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MAPLE LEAVES.

BY

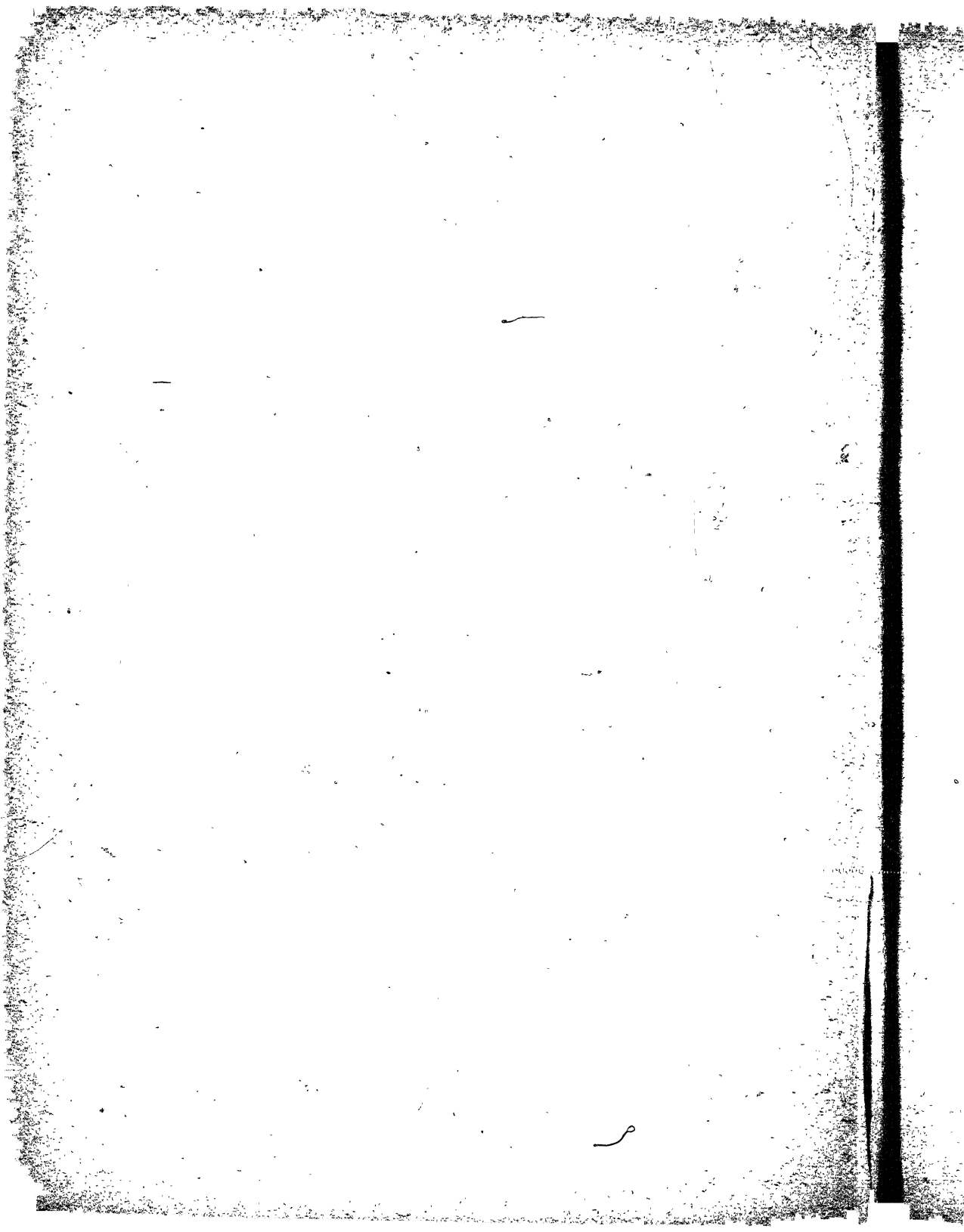
"SUSIE D."

Have the Leaves too soon been shed,
Ere the summer's wings had sped?
Crush them then beneath your tread,
Hapless Maple Leaves.

London, Ont. :

DAILY FREE PRESS STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1871.



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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the
year of our Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy, by
SUSIE DRUBY, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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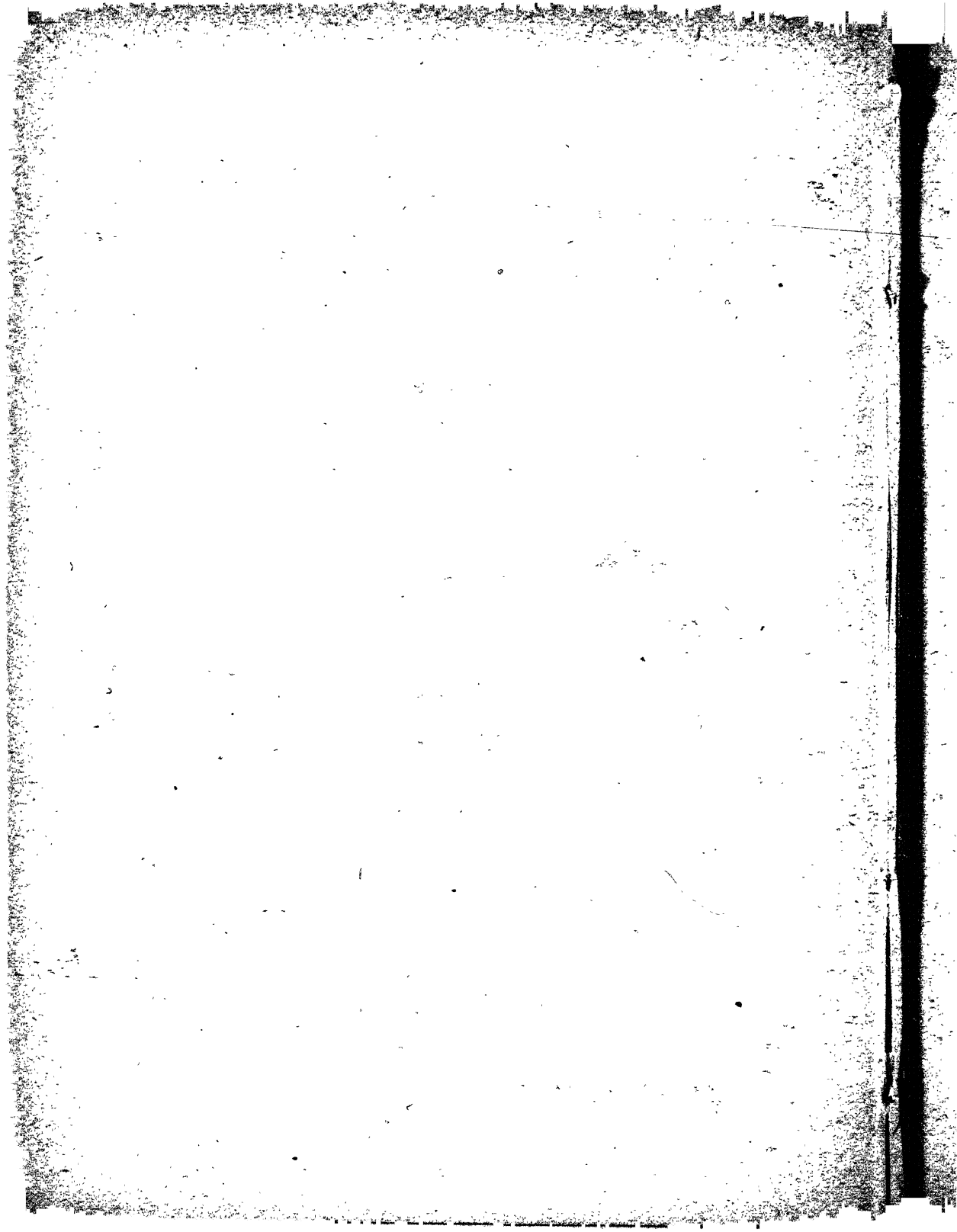
PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

With much anxiety and many forebodings I trembled for the success of my first edition of "Maple Leaves"—that success which is so dear to every writer's heart. Thanks to an indulgent public, my most sanguine expectations have been so far realized that I am now induced to publish a second edition.

In offering the following poems to the public, I have not sought for unmerited praise, neither have I asked for flattery. I have only hoped that, viewed with an impartial judgment, there might be found in them the merit which I—presumptuously it may be—had hoped they contained.

In the perusal of these pages, were one heart to feel its burden of sorrows less heavy, were one Christian to press forward to the Celestial City with a lighter heart, and a brighter hope, then indeed, the "Maple Leaves" have not been shed in vain.

SUSIE D.



MAPLE LEAVES.

The Flower of the Forest.

WHEN Canada was young, and time
Not yet had wrought a change in clime
So wild and glorious in its youth
Of trackless forests, grim, uncouth ;
Those many winters long gone by,
When forest peaks met in the sky,
And underbrush and shrubbery low
Verged to the winding streamlet's flow.
Then 'twas gay winter held her court,
Among those wilds, in hideous sport—
Her blistering breath, cold, fierce and keen,
So mournful howl'd those peaks between ;
And blinding snows swept in the van,
Proclaiming grief to brute and man.
'Twas rage in its primeval state,
As terrific as burning hate,
As strong as Etna's glowing tide,
Pouring adown the mountain's side,

While wolves and bears join'd in the din,
And howl'd the gusty morning in,
And doleful creatures, roused from sleep,
Thro' naked boughs did cheerless creep.

Among such scenes as here portray'd,
A red man's wigwam on the glade
Appeared amid the wilderness—
And well he loved its loneliness.
His fathers slept in sleep profound,
Lull'd by the whistling breezes' sound,
And there he hoped in peace to lie
When earthly things he bade good bye.
With skilful bow he idly ranged
From morn till eve the depths unchang'd,
In search of game, or pleasant scene
Where yet his steps had never been.
This morn he took a longer tour
Thro' mazy route untrod before ;
'Twas Autumn, and her leaves were strown,
In brilliant heaps, from maples blown.
With stealthy steps the warrior chief
Trode over brush and crisping leaf
Upon his path—his bow unstrung,
And o'er his shoulders careless flung.

After thus traversing for miles,
The solitudes of these dark wilds,
A sudden sight his eye beheld,
And passion his fine features swell'd.
He saw the stranger's hated cot
Erected on the sylvan spot—
The treacherous pale face! dark he grew,
And fiendsh fire his breast heav'd thro'.

Just then a singing voice he heard,
'Twas sweet as trill of forest bird.
The maidens of his own red race
Ne'er lisped with such bewitching grace.
The door half open'd, and a maid
Tripp'd out upon the open glade;
A sportive hound leaped by her side,
And gambol'd with his merry guide.
He scanned the beauteous, laughing child,
Too fair for scene so rude and wild;
Her sweet blue eyes, sparkling and gay,
The savage saw, and lurk'd away,
As half afraid her witching eye
Should there his hiding place espy.
His bow he strung with vengeful hand,
The arrow placed in its tough band;
Behind a cedar's clustering bough

He stepp'd, with smiling, Cain-like brow.
Death, death, fair child, is on its flight—
Thy brother, sisterless to-night,
Shall mourn thee, dead upon the plain,
Thus lovely in May-morning slain ;
Thy widow'd father childless weep,
So soon to lay his babe to sleep.
Why speeds the arrow not ? What will
Has bade the murderer's hands be still ?
Why darts he from the place so fleet,
With guilty eye and trembling feet ?
He saw upon the maiden's arm
A simple but all-magic charm,
A chieftain's gift to only one
Now to the haunts of spirits gone,
Leaving the treasure to her child,
A sure defence in wastes so wild.
This was the wild flower of the wood,
The babe born in its solitude,
The petted blossom of the west,
Caress'd in many a savage breast,
A sunbeam in that solemn wood,
Bequeathed them by the "mother good."
He knew her, for her pretty name
Had reached his tribe, ere there he came.

Her fair-haired mother long ago
Had sought those wilds, in love's first glow,
With him to whom she pledg'd for aye
To walk the paths of life alway.
Her deeds of kindness, words of love
Unto the various tribes did prove
The talismans of worth so true,
They loved and long revered her too.
So when she sank to slumber deep,
The Indian mother long did weep,
And speak her name with utt'rance low,
As tho' she heard their wails of woe.
The child thus grew among the bowers,
Her beauty match'd the forest flowers,
Wild, loving, free, her only care
Was watching for her father there,
When evening drew its dusky pall,
And weeping dews began to fall.

The winters went, and came again,
The springs, and summers, in their train,
And Autumns' winds came sighing too,
While changes came o'er nature's hue.
The grand old forest's shade is gone,
The woodbines trail no more upon
The greensward, nor the cedars fling

Their dark rich foliage o'er the spring.
The little cot that meekly stood
Shelter'd amid the friendly wood,
Has disappear'd, and on its site
A bustling city stands to-night,
And where is she, the forest flower,
That sung her joy in woodland bower ?
Yon mother with besprinkled hair,
And loving smile, was she the fair,
The flower of the forest shade,
The mother of that bright-eyed maid ?

The Indian further seeks his game,
Mourning the glory of his name,
Sinking unto the silent sea
Of long-forgotten memory.
His hunting grounds in space grew less,
As falls the glorious wilderness.
The wolf and wild stag, further north,
Drink of the streams of lesser worth ;
And e'en the gale sobs, as it flees
All grieving to the Arctic seas.
Now Canada, from bay to bay,
Basks in the golden sunbeam's ray,
Her garments of the richest dye
Are mirror'd in the clearest sky.

For what she was of other days,
The red man's sigh declares his praise;
For what she is, that bright-cheeked lad
Sings out her worth in measures glad.

Morning.

JOYOUS over the dim blue hills,
The dewy meads and singing rills,
The gay young morning tripp'd along,
And every song-bird broke in song
From every tree, and grove, and bower,
Their notes arose in thousand lays,
Each little throat, endowed with power,
The sweet melodious strain upraise.

On came the morning's fairy feet
Over the beds of violets spread.
All hail! all hail! the maiden sweet!
How sweet her breath! how soft her tread!
From orient chambers forth she goes,
All radiant in her loveliness,
With balm as sweet as Sharon's rose,
Clad in the rainbow's changeful dress.

She walks the gardens of the earth,
And tends the buds of latest birth ;
She climbs the mountain's giddiest height,
Imbues it with her golden light,
In lonest cave, or deepest vale
Her glowing beams as bright prevail.

"Open my casement-pane, oh, I
Would see the morning ere I die.
How fresh'ning steals her balmy air !
I see her on the mountains fair !
The placid stream reflects her form,
And choral groves sing out 'the morn !'
I feel her glow upon my cheek
As ne'er before I felt it break.
I like an uncaged bird would soar
Upon her pinions, far and wide ;
But I shall see her light no more
Upon the stream and mountain's side."

Out on the Sea.

OUT on the great sea, wild and gay,
Rushing thro' mist and cold white spray.
Nothing above but the deep blue dome,

Nothing below but the salt sea foam.
On comes the gale, the waves mount high,
The red dies out the dark'ning sky ;
" Quick furl the sails !" the masts stand bare,
Grim, uncouth, to the blistering air.

Down comes the storm, the lightnings flash,
Over the helm the mad seas dash.
Up we mount to the frowning sky,
Down to the black abyss we fly.
Loud rolls the boom of the thunder deep—
Over, around the wild winds sweep.
Crash go the masts—a spar goes by—
Hoarse rings out the mariner's cry.

Then steals the lull, the waves fall down,
Off flies the breeze, the sky's dark frown
Fades away like a vapory cloud—
Up every sail, and every shroud
Spread to the breeze ! The ship floats free,
Breasting the billows in high glee,
On her track to the English isle,
Distant yet by many a mile.

The Snow-bird of the Alps.

THE moonlight soft slept on the breast of the snow
Which thickly bespread the deep valleys below.
The scene was impressive, so grand and so wild,
Befitting the soul of a mountaineer's child.
She look'd from her casement that calm winter
night,
With feelings of freedom akin to delight.
Her home was a cabin on nature's wild waste,
Her haunts were the heights that man never traced;
Scarce e'en had she heard of the great world below,
Its vanity, pageantry, pleasure and show ;
And all its deceits, and its heart-burnings, where
The great are its nurtured, the rich are its fair.
She never had turn'd with a low bitter sigh,
To let her more fortunate sister pass by.
Ah! no, she had clamber'd the cliffs from her youth,
A roving gazelle, with her eyes of sweet truth.
Strange nature, that often profusely bestows
On the plains of the desert the bloom of the rose,
Had richly endow'd with fair beauty this child ;
A goddess might envy her charms when she smiled.
The youngest and fairest of many was she,

And the flower of the flock they own'd her to be.
In the bright early morn from childhood she rov'd
On the white Alpine hills, so tenderly loved,
And e'en when her eighteen young summers
swept by,
The happy gay birdling loved still her cold sky.

Her mother ne'er chided, her father ne'er frowned,
She careless might wander o'er snow-belt and
mound,

If back in the e'entide, all glowing and bright,
They heard her glad footsteps, so bounding and
light.

But time hasten'd onward, and fresh snows be-
spread

The mountain-tops bare, and the valley's deep bed.
The moonlight, too, nestled upon them like yore,
But the maiden look'd out on their beauty no more.

Her pinions were folded in slumber so deep,
The fondest, the dearest could break not that sleep.

Her golden hair swept in bright billows down,
All sweetly bedeck'd by the wild daisies' crown.

They gleam'd in her hand, on her breast, on her
brow,

So lovely ! she feels not her loveliness now.

Her steps had long ceased on the white glancing
hill,

The mountain's rough crags, and the valleys so
still ;

As snow melts away at the warm summer's breath,
So softly she languish'd away before death,

She call'd for the measures that wrung each sad
heart,

They breath'd of the clime where she longed to
depart ;

She sang of white robes that were waiting on high,

A glorious crown all her own in the sky ;

Then tenderly sigh'd to the world her adieu,

Sweet creature, the heartless, vain world she ne'er
knew !

And so she departed that calm winter's night,

And up to the stars, like a wild dove, took flight.

One kiss from those lips, and one tress from that
hair,

One glance at the features so wondrously fair,

They lay her to rest where the winds whistle down

The mountain's drear sides, to the far gleaming
town.

Here sleeping beneath her lone pallet of snow,

She rests, who ne'er roam'd to the great world
below,
Ne'er toyed with its pleasures, nor drank of its
streams,
Nor griev'd at its trials, nor shared in its dreams;
Contentedly wandered awhile on the height,
When up to her own native region of light,
The snow-bird spread skyward her wings on the air,
And soar'd from the nest now grown weary and
bare.

The Ride for Life.

THE weary hunter lay asleep
Upon the prairies' waving plain,
His well-drilled mustang browsing near
Its master, with untether'd rein.

Nothing appear'd but billowy grass—
And this for miles around was spread—
Only a towering bluff stretch'd far,
And a bright sky arch'd overhead.

An hour and more the scene was thus,
Tranquil and still the slumberer lay,

Dreaming of chase or game, perchance,
And pleasant fields of sport away.

At length his mustang restless grew,
Stamping the reeds and cane-brakes round,
The sleeper stirr'd upon his couch,
And rous'd him up from sleep profound.

A booming sound was on the air,
Like thunder low in distant cloud,
A stifling incense, too, he breath'd,
Quickly he sprang, crying aloud :

“ The prairies roll in liquid fire ;
Yonder their curling wreaths I see
Darkly advance, and, horror! *there*
'Tis circling round—how shall I flee ?

