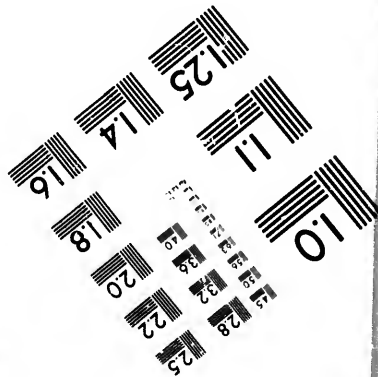
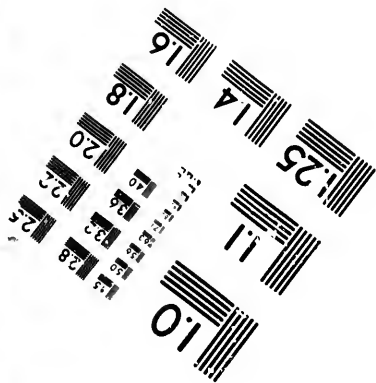
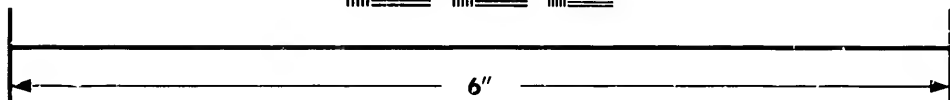
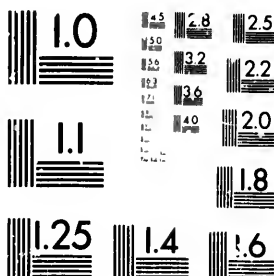


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 972-4503

1.5 2.8
2.0 2.5
3.2 2.2
3.6 2.0
4.8

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1.1
1.0
0.1
0.1

© 1983

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

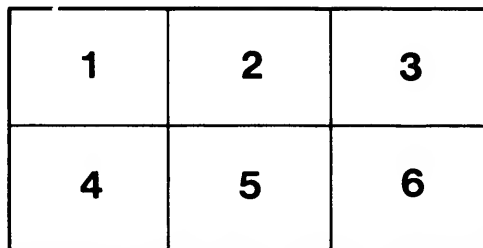
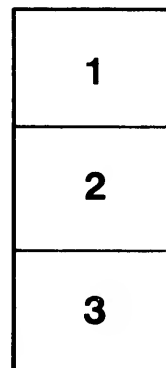
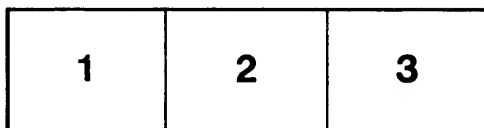
Victoria University Library Toronto

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Victoria University Library Toronto

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

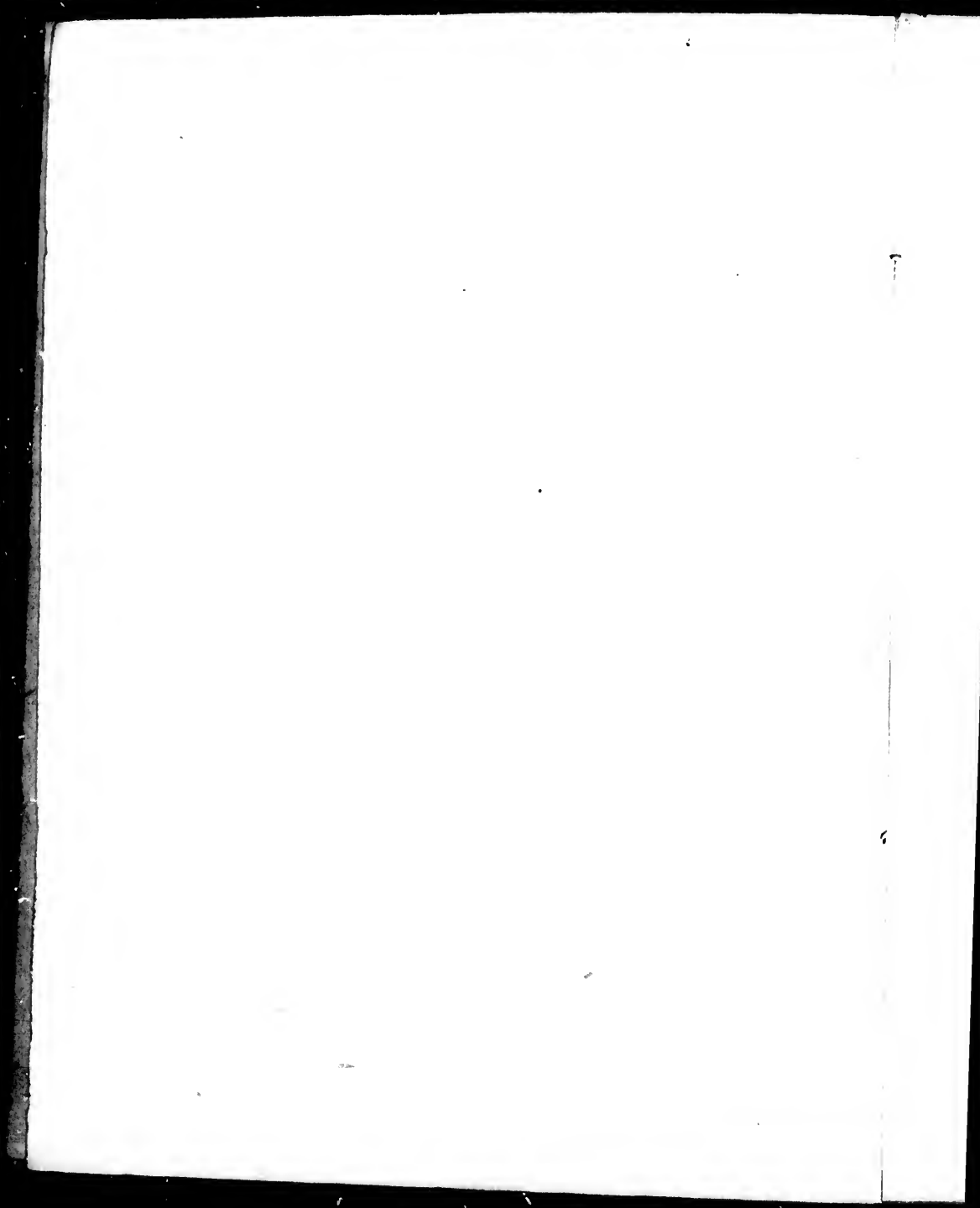
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ails
du
modifier
une
nage

crata
o

pelure,
à





A T R I A D .

BY

George Arthur Hammond.

AUTHOR OF

QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE
And Other Poems.

THE STORK, FLYING EASTWARD. &c.

LAHSTOK.

RURAL PRESS.

1887

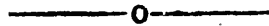
13,330⁻
9/11/90



A TRIAD.



TOME FIRST.



THE LAKE OF TEARS:

AN ALLEGORY.

VARIOUS POEMS.



A TRIAD.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

	Page.
THE LAKE OF TEARS: AN ALEGORY. -	10
Father in Heaven, - - - - -	57
Adored be the grace. - - - - -	58
Waiting for God. - - - - -	58
Voice in the Desert. - - - - -	61
Christ the way. - - - - -	62
Autumnal stanzas. - - - - -	63
Fame: a Fragment. - - - - -	65
The Smitten Heart. - - - - -	67
The way of transgressors is hard. - - -	68
Night. - - - - -	70
Evil Habit. - - - - -	72
Loudly roars the Tempest. - - - - -	73
Ride forth and Conquer. - - - - -	75
The Earth is filled with varied Form. -	77
The Earth is before thee. - - - - -	78
Commemorative. - - - - -	80
The Land of Glory. - - - - -	82
Do good for evil. - - - - -	85
Revenge. - - - - -	85
Lonely. - - - - -	87
Hope in God. - - - - -	88

TOME SECOND.

	Page.
ON THE STRAND: A FABLE.	5
Look not on the wine.	69

	No.
DIRGES: GOLDEN CIRCLE.	
How little serves this empty life,	1
Within the safe the sacred tomb,	2
The stroke was most sudden that reft	3
That which we loved the grave conceals.	4
There's a thought, pure and precious,	5
O the hopes that fresh bloomed in the morning	6
Over an untimely grave	7
How solemn the sleep of the dead!	8
But little hope or evidence,	9
As change the sunset hues to gold,	10
O we think of our loved ones in Heaven,	11
O Christ our life, amidst distress,	12
Another loved one gone to Heaven—	13
From the sad couch of pining and pain	14
Why should we weep? why bending weep	15
One more is wafted up	16
Father in Heaven, thy will be done,	17
O we have kindred at the Throne,	18
God doeth all things well: our summer joy	19
O little feet, just climbing up the rocks	20
Fair bud, just opening into flower	21
O for the voice of Him at Nain	22
Death is the pathway to the deathless land,	23
As a mellow fruit in most quiet hours	24

CONTENTS.

Rest. brother, rest, thy toils are done,	25
A healing Bethesda was found	26
Ere God called thee He had crowned thee	27
Embalmed in the love of our hearts.	28
O must we leave thee in the tomb,	29

TOME THIRD.

	Page.
KNUD IVERSON: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.	3
A Winter's Night.	21
With Gleaming Spear.	24
In the Hour.	26
Invited I come to Thy feet.	28
Benevolent union. Both worlds.	27
Musings amid the Dark.	27
The Little gray Cottage.	31
TWILIGHT CIMMERIAN.	30
Visions E vanescent.	43
Hope thou in God.	44
The Two Hills.	45
A Meditation.	47
Feneberg's loan to the Lord.	50
Morning.	52
Contentment.	53
March.	55
A blessing from the Lord.	55
Crowned.	56
Revery.	58

CONTENTS

	Page.
Ruined	59
AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.	
Redemption.	72
Baptism amidst the hills.	73
The Convert.	74
Where are the Nine?	75
Unfulfilled.	77
A Prelude.	78
Creation and Providence: A Contemplation.	79
THE LOITERER; A FRAGMENT.	
	85



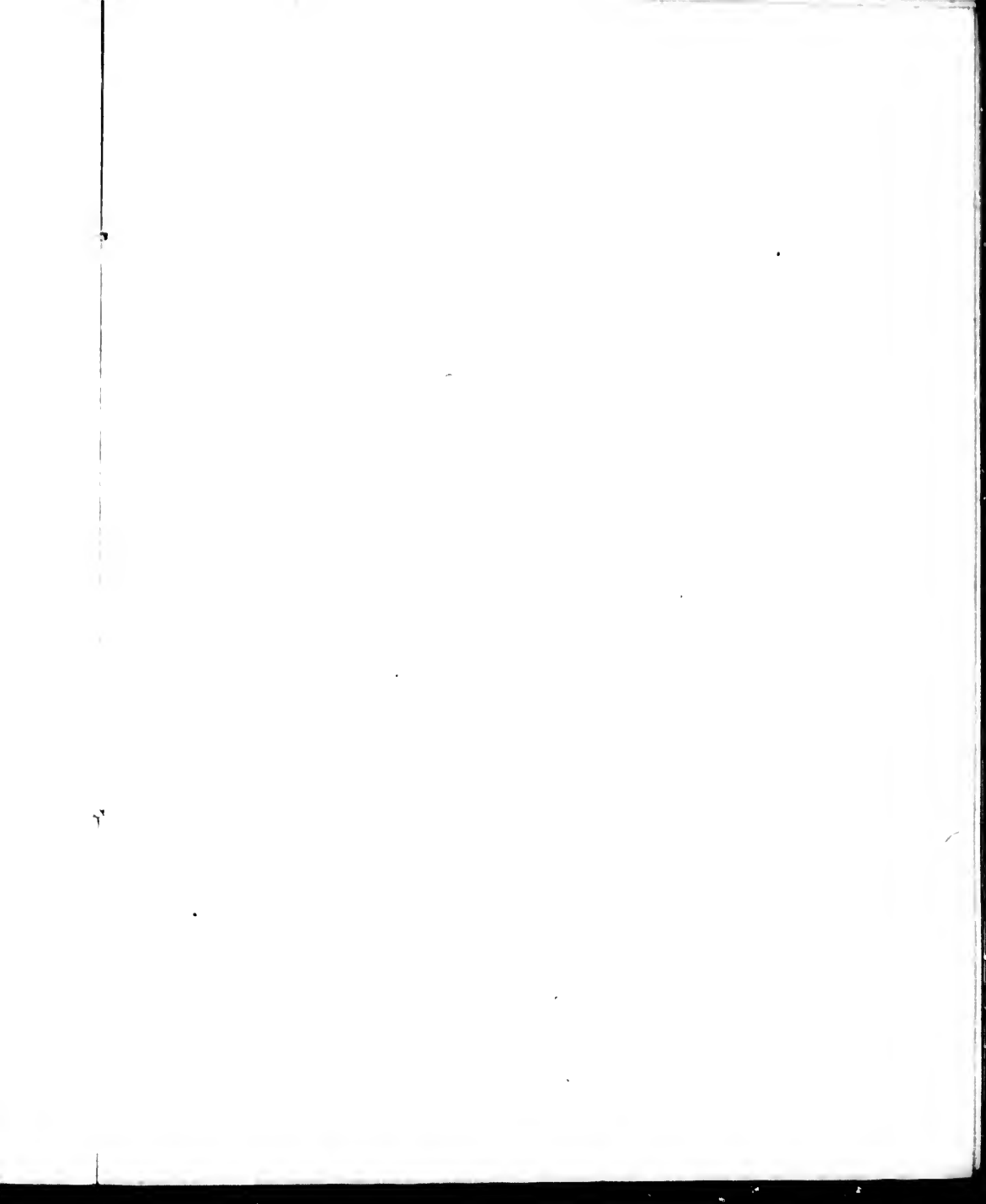
APOLOGETIC.

