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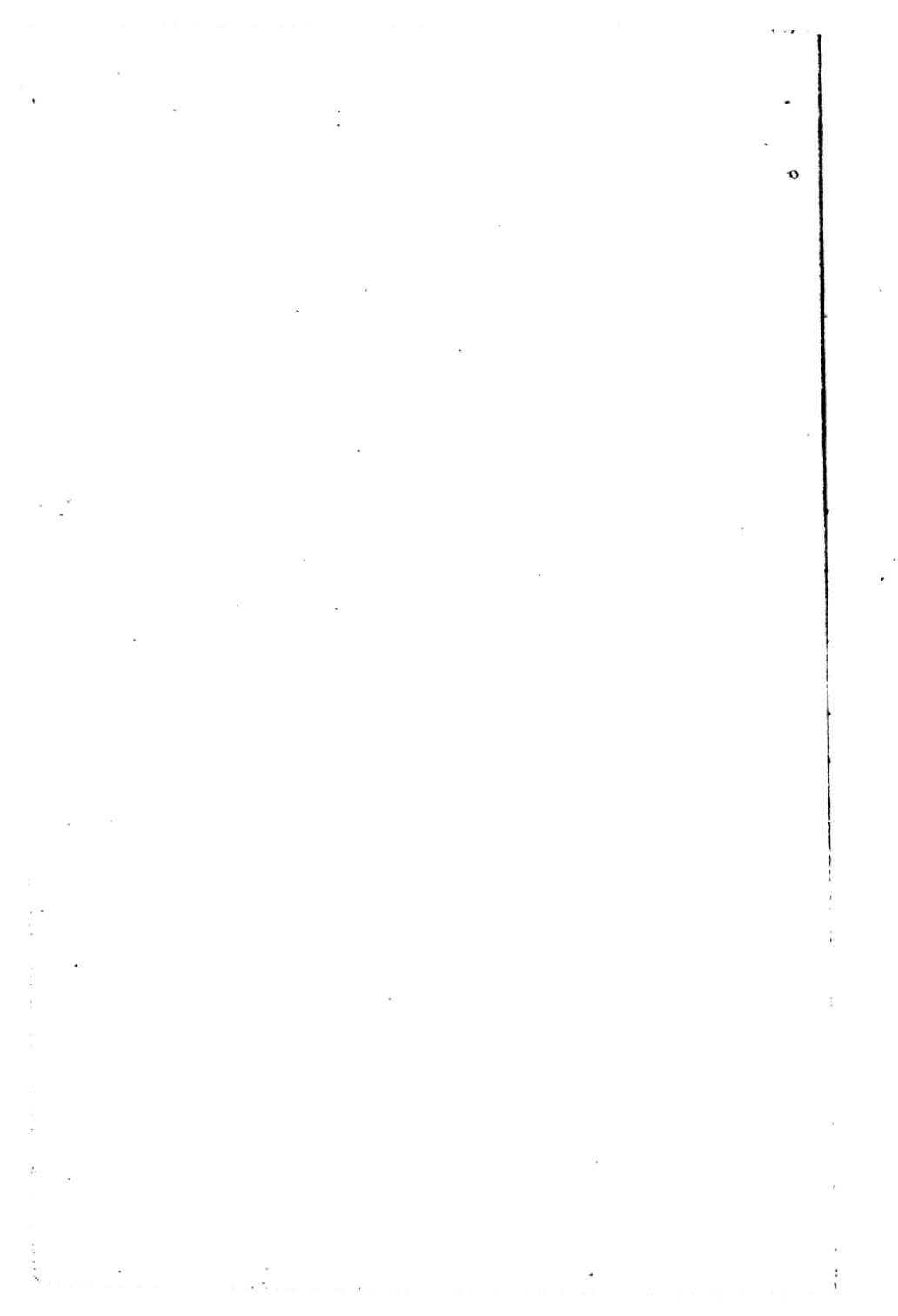
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# P O E M S,

BY AUGUSTA BALDWIN,

ST. JOHNS, CANADA EAST.

-----  
"I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me."  
-----

TUPPER.

Montreal :  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOVELL,  
ST. NICHOLAS STREET.  
1859.

68722

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Entered, according to the Act of the Provincial Parliament, in the  
year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, by AUGUSTA  
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# Dedicated

(BY PERMISSION)

TO THE REV. JOHN IRWIN, A.M.

REV. SIR,

I (with the rest of the members of St. James's Church) am most sincerely happy in the anticipation of your residence among us as our Pastor; and I trust this small expression of welcome may not be considered unworthy of your regard. Will you accept this small offering from the orphan daughter of your predecessor, who hopes long to see you the dispenser of the word of life in this parish, and that yourself and family may spend many happy years in that home which is endeared to her as her birth-place?

I am,

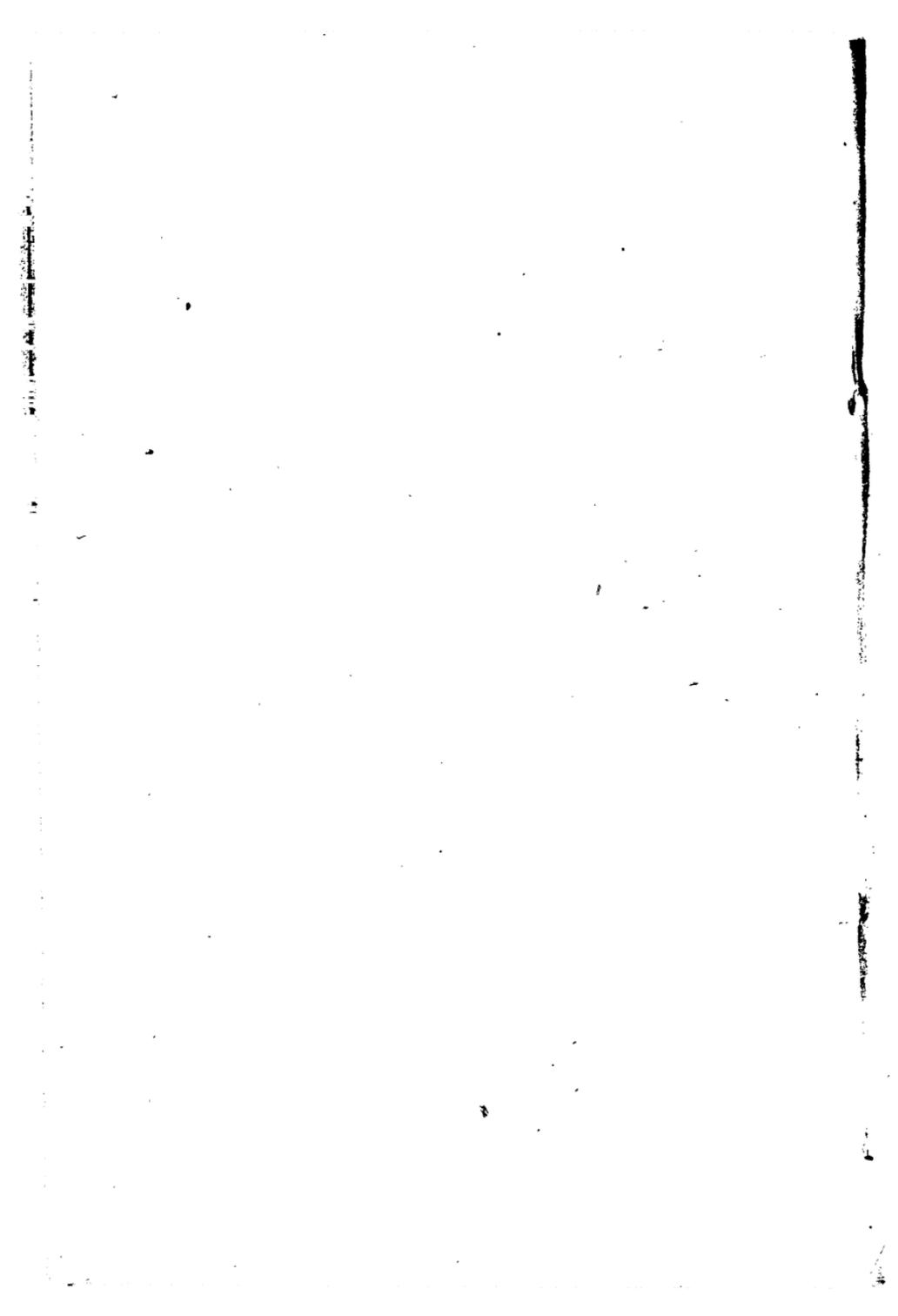
Rev. Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

AUGUSTA BALDWIN.

ST. JOHN'S, C.E.,

15th April, 1859.



## ADDRESS TO READERS.

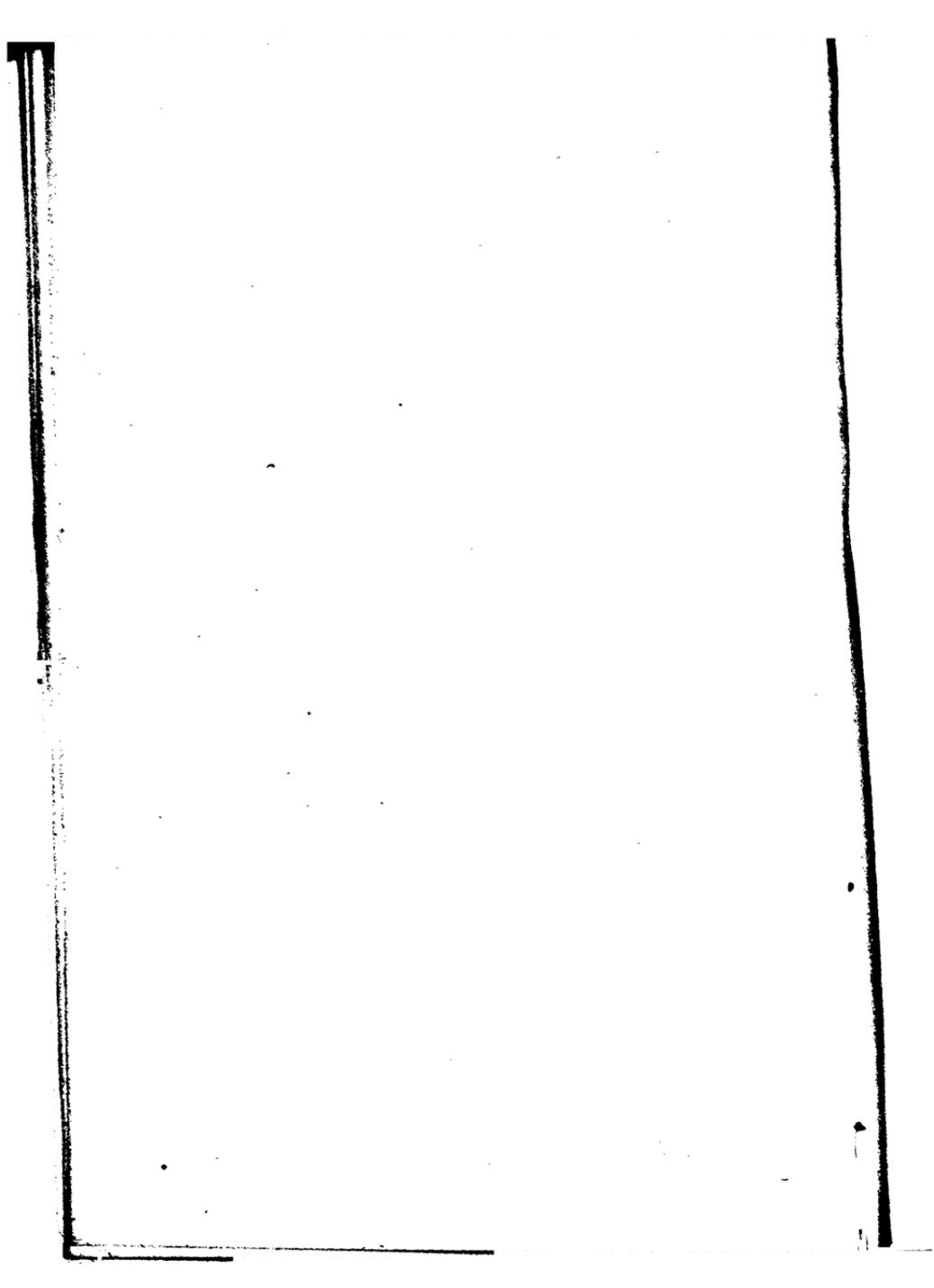
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As I unfold my humble strains due to nature's beauties and give the effusions which have cheered my lonely hours, I trust the kind and generous of my native land will surely not see an unwomanly pretension in so unstudied a work. Not having for a long time any intention of publishing a *book*, I wrote as the impression of the moment might dictate, and as a resource among a limited number of recreations. I beg leave to mention, that some of my *early* productions will be found interspersed through the work. In a more elaborate effort, I might have done *less*, though some defects might have been obviated: a studied style is apt to subside into coldness and formality.

I lay, then, my little work before you, as it were the offering of friendship; and bid you, for the present, a cordial farewell.

A. B.

15th April, 1859.



