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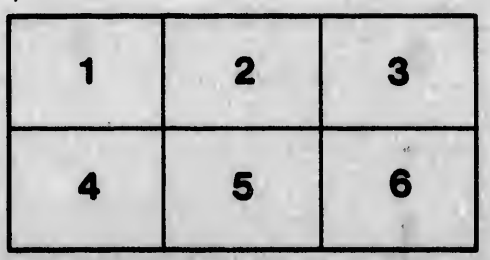

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THE

Canadian Christian Offering.

EDITED BY

THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE,

INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHURCH, STREETSVILLE.

TORONTO:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHURCH.

M.DCCC.XLVIII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, K.T., GOVERNOR GENERAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE, &c. &c. &c.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS,
BY CANADIAN AUTHORS,
IS, BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO YOUR EXCELLENCY,
IN THE HOPE THAT ITS CONTENTS
WILL NOT PROVE DISCREDITABLE TO THE PROVINCE
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REPRESENTATIVE OF OUR
MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LADY
THE QUEEN,
BY YOUR EXCELLENCY'S MOST OBLIGED AND
FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the Canadian reader that the branch of the Church Catholic established in this Colony, although clothed in the spotless robe of Apostolic purity of faith, is poor and lowly,—the *will* to extend her blessed influences, being too often chained down by the fetters of necessity.

This humility of condition, is the Editor's plea for making an appeal to his brethren for assistance, in the form of the "Christian Offering."

After many struggles a Church was erected in the village of Streetsville,—the congregation gave according to their means, yet still a heavy debt remains, and towards its liquidation the proceeds of this "little book" are to be devoted.

Such being the object, he hopes trustfully that the sale will be large.

As for the work itself; though it cannot vie in richness of exterior with the generality of English publications of the same nature, yet as regards the merit of its contents, he confidently believes that few of them surpass it.

"Pearls are pearls, though set in humble style."

In conclusion, the Editor returns his sincerest thanks to the Lord Bishop of Montreal, and to his friends among the Clergy and Laity, for their literary contributions, and their kind wishes for his success.

THE

CANADIAN CHRISTIAN OFFERING.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PEN FROM AN EAGLE'S WING.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.

COWPER.

Trace my thoughts, thou Eagle plume:
  Far to those I love, they fly:
Ne'er shalt thou thy flights resume,
  Traveller of the boundless sky.

Fleeter than thy flights of yore
  Speed our thoughts and farther range,
Traverse time remote—explore
  Space—and, ah! remember change.

Years, O years for ever fled!
Thought can all your track pursue:
Sleepers with the peaceful dead,
Thought full well can picture you!

Homeward still the wanderer's care
Flies athwart this waste of snow:
When he knows not, knows not where
Fate may deal some withering blow.

Wanderer! cast thy care on ONE
Who to care for thee descends:
Think what HE for man has done—
Trust to HIM thy home and friends.

Lift, O Lord, our thoughts on high,
Teach our truant hearts to soar:—
Thought can pierce beyond the sky,
Pierce where change shall be no more.

Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Bear us all our journey's length:
Bid us mount on Eagles' wings,
Sheathe us in eternal strength.

CHARITY THINKETH NO EVIL.

Think kindly! little dost thou know
  How keen the strivings were
Of those who sunk beneath the blow
  Or yielded to the snare.

Thou seest the fault, but canst thou see
  The heart by sorrow riven?
Or note the conscious agony,
  That pledge of sin forgiven?

Think kindly! how wilt thou presume
  To fill thy Maker's place?
How dare to seal another's doom,
  Thyself, the child of grace?

THE ASHES OF WICLIFF.

"In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick scent at a dead carcase) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they come—Sumner—Commissary—Official—Chancellor—Proctor—Doctors, and their servants—take what was left out of the grave, and burn them to ashes and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon—Avon into Severn—Severn into the narrow seas—they into the main ocean—*and thus the ashes of Wicliff are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.*

FULLER'S CHURCH HISTORY.

Where did our first Reformer sleep,
  When his glorious race was over?
Earth's shrines have no nobler dust to keep,
  No manlier heart to cover!
Point out the hallow'd spot
  In its holy splendor dress'd,
Where the Pilgrim museth in solemn thought
  On his Faith's first Teacher's rest—
Shew us his grave!—'twas his to stand
First of the great Apostle-band,
The Spirit-conqueror, whose might
The earliest streak of Gospel light
  On Britain shed abroad—
Who rent thy chain, Imperial Rome—
Who turn'd from death, our island home
  To Liberty and God!

They laid his dust in Lutterworth,
A quiet home of common earth;
Amid the flock the Shepherd slept,
Familiar eyes his parting wept,
  And years—long years roll'd by,
And greener liv'd his word and name,
And many a thousand blessings came
  To gild his memory;
And Vice and Fraud their triumph sung
When death had hush'd his burning tongue,
  And Priests of haughty mould,
Girt by dark Rome's imperial power,
Felt chill'd and awed the startling hour
  That WICLIFF's name was told!
E'en when his bones to dust were turn'd,
Beyond the grave their vengeance burn'd,
His warnings fill'd their guilty ear,
They saw his awful Phantom near,
  And sent their mandate forth—
"Go—tear the Accursed from the grave,
"Scatter his dust o'er stream and wave,—
  "Void be his place on earth!"

They lay the charnel's secrets bare,
  The awful dust unmask,
Priest—Sumner—Friar—are marshall'd there
  To aid the godless task;

They tear the relics from the shroud,—
  High springs the flame's red glow,
Anathema and curse ring loud
  As they tramp on their Mighty Foe:
"Yon brook will bear him to the deep,
"Far as our deadliest curse can sweep
  "Cast out his poisonous clay!"—
The scatter'd dust the menials lift,
And down the waves of the dancing Swift
  His ashes float away!—
O'er quiet mead, by green-hill side
Swift hastes to Avon's broader tide—
And Avon sweeps thro' vale and wood
To melt in Severn's kingly flood—
  And Severn, calm and free,
Floats downward on his lordly wave
The holy freight that Avon gave
  Triumphant to the sea!

Where doth our first Reformer sleep—
  Ask of the wild waves—where?
Search where the winds of heaven may sweep,
  Seek his bright ashes there!—
Where'er high Truth's immortal light
Bursts the thick gloom of error's night,
Where Reason wings her eagle flight,
  Where breathe Religion's notes,
Where Godlike Freedom's mighty voice
Bids the weak heart of slaves rejoice,

Where human worth a home may claim,
Where Genius soars on earthly fame,—
Our first Reformer's glorious name
  Like holiest music floats:
The chainless waves of ocean trace,
  Follow the rushing river—
Each Altar marks *his* burial place,
  There WICLIFF lives for ever!

THE EMIGRANT'S FUNERAL.

Strange earth we sprinkle on the exile's clay,
  Mingled with flowers his childhood never
    knew;
  Far sleeps he from that mountain-top so blue,
Shadowing the scene of his young childhood's
    play:
But o'er his lonely trans-atlantic bed
  The ancient words of hopeful love are spoken,
  The solitude of these old pines are broken
With the same prayers, once o'er his father said.

Oh precious Liturgy! that thus canst bring
  Such sweet associations to the soul,
  That though between us and our homes,
    seas roll,
We oft in thee forget our wandering,
And in a holy day-dream tread once more,
The fresh green valleys of our native shore.

THE VOCAL STATUE.

The stupendous ruins of the statue of Memnon, King of Ethiopia, are still visible amongst the remains of Thebes in Upper Egypt. At sunrise sweet and cheerful strains of music were said to issue from its lips; whilst it uttered mournful sounds at the approach of night. The Heathen fable may be easily transformed into a Christian allegory.

Morning in Thebes! the olden time!
  On "hundred-gated" walls,—
On stately porch,—on fanes sublime,—
  The purple sunlight falls.

Circling the giant-statue's throne,
  Admiring thousands hear
Soft music leave the lifelike stone,
  And melt upon the ear.

Son of the dawn—offspring of light—
  He greets his parent's rays;
The marble lips, which mourn'd at night,
  At morn, breathe hymns of praise.

That brow hath moonlight oft caress'd,
  But won no answering tone;
And starlight slept upon its breast,
  Yet voiceless still the stone.

And may not truthful symbols dwell,—
  Emblems of better things,—
Where fiction weaves her mythic spell,
  And fancy spreads her wings?

Ye—quickened by the Spirit's breath—
  Children of light divine;
On whom, reclaim'd from shades of death,
  Immortal glories shine;

How sacred your baptismal birth!
  Have ye its pledges kept?
Joy'd, when its light shone clear on earth?
  And, when it faded, wept?

The godly have a strife—a task:
  With spirits dark they fight;
Yet all the comfort which they ask,
  Is Christ—their Lord and Light.

They shrink from each seductive way,—
  Fair-seeming to the eye,—
Wherein the simple blindly stray,
  And sorrowfully die.

Passive to pleasure's magic blaze,
  Where festive halls are bright;
They turn, in pure and holy praise,
  To Christ—their only Light.

The luring phantom-lights which glare
  On verge of endless night,
Touch not their hearts, made strong by prayer:
  Christ is their only Light.

Wealth may attract, or pomp obscure,
  The wretched worldling's sight;
Unmov'd, the godly stand secure
  In Christ—their only Light.

