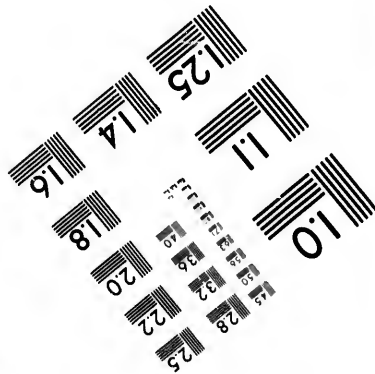
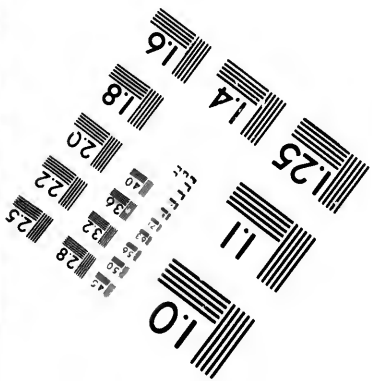
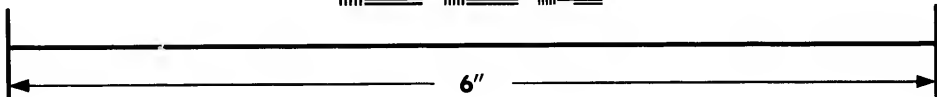
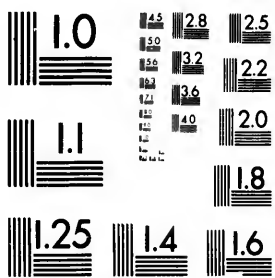


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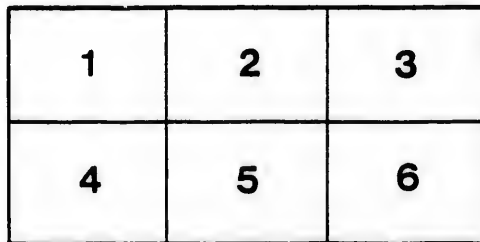
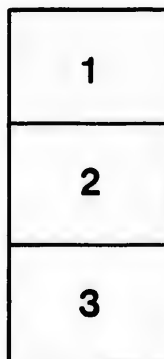
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Poetry N13

MAN AND NATURE:

OR

EVENING THOUGHTS

IN

POETRY.

BY

GEORGE FROST.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
PRINTED BY BARNES & COMPANY,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
1874.

P R E F A C E .

IN the composition of the Poems constituting this small volume, containing quite a number of small original pieces, the writer has endeavoured studiously to govern his thoughts and pen by the three leading principles of purity of sentiment, originality, and conciseness. In the first, that no mind, however delicate or susceptible of impression, shall not be in the smallest degree impaired by expressions or suggestions carelessly dropped, that shall have a tendency to divert it from the channel of social or moral rectitude, an error that may be thoughtlessly committed on the part of even the most judicious writer, without constant and untiring vigilance; and as the good of his fellow-man in general, and of the juvenile portion of mankind in particular, is ever held in view by the writer, and by whom, he presumes, his lines will be perused in some degree, he flatters himself that an opposite tendency will be effected; and if he could persuade himself in the belief that the attention and reflections, should, by the reading of his unpretending lines, be directed to Nature, as an inexhaustible source of meditation, thence, as a reasonable conclusion, to the great, the glorious and most adorable Author; then, for the labor and care bestowed on the preparation of his work, he could have a most enduring compensation.

With respect to originality, he has (after carefully accrediting the few direct quotations made use of, or verbatim phrases which he believes to be due to any other pen), endeavored to avoid the tiresome similarity too often to be endured in reading very much of the poetical matter in circulation, especially when the same or similar subjects are frequently written on; yet, he does not arrogate to himself the credit of unswerving originality of action, wishing to pay all due respect to the style of ages; perhaps in some few instances at most, transcribing phrases used in common by almost every writer of the language, and acknowledging his inability to originate a phraseology or expression of language entirely his own;

wishing to acknowledge all literary discrepancy and imperfection which may be found on undergoing a severe criticism, to which even the smallest and most humble production is likely to be subjected: being aware that in this age of letters, the maintenance of any great amount of independence of thought and language, with perspicuity little at fault, either in plain or poetical language, is a task not easily executed, especially by the comparatively unpractised. But in such event, he trusts that whatever credit may be due in that respect, will be awarded in the same degree that the writer has endeavoured honestly to merit.

Conciseness, or the third feature professed to be aimed at, is, in his opinion, blameless, with respect to space at least,—all his pieces being short, and the catalogue of subjects large for so small a volume. In an era like the present, when light and easy reading is so much esteemed, poems of great length on grave subjects are not likely to receive from general or casual readers the amount of careful attention which, perhaps, they deserve; and pass unappreciated, if not unnoticed. Every writer intends that his books and articles shall be read; and his labor in thought and writing is a success or a failure in the ratio as they are read or slighted. In the expression of ideas, he has used as few words as possible; but whether comprehensiveness or redundancy is the most distinctive quality, he is willing to submit to those who are more competent to judge than himself.

GEORGE FROST.

MAN AND NATURE.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Behold the lurid Northern Lights,
Embracing all the Arctic zone ;
The mustering flames in rapid flight
Against the vaulted sky were thrown.
I saw, and, lo ! on every hand
A gorgeous fiery front expand.

Each star of all the Northern host,
Withheld at once its modest glow :
The Polar sky emblazoned most,
And far illumed was earth below.
I thought an angel-guided car
Led on a host to aerial war.

And now a bright recruiting band
From dusty ramparts seethed the sky,
A wall of flame by whirlwinds fanned,
Auroral streamers waved on high.
The rubric cones of liquid fire
Seemed but departed saints' attire.

I saw the battling columns pass ;
They seemed to charge some latent foe ;
And sparkling jets of molten brass
From fiery floods appeared to flow.
I thought the veil that bars the view
Of other worlds had rent in two.

On light'ning wings, with rapid haste,
 Celestial ensigns upward flew ;
 And meteoric coursers chased,
 Adorned with tints of vivid hue.
 I saw them mount the zenith point—
 With liquid light the heavens anoint.

Thus wave on wave of liquid light,
 Forth in transcendent glory rolled ;
 Volcanic flambeaus ruled the night,
 Of amber hue or burnished gold.
 Anon some glimmering star was seen
 Up through the atmospheric sheen.

The fiery shafts that charged the sky,
 Prefaced, I thought, the judgment day,
 When at the dreadful trumpet's cry,
 The seething air shall burn away ;
 When earth shall roll in liquid flame,
 And Heaven's Judge shall judgment claim.

THE WIND AGAINST THE WINDOW PANE.

'Twas dead of night—a winter night—
 My watch-fire was my study light ;
 Without the winds in fury tore,
 O'er bleak hill-top and down the moor.
 Gust urged by gust—tumultuous roar—
 Then hushed in cadence low.
 Then onward, onward go,
 More fierce, more loud, than aught before.

Then rushing on my window pane,
Retreating thence in loud refrain ;
And through the leafless trees did play
Hoarse symphonies, then die away,
Anon to burst in wild affray
 In blasting trumpet key,
 Or mock the sounding sea,
When maddened waves are torn to spray.

Whilst moaning gales were bounding by,
And upward borne to kiss the sky ;
The stars aloft enthroned in light,
Through rifted clouds revealed to sight,
Like watching sentries o'er the night,
 Have kept their airy stations
 Through countless generations,
Spectators of the storm-fiend's flight.

Whilst on my door and window pane
The battling tempest hurled amain,
I thought, perchance, that on the sea
Some periled ship would doubtless be
Fast bounding to the breaking lee ;
 And then amidst the gloom
 The watchers wait their doom—
Avast ye winds, your victims' free.

How strange, my window pane should keep
At bay the storm that rolls the deep ;
To waves that upward burst and roar,
Or break upon the rock-bound shore,
Or with wrecks bestrew the ocean floor,
 Imprisoned by the sea,
 And ever there to be,
Trophies of winds and waves evermore.

SING, SWEET MINSTREL.

Come, sing, sweet minstrel, sing away ;
Come, sing a song at close of day ;
Sing whilst the moon unveils her light,
And stars once more appear to sight.

Come, chant away
The dying day
In one incessant lay.

Take up the red-breast's wooing song,
And wake the slumbering feathered throng ;
Be their sweet notes eclipsed by thee
In volleys of vocal minstrelsy.

Grant them to hear
Their own compeer
In songs of vocal cheer.

Let night-winds waft thy notes along
On airy wings. Thy grateful song
Will cheer the home-bound man of toil,
And heal like draughts of sacred oil ;
And all that hear,
Both far and near,
Thy hallowed praise shall cheer.

The fringed twilight sinks apace,
The evening star is in the chase ;
Distant waterfalls are heard,
Forests hum by night winds stirred.

