

Not o'er that fabled stream, which flowed
 When Homer wrote of ghosts,
 Who were by Charon rudely rowed
 To Pluto's dreary coasts.

But borne aloft by angel forms,
 As Bunyan's tales narrate
 The scene when Pilgrims reach their homes,
 Through the celestial gate.

The way by which the seer was borne,
 Of olden Scripture fame,
 In a bright chariot, which was drawn
 By harnessed steeds of flame.

Immortal forms who on this earth,
 Had oft the sinner's prayer
 Pour'd out to God in trembling faith—
 Hailed her arrival there.

Who looked as stars are seen by night,
 Of less or brighter grades ;
 Some shone as first-born sons of light,
 Some threw out fainter shades.

Some the chaste virgin's semblance wore—
 Forms of celestial love,
 And some the matron's impress bore,
 For mother's love above.

Maternal love is from the font
 Of life's essential fire,
 And though in heaven transformed, it wo'nt
 In mothers' breasts expire.