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# SACRED POETRY.

SELECTED BY

THE EDITORS

OF

the Clerical Journal, and Church Chronicle.

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London :

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, ESSEX STREET,  
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## Sacred Poetry.

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“WEEP FOR YOURSELVES AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN.”

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY, a poetess of America.

WE mourn for those who *toil*,  
The slave who ploughs the main,  
Or him who hopeless tills the soil  
Beneath the stripe and chain ;  
For those who in the world's hard race,  
O'erwearied and unblest,  
A host of restless phantoms chase ;—  
Why mourn for those who *rest* ?

We mourn for those who *sin*,  
Bound in the tempter's snare,  
Whom syren pleasure beckons in  
To prisons of despair ;  
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,  
Are wreck'd on folly's shore ;—  
But why in sorrow should we mourn  
For those who *sin no more* ?

We mourn for those who weep,  
Whom stern afflictions bend  
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep  
Of lover or of friend ;—  
But they to whom the sway  
Of pain and grief is o'er,  
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,  
Oh, mourn for *them* no more !



## THE PIGEON OF THE EAST.

By THOMAS MOORE.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,  
 When hastening fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, or flies  
 Where idler wanderers roam ;

But high she shoots through air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Or shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every stain  
 Of sinful passion free,  
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,  
 To steer my course to Thee !

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs,  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom on her wings.

## REFLECTIONS AT MIDNIGHT.

A passage from YOUNG's "*Night Thoughts*."

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours :  
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the floc  
 It is the signal that demands despatch ;  
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss !  
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?  
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !

How passing wonder He, who made him such !  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes !  
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !  
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal sullied and absorb'd !  
 Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
 A worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,  
 And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels !  
 O, what a miracle to man is man !  
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !  
 Alternately transported and alarm'd !  
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :  
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,  
 What, though my soul fantastic measures trod  
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom  
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;  
 Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,  
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?  
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;  
 Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.  
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal :  
 Even silent night proclaims eternal day.  
 For human weal, heaven husbands all events,  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost ?  
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,  
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?  
 Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ?  
 They live ! they greatly live a life on earth,  
 Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye

Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.  
 This is the desert, this the solitude :  
 How populous, how vital, is the grave !  
 This is creation's melancholy vault,  
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !  
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond  
 Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :  
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,  
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule.  
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,  
 Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,  
 This gross impediment of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.  
 From real life, but little more remote  
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light  
 The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.  
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,  
 Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,  
 The life of Gods : O transport ! and of man !

Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thought  
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.  
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,  
 Here pinions all his wishes ; winged by heaven  
 To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,  
 Where seraphs gather immortality,  
 On Life's fair Tree, fast by the throne of God.  
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering aglow,  
 In His full beam, and ripen for the just,  
 Where momentary ages are no more !  
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death exp  
 And is it in the flight of threescore years,  
 To push eternity from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?  
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
 Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarm'd,  
 At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME: HE REMEMBERETH WE ARE  
DUST.

By DANA, an American Poet.

THOU, who didst form us with mysterious powers,  
Didst give a conscious soul, and call it ours,  
'Tis thou alone who know'st the strife within ;  
Thou'lt kindly judge, nor name each weakness sin.  
Thou art not man, who only sees in part,  
Yet deals unsparring with a brother's heart ;  
For thou look'st in upon the struggling throng  
'That war—the good with ill—the weak with strong.  
And those thy hand hath wrought of finer frame,  
When grief o'erthrows the mind, thou wilt not blame.  
—“It is enough !” thou'lt say, and pity show ;  
“Thy pain shall turn to joy, thou child of woe !—  
Thy heart find rest—thy dark mind clear away,  
And thou sit in the peace of heaven's calm day !”

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By COLERIDGE.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,  
And found the lowly stable-shed  
Where the Virgin-Mother lay :  
And now they check'd their eager tread,  
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,  
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,  
Streaming from a heavenly throng,  
Around them shone suspending night !  
While, sweeter than a mother's song,  
Bless'd angels heralded the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God on high ! and peace on earth.

She listen'd to the tale divine,  
And closer still the Babe she prest ;  
And while she cried, the Babe is mine !  
The milk rush'd faster to her breast :  
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;  
Peace, peace on earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,  
 Poor, simple, and of low estate !  
 That strife should vanish, battle cease,  
 O, why should this thy soul elate :  
 Sweet Music's loudest note, the poet's story,  
 Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory ?

And is not War a youthful king,  
 A stately hero clad in mail ?  
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring ;  
 Him earth's majestic monarchs hail  
 Their friend, their playmate ! and his bold bright eye  
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

" Tell this in some more courtly scene,  
 To maids and youths in robes of state !  
 I am a woman poor and mean,  
 And therefore is my soul elate.  
 War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,  
 That from the aged father tears his child !

" A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
 He kills the sire, and starves the son ;  
 The husband kills, and from her board  
 Steals all his widow's toil had won ;  
 Plunders God's world of beauty ; rends away  
 All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

" Then wisely is my soul elate,  
 That strife should vanish, battle cease ;  
 I'm poor and of a low estate,  
 The Mother of the Prince of Peace.  
 Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn :  
 Peace, peace on earth, the Prince of Peace is born."

---

#### THE EVENING CLOUD.

By Professor WILSON, known as the Christopher North  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :  
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below :

Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow !  
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;  
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given :  
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,  
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

---

 HOLY FLOWERS.

By MARY HOWITT.

Mindful of the pious festivals which our church prescribes, I have sought to make these charming objects of floral nature, the *time-pieces of my religious calendar*, and the mementoes of the hastening period of my mortality. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snow-drop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas; the lady's smock, and the daffodil, remind me of the Annunciation: the blue harebell, of the Festival of St. George; the ranunculus, of the Invention of the Cross; the scarlet lychnis, of St. John the Baptist's day; the white lily, of the Visitation of our Lady; and the Virgin's bower, of her Assumption; and Michaelmas, Martinmas, Holyrood, and Christmas, have all their appropriate monitors. I learn the time of day from the shutting of the blossoms of the Star of Jerusalem and the Dandelion, and the hour of the night by the stars.

A FRANCISCAN.

Ah! simple-hearted piety,  
 In former days such flowers could see  
 The peasant, wending to his toil,  
 Beheld them deck the leafy soil ;  
 They sprung around his cottage door ;  
 He saw them on the heathy moor ;  
 Within the forest's twilight glade,  
 Where the wild deer its covert made ;  
 In the green vale remote and still,  
 And gleaming on the ancient hill.  
 The days are distant now—gone by  
 With the old times of minstrelsy ;  
 When, all unblest with written lore,  
 Were treasured up traditions hoar ;

And each still lake and mountain lone  
 Had a stern legend of its own ;  
 And hall, and cot, and valley-stream,  
 Were hallow'd by the minstrel's dream.  
 Then, musing in the woodland nook,  
 Each flower was as a written book,  
 Recalling, by memorial quaint,  
 The holy deed of martyr'd saint ;  
 The patient faith, which, unsubdued,  
 Grew mightier, tried through fire and blood.  
 One blossom, mid its leafy shade,  
 The virgin's purity portray'd ;  
 And one, with cup all crimson-dyed,  
 Spoke of a Saviour crucified ;  
 And rich the store of holy thought  
 That little forest-flower brought,  
 Doctrine and miracle, whate'er  
 We draw from books, was treasured there ;  
 Faith, in the wild woods tangled bound,  
 A blessed heritage had found ;  
 And Charity and Hope were seen  
 In the lone isle, and wild ravine.  
 Then pilgrims, through the forest brown,  
 Slow journeying on from town to town,  
 Halting 'mong mosses green and dank,  
 Breathed each a prayer before he drank  
 From waters by the pathway side ;  
 Then duly, morn and eventide,  
 Before those ancient crosses grey,  
 Now mould'ring silently away,  
 Aged and young devoutly bent  
 In simple prayer—how eloquent !  
 For each good gift man then possess'd  
 Demanded blessing, and was blest.  
 What though in our pride's selfish mood  
 We hold those times as dark and rude,  
 Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,  
 More grateful feeling, or refined ?  
 And yield we unto Nature aught  
 Of loftier, or of holier thought,  
 Than they who gave sublimest power  
 To the small spring, and simple flower ?

## MISSIONS.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

Light for the dreary vales  
Of ice-bound Labrador !  
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,  
And the mariner wakes no more ;  
Lift high the lamp that never fails,  
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !  
An outcast though he be,  
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,  
And the country of the free ;  
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,  
For what home on earth has he ?

Light for the hills of Greece !  
Light for that trampled clime  
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease  
Ere it wreck'd the boast of time ;  
*If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,*  
*Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?*

Light on the Hindoo shed !  
On the maddening idol-train,  
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,  
And the fakir faints with pain,  
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,  
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !  
The Sophi's wisdom fades,  
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy  
Armour when Death invades ;  
Hark ! Hark !—'tis the sainted martyr's sigh  
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !  
For the islands of the sea !  
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails  
With sighs of agony,  
And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails  
'Neath the lone banana-tree !



Light for the ancient race  
 Exiled from Zion's rest!  
 Homeless they roam from place to place,  
 Benighted and oppress'd;  
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;  
 Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth!  
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed,  
 Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,  
 Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,  
 Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,  
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,  
 And clear the tomb  
 From its lingering gloom,  
 For the aged to rest his weary head.



#### MORNING AND EVENING DEVOTION.

From a volume of *Metrical Essays*, by JOHN AMBROSE WILLIAMS, published in 1815. Mr. Williams was, we believe, the editor of a Durham Newspaper.

CREATOR, Lord! I pour to thee  
 The strain of grateful adoration,  
 When morning wakes in ecstasy  
 The varied hymn of wide creation.  
 Then are thy looks like Mercy bright,  
 Streaming o'er heaven, and earth, and ocean,  
 Kindling in human eyes delight,  
 In human hearts devotion.

Creator, Lord! when darkly clear  
 The heavens appear in star-bright lustre,  
 I see thee through the spangled sphere;  
 I see thee in each burning cluster:  
 And then with awe, delight, and love,  
 On breezes floating soft and slowly,  
 I waft my humble prayer above  
 Like music—pensive, holy.

Creator, Lord! O deign to guide  
 My pilgrim-feet from paths of error;  
 Shield me from peril and from pride,  
 From torturing guilt and gloomy terror.  
 And deign, eternal Sire of all!  
 To light my soul with dreams elysian,  
 And when thou shalt thy breath recall,  
 O realize each vision.

Creator, Lord! from vale and hill  
 The deepening shades of silent nature  
 Give to our bosom thoughts as still,  
 And lift man nearer man's Creator.  
 To seem to dwell beyond the sky,  
 The sweetest hour is solemn even;  
 To learn to live, to learn to die,  
 That calmest time is given.

Creator, Lord! the sun is up,  
 And dew from off the grass are stealing,  
 And every flower expands its cup,  
 The fragrance of the morn revealing;  
 And from the bower, and from the grove,  
 The feather'd songsters chant their gladness,  
 'Tis man alone whose tardy love  
 Awakens thoughts of sadness.

Creator, Lord! the guilty dread  
 The thickening gloom that falls in mildness,  
 But oh! what pangs are inward bred,  
 When darkness comes in storm and wildness!  
 For every evil done to-day,  
 Accept a painful heart's contrition,  
 Let sorrow wash the sin away,  
 And spare—from dark perdition.

---

#### LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

This poem appeared many years ago without a name in one of the magazines.

A SHADOW moving by one's side,  
 That would a substance seem,—  
 That is, yet is not,—though descried—  
 Like skies beneath the stream :

A tree that's ever in the bloom,  
 Whose fruit is never ripe ;  
 A wish for joys that never come,—  
 Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night,  
 A blank that will remain ;  
 A waiting for the morning light,  
 When waiting is in vain ;  
 A gulph where pathway never led  
 To show the depth beneath ;  
 A thing we know not, yet we dread,—  
 That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky  
 That everywhere extends,  
 That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
 In space that never ends :  
 A morning, whose uprisen sun  
 No setting e'er shall see ;  
 A day that comes without a noon,—  
 Such is Eternity.

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#### AT MUSING HOUR.

By THOMAS WELLS, an American.

At musing hour of twilight gray,  
 When silence reigns around,  
 I love to walk the churchyard way :  
 To me 'tis holy ground.

To me, congenial is the place  
 Where yew and cypress grow ;  
 I love the moss-grown stone to trace,  
 That tells who lies below.

And, as the lonely spot I pass  
 Where weary ones repose,  
 I think, like them, how soon, alas !  
 My pilgrimage will close.

Like them, I think, when I am gone,  
And soundly sleep as they,  
Alike unnoticed and unknown  
Shall pass my name away.

Yet, ah!—and let me lightly tread!—  
She sleeps beneath this stone,  
That would have soothed my dying bed,  
And wept for me when gone.

Her image 'tis—to memory dear—  
That clings around my heart,  
And makes me fondly linger here,  
Unwilling to depart.

---

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

By Lord BYRON.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!  
No lovelier spirit than thine,  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine:  
On earth, thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immutably be;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine  
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!  
May its verdure like emeralds be;  
There should not be the shadow of gloom,  
In aught that reminds us of thee.  
Young flowers and an evergreen tree,  
May spring from the spot of thy rest,  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see,  
For why should we mourn for the blest.

---

## THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

By N. P. WILLIS, one of the living poets of America.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
 Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl  
 Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
 Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,  
 Her thin pale fingers clasp'd within the hand  
 Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,  
 Like the dead marble, white and motionless.  
 The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
 And as it stirr'd with the awakening wind,  
 The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,  
 And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
 She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—  
 The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd  
 Into his face until her sight grew dim  
 With the fast-falling tears, and, with a sigh  
 Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,  
 She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
 And kiss'd it as she wept. The old man sunk  
 Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
 Of the rich curtains buried up his face—  
 And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
 Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held  
 Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear  
 In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
 Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave  
 To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth  
 He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
 Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
 Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night—  
 And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee  
 Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,  
 Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.  
 The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach  
 Their constant music, but the air beside  
 Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
 In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
 Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,  
 Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,  
 With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,

He stood and taught the people. At his feet  
 Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,  
 And staff, for they had waited by the sea  
 Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and pray'd  
 For his wont teachings as he came to land.  
 His hair was parted meekly on his brow,  
 And the long curls from off his shoulders fell  
 As he lean'd forward earnestly, and still  
 The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,  
 And in his looks the same mild majesty,  
 And in his mien the sadness mix'd with power,  
 Fill'd them with love and wonder. Suddenly,  
 As on his words entrancedly they hung,  
 The crowd divided, and among them stood  
**JAIRUS THE RULER.** With his flowing robe  
 Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,  
 And fix'd his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
 The twelve disciples to their Master's side,  
 And silently the people shrunk away,  
 And left the haughty Ruler in the midst  
 Alone. A moment longer on the face  
 Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
 And as the twelve look'd on him, by the light  
 Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
 Steal to his silver beard, and drawing nigh  
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
 Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands  
 Press'd it upon his lips, and murmur'd low,  
 "*Master! my daughter!*"—

The same silvery light,

That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
 Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals  
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in  
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
 Of moonlight slanting to the marble floor  
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms  
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps  
 He trod the winding stair, but ere he touch'd  
 The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
 "*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"  
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,

And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice  
 Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand  
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear  
 The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
 “*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*”

They pass'd in.

The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns  
 Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke  
 Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.  
 The silken curtains slumber'd in their folds—  
 Not even a tassel stirring in the air—  
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
 And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard  
 'The quickening division of his breath  
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came  
 A gradual brightness o'er his calm sad face,  
 And drawing nearer to the bed, he moved  
 The silken curtains silently apart  
 And look'd upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—  
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
 And over it her white transparent hands,  
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.  
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life,  
 And round beneath the faintly tinted skin  
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins—  
 And on her cheek the jet lash overlay  
 Matching the arches pencill'd on her brow.  
 Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose  
 Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
 In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
 Her polish'd neck, scarce touching it, they hung  
 Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
 'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised  
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said  
 “*Maiden! Arise!*”—and suddenly a flush  
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips,  
 And through her cheek the rallied colour ran,

And the still outline of her graceful form  
 Stirr'd in the linen vesture, and she clasp'd  
 The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes  
 Full on his beaming countenance—AROSE!

---

THE TWO SAYINGS.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat  
 Like pulses, in the church's brow and breast;  
 And, by them, we find rest in our unrest,  
 And, heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat  
 God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.  
 One is, AND JESUS WEPT,—whereon is prest  
 Full many a sobbing face that drops its best  
 And sweetest waters on the record sweet:—  
 And one is, where the Christ denied and scorn'd  
 LOOKED UPON PETER! Oh, to render plain,  
 By help of having loved a little, and mourn'd,—  
 That look of sovran love and sovran pain,  
 Which HE who could not sin, yet suffer'd, turn'd  
 On him who could reject, but not sustain!

---

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SABBATH holy!  
 To the lowly  
 Still art thou a welcome day.  
 When thou comest, earth and ocean,  
 Shade and brightness, rest and motion,  
 Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest!  
 Bird, that soarest  
 O'er the mute empurpled moor!  
 Thristle's song, that stream-like flowest!  
 Wind, that over dew-drop goest!  
 Welcome now the woe-worn poor.



Little river,  
 Young for ever !  
 Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee !  
 Happy woodbine, gladly weeping !  
 Gnat, within the wild rose keeping !  
 Oh, that they were bless'd as ye !

Sabbath holy !  
 For the lowly  
 Paint with flowers thy glittering sod ;  
 For affliction's sons and daughters,  
 Bid thy mountains, woods and waters,  
 Pray to God, the poor man's God !

Pale young mother !  
 Gasping brother !  
 Sister, toiling in despair !  
 Grief-bow'd sire, that life-long diest !  
 White-lipp'd child, that sleeping sighest !  
 Come, and drink the light and air.

Still God liveth ;  
 Still he giveth  
 What no law can take away ;  
 And, oh, Sabbath ! bringing gladness  
 Unto hearts of weary sadness,  
 Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day !"

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ON A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.

From a volume of *Poems* by JAMES HEDDERWICK, published  
 Glasgow in 1844.

"Hinder him not; he preacheth too."—*Jean Paul Richter*.

No, no, to hinder him would be a sin,  
 Let him come freely in !  
 He bears with him a silent eloquence  
 To charm each finer sense ;  
 A little living miracle he seems,  
 Come down on the sun's beams,  
 To preach of nature's gladness all day long !  
 Chief of the insect throng—

Tiny patrician, on whose bannery wings  
Are bright emblazonings!—  
My mind doth image thee a radiant flower  
Upflown in gladdest hour;  
Or a small twinkling star from distant sphere  
Let loose and fluttering here!  
Whate'er thou art thou need'st not fear annoy—  
Welcome, thou little joy!

Yet why beneath this roof disport thyself,  
Mysterious, wayward elf?  
Proclaim thy mission! Dost thou come to tell  
Of spangled mead and dell—  
Of the rich clover-beds, of humming bees,  
And high o'erarching trees?  
Thou seem'st the very colours to have sipp'd  
From wild flowers rosy-lipp'd;—  
Hast thou, then, left them pale? and com'st thou here,  
In penitence and fear?  
Or art thou—sacred thought! a spirit come  
To worship 'neath this dome—  
A soul still laden with an earthly love,  
Finding no rest above?  
Or art thou but a wild inconstant thing  
Heedless where wends thy wing?

Ah, garish creature! thou art now astray,  
And fain would'st be away!  
Had'st thou a tongue, I know thou'dst ask where dwell  
The flowers thou lov'st so well,  
Whose little fragrant chalices are fill'd  
With dew-drops fresh distill'd?  
I know thou'dst ask where shines the blessed sun,  
And where the small brooks run?  
This is no place, no temple meet for thee—  
Away, thou should'st be free!  
Go, like a child's thought, to the sunny air!  
Be thou a preacher there!  
Preach mid the congregation of the flowers,  
Through summer's fleeting hours—  
Thyself a living witness of His might  
Who gave thee to the light!

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## THE TENTH PLAGUE.

From the *Amulet* for 1830, one of the extinct Annuals, there to be by EDWARD W. COX, Author of the *Opening of the Sixth* &c.

THERE was a cry in Egypt, and the voice  
Of wailing, and the audible throb of fear  
Came floating on the sluggish wings of night,  
Rending the pall of darkness, and afar  
Waking the drowsy echoes from their sleep  
In the dim distant mountains, and the caves  
Sent back the sound. The lonely traveller,  
With eye imploring, on the heaven, in vain,  
Gazed in mute awe, seeking some welcome star,—  
In vain; the sentinels of the night had veil'd  
Their silent watch-fires, and the crescent moon  
Had flung a misty mantle o'er her charms;  
No solitary light-ray through the sky,  
Hope beaming, stream'd benignantly, the gloom  
Gilding with golden light,—save when at times  
A meteor fled athwart the firmament,  
And, having brightly beam'd a moment there,  
Perish'd in deeper darkness.

Some there were  
Who whisper'd of an angel form that waved  
A fiery sword, and the blue lightning flash  
Came as he waved, and thunders from afar  
Peal'd sullenly;—and scatter'd rain-drops, huge,  
Heavy and chill, commingled oft with hail,  
Fell from the embattled clouds, that snatch'd the  
Of the angelic messenger, to paint  
Their rugged brows, and all the heaven glared out  
With an unnatural splendour, and a glow  
That was most fearful;—then a cry went up  
From every city, palace, hamlet, cot,  
Wherever was man's habitation, came  
A direful cry that went to heaven, and rocked  
The mountainous clouds, and in their fiery vault  
Unnumber'd echoes caught the cry, and back,  
With mingled thunders hurl'd it to the earth.

The vulture from his rock-built eyry then  
Screaming uprose, and through the gloom soar'd

Hailing his prey from far ; the hyena heard,  
 Where in the desert sands he roving kept  
 His wonted vigils, and more nigh dared then  
 To seek the city, and await his feast.  
 The sleeper woke astonish'd, and in fear  
 Upstarting, smote his breast—and seem'd to doubt  
 If it were not a hideous dream—and dread  
 Of ills impending came upon them all.  
 Yet there were some who still unconscious slept,  
 And whom the cry woke not Why slumber'd they  
 So heavily ?—And some there were who stirr'd  
 As they would burst the bonds of sleep, and then  
 Were still again. Why did not they arise  
 To look upon the horror of the night ?  
 Weak age and helpless infancy arose,  
 Yet were there some—the young—the beautiful—  
 Yet were there some—the good—the pure—the bright—  
 Youth promise into manhood blooming—fair  
 And gentle virgins in their innocence—  
 Babes on the mother's bosom—who lay then  
 Unconscious of the cry that rose around.  
 There in their several homes they sweetly slept,  
 Fearless and motionless, nor wept nor wail'd,—  
 In the tranquillity of rest slept they.

In sooth, 'twas passing strange, that they alone  
 Slumber'd when others waked ; and, yet more strange,  
 It was the first-born—the fond father's hope—  
 The mother's dearest one, in every house,  
 That open'd not its eyes upon the night ;  
 In sooth, 'twas passing strange.

But morn at length,  
 O'er the black turrets of the mountainous clouds  
 Sullenly climbing look'd upon the earth,  
 Cheerless and sunless ; yet with pleasure hail'd,  
 And hope, by the sad watchers of the night,  
 Who long with straining eyes in the eastern heaven  
 Had watch'd her coming, though protracted long,—  
 So sluggish Time flies over misery.  
 At length she came, and pallid cheeks look'd up  
 And wore a hollow smile—and sunken eyes  
 Gazed round in vain for those they loved, and saw  
 That they were not with them.

“ It must be so ;  
They slumber still.”

Then sought they the  
And look'd upon the sleepers ; they were  
But they that look'd on them were paler  
There was no other change, for tranquil  
Reclined they on the pillow, motionless.

“ How sweetly sleep they ! ”

Then did love incline  
To kiss the cheek it loved ; but as it met  
The unconscious lip, back started it, and  
And straightway one great cry again we  
From all the land of Egypt, for that sleep  
Was the cold sleep of death.

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#### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

By LONGFELLOW, an American Poet.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walk to church with  
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

---

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they :  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

" Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born ! "  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Pour'd in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turn'd o'er the hymn book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seem'd not so to me ;  
For he spoke of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he utter'd,  
Yet it seem'd not so to me ;  
For in my heart I pray'd with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed,  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart  
Like pine-trees, dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh :

This memory brightens o'er the past  
 As when the sun conceal'd  
 Behind some cloud that near us hangs  
 Shines on a distant field.

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AUTUMN.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NAY, William, nay, not so ! the changeful year  
 In all its due successions to my sight  
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,  
 All in their season good. These fading leaves,  
 That with their rich variety of hues  
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun  
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought  
 Of winter,—cold, drear winter,—when these trees  
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch  
 Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall s  
 Its colours to the day, and not a bird  
 Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear  
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,  
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.  
 To me their many colour'd beauties speak  
 Of times of merriment and festival,  
 The year's best holiday : I call to mind  
 The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves  
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign  
 Of coming Christmas ; when at morn I took  
 My wooden kalendar, and counting up  
 Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off  
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.  
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year  
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of man  
 Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,  
 Bending beneath the burthen of his years,  
 Sense-dull'd and fretful, “ full of aches and pains,  
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they show  
 The calm decay of nature when the mind  
 Retains its strength, and in the languid eye  
 Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy  
 That make old age look lovely. All to you

lark and cheerless ; you in this fair world  
 some destroying principle abroad,  
 earth, and water full of living things,  
 on the other preying ; and the ways  
 man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,  
 ere crimes and miseries, each producing each,  
 der life loathsome, and destroy the hope  
 at should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,  
 at thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see  
 ath still producing life, and evil still  
 rking its own destruction ; could'st behold  
 e strifes and troubles of this troubled world  
 th the strong eye that sees the promised day  
 wn through this night of tempest ! All things then  
 uld minister to joy ; then should thine heart  
 heal'd and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel  
 l, always, every where, and all in all.

---

PROVIDENCE.

By Bishop HEBER.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield !  
 Hark to nature's lesson, given  
 By the blessed birds of heaven !  
 Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles sweet philosophy :  
 " Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :  
 God provideth for the morrow !

" Say, with richer crimson glows  
 The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
 Than we citizens of air ?  
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
 Yet we carol merrily.  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :  
 God provideth for the morrow !



“ One there lives, whose guardian eye  
 Guides our humble destiny ;  
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
 Pass we blithely then the time,  
 Fearless of the snare and lime,  
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow :  
 God provideth for the morrow !”

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### Passages for the Memory.

#### THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

“ THOU shalt not *kill* ”—in times of dread,  
 The thrilling accents came,  
 Pealing from Sinai’s hallow’d head  
 In thunder and in flame.  
 “ Thou shalt not *kill* ”—to me alone  
 Belongs the gift of life—  
 A gift I delegate to none,  
 In this dark world of strife :  
 Midst passion’s din and tumult’s fray,  
 Let this one thought hang o’er,  
 That none shall dare to take away,  
 What none can e’er restore.

RICHARD

#### OUR CATHEDRALS.

The old grey *minsters* ! how they rear their head  
 Amid the green vales of our fertile land,  
 Telling of bygone years and things that were ;—  
 Those glorious piles, that seem to mock at time,  
 To God’s most holy service dedicate,  
 Enrich’d with sculptures rare, and effigies,  
 That with clasp’d hands seem ever mutely prayin  
 Dumb intercessors for us sinful men ;  
 And with their solemn bells, that send afar  
 The tidings of great joy, and bid us leave  
 The turmoil and the strife of busy life,  
 And worship, as we should, the living God.

OLD

## THE MISSIONARY.

The warriors of Messiah, messengers  
 Of peace, and light, and life ; whose eye, unsealed,  
 Saw up the path of immortality,  
 Far into bliss, saw men, immortal men,  
 Wide wandering from the way eclipsed in night,  
 Dark, moonless, moral night ; living like beasts,  
 Like beasts descending to the grave, untaught  
 Of life to come, unsanctified, unsaved ;  
 Who strong, though seeming weak ; who warlike, though  
 Unarm'd with bow and sword ; appearing mad,  
 Though sounder than the schools alone e'er made  
 The doctor's head ; devote to God and truth.

POLLOK.

## MOURNING.

He that lacks time to *mourn*, lacks time to mend.

H. TAYLOR.

## TRUTHFULNESS.

The man of pure and simple heart  
 Through life disdains a double part :  
 He never needs the screen of *lies*  
 His inward bosom to disguise.

GAY.

## LIFE.

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more ; it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

## CARPE DIEM.

"Live while you *live* !" the epicure would say,  
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;  
 "*Live while you live* !" the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies ;  
 Lord, in my view let both united be !  
 I *live* in pleasure while I *live* in Thee.

DR. JOHNSON.

## LIGHT.

Let there be *light*! God said, and forthwith  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the deep; and, from her nati  
 To journey through the airy gloom began;  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud.

## MAN.

Like to the falling of a star,  
 Or as the flights of eagles are;  
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
 Or silver drops of morning dew;  
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood;  
 Even such is *man*, whose borrow'd lig  
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night  
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;  
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
 The flight is past, and *man* forgot.

DR.

## THE MOUNTAIN.

By day, by night, in calms, in wintry storm  
 When closely view'd, when dimly distant s  
 It matters not; thy endless giant forms  
 Start from their base with such majestic m  
 The soul astonish'd reels. The dazzling sl  
 Of thy eternal, trackless, spotless snows,  
 Well shadows forth the purity, I ween,  
 The might, the majesty, the fix'd repose  
 Of Him, at whose decree thy gorgeous summ

W. H.

## ALL IS VANITY.

All flesh is grass and all its glory fades  
 Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wi  
 Riches have wings and grandeur is a dre  
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb  
 And we that worship him ignoble grave:



## EVENING SERVICE.

By Dr. JOHN BOWRING.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,  
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us!  
All nature wears her garb of grief,  
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men  
Are to their beds of silence creeping;  
The pale, cold moon looks out again  
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### HEAVENLY LOVE.

A fine passage from *The Course of Time*, a poem by ROE POLLOK.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood ;  
 The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,  
 Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand ;  
 And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seem'd,  
 In silent contemplation, to adore  
 Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf  
 Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;  
 And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.  
 On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,  
 With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,  
 Conversing with itself.  
 And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon  
 With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,  
 As if she saw some wonder walking there.  
 Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,  
 When, by a hermit-thorn that on the hill  
 Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,  
 A damsel kneel'd to offer up her prayer.  
 This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place  
 Of love, before his country's voice had call'd  
 The ardent youth to fields of honour, far  
 Beyond the wave : and hither now repair'd  
 Nightly the maid, by God's all-seeing eye  
 Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—  
 Her lover's safety and his quick return.  
 A tear-drop wander'd on her lovely face ;  
 It was a tear of faith and holy fear,  
 Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time  
 On yonder willows by the stream of life.  
 On her the moon look'd steadfastly ; the stars,  
 That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,  
 Glanced down well pleased ; and Everlasting Love  
 Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Return'd from long delay,  
 With glory crown'd, of righteous actions won,  
 The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought  
 The youth, and found it at the happy hour.  
 Wrapp'd in devotion, pleading with her God,  
 She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.  
 All holy images seem'd too impure  
 To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneel'd,  
 Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,  
 Seem'd fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought,  
 But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,  
 That she was flesh and blood, form'd for himself,  
 The plighted partner of his future life.  
 And as they met, embraced, and sat embower'd  
 In woody chambers of the starry night,  
 Spirits of love about them minister'd,  
 And God, approving, bless'd the holy joy !

