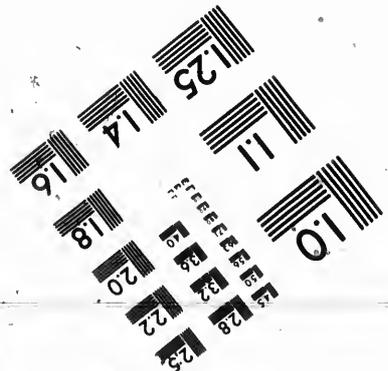
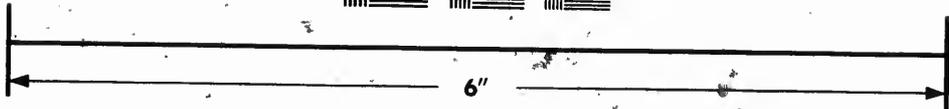
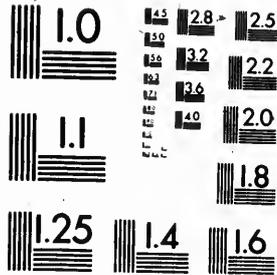


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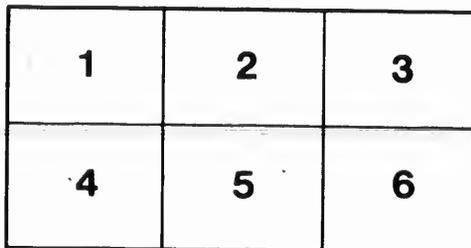
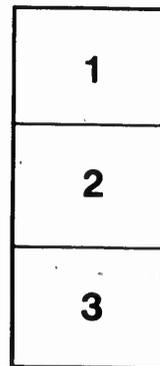
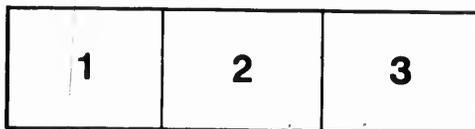
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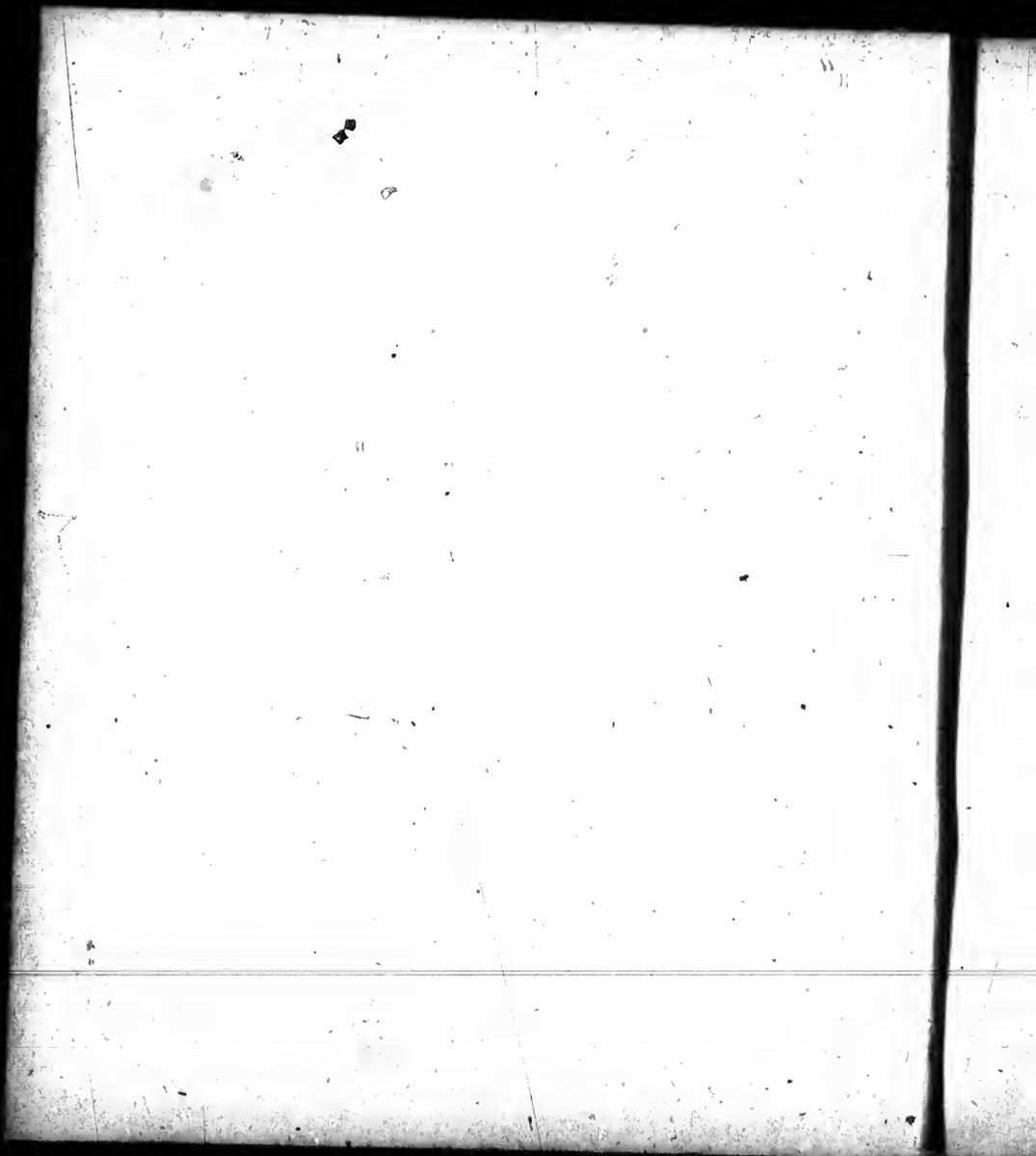
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HOME LYRICS.



# HOME LYRICS.

A Book of Poems.

BY

H. S. BATTERSBY.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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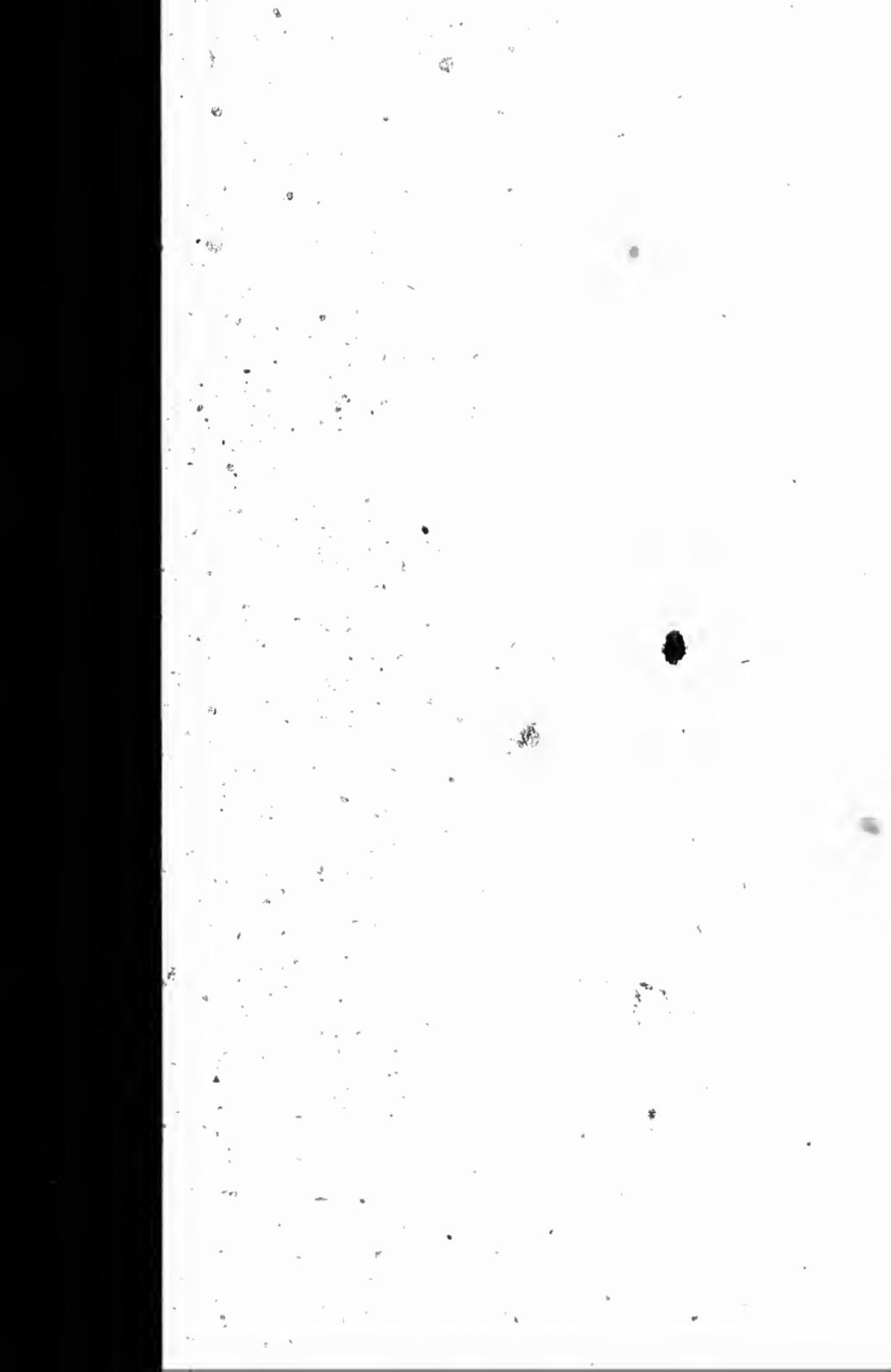
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## PREFACE.

**T**HE poems that make up this volume of verse have been written at various times, and under various circumstances; and several of them have already appeared separately, in the columns of journals, as occasional contributions. They are published chiefly for the author's dear children, relatives, and valued friends, to whose hearths and hearts it is hoped that they will, as "Home-Lyrics," readily find their way.

H. S. B.





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## HOME LYRICS.

### *THE OLD HOME.*



**VISITED** the old home, so loved in times of yore,  
 Round which fond memory's sweet perfume will cling  
 for evermore ;

It was the Eden of my life, in years long passed away,  
 The altar where heart-worship burned and brightened day by  
 day.

And lingering long by sad thoughts bound, I to one chamber room,  
 From which had gently passed to heaven, the partner of my  
 home—

His spirit seemed to hover by, where we sat side by side,  
 When, in life's rosy joyous morn, I was his happy bride.

And there a darling mother sat—a mother loved and blest—  
 We know that she is happy, too, in heavenly peace and rest—  
 For duty was the watchword still of her unselfish life,  
 Dear loving parent, faithful friend, tender, devoted wife !

Shrined in the dear old homestead were sad memories of the  
past,  
That brimmed my eyes with scalding tears that chased each  
other fast ;

And there were visions, radiant with many a cherished scene  
Of joy, and peace, and happiness, that the old home had seen.

I passed to other chambers, and paused again in one  
Where first a darling daughter's face my fond affection won ;  
Then to another well-known room, sacred to memory  
Of tiny prattlers' pattering feet—my children's nursery !

Here stood the cupboard that contained the dolls, and bricks,  
and toys,

That never failed to fill with glee my little girl and boys ;  
Here hung the tiny shoes and caps, there stood the pretty cot  
Where lay the jewel that made all our cares and griefs forgot.

And here stood Trot's wee bookcase, with all her treasures gay,  
Displayed in wondrous order, and re-arranged each day ;  
And there the tailless hobby-horse, on which in turn all rode  
When " Beauty flew to London town " with each delighted load.

Then, though with pleasure for my guide in other lands I roam,  
Still do I love to wander back to the pure shrine of home—  
And still though grief may temper the rich memories of the past,  
My heart to the old home will cling, and love it to the last.

*TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.*

ANOTHER gentle spirit fled !  
 Another shrouded face !  
 Leaving us sad and sorrowing round  
 Another empty place !

Gone from the home she loved so well,  
 To a brighter, happier sphere.  
 Hers is the priceless gain—and ours  
 The silent, bitter tear.

I knew her well in days long past—  
 That gentle, loving heart ;  
 Meeting again, I little thought  
 We were so soon to part.

One of earth's joyous spirits she  
 Whose smile reflected light ;  
 Whose presence gladdened, and who knew  
 To make life's pathway bright.

Full of ripe years she sought the home  
 Where griefs and troubles cease ;  
 Ah ! who would wish her back again  
 From heaven and perfect peace ?

Lessons there are that each may learn  
 From such a life as this :  
 How cheerful, loving thoughts and words,  
 Fill hearts and homes with bliss.

True Christians by their presence shed  
 O'er earth a hallowing ray,  
 Making through life's oft gloomy path  
 A love-illumined way.

O Life, what art thou but the means  
 To all who choose it given,  
 To fight that fight, and win that race,  
 That gains God's love and heaven?

O Death, what art thou but the door  
 Through which we all must go,—  
 To an eternity of love  
 Or dark and utter woe?

Time passes swiftly, and we soon  
 Must pass within that door,—  
 To the full bliss and light of heaven,  
 Or darkness evermore.

Let each, then, bravely nerve himself  
 For action in the strife,  
 With God's help conquer self and sin,  
 And win the heavenly life.

## SYMPATHY.



HERE is a pure and beauteous chain,  
 From angel regions given,  
 Whose charmed links interlace the earth,  
 And intertwine with Heaven.

Wrought of electric heavenly light,  
Caught from bright worlds above—  
A reflex and a symbol here  
Of the Great Father's love.

It binds earth's forces, and the hearts  
Of God's great family ;  
Is endless, everlasting, great—  
Vast as eternity !

Its brightness never can grow dim—  
Its lustre is divine—  
For it was fashioned to endure  
Through and beyond all time !

Say, what is this all-beauteous chain  
That links harmoniously  
Each atom of the universe?—  
'Tis blessed Sympathy.

This is the glorious power, whose touch  
Quickens to joy and love—  
'Neath whose pure influence we gain  
Foretaste of joys above.

'Tis this that gives supreme delight  
Our choicest joys to share  
With those we love, their burdens too  
Ungrudgingly to bear.

This brought to earth Emmanuel—King  
Of glory from above,  
Linked us as one with Him, in His  
Redeeming, matchless love !

Then call not life unblest while graced  
 With Sympathy like this—  
 To make earth's pathway bright, and lead  
 To Heaven's own perfect bliss.

## KIRK BRADDAN.



UPON the calm, clear summer morn  
 Of a peaceful Sabbath day,  
 To quaint Kirk Braddan's ancient church  
 We went, to praise and pray.  
 Finding the little building full,  
 With crowds still gathering round,  
 We strayed among the old grey stones  
 Of the consecrated ground.

And as the gathering crowd increased,  
 The cry came forth again :  
 " No room for any more " within  
 The overcrowded fane.  
 Then the good Vicar, hearing this,  
 So oft repeated loud,  
 Left to the Curate those within,  
 To join the expectant crowd.

We stood around him on the grass,  
 Above the silent dead—  
 Heaven's vast eternity of space  
 Sun-gloried overhead—

And 'neath the grand old forest trees  
That shaded the green sod,  
We poured forth strains of prayer and praise  
Unto the living God.

The sweet songs trembled on the breeze,—  
Till wafted far on high,  
They mounted, angel-winged, to swell  
The anthems to the sky.  
The faithful Vicar then proclaimed  
God's messages of love,  
Which seemed to flow direct through him,  
From the Father's throne above.

And he gave that Father's message, "Come,  
Just as ye are, to-day—  
Through Jesus, by the Spirit, come,  
'Tis Heaven's appointed way;"  
Then solemnly he spoke of those  
In death's cold slumber bound,  
The aged few, the many young,  
'Neath the grey stones around.

No monotone unnatural—  
No gorgeous, vain display—  
No pantomimic pageantry  
To lead the thoughts astray—  
But simple, soul-inspiring words,  
"The Book of books," in hand,  
Solemn appeals from the Great God,  
To this, the pilgrim band.

Though beautiful are sculptured fanes,  
 With glittering roofs reared high,  
 More beauteous still the Temple grand,  
 Of forest, sun, and sky ;  
 That Temple I shall ne'er forget,  
 That earnest, Heaven-winged prayer—  
 That melody of grateful hearts,  
 The simple service there.

Formed for the Ages! Based in Time!  
 Domed by the azure sky,  
 Of width and depth unbounded, vast,  
 Immeasurably high !  
 Sun-rise its eastern oriel lit  
 Each morn with new-born light;  
 Sun-set its western rose, where all  
 Earth's grandest tints unite.

Its organ, thunder, winds and waves,  
 The forest birds its choir—  
 The stars its tapers, and the sun  
 Its brilliant, quenchless fire !  
 The moon its lamp, prefiguring  
 Heaven's ever-constant care ;  
 Its incense, the heart's rich perfume,  
 Of loving praise and prayer.

It was a grand Cathedral, whose  
 Great Architect was God,—  
 Its canopy the heavenly arch,  
 Its floor the flower-gemmed sod.

Made for all peoples, nations, tribes,  
 With portals opened wide,  
 And its Great Author's matchless power  
 Displayed on every side.

It needs no strange device to reach  
 The loving Father's ear—  
 He, who pervades all time and space,  
 To every one is near—  
 Accepting worship of the heart,  
 In the dear Saviour's name,  
 Whether from rich Cathedral shrines  
 Or nature's holier fane.

## LAXEY GLEN.



**I**N this remote, secluded glen,  
 Far from the restless world,  
 My spirit joys to find itself  
 With pinions wide unfurled.

To revel 'mid fair Nature's charms,  
 And from her boundless store  
 Cull flowers of beauty, whose perfume  
 Inspires me more and more.

Pure are the lessons she imparts,  
 Affectionate and kind ;  
 Sweet peace and thankfulness her joys,  
 In grateful hearts enshrined.

Vast, solemn, silent mountains round,  
In pompous grandeur rise,  
To kiss and woo the fleecy clouds,  
And commune with the skies.

Their graceful blooming slopes display  
Rich gorse and purple heath,—  
Save where the golden wheat waves high,  
In smiling fields beneath.

And far below, deep in the glen,  
Are stalwart lab'ring hands  
Gathering the precious leaden ore,  
In well-directed bands.

Their voices, borne on zephyr's wing,  
Ring up the steep hill sides,  
And tell how many a fustian suit  
A noble spirit hides.

Oh active toilers, that unbar  
Earth's undeveloped store ;  
May you unfailing harvest reap  
Of heaven's yet richer ore.

Believe not that the worldly rich  
Are happier than you.  
Their wants are legion, as their cares ;  
Your wants and cares are few.

Heaven helps all willing working hands,  
And aye will aid and cheer  
All who strive well to aid themselves,  
And seek their station here.

Let each his duties on life's stage  
 Industriously fulfil,  
 In love and labour trust, and wait,  
 Obedient to His will.

Then in this calm enchanting glen,  
 As in the city's glare,  
 All may be happy if they will  
 But seek Heaven's love to share.

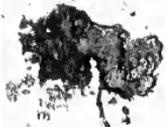
## TO THE MOON.

**E**VER, when but a child, O Moon,  
 I loved thee fervently,  
 Believing that the Lord of heaven  
 Kept watch o'er all, through thee.

And if, perchance, in wayward mood,  
 Indulging anger—pride,  
 How, conscience-stricken, did I strive  
 From thee my face to hide.

But when at peace with all around,  
 Ah! then I boldly raised  
 To thee my happy, trusting eyes,  
 And on thee fondly gazed.

Then wore thy face for me a smile  
 Which plainly seemed to say:—  
 "Strive on, thou precious little one,  
 In virtue's pleasant way."



“ And learn to know God through the calm  
Chaste moon and star-gemmed sky,—  
And through the sun that brightly shines,  
For thee so lovingly.

“ These tell thee of His constant care,  
By night as well as day ;  
And symbolise that heavenly love  
Which cannot know decay.”

And then I thought each beauteous star  
A window, through which shone  
The glorious love-light beaming forth  
From the great Father's throne.

These were the simple, stirring thoughts  
That round my childhood grew ;  
And made me love thee, gentle moon,  
With fervour ever new.

And when, in girlhood's riper years,  
Truth forced me to confess  
That these fond thoughts were but a dream,  
Did I then love thee less ?

Ah ! no. I nursed my childish faith—  
Still fondly looked on thee  
As God's great witness in the skies  
To His loved family.

And now, in life's advancing years,  
My spirit joys to tell  
Of those old happy childish thoughts,  
Round which fond memories dwell.

And still, O moon, thy influence gives  
 Sure tokens of His love,  
 And of those joys that wait for me  
 In blissful homes above.

## TO THE SCEPTIC.



HERE is the man who fails to see  
 Transcendent power divine,  
 Sustaining earth's grand canopy,  
 Ruling in peerless majesty.  
 Through all earth's forces equally  
 In harmony sublime?

If such there be, oh let him trace  
 In nature, nature's King ;  
 For in creation's beauteous face,  
 Beaming with light, and love, and grace,  
 Lie truths which may his doubts efface,  
 And light celestial bring.

For through the glad world's vast domain  
 God makes His presence known ;  
 He rides upon the stormy main,  
 Grafts words of love on every grain,  
 Scatters them freely o'er each plain,  
 And makes true hearts His throne.

His name in characters divine  
Is written near and far ;  
His voice doth utter line on line,  
Is heard far as the sun doth shine,  
E'en in earth's deep and hidden mine,  
And through each brilliant star.

He rideth on the wind's fleet wing,  
Far o'er the mountains tall ;  
The sun and moon their glory fling  
Around, in homage to their King,  
Earth's vocal choir adoring sing,  
And hail Him Lord of all.

Then, scoffing sceptic, pause—oh, pause !  
From error's maze be freed.  
Trace out the source of nature's laws—  
The origin of every cause.  
Erase the soul-destroying clause  
Of thy presumptuous creed.

Then shall thy wavering soul find rest,  
When error's chain is riven ;  
And, with faith growing in thy breast,  
Obeying the great God's behest,  
Thou may'st by Him be crowned and blest,  
Eternally in heaven.

---

## IN DREAMLAND.



GAIN to dreamland, with delight,  
 My spirit wings aerial flight,  
 From every earthly trammel free  
 To revel in immensity.

With pure ecstatic joy I rise  
 Through the illimitable skies,  
 By beauteous floating gems of light  
 Clustering around the Queen of Night.

O joy most precious ! Thus to be  
 From care and carking sorrow free,  
 And angel-winged to cleave the fair  
 Broad world-gemmed canopy of air.

Onward and upward, higher still,  
 My soul with rapture mounts, until  
 As a tired bird within its nest,  
 In heavenly bowers I sweetly rest.

Each childish trust, undimmed by tears,—  
 Each rose-set hope of childhood's years,—  
 Time's ripened faith that smooths the brow,  
 Seem to have reached fulfilment now.

Doubts stilled, tears wiped, all discord past,  
 A peace-crowned life attained at last ;  
 Too joyful yonder world of bliss,  
 I wake, alas ! and am in this.

From happy childhood's earliest gleam  
 I've revelled in this blissful dream,  
 Which comes when'er I'm most opprest  
 To soothe my troubled soul to rest.

Foretaste it seems of joys to come  
 In a divine and heavenly home,  
 Where sin's discordant sounds shall cease,  
 And all be joy and perfect peace.

## RUTH.



WO women—one infirm and old,  
 Oppressed with grief and care;  
 The other young and beautiful,  
 With dark luxuriant hair—  
 Journeyed together, from the land  
 Of Moab, by the side  
 Of that prophetic sacred stream,  
 The holy Jordan's tide.  
 Wearied and footsore, on they fared  
 Disconsolate and lone,  
 For sorrow o'er their aching hearts  
 Its darkest shade had thrown.  
 Bereft of those who o'er their path  
 A blissful radiance cast,  
 Yet murmured not those widowed ones,  
 Though hope of bliss was past.

Weary and worn they sat to rest,  
At the calm twilight hour  
Whose peaceful silence o'er them shed  
Its blest and healing power.

The elder of this sorrowing pair  
Was aged Naomi,  
Whose heart-strings round the other clung,  
Fondly and tenderly.  
For was not this her loving Ruth,  
Her dead son's darling wife?—  
The daughter 'dear whose only love  
Still bound her unto life.

"My Ruth," said Naomi, and sighed,  
"Thy sister now hath gone  
Back to her people and her gods,  
Who her lone heart have won ;  
Return thou after her, my child,—  
To thine own land depart,—  
Where thou may'st wed again with one  
Worthy to win thy heart."

"Intreat me not," Ruth gently said,  
"To leave thee, mother dear,  
Or to return from following thee,  
Though dark the way and drear.  
For where thou goest I will go,  
And safely, on my breast,  
I'll pillow thy poor aching head,  
And lull thee unto rest.

"And where thou lodgest I will lodge,  
 I care not on what sod;  
 Thy people shall my people be,  
 Thy God shall be my God;  
 And where thou diest I will die,  
 And there my tomb shall be:  
 And nought but death, dear mother mine,  
 Shall sunder me from thee."

"God bless thee, child," Naomi said,  
 And tears of gladness fell,  
 As tightly clung that widowed one  
 To her who loved so well.  
 And as she saw how stedfastly  
 Ruth's fond and loving heart  
 Was purposed to go on with her,  
 And not till death to part,  
 She ceased to reason with her then—  
 Too happy to contend  
 With one inspired by love, to cling  
 To her till life should end.

Long locked in tender warm embrace  
 Mother and daughter stood;  
 Then knelt to thank the Great Unseen,  
 The Giver of all good.  
 They sought His loving guidance, care,  
 And aid to act aright—  
 For strength to conquer self, and keep  
 Their heavenly armour bright.

And the Eternal heard their cry,  
And led them safely on  
To Bethlehem of Juda, where  
Had in those days begun  
The barley harvest. So Ruth sought  
To glean the golden grain,  
Where the brood, sunlit, smiling fields  
Of Boaz graced the plain :  
And there beside his maidens fair  
To stay she gained consent,  
And gleaned from early morn till eve,  
And then rejoicing went  
To dear old Naomi, who knew  
The great God would protect  
His loving, trusting, gentle child,  
And all her ways direct.

The glory of an autumn day,  
And sickles flashing light,  
Gleam hour by hour through all the plain  
From rosy morn till night.  
To sweetest strains of maidens' songs,  
And sweep of young men's arm,  
The golden grain is reaped and sheaved,  
And fitly stored from harm.  
Around are widows, orphans too,  
And little children seen—  
The welcome overflowing grain  
With thankful hearts to glean.

Ah, in our day we sadly miss  
The happy gleaner's face,  
Which in those patriarchal times  
In harvest fields found place.

But now a thrill of pleasure glows  
Through every heart and hand  
As kindly Boaz wendeth down  
Among the joyous band.  
He saith, "The Lord be with ye now;"  
Whereto with reverend glee,  
They all, in sweet-according tones,  
Reply, "The Lord bless thee."  
'Tis well from lord and servant when  
Such courteous accents fall;  
Let there be love 'twixt rich and poor,  
For One hath made them all.

Then Boaz to his servants said,  
"Who is this damsel fair,  
So beautiful in form and face,  
With dark and lustrous hair?"  
And the men answered she, "This is  
The Moabitish maid,  
Who hath returned with Naomi,  
And they together stayed."  
Then Boaz kindly said to Ruth,  
"My daughter, no more stray,  
Reap not in any other place,  
But with my maidens stay."

Then fell she on her face, and bowed  
Herself unto the ground,  
Rejoicing that his favour thus  
She happily had found.

Then Boaz answered, "Lo, my child,  
It hath been fully shown  
How since thy husband's death thou dwell'st  
With Naomi alone;  
And for her sake hast left thy land.  
Loved friends, and kindred dear,  
And how, in trust on Israel's God,  
Thou liv'st a stranger here.  
The Lord shall recompense thy worth,  
He full reward will give,  
Thy new-found kinsman will protect  
Ye both, while ye shall live.  
Go, when thou art athirst, and drink;  
Glean thou at eve and morn ;  
Abide thou with my maiden's now,  
And eat the parched corn."

