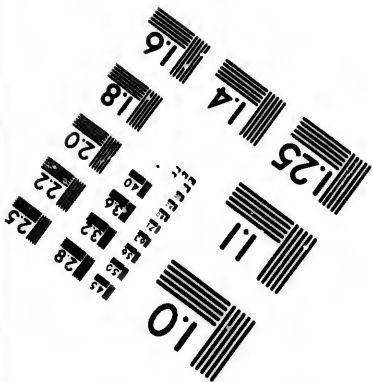
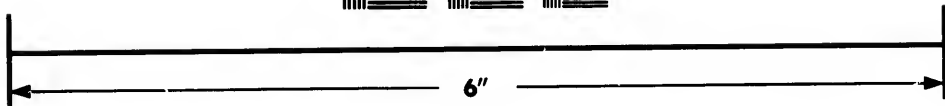
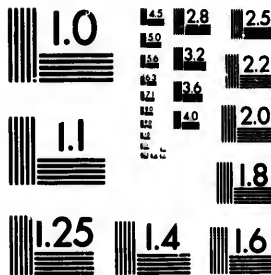


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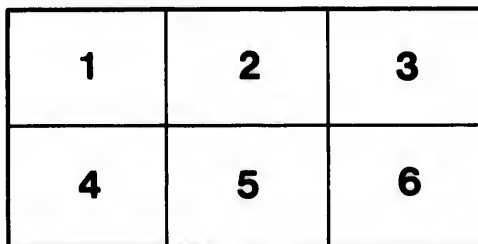
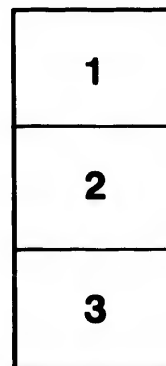
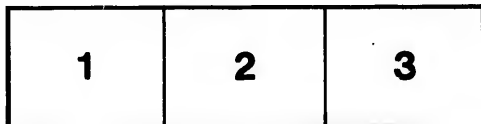
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**FRAGMENTS AND VERSES,**

BY THE

**REV. JAMES ARMINIUS RICHEY,**

**Incumbent of the Parish of St. John the Baptist, Douglas.**

**HALIFAX:**

**PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY JAMES BOWES & SONS,  
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AMERICAN ...

... ..

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TO THE CHOIR  
OF  
HOLY TRINITY CHURCH,  
MAITLAND,

THESE TRIFLING PRODUCTIONS OF HIS HOURS OF RECREATION,

ARE LOVINGLY DEDICATED

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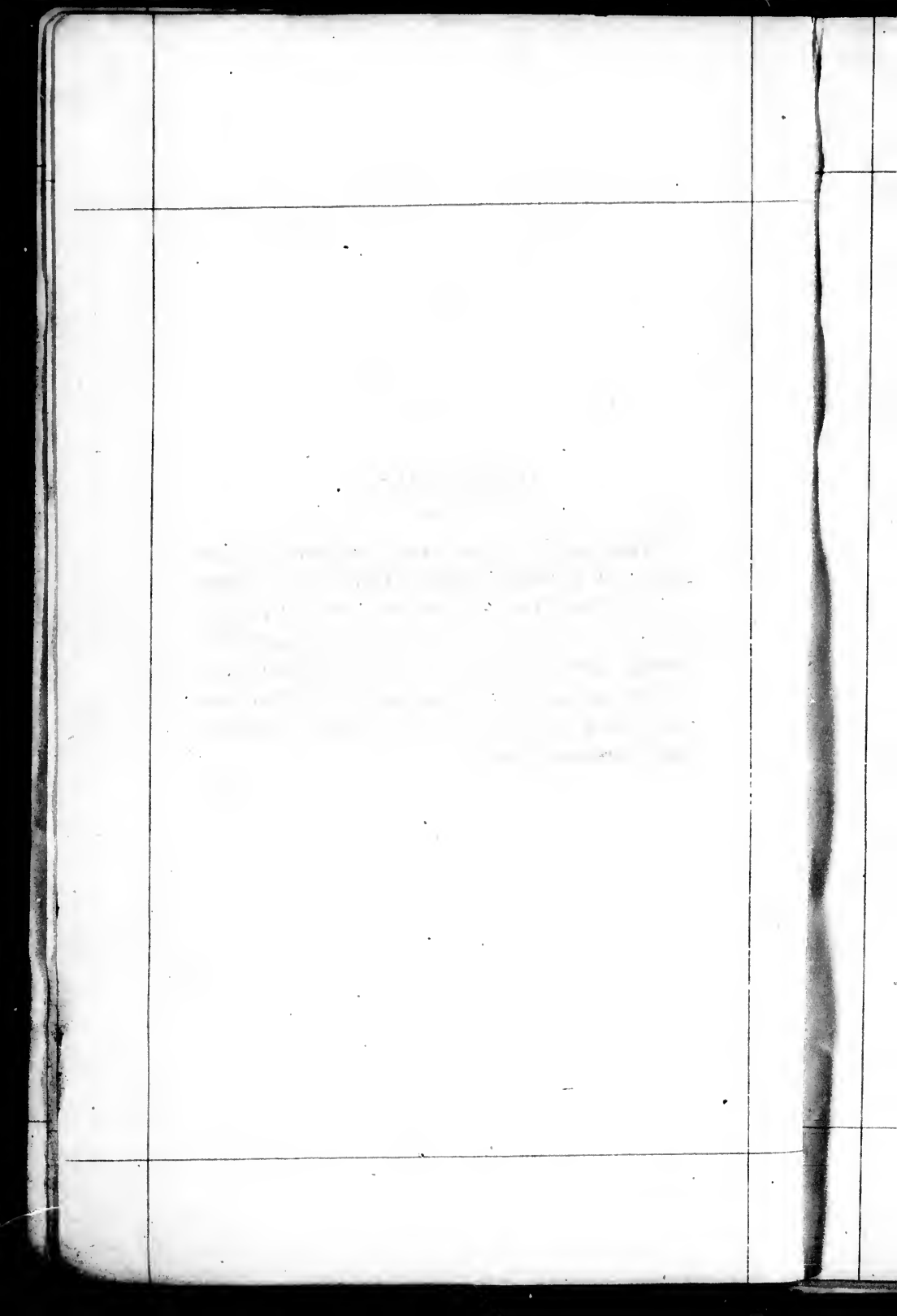
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## PREFACE.

---

THESE fragments and verses, are printed in fulfilment of a promise made by the author many years ago : and now to those to whom that promise was made, he would only express his regret, that, after the lapse of seven years, he has nothing better to offer, by way of redeeming his pledge, than these few trifling productions of his hours of rest from more important labors.



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# Fragments and Verses.

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## FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

---

### I.—ON SPECIMENS.

FROM all along the ocean's pebbly side,  
A dozen pebbles gathered at low tide ;  
Some lilies from the vale, and from the mine  
Some atoms ; from the tresses that entwine  
The neck of her whom we have loved of old,  
One lock incased in signet of fine gold.

And so the Muse, these, gathered by the sea  
Of Inspiration, bringeth unto thee  
As specimens : of the dim days of eld  
A record ; mysteries in types beheld ;  
And saintly lives that still have gilded o'er  
The simple chronicles of days of yore.<sup>1</sup>

They are but specimens. The sacred page  
Lies open. Thither go, and there assuage,  
At that thrice hallowed fount, nor deem it crime  
Of sacrilege, thy thirst for the sublime,  
The mystic and the beautiful, and bring  
From thence thine offering, if thou canst sing.

---

 II.—ON THE POETRY OF TRUTH.