Then sing, and say,
Farewell to day,
In one enraptured lay.

Thy carols half divine ascend,
Celestial listeners attend ;
Thy good-night praise pronounced in song,
As liquid echoes roll along.
 The darkened west,
 Invites to rest,
 Thy votive song is blessed.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

There's not a sound that hails the ear,
From sea or land through all the year,
But flows in music dull or clear,
 Though rude in measured strain ;
The bounding echoes roll away,
From hill to grove without delay,
 And quick return again.

The cascade dashing down the steep,
In mad career to valley deep,
And winds that o'er the summit sweep,
 Have music in their roar ;
The storm-torn sea that leaves the strand,
With mighty surge 'gainst rock and sand,
 Make music evermore.

When wakeful owls with solemn cry,
And other nightly watchers shy ;
With one accord their voices try,

EVENING THOUGHTS.

At solemn night when zephyrs sigh,
 Emotions fill the breast,
 Responsive voices roll along
 The trembling air replete with song,
 When twilight quits the west.

And when the smiling dawn appears,
 The waking woods emit their cheers ;
 Pure song the early listener hears,
 And purely soft the lay ;
 From stagnant fen—from field and bank,
 Harsh notes ascend of humble rank,
 And murmuring streamlets play.

THE NIGHTLY REST.

The daylight long hath quit the West,
 In nightly shades the earth is dressed ;
 And through the darkness far on high,
 The stars bestud the ample sky.
 And stillness reigns, but for the breeze,
 That, dirge like, hums among the trees :
 To soothe away the slumb'ring night,
 From setting sun till dawning light.

The meanest brute instinct hath taught,
 With care to seek some resting spot ;
 And Nature's sons, both high and low,
 Full well the boon of night do know.

So either at their length reclined,
 Or curled around as serpent kind,
 Or deep in burrows mined with care,
 Or poised on branches high in air.
 Whilst all their varied habits keep,
 In this they do agree, to sleep.

And man, "the lord of all below,"
 By reason taught his good to know,
 Straight to his friendly couch repairs ;
 Forgets in sleep his daily cares ;
 A respite is his pillow true
 From toils, and thus his powers renew.

The light so dear to man by day,
 To guide his feet—insure his way,
 Has by a wise provision fled,
 From eyes to outer vision dead.

And whilst refreshing slumbers weigh
 Upon his brow, strange phantom's play
 Around his half-unconscious mind,
 In dreamy shadows ill defined.

He takes the strangest scenes for true,
 The dreamy land whilst passing through ;
 The revelations there made known,
 Would startle Reason from her throne.

To balmy sleep that bears away,
 Entranced the mind all seem to say,
 " O ! welcome, welcome, constant friend,
 " All living things on thee depend ;
 " When nature droops thy willing arms,
 " In fond embrace bestow their charms.

" In the fatigue is truly blessed,
 " And every sense is hushed to rest ;
 " In soft embrace, thy gentle flow,
 " Conferred alike on high and low.

" The mendicant, though lacking gold,
 " The prince, the rich, the young and old,
 " The herds that graze the meadows fair,
 " Or creeping things, or those of air,
 " Thy graces share with equal right,
 " In slumbers pure at time of night."

No mind so rudely dull can be
 As not in Nature's plan to see
 Her goodness shared through every grade
 Of creature forms her hand hath made.

ADMONITION.

When the world shall loud praise thee,
 And laudations amaze thee,
 And successes upraise thee,
 For some action or duty performed,
 Be aware lest they swerve thee,
 And with greetings unnerve thee,
 Whilst thy breast with good fortune is warmed :
 For if fortune should fly thee,
 And sad losses should try thee,
 Who then shall stand by thee
 When the trumpet of fame is unblown.

Those who first stood to hail thee,
 May be first to assail thee,
 And the last to award thee thine own,
 But the last to elate thee,
 When others would inflate thee,
 Will be found last to hate thee,
 When the sun of success has declined ;
 So whatever betide thee,
 Let caution ever guide thee—
 Have good sense with good fortune combined.

THE VOICE OF DESPAIR.

From Africa's sons, lo ! a voice of despair ;
 It shouts for relief from the man-stealer's snare ;
 It mounts the soft breeze, and along the wide main,
 It continues to cry for relief, but in vain,
 To the Kings of the earth its petition is sent ;
 The manacled limb is its cause of lament ;
 Ah ! more, for the blood of the innocent cries—
 The mind is enthralled and forbidden to rise.

The mother beholds, in the grief of her heart,
 Her child from her side with the trader depart ;
 Made the prey of the man whom the brutes would disdain,
 And the scourge is her doom if she dares to complain,
 To depict the sad tale of the slave would require
 Nothing short of a Milton or an angel still higher ;
 But deaf are the powers of the earth to the call
 From the soul of the slave, which appeals to them all.

May they rise in their might, and oppression lay low—
 Break the fetters of thought and of limb at a blow.
 O ! Britain, remember thy struggle to free
 Thy soil of the curse in the isles of the sea ;
 Most noble the act—'tis a star in thy crown,
 And angels rejoice as to earth they look down ;
 But why didst thou stop till the last sable slave
 His freedom had gained by the sword of the brave ?

The star in thy crown would more brightly have shone,
 As it traversed the earth with the light of the sun ;
 But well hast thou done—to thy praise be it told ;
 Thou hast ransomed thy own with thy millions of gold.
 But the star-spangled flag of the States of the West
 Hath boastfully waved over its millions oppressed :
 An insult to the slave, on the Fourth of July,
 Are the shouts of the *free* as they ring to the sky.

But the banner of stars is at last rent in twain,
 And drenched is the soil with the blood of the slain ;
 The negro in silence the struggle surveys ;
 That the North may prevail he most fervently prays.
 He knows that himself is the cause of the strife,
 And to speak in his cause is to forfeit his life ;
 But his faith is beyond the mad tyrant's control,
 Though the body he kill, he cannot the soul.

O ! ye South, be aware that the day draweth near,
 When your land shall in ashes and sackcloth appear ;
 No crime is too bad for your hands to commit—
 Your deeds are as dark as the bottomless pit,
 The blood of the slave from your soil will accuse.
 With a cry for revenge, and can justice refuse ?
 The day will appear when the Judge in his might
 Will in justice award to the menial his right.

Then the adamant heart of the tyrant, in turn
 Will receive as he gave, if repentance he spurn.
 The weary and worn, with his kindred estranged,
 He'll behold at a glance all before him arrange'd.
 Bold tyrant, the cup that with pleasure you sip,
 Will with vengeance be filled and returned to your lip ;
 And the thrice bitter draught you will drink in the sight
 Of the throng whom you scourged in the day of your
 might.

Oh ! Slavery, fiend of all fiends, thou hast cursed
 The lowly and meek of the earth from the first ;
 Thy theme is the woe of the heart-stricken throng—
 The piteous lament of despair is thy song.
 The fairest of climes thou hast vexed with thy breath,
 The soft tropic gales thou hast tainted with death ;
 Where the nectarous cane and the orange tree grow,
 And the bright summer skies perennial glow.

But, as Eden of her groves of ambrosial was shorn,
 And her pleasures supreme, and her bowers left to mourn ;
 So the groves of full many a bright land in this day
 Thou hast sacked, oh ! thou fiend, and the spoils borne
 away.

Thy victims by millions are numbered all through,
 On the records of shame, both ancient and new ;
 Darkness and death, cupidity and wrong,
 Covetousness and crime, to thy history belong.

Let the stars thee accuse as they peer from the sky ;
 Let the mountains condemn from their summits on high ;
 Let the hills and the woods with upbraiding be heard,
 And the just of all lands thee condemn at a word ;

Let purity, outraged, cast the shame in thy face,
 And parents, bereaved, proclaim thy disgrace;
 Let thy reign of iniquity die from the earth,
 And freedom, sweet freedom, be ushered to birth.

THE COUNTERPART.

Richmond hath surrendered—the slave is set free;
 To Africa's plains, across the broad sea,
 Let the herald of victory be heard,
 From ocean to ocean, from Texas to Maine,
 Rebellion is crushed throughout the domain,
 The manacles are broken at a word.

The arms of the North have prevailed in the fight;
 Lincoln to humanity hath awarded her right;
 And wherever his name shall be known,
 The good and the great will emblazon the deed,
 And millions succeeding the slaves whom he freed,
 Will shout ever his praise and anon.

On the "Star-spangled Banner" let another be placed,
 With the motto of "Freedom" and a halo be graced,
 And surrounded with laurels of gold;
 Be it waved by the breath of thanksgiving to and fro,
 O'er the grave of brave Lincoln let it ever flow,
 And the tale never cease to be told.

THE LEAF IN THE HALL.

