man, from the cradle to the grave,  
    While the short seasons roll ;  
All heaven is stirr'd with earnest love to save  
    This blood-bought, God-made soul.

O man ! thou masterpiece from God's right hand,  
    Trifles are not for thee :  
Awake, and join awhile God's warrior band ;  
    Then rest eternally !

*REPENTANCE AND FAITH.*

BY THE REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

“Repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.”

THERE was a ship, one eve autumnal, onward  
 Steer'd o'er an ocean lake ;  
 Steer'd by some strong hand ever as if sunward ;  
 Behind an angry wake,  
 Before there stretch'd a sea that grew intenser,  
 With silver-fire far spread,  
 Up to a hill mist-gloried, like a censer,  
 With smoke encompass'd :  
 It seem'd as if two seas met brink to brink,  
 A silver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a soul that eve autumnal sailing  
 Beyond the earth's dark bars,  
 Toward the land of sunsets never paling,  
 Toward Heaven's sea of stars ;  
 Behind there was a wake of billows tossing,  
 Before a glory lay.  
 O happy soul ! with all sail set, just crossing  
 Into the Far-away.  
 The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife,  
 Were death before thee, and behind thee life.

And as that ship went up the waters stately,  
 Upon her topmasts tall  
 I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly  
 Dark, as a funeral pall.

But oh! the next's pure whitenefs who fhall utter?  
Like a fhell-fnowy ftrand,  
Or when a funbeam falleth through the fhutter  
On a dead baby's hand;  
But both alike acrofs the furging fea  
Help'd to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that foul went onward, fweetly fpeeding  
Unto its home and light,  
Repentance made it forrowful exceeding,  
Faith made it wondrous bright;  
Repentance dark with shadowy recollections,  
And longings unfufficed,  
Faith white and pure with funnieft affections  
Full from the face of Chrif:—  
But both acrofs the fun-befilver'd tide  
Help'd to the haven where the heart would ride.

---

*I'LL THINK ON GOD.*

BY THE REV. J. LAWSON, M.A.

“When I am in heavinefs I will think upon God.”—Pf. lxxvii. 3.

**W**HEN Sorrow's flood wells o'er its brim,  
And eyes with weary watch wax dim,  
Whilst frowns To-morrow's vifage grim—  
I'll think on God!

*I'll think on God.*

When not old Ocean's summer blue,  
 Or skyey mountains' sunset hue,  
 Can my ebb'd spirit's flow renew—  
                         I'll think on God!

When not the vesper strain of thrush,  
 Or blackbird screen'd in neighbouring bush,  
 Avails mine inward throbs to hush—  
                         I'll think on God!

When e'en earth's stars, her flowers, that vie  
 With those that nightly gem the sky,  
 Unheeded greet my downcast eye,—  
                         I'll think on God!

Is not His word of well-proved might  
 To pierce affliction's deepest night,  
 Converting darkness into light?  
                         I'll think on God.

Says not His own belovèd Son,—  
 "Take comfort in what I have done,  
 In My Salvation trust alone"—  
                         I'll think on God.

Whatever clouds obscure my way,  
 Till earthly shadows fleet away,  
 And dawns the everlasting day,  
                         I'll think on God.



*THE LAY OF THE LOWLY.*

BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY, Esq.

NOT loft are they whose journey lies  
 Along the world's most tangled ways ;  
 Nor need they faint if burning skies  
 Dry up the wells for many days,—  
 Nor they repine, whose lot commands  
 A life-path through the desert sands.

For lo ! the Gospel waters clear  
 Are given to their aching eyes,  
 Wherein, though dimm'd by earthly tear,  
 They yet may see the skies,—  
 Along whose margin spreads the strand  
 That stretches to the Holy Land.

We may be poor through all our days,  
 Yet gather great increase,—  
 Our lives may lead through rugged ways,  
 But all their paths be peace,—  
 And they on earth the serfs of toil  
 Are heirs of an immortal soil.

'Twas thus the ladder's lowest round  
 Rose up where, faint and weary thrown,  
 The Patriarch's head no pillow found  
 More gentle than the stone ;

Yet *there* he caught the message bright  
 That founded down the golden spars,  
 And track'd in dreams the steps of light  
 That climb'd beyond the stars,—  
 And knew they were the shining road  
 That took the angels up to God.

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*WAITING.*

BY MRS. J. C. SIMPSON.

I AM waiting, O my mother !  
 Watching, waiting for the day,  
 From this motley scene shall take me  
 To that better home away :  
 For the thought with sick'ning sorrow  
 Shadows still my spirit o'er,  
 Her who blest my earliest being  
 I shall see on earth no more !

I am waiting, O my daughter !  
 Watching, waiting to be free  
 From these cold, material fetters,  
 That divide my soul from thee :  
 For the memory of thy beauty,  
 Sweetly tender in its tone,  
 Haunts me like a dream most holy  
 Wafted from the Eternal Throne.

I am waiting, O my children !  
Sons call'd hence in infant bloom,—  
Watching, waiting till the Master  
Point my passage to the tomb :  
For your childlike spirit seemeth  
Like a mantle dropp'd from heaven,  
Gently o'er my sad heart fallen,  
And my sins are all forgiven.

I am waiting, O my Saviour !  
Till Thine angel ope the door,  
Through whose mystic portals never  
Pilgrim pass'd returneth more :  
For the loveliness hath faded  
From the things of sense and fight,  
Lost in that 'excelling glory  
Of the land of love and light.

I am waiting, watching, praying,  
For that sure and solemn hour,  
When the Heaven-appointed Reaper  
Shall cut down the parchèd flower :  
Then, oh ! then, to be transplanted  
To that garden's amaranth bed,  
Where, in full perennial glory,  
I shall find my fainted dead !

## HOME.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, Esq. F.S.A.

*Author of "Antennæ," "The Snow-path," &c.*

BROTHER,—in pain, or sadness, or joy,  
 Where, where is thy dearest home?  
 Where wouldst thou fly from the world's annoy,  
 Where, in thy trouble, come?  
 Where turn for comfort, and hope, and love,  
 Where seek for sympathy?  
 Where could thy heart, like a fluttering dove,  
 Rest from its misery?  
 Say, where is thy home—all homes above?  
 Brother, thy "home" is a sister's love.

Husband,—oh, where is *thy* dearest home,  
 Thy solace in pain or grief?  
 Where, from the false world's scorning,  
 Canst thou turn to find relief?  
 Where, when the spirit within thee sinks,  
 And thy weary soul is oppress'd,  
 Where canst thou turn for sympathy,  
 Where find a haven of rest?  
 Say, where for solace and joy canst thou come?  
 A wife's fond heart is the husband's "home."

Friend,—when in trial and suffering,  
 Where dost thou find *thy* home?  
 Where in thy pain canst thou seek relief,  
 Where in thy sorrows come?

Where from the world's rude conflict  
Canst thou find a calm retreat?  
Where learn afresh with courage  
Thy trials and sorrows to meet?  
Where is thy shield from adversity's dart?  
Friend, thy "home" is a loved one's heart.

Man,— when thy heart is torn with grief,  
When thy hopes are for ever gone,  
When adversity's cloud hangs over thy head,  
And earth's troubles weigh thee down,—  
When those whom thou lovest have turn'd away,  
And cruelly fled thee,—  
When thy true heart is crush'd, and thy joys are gone,—  
For shelter, oh! where canst thou flee?  
Man, though from comfort on earth thou'rt driven,  
Thy "home" and thy joy are with God in heaven.

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*THE HEART.*

BY H. M. B.

NO heart so low but it hath many mountains,  
Now seal'd in ice, now bathed in sun:  
No heart so shallow but hath welling fountains,  
Reveal'd to God alone.

## THE SNOW.

BY A. J. SYMINGTON, Esq.

*Author of "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life."*

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—JOB, xxxviii. 22.

I STOOD gazing, from the window,  
 On the fleecy snow  
 Falling—falling—ever falling,  
 Solemnly and slow ;

And I felt that downy stillness  
 To be more sublime  
 Than the thunder—flakes like ages  
 In the lapse of Time !

Bright sun ! blue skies ! Now the orchard  
 Hath no air of gloom,  
 White-clothed, down-weigh'd branches seeming  
 Laden with summer bloom :

Not a shroud ! an eider mantle  
 Shielding earth from storm,  
 Is the friendly snow ; it keepeth  
 Flower and grass-blade warm !

So with chilly biting trials,  
 Rightly understood ;  
 God, aye watching those that love Him,  
 Worketh all for good.

THE LAMB OF GOD, THE LION OF THE  
TRIBE OF JUDAH.

By Miss CAROLINE HUNT,

*Authoress of "The Voice of Many Waters."*

NOT shame nor insult, mockery, scourging, death,  
Could wring one bitter word from Him they flew ;  
In prayers and blessings ebb'd His parting breath ;  
"Father, forgive ! they know not what they do."

Yet countless legions of the heavenly host,  
His eye could see array'd around the Throne,  
Prepared to save Him, when He seem'd so lost,  
Lost and forsaken : But He trod alone  
That deadly winepress. Who can realize  
His strange temptation ? He was human still,  
Felt more than man each mortal pain and ill ;  
Still in His soul would human yearnings rise ;  
But meek, submissive to His Father's will,  
Born the eternal councils to fulfil,  
The Lamb of God, self-immolated, dies,  
For guilty man an all-atoning sacrifice.

Yet was He angry once ; with flashing eye  
The Lion of the Tribe of Judah rose,  
Zealous His Father's house to purify ;  
Nerved was that gentle hand with wrath, His blows  
Drove the rapacious usurers away ;—  
The Lord was in His holy temple then.  
Who shall abide His coming in His day

Of might and glory, when He comes again  
 To judge the world, His angel court around?  
 "The elements shall melt with fervent heat,"  
 And Death and Hell fall crush'd beneath His feet:  
 When all Creation hears the trumpet-found,  
 When you and I before His judgment-seat,  
 And they that loved, and they that pierced Him meet,  
 Oh! where shall we, Thou Lamb of God, be found,  
 Thou Lion of Thy Tribe, unless Thy grace abound?

For nought impure, unholy, or defiled,  
 Enters the regions of eternal day.  
 Oh! let us not, by earth or hell beguiled,  
 Throw all our precious hopes of heaven away.  
 To "purify ourselves as He is pure,"  
 To follow in the path which Jesus trod,  
 To love, to trust, to hope, and to endure,  
 This is the life acceptable to God.  
 Though sin within us wages deadly war,  
 Yet will He succour those for whom He died:  
 For us the Lord of life was crucified;  
 His living temples still our bodies are!  
 By His strong hand may they be purified,  
 In them may He, the holy Lamb, abide;  
 And may His glories beaming from afar,  
 Shine on our darken'd souls, a "bright and morning Star."



THE SANCTUARY OF GOD.

BY HENRY CECIL, Esq.

*Author of Various Poems.*

“Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?”—I COR. iii. 16.

IN the light of sunset fading,  
 In the surge of the wide sea,  
 Wave on wave the shore abrading,  
 Comes a voice and whispers me :

“Man of songs, to whom is given  
 Much to suffer and to know,  
 Sing us of the songs of heaven—  
 Zion’s Song, if warbled low.

“There is tarnish on the earthy :  
 All things mortal wail the curse :  
 Only Faith’s unseen is worthy  
 Of the honours of great verse.”

And above the sunset fading,  
 Holding me in thrall, I flee ;  
 And above the white invading  
 Surge on surge of the wide sea ;

Seeking, if I may but find it,  
 Find it truly of God’s grace,

That rent veil, and free behind it  
The holy and most holy place.

From below the morning—hearken !  
Sweet and low the chant is drawn :  
But the cherubs' faces darken,  
And the glory-cloud is gone.

Priests no more, with choral vesture,  
Raise the psalm on that high road ;  
Kingly feet, with lavish gesture,  
Move before the ark of God.

In no cedar house *He* lingers ;  
Shawm and cymbal waxen mute,  
Struck no more by cunning fingers,  
Crumble at the altar's foot.

Now His rest is with the lowly,  
With the weakest soul His might ;  
With the sinful walks the Holy,  
In the darkness dwells the Light.

And amidst the surges' swelling,  
With adoring fear I see  
This, God's people are His dwelling,  
His true temple is in me.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. SMALL, M.A.

*Author of "The Highlands," and "Hymns for Youthful Voices," &c.*

COME, learn from Nature, ye who mourn  
 Some lovely flower's untimely blight,  
 By Death's rude, wintry tempests torn,  
 And snatch'd from your afflicted fight.  
 Come, on reviving Nature gaze,—  
 For many a thought these scenes may raise  
 To soothe your troubled heart,—  
 To turn your wailing into praise,  
 And richest balm impart.

Erewhile, o'er all this living scene  
 A dark funeral pall was spread ;  
 Gone was the gay and lively green,  
 And all the radiant flowers were dead.  
 Yet on the desolation there  
 Ye did not look in blank despair,  
 But, with prophetic view,  
 Descried the time when spring's soft air  
 Should deck the plains anew.

And shall ye not as firmly trust,  
 And as rejoicingly believe,  
 The Word that o'er a loved one's dust  
 Forbids you hopelessly to grieve ?  
 For surely as the lovely bloom  
 Of spring succeeds the wintry gloom,

That late o'erspread the plain,—  
 So surely from the cheerless tomb  
 The dead shall rise again.

Though “in corruption it is sown,  
 In incorruption it shall rise ;”  
*Now* earth may claim it for its own,  
 'T will *then* be fitted for the skies.  
 And as the fairest flower that blows  
 Excels the seed from whence it rose,  
 Shall that bright form excel  
 The frame, which to its long repose  
 In death's cold winter fell.

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*DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.*

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

**A**RE death's dark emblems suited for the grave  
 Of him who dwells in heaven's unclouded light ?  
 For souls array'd in robes of dazzling white  
 Shall blackest palls and plumes funereal wave ?  
 Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,  
 Torches reversed whose flame is quench'd in night,  
 And columns shatter'd, our compassion crave  
 For those whom Christ by death did fully save,—  
 Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His fight  
 Drink of the fountain of supreme delight ?  
 Rear high the shaft, *new life* thereon engrave !  
 Turn up the torch, it never burnt so bright !  
 A richer hue and scent the lily gives,—  
 Not till the Christian dies he fully lives !

*TIME, DEATH, AND LOVE.*

By JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, Esq.

**T**IME is a prince whose resistless sway  
 Everything earthly must needs obey :  
 The din of war, and the tyrant's frown,  
 And the shepherd's crook, and the conqueror's crown,  
 Palaces, pyramids, temples, towers—  
 With the falling leaves, and the fading flowers,  
 And the sunset's flush and the rainbow's ray—  
 At the touch of Time all are passing away.

And Death, with a passionless, cloudless eye,  
 And a crown of frost, standeth ever by ;  
 He breathes on the brow of the old and the young,  
 He stays the heart and he stills the tongue ;  
 From the fetter'd soul he unbinds the chain—  
 And the wave of passion, the pulse of pain,  
 And hope's fitful gleam, and woe's hurried breath,  
 Are all lapp'd in the glorious calm of Death !

But Love, on his sun-bright wings sublime,  
 Floats above the weltering foam of Time ;  
 And the power of his paradisaal breath  
 Flings a flush of life o'er the frost of Death.  
 Time shall pass like a dewdrop at dawn of day,  
 And Death like a rainbow shall fade away ;  
 While Love by the word of God shall be  
 The Sun of the heaven of Eternity !

*THE RESTLESS HEART.*

BY MRS. ABDY.

“Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests on Thee.”—ST. AUGUSTINE.

O H, restless heart, uncertain, weak, and changing,  
 Of failing purpose, and of feeble will,  
 O'er scenes of vanity now idly ranging,  
 Now gloomily intent on coming ill ;  
 Life's varied fantasies now idly greeting,  
 Now longing to the hermit's cell to flee :  
 Wilt Thou not aid me, Lord, to still its beating ?  
 My heart is restless till it rests on Thee.

Sometimes it seeks the haunts of proud Ambition,  
 Sometimes for grave and studious Leisure sighs ;  
 Exults awhile in Fame's enchanting vision,  
 Or clings to pure Affection's tender ties.  
 Sometimes, absorb'd in prayer and contemplation,  
 It seeks, through Faith, a better land to see ;  
 Alas ! why yields it to the world's temptation ?  
 Why should that restless heart e'er turn from Thee ?

Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and ever  
 Thy presence should within my heart be known,  
 Could I but prosper in the poor endeavour  
 I feebly make, to keep it for Thine own.

Lord, I beseech Thee, calm its wild emotion,  
From earth's delusive idols set it free,  
And fill with holy thoughts of meek devotion  
The restless heart that fain would rest on Thee !

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*A PROVERB PARAPHRASED.*

BY ALARIC A. WATTS, Esq.

OH ! welcome the sorrow that singly is sent ;  
A blessing how oft in disguise,—  
A sign of God's love and His pity, but meant  
To fashion the soul for the skies !

Oh ! welcome the sorrow that singly arrives,  
Nor 'gainst Heaven's temper'd fiat rebel :  
'Tis a merciful blow the fond heart that deprives  
Of some idol it loved but too well !

Oh ! welcome the grief if God sends you but one,  
Though the heart's cherish'd dream it may dim ;—  
And rejoice if repentance, though late, may atone  
For a lifelong estrangement from Him !

When misfortunes o'ertake us, not seldom they come  
In "battalions," our hopes to o'erwhelm ;  
Yet the wildest of storms may impel us towards home,  
If the vessel obeys but her helm !

*BAPTISMAL LAY.*

BY THE REV. J. DAYMAN, M.A.

JESUS, while the dews of morning  
 Sparkle on the infant brow,  
 Freshness every glance adorning,  
 Write Thy name, O write it now !  
 Thou wilt watch the opening flow'ret,  
 Cleanse from every earthy stain ;  
 Guard, that no vile worm devour it,—  
 Give the first and latter rain.

When the noon-tide heat oppresses,  
 And beneath a burning sky,  
 While no friendly gardener dresses,  
 Flowers of earth must droop and die,—  
 Screen'd beneath o'ershadowing mountain,  
 Bid the sickly plant revive ;  
 Bathed in Thine eternal fountain,  
 Save the bruifèd reed alive.

And when evening's aged fingers  
 Wrap the world in sober gray,  
 And the colder night-breeze lingers  
 But to grieve o'er fading day,—  
 Jesus, Thou the blossom gather  
 With Thine own right hand, to bear  
 To the gardens of Thy Father,  
 Cull'd to bloom immortal there.



THE BEST-BELOVED.

By ROWLAND BROWN,

*Author of "Songs of Early Spring," "Lily Leaves," &c.*

I LOVE the gems in the crown of Night,  
 And I love the pearls of the sea ;  
 And the violet-breath of the Spring-time bright  
 Wakes a sweet delight in me.  
 I love the wild-flowers kiss'd by the breeze,  
 And I love the birds on the bough ;  
 And I love the whispering leaves of the trees,  
 And the dew on the young Morn's brow.  
 I love the voice of the child of song,  
 Of the wave and the waterfall ;  
 But there's ONE in the glorious world above  
 That I love far more than all !

I love the smile of each darling face  
 That lights with its joy my home ;  
 And a mother's and sister's fond embrace,  
 That greets me when I come.  
 I love the grasp of an honest hand,  
 And a true friend's kindly word ;  
 And I love the sympathizing band,  
 Whose hearts by a tear are stirr'd.  
 I love the sound of my father's voice,  
 And the lips from which blessings fall ;  
 But there's ONE in the glorious world above  
 That I love far more than all !

*EVENING.*

BY IRENE.

**T**HE weary sun his western bed  
 Of wavy gold once more has found,  
 While blushing clouds his sinking head  
 With wreaths of crimson light have crown'd.

The meadow cowslip, and the rose  
 That proudly blooms in Beauty's bower,  
 Alike their drowsy petals close,  
 And own, calm Eve, thy magic power.

No sound, no voice the stillness breaks,  
 Save where the streamlet warbles clear  
 Her vesper chaunt, and softly makes  
 Fit music for the thoughtful ear.

It is the hour when fancy moves  
 Bright shadows through the poet's brain,  
 When phantom-haunted memory loves  
 Gently to soothe the mourner's pain :

When on the steadfast wings of prayer  
 Towards the almighty Father rise  
 Pure souls that own His guardian care,  
 Who heavenward gaze with fearless eyes.

It is the hour when trembling man  
 The voice of heavenly Justice heard :

In wrath those awful tones began,  
But closed in mercy's whisper'd word.

The hour when to the death-doom'd plain  
The herald spirits swiftly sped :  
But merry now began the strain,  
Ere wrath its fiery storm might shed.

It is the hour when wandering slow  
Forth the lone son of Sarah went,  
Nor deem'd to cheer his filial woe  
More than a mother's love was sent :

For she draws near, that maid who soon  
Unto his dreary tent shall prove  
Bright sun and softer beaming moon,  
Cool honey'd dew and sheltering grove.

It is the hour, oh, saddest thought,  
At once yet holiest ! when the tomb  
O'er Him, who man's salvation wrought,  
Cast her dark shade of death and gloom.

Sweet Evening, ever may it be  
My lot beneath thy star-gemm'd veil  
To walk, and meditate with thee,  
Fann'd by thy lightly stirring gale.

And let no dream of worldly bliss,  
Grave nymph, invade thy votary's heart ;  
But let thy warning note be this :  
“ From earth and earthly things we part ! ”

## S A B B A T H H O U R S .

BY THE REV. J. C. BOYCE, M.A.

O H ! pass not hence so fleetly,  
 Bright Sabbath-hours, we pray ;  
 None other tell so sweetly  
     Of regions far away ;  
 None other half as richly bless  
     Spirits that yearn to prove  
 The strong, bright flame of earnestness,  
     The melting mood of love—  
 Of speaking and unspoken trust  
     The long-enduring might ;  
 Or hope, that girdles round the dust  
     Of death with heavenly light.  
 No breath of flowers at eventide,  
     When the rain-cloud's store is spent ;  
 No cooling airs so softly glide  
     From the sultry firmament ;  
 No waveless calm along the deep,  
     When its fever-pulse is still ;  
 No visitings of dew-like sleep  
     To eyelids worn with ill ;  
 No silver tone of dropping rain  
     Upon the sparkling pool ;  
 No blending of heart-fires again,  
     That absence could not cool :—  
 NOTHING in earth, or air, or sea,  
 Can paint the nameless witchery,  
 The soothing, hallowing memory

Of Sabbath-time ;  
When man from his fever'd earth-dream wakes  
To his real, deathless life, and aches  
For his home sublime.

Why art thou bodiless, Sabbath-calm ?  
Cannot we grasp thee, breath of balm ?  
Why should the altar-flame grow dim  
In the heart that has thrill'd with love ?  
Why should it fade, that distant hymn,  
Caught from the choirs above ?  
Angel-forms ! ye do but raise  
A moment from the spirit's gaze  
The damp and misty veil, close-drawn,  
'Tween earthly night and heavenly dawn,  
A moment only may the ear  
Drink in the music of your sphere : —  
A moment only may the brain  
Be tranced : and all grows dark again, —  
Dark as those mimic landscapes grow  
(Island, and sea, and mountain-height)  
Traced in the sunset's golden glow  
On sombre draperies of night.  
Yet, oh ! as noon-tide sunbeams shed  
Bright haloes round the mountain's head,  
So linger near us, and our feet  
Shall ever from the world retreat.  
Born of your presence, hovering nigh,  
The voice of lip and heart shall be  
E'en as the worship of the sky,  
Bursts of uncloying melody,  
Sweet as the river's changeless tune  
Beneath the genial warmth of June ;

And vigorous as the sky-lark's lay,  
Bathed in the glories of mid-day.

Yet hush ! for o'er us, hosts of light,  
Vigil ye keep by day, by night ;  
And fain would seal upon the breast

Thoughts that more constant mood should win :  
But the dark wings of Evil rest,  
Distilling opiate-drops of sin  
Over each charmèd sense, to still  
Impatience of committed ill.

Too oft, alas ! man's better hour  
Is respite only from the pow'r

Of his worst foe. Too oft a glance,  
A sigh, a momentary pain,

Just breaks the dire repose ; then dance  
Once more athwart the whirling brain  
The furies of despair, and steep  
Their slave in Lethe's poison'd sleep.

O sin ! O bitter, hateful power,  
Marring each tranquil Sabbath-hour !  
May we not free us from thy spell ?

May we not quit thy dungeon-gloom ?  
Wilt thou not leave us there to dwell

At rest, where fairest graces bloom,  
Like flow'rets, in the heart's earth-heaven  
Of hope renew'd, of sins forgiven ?—

Quicken Thy conquering march, O Lord,  
Of stainless good ; for hearts are faint  
With yearnings that Thy mightier sword  
Should rid the earth of evil-taint :—

That each unholy impulse should be slain,  
And o'er the ransom'd world one endless Sabbath reign.

*FAITH.*

By GEORGE J. CAYLEY, Esq.

WHAT is the Faith that justifies?  
 A light divine, a kindling grace;  
 The glory of the Saviour's face,  
 Meeting the gaze of lifted eyes!

What works such faith shall manifest?  
 A strenuous spirit-struggle, still  
 To lead His life and do His will,—  
 Sad shreds and patches at the best!

Alas! in weakness we are born:  
 Our childhood's innocence, so fair,  
 Is flimsy frail as woven air,  
 Made only to be foil'd and torn.

But though the thorn of trial tear,  
 And gush the wounds of bleeding pride,  
 We may not cast the rags aside,  
 Like naked fiends in foul despair:

For He, who yearly rifts the rind  
 To sheathe anew the forest's growth,  
 With His own righteousness shall clothe  
 The faithful souls His cross hath sign'd.

Trial is our great Healer's probe  
 To found the ulcerous depths of sin,  
 Shame's tatters all are shed within  
 The shelter of the seamless robe.

*CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

BY THE REV. W. W. HOW, M.A.

“Solemn before us  
 Veil'd the dark Portal,  
 Goal of all mortal ;  
 Stars filent rest o'er us,  
 Graves under us filent.”—GOETHE.

THE Poet scann'd with mighty awe  
 The mystery of man :  
 He spake the strange things that he saw,  
 And thus it ran :—

“The filent stars are overhead,  
 The filent graves below ;  
 A dream between—how quickly fled,  
 Is all we know.”

He pointed up, he pointed down,—  
 The witnesses were there ;  
 O'er the Between a veil was thrown  
 He could not tear.

The Preacher saw the hand he raised,  
 And heard the words he spake ;  
 And in his soul, with grief amazed,  
 A fire outbrake.



“Poet,” he cried, “the things we see,  
They are not all we know,—  
The web of thy philosophy,  
I rend it so :”—

He pointed with his eager hand  
Behind, and then before ;  
“And there, and there, for ever stand  
Two wonders more :

“The silent stars sing out with mirth,  
The graves with grass are green ;  
Christ cometh twice upon the earth—  
We live between !”

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*THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.*

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

“But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.”—MAL. iv. 2.

THE sick man in his chamber  
Through the long weary night,  
Toss'd on his restless pillow,  
How long he for the light !

He counts the hours that linger,  
Heavy with clouds and rain,  
And a great weight of darkness  
Lies on his fever'd brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,  
And the owl hoot afar ;  
While glimmers the pale night-light,  
And fades the midnight star ;

Till eastward in the Heaven  
He sees at last the sign —  
O'er the far purple mountain  
A single silver line.

It broadens and it deepens  
To a sea of red and gold,  
With clouds of rosy amber  
Around its glory roll'd.