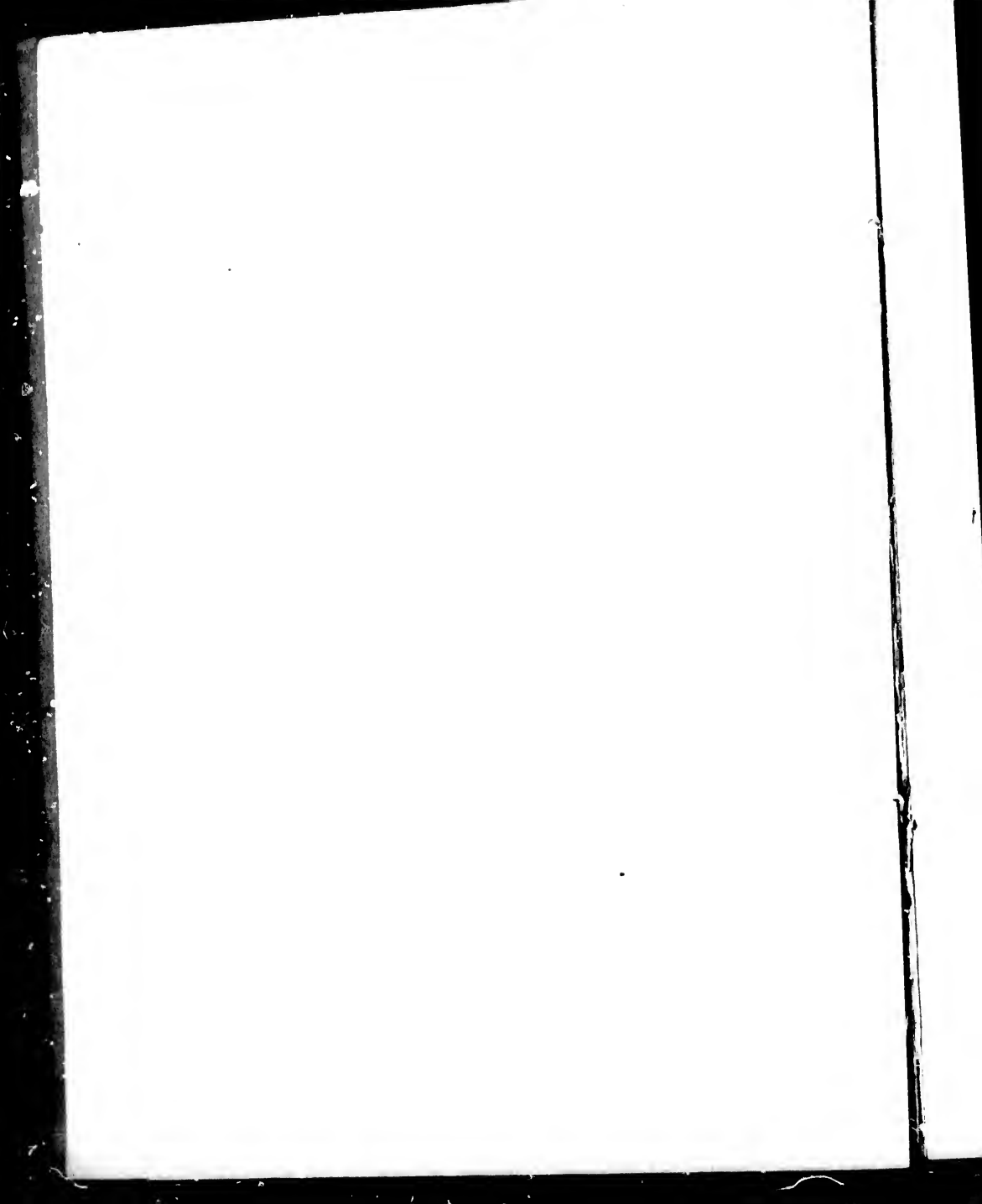
THIS little Book, the product of divers moods and varied times and occasions, has served to lighten the tedium of toil, and to illumine the miscellany of life. To any who have the leisure and the inclination to turn over its pages, it may possibly at least afford the spice of variety.

To my previous efforts, the favor extended by distinguished Men, and others whose opinion I justly value, is perhaps the best excuse for the present publication.

*Elm Lodge, Riverside,
KINGSCLEAR, N. B. Canada,*

July 25, 1887,





ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Mind is more easily impressed, by intellectual and physical objects used as symbols, than by abstract propositions; the Imagination, being not only a useful, but an indispensable mental endowment. Fact without ornament, is frequently uninteresting. It is the dry stalk stubborn and bare: Figuratively expressed, it is the living tree gracefully adorned with leaves and blossoms. Truth, strong and severe, appears the column: Fancy adds comeliness and decoration.

The imagination, rightly employed, is a source of high and pure delight.

Instruction imparted by types and figures, fixes, without wearying the attention, is not easily lost, recurs to the memory spontaneously, or is excited by accidental association. It is potent in moulding the mental character, and in correcting the heart. The exhibition of things pure and beautiful possesses an attractive virtue.

Allegory is an ancient and honored method of instruction. The Prophets of Israel when opening their "dark sayings on the harp," frequently used it. The Saviour of the world, in his beautiful similitudes, employed it. The scenic and tremendous grandeur of the Apocalypse, is due to allegorical types and representations: the mysterious quality of the symbols, impressing the imagination with awful sublimity.

The aim of the following little Allegory is to impress the heart with important truths, while the fancy is interested by new combinations of thought and imagery.

Death is represented, not as an imponderable shadow, nor fleshless skeleton; but as a veritable personage of pith and muscle, who to the ripeness of age, adds the vigor of youth, combined with insatiate rapacity. The phantom of Sickness, has somewhat less of the corporeal, and more of the spiritual structure. While human suffering figures under the image of a Lake.

The erring reason, which rejects or undervalues Revelation, or attempts to substitute something else for it, or to improve on its theology or precepts—finds no place in these pages.



THE ARGUMENT.



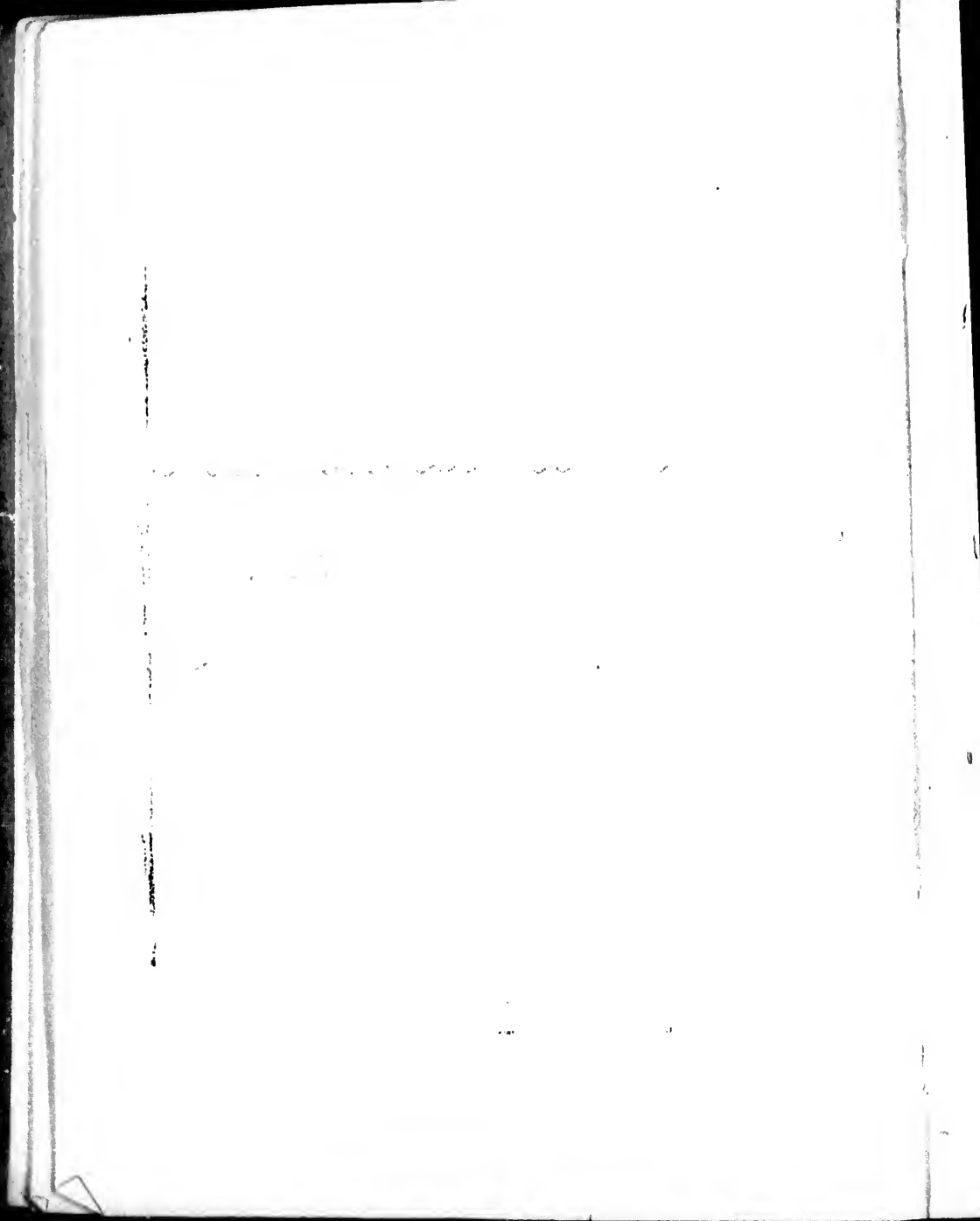
THE ARGUMENT.

Summer morning: scene a forest. Lady and Child approach. Stanza 4 Hope uncertain, the cause. S. 5 The glory of God evinced by each natural object. 6 Lady and Child depart. 7 Autumn, description, thoughts. 9 A Spectre approaches the Lady, seizes the Child. 15 Departs followed by the Lady. 19 Arrival at the Lake of Tears. 22 They embark. 25 Sights etc. Dread. Night (27) natural, (28) on the Lake. 29 Pictures:— a beautiful Girl, (31) the dissolute Sceptic, (32) — the trembling Believer, (33) — the confident Christian. 34 Morn sadly rises. 36 The Isle of Death. 37 The Pilgrims land. 38 The Isle and mountain. 39 Episode: the Wind under metaphor of an Urchin, becoming (lastly) an Inebriate. 41 City and Palace of Death. 43 Description of Death and his Court. 45 Statues to the Votaries of ill-gotten Wealth and Power. 46 Statues to those who have acquired fame by the commission of evil. 47 Pictures on the walls. 48 Ruins scattered over the pavement. 49 The Child sleeps. 50 Unfoldings of a Valley,— The Lady beside a Tomb,— Converses; — is consoled. — Her Child in Heaven. — 71 Conclusion.



The Lake Of Tears.





THE
LAKE OF TEARS;

OR,

VISIT OF THE CHASTENER.



I.

THE Earth resembles a precious stone
Lost in the ocean deep :
So strange a charm is over it thrown,
And the power of so beauteous a sleep.
The leaves are voiceless on the hill ;
And the flowers, at the rock's gray foot,
Change in the sunlight—yet are still,
For the voluble Winds are mute.

II.

Truly might some untroubled heart,
Some fresh unruffled brow,
Taste opulent joy—life's moil apart—
In this fragrant greenwood now.

For the goodliest vision of gladness, sleeps
Under the calmest lid:
As the brightest memory of the steeps
In the smoothest stream lies hid.—
And I hear a step along the hill,
Approaching this choicest spot;
And a voice comes up, like the silver rill,—
Whether thou hearest or not.

III.

Yes! gentle Lady.—Indeed 'tis well
To cherish that bright-eyed Boy:—
Thou feelest the love not words can tell,
And the bliss not time can cloy.
Well, he is beautiful and bright
As a rare and polished gem;
Or clouds that move in the morning light
Near the Sun's great crown of flame.
And his artless and gushing mirth comes out
Like a star on a midnight sea,
When the dim trees hang in a beauteous doubt
And the waves wash pleasantly.

IV.

Ah doating Mother! Thou movest away,
Far—far—on venturing wings,
To an ideal land. Couldst thou but stay
With these most magical things!

The glory of earth and princely years
 Have bound the brow of thy Boy,
 Till the *present* but as a frond appears,
 On the River of thy joy.

Oh hope hath a soul that draweth down
 The stars beneath its feet,
 And lavisheth bliss like the summer's down
 On the soft winds wildly sweet.

Ah, well-a-day—It is good to build,
 But we build our hopes too low;
 And the fears of our hearts are thus fulfilled
 Which shake us with mourning and woe.

Arise!—O come, let us arise,
 And mount—for we ought and must—
 And walk in the Palace of the skies,
 Cleansing our hearts from dust.
 Do we not know how rich the home?
 And the heritage how fair?—
 Lo the KING our FATHER bids us come:
 And our ELDER BROTHER is there.

V,

The Sky resembles a drop of dew
 That sleeps in a lily this morn:
 There is no shade in its eye of blue—
 And time wears never a thorn.
 O beautiful world of varied charms!
 How brightly a glory glides;

While myriad lives, and endless forms,
Arise on its sparkling tides.
No flower awakes from the winter's sleep;
No leaf stirs in the wood;
No sand grain shines on the rivulet's lip;
But sweetly is telling of GOD.
Telling of GOD—each is telling of GOD;
The earth is full of his praise:
Behold what beauty is spread abroad!
What skill each form displays!
Mark the matchless might! O, GOD alone
Can do such marvellous things,—
Can stoop from the height of his glorious throne
To burnish an insect's wings.
The smallest atom, the tiniest life,
Outspeaks his perfect praise,
Incomprehensible and vast
In the least of all his ways.
Yea, smaller forms than sense hath scanned,
Are with life and power endued;
Yet to each he openeth his hand,
He giveth to each its food.
No least of all his works, is lost
To his unsearchable thought:
Even to the least he giveth most,
And the humblest are kindly taught.
LORD of all life, LORD of all hosts—
From far I lift mine eye,

Perceiving yet but the shadowy skirt
Of thy great majesty.
Yet what I see. how full of power.
How full of marvel and love :
For beauty, in a copious shower,
Falls from thy courts above.
We need not search the heaven, for proof
Of an ALMIGHTY ONE :
Earth's humblest atom is enough,
And brightens like a sun.