Their faith and hope, surmounting death,
  Shall make the grave look bright;
And still their song, with fleeting breath,
  Shall be of Christ—their Light.

THINGS PAST.

Memory doth treasure up all that is seen,
  Or thought, or felt, in travelling down life's road,
Whether with pleasure linked, or sorrow keen,
  The mind doth still retain th' increasing load:

For oft sweet music's strain, like magic spells,
  Perfume of flowers, or word at random said,
Evokes long-hidden thoughts from deep-stored cells,
  Which erring fancy deemed for ever fled;

Touched by the charm, they burst their shrouded gloom,
  And throng around, arrayed in hues of eld:
E'en so, when comes the fearful day of doom,
  When peals the trump,—the final session's held,—
    Our long-forgotten sins, in black array,
    Will marshalled stand, revealed in blaze of day.

THE NON-COMMUNICANTS

LEAVING THE CHURCH WHEN THE HOLY COMMUNION IS ABOUT TO BE ADMINISTERED.

O 'tis a vision dark with woe,
  On feast-day to behold
The sheep of Christ scatter, as though
  A wolf were in the fold.

The wine is pour'd, set is the bread,
  But guests the banquet fly!
They fly the fare of which 'tis said
  "Except ye eat ye die."

Morsels from heaven their tasting wait,
  And blood of Eshcol's grape,
But they rush forth, infatuate,
  And labour to escape.

To all is offer'd costly cheer
  And festival array,
But strange! the boon some scorn, some fear,
  And thrust the robe away.

Bright angel oft, soared home at even
  From watch by altar kept,
Constrain'd to tell the sight in heav'n,
  Hath hid his face and wept.

When call to share their Saviour's fare
  Is thus by men despised,
Had not prevail'd the Church's care,
  Would such now be baptized?

Had not prevail'd the Church's care,
  These all were heathen yet;
Their vows, 'mid unbelief's chill air,
  So boldly they forget!

Were holy Paul to greet such now,
  They swift would turn away:
'A little water on the brow!—
  What doth the babbler say?'

Such would not join the *corps* of Christ,
  Did Christ before them stand:
Who scorn their vows, would not enlist
  In His vow-loving band.

Saviour, forgive! be merciful!
  They know not what they do!
Their eyes are dim, their ears are dull,
  Thy witnesses are few.

O teach once more the world to know
  Thy doctrine's certain sound,
Else when Thou com'st again below
  Thy faith will scarce be found.

And ye who now so erring miss
  Your soul's best food to see,
Think of His Word who said, Do THIS
  IN MEMORY OF ME.

Obey that Word of God's own Son,
  And deem it meet and right
To throng your King's pavilion,
  And feast with great delight.

Youth, maid, strong man, child, bent grandsire,
  Men, brethren, fathers, stay!
The board He spreads your souls require!
  Turn not in fear away!

His Arm yet works 'neath mystic veil
  Of symbol and of rite;
By these He bids your faith ne'er fail,
  And aids your hope by sight.

Go, cleanse your hands, strive, watch, repent,
  And soon your souls shall learn,
In Word, and Prayer, and Sacrament,
  Your Saviour to discern.

And all ye Priests, give every where
  One clear, united voice;
One Faith, one Font, one Feast declare,—
  Give heresy no choice.

Then crowds will grace the Lord's repast,
  Of such as Jesus loved,—
Of such as shall by Him at last
  Be chosen and approv'd.

And then, as in the Church's youth,
  Heart unto heart will cleave;
Then wide will spread God's certain Truth,
  Then will the world believe!

ON THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

"He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant."
ISAIAH liii. 2.

A mantle of leaves
  Had enshrouded the rose,
And slumber had hidden
  The tints of the bower;
When, lo! in the midst
  Of this dewy repose,
As I wander'd, I came
  To a night-blowing flower.

All others, their robes
  And their odours forsaking,
Undistinguished were sleeping
  In slumber profound;
But this, this alone,
  In its beauty was waking,
And breathing its soul-filling
  Sweetness around.

'Twas a glorious flower!
  Its corolla of white,
As pearls of Arabia
  'Mid jewels of gold,
And lonely and fair,
  Through the shades of the night,
It beamed with a softness
  I loved to behold.

And, methought, as I look'd,
  What an emblem is this,
Thus blooming afar
  From the land of its birth,
Of Him, whose own land
  Is a region of bliss,
Though He grew as a plant
  In this garden of earth.

'Twas thus, while the world
  All around Him was dim,
That He shone with love's purest
  And holiest ray:
'Twas thus, in the garden
  So honour'd by Him,
That night, through His fragrance,
  Was richer than day.

Like the flowers, His disciples
  At midnight were sleeping,
And deep were their slumbers,
  Unconscious of care;
While He, in the blood
  Of His agony, weeping,
To His Father was breathing
  The sweetness of prayer.

THE SNOW STORM.

WRITTEN UPON A JOURNEY IN LOWER CANADA.

Blow winds and crack your cheeks, rage, blow.
* * * * * * * *
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness.

KING LEAR.

I.

Rage on, thou whistling tempest,
Sweep high the snow in air:
Ye blinding gusts relent not,
—I can your fury dare:
Oh! we might heed but little
The storms which blow above,
If man upon his fellow
Would breathe the breath of love!

II.

I pass the homes of peasants,
Thick scattered through the land:
I mark each spire, a banner
For God which seems to stand:
I hear the bell, which calls them
To bend the duteous knee:
I see them troop responding,
—Alas! it calls not me.

III.

O who can speak the sadness
That chills a Christian heart,
To think that in religion
We have not common part!
That us you hold as outlawed
From holy Church and hope:
We mourn your deep enchantment
Beneath a sorcerer Pope.

IV.

'Tis not alone the children
Of old usurping Rome:
They who her yoke have broken
Are dissidents at home:
To thee, loved England's Zion,
On different sides alike,
There stand whose will is evil,
Whose arm upraised to strike.

V.

Each spokesman of the people
Insidious wrongs thee still:
Each newsman's weekly trumpet
Remorseless blows thee ill;
Their teeth are spears and arrows,
Their tongue a sharpened sword:
With mischief to thy children
Their ready lips are stored.

VI.

O for the dove's free pinion,
That I might flee and find
The rest which you refuse me,
My brethren of mankind!
Ah me! the post of duty
Is not for soft repose:
Our term of toil and conflict
The grave alone can close.

VII.

O sure and peaceful shelter!
Which none but God can break,
When all who lie expectant
The general trump shall wake:
Then in their promised country
Thine Israel shall be blest,
O, Captain of Salvation,
—It is the LAND OF REST.

VIII.

My God, before thy greatness
No child of man may boast:
—Yet look on us, thy servants,
And go before our host:
Beset by many a danger,
And soiled by many a sin,
O from without defend us,
And purify within!

IX.

We have not wronged this people,
We have not proudly dealt:
—Thy word we freely tender,
If this a wrong be felt:
We draw, to do them service,
Our wages from afar,
And rob for this the Churches
Beneath a different star.

X.

We count, among our shepherds,
True hearts the fold to tend;
None to be spent more willing,
None readier seen to spend:
Far thro' the gloom of forests
Their welcome steps are traced:
Their hands the rose of Sharon
Plant in the howling waste.

XI.

Turn, turn, good Lord, Thy children,
That they may all be one,
Ev'n as, O Holy Father,
Thou and Thy blessed Son:
—When shall we see the leopard
Lie gently by the kid,
And with the bear to pasture
The fearless kine be bid?

XII.

Full many a stone of stumbling
Must from our path be hurled;
Full many a fault be weeded
From this misjudging world;
Full many a speck be purg-ed
From things we love and prize;
Full many a schism repented,
Ere that blest sun shall rise.

XIII.

Far hence the hollow seeming
Of unity and love,
Which leaves to choice of fancy
TRUTHS GIVEN FROM GOD ABOVE:
Far hence their pliant baseness,
Whom from their standard sways,
Poor meed of fashion's favour,
Or breath of mortal praise.

XIV.

The gems of truth to barter,
We purchase peace too dear;
Pure faith and ancient order
Must still be guarded here:
All, all we love, we pray for,
All holy zeal commend;
But for the rule delivered
Of old we *must* contend.

XV.

O come, O come, blest kingdom,
O Saviour, bid it speed;
One Spirit, one rite baptismal,
One hope be ours, one creed!
'Tis then the cross,—blest ensign,—
One way we all shall wave;
Nor more with dissonant trumpets
Proclaim its power to save.

XVI.

In seemly strength and order
Shall march our conquering band:
And Christ shall win the Paynim
With followers hand in hand.
Till God shed wide His glory,
Earth's utmost verge to sweep,
Ev'n as the rolling waters
O'erspead the boundless deep.

TEARS.

Tears—blessed tears!
Ye are the voiceless language of the soul,
Calming the tempest of the hopes and fears
That o'er the breast their crested billows roll.

How many a tale ye tell,
When joy hath lost her voice, and sorrow's moan
Is hushed by misery, when the big thoughts swell,
Struggling for freedom in their narrow home.

Ye are bright syllables,
Silent, yet eloquent. Your drops uprise
From the heart's fountains. Ye are holy wells,
Sunk in the vale of grief, gushing from joy's bright eyes.