---

LAMENT.

By GEORGE T. RIDER.

FAE in that dark and silent land,  
 Where pulses rest and hearts are cold,  
 Deep coffin'd in the sunless mould,  
 We, tearful, lone, and sorrowing stand,  
  
 And lift our aching hearts to God,  
 While to our trembling lips we press  
 The brimming cup of bitterness,  
 And bend beneath the heavy rod ;  
  
 And make lament,—Rest, spirit, rest !  
 Thy spring hath reach'd its autumn soon,  
 Full soon thy day-spring found its noon,  
 And twilight gather'd in the west.  
  
 Rest, gently rest ! and loving earth  
 Will fold thee in her calm embrace,  
 And flowers above thy resting-place  
 Shall wait for thy resplendent birth.

Rest, loved one, rest ! we feel, we know  
 That earth is meaner than the skies ;  
 Nor could we tempt thee from the prize  
 That glitters on thy radiant brow,

To taste the cup we taste, again.  
 Rest, gently rest ! our loves are one,  
 In wedlock yet, anear the throne—  
 In wedlock ever—never twain.

Nor henceforth dread the gloomy shore  
 Thy feet have press'd, and in the race  
 Of life we run with quicker pace ;  
 For heaven lies *nearer* than before.

Dark Israel we fear no more,  
 For joy is strangely blent with woe ;  
 We thirst to know what angels know,  
 And heaven seems *dearer* than before.

Rest, calmly rest ! with all the blest,  
 Though Spring hath Autumn reach'd, so soon—  
 So soon thy day-spring found its noon,  
 And twilight gather'd in the west.

---

#### THE DAY OF REST.

A fine passage from GRAHAME'S *Sabbath*.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !  
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd  
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers  
 That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze.  
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear ;—the hum  
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas  
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,  
 And sweeter from the sky the gleesome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook  
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;

While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals  
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings peace o'er yon village broods ;  
The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din  
Hath ceased : all, all around is quietness.  
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare  
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,  
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,  
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;  
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.  
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.  
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day !  
On other days the man of toil is doom'd  
To eat his joyless bread lonely ; the ground  
Both seat and board ; screen'd from the winter's cold  
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree.  
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,  
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves :  
With those he loves he shares his heart-felt joy  
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,  
A word and a grimace, but reverently,  
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day ;  
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,  
While, wandering slowly up the river-side,  
He meditates on Him whose power he marks  
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,  
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
Around its root : and while he thus surveys,  
With elevated joy, each rural charm,  
He hopes,—yet fears presumption in the hope,—  
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

---



## HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

A translation from a German poet, named RUNGE, taken from an old number of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

**THERE** blooms a beautiful flower ; it blooms in a far-off  
land ;

Its life has a mystic meaning, for few to understand.

Its leaves illumine the valley, its odour scents the wood ;

And if evil men come near it they grow for the moment  
good.

When the winds are tranced in slumber the rays of this  
luminous flower

Shed glory more than earthly o'er lake and hill and bower ;

The hut, the hall, the palace, yea, Earth's forsakenest sod,

Shine out in the wondrous lustre that fills the Heaven of  
God.

Three kings came once to a hostel, wherein lay the flower  
so rare :

A star shone over its roof, and they knelt adoring there.

Whenever thou seest a damsel whose young eyes dazzle and  
win,

O, pray that her heart may cherish this Flower of Flowers  
within !

---

 HALLOWED GROUND.

By Miss MARY ANNE BROWNE.

**WHERE**, oh where is hallow'd ground ?

Listen where the night-winds sound,

Murmuring through the lonely pile

Of some old cathedral aisle ;

Where, with rainbow colours stain'd,

Moonlight, through the windows rain'd,

Falls upon the marble tomb,

Glimmering starlike through the gloom ;

While the silent banner droops,

O'er the sculptured warrior groups ;

Here the song of praise hath stirr'd,—

Here the organ peal been heard,—

Here hath waked the voice of prayer,—

Surely hallow'd ground is there.

Yes! and yet not only here ;—  
Come unto this churchyard near ;  
Where the gentle whispering breeze  
Softly rustleth through the trees ;  
Where the moonbeam, pure and white,  
Falls in floods of cloudless light,  
Bathing many a turfy heap,  
Where the lowlier slumberers sleep ;  
And the graceful willow waves,  
Banner-like, o'er nameless graves :  
Here hath prayer arisen like dew,—  
Here the earth is holy too.  
Lightly press each grassy mound ;  
Surely this is hallow'd ground !  
Holy these ; yet not alone.  
Oft, where neither name or stone  
Of the parted keep a trace,  
Is a consecrated place ;  
Oft " the huts where poor men lie "   
Have an unseen dignity ;—  
Oft the halls of stately pride,  
Are to holy ground allied.  
Many a mountain, many a vale,  
Scene of some inspiring tale  
Of the olden chivalry,  
Seems a sacred spot to be—  
Seems to say that hallow'd ground  
May in every land be found.  
Yes! where mighty names have been,  
Link'd unto an earthly scene ;—  
Where the poet and the sage  
Pour'd their hearts upon the page ;—  
Where the patriot loved to tread,  
Where he found his warrior bed ;—  
Where the messengers of God  
In a stranger country trod,  
Bearing first the tidings high  
Of man's glorious destiny ;—  
Where the martyr's blood sublime  
Sow'd heaven's seed for future time ;—  
To these spots our hearts are bound,—  
Here, *indeed*, is hallow'd ground !

---

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

By Miss MARY ANNE BROWNE, afterwards Mrs. JAMES GR

SEEST thou the rose ?  
 It springeth from the lowly earth,  
 It hath a bright and lovely birth,  
 Where the warm east wind blows—  
 So when God's Spirit breathes may sweet flowers st:  
 Gladdening the low and earthly place, thy heart.

Seest thou the stars ?  
 They shine with pure and heavenly light,  
 Shedding their radiance on the night,  
 No mist their glory mars—  
 So bursting through the clouds that darkly roll,  
 May the pure day-star rise within thy soul !

May thy young years  
 Be given to Him who gives thee all ;  
 No doubt disturb, no fear appal ;  
 But all thy spring-time tears  
 Flow out in gratitude to Him above,  
 Who draws thy youthful heart with cords of love.

Still be a child,  
 Even when age its snows shall shed,  
 And years go dimly o'er thy head—  
 A daughter reconciled,  
 As humbly to thy Father's footstool drawn,  
 As when thou satest there in life's clear dawn.

---

 THE CRUCIBLE.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, a young poet, whose productions ar  
 of promise.

Is he shrunk to name and date  
 Painted on a coffin plate ?

With golden talisman bedecked,  
 Deep this single man was sheathed  
 In atmosphere of soft respect  
 Which all around him breathed.

Well he was served, well attended,  
 Well becourted, well befriended,  
 Many labours stopp'd or sped  
 By the turning of his head ;  
 Many lives toil'd like bees,  
 To make the honey of his ease.  
 Round him, centre of the spring,  
 A coil of constant force was curl'd,  
 Turning in laborious ring  
 A little world within the world.  
 A little mill-world whence, by sleight  
 Of dragging wheel and nipping notch,  
 Groaning faintly out of sight  
 Like the ticking of his watch,  
 Flow'd his flour, so fine and white.

And leave you *him* all alone  
 Beneath a stone,  
 Now, when comes the twilight cold  
 Down the bare wold,  
 And winds are crying to the darken'd foam—  
 When thoughts of glowing rooms and faces,  
 And the dear domestic graces,  
 Draw all men home ?  
 On this stone the ragged rooks will meet,  
 And the gusty rain-storm beat,  
 And the little grass-mouse will scamper o'er it  
 To and from her nest in the bield,  
 And the wide-falling snow will cover it,  
 With the other stones of the field.  
 Black rook, white snow, how can they know  
*This* stone has a costly vault below ?  
 Brown mouse, wild rain, 'tis too, too plain,  
 Won't spare this grave from the common disdain.

Oh, you say, it is not he  
 You are laying by the sea  
 Leaving by the sea-side lonely ;  
 'Tis not he—his body only.  
 Darkness is its dwelling fit,  
 And a stone to cover it.  
 He, himself, his soul,—you say,  
 God hath call'd him far away.

Would that men could well discern  
 What a lesson they might learn  
 From this natural separation,  
 Chemist Death's elimination  
 Of the drossy and the fleeting  
 Past all further trick or cheating ;  
 And in the actual be so wise,  
 As to strive to analyse  
 The elements of life while blended,  
 Which they rank, when all is ended,  
 Thus concluded, proved, and past,  
 In a juster rate at last.

---

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

By THOMAS MOORE.

THOU art, O God! the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from thee :  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
 Among the opening shades of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into heaven ;  
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine,

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes,  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye :  
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

---

## GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

By CUNNINGHAM.

THE insect, that with puny wing  
 Just shoots along one summer ray,  
 The floweret which the breath of spring  
 Wakes into life for half a day,  
 The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,  
 All feel a heavenly Father's care.

E'en from the glories of his throne  
 He bends to view this earthly ball ;  
 Sees all as if that all were one,  
 Loves one as if that one were all ;  
 Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,  
 And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

## THE FIRMAMENT.

[ABINGTON, a poet who wrote in the early part of the seven-  
 century.

WHEN I survey the bright  
 Celestial sphere,  
 So rich with jewels hung, that night  
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,  
 And heaven-ward flies,  
 The Almighty's mysteries to read  
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
 Shoots forth no flame  
 So silent, but is eloquent  
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
 Contracts its light  
 Into so small a character  
 Removed far from our human sight ;

But if we steadfast look,  
 We shall discern  
 In it, as in some holy book,  
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

## THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

A translation by LONGFELLOW from the German of JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above ;  
Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle—wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers wind,—  
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he, calm and childlike,  
High in wind and tempest wild ;  
O, were I like him exalted,  
I would be, like him, a child.

And my songs green leaves and blossoms  
To the doors of heaven would bear,  
Calling, even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of air.

---

 THE HUMAN HEART.

'This very beautiful poem was contributed by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON to the *Amulet* for 1830.

THOU hast been call'd to God, rebellious heart,  
By many an awful and neglected sign,  
By many a joy which came and did depart  
Mocking thy weeping, frail worm that thou art,  
For that thou didst not fear to call them *thine*.

Thou hast been call'd, when o'er thy trembling head  
The storm in all its fury hath swept by ;  
When the loud ocean rose within its bed,  
And whelm'd, with greedy roar, the struggling dead,  
Who never more may greet thine anxious eye.

Thou hast been call'd, when, beautiful and bright,  
The calm still sunshine round about thee lay;  
And, in thine ecstasy, thy spirit's flight  
Hath soar'd unto those realms of life and light,  
Where thy God's presence beams eternal day.

Thou hast been call'd, when thou hast raised to heaven  
Thy suppliant hands, in vain and passionate grief;  
When some young blessing which thy God had given,  
The chains of mortal flesh and clay hath riven,  
And faded from thee like an autumn leaf!

Thou hast been call'd, when by some early grave  
Thou stoodest, yearning for what might not be,  
Moaning above thy beautiful and brave,  
And murmuring against the God that gave,  
Because he claim'd his gift again from thee!

Thou hast been call'd, when the proud organ's peal  
Hath thrill'd thy heart with its majestic sound;  
Taught each strung fibre quiv'ringly to feel,  
Bid the dim tear-drop from thy lashes steal,  
And the loud passionate sob break silence round.

Yea, oft hast thou been call'd! and often now  
The "still small voice" doth whisper thee of God;  
Bidding thee smooth thy dark and sullen brow,  
And from thy lip the prayer repentant flow,  
Which may not rise unheard to His abode.

Yet empty is thy place amid the choirs  
Of God's young angels in their peace and love;  
Vainly with zeal thy soul a moment fires,  
Since, clinging still to earth and earth's desires,  
Thou lovest sight of things which are above.

Oh, hear it, sinner! hear that warning voice  
Which vainly yet hath struck thy harden'd ear;  
Hear it while lingering death allows the choice,  
And the glad troops of angels may rejoice  
Over the sinner's warm repentant tear!



Lest when thy struggling soul would quit the frame  
 Which bound it here, by sin and passion toss'd,  
 Thy Saviour's voice shall wake despairing shame,  
 "How often have I sought thee, to reclaim!—  
 How often—but thou wouldst not—and art lost!"

---

HUMAN LIFE:

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

This very fine poem is by S. T. COLERIDGE.

IF dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom  
 Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare  
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,  
 Whose sound and motion not alone declare,  
 But *are*, their *whole* of being! If the Breath  
 Be Life itself, and not its Task and Tent,  
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;  
 O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,  
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!  
 Surplus of nature's dread activity,  
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,  
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,  
 She form'd with restless hands unconsciously!  
 Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!  
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,  
 Go, weigh thy Dreams, and be thy Hopes, thy Fears,  
 The counter-weights!—Thy Laughter and thy Tears  
 Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,  
 And to repay the other! Why rejoices  
 Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?  
 Why cowl thy face beneath the Mourner's hood,  
 Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,  
 Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,  
 That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?  
 Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold  
 These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?  
 Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!  
 Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none—  
 Thy being's being is contradiction.

---

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

By Lord BYRON.

Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
 his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
 and the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 when the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
 at host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
 like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
 at host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

and the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
 and breathed in the face of the foe as he past ;  
 and the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
 and their hearts but once heaved—and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride,  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
 And the tents were all silent—the banners alone—  
 The lances unlifted—the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

---

 THE MILLENNIUM.

By COWPER, a passage in *The Task*, and which has been truly described as an "exquisite grouping of prophetic imagery."

O SCENES surpassing fable, and yet true—  
 Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see,  
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel  
 His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?

---

Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach  
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
Laughs with abundance: and the land, once lean,  
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.  
The various seasons woven into one,  
And that one season an eternal spring,  
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
For there is none to covet, all are full.  
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,  
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon  
Together, or all gambol in the shade  
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream:  
Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,  
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,  
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.  
All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;  
That creeping pestilence is driven away;  
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart  
No passion touches a discordant string;  
But all is harmony and love. Disease  
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood  
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
One song employs all nations; and all cry,  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;  
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;  
See Salem built, the labour of a God!  
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;  
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands  
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,  
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,  
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:

The looms of Ormus and the mines of Ind,  
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.  
 Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls  
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,  
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west;  
 And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
 And worships. Her report has travell'd forth  
 Into all lands; from every clime they come  
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,  
 O Sion! an assembly such as earth  
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

---

MAN, THE CARE OF ANGELS.

An extract from SPENSER's *Fairy Queen*.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
 That may compassion of their evils move?  
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men than beasts: but O the exceeding grace  
 Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,  
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
 To come to succour us that succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The fitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against fowle feedes to ayd us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love, and nothing for reward;  
 O why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

---

## THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

A quaint poem by GEORGE HERBERT, published in 1633

## PART I.

O Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart  
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,  
Precious for any grief in any part;  
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make  
A full eternity: thou art a mass  
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take  
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well  
That washes what it shows. Who can endear  
Thy praise too much? thou art heaven's Lieger  
Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel: heaven lies flat in thee,  
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

## PART II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,  
And the configurations of their glory!  
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,  
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion  
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:  
Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,  
These three make up some Christian destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,  
And comments on thee: for in every thing  
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,  
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:  
This books of stars lights to eternal bliss.



## DEATH.

By SHELLEY.

DEATH is here, and death is there,  
 Death is busy everywhere,  
 All around, within, beneath,  
 Above is death—and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal  
 On all we are and all we feel,  
 On all we know and all we fear,  
 \* \* \* \* \*

First our pleasures die—and then  
 Our hopes, and then our fears—and when  
 These are dead, the debt is due,  
 Dust claims dust—and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,  
 Like ourselves, must fade and perish ;  
 Such is our rude mortal lot—  
 Love itself would, did they not.

---

 THE POPE AND THE BEGGAR.

A remarkable poem by Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

"The Desires the chains—the Deeds the wings."

SAW a Soul beside the clay it wore,  
 When reign'd that clay the Hierarch-Sire of Rome ;  
 hundred priests stood ranged the bier before,  
 Within Saint Peter's dome ;

nd all was incense, solemn dirge, and prayer,  
 And still the Soul stood sullen by the clay :  
 O Soul, why to thy heavenlier native air  
 Dost thou not soar away ?"

nd the Soul answer'd, with a ghastly frown—  
 "In what life loved, death finds its weal or woe ;  
 ave to the clay's DESIRES, they drag me down  
 To the clay's rot below !"

It spoke, and where Rome's Purple Ones reposed,  
 They lower'd the corpse; and downwards from the sun  
 Both Soul and Body sunk—and Darkness closed  
 Over that twofold one!

Without the church, unburied on the ground,  
 There lay, in rags, a Beggar newly dead:  
 Above the dust no holy priest was found—  
 No pious prayer was said!

But round the corpse unnumber'd lovely things  
 Hovering, unseen by the proud passers-by,  
 Form'd upward, upward, upward, with bright wings,  
 A ladder to the sky!

“And what are ye, O Beautiful?” “We are,”  
 Answer'd the choral cherubim, “His DEEDS!”  
 Then his Soul, sparkling sudden as a star,  
 Flash'd from its mortal weeds;

And lightly passing, tier on tier, along  
 The gradual pinions, vanish'd like a smile!  
 Just then, swept by the solemn-visaged throng  
 From the Apostle's pile—

“Knew ye this beggar?” “Knew—a wretch, who died  
 Under the curse of our good Pope, now gone!”  
 “Loved ye that Pope?” “He was our Church's pride,  
 And Rome's most Holy Son!”

Then did I muse:—Such are men's judgments—blind  
 In scorn or love! In what unguess'd of things—  
 DESIRES or DEEDS—do rags and purple find  
 The fetters or the wings!



### THE ATHEIST.

By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

AN Atheist—he hath never faced an hour,  
 And not belied the name he bore. His doubt  
 Is darkness from the unbelieving Will

Begot, and oft a parasite to sin  
 Too dear to be deserted,—for the truth  
 That unveils Heaven and her immortal thrones,  
 Uncovers Hell, and awful duties too!  
 Meanwhile I flatter the surpassing fool;  
 And hear him challenge God to bare his brow,  
 Unsphere some orb, and show Him all sublime.  
 He challenge heaven!—an atom against worlds!  
 Why, Angels and Archangels, who have sat  
 Within the shadow of His throne, and felt  
 The beams of an emitted glory burn  
 Around them, cannot comprehend His might,  
 Nor fathom His perfections:—what is Man!

If Nature fail, then Reason may despair;  
 The Universe is stamp'd with God; who sees  
 Creation, and can no Creator view,—  
 To him Philosophy shall preach in vain:  
 A blinded nature and a blasted mind  
 Are his; Eternity shall teach the rest!  
 Yet, who the summer, that bright and season-queen,  
 Hath hail'd, beheld the march of midnight worlds,  
 The Sun in glory, or his skiey realm,  
 When thunder-demons are abroad again,  
 And riding on the chariot-roll of clouds—  
 Who that hath seen the ocean-terrors swell,  
 Or moonshine rippling o'er the rocking waves  
 In smiles of beauty,—all this living might,  
 And motion, grace, and majesty of things,—  
 Nor caught some impulse that believing hearts  
 Might share, and crown it with a creed sublime?

---

THE SEXTON.

A very powerful composition by ELIZA COOK.

MINE is the fame most blazon'd of all,  
 Mine is the goodliest trade:  
 Never was banner so wide as the pall,  
 Nor sceptre so fear'd as the spade!



This is the lay of the Sexton gray,  
King of the churchyard he ;  
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell  
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown,  
And a hat of slouching felt ;  
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,  
The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,  
While his song rings merrily out,  
With a cobweb canopy over his head,  
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the well-fed worms,  
His hand may grasp a shroud,  
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,  
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chime will break  
As he gains a fathom deep :  
Whoever lies in the bed I make,  
I warrant will soundly sleep !

He piles the sod, he raises the stone,  
He clips the cypress tree ;  
But whatever his task, 'tis plied alone,  
No fellowship holds he.

For the Sexton gray is a scaring loon,  
His name is link'd with death ;  
The children at play, should he cross their way,  
Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frighten'd host,  
And whisper, with lips all white,  
See, see, 'tis he that sends the ghost  
To walk the world at night !

The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,  
At his labour mid skulls and dust ;  
They hear him chant—The young may die,  
But we know that the aged must.

The rich will frown as his ditty goes on—  
Though broad your lands may be,  
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,  
And the same shall serve for ye!

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,  
And beauty's cheek will pale,  
Out, out (cry they), what creature would stay  
To list thy croaking tale?

Oh, the Sexton gray is a mortal of dread,  
None like to see him come near:  
The orphan thinks of a father dead,  
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,  
Upturning the hollow bone,  
No mate will share his toil or his fare,  
He works, he carouses, alone.

By night or by day this, this is his lay:  
Mine is the goodliest trade;  
Never was banner so wide as the pall,  
Nor sceptre so fear'd as the spade!

---

THE LILY OF HEAVEN.

By DR. T. H. CHIVERS, a poet of America

Now in her snow-white shroud she lies—  
(Her lily lids half veil her eyes)—  
As if she look'd with wild surprise  
Up at her soul in Paradise.

Her hands lie folded on her breast—  
Cross'd like the Cross that gave her rest;  
She looks as if some heavenly guest  
Had told her that her soul was blest.

She lies as if she seem'd to hear  
Sphere-music breaking on her ear—  
Breaking in accents silver-clear—  
In concert with her soul up there.

Her body was the Temple bright  
 In which her soul dwelt full of light,  
 Triumphant over Death's dark night—  
 High Heaven laid open to the sight.

Burning with pure seraphic love,  
 Veil'd in the meekness of the dove—  
 Her soul, now all things past to prove,  
 Looks down on me from Heaven above.

For her Religion grew more bright,  
 The darker grew the world's dark night—  
 Filling her soul with such pure light,  
 High heaven seem'd open'd to her sight.

The calmness of divinest ease  
 Rests on her brow—upon her face—  
 Expressive of her soul's release  
 From this dark world to one of peace.

Her pale, cold, silent lips, compress'd,  
 Speak out to me, most manifest,  
 A silent language, of the rest  
 That she now feels among the blest.

I wept warm tears upon her face,  
 As she lay there in Death's embrace;  
 Whereon no passion could we trace—  
 But calmness—meekness—heavenly grace

With saintly, pale face thus she went  
 Out of this world's great discontent,  
 Up through the starry firmament,  
 Into the Place of Pure Content.

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#### THE PRAYER OF FESTUS.

Extracted from P. J. BAILEY'S magnificent poem  
 GRANT us, O God! that in thy holy love  
 The universal people of the world  
 May grow more great and happy every day;  
 Mightier, wiser, humbler, too, towards Thee.  
 And that all ranks, all classes, callings, states  
 Of life, so far as such seem right to Thee,  
 May mingle into one like sister trees,

one stem flourish :—that all laws  
 of government be based and used  
 and for the people's sake ;—that each  
 himself of consequence to all,  
 though all saw him !—that the whole,  
 of every nation, may so do  
 worthy of the next to God ;  
 le people's souls, each one worth more  
 re world of matter, make combined  
 ng godlike—something like to Thee.  
 Thee for the welfare of all men.  
 chs who love truth and freedom feel  
 ness of safety and respect  
 e they rule, and guardianship from Thee.  
 remember they are set on thrones  
 ntatives, not substitutes,  
 , to implead with God and man.  
 s who hate truth, or fear the free,  
 t to rule in slavery and error,  
 ere ends of personal pomp and power,  
 sin as doth deserve a hell  
 ole. Let both remember, Lord !  
 but things like-natured with all nations ;  
 ntains issue out of plains ; and not  
 of mountains, and so likewise kings  
 : people, not the people of kings.  
 l feel, the rulers and the ruled,  
 ; and all countries, that the world  
 at halidom ; that Thou art King,  
 ly owner and possessor. Grant  
 ns may now see, it is not kings,  
 ts they need fear so much as themselves :  
 ey keep but true to themselves, and free,  
 lighten'd, godly—mortal men  
 npassible as air, one great  
 ructible substance as the sea.  
 thrones and judgment-seats reflect  
 dful Thy revenge through nations is  
 who wrong them ; but do 'Thou grant, Lord !  
 n wrongs are to be redress'd, such may  
 with mildness, speed, and firmness, not  
 ence or hate, whereby one wrong  
 ; another—both to Thee abhorrent.

The bells of time are ringing changes fast.  
Grant, Lord ! that each fresh peal may usher in  
An era of advancement, that each change  
Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain,  
And we beseech Thee, overrule, O God !  
All civil contests to the good of all ;  
All party and religious difference  
To honourable ends, whether secured  
Or lost ; and let all strife, political  
Or social, spring from conscientious aims,  
And have a generous self-ennobling end,  
Man's good and Thine own glory in view always !  
The best may then fail and the worst succeed  
Alike with honour. We beseech Thee, Lord !  
For bodily strength, but more especially  
For the soul's health and safety. We entreat Th  
In Thy great mercy to decrease our wants,  
And add autumnal increase to the comforts  
Which tend to keep men innocent, and load  
Their hearts with thanks to Thee as trees in bear  
The blessings of friends, families, and homes,  
And kindnesses of kindred. And we pray  
That men may rule themselves in faith in God ;  
In charity to each other, and in hope  
Of their own soul's salvation :—that the mass,  
The millions in all nations, may be train'd,  
From their youth upwards, in a nobler mode,  
To loftier and more liberal ends. We pray  
Above all things, Lord ! that all men be free  
From bondage, whether of the mind or body—  
The bondage of religious bigotry,  
And bald antiquity, servility  
Of thought or speech to rank and power ;—be all  
Free as they ought to be in mind and soul  
As well as by state-birthright :—and that Mind,  
Time's giant pupil, may right soon attain  
Majority, and speak and act for himself.  
Incline Thou to our prayers, and grant, O Lord !  
That all may have enough, and some safe mean  
Of worldly goods and honours, by degrees.  
Take place, if practicable, in the fitness  
And fulness of Thy time. And we beseech Thee,  
That Truth no more be gagg'd, nor conscience dur

ience be impeach'd of godlessness,  
 ith be circumscribed, which as to Thee,  
 e soul's self-affairs is infinite ;  
 at all men may have due liberty  
 ak an honest mind, in every land,  
 ragement to study, leave to act  
 science orders. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* Oh ! may the hour  
 me when all false gods, false creeds, false prophets,—  
 d in Thy good purpose for a time,—  
 ish'd, the great world shall be at last  
 rcy-seat of God, the heritage  
 ist, and the possession of the Spirit,  
 mforter, the wisdom ! shall all be  
 nd, one home, one friend, one faith, one law,  
 r, God ; its practice, righteousness ;  
 peace ! For one true faith we pray ;  
 is but one in Heaven, and there shall be  
 e on earth, the same which is in Heaven.

### Passages for the Memory.

#### ENDURANCE.

best philosophy—life's purest creed,  
 stian as Epictetic, is :—to bear  
 be *unmurmuring* ; balance that we need  
 that which we desire ; to bound our prayer  
 ven's good pleasure ; make the word and deed  
 heart's true mirror ; in our breast to wear  
 our badge ; and if at last we leave  
 rait worth name, what more could man achieve ?

DR. W. BEATTIE.

#### BEAUTY.

ty ! thou pretty plaything ! dear deceit,  
 steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
 gives it a new pulse unknown before !  
 grave discredits thee : thy charms expunged,  
 roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
 t hast thou more to boast of ? will thy lovers  
 round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage ?  
 nks I see thee, with thy head laid low,

Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek  
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
 Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution?  
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass,  
 To improve those charms and keep them in repair  
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul fees  
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

BLA

## A WARNING.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,  
 The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;  
 The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,  
 And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.  
 Turn from the mirror, and strive to win  
 Treasures of loveliness still to last;  
 Gather earth's glory and bloom within,  
 That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

MRS. OSGO

## FAITH.

Oh! how unlike the complex works of man,  
 Heaven's easy, artless, unincumber'd plan!  
 No meretricious graces to beguile,  
 No clustering ornaments to cloy the pile;  
 From ostentation as from weakness free,  
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see,  
 Majestic in its own simplicity.  
 Inscribed above the portals from afar,  
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,  
 Legible only by the light they give,  
 Stand the soul-quickenings words—BELIEVE AND LI

COWP.

## LOVE.

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms  
 Of passion mar its influence benign,  
 And drown its voice with discords. Every flower  
 That to the sun its heaving breast expands,  
 Is born of love; and every song of birds,  
 That floats mellifluous on the balmy air,  
 Is but a love-note.

THOS. RA

## MOZART'S REQUIEM.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of respectable appearance and in deep mourning called at his house and requested him to compose a requiem for the funeral of a person of distinction. The composer, who was in a highly nervous state, imagined that this was an omen of his own decease, and that the requiem would be for himself, which was actually the case, for the music was performed at his own interment.

A REQUIEM ! and for whom ?  
 For beauty in its bloom ?  
 For valour fall'n—a broken rose or sword ?  
 A dirge for king or chief,  
 With pomp of stately grief,  
 Banner, and torch, and waving plume, deplored ?

Not so—it is not so !  
 The warning voice I know,  
 From other worlds a strange mysterious tone ;  
 A solemn funeral air  
 It call'd me to prepare,  
 And my heart answer'd secretly—my own !

One more then—one more strain,  
 In links of joy and pain  
 Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall ;  
 And let me breathe my dower  
 Of passion and of power  
 Full into that deep lay—the last of all.

The last !—and I must go  
 From this bright world below,  
 This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound ;  
 Must leave its festal skies,  
 With all their melodies,  
 That ever in my breast glad echoes found.

Yet have I known it long ;  
 Too restless and too strong  
 Within this clay hath been th' o'er-mastering flame ;  
 Swift thoughts, that came and went  
 Like torrents o'er me sent,  
 Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,  
 Which none may stay or bind,



The beautiful comes floating through my soul ;  
 I strive with yearnings vain  
 This spirit to detain  
 Of the deep harmonies that past me roll.

Therefore, disturbing dreams  
 Trouble the secret streams  
 And founts of music that o'erflow my breast ;  
 Something far more divine  
 Than may on earth be mine  
 Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone  
 That breathes from worlds unknown ?—  
 Surely these feverish aspirations *there*  
 Will grasp their full desire,  
 And this unsettled fire  
 Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air

One more then—one more strain,—  
 To earthly joy and pain  
 A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell !  
 I pour each fervent thought  
 With fear, hope, trembling fraught,  
 Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

---

#### BELLS.

A passage from the poems of LONGFELLOW.