Steady! steady! my trembling steed,
Your fate and mine are now at stake !
Ready! now fly for life, for life !
I know, tho' far, a little lake.”

Now shooting flames burst in his rear,
With thunder of artillery,
Rolling a perfect hurricane
Of wind, and smoke, and flaming sea.

Swift rush the herd, with thund'ring hoofs,
And low-bent heads, in terror's haste,
The eagle, soaring high aloft,
With birds, and wild hens of the waste.

And o'er the din the warrior's whoop
Rings out, as hard he presses on,
The only thought of his red breast
Is how from there he may be gone.

His lasso trails its coiling length,
Careless o'er tuft and waving grass,
He leaves the antelope in peace,
And lets the buffalo fleeing pass.

On, on, they rush in wild dismay,
Fierce in their fright, as on they flee—
The hunter pats his mustang's mane,
Caressing in his agony.

On, on, his charger seems to fail,
On, on, a few short miles he knows
A little stream behind those oaks
That westward from their shadow flows.

The meeting flames are nearly met,
Their red hot vapor heats his brow,

His noble steed more feebly bounds—
“ Brave beast, one gallant effort now !”

He understood his master's wish,
With sudden powerful leaps, and lo !
He sprang into the faithful stream,
Exhausted, faint, but safe below.

Silence and Darkness Dethroned.

WHEN Darkness waved her sway sublime,
In the young dawn of youthful time,
And dark confusion, piled on piles,
The heaving seas, and shapeless isles,
Silence was there, profound and dread,
Existing, yet so strangely dead,
And wielding forth, thus calmly still,
As vast a power, as strong a will.
But ah ! a word dissolves her breath,
And sinks her in oblivious death ;
A note however faintly heard,
A leaf the winds have gently stirr'd,
The softest sigh of summer's breeze,
And lo ! her spell, her magic flees.

Long undisputed there she reign'd,
Holding the voiceless depths enchain'd,
Combining with her sister, Night,
In league against the unborn Light.
This was the rival Darkness feared,
Its hated beams had not appear'd
As yet before the shrouded throne,
Where she and Silence sat alone.
No angel from the heavenly height
Had curious ventured here in flight ;
But roving fiends from dark abode
Had vainly sought thro' here a road
To reach the bless'd angelic lines
Which border'd near its dark confines ;
But tho' their native air was gloom,
The hues of the sepulchral tomb,
They feared to pass this ghostly shore
Of lea and tide heap'd o'er and o'er.

At length the wastes beheld with awe,
An awful *Presence* silent draw,
In undefin'd, majestic form,
Enwrapt in half-veil'd Light, and storm—
It moved, a vast upheaving cloud,
Concealing in Its misty shroud
A halo, indistinct, *yet* there

Breathing, and *felt*, like living air.
The regal sisters saw, with wrath,
Its nearer and unswerving path,
Until in middle space *It* stood,
Or rather loom'd, above the flood.
One glimpse, and Darkness fled from sight,
Paling before the glimmering Light.
Nor sigh she dropp'd, nor pearly tear,
But, withering shrank, in abject fear.
Not then did Silence flee her throne,
But held her seat, grim, proud, alone.
The beam that sunk her sister pale,
On her strong will shall not prevail.
But towards her throne the vast *Shape* moved,
And, more and more *Its* right *It* proved,
Growing intenser in *Its* might,
Its gathering cloud, and flashing light.
“*Let there be Light!*” The dreadful tones
Reëchoed thro' the midnight zones,
And from that form, but half conceal'd,
The glorious Light sprang up revealed.
From depths to depths of earth and sea
It roll'd along, bright, billowy,
Now like the zig-zag lightning's flash,
Now like the meteor's sudden dash,

Now shifting, fleeting northern lights,
 Capering upon the Arctic heights.
 Oh, where was Silence all the time
 The new-born Light roll'd on sublime ?
 The dreadful *Voice* had seal'd her fate,
 She gasp'd upon her throne of state,
 And frown'd upon her realm farewell,
 And with primeval Darkness fell.

— — —
 Innocence. A Tableau.

THINE, Margaret, are the flowers,
 Bind in your yellow hair ;
 In all their summer bowers
 They never shone so fair.
 What tints the modest cheek suffuse,
 Riv'ling the rose's blushing hues !
 Upon her breast the lillies gleam,
 Fair as her garments white,
 Nor pine they for the noontide's beam,
 She is a kindred light.
 All hail ! all hail ! the maiden fair,
 How soft her glance ! how sweet her air !
 The mermaid of the emerald sea,

Chanting her mournful melody,
To charm the list'ning spell-bound ear
Of mariner, in waters near,
Bears not the same enchanting art
Which innocence enchains the heart.
What hand can paint the light of truth
That shines upon the brow of youth ?
The bright young features art may trace,
But not that voiceless, nameless grace ;
Pictured may be the rose's bloom,
But not its breathing, sweet perfume.

Onward.

THE storm arose, the tempests wild
Swept o'er his pathway, bleak and bare,
Thro' dark'ning clouds, no sunbeam smil'd,
Only the storm was raging there.
But onward, onward, still he moved
To reach the distant home he loved,
Forgetting toil, and gloom of night,
In hope of reaching scenes more bright.
Unto a foreign strand there came

A youth unknown to wealth and fame,
But hope his brow all brightly beamed,
As visions of the future gleamed,
With fame and honor richly spread,
And laurels for the victor's head.
Onward to reach the goal he strove,
O'er paths unsmooth'd, unblest by love.

A British warrior, young and brave,
Rush'd o'er his comrade's gory grave,
To plant his country's banner high
On the ramparts of the foe, or die.
Around him clanging swords resound,
Beneath the fallen strew the ground,
But onward still he dashes through,
Hope's golden flag waving in view.

Swift o'er the glad seas, bounding free,
A gallant bark swept merrily,
Her gay commander, guiding stood
Beside the helm, in joyous mood ;
For onward shone the glist'ning shore,
Where he should land his princely store,
The gold and treasures dearly won
Beneath the tropic's glittering sun.
Before a river's sullen sweep.

To pass its tide, I saw one weep,
Till glancing upward, streams of light
Flash'd dazzling down from mansions bright ;
Fair Canaan's land he saw in view,
So kiss'd the wave, and hasten'd through.
Sweet songs arose, a crown was given
And robes of white—I saw 'twas heav'n.

The traveller found his home, 'twas bare ;
The youth his fame, 'twas pain and care ;
The soldier placed his banner high,
But as he placed, he fell to die.
The seaman's riches vanish'd soon,
Leaving him fortuneless at noon ;
But he who laid earth's banner down,
And bore the heavenly, gained a crown.

Lost at Sea.

FIGHT swept she from the glist'ning shore,
That gallant ship, with white wings spread ;
They little dream'd she'd come no more,
Who that fair morning farewell said.
Adown the distant waters blue

A speck she glanced, then sank from view.
No eye beheld her onward flight,
By gleam of day or gloom of night ;
Alone upon the pathless deep
She sought the zone, where none may weep.

Lost ! lost at sea ! not e'en a spar
The spot reveals. One calm cold star
Perchance beheld that scene of woe,
Enacted on the wastes below.
No floating plank, no dead white face
Remains above to yield one trace
Of her, the bright and proudly gay,
Who left that morn her native bay.

The bride look'd from her island home
Long wistfully, o'er wave and foam,
To hail her lover's bark again,
Skimming across the wide-spread main.
Her thoughts flee back to that sad day
He lightly kiss'd her tears away,
Picturing the foreign gifts he'd bring
On his return, that gay sea king.

• Lost, lost at sea !

That mother's heart
Yearns for her fond boy. Never more

His joyous step her ear shall start ;
His shadow ne'er shall pass the door.
She takes each treasure, one by one,
His loving gifts in moments gone,
And lays them in a nook with care,
And oft she lingers weeping there.

Oh, in that hour of dark distress,
Of gloom, and death, and loneliness,
When skies with wrath all seem'd to lower,
And seas were girt with maniac power,
When earthly love and care grew pale,
And nought was heard but sob and wail,
Was there His form, the Man divine,
Upon the wild tempestuous brine ?
Was there His voice heard on the sea,
As once it broke on Galilee ?
Thou knowest best, Who in Thy hand
Holds fast the bounds of sea and land.
Guard, kindest Saviour, tenderly,
Our loved, our lost, and lost at sea.

Ma Belle Saidee.

WHEN, in some dream of night, thy face
In voiceless rapture I shall trace.
Sad will the morn's awakening be,
Not there thy image I shall see,
Yet e'en the dream shall be most sweet,
If but thy features there I meet,
One glance shall brighten memory
To my fond gaze, *Ma Belle Saidee*.

In laughter, jest, or pastime gay,
Our hearts have held one holiday,
And now I watch each sweet hour's flight
Winging to shores of lost delight.
Forgive the muse if sad she sings,
Her chords are mournful, trembling strings,
She sees afar on life's wide sea
One star go down, the bright Saidee.

My Canada.

THE Scottish minstrel swept the string,
And sang of his own native land,
From iron breasts the tears did spring,
For who loves not his own dear strand ?

Thus, tho' in feeble, simpler touch,
My hand the patriot's strain shall wake,
E'en tho' its power may not be such,
The bird may sing of its own lake.

Oh, bears it not my heart, my home,
My friend, by many a tender link,
Dear country ! like the white sea foam
Its glory floats, how may it sink ?

Its maple groves, and forests deep,
Its tangled brakes, and underbrush,
Cedars, round which the woodbines creep,
And where the grey squirrel glides a-hush ;
Broad streams, that sweep thro' mighty woods,
In mazy course of length unknown,
Now, rushing on in whirling floods,
Now, sleeping 'neath the brushwood lone ;

Present a scene of grandeur rare,
Withheld to many a sunnier clime,
As proving 'tis not orient air
Alone can render scenes sublime.

Here, grand and wild Niagara booms
O'er jutting rocks to floods below,
Whose steaming mists forever loom
Above the horrid din and flow.

There, like the great old ocean spread,
The glittering lakes all wide expand,
On whose white bosom long have sped
The swift-wing'd ships, in proud command.

In future days, when kings are dust,
And kingdoms sink in sad decay,
Above th' approach of mould and rust,
My Canada shall stand that day.

O, hill and dale, and wood and wave
Too faintly drawn, too feebly sung,
I only ask from thee a grave
On thy loved soil when life is done.

Unrest.

THE flying dove midst wint'ry skies,
Seeking the far blue mists of heaven,
In vain, in vain, striving to rise,
The bright confines cannot be riven ;
The winds that sweep the sounding sea,
Hymning their wild, weird melody,
Waking the thunder's sullen roll,

Rocking the deep from pole to pole,
Portray at times the strange unrest,
That burns and surges in the breast,
The wistful longing for some height,
Some bright, unreach'd, unknown delight,
It steals upon us like a thirst

For cooling draughts, when springs are dry,
Or like the madman's wild outburst

To catch some phantom gliding by,
Till we at last the lesson learn,
That each has not the rest we yearn.

So worn with striving, the faint dove
Folded his wings, and no more strove ;
Then, wondrous sight ! One, kingly stood,
And took the grieved one to His breast,
And said, " Thou weary one, find rest,
Bought for thy sake by richest blood,
Which only to the weak are given,
They are the prized, the loved of heaven."

The Muse's Apology.

AND will you list my lays no more,
Because they plaintive fall,
My heart is happy, though I pour
The faint, less gay carol.

There is a feeling inly deep,
A pleasure unexpress'd,
That, oh believe, 'tis joy to weep
And ease the enraptured breast.

Thus let me sing of transports past,
Of hours of gladness sped,
I breathe a witchery o'er them cast,
A perfume yet not fled.

I wander ling'ringly thro' bowers
Of faded loveliness,
Where bloom'd the fair exotic flowers,
How charms their loneliness !

Believe me not the bird is sad
That low and mournful sings,
His little bosom thrills as glad
As his that warbling rings.

Both breathe the same refreshing air,
And drink the dews of heaven,
And to the same rich boughs repair
At dark approach of even.

The Voice in the Winds.

I HEARD a voice among the winds
That stirr'd the fallen leaves around ;
It sang a lay of sighing sound.

It still was blushing sunset's hour,
And thro' the brown and yellow trees,
The song rose on the wondering breeze.

“ Oh earth ! oh earth ! with beauty spread,
Open thine arms and take the dead !
Soon, soon, will steal the cruel blight
And smite the baby-flowers to-night,
And naught can from the spoiler save,
Or snatch the fairest from the grave.

“ And thou, young mortal, in thy bloom,
That treadest o'er their waiting tomb,
Soon, soon, the angel Death will say,
The Master calls thee ! haste away !
The Summer's ended, Autumn's nigh,
Thy mates have fallen—thou must die.

“ Oh earth ! oh earth ! and is this all
Thou giv'st ?—a gay hour, then the pall !

Not all. I've heard these lost ones sing
Of life, and one eternal Spring,
Of crystal streams and pastures fair,
And one call'd Jesus, brightest there."

— — —
On the Mown Grass Asleep.

DOWN 'mong the mown grass the curly head lay,
Fallen asleep near the close of the day,
Never a sigh from the meek little breast
Uprises to break the calm of that rest ;
Fallen asleep with one shoe in the hand,
And the hat thrown back, with its ribbon-band
Encircling the neck, while the curls so blown
Are carelessly toss'd on the grass fresh mown.

Sweet little sleeper ! ah, many a head
Would envy your rest on your mossy bed,
Out in the great world, so weary and sad,
Tired of its pleasures and revelries mad ;
Sick of its friendships, all hollow and vain,
Would fain like you rest on the mown grass again.
Sleep on, unconscious to my falling tears,
My soul's wending back to forgotten years.

"Not of the World."

"NOT of the world," the lady sung,
Gay robes were her's, and jewels rare,
Before her gaze a mirror hung,
And all complacent lisp'd she there.
An eager throng around her stand,
List'ning the sweetness of her tone ;
'Tis not the words their heed command,
The soft rich melody alone.

"Not of the world" that eye so bright,
Ne'er glistn'd at another's woe ;
Surely in masquerade to-night,
Those words unmeaning, heedless flow,
O cease, young lips, to utter there,
In transient mood those sacred lines,
A heaven-born saint would scarcely dare
To hymn them on the world's confines.

Sing of the bright and pleasant hours,
The whirling dance, the flashing light,
Of earth's bewitching, rosy bowers,
And such as round thee shine to-night.

The heavenly strains are not thy theme,
Leave them to saint's or angel's breast,
Lest, gaudy sailing on their stream,
They hail thee a forbidden guest.

When the Winds Sigh.

WHEN the winds sigh at night I waken,
The sad Autumn wind, hear it sigh !
And listen and dream to its music
As on to the deep it sweeps by.
I hear in each low sobbing murmur,
The voice of a spirit alone,
Lamenting some loved one departing
Away to the death-shadowed zone.

Nay, bring not the lute : it has sooth'd me
When care's heavy cloud hover'd near ;
The song on the breezes, surpassing
Its sweetness, alone would I hear.
Back, back to the sweet-scented valley,
To the dim blue hills and the stream,
The cot and its garden of roses,
And song-birds aloft—do I dream ?

Then 'twere bliss to dream on forever
In Edens of vanish'd delight,
Employing the sweets of life's morning
Unconscious we live at its night.
As the mists I have seen on that valley
At the rising beams disappear,
The vision is fading before me,
The voice on winds from mine ear.

Albert's Bridal Morn.

It is the morn, the bridal morn,
The nuptial hour is come,
When British souls shall flock to greet
Their Albert's young bride home.

So while the roar of booming guns
Salute the morning air,
And fond congratulations float
Around the royal pair,

In honor of our sovereign's son,
Our banners high we'll set,
Proving thus parted many a mile,
We love old England yet.

The turf that decks our father's graves
We sacredly shall prize,
So as they join those princely hands
We shall renew our ties.

Then sound a chorus long and loud,
A rousing three times three,
And martial notes, and chiming bells,
Ring out right merrily.

It is the morn, the bridal-morn,
When bridegroom and the spouse
In holy place shall interchange
Love's fondly plighted vows.

If aught should 'mid that courtly throng
That round that altar greet,
Call up a sigh for him that's gone
Where Prince and subject meet,

Believe his spirit scans the throng
In heavenly garb unseen,
Show'ring his blessing on her head,
His England's future Queen.

So while the tide of music swells,
Their lofty aisles along,

With loyal hearts and cheerful voice
High shall we raise the song,

Joining the chorus long and loud,
A rousing three times three,
While martial notes and chiming bells
Ring out right merrily.

The Dying Girl's New Year.

§WEET mother, bring my light guitar,
And strike one gentle strain for me,
Before the New Year's glittering star,
A morn in heaven thy child shall see.
And oh, its saddest chords awake,
That mingling with the night-wind's sighs,
A strange sweet melody may break
Upon my path to paradise.

And dark, alas ! that path shall be,
Dear mother I ere long must go,
No star mid clouds and gloom I see,
That ever still more darkly grow.
And as I nearer hasten home,
The shadows creep around my heart,

The angels whisper, "Sister, come!"
Thy sad eyes say, "Do not depart!"

Dear mother, all the world to-night
Unto thy dying child thou art!
Vain world, to my young heart once bright,
How calmly you and I can part!
Ah! mother, those sweet lips of thine
How oft have told me of its snares!
How false was all its glittering shrine!
How full of woes, deceits, and cares!

And would I see another year
Add to my life its hated dawn;
Nay, smooth its snows upon my bier,
Saying—"to rest—forever—gone!"
To rest! sweet rest! false world, farewell,
Dear mother, truest, best to me!
List! angels call their Lillybell!
There! Eden's shining gates I see!

The Christmas Gift.

THE baby watch'd the flakes of snow
Fall on the pavement light below,
And as she watch'd, her sweet blue eye
Beheld a poor-clad child go by,
Whose pale, pinch'd features told, too true,
How much of poverty she knew.
With dimpled finger beckon'd she
Unto the wanderer eagerly.

“Mamma!” she cried, “did angels bring
On Christmas day, the Baby-King—
The loving Lord who died for me?
Then haste, mamma, for here I see
Angels have brought before our door
A baby-girl, so cold and poor.”

The mother's heart could not withstand
The pressure of that little hand,
The little stroller in she brought,
And food and raiment kindly sought.
With tender looks, and loving words
She reach'd the little bosom's chords—
Fond sheltering thus the orphan child,
So strangely to her home beguil'd.

'Twas well ; that night an angel swept,
And took her darling while she slept,
Unto His arms, the loving Lord—
He gave—'twas only back restor'd,
The homeless tasted mother-love,
The infant bath'd in light above ;
An angel led the wanderer there,
To feel a parent's tender care.
He took the lov'd, the worship'd, up
Beyond the reach of pleasure's cup:
How wise and good his hand must be
Who deals us joy or misery ;
Thus what we lose the other gains,
And heaven keeps all our broken chains.

Burlington Bay.

DO you remember that bright morn,
A laughing girl I stood
Upon your mountain's summit high,
Gazing o'er town and flood ?
My heart with voiceless rapture thrill'd,
Nor soon it passed away,
'Twas pride that this was my own land,
That my Canadian bay.

I slightly felt what others feel,
Who raise the patriot's hand,
And cry, with feeling uncontroll'd,
"This is my native land!"
That bay, that lake, that limpid stream,
Are of our lives a part,
And where in other scenes we roam,
Their picture's on the heart.