Ye are the holy dew
Drawn by the fervid beams of Christian love
From life's eternal waters, which renew
And fit our souls for happiness above.

Ye are two kindred streams,
Born at the self-same fountain, yet ye flow,
One, through the fairy fields where gladness gleams,
The other, thro' the dreary realms of woe.

There was a Man of woes,
Within whose heart ye had a fountain deep;
But it was o'er the sorrows of His foes,
And never for His own, that He did weep.

Oh, consecrated tears!
Since from the Saviour's holy eyes ye ran,
Ye have been tokens, telling all our fears,
That while He saves as God, He *feels* as man.

THE SLAYING OF THE FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT.

Midnight on the moonless earth,
  On the black sky's starless dome,—
Silence on the bondman's hearth,
  On the Pharoah's regal home!
Wrapp'd in dreams of bigot pride,
Slumber'd Egypt's myriads wide;
Miracle and plague had ceas'd;
Israel's thunder-calling Priest
Waved no more his awful rod,
Ask'd no tempests from his God;
And the Gods of Egypt waken,
Veil'd Osiris' bolt is shaken.
Bondage—tortures—felons' graves
Be your portion, rebel slaves,—
Dupes, on dreaming hopes relying—
Fools, the Pharoah's Gods defying!

Midnight, moonless—starless—black—
  Silent—save a low faint shiver,
Floating melancholy back
  From the old Nile's restless river.

Is yon spectral light the Dawn
From the Orient journeying on?
Tell to Isis' laggard Priest
Morn is hovering in the East.—
Gods!—The black vault rends asunder
As if stirr'd with unheard thunder,
And a mass of ghostly light
Floateth down the breast of Night.
Ha!—Within that charnel gleaming,
Looms some form of awful seeming.
Nearer—'tis a war-like Phantom,—
Pale, grey shadows clothe and haunt him:
Death and Terror, hovering round him,
In a battle-garb have bound him:
From his eyes cold lightnings glance,—
Motionless his fire-clad lance.
Hush!—He stays his war-cloud now
O'er the death-doom'd City's brow.
Hear Osiris—Isis hear!
Egypt's judgment-hour is near!
O'er her the Destroyer bendeth,
From his cloud the Shape descendeth—
  Gods of Egypt, hear!—

Now the Phantom-Shape is gliding
  Slowly down the slumbering street,
Now his ghostly form is biding
  By the Pharaoh's royal gate:

Now the death-lance rais'd on high,
Striks the lintel noiselessly;
And a dirge-like wailing falls
O'er those high and stately halls,
As if royal breath were fleeting,
As if Death with Kings were meeting.—
But the Phantom-Shape is gone,
Silent—slowly—journeying on:
Noble's tower, and peasant's gate,
All in turn his step await—
Where he strikes the death-dart's blow,
There the Mourner's wailings flow.
Now his misty Form's before
The weak Bondman's lowly door,
And the shadowy arm on high
Lifts the death-lance threat'ningly.
Hath he struck?—Is that the moan
For the young slave's spirit flown?
See—the phantom-shadow bow—
Whence the spell that binds him now?
There's a token glistening there
In the lance's fiery glare,
Like a flash of bloody light
Streams its crimson on the night,—
See the phantom-shape obey
The red symbol's potent ray—
Go!—The bondman sleepeth well,
'Twas his God that fram'd that spell.
Away—pale shape—away!

Morn on Egypt's wailing coast—
  Israel—up!—thy God hath won thee,
Call the thousands of thine host,—
  Come, with triumph's splendor on thee;—
Warrior, Prophet, Leader, Priest,
Raise the altar—spread the feast.
Shout!—Let Egypt's wailing sound
In your jubilee be drown'd—
Let each tribe its thousands gather,
Wealth and substance,—child and father—
Marshal now your long array;
Follow ye your God to-day.
Eastward ho!—your cloudy guide
Towards the desert seems to glide.
Follow—follow—sign and wonder,—
Judgment, tempest, sword and thunder,
God hath on your tyrants cast,
Jacob's line is freed at last.
Israel up—away—away!
Victor, slave of yesterday,
  Thou art freed at last!

A MYSTERY.

"Truly our lot is cast in a materializing age, for we see many around us, intoxicated with intellectual pride, endeavouring to rationalize the supernaturalism of Divine mysteries, while their own minds, and even earth and air, abound with darknesses they cannot penetrate."

Deep mysteries envelop all around,
  Derisive mocking schoolmen's art, I ween
No clue the haughtiest intellect e'er found,
  No human eye hath through them ever seen.

Oft in the changeful scenes upon life's stage,
  Like lightning's flash, there flits athwart the brain
A vivid feeling, that in some past age
  Our part was acted,—acted now again.

But vain all musings, weak all human skill,
  To solve this mystery of two-fold state;
Like forest bird encaged, the eager will
  Urges to soar aloft with wings elate.
    Alas! earth's prison bars repel such flight,
    King Death alone can ope to perfect light.

FRIENDSHIP.

"And what is Friendship but a name?"
GOLDSMITH.

A name! O minstrel, cease thine erring strain:
Friendship is not the phantom thou wouldst feign.
Seek not to make me coldly, vainly wise:
Seek not to teach me what my heart denies—
Knowledge which it can never cease to spurn,
And if it knew would hasten to unlearn.
No—there is no delusion—I have been
Not many years a pilgrim—I have seen
Not much, yet even I have found that spot
In which there grows the plant 'Forget me not.'
A fragrant flower, which, though of heavenly birth,
Can live, can bloom, can blossom upon earth.
And *they* have found, that it is more than name,
Whose hope, whose faith, whose feelings, are the same;

Who for each other, at the mercy-seat,
Those blessings which themselves desire entreat:
And breathe, with each petition of their own,
A prayer, unsought, untold, yet not unknown.
O, such indeed is Friendship! Such the ties
Whose strength the power of Time itself defies.
They who have thus in Christian friendship met,
Though they may part, they never can forget.
The friendship of the world, with fitful blaze,
As interest rules, now brightens, now decays:
But theirs that nobler flame, serenely bright,
Which burns, for ever burns, with heaven-born light.
'Tis theirs to say, while Faith on wing sublime
Soars high beyond the bounds of distant time—
'Tis theirs to say, nor is such faith in vain,
I know, that they who part shall meet again.
Oh may we meet on that eternal shore,
Where the calm'd bosom knows its fears no more:
Where they whose life is Christ, with Christ shall dwell:
And where nor tongue, nor pen, shall ever say—Farewell!

A PRAYER.

"Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto Him with reverence."

About my path, about my bed,
  Thou, LORD, art ever near:
My soul, possessed with holy dread,
  None other can I fear.

None have I here on earth but Thee,
  And none in heaven above;
But Thou art all in all to me,
  None other could I love.

Thou art my Ruler,—it is meet
  To heed Thy sovereign voice:
My Father Thou,—then it is sweet
  To make Thy will my choice.

The duteous loyalty of awe
  Shall lead me in Thy way:
The bands of love's constraining law
  Forbid my feet to stray.

THE POOR MAN'S CHURCH.

"Go thou, and do likewise."

Wake, harp of Zion, silent long,
  Nor voiceless and unheard be thou,
While meetest theme of sacred song
  Awaits thy chorded numbers now!

Too seldom, 'mid the sounds of strife
  That rudely ring unwelcome here,
Thy music soothes this fever'd life
  With breathings from a holier sphere.

The warrior, wading deep in crime,
  Desertless, lives in poet's lays;
The statesman wants not stirring rhyme
  To cheer the chequer'd part he plays:

And Zion's harp, to whom alone
  Soft-echoing, higher themes belong,
Oh lend thy sweet aërial tone—
  'Tis meek-eyed Virtue claims the song.

Beyond the limits of the town
  A summer's ramble, may be seen
A scatter'd suburb, newly grown,
  Rude huts, and ruder fields between.

Life's luxuries abound not there,
  Labour and hardship share the spot;
Hope wrestles hard with frowning care,
  And lesser wants are heeded not.

Religion was neglected too—
  'Twas far to town—the poor are proud—
They could not boast a garb as new,
  And shunn'd to join the well-drest crowd.

No country church adorn'd the scene,
  In modest beauty smiling fair,
Of mien so peaceful and serene,
  The poor man feels his home is there.

Oh England! with thy village chimes,
  Thy church-wed hamlets, scatter'd wide,
The emigrant to other climes
  Remembers thee with grateful pride;

And owns that once at home again,
  With fonder love his heart would bless
Each humble, lowly, hallowed fane
  That sanctifies thy loveliness.

But here, alas! the heart was wrung
  To see so wan, so drear a waste—
Life's thorns and briers rankly sprung,
  And peace and love, its flow'rs, displaced.

And weary seasons pass'd away,
  As time's fast-ebbing tide roll'd by,
To thousands rose no Sabbath-day,
  They lived—to suffer—sin—and die !

Then men of Christian spirit came,
  They saw the mournful scene with grief;
To such, it e'er hath been the same
  To know distress and give relief.

They told the tale, nor vainly told—
  They won assistance far and wide;
'Tis heart were dull indeed and cold,
  Who such petitioner denied.

They chose a slightly-rising hill
  That bordered closely on the road,
And workmen brought of care and skill,
  And wains with many a cumbrous load.