Till each pane of his window  
Is silver'd o'er and o'er,  
And lines of golden arrows  
Lie on the dusky floor.

The sick foul lieth weary  
In the world's soft unrest,  
With clouds of care and sorrow  
And weight of sins oppress.

Out of the night she crieth,  
Out of the narrow room :  
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,  
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom ?

Break on this night of longing,  
Where hand in hand we grope,  
Through wastes of vain endeavour,  
'Neath stars of fruitless hope.

O'er the great hills of sadness  
That hem us darkly in,  
Rough with our tears and losses,  
And black with many a sin;—

Rise, rise above the mountains,  
With healing on Thy wings;  
Break, break into the chambers,  
Where pain in secret stings.

Come while the morning tarries,  
Our waiting eyes to bless;  
Look through the lowly lattice—  
Bright Sun of Righteousness!

Set for the hearts that love Thee  
Thy token up above—  
The white rays of redemption,  
And the red fire of love.

Out of our gloom we call Thee,  
Out of our helpless night;  
Sun of the world, sweet Saviour!  
Show us Thy perfect light.

*CONSOLATION.*

LINES WRITTEN IN VISITING THE SICK.

BY THE REV. J. MYERS KING, M.A.

**H**ELP me, my God, in faith to feed  
 The flock Thy Providence decreed  
 Should seek its food from me !  
 Yet not from me. Oh, be Thy word,  
 In everlasting accents heard,  
 The food that comes from Thee !

Is anguish on yon sufferer's brow,  
 Futurity fore-shadow'd now,—  
 Meet chastisement for sin ?  
 First be by Thee the teacher taught,  
 The shepherd to his Master brought,  
 Reproach with self begin.

Who feels the sore the cure may teach ;  
 Who learns of Christ may Jesus preach ;  
 Prostrate, may others raise :  
 The suppliant best may lead the prayer ;  
 Who lowliest proves each daily care,  
 Best strike the note of praise.

Poor is his bliss who ne'er hath felt  
 His soul at its transgressions melt  
 In salutary grief :

Poor is the wisdom that can own  
No folly in itself alone,  
Nor owning find relief.

Whose voice would other finners blame,  
His own unruly will must tame ;  
But he who seeks his God  
In humble penitence, may say,  
“ Brother, like thee of sinful clay,  
With thee I kiss the rod.”

One voice shall then the silence break,  
One voice to each can pardon speak,—  
One voice, and one alone :  
'Tis His, whose only arm can keep  
From wolves the shepherd or the sheep,—  
The Christian soldier crown.

Saviour adored, eternal King,  
The meanest mounts on golden wing,  
Whom love ascending bears :  
And who through all the world so bright  
As he who in unclouded light  
Thy robe all-radiant wears ?

Then welcome life's inglorious part,  
Fame only vainer makes the heart ;  
And welcome lowly cares :  
The pilgrim best may forward go,  
Whose staff supports another's woe.  
He best his soul prepares,

Who seeks in unobtrusive round  
 His Master where on earth he found  
 His merciful employ :  
 The tear on Resignation's cheek,  
 Mute Sorrow, 'mid her sufferings meek,  
 Will chide him into joy.

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### *LIFE SONG.*

BY MRS. POSTLETHWAITE.

**H**EART, O Heart ! why thus bewailing ?—  
 Calmly o'er Life's wave thou'rt failing.  
 Music, why art thou all wailing ?

Voice, O Voice, why drown'd in tears ?—  
 O'er the ills all deem lie sleeping,  
 Thou a silent watch art keeping,  
 Outward calm, yet inly weeping  
 O'er the stranded wrecks of years.

Heart, poor Heart ! while thus thou'rt bleeding,  
 Faint and anguish'd in thy needing,  
 Mercy for thy life is pleading—

Dews of Pity round thee shine ;  
 And, as Mercy, grace conferring,  
 Leadeth forth to Light the erring,  
 Hope thy laden depths is stirring

With the might of Faith Divine :  
 Griefs are gifts from Mercy's shrine,  
 Thou shalt chaunt Amens for thine.

## GRASS UPON THE HOUSETOP.

BY FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP,

*Authoress of "Wayside Fancies," &c.*

"Let them be even as the grafs growing upon the houfetops, which withereth afore it be plucked up.

"Whereof the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom."—Pſ. cxxix. 6, 7.

WHEN fresh'ning breezes cool the air,  
 Where'er the mower's step doth pass,  
 Like keel-cut billows lie apart  
 The rippled waves of new-mown grafs.

When Autumn, now a matron calm,  
 Her crown of perfect fruitage wears,  
 The scarlet poppy-pennons shine  
 Among a field of golden spears.

The grateful earth that nursed the seed,  
 Gives sevenfold back the gift again ;  
 Not mine the scented flow'ry swathes,—  
 Not mine the sheaves of golden grain.

The dusty houfetop gave me birth,  
 That knows not rill, nor brook, nor spring ;  
 Fed by the casual shower of rain,  
 I wither ere my gathering.

No scented blooms entwine me round,  
 No mower fills with me his hand ;  
 No reaper's bosom takes me in,  
 The while he binds the sheaf in band.

Such, righteous Lord, Thou hast decreed,  
 Shall be their doom, or soon or late,  
 Who blindly warring 'gainst Thy will,  
 Lay Sion's vineyard desolate.

And as my fate is, such is theirs,  
 To whom the warning sent in vain  
 Was given in days of old, and since  
 Has still been urged, and scorn'd again.

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*GOD BLESSETH EVERYWHERE.*

BY JOHN EMMET, Esq.

**T**HERE'S joy within the cottage door,  
 And joy within the hall ;  
 Joy for the rich, and for the poor,  
 For you, and me, and all.  
 God never flints the meed of blifs,  
 Nor deals too great a share ;  
 But loves yon world, yet loveth this —  
 God bleffeth everywhere.

Whene'er I see a cottage rose  
 Around the doorway creep ;  
 Whene'er I see the deer-park close  
 The palace in its sleep,  
 I wonder do ye weep and sigh,  
 Or are ye happy there ;  
 And then I sing, and thus sing I —  
 God bleffeth everywhere.



And when I hear a grateful hymn  
Float down the river's tide,  
Or see, within the garden trim,  
Friends happy side by side,—  
I thank my loving God for what  
I hear and see so fair,  
And hear and feel with praises that  
God bleffeth everywhere.

O tenants of the hall and cot,  
Ye may have raven eyes,  
Yet sigh for blifs that woos ye not,  
Or woo it till it flies ;  
Or ye may have no cherry cheek,  
And yet defy all care ;  
God heals the heart—it shall not break—  
God bleffeth everywhere.

The birds laugh through the summer-time  
In pleasure on the trees,  
And every harebell rings a chime  
Of music for the bees ;  
The honey-bee on humming wing  
Goes roving here and there,  
And sings with every living thing—  
God bleffeth everywhere.

The clouds lie dreaming on the deep,  
All in a joyous dream ;  
The merry stars do never sleep,  
So bright with love they seem.  
'Tis sung by valley, plain, and hill,  
Through ocean, earth, and air,—  
Ye may be happy if ye will,  
God bleffeth everywhere.

## TRUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," &c.

"Strive for the truth to the death, and the Lord shall fight for thee."—  
ECCLES. iv. 28.

"Thou requirest truth in the inward parts."—Ps. li. 6.

O GOD of Truth, whose living Word  
Upholds whate'er hath breath,  
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,  
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord! that we,  
Who claim a heavenly birth,  
May march with Thee to smite the lies  
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Mount Thy white horse, Thou Word of God,  
Thy blood-stain'd vesture don;  
To the last strife with death and hell  
Lead Thy great army on.

Ah! would we join that blest array,  
And follow in the might  
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,  
In raiment clean and white!

We fight for truth, we fight for God,  
Poor slaves of lies and sin!  
He who would fight for Thee on earth  
Must first be true within.

Then God of Truth, for whom we long,  
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,  
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
And slay the falsehood there.

Thou sword which goeth from His mouth,  
Smite these false hearts in twain!  
Here burn, thou never-dying fire!  
Fall on, thou fiery rain!

Still smite! still burn! till nought is left  
But God's own truth and love;  
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,  
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,  
From every lie set free,  
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,  
And we shall live in Thee.

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*HELP IN TROUBLE.*

BY THE REV. A. GORDON, LL.D.

*Author of "Heart-Effusions," &c.*

WHEN dire Misfortune, with her wings outspread,  
Darkens the peaceful, heaven-bedew'd abode;  
The just, with heart bow'd down, are not afraid,  
But trust in God,—  
Whose messengers descend to cheer and aid.

First cometh loving-hearted Sympathy,—

Hallow'd thy footsteps, messenger benign !  
'Tis thine to soothe the bosom, hush the sigh,  
With peace divine ;  
O Sympathy, how soft that touch of thine !

Then cometh Hope, in Iris-colour dight,

With aspect mild that cheers the tearful eye :  
As the lone star dispels the shades of night,  
Glittering on high,—  
Hope fills the heart with visions of delight.

Then Faith, the child of Piety, all-fair,

Pours oil of peace upon the stricken heart,  
Supplying every want, dispelling care  
By no false art,  
But by those truths which heavenly peace impart.

Child of Misfortune, then dry up thy tears,—

Thou dost not fall unseen, nor stand alone :  
They who distrust our God have cause for fears,  
But thou hast none ;  
Thy God will light the gloom, when Sorrow's cloud  
appears.

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

BY MRS. JOHNSTON,

*Author of "Lays of the Lost One."*

"For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—SONG OF SOL. ii. 11, 12.

THE time of the singing of birds is come,  
 And winter is past and gone;  
 Dark clouds are melting from heaven's dome,  
 And larks spring up from their heather home,  
 To sing to the rising sun.

Come, with the sound of thy musical wing,  
 Thou timid and gentle dove!  
 With thy modest garb and snowy ring,  
 Come, mingle thy notes with the voice of spring,  
 In a low, sweet song of love.

The winter is over, the rain is stay'd,  
 And flowers on the earth appear;  
 From each little grave where the germ was laid,  
 Springs forth in new beauty a fresh green blade,  
 To bloom through another year.

Sun of my soul! shall I fear to lay  
 This dust where the spring flowers lie?  
 No, Thou wilt remember my sleeping clay  
 (For I witness Thy truth to the flowers of May),  
 And raise me, no more to die!

The times of the singing of birds will come,  
 And the summer-sun shine bright ;  
 But a beam more glorious shall pierce my tomb,  
 And this dust shall live in unfading bloom,  
 'Neath the beams of eternal light !

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### THE DREAD OF DEATH.

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. HINDS, D.D.

*Late Bishop of Norwich.*

“Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil ;  
 for Thou art with me.”—Ps. xxiii. 4.

IF I could live a thousand years,  
 It would be but to shed more tears ;  
 Yet life is sweet, I know not why,  
 And it is dreadful still to die.

O Father, draw me unto Thee,  
 That life, this world's dead life, may be  
 No more the thing I cleave to so,  
 Through all the weariness of woe.

I've walk'd with Thee, yet knew it not ;  
 Have known Thee, and as oft forgot ;  
 Else now I had not been afraid  
 With Thee to walk in Death's cold shade.

When darkness terrifies my child,  
 He clasps my hand and is beguiled  
 Of fear—so I will cling to Thee,  
 O Father, and from fear be free.

*THE KING SIN.*

BY THE REV. R. W. ESSINGTON, M.A.

THE son of Kish to battle went,  
 And well his warriors sped ;  
 For by the God of justice sent,  
 They bore His sword of punishment ;  
 And though King Agag fled,  
 His heel at Havilah they smote ;  
 At Shur their spears were at his throat,  
 Their feet upon his neck ;  
 And as the doom'd, the spell-bound hare,  
 Which eyes the float, or feels the snare,  
 Shrieks for its life in wild dismay,  
 So, craving mercy, prostrate lay  
 The pride of Amalek.

But, since to spare would be to sin,  
 The ruthless carnage must begin ;  
 And soon it swept o'er all,  
 The poor, the powerless, the old ;  
 As lions crashing through the fold,  
 Or eagles with their lordly sweep,  
 Make havoc of the cowering sheep ;  
 'Twas Death's grim carnival.

But he their chief— must Agag's sin  
 Set thus for ever? He had done  
 More ill than all his reckless band ;  
 Stain'd was his heart, and stain'd his hand,  
 With that accursed thing,

Which they who witneff'd, dared not tell ;  
 And now, denounced by Samuel,  
 God's outlaw he ; and yet the spell,

Which guards a sceptred King,  
 Preserves that worthless life, what time  
 God's dread avengers dog his crime,  
 And smite each petty villain down,  
 And burn the hut, and sack the town,  
 And thrust, and hack, and hew.

“Shame on thee, Saul ! yea, woe and shame,”

We cry aloud—Yet ours the fame  
 Both sin and ruin too ;

Unless we turn with faith and prayer,  
 Ere hope unripen'd feels the air  
 Of death's chill winter, and despair  
 Springs from that foul decaying fruit,  
 And winding round its parent's root,  
 Has gnaw'd it through and through.

For at the Font we vow to win  
 A triumph o'er those foes within,  
 By God and holy seer accurst—  
 Of self the love, of wealth the thirst,  
 Hate, anger, lust, and pride ;  
 Yet oft-times, though the Holy One  
 Has granted us His benison,  
 And, fighting on our side,  
 Has brought within an easy reach  
 Those glories which, surpassing speech,  
 With faintly hearts abide ;  
 We sacrifice nor word, nor thought,  
 Which in the killing costs us aught,  
 But either poor and worthless things,



Or such as tire with buzzing wings ;  
And having heighten'd the offence  
With Pharisaical pretence,

    We vie with recreant Saul,  
And like the king who, while the lance  
Of Richard glitter'd in advance  
Of Europe's armies, fail'd for France,  
End that crusade which should have won  
Jerusalem, at Afcalon,  
And bid the retribution cease,  
And with the accolade of peace

    Grace that worst foe of all,  
Who, with a fallen tyrant's wiles,  
Wreathes darkest hate in lacquer'd smiles,  
Hides his fork'd tongue, and serpent's face,  
Till lovely seems his lithe embrace,

    And fair his venom'd sting ;  
And cries, " Let war between us end,  
The braver foe the firmer friend ;  
For like should never war with like,  
The eagles do not eaglets strike,  
And kings should spare a king !"

Oft hear we now that pleading cry,  
And grant the pardon, or deny,  
    As faith is weak or strong ;  
And for a while none seems to heed  
If God or Mammon stamp the deed,  
Or Babel's towering pride to mark,  
Or faith which builds her landlock'd ark ;

    But 'tis not thus for long—  
At death's bleak dawn false meteors fade,  
And they who heard yet disobey'd,

Quail at the fate they may not shun,  
And are, and know themselves, undone —  
While, on the right hand, who are they,  
The children of the glorious day,  
Who, muster'd in God's bright array,  
    The crowns eternal win ?  
They are the Hero-Saints — the true  
Crusaders they, who, born anew  
With sprinklings of the morning dew,  
Drank from the cloven Rock, and fed  
At noontide on the Manna-bread,  
By the free Spirit comforted :  
And thus, although the world around  
Deceitful smiled, or wrathful frown'd,  
They heeded not, but held their ground.  
The Sun, declining towards the west,  
Might tell of weariness and rest,  
But onward still, with panting breast,  
They march'd erect, nor when the night,  
Through very penury of light,  
Had brought the hosts of heaven in fight,  
    And still'd the world's dull din,  
Fear'd they the shadows lengthening out,  
But watching error's headlong rout,  
They raised the victor's joyous shout,  
Remembering that, as sunset here  
Is sunrise in another sphere,  
So evening mists around the tomb  
Tell not of midnight's ghostly gloom,  
But of a new and brighter morn  
Upon the eternal mountains born,  
For them who braved the heathen's rage,  
And, fighting for God's heritage,

Struck down the Anakin.  
Nor rested then, but clear'd the field  
Of dwarfish imps, who feign'd to yield,  
And, with their dagger-points conceal'd  
In rosebuds, crept beneath the shield ;  
And at the last, with bended knee,  
And arm'd with Faith's bright panoply,  
They, though the falchion seem'd to go  
Through their own hearts, yet laid him low—  
Their own, their Master's deadly foe,  
The King, the Agag Sin.

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*SPEAK THE TRUTH IN LOVE.*

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN.

**S**PEAK kindly to the broken heart ;  
Wrath ne'er the will can bend,  
And gentle words have ever proved  
To virtue's cause a friend.

The heavy rain that loudly falls,  
Makes Nature droop her head ;  
The gentle dew bids her look up,  
And smile as from the dead.

Oh, who that knows a Saviour's love,  
And joy of sin forgiven,—  
Who would not seek by words of love  
To guide a soul to heaven !

*PARTING.*

BY M. J. POSTLETHWAITE.

**W**HEN the soft night, gently stealing  
 O'er our half-unwilling eyes—  
 Day's past good and evil sealing,—  
 Dims the light from yon far skies ;  
 Round us often visions seem  
 Of the quiet Past to gleam,  
 That murmur aye and ever to the heart,  
 How very bitter 'tis—and yet 'tis life—to part.

Far from those we love, who love us,  
 In life's gloom,—what joy to know,  
 There is but one Heaven above us,  
 But one holy Faith below :  
 In our lonely hours and drear,  
 Oh, be this Faith ever near,  
 To teach us how, with all in faintly rest,  
 Earth's griefs and joys are lost, in one communion blest !

Ever hold we fast that oneness,  
 Peaceful, teachable, and pure ;  
 So our day can ne'er be sunless,  
 So our faith and love endure :  
 Since for us were Twain made One,  
 God and Man—one Love alone  
 Can fill our sinking hearts with heaven's own calm,  
 And soften earth's rude change with its unfailing balm.

*THE ORCHARD.*

A LEGEND OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

How fair is the orchard ! the wide-spreading trees  
 Are heavy with fruit, so profusely bestow'd  
 That well may the owner rejoice when he sees  
 The branches bent down by their clustering load.

The holy Elijah is passing that way,  
 And meekly and humbly he proffers his suit :  
 " I thirst, I am weary, then give me, I pray,  
 A share of your lavish abundance of fruit."

But little the churl for the wayfarer cared ;  
 He answer'd, in scoffing and bantering tones,  
 " Old man, it appears that your fight is impair'd,  
 The trees in my orchard bear nothing but stones !"

The prophet departed, worn, feeble, and spent,  
 Denied the poor boons of refreshment and rest,  
 And utter'd this farewell remark as he went,  
 " True words have been frequently spoken in jest !"

Oh, wondrous ! the fruits a strange aspect assume,  
 Presenting a profitless outline alone ;  
 Their juices are dried, and their soft, dewy bloom  
 Gives place to the dull, rigid hardness of stone !

Pause, stranger, awhile! Are you selfish and cold,  
 When suppliants come for your bounty to plead?  
 Look round you—the wreck of the goods to behold,  
 So harshly withheld from a brother in need!

Forget not the orchard: with eloquence mute,  
 This forcible moral it seems to impart,—  
 That a barren allotment of petrified fruit  
 Is a fitting requital for hardness of heart!

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*EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL EUCHARIST.*

BY THE REV. G. W. BRAMELD, M.A.

IT is the solemn time  
 Of mysteries sublime;  
 There is deep silence through the House of Prayer;  
 For, lo! with reverence high,  
 A little band draw nigh  
 To eat and drink their last Communion there.

'Tis their last Sabbath-day  
 Ere the swift bark away  
 From their own native land shall bear them far;  
 And they no more may come  
 To this their holy home,  
 With morning sun or evening's rising star.

No more with humble cry  
Of solemn Litany  
Their voices 'mid the faithful band shall rise ;  
Nor in the holy song,  
Their lips have hymn'd so long,  
Ascend with loud thanksgiving to the skies.

For o'er the distant sea  
Their future home must be,  
'Mid lonesome woods, and rocks, and wilds unknown ;  
Where shall be none to tell  
Of all they loved so well,  
Of household joys and cherish'd pleasures flown.

Then shall their thoughts return  
To their old homes, and yearn  
For the sweet Sunday-bell of other times :  
But they shall yearn in vain,  
For them never again  
Shall sound the music of those village chimes.

Parting from all beside,  
To meet on life's dark tide,  
They know not what of sorrow and of change,  
They fain would lean for rest  
Upon His loving breast,  
Whom from His own no trouble shall estrange.

And therefore 'tis, that now  
They come with quiv'ring brow,  
And tearful eye, this last high Feast to seek :  
Matron and sturdy fire,  
And youth's quench'd glance of fire,  
And maiden bending low in silence meek.

O noble Pilgrim band !  
'Tis better thus to stand,  
Than girt with brazen helm or gleaming sword.  
Yours is the shield of Faith  
That mocks the darts of Death ;  
Your falchion is the Spirit of your Lord !

Ye bear no gems nor gold  
Forth from your homes of old ;  
Dark penury hath forced you hence away :  
But ye, we trust, have won,  
Through God's Eternal Son,  
That crown of glory which shall not decay.

The trials of your lot  
Soon may be all forgot ;  
Ye shall pass onward to the distant shore,  
And your remembrance fade,  
Even as the morning shade ;  
The place that knew you once shall know no more.

But in your hearts shall lie  
A sweet glad memory  
Of this blest hour, to guide and cheer you on,  
Until at length you come  
To that Eternal Home,  
Whither your Saviour hath before you gone.



*MATIN HYMN,*

FOR EMIGRANTS AT SEA.

BY THE REV. J. KEBLE, M.A.

“He walked on the water, to go to Jesus.”—MATT. xiv. 29.

SLOWLY the gleaming stars retire,  
 The eastern heaven is all on fire ;  
 The waves have felt the unrisen sun,  
 Their matin service is begun.

Lord of the boundless sky and sea,  
 In loving fear we kneel to Thee :  
 Fain would we grasp the strong Right Hand  
 Reach'd to Thine own by sea and land ;

The Hand that did Thy Saint uphold,  
 When love had made him over-bold,  
 What time at twilight dawn he stood  
 Half-sinking in the boisterous flood.

He cried to Thee, and Thou didst save ;  
 So we, Thine ocean-wanderers, crave  
 (Ere the bright flush of morn be o'er)  
 Thy blessing, Lord, for one day more.

Still onward as to southern skies  
 We spread our sail, new stars arise,  
 New lights upon the glancing tide,  
 Fresh hues where pearl and coral hide.

What are they all, but tokens true  
Of grace for ever fresh and new :  
True tokens of Thine awful love  
Around us, Father, and above ?

And we would daily, nightly draw  
Nearer to Thee in love and awe,  
Till in Love's home we pause at last,  
Our anchor in the deep Heaven cast.

The while, across the changeful sea  
Feeling our way, we cling to Thee,  
Unchanging Lord ! and Thou dost mark  
For each his station in Thine ark.

Still overhead the saving Sign  
Streams, and we know that we are Thine :  
What course so'er our vessel take,  
The signal of our King we make.

It hallows air and wave,—and, lo !  
The Heavens a glorious answer show ;  
High and more high, through southern skies  
We see the unmoving Cross arise.

The Cross on board—what need we more ?  
The Cross to welcome us ashore :  
What need we more, if hearts be true ?  
Our voyage safe, our port in view.

“ If hearts be true ”—but, O dear Lord !  
Which of us all may say the word ?  
Thy Spirit breathe this day, or we  
Shall lose, ere night, ourselves and Thee.

*VESPER HYMN,*

FOR EMIGRANTS AT SEA.

BY THE REV. J. KEBLE, M.A.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.”—ISA. xliii. 2.

THE twilight hour is sweet at home,  
 When sounds from brook or woodland come,  
 Or old familiar bells, that bring  
 The memories grave of many a spring.

At such soft times the genial air  
 Is fragrant with unbidden prayer,  
 And souls devout their longings pour  
 To Christmas hearth or Whitsun bower.

And now upon the twilight sea  
 How may we choose but kneel to Thee,  
 While airs of Thine own breathing steal  
 O'er the hot calm, worn hearts to heal?

Now sails are moist with unseen dews,  
 Aërial lines of all bright hues  
 Lie on the level West afar,  
 And here and there one silent star.

O Lord, our Peace! and may we dare,  
 With voices marr'd by sin and care,  
 To break the stillness, and upraise  
 The song of our unworthy praise?

Yea, as of old Thy faints at eve  
A blessing did of Thee receive,  
When o'er the waves they took their way,  
Thou to the mountain, Lord, to pray ;

So may we trust that our frail bark,  
Bearing aloft Thine awful mark,  
Ere she began her ocean race,  
Had portion in that word of grace.

For why? Thine everlasting Creed  
Is ours, to say in hour of need ;  
We waft THE NAME from coast to coast,  
FATHER, AND SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Ours, too, Thy Prayer, according well  
With Ocean's many-voicèd swell,  
Which close to every ear begins,  
Its way beyond all hearing wins.

The surging prow, the flashing wake,  
Music at hand unwearying make ;  
Waves upon waves repeat the song,  
And through unbounded space prolong.

We say the Prayer our Saviour taught,  
As household words, with homely thought ;  
But Angels bear it on and on,  
In all its meaning, to the Throne.

The frailest bark that ploughs the main,  
The simplest child, may raise the strain ;  
Heaven, earth, air, seas, will hear the call,  
“ Our Father ! ” harmonizing all.

But, oh ! that to Thy Prayer and Creed  
 Thine high Commands we join'd, indeed,  
 Written in heart, on hand engraven,—  
 Three seals in one of Grace and Heaven !

All we have been, forgive, O Lord ;  
 Keep Thou to-night our watch and ward :  
 Safe may we slumber on the sea,  
 Thou at the helm, our hearts with Thee.

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SONNET.

BRITAIN'S HOUSES OF PRAYER HER FAITHFUL MONITORS.

BY THE REV. J. LAWSON, M.A.

NATURE, thy varied charms enchant the eye—  
 Thy sea, thy rocks and hills, thy least-deck'd flower,  
 Are fraught with a soul-purifying power,  
 To free from Mammon's base idolatry.  
 Spent pilgrim's fev'rish drougth canst thou supply  
 With flaking rills ? No ! by thy choicest bower,  
 Hope's blissful goal suggests the peering tower  
 Of village fane, or spire that points on high—  
 Sight e'en of Him, to whom they witness give—  
 Devotion's "cynosure" aye may they stand,  
 Attesting whence the glory of our land ;  
 And may all those whose portion 'tis to live  
 In Britain's isle, the sacrifice afford  
 Of heart-felt praise to earth's supernal Lord !

*CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.*

BY THE REV. C. I. BLACK, M.A.

A<sup>N</sup> earnest Suitor for one final boon,  
 Alone He knelt upon the dewy sod ;  
 'Twas midnight ; and the cold round Paschal moon  
 Shone coldly down upon the weeping God.  
 He said, " If it be possible, I pray  
 Take, O my Father, take this cup away."

A little space apart unheeding slept  
 His friends, and heard not that thrice-utter'd prayer ;  
 The riotous city's festal noises swept  
 Loud and tumultuous through the illumined air ;  
 And the complaining wind with murmur low  
 Ruffled the olive-branches to and fro.

But there was intent silence up in Heaven—  
 An inexpressive, unexampled calm ;  
 Pale grew the glory of the burning Seven ;  
 Hush'd was each harp ; unutter'd was the psalm :  
 Then first her heavenly station Sorrow won,  
 When listening Angels heard—" Thy will be done."

Then from the midst of that astounded throng  
 Rose one in haste, obedient to his Lord ;  
 Swift through the night, on pinions swift and strong,  
 Earthward he sped unto the suffering Word,  
 With power to quell the force of human fears,  
 And check the exuberant fount of those ensanguined tears.