Thus 'tis the wanderer long estrang'd
From happy haunts of yore,
Comes back to lay him weary down
Upon his much-loved shore.
Its turf seems softer to the feet,
Its airs more fresher blow,
Even the wave upon the stream,
More peaceful seems to flow.

Tho' friend and parent all be gone,
And severed every tie,
'Tis bliss to wander where they've stray'd,
And sweeter where they lie.
Lave, Burlington, thy boundary shore,
With light and sparkling spray,
I drink the sweet breeze from your breast,
My own Canadian bay.

Farewell, Port Hope.

FAREWELL, Port Hope! I sadly grieve
That I thy well-loved soil must leave;
Now borne away by summer wind,
I leave each trace, each scene behind,
And o'er thy limpid waves of blue,
Old Huron, back I sigh adieu.
Memory shall weave her silken chain
Of by-gones, o'er my heart and brain,
And love shall throw her magic spell
O'er haunts, I weeping bid farewell.
Whene'er the breezes swelling wake,
I'll dream I'm by your lonely lake;
Whene'er a song-bird skyward floats,
And chants aloft his wildering notes,
I'll think I'm living o'er the past,
The old, old hours, that could not last—
A word—a song—ah, everything
Shall some fond recollection bring.
Ah, see! the morning's rising fair!
No clouds, but sunbeams, dazzle there;
So not a cloud, and not a sigh,
Shall come to mar our fond goodbye,

For many a morn as fair shall rise
When I am left your winsome skies.
Come sobbing winds of Autumn, fast ;
Come winter with your sleet and blast ;
Come flowers, and singing-birds, of spring ;
Come summer's breath, on balmy wing ;
'Twill bring my steps with gladden'd haste,
Back, back across the charmèd waste,
Those sparkling waters, glinting bright,
Fast bearing me away from sight.
Farewell, wild hours I've passed in glee,
Now doubly dear to memory,
Farewell, warm hearts—no tongue can tell
How sad I wave you all farewell !


Sacred to the Memory of M. D.

“ I AM going home ! ” the sweet lips sang
In dying strains, those lips of song
That oft have burst in melody
In hours that love shall ponder long.
The winter winds were all too rude
For the young wings to mount on high,

So in the fading summer time
Thou laid'st thee down, to softly die.
"I'm going home!" 'mid love, 'mid tears,
'Mid rending hearts, 'mid double woe,
Thou didst depart that summer eve,
To ne'er return—why didst thou go?
Was all the world a dark outspread,
With naught to charm, with naught to cheer,
Ah! *Love above* was holding up
More, more than love could render here.

"I'm going home," my mother smiles—
Why weep, why shed those tears for me!
Ah, bliss! my father!—haste!—there!—there!—
The shining gates of heaven I see!
"I'm going home!" "I'm going home!"
And so the young lips closed in rest;
Bear softly, angels!—soft—with care—
And lay her on her Saviour's breast.

"God Bless Him."

 LOVING mother trembling stood
Upon the threshold of her door,
To give her boy the last fond word,
And on his head her blessing pour.
Clad in his uniform so bright,
How beautiful and proud he seem'd !
What wonder that her partial eyes
With secret pride and fondness beam'd !

The last adieu is mutely said,
The wringing clasp of either hand,
The ling'ring kiss, and off he goes,
A warrior, at his Queen's command.
"God bless him !" from his mother's heart
The tender pray'r half-whisper'd fell,
She hides the tears he may not see,
And waves her hand in sweet farewell.

Upon the battle-field arranged,
With face turned frontward to the foe,
That soldier's spirit never quail'd,
Not e'en when on the turf laid low.

He knew that whom the Lord hath bless'd
Need fear no harm, nor sudden dread,
So like a child he laid him down,
Because his Father watch'd his bed.

Again the drums and trumpets sound,
In triumph, down the well-lin'd street,
A form is there, that agèd one's,
And swift her eyes each company greet ;
There, with the stripes upon his arm,
By gallantry and bravery won,
She clasps within her eager arms,
. Her blest of God, her only son.

Au revoir.

DAY days of untold pleasure,
The days we've spent together,
Now hieing o'er the water
I go away—forever ?
Nay, nay, I bear about me
A charm this spot has given !
'Twill bear me, never doubt me
Back to thy sunny haven.

When spring awakes the slumber
That wraps the lake before thee,
Then watch the wings of summer,
They'll back again restore me.

The Power of Music.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E.

IN Italy's proud halls of art,
That glorious, famed and central mart,
Where Talent brings her rich display
Of sculptured forms, of stone or clay,
Or beauty, on the canvas traced,
So sweet, inimitably graced ;
A bard held here a long dispute
With the musician and his lute,
Each claiming that his power could move
Best, chords of sympathy and love.
The theme grew warmer, hotter still,
And unrelenting more the will.
At length they both agreed that night
To test upon the throng his might,
And he who moved the passions o'er
The heart, was best competitor.

The night drew on, the throng was there,
The bard came first, with daring air,
Proclaim'd the title of his verse,
And forth the ballad did rehearse.
Rich was the theme he artful chose,
"The Birth of Love!" his voice uprose
In clear, magnetic tones, that well
Became the master theme; they fell
Upon the spell-bound, ravish'd ears
Of warm Italia's dames and peers.
They saw the beauteous maiden rise,
Bewitching to delusive eyes;
Her hair like golden flosses float
On the sea-air; she skims her boat
Over the glittering, sparkling tide,
In freedom's sweet, unconscious pride;
Her dimpled arms the white spray laves,
Tossing in mirth its wanton waves;
Her graces all the goddess prove—
How great the power, the charms of Love!
He ceased—a loud uproarious shout
Proclaimed his triumph without doubt;
He step'd aside, with smiling eye,
To let his meek-faced rival by.

The meek musician swept the keys

All tremblingly, to gain his ease,
And firmness came with each clear note,
And showers of pearls seem'd up to float.

Rippling laughter rose and fell,
'Twas fairies laughing in the dell,
Witchingly and sprightly,
Gleefully and lightly,
Now a sweet voice lonely hymning,
Now an elfin chorus ringing.
(Every bosom tingling thrill'd
And with glad emotion fill'd.)

Suddenly a change he wrought ;—
The keys sem'd kindred to his thought—
Goblin notes of horrid sound,
From the instrument resound ;
It is howling o'er the grave ;
Mermaids moaning o'er the wave ;
Witches in the haunted vales,
Croning forth their weird-like wails.
(Shudders shake the moving crowd,
Tho' no whisper breaks aloud.)

Hush ! a grieving tone is heard,
Soft and clear as sweetest bird,
Weeping, sighing, o'er its slain,

Lying cold upon the plain ;
Grieving, plaintive, oh, so sad !
Growing wilder, fiercer, mad !

Gone ? Ah, nay ! 'tis drown'd in sleet,
That's the rain's incessant beat !
The hurricane is on the sea ;
The winds are tumbling in high glee ;
The gale is riding on the night,
Filling the owls and birds with fright ;
~~Adown the mountains rushing fast,~~
There ! leaping, whirling, roaring past !
How dreadful, shocking is the sound !
Lo ! now the martial notes resound ;
It is the drum's tattooing beat
In battle, o'er the foe's retreat ;
Now, the victor's awful shout
Pursuing th' escaping rout ;
That the wail of warrior dying,
Lost in din of squadrons flying.

The magic fingers ceased to sport
Upon the keys, the great effort
Had drawn his power of mind and touch,
The mighty task was nigh too much.
He rose, look'd on the throng with air

Exhausted, half-bewilder'd there.
No sound the death-like silence broke,
No words the lips so spell-bound spoke,
For a brief time ; then like the sea
Rolling in sudden majesty,
The voice of admiration swept,
And man cried, hail ! and woman wept.

Thus music gains the prize from all,
Where'er its dulcet murmurs fall ;
The bard's sweet odes may richly roll,
But music—music melts the soul.

So Young!

SO young and so lovely ! there, lay him to rest,
His head on the pillow, his arm o'er his breast !
Close up his lone pallet with Autumn's cold clay,
And give one last volley, then hasten away.

That voice was the gayest among his compeers,
No wonder they speak not his name without tears ;
His laugh was the lightest, the merriest far,
And there he lies buried 'neath yonder cold star.

Here, happy young Hope will draw weeping all day
The loss of its object so withered away,
The bright rosy hours of the past look behind,
And cast a soft sigh on the wings of the wind.

It cannot be possible thus thou art laid
On the lone Brunswick shore, and lonelier glade;
It cannot be true that thy name like a dream
Shall glide to the past on memory's stream.

Oh, bleak was the landscape that welcom'd thy feet,
She gave thy embraces the long winding sheet!
And sad was the gale, and blighting her breath,
She breath'd in thy bosom the incense of death!

Farewell! to the sleep, to the hush of the tomb,
To the swell of the breeze, to the night and its
gloom,

They leave thee, they hasten, they hurry away,
And the world as ever glides merry and gay.

The Atheist's Prayer.

A SINFUL, hopeless, godless man,
Upon his couch he dying lay;
Salvation's glorious, finish'd plan,
Which he had scoff'd at many a day,

The pastor held now to his grasp,
But Satan's chains, around his soul,
Had drawn in nearer, closer clasp,
And impious waves as near did roll.

"How shall the blind, Lord, see the day?
How shall the dead inhale the air?"

"O, brother, heaven holds forth one ray
Above the gloom, that beam is pray'r."

"What! shall I plead with One unknown,
Unfelt, unhonor'd, in this breast?
My heart is like a cold, hard stone,
On which no beams of sunshine rest."

"Yet, brother, Christ his beams will shed
Upon thy cold, unfeeling heart,
They'll animate thy spirit dead,
And warm and new fresh pulse impart."

He listen'd eagerly as one
Who hangs over a fearful brink,
With nearly every foothold gone,
Just clinging to one slender link.

"O Thou, if Thou be God, bend down,
And hear the feeble cry of one
Who merits nothing but Thy frown,
Thy wrath, Thy vengeance, that alone!

"My soul is on a dark, wild sea,
Swift hast'ning to an unknown shore,
Oh, bid the hideous darkness flee,
Or I can stem the tide no more.

"Thy servant here, with holy words,
Has told me of Thy Love, Thy might,
They've reach'd a hopeless sinner's chords
And brought Him to Thy feet to-night.

"The treacherous sands of Satan's bounds,
The sunken rocks and shoals are near,
Where'er I move these all surround,
And sink my soul in trembling fear.

"Oh, if Thou be the Truth, the Light,
Pour beams upon me ere too late,

Nor let my soul be shipwreck'd quite,
In hail of Thee and heaven's gate!"

Scarce had the words died on his tongue,
When forth His gracious beams swept low,
And 'bove the struggling soul o'erhung
In rich, effulgent, blissful glow.

In that great Light he saw the Lamb,
For him the lost and dying slain,
He moored his bark in waters calm,
And stranded there in Jesu's name.

Those Autumn Days.

THOSE Autumn days! those Autumn days
Return, with all their gone delight,
And thou, dear child, in memory's rays,
Art shining brightest there to-night.
Each moaning wind that sweeps the plain,
Like spirits sighing breathes thy name,
Each long-loved moment with thee spent,
Returns, with a sad witchery blent
Over my weary heart—ah me!
That only thought is left of thee!

Yet in thy name there lives a spell,
Which thrills me still—no tongue can tell
What thou hast been, what still thou art,
Soul of my soul, heart of my heart.
Ne'er canst thou know how sad to-night
The thoughts steal o'er me as I write,—
The past in living light returns,
A sadness in my bosom burns,
A wild, wild longing to live o'er
The happy days that come no more.
Oh, for the calm, the dreamless sleep
Of those who sigh not, care, nor weep,
Nor hear a voice in every wind,
Chanting some joy we've left behind!

Margaret.

THE bard prizes his few worn strings,
The maiden gay, her long brown hair;
The mother's heart enraptured clings
Around her happy offspring fair.

And such, when dusk of evening steals,
Is memory's beauteous page to me,

And many a scene she there reveals,
And many a dear lov'd form I see.

And 'mong the beautiful and bright,
On which I longest, fondest gaze,
Is one whose name awakes delight,
My friend of childhood's early days.

'Tis like a strain of sweetest sound,
Familiar once unto the ear,
Suddenly breaks the stillness round,
And ravishingly sweet we hear.

The world has chang'd since then its hue,
Friendships have lost their early sheen ;
One slender link remains with you
Of hours that have so happy been.

My early days ! my early friends !
With you what thoughts of rapture spring !
In fancy back my spirit wends !
What links around my Margaret cling.

Autumn's Lament.

THE pensive maiden, Autumn, stood
At sunset by the slumbering wood,
Upon her brow red maples hung,
While low and sad this lay she sung :

“ Fading, fading, everything !
Boughs that tempt the song-bird's wing,
Dreamy dells with fragrance rife,
Passing from your charmed life !
Fading, fading, leaf and flower,
Moss-crown'd hill, and scented bower ;
Drooping roses, sad and pale,
Kneeling to the tyrant gale ;
Lilly, withered, sickly-white,
Trembling at th' approach of night ;
Softly, breezes, o'er her sweep !
O'er the faded let me weep.”

From her sad brow she took the crown
Of maples, red and golden brown,
And 'mong the flowers her tender breast
In other hours esteem'd the best,
She laid her down, and gently sighed,
And with the faded there she died.

The Crucifixion.

ON Calvary's summit, lo! a vast concourse
appears,
Men clad in priestly garb, soldiers with glittering
spears ;
Men of the meaner rank, and men of high estate,
Women and tender youth, some strange event
await ;
Egyptian strangers, too, have come to view the
sight,
Why dazzling noon is sunk in shades of inky night.
The sun, with sudden glare, in total eclipse fell,
As horror-struck, in haste, he waved the world
farewell.
O'er Zion's glancing spires, o'erhangs a hideous
cloud,
That ever looming round, the city vast enshroud.
"It is the pall of death! it is a sign from heaven!"
Men whisper fearfully, in dread and wonder riven.
The very winds are mute on Gareb's lofty hill,
Above—around—below—the heart itself—is still.
Mid-heaven three forms of men, on crosses high
uprais'd,
In agony, and death, the scorn of all that gaz'd ;—

Three men, and one between, whose tender temples
wear
A crown of purple thorn—a king in mockery there;
Arranged two thieves appear, one on his left and
right,
And one of these, he said, shall fare in heav'n
to-night.
Now to that central form each eager eye is rais'd,
His voice has thousands charm'd, his name has
Judah 'mazed ;
Of humble birth and lot, well known to grief and
care,
A teacher learn'd and lov'd, of meek and quiet air;
A prophet skill'd in power to heal the sick, the
blind,
To break the bands of death, to cure the weak in
mind,
A guest of angels, too, has fared on heavenly food,
The lowly Nazarene, the Son of God, the Good.
Some call him Lord of all, others blaspheme His
name,
Heaping upon His head the bitter curse of shame.
Enough. His hands have heal'd, His tones have
solac'd woes,
He takes for kindly deeds the hammer's crushing
blows,

The eyes that pitying wept o'er Lazarus' rocky bier,
Win from that clamorous crowd no sympathetic
tear.

And there were women, too!—thou, in the hour
of need,
What soul shall suffer pain, and thy own breast
not bleed?—
His mother, weeping, knelt upon the cold, hard
ground,
Beneath the cruel cross His wicked foes surround.
His eyes had sought her own in hours ago, and kind
His words had been, and now, with raining tears
half-blind,
She strove amid the gloom to catch His half-veil'd
form,
A lurid light is there, around the threat'ning storm.

Dread silence holds her reign!—no fiend, nor
angel's wing
Disturbs the calm; perchance this was indeed a
king,
And heaven is frowning wrath upon the wicked
deed—
Vain thought! a voice is heard in anguish deep
to plead.

No trembling wretch, whose pray'rs ring from the
closing wave,
No poor entomb'd one's cries from out his prison-
grave,
Were half so fraught with woe, with wildness and
despair,
As those sad tones that rose upon the stillness
there.

"My God! my God! alone I enter the dark vale,
Death and hell's hosts surround, and would my
soul assail.

Guilt presses down her load, the world for whom
I die
Gloats on my quivering pains, and mocks my
fainting sigh.

"Why dost Thou pour Thy wrath upon my sinless
soul,
Causing Thy fearful waves over my head to roll?
My God, unveil Thy face! Thy smitten One
behold!

I suffer, o'er and o'er, death's pangs a thousand fold.
Hell opes her wingèd gates, unfolding fitful gloom,
And, yawning ghastly wide, appears the awful tomb
To me appal. Yet holy, good, and just, my God
art Thou,

And to Thy gracious will in meekness will I bow.
Behold Thy Son!—Father!—into Thy guardian
hand

I yield my spirit up—lead to the spirit land!
I've opened heaven to man, the sinner's bonds are
free,

'Tis finish'd all, my God, the work Thou gavest me.
Salvation's glorious plan forever is complete.

“'Tis finish'd!” Death beheld and kissed the
sacred feet.

A sudden sound was heard to roll like thundering
waves

Of the great sounding sea, within its hollow caves.
Earth wide unbared her breast, and, from their
silent sleep,

The buried issue forth, and gaze in horror deep;
Up, from the groaning earth, in funeral robes they
stand,

And look unto that cross, with deathly, uprais'd
hand.

Earth back recedes with pain, and all again is
still—

One moment—then a moan breaks wailing o'er
that hill;

It is a mother's sighs poured forth in passion wild,

A mother's sad lament over her first-born child.
Beneath the cross reclin'd, no tongue may speak
her woe,

Her arms embrac'd the wood, tho' not a tear did
flow.

Man look'd on brother-man with fear's bewildering
stare,

And woman, wailing, sought the aid of heaven in
pray'r.

Ah, wail, Jerusalem, upon thy hill of state,
Thy hand is red with blood, thy breast with Cain-
like hate;

Take off thy beauteous robes, the signet from thy
brow,

Thy king is cold in death, and thou art speechless
now.

Pity had flown thy heart, and mercy fled thy door,
When on the Innocent thou couldst such fury pour.

E'en hell in all her rage, beheld with awe the scene,
Finding less kind was man than ever fiend had
been;

E'en heaven's sweet harps are mute, o'er all the
glistening plain,

While angels weeping bend over the God-man
slain.

The Resurrection.

HOW beauteous morn reflects her beams
Upon the rills and winding streams,
And over Salem's domes and spires,
How flash her rays as night retires !
'Tis early dawn in eastern sky,
And Judah's hills in slumber lie ;
Pacing with measured steps around
Old Zion's towers, the watchmen sound
The passing hours ; each trumpet's note
Wings o'er the vales, while ever float
Loud echoes back, in mocking glee.
"The morning breaks, and night shades flee,"
They cry, and forth to Calvary's hill
The sounds are ringing, clear and shrill.

Unto that mount two women haste,
Over the dew-besprinkled waste,
Bearing within their hands with care,
Sweet balm, and spice, and ointment rare.
At length, entering a garden, lo !

Before a dark-grey rock they stand,
Where hewn within, deep, dim, below,

A tomb appears. On either hand,
The Roman sentries pacing slow,
A vigil keep the night hours long,
Uncheer'd by moon, or night-bird's song.
With timid mien, and anxious air,
Unto the grave approach the pair,
And saw with sadness and surprise
A stone before its entrance rise,
So vast in stature, who could dare
To place so great a barrier there ?