With holy prayer and chanted hymn
  The task was sped upon its way,
And hearts beat high and eyes were dim
  To see so glad a sight that day.

And slowly as the work ascends
  In just proportions, strong and fair,
How watchfully its early friends
  With zealous ardour linger near.

'Tis finish'd now—a Gothic pile,
—Brave handiwork of faith and love—
In England's ancient hallow'd style,
That pointeth aye, like hope, above:

With stately tow'r, and turret high,
And quaint-arch'd door, and buttress'd wall,
And window stain'd of various dye,
And antique moulding over all.

And hark! the Sabbath-going bell!
A solemn tale it peals abroad—
To all around its echoes tell
"This building is the house of God!"

Say, Churchman! doth no still small voice
Within you whisper—"while 'tis day
"Go, bid the desert place rejoice!
"Your Saviour's high behest obey:

"Say not, your pow'rs are scant and weak,
"What hath been done, may be anew;
"He addeth strength to all who seek
"To serve Him with affection true."

THE INDIAN LOG CHURCH.

Rude forest temple! little canst thou show
  Of architect'ral pomp or blazonry;
  But to my heart thy meek simplicity
Speaks deeper toned than prouder fanes can do:
Emanuel's pioneer in a wild land,
  For ages buried in the gloom of night,
Thou first didst beckon with beseeching hand,
  To Gospel liberty and Gospel light.
Within thy walls, first, in this region, swell'd
  The choral hymn of praise to Israel's God;
Here first the wandering Indian beheld
  The entrance to immortal life's straight road,
And, nothing doubting, heard with glist'ning eye,
That he was heir with Christ, of wealth beyond the sky.

HYMN.

"Lord of lords, and King of kings."
Rev xvii. 14.

Rob'd with all the Deity,
Worshipp'd as the Infinite,
Who is this enthron'd on high?
Who is this enshrin'd in light?
Angels, let me hear his name:
Tell me, whom ye thus proclaim.
Why do ye, with trembling wings,
Why do all created things,
Hail this Being
Lord of lords, and King of kings?

Mortals, would ye hear the story?
('Tis to you it doth belong):
Would ye know a Saviour's glory?
Would ye learn an angel's song?
This is Jesus:—once He died,
Once for you was crucified.
Therefore all creation sings,
All creation homage brings,
Hailing Jesus
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Now anointed Lord of all,
Myriads bow before Him;
Thousand thousands prostrate fall;
Heaven and earth adore Him.
Hark! the deep and solemn sound
Rolls above, beneath, around.
Hark! they sweep the golden strings.
Hark! all nature thrilling rings,
Hailing Jesus
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM IN THE FIRST CRUSADE.

Warriors of Christ, commission'd from on high
In God's own cause to conquer or to die,
Warriors of Christ, lo there before your eyes,
Almost obtain'd, the long contested prize!
That hallow'd soil which holiest feet have trod,
That tomb in which repos'd the Son of God.
And still do Moslem rites that spot profane!
And still does Zion wear the Moslem's chain!
Where is the sword of Christendom, the sword
Which fought thus far the battle of the Lord?
Why shines th' embroider'd cross on every
breast,
If ye can look on scenes like these—and rest?
If ye can rest unmov'd, and eat, and sleep,
And leave the city of your God to weep.
Oh once again, ye brave, 'tis Heaven's decree,
Once more attempt, and Zion *shall* be free.

Fir'd by their leader's voice, from post to post
A tenfold ardor fires the warrior host.
Again, impetuous, o'er the mounds of dead,
With added force, the dire assault is led:
Nor led in vain. Though thousand croises fall,
They stand, they strive, they burn, they gain the wall.
Heard ye that shout? Heard ye the skies resound?
They plant the banner'd cross on holy ground.
Yet still the Moslem, prodigal of life,
Wield the red blade and urge the desperate strife,
And every street and every house defend,
And every step with fellest rage contend.
There Tissaphernes, stern Argantes here,
Stay the proud foe, and make the mighty fear;
There the swarth Ethiop draws the deadly bow;
Here Egypt's sabre lays the invader low:
And still their chiefs the fruitless combat dare,
Now fir'd by hope, now madden'd by despair.
But vain that hope. Can mortal arm avail
When Europe's best those fainting ranks assail?
Here Godfrey leads: there Britain's sword devours:
Here Charles and Conrad urge their banded powers:
There chivalrous Tancred guides his daring train;

And here Rinaldo strews the earth with slain.
So look'd the dreaded chief whose glittering shield
Shone like a sun o'er Ilium's fated field:
So moved Pelides through the ranks of fight:
So flames the meteor through the black of night.
Yield, Moslem, yield: why, why provoke your fate?
Would ye at length repent? 'Tis now too late.
Too long your strength th' indignant foe withstood;
And rage provok'd is only quench'd in blood.
Hark! 'Tis the victor's loud exulting cry.
Hark! 'Tis the shriek, the groan, of them that die.
Vainly is woman's frenzied prayer preferr'd:
It is the hour when prayers are never heard.
Vainly the babe its little hand extends,
And smiles, unconscious smiles; the blow descends.
Vainly would age her silvery honours plead:
By the same sword the sire and infant bleed.
And still 'tis carnage; still from street to street
The demon Fury guides the victor's feet:
Still, flushed with blood, his arm is rais'd again—
Will none that rage, that fearful rage, restrain?
By the dear name of Him whose cross ye wear,
Stay, Christians, stay; the work of death forbear.

If ye indeed be followers of the Lord,
Oh spare your fellow men, oh sheathe the glutted sword.

The storm is hush'd: the work of death is done:
Glows on Judæa's hills the setting sun:
On Salem's walls the crescent waves no more:
In Salem's courts the Christian host adore;
And round that tomb in which their Lord was laid
Have met the chieftains of the first crusade.
Meek on the earth each awe-struck warrior kneels:
O'er the rapt soul a solemn influence steals:
Low murmuring sounds from half shut lips arise:
Full hearts are breathing prayers, and vows, and sighs;
And eyes not often wet, (oh wondrous sight!)
Are weeping fast the tears of strange delight.
Those eyes but lately, (not an hour is gone,)
'Neath the barr'd helm'n with martial fury shone:
Those lips, hoarse sounding, swell'd the battle cry:
Those mailed hands—the blood is scarcely dry.

Strange contrast this! But 'tis not ours to say
Heaven from those prayers abhorrent turn'd
away.
We judge ye not: no, gallant warriors, no,
While British hearts with kindred ardor glow,
If censure too severe should bid you shame,
The age in which ye liv'd shall bear the blame.
And long as Britain loves the brave and bold,
How shall she listen to your deeds of old!
Pierce with exploring eye th' historic gloom,
And wipe the dust from each neglected tomb!
Let wisdom cavil; let the witling smile,
As if your tale could mirth alone beguile;
Reflection, musing on the will of heaven,
Sees that to you a nobler task was given.
Ye roll'd war's angry storm on Syria's shore:
Ye quell'd the power which none had quell'd
before:
Ye crush'd the proud: ye bade th' oppressor
cease:
Ye said to Zion's pilgrim, Go in peace:
Ye gave to Europe arts till then unknown,
And from each foreign land made rich your own.
Therefore Reflection bids us own your claim:
Therefore shall Poesy weave the wreath of
fame;
And still that fame, as ages roll along,
Shall live in History's page and Tasso's song.

LINES

TO A LADY WHO ASKED SOMETHING FOR HER ALBUM.

Yes, I will write: since your request
Demands the unwonted strain,
My lyre shall break from balmy rest,
And breathe and sound again.
Poor though it be, my foolish rhyme
May claim one short essay,
For thus, perchance, the lingering time
Shall faster speed away.
Then, Lady, this shall be the hour
To try once more the Muse's power.
Yes, this, for soon the Western gale
Shall fluttering fill the flowing sail:
And though we now together roam
Across the Atlantic wave,
And fellow-pilgrims of a month
The Ocean's perils brave:
Yet when we reach our native shore
We part in peace,—the voyage is o'er.

We part, as fancy points our way,
Or duty guides our feet,
And perhaps (tho' 'tis not ours to say)
On earth no more to meet.
We part; and who can tell the extremes
That each shall undergo,
The hopes, the fears, the waking dreams
Of human bliss and woe,
Ere we before the Judgment seat
In other guise again *shall* meet?
Unmark'd the approach, unknown the date,
That hour shall come, or soon or late,
Then, whether it be ours to drink
The cup of grief or bliss,
Ah, why with anxious fondness cling
To such a world as this?
Which, brightly as it seems array'd,
So soon, so very soon, must fade.
Why fondly court the hollow mirth,
And fading joys of fading earth,
Which mock the grasp: a little while
In glowing tints appear to smile,
Then, rapid as the viewless wind,
Escape—but leave a sting behind?
Say, then, shall such pursuits engage
Our ceaseless thoughts from youth to age;
Forgetting, while we urge the chace,
That here we 've no abiding place?

Alas! we do but sojourn here,
A few short years to stay,
Until the Messenger appear
And summon us away.
And oh! how dreadful is that call
To them who 've made the world their all!
But if, redeem'd by Heavenly Love,
We seek while here the things above,
Then welcome Death—thy conquering dart
No more shall grief and fear impart;
But when thou comest to release,
That hour shall be the hour of peace.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

I had a Widowed Mother once,
  A Mother meek and mild,
And tho' I'd come to manhood's years,
  I loved her like a child.