An Autumn leaf all crisp and dead,
That from a tree had lately fled,
Was wafted through my open door,
And fell upon the entrance floor ;
No marvel that it fled apace
For some oblivious lurking place ;
And there in coy repose to lie,
And hear the passing breezes sigh,
And there to die.

Discarded thing, that dead brown leaf,
Its beauty gone, it lies in grief ;
But, lo ! the same Almighty hand
That made the earth, with sea and land,
In that same leaf more wonder placed
Than meditative man hath traced,
With knowledge graded.

'Twas but an humble thing to see,
A faded leaf from yonder tree,
Though once it glowed in emerald green,
And with its fellow-leaves was seen
High on its branch, kissed by the rays
Of noon-day sun in summer days,
Or trembling in the breath of night,
Shimmering forth the dim star-light,
With all the leaves on all the trees,
A canopy to lull and please,
In shady ease.

Scarce worth the time to brush aside
 That auburn leaf all crisp and dried ;
 But 'ere the intruding thing you cast
 Beyond the door-step to the beast,
 Inspect the symmetry and design,
 In form displayed and tissue fine,
 Its serried outline laid with care,
 Not but perfection centres there,
 Though half its beauty fled before
 It found an entrance at my door.
 Quite self-reliant in its grief,
 It says to man in wisdom chief,
 Display your skill and make a leaf,
 Just such a leaf.

Artistic skill may make a tree,
 With leaf and branch all fine to see,
 And place it near the open door,
 Above the leaf that's on the floor ;
 And brainless judges stop and gaze,
 Admire the picture—grant their praise
 To imitative art, and not
 Bestow a look or risk a thought
 Upon the tree that stands near by,
 That sent the faded leaf to lie
 Upon the floor—a lowly bed,
 A victim to their passing tread ;
 But art composed the work you scan,
 And Heaven made the tree, O ! man ;
 And can you make a real tree,
 Like that which bore the leaf you see,
 Just such a tree.

DOST THOU REMEMBER ?

Dost thou remember school-boy days,
My old class-mate and friend ;
The school house, teacher, games and plays,
That long have had an end ?

Yes ; in the locket of my brain,
They're safely hid away ;
And three score years do not disdain
A youthful colloquy.

I clearly recollect them all,
And where the school-house stood ;
A square old house, with windows small,
Though then accounted good.

The desks ran round against the wall,
The scholars sat back-to ;
All crammed and crowded, big and small,
The "master" peering through.

The planken seats, in fashion then,
Creaked and squeaked you know,
Till down came seat, with boys and men—
A tumultuous overthrow.

In jack-knife carvings, doltish clowns
Their skill exemplified,
All gratis, save the thwacks and frowns
In compensation plied.

The grave old master's throne of state,
I now almost can see,
Stood in the centre, near the grate—
A sage old man was he.

And there he ruled, and there decreed,
And many a birchen stick
Was splintered, as he saw the need,
For truancy or trick.

'Twas there in turn to read we went,
The biggest first must go ;
With slates to see what "cyphering" meant,
With copy-books to show.

The toughness of the ear was tried ;
He might as well have said,
They're better off, and laid aside,
Than dangling at your head.

I do not say he never quaffed
A dram to make him quick ;
Then, mind you, if you played or laughed,
He kept a dusting stick.

Some with " Please, sir, make a pen,"
For none could writers be
Without the aid of goose quills then,
Plucked from the wing you see.

In single file to spell we stood,
From Dilworth's columns long ;
The ferrule law then thought so good,
Decided right or wrong.

Geographies and grammars too,
Were only known in name ;
Whoever dared to look them through,
A prodigy became.

The globes and maps, and things that make
 This age so much excel,
 Were kept somewhere for some one's sake,
 But where we could not tell.

When'er the half-hour glass announced
 The cheery news to go,
 Up roar ran high as out we bounded,
 No marching then you know.

The master shouting, "Order, boys,"
 Stick raised, and threatening loud,
 Was just one more to make a noise
 Behind the tearing crowd.

In dunce-cap times, those odd old days,
 He sometimes "boarded round";
 Up hill and down, over lengthened ways,
 His food he sought and found.

Though dignified and quite genteel,
 On twenty pence a day,
 His threadbare coat did make him feel,
 The fault of pittance pay
 Of knowledge, the very embodiment,
 In "larnin" most profound;
 The hardest sums to him were sent
 From all the country round.

The girls must courtesy, boys must bow,
 To age and good repute,
 Good manners then, worse breeding now,
 Thus far beyond dispute.

The staunch old school-house, square and squat,
That cradled us one day ;
Where good boys studied, bad boys fought,
Hath fallen to decay.

Our teacher, honor to his name,
Who much instruction gave,
Deserves more gratitude than blame,
Lies, somewhere, in his grave.

I thank you friend and old class-mate ;
I witness all you say ;
You bring me back to youth's estate,
And roll the years away.

ON THE SHORE.

As I stood on the floor
Of the pebbly shore,
The ripples were kissing the strand ;
The foam and the spray
In their antics did play,
And bubbles came rocking to land.

Afar on the tide
The wavelets did ride,
All sparkling and gleaming with light,
And varying in hue
From silver to blue,
Or darkened by shade from the sight.

And departing the side
Of the briny sea-tide,
And leaving its beauties behind,
A monitor still,
With a beckoning thrill,
My reflecting spirit entwined.

Here's a picture well drawn
Of the journey you are on,
Of life in the sun and the shade ;
To be loved or revered,
Respected or feared,
Are as fickle as the waves you surveyed.

From the casket of clay
You are passing away,
As the tide that went hurrying past ;
Or as bubbles awide,
On the far drifting tide,
In the breakers of death you'll be cast.

TO UPLAND AIRY HEIGHT.

To upland airy height,
Where dazzling glacier bright,
Bedims the keenest sight,
Midst dancing beams and mountain streams,
To watch the condor's flight.

Beneath the tempest cloud but,
 Doth nether peaks enshroud ;
 Roars out in thunders loud,
 As war-ships pour their deafening roar,
 And gathering vapours crowd,
 The lightning shafts succeed,
 In quick succession freed,
 As on a fiery steed
 Through chasms deep, o'er summits steep,
 Save thought unmatched in speed,
 The bolt is spent below,
 And echoes come and go,
 And mountain winds do blow,
 The pine-tops there in high mid-air,
 Lurch wildly to and fro,
 The eagle soars on high
 Amid the azure sky ;
 And with her piercing eye,
 Seans all the plain from mount to main,
 And nestling eaglets cry.

 Now mountain storms subside,
 And down the craggy side,
 Behold the plain's awide ;
 How wild and grand, on every hand,
 A mountain view when tried.

 The gaping chasm near,
 Quite fills the blood with fear,
 As down the depths I peer ;
 And cinders tell the tale full well,
 Of igneous agents here.

I WOULD NOT BE A SCEPTRED PRINCE.

I would not be a sceptred prince,
And wear a regal crown ;
I would not mount a throne of state,
And on the world look down.

I would not wear the purple robe,
And 'dure the flatt'ring shout
Of cringing subjects, day by day,
Whene'er I ventured out.

I would not, though with coffers filled,
And waiting knights beside,
Be pestered quite with courtly fops,
In false pretence and pride.

I would not bear external smiles,
When treason mars the soul,
And ever fear the traitor's dirk,
Or dread the fatal bowl.

Great Cæsar heard the Forum rage,
And felt the traitor's dart ;
No gallant deed by him achieved,
Sufficed to shield his heart.

When rival claimants seek the prize,
The crown sits ill at ease ;
Two maddened hosts in fury rise,
Perchance the wearer sees.

For diadem so dearly bought,
Enwreathed in diamond flame,
With fab'lous wealth—sure I would not
Exchange an humble name.

I would not give a rural home,
With artless friendship blessed,
For courtly halls and pageantry
Bedecked in all their best.

A sculptured tomb I would not fill,
Where art has chiselled deep
The records of my pedigree,
Where kindred monarchs sleep.

THE SWALLOW.

The spring has come, return, dear bird,
From lands far o'er the sea,
Where winter storms are never heard—
Return once more to me.

Within the barn thy quaint old nest
Hath stood since thou wast there :
Then tarry not for food or rest,
But quickly cut the air.

The leaves are out, the sun shines bright,
Soft winds sweep o'er the plain ;
Then soar aloft with morning light,
Come quickly o'er the main.

The old barn loft is desolate
Without thy twittering voice :
Speed onward with thy wooing song,
And companion of thy choice.

On wing with graceful swoop survey
The old farm lot once more ;
Thy kindred tribes bemoan thy stay,
They welcome thee once more.

THE BROAD DEEP RIVER.

