

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REDEMPTION.

I.

REDEMPTION !—thought surprising—theme divine,
Fit wonder for those spirits—sinless pure—
Who having known no sin—fail to define
Man's fallen nature—and its mystic cure—
Man fallen ! how degraded, and how poor—
Man saved ! how happy—how supremely rich—
What feeling could the misery endure ?
What thought the opposite enjoyment reach ?
Valueless gift—yet placed within the grasp of each.

II.

Well may they ponder o'er the secret essence
Of Jah Jehovah glorified on earth,
They— who in highest heaven—enjoy the presence
Of God supreme, and ever chant his worth,
They—even they—who present at his birth
In Bethlehem saw the Christ incarnate prove,
And joined with seraphim in sacred mirth,
Cannot explain the mystery of love
Which made the Saviour leave his kingly throne above.

III.

Yet there was joy in heaven when 'twas known
That man from sin's debasement was restored :
Joy ? heaven's atmosphere is joy alone :
But when the news of saving grace was heard
The ocean of their happiness was stirred,
With rippling wavelets of new love and light,
Which, while it higher ecstasy conferred
Upon those spirits ever clothed in white,
Mixed wonder at the scheme with unalloyed delight.

IV.

Angelic wonder ! what defines the term ?
Or who—contemplating that grasp of mind,
Whose stretch is as far as heaven extends—whose germ
Has never been sullied—from all sin disjoined,
Whose glory is in aiming still to find
Some attribute of love till then concealed,
Some fresh effulgence of "The Undefined"
Can peer on glories not as yet revealed,
To explain which—angel minds must wonder—but
must yield.

V.

Yet in the mission of the son of man—
The life of God incarnate—the sojourn
Of Christ on earth—to execute the plan
By which he should the root of sin upturn,
The principle—which made his bowels yearn
O'er rebel worms—is still a mystery :
Nor can the first archangel's skill discern
How deep that love which made the Saviour fly
To rescue wretched man and raise him to the sky.

VI.

And—deep as was the wonder which o'erhung
The spirit of the attendant angel, where
The weight of the Eternal vengeance wrung
Blood from the brow which bent in anguish there,
While pleading in the agony of prayer :
Was the surprise which bowed the silent throng,
When they beheld the "man of sorrows" bear
The mock of regal power—the scourgers throng—
And silently endure their scoffs and bitter wrong.

VII.

But deeper the astonishment and joy
Wonder and love commix'd—when from the tomb
They see him rising, mighty to destroy
The power of sin—reverse man's fatal doom
And raise his spirit from despair's deep gloom.—
Jehovah meets the all victorious Son,
He rises !—angels hail him welcome home,
Cherubic legions shout th' achievement done,
And man's redemption is the guerdon he has won.

VIII.

Stupendous theme—the wondering seraphs gaze—
Lost in the mystic depths of love divine,
They ponder o'er the subject with amaze,
But fail to sound the intricate design

Of heaven's unfathomed mysteries—which combine
Justice and mercy—here an angels flight
Is stayed—his powers too feeble to define,
Much more explain the length breadth, depth and height
Of love to men so full—so free—so infinite.

IX.

'Tis deeper than the everburning hell,
For it will pluck the brand the burning thence ;
Purge man's iniquities innumerable,
And expiate his every offence ;
Wider its stretch than thought's circumference,
And in its length extending from the throne
Of grace in heaven—to aid man's impotence—
His deep rebellion cancel and atone,
Far far as earth extends—or Adam's curse is known.

X.

Its towering height is far above the range
Of suns, and moons, and stars, and shining spheres,
For man's rebellious nature it will change
His guilt, remove, assuage his sorrowing fears,
Speak peace to Zion's mourners—dry their tears—
Lead them to look for life beyond the tomb,
Where each a palm and crown of glory wears ;
Free from the fear of hell and death's deep gloom,
For ever in the paradise of God to bloom.

△

TO MY SISTER ON HER 21ST. BIRTH-DAY.

Yes, thou art April's flower,
Daughter of sun and shower,
Thy childhood has not been
A bright unclouded scene,
But when did thy sky so dark an aspect wear
That thou could'st not discern the rainbow there.

Oft saw I from thy heart
The unbidden tear-drop start,
In others' grief and care
Thou ever had'st a share ;
But when did gloomy care o'erspread thy face,
That smiles were not at hand the gloom to chase.

And now thou'rt twenty-one,
And womanhood begun :
Thou'lt struggle in the strife,
And toil of public life,
And thou wilt something know
Of wickedness and woe,
But yet thy noble spirit and thy heart sincere
Leave even a sister's love no cause to fear.

My sister, live to thee
May not prove a summer-sea :
But triumphant o'er the tide
Thy little bark shall glide,
And thou shalt safely land on that lov'd shore,
And storm and tempest shall be hush'd and o'er,
And thy unclouded sun shall set no more.

April, 1832.

DURATION OF THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE AND WORK.—It is not for a season only, but for life. We are not allowed to receive any proposals of peace. We cannot enter into a truce—no, not even to bury the dead. Let the dead bury their dead. We are to fight on through summer and winter,—by day and by night,—in every situation and condition. He that endureth to the end, the same only shall be saved. In conversion we throw away the scabbard ; in death only we lay down the sword. While we are here, something is still to be done ; something still to be avoided—in company—in solitude—in health—in sickness. And is it nothing to watch in all things ? To pray without ceasing ? In every thing to give thanks ? To be always abounding in the work of the Lord ? But though we may not faint, we are not to flee. We should resemble Gideon and the subduers of the Amalekites—"Faint, yet PURSUING."—*Jay's Morning Exercises for the Closet.*

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