“ Oh ! who with sweet compassion blent,
Back from the grave will roll this stone ?
Surely high heaven would bow assent,
Blessing him for the kindness shown.
For love, for friendship's lovely sake,
For all most dearly prized below,
Bid every tender chord awake,
And this one deed of kindness show.”
In vain, in vain, they plead with tears,
Their voices fall on mocking ears,
Tho' tears like Jordan's swelling tide,
Should to their feet in billows glide,
Tho' tears should melt an angel's soul,
On man's cold heart how vain they roll.

Whose form is that, far distant winging,
Rushing thro' fields of bracing air ?
The morning beams around him clinging,
Was aught so bright, majestic, fair ?
His glitt'ring robes form wings of night,
Upon his forehead, wondrous bright,
A star did inly burn, whose ray
Lighten'd the seraph's shining way.
Down to the tomb with swift-wing'd feet,
As darts the lightning's flash so fleet,
Onward he swept. With sudden dread
The keepers fell as fall the dead.
His finger touch'd the monstrous stone,
Earth saw, and heaved a grieving moan,
Abash'd with awe, and trembling fear,
She gasp'd, and lo! reveal'd the bier,
Empty the rock-bound casket lay,
The guard beheld, with dire dismay,
And shrieking fled.

Upon the stone
The seraph sat, and with sweet tone,
Unto the tremblers thus he spoke,
Whose sobbings yet the silence broke :
"Fear not," he said, "they need not fear,
Who drop the sympathetic tear,

Over the silent, mouldering urn,
Which hides the dust they sadly mourn."

" Behold the place where Jesus slept !

There low reclin'd the blessed head ;
Ye weep ! 'tis well ! angels have wept

As bitterly above the dead.

" He lives again ! The Crucified
Hath death, and hell's grim power, defied.
How vain the watch, the seal, the stone,
Combine to keep the Blest One down.
Beyond the grave his wings have flown,
And heaven holds forth the victor's crown.

Go ! to His friends the tidings tell,
How Christ hath vanquish'd death and hell !
His wondrous love, unknown, untold,
Still springs for them a thousand fold.
Bid them to Galilee's lone shore
Await their Lord, as oft of yore.
If still the lamp of love burns fair
Within their hearts, oh haste with care,
And say that they his face shall see,
Beside dark rolling Galilee.

" The Lord is risen—'bide not here—
Lo ! I have spoken, speed with cheer !"

And up he sped with outspread wing,
Cleaving the air with magic spring,
Sudden was lost to human view,
And forth, the sunbeams bursting thro'
The hanging mists, in golden light,
Banish'd the last faint streak of night.
Few lengths their flying footsteps press,
Hast'ning in joyous eagerness,
Along the well-remember'd way,
Where oft the Saviour's feet did stray,
When on that path a form they see
Advance to meet them, as they flee.
They paused, as near the stranger drew,
In musing mood he came in view,
Nor raised his head till close at hand
They on his pathway timid stand.
Then glancing upward, lo! he spoke,
And lovingly his accents broke :

“ All hail! behold, 'tis I, your Friend!
Fear not, in living garb I stand ;
Surely the wounds, the thorns did rend,
Surely the deeply-piercèd hand
Shall be an all-sufficient sign

Of Him who was, and is—the Lord!
The spoils of death and hell are mine,

Borne captive by the Living Word.
"To Galilee my friends must go,
There shall they see my face again.
Weep not! no more these tears need flow,
He lives again who once was slain.
"Henceforth ye are my friends, to you
My crown, my kingdom, I divide;
My God and Father claims you too
His children, thro' the Crucified."

He ceased—was gone—and like a dream
Too bright, too sweet, it all did seem
To their glad hearts. "O bliss! How sweet!
'Twere hours of transport at His feet;
Those few brief moments only fled!
Our mortal eyes have seen the dead
In living beauty! Who may tell
The precious words that gently fell
Upon our ears! Wake, harp and lute!
Our gladsome hearts cannot be mute.
Break into joy, ye hills, and sing,
And, Judah, hail thy risen King."

The Ascension.

OVER all Judea's famous hills proud Olivet looks
down,
Yielding to none, save Calvary, in interest and
renown.
Thick clustered on the whiten'd soil the beauteous
olive grows,
Presenting its rich boughs to catch the ling'ring
sunbeam's glows,
There sportive bounds the wild gazelle, in all his
native pride,
And there the dove and antelope, in deep recesses
hide.
Go! stand on David's citadel, in fancy view the
scene,
There wide extend the waving plains, those olive
hills between,
And, prostrate at Moriah's feet, Jehosaphet
expands,
Gloomy and grim, the dreaded vale of death and
spectre hands,
And, rising on the western slope, sad Calvary lifts
her head,

Unlovely 'bove the barren plains, stony, and cold,
and dead.

To Olivet we cheerful stray, fond memories o'er
it lie—

'Twas there the last kind word was giv'n, there
said the last good bye.

There is a pleasure sadly sweet, in dwelling on
the past,

And oft we wander ling'ringly o'er scenes, that
love has cast

A halo o'er, a tender ray, that time can never fade.

“Oh, hallow'd is this lonely spot, and sacred is
that glade!”

So thus unto this mount we draw, with fond and
kindling eye,

For His dear sake, our Risen Lord, ascended upon
high.

* * * * *

A silent group of hearers, they, around their loving
Lord!

How beats each heart with warm impulse, while
list'ning to His Word!

Here one, whose head so oft has lain upon His
tender breast,

In grieving silence, to His side among his compeers
press'd.

"Ye are my witnesses, on earth, the work I have
begun

I leave to you, and thro' my name, shall many
souls be won,

For this I came from highest heaven, from my
eternal throne,

To bear my lambs to Paradise, to bring the
wanderer home.

"Go to the sin-bound, and the slave, the lost, the
crimson-dyed,

And tell them of the white robes giv'n by Him,
the Crucified;

And breathe into the dying ear, the name ye
fondly love;

'Twill be for their solace even here, their passport
when above.

"Fear not the world, it cannot hurt, nor Satan's
legions harm

One single soul that leans upon the Everlasting
Arm.

"Behold as lambs I send you forth upon the
howling waste,

'Mong men as wolves, to speak the Word that
ne'er shall be erased.

But not alone I send you thus, the Comforter
shall come,

Unfolding to your hearts great truths that have
so dimly shone.

Your words shall to the ends of earth convey
their mighty power,

And in the sunshine I shall be, as in the darkest
hour.

Fear not ; your names are traced in heaven, your
souls are in my hand ;

Ye are my first fruits on the earth, my undivided
band !

On foreign soil your feet shall press, attended by
my care,

E'en to the end of all the world, lo ! I am with
you there !”

He ceased, and o'er that silent band a mournful
stillness reigns,

Each feels a mystic power within, that heart and
voice enchains.

Scarce had He ceased, when, lo ! a cloud, unseen
to eye before,

Swept o'er the spot in vapory folds, their Lord
encircling o'er.

Up from the earth, in misty robes, upon the clouds
He rose,

His gentle hands spread out to bless, His looks
where kindness glows,

Are blent with sweet compassion down on each
sad upturned eye,

Breathing a mute farewell, as thus He pass'd into
the sky.

"Gone, gone forever? Will He ne'er return to
us again?"

Such painful thoughts came gliding thro' each
burning heart and brain.

But as they mused, with upward glance, two
pitying angels drew,

And said, "Ye men of Galilee, why thus so sadly
view

The bright departure of your Lord, unto His
waiting throne,

Unto the mansions that are His, and your eternal
home.

"Grieve not! as ye have seen Him mount to
heav'n with mortal eye,

So shall he come again, in form, as brightly from
on high.

On Olivet His feet shall stand, attendant angels
near,

And bright and glorious shall He be, when thus
He shall appear.

“Grieve not, ye are His chosen ones, and heaven
and earth shall fade,

But not your names ; they're traced above, and on
His palms engrav'd.

Comfort your heart, as forth ye go, over the
world's domain,

So shall your pathway brighter shine, until He
come again.”

* * * * *

Oh, could I follow His bright course beyond the
world's confines,

And see Him entering Paradise, thro' all her
glittering lines

Of angel-legions, heavenly hosts, and all her
harpers there,

Whose golden harps wake melody of acclamation
rare.

“Open,” they sing, “ye golden gates your winged
bars unclose,

And let the great Redeemer in!" And hallelujahs
rose
From all the vast inhabitants, and loud the place
did ring
With rapturous sounds. (What bliss, my soul, to
hear immortals sing!)
"Glory and honor to His name, who bears within
His hand,
The massive keys of Hell and Death, and of the
silent land.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! He weeps in blood no
more,
Mortals, thro' Him, can mount on wings, and up
to glory soar."
And louder yet the music roll'd, and higher swell'd
the song,
Heaven's arches caught the melody, and echoed
loud and long;
Even my heart of mortal mould, with trembling
rapture wept,
And long'd I for a seraph's harp to be as sweetly
swept.
Oh, Saviour, when the summons comes, and I
life's tasks lay down,

I would not ask for shining robes, nor crave a
golden crown,
Only a harp of tuneful strings from Thy dear
pierced hand,
That I may join the blissful song of "Glory to the
Lamb!"

Fallen Jerusalem.

SOFT floats the breeze o'er Salem's hills,
And down her sloping vales,
The lillies sleeping by the rills
Scarce feel her gentle gales.

Silence and desolation reign
On Zion's crumbling towers,
These, like the links of memory's chain,
Point back to happier hours.

From Edom forth to Lebanon,
From Jordan to the sea,
Where is the voice of gladness gone,
The song of melody ?

No more proud Judah's daughter wakes
The tuneful harp with song.

Her laughter on the valley breaks
No more the depths along.

Only the dreary midnight bird
Utters his croaking lay,
Instead of the sweet notes once heard
In the young morning gay.

Where now the temple's glittering dome,
The marble columns white,
Riv'ling the Great Sea's misty foam,
Rearing to heaven in height ?

Here, like a giant in his strength,
Cast prostrate in the dust,
Those massive stones of wondrous length
Are all that's left, save—rust.

Uncull'd by maid, upon the plains
The rose of Sharon blows,
How may she deck her captive chains
By e'en a native rose.

'Twould only bring her sunny skies,
Her fatherland to mind,
And every once bright scene arise,
Now desolate behind.

She takes her harp of many strings,
And bids its murmurs flow,
And of her distant land she sings ;
'Tis solace to her woe.

" Oh, e'en in fancy let me breathe
On Judah's hills again,
And watch the morning mists upwreath
From dale, and mead, and plain.

" I seem to feel their fresh'ning airs
Upon my kindling cheek,
And hear those quaint, old Hebrew pray'rs
No other tongues so speak.

" I see the pomegranate's bloom,
The palm, the olive tree—
The vision fades. I feel my doom
In two-fold agony.

For well I know, the Spanish vines
My sisters tend with care,
And if they pine, 'tis on the winds
They cast the silent pray'r.

" Yet not so bitter were our doom,
'Were great Jehovah near ;

The wastes would then like Eden bloom,
The captive's toil have cheer.

“ But now He graciously no more
Attends his children's cry,
In mis'ry they their lives deplore,
In misery they die.”

And thus laments the Jewish maid,
The youth, the hoary sire,
On whom hath God in vengeance laid
His all-consuming ire.

Yet pitying love His heart shall break,
And melt his fury down ;
And for His own Beloved's sake,
The cross, the cruel crown,

He'll pass in meek forgiveness by,
And lead the exiles home,
Beneath their own loved native sky,
No more the world to roam.

The Lament for Salem.

LOVED Salem! lost Salem! th' abode of my King;
Where now is thy dwelling where David did sing?
Upon the lone mountain, the bird skims its brow,
My beautiful Salem is desolate now.

Loved Salem! lost Salem! my pride and my boast,
Thy children are wanderers, and slain is thy host.
On the valley of Judah their dust mingled lies,
Where rank grass is waving in winds as they rise.

Loved Salem! lost Salem! as lonely a bride
Bereft of her bridegroom in sweet morning's tide,
Looks weepingly forth o'er the green waving plain,
And sees him returning, oh, never again!

So God has forsook thee, and left thee to die,
Alone in thy beauty, upon the mount high;
Where, where was his pity, when lying so low,
He saw His loved Salem, cold, dead, in her woe.

Loved Salem! lost Salem! Thy children weep sore,
Like waters of Marah, their tears lave thy shore,

Like the harp of the minstrel, o'ercover'd with
mould—
With the griefs of the years their hearts have
grown old.

Oh Salem! lost Salem! the dove seeks her nest,
The wild deer its shelter, when light fades the west,
But we have no spot on God's beautiful earth,
Not even the land, or the home of our birth.

Loved Salem! Lost Salem! tho' dust be thy name,
Unhonor'd thy mem'ry, and blasted thy fame,
I cannot forget thee, not e'en if I could,
My fathers have loved thee, 'tis meet that I should.

I'll sing to my children thy beautiful strains,
Which Judah's fair daughters enliven'd their plains.
The task shall have sweetness, for heart shall be
there,
But Salem! oh Salem! thy God shall be—where?

Blessed Wounds.

“From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.”—Gal. vi. 17.

I'm wounded for His sake, dear, precious wounds ;
Leave me alone, I want to go
Into His presence, His, my soul's Belov'd,
And all those marks of love Him show.

I'm wounded for His sake ! henceforth He knows
How true has been my faith, my love,
I have not scatheless thro' the wide world gone,
Nothing my warm esteem to prove.

I'm wounded for His sake ! how sweet the pain !
My soul sings out herself for joy ;
Leave me alone unto my spirit song,
Thus will I the night-hours employ.

I'm wounded for His sake, Who bled for me,
Bore for my soul the bitter smart ;
My grief, my pain, seem nothing Thine beside,
With shame I own, Sun of my heart !

Oh, if I thus, in suffering, bring one soul
Prostrate unto Thy loving feet,

Then on Thy servant pour the double shame,
The agony shall be most sweet.

They smote me fearful, cruelly, they thought,
In anger, and dark fury, blind;
They little knew 'twas balm, each quivering stripe,
The hand that inflicted most kind.

The Dead Sea.

INRIPPLING on the stoney shore
The purple waters leaden flow ;
No happy bird sings winging o'er,
No finny wing gleams up below.

The wild Bedouin's footstep there
Imprint the whiten'd, cheerless plain,
He loves its deadly, desert air
Than limpid lake, or lashing main.

Here leafless boughs in Saline dress,
Glisten around in disarray,
Adding unto the loneliness
A ghostliness, at close of day.

For as the pale moon glimmers down
On naked rocks and songless wave,
These in her weird light ghastly frown,
Like marble columns round a grave.

And here and there, with hollow heart
The Sodom fruit deceitful bends,
A mute, befitting counterpart
Of fortune's ever faithless friends.

The muse cannot forsake thy tide,
Sad sea, without a throb of pain—
Thou sleepest there like a pale bride
Who'll wake no more to love's sweet strain.

Ah! fathoms down embedded deep,
The sister cities hopeless lie,
And rolling ages long may sweep
Ere time shall leave their ashes dry.

So foul, lost Sodom, was thy sin,
Thy God no more thy crimes could brook,
The raining fire his wrath swept in,
And soon thy wall's deep basis shook.

Not till the last faint spark expir'd
From out the seething, ruin'd waste,

Stern Justice from the scene retir'd,
And Jordan's tears thy soil embraced.

Now in a sullen, sluggish stream,
Thy waters move unrippling on,
Scarce mirroring that mad-cap beam
Flashing now here, now there, now gone!

Farewell, lone shore, and lonest tide,
Pillowing the dead in thy dark arms,
I turn me from thy dreary side,
To feast on fairer, happier charms.

David Lamenting Jonathan.

THE daughters of Israel, weep in your bowers,
For Jonathan slain in his splendor;
Fly back to his grave, ye sobbing young hours,
A tribute of memory render.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, cast from your brows
The tears of the long dewy evening,
And hush the young dove in your olive boughs,
While the voice of fond love is grieving.

Saul lies on his shield, a giant asleep,
No more to awaken to glory ;
And Jonathan rests his head on the heap
Of his valiant hosts, dead and gory.

They fell like the cedar the lightning rends,
Still great in its magnitude lying ;
They died ; so the cowardly foe descends
Fast routing the myriads flying.

The Philistine rides in his boastful pride,
All the length of the Jordan valley,
And he mocks the slain by its rolling tide,
Never more in their ranks to rally.

Weep, daughters of Israel, sadly for Saul,
Who cloth'd you in purple adorning,
And tread thro' each court and forsaken hall,
With wailing from e'entide till morning.

O Jonathan, deaf to my voice of woe,
That calls on thy spirit departed,
In the bygone ne'er didst thou mock me so,
In my misery broken-hearted.

Behold, the hand that has quench'd thee for aye,
Shall never lift sword on another.
Can vengeance give life to the slumb'ring clay ?
Then thou wert restored, my lost brother.

Saul Dying.

AVENGING Spirit, take me,
Nor in just wrath forsake me ;
To the death vale descending,
My soul shall soon be wending.
Thy shadow cast about me,
I would not go without Thee.
My sons are slain, and lying
'Neath foe and horsemen flying ;
And Jonathan, my nourish'd,
That like a cedar flourish'd,
The pale, cold dead lies under,
Slain in his beauty yonder.
Dearth, desolating sorrow,
And many a dark to-morrow,
Shall greet proud Israel's daughter,
Wreck'd by this day's sad slaughter.
The throne, that yields man pleasure,
Enjoyments without measure,
Has never charmed my spirit—
I speak it without merit ;
It never eased my yearnings,
My thirst and long heart-burnings,

And now I gladly leave it,
To taste joy of the spirit.

Jehovah, hear, ere dying,
I, to thy feet, am flying.
Thy voice I've heard in slumber,
In seasons without number,
Bidding me list Thy pleading,
And I, a wretch, unheeding,
Have closed my heart, still ever—
(Should I have said *forever* ?)
Is not Thy name compassion,
And Love, Thy form and fashion ?
O, am I too presuming,
Thy patience all consuming ?
Or, have I lost Thy favor,
Thy Mercy's richest savor ?
Here, in my sunset splendor,
Last of my race, I render
My soul Thee, Great Eternal,
For bliss or woe infernal.

The Father's Love.

THE great archangel drew his sword
To smite the foes around His Lord ;
But God withheld His servant's hand,
And said, " slay not ! 'tis my command.
" The Innocent must suffer there,
And all the sinner's pangs must bear,
And I, beholding, too, must see,
His grief, His pains, His agony.

" When I shall My Beloved hear
Call on My name in mortal fear
How shall I hear that plaintive pray'r,
And close my ears unanswering there !
" So must it be ; the sinner's claim
Must thus be cancell'd thro' His shame ;
And tho' my soul should rend with woe,
Lift not thy sword against the foe."

The dread archangel heard, obey'd,
And weeping sought the heavenly glade,
Not daring there to see the sight
Of suffering God, howe'er 'twas right.
What love was in the father's heart,

When Justice acted her sad part,
Nailing the Blessed hands and feet
On wood so foul. 'Twas love complete.

His love for sinful man spoke there,
When all oblivious to the prayer,
The anguish of his dying Son,
Unsheltered, tempest-tossed, alone.
Oh, can'st thou pass that Father by
Without a tearful, grateful eye!
Or hear that loving Saviour's call,
And say not: "Take my soul, my all."