Near by the home that gave me birt'^h,
A broad, deep River rushes forth,
That has for ages rolled its tide
Unceasing on to ocean's side.
No stream of earth, however fair,
Can with this noble stream compare,
At least to me ; for by its side
In days of youth I loved to glide
Its banks and brim, with hill and field,
A world contained, a world revealed,
Before my mind aspired to know
What other streams through valleys flow ;
If other brays and meadows green
In lands remote were ever seen.
Its tallest steeps that far unveiled,
Its winding course through marsh and field,
I climbed and would the danger brave,
To trace the sunbeams o'er the wave ;
With cautious step beside to trace
The shy king-fisher's hiding place.
Full truant like, in sportive glee ;
From care exempt, from trouble free,

The moments quickly passed away.
 Whilst at the river bank at play ;
 The mirrored surface clearly drew
 The sky above the trees that grew
 Upon the banks ; and pleased was I,
 When looking down could see the sky.
 No age with visions more replete
 Than when the urchin's wayward feet
 Are equal only to convey
 Him to some river's bank to play ;
 'Tis then, no doubt, the plastic mind
 Impressions take which age may find
 Most plainly marked when brought to sight ;
 And if by culture guided right,
 Will prove a theme life's journey through.
 For meditations ever new.

But many years have by me sped.
 Since at the river side I played—
 Since when I knew no earthly care,
 And rambled by the river fair ;
 But now, in manhood's riper stage,
 With all the cares of middle age,
 The good old stream hath charms in store
 Whilst coursing on to ocean's shore,
 That oft invite me to its side
 To view its eddies and its tide.
 The banks retain their verdant hue,
 When summer clothes the earth anew ;
 Then all appear to wear the prime
 And freshness of their youthful time.
 The gay king-fisher hovers there,
 With all a parent's tender care ;
 The sparkling sunbeams crest the tide ;

The shadows, too, at eventide,
Like visions of the past remain,
And manhood seems as child again.

But, ah ! the wheels of conquering time,
Have borne away my youth's fair prime ;
And all the chanting breezes sigh
That youth so quickly passes by.
The summer into autumn fades ;
This shrouds the earth in dreary shades ;
And autumn leaves as heralds go,
That all the drooping earth may know
That winter comes to close the year ;
And Time, the victor, conquers here ;
No fitter emblem can there be.
It speaks to none more clear than me,
That down the stream of time we glide,
As rivers seek the ocean's side.

But Spring revives the fields anew ;
She comes with showers and gentle dew ;
And with a sunbeam for her guide,
And flowery wings expanded wide ;
Enrobed in all that's fair and gay,
To earth she misses not her way.
Thus back to youth returns the year,
As onward speeds this mighty sphere,
Sustained by that Almighty will,
Whose presence immensity doth fill.
The changing seasons re-appear
At His command from year to year ;
And every planet in its place,
Revolves in turn through empty space.

But backward up the stream of time,
To hopeful youth can mortals climb ?

Ah ! no ; and each returning Spring
Doth retrospective lessons bring
Of days forever passed away
Whilst at the river bank at play.
As ocean drinks the rolling stream,
And boundless space engulphs the beam ;
So doth eternity appear,
To swallow up the dying year.
And rolls the timely stream along,
Full freighted with a living throng
Of motley millions, young and old,
Myself among the crowd am told.
Discharged at last, sure all must be,
Into that great eternal sea ;
Just as the stream I named before
Rolls on to seek the ocean's shore.

DOWN IN THE DELL.

Whilst down in the dell,
As the evening shades fell,
I was charmed with a spell ;
The clear pool that was there,
With its mirror so rare,
Was exquisitely fair—
It was worthy the rambler's retreat.
The autumn leaves brown,
Came leisurely down
From the once leafy crown.
In the waters to drown,
Or the rush and the sedgegrass to greet.

The departing rays strove
 With the ancient oak grove,
 Where a monarch might rove ;
 From the dell there was heard
 The plaint thrill of the bird,
 That she freely conferred
 On the listening ear in the dell.
 The sky raven in air
 As he passed gave a stare,
 And the squirrel, with care,
 Had withdrawn to his lair—
 Each affirmed his peculiar farewell.

I was left to survey
 The still close of the day
 In the dell far away ;
 All was still, save, perchance,
 As a thing of romance,
 The strange owl broke the trance,
 With a hoot that portended the night ;
 When, reflection, confined
 To the dell of the mind,
 And its labyrinths blind,
 Did survey the recluse with delight.

JOSHUA AT JERICHO.

Benumbed with fear, within their walls,
 Lay Jericho's blaspheming host ;
 Terrific dread each heart enthralls ;
 Dumb idols were their futile boast.

Doomed by Israel's sword to fall ;
The Almighty fiat sealed their fate ;
The hero-priest, the great and small,
The purpled court in princely state.

The marshalled throng of God appeared,
And round and round each day they moved ;
Their trust was in the God they feared,
Their Joshua whom they loved.

The tribes moved on in silent tread ;
The priests the sacred symbol bore ;
The war-worn veterans marched ahead
Still, save the seven trumpets' roar.

Six days in sacred programme spent,
The seventh came with horror filled ;
When, lo ! a shout to heaven went ;
The wall-girt hearts within were chilled.

Loud and more loud the blasts ascend,
Around and o'er the embattled walls ;
By miracle the foundations rend,
The heaven-opposing structure falls.

The mocking king, with all his crew,
Now fain would flee, or quarters give ;
But spared were but the favored few
Who let the spies of Joshua live.

Defiant foes dared lift the spear
Against the Lord's anointed band ;
But the Judge of all the earth was there
To lead and conquer through the land.

Through Egypt's sea, through deserts vast,
Through many a gory battle-field ;
When Satan lured, He led them past ;
Outnumbering foes were doomed to yield.

When famine threatened to devour,
He with his loving hand did feed ;
And in rebellion's fatal hour,
Preserved the pure of Abram's seed.

THE RILL.

As I stood by the rill
As it fell from the hill,
I was pleased with the music it made ;
Far along the green banks,
It continued its pranks,
Till at last it was lost in the shade.

As it gurgled and roared,
It refreshed and restored,
With the spray that it cast on the sod ;
And the plants that grew there,
Bent down for a share,
And replied to the breeze with a nod.

And the thirsty ox came,
All familiar and tame,
To the clear, cooling stream, he was drawn ;
As he stood on the bank,
The cool waters he drank,
And retired, quite refreshed, to the lawn.

And around the bright spring,
 On fantastical wing,
 Tiny insects in myriads whirled ;
 And the birds sat at ease,
 'Neath the shade of the trees,
 And the spring was a miniature world.

How enchantingly sweet,
 At the noon-tide to greet,
 For Flora had deigned to be there ;
 She had touched the green sod
 With her magical rod,
 And her sweets were diffused to the air.

IS THE WORLD ANY BETTER FOR ME ?

Is the world any better because I am here ?

Let me see.

What account can I give for a day or a year ?

Let me see.

Have example and precept been blended together
 With patience and goodness, with love for a tether ?

Let me see.

Hath the note-taker, conscience, a voice in the matter
 Of deciding the case (and she deigns not to flatter) ?

Let me see.

Is she true in recording both the wholes and the fractions
 Of my motives and acts in my daily transactions ?

Let me see ?

Is my life so directed in all of its stages,
 That no painful disclosure be revealed from her pages ?

Let me see.

THE LONELY ROCK AT SEA.

Ever a dismal thing to me,
Is a lonely rock at sea ;
Sad tales that lonely rock could tell,
If speaking powers it did possess,
And all its secrets could confess,
Of wreck and death that on it fell.

It stands in giant form,
Defiant 'midst the storm ;
Whilst waves roll up its flinty side,
And madly o'er its summit dash,
And burst as furious thunders crash,
Anon to roll upon the tide.

In solitude and dread
Its cyclopean head
Is seen above the rolling sea ;
In calm, or storm, or dread cyclone,
An everlasting dirge-like moan
Comes thundering o'er the lee.

How many there have found
Beneath that hollow sound
A troubled grave in kelp and shell,
And broken wrecks and caverns deep,
Around its base in long, long sleep,
Incessant wave-notes fail to tell.

THE VOYAGER.

I am a pilgrim, tempest tossed
Upon life's ocean drear ;
Oft midst the boisterous surges lost,
When signals false appear.

When treacherous beacons lead the way,
Quite near the shoals I glide ;
Then, lo ! the breakers—dire display—
Appear on every side.

When well-nigh wrecked on rocks of sin,
I shape my course anew ;
And horror chills my heart within,
Whilst I the danger view.

My latent hopes spring up once more :
Faith whispers in my ear,
That half the dangers now are o'er,
As from the shoals I steer.

I long to catch the faintest ray
Of Bethlehem's guiding light ;
To chase my lurking fears away,
And guide my bark aright.

And when the glorious ray descends
Upon the troubled main,
Triumphant ecstacy it lends—
The doubtful way is plain.

THIS WORLD IS NOT A DESERT WORLD.