VI.

How a tide of mellow splendor bathes
Those rugged tuft crowned rocks,
Where wild birds sing
By mountain spring,
And browse the untended flocks.
Soft breath of a summer noon! Not mute,
It wakes in the forest tree,
Stirring the verdure at its foot,
And the Child's hair, playfully.
A glow of health, on its viewless wing,
Comes cheerily evermore :
And gladness, culled from each lovely thing,
A lavish and golden store.
And the Lady and her prattler gay
Depart—like an Argosy
From a pleasant coast and a quiet bay,

To climes beyond the sea.
Richly laden—but what its fate,
The flocking days must say,
And the moons that move in solemn state,
Away—and always—away.

VII.

Like sumptuous plumes from the flying Year
Have fallen most golden eves;
And Autumn the gorgeous stoled, is here,
And sitting amidst the sheaves.
The Sky resembles a mateless shell,
Cast on a white sea coast;
Which seems to the listening ear to tell
A tale of the glories lost.
No wind is whispering through the dome—
One cloud is waiting there,
As if to enter that brighter home,
Where the always-white-robed are.
The leaves of the wood have changed to flowers
Of a hundred brilliant dyes,
As if angels had touched them in golden hours
With kingly mysteries.
Nay!—mightier than an angel's hand
Those leaves has beautified—
The KING himself has given command,
And the work is perfect, and wide.
Beautiful, beautiful, along

The moving hills they show ;
Where the stately River calm, yet strong,
Gleams like a bent steel bow :
And the blended hues float like a song
To the glassing wave below.

VIII.

A day like the hushed and mournful sound
That through the sea shell strays :
The sky with clouds is flecked around,
And the wind—wild Harper ! plays.
He is wandering among the tree tops boon,
And sings in a world of strife ;
Playing a mournful, mournful tune
About death and the future life :
How the rich leaves pass, how we must pass,
Pass like the flowers and the leaves.
While the husbandman bears
From the field where it was,
A load of the ripened sheaves.
Saving it by a labor of love,
Lo now he gathers it thus.
And may the great HUSBANDMAN above,
To his garner so gather us.

IX.

The biting frost has been with the blast
Amidst the autumnal woods ;

And the sumptuous leaves ride many and fast
On the steed of the bounding floods.

The Lady sits in a fading bower,
While the wind sings dirge without;
Her head low bends o'er a drooping flower
In anguish of great doubt.

That flower—ay me—it is her Child—

Her loved—her only one;

Whose eyes so blue looked forth so mild,
Midst thoughts like a gleam of the sun.

She hears a foot on the withering grass,

A voice on the churlish air—

Alas--alas—

For the youngest may pass

From the earth while it seems so fair.

And *He* approaches with tremulous tread—

That withered and shrunken Form—

His eye retires in a hollow bed,

As a bird that hides from the storm.

A fearful paleness o'erspreads his cheek,

Yet mixt with a living hue—

A vital tinge—though wasted and weak,

Which dries and returns like the dew.

His clayey arms are bony and bare,

Deep scarred by the arrows of Pain;

And if ever that shriveled form was fair,

It can never be fair again.

X.

“ O take not my Child—my only one,
In those terrible arms of thine !”
‘That voice is vain—the act is done,
Those arms already twine—
Twine like the branch of a leafless vine
Around the victim child.
And the Phantom sung—“ Hush baby, mine !”
And the Boy looked up and smiled,
Oh then with tears imploringly :
“ Take not my Darling hence !
Give him—O give him back to me !”
But a voice said—*Take him thence.*

XI.

A moan ran over the hills—
The sky wore weeds of sorrow—
Sadness drank up the gladsome rills—
Blackness obscured hope’s morrow—
Wailing usurped the throne of Joy—
Life lost its sole defence—
Dumb stood the woman that bore the Boy—
And the Voice said : *Take him thence.*

XII.

Her unbound hair streamed in the gale :
A cloud entombed the sun.

Speechless the mother fell and pale
Before the ALMIGHTY ONE.

XIII.

O had she ever bowed before,
In the swift and prosperous hour,
When her day was bright,
And radiant Delight
Was crowned amidst her bower?
When no voice of wail
Crept over the vale,
Nor sorrow scowled from the cloud?
When dark Portent sleep bound and still,
Gave not a sign that crossed her will,
And spoke no murmur aloud?
She bows—Ah unscourged gladness seldom
Bows to the GOD above:
His counsels fall like shafts at random:
We search not the mine of his love.

XIV.

Day with its night, three days and more
The Spectre sat rocking the Child.
While the mother, the gentle mother who bore,
Stood waiting like one exiled.
Love too was watching though buffeted sore.
Hope struggled and yet was foiled.

While day after day the fair boy bore
An aspect more melting and mild—
More pale more melting and mild.

XV.

The Phantom—He rises on his feet,
The strong trees shake around,
The sky throws down a shower of sleet,
The last leaves fall to the ground:

“Farewell—I go to the Statue Hall.”

The mother laughs for joy:

“Nay Lady, thy solace in that is small,
For I bear away thy boy.”

Great drops obscure the mother's eyes,
More blanched her bloodless cheeks;
She sighs—no words can tell those sighs,
She weeps—that weeping speaks.

Upou her child—the child she loves.

The salient air falls keen

And the Phantom his thin dark mantle moves
Its wasting form to screen.

XVI.

—“My child—my Boy from the ruthles hand
Of the fell Destroyer save!
This bud, which Thy winds of joy have fanned,
O keep from the place of the grave.”

Hark, the weeping mother pleads again—
“LORD, spare the chastening rod.”
Then the fearful Phantom said, “Amen :
I do but the bidding of GOD.”
On the sere and barren earth she fell,
That earth brought no consoling ;
She could not answer, *It is well.*—
And the tide of her grief was rolling.

XVII,

A shudder seized the massive hills
As the Spectre strode away ;
Fitful and sad sobbed the voices of rills.
And the Lady arose and forward prest,
She wearied not nor thought of rest,
For her grief brooked no delay.
On her child, the only child of her love,
The intrusive blast fell keen ;
And the Phantom—see him his mantle move,
That mantle which Pain and Sorrow wove,
Her tender child to screen !

XVIII.

Onward and on through the gusty day ;
He turned not to left nor right ;
Nor halted he when the eve grew gray,
Nor halted he all night.
Because the way was dreary and cold
The Lady sang and wept ;

While the little hands of the child caught hold,
When the wind with moanings swept.
And its plaintive voice—so weak so faint—
Went forth in earnest sorrow :—
“O cease, sweet babe! thy touching plaint—
But rest will come to-morrow.”
And the Phantom chanted in accents low,
With measured rhythm stately and slow,
“Sweet rest will come to-morrow.”

XIX.

Now the morrow rose on a creeping mist,
And a Water wide and dim;
Where mystery met the soul's acquest,—
Yet floated a peaceful hymn.
Not from the earth, not from the Lake,
Those musical numbers came :
Yet over both they seemed to break,
As the thoughts of light and morn awake,
Breathing the Holy Name :
Appealing to earnest consciousness :
Telling of life and GOD :
Saying, Lift up thine eyes to bliss :
Kneel—kneel—and kiss the rod.

XX.

Gloomy and rough had the wild way been;
Black mountain and arrowy brook :

Trees trailing with moss and of ancient mien,
Over the pilgrims shook.

“O give me back my only one
On this bleak and blighted shore !”

Yet she faltered: “Thy will, O GOD, be done—
It must—for ever more.”

And the fearful Phantom said, “Amen !”
And they came to the gray sea beach :

A low mist rose and sank again,
Far as the eye could reach.

Far—far as the wistful eye sight leaped,
Like a blanket it covered the sea ;
While many a sailless mast, out peeped
From its thick shroud, dolefully.

As wave on wave rolled on amain,
By cringing north wind blown,
That mantle rose and fell again,
Those masts went up and down.

The surges beat upon the shore,
Sluggish and salt and cold ;
And still some vestige of wreck they bore,
Heaping it heavy and old.

It seemed a dismal dangerous sea,
Its founts were human eyes ;
And the winds that wafted its waters on,
Oh ! they were human sighs.

XXI.

“What Lake is this? thou Waster old!
What wild, weird Lake is this?
What means the mist o'er its face unrolled?
And the masts which the pale beams kiss?”
“This is the Sea of gathered Tears,
Where the dead and the dying meet.”
As he spoke, the waves of six thousand years
Rolloed up around his feet.
As he spoke, the stormy water spake,
Throwing up the broken bark,
From the oozy caves of that slimy Lake
Whose stores were bitter and dark.
“This is the sea of human tears,
Where Pride takes down its sail,
When the pale low sun of wasted years
Is hid by the misty veil.”

XXII.

“O bear not hence—thou Waster old,
O bear not hence my child!”
But the waves already around them rolled,
With voices stormy and wild.
And the Spectre sat on a wreck so old,
Rocking the wasted Child.
The ragged outline of the land
Desolves behind the prow:
Beckons the Gale with cloudy hand,

And the Spectre nods in stern command,
With arm uplifted now !
That terrible finger points away
To the secret heart of the troubled sea.

XXIII.

In moanings failed the hungry blast,
With a low and shivering sound ;
And half way up the sailless mast
Spread the mantle of mist around.
Dim looked the sun—how dim that day,
And sad as a battle shield
On an arm of thunder, stilled to clay,
While its red life stains the field.
And scattered barks came o'er the deep,
Rending its misty shroud,
In mournful guise, with lonely sweep,
And forms by suffering bowed :
 And scarce a shred
 Of sail was spread
On the bitter sea they ploughed.
Some swiftly passed as a stormy wreath
 By destiny controlled,
 The yeasty deep
 Refused to sleep :
And some went sluggish and cold.

XXIV.

The Blast its fury roused again,
The sea birds flapped their wings :
While mingled many a lethal strain,
Teaching sepulchral things
By words of import—vaguely thrown
On the reproving air ;
Which burst from a shadow, overgrown
To a stature of despair.
Midst cord and mast
Shrill piped the blast :
With never a shred of sail,
Swiftly they went,
As Arab, bent
On steed, along the vale :
How strangely onward—onward sent,
Like leaf on the tossing gale.

XXV.

A mote, from out a bank of haze,
Comes like a distant wing ;
It grows—it grows—it fills the gaze,
Silently cumbering.
Fantastic shapes in the horrent air,
Wild shapes it assumes on the sea :
Now over the wrecks of the proud and fair
It shouts in terrible glee.—

It has whirled the barks with mildewed arm;
 From shrivelled lips, it blew
 The frost of despair,
 Which drank up the air,
 As the sun drinks up the dew.
 The sea-mist robed its grizzly form,
 When out of the wave it grew;
 And, on the fiery herald of storm,
 Over the deep it flew.

“What is thy name, terrific one?”
 The trembling Lady asked.

“My name is *Dread*, and my work will be done,
 Though my arm is sternly tasked.
 In kindness am I sent to man,
 Ere hope for ever remove,
 Ere life has passed beyond this span
 Which limits the offers of love.”

XXVI.

One wreck bore a mysterious form,
 Green as the mountain pine,
 Which heeded not the mist nor storm,
 Nor the sun that ceased to shine:
 Quiet and deep,
 As an infant's sleep,
 It glided o'er the brine.
 Upon each wreck a Shadow stood;
 They spoke not to each other:

And twilight dim shut over the flood,
Hiding man from his brother.

XXVII.

Crowned and calm, how lovely is Night,
Coming down from the place of power !
 Half robed in white,
 Besprent with light
Of infinity's starry shower.
 Winds have sunk loaded in their flight,
With sweets of each balmy flower.
Scarcely a tremor on the hill,
A whisper in the vale ;
Save the simple gush of the rambling rill,
 Singing an olden wail.
While moves the Moon mysteriously
 Midst fleecy clouds and white :
 And the forest's glow,
 And the lake below
Sends forth long streams of light.
 No fitful sweep
 Of tempest deep
Bursting o'er mount or glen,
 No shuddering moan,
 — Dismal and lone,
Rising from bog or fen.
Gladness the solemn, fills the earth
 In the deep hush of night ;

And Heart takes wings
 To glorious things,
 And Thought rides, robed in might.—
 Go trace the tempest-troubled sea,
 In the severing hour of dread,
 Or the sea of human agony—
 Hush—other words are said:—
 The earth how fair,
 Earth and the air,
 But a horror creeps from the dead.—

XXVIII.

Night—strangely interspersed with light—
 Hovers the doleful Lake:
 Frequent some wild and startling sight
 Streams on the lightning's rapid flight—
 'Tis gone ere one awake.
 Hark, fierce winds bellow o'er the deep—
 Anon the waves are chained in sleep—
 Stars struggle on the crystal steep—
 Lo! more than splendor of the sun
 Bursts through the cloud piled night:
 Music—as if it floated down
 From the richest heaven, is heard—
 Quickly what undreamt sights are shown
 Like flutterings of a beauteous bird.
 Once more the night is loud and deep,
 Made blacker by flashes of light

Which show the barks strong tempest sweep
To the desolate Isle of night.

XXIX.

One bore a Form—in purple and pearl,
Such as earth's chiefest wear.—
One bore a pale and lovely Girl,
With a garland enriched by her hair:
Bright was the gem that shone therein.
Bright was the gem of her eye:
But sere grew the leaves of that garland green,
And the air unfastened a sigh.
And the stars stooped to drink
At the ocean brink,
As that lovely one went by.—
O heart once light!
There gathered no night
On the green and sunny hills;
And the magic of earth had uptaken quite
The eye which its image fills.
And Length of days, stood beckoning
On a distant and dazzling height.
And Pleasre the vain, came forth to sing
The anthem of delight.
O false! O false—how false indeed!
Unstable in every phase;
Besteading not the hour of need
On the bitter Lake of the days.