Thus Ruth increasing favour found  
In her rich kinsman's sight,  
Who gazed upon her lovely form  
With wonder and delight.  
And as he knew the damsel more,  
Her goodness won his heart,  
And thus he took her for his wife,  
On earth no more to part.

## A WELCOME TO MALVERN.

So Ruth and Naomi were now  
 Happy indeed, and blest,  
 And in the land of Bethlehem  
 Found grateful peace and rest.  
 And unto Ruth and Boaz soon  
 Obed was born, that he  
 Direct forerunner of the line  
 Of David's house should be—  
 Which ended in the advent bright  
 Of God's beloved Son,  
 Who, through a spotless life and death  
 The world's salvation won.

## A WELCOME TO MALVERN.



ALL, beautiful Malvern, dear ever to me !  
 My heart throbs with joy on revisiting thee ;  
 In tracing each line of thy well-beloved face,  
 On thy emerald hill-slopes of radiant grace.  
 Years have passed since I left thee, and I have surveyed  
 The fairest of cities that proud man hath made ;  
 Beneath the grand Alps' mighty ramparts I've passed,  
 On the castle-crowned Rhine hath my anchor been cast.  
 In Helvetia's dark gorges, imposingly grand,  
 On peaked Montemvert I have taken my stand ;  
 With rapturous pleasure I've bent o'er the side  
 Of thundering waterfalls, lofty and wide.

I've skimmed the bright waters of fair Leman, too,  
From whence the first glimpses, enshrined in heaven's blue,  
I've caught of Mont Blanc, and her sisterhood fair,  
Entrhosed in their palace of snow in mid-air.

The Castle of Chillon, with dungeous and stake,  
Once the terror and scourge of the homes of the lake,  
Hath spoke to my heart of our poet of old,  
Who the tale of "the Brothers" so grandly has told.

I've wandered by Thun, with its silvery cascade  
Of Giessbach, with emerald verdure inlaid—  
I've marked the skilled carvings the people there make,  
In their winter-bound homes by the frozen-locked lake.

I found sweet refreshment in calm Chamouni:—  
A lovelier valley there nowhere could be—  
Confidingly nestling in beauty and grace,  
Like a love-cradled child in the Alps' fond embrace.

All these wonders of nature and wonders of mind,  
With their thousand attractions of beauty combined,  
Have served but to strengthen my fond love for thee,  
And make thee, dear Malvern, still dearer to me.

In the peaceful retreat of thy lovely green hills,  
By thy pure sparkling fountains and bright purling rills,  
Ne'er-failing repose and refreshment I find  
And sweet renovation of body and mind.

And then there's a proud thought of gladness to me,  
That this is my country, unshackled and free;  
To no tyrants in law, in religion, 'tis given,  
To step 'twixt man's reason, his conscience, and Heaven.

## MALVERN HILLS.

Then, though foreign cities a charm may impart,  
 By their marvellous treasures of nature and art,  
 Still, dear, peaceful Malvern, thou'lt evermore be  
 The loadstone to win me back joyful to thee.

## MALVERN HILLS.



STOOD on the proud hills of Malvern,  
 Whose summits in majesty rise,  
 And tow'r in their grandeur and beauty,  
 To bask in cerulean skies:  
 I gazed from the stern hoary "Beacon,"  
 On the broad, verdant landscape below,  
 And traced far away in the distance  
 The Severn's meandering flow.  
 And I deemed that no vale could be ever  
 More peaceful or fairer than this,  
 In the sun's parting radiance glowing  
 'Neath the warmth of his last loving kiss.

I saw the red sun proudly sinking  
 To his glorious couch in the west ;  
 As the full moon in radiant beauty,  
 Rose peacefully out from the east.  
 And the towers and tall spires of the churches,  
 Still caught the bright sun's parting ray,  
 Gleaming out from the valley like jewels,  
 Till in twilight they faded away.  
 And I deemed that no vale could be ever  
 More peaceful or fairer than this,  
 In the sun's parting radiance glowing  
 'Neath the warmth of his last loving kiss.

Long ling'ring I gazed from the mountain,  
 Breathing new and entrancing delight,  
 In the mingling of light and dim shadows,  
 Of that soothing and tranquil twilight ;  
 And I poured forth my spirit in praises  
 To the great Source of daylight and gloom,  
 As I wound my way down to the valley  
 By the light of the beautiful moon.

And I deemed that no vale could be ever  
 More peaceful or fairer than this,  
 In the sun's parting radiance glowing  
 'Neath the warmth of his last loving kiss.

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 THINE.


EAR, loving, tender Father, Friend !  
 Great Counsellor and Guide!  
 Let me be Thine, and Thine alone,  
 Whatever may betide.

Thine, in life's brightest, gladdest scenes,  
 When hope gleams warm and bright,  
 When ev'ry life-pulse throbs to joy  
 In transports of delight.

Thine, when temptation's doubts and fears  
 In hideous forms arise,  
 To cloud the vision, and obscure  
 The pathway to the skies.



## CONSOLATION.

Thine, when the cold world's sneers and frowns  
 Make life's work dull and drear,  
 When loved and trusted friends prove false,  
 And earth has nought to cheer.

Thine in the great hereafter, Lord,  
 With all I fondly love—  
 Thine, through eternity to dwell  
 In bliss with Thee above!

## CONSOLATION.



HEER up, beloved one, thine is not the heart  
 To be unmindful of the Father's care—  
 He who is all-sufficient can impart  
 The needful strength for all thou hast to bear.

The darkest clouds may gather for a while,  
 And cast deep gloom o'er every living thing ;  
 But through them, howe'er dense, the Father's smile  
 Can penetrate, and blessed comfort bring.

Thine have been trials few are called to bear,  
 And bitter is the cup thou hast to drain—  
 What matter, still, so they thy soul prepare  
 A blissful immortality to gain ?

Short is the time for work that must be done,  
 If we would gain a heavenly resting-place.  
 O'er self and sin the victory must be won,  
 Ere we can find acceptance through His grace.

Such is the work before us—and we must  
 Not waste the precious time within our power,  
 But work, and wait, in firm yet humble trust,  
 Unmoved by angry clouds that o'er us lower.

Then fix thy trusting gaze upon the throne,  
 There thou canst leave thy burden and find peace;  
 He who is all-sufficient, He alone  
 Can still the storm, and bid the tempest cease.

AN INCIDENT ON THE DEE.



JULY eve, supremely bright,  
 With nature hushed in calm delight,  
 Lured us to steer our bark o'er thee,  
 Thou silver stream, meand'ring Dee!

Lightly we skimmed the waters clear,  
 Forgot each anxious thought and fear,  
 And, lulled to calm upon thy breast,  
 Drank sweet absorbing peace and rest.

On, ever on, we glided fast,  
 Till Sandy Point was reached at last;  
 Then sprang ashore, and gaily sped  
 Where our brave Captain onward led.

Kind Turner stayed with gentle Rose,  
 To jest, and talk of friends and foes;  
 Bathed in the sun's retreating ray,  
 And crimson light of closing day.

After a health-provoking walk,  
Enlivened, too, by mirthful talk,  
When Thomas edged our Captain's wit,  
Exciting many a charming hit.—

We reached our slender skiff once more,  
And gaily glided from the shore  
Just as soft twilight's mystic light  
Faded into the arms of night.

Our oars the stream's clear surface broke,  
And sweet responsive echoes woke ;  
Making glad music with the breeze,  
That carolled to the drooping trees.

Entrancing twilight filled Heaven's fane  
With her calm meditative train,  
Whose magic influence dimmed the eye  
With many a cherished memory.

Then the chaste moon in beauty rose,  
Her peerless beauty to disclose,  
And on the stream's expressive face  
Mirrored her own with matchless grace.

The oars had scarce an echo woke,  
When on our startled ears there broke  
Strange sounds of gurgling water near,  
That chilled our wondering hearts with fear.

He of the cool and thoughtful brow  
Cried, " Silence, all ! and turn the bow !  
There's leakage here,—ply well each oar !  
Pull bravely, boys, to gain the shore."

Then terror seized upon our crew;  
Poor Rose exclaimed, "What shall I do!  
If only I the shore regain,  
I'll never skim the Dee again."

The gurgling water, rising still,  
Now threatened our frail bark to fill,  
And, though we tried to bale her out,  
That there was danger none could doubt.

Each did his best, and still essayed  
To seem not in the least afraid,—  
Though inly feeling that we might  
Soon find ourselves in sorry plight.

Our gallant captain and his crew  
Pulled for their lives, as sailors do  
Who calculate each stroke of oar  
Required to take them to the shore.

And happily we gained the land,  
Grateful thereon once more to stand;  
For we had well-nigh found a grave  
Beneath the cold relentless wave.

Well might we call our small boat frail,  
And, angry, at its owner rail,  
For in its side, when run aground,  
A hole in rotten wood was found.

Take warning, who'd yourselves disport  
Upon the Dee, by this report.  
Examine well your boat, before  
You trust yourselves to leave the shore.

TO THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS, NIAGARA.

"All's well that ends well," we exclaimed,  
As we our cheerful home regained,  
Recounting our intense affright,  
On that most memorable night.

TO THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS, NIAGARA.



MONARCH of mighty foaming Cataracts,  
Throned in imperial grandeur in the sky,  
All hail to thee! Thou speakest to the soul  
Through melodies sublime, that pierce the air  
With nature's matchless thrilling eloquence;  
Now raising thy triumphal song to heaven  
In thrilling anthems of exultant praise—  
Now leaping o'er the rock-bound precipice,  
In thundering haste through hidden depths to flow,  
And chant thy wondrous song in caves profound;  
Then, as with new delight, rebounding swift,  
Thou fashion'st exquisite bright shadowy webs  
Of soft, ethereal lightness, to fling o'er  
The splendour of thy beauty, which but veil,  
Not hide, its rare, surpassing loveliness.  
What heaven-born majesty of form is thine!  
What impress on thee rests of godlike power!  
As 'neath the glorious love-light of the Sun  
Embraced in rainbow cirlet of rich hues,  
Thy emerald diadem gleams out with more  
Than glittering light from myriad flashing spears,  
Forming a mystic crown that well becomes

The massive splendour of thy royal brow —  
The brow which has confronted ages, yet  
Unrivalled shines in grace and loveliness !  
Mighty art thou, as when the Father's voice  
First called thee forth, to pour eternal praise  
Through vast primæval forests, that engird  
Thy stately realm with wild magnificence.  
Well might the untutored Indian at thy feet  
Fall prostrate, feeling well assured he heard  
The voice of the Great Spirit in thy tones ;  
Well might he with deep reverence consecrate  
And plant his altar in thy hallowed shade —  
For as I gaze upon thee, my rapt soul  
Can choose not, but fall prostrate and adore  
The Architect of so much loveliness,  
The Source of such unmatched magnificence !  
Oh, I could wondering look on thee, until  
Outwearied nature might no longer gaze,  
So chaste thou art, so mighty, grand, and free,  
Fresh as when first thou sprangst from Deity,  
Never exhausting thy great voice upraised  
To win man's errant thoughts from earth towards heaven.  
And I could listen to thy melodies,  
Till wearied nature might no longer hear ;  
So teeming with supernal joy thy tones —  
So full of nature's holy harmonies —  
That ever as I turn to leave, thy voice  
Lures me to falter and come back, like some  
Love-stricken swain, who eager, fain would press  
Another and another loving kiss  
Upon the ruby lip of her he loves,

## TO THE CHAUDIERE FALLS, CANADA

And even then would linger yet again.  
 Thus leave I thee, thou lovely Cataract!  
 And though perchance I see thee nevermore,  
 Though Ocean's broad, stern barriers roll between,  
 Though years on years flow by, I'll ever guard  
 A fond remembrance of thy witching power,  
 In memory's keeping, till e'en life shall cease.

## TO THE CHAUDIERE FALLS, CANADA.



THOU wild foaming Chaudière, how great my delight,  
 To see thee leap over the dark, rugged height  
 Of amber-crowned rocks, which encircle thee now,  
 And form a rich chaplet to wreath thy fair brow.  
 Veiled ever in whitest and purest of spray,  
 Which dances around thee in frolicsome play,  
 Or, boldly aspiring, to pierce the blue sky,  
 Like the breath of heart-incense ascending on high.  
 I love to sit by thee, and hear thy wild voice  
 For ever and ever so loudly rejoice,  
 As though thou wert glad in thy freedom to roam  
 Through the beautiful haunts of thy dark forest home.  
 With purpose unchanging thou rollest along,  
 Untiringly filling the air with thy song,  
 And, "Onward, right onward"—thou seemest to say,  
 And joyfully onward thou cleavest thy way.

Right onward, o'er precipice rocky and steep,  
 Through caverns, by whirlpools, o'er rapids to leap ;  
 Defying all hindrances thrust in thy way,  
 And laughing to scorn them that urge thee to stay.

Oh, wild-rolling waters ! oh, white-crested foam,  
 I too would press onward, right on to my home ;  
 Like thee, with stern purpose, let nothing impede,  
 Or cause me to falter in courage or speed.

My mission, like thine, is right onward to go,  
 Though tempests be raging, and dark waters flow.  
 Oh, might I, like thee, with firm, resolute voice,  
 Through dangers, and even through tempests, rejoice !

For have I not blessings unnumbered, unsung  
 By the harp of my soul—ah ! too often unstrung,  
 Or cast by, forgetful of all that I owe  
 To the bountiful Source from whence blessings still flow.

Then arouse thee, my spirit, tune quickly thy lyre,  
 Let Chaudière's grand waters its best tones inspire .  
 To sing to the great loving Father above  
 In strains never-ceasing, of worship and love.

Farewell, lovely waterfall ! I must away,  
 Far, far from thy glad song of torrent and spray ;  
 But deeply I'll cherish thy teachings, to be  
 Still steady of purpose, and changeless, like thee !

## THE VOICE OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.



Are beauteous nature's children,  
 Of the far Canadian shore,  
 From whose towering heights wild torrents  
 Ever solemn songs out-pour.

And we speak of woods primeval,  
 Vast, unbroken, dense, and lone ;  
 And the footstep of the white man  
 Never in their depths was known.

But the Indian warrior's war-whoop  
 Was the one shrill sound that woke  
 Echoes through their tortuous windings,  
 And their solemn silence broke.

Some of us from trees are severed  
 Rising high o'er land and sea,  
 Giant sentinels of verdure  
 Glorying in lone majesty.

Some on graceful maple trembled—  
 (Maple with the beaver twined  
 Is fair Montreal's fit emblem,  
 Industry and wealth combined).

Some upon Quebec's grey ramparts  
 In rich crimsoned glory grew ;  
 Some o'er Ottawa's swift river  
 Quivering summer shadows threw.

Some streamed down on sad Mount Royal,  
Lending deep and solemn shade  
On the peaceful, verdant hillocks  
Where the loved and lost are laid.

Some 'mid groves of pine-stems nestled,  
Near the frowning rocky steep,  
Where the foaming cataract's thunder  
Sings its music wild and deep.

Some on dazy heights that girdle  
Grand Niagara's wild flow—  
Quivering o'er the misty current  
As it foamed and surged below.

Gathered 'neath the dreamy sunlight  
Of the Indian summer sky,  
When calm autumn's gorgeous love-tints  
Robed us ere 'twas time to die.

By fond hands that send us, glowing  
With the blush of western skies,  
To her loved ones o'er the ocean  
For a love-charged sweet surprise.

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.



LORENCE I with thy dear name I would impress  
This virgin leaflet of what is to be  
A precious record and rich treasury  
Of many a chaste and heart-born melody.

## FAREWELL TO CANADA.

Wise, tender, witty, loving words and thoughts  
 Will be enshrined within its leaves; whose grace  
 In the dim future thou wilt fondly trace,  
 When some dear hands whose imprint on it lies  
 Will, in Time's measured course, have passed away  
 To the full glories of the endless day.  
 Those lines, the echo of their varied song,  
 Will make sweet music in thy heart, and bring  
 Back through the vista of the years the tones  
 Of thy glad girlhood, and of those who wove  
 A flowery chaplet round thee, making life  
 Resplendent with affection, in a bright  
 Glad consecrated home of peaceful calm;  
 And though, perchance, the survey oft may fill  
 Thine eyes with blinding tears, that needs must flow,  
 Yet shall thy heart thrill with a holier glow,  
 Whilst through its depths affection's voice will steal,  
 And all its deepest, sacred joy reveal.  
 Then let the wish of this, my brief verse, be  
 That thou, dear Florence, kindly think of me.

## FAREWELL TO CANADA.



FAREWELL lovely Canada! I must away,  
 Though it grieves me from thee and my loved  
 friends to stray.  
 Thou land of rich promise, thou home of the free,  
 A tender, affectionate farewell to thee!

Farewell, my beloved son, dear life of my life !  
My blessing rest on thee, thy children, thy wife ;  
Thy love is a pure spring of joy to my heart,  
The last of earth's treasures with which it would part.

Farewell to the hearths and the homes by whose light  
I've passed many seasons of peaceful delight ;  
For the stranger was fêted and welcomed by those  
On whose prized affection her own will repose.

Farewell to the house of my God, where I've knelt,  
Imperfectly off'ring the worship I felt ;  
Where the message to man from the Father above  
Was preached with true force in the spirit of love.

Farewell to the broad lakes the cataracts grand,  
Which flow in wild beauty and brighten the land,  
To the forests primeval, which silently still  
Invite the strong hand of good labour and skill.

Farewell to the heights, where the sun ere he hies  
To his gorgeous palace of rest in the skies  
Floods the west with a matchless love-light whose fond glow  
Bathes in heavenly beauty the valleys below.

Farewell, Montreal, with its clear cloudless skies,  
And the sentinel mountain that o'er it doth rise ;  
To the noble St. Lawrence, that bears on its tide  
The commerce and wealth of all lands far and wide.

Farewell to fair Ottawa, youthful and bright,  
In the far forest shrined in her glory and might,  
Like a Bride in the strength of her beauty and power,  
With her right royal Parliament buildings for dower.

## A MAY PICNIC, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Farewell to Toronto, Ontario too,  
 With its emerald islands and waters of blue ;  
 To Ingersoll, panting with vigorous life,  
 Bright laurels to win, in the world's earnest strife.

Farewell to the western Gibraltar, Quebec,  
 To the threatening cannon her ramparts that deck,  
 To the plains where our Wolfe his bold Britons hath led,  
 And where he and brave Montcalm repose with the dead.

Back ! back ! foolish tear-drops, take courage, my heart,  
 'Tis a fatherland beckons thee homeward to start ;  
 So, Canada, home of the loved and the free,  
 A tender, affectionate farewell to thee !

## A MAY PICNIC, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

**B**ESIDE a lovely moss-clad dell,  
 Where ferns and wild flowers loved to dwell,  
 A lovely trellised cottage stood,  
 Sheltered by an o'erhanging wood,  
 Through which there bounded with delight  
 Swift laughing waters, clear and bright,  
 Which made the rocks and hills rejoice  
 With the glad music of their voice,  
 Till, rushing to the vale below,  
 They ceased from their impetuous flow ;  
 With beaming sparkling smiles to Heaven,  
 That in its bounty free had given

Repose, in such sweet resting-place,  
Beneath the Sun's refulgent face,  
The love-light of whose beams of gold  
The waters mirror back and hold.  
The moonbeams, too, rejoicing fell  
Full on those streamlets of the dell,  
And with supernal silvery light  
Kissed and lit up that surface bright,  
Making a scene of beauty there  
Whose loveliness 'twas joy to share.

In that secluded cottage home,  
O'erspread with clustering roses' bloom,  
From childhood's hour young Ella grew,  
In artlessness and goodness, too.  
Not strictly beautiful,—yet still  
Her sight with joy the heart would fill ;  
So beaming with fresh native grace  
Was gentle Ella's form and face.  
Thus, though not set in classic mould  
(Too often linked with natures cold),  
These higher charms would charm full well  
On whom her sunny glances fell ;  
So bright, yet holy she, that all  
Her friends would her their "Sunbeam" call ;  
For sometimes her bright eyes would shine  
With a pure light—almost divine,—  
And her sweet voice, the live-long day,  
Rang sweetly as that tender lay  
Which angel-guards, on starry wing,  
O'er infants' sleep are said to sing.





In early girlhood's budding prime  
Ella had lost that love sublime  
Which mothers only can bestow—  
That from the deepest heart doth flow—  
Which God has given in mercy free  
To comfort tender infancy.  
But 'twas not hers this loss to prove  
Until that mother's priceless love  
Had disciplined her youthful heart  
In life to choose the better part—  
By patient, earnest teachings given,  
To fit her, through earth's cares, for heaven,  
With loving tones, and gentle voice,  
Which made young Ella's heart rejoice,  
And mild reproof, too when required,  
With watchfulness that never tired.  
Thus did she in its fulness prove  
The value of a mother's love, —  
That deep full fount of boundless worth,  
First, richest blessing upon earth;  
That love that over infant sleep  
Delights untiring watch to keep,  
Sheltering it still, as with a wing,  
From every ill the world can bring;  
That guides life's earliest steps with care,  
Rejoicing e'en its griefs to share.  
The watchful love that hails each sign  
From budding reason's precious mine  
That bends the faithful knees in prayer,  
To ask for Heaven's love and care;  
That shows to man how from above

The great God showers on all His love,  
And leads the mind that love to see  
Displayed in every flower and tree ;  
And as the opening mind expands,  
Bends the young will to His commands,  
Developing th' effect and cause  
Of His unalterable laws.—  
Showing that heavenly love always  
Is manifested day by day.  
O precious blessing from above,  
There is no love like mother's love.  
What wonder, then, that Ella grieved  
The loss of love she erst received,  
Which left her desolate to roam  
Around that saddened cottage home.  
For she was now the only child  
Of one who rarely on her smiled.  
An aged aunt, infirm and grey,  
The chief companion of her way.  
Indulgent to a fault was she,  
Though quite unfit a friend to be.  
Her father—he who should have been  
Her guide and guard o'er life's great scene,—  
Squandered his means and time away  
With evil men, o'er wine and play,  
Shunning his peaceful home and child  
To roam through dissipations wild.  
A voluntary exile, he,  
From the home shrine of purity.  
O hateful vice, denounced by Heaven,  
How many tender ties thou'st riven.

And made hearths desolate and waste  
Which else had been love's altars chaste !  
Oh had thy votaries but the power  
To see themselves for one short hour  
With swimming brain and frenzied eye,  
With tottering form and idiot cry,  
With vacant smile and ghastly stare,  
Telling that soul is vanquished there—  
Reason dethroned, with all the dire  
Results of heart and brain on fire—  
They surely would prompt warning take,  
And from such galling bondage break,  
Ere they the penalty must pay  
For sin, and be death's easy prey;  
At what an awful sacrifice  
Do drunken men pursue their vice !  
How willingly they wear the chain  
That binds alike the heart and brain,  
And court the fiend whose loathsome breath  
Exhales but madness, woe, and death ;  
Till outlawed by themselves from Heaven,  
With every tie of virtue riven,  
They in death's grasp despairing sink  
Mad victims to this hateful drink !

Ella was nature's child, and she  
Through her, adored the Deity.  
She saw, and felt her Maker's love  
On all things stamped, below, above,  
The beauteous sunbeam's golden glow,  
The laughing water's sparkling flow,

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The scented breeze, the balmy shower,  
The twilight's fascinating hour ;  
The stars in their bright home on high,  
Earth's boundless moonlit canopy ;  
The hoary mountains, vast and strong,  
Old ocean, with its wondrous song ;  
The grand sun, throned in blazing light,  
The gentle empress of the night ;  
Defiant storms, contending high,  
And silvered cloudlets floating by ;  
Anthems of birds, low hum of bees,  
Sweet-scented budding flowers and trees ;  
Rude thunder's roar, keen lightning's flash,  
Mysterious ocean's swirl and dash ;  
The blushing dawn of new-born day,  
The thrilling hush of twilight grey ;—  
All nature's soul-inspiring sounds  
Evoked in her revolving rounds,  
Conspired to fix fair Ella's love  
On their great Author, God above.  
And she would pour her praises forth,  
In glad communion with the earth,  
In gratitude and homage free  
To earth's eternal Deity,  
That He had granted her the joy  
Of such pure bliss without alloy,  
To light her pathway, cheer her heart,  
And make her love "the better part."

Few friends had Ella, but those few  
Loved her with fond affection true,

And sought by every means to cheer  
Her young life, girt by many a fear,—  
Such friendship's value few can guess,  
Who have loved hearts their homes to bless ;  
And so, one day, on pleasure bent,  
They for their much-loved "Sunbeam" sent  
To come to that fine mouldering pile,  
Peel's lonely Castle of the Isle.  
The day was fair with sunshine bright,  
In keeping with their spirits light.  
With tuneful song and mirthful glee  
They ride along right merrily,  
And many a witty tale recount  
As they o'er hills descend and mount  
On through the country lanes they sped,  
Spring's glorious sunshine overhead.  
Fresh-scented hedge-rows, as they passed,  
Their perfumed greetings o'er them cast—  
And birds poured forth glad, tuneful lays  
In sweet, harmonious songs of praise.  
No wonder, then, that all were gay,  
With such glad radiance on their way ;  
For nature's holy influence  
Led captive each delighted sense,  
And all declared Old Time, that day,  
Too fleetly winged his course away.

Now, soon descending at the town  
Of good Holme Peel, of high renown,  
They cross the river, where the fleet  
Of herring-boats their glances meet,

By Peel's strong sons and fathers manned,  
A trim, well-ordered, sturdy band—  
With chosen Commodore, whose word  
Is law, when on the ocean heard :  
A man of character and skill,  
Of courage and undaunted will,  
To guide them o'er the briny deep,  
And peace and order 'mong them keep.  
It is, in sooth, a pleasant sight  
To see this fleet depart each night,  
Beneath the moon's soft silvery ray,  
Or plunging through rough seas away,  
Prepared to grapple with the storm.  
Or ride out peacefully till morn.  
So they secure their finny spoil,  
And bring them safe, with care and toil.

Now, once more landed on the shore,  
They mount the steps and reach the door  
Which leads to the grey ruined pile  
Of Peel's lone Castle of the Isle.  
The guide is here, with stately bow,  
Who ushers grave their footsteps now,  
Through the old abbey, to the cells  
Where many a touching tale he tells,—  
How Glo'ster's Duchess proud endured  
Captivity, and lay immured  
For fourteen years, in dark despair,  
In a deep, narrow dungeon there,  
Moaning her griefs unto the sea,  
Which ever mocked her misery.

Whilst o'erhead sounded revels gay,  
'Neath Countess Derby's queenlike sway,—  
Of poor Fenella, mute and grave,  
Whose tower still overhangs the wave,—  
Of the hound phantom, grim and dire,  
Who joined the night-guards round the fire—  
Unbidden and unwelcome guest,  
Disturber of their song and jest ;  
Of that poor sentry, who the brute  
Pursuing, came back stricken mute !  
How good Saint Patrick on this shore  
In year four hundred forty-four,  
Found Pagans and idolatry,  
And planted Christianity—  
And after staying here awhile,  
Returned to his own Emerald Isle ;  
How bold king-making Warwick here  
Passed many a day of jovial cheer ;  
How Christian set the King at naught,  
And 'gainst the troops determined fought ;  
And last though not the least, he told  
Of one whom Manxmen long will hold  
In veneration's holiest shrine,  
Good Bishop Wilson, the divine—  
Famed for his deeds of charity,  
His humble, kindly piety.