As soon as say that no illustr'ous beams  
 Of poesy are shed upon the path  
 The good man treads, and that religion hath  
 Not power to awaken, from their dreams,  
 To brightest, and most beauteous, and divine  
 Realities, the spirits of the Nine ;  
 Tell me yon sun with no true glory shines,  
 Although its bright, effulgent rays I feel,  
 Full in my face, their glowing light reveal,  
 And see earth beautified, unto the lines  
 Of forests, field and water, which do skirt  
 Yon far horizon ; and the damp, inert  
 Mists of the morning, quicken'd, beauteous, rise,  
 To veil the brightness of too radiant skies.

---

 III.—EDEN.

Turn we whither the Muse so oft hath soared  
 On wings of thought, to Eden's hallowed bower.  
 Thrice sacred spot !—here Innocence adored—  
 And Purity submitted to the power  
 Of earthly love—and to the creature's ear,  
 The voice of God came audibly and near !  
 Though one, a blind, old bard, hath sung thee well,  
 And little left for other bards to tell,  
 No bard of truth will pass thee heedless by,  
 While harmony like that which reigns above,  
 And mystery, and purity, and love,  
 Can animate the soul of minstrelsy.



---

 IV.—THE FLOOD.

Or, if we rather seek a tragic scene,  
 Survey the devastation of the Flood—  
 A world of waters—and of stagnant blood—  
 And fragmentary wrecks of what had been  
 Once glorious and beautiful. See there,  
 Midst devastation wild and dark despair,  
 The sternest form of Retribution rise,—  
 The Maker wills, and His Own creature dies.  
 And yet, that Pity may not perish too,  
 An ark floats o'er the wide expanse of blue.  
 As much doth mercy triumph in the few  
 Thus rescued from the all-submerging wave,  
 As Vengeance in the countless millions more  
 Who, crying, like their infants, 'Father save!'  
 Still climb and crowd the residue of shore,  
 Till, gained its highest pinnacle, they fight  
 For footing brief, then float, then sink in night.

---

 V.—THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Less gloom, if less sublimity, pervades,  
 Where hosts of liberated captives pass,  
 The hoary-headed, and the young, and maids,  
 And infants, dry-shod, where but lately was  
 The fierce up-heaving of the deep Red Sea :  
 And soon shall be again, when the pursued  
 The peril shall have passed, and Egypt's hordes,  
 By an unholy avarice imbued  
 And mad presumption, trusting to their swords,

Shall seek to follow whom the Lord makes free,  
 He, dimly clad in robe of cloud or flame,  
 An angel or his God, or One Whose Name  
 Shall sweeter be than either, when to men  
 Revealed—God only now, the God-Man then—  
 Unknown to Israel, although their Guide,  
 O'er all their wanderings watches, doth divide  
 For them the sea, and, like a bulwark, stands  
 'Twixt them and death, when Egypt's hostile bands  
 Come rushing onward, still insanely brave,  
 To seek a foe—and find, alas! a grave.  
 There is no help for Egypt none in flight,  
 In valor none ; for who will stand and fight  
 The gathering waters when they ' come again ?'  
 At first they are as if a heavy rain  
 Drenched the Egyptian forces ; but it pours  
     From either side, and thickens, from a shower,  
 E'en to a cataract, and rolls and roars,  
     Like two Niagaras, upon their power,  
 And pride and beauty, who must perish so,  
 Till, once again, the waters ebb and flow  
 In their accustomed channel, still and deep,  
 Murm'ring, for those whom they have hushed to sleep,  
 A requiem.                   \*                   \*                   \*  
     \*                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*

*THE CHURCH UNTIL NOW.*

THE Church of God, in former years,  
Christ's solitary witness stood,  
By her he wiped the mourner's tears,  
Through her applied His cleansing blood.

His Holy Word, 'twas hers to read,  
And still the treasure safe to hold ;  
'Twas hers His sheep and lambs to feed,  
And bring them young into the fold.

His chosen here, His spouse on earth,  
For Him alone she lived and spake,  
And Christians knew her sacred worth,  
And loved her for their Master's sake.

No warring sects her voice withstood,  
No trusted friend concealed the sword,  
The foes of Christ alone were rude,  
All loved His bride who loved their Lord.

And still she lived, and lived for Him,  
And pleaded promise made to her,  
Nor grew her faithful witness dim,  
When ages joined the years that were.

Still, still she labored, struggled, bled,  
And firmly held her ancient post ;  
Till now each man his brother led,  
To swell the armies of the lost.

Each human whim a sect must form,  
Each sect its wondrous claim display,—  
The Church, forgotten in the storm,  
Seemed like a thing of yesterday.

But Christ had suffered, so must she,  
And still in all His footsteps tread,  
Her sorrow must her glory be,  
She was baptized unto the Dead.

Not earth-bound are her hopes and fears,  
They rest on things beyond—above—  
She looks to Heaven, through her tears,  
And learns, in griefs, that "God is love."

Of every carnal prospect cured,  
She lays her griefs the Cross beside,  
Content to know what Christ endured—  
Betrayed—forsaken—and denied.

*OH, THE CHURCH OF OUR SIRES.*

Oh! the Church of our sires, is the refuge for me,  
As she came the sweet messenger over the sea ;  
Like the fragrance that floats on the summer's last  
breeze,  
She hath told us of days that were better than these.

Though the tones of a stranger as pleasant may be,  
Yet the priests of the Church are the pastors for me,  
May their souls be as white as the surplice they  
wear,  
And their hearts as devout as their voices' prayer !

Oh, the books of the Church ! they are treasures to me !  
And the prayers with the Bible so sweetly agree,  
That, though pulpits should err, as the preachers  
may do,  
Still the altar is sure and is never untrue.

So the creeds of the Church are the doctrine for me,  
Her sacraments valid, and frequent and free,  
    May the God of the Church, Whom she worships  
        above,  
Be the God of my faith and the God of my love!

---

*THE TWO PARTIES.*

---

Two bands of workers find employ  
Within the Vineyard of the Lord ;  
Of those the cry : " Deface, destroy,"  
Of these : " Be ancient pomp restored."

And these, in comely vestments clad,  
Their sacerdotal caste express,  
While those, to veil their priesthood glad,  
Midst worldlings walk in worldly dress.

The pulpit those, the Altar these,  
Would deck with costly art and care,  
To flatter man, or God appease,  
And further eloquence, or prayer.

While these intone, and chant, and sing,  
And prostrate fall to bless His Name,  
Who is at once their Offering,  
Their Priest, their Altar, and their Flame :

Discordant voices those upraise,  
Some mutt'ring low, some crying loud,  
And read their prayers, and read their praise,  
And scarce a sinner's head is bowed.

For those the pew, the lock and key,  
And church closed six days out of seven ;  
For these the seats, though plain, all free,  
And daily Offering to Heaven.

Yet these the few, by those the strong,  
Reviled, defeated—but not won—  
Must yield their vestment, symbol, song,  
And suffer for the good they've done ?

No : by the love that bids you live !  
No : by the love that bids you do !  
No : by the love that bids you give  
Your lives for Him Who died for you :—

Be still in works of love employed,  
Be still with ev'ry virtue graced,  
Rebuild what ignorance destroyed,  
Adorn what prejudice defaced !



*THE AGGRIEVED PARISHIONER.*

He's aggrieved at the Church that it's pointed and  
plain,  
At the Cross, that it's where he so wanted the vane ;  
At the Font, for the reason it's down by the door,  
At the Altar, and credence, and alms for the poor.

He's aggrieved at the Priest for his cassock so long,  
At the choir for their looks and their books and  
their song,  
At the worshippers bowing and bending their knees,  
At the seats that they're free for "such people as  
these."