Not for those heedless friends — His nation's hate ;  
Or dubious Pilate, bending to the storm ;  
Or the contempt of His insulted state ;  
Or the keen shame of His unclothèd form ;  
'Tis not for these the drops of suffering start,  
And deathly anguish settles on His heart.

That temper'd feeling, that prophetic eye,  
Long had they been familiar made with woe ;  
The torturing crown, the cross uplifted high,  
And shaking under each convulsive throë ;  
The hiding of God's face ; the gloom obscure  
When He must render up His spirit pure.

But ere the succour came, another stood  
In silent conflict with Emmanuel there ;  
The ancient foe, in fond persuasive mood,  
The dim, discrown'd Archangel of despair,  
Lifting Him to the pinnacles of pain,  
Thence show'd Him His love-toil bestow'd in vain.

Ages of hatred ; millions who should take  
His holy name in vain, or count it vile ;  
Or murder in defence of it, and make  
His very Cross a shelter for their guile !  
Was it a mocking dream that He had dream'd  
Of hope for Man, if happier unredeem'd ?

Therefore it was that thus He knelt and pray'd :  
Nor yet for these alone His tears were shed ;  
How on His Own His sorrows would be laid,  
And love to grief on earth be ever wed ;  
And joy and hope through time for ever be  
Flowers sown and water'd in Gethsemane.

And who of Christ's, but oft must sit alone,  
 Sadness at hand, and for the future fear ;  
 While that particular burden of his own  
 Deepens each sigh, and starts the fitful tear—  
 Death, and like changes, and the fallen estate  
 Of splendid hopes o'erthrown and desolate ?

Moments of awe-struck feeling, and forlorn,  
 When that which is within us seems to be  
 Too conscious of itself, too swiftly borne  
 Afar into its own Gethsemane :  
 There let the spirit sad and lonely pray  
 To drink the cup Christ did not pass away.

Then as that garden knew not, he shall know  
 The quickening drops of God's mysterious pain ;  
 And the death-cancelling chalice shall o'erflow  
 With comfort, as the clouds of spring with rain ;  
 And the dear Lord of sorrow shall be nigh  
 To calm the intemperate grief, and share each anxious sigh.

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## THE SEPULCHRE.

BY MISS E. H. ROLLS,

*Authoress of "First Fruits: Poems by E. H. R."*

WITH weeping eyes the Magdalen departed  
 To seek her Saviour on the Easter morn :  
 The Refuge of the poor and broken-hearted  
 Had gone away, and left them all forlorn.



With faltering step the mourner passes by  
The rippling fountains and the peaceful palms ;  
Her only hope, her only wish, to sigh  
Her soul away in penitential psalms.

She seeks the Sepulchre, still sadly weeping ;  
But, lo ! the grave is full of life and light :  
Two angels there a holy watch are keeping,  
Array'd in garments of celestial white.

And as she gazes on the tomb, she hears  
A well-known word—a sweet, consoling voice ;  
And, looking up and smiling through her tears,  
She turns to meet her Saviour and rejoice.

So we on earth are often weak and fainting  
With dreary memories and hidden fear ;  
And expectation never wearies painting  
The mournful things she fancies lurking near ;

And all the pathway of our life seems shaded  
With solemn tints of gloominess and woe ;  
And not a leaf appears but what is faded,  
And not a joy but what is soon to go :

'Tis then we seek the graves of the departed,—  
Departed pleasures and departed friends ;  
But when on earth we seem most broken-hearted,  
Nearer to God our lonely prayer ascends.

Though knowing all the sorrows of mankind,  
Our daily cross with hopefulnes we bear ;  
When Christian mourners seek the grave, they find  
Not only angels, but a Saviour, there !

*MY REDEEMER LIVETH.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.\*

By JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
 In this my faith is fast ;  
 He lives, and who against Him strives  
 Is sure to fall at last.  
 He lives, the Mighty One, I know,  
 Whose arm can crush the strongest foe,  
 And Death himself has conquer'd.  
 Deep joy within my heart I nurse,  
 No fear disturbs my mind  
 Of him who can my flesh disperse  
 Like chaff before the wind.  
 My bones and sinews he may have  
 To bury in his own dark grave,  
 But still he cannot harm me.  
 My Saviour lives, though dust may lie  
 Upon my mouldering head,  
 And He will call me, by-and-by,  
 To quit my earthy bed.  
 Then I shall waken at His touch,  
 And He will raise me from my couch ;  
 My sleep will soon be over.

\* Born 1606, died 1676. One of the most celebrated writers of "spiritual songs" that ever lived; and compared, in this respect, with Martin Luther.

And I shall wear this very skin,  
In which I now appear,—  
Shall be the same without—within,  
As you behold me here.  
My parted limbs, with every vein,  
Together shall He bind again,  
All in their fitting order.

Of bone and flesh the frame is made,  
Which now by man is worn ;  
And when within the grave he's laid,  
'T will be devour'd and torn  
By hosts of hungry worms, and all  
The hideous things that foully crawl :—  
'T will not be so for ever.

United shall we be once more,—  
This frail, this mouldering frame,  
Will God revive, will God restore,  
Its nature still the same.  
All that has been corruption's prey,  
All that has perish'd by decay,  
Again shall be united.

In this I shall not be deceived,  
No !—firm my faith shall be  
That Him, who has for ever lived,  
I in my flesh shall see.  
In this my very flesh that dies,  
And deep in dust and ashes lies,  
My God shall I see clearly.

*Our Light Affliction.*

Myself shall see Him in the flesh,  
 With all His radiance bright ;  
 His presence will my soul refresh,  
 His face my heart delight.  
 Myself shall ever on Him gaze,  
 Myself shall ever sound His praise—  
 Myself, and not another.

The tempters boldly I defy  
 Who seek my heart to quail ;  
 The strong to shake my faith may try,  
 But surely they shall fail.  
 Prate on of terrors as you will,—  
 Of death, of graves, of coffins ; still  
 I know my Saviour liveth.

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*OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION.*

BY THE REV. D. E. FORD,

*Author of "Decapolis," "Damascus," &c.*

As the darkness of night gives a charm to the dawn,  
 As winter the summer endears,  
 And the denser the cloud on which it is drawn,  
 The brighter the rainbow appears ;  
 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare  
 For the rest that remaineth above ;  
 In the world tribulation awaits him, but there  
 The smile of unchangeable love.

*DARKNESS, THE SHADOW OF DEATH.\**

BY THE REV. GILBERT N. SMITH, M.A.

I ROSE, and earth, in vesture bright,  
 Reflected heaven's unclouded light :  
 Eve fell too soon—the glory past,  
 Death over all his shadow cast.

Man I beheld ; his troubled mien  
 Betray'd what most he wish'd unseen,  
 A heart the seat of dark despair—  
 Death, too, had flung his shadow there.

I look'd again, and One had shed  
 A heavenly unction on his head ;  
 Care from his breast had fled, his brow  
 Death's gloomy shadow veil'd not now.

A vacant Cross his eye, dismay'd,  
 And Tomb, had thoughtfully survey'd :  
 Death's form lay gasping on the floor,  
 His shadow could oppress no more.

Life's flame, now quivering to expire,  
 Shot up with an ethereal fire :  
 I saw him pass a portal fair,—  
 Death nor his shadow follow'd there.

\* By a comparison of Amos v. 8 and Psalm cvii. 10, with Matthew iv. 16, and Luke i. 79, and Psalm xxiii. 4, the conclusion seems natural that this metaphor, "The Shadow of Death," was not invented and employed by those masters of the sublime and beautiful, the Hebrew poets, to signify the dissolution of the body, but to express DARKNESS, whether natural, moral, or spiritual ; in which three senses the thought is attempted to be conveyed in the following lines.

✧ *EASTER-DAY.*

BY THE REV. F. W. KITTERMASTER, M.A.

*Author of "The Moslem and the Hindoo," &c.*

COME to the grave to mourn, and weep  
 Where Jesus calmly lies ;  
 While list'ning Silence, still and deep,  
     Bids holiest thought arise.  
 Tread softly, for among the dead  
 With careless step 'twere wrong to tread ;  
 Or vex with aught the home so dread,  
     Where thoughtless laughter dies.

But, see ! the morning dawns, and steals  
     Close on the track of night ;  
 Earth's glitt'ring dew-veil'd face reveals,  
     And skies of woven light,  
 As day awakes : — another week  
 Breaks with its cares, while sad we seek  
 The dead ; but, lo ! the living speak,  
     Clad in pure robes of white.

“ Why seek the living 'mong the dead ?  
     The Saviour did not die  
 To make the dismal tomb His bed,  
     Where He for aye must lie.  
 Heard ye no shout ? the far worlds ring,  
 Angels rejoice around their King,  
 While with triumphant shout they bring  
     Christ to His throne on high.”

Lift up your heads, eternal gates !  
Admit the King who reigns.  
The Conqueror comes ! beside Him waits  
Sin, bound in captive chains ;  
And Death's dark form ;—these deadly foes  
Are powerless now : the Saviour rose  
And burst their band, and bore the throes  
Of their acutest pains.

This is our day, a holy feast !—  
With willing hearts obey.  
Draw near with faith, nor let the least  
In hope turn cold away.  
Here by the symbols of His love  
The mind is drawn to things above,  
And strength and grace imparted prove  
We meet the Lord to-day.

This is our day ! we will rejoice :  
Sin reigns in us no more ;  
Grace triumphs—let us lift our voice,  
The Saviour to adore !  
He broke the cruel tyrant's sway,—  
He took the sting from death away ;  
Let us with truest love obey,  
Till this short life is o'er.

And when through death's dark gate we go  
To happier worlds unknown,  
Where we mysterious love shall know,  
And ruling wisdom own,—  
Divinely taught His praise to sing,  
Spontaneous then our thoughts will spring  
To Him, our God, Redeemer, King,  
On His eternal Throne.

## PRAISE WAITETH.

BY MISS TOUGH,

*Authoress of "The Offering," &c.*

I CANNOT praise Thee now, Lord,  
 I cannot praise Thee now ;  
 For my heart is sorely riven,  
 And a cloud is on my brow.  
 But praise is waiting for Thee  
 In the glorious future time,  
 Amid the bright revealings,  
 When Zion's hill we climb.

I cannot praise Thee here, Lord,  
 I cannot praise Thee here ;  
 For in my soul is sorrow,  
 And in mine eye a tear :  
 But praise is waiting for Thee,  
 When the chequer'd past appears  
 In the sunshine of the future,  
 All smiling through those tears.

I cannot praise Thee now, Lord,  
 I cannot praise Thee now,  
 Though beneath Thy sore chastisings  
 I fain would meekly bow.  
 But praise is waiting for Thee  
 In the glorious future time,  
 When we read our hidden story,  
 And reach our spirit's prime.



I cannot praise Thee here, Lord,  
I cannot praise Thee here ;  
For my pathway lies through shadows,  
And my heart is lone and drear.  
But praise is waiting for Thee,  
When the pilgrimage is past,  
And at our home in glory  
We gather in at last.

And I will praise Thee there, Lord,  
When Zion's heights I gain ;  
But might I not be tuning  
A prelude to the strain ?  
While praise is waiting for Thee,  
Thou'lt bend a listening ear  
To its low and faint rehearsal,  
In faltering accents here.

Then let me praise Thee now, Lord,  
In the dark and cloudy day,  
Though sad and sore disquieted  
By reason of the way.  
For the praise that's waiting for Thee,  
Good cause shall yet appear,  
And I'll wake the golden harp-strings,  
Beneath the falling tear.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

BY THE REV. A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.

*Translator of the "Queen's Court Manuscript," and other Bohemian Poems.*

**L**OVE hath descended from His throne on high,  
 And taken brotherhood with man below,  
 Suff'ring for ransom of His enemy,  
 To cleanse the sinful hands that wrought His woe.  
 What surer proof could best affection show  
 Than thus to suffer? And for us if He,  
 Shall we not for His sake some suff'ring know,  
 That we, as loved, may also loving be,  
 And for Love's sake by Love from sin and shame set free?

But Love doth not in contemplation dwell,  
 Lock'd in the bosom's innermost recess;  
 Which it doth still with sighs of longing swell,  
 But never passeth; which it may oppress  
 By brooding thoughts to utter hopelessness,  
 But never ease by action; forth it goes,  
 And doth itself to that high task address,  
 Whence only cometh solace to all woes,  
 And which alone the fount of endless gladness knows.

Love's task, it is the task of man below,  
 Fulfilment of the law of God above,  
 The only task which doth perfection know,  
 And which for its own sake doth merit love,

And upon earth, as not of earth, doth move ;  
O happy, happy, who Love's task fulfil,  
Nor from affection's settled purpose rove,  
But their true loving Lord do copy still,  
And for Love's sake by Love do execute Love's will !

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*THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.*

BY MISS E. H. ROLLS,

*Authoress of "First Fruits : Poems by E. H. R."*

**M**Y Saviour ! weary pilgrims tell  
Of valleys rich in glorious things ;  
I heed them not, if I may dwell  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

I hear them praise each joyful bird,  
That swiftly flies and sweetly sings ;  
But lovelier music I have heard  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings !

The mountaineer may proudly tell  
Of crystal founts and pearly springs ;  
But I have found a living well  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

On desert-sand or ocean-foam  
My faith to Thee for ever clings ;  
I have an everlasting home  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

*THE WIDOW OF NAIN.*

BY W. R. NEALE, Esq.

“ And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.”—LUKE vii. 13.

FORTH from the city gate,  
 As evening shadows lengthen o'er the plain,  
 And the hush'd crowd in reverent silence wait,  
 Pass'd out a funeral train.

Only one mourner there,  
 Slowly, with feeble steps, following the dead,  
 In the sad travail of the soul's despair  
 Bow'd down her stricken head.

For him she wept forlorn,  
 Of care the solace, and of age the stay,  
 Whose silver chord was broken ere the morn  
 Had brighten'd into day.

Thus hath it ever been,—  
 Time the destroyer sweeps relentless by,  
 When hopes are strong and leaves of promise green,  
 And manhood's heart beats high.

Who comes of stately mien,  
 As one with travel weary, seeking rest,—  
 Whose aspect gentle, and whose brow serene,  
 Speak of a mission blest?

'Tis He, with power to save,  
Who where desponding grief his vigil kept,  
Knowing all human sufferings, at the grave  
Of Lazarus wept.

Thus spake He,—“ Weep no more !  
Be still, sad heart ! Be dry, ye moisten'd eyes !  
Thus to the living I the dead restore :  
Sleeper, awake, arise ! ”

Then at His bidding came  
To those cold lips the warm, returning breath ;  
Then did He kindle life's extinguish'd flame,  
Victor o'er Sin and Death.

And thus He ever stands,—  
Friend of the fallen, wiping all tears away,  
Wherever Sorrow lifts her suppliant hands,  
And Faith remains to pray.

Where'er the wretched flee,  
From the rude conflict of this world distressed,  
Consoling words He whispers,—“ Come to me,  
And I will give you rest ! ”

Till at the second birth,  
He bids the woes and wrongs of ages cease,  
And brings to an emancipated earth,  
Judgment, and truth, and peace ;

And gathers all His own  
From the four winds to that eternal shore,  
Where Mercy sits upon the great white throne,  
And Death shall be no more.

THE ONE FAMILY.

THOUGHTS FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

BY THE REV. F. MINDEN KNOLLIS, D.D.

*Author of "Wreath for the Altar," &c.*

"Who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order."—COLLECT.

"The whole family in heaven and earth."—EPH. iii. 15.

THERE is no *night* in heaven :  
 In that blest world above  
 Work never can bring weariness,  
 For work itself is love.

There is no *night* in heaven :  
 Yet nightly round each bed  
 Of every Christian slumberer,  
 Faith hears an angel tread.

There is no *grief* in heaven :  
 There all is "perfect day ;"  
 There tears are 'mid those "former things"  
 Which all "have pass'd away."

There is no *grief* in heaven :  
 Yet angels from on high  
 Glide down on golden pinions,  
 The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no *want* in heaven :  
The Lamb of God supplies  
Life's Tree of twelve-fold fruitage —  
Life's Spring which never dries.

There is no *want* in heaven :  
Yet in a desert land  
The fainting Prophet was sustain'd,  
E'en by an angel's hand.

There is no *sin* in heaven,  
Amid that blessed throng :  
All-holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.

There is no *sin* in heaven :  
*Here* who from sin is free ?  
Yet angels aid us in our strife  
For Christ's own liberty.

There is no *death* in heaven :  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And "they can die no more."

There is no *death* in heaven :  
But when the Christian dies  
(Made thus co-heirs with angels),  
They waft him to the skies.

## HEAVEN OUR HOME.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM PARKINSON, M.A.

*Author of "Poems."*

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—HEB. xiii. 14.

ROSY-BRIGHT the morning  
 Shed its early beams  
 Over dewy meadows,  
 Over silver streams ;  
 And the breezes whisper'd  
 Messages of peace,  
 Through the woodlands crying,  
 "Joy shall never cease ;"  
 And the birds made answer,  
 In their sweetest lay,  
 "Pipe to us, ye breezes,  
 We'll rejoice to-day."

Hoarsely-sweet the torrents  
 Murmur'd from the hills ;  
 Through the flowery valleys  
 Danced the laughing rills ;  
 And with sights of beauty,  
 And with sounds of mirth,  
 Spells of power were binding  
 All my hopes to earth.  
 All things full of rapture,  
 All things order'd well,—  
 Here, I thought, for ever  
 It were good to dwell.



But the sky grew darker,  
And with shriller tone  
Through the woods the wild wind  
Made a dismal moan ;  
Faded all the brightness  
From the sparkling rills ;  
Fail'd the torrent-voices  
From the storm-trod hills ;  
And the birds, that lately  
Such sweet music made,  
Trembled sad and silent  
In the deepest shade.

Then, amid the tempest  
Came a still small voice,  
Saying, " Lo ! an emblem  
Of thy foolish choice.  
Life is not all sunshine ;  
Should the morn be fair,  
Noon may bring its tempest  
Black with woe or care.  
This is not thy dwelling ;  
Let whatever come,  
Thou art but a pilgrim ;  
Make not here thy home.  
Life has joys to try thee,—  
False-fair lures to prove  
Whether thou art worthy  
Of a Father's love.  
Life has storms to warn thee,—  
That this barren sand  
Is but thy rough passage  
To a better land.

Forward, Christian pilgrim,  
 Fix not here thy tent ;  
 Look not back in envy,  
 Doubt, or discontent :  
 Forward, Christian runner,  
 To the mark press on,  
 Till of thy high calling  
 Thou the prize hast won :  
 Forward, Christian soldier,  
 Firm to do or die ;  
 Let no fear defraud thee  
 Of thy victory.  
 Here are pain and sorrow,  
 Here are grief and care ;  
 To that good land hasten,  
 Only joy is there."

---

*BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.*

BY THE REV. W. W. HOW, M.A.

**T**wo things have shone with golden light  
 Upon the way where we are sent,—  
 A rich man poor in his own fight,  
 And a poor man rich in his content.  
 But a nobler thing than even these,  
 And shining with a light more pure,  
 Is a poor man kneeling on his knees,  
 And thanking God that he is poor.

*THE STRIFE OF THE CHURCH.*

BY THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D.

**B**RIDEGROOM of Zion, and of faints the Lord,  
 Say, shall thy chosen servants strive for ever?  
 Goodwill and peace to men—is this a sword  
 Thy children's yearning hearts with grief to fever?  
 Pour out Thy Spirit, and Thy kingdom show,  
 Where reconciled they dwell who strove below.

Thine own Apostles they, and brothers twain,  
 Whom Jewry and the Gentiles parted here;  
 Thy soldiers sworn, and conquerors of sin,  
 Twin olive-trees, whose leaves are never sere;  
 Twin lamps, whose radiant light can never die;  
 Twin stars, whose diverse glory blends on high.

But on the earth Thy Spirit came in part,  
 Their faith scarce ripen'd into charity;  
 Each knew his own, but not his brother's heart,  
 And as they ran, they strove for mastery.  
 Learn, O my soul, how both their work abides,  
 And trust no discord now their life divides.

We each in twilight see our little part;  
 God of our parts can make harmonious whole:  
 One drinks of springs born deep in lonely heart,  
 And thou, where choral rivers blending roll;  
 He speaks of faith, by inward prayer, divine,  
 And thou of grace through church and heavenly sign.

So Bunyan darkling trod his pilgrim path,  
 While Laud for wisdom search'd primæval shore ;  
 So Milton wreak'd on shrines his giant wrath,  
 Where Taylor's equal genius stoop'd t' adore ;  
 So Baxter left, for chains, the rite unfaid,  
 Where Hammond's foul found peace and heavenly bread.

Where was Thy Spirit, Lord, in that sad hour,  
 When all Thy pictured shrines were rent and torn,  
 And tempest wrack'd the nation : poet's bower,  
 And pastor's home of prayer, alike forlorn ?  
 Where was Thy love, when Zeal gave red right hand  
 To Wrath and Crime, and raven'd o'er the land ?

Haft thou not balm, O thou all-healing Time,  
 In all thy store, to heal that ancient wound ?  
 Saith not thy storied page, how Truth sublime,  
 Half loosed by each, by each in turn was bound ?  
 God of all flesh, shall ne'er Thy children learn  
 That which Thine eyes through every change discern ?

Ah ! slow our hearts to learn, while, erring still,  
 Each strives for part, and both the whole disclaim !  
 Champion of Eld ! full well on Zion's hill  
 Thou see'st, not built of Man, our City's frame ;  
 Yet His, though blamed, is deeper truth, who knows  
 By what indwelling Life the temple rose.

How near those two, by worldlings deem'd " extreme "—  
 How near those two, afunder far, agree !  
 Both know our life of faith no idle dream ;  
 Both on the Rock would build, not sandy sea ;  
 Alien to both, cold sneer, and wealthy frown,  
 And on the might of both the world looks down.

Go back, ye howling waters, which the storm,  
    Raised by the Prince of air, has lash'd between ;  
And ye more perilous, in smoother form  
    Of moderate art, with grace of rippling sheen ;  
Waves of that sea of death, which ne'er for weal  
The Angel stirs, to wake the powers which heal.

But Thou, O quickening Spirit, not of Man,  
    By Thee since Peter watch'd the infant fold,  
Thy breath in Paul's o'erpowering accents ran,  
    Thy touch makes pure the young, and warm the old —  
Spirit of comfort Thou, and chastening fear,  
Teach us, how those afar, in Thee, are near.

Purge Thou our glance to gaze where strife is o'er ;  
    Teach us, how Faith is less than Charity :  
Thy kingdom come, where error is no more,  
    Nor Death, nor Mourning, nor Captivity ;  
But on the earth, Lord, grant us at Thy shrine  
War with the world, but peace with Thee and Thine.

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*THE TRUE FRIEND.*

BY E. F. G.

**I**T is finish'd ! and now my true Friend I have gain'd,  
    Who strengthens my heart, when by evil 'tis pain'd ;  
O God, my sole wealth, in whom all things are mine,  
My light, and my life, I for ever am Thine !

*DIFFERENT PATHS.*

BY HAMILTON AIDÉ, Esq.

- I** LATELY talk'd with one who strove  
 To show that all my faith is dim,  
 That his alone the road to heaven ;  
 And thus it was I answer'd him : —
- “ The staff I hold strike not away,  
 You cannot give me yours, dear friend ;  
 Up the steep hill our paths are set  
 In different wise, to one sure end.
- “ What though, with eagle-glance upfixt  
 On heights beyond our mortal ken,  
 You tread the broad sure stones of faith  
 More firmly than do weaker men ;
- “ Snatch not away the glimmering light  
 The father holds, the son rejects,  
 Nor thrust your candle in their eyes,  
 And blind them — into narrow sects.
- “ To each according to his strength :  
 But as we leave the plains below,  
 Let us carve out a wider stair,  
 A broader pathway through the snow.
- “ And when upon the golden crest  
 We stand at last together, freed  
 From mists that gather round the base,  
 And clouds that but obscure our creed,

“ We shall perceive that though our steps  
Have wander'd wide apart, dear friend,  
No pathway can be wholly wrong  
That leads unto one perfect end.”

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*WORSHIP.*

BY WILLIAM SAWYER, Esq.

*Author of “ Thought and Reverie,” and other Poems.*

WHAT need of words in prayer or praise,  
Of tinkling rhyme or rounded phrase,—  
Why lift the hat, or bend the knee ;  
Since God the inner heart can see,  
The thought can as the language read,  
And in the purpose see the deed ?

A seeming truth ; and yet beware,  
Only the half-truth may be there :  
The man is not of soul alone,  
But soul and body knit in one ;  
And will the Maker look for less  
Than the *whole* being's earnestness ?

*THE CRY OF THE POOR.*

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

“Because of the deep sighing of the Poor, I will up, saith the Lord.”—  
Ps. xii. 5, 6.

A WAIL hath gone over the earth,  
Sad, hollow, and dismally drear ;  
Like the storm in the hour of its birth,  
Or the wind at the fall of the year.  
It hath swept past the hovel and hut,  
And Dives hath fasten'd his door ;  
But it howls where his portals are shut—  
'Tis the cry of the famishing poor !

The child in the arms of its nurse  
Shall start as it swells on the air,  
For that sound is the sound of a curse,  
And that voice is the voice of despair !  
Lo ! laughter and revelry's shout,  
And warmth, and indulgence, and sin :  
There is death and starvation without—  
There is music and dancing within.

But thy deathbed, O Dives ! draws near :  
Thus levell'd with commoner men,  
The cry thou refusest to hear,  
Shall sound terribly loud to thee then ;  
The whispers of doctors and friends,  
Yea, sobs from the loving and loved,  
Shall be lost, as that echo ascends  
Which once found thee hard and unmoved !



In vain from all parts of the globe  
Shall thy couch with rich comforts be spread ;  
Thy heart, 'neath its miniver'd robe,  
Shall freeze with a pitiful dread.  
The pendulum, heavy and dull,  
As it swings to and fro in the gloom,  
Shall start thee, when opiates would lull,  
As if striking the knell of thy doom.

Then—naked returning to God  
(Who sent thee, frail perishing worm,  
To creep awhile over this clod,  
The task of thy life to perform),  
The earth thy remains shall enfold,  
And thy corpse in a bed be inurn'd  
As narrow, as dark, and as cold  
As the grave of the wretch thou hast spurn'd.

But thy soul “cannot slumber in dust ;”  
Thee its shuddering wings must upbear  
To the throne of the Holy and Just,  
For a fiat of hope or despair.  
There stand, O thou spirit of woe,  
And answer to Father and Son,  
For the good which thou failedst to do,  
As well as the ill thou hast done.

Repeat (what on earth would not cease)  
All the sophistries hollow and vain,  
Why *thy* lot should be plenty and peace,  
And thy fellow's privation and pain.

Mock God with some blasphemous text,  
Pointing out with a scriptural hand,  
How in this world, if not in the next,  
“The poor cannot cease from the land.”

Make that which was written to urge  
A brotherly pity of heart,  
Seem meant as a sentence and scourge  
To set life's conditions apart ;  
Prove, prove that thy conduct was right,  
When the famishing clamour'd for bread,  
While the huge waxen torches shone bright  
On the meats at thy festivals spread ;

Prove, prove that thy heart was not cold,  
But that fear to encourage the base  
Was the motive that bade thee withhold  
The alms that were begg'd as a grace !  
Ay ! prove it,—while, throng after throng,  
Good angels re-echo the cry,  
“How long wilt Thou suffer, how long ?  
O Lord of the earth and the sky !”