XXX.

Strangely, from off this bitter sea,
 Appears the dreamy past.—
 Freshly rising on memory
 In shadowy vision vast.
 Over the present it seems to sweep,
 And into the future far;
 While we stand as on a toppling steep
 Beneath the heaven's blue bar;
 The past and present, lifting nude
 Their great heads from the sea;
 And each with language now endued,
 Crying—*Futurity!*
 Oh! in the ocean of that word
 What urgent things lie hid!
 They move—as if a mountain stirred,
 Lifting its rocky lid.
 A world of glorious—glorious things
 Is offered to each in gift:
 And have our grovelling hearts no wings
 Our needy souls to lift!
 A state of fearful—fearful things
 Also forewarns us here;
 And shall our foolish covetings
 Drink the hot river of fear! —

XXXI.

Look!—it is driving over the sea,
 Coming down amidst the wrecks! —

OR, VISIT OF THE CHASTENER,

That bark is appointed sumptuously,
All sails are spread, and, floating high,
Its gorgeous pennons flout the sky;

While strange shapes crowd its decks. —

A form on costly pallet laid—

Behold how bloated and flushed!

Swift gleams like sunshine pierce the braid,—

Tempest a moment hushed:

Ominous orgies fright the wrecks,

While boisterous music shakes the haze,

And maskers dance in mystic maze.

See—goblin shapes are on the decks!

O strange and fiendish crew!

Pride stalks unblushing in the midst,

Sin sports unmasked in view;

Doltish Presumption loudly scoffs:

Wit drowsed with wine besotted laughs,

While Atheism a potion quaffs.

And, dazzling beyond the true,

False Hope is busy with conjuror's glass,

Life—death—are among the things that pass;—

And nothing appears as it is, or was,

Or shall be—evermore,

These are the gods in which he trusts;

While troops of wanton and fleshly lusts

Bring food—O baneful store!

Conscience lies drugged beside the man;

Manhood has fallen with many blows:

Forever is shrivelled to a span;
And Death to unawaking Torpor grows.
Fabulous forms before him dance;
And Phrensy and Fire and stupid Chance,
At games with terrible Hazzard play:
While rampant Ruin, with ghastly grin,
Drinks from the golden goblet with Sin. —
Lo! a sudden gust, a whirling motion,
A cloud, a noise—a space in ocean.

XXXII.

A sail on that dim doleful Lake
Bears one of timorous mood:
Strange phantoms followed in his wake,
And would not be subdued.
How great the fear that pressed him close,
And freighted with dismay;
Yet from his knees he looked to heaven,
Crying to GOD alway.
Mark, in his hand, the BOOK that speaks
Of pardon life and peace;
For words of comfort, lo he seeks,
Amidst his emptiness.
O how he strives, with trembling hand,
To grasp the Promises!
While press his foes, a mighty band,
To snatch him from the bliss.
And shall the hostile horde prevail?

Shall **CHRIST** the **LORD** not hear?
Lo! while the powers of hell assail,
His sheltering love is near.
JESUS is near—though unperceived,
To shield from every harm;
And underneath his child, is placed
The everlasting arm.
Even in the bosom of his **LORD**,
See! he is carried now:
Within his heart is written the word;
CHRIST'S name is on his brow.—
Yes, **GOD**—the **GOD** who heareth prayer,
And saves the desolate,
Will lift him from this earth's despair
To joys supremely great.—
Arise—from dreams of earth,
Child of affliction! and pray;
For great is the **ONE** who heareth prayer,
And he turns not the needy away.
He holds out a blessing to thee;
Ask then, and bear it away,
To the end of an endless eternity,
To the night of an unsetting day.—
O! thanks be to **GOD**, that he sits
On his marvellous **Mercy** seat;
Calling the wanderers near his throne,
And the lost ones to his feet.

XXXIII.

Lo, one in frail and sinking skiff,
 Came up without a mast ;
 His form was wasted, as a cliff
 Of ice by the spring-time blast,
 Sin—mirth—dole—pain,
 Earth's loss—earth's gain,
 Stood by him, as he passed ;
 Stood by him to absorb his thought,
 And rose before his eyes ;
 He saw them, but they moved him not ;
 He looked into the skies—
 The sky which opened to his gaze,
 As opes a marvellous roll ;
 And precious truths, with love ablaze,
 Came down into his soul,
 O what had death to do with him ?
 His life was hid on high,
 In CHRIST with GOD, which thus became
 A life that can not die.
 Almost, ere he had to the Court
 Of the King of Terrors come,
 A chariot and angels came—
 Chariot of fire and steeds of flame—
 And bore him grandly home.

XXXIV.

A kind of morn, with feverish light,
 Slowly and sadly awakes ;

The sun arises—but not bright,
 A cloud piled way he takes.
 The heaven is heavy with dole and gloom;
 And the beautiful earth seems all a tomb.

XXXV.

Voices are whispering in the clouds
 O'er many a drifting wreck:
Faces—what strange ones! look from the shrouds,
 Or silently walk the deck:
 Their robes are made of the wasted clouds,
 And they pace the driving wreck.
 "O who be ye,—the Lady said—
 That board our shattered bark?"
 "We come from the living and the dead,
 And we carry our traces dark."
 "O go ye hence!—the Lady said—
 O hie from our sinking bark."

XXXVI.

"Look!" cried the Spectre, and his hand
 Beckoned a deep dismay,
 As he pointed to a mole of land—
 In the heart of the sea it lay.
 A lonely Island, hill-lifting and sad,
 Cloaked in the rolling cloud;
 In light the golden, it grew not glad:
 And the Lady trembling bowed.

She spoke no word, she moaned no moan;
 Her heart was stricken and knelt alone.
 It looms in the ever troubled sea!
 "An Island—perhaps of rest?"
 Yes, to the weary it shall be,
 To the weary in heart and breast.
 As a waif from life's Sea, in its valley, thou
 Wilt one day find repose,
 And sleep with an unaching brow—
 But even that slumber will close;
 Yes! thou shalt rise—as if from dreams—
 In joy or sorrow shalt rise,
 Rise, freighted from the thousand streams
 Of earthly memories.
 Mighty—whether for bliss or bale,
 Will that awaking be.
 Stand up, O child of earth! assail
 Thy dark corruptions, and prevail—
 'Tis for eternity.
 Lo, the foes are mighty who assail,
 And subtle in policy:
 But take the heavenly shield for the strife,
 And a sword from the armory,
 Tempered in the river of life,
 And go forth to victory.

XXXVII.

The Spectre shook his thoughtful head,
 He smiled a joyless smile:—

“ Lady, a doleful way we’ve sped,
And have come to a doleful Isle.
And here we ground our shattered bark,
And hence—to the Statue Hall.”
He wrapt the Boy in his mantle dark,
Which covered him like a pall.

XXXVIII.

Fierce shores of burnt and splintered rocks
Hung over the Wrecks of ships;
Fantastic peaks clomb from the blocks,
And whistled with wizard lips.
Rough—from the salt waves’ ceaseless brine,
A gloomy mountain arose;
Its rent top glowed,
Like the fierce abode
Of fires that dislike repose.
Its head o’erlooks the rolling clouds,
Sifting thick snow and sleet,—
Crowned with a show of dissolving crowds;
While Sorrow sits crouched at its feet. —
Yet, oft on the flashing top,
Across the centre, a swathe of cloud,
Heavy and dark—midst thunders loud,
Closed up the light—but seemed to ope
Strange glimpses of something more.
Chariots and horsemen, vaguely seen,
Seemed to be there—or late had been,
Leaving ajar the door;

And light, from the Celestial gate.
 Lingered a moment, o'er
 The wild and terrible mountain height,
 Making it glorious and bright.

XXXIX.

With sobs half choked and blubbing moans,
 The Wind runs over the beetled stones.
 With shoeless feet, all bleeding and sore,
 It stumbles along the desolate shore;
 Its voice still choked with thoughts of sorrow,
 Ills of to-day and fears for to-morrow.
 It has been buffeted, and weeps
 In the mist that hides the Lake;
 Sitting a moment on the steeps,
 Where the sighing salt surf breaks.
 Pausing now on the fabulous bridge,
 Whose torn arch rises from yonder ridge,
 Where the fearful cliff is blackest and steep.
 Now it comes—with a frolic leap.
 Alights where the lonely pilgrims stand—
 With a puff the Phantom's face is fanned,
 Its staff dishevels the Lady's hair,
 Its breath makes the Child's pale cheeks more fair.
 And it gambols away—that truant wind,
 As if to the days that are lagging behind. —
 Again!—It is passing with muttering moans,
 A perilous way to the Palace of bones.
 See, late excess and sore unrest,

Weigh like a nightmare in its breast.
Its hollow cheeks are flushed, but pine,
Its eyes are red with wassail and wine.
Stretched out beneath some crumbling dome,
Has it snatched a sleep? It found no home:
Reeling along the empty street,
With idiot laugh and uncertain feet.

The little ills of childhood are gone;
Youth's promise—its hope—its good;
When stern resolve girt its armor on,
And firm and unflinching stood.

To that ostent and prowess, awhile,
The future bowed with beck and smile.
But evil crept in—ah, unawares;
By little— by little it slew the cares
Of the busy soul, and placed in their stead
Wild baseless hopes, of idling bred.
Insidious harm, by gentle degrees,
With cunning sin—delighting to please,
Bound with dark habit's brazen chain,
Till life is nought, and manhood vain.
Benumbed with cold and wandering late,
It stumbles along the cliffs of fate;
In the distance lost— with a half heard moan,
Passes that *Wind* to the place unknown.

XL.

Hedged was the path with brambles rude,
Leafless—yet briars they bore;

And the way with ominous bones was strewed—
 While the stones strange tintings wore.
 " My darling! may the HIGH assuage
 Thy bosom's budding fears :
 We've come—a painful pilgrimage,
 O'er a sad salt Lake of tears."

XLI.

A *City!* It rises from a vale
 At the base of the mountain black;
 The winds have built it, with many a tale,
 In the dusk of the ages back.
 Vast wondrous domes, tall spires of rock,
 Strange obelisks of clay;
 Where the winds in mockery have written
 Records day after day,
 While the busy fingers of earth, have been smitten
 With the palsy of long decay.
 The indefatigable breath
 Of the salt sea, stark and lone,
 Has scooped out structures—pillar and wreath,
 And fosse, and crowning stone.
 Where the mist and not the hearth-stone smoke,
 In the sunlight red has curled :
 And the crowds mysterious in the street,
 Which pass, and without greeting meet,
 Move on to another world :
 Their spirits have no resting known
 In the shadowy city, waste and lone.

Palace of Death! With domes and spires,
It shows in a shifting light—
Now in a gloom and dusk it retires;
Anon—imprisoned in white.
Wild alabaster columns, springing
From the black and terrible dust,
And golden points strange radiance flinging,
—They change into iron and rust!

XLII.

A silent warder stood at the gate,
And entered the Pilgrims in solemn state.
There played a smile o'er the lips of the Child,
As the portals behind them close.
Escutcheons strange, and trophies most wild,
The Lady with horror froze.
Dark they hung on the crumbling wall,
Broken they strewed the floor:
And the King of Terrors gave forth his call:
"Ho, Plagues! bring forward more!"
Straightway a lean and withered *Thing*
Unbolted a gate of clay;
And the Palace shook like a smitten string,
And noontide blackened its ray.

XLIII.

Throned was the Despot on whitened bones
Of Monarchs his hand had slain;

And the music that charmed his ear, was groans
From the torturing rack of Pain.
His temples wore a kingly crown :
I RULE, was graven thereon.
His arm had cast the strongest down,
The proudest had overthrown.
Cold was his look as the wintry blast
That beats o'er the arctic wave ;
And his voice, like a sorrow of the past,
Came up from the black grave—
Fierce as the furious turnace blast,
Loud as the thunder, I wis :
While, from snakes which crawled
Through that mountain of bones,
Arose a horrible hiss.
His hair was grizzled, his cheek was red,
He looked both old and young ;
His smile was ghastly—as if the dead
Haunted him in a throng.
Disastrous troops and hideous forms
Ministered to his will,
Bringing him food of human worms—
And yet he hungered still.

XLIV.

But others took alluring shapes
In the court of the gloomy hall,
They wore not the livery of Death,

Nor answered to his call ;
Yet victims many, chained hand and foot—
Inexorable chain ! —
They cast before him—all drugged and mute,
Each seemed to have lived in vain.
A spear was dipt in blood straightway,
And spirits were flown—ah where ?
Mysterious realm ! —Alas, Dismay
Broods also forever there.

XLV.

Around that Chamber gloomy and vast,
Long rows of Statues stood,
The sightless watchers of the past,
With magic of Power endued.
These were the champions of renown,
Who toiled to build a Hold
By wasting earth, or casting down
Another's right—for gold.
What hungry promptings ! fierce and gaunt
For some indefinite good—
A fantasy upon a throne,
Mounted o'er pools of blood.
The vision was full of life, and bred
Invincible will and power :
O'er headless trunks walked up the man
To the pageant of an hour.
Haughtily on an argent throne,
Wearied—he sat him down ;

But galling—although its jewels shone,
 And terrible was that crown.
 A furlous zeal, a dismal thought,
 Dissolved his tortured frame;
 And smoked the arm that grasped the power
 In imperceptible flame.
 From the throne of a moment, lo, he passed
 Contemptibly to the pit;
 Like sand from the top of a Pyramid,
 When Libyan winds alit.