He's aggrieved at the Bishop for "leaning that way,"  
At the Synod and all, whether cleric or lay,  
At the Eucharist, AND at the vestments he saw ;  
Oh ! "provide" him<sup>2</sup>—the lamb—with a "process at  
law."

*MY HOME.*

UNBOUNDED by the sea-washed crag,  
My home, unbounded by the seas,  
It is not where my Nation's flag,  
Defiant, floats upon the breeze.

It is not where my feet first strayed  
Flowers and grass and trees among,  
Where all my quondam playmates played,  
When we could play, when I was young.

It is not where the hearth still stands,  
The hearth we clustered round of old,  
When these were only tiny hands,  
And Earth was fair and not so cold.

Where'er my spirit joys to be,  
Where'er hearts, greeting, bid me come,  
Where friendship groweth constantly,  
Where'er my heart is—that is home.

*Sydney, C. B., 1862.*

*READ THIS, FRIEND.*

It is rather uncouth—is it not, friend?—  
That seldom you kneel in the church,  
But stand during prayers there, or squat, friend,  
Then talk o'er the news in the porch.

It is kind of you, truly, no doubt, friend,  
Of hearing the prayers to be fond,  
But, really, 'twould seem more devout, friend,  
To hold up your hands and respond.

For the Bible and Prayer Book, you know, friend,  
Are better than common good books,  
But, certes, 'twere easy to show, friend,  
More sense of their worth by your looks.

The Church is the House of the Lord, friend,  
Where Christ has His worshippers true,  
And He, by the angels adored, friend,  
Is the God so much slighted by you.

*New London, P. E. I., 1863.*

*THE SERVANT GIRL'S DREAM.*

---

I THOUGHT the mansion was my own  
Wherein I am a servant now,  
The rose from off my cheek was gone,  
But then I had a lily brow.

Oh! all I wished was at command,  
The world had nothing to deny,  
With "ardent loves" on every hand,  
The Queen of destinies was I.  
All flattering epithets were given,  
As "Star" and "Angel sent from Heaven."

My mind was educated, too,  
That night of seeming blessedness,  
And doubled pleasures, wild and new,  
By perfect power to express.

I asked no more, I needed less,  
The earth, I thought, was wondrous fair,  
And yet my heart laid little stress  
On all that bloomed and flourish'd there.  
'Twas strange how happiness sat smiling  
On faces lit with less beguiling.

For me, deep chiselled in my heart,  
There was a room for sorrow mute,  
Unswept by love's soft soothing art,  
And by the Minstrel's joyous lute.  
I woke, I laughed with girlish glee,  
And blessed my birth's humility.

For what to me were pomp and pride,  
With servants waiting all around,  
And what the flatterers at my side,  
And what the blush of cultur'd ground,  
While honest Peter neither cared,  
Nor saw, nor, seeing, could have shared?

Ah, now I look in Peter's eyes,  
And read affection's brightest tale,  
And am a bird of Paradise!  
Oh! what would giddy wealth avail,  
Were he from his dear Susan parted,  
And she both proud and broken-hearted?

*Portland, Me., 1858.*

*ON THE VICISSITUDES OF A CAT AND  
HER TWO KITTENS.*

FULL oft fictitious tales of woe,  
In doleful accents, reach the ear,  
And tears of pity rise and flow  
For that which only doth appear.

Thus are we cheated to be sad  
For things which never yet have been,  
And often are we blithe and glad  
While sufferers walk our path unseen.

No varnished falsehoods here shall live,  
Nor here doth minstrel seek for fame,  
What kind attention you may give  
A cat and her two kittens claim.

Fear not to read : a moral, plain,  
Shall close the tale you have begun,  
And while you read of Beauty's pain,  
Learn you her fatal vice to shun.

A poor, neglected kit, in youth,  
She knew the griefs you ne'er can feel,  
And (for I would not cloak the truth)  
She early learned to stray and steal.

Thus Robert found her, strayed, and thin  
As they are apt to be that roam,  
But she seemed only bones and skin,  
The day he brought her, shiv'ring, home.

In Emma's arms she now was placed,  
"The beauty!" Emma quick exclaimed,  
The word the cat thenceforward graced,  
And "Beauty" was she proudly named.

Full soon her ribs began to be  
All covered o'er with wholesome fat,  
And c'en the servants owned that she  
Was "an uncommon" pretty cat.

Three years she lived in ease and bliss,  
Three families she reared with care;  
And, if she sometimes did amiss,  
To pardon Beauty seemed but fair.

Two kittens now, both beautiful,  
Went purring ever by her side,

Or did at sofa-tassels pull,  
Or ate the mice she would provide.

Oh! had she known to be content,  
And had she shunned the pantry shelf,  
She might her days have wisely spent,  
Her kittens joyous as herself.

But foolish she her foolish kits  
One day into the pantry led,  
And to the floor, in twenty bits,  
Came down the dish on which they fed.

Alas! that dish, for centuries,  
So grandma now, at least, averred,  
Daily assigned its freight of pies,  
Had been from heir to heir transferred.

What angry deed could now suffice  
Our sense of wrong to freely vent?  
Some deem that shades of murdered mice  
Suggested Beauty's punishment.

Far from her home the sad ingrate  
And her two kittens were removed,  
And, left to mourn their hapless fate,  
The folly of presumption proved.



**MORAL.**

Now learn from this, ye maidens fair,  
That there be things which some may prize  
More than your locks of golden hair,  
More than the lustre in your eyes.

*Gabarus, near Sydney, C. B., 1866.*

*SPRING.*

'Twas in the budding Spring, which had not blushed,  
Nor on her cheek, the time whereof I write,  
Assumed, as yet, those gaudy tints which rushed  
So quickly up unto the pearly white.  
The Winter had just fled. Its winds were hushed,  
Or, loit'ring under Heaven's milder light  
Which had supplanted now its wintry glare,  
They bore the fragrant breath of flowers there.

The earth seemed burdened by its happiness,  
The growing greenness of its full breast sighed ;  
The plants themselves seemed plaintive to excess,  
And, unto ling'ring zephyrs, did confide  
Whate'er such tender murm'ring might express,  
Perchance the deep complainings of a bride  
Whose mate had been untimely plucked from thence,  
In its fair growth, which was for her defence.

And living nature, how it joyed and sang,  
And wantoned in the light and in the shade !  
With warbling merriment the whole earth rang,  
For, in their flight, the ether songsters staid,  
And came to earth. From thence they upward sprang,  
Of human footsteps cautiously afraid,  
And peopled cottage roof and creaking vane.  
Then flew. The world is part of their domain.

The gairish girl,—herself within the bud,  
So mystic, soft, and delicately pure,  
Which had not blossomed yet, of womanhood,—  
At intervals was merry or demure ;  
For there was much she could not, much she could  
Unravel of those beauties which allure  
The gazer's eye who looks on Spring's fair pride  
Of animals that play and streams that glide.

Such season 'twas as I have written here,  
On such a day as I have tried to tell,  
With such phenomena as, much I fear,  
Howe'er my words upon the theme might dwell,  
I am inadequate to make appear,  
Upon this paper, nearly half so well  
As, under Heaven's all-creative Hand,  
They were displayed on ocean and on land.

Letitia, only in her sixteenth year,  
    Looked forth on hillside green and verdant vale.  
And saw each beauteous work of God appear  
    In its unsullied birth—why should she fail  
To imbibe the passion of a smile and tear—  
    The passion which hath but an olden tale  
Of grief and happiness—the passion love—  
Which they most envy who the most reprove ?