As the voice of the drowning is lost  
In the strife of the winds and the waves,  
Or the storm-beaten wanderer's coast  
By the forest-trees crashing like staves ;  
So thou, in the hour of thy need,  
Heaven's mercy shalt vainly implore ;  
Unrescued, unheard, shalt thou plead,—  
Because of the Cry of the Poor !

*THE MOURNER'S LAMENT.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF VINET, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. T. SALWEY, B.D.

**W**HY dost Thou take from me,  
 O God of Charity,  
 The crown of joy from off my brow ?  
 Or if my blest estate  
 Must have so short a date,  
 Then why that bliss didst Thou bestow ?  
 Speak, Saviour, for Thy works are great,  
 Whilst I am blind and slow.  
  
 My health, alas ! is gone ;  
 My heart is chill'd to stone ;  
 Each day takes somewhat of delight :  
 My weary life complains,  
 Stripp'd by the wind and rains  
 Of leaves and fruit that made it bright ;  
 My sky is dark, and naught remains  
 But lateness, cold, and night.  
  
 Beneath my roof's dark shade  
 Grew up a humble maid ;  
 Love had its dwelling in her breast :  
 I saw with smiling eyes  
 Her early dawn arise,  
 When my own sun was in the west.  
 She's gone, and Thou alone canst check my sighs,  
 And say where's now her rest.

Why dost Thou take from me,  
 O God of Charity,  
 The crown of joy from off my brow?  
 Or if my blest estate  
 Must have so short a date,  
 Then why that bliss didst Thou bestow?  
 Speak, Saviour, for Thy works are great,  
 Whilst I am blind and slow.

Thy voice did speak the word,  
 And like a sharpen'd sword  
 Through all my heart did penetrate;  
 And now my soul can say,  
 It knows the truths that lay  
 'Neath what did rigour seem, or hate:  
 It is, O God, Thy love's true way  
 New blessings to create.

'Tis ever thus the same;  
 No harvest ever came  
 But such as from the seed must grow;  
 Be it prosperity,  
 Or be it poverty,  
 They both from love alone can flow:  
 'Tis thus Thy justice quicken'd me  
 Who, under grace, was slow.

O God of my delight,  
 Direct my path aright  
 To Eden, or some desert scene;  
 For if I love, and call  
 Thee my chief good, no fall  
 Or loss shall hurt, but all things screen;  
 E'en in the wilderness shall all  
 Be flowery, fresh, and green.

The only Saint complete,  
Of faith the example meet,  
Jesus, hath died the death foretold :  
To die is to be born,  
To rise to a new morn,  
And garments new to take for old ;  
With Jesus blest, from evil torn,  
Death gives me Christ to hold.

To vain philosophy,  
And wisdom, which in Thee  
No root possess, I wish to die ;  
Nay, e'en to everything  
I would be dead, O King,  
Which does Thy majesty deny ;  
And through the life which faith does bring  
Escape my agony.

O Father, spare me not  
From any painful lot  
To make me faithful, loving, true ;  
That, in Thy furnace tried,  
I may be purified,  
And as pure gold come forth to view ;  
And graven by Thine art abide,  
In glory clothed anew.

Then Thou mayst take from me,  
O God of Charity,  
The crown of joy from off my brow ;  
And that my blest estate  
Should have so short a date,  
Why Thou didst give that bliss I know ;  
The secret of Thy works so great  
I see, though blind and slow.

## SORROW'S SOLACE.

BY THE REV. W. J. BROCK, M.A.

*Author of "Wayside Verses," and other Poems.*

"For we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are."—  
HEB. iv. 15.

AND dost thou weep in sorrow, brother?  
Think not thou hast a lonely lot;  
The very pang now thine, another  
Endured for thee, and murmur'd not.

To consecrate the path of sorrow,  
He left the glory of the skies;  
And deign'd our suffering flesh to borrow,  
That He with grief might sympathize.

Dost mourn beneath the fierce temptation?  
On Him the tempter's shafts were cast.  
Are thine the waves of tribulation?  
Oft o'er His soul those waters pass'd.

Each suffering that enthrorns thy pillow  
Is felt within thy Saviour's heart;  
His hand will hold thee o'er each billow,  
For He hath felt thy every smart.

He who stood by the sisters weeping,  
Their brother raised, and dropt the tear,  
Marks all thy tears with eye unsleeping,  
When grief bends o'er the recent bier.

Though far removed from mortal vision,  
His heart still beats with sympathy ;  
The sufferings of His earthly mission  
Have left deep scars which plead for thee.

And oft 'mid pangs of suffering grievous,  
When faith grows weak and droops the soul,  
He sends bright angels to relieve us,  
And check the whelming waves which roll.

In all thy sufferings think not, brother,  
Thine is a lone, unfriended lot ;  
Look up, and feel there is another,  
In sympathy who ceaseth not.

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*ENDURE AND WAIT.*

BY MISS E. W. FRENCH,

*Authoress of "Pebbles and Shells: Poems."*

WHAT though the hands be idly prest'd  
To dull the pain of thine own heart,  
That gladly had themselves address'd  
To soothe another's smart ;  
The lesson of thine earthly state  
May be but this,—Endure and Wait.

What though life's bursting flowers be torn  
And scatter'd ere the fruit is set,—  
What though the heart be passion-worn  
Where joy scarce blossom'd yet,—  
What though thy grief have bound nor date,  
Accept thy lot,—Endure and Wait.

What though thy spirit vainly yearn  
For aught to love, for aught to do,—  
Though thy most passionate prayers return  
Unblest, even when they sue  
Only for strength to bear thy fate,—  
Still patiently Endure and Wait.

Not in the stern, heroic pride,  
That chills and hardens but to break,—  
Not angrily thy doom abide ;  
Nor, reckless of the stake,  
Seek acrid streams thy thirst to fate,  
But trustfully Endure and Wait.

It is not yet, perchance, nor here,  
Their hope and blessing shall be given,  
Through loneliness, and pain, and fear,  
Who faithfully have striven ;  
Sweet the reward may be, though late,  
Of those who long Endure and Wait.



*THE LAMENT OF DAVID OVER SAUL  
AND JONATHAN.*

BY WILLIAM STIRLING, ESQ. OF KEIR.

**T**HE beauty of our land lies slain on wild Gilboa's side,  
Our mighty ones are fallen in their valour and their  
pride :

Tell not in Gath nor Askelon that they are lying low,  
Lest fierce Philistia's mocking maids be joyous in our woe.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, be never more on you  
The flowers and promise of the spring, nor summer's  
gentle dew !

For on your steeps the royal shield was vilely cast away,  
And dead amongst the countless slain the anointed monarch  
lay.

Foremost in fight the matchless bow of Jonathan was  
bent,

Foremost in fight the fiery sword of Saul destroying went ;  
Like eagles swift, like lions strong, their lovely lives were  
one,

And now, unparted in the grave, they slumber, fire and  
son.

Daughters of Israel, weep for them whose valiant hearts  
are cold,

Who gave you scarlet robes ye wear, and wreathed your  
locks with gold !

O Jonathan! full fore I weep for thee, sweet brother  
 mine,  
 For passing woman's love to me was that dear love of  
 thine!

How are the mighty fallen on high Gilboa's side,  
 In the thickest of the battle, in their glory and their pride!  
 How are the mighty fallen, on the red accursèd field,  
 With bow and blade beside them laid, and broken spear  
 and shield!

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*TRUTHS AND FANCIES.*

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "POEMS BY L."

**T**RUTHS are verities eternal,  
 Changeless, that can never die:  
 Fancies are the idle dreamings  
 We relinquish with a sigh.

Truths, according to our vision,  
 Now or dark or light appear,—  
 They themselves the same remaining  
 Evermore from year to year.

Like the palace in the northland—  
 Like the phantom-ship at sea—  
 Like the mirage in the desert,  
 Oft our cherish'd fancies be;

Resembling the baseless fabric  
Of the clouds that float in air,—  
Strive to grasp them, and they vanish—  
Vanish, mocking our despair!

Every heavenly truth we garner  
In our hearts is golden ore,  
That as swiftly time advanceth  
Shineth ever more and more.

And will shine until the glory  
Riseth of the perfect day,  
When the shadows of the earthland  
Shall for ever pass away.

Oft celestial truths we banish—  
Banish, while for them we yearn;  
Truths that we at last through anguish  
And experience must learn;

Learn dejected, broken-hearted,—  
Learn in sorrow, learn in sadness;  
Learn, perchance, while no kind spirit  
Whispereth of peace and gladness.

But resplendent is the jewel  
That the soul at last hath won,  
When our warfare is accomplish'd,  
When our pilgrimage is run;

Radiating bright effulgence  
O'er life's pathway, erst so drear,  
Till for us commenceth surely  
In that light "The Heavenly Year."

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

A LEGEND.

By EDWIN W. SIMCOX, Esq.

*Author of "Alzim, or the Way to Happiness," &c.*

THE dews of eve were falling fast o'er bright Judea's  
 plain ;  
 The camel, calmly browsing then, forgot the noontide's  
 pain ;  
 The winds of eve were whispering soft the stately palms  
 among,  
 Which, waving high their feathery tops, unto the night-  
 wind sung  
 Day's sweet yet melancholy dirge. At this still hour of  
 ease,  
 To bathe his high and faintly brow in evening's cooler  
 breeze,  
 The Father of the Faithful sat before his tent's dark fold,  
 And watch'd, with mild, delighted eye, the sunset's fading  
 gold.

Just then, an ancient toil-worn man, his faltering footsteps  
 bent  
 Towards Abraham's feat, and craved that night the  
 shelter of his tent.  
 Right swarthy was the stranger's brow, mark'd with the  
 furrows deep  
 Of evil passions foster'd long, though now they seem'd to  
 sleep ;

Right evil was that stranger's eye—its envious look  
askance  
Shone balefully, as if it threw a curse with every  
glance :—  
But now fatigue has dimm'd its pride, and that fell  
wanderer lone  
For aid his supplication pours, in lowly, humble tone.

Swift sprang the Patriarch from his place when that re-  
quest he heard,  
And swift, with hospitable hand, the evening meal pre-  
pared :  
The ministering damsels soon pour water for the feet,  
And change of vesture gladly bring, for way-worn pilgrim  
meet.  
Wash'd and array'd, he takes his place all welcome at the  
board ;  
But, ere they taste, good Abraham said, " Come, let us  
thanks afford  
To Him who all these blessings fair to us hath freely  
given,  
The Great Creator of the earth, who dwelleth in the  
heaven."

Sour smiled the stranger, and he spake, " Servant of Fire  
am I—  
I will not thank, nor bow before, thy viewless Deity !"  
Wrath burn'd in holy Abraham's breast, and flush'd his  
honest cheek  
With indignation, as he heard the bold blasphemer speak :  
To thrust that stranger from his tent, his strenuous hand  
was rear'd ;

But ere it could descend, a calm yet awful Voice was heard—

The Patriarch trembled as it spoke, and thus that Voice did say :

“I’ve borne with this man threescore years, and canst not thou a day?”

### IN AFFLICTION.

BY MISS ISA CRAIG.

O<sup>H</sup>, spare the rod !  
 Thy wrath remove,  
 And visit me in love,  
 My Father-God !

Thou art all-wise !  
 Erring I’ve been,  
 And Thou hast seen  
 Need to chastise.

But now I say,  
 “Thy will be done !”  
 My will with Thine make one,  
 Father, I pray !

Yet, spare the rod !  
 Thy wrath remove,  
 And visit me in love,  
 My Father-God.

*THE HARVEST-HOME.*

By Mrs. PENNEFATHER.

“ And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal : that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”  
— JOHN iv. 36.

FROM the far-off fields of earthly toil,  
A goodly host they come,  
And sounds of music are on the air,—  
’Tis the song of the harvest-home.  
The weariness and the weeping,  
The darkness has all pass’d by,  
And a glorious Sun has risen,  
The Sun of Eternity.

We’ve seen those faces in days of yore,  
When the dust was on their brow,  
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—  
Let us look at the labourers now !  
We think of the life-long sorrow,  
And the wilderness-days of care ;  
We try to trace the teardrops,  
But no furrows of grief are there.

There’s a mystery of soul-chasten’d joy,  
Lit up with sunlight hues ;  
Like morning flowers, most beautiful  
When wet with midnight dews.

There are depths of earnest meaning  
In each true and trustful gaze,  
Telling of wondrous lessons  
Learnt in their pilgrim-days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss,  
That shall never again remove,—  
All the faith and hope of journeying years  
Gather'd up in that look of love.  
The long-waiting days are over,  
They've received their wages now ;  
For they've gazed upon their Master,  
And His Name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely-garner'd sheaves,  
And the song has been passing sweet  
Which welcomed the last in-coming one,  
Laid down at the Saviour's feet.  
Oh ! well does His heart remember,  
As those notes of praise sweep by,  
The yearning, plaintive music  
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does He know each chequer'd tale,  
As He looks on the joyous band,—  
All the lights and shadows that cross'd their path  
In the distant pilgrim-land ;  
The heart's unspoken anguish,  
The bitter sighs and tears,  
The long, long hours of watching,  
The changeful hopes and fears !



One had climb'd the rugged mountain-side,  
'T was a bleak and wintry day,  
The tempest had scatter'd his precious seed,  
And he wept as he turn'd away.  
But a stranger-hand had water'd  
That seed on a distant shore,  
And the labourers now are meeting  
Who had never met before.

And one, he had toil'd amid burning sands,  
When the scorching sun was high ;  
He had grasp'd the plough with a fever'd hand,  
And then laid him down to die :  
But another, and yet another,  
Had fill'd that deserted field,  
Nor vainly the seed they scatter'd  
Where a brother's care had till'd.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,  
Broad-casting o'er the land ;  
Some water'd the scarcely budding blade,  
With a tender, gentle hand.  
There's one — her young life was blighted  
By the withering touch of woe ;  
Her days were sad and weary,  
And she never went forth to sow :

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain  
The fervent, pleading prayer ;  
She looks on many a radiant brow,  
And reads the answers there !  
Yes ! sowers and reapers are meeting ;  
A rejoicing host they come !  
Will you join that echoing chorus ? —  
'T is the song of the harvest-home !

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. J. D. HULL, B.A.

*Author of "The Rural Parsonage," and other Poems.*

OH, what a blessedness sublime,  
 True life to realize :  
 To walk, amid the things of Time,  
 In commerce with the skies !  
 To inhale, in this domain of Death,  
 The atmosphere of Heaven ;  
 Like those who dive the sea beneath,  
 Fresh air each moment given :  
 To know our debts to justice paid  
 By a Redeemer's blood ;  
 And thus, were earth in ruins laid,  
 We should be safe in God !  
 To live with the Almighty join'd,  
 Pavilion'd in His light ;  
 And recognize th' Eternal Mind  
 In all that's rare and bright.  
 The world can nothing equal show,—  
 All parallel it bars :  
 A being with his feet below,  
 His head above the stars !  
 Beside the illustrious state of him,  
 Thus stamp'd with the Divine,  
 All human dignities grow dim,—  
 Yea, sceptres cease to shine.

When gloom the minds of others shrouds,  
His, in a clime serene,  
Towers above the rolling clouds,  
That wrap the lower scene.

Or, should dark shades around him close,  
He hails the day anon,  
Like loftier Alps, the last to lose,  
The first to catch, the sun.

On a Protector, strong to keep,  
Securely he relies ;  
While o'er affliction's stormy deep  
Fair lands, celestial, rise.

To CHRIST, as to the central Light,  
Lifted by faith, his soul  
Around her sees—entrancing sight!—  
Truth's mighty system roll!

Then Nature, in th' enlivening hue  
Religion on it throws,  
Wears to his eye an aspect new,  
And with expression glows.

Creation's beamy face, so rich  
In varied beauty, seems  
A window finely stain'd, through which  
The Maker's glory streams.

Thus unto him the primal curse  
Is partially repeal'd ;  
A renovated Universe  
Already half-reveal'd.

Ah ! they who heaven-touch'd minds possess,  
 Of mortals they alone  
 The secret have of happiness,  
 If under heaven 'tis known.

### THE BURDEN OF TYRE.

By J. A. LANGFORD, Esq.

*Author of "The Lamp of Life," &c.*

**T**HE burden of Tyre : though over the waters,  
 In triumph and splendour her argosies ride ;  
 Though proud be her sons, and far prouder her daughters,  
 She shall fall, saith the Lord, she shall fall in her pride !

Her wealth and her glory shall nothing avail,  
 Her merchants and traders, though princes they be ;  
 I will rase every fortress, and rend every sail  
 Of this lord of the land, of this queen of the sea.

Her palace and mart I will level to earth,  
 The strength of her arm I will wholly destroy ;  
 Her daughters' wild weeping shall follow their mirth,  
 And the low wail of sorrow succeed to their joy.

She is doom'd ! she is doom'd ! Where her children have fed  
 Shall the wolf and the raven find shelter and food ;  
 O'er her pride and her glory My wrath will I shed,  
 And her name shall be shrouded in darkness and blood.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. F. W. MANT, B.A.

*Author of "Historical Ballads and Lays," and other Poems.*

JOY to the New Year, health to the New Year !  
 May it be better than years that are gone !  
 Visions of gladness, and triumph, and sadness,  
 Float in dim shadows its surface upon.

Ring out the merry peals  
 Till the tall steeple reels,  
 Whilst on his chariot-wheels  
 Time presses on.

And health to the New Year, and joy to the New Year !  
 May it be better than years that are gone !

Long to look forward on, short to look back upon,  
 So flit the years of our lifetime along.  
 Ever offending, repenting, contending,  
 Choosing the right, and yet following the wrong ;  
 Flush'd with fresh energies,  
 Sad for deficiencies ;  
 So, amidst smiles and sighs,  
 Life passes on.

Then health to the New Year, joy to the New Year !  
 May it be better than years that are gone !

See how Time's finger, constraining to linger,  
 Points to the fins of the year that is past—  
 See how it beckons us backward, and reckons  
 Every dark blot on its history cast.

Yet not in scorning  
 Receive we the warning,  
 Nor hopelessly mourning  
 Past frailties upon :  
 But pray for the New Year, and hope for the New Year,  
 That it may be better than years that are gone.

What though denial, and sorrow, and trial  
 Mix in the distance, as night does with day—  
 Through the glad tissue of morning shall issue  
 Hope's glorious promise to brighten our way :  
 God's mercy o'er us,  
 And Christ's blood shed for us,  
 And Heaven's joys before us,  
 Still urging us on.  
 Then may not the New Year, and shall not the New  
 Year,  
 Be better, far better, than those that are gone ?

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*THE CHRISTIAN'S OLD AGE.*

BY THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD, M.A.

*Author of "Margaret Catchpole," &c.*

Now age hath silver'd o'er my brow,  
 And all my friends are gone,  
 Let me with resignation bow—  
 Thy will, O Lord, be done.

Whilst patiently Thy will I wait,  
And see that all things change,  
Let me still keep Thy better state  
Within my Christian range.

Though oft and oft my heart and mind  
Have wander'd here and there,  
I fought for Thee, and now I find  
My constant hope in prayer.  
Yes, prayer for all—for every one—  
Or friend or foe to me ;  
Oh, let me harbour ill to none,  
But fix my heart on Thee !

Though old my years, I'm young in heart ;  
Hope has not fled away ;  
For, if my soul should now depart,  
'Twill see a happier day.

I do not murmur nor complain,  
Patience has made me strong :  
Thank God who eases all my pain,—  
My God can do no wrong.

Yet hear me, Lord ! Oh, hear my prayer,—  
The prayer of cheerful age :  
On Thee, my God, I cast my care,—  
Thou dost all grief assuage.  
My soul and body both are Thine,  
Bought with Thy precious blood ;  
Oh ! let me never, Lord, repine,  
Fill me with heavenly food.

So shall I sleep—but sleep with Thee,  
At rest from every care :  
I look to rise, and hope to be  
Where all Thy children are.

Then keep me now as moments wane,  
 And time has almost sped :  
 Let none Thy holy Name profane  
 Who hope to rise when dead.

---

*GOOD FRIDAY.*

By ARTHUR J. MUNBY, Esq. M.A.

SAVIOUR, who died for us to-day,  
 Sighing a tender prayer  
 Of love and pardon from the cross  
 For those who nail'd Thee there ;  
 Oh, by that wondrous death of Thine  
 May we be taught to live,—  
 Be taught how much of heaven there is  
 In that one word, “ Forgive ! ”  
 Keep, Lord, our souls for ever young,  
 For ever undefiled,  
 Nor let the gifts of manhood drown  
 The graces of the child ;  
 So, nursed through all our wintry days,  
 Through time, and grief, and ill,  
 Thy grafted Lily of the heart  
 Shall bloom within us still.  
 Amen ! And leave, in this Thine hour,—  
 Leave with us, while we pray,  
 That deep, unutterable peace  
 Which doth not pass away.



*FAITH THE LAMP TO THE PATH.*

By Miss ISA CRAIG.

“There arifeth light in darknefs.”—Ps. cxii. 4.

THERE was no funfet on the day  
 The mift swept upward from the fea,  
 And fhrouded all things drearily ;  
 The fun went down without a ray,  
 And the night mingled with the mift,  
 And there was darknefs ere we wift.

And as we went upon our way,  
 We could not fee each other’s face ;  
 The homeward path we could not trace,  
 Though ftraight before our feet it lay.  
 It feem’d—things grew fo ftrange and vaft—  
 An unknown land through which we paft.

Yet ftill we ftep by ftep did fare ;  
 And though I could not fee thy fmile,  
 Yet, looking down on me the while,  
 Thy tender fmile I knew was there ;  
 And in the light of home anon,  
 Into my gladden’d heart it fhone.

Even fo the mifts of fear and doubt  
 Come sweeping upward from the fea  
 Of fathomlefs Eternity,  
 Blotting the waning prefent out,  
 And, mingling with the night of death,  
 Darken our vifion with their breath.

And from us fades the face of love,  
 And home-lights shine not through the gloom ;  
 Around us giant shadows loom,  
 And darkness falleth from above ;  
 Yet step by step in Faith we fare,  
 The Light we see not still is there.

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*LIFE SONG.*

BY MRS. POSTLETHWAITE.

WHEN the full heart, yearning,  
 To its lost ones turning,  
 Faints, yet nought discerning,  
     In the mists around,  
 Faith alone relieving  
 Stays the spirit-grieving,  
 Faith her sorrows leaving  
     For the Pearl refund.

Far apart from weeping,  
 Angel-guards are keeping,  
 For our lost ones sleeping,  
     Safe an Eden blest.  
 There, where joys are beaming,  
 Faith and Hope are gleaming—  
 There, where Love redeeming  
     Hath preparèd rest.

*THE MERCY OF GOD.*

BY THE REV. W. TIDD MATSON.

“Thy mercy, O God, is from everlasting to everlasting, upon all them that fear Thy Name.”

THOUGH clouds be dark and tempests brood around,  
 Though fairest hopes betray, and dreams deceive,  
 The mercy of our God is ever sure;  
 Time cannot bound it, nor can earth confine,  
 Nor death destroy, nor the cold grave entomb;  
 But 'twill survive the severance of all ties,  
 When Time and Time's dominion are no more.

The thrones and palaces of earth decay,  
 The high-imagined works of genius fade,  
 The bright creations of the artist's thought—  
 The glory, and the grandeur, and the dream,  
 Must all be swallow'd in the night of years.  
 The sweetest of affections here have end,  
 The tenderest links of love are reft in twain,  
 The loved is sever'd from the loving one,  
 And of the heart's emotions the warm tide  
 Is at the grave's mouth frozen.

Here, I know,  
 I am a pilgrim in a place of tombs,  
 And all things round me have a voice to tell  
 I do but move amid a fleeting show.

Flowers wither, Nature's greenness fades ; whate'er  
 Of life or loveliness on earth I view  
 Is passing swift away. I join the throng,  
 I mingle with the busy tribes of men,—  
 With them engage in the concerns of life,  
 And hold communion with my kind ; but they,  
 Or loved, despised, or fear'd, from off the stage  
 Are passing swift away. The solid earth  
 On which I tread,—the mountains and the meads,—  
 The seas and streams,—the azure firmament,  
 With all its vast array of suns and spheres,  
 Have each a death-like whispering voice that they  
 Are passing swift away.

Passing away !

And I am passing, too. A little while,  
 And the big swelling waves of grief will lie  
 In this breast hush'd for ever. O'er my head  
 Long plumes of grass will flutter in the breeze,  
 While I shall rest unheeding in the grave.

But joy ! amid this universal change,  
 One thing ne'er changes : 'midst the ebb and surge  
 Of Time's wild-rocking billows, like a light  
 It burns, and lamps a dying universe  
 As with the radiance of immortal day,  
 And whispers to my spirit, as I go  
 Down into the dull charnel, of the joy  
 And endless rapture of the bliss to be.  
 It is the loving-kindness of my God,—  
 O glorious pledge, seal'd with the Saviour's blood !  
 With His dear promise to assure my soul,

I will take heart upon my pilgrim way,  
Inscribing on the battle-flag of life,  
As the heraldic motto of my trust,  
“Thy mercy is for ever and for ever,  
O God! on all that fear Thy Name.”

---

*VICISSITUDE.*

BY THE REV. A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.

'TIS but too oft we turn our joy to woe,  
'Tis but too oft abuse each good doth mar;  
'Tis well that man from change his state should know,  
And dwell on earth beneath a varying star.

'Tis not by joy alone, 'tis not by sorrow,  
That most are fitted for eternity;  
There are who know but One,—to whom to-morrow  
Appears but as to-day unvaryingly.

But these are few: more oft a changeful fate  
Doth with rewards and punishments instruct,  
As annual seasons fruits by varying state  
Of weather to maturity conduct.

Lord, be it mine from evil good to draw,—  
Good to more good unceasing to apply;  
That, in the end, of change th' unchanging law  
May ripen bliss, that by no change shall die!

*HERE AND YONDER.*

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

**B**ITS of sorrow and of gladness,  
 Strangely cross'd and interlaid ;  
 Shreds of cloud-belt and of rainbow,  
 In alternate stripe and braid ;  
 Bits of storm when winds are warring ;  
 Bits of calm, when blasts are staid ;  
 Bits of silence and of uproar,  
 Bits of sunlight and of shade ;  
 Bits of forest-smother'd hollow,  
 Bits of open sunny glade ;  
 Bits of garden and of moorland,  
 Heath and rose together laid ;  
 Sereft leaf of brown October,  
 April's earliest, greenest blade ;—  
 These are the mingled seeds,  
 Some flowers, some idle weeds,  
 Some crowded, some alone,  
 With which man's field is sown ;  
 And from which springs the one  
 Great harvest of a life, that can  
 Be lived but once by man !  
 With these the threads of hope and fear,  
 Of ill and good, thou weavest here,  
 O dweller in this fallen clime,  
 Thy portion of the web of time !

These are the stones with which, O man,  
Thou build'st, too oft without a plan,  
Life's lordly hall or lowly cot,  
The Babel or the Salem of thy lot.