I never knew a Mother yet
  That seemed so kind as she;
So gentle, yet so firm withal,
  'Midst this world's misery.

Oh! sad and drear had her pathway been
  Thro' this weary waste of life,
And the cup her youth thought full of joy,
  With trouble had been rife.

And in that time of trial sore,
  The day-spring from on high
Had never dight with heavenly light
  Her future's darkened sky.

But glory to the Lord our God,
  At even-time 'twas light,
And it shone on the narrow path that leads
  To a land with glory bright.

HEAVENLY FLOWERS.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Lady! I've look'd thine Album thro',
  And conn'd each page with care,
The gems it boasts are fair to view,
  But much is wanting there:
Hemans hath furnish'd many a flower,
  The smiling wreath to grace,
And *Byron's* verse, of matchless power,
  By *Moore's* soft strains hath place.

And bards for thee, to fame unknown,
  A chaplet sweet have wove,
And woke the shell of softest tone
  To Friendship, or to Love:
But scarce a line, 'mid lays so fair,
  To higher themes is given;
No strains Religion's praise declare,
  And lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Oh! worse than useless is the lay,
  That knows not how to soar
Beyond the term of life's short day,
  And Heavenly scenes explore!
For who would cling to Earth's dull breast,
  If, winged like a dove,
His soul could flee and be at rest,
  In better worlds above?

When Jesse's son his father's flock
  Tended, amid the wild,
By peaceful stream or sheltering rock,
  Or pasture green that smil'd,
Where'er his lonely footstep stray'd,
  To Heaven his harp was strung,
While still his lips, that fervent pray'd,
The Lord his Shepherd sung!

Nor less, 'mid Sion's courts of old,
  Isaiah's minstrelsy
Th' Anointed Virgin-born foretold,
  In strains that ne'er shall die:
Undying too—such themes sublime
  Awoke a *Milton's* fire,
And still to such, in later time,
  A *Heber* tun'd his lyre.

Then, Lady! let thy wreath be grac'd
  With flowers divine like these,
Each earth-born bud beside them plac'd
  Shall lack the charm to please:
And know, transplanted to thy breast,
  These flowers, 'neath kindlier skies,
With Heaven's eternal sunshine blest,
  Shall bloom in Paradise!

THE AUTUMNAL TINTS.

The hand of the coming Winter
  Has thrown o'er the forest scene
A mantle of many colours,
  Like the robe of an Eastern Queen:

And the Maple's sanguine hue
  Is the velvet's crimson fold;
And the Elm and Birch's yellow leaf
  Is its 'broidery of gold:

The faint and the fading green
  Is the delicate underdress,
That falls 'neath the gorgeous and flowing robe,
  And adds to her loveliness:

And on leaves of a thousand dyes,'
  The dew-drops are lying now,
And *they* are the gems, in the turban rich
  That graces her Queenly brow.

Go, Christian brother, and think
  That each leaflet's varying hue
Was painted by that Almighty Hand,
  Which was nailed to the Cross for you.

THE NEW CREATION.

O, Thou, who to the lifeless clay
  Didst speak, and bad'st it *be;*
A greater, nobler power display,
  And bid it live to Thee.

Revive thy work, thy work of grace,
  Thou Energy Divine:
The image of Thyself retrace,
  And stamp my spirit Thine.

My senses—instruments of shame—
  Transform and mould anew:
And teach them, with another aim,
  Thy glory to pursue.

The hearing ear, the eye to see,
  The tongue to praise Thee, give;
And stablish Thine abode in me,
  And make it "Christ to live."

Then mine for aye shall be the joy,
  A stranger may not know;
Foretaste of bliss, without alloy,
  The pledge of heaven below.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

"Christ is risen."*

"Christ is risen from the dead: and become the first fruits of them that slept.
For since by man came death: by man came also the resurrection of the dead.
For as in Adam all die: even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Christ is risen! Jesu lives!
He lives His faithful ones to bless;
The grave to life its victim gives—
Our grief is changed to joyfulness.

The sleeping Saints, whom Israel slew,
Waking, shall list the blissful sound;
He—their first fruits—doth live anew—
Hell hath a mighty conqueror found.

Paschal offering! Spotless Lamb!
For us was heard thy plaintive cry;
For us, in agony and shame,
Thy blood's sweet incense soar'd on high.

* *Easter Salutation of the Primitive Church.*

By erring man came woe—the grave—
  The ground accurs'd—the blighted tree—
Jesus, as man, for ransom gave
  Himself, from death to set us free.

Christ is risen! saints rejoice!—
  Your hymns of praise enraptured pour—
Ye heavenly angels, lend your voice—
  Jesus shall reign for evermore!
                Hallelujah! Amen.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

O! fallen thou on evil days,
To vile Expedience palt'ring slave,
Turn from the grovelling scenes of earth,
And muse upon the Martyr's Grave.

Go! read the record of the past,
Emblazon'd bright in deathless story;
The record of the hallowed dead,
Pilgrims on earth, now Saints in glory.

Theirs was no path bestrew'd with flowers,
The path by thoughtless worldlings trodden,
Where Pleasure speeds the rosy hours,
Lapping the soul in dreams Elysian.

Thro' tribulation's fiery flood,
They held their onward course unblenching,
Descended to the grave in blood,
No craven fears their spirit quenching.

See! from yon City's crowded streets,
All in the golden sunlight gleaming,
From sculptur'd dome and lowly cot,
What eager throngs are onward streaming.

Virgin and matron, priest and noble,
Bondsman and free, all hurrying by,
To yonder dread Arena hasting,
To see the Christian Hero die.

The caged beasts couch'd in their lair,
Eager to burst their bars asunder,
Bristling with fury, on him glare,
With eye of flame and roar of thunder.

Girded around with ghastly horrors,
The centre of that grisly ring,
Alone he stands, while on his head
The caitiff rabble curses fling.

No, not alone; for watching o'er him,
Invisible to mortal eye,
Blest ministering Spirits hover,
Soothing his dying agony.

The strife is o'er: on earth remains,
The mangled corse, with gore all reeking;
To heaven th' unfettered soul ascends,
'Mid clouds on high his Saviour seeking.

O! who can paint that hour of bliss,
When from the dust of death ascending,
The ransom'd spirit soared above,
Its course to heavenly mansions bending.

Join'd to the glorious company
Of Saints and Martyrs gone before,
Who, thron'd amid the realms of light,
Dwell with the Saviour evermore.

Fires not the blush of shame thy cheek?
Does not thy sluggish bosom burn,
As from the idle gauds of earth,
To them thy wand'ring thoughts return?

Thou that to God, with niggard hand,
Would'st give the refuse of thy hoard,
While they, all prodigal of life,
Their heart's best blood like water pour'd:

And, leagued with a perfidious band,
Of felons in unhallow'd strife,
Would'st rend, with sacrilegious hand,
The bounteous breast that gave thee life.

O may that Spirit's precious balm,
Which even the dry bones could quicken,
Shed on our souls celestial calm,
When earth-born mists around us thicken.

So shall we safe, 'mid worldly foes,
Tho' fierce around the tempest rages,
In blest assurance still repose,
Fast anchor'd on the Rock of Ages.

LINES

UPON OCCASION OF RETIRING TO A HOMELY BED IN A HUMBLE DWELLING.

My Heavenly Master had not where
  To lay His blessed head:
Too thankful, then, may I repair
  To this—to any bed.

Shield us this night, Almighty God,
  And when we sink at last
To sleep beneath the kindred sod,
  On Thee our charge be cast!

O grant that when that dark repose
  By millions shall be burst,
Our lot be found in Christ with those
  Ordain'd to rise the first.

A DEATH-BED.

Break not the dying Maid's repose—
  Perchance beneath its gentle thrall
Earth's latest sunshine round her glows,
  And Hope's last rainbow smiles o'er all:
Mayhap some long-forgotten voice
  Of early music haunts her ear,
Bidding the loosening soul rejoice,
  Its everlasting morning near:
Sweet thoughts may light her dying breast—
Oh trouble not that holy rest!

Scant are the spells remaining now
  To woo her back to life again—
The memory of a faithless vow—
  The shatter'd links of love's soft chain:
Too many a cold and bitter thought
  Would thro' her waken'd musings start—
Dreams of an early blighted lot—
  Shapes, such as haunt a broken heart;
Life's closing hour may leave her blest,
Oh trouble not that peaceful rest!

'Twould seem as if earth's latest light
  Were fading from her pallid brow—
The spirit trembles in its flight—
  The silver cord is loosing now!
Watch close—bend low—a half heard moan,
  Soft as an infant's quiet breath;
No more—a white-robed soul is flown—
  Our fairest flower is bowed in death:
One Angel more! now, free and blest!
Worlds cannot break thy glorious rest!

In a lonely spot have we made her grave,
By the half-heard flow of a peaceful wave,
Where the spell of quiet is softest laid,
On the solemn depths of the forest shade,
Where faint and straggling the sunbeams fall,
And the low winds whisper a gentle call,
And the step of man will but rarely tread,
We have made the grave of the early dead.