# P O E M S.

~~~~~

## THE WILLOW-TREES.

Sweet trees, how oft, in early years,  
I've sat beneath your quiet shade,  
Ere life was clouded o'er with tears,  
Or one sweet flow'r had learn'd to fade!

There infant sports and childhood's glee  
Were heard through many a summer day;  
Then ev'ry heart from grief was free,  
And life was robed in hues of May.

There first the Sabbath morning gave  
Its lesson from the sacred word;  
And as we view'd your branches wave,  
We learn'd the love of Christ the Lord.

There, when the early morning rose,  
Our father sought his own lov'd seat;  
And oft, at dewy ev'ning's close,  
He trod that undisturb'd retreat.

Then converse lit the passing hour  
With joy no other time hath worn ;—  
What's sweeter than the spring-time flow'r.  
Or lovelier than the light of morn !

When rustling in the trembling breeze,  
A whip'ring melody you sung,  
I learn'd from you, sweet willow-trees,  
The music that through nature rung.

Still, still you sing, and still you wave  
Your boughs, as in those days of yore :  
But some are gone ;—oh, stranger, save  
One for my grave,—I ask no more.

---

THE BLOSSOMS OF THE SPRING.

Sweet are the fragrant blossoms of the spring,  
And, as I pass, to me a thought they bring,  
Pure and delightful from the trees they bear,  
An odour wafted by the morning air ;  
And oh, how fair their colours as they shine  
Dipp'd in the early dews,—thus, heart of mine,  
Ere yet the griefs of life had o'er thee press'd,  
Sweet hopes and happiness so kindly bless'd ;  
As pure and fair as these sweet flowers of spring,  
So soon to die,—the tempest's offering !

## THE BIRD'S RETURN.

I hear the music-tones of spring  
In the sweet song and flut'ring wing  
Of faithful birds, that seek once more  
Their summer home on the woodland shore.  
They love, still love, the shaded spot;  
Nor are the sunny hours forgot  
When through the leafy boughs they sprung,  
And notes of joy and rapture sung;  
When from the flowers they sipp'd the dew,  
And o'er their plumes the bright waves threw;—  
The freshness of the morning dawns,  
The social tune 'mid dewy lawns,  
The noontide rest, the evening flight,  
'Mid fragrant airs and soften'd light.  
What though the verdure's seen no more?  
Still, oh still, on the leafless shore  
A beauty e'er for them appears;—  
Thus mem'ry every scene endears.  
O'er ev'ry flowret of the past,  
Though blight o'er all their beauty's cast,  
It comes from joys that bloom in vain  
To sing above their graves again.

## THE SABBATH MORNING.

It is the Sabbath's morn ! a deep repose  
On forests, hills, and streams so calmly rests.  
The air a momentary music breathes,  
Faintly and sweetly, wafting the perfume  
Of trees and flowers, whose sunny leaves are bright  
After the evening shower. The list'ning ear  
Perchance may catch the distant rush of waves  
Mournfully sighing where the forests shade  
Their gently-flowing waters ; yet it bears  
A sound so soothing, that it lulls to rest  
Each troubl'd feeling. Peace, like falling dew,  
From heaven descends, to brighten and refresh.  
The morning's varied hues that deck the sky  
Cast o'er the earth the sapphire's golden light ;  
The sun on high, from his majestic throne,  
Arrays the vale in brightness. Faintest mist,  
While all is radiance round, obscures the hills ;  
Yet, while that glorious orb above is shining  
O'er the unclouded heavens, can we heed  
The distant haze, though beauty far away  
By its sad veil is hidden ? I rejoice,  
And still will trust in thee, O Lord of good,  
While the Sun of Righteousness divine  
Shines grace resplendant, though the way be dark

That bounds my vision ! Soon the mist is pass'd ;  
Soon, oh soon, will death, which is the veil  
That hides eternity, be drawn aside,  
And then will perfect bliss and knowledge be  
The gift of those who love Thee.

Glorious nature ! Holy peace is here.  
Sweet is the Sabbath's rest. Far brighter hues  
Than e'er deck'd temples in the Eastern clime  
When Solomon was king, now robe the sky.  
Harmonies arise, and praise is heard,  
By ear and spirit, richer than the notes  
From stringed harps : a spiritual hymn  
Ascends to heaven. The world's a temple  
Reared by God's own hands. Our hearts awake  
To ev'ry holy feeling. Nature calls  
The spirit to devotion. Let us join  
The universal anthem ! Praise to Thee,  
To Thee, O God of love, Thy grace inspires.  
Oh, let no cloud of sin or care obscure  
The sacred joy Thy presence now hath given ;  
Nor may my heart's submission prove as fleet  
As yon exhalance of the morning's tears.

## THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

The evening shades are spreading  
O'er the wild-woods ; far away  
The star of evening brightly shines,  
Bidding farewell to day.

Oh, fair Zohara, best-lov'd star  
Of all the worlds of light,  
How bright art thou in loveliness,  
Within the dome of night !

In this sweet hour of rest and peace,  
While mem'ry folds her wing,  
Oh, come, devotion, trim thy lamp,  
And round thy radiance fling.

Above, where light ethereal dwells,  
Thy purer rays ascend ;  
Now on my weary, fainting heart  
The soft reflection bend.

The wave that high above the vale  
In crystal foam arose,  
Now in the gentle shade below  
Glides on in soft repose.

The same pure stream that seeks the vale  
Has glitter'd bright above;  
Thus, as my high aspirings rise,  
Be all my joys and love.

Oh, as the pure wave far on high  
Reflects the light of heaven,  
So may their humbler flow be blest,  
And God's own smile be given.

---

LINES.

Why do I love the evening star,  
That shines in loneliness afar?  
Why do I love the wild-wood flower,  
And the pensive gloom of the twilight hour?  
Why do I love the soothing song  
Heard in the breeze as it sighs along?—  
Th' unvaried rush of the woodland stream,  
Sweet, yet confused, like a happy dream?  
Why do I love the roseate light  
That decks the sky at evening's close?  
Why do I love the clear moonlight,—  
The dew that glistens on the rose?  
Why love I all things bright and fair?  
Because our God is everywhere.

## NIGHT.

*(Written in Early Spring.)*

Solemn art thou, O Night,  
When o'er the heavens thy sable vesture reigns ;  
Mournfully soft in light,  
E'en in their grandeur, are thy starry trains.

Pensive thy silent skies  
When mists and clouds do veil their lofty zone ;  
And sad the wind's faint sighs  
When o'er the hills they sweep with sullen moan.

Dark are thine hours, O Night,  
When leafless trees are wailing 'mid the blast ;  
Nor seems the moon as bright  
Since o'er the earth the summer leaves are cast.

The cheerful songs are gone ;  
The summer's music never more we hear ;  
A far-off stream alone  
Lends its lone echo to the list'ning ear.

Is it the same sweet stream  
That was my ev'ning music when the night  
Was fairer than a dream ?  
It is the same !—the hours return so bright !

And thus, when all is fled,—  
The fairness, brightness, beauty, of our days,—  
    May hope's soft voice be sped,  
With all its sweet and thrilling melodies.

---

## MEMORY.

The glorious sounds of day were hush'd to rest.  
    Except the sighing wind through forest trees,  
And gentle ripples o'er the streamlet's breast,  
    The harp of nature now was still ; but these  
Low-murm'ring echoes of the south wind seem'd  
The farewell notes, as far away they stream'd,  
Whisp'ring their mournful cadence ; and the thought  
Sweet bygone melodies to mem'ry brought.

Far o'er the sky, unclouded in its hue,  
    The morning light, reflecting from afar,\*  
Its varied, shifting, sunny visions threw,—  
    Bright too, yet mournful as the lonely star.  
Thus mem'ry's light from fair and distant things  
A gentle radiance to this sad home brings.  
Oh, star of mem'ry, bright in loneliness,  
Still shed thy lustre round, still shine and bless !

---

\* An allusion to the Aurora Borealis, by many believed to be the reflection of the sun's rays on the North Seas.

## SIMILITUDES IN NATURE.

Come, let us stray afar

Beside the gushing stream :

Soft shines the first bright star,

Like hope in love's sweet dream.

The mellow light is fading

From the waving woods away,

And the rustling boughs are shading

The lone paths where we stray.

The golden hues of even,

Whose rich refulgence cast

Such glory o'er the heaven,

How swiftly are they past !

Oh, may our happy feelings

Be never shaded o'er ;

But we may find revealings

Of our fates upon the shore.

The varied earth, stars, skies,

Our destinies can tell :

The secret in a flower lies,

Could we but read it well.

Who would try the magic art,

When e'en the bud that blows

Speaks of the lonely breaking heart,—

*The summer's last sweet rose.*

Who would doubt of holy love,  
Or name it but a dream ?  
The light that shines in heaven above  
Is mirror'd in the stream.  
Wildly breaks the foaming sea  
O'er rocky cliffs in vain ;  
Great life's trials all may be,  
Yet break they friendship's chain ?

These " everlasting hills " arise  
Like green encircling walls ;  
Serene and cloudless are the skies,  
While scarce a zephyr falls.  
They speak of home and soft repose,  
And of the heavenly rest  
Where " not a wave of sorrow flows  
Across the peaceful breast."

In beauteous nature not in vain  
A harmony is found ;  
By sympathy it strikes " the chain  
Wherewith we're darkly bound."  
To those who love, or deeply feel,  
The poet's powers are given ;  
All bliss and beauty they reveal,  
And upward point to heaven.

## THE RETURN OF SPRING.

The song of spring returns !  
And ev'ry lovely thing  
For which my weary spirit yearns  
Is sweetly blossoming.

And in the waves' low tone,  
In their awaken'd flow,  
The welcome voice of joys long gone,  
Doth whisper sad and low.

And every sound doth find  
An answ'ring echo still ;  
Sweet music breathes upon the wind  
And echoes o'er the hills

The waters soft reply,  
And flow'rs and sunny trees  
All gently answer every sigh  
That floats upon the breeze.

And while all nature sings,  
And all around is fair,  
Oh, may the joy this season brings  
Dispel each earth-born care !

## THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

This lovely earth, which man, when pure, had found  
A paradise, was now by sin's dark power  
Reigning supreme, resounding with the voice  
Of the oppressor, and the sad laments  
Th' aggriev'd so vainly rais'd. As a cloud,  
Iniquity o'ershadow'd every mind ;  
Their view was darken'd to the beauty seen  
In holiness ; and unbelief's dark chain  
Had bound them fast : yet then, yet even then,  
When sin had reign'd to death, and over all  
The evil spirit spread his with'ring power,  
Our God e'en then, as if to show a love  
Unfailing for the sinful, sent his son,  
The promis'd Saviour, to give light and life !

Night's shady robe had veil'd the Eastern land ;  
Yet in the field the watchful shepherds staid  
To guard their flock, when there appear'd to them  
An angel from on high. Oh, hear the words  
That gentle spirit breath'd ! What joy, what hope,  
The heart believing feels as those soft sounds  
Fall on the list'ning ear ! " Fear not," said he :  
" Good tidings of great joy to you I bring,  
And they shall be to all : to you, this day,  
In David's city, is a Saviour born."

Hear, hear the words that sweetly publish peace,  
Impartial love, and mercy, to mankind !  
Oh, hear, and let not doubt its shadow cast  
Upon that hope which Heaven has given to man !  
Oh, for an angel's voice to sing the song  
Of bliss my spirit feels !—my praise is vain.  
Well might celestial beings from above  
Descend to shout the anthems of glad joy,—  
To celebrate with praise to God the birth  
Of Him ordain'd "the way, the truth, the life,"  
The Saviour of the lost. It well became  
The heavenly host to speak those rapturous words,  
As the bright future which the gospel brings  
Was all reveal'd ! In harmony they said,  
"Glory in the highest to our God,  
Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind !"

The flag's triumphant folds, as years pass on,  
Are slowly drooping, and then all the world  
In sacred amity will soon be join'd.  
Knowledge, rich treasure, lights the mind obscur'd,  
Bringing sweet happiness, with hope, to man ;  
It points to God as father, and reveals  
His love, his wisdom ; and we learn to trust  
In him, the Almighty Ruler, and our hearts,  
O'erflowing with grateful praise, are nearer bound  
To all around us. Light and joy and peace

Are dwelling in the plains ; the wilderness  
Is blooming as the rose. As the waters  
O'er the broad sea, will knowledge spread her beams,  
Till all from great to small shall know the Lord !

---

## LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

Love never sleeps :  
Its watch it keeps  
Through life's most stormy hours ;  
O'er joy it reigns,  
In grief sustains,  
And scatters ceaseless flowers.

It is the stream  
That gives a theme,  
A thought, a spring, a blessing ;  
Like stars of light,  
Unchang'd and bright,  
All hearts its joy possessing.

All sound is fill'd,  
All nature's thrill'd  
With love's harmonious measure ;  
In ev'ry heart  
It forms the part  
Of life's own dearest treasure

## GOD IS HERE.

“ All Thy works praise Thee.’

Go forth and view the boundless sky  
Array'd in glorious hues on high ;  
Behold the stars that shine above ;—  
All, all proclaim that “ God is love.”  
For nature's voice in ev'ry tone  
Gives glory to our God alone,  
And all his works proclaim his pow'r,  
E'en to the humblest wild-wood flow'r.  
His voice is heard in all that here  
From nature's harp falls on the ear.  
The roaring thunder speaks his might ;  
The sun that rises warm and bright ;  
The moon, whose soft and beauteous ray  
Succeeds the splendours of the day ;  
The ocean's sigh, and cat'ract's roar ;  
The music on the streamlet's shore ;  
The boundless forest's deep repose ;  
The beauties of the evening's close ;  
The very air that passes by  
A feeling sweet brings with its sigh,  
That calms the stormy, trembling breast  
Like some sweet spirit whisp'ring rest.  
All speak this truth that God is here ;

His presence brightens all our sphere.  
Love's gentle spirit dwells below,  
The light of life, the balm of woe !  
In all that's lovely, bright, and fair,  
The spirit of our God is there !

---

## THE SUMMER MORNING.

Soft are the gentle sounds that sweetly breathe  
Music o'er hills and glens at early day ;  
'Tis heard where streams their limpid waters wreathe,  
And louder sounds as brighter glows the ray  
That sheds such glorious lustre o'er the sky,  
And decks with light effulgent woods and bowers,  
Whence springs the hymn, whose latest, faintest sigh  
Is in the air that sweeps the fragile flowers !

Music is everywhere ! it seems the praise  
Of grateful nature to its God on high ;  
And e'en the desert joins its mournful lays,  
And sends its anthem to the list'ning sky.  
My spirit would unite its feeble powers,  
Blest with a beam from heaven's own holy shrine ;  
Oh, as the morning sun illumines the hours,  
Thus brighter glow, ye rays of grace divine !

## THE WAVE.

Oh, thou pure wave that murmurs on the shore,  
Thy crystal waters smiling in the sun,  
On thy far way didst thou in tempests roar,  
And who pass'd o'er thee since thy course begun ?  
Thou hast shone at morn,  
Thou hast slept at eve,  
Where hearts were joyful  
And where sad ones grieve !

Oh, thou pure wave that glitters on the strand,  
What hast thou witness'd on thy vari'd way ?  
Bore ye a father from his native land,  
Or a fond daughter from her home away ?  
Has th' wide snowy sail  
Glided o'er thy light,—  
Fair forms in thy coolness  
Repos'd with delight ?

Oh, thou proud wave that rests beneath this shade,  
Hast dash'd the vessel on the rock-bound shore ?  
Were struggling forms beneath thy power laid ?  
Didst thou receive them to return no more ?  
Thou didst wildly rush,  
Thou didst echo loud  
The wind's stormy voice,  
And ye prov'd their shroud !

Oh, thou pure wave that lies in perfect rest,  
Didst thou dance as the gay ones o'er thee pass'd ?  
Didst thou shine as they laugh'd upon thy breast,  
Or wast a foe with the wild, sudden blast ?  
    Thou hast wash'd the caves  
    Where murderers dwell ;  
    Hast sigh'd where the loving  
    Have said their farewell !

Oh, thou still wave that cools my trembling hands,  
A prouder life was thine upon the sea ;  
The ships of war thou bore from far-off lands,  
And merchant vessels, all have liv'd on thee.  
    What hast thou mirror'd ?  
    The north polar-star ?  
    Hast thou leap'd in the light  
    Of western suns far ?

Oh, thou sweet wave, whose latest murmur's heard,  
Could thou relate all that has o'er thee sprung !  
We may not hear from thy proud silence word ;  
But with the winds hast thou in concert sung.  
    Rest thee, O thou wave,  
    Till the breezy day  
    Wakens thee again  
    To hasten on thy way !

## THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL:

Behold on Sinai's awful height  
The thunder and the flame! →  
More glorious is the gospel light,  
And Love and Peace its name.

The fearful voice from Sinai's hill  
My trembling soul would slay ;  
But Christ did all the law fulfil,  
And heaven is mine to-day.

Praise to the Lord ! from sin and hell  
By his deliv'rance free,  
With Christ in glory we may dwell  
Through all eternity !

---

  
DEATH.

Is death the king of terrors ? In the night,  
In midnight silence, I have dream'd of death.  
It seem'd to me a spirit calm and bright,  
Soft, shadowy, and serene : its gentle form  
Led not to darkness ; but through ethereal space.  
Where all was light and freedom,—all was peace.

## SUMMER SCENES.

## I. MORNING.

Resplendant light illumes the eastern sky,  
Ere yet the glorious sun appears on high ;  
Aurora blushes, and a roseate hue  
Decks the blue sky and paints the early dew ;  
The clear waves mirror the soft golden rays ;  
A gentle breeze in ev'ry green tree plays ;  
The graceful branches all obedient bend,  
And to the air the flow'rs their odour lend.  
The gentle murmur of the stream is heard  
In the sweet silence, and each waking bird  
Proclaims the morning with its sweetest song ;  
The silent echoes wake, and then along  
The æriel space they wing their happy way,  
And, through the wild-wood groves, far, far they stray.  
A happy life is theirs ! they roam the earth ;  
The sylvan forests echo with their mirth ;  
Content and bless'd with powers far to fly,  
And, when stern winter's storms obscure the sky,  
The sunny south invites them there to roam  
Till gentle spring returns the warblers home.  
Sweet, happy birds ! ye soon will leave this shore ;  
Some other land afar ye will explore.  
Ye never know what desolation means,

So gay, so bright, where'er ye stray, the scenes.  
Ah! this is happiness man may not taste :  
He soon must see this verdure all laid waste :  
Farewell to thee! sing on, sweet warblers, sing ;  
We soon must part until the budding spring.  
Oh, beauteous morn ! delightful hour ! how sweet,  
In this soft silence, in this calm retreat,  
To view the glowing landscape at my feet.  
The sunshine glitters in each waving tree ;  
Like gems the dew-drops all appear to me ;  
The cloudless sky is deeply blushing still,  
And, rolling slow, the mist ascends the hill.  
Glad sounds are heard, and silence now no more  
Makes sweet the music on the rocky shore ;  
The rapids flow swift on their foaming way ;  
We hear them not, for now 'tis perfect day.  
The bleating flocks are playing in the fields,  
And bounteous nature her rich produce yields  
'Neath the deep scythe, by man's industrious aid ;  
And through the meadow trips the singing maid  
With health and beauty in her form ; and round  
The open doors, and on the fruit-strewn ground,  
The laughing children play. The shell doth sound,  
And now they haste away !

The lovely morn

Is past. The noontide sun refolds the golden corn ;

The fresh'ning air subdues the mid-day heat,  
And I will rest me on this shaded seat.  
Sweet morn, farewell! to me thou now hast given  
Health and a joyous heart: my praise to heaven.

---

## SUMMER SCENES.

## II. EVENING.

Calm is the evening. Not a ripple stirs  
The crystal waters of yon limpid stream,  
That blushes deep beneath the last bright ray  
The sun has left at parting, and which throws  
A lovely radiance round. Not e'en the breeze  
Ruffles a moment one pure tranquil wave,  
But breathes soft whisp'ring music through the woods,  
Bending the flowers on the mossy shores,  
And graceful willows o'er the silent brooks,  
To bathe in coolness there. Afar the hills  
Are glowing in the sunshine; while below  
O'er the low valley gentle evening casts  
Her veil of pensive shades. I love this hour  
Of melancholy calmness, for my heart  
Hath sympathy from nature. Oh, I feel  
No more my spirit's loneliness; no more  
I sigh for draughts to fill the longing mind,  
The bosom's emptiness. My spirit soars,

And seems to roam 'mid nature's loveliness,  
And in her beauties and her stillness finds  