Exhausted now the guide's deep lore,  
They separate—some for the shore,  
To seek for seaweed, pebbles, shells ;  
And some to shady streams and dells,

To gather wild-flowers, in their turn,  
With Spring's young, graceful budding fern,  
Some mount the hills, to gaze below  
On the broad ocean's ebb and flow,  
While others, yet in pairs depart,  
Not caring where, if but apart.  
They mingle whispered words again  
With fervent, foolish hopes, and vain ;  
And each is happy in his way  
On that bright, glorious first of May.

But now the sound of bugle fell  
Upon the wanderer's ear, to tell  
That their rich sylvan feast was spread  
On a soft, verdant, grassy bed,  
By the old tower and abbey grey,  
Close shaded from the glare of day.  
Like a dense swarm of busy bees,  
All buzzing in the soft, warm breeze,  
Obedient to the queen's behest,  
They settle on that place of rest—  
In Oriental fashion sit  
With sharpened appetites to wit,  
And not displeas'd they then surveyed  
The feast on damask white outspread.  
Chicken, and ham, and savoury pie,  
In rich profusion round them lie ;  
Tarts, jellies, fruits, and ice were there,  
And store of cakes and sweetmeats rare.  
Champagne and claret, sturdy beer,  
And water from the fresh spring near,

For those who have the sense to know  
That there is nought so pure below  
For man to drink, as water clear,  
His spirit to refresh and cheer.  
And there were crackers, too, for all,  
For all love crackers, great and small.  
They offer such an easy mode,  
As they so merrily explode,  
For making each brief sugared lay  
Tell much you wish yet dare not say.  
Rare fun and merriment went round,  
To music's ever welcome sound.  
The swains devoted to the fair,  
With them much joy and pleasure share,  
As, parrying jokes, they laugh and sing,  
And make the air with gladness ring.  
The rich repast soon disappears,  
When lo! a crash awakes their fears;  
A loud report—another, there!  
At which all tremble, start, and stare.  
Some shrieked and fainted, others rose  
With front erect, to cope with foes;  
The ladies clung in frantic fear  
To their devoted partners near;  
All felt convinced that blood was shed,  
And feared to find a comrade dead.  
They gazed around with frightened eyes,  
And questions asked without replies.  
Again that sound of fear! again!  
When lo! the startling truth was plain—  
The sparkling wines, well warmed, each one,

Beneath the scorching noonday sun,  
Had leapt unbidden into life  
Without the aid of screw or knife.  
With loud reports and frantic haste  
Champagne and corks each other chased,  
Thus causing all those shrieks and sighs,  
Those faintings, fears, and tearful eyes,  
Which ended in much merriment,  
For all were on enjoyment bent.  
Thus time flies by on fleetest wings,  
Until the hour for parting rings ;  
When, gathering knives, plates, glasses, forks,  
Distributing scraps, bottles, corks,  
Among the little urchins, who  
Had hovered round them the day through,  
And leaving a substantial fee  
For the guide's aid and courtesy,  
They hasten to retrace their steps,  
Gaily remount the waggonettes,  
And briskly speed their homeward way  
Beneath the sun's last parting ray ;  
Reaching their homes as the faint light  
Of lovely twilight fades in night—  
That holy light of parting day  
When nature, robed in garments grey,  
Robbed of her sun's life-giving smile,  
Pauses in quiet thought awhile,  
Replete with influence from the skies  
Man's mind to soothe and tranquillize.  
Who has not felt the holy power  
Of nature in her twilight hour,

And worshipped the abiding love  
Transferred through her from Heaven above ?  
Thus was it Ella's wont to feel  
Nature's sweet influence o'er her steal.  
But now, alas ! she heeded not  
The twilight with such calmness fraught.  
Her beating heart and trembling form  
Told of a sudden inward storm.  
As, having gained her chamber, she  
Mused in a trance of ecstasy  
On that day's gathering, and on one  
Who her first fluttering love had won.  
Never until that day had she  
Felt aught of love's intensity ;  
But now she loved with all the true  
Fresh feeling of a power so new —  
A new world, beaming with delight,  
Seemed opened to her rapturous sight,  
As she recalled the accents dear  
Which that day charmed her listening ear ;  
And she the joy of loving proved,  
With the sweet bliss of being loved.

And who had thus her first love gained ?—  
Her pure and deep affection claimed ?—  
Who touched the spring which made her feel  
Such sweet emotion o'er her steal ?  
'Twas a young stranger, who, that day,  
Had joined them in their picnic gay.  
Of noble lineage he came,  
With wealth to boot, Norman his name.

Handsome, erect, of noble mien,  
With brilliant eyes as e'er were seen.  
His race long bore upon their shield  
Proofs of their deeds on Hastings' field,  
Proud were they of their pedigree,  
And looked down all democracy,  
Scorning all worth, however tried,  
That boasted not of 'scutcheoned pride ;  
Glittering in their own tinsel gay,  
And keeping humble friends away.  
One only child, this son and heir  
Had lived their love and wealth to share ;  
But late he'd left his home in pride,  
To cruise upon the waters wide  
In his trim yacht, with jovial friends,  
And pleasures such as wealth still lends :  
Thus chancing, on their homeward way,  
To anchor near to Douglas Bay,  
Some pleasant days they'd needs beguile  
On Mona's pretty sea-girt isle ;  
When Norman, with companions four,  
Landed upon the pebbly shore,  
Just as the revellers came in view,  
One of whose party Norman knew—  
Who asked him and his friends to share  
Their picnic, and to Peel repair.  
Most fittingly their thanks they paid,  
And with the merry party stayed.  
All hailed the strangers with a smile,  
And quickly found them room the while ;  
For Mona, as each young girl knows,

Is often very short of beaux.  
Thus Norman and his friends, that day,  
Were welcome as the flowers of May,  
And added largely to the fun  
Already heartily begun.

Norman was gentle and refined,  
To outward view—with well-stored mind,  
Of winning manners, comely form,  
With wealth to boot, and nobly born ;  
So he was looked on as a prize  
By the discerning worldly-wise,  
Which made him very much too vain,  
Nor cared he virtue to attain.  
A subtle flatterer was he,  
Insinuating as might be,  
Proud of the conquests he had won,  
Of mischief his false tongue had done ;  
Never reflecting on the woe  
Which from his faithlessness might flow.

And seated thus by Ella's side,  
Norman remarked her maiden pride,  
The sweet simplicity and grace  
Of her fair form and Saxon face,  
The bright depth of her clear blue eye—  
The calm yet dignified reply—  
Through which there shone a well-trained mind,  
With feelings lofty and refined.  
And he bent o'er her with delight,  
Entranced and captivated quite,

Thinking he'd ne'er seen aught so fair  
As Ella with her golden hair,  
Then, in their ramble on the shore,  
Her presence pleased him more and more ;  
And this false man breathed in her ear  
Bright promises, no life to cheer,  
If she would be his own dear wife,  
And love him fondly throughout life.  
Love him ! ah yes ! the tender spark  
Lighted at once her pathway dark—  
She felt his loving words and fair  
An echo to her feelings were ;  
For he had won her trusting heart,  
Of which his own now seemed a part ;  
And she, poor girl ! believed him true—  
He seemed a very hero, who  
In fancy's dream had oft appeared,  
When she her fairy castles reared.  
And so, ere fell the twilight grey  
Of that soft, balmy first of May,  
They both stood pledged, come weal, come woe,  
Thus hand in hand through life to go.

That night, like Ella, Norman sought  
His chamber early, for the thought  
Of the day's fervid passion came  
Like spectres floating o'er his brain.  
Could he look calmly on the past ?  
Was his heart truly touched at last ?  
Or were those vows, oft breathed before  
In other ears, from shore to shore,

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Likely to be fulfilled, and be  
His anchor on life's troubled sea ?  
These, and a thousand questions more,  
In quick succession flitted o'er,  
While waking thoughts and restless sleep  
Alternate empire o'er him keep—  
And the sun's early morning beam  
Still found him in his troubled dream.  
Early he rose from his unrest—  
'Twas a grave matter, he confessed ;  
He blamed his rashness more and more—  
He'd never gone so far before :  
For though it was his constant boast  
Young hearts to win on every coast,  
Till then 'twas done with so much care,  
To blame him none could ever dare.  
But it was useless to deplore—  
He'd from such toils escaped before.  
So he to Ella would repair,  
And for the worst her mind prepare ;  
Recall, if possible, the past,  
And o'er it doubtful shadows cast.

The sun shone brightly in the sky  
In all his heaven-born majesty,  
As Ella, blushing, artless, coy,  
All radiant with her new-born joy !  
To Norman graceful welcome gave  
In answer to his greetings grave.  
For she had never been deceived,  
And all his promises believed,

Never once doubting he would prove  
Most worthy of her trusting love.  
She never thought, poor girl, that he  
Pressed other hands as tenderly,  
Or that his speeches were but part  
Of many more he had by heart.  
He gazed upon her with delight,  
She was so loving, trusting, bright,  
That all his vague designs gave way  
For undeceiving her that day.  
Besides, perhaps ev'n after all  
He might not his rash vows recall,  
And, come what would, he did not choose  
Her fond and trusting love to lose.  
And thus he yielded to the power  
And fascination of the hour,  
Determining some other day  
To undeceive his artless prey ;  
And in the meantime to reject  
All inward promptings to reflect.  
So he proposed that she should be  
His guide, the neighbourhood to see.  
And as it had been fixed that they  
Should pass the evening of the day  
With Ella's friends, and others yet  
Who yesterday together met,  
'Twas safe for Ella to declare  
That he had come to take her there ;  
So Ella's aunt gave free consent,  
And happy they together went.

Over the hills they wend their way,  
Far o'er the pebbly beach they stray,  
With many a tender look and smile,  
And converse sweet the time beguile.  
He told her of his travels far,  
'Neath eastern skies, and polar star,—  
Of the gay cities' brilliant glare,  
Where wealth made pleasure everywhere ;  
Until her dazzled vision grew  
Enchanted with the scenes he drew,  
And she, who ne'er had sighed to roam  
Beyond her sea-bound island home,  
Now thought, with mingled joy and pride,  
How she should one day be his bride,  
And view the wonders he portrayed,  
Which the world's untold wealth displayed.  
With thoughts like these, and converse sweet,  
The wings of time flew all too fleet,  
As from the church with old grey tower  
The bells chimed out the evening hour ;  
And then their friendly board around,  
The evening all too brief they found.

As Norman homeward hied that night  
His thoughts were very far from light ;  
Knowing how false the game he played,  
And of its consequence afraid.  
For all too plainly now he saw  
'Twould not be easy to withdraw ;  
Then, on the other hand, 'twas clear,  
Though Ella was to him so dear,

He could not think of marrying one  
Of rank inferior to his own.  
Besides, her father's habits low,  
Had shocked his sense and feelings so  
That he himself quite justified  
Whatever evils might betide,  
In breaking those rash vows, that were  
Breathed with such fervency to her ;  
And, after all, she'd soon forget—  
At most a short time she would fret ;  
So he would see her once again,  
And then would make his purpose plain.

He met her strolling on the shore,  
And found he loved her more and more.  
She was so winning, gentle, mild,  
And on him she so sweetly smiled,  
That he felt quite inclined to pay  
Her homage but for one more day ;  
But in the meantime warn her well  
To none their mutual vows to tell.  
So, once more wandering side by side,  
By margin of the ebbing tide,  
He breathed into her willing ear  
His softest whisperings, sweet and clear ;  
Telling her that the morning grey  
Would bear him in his bark away,  
But that the waters, deep and wide,  
Could never their fond love divide,—  
That she must wait in patience, till  
He could to her his vows fulfil.

When he would stem the fiercest tide  
To make her his own darling bride.  
Oh, wicked man ! again to sow  
The seeds of so much bitter woe,  
And doom to worse than death the one  
Whose woe thy falsehood had begun !  
And thus they parted,—she to feel  
Most happy, he his breast to steel  
Against those whisperings of the mind,  
Which, when neglected, leave it blind,  
A prey to every kind of sin,  
Tempted and tried without, within.

Ella, in her still chamber, now,  
With joyous heart and beaming brow,  
Felt that she was no more alone,  
Since Norman's love was all her own.  
No lot in the world's brightest glare  
She thought could with her own compare,—  
And though he bound her ne'er to tell  
To others that they loved so well—  
What matter ! whilst her trusting heart  
Believed itself of his a part—  
Besides, his smallest wish should be  
Observed by her most sacredly.  
She only wished that for his sake  
She greater sacrifice could make,  
To prove her love, that he might see  
The strength of woman's constancy.  
At early dawn the following day  
Ella gazed fondly on the bay,—

Saw Norman's yacht the waves divide,  
Borne swiftly by the ebbing tide.  
That bark—a thing of life she seems—  
Disporting 'neath the moon's last beams,  
Gracefully gliding out to sea,  
On the bright waters broad and free,—  
Till fainter she the distance nears,  
Then in the mist she disappears,  
As though the waters of the deep  
Had lured her to their caverns steep,  
Leaving behind no single trace  
To mark her fate or resting-place.  
Long Ella gazed, but gazed in vain,  
No speck was on the heaving main ;  
So, closing her dim eyes in prayer,  
She sought for him the loving care  
Of Him, the Ruler, throned on high,  
Monarch supreme of earth and sky,—  
And e'en though sad she felt, and lone,  
Hope's glorious halo round her shone,  
Brightening her solitary way  
With its glad, renovating ray.

She loved him! Though he roamed afar,  
He was her earthly idol, star  
Of joy and gladness in life's waste,  
Never receding, or effaced !  
She kept her promise, did not dare  
To name him but in secret prayer,  
And with a loving maiden pride,  
His image in her heart did hide—

With it would constant converse hold,  
Her ev'ry sorrow to it told,—  
Till it became a living part  
Of her devoted, trusting heart—  
And like a fire whose smothered light  
No signal offers to the sight  
Of life's deep hidden, living store  
Glowing within its heart's warm core—  
So Ella hid the sacred flame,  
Within her heart enshrined his name.  
With not the slightest outward show  
To mark her soul's deep inner glow.  
And she would muse on each dear word  
She had with trustful gladness heard,  
Would dwell upon them singly now  
With happy heart and radiant brow,  
For all their light they'd left behind,  
To soothe and fortify her mind ;  
And if perchance his dear, loved name  
Upon her lips unbidden came,  
In sweet surprise she blushing tried  
It deeper in her heart to hide,  
To cherish and enshrine it there,  
To mingle with her every prayer.

And now we must to Norman turn,  
And of him something further learn.  
The day that bore his bark away  
Far, far from Ella and her bay  
As she stood breathing forth a prayer  
That he might have th' Almighty's care,

He was endeavouring to forget  
That they had loved—that they had met—  
Thinking it better far that he  
Thus circumspect and firm should be.  
For, to say truth, he did regret  
The part he'd played to her ; and yet  
He would not break the spell,—he knew  
She loved him with affection true.  
And though he felt he'd gone too far,  
He would not further seek to mar  
The pure devotion of her life,  
For she could never be his wife.

And, after all, three days' delight  
Would soon be lost to memory's sight,—  
If he should not renew his suit,  
But be to her discreetly mute ;  
And, come what would, he thought 'twas plain  
He could no wiser course sustain,  
Than simply trust to time to heal  
The bitter pangs her heart might feel :  
One selfish comfort still had he,  
In thinking o'er what yet might be ;  
She'd promised secrecy in all  
Their vows, whatever might befall,—  
This was his safeguard, and this thought  
Was with much secret comfort fraught,  
For none would have the power to blame  
Or cast suspicion on his name ;—  
Thus did this false man, paltering, deal  
With his own deeds and heart of steel,

Still measuring woman's constancy  
By his consummate treachery.

Ah! little knew he of the pure  
And holy love, that doth endure  
Throughout all dangers, seasons, time,  
Undimmed by distance, change, or clime—  
The trust a gentle woman proves  
To him she fondly, truly loves.  
But oft such love is cast aside  
For paltry wealth and worldly pride,  
Though these, with all their well-known power,  
Could ne'er command that priceless dower ;  
For this rich gift of woman's love  
Is Heaven's best blessing from above—  
A gift that's priceless, that will last  
When fortune, fame, and youth are past.  
Oh! surely this true love is worth  
The wealth of all the jewelled earth.  
What joy, this priceless love to share!  
What gift can with this love compare?

When Norman reached his home of state,  
So seldom visited of late,  
And felt the pride of place and power  
'Graven, as 'twere, on wall and tower,  
And mingled with the jewelled throng,  
Joined in the mazy dance and song,  
He soon forgot the loving heart  
That deemed 'twas of his own a part,  
And marvelled he had been so weak

Ella's fond love to win or seek.  
And when they spoke, his parents both,  
Of marriage, he was nothing loth:  
With the young wealthy countess, she  
Whose beauty knew no rivalry,  
So chastely classic was her face,  
Her bearing dignity and grace ;  
But this was all—her heart was cold—  
A heart that could be basely sold  
To a high bidder, so 'twas won  
By the rich Norman's wealthy son.  
And the world said, "A nobler pair  
Had seldom met, such joy to share."  
So much doth wealth still charm the crowd,  
To tinselled baubles ever vowed,  
So seldom willing to be told  
That, "all that glitters is not gold."

Soon as the marriage-day was named,  
And their betrothal thus proclaimed,  
Norman reflected 'twould be wise,  
Ere he secured his wealthy prize,  
To break, as gently as could be,  
To Ella, o'er the deep blue sea,  
The news that he would shortly claim  
A wife, to share his wealth and name,  
And for the fact her mind prepare,  
Lest hope should still hold empire there.  
So he deputed a firm friend  
To this design his aid to lend—  
One who knew Ella well, and who  
Was of that fateful picnic too.

Not that she was the only one,  
By many, he had falsely won;  
But that he thought her girlish love  
Truer than theirs perhaps might prove,  
And that indignant she might be  
At his deceit and treachery,  
And raise reports and rumoured blame,  
Which might bring censure on his name.  
So, half in earnest, half in jest,  
He charged this friend to do his best  
To clear these harmful mists away  
Before his coming wedding-day.  
And having lauded her with praise,  
Spoken of her sweet winning ways,  
He even hinted that she might  
Transfer to him her glances bright,  
Then plumed himself on having done  
Full justice to the injured one.  
Ah! little recked he of the breadth,  
The towering height, and boundless depth  
Of woman's love! His false heart knew  
No standard for a power so true.

Poor Ella! little did she ween,  
Though seas and oceans rolled between—  
Though fortune, station, all appeared  
Like an opposing stronghold reared  
Against her, that her Norman's love  
Would not all dangers rise above,  
Were they thrice multiplied, until  
He could to her his vows fulfil,

And lead her forth, his happy bride,  
In undisguised delight and pride.  
Thus, though days, weeks, and months rolled by  
In waiting, watching, anxiously ;  
And though no post good tidings bore,  
She loved and trusted as before,  
Nor 'gainst him did she ever rear  
An ugly doubt or jealous fear,  
So full of trusting faith her love—  
So near akin to that above.

Thus, when the friend of Norman's came,  
She felt assured 'twas in his name ;  
And for the first time since the day  
When he had sailed from Douglas Bay,  
She breathed to mortal ears that name  
Which now unasked, unbidden, came  
Begging, in words of hope and fear,  
For tidings that she longed to hear  
Of him, her soul's bright earthly star,  
Loved with such fervour, though afar.  
Rapid as thought her questions flew,  
When finding they no answers drew,  
Alarmed, she then entreated, urged,  
That he would quell the doubts that surged  
Through her racked mind—by but one word,  
Of him she loved,—dismayed, he heard,—  
Bewildered, scarce knew what to do,  
Then caught at her suggestion, too,—  
One little word the truth would tell,  
“ Married,” he gasped,—she swooning fell,—

As one whom the last reaper, Death,  
 Summons, and strikes down with a breath.  
 So still she lay, in swoon so deep,  
 All deemed it was that endless sleep.

News of misfortune travels fast—  
 Friends, kindred, neighbours, come in haste,  
 Call in the aid of medicine, try  
 To rouse her from her lethargy,—  
 But all in vain, for scarce a trace  
 Of life rests on that pallid face.  
 A stricken look of horror now  
 Seems graven on her ghastly brow,  
 With scarce a proof of pulse to give  
 The faintest hope that she might live;  
 None save the friend of Norman knew  
 Of all this scene of grief, the true,  
 Heartrending, cruel cause; and he  
 Seemed scared by its intensity,—  
 Fled from the scene in blank dismay,  
 Daring no longer there to stay,  
 Lest on compulsion he might be  
 Witness 'gainst his friend's treachery.

'Twas thought she had a sudden fit,  
 And doctors grave in judgment sit,  
 Searching in vain for cause to give  
 Assurance that she yet might live.  
 And busy meddlers, who have more  
 Of talk than wit, said, that before  
 This illness they saw plainly all  
 That some such chance would soon befall.

"She looked," said they, "with fever rife,  
Too buoyant, and too full of life ;"  
And altogether, 'twas declared,  
They for the illness were prepared.  
Vain babblers! will ye never learn  
From jargon such as this to turn,  
And simply do the wise behest  
Of those who know the matter best,  
Spending your energy in deeds  
Rather than useless words, which leads  
To no good purpose, and oft tends  
To mischievous and painful ends.

I grieve to tell that I have been  
Off by a sick-bed, where I've seen—  
E'en in the sufferer's hearing, too—  
Contentious bickerings not a few,  
Such as distract his weakened brain,  
Increase and aggravate his pain,  
Banishing sweet repose, that balm  
Kind Heaven bestows to ease and calm,  
Instead of that soft, soothing tone  
Which then should be o'er all things thrown—  
Those gentle steps, that noiseless tread  
Which should surround the sick one's bed,  
Encouraging that sweet repose  
To which the sufferer often owes  
Another life, as 'twere, that seems  
To draw down Heaven's own healing beams.  
'Tis this repose, the doctors know,  
Which, more than medicine, stems the flow

Of human suffering and pain,  
And needs but love to make it plain.

But I have wandered far too long  
From Ella and her watching throng ;—  
For hours she lay 'twixt life and death,  
With scarce a pulse and scarce a breath :  
Then came a change—each pulse beat high,  
And fevered glare was in her eye,  
And the late bloodless features shone  
With lurid brightness not their own,  
And the scared mind, so lately still,  
Seemed now unchained against its will,  
So little did it heed the word  
In which its ravings were outpoured.  
She raved of shipwreck! cried for aid,  
Deemed she on torturing rack was laid,—  
Then, filled with maddening fears and doubt,  
Shrieked that the lamp of hope was out,—  
And swooned again—a swoon so deep,  
'Twas thought again death's endless sleep.  
Thus passed long anxious nights and days,  
With scarce a glimmering hope to raise  
Against despair, till reason came  
To reillumine the wasted frame,  
And brought poor Ella face to face  
With that which drove it from its place.  
And then did she relapse and sink,  
Once more oblivious, on life's brink !  
No—though the truth stood sternly there,  
In maddening form, to bring despair,

Though knowing now full well that she  
Had been the dupe of treachery,  
Of grossest falsehood and deceit,  
That could the ear of maiden meet,  
She faced the woe in courage strong,  
Did battle with her grievous wrong,  
And gained the victory at last  
O'er the deep misery round her cast.

What made her feeble nature strong  
To triumph bravely over wrong?  
What made her humbly kiss the rod?  
'Twas that she was a child of God,—  
And He gave strength in time of need,  
He who ne'er breaks the bruised reed,  
He to whose throne ascends on high  
The weakest plaint, the faintest sigh,  
Who is at once Friend, Father dear,  
And great Protector, ever near,  
Mysterious union, glorious, blest!  
Within whose love is peace and rest.

Thus Ella forth from danger came,  
Another Ella, yet the same,  
So changed, alas! in face and form  
Since that wild, desolating storm—  
Years might have passed, so deep the trace  
Of suffering on that pale wan face,  
Not light and buoyant as before,  
Not glad and joyous as of yore,  
But saddened, softened, chastened, still,  
So tempered to her Maker's will,

That not a murmur ever rose  
Her hidden secret to disclose.

But not for long had she the power  
To struggle 'gainst the fatal hour,  
For though kind time essayed to chase  
The lines of sorrow from her face,  
Though friends devoted did their best  
For life to give her greater zest,—  
Though she, of her own strength afraid,  
Stern effort upon effort made,—  
To struggle back as 'twere to life,  
And battle bravely in its strife,  
'Twas useless all, her weakened frame  
Its vanished power could ne'er regain.  
The cruel shock prepared the way  
For Death too soon to grasp his prey,  
Too early in life's trustful morn  
Love's sorrow withered her fair form ;  
So, with her secret hidden deep,  
She sank in death's resistless sleep,  
And angel spirits bore away  
Her chastened soul to endless day,  
To yonder happy home of peace  
Where griefs and sorrows ever cease,  
Where all the weary are at rest  
In God's own presence ever blessed.  
Such is the history of one  
Whose life so soon its course had run—  
So early had the reaper, Death,  
Come forth to claim her fleeting breath,

So soon the gracious summons given  
To wing her flight from earth to heaven.

What sweeping, desolating storm  
Had shattered thus her youthful form,  
And, spite of all her efforts brave,  
Had laid her in an early grave?  
'Twas man's betrayal, man's deceit,  
That lured her on such fate to meet,—  
He dealt the cruel, fatal blow  
That laid this lovely maiden low;—  
Yes, man, the noblest work God made,  
On whom the solemn charge was laid  
To shelter woman, and defend,  
Through joy and sorrow, to life's end;  
He unto whom the Lord of Heaven  
This last and crowning boon had given,  
Of woman, meant by God to be  
Man's helpmate to eternity.

The tidings of poor Ella's fate  
Reached Norman in his halls of state,  
Just when he had begun to feel  
Keen disappointment o'er him steal;  
For marriage proved a source of strife—  
A chain to husband and to wife.  
Scared by the tidings, stung with shame,  
A murderer in all but name,  
The author of that grievous wrong,  
In killing silence born so long.  
Now Norman felt each racking pang  
And terror, which o'er guilt oft hang,

And bitterly repented now  
His treachery, and broken vow.  
To fly from thought he strove in vain!  
Deep on his conscience was the stain.  
He could not 'scape the spectre thought  
With grief and self-conviction fraught.  
Nor gold, nor all his treasures vain  
Could calm the torture of his brain,  
Or give him back a moment's peace,  
Or cause his bitter pangs to cease.  
His bride, so beautiful and fair,  
Scarce noticed his dejected air,  
Or if she marked was little moved,  
For never had she truly loved.  
Coldly indifferent was she  
To all his well-earned misery—  
Shunned his society, in brief,  
Rather than seek his source of grief,  
And in the world's gay empty glare  
Forgot her lord's dejected air.  
Then stern indifference arose,  
Its ugly features to disclose,  
And they became distinct, apart,  
Estranged in thought, estranged in heart;  
And lastly, cold aversion came,  
Its icy presence to proclaim;  
Then bickerings and contentions raged,  
And war incessant soon they waged;

And children, too, in discord reared,  
Their parents neither loved nor feared.

This was his crowning source of woe—  
The final and the crushing blow  
Than which no greater ere was sent  
By righteous Heaven, in punishment.  
Thus Norman to the dregs drank up—  
The bitter retribution's cup ;  
And we must leave him to deplore  
His guilt and treachery more and more,  
And draw the curtain o'er a life  
Of never-ceasing shame and strife.

Young men and old men, too, who seek  
By falsehood to ensnare the weak,  
Pause and reflect, ere 'tis too late,  
Or you may suffer Norman's fate,  
And quite as vainly may you try  
From retribution's arm to fly,  
For soon or later ye shall be  
Compelled to pay the penalty.  
And maidens young and fair, beware  
Lest falsehood should your hearts ensnare.  
Trust no man fully, till you prove  
His principles, as well as love ;  
And let not flattery's fatal charm  
Your judgment and good sense disarm.  
Never accept a suitor, till  
You first consult your guardian's will.  
For wise discernment may see through  
What never could appear to you—  
Lest you should prove the axiom old,  
That "All that glitters is not gold."