Jesus Only.

UPON the mount, in holy dread,
The three beloved, their faces hide,
How may a mortal live and look
Upon the heavenly Glorified!
What words do these strange voices speak?
Whose wings are those waving in air?
Whence comes the beams that light His face,
That make those garments glitt'ring fair?

Whose voice was in that moving cloud,
 Calling him, "Son, beloved Son!"
 Now where the voices, light and clouds?
 Dear Lord, and where Thy beauty gone?
 Thou, Jesus, only, dost remain
 To cheer Thy poor, awe-stricken band,
 Our Glorified Unchangeable!
 We still in Thy dear presence stand.

Now, blest Redeemer, Glorified,
 Dispel the clouds that come between
 My soul and Thee, as here I tread
 Awhile the world's fast-fleeting scene.
 I sink at times upon the mount,
 Afraid to gaze upon Thy face;
 Oh, bid me look beyond my heart,
 To see *Thee only*, and Thy grace.

The Living Water.

THE streams of earth were very bright,
 But ne'er could quench a thirst like mine;
 Yet, oft I sought them wearied quite,
 Preferring them to streams divine.

But One, who loved my wandering soul,
In tender pity led me where
The ever-living waters roll,
And bade me taste how sweet they were.

So sweet! Was ever stream like this,
In all earth's vast expanse below!
Oh, let me linger here, where bliss
In gushing fountains heav'nward flow.

No more I'll wander from the shore
Where rolls this overwhelming tide,
But onward, upward will I soar,
Till I've its farthest waves descried.

O come and taste those streams with me,
More bliss they yield than earth can give,
They issue from the crystal sea,
And bright immortals by them live.

Everlasting Light.

THE spicy winds whose fragrant breath
Floats o'er the Indian seas,
Are like the heavenly gales in death,
Th' expiring Christian breathes.

Who hath not, in that solemn scene,
Beheld his dying eye,
With sudden lustre, rapturous beam,
And, scarcely sighing, die.

It is the Lord of Paradise,
Lighting his onward way,
And thus the heav'n-bound spirit hies
To Everlasting Day.

“Pause, bright immortal, in your flight,
And breathe in human ear,
What wonders dawn upon your sight,
What are the sounds you hear?”

The soul look'd back no more on earth,
Too swift it sought the sky,
And verged too soon in heavenly birth,
To make a faint reply.

Hallelujah !

§EE this King from slumber rising,
Brushing death-dews from His eyes,
Bursting rocks whose iron fetters
Would forbid the God-man's rise.

Hallelujah ! hail the Conqueror
 Over sin and death's dread sleep !
 Mortals, come, with rapture swelling,
 View the tomb that angels keep!

The Dying Year.

§ILENCE ! there's a knell on the midnight wind,
 There's a ling'ring spirit's parting tear ;
 There's a smiling sky with its glad young lights—
 The tapers bright of the dying year.

There's a heaving sigh from a sad one's breast
 O'er the faded page of memory's scroll ;
 There are melted tears from a frozen heart.
 And solemn vows from a sin-sick soul.

There are half-breath'd prayers that an angel bears
 On his mounting wings to the unseen shore ;
 There's a sad brief glance at the fleeting past—
 At the fleeting past seen never more.

Bear away this grave besprinkled with tears !
 Old year, away with the silent dead !
 For we dare not look on the calm young face,
 Without pangs for what we've left unsaid.

Farewell to Hope and its beautiful dreams,
And my fancy's castles built mid-air,
Those visions of Edens reaching the sky,
Breathing with music, witchingly fair !

Sadly, so sadly, I wave you farewell,
Floating afar to eternity ;
Moments all wasted, and deeds all undone,
Follies of youth, how I weep for thee !

Hide, year, 'neath thy pall, the dreary array,
And on the night-winds your flight betake ;
See ! a new year springs on the morning wings ;
'Tis a soul's new year, behold it break !

Angels are sounding the welcome chorus,
Myriads over the land and sea :
" A happy year to the new-born of heaven !"
A happy new year, my soul, to thee !

Heaven even Here.

WE often dream what heaven must be,
The throne of present Deity,
Where sin, nor pain, nor blighting care,

Invasion make on scenes so fair ;
But even here a little part
Of heaven is found within the heart
Where Christ abides, a wondrous joy,
A peace, which death cannot destroy.
This makes the desert blossom bright,
And morning out of hideous night,
Unto the Christian, as he brings
To savage man, this peace he sings.

Trouble may rise, clouding the light,
Veiling the sun in shades of night,
And fortune flee, and friends be few,
And earth display few charms to view.
But peace abides, 'tho' tempests blow,
Who friendless is when Christ's below ?
He curbs the storm with gentle will,
Saying, "Be hush'd! Ye waves, be still!"
O peace and joy, how rich the part!
This heaven above and in the heart.

Down Deep.

DOWN deep in the cold, blue sea
Are beautiful treasures lying,
And the winds roll o'er in their laughing glee,
Or sweep on in mournful sighing;
But disturb not the gems in their lonely beds,
Down 'mong the lost and the drown'd,
Where the loved and beautiful rest their heads,
Deep in the treacherous sound.

Down deep in the quiet breast
Are memories closely enshrouded,
Which the world throws over oblivious rest,
Some wrong that our life has clouded.
But there deep they lie in their silent sleep,
As those in the lonely bay,
Yet oft in the gloom of midnight they creep,
And flash in the bright noonday.

Thus deep in God's Holy Word
Are manifold treasures hidden,
And they upon whom the Spirit is pour'd,
A wondrous insight is given,

To gather the truths conceal'd in the page,
- Those mysteries deep and profound,
And so shun the shoals and the breaker's rage,
And the enchanted ground.

Before you go.

THERE'S a heavy weight at my heart to-night,
Your smile cannot remove,
And my foolish tears come stealing down,
And all my sorrow prove.
You are going beyond the wide, wide seas,
To land of softer glow,
Then lay your hand upon my poor head,
Bless me before you go.

How dreary the winter days will come,
The spring, the summer time,
When alone I'll hail each coming change
Of my Canadian clime.
Ah then lessen with one friendly word
This parting moment's woe ;
Life's night soon steals with its heavy cloud—
Bless me before you go.

When the maple leaves fall golden red,
The dreamy winds low sigh,
Then my wayward thoughts will backward turn,
To happier days gone by.
Oh! then let one recollection fond
On memory's current flow,
It shall be a ray on life's drear waste—
Bless me before you go.

Those Gardens in T——.

I'M thinking of that evening, two years ago
to-night,
When thro' those pleasant gardens we roam'd
'neath taper light,
The band was playing sweetly grand airs from
Verdi's store,
And Clarke's bewitching "Night Bell," which
charm'd us even more.
And you were there that evening, list'ning the
music's swell,
Forgetful of the morning, when we must say,
"Farewell."

Your glance, the flashing gas-light, the blossoms'
rich perfume,
Fancy is bringing all the scene within my little
room.

Oh, swift the hours have vanish'd, the days
unnumber'd sped,
And I am on life's byways, and you are with the
dead,
I sitting in my chamber, and you beyond the sky;
What changes have come o'er us! How strange
that you should die!

The blossoms look all with'ring; the gardens, too,
look drear,
Because I miss the presence that rendered them
so dear;
The softest lay falls plaintive upon my spirit now,
Because the dust of summer lies on your faded
brow.

Ah! yes, each note seems saying a mournful
"Fare-thee-well!"
I hear it on the breezes that laké and streamlet
swell,
I hear it nigh this moment, as fancy brings to me
The saddest of the pictures, on walls of memory.

The Wind and the Leaves.

THE sportive winds came laughing,
Routing the fallen leaves,
Scatt'ring the feeble blossoms,
Bending the golden sheaves.

"O winds! O winds!" they all cried,
"Why thus disturb our rest?
Behold the frighten'd rose-buds
Weep on their parent's breast!"

The winds call'd gaily backward :
"Ye fading leaves and flowers,
You've had your day of pleasure,
'Tis meet that we have ours."

They whirl'd among the cedars,
The pines, and maple dell,
And made such fearful havoc,
The winds did 'gain rebel.

"O winds! O winds!" they all cried,
"Why thus so wanton play ;
Scatt'ring the pride of summer
In such sad disarray?"

The winds cried gaily backward :

“ The pride of summer’s fled ;
You’ve had your time of blooming,
When we, the winds, were dead.”


The winds rush’d on more blust’ring,
Piercing the forest’s sheen,
Bending the singing willows,
The fir and evergreen.

“ O winds! O winds!” they all cried,
“ Why so malicious rend
The willow’s tender covering ;
It ever was your friend ?”

They made reply more gaily :
“ Why cling to life so hard ?
’Tis time to fall to slumber—
Earth wants a newer bard.”

The Little Grave.

Inscribed in Memory of Alice D.

 LITTLE grave among the pines,
Watch’d by God’s angels bending there,
Who’d break that sleep, or call to earth
An object of such heavenly care.

There spring will bring her fairest flowers,
The song-birds chant their softest lay,
Whilst thou, fond mother, bring'st but tears,
An offering sad from day to day.

That little grave to memory dear,
And dearer to a mother's heart,
Has link'd with golden chains to heaven,
The world, it forms no more a part.

As shepherds, on the Alpine hills,
Bear in their arms the tender young,
To lure the flock to richer fields,
The upward, higher heights among ;

So Jesus takes the little lambs
To heavenly pastures, thence to woo
The loved ones on the vales below ;
This little child's that lamb to you.

The minstrel-king wept o'er his harp,
Yet bless'd the hand that sent the woe,
" My son shall not return to me,
But I to him, my God, shall go."

Heal, Lord, the hearts that thou didst wound,
With balm immortal from above—
They'll learn at last thy wondrous name,
Love! Love! beyond a mother's love.

When the Lamps are Lit.

DOU remember that bright June evening, dear,
When you bade farewell to me,
How you said, whenever a star would shine,
That your thoughts would hither flee.
How the years have gone! I am here to-night,
And the shadows round me flit,
And that long-ago to my sight returns,
As the lamps mid-heaven are lit.

The winters have strew'd many snows since then,
The maples their leaves have shed,
And many a prayer has wing'd to the stars,
Since the hour those words were said.
You have gain'd the heights of your early dreams,
And I—in the shades I sit,
And draw from the past a few faded hopes,
As the starry lamps are lit.

The lamps are glowing this moment, dear,
And my pulses whirl and burn,
For I feel the spell of that parting hour,
And its sadness, now return.

And I weep as I bless my absent one,
While thus in the shades I sit,
And call up the past to my aching sight,
When the starry lamps are lit.

The Angelic Song.

THE Bethlehem shepherds on the plains,
Their peaceful flocks attending,
Behold with awe the shining trains
Of seraph hosts descending.
Soaring mid heaven, their songs uprise,
One joyful chorus ringing—
The shepherds gaze with shaded eyes—
What means this heavenly singing?

“Behold,” one cried, “to you I bring
Glad tidings of a new-born King!
The Son of the Most High this morn
Yonder in David’s town is born.
The glorious babe, oh, haste and see
Upon his virgin-mother’s knee,
Proclaim the news to all the earth,
The tidings of His wondrous birth!”

And forth the great angelic throng
Burst rapturous in the herald's song :
" Good will to men, whom God has given
A Son ; to earth annexing heaven.
Sweet Peace shall now forever stand
'Tween earth and the Celestial Land,
Since He, the Covenant's holy child
Has on His mortal mother smiled.
" Glory to God, and highest praise !"
And back to heaven they trill'd their lays.

Falling Snow-Flakes.

FALLING flakes of purest white
On the earth's cold breast alight,
Hither, thither, round they sport,
Elfins holding fairy court ;
On the roof of cottage low,
In the quiet plains below,
On the grandly towering walls
Of the more ambitious halls,
On the valley's hollow breast,
On the forest's faded crest,

Pretty snow-flakes glinting bright,
Irrespective down alight.

There! they fill my onward way,
Hiding every track away,
While the north-wind whistles by,
Uttering its doleful sigh.
Warm and cosy, on I glide,
Fearing wind, nor storm, nor tide,
In my robes besprinkled white
By some merry, loving sprite.
Half in dream and half awake,
Soft I muse for pleasure's sake;
Some fond scene of long ago,
Flashes on the glancing snow ;
Some forgotten memory grieves,
With the sighing of the breeze ;
Something of our love, not hate,
Issues from its prison gate,
On the shores of long ago,
In its olden tender glow.
Pretty snow, to sway such art,
Bringing treasures from the heart,
Hidden things that none may see,
Save my soul and memory.

Lines

Dedicated to Mrs. Matthews, Cuba. By request.

IN an island mid the tropic seas,
Beside the ocean murmurs deep,
Where summer winds sweep sighingly,
Thy treasures thou hast lain to sleep.

Two precious blossoms once in bloom,
And he thy soul's late joy and trust,
And now bereft, a cheerless heart,
Thou weapest o'er their slumbering dust.

There, in the morning's glowing light,
There, in the evening's dusky pall,
There, when the sunshine beams aloft,
There, when the chilling rain-drops fall ;

There, every time a mother smiles,
There, when a father's step is nigh ;
A maiden's laugh—ah, everything
Leads back to where thy darlings lie !

They say the world's no 'biding place—
That pilgrims o'er its face we roam ;
Blest thought ! 'Twere bitterness, dear heart,
Were this indeed thy lasting home,

Ah, no ! Commit thy slumbering dust
To Him, who wept o'er Lazarus' tomb,
Who entered its sepulchral gate,
Taking away its dread, its gloom.

He lifts the veil—behold the scene !
There, angel-arms are beck'ning thee,
And voices calling, "haste ! get wings,
To bear thee o'er this narrow sea !"

He loves thee more than angels love ;
He took the ties that kept thee down,
And made them stars to lure thee up
To where they dazzle in His crown.

Albert.

DECEMBER'S voice is wailing o'er th' Atlantic
tide,
And the three isles are weeping for Gotha's lord
that died ;
The mournful banners floating, half-mast on
Windsor's dome,
Are saying to the breezes, "A soul has hurried
home !"

Albert has sunk to slumber, break not the peaceful
sleep !

Just lay the pall above him ; this is no time to
weep ;

The arms that carried David unto the spirit shore,
Have borne the willing Albert the silent borders
o'er.

He was a light in England, extinguish'd in its
noon,

But now transferr'd to heaven, who'll mourn it
fled too soon ?

Oh tell his German brothers, beside the wand'ring
Rhine,

One star has set forever of fair Saxe-Coburg's line.

Their tears cannot outnumber the tears of her, his
bride,

There gazing on him lying, pale in his manhood's
pride ;

Their bitterest bewailings, compared with her's,
are naught,

The world's to her a desert, when they have tears
forgot.

The happy, heathy highlands, the emerald island
near,

Are haunts of grieving memory, so sad, so fondly
dear ;
Grief flies, and yet she lingers, o'er scenes of
pleasures lost,
Albert these all have hallow'd at death's unnamed
cost.

Toll on, ye bells of mourning, upon the sighing
gale !
There's wedding joy in heaven, above your din
and wail.
The Saviour greets a brother with outstretched
arms of love—
Earth has its knell of sorrow—the bridal chimes
above.

We Prize not our Own.

§TERN Scotia lifts her features wild,
Proud of her hills and heathery vales,
Where oft the bard has long beguil'd
His listless hours, in lover-wails ;
But ne'er until to sleep profound
He sank, his griefs and cares forgot,

Remember'd she his harp's sweet sound,
How drear had been the minstrel's lot.

The lips that sung the "Isles of Greece,"
In strains melodeous, sweetly sad,
From native shores fled seeking peace,
Which on their soil he never had :
And then they claim'd his honor'd name,
When he with time had ceased to do—
Hung o'er his dust the wreaths of fame,
Besprinkling them with mem'ry's dew.

Ah, thus it is where'er we go,
We prize not, value not our own—
Only begin their charms to know
When from our path the light has flown.
Then bitterly the cry is heard :
" I knew him not, his heart was kind !"
" Ah, yes ! she's gone—the sweet young bird !
And I, unto her worth, how blind !"

In Memoriam.

Dedicated to Mrs. M.

WHEN shall I wake from this long dream,
And welcome busy life again,
Behold the sun's reviving beam,
Behind this troubled night of pain ?

Ah ! when shall I the lesson learn,
The dearest, fondest, best must die,
That love's sweet lamp must only burn
To light its object to the sky.

My lamp of love is quench'd below ;
Since thou art gone, why should it shine ?
I, on earth's waste, indifferent go,
And hopeless night seems ever mine.

Yet thy bright path I will pursue—
Tho' clothed in darkness, still press on—
A daughter's love shall light me thro',
And lead me where her feet have gone.

Thou wert to me such fond delight,
That vanish'd, joy seems sunk for aye ;
But now a cherubim of light,
I cannot mourn thee lost away.

They say the beauteous rainbow fades ;
No, no, it vanishes in heaven ;
Thou didst not die to seek her glades,
Thy soul just pass'd its narrow prison.

The Halls of the Muses.

HOW shall I describe them, as wondrously bright,
They rear'd up to heaven, and bask'd in its light;
Great pillars, and portals, and silver-tipp'd towers,
Comprised this young castle, and green clust'ring
bowers,
Where sang the sweet breezes the lays of the past,
Bedeck'd the surroundings, in summer-like cast.
And here were the lone lakes, that often we see
In pictures, whose shrubberies fringe down to
the lea,
Those boughs where the song-birds soft nestle and
dream,
Or sing to the sky, or the beautiful stream.
The muses here wander'd in elfin delight,
And drank of the waters so tempting and bright,
Soft tuning their lutes, and sending around
Each murmur, thro' copse and dale, till the sound

Died off in a whisper, so plaintive and low,
It seem'd but the rhythm of the streamlet's soft
flow.

Here, Ease and Contentment, oft roved at sweet
will,

In loving companionship, merry or still,
Reclin'd on soft couches, in languid repose,
Nor dream'd aught but pleasures, in hues of the
rose.

Oh, this was the Eden the muses loved long,
And many an hour there trill'd they the song ;
The valleys and uplands rang loud with their glee,
And echoed thro' halls of the castle as free,
'Till a sprite, call'd Reason, came begging one
night,

To rest in this palace of ease and delight ;
His face was so earnest, his tale seem'd so true,
The muses admitted the wanderer through
Their gates of enchantment, and halls richly
strown

With dainties delicious, and viands unknown
To any but those of their own tropic zone.

He gave them one glance, then held forth his
hand,

And cried, " All delusion, this beautiful land !

These viands are tasteless (they melted away),
These couches deceitful as they are gay,
Those walls are deceptive, and all they contain
But serve to bewilder the dreamer's charm'd brain.
There! vanish away at touch of my hand,
Gay phantom!" It shook at the speaker's
command.

"O stranger unkind," all cried with surprise,
"Bereave not our land of its beautiful dyes!
These halls have been pleasant, and bright each
retreat,

Take not from the muses a dwelling so sweet;
The gates that admitted thy feet to our halls,
More freely will lead thee outside of their walls!"
But Reason had enter'd, and sway'd his stern will,
The fabric fell noiseless, and valley and hill
Swept off in vast cloud-lands of various hues;
And such was the fate of the halls of the muse.
And now, when she sings of her castles in air,
Those white, drifting mists, so fleecy and fair,
Are parts of her walls, and porticos grand,
And scenery lost of her beautiful land.

Pray for me.