THE bells themselves are the best of preachers ;  
 Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
 From their pulpits of stone in the upper air,  
 Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,  
 Shriller than trumpets under the law,  
 Now a sermon and now a prayer.  
 The clangorous hammer is the tongue,  
 This way, that way, beaten and swung ;  
 That from mouth of brass, as from mouth of gold,  
 May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.  
 And above it the great cross-beam of wood,  
 Representeth the Holy Rood,  
 Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung ;  
 And the wheel wherewith it is sway'd and rung

Is the mind of man, that round and round  
 Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound ;  
 And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,  
 Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
 Of morals, and symbols, and history ;  
 And the upward and downward motions show  
 That we touch upon matters high and low,  
 And the constant change and transmutation  
 Of action and of contemplation—

Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,  
 Upward, exalted again to the sky—  
 Downward, the literal interpretation,  
 Upward, the vision and mystery !

---

GOD THE ONLY COMFORTER.

By THOMAS MOORE.

O THOU that driest the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, when deceived and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes are flown ;  
 And he who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal the broken heart,  
 Which, like the plants that throw  
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
 And even the hope that threw  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears  
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too ;

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,  
 With more than rapture's ray ;  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We could not see by day.

---

## PRAYER FOR DIVINE AID.

By MERRICK.

AUTHOR of Good! to thee I turn :  
 Thy ever-wakeful eye  
 Alone can all my wants discern,  
 Thy hand alone supply.

Oh let thy fear within me dwell,  
 Thy love my footsteps guide!  
 That love shall meaner loves expel,  
 That fear all fears besides,

And oh! by Error's force subdued,  
 Since oft my stubborn will,  
 Preposterous, shuns the latent good,  
 And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,  
 Do thou thy gifts apply:  
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;  
 What ill, though ask'd, deny.



## HAPPY FRAILTY.

The fame of WATTS as a religious teacher has eclipsed the reput due to him as a poet. Many of his compositions are of high excell and one of the very best is the following, which is little known which deserves to be treasured as a gem of the first water.

How meanly dwells the immortal mind!  
 How vile these bodies are!  
 Why was a clod of earth design'd  
 To enclose a heavenly star?

Weak cottage where our souls reside!  
 This flesh a tottering wall—  
 With frightful breaches gaping wide,  
 The building bends to fall!

All round it storms of trouble blow,  
 And waves of sorrow roll;  
 Cold winds and winter storms beat through,  
 And pain the tenant-soul.

"Alas, how frail our state!" said I,  
And thus went *mourning* on,  
Till sudden from the cleaving sky  
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul felt all the glory come,  
And breathed her native air;  
Then she remember'd heaven her home,  
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,  
And, joyful in her pains,  
She sang the frailty of her clay  
In *pleasurable* strains.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!  
Flesh but a tottering wall—  
The breaches cheerfully foretell  
The house must shortly fall.

"No more, my friends, shall I complain,  
Though all my heart-strings ache.  
Welcome disease, and every pain,  
That makes the cottage shake!

"Now let the tempest blow all round,  
Now swell the surges high,  
And beat the house of bondage down,  
And let the stranger fly.

"I have a mansion built above  
By the eternal Hand,  
And should the earth's old basis move,  
My HEAVENLY HOUSE must stand."



## THE MESSIAH.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
No heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,

Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !  
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :—  
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !  
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ;  
 The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descend the mystic Dove.  
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;  
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !  
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born.  
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :  
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !

Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;  
 " Prepare the way, a God, a God appears !"  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
 Sink down, ye mountains ! and ye valleys rise !  
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;  
 Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !  
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :  
 Hear Him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :  
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;  
 From every face he wipes off every tear :

In adamantine chains shall death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promised father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er :  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;  
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
The spiry fir and stately box adorn ;  
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,  
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet :  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;  
Pleased, the green lustre of their scales survey,  
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise !  
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,  
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

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#### GOD'S ACRE.

By LONGFELLOW, the American poet.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
 The burial ground God's Acre ! It is just ;  
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
 Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
 The seed, that they have garner'd in their hearts,  
 Their bread of life ; alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again,  
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
 With that of flowers which never bloom'd on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
 This is the field and Acre of our God,  
 This is the place where human harvests grow !

---

END OF ALL EARTHLY GREATNESS.

FROM SHAKSPERE'S *Tempest*.

OUR revels now are ended : these our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air.  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
 And, like the insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind !

---

VERSES LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

By ROBERT BURNS.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above,  
 I know thou wilt me hear ;  
 When for this scene of peace and love  
 I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,  
 Long, long be pleased to spare !  
 To bless his little filial flock,  
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes  
 With tender hopes and fears—  
 O bless her with a mother's joys,  
 But spare a mother's tears !



Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,  
 In manhood's dawning blush—  
 Bless him, thou God of love and truth,  
 Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band—  
 With earnest tears I pray,  
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,  
 Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,  
 A family in Heaven!

---

TRAJAN AND THE RABBI.

Taken from an old number of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

“OLD Rabbi! what tales  
 Wouldest thou pour in mine ear,  
 What visions of glory,  
 What phantoms of fear—  
 Of a God all the gods  
 Of the Roman above,  
 Of a mightier than Mars,  
 A more ancient than Jove?”

“Let me look on these splendours:  
 I then may believe,  
 'Tis the senses alone  
 That can never deceive.—  
 Nay! show me your idol  
 If on earth be his shrine,  
 And the Israelite's God  
 Shall, old Dreamer, be mine!”

'Twas Trajan that spoke,  
 And the stoical sneer,  
 Still play'd on his features  
 Sublime and severe,  
 And round the proud hall,  
 As his dark eye was thrown,  
 He saw but one God,  
 And himself was that one.

"The God of our forefathers,"—  
 Low bow'd the seer,—  
 "Is unseen by the eye,  
 Is unheard by the ear :  
 He is Spirit, He knows me,  
 The body's dark chain :  
 Not the Heaven of the heavens  
 Could his glory contain.

"He is seen in his power,  
 When the storm is abroad,  
 And the clouds by the wheels  
 Of his chariot are rode—  
 He is seen in his mercy  
 When mountain and plain  
 Rejoice in the sunshine  
 And smile in the rain !

"He is seen when the lightnings  
 Are shot through the heaven,  
 And the crests of the mountains  
 In embers are riven ;  
 He is heard when the torrent  
 Has sent up its roar,  
 And the billows in thunder  
 Are flung to the shore !"

"These are dreams," said the Monarch,  
 "Wild fancies of old.  
 But what God can I worship  
 When none I behold ?  
 Can I kneel to the lightning,  
 The rain, or the wind ?  
 Can I worship a shape  
 That but lives in the mind ?"

"I'll show thee His footstool,  
 I'll show thee His throne."  
 Through the halls of the palace  
 The Rabbi led on,  
 Till above them was spread  
 But the sky's purple dome,  
 And in surges of splendour  
 Beneath them lay Rome !

Round the marble-crown'd mount  
Where the Emperor stood,  
Like a silver-scaled snake,  
Roll'd the Tiber's bright flood ;  
Beyond were the vales  
Of the rich Persian rose,  
All glowing with beauty,  
All breathing repose :

And flaming o'er all  
In the glow of the hour,  
The Capitol stood,  
Earth's high altar of Power :  
A thousand years old,  
Yet still in its prime—  
A thousand years more  
To be conqueror of Time.

But the West was now purple,  
The eve was begun :  
Like a monarch at rest  
On the waves lay the Sun—  
About Him the clouds  
Their rich canopy roll'd  
In pillars of diamond  
And curtains of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture  
Was turn'd to the orb—  
“Great King—let that lustre  
Thy worship absorb !”  
“What ! gaze on the sun—  
And be blind by the gaze ?  
No eye but the eagle's  
Could look on the blaze !”

“Ho ! Emperor of earth,  
If thine eye-ball be dim  
To see but the rays  
Of the sun's sinking limb,”  
Cried the Rabbi, “what eye-ball  
Could dare but to see  
The Sovereign of Him,  
And the Sovereign of Thee ?”

---

## HYMN TO DEATH.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the American poet.

OH! could I hope the wise and pure in heart  
 Might hear my song without a frown, nor deem  
 My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—  
 I would take up the hymn to Death, and say  
 To the grim power, The world hath slander'd thee  
 And mock'd thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow  
 They place an iron crown, and call thee king  
 Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,  
 Deadly assassin, that strikest down the fair,  
 The loved, the good—that breathest on the lights  
 Of virtue set along the vale of life,  
 And they go out in darkness. I am come,  
 Not with reproaches, not with cries and prayers,  
 Such as have storm'd thy stern, insensible ear  
 From the beginning. I am come to speak  
 Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept  
 Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again :  
 And thou from some I love wilt take a life  
 Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell  
 Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee  
 In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,  
 Meet is it that my voice should utter forth  
 Thy nobler triumphs ; I will teach the world  
 To thank thee.—Who are thine accusers?—Who?  
 The living!—they who never felt thy power,  
 And know thee not. The curses of the wretch  
 Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand  
 Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,  
 Are writ among thy praises. But the good—  
 Does he whom thy kind hand dismiss'd to peace,  
 Upbraid the gentle violence that took off  
 His fetters, and unbarr'd his prison cell?

Raise then the hymn to Death, Deliverer!  
 God hath anointed thee to free the oppress'd  
 And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,  
 The conqueror of nations, walks the world,  
 And it is changed beneath his feet, and all  
 Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—  
 Thou, while his head is loftiest and his heart  
 Blasphemes, *imagining* his own right hand

Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp  
Upon him, and the links of that strong chain  
That bound mankind are crumbled; thou dost break  
Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust.  
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes  
Gather within their ancient bounds again.  
Else had the mighty of the olden time,  
Nimrod, Sesostris, or the youth who feign'd  
His birth from Libyan Ammon, smitten yet  
The nations with a rod of iron, and driven  
Their chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost avenge,  
In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know  
No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose  
Only to lay the sufferer asleep.  
Where he who made him wretched troubles not  
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too.  
Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge  
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.  
Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible  
And old idolatries;—from the proud fanes  
Each to his grave their priests go out, till none  
Is left to teach their worship; then the fires  
Of sacrifice are chill'd, and the green moss  
O'ercreeps their altars; the fallen images  
Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,  
Chanted by kneeling multitudes, the wind  
Shrieks in the solitary aisles. When he  
Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all  
The laws that God or man has made, and round  
Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth,  
Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heaven,  
And celebrates his shame in open day,  
Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off  
The horrible example. Touch'd by thine,  
The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the gold  
Wrung from the o'er-worn-poor. The perjurer,  
Whose tongue was lithe e'en now, and voluble  
Against his neighbour's life, and he who laugh'd  
And leap'd for joy to see a spotless fame  
Blasted before his own foul calumnies,  
Are smit with deadly silence. He who sold  
His conscience to preserve a worthless life,  
Even while he hugs himself on his escape,

Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length  
Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no time  
For parley—nor will bribes unclench thy grasp.  
Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long  
Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,  
Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,  
And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life  
Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal,  
And shakest thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,  
And check'st him in mid course. Thy skeleton hand  
Shows to the faint of spirit the right path,  
And he is warn'd, and fears to step aside.  
Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his crime  
The ghastly countenance, and his slack hand  
Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully  
Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice, when thy shafts  
Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard  
Of heart and violent of hand restores  
The treasure to the friendless wretch he wrong'd.  
Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck  
The guilty secret ; lips, for ages seal'd,  
Are faithless to the dreadful trust at length,  
And give it up ; the felon's latest breath  
Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime ;  
The slanderer, horror-smitten, and in tears,  
Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged  
To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make  
Thy penitent victim utter to the air  
The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,  
And aims to whelm the laws ; ere yet the hour  
Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou been found  
On virtue's side ; the wicked, but for thee,  
Had been too strong for the good ; the great of earth  
Had crush'd the weak for ever. School'd in guile  
For ages, while each passing year had brought  
Its baneful lesson, they had fill'd the world  
With their abominations ; while its tribes,  
Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoil'd,  
Had knelt to them in worship ; sacrifice  
Had smoked on many an altar, temple roofs  
Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer and hymn :  
But thou, the great reformer of the world,

Takest off the sons of violence and fraud  
 In their green pupilage, their lore half learn'd—  
 Ere guilt had quite o'errun the simple heart  
 God gave them at their birth, and blotted out  
 His image. Thou dost mark them flush'd with hope,  
 As on the threshold of their vast designs  
 Doubtful and loose they stand, and strikest them down

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! I little thought that the stern power  
 Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus  
 Before the strain was ended. It must cease—  
 For he is in his grave who taught my youth  
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life  
 Offer'd me to the Muses. Oh, cut off  
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,  
 Ripen'd by years of toil and studious search,  
 And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught  
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient art  
 To which thou gavest thy laborious days—  
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth  
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes  
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deem'd thy skill  
 Delay'd their death-hour, shudder'd and turn'd pale  
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which th  
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have  
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope  
 To copy thy example, and to leave  
 A name of which the wretched shall not think  
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive  
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou  
 Whose early guidance train'd my infant steps—  
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep  
 Of death is over, and a happier life  
 Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

Now thou art not—and yet the men whose guilt  
 Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he who bears  
 False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,  
 And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad  
 Polluted hands in mockery of prayer,  
 Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look  
 On what is written, yet I blot not out

The desultory numbers—let them stand,  
The record of an idle revery.

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ON DEATH.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile  
Which the meteor beam of a starless night  
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,  
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,  
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan  
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul  
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,  
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll  
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,  
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free  
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
This world is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow  
To a brain unencompass'd with nerves of steel ;  
When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,  
Where all but this frame must surely be,  
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear  
No longer will live to hear or to see  
All that is great and all that is strange  
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death ?  
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come ?  
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath  
The wide winding caves of the peopled tomb ?  
Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be  
With the fears and the love for that which we see ?

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## THE BIRTH-DAY WISH.

Taken many years ago from the columns of a newspaper, when appeared anonymously.

WHAT shall I wish thee?—that the rose  
 Upon thy sunny cheek may stay,  
 Thy mild blue eyes may long retain  
 Undimm'd their liquid ray?  
 This may not be, my gentle maid,—  
 The fairest things are first to fade.

That thou may'st tread the mazy round  
 Of pleasure's path all strew'd with flowers,—  
 While crown'd with song and dance fly on,  
 Too swift, the laughing hours?  
 Not so, not so. Alas! we see  
 Where roses are, the thorns must be!

That thou may'st prove sweet friendship's power,  
 Best solace on life's weary way,  
 While hope's bright visions cheer thy soul,  
 That basks beneath love's sunny ray?  
 May these be thine!—but better things,  
 For love and hope have fairy wings.

The bright, the beautiful of life  
 Too soon will pass away;  
 The lovely promise of thy spring  
 May in the bud decay;  
 Then let thy gentle heart be given,  
 With sweet affections all—to heaven.

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 THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER, one of the living poets of America.

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!  
 Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace  
 Which that poor victim of the market-place  
 Hath in her suffering one?

My God! can such things be?  
 Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done  
 Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,  
 Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,  
 Child of thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—  
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,  
 Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!  
 Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,  
 Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,—  
 Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal  
 Back on your heads the gather'd wrong of years;  
 But her low broken prayer and nightly tears  
 Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
 Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave  
 No dangerous tale of Him who came to save  
 The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
 Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,  
 And to her darken'd mind alone impart  
 One stern command—"OBEY!"

So shalt thou deftly raise  
 The market price of human flesh; and while  
 On thee, their pamper'd guest, the planters smile,  
 Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
 From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,  
 While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,  
 Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,  
 Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,  
 While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
 His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turban'd Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne  
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—  
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome h  
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
How LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?

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#### THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

Abridged from an imitation of Chaucer, by DRYDEN

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;  
An awful, reverend, and religious man.  
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,  
And charity itself was in his face.  
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor  
(As God had clothed his own ambassador),  
For such on earth his blest Redeemer bore.  
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last  
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;  
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense;  
And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a face as promised him sincere:

Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,  
 But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity ;  
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.  
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd,  
 Though arch the precept, yet the preacher charm'd,  
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,  
 He drew his audience upward to the sky.  
 He bore his great commission in his look ;  
 But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke.  
 He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,  
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;  
 But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.  
 He taught the Gospel rather than the Law,  
 And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw :  
 For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,  
 Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat.  
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard ;  
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;  
 But when the milder beams of mercy play,  
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.  
 Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)  
 As harbingers before the Almighty fly ;  
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;  
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there !

The tithes his parish freely paid, he took,  
 But never sued, or cursed with bell and book :  
 With patience bearing wrong, but offering none,  
 Since every man is free to lose his own,  
 The country churls, according to their kind  
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),  
 The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more ;  
 And praised a priest contented to be poor.  
 Yet of his little he had some to spare,  
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare :  
 For mortified he was to that degree,  
 A poorer than himself he would not see.  
 " True priests," he said, " and preachers of the word,  
 Were only stewards of their Sovereign Lord ;  
 Nothing was theirs, but all the public store,  
 Entrusted riches, to relieve the poor ;  
 Who, should they steal for want of his relief,  
 He judged himself accomplice with the thief."

Wide was his parish, not contracted close  
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house  
 Yet still he was at hand without request,  
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd :  
 Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,  
 The dangers of a dark, tempestuous night.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd,  
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.  
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrou,  
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught) :  
 For this by rules severe his life he squared,  
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard  
 "For priests," he said, "are patterns for the res  
 (The gold of Heaven, who bear the God imprest  
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,  
 The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.  
 If they be foul, on whom the people trust,  
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust."

The prelate for his holy life he prized :  
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.  
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,  
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.  
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,  
 These marks of church and churchmen he design  
 And living taught, and dying left behind.  
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn ;  
 In purple he was crucified, not born.  
 They who contend for place and high degree  
 Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Such was the Saint, who shone with every gra  
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.  
 God saw his image lively was express'd,  
 And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

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### THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRI

By THOMAS MOORE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;  
 My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;  
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,  
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,  
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,  
 Or when the stillness of the sea,  
 Even more than music, breathes of thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,  
 All light and silence, like thy Throne;  
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,  
 Shall be my pure and shining book,  
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack  
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;  
 Thy mercy in the azure hue  
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,  
 From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,  
 But in its light my soul can see  
 Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,  
 But in its gloom I trace thy love;  
 And meekly wait that moment, when  
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again.



## RESIGNATION.

By LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there!  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead;  
 The heart of Rachel for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise;  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
*Shall we behold her face.*

and though at times, impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppress'd,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay ;  
 In silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

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TO THE RAINBOW.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud Philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art ;—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given  
 For happy spirits to alight,  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from Creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky.



When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth,  
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang  
On earth, deliver'd from the deep;  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,  
Unraptured greet thy beam :  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshen'd fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town !  
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span ;  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

---

## Passages for the Memory.

### OUR BIRTH.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar :  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home.

WORDSWORTH.

### BLUSHING.

Alas ! that in our earliest blush  
 Our danger first we feel,  
 And tremble when the rising flush  
 Betrays some angel's seal !  
 Alas ! for care and pallid woe  
 Sit watchers in their turn,  
 Where heaven's too faint and transient glow  
 So soon forgets to burn !

O. W. HOLMES.

### ALL THINGS PERISH.

All to nothing swiftly tend,  
 All waste, all vanish, all have end ;  
 All sink, all wither : rose soon fadeth,  
 Palfrey stumbleth, cloth abradeth,  
 Man dies, sword rusteth ; every thing  
 Doth time and change to ruin bring.  
 Then listen well to what I say,  
 Listen soothly, clerk and lay ;  
 For when death hath driven ye down,  
 Whither wendeth your renown ?  
 If the bard no record give,  
 Scantly shall your praises live.

*From the French of WACE.*

### BEAUTY ETERNAL.

Though loveliness will pass away  
 From individual beings, and is oft  
 More mortal than the human heirs of death,  
 Yet *abstract beauty* since at first the will

Of heaven-designed Creation, through the lapse  
 Of past eternity, has ever been  
 A living essence, an immortal thing.  
 Each generation views it fresh and fair,  
 As that which went before ; and though the hand  
 Of death will grasp the sweetest flowers on earth,  
 Others become their likeness ; and when sounds  
 The trumpet through the systems, all shall rise  
 With deathless being and regenerate form ;  
 And through the future shall undying love  
 Perfect the soul of beauteousness, and shake  
 Decay from those she dwells with, to adorn  
 Through endless years the palaces of heaven.

DILNOT SLADDEN

## BENEVOLENCE.

From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,  
 O never, never turn away thine ear !  
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,  
 Ah ! what were man should heaven refuse to hear !  
 To others do (the law is not severe)  
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done ;  
 Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear ;  
 And friends and native land : nor these alone ;  
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine ow

JAMES BEATTIE

## RELIANCE ON GOD.

Though tempests frown  
 Though Nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven,—  
 To lean on Him on whom Archangels lean.

YOUNG

## PRAYER.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for one night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend.  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON

## HEAVENLY HARMONIES.

A passage from MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of angels, with a shout,  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd  
 The eternal regions ; lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration, down they cast  
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold ;  
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life  
 Began to bloom : but soon for man's offence  
 To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
 With these, that never fade, the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams ;  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.  
 Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

---

 MENS DIVINIOR.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

LOVE is born in joy,  
 And is bred in sorrow,  
 Cloudy-dark to-day,  
 Sunshiny to-morrow ;  
 Changing through each season,  
 Without any reason.

Reason!—let it bend  
 To all instincts true :  
 True as eye its vision,  
 There is — mind's divider —  
 Shining o'er its summing,  
 Like an angel's coming :

Thoughts that pass the stars,  
 Love more sweet than flowers,  
 Faith that scatters sinners  
 Through the endless hours :  
 Brightening every season,  
 True.—yet passing reason.

Measure, if thou wilt,  
 Light, and air, and ocean ;  
 Leave us undefaced,  
 Our divine emotion.—  
 Poet's prophet's story,  
 And the world of Glory.

You, whose poor-house balance  
 Weighs out want and crime ;  
 You, whose sordid ledgers  
 Crush the poet's rhyme,  
 Leave us tears and laughter,  
 And the hope of hopes,—Eternal bright Hereaf

---

### HUMAN LIFE.

SHAKESPEARE.

REASON thus with life :  
 . . . . . A breath thou art,  
 (Servile to all the skiey influences.)  
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art Death's fool ;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet runn'st toward him still : Thou art not noble ;  
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
 Are nursed by baseness : Thou art by no means valiant :  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 Of a poor worm : Thy best of rest is sleep,  
 And that thou oft provokest.

Thou art not thyself ;  
 For thou existest on many a thousand grains  
 That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not :  
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get ;  
 And what thou hast, forget'st : Thou art not certain ;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the moon : If thou art rich, thou art poor ;  
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And Death unloads thee ; Friends hast thou none ;  
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
 For ending thee no sooner ; Thou hast nor youth nor age ;  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make thy riches pleasant. Yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear.

---

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LUCY.

From a volume entitled *Hierologus*, by the Rev. J. M. NEALE.

WE watch'd as she linger'd all the day,  
 Beneath the torturer's skill,  
 And we pray'd that the spirit might pass away,  
 And the weary frame be still.  
 'Twas a long sharp struggle from darkness to light,  
 And the pain was fierce and sore,  
 But she, we knew, in her latest fight  
 Would be more than conqueror.

Oh, what a change had the prison wrought,  
 Since we gaz'd upon her last,  
 And mournful the lessons her thin frame taught  
 Of the sufferings she had past ;  
 Of pain and sickness, but not of fear,  
 There was courage in her eye,  
 And she enter'd the Amphitheatre,  
 As to triumph and not to die !

And once when we could not bear to see  
 Her sufferings, and turn'd the head,  
 " His rod and his staff they comfort me,"  
 The virgin martyr said.  
 'Twas near the setting of the sun,  
 And her voice wax'd faint and low,  
 And we knew that her race was well nigh run,  
 And her time drew near to go.

We could almost deem the clouds that roll'd  
 Round the ruddy sun's decline,  
 To be chariots of fire and horses of gold,  
 On the steep of Mount Aventine.  
 Yea, guardian angels bent their way  
 From their own sky's cloudless blue,  
 And a triumph more glorious was thine to-day  
 Than ever the Cæsar knew.

We lay thee here in the narrow cell,  
 Where thy friends and brethren sleep,  
 And we carve the palm thy lot to tell,  
 And we do not dare to weep ;  
 Hopefully wait we God's holy time,  
 That shall call us to thy rest ;  
 Till then, *we* dwell in an alien clime,  
 While *thou* art in Abraham's breast.

---

#### CHURCH MUSIC.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

AGAIN ! oh send those Anthem notes again  
 Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky  
 Bid the old tombs give echoes to the strain,  
 The banners tremble as with victory.

Sing them once more, they waft my soul away,  
 High where no shadow of the past is thrown ;  
 No earthly passion through th' exulting lay  
 Breathes mournfully one haunting undertone.

All is of heaven,—yet wherefore to mine eye  
 Gush the quick tears unbidden from their sour

en while the waves of that strong harmony  
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course.

herefore must rapture its full tide reveal,  
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow's power ?  
! is it not that humbly we may feel  
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour ?

---

MEDITATION.

By JOHN NORRIS, born in 1657.

ust be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,  
dismal and mysterious change,  
n thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,  
to an unknown somewhere wing away ;  
n time shall be eternity, and thou  
e thou knows't not what, and live thou knows't not  
how.

zing state ! no wonder that we dread  
think of death or view the dead.  
'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee  
very knowledge had antipathy ;  
h could not a more sad retinue find—  
s and pain before, and darkness all behind.

---

THE CRUCIFIXION.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

'd the Heavens ;—" What foe to God hath done  
unexampled deed ?"—The Heavens exclaim,  
was MAN ; and we in horror snatch'd the sun  
such a spectacle of sin and shame !"

'd the Sea ;—the sea in fury boil'd,  
answer'd with his voice of storms,—" 'Twas MAN ;  
waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,  
osed the abyss, and from the centre ran."



I ask'd the Earth ;—the earth replied aghast,  
 " 'Twas MAN ; and such strange pangs my bosom  
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."  
 To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,  
 And ask'd him next ;—He turn'd a scornful eye  
 Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply

---

### THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

AND whither came these goodly stones 'twas Israe  
 raise,  
 The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient  
 In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendour  
 Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver  
 night ?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble  
 brought,  
 In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its  
 wrought ;  
 There rung the hammer's heavy stroke, among tl  
 rocks,  
 There chased the chisel's keen sharp edge, the rude  
 blocks.

Thence polish'd, perfected, complete, each fitted t  
 For lofty coping, massive wall, or rude imbedded  
 They bore them o'er the waves that roll'd the  
 swell between  
 The shores of Tyre's imperial pride, and Judal  
 green.

With gradual toil the work went on through  
 months and years,  
 Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and wint  
 tears ;  
 And thus in majesty sublime, and noiseless pomp  
 Fit dwelling for the God of peace, a temple of re

Brethren in Christ ! to holier things the simple ty  
 Our God himself a temple builds, eternal and on

als renew'd ; their Zion there, that world of light and  
 bliss ;  
 Lebanon the place of toil,—of previous moulding *this*.  
 nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim  
 he hews  
 tones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth Him to choose ;  
 rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined each to shine,  
 led beneath His patient Hand in purity divine.

lorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle, meek ;  
 oods of unaccustom'd tears gush down the harden'd  
 cheek ;  
 ance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol  
 fond ;  
 ance the chisel rent in twain some precious tender bond.

d he prays, whose lips were seal'd in silent scorn  
 before ;  
 for the closet's holy calm, and hails the welcome door ;  
 d he works for Jesus now, whose days went idly past,  
 or more mouldings of the Hand that works a change so  
 vast.

ok'd on me a well wrought stone, a saint of God  
 matured,  
 chisellings that heart had felt, what chastening strokes  
 endured ;  
 ark'd ye not that last soft touch, what perfect grace it  
 gave,  
 esus bore his servant home across the darksome wave ?

to the place His grace design'd that chosen soul to  
 fill ;  
 bright temple of the saved upon His holy hill ;  
 to the noiselessness, the peace of those sweet shrines  
 above,  
 e stones shall never be displaced, set in redeeming love.

! chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work away,  
 se us with purifying blood, in spotless robes array ;  
 hus Thine image on us stamp, transport us to the shore,  
 e not a stroke is ever felt, for none is needed more.



## PALESTINE.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER, one of the living poets of America.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallow'd of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore  
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,  
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;  
And I pause on the goat-craggs of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,  
And Napthali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The songs of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;

But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;  
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God—  
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—  
These hills He toil'd over in grief, are the same—  
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Were my spirit but turn'd from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bow'd him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;  
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and power,  
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!



## PALM SUNDAY.

From *KEBLE'S Christian Year.*

YE whose hearts are beating high  
 With the pulse of Poesy,  
 Heirs of more than royal race,  
 Framed by heaven's peculiar grace,  
 God's own work to do on earth  
 (If the word be not too bold),  
 Giving virtue a new birth,  
 And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!  
 Know ye, who hath set your parts?  
 He who gave you breath to sing,  
 By whose thoughts ye sweep the string,  
 He hath chosen you to lead  
 His hosannas here below ;  
 Mount, and claim your glorious meed ;  
 Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,  
 Deem not that the song would cease—  
 Angels round His glory-throne,  
 Stars, His guiding hand that own,  
 Flowers that grow beneath our feet,  
 Stones in earth's dark tomb that rest,  
 High and low in choir shall meet  
 Ere His name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue,  
 Be thy praise so duly sung,  
 That thine angels' harp may ne'er  
 Fail to find fit echo here.  
 We the while of meaner birth,  
 Who in that divinest spell  
 Dare not hope to join on earth,  
 Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal  
 Lips that might half heaven reveal,  
 Should bards in idle hymns profane  
 The sacred soul-enthraling strain

(As in this bad world below  
 Noblest things find vilest using),  
 These, thy power and mercy show,  
 In vile things noble breath infusing.

Then waken into sound divine  
 The very pavement of Thy shrine,  
 Till we, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,  
 Faintly give back what we adore ;  
 Childlike though the voices be,  
 And untuneable the parts,  
 Thou wilt own the minstrelsy  
 If it flows from childlike hearts.

---

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

By JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd.

DWELLER in heaven, and ruler below !  
 Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know !  
 How can a mortal deem how it may be,  
 That being cannot be but present with thee ?  
 Is it true that thou saw'st me ere I saw the morn ?  
 Is it true that thou knewest me before I was born ?  
 That nature must live in the light of thine eye ?  
 Such knowledge for me is too great and too high !

That, fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,  
 To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,  
 The light and the darkness to thee are the same,  
 And still in thy presence of wonder I am !  
 Should I with the dove to the desert repair,  
 Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air ;  
 In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,  
 From the eye of Omnipotence still I must shrink.