On choice of husband or of wife  
 Depends the bliss or woe of life.  
 So, let not those who wish to wed  
 Be by appearance wholly led.  
 For quality of mind and heart  
 Is surely an important part  
 In that most solemn step in life—  
 The choice of husband or of wife.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.



O! how I love the bright crystalline snow,  
 Dancing and sparkling, above, and below,  
 Cov'ring the mountains, and cov'ring the ground,  
 Silently locking up verdure and sound ;  
 Joyfully fluttering down on the breeze,  
 Weaving bright gossamer webs round the trees ;  
 Noiselessly sporting around and below—  
 Who does not love the bright, beautiful snow ?

Lighter than down of the songsters of air,  
 Pure as the robe that an angel might wear ;  
 Gentle as kindness dictated by love,  
 Free as glad sunshine diffused from above ;  
 Gracefully robing all nature in white,  
 Scattering jewels of beauty and light ;  
 Setting the pulses of nature aglow—  
 Who does not love the bright, beautiful snow ?

Pure as bright innocence, chaste as the light  
 Shed by the stars round the Empress of Night ;  
 Stainless as dewdrops that, shining, adorn  
 The young brow of Summer at earliest morn ;  
 Spotless and harmless, gladsome and gay,  
 Noiseless as earliest footsteps of day ;  
 Frolicking joyfully round and below—  
 Who does not love the bright, beautiful snow ?

## SPRING.



OMES a glad spirit through the pearly gate  
 Of Paradise, on heavenly mission sent  
 To the expectant and rejoicing earth :  
 And as she smiling spreads her wings of light  
 Th' enraptured sun darts forth his brightest beams  
 To make a golden pathway for her course ;  
 And calls the rainbow, with its gorgeous-hues,  
 To glorify the liquid gems of dew,  
 Set in her sunbright hair, that, like a robe,  
 In rippling splendour veils her beauteous form  
 Like wavelets of a gentle summer sea  
 Over a sloping, sun-kissed, pebbly shore.  
 Floating in golden light she thus descends  
 On her divine commission, to awake  
 The slumbering earth from long, cold, wintry trance :  
 To nerve and energize earth's forces, and  
 To scatter seeds of blessing and of good.  
 At her bright presence myriads of gay forms

Of insects spring to life, and whirring, dance  
Upon the glorified, delighted breeze ;  
And merry woodland songsters, mute so long,  
Lured by the heavenly guest, come forth to hail  
Her welcome advent in ecstatic song,  
And universal nature throbs to bliss,  
While whispering of the joys of life renewed.  
Gaily the spirit trips o'er hills and dales,  
And at the magic of her wooing breath  
The buds of verdant woods and groves unfold,  
The flowrets of the garden and the fields  
Leap to new life, and spread their petals fair  
And open their bright eyes to her fond gaze ;  
And the broad ocean, silver lakes and seas,  
Clear rivulets, and purling mountain streams,  
Pour out in sparkling measure their glad voice.  
All joy in life renewed,—delighted earth  
Thrills to the bliss of being, casting off  
Her wintry garments, clothes herself afresh  
In lovely emerald verdure, spangled o'er  
With her own native flowrets, childhood's friends !  
The starry rose-tipped daisy, which young hands  
And little fingers love to interlace  
For mimic crowns and festive wreathlets bright,  
To twine around their pretty necks and hair.  
'Tis well it should be thus, for prattlers small  
Learn of these angel messengers their first  
And simplest lesson from earth's flowery page,—  
How even these small things have each their place  
In the economy of His great laws—  
And work in cheerful, noiseless industry

Below the cold, dark, quiet, solemn ground,  
 Ere they can gain the exquisite delight  
 Of upward gazing to the clear bright heaven  
 On which they all depend for light and life.  
 Lessons there are for old as well as young  
 In the glad birth-day of the gentle flowers,  
 Which teach that every creature, blossom, bud,  
 By Him created, must obey the laws  
 Established for the universal good.  
 Thus should the angel messenger of Spring  
 Be a divine remembrancer of Him  
 Whose matchless love and ever constant care  
 She sweetly everywhere doth symbolize.

## SPRING.



ALL, happy Spring! Heaven's artist!  
 Each year inspired anew,  
 To deck delighted nature  
 In robes of rainbow hue;  
 Who could withstand the teachings,  
 Thy myriad voices sing,  
 Of love, and hope, and beauty?  
 Then welcome, joyous Spring!

Who doth not love the spring-time,  
 Its sunshine and its showers,  
 Its glittering lights and shadows  
 Glancing through budding flowers?

Who could refuse to worship,  
At the enchanting shrine  
Of universal nature,  
The Holy, the Divine?

Who does not hail with gladness  
The birthday of the flowers,—  
And, chasing gloom and sadness,  
Revel in Spring's sweet hours?  
When zephyrs with bright sunbeams  
Frolic among the trees,  
And waft the perfumed flowers' breath,  
To waft on the breeze.

The glorious Sun comes wooing  
His long-expectant earth,  
And by his smile awakens  
Her children to new birth:  
The young leaves thrill and tremble  
With joy beneath his glance,  
And happy streams unfettered  
Thus gambol, sing, and dance.

The tiny star-crowned daisy  
Springs smiling from the sod,  
To whisper to the children  
Sweet love-tales of their God;  
Ah! who could see wee fingers  
Wreathing the pretty gem,  
And not feel sure the daisy  
Was sent by Heaven for them.

Young birds from fragrant bowers  
 Mate in delighted pairs,  
 Now feathered songsters carol  
 Whose joy e'en nature shares.  
 May we, like Spring's glad minstrels,  
 Add to our gift of birth  
 That spirit that can fashion  
 A Paradise on earth.

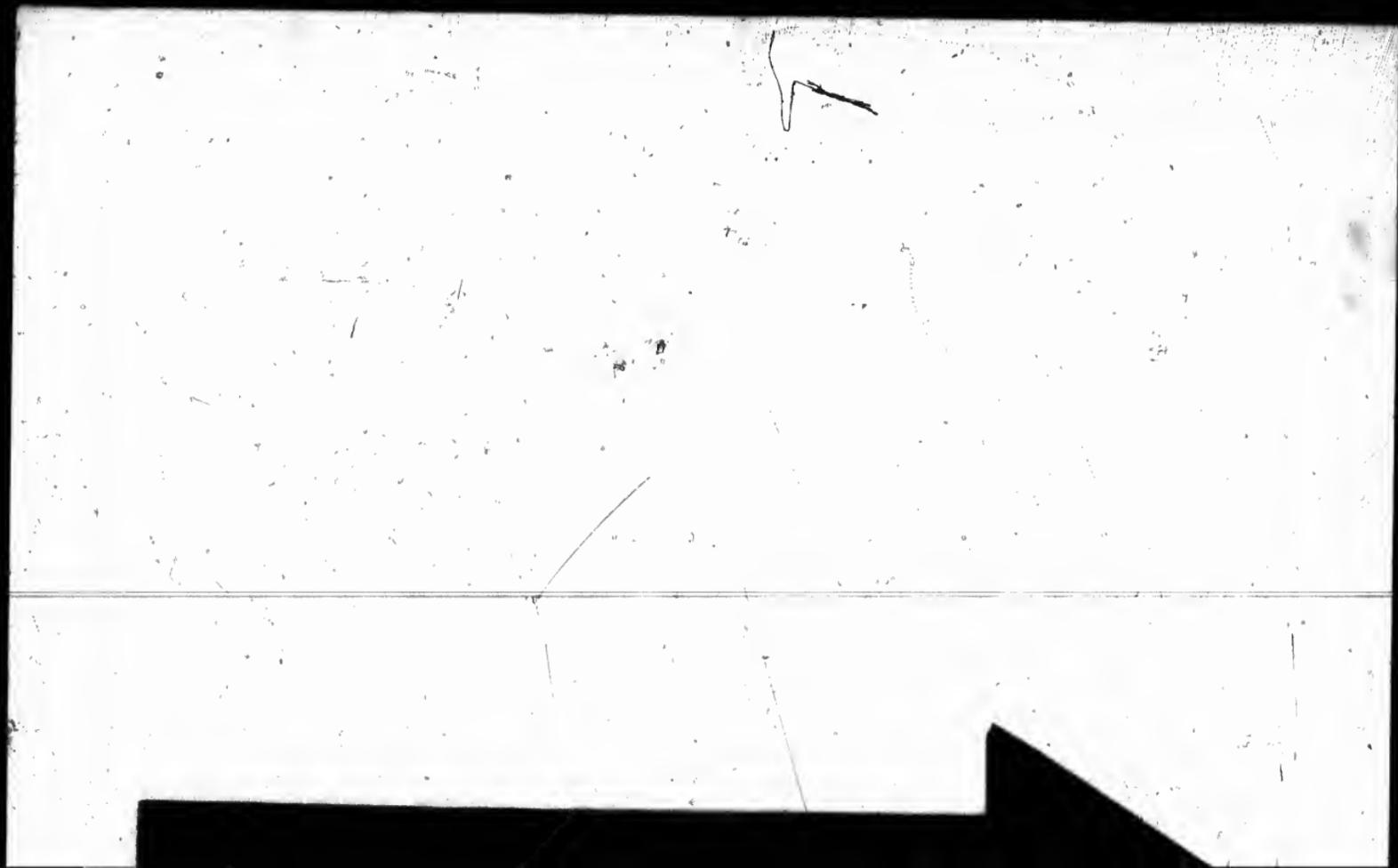
To Heaven flow nature's praises  
 From whence all good gifts come,—  
 Say, in this spring-tide anthem,  
 Shall man alone be dumb?  
 Ah, no, let love to Heaven  
 Stream freshly from within,  
 And raise, with nature's songsters,  
 The universal hymn.

## AUTUMN.



HE beauteous summer-time has passed away,  
 With all its gay tints and bright skies of blue,  
 And in its stead a canopy of grey  
 Joyless and sad, presents itself to view:  
 The sun-god, too, forgets to smile above,  
 And at the change the earth lies chilled and drear.  
 Like one forsaken of her own true love,  
 Like one that sighs for joys no longer near.





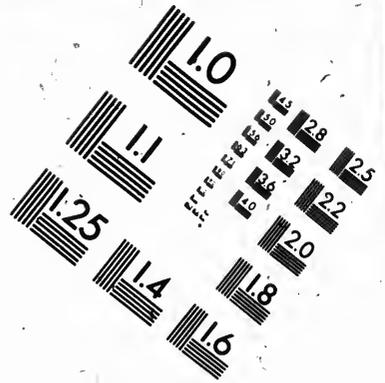
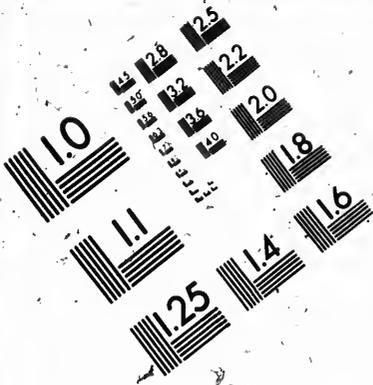
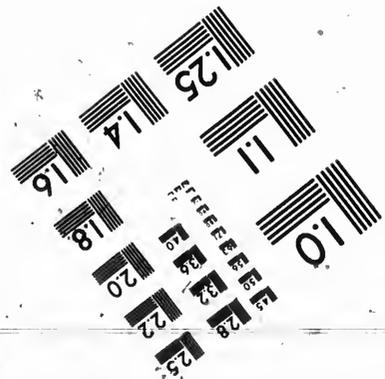
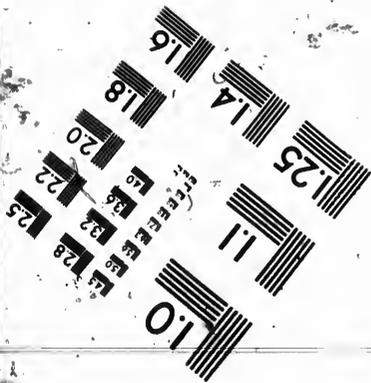
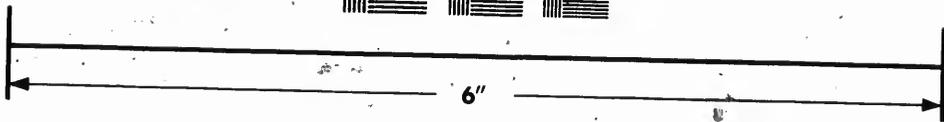
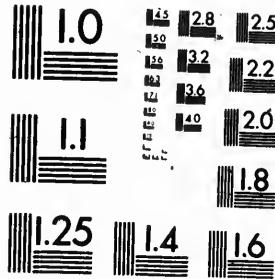


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AUTUMN.

The warblers of the woods have winged their flight  
To other brighter lands, serene and mild,  
And the fierce winds, in furious power and might,  
Rush over earth and ocean, raving wild.  
From the grey heaven streams down the chilling rain,  
As if indifferent to all below ;  
New lakes are forming now within the plain,  
And torrents fierce through new-made gorges flow.

Dejected, down-trod withered leaves, that late  
Were glorified with beauty fresh and rare,  
Seem now to yield to universal fate,  
And in the general desolation share.  
But winter, though oft chilling, dull, and cold,  
Is rich in joys peculiarly his own,  
His fireside pleasures for the young and old,  
For dreary outer coldness may atone.

Spring, with his lovely buds and smiling face,  
Summer, with clustering fruits and fairest flowers,  
Rich Autumn, with all ripened joys and grace,  
Must each in turn give way to wintry hours ;  
And so it is in life,—youth, manhood, prime,  
Must in their turn to age their reckoning give ;  
But they, unlike earth's flowers, in future time  
Shall in a glorious hereafter live.

A brighter springtide on a fairer shore,  
A richer summer, with more glorious flowers,  
A riper autumn may be ours once more,  
If we but, now, use well life's fleeting hours,

In that Divine hereafter, where no tear  
 Shall dim the newly-opened raptured sight,—  
 Where no distracting pain, or doubt, or fear  
 Shall mar the living joy of love and light.

## TEARS.



WHO has not felt, when sore oppressed with chilling  
 doubts and fears,  
 When grief the troubled heart possessed, the luxury  
 of tears ?

Whose fate so sad, as not to find some lonely heart to cheer,  
 Some suffering one, with whom to shed the sympathizing  
 tear ?

And who shall say that tears of joy are not of heavenly birth ?  
 Since angels pure are said to weep o'er penitents on earth.  
 And did not He, the Saviour, weep o'er Lazarus, His friend,  
 And o'er Jerusalem, in grief, did He not weeping bend ?

Our life-harp is not always strung to dulcet tones, and gay,  
 Or set with jewels to fling back each glorious heaven-lit ray ;  
 Ah no ! full many thrilling strains come forth in minor key  
 That dim the eye with exquisite but plaintive melody.

Grand strains too there are oft produced by noble deeds and  
 strife,

Brave struggles over self, that lead to purer, holier life ;

And then the moistened eye speaks thoughts too sweet to be  
 repressed,

That words, though grandly eloquent, could never have  
 [expressed.

Then since each woe finds sweet relief and luxury in tears,  
 That potent ever kindly balm, that comforts, soothes, and  
 cheers,  
 I would not through life's journey, of sunshine, gloom, or mirth,  
 Have these pure fountains closed to me, for all the smiles of  
 earth.

CHRISTMAS MORN, 1872.

**D**EAR happy Christmas! Once again  
 We joy to welcome thee,  
 With all thy glad surroundings, grouped  
 For world-wide jubilee.

We'll crown thy peace-illumined brow  
 With holly burnished bright,  
 Entwined with glowing crimson bud,  
 And mystic berries white.

Then the sly bough of mistletoe  
 We must not, cannot miss.  
 For, privileged beneath its shade,  
 We hope for many a kiss—

Kisses of joy from those we love,  
 Kisses of pardon, too,  
 That chase all anger from the heart,  
 And ties of love renew.

And while the song of Peace on earth  
 Flows lovingly from Heaven,  
 Let all forgive their foes, as they  
 Expect to be forgiven.

Burying all painful by-gones deep,  
 Far out of thought and sight,—  
 Sweet peace possessing, reconciled,  
 In new love-bonds unite.

And round the merry Christmas board  
 May all good-will revive,  
 And let us, once a year, at least,  
 Old grudges quite forgive.

And let the poor, the blind, the maimed,  
 Be kindly feasted, too ;  
 In blessing all alike should share —  
 In blessings rich and new.

Thus peace-proclaiming, loving friend,  
 Time-honoured Christmas, dear,  
 Thou wilt, indeed, have well fulfilled  
 Thy love-fraught mission here !

CHRISTMAS, 1874.



WISH ALL bright happy Christmas ! to all true hearts dear,  
 Glad world-welcomed, kindest guest of the year ;  
 With rapturous greetings we herald thee now,  
 And joyfully garland thy time-honoured brow.

Benevolence, mercy, kind charity, grace,  
Illumine by turns thy dear loving old face ;  
Thy smiles gleam like sunshine when summer is bright,  
Like music thy whispers, thy presence like light.

Divinely commissioned from bright realms above,  
To scatter rich seeds of forgiveness and love.  
To ope the closed fountains of family bliss  
With the magical wand of the mistletoe kiss ;

That many estranged ones may once more unite,  
And in the rich blessings of concord delight ;  
That all painful by-gones be laid in the dust,  
And the new year begin in renewed hope and trust.

How glad are thy tidings ! thy mission how blest !  
To peoples and climes from the east to far west,  
"Peace on earth and good will" to the greatest, the least,  
Who rightly interpret the world's noblest feast.

Bright heaven-winged kind spirit of Christmas, descend,  
Thy glad genial influence to all men extend,  
That thy pure inspiration through each heart may flow,  
And all the sweet bonds of true sympathy know.

Then heap high the yule logs, bring forth the best cheer,  
Pledge kindly each loved one, and friends far and near,  
As thy glad tidings float like harp-music around,  
Let the whole earth re-echo the love-laden sound.

## OUR POLAR EXPLORERS.

**N**OT to rude battle's war-note,  
Or thrilling clarion's cry,  
Go forth those bold adventurers,  
To conquer or to die ;—

But clad in gentle armour,  
Such as kind science lends,  
To gather gems of glorious truth  
From earth's remotest ends.

They go to talk with Nature,  
Her glorious laws to learn,  
All obstacles to overcome,  
With resolution stern ;  
All hardships, dangers, tempests,  
Right manfully to brave,  
Trusting to Him whose hand is still  
Mighty to guard and save.

Brave warriors of pure science,  
The nations of the earth  
Will echo fervently, " God speed,"  
As ye sail boldly forth  
Into those unknown regions,  
Where mighty secrets lie  
All unrevealed and ice-bound,  
Of earth, and sea, and sky.

*"HOMEWARD BOUND!"*

Go forth, then, dauntless warriors,  
 With Britain's fervent hope  
 That still your conquering boldness  
 With every foe may cope,—  
 Go, and return successful  
 To your dear native sod,  
 And be your watchword, ever,  
 "For country, home, and God."

*"HOMEWARD BOUND!"*



W HILE glad bridal greetings float over the tide,  
 For our loved Sailor Prince and his fair Russian bride,  
 Come bold Warriors of Britain, from over the sea,  
 Bearing trophies of victory from far Coomassie.

'Tis for us and our country these brave men have sought  
 Great perils, great hardships, and valiantly fought;  
 For us they have risked all that man holds most dear—  
 Health, fortune, and life, without grudging or fear!

Whilst we at our ease in loved homes have remained,  
 Not a few in the strife have been wounded and maimed;  
 And some dearly loved ones, alas! evermore  
 Must rest like "our Landon" on Afric's far shore.

Whatever the object, whatever the end  
 Of Britain, the power of Ashantee to bend,  
 There can but be one grateful thought through the land,  
 To gallant Sir Garnet and all his brave band.

Then in these bold Warriors' just pride let all share—  
 As they land let a true English cheer rend the air,  
 To tell them that Britain is proud of each son,  
 Who so nobly has fought, and so bravely has won

IN MEMORIAM. D'ARCY MCGEE.



OLL out your deepest, saddest dirge, ye muffled bells  
 to-day,  
 Expressive of profoundest grief a nation's heart  
 can pay,

To the soul-stirring memory of her devoted son,  
 Who made her interests and his own indissolubly one.

Well mayst thou mourn, fair Canada! Well may'st thy hot  
 tears fall,  
 As on his bier, with downcast eyes, thou spread'st the funeral  
 pall;

For in thy dear adopted son, there dwelt a mighty power  
 To grapple with thy enemies, in danger's trying hour.

His rare and thrilling eloquence, his varied powers of mind,  
 His poet heart, his sympathy, with brilliant wit combined,  
 Were all employed in full for thee, to crown thy youthful brow  
 With laurels fadeless as the love we bear his memory now.

For his was true nobility, of courage tried and strong,  
 To wrestle, with unflinching zeal, 'gainst tyranny and wrong;  
 No matter what the party—no matter what the creed,  
 'His was the ever ready hand to help in time of need.

Yes ! loved McGee ! though never more the music of thy voice  
 Shall thrill us with its melody and bid our hearts rejoice ;  
 Yet, under this Dominion, long thy name shall be a spell  
 To children's children through the land thy grand heart loved  
 so well.

Thy life-work it was nobly done, thy moral courage great,  
 Whether contending for the right, with friend, or foe, or state.  
 Thy darling project unity, thy mission love and peace,—  
 The glory of the light thou'st left shall never never cease.

We gazed upon thy lifeless form, so cold and pulseless now ;  
 We left thee flowers of immortelles to wreath thy peaceful brow ;  
 We passed in solemn silence, through the darkened chamber's  
 gloom,

And thought how spirits meet above, beyond the silent tomb.

We paused upon the threshold, then, to ask the Father's care  
 For those, the dear ones who in life thy precious love did share.  
 We left the house of mourning, then, and all we have of thee,—  
 Thou champion knight of liberty ! beloved, revered McGee !

*A WELCOME FOR BRITAIN'S SAILOR PRINCE,  
 AND HIS BRIDE.*



HIME gaily, ye joy-bells, in clamorous peal,  
 Ye banners your beauteous devices reveal,  
 For the nation would welcome, with honour and pride,  
 Her loved Sailor Prince and his graceful young bride.

Make holiday everywhere—all should be gay,  
 And join our beloved Queen in greeting to-day—  
 The bride who leaves parents, friends, kindred, and strand,  
 For a fond husband's home in our dear native land.

Let flowers aid our welcome, for have they not voice,  
 In whose perfumed eloquence all can rejoice?  
 And are they not Nature's true poets, that may  
 With a grace above words the heart's love-thoughts convey?

Then rear the high arches of deep burnished green,  
 Gemmed with sweet words of welcome, flower-written between;  
 Strew the pathway with earliest flowerets of spring,  
 That they with the joy-bells glad welcome may sing.

And then to the welcome of sight and of sound,  
 Through a joy-laden atmosphere floating around;  
 Let the nation's voice add a yet holier sheen,  
 In a heaven-sent "God bless them," and "Long live the Queen."

## ODE TO THE SEA.



VAST, mysterious, solemn sea!  
 Great reflex of the Deity!  
 Safe in the hollow of His hand,  
 Doth all thy waste of waters stand.

Tell me the mystery of thy birth—  
 When, with thy new-born, love-lit earth,  
 Thy mission was assigned to thee,  
 In the world's infancy, O Sea!

When, in her fond embraces, thou  
 First pillow'dst thy majestic brow,  
 And thy melodious music beat  
 In rapturous homage at her feet.

Still and again thy flowing tide  
 Swoops o'er the beach in solemn pride;  
 Springs up the rock with giant leap,  
 And chants the pæan of the deep.

Oft calm as sleep of peaceful child,  
 Then hissing loud in fury wild,  
 To wrath and ruin lashed, thy waves  
 Sweep onward o'er unnumbered graves.

And age on age hath swept o'er thee,  
 Yet left thee youthful, strong and free,  
 For Time is powerless to efface  
 The matchless beauty of thy face.

Mirror of countless worlds above,  
 Type of Almighty power and love,  
 Such hast thou been, and still shalt be,  
 Thou deep, mysterious, solemn sea!

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SPRING.



BEAUTIFUL Spring! thou art near, thou art near,  
 For already the hope-laden air  
 Is whispering the glorious tidings afar  
 Melodiously everywhere:

Thou art near, thou art near!—for the young swelling buds  
 Of glad hedgerows and trees tell us so,—  
 And joyous wood-songsters are warbling the news  
 In sweet trills, above and below.

Thou art near, thou art near!—on thy mission of love  
 To awaken the slumbering earth  
 From the long wintry trance of her thralldom and gloom  
 To the exquisite bliss of new birth ;  
 Thou art near, thou art near!—with thy clustering buds,  
 And thy garlands of fragrant young flowers,—  
 With thy graceful light tresses of verdure, to form  
 The enchantment of cool summer bowers.

Thou art near, thou art near!—and fond Nature's great heart  
 Is with rapturous pleasure aglow,—  
 As she calls forth her lovely flow'r-children once more,  
 Their joyous young beauty to show :—  
 Thou art near, thou art near!—for already the tread  
 Of thy soft angel feet soundeth high,  
 And the bliss of thy presence is felt with delight,  
 Vibrating through earth, sea, and sky.

Thou art near, thou art near!—with thy cheering bright smile  
 Of loveliness, beauty, and grace,  
 To energize, quicken, delight, and inspire  
 Each feature of Nature's glad face ;—  
 Thou art near, in flower-beauty His great name to paint,  
 And His sweet Easter message to bring,—  
 Through thy myriad types of Creation's new birth,  
 Rejoicing, enchanting young Spring !

## MENTONE.



MENTONE! Home of beauty!

Belovèd of the sun!

Whose smile of glorious love-light

Thou hast so richly won.

Guarded by grand old mountains,

Whose broad sides, towering high,

Fling forth their keen jagged summits

Far in the clear blue sky.

Right faithful to their mission,

These guardians stretch with pride

Far north and east, their darling

From blighting winds to hide.

And thou liest sweetly sleeping

Like a mother's first-born, pressed

To the heart brimful of rapture

That cradles it to rest.

Rich olive groves, and orange,

Clustering round thee stand,

In winding terraced beauty,

The glory of the land!

And they pour their golden treasures

In homage at thy feet,—

With the oil of joy and gladness,

As a dowry rich and meet.

The blue translucent waters  
Of the restless, rolling sea,  
In grand, melodious cadence,  
Sing wondrous songs to thee.  
Then sound their mighty voices  
In wild chants rich and deep,  
Or in soft, soothing melody,  
To lull thee into sleep.

Well may the faint and weary  
Of distant nations haste  
From rude and icy winters  
Thy peaceful joy to taste.  
Well may they love thy valleys,  
Thy wild flowers rich and rare,  
Thy perfumed atmosphere, and skies  
Of blue beyond compare.

Mentone! peaceful, radiant,  
Long mayst thou rest as now,  
The home of beauteous Nature,  
With her garlands on thy brow.  
Long may the faint and weary,  
Reposing on thy breast,  
Within thine arms, kind, genial nurse,  
Find blessed peace and rest.

## WANTED.



Men of conviction, resolute and bold,  
 Such as our country glorified of old—  
 To hurl back superstition to its grave,  
 That threatens free-born Britons to enslave.

Men of the stamp of Wycliffe, Luther, Huss,  
 And dauntless Knox, to take determined stand  
 Against all traitors to the Church and State,  
 Who 'neath false colours seek with Rome to mate.

Men of the eagle eye, divinely led,  
 Who see the danger-signals straight ahead—  
 Who, in the might of holy zeal, may yet  
 Save our loved country from the Papal net.

Men, who, through ceremonials rich and grand,  
 Detect the danger menacing the land ;  
 Through the Confessional, too, see the snare  
 The feebler minds to subjugate and scare.