We shed few tears in the bitter hour,
When we heap'd the earth on our fairest flower;
We murmur'd o'er her no darker moan,
Than the solemn dirge of our prayer's deep tone;
We lavish'd o'er her no fresh green wreath,
To mock the bloom that decay'd beneath;
And slow—with the mourners cold array
Lingering—we pass'd from her grave away.

We have come again to that peaceful spot,
And by it linger'd in healthful thought;
There were no dark phantoms or types of gloom,
Haunting the bounds of that quiet tomb—
There were no cold pictures of deathly art,
To mock the gaze of the stricken heart,
Nor fluent legends, in heartless flow,
To tell who slept in the home below.

We have linger'd, with many a pleasant dream,
By that grave on the bank of the forest stream,
For we ever deem'd, as we wander'd there,
That our life was bound with a lighter care—
That our heart's best thoughts at the moment grew,
Of a holier cast—of a purer hue—
That our path with a fairer hope was blest,
As we stood by the lost one's quiet rest.

We thought of the Faith that was ours in youth,
That had sooth'd our years with its radiant truth—
Of the Eye that watch'd us—the Power that gave
The Star to beacon the earthly grave—
Of the glories bursting on Faith's clear eye,
As the Life-light melts in Eternity—
Till we bless'd the love that had call'd to rest
Earth's wearied child on her Father's breast!

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."
LUKE xxiii. 42.

When Satan's fiery darts assail,
  When guardian spirits flee,
When ev'ry earthly hope doth fail,
  Good "Lord, remember me."

In each time of temptation fierce,
  In all prosperity,
When tribulation's pangs do pierce,
  Good "Lord, remember me."

In every hour of doubt and fear,
  And dark adversity,
When sorrow wrings the bitter tear,
  Good "Lord, remember me."

And although life on me should smile,
  Telling of mirth and glee,
E'en then, lest they my heart beguile,
  Good "Lord, remember me."

In the dread, solemn hour of death,
  In nature's agony,
I would gasp with my latest breath,
  Good "Lord, remember me."

BARTIMEUS.

"Oh lone and lorn my lot!
To me the sun-beam is a joy unknown;
In vain Earth's lap with rarest flowers are strown—
I crush, but see them not.

"The human face and form,
So glorious, as they tell, are all to me
A strange and unimagined mystery,
Dark as the mid-night storm.

"Winter's sharp blast I prove,
But cannot gaze upon the mantle white
With which the widow'd Earth she doth bedight,
In rough, but honest love."

Sudden a mighty throng,
Tumultuous, passed that beggar's muddy lair,
And listlessly he asked in his despair,
Why thus they pressed along?

A friendly voice replied,
"Jesus, the man of Nazareth, is here,"
The words with strange power fell upon his ear,
And eagerly he cried:

"Jesus! our David's son,
Have mercy on me for Jehovah's sake;
Pity, Emanuel—pity do thou take—
'Mid thousands I'm alone!"

The multitude cried—"Cease!
The Master will not pause for such as thou,
Nobler by far his purposes, we trow;
Silence, thou blind one—peace!"

But bold with misery,
He heeded not the taunt of selfish pride,
More eagerly and earnestly he cried,
"Have mercy, Christ, on me!"

The ever-open ear
Heard—and heard not unmov'd that quivering voice:
"Come hither!" Hundreds now exclaimed—
"Rejoice;
He calls; be of good cheer!"

How rare—how passing sweet
Sounded these words of hope; he cast away
His garment, lest its folds his course might stay,
And fell at Jesus' feet.

"What would'st thou?" Wondrous bright
The beggar's visage glowed—he felt right sure
That voice, so God-like, straight would speak
his cure—
"Lord, that I may have sight!"

He never knew suspense:
"Receive thy sight, thou dark one, for thy
faith!"
And lo! convulsively he draws his breath,
Entranc'd with his new sense.

Did Bartimeus seek
Once more his ancient nook of beggary?
Oh no!—he felt that he could gaze for aye
On Jesus's face so meek.

Love would not let him stay—
His darken'd soul was lighten'd, like his eyes;
And from that hour the Lord whom he did prize
He followed in the way.

INSCRIPTION

ON ONE MUCH LOVED AND SUDDENLY TAKEN.

"In this life we are warriors; in the separation we are conquerors; but we shall not triumph till after the resurrection; * * * and in the separation the spirits rejoice and are delighted in a wonderful joy.—'They see angels and archangels, they converse with them, and see our blessed Saviour Jesus in his glorified humanity'—so Justin Martyr. But in these great joys they look for greater. They are now 'in paradiso,' but they long that the body and soul may be in heaven together; but this is the glory of the day of judgment, the fruit of the resurrection."

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

Not on the battle-field's ensanguined plain,
Which Havoc crowds with hosts of ghastly slain,
  Not there—not there—he rendered up his
    breath:—
Oh no! undying lustre gilds his name,
More glorious than e'er blazoned warrior's fame
  Who, war-slain, sank in peaceful sleep of
    death.

He fell a victim to his holy zeal,
He fell a victim to the public weal;
  His earnest spirit rent its dwelling frail.
Gentle, considerate, beloved by all,
A city mourned the saintly martyr's fall,
  The widow wept—uprose the orphan's wail.

But mourn we not; our loss to him is gain,
His cross-crown'd bark has passed life's troubled main;
Amid the Saints he sits in Eden's bowers,
Or gladsome walks by molten-diamond streams,
Where angel-forms discourse on heavenly themes,
And perfume floats from never-fading flowers.

Elate with joy, he bides the closing scene,
When surging flames engulph all things terrene,
When earth's blue dome like parchment scroll is furled,
And stars unlinked are hurled through boundless night:
To him earth's doom will ope heaven's gates of light—
He bore his Saviour's cross through sinful world.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIMES.

A giant oak uprose in stalwart might,
  From seedling weak erst reared in Palestine,
  By blessed Sinless One of birth divine.
Oft 'gainst its trunk the "scorner's axe" glanced bright
Yet still its soaring arms defy the storm,
  Vainly time's deluge beats around its roots,
  Vainly the "powers of air" assail its shoots,
It shades the world beneath its glorious form.
And like a monarch's robe of lustrous green,
  A vine enringlets round this holy tree,
  Decking its stem with graceful drapery,
Whence gleams rich purple clusters' sunny sheen.—
    Woe to th' aspiring vine, should it e'er be
    Reft from its clasp on the eternal tree.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

PSALM lv. 6.

When my spirit was bowed by the anguish of grief,
When my sin-troubled soul to the dust was brought low,
Imploring, I turned to the world for relief;
But the world had no comfort on me to bestow.
Then why that false world any more should I rove,
By temptations assaulted, by sorrows oppress'd?
O, that I had but the wings of a dove!
Then would I fly away, and be at rest.

But where may a rest for the weary be found?
Where is the place unto which he may flee?
In vain the whole earth he might wander around:
Rest, O my Saviour, is only in Thee.
Thine are the mansions of glory above—
Thine those eternal abodes of the bless'd:
O, that I had but the wings of a dove!
Then would I fly to Thee, and be at rest.

Yet patient and meek would I wait for that hour,
When the storms which have ruffled mortality cease:
Then, leaning on Thee, and sustain'd by Thy power,
Not even Death shall deprive me of peace.
Sleeping in Thee, at the summons of love,
I shall rise, in the robes of eternity dress'd:
Thou wilt supply me with wings like a dove;
And I will fly to Thee, and be at rest.

THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.

"And his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees, three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did afore time."

DANIEL vi. 10.

Eve on the Chaldee's golden towers,
  O'er Magian shrine and noble's hall,
Grim battlements and airy bowers,
  Glorious the sun-flush'd splendor fall—
In gold and purple pall the sun
Slow sinks o'er gorgeous Babylon!

Soft on the quiet wind swept by
  The liquid notes of distant song:—
Now burst the joyous chorus nigh,
  As pleasure led each festal throng.
All seem'd as Earth's awaken'd voice,
Her thousand echoes bade rejoice.

Where now was Israel's guardian seer,
  The wanderer in the stranger's land—
Amid the regal banquet's cheer,
  The revel's maze, or masquer's band?
Hath the lone captive all forgot
His far off home—his slavish lot?—

Within his chamber's still retreat
  The Prophet, with his God alone,
Wafts upward to the mercy-seat
  His low-voic'd prayer's beseeching tone:—
Bright words of hope—each dearest thought
That love had fram'd, that faith had taught.

With soften'd brow, with yearning breast,
  Now hath he turn'd his ardent glance
To where yon blue hills of the west
  Gleam 'neath the sun-set heaven's expanse;
And visions of a glorious past
Seem o'er his fancy's musings cast.

There was the land his fathers trod,
  There his true spirit's cherish'd home;—
There the bright temple of his God
  Once rear'd to heaven its worshipp'd dome:
There was each dearest, holiest place,
Where long had bow'd his freeborn race!

Proof to the tempter's deepest art,
  The faith his youthful ear had heard,
Still breathed its freshness round his heart
  In native strength,—unchang'd, unstirr'd:
And in the light it shed o'er him,
Earth, and the dreams of earth, grew dim!

Long hath the Prophet pass'd away,
  But to his dying glance was given
The star of hope's triumphant ray,
  Bright kindling in his native heaven:—
Far through the mists of future time,
The Day-spring o'er his suffering clime.