Within her maiden soft and lonely breast,  
    An unawakened nature merely dreamed,  
With eyelids, half up-lifted in unrest,  
    Which would have opened wholly had they  
    deemed  
The power theirs to make a mortal blest.  
    But on Letitia's heart no ray had gleamed  
Of love's bewitching sun ; 'twould almost yawn,  
With its first strange presentiment of dawn.

And yet a stranger's eye had gazed on her,  
    Had drawn a transient lustre from her own.  
His heart had felt unable to aver  
    The reason why it seemèd quite alone,  
Without a voice which could a moment stir  
    Its mopishness to life, since she had flown,  
As 'twere, athwart his vision, leaving dark  
The blinded gaze just touched by beauty's spark.

“ Yes, we have only met that we may part,  
As now forever, each to each unknown,  
And to the end that one ill-fated heart  
May have a fresh event whereof to groan.  
Thou transient image ! oh how fair thou art !  
I would have spoken but that thou wast flown,  
Forever flown, while yet each thought in me  
Was mute for joy of having gazed on thee.”

*Montreal, May, 1851.*

*THE DESERTED.*

A *SLENDER* form goes through the room,  
Her steps uncertain ; and her soul  
Seems filled with an immortal gloom.  
Beyond her mind's control.

'Tis but a year since she was sprightly ;  
Her feet scarce touched the russet floor,  
As *once* she bounded forward lightly  
And answered to the door.

Some say her heart was then cemented  
Unto another's harder heart,  
And that, when his its love repented,  
Her own broke right apart.

" A foolish tale of childish love,"  
I hear one half the world reply ;  
And all the sages will reprove  
My story as a lie.

But come and walk beneath this sky,  
Beneath this interested moon,  
And we will talk of reasons why  
Her heart gave way so soon.

When he who bade her love him so  
Her willing love no more returned,  
What prospects vanished! You must know  
That when she slowly burned

His letters, one by one : they still  
Contained the hopes that perished too :  
She was the dupe of fate, and will  
Be sad her short life through !

Her prospects went, and then belief  
In human principle was gone.  
Perchance, you think that her great grief  
Should have distrusted one,

And only one, and not the few  
Who are unlike him. Ah ! her best  
Beloved, by his false conduct, threw  
Suspicion on the rest

Of human spirits. It is done,  
Her confidence hath been reproved  
Forevermore ; yet she was one  
Who would have fondly loved.

But words are useless. From her face  
The rose of glowing red hath gone ;  
The lily white hath ta'en its place,—  
Paler than marble stoue !

Religion ? Ah ! you have it now :  
I cwn her heart should not be broken,  
And grief should vanish from her brow  
Whose peace my God hath spoken :

For oh ! His ev'ry word is kind ;  
When earthly friendships false have flown,  
In Him a woman's heart may find  
Love changeless as her own !

*Sydney, C. B., 1860.*



*INDIAN DIRGE.*

---

O'ER rocky shelf, through sylvan shade,  
The streamlet holds its crystal way ;  
And, bending fondly, bushes steep  
Their lengthen'd locks therein ; and glad  
The skipping zephyr joins in play,  
And urges onward to the deep.

Through all this wood of foliaged pine,  
Our sires traced a course more free.  
As swift as sweeping winds are wild,  
Except their prey no bound'ry line,  
They scourèd plain and mountain high,  
When Freedom smiled on Freedom's child.

*Their* children nought pervades but gloom,  
Unroll, O Earth ! the lapse of years,

And let the past be past away :  
Maliciously from yonder tomb  
See ye how Cultivation sneers ?  
Our sires' blood enriched that clay.

Above us, Death's tyrannic hand,  
Has long been brandish'd, full in view,  
To strike us whence we deem our own ;  
And (aliens though in fatherland)  
Lo, e'en our still remaining few,  
Must soon be dwindled into noze.

*Wellington, 1855.*

*NIGHTS IN THE WOOD.*

## I.

'Tis night, and, far from shelt'ring roof,  
I lay me down on brush-made bed,  
In groves through which no iron hoof,  
Nor white man's form, till now, hath sped.

On yonder rock my Miemac guide  
Sits gazing up into the sky :  
" There warrior chiefs in bliss abide,  
Inglorious here their children die."

Our blazing fire crackles yet,  
The glitt'ring sparks ascend full high ;  
For three sworn friends and trae are met,—  
' Shot ' and this Miemac guide and I.

The moon is shining on the lake,  
And beasts are prowling through the wood,  
The partridge hides in yonder brake—  
And this is forest solitude.

## II.

By the moon's yellow light, which fell  
On the bleak barren where he stood  
And listened to the distant yell  
Of prowling beasts, the hunter viewed  
A far extending lake : its mood  
Was calm ; and so supremely still,  
That often he his gaze renewed ;  
And all was peaceful, save a rill  
Close by that murmured down the hill.

That night he slept more sound than ye  
Who never left your beds of down.  
Nursed in the lap of Luxury,  
Stalled in the fummy marts of town,  
Ye envy not his poor renown  
Who scorns your tinsel and your show :  
The hunter on his bed laid down,  
His bed of spruce and fir, and so  
Slept sweetly where the wild weeds grow.

His sheets were not of linen white,  
He needed not a minstrel's aid,  
Nor yet to pour o'er reading light,  
To chase away some spectral shade ;  
But on his brushy bed he laid,  
Secure, by rock and shrub wrapt in ;  
And thus, all blithe and undismayed,  
He soundly slept beneath the wing  
Of Heaven. 'Twas his covering.

1855.

*CARE.*

---

O CARE ! the lines which thou canst trace,  
With thy sharp pencil, on man's face,  
No gentler artist can erase—  
Not even Love. Thou dost efface  
Each fair lineament, and write,  
Where hope was written on the bright  
Unfurrowed brow and tearless eye,  
Thine own long, mournful history.

*A CLEAR DAY IN SUMMER.*

At God's command, the healthful air,  
By lightnings purged, bestows on flowers  
The spring-like freshness that they wear !  
At God's command the earth is fair,  
And smiling, through her summer hours !

The ocean ceaseth to be wrath ;  
And, muffled as the gates of Death,  
In deep profundity of awe,  
Scarce answers to the passing breath  
Of wind. As when of old it saw  
Itself upraised, to leave a path  
Throughout its midst, with placid brow,  
So looks the ocean unto God and worships now.

The voices of the earth and sea,  
The many voices of the air,  
In chorus all, for praise and prayer,  
Ascend in blest monotony.

Alas ! there is a silent lute  
Which giveth not a thankful sound :  
Alas ! for only man is mute :  
And he, for whom the sea is bound  
Unto the shore, the wide world round ;  
For whom the light of day was given ;  
For whom the flowers deck the ground—  
His lute, and only his, is riven,  
And hath no song of gratitude to send to Heaven.

*Halifax, August 5, 1858.*



*VOICE OF A COMET.*

A WANDERER on high,  
I flash the planets by,  
I leave their occupants to guess my name,  
They know the heavens well—  
Of me they cannot tell  
Whither I journey on, or whence I came.

As I approach, they fear ;  
As I recede they jeer  
Each other's weakness ; as if even they  
Were innocent of awe,  
Or knew the hidden law  
Which guides a comet on its errant way.

Upon an orb called Earth,  
Children of God, whose birth  
Is in a mystical mortality,  
Beheld me, as a bride,  
Sit shining at the side<sup>3</sup>  
Of the resplendant Sun !—then what was I ?

The harbinger of wrath,  
I bore upon my path  
Fulfilment to the prophecy of Fear!  
E'en grey-haired Learning shook.  
And, with an alter'd look,  
Beheld me bringing retribution near.