Outspoken men, who sternly will insist  
 That those in power this evil shall resist—  
 Who will not have the sanctity of home  
 Intruded on by men in league with Rome.

Men who have studied history well, and know  
 Not only whence these ceremonials flow,  
 But where they lead to, and the fatal end  
 Of Papal despotism to which they tend.

Let all, then, on their own free native sod,  
 As they think best, worship the living God,—  
 So they but do so under a right name,  
 And load not England's Church with grief and shame.

Let all with voice uplifted, then, protest  
 'Gainst these disturbers of her peace and rest:  
 We must the rights of Protestants preserve,  
 Or ev'ry right to lose them well deserve.

Be up and doing, men of dauntless heart!  
 With rights of Protestants, oh, never part!—  
 Ne'er let our country, or loved ones at home,  
 Be ruled, enslaved, or tampered with by Rome!

## ODE TO THE CREATOR.



REATOR of the Universe, Great Architect Divine!  
 What power, what majesty and grace Thy wondrous  
 works combine!  
 Earth teems with messages of love, re-echoed near  
 and far,  
 From flowery mead and mountain stream, and every trembling  
 star!

Thy way is o'er the mountain peak, where eagles proudly soar,  
 And in the caverns of the deep, where wild waves foam and roar;  
 Thou ridest on the angry storm, the lightnings round Thee  
 flash,—  
 Thy voice is in the whirlwind heard, and in the thunder's crash.

The flocks upon a thousand hills, the wealth of every mine,  
 The precious jewels of the seas, and all earth's gems are Thine ;  
 All that is mighty, great, and grand,—all that is rich and free,—  
 All that is good, and pure, and bright, flows lovingly from Thee !

Thy love illumines night's spangled dome, earth's glorious diadem !  
 It shines in the great sun and moon, and every starry gem !  
 Well might the royal harper sing, in ages passed away,  
 " The heavens declare God's glory, and praise Him day by day."

Thy goodness is reflected through each drop of water clear,  
 As in the glow-worm's flashing light and tiny dewdrop's tear,—  
 There's nought too common, hought too frail for Thy protecting  
     care,  
 No castaway forlorn too lost, Thy blessed love to share.

No plaint so weak, no cry so low, but Thou, my God, wilt hear—  
 Nothing too abject or too poor for Thee to aid and cheer—  
 No depth too deep, no gloom too dark, for Thee to penetrate,  
 All, all who knock may freely pass within heaven's golden gate.

Nothing too lost for Thee to save, nothing too hard for Thee—  
 Nothing too insignificant for Thee, my God, to see,  
 For all creation owns Thy sway, and tastes Thy tender care ;  
 Thou fillest space, Thou fillest time ; for Thou art everywhere !

## ON A RECENT STORM.



SAW ye, of late, the angered sea,  
To fury lashed, that stormy morn,  
And the strong barriers of the deep  
From their foundations rudely torn?

Heard ye its myriad voices rise,  
Now, as in agonized despair,  
And now in wild, resistless strength,  
Rending the chilled, affrighted air?

Felt ye how all its mighty strength  
Assailed and swayed your feeble form,  
As earth lay helpless in the grasp  
Of the ungovernable storm?

Felt ye within that tempest's clutch  
How vain the hope of all defence,  
And understood ye then the breadth  
Of the Supreme Omnipotence?

Marked ye those wild, resistless waves  
O'erleap the boundaries of the sea,  
And did ye then not own the power  
That lent the gale its majesty?

Heard ye the anthems of the deep  
Proclaiming, in that fearful hour,  
The grandeur and magnificence  
Of His profound, unrivalled power?

Borne on the raging tempest's blast  
 Came messages, that Sabbath morn,  
 From Him who rules the winds and waves  
 And rides upon the angry storm.

Did ye not hear and understand  
 Their import, force, and majesty?  
 And did not your whole soul prostrate  
 Itself before the Deity?

For He it was unreined the winds,  
 And bade those furious billows rise;  
 He roused the slumbering elements  
 To battle in the storm-tossed skies.

Yes, He commissioned that wild storm  
 To show forth His Almighty power,  
 And 'twas His voice that spoke to men  
 In that supremely solemn hour.

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THOUGHT.



THOUGHT! thou Heaven-inspiring power -  
 Fair handmaid of the mind;  
 That compasseth the world, and fliest  
 Swift as the untamed wind!

Thou art the precious gift, whereby  
 The soul can soar above,  
 And realize the boundless wealth  
 Of the eternal love!

What gracious mystery art thou?  
Unravelling hour by hour  
The secrets of the Universe,  
And its Creator's power!

With action for thy willing steed,  
And science for thy car,  
Thou canst mount up, and take thy place  
Beside the morning star.

Canst count the planets, fly through space,  
The sun canst measure soon—  
Dissect its beauteous beams, and trace  
Vast mountains in the moon.

Canst dive through Ocean's deep abyss,  
Defiant of its roar—  
There plant the mystic telegraph  
To link each distant shore.

Command th' electric god to fly,  
Swift through wild ocean's rage,  
There, throned—on Time's great scroll imprint  
The wonder of the age!

Canst undermine and rend the crust  
That girdles earth around,—  
And predicate the wealth that lies  
Hid in the silent ground:

Then harness fire, and chain the steam  
Obedient to thy will;  
Unfurl wide sails, and bind the wind  
Thy wishes to fulfil.

Still onward speed, and deeper pierce  
 Where knowledge may be sought,  
 T' unveil the splendours of His works;—  
 Divine and godlike Thought!

## IN MEMORIAM.

"**B**UILD me a hut to die in;" then,  
 "I'm very cold;" and, "Come,  
 Put more grass on the hut,"—"Farewell!  
 For I am going home."

Such were the last sad touching words  
 Uttered 'neath Afric's sun,  
 By our great traveller, the true  
 The world-loved Livingstone.

A secret shelter, narrow, spare,  
 Scarce raised above the sod—  
 He sought, in that far distant land,  
 To die—alone with God!  
 But we rejoice that faithful hearts  
 Without, were watching by,  
 And the world honours Afric's sons  
 For their fidelity.

Brave heart! We know how sharp the pain,—  
 In yon lone hut to lie,—  
 From all thy loved and loving ones  
 Thus far removed, to die.

But faith like thine, we also know,  
Must triumph over death,  
And gain the victory—whilst prayer  
Hallowed thy latest breath.

Weep Afric! Weep for him who gave  
His precious life for thee,  
Who spent his genius and his thought  
Thy captive sons to free.  
Weep Britain! for thy noble son,  
So steadfast and so brave,  
As tenderly his dust is laid  
In thy most honoured grave.

Columbia, too! We know thine eye  
With sorrowing tears is dim,  
For through thy brave young Stanley, thou  
In love hast watched o'er him.  
E'en as an angel ministry  
Was Stanley's, in his need,  
Proving thy love in that far land  
By precious word and deed.

Sons of our country, rich or poor,  
Follow your pioneer,  
Like him go forth, brave, trusting, true,  
Your nation's flag to rear,  
Sources important as the Nile  
Ye yet may live to trace,—  
To benefit humanity  
And elevate your race.

## "READY."

Great missionary traveller,  
 Indomitably brave !  
 Our England treasures up thy dust  
 In her most honoured grave ;  
 Another wreath thou'st hung within  
 The temple of her fame,  
 Where England glories to enshrine  
 Thy bright and spotless name !

## "READY."



THE following touching incident  
 Occurred ten days ago,  
 Near where the bridge of Waterloo  
 Spans the Thames' turbid flow.

Upon the river's terraced brink,  
 In joyous childhood's play,  
 A little girl and two wild boys  
 Beguiled the time away.

Buoyant with young glad rosy life,  
 On the high parapet  
 Of the embankment, fearlessly,  
 These three poor children sat.

Heedless of evil—by the rough  
Wild tempest undismayed,  
The little ones in happiest mood,  
Fearless of danger stayed.

When in an instant, the rude wind  
Quickly as flashing thought,  
The little girl upon his wings  
In wild confusion caught.

And all unmindful of her fate,  
And terror-laden scream,  
The cruel wind it plunged her deep  
Beneath the chilly stream.

But kindly aid was close at hand,  
And timely rescue nigh :  
A good man and Newfoundland dog  
By chance were strolling by.

Under his master's orders wise,  
The dog plunged bravely in  
To save the young child's precious life,  
And well-earned honour win.

The good sagacious creature dived  
Beneath the angry wave,  
And soon the numbed, weak, sinking child  
Was rescued from the grave.

Proudly at that good master's feet,  
The noble creature laid  
The dripping burden, whose saved life  
His bravery repaid.

## "READY."

The kindly master then the child  
To neighb'ring roof conveyed,  
And in a warm restoring bath  
The little one was laid.

And now our good Samaritan  
Marched by the sufferer's side ;  
Saw her restored to consciousness  
With mingled joy and pride.

Then gave the means to send her home,  
Refusing to proclaim  
To those who vainly sought to know  
Of his abode or name.

He simply said the dog was called  
"Ready," name good and true !  
All honour, then, to the brave dog  
And "Ready's" master too.

Unpretentious acts like these  
Are, sure, their own reward ;  
Still it is wise, and pleasant too,  
Such goodness to record.

TO MY LITTLE SON.



**BIRTHDAY** chaplet, precious one,  
I'd fondly twine for thee,  
Composed of hopes that thy young life  
May good and happy be.

Just three years have their story told  
To thee, my little son,  
Whilst flowers and birds, and sun and sky,  
Thy infant love have won.

Fresh as the sun-kissed buds of spring,  
And as her warblers, gay ;  
Glad art thou as the sportive lambs,  
Or joyful fawns at play.

Bounding in joyous health and strength,  
With spirit fancy free,  
All germs of force to be prepared  
For immortality.

Mayst thou be pure in heart and mind,  
Truthful in word and thought,  
Ever obedient to the laws  
Which the dear Saviour taught.

With loving, sympathizing heart,  
Another's pleasure share ;  
Weeping with those that weep, and quick  
To soothe the brow of care.

Subduing self, when'er opposed  
 To duty's earnest voice,  
 And over difficulties stern,  
 With purpose firm rejoice.

Loving thy neighbours as thyself,  
 And God before them all,  
 Exact and conscientious  
 In duties great and small.

These are my earnest hopes for thee,  
 My first-born, darling boy ;  
 And if fulfilled, thy sojourn here  
 Will be a life of joy.

TO MY FIRSTBORN.



My pretty babe, my innocent, I hail thy birth with joy,  
 And greet thee with a mother's kiss, my own, my  
 darling boy ;  
 O what a deep full fount of bliss thou'st opened in  
 my breast,  
 And streams of joy, of which before my heart had never guessed.

For me thou'rt full of beauty ! What joy that thou wert born !  
 What smiles, like summer sunshine, thy angel face adorn !  
 As sun-lit mountain streamlets leap joyful to the sea,  
 So my fond heart, bliss-laden, bounds, darling, unto thee.

My beautiful, my precious one, rich promises entwine  
About thee as I fondly call thee mine, and only mine,—  
A precious gift by Heaven sent, to gladden life's fresh hours—  
To ope the source of many a joy, and strew our path with  
flowers.

Pure as unsullied pages on life's great mystic scroll,  
Unwritten yet, and spotless, thy tender snow-white soul.  
God grant each line there graven indelibly by time,  
May be unto His glory, dear precious treasure mine.

May duty be thy watchword through all life's care and strife ;  
May charity and love preside o'er all thy work in life.  
Through armour such as Heaven gives to guard from shame  
and sin,  
Mayst thou, my darling boy, at last, a crown of glory win !

ON THE BIRTH OF MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.



**A**NOTHER treasure! oh thank Heaven for this—  
A darling daughter come to crown our bliss,—  
A gift so precious, that we scarcely know  
What other gift we now desire below.

Dear little bud of promise!—Heaven-sent,  
To fill our hearts with joy and sweet content  
Thou little think'st how full of blissful glee  
Our hearts become in gazing, child, on thee.

Two little bright stars steeped in Heaven's own blue  
Surprised, bewildered, 'wakening to the view  
Of their new home, and, trembling 'neath the light  
Of thy fond parents' rapture and delight.

Pretty wee dimpled mouth, and rosy lips,  
Sweet as the nectar which the glad bee sips,  
Model of beauty, innocence, and grace !  
The whispering angels' smiles illumine thy face !

Oh ! God is good. His mercies never cease !  
He to the sufferer giveth rest and peace.  
He lendeth needful strength for every pain,  
And leads us back to happier life again.

Our grateful hearts can fully ne'er express  
How we our heavenly Father praise and bless  
For all His loving-kindness, tender care,  
That we so richly, mercifully share.

E'en now, dear little cherub, daughter mine,  
To me the angels' faces round thee shine ;  
I feel their touch, and hear their whispers sweet,  
As they thy parents' joyful praises greet.

May these sweet spirits, borne on heavenly wings,  
Commissioned by the mighty King of kings,  
Surround thee with a ministry of love,  
And lead thee on to brighter joys above.

Mayst thou the harmony of nature feel,  
And recognize the love it doth reveal.  
Blest revelation ! that we feel and see,  
Discoursing ever of the Deity.

With voices full of melody and grace,  
 To all who will its peerless beauty trace,  
 Or in its thrilling eloquence sublime  
 Catch the fond accents of the voice divine.

God bless us all—thy darling brothers three,  
 And thou, dear new-found treasure, God bless thee!  
 And may He in the fulness of His love  
 Grant that we all with Him may reign above.

*TO MY SON JAMES, ON HIS SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.*



HOUGH absent from home, my dear boy, not the less  
 Does my fond heart beat for thee this day, and thee  
 bless,—

For sixteen bright summers have lighted thy brow,  
 And thy fond mother's greeting shall fly to thee now.

Though I cannot be with thee, I earnestly pray  
 That the Giver of all may be with thee this day;  
 And not this day only, but ever, my boy,  
 In sunshine and tempest, in sorrow and joy.

May He be thy portion, thy monitor, friend,  
 On whom, in thy youth, thou shalt ever depend;  
 And then in thy manhood He'll still be thy stay,  
 And shall not forsake thee in life's closing day.

The world opens fair now around thee, my son—  
 There's a battle to gain, there's a race to be run;  
 Then gird on thine armour in readiness now,  
 And fight thou the good fight with resolute brow.

Stand firm to thy colours, and never deny  
The Captain thou serv'st, or his orders defy ;  
Thou'st chosen His service, then take thy firm stand  
'Gainst all who oppose Him, in word, deed, or hand.

And if thou stand bravely, and seek to attain  
High rank in the service, His favour thou'll gain ;  
And when thou hast conquered, He'll crown thee, dear boy,  
And take thee to mansions of glory and joy.

There's a point I would charge thee be steadfast upon—  
'Tis a point wherein many have failed, my own son—  
Have thou courage to stand with full front to a foe,  
And fear not, when needful, to say the word " No."

Full many have traced all their sorrow and shame,  
The loss of their fortune, disgrace of their name,  
To the want of this courage to battle with wrong—  
Say thou " No," where 'tis needed, be trustful and strong.

Be thou steadfast, my son, and the battle of life  
Will be fought with less danger, contention, and strife ;  
And when thou hast conquered, Heaven's garland, my boy,  
Will circle thy fair brow, and crown thee with joy.

Farewell, dearest James, and let this my fond lay  
Atone as it may for my absence to-day ;  
Accept the fond wishes here breathed, and rely  
On thy mother's affection, which never can die.

TO MY GRANDCHILD, DOUGLAS BATTERSBY, WHO  
DIED AT MONTREAL IN 1865.



ANGEL visitant thou wert,  
Endearing child of love ;  
Angel glorified thou art,  
In spirit-land above.

One year only didst thou stay  
On thy fleet mission here,  
One more heavenly link to weave  
Around thy parents dear.

Now, two pledges of their love,  
Robed in heavenly light,  
Wait to welcome them above,  
Purified and bright.

Therefore grieve we not for them,  
They are with the blest—  
Safe for ever in the land  
Where dwelleth peace and rest.

Dear thou wert, fair child, on earth,  
Dearer yet, above,  
Where we look to share with thee  
Endless joy and love.

## TO MY SON DOUGLAS.



ES, come and gone ! ah, scarcely yet  
 Four fleeting weeks have passed  
 Of happy, peaceful intercourse,  
 Of days too bright to last.

The halo of affection threw  
 Its hallowing circlets o'er  
 Our hearts, in sweet communion bound,  
 Bright'ning them more and more.

And now thou'st gone—far, far away—  
 My own beloved son,—  
 And thy fond mother's sorrowing heart  
 Grieves for her absent one.

And prays that the great God may keep  
 Thee ever in His care—  
 In body, soul, and spirit pure—  
 And guard thee ev'rywhere.

Thy mother's blessing follows thee,  
 E'en to the distant land,  
 As she commits thee trustingly  
 To the Great Father's hand.

May favouring breezes, smiling skies,  
 Be with thee on the sea,  
 In safety mayst thou lightly glide  
 O'er ocean waters free ;

And if rude tempest's might should rise,  
 If thunders o'er thee roll,  
 Or anxious thought and racking fears  
 Assault thy troubled soul,

Then let thy trust be still in God,  
 Who rideth o'er the deep  
 On chariot-clouds and wings of wind,  
 Watching, His own to keep.

He will not break the bruised reed,  
 Whatever may betide;  
 Trust, then, thy all unto His care,  
 And He shall be thy guide.

## IN MEMORIAM.



DEAR little infant, thou hast passed away  
 To those bright lands where reigns eternal day;  
 Thy gentle spirit has at length found rest,  
 In sweet repose, upon thy Saviour's breast.

We would not call thee back again, for thou  
 Art radiant in a robe of glory now;  
 The sunlight of a Father's love is thine,—  
 Ne'er-setting sun, whose light is all divine!

Grievous thy sufferings were whilst here below,  
 And many anxious tears for thee did flow;  
 But we will wipe them all away, and rest  
 Our troubled thoughts, in feeling thou art blest.

And may we meet thee in that far-off land  
 In spirit pure as thine, at God's right hand,—  
 With wreaths of glory crown'd, sweet babe, like thee,  
 Happy and blest in immortality !

A PAINFUL HISTORY.

**R**EADER, the tale I have to tell  
 You may, perhaps, remember well,  
 Or think you do—'tis much the same—  
 You need but to supply each name ;

For just such tales of guilt and woe  
 Repeat themselves wher'er you go,  
 In sad and oft-recurring tone—  
 Tales we should not bewail alone,  
 But seek a wholesome remedy  
 For such degraded misery.

“A young and artless girl, betrayed,  
 Lured from her home by false vows made,—  
 Too wretched in her bitter woe,  
 Fallen, alas ! she knew, too low,  
 To be acknowledged by the world,  
 Who ever stinging censure hurled  
 On such as she (no matter though  
 Through others' guilt they fall so low)—  
 Deserted by the one who swore  
 To make her his for evermore,  
 Pressed into vice by hunger, too—  
 Then, writhing, died as hundreds do.”

This is the tale, alas ! I say,  
Repeated in our midst each day,  
Whose cry for justice ringeth through  
The land, to men and women too.  
Thousands of ghastly woes like this  
Lie hidden in life's mysteries.  
A glance behind the scenes of life  
Reveals untold and sickening strife,  
Virtue crushed down in youth by those  
On whom the innocent repose,  
In the vain hope to realize  
Their hollow, worthless promises.  
Well might we deem proud man would be  
Ashamed of such dark deeds, and see  
Himself most guilty, to beguile  
A woman with the tempter's smile,  
Then leave her desolate in shame,  
Robbed of her precious, spotless fame.  
Alas, it is not so ! we find  
The world still to such "follies" blind—  
And the betrayer may pass on,  
Unmindful of the fallen one,  
No matter what the number be  
Of those he dooms to misery.  
But the world frowns and seeks to shun  
The suffering, sorrowing, injured one.  
Till friendless, homeless, stung with grief,  
And shunned by all, she seeks relief  
In aught that dulls and stupifies,—  
Then all her nobler nature dies ;  
She sinks in vice—Death claims his prey—

And bears her spirit far away,  
To that mysterious future land  
Where soon in sad reproach she'll stand,  
Confronting those who should have been  
Her guardians through life's 'wilder scene.  
Think of it ! ye who wantonly  
Doom woman to such misery,—  
If you yourselves be so insane  
As not to seek Heaven's love to gain,  
Oh, cause not her young feet to stray  
From duty's safe and heavenward way.  
She rarely can the path regain,  
Whilst ye, though guilty, yet retain  
The world's good word, and still may be  
The idols of "Society."  
Trifle not with affection true,  
Such conduct murders not a few ;  
The heart is but a fragile thing—  
A lyre, whose purest, holiest string  
Is love, and if that string be rent,  
Oft leaves a shattered instrument.

No tear was shed upon the clay  
Of her who died in life's young day—  
In pauper coffin coldly thrust,  
To mingle with earth's kindred dust ;  
No chiselled stone to mark the spot,  
Lest she should be too soon forgot.  
Think, kindly reader, if you can,  
Of her, thrust in that pauper van ;  
For she was human, like yourself,

Once blessed with home and ruddy health,  
Pure, too, till wantonly deceived  
By him whom she too well believed,  
Heap not reproach on her, the dead,  
But hurl it on the villain's head  
Who led her on, to sorrow's brink,  
Then left her in its depths to sink.

Shame on our country's heartless laws!  
That plead not better woman's cause—  
That see, so little moved, her shame,  
And leave man with untarnished nam,  
To seek fresh victims to deceive,  
And yet the world's bland smiles receive.  
The law should brand that man like Cain,  
And hold aloft to scorn his name—  
The scorn, extending deep and wide,  
That tracks the thief, the homicide.  
For all the world is warned of them  
Their deeds our country's laws condemn,  
Whilst of the other's, scarce a word  
Of warning or reproof is heard,  
Unless, indeed, chance drags to light  
Some hideous picture, black as night,  
Such as my feeble pen has sought  
To bring before your earnest thought.  
Think of the wretched sin-bound band,  
Man's victims in this favoured land!  
Each with a loving, human heart,  
Wrecked, sold, in this unholy mart.  
Each with an endless destiny,

And heir to immortality !  
A sisterhood of siff and shame,  
Disfigured with a hideous name ;  
Fettered with gyves, in whose harsh strain  
The tortured victims writhe in vain.  
For few the years are said to be  
Of those thus doomed to infamy.  
Think of the bitter sighs and tears,  
The broken vows, the racking fears,  
The anguish of accusing thought,  
The grievous wrong of being bought.  
The stranded hopes, the fruitless sigh,  
The sharp exceeding bitter cry,  
The ceaseless, cureless wild distress  
That fill these lives with wretchedness.  
When will false man be more abhorred  
Than are the victims of his fraud ?  
Is woman's sin more heinous than  
That of her so-called guardian, man ?  
Most surely not !—God's laws apply  
To man and woman equally ;  
For whether bare or richly gilt,  
Sin still is sin, and guilt still guilt:

O virtuous mothers of our land,  
Why traffic for a daughter's hand  
With crafty libertines, and cold,  
Whose one attraction is their gold,  
Whilst if such men should dare to wed  
A poor lost erring girl, instead  
Of one within your circle, you

Would feel insulted, rightly, too,  
Perhaps, but yet I fain would ask  
Why the deceiver's sin we mask,  
While yet the victim's faults lay bare  
To the hard world's contemptuous stare?  
O, surely if the one be scorned,  
The other should be shunned and spurned.

What are our vaunted laws, if they  
This foul injustice cannot stay?  
When will society look down  
On all who sin with equal frown?  
Do all our rulers fear to stand  
'Gainst this great evil of our land?  
What is that justice Britons prize,  
If it cannot right means devise  
To crush the cause of this great sin,  
Rather than with the effect begin?  
Talk of reclaiming women, when  
We wink at selfish sins of men.  
With such vain sophistry away!  
That arms the giant it would slay.  
Let justice rear her falchion strong,  
Strike swift and hard this shameful wrong.  
Let all who sin in this wise be  
The shunned of good Society,  
Like the poor victims that are lured;  
Then may we see the evil cured,  
Or checked, at least, in ways that may  
Suggest a further, better way.  
Let vice be vice where'er 'tis found,



And truth have no uncertain sound.  
 And prince or peasant, rich or poor,  
 Scorn we alike each evil doer.  
 Let man and woman, great and less,  
 Be judged in truth and righteousness.  
 Then, and not until then shall we  
 Find for this sin the remedy.

All-righteous Heaven, direct, I pray,  
 Our nation's councils, that they may  
 More even-handed justice wield,  
 And shelter woman with their shield,  
 That our loved land may shortly be  
 More worthy of itself, and Thee.

THE FORSAKEN.



WHY does fond memory love to dwell  
 On days long gone?  
 In spite of all thy bitter fruits,  
 Inconstant one?

Why do I linger fondly o'er  
 The paths we trod,  
 And mingle thee with all my prayers  
 To the great God?

Why do I tremble foolishly  
 Whene'er thy name  
 Is for an instant dwelt upon,  
 In praise or blame?

And why do all things that thy touch  
Once rested on,  
Discourse so piteously to me  
Of dear days gone ?

Why do I love in solitude  
Thy name to breathe,  
In fancy with immortal flowers  
Thy brow enwreathèd ?

Why do I nightly dream of thee,  
And converse hold  
With thee, so tender, as in those days,  
The days of old ?

Why do I ever dwell upon  
Bright days of yore,  
Though they with all their joys are fled  
For evermore ?

'Tis that I love thee madly still,  
With all my heart,  
And cannot tear thine image thence,  
False though thou art.

'Tis that my love—it is a love  
That changeth not,  
Though seas and oceans roll between—  
Though dark my lot ;

Though thou hast saddened, blighted all  
My pathway here,  
And left my sorrowing heart alone,  
With none to cheer !

I would not link my fate to thine,  
 Were worlds thy dower—  
 Though crowns and sceptres, wealth and rank,  
 Were in thy power.

I cannot curse thee, may not bless,  
 My spirit sore  
 Can utter but the prayer that we  
 Meet never more!

## MOUNTAINS.



**M**OUNTAINS! that upswell around  
 In mighty grandeur high,  
 Tying with each light, fleecy cloud,  
 And wooing the bright sky;  
 Holding, as if in fond embrace,  
 Each lovely, peaceful vale,  
 And gallantly protecting them  
 From many a passing gale!

Could ye, through human speech, declare  
 The mystery of your birth,  
 When first ye lifted your proud heads  
 Above the level earth,

And heard the voice that called ye forth,  
And throned ye far on high,  
To gaze eternally upon  
Heaven's glorious canopy!

Then could ye not more fitly laud  
The mighty, wondrous power  
That marshalled you in grand array  
O'er the wide world to tower :  
Nor could ye with more eloquence  
Your purple peaks upraise,  
Or chant a more expressive song  
Of louder, loftier praise,

Than that which to the ages still  
Ye've sung unceasingly,  
And will, with equal fervour yet,  
Sing everlastingly.  
In that calm, mystic life of yours,  
Throned proudly in the sky,  
For ever pointing to the blest,  
Bright, glorious homes on high.

Oh, dateless mountains that reflect  
The thoughts of power divine,  
Translate their melody to me,  
And make their meaning mine ;  
For interwoven with your life  
Transcendent love I see,  
And in that grandeur trace a sure  
Reflex of Deity!

*PSALM CIV.*

**M**Y soul, bless thou the living God,  
The Lord supremely great,  
With honour clothed and majesty,  
On whom all creatures wait.

With light Thou cover'st, Lord, Thyself,  
As with a garment woven,  
And like a curtain stretchest out  
The azure vault of heaven.

The beams of Thy vast chambers lie  
Deep in the rolling sea ;  
The clouds thy chariot, and on wings  
Of wind thou ridest free.

Thou makest Thy bright angel host  
Spirits who never tire,  
And all Thy ministers divine  
A brilliant, flaming fire.

The deep foundations of the earth,  
Thou, Lord, hast laid secure,  
That they should never be removed,  
But through all time endure.