* * * * * * *

Oh wanderers in the stranger's land!
  For whom the Exile's hours are told,—
Have ye unloos'd each gentle band,
  Bade every thought of home grow cold?
Or will you turn like *him* your gaze
Toward the deep joys of other days?

Will life-like forms before *ye* start
  Of grassy haunts, of shrines for prayer,—
Of graves where rest each loving heart
  'Neath the low turf that swelleth there?
Will early Faith come whispering near
Words of bright promise in your ear?

Or will the forms of memory seem
  But phantoms for the musing eye;—
Shapes of a soft but empty dream
  Of what once was—of things gone by?
No!—they have brighter visions yet
Than shadowy joy, or vain regret.

The Faith that youth's pure spirit caught,
  Each hope of childhood's sacred time,
Tho' chang'd in wisdom's deeper thought,
  Yet lives to soothe your manly prime:—
To fan the flame their breathings nurs'd,
To point the Heaven they told of first!

And the same God, whose aid was nigh
  The Prophet in his fearful hour,
O'er *ye* may bend a watching eye
  To guide ye on with equal power,—
'Mid sunny hopes—or skies o'ercast—
On to a sinless home at last!

SONNET.

Oh world, false and cold, I turn from thee,
All thy allurements fail to chain my heart;
Misfortune's sharp, but kindly God-sent dart,
Hath broke the meshes which imprisoned me.
The dream was beauteous— yea, exceeding fair;
Bright was the glamour which it threw around;
But soon there came the cold mist of despair,
Rising like vapour from a charnel ground.
Then I essayed to lift my sickened gaze
To the blest hill where Jesus shed his blood—
Where first the mighty truth I understood,
That here alone true happiness is found.
Dear Lamb of God! from THEE doth well a balm
To cure the sin-sick soul, and passion's tempest calm.

THE ROCK OF REPHIDIM.

"He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like *rivers*."

PSALM lxxviii. 16.

"They did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that *followed* them, and that Rock was Christ."

1 COR. x. 4.

"Ho! Israel, to the waters,—
Ye murmuring tribes,—repair!
Once more may Israel's daughters
The love of God declare.

"Jehovah hath forgiven
Each sullen word and frown;
The flinty rock is riven,
And life and health flow down."

Onward—still onward—the bright stream rush'd
Sparkling and fresh, as when first it gush'd
From its granite-source; till the "brook" at length
Attained the stately "river's" strength.

Where the Symbol of Fire shone on high,
The wanderers saw their Rephidim nigh;
And joyed to think that its crystal tide
Was link'd to the Cloud—their constant guide.
On the stifling air soft dews it shed;
Refreshment and balm for the fever'd head.
Its path was green through the cheerless wild;
The desert blossom'd; grim loneliness smiled:
A carpet of flowers and verdure it cast
On that Land of Death, as it flowed past:
As Faith doth wreathe, round the desolate shrine
Of the pining heart, a garland divine.
Where the shifting sand, by the whirlwind swept,
No trace of the traveller's footstep kept,
Onward—unfailing—its course it held,—
No sands absorb'd it, and no rocks repell'd.
Onward it flowed—at God's command—
A refuge and joy for the weary land:
Type of the stream which the Crucified,
In mercy, pour'd from his stricken side,—
River of Life from the Fountain above,—
Embracing the earth with a zone of love.

Hear ye that wailing, sharp and wild?
The widow hath lost her only child!
But she stoops to taste the reviving stream,
And the past fades away, like a cheerless dream;
Or lustrous with hope its memories seem.

Encircling the mourner, bright Watchers stand,
Angelic choirs from the spirit-land:
Onward glances light her eye;
Faith's fair visions check her sigh;
Soften'd is her earthly grieving, hush'd her sorrow's biter cry.

Sadly the Penitent seeks relief:
Earth hath no balm to heal his grief;
But the Spirit guides to a Saviour's blood:
His eye with tears no longer is dim,
As he hears the strains of the seraph's hymn,
Which haunt the brink of that sacred flood.

How rich the flavour of the Chalice,
To souls which are contrite, and free from malice!
Cordial sweet,—
Symbol meet,—
Of the fountain which flows by our pilgrim-feet!
Oh! turn not away from the sacred wine,—
That dearest pledge of love divine,—
As if lurking death from the draught would start up;
And poison or bitterness filled the Cup.

Darkly, in death, the shadows fall
On the gates of pearl, and the jasper wall,
Which gird the Lamb's resplendent Throne,—
the pilgrim's joyful rest.
But the dying Christian turneth again,
To the Rock which hath soothed his hours
of pain;—
He drinks: the veil is rent in twain,—the
tremor leaves his breast.

Fairly the hosts of the Ransomed stand
In the splendor and peace of the deathless land;
Brightly gleam the gems which are set
In their undecaying coronet;
Proudly they wave the immortal palm,
And sing to the "Rock, which is Christ," their
psalm:—

"When our hearts with sadness fainted,
Thou a cordial didst provide;
Thou didst cleanse our souls sin-tainted,
In thy pierc'd and bleeding side.

"Thou didst cheer our tribulation,
Whilst Life's desert ways we trod;
Thou—the Rock of our Salvation!
Thou—the gracious Son of God!"

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Long toss'd upon the waters of Dissent,
  Dear Mother Church, I come to thee once more,
  Weary and cold the years that I have spent
  Since last in prayer I knelt upon thy floor.
Draughts have I drained from many a cistern strange,
  Hewn out by restless hands—but all in vain:
  My scorching thirst, unquench'd, did still remain,—
  Still pined I for some new exciting change.
At every backward step some dark'ning doubt
  Deepened the gloom which brooded o'er my soul;
  Within were feverish fancies—while without
  Confusion rioted devoid controul.
How gravely sweet to me, so long exiled,
Thy sober, kindly voice. Mother, receive thy child!

ON BOWING AT THE NAME OF JESUS;

AND OTHER LITURGICAL USAGES.

Prompt at the bidding of the soul
  Th' obedient body bends and plays:
Unseen, unheard, unfelt controul,
  Which every spring and engine sways.

Unconscious of the power we ply,
  Unskilled by deepest search to find,
On senseless matter, how and why
  Can act this magic force of mind,

We rest; we move; we sit; we rise;
  We guide the pen, we touch the lute:
We feed the mouth, we turn the eyes,
  We lift the flail, we drive the brute.

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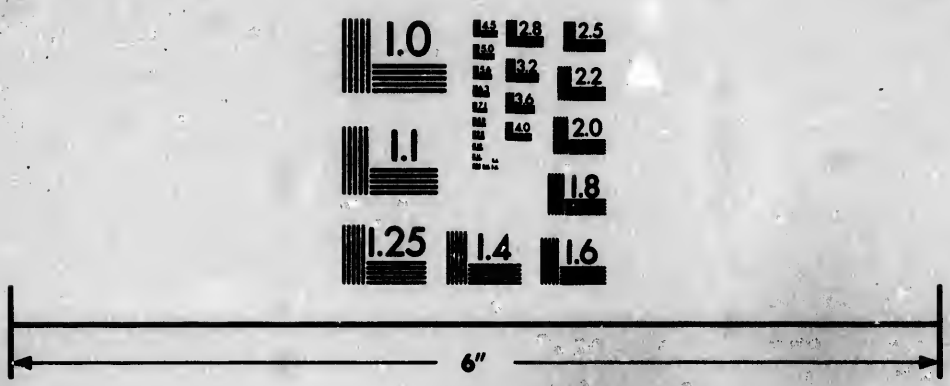

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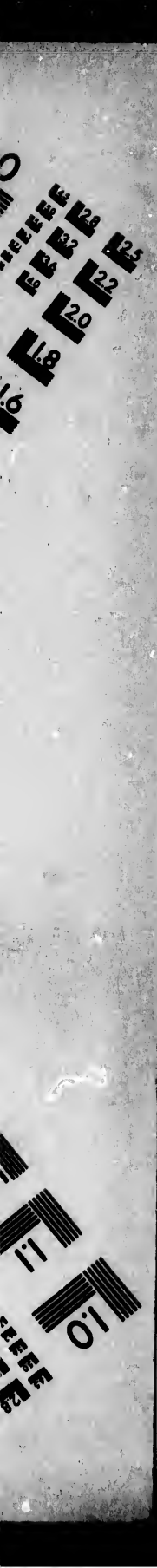
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Nor thus alone—for gestures mark
  The movements of the soul within;
Paint thought or purpose, bright or dark,
  Impulse to seize, or prayer to win.

We raise the brow, we wave the hand,
  We bow the head, we bend the knee,
The bosom press, the arms expand:
  —'Tis language read by all who see.

'Tis this, to forms and signs prepared,
  In social life, has led the way:
The palm is grasped, the head is bared
  Good-will to speak or reverence pay.

Ah! if the flexion of the frame
  What stirs the inmost soul can shew,
How gladly at Thy glorious name,
  My Saviour, will I bow me low!

My Lord, my God, my life, my hope,
  In darkness and in sin I lay,
With foes from hell unfit to cope,
  And but for Thee their certain prey.

O, didst Thou look on one like me,
  King as Thou art of Saints above,
And wast Thou lifted on the tree
  To draw me by Thy boundless love?

I yield me, then:—my heart is Thine,
—(Would it were less a heart of stone!)
And still by each appointed sign
Thy Sovereign claims I joy to own.