Yes ! present for ever ! Almighty,—alone,  
 Great Spirit of Nature, unbounded, unknown !  
 What mind can embody thy presence divine ?  
 I know not *my own* being ; how can I *thine* ?  
 Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,  
 And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend ;  
 The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,  
 Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee !

---

## CASA WAPPY.

By MOIR (the "Delta," of *Blackwood's Magazine*), written on death of his child, who was known in the family by this name of dearment.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
 Our fond, dear boy,  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy?  
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,  
 Casa Wappy.

Despair was in our last farewell,  
 As closed thine eye:  
 Tears of our anguish may not tell  
 When thou didst die:  
 Words may not paint our grief for thee,  
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
 Of our unfathom'd agony,  
 Casa Wappy.

Thou wert a vision of delight,  
 To bliss us given:  
 Beauty embodied to our sight,  
 A type of heaven:  
 So dear to us, thou wert, thou art  
 E'en less thine ownself than a part  
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,  
 'Twas cloudless joy:  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy:  
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,  
 That found thee prostrate in decay,  
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled:  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child:

Humbly we bow to Fate's decree :  
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
   Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,  
           Thou meet'st my sight :  
 There dost thou glide before me still—  
           A form of light !

I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
 I see thee smile—I hear thee speak—  
 Till oh! my heart is like to break,  
   Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smilest before me now,  
           With glance of stealth :  
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow,  
           In buoyant health :  
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,  
 Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,  
 Thy clasping arms so round and white,  
   Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
           Thy bat, thy bow,  
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball :  
           But where art thou ?  
 A corner holds thy empty chair,  
 The playthings idly scatter'd there,  
 But speak to us of our despair,  
   Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word,  
           To glad, to grieve—  
 Was sweet as sweetest song of bird  
           On summer's eve:  
 In outward beauty undecay'd,  
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
 And like the rainbow thou did'st fade,  
   Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind blank night  
           The chamber fills :  
 We pine for thee when morn's first light  
           Reddens the hills :





Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod  
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
 That led thee back from man to God,  
 Casa Wappy !

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
 Fond, fairest boy,  
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
 With Him in joy.  
 There past are death and all its woes,  
 There beauty's stream for ever flows,  
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
 Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—  
 Pride of my heart !  
 It cannot be that long we dwell  
 Thus torn apart :  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,  
 And dark howe'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
 Casa Wappy !

---

THE HOLY DEAD.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

“Wherefore I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are yet alive.”—SOLOMON.

THEY dread no storm that lowers,  
 No perish'd joys bewail ;  
 They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,  
 Nor drink of streams that fail :  
 There is no tear-drop in their eye,  
 No change upon their brow ;  
 Their placid bosom heaves no sigh,  
 Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest ?  
 From whom hath sorrow fled ?  
 Who share such deep, unbroken rest  
 Where all things toil ? *The dead !*

The holy dead. Why weep ye so  
 Above yon sable bier?  
 Thrice blessed! they have done with woe;  
 The living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,  
 Deck their low couch of clay  
 With earliest spring's soft breathing flowers;  
 And when they fade away,  
 Think of the amaranthine wreath,  
 The garlands never dim,  
 And tell me why thou fliest from death,  
 Or hidest thy friends from him.

We dream, but they awake;  
 Dread visions mar our rest;  
 Through thorns and snares our way we take,  
 And yet we mourn the blest!  
 For spirits round the Eternal Throne,  
 How vain the tears we shed!  
 They are the living, they alone,  
 Whom thus we call *the dead*.

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THE GARDEN: A THOUGHT.

By Mrs. JAMES GRAY.

SEE the fair and fragrant flowers  
 Peeping their green mantles through,  
 Weeping 'neath the passing showers,  
 Smiling 'neath the sudden blue:  
 See their lovely colours blended,  
 Brought from many a varying clime,  
 And with careful nurture tended,  
 Till they reach their fullest prime.

So the church, a water'd garden,  
 Bounded by th' Almighty's power,  
 Feels his mercy's gracious pardon,  
 Feels his Spirit's gentle shower;  
 So, from many a scatter'd nation  
 Are his chosen brought with care,  
 Given the life of his Salvation,  
 Rooted, grounded, 'stablish'd there!

Oh! may we indeed be taken  
 From the world's polluted waste,  
 By his presence ne'er forsaken,  
 All his vital spirit taste ;  
 Where the streams of life are flowing,  
 Land by saints and prophets trod,  
 May we still be freshly growing  
 In the garden of our God !

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THE VALUE OF TIME.

From *YOUNG's Night Thoughts*.

BUT why on time so lavish is my song?  
 On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school,  
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die ;  
 Each morn are born anew ; each day a life !  
 And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,  
 Sure vice must butcher.—O, what heaps of slain  
 Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd  
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.  
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,  
 Hell threatens : all exerts ; in effort all ;  
 More than creation labours!—Labours more ?  
 And is there in creation, what, amidst  
 This tumult universal, wing'd despatch,  
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns ?  
 Man sleeps, and man alone ; and man, whose fate,  
 Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,  
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf  
 A moment trembles ; drops ! and man, for whom  
 All else is in alarm ; man, the sole cause  
 Of this surrounding storm ! and yet he sleeps,  
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away ?  
 Throw empires, and be blameless.—Moments seize,  
 Heaven's on their wing : a moment we may wish,  
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid Day stand still ;  
 Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake  
 Fate's hasty prey ; implore him, re-import  
 The period past, re-give the given hour !  
 Lorenzo—O for yesterday to come !

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## FAITH.

By MERRICK.

THEN why thus heavy, O my soul !  
 Say why distrustful still,  
 Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
 O'er scenes of future ill ?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
 Each anxious doubt exclude ;  
 A Maker's will hath placed thee here,  
 A Maker wise and good.

He to thy every trial knows  
 Its just restraint to give ;  
 Attentive to behold thy woes,  
 And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul !  
 Say why distrustful still,  
 Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
 O'er scenes of future ill ?

Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,  
 Still in thy God confide,  
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,  
 And curbs the headlong tide.

## THE SOUL'S SYMPATHY WITH GREATNESS.

Extracted from AKENSIDE'S *Pleasures of Imagination*.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised  
 Amid the vast creation ? why ordain'd  
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,  
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,  
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre, to run  
 The great career of justice, to exalt  
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds,  
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast,

And through the mists of passion and of sense,  
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,  
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice  
Of Truth and Virtue up the steep ascent  
Of Nature calls him to his high reward,—  
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns  
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope  
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,  
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind  
With such resistless ardour to embrace  
Majestic forms, impatient to be free;  
Spurning the gross control of wilful might,  
Proud of the strong contentions of her toils,  
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns  
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view  
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?  
Who that from Alpine heights his labouring eye  
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey  
Nilus or Ganges, rolling his bright wave  
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with  
shade,

And continents of sand, will turn his gaze  
To mark the windings of a scanty rill  
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul  
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth,  
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm,  
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens,  
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high she soars  
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,  
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream  
Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway  
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
The fated rounds of time: thence far effused  
She darts her swiftness up the long career  
Of devious comets, through its burning signs  
Exulting measures the perennial wheel  
Of Nature; and looks back on all the stars,  
Whose blended light as with a milky zone  
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views  
The empyreal waste where happy spirits hold

Beyond this concave heaven their calm abode,  
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light  
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,  
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.  
 E'en on the barriers of the world untired  
 She meditates the eternal depth below,  
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
 She plunges, soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up  
 In that immense of being. There her hopes  
 Rest at the fated goal: for, from the birth  
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,  
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,  
 Not in the fading echoes of Renown,  
 Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,  
 The soul should find enjoyment; but from these  
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,  
 Till every bound at length should disappear,  
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

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 ◆  
 HYMN.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, written for the ceremony  
 opening of the Crystal Palace at New York, and reported  
 been there sung by the Sacred Music Society "with profound et

HERE, where all climes their offerings send,—  
 Here, where all arts their tribute lay,—  
 Before thy presence, Lord, we bend,  
 And for thy smile and blessing pray.

For thou dost sway the tides of thought,  
 And hold the issues in thy hand,  
 Of all that human toil has wrought,  
 And all that human skill has plann'd.

Thou lead'st the restless Power of Mind  
 O'er destiny's untrodden field,  
 And guidest him, wandering, bold but blind,  
 To mighty ends not yet reveal'd.

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 ◆

## AFFLICTIONS.

A Sonnet, by Sir AUBREY DE VERE.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,  
 God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou  
 With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;  
 And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.  
 Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow  
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
 The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be  
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
 Strong to consume small troubles; to commend  
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

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 TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
From KEBLE'S *Christian Year*.

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."—*Philippians* iii. 21.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,  
 The line of yellow light dies fast away  
 That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun  
 Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,  
 And Echo bids good-night from every glade;  
 Yet wait awhile and see the calm leaves float  
 Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!  
 And yet no second spring have they in store,  
 But where they fall, forgotten to abide  
 Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,  
 A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,  
 The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,  
 And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,  
 In all the world of busy life around



No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky  
 No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—

Yet he complains, while these un murmuring  
 With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain  
 As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblamed his murmuring voice  
 Might sound in heaven, were all his second life  
 Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,  
 A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,  
 Though brighten'd oft by dear Affection's kiss  
 Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall ?  
 But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,  
 Whether slow-creeping on cold earth, or borne  
 On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart  
 O'er wave or field : yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven  
 And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main  
 And stars that shoot through freezing air at even  
 Who but would follow, might he break his chain

And thou shalt break it soon ; the groveling worm  
 Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free  
 As his transfigured Lord with lightning form  
 And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee

When from the grave he sprung at dawn of morn  
 And led through boundless air thy conquering  
 Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born  
 Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast  
 The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine  
 And many a gale of keenest woe be pass'd,  
 Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,  
 The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.  
 He who the stormy heart can so control,  
 The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.



## THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

By ADDISON.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence !

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,  
Made every region please ;  
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep  
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
And fear in every heart :  
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free ;  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to Thy will :  
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,  
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
 And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preservest my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, when death shall be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

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THE MARTYRS.

By COWPER.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cau-  
 Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charg  
 Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic m  
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
 To latest times, and sculpture, in her turn,  
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass  
 To guard them, and to immortalize her trust :  
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
 To those, who, posted at the shrine of truth,  
 Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,  
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,  
 And for a time ensure, to his loved land  
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;  
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,  
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is she  
 In confirmation of the noblest claim—  
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,  
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.  
 Yet few remember them. They lived unknown  
 Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,  
 And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes fl  
 No marble tells us whither. With their names  
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :  
 And history, so warm on meaner themes,  
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed  
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,  
 But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

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## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
 One star alone of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye :  
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem,  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks—  
 It is the star of Bethlehem !

Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark :  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose—  
 It was the star of Bethlehem !

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace :  
 Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore—  
 The star—the star of Bethlehem !

## TO THE BUTTERFLY.

By ROGERS.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
 Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,  
 And where the flowers of paradise unfold,  
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold :  
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy :  
 Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept  
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.  
 And such is man—soon from his cell of clay  
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

## Passages for the Memory.

### THE IMPARTIAL BANQUET.

The unfashionable worm  
 Respectless of the crown-illumined brow,  
 To cheek's bewitchment, or the sceptred clenc  
 With no more eyes than Love, creeps courtier  
 On his thin belly, to his food,—no matter  
 How clad or nicknamed it might strut above,  
 What age or sex,—it is his dinner-time.

BE

### LOVE OF CHRIST.

“ Drop, drop, slow tears !  
 And bathe those beauteous feet,  
 Which brought from Heaven,  
 The news and Prince of Peace.  
 Cease not, wet eyes,  
 For mercy to entreat :  
 To cry for vengeance,  
 Sin doth never cease.  
 In your deep flood  
 Drown all my faults and fears :  
 Nor let His eye,  
 See sin, but through my tears.”

PHINEAS FLE

### INSTABILITY OF HAPPINESS.

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossom  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon hi  
 The third day, comes a frost a killing frost ;  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full su  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his fruit,  
 And then he falls.

SHAK

### LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

Friend, do not crouch to those above,  
 And do not tread on those below ;  
 Love *those*, they're worthy of thy love ;  
 Love *these*, and thou wilt make them so.

## WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

Within this awful volume lies  
 The mystery of mysteries :  
 Happiest they of human race,  
 To whom their God has given grace  
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
 To lift the latch—to force the way ;  
 But better had they ne'er been born  
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

WALTER SCOTT.

## A COMPARISON.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,  
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream :  
 The silent pace with which they steal away,  
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay :  
 Alike irrevocable both when past,  
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.  
 Though each resembles each in every part,  
 A difference strikes, at length, the musing heart :  
 Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound,  
 How laughs the land, with various plenty crown'd !  
 But time that should enrich the nobler mind,  
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

COWPER.

## GOD'S TEACHINGS.

To the Infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and His admonishment  
 Receive, with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably His sovereign will, the end  
 Of what we are.

MILTON.

## FEAR NOT CENSURE.

We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers, which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best  
 By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act.

SHAKSPERE.

## DAILY DUTIES.

Sum up at night what thou has done by day ;  
 And in the morning what thou hast to do.  
 Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay,  
 And growth of it. If with thy watch, that to  
 Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be  
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

HERB

## ACTION.

Do something ! do it soon ! with all thy might ;  
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
 And God inactive were no longer blest.  
 Some high or humble enterprise of good  
 Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,  
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined :  
 Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
 To this high purpose ; to begin, pursue,  
 With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind  
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
 And strength to give the praise where all is due

WIL

## RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips.

SHAKSPE

## THE MIND.

A mind that, in a calm, angelic mood  
 Of happy wisdom meditating good,  
 Beholds, of all from her high powers required,  
 Much done, and much design'd, and more desired  
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,  
 Entire affection for all human kind.

WORDSWO



## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

By MILTON.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,  
 Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce ;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;  
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;  
 And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly ;  
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 Oh ! may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light !

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 THE DAY OF REST.

This appeared in a recent number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.  
 It is well entitled to a place here.

Rest, rest ! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to  
 tell  
 The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so  
 well ;  
 Rest, rest ! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air,  
 Whose whisper'd voice of peace repeats that rest is every-  
 where.



O weary heart! O heart of wo! raise up thy  
 brow;  
 The fields, the trees, the very breeze—they all a  
 now:  
 The air is still, there is no sound, save that uncea  
 That insect song of summer-time that from the w  
 come.

And even that seems fainter now, like voices far s  
 As though they only sang of rest, and labour'd n  
 The hum of bees seems softer, too, from out the  
 heaven,  
 As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for  
 given.

The spacious tracts of meadow-land, of bean-fiel  
 wheat,  
 And all the glebe, are undisturb'd by sound of  
 feet;

The cotter in his Sunday garb, with peace within  
 Roams idly by the garden-side, and feels himself:

The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the  
 roving bee,  
 Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melod  
 Yon little church, too, tells of rest, to all the sum  
 For the bell long since has ceased to peal that  
 praise and prayer.

But while I stand mid these tall elms, a sou  
 creeping near,  
 That falls like music heard in dreams upon my cha  
 Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sac  
 doth steal  
 From where the old church aisles repeat the organ  
 peal.

Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this  
 to me—  
 How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bende  
 How many a weary heart it cheers, how many  
 breast:  
 Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this s  
 of Rest!

## RELIGION OF FLOWERS.

By HERBERT.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late past frosts tribute of pleasure bring.  
Grief melts away like snow in May;  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart  
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone  
Quite under ground, as flowers depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown!  
Where they, together, all the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power!  
Killing, and quick'ning, bringing down to hell,  
And up to heaven, in an hour;  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
We say amiss, "This, or that, is;"  
Thy word is all; if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were;  
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!  
Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither:  
Nor doth my flower want a spring shower;  
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line  
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline.  
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn, when thou dost turn,  
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again:  
After so many deaths I live and write:  
I once more smell the dew and rain;  
And relish versing. O my only light,  
It cannot be that I am he,  
On whom thy tempest fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love !  
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide.  
 Which when we once can find and prove,  
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide ;  
 Who would be more, swelling through store,  
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

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ST. JAMES'S DAY.

FROM KEBLE'S *Christian Year*.

“Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father.”—*St. Matthew xx. 23.*

Sit down and take thy fill of joy  
 At God's right hand, a bidden guest,  
 Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,  
 Eat of the bread that cannot waste.  
 O great Apostle! rightly now  
 Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,  
 What time His grave yet gentle brow  
 In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

“Seek ye to sit enthroned by Me?  
 Alas! ye know not what ye ask,  
 The first in shame and agony,  
 The lowest in the meanest task—  
 This can ye be? and can ye drink  
 The cup that I in tears must steep,  
 Nor from the whelming waters shrink  
 That o'er Me roll so dark and deep?”

“We can—Thine are we, dearest Lord,  
 In glory and in agony,  
 To do and suffer all Thy word;  
 Only be Thou for ever nigh.”—  
 “Then be it so—My cup receive,  
 And of my woes baptismal taste:  
 But for the crown, that angels weave  
 For those next me in glory placed,

“ I give it not by partial love ;  
 But in my Father's book are writ  
 What names on earth shall lowliest prove,  
 That they in Heaven may highest sit.”  
 Take up the lesson, O my heart ;  
 Thou Lord of meekness, write it there,  
 Thine own meek self to me impart,  
 Thy lofty hope, Thy lowly prayer.

If ever on the mount with Thee  
 I seem to soar in vision bright,  
 With thoughts of coming agony  
 Stay Thou the too presumptuous flight :  
 Gently along the vale of tears  
 Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep,  
 Let me not grudge a few short years  
 With Thee toward Heaven to walk and weep :

Too happy, on my silent path,  
 If now and then allow'd, with Thee  
 Watching some placid holy death,  
 Thy secret work of love to see ;  
 But oh, most happy, should Thy call,  
 Thy welcome call, at last be given—  
 “ Come where thou long hast stored thy all,  
 Come see thy place prepared in Heaven.”

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, ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

Lost ! lost ! lost !  
 A gem of countless price,  
 Cut from the living rock,  
 And graved in Paradise ;  
 Set round with three times eight  
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
 And each with sixty smaller ones,  
 All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng  
 In Fashion's mazes wind,  
 Where trilleth Folly's song,  
 Leaving a sting behind ;

Yet to my hand 'twas given  
 A golden harp to buy,  
 Such as the white-robed choir attune  
 To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!  
 I feel all search is vain;  
 That gem of countless cost  
 Can ne'er be mine again;  
 I offer no reward,  
 For till these heart-strings sever,  
 I know that Heaven-entrusted gift  
 Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land  
 Like burning scroll have fled,  
 I'll see it in His hand  
 Who judgeth quick and dead;  
 And when of scath and loss  
 That man can ne'er repair,  
 The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
 What shall it answer there?

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#### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Cato's Soliloquy in ADDISON'S Tragedy of *Cato*.

SCENE—*A chamber in the Palace—Cato discovered, in deep meditation, holding in his hand Plato's book of immortality of the soul—a drawn sword lying by the table.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!  
 Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates Eternity to man.  
 Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,

gh what new scenes and changes must we pass !  
 de, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
 adows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 will I hold. If there's a power above us  
 that there is all Nature cries aloud  
 gh all her works), He must delight in virtue ;  
 at which He delights in must be happy.  
 hen ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar—  
 eary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

am I doubly arm'd ; my death and life,  
 ne and antidote, are both before me.  
 a moment brings me to an end ;  
 us informs me I shall never die.  
 ul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 : drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 ars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
 ou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 t amidst the war of elements,  
 reck of matter, and the crush of worlds.  
 means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?  
 e, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,  
 down to rest. This once I'll favour her,  
 ay awaken'd soul may take her flight,  
 'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
 ering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear  
 b man's rest : Cato knows neither of 'em,  
 rent in his choice to sleep or die.

---

A DIRGE.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY.

“ EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !”  
 Here the evil and the just,  
 Here the youthful and the old,  
 Here the fearful and the bold,  
 Here the matron and the maid,  
 In one silent bed are laid,  
 Here the vassal and the king  
 Side by side lie withering ;  
 Here the sword and sceptre rust,  
 “ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along  
 O'er this pale and mighty throng ;  
 Those that wept them, those that weep,  
 All shall with these sleepers sleep.  
 Brothers, sisters, of the worm—  
 Summer's sun, or winter's storm,  
 Song of peace, or battle's roar,  
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;  
 Death shall keep his sullen trust,  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! "

But a day is coming fast,  
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last :  
 It shall come in fear and wonder,  
 Heralded by trump and thunder ;  
 It shall come in strife and toil,  
 It shall come in blood and spoil,  
 It shall come in empires' groans,  
 Burning temples, trampled thrones :  
 Then, Ambition, rue thy lust !  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! "

Then shall come the Judgment sign,  
 In the East the King shall shine ;  
 Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,  
 Thousand thousands round his state,  
 Spirits with the crown and plume :  
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb !  
 Heaven shall open on our sight,  
 Earth be turn'd to living light,  
 Kingdoms of the ransom'd just.  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! "

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,  
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem ;  
 Then shall in the desert rise  
 Fruits of more than Paradise ;  
 Earth by angel feet be trod,  
 One great garden of her God !  
 Till are dried the martyr's tears  
 Through a thousand glorious years.  
 Now in hope of him we trust  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! "

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

By WHITTIER, an American poet.

SUN-LIGHT upon Judea's hills !  
And on the waves of Galilee—  
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
That feed the dead and sleeping sea !  
Most freshly from the green wood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings ;  
And gaily quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours—a change hath come !  
The sky is dark without a cloud !  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto earth are bow'd.  
A change is in the hill of Death,  
The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with mild and maniac eyes  
From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That Sacrifice !—the death of Him—  
The High and ever Holy One !  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,  
And blacken the beholding Sun !  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his cavern'd bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread !

The dead are waking underneath !  
Their prison door is rent away !  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day !  
The temple of the Cherubim,  
The House of God, is cold and dim ;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;  
Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To gaze upon a suffering God !



Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
 And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
 When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
 A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
 Behold unmoved the atoning hour,  
 When Nature trembles on her throne,  
 And Death resigns his iron power ?  
 Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
 Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
 And added to His tears of blood—  
 Refuse its trembling gratitude !

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#### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

From POLLOK'S *Course of Time*.

No sign of change appear'd : to every man  
 That day seem'd as the past. From noontide path  
 The sun look'd gloriously on earth, and all  
 Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.  
 When suddenly, alas fair Earth ! the sun  
 Was wrapp'd in darkness, and his beams return'd  
 Up to the throne of God, and over all  
 The earth came night—moonless and starless night !  
 Nature stood still : the seas and rivers stood,  
 And all the winds, and every living thing.  
 The cataract, that like a giant wroth,  
 Rush'd down impetuously, as seized at once  
 By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,  
 Stood still, and beasts of every kind stood still.  
 A deep and dreadful silence reign'd alone ;  
 Hope died in every breast, and on all men  
 Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbour sp  
 Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child  
 The mother, nor friend of friend, nor foe of foe.  
 In horrible suspense all mortals stood ;  
 And as they stood and listen'd, chariots were heard  
 Rolling in heaven. Reveal'd in flaming fire  
 The angel of God appear'd in stature vast,  
 Blazing, and lifting up his hand on high,

By Him that lives for ever, swore that "Time  
 Should be no more!" Throughout, creation heard,  
 And sigh'd—All rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,  
 Desponding waste, and cultivated vale,  
 Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,  
 Sigh'd. Earth, arrested in her wonted path,  
 As ox, struck by the lifted axe when nought  
 Was fear'd, in all her entrails deeply groan'd.  
 An universal crash was heard, as if  
 The ribs of Nature broke, and all her dark  
 Foundations fail'd: and deadly paleness sat  
 On every face of man; and every heart  
 Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.  
 None spoke, none stirr'd, none wept; for horror held  
 All motionless, and fetter'd every tongue.  
 Again, on all the nations silence fell:  
 And in the heavens robed in excessive light,  
 That drove the thick of darkness far aside,  
 And walk'd with penetration keen through all  
 The abodes of men, another angel stood,  
 And blew the trump of God: "Awake! 'ye dead.  
 Be changed, ye living, and put on the garb  
 Of immortality. Awake! arise!  
 The God of Judgment comes."

\* \* \* \* \*

'Thus comes the day,  
 The day that many thought should never come,  
 That all the wicked wish'd should never come;  
 Day greatly fear'd, and yet too little fear'd  
 By him who fear'd it most:  
 Day of eternal gain for worldly loss;  
 Day of eternal loss for worldly gain;  
 Great day of terror, vengeance, woe, despair;  
 Revealer of all secrets, thoughts, desires;  
 Rein-trying, heart-investigating day;  
 That stood between Eternity and Time,  
 Review'd all past, determin'd all to come,  
 And bound all destinies for evermore!

"As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day!"



## HEALING AT SUNSET.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

JUDEA's summer-day went down,  
And lo! from vale and plain,  
Around the heavenly Healer throng'd  
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow, the hectic cheek,  
The cripple bent with care,  
And he whose soul dark demons lash'd  
To foaming rage, were there.

He raised his hand, the lame man leap'd,  
The blind forgot his woe,  
And with a startling rapture gazed  
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose  
The paralytic pale,  
While the loath'd leper dared once more  
His fellow-man to hail.

The lunatic's illumined brow,  
With smiles of love o'erspread,  
Assured the kindred hearts that long  
Had trembled at his tread.

The mother to her idiot-boy  
The name of Jesus taught,  
Who thus with sudden touch had fired  
The chaos of his thought.

Yes, all that sad, imploring train,  
He heal'd ere evening fell,  
And speechless joy was born that night  
In many a lonely cell.

*Ere evening fell!* Oh ye, who find  
'The chills of age descend,  
And with the lustre of your locks  
The almond-blossom blend;

Haste, ere the darkening shades of night,  
 Have every hope bereaved,  
 Nor leave the safety of the soul  
 Unstudied, unachieved.

---

SUNDAY.

This quaint but beautiful poem is by GEORGE HERBERT, author of *the Temple*, who died about 1633.

O DAY most calm, most bright,  
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;  
 The indorsement of supreme delight,  
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;  
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;  
 The week were dark, but for thy light :  
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou  
 Make up one man ; whose face thou art,  
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow :  
 The working days are the back part ;  
 The burden of the week lies there,  
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone  
 To endless death ; but thou dost pull  
 And turn us round to look on one,  
 Whom, if we were not very dull,  
 We could not choose but look on still ;  
 Since there is no place so alone  
 The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,  
 On which heaven's palace arched lies :  
 The other days fill up the spare  
 And hollow room with vanities.  
 They are the fruitful beds and borders  
 In God's rich garden : that is bare  
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,  
 Threaded together on time's string,  
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
 Of the eternal glorious King.

On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;  
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,  
 And did enclose this light for his :  
 That, as each beast his manger knows,  
 Man might not of his fodder miss.  
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
 And made a garden there for those  
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation  
 Our great Redeemer did remove  
 With the same shake, which at his passion  
 Did the earth and all things with it move.  
 As Sampson bore the doors away,  
 Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought out sal  
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day  
 We sullied by our foul offence :  
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,  
 Having a new at his expense,  
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,  
 That was required to make us gay,  
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :  
 And where the week-days trail on ground,  
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :  
 O let me take thee at the bound,  
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,  
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,  
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

---

#### THE BEATIFICATION.

A passage from SOUTHEY'S *Vision of Judgment*.

THEN methought we approach'd the Gate. In front  
 portal  
 From a rock where the standard of man's redempti  
 planted,

Issued the Well of Life, where whosoever would enter—  
So it was written—must drink and put away all that is  
earthly.

Earth among its gems, its creations, of art and of nature,  
Offers not ought whereto that marvellous Cross may be  
liken'd,

Even in dim similitude, such was its wonderful substance!  
Pure it was and diaphanous. It had no visible lustre;—  
Yet from it alone whole heaven was illuminate alway,—  
(Day and Night being none in the upper firmament; neither  
Sun, nor moon, nor stars;) but from that Cross, as a  
fountain.

Flow'd the light uncreated,—light all-sufficing, eternal;—  
Light which was, and which is, and which will be for ever  
and ever.

Light of Light, which, if daringly gazed on, would blind an  
Archangel,

Yet the eye of weak man may behold! and beholding is  
strengthen'd.

Yea, while we wander below, opprest with our bodily bur-  
den,

And in the Shadow of Death, this Light is in mercy vouch-  
safed us,

So we seek it with humble heart;—and the soul that receives  
it

Hath with it Healing and Strength, Peace, Love, and Life  
Everlasting.

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I AM THY FRIEND.

The author of this poem is not known to us.

WHILE in the desert lonely I roam,  
Fainting and weary, longing for home,  
Thou with thy presence say "Hope to the end,  
I will sustain thee,

I am thy friend."

Closer than brother cleave thou to me,  
Truer than mother deign thou to be,  
Pardon my vileness,—thy mercy extend,  
Oh, Thou long-sufferer,

Be thou my friend.

When earthly cisterns no water hold,  
 When friendship withers, love waxes cold,  
 When o'er reeds broken mourning I bend,  
 Whisper my lone heart,  
 "I am thy friend."

And when to Jordan's wave I draw near,  
 Hold thou my hand, say "Peace, do not fear,  
 Floods shall not overwhelm thee, storms shall not rend,  
 Death shall not harm thee,  
 I am thy friend."

---

THE SEARCH.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the poets of America.

I WENT to seek for Christ,  
 And Nature seem'd so fair  
 That first the woods and fields my youth enticed,  
 And I was sure to find him there:  
 The temple I forsook,  
 And to the solitude  
 Allegiance paid; but Winter came and shook  
 The crown and purple from my wood;  
 His snows, like desert sands, with scornful drift,  
 Besieged the column'd aisle and palace gate;  
 My Thebes, cut deep with many a solemn rift,  
 But epitaph'd her own sepulchred state:  
 Then I remember'd whom I went to seek,  
 And bless'd blunt Winter for his council bleak.

Back to the world I turn'd,  
 For Christ, I said, is King;  
 So the cramp'd alley and the hut I spurn'd,  
 As far beneath his sojourning:  
 'Mid power and wealth I sought,  
 But found no trace of him,  
 And all the costly offerings I had brought  
 With sudden rust and mould grew dim:  
 I found his tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,  
 All must on stated days themselves imprison,  
 Mocking with bread a dead creed's grinning jaws,  
 Witless how long the life had thence arisen;  
 Due sacrifice to this they set apart,  
 Prizing it more than Christ's own living heart.

So from my feet the dust  
 Of the proud World I shook ;  
 Then came dear Love and shared with me his crust,  
 And half my sorrow's burden took.  
 After the World's soft bed,  
 Its rich and dainty fare,  
 Like down seem'd Love's coarse pillow to my head,  
 His cheap food seem'd as manna rare ;  
 Fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,  
 Turn'd to the heedless city whence I came,  
 Hard by I saw, and springs of worship sweet  
 Gush'd from my cleft heart smitten by the same ;  
 Love look'd me in the face and spake no words,  
 But straight I knew those foot-prints were the Lord's.