Bits of day-spring and of sunset,  
Of the midnight, of the noon ;  
Snow and ice of pale December,  
Living flush of crimson June ;  
Tinsel-patchwork, jewell'd splendour,  
All the little and the great ;  
True and false together mingled,  
Now the crooked, now the straight ;  
Broken shafts of Tyrian columns,  
Roll'd and worn by wave and time ;  
Miles of colonnade and grandeur,  
Luxor's still majestic prime ;  
Now the garland, now the coffin ;  
Now the wedding, now the tomb ;  
Now the festal shout of thousands,  
Now the churchyard's lonely gloom ;  
Now the song amid the living,  
Now the chaunt above the dead ;  
The smooth cheek of infant beauty,  
Age's wan and furrow'd head ;  
Days of fever and of fretting,  
Hours of kind and blessed calm ;  
Boughs of cedar and of cypress,  
Wreaths of olive and of palm ;  
Noons of musing, nights of dreaming,  
Words of love and ways of strife ;  
Tears of parting, smiles of meeting ;  
Paths of smooth and rugged life ;

Moods of sinking, when the spirit,  
     Overstrain'd, is downward borne ;  
 Moods of soaring, when the spirit  
     Springs elastic to the morn ;  
 Sands of Egypt, fields of Sharon,  
     Rush of Jordan, sweep of Nile ;  
 Wells of Marah, shades of Elim,  
     Sinai's frown and Carmel's smile ;  
 Depths of valley, peaks of mountain,  
     Stretch of verdure-loving plain,  
 With the crossing and recrossing,  
     And the crossing o'er again ;  
 Notes of music, jars of discord,  
     Voice of trumpet and of lute ;  
 The thunder-flower's loud lashing,  
     And the dew-fall soft and mute ;  
 All the doing and undoing,  
     And the doing o'er again ;  
 All the fastening and the loosing  
     Of the many-linkèd chain ;  
 Bits of brightening and of darkening,  
     Bits of weariness and rest ;  
 All the hoping and despairing  
     Of the full or hollow breast ;  
 Bits of slumb'ring and of waking,  
     Weary tossing to and fro ;  
 Bits of living and of dying,  
     Being's daily ebb and flow ;—  
 With these is life begun and closed,  
 Of these its strange mosaic is composed.  
 Such are our annals upon earth,  
 Our tale from very hour of birth,



Each foul's time-hiftory ;  
Yet of fuch changes is made up  
The changelefs myftery,  
Now hidden from our view,  
Of man's eternity.

Eternity !

The fum of time's brief numbers here,  
Thyself unnumber'd ftill ;  
The iffue of all mortal change, thyself  
Unchanged, unchangeable ;  
The fruit of what we daily feel and fee,  
Thyself unfeen, invifible ;  
Form'd out of many hues,  
Or dark or bright,  
Thyself uncolour'd and unmix'd,  
All dark or light.

O wondrous day !

God's day, not man's, as heretofore ;  
Chrift's day, not Satan's more ;  
When right fhall all be might,  
And might fhall all be right ;  
And truth, for ages forely tried,  
By error mock'd, reviled, defied,  
No longer on the lofing fide,  
Shall celebrate its victory,  
And wave its ancient palm on high ;  
When good and ill, unmix'd,  
Flow on for ever,  
Each in its diftant channel fix'd,  
An everlafting river ;  
When grief and joy difjoin'd,  
The true and falfe untwined,

Each to its separate place  
At the stern sentence gone,  
Shall dwell alone,  
Each on its far-off shore,  
And see each other's face  
No more !  
O wondrous day !  
When things that are shall pass away ;  
Earth's skies take on their evening gloom,  
And the great sunset come ;  
When, with far-echoing swell,  
Like monarch's funeral knell,  
The world's great vesper-bell  
(Deeper than that by far,  
Which, 'neath St. Saba's evening star,  
Sounds over Sodom's fullen sea,  
From the grey peaks of Engedi,  
Or from red Sinai's fiery slope,  
Like wail of earth's expiring hope,  
Swung out in wild, slow-pealing strain  
Across Er-Rahah's sandy plain),  
Shall sound o'er earth, and tell  
That the great Judge has come,  
Long waiting at the door,—  
Come, too, the day of doom,  
So long for man in store.

END OF "LAYS OF THE SANCTUARY."



URBAN THE MONK.

BY

J. STANYAN BIGG, Esq.





TO

THE RT. HON. THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON,

IN SINCERE ADMIRATION OF HER SYMPATHY AND

CHARITY, THE FLOW OF WHICH

DISTANCE NEITHER WEAKENS NOR CONTRACTS,

*THIS POEM,*

WITH KIND PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.





## Urban the Monk.

---

### *THE LIBRARY.*

YOUNG Urban keeps the burnish'd keys  
Of the scriptorium ; and he sits  
Through sunny noons in dreamful ease,  
Reading or copying by fits ;  
Or adding quaint and golden tints,  
Or plufhy purples to the page  
Of Mafs-book, or of Breviary,  
Of holy father, bard, or fage,  
Till all the full-lore'd vellums swim  
In crimfons and in purples dim,  
And common words in foft array  
Prance down the page, like palfreys gay  
Trapp'd all in gold to bear away  
The faëry form of princefs prim :—  
And whether round the abbey blow  
The foft fouth-winds, with overflow

Of balm and honey, or the snow  
 Lies white upon the ground below,  
 And tempests round the belfry go,  
 'Tis all the same to him !  
 All through the sultry summer noon,  
 When lilies over wallflowers swoon,  
 And, in the honey'd heart of June,  
 The bee on roses feeds,—  
 He pores, amid the shadiest nooks,  
 Over the gold-illumined books,  
 With earnest face and eager looks,  
 Believing all he reads.

Legends of faints fill up the gloom  
 Of winter nights and drizzling days ;  
 He sees them swim along his room,  
 And then wind upward in a bloom  
 Of rosy wings, with rich perfume,  
 Wrapp'd in a trembling haze  
 Of cloudy splendour, bulging low.  
 Billows of fire as white as snow  
 Roll with pale crimsons down below  
 Their sandall'd feet ; with motion slow,  
 And round about their bare heads go  
 Haloes like sunset rays !

Of holy martyrs, too, he reads,—  
 Of blest'd Blandina, Appian,  
 Quinta the pure, and Ulpian,  
 Metra, and blameless Adrian,—  
 Until his young heart pants and bleeds  
 For those who for the true faith died ;



How some were torn by wild beasts, some  
Flung into boiling pitch, and some,  
Tormented in the murderous hum

Of Rome, were crucified ;  
How mangled Porphyry dauntless stood,  
With flay'd ribs slowly dripping blood,  
Daring the tyrant's ire ;

How Polycarp, with garments riven,  
Went with a holy shout to heaven  
On trembling wings of fire !

Mingled with these were legends old  
Of wondrous knights and ladies gay :—

The Cid, Sir Roland, Triftram bold,  
Stream'd in rich trappings, jingling gold,  
Over the crimson sunset wold,

Adown the sinking day ;  
And ladies, with a silken swim,  
Flutter'd along the mossy brim  
Of meres, by deep woods hush'd and dim,  
On to the bright tourney.

But chief he loved the mystic story

Of faintly knights, with faces pale,  
Who spurn'd the earth, and earthly glory,  
And went in quest of Holy-Grail :

He follow'd them on by land and flood,—  
Sir Parzival, brave and holy knight,

And bold Sir Galahad, the good ;

He heard them clanging through the night  
Over the pavements still and white,

Their studded bridles jingling light,  
 Flashing amid the soft moonlight ;  
 And saw them skim along the wood,  
 Up alleys of moonbeams trembling-pale,  
 Past church and city and lordly tower,  
 And abbey and hall and lady's bower,  
 All in the hush of the midnight hour,  
 In quest of Holy-Grail !

Titurel's temple o'er him rose,  
 Blushing with gems and gorgeous glows  
 Of golden domes and twinkling spires ;  
 Roses of rubies, and pale fires  
 Of cluster'd diamonds, shook about  
 The wondrous fabric, in and out ;  
 And in the central Sanctuary,  
 On a thick slab of porphyry,  
 Wrapp'd in white samite stood the Grail,  
 Out-shimmering like a cloudy moon,—  
 And o'er it swell'd a mimic noon  
 Of topaz and of jasper bright,  
 Hung in the sapphire ceiling light ;  
 Outside, the dome bulged up red gold,  
 With blue enamel fretted o'er ;  
 And banners, with unruffled fold,  
 Hung filken out at every door ;  
 And round about the Holy-Grail  
 Rose two-and-seventy chapels, pale  
 With pearl and diamonds,—every two  
 Shot up a tower into the blue  
 Like sudden flame ; and over those

Shook cryftal croffes in the light,  
Clutch'd from above, within the claws  
Of gold fspread-eagles, day and night ;  
And o'er the central dome there rofe  
A huge carbuncle with red glows  
And fullen splendour, like a fun  
Lighting the cyprefs-foreft dun,  
That round about the temple flood,  
Filling its fhadowy heart with blood ;  
And none might tread that myftic height  
Of hufh'd Montfalvage, fave the knight  
Chofen of Him of Holy-Rood !

And ftill he turns the gilded leaves,  
And, rich in faith, the monk believes  
Farther than logic e'er hath got ;  
His creed foars higher than his fight,  
Reason is not his only light,—  
Still through the hot, bewilder'd night,  
Angels go heavenward, clad in white,—  
And fo he reads,—and doubteth not !

---

*DOUBTING CASTLE.*

**A**LAS the day ! Alas the hour !  
The fullen clouds, with downward roll  
And heart of hidden thunders, lower  
Over the brightnefs of his foul !

He sits in sadness in his room,  
 Wrapp'd in the old Tartarean gloom,  
 Murmuring in dire perplexity,  
 "This is a fearful mystery,—  
 I cannot think how this may be!"

It is the holy Sabbath-day :  
 The Bible rests upon his knee ;  
 He cannot read,—he cannot pray ;  
 Although his lips the words may say  
 With shuddering effort, yet the "Nay"  
 Is in his heart ; and piteously  
 He murmurs low, "A mystery,—  
 I cannot think how this may be!"

Ye conscious heavens, help him now,  
 And take the cloud from off his brow,  
 And draw the fang from out his smart :  
 Into the garden of his heart  
 The storm hath gone, with cruel cry,  
 And all is dead from sword to sky.

For he has read how unto Him  
 Who ruleth all things with a nod,  
 Time is as naught—how unto God  
 A thousand years are as a day,  
 Or as a night-watch, and he feels  
 His heart rock in the stormy "Nay!"  
 That *will* be heard both night and day,  
 Although he struggles hard to pray,  
 And cannot, though he kneels.

At church he seems a guilty thing ;  
 He hears the full-choir'd anthems ring  
 With roll and surge and golden swing

The banner'd aisles about ;  
 But they have lost the air divine—  
 Seems all a blank and idiot-sign,  
 The bright soul shaken out !

Through the east window shines the sun  
 With mellow splendour, warm and dun,—  
 Through violet tints, and gorgeous streams  
 Of falling robes, and softest creams  
 Of rapt faints' haloes—flashing gleams  
 Of roses darkling, mingled beams  
 Rich as the silks of Trebizond.  
 He marks the sunlight as it paints  
 That gorgeous cloud of holy faints,  
 Until his shuddering spirit faints ;  
 For though he sees *that* heaven of faints,  
 There is no other heaven beyond !

He hears the golden gust and rush  
 Of rich and mellow organ-thunder,  
 Now winding heavenward in a gust  
 Of swelling praise and holy wonder,  
 Now falling with a soft rebound,  
 Rolling deep baffes round and round ;  
 Till fluted notes again aspire  
 With upward flutterings higher and higher,  
 In lark-like dartings. From the choir  
 One note, rich-throbbing in desire,  
 Goes giddy in a whirl of fire  
 Up shuddering solitudes of sound ;  
 And then returning  
 Earthward yearning,

Lo! the luted music falls  
 Soft as water down the walls  
 Of sparry grottoes under ground!  
 Then like sword-blades glancing brightly,  
 Plunge the sudden notes out lightly,  
 Till the treble swerves and skips,  
 And the muffled thunder low,  
 Rolling inward, heaves and dips  
 Like a midnight sea-swell—lo!  
 Clarion bugles seem to blow,  
 And all the loosen'd grandeurs go  
 Rocking richly to and fro  
 In a sumptuous overflow,  
 And throbbing harmonies kiss like lips.  
 Still amid the golden blare  
 Rolling thunders through the air  
 The banner'd isles about,  
 Like a curse flung into prayer  
 Hears he hissing his wild doubt,—  
 And he feels the holy chapel  
 Holier were, were he without.

---

### *THE LITTLE BIRD.*

OUT from the books and stifling room,  
 Out of the shadows and the gloom,  
 Into the cloister garden bright,  
 Into the summer air and light!

He wanders in the humming breeze,  
Amid the shadows of the trees,  
Himself a shadow, ill at ease.

When, lo! from out a neighbouring copse,  
With richest plumage funny bright,  
Making a wheel of colour'd light,  
A little bird a-flutter drops  
Down upon the pear-tree tops,  
Hopping lightly,  
Glancing brightly,  
'Mid the twisted shadowy boughs,  
Raining lightnings round his brows.

A glory and a wonder are  
Its crested colours to the sight;  
It shakes with music, as a star  
Trembles with excess of light.  
Round about its throat assemble  
Blushes of the damask rose,  
And a deepening violet goes  
Sleeking down its back a-tremble;  
Rich and hazy flutterings  
Glow about its yellow wings,  
Dancing golden in the light;—  
Like a crowd of singing sunbeams  
Gleams the little vision bright.

Tame it seems, too, as a bird  
Born amid the tropics hush'd,  
Where no flower is ever crush'd,  
And no voice of man is heard—  
Nothing but a gorgeous noon

And a soft and filken river,  
 And an endless, endless June  
 Sinking down into a swoon,  
 Or a low and bulging moon,  
 For ever and for ever.

Up among the twigs it ran,  
 Hopping, wheeling, full of graces,—  
 'Mid the apples, with the tan  
 Summering all their jocund faces ;  
 When the monk, advancing near it,  
 Strove to touch it with his finger,  
 Scarcely seem'd the bird to fear it,  
 Only, with a fidelong linger,  
 Hopp'd it on a twig or two,  
 All its purples in a shiver,  
 Shaking like a glossy river,  
 In the storm of notes it blew.

All along the garden alleys,  
 Past the dial on the lawn,  
 Follow'd he the happy fallies  
 Of this creature of the dawn,—  
 Out, into the solitude  
 Of the summer-haunted wood.

Out, amid the stirless hush  
 Of the twilight shadows dun,  
 Glancing on from bush to bush,  
 Glowing like a burning blush,  
 Follow'd he with cheek a-flush,  
 This gleaming creature of the sun :



On about three hundred paces  
From the cloister garden door,  
Join'd he in the wheeling races,  
Through the copse and open spaces—  
Sudden summer on their faces  
As the branches backward bore,—  
Just about three hundred paces  
From the little Gothic door,  
Just three hundred and no more.

When, behold ! a slope of sunbeams  
Smote athwart the inner gloom,  
Steeping all the fluttering plumage  
In a ruddier golden bloom :  
And the little bird went winging,  
Showering music down like rain,  
Up the slope of sunbeams, singing,—  
And he saw it not again !

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*THE RETURN.*

YOUNG Urban, musing still, return'd ;  
His pious soul within him yearn'd  
As in the days of old to pray :  
But still he clutch'd his misery :  
“ A thousand long-drawn years ! ” quoth he,  
“ I cannot, though I wish it, see

How centuries can roll away,  
 Muffled in silent mystery,  
 Just as a night-watch hush'd ; or be,  
 Even to God, but as a day."

Wonder of wonders ! as he spoke,  
 A vision on his senses broke,—  
 A mighty abbey met his eyes  
 Just like his own, but thrice its size ;  
 And where, not half an hour before,  
 The little cloister garden stood,  
 The garden with the Gothic door  
 That open'd out upon the wood,  
 A huge cathedral rose on high,  
 Three-steepled—every vanèd spire  
 Flung up into the summer sky  
 Great shining spokes of steadfast fire !

About the abbey all was hush'd,  
 Just as it was an hour before ;  
 The corbels in the sunlight flush'd,  
 The great east window glow'd and blush'd,—  
 He could not find the Gothic door ;  
 And where the sun-dial erst was seen  
 Rose a new wing above the wood,  
 And where the Abbot's house had been  
 A grand refectory bulging stood ;  
 And where the apples were, a flood  
 Of painted windows glimmer'd keen ;—  
 And all the strange and mystic scene  
 Fill'd him with wonder where he stood.  
 All in amaze he sought the door,

And as he stretch'd his hand to knock,  
Behold, a purfy sacristan  
(Whom he had never seen before),  
Descending from the steeple-clock,  
No sooner saw him, than he ran  
Pale with affright—his starting eyes  
Both wide a-goggle, twice their size.  
He heard the noise of banging doors,  
Sounding up long corridors,  
“*Deo gratias,*” quoth the porter,  
As he drew the bolt aside ;  
“*Bene*”—but ere it was utter'd,  
On white lips the blessing died.

He sought the stately chapter-hall,  
Where the brethren were assembled,  
And he whisper'd—“ Strangers all ! —  
What a change an hour may make ! ”  
As he bent his figure tall,  
Every limb among them trembled,  
Every eye was seen to quake,  
Every hand was seen to shake ;  
And he unfolded his brief tale  
Unto listeners hush'd and pale !

But ere the narrative was told,  
Through both his ears strange noises rung,  
He felt his limbs were growing cold,  
He shook with palsy like the old,  
He saw his silver beard had roll'd  
Down to his girdle fold on fold,—  
The girdle where the keys were hung,—

And all the keys, though almost new,  
Look'd red with rust, and worn out too.

When, lo! from out the grated case,  
With tottering step and blanchèd face,  
A monk a written parchment bore,  
Illumined all and bright with gold  
And costly crimson; and it told  
How, just three hundred years before,  
The young Monk Urban first was miss'd,  
And never had been heard of more.  
Deep silence was there as he read,  
Silence, and wonder, and great dread;  
Quoth the Monk Urban, young no more,  
Sighing deeply, "Oh, I see,  
Forest bird that sung to me  
In the wondrous days of yore,  
Mythic ages roll'd away  
As I watch'd thy happy play,  
And the little Gothic door  
Open'd on eternity!  
All my faith I owe to thee,  
And, adoring God, I see  
How a thousand years may be  
Even as a single day!"

Then he bow'd his reverend head,—  
All the fathers gathering near,  
Hush'd their very breath to hear  
Every word that might be said:—  
Quoth the Abbot shortly, "Brethren,  
Back to prayers—he is dead!"



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.





TO

THE HON. GEORGINA IRBY,

AS A GRATEFUL BUT INADEQUATE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

HER SYMPATHIZING KINDNESS TO AN AGED

AND IMPOVERISHED

*WIDOW,*

THESE POEMS ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.







## Miscellaneous Poems.

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### *STARS.*

By HAMILTON AIDÉ, Esq.

THE stars shoot from us as we gaze, and bear  
Their little lights from our dark world away ;  
The many twinkling pleasures of the day  
Fade into night, and leave us all unblest ;  
But the great planets burn unchanging there,  
And the true glories of our life we wear,  
Like jewels in our breast.

Nothing can rob us of them ; ours they are  
When God hath said, " Let there be light " within ;  
And while our earth-lamps fail us, and the din  
Of this dark world grows distant in our ears,  
We are led onward by our jewel-star,  
As shepherds once were guided from afar  
To the low-cradled promise of past years.

*THE PRAYING MAIDEN.*

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

SHE kneels beside her humble couch,  
 And there alone like marble seems ;  
 Calm as a statue in the night,  
 Whose bosom white as snow-flake beams !  
 She prays, her hands together prest,  
 In attitude of sweetest grace ;  
 And brings to mind the glorious thought  
 Of angel in an earthly place.

Her hands are white as lily-leaves,  
 Her arms of most exquisite mould ;  
 Half-hidden by her auburn curls,  
 Like ivory sunn'd with rays of gold !  
 Her voice is low, but with a tone,  
 That music's magic cannot aid ;  
 Sweet as the murmur of a rill  
 Whose stream the blushing woodbines shade.

There's eloquence in every word,  
 The simple charm allied to prayer ;  
 As though some chord from heaven had reach'd  
 Her heart, and lightly trembled there !  
 A heart as tender as the flower,  
 That closes when the daylight dies ;  
 And treasures beauty as a stream  
 The whiten'd cloud that o'er it lies !

She rises gently from her prayer,  
And reads some simple poet's rhymes ;  
And feels that Eden yet might bloom,  
And hide the world's uncounted crimes.  
So fair she looks, so fair she lives,  
A picture of what earth might be ;  
Then take the lesson, World, for I  
Would have its moral learnt by thee !

---

*LET HER STAY.*

BY THE RIGHT REV. S. HINDS, D.D.

LET her stay—oh, those moments are sweeter  
Than all her young days yet have given ;  
For he whose smile brightens to meet her,  
Shall meet her no more but in heaven.

Let her still clasp that pale, wasted hand,  
She once thought was with hers to be join'd :  
By her side never bridegroom shall stand,  
When to God she that hand has resign'd.

Let her stay,—her heart's dream is not ended ;  
While it lasts let its visions be cherish'd ;  
And may hope with those visions be blended,  
When all that is earthly has perish'd !

One dark, desolate, life-long to-morrow  
Will begin when her last look is taken ;  
Let her watch by the dear couch of sorrow,  
Till love's smile his cold lips has forsaken.

## SONNET.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

## LOVE: A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

SHALL I fet any blessing this side heaven  
 Against thy love for me—the light that flows  
 All other joy, the light whereby it grows?  
 Yes, one boon richer than thy love is given—  
 The right to love thee! If thy strength of wing  
 Can bear me with thee on thy luminous track  
 Of duty, take me; but I would not cling  
 With an encumbering clasp to keep thee back.  
 'Tis dear to think thee of myself a part;  
 More dear, though lost, to know thee what thou art:  
 And if, being such, thou vanish from my eyes,  
 I, nursing thoughts of thee, will wait the day  
 When at my side a shadowy friend shall say,—  
 “Thou, too, hast pinions; follow him and rise!”

## FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY E. F. G.

THE volume of existence is a book, that men  
 Can neither open at their will, nor close again:  
 We read but once the passage that we most adore,  
 Then of its own accord the fatal leaf turns o'er:  
 We seek again the page before so fondly read,  
 But 'neath our finger find the page of death instead.

## PARTING.

BY MRS. W. SAWYER,

*Authorefs of "The Quiet Hour," &c.*

AND now farewell ! If part indeed we muft,  
 I give into thy hands a facred trust ;  
 A fingle, fimple word comprifes all,  
 It is " Thyfelf." Whatever fhall befall  
 Of power, wealth, in all remember this :  
 Thou art alone thine own defpair or blifs.  
 Fate is a fallacy : whate'er was meant,  
 Error was never the Divine intent.

Remember, though I am not by to fee,  
 Thou art responsible in thought to me.  
 I afk no vow : what Love cannot fulfil  
 By Love alone, by oaths it never will.  
 There is a dignity of confcience, known  
 Unto the pure and true of heart alone,  
 Which may be thine, all loffes thus regain'd,—  
 So keep thine honour, as thy love, unfain'd.

Remember, that if falfe to Love and me,  
 Still falfer to thyfelf it is to be ;  
 Falfe to thy reafon, flave unto thy foe,—  
 And that is Impulfe. Sweeter far to know  
 One danger paff, than countlefs dangers dare ;  
 One joy efcape, than perilous joys to fhare.  
 Thy heart is peaceful now ? Oh, keep that peace,  
 A precious gain that time will but increafe.

If from some pleasures thou shalt be debarr'd,  
 For thy fidelity I give reward :  
 What fealty a subject owes a king  
 Who is no tyrant, such my love will bring ;  
 A love that is a weakness, yet is strong  
 To bear all trials that to Love belong ;  
 Child-like in trust, yet powerful above  
 All mortal forces,—a true woman's love.

If for a time we part, or here love ends,  
 Remember, on thyself alone depends.  
 Give me thy hand—'tis mine : no vows can bind  
 A closer tie than in our love we find.  
 If that dark Shadow, unseen now, should cross  
 Our separate paths, to me no greater loss  
 Should even that certain agony appal ;  
 For loss of love is death-in-life to all !

Farewell, beloved ! With dry eyes we part ;  
 A heavier grief than tears is at my heart,—  
 Something I fain would hide beneath control :  
 But do not speak,—no words can now console.  
 What ! “ If we should not meet ? ” Oh, yes ! be sure  
 Love is not over-task'd ; though we endure  
 This absence, dear one, we shall live to tell  
 Sweet memories of constancy. Farewell !

*THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.*

BY THE REV. R. B. EXTON, M.A.

“The Nightingale sang the birth of the Rose his well-beloved; and at the same time lamented her short-lived beauty.”

HEAR'ST thou that strain of mingled melody? —  
 Too wildly sweet for Echo's mimic skill,  
 It floateth on the night-breeze light and free,  
 And, blent with murmurs of the bashful rill,  
 Mounts in rich undulations to the sky,  
 A welcome tribute to the raptured spheres on high.

The wondering stars in silence earthward peer,  
 Unconscious whence the liquid harmonies,  
 Thus calmly stealing on celestial ear  
 From 'neath their own pure dwelling-place, arise;  
 Yet pleased that forms of sublunary mould,  
 Congenial powers of kindred eloquence unfold.

For of their theme no ear attuned in heaven,  
 Or on the teeming earth, or in mid air,  
 If right attuned, but hath the power given  
 The soul-entrancing sympathy to share: —  
 From central shades to thrones of light above,  
 Through all creation thrills the full warm pulse of Love.

Thus, hidden in his bower of eglantine,  
 Whereon the moonbeam weaves a silvery crest,  
 The enamour'd minstrel from his leafy shrine  
 Breathes the pure incense of his passionate breast,  
 Watching the while beneath their verdant screen,  
 The charmed slumbers of his young betrothèd queen.

To earth his joyous homage, peal'd around,  
 Sings of her soft maternal bosom bared,  
 At whose life-giving springs his loved one found,  
 Among the myriads that her nurture shared,  
 The boon of being—while to her alone,  
 And high above the rest, earth cedes the Floral throne.

Nor you, ye zephyrs, doth sweet Philomel  
 Forget, as he inhales the odorous sighs,  
 Borne on your wing from that secluded dell  
 Where sleeps the Queen of flowers in beauty's guise;  
 But grateful cheers your wanderings through the night,  
 And with his dulcet notes doth harmonize your flight.

And, for her sleepless care of that dear spot,  
 Trills his mild benisons towards Cynthia's car;  
 Nor scant of praise, as she remember'd not  
 (Borrowing awhile from each attendant star)  
 With Beauty's coronal of dew-wrought gems  
 To deck her morning smile—brightest of diadems!

But chief, Hyperion, to thine orient beam,  
 Lighting the pure tints on his mistress' brow,  
 That flushes from its lair her tranquil dream,  
 Kindling her graces to intenser glow;  
 Chiefly to thee his lengthen'd serenade,  
 By duteous adoration prompted, is fondly paid.



For then, upspringing from their mossy beds,  
In cinctures clad of every vernal hue,  
And scattering perfumes from their beauteous heads,  
To greet their sovereign with obeifance due,  
He heard the bright-eyed children of the Spring  
On the fresh gale their whisper'd gratulations fling :

The while his well-belovèd meekly bent  
Her graceful brow amid th' admiring throng ;  
And ever and anon her glances sent  
Upward to him, the fount of that clear song ;  
At each fond glance still quickening more and more  
The tuneful spirit of her amorous troubadour.

Thus through the glowing morn he pour'd his strains  
Of rapturous blifs. The wingèd hours, attent,  
Wafted his music o'er the far-off plains,  
Till, with all melodies of Nature blent,  
The choral swell, piercing the clouds above,  
From earth to sky proclaim'd the empery of Love !