Thou covereth them with the great deep  
As with a garment bright,  
The waters at Thy bidding stood  
Above the mountain's height.

At Thy rebuke they fled, and at  
The thunder of Thy voice,  
Down in the valleys, on they sped,  
To praise Thee and rejoice.

Thou, mighty God ! hast placed a bound  
That they shall ever keep,  
So in set limits evermore  
Shall move the mighty deep.

For the great floods shall ne'er again  
The beauteous earth o'erflow,  
Nor with their raging waters bring  
Destruction, grief, and woe.

Thou sendest cool, refreshing springs  
Into the valleys fair,  
On through the undulating hills  
Their verdure to prepare.

Thou in abundance givest drink  
To every bird and beast,  
Wild asses quench their thirst, and all  
On Thy rich bounty feast.

Beside the springs the fowls of heaven  
Their habitation make—  
On leafy branches sweetly sing,  
And joyful echoes wake.

From chambers vast above the sky  
Thou waterest the hills ;  
And earth, with her sweet flowers and fruits,  
The air with perfume fills.

Thou causest golden grain, and grass,  
And tender herbs to grow,  
That ever from the teeming earth  
May rich abundance flow.

Thou nourisheth each olive grove,  
Each beauteous twining vine,  
And golden grain, that He may eat  
Of bread and drink of wine.

Cedars of Lebanon, and trees  
Which Thou hast planted, still  
Are filled with life-sustaining sap,  
Obedient to Thy will.

The stork within the fir-tree builds  
For her young brood a nest,  
And the wild goats and conies too  
Among the rocks find rest.

'Tis Thou, O God, that doth appoint  
The silent, gentle moon  
For changing seasons; and the time  
Of the sun's going down.

Thou makest darkness, and 'tis night,  
When, from the dens abroad,  
Young lions for their prey come forth,  
And seek their food from God.

The sun ariseth, and they seek  
Together their repose,  
As man comes forth to work and toil  
Until the evening's close.

O Lord, how manifold Thy works !  
In wisdom all were made,  
Thy goodness hath for us the earth  
With riches overlaid.

There goes the ship to breast the main—  
A wing'd wonder she !  
And there that great Leviathan  
Waits, gracious Lord, on Thee.

'Tis Thou from whom all draw their strength,  
And Thou dispensest food ;  
Thou openest Thy generous hand,  
And they are filled with good.

And if Thou hidest once Thy face—  
They're plunged in trouble sore ;  
Thou tak'st their breath—they die, with dust  
To mingle evermore.

Thou sendest Thy blessed Spirit forth  
Creation to renew,  
And the delighted earth shines forth  
In robes of beauty new.

Thy glory, gracious Lord of heaven,  
Endureth evermore,  
And Thou in all Thy wondrous works  
Appearest more and more.

Thou lookest on the earth—it shakes ;  
The hills smoke at Thy touch ;  
And myriad insects, by Thy breath,  
To life, rejoicing, rush.

I will sing praises to my God  
 Until this life is past ;  
 My meditations shall be sweet  
 And joyous to the last.

Let sinners be consumed, and fall,  
 The wicked be no more ;  
 But my glad soul shall bless the Lord,  
 And praise Him evermore.

PSALM XXIII.



HE Lord is my Shepherd, I never shall be  
 In want while He tenderly watches o'er me.  
 Within the green pastures He maketh me lie ;  
 In joy as in sorrow He ever is nigh.

Beside the still waters He leadeth me on,  
 Restoring my soul which He purchased and won ;  
 And in the safe pathway of right He shall lead,  
 For His name's sake who each tiny sparrow doth feed.

And though I should walk through the shadow of death,  
 No evil I'll fear as I draw my last breath,  
 For Thou wilt be with me, when'er I depart,  
 Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort my heart.

Thou preparest a table wherever I go,  
 Before me, in sight of my deadliest foe.  
 Thou anointest my head, Lord, with purest of oil,  
 My cup runneth over, and sweet is life's toil.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me still,  
 All the days of my life, and my cup Thou wilt fill;  
 And ever depending on Thy faithful word,  
 I safely shall dwell in the house of the Lord.

## ISAIAH LIII.

**A**LL we like sheep have gone astray,  
 And turned our own sinful way.  
 Th' iniquity of every one  
 The Lord hath laid on His dear Son.

A Man of sorrows, grief, and pain,  
 Oppressed, rejected of all men;  
 We hid our faces from the Lord—  
 Esteemed Him not in deed or word.

Oppressed, afflicted in our stead,  
 And like a lamb to slaughter led,  
 Who, dumb before the shearers stood,  
 He shed for us His precious blood.

The sin of all upon Him laid,  
 Man's debt and ransom He hath paid;  
 Though numbered with transgressors too,  
 He interceded for all anew.

## TO MEMORY.



MEMORY! kind guardian of the past,  
 Shew me thine hidden things to-day, for I  
 Would live again in those dear days, when all  
 My loved and loving ones were gathered round

With all the sweet impressive words and smiles.  
 To soothe, direct, and comfort. One there was  
 Who loved me with a love so pure, that naught  
 Could dim its lustrous brightness—nothing e'er  
 Could step between me and his great fond love;  
 Nor faults, nor follies of my own, nor all  
 The changes flowing from the bitter loss  
 Of fortune and of health, could turn the tide  
 Of his affection from me; but, alas!  
 He is no more, and though long anxious years  
 Since then have run their course, his empty place  
 Seems ever empty as time rolls along  
 With all its sweeping changes, and I miss  
 His gentle touch and loving tones, and fain  
 Would ask of thee, O Memory, to give back  
 As best thou canst, a fond review of all  
 His deep and earnest love, that so I may,  
 At least in fancy, live again in those  
 Dear days long passed, and comfort take in thought  
 Of what I once possessed, as one turned blind  
 Muses upon the days when earth for him  
 Rejoiced on verdant glory, decked with flowers  
 Of heavenly form and hue, and the fair realm  
 Of nature, with her teeming harmonies

Of various tones and shadows, and the grand  
 Red sun and beauteous moon, with the glad stars  
 That spangle earth's celestial canopy,  
 Were to him as an open book, alas!  
 Now closed; except in thought, still his rapt soul  
 Can revel in their kind remembrance, and  
 Glean from them some pure ray of comfort, so  
 Would I crave of thee, Memory, to give back  
 Some fragrance of the past, some gentle touch  
 And loving tone, some word of wisdom deep.  
 Some breath from that rich atmosphere of love  
 Which made my step so light, my heart so glad,  
 That so my troubled soul may comfort take  
 In thought, at least, of what thou canst unfold.

## ROME.



GR<sup>E</sup>AT city of the centuries! o'er whose proud head  
 once curled  
 The banner that proclaimed thou wert the mistress  
 of the world,  
 Is it a dear reality that I am with thee now.  
 And that in very truth I feel thy breath upon my brow?

Ah! yes, it must indeed be so, for see that beauteous pile  
 Of grand old marble ruins, spread beneath the loving smile  
 Of the same life-inspiring sun, so woven with thy lore,  
 Who witnessed all the glory of thy palmy days of yore.

Yes, time-stained Colosseum, thou remainest sternly grand,  
A witness to the nations round of this once mighty land,  
Whilst the departed genius who conceived thy wondrous  
space  
Has passed beyond remembrance, like a breath that leaves no  
trace.

With memory's wand I people all the splendid ruins round,  
Spell-bound, my spirit joys to tread the consecrated ground ;  
With throbbing pulse I wander on, in fancy seem to stand  
Conversing with the fabled gods, once worshipped through the  
land.

Here footprints, well defined and grand, of the noble and the  
good,  
With more, alas ! whose histories are writ in tears and blood,  
Lie deeply chronicled around, beneath those arches wide  
Of the golden house of Nero, grand monument of pride !

See yon huge ruins ! locked in earth through centuries of  
strife,  
Of the Palace of the Cæsars, now rising to new life—  
Unveiling countless gems of art, profusely o'er them cast,  
Proclaiming with rude eloquence Rome's grandeur in the past.

And there, between the Palatine and Capitoline hills,  
The columned Roman Forum the valley proudly fills,  
Telling Rome's wondrous history, from the cradle of her  
power,  
Of the ages of the hoary past, when the wide world was her  
dower.

'Twas here, amid these temples fair, through struggles long and bold,  
 Was perfected that code of laws which ruled the world of old,  
 And made Rome draw around her, as with a magnet's power,  
 Earth's greatest, noblest minds, to form her grandeur and her dower.

Here, too, the thrilling eloquence of Cicero was heard  
 In melody divine, which oft the Roman spirit stirred;  
 Here Horace wrote, and Virgil read his grand heroic strain—  
 Each leaving sunbeams luminous of true, undying fame.

And since, how hast thou fallen, Rome, from thy proud throne  
 of power!

How charged with trouble are the clouds that o'er thee brood-  
 ing lower!

And yet methinks behind those clouds, even now appears the  
 bright

Pure silver lining, which ere long will gird thee with its light,

And aid thy bent yet beauteous form to rise erect once more,  
 Regain its grandeur, plant its throne on grey old Tiber's shore.

Then from the Capitol unfurl the banner of the free,  
 And reign again triumphant o'er united Italy.

Rome, 1870.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.



HOPE—thou bright star of the human heart,  
 That hood'st the gloomiest path with rays divine,  
 To me thy rainbow-tinted light impart,  
 And make thy heaven-inspiring promptings mine.



1

2

Cold and uncertain, difficult and drear,  
 Is life without thy blessed influence—  
 But with it all is joy-illumed and clear,  
 Gleaming with heaven-encircled radiance.

I thought that thou hadst set for me, bright star,  
 And all life's joys seemed buried out of sight,  
 But now I see thy glorious light afar,  
 And earth lies once more bathed in promise bright.

Moments there are, when the torn, aching heart  
 Can feel no warmth of love-light o'er it flow—  
 'Tis then thy angel whisperings through it dart,  
 And make it once again with ardour glow.

Oh, leave me not again, beloved star!  
 Offspring of Heaven! On me thy radiance shower—  
 For to my lonely heart thy glad rays are  
 A glorifying presence, a rich dower!

ON THE PICTURE OF ORRTEL'S "ROCK OF AGES."



JOY! unutterable joy! I'm safe—yes, safe at last,  
 And all my torturing fears, and doubts, and suffer-  
 ings are past.

Dear cross and fortress! I espied thy vast uplifted  
 form,  
 Towering above the warring waves and the wild, raging storm!

I was the sport of each mad wave that o'er my form did leap ;  
 I could not steer my fragile bark alone across the deep ;  
 For in that little slender skiff my treasures all were stored  
 With many a gilded, useless toy, which fondly I adored.

The care of all these cherished things around my spirit hung,  
 Like heaviest fetters, for my heart to them unconscious clung.  
 Thus chained and trammelled, I essayed to steer my bark in  
 vain ;

It was too hard a task for me, I could no harbour gain.

'Tis true I heard a heavenly voice—a voice that to me said,  
 "Thou troubled one, come follow Me—leave all—be not afraid."  
 But my heart clung too fondly to my cherished idols all ;  
 I could not bear to part with them, e'en at that heavenly call,

And so I struggled on, to steer my bark against the tide,  
 And, when successful, was elate with all a victor's pride ;  
 I thought my strength sufficient for the dark and trying day,  
 And grew impatient of each check that rose to bar my way.

But soon, alas ! I found how wrong my boasting, and how vain !  
 My treasures they were useless 'mid that tempest of the main ;  
 The storm redoubled its wild force, the ocean waves leaped  
 high,

And Boreas, maddened into strife, flew shrieking wildly by.

The thunder crashed with solemn jar, forked lightnings rent  
 the air,

Each raging element seemed bent, in the great strife to share ;  
 Trembling and shivering with affright, hope in my own strength  
 past,

I felt that I was lost, for now my bark was sinking fast.

Then cried I, in my helplessness, "Save me, great God, oh  
save!

Save me, or I shall surely sink beneath the yawning wave;  
Take me just as I am, I leave my treasured idols all—  
And humbled, naked, worthless, lost, for mercy to Thee call!"

Then a great mist was cleared away from my benighted eyes,  
Thy precious cross, O Saviour dear! to guide me did arise;  
And now I safely, fondly cling, and will cling to life's end,  
To Thee, who art, in very truth, my Saviour, God, and Friend!

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ODE TO NATURE.



ENCHANTING Nature! I would sing of thee,  
Rejoicing soul, and source of harmony!  
Thy mystic music floats o'er land and sea  
Throughout creation's realm, as through the high

Illimitable, star-gemmed canopy!  
God's revelation art thou, full and free,  
A living scripture to the natural eye!  
As in the past, so ever mayst thou be  
My friend, discoursing sweetly of the Deity.

Ever from childhood hast thou been my shrine  
Of joy and beauty,—from my earliest years  
A source of inward happiness sublime,  
A firm abiding friend who ever cheers,—

I dedicate this simple lay to thee,  
 For thy melodious name all song endears,  
 And it perchance may aid my verse to be  
 For those I love a more abiding memory.

Lives there a creature who can fail to trace,  
 With all her varied powers of mind and will,  
 Divine expression in fair Nature's face?  
 Do not the sweet tones of the mountain rill,  
 The voice of thunder, winds and waves, oft thrill  
 His being with their matchless eloquence?  
 Does not his soul with adoration fill,  
 As Nature thus extols the fountain whence  
 Springs all her grandeur, glory, and magnificence.

If such exist, how limited must be  
 Man's means of pure enjoyment and delight,  
 How circumscribed his vision, not to see  
 The great sun paint each day His name in bright  
 Effulgent characters of living light,  
 Nor to observe the hosts that gem the sky,  
 And the calm moon from her star-bannered height,  
 Tracing the same beloved name on high  
 In blazing brightness o'er earth's canopy!

Ah! there is more than simple sound in all  
 Nature's fulfilment of her Maker's will—  
 There's something more than grandeur in the fall  
 Of mighty cataract and mountain rill,  
 That with such sweet accord delight and thrill.

There's much beyond its perfume in the flower,  
That seems the breath of heaven to distil,—  
There's more than melody in the glad shower,—  
There is a voice proclaiming God's great love and power.

Consider Nature as she sweetly sings  
Her daily worship to the Deity!  
The glorious sun, as lavishly he flings,  
His brilliant rays o'er woodland, sky, and sea,  
Discourses with celestial harmony;—  
The mighty cataracts, in measure grand,  
Thunder their eloquence, unitedly  
With streams at play with pebbles on the sand,  
And all with rich sweet melody fill sea and land.

There's music in the rippling, limpid brook,  
The ravings of the storm-uplifted sea,  
In the soft strains that fill each forest nook,  
And tremble on the leaves of every tree—  
Sweet music flowing from Infinity!  
There's music in the spheres that gem the skies,  
As in the myriad voices of the lea,  
And in and through them all we recognize  
The universal hymn that doth to heaven arise.

There's music in impetuous mountain streams,  
And in the whirr of tiny insect wings,  
Disporting in the sun's life-giving beams;  
And in the solemn chant old Ocean sings,  
As he rich treasures to his caverns flings;

There's music, too, within the bright sea-shells,  
 And in the plaints that each soft zephyr brings ;  
 In the sad tales the fierce wind often tells,  
 As it, to fury lashed, with proud defiance swells.

There's music in the free, crisp laugh of mirth,  
 That thrills and vibrates through the human heart,  
 Like sunshine through the mist at morn's glad birth,  
 Causing fresh flowers in many a waste to start,  
 And forcing gloom and sadness to depart ;  
 A merry heart, a merry countenance lends  
 And with its magic telegraphic art  
 Calls forth responsive gladness, and extends  
 To all the joy that with its own glad being blends.

There's music in the voice of sympathy  
 Seeking lone, sorrowing hearts to soothe and cheer ;  
 And in the sparkling laugh of infancy,  
 And the charmed voice of those we hold most dear,  
 Sweet tones of melody that banish fear !  
 No music is there half so sweet as this,  
 By which our bark o'er time's swift waves to steer ;  
 It is the joy that none should ever miss—  
 That makes each heart a throne, each home a shrine of bliss.

Where is the heart that could or would withstand  
 The influence of Nature's flowery page,  
 Floating in rainbow banners o'er the land,  
 Conversing with the poet and the sage  
 Of every varied clime, in every age ?

For not alone to fascinate the eye  
Do flowers bloom, but to inspire, engage  
Man's mind his Maker's power and love to see  
Reflected through those garlands of the land and sea.

And have not flowers an eloquence unique ?  
A language known to every human mind,  
That needs no arduous studying to speak,  
Is comprehended by all humankind  
Who to the heart's perceptions are not blind,—  
A language ever delicate and pure,  
Refining, soft, affectionate, and kind,  
Which shall throughout the rolling years endure,  
And men of every age and clime alike allure ?

Emblems of immortality ! for see,  
Those boughs so bare and withered overhead  
Formed, the last year, a lovely flower-crowned tree,  
Which messages of love through perfume shed  
But life lies hidden in the seeming dead,  
And they again in due time shall come forth,  
By pearly dews and brilliant sunshine fed,  
Rejoicing in the rich gift of new birth,  
To shed their sweet perfume, and beautify the earth.

More beautiful than their bright colours, far,  
Are the deep truths enclosed in summer bowers.  
More fragrant than their perfumed odours, are  
The love and care they manifest with their sweet powers,  
And which o'er Nature's kingdom grandly towers.

All useful plants that clothe the fecund earth  
Depend on their continued life on flowers,  
Which the divine Creator, from their birth,  
Destined to fructify through aid of warmth and showers.

There is a flower, complex and beautiful,  
Which the fond piety of other days  
Associated in sweet fancy, full  
Of beauty with the dear Redeemer's gaze,  
The passion flower! whose lovely floral rays  
Circle a cross and nails, as though 'twere born  
First to anticipate, and then praise  
Its eloquent commemorative form  
In token of the death of Him who hushed the storm.

There is a fern, too, found upon the brink  
Of waters rippling through sweet wooded dell,  
Which cut across the rootlet, black as ink,  
You'll find initials J. C. graven well  
Upon the wounded stem, as if to tell  
The same old story as time onward flies.  
Such as past centuries recorded well  
Through inspiration of the good and wise,  
Of the astounding, wondrous, godlike Sacrifice.

As flowers, like every atom found on earth,  
Move in a special orbit of their own,  
Are subject to a code of laws from birth,  
Immutable, unchanging as the tone  
Of Him who placed them in their sun-kissed home.

So prompt obedience through their empire reigns,  
 Whether in arctic seas or torrid zone ;  
 And this obedience our example claims ;  
 For in resistance to God's laws man stands alone !

Alone in disobedience to Heaven !  
 With shame confess we this anomaly,  
 That man, to whom so much is freely given,  
 Should not obedience render, full and free,  
 To the unseen, yet ever-present Deity.  
 Subordination unreserved, entire,  
 Should be the lesson taught in infancy  
 By every earnest teacher, ruler, sire,  
 Who man's whole duty to his gracious God desire.

A loving Father issues His commands  
 Expecting His dependent offspring to obey,  
 And they, if wise, submit to His demands,  
 Ne'er questioning His right their minds to sway,  
 But to His higher will glad homage pay.  
 And should not men, God's helpless offspring, pause  
 Ere they resist His well-appointed way,  
 Regarding nothing lightly that might cause  
 The least divergence from His ever-righteous laws ?

There's not a station, whether great or small,  
 That's not ennobled by obedience ;  
 There's not an effort made at duty's call,  
 To gain a victory o'er self and sense,  
 That is not full of deep significance

To the whole future individual state  
Of him who makes it—rich, in consequence,  
For such brave efforts make an aggregate  
Of power to him who would all evil subjugate.

There is a joy in life's young daisy hours,  
A freshness and a beauty known but then,  
A simple trust in the heart's fragrant flowers,  
A hope-lit halo round earth's diadem,  
Which never in advancing years are seen again.  
But there are flowers matured by grace above,  
Which bloom in later years, and not till then,—  
Flowers of the heart, that, like the sacred dove,  
Bring precious tokens thro' life's storms of peace and love.

And there are intellectual pleasures, pure,  
For the aspiring, thirsting, human mind,  
Most lavishly provided, to allure  
And suit the varied taste of humankind,  
Which all who have the will to seek, may find ;  
Glad flowers which nourish life's declining days,  
If with a trusting love and hope combined,  
Culled from historic records, poet's lays,  
Which move to emulation of the good and great they praise.

And what rich mines of wealth lie hid in books !  
They are our friends, our monitors severe,  
Who heed not haughty mien or angry looks,  
But speak to lowly peasant, or proud peer,  
In tones of praise or blame, alike sincere.

Rich treasures of knowledge, stores of thought,  
From which we learn the art our bark to steer  
O'er life's oft treacherous ocean, and are taught  
To shun its hidden shoals and rocks with danger fraught.

Clear imprints are they of man's varied mind,  
Glad offspring of earth's true nobility.  
What sweet companionship in them we find,  
As face to face we seem to hear and see  
The authors of the ages, wise and free !  
Entranced we list through them to many a voice  
That time floats back in magic melody,  
Now moving us to tears, now to rejoice,  
Through their inspiring language, pure, refined, and choice.

In the great "Book of books," which has survived  
The wreck of empires, dynasties, and creeds,  
With conscience through the Spirit's aid revived,  
Does not the hungry soul find all it needs ?  
That blessed bread of life on which it feeds.  
For through its teachings none can fail to know  
The Father's love, which every love exceeds,  
And in its unsurpassed, rich, love-lit glow  
We trace the Source from whence all blessings to us flow.

To poor wrecked sufferers on life's stormy sea,  
To friendless orphans, castaways, and blind,  
As to the good and happy, wise and free,  
It is the anchor earth with heaven to bind,  
Where all sweet balm for every wound may find ;  
The everlasting anchor forged above,  
Where rich and poor may moor their bark, and prove  
The wealth and grandeur of the everlasting love.

Then, as a poem, there is naught on earth  
 Can match its wondrous majesty and grace!  
 To what exulting joy does it give birth!  
 What wondrous tales of love its authors trace!  
 What prejudices doth its light efface!  
 What language, rich, yet simple, chaste, yet grand!  
 Model of poems for the human race!  
 Suited to every station, clime, and land,  
 Which lettered and unlettered minds can understand.  
 Grand revelation from the throne above  
 Of the world's Saviour, and His work divine!  
 Who through the new, all-conquering law of love,  
 And the example of a life sublime,  
 Left to the world a model for all time;  
 A life of such simplicity and zeal,  
 That doth all other lives so far outshine,  
 That all who read it right must inly feel  
 The truth and eloquence of its divine appeal.  
 We read the Gospel, not so much to find  
 Rules of theology which scarce exist,  
 Forms of devotion, which are few in kind,  
 With but one model prayer on which t' insist,—  
 But for the life which could all sin resist;  
 That life of honour, chastity, and zeal,  
 Which all man's love and sympathy enlist,  
 And to his judgment, heart, and soul appeal,  
 As o'er his wakened mind its blest revealings steal.  
 Seek, then, for knowledge wheresoever found,  
 Whether in books or studious thought, or in  
 That other revelation spread around  
 By bounteous Nature, man to charm and win

To simple joys, from costly paths of sin :  
 Knowledge finds friends and joy where'er she goes,  
 Whilst ignorance is but to vice akin ;  
 And from the lives and thoughts of good men flows  
 Founts of transcendent joy which naught can stem or close.

Many live but to eat, drink, trifle, sleep,  
 And leave their mind a barren desert waste,  
 Where thorns and brambles wanton revel keep ;  
 Thus they the joys of culture never taste.  
 This is but vegetation,—life ungraced.  
 No ; minds, like bodies, should be daily fed  
 And nourished for life's action, care and strife—  
 By goodness nurtured, and by virtue led,  
 And discipline alike of body, soul, and head.

Self-sacrifice and love to God will clear  
 Much that would otherwise obstruct our way ;  
 Renouncing ease to work for Him will cheer,  
 And forcing self, through duty, to say "Nay,"  
 Makes conscience light, and heart and spirit gay.  
 Self must be kept in check, and worldly pride,  
 Through resolute endeavours, day by day,  
 If we would follow Him who for us died,  
 And in the everlasting life with Him abide.

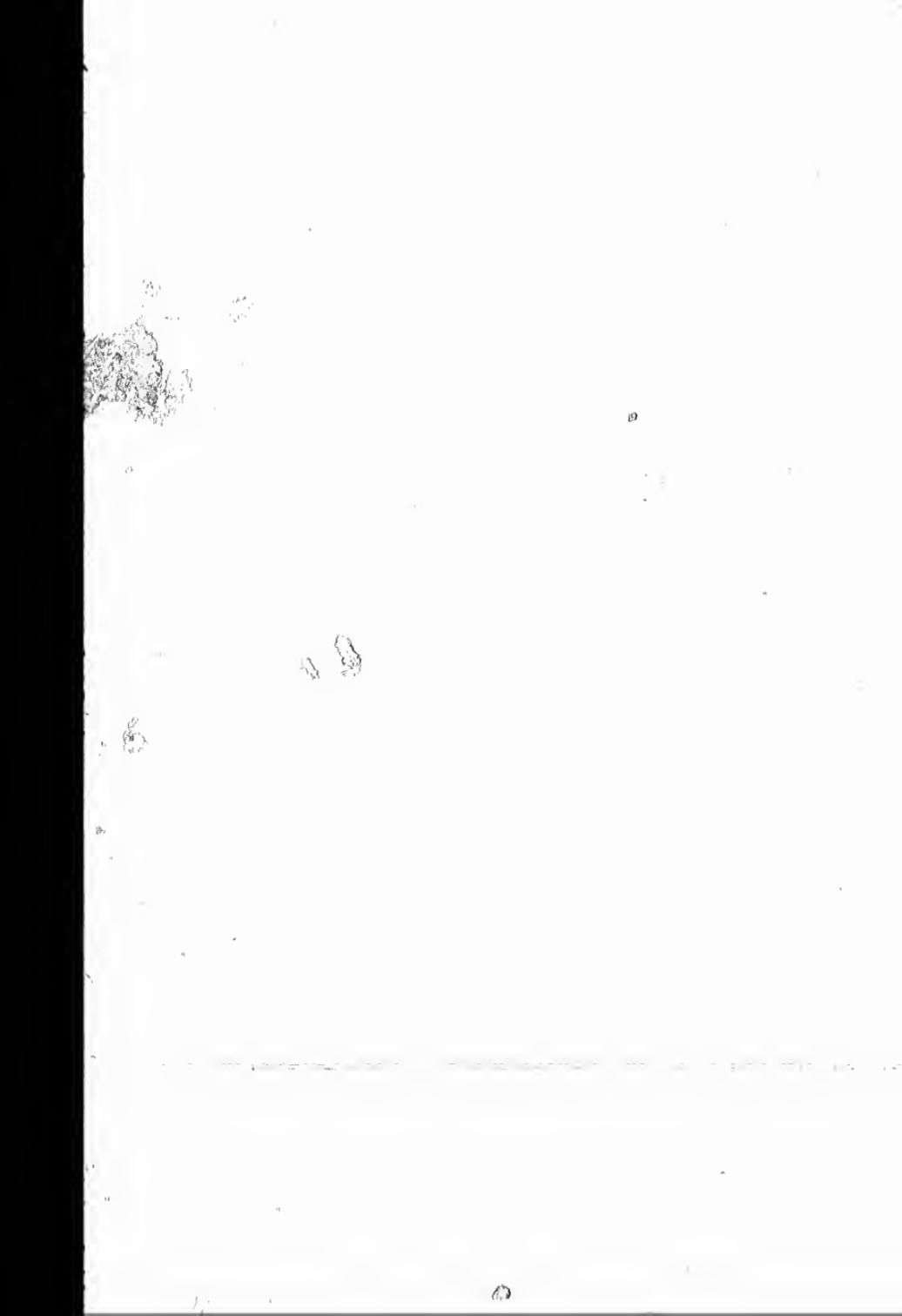
Despise not trifles—they make up the sum  
 Of human happiness and misery ;  
 Into the realm of beauteous nature roam,  
 And what she makes of trifles thou mayst see—  
 For by such survey thou shalt wiser be.