XLVL

Around that Chamber sombre and vast,
 Strange crumbling statues stood,
 Stretching along the misty Past,
 With magic of Fame endued.
 These were the Spoilers of renown,
 Who toiled to leave a name
 Floating along the muttering river,
 The bruit of an evil fame.
 What endless nights, what gloomy days
 The frantic passion burned,
 Fed with the fuel of memories
 From tombs of the inurned.—
 His shadow seemed with eternity blent,
 Like a meteor sparkled his name:
 He vanished—but left a monument,
 And the empty echo of fame.
 What is the value of that word

In the eternal state?
There can the praise of man be heard?
Alas—for it cometh late.
Fame— is to do the will of GOD,
His favor is renown
Moving eternity, and crowned
With an unwithering crown.

XLVII.

Around that Chamber in mouldering state,
On the draped walls were hung,
Scenes dusk in years, and heavy in fate:
Toil exacting, and hope elate;
Triumph defying, and battling hate;
Good that was doomed to watch and to wait:
Pictures which found a tongue
In rueful murmurs from far off days,
In tokens effete, and dwindled lays;
Like the weird sighings heard in dream
On the marge of Midnight's sluggish stream.

XLVIII.

O'er the pavement along that Chamber vast,
See—fallen column, and chiseled stone
Which genius had touched with skill unknown.
Thought sat o'er the marble pale and cold,
And left it a substance richer than gold.
Among the desolate things of the past
The vine-clad pillars of Tadmor were strewed.

Belus lay bruised in solitude.
 Memphis embalmed broke through the crust
 Of the trusted earth with her solemn dust.
 Balbec, from midst her ponderous stones,
 Was heard on the mournful wind in moans.
 O'er Petra a saddening splendor lay.
 Thebes crouched in the hues of departed day.
 Unwonted thoughts, like a mingled host
 Seemed from Tyre's desolate pile to rise:—
 The mighty Past, with its treasures lost,
 Revived again, and climbed to the skies.

XLIX.

A change passed over the face of the Boy,
 As he felt the Tyrant's spear,
 Some gleam of HEAVEN, a tranquil joy,
 Which cast out the Tyrant's fear.
 And those eyes were sealed
 With the dimness of Death.
 Those lips with the stillness of Quiet—
 "Thou hiding Earth! we this bequeath,
 That Corruption unnoticed may riot."

L.

In a vale on the Island of Death
 The oft removed turf is green;
 And mornings may chance with a summer breath,
 And sometimes the sky is serene. —

Rankly and green the thick weeds sleep
At the foot of a weeping tree,
They grow dark and they grow deep
As the desolate weeds may be.
Like a fading wreath, there floats a moan
From its melancholy boughs ;
And a star-like gleam and a ceaseless tone
From a rhyming rill that flows.
White it flows, it floweth dark,
Softly singing a plaintive old tune :
Some quiet hope intrusts its spark
To that bosom living and boon.

LI.

Fresh is the earth by the standing stone,
Fresh as a falling tear ;
And the marble is pale, and the marble is lone
As the last of the days of the year.
Often at night and often at morn
A shadow falls over its tomb.—
The earth may be sad, and the heart may be lorn,
Yet flowers will arise to bloom :
They shall spring forth when none beholdeth,
Ere the tears of the mourner be dried ;
While winds stir the mantle
Of green, that enfoldeth
The fair earth's sorrow and pride.

LII.

O Lady, softly the sad wind flows,
 And soon will come dropping the rain :
 Is it needful to feast with thy bosom's woes ?
 And to foster thy bosom's pain ?

LIII.

" The rising gust can scarcely molest,
 And the toiling cloud that weeps,
 For a mighty sorrow within my breast
 Its ceaseless vigil keeps.
 My joy the pillow of woe has pressed,
 Till it sleeps where the lost one sleeps
 Here I laid him to take his rest,
 I buried him here alone :
 The heart was silent amidst his breast,
 And the life within was flown.
 All that is left of him lies here,—
 Further I cannot trace:
 My thoughts arise with many a tear
 And search through time and space."

LIV.

O Lady, lift thine eyes above,
 Thy lost one lingers not here—
 Behold!—he has entered the kingdom of love,
 Where the Ransomed in life appear.
 Rejoice—it shall ever be well with him
 As cycles midst cycles appear,

While clouds of Suns move round the THRONE
Of HIM who has life—power—goodness, alone.

LV.

“Glad hath he climbed to the Kingdom of love—
I hope—but my heart misgives!
The Invisible Land is high above,
And a *gulf* in the distance lives:
Alas!—for I saw the cold earth move,
The pitiless earth—which receives.”

LVI.

Thou hast seen the rod of the CHASTENER,
And he ard a whispered voice,
Hast looked on his mournful Messenger,
And thy soul could scarcely rejoice.
No, Lady, no, thine eyes have shed
The choice wine of thy heart
In the lonely labyrinths of the dead,
Where each one weeps apart.
Now touch the golden sceptre
Of the stooping KING OF KINGS,
Go quickly as a frightened bird
To fond uplifted wings.
Thou shalt sit and feast in his presence
On all delicious things.—
How sweet to know in our sorrows,
And to feel, in our death and strife,

That he keeps for us the wine of joy,
And the bread of endless life.

LVII.

“ Indeed I have heard a whisper,
Yet seem to have heard it not;
And dim ideal figures
Distract my brooding thought.
Mournfully draped are all my musings,
Doubting stalks through my heart;
The winds and waters vaguely murmur,
And earth seems sighing, *Depart!*
Depart—but whither shall I go?
I ask, in my appeals;
For I am smitten—sorely smitten,
And who is there that heals?”

LVIII.

Lady, this is a sorrowful land,
But yet a trusting place,
Mourner! and seest thou not the hand
Would wipe the tears from thy face?

LIX.

“ Ah, every earthly hope deceives
And pierces our poor trust,
It changes in most golden eyes,
Showing itself but dust;

'Tis valueless as beaten sheaves,
Or blade consumed by rust."

LX.

But the Invisible Things abide
Freshly in glory and years,
Rising—just on the other side
Of the misty valley of tears.
Just to the other side the scene
Descend the slopes of HEAVEN:
And though a cloud now hang between,
And leagues of sadness intervene,
The vision will rise at even
More plainly to our clearer sight;
And we shall enter to the light,
The perfect light of Heaven.
O let us not prefer a dream—
The shadow of the things that seem—
To the joy our GOD has given.
A dream of sloth, a rest of sin
In its false promises.
The door stands wide—*now* enter in;
Accept the DEAR BOUGHT bliss.

LXI.

Yes, JESUS is the golden door
To the Palace of GOD'S favor.
Enter—thou shalt go out no more
Through rolling years forever.

Angels the favored have gone out,
 And Man from GOD's fair garden;
 But never shall those whom the KING will bring
 Home with o'erbrimming pardon.
 See—what a life! What glorious years
 Of never closing bliss!
 Sins, woes and wants—hopes, doubts and fears,
 Shall each forever cease.
 There, GOD who takes our sins away,
 And makes us just and clean,
 Will be our GOD; and we shall stay
 Where his dear face is seen;
 Dwelling in his most perfect day,
 No clouds to intervene.

LXII.

O canst thou stop thine ears to the word,
 When kindness itself doth speak!
 Then listen to thy loving LORD,
 Who came the lowly to seek.
 Thou knowest the Ancient Volume?
 Each page is an ocean of light,
 Whose stately shining lights the sun
 In his meridian height.
 Without it heaven and earth are robed
 In garments of thick night.
 Each dazzling word of glory pierces
 The dead night of the soul,

Till in the distance, lo, life's fountain
Is seen to sparkle and roll.

LXIII.

"Indeed I have read GOD's mercy gift,
Yet something I fail to see:
Which of those gracious utterances
Expressly speaks to me?"

LXIV.

Lady, each promise in that Book
Speaketh as much to thee.
As if no other had ever lived
To be saved from misery.
To each who loveth JESUS' name,
To each who seeks his face,
Most freely he extends his arms,
And speaks each word of grace:
Wide they were nailed upon the tree
To allure a ruined race:
Let us arise—both thou and me—
And haste to his embrace.

LXV.

The word can reach the mourner's heart—
That strong transforming word;
Then idle dreams of earth depart,
And GOD alone is heard.

LXVI.

How can we any longer stay
 Far from this GRACIOUS ONE?
 O haste—O haste—no more delay;
 See what his love hath done!
 To make this love a jewelled way,
 Lo, he gave up his SON.

LXVII.

Thrice happy heart, whose glorious trust
 Is placed in GOD alone;
 Who, from the fellowship of dust,
 Looks up unto his throne.
 For we are weak, how weak, alas!
 And GOD is GOD of might;
 And he will freely give to us
 Strength—wisdom—and delight;
 And length of days—vast dazzling days
 Of his eternity;
 Where we shall gaze upon his face,
 And with him ever be.
 O what a transport wilt it be,
 With overflowing heart,
 The greatness of his love to see,
 And never more depart!

LXVIII.

Seest thou the Throne of the HOLIEST?
 And thy Lost One worshipping there?

Holds he a gem-set harp of the blest?
 And his brow—is it lustrously fair?
 Robes starry and white,
 An angel of light—
 And so late from this earth's despair? —
 Hearest thou the tone of his harp, Lady?
 Hearest thou the Angel?—he speaks!
 Glory appears in thine eyes, Lady,
 And gladness suffuses thy cheeks.

LXIX.

How precious is the crown of love,
 Thick set with promises;
 The BOOK that woos our hearts above
 To the enduring bliss!
 See, what a weight of glory beams
 In each large word of grace!
 Each of those rapture breathing themes
 A River of gladness strays,
 Meandering, midst life's troubled dreams,
 Through the portentous days. —
 Hearest thou the tone of his harp, Lady?
 Hearest thou the Angel?—he speaks!
 Glory burns in thine eyes, Lady,
 And gladness brightens thy cheeks?

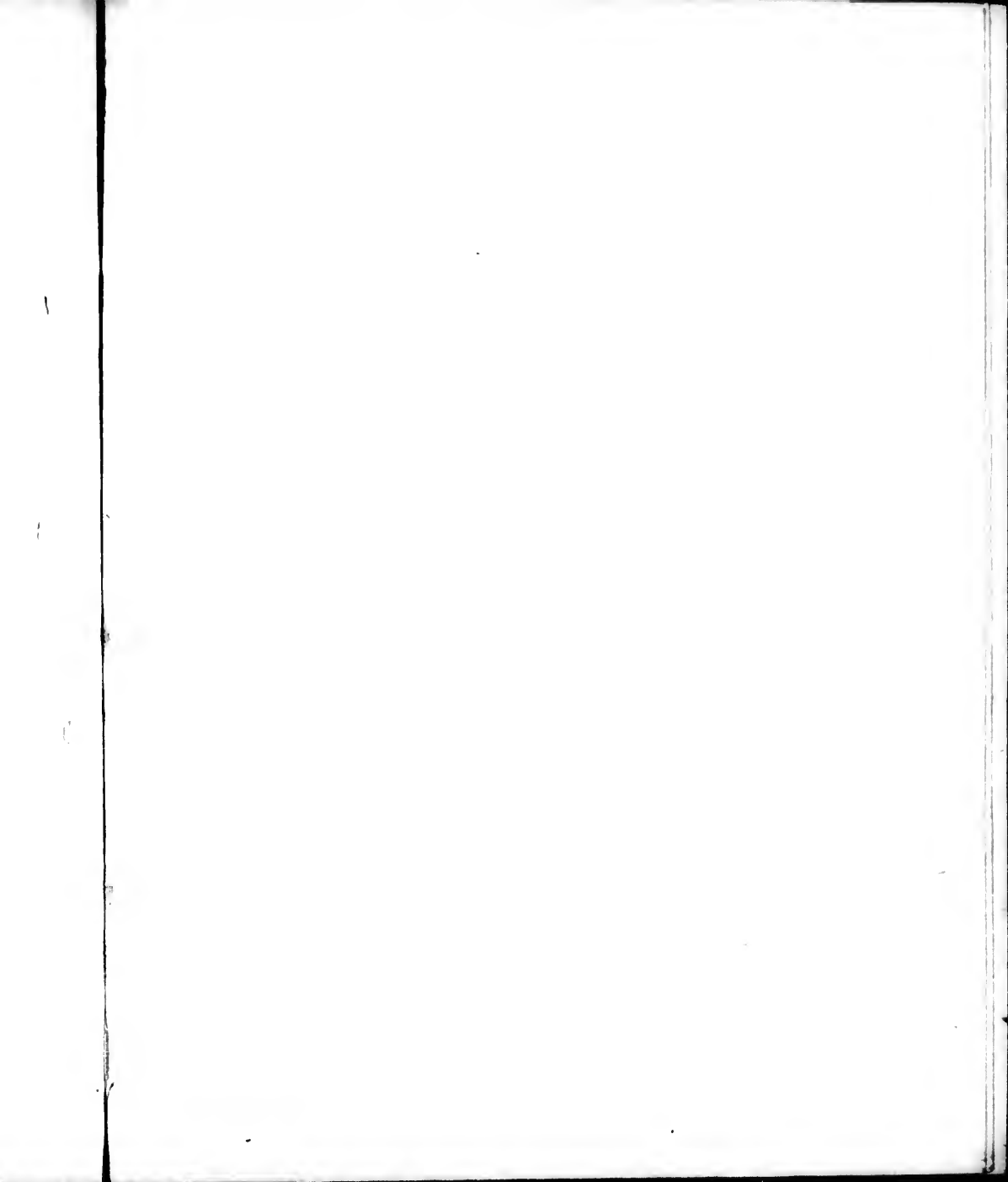
LXX.