Mysterious happiness. The gentle air,  
Laden with odour from the sylvan groves,  
Breathes bliss around me, and its low sweet voice  
Seems the soft whisperings of joy to soothe  
The weary heart; and softly peace descends,  
Lulls to repose the ruff'd waves of grief,  
Casts to oblivion every earthly thought,  
Making fair nature's solitudes appear  
Fraught with some bliss of heaven, for we feel  
The presence of Jehovah! His power is seen,  
His works proclaim him, and his voice is heard  
In nature's harmonies.

---

AMANDA.

She rests within her peaceful grave,  
Beneath th' o'ershadowing hill,  
Where forest-trees their branches wave,  
And flowers with perfume fill  
The trembling air, that never sweeps  
In tempests wildly there,  
But breathes its requiem while she sleeps,  
Like whisperings of prayer.

There morning through the autumn trees  
Sheds beams of fairest light ;  
Like hope, whose radiance never leaves  
The stricken in his blight.  
Her mem'ry thus doth shine for me  
From its pure heaven of love :  
All, all may fade, yet still will she  
Speak from her home above.

---

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

“When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great  
joy.” Matthew ii. 10.

Oh, may that star direct our way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
Where, undefil'd, we may find rest  
In the bright mansions of the blest.

Oh, “bright” and glorious “Morning Star,”  
Though great the clouds of darkness are,  
We will rejoice when thou “appear,”  
And when to glory we draw near ;  
Oh, blessed “Light,” direct our way  
To realms of everlasting day !

## LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ALBURGH.

Soft is the breeze that whispers through the flow'rs ;  
The waves' melodious murmur too we hear ;  
And light effulgent gilds the ling'ring hours,  
As sounds melodious touch the weari'd ear.

The solemn mountain rears its lofty crest,  
And hides its glory 'neath heav'n's ethereal cloud ;  
The dark trees on the shores do calmly rest,  
And evening's purple hues the east enshroud.

When far remov'd from thee, thou glorious scene,  
Mem'ry will treasure this sweet hour : farewell.  
Many lone days, like shades, must intervene  
Ere I one happy day near thee may dwell.

## LINES WRITTEN AT TWILIGHT.

Gently blow, gently blow,  
Wand'ring airs of silent night ;  
Seek the flowers where they grow  
Hidden from our yearning sight.

Viewless flower, in this hour  
Sweetly may thy fragrance fall,  
As the mem'ry of the loved  
Whom we never can recall.

## THE BEE.

Why leave the sunny glade, sweet bee,  
When ev'ry flower is bright,  
To dwell in this fair hour with me,  
In this secluded light ?

My casement's veil'd with flow'ry vines  
And beautifully o'erspread ;  
And here a forest-tree entwines  
Its branches o'er my head.

But shadowy light like this, sweet bee,  
Should never be thy home :  
Go rove among the flow'rs so free,  
And o'er the meadows roam.

Forth, forth she fled on buoyant wing ;  
I bade the bee farewell ;  
But heard at eve the insect sing,  
And found her in a shell.

Oh, lov'lier home, thou gentle bee,  
Has never yet been found ;  
I give the blushing bow'r to thee,  
With mosses cover'd round.

No rose that trembles in the breeze  
Had e'er a fairer hue,  
No cooler spot 'mong shady trees  
Has ever shelter'd you.

Here when the stormy winds arise  
Thou shalt securely dwell ;  
And music whispers in the sighs  
That tremble in the shell.

When morning lit the summer sky  
The bee came forth again ;  
I let her from my casement fly,  
Nor look'd for her in vain.

She ever faithfully came home  
To her own chosen nest ;  
Each morning she afar would roam,  
But come at night to rest.

When autumn stripp'd the rustling trees  
And summer's smile was gone,  
And winter whisper'd in the breeze  
And swept across the lawn,

I miss'd my gentle murm'ring bee,  
And sought her in her bower ;  
For well I knew, if she were free  
She'd not forget this hour.

I heard no softly-murm'ring sound  
    Within that deep-sea shell ;  
But, raising it, I quickly found  
    The bee I lov'd so well.

The sunny wings that in the morn  
    Had waken'd me from rest,  
In death's last struggle now were torn,  
    And folded o'er her breast.

I plac'd her in her shell again  
    And cover'd it with moss ;—  
None e'er my care shall seek in vain,  
    Or find my friendship lost.

---

HOPE.

Now on the stormy waves  
The quiet sun-beams pour their golden light.  
    What though the wild wind raves ?  
The troubl'd waters now to me are bright.

Thus far, my storm is past,  
As sweetest hope its fairest rays bestows :  
    May the refulgence last  
Till the dark waters tranquilly repose !

## THE ADIEU.

The hour is come, the shades descend,  
 Yet lovely glows the western sky ;  
 See how the lights and shadows blend ;—  
 Ah, we, dear friend, must say “ *Good bye.*”

The hopes, the fears, that robe this hour,  
 Alternate joy and sorrow give ;  
 But let us trust God’s ruling power,  
 And light shall cheer us while we live.

The early joys of life may perish,  
 Clouds may obscure the glowing sky ;  
 The moon will rise ;—oh, let us cherish  
 Undying hopes ;—my friend, “ *Good bye.*”

## OH, THEN I THINK OF THEE.

When the sun rises o’er the trees,  
 And nature from her sleep awakes,  
 And not a sound but the cool breeze  
 The deep, the soothing silence breaks,  
 Oh, then I think of thee !

When that glorious orb is sinking  
 In the glowing beauteous west,  
 By our willow-tree I’m thinking  
 Of thee, my own friend, dearest, best ;  
 Oh, then I think of thee !

At the sweet hour of evening's close,  
When the moon's rising in the sky,  
And all is sunk in deep repose,  
Except the wind's low pensive sigh,  
Oh, then I think of thee!

And in the tranquil hours of night,  
When not a sound or breath is giv'n,  
When softly beams the moon's pale light,  
My pray'r for thee ascends to heav'n ;  
Oh, then I think of thee!

---

THE CREATION.

Silence and darkness through the æriel space  
Reign'd in their grandeur. No moon or stars,  
With beam inspiring hope of brighter hours,  
Mov'd through the clouds ; but through the awful gloom,  
Above the waters of immensity,  
God mov'd ; and from his presence, at his word,  
The curtains of deep darkness from the deep  
Were lifted. The light, the light of heaven,  
Brought from the temple of eternal glory,  
Shone o'er the wide expanse ; the darkness fled,  
But to resume its place when God should bid  
Its sable veil to fall. He call'd it night.

Then the wide arch of heav'n, the sky serene,  
 Was rais'd, a firmament; the great waters slept,  
 And the broad sky look'd down upon their breast;  
 Then morning came, again to light the scene,  
 And the dark waters at the Lord's command  
 Roll'd back,—and from their bosom earth appear'd.  
 The gather'd waters God beheld, and, lo!  
 The new-born earth, with them, pronounced "good."  
 Then grass and herbs and trees, a gorgeous robe,  
 Deck'd the broad sterile soil, fresh, fair, and green;  
 And evening slowly wrapp'd the glowing scene,  
 And night reign'd on the waters.

"Let there be,"

The voice of God proclaim'd, "lights in the firmament,  
 That in the heavens they may mark the years,  
 And give to earth their radiance. Two shall reign:  
 The sun, the orb of day; the gentler light  
 To gleam a softness o'er the shades of night."  
 And through the vast expanse the stars appear'd.  
 The first sun sat: the moon with smiling beams  
 Lit the vast solitude of earth and heaven.

The glorious morning rose; and God, who made  
 All things so beautiful, now call'd forth life,  
 That joy might reign through the great wide world,  
 And all that breath'd the breath of life might praise him.  
 Then joyous life arose upon the seas,

And gentle songs of birds, ere man was made,  
Woke music's echo. Nature sang for joy !  
But not for these had the Creator made  
The lovely earth, the glowing lights of heaven !  
No ! rob'd in innocence, and nobly form'd  
In his Creator's image, man appear'd ;  
And all to him was giv'n,—a rich inheritance !  
Fair was his home in Eden ; sweet the joy  
Of love that beam'd upon him ; while above  
God's favor rested : joy was heard in heaven.  
The morning stars look'd down and sang together ;  
View'd all the glories of commencing time,  
And joyous shone, as, in their heavenly sphere,  
They rush'd upon their glorious course :  
They there shall shine until th' eternal sun,  
The Sun of Righteousness, dispels their beams,  
And never fade till time shall be no more.

---

ABSENCE.

The cloudless sun in beauty shone  
And brighten'd all the scene around ;  
And thus doth friendship from its zone  
Our path with light and joy surround.

But ah, that orb so bright is gone,—  
It sank beyond the cloudy west ;  
And thus when we are left alone,  
Our sky with gloomy clouds is dress'd.

And while receding from our view,  
Though brightly beam'd its parting smile,  
*The deeper ev'ry shadow grew,*  
Nor hope could one regret beguile.

And I have said Farewell to thee ;  
Thy smile has faded from my view ;  
Thine absence is deep gloom to me ;  
Ah ! might we never say Adieu !

---

ODE TO THE SEASONS.

The fresh spring-woods are green,  
And leaves are softly sighing ;  
And near and far are seen  
Views of hills, with waves between ;  
Their voices are replying  
To the sweet song  
Now heard among  
The lightsome branches flying !

The summer comes so gay,  
And brilliant fruits are shining ;  
The fields are rich in hay,  
'Tis nature's holiday,  
And flow'rs, their buds entwining,  
    Shed odours fair  
    Upon the air,  
The breeze the sweetest finding!

Now, like a noble queen  
O'er her past glory sighing,  
The autumn decks the scene,  
And changes the soft green  
    For glorious hues,  
    Which she doth choose  
To robe her hour of dying!

Over the mournful plain  
The stormy winds are blowing ;  
Winter abroad doth reign,—  
I hear his voice again ;  
Dark clouds above are snowing.  
    But ah, the frost  
    In light is lost!  
Hope lives though life is going!

## THE STREAM.

Oh, gentle stream that wanders free  
 Where peace so sweetly reigns,  
 Had I a lowly home by thee,  
 In these still flow'ry plains!  
 How would I love this humble spot,  
 This utter solitude!  
 By all but Heaven though forgot,  
 No care might here intrude.  
 In sweet seclusion's happy shade  
 I fain would wish to dwell;  
 Oh, would I now forever bade  
 The busy world farewell.

---

 THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Why did I love the sunlit leaves  
 That rustl'd on the greenwood tree?  
 Why did I love the shade beneath?  
 'Twas there we wander'd, thou and me,—  
 'Twas there! 'twas there with thee!  
 Why did I love the gentle veil  
 Of colour'd light on hill and lea,  
 When soften'd day began to fade?  
 'Twas thus we did the far-off see.  
 Thou, only thou and me!

And here again, while Autumn winds  
Disrobe the beauteous greenwood tree,  
And clouds obscure that scene afar,  
I stray alone, and think of thee,  
Beneath our own dear tree !

---

## OH, LONG A DARK AND THORNY ROAD.

Oh, long a dark and thorny road  
I travell'd ere I found true peace ;  
I thought my heart's desire was good,  
And yet my care could never cease.

The heart will lead us still astray ;  
Each righteous wish is from above ;  
And thus I heavy trod the way  
That else were joy and peace and love.

No more I rest on earthly stay,  
No more I trust my feeble powers :  
Christ is the true and living way ;  
Vain is the righteousness of ours.

While thee I seek, my Heavenly King,  
Earth fades, nor can allure me more :  
Thy mercy I will ever sing,  
Thy goodness I will still adore.

## A SKETCH OF LIFE.

While evening spreads her gentle shades around,  
And skies with glowing lights are brilliant crown'd ;  
While sighing winds sing low o'er yonder plain,  
And lighter music mingles with the strain ;  
While all above is silent, lovely, fair,  
And all below is noisy mirth or care ;  
While some are weeping o'er afflictions sent,  
And more are gay, on pleasure's schemes intent,—  
Blest with sweet peace, in unpretending state,  
Alone, I contemplate man's varied fate.

This is an hour when day withdraws her beams,  
And chilling frosts arrest the summer streams ;  
When wither'd leaves float through the mourning air,  
And honest labour rests, or bends in pray'r.  
Far from the throng whose lamp burns never low,\*  
The lonely mother bears her night of woe ;  
No quivering light may give to her fond gaze  
The features of the dying ; but she prays.  
Oh, poverty, a wretched fate is thine !  
The soul's deep sorrows with all want combine.  
Is it not so ? where poverty is found  
The sigh of anguish ever doth resound ?

---

\* An allusion to "The Watcher."

Behold that aged form in weakness bent ;  
She waits her daughter to the village sent ;  
She comes, but bears no life-sustaining food,—  
The broken branches of the dark pine-wood  
Alone are theirs! She, weeping, lights the fire,  
And sees her mother by the flame expire !

Now tell me, ye who sport away awhile  
So gaily in the world's uncertain smile,  
Would life be not made richer if ye knew  
Your wealth from sorrow had saved e'en a few ?  
Oh, sweeter far the kindness which bestows  
The needful help, than all that avarice knows.  
When call'd at death to leave this happy scene,  
Thou wilt remember what the past hath been ;  
And at the judgment 'twill not be forgot,  
Didst save the hungry or supply them not ?

The gloomy shades around the church are fled,  
And softest lustre o'er the altar's shed ;  
There stands a maiden by a faithful lover :  
They now depart, the spoken vows are over.  
Gay sounds proceed from yonder lighted hall ;  
Soft strains of music from its casements fall ;  
Light feet are dancing to the rapid measure,  
And ev'ry eye and ev'ry voice speaks pleasure.

See yonder dwelling, mansion of the fair,  
Where learning holds her rule supremely ; there  
The hours of study now give place to play,  
So priz'd, so dear, when gone the quiet day.  
Can any doubt that joyous tone of glee  
Springs forth from hearts from care and sorrow free,  
Ah ! wonder not that joy's unchequer'd light  
Should cause *them* to forget the sad to-night !

One would suppose this hour an hour of rest,  
When ev'ry one with quiet leisure blest  
Would now the spirit-longing search pursue,  
The search for truth, or warmly else renew,  
As evening spreads her soft, descending veil,  
Their wanderings through the new historic tale.  
But ah ! this hour sees the weary still  
With rigour all the day's long toil fulfil ;  
Then as the stroke of midnight dies away,  
Sink on their beds too weary far to pray !  
Can these be men ? to live without a thought  
Of Him who died for them, whose blood has bought  
Their ransom ? he who gave up heaven ?  
Can they not breathe one prayer to be forgiven ?  
Can they not "*watch one hour*" ? Is lux'rous ease  
A nobler theme and object far than these ?  
Go on and heap up riches, but you'll find  
'Tis vain t' enjoy them with an empty mind !

I cannot blame the poor for toiling on,  
When day, with all its vigour, long has gone.  
The honest purpose to fulfil their task,  
Or gain the price necessity must ask,  
May bind them to their labour by the light  
That "*goes not out*" through all the weary night.  
A blessing rests upon them, and the stain  
Of sordid avarice can not remain.  
Love for a wife or kindred makes it right,  
And sanctifies the labour. Moral light  
Beams on the sacrifice. The soul is free  
To place its hopes beyond the world we see!

I will not paint scenes of a diff'rent kind,  
Where sad ebriety defiles the mind ;  
Where every thought of God or good is lost,  
And idle souls in folly's whirl are toss'd !

But I would in this hour behold and see  
If wealth and grandeur are from sorrow free ;  
If gold can purchase friendship, joy, or ease,  
(Tis seldom riches *all alone* can please :  
The heart, the mind, require more than these.)

There is a mansion—but I will not paint  
A splendour where description would be faint.  
There all that can fastidious fancy please  
Graces within ; and flowers and sunny trees

Adorn the scene without : but all is cold.  
 'Tis like, to me, the fairy home of old  
 Where silence dwelt one hundred weary years :  
 Such is *such* splendour ; but at last appears  
 The love that chases all its gloom away.  
 'Tis come, that gentle presence ! will it stay ?  
 No ! as in the scene presented, 'tis alone,  
 And fruit and flower change again to stone :  
 Why, why is this ? she finds her bridegroom blind,  
 (At least to ev'ry virtue of the mind.)  
 Then vanity steps in and takes the reins ;  
 In discontent and anger he complains,  
 Not thinking he who makes his home *no home* \*  
 Gives full occasion to the fair to roam.

---

\* A critic's hand has warn'd me to correct  
 What I must truly own is a defect,—  
 That in this *little* sketch of human life  
 I've not brought in the careless, faithless *wife*.  
 In *one* short ev'ning you would fail to trace  
 All, all that in society takes place ;  
 And then *the length of this* may represent  
 That partly brain, and most—*my lamp was spent* !  
 (A *future* view may, more excursive, prove  
 How many are the principles that move !)  
 The thought did rise, but feeling said "forbear,"—  
 A sister's pen her own frail sex may spare ;  
 And heart doth grieve when home's bright hearth grows dim,  
 And *she* forgets the vows she made to *him*.

St. Johns, April 25, 1859.

And p'rhaps he seeks a vain fatiguing joy  
In those gay pleasures that dull time destroy !  
Then farewell, health and happiness and ease :  
Man is immortal, and these cannot please !

Oh, happier far the humbler state of those  
Who in contentment's quiet shade repose !  
Blest with a competence, they heed not care,  
But aid the poor, and hospitably share  
Their cheerful fireside with mutual friends,  
Where cultur'd mind with mind so sweetly blends.  
There sits calm industry with busy hands ;  
Those children learn to love the Lord's commands ;  
There every hope that cheers the human breast  
Makes life serene, and points to heavenly rest !

Oh, bless'd religion ! whate'er man's varied fate.  
'Tis thou alone canst make him truly great.  
Oh, guide us safe through every care and ill ;  
Teach us to know thee, and thy laws fulfil ;  
Where poverty bends with supplicating knee,  
May kind support and comfort flow from thee.  
Where riches raise their proud, imposing head,  
May gentle beamings of thy light be shed,  
Till, won to gaze on heavenly truths here giv'n,  
The heart be led to happiness and heaven.

And may the dreaded thunder of thy voice,  
 Which bids the humble spirit to rejoice,  
 Recall the wanderer from his dangerous way,  
 And teach returning sinners how to pray.  
 O'er all the land may truth divine be spread,  
 And ev'ry heart, by holy teachings led,  
 Seek higher joys than earthly things afford,  
 And give due glory to our risen Lord.  
 And may the power that sheds its heaven-born light  
 O'er many a dwelling in this land to-night,  
 Direct me still, and guard me lest I stray,  
 And guide the orphan on her lonely way.

---

THE POPLAR TREES.

Around our lowly cottage\*  
 The poplars threw their shade,  
 And I lov'd to hear at evening  
 The sounds the low winds made.

Oh, gently rustling branches,  
 How oft at "stilly night"  
 I've listen'd to your music  
 By the summer moon's soft light !

---

\* Our house at Clarenceville, occupied in the summer of 1847.

## TO HARRIET B——.

Knowest thou the flower that closes its bright eye  
Soon as the morning blushes in the sky ;  
But in the midnight darkness doth expand,  
To throw its fragrance o'er the silent land ?

E'en thus thy friendship, in the gloomy hour,  
Sheds sweeter odour than the night's own flower ;  
It bloom'd not for me when 'twas bright above,  
But gave in sorrow all its priceless love.

---

## THE SAILOR-BOY.

(Written at the age of 11 years.)

Far from his home, o'er the dark blue sea,  
No sound of earth or singing bird,  
But the bracing air, so pure and free,  
Amid the sails alone is heard  
By the young sailor, yet he lives  
A happy life ; his hours are cheer'd  
By such delight as freedom gives ;  
And when no danger can be fear'd,  
How gaily pass the sunny hours  
Upon the broad and glorious sea !  
And though he sees no more the flow'rs,  
Few are so happy, gay, as he !

1838.

## THE WINTER MORNING.

(Written in the winter of '39, after the cessation of the troubles in Canada.)

The white frost clinging to the leafless trees  
In the early sunshine sparkles brightly ;  
And pure and frosty is the fresh'ning breeze  
That waves the glit'ring branches lightly !  
And, firm and white  
To the dazzl'd sight,  
The spotless snow-banks now surround us ;  
And, loud and clear  
And far and near,  
The "merry sleigh-bells" ring around us !  
No cloud I see !  
All, all is glee !  
And brightness gems the snow-clad earth ;  
While o'er the stream  