I saw whole nations, bowed  
With apprehensions, crowd  
Into their graveyards, unto viewless Death!  
I saw his tainted child—  
Corruption—almost wild  
Upon the kingdom of dethronèd Breath.

I saw the crownèd thing  
Earth's people name a king,  
In vulgar terror—raising unto God  
Temple and sacrifice,  
As though, by such device,  
He might avert the just and angry rod.<sup>4</sup>

The wise of ev'ry age,  
The student and the sage,  
Have written that I am a mystery:  
They murmur of a "*star*  
*With fiery streaming hair,*"  
And of a "*flaming sword,*"—still what am I?

*LINES TO YOU.*

DAYS are passing rapidly,  
Stealing weeks from you and me,  
Stealing months that ne'er again  
Shall requite us joy or pain,  
Till we press a cold, damp bed,  
Or till earth reveals its dead :  
Then these years once will be  
Joy or pain to you and me.

Oh ! to think how foolishly  
Years of mercy we roll by !  
Years for usefulness and love !  
Years to fit us for above !  
Years for which the Saviour paid  
More than e'en the Cross displayed  
(When His blood distilled like dew) !  
More than even angels knew !

Youth was never meant to spread  
Clouds of terror o'er our head :  
Youth is given to improve,  
Youth is given us for love,  
Love to God, and love to man :  
Know it, feel it, if you can,—  
Then these years once more will be  
Ceaseless joys for you and me.

*Cape Breton, 1861.*

*TO A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN DEAF.*

Now Heaven, for thy sake,  
The silent spell doth break ;  
    And strangely on thine almost startled ear,  
Back comes the voice of love ;  
And melodies, above  
    The choicest music thou wast wont to hear,  
Float newly on each passing breeze,  
Or through the waving branches issue from the trees.

With bliss thy heart is filled ;  
Each word therein instilled  
    Is sweeter than to others unto thee :  
It is a second birth  
To know that power's worth  
    Which was a captive once and now is free :  
The bud of hope hath bloom'd so bright,  
All redolent with recollection and delight.

We bless thy blushing cheek  
And eyes, when they bespeak  
    With smiles the recognition of a word,  
So pleasantly they tell,  
So truthfully and well,  
    That all which we have spoken thou hast heard ;  
'Tis this which makes our spirits gay,  
'Tis this which turns our doubt and darkness into day.

We should this morn upraise  
A sacred song of praise  
    To Him Who, though the Angels waiting stand,  
Hath not forgotten thee :  
'Twere better deaf to be  
    Than cured, if still not grateful to that Hand  
Which hath, with love and skill, prepared  
The medicine of earnest prayer and faith's reward.

*Montreal, 1858.*

*ON THE ASSASSINATION OF THE HON.  
T D. McGEE.*

---

ARE there who die whom none regret ?  
The meanest wretch still claims a tear,  
And eyes of love for him are wet,  
Who laid a nobler on his bier.

E'en the assassin's blood outcries  
For, perhaps, a tender mother's woe,  
Who feasted once on him those eyes,  
Which can't the tribute meet forego ;

But weep the more, that, in her child,  
She mourns the terror of a dream  
Which broke *her childhood's* sleep with wild,  
Dismaying vision and a scream.

His blood, alas ! shall poorly pay  
The price of that he vilely shed,

And cannot wash the guilt away—  
The dying can't restore the dead.

They blush who fondly weep for him,  
And weep the more that they must blush.  
While, hopelessly, the burial hymn  
Floats near to earth though death-like hush.

We blush not now who mourn McGee,  
His death hath made him friends of foes,  
His praise upriseth fragrantly ;  
Fragrance by crushing. Thus the rose.

He sang. 'Tis not his song we praise,  
Others have sung, perchance, as well.  
He spake. That night he did upraise  
A voice that bound, as by a spell,

The men who marked his eloquence,  
And listened as to dying speech—  
That night—when going out from thence,  
He fell within the murd'ers reach :

But 'tis not that. 'Tis not what he,  
As poet, orator, or was,  
Or might have been, which claims so free  
And earnest, ardent, loud applause.

The world would coldly smile and say  
What class, as poet, he had earned,



And keenly criticise the lay  
Which once within *his* bosom burned.

But he had that which genius hath,  
The gift of waking sympathy,  
And walked, not unobserved, the path,  
Though rough, of immortality.

Earnest his life was. Wrong or right,  
With an indomitable will,  
Whate'er he did, 'twas with his might  
He did it, and with all his skill.

He thought for other men. For few  
Think of themselves. The end is won,  
When, some to think and some to do,  
The work of life goes smoothly on.

But this we praise in him. He stood  
A statesman trusted, and forewarned  
Of death for being true, his blood,  
His life, to spare he nobly scoured.

His Church hath Massed him. Did he die,  
Then, humbly, too, as true and brave,  
Seeking a glory, in the sky,  
With Him Who died a world to save ?

---

*Requiescat in Pace!* If those  
Who censured him would make amends,  
And he is mourned for by his foes,  
Oh! who shall now console his friends?

Rear him a monument? His own  
He hath already reared in fame:  
A government—not slab of stone—  
Upriseth sacred to his name.

*MATINS.*

---

THE morning is misty and mirk,  
With clouds the sky over it spreads,  
The busy are off to their work,  
The idle are still in their beds :  
But, up in the village, the bell,  
The church bell is, ringing away,  
To busy and idle to tell,  
To church that the priest goes to pray.

The people are forming their plans,  
How each one may make himself rich,  
From " hub " of the lady who fans,  
To wash-woman's man in the ditch ;  
But some from this quarter and that,  
And some from just over the way,  
Subduing their voices, in chat,  
To church are repairing to pray.

The village gets noisier now,  
The teamsters go plodding along,  
The school-boys that chase a poor cow,  
And others that join in a song :  
But still is the tongue of the bell,  
And some are beginning the day  
(That well it may terminate) well,  
The few that to church went to pray.

The clouds from the sky have dispersed,  
The day is as clear as can be,  
The school-boys their task have rehearsed,  
Are out for 'recess' in full glee :  
But bright as the sun shines on all,  
(And happy and glad is the day)  
Full kinder its rays seem to fall  
On those who to church went to pray.

*DEAD, BUT BLEST.*

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY C——.

MOURN not, lest thou grieve the spirit fled,  
Joys are hers unknown to thee,  
Think of her, but not as of the *dead*—  
Go to her when thou art free.

Yet awhile thy soul must linger here,  
Fetter'd, burden'd, by its clay,  
Then Death waiting, restless, hov'ring near,  
Will but touch thee,—and away.

Whither do thine expectations tend?  
Think of her, *rejoicing* think—  
Faith and hope and love should blend  
Over life's remotest brink.

---

Pain that once thine own dear Mary felt,  
Racks her gentle breast no more,  
For, when Death his last kind office dealt,  
Pale Consumption's reign was o'er.

Upward, from thy desolated hearth,  
Glad, her waiting soul was riven :  
One most lovely spirit less on earth,  
And another more in Heaven !

*Sambro, Feb. 5, 1859.*

*THE DYING DISCIPLE.*

---

“ Bid him enter. 'Tis the priest.  
O my soul ! be glad to-day,  
Hail the welcome, sacred Feast,  
Sweet Provision for the way.”

“ Aged disciple, thou art lying,  
Lonely, on the couch of death,  
Peace to thee ! mind not replying.

Shorter, shorter comes his breath ”

“ Vile and lost thy Church first found me,  
Found me in the paths of sin,  
Christ's embraces threw around me,  
Washed me, fed me, took me in.”

“ Rest thee.”