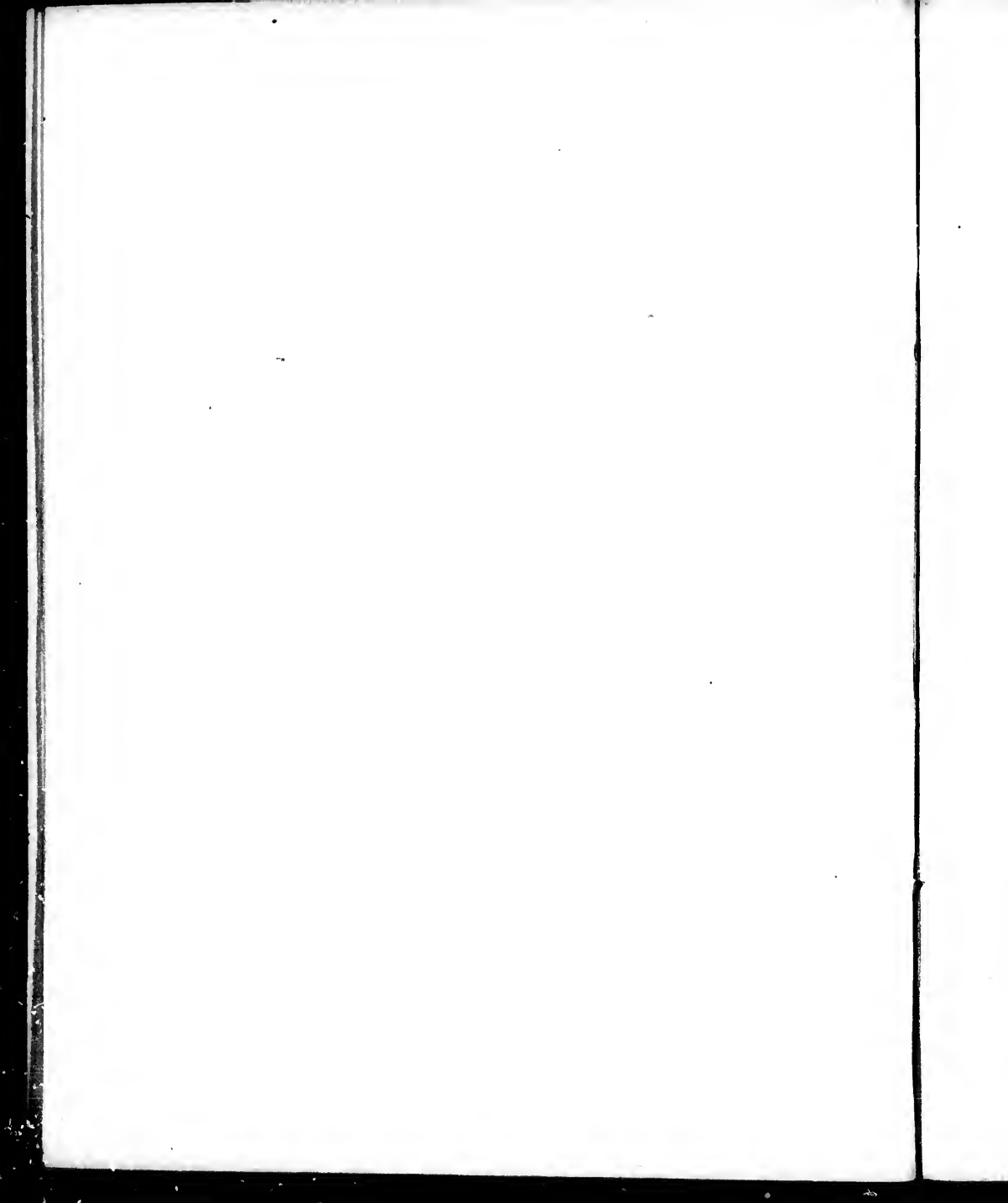
"Yes! in my heart I seem to see
 Also, I seem to hear

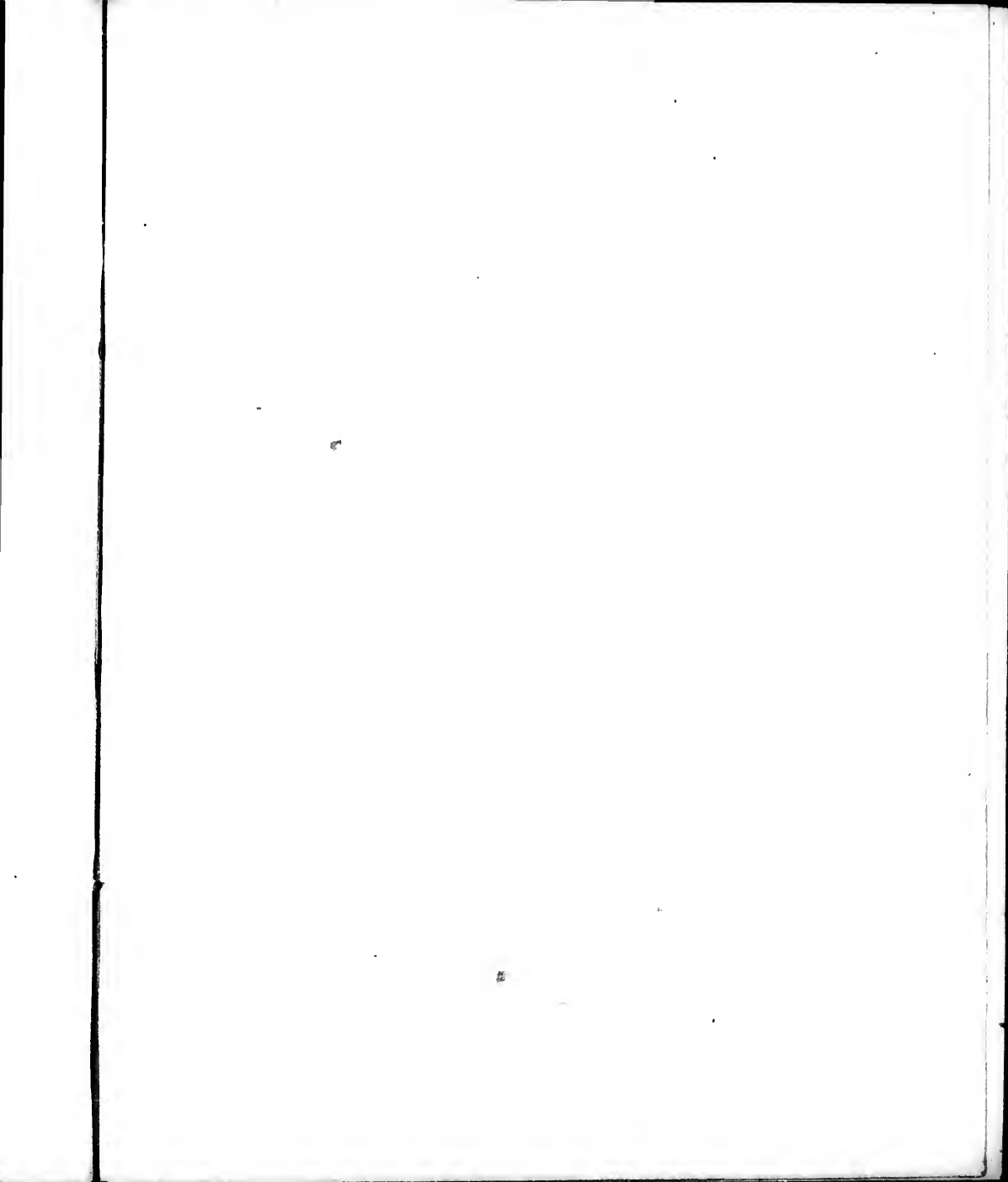
The Harpers and their minstrelsy;
 Even as they appear
 In the vision written in the BOOK,
 Most beautiful of books;
 And, as upon its page I look,
 I seem to see their looks.—
 They are singing, Live for ever more!
 Thou art worthy, O LAMB once slain!
 What thou didst not take, thou didst restore,
 By stripes—by blood—by pain.
 Thou hast made us kings and priests to GOD,
 And sons to the HIGHEST ONE:
 Thou hast brought us up, our FRIEND, our GOD,
 And planted us round thy throne.”

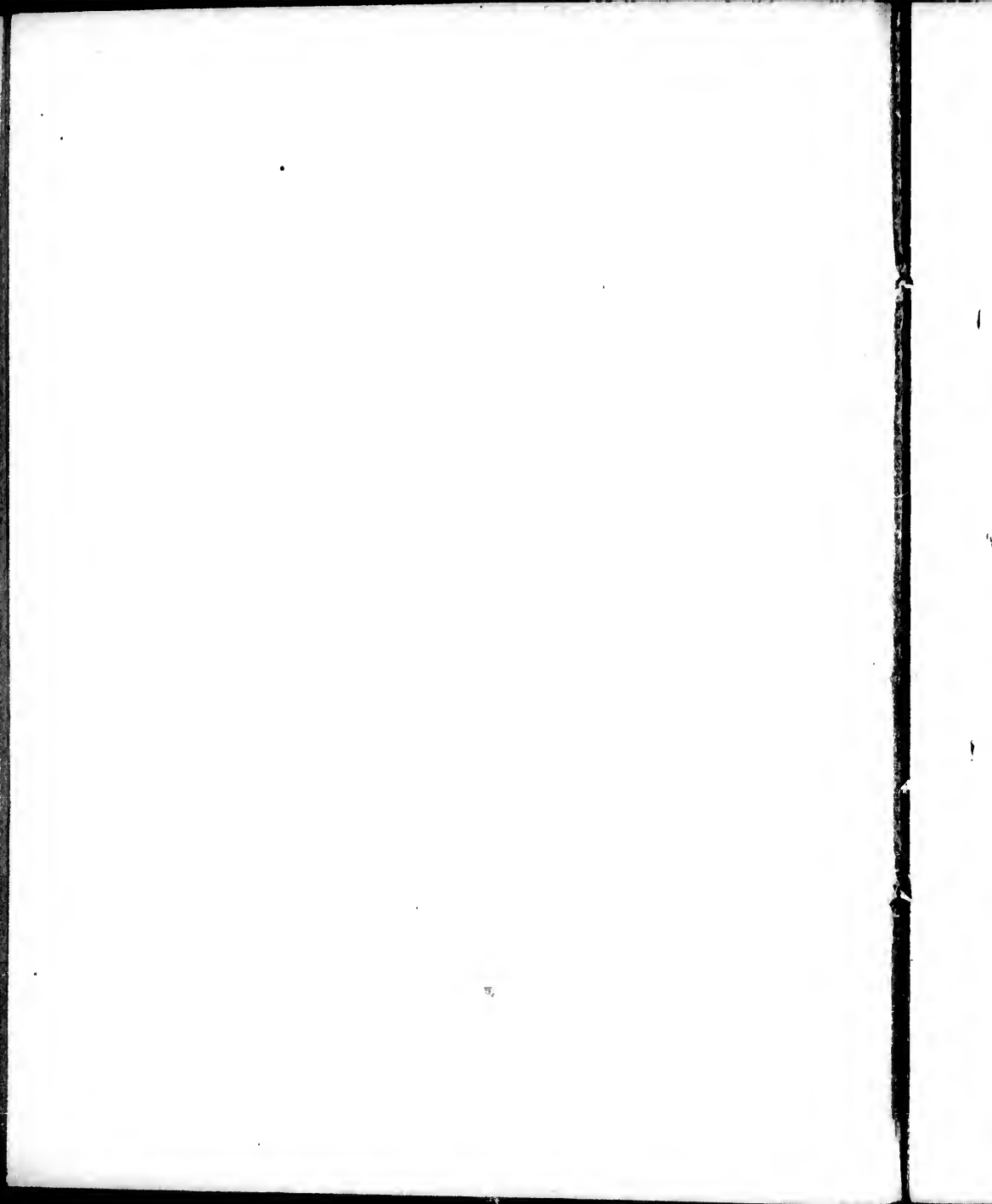
LXXI.

Count us worthy, O LORD, to stand
 With this great company,
 Robed with white robes, the while in hand
 Harps and green palms shall be;
 Joyfully worshiping we'll stand,
 Telling of victory:
 And we will fall with reverence sweet,
 Because thy beauty we see,
 And cast our crowns before thy feet,
 Giving all glory to THEE.









FATHER IN HEAVEN.

FATHER In Heaven! the only good and wise,
 To thee from earth's uncertainty and trial,
 A wayward helpless child, I lift my eyes,
 And cry with zeal that can not brook denial,
 Grant me thy sure—thy covenanted—love,
 Which will exalt me to thy courts above.

Here brood thick night dejection and dismay,
 Sorrow and sighing and affliction sore;
 While in thy presence dwells eternal day,
 And care and sin and death afflict no more,
 Nor doubts perplex, nor fiery darts—concealed—
 Startlingly fall from faith's uplifted shield.

O! I entreat thee, let me evermore
 Dwell in the *secret place* of the MOST HIGH,
 Beneath the *Cross* which my REDEEMER bore,
 Under the *watch* of thine unsleeping eye;
 Low at thy feet I cast my soul my care,
 For there is safety no where else but there.

LORD, I have given my worthless self to thee,
 To thee the SAVIOR of both body and soul,
 To thee for time and for eternity;—
 Each thought, each motion, of thy grace control,
 Enrich and guard me by thy power divine,
 And make me ever and completely thine.

ADORED BE THE GRACE.

ADORED BE THE GRACE.

Adored be the grace
 Which gives us a place
At the feet of our crucified LORD,
 Where pardon is given,
 And blessing, and heaven,—
 Unspeakably glorious reward!

Then forget not to pray
 Though the answer delay,
In due season it surely will come;
 And GOD, the most kind one,
 Will rescue the blind one
Who would cease—but yet cannot—to roam.

Strength, blessing and grace,
 And the smiles of his face,
Are the purchase of JESUS' blood;
 And the armor of light,
 And the robe which is white
To appear in before the great GOD.

WAITING FOR GOD.

On the cheerless pavement lying,
 Face upturned, suffused with sighing,
 Woe in life, thus early testing,
 Lo a little lad is resting.
 Heedless moving o'er the street,

WAITING FOR GOD.

89

Oft and oft come changing feet;
But of passers stern or mild
None regards the little child.