The woodman's team  
Is swiftly driven !—all is mirth !  
The cheerful song and joyous laugh once more  
Are heard responded by the wooded shore ;  
And peace and gladness have resum'd their sway ;—  
Oh, may they never cease or fade away !  
And may each heart, for these great blessings given,  
Pour forth the prayer of thankfulness to heaven !

## THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

Spring's earliest rosy light with blushing beam  
Pours glorious lustre o'er the calm blue sky,  
And the wild flowers arise as the fair stream  
Swift from its icy bonds again sweeps by.  
Now light beams softly, nature speaks, and joy  
Bestows the bloom of life, and whispers rest ;  
And gentle dreams my lonely hours employ.  
Shall man still mourn when all around is blest ?

To winter's blast, to summer's earliest sighs,  
To silent plain, or streamlets' varied songs,  
To the deep thunder, or unclouded skies,  
To nature's glorious music, power belongs,  
To wake the mind, to call the wand'ring heart  
To solemn thoughts of its own destiny ;  
And ever may its heaven-born voice impart  
A hope to cheer us to our home on high !

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE SHORE AT ALBURGH.

Sweet stream, how thy pure waters rest  
Beneath the morning's cheerful light !  
The stormy waves with peace are blest,  
And fled the gloomy hours of night.  
So may the light of peace divine  
On me in beams of mercy shine !

## TO A FRIEND.

Now, while the waters of the waveless stream  
Utter no song beneath the zephyr's wing;  
Come let us wander 'neath the moon's pale beam,  
And far away all clouds of sorrow fling.

Oh, life has far too many lovely hours;  
Man should not mourn when nature is so fair;  
There is no sun! yet sweetly bend the flow'rs  
Refresh'd by dew-drops gently falling there.

No moment passes but a mercy's giv'n,  
No hour shaded but may be bless'd with peace;  
Care lives below, but ever bright is heav'n;  
Oh, may we praise and let our mournings cease.

---

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

(Given with a picture of a young man crossing the Alps.)

Behold the youth who hastens on  
O'er Alpine heights and foaming streams,  
But fixes all his hopes upon  
The goal of his fondest dreams.

So be thou blest amid life's storms;  
So high and upward be thy way;  
Heaven shield thee safe from all alarms,  
And guide thee to eternal day.

## MORNING HYMN.

Through the dark hours of the night  
I 'slept' in peace, 'sustain'd' by Thee ;  
And, Lord, amid the hours of light,  
From sin and evil keep me free.

Shall I receive Thy mercies still,  
And e'er forget the debt I owe?  
Lord, show concerning me Thy will,  
And give me grace Thy will to do.

---

## COMFORT IN RELIGIOUS HOPE.

How sweet the peace the spirit feels  
When things of time decay ;  
And grace each disappointment heals,  
While darkness ushers *day* !

And, oh, how sweet beyond compare  
The blest assurance given,—  
The heart that has its treasure *there*,  
Shall find its rest in heaven.

Rise, rise my soul ! all joyful rise  
In contemplation sweet  
Of that abode beyond the skies  
Where parted friends shall meet.

There glorious reigns fair Zion's king,  
Before him darkness flies ;  
While saints their heavenly chorus sing,  
And angels mount the skies.

His truths eternal feed the mind,—  
His glorious purposes ;  
The sorrowful calm pastures find,—  
He reigns in heaven to bless.

Now darkly on the ocean cast,  
No wind or storm shall move ;  
Soon will the dreary void be past,  
And thou shalt rest in love.

The dreary void ! not such to me  
Life's lone and weary waste :  
Thy power, oh God, is on the sea ;  
We here thy mercy taste.

Yes ! every blast that rends the sky  
Is guided by thy hand ;  
'Tis sweet to know that thou art nigh  
To bring us safe to land.

Then stormy tempest sweetly sounds,—  
It hastes our voyage home :  
Soon shall we reach our earthly bounds,  
And to the fair haven come.

## HOPE.

Brightly the sun in splendour is shining  
O'er the far mountains ; the storm rolls away.  
Soft is the radiance when grief is declining ;—  
The sweet, peaceful beaming of hope's happy day !

Yes! sorrow may wreck the dear world of our love,  
And o'er our heart's treasures its dark mantle throw ;  
But th' bright rays of promise that beam from above  
Will cause the deep anguish to cease in its flow.

---

## TO SLEEP.

Soft sleep, descend ! oh, lend thy gentle power  
To chase sad thoughts away, and thou wilt bless ;  
Cast to oblivion this most wretched hour,  
Fraught with strange grief I never can express.

Away, away, wild visions ! throng no more  
My weary mind ; away, ye idle dreams !  
Soft sleep, descend ! mine aching brain restore,  
For now with vain imaginings it teams.

Sweet sleep, come down ! to me most sweet thou art, —  
A transient death from sorrow, pain, and care ;  
Ah! to my soul thou ever canst impart  
New strength to struggle, and new strength to bear.

## MY CHAMBER.

I have dwelt in fairer chambers,  
But never yet to me  
Was any one, though richly deck'd,  
To be compar'd with thee,—  
Mine own dear room ! my place of liberty !

Here none can mar mine hours of rest ;  
The quiet morning ray  
And gentle shades of ev'ning fall ;  
In thee they pass away  
Calm as the light that gilds the summer day.

Here truth its sacred pages spreads,  
And not a jarring voice  
Recalls a thought to waken doubt ;—  
Sweet spot of rest,—my choice !  
Here let my heart be glad, and humble hope rejoice !

The beams that gild the changeful heavens  
Shine softly even here ;  
And mental light and fancy's power  
My lone existence cheer.  
Each star that shines shows that the sun is near.

O Blessed Light! O Power Divine!  
From thee flows every good :  
Thou only source of life and joy,  
Whose truth hath ever stood,  
Shine on me still, and bless mine hours of solitude !

---

## ON CHRIST RETIRING FOR PRAYER AT EVENING.

The sun in brightness sat on Judah's stream ;  
Fair was the scene that caught her latest beam ;  
And fair the shadow'd vale and silent wood,  
Reposing in their sacred solitude,—  
When from the many whom his hand had heal'd,  
While heavenly truths his gracious lips reveal'd  
To guide them heavenward, our Saviour stray'd,  
And, 'mid the olive-trees, to Heaven he pray'd.  
He sought the stillness of the ev'ning hour ;—  
Holy now be it, for that he whose power  
Did works of mercy, to his Father knelt  
And pour'd the depths of love his spirit felt  
In pray'r for man to God ! Thus did he pray  
And consecrate the parting hour of day  
By heavenly devotion. Let us, then,  
Steal from the busy throng of worldly men,  
And, when the melting light of day declines  
And when the first star in its beauty shines,  
Pray to his God and ours.

## LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

(Written at the age of 16.)

Dear sister, I steal a short time,  
 Having now rock'd the baby asleep,  
 To write you a letter in rhyme,  
 ('Tis a secret I beg you will keep!)

That R—— is a very fine place,  
 I will not pretend to deny;  
 A very fine man is Judge C——;  
 Of others I'll write by-and-by.

Maria and I often walk out,  
 Which 'I guess' the 'folks think' 'pretty strange';  
 They talk of it much, there's no doubt,  
 As they think all are idle who range.

But we always walk'd out when at home,  
 And are all "doing use" through the day;  
 Oh, sure it is right thus to roam,  
 As at evening alone do we stray?

I'm delighted with all the fine views;  
 The hills, and the valleys, and trees;  
 Indeed I see much to amuse,  
 Of which I will write, if you please.

The steam doctors have had 'a convention';  
Men, women, and children did go,  
To hear of this strange new invention,  
Said to cure all diseases, you know.

They say it turns gray hairs to brown,  
Can smooth an old maid's wrinkl'd cheek;  
Can dispel from the brow every frown,  
Make furies look lovely and meek!

'Tis said, and I doubt not the truth,  
That love it will cure in all cases;  
From the mind of a too-faithful youth  
All thoughts of his lady-love chases!

Now if pity still dwells in your breast,  
Oh, publish this piece of good news;  
As you have so often oppress'd,  
In mercy you cannot refuse!

Enough of this nonsense, you'll say,  
And tell me about all my friends;—  
I saw Miss H. B. yesterday,  
And she much love to you sends.

Fanny C. is married at last!  
I went to the wedding with Jane;  
Though the sky did look overcast,  
And we were afraid it would rain.

Only think! I was sweeping the room,  
And I such a figure did look;  
In terror I dropped the hair-broom,  
As a loud rap announc'd Mr. Brook!

He is really a fine-looking beau,  
Though rather too tall for my taste;  
He came to invite us to go,  
And seem'd in a very great haste.

Fair Fanny was splendidly dress'd;  
The luncheon I will not dwell on;  
Her marriage of all was the best;  
Laugh not, and I will now tell on.

I dream'd on a piece of the cake  
Three nights; but it was all in vain!  
Oh, do you, my dear, think it will make  
Poor me an old maid to remain?

I went to the cottage so spruce,  
And we talked a great deal about you.  
To be friendly I find is no use;  
All you told of the maiden is true.

'Melinda's' not call'd on me yet;  
'Julia Anna' call'd when I was out;  
Their cousins came too,—what a set;  
You remember our call there, no doubt.

On my return I found Hannah here ;  
 Jeremiah had driven her down ;  
 And oh, I saw Moses, the dear,  
 When John drove me to church " up in town."

I really do like Mr. Potter ;  
 His sermon I'll never forget.  
 I see every day " the old trotter " ;\*  
 I've not seen my friend David yet.

I have made my new cambric dress ;  
 Have altered my merino one too ;  
 I have made those monstrous sleeves less,  
 And it looks just as well as if new.

I write full many a piece too  
 When evening and silence prevail ;  
 And I've read three books at least too,  
 Though much has suspended the tale.

This morning I got your long letter,  
 (You've written me two since I came).  
 I am glad to hear you are better ;  
 And happy to say I'm the same.

---

\* The individual we had so named was *an odious old bachelor* who promenaded the street of the village continually. We had a due respect for estimable old age.

Letters I never write often ;  
But I've now been here a long time ;  
So your just displeasure to soften  
I've attempted to write you in rhyme.

But this I must bring to a close,  
Although I have much more to tell ;  
The rest I will write you in prose,  
And this evening will bid you farewell.

---

WINTER.

Thou reignest, winter ! mighty is thy power,  
Which not the sun in all its glory breaks.  
Though warm its radiancy at noontide hour,  
No more its rays diffusive, nature wakes ;  
No more the ripple whisp'ring music makes ;  
No more the bright leaves breathe their vari'd song ;  
We list in vain the bird's melodious notes ;  
Gone is the twilight which did day prolong  
In soften'd shades of glory ;—now along  
The stormy sky no shining warbler floats,  
Breathing sweet sounds,—on light and happy wing  
They fled at thy approach ; and the fair flowers  
On thy cold shrine are laid an offering.  
But soon to us shall come bright, sunny hours ;  
And the wild-birds return to leafy bow'rs  
When thou art here, sweet spring !

## THE MAIDEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

The calm and gentle moon  
Shone through the clouds that hid her starry train ;  
The golden flowers of June  
Bent in the winds that swept the silent plain.

No trees their branches wav'd ;  
No mountain summit rose against the sky ;  
No whispering waters lav'd  
The flow'ry turf, the only verdure nigh.

What low and plaintive note  
Was borne upon the cold unanswer'ing air ?  
Now near, now more remote,  
One living being, one alone, was there !

Lone wand'rer of the plain !  
No home was near, no light, no wreathing smoke ;  
Thou pleadest but in vain,—  
Not e'en an echo thy sweet voice awoke !

Left in the sudden flight  
Of thy red captors, thou art safe and free ;  
No human help in sight,  
A heav'nly guard is now appointed thee !

She was a youthful maid ;  
Her form was slight, her face so mild and fair ;  
And there she knelt and pray'd ;  
And the cold night-wind wav'd her golden hair.

Hark ! a loud rushing sound  
Booms like the thunder from the distant west ;  
The dark and gloomy ground  
Gleams in a moment like a shining crest.

The prairie blazes bright !  
The storm of fire roars, hisses, round ;  
The dark and silent night  
With wild grandeur is all brilliant crown'd !

She rushes to the flame !  
Her mantle blazes, and she speeds away ;  
Afar she casts the same ;  
And a small hillock beams, clear as the day !

Then soon 'tis dark and sear ;  
But there she stands in safety ! while the moon  
Beams on her face, where fear  
Has now no home, but joy shines as the noon.

Then as the morning rays  
Shine o'er the barren desert, then she knows  
Her own sweet mother prays ;  
And in the east her own bright river flows !

MARINA'S DAUGHTER.

She dwelt beside a lonely lake ;  
Most calm and shaded was the water ;  
And ever early did she wake,  
Marina's young and blushing daughter.

Why from her couch does she arise  
To see the sun's most early beam ?  
She has no costly sacrifice  
To offer by her native stream.

What speaks the maiden's youthful voice  
As now she lingers by the water ?  
Her earnest heart and tongue rejoice :  
Thus speaks Marina's timid daughter :

' The sun that gilds the glowing east  
Is but a visitant awhile ;  
It stands in heaven as a priest,  
Then hides through night its glorious smile.

' It is but there to show a pow'r  
Far higher than its changeful beam ;  
It gladdens earth, unfolds the flow'r,  
Then sinks to rest beyond the stream.

Oh ! heav'nly sun, beyond thy light  
Is there a world unchang'd and bright ?'

Th' ascending beams intensely glow,  
And voices call her to her home ;  
And on her flax must she bestow  
The thoughts that ever far would roam.

But when the moon ascends the skies,  
She seeks once more the mum'ring water ;  
She sees the stars descend and rise,  
And mournful is Marina's daughter.

' Oh ! gentle moon and evening star  
That gild the western sky of even,  
Ye speak of some sweet home afar,  
Some joy, some rest, the heart's own heaven.

' And ye soft sounds that on the air  
Bear music to the list'ning heart,  
Is there a voice now floating there  
With which mine own may bear a part ?

' It comes ! it mingles with my soul  
Like notes once heard in some dear home !  
Now, may the wild waves roar and roll,  
Marina's daughter here shall roam !  
Blow, blow ye winds ! the sad one hears  
The voice, the tone, of happier years !

The stormy winds arose and roar'd,  
And lash'd to foam the sleeping water ;  
But in the storm her spirit soar'd,  
And happy was Marina's daughter.

But hark ! that voice of gentlest tone  
Recalls her wand'ring steps from far ;  
She pauses ; she is not alone, —  
An eye beams on her like a star.

' Why dost thou stray amidst the storm,  
And listen to the roaring water ?  
Is this a scene for thy fair form ?  
Come home, come home, Marina's daughter ?

' Come to my home, where love will twine  
Unfading wreaths around thy brow ;  
My voice in song will join with thine,  
Ah, we may sing together now !

The glorious sun, the rising moon,  
Shall witness all our life of love ;  
They shine upon the flow'rs of June ;  
They glorious shine in heav'n above.

And they will beam upon us here,  
And gild life's ever-changeful water ;  
And holier light awaits us *there*,  
Where is our home, Marina's daughter !

The voice of love was sweet to hear  
 Beside Life's dark and stormy water ;  
 And love and hope beam'd brightly there,  
 And bless'd Marina's gentle daughter.

1849.

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TO MY SISTER MRS. EGERTON,  
 ON THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE BOY.

Gentle mother, weep no more :  
 Though thy sunshine here  
 Is clouded o'er, thy child is gone  
 To grace another sphere.

Gentle mother, hush thy sighs ;  
 Where holy angels sing,  
 He joins the everlasting choir  
 In praise to heaven's great king.

Gentle mother, lift thy heart  
 To that bright world above ;  
 Soon shalt thou hence be call'd away,  
 There rest thy heart in love.

Gentle mother, place thy hope  
 Above this world of care ;  
 The Lord who took thy child above  
 Will join the parted there.

1853.

## MARY.

She was a gentle maiden, unadorn'd ;  
No earthly jewels shone upon her breast ;  
For, ah, that gentle one untimely mourn'd,  
No treasur'd love her sad existence blest.

Yet hope e'er whisper'd to her lonely heart,  
That human love would rise and bless her still  
Virtue had bade her from her lover part ;  
And she had crush'd affection by her will

Yet, oh, could e'er she love if she must sever  
The future from her early memories ?  
The love that blest her then, must live forever ;  
That it *may* live, she fondly, truly prays.

He wedded, it is true, another bride ;  
He lov'd her, yet he turn'd at honor's call ;  
He went in anguish from fair Mary's side,  
To wed the Lady of Fitz Allan's Hall.

Yet now his Mary seeks that distant home ;  
His noble form is buried in the tomb.  
Why does she quickly o'er the dark cliffs roam ;  
What hope restores her pale cheek's early bloom ?

Dark poverty has enter'd that proud hall ;  
The wife is weeping o'er her wretched fate ;  
She heeds not her sweet infant's plaintive call :  
But Mary hastens through those halls of state.

She kneels beside the lovely little one ;  
Then on her tender bosom, with deep joy,  
She bears to the proud mother her fair son,  
And asks if she may tend the noble boy.

With weeping eyes, the babe the mother gives,  
And asks what stranger seeks her lone abode :  
No other being among all that lives  
For many days the silent hall had trod ?

' I am a maid,' the blushing girl repli'd,  
' Whose home was in seclusion's humble shade,  
But wealth last year came when mine uncle died,  
And with the same what you have ow'd is paid.

' This house is yours,—but let me rear this boy,  
The image of the dead whom we have lov'd ;  
He to our hearts will give delight and joy' :  
Her true devotion the great lady mov'd.

' Oh, Mary, thou art worthy of all love !  
I, by my folly, lost my once dear home.  
He whom we lov'd will witness all above :  
Here dwell, and rear our boy ;—sweet Mary, come !'

## TO A GERANIUM.

My solitary flower,  
 How brightly do ye bloom,  
 And give your sweetest fragrance,  
 To cheer my lonely room !

Yes! in your gentle presence  
 A happiness I find ;  
 The simplest gift of nature  
 Brings a pleasure to the mind.

---

 LINES ADDRESSED TO HARRIET BRUCE.

Best friend, and dearest ! thou who didst bring joy  
 To my lone hours of sadness ; whose calm mind  
 View'd, in its own meek wisdom, all the care  
 That press'd in dark confusion over mine,  
 And gave the wish'd-for aid, and led my soul  
 To look to that bright star of hope, whose light  
 Beams with immortal glory ;—from the world  
 Call'd back my wav'ring steps ;—the faint resolve  
 Made steadfast ;—unto thee, dear friend, with grief  
 My last adieu I write. Oh, fare thee well !  
 May'st thou receive the crown of lasting joys,  
 With heav'nly pleasures here ;—peace be with thee ;  
 Calm be the tenor of thy useful life,  
 And heaven thy rest.

Randolph, Vt., 1845.

## THE LOVER'S REMEMBRANCE.

The sun now sets, the western sky  
Is blushing as it sinks to rest ;  
Thus fair was she for whom I sigh,  
When first I held her to my breast.

But soon the evening gloom appears,  
And spreads its mantle o'er the sky ;  
And dew-drops fall,—thus fell thy tears  
When we, my Mary, said ' Good-bye.'

Yes, I shall wed another bride,  
But thou alone canst claim my heart :  
Alas, that wordliness and pride  
Should two such faithful lovers part !

---

AUTUMN.

They are gone and fled, the glorious summer days,  
With their sweet hours of changeful loveliness ;  
The morning now is wrapp'd in mournful hues,  
And gone the glories of th' uprising sun  
With sweet alternate evening. Ah! now I find  
How I have lov'd with deep and silent worship  
These radiant things. How cold and sad the earth !  
The flowers no more, or birds, or waving boughs,  
In odours sweet, with harmonies combin'd,

Shed joy around ; nor e'en the waves' low tone  
Whispers soft music at the day's decline.  
A sadness droppeth from the autumn skies,  
And a stern threatening of coming storms ;—  
Thus must earth's beauty fade without the light  
Of the fair summer's sun ; and I do mourn,  
For I have lov'd its grandeur. Shine once more,  
Sweet sun of spring ! and, with the birds, my voice  
Again shall mingle its rejoicing hymn.

---

## TO MY CANARIES.

Oh, when the earliest beams of light  
Illumine the sky, my birds then sing !  
While trees and flow'rs and streams are bright,  
Lift, lift the gentle flut'ring wing,—  
Sweet birds ! sing blithely to the morn  
That rises o'er the glowing earth,  