PRAY for me! my soul is burden'd
With its great weight of woe!
And countless misdeeds vivid rise,
In glaring forms before my eyes,
In burning, torturing glow.

How can I face the Righteous Judge!
Before His bar how stand!
Where not a friend shall intercede,
Nor for the wretched culprit plead;
Where mercy 'll stretch no hand.

Pray for me! Old Time is tolling
The closing hour of life.
While every flatt'ring hope is fled,
Despair draws near with gloomy tread,
Eternity with strife.

O bygone! hide thy withering scenes!
And, memory, close thy book!
Bury them in oblivion's sea,
As failings of mortality,
So on them I ne'er look.

Pray for me! even one request
 Perchance the Judge will hear
 Oh, that my mother now were nigh
 To call on heaven with pleading eye,
 And supplicating tear.

That angel eye shall weep no more
 In grief or prayer for me;
 Alone I seek the dead's abode,
 Alone I meet the angry God,
 And fearful destiny.

Pray for me! death's shaft is ready—
 He mocks my gasping breath.
 Pray! Pray! can prayer avail for me?
 O shades, and horror, memory flee!
 Can *this!—this!—this be—Death?*

To Dear Aunt Sue.

On the death of her little boy, Edmund Douglas J., Rock Island, Ill.

AND so your half-blown blossom died,
 The bud fell wither'd from its spray,
 And wild you weep your vanish'd hopes
 Hid with your Edmund's marble clay.

You've gazed upon his cherub face,
And wept to see him smile no more,
His yellow locks, and lips so cold,
How oft you've kiss'd them o'er and o'er.

Hush, fondest mother, this sad grief!
Art thou so desolate indeed?
These little babes clasping your robes,
Surely some love and guidance need.
Rather for them your tears should flow,
To them your tend'rest love be given,
Say, "I have two dear babes on earth,
And one sweet boy to meet in heaven."

'Tis vain to murmur at the will
Of One so good, and One so wise,
Who takes the blossom ere it blooms,
To bright unfold in Paradise.
Hereafter, weary-grown with care,
Thy heart shall learn 'twas better so,
Young Edmund in the realms of light,
Than Edmund on the vales below.

To the same,

On receiving his picture, taken very life-like, after nine days' interment.

§WEET child, and had the grave no power,
To mar the charms of such a flower?
Or was it pity stirred its heart,
To ne'er despoil such chisel'd art?

There, on the wavy grass outlain,
His pretty robe around him thrown,
Who would not say he slept again,
In infant sleep, to care unknown.

The Maniac's New Year's Eve.

§HE took her guitar down halt sadly,
From where it neglected had sung,
And swept from its strings plaintive music,
And wildly and madly she sung.

She had twin'd the bright leaves of the mountain
Among her brown tresses of hair,

Thus strangely contrasting their brilliance
With features so faded with care.

December's wild voices were wailing
Their last dying dirge to the sea,
As it rose and broke in great billows
Far over the rocky-bound lea.

And as the poor maniac listen'd,
She deem'd them loved spirits of light
Return'd to her, calling for numbers,
Which once did awaken delight.

In hours of the many years vanish'd,
Her voice had entranc'd, while she sung,
And many are they that remember
How sweet was the trill of her tongue.

But witchingly, tremblingly, broken,
They rose on the still midnight air—
A picture of haggard, weird beauty,
She sat in the solitude there.

“I hear the village bells moaning
A weary lament to the skies,
Like my own poor notes, faint and broken,
They sink into sobbings and sighs.

“ Oh, linger gay spirits, and soothe me,
This music bewilders my brain,
Ere memory's light shall forsake me,
And leave me in madness again.”

The spirits had vanished ; and sweetly
The new year's light zephyrs came on ;
But the voice and its heart-broken music
With memory and reason had gone.

The Prince of Wales' Majority.

RING out, gay bells, let mirth and joy
Reign o'er the social scene ;
Warm greetings waft across the waves,
For England's star hath seen
His one-and-twenty years this day,
Henceforth to be the tender stay
Of England's widow'd Queen !

What though the Autumn zephyrs blow,
And Autumn leaves adorn
Mild nature's brow ; her gayest beams
Salute thy natal morn ;

What tho' no father's blessings shed,
A nation's pray'rs above have fled,
On angel pinions borne.

Our English Prince ! God guide thee long,
And keep thee 'neath his eye,
Direct thy future path aright—
That path ends in the sky ;
And guard thy realms, our fatherland,
From tyrant's sway, or traitor band,
Or foe that lurketh nigh.

Learn wisdom from thy mother's heart,
And like thy much-loved sire,
Industry, knowledge, commerce, spread
Thro' all thy vast empire ;
And freedom's sacred rights maintain,
Ne'er let the glory of her name
On England's shores expire.

Our loved religion high exalt
In palace, court and hall ;
Where hearts are brave, and God's our right,
None ever can appal.
Where great Jehovah is adored,
There are His gifts profusely pour'd,
And there His blessings fall.

Weave deeds of kindness round thy name,
That shall with lustre shine,
And cast a living splendour o'er
Thy great ancestral line.
And all from whence faith, goodness, spring,
And all that serve to make the king,
Around thy future twine.

Each loyal heart in Canada
Has marked thy course with pride,
And welcomes gladly now the day
Thy youth is laid aside,
For man's more dignified estate,
A place among the good and great,
And at thy mother's side.

Long life to her who soon assumes
The wife, the daughter, friend,
And may the good traits of her youth
Still with her future blend ;
And Britain's lofty fame shall be
Her might, her wealth, felicity,
Her standard none dare rend.

The Playmate's Farewell.

THOU to thy pleasure, and I to the sky,
Are we then saying forever goodbye?
We have been playmates among the spring
flowers,

Wanderers together the long summer hours.
Nothing did part us until one sweet day
My feet encounter'd a far brighter way,
Leading to Jesus, to heaven's wide gate,
Where now I am going, my loving playmate.

'Mong the meek daisies no more shall I roam;
When o'er the water, the gale shall bring home
The Spring, his young bride, adorn'd with May
leaves,
And soft, clinging moss, and long, silken
sheaves.

Now I am going to Jesus this night;
He'll give a robe of the purest white.
I'll rest in His arms, and list to His voice—
How strange it will seem! how I shall rejoice!

He called me this morn: a soft-whisper'd "Come;"
I want to be gone, I want to be home;

I'm weary of sport, and play on the hill,
It is more pleasant to lie here so still
And think of His words, so tender and sweet—
I ever could stay and learn at His feet.
You too must become His child, and the way
He'll show you I've learnt it before to-day.

The Restless Spirit.

A RESTLESS spirit wing'd its flight
In search of scene of lone delight;
Where, sunk in soft luxurious ease,
No cares its blissful dreams displease;
Nor even man, with prying eye,
Shall dare its secret haunts decry.
Where shall it seek on earth's whole range
This solitude it yearns so strange?

Away to lone Spitzbergen's isle,
Over the dim sea, many a mile,
Upon the frozen mist of night,
It onward moved in silent flight.

Like forest peaks in robes of snow,
Blushing beneath the sunset's glow,

Its sharp-ridged hills uprose in air,
In solemn grandeur, bleak and bare.
The sun in muffled robes of mist,
Scarcely the mountain summits kiss'd.
Thus 'pear'd the isle, calm, fair, and cold,
And stern within her frozen hold.
When nightly steals the evening star
Along the cold sky, glittering far,
As sheeted ghosts her peaks appear,
And heavenward from the ocean rear.

Here's solitude, if e'er be found
Her haunts, on wild and savage ground ;
These snow-bound vales and glaciers white
On which the ice-birds scarcely light
To feed upon the mosses brown,
Which on the white plains darkly frown,
The lone retreat must scarcely be
The spirit sought long eagerly.

Over the scene he cast his eye,
And as he glanced, a tender sigh
Heaved from his breast, and down a tear
Fell frozen on the ice-formed pier.
" Not even here my soul may dwell,
In happiness, from man afar ;

Too cold, too bleak, lone shore, farewell !

As a white corse so dead you are!

“ Yet, surely, I a vale shall find,

Far from th' abodes of lost mankind,

Where sunk in contemplation sweet,

My soul shall live in loved retreat.”

Again it soar'd o'er sea and land,

And sought a brighter, sunnier strand,

Even the tropic islands bright,

Whose velvet shores now met his sight.

Lovely they rose above the sea,

Like scenes of rich imagery,

Those beauteous gardens of the earth,

That out of ocean spring to birth.

Here waved the gorgeous plantain trees,

And feathery tamarinds, on the breeze,

And drooping boughs of deepest shade

Surrounding lake and quiet glade,

Where birds of orient plumage hide,

Or skim with glittering wing the tide ;

Lone dells, where not a sound is heard,

Save fragrant wind, or singing bird ;

Bestrown by nature's careless hand,

Ambrosial flowers bedeck the land,

Their varied hues, 'mong shrub and brake,
A landscape of enchantments make.

Thus glow'd the isles 'neath sunset's blush,
The song-birds mute, the winds a-hush,
When down with noiseless wing the sprite
Upon the silent shore did light.

There wander'd he in joyous life,
From hated man's incessant strife,
In musing mood, for many a day,
Oft chanting forth the rapturous lay,
Or telling to the wandering wind
Some freak of his prolific mind ;
But after hours thus spent, he grew
Pensive and sad, as roving through
The solitary glades and bowers,
His favorite haunts in dreamy hours.

“ Oh ! Solitude no more I'll crave,
As well might I the tomb betake,
The silence of the cheerless grave
Reposes on each bough and brake.
I'll back again to man's abode,
Even his discords pleasure bring ;
With him there cleaves a trace of God,
That ne'er unto the deserts cling.”

Maiden May.

PEEPING through the woodlands dewy,
In the fragrant, early morn,
Maiden May is stepping lightly,
Gathering violets newly-born.

On her hair the sunbeams nestle,
Glowing golden, wondrous bright;
Round her form the mists of morning
Weave a gauzy garment light.

"Maiden May," the blackbirds whistle,
Sing her name from bower to bower;
"Maiden May," the echoes answer,
"Maiden May" from hour to hour.

Now, among the scented valleys,
Where the white-lipp'd lillies hfe,
In the dales and waving meadows,
Her light footsteps noiseless glide.

Here a leaf, and there a blossom,
Bursts in rapture at her sight,

And the timid singing ripples
Leaping bound, in strange delight.
When the evening spreads her mantle
Mother-like above the flowers,
Fairies form her couch of daisies,
'Neath the woodbine's trailing bowers.
There she sinks in dreamy slumber,
Birds above their vigils keep,
Cooing notes of lulling murmurs
Over Maiden May asleep.

Ma chere Canadienne.

“MY home is away in the Southern zone,
My land's in the Southern sea,
Where the Amazon waters seaward roam,
That clime is my own country.
The happiest landscape there shall be thine,
The nightshade's trail thy lattice entwine,
If thou consentest to only be mine,
Ma chere Canadienne !”

She lean'd her brow on her lovely hand,
And softly she murmur'd low,
"That strand is my home, my native land,
Wherever my love shall go.
A mother's kiss and a father's prayer
Shall follow their darling everywhere."
He breath'd, "Thy weal shall be all my care,
Ma chere Canadienné."

The Lillies of France.

THE lillies of France did proudly uprear,
As boastful she march'd to the Prussian frontier;
The lillies of France trail'd low in the dust,
When God vouchsafed His aid to the just.
Napoleon stretch'd forth his haughty, right hand,
And said, "I will add to my glory this land;"
And under the mask of a vain, hollow plea,
He placed his foul foot on the neighboring lea.

But Prussia's warm sons—long-lived be their
fame—

Like tigers sprang up for their honor and name,
And gallantly hasten'd to punish the foe,

That dared on their realms to level a blow.
The haughty Parisian waxed pale, as he met
Those warriors bold, in the fearful onset,
And vain seem'd the power of the mitrailleuse
then,
When turn'd on the bosoms of heroic men.

Oh, that was an evening remember'd with tears,
When the children of Metz wept loud in their fears,
As th' Imperial Guards march'd thro' the wide
street,
To lay down their arms at the conqueror's feet.
" *Ah ma Metz! Ma pauvre Metz!*" they cried in
their woe,
" *Tout est perdu!*" sadly they think 'twas not so
They hopefully stood, a few mornings ago,
And dream'd of the spoil as they conquering
swept on.

Now on comes the victor, victorious still—
Th' assailant the vanquished, so heaven did will.
The army, the blossom, the pride of the Rhine
Is trampled as low as its gorgeous ensign.
The lillies float trembling o'er Paris in dread,
They hear round the ramparts the victor's swift
tread,

But deaf to his claims, his righteous demand,
"Yield open thy gates to a mightier hand!"

Thus boldly the Prussian swept on the red path,
Fast routing and crushing his foes in his wrath;
Now doubly and trebly and more must they yield
To the peaceful opponent brought into the field;
Wherever their lillies shall float, there the shame,
The contempt of folly their hues shall defame.
Let them say, "I am France, the lovely, the lost!
I've nourish'd me princes, my blood have they
cost."

Alice.

Inscribed to the Hon. Mrs. L.

THE snows encircle my pillow,
The blasts revel over my tomb,
And under the swaying willow
There is dark, unspeakable gloom.
But I in the arms of Jesus,
Can look down on my sleeping clay,
Exposed to the wint'ry breezes,
And I smile, while you weep all day.

Oh here are the children gather'd
From many a mother's fond breast,
Not faded, or lost, or wither'd,
But blooming, and happy, and blest.
Oh, death is a peaceful river
To the tender, the little feet,
And God, the gracious Life-Giver,
Is kindness, and goodness, complete.

Ye, mothers, that yield us weeping
To the Saviour's all-loying arms,
Know that He is fondly keeping
Your trust, with a parent's best charms.
Oh when the death-way you're tracing,
That dark, dreary way to the sky,
Your soul little arms embracing,
Will make it not fearful to die.

A Rainy Day.

LOVE the light, fresh, dancing showers,
That steal before the sunbeam's ray,
Bathing the earth in countless tears,
And then pass on their laughing way.

But this dull, drizzling, cheerless splash,
Of slothful rain, no lull, no dash,
But drip! drip!—tush!—I'll close my eyes
And dream of birds and sunny skies,
And pleasant fields, and golden hours
In trellis'd walks, and perfumed bowers,
Soft tuned lutes, and voices low,
Murmuring beside the streamlet's flow,
Until this weary rain is past,
And flashing sunbeams gleam at last.

Other Days.

MEMORY comes stealing back to-night,
Bearing her pictures, dark and light;
Some of the tender, mellow hue,
Others o'ergrown, with time's mildew.
Before my upturn'd gaze again,
The loved of early days remain:
The auburn hair, the sunny brow,
Is radiant there, in beauty now;
And every nameless grace once more;
Her loveliness, her charms of yore.

Can I forget that laughing eye,
Which thrill'd my heart in years gone by ?
Or, yet forget that heart so fond,
Which drew its warmth from beams beyond ?
The changing mood, now sad, now gay,
And still enchanting, each sweet way !
And years, long years have glided past,
Since I beheld those features last ;
But my fond heart their traces bear,
Untouch'd by time, undimm'd by care.
Each silent hour brings back to me
Their picture borne by memory,
And love and joy of other days
Repass before my dreamy gaze.

— —
Now.

NOW, am I not to thee a gleam
That cheer'd thee oft on thy lone way ;
Now, all forgot that tender beam,
Sheds on its solitary ray ?

NOW, am I not to thee a flower
Whose gorgeous splendor lured thy stay,

Now, drooping in its silent bower,
Dreams sadly its young life away ?

Now, am I not to thee a sigh
Of summer's breath, that floating on,
Linger'd to make thee soft reply,
And found, at last, *thou*, too, hadst gone ?

Now, am I not to thee a toy
That glistening on a sportive wave,
Was to thy fickle heart a joy,
Till some new light more brilliance gave ?

Ah, am I not to thee a strain
Of wild'ring music, now, how sad !
It seeks to charm thy heart in vain,
And mcurns the spell that once it had ?

Emeline.

THE clearest skies will darkly frown,
The softest eve grow sudden chill,
And furious rains come dashing down,
When all above, below was still ;

But none hath ever known thy heart,
That joyous, sunny heart of thine,
To give another pain or smart
Thou couldst not take, my Emeline.

There, now before me tripping light,
No cloud appears upon thy way ;
My joyous bird, my laughing sprite !
Who sees thee, cannot feel but gay.
Oh, when the years shall pass me by,
When I shall wreaths for others twine,
Some ringing laugh, some witching eye,
Shall bring me back, bright Emeline.

May heaven in kindness on thy fate,
Scatter the sweet, the bitter spare,
Leading thee to her blissful gate,
If possible o'er pathways fair.
Nor may one add thy life a pain,
Which heaven itself did not assign,
For, ah ! the task would be but vain,
The beam's not quench'd, nor Emeline.

To Jessie H.

DAYS, months, and years have gone, Jessie,
Since you and I met here,
This spot, to childhood once so bright,
To memory now so dear.

Thought brings me forth a gentle form
Engraved on many a heart,
A smile that time cannot efface,
With all its cunning art.

She was the magnet of our band,
Leading our childish feet
To tread with her the better way,
Which joins the golden street.

Whate'er since then I've priz'd of love,
Of true religion's power,
Are owing to her gentle words
In childhood's early hour.

Those happy days fled like a dream,
Soon broken was that band,
And she, the loving and the loved,
Sought first the better land.

In slumber soft she pass'd away,
Unknowing death was near,
Awoke in heaven in sweet surprise,
To find herself not here.

None of that circle by her couch
Bewail'd her fading eye,
Save "let me rest!" was all she said,
And resting thus did die.

I'll weep no more ; His will be done,
Who takes the ready home,
Leaving the flock upon the wolds,
A little more to roam.

But memory's tear cannot be fled,
Nor grief forgotten soon,
My heart goes grieving out at times,
Unto her daisied tomb.

I seem to hear her tones again
From out the dust below,
Telling the story of the cross,
The Saviour's dying woe.

The look, the smile, the tone, the air,
Can they forgotten be,

Only when thought shall leave her seat,
And memory's light shall flee.

Sleep on, blest dust! In Jesus sleep!
Until that morn shall rise,
And we from beds of silent dust
Shall meet in hallow'd skies.

To Mary.

WILIGHT shades are gathering, Mary,
Dreamy winds 'mong vine leaves hie,
While my thoughts are idly building
Fairy castles in the sky.

But cold reason ever hurls them
From their proud, uplifted height,
To the spot from whence they clamber'd
In their frail attempts at night.

Mary, Mary, oft they tell me,
Those fair castles raised so high
Are but weak and false delusions,
To deceive the dreamer's eye.
Pleasure's cup, tho' sweetest, tasted,
Has its dregs of bitter pain;

That I'll mourn too late these moments
Wasted on a task so vain.

True, perchance; but there before me,
See! my beauteous castles rear!
Flashing domes, and golden portals!
Oh, what witcheries appear!
Leave me in my halls of pleasure,
Here on couches soft reclined,
I'll enjoy the sweet illusion,
Finding bliss in being blind.

Stanzas to _____

YOU wish me to describe some fair poetic scene,
Some eden spot with dell, and fairy lakes between,
Upon whose placid breasts pale lillies meekly float,
And songsters echo back the ever tuneful note,
And soothing breezes sigh among the tangled
brake—

Would that the skill were mine, if only for your
sake.