I follow'd where they led,  
 And in a hovel rude,  
 With nought to fence the weather from his head,  
 The King I sought for meekly stood.  
 A naked, hungry child  
 Clung round his gracious knee,  
 And a poor hunted slave look'd up and smiled  
 To bless the smile that set him free ;  
 New miracles I saw his presence do,—  
 No more I knew the hovel bare and poor ;  
 The gather'd chips into a woodpile grew,  
 The broken morsel swell'd to goodly store ;  
 I knelt and wept : my Christ no more I seek,—  
 His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

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THE PROMISE.

From Mrs. E. BARRETT BROWNING's magnificent poem, *A Drama of Exile*. Our first parents, having been driven from Paradise, are plunged in profoundest sorrow, when Christ appears to them transfigured, and consoles them by a vision of futurity.

*Eve.* O Saviour Christ,  
 Thou standest mute in glory, like the sun.

*Adam.* We worship in Thy silence, Saviour Christ.

*Eve.* Thy brows grow grander with a forecast woe,—  
 Diviner, with the possible of Death!  
 We worship in thy sorrow, Saviour Christ.



*Adam.* How do thy clear, still eyes transpierce our  
As gazing *through* them toward the Father-throne,  
In a pathological, full Deity,  
Serenely as the stars gaze through the air  
Straight on each other.

*Eve.* O pathetic Christ,  
Thou standest mute in glory, like the moon.

CHRIST. Eternity stands alway fronting God ;  
A stern colossal image, with blind eyes,  
And grand dim lips, that murmur evermore  
God, God, God ! while the rush of life and death,  
The roar of act and thought, of evil and good,—  
The avalanches of the ruining worlds  
Tolling down space,—the new worlds' genesis  
Budding in fire,—the gradual humming growth  
Of the ancient atoms, and first forms of earth,  
The slow procession of the swathing seas  
And firmamental waters,—and the noise  
Of the broad, fluent strata of pure airs,—  
All these flow onward in the intervals  
Of that reiterant, solemn sound of—God !  
Which word, innumerable angels straightway lift  
High on celestial altitudes of song  
And choral adoration, and then drop  
The burden softly ; shutting the last notes  
Hush'd up in silver wings ! I' the noon of time,  
Nathless, that mystic-lipp'd Eternity  
Shall wax as silent-dumb as Death himself,  
While a new voice beneath the spheres shall cry,  
" God ! why hast thou forsaken me, my God ?"  
And not a voice in Heaven shall answer it.

[*The transfiguration is complete in said*

*Adam.* Thy speech is of the Heavenlies ; yet, O  
Awfully human are thy voice and face !

*Eve.* My nature overcomes me from thine eyes.

CHRIST. Then, in the noon of time, shall one  
Heaven,  
An angel fresh from looking upon God,  
Descend before a woman, blessing her  
With perfect benediction of pure love,  
For all the world in all its elements ;  
For all the creatures of earth, air, and sea ;  
For all men in the body and in the soul,  
Unto all ends of glory and sanctity.

*Eve.* O pale, pathetic Christ—I worship thee!  
I thank thee for that woman!

CHRIST. For, at last,  
I, wrapping round me your humanity,  
Which, being sustain'd, shall neither break nor burn  
Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread earth,  
And ransom you and it, and set strong peace  
Betwixt you and its creatures. With my pangs  
I will confront your sins: and since your sins  
Have sunken to all Nature's heart from yours,  
The tears of my clean soul shall follow them,  
And set a holy passion to work clear  
Absolute consecration. In my brow  
Of kingly whiteness, shall be crown'd anew  
Your discrown'd human nature. Look on me!  
As I shall be uplifted on a cross  
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,  
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands,  
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,  
But life,—beyond the reach of guilt and grief,  
The whole creation. Henceforth in my name  
Take courage, O thou woman,—man, take hope!  
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward,  
Beneath the steps of your prospective thoughts;  
And, one step past them, a new Eden-gate  
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,  
And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall  
No more, within that Eden, nor pass out  
Any more from it. In which hope, move on,  
First sinners and first mourners. Live and love,—  
Doing both nobly, because lowly;  
Live and work, strongly,—because patiently!  
And, for the deed of death, trust it to God,  
That it be well done, unrepented of,  
And not to loss. And thence, with constant prayers  
Fasten your souls so high, that constantly  
The smile of your heroic cheer may float  
Above all floods of earthly agonies,  
Purification being the joy of pain!

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## THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BLESSED is the bride whom the sun shines on ;  
 Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.

I saw thee young and beautiful,  
 I saw thee rich and gay,  
 In the first blush of womanhood,  
 Upon thy wedding-day :  
 The church-bells rang,  
 And the little children sang—  
 " Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet ;  
 Sweets to the sweet !

The winter is past, the rains are gone ;  
 Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on."

I saw thee poor and desolate,  
 I saw thee fade away,  
 In broken-hearted widowhood,  
 Before thy locks were grey ;  
 The death-bell rang,  
 And the little children sang,—  
 " Lilies dress her winding-sheet ;  
 Sweets to the sweet !

The summer's past, the sunshine's gone ;  
 Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

## ON WITNESSING A BAPTISM.

By N. P. WILLIS.

SHE stood up in the meekness of a heart  
 Resting on God, and held her fair young child  
 Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes  
 Folded in sleep, as if its soul had gone  
 To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven  
 The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips  
 Of the good man glow'd fervently with faith  
 That it would be, even as he had pray'd,  
 And the sweet child be gather'd to the fold  
 Of Jesus. As the holy words went on  
 Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,  
 Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon

The forehead of the beautiful child lay soft  
 With the baptismal water. Then I thought  
 That, to the eye of God, that mother's tears  
 Would be a deeper covenant, which sin  
 And the temptations of the world, and death,  
 Would leave unbroken, and that she would know  
 In the clear light of heaven, how very strong  
 The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been  
 In leading its young spirit up to God.

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"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

By W. C. BRYANT.

OH, deem not they are blest alone  
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
 The Power who pities man has shown  
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
 The lids that overflow with tears ;  
 And weary hours of woe and pain  
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
 For every dark and troubled night ;  
 And grief may bide an evening guest,  
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier  
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,  
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
 Though life its common gifts deny,—  
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,  
 And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,  
 And number'd every secret tear,  
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
 For all his children suffer here.

## A DOMESTIC SCENE.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

“The priest-like father reads the sacred page.”  
*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

'Twas early day—and sunlight stream'd  
 Soft through a quiet room,  
 That hush'd, but not forsaken seem'd—  
 Still, but with nought of gloom :  
 For there, secure in happy age,  
 Whose hope is from above,  
 A father communed with the page  
 Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
 On his grey holy hair,  
 And touch'd the book with tenderest light,  
 As if its shrine were *there* :  
 But oh ! that Patriarch's aspect shone  
 With something lovelier far—  
 A radiance all the spirit's own,  
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life ev'n then had met  
 His calm benignant eye ;  
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
 Of Immortality ;  
 Some heart's deep language, where the glow  
 Of quenchless faith survives ;  
 For every feature said—“ I know  
 That my Redeemer lives.”

And silent stood his children by,  
 Hushing their very breath  
 Before the solemn sanctity  
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death :  
 Silent—yet did not each young breast  
 With love and reverence melt ?  
 Oh ! blest be those fair girls—and blest  
 That home where God is felt !

## HYMN.

By Bishop HEBER.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;  
 The mountains to their centre shake;  
 And withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same  
 As once in lowliness he came;  
 A silent Lamb before His foes,  
 A weary man and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,  
 With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm;  
 On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
 Appointed Judge of all mankind!

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 AFFLICTION.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,  
 And yet 'twas good to bear;  
 Affliction brought me to Thy feet,  
 And I found comfort there.

My wearied soul was all resign'd  
 To Thy most gracious will;  
 Oh! had I kept that better mind,  
 Or been afflicted still!

Where are the vows which then I vow'd,  
 The joys which then I knew?  
 Those vanish'd like the morning cloud,  
 These like the early dew.

Lord, grant me grace for every day,  
 Whate'er my state may be;  
 Through life, in death, with truth to say,  
 "My God is all to me!"

---

## THE BIBLE.

A passage from POLLOK'S *Course of Time*.

- Most wondrous book ! bright candle of the Lord !  
 Star of eternity ! the only star  
 By which the bark of man could navigate  
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss  
 Securely ; only star which rose in time  
 And on its dark and troubled billows still,  
 As generation driving swiftly by.  
 Succeeding generation, threw a ray  
 Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God—  
 The everlasting hills—pointed the sinner's eye.  
 By prophets, seers, and priests, and sacred bards,  
 Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,  
 And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set  
 Apart, and consecrated to declare  
 On earth the counsels of the Eternal One,  
 This book—this holiest, this sublimest book  
 Was sent. Heaven's will, Heaven's code of laws er  
 To man, this book contain'd ; defined the bounds  
 Of vice and virtue, and of life and death ;  
 And what was shadow, what was substance taught.  
 This book—this holy book, in every line  
 Marked with the seal of high divinity,  
 On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love  
 Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
 And signature of God Almighty stamp'd,  
 From first to last ; this ray of sacred light,  
 This lamp from off the everlasting throne,  
 Mercy brought down, and in the night of time  
 Stands casting on the dark her gracious bow,  
 And evermore beseeching men, with tears  
 And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.  
 Hast thou ever heard  
 Of such a book ? The author God Himself ;  
 The subject, God and man, salvation, life,  
 And death—eternal life—eternal death.

## DREAMS.

Taken from an old Number of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Oh ! there is a dream of early youth,  
 And it never comes again :  
 'Tis a vision of light, and life, and truth,  
 That flits across the brain :  
 And love is the theme of that early dream,  
 So wild, so warm, so new,  
 That in all our after years I deem  
 That early dream we rue.

Oh ! there is a dream of maturer years,  
 More turbulent by far :  
 'Tis a vision of blood, and of women's tears,  
 For the theme of that dream is war :  
 And we toil in the field of danger and death  
 And shout in the battle array,  
 Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,  
 Which vanishes away.

Oh ! there is a dream of hoary age,  
 'Tis a vision of gold in store—  
 Of sums noted down on the figured page,  
 To be counted o'er and o'er :  
 And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,  
 As a refuge from grief and pain,  
 Till our limbs are laid on the last dark bed,  
 Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave—  
 In the path which all are treading ?  
 Is there nought in that long career to save  
 From remorse and self-upbraiding ?  
 Oh yes ! there's a dream so pure, so bright,  
 That the being to whom it is given,  
 Hath bathed in a sea of living light,—  
 And the theme of that dream is heaven.





## Passages for the Memory.

### AFFECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection ;  
 It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,  
 And bringeth down to earth its native heaven ;  
 It sits beside the cradle patient hours,  
 Whose sole contentment is to watch and love ;  
 It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals  
 Its own despair with words of faith and hope.  
 Life hath nought else that may supply its place ;  
 Void is ambition, cold is vanity,  
 And wealth an empty glitter without love.

MISS LANDON

### AFFLICTION.

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction ;  
 As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour  
 Serves but to lighten all our future days.

BROWN.

### WORTH OF LIFE.

Let no one judge the worth of life, save he  
 Whose head is white with time. The youthful spir  
 Set on the edge o' the world, hath but one sight,  
 And looks for beauty in the years to come ;  
 But age, like double-fronted Janus, looks  
 All ways, and ponders wisely on the past.

PROCTER

### THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior ? who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?  
 —It is the generous spirit who hath wrought  
 Among the plans of real life ;  
 —'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
 Upon that law as on his best of friends ;  
 —Who, if he rise to stations of command,  
 Rises by open means ;  
 —Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim.

WORDSWORTH

## LIFE.

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not ;  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.  
 SHELLEY.

## AGE.

Rightly it is said  
 That man descends into the vale of years ;  
 Yet have I thought that we might also speak,  
 And not presumptuously, I trust, of age,  
 As of a final eminence, though bare  
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
 On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
 In awful sovereignty—a place of power—  
 A throne.

WORDSWORTH.

## ALMS.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit ;  
 Think heaven a better bargain, than to give  
 Only thy single market-money for it.  
 Join hands with God to make a man to live.  
 Give to all something, to a good poor man,  
 Till thou change names and be where he began.  
 Man is God's image ; but a poor man is  
 Christ's stamp to boot : both images regard :  
 God reckons for him, counts the favour his ;  
 Write *so much given to God*. Thou shalt be heard ;  
 Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate  
 Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

HERBERT.

## ANGEL WATCHINGS.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
 To come to succour us that succour want ?  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant ?  
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;  
 And all for love and nothing for reward :  
 Oh ! why should heavenly love to man have such regard.  
 SPENSER.

## VANITY OF AMBITION.

Let he who will climb ambition's glibbery rounds,  
 And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,  
 I'll not corrival him. The sun will give  
 As great a shadow to my trunk as his ;  
 And after death, like chessmen, having stood  
 In play for bishops some, for knights, and pawns,  
 We all together shall be tumbled up  
 Into one bag. *Old Play, 1601*

## ANGELS AT THE HEARTH.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright  
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
 An angel came to us, and we could bear  
 To see him issue from the silent air  
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
 News of dear friends, and children who have never  
 Been dead indeed ; as we shall know for ever.  
 Alas ! we think not that we daily see  
 About our hearths angels that *are* to be,  
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—  
 A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings  
 In unison with ours, brooding its future wings.

LEIGH HUN

## ANGER.

Be calm in arguing ; for fierceness makes  
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy :  
 Why should I feel another man's mistakes,  
 More than his sickness or his poverty ?  
 In love I should, but anger is not love,  
 Nor wisdom either ; therefore gently move.

HERBER

## ADVERSITY.

Adversity misunderstood  
 Becomes a double curse :  
 Her chastening hand improves the good,  
 But makes the wicked worse.  
 Thus clay more obdurate becomes,  
 To the fierce flame consign'd ;  
 While gold in the red ordeal melts,  
 But melts to be refined. C. C. COLTON

## THE RESTORATION.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY.

'Tis done! has breathed thy trumpet blast—  
 The tribes at length have wept their last.  
 On rolls the host! From land and wave  
 The earth sends up the unransom'd slave.  
 There rides no glittering chivalry,  
 No banner purples in the sky,  
 The world within their hearts hath died;  
 Two thousand years have slain their pride!  
 The look of pale remorse is there,  
 The lip-involuntary prayer;  
 The form still marked with many a stain,—  
 Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;  
 The serf of Afric's fiery ground;  
 The slave by Indian suns embrown'd;  
 The weary drudges of the oar,  
 By the swarth Arab's poison'd shore:  
 The gathering of earth's wildest tract,—  
 On bursts the living cataract!  
 What strength of man can check its speed?  
 They come—the Nations of the Freed!  
 Who leads their march? Beneath his wheel  
 Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!  
 Before their tread his trump is blown,  
 Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done!  
 King of the dead! O, not in vain,  
 Was thy long pilgrimage of pain:  
 O, not in vain arose thy prayer,  
 When press'd the thorn thy temples bare;  
 O, not in vain the voice that cried,  
 To spare the madden'd homicide!  
 E'en for this hour thy heart's blood stream'd:  
 They come! The hosts of the redeem'd!

\*       \*       \*       What Potentate  
 Sits there,—the King of time and fate?  
 Whom glory covers like a robe,  
 Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe;  
 Whom shapes of fire and splendour guard?  
 There sits the man whose face was marr'd,—  
 To whom Archangels bow the knee,—  
 The weeper of Gethsemane!

Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel,  
 For now thy wither'd heart can feel!  
 Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,  
 There sits thy glory and thy shame!

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THE OMNIPRESENT.

By COWPER.

THESE lives and works  
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.  
 The beauties of the wilderness are His,  
 That make so gay the solitary place  
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms  
 That cultivation glories in are His.  
 He sets the bright procession on its way,  
 And marshals all the order of the year :  
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,  
 And blunts its pointed fury ; in its case,  
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,  
 Uninjured, with inimitable art ;  
 And ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.  
 The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,  
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
 Nature is but a name for an effect  
 Whose cause is God. One Spirit—His  
 Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brow—  
 Rules universal Nature ! Not a flower  
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
 Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
 —Happy who walks with Him ! Whom what he finds  
 Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,  
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
 In Nature, from the broad majestic oak,  
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun  
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

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## THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

ANONYMOUS.—JOHN, chap. viii.

'Tis morn, and upon Olivet,  
 The dew has scarcely risen yet ;  
 The sun is bright, and soft the air,  
 As Christ comes down the mountain side,  
 Where He has offer'd up a prayer  
 For that lost world for which He died.

He enters in Jerusalem,  
 Whose temple like a regal gem  
 Doth crown the city's loftiest hill ;  
 The busy streets, no longer still,  
 Re-echo to the tread of feet :  
 O do they know Him whom they meet ?  
 Or do they pass regardless by  
 That breathing, loving deity ?  
 Alas, on him none turn an eye  
 That they may look, believe and live ;  
 They pass along, and pass to die,  
 Nor seek the life that He would give.

A throng within the temple waits,  
 He enters through its lofty gates,  
 And soon in many listening ears  
 He rains sweet music, till the tears  
 Of mute distress and penitence  
 Tell of that tongue's strange eloquence.

But, see ! a movement in the crowd,  
 With voices blending harsh and loud ;  
 They bring a woman trembling in,  
 Whose very eyes proclaim her sin ;  
 And yet her features, hale and fair,  
 Seem not that evil could live there :  
 That form so slight, that lofty brow,  
 Were once—but they are alter'd now—  
 Were once the temple of a soul  
 But rarely sway'd by sin's control ;  
 Yet angels lost their thrones above,  
 And heaven by loving sin too well,  
 And she—her only dower was love—  
 Oh ! ask not how, alas ! she fell.

And there she stands, a woman still,  
 Although her heart is lost and lonely,  
 But her deep woe, the fruit of ill,  
 Is known unto her Saviour only.  
 She is a broken wither'd flower,  
 Crush'd by the stinging sense of shame ;  
 She thinks of nought but that sad hour  
 Whose lingering foot did soil her name.  
 He sees the ocean of her fears,  
 He sees her body writhe and start  
 With deep convulsive sobs, but tears  
 Do only mock her bleeding heart.  
 Yet there is something in her eyes  
 That wildly prays to be forgiven ;  
 In them are seen the agonies  
 By which her soul is riven.  
 And there her stern accusers stand,  
 Surrounding her on either hand,  
 They speak to Him who there alone  
 Gazes upon that fallen one  
 Whose head with shame doth bow ;  
 They hail Him with a mocking cry,  
 " Master, this woman, standing by,  
 Was taken in adultery,  
 And by our law she ought to die,  
 But we would know what sayest thou ? "

He bends him downward till His brow  
 Is hidden by the silken hair  
 That overshades His temples fair ;  
 He stoops and writes upon the ground,  
 But from his lips there comes no sound  
 Of pardon, and in that suspense,  
 What bitter tears of penitence  
 Flow from those eyes she dare not raise ;  
 And how the varying colour plays  
 Upon her cheek, now blanch'd and cold—  
 As if she fear'd her sin thus told  
 Would spread abroad a thousand fold—  
 And now that face so lowly bow'd  
 Is crimson as an evening cloud,  
 Her temples throb, her breath is short,  
 She heareth, seeth, knoweth nought ;  
 Her eyes were swimming ;—O to die

In that long moment's misery,  
 Were heaven unto her agony.  
 The icy shudderings shake her frame,  
 O God, that keen sharp sense of shame  
 Is like a sword within her soul;  
 That chest that heaves, those eyes that roll,  
 That shoulder's quick convulsive swell  
 Those signs of woe unspeakable,  
 Ah! how they her deep sufferings tell.

But He who stoops there, does He know  
 Her depth and bitterness of woe?  
 Can aught unto His soul impart  
 The anguish of that woman's heart?  
 He stoops as though He heard them not,  
 But has His heart her grief forgot?  
 That passionate unspoken prayer?  
 That lightning glance of wild despair?  
 That trembling lip, that crushed form,  
 Whose starts proclaim the inward storm?

But hark! those stern accusers cry—  
 "What sayest thou, should this woman die?"  
 He rises up, and looks around

Upon the woman weeping there—  
 With eyes bent mournful on the ground—  
 And on the groups that wait to hear;  
 And thus He speaks in pitying tone—

"Let him who is without a sin  
 First cast upon her head a stone!"  
 He stoops again, no voice is heard—  
 They cannot answer him a word;  
 Those simple tones, so calm and clear,  
 Have touch'd their hearts and made them fear,  
 And from the temple, one by one,  
 They steal away,—the last is gone;  
 And that sad woman stands alone.

She looks upon Him, bending there;  
 O does He see those lips of prayer?  
 Those earnest eyes that gaze on Him,  
 Albeit in their brightness dim?  
 There is a breathless interval—

He speaks not—will He? O! thus in  
 His presence—He, her Saviour—all—



Leave her to perish in her sin ?  
 Or will some word of mercy fall  
 To heal her crush'd and broken heart,  
 And bid that mortal pain depart ?

O, in that temple's solitude,  
 What speechless joy her bosom thrill'd,  
 As there before her eyes He stood  
 And looked on her, so deep defiled ;  
 She fled before Him—O how good  
 For *Him* to smile when men reviled.  
 It is His voice—He speaks : she hears  
 But half—her soul is full of tears.  
 “ Where are those thine accusers gone ?  
 Hath none condemn'd thee ? ” “ O Lord, none  
 She murmurs, sobbing thick and low,  
 And listens to his sweet reply—  
 “ Neither do I condemn thee, go  
 And sin no more.” Where shall she fly ?  
 Pardon'd, forgiven, can she know  
 Mercy like this beneath the sky ?  
 O, but a moment does she doubt  
 That those sweet words are meant for her ;  
 She lifts her head, her lips do stir,  
 Yet 'tis no sound that gusheth out,  
 But from those lone-bewilder'd eyes,  
 So fondly fix'd, so brightly glowing,  
 The melodies of Paradise  
 In music from her soul are flowing,  
 And now her eyes, no longer dim,  
 Do gaze, and feed, and live on him.

O woman ! when thy tale is told,  
 Of sin and sorrow uncontroll'd,  
 Of life and happiness restored  
 By Him, thy grieved yet loving Lord ;  
 The hearts that languish in despair  
 Lest they have sinn'd away their heaven,  
 May still have hope that love will spare,  
 And pray that they may be forgiven.  
 There is not one but yet may turn ;  
 The God who pardon'd such as thee,  
 Will never from His mercy spurn  
 Souls that like thine repentant be.

O may thy story teach the way  
 To love and pity those who stray ;  
 Our sin perchance may pass thine own ;  
 We all may err, and erring fall.  
 Thou dost not stand, alas ! alone ;  
 Such grief and shame are shared by all ;  
 Yet though by man 't was unforgiven,  
 Thy sin found mercy still in Heaven.

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THE GRAVE ON THE LIDO.

By ANNA SAVAGE.

Near the ancient Jewish cemetery on the Lido, but far removed from any other tomb, and lying close to the barren shores of the Adriatic, whose spray in stormy seasons must be often cast over it, stands a small neglected grave.

Its situation is inexpressibly saddening. The spot seems selected by despair; and yet hope rises above it, for a contrite though broken heart rests there.

Surrounded by hillocks of drifted sea-sand, the little mound covering the nameless dead is edged with a broken row of stunted acacias, incrustated with sea-shells and overgrown with nettles and other weeds—above it stands a small stone cross, with the pathetic inscription,

“*Pregate per un Infelice che implora pace e misericordia.*”

Rest thee, poor weary one ! thy spirit yearning,  
 Above the world's wild flood, where all was dark,  
 Like restless dove, from its vain search returning,  
 Hath, faint and drooping, found at last the ark.

From thy lone tomb swells forth thy song of anguish,  
 Such as the poet's hand in sadness brings  
 From his wild harp, when Hope's sweet pinions languish,  
 And the soul trembles o'er the thrilling strings.

What flow'ring reed long rested on hath fail'd thee ?  
 What fond familiar friend betray'd thy trust ?  
 What death-wing'd shaft, through Love's sweet shield, assail'd  
 thee,  
 And left thine idols shatter'd in the dust ?

Is there none left to tend the wildling blossom  
 Upon thy grave,—to drop one kindred tear?  
 To pluck the noxious weed from that cold bosom  
 Some heart-throb of another fancied dear?

Peace to thee, weary one! if loved, how lonely!  
 None tends thy silent rest with trembling hand;  
 And for the mourner's voiceless grief is only—  
 A pitying stranger—from a distant land.

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MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN on the midnight of the East,  
 At the dead moment of repose,  
 Like hope on misery's darken'd breast,  
 The planet of salvation rose,

The shepherd leaning o'er his flock,  
 Started with broad and upward gaze,—  
 Kneel'd,—while the Star of Bethlehem broke  
 On music waken'd into praise.

The Arabian sage, to hail our King  
 With Persia's star-led magi comes;  
 And all, with reverent homage, bring  
 Their gifts of gold and odorous gums.

If heathen sages, from afar,  
 Follow'd, when darkness round them spread,  
 The kindling glories of that star,  
 And worshipp'd where its radiance led,—

Shall *we*, for whom that star was hung  
 In the dark vault of frowning heaven,—  
 Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,  
 That song of peace and sin forgiven,—

Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,  
 Careless His banquet's blessings see,  
 Nor heed the parting word that said  
 "Do this in memory of Me?"

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## IMMORTALITY.

By DANA, an American Poet.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?  
 And doth death cancel the great bond that holds  
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,  
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out  
 The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—  
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—  
 Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms  
 Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—  
 Lived in the dreadful splendour of that throne,  
 Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh  
 Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, reveal'd  
 In glory?—throne before which, even now,  
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,  
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—  
 Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,  
 Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quench'd,  
 Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes  
 By that bright day which ends not; as the sun  
 His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?  
 Do those that took their root and put forth buds,  
 And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth  
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
 Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?  
 Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,  
 And make it send forth winning harmonies.—  
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,  
 And vision in the eye the soul intense  
 With that for which there is no utterance—  
 Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—  
 To live in it, and when that dies, go out  
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,  
 By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars  
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still

The song of our great immortality :  
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
 Join in this solemn, universal song.  
 O, listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in  
 From all the air ! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;  
 'Tis floating midst day's setting glories ; Night,  
 Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step  
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :  
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,  
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touch'd  
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
 The dying hear it ; and as sounds of earth  
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

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PART OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

By JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN, an American Poet.

THE glittering heaven's refulgent glow,  
 And sparkling spheres of golden light,  
 Jehovah's work and glory show,  
 By burning day or gentle night.  
 In silence, through the vast profound,  
 They move their orbs of fire on high,  
 Nor speech, nor word, nor answering sound,  
 Is heard upon the tranquil sky ;  
 Yet to the earth's remotest bar  
 Their burning glory, all is known,  
 Their living light has sparkled far,  
 And on the attentive silence shone.

God, mid their shining legions rears  
 A tent where burns the radiant sun :  
 As, like a bridegroom bright appears  
 The monarch, on his course begun,  
 From end to end of azure heaven  
 He holds his fiery path along ;  
 To all his circling heat is given,  
 His radiance flames the spheres among.

By sunny ray, and starry throne,  
 The wonders of our mighty Lord  
 To man's attentive heart are known,  
 Bright as the promise of His word.

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THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

By J. PIERPONT.

O'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,  
 And Olivet's brown steep,  
 Moves the majestic queen of night,  
 And throws from heaven her silver light,  
 And sees the world asleep ;

All but the children of distress,  
 Of sorrow, grief, and care—  
 Whom sleep, though pray'd for, will not bless ;—  
 These leave the couch of restlessness,  
 To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,  
 There's a composing power,  
 That meets them on their lonely way,  
 In the still air, the sober ray  
 Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour ;—for He  
 Who many a grief shall bear,  
 In his own body on the tree,  
 Is kneeling in Gethsemane,  
 In agony and prayer.

O Holy Father, when the light  
 Of earthly joy grows dim,  
 May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,  
 To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,  
 In trust and prayer like Him.

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## TO E. M.

The following appeared in the *Irish Monthly Magazine*, from pen of the Rev. N. B. WHITE, of Enniskillen.

THE sun has set in mist, and faint and dreary,  
 The pallid moon assumes her sombre sway;  
 Half hid by circling clouds, with step unwearied,  
 All silently she treads her lonely way;  
 Night's pall enshrouds the earth, and Ocean's streams  
 In dark repose reflect the kindred skies;  
 Then glad I seek the glowing land of dreams,  
 And *there* I find the joy that day denies.

For thou art *there*, Belovèd—sweetly smiling—  
 And there are forms than thine alone less dear,  
 I see their gentle looks, my cares beguiling—  
 I hear those tones I so much loved to hear:  
 And old familiar faces crowd around—  
 Oft doth the tomb its denizens restore;  
 Why is it thus?—O hush! nor let one sound  
 Of boding sadness mar this blissful hour!

Do not our spirits mingle? Can it be  
 An unreal vision? Sure that voice was thine!—  
 Thy witching glance was fondly bent on me,  
 Thy dear, dear hand was gently clasp'd in mine.  
 I felt—*even yet I feel*—thy silken tresses  
 Stray o'er my cheek and sweep my conscious brow,  
 Grateful I turn to meet thy calm caresses—  
 I start—I wake—and where, oh! where art thou?

Yet have we parted? No! we could not part,  
 Though many a weary plain and mountain sever;  
 For *one* sweet hope is ours—*one* joy—*one* heart,  
*One* heavenly home where we shall dwell for ever!  
 Our Father sees us *one*, as morn and even  
 Our prayers enmingling mount before His throne—  
 To us, Belovèd, then may grace be given  
 To wait His will—to make that will our own!

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

By MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine  
Requireth none to grow,  
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,  
The nightly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man,  
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashion'd with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night ;—

Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,  
Then wherefore had they birth ?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth ;

To whisper hope—to comfort man  
Whene'er his faith is dim ;  
For whoso careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for Him !





## SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By KEBLE.

STATELY thy walls, and holy are the prayers  
 Which day and night before thine altars rise ;  
 Not statelier, towering o'er her marble stairs,  
 Flash'd Sion's gilded dome to summer skies,  
 Not holier, while around him angels bow'd,  
 From Aaron's censer steam'd the spicy cloud,

Before the mercy-seat. O Mother dear,  
 Wilt thou forgive thy son one boding sigh ?  
 Forgive, if round thy towers he walk in fear,  
 And tell thy jewels o'er with jealous eye ?  
 Mindful of that sad vision, which in thought  
 From Chebar's plains the captive prophet brought

To see lost Sion's shame. 'Twas morning prime,  
 And like a Queen new-seated on her throne,  
 God's crowned mountain, as in happier time,  
 Seem'd to rejoice in sunshine all her own :  
 So bright, while all in shade around her lay,  
 Her northern pinnacles had caught th' emerging ra

The dazzling lines of her majestic roof  
 Cross'd with as free a span the vault of heaven,  
 As when twelve tribes knelt silently aloof  
 Ere God His answer to their king had given,  
 Ere yet upon the new-built altar fell  
 The glory of the Lord, the Lord of Israel.