This world is not a desert world,
As some would have it be ;
Although with toil and woe beset,
But still the mind is free.

'Tis free to love and free to hope ;
'Tis free to choose the right ;
And free to stand its own defence,
And put the wrong to flight.

And free, beside, to rove at large
O'er Nature's ample field ;
In every adaptation see,
A deep design revealed.

It hears the threat'ning thunder roar,
Through all the upper air,
And sees the vivid shafts descend,
And feels that God is there.

Its freedom floats through naked space,
Where ether joins with air ;
Where meteors sport with dazzling flame,
And through the darkness glare.

'Tis free to read the Sacred page,
Where love and wisdom flow ;
And run and win the christian race,
And peace and pardon know.

'Tis free to drink of knowledge deep
In scientific lore,
And pathways coy through classic shades,
It freely may explore.

The mind ! who can its essence know—
 Its limit who can tell ?
 Its growth, have any told how vast,
 If freedom guides it well ?

Its growth none else can know but He,
 Who called it into birth ;
 Who doubtless grants eternal fruit
 To the germ-springs on earth.

Then is the world a desert waste,
 Since the Almighty will
 Hath spoken mind to being here,
 His purposes to fill.

A desert world ! depart the thought ;
 Let mind a witness be,
 That all the glorious wo.^{rs} of God
 Pervade both land and sea.

ON THE CLOCK.

The clock that tells the passing hour,
 Reminds us of our coming end ;
 It counts the fleeting moments o'er
 Of Time, 'neath which all flesh must bend.

Its tickings seem the throbbing heart,
 Within the breast of ruling Time ;
 It tells the tale that all must part
 From earth to some eternal clime.

An hour has gone, forever flown,
Its tolling changes truly tell ;
Expired, alas ! reclaimed by none ;
It is indeed an hourly knell.

Around its wheels, from sight concealed,
The chain of life is coiled in doubt ;
Whose end to none can be revealed,
Until its length is measured out.

How many would the secret know ?
How long or short the golden chain
Of life that binds to earth below ?
How many would the future gain ?

But life is all of seconds made,
And seconds into minutes haste,
And minutes into hours arranged,
Which on the dial plate are placed.

And as the index moves apace,
The hours are numbered o'er and o'er ;
Most surely will it mark the place,
Where precious life shall be no more.

THE FISHER.

O'er the waves, away, away,
Swiftly down the broad-armed bay,
The fisher's boat is seen to glide,
With snowy sail, along the tide.

The morn is fair, the wind is free,
The sky is clear, and clear the sea ;
The fisher's heart is light and brave,
Whilst lightly floating o'er the wave.

His graceful boat he steers along,
And wakes the sea-birds with his song,
Which at respectful distance keep,
As though the fisher ruled the deep.

Green isles bestud the ample bay,
As oases in desert lay ;
But these he quickly leaves behind,
Intent on bolder scenes to find.

Each rock and shoal he passes by,
That 'neath the waves deceitful lie ;
With net and line, and mooring strong,
Which to his favorite trade belong.

The finny shoal he finds at last ;
His anchor safe is downward cast
Beneath the flood, ten fathoms low,
Far out at sea where wild winds blow.

May good success attend him there—
May fortune grant his fullest fare ;
Then safely come by sail or oar,
To share the home he shared before.

AWAY TO THE SPHERES

Now let the mind free license take ;
 Let fond imagination rove ;
 And startling explorations make,
 Among the mighty spheres above.

Be seated on an infant ray,
 As from the orb of day it flies ;
 Then, fearless, launch the mind away,
 And journey through the outer skies.

Eight mighty spheres perpetual wheel
 Around the axled orb of light ;
 Whilst moons and asteroids reveal
 Their rays to telescopic sight.

Mercury's torrid air shall first
 Be thought quite worth a hasty call ;
 When with its calcined crust conversèd,
 I'll quit at once its massive ball.

Then with the speed of thought again,
 I'll tread the open space in quest
 Of that bright gem I long have seen
 At eve, high up the twilight west.

The goddess queen of beauty rare,
 In ancient fancy long admired,
 I gain ; but, lo ! the fabled fair
 Hath quit her throne, and long retired.

Thy globe, O ! Venus, strange to know,
 Hath two-fold seasons in thy year ;
 Thy polar climes rich herbage grow,
 Where earth with polar ice is drear.

I'll cross the earth's well-beaten road,
To championed Mars of ancient fame ;
I'll see or not his pond'rous load
Of mail, or why his battling name.

His warlike visage opening fast,
As near I come, when, lo ! the king
Hath dropped his shield, since ages past
No warlike fiends about him cling.

The Asteroids I'll quickly leave,
The thunder's mighty bulk to scan ;
No piercing bolt I yet receive,
Whate'er had been his ancient plan.

Pristine legends, stale with time,
I'll ever more repudiate ;
Though told in classic style sublime,
They fly the test of modern date.

With sunlight speed, away, away,
Through the etheric gulf I go ;
Borne onward by the chariot,
The thunderer's fabled sire to know.

My sunbeam guides, with light'ning haste,
To Saturn's mysterious rings convey ;
When on the vast circumference placed.
The planet wonders I survey.

The follies of Hellenic lore,
That gave to Saturn god-like powers ;
The ring-girt orb sustains no more
Than fruit matured retains the flowers.

Before me lies unbounded space,
And stars bestud the great profound ;
Too vast for finite minds to trace,
And hath immensity a bound.

THE DAY DAWN.

I saw the dawn, the ruddy dawn,
The East horizon light ;
It climbed the sky—the stars withdrew—
It scattered far the night.

The fiery rays through dusky air,
Proclaimed the day-king near ;
A vanguard from his bosom sent,
As if his way to clear.

'Ere long the glorious sun appeared
Above the Eastern hill ;
The curling vapors quickly fled,
With all the nightly chill.

I thought, while thus the moon appeared,
Of Baptist John of old,
Through whom the Saviour's twilight shone,
Where Jordan's waters rolled.

The Sun of everlasting day
'Ere long appeared to view,
To chase the mists of death away,
And light the world anew.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The deadly chills of Adam hung
O'er all his fallen race ;
But Israel's Sun is doomed to shine
To earth's remotest place.

PROGRESSION.

The mighty oak, by woodman fell,
Was but an acorn in its shell,
Not long ago.

The meadow green, the fertile field,
Were by the forest gloom concealed,
Not long ago.

Authors, statesmen, heroes, all
Were subject to a mother's call,
Not long ago.

The ruling Prince so dignified,
Was fostered at a nurse's side,
Not long ago.

The countless hosts that people earth,
All journeying graveward, came to birth
Not long ago.

The greatest wonders now revealed,
Were from the shrewdest minds concealed,
Not long ago.

The fleeting present rushes past,
And all things surely change at last,
'Ere long to come.

The sapling twig will be a tree,
And landscape scenes will altered be,
 'Ere long to come.
There lives the babe to be the sage,
To act awhile, then quit the stage,
 'Ere long to come.
And subject to a nurse's care,
Is one who's doomed a crown to wear,
 'Ere long to come.
And could'st thou as an ancient seer,
Through all the future changes peer,
 Through times to come.
All that knowledge now hath done,
Would be effaced as stars by sun,
And ends into beginnings run,
 In times to come.
The past, insatiate, ever waits
Before the future's hopeful gates,
 Time rushing through.
The now, a point, is scarcely seen,
The past and future placed between.
All things shall be or have been—
 The now is gone.

EARLY DAYS.

A retrospect of early days,
 With all their mirth and glee,
Is pleasant still, though many years
 Have chased our youth away.

Are not ramblings of our youth
O'er meadow, marsh, and hill,
Recorded true as dooms-day book,
On mem'ries tablets still ?

The vocal choir of song-birds trilled
With soft melodious song,
With ecstasies our spirits filled
In sportive ramblings long.

And when high noon had hushed the notes
Of nature's vocal crew,
We sought the ancient grove's retreat,
And bade the fields adieu.

Beneath the oak, the broad-armed oak,
To squirrel's rendezvous ;
With green moss carpet 'neath our feet,
Old friendships did renew.

The spacious fields in summer's day
Would raise the spirits high ;
The humming bee we oft admired,
And painted butterfly.

The ruffled rill in alders hid,
Or by the limpid pool,
We found new sports whilst rambling there,
When summer days were full.

The sparrow's nest in lonely bush,
With speckled tribute stored ;
We saw with wonder whilst we mocked
The wary parent bird.

Which, seated high, or circling near,
In chirpings seemed to say,
Begone, young rambler, stay not long,
Intrude no more, I pray.

My precious charge, in this retreat
I watch with jealous care ;
Just as thy own fond mother, child,
For thee breathes out her prayer.

How oft we plucked the wild red rose,
That grew in plenty round,
And other petaled treasures there,
That decked the open ground.