But as in fancy's glass the beauteous scene I view,

My poor bewilder'd muse awakes to visions new;
And all that's beautiful comes dawning on my
mind,
For pencilling too fair, for utt'rance too refin'd.

Happiness.

AND this is then your happiness,
This life of vanity and show,
Then give me, give me back the past,
My cottage home of simpler glow!
In gay routine of pleasure here,
No joyful thrills my soul has felt—
And this is bliss? A dream, a dream!
Before whose shrine too long I've knelt.
And ever 'mong your mirthful scenes
A loneliness would o'er me creep,
And oft I watch'd those happy stars
Shine where—forgive, mine eyes will weep!
There is a spot of priceless worth,
To pomp and fashion unallied,
It bears the sacred name of "home,"
And love and peace within it 'bide.

Before my streaming eyelids now
I see it stand, oh joy untold!
The meekest buds among its flowers
Are fairer than your gems of gold.
Farewell! and with the proud, gay throng
Seek happiness unfound by me,
Mine lives within a cot of vines,
In peace and sweet simplicity.

Am I Dying?

Am I dying? Shall I never
Walk the fair green earth again,
By the mill and swift-bound river,
Listening to its purling strain?
Never watch the sunset glancing
Thro' the maple boughs so gay?
Never see the morn light dancing
On the stream? Must pass away,
To the silence of the valley,
Where the long forgotten sleep,
Where the drooping willows dally,
With the breezes as they sweep?

Open wide my casement, mother,
Let the sunset glimmer through,
I may never see another
O'er the hills decline with you.

Glorious light! how soft it lingers
On my couch, and crimson chair,
On your boy's poor wasted fingers,
Flickering on your yellow hair.
Read me of the Golden City,
Far beyond the sunset's tide,
Of the wondrous love and pity
Of the loving Crucified.

How it soothes my spirit weary,
Clears the darkness from my mind,
Makes the way appear less dreary,
As I leave the world behind.
Will not such untold compassion
Take a dying sinner up,
When I come in my poor fashion,
Claimant on his bounteous cup?

Yea, he smoothes my dying pillow,
With his deeply piercèd hand,
Over Jordan's tossing billow
I behold the Promised Land.

As the sunbeams lightly dally
On the glade and streamlets clear,
Heavenly light shines on death's valley,
And the Golden Gates appear.

In the Dreamlight.

I PINE not for greatness, or grandeur, or gain,
My home is my palace, my castle of Spain,
Here in the long evening, when light fades the sky,
I dream or peruse, as the moments flit by.

In fancy I follow the mariner's trail,
Through the half-frozen seas, 'mid quiet or gale,
I share in his fears, in his triumphs, with zest,
As eager as those which may sway his own breast.

I enter the halls of the noble and great,
And pluck from their walls the trappings of state,
Enrobing myself with the gorgeous array,
And wander a naiad, a princess at play.

Or out with the searcher of untrodden scene,
I seek for the regions where man has not been,
The bleak, rugged rocks, and the wild, scraggy lea,
An antelope o'er them I bound in my glee.

Of these growing weary, still further I go,
Beyond the sun setting mid cloud-lands of snow,
Where my loved, the vanish'd, are walking in
white,
By the clear crystal sea, in regions of light.

And I close my eyes in the dreamlight and pray
That I with them, too, shall be walking one day,
When the stars shall pale out earth's beautiful
dome,
And I with the angels have hurried long home.

Oh, home is half-heaven if quiet be there,
If love is imbued in its sanctified air,
And pleasant and blissful then 'tis to dream,
Or glance down the past on memory's stream.

Spring.

CHANT forth, ye merry song-birds, from out
Canadian bowers,
The Spring is on the water, with tropic gale's
flowers!
Break into joyous laughter, ye sportive streams
and rills!

Waking the slumb'ring echoes in all the fir-crown'd
hills.

Ontario's icy features dissolve in wreathing smiles,
From Burlington, far eastward, unto the Thousand
Isles ;

Erie and Huron, catching the laughter, loudly roar,
Rousing the waters' giant, Niagara's fearful pour.
A thousand mimic islands adown the rapids sweep,
Now 'merging from the whirlpool, now poising for
a leap;

Even my timid river joins in the madcap play,
Tossing its winter cover in sheer disdain away.
Come o'er the seas, young beauty, scatt'ring with
fairy hand,

The maple's early flushing, the May flowers for
our land ;

The river wants its ripple, stirr'd by the soft'ning
breeze,

The landscape its adorning, and moss the sloping
leas.

Chant forth, ye light-wing'd songsters, your notes
above the din,

And welcome the May morning, and Spring, her
daughter, in !

* * * * *

The daisies in the woodland, the wild fern on the
hill,
The sunbeam on the river, dimpling the brook and
rill ;
The leaf is on the maple, the blossom on the stem,
And earth, in joyful chorus, utters her May-day
hymn.
"The Spring! the Spring!" is echoed from east
to western bay,
And gleeful woods are holding one glorious holiday.

Welcome.

WELCOME, my Saxon sister,
From o'er th' Atlantic sea,
To my Canadian valleys,
To all my own country.

Were ever greener meadows
In all your native isle,
Than these outspread before you
For many and many a mile ?

Great woods of varied foliage
Adorn the landscape round,
Where ever ringing warblers
Thro' mazy depths resound ;
And bracing float the breezes
From east to western shore ;
And ne'er in richer fountains
Have streams been known to pour,
As those meandering rivers
Sweeping thro' forests deep,
'Mid dale, and town, and city,
With skip, and bound, and leap.
But more than scene of river,
Of meadow, dale and mead,
Than rich and varied landscape,
'Tis Freedom's land indeed.
She breathes upon its bosom
Her incense light and sweet ;
It regulates our actions,
By it our pulses beat.

Hallow E'en.

HAVE you heard through the forest yet to-night
The wind-god's chariot sweeping by,
With his ghostly train by the stars' dim light,
Or the wail of the wood-nymph's cry?
'Tis the haunted hour 'mong the valleys deep
The fairies meet their elfin queen,
And with laugh and dance all the night hours keep
This grand old night of Hallow E'en.

And blest fore'er is the cot or the hall
Their footsteps press with kindly tread,
When the mists and the heavy shadows fall,
And mortals dream and cares are fled.
So above the door bright wreaths I have twin'd
Of the thistle and evergreen,
That may bring our fatherland back to mind,
And many a bygone Hallow E'en.

And we'll think we're still on our highland shore,
The loved ones, too, around the hearth,
Ay, hearing the voices that wake no more
To sounds of music or of mirth ;

That the many breezes floating on,
Bear witching strains from harps unseen,
As old Scotia's bards of centuries gone
Are holding still their Hallow E'en.

Tho' we miss the tale, and the gay feast spread,
The many rows of faces bright,
We shall be, as the good old pilgrim said,
" *At home*, dear friends, in heart to-night."
And you are not chang'd, tho' each passing year
Upon your locks all bonny sheen,
Have added the snows of their win'try gear ;
You're young to me, this Hallow E'en.

Ah ! do you remember the dear old home
We left upon the sunny braes,
Ere we to a friendless far shore did roam ?
I see you mind those happy days.
But why should you mourn, or why should I sigh
For joyful moments that have been,
Since the stranger shore has a kindly sky,
A cheer for us this Hallow E'en.

O, Minstrel, cease!

OH cease, bewitching charmer, cease!
What voice was e'er so sweet as thine?
My heart has list, in transport bound,
And reverent bow'd at music's shrine.

Thy tones have burst its fountains deep,
Thy fingers light have touch'd its strings,
And all that's wild and beautiful
Thou'st bade to flow, in gushing springs.

Each breathing fibre tuned by thee
Seems wafted to my inmost soul,
Bearing it up in ecstasy
Where seas of music heavenward roll.

I've roamed, in thought to Beauty's isle,
And reared fair castles on her shore,
Decking their halls in splendor's garb,
Such grandeur never dream'd before.

I've soared on Fancy's buoyant wings
Where zephyrs murmured poesy,
And new-born pleasures dazzling gleamed,
And music flowed enchantingly.

O minstrel, cease ! I sink !— I faint !
Mine eyes with tears are streaming o'er !
This wild'ring scene—this music wild—
My mortal heart can bear no more.

Monica.

IAST night I was dreaming, dearest,
That I saw you still, the gay,
Moving 'mid a festive gathering,
'Neath the taper's glittering spray.
Lovingly I scann'd each motion
Of your dear remembered face,—
Still the sunbeam on those features !
And the proud lip's youthful grace.

Not a tress escaped my vision,
As they dropped, in many a curl,
And I heard your ringing laughter
As in times gone, lovely girl !
On I glided with soft footsteps,
Trembling, joyfully, drew near,
Spoke your name—the spell was broken—
From mine eyelid fell a tear.

A Morn and Eve of one Day.

BY the lone sea-beach, in the morning tide,
She tripp'd along, that maiden gay,
A rose in her hair, the bloom on her cheek,
And red her lip which trill'd this lay :

“O bright are my hopes, and my bosom light
As the rosy hours glide along,

Will it e'er be thus: my hopes ever fair,
And my joy one outburst of song ?

“Ah tell me, ye winds, that sigh evermore,
And ye waves that unchanging flow,
Which bear the secret of many a heart
Confided to you in their woe.”

Then the sad winds sigh'd, and the wild waves
moan'd,


As they cried to the maid, “No! no !”

In the twilight fall by the lone sea-beach,
She stood again with cheek so pale,
And drew from her hair the poor wither'd rose,
And cast its leaves upon the gale.

“*Thus, thus are my hopes: my heart's weary worn,*
And the hours go heavily by ;

And love is a dream, and joy is deceit,
And roses but blossom to die.
Ah, sigh on ye winds, and rove evermore!
And ye waves that unchanging flow;
Is there rest—rest—rest, in your depths beyond,
That a heart such as mine may know?"
But the sad winds sigh'd, and the wild winds
moan'd,
As they cried to the maid, "No! no!"

A Parting Tribute to my Friends.

 PICTURE, lay, a tress of hair,
A fragment of a garment still
Will some fond recollection bear,
And waken us with sudden thrill.
So take this last fond parting lay,
Which my poor muse so sadly brings;
Surely her tones cannot be gay
When tuneless are her richest strings.
Those few short hours, forever past,
A halo of fair memories weave

Over my heart, as here at last.

I mournfully your absence grieve.

In after years, if we should meet,

Oh may it be with souls as true

As those that in our bosoms beat

This moment, as we bid adieu.

Ah, pray forgive my foolish rhyme ;

My heart is sad, I cannot write,

The clock rings out the midnight chime,

Good night, kind friends, dear friends, good night.

Goodbye.

§O we say goodbye to the swift-wing'd hours,

Fast fleeing away to the past,

And now but the sad reflection remains

They have been too happy to last.

Ah, well ! haste away from each once loved scene

That only must waken a sigh,

Tho' I shall your absence sometime regret,

My friend, and my brother, goodbye.

This world seems a beautiful paradise,
When the loved, the cherish'd, are kind ;
But we turn from its scenes with bitter throb
When only the faithless we find.
But we have an Eden adown the past,
Enrobed with the loveliest dye,
'Tis friendship's fond hues thrown o'er it to-night,
Ere we said the last word, goodbye.

In the many years of our after life,
Be they dreary or ever bright,
We shall look on this scene with calm surprise,
How foolish we both were to-night.
There are sunny spots on the dreariest shores,
And beams 'mid the cloudiest sky ;
May a sister's love so shine on your path,
As I bid you forever goodbye.

Solitude.

LOVE the haunts of solitude,
When happy thoughts are mine,
When every haggard care is fled,
And pleasant memories shine ;

For when the heart is laden down
By weight of some dark woe,
Where is the balm, the soothing calm
Seclusion's charms bestow ?

We but embrace those sorrows close,
Hiding them in the breast,
And in the shades of gloominess
We vainly seek for rest.
No, let the heart with grief oppress'd
Seek fellowship's warm tear,
The darkest cares, a comrade shares
Not half so dark appear.

'Tis solitude the heart-sick need,
Weary of worldly joy,
That in the blissful calm retreat
May heart and mind employ.
'Twill to the vain, the foolish, gay,
Bring deep reflection near,
The happy, too, its sweets may woo,
And find there's heaven e'en here.

My Little Boy, Farewell!

THE saddest pangs we ever feel
 Are in the hour we part,
 And this last meeting doth reveal
 How very dear thou art!
 This miniature I long shall keep,
 And oft my heart shall swell,
 As memory shall o'er me sweep—
 My little boy, farewell!

September, 1864.

That day has gone, with it thy face,
 And to my tender gaze
 This little gift of thine I place,
 And think of all thy ways.
 Thou, too, art gone that path unknown,
 Where all I ever here
 Held dearest to my heart have flown,
 As tho' I loved too dear.

A Melody on the Rhine.

WANDERER, gliding along on the Rhine,
 Just parted by chance from a company gay,
 Sudden thought of his home, his kindred, and
 clime,

And years he had revell'd in folly away.
And, to silence thought, dipp'd his oar, when
his ear
Caught the sound o'er the waves of sweeping lay.

It was a rich melody, plaintive and sweet,
The voice that accompanied, tender and low,
As the songs of two seraphs in unison meet,
So the measure and tones did commingling flow,
And the waves and the shores of that eden clime
In beauty reposed, 'neath the setting sun's glow.

It sang not of warriors flush'd with success,
And laden with laurel-wreaths won in the fight ;
It breath'd not of genius in honor's caress,
Nor the tribute men render to grandeur and
might.

Nor yet of the conquests of beauty's fair bloom,
'Mid the splendor and pomp of a festive night.

But it pictured the close of a good man's life,
When the river of death first dawns on his view,
When the country beyond its turmoil and strife
Abounds with the shining ones beck'ning him
thro',
When the dearest in life with the world fades out,
And he stands on its boundaries hailing the new.

He heeds not the swell of the waves as they roll,
In great surging billows; he sees the fair shore,
His blessed inheritance, home of his soul!

And thousands of voices which welcome him o'er,
Are mingling their songs with the beautiful
harps,

“Hail, brother, thy rest! thy toils are no more.”

The deep crimson faded away with the day,
And evening's dark shadows all stealthily crept;
On the winds, too, languish'd the music away;
But the erring prodigal bow'd him and wept,
As repentance and hope return'd to his breast,
While onward the music bewitchingly swept.

Our Little Kate.

BE soft thy repose, little darling,
Afar from thy mother's fond arms,
Another shall watch thy cold pillow,
Another shall soothe thy alarms.

Beside thy young playmate of summer,
Together ye sleep the long sleep,

Unconscious of e'entide and morning,
Unheeding the tempest's loud sweep.

Gone! gone! in the May-time, young blossom,
Thou hast left us thy loss to deplore ;
Gone! gone! like a strain of soft music,
Whose sweetness shall charm us no more.

Fond memory steals with light footsteps
And hallows all left us of thine,
To a toy, to a link of fair tresses,
Her charms of remembrances twine.

But He who first gave thee did take thee,
And bless'd be His name—it is Love!
And shall a fond mother deny thee
The arms of a Saviour above ?

So here to His love and safe keeping,
The child of our love we restore—
In realms of no sadness, no parting,
We'll meet to be parted no more.

A Morning View.

ABOVE the Hellmuth sloping lawns,
Her uplands verging to the stream,
How fair the golden morning dawns,
Reflecting there her quivering beam.
The early mists, soft, billowy-white,
Embracing meet in middle sky,
And follow in the wake of night,
Dropping the weeping flowers goodbye.
But Morning dries their every tear,
Lulling them in her nestling arms,
Until their drooping hearts uprear,
To gaze upon her rarer charms.
Far onward the long river glides,
Thro' varied sight of wood and mead ;
Now, coy behind the bluff it hides,
There, on its dancing waters speed.
Yonder like domes 'mong fairy isles,
Flashing thro' many a feathery bower ;
My fir-crown'd city faintly smiles,
With glancing roof and spiral tower.
My gladsome eyes behold you all,
Sweet scenes of my allotted shore !

My rapturous arms' embraces fall
 Your every shrub and blossom o'er.

Not ill the bard sings of his clime,
 Calling its every nook his own,
 His soul melts, though his richest rhyme
 Speaks his response in tamest tone.
 Can music speak the joy we feel
 As fingers o'er the key-board move?
 Or light, poetic fire, reveal
 The power of patriotic love?

The Blood of the Lamb.

MY crimson sins are washed away
 In the blood of the Lamb,
 And fair and white I stand this day,
 By the blood of the Lamb.
 How shall I show my gratitude,
 My debt of such infinitude;
 E'en half its weight scarce understood?
 Glory be to the Lamb!

Now to the Father I can go,
 By the blood of the Lamb;

My cancell'd debt's receipt to show,
The dear blood of the Lamb!
Immortal life henceforth is mine,
Purchased my soul by blood divine,
A child of dust, I'm made to shine.
Glory be to the Lamb!

When I shall up to glory soar,
By the blood of the Lamb,
Upon the ransom'd sinner's shore,
By the blood of the Lamb.
Should any say, what brought thee here?
I should reply, bereft of fear,
The blood of Jesus, holy seer,
The dear blood of the Lamb!

Sunset on the Deep.

TIS sunset on the deep! bright sunset on the
deep!
No ruffled restless breeze disturbs the waves' calm
sleep;
A solemn stillness reigns, scarce cloud obscures
the sky,

Whose azure robes are bath'd in sunset's crimson
dye.

'Tis sunset on the deep! calm sunset on the deep!
A thousand strange delights into my bosom creep,
A thousand fancies gleam before my raptured
sight,
Portray'd by beauty's hand in hues of heavenly
light.

'Tis sunset on the deep! bright sunset on the deep!
Anon, some startled wave wakes from its quiet
sleep,
Throwing a silvery spray along the ocean breast,
Then like a playful babe sinks back again to rest.

'Tis sunset on the deep! O, beauteous hour indeed!
Sunset upon the deep doth every scene exceed!
Where waves and meeting skies are bath'd in
golden beams,
Pouring in gushing floods from out a heaven of
dreams.

'Tis sunset on the deep! sunset sublimely grand!
A world of waters spread, ungirt by shade of land!
Upon whose placid breast my boat glides dreamily,
Like some great fabled bird upon a dreamy sea.

'Tis sunset on the deep! Farewell, ye blight and
woes!
This hallow'd, tranquil hour, woos heart to mild
repose;
Heaven bathes my inmost soul with soft, unfading
light,
While showing my glad eye, her outer vesture
bright.

To Thy Dear Arms, Lord Jesus.

O thy dear arms, Lord Jesus,
Upward I haste to meet Thee,
With beaming joy to greet Thee,
With love refined in trial,
And frequent heart-denial,
And all its flame Thy kindling,
None of it my poor mingling;
With angel guides attending,
My soul with song is wending.
The world just left is lying,
In shades, as up, I, hieing,
Behold the heavenly portal
Ope for the new immortal.

To all Thy love, Lord Jesus,
Partaker of Thy presence,
Spark of Thy Godly essence;
To be stamped with Thy feature,
The God, and all the creature.
I come at Thy warm bidding,
The timorous flesh unheeding,
The parting pang forgetting,
And earthly love's sunsetting
To life, Thou great Life-Giver,
To Thee, my precious Saviour!

The Angel's Gift.

I CAME one night to heaven's gate,
Praying its King to hear my cry,
And grant me pleasure's envied cup,
Earth's richest draught before I die.