All seems the same : but enter in and see  
 What idol shapes are on the wall portray'd :  
 And watch their shameless and unholy glee,  
 Who worship there in Aaron's robes array'd :  
 Hear Judah's maids the dirge to Thammuz pour,  
 And mark her chiefs yon orient sun adore.

Yet turn thee, son of man—for worse than these  
 Thou must behold : thy loathing were but lost  
 On dead men's crimes, and Jews' idolatries—  
 Come, learn to tell aright thine own sins' cost,—  
 And sure their sin as far from equals thine,  
 As earthly hopes abused are less than hopes divine.

What if within His world, His Church, our Lord  
Have enter'd thee, as in some temple gate,  
Where, looking round, each glance might thee afford  
Some glorious earnest of thine high estate,  
And thou, false heart and frail, has turn'd from all  
To worship pleasure's shadow on the wall ?

If, when the Lord of Glory was in sight,  
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,  
To bow before the "little drop of light,"  
Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here ;  
What dost thou, but adore the sun, and scorn  
Him at whose only word both sun and stars were born ?

If, while around thee gales from Eden breathe,  
Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy peevish moan  
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,  
Some darling of blind fancy dead and gone,  
As wisely mightst thou in Jehovah's fane  
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain.

Turn thee from these, or dare not to enquire  
Of Him whose name is Jealous, lest in wrath  
He hear and answer thine unblest desire :  
Far better we should cross His lightning's path  
Than be according to our idols heard,  
And God should take us at our own vain word.

Thou who hast deign'd the Christian's heart to call  
Thy Church and Shrine ; whene'er our rebel will  
Would in that chosen home of Thine instal  
Belial or Mammon, grant us not the ill  
We blindly ask ; in very love refuse  
Whate'er Thou know'st our weakness would abuse.

Or rather help us, Lord, to choose the good,  
To pray for nought, to seek to none, but Thee,  
Nor by "our daily bread" mean common food,  
Nor say, "From this world's evil set us free ;"  
Teach us to love, with Christ, our sole true bliss,  
Else, though in Christ's own words, we surely pray amiss.



SAUL.

BYRON.

THOU, whose spell can raise the dead,  
 Bid the Prophet's form appear.  
 Samuel, raise thy buried head !  
 King, behold the phantom seer !

Earth yawn'd ; he stood, the centre of a cloud :  
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.  
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;  
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry ;  
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,  
 Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare ;  
 From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,  
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

Why is my sleep disquieted ?  
 Who is he who calls the dead ?  
 Is it thou, O, King ? Behold,  
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold ;  
 Such are mine ; and such shall be  
 Thine to-morrow, when with me :  
 Ere the coming day is done,  
 Such shall thou be, such thy son.  
 Fare thee well, but for a day,  
 Then we mix our mouldering clay ;  
 Thou, thy race, lay pale and low ;  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide :  
 Crownless, breathless, headless, fall  
 Son and sire, the house of Saul.

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 CHILDREN GATHERING FLOWERS.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

By the Rev. W. LISLE BOWLES.

WHEN summer comes the little children play,  
 In the churchyard of our cathedral grey,

Busy as morning bees, and gathering flowers,  
 In the brief sunshine ; they of coming hours  
 Reck not, intent upon their play, though Time  
 Speed like a spectre by them, and their prime  
 Bear on to sorrow—" Angel, cry aloud !"  
 Tell them of Life's long evening—of the shroud :  
 No ! let them play ; for age alone, and care,  
 Too soon will frown to teach them what they are.  
 Then let them play ; but come, with aspect bland,  
 Come, Charity, and lead them by the hand ;  
 Come, Faith, and point amidst life's saddest gloom,  
 A light from Heaven, that shines beyond the tomb.  
 When they look up, and in the clouds admire  
 The lessening shaft of that ærial spire,  
 So be their thoughts uplifted from the sod,  
 Where Time's brief flowers they gather—to their God.

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 BIRTH-DAYS.

By GEORGE E. SHIRLEY.

ARE all the memories of life  
 Buried when life has fled ?  
 Are we forbid to keep again  
 The birthdays of the dead ?

Time was when each successive year  
 Brought one bright day of mirth,  
 The looked-for anniversary  
 Of some beloved one's birth.

The birthday feasts of childhood's age,  
 The feasts of riper years,  
 Remind us of like youthful joys  
 Remember'd now with tears.

For they with whom those days were spent,  
 Have done with all on earth,  
 The fond home circle's broken up  
 That hailed each day of birth.

Yet as the days come round again  
 Marked with affection's seal,  
 Once more we think of those we've lost,  
 Once more their presence feel.

The blessed spirits now in Heaven,  
 May not such cycles keep,  
 Time metes not out their happiness,  
 They know not night or sleep.

Yet may they still retain the thoughts  
 Commemorating birth,  
 And haply still they keep in Heaven  
 The calendar of Earth.

Far off are they, but still towards them  
 Our loving arms we spread,  
 And ever in our hearts we'll keep  
 The birthdays of the dead.

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DAILY PRAYER FOR BREAD.

By Bishop HEBER.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea !  
 The hungry ravens cry to thee ;  
 To thee the scaly tribes that sweep  
 The bosom of the boundless deep.

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
 The bleak and lonely wilderness ;  
 And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
 For daily bread from day to day.

And O, when through the wilds we roam,  
 That part us from our heavenly home ;  
 When lost in danger, want and woe,  
 Our faithless tears begin to flow ;

Do thou thy gracious comfort give,  
 By which alone the soul may live ;  
 And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray  
 The bread of life, from day to day.

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## THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Nor always as the whirlwinds rush  
 On Horeb's mount of fear,  
 Not always as the burning bush  
 To Midian's shepherd seer,  
 Nor as the awful voice which came  
 To Israel's prophet bards,  
 Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
 Nor gift of fearful words—

Not always thus, with outward sign  
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
 The message of a truth divine,  
 The call of God is given !  
 Awaking in the human heart  
 Love for the true and right—  
 Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"  
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
 The holy influence steals :  
 Warm with a rapture not its own,  
 The heart of woman feels !  
 As she who by Samaria's wall  
 The Saviour's errand sought—  
 As those who with the fervent Paul  
 And meek Aquila wrought :

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
 Rome's gather'd grandeur saw :  
 Or those who in their Alpine home  
 Braved the Crusader's war,  
 When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,  
 Through all its vales of death,  
 The martyr's song of triumph pour'd  
 From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
 Which o'er our spirits pass,  
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
 Or vapours o'er a glass,

Leaving their token strange and new  
 Of music or of shade,  
 The summons to the right and true  
 And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light  
 Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
 Unfolding to thy mental sight  
 The wants of human kind ;  
 If brooding over human grief,  
 The earnest wish is known  
 To soothe and gladden with relief  
 An anguish not thine own :

Though heralded with nought of fear,  
 Or outward sign, or show :  
 Though only to the inward ear  
 It whispers soft and low ;  
 Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
 Unseen, yet from above,  
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well—  
 Thy Father's call of love !



### HOLY BAPTISM.

By Professor KEBLE.

WHERE is it mothers learn their love?—  
 In every Church a fountain springs  
 O'er which th' eternal Dove  
 Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood  
 Is water, by gross mortals ey'd :  
 But seen by Faith, 'tis blood  
 Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,  
 A few bright drops of holy dew,  
 Shall work a wonder there  
 Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,  
And ready for the Lord's embrace,  
That precious sacrifice,  
The darling of His grace !

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam  
Upon the slumbering features glow,  
When the life-giving stream  
Touches the tender brow !

Or when the holy cross is sign'd,  
And the young soldier duly sworn  
With true and fearless mind  
To serve the Virgin-born.

But happiest ye, who seal'd and blest  
Back to your arms your treasure take,  
With Jesus' mark impress'd  
To nurse for Jesus' sake :

To whom—as if in hallow'd air  
Ye knelt before some awful shrine—  
His innocent gestures wear  
A meaning half divine :

By whom Love's daily touch is seen  
In strengthening form and freshening hue,  
In the fix'd brow serene,  
The deep yet eager view.

Who taught thy pure and even breath  
To come and go with such sweet grace ?  
Whence thy reposing faith,  
Though in our frail embrace ?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven !  
Not in the twilight stars on high,  
Not in the moist flowers at even  
See we our God so nigh.

Sweet one, make haste and know Him too,  
Thine own adopting Father love,  
That like thine earliest dew  
Thy dying sweets may prove.





## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

By LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he,  
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kiss'd their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise,  
He bound them in their sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay,”  
The Reaper said and smiled ;  
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love,  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

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## THE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

By E. M. CHANDLER.

FATHER, while the daylight dies,  
Hear our grateful voices rise :  
For the blessings that we share,  
For thy kindness and thy care,  
For the joy that fills our breast,  
For the love that makes us blest,  
We thank thee, Father.

For an earthly father's arm,  
Shielding us from wrong and harm ;  
For a mother's watchful cares,  
Mingled with her many prayers ;  
For the happy kindred band,  
Midst whose peaceful links we stand,  
We bless thee, Father.

Yet while 'neath the evening skies,  
Thus we bid our thanks arise :  
Father, still we think of those,  
Who are bow'd with many woes,  
Whom no earthly parent's arm  
Can protect from wrong and harm ;—  
The poor Slaves, Father.

Ah ! while we are richly blest,  
They are wretched and distrest :  
Outcasts in their native land,  
Crush'd beneath Oppression's hand,  
Scarcely knowing even Thee,  
Mighty Lord of earth and sea !  
Oh, save them, Father !

Touch the flinty hearts, that long  
Have, remorseless, done them wrong ;  
Ope the eyes that long have been  
Blind to every guilty scene ;  
That the Slave—a Slave no more—  
Grateful thanks to thee may pour,  
And bless thee, Father.

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## NO GOD.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—*Psalms*, xiv

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower  
That on the wild is found,  
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,  
And trembles at the sound.  
"No God!" astonish'd Echo cries  
From out her cavern hoar;  
And every wandering bird that flies  
Reproves the atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head  
The Almighty to proclaim;  
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,  
Doth leap to grave his name;  
High swells the deep and vengeful sea  
Along its billowy track,  
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth  
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,  
The cocoa's leafy shade,  
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,  
In yon far island glade;  
The winged seeds that, borne by winds,  
The roving sparrows feed,  
The melon on the desert sands,  
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high  
The fervent sun is stirr'd,  
And the pale moon turns paler still  
At such an impious word!  
And, from their burning thrones, the stars  
Look down with angry eye,  
That thus a worm of dust should mock  
Eternal Majesty.

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## Passages for the Memory.

### SUPREME GOVERNMENT.

Eternal right

Works its own way, and ever more controls  
 Its own free essence. Liberty is duty,  
 Not license. Every pulse that beats  
 At the glad summons of imperious beauty  
 Obeys a law. The very cloud that fleets  
 Along the dead green surface of the hill,  
 Is ruled and scatter'd by a God-like will.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

The pious man

In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms  
 Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith  
 Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields  
 Of ether, where the day is never veil'd  
 With intervening vapours; and looks down  
 Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides  
 The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face,  
 To groveling mortals frowns and darkens all;  
 But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,  
 The glaring sunbeam plays.

H. K. WHITE.

### TIME WELL SPENT.

Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,  
 The only pleasures we can call our own.  
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky:  
 If but a beam of sober reason play,  
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!  
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
 These, when the trembling Spirit wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light:  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

ROGERS.

## OLD AGE.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,  
 So calm are we, when passions are no more!  
 For then we know how vain it was to boast  
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
 Clouds of affection from our youthful eyes  
 Conceal the emptiness which age descries:  
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
 As they draw near to their eternal home;  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER

## ATHEISTS.

They eat  
 Their daily bread, and draw the breath of Heaven  
 Without or thought or thanks; Heaven's roof, to them  
 Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,  
 No more, that lights them to their purposes.  
 They wander loose about; they nothing see,  
 Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,  
 Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.  
 So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,  
 Destruction cometh, like an armed man,  
 Or like a dream of murder in the night,  
 Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking  
 The bones of all their pride.

CHARLES LAMB

## PEACE.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
 Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals nor of forts.  
 The warrior's name would be a name abhorr'd;  
 And every nation that should lift again  
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

LONGFELLOW

## THE BIBLE.

Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,  
 In several ages born, in several parts,  
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,  
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?  
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,  
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

DRYDEN.

## CHRISTIANITY.

Divinest creed! and worthy to be taught  
 By Him, the Saviour, who thy tidings brought;  
 Thou wert the first, descending from above,  
 To teach the nations that their God was love;  
 That ire eternal dwelt not on His face,  
 But love and pity, and redeeming grace.  
 And all the joy this world since then has known,  
 Springs from this creed, and springs from this alone;  
 Whatever triumphs has been gain'd by mind  
 O'er Error, Hate, and Ignorance combined;  
 Whatever progress man may yet have made,  
 Owes all its worth to Thy benignant aid.

C. MACKAY.

## JERUSALEM.

How fair the daughter of Jerusalem then!  
 How gloriously from Zion's hill she look'd!  
 Clothed with the sun, and in her train the moon,  
 And on her head a coronet of stars,  
 And girdling round her waist, with heavenly grace,  
 The love of Mercy bright: and in her hand  
 Immanuel's cross, her sceptre and her hope.

GILBERT.

## CALAMITY.

Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief;  
 Mistaken kindness! Our hearts heal too soon:  
 Are they more kind than He who struck the blow?  
 Who bids it do His errand in our hearts,  
 And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,  
 And bring it back, a true and endless peace?  
 Calamities are friends.

YOUNG.

## GOD'S GOODNESS.

Oh! 'tis a sight the soul to cheer,  
 The promise of the fruitful year,  
 When God abroad his bounty flings,  
 And answering nature laughs and sings!  
 He, "for the evil and the good,"  
 For them, who with heart's gratitude,  
 For them, who thanklessly receive  
 The blessings He vouchsafes to give,  
 Bids from his storehouse in the skies,  
 "His rain descend, his sun arise."

M

## AGE.

As those we love decay, we die in part,  
 String after string is sever'd from the heart;  
 Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,  
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.  
 Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
 Dragg'd lingering on, from partial death to death  
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

THOMAS

## BROTHERHOOD.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,  
 I'd travel with the wind,  
 And wherever I saw the nations torn  
 By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,  
 Or hatred of their kind,  
 I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder crash,  
 And into their blinded bosoms flash;  
 And all their evil thoughts subdued,  
 I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

C. MACK

## GOD'S TEACHINGS.

Not a tree,  
 A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains  
 A folio volume. We may read, and read,  
 And read again, and still find something new,  
 Something to please, and something to instruct,  
 E'en in the noisome weed.

HUMPHREYS



## HELL AND HEAVEN.

From *The Opening of the Sixth Seal*, a Sacred Poem, by E. W. Cox.

THOSE horrible realms, no human thoughts can frame,  
No wildest vision paint ;—more hideous they  
Than ever the delirious shadows seen  
By the pale fever'd wretch, at midnight hour,  
Amid his chamber glooms. A region, vast  
And seeming boundless, but all dark and drear,  
Save where the lurid flames, updancing, flung  
Their ruby rays upon the black profound.  
Sluggish and heavy was the mildest breeze,  
And vainly would it fan the frequent forms  
That, in those regions, wander'd to and fro,  
Sullen and sad, musing of the lost heaven  
In still unmurmuring silence,—and the cries  
Of agony would fall upon their ears,  
Grateful, as once the Seraph strains on high,  
When they hymn'd also answering songs of praise ;—  
And, as they heard the torturing groans around,  
A smile would wreath itself upon the cheek,  
Sunken with sadness, and the faded eye  
Would kindle with new fires,—but not such beams  
As Seraph gaze imparts, but terrible rays  
That gleam'd as fell as the red lightning torch.  
To this so fearful place, no visible roof  
Prescribed the boundaries impassable,  
But all above it was one huge black mass  
Of vaporous cloud, which none could penetrate,  
Not even the immortal Spirits,—none but God,  
And, through this dark vault, all in vain the flames  
Proudly would rise, for its unbroken gloom  
Drank in the rays, nor aught of his stern sway  
Did Night resign to the fierce fires of Hell,  
Though wide and far they shone, with hideous glare,  
Huge, as if Etna, from her hundred mouths,  
Sent forth her furnace flames.—And demons were  
Hovering around them joyfully,—if joy  
Can be in Hell,—and it was then their sport  
To torture each the other as he could ;—  
And still they feasted upon cries and groans,  
Unsating and unsatiable, nor e'er,  
By the fell task o'erwearied, turn'd away.  
Some Spirits roam'd about the chill black shade.



That hung around the fire-flames, with swift step,  
Ceaselessly musing on their many crimes ;—  
For, in their breasts, an ever-during flame  
Would conscience kindle, and their hell was—Thought !  
No momentary rest was theirs, nor once  
In the infernal realms stay'd misery,—  
Its woes forgotten ;—silence never there  
Came grateful, but a mingled roar instead,  
Scared rest from weariness. Unnumber'd groans,  
And wild shrieks, and harsh echoes of the gates  
By power supreme up-flung,—the laugh of scorn,  
The shout of impious joy, by demon lips  
Utter'd, and by unnumber'd devils there  
From cave and den with louder mirth sent back ;—  
The roar of many flames, unceasing cries  
Of agony and fear, in these fierce realms  
Slept never, there can be no peace in hell.

Not such the realms of bliss, where all the just  
For ever made their joyous place of rest,  
After the toils and sorrowings of life,—  
Not such their habitation ;—glorious,  
And grand, and beautiful it was, as beams  
Upon the memory some delicious dream,  
After long years have roll'd away ; no gloom,  
No flames, no vaporous clouds, no groans were there,  
But it was one extended space, where light,  
As from ten thousand suns, shone ceaselessly.  
Yet not as mid-day sun-beams, glowing fierce,  
Were the mild rays, but rather as the soft  
And gentle moonshine, beautiful and bright,  
That woos the sleeper from his couch to gaze  
Upon its soothing radiance. Flowers were none,  
Or trees, or shrubs, or gushing fountain streams,  
As flowers, and shrubs, and fountains, are on earth ;—  
But there were shining things, of all soft hues,  
And gem-like forms, on which the silvery rays  
Lay dreaming, and, perchance, the spirits there,  
From the far earth but late arrived, deep-rapt  
Might have stood gazing on them, and in sport  
Have framed the rays reflected into flowers,  
And trees, and dancing fountains, such as once  
*It was their joy to meditate in life,*

And breathe their rapture in sweet song. To such  
May the heaven-glories seem as the earth-charms,  
Though with them they may not compare, nor man  
Can aught of them conceive. Soft soothing strains  
Floated incessantly about these realms  
Of beauty and of joy,—such strains as float  
From the wild wind-harp, when the summer's sigh  
Sweeps tremulously o'er the quivering chords,  
Waking their wailing tongues of melody,  
And all the airs of heaven with music notes  
Were woven, harmony dwelt ever there.  
And many glorious forms were wandering  
About the ethereal ways,—Bright forms they were,  
And beautiful to look upon, with crowns  
Of wreathed light rays on the sunny brows  
Intwining gracefully, and, as the sun  
At even-tide, those sweet-hued crowns shone forth ;  
And ever, as they wander'd, would a smile,  
Such as is infant innocency's smile,  
Upon the radiant face write the soul's joy ;—  
And as they will'd, or sportive fancy bid,  
They chaunted joyous songs, or hymn'd the praise  
Of the Omnipotent, or strung the harp  
To strains as soft as music of a dream,  
When, 'neath a willow tree, some babbling brook  
Hath lull'd the musing listener into sleep.

More beautiful and more glorious things than these  
There be in heaven : glories ineffable,  
And rapturing beauties, which the earth-bound soul  
May not conceive, or else but dimly see—  
As it sees stars through the white mists of night,  
Rayless and dim, around the full-orb'd moon  
That sails the sky-vault like a spectre ;—so  
May thought the heaven-joys picture ;—for there were  
The dazzling radiance of the eternal throne,—  
The glory of the Omnipotent,—the groves  
Eternal and unwithering,—Seraph forms  
Of majesty surpassing, and the smiles  
Of the Redeemer, shedding all around  
New light, new bliss ;—and there were meeting friends  
After long severing,—and the joyous sire,  
Hailing his first-born, by untimely death

Snatch'd from his fond embrace ;—and lovers there  
 Met in delight, never to part again,  
 And thus these realms to them were twice a heaven ;  
 Love here was not as it is seen on earth,  
 But pure and stainless, upon which no cloud  
 E'er flung its veil of gloom, but, as they trod  
 The bright paths and the bowers of bliss above,—  
 It grew into perfection, and in strength  
 Increasing, flourish'd there, for heaven is love.

To such delicious realms the just retired  
 At the command of God, and to such hell  
 Were hurl'd the wicked,—but a silent sigh,  
 The sigh of sorrowing Justice, went with them.

---

GOD'S GARDEN.

Translated from the German of *Arndt*, by DORA GREENWICH

“ These are thy wonders, Lord of Love!  
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide;  
 Which when we once can find and prove,  
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Oh! that I once past changing were  
 Fast in God's Paradise, where no flower can wither!”

GEORGE HERB

EARTH is a garden fair,  
 Where sweetest flowerets blend,  
 Our Lord himself with care  
 Its happy blooms will tend ;  
 With patient love and true,  
 He watcheth o'er his flowers,  
 And freshens them with showers,  
 With sunshine, and with dew.

The sweetest floweret there,  
 What may it be but Love ?  
 The soother of man's care,  
 The bliss of Saints above—  
 It is the red, red Rose,  
 That must with thorns abide,  
 And see its gentle pride  
 Droop—when the storm-wind blows.

The flower that God holds dear,  
The nighest unto love,  
Sheds many a blessing here  
Known but to Him above ;  
Its name is Meekness *there*,  
On Earth the violet sweet  
Breathes fragrant at our feet,  
And knows not she is fair !

Faith is the third sweet flower,  
It gives its odorous bloom,  
Unto a joyless hour,  
When all beside is gloom ;  
Thus, on the gale of night  
The Cereus sheds its soul,  
When clear from Pole to Pole  
The golden stars shine bright.

Sweet Hope! thou art no less  
God's gentle child and dear,  
What floweret may express  
Thy gracious presence here ?  
Thy likeness we may trace,  
When the pale Snowdrops bring  
Words from the coming Spring,  
In soft unspoken grace.

And thou, true-hearted flower,  
Whose bright and cheerful eye  
Gleams fair through sun and shower,  
In fearless Constancy ;  
The image thine to bring  
Of steadfast love whose power  
Keeps for each changeful hour  
Some bloom unwithering !

And Thou that lookest down,  
As with an Angel's mien,  
With white resplendent crown,  
The Garden's peerless Queen—  
Pure Lily! on thy smile  
Undimm'd by earthly stain,  
The likeness doth remain  
Of spirits free from guile.

And many a bud and bell,  
 Unnumber'd yet and fair,  
 Nurtured and tended well,  
 Hath the Good Gardener there ;  
 How hard were it to choose  
 Among their bright array,  
 The happy flower-souls gay,  
 In their sun-colour'd hues.

And yet if choice were made,  
 Oh Lily! thou wert mine,  
 Pure as a spirit's shade,  
 Thy radiant petals shine,  
 Thy gaze so meekly fair,  
 Is ever fix'd above,  
 As if in yearning love,  
 It sought for kindred there !

O, Thou! the Garden's light,  
 Through whom its blooms endure !  
 Make me unto Thy sight,  
 Make me so white and pure  
 Then may I joyful rise  
 Where reigneth purity,  
 And with the Just and Thee  
 Bloom ever in the skies !

---

#### SWEET SUNDAY BELLS.

An admirable paraphrase of MOORE's well known poem, by WIL  
 ALLINGHAM.

SWEET Sunday Bells, your placid sound  
 Enhances that repose profound  
 Which bathes the golden fields around,  
 And far-off mountains, sunshine-crown'd.

Amid the cluster'd roofs outswells,  
 And wanders to the upland dells,  
 And near and far its message tells,  
 Your holy voice, sweet Sunday Bells.

Sweet Sunday Bells, ye summon round  
 The youthful and the hoary-crown'd,  
 To one observance gravely bound ;  
 Where comfort, strength, and joy are found.

And many a tale your burden tells  
 Of marriage-chimes and funeral knells :  
 Commixing memory's tender spells  
 With loftier power,—sweet Sunday Bells.

Sweet Sunday Bells, your pleading sound  
 At times in natural tears hath drown'd  
 The eyes of one, whom pew nor mound  
 May harbour in the hallow'd ground :

Whose heart to your old music swells ;  
 Whose soul a deeper thought impels ;  
 Who like an alien sadly dwells  
 Within your chime—sweet Sunday Bells.

---

#### A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet S. T. COLERIDGE, for the use of his daughter when a child. A very little ingenuity will be sufficient to make such alterations as may be necessary to suit the prayer to the circumstances of every fireside.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 God grant me grace my prayers to say ;—  
 O God ! preserve my mother dear  
 In strength and health for many a year ;  
 And, O ! preserve my father too,  
 And may I pay him reverence due,  
 And may I my best thoughts employ  
 To be my parents' hope and joy ;  
 And O ! preserve my brothers both  
 From evil doings and from sloth,  
 And may we always love each other,  
 Our friends, our father, and our mother ;  
 And still, O Lord, to me impart  
 An innocent and grateful heart,  
 That after my last sleep I may  
 Awake to Thy eternal day !

Amen.

## THE HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her father's God before her moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
 By day, along the astonish'd lands,  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,  
 And Sion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
 No portents now our foes amaze,  
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :  
 Our fathers would not know *Thy* ways,  
 And *Thou* hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen ;  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thoughts of *Thee* a cloudy screen  
 To temper the deceitful ray.  
 And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path  
 In shade and storm the frequent night,  
 Be *Thou*, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
 No censer round our altar beams,  
 And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.  
 But *Thou* hast said, the blood of goat,  
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;  
 A contrite heart, an humble thought,  
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.



## PRAYER.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death—  
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice  
And say, " Behold, he prays."

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son,  
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O, Thou ! by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way ;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—  
Lord, teach us how to pray.





## THE SUPPLIANT.

By the Rev. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

ALL night the lonely suppliant pray'd,  
 All night his earnest crying made,  
 Till, standing by his side, at morn,  
 The Tempter said, in bitter scorn,  
 "Oh, peace! what profit do you gain  
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 'Come, Lord—oh come!' you cry alway;  
 You pour your heart out night and day;  
 Yet still no murmur of reply,—  
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Then sank the stricken heart in dust,  
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 Strong bands are round them in their woe;

Their hearts are bound with bands of brass  
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 He freely gives, nor grudging knows ;  
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THE TRUE CONSOLER.

By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* xi. 28.

HEAVEN of true hearts! while yet on earth they beat,  
 Led by pure love, if they repose on Thee,  
 In whose mild glories all compassions meet,  
 That link man's time with God's eternity,—  
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 Which broods o'er all things with celestial sway,  
 To breathe God's halcyon through the troubled breast.

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Creation seems a paradox of power,  
 Unless perused in Calvary's holy light,  
 When fierce convulsions have their awful hour,  
 And darken conscience with eclipsing night :—  
 And is not providence a gloomy maze,  
 A planless wild to reason's wandering thought,  
 Till, summ'd by Revelation's teaching rays,  
 The soul's hereafter is to judgment brought ?

Thus in the Cross of man's Almighty Priest,  
 The God incarnate, who redeem'd us all,  
 Nature and providence alike released,  
 Back to our souls the creed of heaven recall.  
 And, as on earth, dejection, want, and grief,  
 The babe, the mother, captive, blind and lone,—  
 Each in the heart of Jesus found relief,  
 And drank the music of His mercy tone.

So, in His secrecy of splendour, now,  
 High o'er the heavens enshrined in glorious bliss,—  
 Anguish to Him may lift her haggard brow,  
 Nor prove Him scornful of a world like this.  
 Perfect in manhood, as in Godhead pure,  
 Still on His throne those sympathies remain,  
 That taught Him once man's trial to endure,  
 And all the throbbings of terrestrial pain !

And none are lonesome, blighted, or unblest,  
 But moral suicides, who dare destroy  
 Creation's refuge, and the sinner's rest,  
 By leaving Christ for some created joy :—  
 Then may our lives a liturgy of love  
 Lord of bright worlds ! for thy redemption be,  
 And learn below that secret from above,  
 That none are restless who repose on Thee.

---

#### ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

By ISAAC WATTS.

MY God, I love and I adore !  
 But souls that love would know thee more.  
 Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand  
 Behind the labours of thy hand ?

---

Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles  
 On which this huge creation rolls :  
 The starry arch proclaims thy power,  
 Thy pencil glows in every flower :  
 In thousand shapes and colours rise  
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes ;  
 While beasts and birds with labouring throats  
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.  
 The meanest pin in nature's frame  
 Marks out some letter of thy name.  
 Where sense can reach or fancy rove,  
 From hill to hill, from field to grove,  
 Across the waves, around the sky,  
 There's not a spot, or deep or high,  
 Where the Creator has not trod,  
 And left the footstep of a God.

But are his footsteps all that we,  
 Poor groveling worms must know or see ?  
 Thou Maker of my vital frame !  
 Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,  
 Shine to my sight, and let the ear  
 Which thou hast form'd the language hear.  
 Where is thy residence ? Oh ! why  
 Dost thou avoid my searching eye,  
 My longing sense ? Thou Great Unknown,  
 Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne ?  
 Divide, ye clouds, and let me see  
 The Power that gives me leave to be.

Or, art thou all diffused abroad  
 Through boundless space, a present God,  
 Unseen, unheard, yet ever near !  
 What shall I do to find thee here ?  
 Is there not some mysterious art  
 To feel thy presence at my heart ?  
 To hear thy whispers soft and kind,  
 In holy silence of the mind ?  
 Then rest my thoughts ; nor longer roam  
 In quest of joy, for Heaven's at home.

But, oh ! thy beams of warmest love ;  
 Sure they were made for worlds above.  
 How shall my soul her powers extend  
 Beyond where Time and Nature end,



To reach those heights, thy blest abode,  
 And meet thy kindest smiles, my God ?  
 What shall I do ? I wait thy call ;  
 Pronounce the word, my life, my all.  
 Oh, for a wing to bear me far  
 Beyond the golden morning star !  
 Fain would I trace the immortal way  
 That leads to courts of endless day,  
 Where the Creator stands confess'd,  
 In his own fairest glories dress'd.  
 Some shining spirit help me rise,  
 Come, waft a stranger through the skies ;  
 Bless'd Jesus meet me on the road,  
 First offspring of the Eternal God !  
 Thy hand shall lead a younger son,  
 Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,  
 And place me near thy Father's throne.

---

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM  
 TITUS.