Fever his fair face suffuses
Life insensibly unlooses
The rich cord, before its breaking
Frees the soul, to life awaking.
Upward look those longing eyes,
Piercing the uplifted skies,
Heedful, anxious, wearily;
Who will turn aside to see?

Pity on the lone one taking,
Pity one kind heart is waking;
And aside his steps are turning,—
Kindness oft will speak to mourning.
“Child, why lying in the road?”
“*I am waiting here for GOD.*”
“Waiting do you say for whom?”
“*GOD.* —O he will surely come.

“They are with him—father, brother,
And at last he took my mother.
When on bed of langor lying,
When that last dear friend was dying,
She assured me GOD would be
A father—mother—friend—to me,
Would come and tarry at my side,
And see each pressing want supplied.

WAITING FOR GOD.

"I have no home; nor is there any
 To dry my sorrows which are many,
 I have no friends, am worn and weakly;
 Yet I have tried to bear up meekly:
 Now, weary, I am resting here,
 Watching the sky, so blue and clear,
 From this hard pavement as a bed,
 Till GOD shall come as mother said.

"My mother's up with GOD in glory;
 She would not—could not tell a story:
 My father also and my brother—
 O they are each with one another,
 And all with GOD. And can you think
 He will not soon step down the brink
 Of this clear sky, as mother said,
 And help her child ere he is dead?"

Tears fill the stranger's eyes to flowing
 For Heavenly Providence is showing
 A pleasant path, the path of duty,
 And opens the gate all rough with beauty.
 "Yes, little lad, thy GOD has come,
 And moves me now to take thee home.
 Faithfulness is his name; and still
 He sends us help by whom he will."

The boy leaps up, for light has broken
 Around his path with heavenly token;
 His cheek, like wild rose, freshly blooming—

"How long—yet no—how quick in coming!
 But GOD has sent—I cease to sigh,—
 My mother never told a lie:
 JESUS was all her joy and stay;
 I knew his love did but delay."

 VOICE IN THE DESERT.

AFFLICTION and darkness my footsteps surround,
 As I wander in fear on an enemy's ground,
 Where the evening wolf prowls, where the winds
 wildly beat;
 But I hear midst the tumult, a *VOICE* very sweet.
 Pleasure tempts but to vanquish, it wins to destroy;
 A moment's possession, to gall turns its joy:
 Like the soft breath it comes, —like the tempest
 shall fleet, —
 But no! t'is not thus with this *VOICE* very sweet.
 Where the boldest shall quail, where the stron-
 gest shall fall,
 In a wild of dismay, I have heard this *VOICE* call:
 When the *friends* of my heart —become foes—
 made me flee,—
 They were "*sins of my heels*:" — It said, *Come*
unto ME!
 Though mournful and doleful the desert I go,
 Where the foes of my life have heaped chains on
 my woe,

Tho' the earth prove a furnace, destruction a sea,
I know that sweet voice which saith,— *Come
unto ME.*

DELIV'RER, go with me, thy face make to shine;
Achieve, —for O CAPTAIN, the glory is thine;
Not the *race* to the swift, not the *field* to the
strong.

But thro' *THEE* we shall triumph, and join the
saved throng.

REDEEMER, O stooping one, cause me to greet
Thy *VOICE* very often, thy voice passing sweet;
Reveal thy rich love, let thy name be my song,
And my portion at last with thy blood-ransomed
throng.

CHRIST THE WAY.

LORD, I should not dare
To lift up my prayer,
If thou wert not mighty
To save from despair.

Hadst thou not bowed thy head,
Had thy blood not been shed,—
If thou hadst not suffered,
And lain with the dead,

All, all were in vain,—
Unbroken the chain

CHRIST THE WAY.

68

**Whose cankering fetter
Should rust and remain.**

**But, triumphant in might,
Thou art come from the fight,
Leading, bound to thy chariot,
The powers of night.**

**Thou hast put up thy sword,
O, EVER ADORED,
Delighting in mercy
Our GOD and our LORD.**

**Having wonders achieved,
Having all things received,
Reign, glorious KING!
Be adored and believed.**

**At thy feet—low I fall,
On thy great name I call,
And crave thy rich mercy,
My SAVIOR my all.**

AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

**The leaves are falling in showers
On the breath of melodious hours;
They fall like beautiful flowers
From the gorgeous forest tree.**

Reft and low they are lying,
While the sweet soft air is sighing,—
While an unseen Hand is dyeing
 Their sumptuous drapery.

While the sunlight calm and golden
With life and power enfolden,
Its crystal *Keep* hath holden
 O'er the waves of a lucid sea.

Sweet forms! they are gather'd to sleeping,
Where dust its darkness is keeping,
While mountain rills are weeping
 Old tones of minstrelsy.

Thus beautiful when they perish
Are the joys we fondly cherish,
Rich leaves of this hour— they perish,
 Gorgeous, exceedingly.

All that is earthly is dying,
And *dust* makes no replying
To bosoms vaguely sighing
 For sure felicity.

But a volume, old in glory,
Speaks through the shadows hoary,
Telling a marvellous story
 Of life from Calvary.

The highest Heaven is bending,
Lo! Life's great LORD, descending
To purchase life unending
On the astonished tree.

FAME. *A FRAGMENT.*

A NAME! a name! Verily one would think
The earthly earth-worn heart had dreamed of
glory,
That it should fashion to itself a name,
And cast it on the rolling flood of ages.
What! yet to picture to the soul's warm vision
The incessant shadows of Futurity,
Deeming they shall be 'lumined by the flash
Which plays around a *name*? O credulous,
To build with reeds upon Futurity,
Futurity which will outlast the marble,—
Which shall outlast the sculptor and the work,
And live when mortal things are vanished.

Thy destiny derives its good or evil,
Its mould, its bias, from the good or evil
That gathers in thy heart. Thy earthly doings,
Though they shall be wiped off from earth's
green surface,
Without memorial, —traceless as the mist
That flits along the ocean's cheek at morn.

Yet shall they live within thy soul, and be
 The power and resurrection of the *Past*,
 In light or sorrow; — If they be not purged
 From *evil* by the Sacrifice of Heaven—
 Swallowed in dear Atonement.

Dost thou think

That to the glorified, *earth's fame* is nought?
Fame, by the sweat of folly or sin achieved?
 Albeit the *name* were trumpeted on earth,
 Extolled a marvel of the universe?
 Ah no! And to the spirit not at rest,
 What is it? Burning gall and bitterness;
 A torment, and the residue of woe.

Choose thou the good, for that is *Immortality*,
 Although it walk the earth with *Indigence*;
 Or early sink in the *oblivious* pool
 Where many deeds lie lost and undistinguished.
 The wise man wears his deeds about his heart—
 But as a coronet upon his brows
 Shall wear them in high Heaven: — Though
OTHER hands
 Unbar the glorious gates of glowing pearl,
 And welcome to the City of the blest.

THE SMITTEN HEART.

Few voices hath the smitten heart;
 Though many whispers round it wake,
Its silent communings are deep,
Its tears are hidden—if it weep,
 Its thoughts like lone low billows break.
Few voices hath the smitten heart,
 Though many forms in vision rise;
They may be beautiful and bright
With more than mortal love and light,
 The rainbow tints of summer skies.
But that which once deep welcome gave
To greenwood, hill and moonlit wave,
To hope and joy; and that sweet charm
Which flings o'er all a radiance warm—
That soul of bliss, hath passed away,
Leaving sad vestige of decay:
Thoughts which are withered as the wood
Things which have wasted as the flood;
Sad relics! which alone declare
That joy and blessing have been there.

Vainly the earth, O smitten heart,
 Offers a balm to heal thy bruise;
Its joys are disappointing things,
Its golden hopes have sombre wings,
 False is the choicest light it strows.

66 THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD.

Vainly the earth, O smitten heart,
Appoints its specious times to heal.
Then whither, whither wilt thou look?
One *BOOK* alone, one ancient Book,
Can something for thy aid reveal.
Volume of beauty, power and light!
Its radiance streams along the night.
That book, GOD'S ample, glorious book,
Brings grace and healing for thy stroke,
Unlocks a hall of wealth to thee,
Limitless as eternity.
LIGHT unapproachable, hath made
That holy word, its softened shade.
Kindness unspeakable, therein
Lifts the lost soul from death and sin.

"THE WAY OF
TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD."

THERE is a cloud of awful gloom,
Sealed like the cold unknowing tomb;
No light on its thick folds shall fling
Radiance and gorgeous coloring,
Such as throbs o'er a summer heaven
Where heavy clouds repose at even,
Rent by a thousand bursts of light,
And verged with snows or lustrous white.

But, like a midnight moonless shroud,
Abides this cold usurping cloud,
While yet the awful thunder sleeps,
Impendent, round the vengeful steeps
Of treacherous black and slippery sin.—
O, *Child of death!* what canst thou win,
Stumbling upon the gloomy hills,
Through ills which ope to mightier ills?

The cloud of thy transgressions, bound
In blackness to the heavens around,
Rejects the holy light above,—
The light of GOD, the light of love.
Thy pathway,— whither does it lead?
And who shall aid thee in thy need,
When blacker gulfs, terrific, roll
Endless confusion on the soul?

Now there is ONE can blot the shade
From the barr'd heavens, which sin has
made;
And pour upon thy thickest night
The marvel of surpassing light;
And on the mirkest shade above
Outstretch the rainbow of his love;
Thy alienated spirit bring,
With thoughts that mount, and lips that
sing.

O Traveller! on a dangerous road,
 Arise and call upon thy God.
 The phantoms which allure are vain:
 Thy labor is the scoff of pain:
 Thy light . . . a dream that haunts the blind,
 Thy hope . . . a cloud borne by the wind;
 Thy joy . . . a flower on torrent's crest;
 Thy soul . . . a wing that can not rest.

Arise! — The EVERLASTING make
 Thy monument which shall not shake.
 GOD'S mercies are a boundless sea,
 His arms of mercy wait for thee.
 Arise, what hast thou here to choose?
 What is there here thou wilt not lose?
 Awake, awake, O deathless mind;
 With JESUS thou shalt all things find.

 NIGHT.

'Tis Night, the still and balmy night!
 No cloud obscures the azure high:
 A soft, a silent thoughtful light
 Embathes the steeps; and nature's sigh
 That sigh which evermore awakes——
 A tone and tense of sweetness takes.

'Tis night, and the unclouded Moon
 Walks like a Seer of ancient time,

And all the stars, so meek so boon,—
Fair spirits of a purer clime,
Make choral chaunt and symphony
From out the rich immensity.

There falls a whisper from the trees,
There steals a murmur on the air,
Muffled and low as memories
Of that which was most fond and fair:
Till even the heart of many cares
Is caught and ravished unawares.

And holy thoughts run up and pown,
From earth to Heaven, from Heaven to
earth:

Each wears a rich and shining crown,
And valiant pinions waft it forth,
An angel's joy, an angel's guise,
And power's unrivalled mysteries.

All nature, bowed and worshipping
Before the Everlasting THRONE,
Is fragrant as an offering,
And precious as a priceless stone.
And smiles this moment, fresh from tears,
As if it had not wept for years.

And now the wearied sons of time
Have laid thir cankering cares aside
To list the visionary chime

EVIL HABIT.

Of distant rill or rippling tide.
 To such the night— it is not night,
 But day more dim with thoughts more bright.

Slumber hath balm for heavy woes,
 In dreams the sad may even be blest;
 The homeless wanderer finds repose,
 And earth has peace, and mortals rest.
 Semblance of quiet yet more deep,
 Where crowds recline in breathless sleep.

 EVIL HABIT.

A TUFT of mist in the morning gray
 Is resting on the River—
 A *ghost, a ghost!* on the stream it stands
 While glittering wa'ers quiver:
 It casts no shadow on the wood,
 No shadow on the river.—

Oh ho! it creeps, it creeps, it creeps,
 As creeps the thief at even!
 The darkness of its dizzy plume
 Is blackening earth and heaven,—
 How it has crept most stealthily
 Like murderer at even!

It widens —thickens —blackens,— till
 The Sun to burial goeth;—

That cloud of haze, like valley clods,
 His bright locks overfloweth,—
 For the heavens have hid their blessed face,
 And the sun to burial goeth.

The earth is gone, the heavens are gone,
 And flower and tree have perished: —
 Thus *Habit* circumvents the soul,
 And blots the forms it cherished,
 Till in that subtle atrophy
 Heaven, earth, the heart,—have perished.

What then the *Past*? A faded strand,
 Perchance where memory turneth;
 The *Present*? A sahara's sand,
 Which still the scorched foot burneth;
 While an immitigable pit
 Is that *Future* whence none returneth.

LOUDLY ROARS THE TEMPEST.

LOUDLY roars the tempest,
 O'er sear nature beatlug;
 Loudly roars the tempest,—
 Time indeed is fleeting.

LOUDLY ROARS THE TEMPEST.

**What are joys and pleasures
In this world of sorrow ?
What are joys and pleasures,
Can they cheer the morrow ?**

**What are they but bubbles
On life's real sea ocean ?
Glittering airy bubbles,
Can they draw devotion ?**

**Yet there are—and many—
Those who do pursue them :
Tell me are there any,
Any that will rue them ?**

**What is life, but sorrow ?
Hope, but sore vexation ?
That—must fade tomorrow,
This—in expectation.**

**Is life then worth living,
Void of real pleasure ?
Life indeed was given,
Given as a treasure.**

**Is there aught to cheer us
In this vale of sorrow ?
Is there aught to cheer us,
Aught beyond to-morrow ?**

LOUDLY ROARS THE TEMPEST:

76

Wake, O sleeping lyre!
Wake in anthems glorious,
Sing, with heavenly fire,
Sing the LAMB victorious!

Yes, a crown most dazzling,
Those who seek shall gain it;
Yes, a robe of beauty,
Not a sin shall stain it.