Atoms are infinite ! A tiny seed  
 Develops to a far-outspreading tree,  
 Beneath whose shade warriors and armies lead,  
 And grains of sand form mighty barriers for the sea !

Many of those enchanting islands fair,  
 That with the broad Pacific's waters wed,  
 Formed, in their structure vast, of coral rare,  
 And set in depths profound of ocean's bed,  
 Are but the masonry of insect thread !  
 An insect so minute, that human eye  
 Can scarcely see it ; yet 'tis also said  
 Their wondrous structures with man's best work vie,  
 Whilst they the wildest rage of angry seas defy.

See that grand king of trees, the giant oak,  
 Of wide-spread girth and herculean form ;  
 Long centuries ago to life it woke,  
 And still it stands, defiant to the storm—  
 Destined, perhaps, great navies to adorn ;  
 Yet it was but a tiny acorn first—  
 Though to such noble use and beauty born  
 By God's own faithful servant, Nature, nursed,  
 As those great sheltering arms from it in beauty burst.

A spark may kindle empires—and a word  
 Of gentleness or passion, praise or blame,  
 If but conveyed by glance, or faintly heard,  
 May fill the mind with ecstasy or shame,  
 If from a source we reverence it came.



A poisoned breath may send forth pestilence  
Through a whole city—fortune, station, fame,  
Oft tremble on a word of eloquence,  
Or wing their flight through some small act of negligence.

Let us not be like him who heedeth not  
Small loving words, kind looks, and gentle tone  
Breathed by beloved ones, ne'er to be forgot,  
That make a paradise of every home,  
And which for many failings should atone.  
And let no thing seem trifling, that the great  
Almighty One hath fashioned or hath wrought,  
Whether 'tis found in high or low estate ;  
For He in perfect wisdom doth all things create.

Music and beauty fill the sun-lit air  
Of the glad birthday of earth's fruit and flowers.  
Young life in spring rejoices everywhere,—  
Even the rain trips down in laughing showers  
To wake responsive joy in forest bowers ;  
Gay butterflies and tiny insect wings,  
Birds, beasts, and fish rejoice in spring's glad hours,  
And renovated nature gaily sings  
Her thanks to Him who all this wealth of rapture brings.

There's beauty in broad fields of golden grain  
Swayed by light zephyrs of bright summer air,  
When the Sun's glory dances o'er the plain  
Through dark clouds flitting swiftly here and there,  
Creating lights and shadows rich and rare.—

Shadows that fly, at the approach of light  
Like moral darkness under the pure glare  
Of truth divine, which clears the mental sight  
With noonday splendour, purity, and might.

There's beauty in a cloudless summer sky,  
Domed in its own celestial faultless blue,  
From whence the brilliant sun, pavilioned high,  
Shows his love-tokens on the world anew,  
T' invigorate, revivify, renew.  
There's beauty in his rosy wakening gleams  
Shed o'er a landscape veiled in morning dew,  
As in his richly crimsoned setting beams  
That glorify the mountain peaks and purling streams.

There's beauty in a midnight winter's sky  
Presided o'er by the calm queen of night—  
Gemmed by the glittering stars, revolving high,  
Sparkling with joy from their grand mystic height,  
To fill the soul with worship and delight,  
There's beauty on the waters of the sea,  
When, with attendant stars, through silvery light,  
The moon looks fondly on the waters free,  
To mirror her sweet face in peerless majesty.

There's majesty and grandeur in the hour  
When crashing thunders shake the trembling earth,  
While earth lies passive in the tempest's power,  
Which in terrific madness bellows forth  
As if in fiendish, rude, satanic mirth;

When flashing lightnings rend the blackened air,  
And fierce appalling swords of fiery wrath  
Shoot out their scorching darts and death-lit glare,  
And wildly in the fearful thundering conflict share.

There's grandeur in a thundering storm-tossed sea  
Lashed to ungoverned and tumultuous rage  
By the wild storm that sweeps it furiously,  
While all the elements fierce warfare wage,  
Contending like fierce wrestlers on life's stage,—  
When angry winds in shrieking fury rise  
With earth's opposing forces to engage,—  
When clouds in masses scowl from angry skies,  
And the mad tempest o'er the earth in fury flies.

There's beauty in stupendous mountain heights,  
Clothed in unspotted robes of virgin snow,  
When golden autumn's myriad sunset lights  
Play o'er their dazzling peaks with rapturous glow,  
And crimsoned streamlets flood the vales below,—  
When Heaven's great western portal open flies,  
And nature with supernal joy aglow  
Bathes in the love-lit glory of the skies,  
As her beloved sun to rest rejoicing hies.

Majestic Sun! divine, celestial light!  
Clear registrar of time, and tide, and space!  
Grandly from thine illimitable height  
Thy Maker's name thou dost on all things trace,  
Whilst scattering blessings for the human race.

Resplendent type of light and love divine,  
That deepest gloom and darkness doth efface—  
Choice witness art thou in the heavens sublime  
Of Him whose light and love through thee so richly shine.

And thou, too, lovely Moon! serenely fair,  
Calm empress of the dark and solemn night!  
What can with thy chaste radiance but compare?  
As in a trance of holy rapt delight  
Thou bathest earth and sea in silvery light.  
Symbol art thou of peace and purity,  
Pavilioned in profound star-bannered height!  
Making a mirror of each silvered sea,  
Where spheres may print the glorious name of Deity.

Inspired, enchanting Nature! how can man  
Unmoved behold thy peerless majesty,  
Through which the voice of God, since time began,  
Has been discoursing so melodiously,  
Revealing His great laws untiringly.  
Beloved ensign of Almighty power,  
Exponent of the mind of Deity.  
His lavish gifts thou'rt privileged to shower,  
Whilst whispering of His mighty love each fleeting hour.

It seems as if my life had ever been,  
Dear Nature, in sweet sympathy with thine;  
For in thy wondrous love-lit works I've seen  
A lustrous reflex of the will divine  
Which has inspired to nobler efforts mine.

And as I close this joyous lay to thee,  
Honoured revealer of His love sublime,  
I would with thine unite my minstrelsy  
Of loving worship to earth's glorious Deity.

As in the happy spring-time of my youth,  
When things terrestrial seemed celestial too,  
Ere yet the blighting signs of sin and crime  
Shaded the beauteous scene life spread to view,  
And earth and heaven were sheened in rosiest hue,  
So even now, in life's declining day,  
Beloved Nature, dost thou charm and woo ;  
And with thee, as in youth, my soul would raise  
Unto the mighty God her sweetest songs of praise.

For the great Father, throned in light above,  
Whose power on every atom is inscribed,  
Made thee to us a messenger of love,  
Which thou, in sweetest tones, on every side,  
Proclaimest in thy brightness far and wide.  
So it is meet that we with thee should raise  
To Him who rules the earth, and air, and tide,  
Our best and worthiest, never-ceasing lays  
Of universal world-wide worship, love, and praise.

THE GRAVE OF CADIEUX.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.



**A**MONGST the many touching legends that entwine  
With the dark-flowing Ottawa, none charmed me  
more  
Than that connected with a simple tomb that stands  
Within the portage of the Seven Falls. 'Tis placed  
Beneath the frowning mountain called the "High," in face  
Of the green island known as "the great Calumet."  
There, hidden in the shade of an o'erhanging rock,  
May still be seen the grave of the devoted one  
Who lies self-buried at its base. No chiselled stone  
Attracts the passer-by; only a wooden fence,  
Which the kind habitants from time to time renew  
With zealous care, thus making it a monument  
Of a deep and living reverence, than which no pile  
Of sculptured marble could more fitly speak. I sought  
To learn the history of one so revered  
And loved, and, thanks to Dr. Taché and Le Moine,  
My search was fruitful, and thus runs the simple tale.  
In years long past, when for a century the sound  
Of the Red Indian's war-whoop made these forests ring  
And vibrate with its echo, when fierce hostile tribes  
In deadly hatred of each other, evermore  
Contended, and when might rather than right was law,  
There came amongst the tribe of Algonquin, a man  
Of courage, dauntless as their own, a scholar, too,  
Of high repute, by birth a Frenchman, and by name

Cadieux. He was interpreter for those who held  
The royal flag of France above them. In their name  
He came to settle sundry differences, that  
Had risen up between them, and so well did he  
Acquit himself of his high trust, that though at first  
They cast distrustful eyes upon the pale-faced man,  
And scarce would brook his presence, yet or ever he  
His mission had accomplished; he so well had won  
Their confidence and love, that as the time drew near  
For his return, they all besought him to remain ;  
And as their strange and simple life had many charms,  
He yielded free consent—more readily because  
The tender flame of love was kindling in his soul.  
For dark-eyed Ushas, daughter of the chief, the pride  
Of all that brave Algonquin tribe, whose warrior sons  
Were nerved to deeds of valour and of warlike skill,  
When but one word from her, one glance of her dark eyes  
Was given them in praise. Young Ushas was, in truth,  
The gladness and the darling of the camp, the joy  
And pride of every heart to whom age lent the claim  
To call her daughter. And the Indian maidens loved  
Their sister Ushas, and moved round her as should move  
The subjects of a well-beloved queen, without  
The slightest fear or envy. Jealousies there were,  
No doubt, amongst themselves, but haply none for her.  
And Ushas loved the pale-faced stranger with a love  
As fond and fervent as his own, and all agreed  
That she of all the tribe was the chief of a love  
Noble and deep as that of Cadieux. So with them  
He hunted the wild antlered moose, and angled oft  
In those great inland seas, their lakes, and with them sat

After the toil of day, beside the camp-fire, whose  
Aroma rose like incense unto heaven, while they  
Told of the war-trail and its deeds of blood, and he  
Spoke to them of the white man's home beyond the seas ;  
Then, after thanking the Great Spirit for their strength,  
And hunting-grounds, they sought within the wigwam's shade  
That grateful rest, which the free air of heaven, and eke  
Their hardy mode of life, so well insured. And oft  
At close of day the young men and the maidens danced  
And sang the legends of their race, and of those wars  
With hostile tribes which oft had made the warrior chiefs  
Of Algonquin a terror to their foes. One tribe  
Alone they feared, the fierce, inhuman Iroquois ;  
But they had kept aloof for many years, and so,  
Being at peace with them and neighbouring tribes, they grew  
Forgetful of their foes, save when perchance the song  
Awoke long-slumbering vengeance in their breasts, then one,  
Indeed, might know that war and carnage were their joy  
And heritage—so wild their gestures, and their words  
So full of fearful import. Thus time speeding fled,  
And Cadieux felt, with Ushas' love, the happiest man  
That trod the beauteous earth. And when the warrior chief  
Gave him the precious jewel of his heart, before  
Th' assembled tribe, the happy pair, all radiant then  
With joy, stood pledged as partners unto death, and one  
In Heaven's sight. With him they smoked the calumet  
Of peace, and called him by the sweet, endearing name  
Of brother. And Cadieux and Ushas lived for years  
In a pure atmosphere of love.—In hunting he  
Passed the bright summer months, and the clear winter days  
Trading in furs, as was the custom of the tribe.

And so it chanced one early spring, when all were met  
To go to Montreal to sell the skins which they  
Had gathered through the winter, just ere they should leave,  
A youthful Indian, who was posted to keep watch  
About the track they took, rushed scared and breathless in,  
Panting with fear, and shouting to the Algonquins—  
“Nataoué, Nataoué!—the Iroquois,  
The Iroquois!” There lay, in truth, in ambush placed  
To intercept them, a strong band of that fierce tribe,  
Waiting to seize upon the birch canoes, which at  
That season usually descended, laden deep  
With rich and costly skins. One only chance there was  
Of safety and escape, a rash and desperate one!  
Full of appalling dangers! But what matter whilst  
Their homes and havings were at stake, and more than these,  
Dear life and liberty; for well they knew their fate,  
Should they be conquered by the Iroquois, their foes  
Deadliest and most unyielding. Thus their only hope  
And chance of safety, then, was to attempt to shoot  
Those fearful rapids, which had often rudely drawn  
Beneath their eddying depths those who had vainly striven  
To drive their bark across them. But, having no choice,  
They quickly set themselves t’ arrange and form their plans  
For prompt and desperate action. First ’twas found to be  
Essential they should post some pickets in the woods,  
To fire, and draw away th’ attention of their foes,  
Whilst all the rest embarked, and took their chance to run  
Those wildly-raging rapids, to evade their foes.  
Cadieux, whom all alike pronounced most resolute  
And ablest of the band, was chosen, with a young  
Algonquin warrior, for the mission. Fondly, then,

They took a speedy, agonizing leave of all  
Their loved and loving ones, from whom stern fate decreed  
That they should part; and, armed with gun and tomahawk,  
They hastened to the woods. The rest, meanwhile, prepared  
The bark canoes; there breathless sat, as they that wait  
Th' explosion of a mine which they themselves have fir'd—  
Until the signal gun of Cadieux and his friend  
Should mark the time had come for them to break from out  
Their covert, and to start upon their fearful race.  
Thus, as the sound of fire-arms in the distance woke  
The forest's slumbering echoes, onward bravely went  
The frail canoes, that flew like sea-birds 'mid the foam  
And traitorous rocks—on! o'er the whirling waters, on!  
It was a race for life—dear life. Naught save the skill,  
The almost superhuman skill and practised eye  
Of the keen Indian (under Providence) could save  
From certain death within that dark and dangerous hour.  
On! flying still by hissing whirlpools, whose wild rage,  
Had they but neared them, would have whirled and sucked  
them down  
To their deep caves; but, thanks unto the mighty God,  
This danger is escaped! The treacherous rapids now  
Threaten their quick destruction. Shivering, on they go—  
O Heavens! that awful leap! that steep and frightful rock!  
That angry pool below, yawning to suck them in!  
They rise, they sink—but no, they're safe, thank God—they're  
safe!  
Th' appalling danger is past, they're in smooth water now,—  
And soon, their hearts o'erflowing with deep gratitude,  
They're landed safe beyond the unholy grasp and reach  
Of the ferocious Inquois.

## And Cadieux's wife

Related after, that she nothing saw through all  
 The terrors of their dread and reeling passage, save  
 The beauteous form of a fair spirit, angel-winged,  
 Hovering above, as though directress of their way,  
 And guardian through its course. They had, before they left  
 Their homes, through pleading tears, invoked the good Saint  
 Ann,  
 The well-belovèd patron of the mariner ;  
 And she it was whom Ushas, with the eye of faith,  
 Saw hovering near, Heaven-sent, to guide them and to save.

When Cadieux and his comrade fired, the Iroquois  
 Fled wildly to the woods, imagining they were  
 Assailed by the whole tribe of Algonquin, and there  
 Took up their various posts for action and defence.  
 Soon they o'ertook surprised the brave Algonquin youth,  
 Whose warrior soul shot lightnings from his eyes, and nerved  
 His arm with strength gigantic, so that ere his foes  
 Accomplished half their purpose, he had prostrate laid  
 Three of his fierce assailants, whom that other foe  
 (Whose thirst for life is never quenched), with icy touch  
 And stern, relentless grasp, soon seized on as his prey.  
 The death-yell and the war-whoop now ring out afar  
 With dread and stern significance ; the forest aïdes  
 Repeat the shrill and well-known call which all the tribe  
 With savage joy at once obey. The warrior youth,  
 Enclosed on every side, is soon cut down, for none  
 Could long withstand their force. Then, horrible to tell,  
 The scalping-knife appears, and finishes the deed  
 Of blood and vengeance. Wail aloud, O Earth ! and Heaven

Take up the righteous strain, that men, fiend-like, should dare  
To lave them in the sacred stream of human blood !

For three long days the wild and furious Iroquois,  
Thirsting for blood, searched the recesses of the woods  
To find th' encampment of the foe ; never did they  
For but one moment think the Algonquins had shot  
These dangerous rapids, or that all save Cadieux' self  
Were far beyond their reach.

Hémmed in on every side,  
Poor Cadieux then remained hid in the forest gloom,  
Not daring to emerge. Day followed day, and night  
Put on her sable mantle o'er and o'er, and still  
He lay concealed far, far beyond the call of him,  
The warrior youth who fell so nobly,—farther still,  
Beyond the reach of help. And when, foiled and deceived,  
The Iroquois abandoned the pursuit, he sought  
In vain familiar paths of egress—he was seized  
With that appalling malady, that wild and strange  
Hallucination, known by French Canadians as  
"La folie des bois," one of whose wildering symptoms is  
The sad propensity its victims have to walk  
In never-ending and continuous circles o'er  
And o'er, without the slightest progress towards escape.  
So Cadieux walked, and strove in vain to free himself  
From the bewildering maze. His efforts were, alas !  
Useless, and, weakened by exhaustion, loss of rest,  
Exposure, want of food, the sad uncertainty  
Attendant on the fate of those who were to him  
Dearer than life, he found his strength was ebbing fast,—  
His end approaching ; then he built a simple hut

Of twigs and branches, and, despairing, he sank down  
Within it, grieving o'er his sad and bitter fate.  
When lo! the sound of human voices, which had not  
For seven long weary days once fallen on his ear,  
Now stole melodiously, with clear and thrilling sound,  
Through the dark forest trees. Then stealthily he peered  
From out his hiding-place, with cautious furtive glance,  
Not venturing to come forth, lest they he hoped were friends  
Might prove to be his foes; but oh! delight extreme,  
And joy unspeakable! He found they were indeed  
His own loved Algonquins, in anxious search for him.  
His sufferings all seemed past, and the assurance given  
Thus sweetly by their presence, that his darling wife  
And pretty babes were safe, brimmed up his cup of joy,  
And filled his heart with gratitude. Such happy thoughts  
As these did flit with speed electric through his weak  
Enfeebled brain, as he essayed to speak the thoughts  
That welled within him. But, alas! in vain he strove  
To utter them. His tongue clave to his parched mouth,  
His failing strength refused to lend support to his  
Exhausted frame, which prostrate fell, and he sank down  
In all the agony of seeing those who came  
To save him, pass him by unnoticed. Still he lay  
As one in the embrace of death, without the power  
Of utterance or motion, but alive to all  
Their yearnings for his safety, and their calls upon  
His name, repeated loud and frequently. He was  
As one bound down with iron fetters to the cold  
Damp earth, tongue-tied, incapable of all save thought  
The cruel agonizing thought of his sad fate.  
And when at length he broke with force the galling

Chain of his enthraldom, his devoted friends had passed  
 Beyond his feeble call. His troubled spirit then  
 Broke out in lamentations pitiful, for he  
 Felt all the bitter anguish of approaching death.  
 With trembling haste he tore a sheet of birchbark, and  
 Upon it, in an agony of soul, he wrote  
 His dirge and funeral-chant with loving fond adieux,  
 And the sad tale of his unhappy, cruel fate,  
 To his devoted wife. Then forming a rude cross  
 Of pine, he placed it at the head of his poor hut,  
 And bending low he humbly sought to make his peace  
 With the All-Merciful; then folded his thin hands  
 Across his wearied breast. His gentle spirit passed  
 Beyond the golden gates.

Thus did poor Cadieux die.  
 And when his anxious friends, the following day, repassed  
 On their return, they found the body, scarcely cold,  
 Of him they long had sought, the hands still firmly clasped  
 Across the breast, and by the dead the sheet of bark,  
 Inscribed in feeble characters, scarce legible.  
 This chant, called "Cadieux plainte," the *habitans* had set  
 To a sweet melody, which even to this day  
 Is sung among them, and the dear name of Cadieux  
 Is held in fondest reverence and love by that  
 Devoted tribe of Algonquin, where the swift stream  
 Of Ottawa's dark waters flow. And still they keep  
 His grave well fenced and hung around with freshest wreaths  
 Of beauteous everlasting flowers, and the grass green  
 As the fond memory, within their hearts, of him  
 Whose sacred ashes lie within its precincts dim.

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## HALLOWE'EN.



HEY bid me sing of Hallowe'en, and of those far-past  
days

When bonnie Scotland had her trains of airy sprites  
and fays,

Her punkies, warlocks, kelpies weird, to haunt each pass  
and lynn,

Her chattering old beldames, and witches gaunt and thin.

When from dark wooded coverts, or caverns wild and deep,  
Bright fairies and dark furies came, wild revelry to keep —  
To weave the web of destiny for mortals young and fair,  
And through dark mystic hidden lore their future to declare.

Thus on the fête of Hallowe'en, at that sweet hour of day  
When nature robes her beautiful form in a dreamy haze of grey,  
All in the stilly gloaming, or when the moon rode high,  
And stars peeped out so joyously from bright homes in the sky;

The bonnie lads and lassies met to tempt each charm and spell,  
To show them in the future linked with those they loved full well;  
And strange would it have been, indeed, if thus the eye or ear  
Could other than the loved one see or other voices hear.

For the bright image that is loved is linked with all things fair,  
Its voice floats through all melody, its form seems everywhere,  
Thus well has Caledonia bold her children led to see  
Their cherished idols shadowed forth, in airy mystery.

Blindfolded, hand in hand, some went the sweet stock to select;  
 For on its being great or small, crooked or erect,  
 Depended, in prophetic age, the stature, low or tall,  
 Of those whom they one day might hope husband or wife to  
 call.

Some to a looking-glass would wend, and eat an apple there,  
 Alone before the mirror bright, combing their flowing hair;  
 And O, creative power of thought, just peeping round the ear,  
 The dear face of the wished-for one would certainly appear.

Some to the kiln alone would speed, and stealthily throw in  
 A clew of blue yarn to the pot, and then anew begin  
 To form it in another clew, and just e'er 'twas re-wound,  
 Down "Wha hauds?" and sure a voice the loved one's name  
 would sound.

Then some sowed hemp-seed in the ground, and harrowed it  
 with care,  
 All in the dark lone silent night, with none the task to share,  
 Saying, "I sow three hemp-seeds now, and he that is to be  
 My dear companion throughout life, come, follow after me."

O'er the left shoulder, if they looked, in the dim dreamy night,  
 The loved one's form was plainly seen, through shadows of the  
 night;  
 And happy girls rejoicing went in innocence of heart,  
 Feeling quite sure their best beloved would never from them  
 part.

Others went unperceived to barns, and with the winnowing  
wicht  
Went through the attitudes of those who the ripe corn collect ;  
Three times with both doors opened wide repeated was the spell  
Which conjured to their longing eyes the forms they loved full  
well.

After, the charms of dishes comes, one filled with water clear,  
The second empty, and the third with water from the mere ;  
Blindfolded, then, the left hand straight was slipped into the one  
Which sealed its fate in after-life, and caused much mirth  
and fun.

For if it dipped in water clear, the future spouse would be  
A bachelor, or if in foul, a widower you'd see ;  
But O, if in the empty dish the naughty hand should dip,  
The luckless one would ne'er the joys of matrimony sip.

Then to the bean-stalk some would hie, unnoticed and alone,  
And three times fathomed it all round, when, lo, beside them  
shone  
Their best-beloved in mystic light, who for one moment pressed  
The hand of her whose love for him he cunningly had guessed.

And next the charm of burning nuts, which all like well to try,  
Gravely upon the coals they're placed, and named with blushes  
shy ;

For as they crackle, start, or fall, or quietly agree,  
So could they well divine the state of their love's constancy.

Then came the last, a social spell, which several could try  
 Together by a rivulet, beneath the star-lit sky—  
 A spot where three lairds' lands conjoined—there, 'neath the  
 pale moonbeam,  
 They dipped the left sleeve of the dress in the laughing moon-  
 lit stream.

Then they would go to rest beside a fire all blazing bright ;  
 And lo ! just at the midnight hour, on the enraptured sight  
 The form the mind had dwelt upon most likely would appear,  
 To turn and dry the spell-bound sleeve, then gently disappear.

Thus, in the good old days long past, in cottage and in hall,  
 Through bonnie Scotland's lovely plains, among the great and  
 small,  
 The fête of Hallowe'en was kept, and many a canny pair  
 On that eve, after sowins, vowed each other's lot to share.

Long, long may bonnie Scotland, then, her happy children see  
 Passing the happy Hallowe'en in healthful mirth and glee ;  
 For simple pleasures never fail to cheer the heart and mind,  
 And old and young, and great and small, in sweet communion  
 bind.

## TWILIGHT.—ST. ANN'S WELL.



IS the sweet twilight all is still,  
 Save the lone brooklet of the hill ;  
 And why art thou not resting, stream ?  
 Come, seek repose, and with me dream.

Industriously, the streamlet still  
The pretty font went on to fill ;  
" My Maker's will," it seemed to say,  
" Is, that I toil each night and day.

" His high commands I must obey,  
So through the rock I take my way,  
And come, a messenger of love,  
From the pure font of God above.

" The honoured emblem am I here  
Of heavenly waters far more clear ;  
Whoever drinks of that pure stream  
Will never thirst,—delicious dream !

" Thousands of thirsty spirits here  
I every day delight to cheer ;  
Grateful they are, and love me well,  
And of my pure intentions tell.

" I love to gladden all below,  
And lave the brow of care and woe.  
I oft drive pestilence away,  
And sometimes even death do stay."

Thus spoke the stream, and in its tone  
So glad and cheerful, though alone,  
I learnt a lesson sweet and clear—  
E'en in the brook His voice to hear.

Farewell, thou pure and happy stream !  
I'll to my home, and of thee dream ;  
My Maker's bidding seek to know,  
And do as cheerfully as thou.

## FAREWELL TO MALVERN.



FAREWELL to thee, Malvern, but ere I depart  
 I'll print thy dear name on the core of my heart;  
 My fondest remembrances ever will cling  
 To thee, who art worthy of all I can sing.

How often will memory fondly retrace  
 Each feature and shade of thy beautiful face,  
 Thy dear Abbey Church, and its fair churchyard around,  
 The peal of thy bells, with their sweet chiming sound.

And more than the Abbey, the good vicar there,  
 Who God's love to man doth so ably declare,—  
 Such earnest entreaty, such faithful reproof,  
 Re-echoes each Sabbath from that sacred roof.

Thy Promenade Gardens, where often at eve  
 I've lingered—which still I've regretted to leave,  
 My spirit delightful refreshment has found,  
 'Neath thy sweet-scented air and thy music's sweet sound.

But ne'er can my verses sufficiently tell  
 Of the purity living in each drooping well;  
 For the virtues that lie in thy clear sparkling streams  
 Are worthy of lofty and soul-stirring themes.

Thy beautiful hills, with such sweet verdure clad,  
 And fresh balmy air, making happy and glad  
 The spirits of thousands, who early and late  
 On thy grassy summit hold many a fête.

And then, 'tis the home of a man of rare fame,  
 Rare talents, rare worth, Doctor G——y by name,  
 Whose wonderful skill and refinement combined  
 Administers balm to the body and mind.

All things thus endear thee, dear Malvern, to me,  
 And force me to offer this tribute to thee ;  
 For each time I visit thee strengthens the spell  
 In which thou hast taught me to love thee so well.

Farewell, beloved Malvern, where'er I may be,  
 In gladness or sorrow, I'll ne'er forget thee ;  
 Rejoicing and grateful that ever we met,  
 I leave thee with sorrow and heartfelt regret.

GOD IN NATURE.



GOD'S glory is reflected through  
 Each lovely glittering star,  
 The golden sun and gentle moon  
 Proclaim His love afar.

What wealth of meditative food !  
 For all who will unroll  
 And trace the mercy-teeming truths  
 Of beauteous nature's scroll.

Who could withstand her myriad charms,  
 New-born each changing hour,  
 The witchery of her melodies  
 That fill each forest bower,

The carol of her songsters free,  
Gushing in glad delight ;  
The sweet low whirr of tiny wings,  
Sporting in sunbeams bright.