Now the pure oblation  
Riseth, fragrant, to the skies,  
Pleads for him the great salvation,  
Ere the weary suff'rer dies.

“Take and eat.” It is the Bread  
God imparteth to His own.  
“Drink this.” 'Tis the Blood once shed,  
Blood of His Eternal Son.

*New London, P. E. I., 1863.*



*GOD IN ART.*

---

OH, not yonder stars alone—  
Radiant worlds that make Thy throne—  
Not the dark, unfathomed sea,  
Where Thy hidden treasures be ;  
Not this earth assigned its place,  
Changeless, in the realms of space ;  
Not the impetus it feels,  
And revolves, but never reels ;  
Not its mountains, forests, vines ;  
Not its coral ; not its mines ;  
These—not only these—O Lord !  
Tell the power of Thy Word.

But yon edifice so fair,  
With its turrets in the air ;  
Who hath built it? who designed?  
What unknown, but master mind,

Inside, outside, up and down,  
Hath such skill and fancy shewn?  
Him I know not; he may be  
High or low, or bond or free;  
But—whate'er his name or state—  
Thou, O God! didst him create.

“O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.”—**JER. x, 23.**

---

**OVER** hills that were rugged and steep,  
Over precipice, crevice and clod,  
Where the Pilgrim could only but weep  
As he followed the Finger of God.

From a place that was darker than this,  
In a trance that was painful and odd,  
I was led to a region of bliss,  
(May I hope?) by the Finger of God.

But 'twas strange. I had started to stray  
O'er a field of such velvety soil,  
I should hardly have ventured that way :  
But I know 'twas the Finger of God.

---

Then I said, " It is good to be here,  
But the journey is dreadful to plod."  
But a voice said, " There's little to fear,  
If your guide be the Finger of God."

By a light that I scarcely could see,  
O'er a path I most tremblingly trod,  
I am come, and what beckon'd to me,  
(May I trust ?) was the Finger of God.

If it be that there's mercy in woe,  
If it be that there's love with the rod,  
If it be that it's wisest to go,  
Thro' great griefs, to the Finger of God ;

Be it so. I will kneel here and pray,  
It is much if the feet be but shod,  
For it may be, the brighter the way,  
The more distant the Finger of God.

*SO CAME THY SPIRIT.*

---

So came Thy Spirit, Virgin Born !  
In gentle tremors over me,  
As moves the breeze, at early morn,  
O'er rippling lake and placid sea.

As rolls the tide against the wind,  
Lashing the waters wild and high,  
So madly rose my passions blind,  
And did Thy ghostly strength defy.

The wind, tho' fair, may cease to blow,  
Thy Spirit, too, may cease to strive,  
The tide will turn at last I know,  
Imperil'd soul ! canst thou survive ?

In vain to men the change of tide,  
When breathless rests the silent air,

Their ships the sullen ocean ride,  
And wait the storm in sad despair.

The tide, O God ! at Thy command,  
Back by the way it came doth go,  
Thou hold'st the winds in Thy right hand,  
Thou rulest all things here below.

So let the Son of Righteousness,  
With healing brightness rise on me,  
As doth the sun in nature bless  
Wanderers o'er life's stormy sea.

Give Thou the wind ; my Pilot be ;  
And make the changeful tide be fair ;  
The haven, too, is all with Thee ;  
And Saviour ! Jesus ! Thou art there !

*New London, P. E. Island, 1865.*

*RESTORER OF THE ERRING!*

---

RESTORER of the erring !  
Light of the strayed !  
Down on her knees, O Jesu !  
Comes a poor maid.

Sad is her history,  
Soon is it told,  
Warm was one heart to her,  
And the world cold.

No friend hath she now nearer,  
Lord! thou art Thou;  
And if one once was dearer,  
None is so now.

Oh! speak the word, Lord! only,  
"Peace. Be forgiven,"  
And bid her, when earth chides her,  
Dare look to Heaven.



*CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

NOR to the Jewish festal hall,  
Where wealth and pride the new-born greet,  
Go thou to seek thy Lord, thy All,  
And kiss the Holy God-Babe's feet.

For though the first sweet lullaby  
Be sung to placid brow and mild,  
Yet, when for Blood the man shall cry,  
Thou wilt not recognize the child.

Thus infant purity resigns  
To youth's vain wish and manhood's crime,  
And naught with fadeless glory shines,  
Or bears, unhurt, the lapse of time.

---

Not to the crowded inn go thou,  
For God it hath no room to spare,  
(Such as it was the world is now)  
Thou canst not find the God-Babe there.

But seek the humblest spot of all,  
And not the inn with lights aglare—  
A manger—not the festal hall—  
The mother and her Babe are there.

*Maitland, N. S., 1868.*

*CAROL FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

---

ALL fulfilled? or broken vow?  
Quiet rests the old year, now,  
Death upon its pulse and brow.

Under Eyes that watch o'er all,  
Some did triumph, some did fall,  
And each deed is past recall.

Some their race have just begun,  
Some their course have nearly run,  
Some do rest, their warfare done.

God our days doth still prolong,  
Mother Church He maketh strong,  
Till the right shall vanquish wrong.

Who of us shall pass away,  
Ere another New Year's Day,  
Oh! be God his staff and stay!

Still unwearied, God above,  
Looketh on the world in love,  
Sendeth still His Holy Dove.

*H. Trinity, Maitland.*

*THY TRUTH THE SEASONS.*

THY truth the Seasons, Lord, declare,  
Thy loving kindness they reveal,  
They prompt the prayerless soul to prayer,  
They force the frozen heart to feel.

The Summer, freighted by Thy love  
With blessings Thou hast freely given,  
May well our worldly cares reprove,  
Dispersed as summer clouds are driven.

Though solemn Autumn cries : " Alas !  
Within the grave is beauty laid,  
Which lived, grew, perished, like the grass,  
And faded as the flowers fade ;"

Yet Autumn tells Thy goodness, too,  
Bringing from Thee a golden store,  
And whisp'ring, all the harvest through,  
"Who gives us this can give us more."

And though, in Winter, winds are cold,  
And though, in Winter, fields are bare,  
Or though, in Winter, snows enfold  
What bloomed awhile and flourished there.

Yet Spring, from forests, gardens, fields,  
Which wintry winds swept lately o'er,  
Looks up, and this sweet lesson yields—  
The dead may rise to die no more.

*WHEN BLINDED GUIDES.*

---

WHEN blinded guides mislead the blind,  
And doubts distract the feeble mind ;  
    When all within, without, is dark,  
    And strong men tremble for the Ark ;  
Instruct us, Spirit! Light Divine !  
To seek the truth in Word of Thine.

Although, alas! that Word doth tell  
How far from Thee Thy creature fell ;  
    It tells us, too, of Him Who died.  
    It tells us of the Crucified :  
Ah! aid us, Spirit! Light Divine !  
Wisdom to learn from Word of Thine.  
10

---

O Holy Spirit ! now uplift  
Our souls to praise Thee for Thy Gift ;  
And, where its meaning seems obscure,  
Shine on the page and make it sure ;  
And teach us, Spirit ! Light Divine !  
The Love of Christ, by Word of Thine.

Amen.



---

*THE BOOK OF BOOKS.*

---

THE Book of books, O Lord, is surely Thine,  
Effulgent wisdom beams from ev'ry line,  
And sacred doth each loving word appear :  
O Lord ! we pray Thee, teach us how to hear.

Each precept, Holy Spirit ! Thy behest,  
To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,  
We do implore the light we feel we need :  
God of the Bible ! teach us when we read.