Far beyond this ocean
Lies the Land of pleasure,—
Far beyond this ocean—
There lay up your treasure.

Time is ever gliding,
Ought it not be dearer?
Toward the goal we are sliding
Every moment nearer,

Here the sweetest flower
Knows but short endurance,
Fading in an hour,—
Say, is this assurance?

O lay up your treasure
Where can come no sorrow,
And joy beyond all measure
Shall be yours to-morrow.

RIDE FORTH AND CONQUER.

Is not life worth living,
 Though all ills come o'er us;
 Gail not worth receiving,
 With a crown before us ?

RIDE FORTH AND CONQUER.

RIDE forth and conquer, victorious **LORD!**
 Unsheathe the bright sword of thy glorious word,
 And sever the bands which are binding in night
 The nations that know not thy marvellous light.

Lo! the mouldering gods of the pagan shall shake,
 Lo! the kingdom of night to its centre shall quake;
 Their chains shall fall off, and thy people be free,
 To the desolate bounds of the uttermost sea.

O! arm of the **LORD**, which wast glorious of old,
 When Egypt relinquished the flock of thy fold,
 When thou leddest them forth through the desert
 and sea.—

Wake, O! arm of the **LORD**, and thy sons shall be
 free.

THE EARTH IS FILLED WITH
VARIED FORM.

THE earth is filled with varied form,
The trusting heart is fond and warm,
It bodes no ill, it dreads no storm,
And will not go to JESUS.

How needs it things of firmer base?
The earth is its abiding place,
It hath the goal, includes the race,
Why should it run to JESUS?

Hark! mutterings gather on the hills,
Heaven's azure face with blackness fills,—
Hath hope its shroud, and life its ills,
That men should seek to JESUS?

Then, by the gloomy hour dismayed,
Joys rise to cheat, and bloom to fade,
And woe unrolls its dismal shade,
And all is dim but JESUS.

With night opprest, with sadness worn,
Who lives to hear the prisoner mourn?
Ours — the neglected — sold in scorn,—
Compassion dwells with JESUS.

He smiles,—and lo the night is day,
 He speaks,—the fetters fall away,
 Immortal life pervades the clay,
 And praise begins to JESUS.

Cast by thy garment, lingering soul!
 And run to him who maketh whole;
 Rich grace shall be the staff and stole
 Of all who run to JESUS.

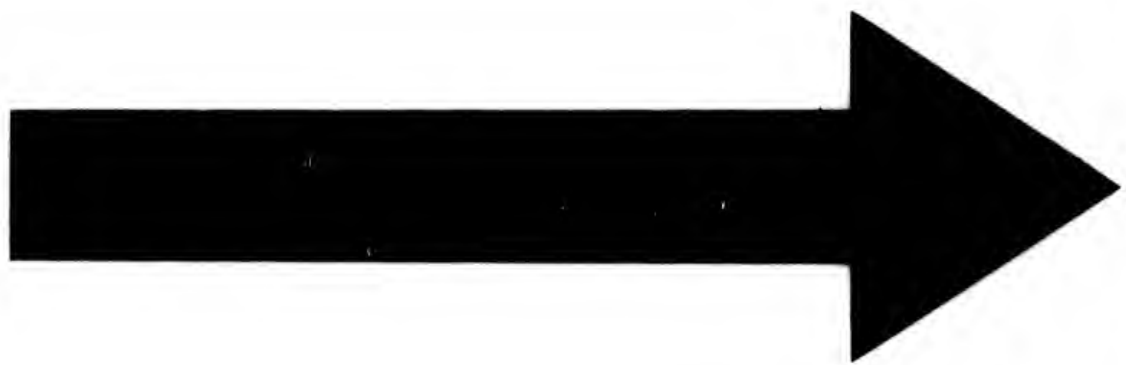
THE EARTH IS BEFORE THEE.

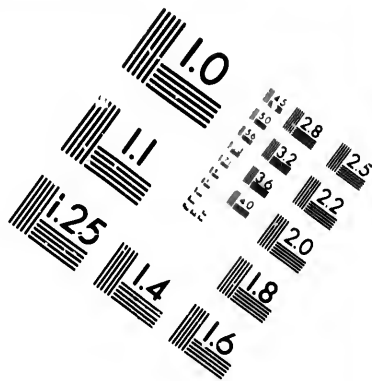
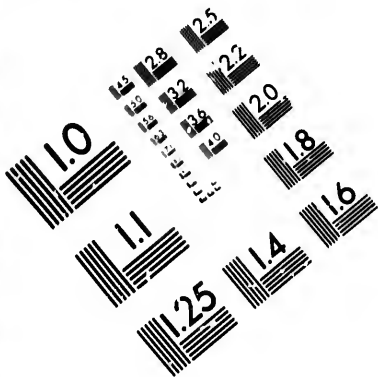
THE Earth is before thee,
 And where wilt thou rest?
 At the foot of the hill?
 On the mountain's proud crest?
 Wilt thou rouse the full power
 Which exists in thy soul?
 Or brood where the sighing brooks
 Pensively roll?
 Earth's days are all gems—
 Wilt thou pawn them away
 For the cheat of an hour?
 For the sloth of a day?
 For a heart free from care?
 And a garb free from poll?

Lo the careless wear rags,
And the mighty must toil.

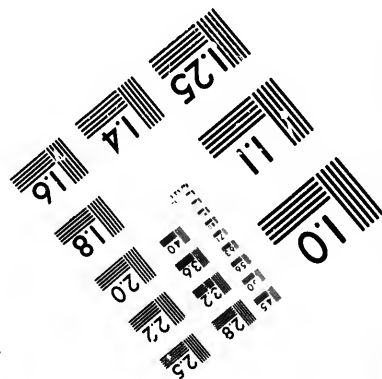
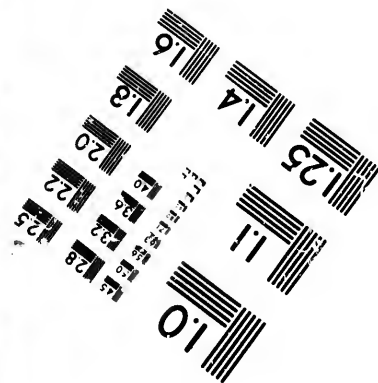
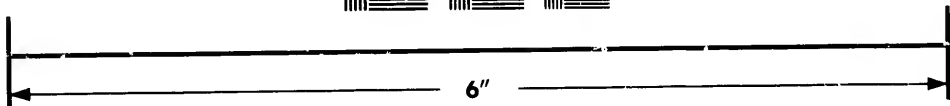
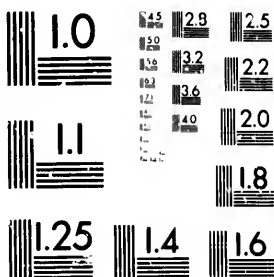
Upt upt stolid sleeper,
And rub off the rust
Which hath cankered the key
To thy casket of trust.
Wert thou sent to this world
To be groping in night?
With a chain on thy powers?
With a heart wearing blight?
While the gifts which thy FORMER
Intrusted, are made
Unreal—availless,—
A cavern of shade,
Where the golden sun shines not,
Nor morn's waking comes,
Where the bat and the owl
And dark death build their homes?

Not formed for a purpose,
Endowed as seened meet
To the MIGHTY ONE throned
In eternity's seat,
Thou hast much to accomplish,
Let much be thine aim;
Let the thoughts of thy heart
Be a sun-gathered flame.





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



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.5 2.8
3.2 2.5
3.6 2.2
4.0
8

10
1.5

COMMEMORATIVE.

Let the hope of that future,
 Which GOD doth invest
 With a glory and shadow
 A fear and a zest,
 Be quickened with toil,
 And be chastened with prayer,
 That thy god may bud forth,
 That thy branch yet may bear
 Such fruit as refreshes
 The pilgrims of years,
 Who toil in this valley
 And pathway of tears.

COMMEMORATIVE.

THE night of the grave hath shut over
 The promise and light of thy soul;
 And the green turf, which hides friend and lover,
 Hath closed with thy bell's mournful knoll.

With thy hope and thy fame, it was morning,
 The bud of thy youth had put forth;
 Disease had not spoken its warning,
 Nor calumny wounded thy worth.

Those blightings which visit man's dwelling,
Unharmful thy spirit had past;
And thy heart of affection was swelling
With a trust which we trusted would last.

O how hath the gifted one perished!
The strings of his lyre are unbound,
And the friendship affection had cherished,
Hath kissed the dark dust of the ground.

Time's shadow can claim no reviving;
All, all is most mute in the tomb:
There none for the mastery is striving,
And only destruction shall bloom.

Had years been allotted thy spirit,
Earth's records thy name had upborne;
But death has enshrouded thy merit;
And those who have known thee must mourn.

So uncertain is life in its glory,
So certain our heritage—death:
To-day but repeats the sad story,
Existence seems only a breath.

How quickly some enter the portal
That leads from this strange world of dreams:
Trust in CHRIST, and thou shalt be immortal,
Where glory is all that it seems.

THE LAND OF GLORY.

THE LAND OF GLORY.

There's a land of richest beauty, in glory hid away,
Where the weary are at rest evermore.

There the ransomed ones are singing, they sweetly
singing say, —

The sorrows of a toilsome world are o'er.

They strike the harps of gold

With ecstasy unold,

Brightly glowing in the everlasting day;

And the memories of their journey, to golden joys
unfold,

As they talk of their trials by the way.

Say whence have ye journeyed? We are from the
vale of tears —

That low and dangerous valley walled with
gloom.

With light there mingled shadow, through all the
heavy years,

But we left it at the entrance of the tomb.

O yes! we left the gloom

At the passage of the tomb,

And dwell in dazzling splendor evermore.

In the mansions of our FATHER, we have found
abundant room;

And gladness—even an overwhelming store.

How entered ye this glory? It was JESUS brought us here.

He loved us with an everlasting love.
To accomplish our redemption, in that world he did appear;

Having bowed the very highest heaven above.
He bore the extremest loss—
Even loved the cruel cross,
To ransom us from thralldom we were in;
Encircled us with favor and refined us from our dross
Gave holiness, and took himself our sin.

He raised us and we marvel. O was ever grace so great!

And what could lovingkindness have done more?

**We are his for everlasting, heirs of his vast estate,
And joyfully we serve him and adore.**

We bless him for his word,
The sure promise of the LORD,
Which is mightier than sin and death and hell.
We bless him for the earth, which with heavenly things was stored:

We love him—for he first loved us so well.—

Come, brothers, now be joyful, though we're in the vale of tears,—

This low and dangerous valley walled with
gloom.

With light there mingles shadow, through all the
heavy years,—

We shall leave it at the entrance of the tomb.

Yes. we shall leave the gloom

At the passage of the tomb,

And dwell in radiant glory evermore;

And the rod which kindly chastened us,— like
Aaron's rod will bloom.

Laid up before our FATHER on that shore.

There is boundless joy before us, there is safety
even here,

For the LORD our faithful keeper slumbers not.
Then press on through light and shadow, until we
at last appear

Midst the countless ones his precious blood has
bought.

Safe is his gracious word,

Salvation's of the LORD,

For he alone has vanquished death and hell;
And life to us, and honor to his FATHER'S laws
restored:

And he will raise us up with him to dwell.

DO GOOD FOR EVIL.

AH, why should hatred stir up hate?
And wrong provoke envenomed wrong?
Retaliation, watching late,
O'erthrows itself—in evil strong.

Do good for ill, do good to all:
This heavenly mandate if obeyed,
Would from each cup extract the gall,
And strip the earth of half its shade.

REVENGE.

THOU hast been wronged? Well—let it pass,
'Tis but an atom of the mass
Which every day's experience brings
Of this bad world's perplexing things.
The natural heart with all its show
Conceals a bitter fount below.
Alas—alas! the poisoned spring,
Yet—and again, is issuing.

Would'st thou retaliate? Ah no:
Be noble, let it not be so:

REVENGE.

'Twere most unworthy of this state,
In which 'tis thine to watch and wait,
To bear—fornbear, be gentle—kind;
To others' fallings almost blind:
Returning good even when unsought,
And suffering ill but doing not.

And would'st thou still that wrong resent?
And know'st thou not thou shalt repent
In this a double injury
Inflicted on thy foe and thee?
Because he errs, should'st thou too err?
Forgive and be the happier:
Resentment is thy dearest foe,
Armed to the teeth to lay thee low.

O inconsiderate mortal! pause,
Think of thy MAKER'S broken laws.
Each passing day has left its stains,
And yet the HOLY ONE refrains.
And wilt thou still the more provoke
Until his dreadful anger smoke?
Forgive and pray to be forgiven:
So shalt thou live and enter Heaven.

L O N E L Y .

LONELY—lonely,—
I am lonely and sad :
The dreams of my heart have perished,
The visions which it cherished,
 Visions golden and glad.
 Brief—but how beautiful !
Their brightness hath passed away :
Like clouds of eve they faded :
And the night is heavily shaded,
 Its shadows have scarce a ray.

Sadness—sadness,—
It presses my nerve and brain :
A weight how sluggish and weary !
Which busy thought may vary—
 Must vary—to sustain.
 O wasteful Child of earth,
Lift unto HEAVEN thy love :
There nestle the only pleasures,
The only unfailling treasures :—
 That bliss no change shall move.

HOPE IN GOD.

HOPE, hope, and the thickest shadow
Will pass—pass like the night away;
Like a vision of cloud from July's meadow,
Like the mantle of snow in April's day.

Give not thy heart for a fountain of sorrow,
Nor thy cheek to be channelled by brooks of
woe:
Not of the past nor the future, borrow
A fardel of ill or a tomb-like show.

Not for these things was being given,
Not for such things is grace bestowed;
An angel is near thee—an angel of heaven,
To strengthen thy heart and to bear thy load.

Hope, for the FATHER OF MERCIES hath offered
His love in the gloomiest hour to thee:
There is life—life in the blessing proffered,
And the golden links of eternity.