While dewy drops the flow'rs adorn,  
And young life utters joyous mirth.  
Oh, sweetly sing,  
And may your echoes through my chamber ring  
The summer woods are bright and fair,  
And flow'rs breathe sweetest fragrance too ;  
My gentle birds ! you love my care,  
Nor need to sip the morning dew.

Here, guarded through the wintry hours  
 And shelter'd from the summer storm,  
 Your cages shaded o'er with flowers,  
 You never know a sad alarm.

But sweetly sing,  
 While I withal to you your répast bring!

This is your home, and here your song  
 Is full of joy and sweet delight;  
 To you, sweet birds, no cares belong,—  
 You fold the fearless wings at night.  
 No cruel cat, or bird of prey,  
 Shall harm one primrose-colour'd plume;  
 Your merry song shall cheer my day,  
 And I will guard you in the gloom!

Then sweetly sing,  
 And give to joy your grateful offering!

---

POOR AND RICH.

'I'm poor to-day,' the humble worm  
 May murmur as it creeps along:  
 It knows not that it hath the germ  
 Of brighter life,—the gay, the strong,  
 Contemptuous wreak the cruel wrong.  
 But soon it rises bright and fair  
 A *butterfly* in heaven's pure air.  
 Then flattering chase the heartless throng!

## LULLABY.

(WRITTEN FOR MRS. H. R.)

Now the night draws near,  
And my Willie dear  
Must be lulled to his evening rest ;  
While the birds fold their wings,  
And the zephyr sings,  
Let him sleep on his mother's breast.  
Oh, Willie, sweet Willie,  
Gift from above,  
Like an angel of joy  
From our pure home on high  
He has come, and shall claim our love.

---

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

What think you of in that sweet early hour  
When morning wakes all nature from repose ?  
The dew-drops glisten on each drooping flower,  
With pensive sighs the soft breeze faintly blows ?  
  
And when the sun sets in the beauteous west,  
Its glorious rays are lingering in the sky,  
Reflecting softly on the streamlet's breast,  
While fragrant zephyrs in the greenwoods sigh ?

What think you of when pensively above,  
And brightly, shines the moon and ev'ning star ?  
That is the hour when we have wander'd, love ;  
Soft sounds were round us, echoes sighed afar.

What think you of when tempests wildly roar,  
And far the light'ning flashes o'er the sea,  
And loudly break the billows on the shore,—  
Ah ! do you give a sigh or thought to me ?

What think you of ? upon the world above,  
Where sin and sorrow will be felt no more,  
But where the law that governs all is love,  
And bliss awaits we never knew before ?

What think you of ? the world is then forgot,  
And feelings which have slept awake again ;  
Yet though we sigh,—for sorrow is our lot,—  
The feelings of those moments are not pain ?

Or are those hours when your spirit soars,  
Above this scene of trouble and of care ?  
With silent rapture that great power adores  
Which made all things so beautiful and fair ?

What think you of ? each passion is at rest,  
And o'er our souls a blissful peace will steal.  
As light reflecting on the streamlet's breast,  
So is that peace which shows us all we feel.

## THE LAST FAREWELL.

The sun's last rays yet linger'd in the sky,  
And shed around a faint and mellow light ;  
And in the wood the fragrant zephyr's sigh  
Alone was heard ; and beautifully bright  
The gentle moon and stars arose above.

'Twas on this fair and tranquil summer night  
Two met to part who long had vow'd to love.

Oh, muse ! inspire my lay ;—I ask no more  
Than simple strains to deck this tale of love ;  
To paint the scene on my own native shore ;  
The views around ; the tranquil heavens above.  
Oh, all was lovely ! as the moon arose  
Above the trees that cast a shade before,  
It threw soft radiance where the Richelieu flows ;  
Whose waves now broke so lightly on the shore,—  
The winds blew softly ; all was sweet repose.

These silver sounds, they seem'd to whisper rest,  
As though some spirit breathing peace was near,  
To calm the sorrow of some troubled breast,  
So soothingly they fell upon the ear.  
The lovers now were seated on the ground ;  
Fresh-gather'd branches formed a rustic seat ;

A grove of cedars grew so thickly round  
That it was named The Beautiful Retreat.  
The moon shone brightly through the boughs above.  
Fair witness of so many vows of love !

Thus said the youthful Henri : ' Let me here,  
Where first I learn'd I to thy heart was dear,  
Here let me breath my first, not last, farewell,  
That no mistrust may cast its darkling spell ;  
For here, Theresa, mem'ry pours a light,  
The past, the present, and the future, blessing,  
That brightens, e'en to me, this last sweet night.  
When I may hear thy gentle lips confessing  
Thy heart's first love. Oh ! peaceful, happy past !  
Sweet days of tender union ! how they cast  
Their deep, full power to bless ! I bear away  
A joy to light, to consecrate, my stay ;  
To nerve my arm to gain my heart's sole prize,  
A home for thee,—or else Henri dies !  
Oh ! love me still, Theresa ; when we part  
Let no vain rival steal thy gentle heart.  
Remember me, beloved, though I be  
Less fair in stature, and less learn'd, than *he*.  
In love alone Du Montville I outshine ;  
Ah, when we meet shall this fair hand be mine ?'

A trustful look beams from her gentle eyes ;  
 And in low tones the faithful maid replies :  
 ' The stream from marble founts may sound as sweet ;  
 Give me the free bright stream beneath our feet.  
 I do not want the love, the song, of art ;  
 But thine,—the music of a guileless heart.  
 Oh, Henri, trust me still, and deem me true ;  
 True to mine early vow, still true to you ;  
 And when the summer sun renews the flowers,  
 They shall adorn a cottage which is *ours*.

Oh, hour of bliss when love and hope's soft light  
 Makes the sweet present and the future bright !  
 Blest are those happy hours of love and trust ;  
 But storms may bear the fairest flow'rs to dust.  
 O'er purest joy may sin's dark power be driv'n,  
 Yet, broken here, it lives again in heaven.  
 But dark, and wild, and fearful is the stroke  
 When trusting hearts are in a moment broke.  
 Then e'en the hope that sheds its light afar  
 Is but, alas, a cold and distant star !  
 As spreads the sudden night o'er tropic isles,  
     Brilliant in all their verdure, so descend  
 The storms of sorrow where bliss softly smiles,  
     And naught is seen the light of hope to lend !

'Twas thus with them ! that young and happy pair,  
So lov'd, so innocent, so blest, and good.  
Their sky was bright ;—but oh ! their doom despair.  
See yon dark figure steal along the wood !  
He heard their vows ! what rage is in his breast !  
He stands behind a cedar on the shore ;  
And as he hears his hated rival blest,  
He vows that voice shall never bless him more !  
He shouted wildly, and his dagger gleam'd  
A moment in the moon's pure silver ray ;—  
Then on the turf the crimson current stream'd.  
Where is the murderer ? He is far away !  
When morning came they found young Henri dead,  
And his Theresa senseless at his side.  
They sought Du Montville, but he far had fled ;  
And 'tis suppos'd Theresa droop'd and died.  
But where ? oh, where ? not in her father's cot !  
She stray'd afar along that fatal shore ;  
Her mother's love, her father's house, forgot,  
The maniac left, and she return'd no more !

## THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN IN EGYPT.

The land is desolate, each herb and flower  
Has died before the great destroyer's power.  
The midnight darkly spreads o'er Egypt's shore ;  
The hand of God shall smite it yet once more !

The moon has sunk beyond the rolling wave ;  
Loud, thundering winds o'er booming waters rave.  
The cloud falls sudden o'er the sloop of war,  
That shone but lately like a bright red star :  
Deep groans resound :—the falling sails denote  
The dead alone in that dark vessel float !

Now o'er the city broods the fearful pall :  
It comes in silence. Ah, no voice, no call,  
Forbids the timbrel! Soon the hand is still'd  
Which those wide halls with sounds of music fill'd  
Whose hand was that ? the monarch's only son  
Whose life was rich in pleasures but begun !  
Who fall ? who fall ? the rich, the young, the gay,  
No more to see the glory of the day !  
The youthful band of brothers that remain  
Cry loud in terror, seek for help in vain !  
To the king's palace funeral trains pass on ;—  
There loud the anguish for the first-born son !

Now sounds of joy from happy groups arise,  
And torches light the gloomy low'ring skies:  
Oh, fair the bride the flowing veil conceals,  
And bright the joy the bridegroom's eye reveals.  
The torches fall! the music swift is still'd;  
With cries of grief the mourning air is fill'd.  
Loud on the midnight air they sweep along,  
And every echo wakes them, deep and strong.  
Far o'er the land the clouds of sorrow fall,  
And friend to friend all sadly, vainly call.  
How can they leave their own then dying one?  
All, all have lost their own, their first-born son!

The steed that bore the warrior o'er the plain  
Stands at his watching mother's door again;  
But he who rode away to-day in pride  
Far in the lonely desert fell and died!  
The ruler bends his stately form in grief;  
Deep groans can give his spirit no relief,—  
The loveliest maid in all wide Egypt lies  
A cold, cold corpse before her father's eyes!  
The mother claps her infant in her rest,  
While tender fear is trembling in her breast;  
She wakes,—she finds the lovely one is there,  
Smiles at her dream, and breathes a whisper'd pray'r;  
But lo! how cold that little form and still:—  
The mother's cries the lonely dwelling fill!

In the deep dungeon 'neath the palace walls  
The poor lone captive mourns his fate, and calls  
In vain for mercy ; but to-night he weeps  
Tears of calm grief,—his son beside him sleeps.  
The dim light gives his features to his view,  
And hope springs in his aged breast anew.  
Ah, will the heart that granted his request,  
And gave once more his lov'd one to his breast,  
Restore to him the long lost light of morn,  
And all from which his faithful heart was torn ?  
A deep, dull groan replies : the shades of death  
Are on that face ! hush'd is his gentle breath.  
Ah, who will mourn with thee, thou stricken one ?  
All, all ! for all have lost their first-born son !

But harsher voices mingle with the wail  
That spreads afar o'er desert, woods, and dale ;  
The mourning kine and nobler beasts proclaim,  
With frightened cries and eyes of red'ning flame,  
The direful fate has torn away their young,  
Who had but now with joy around them sprung.  
To man alone is tender feeling given ?  
Oh, hear that groan that reaches unto heaven !

To the king's ear the midnight cry is borne ;  
His breast with sorrow is all reft and torn ;  
He could not feel the stranger's heartfelt woe

Till all his hope and pride were laid so low.  
Now, as he weeps, he calls the man of God ;  
Not now he needeth him to cast his rod ;  
His heart believes ! he bids him haste away.  
God sends his people victory to-day !  
Their wives, their little ones, are rous'd from rest,  
And joyous faith makes glad the weary breast.  
Swift they prepare to leave the stranger's land,  
To seek a home provided by God's hand ;  
To find an altar for his worship there,  
To offer sacrifice thereon, and pray'r.  
And when the morning star adorns the east,  
Their hundreds follow God's appointed priest ;  
In solemn grandeur th' bars of day unclose ;  
The sea divides, and far beyond them flows ;  
The sun shines brightly on a people free,  
And silent all they bend, oh God, to thee !\*

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\* This poem was suggested by the recollection of the *Cholera* season a few years since, when for *nine successive nights* our door was opened to receive the intelligence of some neighbour's calamity and the appeals of the poor; the accounts reaching us from other places being appalling in the extreme.

12

## THE AUTUMN SUNSET.

The sun, array'd in deepest hues of fire,  
Sank to its silent rest. The distant woods  
Were glowing in their rich autumnal robes;  
And slowly o'er the broad-extended scene  
The mists did spread their veil of silvery shades;  
The rustling boughs around me plaintive sigh'd;  
The birds afar struck through the brooding air;  
And their low notes from melancholy braes  
Were sweetest music. Blessed, blessed peace!  
Thou o'er that scene of beauty solely reign'd,  
And o'er my heart mov'd softly. Heavenly power!  
To dwell with thee and nature I aspire;  
Oh! may my soul be ever true and pure,  
That it may ever find its home with thee!

On the sweet hill I rested; there I view'd  
The broad lake sink in silence when the winds  
Their last sigh breath'd,—their farewell sigh,—while  
night

On the far mountains slowly, darkly came;  
Then sadness dwelt within me; but the moon  
Lit the fair scene, and whisper'd me of heaven.

## VERSES ADDRESSED TO EMILY GRAY.

Farewell, beloved friend! When spring's first flow'rs  
Are breathing perfume to the passing air,  
When warmer suns make bright the summer hours,  
No more may I with you their sweetness share.

I go where fruitful hills in beauty rise,  
Around whose feet the coolest streamlets flow ;  
Where transient showers only veil the skies ;  
The dearest spot to me on earth below.

And can I wander from my childhood's home,  
And yet not know a feeling of regret ?  
Ah, never, never ! still, where'er I roam,  
My constant heart will never quite forget.

I go to dwell 'midst scenes of beauty, where  
I oft sweet days of happiness have known ;  
Yet though they be so loved, so bright, and fair,  
Yet never will I e'er forget mine own.

Nor thee, dear friend, whose friendship ere shall be  
In mem'ry treasur'd ; it stands alone  
In all its pure and sweet sincerity,  
A happy gleam upon the sad one thrown.

Wilt thou not think of me in those sweet hours  
Which in past days we each of us lov'd well.  
In days of gladness, and in sorrow's showers,  
I will remember thee: farewell, farewell!

1843.

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THE MIMOSA TREE.

TO MY COUSIN HARRIET.

"It droops its branches whenever any one approaches it  
seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."

*Scott's Poems.*

There is a tree whose murm'ring leaves  
Cease their bright gleaming in the air,  
While, softly bending, it receives  
The pilgrim as he wanders there.  
Dear friend, to thee I thus repair;  
Oh, shield me kindly with thy love;  
Near thee, bereft of grief and care,  
I rest, while *thou* dost smile above.

1856.

## THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

(TO THE SAME.)

Flow'r of dewy eve!  
Opening thine eye,  
When gone is the sunshine,  
And dark is the sky ;  
That breathest thy fragrance  
While other buds sleep,  
Throwing thy veil aside  
While gentle mists weep !  
Oh, vainly the gay wind  
In bright sunny hours,  
Whispers its song of mirth,  
Seeking thy flowers ;  
The low sigh of sadness  
On night's stilly air ;  
This, this is thy music  
Like breathings of pray'r !  
It wakes all thy fragrance !  
Thou liftest thy veil  
While perfume the sweetest  
Is wing'd on the gale !  
E'en thus is that true love,  
Refreshing the soul,

When dark storms are round us,  
And clouds above roll.  
Ah, who in dark sorrow  
But sighs for that flow'r !  
True friendship shines fairest  
In sorrow's dark hour !

---

## L I N E S .

The dreams of earth obscure our joy,  
Else peace and joy might ever reign ;  
So idle sounds sweet melody  
When soft it echoes o'er the main.

Begone ! begone, ye earth-born dreams !  
And let my spirit mount on high ;  
Nor weary me, ye vain proud schemes,—  
My home, my portion, is the sky.

Oh ! shall the fading things of Time  
Draw down the soul that should be free ?  
There all is holy, great, sublime,  
Immortal joys,—eternity !

## THE CHIEF.

The bark speeds o'er the bounding sea :

Harold is free ! is free !

The cloudless sun's rejoicing light

Makes ev'ry heaving billow bright,

And louder than a horn at night

Is heard, " He's free ! he's free !"

He lands upon the battle plain :

He comes ! he comes again !

His steed flies swiftly o'er the field ;

In triumph he his sword doth wield,

And shouts, " They die ! they die who yield !"

And fiercely fights again !

\* \* \* \* \*

Deep shadows shroud the mournful plain :

The youthful Chief is slain :

Far o'er the distant echoing hills

The cry of death the night-air fills,

And anguish every bosom thrills :

Harold was brave in vain.

## THE BOATMAN'S SONG.

The moon is up and shining bright,  
The ev'ning star is in the west,  
And, by their softly-beaming light,  
We'll haste to those we love the best.  
Ply, ply the oar ! commence the song !  
Row swiftly by the shore along.

No ripple is upon the lake ;  
There is no breeze, then furl the sail ;  
Our songs alone the silence break,  
Or else the laughter-moving tale.  
Ply, ply the oar ! I long to meet  
My lov'd ones in yon calm retreat.

Oh, it is sweet to haste at eve.  
When labour's past, when work is o'er,  
To those who kindly will receive,  
Where love is watching at the door.  
Ply, ply the oar, and haste along !  
Join all your voices in my song !

## THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

Close the dark portal! yet how may I flee  
When dark around me flaws this raging sea?

Yes, soft light shines beyond this stormy sea;  
There springs young life, there many hearts beat free:  
The waving woods bend to the gentle gale,  
And 'neath their boughs is heard the low-ton'd tale.  
Glad voices ring beside the sunlit stream,  
It leaps in joy beneath the summer beam;  
And homes encircled by the pine-tree's shade,  
Are seen in rest within that happy glade.

The twilight, dark and gloomy, comes to me,  
And harsher sounds the deeply moaning sea.

There is my home where loving voices pray,  
And breathe the name of one far, far away;  
There burn the lamps within the silent hall;  
There is the couch where waving curtains fall.  
The gentle lute is not in Marie's hands;  
Beside the casement, pale she waits, she stands,—  
The rising moon beams brightly on her brow;  
She weeps, "Oh! why not here, my lov'd one, now?"

Far, far away beyond the roaring sea,  
He may not hope to come again to thee!

## SONG.

(AIR, "Byron's Farewell.")

The stars are in the heavens,  
And the moon shines o'er the sea ;  
But where art thou who promis'd  
To come this night to me ?  
But where art thou who promis'd  
To come this night to me ?

Art quaffing from the goblet ?  
Art whispering to the fair ?  
Nor thinking of the sad one  
Alone in her despair ?  
Nor thinking of the sad one  
Alone in her despair ?

Oh, gently blow the zephyrs  
Above the murmur'ing wave :  
Weep not thou for me ever ;  
They will sigh above my grave.  
Weep not thou for me ever ;  
They will sigh above my grave.

## THE DISCOVERED SECRET.

The moonlight slept upon the sea,  
And all the stars with light were glowing ;  
And music softly seem'd to be  
O'er the calm azure waters flowing.

But, ah, that strain was sad to hear,—  
It told that one young heart was lonely ;  
And one who listen'd dropt a tear,—  
The one she lov'd ! she lov'd him only.

Where gentle boughs sigh'd in the wind,  
And, twining, hid the bower so blooming,  
Her lover silently reclin'd,  
Nor Alice heard her Willie coming.

She thought that he was far away ;  
He'd gone without his love once speaking ;  
And hope had faded from her day,  
For he her love had long been seeking.

The gentle smile from her had flown,  
For they had said that he was faithless ;  
Now in her bow'r she sang alone ;  
She knew *her* love was true and deathless.

My heart is sad, my lute is broke ;  
No more in accents gay I'll sing ;  
Ah, vainly is each cadence woke,—  
No joy to my sad heart they bring.  
For love, and all its gentle light,

Have faded from my sky away,  
And all the bliss that seem'd so bright  
Has vanish'd with its parting ray,  
And all the bliss that seem'd so bright  
Has vanish'd with its parting ray.

'Twere not these words alone that met  
The ear of her enraptur'd lover :  
His joy was mingl'd with regret,  
But all his past sad doubts were over.

He heard her breathe one word, *his name*,  
As o'er her lute she bent her sighing :  
Can any scorn, or any blame,  
A lover thus his lady spying ?

Oh, happy hour that rends the doubt  
That hovers o'er two hearts so loving !  
Forgotten the vain world without,—  
No cloud between them now is moving !

## BELOVED, WHEN WAKING.

(WRITTEN FOR INSERTION IN A TALE.)

Beloved, when waking,  
As the bright morn is breaking,  
And heralds the sun from the sea,  
And when that orb's sinking,  
O then I am thinking,  
Mine own love, my true love, of thee.  
And when the day closes,  
And nature reposes,  
And bright shines the moon in the sky,  
The evening-star's glowing,  
And zephyrs are blowing,  
For thee mine own love do I sigh.  
In that peaceful hour,  
When on the sweet flow'r  
The pure dew descends from above ;  
And the moon's silver beam  