By hearing and by reading inly stirred,  
By patience and by comfort of Thy Word,  
May we the bliss of endless life embrace,  
And live Thine Own forever, Lord, by grace.

Amen.

*P. E. Island, 1864.*

*CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

---

SING we now of God, from High,  
Veiled in flesh, Who comes to die,  
Us to bring to Him more nigh.

Him the Prophets did foretell,  
Him the Angel Gabriel,  
Him Saint John, unborn, as well.

Alpha and Omega, He,  
God, th' Incarnate Deity,  
Comes of Virgin born to be.

Sole Begotten, yet the Throne,  
He, unflinching though alone,  
Leaves, for sinners to atone.

God of God, yet Man His Name,  
Light of Light, He veils the flame,  
Sinless still, He stoops to shame.

King of Angels, and of Kings,  
Comes He not on Angel's wings,  
And nor pomp nor glory brings

Room for lowly Jesus, room,  
Now, in Virgin Mary's Womb,  
Later still in Joseph's tomb.

He Who doth the world sustain,  
Now a human breast will drain,  
Know an Infant's bliss and pain.

Tiny Hands of Him Who wrought  
Worlds and systems out of nought !  
Will ye now be thus new-taught ?

Child Divine, Thy lowly guise,  
Let not man, redeemed, despise,  
But, with Thee, to glory rise.

Wish we ne'er Thy brightness less,  
Healer, Son of Righteousness,  
Rising now the world to bless !

*Maitland, 15th Dec., 1868.*

---

*FOR THE EPIPHANY.*

---

BETHLEHEM now is a city more blessed  
Far than the noblest of cities of earth,  
There the pure Virgin her God-Babe caressed,  
There to the Infant Redeemer gave birth.

Ivory, purple nor gold, shine resplendent,  
Decking his birth-place and cradle all o'er,  
But from the East His Star, on the ascendant,  
Leadeth three kings to His Feet to adore.

Sing now the angels and rest each bright pinion,  
Groan now the powers of darkness and dearth,  
Owe His the power and might and dominion,  
King of the Jews and of Heaven and Earth.

---

Hast Thou a star for the Magi, O Father ?  
We, on this day, do that mercy recall,  
Guide to their Brother Thy Children, O Father !  
Guide us to Him and reveal Him to all.

*Maitland, 1869.*

*THE CRUCIFIXION.*

---

THE Temple's veil is rent in twain,  
And darkness broods o'er earth and sky.  
And Saints step forth from death's domain,  
And nature groans in agony.

From swollen eyes why fall those tears  
Which only love bereaved could shed ?  
And why those cheeks all chilled with fears ?  
Those hearts whose holy hopes seem fled ?

Saw'st thou the Man of sacred mien,  
Whom Jewish Rabbis doom'd to die ?  
The thorns His aching temples screen !  
Heard'st thou the shouts of " Crucify ?"

---

The piece of wood with transverse beam,  
The nails, the cruel soldier's spear,  
Whate'er might open the blood's red stream,  
Were brought to pain the sufferer there.

From swollen eyes those falling tears  
Of "love bereaved" for Him are shed,  
For Him those cheeks are chilled with fears,  
As if each holy hope were fled.

The Temple's veil is rent in twain,  
And darkness broods o'er earth and sky,  
And Saints step forth from death's domain,  
And nature quakes in agony.

*P. E. Island, 1864.*

*EASTER HYMN.*

---

Now we celebrate the rising  
Of our Master from the tomb,  
Let the joyful news surprising,  
Give us hope, and heal our gloom.

Who but Christ hath crushed such powers,  
Death and hell and sealed grave ?  
Vain the lesson that the flowers,  
Dying and reviving, gave—

They, uprooted,  
Had saluted  
Earth with fragrance nevermore ;



But not vainly  
Men ungainly  
    Watched Christ's sepulchre's dark door—  
Watch and stone and seal defying,  
Christ has soothed our fears of dying.

Tell it Christians! Shout it over  
    Every inch of trodden soil,  
Brave disciples! Quick discover  
    Why ye hunger, thirst and toil.

Ever watching, ever praying,  
    In the morning, noon, and night,  
While diseases most dismaying  
    Trouble not your calm delight.

Ah, what sages  
Said in ages  
    Which are now forever fled,—  
That 'the spirit  
Might inherit  
    Life which from the clay had sped—  
Was but half the truth we cherish,  
Neither flesh nor soul shall perish.

And our Intercessor! bending  
    O'er us from Thy throne on high,  
Whither Thou, from earth ascending,  
    Wrapt in cloud, wast seen to fly:

Once our human hands assailed Thee,  
Led Thee forth to Pilate's hall,  
Thence to Calvary, and nailed Thee  
To the cross, in sight of all.

None did spare Thee,  
Son of Mary,  
Till Thy cup was full of woe :  
Then a sentry  
Guarded entry  
To the place where Thou laidst low :  
Only Faith dared then adore Thee,  
Thee to deem the King of Glory !

*P. E. Island, 1865.*

*FOR THE ASCENSION.*

---

THE grief is past,  
And now, at last,  
    Upborne from earth, lo! God the Son,  
The King of Kings,  
On Angel's wings,  
    Returneth, Victor, to His Throne.

No more to die,  
He cleaves the sky,  
    And riseth through the veiling cloud,  
And beareth high  
Humanity  
    To reign eternally with God.

And if He wears  
The mark of tears  
    And bleeding wounds that number five,  
Lo! vanquished Death  
Lies low beneath,  
    And owns the Crucified alive.

The pomp and bliss  
And might are His,  
    Which once for us His Love resigned,  
When Flesh of God  
The wine-press trod  
    Of wrath Divine, for lost mankind.

That Flesh is King,  
And seraphs sing  
    The New Way opened to the Throne,  
While mute amaze  
Fills men who gaze  
    Where late the vanish'd glory shone.

Open ye Gates  
The concourse waits,  
    Their harps all tuned, impatiently,  
Till now, again,  
Returns, to reign,  
    Who left them erst—and then to die.

---

Now bow the knee,  
Reverently,  
Of things in Heaven, Earth, and Hell,  
While to the Friend  
Some hearts ascend—  
With Him forevermore to dwell.

*THROUGH THIS LONG AND DARKSOME  
NIGHT.*

THROUGH this long and darksome night,  
Thou Who dost Thy Presence hide,  
Father! wilt Thou guide us right—  
Us, who trust no other guide?

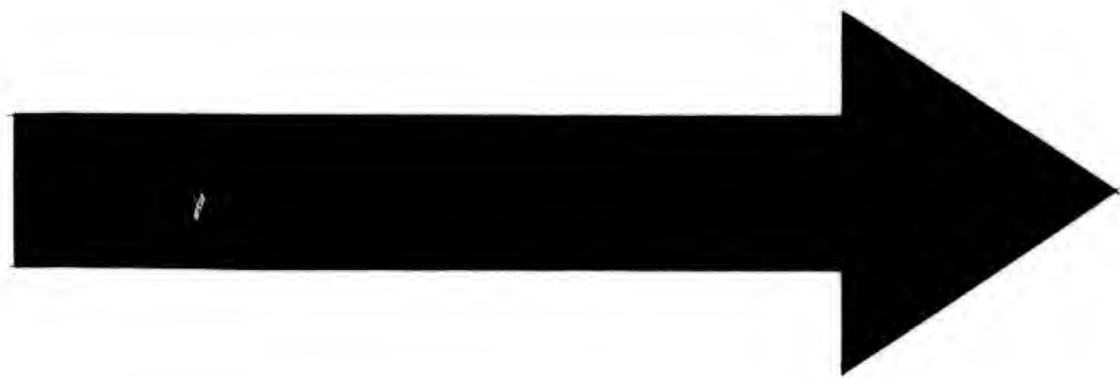
Jesu! by Thy rocky tomb  
Riven, crumbled by Thy might;  
We, immersed in mist and gloom,  
Trembling, supplicate for light.