The mountains rising peak on peak,  
Far up into the sky,  
In solemn, silent, majesty,  
To throne themselves on high.

The gorgeous sunset's crimson blaze,  
With ardent love aglow,  
As in a fond embrace it holds  
The gladdened earth below.

Through all these wondrous sights and sounds  
Mingles a spirit voice,  
Which sanctifies their melodies,  
And bids the heart rejoice.

Sweet melodies of silence, too,  
The spirit inly hears,  
Floating through nature's pulse, to form  
The music of the spheres.

'Tis God's own energizing smile  
Nature reflects around,  
And His own loving voice that thrills  
Through nature's every sound.

Then O, my soul, acknowledge Him  
Who speaks thus unto thee,  
And through creation's wondrous works  
His love-lit glory see.

## A DREAM.



HAD a dream, a blissful dream, alas too quickly gone ;

I thought I was once more thy bride, my own beloved one,—

That earth was tinged with roseate hues, and brilliant beams of joy,

That filled our souls with ecstasy, and bliss without alloy.

I thought that thou wert all my own, that I was wholly thine,

That thy fond heart would ever beat in unison with mine,—

That naught in life could sever us, or dim our sunny way,

As we walked together in the light of a ne'er ending day.

Then the scene changed ; night's sable shroud was o'er the land and sea,

Loud thunders pealed and lightnings flashed, thou fondly shelter'dst me,

And whisper'dst that though storms might rage, thou me from harm would'st hide,—

That I must never, never fear, when thou wert by my side.

Ah ! little did I need such words, for fear could never come

With thy dear hand fast locked in mine, my best-beloved one ;

Thy smile was sunshine to my path, 'twas night when thou wert far,

Thou wert my darling and my pride, my bright glad guiding star.

♦ I knew no joy beyond thee then, my trusting heart could tell  
How ev'ry pulse with rapture beat, in loving thee so well ;  
With thee beside me I was strong, e'en in that trying hour,  
Ready within thy sheltering care to brave the tempest's power.

And as I dreamt, the storm was stilled, the tempest passed  
away,

And we sat within a sheltered nook, beside a moon-lit bay ;  
We then, with loving, tender tones, beguiled the fleeting time ;  
I knew thy love was all my own, as mine was wholly thine.

We watched the surging waters play, the great ships gliding by,  
And heavenly calm possessed our hearts, as we gazed on sea  
and sky ;

And the outpouring of our souls was wafted far above,  
In homage for the precious gift of our pure and perfect love.

And we prayed that naught might ever come our love to change  
or dim,

Through sorrow, joy, or grief, unfaithfulness or sin ;  
Together live, together die, united heart and hand,  
To live a long eternity in that far-off, better land.

And as I dreamt this happy dream, I breathed thy much-loved  
name,

The spell was broken, I awoke, and o'er my spirit came  
The thought that thou wert gone from me, and I sad and alone,  
With icy chillness at my heart, in my solitary home.

O happy dream ! that gave me back, though but for one short  
hour,

The bliss of blessing, being blest, by love's almighty dower ;  
E'en now the pressure of thy hand, my darling, rests in mine,  
And angel voices seem to say : I shall again be thine.

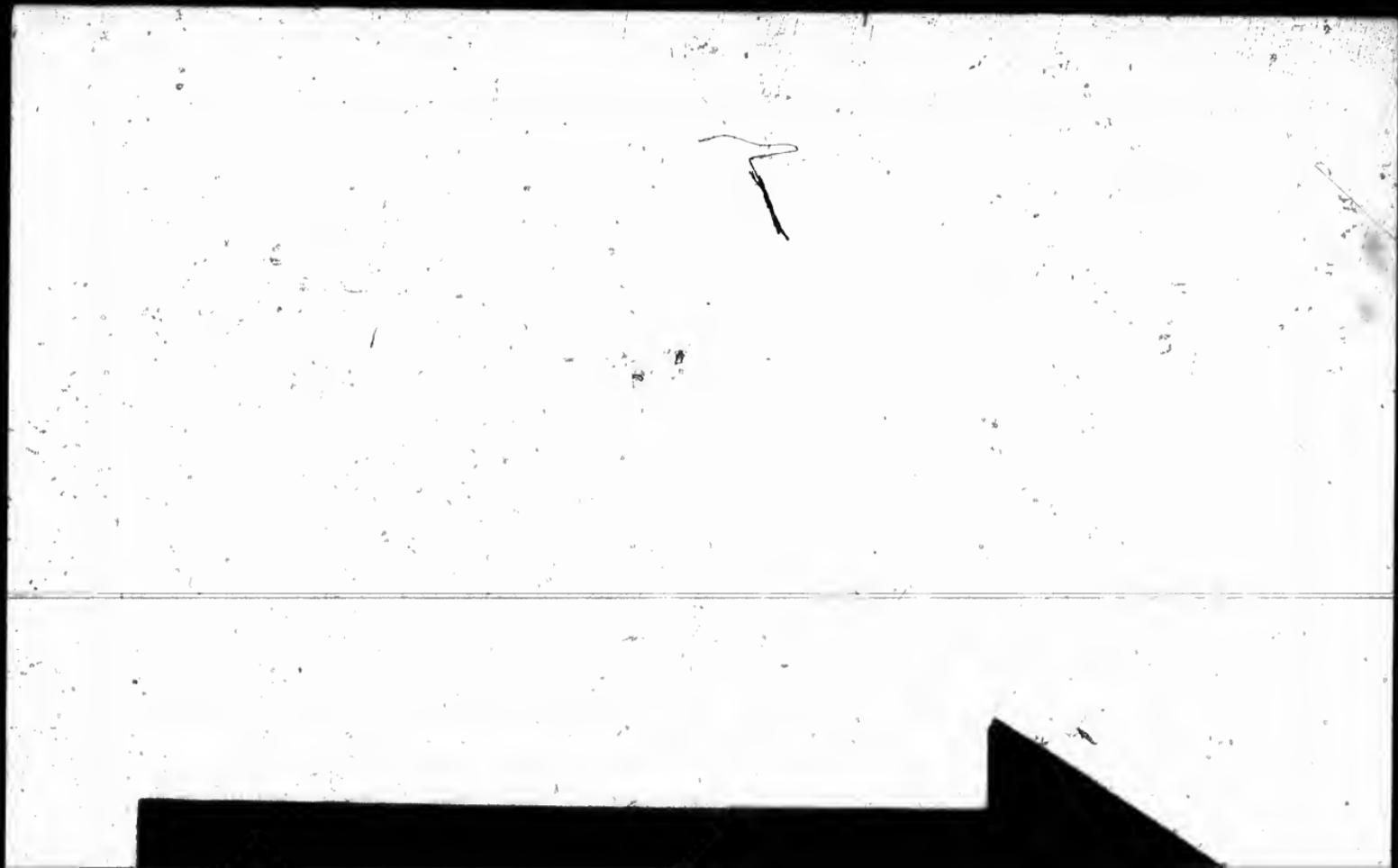
## NIAGARA.

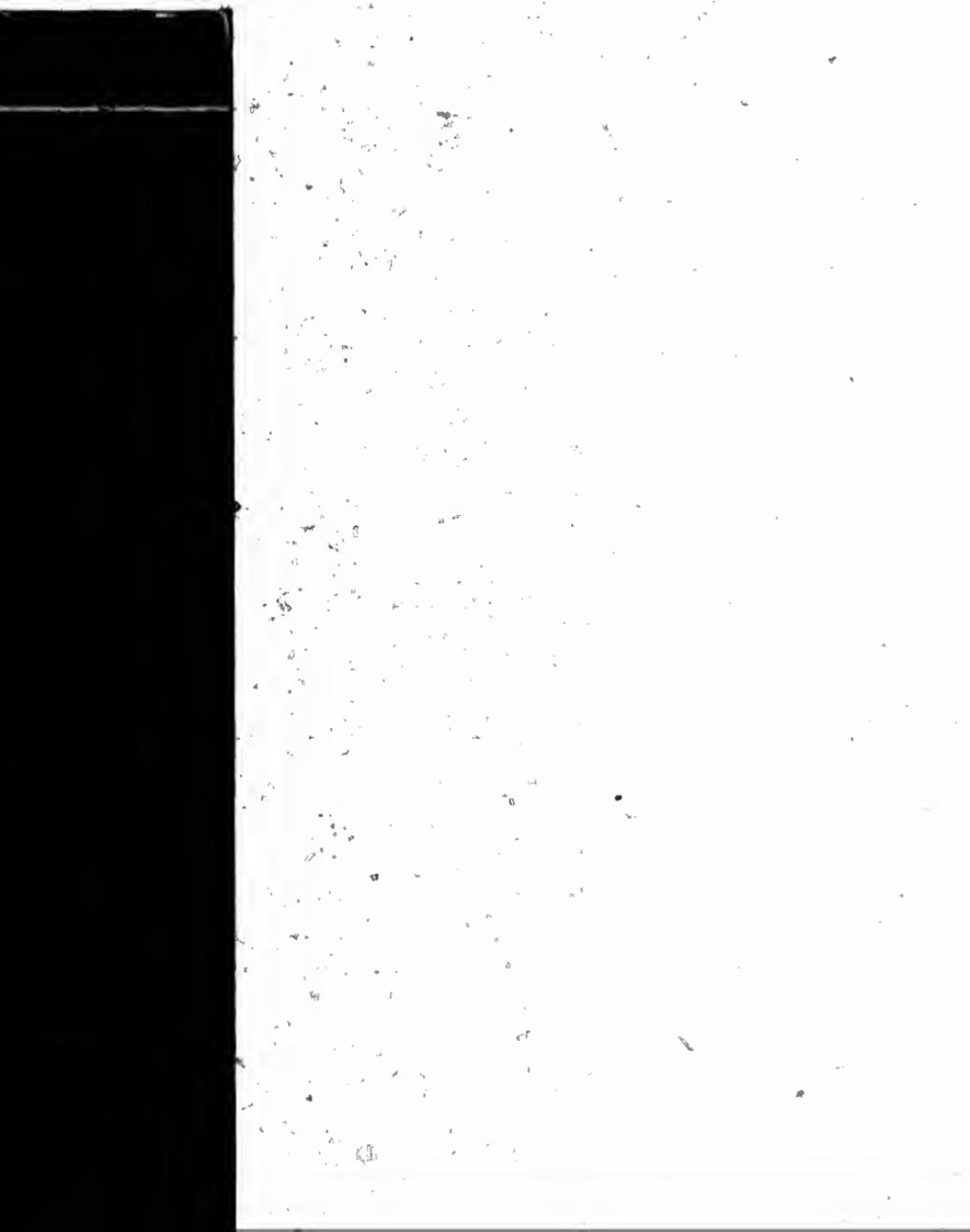


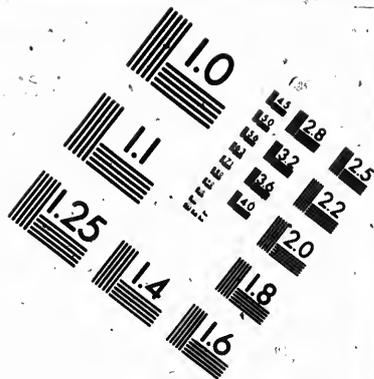
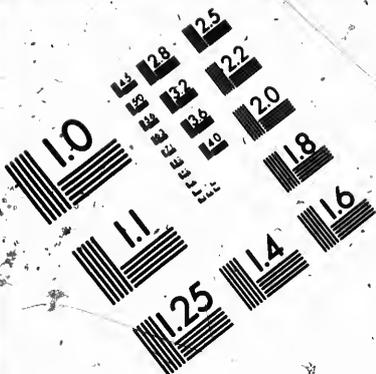
HAIL, splendour-sheened, superb Niagara!  
 Entranced I gaze on thy majestic form,  
 And listen to thy mighty thunder tones,  
 That roll for ever and for ever on  
 In a wild chaos of tumultuous strife.  
 Earth, trembling in an ecstasy of joy,  
 Vibrates beneath thy overwhelming power;  
 Winds freighted with thy magic minstrelsy  
 Fly to far distant plains to spread its fame,  
 And truthful echoes murmur it again.  
 Unutterable are thy thrilling thoughts  
 That stir my being as I gaze on thee,  
 And listen to thy song, that fills the air  
 With nature's sweet, impassioned eloquence,  
 As raising thy triumphant voice to Heaven  
 In solemn anthems of exultant praise,  
 Or leaping o'er thy lovely rock-bound curve,  
 In 'wilderling speed through hidden depths to flow,  
 And chant thy wondrous song in caves below,—  
 Or when rebounding with renewed delight,  
 To fashion exquisite transparent webs  
 Of soft ethereal lightness, to fling o'er  
 The splendour of thy beauty, which but veils,  
 Not hides, its rare, surpassing loveliness.  
 What heaven-born majesty of form is thine!  
 What impress on thee rests of power divine!  
 As bathed in the glad lovelight of the sun,  
 And circled by rich, brilliant rainbow hues,

Thy emerald diadem is glorified  
As with the light of thousand flashing spears,  
Forming a mystic crown that well becomes  
The dazzling splendour of thy massive brow,—  
The brow which has confronted ages ! yet  
Still peerless beams in grace and loveliness :  
Mighty art thou, as when the Father's voice  
First called thee forth to chant thy solemn lays  
To vast primeval forests that engird  
Thy stately realm with wild magnificence,  
Well might "th' untutored Indian" at thy feet  
Fall prostrate, and imagine that he heard  
The voice of the Great Spirit in thy tones :  
Well might he with delighted reverence  
Erect his altar in thy hallowed shade ;  
For even as I gaze on thee, my soul  
Cannot but worship and adore, before  
The Architect of such wild loveliness.  
Oh, I could wondering look on thee until  
Outwearied Nature could no longer gaze ;  
So chaste thou art, so mighty, grand, and free  
In all thy native wild sublimity ;  
Never exhausting thy sweet promptings, given  
To lead man's erring thoughts from earth to heaven.  
And I could listen to thy melodies,  
Till wearied Nature could no longer hear ;  
So teeming with supernal joy thy tones,  
So full of Nature's holiest harmonies,  
That as I fain would leave thee, thy sweet voice  
Lures me to falter, and return like some  
Love-stricken swain, who, ardent, still would press

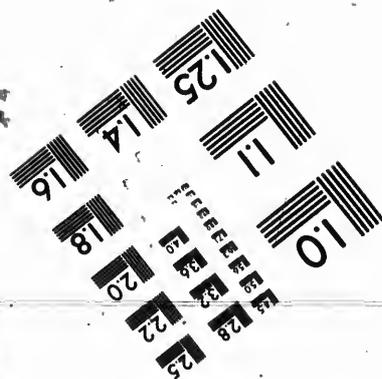
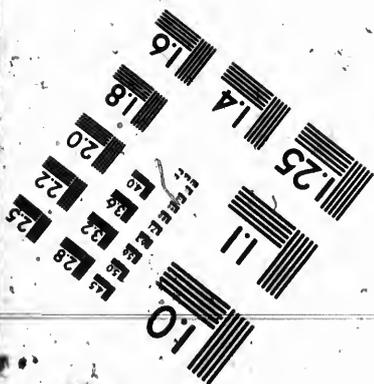
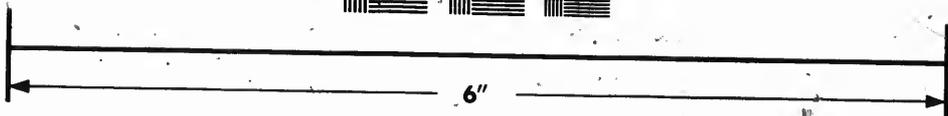
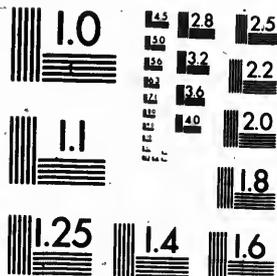








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Another and another loving kiss  
 Upon the rosy lip of her he loves,  
 And even then would linger on again.  
 Thus leave I thee, thou lovely cataract !  
 And though perchance we meet no more, and though  
 Stern ocean's waves between us barriers raise,  
 Though years on years roll on, I'll ever guard  
 A fond remembrance of thy witching power  
 In memory's keeping, till life's closing hour.

*ALONE IN THE MEADOWS.*



LONE in the meadows ; far, far from the whirr  
 Of the turbulent city's excitement and stir—  
 With the thrice blessed spirit of nature around  
 Pervading, inspiring each movement and sound.

Soft, light balmy zephyrs steal on with the breeze,  
 To kiss the young leaflets and fresh budding trees ;  
 To skim the bright river, and sport with the gleam  
 Of the silvery sunlight at play with the stream.

The glad woodland songsters their sweet warblings raise  
 In an outburst of ecstasy, worship and praise ;  
 And the exquisite music ascends to the sky  
 To mingle with angel songs floating on high.

The melody spreads its clear echoes afar,  
 To join the rapt song of the glad morning star,  
 Till the spheres with the angels unite their glad lays,  
 And the wide-spreading heavens are vocal with praise.

Each bladelet of verdure, each wavelet of light,  
 Seems steeped in a transport of joy and delight;  
 A spell of enchantment encircles the scene,  
 As the sun's golden lovelight floods meadow and stream.

The clear glassy river reflects the deep blue  
 Which the sun-gloried regions unfolds to its view;  
 Till it seems like another bright heaven below,  
 With the joy of its beautiful being aglow.

O glory of heaven! O beauty of earth!  
 To what exquisite pleasure and bliss ye give birth,  
 As ye waken the strings of the soul's sacred lyre,  
 And elevate, strengthen, delight, and inspire.

My soul, tuned by these, wings her flight to the skies,  
 In a transport of wonder, delight, and surprise—  
 To join in the glorious outpourings of praise,  
 Which the whole realm of nature to God doth upraise.

HYMN TO NATURE.



DEAR nature! how I love thee,  
 In all the varied forms  
 Through which the God of beauty  
 Thy loveliness adorns,—  
 Pure fount of gushing gladness  
 From springs of heavenly birth,  
 Whose living waters flow for  
 The children of the earth.

Crowned by soft, beauteous moonbeams  
Of holy, silvery light,  
Types of that ancient pillar  
That led the hosts by night—  
Kissed by fond golden sunbeams  
Of love-streams from on high,  
Well, may thy glad song ever  
Fill the wide earth and sky.

Song-laden is thy glad voice,  
As borne on evening breeze,  
By perfumed zephyrs streaming,  
O'er summer blossomed trees ;  
Thou art the clear revealer  
Of universal love,  
The spirit-harp whose glad cords  
Were harmonized above.

All who desire can waken,  
And bid its myriad strings,  
Thrill with rich song which seemeth  
To float on angel wings,  
Could we but tune *our* heart strings  
In unison with thine,  
What melody would fill space  
With harmony divine !

Creation then uniting  
With nations near and far,  
Might join the song celestial  
Of the glad morning-star.

In praise to the Great Father,  
 Ruler of land and sea,  
 Supreme Friend and Controller  
 Of earth's vast family.

## THE ROSE SHOW.



STOOD within that spacious marble hall  
 A unit midst the throng, and in the tide  
 Of human life that flowed in mingling streams  
 Of wondering admiration and delight,  
 I passed unnoticed and alone—alone  
 With my own welling thoughts and memories ;  
 The hall was decked with bounteous Nature's wealth,  
 Girded with roses of all shades and forms,  
 Whose gorgeous hues and beauty well might be  
 Rivals to those of far-famed Araby :  
 And whose sweet breath told of their heavenly birth,  
 In whispered messages of love divine :  
 Some in chaste silver stood, and some in pure  
 Transparent, crystal vase, of simplest form ;  
 While interspersed with these were luscious fruits,  
 Delicious grapes smiling through purple bloom  
 With cooling melons and sweet-scented pine,  
 And flanking these, in contrast exquisite,  
 Was ranged a very paradise of ferns,  
 Whose delicate refreshing tints of green  
 Gave tone and finished beauty to the scene,  
 And with the many coloured orchids made  
 A guard of honour and a welcome shade !

And as I sat entranced and gazed below,  
Rich gleams of golden sunlight flooded through  
The row of western windows, lighting up  
The lofty pillars with a brilliancy  
That made their polished surface seem to bring  
A mirror for the day's all-beauteous king,  
Who came, his parting blessing to bestow,  
With fond good-night and kiss for all below.  
And as I saw him throw his last dear gleam  
Of lingering fondness o'er the magic scene,  
The floodgates of life's memory seemed unloosed,  
And I was in a vista of past years  
Dreaming of those I dearly loved, and glad  
In memories long treasured up for heaven,  
Crowning in fancy some lost loved one's brow  
With wreaths of laurel and forget-me-not,  
And resting in the trust that future time  
Would re-unite their loving hearts with mine  
In all the fulness of a life sublime,  
Renewed and purified by power divine,  
To live a long eternity above,  
A blissful immortality of love.  
Then lovely twilight made her presence felt,  
As daylight gently into night did melt,  
And from chaste crystal pendant lamps on high  
Streamed dazzling light, as though with heaven's to vie,  
And the bright roses brighter seemed to grow,  
The ferns more light and graceful 'neath its glow,  
Whilst music in rich cadence floated by,  
And mingling with sweet perfume soared on high,  
As gradually the gay crowd ebbing passed,  
And I alone sat dreaming to the last.

*LA BELLA VENITIA AND THE MARIAN FESTIVAL.*

**B**RIDE of the Adriatic! Venice fair!  
Glad sea-born nymph of eastern beauty rare,  
Thou floatest on the unsubstantial sea,  
Proudly as some grand sea-bird in lone majesty.

In mediæval splendour soaring high,  
Thy stately palaces salute the sky.  
"Poems in marble" many seem to be,  
Discoursing of thy bridal with the mighty sea.

Once the trade centre wert thou of the earth,  
When thou, by commerce led, thy fleet sent forth  
With the winged lion from each mast unfurled,  
To every trading port of commerce in the world.

Venetian workmanship, without compare,  
Adorned fair palaces with beauty rare,  
Inimitable fabrics draped them too  
With costly oriental webs and tissues new.

Then myriad gondolas at close of day  
Glided to measured sounds of melody,  
Through the fair city that a league from land  
Floats like an isle enchanted o'er the unique strand.

The wealth that commerce lends around thee shone,  
And filled with opulence each stately home,  
Ere England, France, Spain, Holland vied with thee  
In maritime importance o'er each distant sea.

Such wert thou, glad Venitia, at the time  
When, in the fourteenth century near thy prime,  
The Trieste Pirates, a determined band,  
Within the new Republic dared in force to land.

• • • • •  
'Tis morning in Venetia, the sweet air  
Of spring is scattering fragrance everywhere,  
The city is astir betimes and gay,  
For the famed Marian Festival is held to-day.

The Marian Festival of great renown,  
When, from the poorest districts of the town,  
Twelve maidens are selected annually,  
Distinguished for their virtue, grace, and symmetry,

To be the brides of husbands whom the State  
Has chosen for them, and who now await  
Their coming, at St. Peter's, for 'tis near  
The time when the fair maids should in the church appear.

The girls are dressed in flowing robes of white,  
With loosened hair entwined with gold thread bright,  
Each carrying in her hand a casket gay,  
Which held the dower the State gave on her bridal day.

They step within a gorgeous barge of state,  
With sunniest dreams of happiness elate,  
Escorted by the Doge and Signorie  
In gilded gondolas, with sweetest minstrelsy.

All hearts to joy respond—the perfumed air  
 Seems in the universal joy to share—  
 As the gay cavalcade and barge of state  
 Glide to the church's portals with their lovely freight.

And now within the sacred fane they stand,  
 Whilst keen delight pervades the festive band,  
 Each happy bridegroom leads his pretty bride  
 Up to the altar steps, elate with joy and pride.

Then groups of happy faces round them close,  
 Fair bridesmaids fresh as summer's budding rose,  
 Fond parents, neighbours, and kind friends are there  
 To cheer the bridal group and in its joy to share.

A flutter of delight illumines each face  
 When the good bishop steps into his place,  
 And, as he kindly greets the eager crowd,  
 From the superb old organ thunder pæans loud

But hark! as the full choir united sing,  
 Sounds other than of melody now ring;  
 For cries of terror rend the startled air  
 And fill the precincts of the sacred house of prayer.

Now armed men of hateful brigand mien  
 Have forced the doors, and 'mid the crowd are seen,  
 The startled throng fall back in dire affright,  
 Whilst ruffians seize the trembling brides and caskets bright.

Fleety as arrows reach their destined mark  
 The pirates, treasure-laden, gain their bark,

And shoot, like lightning, o'er the great lagoon  
As the gay bridal bells chime out the hour of noon.

Meanwhile the Doge, recovering his alarm,  
Commands the people instantly to arm,  
And in a fleet pursuit to o'ertake their foes,  
Rescue the girls, and on the pirates fiercely close.

Soon every sort of boat that could be manned  
Flew like wild sea-fowl o'er the outraged strand,  
For Venice, as one man, determined rose  
To rescue the fair brides and hurl to death their foes.

And such the fury of the incensed crowd,  
Such their wild anger unrestrained and loud,  
That each felt giant-handed for the fight,  
Ready to die or conquer in the holy cause of right.

Fast flew the pirates o'er the waters blue,  
And faster still their fierce pursuers flew,  
Less, and yet less the intervening space,  
And now, thank God, the fleet Venetians win the race.

The pretty brides unharmed were rescued soon,  
And gently led back o'er the great lagoon,  
The marriage ceremony then took place,  
And joy once more illumined each happy heart and face.

ON THE MIDNIGHT OF DECEMBER 31<sup>st</sup>, 1874.

ARK! now athwart night's starlight vault methinks  
there steals

A movement as of angels' wings, or as the sound  
Of crystal waters murmuring their joy to heaven,  
And to the night's calm queen; music it seems to be  
As of the spheres, nearer and clearer on it comes—  
And, lo! cleaving the air an ancient chariot looms,  
Borne on the fleet wings of the wind, guided it is  
By one whose time-wrought, heavenly mien, rich silvered locks,  
And snow-white flowing beard, indisputably prove  
Him veteran of the centuries, winged and enchained,  
With glittering scythe in hand, beside him a fair child,  
While coiled and crouching at his feet a serpent lies.  
On through the midnight air the chariot swoops,  
And as it passes, those sweet sounds we heard afar  
Take form in words all men may hear, though in less time  
Than I can tell they're heard no more, thus import this—  
"Mortals! I am Old Time, sent hither to proclaim  
That the past year has run its course, that it with all  
Its chronicle of good and ill is now withdrawn  
For a brief space, to re-appear in God's own time,  
With its great records posted, that each then may know  
What he has gained or lost during the rolling year.  
Each loving thought, and deed, and smile are noted there,  
Each drop of water kindly given, for such small deeds  
Make up rich aggregates of good, for they who show  
In little things their wealth of love to God, are sure  
To be correct in the great trust which each one holds  
As steward of the work assigned to him by heaven.

Records of such he takes with him, more precious far  
Than earth's most costly jewels, which united are  
As worthless dross compared with the rich living gems  
Of god-like thoughts and deeds, from which glad angel bands  
Fashion those crowns of glory for the great and true  
Which, with transcendent lustre, fitly shall adorn  
The brows of God's true-hearted for eternity!"  
Then the great veteran spoke of evil deeds and crime  
Recorded by the year, of want of love to God,  
Of angry thoughts and words, of aid and sympathy  
Too oft refused, of duties unfulfilled, and of  
The drop of water even cruelly denied  
To the unfortunate, and these, too, also make  
Vast aggregates, though not, alas! of good, from which  
Dark bands forge ponderous chains for ill-deserving souls  
To link them with their kind, far, far from heaven, and those  
Who bask in the pure atmosphere of light and love.  
All is described on those great tablets of the year—  
"Mortals! how will ye stand when they shall re-appear!  
Be warned, the golden present still is yours, for, see,  
The glad New Year appears—farewell! remember me."

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