Rests so bright on the stream,  
No more I behold thee, my love.  
Oh, when echoes awake,  
And the sweet silence break,  
As the rippl'd waves dash on the shore,  
Then I seek the deep shade,  
Lest my grief be betray'd,  
And weep, for I see thee no more !

## THE GROVE.

" Here poesy might awake her heaven-taught lyre,  
 And look through nature with creative fire ;  
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,  
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;  
 And disappointment in these lonely bounds,  
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds.  
 Here heart-struck grief might heavenward stretch her scan,  
 And injur'd worth forget and pardon man."

BURNS.

Sweet grove, once more beneath thy quiet shades  
 I enter. Ah, I visit thee alone.  
 Thou art enshrin'd as sacred in my mind,  
 Thou temple of past joy ;—sweet hours of rest,  
 When far escap'd from every crowding care  
 I here retired. Let me forget them now.

Oh, foliage fair !

How deep thy shadows, and how bright the boughs  
 That topmost wave in the soft sunny air !  
 How smooth the turf where wav'ring sunlight comes  
 Smiling so sweetly ! Thou art all unchang'd.  
 Thou art the same, sweet grove, as in those hours  
 When in your stillness I first found repose !  
 Oh, gentle peace, descend ! Far from my mind,  
 Ye clouds, that o'er the light of memory  
 Gather in darkness ! Here I have been blest,  
 And, 'mid these scenes of nature that still smile

As changeless as at first, I would forget  
Friendship's less faithful promise. Let me turn  
Mine eyes to all the glories that are spread  
So richly in the distance. Farther still !  
Rest on the mountains, my sad gaze, and view  
The grandeur of the bay that flows afar.  
And farther still ! my soul, look up, and see  
How from the height of heaven the Lord looks down  
And smiles on his creation : thou wilt then  
Cease to muse sadly on life's fickle scene,  
And, borne away on contemplation's wing,  
Feel all thy powers renew'd.

Oh, Heavenly Pow'r who rules o'er nature's works  
And spreads a glorious lustre o'er them all,  
Before whose throne the countless angels fall,  
And worlds on worlds adoring e'er depend.  
Shall I, a fragile being, tread the earth,  
Reap thy rich blessings, and call forth my song ?  
(Ah, thus while list'ning to the richer strains  
That nature breathes, imagining the praise  
Of worlds on high,—it sinks and dies away.)  
Shall I speak, move, or raise mine eye to heaven  
Without a pray'r to Thee ? Make new my heart :  
Detach my soul from care. Save me, O Lord,  
From ev'ry snare of pride, of human trust ;  
And my freed spirit, blended with my Lord's,

Which dwells in faithful hearts, shall sing thy praise.  
Nor fear to call thee 'Father.'

Softly roll

The shadows o'er the landscape; bright the sun  
Shines in the smiling heavens; gently breathe  
The sighing winds; and flowers glance upward bright!  
Fair, fair is earth! and all around is peace.  
Hark! hear that song that bursts upon the ear!  
How sweet this woodland music! Where the waves  
Roll their bright waters to the circling shore,  
Soft sounds ascend. Ah, who has given us these?  
Who spreads such beauty round us, and recalls,  
By all these tokens of his power and love,  
Our wand'ring hearts to heaven? Shall we give  
Our little span of life to things that fade,  
That ne'er repay our labour? All is ours!  
(And we, O Lord, are thine!)—the world above  
And all the beauties of the world below.  
The poor and rich alike can feast on all,  
Taste all the sweetness of the summer air,  
And raise with joy the hymn of grateful praise.  
Oh, that each heart were tun'd to sing thy praise.  
And ev'ry mind prepar'd to own thy pow'r;  
Detach'd from all vain, covetous desires,  
Would learn to gaze upon thy works, O God,  
And feel that thou art here! Thus, thus inspir'd.

Sin, care, and sorrow flee, and, as those clouds  
That roll'd their shades but now, leave no dark trace  
While brightly shines the sun of light and joy.

But hush ! Sweet grove, beneath your spreading shade  
And soft descending branches, I retir'd  
To seek forgetfulness of all the world,  
And find beneath your bright, yet solemn screen,  
A spot to weep o'er sorrow :—I was led  
By gentle thoughts infus'd by solitude,  
So lovely, rich, and fair, to turn and view  
The glories spread around me, and recall  
The Lord who made them, and I felt my want  
Of his sustaining favour : now my heart,  
Refresh'd and strengthen'd, and with gentler thoughts  
Of those it turn'd from, breathes a prayer sincere ;  
And as I view the mercies richly given  
For man's true happiness,—the boundless store  
Of beauty spread around for all who seek  
Their pleasure in God's works,\*—my spirit bows,  
And, while it breathes its gratitude to heaven,  
Humbly recalls its murm'ings.

Farewell,

---

\* "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them  
that have pleasure therein." Psalms cxi, 2.

Sweet scenes of peace and beauty! When the breeze  
Sweeps like the whisperings of echoing song  
Among these branches, it will speak to me,  
When here I stray, the blessedness of peace.

Alburgh, Vt.

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EVENING SCENE IN ITALY.

(Written at the age of 14 years.)

The moon had risen o'er the eastern hills,  
Whose shadows spread far o'er the tranquil lake;  
The rippl'd waves dash'd faintly on the shore,  
And the fair moonbeams softly on them fell,  
Or brightly smil'd through groves of forest trees,  
Or on the greenwood's paths in chequer'd rays;  
The south wind murmur'd oft with pensive sighs,  
Filling the gentle air with sweet perfume;  
The pure blue sky was spangl'd o'er with stars,  
And fleecy clouds mov'd slowly to the north;  
The northern lights were shining in the sky;  
The ev'ning star was glowing in the west;  
The crystal lake reflected all below,  
Save when a ripple cross'd the slumb'ring wave  
That gently wash'd the broken steps that led  
To the dark portals of Albano's hall.

## THE WANDERING CHILD.

A happy child in early May  
Forth to a garden went to play ;  
But tempted by the beauty shown,  
In the fair flowers profusely strewn,  
Where a bright gushing rill sang low,  
Released from its bed of snow,  
He hasten'd, weary of that spot,  
His father's fond commands forgot,  
And pluck'd the blue-eyed violet  
So bright, but with the dew-drops wet ;  
Then ranging farther, sought the wood  
That, clad in early verdure, stood.  
The stormy winter now was past,  
And lovely spring had come at last ;  
And joyfully his heart leap'd up  
To find the golden buttercup.  
There fairest mosses deck'd the ground,  
And many a flow'r the glad child found.  
When far and distant singing,  
On the clear air of morning borne,  
And mingl'd with the mellow horn,  
Came through the forest ringing !  
Now freedom spoke in every sound,  
And ever doth the young heart bound

To freedom's call ! he quickly fled  
Through paths by forest trees o'erspread,  
And, where the swollen streamlet bore  
Its icy masses to the shore,  
He sped along with glad surprise  
At each new scene that met his eyes ;  
Through many a brake his way did wind,  
Till the dark wood was left behind.

Then open'd to his eager view  
A scene of beauty strange and new,—  
A swampy moorland fresh and green  
Where many a roving bird was seen,  
And many a flower rais'd its head  
Above the verdure softly spread ;  
While trembling streamlets gurgling shone  
Where soft the rays of morn were thrown,  
And the fair heaven, without a cloud  
To dim its brightness or t' enshroud  
The new-clad earth, look'd down and smil'd,  
And farther stray'd the wandering child.

A gentle rise, where lovely trees  
Were rustling in the morning breeze,  
Now stood in all its beauty fair,  
And tempted him to wander there ;  
So from the plain he turned away

Amid the woods again to stray ;  
For e'en the flowers and songs of birds,  
The dewy mead and lowing herds,  
That he had met, could not prevail  
With him to linger in the vale.  
'Twas them that first at early day  
Had call'd him from his home away ;  
But a new voice, new song, had broke,  
And him from his first pleasure woke.  
But as he wander'd in the wood,  
So solemn in its solitude,  
A darken'd cloud did seem to rise ;  
Its beauty faded from his eyes ;  
Wild rocks and briars chok'd the way,  
And heavy branches hid the day ;  
Or blacken'd trees, half burn'd and dead,  
Sway'd their dark boughs above his head ;  
While on the moaning, fearful air  
A sound arose, and from its lair  
Forth rush'd a furious beast of prey  
But too intent to mark his way !  
Now wildly through each glen and brake,  
Where oft leapt up the hissing snake,  
On fled the weary wandering child,  
No more by pleasure's voice beguil'd,  
But lost among the stony wild !

Where lofty elms their branches toss'd  
And paths innumerable cross'd,  
The swelling hills that verdant rose  
Above the forest's deep repose,  
He saw the wild and wreathing smoke  
Of Indian tents; but rudely broke  
Upon his now affrighted ears,  
Quenching all joyousness in tears,  
The frantic song that loudly gave  
Its echo to the mountain cave,  
Proclaiming deeds of darkness done,  
Or boasting mischiefs unbegun!  
He turn'd to flee,—but ah! too late!  
'Twas vain to fly! he'd sought his fate!  
The darkest Indian of them all  
Held his soft trembling hands in thrall,  
And bade him hasten to his tent  
Where many a day must now be spent.  
Ah, well might Odo's heart beat fast  
To find himself with strangers cast;  
And well astonish'd might his eyes  
Rest on the groups that round him rise!  
Their wild hair streaming in the wind,  
Their blankets flowing wide behind,  
Their buskins dyed in many a hue  
Grotesquely shining in his view;

Their belts with many a gewgaw bound,  
And hung with knives their waists surround :  
And streaming in the sunny air,  
With blood scarce dried, the white-man's hair !  
Quick from the scene he turn'd to flee,  
But found he was no longer free ;  
The Indian bore him to his tent,  
Nor listen'd to his sad lament.  
There through the long and dreary day  
He wept the sunny hours away.  
Ah, would that he had never stray'd  
From the fair spot where first he play'd ;  
Ah, would, alas ! that he could hear  
His mother's voice fall on his ear !  
But Odo wept himself to rest,—  
'Twas the first time that he unblest'd  
Had sought repose. At length he woke ;  
But tears again now freshly broke ;  
His blooming cheek with grief was pale,  
And none did listen to his tale.

Within the tent upon the ground,  
Where a bright fire-light shone around,  
Sat the dark Indian, while his wife  
Drew forth the broad and glitt'ring knife  
And severed from the tent's long pole,

While her dark glance at Odo stole,  
The fresh-slain venison that hung there,  
And quickly did their meal prepare.  
Now as its smoking fumes did rise,  
And the warm corn-cakes met his eyes,  
Poor Odo felt that hunger press'd,  
Nor scorn'd to be the Indian's guest.

The supper o'er, the Indian drew  
A deerskin forth, soft dress'd and new,  
And bade young Odo seek his bed  
On the hard ground, and o'er him spread  
The coverlet strange, and bade him sleep ;  
But the strange voice so sad and deep  
Long rested mournful in his ears,  
And his sad fate drew forth new tears.  
Twice in the long and dismal night  
The boy gaz'd on the flick'ring light  
Of the wild flamè that o'er the smoke  
Shot forth, and him from slumber woke.  
There sat the Indian chieftain still,  
He saw wild rage his dark eyes fill,  
And heard the anguish he suppress'd  
Speak in the groans that fill'd his breast.  
But when the morning lit the sky  
His dark wife woke the weary boy,

And Odo started to behold  
As her strong hand began to fold  
The tent's damp cov'ring, loosen'd now,  
The frown that darken'd o'er her brow.  
One moment only could he gaze  
On hate so deep! the awful blaze  
That shot from her malignant eyes  
Awoke his terror and surprise.  
No time was given,—he was call'd ;  
He from that woman shrunk appall'd,  
And hasten'd to the chieftain's side.  
He with some food the boy suppli'd.  
The tents were now remov'd, and all  
Mov'd on at their stern chieftain's call.  
The morning sun shone on the hill,  
And soft the murm'ring of a rill  
Where he had stray'd was faintly heard,  
And in each tree some joyous bird  
Awoke the echoes soft and shrill.  
Ah, well might grief young Odo fill !  
He now must leave that lovely vale,  
His parents must his loss bewail.  
No more in freedom true to roam,  
He leaves his own calm, happy home !  
O'er rugged mountains cold and bare,  
The briar alone found refuge there ;

O'er rocks where wolves alone were heard,  
Or the loud shriek of some fierce bird ;  
Through stony brake and stormy wild  
They led the weary wand'ring child.  
The sunshine fell, but mists conceal'd  
The horrors it had else reveal'd ;  
And gloomy caves and dark rocks bare  
Loud echo'd thunders rolling there ;  
While crashing ice loud roar'd around,  
A deep, harsh, melancholy sound.  
But from the snowy heights now pass'd,  
They to the vale descend at last,  
And, where a sunny mountain flood  
Sings in the dreary solitude,  
They swift its winding course pursue  
To a calm spot with verdure new.

The noon was come, and they must rest ;  
'Twas by a small lake's smiling breast,  
Where forest trees their boughs entwine  
And shelter many a flower and vine,  
While many a cliff and shadowy brake  
Rise shelt'ring o'er the silent lake.  
There soft the light of summer skies  
In the pure sleeping water lies,  
And never o'er the crystal wave

Does stormy tempest rise or rave.  
The roving bird's swift passing wing  
Alone its shadow e'er doth fling,  
And summer showers descend to bless,  
And robe anew the wilderness.  
But from this fair and smiling scene,  
So lovely in its spring-time green,  
The chieftain turn'd and sadly bade  
Young Odo seek the distant shade.

Where pines and cedars interwove  
And form'd a deep and shadowy grove,  
And dark rocks rose above the shore  
Of a deep stream unseen before,  
They quickly found a safe retreat  
From wearying noise and noon-tide heat,  
And, while they listen'd to the wave  
That roar'd within the mountain cave,  
A cavern deep that open'd wide  
To the dark stream and echoing tide,  
The Indian pointed to a grave  
Beside the melancholy wave,  
And, deeply sighing, turn'd away,  
But bidding Odo near it stray.

Where deepest shadows clad the wood  
The Indian for a moment stood,

Then his strange weapons wildly shook,  
And rush'd across the roaring brook,  
That, leaping from the hill beyond,  
Sought the calm lake or woodland pond.

Now left alone, young Odo wept.  
As near the lonely grave he crept,  
The thought of death or coming ill  
Would still his breast with terror fill ;  
But in the low and mournful air  
He heard a tone that spoke of prayer ;  
For he had heard of God who made  
The lovely sunshine and the shade,  
Nor doubted in this lonely spot  
The wandering child was unforgot ;  
And thus with humble prayer sincere,  
And seal'd with the repentant tear,  
He meekly bow'd : oh, would that he  
Were succor'd in captivity !

As on the grave he bow'd his head,  
He heard no sound or echoing tread ;  
But, as sweet peace came down to bless  
The wanderer in the wilderness,  
He raised his eye to the calm heaven,  
Assured that he was now forgiven.  
But who was there? Ah, not alone

He knelt upon the cold rough stone,  
The rock o'er which the waters gave  
Their sighing echoes to the grave.  
The chief, with mournful mien, bent there ;  
He'd heard the wanderer's simple prayer,  
And fearful of the Power who gave  
Strength to the feeble now would save !  
Yes, he had sought the cavern's side,  
With many a sacrifice suppli'd,  
And from its depths had turn'd to aim  
The death which dark revenge would claim ;  
But from his dark and fiery eyes  
Shot forth a savage's surprise  
To see the youthful stranger bent.  
He came to witness his intent,  
Softly his stealthy steps drew near,  
And his dark soul awoke to fear,  
As gentle words of trust and love  
Rose to the God who dwells above.  
But when he heard the earnest prayer  
That *he* were blest if he would spare  
The wand'ring child,—oh, then his soul  
Its anguish could no more control.  
' There lies mine own, my only child !  
The only one who on me smil'd,  
The only one who ever woke

Joy in my heart. The white-man broke  
The only flower which bloom'd for me  
And left me but a blasted tree.  
He came courag'ously to bear  
The arrows he could well prepare.  
Pride ever shone in his bright eye  
To see by them the white-man die.  
'Twas on a dark and stormy night,  
But fires made the prairie bright,  
And the bold travellers who fought  
Quick found the death they rashly sought.  
But one escap'd, and as he fled  
He met my boy and shot him dead.'

A solemn silence reign'd around ;  
The chieftain rais'd him from the ground,  
And leap'd with Odo o'er the brook,  
And to the cave his way he took.  
Oh, what a fearful scene was there !  
Skulls strew'd the rock, and children's hair  
Hung streaming in the gloomy wild ;—  
Deep horror struck the wand'ring child.  
The Indian stamp'd, and quickly bore  
Young Odo to the grave once more,  
He drew his arrow from the bow  
And plac'd it on the mound so low,

Then struck the wood,—it snapp'd in two,  
And held it up to Odo's view,  
Then bade him take the sever'd wood :  
The sign was quickly understood.

The Indian's whistle now arose,  
And broke the forest's deep repose,  
And quickly from the shad'wy brake  
The loud, wild answ'ring echo spake.  
And soon to him a steed was brought,  
But lately on the prairie caught,  
And mounting it the chieftain bore  
Young Odo through the woods once more.  
The quiet moonbeams brightly shone  
As by the streams they rode alone,  
And now with confidence possess'd  
The boy slept on the Indian's breast.

But oh, the power that ensnares,  
To home and safety seldom bears  
The lonely one whose heart would break,  
Rememb'ring all he could forsake  
The quiet moonbeams brightly shone  
As by the streams they rode alone,  
And fear and terror left the mind  
To peace and confidence consign'd.  
He slept,—awak'ning to the sound

Of dance and music all around.  
The moon had set, that heavenly light,  
That oft reproaches us in sight ;  
The glare of lamps and gilded hall  
Surprising on his senses fall ;  
And crowding round the simple boy  
Young faces wear the smile of joy,  
Fruits of delicious flavour come  
And wine destroys the thoughts of home.

Pleasure and mirth have reach'd their height  
When faithful Thomas comes in sight,  
And fear and shame make Odo flee,  
" What can this fellow want with me ?"  
Another when he came address'd  
And call'd him too his honor'd guest.  
And well he knew the youths around  
Would laugh at him so strangely found ;  
So stealing from the hall alone,  
No guide, no moonlight for him shone,  
His head all dizzy too, he strays,  
Unmindful of the dangerous ways.

Oh, luckless hour ! while moonlight sleeps,  
The robber from his forest creeps,  
And on the dark and silent way  
Watches his victim to betray.

Ah, night ! while silently above  
The clouds may dim the smile of love,  
The love that light proclaims to-day  
Expanding flowers around our way ;  
How many a scene of sadness bears  
To heaven its hopeful silent prayers !  
(And sorrow's night must linger yet,  
Nor with the early morning set.)  
How many hearts obtain no rest,  
But weep their anguish on thy breast !  
How many a spirit, worn with grief,  
To friendship looks with kind relief,  
And human suffering smiles again  
When art can mitigate its pain !

The lovely Mary, long laid low,  
A victim to the pangs of woe,  
We may not ask her grief to know.  
The heart must suffer and be still.  
A purpose strong and iron will,  
Not human pride but Christian trust,  
Lifts up the spirit from the dust.  
Oh, in the first wild gush of grief,  
No human aid affords relief ;  
The storm must fall, the trusting heart  
From ev'ry joy and hope must part ;

Till on the ruins of the past  
 A stronger hope is built at last.  
 Yet sometimes in the vale of woe  
 The stream of joy again will flow ;  
 Like a fair stream, that, hid awhile  
 By gloomy rocks, again will smile,  
 And, joyful at its freedom, leap,  
 With merry noise, adown the steep !

Then the fair life's replenish'd stream  
 Sparkles beneath each sunny beam !  
 And echoing music points the way  
 Where happiness was wont to stray !  
 That blissful hour came to her :—  
 But we our tale must not defer.  
 The manly, true, and faithful heart  
 Conferring joy, was call'd to part  
 When midnight stole upon the hour  
 Steeping in tears love's fadeless flower.

'Twas night indeed ; the wailing wind  
 Betoken'd storms that stray'd behind ;  
 And gloomy horror reign'd around  
 Unbroken by a sight or sound.  
 His heart beat high with love's true bliss ;  
 Has life a happier hour than this,  
 When trust and hope and love bloom fair