Holy Spirit, Comforter!  
Comfort us with this we need,  
(We, who do not wish to err)—  
Hand of Thine our hands to lead.

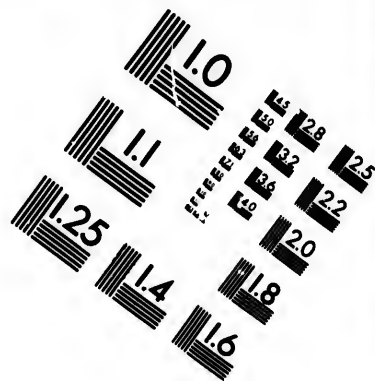
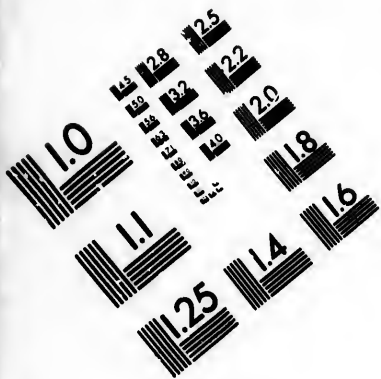
Holy Trinity of Light!

One sad soul Thou would'st not spurn,  
Shall Thy Church go through this night,  
And for her no beacon burn?

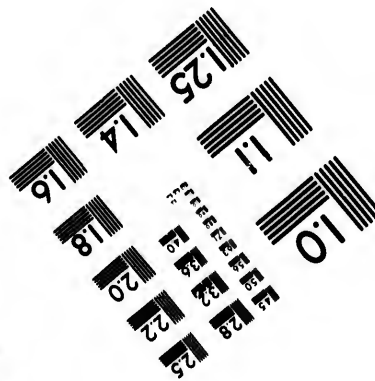
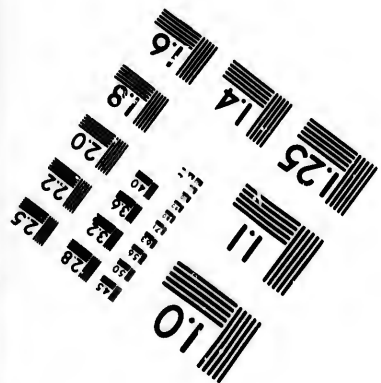
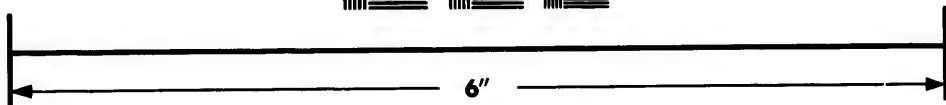
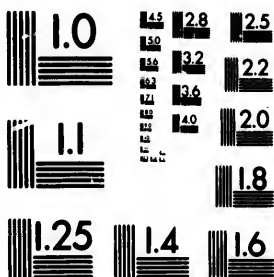
One by one, and all in One,  
Thou wilt bring us safe to Thee,  
Until, doubts and trembling done,  
Truth shines out eternally!







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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*FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.*

---

**Holy, Holy, Holy !**  
**Trinity Adored !**  
**Be Thou, and Thou only,**  
**Worshipp'd and implored.**

**Holy, Holy, Holy !**  
**God in Persons Three !**  
**Hear the song Thy children**  
**Offer up to Thee.**

**Holy, Holy, Holy !**  
**Thine the regal crown ;**  
**Saints and angels humbly**  
**Bowing prostrate down.**

---

**Holy, Holy, Holy !  
Unity Divine !  
We, Thy little children,  
Would be wholly Thine.**

**Holy, Holy, Holy !  
Author of our days !  
Thee, Lord God Almighty,  
All Thy works do praise.**

**Holy, Holy, Holy !  
On Thy changeless Brow  
When shall gaze Thy children ?  
Darkness hides Thee now.**

*Mailland, 1868.*

---

*LORD OF ALL.*

---

Lord of All! we worship Thee!  
Thine let all things ever be,  
Earth and sky and rolling sea,—  
Thine this House of Prayer.

Lord of All! the sound, to-day,  
Heard both here and far away,  
Witnesseth what Prophets say,—  
Thine the Written Word.

Lord of All! the Sacrifice,  
Offered once, doth still suffice  
To atone for guilt and vice,—  
Thine the Altar is.

Lord of All! the Priest who stands,  
Careful, with uplifted hands,  
Glad, fulfilleth Thy commands,—  
Thine the Presbyter.

Lord of All! he dare not plead,  
For our guilt and woe and need,  
Aught, though pure, not thine indeed,—  
Thine the Sacrifice.

Lord of All! on bended knee,  
This we humbly beg of Thee,  
Thee to know and Thine to be,—  
Thine the worshippers.

Lord of All! we worship Thee!  
Thine let all things ever be,  
Earth and sky and rolling sea,  
Thine who dwell therein.

8th Dec'r., 1868.

---

*HYMN TO JESUS.*

---

**JESU, Maker of the world,  
Be Thy banner wide unfurled,  
Let the nations bow to Thee,  
Own O God! Thy Sov'reignty.**

**Heaven high, and Earth beneath,  
Thee, O Conqueror of Death,  
Prince of Life, and Lord, and King,  
Worship ever, ever sing.**

**Man of sorrows, Lamb of God,  
Saviour from uplifted rod,  
Son of Mary's sacred heart,  
Surety Thou, Redeemer, art.**

Rock of ages, Shield from harm,  
Our Defender, 'neath Thine Arm,  
In Thy pierced and riven side,  
Worshipping we, sinners hide.

O Thou Son of Righteousness!  
Source of light to heal and bless,  
Good Thou giv'st without alloy,  
Thou art Truth and Life and Joy.

Hope of Saints, the Living Way,  
Prize for whom we toil and pray,  
Oh! when Thou our Judge shalt be,  
Wilt Thou judge us worthy Thee?



## NOTES.

- (1) "Of the dim days of old,  
A record; mysteries in types beheld;  
And saintly lives," &c.

It was the author's intention, had he completed this very fragmentary poem, to have followed out the plan here suggested, and to have taken up, as the work went on, not Scripture incidents only, but Types also, and Scripture characters

- (2) "And at the vestments he saw;  
Oh! provide him—the lamb,—with a 'process' at law."

"We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress." See "*First Report*" of *Ritual Commission*.

- (3) "Sit, shining, at the side  
Of the resplendent Sun!—then what was I?"

The phenomenon of the tail of a comet being visible in bright sunshine, which is recorded of the comet of 1402, occurred again in the case of the large comet of 1843, whose nucleus and tail were seen in North America on the 28th February, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The nucleus and tail appeared like a very pure white cloud, a darker spot intervening between the tail and the nucleus."—*American Journal of Science, Vol. XIV., p. 229.*

- (4) "Haling unto God  
A holy sacrifice;  
As though, by such device,  
He might avert the just and angry rod."

"Whilst the comet of 837 (which, according to de Sejour, continued during 24 hours within a distance of 2,000,000 miles from the earth), terrified Louis I. of France to that degree, that he busied himself in building churches and founding monastic establishments, in the hope of appeasing the evils threatened by its appearance. The Chinese astronomers made observations on the path of this cosmical body, whose tail extended over a space of 60°, appearing sometimes single and sometimes multiple."—*Humboldt's Cosmos, Vol. 1, p. 84.*