How nature spreads her treasures out,
To lure the artless child ;
Behold her pond'rous volume filled
With lessons pure and mild.

At night to gaze aloft how grand,
When all the stars shone bright,
And fancy climbed some mountain's top,
And grasped the gems of night.

At times we sought the bouldered strand,
When rudely yawned the deep,
And sea-gulls loudly yelled their notes,
And mocking sand-birds creep.

Then, far along the briny shore,
To watch the ebbing tide,
And hear the angry billows roar,
Far out on ocean wide.

In distance far the vaulted sky
Came down and met the sea ;
And sea and sky united were,
Or such it seemed to be.

Whilst culling shells by sea-side foam,
In fraternal childhood's tie,
We little thought, 'ere many years,
Some one or more would die.

Now severed is the family cord ;
The ocean claimed its prize ;
One spirit ascended to its Lord—
The body in ocean lies.

Yet, some are lingering by the way,
On life's eventful shore ;
But all the days of youth and play
Are fled for evermore.

The meadow field and solemn grove,
With all the open plain,
And sea-side strand, with upland walks,
As monuments remain.

The seasons change, the summer comes,
And flowers deck the field ;
But all their magic charms are fled,
For youth's fond days are sealed.

And every stream that downward flows,
And every fading leaf,
And every flower at summer's close,
Foreshow that time is brief.

But God who governs all things well,
 Hath better things in store
 For those who fear Him here below,
 That faileth never more.

MY GRANDSIRE'S LESSONS

These few laconic lines I send
 To some good lad of ten,
 And hope they'll not be criticised
 By learned and bearded men.

Some say there's but a step betwixt
 The ridiculous and sublime ;
 Then fret not if the two are mixed
 In tales of olden time.

Our pioneer dads, though they did not
 Much literature posses,
 Had mental archives better twice
 Than books filled half by guess.

I purpose, in a single case,
 In older style to shew,
 Our fathers to be a hardy race,
 And how I came to know.

My grandsire good, of four-score years.
 With memory true till then,
 Told how he to Acadia came,
 To me a boy of ten.

His fathers were the pilgrims true,
Expelled from Albion's shore,
And in New England found a home,
A hundred years before.

Well versed was he in many a tale,
Of those devoted men,
Recited to his willing ear,
When *he* a boy of ten.

Though history's page is stored full well
With their adventures bold ;
Yet verbal narratives excel,
When by a grandsire told.

Of Indian wars, of burning towns,
Of blackened fields ; ah ! more,
Of tomahawks and scalping knives,
And captives by the score.

Of Winthrop, Standish—firm and good—
No better men of late ;
They taught the world the force of will,
And how to form a state.

Of Captain Church and Annawon,
And deeds of kindred kind,
As Mohawk raids and Philip's fate,
And all the rest combined.

Scarce were these deeds of horror o'er,
And peace and comfort came,
When France released Acadia's shore
To Britain's conquering name.

A love for much adventure ne'er
Forsook the Pilgrims' breast ;
Exciting tales were rife of wealth
Which Acadia's clime possessed,

A century and a score of years
Have nearly gone since came
A colony unused to fears,
Of Pilgrim pluck and fame.

The place where first they touched the shore
In family squads I know ;
They met the red man as of yore,
Armed with gun and bow.

The wily foe they dreaded long
On his disputed soil ;
Who craved the cattle and the corn—
The fruit of white man's toil.

They felled the forest, stroke by stroke,
Where savage men did dwell ;
The solitude of ages broke,
And bore privations well.

When bin was empty, larder bare,
With Indian skill they vied ;
On snow-shoe tramp to wild beasts lair,
Till game their wants supplied.

When Micmac statesmen called for pay,
For some conceited wrong,
His price was paid without delay,
Or pale face suffered long.

Then every boy of one decade
Must learn to shoot, and be
A quasi soldier, not afraid,
For reasons plain to see.

Adventure did not terrify ;
Their motto was, proceed !
When duty called, they'd rather die
Than forfeit honor's creed.

Their trade extended far along
The coast in hostile days ;
Even when blockading navies strong
Possessed their ports and bays.

No coaches, roads, or bridges good.
A hundred years now spent ;
Along the shore, or through the wood,
Their route of travel went.

Of foes by land, and foes by sea—
Of dangers braved, I've heard ;
And would you read and patient be,
I'd write you word by word.

Their progenitors they did imitate ;
Experience was their school ;
They laid the corner-stone of state,
And taught us how to rule.

Their spirit of enterprise descends
Through generations gone ;
Acadia's commercial name extends
To ports in every zone.

To boys who chance my verse to read,
Permit me here to say,
Protect your grandsires in their need ;
Then I shall have my pay.

MORNING GLORY.

List, whilst I tell a story,
Conceived of morning glory,
Whilst on the hill afar,
As the day began its dawning,
The twilight's ruby awning,
Shut out the morning star.

With other stars it blended,
As night's dominion ended,
And spread its curtain o'er ;
The stellar rays retreating,
Before its lustrous greeting,
Suffusing heaven's floor.

The silvery moon-glow faded
As through the West she waded,
Before the dawning light ;
The vales afar were covered
With sheets of mist that hovered
Betwixt the day and night.

The waterfalls were rushing,
And purring brooklets gushing,
Birds were on their flight ;
With a glory all surprising,
The sun began his rising,
From chambers of the night.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

There seemed two Empires meeting,
 And one was fast retreating,
 From twilight's border land ;
 Ephemeral in relations,
 Advancing to their stations,
 Alternate in command.

The hills as embers glowing,
 With effulgent sunlight flowing,
 As fiery gates ajar ;
 I thought of scenes supernal,
 In the glorious world eternal,
 Where changeless pleasures are.

HOMEWARD.

Homeward, now let me haste,
 For the day is far spent,
 To the place of my rest,
 That oft yields me content ;
 For the sun has now gone
 To his place in the West,
 And the herds of the fields
 Have returned to their rest.
 The bright gems of the sky,
 And the moon with pale light,
 As they beam from afar,
 They betoken the night.
 O, the pomp of the scene,
 As it bursts to my view ;
 But for much needed rest,
 I must bid you adieu.

The dim shades of the night
Now repose on the plain,
And the soft evening zephyrs
Are breathed from the main.
The fond way to my rest
Is illumed from on high
By the glorious moon
As she beams from the sky.
Aurora, from the North,
In her mystical car,
Comes riding o'er the gloom,
With the bright ev'ning star ;
But I can't linger long,
For the torch of my home
Casts its rays on my path,
And invites me to come.
The fatigues of the day
Are assuaged by the thought
That I have a fond home
Which appeases my lot.
Yet my home, with its rest,
Is not lasting to me ;
For the world, with its charms,
Are destined to decay ;
But the gloom of the end
Which awaits us below,
Is dispersed by a lamp
Of celestial glow.
It is seen through the portals
Of Heaven above,
As a guide to the rest
That was purchased by love.

The more nearly approached,
The more vivid its ray,
Till it guides to the home
Of perpetual day ;
Where the song of redemption
Is echoed in praise,
And the lutes of bright angels
The chorus will raise.
Contemplation of Him
Who created all things,
Shall enrapture the soul
With the glory it brings.
When the day of my life
Has forever gone past,
To me grant, O, my Lord,
The sure rest that will last.
In the death-dealing floods
That envelop the earth,
I've been seeking and searching
For a rest from my birth.
Some object I view
On the tempest-torn wave :
I hasten and struggle
Through the billows that rave.
Some mountain laid bare,
All expectant ; but, lo !
The mirage recedes,
And still struggling I go.
In body fatigued,
Despairing in soul,
I grasp at a leaf,
And return to the goal.

Poor trophy to bring,
But no more can I find ;
Admittance I gain,
With a rest to the mind.
When deceived by the world,
Dejected and faint,
In dilemma of soul,
If we make our complaint,
At the door of the Ark
Of Redemption behold,
A welcome more precious
Than rubies or gold.
O, votary of earth,
Do you hear the behest,
"Come, weary, heavy laden,
In Me there is rest."

ADMIRATION.