Undimn'd by sorrow or by care !  
And song broke forth, a gentle strain,  
Befitting him who meets again  
The heart that ever was so true,—  
Though crush'd, it beats for him anew.  
But scowling on the youthful form  
A spirit fiercer than the storm  
Led by the voice of human bliss  
Aim'd the death-blow—*he did not miss.*

Senseless he laid, to wake and hear  
A youthful voice fall on his ear.  
'Twas Odo's; but before he spoke,  
The day, 'mid stormy vapours, broke.  
He bade him seek his father's hall  
To let him know what did befall  
His nightly journey; then too weak  
The name so faintly breath'd to speak,  
He pointed to his bleeding breast,  
Where Mary's picture still did rest;  
All else the ruthless robber found,  
(One golden coin was on the ground,)  
And Odo quickly understood,  
And wip'd away the soil of blood.

Swift Odo sped, but on his sight  
Forth came the robber in his flight;

And quickly armed troops were seen  
Issuing beyond the village green.  
Soon, soon they close their spreading wing,  
And Odo struggling with them bring!  
The roar of fire-arms when allay'd,  
The robber in his flight display'd.  
Alas, the words of Odo fall  
Like snow upon a stony wall!  
He views in deep and speechless grief  
The dead; the murderer is the chief!  
And hurried through the prison-gate  
He wildly mourns his own sad fate.  
While speaking there his innocence,  
All scorn his words as weak pretence.  
The lovely portrait met his eyes,  
And horror mingl'd with surprise  
As now he found his mantle gone,  
The Indian garb his only one.  
'Twas as he slept the change was made,  
Who doubts th' *accomplice* thus array'd.

Oh, Odo weep! thy father's power  
Alone can soothe this direful hour.  
A weary slumber came at last  
When day to night had long been past,  
And, bending o'er his prostrate form,

Wearied with travelling in the storm,  
A *pitying brother* gently view'd  
The prison'd youth and cell so rude.  
Oh, whence doth come this manly form  
Defying terror and the storm ?  
But mostly leaving all most dear  
The wand'ring child to find and cheer ?  
See honor waits him ; this he leaves,  
The sad tale of the lost receives ;  
He leaves the halls when triumph reigns,  
His name with prison'd ones he stains ;  
Acknowledges the tie which heaven  
Mysteriously has form'd and given,  
And feels that power is ne'er so great  
As when it grasps the arm of fate,  
When magnanimously it spurns  
Its own high interest, when it turns  
That heavy door, the captive's gate,  
Rejoicing it is not too late !

Time speeds away. The judgment hour  
To some with dark despair must low'r ;  
But trust and hope with heaven-lit smile  
In the dark cell the hours beguile,  
And oh, the hour at last must come  
To *him* a happy summons home.  
Why should he fear ? his brother pleads,  
And for his pardon intercedes ;

The price is paid by that kind hand,  
(For courts from all a price demand,)  
He in his judge *his Father* sees ;  
Justice can list to Mercy's pleas !

Oh, Odo, wandering child, rejoice!  
From hence obey thy parents' voice.  
See how afar thy steps have stray'd  
From the fair spot where first thou play'd ;  
See how e'en death and sin beset  
Our way when we our home forget.  
And weep that thou didst bring the brave  
A sword that laid him in his grave.  
And Mary, gentle maiden, weeps,  
And life long a sad vigil keeps.

And still abroad the evil power  
Is busy now, as in that hour.  
Oh, Father ! shield us evermore ;  
Let us thy wisdom e'er adore,  
Lest, wandering children, we shall stray,  
And lose our heavenly home and way.  
When'er we stray, may thy dear Son  
Bring us to thee, and every one  
Receive with gratitude the pray'r,  
His intercession, till we there,  
In heaven, the spirit's home, find rest,  
And be with thee forever blest.

## THE WRECK.

(Written at the age of 12 years.)

The sun shone on the summer sea,  
No cloud was in the azure sky,  
The morning breeze was warm and free,  
Yet scarce was heard its gentle sigh.  
Gay were the sounds along the shore;  
A ship moved on in stately pride,  
And then at last 'twas seen no more  
Upon the broad and glassy tide.  
The sun set in the distant west,  
But clouds obscur'd its parting ray,  
And sighs fill'd many a gentle breast  
For those so dear and far away.

Brave seamen joy to be once more  
Upon the free and bounding wave,  
And trav'lers who the earth explore,  
And soldiers, but they find a *grave!*  
The youthful bride, the aged sire,  
The mother with a heart of care,  
And many who to fame aspire,  
All meet to weep, to perish, there.  
While light was on the foaming sea  
Laughter and song had cheer'd the hours,  
For many a heart was young and free;  
But now the brooding tempest lowers!

The mothers hush'd their babes to sleep,  
And sought the pillow of repose ;  
But late at night upon the deep  
A great and mighty tempest rose.  
And like a leaf, each stately sail,  
Each trembling mast, was torn away,  
And, by the howling, fearful gale.  
The ship was driven from her way.

But, lo, the sun in glory bright  
Shines cloudless o'er the hoarse black sea :  
Farewell, the horrors of the night ;  
Poor wand'ers, where may they now be ?  
See, see ! on high they touch the cloud  
That mingles with the stormy wave ;—  
And now the waters are their shroud,  
The ocean's bosom too their grave.

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THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

Oh, will you weep when o'er my grave  
The bending willows gentle wave,  
And I am low ?  
Or will you careless pass me by ?  
Will you not breathe one gentle sigh,  
One thought bestow ?

If solitude should win your love,  
 When all is calm below, above ;  
     And ling'ring day  
 Paints the clear sky with roseate dyes,  
 The faint air breathes its latest sighs,  
     If ere you stray,—

Will you not seek my silent tomb,  
 Remember how I lost my bloom  
     In loving thee ?  
 Yet do not mourn my sad, sad lot ;  
 I only would not be forgot :—  
     Oh, think of me !

But if the wish I now express  
 Shall e'en a moment cause distress,  
     Oh, then forget !  
 For I will just as sweetly sleep,  
 Though o'er my grave you do not weep,  
     Or e'er regret.

Ah, soon,—ah, soon it will be o'er,  
 And I will weep no more, no more,  
     But calmly rest.  
 This trembling heart will break at last,  
 With sad remembrance of the past,  
     So long opprest.

Farewell, farewell ! I go, I go ;  
We will not meet again below,  
    My only love ;  
But when thy pilgrimage is past,  
Shall we not, dearest, meet at last  
    In heaven above ?

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## LINES WRITTEN ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

To Thee, oh God, I raise the prayer  
    Of gratitude and love,  
Who bore me up when dark despair  
    O'ershadowed all above.

To Thee alone I give the praise  
    For my returning strength ;  
Oh, lead me henceforth in thy ways,  
    And to thy heaven at length.

Oh, break the chain of binding sin  
    That keeps me from thy love ;  
And cleanse me from my guilt within,  
    And place each hope above.

Permit the light of heavenly grace  
    To guard me lest I stray ;  
While through this lovely earth I trace  
    My solitary way.

## COMALA : PARAPHRASED.

'Tis silence all on Erdven's plain ; the roar  
 Of torrents sounds alone, the chase is o'er.  
 Daughter of Morni ! come from Crona's stream ;  
 Why linger in the gloom ? Rise from thy dream,  
 Lay down the bow, and take the harp ; let night  
 Come on with songs, and joy the vale shall light,  
 E'en Ardven ! Thus Dersagrena said,  
 And her soft voice the list'ning echo spread.

Where gentle waters murmur'd in the wood,  
 Her young, fair sister, Melilcoma, stood ;  
 Her trembling hands scarce held the unstrung bow ;  
 And pale she gaz'd, then swiftly turn'd to go :  
 On stormy waters thus the timid sail,  
 Or snow-white flower, flutters in the gale ;  
 O'er the dark plain the gentle maiden fled,  
 Join'd her calm sister, and thus softly said :  
 ' Night comes apace, 'tis dim along the plain ;  
 I have not sought the sacred spot in vain,—  
 I saw a deer on Crona's stream to-night,  
 A mossy bank, he seem'd, but rose in flight.  
 Around his horns a flaming meteor beam'd,  
 And ancient forms from Crona's dark cloud gleam'd.

Her solemn sister to the low'ring sky  
Rais'd her fair arm, and thus she made reply :  
' This is the sign of Fingal's death : the king  
Of shields is fallen ! the dead the message bring.  
The foe prevails. Rise, Comala, rise,  
From the dark rock, and lift thy weeping eyes ;  
Raise them in tears, thy loved one's life is low ;  
On the far hills his spirit passes slow.'

Sweet pity springs in Melilcoma's breast ;  
The gentle one beholds the maid distress'd ;  
She turns her pure blue eyes from heaven's own signs,  
And in her heartfelt sorrow thus she joins :  
' There sits Comala ; ah, poor lonely maid,  
How forlorn is she in the gloomy shade !  
Her faithful gray dogs crouch beneath the trees,  
Shake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze ;  
Her red cheek rests upon her arm, the air  
From the dark mountain lifts her drooping hair ;  
She turns her sad eyes to the field ; his vow  
Made the sweet spot of promise. Where art thou,  
Oh, Fingal ?—dark night gathers round :—  
Alas, poor maiden ! heareth she a sound ?

Comala rises : every low-ton'd word,  
Deep in their anguish, in the night is heard :

' Carun of streams ! why roll thy waves so red  
With blood of heroes fresh and newly shed ?  
Did I behold it ? was the loud battle heard ?  
And sleeps the king of Morven ? for one word  
To still this mad'ning terror ! Rise, moon, rise !  
Look from the clouds, thou daughter of the skies ;  
Let me behold the gleam of his bright steel ;  
Haste ! to my longing eyes the sight reveal !  
On the fair field, made sacred by the vow  
Of his return, oh, show the bright sign now !  
Or rather let the meteor that gives light  
To guide our fathers through the doubtful night,  
Come, with red beam, to show my steps the way,  
That by my fallen hero I may pray.  
Ah, who will shield the stricken one from grief ?  
Who guard her from the love of that dread chief,  
The hated Hidallan ? Long may her mournful eye  
Look o'er the desert plain ere she desery  
Fingal amidst his host, bright as the morn  
When its quick rays the misty east adorn  
Through clouds of early showers—'

Hush ! he's near !

Dark is his eye ; he heedeth not her fear,  
Hidallan speaks : ' Dwell, mist of Crona, dwell  
On the dark path of him she loves so well.  
Hide from mine eyes his steps ; let me forget

Fingal and I, in friendship, ere have met.  
 The bands are scatter'd ; and no crowding tread  
 Tells where the king fights still. Ah ! is he dead ?  
 Oh, Carun, let thy gloomy waters flow  
 Deep dyed in blood ; the chief, the chief is low.

Now gloomy rage made black his visage bold ;  
 And scarce the darkness let the maid behold  
 Hidallan's form : and, as she deeply sigh'd,  
 She ask'd who far on Carun's waters died.  
 ' Son of the cloudy night ! tell me who fell !  
 White, was he not, as snows that always dwell  
 On Ardven ?—Blooming as the summer bow  
 In early showers ?—Soft as the mists that glow,  
 Waving in sunlight, was his own fair hair ?  
 Son of the cloudy night, oh, was he there ?  
 Was he not like the thunder peal on high  
 Amid the battle ? swift as the roes that fly  
 O'er the broad desert ?—Son of night, reply.

His brow is dark ; Comala asks in vain ;  
 And, deeply groaning, thus he speaks again :  
 ' Oh, that his love I might again behold ;—  
 Her fair form bending on the rock so cold,  
 Her bright eye dim in tears, her golden hair  
 O'er her young cheek now paling in despair.  
 Blow, gentle breeze, and lift that golden veil,  
 That I behold that face and arm so pale.'

Pale is that cheek indeed ! that bright eye wild.  
Can this be her e'er gentle as a child ?  
Wild glare her tender eyes !—' Oh, tell me plain,  
Does Fingal's blood the field of Ardven stain ?  
Has he, the son of Comhal, fallen low,  
His head a trophy to the foreign foe ?  
Loud roars the thunder on the stormy hill !  
And light'nings all the starless heavens fill !  
Comala fears not ;—Fingal !—he is low :—  
Would that these stormy winds would ever blow ;  
Son of the mournful tale ! oh, tell me true  
Fell he, the shield's strong breaker, in your view ?'

His loud, harsh voice falls fearful on her ear,  
And thus he answer'd, as he slow drew near :  
*All*, all are scatter'd on the stormy hill !  
No more his voice the broad, broad vale shall fill,  
No more the nations shall hear Fingal's voice,  
No more his heart in victory rejoice !'

Deep in his soul her flashing glances fell,  
And the proud chief grew pale beneath the spell ;  
And thus her lips pronounc'd his coming woe :  
Could greater curse fall on a hated foe ?  
' Ruin pursue thee o'er thy desert plain ;  
All thy proud projects found at last in vain !  
Few be thy footsteps to thy grave, thou hated king,  
And one poor virgin thy last requiem sing !

Like Comala may she in her sorrow be,  
 (That is, if any maid can mourn for thee.)  
 Why hast thou told me that my hero fell?  
 How dare such words on coward lips ere dwell?  
 I might have hoped a little while to see  
 My only loved one come again to me?  
 I might have thought I saw him on the hill;  
 Or heard his sounding horn when all was still?  
 Oh, that I were on Crona's blood-stain'd shore;  
 O'er him, my chief, my soul's deep grief to pour

The chief's cold eye rests on the maiden's face,  
 And pity gives not one kind human trace  
 To his dark brow; he addeth to her woe:  
 (Thus o'er the wreck relentless waters flow:)  
 'He is not near where Crona's waters roar;  
 His tomb is rais'd on Ardven's silent shore,—  
 Heroes have rais'd it. Look on them, oh, thou moon,  
 Forth from dark clouds we shall behold thee soon;  
 Bright be thy beam upon his silent breast,  
 Comala's eye shall on his armour rest.'

'Oh stay!' (her trembling tongue essays to call,  
 Let not the earth on my beloved fall  
 Until I've seen him! He left me at the chase;  
 I knew not then that I should see his face  
 No more.—He said he would return with night;  
 I knew not that my love went forth to fight.

Say, trembling dweller of the rock ! why thou  
 Didst hide it from me ; and not tell me now  
 That thou didst see him pale in his young blood ;  
 Thou who but now on Ardven's banks hast stood ?

Beside the maiden Melilcompa stands,  
 Her harp soft murm'ring in her trembling hands ;  
 Her bright eye glances joyfully afar ;  
 She sees, amid the vale, like a bright star,  
 The spear of Fingal ! now her light form springs  
 With joy !—' What sound on Ardven rings ?—  
 Who comes ! bright as heaven, in the vale ?  
 Who comes ! strong as rivers that prevail,  
 When the moon shineth ? thus they glitter in her light !  
 Who comes ! but Fingal ! Fingal from the fight !

' Oh, say not thou my noble hero lives ;—  
 'Tis the foe who in joy this triumph gives.'  
 Thus spake Comala ; while she slowly drew  
 Her fallen bow : the host appear'd in view :  
 ' Ghost of Fingal ! from thy cloud direct my bow ;  
 Oh, let it reach the heart of my proud foe !  
 Let him fall like the hart upon the plain ;  
 May his blood, like thine, the field of Ardven stain !  
 It is Fingal. See his *spirit* passes bright ;  
 He is come with the brave who fell to-night.  
 Hast come, my love ? hast come to dry my tears ?  
 Hast come to fill this fainting heart with fears ?'

Hark ! loud on the rising blast a joyous tone,  
Proud as the mandate from a monarch's throne !  
' Raise the song, ye bards ! raise the warlike song ;  
Sing of wars—the streamy Carun long  
Has seen the loud battle. Caracel has fled ;  
He who afar his host so proudly spread,  
From our arms he fled ! and his glory fades  
Like a fallen star in night's gloomy shades,  
When winds o'er the heath drive it wildly on,  
And dark woods are gleaming,—thus is he gone !  
I heard a voice ;—was it the low-toned air ?  
Or the voice of the huntress with hand so fair ?  
Daughter of Sarno ! from thy rock look thou ;  
Let me hear the voice of Comala now.'

From the dark rock of Ardven she look'd down,  
But all light from Comala now had flown ;  
Her spirit sank slow in the shades of death ;  
But she call'd on his name with her fleeting breath :  
' Take me, oh spirit, to thy home of rest !  
To die with thee, oh Fingal ! I am blest.'

' Come to my cave, and let thee there repose ;—  
The storm is past, the gates of day unclose ;  
The sun shines on our fields ; oh, let it guide  
To Fingal's cave the footsteps of his bride !  
Huntress of echoing Ardven ! haste thee now ;  
Fingal has not forgot thee, or his vow.'

Thus the glad voice of Fingal. She replies,  
While death's dark shades pass o'er her gentle eyes,  
Which seek his form : ' He has return'd with fame ;  
I feel the exulting pride ; I hear his name !  
But by the rock my fainting form must rest  
Ere I may clasp my lov'd one to my breast.  
Oh, let the harp bear tidings to his ear,  
Daughter of Morna ! that his love is near.

' Comala drew her bow-string bright ;  
Chieftain, welcome home !  
On Ardven's lonely plain to-night  
Three deer were slain ;  
The fire blazes in our sight ;  
A feast for those who roam ;  
Haste, chief who put the foe to flight !  
Welcome home again !'

Thus to her harp fair Dersagrena sang ;  
And through the woods the sweetest echoes rang ;  
The gentle sounds to Fingal's ear were bourne ;  
And brighter beam'd the blushes of the morn,  
' His voice, exulting, met again their ear ;  
Comala sigh'd as thus he drew more near :  
' Ye sons of song ! of streamy Carun tell,  
And of the foes who on the dark shore fell.  
Sing ye aloud that Comala may hear,  
And that the tidings may her spirit cheer.

Sing ye aloud ; while I the feast shall seek,  
And to her ear my warmer welcome speak.

Bards :

Roll, streamy Carun ! roll thy waves so red ;  
Afar the sons of battle now are fled.  
Their steeds no more are seen upon our fields ;  
No more the sun beholds their crowding shields ;  
To other lands their flashing pride hath spread ;  
No more we hear the stamping warricr's tread !  
The sun will rise in peace, the shades descend,  
And peace shall still her sweetest blessing lend.  
The voices of the joyous chase again  
Shall spread their echoes o'er our native plain ;  
The shield shall hang within the peaceful hall,  
Or to the ocean war again may call ;  
Then with delight our hands in blood shall lave  
On the far Locklin's cold and stormy wave !  
Roll, streamy Carun, roll they wave so red ;  
Afar the sons of battle now are fled !

Alas ! Comala heareth not their song ;  
No sounds which to this changeful world belong  
Shall reach her ear again : she faints, she *dies*,  
E'en as on Fingal rests her weary eyes.  
Love beams as light'ning from a drooping cloud,  
Then fades, as darkness doth its splendour shroud.

Yes, thus they meet! a weeping maiden stands,  
 And lifts the dying one with gentle hands.  
 Oh Melilcoma! gentle priestess, pray  
 That Fingal's bride behold again the day!  
 'Tis vain:—no prayers, no love, can wake her more;  
 No voice can reach her on th' eternal shore;  
 No more shall grief disturb, or joy impart,  
 (For both have broke her young and gentle heart,)  
 One thrill to that soft form. A sad lament  
 Bursts from the priestess' lips:—' May help be sent!  
 Descend, ye mists, upon her marble brow;  
 Ye waning moon, lift up her spirit now!  
 Pale at the rock, where oft she watch'd before,  
 Fingal's fair bride,—Comala is no more.'

' Oh, Melilcoma! hath her spirit fled?  
 Is my fair maiden, Sarno's daughter, dead?  
 Meet me, Comala, as I lonely stray  
 On our wild heath as slowly fades the day.  
 There! where the streams upon my hills sing low,  
 Oh meet me there;—my sorrow there shall flow.'  
 Thus murmur'd Fingal, as his young proud form  
 Bent as a tree before the sudden storm;  
 On Comala's silent breast he bow'd his head;  
 Then, gently o'er her, her soft mantle spread.

Beside a groaning oak Hidallan stands,  
 His spear has fallen from his shaking hands;

He views the lovely one in death laid low ;  
And thus remorseful sorrows from him flow :  
‘ Huntress of ArIVEN ! will we hear no more  
Thy low-toned voice ? oh why did I adore ?  
Why did my love, bereft of pity, tear  
The heart of Comala ; and plant sorrow there ?  
When shall I see thee hunt the hinds again ?  
No more ! no more upon this fated plain !’

On Fingal’s brow, so pale with sorrow, falls  
A dark stern frown ; he on Hidallan calls :  
‘ Youth of the gloomy brow ! feast thou no more  
Within my halls, but leave this desert shore.  
Thou shalt no more with me pursue the chase,  
No more shall see thy stricken chieftain’s face ;  
No more thy sword shall e’er smite Fingal’s foe,  
Far from his plains shalt thou, abhorred one, go.  
See her now lying beauteous in her rest,  
The cold winds lift her hair from her fair breast ;  