By Lord BYRON.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,  
 I beheld thee, O Sion, when render'd to Rome :  
 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall  
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,  
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come,  
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,  
 And the last fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain

On many an eve the high spot whence I gazed,  
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed ;  
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline  
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,  
 But I marked not the twilight beam melting away ;  
 Oh ! would that the lightning had glanced in its stead,  
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head !

But the gods of the pagan shall never profane  
 The shrine where Jehovah disdained to reign ;  
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,  
 Our worship, O Father, is only for Thee.

---

CHARACTER OF ADAM.

FROM JAMES MONTGOMERY'S *World before the Flood*.

With him his noblest sons might not compare  
 In godlike features and majestic air ;  
 Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,  
 Perfect from his Creator's hand he came ;  
 And as in form excelling, so in mind  
 The sire of men transcended all mankind.  
 A soul was in his eye, and in his speech  
 A dialect of heaven, no art could reach ;  
 For oft of old, to him the evening breeze  
 Had borne the voice of God among the trees :  
 Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,  
 And talk with him as their familiar friend.  
 But deep remorse for that mysterious crime  
 Whose dire contagion, through elapsing time  
 Diffused the curse of death beyond control,  
 Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,  
 That he, whose honours were approach'd by none,  
 Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.  
 From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd  
 Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid ;  
 Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,  
 He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down ;  
 Yet while he chid, compunction's tears would start,  
 And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart ;  
 The guilt of all his race became his own,  
 He suffer'd as if HE had sinn'd alone.  
 Within the glen to filial love endear'd,  
 Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,  
 He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,  
 The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.  
 Children were his delight !—they ran to meet  
 His soothing hand, and clasp'd his honour'd feet ;  
 While, midst their fearless sports supremely blest,  
 He grew in heart a child among the rest :

Yet as a parent, nought beneath the sky  
 Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye;  
 Joy from its smile of happiness he caught,—  
 Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought,  
 His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain—  
 As if he fell from innocence again.

---

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH AND THE ANGELS.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

THE ANGELS.

WE are waiting, Spirit, waiting!  
 We have call'd the seraphs here,  
 Mid the outer world creating,  
 Glories of the inner sphere!  
 From the starry hills of heaven  
 Gaze we for thy solemn wing  
 Wherefore was thy mission given?  
 He who sent thee bade thee bring!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.

She is sleeping—softly sleeping  
 Like an infant hush'd to rest;  
 O'er her, bends her mother, weeping:  
 Can I snatch her from her breast?  
 Can I hurt the arms that fold her,  
 Wound the heart which loves her so?  
 Let the mother's eye behold her,  
 Yet a breath—and *she shall go!*

THE ANGELS.

Lingering yet—and *yet* delaying  
 Still thy steps from heaven's dome:  
 Angels and archangels staying  
 Call the wanderer to her home!  
 We have scatter'd flowers elysian,  
 Gather'd from immortal streams;  
 Show her, then, this lofty vision!  
 Fill her soul with seraph dreams!

## SPIRIT OF DEATH.

She hath ask'd to see their faces :  
 And her heart is beating fast,  
 For those sweet and sad embraces  
 Which she knows must be *her last!*  
 I have breathed of angel blisses,  
 Told her spirit not to grieve :  
 Must I take her from their kisses ?  
 From the last she must receive ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

There were sounds of hosts rejoicing  
 In that seraph realm above ;  
 Angels and archangels voicing  
 Hymns of triumph and of love !  
 There were sounds the midnight rending,  
 From a heart with anguish tost ;  
 And a mother's prayer ascending—  
 Weeping, wailing, for her lost !

---

 THE DAYS OF CREATION.

From the German of KRUMMACHER.

ALL dead and silent was the earth,  
 In deepest night it lay,  
 The Eternal spoke Creation's word,  
 And called to being, Day.

## CHORUS.

It streamed from on high,  
 All reddening and bright,  
 And angels' songs welcomed  
 The new-born light.

God spake : the murmuring waters fled,  
 They left their deep repose,  
 Wide over-arching heaven's blue vault  
 The firmament arose.

Now sparkles above  
 Heaven's glorious blue,  
 It sends to the earth  
 The light and the dew.

God spake : he bade the waves divide ;  
 The earth uprears her head ;  
 From hill, from rock, the gushing streams  
 In bubbling torrents spread.

The earth rested quiet,  
 And, poised in the air,  
 In heaven's blue bosom  
 Lay naked and bare.

God spake : the hills and plains put on  
 Their robe of freshest green ;  
 Dark forests in the valleys wave,  
 And budding trees are seen.

The word of his breath  
 Clothes the forest with leaves,  
 The high gift of beauty  
 The spring-tide receives.

God spake : and on the new-dress'd earth  
 Soft smiled the glowing Sun,  
 Then full of joy he sprang aloft,  
 His heavenly course to run.

Loud shouted the stars  
 As they shone in the sky,  
 The Moon with mild aspect  
 Ascended on high.

God spake : the waters teem with life,  
 The tenants of the floods ;  
 The many-colour'd winged birds  
 Dart quickly through the woods.

High rushes the eagle  
 On fiery wings ;  
 Low hid in the valley  
 The nightingale sings.

God spake : the lion, steer, and horse  
 Spring from the moisten'd clay,  
 While round the breast of mother earth  
 Bees hum, and lambkins play.

They give life to the mountain,  
 They swarm on the plain,

But their eyes fix'd on earth  
Must for ever remain.

God spake : he look'd on earth and heaven  
With mild and gracious eye :  
In his own image man he made,  
And gave him dignity.

He springs from the dust,  
The Lord of the earth,  
The chorus of heaven  
Exult at his birth.

And now Creation's work was ended,  
Man raised his head, he spoke :  
The day of rest by God ordain'd,  
The Sabbath morning broke.

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INFLUENCE OF HOPE AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, a passage from the *Pleasures of Hope*.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
Then, then, the triumph, and the trance begin!  
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!  
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!

While Nature hears with terror-mingled trust,  
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust :  
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
 The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;  
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !  
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
 Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
 Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion's hill !

---

THE CLERGYMAN.

From COWPER'S *Task*.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
 To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.  
 But loose in morals and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;  
 Frequent in park, with lady at his side,  
 Ambling, and prattling scandal as he goes ;  
 But rare at home, and never at his books  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round  
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;

Ambitious of preferment for its gold,  
 And well prepared by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love o' th' world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure : a slave  
 To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride—  
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn !

## SONNET TO —.

By BRYANT.

AY, thou art for the grave : thy glances shine  
 Too brightly to shine long ; another Spring  
 Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine,  
 Seal'd in a sleep which knows no wakening.  
 The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,  
 Nor the vex'd ore a mineral of power,  
 And they who love thee wait in anxious grief  
 Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.  
 Glide softly to thy rest then ; Death should come  
 Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,  
 As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,  
 Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.  
 Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain ;  
 And we will trust in God to see thee yet again !

## THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf !  
 A voice in every rill !  
 A voice that speaketh everywhere,  
 In flood and fire, through earth and air ;  
 A tongue that's never still !

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused  
 Through everything we see,  
 That with our spirits communeth  
 Of things mysterious—Life and Death,  
 Time and Eternity !



I see Him in the blazing sun,  
    And in the thunder-cloud ;  
I hear Him in the mighty roar  
That rusheth through the forests hoar,  
    When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him *everywhere*,  
    In *all things*—darkness, light,  
Silence, and sound ; but, most of all,  
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,  
    At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews,  
    By grateful earth betray'd :  
I feel Him in the gentle showers,  
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,  
    The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am !)  
    I've turn'd in sullen mood  
From all these things, whereof He said,  
When the great whole was finished,  
    That they were " very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things  
    Fell like unwholesome dew.  
The darkness that encompass'd me,  
The gloom I felt so palpably,  
    Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,  
    Though every day provoked  
By selfish, pining discontent,  
Acceptance cold or negligent,  
    And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread  
    For my insensate heart—  
Not always so—I woke again,  
To join Creation's rapturous strain,  
    " O Lord, how good Thou art !"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,  
    The glorious sun broke out,

And love, and hope, and gratitude,  
 Dispell'd that miserable mood  
 Of darkness and of doubt.

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SABBATH MORNING.

By WILLIAM BYRNE.

'Tis Sabbath morn!—the solemn sound of bells  
 Is borne upon the quiet holy breeze,  
 From hallow'd churches, that in yonder dells  
 Lift up their heads, half hidden by the trees,—  
 The birds, methinks, sing with a sweeter lay,  
 And that the sun shines brighter on the Sabbath day!

The streamlet with a clearer ripple flows—  
 The very flowers a richer perfume yield:  
 Even the cawing of the stately crows  
 That undisturb'd strut o'er the new-plough'd field  
 Seems musical to me, while in the grove  
 With a more dreamy sound the rustling branches move!

All toil is o'er—I miss the blacksmith's stroke—  
 The anvil's ring—the carter's noisy song—  
 The forge's roar—and e'en its wreath of smoke  
 Now curls no more yon fir-tree boughs among:—  
 The noisy mill, too, for a time doth cease,  
 And all things tell alone of rest and holy peace!

But now the bells are silent;—and appear—  
 (Within that sacred building old and gray)—  
 The honest rustics, who are met to hear  
 The word of God, and keep his Holy day!—  
 'Tis sweet to see the group assembled there—  
 The youth—and timid maid—and those with silver hair!

Through the stain'd windows the glad sunshine streams  
 Upon the Gothic pillars,—worn and old,  
 And on each fretted arch, until it seems  
 That they are built of precious stones and gold!—  
 And casting on the floor, in colours faint,  
 The shadowy outline of some rudely pictured saint!

Though few they are and simple there that raise  
 Their voice to heaven responding to the prayer  
 Nor pealing organ mingles with their praise—  
 Yet think not thou that God the less is there !  
 For He hath said “ Wherever *two or three*  
 Are gather'd in my name, there in the midst I'll

Oh! there is something in a Sabbath morn—  
 As if a charm to this sweet time were given—  
 To wean the mind from all that's *earthly born*,  
 And lift the heart adoringly to Heaven—  
 Making the spirit strive to break the chain  
 That binds it to this life of chequer'd joy and pain

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FUNERAL HYMN.

Published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*.

FATHER! our human hearts are darken'd  
 With shadows from the land of death,  
 Although our outward ears have hearken'd  
 And known that thus the Spirit saith :

“ Blest are the dead in Jesus dying,  
 From grief and labour resting well,  
 They hear no more the voice of crying,  
 They fear no more for death or hell.”

Thou who didst wake the little maiden,  
 Thou who didst raise the four days' dead,  
 Thou who that mother, sorrow laden,  
 Didst gently bid “ be comforted.”

Thou by the Eternal Spirit quicken'd,  
 Who did'st thy body's shrine uprear,  
 Saviour! our human hearts are sicken'd,—  
 It is so cold and silent here.

Lord! by that little blossom lifted,  
 In thy dear hand to second spring,  
 Lord! by those dust-dimm'd eyelids gifted  
 To see the light, “ a pleasant thing.”

Lord ! by that look so strong and tender  
 Cast on the widow's only son ;  
 And by thy resurrection splendour,  
 The darkness of the grave is done.

The dead in Jesus wear a fetter ;  
 Our full redemption shall make fall  
 Their souls with Christ, which is " far better,"  
 Their bodies waiting for thy call.

---

WHAT A SERMON SHOULD BE.

It should be brief ; if lengthy, it will steep  
 Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep ;  
 The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze,  
 Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm ; a living altar coal,  
 To melt the icy heart and charm the soul ;  
 A sapless, dull harangue, however read,  
 Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear ;  
 No fine-spun theory to please the ear ;  
 No curious lay to tickle letter'd pride,  
 And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,  
 As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate ;  
 The fiery laws, with words of love allay'd,  
 Will sweetly warm and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just, and rational,  
 Wisely conceived, and well express'd withal ;  
 Not stuff'd with silly notions, apt to stain  
 A sacred desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well-adapted grace,  
 To situation, audience, time, and place ;  
 A sermon form'd for scholars, statesmen, lords,  
 With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,  
 Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome ;

While some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,  
A gracious Saviour is the gospel theme!

It should be mix'd with many an ardent prayer  
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there;  
When God and man are mutually address'd,  
God grants a blessing, man is truly bless'd.

It should be closely, well applied at last,  
To make the moral nail securely fast:  
*Thou art the man*, and thou, alone, will make  
A Felix tremble, and a David quake!

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### Passages for the Memory.

#### BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken!  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be thy feast to us the token,  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

BISHOP H.

#### PERSIAN PRECEPT.

Forgive thy foes;—nor that alone;  
Their evil deeds with good repay;  
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,  
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow  
In meek forgiveness to its doom;  
And o'er the axe at every blow,  
Sheds in abundance rich perfume!

KNO

## THE SOUL INVALUABLE.

Know'st thou the value of a soul immortal?  
 Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!  
 Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze!  
 Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;  
 Then weigh the whole:—one soul outweighs them all;  
 And calls the astonishing magnificence  
 Of unintelligent creation poor!

YOUNG.

## THE SLAVE'S AVENGER.

“Who shall avenge the slave?” I stood and cried.  
 “The earth, the earth!” the echoing sea replied.  
 I turn'd me to the ocean, but each wave  
 Declined to be the avenger of the slave.  
 “Who shall avenge the slave?” my species cry—  
 “The winds, the floods, the lightning of the sky:  
 I turn'd to these,—from them one echo ran—  
 “The right avenger of the slave is man”—  
 Man was my fellow; in his sight I stood,  
 Wept, and besought him by the voice of blood  
 Sternly he look'd, as proud on earth he trod,  
 Then said, “The avenger of the slave is God!”  
 I look'd in prayer towards heaven—awhile 'twas still,  
 And then methought God's voice replied—“I will.”

HOLLAND.

## FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

There is no God, the fool in secret said—  
 There is no God that rules on earth or sky:  
 Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,  
 That God may burst upon his faithless eye.  
 Is there no God?—the *stars* in myriads spread,  
 If he look up, the blasphemy deny,  
 Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,  
 Reflect the image of Divinity.  
 Is there no God?—the *stream* that silver flows,  
 The *air* he breathes, the *ground* he treads, the *trees*,  
 The *flowers*, the *grass*, the *sands*, each *wind* that blows,  
 All speak of God: throughout ONE VOICE agrees,  
 And eloquent His dread existence shows:  
 Blind to thyself, ah! see Him, fool, in these.

ANONYMOUS.

## TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

This book, this holy book, on every line  
 Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,  
 On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love  
 Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
 And signature of God Almighty stamp'd  
 From first to last, this ray of sacred light,  
 This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,  
 Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time  
 Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,  
 And evermore beseeching men, with tears  
 And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLO

## AUTUMN.

Wilt thou fly  
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,  
 And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see,  
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,  
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step  
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow  
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill,  
 As with the blushes of an evening sky?

AKENSI

## PERFECTIONS OF GOD DISPLAYED IN INSECTS.

In the vast and the minute, we see  
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God  
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

COWP

## LIVE IN CHRIST.

Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee!  
 Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.  
 The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:  
 In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath  
 Of the true life! Let then earth, sea, and sky  
 Make war against me! on my front I show  
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try  
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.  
 Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?  
 Yes! but not his--'tis death itself there dies.

S. T. COLERIDGE

## A HYMN.

By THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these  
 Are but the varied God! The rolling year  
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
 Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
 And spreads a common feast for all their lives.  
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,  
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not thee; marks not the mighty Hand  
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth:  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature attend! join every living soul,  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;



Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowe  
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil pai  
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round!  
On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song  
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night His pra  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast  
Assembled men, to the deep organ join

The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east,  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song! where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full;  
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
 From seeing evil still educing good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression.—But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

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#### THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

By Dr. DARWIN, a distinguished physician, author of *The Botanical Garden, The Loves of the Plants, &c.*

DULL Atheist! could a giddy dance  
 Of atoms lawless hurl'd,  
 Construct so wonderful, so fair,  
 So harmonized a world?

Why do not Arab's driving sands,  
The sport of every storm,  
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,  
Or gorgeous temples form ?

Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,  
That lesser fabric scan ;  
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,  
The God—the reptile man ?

Where wast thou when this teeming earth  
From chaos burst its way ?  
When stars, exulting, sang the morn,  
And hail'd the new-born day ?

What, when the embryo speck of life,  
The miniature of man,  
Nurs'd in the womb, its slender form  
To stretch and swell began :—

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof ?  
Or mould the sentient brain ?  
Thy finger stretch the living nerve ?  
Or fill the purple vein ?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart  
Its endless toil begin ?  
Or clothe in flesh the hardening bone ?  
Or weave the silken skin ?

Who bids the babe to catch the breeze,  
Expand its panting breast ;  
And with impatient hands, untaught,  
The milky rill arrest ?

Or who, with unextinguish'd love,  
The mother's bosom warms,  
Along the rugged paths of life  
To bear it in her arms ?

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts  
A God! the heavens reply ;  
He moulded in his palm the world,  
And hung it in the sky.

“ Let us make man ! ”—With beauty clad,  
 And health in every vein ;  
 And reason throned upon his brow,  
 Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wandering eyes,  
 All nature's works surveys !  
 Admires the earth, the skies, himself !  
 And tries his tongue in praise.

“ Ye hills and vales, ye meads and woods,  
 Bright sun, and glittering stars ;  
 Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,  
 From whence, and what I am ?

“ What Parent Power, all great and good,  
 Do these around me own ?  
 Tell me, creation, tell me how  
 T' adore the vast Unknown.”

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#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

By ALICE CAREY.

SWEETER than the songs of thrushes,  
 When the winds are low ;  
 Brighter than the spring-time blushes,  
 Reddening out of snow,  
 Were the voice and cheek so fair  
 Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,  
 Climbing through the light ;  
 Like a priestess in the shadow  
 Of the temple bright,  
 Seem'd she, saying, “ Holy One,  
 Thine, and not my will be done.”

---

#### GOD'S WORKS.

By W. ROSCOE.

GOD of the changeful year !—amidst the glow  
 Of strength and beauty and transcendant grace,  
 Which on the mountain heights, or deep below  
 In shelter'd vales, and each sequester'd place,

Thy forms of vegetable life assume ;  
 —Whether pines, with giant arms display'd,  
 Brave the cold north, or, wrapt in eastern glo  
 Thy trackless forests sweep a world of shade  
 Or whether scenting ocean's heaving brea  
 Thy odoriferous isles innumerable rise,  
 Or under various lighter forms imprest,  
 Of fruits and flowers, Thy works delight our  
 God of all life! whate'er those forms may be,  
 O may they all unite in praising Thee !

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THE SUMMONS.

By MARY ANN BROWNE.

HARK ! there's a summons—the bugle-horn  
 And the trumpet's note on the light wind be  
 'Tis echoed back by a thousand hills,  
 Its voice is swept o'er the distant rills,  
 And shakes at that summons the river flood  
 As though it felt 'twould be stain'd with blo  
 For 'tis the signal to come from afar,  
 And join in the tumult and din of war.

Another summons—a lowly voice,  
 Yet it makes an innocent heart rejoice ;  
 A red lip at that sound hath smiled—  
 'Tis a mother calling her only child,  
 Her child who was laughing the sunny hour  
 Away in the shadow of leaves and flowers ;  
 And it tottereth away from its verdant scre  
 To tell her all wonders its eyes have seen.

Another summons—a voice of love  
 As well as the last : from a window above  
 That fragrant garden a bright eye beams,  
 Bright from the spirit's happy dreams ;  
 There's a bridegroom calling his promised b  
 She points to the West, where the stars stil  
 With a blush and a smile, and then to her d  
 That hath yet no gem save her loveliness.

A summons again—a voiceless one,  
 Yet by the mortal it calleth well known,

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A written summons—written on all  
 The summer flowers before they fall,  
 Written on the fading brow and eye,  
 Dimm'd by the touch of mortality—  
 Fluttering the pulses—shortening the breath—  
 All *feel* that summons—the summons of Death.

Know ye another summons shall come—  
 Piercing the ear in the silent tomb,  
 Rolling through Heaven—sweeping o'er earth,  
 And bidding the dead and the living stand forth ?  
 Forget it not ! ye shall hear its sound  
 When Death your limbs in his chains hath bound ;  
 And forget not when ye shall hear that call,  
 By your deeds on earth ye shall stand or fall.

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THE SACRIFICE.

By E. W. COX, author of *The Opening of the Sixth Seal*. This is  
 taken from one of the *Annuals*.

WHAT shall our sacrifice be ?  
 f the tenderest flowers in the green valley growing,  
 f the delicate blossoms their beauty bestowing,  
 Where boughs interwine and fresh fountains are flowing ?  
 Say, what shall it be ?

Shall it be of the first of the flock ?  
 he innocent youngling that Winter hath given,  
 re yet the soft breath of the Spring-time hath driven  
 his frosts from the earth and his frown from the heaven ?  
 Say, what shall it be ?

Shall it be of the mountain-born goat ?  
 f the wild pine that over the grey hill-top boundeth.  
 Where the loud dashing fall of the torrent resoundeth,  
 nd the unsafe and tottering rock crag aboundeth ?  
 Say, what shall it be ?

Shall it be of the first fruits of earth ?  
 f the grass blades so green in the gay meadows springing,  
 While on them the morning her pearl drops is stringing,  
 re yet the bee wakes or the wild birds are singing ?  
 Say, what shall it be ?

Shall it be of the fair maiden's voice ?  
 Of the beautiful music through twilight shades stealing  
 From her bosom the all-hallow'd fountain of feeling,  
 The secret-shrined thoughts of her spirit revealing ?  
 Say, what shall it be ?

Shall it be of the generous youth ?  
 Of the elegant girl with her bright brow, or blushing  
 When fond Love's first whisper her fair cheek is flushing  
 Of the boy with the pride of his happiness gushing ?  
 Say, what shall it be ?

Not such shall our sacrifice be !  
 It is writ in the Book that to man hath been given,  
 If contrite he offer his whole heart to Heaven,  
 His prayers shall be heard and his sins be forgiven :  
 Such shall *our* sacrifice be.

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#### THE RECANTATION.

Published anonymously in one of the *Annals*.

WORLD take thy vanities back !—I would be  
 Divorced by thy follies, unfetter'd and free ;  
 For conscience, awaken'd, has taught me to feel  
 Too long I have knelt where thy votaries kneel,  
 And the homage I gave thee has darken'd the shrine  
 That was rear'd for a service more pure and divine.

Shall that altar be stain'd by a worship abhorr'd,  
 That temple defiled that was raised for the Lord,  
 That tablet defaced on which God had engraved  
 The precepts of truth—ere, by error enslaved,  
 The spirit had yielded obedience to sin,  
 And extinguish'd the flame that was kindled within ?

Shall the world's selfish maxims my reason control,  
 Shall I yield up the freedom and life of the soul,  
 Shall I cease in the arm of Jehovah to trust,  
 Shall I bow down and worship frail creatures of dust,  
 Shall I give up the hope I received at my birth,  
 The promise of heaven—for the trifles of earth ?

no!—though by sin and temptation beguiled,  
 thou still art my Father!—I still am thy child;  
 the footstool of mercy in anguish I steep  
 in tears such as heart-broken penitents weep,  
 and trembling they own that Thou only canst save  
 me from destruction—the soul from the grave!

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A FADING SCENE.

By the Rev. R. MONTGOMERY.

A FADING scene, a fading scene,  
 Is this false world below;  
 And not a heart has ever been  
 That hath not proved it so!

The clouds are dying while we gaze  
 Upon them, young and warm;  
 And sweet flowers in the summer rays  
 But perish while they charm.

The trees that woo'd us as we pass'd  
 With many a leafy strain,  
 Perchance, bow wither'd by the blast  
 When visited again.

The music that the soul doth melt,  
 Like magic from the skies,  
 Though sweetly heard, and softly felt,  
 In swiftest echo flies.

Our pleasures are but fainting hues  
 Reflected o'er the waves,—  
 Our glories—they are phantom views  
 That lure us to our graves!

And Beauty,—see her 'mid the crowd,  
 A night-queen in her bloom;  
 To-morrow in her maiden shroud,  
 A martyr for the tomb!

And Love—how frequent does it mourn  
 For some remember'd scene;  
 Or doom'd in darkness reft or lorn,  
 To live on what hath been!



And friends,—alas! how few we find  
That consecrate their name,  
With glowing heart and gen'rous mind  
To feed the hallow'd flame.

But should there be some blessed one,  
However sad or lone,  
Whom dearly we can look upon,  
And feel that friend our own,—

The blasting wings of Fate unfold,  
They bear him far away;  
Or else we mourn him dead and cold,  
Companion of the clay!

Oh no! there's nothing on this earth  
We fashion or we feel,  
But death is mingled with its birth,  
And sorrow with its weal.

Then, hail the hour of glorious doom!  
That wings my soul away  
To regions radiant with the bloom  
Of everlasting day!

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#### THE BURDEN OF SION.

By MOIR, the *Delta of Blackwood's Magazine*, whence this  
tracted.

This ode, composed by Judas Hallevy bar Samuel, a Spanish  
of the twelfth century, is said to be still recited every year, dur  
Fast observed in commemoration of the Destruction of Jerusalem  
versifier has been much indebted to a very literal translation, fi  
original necessarily obscure Spanish of the Rabbi, into excellent  
by Joseph Mainzer, Esq., a gentleman to whom the sacred musi  
country is under great and manifold obligations.

CAPTIVE and sorrow-pale, the mournful lot  
Say, hast thou, Sion, of thy sons forgot?  
Hast thou forgot the innocent flocks, that lay  
Prone on thy sunny banks, or frisk'd in play  
Amid thy lily meadows? Wilt thou turn  
A deaf ear to thy supplicants, who mourn,  
Downcast in earth's far corners? Unto thee  
Wildly they turn in their lone misery;

For wheresoe'er they rush in their despair,  
The pitiless Destroyer still is there!

Eden of earth! despisest thou the sighs  
From the slave's heart that rise  
To thee, amid his fetters—who can dare  
Still to hope on in his forlorn despair—  
Whose morn and evening tears for thee fall down  
Like dews on Hermon's thirsty crown—  
And who would blessed be in all his ills,  
Wander'd his feet once more even on thy desert hills!

But not is Hope's fair star extinguish'd quite  
In rayless night;  
And, Sion, as thy fortunes I bewail,  
Harsh sounds my voice, as of the birds that sail  
The stormy dark. Let but that star be mine,  
And through the tempests tremulously shine;  
So, when the brooding clouds have overpast,  
Rejoicing, with the dawn, may come at last,  
Even as an instrument, whose lively sound  
Makes the warm blood in every bosom bound,  
And whose triumphant notes are given  
Freely in songs of thanksgiving to Heaven!

Bethel!—and as thy name's name leaves my tongue,  
The very life-drops from my heart are wrung!  
Thy sanctuary—where, veil'd in mystic light,  
For ever burning, and for ever bright,  
Jehovah's awful majesty reposed,  
And shone for aye heaven's azure gates unclosed—  
Thy sanctuary!—where from the Eternal flow'd  
The radiance of his glory, in whose power  
Noonday itself like very darkness show'd,  
And stars were none at midnight's darkest hour—  
Thy sanctuary! oh *there!* oh *there!* that I  
Might breathe my troubled soul out, sigh on sigh,  
*There*, where thine effluence, mighty God, was pour'd  
On thine elect, who, kneeling round, adored!

Stand off! the place is holy. Know ye not,  
Of potter's clay the children, that this spot  
Is sacred to the Everlasting One—

The Ruler over heaven, and over earth ?  
 Stand off, degraded slaves, devoid of worth !  
 Nor dare profane again, as ye have done,  
 This spot—'tis holy ground—profane it not !

Oh, might I cleave, with raptured wing, the waste  
 Of the wide air, then, where in splendour lie  
 Thy ruins, would my sorrowing spirit haste,  
 Forth to outpour its flood of misery !—  
 There, where thy grandeur owns a dire eclipse,  
 Down to the dust as sank each trembling knee,  
 Unto thy dear soil should I lay my face,  
 Thy very stones in rapture to embrace,  
 And to thy smouldering ashes glue my lips !

And how, O Sion ! how should I but weep,  
 As on our fathers' tombs I fondly gazed,  
 Or, wistfully, as turn'd mine eye  
 To thee, in all thy desolate majesty,  
 Hebron, where rests the mighty one in sleep,  
 And high his pillar of renown was raised !  
 There—in thine atmosphere—'twere blessedness  
 To breathe a purer ether. Oh ! to me  
 Thy dust than perfumes dearer far should be,  
 And down thy rocks the torrent streams should roam  
 With honey in their foam !

Oh, sweet it were—unutterably sweet—  
 Even though with garments rent, and bleeding feet,  
 To wander over the deserted places  
 Where once thy princely palaces arose,  
 And 'mid the weeds and wild-flowers mark the traces,  
 Where the ground, yawning in its earthquake throes,  
 The ark of covenant and the cherubim  
 Received, lest stranger hands, that reek'd the while  
 With blood of thine own children, should defile  
 Its heaven-resplendent glory, and bedim :  
 And my dishevell'd locks, in my despair,  
 All madly should I tear ;  
 And as I cursed the day that dawn'd in heaven—  
 The day that saw thee to destruction given,  
 Even from my very frenzy should I wring  
 A rough, rude comfort in my sorrowing.

What other comfort can I know? Behold,  
 Wild dogs and wolves with hungry snarl contend  
 Over thy prostrate mighty ones; and rend  
 Their quivering limbs, ere life hath lost its hold.  
 I sicken at the dawn of morn—the noon  
 Brings horror with its brightness; for the day  
 Shows but the desolate plain,  
 Where, feasting on the slain  
 (Thy princes), flap and scream the birds of prey!

Chalice from Marah's bitterest spring distill'd!  
 Goblet of woe, to overflowing fill'd!  
 Who, quaffing thee, can live? Give me but breath—  
 A single breath—that I once more may see  
 The dreary vision. I will think of thee,  
 Colla, once more—of Cliba will I think—  
 Then fearlessly and freely drink  
 The cup—the fatal cup—whose dregs are death.

Awake thee, Queen of Cities, from thy slumber  
 Awake thee, Sion! Let the quenchless love  
 Of worshippers, a number beyond number,  
 A fountain of rejoicing prove.  
 Thy sorrows they bewail, thy wounds they see,  
 And feel them as their own, and mourn for thee!  
 Oh, what were life to them, did Hope not hold  
 Her mirror, to unfold  
 That glorious future to their raptur'd sight,  
 When a new morn shall chase away this night!  
 Even from the dungeon gloom,  
 Their yearning hearts, as from a tomb,  
 Are crying out—are crying out to thee;  
 And, as they bow the knee  
 Before the Eternal, every one awaits  
 The answer of his prayer, with face toward thy gates.

Earth's most celestial region! Babylon  
 The mighty, the magnificent, to thee,  
 With all the trappings of her bravery on,  
 Seems but a river to the engulfing sea.  
 What are its oracles but lies? 'Tis given  
 Thy prophets only to converse with Heaven—  
 The hidden to reveal, the dark to scan,  
 And be the interpreters of God to man.

