

Poetry.

THE FLOWER HAS FADED.

BY JOHN K. LASKEY.

Young and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee: but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

MRS. HEMANS.

Tis for the dead

I hear those dirge-like tones upon the air,
A solemn pealing, for life's floweret faded,
A rose that grew beneath affection's care,
And screened from many an ill, and sweetly shaded
Until Death's hour:—

And now it comes,

That telling for the dead: and now a band
Comes to bear it to its home of rest,
To slumber, and for aye, beneath a land,
Where 't grew up, faded, but was blessed,
And joyed to bloom.

But even thus

The fairest things of earth, that we love dear,
Bloom like the raptures which hope often brings:
Then in their loveliness from life's bright sphere,
Vanish like Eden's bird, with stricken wings,
At once to die.

This is our lot,

To wish, and hope, and love—and hope in vain,
With tears and anguish, for that spirit-power,
Whose mandate is of heav'n, the earth his reign,
Spare not the one that rears it, or the flower
To mourn his fate:—

But yet there's hope—

But 'tis where the soft light of evening's hour,
And the sun's radiant beaming never fell,
Nor moonlight, or the dew upon the flower,—
And there 'tis fadeless, and too bright to tell—
And blooms in love.

And ye, who weep

The floweret faded, that adorned your path,
Quench not the love ye knew, nor stay the tear,
But know ye that it blooms, where Death's fell wrath
Shall never fade it more:—and may ye hear
And join the melody of that blest land,
Poured forth from golden harps, by angel hand,
Where now it blooms!

Literary.

ON THE WORKS OF CREATION AS AN
INCENTIVE TO CONTEMPLATION.

Is meditating on the works of Creation,—viewing the starry firmament,—amusing myself with the different lustres of the stars, as they began to appear,—the variety of colours of the western part of the heaven fading, till the whole was in a glow,—I could not but admire the blueness of the ether: exceedingly lightened and enlivened by the rays now passing through it.—How enlivened were my contemplations on the wisdom and goodness of the great Architect, who still rules and governs the whole! How amazing! how wonderful! are thy ways, O God; they are past finding out! Here I viewed, as it were, another picture of nature, more finely shaded, and disposed amongst softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered; and I could not refrain joining with the holy Psalmist in his admirable ecstasy: "When I consider

the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" The omnipresence of the Deity, though not visible to mortal eye, yet is manifest in the order and regularity of all created things. His omnipresence is equally displayed in the formation, order, and regularity of those innumerable stars—or more philosophically termed suns—that were then shining in full lustre, and others, planets or world, moving round their respective suns. I was induced still to expand the idea, and suppose another heaven of suns and worlds, revolving and rising still above the visible one, and these deriving their light from luminaries, placed at so great a distance, that they appear to the former as stars to us. This thought led me to reflect what an insignificant figure must I appear, amidst the immensity of God's creation!—I considered that original and actual sin had so debased our nature,—that the purity in which we were first created was so contaminated,—that without the cleansing blood of Christ there could be no redemption,—I looked upon myself with horror; condemning myself as not worthy of the least regard of that God who superintends so great a work, and was almost afraid I might be overlooked in the immensity of nature.

While lost, as it were, in reflection as to my own interest in the general boon, and meditating on the wisdom of Providence, in thus ordering all his works,—the full moon rising, added new lustre to the scene; and faith in the pardoning grace of God dispelled not only those ideas, but operated, comparatively speaking, as electrical fire to animate my breast and encourage my hope. The silver rays now adding brightness to the former glimmering light, I paused—I considered,—vital religion—a feeling sense of sins forgiven and a salvation purchased by a Redeemer flashing in all their radiance across my mind, relieved me from this mortifying thought, and in rapture I exclaimed,—The dead's alive!—the lost is found! When we consider that these thoughts generally take their rise from the narrow conceptions we are too apt to entertain of the Divine Nature,—and this imperfection of thought cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as creatures of finite and limited natures,—and as our ideas are confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently our observation limited to a certain number of objects,—because the sphere in which we move appears more enlarged to some than to others, just as we rise above one another in the scale of existence,—we cannot but conclude, that God is all perfection, too wise to err; and has so ordered all things as seemeth him best: we should therefore humble ourselves under this consideration, and repose all confidence in his mercy and good will towards us. The attributes of Deity are infinite: our reason, when enlightened by his Spirit, returns again to our succour, and we revive in the assurance that, as Lords of the Creation, the noblest workmanship of his hands,—we are not forgotten or overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, or amidst the infinity of other objects that engage his at-

ention; presence and God, infinite suffering, a plan for the fallen from the curse found a rat the serpent was verifie time took taught us the healing and spiritu sinners, criminious that we th holiness, a kingdom of Through I burthen of thus comp mercy! I man! How being, who Maker's p loving kind in Christ, a cipation of hope, and a grace doth disobedience of o have also t that though not far, or from the be ble bounds tinue its pre find itself in passed with plorable mu thus presen dinary bene not co-operat ceiving non of our natur ly miserable feels no oth may proceed sins, and the Divinity bei of no advan bly feel and happy recipi man without infinite good himself from draw all the presence, no existence, bu regard to it