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POETRY.

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## THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

"The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Angel, wing'd messenger  
Whither thy way  
Hastest so quickly?  
Say, angel, say.

Has that one, attended  
By thee so well,  
Just gone up before thee  
In heav'n to dwell?

And art thou con. mission'd,  
Sweet angel-dove,  
To open the pearl-gates  
At home above?

Or what is thy mission,  
That thou shouldst fly,  
Sweet angel, so quickly  
Through azure sky?

Alas! earth-born mortal,  
Dost thou not know  
The just are not borne by  
Angels below;

But a train of seraphs,  
In vesture bright,  
Are sent to escort them  
To realms of light?

Far away, away, where  
The blest abide,  
The pearly gates ever  
Stand open wide.

O no, erring mortal,  
No need that I  
Throw open the pearl gates  
In the far sky.

This, this is my mission:—  
While soft clouds fling  
Their gray folds around my  
Upward-bound wing,

To bear, with rapt transport  
Of soul, on high  
The name and the gift of  
A passer-by.

Her name! what is it? Say,  
What shall it be  
'Mong angels and seraphs?  
*Sweet Charity.*

Her gift! of what value,  
When seraphs bear  
Her to heaven? *It shall be  
A passport there!*

Then go, go, bright angel,  
On wing so free;  
Bespeak a mansion for  
Sweet Charity.

## THE BIBLE.

Roman! spare that book.  
Keep off thy bloody hand:  
There's danger in thy look,  
And life is thy demand.  
Touch not that sacred page,  
There's hatred in thine eye!  
Ah, Roman! cease thy rage,  
I'll keep this book or die!

That good old book I love!  
It bids my sorrows cease:  
It leads to joys above,  
And gives the mourner peace.  
It is the orphan's stay,  
And heals the widow's heart;  
Take life or friends away,  
With this I'll never part!

Behold these tender youth,  
Whom Jesus died to save!  
I'll teach them here his truth,  
Or fill a martyr's grave!  
The crimes are ne'er forgot,  
The deeds of thee and thine;  
Go, Roman! touch it not,  
That holy book is mine!

Ah, Roman! spare that book;  
Our fathers, long ago,  
Thy slavish creeds forsook.  
Its precious truths to know.  
These children now are free  
From error's galling chain;  
Go, Roman! let it be,  
That book shall here remain.

Give up that book to thee,  
And rob my soul of God?  
To Papist bend the knee,  
And kiss the tyrant's rod?  
Never! while I have breath  
To raise my feeble hand;  
I'll tread the freeman's path,  
In this my native land!