I thank the Church, who early stamped
Her holy token on my brow:
O, never be the memory damped
Of that, my sacramental vow!

Taught by the Church, I duly kneel
To pour my prostrate soul in prayer:
I rise when rising thoughts I feel,
And in the songs of glory share.

I stand, with champions of the Cross,
Erect, aloud, with one consent
To speak our faith:—'twere little loss
To lose our lives for CHRIST OUR LORD.

Thine is my soul, my body Thine:
My own I am not, would not be:
I serve, in all, a Lord divine:
I mark, in all, a homage free.

THE LOST INFANT.

Mourn not for thee! Though selfish love,
  That watch'd the blossom from its birth,
Would woo it from its home above,
  To pine again on cold, dark Earth.
Tho' sorrow chill the stricken heart,
  Tho' tears bedim the quivering eye,
Bright Faith hath told how blest thou art,
  Since Death hath sung thy lullaby!

Mourn not for thee! What spell is ours,
  To lure thee to our arms once more—
The fall of leaves—the blight of flowers—
  Earth's changeless tale told coldly o'er?
Dare mortals for their Darling ask
  A purer, happier lot than thine—
E'en as they think—ah, trying task!
  How bright the now closed eyes could shine?

Mourn not for thee! God's holy Son
  Plucks flowers like thee with Him to bide:
Thine everlasting haven's won,
  Ere Life's wild sea of storms was tried.
Sleep soft. Beside thy sinless tomb
  Our hearts their faltering pray'r may tell—
The love that watch'd thy dawning bloom
  O'er its lost darling sighs—Farewell!

CHRISTMAS.

Angelic hosts His birth proclaim,
And shepherds humbly hymn His name,
The Lamb alike for all to die,
For lofty kings and poverty!
He comes in humblest state arrayed,
The God for us a victim made;
Lost sinners to redeem and save
He comes on earth—to find a grave:
To find a grave, but soon to rise
All-brightening to the glowing skies,
While choirs of seraphs loudly sing,
In rapture, victory triumphing!

He comes again, the King of kings,
Majestic on resplendent wings;
All power to the Son is given,
Dominion o'er the earth and heaven;
His foes are all his foot-stool made,
He comes in glory now arrayed.
Woe to His proud defiers now,
He comes a judge with awful brow;
But, O ye humble ones, arise,
Ascend with Christ to gorgeous skies,
While choirs of seraphs loudly sing,
In rapture, victory triumphing!

THE LAST COMMUNION.

It is the Sabbath! and within the room,
The darkened room, where lies the dying youth,
An air of more than Sabbath stillness reigns.
Vainly the cold beams of a winter's sun
Do strive to pierce the thickly curtained gloom—
Type of the struggle that is passing there,
Of sickly life with death; for thou once more,
O pale Consumption! hast a victim won.
He has no mother here, on whose fond breast
His dying head may lie; no sire is here
To bless his erring but repentant son,
And give him back to God; no sister's love
Wets with warm tears his couch, and from his brow
Wipes the death-dews, and in his willing ear
Breathes hopes of heav'n, thro' Him that died for all.
For the broad Ocean rolls its countless waves
Between his childhood's native home and him.

And is he then alone? Are there no hearts
In all that stranger-land to beat for him?
Not one to shed a sympathizing tear,—
To talk of home, and friends, and by-gone days,
Then turn the softened spirit to its God?

Yes! oft the tribute of a grateful heart
Has passed from that sick-bed,—that He hath
here,
Far from all early ties, raised friends in need;—
And manhood's eye hath not refused to weep,
And gentle woman's tears have freely flowed
For the poor wand'rer.
It is the Sabbath;—
And there are gath'ring in that chamber now,
With voices hushed, and sad and silent step,
A few to share with him the Feast of Love,
The Sacred Feast,—the Banquet of the Soul.
The white-robed Priest is there, and in the
Name
Of Christ, his Master, sues the Throne of Grace,
Then bids the suff'rer not despise the rod,
Nor faint at His rebuke, who chastens those
Whom He accepts and loves,—but to believe
On Jesu's Name, and pass from death to life.
And now, all, meekly kneeling on their knees,
In low and solemn tones confess the guilt
Of their past life,—so grievous to recal,—
Burden so intolerable to bear,—
And ask for mercy,—mercy, never sought
In vain by those who humbly turn to God
In penitence and faith. Lo! even now
Th' Ambassador of Christ declares to such
The pardon of their sins, and grace and strength,
And leads their hopes to Everlasting Life.

How sweetly fall those words upon the ear,
Those comfortable words which Jesus speaks,
"Come unto me, all ye that labour and
"Are heavy laden,—I will give you rest."
And doubly sweet, when men are gather'd
round
Their Saviour's Table, full of faith and love.
But sweeter still by far, in that dread hour,
When life and all its fairest promises
Are fading into nothing, and the soul,
All conscious of its guilt, dismayed, opprest
With its iniquities, more num'rous than
The sands on the sea-shore, looks forth for aid.
So feels the dying man,—and as his eye
Rests on the Symbols of his Saviour's death,—
Proofs of His mighty love,—as his ear hears
The gracious invitation, he lifts up
His heart unto the Lord in gratitude.
And as with falt'ring lip and stamm'ring
tongue
He strives to speak aloud his thankful joy,
He almost seems to hear the sainted throng
Of Angels and Archangels, and the host
Of blessed Ones that wait about the Throne
Of the Eternal, shewing forth His praise,
And saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
"Of Hosts, the heaven and the earth are full,
"Full of Thy Glory,—Glory be to Thee,
"O Lord, most High."

O rapture! that ere long
The valley of death's shadow past, his soul
Shall peacefully repose in Paradise
Till the Archangel's trump shall sound, and wake
All them that sleep in dust, and once again,
The body purged from its mortality,
Shall join its kindred soul for evermore!

The solemn rite is o'er; and he hath shared
The consecrated bread and wine, which proves
To him who eats and drinks in trusting faith,
The Body and the Blood of Christ,—which makes
—Mysterious Truth!—him and the Saviour one.
And once again the song of Praise ascends,
And once again a prayer unto the Lamb,
For mercy, where He sits at God's right hand.

The Peace of God which passeth knowledge, and
The Blessing of the Three in One invoked,
The solemn rite is o'er.
Yes! it is o'er;—
Never again shall we partake with him
That Sacred Feast on earth; but we may hope,
O grant it, Lord, we pray,—to join our songs
With his hereafter in the Courts of Heav'n.

THE CROSS.

No graven image of divinest mould,
No sparkling diamond laid in purest gold,
No crown on any earthly monarch's brow,
To be compared with, Cross of Christ, art thou.
Nimbi of light surround thee, sacred thing,
Mysterious signal of high heaven's King;
Thou brightenest as I gaze, grow, brighten on,
Until He come again, the Judge upon His
throne.
Perhaps in farthest zones that boast an orb
To shine the glory of the Creative Word,
The business of mighty Seraphim may be
To search the mystery that lies in thee.
Salvation to the penitent,—what sign
Could still the avenger's awful wrath but thine,
When Cain, the wandering, in the early earth
Was driven an exile from his place of birth?

The King's broad mark, the touch of hands profane
From consecrated things could once restrain. *
When Judah's sacred city, gone astray
From God and swerved to each forbidden way,
Was doomed to slaughter, then, as the vision shews,
The murderous weapon glanced aside from those
Upon whose foreheads, by some holy hand,
The wonder-working signal had been *penned*.
Honoured of God and high in human praise,
Through all memorials of the ancient days,
Creation's heroes gloried that they bore thee,
The heavenliest beauties on their white breasts wore thee;
On gilded banners in the dread field of war,
On holy temple tops that gleamed afar,
On rugged cliff and hoary mountain's head,
On antique tombs raised o'er the mighty dead,
Hast thou been lifted up to shew the road
A soul may travel to the blest realms of God.

* This supposes that tithes, assigned from the earliest youth of mankind to the service of God, were marked ✕ or ✚ so.

MONDAY.

Thrice blest art Thou, Almighty Lord,
Who, as on this day by Thy word
The Heaven of Heavens didst form;
Didst build the Firmament on high,—
Didst fill with clouds the sunless sky,
To nurse the untaught storm.

In highest Heaven, Celestial Powers,
Unceasing through the happy hours,
Their Maker's praises tell:
Angels, Archangels raise the strain,
Cherubs and Seraphs back again
The echoing answers swell.

The Firmament, whose boundless blue
Shuts out the highest Heaven from view,
God's handiwork doth show;
His wondrous skill its wonders prove,
Dividing waves of mist above,
From ocean's waves below.

Jehovah speaks: the snow descends,
And hail and arrowy sleet He sends
From out His treasure cloud:
And Him obey the wind's wild howl,—
The lightning's flash,—the angry growl
Of thunder pealing loud.

Jehovah speaks: the genial rain,
Refreshing nature, falls amain,
Then smiles the heavenly bow;
The sun shines bright,—the vapours rise,
And wafted, rest above the skies,
Again to fall below.

So may I, when with cares oppressed,
Pray that upon my troubled breast
The dew of heaven descend:
So shall joy's beams my cares burst through—
So my glad hymn's ascending dew
With heaven's pure air shall blend.

THE END.

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