Come, Admiration, come away ;
Just bear me company, I pray,
Aside to some secluded spot,
Where misers, worldlings, venture not
Where Solitude sometimes is seen,
And Meditation oft hath been.
I'll lead thee not to hermit cell,
Where despondent devotees do dwell,
And thought is hidden by the mist
Of brooding melancholy in trist ;

And Reason, fatal to her trust,
In long disuse, hath gone to rust ;
And Imagination, made to fly
On freedom's wings beyond the sky,
Doth languish in her dusty bed,
And Taste, unreconciled, hath fled.
We'll not to ghostly cavern den,
Aside from all the walks of men,
Made horrible by beasts of prey
That seek concealment from the day,
Where owls that wake the night with screams,
Repair from noon-day's glowing beams.
We will not thither seek ælight,
Like some half-maddened anchorite ;
And not to old-timed cloister go
Through corridors, wander to and fro ;
Or in deserted castle find
Content where ivy wreaths are twined
In unartistic lattice o'er
Moss-coated battlement and door,
By Norman and Plantagenet,
Not known else by the blood they spilt.
Through ancient cript on tip-toe tread,
Inspect the chambers of the dead ;
At every turn, half dumb with fear,
Lest some old armoured knight appear
In misty guise and cross-bow drawn,
And feudal steel-blades girded on ;
With mask and greaves of chivalrous race
Should shake the truncheon in thy face ;
Or cast the gauntlet to the ground,
Demanding, with sepulchral sound,
What brought thee to the sacred spot
Where heroes bled and barons fought.

Not so, great soul, for well I know
To ogre dens thou would'st not go,
Nor find thy way to cloistered cells
Where oppressive silence dwells ;
Or e'er through crumbling castles stride,
Where romance is personified.
We'll shun the haunts where solitude
Grows sickly on one kind of food ;
But hither thou who lovest to see
Creation spread abroad to thee,
When Flora, goddess, fair, indeed,
Is from her wintry prison freed,
And comes on scented wings to view
With petaled eyelids wet with dew.
We'll greet her when the morning star
Rides up the east in flaming car,
And pendant dew-drops brush away
From her ten thousand gems that lay
Along the flowery pathway, where
She meets her lover, June, and there
Be partners at her marriage feast,
When blushing twilight gilds the East,
And scent and see each sparkling gem
That decks her nuptial diadem.
The odorous nectar in her cup
Sends floods of grateful incense up ;
The waves of rich perfume that rise,
The sky-lark wings amid the skies :
With spicy breath and praises long,
Trills forth her sweet impassioned song.
And greets the sun before his rays
Do smite the hill-tops with their blaze.

We'll follow in her flowery train,
From Polar belt to Southern main ;
And rainbow wreaths on all the road
On emerald floors are thickly strewed.
Where'er her magic foot hath pressed,
The sod obeys her rich behest ;
The mountain side and desert waste
Her inimitable hand hath graced ;
The earth, the sea, and lambent air,
Are sweetened by her great parterre.
We'll in victorious march pursue,
Triumphal arches passing through,
To Eden groves—ambrosial bowers—
In endless galaxy of flowers,

We'll leave fair Flora there to play
Her queenly part, then hie away
To scenes sublime, that have a part
In Nature's ever beating heart ;
Whose endless arms extend around
Creation's illimitable bound.
The panoramic landscape lies
Spread out beneath the endless skies,
And in the aerial space between
Cloudy continents are seen
On wings of vapor, headlong hurled
At perilous height, 'twixt sky and world ;
In rival speed—colliding, racing,
Hither and thither, rolling, chasing ;
Fragments hurling here and there,
Islands afloat in sea of air,
Recurring ever o'er and o'er
Beneath the heaven's starry floor.

Oh ! is it not a fearful sight
When hurricanes display their might ;
When thunder voices, awful sound,
Call out to thunder clouds around ;
Responding thunder earthward comes,
As ten-fold burst of battle drums ;
The air recoils beneath the sound,
And hills the echoes roll around.
When light'ning shafts cut through the air,
And burn with momentary glare,
Where is the heart that doth not quail,
Where is the cheek that turns not pale ?
When warring thunders in attack
Roll contending tempests back ;
Thy love for vastness still may be
Insatiate, and long to flee
In chariot of wind along the sky
Where heaven's artillery forces lie.
Then with the aeronaut ascend,
And all the grandeur comprehend ;
And from ethereal stations dare
Look down through all the gulf of air,
With sublimity in corporeal form,
Exultant stand above the storm ;
And if ambition lead thee higher,
The flaming orbs thou caust admire,
And stary worlds that glitter through
The endless canopy of blue ;
But 'ere thou with the sunlight stray,
To wander o'er the milky way,
And count each scintillating star
That faintly glitters from afar,
Or trace the constellations bright

That burst upon thy ravished sight,
 Or in the comet's flaming trail
 Through immensity dost sail,
 Where centuries may pass before
 Thy devious wanderings shall be o'er.
 From Ostentation stand aside,
 Take Humility for thy bride ;
 Make Gratitude an honored guest,
 And with the two thou shalt be blest.
 Be seated on the foot-stool low,
 And let thy worship upward flow
 To that Almighty builder who
 From chaos brought the worlds to view ;
 Who atom by its atom laid,
 And Nature's vast foundations made.

In praise and adoration wait
 Before Creation's open gate,
 That leads to avenues of thought,
 By thee, O ! Admiration, sought ;
 To landscape views, earth's garments fair,
 To cloudy coverings in air ;
 To heaven's sidereal waste o'er head,
 With spangling star-gems overspread :
 To scenes of wonder, half revealed,
 To mysteries which lie concealed,
 Beyond the limit of thy ken,
 In mazes too profound for men.
 Thou mayest on flights of rapture rise
 To view the glory of the skies,
 Or sweep the earth from pole to pole
 In all the grandeur of thy soul ;
 But ne'er transgress the hallowed bound
 Encircling all the finite round.

Blaspheme not e'er the boundary laid,
Betwixt the maker and the made,
But praises loud do thou rehearse
To the Author of the Universe.

THE WAR-FIEND IS OUT.

What sound is this that rushes by,
That rends the air from earth to sky?
Aghast, I stand and wonder.
It scorns the angry ocean's moan,
And mocks the thunder's awful tone,
Volcanic burst or thunder.

Nay, nay, the fiend of war is out,
With cannon's roar and trumpet's shout,
Steel blades and scabbards rattle.
His hosts of champing steeds I spy,
With war-clad riders mounted high,
All rushing to the battle.

With glittering arms and epaulette bright,
He seeks a foe that's worth his fight,
Intent on blood and plunder.
Ten thousand foot are marshalled near,
With gun and bayonet, pike and spear,
With war-wings stretched asunder.

The splendour of his equipage,
Co-equal with his bloody rage,
Denotes his fell profession.

The fury-flashing eyes that roll,
 Proclaim the demon in the soul
 Too horrible to mention.

Devils, hearing the battle call,
 Have scaled perdition's fiery wall,
 Hasten from infernal regions ;
 They to the conflict volunteer ;
 Pandemonium loves to hear
 The din of fighting legions.

Semi-satans in the flesh,
 Bound soul and limb in satan's mesh,
 Make war their choice vocation ;
 Press unoffending men to fill
 The blood-stained ranks all trained to kill,
 Then seek a provocation.

In loud huzzas and fiendish glee,
 He shouts when beaten foemen flee—
 Demons disguised are dancing,
 Both the wounded and the dead
 Are crushed beneath the war-horse tread,
 As o'er the field they're prancing.

The charging phalanx, sure to meet
 With victory or stern defeat,
 Is all the same when ended.
 If one hath lost, the other hath won ;
 Both friends and foes are beaten down,
 And blood with blood hath blended.

Impish devils urge them on,
 Till a hundred battle-fields are won—
 Ten thousand mothers languish.

The champion's road to honor lies
Through floods of tears from streaming eyes,
Through streams of blood and anguish.

The flaming city's lurid light,
Turns night to day, and fiends delight
To see the conflagration.
Fit emblem of the nether world,
Where murderous men from time are hurled
By red-handed instigation.

The eagles, hawks, and carrion crows,
Indifferent how the battle goes,
Are other kinds of heroes ;
With wings and claws, come down to feed
On victims of the war-fiend's greed,
For honor such as Nero's.

Four-footed compeers prowl around
When night hangs o'er the battle ground ;
War furies wait the sequel ;
Should breathless corpses ope their eyes,
They'd say, " The beasts we do despise,
But man is more than equal."

Should shades of murdered men appear
To laurelled champions far and near,
War-makers soon would vanish ;
Who are brave to kill and trample down,
But cower at retribution's frown,
And conscience seek to banish.

Celestial watchers view with pain
The crimson floods and heaps of slain,
And fields blood-stained and gory ; -

On radiant wings of glory fly
 To their supernal home on high,
 And tell the saddening story.

The war is o'er ; but, lo ! there comes
 A sound, but not of battle drums,
 Or armies fierce assailing ;
 On waves of wind 'tis borne along,
 All like a self-repeating song—
 The sound of orphans wailing.

White skeletons of unburied dead,
 Propound the case in letters red,
 In tone much like the other.
 Let mercy heed the sad lament,
 A query to christian nations sent,
 Why man should kill his brother ?

Oh ! fighting man, for shame, for shame,
 A stigma to the christian name,
 To angels near related.
 Much better would thy weapons look
 In plough-share and in pruning hook :
 To kill wast thou created ?