But ah ! the lover's quick instinctive dread,  
As through mid-ether shot the noontide ray,  
Saw on its fervid smile insidious sped  
The harbinger of beauty's swift decay —  
Saw Death's terrific frown in ambush lower  
Impatient o'er the form of his now drooping Flower !

And thence in querulous and fitful mood  
His broken plaints are heard despondent ; then  
Flits he in shades impervious, far to brood  
In widow'd filence from the haunts of men.  
O Love ! thy dwelling is with all things fair ;  
Yet with the lovely and belovèd Death is there !

## EVENING.

BY THE REV. E. D. JACKSON, B.C.L.

*Author of "Lays of Ancient Palestine," and other Poems.*

THE funbeams are dying  
 Along the pale sea,  
 The night-winds are fighting  
 Lone vespers to me ;  
 The young dews are weeping  
 On Nature's fond breast,  
 The tired world is sleeping,  
 And labour is blest.

Woodland streamlets are moaning  
 Strange tales to the trees,  
 And the flowers are all owning  
 Their loves to the breeze ;  
 Drowsy songsters, repining,  
 Sing plaintive farewells  
 To the pale glow-worms shining  
 Along the green dells.

Now darkness is reigning,  
 Now triumphs the gloom,—  
 Sweet Day, why complaining  
 Sink down to the tomb ?  
 Resurrection awaiting,  
 Go, calmly recline ;  
 Fresh empires creating,  
 To-morrow is thine !

The stars are all waking  
To ravish the night,  
The darkness is breaking  
And slumber grows light ;  
Broken spirits are turning  
Their wet eyes above,  
Like weary doves yearning  
For shelter and love.

My sad heart too, soaring,  
Would climb the blue pole,  
Yonder ether exploring,—  
True home of the soul !  
Orbs of beauty ! ascending,  
My flight I'd pursue,  
Till lost, sweetly blending  
For ever with you !

---

*EPITAPH ON NIOBE.*

FROM THE GREEK OF AGATHIAS.

By EDGAR BOWRING, Esq.

**W**ITHIN this tomb no corpse was ever laid ;  
To hold this corpse no tomb was ever made :  
But tomb and corpse in one are here display'd.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.

By Miss TOUGH,

*Authoress of "The Offering: Poems."*

EVER and ever it floateth on,—  
 That airy nothing, that phantom form !  
 Years upon years have come and gone,  
 With their hours of sunshine and days of storm,  
 And still it floateth, that wandering gleam,  
 Like the shadowy brightness of a dream ;  
 Like the flickering moonbeam on the river,  
 Luring me onward—ever ! ever !

I know thou hast mock'd me many a time,  
 As I follow'd the track of thy painted wing,  
 Pointing away to some happier clime  
 Fresh with the bloom of immortal spring.—  
 Nay, charge me not thus, 'tis thy eager haste  
 For Eden's fruits in this wilding waste,—  
 Stretching impatient hands too soon :  
 I could not give thee so poor a boon.

Thou sayest I mock thee with visions of light,  
 That from following footsteps ever recede,—  
 With the gleam of waters, so cool and bright,  
 All vanish'd and dried in thine hour of need.  
 I lure thee on, for thou fain wouldst stay  
 To sport with the flowers that bloom on thy way :  
 " Arise ! depart ! this is not thy rest !"  
 Is the song I waft thee from isles of the blest.

I am not a creature of earth at all ;  
 In my robes of light I come from afar,—  
 I come at thy yearning spirit's call,  
 To shine on thy path like a guiding star.  
 I know thou art weary, and sick, and sad,  
 And I come from the homes where all are glad,  
 To whisper that earth has no Eden for thee,—  
 Then gird up thy garments, and still follow me !

---

SONNET.

By WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

GENIUS.

IN its deep essence, genius means but worth ;  
 For who would paint the various qualities  
 Of man and nature, trace their growth and birth,  
 Must make their being his by sympathies,  
 Whose root is love. Thus, genius in the bad  
 Is still the reflex of a better life  
 There lingering, though with splendour shorn and sad.  
 Love draws the circle of imagination,  
 And in the heart's full day the wide creation  
 Lies clear, in beauty garb'd, with meaning rife ;  
 And as love's sun declines, so fancy's ken  
 Contracts, and the mean will doth only crave  
 Light for itself, forgets the world and men,  
 And on its dim path stumbles to the grave !

*GOOD IN EVIL.*

BY THE REV. GREVILLE J. CHESTER, M.A.

**I**N thorny thickets blow the sweetest roses ;  
 Lilies in damp woods droop their snow-white bells ;  
 The yellow primrose 'neath the brier reposes ;  
 The purest water springs from deepest wells.  
 From common clay are form'd the fairest vessels ;  
 The diamond glitters in the darksome mine ;  
 The golden wren in her snug dwelling nestles,  
 Slung from the branches of the gloomy pine.  
 The scarlet seaweeds wave their trembling tresses  
 In the deep ocean-caves by man unseen ;  
 And rocks, all black and bleak, the sea-fern dresses  
 With spiny tufts of glistening evergreen.  
 And so from out the gloom and smoke of cities  
 Deeds of deep love and meek endurance shine ;  
 In squalid lanes is found the heart that pities,  
 The soul that hungers after things Divine.  
 In fœtid courts the steadfast love of woman  
 Makes oftentimes the house of toil seem bright ;  
 And princely hearts, which beat 'neath garments common,  
 In midst of wrong are ruled by truth and right.  
 Not men of high degree alone in story,  
 In human hearts, and histories, are enshrined ;  
 The poor and humble have their meed of glory,—  
 Some wreaths of laurel poor men's foreheads bind.

## THREE SCENES.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER (MARY C. F. MONCK).

## I.

DAWN, on a golden river, the dawn of a bright May-day,—  
 Bathed in the laughing sunshine water and woodland lay :  
 Birds in the green boughs caroll'd, wild bees fail'd humming by,  
 And cloudlets of silvery whiteness dappled the morning sky.

One on the bank lay dreaming, youth on his broad, fair brow,—  
 Life hath no sweeter visions than float o'er his fancy now ;  
 Wealth on his path hath scatter'd all that she hath to give,  
 Pleasure and Love aye murmur, “ Sweet 'tis *for us* to live !”

Was there no voice to whisper, “ Put not thy trust in them,  
 Frost-blights shall mar the blossoms wreathing their diadem,—  
 Theirs are no flowers immortal, fearless of all decay,—  
 All they can give is earthly, passing with earth away.”

None!—but the world's gay welcome greeted its willing  
 flave;  
 Fame shower'd triumphs on him, Beauty her guerdon  
 gave:  
 Wildly the dizzy victim drain'd the sweet poison dry,  
 Thoughtless that earth-born gladness ever must fade and  
 die.

## II.

Grey fell the wintry twilight over a city street,  
 Sullied and dark the snow-drifts muffled men's hurrying  
 feet;  
 Cold was the cloudy heaven, colder the frozen earth,  
 But colder the friendless being that crouch'd by a fireless  
 hearth.

Hoarsely the wind came wailing, freighted with fleet and  
 snow,  
 Waking the old man's heavy heart to dreams of the long  
 ago;  
 Feebly his thin voice mutter'd of scenes that had pass'd  
 away,  
 As conscience, awaken'd, pictured the deeds of a bygone  
 day:—

“Faithless among the faithless, how was my talent placed?  
 Goodly was once my portion, how hath it run to waste?  
 Oh, for the deeds of mercy might have been mine  
 to do!  
 Oh, for the sins and sorrows that thick in my pathway  
 grew!



“ Proud in my day of triumph, Father, I turn’d from Thee !  
Many and fore were the stripes I bore, ere I bow’d the  
    stubborn knee ;  
Darkness was dense around me, friends one by one had  
    flown,  
Ere I bent to the healing fountain that flows from Thine  
    awful throne.

“ Hopeless, save in Thy mercy, Father, to Thee I come !  
Long did my sinful heart rebel,—long did my footsteps  
    roam :  
Yet wilt Thou heed the sorrow breathed in the contrite  
    sigh,—  
Yet will Thy loving-kindness hearken the sinner’s cry.”

## III.

Drearly broke the morning over the silent town,  
On many a homeless outcast the shimmering light look’d  
    down ;  
Into one dismal chamber it stole with a mournful gleam,  
And there lay the old man sleeping the slumber that  
    knows no dream.

Strange were the hands that bore him on to his long, last  
    rest ;  
Careless they piled the frozen clay on the planks above  
    his breast :  
But He, in whose sight all creatures are worthy of equal  
    care,  
Hath welcomed the pauper’s spirit, borne up on the wings  
    of prayer.

*MUTABILITY.*

By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, Esq. LL.D.

I SAIL'D on the midnight ocean,  
 Beneath a fair summer sky,  
 And, lull'd by the languid motion,  
 I thought how life flows by.  
 The Wind, with mournful greeting,  
 Still told its ancient tale :  
 "All earthly things are fleeting  
 As breath of summer gale."

The Waves, as they murmuring bore me,  
 Still chanted the same old strain  
 They sang to the age before me :  
 "No earthly things remain."  
 The Ship, with heaving motion,  
 Proclaim'd again the tale,  
 Rock'd on the treacherous ocean :  
 "All earthly things are frail."

The Stars, in their solemn glory,  
 That cluster'd the peaceful sky,  
 Still utter'd the same grand story  
 To age on age gone by,—  
 That tale profound repeating,  
 In light serene and pure :  
 "All earthly things are fleeting,  
 All heavenly things endure."

## THE LAST DAY IN AN OLD HOME.

1840

*By the Author of "The Memorials of Hedley Vicars," &c.*

**A**ND can it be, in this loved home  
 For the last time I stand,  
 Where ten years since we had just come  
     A glad, unbroken band,  
 To twine our love round every tree,  
 And sun the spot with our own glee?  
 And, oh! what tones and smiles of mirth  
     Have rung and sparkled here,  
 When we have gather'd round one hearth  
     With all we held most dear!  
 What words of fondness have been breathed,  
 What parting blessings here bequeathed!  
 Shell-like, it keeps the murmuring sound  
     Of joy's far-ebbing sea,  
 And every haunt my step has found  
     Hath still its memory.  
 My own sweet mother, 'tis of thee  
 Each spot is eloquent to me.  
 I linger on the hallow'd ground,  
     Where once thy feet have been;  
 A spell hath my sad spirit bound  
     Where last thy smile was seen;  
 And every flower and tree is fraught  
 With themes for grave and holy thought.

And I, while looking thus my last,  
    Pour out my heart in tears,  
Where once in three dark days we pass'd  
    A life of hopes and fears ;  
And kneel where last I knelt by thee  
In those long hours of misery.

They tell me there are other ties  
    As tender and as true ;  
That life has still its sympathies,  
    As sweet and faithful too :  
But well I know no love like thine  
Can bless this yearning heart of mine.

And yet, for all its priceless worth,  
    We would not wish thee back,  
To wander with us on this earth,  
    And tread our weary track :  
We know it was a Father's love  
Which call'd our precious one above.

Thou art gone home, to calmer rest  
    Than aught that here hath part ;  
A holier than a mother's breast,  
    A surer than her heart :  
Oh, may we share that home with thee,  
Beloved, through eternity !

## REGRET.

BY THE REV. R. B. SLIPPER, M.A.

*Author of "The Country Parish: A Poem."*

A WAY with vain regret! Who can recall  
 The joyous past, or bring back youth again?  
 Ah, no! though tears from every eye should fall,  
 And every tongue lament, 'twere all in vain.

Fair is the morn; forth from the eastern skies  
 The rising sun its boundless light imparts;  
 Moves on its glorious course amid the sighs,  
 The countless tears, of sad and bleeding hearts.

The noontide comes: fainting beneath the heat,  
 The heavy burden of the sultry ray,  
 They yearn for evening breezes cool and sweet,  
 And the long shadows of declining day.

Wouldst thou recall the morning, ere the night  
 Gave to the silent earth its needful rest;  
 Call man again to labour by its light,  
 His powers by sleep unsoothed and unrefresh'd?

Would any bless thee? Man and beast united  
 With curses deep thy hated name would load—  
 With frames o'er-worn and hearts with care benighted,  
 Detest a gift so destitute of good.

So though to thee it might seem beautiful,  
 To hurl old Time upon a backward course,  
 And to renovate the hues of life grown dull,  
 With rainbow colours from their primal source —

Yet if thou couldst not renovate the mind,  
 Nor quench that knowledge which the world affords —  
 Thy heart in youthful strength no charm could find,  
 Nor laughter light be thine, nor joyous words.

If this were done, 'twere but to live again ;  
 To mourn again o'er blighted hopes for years ;  
 To run the self-same race of grief and pain,  
 Now dark with doubt, now chequer'd o'er with fears.

Be wise and be content ; the past is gone,  
 For ever gone : the present hour employ ;  
 So shalt thou backward look when life is done,  
 Nor vain regret thy peace of mind destroy.

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*EPITAPH ON AN IDIOT GIRL.*

By ALARIC A. WATTS, Esq.

IF the innocent are favourites of Heaven,  
 And God but little asks where little's given,  
 Thy just Creator hath for thee in store  
 Eternal joys ! — Can wisest men have more ?

*WE CANNOT STAY.*

By JOHN EMMET, Esq.

WE cannot stay, said the winter Stars ;  
 We shall set to-night, to-morrow to rise  
 Upon other worlds and other eyes :  
 Gaze fondly and well on our glorious light,  
 For our silver lamps must go out to-night :  
We cannot stay.

We are hurrying on from our mother hills,  
 Said the little Springs ; we shall soon be gone :  
 Drink a long draught as we hurry on ;  
 With the falling eve we shall join the river,  
 To-morrow be lost in the sea for ever :  
We cannot stay.

We cannot stay, said my petted Flowers ;  
 Gay tendrils next year shall cover your door,  
 But we shall have fled to bloom no more :  
 Go, gather some leaves to keep for our sake,  
 For next year there shall be no leaves to take ;  
We cannot stay.

I follow those stars, said a dying child ;  
 And all my hopes, said I, follow those waves,  
 And they sleep like those flowers in perfumed graves ;  
 And I heard them sing, as I saw them flee,  
 There's a brighter world for us, and for thee :  
We cannot stay.

Changing friends of a changing world,  
 Keep heart!—we may love what we have loved best  
 In a changeless world, where all are blest;  
 Where only the sorrows that make us mourn,  
 And only our sighs shall sigh in their turn;  
We cannot stay.

---

*S O N N E T.*

WRITTEN AT LAUSANNE.

BY THE VERY REV. W. F. HOOK, D.D.

**A**MID the vineyards of serene Laufanne,  
 Serene I walk, or in her roseate bowers  
 I while away the softly gliding hours,  
 'Mid soothing sighs and sounds, and all that can  
 Becalms yet elevate the soul of man:  
 Yet there, where in the distance Nature cowers  
 Beneath the avalanche, and the storm lowers  
 Upon a sea of ice,—e'en there I scan  
 The alpine path I late with labour trod:  
 And thus the soul, in the calm eve of life,  
 Amazed at dangers it found grace to shun,  
 And soothed by the eternal peace of God,  
 Looks back upon a course of duty run,  
 Retired serenely from a world of strife.



*OUR LITTLE CHILD.*

By GERALD MASSEY.

WITH seeking hearts we still grope on  
 Where dropp'd our jewel in the dust :  
 The looking crowd have long since gone,  
 And still we seek, with lonely trust,  
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

In all our heartach we are drawn  
 Unweeting to your little grave ;  
 There, on the heavenly shores of dawn,  
 Breaks gentlier sorrow's sobbing wave,  
 O little child with radiant eyes !

Dark underneath the brightening sod,  
 The sweetest life of all our years  
 Is crowded in ae gift to God :  
 We stand without the gate in tears !—  
 O little child with radiant eyes !

Heart-empty as the acorn-cup,  
 That only fills with wintry showers,  
 The breaking cloud but brimmeth up  
 With tears this pleading life of ours,  
 O little child with radiant eyes !

We think of you, our angel-kith,  
 Till life grows light with starry leaven ;  
 We never forget you, darling, with  
 The golden hair waving high in heaven—  
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

Your white wings grown, you will conquer Death ;  
 You are coming through our dreams e'en now,  
 With two blue peeps of heaven beneath  
 The arching glory of your brow,—  
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft  
 You see us with looks of pitying balm ;  
 A hint of heaven, a touch more soft  
 Than kisses. All the trouble is calm,  
 O little child with radiant eyes !

Think of us wearied in the strife ;  
 And when we sit by sorrow's streams,  
 Shake down upon our drooping life  
 The dew that brings immortal dreams,  
 O little child with radiant eyes !

---

*THE PEARLS OF TIME.*

**T**HE flood of Time throws out upon the strand,  
 Its many-colour'd stones, with shells and sand,  
 But genuine pearls among them lie :  
 Mankind, upon the margin where they're thrown,  
 Like children picking up the pebbles cry—  
 "Another stone, another precious stone !"  
 And pass the pearls unheeded by.

*SAINT OUEN.*

BY WILLIAM SAWYER, Esq.

THROUGH the market-place of Rouen  
 Pass'd St. Ouen on a day ;  
 Clamorous disease and squalor  
 Throng'd about him on his way.

On his heart, so pure and fainted,  
 Smote these horrors like a pain,—  
 With a sickening sense of loathing  
 Close he grasp'd his purple train :—

Grasp'd it close and hurried onward,  
 Passing leper, cripple, on,—  
 In his ears wild curses ringing,  
 Like a devil's benison.

Onward yet, till on a sudden  
 Started he,—as men will start  
 Hearing the small voice of conscience  
 Speaking in the guilty heart.

Not the cursing, not the loathing  
 From his cheek the blood beguiled ;  
 It was but the piteous wailing  
 Of a feeble, outcast child.

Hideous, filthy, red with fever,  
 He beheld it at his feet,—  
 " Pardon, Lord," he cried, " the horror  
 In this bosom all unmeet !

“ As to me the foulest creature—  
 So am I to Thee, the pure—  
 And as Thou with me endurest,  
 Shall I not with these endure ?

“ Pardon ! pardon ! ” In his bosom,  
 Nestled close, the child he bore,  
 Onward to the great cathedral,  
 Inward through the lowly door.

To Our Lady's shrine he bore it  
 (Seven tapers burning there),  
 Then before the loathsome burden  
 Falling, clasp'd his brow in prayer.

“ Pardon, Jesu, my disdain  
 Aught that Thou dost not disdain ;  
 This my penance, for Thy service  
 This poor babe to rear and train.”

Glow'd the father's wasted fingers  
 Crimson'd to his shaded sight ;  
 Starting, he beheld the chapel  
 Radiant with a wondrous light ;

Felt the air perfumed with incense,  
 As from unseen censers thrown ;  
 Saw a smile celestial playing  
 Round the Virgin's lips of stone ;

Saw no child before the altar,  
 Saw above the tapers seven,  
 Where no longer child, but seraph,  
 It went shining up to heaven.

*THE WIND'S MISSION.*

BY MARY SANDERSON EDMONDSTON.

I HAVE swept over desert, city, and plain,—  
 Ye may track my step on the mighty main :  
 Yon noble ship, that in triumph bore  
 A thousand hearts to their native shore,  
 I met in my mad career of joy,  
 And shatter'd her as an infant's toy ;  
 Bravely she toil'd, but I laugh'd in scorn,—  
 Her drowning wail on my blast is borne.

To the icy North, on my viewless wing,  
 I have carried tidings of early spring ;  
 In the sunny land where the orange grows,  
 I have sipp'd the dewdrop from the rose ;  
 They chain'd me awhile in a laughing bower,  
 Where I stole the scent from many a flower ;  
 And I sang a lullaby soft and low,  
 As I rock'd a cradle to and fro,  
 Where an Indian mother had laid to rest  
 Her babe, like a bird, in its leafy nest ;  
 I have press'd my finger, hot and dry,  
 On the burning lids of a traveller's eye,  
 Who laid him down in the desert to die.

I have fann'd the dying maiden's cheek,—  
 How pure she seem'd, how faintly meek !  
 And I kiss'd her sorrowing lover's brow,  
 As I bore through her casement his last fond vow.

I have hung over groves of spices rare—  
 In the jungle swept o'er the tiger's lair ;

I have moan'd a dirge o'er the lowly bed  
 Where the hope of a widow'd heart was laid ;  
 I have hurl'd the avalanche from mountains steep,  
 And I've slept in caves of ocean deep.

I have wafted the sound of a Sabbath-bell ;  
 As it rose from the depths of a shady dell,  
 On an erring heart its summons fell :  
 Then I bore on my pinions light to heaven  
 The anthem of praise from that soul forgiven.

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*SONNET.*

By WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

PEACE AND WAR.

**M**AN is God's living temple, and the hand  
 Is impious that, for conquest, gain, or hate,  
 The hallow'd walls of flesh would defecrate  
 With bloody violence. For ever bann'd  
 Be they that joy in war ! But since no fane  
 Exists but for a worship, and our Lord,  
 Being Lord of Justice, still is Lord of Hosts,  
 When 'neath the oppressor's yoke the lands complain,  
 Or thought and freedom fly the invaded coasts,—  
 Deem it religion then to bear the sword !  
 The fortress is a temple in that hour,  
 A priest the chief who fights for Right with Power.  
 Strike down even man for what makes man divine,  
 Nor disobey the God to save the shrine !

THE TWO DEATHS.

BY PATRICK SCOTT, Esq.

*Author of "Footpaths between Two Worlds," &c.*

BENEATH an Indian fun,  
 His young limbs bound and bent  
 To the rough plain, a soldier kneels,  
 And calmly looks on earth, and feels  
 He has no future there, content  
 With duty done.

Strong-arm'd in faith, he seems more like  
 A conqueror than a captive. "Strike!"  
 He cries, impatient, as the foe  
 O'er his white neck suspends the blow:  
 "Live!" they exclaim,—"life, all we give;  
 But, Christian, curse thy God, and live!"

To them he deigns no words,  
 But turns his naked head where near  
 A fellow-captive stands in fear  
 Of the sharp heathen swords.  
 Older he was in years, but still  
 Less grown in spirit than the first,  
 With breast more fitted for the burst  
 Of battle, with the chance to kill,  
 Than thus before his hated foes  
 To stand, without the power to ward  
 The coward death descending down:  
 He felt the martyr's fate was hard,  
 Nor clear enough before him rose  
 The vision of its crown.

To him the younger warrior cries,  
 “ Turn from these murderers,—turn  
 To our good Heaven your eyes,  
*It sends these trials to discern*  
 The traitor from the true ;  
 Short is whate’er their rage can do.  
 By a false foe’s fair words enticed,  
 Stoop not, ignobly safe, to live ;  
 Nor barter the eternal Christ  
 For aught that Time can give !”  
 Alas ! though low in sight of men,  
 Red-gash’d the youthful hero lies ;  
 When souls are summon’d to the skies,  
 Death but ennobles then.

---

Once in a Christian land there lay,  
 Far from the bruit of battle-fray,  
 A stricken noble. Wealth was spent,  
 And skill was task’d in vain, to cheer  
 That silent room, where Death had sent  
 To say that he was near :  
 Friends watch’d beside the sick man’s bed,  
 While menials troop’d with noiseless tread,  
 And artful Luxury strove to steal  
 The sting from wounds it could not heal.

On coronet and purple vest—  
 The brazen serpents of his rank—  
 He might have gazed to soothe his soul ;  
 Or bound the star upon his breast  
 To still its heavings, as he drank  
 His drugs from golden bowl.



He could have look'd upon the past,—  
    Upon an ancient line—his fires ;  
And on a life of vice—his own :  
How placidly, if birth alone  
Could make the present pageant last,  
    Or quench the future and its fires !  
But he look'd forward, and afraid  
To meet the view, shriek'd out for aid,—  
Yet not to Heaven, and not in prayer,  
But struggling feebly with the air,  
    As if in the last mortal strife ;  
And these his last of mortal sounds,—  
“ O Hell ! I'll give a thousand pounds  
    For one more hour of life ! ”

The rude grave for the rudely slain,  
Or marble tomb and funeral train ;  
Do these, when bodies part from breath,  
Make up for souls the whole of death ?

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*COMFORT.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF BUEGER.

WHEN Slander's tongue is wounding thee,  
    Then let this thought thy comfort be :  
The worst of apples are not they  
Selected by the wasps for prey.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. HENRY BURGESS, LL.D. PH.D.

TOLL the bell! old Time has just departed;  
 Ring the chimes; a New Year now advances.  
 We loved the dead, yet are not broken-hearted;  
 Young Time succeeds, and joy is in his glances:  
 We'll twine a wreath of mingled light and gloom,  
 Bright flowers for life, dark cypresses for the tomb.

Toll the bell! the past seems made of sighs;  
 Ring the chimes! the future may be gladness.  
 For days to come hope pleasures still supplies;  
 To dwell on vanish'd things, it were but madness;  
 We'll close the ear against that passing bell,  
 Which is of Time for ever gone the knell.

Toll the bell! 'tis memory hears its wailing;  
 Ring the chimes! 'tis hope their sound enhances.  
 Alas! the past will ever be prevailing,  
 The future is to man a thing of chances.  
 A solemn note the past may fitly borrow;  
 Will joyous peals so well beseem the morrow?

Toll the bell! with notes serenely sad;  
 Ring the chimes! and make their music sweet:  
 The future may be hail'd with feelings glad,  
 When o'er the past we bend with reverence meet.  
 Thus hope and memory ever should combine,  
 And let the cypresses with spring flowers entwine.

Toll the bell ! with utterance deep and clear ;  
Ring the chimes ! each merry note defining.  
A harmony proceeds to wisdom dear,  
The melody of earth and heaven combining.  
Then hail ! ye founts of days of coming gladness,  
Thus mellow'd, not o'erpower'd, by notes of sadness.

---

*TO A THRUSH SINGING IN DECEMBER.*

BY THE REV. G. BRAITHWAITE, M.A.

**T**O winter thou art telling spring-tide tales,  
Dear bird, that warblest in yon funny tree ;  
Thou wouldst withdraw me into budding vales,  
With love attuning Nature's minstrelsy.

'Tis sweet—yet still forbear to antedate  
The balmy breezes and the vernal skies ;  
Thy notes are all too gay—it is too late—  
Lift, lift those sounds, the old year's latest sighs.

So have I seen in some sequester'd nook,  
The careless dear one, of some two years' span,  
Conning the pictures of an infant's book  
And making all the merriment she can ;

Unwitting of the tears that sleep meanwhile  
The fading cheek she dearly loves to kiss ;  
Unwitting that the mournful, cheerful smile  
To-morrow morning she may wake and miss.

THROUGH THE VEIL.

By ARTHUR J. MUNBY, M.A.

FAIR leaf, so crisp and curl'd, and yet so fair,  
 Whose veined purples shading into bronze  
 Make autumn lovely—is it hard for once  
 To fall thus gently through the silent air  
 And die ?

Fair bird, uprising from the startled brake  
 On wings that only bear thee into death—  
 Is it such pain, to leave thy haunt beneath  
 The hazels, and of wounds that man can make  
 To die ?

Fair rose, yet lingering where the topmost spray  
 Climbs through the trellis o'er the garden wall—  
 Is it such grief, to see thy petals fall  
 So fast, and having watch'd them all away,  
 To die ?

Thus while I sit and murmur, half in dreams,  
 Across the valley like a parted soul  
 Shoots the white steam of travel: though its goal  
 Be far, it dips into the earth, and seems  
 To die :

“ Ah, then ! ” I said, “ if death be only this—  
 Through the dark hills a channel short and wide  
 That leads to sunshine on the other side—  
 Then better than the best of life it is  
 To die.”

*AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.*

By J. SMART LINWOOD, Esq.

*Author of "The Dream of Freedom," and other Poems.*

THE strife is past ; the life is spent ;  
 The heat of fight is o'er ;  
 I'll lay me down beside my bride  
 Who long since went before.  
 I'll lay me down beside the tomb  
 That hides her winsome form ;  
 The calm grows sweet, I love no more  
 The turmoil of the storm.

The spectres of long-buried hours  
 Throng round me thick and fast,  
 The might-have-been of life is lost  
 In the unreturning past ;  
 And I stand alone, amid the wrecks  
 Of hopes that once loom'd warm  
 Through dreams of tranquil joys, unvex'd  
 By dread of coming storm.

The beacon-light of Fame that shines  
 From labour's lofty hill  
 Is ever within reach of toil,  
 And energy, and will ;  
 But, oh ! the heart that would aspire  
 Must love no earthly form,  
 Or bid a long farewell to calm,  
 And brave the bitter storm.

Ambition thirsts for human life,  
And ever claims her prey ;  
And those who seek her arms must cast  
All other love away.  
She was my jealous paramour—  
Her touch laid low the form  
That else had nestled to my heart  
In sunshine or in storm.

And from that hour, a mournful man,  
The smile of Fame I woo'd ;  
A long and cheerless way I walk'd,  
Yet not in solitude ;  
For ever by my side there stood  
A radiant angel form,  
That soothed my spirit when I met  
And fiercely braved the storm.

The goal is reach'd, and now I feel  
How barren my desire ;  
We live for duty, and in vain  
Seek Fame's consuming fire.  
I'll lay me now beside the tomb  
That hides my lost love's form :  
Sweet calm comes down ; farewell for aye  
The turmoil of the storm.

## TRIAL.

BY ROBERT W. BUCHANAN, Esq.

*Author of "Mary : and other Poems."*

WHEN folding up my sorrow I have hidden it  
 Beyond the reach of eyes,  
 I think of that strange time when first, unbidden, it  
 Leapt from the memory in which it lies,  
 And breathed its strong foul on my destinies.

Acting my part upon the stage of this  
 Mortality, I think  
 That there is less of beautiful in bliss,  
 Than in such tearful peace as on the brink  
 Of trial we may fashion, link by link.

One touch of natural woe, and I collect  
 The awful calm that must  
 Lie even in despair, and stand erect ;  
 So, sprinkling pious tears upon her dust,  
 I grasp my solemn agony, and trust.

The feeble calm that I have filch'd from pride,—  
 All unktion I have dared  
 To flatter misery with, are cast aside ;  
 And by the phantom of my wrongs uncared,  
 I stand erect with brow and bosom bared.

THE LIVING CROSS.

A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM CYPLES, ESQ.

*Author of "Satan Restored," and other Poems.*

'TIS but a gnarl'd old hawthorn bush,  
 Set in the roofless, windy leas ;  
 Still, when its boughs make whispering hush,  
 Whoever hears must bend his knees :  
 It seems to pray, as there it stands,  
 Nor ceases, whether sun or rain,  
 But holds aloft its thorny hands,  
 And trembles as in blestèd pain !  
 Patience, my heart, be still ;  
 Calm thee, dear heart !  
 Weird fancies do not kill,—  
 Hush ! why this start ?

How it had chanced I cannot tell,  
 No more I know than what I saw,—  
 Yea, heard ! for sounds as of a bell  
 Came faintly in a windy flaw :  
 The birds upon it ne'er alight,  
 But often when the wind blows west,  
 They seem as taken with a fright,  
 And each one hurries to its nest.  
 Patience, my heart, be still ;  
 Calm thee, brave heart !  
 Weird fancies do not kill,—  
 Hush ! why this start ?



About its feet the grass grows tall,  
And lingers till it withers dead,  
For distant as its brown leaves fall,  
The roaming oxen never tread ;  
But I have seen them oft at noon  
Gaze at the bush with fixed look,—  
Sad, motionless, as in a swoon,  
While to and fro its branches shook.  
Patience, my heart, be still ;  
Calm thee, dear heart !  
Weird fancies do not kill,—  
Hush ! why this start ?

Once and again, a boy or maid,  
As homeward through the fields they hied,  
Have with the solemn feeling play'd,  
And push'd the whispering boughs aside !  
Then, starting, on their knees they sunk,  
Stiff, as the statue you may fix ;  
For, strange to tell, the gnarl'd old trunk  
Had grown into a crucifix !  
Patience, my heart, be still ;  
Calm thee, brave heart !  
Weird fancies do not kill,—  
Hush ! why this start ?

Perfect it was, a living cross,  
And, on it, semblance of a form ;—  
True, as you gazed, you saw 't was moss,  
And traces of the winter storm.

Yet, still, you could not lose the fear,  
 It seem'd so sad, so wild, forlorn ;  
 And, perhaps, a ring of flowering brier  
 Twined near the head, like crown of thorn !  
 Patience, my heart, be still ;  
 Calm thee, dear heart !  
 Weird fancies do not kill,—  
 Hush ! why this start ?

Once, I a winter pilgrim went  
 To gaze upon the wondrous tree,  
 And in the boughs, with snow wide bent,  
 The sight more perfect yet did see !  
 Around the head, and hands, and feet,  
 There hung—I worshipp'd as I stood—  
 The hawthorn berries, clean and sweet,  
 Glowing like falling drops of blood !  
 Patience, my heart, be still ;  
 Calm thee, brave heart !  
 Weird fancies do not kill,—  
 Hush ! why this start ?

---

*BEAUTY.*

**I**F thou hast never seen beauty irradiant with gladness,  
 Then hast thou never seen happiness :  
 If thou hast never seen beauty in moments of sadness,  
 Then hast thou never seen loveliness.

## TO THE REDBREAST.

BY F. TENNYSON, Esq.

L ONE bird, that fliest from the starvèd wood,  
 Thy homeless misery scorning to complain,  
 That speaking eye is not to be withstood,  
 Thy patience pleads not to my heart in vain.  
 The wind is whirling, and the snows descend ;  
 Friend, come to me, and I will be thy friend.

Lone bird,—although thou hast no songs of joy  
 To glad me when the nightingales are dumb,  
 No golden plumage to enchant mine eye,—  
 Thou comest to me when no others come.  
 'Tis hope that makes thee on my casement stand ;  
 'Tis faith that bids thee fly unto my hand.

Thou lookest in my face with eyes of cheer,  
 That win me in affliction not to weep ;  
 A voice in thy mute sympathy I hear,  
 “ Hope is not dead, though Joy be fall'n asleep.”  
 Ah ! would to Heaven that in my days of ill  
 My wingèd heart, like thine, were fearless still !

It faith, “ Though friends forsake thee, there is One !  
 Though penury cling unto thee, do not fear ;  
 Though days be darkling, they must be outrun ;  
 And thou and I will see another year.”  
 Thou hast my heart, kind bird ; oh ! give me thine,  
 That I may neither sorrow nor repine !

It faith, "When glories from the world depart,  
 And youth is past, oh ! linger not alone."  
 It faith, "When shadows thicken round thy heart,  
 Fly forth, and look on ills beyond thine own ;  
 And Age shall not behold his thin grey hairs,  
 And Sorrow shall forget his daily cares."

It faith, "When days are burning to their end,  
 And the mind flutters, and the limbs are chill,  
 There is an inner thought that cannot bend  
 Before the dread reality of ill."  
 Nature's great foul is shadow'd forth in thee —  
 Life under ashes of Mortality.

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## *THE CHILD-TEACHER.*

BY JAMES BALLANTINE, Esq.

“ **W**HERE are the pretty flowers, mamma,  
 That in the summer-day  
 Sprang up so tall and bloom'd so fair,  
 On yonder grassy brae ?  
 Beneath that snowy coverlet  
 Are they all hush'd asleep ;  
 Or are they dead, like brother James,  
 For whom so oft you weep ? ”

“ Those tall, bright flowers are dead, my child ;  
They ne'er can bloom again ;  
Yet others may their place supply,  
When summer clothes the plain :  
But James is dead, and none can e'er  
To me his place supply ;  
So I must mourn his loss, until  
I meet him in the sky.”

“ Why should you pine and grieve, mamma,  
And shed those tears in vain ?  
Since he you loved hath gone to heaven,  
Our loss to him is gain.  
I fain would kiss away that tear—  
Fain in your heart replace  
My brother James, until we meet  
In God's good time and grace.”

“ Thanks, thanks, my child ; those words to me  
Seem to have come from heaven,  
And chide me for neglect of thee,—  
Oh, may I be forgiven !  
Nor murmur at His high decrees  
Who gives and takes away,  
But, grateful for His mercies past,  
Prize those He gives to-day.”

*BEAUTY IN DEATH.*

BY MRS. W. SAWYER.

**H**ER life had been tempestuous, but now  
 She lay in splendid silence, grandly calm.  
 About her was a solemn hush,—an awe,  
 Such as furrounds the meanest at the last.  
 Not crownèd head, nor sceptred hand, could rest  
 More regally, more absolutely great ;  
 She bore her honours with a placid pride,—  
 A look magnificent, yet humble too.  
 Not yet within the portals of the tomb  
 The Mystery was master'd, one might know,  
 By the enraptured brow, the happy smile,  
 The lip that might have told it, changed to stone.  
 Oh, glorious sight ! a lovely woman dead  
 In the full splendour of her loveliness !  
 No sculptured statue purer to the eye.  
 And she was pure,—ay, do not doubt of it !—  
 Her life a vindication of her sex  
 From slavish usages ; her actions great,  
 Her purpose noble, yet the poison'd breath  
 Of slander blighted all her good intents,  
 Distorting Beauty to a branding curse !  
 So it was bliss to see her lying there,  
 Death's peaceful dignity upon her brow ;  
 Never to feel proud looks, nor hear harsh words,  
 Never to prove deceit, or know again  
 The pang of trusting love with treachery met.

The glory of her countenance was such  
Death seem'd a holier life, and to our eyes  
The marvel was, that she with mortals dwelt,  
And they could doubt of Immortality !

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*THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT AGNES.*

BY WALTER THORNBURY, Esq.

**B**Y Venus ! had you only seen her,  
Watch'd her brow and mark'd her cheek,  
As they led her through the Forum,—  
She so gentle, dovelike, meek !  
Silent, she won hearts by dozens :  
Bacchus !—if she'd chose to speak !

Head of Cæsar ! smiling went she,  
Kissing the rude licitor's axe ;  
Had it been mere scorch or branding,  
I had gladly paid the tax :  
But those curst ropes and pulleys,  
And those bloody straining racks !—

Breast of Juno ! what a halo  
Lit her brow as she knelt down ;  
Christians in the mob were crying,  
“ Lo ! the angels bring a crown.”  
All I know is, that a sunbeam  
Seem'd to girdle her through the town.

*THE STREAM OF TIME.*

BY THE LATE THOMAS RICKMAN, Esq.

THERE is an ancient River,  
 And it rusheth ever on,  
 Since from the mighty Giver  
 It learn'd its course and song :  
 And still the song it singeth  
 Is a song of many a strain ;  
 Bright joy to some it bringeth,  
 To some it bringeth pain :  
 On its deep waters sailing,  
 Pass by each age and clime,  
 Some laughing, some bewailing :  
 That River's name is Time.

And there is many a streamlet,  
 In many a quiet wood,  
 Still passing on with flow and song  
 To join that mighty flood.  
 Bright are those streamlet waters,  
 And fair as fair may be ;  
 But they pass away with small delay  
 Through that River to the sea ;  
 And they have names full cherish'd,  
 Though swift they pass away,  
 Till all in time have perish'd :  
 Youth, Hope, and Joy, are they.



*VISION ON THE EVE OF ALL SOULS.*

THE INFANTICIDE.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

“ Never more,  
 Never more,”  
 Say the billows on the shore,  
 “ Unto me,  
 Unto me,  
 Never more eternally! —  
 Never more shalt thou be blest!  
 Weary one, whose sins have bound thee,—  
 Trembling one, whose shame is round thee,  
 Never more shalt thou have rest!”—

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

**D**RIFTED on the chill night air,  
 Like the sea-weed on the sea,  
 Unconfined her amber hair,  
 And her light vest floated free ;  
 Like the white dove by the blast  
 O'er the raging billows borne,  
 Driven upward, downward cast,  
 With her soft breast stain'd and torn,  
 Buffeted and beaten back,  
 Yet returning on her track :—  
 So that poor soul through the night  
 Wander'd over plain and height ;  
 As the spirit-bands pass'd by,  
 Hailing them with anxious cry :  
 “ Have ye heard upon the wild,  
 Wailing low, my little child ?

On the green stones by the river,  
 In the rushes tall he sits,  
 And he makes them nod and quiver,  
 ‘ Mother ! ’ calling loud by fits.  
 As he smites, with dimpled hand,  
 Slimy weed and blacken’d sand,  
 Near the osiers on the bank,  
 Willow herb and mallow rank,  
 Pitying spirits seek him there.  
 He is helpless, he is fair,  
 And with me, alas ! he died,  
 In the moonlit wintry tide !  
 Foundling ! no one cared to bless :  
     What hearth held a seat for thee ?  
 Who in sickness would care —  
     Give thee place in heart or knee ?  
 To a wayward childish mood  
     Gentle patience who would lend ?  
 Beggar for thy daily food,  
     Fatherless, without a friend !  
 So I took the life I gave thee,  
 From the ills of life to save thee.  
 Ah ! ’twas moonlight on the river,  
 And I saw the waters shiver,  
     As the east wind o’er them swept ;  
 E’en my very heart felt cold  
 ’Neath my garments’ threadbare fold,  
     When I look’d on thee and wept ;  
 While the maze of streets that night  
 Seem’d a labyrinth starr’d with light ;  
 For the myriad lamps burnt bright,

And I heard afar the din  
Of the life that flow'd within.  
But who thought for me and thee,  
Outcast in our misery,  
Now, when like a wan white flower,  
Stain'd and beaten by the shower,  
Want and sorrow from my face  
Faded all the bloom and grace?  
Pain and madness fill'd the past,  
    Hope was o'er and love was flown;  
To my heart I held thee fast;  
    In the waters deep and lone  
    Died our last faint, sobbing moan.  
Child I would not leave behind me!  
Since, I've vainly sought to find thee;  
Though I felt thy soft, warm breath,  
In the coldness of my death;  
Thine! whom I had sense to clasp  
In that long, convulsive gasp.  
But we never more may meet;  
    For I know the fairs have ta'en thee—  
Borne thee to the Saviour's feet;  
    On the heart of Love they've lain thee.  
Spirits! not beside the river  
    Will ye find my little child;  
He will no more moan and shiver,  
    When the wind blows keen and wild.  
Sorrow-driven, passion-toss'd,  
Only I am left,—ah! left.

WHO KNOWS THE HEART?

By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq.

WHO knows the heart? Young lover, is it thou,  
Whisp'ring thy passion to each wand'ring star;  
Or watching some dim light with anxious brow,  
Some taper's beam that speaks of one afar?  
Time yet may show thee rocks on passion's chart,  
And thou too soon may'st say, "Who knows the heart?"

Who knows the heart? Is't thou, dear friend and true,  
Generous as summer, open as the day;  
Who doubts not like return, nor fears, when due  
The debt of friendship, friendship will repay?  
Hope on, brave soul; yet thou, perchance, may'st start,  
To find how little thou did'st know the heart!

Who knows the heart? Thou, mother, folding soft  
That infant cheek upon thy loving breast,  
Whose future life is in thy prayer so oft,  
Whose smallest sickness robs thee of thy rest?  
Can it e'er be that thou shalt see depart  
This love so dear,—and sigh, "Who knows the heart?"

Who knows the heart? Who liveth, but hath spoken  
Words such as these, when left to weep alone;  
To think, with aching mind and spirit broken,  
How false the idols we had call'd our own!  
Town, village, city, camp, and busy mart,  
Repeat these hopeless words,—"*Who knows the heart?*"

And hear, O men, if ye would have God blefs  
Your days with peace, or future blifs decree,  
Never forget a mother's first carefs,  
Nor flight one hand that hath befriended ye !  
So fhall ye find, as year by year departs,  
God is your friend—a friend that knows all hearts !

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*QUEEN GUINIVERE.*

BY MISS MARY SEYTON.

I WEAR a crown of gems upon my brow,  
Bright gems drop down upon my yellow hair,  
And none can tell, beneath their grandeur, how  
My brain is rack'd with care ;

How wicked love my loft foul is enchaining :  
As finful men are chain'd to torture's wheel,  
So I the prifoner of my griefs remaining  
My own dark doom do feal.

There is a figure that I fhould not fafhion,  
Whofe form I fhape from every changing fhade ;  
The fhadow of my wild and wicked paffion,  
I meet in grove and glade.

There is a voice, whofe mufic, ever changing,  
I hear in every murmur of the fea,  
In every wind o'er moor and mountain ranging,  
In every ruffling tree.

There is a face, I see in mournful splendour,  
 In each star-jewel of the crown of night,  
 Whose lineaments all nature's beauties render,  
 In shadow and in light.

There is a dream that I should perish dreaming,  
 A dream that haunts me still by night and day ;  
 But yet so subtle am I in fair seeming,  
 None dare my fame gainsay.

And thus I murmur, O my Launcelot !  
 First of all warriors breathing heaven's breath ;  
 I pray to die, that thou mayst be forgot—  
 If we forget in death.

O my lost soul ! O my loved Launcelot !  
 My broken faith ! Those deep and dreaming eyes,  
 I cannot hide me where thou comest not,  
 To shut me from the skies.

O weary earth without my Launcelot !  
 O dreary life bereft of end or aim !  
 Save to seek out some solitary spot  
 Wherein to hide my shame.

O fatal passion that absorbs my life !  
 O dreadful madness that consumes my soul !  
 A Queen ! ay, worse, O misery, a wife !  
 God give me self-control.

God give me strength to bear and silence keep ;  
 Angels, once women, pity woman's pain,  
 And hush me to that slumber calm and deep  
 From which none wake again !

*THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.*

BY J. W. KING,

*Author of "Ernest the Pilgrim: a Poem."*

A SOUND came over the booming Deep,  
The heaving Deep,  
Where the dark waves leap ;  
It came with a wildering, wailful glee,  
Which told of a giant agony,  
Made strong men start, made stout hearts weep.

A cry came up from the desolate shore,  
The storm-rent shore,  
'Mid the breaker's roar ;  
A rifted bark, with a shuddering crash,  
Whirl'd down, deep down, in the lightning's flash,  
To rise no more, to rise no more !

To the wreck-strewn beach flew a womanly form,  
A shrinking form,  
With a bosom warm ;  
Wrung her pale hands, and clutch'd her hair,  
Shriek'd through the dark in a wild despair,  
And plunged in the storm, the pitiless storm.

By the ghostly moon they search'd for men,  
For drowning men,  
In the storm-fiend's den ;  
Their shouts rang out o'er the tempest hoarse,  
As they snatch'd from the surf a cold, cold corpse,  
Then search'd again, and search'd again.

Morn swept the Deep :—The death-howl fled,  
 The wild waves fled,  
 The fierce winds sped ;  
 Cast on the strand all bleak and bare,  
 A gentle form, so young and fair,  
 Lay dead and cold, lay cold and dead.

Seeking her love poor Mary died,  
 So lonely died  
 By the severing tide :—  
 'Mid the bittern's shriek and the tempest's roar,  
 A weird wail haunts the desolate shore :  
 "The Sailor's Bride !—the Sailor's Bride !"

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*TO MY LITTLE LOUISA.*

WHO LIES IN ST. GILES'S CHURCHYARD, CAMBERWELL.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS, ESQ.

*Author of "Athanasie : a Dramatic Poem," &c.*

O H ! my darling little Louie, thou art lying very still,  
 In thy wintry grave so warmly, in the bosom of the  
 hill ;  
 Pale is the pretty mouth, and closed, I loved so oft to kifs,  
 And still that tongue whose prattle was to me unspeaking  
 blifs.

Still are the tiny feet I oft heard pattering up the stairs,  
 When in thy frolic moments thou wouldst catch me  
 unawares ;



And still the merry laughter, that was music, whose deep  
glee  
Stirr'd up an echo in my heart, divine as minstrelsy.

For thy tiny voice was music, but, ah me! 'tis now at  
rest—

Still, oh! so still, my Louie, that its echo in my breast,  
But to think upon and love so well, yet makes my sad  
eyes glisten;

The voice which once list'd forth those prayers, the  
angels love to listen.

And still the limbs that gamboll'd in the garden o'er the  
grass—

And oft in thought I see thee, when the well-known spot  
I pass;

I hear thy voice, I know each tone, I see thee skip and  
play;

But, 'tis only memory, darling—thou art very far away!

Thou'rt still as death, my Louie! thou'rt lying 'mong the  
dead,

And I sometimes would be with thee, and lay there my  
aching head;

For thy sweet brown eyes they haunt me: would to kiss  
thee it were given!

But the great wings of Our Father "fold thee in His  
radiant Heaven!"

Cold thy once warm lips, my darling; they are rosy now  
no longer;

Never more, love, shall I kiss them, with a love that grew  
the stronger,

As they cried "Papa!" in accents that oft made my  
heartstrings thrill—

They are cold now, my sweet Louie, as a frozen winter-  
rill.

And those dimpled hands are folded, palm to palm, upon  
thy chest—

How I sigh and yearn to see thee, in my moments of  
unrest!

Like an angel's was thy coming; like an angel's, short  
thy stay,

Leaving us to live and miss thee— thou wert on thy star-  
ward way.

Now and then thy loving mother turns thy baby-clothes  
all o'er;

Cherish'd treasures, prized memorials, unforgotten ever-  
more.

And I see her in a tremble, her lips quiv'ring, her hands  
prest,

As though again she held the loved one so often nestling  
in her breast.

God hath taken thee, and bless'd thee; thou art happy  
now, my love—

Thou art dwelling with the seraphs and the hierarchs  
above.

Though we both have often sigh'd, dear, for the loss  
which is thy gain,

May God be good, and grant that we meet our Louie  
once again.

*THE FALL OF THE OAK.*

BY THE REV. T. DAVIS, M.A.

*Author of "Devotional Verse for a Month," &c.*

THE woodman lifts his axe on high,  
And strikes the giant oak ;  
While Echo, as she watcheth nigh,  
Laughs at the puny stroke.

The lifted axe descends again ;  
Again, in rocky cell,  
The merry maiden laughs, and then  
Flies laughing through the dell.

And still, as every blow descends,  
Her joyous note is heard,  
And sweetly with the warbling blends  
Of streamlet and of bird.

Ah ! wherefore laughs the maiden so ?  
She deems the woodman's stroke  
Is idle as an infant's blow  
Against the giant oak.

For that old oak hath borne the storm  
Through many changeful years,  
And still his venerable form  
In steadfast might uprears.

He seemeth, too, with fullen pride  
To bear the woodman's blow ;  
And as his arms, outstretching wide,  
Could crush the feeble foe.

But wider, deeper, grows the wound  
The strokes resounding make ;  
And white it gleams the trunk around,  
And the light branches shake.

Then on one gaping side alone,  
The certain axe descends ;  
Until the woodman, weary grown,  
His pitiless work suspends.

Awhile he stands and fetches breath,  
And wipes his dewy brow ;  
And Echo, too, is still as death ;  
She seems appallèd now.

The little birds have hush'd their song  
Around the solemn scene ;  
And, hidden the green brakes among,  
Do marvel much, I ween.

All, all is still ! the breeze that sigh'd  
But now hath pass'd away ;  
Or in the old trees sunk and died,  
Where once it loved to play.

Then, bent upon his ruthless work,  
An upward gazing eye  
The woodman turns, wherein doth lurk  
The pride of victory.

He looks that he may judge aright,  
Where next the blows should be,  
That from his arm of gathering might  
Shall fell the doomèd tree.

'Tis done : the swift strokes fall again  
Deep in the wound around :  
The leaf-crown'd monarch leans—and then  
Falls crashing to the ground.

Ah ! dread the sound, and sad the sight !  
And yet, crush'd, broken tree,  
One thought shall cheer : no child of night  
Shall make a God from thee.

No ; go to serve far nobler use :  
While dies thy hidden root,  
In human hearts for Heaven produce  
Earth's fairest living fruit.

Teach man to bless the Love that yields  
Earth, sea, and azure dome ;  
And thee through life to adorn his fields ;  
Then build, grace, cheer his home.

AN APRICOT TREE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. PARKINSON, M.A.

“Tongues in trees.”—*As you Like it.*

THE nights were damp, the winds were cold,  
 And mists and vapours gather'd round,  
 The sun in narrower orbit roll'd,  
 The fall'n leaves rotted on the ground ;

And through my veins, now shrunk and dry,  
 A paralyzing numbness crept,  
 That in a long, long lethargy  
 Prison'd my senses, and I slept.

What pass'd in that long interval,  
 What frost or storm the air perplex'd,  
 I know not ; nor can I recall  
 My dreams, if dreams my slumber vex'd ;

Until a soft, delicious sense  
 Over my sluggish nature stole,  
 Of warmth and rapture too intense  
 For sleep to stifle or control ;

And life as from a hidden spring  
 Gush'd forth, and emulously fill'd  
 Each little channel, ministr'ing  
 To the sweet want that in it thrill'd ;

Till, overflowing with excess  
Of its exuberant delight,  
Out of its dull unconscioufness  
It burst and blossom'd into light.

Then peering forth with myriad eyes  
I saw the young grafs bright with dew,  
I saw the glory of the skies,  
I saw the bees their toil renew.

And now it was a bird's blithe lay,  
And now an insect flitting by,  
And now the calm of closing day,  
And now the south wind's balmy sigh,

That blotted out the dreary past,  
And, lest the future should appal,  
A veil over the future cast,  
And made the present all in all.

Ah! treach'rous warmth! Ah! false, soft breath!  
That woo'd the earth with wanton wing,  
And sow'd my tender boughs with death:  
Unreal mockery of spring!

For from the biting east a blast  
Suddenly, like an icy hand,  
Over my glowing blossoms pass'd,  
And changed my golden hope to sand.

But when, in grief's first bitterness,  
I curst th' inconstancy of spring,  
Out of the depths of my distress  
This voice seem'd in my ear to ring:

“The fault is all thine own, if pride,  
 Too forward grown, has had a fall.  
 There is a hope which will abide :  
 Temptation is the lot of all.

“Let not a few false gleams of light  
 Lure thee to think thy day is come,  
 Lest in a profitless delight  
 Thou lose the promise of thy bloom.

“Be still, and in the throbbing vein  
 Bid the loud feverish pulse be mute :  
 Time’s present loss is future gain,  
 The flower’s delay its perfect fruit.”

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### THE BIRKENHEAD.

BY THE REV. E. D. JACKSON, B.C.L.

*Author of “Lays of Ancient Palestine,” &c.*

“There was a regiment on board when the vessel went down : the men folded their arms, and sunk in the waters, as calmly as heroes going to a feast after a great victory.”—*Narrative of the Loss of the “Birkenhead Transport-Ship.”*

WEEP for the true and brave,  
 Under the dark, dark waters lying !  
 Over them rolls the stormy wave,  
 And the startled sea-birds shrill are crying ;  
 The boastful tempests howl with angry breath,  
 And the hoarse thunder peals the hymn of death.



Peace! peace! tumultuous surge!  
And ye, O winds! more gently blow;  
Indite some pleasing, tuneful dirge,  
And let your saddest numbers flow.  
O arched roofs! and mystic caves profound!  
Re-echo soft the plaintive, solemn sound.