The idols dumb that erring men invoke,  
 Themselves are vanities, their power is smoke :  
 But, while the heathen's pomp is insecure,  
 Is transient, thine, O Sion ! shall endure ;  
 For in thy temples, God, the only Lord,  
 Hath been, and still delights to be, adored.

Blessed are they, who, by their love,  
 Themselves thy veritable children prove !  
 Yea ! blessed they who cleave  
 To thee, with faithful hearts, and scorn to leave !  
 Come shall the day—and come it may full soon—  
 When thou, more splendid than the moon,  
 Shalt rise ; and triumphing o'er night,  
 Turn ebon darkness into silver light :  
 The glory of thy brightness shall be shed  
 Around each faithful head :  
 Rising from thy long trance, earth shall behold  
 Thee loftier yet, and lovelier than of old ;  
 And portion'd with the saints in bliss shall be  
 All who, through weal and woe, were ever true to thee

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#### SONG OF THE STARS.

By W. C. BRYANT.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,  
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
 And the empty realms of darkness and death  
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath  
 And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame  
 From the void abyss by myriads came—  
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,  
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
 Their silver voices in chorus rang,  
 And this was the song the bright ones sang :

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
 The fair blue fields that before us lie,—  
 Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,  
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;  
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“ For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
 And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;  
 And we drink as we go the luminous tides  
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;  
 Lo, yonder the living splendours play ;  
 Away, on our joyous path, away !

“ Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,  
 In the infinite azure, star after star,  
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !  
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !  
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen  
 Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“ And see where the brighter day-beams pour,  
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;  
 And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,  
 Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews ;  
 And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
 With her shadowy cone the night goes round !

“ Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,  
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
 See Love is brooding, and Life is born,  
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“ Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,  
 To weave the dance that measures the years ;  
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,  
 'To the farthest wall of the firmament,—  
 The boundless visible smile of Him,  
 To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.”

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HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

By ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wandering steps he leads :  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

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THE BUTTERFLY.

By BERNARD BARTON.

BEAUTIFUL creature ! I have been  
 Moments uncounted watching thee,  
 Now flitting round the foliage green  
 Of yonder dark, embowering tree ;  
 And now again, in frolic glee,  
 Hov'ring around those opening flowers,  
 Happy as nature's child should be,  
 Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,  
 Till feelings I can scarce define,  
 Awaken'd by so fair a sight,  
 With desultory thoughts combine  
 Not to induce me to repine,  
 Or envy thee thy happiness ;  
 But from a lot so bright as thine  
 To borrow musings born to bless.

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For unto him whose spirit reads  
Creation with a Christian's eye,  
Each happy living creature pleads  
The cause of Him who reigns on high ;  
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,  
Gave life to everything that lives,  
And still delighteth to supply  
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,  
Enforced by rhetoric's frigid powers ;—  
But when it has its quiet birth  
In contemplation's silent hours ;  
When Summer's brightly peopled bowers  
Bring *home* its teachings *to the heart*,  
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers,  
Its touching eloquence impart.

Then thou delightful creature, who  
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,  
Becom'st a symbol fair and true  
Of hopes that own no mortal term ;  
In thy proud chain we see the germ  
Of man's sublimer destiny,  
While holiest oracles confirm  
The type of immortality !

A change more glorious far than thine,  
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,  
When this exhausted frame of mine  
Down to its kindred dust shall go :  
When the anxiety and woe  
Of being's embryo state shall seem  
Like phantoms flitting to and fro  
In some confused and feverish dream.

For thee, who fittest gaily now,  
With all thy nature asks—supplied,  
A few brief summer days, and thou  
No more amid these haunts shall glide,  
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride  
The sylph-like genius of the scene,  
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,  
Shalt be—as thou hadst never been !



While Man's immortal part, when Time  
 Shall set the chainless spirit free,  
 May seek a brighter, happier clime  
 Than fancy e'er could feign for thee:  
 Though bright her fairy bowers may be,  
 Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,  
 And sad experience mourns to see  
 Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

But in those regions, calm and pure,  
 To which our holiest wishes cling,  
 Joys, that eternally endure,  
 Shall bloom in everlasting Spring:  
 There Seraph harps, of golden string,  
 Are vocal to the great I AM,  
 And souls redeem'd their anthems sing  
 Of grateful praises to the Lamb!

Shall they who here anticipate,  
 Through Faith's strong vision, eagle-eyed,  
 Those joys immortal that await  
 Angelic spirits purified,  
 Shall such, however deeply tried,  
 E'er cast their glorious hopes away?  
 Oh! be those hopes their heaven-ward guide,  
 Their steadfast anchor, and their stay.

Though many a flower that sweetly deck'd  
 Life's early path, but bloom'd to fade;  
 Though sorrow, poverty, neglect—  
 Now seem to wrap their souls in shade;—  
 Let these look upward undismay'd,  
 From thorny paths in anguish trod  
 To regions where—in light array'd,  
 Still dwells their Saviour, and their God.

Sport on, then, lovely Summer fly,  
 With whom began my votive strain:  
 Yet purer joys *their* hopes supply,  
 Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain  
 Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,  
 Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,  
 Through earthly losses, heavenly gain,  
 And Life immortal through the tomb.

## LAMENTATION OVER PALESTINE.

By Bishop HEBER.

'REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,  
 Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !  
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,  
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone !  
 While suns unblest'd their angry lustre fling,  
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?—  
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd ?  
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?  
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;  
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait :  
 No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,  
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :  
 But lawless Force, and meagre Want, are there,  
 And the quick-darting eye of restless fear ;  
 While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,  
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints ! ye warrior sons of heaven !  
 To whose high care Judæa's state was given !  
 O, wont of old your nightly watch to keep,  
 A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep !  
 If e'er your secret footsteps linger still  
 By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,  
 If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,  
 And mourn the captive land you loved so well ;  
 (For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale,  
 Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,  
 And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,  
 Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear ! )  
 Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high  
 Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy !

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,  
 Loved for thy mercies, for thy power adored ;  
 If at thy name the waves forgot their force,  
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source ;  
 If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,  
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;  
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,  
 And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine !  
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,  
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.

Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign  
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?  
 For this o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,  
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?  
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,  
 And o'er the Arabian deep thy branches played ?

O feeble boast of transitory power !  
 Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !  
 Not such their hope, when through the parted main  
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :  
 Not such their hope, when through the fields of night  
 The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light :  
 Not, when fierce conquest urged the onward war,  
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car :  
 Nor when five monarchs led to Gideon's fight,  
 In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :  
 Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,  
 The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;  
 The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,  
 Curbed her pale car, and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,  
 And God's own darkness veil'd her conscious height ;  
 (He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,  
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd :)  
 Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite  
 His praise, His power, eternal, infinite ?  
 Awe-struck, I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,  
 Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

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ABOVE AND BELOW.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet.

O, DWELLERS in the valley-land,  
 Who in deep twilight grope and cower  
 Till the slow mountain's dial-hand  
 Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,—  
 While ye sit idle, do ye think  
 The Lord's great work sits idle too ?  
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink  
 Of morn, because 'tis dark with you ?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,  
 In God's ripe fields the day is cried,  
 And reapers with their sickles bright,  
 Troop singing, down the mountain's side :  
 Come up, and feel what health there is  
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,  
 As bending with a pitying kiss,  
 The night-shed tears of Earth she dries !

The Lord wants reapers : O, mount up,  
 Before night comes, and says,—“ Too late ! ”  
 Stay not for taking scrip or cup,  
 The Master hungers while ye wait ;  
 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes  
 The advancing spears of day can see,  
 Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,  
 To break your long captivity.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height !  
 It is right precious to behold  
 The first long surf of climbing light  
 Flood all the thirsty east with gold ;  
 But we, who in the shadow sit,  
 Know also when the day is nigh,  
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit  
 With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office ; we have ours ;  
 God lacks not early service here,  
 But what are thine eleventh hours  
 He counts with us from morning cheer ;  
 Our day, for Him, is long enough,  
 And when he giveth work to do,  
 The bruised reed is amply tough  
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire  
 Light's earlier messages to preach ;  
 Keep back no syllable of fire,—  
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.  
 Yet God deems not thine aëried sight  
 More worthy than our twilight dim,—  
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,  
 And following that is finding Him.

## MARY MAGDALEN.

Translated from the Spanish of *Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola*.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !  
 The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,  
 In wonder and in scorn !  
 Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;  
 Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move  
 The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,  
 Even for the least of all the tears that shine  
 On that pale cheek of thine.  
 Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,  
 Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise  
 Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom,  
 The ragged brier shall change ; the bitter fir  
 Distil Arabian myrrh !  
 Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,  
 The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain  
 Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains  
 Thick to their tops with roses : come and see  
 Leaves on the dry dead tree ;  
 The perish'd plant, set out by living fountains,  
 Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,  
 For ever, towards the skies.

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 THE MARTYRS.

The name of the Author is unknown to us.

A LITTLE bark was floating down a stream—  
 A broad, calm stream ; the moon was high in heaven,  
 And kiss'd the water with her pure, cool beam,  
 As it lay sleeping, like a child forgiven  
 Some little fault, who on its parent's breast  
 Pillows its head, and sobs itself to rest.

And in that boat were three,—a wild old man,  
 A lovely maiden, and a gentle boy:  
 Nothing they said, and though each cheek was wan,  
 Their eyes were gleaming with unearthly joy:  
 Their hands were clasp'd, as if in silent prayer,—  
 They communed with their heavenly Father there!

The mighty river flowing slowly on,—  
 The death-like calm,—the blue and cloudless sky,—  
 Nothing bespeak of violence or wrong,  
 Nor the soft brightness of the maid's blue eye;  
 Yet 'tis their blessed, angel-envied doom,  
 To win the crown and palm of martyrdom!

For they are followers of Him who bore  
 For them, for *all* man's bitter curse and pain;  
 For this, without or sail, or helm, or oar,  
 Must they be drifted onward to the main,  
 Condemn'd to perish on the far-off wave,  
 Without *one* friend to sympathize or save!

\* \* \* \* \*

Five days have pass'd, and still the victims live,—  
 Feeble and speechless in the dark they lie.  
 Famish'd and parch'd, and yet they do not grieve,  
 Nor feel the throb of thrilling agony!  
 Their thoughts are anchor'd on eternal things,—  
 Their friend and guardian is the King of kings.

'The sky is glowing with a crimson hue,  
 The farewell splendour of departing day;  
 But soon that eve the chilling night breeze blew,  
 And foam'd and flash'd the emerald-tinted spray,—  
 Clouds gather'd fast—the thunder's distant growl  
 Mingled responsive with the wild winds' howl!

The tempest bursts! upon the murky deep  
 That small boat tosses wildly to and fro,—  
 Now mounting upwards on the watery steep,  
 Now plunging 'mid the coral rocks below:  
 It strikes! the Martyr's earthly ties are riven,  
 And their freed spirits soar away to heaven!

'Tis early morn,—a flock of rosy light  
 Is streaming through the portals of the east,  
 Chasing away the shadows of the night,  
 Rousing the skylark in her lowly nest :  
 The wind is hush'd ; the fearful storm is o'er ,  
 And the spent billow faintly leaves the shore.

A corpse is lying on the shell-strew'd strand,  
 Thrown there and left by the retiring tide,—  
 An ebon cross is in his fast-closed hand,  
 Bless'd emblem of the faith for which he died,—  
 And on his breast is bound a parchment scroll,  
 God's gracious message to man's sin-stain'd soul.

And half-clad men and boys are standing by,  
 Who mourn the stripling's melancholy fate,—  
 Their faces beam with holy charity,  
 Though rude their speech and all uncouth their gai  
 But much they fear to touch the sacred Book,  
 Nor dare on its mysterious signs to look.

A time-worn seer, whose white and scanty hair,  
 And hoary beard, as by the west wind stirr'd,  
 Play'd with the soft and fragrance-breathing air,  
 Their simple talk and exclamations heard ;  
 Smiling,—for he was wiser than the rest,—  
 He took the roll from off the Martyr's breast.

He reads, he weeps ! ah, whence that big round tear  
 The light is gushing o'er his thoughtful soul ;  
 The patriarch bends his knee in childlike prayer,  
 And knows the truth and yields to its control,—  
 And bids his pagan brothers seek above  
 Another Deity, *who rules by love !*

O God, how wondrous are thy ways ! the blood  
 Of faithful martyrs is thy church's seed ;  
 From out of evil thou derivest good—  
 The savage tribe receive the Christian's creed ;  
 The Britons bow their proud wills in the dust :  
 O God ! the Britons in thy mercy trust !

## THE DOOMED PROPHET.

By Miss JEWSBURY.

*Jeremiah xxviii. 16, 17.*

'Tis said—'tis done ! the arrowy word  
Hath pierced the prophet's soul ;  
And though, in human accents heard,  
Less stern the thunders roll,  
The Spirit in that human tone  
Hath changed the rebel-seer to stone,  
Hath crush'd him like a scroll !  
And he, the God-defier wild,  
Shrinks to the coward and the child.

The crowd that hung upon him late,  
And loved the hopes he built,  
That crowd hath left him to his fate,  
A monument of guilt :  
Scorn'd is the idol of their trust,  
Whose visions worthless as the dust,  
And words like water spilt,  
Have plunged the captives deeper still  
In wrong and sorrow, gloom and ill.

Behold the prophet on the ground,  
His mantle o'er his head,  
Dreaming his death in every sound,  
His doom in every tread !  
Morn rises vainly red and bright,  
To him a sun is but a light  
To lead him to the dead :  
And when the trees in twilight wave,  
To him they whisper of the grave.

He holds his life from hour to hour,  
He feels it ebb away ;  
Fear at his heart a phantom power,  
A spirit of decay,—  
And grim Remorse with coiling bind,  
Playing the serpent with his mind,  
—These hath he night and day !  
And shrinking from the eyes of men,  
He ever moaneth—" When, oh when !



" *When?*—Will th' avenger instant slay?  
 Say—spoke he as I deem?  
 Am I in very deed his prey?  
 O earth, and sun, and stream—  
 Bringing lost Paradise to mind,—  
 Should not the beautiful be kind?  
 Answer *ye*—say I dream.  
 Alas! alas! from earth and sky  
 Breathes but one answer—' *Thou shalt die!*' "

" O for another year! to stand  
 And see the spring return,  
 Sowing her lilies o'er the land,—  
 To hear the turtle mourn,  
 And wish my heart as soft a thing,  
 To hear the valleys laugh and sing—  
 It is in vain I yearn!  
 Alas! alas! from earth and sky  
 Breathes but one answer—' *Thou shalt die!*' "

The Prophet passed from human view,  
 He died 'mid Babel's reeds,  
 And Judah's captive exiles knew  
 Their God beheld their deeds.  
 Oh! when, from longer wanderings brought,  
 When, from more distant nations sought,  
 Shall they put off their weeds?  
 No more by idol-seers oppress'd,  
 Find in their own TRUE PROPHECY, rest?

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### Passages for the Memory.

#### THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Dear is the ancient village church, which rears  
 By the lone yew, or lime, or elm-girt mound,  
 Its modest fabric: clear, and pleasant sound  
 Of bells, the grey embattled tower that wears  
 Of changeful hue the marks of by-gone years,  
 Buttress, and porch, and arch with mazy round  
 Of curious feet or shapes fantastic crown'd;

Tall pinnacles and mingled window tiers,  
 Norman, or misnamed Gothic. Fairer spot  
 Thou givest not, England, to the tasteful eye,  
 Nor to the heart more soothing. Blest their lot!

Know they their bliss, who own their dwelling nigh  
 Such resting-place; there by the world forgot,  
 In life to worship, and when dead to lie!

BISHOP MANT.

GOD IN CHRIST RECONCILED.

'Tis said, that God is a consuming fire,  
 But oh! 'tis sure, He now lays by his ire;  
 He thunders out,  
 With trumpet's shout,  
 No judgment from Mount Sinai; but a still  
 Soft voice of love and free good will:  
 He that appear'd then in a warlike dress,  
 Seeks now the stray sheep in the wilderness.

R. FLETCHER.

BROTHERHOOD.

Even now a radiant angel goeth forth,  
 A spirit that hath healing in its wings—  
 And fieth east and west, and south and north,  
 To do the bidding of the King of kings;  
 Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,  
 And teaching brotherhood as that sweet source,  
 Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs;  
 And showeth how to guide its silver course,  
 When it shall flood the world with deep exulting force.

MRS. NORTON.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! but never from my heart  
 Shall time thine image blot—  
 The dreams of other days depart,  
 Thou shalt not be forgot—  
 And never in the suppliant sigh,  
 Pour'd forth to Him who rules the sky,  
 Shall my own name be breathed on high,  
 And thine remember'd not.

ANON.

## THE BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine  
 Cling reverently! Of anxious looks beguiled,  
 My mother's eyes upon thy page divine  
 Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,  
 Breathed out thy love;—whilst I, a dreaming child,  
 On breeze-like fancies wandered oft away  
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring flowers wild,  
 Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,  
 Some secret nest; yet would the solemn word  
 At times with kindlings of young wonder heard,  
 Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be  
 A seed not lost; for which in darker years,  
 O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,  
 Heart-blessings on the holy dead and thee.

MRS. HEMANS

## THE AFFECTIONS.

Few are the fragments left of follies past;  
 For worthless things are transient. Those that last  
 Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,  
 And out of good their permanence inherit.  
 Baseness is mutability's ally;  
 But the sublime affections never die.

DR. BOWRING

## BIRDS.

Sweet bird! thou sing'st away the early hours  
 Of winter past, or coming, void of care,  
 Well pleased with delights, which present are,—  
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers  
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,  
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers;  
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs  
 (Alter'd in sweetness,) sweetly is not driven  
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,  
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?  
 Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise  
 To air of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

W. DRUMMOND

## BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was an open grave—and many an eye  
 Look'd down upon it.—Slow the sable hearse  
 Moved on, as if reluctantly it bore  
 The young unwearied form to that cold couch  
 Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.  
 —There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,  
 Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds  
 Where slumber multitudes.

There was a train  
 Of young, fair females, with their brows of bloom  
 And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,  
 And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,  
 In pensive beauty, waiting the approach  
 Of their companion. She was wont to fly  
 And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,  
 Brushing the dew-drop from the morning flowers,  
 And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came  
 With movements fashion'd to the deep-toned bell :—  
 She came with mourning sire, and sorrowing child,  
 And tears of those who at her side were nursed  
 By the same mother.

Ah! and one was there,  
 Who ere the blooming of the summer rose,  
 Had hoped to see her health restored. But death  
 Arose between them. The pale husband watch'd  
 So close her journey through the shadowy vale,  
 That almost to his heart, the ire of death  
 Enter'd from hers. There was a brilliant flush  
 Of youth about her,—and her kindling eye  
 Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang  
 Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd  
 Deep poison. Many a restless night she toil'd  
 For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,  
 Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun  
 Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,  
 Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.  
 —Oft o'er the musings of the silent couch,  
 Came visions of that matron form which bent  
 With musing tenderness, to watch and soothe

Her sufferings : and her animated hand  
 In trembling prayer she raised that he would bless  
 The sorrowing mother, and redeem the child.  
 Was the orison lost ?—Whence then that peace  
 So dove-like, sitting o'er a soul that loved  
 Earth and its pleasures ? Whence that angel smile  
 With which the allurements of a world so dear  
 Were counted and resign'd ? that eloquence  
 So fondly urging those whose hearts were full  
 Of sublunary happiness to seek  
 A better portion ? Whence that voice of joy,  
 Which from the marble lip in life's last strife  
 Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home ?  
 —Cold reasoners ! be convinced, and when ye stand  
 Where that fair brow, and those unfrosted locks  
 Return to dust,—where the young sleeper waits  
 The resurrection morn,—Oh ! lift the heart  
 In praise to *Him* who gave the victory.

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HOME.

From an American newspaper.

THE organ's thrilling notes swell forth  
 And fill the temple's dome :  
 But ah ! my sadden'd heart is mute  
 For I am not at home ;—  
 I turn to meet a stranger's gaze,—  
 Unwelcome scenes will come ;  
 How can I join in notes of praise  
 Away, away from home ?

There is my home—where first I knelt  
 With Jesus' table spread,  
 And ate with trembling, trusting faith,  
 The consecrated bread ;  
 No earthly voice can ever sound  
 So heavenly to my ear,  
 As his who stood beside the board,  
 And bade me welcome there.

But stranger tones fall on my ear—  
 But oh ! I long to see  
 One tender glance from gentle eyes  
 Fall lovingly on me !

Then should sweet praise the voice employ  
 That has so sadden'd grown,  
 And I should feel a thrill of joy  
 That I am not alone.

Alone! ungrateful thought! ah no!  
 I *cannot* be alone:  
 My God is with me where I go,  
 And Jesus is my own;  
 How changed, how bright, each face appears—  
 How loving and how near;  
 Yes, all who kneel beside me now,  
 For Jesus' sake are dear.

Ye seem no longer strange and cold—  
 And peace within me reigns;  
 For the warm glow of Jesu's love  
 Dissolves these chilling chains;  
 My Father's house! it is my home  
 Wherever it may be;  
 My Saviour's flock wherever found—  
 Ye are the friends for me!

Thou art unchanging, mighty God!  
 And though all else grow strange,  
 My Prayer Book still remains the same—  
 My Bible cannot change:  
 And should I ever reach the fair  
 Blest world of joys to come,—  
 O there will be no strangers there,  
 We all shall be at home!

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JACOB'S DREAM.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone  
 That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine:  
 And lovely from the desert rose the moon,  
 Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,  
 Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.  
 Up Padan-aram's height, abrupt and bare,  
 A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline  
 Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air;  
 The summit gain'd he knelt, and breathed his evening  
 prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell  
 Upon the twilight hills ; a sudden sound  
 Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell ;  
 Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round  
 Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns found ;  
 Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,  
 Gigantic volume upon volume wound,  
 Above, a pillar shooting to the sky ;  
 Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,  
 Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose ;  
 Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings ;  
 Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows ;  
 It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose ;  
 Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,  
 Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,  
 Millions on millions, brighter and more bright  
 Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But lo! beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,  
 Like cherub, Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,  
 Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command :  
 They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom ;  
 Father of countless myriads that shall come,  
 Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,  
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,  
 Till He is given whom Angels long to see  
 And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

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LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

By GRAHAME.

SUFFER *that little children come to me,*  
*Forbid them not.* Embolden'd by his words,  
 The mothers onward press ; but finding vain  
 Th' attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their b  
 To strangers' hands ; the innocents alarm'd  
 Amid the throng of faces all unknown,  
 Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes disc  
 The countenance of Jesus, beaming love  
 And pity ; eager then they stretch their arms,  
 And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

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## UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

God in the high and holy place,  
Looks down upon the spheres ;  
Yet in His providence and grace,  
To every eye appears.

In every stream His bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth ;  
In every breeze His spirit blows  
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers,  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,  
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound ;  
How beautiful beyond compare,  
Will Paradise be found.

---

 TO CHIMBORAZO, THE HIGHEST OF THE ANDES.
From the *Winter's Wreath*. By E. W. Cox.

PROUD monument of perish'd time !  
Record of another race,  
Pile stupendous, rock sublime,  
Thou of the high and haughty place !  
What giant arm, what mighty hand,  
Or sorcerer's spell, or wizard's wand,  
Uprear'd thee thus to be  
A wonder for admiring man,  
With philosophic eye to scan,  
A monstrous mystery ?

Say, in the distant days of old  
What changes hast thou seen ?  
Huge pyramid of years,—unfold  
*What mightiness hath been !*



Did human labour lift thee there,  
 High soaring in the realms of air  
 To be a record vast  
 Of them the giants of the earth,  
 The children of the young world's birth,—  
 The beings of the past ?

Thy adamantine feet low lie  
 Based in the groaning lands ;  
 Thy head is pillow'd on the sky  
 Rock'd by no mortal hands ;—  
 Thou warrest with the tempest cloud,  
 Scatterest its swelling thunders loud,  
 And still, above the shock,  
 Thou soarest calmly to the heaven,  
 All heedless of the cliff-towers riven  
 And the down-rolling rock.

Majestic mountain ! art thou not  
 A remnant of a mightier world ;  
 A record of a race forgot  
 From its haughty station hurl'd ?  
 'Tis said that in the days of old,  
 The aspiring giants upward roll'd  
 An immeasurable heap  
 Of massive hills to scale the skies,  
 And dare the realms of Paradise,  
 Above yon azure steep :

Oh ! say thee, art thou not of them,  
 Thou mighty towering one ?  
 The snow-wreath is thy diadem  
 As thou dwellest there alone :  
 Perchance the days have been that thou  
 Hast veil'd that high and hoary brow  
 Beneath the green sea-waves ;—  
 The billows—they perchance have swept  
 That form—the sportive sea-bird leapt  
 Amid those rock-hewn caves.

Mysterious monster ! rampart vast !  
 Imperishable rock !  
 Thy might and majesty shall last,  
 Till that tremendous shock

When, at the trumpet-blast, the world  
Will be from its existence hurl'd,  
And heaven shall pass away!  
Thou still wilt stand a wonder there  
High hovering in heaven's purest air,  
Till the great Judgment day.

Immortal hill! aspiring stone!  
But seldom human eye  
Hath fathom'd from thy summit lone  
The dread profundity.  
Even the soaring eagle's wing  
Hath wearied with its wandering,  
To seek thy solemn brow;  
And the last sun-rays linger long  
Thy cloud-assailing towers among,  
When night reigns wide below.

Mountain! with awe I look on thee,  
Thou art a fearful thing;  
Yet it would joy me much to be  
With thy might communing:  
In thine ethereal abode,  
The finger of Almighty God  
Enraptured still to trace;  
And there, if amid aught below,  
Where the purest airs of heaven flow,  
To see his glorious face!

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SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Go to dark Gethsemane  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of Life arraign'd ;  
O the wormwood and the gall :  
O the pangs His soul sustain'd !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adorning at His feet,  
Mark the miracle of Time,  
—God's own sacrifice complete,  
"It is finish'd ;"—hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid His breathless clay ;  
All in solitude and gloom,  
—Who hath taken Him away ?  
Christ is risen ; He meets our eyes ;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.



#### ETERNAL LIFE.

By GRINFIELD.

THERE God unfolds His presence, clouded here,  
And shines eternal day. All, all is there  
Bright effluence of the uncreated mind ;  
Infinite beauty, all ! a vernal life,  
A fire ethereal, unperceived itself,  
Felt in its glorious energy, pervades  
And thrills through every part the taintless whole :  
The air, the soil, the rivers, fruits, and flowers,  
Instinct with immortality, and touch'd  
With amaranthine freshness, by the hand  
That form'd them, and the beatific smile  
That ever beams around them. Every heart  
Catches that smile ; each eye reflects it ; all,  
In body and in spirit, sumless myriads,  
Fill'd with empyreal vigour, fill'd with God,  
And radiant in the glory of the Lamb !



## THE RESURRECTION.

A passage from *YOUNG'S Night Thoughts*.

AND did He rise?  
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!  
 He rose, He rose! he burst the gates of death.  
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,  
 And give the King of Glory to come in.  
 Who is the King of Glory? He who slew  
 The rav'nous foe that gorged all human race!  
 The King of Glory He, whose glory fill'd  
 Heaven with amazement at His love to man  
 And with divine complacency beheld  
 Powers most illumined wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?  
 Oh, the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!  
 Last gasp of vanquish'd death. Shout, earth and heaven,  
 This sum of good to man! whose nature then  
 Took wing, and mounted with Him from the tomb.  
 Then, then I rose; then first humanity  
 Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,  
 (Stupendous guest!) and seized eternal youth,  
 Seized in our name.

---

 CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

FROM Olivet's sequester'd seats,  
 What sounds of transport spread?  
 What concourse moves through Salem's streets,  
 To Zion's holy head?  
 Behold Him there in lowliest guise!  
 The Saviour of mankind!  
 Triumphal shouts before Him rise,  
 And shouts reply behind:  
 And "strike," they cry, your loudest string:  
 He comes! Hosanna to our King!

Nor those alone, the present train,  
 Their present king adored ;  
 An earlier, and a later strain,  
 Extoll'd the self-same Lord.  
 Obedient to His Father's will ;  
 He came, He lived, He died ;  
 And gratulating voices still  
 Before and after cried,  
 " All hail the Prince of David's line !  
 Hosanna to the Man divine !

He came to earth :—from eldest years,  
 A long and bright array  
 Of Prophet-bards, and Patriarch-seers  
 Proclaim'd the glorious day :  
 The light of heaven in every breast,  
 Its fire on every lip,  
 In tuneful chorus on they press'd,  
 A goodly fellowship ;  
 And still their pealing anthems ran,  
 " Hosanna to the Son of Man ! "

He came to earth : through life He pass'd  
 A man of griefs : and, lo,  
 A noble army following fast  
 His track of pain and woe :  
 All deck'd with palms and strangely bright,  
 That suffering host appears ;  
 And stainless are their robes of white,  
 Though steep'd in blood and tears ;  
 And sweet their martyr-anthem flows,  
 " Hosanna to the Man of Woes ! "

From ages past descends the lay  
 To ages yet to be,  
 Till far its echoes roll away  
 Into Eternity.  
 But O ! while saints and angels high,  
 Thy final triumph share,  
 Amidst Thy followers, Lord, shall I,  
 Though last and meanest there,  
 Receive a place, and feebly raise  
 A faint Hosanna to Thy praise ?

## A PARABLE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SAID Christ our Lord, "I will go and see  
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."  
He pass'd not again through the gate of birth,  
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,  
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;  
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state  
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread  
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,  
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare  
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim  
Their jubilant floods in praise of him,  
And in church and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,  
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,  
And from under the heavy foundation-stones,  
The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church and palace, and judgment-hall,  
He mark'd great fissures that rent the wall,  
And open'd wider and yet more wide  
As the living foundation heaved and sigh'd.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure,  
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold,  
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold:  
I have heard the dropping of their tears  
In heaven, these eighteen hundred years."

“O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,  
We build but as our fathers built;  
Behold thine images, how they stand,  
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

“Our task is hard,—with sword and flame  
To hold thy earth for ever the same,  
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep  
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep.”

Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-brow'd stunted, haggard man,  
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin  
Push'd from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,  
And as they drew back their garment-hem,  
For fear of defilement, “Lo, here,” said he,  
“The images ye have made of me!”

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FAREWELL.

By BARTON.

NAY, shrink not from that word “Farewell!  
As if 'twere Friendship's final knell;  
Such fears may prove but vain:  
So changeful is Life's fleeting day,  
Whene'er we sever—Hope may say  
*We part, to meet again!*

E'en the *last* parting Earth can know,  
Brings not unutterable woe,  
To souls that heavenward soar;  
For humble Faith, with stedfast eye,  
Points to a brighter world on high,  
Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,  
*May meet—to part no more!*

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