Desist from blood, but bend the bow ;
 Wage war against a serpent foe ;
 Within thy breast he is seated ;
 He smote sire Adam, once so fair,
 Took Cain in envy's fatal snare,
 And all mankind defeated.

WHO LIETH HERE ?

The following lines were suggested by the death of a near relative,—young, fair, and full of promise. Scarce need the writer apologise for their deficiency of poetic merit, or sameness, attending compositions of like character, which render them almost unreadable; but hoping they will not pass unnoticed by those who have suffered bereavement of a similar nature: to whose inspection, with all due deference on the part of the writer, they are submitted.

Who lieth here, beneath the sod—
 Beneath the tufted grass,
All heedless of the busy scenes,
 Or busy feet that pass ?

The flowers wild their tribute give
 Around the hallowed spot,
And breezes hum their muffled notes ;
 But, oh ! she heeds them not.

Regardless, too, when strickened friends
 Approach with cautious tread,
To view the sacred spot of earth
 That holds the pious dead.

When fearful tempests rend the sky,
 And dismal storms descend—
A dread to mortal ears ; but she
 No conscious ear can lend.

But far away to regions fair,
 Beyond the mortal sight,
Her spirit soared—by angels led
 To scenes of holy light.

In heaven's matchless templed halls,
 Where glory reigns around,
 She learns among the happy throng
 From counsels all profound.

A mind so pure, a heart so true,
 A gem of priceless worth ;
 Christ the jewel to heaven drew,
 The casket lies in earth.

Most precious in the eyes of God
 Is every dying saint ;
 The vale of death Christ's feet have trod,
 He hears death's wailing plaint.

The flesh recoiled beneath the sting ;
 The final foe is death ;
 But o'er the victor grave she'll sing
 With resurrected breath.

Beside two brother babes she lies,
 Beside a mother too ;
 The four commune above the skies,
 And there their love renew.

THE MIC-MAC.

Assist me, O, muse, in the style of my verse,
 Whilst the case of the Mic-Mac I fain would rehearse ;
 He called at my door on his way,
 All tattered and ragged, without stockings or shoes ;
 He called for a crust, and could I refuse,
 So meek for the crust did he pray ?

I gave him his fill, and he ate with a grace,
 And gratitude beamed on his poor yellow face,
 Where sorrow and sadness did meet ;
 Of oppression and want he had nothing to say ;
 Not a word of complaint as he limped on his way,
 On his naked and weather-baked feet.

His stomach, you see, was his treasury chest,
 And when it was empty, he was poor and distressed ;
 Do thou help him his coffer to fill.
 As nature's pure child, he had little to name ;
 He had blanket, canoe, and a wigwam, that came
 By the force of his handicraft skill.

What a contrast is he to his white fellow race,
 Who study to get and extort with disgrace,
 Disregarding a sacred behest.
 No thought for the morrow, no hiding away,
 To be used or abused at some future day ;
 For the morrow he is never distressed.

In fee simple by claim, he once owned and possessed
 A forest of game from the East to the West,
 'Ere the white man invaded his right.
 No mendicant then—he had plenty at hand,
 Why now should he beg in his own native land ?
 The possessor should blush at the sight.

If he call at your door, never turn him aside
 To hunger and thirst, but your bounty divide ;
 Never spurn him because he is poor.
 Though you live in a palace, and lifted with pride,
 Condescend to relieve, for your acres awide
 Were his when the forest grew o'er.

O, pity the Mic-Mac, to sorrow resigned ;
 Go visit the Mic-Mac in wigwam reclined ;
 Speak kindly, and never despise.
 Go aid the great missionary, Rand, in his aim
 To preach and to teach in Jehovah's great name,
 And shew him the way to the skies.

He's a model of much that's kindly and good ;
 Though a rude semi-savage of the primeval wood,
 In domestic relations he's kind.
 He has learned from the bird in her zeal to supply
 Her nestlings with food and herself to deny,
 But how little is done for his mind.

Like a solemn death knell, or a requiem song,
 Are his feeble footsteps, as he paces along, .
 But alert in his favorite chase.
 His traditional song in the hunt or the dance,
 Is richly inspired by the muse of romance,
 In the deeds of a chivalrous race.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Of all the trees, there's not a tree
 That looks so fine, so fair to me,
 As that old moss-grown apple tree
 That stands upon the green.
 Beside its furrowed trunk I stand,
 Beneath its half-dead branches spanned ;
 Behind, before, on every hand,
 Leaf-bearing boughs between.

O, could I half the thoughts rehearse
Whilst there I with the past converse,
And weave there threadings into verse—

O, help, thou muse of song.
I try, but language doth me fail,
And retrospections do assail ;
Youth spins along with shining trail,
With friends departed long.

I see my childhood there at play ;
The old farm-house, though torn away,
Its inmates all I see this day :

Oh ! thoughts, why torture me ?
And from the gray old cottage wall
I hear the echoing voices all,
Quite sure some mocking elf doth call,
Too airy-like to see.

Its shade lies on historic ground ;
I almost hear the gleeful sound
Of laughing children romping round,
And see the apples fall.

My lifetime there I quick retrace ;
See brothers, sisters, face to face ;
Though some are held in death's embrace,
I see them, hear them all.

Its flowery Junes I still can view,
And with its Summers travel through,
Until its ripening fruitage drew
Intruders to the ground ;
And hear the Equinoxial gale
That smites the seas and ships assail,
Rave through its branches with a wail,
And shake the apples round.

All this occurs once more to me,
 Whilst standing by the brave old tree ;
 —Long may it live, and there to be
 A monument of time.

Full four decades have passed away
 Since first I ventured there to play,
 Or bore its golden fruit away
 When in its bearing prime.

On California's golden coast,
 Huge trees reach up to heaven almost ;
 And India doth her banyans boast,
 Whose trunks by scores are told.
 I read of Lebanon's cedars fine,
 That Hiram hewed for David's line ;
 Of sycamores of Palestine,
 Of Druid oaks of old.

Of palms, by the Creator placed
 On Afric's fiery desert waste ;
 Of magnolia, with flowers graced :
 These all I well adore.
 But not for all the sylvan line
 Of priceless trees do I resign
 The grand old apple tree of mine,
 Adjacent to my door.

Once with leaf and flower 'twas dressed,
 But bending to the great behest,
 —That all things fade in life's unrest,
 The fiat of decay,

Is passed on men as well as trees.
 A generation often sees,
 Its fairest flowers cast to the breeze,
 All, actors of a day.

VOICES.

Hearken, hear the voices calling,
 On the ear incessant falling,
 Melodious, soothing, or appalling ;
 Oft with memory's being blended,
 When the speaker long hath ended
 Speaking, and with dust hath blended.

A wond'rous thing are speaking powers ;
 The gift is God's, the boon is ours ;
 In thought and speech, man's being towers
 In majesty, in power, and might,
 High as the golden eagle's flight,
 From mountain turret in the light.

Above the beast with instinct rare ;
 Above the fowls that wing the air ;
 Naught else created can compare ;
 With man thus gifted to transcend,
 To rule, to reign, to comprehend,
 With soul abiding without end.

With voice to join in colloquy,
 With voice a nation's fate to sway,
 With voice to preach Christ's name or pray,
 With voice melodious—set to song,
 To modulate loud, low, or long :
 To voices these and more belong.

Yes ; voices whisper, voices call ;
 O, voices speak and tell me all
 That voices do, both great and small ;
 Sometimes you're social, sometimes stern ;
 Sometimes with eloquence you burn ;
 You teach sometimes, and sometimes learn

I ask you, voices, are there two
That twin-ship claim all nature through.
You, answer, No, and answer true ;
You say in genus we coincide,
But in our species differ wide ;
No two agree, but still allied.

We're one in kind, and one in name,
And consanguinity do claim ;
But lest we jar creation's frame,
Each one revolves in its own sphere,
And in their orbits venture near,
And touch each other without fear.

In one diapason we belong ;
We harmonize in one great song,
And roll our melodies along ;
Oh ! voices, voices, still it seems
That some roll on in endless streams
All like the sun's divergent beams :

Or undulate upon the air,
Are ever here and ever there,
From ear to heart vibrating e'er ;
They live as spirits live, unseen,
And ever do they intervene
Through all the space that lies between.

The speaker, some dear cherished friend,
And ravished hearer's final end,
And ne'er with other voices blend,
Come breathing through the solitude
And silence of some lonely wood,
Through vanished years, and round thee brood.

Such voices spirit-like appear,
Through copse and grove they venture near,
And breathe upon the passive ear ;
When memory's gates are left ajar,
Mount recollection's rapid car,
And journey through the past afar.

Old faces everywhere abound ;
Old voices of familiar sound,
Speak out from lips now under ground,
Or from the sea-depths darksome dells,
Where painful reminiscence dwells,
Just hear the greetings and farewells.