Her bow-string murmurs in the rising blast,  
Her arrow’s broken ;—thus she fell at last.  
Ye sons of song ! your loud sad voices raise ;  
King Sarno’s daughter claims your fairest praise.’

Bards :

‘ See meteors gleam around the stricken maid,  
And moon beams guide her spirit through the shade ;

Around her from the clouds dark faces bend,  
And from the solemn sky their welcome send.  
Sarno is there ! we see his gloomy brow ;  
Fidallan's eyes rest on his lov'd one now.  
Ah, Comala, when shall thy white hand arise ?  
And on the rock, so dark against the skies,  
Thy voice be heard ? The maids upon the plain  
Shall seek thee long ; but they shall seek in vain.  
But thou, sweet maid, who blest our stormy streams,  
Shall come at night to guide them in their dreams ;  
Shall give soft peace to them, for ye can tell  
How deep is love, who for the lov'd one fell.  
And they will not forget thy gentle tone  
When with the day thy loving voice is flown ;  
Sweet joy shall dwell in every virgin breast  
When thou art near to bless their quiet rest.  
See meteors gleam around th' departing maid,  
And moonbeams guide her through death's awful shade.'

---

COLMA.

*From "Songs of Selma."—OSSIAN.*

'Tis night, and on the stormy hill,  
When winds delight to mourn aloud,  
I wander sad, while sorrows fill  
The faithful heart,—which nought can shroud.

The wind upon the mountain roars,  
The torrent from the rocky steep,  
And here forlorn my spirit pours  
Its grief 'mid floods that fill the deep.  
Rise, moon, nor hide behind the cloud ;  
Star of the solemn night, arise ;  
Let gloom no more my pathway shroud ;  
Lead me to where my lov'd one lies.  
There rests he from the chase alone,  
His bow unstrung, his hunters near,  
While still beside the mossy stone  
Of this lone stream, I linger here.  
The stream, the wind, loud roar around ;  
That voice so lov'd I may not hear :  
My spirit yearns to hear that sound ;  
My heart is torn with grief and fear.  
My Salgar, chief of this proud hill,  
Here is the rock, and here the tree ;  
Why dost thou not thy word fulfil ?  
Thou here didst promise, thou to me ;  
Here is the roving streamlet too  
Thou saidst with night thou wouldst be here,  
And I this night will fly with you,  
Far from my father, brother, dear.  
Our race with thine was long a foe ;  
Such strife our hearts can never know.

Oh, cease a little while, thou wind !  
Stream, hush thy voice, let mine arise,  
That I my wanderer may find ;—  
Salgar ! it is Colma cries !  
Here is the tree, yet unforget,  
The rock that shades this desert spot.  
Oh, Salgar, dearest, I am here ;  
Why linger, why not now appear ?

Lo, calmly through the mournful sky  
The moon glides silently ; the flood  
Streaming through yonder vale doth lie  
Beauteous in light ; the rocks have stood  
Gray on the steep, where melting rays  
Reveal the barren height to me ;  
But, ah, the light,—the light betrays  
No glimpse of him I fain would see.  
His dogs, who erst did joyous give  
Some token that he now was near,  
No tidings bring, and I must live  
Distracted, lone, this hour here.

(No answer came to that sad heart ;  
The moon still glided bright above,  
Like some fair spirit to impart  
The tale of grief, the smile of love.)

' Who on the heath beside me rest?—  
 Are they the dearest of my soul?  
 Hear they the sighs that fill this breast?  
 Oh, speak, and make this bosom whole.  
 They speak not; no reply they give  
 To Colma, sad and faithful maid.  
 Oh speak, and tell me that ye live;  
 I am alone, I am afraid.  
 Ah, they are dead; their swords are red  
 With blood. Oh, my brother, brother,  
 My Salgar's blood why hast thou shed?  
 Why Salgar, why slay each other?

Dear were ye both to me; your praise  
 I still will mingle in my heart.  
 What shall this feeble voice now raise?  
 Ah, each shall claim his own true part.  
 Thou on the hill where thousands shone  
 Wert fair; he on the battle rose,  
 Terrible in might. Oh, mine own,  
 Speak to me,—hear my woes.  
 Hear me, ye whom I do love.—  
 Oh, they are silent forever:  
 Cold, cold is their breast, and may not move;  
 They are silent forever.

Oh, from the rock that crowns the hill,  
From the top of the windy steep,  
Speak, and the wild blast kindly fill  
With loving word and deep.  
I shall not fear, ghosts of the dead ;  
Speak ! whither, whither have ye gone ?  
In what cave ? Ah, whither have ye fled ?  
My voice is on the gale alone.  
No answer, swept in the ruthless storm  
Far from the broken heart,  
Comes sweet to calm her wild alarm ;  
Is it thus, belov'd, we part ?  
I sit in my grief while I wait  
For the morn in mine own sad tears.  
Rear ye the tomb, the tomb in state,  
My friends of my happier years ;  
Close it not until Colma come.  
My life now departs like a dream ;  
Oh, why should I ere stay at home ?  
I will rest with *them* by the stream,—  
The stream where the echo resounds,  
And, when night on the hill descends  
And winds rise to visit their bounds,  
I will mourn o'er the death of my friends.

I will stand in the raving blast :  
The hunter from his booth shall hear  
When my voice is floating past ;  
He will love it though he fear,  
For sweet to my friends my voice  
Shall arise on the stormy gale ;  
Ye were the friends of her choice,  
And long will know Colma's tale.

NOTE.—That Colma should speak so much when overwhelmed with such excessive grief, seems unnatural ; but I have of course, adhered to the original.

---

THE WATCHER'S PRAYER.

Hush, gentle winds,  
Sweep not so wildly,  
Thou hast burst from imprison'd skies ;  
A strong hand hast sent thee forth  
From the dark, the stormy north,  
And the lov'd one sleeps not ; wilt thou arise ?  
  
Low, low it breathes,—  
Voice of the spirit world,  
Dost thou whisper the lov'd away ?  
How deep is thy lowest tone,  
Thou wakest my loved one ;  
Hush, hush till the breaking day.

Loudly it thunders—  
The wild wind's voice !  
Thou God of the tempest, oh hear !  
*He sleeps*,—oh, thy power  
Reigns o'er this dark hour,  
And the faithless no more shall fear.

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## SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh, listen ! the wild waves are rushing along,  
The night-bird is shrieking its loud mournful song ;  
My heart it is lonely, my mind fondly turns  
To my home far away, where love purely burns.

Take me, oh take me to my native home,  
In its shady forests so happy to roam ;  
Where leaves make a song to the night-breathing air,  
And love's sweetest accents do whisper in prayer.

The winds blowing lightly bear odours of flowers,  
And light lingers long in the vine-circled bowers ;  
The low-murm'ring echo of streamlets is heard,  
And softly is mingl'd with the notes of the bird.

Oh, there is my own home, 'mid dark waving trees ;  
The poplars are rustling to-night in the breeze ;  
My heart hears the music of that treasur'd spot,  
And where'er I wander can it be forgot ?

## SPEED ON, STORMY BLAST.

Speed on, stormy blast ;  
The wide ocean awaits thee,  
The strong anchor is cast,  
And calm rests on the sea ;  
The white sails are glancing,  
The ship not advancing,  
And the lov'd one is watching, and praying with me.

Oh, blow, gentle breezes !  
And ruffle the ocean,  
Fate smiles when she pleases ;  
I will share thy emotion ;  
And while thou art sighing,  
My heart is replying,  
And my lov'd one partakes of my heart's fond  
devotion.

Blow softly, thou south wind !  
Raise no storm on the sea ;  
Thy voice is most kind  
To my lov'd one and me ;  
Then speed with a blessing,  
We soon will be pressing  
Our true hearts in meeting,—soon soon may it be !

## SUNSET ON THE SEA-SHORE.

The sunshine breaks in gleams far o'er the sea ;  
The varying blast is rich in harmony ;  
The clouds of glowing hues give visions bright,  
Like angels flitting round the hour of night.  
The purple east, where the young day appears,  
Like youthful widow, draws her veil in tears.  
The bow of heaven, like memory, brightly gleams  
Forth from the clouds ; and the great ocean seems  
Like a fond bosom touch'd by joy or grief,—  
In sighs profound would seek the heart's relief.  
Oh, faithful ocean ! on thy heaving breast  
Methinks this weary spirit would find rest ;  
The deep, the hushing music of thy tone  
Is all I wish for as I stray alone.

## A SKETCH.

Quickly ply the muff'd oar,  
Hasten, hasten to the shore ;  
Behold the lassie of my love  
Waves her veil from the rock above.  
Haste to the shadow of yon hill ;  
Now lovely is the night ! how still !  
But hark ! I hear Sir William's horn  
So clearly by the south-wind borne ;  
Then quickly ply the muff'd oar,  
Hasten, hasten to the shore !

Descend, descend to the rocky beach,  
Which I, my love, will soon, soon reach ;  
Descend in haste ! oh, quickly fly !  
The moon is rising in the sky ;  
Soon o'er the hills she'll smiling peep,  
Her beams reflecting in the deep ;  
Then quickly hasten to the shore,  
While we will ply the muff'd oar !

Quickly ply the muff'd oar !  
Hasten, hasten to the shore !  
Behold, Sir William rides in state,  
On this dread moment hangs our fate !  
Thine Edred calls thee ! come, oh, come !  
Hark ! I hear the horn, the drum !  
Now we've safely reach'd the shore,  
But where is she I love, adore ?

' She's here,' a gentle voice replies,  
Low breath'd in softly murmur'd sighs ;  
' My Edred, we shall never part ;'  
He clasp'd her fondly to his heart,  
Then in the bark, near to his side,  
He plac'd his young and lovely bride ;  
Then quickly pli'd the muff'd oar  
And hasten'd from the lonely shore !

## GENEROSITY.

## A SONNET.

Built upon Honor ! noblest power thou,  
 That sittest o'er the changeful fates of men ;  
 The brightest jewel on the monarch's brow ;  
 Like heaven's own light ! beaming the brightest when  
 Thou mayest not look for reward again.  
 Or e'en perchance concealing thine own pain,  
 That others may be blest ; with gentle hand  
 Touching the wound magnanimity should hide,  
 To sooth, nor yet appear to understand,  
 The grief a friend must shield with jealous pride ;  
 To give, and without seeming to divide  
 What is one's own ! Oh, Power of heavenly birth,  
 How seldom do we view thy form on earth,  
 Yet, oh ! how nobly thou canst all command !

## MARGURETTA.

*(On being requested to write an example of perfect love.)*

She was a maiden on whose brow of care  
 Sat resignation, beauteous and fair ;  
 The brow where thought enthron'd its own stern form  
 Was lighted by a smile, as in a storm  
 The fairest tinge the dark clouds in light,  
 Or as the moon beams calmly on the night.

It was an hour when silence reign'd, that hour  
When love must feel and oft express its power  
When ev'ning hush'd the balmy airs to rest,  
And flow'rs their dewy stems in sleeping prest  
When gentle shades obscur'd the light of day,  
And one bright star recall'd fond memory.  
The only sound that sooth'd the wearied ear  
Was the complaining ripple that we hear,  
When the low wave, unheard in brighter hours,  
To list'ning airs its melancholy pours.  
Soft with the waters in their onward flow,  
Her voice proclaim'd her heart's own secret woe ;  
(Attending spirits only may partake  
A grief so hidden, and a hope awake.)  
Oh, Nature ! thy dear scenes are surely blest  
With sweet seraphic ones to sooth the breast ;  
Or else, whilst wand'ring on the echoing shore,  
What whispers *peace* where'er the waters roar ?  
What breathes like music through the templed sky,  
What charms away the lone and weary sigh ?  
We trust thee, Nature, when all friendships fail,  
And peace descends upon the heaven-sent gale.  
Pride, pride of heart discards its worldly power,  
(They fell who sought the Saviour at this hour,)  
And now the deep fond love enwove with life,  
Sacred, but not as blest, the maid—not wife—

Untaught by flattery, unsustain'd by bliss,  
Breath'd to the spirits' ear,—her tale was this :—

I cannot think the love of years ;  
The hope unquench'd by many tears,  
Which Time's dark wing has ne'er obscur'd,  
Nor other love one day allur'd ;  
Nor absence taught to e'er resign,  
Nor all that sorrow could combine ;  
Nor doubt, nor coldness, could estrange,  
Nor pride could mar, or break, or change ;  
I cannot think such love will rest  
A sunless stream in this true breast ;  
Some power of the mind discerns  
The fragrance in true friendship's urns :  
And *thou* must know that none to thee  
Return so true, unchang'd, as me.  
The gentle whisper ne'er departs,  
Repeating Time shall join our hearts ;  
And I to all may proudly prove  
The truth of chaste and changeless love.

---

L I N E S .

From cruel scorn protect me, Lord,  
And give me wisdom, grace, and power ;  
Oh let me not offend in word,  
But live to praise thee every hour.

If heavy is my cross, sustain  
The soul that looks to thee for aid ;  
I shall not pray to *thee* in vain ;  
Ah meet me in the gloomiest shade.

As Jacob in the lonely night,  
When driven to the wilderness,  
Found all his darkness turned to light,  
So may thy power thy servant bless.

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THE VICTORY.

*Written on the Night of the Illumination.*

FOR "THE NEWS."

Shine, brilliant lights, and tell the story  
Of England's joy and France's glory ;  
Their flags o'er Russian tow'rs are shown,—  
The work, the mighty work, is done.

O'er Alma heights they came in power,—  
There was their first and glorious hour ;  
Through gloomy mists at Inkermann  
Their steel in triumph conqu'ring ran.

O'er stormy wilds, o'er treach'rous foes,  
'Mid labours that scarce knew repose ;  
In dire disease, in winter's cold,  
Still were they valiant, patient, bold.

On sea, on land, the thund'ring gun  
Told where their noble work was done ;  
The broad, calm heaven reveal'd the blaze  
Of conquer'd cities to the gaze.

Soldiers of France, your praise shall ring  
Through the wide world ! each tongue shall sing  
Of England's valour !—nobly blest,  
A shield of nations,—glorious crest !

Sebastopol ! the Russians' pride,  
England and France its spoil divide ;  
And loud the Black Sea's moaning wave  
Echoes above the war-ships' grave.

Let us rejoice that o'er the main  
The allied fleet alone shall reign ;  
The allied armies too shall spread  
Protection o'er the feeble head.

Down with all tyrants ! Rise and reign,  
Justice and Peace, o'er land and main !  
And sacred truth in power be shown  
Where'er the conqu'ring arm is thrown.

God save the Queen ! and may the hand  
So firm, so valiant, in command,  
Soothe the sad hearts that now must mourn  
For those who never will return.

Oh, Europe, nobly blest to be  
The home of honor, liberty !  
May ever sceptre bow in praise,  
And every tongue its tribute raise—

To all who fought ! to all who fell !  
To all who serve the nations well !  
To all who planted liberty  
On land, on river, and the sea !

ST. JOHNS, October 9, 1855.

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CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

How sweet with Christian friends to kneel,  
And pour our souls in prayer !  
And holy is the joy we feel  
To meet our Saviour there.

There grace divine in peace descends,  
And spreads its blessing round ;  
Where the true righteous meekly bend  
Is heav'nly manna found.

Sweetly refreshing 'tis to meet  
With those who love the Lord ;  
Who love to sit at Jesus' feet,  
And praise his gracious word.

Holy communion ! dearer far  
 Than joys that earth bestows ;  
 Thou art life's holy radiant star ;  
 From thee sweet comfort flows.

Strength for the hour of need is given ;  
 Grace, peace, and joy, and love ;  
 The hope of friendship too in heaven,  
 Our mutual home above.

---

TO A FRIEND.

How oft we view our weakness, and deplore  
 The chain of circumstance around us thrown ;  
 But barren sands, long heaping on the shore,  
 (As in fair nature is so often shown,)  
 Do bear some trees and flowers, and are made  
 At last a fair retreat, a shelt'ring shade.

The hand of God indeed may bare the strand  
 Where bright waves glitter'd ; but the treasures  
 borne  
 Of thought and feeling (like shells unto the land,)  
 May make us blest ; and though the *sea-weed's*  
 thrown,  
 Yet we may gleam from all things what is best.  
 The fly of evening darkens *when in rest* :\*—

---

\* The " fire-fly."

*Then let the mind speed on ! Nor earth nor time  
 May limit its expansion ! Higher bliss  
 Awaits our onward being ; the sublime  
 Is in the moral nature : not in this  
 Low scene of earth the soul spreads full her wings ;  
 Yet to this life some taste of heaven she brings.*

---

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND  
 MISS SARAH MCGINNIS.

Thou art gone to the grave, no more I behold thee ;  
 Tears flow, but they give no relief to the heart ;  
 In friendship's fond clasp thou no more canst enfold me :  
 I dream'd not we thus would be call'd on to part.  
 Oh, could I have seen thee once more,—though when  
 dying !

Have heard thy farewell ! always spoken in love.  
 Oh Death ! in that moment thy hand was destroying  
 A tie to me dearer than many will prove.

Our friendship was faithful ; no sad recollection  
 From childhood, but ever unchangeably true ;  
 A friend who retain'd her own tender affection,  
 And yet could admonish with faithfulness too.

Thy pathway was brighten'd by faith in thy Saviour,  
 Thy love purely blest all around thee on earth ;  
 Thou now art receiv'd at his right hand with favour ;  
 O may I be like thee in bliss and in worth !

## THE WAR.

1855.

O England! France! God's blessing on thine arms!

Whether in life, or death, thou canst not fall;  
Truth still shall stand in its resplendent charms,  
And grace thy vict'ry, or adorn thy pall.

How glorious justice shines upon the crowns

That gild the royal brows of Europe's kings!  
Shall Poland know again its nation's bounds?  
That land where cruelty the bosom wrings!

Oh yes! the nations great and blest as these

Will break the tyrant's chain that binds her now!  
No more she'll bend to Russia's power her knees;\*  
O'er that proud land destruction yet shall go.

O God of power! thine the victory still!

Subdue their pride, and conquer our proud foe;  
Man e'er must bow to thy most righteous will;  
Oh save, and bless, and with our armies go!

Where'er the Gospel spreads its sacred light

The captive shall be loosed, nor slavery reign;  
Man shall be great but as he's just and right,  
Nor tears nor blood Christ's peaceful kingdom stain.

---

\* In "Thadæus of Warsaw" we have an account of the indignities practised on the Poles.

## ON FINDING SPRING FLOWERS.

Ye flowers ! springing up 'mid withered leaves ;—  
Birds ! singing sweetly in your old dear homes ;  
How sweetly to the spirit that now grieves,  
The hope that nature speaks in these scenes comes !

Joys shall arise above the frozen past,  
Above the ruins of the sad long years ;  
We shall behold eternal spring at last  
When Time is gone, and heaven's long day appears.

---

## IT IS NOT WHEN MORNING.

It is not when morning  
Bestows her first beam,  
That the sky is the fairest  
And calmest the stream.

The sun doth ascend oft  
'Mid gloomiest clouds ;  
And the depth of their shadow  
Earth's beauty enshrouds.

In youth, hopes are lovely :  
But darkest despair  
Eclipses the glory  
Of light and life there.

That hour's the dearest  
 When light's later beam  
 Gilds the calm ev'ning sky  
 And the unruffled stream.

And the calm holy peace  
 In after life given,  
 Is sweeter than fading joys  
 Speaking of heaven.

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ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

*From "Songs of Selma."*—OSSIAN.

"Star of descending night, fair is thy light in the west!  
 Thou that liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud, thy steps  
 are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain?  
 The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent  
 comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock.  
 The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their  
 course is on the fields. What dost thou behold, fair light?  
 But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy  
 around thee; they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou  
 silent beam. Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!"

Star of descending night!  
 Fair in the west thy light;  
 Thine unshorn head thou liftest from the cloud.  
 Thy steps are on thy hill;  
 What in the plain so still,

Dost thou behold? No stormy winds blow loud.  
The murm'ring torrent falls;  
The roaring wave now calls;  
The flies of evening murmur from afar.  
Their home is on the field;  
What seest thou, fair shield?  
But thou dost smile and leave us, gentle star!  
The waves of ocean gleam  
With joy around thy beam;  
They bathe in beauty thy departing light.  
Farewell, thou star of eve!  
We may thine absence grieve.  
Let mem'ry now arise serene and bright!

THE END.