

Saints ! who possessed his love before the birth
 Of Nature, ere by a touch divine the gloomy void
 Now bright with worlds, sang eloquent, ere with
 Radiant glance he threw the shadow of
 Omnipotence, and (the first impress of
 Almighty image) an Archangel rose,
 To find a Heaven in the smile of God,
 And drink forever at the fount of bliss !
 Touch'd by your woe he comes ! He comes, to wipe
 The pallid cheek, wet with a life of tears,
 And wake the withered glow of gladness there.

Then lay your groans aside,
 And with harps immortal, catch immortal strains,
 And sing almighty love, for love almighty reigns !

The next is a strain similar in character and expression to the preceding. 'The Dying Christian' is enabled, by the same power of faith which makes the Second Advent so full of joy, to look beyond the dark portals of the grave, and rise triumphant over the sufferings and trials of humanity. The light of heaven tinges the borders of earth, and the poet has finely shadowed forth the ecstatic feelings of the dying believer on beholding it.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Hail favor'd Saint ! by thy Redeemer known,
 His breast thy home, and all he has thine own !
 Heir to pure realms of everlasting light !
 A crown of glory, and a robe as bright !
 Tho' friendship's flame, long since hath ebb'd away,
 Nor left one spark to warm thy setting day ;
 The great and wealthy spurn thy lowly suit,
 And less esteem thee, than their pampered brute ;
 All that remains to thee, of earthly gain,
 Be the lone cot of penury and pain !
 Worlds could not purchase such a peace divine,
 Nor gain the Heaven that fills that smile of thine.
 The Eternal Lord, at whose omnific voice,
 Space teems with worlds—has made thy lot his choice.
 The gloomy clouds of solitude's sad day,
 Pierc'd by his beams of mercy, melt away !
 Those beams divine enraptur'd seraphs know—
 Their Heaven above—thy *Paradise below* !

Angels round whom immortal glories roll,
 In gentle whispers court thy rising soul :
 " Brother, come home ! exchange thy house of clay
 For one beyond the regions of decay :
 Thy name enroll'd as tenant of the sky,
 Put on thy robe of immortality !
 Thy cross resign,—thy pilgrim staff forego,—
 And take the crown that love and truth bestow."

Anon they strike, and on the golden wire,
 Wake the glad song cherubic hosts admire ;
 " Victorious grace !" bursts from the trembling string ;
 " Victorious grace !" responsive millions sing ;
 " The triumph's thine ; tho' death and hell may frown,
 Another jewel shall adorn thy crown !"

As we before remarked, Mr. Desbrisay's poetry is all of a serious nature, more or less imbued with his own religious feelings ; we consequently meet with but little variety of sentiment and expression. He wrote very rarely, and then but to express some exquisite thought of the moment, connected with