We ask no pageant: no,  
Nor awful plumes, nor blazon'd hearse:  
Let no mock tears of sorrow flow,  
Nor pomp of monitory verse!  
Truce, truce to chisell'd stone, or sacred sod;  
Leave them, O leave them, only with their God.

Why should ye idly weep?  
Without a sigh, and unappall'd,  
They eyed the grimly yawning deep,  
By honour's voice and duty call'd;  
Down to those gulfs ye saw them calm depart,  
God and his country written on each heart.

In clustering rank and file  
They calmly watch'd their doom,  
And, almost with a smile  
They stepp'd into the tomb.  
Down with the sinking ship they steadfast went,  
And scorn'd to fear the greedy element.

There peal'd no trumpet's cry,  
No rousing fife, no thundering drum;  
And yet so brightly flash'd their eye,  
As if the foe were come,

And thrill'd once more the spirit-stirring call,  
 "For England conquer, or for England fall!"

There is for him no death  
 Who lives for virtue, truth alone.  
 The rushing of a little breath,  
 A few sharp pangs, a parting groan,  
 And then, oh, then, beatitude for ever,  
 Where storms are hush'd, and wrongs and strifes are never.

Ye spirits of the billow,  
 Who watchful guard the good man's rest,  
 Smooth down, I pray, their lonely pillow,  
 By all our prayers and wishes blest;  
 Let no rude current's voice, nor whirlwind's throes,  
 Break the long rapture of their deep repose.

And oft when suns are dying,  
 And summer twilight paints the seas,  
 When golden waters low are fighting  
 Responsive to the vesper breeze,  
 We'll fit and wistful eye the dimpling wave,  
 And breathe a blessing o'er the soldier's grave.

Brave hearts, farewell! sleep on in peace!  
 Not long shall tyrant-ocean reign,—  
 Soon will thy throes, Creation! cease,  
 And all be Liberty again.  
 Rise, then, O lost! for ever nobly found!  
 Arise, immortal ones! and be ye crown'd!

*MOCHRAS.*

A SHELL-STREWN BEACH NEAR HARLECH, NORTH WALES.

BY THE REV. C. LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A.

HOW fweet a paffime 'tis to wander,  
 Mochras, on thy lonely fhore,  
 And o'er thy many treasures ponder,  
 Lift'ning to th' Atlantic roar !

Every tide, and every billow,  
 Bears to thee fome lovely prey,  
 And ftrands it on the pebbly pillow,  
 Glitt'ring from the ocean fpray.

The cockles lie in rich profufion,  
 Buffeted by furge and fform ;  
 And ftill, unbroken, fweet delufion !  
 Mimic human hearts in form.

How beauteoufly the pecten fparkles,  
 Fan-like, on the fandy bed !  
 With purple tint at times it darkles,  
 Gleams with white, or glows with red.

The limpet, like a fmall umbrella,  
 Multiplies beneath the feet :  
 In equal crowds the turritella  
 Shows a fpire prolong'd and neat.

Oh! pass not by the swollen dosina,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor the tellen, light<sup>2</sup> or stout;<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor elegantly shaped cyprina,  
 Cream within and silk without.

Observe the solen, like a fabre,<sup>4</sup>  
 Near the shorten'd mya<sup>5</sup> lie,  
 And with them many a graceful neighbour,  
 Riveting the vagrant eye.

The magic trochus,<sup>6</sup> half enshrouded  
 'Mid the heap, adorns the bank,  
 Its snowy white with crimson clouded,  
 Painted pearl of noblest rank.

Ianthinas, though frail, are scatter'd,  
 After seas have raged anew,  
 At times along the beach, unshatter'd,  
 Of a rainbow violet hue.

The waves have oft in their incursion  
 Strewn the echinus on th' weed,  
 Mocking the turban of the Persian  
 With its rows of pearl and bead.

Nor do these lifeless objects only  
 Looks of admiration crave;  
 For countless birds in crowds, or lonely,  
 Haunt the shore, or dare the wave.

<sup>1</sup> *Dosina turgida.*<sup>2</sup> *Tellina tenuis.*<sup>3</sup> *Tellina crassa.*<sup>4</sup> *Solen ensis.*<sup>5</sup> *Mya truncata.*<sup>6</sup> *Trochus magus.*

The gull is now with gentle motion  
Pacing on the dripping fand ;  
And, arrow-like, now skims the ocean,  
Where the waves are white and grand.

Here pretty fandpipers are racing  
O'er the beach, a nimble flock ;  
And there each other are they chafing  
Sportfully from rock to rock.

The gannet overhead is sailing,  
Where her eggs unguarded lie  
Amid the shells, and loud is wailing  
When she deems the danger nigh.

And o'er the zones of weed still dripping,  
Limit of each tidal sea,  
Myriads of little shrimps are skipping  
Lustily, with wondrous glee.

Nor scorn to mark the vegetation,  
Humbly though its beauties woo,  
Which He who framed the whole creation  
Spreads for thoughtful eyes to view.

The fucus, with its beaded bladder,  
Covers all the rocks around ;  
But when the stormy waves are madder,  
Larger plants are driv'n aground.

The strap-weed, glossy and gigantic,  
Deck'd with neatly-plaited frill,  
Is rifted from the far Atlantic,  
Where it once grew dark and still.

In quiet pools, or deep or shallow,  
Corallines display their charms,  
And white or purple, red or yellow,  
Spread their nicely-jointed arms.

Anemones are here adhering  
To the rock with lusty power ;  
Now like a jellied mass appearing,  
Now expanded like a flower.

These are Thy glorious works, Eternal !  
All things which we hear or see,  
Beneath, around us, or supernal,  
Have their being but from Thee.

Thy whole creation spread before us  
Breathes to Thee one hymn of love ;  
And hark ! Thine angels swell the chorus,  
Chanting from the skies above !

And, oh : if earth is now unfolding  
Scenes thus lovely to our view,  
What rapture will be our's beholding  
Earth and Heav'n alike made new !

*LEARNING FROM NATURE.*

BY JOHN EMMET, Esq.

**D**RINK of the alpine stream,  
 Eat of the garner'd corn ;  
 Go, lie on the summer fward and dream,  
 And fetch new light from the violet beam  
 That brings the morn.

Sit in the moonlit tower,  
 Sit where the night-bird fings,  
 And watch the bat to its breezy bower,  
 And the moth, as it folds in the folding flower,  
 Its amber wings.

Rife with the moorland bee,  
 Sing with the mountain breeze,  
 And gather strength from the healthy fea,  
 And bring love and peace from the hawthorn lea  
 And folemn trees.

Weep with the drops of dew,  
 Laugh with the golden ftar,  
 Open your foul as wide as the blue,  
 And with granite old headlands climb, and view  
 The lands afar.

Toil with the crater's glow,  
 Play with the wild flower's creft,  
 Be firm and bold as the rocks below,  
 And as kind and calm as the arching bow  
 On the ftorm-god's breaft.

Search in the jewell'd mines,  
Stray on the coral strand,  
Grow rich by the sapphire cloud that lines  
The couch of the sun, when the monarch shines  
Adieu to land.

Love with the gentle birds,  
Praise with the hoar cascade,  
And utter joy with the lambkin herds,  
That bleat to their dams their musical words,  
In the pine-wood's shade.

Dive into hidden caves  
Like the merman in the sea,  
Swim with the nautilus over the waves,  
And muse with the owlet among the graves,  
Where dead men be.

Think with a hearty brain,  
Breathe with a joyous breath,  
Let the snow bleach each innocent stain,  
And the wild heart warm with a holy strain  
That knows not death.

Feel with the smallest worm,  
Learn from the lowest clod,  
Get truth in the flash of the lambent storm,  
And beauty and good from every form  
That tells of God.



*IN A CATHEDRAL.*

BY MARIE J. EWEN FOTHERBY.

**H**ERE let me rest. Through pictured pane afloat,  
 Enrich'd and soften'd, sunset-splendours fall ;  
 No step 'mid these fair aisles, no voice of chant,  
 But a most rev'rent silence over all.

In this great calm there is deep harmony,  
 A dream, a presence, and a power of love :  
 In trembling rapture and high thought must be  
 The song to which alone the soul can move.

With healing power, soft fanning airs are borne  
 From heaven athwart my soul. I feel this place,  
 In truth, is holy. When the heart is torn,  
 Beneath calm brows none read the sorrow's trace ;

But not the less 'tis there. Then, oh, to dwell  
 Beneath the shadow of such solitude,  
 Where no vain world can break the hallow'd spell,  
 And on the peace of God no storms intrude !

And while I watch, the deep'ning sunset throws  
 Unearthly splendours o'er the distant shrine ;  
 The veined pavement iris-colour'd glows,  
 And all is wrapp'd in loveliness divine.

Pure marble figures with their clasped hands,  
 And brows that sunlight hath with glory crown'd,  
 With heavenward glance each like a spirit stands  
 As it were waiting for the trumpet-sound.

Soft breeze of incense from the heavenly shore,  
 Without the center, floats 'mid arches fair ;  
 And the carved faints in prayer for evermore  
 Gaze with such smile as blest angels wear.

Here let me rest alone : move gently, world,  
 That no rude tumult break the deep repose ;  
 "Banner of love" is over all unfurl'd,  
 And in a voiceless psalm the soul o'erflows.

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*GLASTONBURY ABBEY.*

BY THE REV. CLAUDE MAGNAY, M.A.

SEE now where Order rises from the tomb,  
 And Ruin finds a glory and a home.  
 No fretted ceiling holds the tuneful choir—  
 To Heaven's high arch the tuneful songs aspire.  
 No clattering pavement, echoing to the tread,  
 Disturbs the awe which breathes above the dead :  
 'Tis garden all—a living temple, free  
 To earth, air, sky, to nature, and to me.  
 Should Fancy strive to reconstruct the fane,  
 Soon Fancy, giddy, falls to earth again ;  
 And, lost in wonder, is content to sing—  
 "A fitting rest for virtue and a king."

*THOUGHTS ON THE SEASHORE.*

BY THE REV. THEODORE SHURT, M.A.

I STOOD upon the shore, and gazed alone  
 Upon the restless wave, and heard it moan :  
 It was an emblem of this turbid life —  
 This passage to eternity through strife :  
 And much I thought upon the ceaseless cares  
 That chequer life, and compass it with snares.  
 Mem'ry and fancy both were busy then,  
 And told me of the heartlessness of men ;  
 How rarely love prevails — how few have trod  
 The path directed by the Son of God.  
 Nature inanimate, incessant groans  
 O'er man's sad ruin — e'en the very stones  
 On this lone seashore show the stamp of pain,  
 And bear the mark of Sin and Satan's reign.  
 But man goes forward, nor will deign to pause,  
 Nor think one moment of himself, the cause  
 Of all this misery — this fallen world,  
 In one vast universal ruin hurl'd.  
 Spirit ! that erst upon the deep didst brood,  
 And curb the chaos of the primal flood,  
 Oh ! shine once more, Thy vital beams impart,  
 And drive the gloom from man's benighted heart !  
 O'er the sad ruin shed Thy heavenly love ;  
 Pour fire celestial from Thy throne above ;  
 Where hell once reign'd let heaven itself arise ;  
 Save the lost soul, and bid him scale the skies !

*LIFE, A SONG OF PRAISE.*

BY MRS. POSTLETHWAITE.

**L**IFE is a pleasant tale childhood is telling  
 In its pure Eden of sinless delight,—  
 Thought that of ill hath nought, faith all excelling,  
 Blessed in day-dreams, and dreamless in night.

Life is an antique fane beauty hath hallow'd ;  
 Youth hand in hand tread the pathways of old,  
 And its fond memories linger, time-mellow'd,  
 Lighting true hearts till the life-stream be cold.

Life is a mountain-height brave hearts are climbing,  
 On its far headlands the blue heavens rest ;  
 Hark ! ere they gain the steep, vespers are chiming,  
 Dim in the mist lies the realm of the blest.

Life is an idle dream, dreamers are dreaming,  
 Dawning in phantom, light fading in gloom ;  
 Life is a Sibyl's leaf, lost in the reading,  
 Life is a mystery hid in the tomb.

Life is but death to which mortals are clinging,  
 To life's true portal 'tis Death leads the way ;  
 Life is a song of praise angels are hymning  
 On through eternal days, ever and aye.

*THE MARTYR-BOY.*

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY THE REV. R. TOMLINS, M.A.

A YOUNG child's heart!—of all weak things  
 The weakest to the proud world's eye;  
 To Faith's intense imaginings  
 A field where unseen armies vie.

Oh, there are times when to our sight,  
 E'en on this side the grave, is given  
 A glimpse revealing in full light  
 The triumphs gain'd on earth by Heaven!

We see on earth the Bethlehem Child  
 Turning to flight the lion dread;  
 We see the Virgin's Offspring mild  
 Stamping in dust the serpent's head.

In Him our little ones are great,  
 In Him our feeble folk are strong;  
 And childhood sits in high estate  
 Amid the martyrs' noble throng.

One of these little ones ere now,  
 A brother of th' Almighty Child,  
 Hath made the hoary sinner bow  
 In fear, or rage in frenzy wild.

The wide Atlantic knows one place  
    (It was but as the other day),  
Where childhood's strong baptismal grace  
    Kept man, and more than man, at bay.

'Tis a sad tale,—but grief is full  
    Of joy in resignation's cup ;  
And churchyard-mounds look beautiful  
    When sunset-glory lights them up.

'Tis of a twinkling star, whose name  
    In heaven was written clear and bright,  
And a fierce burst of hellish flame,  
    Fast crackling down to endless night.

That,—a bright, blue-eyed, holy thing,  
    An orphan in a foreign clime ;  
Eight times—no more—the buds of spring  
    Had sweetly hail'd his vernal prime.

This,—a man's form, whose human heart  
    To some fierce beast's had yielded place—  
If haply beast might own a part  
    In one so like to Satan's race.

The child had seen that tyrant sin,  
    And heard unmoved each bribe and threat ;  
Nor might could force, nor fraud could win,  
    The willing memory to forget.

'Twas night : the lad had closed his prayer,  
    The monster stood just where he knelt,  
Luring with fascinating glare  
    The gaze himself less saw than felt.

“ Now, in this instant, make thy choice,  
Unsay thy word, or feel my rod ! ”

He chose, with no uncertain voice,  
The stripes of man, the hand of God.

The scourge grew weary of its task ;  
Many the blows, the words were few,  
Save when the tempter paused to ask,  
“ Now wilt thou own thy word untrue ? ”

Two long, long hours, that little child  
Quiver'd beneath the oft-changed whip,  
Then, upward gazing, faintly smiled,  
And faintly spoke with trembling lip :

“ Cold ! oh, how cold ! ”—the word scarce spoken,  
He sank upon the tyrant's breast ;  
In sleep, by scourge ne'er to be broken,  
The martyr-boy lay down to rest.

Beneath the rude and pelting storm  
Of blows—sweet-smelling sacrifice !—  
Slow sank that frail and shatter'd form,  
As the bruised flower in fragrance dies.

And ask we, whence the potent word,  
Whence the mysterious charm was given,  
To make e'en Satan's hand afford  
A lash to urge the soul toward heaven ?

The Bound, the Scourged, He gave that share  
Of sacramental agony,  
The School'd by bonds and scourge to bear  
The nails that fix'd Him to the tree.

And He who led that child to sip  
 Of His own cup of pain and woe,  
 Shall streams supply to his glad lip  
 That never fate, and ever flow.

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*ON A MONUMENT TO HAVELOCK.*

BY MRS. ROBINSON MULREADY.

**R**EAR'D to the memory of the brave,  
 Who made a nation's heart his grave,  
 Is yon heroic pile ;  
 Whose sculpture greets the stranger's eye,  
 Bearing a name that cannot die,  
 In our imperial isle !

That pile for ages shall command  
 The reverence of the British land,  
 As record of his fame :  
 Till Time himself has pass'd away,  
 That marble cannot know decay,  
 Which bears great Havelock's name !

Memorial proud of gallant deeds,  
 Where young Ambition glowing reads,  
 In characters of light,  
 Unclouded by the mists of time,  
 A narrative the most sublime  
 Of Britons' martial might !



*THE MAGDALEN.*

BY THE REV. W. PARKINSON, M.A.

“The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.”—MATT. xviii. 11.

ALONE in the drear wilderneys !  
 Where rocks and trees a hidden fear  
 Suggest, and on the heart impress  
 The sense of danger lurking near ;

Alone with nature ! where each sound  
 Of stirring leaf or crackling bough  
 Makes the pulse leap with sudden bound,  
 And the warm blood more swiftly flow ;

Alone upon the wide, wide sea !  
 With the unpitying skies above,  
 While all around capriciously  
 The hollow-smiling waters move.

Well might the soul, of hope bereft,  
 In bitterness its lot bemoan,  
 With only memory's shadow left  
 Of joys that are for ever gone.

Yet is there loneliness more drear,  
 When in the city's crowded streets  
 Thought reasserts its spell of fear,  
 And conscience lessons old repeats ;

When former days of innocence  
Over the soul's remorseful gloom,  
Spring like a rainbow, and the sense  
Of shame with tearful rays illumine.

Oh, then, how vast the solitude !  
How manifold the forms of dread  
That on the trembling heart intrude !  
What echoes mock the doubtful tread !

How memory, trav'ling o'er the past,  
Beholds once more a peaceful home,—  
A sunny scene, on which was cast  
No shadow from the days to come ;

Where a sweet child among the flowers  
Danced like a sunbeam bright and free,  
Making the summer-woven bowers  
Ring with the music of her glee ;

Where every day, with new delight,  
Amplify the season's waste repaid ;  
And nothing mark'd time's ceaseless flight  
But richer sunlight, deeper shade ;

And like a fountain-mirror pure  
Her inmost heart to heaven was bare,  
And, in its innocence secure,  
Dream'd not that earth had sin or snare.

But days, and months, and years had flown,  
And still that peaceful scene was fair,

But the sweet child, a woman grown,  
Wore on her cheek the hue of care ;

For love had o'er the mirror cast  
Its shadow, and the heart in vain  
Recall'd the calm, unconscious past,  
Whose light might ne'er return again ;

But in its stead were joys and fears,  
With more tumultuous interchange,  
And brighter smiles and sadder tears,  
And aspirations wild and strange.

But, ah ! a darker hour succeeds,  
And, stung by disappointment keen,  
The wounded heart in silence bleeds,  
Without a stay whereon to lean ;

Till on th' unpitying ear of night  
This melancholy murmur falls,  
“ What gloom has quench'd my morning light,  
And girt me round with prison walls !

“ I know that here is sin and shame,  
And anguish more than I can bear,  
And at my heart, with fangs of flame,  
Gnaws the fierce tooth of wild despair.

“ And though I loathe the life I lead,  
Its subtle web I cannot break,  
For I have sown the baneful seed,  
And must the bitter harvest take.

“There is no hope for one like me,  
Whom all the good distrust or scorn—  
An outcast from society!  
O would that I had not been born!

“I loathe to live, yet fear to die,  
For death might be a heavier doom.  
Whither, oh, whither, shall I fly?—  
There is no rest, no peace, no home.”

Let those who no transgression own,  
Sinless in thought, and word, and deed,  
First cast the unforgiving stone,  
And make the wounded spirit bleed:

But let all those, whose earnest cry  
Is still for pardon, ponder o'er  
That gracious voice, “Neither do I  
Condemn thee; go, and sin no more.”

Let love its angel's hand extend  
To those who linger in the plain,  
With gentle care their steps befriend,  
Till Zoar's safe refuge they attain.

## SONNETS.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq.

OUR Empress Queen!—Victoria's name of glory  
 Added as England's grace to Hindostan!  
 Oh, climax to this age's wondrous story,  
 Full of new hope to India, and to man  
 In heathendom's dark places! For the light  
 Of our Jerusalem shall now shine there  
 Brighter than ever since the world began.  
 Yet, by a way chaotic, drear and gory,  
 Travell'd this blessing; as a martyr might,  
 Wrestling to Heaven through tortures unaware.  
 Our Empress Queen! for thee thy people's prayer  
 All round the globe to GOD ascends united,  
 That HE may strengthen thee no guilt to spare,  
 Nor leave one act of goodness unrequited.

A DREAM of empire,—and a waking thought  
 Patriot in wisdom, and of loyal worth,  
 Which placemen will not cherish as they ought  
 Because with such there ever was a dearth  
 Of generous feeling in this frigid earth:  
 I saw our Queen an Empress; and her rule,  
 Not forced by mercantile or office clerks,  
 Nor misrepresented by some party tool,  
 But personal, and full of gracious works,  
 Rejoicing every colony: I saw  
 An Alfred, and all India prospering  
 Under his sceptre, sway'd by England's law,—  
 Australia, under Arthur triumphing,  
 And Duncan, Scottish Canada's young king.

## SORROW.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

*Author of the "Twelve Foundations," a Poem.*

BESIDE a spring, whose waters flow'd  
 Deep in an ancient forest dell ;  
 Three holy men of old abode,  
 Each separate in his narrow cell.  
 Apart from morn to eve they dwelt :  
 Apart in sombre worship knelt.  
 And, spite the gloom of that lone place,  
 None ever saw his fellow's face,  
 Save only in the summer's height ;  
 When sometimes, ere the fall of night,  
 Beside the spring they would repair,  
 And sit in gloomy silence there.

It chanced, that at the close of day,  
 A hoary traveller pass'd that way.  
 He bent, the cooling wave to drink ;  
 Then paused, and rested on the brink.  
 He mark'd the shrouded forms sedate,  
 Mute as the stones whereon they fate :  
 In courteous accents then he broke  
 The sullen spell, and thus he spoke :

“ Oh, reverend hermits, I would fain  
 Of your fair grace a boon obtain.  
 Say, wherefore do ye choose to dwell  
 Deep in this rugged forest dell—

And what unkindly barrier parts  
Yours from all other human hearts ?”

The first replied : “ There was a maid  
I loved, and deem'd my love repaid.  
But when my passion's tale I told,  
She answer'd with indifference cold.  
The pangs I bore were not in vain ;  
I will not chance such grief again.”

The second spake : “ I gave my heart  
To one who play'd the traitor's part.  
He lured my bride to depth of shame,  
Flung scorn upon my ancient name ;  
And when we met in deadly fight,  
His skill prevail'd against the right.  
The world of men is not for me,  
Where falsehood thrives, and guilt is free.”

The third pursued : “ Beyond the rest  
Of human-kind my lot was blest.  
Fair was the wife I clasp'd, and true ;  
Sweet faces round my table grew.  
Wealth heap'd my barns, and swell'd my fails,  
Stored in my halls unnumber'd bales.  
There came o'er Fortune's face a frown ;  
At sea my argosies went down ;  
My vassals burst their feudal chain,  
Levell'd my castles with the plain ;  
And, sadder loss than all I knew,  
The loved ones of my heart they flew,  
The world had much I counted dear—  
'Tis lost, 'tis gone—and I am here !”

The old man heard them, each disclose  
 The history of his hidden woes.  
 Then answer made: "Your tales are sad,  
 Nor deem me cold if I should add,  
 My own experience can recall  
 A story sadder than them all!  
 In manhood, when these veins were fill'd  
 With the warm blood that age has chill'd,  
 There came across my daily way  
 A maid, as fair as summer's day,—  
 So fair, my seventy years, I ween,  
 Nor face nor form like hers have seen.  
 I loved her, and my love, confess,  
 Found echo in her gentle breast:  
 The months of patient waiting past,  
 I clasp'd my lovely bride at last.  
 But on our very nuptial day,  
 When homeward sailing o'er the bay,  
 A sudden tempest struck the sail,  
 Sunk in the surge our vessel frail:  
 My stiffen'd form the billows bore  
 Senseless, but breathing, to the shore;  
 But for my bride—the search was vain,  
 Nor have I ever loved again!

"To calm the pangs of that long grief,  
 In court and camp I sought relief;  
 My dauntless sword and loyal pen  
 Grew famous on the lips of men.  
 There was a noble of the land,  
 High in her counsels and command,  
 Whose secret treason, long conceal'd,  
 A sudden chance to me reveal'd.



By costly bribes he first essay'd  
 To buy my silence or my aid.  
 Foil'd in that hope, a dark design  
 To make his falsehood seem as mine,  
 The traitor wove ;—his poison'd shaft  
 Was aim'd and launch'd with subtlest craft.  
 My simple word and honest heart  
 Could nought avail against his art ;  
 Convicted, sentenced, and disgraced,  
 My spurs hewn off, my shield effaced,  
 Renounced by kin, an outlaw bann'd,  
 I left for aye my native land.  
 The title I so proudly bore  
 Will sound on human lips no more ;  
 My wrong shall in that day be shown,  
 When men shall know as they are known !”

He ceased : and, as with one accord,  
 The hermits three took up the word.  
 “ Oh, come,” they cried, “ for we allow  
 We have not borne such grief as thou !  
 Come, build beside this fount thy cell,  
 Here in our silent forest dwell ;  
 For in these solitudes alone  
 Sorrow and falsehood are not known.”

“ Not so,” the aged man replied,  
 “ I may not dwell your fount beside.  
 Though deep the loss I did sustain,  
 It hath but proved my greater gain ;  
 For they who suffer, yet believe,  
 Do tenfold of their Lord receive.  
 For house and lands, He doth bestow  
 A home within His Church below ;

In place of kin Himself He gives,  
 The Brother of each soul that lives ;  
 Not His the falsehood that betrays,  
 Or love with cold return repays.  
 In yonder city's crowded street  
 My heart's true Brother I shall meet.  
 Nor hath this earth so lone a spot,  
 Save haply this, where He is not.  
 Adieu !” The traveller rose, and then  
     With a mute gesture of farewell,  
 To seek once more his fellow-men,  
     Pass'd slowly through the forest dell.

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*THE MAGNET IN THE CLOUD.*

BY WALTER THORNBURY, Esq.

WHAT silent force of voiceless love  
 Draws up into the cloud  
 The lark, that, summon'd from above  
 By some unseen, angelic love,  
 Grows not a whit more proud ?

Yes ! some divine magnetic love  
 Allures him to the skies ;  
 Some gentle violence of love,  
 Propell'd from angel-eyes,  
 Compels him from his nest to rise,  
 Drawing him upward by a spell  
 In some bright morning cloud to dwell.

## YEARNING.

By ROBERT W. BUCHANAN, Esq.

*Author of "Mary, and other Poems."*

HOPE, whose silent eyes  
 Seek my image in Thy breast,  
 Singeth me to rest  
 Oft with her tears ;  
 But she turns her silent eyes,  
 While I slumber, to the spheres,  
 And she lends her secret sighs  
 To the skies.

Oftentimes she brings  
 From the bosom of the night,  
 Feelings and fancies, white  
 As her desire :  
 The cherubim she brings  
 Will listen to her lyre,  
 Making morning with their wings  
 As she sings.

And the angels seem to own  
 That Hope, the angel mild,  
 And Faith, her little child,  
 Though placed apart,  
 Are dear, all angels own,  
 To the most Immortal's heart,  
 As the fingers that are sown  
 Round the Throne.

So Hope, whose azure eyes  
Seek my image in Thy breast,  
Fans my fear to rest  
    With angel-wings ;  
And the dreams are in her eyes,  
And the fancies, while she sings,  
That Faith, the seraph wife,  
    Makes me prize.

Singing she grows more fair,  
Till the mists of sleep uproll—  
When looking through Thy soul,  
    Hid in my breast,  
I see those visions fair,—  
Hope and the people blest,  
Of the earth and of the air,  
    Singing there !

THE END.