To wreath with costly gems my brow,
To spread my youthful path with flowers,
With mirth and music's dulcet strains,
To while away the rosy hours.

And when I grew no longer fair,
And lips no more my praises sung,
Then I would yield Him my worn heart,
And praise Him with my falt'ring tongue.

A pitying angel near me drew,
Gave in my hand a glass to go
And through it gaze on every scene
Of pleasure in the world below.

I blest him for the kindly gift,
And with a smile I hastened where
The blaze of noon-day streamed at night
Upon the gallant and the fair.

I saw one 'mong that festive throng,
The star, the magnet of each eye,
Whose voice could lure, with melting song,
The laugh, the tear, the tender sigh.

I raised the gift: Ah, happy one,
To homage, wealth and splendor born!
What is 't I see? A bleeding heart!
So wounded with that cruel thorn.

On, on, among the wildering maze,
The wise, the learned, the child of fame,

In that sad glass I weeping view
The thorn, the thorn, still there the same.

Take back the gift, O being bright,
These joys have all a bitter smart!
Where, where, do pleasures fadeless bloom
Without a thorn to rend the heart?

The seraph led me to a cross,
Where *One* hung there. Ah me, ah me!
The cruel thorns deep pierc'd His brow:
"These wounds," he said, "I bear for thee."

He took the thorn from my poor heart,
He gave me heaven, a crown to gain;
I wept, I kissed His bleeding wounds,
I sung with joy my Saviour slain.

Behold I Come.

"**B**EHOLD I come," the young year sang,
And sprang to earth on wings of night;
"Behold he comes," the watchers said,
And listened to his joyous tread
While glee bells rang in wild delight.

“Behold, who comes?” “The Bridegroom comes,”

A hoary-headed saint did cry;

“I’m waiting for His welcome voice,

His coming shall my soul rejoice,

His beauty gladden my poor eye.”

“The New Year comes,” they laughing said,

But still more grave and sad he grew.

“One comes,” he said. “ye watchers here,

To some in love, to some in fear,

How shall He come, dear friends, to you?”

Some sighed, some wept, some turned away,

And some to smile aside;

One looked to heaven with holy eye,

And said, “Come quickly from on high,

Dear Lord, and charm Thy waiting Bride.”

Even so come, Lord Jesus! lo,

The years and seasons go and come;

And Thou dost tarry! See! our feet

Are torn and blistered—rest is sweet—

Thou art our rest, Thy home our home.

Hannah.

DOWN in the valley-land,
Where the dead sleep,
By the soft breezes fann'd,
Where the skies weep,
Hannah, meek, silent lies,
Grass o'er her head,
Death on her faded eyes,
Cold dust her bed.

High on the seraph shore,
'Mong angel bands,
Hannah shall feel no more
Life's sinking sands.

Death and its fearful gloom
Ne'er shall alight,
Blighting her spirit bloom
In clouded night.

Faith and her sister, Love,
Held forth a crown,
Wooing her soul above,
And Grief look'd down,

On the spread vale below,
Then to her flight,
Grieving in silent woe
Its lost delight.

Carry the blessed up,
Angels of Love,
Once tasting heaven's cup,
Earth's bitter prove.

The Grave in the Snow.

BABY'S out in the gale to-night,
Wrapp'd in drifts of cold, white snow,
Far away from cheerful light,
Far away from fireside glow.

Little hands are clasped so cold,
O'er its meek, unheaving breast;
Precious eyelids soft enfold
Sweet blue eyes, in solemn rest.

Mother earth, guard well my blossom,
In your frozen breast to-night ;
She has slept on my warm bosom,
Clasp'd in my embraces tight.

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Ah ! how cold the blast is flying,
On the moorlands dreary round,
And my little bird is lying,
Yonder, on the cold, hard ground.

Birds their offspring close may hide
From the howling tempest's breath,
But my own must from my side
Slumber in the arms of death.

Father help me ! Father guide me !
In my sinking heart's despair,
In Thy shadow take and hide me,
From the woe I cannot bear.

John's Vision in Patmos.

He stood, the angel on the mount of mist,
And, from the distant city, light
Flowed from th' eternal throne, and cloth'd his form
In glory, strange, unearthly, bright.
The vials of dark wrath within his hand,
The purity of godliness
Stamp'd on his brow, and innate majesty.

He turned, and John did thus address :
 "Thou privileged one of the Most High, behold
 Jerusalem unveil'd to Thee,
 Her great foundations, with Thy name engraved,
 Before Thou wast, by God's decree.
~~"That is the abode of souls, redeem'd by blood~~
 Of the incarnate God once slain ;
 None enter there without that crimson sign,
 The impress of a Saviour's pain.
 "Here longing shall be satisfied, and hope
 Shall bloom in brightest certainty ;
 The past will bring no accusation back,
 No tearful glance of memory.
 "Saints from the world's remotest shores shall
 come,
 And wear the robe of white, the palm,
 Joining the cherubim's unceasing song
 Of adoration to the Lamb.
 "Thou seest the vast throng prostrating cast
 Their dazzling crowns before His throne ;
 He is the Love of love, the Light of light—
 These are His gifts, and His alone.
 "Thou wond'rest, and I see thy features change
 With admiration uncontrol'd,
That was thy Friend, upon whose bosom oft

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Thy head has lain in bliss untold.
 "Bear witness of the things thou'st seen and heard,
 Such things unveil'd to none before,
 And none hereafter, save whom death shall seal,
 And angels waft the dark, cold waters o'er.
 "Descend! not long He tarries, son belov'd,
 Soon heavenly visitants shall bring
 Thee to those distant and fast-fading gates,
 Unto the arms of the Great King."
 A mist came—darkness—nothingness—he stood,
 Good John upon the island lea,
 Alone, yet not alone; a Presence there
 Still bore the prophet company.

The Tempests.

HERE are tempests in nature, in life, in death,
 And tempests of passion and wrath,
 And from childhood to age some one of these
 storms
 — A place in man's history hath.
 And after the storm steals the wonderful calm,
 'Tis night giving place to the day;

We weep for the words we have spoken unkind,
When the tempest has died away.

* * * * *

A traveller, weary and worn, o'er the wolds,
Still toiled on the wearisome road,
Oft dreaming he saw the glimmering light
Of some cheerful, friendly abode,
And he murmured low, as the keen-cutting blast
Swept by him in angry affray,
"In yonder good shelter my limbs shall repose
Till the tempest has died away."

* * * * *

Dejected, and mournful, heart-sick of the world,
He grieved, once its fashion and pride,
In the presence of her, who cheer'd his sad lot,
When all others had turn'd aside.
But she with her soft hand smooth'd lightly his
brow,
And spoke of some happier day,
How the sunshine lingered behind the dark cloud,
How the tempest soon died away.

* * * * *

The waves mounted high, and the loud thunder
peal'd,
The stars vanished in the deep gloom,

The great struggling ship sought to flee from the
rocks,

And the surf's un pitying boom.

When morning arose, and the waves went to sleep,

A spar on the blue water lay,

It was all that it gave of that beautiful bark,

When the tempest had died away.

* * * * *

Afar from her fatherland, widow'd, alone,

The wanderer's heart sadly did burn

For the home of her youth, her father's lov'd voice,

That had bade her never return.

"Ah, these fatherless babes, these features of woe,

Will surely his anger allay,

And he'll open his arms to his stricken child

When the tempest has died away."

* * * * *

It is life's last scene ; here death's conflict is held,

And spirits of darkness combine

To o'erwhelm the soul of this dying saint,

Till the "Star of the Morning" shine.

Ah ! that triumphing smile ! His bright cheering

beams

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id,

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Have burst into glorious day !
And the victory's won, the crown is attain'd,
For the tempest has died away.

The Self-deceived.

“ CALM sleep ! soft sleep ! it steals upon me,
It is not dying. No ! I sink to naught.
The throb of interest in things earthly,
Pangs of a future—all are now forgot.
No troubles vex, no pleasant fancies move
My slumbering senses, or my breast inflame ;
The dread of dissolution, weeping love
Calling its joy, is but a senseless name.

“Calm sleep ! soft sleep ! I rest 'tween shadows
Of the dark past, the nothingness before ;
A few more beats, and then the silence ;
A few more gasps, and I exist no more.
The seasons have their time, the flower, the leaf,
And I, a child of nature, too, have had
My hour of blooming ; tho' my years are brief,
I've had my day of pastime, pleasure-mad.

“ ‘Have they been stingless?’ Man, you’re asking
A simple question. What, think you, to me
Is woe, joy, of the days departed!

I’ve been as happy as most men. Memory
Sometimes awakes, and startles with some scene
Belonging to my early, foolish years.
I hush her maddening cries; for what has been
Should vex not, when the death-blast thrills our
ears.

“ Man! man! your words are idle mockery.
The judgment and the dread hereafter tell
To women, as I’ve lived, I’m dying,
Denying ghost, ignoring heaven and hell.
Reckless I venture on the awful doubt,
Deceived, perchance, too late to rectify,
And venturing thus life’s flickering lamp goes out
In total eclipse—terrorless I die.”

And death breath’d on the closing eyelids
His dewy breath, and white the sleeper lay,
Angels look’d on the self-deceiver
And sigh’d—THAT was not *soulless* clay.
A spark of God was in that sinner’s breast,
A never-dying essence of his own;
Shut out of heaven, and ever seeking rest,
And finding none—a guest of fiends alone.

The Chant of the Nightingales.

AMONG the deep recesses of the old English
wood,
The nightingales held concert, and all the singing
brood,
The drowsy lark awaken'd, the silvery thrush
upstir'd,
To hear the trilling music of evening's tuneful
bird.

Light rose the sweet bird-passion, soft cooing,
wooing love,
It reach'd the far, still water, the list'ning stars
above;
The wind hush'd every footstep among the trailing
thyme,
While flowers peep'd out their covers, to hear the
love-birds' rhyme.

Below the moss glades lonely, the sea-tide's blue-
vein'd shells,
Caught in the straying echoes, like clinks from
fairy bells,
The elves and creatures roving thro' haunted vales
inquir'd :

What were those sweet things saying, what theme
their breasts inspir'd.

The nightingales sung merry a language none
could tell,

'Twas now a warbling welcome, and then a faint
farewell;

Anon a thrilling solo of wild, careering trills,
And then a trembling chorus, that roused the
twilight hills.

Careering, wild'ring, whirling, gliding intricate
through

The thousand of clear murmurs, the sounds
enchancing flew;

And now and then a stranger from out the thicket
near,

Threw in his mellow quavers, and paused his
voice to hear.

Then notes in quick succession followed each
silvery flight

Of happy, tender music, filling the ear of night.

Again, again they follow'd, again the chorus rose,
The tiny throats unwearied, and yearning not
repose.

The dew fell wet and silent upon the mosses' bed,
And hung a fretted mantle above the willow's
head,
Where sang the birds of shadow their evening lays
sublime,
Above the nodding primrose, the fern, and scented
thyme.

On the Rapids.

OVER the rapids rushing, the birchen canoe
swept,
Beyond the thousand islets, far in the distance left.
The Indian conductor sat stately with his oar
Lifted above the water, list'ning the torrent's roar.
He laugh'd, as loud it uttered its voice of
thund'ring wrath,
"Make way, ye foaming billows, and give the boat
a path!"
Huge rocks stretch'd out their features above the
depths, to see
That frail canoe's swift journey, so dashing, mad
and free.

The sun glared down, and fiercely inquiry seem'd
to make,

How dared that reckless chieftain ride on that
furious lake ?

The winds alone upheld him, as swift they rush'd
along,

Wafting the madman onward, swelling his savage
song.

“ Make way, ye madcap billows, and give my craft
a way !

I ride a son of thunder, upon a thund'ring bay.”

The bark rose like a wild bird set free in native
skies,

Poising upon a green wave, then dashing on it
flies.

On, on, the clear still water, the limpid break is
gain'd,

The rapid's swell is over, and victory obtained.

The proud, youug Indian warrior, one joyous
whoop sent round,

Then took his seat in silence, and sunk to thought
profound.

Fancy.

IN fancy still I hear thy voice,
When anthems swell the aisles along,
And with a start, I wake, and think
No more that voice shall lead the song.
Ah! sweet is fancy thus betimes,
Bringing the lost again to sight—
Before mine eyes, the young, the dead,
In living beauty stands to-night.

The Dreamer.

THE visionary creatures, that come and go at will,
When the soft mist of evening deepens the
distant hill ;
When shadows flit and lengthen, and winds speak
faintly low,
Ye usher in the door-way my love of long ago.
She stands in her young beauty, as fair as
boyhood's dream,
Her jetty tresses glinting beneath the white moon-
beam,

Her lips, in silent language, utter, with looks
unchang'd,
The secret of our wronging, which kept our hearts
estrang'd.

Behind my good old mother, with still the sainted
look,
Points to the sky and downward unto the sacred
Book.

My little angel sister, her angel form beside,
Her arms to me outstretches as when the night
she died.

The shadows darker gather, and friends I've fondly
known

Come in my room conversing in well-remember'd
tone,

Bringing some happy knowledge of half-forgotten
days,

When I was gay and thoughtless, and fond of
foolish ways.

Then suddenly they vanish outside the unclosed
door,

The love of early boyhood, the friends that come
no more.

The wan light pales and deadens, and shrinks
behind its shroud,
Closing the path behind it with midnight's
cheerless cloud.

What drew ye to my dwelling, ye souls of long ago,
Far banishing the present, for morning fresher
glow ?

A knot of faded blossoms, a blotted picture there,
With face of untold sweetness, and rippling
midnight hair.

The Forgotten Strain.

AMONG that gay assembled throng
Where jest and laughter lingered long,
And wit and music waved their spells,
And tapers glanced on sparkling belles,
Within a half-veil'd nook, unseen,
In shadowy light a maiden wept ;
That night, the fair acknowledged queen,
Homage had followed where she swept ;
But in the hum of voices near,
A song had fallen on her ear,

A mother's strain of happy yore,
Whose precious lips it once had sung,
Her every tone came thrilling o'er
The sweet young warbler's gifted tongue.
That sainted mother's dying look,
The last farewell came back to mind,
To linger there she could not brook,
So fled away from scenes unkind.

"Mother, thou canst not be forgot,
Even thy voice in music springs,
Tho' I forget, thy soul doth not,
But to thy faithless child still clings.

"I have not kept the Narrow Way,
That joins afar the Golden Street ;
I've formed me images of clay,
And worship'd them, and deemed more sweet

"Were all the bloom, the perfum'd bowers
Of earth's spread vales, the concourse gay ;
And if I dreamed of other hours,
Some new delight charm'd thought away,

"And now I feel how vain were all
These flashing joys, compared with thine ;

Thy truth, thy love, I sad recall,
Thine own so great, so meagre mine.

“Saviour so grieved, so long unheard,
The recreant to thy bosom take,
And speak the mild, forgiving word
For all thy sweet compassion’s sake.”

She issued from that quiet spot,
A new-born soul of nameless price,
Her name, the gay, the proud forgot,
But one more pearl had paradise.

Alone.

OUT on the wide sea, shipwreck’d, alone,
Drifting away thro’ waters unknown,
E’en not a white sail hovers in sight,
And not a land-bird wings on in flight.
Heaven looks downward, silent and cold,
Glittering calm in purple and gold,
Unheeding the wail and half-breath’d moan
Of the poor mariner, floating alone.

A soul launched out on that silent sea,
Which bounds the shore of Eternity,

Without a guide, or a friendly chart,
~~Or a beam of hope to cheer impart.~~
What eye dare follow that soul's dread flight,
As it rushed thro' seas of deepest might,
And shivering stood before the throne
Of the awful Judge, uncall'd, alone.

Alone God pass'd thro' the ghostly tomb,
And banish'd its dread and midnight gloom,
And out on that deep and starless sea
Alone He swept to the furthest lea.
'Tis His light illumines that dreary zone,
That his own dear pilgrims not alone,
May enter that dreary, fathomless tide,
He is the pilot, angel and guide.

The Poet's Dream.

THE sun had sunk. Whence beam'd that light,
Which dawn'd upon his dying sight ?
A glorious halo round it shed,
And grief and care before it fled.
It warmed his heart, inspired his soul,
And peace, blest peace, upon him stole.

A scene of beauty, strangely fair,
Lay bland before his vision there.
Of all his dreams of pictured bliss,
He ne'er conceived so rare as this;
Too pure for earth, could this be heaven,
To which such radiance was given?
Its soft enchantments lured him near,
Low, languid music charmed his ear;
Its very air his fingers nerved
To strains awake, before unstirred.
He felt a magic in each note.
As light and soft it seem'd to float
Up, up amid the clouds it rose
In rippling waves of melody,
Angelic forms around him close,
And tune their lutes in harmony.
Their song concluded, "brother, come,
All these await thee, hasten home!"
Joy! joy! thrilled in his tones; his eye
Had caught the brightness of the sky;
Joy! joy! the white-robed seraphs said,
And waved their wings—his soul had fled.

Glimpses of Heaven.

At times, when the clouds, obscuring the light,
Vanish, and leave the prospect clear,
We see from the bright, delectable hills,
The walls of the city uprear.

The way lying 'fore us widely expands,
And, imbued with a mellow shade,
We see not its dreariness as we behold
The beauty of valley and glade;
We almost can hear the beautiful airs
Steal over the glimmering tide,
Th' untiring song of the cherubin-bands,
The soft-flowing waters beside.

And angels come whispering counsels of cheer,
And then fly away in a band,
As onward we hurry with zeal renew'd,
To the bounds of the heavenly land.
But soon sweeps the storm o'er our heads; the
winds
Blow strong, with the wild rains combin'd,
And God seems veiling the light, while Despair
Lags close in our footprints behind.
Oblivion dashes her waves o'er our heads,

Quenching thought of the blessings fled,
And tempters draw near with delusive lights,
Showing bypaths more soft to tread.

There luckless we wander those ways awhile,
Soon learning the tempter's deceit,
And, sadly lamenting the moments lost,
The old way we suddenly meet.
Thus homeward God leads His children at will,
Thro' tempest, and sunshine, and calm,
'Till gaining the gates they softly recline
On the amaranth banks of balm.

Never Perish.

“ NEVER perish ! the young blossom
Withers on its stem away,
With the sunlight on its petals,
And the dew-drop in its spray.

“ Never perish ! 'mong the forest
Falls the great old oaken tree,
That has waved its lofty branches
Forth in silent majesty.

“ Never perish ! who has never
Wept and wailed a loved one gone ;
When life's morning seem'd so beauteous,
Suddenly the night drew on.

“ Never perish ! earthly treasures,
Riches, joys, have pass'd from sight !
Never perish ! tell me, sister,
What is this you say is bright. ? ”

“ Weary one, 'tis life eternal,
Love and peace without alloy,
Hope that may be reach'd and tasted,
And which time cannot destroy.

“ Bend thy knee unto the Giver
Of this gift, so rich, divine,
Then the joys that never perish,
Sister, henceforth, shall be thine.”

At Last.

WHEN the chimes in heaven
Toll the last hour,
And the sun of even
Glints the last flower,
When the vials seven
The angel's pour'd,
Winging mid-heaven
With flaming sword,
When old Time is shrieking
Earth his farewell,
Dust its essence seeking
In heaven or hell,
Our weakness remember,
Saviour divine,
And to our strength render
The might of Thine ;
And pity our grieving,
If aught there be,
Some comrade lost leaving,
Eternally.

